FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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A New Volume.

THIS number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER commences a new volume, the TWENTY-FIRST. During the past four years, it has presented to the public the most extensive, accurate, and striking pictures that were ever produced in any periodical, completely illustrating the great civil war, in all of its phases and features. It will now preserve the same enterprise and activity in other fields, and give weekly a clear epitome of the movement and spirit of the times. No event worthy of illustration will escape its ubiquitous eye, and Portraits, Sketches of Scenery, of Works of Art and Machinery, and all the thousand things and doings which diversify, interest and enliven this active age, will find an appropriate place in its pages. Every number, as heretofore, will contain apart from a continued tale of thrilling interest, one or more original stories by American authors, as also Poetry, Incidents of Travel, Adventure, Anecdote, and a careful Epitome of Current Events. It will continue to be, as an Illustrated Family Newspaper, First in Peace, as it was First in War.

The commencement of a new volume offers a good opportunity for a renewal of subscriptions, as it is almost impossible to supply back numbers.

The Horrors of Andersonville.

THE trial of Wirz, who had charge of the slaughter-pen for Union prisoners at Andersonville, in Georgia, has brought out already a mass of testimony more than confirming the most extravagant stories of rebel cruelty that reached us during the war. That the great mortality of fifteen thousand deaths out of thirty thousand prisoners, in the short space of a single year, was due to exceptional causes, no one can deny. What these causes were, sufficiently appears from the evidence now coming forward. They were overcrowding, insufficient food and water, denial of shelter and clothing, imperfect hospital accommodations, deliberate vaccination with deadly virus, and general cruelty, manifested in the needless shooting of prisoners, in chaining, whipping and "bucking" them, and hunting them with bloodhounds. It is proved that men, some of them cripples, were shot because they asked to be permitted to go outside of the fetid den in which they were confined. Others were shot while struggling to obtain water outside of the stagnant pools, around which, with demoniac ingenuity, their pen was built, and which were covered with human excrement, while the approaches to them were through morasses of maggots a foot in depth. Forests were near, but the prisoners were not allowed to go to them to cut timber for building, or wood for fuel. Dysentery, gangrene and scurvy swept away their hundreds daily, and during the cold weather, when the dead carts came round in the morning, the rotten rags that hid imperfectly the nakedness of the wretched dead, adhered to the frozen ground, while the poor emaciated corpses were torn away to be deposited in the shallow trenches, wherein our soldiers were hidden from sight. An officer testifies, that of ninety men placed in his squad, but one was alive at the end of six months. Another swears—let there be no false delicacy in this awful matter—that he frequently saw miserable, starving wretches searching among the voidances of the sick for undigested scraps of food! A dozen men, some suffering from dysentery and loathsome diseases, were chained together, so that all were obliged to follow any one of the number, at any hour of the day or night, who was obliged to obey the demands of his distemper. The hospitals were mere dens, insufficient in size, and without beds or adequate attendance. The rebel surgeons sometimes, moved by that kindness of heart which is the rule in their profession, sought to smuggle some simple anti-scorbutic, an onion or a lemon, to their wretched patients, but it was at the risk of certain reprimand, and probable discharge if discovered. Two of these testify that from 75 to 80 per cent. of the deaths could have been averted with ordinary attention and treatment. That is to say, surgeons and physicians in the rebel service tell us, under oath, that of the 15,000 Union dead at Andersonville, at least 12,000



THE LAST GREAT WALL STREET SENSATION—MR. EDWARD KETCHUM BEFORE JUDGE HOGAN, OF THE TOMBS POLICE COURT, ON A CRIMINAL CHARGE, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

would have been restored to their country and their friends, if the common and ordinary requirements of humanity had been complied with. The pen swarmed with vermin. Sergeant Boston Corbitt, he, under whose avenging bullet the assassin Booth fell, avers that there were men, sick and disabled, who were literally devoured by vermin, and who might have recovered had it not been for the stings and annoyances, which drove them to madness.

Dozens of witnesses testify to the use of bloodhounds to overtake escaped prisoners, some of whom were brought in, horribly mangled by the dogs, and who afterwards died. A soldier who asked Wirz for some food, alleging he had been too ill to go for his miserable ration, was struck over the head by the brute, and so injured that he became delirious, and shortly afterward died.

On the negro soldiers Wirz exhausted his malignity. They were cruelly flogged on the slightest pretext. The usual sanitation of Wirz, who, thank God, is no child of American origin, was, "You d—d Yankee sons of b——s," and, on more than one occasion, he is proved to have drawn his revolver and shot men who had in his mistrust by expostulated against their horrible treatment. Occasionally he diversified this congenial amusement by knocking them down with the butt of his revolver, and jumping on them, driving the heels of his boots into their ears and abdominal faces. It was no idle boast of his, that he was doing more towards "using up the Northern armies than a dozen regiments at the front."

The starving prisoners died by dozens per, and from the shallow graves of the dead, poisoned the air for miles around, and a gentleman who had been prison surgeon, endeavored to procure an injunction against its use as a public pest, and only desisted when informed that further proceedings on his part would bring on his head the displeasure of the Richmond Government.

The evidence, not yet half in, against Wirz, on every allegation, of outrage, cruelty, and murder, is so clear and abundant, that the vilest Copperhead and most outrageous rebel, can have no excuse or apology for him, except that he acted under the orders of the Confederate Government! His counsel, in fact, have adopted this plea, virtually admitting the charges in the indictment, against him. If acting as an instrument, he was a most facile and willing one. To the brutal orders of his superiors, he added all the incidents and accessories suggested by a vile and malignant mind. His name, whether or not he cheats the halter, will go down to posterity as a synonym for all that his loathesome and detestible in human nature. As silly made up in body as base in mind and detestable in character, he was the fitting tool of the most corrupt and selfish organization that ever set itself up against Government, good or bad, or, even, while whatever reason, appealed to the arbitration of arms.

The court before which this incarnation of fiendishness is arraigned, must decide how far he was carrying out the orders and motives, direct or implied, of his superiors, and how far he may deserve immunity on such a plea. The suborned or hired thief and assassin can hardly claim exculpation for his crimes by alleging that he was subsorned or hired. His pretensions in this respect are valuable only as they may be useful, in bringing to punishment others equally guilty with himself.

That the trial of Wirz and Richmond did inspire the conduct of Wirz, even if they did not specifically direct it, scarcely admits of doubt. That they were cognizant of it, and made no effort to change it, is certain. The men who sent their comrades on "detailed service" to fire and spread pestilence in our cities, throw railway trains from the track, and commit murder on our frontiers from neutral territory, are not heshitant to connive at the starvation and slow murder of our prisoners in their hands. Ould, the rebel commissioner for exchange of prisoners, was not wrong in boasting that he was securing a "splendid lot of material" in the exchanged rebel soldiers, in return for such as were of "no account to anybody." His boast was but an echo and paraphrase of that of Wirz, already quoted.

We repeat, as *par pro* heretofore, evidence to show that Northern prisoners were deliberately exterminated by the rebels. The fact appears from their own avowals and boasts. On the 30th of October, 1863, the Richmond *Examiner* unblushingly recommended that "the Yankee prisoners be put *where the cold weather and scant fare will thin them out, in accordance with the laws of nature.*"

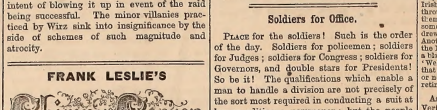
Henry S. Foote, a Senator in the rebel Congress, has left his testimony to the effect that "there was a systematic scheme on foot for subjecting the unfortunate captives (the Northern prisoners) to starvation." We quote from his letter, dated "Montreal, June 21, 1865 :"

> "Touching the Congressional report referred to I have this to say: A month or two anterior to the date of said report I learned from a Government officer of respectability, that the prisoners of war then confined in and about Richmond were suffering severely for want of provisions. He told me further that it was manifest to him that a systematic scheme was on foot for subjecting these unhappy men to starvation; that the Commissary-General, Mr. Northrop (a most wicked and heartless wretch), had addressed a communication to the Secretary of War, proposing to withhold most altogether from military prisoners then in our custody, and to give them nothing but bread and vegetables, and that Mr. Benjamin had endorsed the document containing the recommendation affirmatively. I learned further that by calling upon Major Ould, the Commissioner for exchange of prisoners, I would be able to obtain further information upon the subject. I called on Major Ould immediately, and obtained the desired information. Major Ould seemed to be much concerned at such barbarity for a moment, regarding indeed the fact as too horrible to credit, as concerning the state. I proceeded without delay to the hall of the House of Representatives, called the attention of that strangely constituted body to the subject, and insisted upon an immediate committee of investigation."

It is a disagreeable duty to us to enlarge on this subject. It is humiliating to humanity that men claiming to be civilized, are capable in this age and country, of barbarism like this. Yet the evidence is direct and conclusive. The fact is equally clear and confessed.

The prison pen at Andersonville was commanded by artillery mounted at various points around it, and it appears in evidence, that the commander of the artillery, a brother of Stoneman's cavalry raid into Georgia, to fire on the prisoners in cage the Union general should attempt to liberate them. A similar threat was made by Commissary-General Northrop in Richmond under the very eyes of the rebel executive. The Libby prison, in which the Union prisoners were confined, was mined, on the occasion of Dahlgren's raid, with the intent of blowing it up in event of the raid being successful. The minor villainies practiced by Wirz sink into insignificance by the side of schemes of such magnitude and atrocity.

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It doesn't follow that, because we have taken a perilous step, we ought to retrace it. She wasn't a wise old woman who crossed a bridge, and, on being told that it was labeled "dangerous," turned, and recrossed it in all haste.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 23, 1865.

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NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Soldiers for Office.

PLACE for the soldiers! Such is the order of the day. Soldiers for policemen; soldiers for Judges; soldiers for Congress; soldiers for Governors, and double stars for Presidents! So be it! The qualifications which enable a man to handle a division are not precisely of the sort most required in conducting a suit at law or editing a newspaper; but the people seem to think some recognition is due to our brave soldiers beyond what is expressed in the rank to which they have attained, and that their military gold may be gilded by bestowing on them the honors of peace. To make an Assemblyman of a Brigadier, or a Secretary of State of a Major-General, is rather a singular tribute to a man's capacity for constructing field works, or to his skill in "changing base." In fact, it is very like making him an LL.D., or a D.D., for his military services. The spirit of the thing is evident enough, and possibly commendable, but the sense of it is not so clear. As sublime optimists, however, we consent to accept the fact as the best thing to be, because it is.

A general is running for the governorship of Ohio on the Republican side, and a general is running on the Democratic side. Another general is running in New Jersey, with the suggestive name of Runyon—a capital name for a candidate for office, but hardly appropriate for a general. Another general is proposed for Secretary of State in New York, also with an unhappy name, whether we regard him as a warrior or a politician—Slocum. It is to the credit of these military gentlemen that none of them sought office. They must be considered as having been selected on account of their availability, by politicians who seek to capture votes through their military prestige. Soldiers possessing proper self respect will hesitate before permitting themselves to be made use of by professional politicians, for partizan ends. It is given to but few men to be great in council and the field; and a soldier justly secures to his reputation will be careful how he allows it to be dragged through the dirt of a political canvass. The proudest reflection of a soldier is that he has envied the name of one. It is a title that belongs wholly to himself, and ought not to be lent to a party, for any purpose whatever.

The indications nevertheless are, that we shall have candidates for almost every civil position, drawn from the ranks of the Union armies. We shall be safe from monarchism, whether he desires it or not, and as for colonels, they will be forced in thousands to lead voters instead of volunteers. These is one satisfactory reflection in all this. It is that our officers as a whole have an experimental knowledge of the spirit and purposes of the late rebellion, and will be careful that the grand results of the labors of the nation shall not be sacrificed to sickly sentimentality, or partizan interests. They will never be so far partizan as to cease to be patriots.

We notice, with regret, that attempts are making by a few unscrupulous politicians, in various parts of the country, to create a feeling of discontentment securities from State and local taxation a partisan question. It is sought to be represented that the Republican party, somehow, has advanced their money to save the life of the nation, are a privileged class, and a kind of Government aristocracy. Such representations can only come from the basest of demagogues, and are the first advances of a party of repudiators, of whom Jeff. Davis was the first apostle. The exemption from taxation was one of the conditions on which people took up the Government loans, and one of the inducements for them to do so. It is a part of the contract between the nation and the individual, which no power can set aside or abrogate. Besides, Congress has no more right, under the Constitution, to allow State taxes on National securities than it has to allow them to tax gold and silver coin, or legal tenders, or Government ships and cannon. The Government has the right to levy war and raise money without consulting local Legislatures. To deny them this right would be to make the Legislature of any State, or the Corporation of any City superior to the National Legislature.

The physical force of the rebellion is broken, but its spirit still lives, and our readers will find that the men who are clamoring about a bondholding aristocracy, and who insist on taxing Government securities, in violation of the compact between borrower and lender, were all of them Southern sympathizers, if not active in the rebel ranks.

A CHATTANOOGA correspondent of the *Herald* recounts his experience with the female natives of that region :

> "One of them, with whom I entered into conversation at the hotel, said: 'You wooden nutmeg Yankees don't understand the people if you think they are to be subjugated, and that they will submit to tyranny like a poodle pup, licking the hand that gives them. Our people have been taught from their cradle to regard honor before their very life, and we would sooner die than submit to the state of vassalage that ever, and in the blood. I, for one, would rejoice to see the last rebel in existence, and I am only sorry that I have not done more for the glorious Southern cause.' At this she pulled down her reticule a 'special pardon' for her husband, who had been a prisoner, and an oath of allegiance for his person, duly signed, but just returned from Washington city. Another little virago was equally remarkable: 'You fellers owed very proud of your victories, even by dirty Dutch and Irish hirelings, but remember that your success rests through our country in special trains. I hope one of them will run off the track and one of those guns, and spoil some of you to hell, where you ought to be,' and she threw a pail of cold water accompanied by much snuff. Another said she could smell a greasy mechanic from the North across a room, and asked me whether I was a blacksmith or brick mason. I told her I was neither. 'Well, then, I'll bet my life you're a tinker.' I owe out that commodity ti that you are a speculator, quack doctor or Government sympathizer.' I bade her good day, and retired to dream of the beauties of Southern society."

As an offset to this, we may take Madame Lo Verb's report of her reception in NEW YORK, as printed in the Mobile *Tribune*. It is dated from the Fifth Avenue Hotel :

> "I find New York full of Confederate officers, many just out of prison. They are most kindly treated here. At a supper supper given to me by Mrs. T——, there were five Confederate generals—Mirmadeau, and others among the number—and colonels, majors and captains in profusion.
>
> "The Generals were dined and supped by the very men they fought against. Every one expresses the highest admiration of the Confederate. I have not yet heard one word of bitterness against the South. Even Yankees have waited upon me, begging I would write a 'Souvenirs of the War.' They made me treat offers of $1,000 for a book. It is absolutely the doing so. I assure you I shall do full justice to the heroic southern girls. I often feel it a duty to let the world know that the annals of all times do not afford a parallel to the devotion of the women of the Southern soldiers. They were cursed in many of their dealers, but not by others. I am glad we are here to enjoy this delightful hotel and these pleasant days."

We have only to add the following paragraph from the London *Times*, and the collocation is complete :

> "To this very hour there remains a large loyal Northern party in the United States, which constantly asserts, in newspapers and private life, that the war was an unrighteous one—that it ought never to have been waged —that it prolonged the State Rights which the South fail bitterly to accede—that the Constitution has been violated by the Government which subdued it. A very large section of the party called Democratic, and which aspires to the next elections, and seems likely to do so, maintains these opinions."

GEN. SHERMAN lately attended a picnic near Mansfield, Ohio, his old home, where he thus "defined his position :"

> "When the rebels ventured their all in their efforts to destroy the Government, they staked their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors to their cause—the Government of the United States never staked a farthing, when we conquered, we conquered, gained all they had—their property in slaves, their roads, their horses, their guns, their mules, their negroes, their cotton, their all, and even their lives were forfeited to the laws of nations, and to the issue, were theirs only by our forbearance and clemency. As a matter of course, when we on the ground we stand as to-day, conquered from the Indiana, the Shawnees, I believe. The State of Ohio must say. I believe, also, the French and English.
>
> "So, soldiers, when we marched through and conquered the country of these rebels, we became owners of all they had, and it was left to us to be liberal in your conscience for taking, while on our great march, the property of armed rebels. They forfeited their right to it; and I, being agent for the Government, to receive property, am bound to account for all the quartermasters couldn't take possession of, or didn't want."

A CALIFORNIA sculptor, named Meggars, has recently completed a colossal statue of President Lincoln. It is said to be a fine work, and stands on a pedestal ten feet in height, making a total of nineteen feet. The posture is described in a San Francisco paper as majestic and commanding; the left arm extended in front, and the hand grasping a scroll, supposed to be the Emancipation proclamation. The right hand is at the right side, thrown slightly back, as if the subject were speaking. Under the right foot writhes a serpent, and close by it is a broken manacle. An allegorical stamp of a tree, from which grow two clasped hands, stands just behind and to the right of the figure.

THE best managed railways in the world are those of Switzerland and Germany. The percentage of so-called accidents is much less in those than in any other country, and the civility, convenience, and comfort which the traveler experiences on them are equally exceptional. In going long journeys, the number of dinner is frequently an important one[illegible]. Dinner we do not mean the rapid gulping down of a few ill-assorted morsels of food, taken in a hurry and bysam of haste, while the conductor shouts[illegible] Aboard!" giving less time than a Christian could wish to have wherein to dispose of a simple plate of soup, but a deliberate, decent meal, clean and [illegible], such as a correspondent and

dent of the *Tribune* describes as served on the road from Jerusalem to Hebron:

"About 4 o'clock, one of the helps of the train put his head through our car window, and asked if we would take dinner, handing us at the same time a card on which was printed in two languages, the following inducements to hunger. The express and mail trains not stopping long at Vesuvii, travelers who wish to breakfast or dine, are informed that they will find at the buffet hot meals in baskets for two and a half francs. These meals are composed of three dishes and a bottle of wine, bread and a dessert. Travelers have 20 minutes to take their seats after the cars. At the next station our man telegraphed on to Vesuvii the number of dinners ordered, and when we reached the place an hour later, a waiter placed in the car his cylinder-shaped basket in upon which—for we had no tables—about two feet high, and a foot in diameter. On the top of the basket, which was surrounded with a raised rim or at each or so in height, was a half bottle of wine set in a hole for about that purpose, a napkin, a great piece of bread and a snowy napkin. Now, one side of the basket opened like a door, and within it was numerous trays or shelves; on the topmost shelf was a good cutlet, on the next a pair of fried cats, on the third a plate of vegetables, and on the bottom a pile with cheese and fruit; the top served as a table. Now, apart from the comfort of eating at a table, and from what one may buy by express train, there were other incidental enjoyments in this long repast—at least since 10 minutes which there are to be mentioned: the novelty of it, the exquisite cleanliness of it, and the unique convenience of it in regard to the free and easy disposal of bones, fruit-pits, olive-stones and other refuse, by throwing them out of the window, as you must not do in town restaurants. At the end of the meal, the original man-of-all-work came and removed the service; we the our cigars and were happy."

THERE are 3,268 collieries in Great Britain and Ireland, which, in the year 1864, produced 92,787,873 tons, of which 8,800,420 tons were exported. The production of iron for the same year, was 3,816,182 tons; of copper, 13,250 tons were produced; of lead, 91,283 tons; of zinc, 4,640 tons; of gold, 2,887 ounces; and the tin mines, though stated to have been the long period of 1,000 years, produced more tin in 1864, than in any previous year—15,211 tons were raised, which yielded 10,-108 tons of marketable tin. The gross value of all these mineral products for the year, was $190,899,-185.

CLASSICAL allusions to Jeff Davis's unclassical exhibition at the time of his capture continue to multiply. The latest brought to light is from Euripides' play of "The Phœnician Women," written some 2,400 years ago, in which occurs the following passage, which will further illustrate the remarks that "history is nothing new," else, and that "history repeats itself." Bacchus, speaking of Pentheus, says:

"As a mark
He stands, ye females, to our shafts exposed.
Now, Bacchus, names thy part; nor distant thou
Avenge us on the foe. His sins are ripe.
Deprive him, with light madness strike his soul;
For never will he reason would he scorn
This female dress: strike him with madness then,
That he may suffer. Let no thought of sense
To show him in this womanish attire
Let fear be absent. For all those threats which late
He fiercely utter'd."

THE developments regarding the Andersonville prison now going on in Washington, give additional interest to the fact that the government has laid out a second cemetery there, for the victims of rebel cruelty. Fifty acres of woodland have been enclosed, within which 12,500 of the Union dead have been buried, each grave marked by a neat head-board, inscribed with the name, regiment, and date of death of its occupant. Imperfections in the records of each person prevent the identification of all the dead. The graves of such were simply marked "Union soldier, unknown."

THE Richmond *Republic*, noticing the arrival of Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, Davis's Secretary of War in Havana, thus compliments the Israelite: "No one ever called us, we presume, that Mr. Benjamin would effect a safe and even comfortable withdrawal from the ruins of the fallen edifice. He is one of those rare specimens of men who never forget in their solicitude for the public interests, the paramount claims of number one. It was predicted of the Secretary of Bedamin, that in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night divide the spoil.' This has been literally fulfilled by the late Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was the master mind of the devouring party, and if he did not 'divide the spoil at night,' he has been grievously baled.

THE *Tribune*, remarking on the absence of "first-class sensations" now-a-days, asks delicately: "Would not we do without hour-waste articles—the wonderful *Herald* maps, that looked like the anatomy of the man who died of delirium tremens, as published by Temperance societies—and cost $43,000,000?"

A FRUITLESS attempt was recently made to find the site of the steamer Scwabie, lately sunk in Lake Huron. The divers explored the bottom of the lake, from eight to ten miles from the land, and at depths of great as 60 feet, but they were surprised to find here trees of immense size lying promiscuously on the bottom, and to all appearance, in a perpetual condition.

AMONG the latest and most useful inventions of the day, is the Pocket Fire-Extinguishing Machine, of which our readers will find an advertisement in the appropriate column. Nothing can be neater, simpler, or more effective than this little work. which is so small that it can be carried in the pocket, and so cheap as to be within the financial reach of all. It is self-acting, self-acting, and passes over the latter, while all other machines require the fabric to be passed through them. It is specially adapted for quilting, braiding, and embroidery.

IT is said by those who quarrel with the results of emancipation, that the negroes collect in the towns and subsist on the national bounty. As a commentary on this allegation, a correspondent of the *Times* tells us that of the 942 persons receiving government rations in Chattanooga, 904 are whites and 38 negroes. Another correspondent of the same paper says Col. S. Thomas, Superintendent of Freedmen for Mississippi, has sent to Washington a report dated August 15, which thus sums up the business in that State. Where the blacks are a decided majority of the entire population, while the whites own all the property:

"The amount of rations issued to whites is about the same as that issued to freedmen. Less than 5,000 people are cutting wood for steamers on the Mississippi river, and more people were employed in that way last year; but they support themselves. The total number of rations for the month of August, 1865, was only 3,000 are receiving assistance from Government."

WE have lately quoted some extraordinary specimens of American rhetoric, in which tropes, images, illustrations and figures of speech, each more incongruous than the other, were jostled together in wildest confusion to the utter destruction of coherence and sense. We have only to add another example of Southern eloquence, from a speech of A. Henry, attorney at law, Nashville, Tenn., on the occasion of our "great national anniversary." Speaking of the duty of veneration which we owe to our fathers, this ardent son of the South admonishes us:

"We must fabricate in our hearts mausoleums to their memory, where we may repair annually in pilgrim mirgin of Seventy-six and, emptied of prejudice, and upon the altar of which we may kneel and immolate the enmity, and with tears from the battlements of Canada to the battlefields of Mexico, mingle the tears of the floating wails and lamentations of orphans and widows, of native land patriot, driving through our valleys, all blasting with the gout of oriental prostitution."

SOME idea of the magnitude of the crime of infanticide in Great Britain may be obtained from the statement of Dr. Lankester, that 2,000 births asserted in a public lecture, that in London alone there were 12,000 mothers who had murdered their children. The percentage in this world, it is supposed to be largely exceeded in the manufacturing towns of the north of England.

IS a map by "William Brassier, draughtsman," dated 1762, appear some data bearing on the recent question of the boundary between New York and Connecticut, erroneously supposed to have been Horicon. In this map it is designated *Canaderioid*, or Tail of the Lake, allusive probably to its relationship with Lake Champlain. The small pond then called "Cheondergo, or Three Rivers," improperly Ticonderoga, and says of another historical point on Lake Champlain: "Crown Point, named by the French, Fort St. Frederick, and built by them in 1731. The Indians give that spot the name of Pet-y-bough-ka-gwy, which signifies two points opposite each other."

GOVERNOR FLETCHER, of Missouri, lately made a speech at St. Louis, for the benefit of those preachers who refuse to take the oath, and describes his short method with them as follows:

"I have directed an enlargement of the Penitentiary cell rooms, with the intention of giving to every such crime kreefer in this State, by undertaking to decide for themselves the laws, a chance to be split upon and trampled under foot, and thereby become accessories before the fact of treasonable offenses consequent on their advice, shall be provided with suitable quarters, in case they escape the hanging they well deserve."

GEN. GRANT improves in speech-making as he gets more practice. At the dinner to Farragut he delivered himself very neatly as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen—I am glad to meet you. You all know I am a bad accustomed to making speeches; and I were, I could not find words to express to you my thanks for this hearty welcome."

GEN. SHERMAN says, in one of his letters on civil affairs:

"If you admit the negro to the struggle for any purpose, he has a right to stay in it for all; and when the fight is done, he has had drops the musket cannot be denied the ballot."

MANHATTAN ISLAND, on which New York is built, is 13½ miles long, less than three miles wide at its greatest width, and has an area of 14,000 acres. On this island, or rather on about one-half of it, live and do business nearly 1,000,000 of persons. The island is divided by survey into 141,486 lots, of which less than 70,000 are improved. There are 460 streets and places, of a total length of over 268 miles, 263 miles of water-pipes, over 100 miles of sewer, and the city is lighted by 15,000 gas lamps.

THE Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, for August, gives a very satisfactory exhibit of our finances. Total debt, $2,757,689,571; being a net increase of but $69,000 for the month. Legal tender notes have been retired to the amount of $1,087,000. The Treasury holds, in gold and silver, $45,560,000; in currency, $43,000,000.

THE official reports show a diminution in the number of deaths in this city during the year thus far, as compared with the number of last year, for the corresponding months. The returns show one singular fact: Out of every 100 children who die in this city, *sixty-eight* are the offspring of foreign-born parents! The resident population were pretty equally divided in 1860 (native, 429,962; foreign, 383,017); the war has told heaviest upon natives, so that now we may reckon the foreign to be about equal, under the ordinary divisions of the census.

A PARIS paper announces: "The American Gen. McClellan is at present in Dresden, visiting the museums of art. He is also occupied with *military studies in Germany*, and, especially to study the organization of the Prussian army."

THE ART OF GOVERNMENT.—"No one," says Plato, in his second Alcibiades, "ever pretends to make shoes without having served an apprenticeship to the business of shoe-making. Yet," says the great philosopher, "no man appears to despair of his talents in the art of governing without having applied his thoughts to that most difficult of all arts, till the instant in which he commences his nice and difficult operations."

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company are about to establish a line of ocean steamers to run between Baltimore and Liverpool. They have already contracted for two of the finest class for the route, but design to place but two of them, the Worcester and Baltimore, in the service at present.

—Large fields of cotton are growing in California over 100 miles from the sea-board. The first 100 bales of California cotton was picked this year. The first 100 acres of cane will yield for the first 100 bales of 300 pounds each. Over $100,000 is given by the State for the encouragement of agriculture in the raising of various products.

—Gen. Fisk reports from Nashville, Tenn.: "The freedmen on the Cumberland river are in a state of utter destitution. They literally hunger and thirst for bread. Many of the white citizens are themselves contributing liberally for the support of schools. At Clarksville, Montgomery county, Tennessee, the citizens neighbors have raised $50 per month to pay teachers.

—The city authorities of Bangor, Maine, have ordered the sidewalks of principal streets to be paved. streets large tanks, to be filled daily with pure water, and supplied with hose, for the relief of the thirsty people. They are of sufficient capacity, it is supposed, to hold 1,000 hogsheads.

—Gen. Schenck is canvassing Ohio with reference to the new U. S. Bankrupt Law. He believes that neither the whales nor blacks of the South are at present entitled to the benefits of the law, the former not being sufficiently loyal and the latter not sufficiently educated."

—A Texas letter says: "We want not only farmers, but mechanics of all kinds. We want rough labor, skilled labor, mental labor, brawny labor, horny labor, and machine labor. A genial climate and productive soil invite you. Texas now is the time to come and make yourself at home."

—Within the brief space of 100 days, or thereabouts, during which the new internal revenue agents have been brought to light amounting to nearly one million of money, viz:

Charles Winsor, Mercantile Bank	$275,000
Wm. H. Ferguson, Phœnix Saving's Bank	115,000
Smith J. Eastman, Produce Broker	500,000
Lloyd P. Addoms, Produce Broker	300,000
R. B. Mumford, Stock Broker	130,000
Edward B. Auburn, banker	4,500,000
Dakmons, cashier	100,000
Total	$5,920,000

—The Providence *Journal* says: "We have a letter which would be interesting, describing what the writer calls 'a sail on Neptune's briny element, where Adam holds sway as the commodore, and a whole crew New England's Rescot of Fashion,' meaning a trip to Newport on the Bay Queen, and a visit to the Beach.

—Daniel Andress, postmaster at Glencoe, Mo., who lately committed suicide, left a confession which has just been found. It says he murdered a returned Californian eight years ago, and robbed him of $10,000. He had also murdered two of his wives, and had contemplated the murder of his wife. Also, that he has robbed the mails for a number of years. Pecuniary embarrassment was the cause of his crimes.

—The colored people of St. Louis contemplate holding a convention soon for the purpose of considering what new rights they can and the Governor-in. Among other rights which they will demand is that of voting on the subject of negro suffrage. Petitions of suffrage will also be discussed.

—The Governor of Texas announces that Robert B. Lee has consented to accept the Presidency of Washington College.

—The Memphis *Bulletin* relates the case of a southern female refugee, who had only one faded calico dress but she managed to get along with it. A rebel gentleman had a collection taken up for her, and realized $15 for her benefit. She went forward to a dry-goods store, where she paid $13 for a nice color!

—The last session of the Maryland Legislature appropriated $1,000 to purchase a site for a cemetery on the Antietam battlefield, in which to place the remains of the dead who fell in the late sanguinary battle. Through the untiring energies of the trustees especially Mr. Wm. Wilson, of Washington county, Md., 10 acres of ground have been purchased near the battle-field, where the dead will rest in peace, and within sight of the house where the rebel Gen. Lee had his headquarters. The ground has been laid out and enclosed with a neat fence. The work of interring the remains in the cemetery is being pushed forward as there were 7,000 or 8,000 buried on the field. Thus far 2,630 bodies have been interred, 1,800 by name, regiment and State, and 830 by their respective States.

—The Charlottesville (Va.) *Chronicle* says that the town of Winchester, Virginia, was occupied by the Union and Confederate forces, successively, 70 times.

—In Flatsburg, recently, the census takers found 3 Pers Cemmons, aged 100, 101 and 102, living in domestic felicity with his wife, eleven years younger. They have been married 75 years.

—One of the female graduates from Oberlin this year was born a slave in Virginia, hired her time bought her freedom, and prepared for college in Providence, R. I.

—Maj-Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, now on duty at Boston, has consented to deliver the opening address before the annual meeting of the New York American Institute, at the approaching exhibition. The preparations made by the Institute for the coming display in the pending a fair of unusual interest and brilliancy. Machinery of the most novel and ingenious character will be in operation, and all kinds of curious, rare and notable inventions will be on the exhibition.

—During the late war our people have spent in aid of the soldiers of the republic no less than $313,274,348 45. Of this is raised by State appropriations, and $187,209,626 62 of the sum was contributed by States, counties and towns. The balance was given by societies and their families, while individuals and associations contributed the time and comfort of the soldiers about $35,000,000 more.

—As the fall elections will soon be coming on, it should be borne in mind that the 1st of a proclamation of the President, of March 10, issued in conformity to a law of Congress, approved July 2, 1862, citizens, duly enrolled, who went beyond the limits of the United States to avoid being drafted, were prevented from exercising the elective franchise. It will be the duty of the authorities to enforce this law in all cases of the coming election.

—Returns to the Agricultural Department, for August, from all parts of the country, though not entirely complete, show that the corn crop will be enormously large, and the harvest unusually early. In excess over past years more than compensates for deficiencies in the spring crop, and insures low prices and promises well. In some localities the rot has appeared. Should it extend, the corn crop, and ordinary promise an unprecedented yield. The cereal exportations will be large, and the balance of trade

—The census returns for 1860 represent 8,777 manufacturing establishments in Canada East, Canada West, Nova and Oregon in that year, with an invested capital of $19,353,000, employing 49,000 persons, paying $18,-485,626, employing 49,717 male and 67 female hands, and producing $39,000,000 worth of manufactured goods amounting in value to $71,225,989; $44,227,353 of which were the products of gold mining.

—The Toronto *Globe* publishes an abstract of the report of Mr. Torrance, the commissioner appointed to inquire into the conduct of the notorious Justice Conrad, the confidente of the St. Albus's robbers. Mr. Torrance exonerates Conrad and Lumsden of corrupt and improper motives. He, however, recommends that Conrad should be indicted for malfeasance of office.

—There are now in existence no less than fourteen hundred and fifty-seven oil companies, with a total capital of eighty-seven millions five hundred and ninety-four thousand dollars.

—The potato rot is more widely spread in Ohio this season than ever before. It is also said that the crop in Illinois will prove a failure in portions of Southern Illinois. The tops have been beaten down and killed by the rains, and the tubers are covered with white specks, which develope into the rot.

—The following is the valuation of *Providence*: Real estate, $20,479,100; personal estate, $11,684,800. Total, $30,564,100. The tax is $[illegible]534 12, or ninety-eight cents on a hundred dollars.

—Brigadier-General Marcellus M. Crocker, who has just died in Iowa, was a native of Kentucky, but early old. He entered the service in 1861 as colonel of the 13th Iowa Volunteers. He was wounded at Shiloh, at Corinth and Iuka. He commanded the 4th Brigade of the 4th Division of the Army of the Tennessee in the campaign against Vicksburg. He afterwards was in command of the district of Natchez.

Foreign.—A new degree, that of "Doctor of Literature," has been instituted by the Senate of the University of Paris, with the approval of the Government.

—The recently opened Exposition of Fine Arts applied to Industry, at the Palace in the Champs Elysées, Paris, is devoted to the exhibition of artistic works of art, but its object is to display and encourage the application of the fine arts to the embellishment of the common objects used in everyday life, and which are, for the most part, not usually considered to be particularly plain—furniture, decors, windows, glass, hangings, lace, &c., things that in no manner are to be confounded with those in other ways necessary or useful.

—The Great Eastern safely arrived at Sheerness on August 23. On the next day, the several boards of the Corporation of London, and the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs and Aldermen, met in state at Guildhall, and a deputation was received to take immediate and energetic action not to let the cruel disaster to the Great Eastern, and of the present cable, but to submerge another by its side."

—The present British Cabinet consists of 16 members, of whom 12 are of the Lord Brougham's age. Of 8 years of age, the youngest Earl De Grey, who is only 37 years of age, and the oldest of the 15 is 67 years of, about 60½ each. Earl De Grey is the only one under about 60½ each. Earl De Grey is the only one under 50 years of age. The next in age is the Duke of Argyll, who is 47. Earl Granville is exactly 50, and Lord Stanley is about 60 these are the youngest. Mr. Cardwell, 52; Mr. Gladstone, 56; and Mr. Gibson, 57 years of age. Of the 15 Cabinet Ministers, seven are—in fact six, or nearly half the Cabinet. These are the Duke of Somerset, 61; Earl Russell, 73; Lord Stanley of Alderley, 63; Sir Charles Wood and Lord Lansdowne, 65; and Lord De Grey, 37. Lord Clarendon is under 60 there are two, Earl Russell, 73, and Lord Chancellor Lord Cranworth, 76, who are above 70 years of age. The distribution of being an octogenarian.

—The Canadian public debt exceeds $75,000,000; more than $20,000,000 of which, during the war, has been incurred within the past 10 years. Political affairs in the provinces are represented as in a very unsatisfactory condition.

—A young woman in South Carolina, England, had a difficult labor, and was resolved on suicide by running from a precipice 600 feet into the sea. She was saved by the entanglement of her clothes while so disengage herself. Finally, after hanging all day, her body was found and taken to the nearest house. Humanity was adjusted.

—A French editor has given the following sensible description of the effect of an advertisement: The first time a man sees an advertisement he takes no notice of it; the second time he reads the name; the third time he looks at the price; the fourth time he asks it; the fifth time he buys it; and the sixth time he buys.

—A giant lately appeared in Nagpore, in Siam. He is seven feet four inches in height, and of enormous size. He was brought to the notice of the King of Siam, however, he is very ill-proportioned, having comparatively short legs and long arms. When first he saw the he was mobbed. An immense crowd, consisting of men, women and children, had assembled to see the monster, when for an incantation of the Evil One. But, luckily for him, somebody having discovered that he was afraid of fire, he seized the idea, announced that he was a god, and thereupon the kicks and superadmiration of the crowd were changed into adoration before him, and actually worshipped him as a divine being! When he was at dinner, a large fire was made around him to relieve his hunger, and literally adored him.

—The Paris *Moniteur* states that a swimmer, having made a bet that he could cross from Calais to Dover, that he would swim in the same for ten minutes holding his head out of the water. Before the time had expired, he gained his wager; a considerable crowd of boats and people followed in the river, filled with persons anxious to see the feat.

—Professor Aytoun, of Edinburgh, died on Friday night after a short illness. Mr. Aytoun was a member of the Scottish bar, and sheriff of the Orkneys, but was chiefly celebrated as a writer of prose and verse. His reputation as a poet will probably rest on his "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," and "Bothwell," which passages in "Bothwell." In the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," which he wrote in conjunction with Sir Theodore Martin, and in "Firmilian," a burlesque on the spasmodic school of poetry. Professor Aytoun showed that he possessed as a humorist in verse. He also contributed numerous articles to *Blackwood's Magazine* and *Fraser's*, many of which he was erroneously supposed to be editor. He was professor of belles lettres in the University of Edinburgh, and was fifty-two years of age.

—The latter to the Prince of Wales has published a letter to the Queen, in which he says that the Edward Lumley's portrait of the Prince Consort. The Queen says: "It is not the true likeness, but just an inch more horizontally, the crown would have displayed the dignity of the head and the royal likeness." This rendered me an incalculable service, without prejudicing my claim to be the best artist in the world as a portrait fancy, decreed otherwise."

—The London papers tell of a "medium" who holds seances at Eton street, and on account of the noisy traffic in that mighty thoroughfare, the spirits communicate with the visitors by signs. Spectra is requested to rap up loud, 'one of the' bones.

—Among the latest novelties introduced in Paris are sixty new candelabras now being fixed on the Pont Neuf. They are all supplied with a new burner by which that place is lighted to 120. The number of the lamps on the Pont Neuf, the grand avenue of the Champs Elysée is lighted is likewise to be doubled.

—The London railway companies have resolved to give no excursion trains to Epsom on the Sunday, making an exception in favor of those

—A French peasant has been sentenced to three months imprisonment for obtaining money by pretending that he had extraordinary influence with the saints, and could secure him produce from injury by hail-storm, and obtain other benefits for his relatives.

—It is said that the largest diamond in the world is in the possession of the Rajah of Malan, in the Island of Borneo. It is the size of a hen's egg. The Governor of Batavia has offered him two large ingots of war, and a ship of 1,000 tons burden, and a sum of $150,000 for it, but the Rajah has said no.

DOUBLE MURDER AND SUICIDE AT SOUTH DEDHAM, MASS.—From Sketches by R. D. Wilkie.

THE DEDHAM TRAGEDY.

IN these days of tragedy, when crime stalks abroad with almost unbridled license, the ear is not so much astounded by the announcement of murder as in former days, when the details of slaughter were unfrequent to the ear. The Dedham, Mass., tragedy, however, is one of more than ordinary horror, being, as it was, the work of an insane woman, who, infuriated by jealousy, killed her husband and child, and then plunged her own soul into eternity by committing suicide. The victims were Dr. Carlos Marston, and Cora Marston, his daughter, and the murderess was Mrs. Susan Marston, his wife. The circumstances, as related by Miss May, one of the principal witnesses at the Coroner's inquest, are as follows:

She says that about two o'clock she was awakened by a noise which seemed to her like scuffling and a fall overhead. She presently heard the report of a pistol, and comprehending the condition of affairs at once, she immediately arose, and crossing one or two apartments passed to the foot of the stairs in the front entry. Here, being afraid to go up stairs, she called loudly two or three times to the doctor, but from him she received no response, for at that time he was probably still in death. Mrs. Marston, however, appeared at the head of the stairs without a light, and in a firm, calm tone, which seemed to indicate method in her madness, ordered Miss May to go to her room and remain quiet under penalty of having her brains blown out. The

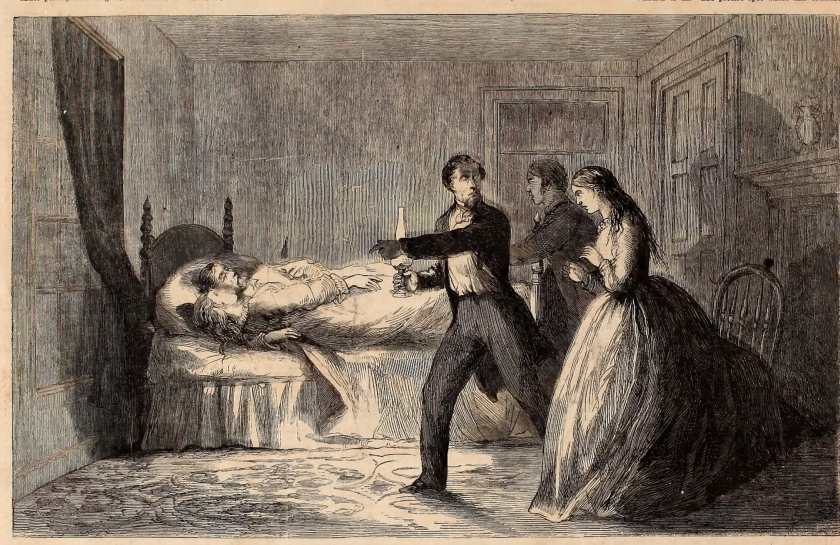


DR. CARLOS MARSTON'S RESIDENCE AT DEDHAM, MASS.

frightened girl could but obey, and after hastily throwing on her clothing she went out in quest of help.

Arriving with several neighbors to whom she had given the alarm, the party proceeded up stairs to the room occupied by Dr. Marston, and found him dead, lying beside his wife, who was also a corpse. In an adjoining apartment they found the little girl, who died almost immediately after being discovered.

Mrs. Marston had been for many years thought insane, and her house had been avoided by her friends for sometime previous to the tragedy, on account of her strange conduct. The murders were committed by the administration of chloroform, and the use of a pistol. The case is still under investigation.



THE BEDCHAMBER OF DR. MARSTON—POSITIONS OF THE BODIES OF MR. AND MRS. MARSTON WHEN FOUND BY MISS MAY, MRS. HARTSHORNE AND THE NEIGHBORS.

THE BREAKING OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

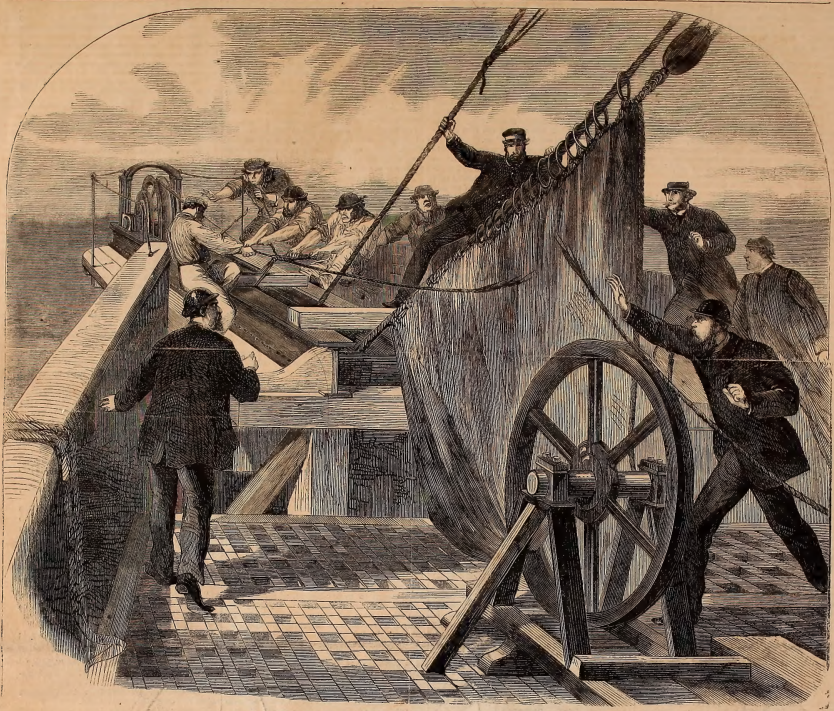
WE transfer to our paper to-day Mr. Dudley's sketch of that "sad and memorable" minute when the hopes of worlds were "staged" like the slender cable on which those hopes hung. In his diary of the 2d of July, the day of the disaster, Mr. Russell says: "The cable and wire rope together were now coming in over the bows in the grove in the layer wheel, the cable being wound upon a drum behind by the machinery which was once more in motion, and the wire rope being taken in round the capstan. But the rope and the cable were not coming up in a right line, but were hauled in with a great strain on them, as were shown on the dynamometer to be very high, but not near breaking point. At last up came the cable and wire rope clashing together on the V wheel in the bow. They were wound round on it, slowly, and were passing over the wheel together, the first damaged part being on board, when a jar was given to the dynamometer which flew up from 60 cwt., the highest point marked, with a sudden jerk 3½ inch. In fact, the chain shackle and wire rope clambered, as I were, up out of the groove on the right hand side of the of the wheel, got on the top of the rim of the V wheel, and rushed down with a crash on the smaller wheel, giving no doubt, a severe shock to the cable to which it was attached. The machinery was still in motion, the cable and the rope traveled aft together, the one towards the capstan, the other towards the drum, when just as the cable reached the dynamometer it parted 30 feet from the bow, and with one bound leaped, as it were, into the sea.

"It is not possible," continues Mr. Russell, "for any words to portray the dismay with which the sight was witnessed, and the news heard. It was enough to move one to tears, and when a man came aft with the inner end still lashed to the chain, and we saw the tortured strands, torn wires, and lacerated core, it is no exaggeration to say, that a strange feeling of pity, as though from some sentient creature mutilated and dragged asunder by brutal force, passed through the hearts of all. The precise spot where this accident occurred was lat. 51. 29; long. 39. 6; 1,186 miles of cable had been payed out; distance from Valentia, 1,069 miles; and from Hearts Content, 606 miles."



CORA MARSTON'S APARTMENT—THE APPEARANCE OF THE BODY UPON ENTERING THE ROOM IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE MURDER.

VERY few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart, do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, the experiment has been tried in Europe, and reported to a scientific congress held at Strasbourg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough *post mortem* examination; in these cases, only two were found who had died from the disease of the heart. Nine out of 66 had died from apoplexy, while there were 46 cases of congestion of the lungs, that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk; going too suddenly from a close, heated room into the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressive news operating on the blood. These causes of sudden deaths being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of heart-complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable, hence many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death, if they knew it lay in their power.



THE BREAKING OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.

THE FAIRY MORGANA.

BY ROSENBERG.

I

The Fairy Morgana sleeps under an oak,
Which wars'iven in twain by the storm's red stroke;
The Sun wakes to laugh, and the Cloud comes to weep,
Nor the drop, nor the beam, stir her magic sleep.



II.

On her cheek has the theft of the East-wind shed,
Leaf by leaf, from the rose, yet they blushed less red,
Less white on her bosom that panted below,
Did the North wind let fall the flake of the snow.

III.

But not for the fall of the leaf, nor the flake,
Did the Fairy Morgana arouse or awake:
The seasons may change, yet the lid folds her eye,
As the lily-buds hide their young hearts from the sky.

IV.

The Fairy had wept over each broken dream
Her fancy had painted on cloud or on beam,
And there must she sleep, till a joy without pain
Bids the blue of her eye to waken again.

V.

The Lover went by in the youth of his bliss,
He bent him the Fairy Morgana to kiss;
The Fairy, she murmured, and turned her around,
A thorn on the bloom of his lip she found.

VI.

The Monarch, he paused by the bolt-riven tree,
And his royal lip touched her right tenderly;
The Fairy Morgana, she uttered a moan,
The nettle had stung her that grows by the throne.

VII.

The Soldier drew nigh, and he slackened his rein
As he paused on his road from the battle-plain;
But scarce had he bent him, than loudly she cried,
The point of his dagger had entered her side.

VIII.

The Poet beheld her, and laid by his lyre,
As he pressed her warm cheek with his lip of fire;
The Fairy Morgana, she shrank when he knelt,
In the flame of his breath, the fever she felt.

IX.

In blushes and wonder, the Maiden went by,
And gazed on the Fairy with marveling eye,
But ere she might kiss her, she turned her away;
Girl's hopes have their twilight as well as their day.

X.

The Courtier bent o'er her, with soul full of guile,
A lie on his lip, on his cheek was a smile;
But fierce was the Fairy Morgana's quick start,
The barb of his lie had passed into her heart.

XI.

The Bond-slave, he tarried, and longed to draw nigh,
Yet, in silence and shame, he sadly went by;
She shuddered in slumber, and turned her again,
She heard, as he passed her, the clank of his chain.

XII.

The Bigot gazed down through the emerald leaf,
And sharp was the pang of her soul-tearing grief;
To the slumbering Fairy, his secret was known,
She felt that the heart in his bosom was stone.

XIII.

And many went by her, but ever she slept,
While the tears in her sleep through her eyelids crept,
Till the rattling footsteps of grim Death came by,
Then the Fairy awoke, but she woke to die.

A TALE TOLD BY A TEA-KETTLE.

Of course I am only an old, black tea-kettle, and you will think it very silly of me to attempt to speak, yet I can tell you a tea-kettle is not such a very stupid thing after all.

I am of the advanced age of fifty years, and it is likely that in my day I have seen much. When no one supposed, I was quietly making observations on people and things around me, and while, to all appearances, only stupidly steaming away, I was in reality laying up a store of interesting things, which I could reflect upon at my leisure. For you see I never intended to *speak*, only that this very day I overheard the gossiping, open-mouthed frying-pan say to her old-maidish friend the griddle, that I was a poky, good-for-nothing, old thing, that kept up a puffing and breathing like the grandmother who lived in days gone by, I don't like such disparaging remarks, and I much disapprove of the frying-pan, who is constantly



THE PARTING AT THE GARDEN GATE.

splintering about something, and often neglects her duty. Yes, she often neglects her duty, for only last week, I overheard Jane, the cook, saying to her, "Drat you, you will burn my fish!"

Also, the frying-pan says my temper is furious, that she has known me to *boil over* any number of times a day. I do admit I am given to ebullition, it is in our family; but I never give way to it if I can help it. I fully know my weaknesses as a teakettle, but at the same time hope I understand my duty—which is more than some, whom I could mention, do. Thus I came to speak of some of the incidents which have occurred during my past life, and which I still hold in vivid remembrance.

Fifty years seem a long time back, and things are greatly altered since 1815. I know if I enter into any length of talk on the changes which have taken place, I will be set down as an old fogy, therefore I pass on without comment.

The old stone house at Hazedon must have been at least fifty years old when I went to it. At that time it was looked upon as a model of comfort and beauty, though now—a-days people would only laugh at it as dull, ugly, inconvenient old place. It was not a very high house, though rather deep and wide, and seemed to me to have an infinite number of rooms, and odd corners, and deep recesses. There was an inner and an outer kitchen, and as the kitchen was my domain, I will confine myself to a brief description of them. The outer kitchen was tiled and used only for working in, or to accommodate the laborers employed about the farm. The inner or best kitchen, as it was called, was floored with oak, spacious and comfortable, and served as a household room. In the evening, when the family gathered, I thought it did look a particularly pleasant look; the light from the great log-fire striking upwards to the oak-rafters, or falling really upon the group assembled. At the time from which I date this story, the family was small, consisting of Mistress Trest, or the mistress, as I shall call her, Agnes and Deb.

It was a most pleasant hour and once had a large circle round her fireside—boys and girls, hand some and gay, grew up only to pass away. One, a daughter, had been urged by her mother to a marriage for which she had no inclination, and which broke her heart, sending her to join her young brothers and sisters where they quickly lay at rest. The only remaining child, a son, had gone to Boston to be a merchant. Master Richard was as unlike his mother as he could possibly be, and I call to mind at her early years in life, for to me he was a noble specimen of a man. People hinted that the mistress had never been tender as a mother, and especially after her daughter's sad fate, she was much spoken of; but to Master Richard she showed only the fondest devotion.

Naturally she had a cold, severe manner, which did not yield to any surrounding circumstances, nor decrease with long acquaintance; and she excused nothing trifling or unimportant on shabby her. She was called proud, too, and was more or less avoided by many on this account.

Agnes was a young orphan whom the mistress had been prevailed upon to adopt. I think she was the fairest creature I ever saw; she was only sixteen when she came to us, slender and graceful, and wearing her golden hair about her as a light, reminding me of a lily standing in the sunshine. Her eyes were blue as rifts in summer sky, and she had a wonderful power of feature and expression. The house had seemed rather dark and still till Agnes came, when her presence brightened it as if an angel had passed in at the door.

Deb was an old servant; she had lived in the Trest family many years, and was an acknowledged authority in the family and neighborhood. She was tall and straight—straight to stiffness—and she did not seem to have a pick of flesh on her bones, or so thin. She had no eye to speak of, while her nose and mouth were large—the former long and thin, of the head, white and grim. A little bit of lightish-colored hair was drawn tightly up to the top of her head, where it was secured by an enormous tortoise-shell comb, which reminded me of the back of the rocking-chair in the living room. The hair was so scant, and the comb so formidable, that the effect was ludicrous. Deb's hands and feet were big and bony, and she had a sweep of arm that commanded reach of everything. She always wore a dark stuff dress, short and narrow; the skirt pinned up to the waist, showing her thick gray worsted petticoat. Low shoes, and blue home-knit stockings completed her attire. Deb never seemed to grow older, and no one knew what her age might be; and she had a sort of toughness, and power of endurance that I never saw in any other creature. Her step in the house was absolutely silent—even the mistress did not interfere with her. In character she was an odd combination, or rather contradiction; she was as soft as she appeared hard, as kind as she appeared cruel, and as obtuseness as she appeared indifferent. In a word, she was like a tortoise—a very tender thing, only wearing a hard exterior. I think she would have died, rather than be seen to laugh or cry—though I have known her to do both, when at night, after the family had retired, she sat by the fire, as was her usual habit. The work over and the day done, with the world all withdrawn from about her, this strange being appeared in her true light; all the hardness melted; her hands, which had held the reins firmly all day, would drop gently upon her knees, while every emotion of the heart came out to play upon her face, changing it so from its ordinary look, that one could but wonder.

I liked these quiet hours with Deb, when she was revealed the woman I knew her to be, and not what she was commonly judged. I had respect for her lonely evening moods, and never disturbed them, not even by singing softly, though night was my best time for this particular practice.

I was interested to know how Deb would take the appearance of Agnes in the house, and at first I rather trembled for the poor little thing, fearing she would intimidate her by her sharp manner; but though Deb did not relax a bit, I was relieved to see that Agnes no more minded her than if she had been quite meek. Indeed, I think her abruptness rather pleased her, for she soon found that she would say one thing and mean another; while if the mistress said anything, you might be sure she meant just that and not anything else. Deb might flout and contradict Agnes across the room, and she only laughed; but when the mistress reproved her, or spoke sharply, she would look pale and frightened, and sometimes burst into tears. And the consequence was, Deb was, and she always took refuge with Deb after any of these occasions, though I never could see that she received a particle of comfort from her.

The mistress used to spin—for spinning was to ladies in those days what piano-playing is now—and to my mind it was the most beautiful and musical of the two. And at first it was supposed Agnes would learn, as all young girls did; but dear me, she had no gift as well here as she had with arm or wheel as Agnes. She did, to be sure, make the trial, and a very pretty one it was—that is, she was very charming over it, though it was only a succession of absurd blunders. Deb looked on in grim silence, and one would have thought she gloried in the poor child's perplexity and failure, and so, in reality, I believe she did; but I think she hated to see anything so bright and pure, set down to that which to Agnes could never be anything but drudgery. Agnes herself showed great displeasure when she found all her efforts at teaching Agnes in vain, and at the last, read her a lecture upon her idle habits.

I could not see things in the light in which my mistress viewed them; for instance, this affair of Agnes's failure in spinning. I thought it no more a concern, on the contrary, I thought with Deb—the child was best as nature had intended her, and it has always occurred to me we are too apt to judge others by ourselves. Deb's ideas are good for use or useful who do not measure up to our standard. I once heard one say this, "They also serve who only stand and wait." I have forgotten my own expression, or whether it was borrowed from a book, I cannot say, for my knowledge is necessarily limited; but I thought it very beautiful, and when I applied it to the life of our Agnes, I knew it to be true, for the dear child was exercising an influence on all around her, which in some presence seemed to create a soft and beautiful atmosphere, reminding one of saints and the mansions where they be; while her actions, so spontaneous, so child-like and innocent, were a perpetual feast to every one. It was Christ's divine bearing, His meekness, His patience, His love and gentleness so much as His miracles, that drew souls and accomplished His mission on earth.

So Agnes's little wheel was set aside, for it was only too evident that it would not answer, and as she was once more free to flit about the house and garden, singing with her sweetest voice, I noticed the mistress would often pause, as if kettles are all musical, and I was considered quite accomplished; but I never yet heard any melody equal to Agnes's voice. It was exquisitely sweet, but touched with sadness, and the words were always of a quaint, touching kind, that moved the heart. When she would be singing in the garden, or upstairs, I have seen Deb pause and bend the poor logs till they could bear it no longer, but broke out in angry flashes at her treatment. The logs blamed the tongs a good deal, saying he was a willing instrument in cruel hands, and even enjoyed the work; but the shovel, who was suspected of such an attachment to the tongs, took his part openly, and he didn't like it, and he and the poor abused logs. I didn't like the shovel: she was proud because she was sometimes taken into the parlor to clear up the ashes when a fire was wanted; and besides, she was very sentimental, always quoting these lines;

"Sure the shovel and tongs
Were formed for each other,"

which I thought quite ungrammatical.

But I must hasten on, for if there is anything I dread it is long reminiscences.

Master Richard was accustomed to visit home occasionally, though Agnes had been with us a year before he came again. The mistress talked to Agnes about her boy: I think she would have talked to herself if there had been no one to listen, her heart was so set on him. So Agnes knew all about Richard, for she was the best listener the mother could have had. She knew just how he looked and how he spoke; what he did and what he didn't like; and, in fact, had him by heart, as a child gets its lesson from a book. The mistress talked of her son's success in business, and the prosperity that awaited his future; how he was rising, and would one day stand first among the merchants; then he should marry one his equal in position.

The mistress's peculiar views for her son's happiness, appeared to concern Agnes very little; she would rather have had him finally head was covered with brown locks, and that he had a frank, engaging manner. Money-getting, and marrying seemed things beyond this innocent child's ken, and she thought of them as stupid. Agnes had many young friends in the neighborhood, and I think more than one young man tried to win her favor; but though she was charming and pleasant to all, I could see their attentions made no impression upon her.

But at last Master Richard was to come home on a visit, the mistress had got a letter telling her so. We were all more or less excited, in consequence, and Deb kept up a constant poking of the fire, to conceal her joy. As for Agnes, she was too artless to hide anything, and so she talked on in her innocent way about how glad she would be to see him, and wondering if he would like her. Then as the day of his arrival approached, her white muslin dress and cape received a fine rip; and Deb undertook this precious piece of work.

Well, on the day fixed, Master Richard came, and I recollect his mother and Deb standing in the foreground, with Agnes in her white dress and a sash like a little behind them, blushing and smiling. How lovely she looked! and no wonder Master Richard's eyes glanced beyond his mother and old Deb to the fair vision standing there. I saw him start when he looked at her, and a color of surprise and admiration flashed across his cheek. It was a picture to see them as they thus met, and when I think back it still comes up as a picture to my mind.

After this it was "Agnes and Richard," for they were inseparable from the first. Master Richard followed Agnes about in the yard and garden, and devised many little plans that they might be together. Even in all the merry-making given in honor of his return, I heard them say he staid beside Agnes, giving her all his attention, and having eyes nor ears for any other.

It could not help but see the mistress watch the two very closely, and I noticed after so did Deb, only in a different way; the mistress's face seemed to harden as she saw them so constantly together, and I thought as if she would like to separate them; while Deb's face softened, and I saw she thought it just right that they should admire each other. For my part, I thought it a beautiful sight.

What I thought strange, was, that one evening Master Richard, speaking of Agnes, suddenly said:

"Mother, you never told me in your letters that you had given me a sister."

The mistress said not a word, but Agnes flushed with intense crimson.

Master Richard staid but a fortnight; he said he had made arrangements to return at the end of that time. The mistress drooped her face and looked grave, at the announcement of his departure, he said:

"Never grieve, Agnes, when I come again I will stay till you are tired of me."

"When will you come again?" asked Agnes.

"Very soon, I promise you," he said; and I knew that he meant it.

But still, when the parting came they both looked sad, and several times Master Richard came back to say he had forgotten to bid Deb, gotten something; but it was only to say another good-bye to Agnes. And at the very last, when he had given one of his gay, suddenly turned and called to Agnes to come out. She went out, and through the window I could see her leaning over the gate, the sunshine falling upon her lovely hair, and her face raised to his. She held a bit of ribbon grass in her fingers, which she had plucked as she went down the walk, and I saw him take it from her as he held her hand. He stooped and whispered something to her, and then said aloud:

"How will you do, Agnes?" and she brightened up and looked very happy. I am sure he would have kissed her if the mistress had not been standing in the doorway. Poor fellow, I wish he had!

Afterwards I knew that it was Master Richard that told Agnes of his love, that he would write to her; and so he did, as soon as he reached Boston.

One day when she had been in the village she brought home the letter, and he wrote, too, I can never forget. She came in flushed and breathless, and holding the letter above her head, said innocently:

"It has written to me!"

I suppose if all the world had been assembled in the great kitchen at that moment, she would have said just the same words, looking just as she did. The mistress was knitting, and she dropped her work, and fixing her eyes upon the poor trembling thing, said in a low voice that was tremulous with anger:

"Agnes, your childish ways may do with two old women, but you must learn to be discreet with young men."

Deb was about spreading the cloth for supper, at the time, and she paused for a moment while her mistress spoke, and then began in her hasty way, then she brought it round with a mighty sweep, and laid it with a flop; and when Agnes looked appealingly to her, she turned her head, like a horse. But in the evening when she was in the garden cutting sweet marjoram, I saw Agnes steal out, and creep close beside her on the side of the bed of herbs, take out her precious letter and read it to her. And the only way I could tell that Deb was interested was by the way she cut up the herbs while Agnes read; sometimes she cut fast, and again she cut slow; and sometimes she didn't use the knife at all, but tore the stalk to pieces, root and all; while at others, she snapped the tops off, as if she were thinking, and not quite assured of her work.

I am sure Agnes answered Master Richard's letter, for he continued to write week after week. All the while my mistress had an angry look; and after the correspondence had gone on for some time, she one day said to Agnes:

"Agnes, I don't wish you to write to Richard any more; it is not right."

"He wished it," said Agnes, faintly.

"That may be; young men are always seeking to be amused, and you must not yourself up to some silly notions about him, that may make it awkward for you both in the end; for I warn you, Richard cannot marry you."

"I never thought anything like that," replied Agnes." I know I love him, but I did not think it wrong. I never had a brother."

"You don't love him as a brother, Agnes, and you may as well be undeceived."

Ah, that was a rude hand to tear the veil from that young heart! As the mistress spoke I saw a change pass over Agnes's face, and I knew that that tender revealing which should come as the perfume of a flower when its bloom is perfected, had been prematurely forced, and now she sat blushing with a sort of pained joy at the untimely disclosure.

"Of course," continued the mistress, "Richard will make a grand match one of these days. I expect it of him, and I know he will not disappoint me."

"Then why can't we be happy till he does marry?" asked Agnes, eagerly.

I wonder such simplicity did not touch the mistress's heart, or at least have confounded her; but she put on an unfeeling look, and set her lips as one who is about to make a final speech, while she said:

"It can't be, Agnes; either you are very ignorant, or pretend to be, that you should talk in this way. Promise me you will write no more to Richard."

"Oh, I can't!" said Agnes, weeping and clasping her hands. "It is too hard."

"It is what is right and best, and you must promise."

Then Agnes gave a strange sob, and her face paled to the whiteness of death.

"What will he think of me?" she murmured.

"I will arrange it that Richard will not think hardly of you. Now give me your word."

I have heard that when a hunted doe is pressed to extremity, it suddenly turns with such a look in its eyes as causes the hunter to spare its life or immediately take it.

It must have been such a look as this which came into Agnes face as she turned it to the mistress. I know the mistress started, and said, hurriedly:

"You consent, Agnes?" and the poor child said "Yes," in a tone that struck strangely upon my heart, and then she rose and went up to her room.

I don't know just how I felt, I was so wretched. I wished Deb had been about, though of course the mistress would then have chosen another time.

I think the day I saw a change in Agnes she had a wistful look on her face, and moved about as one in a dream. As time went on, however, that brightened, for I saw the prospect of Master Richard's return. But the week slipped away and he didn't come; and then I saw she lost heart entirely.

I wondered that Master Richard did not come, for I knew that he meant to.

There was such a visible change in Agnes, that at last the mistress began to speak about her. She did not join her young friends any more, though they came to tempt her out; and since the day the mistress spoke to her about Master Richard, I never heard her sing.

One night after she had gone to bed, Deb said very abruptly to the mistress:

"That child's ailin'."

"No wonder," rejoined the mistress, "when she leads such a life as she does. No girl can be well who does not take bodily exercise."

"Umph!" ejaculated Deb.

"I don't see that she looks worse than usual; she always has a pale appearance," continued the mistress.

"She's goin' to die," said Deb, "every shortly."

"I'd like to know how you know?" said the mistress, with an angry flush.

"Got my eyes," returned Deb. Then they sat silent till the mistress went to bed.

But after this she made Agnes walk out, and bought her a pretty new dress, and was more attentive to her than I had ever known her before. For all this the poor child did not rally, but seemed to fade, and had that far-off look in her eyes which is so painful to see.

One night as Deb sat by the fire, Agnes, who had gone to bed hours before, came softly down stairs in her night-dress. Her shining hair fell over her shoulders, and she held something in her hand.

"What's all this?" said Deb, sharply; though I saw she was not cross.

Agnes did not answer till she stood quite beside her; then she put her arms around her head, and laid the object against her head, saying:

"Deb, I am going to die!"

"Nonsense!" said Deb, with a jerk; and pushing her away she got up and fell to stirring and poking the fire. "Go to bed, child," she said down again she said, very shortly: "where's the pain?"

Agnes shook her head. "It is not that, Deb; there is no pain, it is not sickness; but I feel as if I were floating out of life. I can't make any resistance. I can't rally. I am like a poor little bird adrift upon a stream. Deb, don't think of Richard"—here her voice choked—"I still seem to be going. I will never see him again, Deb."

How she looked at Deb wistfully.

When she recovered, she said:

"I want to ask something of you, Deb; here is a little packet I want you to give Richard when he comes. I have no message, for I have said all in the letter. Only there is one thing I did not tell him, and you may—yes, you may tell him, Deb, that I still love him, and he kissed me once when he came across the fields in the moonlight. For he did kiss me, Deb, and I was frightened, and cried; and then he was grieved at seeing me troubled, and in trying to comfort me, without knowing what he did, he kissed me again. Tell him I am even glad he kissed me, because he was not to see me any more. And now take me in your arms, Deb, for it is a long time since any one held or fondled me, and I think I am still only a child."

Deb had put the packet in her bosom without a word, and she took the little white figure in her arms, and held it tenderly as a mother would a baby.

"You ought to be in your bed," she said, very decidedly. "Rest is what you want."

"Yes, rest!" said Agnes, absently. "I am always seeking it, but it never comes. There is but one place where rest is found."

"Where's that?"

"Out in the old church-yard below the hill."

"See here," cried Deb, "I won't have any

more of this! You're as nervous as a mouse, and your hands and feet are as cold as frogs; I expect we'll have you sick a-bed to-morrow."

But Agnes buried her face, crying softly; and then Deb stroked her cheek and smoothed her hair. When she was quiet, she said to her:

"Now I'm goin' to make you an egg posset, and you've got to eat it."

So she put her in the big cushioned chair, and set about making the posset, talking very briskly all the while.

"You have been so good to me, Deb," said Agnes watching her.

"No I havn't," returned Deb, stopping short with the skillet in her hand. "I'm always as wicked as the devil."

Agnes laughed at her odd expression, and when the posset was done she insisted she should take some of it.

Seeing her so cheered up I began to hope, and in a little while Deb took her up as if she had been a child, and carried her off to bed.

But when Deb came down, she sat down and threw her apron over her face, and then I knew poor little Agnes must be failing.

She got up after a while, and poked the fire very hard; then she drew the table into the middle of the room, and made preparations for writing a letter. She took a narrow-necked ink-bottle and a quill from a shelf, and a sheet of foolscap paper, a stick of red sealing-wax, and her thimble from her pocket, and laid them on the table, lighting a fresh candle.

Of all the work Deb had undertaken in her life, I suppose the writing of that letter was the most serious. I thought she never would get set down to it; and when she was once seated, I thought she would never get through. She set the candle first in one place and then another, and the ink-bottle would be either at the very corner of the table, where I expected every dip of her quill would push it off, or she suddenly brought it under her very elbow. She snuffed the candle when it didn't want snuffing, and when it did, she let it alone, and poked away by its dim light. I have no doubt the poor soul had not written a stroke since she was a girl, and the different forms of the letters had slipped her memory, so that she was obliged to stop every now and then to recall them. As she shaped each letter, she made a corresponding motion with her mouth, so that I could tell when she was making a G, when an A, and so on through all the alphabet. I think she jumped up as often as six times during her writing to stir the fire; in this, as in other things, it seemed a relief to her feelings, and helped her along. When the letter was finished she folded it up in a big square, sealed it with the wax, and made an impression with the end of her thimble. Then she put it in her pocket, and went to bed.

I knew that letter was for Master Richard, and I knew it was about Agnes; and I blessed Deb in my heart.

The next morning Agnes didn't come down to breakfast, and my heart sank. Deb was very cross, and I knew this was a bad sign.

"I shall send for the doctor," said the mistress.

"'Twon't be any use," said Deb.

But still he was sent for, and he came, He was an old gentleman, very fat, and it took him so long to get upstairs that I thought he never would get up. When he came down he put his hat on one chair, and sat down on another, not saying a word, but staring hard at the floor.

"What do you think?" asked the mistress.

"What do I think about what, madam?"

"I mean, do you think Agnes very sick?"

"I don't think her sick at all."

The mistress flushed up and looked ill at ease.

"That is a very peculiar organization upstairs, madam."

"She was always very delicate looking," said the mistress; "and I did not put her to any work."

"Quite right," said the old doctor; "she should live as the birds and flowers. Have some one to take care of her."

"What do you suppose ails her?" asked the mistress.

"That is just what I wish to know, madam."

"She *must* be sick," said the mistress.

"She is *not* sick," said the doctor.

Then there was an awkward silence.

"What do you recommend?" then asked the mistress.

"I recommend that woman in the short gown—Deb, I think, you call her—to stay with her all the time. That woman is a wholesome character. Give the child plenty of old wine, tell her all the gossip of the neighborhood, never go into the room with your feet in slippers and your voice muffled, let there be a constant stir and noise in the house, and keep life around her keyed up to the highest pitch, till we see if we can bring about a reaction; for I tell you, madam, if we do not take care, we shall have her slipping into heaven before we know where we are. Already she seems to have one wing dipped in the blue."

He went off quickly when he said this.

Deb trudged up and down stairs constantly, and cooked every variety of dainty for poor Agnes. The wine was brought up from the parlor cupboard, and everything done that serves in most cases, but all to no purpose.

"I intend to write to Richard," said the mistress to Deb.

"Too late!" said Deb, and left the room, with her old green bonnet drawn down over her face.

Every day the doctor came, and, as he had done on the first day, always sat down in the kitchen after coming downstairs, and, staring hard at the floor would say to the mistress:

"That is a very peculiar organization upstairs, madam."

This speech never failed to make the mistress angry.

At last, when a week had gone by, I saw there was no hope. The tray came down without the dishes having been touched, the broiled chicken, with its parsley sauce, the jelly and the wine, just as when they went up. And Deb had a red ring round her eyes, and looked worn to a shadow.

Agnes's companions came to see her; and one day a young girl, to whom she was greatly attached, leaning against the dresser with her sun-bonnet in her hand, burst into tears, and said to Deb:

"Oh, Deb, what ails Agnes? I think she will die!"

I could only keep hoping Master Richard would come. One day the doctor staid upstairs a long time: and when he came down he walked to the window, and taking out his big red silk handkerchief, blew his nose over and over again very hard. Then the mistress came down, white as a sheet, and dropped upon a chair, trembling.

Oh, poor little Agnes! Then I knew she had drifted quite out to the great ocean, and was lost to us for ever. And that afternoon, just when it was a few hours too late, Master Richard came. I will never forget the scene which ensued.

A dismal rain had been falling, for it was in the late autumn, and I remember he was quite drenched when he came in. He glanced quickly over the room, and then said, in a sharp voice:

"Where is Agnes?"

Deb wrung her hands, and I saw her face work with emotion.

"Where is Agnes?" repeated Master Richard, in a louder tone.

Then Deb put her head down on the table and cried.

"Not that, Deb!" he said. "O God, it cannot be that!"

No one answered; but his mother went to him and put her hands on his shoulders.

He flung them off as if they had been vipers, and cried out:

"Mother, you deceived me and killed her! Oh, why did I trust you? Go away—don't touch me—I hate you! The dear, dead face, upstairs, is not more indifferent to me than I will be to you henceforth; and no other woman's love shall ever cross my darling's grave to reach my heart, so help me heaven! O Agnes, Agnes!"

Then he turned to go upstairs, but seemed as if he could not, putting his hand to his head, and saying:

"My God, how shall I face this?"

It was only after the third effort that he went up, and then we heard him crying:

"My poor, murdered lamb, speak to me! I have come back!"

But the sweet voice which was to have greeted his return was frozen into eternal silence. And though he poured out his love and grief for hours beside her, Agnes never so much as raised her little white hand. The mistress shut herself up in her room; and late at night, as Deb sat by the fire, Master Richard came downstairs, but looking at least ten years older. His face was fixed and white, and his voice had a dull sound, as one who had parted with hope.

"Tell me everything, Deb," he said, sitting down beside her.

Then Deb took the little packet from her bosom and gave it to him, with that curious, but sweet message.

"Tell me again," he said; and she went over it in a hoarse, choking voice.

He covered his face with his hands and shook with sobs. When he opened the packet a long tress of shining hair fell out, and he pressed it to his lips, saying:

"Oh, my darling!"

The next thing was a little withered flower, and then there were his letters tied with a bit of ribbon, and a long letter which Agnes had written. He read her letter over and over, and then got up and walked about the room.

"I must go away from this place, Deb," he said. "I must go away to-morrow. A few days sooner and I might have saved her, and now she is lost to me for ever! I loved her from the first, Deb, on the day I came home and saw her standing in the door. I knew I never could love another; I meant to tell her I loved her when I came again—I would have written it, but for the selfish wish to see her blushing face and hear her sweet voice in answer. My mother deceived me most cruelly; she told me Agnes was attached to an early friend, and I felt it so deeply that I could not come home. I knew my mother's ambition long before this, and I am punished for trusting her. I am a rich man now, but my wealth will only be a burden to me. I wish I had my fortune to make over again, that in care and toil I might seek forgetfulness. For a time I thought it was to be 'life with Agnes,' now it is only that dreary thought—*life without her!* I am only twenty-eight years old, Deb, and my future lies before me like a desert waste. I wish God would cut short my days, for joy and hope are dead!"

"Hush, hush!" said Deb, solemnly; "we must suffer the Lord's will."

"It has been cruel, cruel work," he said, setting his teeth hard.

Neither of them went to bed that night, and in the morning Master Richard went away. He had asked Deb for some little token of Agnes, and she gave him her blue ribbon—the sash she wore on the day he first saw her.

I must pass lightly over the few days that followed, over the time when our pretty Agnes, in her white dress, and with flowers on her bosom, was carried down the garden walk, and laid in the old churchyard, at the foot of the hill. A gloom fell upon the house, as if the light had departed, and so it had. Deb became more active and sharper than ever, but I knew it was only to keep away the heartache. Every night I saw her tears dropping on her bony hands, as she sat in her old place, and I knew her loss was next to Master Richard's.

The mistress was a changed woman. She gave up her spinning, and would sit by the hour with her hands clasped, not speaking a word. One day, about a year after Agnes's death, she did not come down to breakfast, and Deb, going to her room, found her dead in her bed.

Then poor Deb wrote her second letter to Master Richard, and he answered it; and I heard her tell a neighbor she was going to Boston, to keep house for him.

The furniture was sold, the house closed up, and Deb went away, and I never saw her again. This is the way it all ended, and I passed into another family. But I like to think back, and I often wonder if Master Richard and Deb did not sometimes go to see the little grave in the Hazedon churchyard.

Fifty years ago! Dear me! I shall soon be out of service, and all that I know will pass away with me!"

AUTUMN FRUITS:

A Harvest Hymn.

Not always with the jester's cap and bells,
 Not always with the quibble on the tongue,
The laughing lip a cheerful story tells:
 A people's pæan should be gravely sung.

As deepened ruts in elm-embowered lane—
 The broad-carved traces of the wagon wheel—
Show where have passed huge loads of garnered grain,
 So human hearts some kindred impress feel.

The breeze-blown sails that turn about the mill
 Make merry music in the autumn air;
Whilst cheapened loaves the laborer's table fill,
 Where chubby cheeks with brightened eyes repair.

That radiant face which to the threshold comes,
 Those bulky meal sacks round about the floor,
Show sunny blessings entering lightened homes,
 Scaring the wolf of famine from the door.

Peace, Plenty and Prosperity—these come
 From Him whose sunbeams did the bounty raise,
And for these gatherings of our harvest home,
 A nation's voice sends forth a hymn of praise.

THE LAST WALL-ST. SENSATION.

New York has been the *locale* of many gigantic operations in the money market and finances generally, as well as in all matters of social, political, moral, and commercial importance, among which, during the last few years, that of the Huntingdon defalcation, perhaps, rated as the most extensive in the financial world, until the recent Wall street revulsion shook the business community of this city to its very centre. Huntingdon is now paying the penalty of his crime in the prison at Sing Sing. But what is to be the result of the Ketchum operation in the same line, is yet to be developed. As the case now stands, it appears that the criminal operations of Edward B. Ketchum amounted to the very moderate sum of $4,000,000, which he had availed himself of by abstracting securities from the vaults of the firm of Morris Ketchum & Co., and otherwise using "scrip," "funds," and "collaterals" that were not exactly "personal property," in his financial operations in Wall street. At length his defalcations were discovered, and the bankruptcy of the above house, of which his father was one of the principal partners, was the result. Not only have his operations affected that firm, but a number of others have felt its disastrous influence, as might be expected, yet so high is the standing of his father, and the house with which he is connected, that at a meeting of the creditors, the said firm was relieved of its indebtedness upon the payment of sixty per cent., which is in substance, the ultimatum of the affair, so far as the creditors are concerned.

TOWN GOSSIP.

There have been only four railroad accidents during the past week, which is at once a source of considerable surprise and comfort to all, whether travelers or stay-at-homes. All have, however, agreed upon the necessity of some additional legislation for the punishment of the guilty parties, for the disastrous results and the guilt are the same, whether passengers are killed by some ruffian laying a piece of timber across the track, or by some wretched board of directors making one switchman do the work of two, out of a murderous and miserly economy.

There is considerable discussion among the lawyers, whether the great Wall street sensationalist, Ketchum, junior, has been legally guilty of forgery in the matter of the gold cheques, inasmuch as he never uttered them; some of the lawyers, however, contend that depositing them as collateral security, constitutes in effect *an utterance*. So far as Wall street is concerned, it has been a nine days' wonder, and although not forgotten, is no longer a prominent subject of conversation.

In the industrial world, the latest item is the arrival of about a score of England's representative commercial men to "prospect" our great American adventures, whether of oil wells, railroads, steamship lines, or banks, for despite an occasional Jenkins, there is a growing disposition among English financiers to invest in American securities in preference to any other. It is needless to dwell upon the great advantages to be derived from a visit from men of this class; it will undo many of those false impressions made by flimsy reports of such men as Mackay, Trollope, and their brother line-spinners. One thing cannot fail to astonish them, and that is the total absence of all those evils which an expensive and sanguinary war invariably entails upon a country. We venture to say, that the only traces they will find in any of the loyal States, are the sorrowful countenances of those who have lost relatives in the struggle. In every other respect, the war—terrible as the visitation has been—has lifted a great incubus from the American breast, enabled it to breathe with a freer and more joyous spirit, and given an impulse to its commercial industry which will astonish the world.

We notice in a Cleveland paper, a description of Bond's Portable Sporting Boat, which can be divided into two parts, each of which forms a complete boat. It is most admirably adapted for parties going on distant hunting or fishing excursions, as they will stand more hard usage than any other boats, while the cost of transportation is but a trifle. The length of the boat is 16 feet.

Theatricals have recommenced in full blast. Clarke began his annual season last week at the Winter Garden with two of his best parts, "Major de Boots," and "Toodles." We hope, however, that so fine an artiste—for Mr. Clarke does not trust to broad grimace for his success, but presents an elaborate performance, which embodies his idea of the character, just as Owens does in Solon Shingle, and Booth in "Hamlet"—will give us something new.

At Niblo's we have the agreeable expectation of seeing the Ravels on the 18th, after an absence of several years. How many recollections their re-appearance will cause? Their connection with the American public is one of the most gratifying theatrical facts of the age. The Ravels may be truly said to have delighted three generations of New Yorkers.

The last week will be remembered for the opening of Barnum's new Museum, now situated at 539 and 541 Broadway, known as the Chinese Hall, and the scene of the Buckleys' triumphs. The new Museum consists of five large saloons, and a splendid lecture room; these stretch across the entire block of 200 feet. Among the great advantages of this location, is the rapid egress in case of emergency, as ample doors at both ends allow the entire audience to pass out in five minutes. The stage of the Lecture Room is 50 feet wide, by 46 feet deep, and the auditorium is about 80 feet deep. It will accommodate about 2,500 persons. The decorations are very elegant. Considering the short space of time in fitting the present building, the variety and number of curiosities Barnum has gathered together are really wonderful, and sufficiently evince that he is still the same energetic manager.

Mr. Stephen Massett (Pipes) is going on a lengthened Western tour, where he will present his "Drifting About," so popular in New York.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

Not many years ago, two Frenchmen, one wealthy and in the possession of ready cash, and the other poor and penniless, occupied, by chance, the same room in a hotel. In the morning the "seedy" one arose first, took from his pocket a pistol, and holding it to his own forehead, and backing against the door, exclaimed to his horrified companion:

"It is my last desperate resource; I am penniless and tired of life! give me five hundred francs, or I will instantly blow out my brains, and you will be arrested as a murderer!"

The other lodger found himself the hero of an unpleasant dilemma, but the cogency of his companion's argument struck him "cold." He quietly crept to his pantaloons, handed over the amount, and the other vamoosed, after locking the door on the outside.

Hearing of this, another Frenchman, of very savage aspect, one night tried to room with a tall, raw-boned gentleman of Arkansas, who had been rather free with his money during the day, and evidently had plenty more behind. Next morning, "Pike" awakening, discovered his room-mate standing over him, with a pistol leveled at his own head, and evidently quaking with agitation.

"What the deuce are you standin' thar for in the cold?" said Pike, propping himself on his elbow, and coolly surveying the Gaul.

"I am desperate!" was the reply. "You give me one hundred dollar, or I will blow out my brain!"

"Well, then, blow and be darned!" replied Pike, turning over.

"Bote you will be arrested for ze murdaire!" persisted the Gaul, earnestly.

"Eh, what's that?" said Pike. "Oh, I see!" and suddenly drawing a revolver and a five pound bowie from under his pillow, he sat upright. "A man may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," he coolly remarked; and at the word he started for the Gaul.

But the latter was too nimble; for the "hoss-pistol," innocent of lead, exploded in the air, and with one frantic leap our little Frenchman was standing in his night-robe at the foot of the staircase—a proof that what will suit one latitude will not answer for another.

FLOWERS AND DIAMONDS.

Whatever may be the difference of their value in exchange, we know that a single rose in the hair of a fair young girl adds more to the adornment of her person than a string of diamonds. Is not the *blush* of an innocent, happy girl a more delicious thing to see than the *blaze* of the most profusely diamonded woman? And then, chemists now are said to be able to reduce the diamond to its primitive charcoal; but rose leaves are still rose leaves; though dead, their odor is a delicious memory of the by-gone "time of roses."

Girls should be like the flowers that adorn them—pure to the sight and sweet in memory. Bright, but impenetrably hard, diamonds teem with peril to their wearers. There is a charm in them, St. Ambrose says, which is not known to those who bear their yoke. Women who bear diamonds, said the saint, may be as bright and dazzling as the gems, but their hearts, assuredly, will grow as hard.

More than half the charm of dress, and all the charm of adornment arises from the appropriateness of each to both place and person. Diamonds that flash over gardens in the country are burning insults to the flowers. They belong to state, stately persons, and stately occasions of festival or solemnity in cities, or in sovereign presence elsewhere. On an Evangeline's brow the rose, not the gem, is becoming; and jewelry looks ill on the fingers of Basil, the blacksmith. In short, dress, like everything else, should be in unison with the wearer's place and condition. Hiawatha's flaunting feathers, Minnehaha's prairie flowers, were well suited to their pathways and the shadows of the forest, but in Broadway would be laughed at.

Ants of Business.—Nothing is more interesting than to see an army of ants engaged in divesting a tree of its foliage. In doing so, they manifest an intuitive system and order which is truly surprising. A regular file is continually ascending on one side of the trunk, while another is descending on the opposite side, each one of the ants bearing a piece of a leaf of the size of a sixpence in his mouth. A large number appear to be stationed among the upper branches, for the sole purpose of biting off the stems of the leaves and thus causing them to fall to the ground. At the foot of the tree is another department, whose business is evidently that of cutting the fallen leaves into small pieces for transportation. A long procession is kept constantly marching, laden with leaves. Some years ago the ants entered one of the convents at Maranham, who not only devoured the drapery of the altars, but also descended into the graves beneath the floor, and brought up several pieces of linen from the shrouds of the dead.

Washing Horses.—In regard to the care of horses, Sir George Stephen says: "Whenever it is necessary to wash a horse's legs, do it in the morning. Most grooms act on a different principle—wash them as soon as the animal comes in. I am satisfied this is a bad practice. When the roads are dirty, and the weather wet, and the legs are already soaked, washing can do no harm; but to deluge the legs with water the moment a horse enters the yard, heated with exercise, is to my mind as unnatural and absurd as to jump into a shower-bath after playing an hour at cricket. My plan is a rubbing down with straw and a dry brush, and the next morning wash as clean as soap and water can make them. Pick and wash the soles as soon as a horse comes in."

Persian Women's Scientific Division of Men.—The "Seven Wise Women of Persia," who by royal edict prepared a code of laws governing domestic matters in that realm, lay it down as a fact that, "There are three kinds of men: 1. A proper man; 2. Half a man; 3. A hupul-hupla. A proper man always gives his wife whatever she wants; your half man is a poor, snivelling wretch, who gives his wife but little; and you hupul-hupla is a despicable, jealous creature, who gives his wife nothing, but makes her do her own work, and is so suspicious, that if she stays away all day, he is sure to ask her where she has been."



THE HORRORS OF ANDERSONVILLE—THE MIDNIGHT VISION OF THE MURDERER.



VISION OF THE MURDERER.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY MARY E. C——.

NEAR a vine-wreathed casement sitting,
Is a maiden young and fair,
Dreaming, while the merry south wind
Toyeth with her nut-brown hair.

In her eyes a dreamy languour,
Like a spirit hair awake,
Coral lips, half sad, half smiling,
Folded hands of fairest make.

Sits she there in hazy twilight,
Dreamer's time and poet's hour,
When the spirit is uplifted
By some unseen magic power.

Those blue eyes are never gazing
On the blue-crowned distant hills;
Heeds she not the soothing murmur
Of the tinkling, rippling rills

Art thou dreaming, maiden, fair one,
Building castles in the air—
Glorious castles, princely dwellings,
Richly grand and quaintly rare?

Out upon the future's greensward,
Rieath up his magic home,
Grand, with turrets, gables, cornice,
Crowned with arching, stately dome.

Light within is brightly gleaming,
Gilding spacious stucco'd halls,
Where, in golden frames are hanging,
Pictures culled from mem'ry's walls.

Fadeless flowers are ever blooming,
Free from blight or mark of death,
Rarest strains of sweetest music
Touch the ear like angel's breath.

Heard not is the sound of wailing,
Ne'er is seen a falling tear,
All is rose-hued, joyous meeting,
In this dreamland's castled sphere.

Vows made here are never broken,
All is holy pure and fair,
Every face is bright with beauty,
Such as saints and angels wear.

Who will dwell with the fair maiden
In these castled fairy towns,
Breathe the air with love-sweet laden,
Pluck these gorgeous passion flowers?

That bright blush of rosy tinting,
Blue eyes lit with tender flame,
Tell the tale in love's own language,
Whisper sure the lov'd one's name.

Fair young maiden, may you never
See your castled home decay,
Leaving them but sleeping in anguish
Over fiends made of clay.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATTERMAN'S MAKE," "BEEDEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—ESAU'S TROPHY.

We need not tell our readers who it was that followed Anthony into the dining-room, and became at once the object of such close if not flattering attention. But it is necessary that we should narrate the incident that brought Esau into his new position. The young adventurer had at first enjoyed the share assigned to him by "luck" of watching, unsuspected, the burlier thieves in the beautiful moonlit garden; of giving sudden warning, and then removing out of harm, of showing his musical capabilities from the platform of a bale of newly-mown hay, and for the benefit alike of sick aldermen and discontented burglars, and chuckling at the surprise that must be felt by the former audience at such untimely rawellings. But when pistol-shots began to fly about the air, he fancied he would be better back again in Leicester Square than more thought would any of itself have been sufficient, he had a new motive given him when, as he was running, he came suddenly upon one of the flying thieves, who, without a word, knocked him down with the butt-end of a pistol he held, and then, as he lay stunned and sprawling, threw the weapon into savagely, muttering, in a hoarse, suppressed voice:

"There, you varmint! Don't poke yer nose into things you don't understand again!"

He said no more; but leaving his pistol, as if he had intended to get rid of it, disappeared over the wall.

Esau was as much struck with the robber's text as with the commentary; and he was wonderfully tickled by the sight of the pistol, which must be the robber's own, and which surely now might be Esau's. Giving himself no time for reflection, he pushed it under his waistcoat, out of sight, and followed the example of the burglar in getting away as fast as possible, and back into one of his London haunts—the cellar of a poor old woman, who let him sleep there rent free, in return for his doing any little bits of business she wanted from Esau.

But Esau got home too late to sleep, and too full of his adventures to be quiet about them; so while his feeble, querulous, but kindly-natured patroness gave him the washings of her own unroasted teapot, with bread and a lump of dripping, for breakfast, he told her the story.

"Go back, you little fool—go back with you directly, and tell them at the house," was her first greeting, after a pause as if of wonder, and when Esau was expecting a compliment for his behavior. Esau looked sullen at first, but was in due time convinced he ought to carry out to the end the part he had undertaken, of a faithful though unknown friend of the family; so he set off to return.

He walked along, sometimes briskly, at others loitering, as if time were nothing to him, and that secretly-coveted pistol a good deal. Now he turned from the road to help to toss hay in a field where only the farmer and his son were left at work; but his quick eye happening to see a rabbit crossing at the corner of the field, very near, he started in chase, never stopping till he reached its hole, which the boy marked by leaving a peculiar-looking bough sticking in the ground near it. Then, too, he was a good deal amused by his being so generally known by the inmates of the cottages he passed. The men, smoking their pipes at the house doors after breakfast, looked at him and at his pistol, which he mischievously just allowed them to see, and shook their heads, uttering an emphatic assent to the opinion given by one of them, that

"That boy won't never come not to no good, whoever lives to see it."

But the little children went running into the cottages, calling, loudly and excitedly:

"Mother—mother! here comes Esau!"

And the mothers generally had a friendly nod and smile for him. At one place he stopped to mend a child's whip; at another to earn a halfpenny by running a race for a village-boy, lending his hand of hair while the ass a baby's play-thing while its mother got the supper ready—a bargain of which the crowing and tugging baby seemed to think better than Esau did. But he took fresh thought and pushed on, after a sly look at the pistol, and after cocking it, and levelling it at imaginary burglars in the hedge, and pulling the trigger.

He had strange modes of relieving the monotony of his journey. Sometimes he would cease to disappear from the road altogether, but soon his heels would be seen either dangling from a tree, or standing on, sole upright, while his head and buttercups, in the middle of a field of long grass, where he had found, and was watching, a skylark's nest, till the lark herself came down from the sky, singing deliciously, and coming in as straight a line as if its song were a silken web-like thread, which it had wound about it to climb heavenward, and which it now unspun to return to its nest in the grass.

And then, taking heart of grace, Esau dawdled no longer, but—ran as fast as he could—trying to forget what a good pistol it was, and how he should like to fire it off with real powder and shot, if only once. At last he reached the alderman's house, rung the bell, waited five minutes, rang no answering again, and then was, to his surprise, met, not by the servants, but by a young gentleman, who heard his business with so little interest that he might have known of it beforehand, and merely said, as Esau was showing the pistol:

"Come in with me."

Thus it was that Esau again presented himself at the alderman's, and so much later than he needed to have done, making his appearance, and offering his testimony and his trophy.

But why had Anthony thought it right to leave his friends at so critical a time, and in so rude a manner, as if merely to answer a door bell? Can we without shame record of him, in this unsentimental age, that he had been so completely overpowered by the alderman's letter, and by the general sense of relief from a position of debt and difficulty, as to be absolutely unable to trust himself to speak any but the most formal words, even in womanish fashion before all those people—before *her*, the doctor's daughter—would have been an act he could scarcely have brought himself to do. Indeed it is, when he found that even delay did not restore his equanimity, he had taken advantage of the sudden sound, the ringing of the gate bell, to escape from the room, and from the additional sting of the lawyer's absurd and unworthy explanation. What he did, where he went, and what he remembered himself during the first few minutes that elapsed between the first and the second ringing of the bell, let us leave unsaid. Enough to know that he had gone back to the room ready conquer the grief—the gratefulness—the passionate desire to cry back to that grave, "Oh, you have rightly known me!" that had been in his heart ever since he was not in the assembly a calmer looking face. It was pale, certainly—very pale; and intrusive eyes might have noticed something beautiful in the moisture that Anthony had to dash again met the people in the room; but he said, carelessly:

"Esau boy has picked up a pistol belonging to one of the thieves?" and, under cover of that diversion, walked back to his place, motioning Esau to a corner near him. Esau understood this as an invitation to squat down at his ease, in a manner more picturesque than seemly; then, after a pause, Anthony seemed to have found the persons in the room, obviously in order to speak. The instantaneous lull was remarkable, and, in any other mood, would, to poor Anthony, have been alarming; but he had just passed through too many great and elevating emotions to be open so soon after to the influence of trifling ones. On the contrary, he felt more than the first few bewitching words, his look became so animated, his voice so thrilling, and his form so full of dignity, that Esau almost thought it one of this world indeed the half-shy, half-mirthful Anthony Maude who had spoken to her outside the house.

"Esau, you have earned your place now with other wise, and I hope you do not wish that I should do so—you have heard what my uncle writes to me to do. Hear me now before we leave. May God in his goodness make me"—he paused, as if wishing to say something that would not come to him—"make me fit for such a destiny; and if He finds I neglect or violate the solemn duty now imposed, may He take all this away from me, for I shall deserve it."

Before any knew he had finished he was again sitting in his chair. But then, after a moment's pause, he seemed to remember something, rose again, shook hands warmly with Sleuth, and said to the auditory:

"I am proud to say that Richard Sleuth and I are friends, that this is his house as well as mine, and that I look to him to help me in my affairs."

He was getting a little agitated once more; so, in order to calm his excitement, he turned to see where Charles Pompeus was, and he found her just where he had left her, but looking at him with such moist eyes and glowing cheeks, that he grew warm himself; and then, to his relief, he beheld thought him of the doctor—a wonderful sedative. He went to him, and, with a half bow and half smile, said:

"Doctor, you will bear with my oddities, won't you? For the sake of my uncle you will remember how much I owe to your friend's countenance and sympathy." Artful Anthony! He consciously got on better the moment that word, or countenance, was added to that. "Yes, doctor, I assure you I am rather frightened than elated by my good fortune. But I ask you sincerely and entirely to be my friend—my friend, and Dick Sleuth's."

"Hem! hem! Well—well—young man, I know no reason why I shouldn't be your friend, and, as you say very thoughtfully, Richard Sleuth's friend also."

"And may I at once ask your advice on a matter that drives me almost distracted, doctor?" asked Anthony.

"Do—pray do—speak out!" replied the doctor.

They went through the conservatory into the little conical room between the conservatory and the hall, a sort of corner cut off from the general lawn and flower-system of the grounds. The doctor, as they walked, took the young man's arm in a gracious, condescending way.

"The servants," said Anthony, when they were out of hearing. "I wonder whether Dick's say something about them. But I am not the fellow, and I won't be, to even seem to blame him."

"Quite right—quite right. Very likely he meant to leave all that to you."

"Mightn't I say he hinted at something of the sort once?"

"Of course. If he did, that's the very thing."

Anthony looked puzzled; and then the doctor smelt a rat.

"Ah! young man! I see—I see. Beware! Take my advice—the advice of a man of mature years and large experience—and I—and—hem! banish all doubt. Be resolute. Tell the truth and shame the devil! Capital motto! Keep it before you, young man!"

Anthony looked half inclined to laugh, while a little annoyed. But the truth-loving doctor went on:

"Hem! hem! Give the housekeeper an annuity of fifty pounds a year, if she leaves you—and—hem!—give the other domestics gratuities—say—hem!—one-year's wages for each year they have been in the service."

"Yes; and might I say that arrangements—arrangements have been made in—in the family for some time?"

"Gently, young man," said the doctor, his large, broad face beaming for the first time with a smile, as he began to suspect an admirable Joke.

The end of the conversation was that Dr. Pompeus went home to dress, to take a short but imposing oration to the housekeeper and other servants, and, somehow, insensibly glided into the path that the cunning Anthony had sloped for him; so that, when the servants had discussed the matter some hours after, there was a general agreement that the old man had really settled everything very well indeed, only, on his part, rather enjoyed the position thus put upon him of giving moral counsel, and exercising legitimate authority.

CHAPTER XIV.—SLEUTH'S TRIAL.

WHEN people look on the rising sun, they seldom trouble themselves to think of the sun that set only a few hours before. So was it here. The alderman's memory had faded fast before the natural yearning for life, and even the murder had long kept out the question of the property, and the thoughts of the two young men so critically situated. Besides, every one knew the alderman had been dying—they had hourly expected to hear he was dead—and they could not therefore long retain the first healthy glow of excitement and indignation at the fact this murder, and with exactly the same kind of reception they could have given to the news of any other. If the alderman had been, at the time, in any less critical position, there would have been a great outcry at his death; as it was, it was wonderful how soon the first horror subsided, and how under the diversion of other and more attractive themes, and which more or less affected the interests of the majority of the persons present.

But there was one man who never, by any chance, forgot, even for a single instant, the dread event; for instant warned him to the deepest thought.

What but that was Sleuth thinking of while the doctor and Anthony were talking together apart? Was it Miss Pompeus, upon whom, when he did not think she observed him, his eyes had contracted a bad, and to her annoying, habit of constantly fixing? Was it the riding habit; and though he seemed to be interested in Esau, and to smile at the answers the vagabond lad had given him, was it not the while stretching his faculties of hearing and divining to the utmost, to enable him to guess the purport of the talk in the little garden. Sleuth never once thought of his actual truth of the case about the servants. He felt, on the contrary, sure that two fearful things for him had happened together, when Anthony had gone out just as the boy was coming in with the burglar's pistol.

He could not, for the moment steady his thoughts sufficiently to call up all the many possibilities involved, but he saw only too clearly that the finding of that second pistol might be extremely dangerous—perhaps, indeed, had suggested something to Anthony which he was already consulting the doctor about. How he measured, moment by moment, their slow footfalls, crushing the gravel with them! How, when they once stopped, he seemed to understand they had come to some horrible and mutual conclusion; and how the unseen spirit again whispered "Fly!" till he was relieved by their going on again! How he prayed (for Sleuth still retained himself religious, and quite entitled to pray) that the next few hours would pass all, these people disperse, and he be able to sit down with God in peace! Peace! Sleuth is learning fast, but has much yet to learn. Meantime his lips may almost be seen to move, as he silently shapes on them the two words that now comprise, he thinks, the greatest dangers—"coat—pistol!"

He does not deceive himself. Glad as he has been to find that, even after murder, creation at large, and the alderman's domestics in particular, seem to move on very much as before—still, he is quite aware that people will, now that the heir question is disposed of, return to the remembrance of the alderman's bloody death, and to the inquiries consequent on the crime. He saw the two men return, and then, while the doctor made his speech about the servants, he wiped the palms of his hands, which persisted in coming with moisture, and felt he was as ready as he ever could be for the ordeal.

"Hem!" began the doctor, according to his wont, but in much more severe and magisterial loudness of tone—"All other business having been disposed of—hem! it is my duty, not officially—I repeat, not officially at present"—here the doctor looked round with more benignant air than he had first assumed—"but rather as a friend of the deceased and one who has been, I am told, fearfully murdered. But of that I must be presumed just yet to know nothing. Mr. Stamp, will you be so good as to act *pro tem.*, as my clerk, and guide the proceedings?"

Mr. Stamp just gave one impatient scratch of his head with the fingers of his left hand, as though to allay some momentary irritability in that particular part, but then resigned himself with a good grace to what he feared might prove an infliction. But he was mistaken. For once he had a certain wholesome dread of intermeddling with a man that he knew to be able and experienced; so he simply looked most magnificently grave great weight and dignity to the informal proceedings by his appearance and behavior.

"Perhaps Mr. Sleuth will tell us what he knows about the matter first," began the lawyer.

Mr. Sleuth was not at all flattered by this prominent position. He had hoped to have heard what passed, and then have shaped what he had to say more or less according to circumstances. This ill-luck a little discomposed him; and after he had striven with his internal agitation, and pretty well conquered it, a new incident occurred not calculated to reassure him. The door opened without any warning—without even a preliminary tap—and two men entered, with staves in their hands and their hats on their heads, whose businesslike bluff placed in their aspect—ministers of justice. They explained that they had only quite recently heard of the business, and had come as soon as possible when they did hear. The doctor motioned to them to be seated, and they, knowing him to be a magistrate, became, of course, very humble and respectful.

Sleuth, with these appearances, thought it wisest to repeat as nearly as he could, word for word, the statement he had made to the housekeeper—laying stress on the fact of the presence of the burglars while attending to his dying uncle, his uncle's firing at the burglar, the burglar's firing with his pistol, Anthony's pursuing him ineffectually, and returning till he met the housekeeper in the corridor.

The housekeeper pricked her ears as she heard, Sleuth mention her name, and some words were exchanged between Phillis and her, that filled Sleuth with a consuming anxiety all through the rest of the scene.

The housekeeper's statement was to the effect that, being very much alarmed to hear shots fired, which seemed to her to come from her alderman's room, she had gone up, opened the door, and found him lying in an extraordinary posture—huddled all in a heap on the bed. He was quite dead, and there was a wound on his temple, which seemed to show a pistol-shot had killed him. She also found a piece of burnt wadding on the bed. This she produced, and it was what the police, who had received from Anthony and Sleuth.

The lawyer and one of the officers, who rose for that purpose, came to the table, and examined the pistols.

"This," said the lawyer, taking up the handsome double-barreled one, "was, I presume, the alderman's?"

"Yes, sir," said Sleuth, or, at least, he fancied he had said so; but the lawyer paused for no answer, he supposed his dry lips had failed him, and he had spoken inaudibly; so, the listening his eyes with his tongue, he tried, with a firmer voice, a second time to speak, and he did get out the words, then, "Yes, sir."

"I think, Mr. Sleuth," went on the lawyer, "you said the alderman, after you had left him, and in pursuit the robber, and gave you the pistol? What was the good of the pistol, if the other barrel was not fired?"

"Oh, but it was, sir."

"It was? Then how happened it to be empty now?"

Mr. Stamp looked inscrutable as he put the question; but Sleuth felt it in his marrow. He was not dismayed, however; anything but that.

Nothing cheers an undiscovered criminal in danger so much as to let him see he is supposed to have done something which it is easy to dis-

prove. Though Mr. Stamp was touching so closely on the very heart of the mystery, Sleuth saw that he was doing so in a double mistake; first, that he (Sleuth) must have intended to suggest that one barrel only had been originally loaded, and that, second, the present empty condition of the barrel was likely to prove of some importance. So he said, with admirable calmness:

"I gave it to my cousin Anthony loaded, and he fired it off, in the housekeeper's presence, through the window, because she was timid of taking it as it was."

Of course both the housekeeper and Anthony affirmed this, and Mr. Stamp, if a moment's suspicion had crossed his thoughts, lost it altogether as he thanked Mr. Sleuth for his clear statement.

But before Sleuth had ventured to feel he had a right to use a certain passage of Scripture which would seem coming into his mind, in order to his own wish not to humbug himself at so critical a moment—the passage which says, "the bitterness of death is past"—the housekeeper broke out with the old feeling, by saying she wished to add a word or two more.

"It isn't worth mentioning, I dare say, gentlemen, but right is right, and if we are called on to speak, it is my belief as we ought to say all we know, and leave it to God, and to his minister of justice on earth, to set things straight between."

The housekeeper received a gracious nod as she here curtsied to the doctor.

How Sleuth's face—not daring to look directly at her—kept its pale expression, without any change, during this, was astonishing. With head shaggy bent, as listening, eyes rolling unconsciously, he still preserved, in all other respects, an attitude in no respects differing from that of a pause, went on:

"I am sure Mr. Anthony won't be angry with me for handling his word, for, of course, it's nothing to him—can't be—what I'm going to say; but still everything should be mentioned when one talks of the horrible doings of such a night. Well, I was, of course, very much frightened when I discovered the alderman dead, not by course of nature, but murder—and I hurried out, as fast as my poor old limbs would let me, into the dressing-room, and into the corridor; and just as I got there I heard some one go into the safe-room. But I wasn't in time to see who it was—but I thought it was Mr. Sleuth, and I called to him. But nobody answered, and when I got to the door it was locked. And I called again to Mr. Sleuth to tell him the alderman was murdered. And then, while I was wondering why I got no answer, I found the door gave way, and I went in, and I saw a man running towards the window, looking so like Mr. Anthony that I thought it was him, and that he was running after the prisoner; and I called him by his name—Mr. Anthony, but he didn't stop; and when I mentioned it to Mr. Anthony, he said he had never been in the safe-room at all, and he told me I had been dreaming. But right is right, and I say I saw some one that I thought was Mr. Anthony, and that's all I know about the matter."

"I assure you, my dear Mrs. Milton," said Anthony, "that, whoever you saw, it was not me. I came from the pursuit of the burglars right up the stairs, and, knowing my uncle's delicacy, and fearing he would be greatly excited by the affair, I turned neither to the right, to the safe-room, nor to any direction but to the left, which took me, as fast as I could go, to the place where I found my poor uncle lying dead, and where you and my cousin found me."

"Hem! hem! I really don't see what importance these trivial details can have," observed the doctor, and there was for the moment a general silence,

What would not Sleuth have given to be able just then to read the hearts of the lawyer, of those horrible-looking officers of justice, of the housekeeper; but, above all, of Phillis, whose behavior grew more and more inexplicable! Not once during this eventful time had she allowed him to get a full, and as it were, confidential look exchanged between them; and, as if to confirm what had been suggested, there was a strange self-absorption in her whole manner, as she sat apparently unconscious of those around her, in the overwhelming pre-occupation of some starting and terrible thought. Like flashes of searing lightning rushed through his brain a series of questions in short, abrupt sentences, whose fatal radiance seemed only to deepen the subsequent gloom.

"Was it she whom I heard outside the door? Did she see and reload the pistol? Did she see the paper in my hand which I destroyed? Did she find the coat, and then become sure of all? Is she watching now to speak, but hesitating?"

A moment after Sleuth said, with a wonderful smile on his face of gentle suggestion, that yet didn't at all feel sure the course proposed was right:

"Wouldn't it be well to go a little more regularly to the matter while we are about it—say from the beginning? Here's the hall to be gone into first warning, and seems to have been banging about the place all night."

The doctor approved the idea, and began; but as it proceeded Mr. Stamp noticed, without, however, attributing much importance to the matter, that Sleuth took the water-bottle from the table, held it up as if to be sure it was empty, and then quietly went out, as if to refill it. Phillis noticed it too, and instantly her face colored. She half rose, but sat down again, hesitatingly; then, with a whispered word to the housekeeper, went out too, but at a different door, saying to her relative, so as to be overheard:

"I must see to things for a few minutes; I'll be back directly."

Mr. Stamp noticed that incident also, and could not help connecting the two departures together and having odd fancies. But he was a man of sense and practical experience of life, and soon dismissed ideas that hardly accorded with either sense or experience, he thought. Then he listened to the examination of the vagrant.

Esau was engrossed by the contemplation of a fat, befrilled little boy, worked in coloured wools, on a fire-screen, and took no notice of the doctor's first summons; and the doctor, rapping on the table with the gold edge of his spectacles, said, more loudly:

"Do you hear, sir? You may step forward."

Esau started and looked round at the doctor, still not exactly understanding him. He rather thought he had received a hint to go, and looked dubiously towards the door, but not feeling sure where it might lead him, stared back again at the doctor.

"Hem!" exclaimed the doctor, leaning back in chair. "Is that boy deaf?"

"No I ain't," answered Esau, promptly, and with rising color.

"Then step forward!" said the doctor, with emphasis, and regarding him severely.

"Well, I'm ready, ain't I?" retorted Esau. "I don't want to stop, do I? I don't mind; I think some on yer might show me the way."

"Hem!" observed the doctor. "I don't like the look of this. Mr. Sleuth, once than we think of in that boy. I declare, he's trying to escape! Detain him, Mr. Stamp, detain him, if you please."

"Poor little fellow! he didn't understand," said Miss Pompess, crossing the room and laying her hand kindly on Esau's arm. "There now, look here; you've only got to stand at this table, and answer what my father says to you."

"And he tell me to hook it for 'em, then?" muttered Esau, more than ever shuffling his feet under the delicately gloved hand, "and then made out how when I was a goin'?"

The doctor stroked his double chin solemnly in his white cravat, looking at Esau all the time steadfastly, cleared his throat with a slow deliberation of consequence, as if no one every "then" was of more importance than any other person's brightest eloquence, adjusted his gold spectacles, and then, with the air that they were firm, brushed off a geranium petal that had fallen from the brilliant bouquet in his button-hole, laid one plump white hand on the table, laid the other plump white hand shortly over it, and said:

"Well, boy?"

Esau stared at him.

"Begin," said the doctor.

"What, sir?" asked Esau, simply.

"Give your evidence, sir."

"What's that, sir, when you please, sir?"

"Good gracious, what shocking ignorance!" exclaimed the doctor. "What parish do you belong to, my poor boy?"

"I don't belong to no parish?" answered Esau.

"What do you mean by that, sir?"

"I gets my own living, and never has a farthin' from no parish."

"Hem! There's something suspicious about this boy," said the doctor. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if he isn't connected in the robbery, after all. I shall question him closely. Do you observe, Mr. Stamp, how his color changes? Now, boy, look at me, and give your evidence."

Esau's face was, indeed, nearly crimson, and his bright eyes flashing angrily.

"I didn't help in the robbery," he answered, "come, now; and I don't see for what you're accusin' me—all 'cos that you're a arstin' me to give up—never a finger on 'em."

Esau turned his ragged empty pockets out before the doctor, and as he held them up conspicuously with his dirty fingers he happened to catch a glimpse of Anthony's face. Its whiteness, and something in their faces caused a mischievous twinkle to take the place of the angry flash in his eye.

"My poor boy," said the doctor, with benevolent patience, "this is truly shocking; but come, let us see if we cannot understand one another."

And the doctor expanded his chest and spoke loudly, with a sort of "Clarence in his voice and eye, as if saying—"Absurd as you may think it, I, Doctor John Pompess, am going to stoop and allow the little vagabond to understand me."

"Hem! What is your name, boy?"

"Esau, if you please, sir."

"Esau, eh? Well, Esau, what took you into the alderman's garden the other night?"

"Nothing, please, sir."

"Nothing?"

"No, sir; I clumb the wall."

"Well, yes, I understand. You climbed the wall. And now, what did you want there, Esau? What were you doing?"

"I was a lookin' after the thieves, sir," answered Esau, with an air of perfect innocence.

"Looking after the thieves!" repeated the doctor, glancing round triumphantly, as if to say, "You see, my clear questioning can penetrate even this dark soul, and draw some light from it."

"Very good, my boy—ve–ry good. Now just give your version of the story. Speak up, and don't be afraid. Come, now, tell me all about it."

"Yes, sir; then I give my account with him," said none on yer took no notice; and that's all, sir."

The doctor gazed around the room severely.

"The boy is giving important evidence now," he remarked to Mr. Stamp. "You hear; he gave warning twice, and nobody took any notice. It looks suspicious. I am very glad I questioned him myself—ve–ry glad. Well, my boy, try and be a little more minute, will you? There were two of the rascals, were there not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you describe them?"

"What, sir?"

"Can you tell me what they were like?"

"Not both on 'em, sir."

"Ha! Not both of them, eh? Well, one of them. Go on, my boy."

"The stout 'un, sir?"

"Yes, my boy—go on—don't be afraid. The stout one, you say, was like—was like—"

"You, sir,"

The doctor's double chin began to rise slowly over his collar, and the bouquet in his button-hole became agitated.

"Like—me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Me?"

"Yes, sir, if you please, sir."

The doctor glared at Esau, and Esau's unflinching, innocent, cunning eyes never moved from the doctor's face. Mr. Stamp sat grimly biting his nails; and, several of the servants were seized with a coughing fit, Anthony and Clarissa had turned their backs.

"Hem! Mr. Stamp," said the doctor, turning slowly round to the lawyer, "this boy is incorrigible. His dense and shocking ignorance and depravity render his evidence perfectly worthless. He will oblige me by withdrawing him."

Mr. Stamp being absorbed in one of the documents on the table, Esau remained standing where he was. The doctor left this, and tried to avoid looking at him; but somehow, as he took up a pen and tried the nib on his thumb-nail, his eyes were drawn, by some strange fascination, to Esau's, and his cheeks turned to find the little vagabond still looking at him.

"Did you hear me tell you you could go, sir?" he said, plunging the pen anywhere but into the ink.

"Where, sir, if you please?"

"Anywhere, sir!" thundered the doctor.

"Thank you, sir," answered Esau; and making a dive under the table, and under the doctor's august legs, went tumbling down the conservatory steps, and there stopped, to see what else was going to happen.

* * * * *

The very instant Phillis found herself outside the dining-room she began to walk fast, then to run, and then to fly, with almost supernatural speed, through passages, up flights of stairs, then through numerous rooms, up more stairs, till panting and breathless, she reached the door of her own bedroom, and there, just as she had expected, found Sleuth.

Whether he had been in and come out again, or was only just going in when interrupted by hearing her, she could not tell.

"Phillis——" he began.

But she swept past him into her own room, gave one rapid glance round, went to and touched the bell at the head of her bed, with a long, deep sigh, she strove to calm herself and speak to the miserable man outside.

"Phillis," he said, catching at her hand and holding it against her will, "what means this? At—at a time so trying for me—I mean, when I am looking for help, I shall lose all if you don't find this cursed codicil—how it is, Phillis, at such a time, you don't look at me, try and speak to me, or give me one comforting word?"

"Perhaps a comfortable look from Miss Pompess would do," retorted Phillis, with heightening color, that convinced Sleuth she was not entirely trying a part in her passion.

"Phillis, I mustn't stop. I must know what is passing below. What will they think if they learn of this encounter?"

"Yes, and here?" said Phillis, looking at the bedroom in a significant but by no means agreeable manner.

"I—I came here——"

"Thinking that I should follow you?" asked Phillis, with bitter irony.

"Phillis," cried Sleuth, stamping his foot with passion, "I have loved you—I want to love you still. If I ever get this wealth it shall be all poured into your lap. Phillis, shouldn't I mean to make me so angry by all sorts of—of fancies? I care not stay one moment longer. Phillis, are we friends? Will you be my wife—one person in the world to whom I might trust everything, who would never fail me, if—if only she knew how much I loved her, how passionately I loved her, and loved the very ground she walked on?"

"Richard, Richard, Richard!" But Phillis could not go on. A sort of hysterical laughter stopped her.

Phillis, darling, believe me—believe me! On my soul it is true! I never, in all my life, did or mean to anybody as to you now. I am very miserable—very, very!"

Phillis saw the tears starting to his eyes. It was too much. She suddenly clasped him in her arms, and kissed his forehead, saying:

"I believe you, Richard, you tell me falsely, or if you have done any—any wrong to-night."

"But I haven't! There! No more words. Let me get back now. I trust you, Phillis, in life or in death. Mind that."

And then Sleuth, still profoundly miserable that he had not learned what she knew (why knew anything)—had not got the codicil, if really it was in her possession—but satisfied he had silenced her, went back with the water-bottle replenished, and, having a sort of general observation as he went in, that all the water-bottles in the bedrooms had been drunk dry, and he had to get it where he could.

Meantime, in his thoughts, the first inquiry was, "Have they been at the cost again?" He was answered by the very first remark he heard, which was from the lawyer.

"Well, the young rapscallion's evidence is clear enough, I think, and there's any more to talk of, unless it be of that mysterious person in the coat. The housekeeper certainly saw some one, and thought at first it was Mr. Sleuth."

"Dear me! I think—really—really so it is! I wonder I never thought of it before," suddenly exclaimed Sleuth, his pale face growing quite radiant. "It's one of the burglars Mrs. Milton saw. To be sure it was! The man that came to the door of the dressing-room, the only one that we—that is, I and my poor dear uncle—saw, were —yes—wore a light smock frock, or something of that kind. I think it was a smock frock," repeated Sleuth, remembering he might have told Anthony or the housekeeper so. "But at such a time as the night, Mrs. Milton might easily fancy it was a light coat, like Mr. Anthony's. Besides, I wouldn't swear," said Sleuth, already familiarised in mind with things he knew he had to get through, "that it was a smock frock. Very probably it was a light loose coat after all, and so Mrs. Milton was right."

The lawyer looked grave. The two officers whispered to each other, in low, hoarse voices, so that Sleuth heard a part of what was said—"A good thing this!" The doctor hemmed two or three times. Suspicion was visibly stealing like a dense atmosphere round Sleuth, though no one said—perhaps no one could have said—what particular thing or deed it was that was pointed to. To his immense relief, Anthony now spoke with generous warmth.

"I can't, for the life of me, guess what all this means. But if it means that it is thought strange that somebody, at such a time, should go to the safe-room, I, for one, see no reason why Sleuth must have been the man disguised in my coat——"

"No, no!" interposed the lawyer.

"Oh, you don't mean that?" said Anthony, "I was going to show you he couldn't very well manage that. Well, I don't care what you or anybody mean, for I know I mean no more to say that either I or Dick Sleuth went to the safe-room with any unworthy motives. I say, I or Dick Sleuth. But, whether he did or not, if anybody is really to be believed, I think it is myself. For I know I have such a coat, but my cousin hasn't—at least, I presume so—have you, Dick?"

Could Anthony have known how awful the question was, without knowing why it was so, he would have hesitated to have put it in such an assembly. Every mouth there feared to open, every face appear, and be identified with him; but he did not seemingly hesitate a moment to answer:

"No, Anthony, I have no coat of the kind, as everybody here knows, said Sleuth, with a quiet smile.

"I must say," observed the housekeeper, "I have never seen Mr. Sleuth, during all the months he has been in the house, wearing anything of the kind."

"Of course," said Anthony, "it was—must have been—the burglar. Don't you think so, Mrs. Milton?"

That obstinate-minded old lady shook her head.

"For my part," said the lawyer, after a pause, "I should say that there would not be a doubt left on the matter—I don't see how it can be—for the unfortunate—the very unfortunate—circumstance that Mr. Sleuth alone can speak to this particular burglar's dress, and is ready to identify the man seen by Mrs. Milton. I suppose, Mr. Sleuth, you did not see anything of the light frock or coat on one of the men in your pursuit?"

Anthony looked embarrassed for the moment, but smiled, as if with unbroken confidence, then said:

"On the contrary. I believe I must say I did get glimpses of both the men—or at least I fancy so—because one was a little shorter than the other, and both were in dark dresses."

This was, or seemed to be fearful. But Sleuth smiled in his soul, for here he was right; the man had worn a dirty-looking smock frock of some kind. So securing his opportunity—and, in truth, that fact would hereafter be made clear—he fastened upon it, and refusing to see danger in anything else just for the moment, he said:

"Dr. Pompess, be so good as to hear me repeat that I am positive the burglar that—that shot and killed my uncle—that the burglar wore, I think a smock frock, or long shabby over-coat, of a similar color to Anthony's. I was too much excited, as you may suppose, to form a distinct idea about the man's dress. Besides, I saw him only for an instant. Then the alderman fired; and then the—the—the smock frock—coat, or no coat, he stood for not so much smoke, I couldn't see any more. And how to get to the window to run after him without feeling my way to the door. That's the truth!"

"THAT'S THE TRUTH! I say," repeated Anthony, "because Dick Sleuth says it, and because I believe he's a man of a thousand when it comes to the push, as I did to him last night when he sent for me to hasten my coming."

Whatever the audience generally thought of Anthony's declaration, they did not seem to satisfy the officers, who came to Mr. Stamp and said something in a low voice to him as to "clearing the premises," and then began quietly hunting for the burglars." Mr. Stamp listened, with much uncomfortable, and then they all three talked in low tones together, and then suddenly light broke from an unexpected quarter.

Apparently Esau had been paying no attention to the scene since he had got over his own part in it; and Clarissa, who had watched the little vagabond's audacity in looking at her and smiling, as if to say, "I like your face!" had called him to her side, and, with her back to her elder sister, listened—with only imperfect interest, till Anthony was cleared by his generous interpretation; then, perceiving by the importance of the scene that he said to her dirty-faced but bright-eyed companion:

"I say, you shall know some day what a man running in and out of the house in a light frock—who wasn't a burglar. Or whether one of the rogues really did wear a light coat or smock frock?"

"Don't I, though?"

In an instant Clarissa said to her father:

"Papa, this wonderful boy says he can tell you——"

Esau waited for no more explanations from such an ignoramus. "Stand out o' the road, can't yer?" he shouted to her. Then striding into the centre, he said to the doctor—for Sleuth was shocked for him everybody present, in his portly person and magisterial importance:

"Here, kim along, all on yer!"

And away he went, instantly followed by everybody but the doctor, who, seeing the move, and to himself, as if in difficulty, "Of course the court can adjourn for the moment to the open air?" and then walked after them, almost with a blush on his face at the absurdity of the young vagabond's behavior to him.

As to Sleuth, he felt as a man who goes forth in the full ardor a fearful storm, looks up, cries "Clear at last!" and that instant feels his very brain crushed by a thunder-clap—instantaneous and terrific.

ANDY JOHNSON.

His Workshop and his Homes

AMERICA has been fortunate in the various crises through which every great nation must pass in its way to supreme dominion, for that our republic is doomed to be the dominant empire of the approaching era, is apparent to all, even to those to whom the fact is most unwelcome.

Every fact connected with the life of President Andrew Johnson indicates the training he has undergone to fulfil his great mission. From infancy to boyhood, and from boyhood to manhood, we find the same stead, progress, and the same hardy strengthening of his moral and mental system. What a man was in the past cannot fail to be interesting to all, and we present several illustrations of the present ruler of our great Republic.

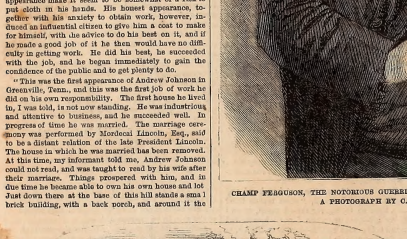
Greenville is a village in East Tennessee, and contains about 1,000 inhabitants. It consists of four squares, with streets running through at right angles. A recent visitor says:

"Greenville is especially noted and honored as being the home of Andrew Johnson, present President of the United States. This renders the village interesting to all, and everything connected with Andrew Johnson's residence in it is of the deepest interest to the American people. Many years ago, on a certain evening, a rude, black-headed, black-eyed, good-looking boy, said my informant, drove into town with a poor old horse in a little one-horse vehicle, in which he had his mother and a few household things. They succeeded in securing an humble habitation by rent. This secured, the next object was to secure labor by which to live. He began to inquire for tailoring to do. His youthful appearance make it seem to be somewhat of a risk to put cloth in his hands. His honest appearance, together with his anxiety to obtain work, however, induced an influential citizen to give him a coat to make for himself, with the advice to do his best on it, and if he made a good job of it he then would have no difficulty in getting work. He did his best, he succeeded with the job, and he began immediately to gain the confidence of the public and to get plenty to do.

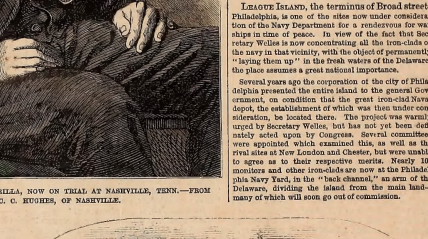
"This was the first appearance of Andrew Johnson in Greenville, Tenn., and this was the first job of work he did on his own responsibility. The first house he lived in, I was told, is not now standing. He was industrious and attentive to business, and he succeeded well. In progress of time he was married. The marriage ceremony was performed by Mordecai Lincoln, Esq., said to be a distant relation of the late President Lincoln. The house in which he was married has been removed. At this time, my informant told me, Andrew Johnson could not read, and was taught to read by his wife after their marriage. Things prospered with him, and in due time he became able to own his own house and lot. Just down there at the base of this hill stands a small brick building, with a back porch, and around it the



CHAMP FERGUSON, THE NOTORIOUS GUERRILLA, NOW ON TRIAL AT NASHVILLE, TENN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. C. HUGHES, OF NASHVILLE.



THE FIRST HOUSE EVER OWNED BY PRESIDENT JOHNSON, AT GREENVILLE, EAST TENNESSEE. FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY MARSH & REIFF, OF GREENVILLE, EAST TENN.



THE RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON, AT GREENVILLE, EAST TENNESSEE.—FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY MARSH & REIFF, OF GREENVILLE, EAST TENN.



ANDREW JOHNSON'S TAILOR SHOP, AT EAST GREENVILLE, EAST TENN.

grocery fixture. It stands on the corner of the square, near where the mill race passes under the street, on its way down to the little mill.

"That is the first house ever Andrew Johnson owned. It now belongs to another person. But down there about due west from where I am, and almost directly opposite the old mill, whose large wheel is still moving, is the house which is scarcely perceptible, a rather old-fashioned looking, two-story brick house, standing near the south end of Main street. It has but one entrance from the street. In front of it stands three or four small shade trees. The fences of the lot and windows of the house show evident signs of dilapidation, and the consequence of rebellion and rebel rule. Like many other windows of the South, a number of panes of glass are broken out and their places supplied with paper. Glass could not be obtained in the Confederacy.

"As you pass along the pavement on Main street, by looking into the lot you see several young apple trees, and in the spaces between them are potatoes growing. In the rear of the kitchen stands a small aspen shade-tree, and down there in the lower end of the lot is a grapevine, trained upon a trellis, forming a pleasant bower. Scattered over the lot are a number of rose, currant and gooseberry bushes. At the lower end of the lot and just outside stand two large weeping willows, and under their shade is a very beautiful spring. This is the residence of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States."

Up the street stands his old tailor shop, which the correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald* thus describes:

"The place where the famous knight of the scissors held forth was the next thing that attracted my curiosity, and so I went also to see that. 'A Johnson, Tailor,' painted in crude letters, *en invitation* of the original, said Eureka to me, and I stepped before the magic symbols, gazing intently on the little eight by ten frame building. It was plebeian in the extreme, built very much on the style of a farmer's smokehouse, of rough weather boarding, whitewashed. On either end the boards are torn off in places, and the chimney is crumbling to decay. An old negro, raised by President Johnson, and assuming his name, is the sole occupant of the building, and he is the successor in business of 'A Johnson, Tailor.' He says: 'Mass Johnson been in de trade de bow tailor in dese diggins.' President Johnson's first public office was Mayor of Greenville. I next visited the place where John Morgan was shot, which is a garden in the rear of Gen. Crufts's headquarters, in the centre of the city. It is now full of evergreens, fruit and vegetables, and an old gray-headed negro pulled aside the corn to show me where the noted guerrilla fell. He was making great endeavors to gain the house when a ball from the carbine of a soldier sent him to his 'last ditch.'"

LEAGUE ISLAND.

LEAGUE ISLAND, the terminus of Broad street, Philadelphia, is one of the sites now under consideration of the Navy Department for a rendezvous for war ships in time of peace. In view of the fact that Secretary Welles is now concentrating all the iron-clads of the navy in that vicinity, with the object of permanently "laying them up" in the fresh waters of the Delaware, the place assumes a great national importance.

Several years ago the corporation of the city of Philadelphia presented the entire island to the general Government, on condition that the great iron-clad Naval depot, the establishment of which was then under consideration, be located there. The project was warmly urged by Secretary Welles, but has not yet been definately acted upon by Congress. Several committees were appointed which examined this, as well as the rival sites at New London and Chester, but were unable to agree as to their respective merits. Nearly 100 monitors and other iron-clads are now at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, in the "back channel," an arm of the Delaware, dividing the island from the main land—many of which will soon go out of commission.

The law of youth is expansion: the youth is but a series of irregularly developing forces; manhood with experienced intellect and the discipline of life, establishes a meridional equilibrium. Each age has its passion; love of food reigns from infancy to puberty, amativeness from 20 to 30, ambition from 30 to 50. After that appears avarice, heaping up money on the brink of the grave, and thus giving the last stroke to the farce of life. Where is there any poetry in life, except in childhood, or courtship, or maternity; and does not reality soon shadow its paradisiacal light? Fame—what benefit is it to have a million applauding, rather the reverse, as it tends to check achievement, or cause it to run into weakening excess; while, after death, it is but a perfume blown across a grave. Man is the slave of passion, the fool of reason, the victim of death, but his vanity carries him buoyantly on from the cradle to the winding-sheet. Mean smile at what their acquaintances say and do under the influence of that motive, but the most ridiculous thing in the world is to see one man laughing at the vanity of another. Yet, though to the observer the most ridiculous of passions, man should be thankful for it, as the pleasurable counterpoise given him by God as a reward for his sufferings and labors.

CHARLES HERRMANN,

(The Prestidigitateur.

THIS celebrated necromancer was born in Hanover, in 1821, and is one of a family of seventeen children. His father, who was a man of considerable ability, was a proficient in parlor magic and legerdemain, and, when the subject of our memoir was quite a child, removed to Paris, where he supported himself by giving private entertainments in which his son Charles assisted. On one occasion, while performing at M. Carnot's academy, at Versailles, that gentleman was so much struck with the intelligence, beauty and vivacity of the juvenile artist, that he offered to admit him, free of charge, among his pupils, an offer which was promptly accepted by his parents. Here the young Herrmann remained two years, making wonderful progress in all his studies, but still retaining his boyish devotion to the paternal art. It was while at this academy that, happening to wander, with some of his fellow scholars, into the forest of Fontainbleau, he ascended a tree and commenced some of those bird warblings for which he is so remarkable. The family of Louis Philippe, happening to pass beneath the tree, were astonished to hear such beautiful sounds, but still more astonished when the bird itself, in the shape of young Herrmann, came tumbling from the tree into the midst of them. This led to an invitation from the royal party to visit them a few days after. After several years practice in Paris, the great Prestidigitateur commenced his grand tour by crossing over to England, where he gave over 400 entertainments, to immense audiences, in London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and, indeed, in all the principal cities of the United Kingdom. In 1850 he revisited his fatherland, where his success was almost magical. After visiting the principal German States he went to Italy, where the usual flattering reception awaited him. After another visit to Germany he went to St. Petersburg, where he remained a year, receiving many distinguishing marks of public approbation, among others, the Emperor Nicholas presented him with a costly gold repeater. Warsaw was next visited, and then Copenhagen and the Hague, after which he performed before Leopold in Brussels. Lisbon and Madrid were next visited by the enterprising magician. In the latter place he presented the proceeds of several exhibitions, 60,000 francs, for the benefit of the Spanish soldiers wounded in the war against Morocco.

From 1859 to 1865 Herrmann has visited Cuba, Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Monte Video, the United States, Turkey, Asia Minor, Egypt, England, and other places. The Sultan of Turkey was so much pleased that he conferred upon him the unusual honor of the Order of Merit

In Havana he was presented, by the editors of that city, with a costly baton of solid gold.

Four years ago he made his debut at the Academy of Music, and the reception he met with was most flattering. He is now performing at the Academy of Music his farewell engagement, which there is every prospect of being brilliantly successful.

At the conclusion of his present engagement in this country, Professor Herrmann intends visiting some portions of Eastern Asia, including the Celestial Empire, he then intends returning to Europe, where he will take a final leave of the profession to which he owes his fame and fortune. We have not space to enumerate the various marks of public favor which he has received from crowned heads. Wherever he has traveled he has reaped a rich harvest of golden opinions, as well as dollars.



PROFESSOR HERRMANN, THE PRESTIDIGITATEUR, NOW PERFORMING AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, N. Y.

CHAMP FERGUSON.

THIS noted guerilla, the Mosby of the West, is now on trial in Nashville, Tenn., for the many horrible atrocities perpetrated by him during the war. It was this man who publicly boasted that he had, with his own hands, put to death 100 Union prisoners.

Champ Ferguson appears to be about 40 years of age, or upwards. He stands erect, is fully six feet high, and weighs about 200lb. He is built solid, and is evidently a man of great muscular strength. He has a full, round face, which is bright and intelligent looking. His large black eyes fairly glitter, and almost look through a person. His face is covered with a stiff black beard. His hair is jet black, very thick, and cut rather short. He brushes it back from his fine high forehead. He is certainly a very intelligent looking man, and nothing vicious is portrayed in his face. His countenance is, on the contrary, pleasing, and one would readily take him for an honest farmer as he appears. His face is reglining to reveal the footprints of age, and wrinkles can be traced on his forehead and under his eyes. He dresses in shabby style. A pair of coarse grey homespun pants, and a faded gray rebel uniform coat, over which he wears a very old and greasy black heavy cloth coat, a coarse factory shirt, and a faded black slouch hat, with good heavy boots, completes his attire. His voice is firm, and it is evident that he is a man of iron nerve.

IF brooks are, as poets call them, the most joyous things in nature, what are they always "murmuring" about?

SIDON AND TYRE.

No description can do justice to the squalor and filth of the streets of Sidon on a wet day. All of them are more than half arched over, and very dark—so narrow that two asses cannot pass—with a gutter a foot deep running down the centre. Where not arched, a rotten screen of sticks, overlaid here and there with pieces of ragged matting and wattle, adds to the deplorable appearance of the place. Coppersmiths seemed the most thriving, as well as the noisest of the artisans, while, like every one else, they sat in their open shops, hammering away on the ground. We turned up a blind entry, and then mounted a flight of steps in the corner, at the top of which a door ajar led to a courtyard, clean and tidy, on the roof of the dungeons below. * * *

The port, when compared with the harbors of classic Greece, must have been a spacious one, and was perhaps enlarged by an artificial mole, of which, though not noticed by any writer, we thought we could descry the traces. In many places the old roof has been quarried out till the sea makes a clean breach into the harbor, but this has probably been the work of later times. The jagged, fretted rocks in the sea are full of carved doorways, huge stones of old arches, with many of the holes still visible where the stanchions of gates had been fitted, and strewn with masses of undecipherable masonry. We were struck by the Cyclopean character of the work—immense stones let in to form the edges of the ancient quays, by the sides of which, among and on these ancient rocks, must have been the warehouses of Sidon. The massy of broken columns on all sides form a breastwork against the action of the sea below; but these remains are so perforated and honeycombed by the water and by the boring shells (*pholades*) that it is impossible to make out their style. Time, man, and, above all, the incessant dashing of the waves, have so honeycombed rocks, stonework and columns alike, that no clear plan of the style of building can be ascertained. Such is the harbor of Sidon, the cradle of the world's commerce, the mother of Tyre.

Sidon in the rain is wretched enough, but what is that to Tyre in the dry? The filth and squalor of the little city surpass even that of a Tunisian town. Scanty bazaars, about five feet wide, wattled over at intervals by decayed sticks and palm leaves; the street never less than ankle—often a foot—deep in putrid mud; dilapidated, windowless hovels, raised among huge fragments of polished granite and porphyry columns, prostrate in rubbish—such is modern Tyre. Through these we picked our steps to the shore, where a few fishing-boats form the navy of her "whose merchants were princes." We ascended to the highest part of the promontory, and from the ruined walls looked down on the wondrous fulfillment of prophecy. For half a mile the sea flows to the depth of a foot or two over flat rocks, covered by one mass of broken columns, leaning or prostrate in bewildering confusion, as if pitched pell-mell into the water. This is literally Tyre; "the waters have covered her." She is "a place for fishermen to spread their nets on."—*Tristram's Palestine.*

DURING the prevalence of the cholera in India a soldier had been carried to the deadhouse who had only swooned, and on recovering himself was naturally very anxious to get away from the unpleasant companions with whom he had been lodged. There was a sepoy sentry near the door, and on his supposed distinct hearing against it with all his might, in desperate anxiety to get out, the sepoy, nowise disturbed at this unusual incident, challenged in due form, and demanded, "Who comes there?" The clamor for liberation being renewed, the sepoy, no doubt imagining that it was an unruly ghost who wanted his body buried before the regular time, replied: "There are no orders for opening the door; and besides, your box (coffin) has not yet come."

RELICS OF THE KING OF POTTERS.—A most remarkable and unexpected discovery has just been



LEAGUE ISLAND, AT THE TERMINUS OF BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. H. SCHELL.

made under the gallery of the Louvre, in the Place du Carrousel, where it is being rebuilt. It is one of the events in which Bernard de Palissy baked his *chef d'œuvre*. Several models of faces, plants, animals, &c., have been dug up in an excellent state of preservation, and also some fragments of plates, &c., bearing the well-known stamp of their maker. Some of the models represents the bust of a kind of monster, whose eyes, cheeks, lips, &c., are all turned of shells. Now in an autograph MS. of Bernard, discovered at La Rochelle a few years back, mention is made of a formal proposal of his to build a grotto for Catherine de Medicis in which was to be adorned with fantastic figures. It was here, therefore, that Maitre Bernard des Rustiques is said to be called on the cover of a copy of his admirable book, dated 1563, and preserved in the Imperial Library, lived and worked before he was cast in 1590 into the Bastile on account of his religious opinions. After having miraculously escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew's eve. According to the *Abbe Le Beuf*, his contemporary, he died in misery in that fat-famed cut made witness of the crimes of the French Monarchy.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

EVERY man wishes to have his own individual farm or lot; but the graveyard is the common lot.

MEN often attempt, by the light of reason, to discover the mysteries of love. They might as well hold up a candle to see the stars.

ALL should marry. Every I should have a second I. We pity a person with only one eye. He can see but half the things going on in the world.

IN a certain parish on the Borders, not long since, an old curate, who had a very scrupulous helper, observed that one of his hearers was becoming rather irregular in his attendance at church. Of course the divine felt it his duty to visit the backslider, and accordingly on the next occasion, but the gudeman was not in. He inquired of the old wife why John was so often absent from kirk.

"Oh!" she said, without the least hesitation, "I think you may ha'e got roses see loud that John canna be spared to gang to the kirk he did when preaching perted, see peaceably."

MAN travels to expend his ideas; but woman, judging from the number of boxes she invariably takes with her, travels only with the object of expanding her dresses.

THAT miser, old Moneybags, who has lately joined the army, has got into great disgrace, when commanded by the corporal to "charge!" he positively refusing to do so unless he was guaranteed his own rate of interest.

A LADY on one occasion traveling in a railway carriage, was much annoyed by a Cockney companion constantly introducing his conversation with "this 'ere," and "that 'ere." A few minutes afterwards, she quietly requested him to close the window, remarking: "That 'ere is affected by bad air."

THE following is a specimen of Western eloquence:

"Where in Europe, compared with America? Nowhar! Where is Anglum? Nowhar! They call England the mistress of the sea, but what makes the sea? The Mississippi makes it, and all we've got to do is to turn the Mississippi into the Mammoth Cave, and the English navy will be floundering in the mud!"

A YOUNG lady who let her lids drop on being spoken to tenderly by a young gentleman is anxious to recover them, and offers a handsome reward for their restoration. An acknowledgment of her acquaintance assures her that they could not have been propped behind or they would not have been lost.

SUPPOSING the ornithological emblem of the United States to be a crow, sick, would it be contrary to law?

Because it would be *ill eagle* (illegal).

"STEER, your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls."

"I would much rather steal theirs," says the unpromising young man.

OUR youthful joker tells us that a Miss Buchanan once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, to which he replied:

"Now, Mr. Harry, do you really mean to tell me you can value a man's merit without knowing?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's either." And so it is.

THE man who "carries everything before him." The waiter.

HAIR that ought to flow in natural waves.—The locks of a waterfall.

"I've heard, captain, "said an English traveler to the captain of a steamer, running on the Upper Mississippi, "that your Western steamboats can run in very small, shallow waters, in fact, the water is not more than two or three feet deep?"

"Two or three feet deep," exclaimed the captain, in tones of withering contempt; "why, we wouldn't give a — for a boat that couldn't run on the sweat of a water-pitcher!"

A MAN coming home one night rather late, a little more than he had ought to, "sawing liberty, procured a glass of water and drank it, in doing so he swallowed a small bee, which had fallen into the bottom of the tumbler, the end of the thread catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began to pull at the end, and the little ball unwinding, he drew out a thread of three or four yards in hand, and still no end, apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice:

"Wife! wife! I say, wife, come here! I am all unraveling."

A VERY loquacious lady offered to bet her husband $50 she would not speak a word for a week.

"Done," said the delighted husband, instantly putting down the money, which the lady as soon took up and put in her pocket, observing, naively, that she would secure it before she lost her tongue.

"Why," said her husband, "I've won it already," and required her to first owe.

"Not at all," said the lady, "you are mistaken in the time—I mean from after I am buried."

The lady went shopping the same afternoon.

TAKING UP INDIFFERENT HUSBANDS.—A little man seeking for a husband has long beautiful hands took up with but indifferent husbands, after many fine offers, was thus aptly answered by a country maiden: A young friend of hers, during a walk, requested her to go into a neighboring orchard, and there get him the handsomest reed; she must get it at once going through, without pausing. She went and coming, brought him a poor reed. When he asked if that was the handsomest one she saw, she said, "No," replied she "I saw many finer as I went along, but I kept on, in hopes of finding one nearer, until I had gotten nearly through them, and then was obliged to select the best that was left."

A PROMPT REPLY.—On a Sabbath evening very recently, a minister from a distance was officiating in a well-known church in Belfast. A stranger, who had gone in with the crowd, and who sat near the preacher, appeared not to be captivated by his eloquence, for he frequently pulled out his watch as if measuring the time for his departure. Just as he was in the act of examining his watch for the fourth or fifth time, the pastor, with great earnestness, was urging the truth upon the consciences of his hearers. "Young man," said he, "how is it with you?" whereupon the young man with the gold repeater bawled out, in hearing of nearly the whole congregation, "It's a quarter to eight." As may be supposed, the gravity of the assembly was very much disturbed for a time.

LAW.

An upper mill and a lower mill
Fell out about their water;
To war they went—that is, to law,
Resolving to give no quarter.

A lawyer was by each engaged,
And both were wounded,
When fees grew slack, the war they waged
They judged were better ended.

The heavy costs remaining still,
Were settled with a lottery;
One lawyer took the upper mill,
The lower mill the other.

THIN SHOES.—Caligula once wished that the Romans had but one head, that he might strike it off at a blow. And we the power of striking, we would accept it in a way more beneficial to mankind, or rather womankind. We would forbid, under a heavy penalty, any female appearing out of doors in thin shoes. Such is the influence of fashion, that for the sake of having, or appearing to have, a small foot, a lady will promenade the streets with her feet encased in shoes pervious to ice, snow, and water, and her own feet barely covered with stout thinner than paper. No wonder that consumption is the 1st, the untimely list, of so many of the female, fair, beautiful, and accomplished of the fair; no wonder that, chill so lightly, they are unable to withstand the inclemencies of our climate, and that the most obsolutest constitutions are not proof. Nature clothes the feet of her children, male and female, in stockings, but not dresses our ladies on a system diametrically opposite. Hence, as we have already remarked, the ravages of mortality, and see how many of their number are the victims of fashion, they would be startled, if not astonished, by the fact.

JOSEPH'S WELL.—My next journey was from Damascus through the mountains of Arabia Petrea and Mount Sinai to Cairo. This route is more frequented to the usual one by Jerusalem and Ghaza, that I might see the Wells of Jacob and Joseph, and the Lake of Sodom and Red Sea. Near Seafad is shown the well into which Joseph was let down by his brethren; it is in a small courtyard by the side of the Khan, is about forty feet in diameter, and is cut through the rock. I was told that the bottom is hewn in the rock; its sides were well lined with masonry as far as I could see into it, and the water never dries up, a circumstance which makes it difficult to believe that this was the pit into which Joseph was thrown. The whole of the mountain in the vicinity is covered with figures of shepherd stone, but the main body of the rock is calcareous. The people here relate that the tears of Jacob dropping upon the ground while he was in search of his son, caused the white stones black, and they in consequence call these stones drops of tears. The well is held in veneration by Turks as well as Christians; the former have erected a small chapel just by it, and consequently seldom pass here without saying a few prayers in honor of Yakeed.

TIME.—Time is the most undefinable, yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is to come, and the impression the past even strives to make we attempt to define it; and, like the flesh of the lightning, all dread, flees before it. Time is the measure of all things, but is in itself unmeasurable; and the measure of all things, but is itself unmeasured. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limits; and like space, it is nothing of a fact. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its testimony than Delphic oracle. It is known by the terrestrial, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to the moments, but is said to pass and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her youth, to bestow upon her that picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house. It is the friend of truth and the fathomer of falsehood, but the trial and final friend of error. It gives to every opportunity with it, and reproaches him behind it; he that holds it is the wisest, but will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that hath made it his enemy will have to help Zeus to help himself.

THE POWER OF THE HEART.—Let any one, while sitting down, place the left leg over the knee of the right, and with the right hand, in a fairly strong, abundant, all muscular control over it. Speedily it may be observed to become unsteady, and to move about in little space at regular intervals. Counting the number of beats, it will be found to be seventy-two in a minute. I agree exactly with the leadings of the pulse. Every one is aware that, at a fire, when the steam in the engine is forced through bent tube, the tendency is to straighten the bent, and if the bend be a sharp one, considerable force is necessary to overcome the tendency. Just so it is in the case of the human body. The arteries are but a system of hose through which the blood is forced by the heart. They also belong to it, all the muscles which it at bent too, and every time the heart contracts, the blood is driven through the arteries which are straighted them; and it is the effort which produces the motion of the leg referred to without much ocular demonstration, quite sufficient to convince the sceptical by that circuitous mechanism, the normal pulsations of which are never perceived, the pulse value we give them.

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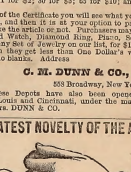
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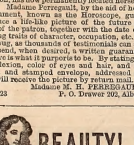
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 522—Vol. XXI.] NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

"Reconstruction."

THE people of the United States have watched with absorbing interest, not unmingled with impatience, the developments of President Johnson's plan of "reconstruction," as the re-habilitation of the rebel States is sometimes called. The antecedents of the President, his sacrifices for the Union, and his emphatic declarations on his accession to his high office, all tended to inspire the public over which he was so suddenly called on to preside, with a confidence that the results of our long and weary struggle would not be lost through weakness or treachery. All comprehended the difficulties of the task before him, and all were, as they still are, willing to second his efforts in restoring the Union on the basis of permanence, itself impossible without the radical removal of the pre-existing disturbing causes. This process, all have comprehended, must necessarily be slow. The development of the President's plans, however, were not of a kind to increase the confidence of the loyal men of the country; the speeches and conduct of some of the provisional governors of his appointment were those of secret, if not open rebels, and the almost complete ignoring of the results of the war, by the rebel States, except as regards the mere personal freedom of the blacks, was a cause of deep and widespread alarm. The people longed for a clearer exposition of the President's policy than could be deduced from what was going on before them. Happily it has been afforded, in a somewhat wordy speech from Mr. Johnson himself, to a committee of Southern men, and in a concise and clear enunciation from Mr. Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, to the Republican Convention of Iowa. Although latest in date, we give the first place to the indications of the President. He said:

"While I think that the rebellion has been arrested and subdued, and am happy in the consciousness of a duty well performed, I wanted not only you, but the people of the world, to know that while I dreaded and feared disintegration of the States, that I am equally opposed to consolidation or concentration of power here, under whatever guise or name they bear; and if the issue is forced upon us, I shall still endeavor to pursue the same efforts to dissuade from this doctrine of running to extremes."

In other words, Mr. Johnson is determined to maintain the sovereignty and independence of the States, so far as they may not endanger the national integrity, or the perpetuity of the general Government. Unfortunately the measure of this relationship is a matter of individual, State, or sectional interpretation, and must remain so, at the risk of eternal discord, unless the relation of the States and the nation are so distinctly defined as to admit of no dispute. Probably Mr. Johnson would assent to this statement, and point to that article of the Constitution which provides for its amendation as a remedy for the anticipated evil.

At any rate, he has acted strictly in accord with his avowed principles in his proclamations providing for the re-organization of the rebel States. He holds that the results of the war have not changed or impaired the Constitution or laws of those States, as they existed at the outbreak of the rebellion, except as regards slavery, and in that respect only so *far* as set forth in the Proclamation of President Lincoln. That Proclamation made the slave free, but according to Mr. Johnson's interpretation, gave him no political rights. Slaves, now freedmen, may be in the majority in the State, as they are in Mississippi and South Carolina, but they can have no voice in determining the future relations of those States. Mr. Johnson does not pretend that they ought not to have such a voice, but only that it is beyond his authority to confer it on them. He knows that it is not Republicanism, to deny them a voice; he knows it is not right, and we may add that he suggests no remedy for the wrong. His is an executive duty. He takes the constitution for his chart; he will administer it as he finds it, or accordingly as the people, the source of all power, may change it, or as the representatives of the people, within their province, may interpret it.

And here comes in the letter of Secretary Harlan as an indication and guide. The Constitution guarantees to every State a Republican form of Government, and as Congress is equally the judge of the qualifications of its own members, it will be competent for it to ask, when the members from South Carolina and Mississippi present themselves, if they appear there as the true representatives of the



ENORMITIES OF THE DAY—BARBAROUS METHOD OF CONVEYING CALVES AND SHEEP TO THE SLAUGHTER HOUSES OF NEW YORK CITY.—FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT.

people of their respective States, conformably with the requirements of Republicanism? In other words, if their States, denying to more than half of their people all political rights, are in form or principle Republican?

We cannot present the point in question more clearly than in the language of Mr. Harlan:

"President Johnson maintains the doctrine that the Constitution of the United States does not confer on the Federal Government the right to interfere, primarily, with the question of suffrage in any State of the Union; that the question may arise and properly be decided by Congress, when Senators and members present themselves for admission to seats in that body, under the clause of the Constitution which makes each House the exclusive judge of the qualifications and elections of members; and that other clause of the Constitution of the United States, which provides that 'the United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a Republican form of Government.' I infer that if any State should adopt a law on the subject of suffrage, which would clearly show the State Government to be other than Republican, it would be the duty of Congress to reject applicants for seats, and to adopt whatever legislative remedies would in their judgment be necessary to carry out the guarantee of the Constitution."

In effect, President Johnson remits to the only body competent to act on the matter, the question whether the rebel States shall come back, without fully in substance and spirit conforming to the altered condition of the country. That he will carry out, with the full power of the Executive arm, the decisions of this only competent body is certain; and if the rebel States imagine for a moment they are to retain the substance of their ancient oligarchical despotism, and come back with augmented political strength, to ally themselves with Northern minorities to control the policy and patronage of the Government, they will find themselves mistaken. They can never have a representative in Congress until they reform their constitutions, so as to make them Republican, in the judgment of the body which must decide on the qualifications of its own members. Let them take warning in time. The moral triumphs of this war are to be as grand and permanent as the material ones.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1865.

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The Revolution in Peru.

THE tame, not to say cowardly, submission of the Government of Peru to the insolent demands of Spain, has resulted, as was supposed it would, in a revolution, which has been singularly unanimous and bloodless. The whole country, with the exception of Lima and its vicinity, where the general Government has its seat, and is able to exercise some influence if not much power, through the means of a well-paid garrison, has rejected the authority of Gen. Pezet, accidental President, through the death of the President, Gen. San Roman. Ariquipa, the second city of Peru, Cuzco, Piura, Ayacucho, indeed all the principal towns, have pronounced against the weak Administration in Lima, and call for a change in the *personelle* of the Government. The permanent commission of the Congress, sitting in Lima, has also demanded a change in this respect. The revolution calls for no change in the constitution or laws, nor for any sweeping reforms. It requires simply that the rulers who have humiliated the State, and who are not above suspicion of collusion with Spain, shall give up the reins of power and leave the country. It spills no blood, for the unanimity of the people is such that no collision can occur, and there will be no fighting—unless, indeed, Pezet and his accomplices shall have the temerity to contest the popular wish by arms. They are now shut up in Lima, the navy has abandoned them, and Callao (the port of the capital) is blockaded by the revolutionary forces.

Attempts have been made to stigmatize the movement in Peru as a "rebellion," but they will deceive no one acquainted with the facts of the case. The truth simply is, that Pezet, like Almonte and Miramon in Mexico, Santana in San Domingo, and Garcia Moreno in Ecuador, is a pliant tool and confederate of the parties to the European coalition against Republicanism in America, a weak, vain, unprincipled man, distrusted and despised by the people of Peru, and who has been the instrument of their humiliation in the recent difficulty with Spain.

Among the acts of Pezet and his handful of partisans was the arrest of that sturdy old Peruvian patriot, Gen. Castilla, several times President of the country, and at the time of his arrest President of the Senate, and his incarceration on board a filthy war-vessel, which was sent off on a long cruise, first on the American and then to the Asiatic coast. This vessel was in Panama not long ago, where a distinguished Spanish American officer and statesman obtained admission to her. We subjoin his account of his visit from a private letter:

"The Peruvian vessel of war, Admiral Guise, on board of which the well-known Gen. Castilla, for several terms President of Peru, is prisoner, arrived in this port last week. It was not, however, until yesterday, that I was able to obtain permission to visit him, and then only under the condition not to give him any information of the revolution in Peru, nor to speak with him on the political condition of that country. The commander of the vessel told me that he was obliged to exact these conditions under orders from his Government, with the object that the prisoner should know nothing of what might be going on in Peru. I suppose the General understood this, inasmuch as he made no reference to anything relating to that Republic. The officers of the vessel informed me that he had been deprived of all communication with his friends, even to the suppression of the letters from his wife.

"The Guise is the most uncomfortable vessel I ever saw, and the treatment of Gen. Castilla is infamous. The Peruvian Consul here was able to send to his late President a box of wine, of which he offered me a glass, served on a filthy box, for which the General asked to be excused, saying that he was ashamed that he was unable to treat me with greater decency.

"Notwithstanding, the poor old man sustained his personal dignity, and I found him energetic, strong, and speaking with enthusiasm of the American Union against European pretensions. He was ignorant of the great events which had taken place in the United States during the past few months, and was so overjoyed to hear of the triumph of the American cause, as to forget for the moment the indignity and cruelty with which he has been treated by the actual Government of Peru.

"When I informed him of the death of President Lincoln, he was affected to tears, and found language too weak to express his horror of the crime and of those who incited it.

"The depth of his sorrow was only equaled by the height of his joy on learning of the sympathy evinced in the United States for the Liberal cause in Mexico, and of the glorious result of the heroic defence of the patriots of Santo Domingo. The intelligence roused the energy of the old man, who appeared to recover the vigor of a youth of twenty.

"My visit was a long one, and he expressed himself much gratified with my attention. He is now quite deaf, in consequence of exposure suffered on board the vessel, which is close, dirty, and uncomfortable in the extreme.

"This afternoon there came into port a Peruvian steamer, bringing sealed dispatches to the commander of the Guise. The treatment of Gen. Castilla shows that there is nothing of Republicanism in Peru, as represented by the existing Government. The country was literally weighed down by the tyranny that existed there, which seems fully to have justified the appeal to arms which has resulted in general, and bloodless, and almost complete revolution against Gen. Pezet and his government."

THE Britannia Theatre, London, has produced a grand romantic drama, entitled, "The Confederate's Daughter; or, the Tyrant of New Orleans." The actor who plays the part of Gen. Butler has had his salary doubled, as a compensation for the groans and hootings he is obliged to encounter from the pit and gallery. A London correspondent observes, that the General bids fair to take his place in the popular history, drama and ballads of England with crook-back Richard, Guy Fawkes, Blue Beard, Haynau, Herod, and other interesting characters of ancient and modern time; and that if he and Judas Iscariot were to walk arm in arm through the New Cut or Seven Dials, the Jew would not get the worst of it, such is the ignorance and prejudices of the British masses.

THE statutes of the State of Maine permit a prisoner arraigned for murder to testify in his own behalf. A case has recently been tried in that State in which a man, charged with killing, was enabled to refute the evidence against him and obtain his release. The testimony of witnesses left no doubt that the prisoner killed the person alleged; but as the deed was done in the dark no one but himself could know whether it was in self-defence or not. The remarkable simplicity and apparent truthfulness of the prisoner, his prompt and ready answers, freedom from all contradiction and equivocation, and, in fact, every test of truth were so striking, that the court, jury, and the crowd of listeners were all convinced that he was fully justified in the killing. Without his own testimony, however, it is doubtful if he could have escaped conviction.

THE Democratic Convention for the State of New York adjourned on the 7th. It nominated Republican candidates for Secretary of State and Comptroller, and adopted, among others, the following resolution, which is only a paraphrase of that adopted by the convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln:

"*Resolved*, That the position originally taken by our Government in reference to the interference of European Powers with the people of this continent, called the 'Monroe Doctrine,' is a policy which has preserved peace and avoided foreign entanglements, and cannot be abandoned without dishonor to us as a Power among nations, nor without danger to democratic institutions."

ONE of the few loyal counties of Mississippi, during the war, was the county of Jones, which furnished a large contingent of soldiers to the Union army. It sent a sturdy delegate to the late convention for reorganizing the State, named Crawford. One of his speeches is reported as follows:

"Mr. President—Sir, I have come up here to express the feelins of my constituents on the great subjec. I come up here, sir, to represent my constituents where I come from. People hoot and wink up the streets and say 'There goes Mossyback, from Jones!' but, sir, I have no prejudices; I am disposed to treat my enemies in a more Christian, a more missionary spirit than they treated me. I am a Mossyback, sir; and I stand here to-day to represent the county of Jones, otherwise known as 'the free state of Jones.' But let not people think to insult me with impunity. I love a dog for his faithfulness; but the yelping of puppies I despise. People said that the county of Jones—'the free state of Jones'—seceded from Mississippi. Yes, sir, we did secede from the Confederacy; and, sir, we fought them like dogs, we killed them like devils, we buried them like asses—yea, like asses, sir! My people down there in the county of Jones did, in their sovereign capacity, did secede, and did become Mossybacks, sir. We did fight them like dogs, and will kill them like hellions—like hellions, I say, sir. But I didn't come up here to gas, sir, and I surrender my rights to the floor, sir, expressing only one sentiment—that I stand up for the county of Jones in general; yes, sir, I am for Jones all the time."

THE Richmond *Bulletin*, speaking of Stonewall Jackson, says: "Possibly a prejudice may exist in their minds [those of loyal people] against General Jackson—a prejudice growing out of the fact that he drew the sword in the late war against the United States." Well, yes.

THE following paragraph, from a speech of John Randolph, of Roanoke, on the floor of Congress, published in the *Commercial Advertiser*, of Jan. 8, 1817, shows that the plan of overthrowing an obnoxious administration by force of arms, in imitation of the customs and habits of foreign nations, was cherished at a very early day in this country:

"The time has arrived when there is no longer any necessity for suppressing the fact that the grand armory of Richmond, Virginia, was built with an eye to putting down Mr. Adam's administration with the bayonet, if it could not be accomplished by other means."

THE following passage from a late letter of his to Gen. Grant shows that Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, is not the Wise of four years ago, but a wiser, and, it is to be hoped, a better man:

"So far from my being opposed to the name 'freedmen,' as indicating the condition of slaves freed by the war, the chief consolation I have in the result of the war, is that slavery is for ever abolished; that not only the slaves are, in fact, at last freed from bondage, but that I am freed from them. Long before the close of the war, indeed, I had definitely made up my mind actively to advocate emancipation throughout the South. I had determined, if I could help it, my descendants should never be subject to the humiliation I have been subject to by the weakness, if not the wickedness, of slavery; and while I cannot recognize as lawful and humane the violent and shocking mode in which it has been abolished, yet I accept the fact most heartily as an accomplished one, and am determined not only to abide by it and acquiesce in it, but to strive, by all the means in my power, to make it beneficent to both races, and a blessing especially to our country. I unfeignedly rejoice at the fact, and am reconciled to many of the worst calamities of the war, because I am now convinced that the war was a special providence of God, unavoidable by the nations at either extreme, to tear loose from us a black idol, from which we could never have been separated by any other means than those of fire and blood, sword and sacrifice."

THE telegraph tells us that Gen. R. E. Lee, late commander-in-chief of the rebel forces, has availed himself of the instrumentality of Gen. Grant, to apply to the President for pardon. On what grounds he founds his application, unless that of "having always been a Union man," we are at a loss to discover. There is a great deal of mawkish sentiment abroad about this man, which has about the same foundation or excuse as that which is usually bestowed on "interesting criminals," whose "gentlemanly bearing" more than condones their crimes, and whose well-earned cells are carpeted by young ladies deriving their notions of morality and propriety from the yellow-covered literature of the day. If treason is to be regarded as a crime at all, not to say, as President Johnson defines it, "the greatest of crimes," then it concerns public morality and the national welfare, that such a man as Lee shall meet his deserts at the bar of public opinion, if not in the dock where stands the shivering instrument of the barbarities which his authority could have prevented—we mean the wretch Wirz, of Andersonville. If crime is to be apotheosized in his person, if his traitorous conduct is to go undenounced by justice, if his name is not to be held odious, it might be as well to confess at once that wealth, office, pretension, pomposity, some ability and a great deal of assumption, are enough to outweigh and entirely excuse conduct, that without these inadmissable palliations would be condemned as utterly inconsistent with patriotism, a high sense of honor, or fidelity to the plainest duties of a decent and loyal citizen. Is the country willing to say, in his case, that attempts upon its life are to be forgiven as soon as the power to commit them has been wrested from the traitors who made them? Is the worst punishment of treason to be only its disappointment? An attempt is making to place this pink and paragon of treason in the Presidency of a Virginia College! What are the doctrines to be taught there? That it is the duty of every citizen "to go with his State," regardless of the question of right or wrong, or as a real or artificial majority may indicate? That the desertion of the flag he is sworn to support is no offence moral or legal? That starvation of prisoners is a legitimacy in war? That it is right to employ incendiaries and assassins on "detached service," to burn down hotels and murder Presidents? That it is decent in a vanquished general to glorify his troops and his cause, and thus abuse the generosity and leniency of his conqueror? There is not an enemy of the United States, a secret rebel or open foe, at home or abroad who does not extol Gen. Lee. Even "provisional governors" of rebel States are permitted to blaspheme the name of Washington by mentioning his in the same connection. But we look in vain for anything on his conduct or character to justify the encomiums lavished upon him. What are the great battles that he has won? Where are the evidences of his chivalry and gentility? They are illusive. A cold-blooded, commonplace, in every sense mediocre man, save in that quality of animal courage which he shares with the bull-dog, he stands before us to-day blackened by inhumanities for which language has no name. Robert E. Lee deserted the flag he had sworn to uphold, and the Government that educated and supported him. He became the leader of insurgents whose insurrection he believed to be uncalled for. He deferred his submission long after he knew that he was beaten and his cause hopeless. He allowed the villainies of Andersonville and Libby to go on unrebuked and unrestrained. That such a foe of his country has been lucky enough to escape the bullet or the the gallows should abundantly content his friends and himself. Let the defeated Slave Power worship Lee as their hero—as indeed he is. But let the North consign him to the abhorrence of all loyal souls.

THE wheat crop of the country is hardly an average one, but the deficiency is likely to be more than made up by the corn crop, thanks to the fine warm weather of the first two weeks of September. There will be more corn harvested, and probably more pork made, in this than was in any former year; and both of these staples must be cheaper throughout '66 than they have been in '65. It is is estimated that the good weather of September

has added fifty millions of dollars to the value of our agricultural products for the year.

An election has just been held in South Carolina for members to a convention to amend the constitution of that State. In the city of Charleston out of 1192 votes polled, the "Union" candidates received 137. The unpardoned rebel cavalry leader, Wade Hampton, the most conspicuous of the fire-eaters, has been elected to the convention. We may expect to see a nice lot of rebels sent to Congress from the Palmetto State. Fortunately, Congress has the right to judge of the qualifications of all men who present themselves as members.

The desperation to which some of the Southern chivalry have been reduced by, by the close of the war, is illustrated by the Richmond (Va.) *Republic*, as follows:

"We lately heard a desperate threat from a man who was short of funds. He said he would have money—if he had to work for it! If he had threatened to commit highway robbery or murder, he could scarcely have worn an aspect of more ferocious determination. We could not doubt that he would desperately labor at the last resort of a gentleman: beneath his dignity, and only excusable on the ground of absolute necessity."

The rebel Indian tribes, out West, Albert Pike's pet children, are being "constructed." It is well known that many of them hold slaves. The representatives of the Government in the great Indian council now going on at Fort Smith, insist, as an indispensable condition to a restoration of these tribes to their ancient relations with the United States, that slavery must be unconditionally abolished, and freedmen have the right of being incorporated into the tribes on an equal footing with the other members thereof."

TOWN COSSIP.

IF Charing Cross, which is a sort of Five Corners in London, coming out of the Strand, were sufficient to astonish old Sam Johnson a century ago, what would the author of that cosmopolitan book, the Dictionary, have said, had he ever walked down Broadway. That intelligent creature, our constant reader, is doubtless aware that the fame of Lexington crowded out to a sort of Saint Vitus state of admiration, that the pulse of the human heart beat fullest at that spot, the aforesaid Charing Cross, of the period when woodchuck meat was better, and so we will transfer his axiom to Broadway, in the year 1865.

Sitting on the calm shores of that most charming lake, Mahopac, philosophically waiting for a nibble, it seems to us as Broadway had never existed, or was unworthy force and vivacity of the great oriery of American life. It is only by contrast that we feel the full force of a great fact. Nowhere in Broadway equal to a day in any other city. Indeed, in no other city in the world can that concentrativeness be found. In this respect it is not one of a vast metropolis, and at the same time a little village. If you start from Delmonico's to Union Square about one o'clock some afternoon, you will meet more celebrities than in any other city on the face of the globe; and not only American celebrities, but the famous of the world. We say nothing about the beautiful women, for there is more loveliness floating on this fairfaced promenade, than has been seen since the days of Zenobia or Cleopatra, when Dennis said: "All women were beautiful."

As an instance of what Broadway can do, one day last week we met, within a couple of blocks, a collection which threw the happy family into the shade. There was a countess in disguise, half a score solid British capitalists, with Sir Morton Peto at their head, all looking as sickly as a Lenten fish, a National institution, rumpsteading, and with about as much expression in their faces—a Mexican President, a favorite actress, a well-known prize-fighter, the leader of the American Bar, the new prima donna, about a dozen editors, an elegant assortment of burglars, and a distinguished general, of whom the most we can say is carefully out of his way, that he has never once had the pleasure of seeing them. Such a fortunate here will make an unbearable governor for the army. In this respect, the great advocates of New York has no counterpart on the globe. He can be met in Broadway's stride, in the very spot through which all living virtue and vice, all illustrious men and women, focused for the time being in the metropolis of the New World, pass through in all seasons a day, by the digestive process of business or curiosity.

One of the pleasantest topics in the literary circles during the week, has been the discriminating criticism in the *Atlantic Monthly*, for September, on Forsyth's Life of Napoleon, lately published here by Scribner. There is really so little scholastic criticism in this country, that when we find a work so admirable as Forsyth's so reviewed in the spirit of learning and acute appreciation, we note the event as something pleasurable. There are so many points in common between the age of Napoleon and our own, that nothing is more profitable than a close comparison between them. The writer in the *Atlantic*, while duly appreciating the multitudinous learning of Middleton, and the store of information his life of the great orator contains, rightly charges him with want of knowledge of the genius and research displayed by Middleton, that Forsyth's recent work is certainly the very best biography of Cicero ever written, and that the numerous industriously with which the volumes abound, give tangible and living shape to the ancient theme. Forsyth understands the disastrous fate of the great Roman Consul to his vanity, but he will find that all men, whether ancient or modern, contend for their intellectual powers, have been remarkable for that failing. As an illustration, we are more oratorical than the ladies, and whoever thought with a woman—decent or not—was a much more attractive book, whether for town or country, than Forsyth's Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero, when, in July, wrote as long letters as even our own William H. Seward.

This has been an interesting week at the theatres, both for what it has introduced, and for what it has taken away. We find, [illegible] and bounding, has bounded upon the Olympic stage, and charmed all with her well-turned ankles, and her still better turned wrists. Burgess, in Brongham's admirable burlesque of "Pocahontas" she was all that clever dramatist could desire, and although we missed him as Powhatan, the cast generally speaking was pretty good—after Brougham, Dowdige is decidedly the best on the stage—still even that clever comedian cannot give the rollicking savagerie of the Indian king, who seems as though he could cut off John Smith's head by way of a jollification. Nevertheless, after Brougham and Dowdige, Pearson is a very acceptable representative of the scalping monarch.

The past week ought to be thanked for one blessing—it has cut the last of New York of those dreary antiquities, the Bears!—a facetious weekly, playfully alluding to that peculiar nun, their agent, says: "It is clear they came to bury their fame here for they brought their coffin with them." They are, however, very clever and elaborate artists, and it is a pity they did not find a better arena for the exercise of their elocutionary efforts than the Broadway.

We have only so much room in Barnum's New American Museum on another page that we cannot oversit now by noting that his lecture-room is crowded every night to see the great moving picture of the battle of Gettysburg.

Herrmann is also drawing to the Academy of Music crowds of a night in his clever tricks.

Next week we shall say something about the Ravels, who once more tread their almost ancestral boards of Niblo's.

Apropos of Niblo's—we have much pleasure in contradicting the rumor that Mr. House, the author of "Aprah in Pursuit," and the dramatic version of "Romeo and Juliet," because his own name is in the well-known line of "a plague take both your Houses, I say."

Wallacks commences with a new play by Tom Taylor, and with four new stars, Mrs. Scott Siddons, who was one of the best comedians on the stage, has returned from his trip to England, and we notice that the piquant and fashionable actress, Miss M. Clair, is one of the company now. Mr. Moss, at once ever verdant, courteous and ornamental, of course, is treasurer.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Gen. Steedman, commanding the Military District of Georgia, in an order issued on the 14th inst., says that he has ordered the confiscation of a large number of rebel and national firearms, have improperly fallen into the hands of the freedmen in various parts of the State, and directs that they be immediately given up.

Hon. J. Warren Merrill, Mayor of Cambridge, Mass., has given $10,000 to Waterville College, to endow the professorship of Natural Sciences, provided that The Trustees of the College have voted to name the professorship after the donor. Combined with this gift are received $150,000 during the past year.

Gen. H. J. Cresson, Adjutant-General of the army, writes from Richmond to the *Western Christian Advocate*, that he met Dr. Edwards, of the Methodist Church, South, who, in conversation with him about the work which should preach in the church, said: "This cannot be, sir, as the negro has become a freeman, and it is too great a to be thus easily bridged over. I fully and can only believe that the negro will be saved, but it is to be called to appear before my judge, Jesus Christ, in the next heaven, I would, therefore, in my humble endeavor, preach up the divinity of slavery. It has divine sanction in the Old Testament."

—We learn from the Rio Grande border, that the Texans troops have been withdrawn from the camps of natives put in their places. The reason of this, is said to be the appointment of Texan officers to give and take offices. Baron De Bruur, who was sent on a secret letter to our Gen. Brown, has been dismissed.

—Seth Kinman, the well-known hide trapper, has constructed and presented to President Johnson a luxurious chair. The President has taken a seat in the great feature of the "institution" is, that by touching a cord, the back can be thrown down, and the chair made into a bed, with dat in front from under the seat, snapping open and forming a foot-rest. Mr. Kinman's exhibition came off at the White House one day last week.

—An interesting trial took place in Ravenna last week, under the Ohio liquor law. A returned soldier named Oliver Lee, who had been honorably discharged at $1[illegible] by some unknown persons. His wife brought suit for damages of $5,000 against the man who sold him the liquor, and obtained a verdict in her favor of $1,000.

—The receipts of treasure at San Francisco, from different sources, during the first six months of this year were $19,000,000. The total production of the Nevada continued $25,671,782. The product of gold and silver from the Nevada mines for the first six months of last year, was estimated at $28,000,000; so we have in the present year, $19,000,000, a decrease this year over the same period in 1865, in $8,581,689.

—The export of specie for the past eight months, has been as follows: Gold, $30,000,000; gold and silver at the rate of $50,000,000 a year. The *Tribune* thinks that if we add to this the annual home supply, the product of gold and silver greater than all our exports of all the commodities of the country.

—A fight between a bull and a panther came off in Jersey City on the 20th inst., in which heavy bets were made by the Mexicans. The panther made a spring, alighting on the back of the bull, burying his fangs in the throat, and held on until the latter fell down exhausted from loss of blood. The loss of blood, and then soon put an end to the contest by tearing open the throat in a most dreadful manner.

—The Secretary of the Treasury plumpers" for hollow checked damsels. The plumper is made of porcelain, or [illegible] glass tubes, lately purchased here by the other. They fit on the inside of the cheeks, giving a round, plump appearance; hence doubtless their name.

—One of the South Carolina railroads takes as fare, specie, greenbacks, coin, or cotton. The latter article must be purchased before entering the cars, for a notice across the platform reads: "Cotton will not be received by the conductors on the train."

—The Duke of Newcastle, of the late Col. Fletcher Webster, and grandson of the famous Expounder, died at Marshfield, on the 20th inst., aged 70.

—The Utica *Telegraph* states that a few months ago Dr. Horton, of that city, lost two of his three children. Last week the doctor himself died. On the following day the remaining child, a bright girl of ten, did not wake well, and complained of pain in the head. Symptoms of geranium, but mistook for it yellow jaundice, which is a fatal disease. The child died in a few days. The mother was unconscious of the mistake she had committed, until the doctor's wife, who had attended the family, [illegible] and sunk down and died. The father and child were buried on the same day, and the stricken one bereaved alone over the grave, who was six months ago a happy wife and mother of three children.

—Dr. William Hay, of Hagerstown, Md., died in his age of 92, on the 7th of Sept. He retired from active professional life about two years ago, when his medical brethern gave him a public entertainment, expressive of their respect for his skill and character.

—On the 3d of Sept., at his Rooms in Broadway, died Thomas Worth Whitley, in his 60th year. He was a man of strong mind, of great benevolence and warmth of heart, and possessed considerable ability as an artist and sculptor. He was the first to introduce the use of the Fresco in Hoboken, and was distinguished for his delightful social qualities. He was born in Yorkshire, England.

—The excellence and fidelity of Anthony's war views, which extend over the entire area of the Southern States, has made them familiar to all who take an interest in the momentous scenes they depict. Next to the place itself, the faithest centres in an exact counterpart taken from the very spot represented, which may be called a real sight of it. The views representing actual scenes of war, have been also under circumstances of considerable danger, as well as expense. As one out of numerous instances of the latter, we may refer to that of Mr. Anthony from one of his photographers. It alludes to his view of Duck Creek Gap: "I intended to take more views of the Gap, but the rebel sharpshooters [illegible] me, smashing in the door where I was working, and knocking heaps of sand over my films. When the wind changes, so as to blow out the smoke, I will get you views of the gunboats under fire at the Gap."

—The city debt of New York is over $30,000,000.

—A company are digging for gold in Troy, Vt., and find with considerable success.

—Mrs. Maria Thornton, who recently died in Washington, at the advanced age of 102 years, was the widow of Dr. Thornton, the first architect of the Capitol. Dodd, the original architect of the capitol, and the first superintendent of the Patent Office.

—The New York Fall Book Trade Sale commenced on the 6th of September—the catalogue forms a volume of 600 pages.

—A lady on Long Island, upon being applied to by the census taker for the number of her family of children, and then told him she could not remember the names of the old ox or sows, she was not quite sure which.

—A Cincinnati lady, very respectable and wealthy, but terribly afflicted with corns, was cured in the streets a mule costume while watching the nocturnal rambles of her husband.

—The Boston *Post* says: "The New England cotton mills are extending their operations as fast as the supply of hands can be procured. Many large companies have their agents in Lancashire, England, for procuring operatives. Many of the mills are running double sets. We hear of large new cotton factories being projected—one recently started at Lowell, Mass."

—The United States Penitentiary at Albany, New York, has four hundred and fifty women. One-half of both sexes are colored. The "silent" system is so well carried out that not a word is spoken about the cause of the murder of Mr. Lincoln, was from a discourses delivered by the Chaplain some weeks after the assassination.

—An enterprising correspondent who has visited Galena, Illinois, says that Gen. Grant's valley tailor is in charge of his father's hide store there, for two years before the war, and that he is to be found there to find out whether the General voted for Lincoln or Douglas in 1860, as none of the neighbors took interest enough to remember.

—Gen. Fremont, Col. Zagony and another gentleman, have taken out a patent for exciting any tint procures rot in wood, and insect sulphate of iron and other chemicals. The process is simple enough. The discovery is what they believe it, it will be a fortune to the three parties who can be prepared very cheaply, and will be used for railroad ties, wharves, shipbuilder and many other purposes.

—A clause in the Virginia amended constitution prohibited all who had aided, participated in, or sympathized with the late rebellion, from voting or holding office. The first disability has already been removed by the Legislature. The proclamation of Gov. Pierpoint now submits to the people the question: Shall the last disability be removed? The people will vote to alter or amend the third article of the constitution, namely, as to the right to vote. I have seems to be no doubt that this disability will also be removed.

—A national bank has been established at Portland, Oregon, with a capital of $100,000. This is the first incorporated institution having authority to issue bills ever organized on the Pacific coast of the United States.

—The Richmond *Whig* states that the application for pardon of Robert E. Lee, late rebel General-in-Chief, and Governor Letcher, of Virginia, accompanied by a friendly and complimentary note from Gen. Grant.

—At the beginning of the war, Charleston, S. C., had about 140,000 inhabitants, now, according to census, there has been burned, and a large number of others have emigrated, leaving about 40,000 inhabitants. Columbia, the capital of the State, has suffered in like manner.

—The Boston *Journal* says: "The Secretary of War reports that within the past week the men of his command at points on the Rio Grande, have been stationed at Sandy Hook, have been repeatedly fired upon from Lookout Heights, by concealed foes, supposed to be returned rebel soldiers.

—Gen. Schimmelpfenning, one of the bravest leaders of the Germans in the late war, and commander of the 54th, at Warrenville, near Philadelphia. His disease was contracted by exposure and fatigue in the service of his country.

—Miss Hannah F. Gould, the poetess, died at her home in Lynn on the 18th inst., aged 68 years. She was born in the last century, the first volume of her poems was published in 1832, and she has been one of the most prolific writer, both in prose and verse until quite recently.

—Mr. Benjamin Brown died at his residence in Waterford, Conn., on September 23, aged 98 years. He enlisted in the army of the Revolution, and served in defence of New London, on the 6th of September, 1781, receiving a wound in the leg which lamed him for life, and was the first to decoy the British fleet on that memorable occasion.

—A singular accident occurred to a railroad train which left Boston for the other day. A car containing ammunition blew up, destroying nearly all the cars in the train. There was but one passenger coach attached, and it was separated from the remainder, and no terrible number were killed or wounded.

—Since the war began, upwards of 600,000 men, with all their regimental officers, have been mustered out of service, and returned to their homes never to his decoretz at the expense of the Government, over the whole country, from the extreme north.

—The steamer The Queen, which arrived here on the 8th of September, on her first passage across the Atlantic, brought 1,500 tons of cargo. In addition to about 1,500 tons of cargo and coal for her return trip. She has been chartered for 12 months, and in July

Foreign.—Abd-el Kader attracted so much more attention in Paris than he did in London, that he left several days earlier than he had intended in order to avoid the crowds.

—Late Paris fashions mention a general vanishing away of crinoline, which, in its place, bustle or bustles, kitchen gardens, all, all gone). In Paris, every lady wears a bustle, and in London, the first, by the way things of an island of the Pacific. In June, its sensible and sensitive people, the brilliant crowd almost in vain to find one vestige of a bonnet. The bonnet has returned to its native seat, the head. The fashion has become right and left wings of the wild and voluminous *enfarine* into which fashionable beauty has been compressed, and which, in the early part of the other hair upon which it can by its hands.

—Since the beginning of the war, [illegible] Thiers, the French historian and statesman, are peculiar. He rises at 4 o'clock, and works until 8 o'clock, when he takes a cup of tea, he works till 12 a.m., when he breakfasts with Madame Thiers, and receives visitors in the morning during the next 24 hours. At 4 o'clock he dresses and goes out to dine with a few friends, and in the evening he receives his friends till midnight, when he goes to bed again. This is the sort of life he has led for many years.

—The *Index*, the accredited organ of the rebellion in London is dead. Its last number says: "This is the last number of the *Index*. Many, we doubt not, will sympathize with the regret we feel in making the announcement. We deem it our duty to set forth why the publication of the *Index* is stopped, and also say a few words of farewell." Then follows a stat-ment of the reasons for ceasing the publication of the paper, the chief being the fall of the Southern Confederacy.

—The Belgian Chambers have given their assent to a law which will have the effect of rags from that country free of duty after June 1, 1866. Russia also has reduced her rag exportation tariff.

—The official Power *Gazette* contains some interesting news from Rome. In the discovery of a painting by Raphael, known under the name of Madonna di Loreto, for a long time the Madonna patroness, which purchased lately at Mantua from a second hand clothesman, was covered with a thick coat of dust, which concealed the figure on the canvas. It is stated to be proved to be a painting of exquisite beauty, and Professor Blase, after a minute examination, declared it to be not only an original Raphael, but one of the best preserved productions of that great master.

—New carriages of a very luxurious kind are about to be placed on the Great Indian railway between Peshawur and Moscow. In addition to a handsomely-furnished and well-ventilated saloon, these carriages comprises a series of smaller apartments opening on each side of the saloon. The sofas, ottomans, and cushions of the daytime, are at night converted into beds, mattresses, pillows, &c., so that the passengers can sleep with all the comforts of home. There are, also, compartments for the cookery for lunch and dinner, and when the travelers wake in the morning, they find their breakfast served by the attendants, who have made all the arrangements for the washing and dressing of the passengers. The journey will be performed in the word country, but when we find England reach this height of comfort in railway travelling accommodation? Carriages of the description above-mentioned are to be built for the Indian railway during the second and third, as well as for the first-class, the second-class and the inferior class of the third-class. A slight additional charge above the ordinary fares will be made for the saloon carriages, but those who do not choose to pay it can travel in the old carriages.

—The Mexican decoration, entitled the Order of Our Lady of Guadalupe, was founded by the late Mexican Emperor, Augustin I. (irritible), re-established by Santa Anna, in 1843, abolished by Juarez, after the invasion of Mexico by the French. The Emperor Maximilian has just issued an ordonnance for the order to be distributed by the Mexican Minister in Paris. Only twenty-five Knights Commanders and twenty-five Grand Cross has been conferred. Ross Bonheur has received the Cross of Knight Commander, and Colonel Clay, an English sea captain named Grover has also received the decoration, but has immense attention to save shipwrecked unfortunates.

—The secular authorities have been obliged to interfere to allay popular excitement. Prince Napoleon, to prevent the working of miracles. Several persons, [illegible] of whom were sent to the galleys, professed to see the Virgin with the Saviour in her arms in the clouds, and to hear the angels sing and musicians lay on the ground in a state of ecstacy, the man who had been cured of a fever by drinking the spring a chapel on the spot. One day early this month no fewer than fifteen thousand persons were present at the order which were half a dozen girls, who either were or affected to be blind.

—The Duke of Brunswick is reported to be on his death-bed. It is said that he has left 100,000,000 florins, 2,000,000 for the building of a Protestant church at Rome, and three to his side-de-camp. What is to become of the remainder of his property is not yet decided.

—Every chance of a deficient crop of wine in France this season is gradually disappearing, and although it is admitted that the quantity of the vintage will be less than was expected, the deficiency will not be so great as to render distinctive, as the rise in the price of wine is not only probable but almost certain.

—The *Insulaire Reine* publishes a rather remarkable article on the Dependencies of Russia. From it, it appears that in 1812 Russia required 1,000,000 men to attack Napoleon, and that the army rose to about 2,000,000 during the campaign. In the present day it were anxious times for the country. All Europe armed, and Russia could not muster more than 1,135,000 men on a war footing. At the end of last year the number of soldiers was reduced to 1,000,000, and it is hoped that the army will be reduced during the present year to 800,000 men. By the end of 1867 the peace status to be 600,000 men. This number will, it is said, be sufficient, as the country will be thoroughly packed, and the roads, at present rough and almost impassable, will be improved. Russia is not a rich country, no doubt, formidable, but it is probably no larger than France, Austria and Prussia put all the land the territory is considered. So enormous is it that it is not difficult to understand how it is that it is so difficult for the Government to bring more than 200,000 men into the field.

—Siam, it appears, has enjoyed the rule of a literary monarch. The Bankok Times says: "Among the many of the King of Siam's works, the most popular are the First King of Siam. His Majesty has written a great number of books, but this is the only one that has any circular work. Should his writings ever be collected and published, they will form a library of the most brilliant princes and sovereigns of Europe."

—The most popular person in the Fiji Islands, published by the British Foreign Office, it is shown that though far remote, that island group is advancing rapidly in commercial importance. The value of the exports amounted to nearly £20,000, in which cocoa-nut oil figures as the largest item, and cotton the next. The cotton plant is there a perennial, and the oil is so fluid, that the bottle of the specimen is described as equal to that grown in South America. The climate is said to be favorable to work in the open air all the year round; the white population of the islands is 1,000.

—According to the latest advices just received from Europe, a severe frost, with grain, has visited the Nile Canal from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, realizing the prophecy of Isaiah, that "the waters shall dry up," which, since 1852, has devoted itself to the great task with untiring energy.

BEEF TEA.

THE waste of beef in making beef tea is enormous. 62,000lb. a year are used in the one hospital alone; and if any head of a household, where beef tea is made, will calculate the cost of the addition to the butcher's bill in the shape of beef tea used, he will be able to form some notion of the quantity annually wasted in the preparation of that valuable but more than half wasted throughout the country. At the present price of meat this is a very serious matter. It is a waste which, if it could be avoided, would greatly get all the nutritive part of the beef, and leave nothing but the mere juice and *soluble* matter.

The *British Medical Journal*, on the other hand, asserts that fibrine is absolutely insoluble in water, and that all the fibrine left in our beef tea after we have got nothing but mere water. If this be true, Liebig is as great a romancer in his way as the cook who, when asked for a receipt for making beef tea, replied: "Get no bone for one dinner, replied."

But Liebig is not the man to bigger than my thumb."

We believe the safest way for the patient is to drink the juice of the meat, as recommend which "Liebig" so generally runs out. The fact is, Liebig's plat of tea is made from a pound of beef, and is considerably less than half an ounce of solid matter; and though we have not analyzed it, we feel sure that the nutritive matter contained in the pint of fluid" (for do not guess that it is more) "is not worth 2d. The *British Medical Journal* makes two suggestions; first, eat the *bouilli*, which, it says, may be done by a smooth application of dressing boiled beef; next, use mangrowise and less beef tea in finer cases and the like. Who is to decide rejected by the feebler stomach, and it contains all the elements of the blood—albumen, iron, albumen, tasse of meat of the soldier, besides, wine by itself will support life for a very long time. We heartily agree with this latter suggestion. Wine, by all means, for sick poor as well as for sick rich. But how, if you please, are middling folks to get it? Where is the sick poor to get wine, if it is not to be bought or sold? Madeira is not; port is not—I am not within the means of ordinary people.

BARNUM'S NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM.

HAVING in a previous number illustrated the destruction of the old American Museum, we think it only due to the amusement-loving public, to illustrate the successor to that world-famous institution—Barnum's Museum—which has now traveled from the corner of Ann to midway between Prince and Spring streets, Broadway. It is a spot long known to New Yorkers as the Chinese Hall, where 16 years ago the elder Patti charmed the ears of concert-goers, and where four or five years later the Buckley Minstrels produced those capital burlesque operas, which grotesque miscegenation of the Italian and darkey operas was the crowning triumph of burnt cork and melody. In future times, however, it will be more famous as the Carthage to which the modern Ænea carried his scorched Penates, preparatory to founding a grander empire higher up town, which shall represent more the national character. To accomplish so great an object, Mr. Barnum can confidently rely upon the co-operation of the Government, as well as that of the people.

The new Museum, which is situated at 539 and 541 Broadway, consists of five long saloons, and a splendid Lecture Room—of which we give an exact representation. The stage of this room is 60 feet wide, by 46 feet deep, and the auditorium is about 86 feet deep, and calculated to hold 3,000 persons. The decorations are very elegant. Among the great advantages of the present building, is the rapid egress in case of any emergency, as ample doors on both ends enable the entire audience to pass out in five minutes.

Considering the brief space of time occupied in fitting up the present building, the variety and number of curiosities Barnum has succeeded in gathering together, are decided proofs that he is still the most energetic and able manager of the time. As evidence of his activity, we may mention, that long ere the ruins of his old Museum were cold, he had dispatched agents to Europe to gather up, without any regard to cost, every article of purchasable curiosity they could find. He is about proceeding himself to the old world to continue the search in person.



BARNUM'S NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM, NO. 539 & 541 BROADWAY, N. Y., BETWEEN SPRING AND PRINCE STREETS.

THE TURNERS' FESTIVAL AT CINCINNATI.

THE Turners are too well known to require any history—their objects, like most of those springing from the Teutonic race, are most comprehensive and praiseworthy, embracing at once health, recreation and benevolence.

Our sketch represents the gathering in front of the Turners Hall, which is situated in Walnut street, just above 14th street, in that most opulent of Western cities, Cincinnati. The meeting was held to celebrate the 11th annual Festival of the North American Turner Band, and delegations came from Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, Washington, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas and New Jersey.

The Turners' Hall, the streets in the immediate vicinity, and also in several leading thoroughfares, were profusely decorated with flags and banners, while the music of many bands, and the charming melodies excellently sung by the deep-chested German voices, seemed to give inspiration to the surrounding air.

In this country, Turner societies date back from 1848, that famous year of German Revolutions. Since then they have been steadily gaining in numbers and importance, and promise in time to bind the great German heart in one.

The festivities commenced on Saturday night, Sept. 2, but the regular programme was for Monday, the 4th of Sept., when a salute was fired at daybreak to inaugurate the ceremonies.

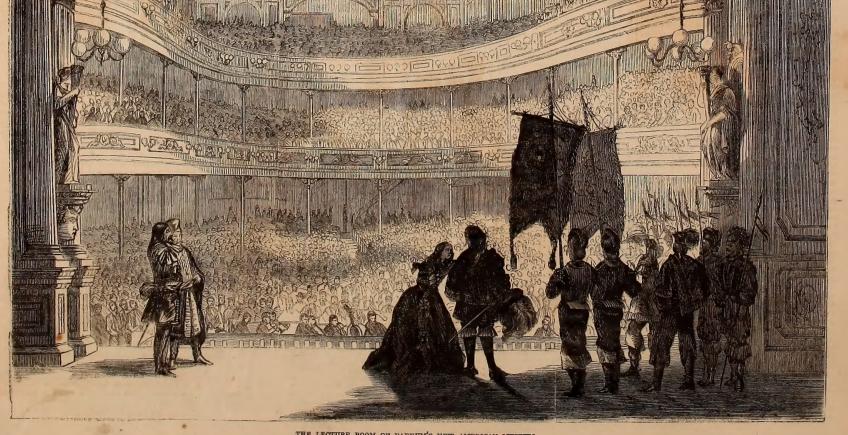
Their pic-nic was held at Parker's Grove, a beautiful spot about two miles from the city. Here they were addressed in an elegant speech by Mr. Jacobi, the President of the Association, who took upon himself the task which Mr. Mayor Harris was prevented fulfilling through sickness. Our space will only allow us to give one extract, which admirably embodies the intent of this great Association:

"If I refer to the benevolent purposes of your Association, I cannot refrain from speaking with admiration of your kindness to the sick and distressed, your generosity to the widow and orphan, and the helping hands you have always extended to the youth or the stranger in our land, to aid in procuring for them such employment that, through habits of industry and economy, they may acquire a competency, and become useful and honored citizens. Thus, on the one hand do you assist those who are worthy and willing, but who have not opportunity or means, and on the other, do you promote the material prosperity and growth of our city by bringing among us a worthy, industrious, energetic and patriotic people.

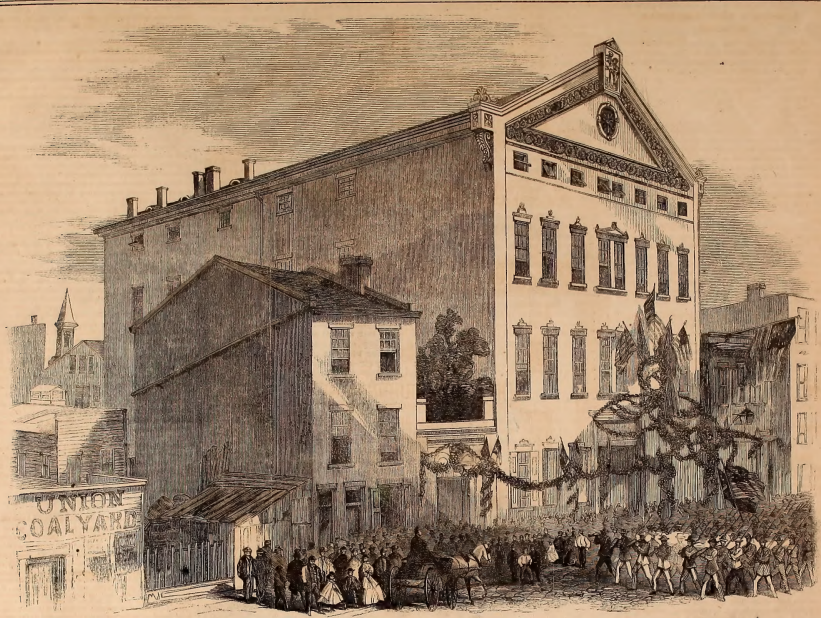
"If I consider another purpose of your order, I must accord equal praise to the labor you bestow upon the education of youth in manly sports and martial exercises, whereby their physical condition is so strengthened and improved that when danger threatens the country of their adoption, with love of which their minds have become so imbued, they are not only willing to take up arms in her defense, but are more able to treat them as the true soldier should. These exercises discourage idleness and vice, and prevent that effeminacy which was the chief cause of the downfall of the Roman Empire. The legions, once so formidable, which had borne the helmet, cuirass and buckler in the days of the Scipios, under the burning suns and upon the scorching sands of Africa, found that panoply too heavy in the cool climates of Germany and Gaul, and the Empire was lost. Thus will it ever be with that Government whose people suffer their strength and manhood to become enfeebled by idleness, sensuality and effeminacy."

After grand balls at Turners' Hall and Jefferson Hall, and a variety of entertainments, comprising dancing, gymnastics, singing, music, eating and drinking, the joyous gathering broke up on the Wednesday, after spending a most agreeable time, which will long be remembered by its numerous participants.

ARTESIAN WELLS are a peculiarity of Alabama. There are two in Montgomery and three in Selma, of various depths—all gushing wells. One in the former place gives a stream two inches thick, with great force, and of all the water I ever drank, this, to my taste, most merits the descriptive adjective—*cool*. Before I knew that it was artesian water (so curiously could not occasion the sensation), I remarked the peculiarly palatable flavor, and drank with great gusto and without satiety. It is very "soft" water, and entirely free from nauseous minerals. One well at Selma, 4 inches in diameter, runs a stream almost large enough to turn a mill. No augers have failed to strike water in Alabama, and in the prairie country at much more convenient depths. On account of the drouths, to which the plantations are subject, it may be artesian, instead of surface water, and might be profitably sought for the use of "stock."



THE LECTURE ROOM OF BARNUM'S NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM.



GREAT GERMAN FESTIVAL—THE TURNER HALL, WALNUT STREET, ABOVE 14TH, CINCINNATI, OHIO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. WINDER & CO., CINCINNATI.



AN EPISODE.

The maples cast their lengthening shade
Athwart the pathway in the glade;
And Mary waits beside the gate,
Until the lazy hours grow late;
Her heart beats fast with quickened throb—
With many a hope, and many a sob.
"What if he should not come to me—
"Oh, I should so unhappy be!
"But then, they say, the war is done,
"And Johnnie dear, will meet me soon!"

The sun goes down—night shadows creep—
The twinkling stars begin to peep—
The moon comes up—but still no sound
Of footsteps fall upon the ground.
Fair Mary's hearts a home for fears,
For hopes, and joys, and also tears;
"He will not come—the hour has fled,
"My Johnnie's numbered with the dead.
"He will not come—he will not come!
"Where sounds the trump, and beats the drum,
"He lies in death—perhaps, Oh, [illegible]!
"Uncovered even by the sod."

She turns away with leaden pace,
With tearful eyes, and downcast face;
A rustle in the grass behind—
Around her waist an arm is twined—
Upon her lips a kiss is pressed—
She weeps from joy on Johnnie's breast.



"DEAR LITTLE BIRDIE, WHERE DID YOU COME FROM!"

THE INVISIBLE MAN:

A MADHOUSE RECOLLECTION.

OLD Polonius discovered, in his conversation with the demented Dane, the method there often is in madness. However much the doctors may differ



SPOOK INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

agree on the question whether Hamlet's madness was a sham article or a genuine, the truth is undeniable that there is a deal of that useful quality—method—exhibited in the vagaries of the insane.

I have had much experience in the study of insanity, *a posteriori*, from living and acting facts. I have conversed with maniacs of every grade and almost every description in some of the leading lunatic asylums in the land, and could lay before the reader many cases illustrative of the truth I have mentioned. My present purpose, however, is not especially to prove or illustrate anything; yet the reader will find, in the queer relation I am about to produce, no little indication of a careful observance of the general fitness of things, adhered to amid the developments of a most crazy conceit.

In the year 18—I resided in the city of Utica, where is located the spacious and admirably conducted State Lunatic Asylum of the State of New York, and I was in the habit of making frequent visits to that noble institution, where I was often permitted to converse at liberty with patients of a proper class. It was there that I one day met the gentleman who related to me a portion of his imaginary history. Seated quietly at my side, he conversed with me on various topics with a coherence and profundity, that seemed to render it very doubtful whether he was indeed a fit subject for confinement in an asylum. I doubted whether he was not altogether sane. But after a while I chanced to make this remark:

"I have never seen you before on any of my visits here. You keep your room a good deal, don't you?"

Instantly his eye was ablaze.

"Ah!" he said, "then you don't know that I am sometimes invisible?"

"Are you, indeed?"

"I am. At a word I can render myself invisible to mortal eye. You doubt me. If you will come to-morrow I will prove it to you; to-day there is too much electricity in the atmosphere, but I think to-morrow will be more favorable."

"You interest me."

"Stay, I will trust you my history. I know I can confide in you; honor beams in your clear eyes. On one condition, then, you shall hear all."

"Name the condition," I said.

"It is that you will not contradict me, nor disbelieve me. I cannot endure to have my veracity doubted; I am the soul of truth, and never told a lie in my life. You my not at once perceive the reasonableness of what I tell you, but you must not dare to doubt me. If I tell you, sir, that you are nothing but a papier-mache manikin, you must understand that, though you cannot comprehend that great truth, I can; for I have means of knowledge such as does not fall to the common lot. Do you agree not to deny me?"

"Most assuredly. I shall not contradict anything you say, however impossible it may seem to me. I would not be so rude."

"Enough. I will begin at the beginning."

You will not care to know where I was born. I have no reason to believe that I came into the world in a manner other than the customary manner. I am known here by the name of Thompson. My dear sir, that is all a fiction. My real name is Widge. My father's name was Wave, and my mother's maiden name was either Wenn or Watt, I have forgotten which. I had a brother, and his name was Vy, but he is dead.

When I was eighteen years old I loved the fairest maiden the world ever saw. Her father's name was Woo, and her own name was Lucille. She had light-brown wavy hair, worn combed straight back from a brow of alabaster. She was of medium height, rather slightly built, and yet possessing a developed and agreeable *embonpoint*. Her nose was slightly inclined to the Roman, and her eyes were large, full and blue. She had a round and dimpled chin, with a little fold beneath; barely suggesting the idea of a double chin. So much for the lady.

We moved in different spheres. She was a fashionable belle and I was a book-worm. Yet we met occasionally at social parties, and I touched her hand in the dance as I might touch the hem of a thousand dollar handkerchief, never thinking of such a thing as pressing to my lips such a treasure.

But gradually a change came over the spirit of my dream. She deigned to look upon me, and awakened hopes in my breast, which eventually led to love on my betrothal. I asked her papa's consent, and he told me to go back to my mother. I left him in despair, and wrote a note to Lucille proposing elopement. Alas! angry papa got hold of the note, and raised a rumpus. He took Lucille out of society, and forbade me to enter his house again.

Imagine me, sir, on that eventful night, perusing a document I had received from the angry parent, to the above effect. I tore the note into infinitesimal pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. I flung back my coat collar and strode the room with lowering brow.

A clock on the mantel-piece struck, occasionally thrusting my fingers frantically through my hair, to reduce it to a properly disheveled illustration of raging passion and unquenchable woe, casting frequent glances in my mirror to observe the effect, I was suddenly made conscious of the presence of a second party in my room, by a low chuckle. I looked toward the corner whence the sound proceeded, and there, perched on the back of my big easy chair, sat a cunning imp, with an elbow resting on a knob of the chair-back, supporting on a webby hand a little rat-like head, with great watery eyes.

"Widge," said the imp, "how are you?"

"Tolerable," said I; "how's yourself?"

"Warm and hearty, Widge," said the imp.

"Do you want anything of me?" I inquired.

"Well, no—nothing special. But I say, don't you want something of me?"

"Really, I——"

"Hold on, Widge! You're in trouble. Ain't you?"

I said I was a little that way.

"Of course you are, my dear fellow," said the imp; "I help folks out of trouble. *Don't* you want anything of me, Widge?"

"Oh, my dear, are you?" said I; "eh-hem! Who are you, any way?"

"Spook!" said the imp.

"Well, Spook, you're not the devil in miniature, are you?"

"Widge, you do me an injustice. I am an honest imp, and mean you well."

"Pardon, good Spook! Well, then, if you can aid me in defying the ban of the paternal Woo, why that's the boy for me."

"Precisely."

"Yes; can you help a fellow?"

"I can, Widge."

"Will you, Spook?"

"I will, Widge."

"Good fellow! Give us your paw on that," said I, stepping forward with outstretched palm. But the imp made a gesture to me to keep off, and said:

"Look here, Widge!"

I looked. The imp lifted up both his hands, winding a leg around the chair-knob for support as he did so, and then gradually brought his palms together, shook them heartily, and was gone.

Astonished, I rushed forward to the chair on which he had sat, when I was arrested by the squeaking voice:

"Look out, Widge! Look out, Widge! Don't squash a fellow!"

I stared amazed.

"Why, where is a fellow?" I said.

"Ho! he! he!" squeaked the voice; "under your nose, Widge, under your nose! Can't see me, can you?—that's the talk. Here I am."

And there he was; complacently scratching the end of his nose and grinning at me as if bubbling over with delight.

"Well, I declare!" remarked I.

"Do you?" said the imp.

"What does it mean, Spook?"

"It means, my dear boy, that I will help you."

"I don't see."

"Listen! I will give you the power of invisibility. Go, stand before that mirror, and do as you are told."

I walked across the room to the mirror. The imp was there before me, and squatting crosslegged on the mantle.

"Here, Widge, do as I do."

I obeyed. The imp went through the same manœuvre as before, of bringing his hands together and shaking them—in which movement I followed—and then I could see him no more.

"Are you making a fool of me, Spook?" I asked, looking around the room in great facetious visitor.

"Not a bit," was the answer. "Look in the mirror, Widge."

I looked in the mirror, and started back in affright.

"Ho! he! he!" squeaked the imp.

There was no reflection of my form in the glass, though I stood directly before it.

"You are invisible," said the imp.

"That is so, Spook. What shall I do?"

"Nothing."

The imp sat on the marble, cross-legged as before, calmly scratching the end of his nose.

"Why, Spook?" said I.

"Scratch your nose, you noddy!" said the imp "Don't call me noddy, dear Spook," said I, as I complied. "I'm sensitive."

"Anything to oblige you," said he.

I looked in the mirror, and was delighted to find my image duly reflected there.

"You are a good Spook," said I. "I never saw your better. You have made me happy. I thank you."

"I hate thanks, Widge," said the imp soberly "but I could see he was gratified. "I bid you good-bye, my dear boy. Fly you to your lady-love."

And he was gone.

A thought struck me. "Spook," I cried, "come back, Spook, come back, and tell me how I can inform my Lucille of my new power; if I come suddenly and mysteriously upon her, I may frighten the dear girl to death."

"I will be there," was the answer that came ringing down the chimney.

I flew to Lucille's residence.

Reaching the house, I beheld Lucille at her window, leaning her head against the pane, and gazing out into the darkness. I knew she was sad. My heart bled for her. I knew for whom she longed. I sighed.

Going through with my instructions for becoming invisible, I passed before a street lamp, and perceived that I cast no shadow. It was sublime. But now, how could I reach my Lucille's parlor without being overheard by angry papa?

"Oh, Spook!" I breathed.

"Eh?" squeaked he at my side.

"What! are you there?"

I was delighted.

"Of course I am," said the imp. "Didn't I say I'd be on hand?"

"So you did, my good fellow. But now, how am I to get in?"

"Walk in! The door will open if you lift the latch."

"But the noise?"

"Drat the noise! Nobody will hear if you are careful. But come with me. You are a little nervous, poor love-sick cool."

"Don't, Spook!" I murmured.

"Well, well, come on, Widge. Remember you are invisible, and shall be almighty power. Be as mischievous as you can, and don't signify your presence to the girl till I tell you. Trust me—it will be all right."

"Blessed Spook!" I whispered, and obeyed.

We entered the hall of the house unnoticed, and gently passed up the stairs. We stood at the door of the parlor in which I saw my Lucille.

"Lay low!" hissed the imp in my ear. "I'll have this door open shortly."

A minute after, the door swung quietly ajar, and I slipped in. Confusion! There sat angry papa, quietly reading a newspaper, and Lucille gone!

Angry papa quickly rose as he felt the cold air from the open door, and muttering a malediction on the careless housemaid, shut the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket! Then he quietly resumed his paper.

I looked about for means of egress. In vain! There was another door leading from the room, which was a small one. I thought of the windows; but that way out was dangerous.

Just then I felt Sir Spook alight on my shoulder, and I bent my head to hear his suggestion.

"It's all right!" he hissed.

I made no reply; but I felt by no means certain it was all right. By the instant removal of the imp's tiny weight from my shoulder, I knew that he was off, and busy somewhere about the room.

"But perhaps you're getting tired of my story, sir?" said the maniac, interrupting himself.

"Oh, by no means; I am full of curiosity to know what your impish friend did next. Pray go on."

Remember, it is every word true, sir—every syllable. The imp, I shortly saw, was busy with angry papa; for he suddenly started up from behind his paper, with a "Why! What's that?" and rubbed the top of his head vigorously, so that I concluded Spook had alighted on his pole for an instant. After a few timid glances about the room, he again subsided behind the paper.

For a minute or two all was silence.

Crash! over went the papa's chair, and away he flew across the room, rubbing over my foot as I sat in the corner. Papa was evidently frightened, and from the agonized manner in which he rubbed his thigh I easily understood the naughty trick my good imp had played him. Really, I didn't want to hurt Lucille's father; and if Spook could have put us well without running pins into him I should have been glad. I wanted to call the imp to me, and tell him so, but, of course, I had no such easy way to look.

Angry papa was still rubbing his leg, and casting wild glances about the room; but he finally seized his newspaper again, and moved slowly over towards the grate, where blazed a merry fire. He was evidently very much puzzled in his mind about matters. Removing his paper on the table, he parted his coat-tails and turned his back to the fire—a posture peculiarly favorable to meditation, I think, sir. So when I observed papa's eye fixed upon a hole in the wall which presented no attraction to my own eyes, I understood that the spot was acting as a reflector to warm papa's unmentionably toward. He stood thus gazing for some minutes, while I watched him curiously. All at once he gave a spasmodic shock forward, as if his head had been pushed from behind, and then turned and stared at the blank wall over the grate as if he would like to ask it a question or two; and when he turned towards me again, a living note of interrogation was dancing a jig in either pupil of his eyes. Very suddenly—so suddenly that it took me quite by surprise—he made a rush for the door, stumbled over me, and sprawled on the floor. I felt the imp on my shoulder; his ratty form was shaking with mirth; he whispered "charming" in my ear—and was off again.

Poor papa regained his feet a picture of terror. He staggered across his chair. It moved backward, and he took a hearty seat on the floor. At that moment Spook extinguished the lamp. Papa was overcome.

"Help! help!—murder! thieves! help!" he shouted. "Lucille! Help!"

There was a rattling at the door. It was locked, and angry papa had the key in his pocket.

"Open the door, papa!" said a voice outside.

How my heart leaped at the sound of that voice!

"Oh, I can't!" groaned papa. "Call Joseph! Break the lock! For God's sake get me out! Oh, the room is full of devils!" And then papa began to groan again, while from occasional "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" and "Get out's!" I knew that Spook was busy with my poor man's hair and joints.

Presently the door flew open, and in rushed Joseph with a light, followed by Lucille and an old woman-servant, the only other person in the house.

Spook was on my shoulder, shaking with suppressed laughter.

Lucille lifted the prostrate man from the floor, and placed him in his chair, while Lucille—the dear girl—threw her arms about his neck, and all three joined in crying, in different words, what was the matter. But they could get nothing but groans from papa; and Lucille, with a fierce glance at the device of brindy, which stood on the sideboard, directed Joseph to convey her father to his bed. It was done, and Lucille remained in the room, seating herself in his chair.

Lovely Lucille, beautiful she looked, as she sat with her cheek upon her palm, busily thinking. I longed to be allowed to scratch my nose and scratch it for her sake; but as the thought passed through my mind, the imp was on my shoulder.

"Don't you think of it!" he whispered in my ear.

Ah, what a trial it was! But while I waited, Spook was at work. Presently I beheld him seated on the table by Lucille, partially concealed by the shadow of an inkstand, scratching his nose solemnly, and looking into my darling's face with a gaze of intelligence a metamorphosis, and a canary bird hopped from behind the inkstand. It was Spook, by the merry twinkle of the tiny eye.

"Dear little birdie!" exclaimed Lucille, in surprise, "where did you come from?"

She extended her hand, and the bird leaped upon it, cocking its head on one side, and shooting from its eyes such a glance as only Spook could command. Then, as Lucille brought her hand slowly against her bosom, the bird laid its bill so lovingly against her neck I was ready to be jealous.

"Sweet Lucille!" piped the canary.

"Why!" ejaculated the maiden, extending her hand so she could see the bird again. "Did you speak, birdie?"

"Yes, sweet Lucille, I spoke."

"Well now, if that's not funny!" she said. "Why, what good company you can be to me, can't you?"

I began to be fearfully jealous.

"In my dear Widge's absence," she added.

I longed to fly to the dear girl's arms.

"Where did you come from, birdie?"

"From one who sent me to tell you of his coming," chirped the canary.

"Why, who can it be?"

"One who loves you."

"One who loves me? What a funny answer,—but I might expect it from such a funny bird. Tell me his name, birdie."

"Orson!" said he.

"Well, then, is it Smith?"

Sir, she said, Smith! Do you know, sir, that Smith is my deadliest enemy? If there is any one I hate in the world it is Smith. He has dodged me everywhere all my life. He is here, he is there, he is everywhere. He sits at table with me, he preaches to me in church, he feels my pulse, he duns me, he borrows money from me, he beats me at billiards, he brings me the newspaper, he sits in my sunshine, he dances, he sings, he howls, he yells, he torments my life out of me. It is Smith out-doors and Smith in-doors—Smith on land and Smith on water—Smith in town and in country—everywhere Smith, Smith, Smith, Smith! The devil take him.

My entertainer arose and paced the hall with a lowering brow.

"Well," said I, wishing to lead him back to his story, "so Lucille spoke of Smith, did she, Mr. Thompson?"

"Thompson, sir! Thompson? Do you come here to insult me with your damnable Thompsons, when I have told you my name was Widge?"

"Oh, excuse me, Mr. Widge! I was forgetful. Pray go on. How did the bird fix matters?"

"Hang it, sir, you have grown devilish inquisitive all at once. Hark you—I wish to ask you a question. Is your name Smith?"

"Certainly not; my name is——"

"Liar!" shouted the madman, getting red in the face. "You are Smith! I know you! I spit upon you, Smith, Smith, Smith!"

Two keepers came hurrying to the scene. Mr. Thompson was furious, and they had hard work to get the poor man to his room.

I afterwards understood that he was unmanageable for several days. I had committed great folly in allowing him to run on at such length with his pet delusion, and since then I have always been more cautious in my interviews with the demented. At least, I never heard more concerning the story of the Invisible Man.

PEACE.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

Oh, fairest land beneath the sun,
A golden glory fills the air,
And drives the hills and valleys dun
Away from hills and valleys fair.

The cannon's throbbing notes are still,
We hear no more the rifle's crack,
And blackly dotting all the hill,
We see no army's bloody track.

The drums are hushed, the air is still
Of all the direful sounds of war,
And Peace is holding on the land
And sends her greeting smile afar.

The battle-flags are furled away,
No more to flutter in the fight,
What need have we of them to-day?
The Wrong lies prone before the Right!

No more along the throbbing wires,
Come bitter tidings of the fray;
But on the hills the victory fires
Light up the dawn of Freedom's day.

Oh, nation, long the starless night;
But now along the clearing sky
The morning breaks with peaceful light,
And sees the battle-shadows die.

In this glad hour join heart and hand,
No black should mar this golden day,
Or cast a shadow over the land
From which the night has passed away.

Send upward through the list'ning air
One universal psalm of praise;
To Heaven, and Him who reigneth there,
Our grateful hearts to-day we raise.

And while we chant the victory hymn
A thought steals in upon our souls,
And spite of all our eyes grow dim,
And voices lose their stern control.

We think of those who died, that they
Might make the nation great and free;
They won the peace we know to-day,
This grand and blessed liberty.

Fame writes to-day upon her rolls
The deeds that make our land sublime,
And chants a requiem for the souls
Of those whose names belong to time.

Give us thy benediction, Peace;
Drop blessings on our chastened land,
From North to South, and East to East,
Walk thou with Freedom hand in hand.

THE GRAVEN RING.

BY ENFIELD.

My name is—no, I shall not tell my name—no, nor even my occupation, nor would I even narrate this story could I get clear from the command that has been laid upon me. I am a most unbelievable word—my name, then, is, for the present occasion, Rowland Dennis—not my real name, but the name the reader shall know me by, for he shall never meet me after this is written, for the destiny—well, I will tell it all, and try not to be interrupted.

Last summer I was out to the seaside to gain a little vigor into a frame that is beginning to show signs of wear from the constant demands I have made upon it in pursuit of money, which I have not yet got, and I went to a secluded place where board was cheap, where the inhabitants would not be more intrusive than is usual, and where I hoped I could pass the season without attracting attention, let me be as eccentric as I pleased. In the city, devoted to business, a man must conform to the rules of society, or be a man out. So as he pleases. At least so I hoped, and for two days enjoyed myself. How? Do you ask how? I built sand-piles, and threw stones all day. I was happy, and could have lived in this manner for ever.

The third day it rained, and my evil destiny appeared. Yet it was nothing. The book said that a certain nymph in olden times had a cave by the sea. I was indiscreet enough to ask if there was a cave near by, and was told a very beautiful one could be shown me. So I waited impatiently for

the rain to cease, and knew not what fate had in store for me.

The next morning I went, having been directed particularly, and wandered about in a rain search all the morning. I had at last seated myself upon the edge of the cliff, amusing myself by throwing pebbles into the sea, and watching the grasshoppers, which were in great numbers there, when I saw distinctly, in the water at the foot of the cliff, a ring, that in the shallow water of the surface of the sea gave it the appearance of a golden serpent. "I was very small. I at first imagined it a ring, and then believed it only a yellow grass-blade or a stone, and so sat looking down idly upon it, not deigning to descend.

Slowly and surely I became convinced it was a ring, graven beautifully, a golden circlet of beauty.

"Pooh," I said, "some usual thing," and then I felt I hold not the truth; that it was gold, and I longed for it. Beauty has always an influence on me, and I must possess it. I was about to descend the cliff, when lo! it was.

Suddenly I was aroused; a figure was behind me. *Her* figure—no, not her's, but another. I felt my heart beating as I looked up. She could not but have observed my plan for and staring eyes.

"Excuse me, sir; I have lost my ring. A ring more valuable to me than life, and I think I remember having lost it when I was on the cliff."

I wanted that ring. To say that I could have died rather than have returned it, rather than have allowed another to possess it, does not express the intensity of my feelings. And yet I rose gracefully and answered—

"How sorry I am. Not two minutes ago I was thinking there was something which glistened like a ring in the water below there. Let me ready my vision and look over, and then I will descend and get it for you."

She placed her hand in mine. She let me support her as she leaned over and looked down, half in fear lest she should fall, half in joy that the treasure could be seen gleaming in the water below. There was no swell on to-day in the little sheltered cove, and the calm sea was quite plainly. She was lovely, but I no longer for that ring I could have cast her down into the sea—had I dared.

"Oh, I thank you so much," she said. "Henry will get it for me, I am sure, and then you will not be at the inconvenience of such an exploit; but I am so much obliged to you."

"I will get it for you in a moment. Your friends may not come till the tide becomes too deep."

Thus speaking, I hurriedly pulled off my shoes and stockings and descended the cliff, stepped excitedly into the water, and reached out to take the ring. I touched a human hand—a hand I knew long ago, which comes to me at times. I was not startled; I was her own selfishness that parted us. Twas she that wished for marriage only to cover her shame, and ruin me whom she had been content to. I started back, and was about to ascend the cliff, when I thought of the ring.

I looked back. It was gone.

No, it was on my finger. I must have put it on to keep it safe. How ridiculous in me to be so frightened.

Why did she start and turn pale when I appeared upon the cliff? Why did she sink down with a low moan when she saw the ring on my finger? I did not know. I know now.

"Lost, lost, lost."

"Your ring is safe, my dear maiden," said I, holding it up to her, and she looked, as well as I could in the confusion my own brain was in, that she was overcome with joy at its recovery.

She turned away. "I can never wear it again," said she. "I was not your friend. Keep it for me. No, do not, for it will bring you trouble. Yes, be bold and keep it for me, and let whatever may come, do not part with it."

I felt confused, and knew not what to answer. What sort of a greeting was this to give a man who had prayed for her but that ring? Was she angry that I had put it on my finger?

"I did not do it intentionally," I stammered. "I found myself had—placed it there without my knowledge."

"Twas ever thus," she moaned, slowly rising. "Where I have lost it, it was not from carelessness on my part; it was taken by her."

Dead and at the bottom of the sea she must be. That is the reason I love the ocean. It is her tribunal. But did she know it. What? I regained my self-command.

"You have not told me your name, my lady friend, nor even your acquaintance are to, to whom I shall be most happy to conduct you."

"They are in the cave. I had forgotten them."

"The cave is cold [?] where I have been gambling about all the morning and have not been able to discover it."

I accompanied her along the rocks, and down a path; after turning once or twice, the cave became visible. Two or three ladies and gentlemen were also visible.

"Here she comes at last. Why, Lin, we actually imagined you had changed into a mermaid, and all the gentlemen have been so anxious to set out in search of you, but we wouldn't let them leave us here alone. What have you been gathering? Come, let us see your treasures. Shells, I'll be bound, all manner of weeds."

So they rattled on, and I was introduced as a gentleman who was looking for the cave, and as my name and appearance seemed to suit the party, I was invited to join them, and as there was one more lady than gentlemen, I was most happy to do so. Was I? That ring on my finger might be noticed. I tried to take it off. It would not move. I should be remarked if I tried longer, and so desisted.

I became acquainted with Miss Linnie Hope. We became friends. There was a congeniality between us. There was a frightful barrier between.

"What is the history of this ring?" I asked.

"It has none, but its fate is, that whosoever is unfaithful, goes mad, or loses it, or something like that."

"Am I going mad?".

I gave up my retired ways. I was ever with Miss Hope. The gentleman remarked it, but only smiled. At last I told her my history, and we parted.

What was this history? Only this. Certain natures are doomed to misfortune from their birth. They are born dumb, or are without the power of creating sympathy in others. They see their fellow-men as has only its own selfish hopes and ambitions, that they never care for another, that love is only passion and loneliness combined. The ring she had lost had been given her by a lover; but she had never allowed him even to kiss her. It was the understanding that neither should love their property, and that whosoever found the ring would be the test. If found and worn by another, the charm was broken. That person would find love, and never be blessed in it. She told me this, and I loved her. She loved me still after my history had been told, and yet I cared not for her. What was my history, do you ask? I have told it.

Once I was betrothed, not as others are, by lips and loving words, but by a secret spiritual essence. We also wore rings, and I had placed mine into me and I felt its power. I had seen her. I met her. Our eyes exchanged glances, and we became joined in a spiritual union. She was my spirit near me, and was confident I influenced her in the same manner.

It was by the sea we first met in bodily presence. She, with her father—I, with my wife. Yes, my wife. You know the history now. The woman I married because she asked me to, and I believed it was love, and found that charm and kept her secret. She is dead. Both are dead, and 'tis the other one who haunts me, and accuses me of being unfaithful, for she loved me once, and I could say suicide, heaven never has granted her knowledge. She lies beneath the sea, and I come there to meet her. Many days I have been floating over and over her to make me suffer. For, as I told the story, I saw the wolfish gleam in the eyes of Linnie Hope as I had seen it in the eyes of the other. She had appetite and I cared nothing for love, and I had been faithful, for she was gone, and I could tell her that my heart was like lead, not to be warmed into life but by the cunning of the ideal I had in my mind. So we parted.

I went back to the cliff, seating the ring, and the first day a stranger accosts me and asks to look at it, but I would not suffer it to be taken from my finger.

"Where got you that?"

"I found it in the sea."

"And I have lost my tooth."

When next I saw him it was with a lady, apparently rich, and of good family. They looked at me. I felt a strange thrill in my finger. I looked down. The ring had regained not into a golden serpent, which hung down writhing, as if endeavoring to escape. I felt the ring slipping off, and clutched at my hand. As I glanced up I saw the lady white and panic-stricken.

Was I, or she, or all of us, possessed by a destiny that placed those grands upon us?

The ring was safe, I saw that, but should I be subject to such attacks?

The next day I met the gentleman again. He came to buy the ring. I would not sell it. He offered me a fabulous sum, and I—I needed money. He said he had a dear friend who had lost such a ring, and he was anxious to buy it back. I refused to sell.

I received a slip of paper saying action was certain against me to recover a ring which I had found, but which belonged to another person. I was commanded to appear, and, above all, the ring was required to be placed in the hands of the plaintiff on the morning. I refused to part with it, and was locked up.

The next day my counsel appeared, saying he had been retained by the lady, and that a verdict had been paid, and that I should be remembered for the harsh treatment I had received. He wished to know what defense I wished him to make. I told him he could make none, for I could say nothing.

The friend, true or false, appeared, swore to the ring, implied that I could have stolen it, but would not state where lost. Neither would the gentleman. The court declared the evidence defective, for unless that ring had been or had been lost under circumstances which would incline the fact to my being in some way connected with its disappearance, nothing could be done and the matter must drop.

"Let me look at it a moment," said the judge. I held it up towards him. Lo! out rolled a long golden snake, and, with a hiss, fell to the floor, and disappeared. I closed my hand on the ring. It was safe.

"Bless me!" said the judge, and then seeing my arm still extended, with nothing dangerous apparent, he begged me to open my hand again. I did so. He examined the ring minutely, and without a certain fear as if he thought something might show itself at any moment. When I turned back the gentleman had disappeared.

I met her again. The lady that I had seen with the gentleman. She would have spoken. I saw the look in the eyes I knew too well: the foreboding of love, the fear of a destiny that was about to be known power. I could not trust myself to speak, for I still loved Linnie, and a destiny held us.

I was sat upon in the dark and my hand grasped. The ring I felt was being tried, but was immovable: a feeling like the falling of a house on me, and I was left insensible. From that shock I have never fully recovered, but I awoke to consciousness at last, and Miss Hope bent over me.

"Faithful, faithful, and yet you loved me not; 'twas only from duty," and then she kissed me.

"Why do I write this story? Because I must; and the destiny tells me it must be completed ere I sleep.

I retained the ring, for I loved it, gloried in its brightness, its beauty, its rarity, and yet I longed to part with it.

One day Jennie said:

"Give me the ring, and I will return it to him."

I gave it back to her, saying, as I did so:

"Thus I loose your love, for you will never love one so cold, so morbid, so unimpressible as myself."

But she cried:

"You gain more, for I return your true esteem in place of worst regard."

Then she sent the ring back to him, and he went to sea. He was a sailor by nature, and with an air of moody sullenness by me, and with a melancholy madness as he turned away from me, and I saw her no more.

Dead! He must be dead, and the ocean swallows all; for again I saw the ring by the sea, and again a life form was beside me, looking down through the shimmer of the waves for her lost treasure, and again I descended for it. But no touch enthralled me, no vision of a woman birled in the sea entranced me. I found only a gilded stone, which I brought and showed to Linnie, and we cast it back into the sea. Yet the ring has been lost, and I have found the ring, with no serpent power, and yet evidently the identical ring. She knows not when 'twas found, if not by the sea or by me, and it is not the same; and the fate says write this, and it shall ever be a guidance to your love.

So I write within sound of the moaning of the sea, no longer a dismal sound, no longer oppressing my heart with sadness, for a lady, fair Linnie, is beside me, and the completed life all men desire stretches away into the future before me.

EVERY DAY BARBARITIES.

Conveying Calves and Sheep to the New York Slaughter Houses.

THE sketch we publish on our first page, for so frequently are we in the habit of meeting near our centre and market-places, that its publication may be considered by some as almost superfluous. But many of the large cities of America does not move the public heart to call upon the Legislature to put an end to such scenes, as we ourselves can do it. But the experience of the world proves that all modifications of cruel practices, and the humanizing of every day life, is the result of the slow but certain influence of positive its impetus from the silent pressure of public opinion; and we know of no better nor surer method than by presenting to the public eye an exact representation of what our Artist saw not over a week ago near the Hudson River. And what every one knows who those parts of the city knows is so common a custom as not to excite even a passing remark.

In the cities of Europe such scenes are not confined to the brute creation—they are re-enacted upon the human—the standard of common every day life is lowered and brought down to the level of the brute, and with it every sensation that sympathy, which is the connecting link between us and the being we are taught to regard as our Saviour. The fact is, we have become so accustomed to the practical denial of Christianity, since it ignores the life of the Saviour, that we must feast ere we can fall to the ground unknown to our Heavenly Father.

In addition to the hardening effect which such scenes must have upon the rising generation, which thus takes its first lesson in murder, its influence upon the public morals must not be forgotten. It is impossible that animals thus maltreated and goaded by suffering, can be wholesome food, and the sanitary authorities should teach us to put an end to such revolting spectacles as the one we publish to-day. In their degree, the men who inflict such barbarities upon the poor dumb creature s about to be slaughtered to restore our wasted strength, belong to the same category as the monster who, in a fit of passion, kicks his wife to death, or the death our gallant patriotic soldiers in the Golgotha of Andersonville.

FLYING FROM BONDAGE.

Freedmen and their Families arriving at Baltimore.

AMONG the gratulations which every lover of fr edom and hater of slavery pours forth when he hears of the colored people's emancipation, we are apt to forget the terrible undercurrent in the altered state of things. Born slaves, they have lived slaves, and have their notions of freedom, and themselves. With the exception of their full-grown passions and physical strength, they are so many children, and, with some few exceptions, are to take immediate steps for themselves and families than children s re. We wish to call attention to this fact, as it will materially assist in forming a correct judgment as to what is best to be done. The negro nature is very susceptible of kindness, and the treatment of the wicked and ill-judged system of terror has destroyed their veracity, and implanted in them a cowardly habit of duplicity, the fault of which must be placed upon their oppressors, who boldly proclaimed, through their most aged and learned divines, that the negro had no right which a white man was bound to respect.

What our Artist was lately in Baltimore, he was much struck by the scene that presented itself every morning during the time he was there. Negroes of every age and condition came, in every kind of vehicle, bringing with them every description of household goods. The south-eastern section of the city was particularly overrun with these unfortunate creatures, who had been so suddenly called from slavery to liberty that they had not as yet realized their position. This, however, every day will see them do, and experience will find them seats at the great table of nature.

THE BRITISH WAR STEAMER CALATEA,

Practical Target Firing at an Iceberg.

OUR Artist has given a very striking sketch of an incident he witnessed on board H. B. M. steamship the Galatea, while it was waiting on this side of the Atlantic for the arrival of the Great Eastern with the Atlantic cable—and we take this opportunity of thanking the officers of that noble war steamer, the Galatea, for their courtesy to him. In order to be all ready for the monster steamer, the steam of the Galatea was kept almost constantly up, and about the first week in August she proceeded to sea, and dropped anchor about two miles out, in the fairway of the port. Now all them she would trip her anchor, and run out to the eastward to see if she could discover anything of the great vessel, that carried the hopes of so many people connected with that costly experiment.

On the 16th of August, as they were steaming along at an easy rate, an iceberg came in sight, which was considered a good opportunity for target practice. When the Galatea got within about a mile she commenced firing with round shot, but without producing any perceptible effect. Shell was then tried, and with the most marked results; for when the shell struck, it seemed to burrow in the iceberg, and, as it exploded, masses of fractured ice flew up in the air, like brilliant jets of sparkling fire in the sun, and then falling down in a shower of crystals. The officers told our Artist that the height of the iceberg was about 150 feet, and that the extreme altitude from the root to the crown, as 300 feet. So large were the masses detached from the berg by the shell-firing that it lurched first over on one side and then upon another, till after oscillating it regained its equilibrium.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

NOTHING can possibly exceed in singularity the scenes which present themselves to the traveller, on entering that vast expanse of the noble St. Lawrence, known, on account of its innumerable channels amongst the granite rocks, as the Thousand Islands.

Here Nature appears to have used her utmost fancy in preparing a grand panorama, to feast the wanderer's eye, over it reaches the vast open seas of fresh water, which in its short course to launch its mighty waters into the St. Lawrence winds, in acres of every dimension, through a rocky country, which is singularly impressive with the exception that at last some scene we had just left behind. Here, in fact, in ages gone by, through which the great river now flows, the grand mountain chain of North America, urged its verge between the two great lakes, Ontario and Erie, and which vertical range extends from the granite mountains of the west, over to the dividing ridge which lies between the river Ottawa's Bay and the tributary waters of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence.

Here, by some tremendous effort, which has evidently shaken the whole American Continent, from the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, to the other side of the region, through which the grand river flows in north-westerly course, the river has once rushed over a country of rocks, and has worn out a bed for itself, which have now disappeared, and, amid the torn and shattered masses of the electric granite, its mighty course silently but swiftly wends its undisturbed way to the ocean, through the islands.

Most of the Thousand Islands are covered with dense masses of forest timber, and some of them have pine, low and flat, give the idea of the draught scenes of an Italian lemon, as seen in the beautiful bay of Sorrento and city of Naples; but, in general, others are split and rent into a variety of fantastic forms, and present a view of singular wildness.

Again, at another turn of the labyrinthine channel, you pass under a dark avenue of precipitous rock, covered with the moss and lichen of ages, and on whose dizzy height the eagle may be seen to soar, while the hoary pine or fir tilts its proud, dark head, supported only by the slender fibres of which its life and finally clasping bare roots are formed.

Then, suddenly, the fairy picture presents itself, it grooves growing, as it were, out of the water, and apparently stopping all further progress; whilst, in a single second, the verdant curtain is drawn, and the eye wanders over the broad bosom of the lake that seems here and there only by a few small rocks protecting above its surface, and which is studded by the scattered islands forests of the main land.

We have attempted to attempt descriptions of scenery having no parallel as a whole, and through which ever traveller journeys a day to traverse may wish, to be a truly fell in all its varied grandeur, should be observed at leisure.

CARDS.

THE origin of playing cards is of so ancient a date that no one has been able to discover exactly how age it is; we know that they have been found in nearly every country, differing from each other in the figures and number in the pack, but all bearing a general relation to each other. In Europe cards have been used for hundreds of years; and there is a pack of cards in the British Museum, given by a Brahmin, in 1816, to a gentleman, said to be the one invented by him. In China cards were used as long ago as 1120 A.D. Chinese cards are oblong, whereas in Hindostan they are round.

Some Germans say that cards were invented in France in the time of King Charles VI., in order to turn his mind from the melancholy state into which it had fallen; but others say that cards were known in France before that time. Card-making was a great business in Germany; the suits there were hearts, bells, acorns and leaves; those of France, spades, hearts, tiles and pikes. In the year 1420 gambling by cards was so extensive that the magistrates published a sermon against it, and so eloquent was he, that all who heard him brought their cards to the fire, and burnt a double quantity.

King Henry VII. of England was a great card-player; but when Cardinal Wolsey came to the throne, and when James IV. of Scotland first saw her she was playing at cards. The ace always is number one. Before it was fond of card-playing, but he was so stupid and dull that he could not be kept to book for it. The four suits that we are most familiar with—diamonds, hearts, spades and clubs—were derived from the French. Many years ago the French named the four kings David, Alexander, Charlemagne and Cæsar, in honor of the four nations. The revolution the kings went left off, and Moliere, Racine, Voltaire and Rousseau took their places. La Fontaine, Voltaire and Rousseau also supplied for figures of Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude and Justice. In America, the four sovereign suits are, a pack of cards was issued in New York without kings and queens. Washington was the knave of diamonds, Franklin of hearts, Hancock of clubs, and Lafayette of spades. For queens they had Virtues, Graces, Cities and Rivers; the knaves were represented by Indian chiefs. Since the Southern war broke out Columbia has taken Washington's place, and the four suits are flags, shields, eagles and stars.

WARD, of 17 Cortlandt street, has invented what has long been wanted by all lovers of good coffee —a self-stirring coffee-roasting machine. It is self-acting, requires no attention, and for family use, by which ladies can roast their own coffee. It is said to possess a quality that the aroma is not lost in the mouth, and the coffee all the purer. In a word, it is the only way to obtain the aroma of coffee.

IT is known that the eminent French surgeon, M. Nelaton, received 400,000 francs ($80,000), for his professional visit to the late Emperor Napoleon. It is not so well known, we believe, that this fee was asked, not, as has been stated, because the doctor was anxious to be rich and too old to make the journey, and that he, therefore, set a prohibitory tariff, but because M. Nelaton avoids all utterly hopeless cases, as this was known to be, and thus does not endanger his just reputation for saving his patients—where there is a gleam of hope. For his demands by the French surgeon whom Queen Amelia recommended to King Leopold, without successful result, amounted, it is now said, to 150,000 francs, or $30,000. The English surgeon who operated successfully on the royal patient (Mr. Henry Thompson) left the honorarium to his Majesty's generosity, and pleasure, and received $30,000 and 30 order of Belgian chivalry.



THE BRITISH GUNBOAT GALATEA FIRING INTO AN ICEBERG ON THE MORNING OF THE 10TH OF AUGUST, FIFTY MILES FROM THE ENTRANCE OF TRINITY BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. BECKER.



ARRIVAL OF FREEDMEN AND THEIR FAMILIES AT [illegible]

ALONE

BY J. B. S.

The waves play low upon the pebbly shore,
With tones that seem to speak in wail and moan,
And to my fancy, keep repeating o'er,
The words—"Alone—thou'rt left alone—alone!"

Ah! how they fall upon my ear to-night!
They nearly craze my o'er-wrought, weary brain;
And flitting in the moonlight, phantoms white,
Dance on the wavelets, to their ceaseless strain.

Alone—alone—ah! yes, I am alone!
Alone with fancies of a severed soul—
Alone! and list'ning to the hatred-like tone
Of the light waves, that wailing, shoreward roll.

Better the bellow of the mad, wild sea,
And the loud shock of thunder o'er the deep,
Than the low, listless, moan of waves to me,
Tormenting fancy from its fevered sleep.

Bound the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAKE," "REUBEN'S WAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—ISAAC SATISFIES EVERYBODY.

SLEUTH found Isaac standing in front of a dense clump of luxurious trees, three or four planted near together, and looking like one tree of immense circumference.

"I sect him slink in there a while man and come out a-fly un; and I'm 'spicious if I don't go in and find his skin if he's left it."

Isaac disappeared between the leaves, and Sleuth waited, unable to think, to speak, to move, to hear from movement till he knew what it was he had to face. It might be the cost, and Esau might have seen him wearing it. It might be the hue glad's enough, and then Sleuth would be at once vindicated, unless (and this was the most awful idea of the whole) the coddicil should there turn up, perhaps from a pocket of the suicide frock, and then not even Anthony himself would long be able to resist the suspicion of murder.

Presently Isaac emerged with the smock frock, which he held in triumph on the edge of a bludgeon that he had also found there. The sight of these trophies satisfied the scanty officers at last of a fact they had begun to doubt, namely, that burglars had been present at all. As to the others, they accepted at once as their own the lawyer's emphatic remark:

"Nothing in the world can be clearer, you see, Mrs. Milton."

That worthy lady did see, and was satisfied. She ventured, however, the remark:

"Why did he come back to unlock the door when I was calling, instead of getting away?"

"I'm afraid, my dear Mrs. Milton," said the lawyer, in answer, and with a peculiar tone, "he did it in order to murder you. No, don't faint, because he didn't do it, after all, as you very well know. Perhaps he thought you were too close on the bell to allow him to open the window without one hollow man interrupting him, and therefore returned, as thinking it more easy to deal with a woman; and then—to do the wretch justice—very likely he thought he had done enough for one night, and so spared you."

"Mercy on me, I should think so!" exclaimed the housekeeper, quite in a tremble at this new view of the case.

* * * * * * *

No better evidence could be given to Richard Sleuth of entire success in laying all suspicion other than the fact that he was selected, by common consent, to go round with the officers to show them the dead body, the wound, the dressing-room, the safe-room &c., preparatory to their hunt for the two burglars. From him, also, these gentlemen took their cue as to the aspect and appearance of the thieves; for he had not only seen one of them close, but had previously had a glimpse of the two outside the house, when they were frightened away by Isaac's whistle. They were particularly gratified to find that the man seen so close, and who was, "in course," they said, "the murderer," had a lively mark—a scar almost like a wale—across his cheek.

"You see, sir," said one of the officers to Sleuth, "we can do with very little; but we must have enough to go on. A few inches of firm ground, big enough to set one's feet on, and a man may look about him, and soon discover which is which. We might take a fancy, now to this man, now to that one, and say these are the pair, and we might find they were pardners; but at the last moment out they come with a knife, or a gun, or worse are you? Now, you see, sir, this beauty-spot you tells us on makes us sartin sure; when we sees it we're not far from one of the rogues, and it's only a bit of patience wanted then to catch the other."

A capital theory, no doubt; and Sleuth was much influenced by the man's belief that it would succeed sure; but it had the disadvantage of being a little unsound in its base—the presumed fact as to the burglar's blemished countenance. Richard Sleuth had now well finished up his "trial" by putting the officers on a false scent; for he had really seen too little of the burglar's face to be able even thus vaguely to describe it.

* * * * * * *

Half an hour later, when all were reassembled in the dining-room, and the officers had received all necessary instructions from the lawyer, Anthony, Sleuth and the doctor, Mr. Stamp said aloud:

"We think—I and my friends"—here the lawyer drew himself a little apart from one of the "friends" (the officers), who both smelt badly of rum, "we think," he repeated, respectfully addressing the doctor, "that there isn't a doubt of any kind remaining, and that we may now leave the pursuit of the rogues to these efficient gentlemen, who, however, think the rascals have got too good a start to be caught. So I propose, Dr. Pompess, that we now dismiss the painful subject from our thoughts, do honor, in silence and sympathy, to the memory of the deceased gentleman, whose premature fate it would be idle, I think, to dwell on, and then call on Mr. Anthony to open to us his cellars, that we may drink, in a glass of good wine, the health of the living!"

"Hem! hem! I approve—I quite approve," said the doctor.

And then, all giving way to the release from restraint they felt, there was nothing but handshaking, and kind words, and bustling about of servants, as all alike felt they had done in effect their thought. Fortune had made another turn, and bright, happy days were in store for these on whom the goddess looked so fondly—these her newest favorites—the hair and his faithful, loving cousin, Richard Sleuth.

CHAPTER XVI.—SLEUTH'S DREAM.

SLEUTH slept in his own room that night for the first time since the alderman's illness had become serious, and as he locked the door he could almost fancy the last few weeks had been a dream. This was not the room which had always been kept in readiness for Anthony. The alderman, in his first burst of generosity at his uncle's bed in another Esau, hawing the old smock-frock. Then he saw himself in his uncle's room with the officers, and proceeded to the safe-room, and went with breathless, sickening interest. Even while the bell rang, and his hair streamed with perspiration, he watched the officers search in the wave, he saw the officers walk from the alderman's room satisfied, and wait at the door for him. Then he saw himself open the door, and he watched them with anguish to see his foot had become glued to the floor by some blood that he had trodden in. He saw the officers looking, smiling and wondering; he heard Anthony calling him; then the lawyer, and the pompous doctor, and Sleuth, looking down in the gap, shrieked to his startled boy not to look, for that his head was wrenched and writhed—the foot was glued immovably.

All the household came pouring in at the door; the shrouded figure was lifted out up, and pointed him out to them; then the whole picture fell into the waves, and Sleuth dreamt he was still in the dark, groping about for his candle, with the bell ringing ever louder and more loudly than ever, the darkness grew blacker, and all the floor seemed breaking away, and letting the room fall with a stunning, shivering crash. Sleuth dreamt that he went back to the bed and leaped upon it, and flung himself down to stop his ears with the pillows.

The pillows! Where were they? Gone; and there was a gap—not such a gap as Sleuth had made in the safe-room, but a deep, long, intense gap, and down it, with headlong haste, Sleuth fell, and fell.

He caught at strange things that he passed in the darkness: at birds, but they tore his hands with their beaks; at trees, but their branches broke like tinder; at slimy walls, whose touch kept accompanying him his fearful speed. Sometimes faces he knew passed him going up as he went down. Phillis passed, wan and shadowy-looking, all the bright youth beauty gone, but rising slowly, with clasped hands and eyes gazing straight upward. She looked at Sleuth as she passed him, and let fall a tear on his face. It seemed to burn him like a coal, and drive him down faster—faster.

Then the alderman's daughter passed him, not as he had seen her at the wedding, rumored woman—but as the alderman had loved to talk of her—a little golden-haired child. But now she seemed to float in a white, misty wrapper, which, together with her hair, made a light that scorched his eyes. She was not looking up, like Phillis, but down, and flying slowly, and singing and beckoning with her arms to something beneath her. This something Sleuth soon passed. It was Silas Maude, with his white head thrown back, and his mouth open, struggling upwards and towards his little daughter. Sleuth would fain have looked back to see if he reached her; but there was a horror in the sound dropped on him with such a fearful weight, that he was borne down faster—faster.

The lower he fell the more horrible became the sights he met. At last he thought he saw at the bottom of all a black sea, on which one hideous white bird swam by itself. Long before he came to the bottom he saw this bird spread its wings and fly up towards him. As it came nearer it grew larger and fatter, till at last it looked more like a cock than a bird—only just had time to see this when it seized upon him, and wrapt itself round his head and face tighter and tighter, till his breath stopped. Sleuth tore at it, but in vain; for its arms, if it tightened round him like living sinews, it dragged him down and down, till he heard the black waves roar, and leap up to whelm him, and—

Sleuth woke. The sun was shining in at the two round windows. The sunshine streamed upon the bed where he lay, and not more than the dream seemed that, in his dream, he had rent from top to bottom, trembling so that the old fringes of the bed shook, and the sweat poured from his face and hair. He flung himself from the bed, dragged himself to one of the windows, and tried to kneel and put up his hands in prayer; but the freshening wind breeze were too much for him—he fainted away.

That night proved to be but the first of many similar nights. Sleuth's sleepers remorselessly, and the scheming, overwrought brain, no longer compelled to fight a life and death battle, sank supine, and became the prey of its own brood of horrible recollections. Sleuth dreaded even to go to bed at last, lest he might be overheard, crying out in his sleep dangerous words.

So let us leave him—with his dread secrets and fearful burden of punishment—to address ourselves to the onward movement of our story, in which he is, and is content to be, for a time, but a subordinate actor.

CHAPTER XVII.—FROM THE PAST TO THE FUTURE.

Busy days succeeded. There was the inquest, and the preparation for the funeral, and the seeing each evening the officers, to hear their report. We need not dwell long on either of these things. The inquest passed off without giving Sleuth a single fresh alarm. The jury had become thoroughly saturated with the general idea of the neighborhood—namely, that the alderman's house had been attacked by robbers, who probably knew that he was dying, and chose the time accordingly; but meeting with an unexpected check from the old man, had killed him. The inquest was soon over, and a verdict of "Wilful Murder" returned against the unknown burglars. The funeral also passed off quietly, in the presence of Anthony, Sleuth, Dr. Pompess, the lawyer, and a few neighbor persons; the whole having been managed with such secrecy as quite to prevent the anticipated assemblage of a large number of people. The alderman was buried in the pretty little hill-side cemetery of Carbiton, and there found his resting-place. No more will that busy brain watch the rising and falling of the stocks; no more will that with unfailing accuracy of judgment at the exact time to buy or to sell. No more will he dream again the dream of his early days, when as an apprentice lad—not rich, but in Parliament, and surrounded in his own house with the young and dear ones who were to be the joy of his declining years and prove future generations. No more will he hear, what Anthony in astonishment and indignation heard to-day, that his memory remain "dear" to the citizens ranked in the alderman's brain since he first also accidentally overheard it.—"Ah, that's the alderman's new house, is it? I thought it was founded on dead men's bones—the bones of his own countrymen—killed in the wars with Napoleon, and by the treachery of the British English contractor—his leastwise, he wanted to be—sold secretly to the enemy!" If the alderman did make some of his money in this way, he had taken care to put not a fact in his teeth now; he will never again hear either the voice of praise or of blame. Peace be to him!

Anthony and Sleuth sat together alone late that night, both fatigued with the long-protracted business of the day, and with the excitement both had undergone. Anthony's thoughts were strangely mingled, and involved both pain and pleasure. The fact he had heard that day for the first time about his uncle's commercial transactions, and at first had disbelieved, he had been obliged to accept a few words with the lawyer, who, in the course of questions addressed as much as could be expected from him, supposing the story to be quite true, Anthony thought he wouldn't like to be the one to tell him that it was otherwise unpleasantly founded; and that thought led naturally to another—the murder, and the inoffaceable stain such an event fixed on the house. And then Anthony began to speculate on how he could pull down the house, which he thought ugly and fantastic enough, and build a new one; and so thinking, and planning, he caught himself wondering who would be likely to share it with him besides Richard Sleuth? and then for a long time he rested quite pleasantly on a host of general considerations about the person, voice, manner, and so on, of Clarissa Pompess.

Sleuth watched him from behind a convenient screen—not at all unwillingly to understand—perhaps from a faint smile—at all events, from some change of face—how Anthony thought the alderman's house would look at last, and lost no time in creating a diversion.

"Anthony," said he, "I think the officers must be waiting to speak to us. They've been some time ago, and I have been expecting them here; but perhaps they are stopping to refresh themselves in the kitchen."

Anthony sighed, as if with a sense of some agreeable vision passing away, and said:

"I wished they'd have done with the affair one way or the other. I wish they'd find the men, and make it clear they can't find them."

"Oh, here they are," said Sleuth, going to the door. "Yes, it is the chief officers, who have come to say they had completely failed. Sleuth guessed why, but the men themselves attributed their want of success to their not having had sufficient time to explore the ground after the rain, and many papers, including, as he now almost hoped, the coddicil; but whether there were also other reasons, such as suicides of which the thieves might have been identified, Sleuth knew not, and could not tell them.

"Well, Anthony," said he, after a pause, "I'm sure you must have employed cleverer officials than these gentlemen have proved themselves—no, nor men who were more determined to do their duty. I will say that much, though they did fancy, somehow, at first, I had been playing tricks with that mysterious coat. Is it worth while to send them off again?"

"Do the doctor" (who had, as magistrate, issued the warrant) "and the coroner think enough has been done?" asked Anthony.

"They must, sir, both on 'em," was the reply.

"Very well; stop them," said Anthony. "Dick, will you see them here?" he added, as Sleuth was about to retire, to indulge, if possible, in a revival of his vision; and Richard Sleuth was so liberal in satisfying the men, that they left him with a wish which they didn't scruple to avow—

"Wish you'd had the estate, sir!"

Sleuth smiled, and they parted with the best possible feelings on both sides.

"Dick," said Anthony, as he returned from his brief walk, "what's to be done about the alderman's letter? I shouldn't like to-night, the first

after the funeral, to pass without something being settled. What do you advise?"

"Well, I have been thinking about it," said Sleuth, who spoke quite truthfully, for he saw good reasons why he should think about it, quite apart from Anthony's reasons for doing the same thing. "Yes, I have been thinking about it; and as you will be very busy here for some time—seeing people, looking into things, and enjoying yourself—"

"Ah! never mind the enjoyment," interposed Anthony.

"Well, but, as I say, you'll have a deal to think about and attend to at home. So, if you like to let me go, I'll do my best."

"I quite would like that very much. But don't you think I ought to go myself?"

"Well, Anthony, that depends. If you haven't anybody you can thoroughly trust."

"There, Dick, it's settled now. Be off. Get your portmanteau ready packed, eh?"

"No," said Sleuth, echoing back Anthony's laugh. "A carpet-bag, business, not mine. But then, if I do it for you when you want, why, it's you who are doing it in effect, isn't it?

"I like logic, Dick, because one can always twist and turn it about, till it does and says just what we want. I don't see that it can matter which of us two goes. I have my own knowledge to start with—the name of the vagabond husband—the name of the place where the miserable pair ever lived."

"No; but I feel pretty sure, if we hunt over the alderman's papers, we shall find letters, or things of that kind."

"Very good. Catch, Dick!" And Anthony threw a great bunch of keys across the table to his cousin; but Sleuth missed them, and they went to the ground with a loud clash. "There's the keys, just as the lawyer handed them over to me. Go where you like, if you feel industrious-minded. I don't. Now, then, I think we have done, and let's know the result; I'll await you here. In fact, I have a bit of a secret I want to talk to you about, when I feel I have got this off my mind."

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For a long time Sleuth was quite unsuccessful. But when he had finished his task of examining—after spending nearly two hours in his search, and including in it a close review of the contents of Anthony's box—the one that contained the whole of his writing-desk, apart from the alderman's bequest—he put before Anthony the following letter, written on dirty paper, and yellow with specks, and tears or more decay the young men knew not, though both noticed the fact in silence:

"Father.—I have sworn to God, on my bended knees, this night, never again to write to you, or to make to you a fresh appeal for mercy, forgiveness, aid, if you exert me now. Oh, father, I am in such distress and misery, that if you saw me, you would not know me—misery I have brought up, you could not but pity me—you could not! Oh, father, think—think before it is too late—of the little girl you loved so much, and spoiled so! Will you not again let me love you—let me confide in you? Oh, father, have bitterly I have repented my conduct—how my brain almost turned to a madness, and I am oh sick to hold my head with both hands that I may not shriek out in mad laughter as I see my children—Kitty, husband, and child—and a husband, who remind myself of my home, you, and your once unhappy child, Ellen, no more! Father, father! I speak wildly, then forgive it—understand it. It is the last time I shall do it. I will write no more; I will conceal even your very name from my babe, if I can, and die. —— No, I will not say what I was going to say. Oh, father, I am your own daughter in very soul, even in my passionateness and recklessness. Let me hear you will take me again to your arms—I and my babe—I do think, father, there is not in all this world a poor creature who will be so fond of love and gratitude as your once fondly treasured

HELEN.

There was no other name, for the unhappy woman had prudently kept out of her spread the name of the man whom she had married; but on the back of the letter there appeared the following endorsement:

Helen Stonor, 6 Margaret's Yard, Kirkgate, Leeds.

The spirit of the answer might be guessed from the spirit that had filled in here the missing name of the husband, but there is justice to the alderman. It must be observed that, when the poor heart-broken but resolved woman received the reply, which proved in effect her sentence of death, she did not peruse the whole of the contents of the letter, had, by his folly and conceit, destroyed for her all her chance by going to the alderman's house at the time when, who knew of her existence, but he had he thrown overboard if a reconciliation happened—and there seeing self, in spite of herself, in the end, she and her husband quite understood one another, and the game they were playing.

"Well, Dick, I wish to heaven you had managed to find the address without finding that letter. God help her! If I had known, and if the alderman had lived, I should have found it hard not to say something. However, there, then, is the only fact you must expect, I suppose, to help you. Get what money you like on my account from the lawyer, Mr. Stamp. He told me to resort to him, pending our making proper arrangements after the funeral.

"And now, Dick, if there's the heart of a man in us, we must, after this double appeal—the alderman's letter to me, and this unexpected appeal to us from the poor wretched, if it lives,"

"Oh, certainly—certainly. But I own, Anthony, I don't expect to find it alive."

"Why?" asked Anthony, sternly.

"Because—because children born under such circumstances seldom live long."

"Yes, that's true, Dick. But—excuse me and my habit of plain speaking—we have no right to think of aught that might incline us to be too easily satisfied. In fact, Dick, I'd go myself now in spite of all; but I should not like to seem both preaching and practicing against you.

"Anthony," said Sleuth, with great earnestness, "if, with all you have to attend to and think about, you are sure you can do it better than me, go."

"Well, Dick, you have me there—I'm not sure."

"Then don't go. I am sure. I'm as poor as a rat—no property to think about, nothing in the world to care for, unless it be my cousin and friend; and when he asks me to do this, and do it well, I—"

"Not a word more, Dick! You'll do it splendidly, and there's the end of the back boy or girl strapped to your back, in token of your love for it."

After the laugh thus produced, Anthony changed color a little, and Sleuth saw the "secret" must be coming.

"Dick," said he, with as much indifference as he could assume, "the doctor and Miss Pompess have promised to call in here to-morrow morning, and have lunch with me; and then I've said I'd go for a ride with them if I could find a decent horse."

"And you're afraid you can't, so soon?" asked Sleuth.

"Not exactly," said Anthony, with a half smile. "Dick— Hang it! how I do hesitate about the bush; and yet—yet—"

"Yet what?"

"Why, Dick, you've been such a correct chap, according to all accounts, that you're really beloved a little in explaining certain things. However, here goes. Dick, I have been leading a bad life—the alderman's bequest has really helped it and had cast me off, I should never have said he had wronged me. Confound it, Dick, when a man wrongs himself, it should be up with a cheer as we used to talking about wrongs done him by others. I have been extravagant—spent money in many ways I don't care to tell you, Dick, because I might spoil your life. You would have disapproved. Well, I got into debt. I don't know how much; but I should think, altogether, perhaps two or three thousand pounds. Dick, I'm really troubled, what an uncommon lively thing debt is?—how it grows and grows, when you have once set it going, without your knowing it—how double, or—confound it!—without your taking any of the pleasure either?"

"You mean by interest?" asked Sleuth.

"Oh, interest and discounts, and I don't know how many other strong commercial words."

"Well, but Anthony, you can pay off all that out of your own?"

"Exactly; but till they're paid, I'm not at all comfortable about the train that I see collecting behind."

"Train!" repeated Sleuth, dubiously.

"Oh, what an innocent you are! Don't you know that, by the time a man's debts in certain places have heard of my good fortune, and are burning with enthusiasm to share it with me? Why, my dear fellow, I'm not at all sure but I'm responsible I feel at the prospect of my visitors to-morrow, just, too, when the doctor and Miss Pompess will be calling."

Richard Sleuth read the many notes handed to him, which were inscribed in a wonderful variety of handwritings—from the most delicate female penmanship, to the rudest and vulgarest holding scrawl, where a few words covered the entire outside of the letter.

The readers of these notes did indeed get a vivid idea of Anthony's doings and friends at Oxford, Newmarket, and in London, from these epistles, which were all, in one manner or another, mixed congratulation; of self-surety that the writers would be welcomed, when they came to pay their respects to the new lord; and of how they could make one agreeable to him—the day after the funeral —and, in many cases, of suggestive remarks about wares or other mysterious matters of the choicest kind the writers had to introduce to him.

"A pretty *locale* we shall have if they all come! But, by the lord, if they do, I'll play them a trick. I don't yet start on your journey till after to-morrow. I must look to you, Dick, to help me out of this. I wouldn't for the world have the—the doctor catch me with such people. And I say, Dick," added Anthony, with a smile of intense enjoyment breaking out all over his face, "I've got a thought, and I think I've hit on a way to get rid of I'm man enough to work it out. But I say, Dick, do you happen to know whether uncle ever got (for your benefit, you rogue, not mine) a picture he often threatened to buy and hang up—that famous print of the Rake's Progress—the first of the series —where the heir—"

"It's very odd, Anthony, if you are speaking only in joke, but the alderman did, the very week I came here, bring home such a print, and talk of having it framed and hung over his mind, gave it to me, and I put it away in my box."

"His! he must have meant that for me, I fear, and, when I was there with, cared no more. You were too good, Dick, to note it. Well, get it out, hang it up in the most conspicuous place you can in the dining-room, and when the delightful-minded visitors come to-morrow, let them be shown in there, and there have what they like to eat and drink; and who knows but what, looking on that picture, they'll take the hint and be off?"

Sleuth looked in Anthony's face, as if wondering whether Anthony really thought his "Friends" were likely to be got rid of so easily, or whether he was merely jesting; but Anthony imprudently got him an incredulous look back, began to smoke, and, in a moment, turned till bed-time, he scarcely spoke another word.

When Sleuth awoke next morning, Anthony was knocking at his door, and shouting:

"I say, old fellow, you're rather late; don't you forget my face. The advance-guard's already in sight!"

"I say, boy, where does that right hand road go to?" inquired a pedestrian of a country rustic.

"I don't know, sir," replied the boy. "mine been "where since we lived here."

REDMOND O'HANLON,
THE IRISH BRIGAND.

REDMOND O'HANLON and his rapparees and a system of black mail succeeded the Cromwellian struggle in Ireland. The north was his favorite haunt; but he is said to have been connected with bands who took toll through all parts of the island, and met four times in the year to adjust the division of the spoils.

The O'Hanlons being of the old race and old religion, and Redmond, gentle by birth and generous by nature, the peasants and small farmers stood in no fear of him, but were ever on the watch for his safety. Farmers, traveling peddlers, and people in middling circumstances, on paying Redmond, or a trusty agent, half a crown per annum, were safe from plunder; and if, through mistake, they suffered at the hands of strangers, their losses were made good on information being conveyed to the chief.

One day meeting a poor man, who was going to sell his one cow to pay his rent, and pitying his his case, he lent him five pounds, and bade him appoint any time and place he chose for repayment. Strange to say, the trust was punctually kept and the debt discharged.

Being in want of arms, he presented himself to the commander of the garrison in Armagh, dressed in a country gentleman's, and requested him to allow a few of his men to go with him beyond a certain place, where he suspected the great outlaw to be concealed. The chief, in good sum of money about him, and did not wish to lose it." The colonel complied; and Redmond and his guard met and dined together for about seven miles. Every man had drank more or less on the way at the country gentleman's expense, and when he was about dismissing them, after a parting glass from his own flask, they were only too ready, at his suggestion, to fire a *feu de joie* in honor of his safe delivery. Instantaneously a whistle brought a party of fellows from behind with charged guns, and the poor red coats had to resign muskets, bayonets and every regimental article of use, and walk back to Armagh in their pigtails.

Redmond was once pursued by the military for nearly three days, during all which time he had scarcely got out of the saddle. At last, in desperation, he entered the house of a friend, and fell to a breakfast of bread and butter, and milk. He had scarcely commenced when the house was surrounded, and the captain, leaning over the half-door, said, in a polite tone:

"Captain O'Hanlon, you are the king's prisoner; resistance is useless."

"So I perceive," was the answer; "but, as you have not allowed me to take a meal for three days, I am sure you will not disturb me now till my hunger is satisfied."

The request being reasonable, was granted. Redmond coming to the end of his milk in great roundels, which he sprung on, seized his cold barbuss, with which he covered the officer, till he had cleared the half-door, and the surprise, and the fear of being shot, prevented the soldiers at each side from firing at him till he had got to some distance. Being much refreshed with his good breakfast, and the soldiers tired out, he escaped with a slight wound or two.

The great southern robber, Power, hearing of Redmond's fame, came to the north to make his acquaintance. Stopping for the night at a country inn, he observed a comfortable-looking man, who, after the family had gone to bed, was observing him, passed a well-filled purse from one pocket to another. Next morning he managed to overtake the man with his horse on the side of a wood, and ordered him to stand and deliver.

"I will-deliver," said the other, "when I cannot help it," and taking a loaded pistol from his holster, he fired at Power.

The weapon of the other was discharged at the same moment, but neither of the men was materially injured, only they threw their swords, and hewed away for some time at each other, first on horseback, and then, by mutual consent, on foot. Both were skilful swordsmen, and after a variety fencing on both sides, remained still safe from any serious wound, but much fatigued.

"Let us rest a while," said Redmond, "I never met my match till now. Who in the world are you?"

"I am Power, of Cork, and you must be either the devil or Redmond O'Hanlon. I came here all the way to see that celebrated man."

"Confound your stupidity, and my own, also! Here we are trying to kill each other, and what would have become of our followers?"

Of course mutual embraces and kisses also followed, for all the fighting that had not ceased in Ireland. Power assisted Redmond for half a year, but finally got tired of oaten-bannocks, and returned to give his native province the benefit of his personal presence and prowess.

O'Hanlon's life did not entirely prejudice him against law and order. Meeting a poor peddler one day bitterly lamenting his disfigurement from that he had just been robbed of five pounds in money, and likewise of his box, and moreover that he had been licked and ill-treated by that notorious robber, Redmond O'Hanlon, he roared at the fellow, and applied a title to him which reflected on his mother's good name.

"You son of a —— gentleman," said he, "the rogue that robbed me said he was Redmond O'Hanlon."

"Let's follow him," said the other, "and never fear that I won't make him sing to another tune!"

Coming up to the thief, they eased him of his late acquaintances, which Redmond, resolving to the right owner, bound him over to prosecute the robber at the next assizes. He then wrote the following mittimus, and intrusted it and the thief to three trusty followers, to be delivered over to the charge of the Armagh gaoler.

"By Redmond O'Hanlon, *de loco* one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for County Armagh, and chief ranger of the mountains.

"I herewith send you the body of —— who was this day brought before me, and examined for robbing Mr. —— on the king's high-road, requiring of you to hold him in safe custody till next general assizes to be held for the said county, and for your so doing this shall be your sufficient warrant. Given under my hand and seal this 4th of March, 1695.

"REDMOND O'HANLON.

"To ——, Gaoler of Armagh."

However informal the commitment, the rogue was secured, and sworn home next day by the peddler. Audience, officers, counselors, judge, and all, joined in one roar of laughter at point's of the trial when O'Hanlon's magisterial interference came before the court.

As the chivalrous Robin Hood suffered more than one defeat from tanners, tinkers, and stout beggars, so Redmond met a compliment in a shopkeeper's apprentice. This youth's master having to receive a good round sum of money in Newry, was afraid to risk an encounter with Redmond or some of his gang on his return to Dundalk, his native town. In his perplexity his apprentice, sixteen years of age, proffered his services, which, after some hesitation, were accepted. The youth, in the words of Mr. Cosgrave, "dressed himself in the roguish and knavish fashion," went to the field and brought home an old vicious screw (much of the same humor with Sir Teague O'Regan's war-horse, on which he rode out to meet Duke Schomberg, after the surrender of Charlemont), that, when any other came up to meet him on the road, he always strove to bite or kick him, by which means he commonly kept the road to himself."

As he wended on his way he was overtaken by Redmond O'Hanlon, with whom he very freely entered into discourse, making no secret of his business, or of his expectation of being about the same time on the same road on return with one hundred pounds in his possession.

"I wonder," said his fellow-traveler, "you are so free in your communications with strangers; how can you be sure but that I may be Redmond O'Hanlon or one of his gang?"

"Oh, ho!" said the boy, bursting out laughing, "such a simple looking gentleman as you to be a robber! Do you think I haven't eyes?"

"Well, at all events, I advise you to be more discreet. Redmond is famous at disguises, and will spy you if he gets wind of your business. Here's a crown for you to drink my health, but keep a bridle on your tongue."

The grateful youth, sobering at once, made the promise.

And even as the boy expected, the gentleman overtook him on the return next day, and conversation was resumed.

"Well, my boy, I suppose from your looks you have done well with my bad company, and your money is safe?"

"Indeed is it, sir; many thanks for your good advice."

"How are you carrying it?"

"In the two ends of this ticket wallet."

"Dear me! I would like to feel the weight of it out of curiosity," said he approvingly, but the horse lashed out, and he was obliged to keep his distance.

"Throw over that wallet," said he, rather sternly for such a nice spoken gentleman.

"Oh, sir, honey, sure you wouldn't rob me! What would your master say?"

"I don't know, but this is what I say: If you don't surrender it at once, I will send a bullet through you, and another through your garran."

The youth, seeing his master and money be robbed till I was in danger of my life. Here is the money; but you must take the trouble of crossing the ditch for it."

So saying he heaved the bag over the slough that bordered the road and the hedge beyond it, into the next field. This answer the gentleman may, but Sleuth thought the prize worth the trouble, he dismounted, scrambled over the dyke and fence higher up, and laid hands on the bag. Hearing a clatter, he put his head, looked over the fence, and saw the innocent youth making the road to Dundalk short on his own (Redmond's) good steed, and the other pursuing a parallel course on the road, and longing for some one to let fly at.

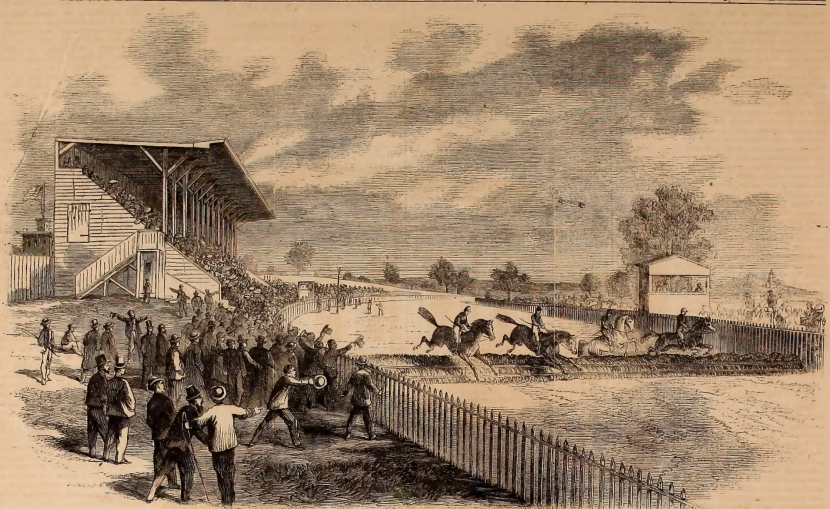
He was enraged for being so taken in, but much more when he found the two ends of the ticket wallet contained nothing more valuable than the copper halfpence of the time, value for thirty or forty shillings.

Redmond must leave our antlaw, incumbered with his copper, and not daring to lay hands on the ill-tempered, dangerous garran left at his discretion. The boy arrived safe in Dundalk with the hundred pieces quilted into his waistcoat.

After many escapes from armed foes and from private enemies, Redmond was treacherously killed by his own foster brother for the sake of the reward, an almost unprecedented crime in his country.

His followers, when obliged, took an oath of secrecy, never to shed blood unless in self-defence, never to rob a poor person, nor to offer violence to a woman.

DR. DULK recently swam across Lake Constance at its widest part. He had carried his plan of crossing over in his head for five years, and until this year succeeded in it. In July, 1860, he had gone more than half the distance, and was then so overcome with cold in the water, when a thunderstorm arose, and the lake became agitated, that he was forced to turn though he gave up the attempt. In 1862 the very same thing happened again; and in the bold swimmer's third attempt, three hours in the water, a violent wind agitated the waves of the lake in such a manner that he had to return. At length, in 1865, the feat was accomplished. A boat followed at the distance of 12 feet; the swimmer only stopped once, to swallow a little wine handed to him from the boat. Arrived on the other shore, and having near the castle at Friedrichshaven, Herr Dulk landing near the castle at Friedrichshaven, felt he enjoyed a good draught of beer, and afterwards felt no other inconvenience than that of his face and back having to wait for a new skin, the old one having been completely peeled off by the hours and a half exposure under an almost tropical sun.



THE FALL MEETING OF THE HUDSON COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, AT THE HOBOKEN COURSE, SECAUCUS, HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.—THE HURDLE RACE ON WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 13.

THE HOBOKEN FALL RACES.

THE avidity with which all classes now welcome athletic sports, horse-racing, Highland pastimes, and every other description of open air exercise, is a gratifying proof that the day of muscular development and physical training for the masses is rapidly dawning, nd that those pursuits will not be any longer confined to a class of fast men, known as sports, and whose conduct has thrown a scandal upon what otherwise are healthy and morally wholesome pastimes. The best way to purify any occupation, is to throw it open to the people, whose good common sense soon compels the exceptional men to find their level. From the list of manly sports, as they are called, we must, however, always except pugilism, the only remaining excuse for which, namely, that it discountenanced the use of pistols and knives, has long ago been crushed by the undeniable fact, that in no class is the use of the revolver and the knife more common than among the pugilists themselves.

The Hoboken fall races, under the management of the Hudson County Association, commenced on Tuesday, September 12, and continued till the succeeding Friday. On Wednesday the most peculiar feature in their programme, the hurdle race, came off, and was capitally contested, affording the spectator the highest gratification. The entries were Zigzag, five years, carrying 155lb; Nannie Craddock, carrying 105lb; Gerry Oakle, 135lb; and Lillie Parker, aged 4 years, and carrying 98lb. On starting, Nannie Craddock was the favorite.

Nannie Craddock was first off, and she cleared the



NOVEL METHOD OF TESTING THE ENGINES OF THE GOVERNMENT GUNBOATS ALGONQUIN AND WINOOSKI, AT THE DOCK, FOOT OF DELANCEY STREET, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.

first hurdle ahead of the others, Zigzag being last over. She quickly opened a gap, and on jumping the second hurdle she was three lengths ahead of *Zigzag*, who had passed his horses. The third hurdle was cleared in the same style, Nannie Craddock having a strong lead, and passing the stand six lengths ahead of Zigzag, who was two lengths in front of Lillie Parker. The Canadian mare kept her lead all the way round, the rider of Zigzag waiting quietly till they came on the home straight, trusting to his horse's superior speed to win the race. The last hurdle was taken by Nannie four lengths ahead, and now the momentous struggle commenced. At every stride Zigzag drew closer, but the mare had too great a lead to be overcome in the limited distance, and she crossed the score two lengths ahead of Zigzag, a winner of the race in four minutes sixteen and a half seconds. Garry Oaldis was third.

Our Artist's sketch was taken at the moment the horses started. It was a two mile dash, over eight hurdles of three and a half feet, and was for $400 10 per cent. to be given to the second horse.

The assemblage was very large, and included a very fair sprinkling of the beauty and fashion of the surrounding parts. Mr. Francis and Mr. James Harvey Lyons, the manager and secretary of the association, deserve much praise for the admirable manner in which they have organized this association.

GREAT STEAM CONTEST
Between the Winooski and Algonquin.

Some few of our readers may not be aware that there has been for some time a feud raging between the Government Engineer Isherwood and Mr. Forbes, of Providence, R. I. The feud we mean, however, is a scientific and not a personal one, and really rests between the unvindictive, unreasoning, although occasionally very destructive things, the steam engines of the gunboat Winooski, constructed by the Navy Department, under the direction of Mr. Isherwood, and the engines of the Algonquin, manufactured by Mr. Forbes, from plans and drawings made by Mr. Dickerson. Mr. Dickerson was so confident of the superior merits of his engine, that he challenged his opponent to a trial of speed between the two boats. Mr. Welles has done many original things in his life, such as building Noah's ark—this being, however, before his beard was full grown, we will allow him to have all the benefit of acknowledged youthfulness in that naval adventure—but we question if he, or any other man, ever hit upon a more original plan for testing the force and speed of anything than by tying them to a post, to see which could pranee his feet quickest; even a couple of horses, placed in a mill, would be more to the purpose. As, however, Mr. Secretary Welles would not budge from his plan, Messrs. Forbes and Dickerson had to submit, and the novel spectacle is now presented to the great amusement of the scientific world, of two war steamers fastened to the pier, at the foot of Delancy street, East River, getting up their steam to see how many revolutions per minute they can achieve. Th to a certain extent it is a test cannot be denied, but that it is about the most ridiculous is equally certain. So far as the trial has hitherio gone, the advantage seems to rest with the Winooski, since on Tuesday the Algonquin (Dickerson's boat) made 134½ revolutions with 63lb of steam, while the Winooski made 16 revolutions with 35lb of steam. As a curiosity of science and naval management, our Artist has given a sketch of this interesting experiment.



THE NEW HALL OF TRADE AND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. SHAW, CHICAGO.

THE NEW HALL OF TRADE
And Chamber of Commerce, Chicago—Its Opening Day.

The temple just erected to the goddess of commerce in Chicago is a very fine structure, and worthy the great city it ornaments. It is situated in Washington street, and faces the Court House. Its style of architecture is the composite, or Roman Italian, perhaps not the most appropriate for so large a building, but still the effect is very good. The grand front has five windows of 27 feet by 5, with no exception of the centre, which is 50 feet by 10. These range over the portico, which consists of three arches, supported by Corinthian columns, over which is a balcony. On a frieze, between the arches and the balcony, the name of the building is inscribed, "Chamber of Commerce," and directly over the balcony are the words, "Board of Trade." The portico leads up a flight of steps into the vestibule, which extends the entire length of the building, with a number (some 14) of splendid offices on each side of it. These are nearly all occupied by the leading merchants, such as Culver & Co., Davis, Pope & Co., S. P. Carter, and by several banks, amongst them Sturges' bank, and City National Bank, which are located in Nos. 1 and 2. Both sides of the building face respectively on La Salle street and Exchange place. Here are 18 windows, which light up the hall on the grand floor. There is an entrance door also on each side, and these are directly opposite each other. The lower offices and the main hall are divided by a plain frieze, without ornament, and the building is covered by a Mansard roof, surrounded by a parapet, which, in front of the building, is surmounted by a clock, with a seven feet dial plate, the largest in the west. The roof is 17 feet high from the cornice, and contains the timber construction for the support of the ceiling of the main hall. It is lighted by eight oval windows on each side, and by two in the front.

The dimensions of the main building are 93 feet by 181, and the height 100 feet. The size of the hall is 86½ by 145½, and the height 45 feet clear.

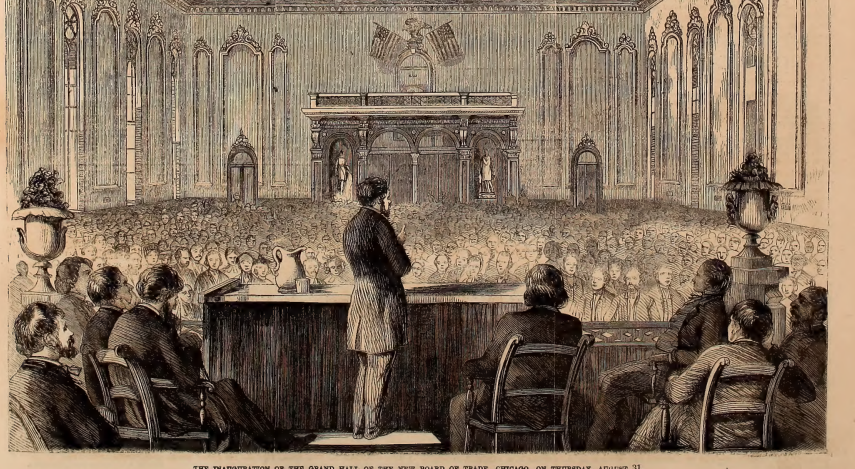
Adjoining the building, from this floor, is another, 23 feet by 100, devoted to offices for the Board of Trade, and the two are connected by a covered bridge.

The ascent to the hall is by a double flight of stairs, from the ground floor, and these lead to it directly both to the right and left. The visitor will scarcely be prepared for the magnificent sight which bursts upon him the moment that he enters this splendid hall. It satisfies the eye, even the most critical, if not in all its details, then at least in the grandeur of its dimensions, the beautiful light afforded by the stately and majestic windows, the harmony o the coloring, and the general character of the designs. Its loftiness is absolutely inspiring, and the effect is very imposing. It is elaborately adorned with elegant designs and ornaments, frescoes, and paintings. These exhibit a great deal of talent, and an amount of artistic culture which we are glad to record to the credit of Chicago workmen.

The hall is lighted with Frink's reflectors in the top of the roof. The glare of the bright tin mars the effect of the colored emblazonry in which they are set, at all events by daylight; otherwise, they are a great improvement upon the old plan of illumination.

The ceiling is divided into two large circles, surrounded by frescoes representing Peace and Plenty, with the products of Ceres and Pomona, such as sheaves of golden grain, and baskets of delicious-looking fruit arrayed around them. The circles are enclosed in squares, and in the eight corners are various pictures demonstrative of western trade and commerce—such as the grain elevator, pork-packing house, saw-mill, flouring-mill, railway-train, canal boat, a great river packet, ploughing scene, etc.

Our picture represents the opening of this important institution. The ceremonies were very imposing, and conducted with great effect and decorum. President Randolph, of the Board of Trade, delivered the inaugural address, after which Mrs. S. I. Anderson, of Maine, and Mr. I. S. Roper, of Boston, made eloquent



THE INAUGURATION OF THE GRAND HALL OF THE NEW BOARD OF TRADE, CHICAGO, ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 31.

and appropriate speeches. The proceedings altogether were very satisfactory, and worthy of the great city.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A CITIZEN of Washington who owned a very ugly and vicious dog named him "Wirt," and then shot him.

WHEN the committee of the French Academy were employed in preparing the well-known Acad my Dictionary, Cuvier, renown d for his wit as well as his learning, came one day into the room where they were holding a session.

"Come to see you, Mr. Cuvier," said one of the 40; "we have just finished a definition which we think quite satisfactory, but on which we would like to have your opinion. We have be en defining the word crab, and explained it thus: 'Crab, a small red fish which walks backwards.'"

"Perfect, gentlemen," said Cuvi r, "only if you will give me leave, I will make one small observation in natural History. The crab is not a fish, it is not red, it does not walk backwards. With these exceptions your definition is excellent."

"THAT was a horrible affair," said a gentleman in company, "the murder of Dean, and the sealing up of his remains in a tin box!"

"What Dean?" asked half a dozen voices at once.

"Sir Dean," replied the wag.

A NEW York Sabbath school teacher asked a young pupil the meaning of "the wages of sin is death." The boy did not know what wages were, and was asked, "Wat his father got on Saturday night?"

"Drunk," was the answer.

"Poor fellow! So young too! Well, sooner or later we all find ourselves in the pleasures of life.

"The boy cried, "Oh!" And has anything happened to Sister

Is Sir Oping F"—No! and but he has taken a wife."

"WELL, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting; now we have tramped it for three hours, and have found no game."

"Just so. 2 calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting you have."

A GREAT deal has been said about Death on the Pale Horse, but in view of the railroad mortality, people are now beginning to talk about Death on the Iron Horse.

"ALL morning bitters have a heating tendency or effect," said a doctor to a young lady.

"You are quite a bitter cold morning, won't you, doctor?" inquired the lady.

YOUNG HOPEFUL TO BANKRUPT PARENT.—"Papa, what am I like Mr. Lowe ?"

B. P.—"Can't say, dear; don't see any resemblance.

Y. H.—"Why, I'm going to be his c'nosign (sereuat)."

B. P.—" Don't see it."

AN Irish lad, having been asked if the man who had just flogged him was his own father, replied:

"Yis, sure he is the parent in me; but he tries me as if he was son by another father and mother, but luck to him!"

THE following will be found at Portsmouth, upon the tombstone of a carpenter, inscribed by his widow:

Here lies Jeremy Little, a carpenter industrious,
A very good natured man, but somewhat blasterous:
When that his knife with his authority withstood,
He took a little stick and hamm'd it down for good.
His wife now left alone her loss does so implore,
She will take a little stick to hang her a little more:
For now he's dead and gone his fault appears so small,
A little thing would make her think it was no fault at all.

AN innkeeper observed a postilion with only one spur, and inquired the reason.

"Why, what would be the use of another?" said the postilion; "if one side of the horse goes, the other can't stand still."

DOWN east there resides a certain M.D. Good spirit said he was aroused from his slumber by a very loud knocking at his door. After some hesitation he went to the window, and asked:

"Who's there?"

"A friend," was the answer.

"What do you want?"

"Want to stay here all night."

"Stay here, indeed! was the benevolent reply.

"I SAY, Mr. Johnson, did you hear 'bout de catalepsy dat befell Phillus?"

"Of course I did, fo'—what was it?"

"You see, the doctor ordered a blister on her chist; well, as she lay on de table, he blow, she got an ox de hand-box, and it drawed her new pink bonnet out ob shape, and she 'peared so mad."

THE following colloquy actually took place at an eastern post-office:

Pat—"I say, Mr. Postmaster, is there a letther for me?"

"Who are you, my good sir?"

"I'm sure I don't know who I am."

"Well, what is your name?"

"Arrah, and what did you the name? isn't it on the letther?"

"So that I can find the letter, if there is one."

"Well, Pat Byrne, thin, if you must have it."

"No, sir, there is none for Pat Byrne."

"Is there no way to get in there but through this spne of an office?"

"No, sir."

"It's hard for ye there isn't. I'd teach ye hether manners than to insist on a gentleman's name; but ye didn't get it sthrait—I'm aven wid ye; divil a bit is my name Byrne!"

WHAT is the difference between a couple of mermaids quarreling and unmarried women?

The former are two sea-daughters, and the latter two sea-sons.

WHITE paper for newspaper is now being extensively made, in this country, out of bamboo. Is not this putting the mark of cane upon the press?

A YOUNG man was observed the other day in the neighborhood of the new Cattle market, playing at pitch and toss in the open streets. Such is the progress of civilization!

SOME one has called riddles the last resource of weak minds, but we must say this no longer, since if report tells true, the Bishop of Oxford entertained the Prince of Wales during the Clergy Corporation dinner the other day, by asking him a whole string of riddles, at which it is said, his Royal Highness laughed immoderately. The last I heard was the following: "Why is it probable that the volunteer riflemen prefer merry-dale archeries? Because they hate to see a Miss at Wimbledon."

SHOOKS' wife loves to make bread, because it cheas her when he beatifully.

MOCK no man for his snub-nose, for you never can tell what may turn up.

A CHARACTER, like a kettle, once mended, always wants mending.

"NOBODY ever lost anything by love," said a sage-looking man.

"That's not true," said a lady, who heard the remark, "for I once lost three nights' sleep."

"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister; "I see the *sleepers* are very sound."

"I SUPPOSE," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient, "that you think me a humbug?"

"Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

"ARE you fond of *Hogg's Tales?*" said a rather verdant lady to a sly gbred.

"Yes: I likes 'em roasted wi' salt on 'em, was the response.

"No—but I mean have you read *Hogg's Tales?*"

"Why," said the humorist, "our hogs are all white or black—I don't think there is a red one among 'em."

A CLERGYMEN recently illustrated his argument on the subject of temperance in a very clever way. A pleasant piece of witticism. He said that "the child, whose nurse started in a passion, was only coaching like a locomotive on the wrong track—it takes the switch to get off."

FREDERICK the Great wrote to one of his generals: "I send you with 60,000 men against the Austrians. On narrowing the troops, his troops were found but 59,000. The officer expressed his surprise at such a mistake on the part of his sovereign. Frederick's reply was, "I counted you for 10,000 men."

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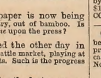
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FESTOR OF FRANK LESLIE'S: DEAR SIR—With your permission I wish to say to the readers of your paper that I will send, by return mail, to all who wish it (free), a recipe, with full directions, for making and using a simple VEGETABLE BALM, that will effectually remove, in ten days, Pimples, Blotches, Tan, Freckles, and all impurities of the skin, leaving the same soft, clear, smooth and beautiful.

I will also mail free to those having Bald Heads or Bare Faces simple directions and information that will enable them to start a full growth of luxuriant Hair. Whiskers or a Moustache, in less than 30 days.

All applications answered by return mail, without charge. Respectfully yours,
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A Modern Miracle!

From old age, young, from sin and poor, from high-born and lowly, comes the universal voice of praise for HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

It is a perfect and miraculous article. Cures baldness; makes hair grow; a better dressing than any "oil" or "pomatum;" softens brush, dry or wet; the hair into beautiful ringlets or tresses. But above all, the great wonder is the rapidity with which it restores GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR.

Use it a few times, and

THE CHANGE!

the whitest and worst looking hair resumes its youthful color. It does not dye the hair, but strikes at the root and fills it with new life and coloring matter.

It will cost you a long, agreeable trial, to prove the truth of this matter. The first application will do good; you will see the NATURAL COLOR returning every day, and

BEFORE YOU KNOW IT,

the old, gray, discolored appearance of the hair will be gone, giving place to lustrous, flowing and beautiful locks.

Ask for Hall's Sicilian Hair Renewer; no other article is at all like it in effect. You will find it

CHEAP TO BUY, PLEASANT TO TRY,
and SURE TO DO YOU GOOD.

There are many imitations. Be sure you procure the genuine, manufactured only by R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H. For sale by all druggists.
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The Editor of De Bow's Southern Review, *which used to "fire the Southern heart," returning to Washington to seek a pardon and an office, is startled by hearing a suggestive refrain proceeding from what appears to be a guard-house.*

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Residing out of the City, should send for our
MEASURING CARD,

And take their own measure, and we will send them a PERFECT FIT.

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Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, and Slippers of every description, for Ladies, Gents, Boys, Misses, and Children.
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To sell some new and SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS. Sample list sent for $1.00 that will sell for $30. Catalogues and terms sent on application.
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TO CONSUMPTIVES.—The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted and spread information, which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing. Parties wishing the prescription will please address

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DR. TALNER'S Concentrated Medical Pineapple Cider will cure you if you are sick, and if you are well, will prevent sickness. See long advertisement in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER from May 13th to June 17th, 1865, inclusive. Send for circular. One-ounce sample bottle sent free by mail, on receipt of 25c. by the package. Dr. D. TALNER, Nos. 64 to 74 Washington st., N. Y.
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From Rogers' Geology of Cumberland, Agricultural Editor of the *Tribune*:
"*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies.*"

Unsettled Claims of Officers and Soldiers,

Of every nature, should be presented at once at the United States Army Agency, No. 64 Bleecker Street, New York. Back monthly pay, unpaid bounties, clothing accounts, etc. Applications by mail should be accompanied by the soldier's discharge, and a full statement in writing of what is still claimed. Special attention paid to all claims of deceased soldiers, for pay, bounty, and pension.



GOLD ENAMELED $2 EACH.

B.,T. HAYWARD,
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I have now the Regulation Badge for every department of the army. I will send a sample (coin silver) with your name, regiment, and company, engraved thereon, on the receipt of $1.50, and the style as represented above for either corps, on the receipt of $2. Local Agents wanted everywhere. A liberal discount to dealers. o

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TIME-KEEPER,
One Dollar Each.

(Patent applied for June 29th 1865.)

AN EXACT and RELIABLE POCKET TIME-KEEPER for the price named. A decidedly unique and *wonderful novelty*. Correctly constructed on the most approved SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and surrounded by numerous SOLAR TIME, with *absolute certainty* and the utmost precision. More truthful than the most costly and elaborate Time-keeper of modern manufacture. It never can be wrong. "*It requires no key*," or winding up. Never runs down; and can never be *too fast or too slow*. It is a most remarkable article. Just introduced into this country from Europe, where it is protected by "*Royal Letters Patent.*" Price for a single one, with plain or fancy White Dials, in Gold or Silver-Gilt Case, only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. All orders must be addressed to
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Shooting, Fishing, AND Sporting Tackle

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Repairing done well. tfo



Without Spectacles, Doctor or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed free, on receipt of 10 cents.
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The Brazilian Hair Curler. One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair into wavy ringlets or heavy massive curls. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of $1. Address
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The Illinois Central Railroad Company have for sale 1,200,000 acres of choice farming lands in Illinois, on long credit and low interest. Situated in the most desirable portions of the State, and in proximity to churches, schools, and markets. Prices from $5 to $20 per acre. Soil unsurpassed for fertility. Climate healthy. Title perfect. Descriptive pamphlet with maps sent gratis. Apply to
JOHN C. WELLER, Land Commissioner,
Illinois Central Railroad Company,
Chicago, Ill.

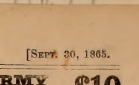
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A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD-PLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Enamelled Dial, Cut Hands, "*English Movements*," and Correct Timekeeper, with an accurate "*Reliable Calendar*," indicating the *Day of the Week, Month, &c.*, in back case. A single one sent free, by mail, to any part of the country, in neat case, with a BEAUTIFUL VEST CHAIN, for only $10.

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THE ARCANA WATCH.

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Obtained at great expense, and forming a complete PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE GREAT UNION CONTEST.

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Everybody is interested in these memorable scenes.
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$1,000 $20 G. & S. Crystal D.P. $20

a year can be realized gilding and plating the Crystal Door Plate. Agents wanted. Stock, Tools and Instructions sent for $20. L. A. TODD & CO., 39 Nassau street, New York.

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The National Park Bank
of New York.

Capital,...$2,000,000 | Surplus,...$1,300,000

This Bank will issue Certificates of Deposit, bearing interest, on demand.
J. L. WORTH, Cashier.
New York, August 21, 1865. 519-10

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Fortress Monroe, Harper's Ferry, Newberne, Port Royal, and all other places, should be sent at that office, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 65 Broadway. Butters charged low rates. 0000

Shults' Onguent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent postpaid for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.
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STRASBURGER & NUHN,
65 Maiden Lane,
Cor. of William Street.

Having imported the Largest Assortment of

TOYS,
CHINA FANCY GOODS,
BEADS,

Now offer to buyers superior inducements from an entirely new and most complete stock bought for cash, AT THE LOWEST PRICES. 522-350

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PIANOFORTES.

90 & 101 Bleecker Street, Second Block West of Broadway. Warranted for Six Years.

GOLD PENS.—The best Pen for the least money is the HENDSON PEN, warranted for one year, 14 carats fine; also every variety of Pencils and Holders. Pens sent by mail on receipt of 60 cents. Pens sent by mail. Send for circular. R. S. JOHNSON, Manufacturer and Office, No. 15 Maiden Lane. 519-310

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1865, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York

No. 523—Vol. XXI.] NEW YORK, OCTOBER 7, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 17 WEEKS $1 00

The Rebel Bondholders.

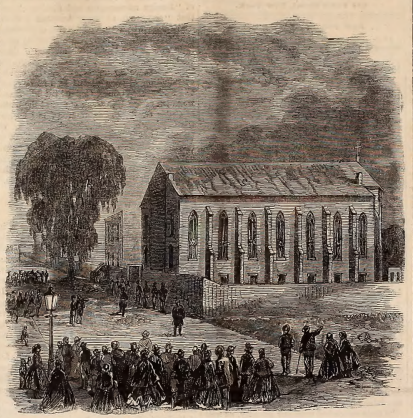
THE close of the war found certain bales of cotton, described as "belonging to the late Confederate Government," in the possession of one of its agents in Liverpool. It was claimed by the United States, and the claim was sustained by Mr. Vice Chancellor Wood, on the ground that "when a *de facto* government came to an end, its property became that of its successor." The Government of the United States, however, never claimed it on any such ground, and Mr. Seward was not slow in discovering the "gigantic African" concealed in the Vice Chancellor's little fence. The corollory of the decision would be, if taken as good law, that admitting the rebel States to have been a *de facto* government, the United States succeeding to its effects became responsible for its obligations—an admission which would be exceedingly pleasant and profitable for the aiders and abettors of the rebellion in Europe. The decision, we need not say, greatly encouraged the holders of Confederate bonds in England, who thereupon called a meeting to decide what steps should be taken to obtain from the United States an assumption of these bonds, and the payment of the interest thereon. It is only right to say, what was very naively admitted at the meeting, that there were some of the holders with sufficient sense of shame to keep away; or, as one speaker phrased it—"were disinclined to have their names made public."

The meeting was a serio-comic one, and should have been photographed. It cried "oh, oh," and laughed when some one proposed to send a committee to Washington, to ask Mr. Johnson to pay the bonds endorsed by Davis and Slidell. No one appeared ambitious of being on the committee, and some one startled the whole conclave by an indistinct allusion to Fort Lafayette, which is supposed by most cockneys to be under the control of the "Tyrant of New Orleans."

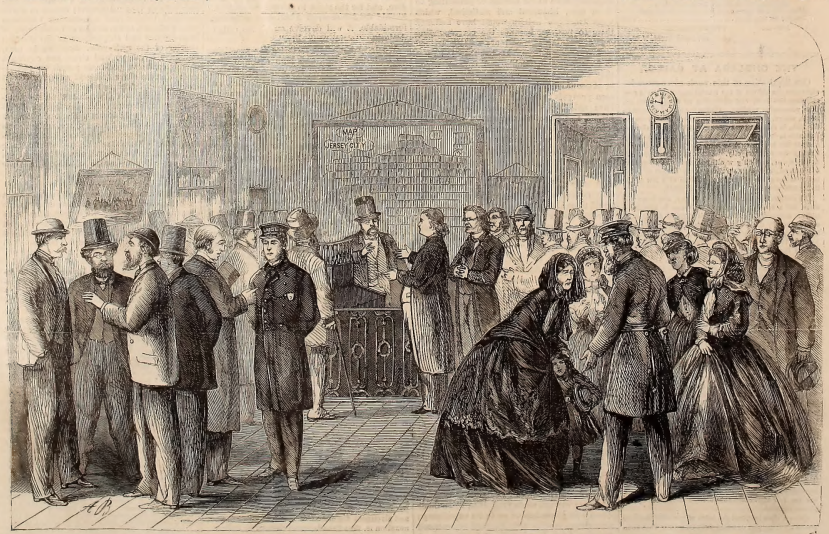
The publication of the proceedings of the meeting has drawn to light, from Washington, the letters of Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams, written immediately on the reception here of the Vice Chancellor's decision, which will effectually extinguish any spark of hope kindled by that decision in the heart of any rebel bondholder. Says Mr. Seward:

"The United States controvert and deny the declaration of the Vice Chancellor, that they are 'successors' of the rebellion; and on the contrary they maintain that they are now, and during all the time of the rebellion have been, just what they were before the rebellion began—a sovereign State, absolutely entitled to the regulation and control of all property and persons within the United States, subject only to the limitations of their own constitution. It need hardly be said that the United States will hold themselves under no obligation whatever to accept of or to so conform their proceedings to the conditions which the Court of Chancery, or any other municipal court of Great Britain may have the presumption to dictate or prescribe in the present or any other litigation. They claim and insist upon the restoration of the cotton now in question; and while they are content to receive it through the decree of the municipal tribunals of Great Britain, they insist upon their absolute right to the same through the action of Her Britannic Majesty's Government."

It appears from the archives of the rebel Government, now in Washington, that the rebel bonds were widely distributed in London among the editors, which accounts, in part, for their hostility to the United States. They were issued to the amount of $50,000 to the incorruptible political editor of the London *Times*—Mr. Delane; to the amount of $75,000 to Mr. Sampson, the money editor of the same, and Mr. Spence, the impartial correspondent of that paper, in the Southern interest, received them to the amount of $150,000!! The proprietor of Lord Palmerston's organ, the *Post*, was bought for $20,000, and was dear at that. Sir Henry de Houghton,



THE GREAT GHOST HOAX—THE HAUNTED CHURCH, "ST. BONIFACE," SOUTH EIGHTH STREET, JERSEY CITY.



SCENE AT THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE, JERSEY CITY—THE CLERGYMEN AND EXCITED POPULACE SEEKING FOR PARTICULARS OF THE ST. BONIFACE GHOST, AND CLAIMING PROTECTION TO THEIR PROPERTY.

who will be remembered as heading the monster petition to Mr. Lincoln to recognize the South, and make peace, it seems, holds $900,00 of the rebel bonds. It is to be hoped that he paid for them! The publication of these names will make a stir in England.

FRANK LESLIE'S

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NEW FAMILY PAPER.

Circulation over 50,000.

This valuable Family Paper has now reached its Seventh Number, and a circulation of upwards of 50,000, showing in its unprecedented success, that it meets a great popular demand, and a thorough appreciation in the Family Circle.

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The CHIMNEY CORNER has a select corps of upwards of two hundred contributors, and has a complete editorial staff of established ability and large experience.

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The picture contains nearly 100 portraits of our most celebrated Generals, Statesmen and Civilians, also of many of our most accomplished American ladies. This is the most costly steel plate ever presented by any publisher in the United States, having been produced at an expense of

$10,000.

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THE CHIMNEY CORNER is issued every Tuesday in New York. It is electrotyped, and back numbers can be had by ordering the same of any News Agent.

Terms for the Chimney Corner:

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One copy of FRANK LESLIE'S Chimney Corner and FRANK LESLIE'S Lady's Magazine (the most complete Lady's Book published) for one year.....7 00

Address FRANK LESLIE,
537 Pearl Street, N. Y.

THE CHOLERA AT CAIRO.

Our illustration of this week gives more insight into the terrors of the fearful malady that is surely coming on, and advancing so surely upon us, than volumes of reading. Unlike the city of Constantinople, where, as the disease seems to have spared the rich, in Cairo it has taken equally hold of all classes. Business is entirely suspended, stores are closed, and each of the inhabitants as have the means to flee are leaving the stricken city. The dead-cart makes its hourly round, and they walk or ride, some quicker sighted to a funeral, and then, perhaps, only to that of being borne to the grave upon the shoulders of a few of the living that are on the back of a pack mule.

The victims number over 500 per day, and from this mass but a small per centage even can be afforded a coffin. As the illness rages, the dead lie along the streets, only broken by the tramp of a passing funeral, or the hoarse cry of the driver of the cart, calling upon the living to bring forth the dead. The aid of physicians, though the city has many well skilled in the fearful disease, seems to be of little availability. The foreign consulates are doing all things possible to aid not only their own countrymen, but the native population, and yet human effort appears but as a drop in the great bucket of misery. The cry of agony goes up to Heaven only for help, and if the disease is not stayed from thence, there is little doubt but Egypt will be almost depopulated.

BURNING OF THE STEAMBOATS RIVER QUEEN AND ALBREE.

PITTSBURG, within a few days, has been the scene of a sensation, in the shape of a steamboat burning, ending in the total destruction of two of the finest boats on the river.

The alarm was given about midnight of Sunday, the 10th ult., and in a few minutes the country for miles about was lit up with the brilliant light from the consuming steamers, and the citizens poured from the farthest boundaries of the town, followed quickly by the rural population, until the wharves—as far as the eye could reach—were one dense mass of excited people.

The steamboatmen, by almost superhuman exertions, were able to cut adrift and save the surrounding boats, but the two above-mentioned were devoured by the greedy element.

No lives were lost, but the value of property was over $50,000, a large part of which falls on a New York company.

Barnum's New American Museum—BROADWAY, between Spring and Prince streets. The Popular Family Resort, where some 400,000 visit annually, and advancing so surely upon us, than volumes of reading. Unlike the city of Constantinople, where, as the disease seems to have spared the rich, in Cairo it has taken equally hold of all classes. Business is entirely suspended, stores are closed, and each of the inhabitants as have the means to flee are leaving the stricken city. The dead-cart makes its hourly round, and they walk or ride, some quicker sighted to a funeral, and then, perhaps, only to that of being borne to the grave upon the shoulders of a few of the living that are on the back of a pack mule.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 7, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

NOTICE—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To secure the return of contributions that may not be accepted for publication, stamps sufficient to pay the return postage must be enclosed.

All manuscripts should bear the author's name and address in full.

Manuscripts should be written on one side of the leaf only.

It is best for writers to preserve copies of their articles, especially when short, and thereby spare trouble and expense.

Contributions for the return of which stamps are not enclosed, will be destroyed if not accepted.

The Revolution of '76, and the Rebellion of '61.

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, of some eminence as a critic and author, is, we believe the New York correspondent of the London *Spectator*, in which his letters appear over the signature of "A Yankee." His correspondence has been throughout of marked ability, and of great usefulness in conveying to earnest and impartial Englishmen, a correct notion of the character and purposes of our great civil war. He has had the good sense to recognize the truth, that even what are called "well-informed Englishmen," are wofully ignorant of the vital facts connected with this country, as well as to warily mailed by the newspapers to which they blindly pin their faith, and he has consequently been to the trouble of presenting to them data, historical and statistical, which must have surprised many, and have presented them to possess, because the corresponding data concerning England are well understood and appreciated here. He has thus led them to conclusions inevitable and overwhelming, which they would never have accepted by avermen, or at second hand. The egotism of Englishmen prevents their adopting opinions which are not their own, and their own only, in their brains, and they take uncommon pride in believing them to be their own, even though they be no clearer or more valuable than those of Mr. Jack Bunyan, or Lemuel Gulliver.

Mr. Gay, Mr. White has undertaken seriously to refute the "argument," or what English-men have called the "clincher," with which they generally have flattered themselves they could close their opponent's mouth on this or any discussion concerning the late war, viz.: "The South has as much right to secede from the North, as the United States had to secede from Great Britain." This "clincher" was not a monopoly, as Americans may suppose, of a few ignorant Englishmen, but was reproduced with much complacency in Parliamentary discussions, and in the columns of the London press, by Earl Russell, The Thersites of the House of Commons, Mr. Roebuck, formulized it in the words, "The South is exactly in the position of the American colonies with regard to England in 1777."

Of course such a statement shows the ignorance or the unfairness, or both, of those who made it. For, whereas, in the case of the South, secession was the *cause* of the war, in that of the thirteen colonies separation was the *consequence* of the war undertaken to force obnoxious measures on the colonies. The secession of the Southern States was preceded by seven months of attempts of the Government to assert its authority over them by arms, and those attempts might have been delayed for months longer, had not the South itself commenced war, by its attack on Fort Sumter. On the other hand, the Declaration of Independence was not made (and even when made it was with grave doubts as to its expediency) until fifteen months after England commenced the war of the Revolution, at Lexington and Concord. It was not made until after the battle of Bunker Hill had been fought, Ticonderoga and Montreal captured, and Boston and Charleston besieged. There is no parallelism, therefore, between the position of the South and that of the colonies, and as regards the principles and morality of the two cases, the distinction is wider still. As well put by Mr. White: "It could not be accepted by a people who had no representation in the Government whose oppression they resisted; the other was accepted by a people who had more than a full representation, and who suffered no oppression. One was incurred not for separation, but for those rights which are dearest to every man of English race; the other for separation, and, according to the confession of its own champions, to secure 'the extension of slavery into the territories.' The likeness between the position of the parties to them is that they both resisted attempts to deprive them of what equally exists between Washington and Lucifer."

As regards the reckless statements made by that portion of the British press in the rebel interest, that the Union armies were made up of "foreign mercenaries and hired ags," and that "sixty out of every hundred Federal soldiers have been starved, bribed, or hocussed into the service," Mr. White presents some facts which, coming as the authors of these calumnies blush even now, when the motive for their utterance no longer exists. By careful examination of such official lists as he could obtain, he ascertains the loss of the killed and wounded of the 19th army corps, at the battle of Cedar Creek, 612 in number, but 60 had Irish, French, German, Russian, Italian or Polish names. In a list of over 3,000 of the Union dead at Andersonville, but 175 were names not English. Of these, probably, some were men whose ancestors had been long in the country, and who were thoroughly American.

"Neutrality."

THERE is much disturbance and alarm in Ireland, consequent on certain developments of the designs and movements of the Irish national organization, known as the "Fenian Brotherhood." Some arrests have been made, and several counties have been put under what is technically amounts to martial law. It is pretended that a very large body of young men have been secretly drilled, that they have large deposits of arms, and that a revolution against the British authority is intended, and is, in fact, close at hand.

One paper, in the English interest, calls for more ships and men, to suppress this Hibernian attempt at secession, and another clamors for "a strong Government at once," for all parties to the proposed movement, who can be apprehended. No one proposes to say "Wayward sister, go in peace," nor has any one suggested that other nations should extend "belligerent rights" to "a people struggling for freedom, and for the right to govern themselves." Should the demonstration become a little more formidable, it will devolve on us the duty of declaring "rights" and "wrongs."

We have abundant facilities for practicing on that declaration, and high example as to how to do it. Most of the captured blockade runners have been the property of parties, and large sales of captured munitions of war are going on. These could be utilized with great rapidity. Quite a fleet of Irish war vessels could be at once put under the flag in a very few weeks; perhaps a few iron-clads might be prepared for the Emperor of China or the Pacha of Egypt. Those potentates very much need a few of these fast vessels, especially since those they contracted for with Laird & Co., a year or so ago, have failed to reach them. After a while it may become Mr. Seward's duty to consult with the Emperor Napoleon as to the propriety of a joint intervention in the quarrel. A great many things have been said and done in England during the past few years to enlighten us as to our duty, in case the revolution in Ireland goes on.

We are inclined to think, however, that it has neither the strength or depth to accomplish the object most desired by Irishmen. We are also inclined that the horrible machinery of "arbitrary arrests" should be brought in practice for its suppression. Hasn't the whole world shivered with horror over the use of this appliance in that barbarous country, the United States? We expected better things of christian and civilized England!

THE question is agitated in Canada whether it is wisest and best for the British American colonies to sever their political relationship towards the British Crown, and carry out the expensive schemes of fortifications and commercially useless military roads which that relationship appears to involve, or at once cast their fortunes with the United States, abolish all restrictions on trade, and as States in the regenerated Union, enter upon a career of glory and prosperity unparalleled in the history of mankind. The last and strongest argument of those opposed to annexation is, that Canada would thereby be obliged to assume and pay a portion of the vast debt incurred by the United States in the late war. The ready answer to this specious and at first glance staggering objection is, that Canada, as an integral part of the Union, even if called on to pay a *pro rata* portion of the National debt, would, nevertheless, save money by the operation, as her proportion would be less, whether as regards principal or interest, than would be entailed on her by maintaining her present relation, and dribbling out the glass by which it is supposed that relationship can be made secure. The Canadian share of the public debt would be only about $100,000, or something less than the purely unprofitable investments she is now called on to make to secure her so-called independence, and from which no return can be expected. Free trade with the United States would be worth twice the money.

"MRS. GRUNDY" was the title of a somewhat pretentious comic weekly started a few months ago, but which has "gone where the woodbine (this is the latest euphonism for dying), and is numbered with "Vanity Fair," "Yankee Doodle," and the other short-lived "Punches" that have come to New York to naturalize "Punch" on American soil. It seems to us this last and most signal failure should convince aspirants for the honors of the pun and bull, that the English humor is not American humor, and that the reproduction of *Punch* in form and substance, does not fit the taste of our people. We only come publications that have ever attained success and stability in this country, is FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN, which owes its distinction, in a great part, to a favorable appreciation of the comic side of current events in America, which makes it almost as much a reflex of the humor of the day, as the daily papers. Had it copied European models, and occupied itself with things of no special national interest, it, too, would have gone, and deservedly, "unhonored and unsung," like Mrs. Grundy, into Time's wallet for oblivion.

AMONG the documents produced in the trial of Wirz is a report of Col. Chandler, late of the Confederate service, in which he was Inspector General. In that capacity he visited Andersonville prison. His report is dated August 5, 1864. We quote a single passage:

"*My duty requires me respectfully to recommend a change in the officer in command of the post—Brigadier-Gen. J. H. Winder—and the substitution in his place of some one who unites that energy and vigilance judicious with some leanings of humanity and consideration for the welfare and comfort so far as is consistent with their safe-keeping of the vast number of unfortunates placed under his control. In saying this I would not for an instant advocate deliberately and in cold blood the propriety of turning them loose, for the present condition under which they have been suffering is relieved by death to make the present overcrowding sufficiently endurable, and any one who will not consider it a matter of self-humiliation, boasting that he has yet a heart, to witness the stockades—a place for horrors of which it is difficult to describe, and which is a disgrace to civilization—will be unfit to command.*"

Col. Chandler was put on the stand, and acknowledged this report to be his, and sent to the Government of Richmond. Instead of being removed, the infamous Winder was promoted. Was it as a reward for his deliberate planned and openly avowed purpose and policy of murdering the Union prisoners?

THE Paris correspondent of a daily contemporary tells us that "Americans swarm in Paris. Enriched patriots and self-denying Christians greatly increase the business and amusement of hotel-keepers and shopkeepers in the English quarter of the metropolis. Speaking in high, shrewish tones language, Wall street and canvass shoddy contracts, profitable patriotism and remote Western silver and gold mines, petroleum and pious—at least humbug—(say honored) gold-enriched partners of the Administration—shockingly respectable men (with their females and little ones) who sold rotten ships to the Government, and who have made a fortune of from one per cent of the profits in ostentatious contribution to the Sanitary Commission—these and their like, fill their luxurious, run down Champs de la Pair and adjoining streets of dealers in fancy goods in Pacotoleon Hoods."

A PRO-SLAVERY journal actually admits that "the Southern land-holders have come to the conclusion already that they must have white labor to cultivate the plantations properly." And yet for forty years we have been told that without the negro their plantations would become as so many desert-lands.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Tribune* gives an account of a play, called "Uncle Tom's Daughter; or, The Tyrant of New Orleans," as produced at the New Britannia Theatre, London. The piece opens with the proclamation "Emancipation" had been got through with, and

"Found General Butler—attaching personification of the swinging, long tail coat that, with long, ravenish black hair, a heavy moustache, a villainously sapidine nose and whiskers, and a dash of a dark blue uniform, loses red breeches and tailless cap—being taunted by Capt. Rhett Silver (the hero) and reminded by the ghost of Capt. Silver possessed of some fearful knowledge of Gen. Butler's past doings (whether in connection with horse-stealing, forgery, or infanticide, was not stated), which himself (Butler) was trying to bury in the Gulf. Grant of New Orleans into connivance with his own treachery. Butler desires to get the Confederate Daughter, Lucy, to promise to that effect, he excited fiendishly, when, enter Captain Travers, captured Confederate and Union officer in his own regiment. Exit—Travers dismissed to prison until Lucy decides. Enter Lucy's confederate, Pedro, a negro, who, fearfully and summarily, by General Butler and Chief Silver, both of whom she scores-on at the top of her voice. Exeunt fiendish, and enter faithful negro, dressed after the Louisiana fashion, in white knee-breeches and Turkish shoes. He contrives to effect the escape of Travers by means of a boat on the river, which (as everybody knows) ran beneath the windows of the guard-house in New Orleans, where Gen. Butler incarcerated the victims of his tyranny. Tableaux. Next act: Enter comic Irishman, in traditional costume, rocky scenery, and immense mountain in the background—Louisiana to the life. He defies the Federals looking after Travers. As the Irishman insults, knocks them about, and ill-uses

them, they are naturally seized with a desire to enlist him, as it do so, endowing him for that purpose, with a uniform wherewith to clothe himself. This he accordingly covert purposes, steals their ammunition, and ultimately saves Capt. Travers from re-arrest, since sundry broadsword contests, in which the Confed's daughter, Kathleen, and cousin Irishman are all mixed up together. Thus the Irishman (still in Federal uniform) exemplifies Gen. Butler, and deceives him into giving him a rurse of gold and a pass through the lines. Reaching the Federal side safely, he offers to join the Confederate Federal stronghold, which resembles the Federal one, and has a distant view of the summit of the lower Mississippi. Tableaux: Spiking of guns; more single combat—sailor discomfits Gen. Butler with bread-sword. General fight. Confederates disappear, and Capt. Travers is led to execution. Colours arrive a cou ier from Washington informs the tyrant of New Orleans that he no longer Commander of that Department. And, as the bill says, 'Triumph of the Confederate's Daughter!'"

A London correspondent of the *Times*, of this city, in a review of the intellectual condition of England and the tendencies of the British mind, gives it as his opinion that "not one scientific mind of any eminence can be found in Great Britain that holds the ordinary traditional belief of the Church."

The living graduates of Harvard College are about 2,400. Of these, upwards of 500 were engaged in the war, and of those so engaged, nearly 100 died in the field. Yale College contributed to the army and navy, from among her graduates for 1859-1865, 505 officers and privates, of whom 83 perished as patriots.

New Hampshire, according to recently published official records, furnished 33,427 men to the National armies in the late civil war. Now, the population of this State, according to the census taken in 1860, immediately before the rebellion, was 326,073. This State, therefore, furnished to the army more than one in ten of its aggregate population, including women and children. But the census tables show that of the New Hampshire people 138,974 were under 20 years of age, and that of those over 20 years of age, 90,649 were women, and 27,926 were men over 50 years of age. The sum of these numbers, 261,529, deducted from the total population, leaves 64,544; showing that of the New Hampshire men between 20 and 50 years of age more than one-half went into this war. How these men did what they undertook to do, appears from the fact, that the returns show 5,818 killed, and 11,039 permanently disabled, besides those less seriously wounded. In other words, the loss of the war fell on the aggregate commonwealth, considerably more than one quarter of its men between 20 and 50 years of age, who were alive and well before the war, killed or crippled for life.

A great trade has sprung up in Denmark and Sweden in the matter of hair. The peasants there are very poor, but they have a profusion of fine hair, which is very valuable in certain quarters where artificial hair is the fashion of the day. Agents for the trade, which has arisen in consequence of this supply and demand, tempt the simple peasantry with alluring promises. They take the opportunity of appearing at the cottages when the husband and brothers are absent. They have with them a bag of tempting articles, and often a beautiful head of hair is exchanged for a couple of Indian silk handkerchiefs. The hair thus collected has to undergo a rough dress as preparations before it is fit for the head of fashion. To produce the undulating lines so much admired, it is rolled round sticks, and boiled in a candour. The hair harvest in these countries is very large, likely to become scanty, for men object to marry the girls with cropped heads, or "short sills," as they term it; and those who are not willing to be shorn of their locks, hold out for ready money, and will no longer barter them for yellow handkerchiefs.

We last week quoted the out-spoken reassertion of the Democratic doctrine by the Democratic State Convention at Albany. We now publish the weak endorsement of it by the Republican Convention held at Syracuse. We insisted, That we have entire confidence in the direction, and the President Johnson, of our intercourse with foreign nations, in his prompt enforcement against them of all just demands in securing redress for national insults and wrongs, and in maintaining the fixed policy of our Government, by which the interference of foreign powers with the institutions of the continent, is regarded as hostile to our peace and menacing to our independence."

The German newspapers advertise a novel entitled "Abraham Lincoln," by Retcliffe, a German who made pseudo-historical researches. Can anything be more ridiculous than to endeavor to raise a fictitious interest in facts so serious and so recent as the life and death of the late President?

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* inquires whether the calling of the pasece in the Alleghanies "gaps," and that in the White Hills "notches," grew out of the yawning propensities of the Pennsylvania Dutchmen in the first case, and the whittling propensities of New England Yankees in the second?

The Richmond *Republic* has published some very striking pen and ink sketches of the late rebel officials. The last attempt is on Mr. Mallory, late Secretary of the Navy. The picture, according to the *Republic*, was the quality that assimilated Mallory to the slug. He is now in prison, but, according to the *Republic*,

"It would be entirely useless, however, for the Government to release him, if they expect him to take the trouble to walk out of prison. It is impossible to dislodge him from any place, except by his own riverine process with confederate rum—of blowing him up. Nothing but the explosion that sent up the Confederacy could induce him to travel from his location. Even then it is said that the only known thing that safe masterspirit of mischief, J. P. Benjamin, would alight upon his feet, every one knew that Mallory would show the heartiness of sentiment, the unctuous accordant, of any one who was so indolent that some of his neighbors attempted to scare him into doing something for the support of his family, and consequently put him into a coffin, and told him they were going to bury him alive. Having joined with the hearse, a neighbor came out and asked who was dead. 'Nobody,' was the reply, 'but we are going to bury John smith alive; he is too fond of his ease to remain down ground, and we are afraid he will come up if we bury him alive,' said the man; 'that would be cruel indeed; rather than do that I'll give him one bushel of corn.' 'Is it shelled?' said the lazy man, in a very faint voice, from the coffin. 'No,' said the man. 'Then,' says he, 'drive on, boys.'"

A return of the casualties in the army of the Potomac, during the march of Gen. Grant from the Potomac to Petersburg, that is to say, between the 4th of May and the 30th of June, 1864, is the following: Killed, officers 786, men 9,706; wounded, officers 2,786, men 34,161; missing 23,838; total 68,387. The losses of the army under Sherman, from the time it moved from Chattanooga until the capture of Atlanta, were: Killed, 5,284; wounded, 26,129; missing, 5,786; total, 37,199.

The London *Saturday Review* is seldom puzzled by a slang phrase, but confesses itself unable to understand the following, which is from a second American paper—"Everything being lovely, the goose was greatly elevated." The astonished writer says: "What the goose was elevated about, what the process of elevating a goose consists in, and the connection between the elevation of the goose and the general loveliness of things, are all points on which we can throw no light." Perhaps the *Review* can understand the matter when it is put in the more popular phrase: "The goose hangs high!"

Since the occupancy of New Orleans by the United States forces, it has been claimed by the stringent rule of the United States military law, from the pest spot of the continent to one of the healthiest cities in the world. This result is attributed solely to the excellent hygienic rules of the military authorities, which, if removed, will be followed by the same fatality as in the former unwholesomeness. A similar regimen in New York would reduce the annual mortality one-third.

The British Association for the advancement of science, has had a most interesting session at Birmingham. Among the interesting papers presented, was one by Prof. Phillips, in which he stated that the coal dug up in one year in England would fill a rail-road train of sufficient size to equal exactly to that of the whole human race—and this though nine-tenths of the force actually set free in the combustion of coal is unavailable and lost in space.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—It is understood that the State Board of Education of Connecticut will insist that the law which shall be enforced which will require children between fifteen years of age in manufacturing or other business, unless they shall have attended school at least three months of the twelve next preceding any and every year in which they shall be employed, under a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each offence.

——The rebel Governor Brown is now domiciled in Mobile on the 4th instant. The *Daily News* of that city devotes half a column to the arrival of him, ranking him as next to Stonewall Jackson, and "far ahead of Marsh."

——General Beauregard took the oath of allegiance at New Orleans on the 16th inst., and will make application for pardon.

——The New Haven (Conn.) *Palladium*, which for a third quarter has used steam power in its printing press, now uses a turbine wheel about the circumference of a silver dollar, driven by a stream of water only an inch in diameter!

——It is reported that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who was recently released from Fort Warren, by the agency of the Davisite Railroad, is about to take charge of one of the most important offices in the State of Alabama.

——A young colored man of ability and good character, Richard E. Greener, of Boston, has graduated the freshman class at Harvard College.

——The Antietam battle monument will consist of 61 cen xcres. The area will be twice as large as that of the Gettysburg National Cemetery, and will contain twice as many graves.

——Colonel Stowell, of Cornwall, Vt., has recently sold a ram for $5,000, and several of his thoroughbred rams, at $2,500 each, have been recently made.

——Mr. Thomas Hamilton, of Boston, Conn., aged sixty-three years, who has been a sailor since he was a boy, is now living in a log cabin, a sloop built by himself, called the "Who Would Have Thought It," in which he takes and secures as he chooses, and makes a permanent and solitary home on Narragansett Bay.

——We learn that Miss Dix resigned in August last the superintendency of nurses, because the U. S. general hospitals, which are being rapidly closed, and that on the 1st instant an order was issued mustering all such nurses out of the service.

——A gentleman at Florence, writing to a friend in Boston, says that Hiram Powers, the sculptor, has modeled for the statue of Edwin Forrest as Coriolanus, and is still immortalizing the features of the statue in six feet and a half high.

——Mr. Squier, the Central library and collections of Dr. W. B. Hodgson, of Savannah, a distinguished scholar, and well known for his researches in African and other languages, was stolen from the residence of the late owner in South Carolina. That of Mr. Gilmore Simms, the novelist, was also stolen, consisting of nearly 11,000 volumes, shared the same fate.

——The Rev. Dr. Hillhouse, of Hillhouse Avenue, well known as the author of "Wanderings of a Beauty," has commenced writing another work. It is a novel, the scene of which is laid in Europe.

——Secretary Seward has been officially informed that the Canadian authorities have seized the ship Alliance, laden $20,613 75 in gold, and $30,000 in bank bills, which was captured on the 20th ult. by rebel raiders.

——Mr. Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" has been translated into Chinese. Mr. Wade, of the British embassy at Pekin, has done the work, in accordance with the custom of the country, he had the translation inscribed on the pagoda at Nankin.

——Great care should be exercised in the purchase of Government bonds, to see that their numbers have not been altered. In several cases where bonds have been stolen, their numbers have been changed by inserting two additional figures—one before and one after the original number—in that way making the bonds worthless to whoever shall buy them. The frequent thefts of these bonds that occur render caution on the part of purchasers especially necessary.

——Cotton, which grows in India and Italy, has also been successfully cultivated in parts of Illinois and Indiana. The "Egypt" specimens of the former State is very white, short-staple cotton, and will grow from 250 to 300 pounds of clean cotton to the acre. Such states as Illinois and Indiana, which are free from the curse of opinion, should cotton to low the wandering of the grape, as in Italy, to the north of the Ohio.

——The account current between Pennsylvania and the Federal authorities, concerning the number of troops furnished by the State for the Federal armies is closed. The aggregate is as follows:

Enlisted for three years.....Pennsylvania, as credit-d in the United States Provost-Marshal-General's Office, Washington, D. C., 111,511, to April 30, 1865.....

Enlisted for three years.....credited for State service, and in response to calls for emergencies.....

Enlisted for one hundred days, in the State to enlistthe military districts, for the special purpose of defending their own homes.....

Number of color ed troops recruited in the state to fill up colored organizations in other States

Total.....

——A cow attempted to butt a train of cars on a railroad track in Canada and succeeded. After the collision, a reporter says there was plenty of beef, but very little cow.

——A correspondent in Havana writes that if he wished to describe the island of Cuba in a single line, he should call it—

"The island of the flea and the home of the slave."

——Wisconsin has furnished 96,000 troops to the Federal Government, whose terms of service vary from three months to three years. She has about one-half of the arms-bearing population of the State.

——Mr. Wm. Wheelwright, of Boston, has come from Canada to the Southern States, under the impression that large profits are to be realized after rebuilding the cities, etc., laid waste during the war.

——During the month of August, 7,206,025 acres of the public domain were disposed of by the land office at Detroit, Michigan, for actual settlement, under the provisions of the homestead law.

——New York city has a fund of about $60,000, to be appropriated to the support of families of murdered policemen.

——Bears are very numerous in various parts of Arcadoosa county, Georgia. Many have been seen near the settlements swarming with them, and the grain crops are suffering from their depredations. Corn in the milk-state are trodden down and stripped by them as if an invading army had been through it. The raspberry crop was a short this season, and it is supposed that less driven from its summit by the bears.

——Photographs of the New York bank tellers encumber the pockets of the detectives who watch the Broadway saloons.

——Isaac Williams, a Virginian, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment and a fine of $1,000, for disregarding his oath of allegiance.

——The military force of the United States now consists of 11 regiments of cavalry, 25,000 volunteers, and 60,000 colored troops—in all, 296,000 men, of whom 105,000 are to be mustered out by the 1st of Nov.

——R. B. Rhett, Jr., is soon to resume the publication of the Charleston *Mercury*. The *Independent Press* will be started about the same time, by T. Hurley, a white man, and Wm. Bowen, a black man. It will probably not agree with the *Mercury* very closely.

——Virginia has 19,000,000 acres of unimproved land within her limits. Her population is 1,596,318, and is annually improved. And, yet there are thousands and tens of thousands of able-bodied men living in idleness upon the bounty of the Government.

——It has been decided by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue that he will not merely canvasses and receives subscriptions for books, maps, etc., is not required to take out a license as a peddler, but that a person at any time takes pay when he receive s the subscription, or delivers the books, maps, etc., and receives pay, or obtains pay therefor, upon a subscription previously obtained, is required to become a peddler, and must take out a license as such.

——There are two locomotive works at Taunton, Mass. Between them they have had a set of fifteen. Number 30 manufactured, 72; value of stock, $635,000; capital employed, $1,125,000; capital, $315,000; hands, 200. During the same time six cotton mills have been manufactured, 24; value of manufacturing 712,000 pounds of cotton, and employing 783 hands.

——Professor Agassiz and Dr. Walker, now defends the theory that ye low fever is contagious, and that it is not caused by any specific virus, it does not know that it mmunities one attack of small-pox, and consequently is not true in the case of small-pox. The sick person, then, does not communicate it. Dr. Gerhard, of Philadelphia, denies contagion, and prevails within the region fitted for its development.

——Oysters are to be very plentiful this season, and the season is to be a long one. Many of the natural beds of the bivalves that have lain undisturbed during the last four years, with nothing else to do but to grow large and get fat.

——The estimated cost of the monument to Mr. Lincoln, to be erected in Springfield, Ill., is $200,000, and the sum thus far contributions towards it is $6,000.

——Mr. Daniel Webster, a negro waiter, a nephew, and grandson of Daniel Webster, died at Marshfield last week, aged 75 years.

——A lieutenant and squad of men, recently sent from Nashville into Alabama to recover stray government mules, found a lot of them in the near Galesburg, by a sheriff and posse. One soldier was killed. Nineteen of the posse were lying in the woods, badly wounded.

——In dwelling houses lighted by gas, the frequent burning of lamps is a source of annoyance. A single gas burner will consume more oxygen, and produce more carbonic acid, and deteriorate the atmosphere of a room than six or eight candles.

——An association has been formed in Indiana for the purpose of introducing the camel or goat into that country. Sixteen of these animals have already been imported and distributed among the society.

——The captured treasure belonging to *Jeff. Davis*, deposited at the Treasury Department, amounts to a total of $140,000.

——Out of 22,770 destitutes fed by the Freedmen's Bureau at Savannah, 15,000 are white people.

Foreign.—Dr. Crane Calvert, of Manchester, England, says that the snowy appearance of American land plaster, when used for making bay, by reason of its mercury, starch in a state of jelly, and a little alum and lime water. The latter is used to make the mixture stimulative; the introduction of 25 per cent. of useless matter, and a proportionate waste.

——Mr. Thew, of the Whitehaven and Furness railway, has recently turned his attention to the construction of those fearful engines of warfare, torpedoes. According to the Cumberland *Pacquet*, the new projectile comes from the Whitehaven shell—the shape by which Government has shown preference—containing about 100 pounds of powder. The shell, when fired, contains a third shell, which, in its turn contains a fourth. The inner shells are about a quarter of an inch thick, and the outer is about an inch thick. The store between the shells is filled with starch, and the last chamber all round of about an inch. The smaller shells reach the water in succession, and with gunpowder in a very ingenious contrivance of the inventor, and the whole would be blown to atoms by the enemy easily. The enormous quantity of splinters which would be scattered about on the explosion of such a shell must be evident, and its destructive powers are something fearful to contemplate.

——A new combustible is said to have been recently invented in France by M. Stoker. It is composed of very pure charcoal finely ground, and made into a paste with starch. The paste is moulded into cakes or balls of the required size, and then dried. When perfectly dry these may be lighted with a lucifer match, and will continue to burn steadily, like German tinder, without living flame or smoke. The combustible is intended for heating irons, crucibles, etc.

——The Queen of England has now eight grandchildren, six of whom are boys.

——A weak recently published in Paris gives, professedly on good authority, statistics of the cost of the Crimean war to each and all of the powers who engaged in it. During the 22 months of the war the losses in Bill, sick and wounded, were, to France, 95,743 men; to England, 21,82s; to Piedmont, 2,194; to Turkey, 33,669; and to Russia, 500,000. The Paris writer puts the expense of the war to England in money, including the cost of placing the army on a war footing, at no less than $160,000,000.

——In order to make the vine more celebrated for the cultivation of watermelons, the whole of the inhabitants of Astrakan during the recent appearance of the Bey unable to set their fruit, they ate it themselves and died to the last man. The Bey, very angry, enforced labor to bury the last. In all it is said that 82,000 persons died of cholera and had living were buried in Egypt within six weeks.

——A return has been published of the whole of the steam vessels registered in Great Britain on or before the 1st of January, 1865. The number of vessels is 3,154, the amount of registered tonnage 676,742, and the amount of gross tonnage 992,850.

——The Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Universalists, Unitarians, Jews, Catholics, Quakers, and Independents, 12 Unitarians, 5 Jews, 3 Catholics, 3 Quakers, 2 Baptists, and 1 Universalist. The remainder of Irish constituencies, 31 Catholics, 1 Quaker, and 1 Presbyterian. The representatives of Scottish constituencies, 3 United Presbyterians, 2 Free Churchmen, 1 Independent, and 1 Baptist. Total, 658. The proportion of dissenters in the new House of Commons 44, and the number of churchmen 614.

——The Seven Deadly Sins of London, drawn in Seven several Coaches through the Seven several gates of the City, with the Effects the Plague will have in the Year of the last addition which Mr. Paine Collier has made to the collection of "Early English Poetry," is called *Vox populi vox dei*, by the Baker. It was written in the time of the Great Plague of London.

——The cheap dinner movement, which has done much for Glasgow and other great towns, is extending in London. On the 26th of August the first of a series opened a fourth London establishment at the old Foreign Office, Park street, Westminster, accommodation for dining 4,000 persons daily.

——The terms of the constitution of the Russian peasants, just published at St. Petersburg, if appears that 23,000,000 peasants will be released temporarily to work for the landowners, and that 5,112,492 are either released free from service in addition to their allotment or will shortly be so. Of the 2,949,937 are now freeholders, and 2,162,555 are expected to possess land under contract, through the intervention of the Government, and 447,000 without such intervention.

——The French Government has constituted that of Brazil to purchase material of war in France.

——The monument recently erected to Prince Albert, at Coburg, bears on the front the inscription: "Albert, Prince Consort of Great Britain and Ireland, born at Rosenau, August 26th, 1819. With this motto beneath: "Da Lucem Domine." Underneath the motto: "The other side has merely the inscription: "Erected to Albert, 1865."

——Johann Frederick Encke, director of the Royal Observatory at Berlin, died on the 26th ult. He was born in Hamburg in 1791, studied at Gottingen, served in the Prussian army, and after filling various subordinate positions, was appointed to his post in Berlin in 1825. He will be chiefly remembered for his services rendered to the movements of a comet called after his name, brought it we believe in 1819 to the point of its revolving inhabitants have left their houses, their universities and their churches, and have come out to see it. It may to open fields beyond the city. At certain points in the city, the rents of houses have risen, and have been literally piled up by scores, waiting transportation to the line of flight. Out of the city multitudes sleep, on the old city wall, next the sea, had a slide arranged, from which the dead bodies were shot into boats, to be buried in the sea."

AN ARAB PHYSICIAN.

Many years ago, when he was but a boy, and before the French occupation, a negro was born in once near Sidi Ferruch, where he then was. Two of her children were twins, and were named Julian prince and his tutor. Both were at once seized and taken away; but the prince found means to let his friends know of their safety. He was educated with the son of the Dey, and the remainder promised on his reaching his own land. The Dey died behind as a hostage, his prize being included in the prince's escape. The Moslem was never forthcoming, and the poor Italian, who was a doctor in Algiers, was put to death in a barbarous way. Thus he died; but my narrator added:

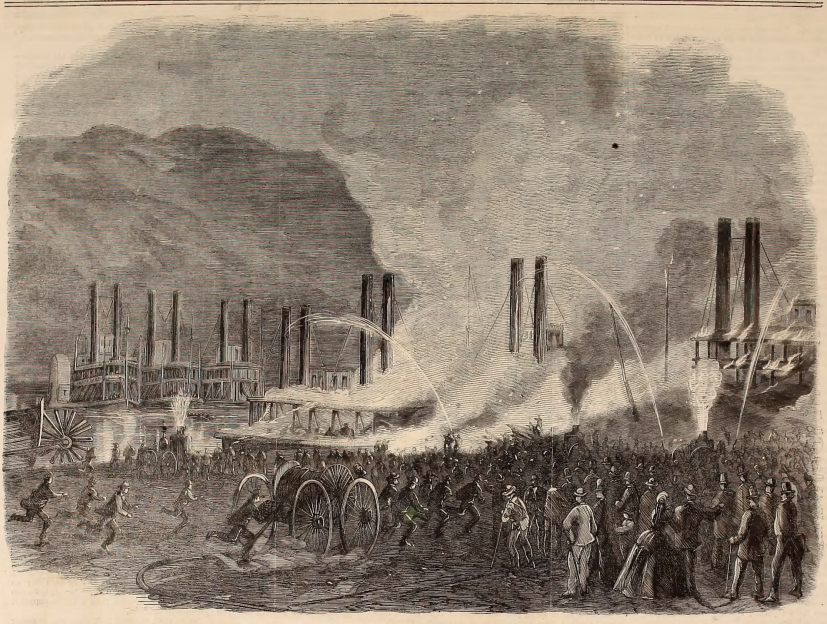
"I am not sure that he is dead, and I did much to lighten the old Italian's misery; and he, in return, taught me the secret of his knife, and from that time I became renowned among the tribes, and effected hitherto impossible cures.

Our conversation turned on the use of poison, and I found that he was perfectly up in his acquaintance with one. Piqued at my incredulity, the old man showed me a little bottle containing a liquid which to my eyes was as clear as the clearest water, which he asserted was a deadly poison. He threw the water on the ground, and the consequence would be death, and that, he added, with the utmost coolness, in the space of a few minutes. Wishing to test the existing powers of this fearful agent, and after sundry precautions to prevent his inhaling the fumes, I threw the water on the ground, telling him to do so. The operation lasted but a few seconds, and the moment it was over I was struck dumb. I nearly telling him it was a present from the old doctor, recommencing it in consequence to his special protection. Mahomned seemed greatly to wonder at my taste in dogs, but he took it, and at daylight the following morning the black sons of the Arab tribe were far behind me. The next day Mahomned reported to me that my new acquisition had refused his food; and being like most of his class a bit of a dog-fancier, he offered to cure it. Without telling him the reason of my anxiety, I gratefully accepted his reward if he succeed, and Mahomned went away sure of his bakshish.

The dog died, however, on the fourth day.



THE OLD QUARTERS OF CAIRO, EGYPT, DURING THE PREVALENCE OF THE CHOLERA—THE REMOVAL OF THE SICK AND THE DEAD.



THE BURNING OF THE STEAMER'S RIVER QUEEN AND ALBREE, AT PITTSBURGH, PA., SUNDAY, SEPT. 10.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN D. GEYSER.

COMES THE BRIDE!

BY ADA VROOMAN.

She blanched from brow to chin,
She grew as white and thin,
As a statue of Despair,



Then I was thrust aside,
And a cry of "Lo! the Bride!
Rent the air.

As they passed out at the door,
I fell upon the floor
Like a stone.
But with the flowers that dropt,
From her bridal crown, I stopt,
My lips from making moan.

'Till midnight chimed I lay,
And did not dare to pray,
Though I sat on the cross
At the Altar, surely kept
Loving watch the while I wept,
For my loss.

When the yellow moon at last
O'er the mountain rose, I passed
Through the door,
But a something at my feet,
Lay silent in the street,
Where naught had been before

Oh, glad was I to see!
My love had come to me—
Mine own beloved now!
I knelt down at her side,
A Bridegroom with his Bride,
And kissed both lip and brow.

But kisses, it is said,
Have no meaning for the Dead,
Stone cold was she!
Yet I clasped her to my breast,
And God's own joy and rest
Came so to me.

When the morning came, they found,
Two statues on the ground
In the street.
One was dead—the missing Bride,
But his fate, who lay beside,
Was not so sweet.

Only mad! men called me so,
When they shut me from the glow,
Of the blessed, blessed day.
But One they know not of,
My Life, my Spirit Love,
Is at my side alway.

The False Accusation;

OR,

SAVED AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

"FALL in! fall in! tumble out, boys, and get in line as quick as possible!" the voice of Orderly Thatcher rose loud and clear one morning long before the hour for reveillé. The half-awakened, sleepy soldiers flocked from their tents, half-dressed, and obeyed the order, rubbing their eyes and wondering why they were called from their comfortable quarters at such an unusual hour.

"Fall in, boys! don't wait for your clothes or equipments," continued the good-natured non com., taking his position in front. "Attention! right dress! in place, rest!"

"In place rest is it, yer spalpeen!" exclaimed Jimmy, a little Irishman, a favorite with the whole company. "A pretty place to rest, the likes of this, and we just from avate dhrames, and where we cud rest in perfect pace."

"It's adding insult to injury, Jimmy thinks," said a companion, "and I think so too."

"What is adding insult to injury?" asked the orderly.

"Injuring a man by callin' him up so airly in the morning, and then insultin' him wid orders to rest in a place the likes of this, ye blackguard," answered Jimmy, feigning anger.

"What does it mean, orderly?" asked another. "Are you going to call the roll before reveillé?"

"I can't tell you anything about it," was the reply: "I'm going 'cording to orders from the colonel. Here he comes now, attention!"

As he ceased speaking, Col. C—— galloped up and addressed the orderly.

"Sergeant Thatcher, call your roll."

The order was obeyed.

"Are the men all present?"

"They are, sir."

"That is sufficient. Dismiss them now; but see that no man leaves his quarters until further orders."

"Aye, aye, sir. Attention! break ranks, march."

"Hi-toby-lightning-humbug-sigle-bunr-cheeboo, and that's Pennsylvania Dutch, for I'm blamed if I wouldn't like to know what that's for," ejaculated Tom Elliot, a bluff, but good-natured fellow, who stood six-feet-two in his socks, and weighed two hundred without his overcoat. "There's something out o' common to pay, that's certain."

"It was done to rob us of an hour's rest, that was all."

The speaker was a morose, ill-looking fellow, who had not ceased to grumble since the first order to "fall in" was given.

"You know better than that, Jack Kelley," rejoined Tom. "You know Col. C—— would do no such thing."

"I know that we are treated like niggers, only worse," replied Jack. "We are a set of slaves to a few shoulder-straps; and if I ever am a man again, I'll give some I know of, what they don't expect."

"If you are ever a man, Jack Kelley, it will be something you never was yet," returned Tom, who took no pains to conceal his contempt for the ill-natured grumbler.

A loud laugh from his companions follow Tom's sally, and Jack slunk away, threatening h bluff antagonist with future vengeance.

"Look out for that fellow, Tom," said



"HIS CLENCHED FIST FELL WITH CRUSHING FORCE UPON JACK'S FACE."

orderly. "He will do you some injury if he ever gets an opportunity to do so with safety to himself."

"I don't intend to give him an opportunity," replied Elliott. "I'll risk him; he's such a coward he won't dare do anything."

"He may give you a stab in the dark, when you least expect it; you'd better keep your eye on him."

"Its an old saying and a true one, that a barking dog never bites," replied Tom; "and Jack Kelley barks the principal part of the time. He is continually prattling about the rations, or because he has to do duty, and he has threatened to kill every officer in the regiment. I don't think he'll ever hurt any one, though I shouldn't be surprised if he deserted to the Johnnies, if he got a chance."

"He would injure them more than he would us," rejoined Thatcher, "and I guess 'twould be a good plan to give him a chance to go."

In a little while the crowd dispersed; the orderly retiring to the captain's marque, and the street was deserted.

The forenoon conversation will give the reader an idea of the character and standing of Kelley and Elliot. The former was of Irish descent, though he claimed to be American born. He was a young man—not more than twenty-three years of age—and had evidently been respectably reared. He was naturally clever, but was ill-informed, a fluent reader, good penman, and by taking the right course, might have been an entirely different man, and have had the respect and good-will of his companions, instead of occupying the position he did.

But he was morose, ill-tempered, and disagreeable, disobliging, and, as was generally supposed, dishonest. He had never been detected in any act of pilfering, but watches and other valuables had mysteriously disappeared, and circumstances connected with their loss, had caused suspicion to centre upon him.

About the middle of the forenoon, we were made acquainted with the cause of the morning's strange proceedings. A squad of men from the provost-guard, accompanied by General Sharpe and his staff, came through the camp, and searched every tent and knapsack, carefully examining every nook and corner, and even subjecting the persons of the men. We were then drawn up in line, and addressed by the general.

He said money had entered his room during his absence, and broken open his desk, abstracting a package of money containing five hundred dollars. He had, the previous afternoon, sealed it up to send home by express, and had intended called away before doing so. Upon returning near midnight, he discovered the robbery, and immediately sent word to have the roll called in every regiment of the brigade, and all absentees without leave reported, and a guard dispatched to arrest them.

A staff officer had noticed a man wearing the insignia of our regiment, walking away from the general's quarters, soon after the departure of the latter, but he could not recognize him among our number, although he went through the camp for that purpose.

When he came to Kelley, he eyed the latter sharply, and I fancied Jack turned pale, and endeavored to steal in awkward and unnatural position. "I thought this man to be about the size of the one I saw," said the officer, pointing to Kelley. "I would not say he was the one, for I did not observe him very particularly, and as he was walking from me, I did not see his face."

Do you *think* he is the man?" asked the colonel, who had a reputation Jack bore.

"I can easily prove an *alibi*, colonel, if he does," said Kelley, evidently considerably excited. "I was on duty yesterday, and all the time the money was sent to Wall. I was on No. 3 post, at the foot of the parade-ground. Tom Elliot saw me there, as I think he will tell you, for he went past my beat after words."

"He is right, I am ready to swear," rejoined Tom, coming forward. "I went out to the spring yesterday afternoon to fill some canteens, and I recollect seeing him on the beat."

The orderly testified that Jack was on the guard detail the day before, and that called the name in the latter's favor, for no man can be in two places at one and the same time. There were several men in the regiment whom we considered none too good to commit the theft. In our own company, Jack was the only man we would mistrust. A detail was made from each company in the regiment, and after the absentees, and before night they were all brought in, the majority in a state of inebriation. But no trace of the missing money could be discovered. An order was issued at dress parade, offering a reward of two hundred dollars for the restoration of the money and conviction of the thief, or one hundred and fifty dollars for the arrest of the culprit alone.

From some cause that I could not explain, I felt certain in my own mind that Kelley was the guilty man. There was nothing in favor of my supposition; in fact, there was good legal evidence of his innocence. Still I felt that he was the thief. I could no more help it than I could knowing that I was innocent.

The next day Tom and myself were sitting by the cook-house fire, as we supposed, alone, and our conversation naturally turned upon the events of the last two days. I asked Tom if he suspected any one in particular?

"Well," he replied, "it's a hard question to answer; I can only own man in our company we would believe dishonest enough to do it, and he's proved an *alibi*."

"I understand you," I replied.

"Somehow," he continued, "I can't help mistrusting Kelley. I wouldn't wrong him for anything, but he acted so queer yesterday, when the officers were talking. Did you notice how pale he was, and how he tried to shrink himself up, and look smaller than he was?"

"I noticed that he appeared very much excited," I replied. "But he naturally would, to have the officer accost him as he did."

"Perhaps he would, for he is a great coward, and that's one thing in his favor. It requires some courage to enter the general's headquarters in broad daylight and steal five hundred dollars; and Jack hasn't a bit of pluck."

As he finished speaking I thought I heard a step behind me, and, looking round, there stood Jack, fairly black with passion, having heard every word that was said. Advancing to Tom's side, with angry mien, he said:

"Tom Elliott, did I ever steal anything that you know of?"

"I couldn't swear that you ever did," was the cool reply.

"Well, then, what have I ever done to you—when did I ever lay a straw in your way, or give you any reason to talk about me as you do?"

"I don't know as you ever injured me, Jack," replied Tom, "although you have made some people very sorrowful. I know you haven't got the muscle to do me much harm. I don't want to hunt your feelings, and if I'd known you were standing round to listen, I wouldn't have said what I did. But you know how you have conducted yourself since you joined the company, and why we feel towards you as we do, and I'm willing to be respectable men. We came into the army because we considered it our duty to do so. We expect to go home when the war closes, and we wish to take our former respectable positions in society when we do; so we try to be respectable and conduct ourselves like men here, and not be ruffians as some are. You are strong enough to do whatever you take a different course hereafter, and be the man you are capable of being, and you'll soon win as many friends as you now have enemies."

"I'm as good a man as you are, Tom Elliott!" exclaimed Jack, getting very angry, and brandishing his fists.

"Oh, no, you're not, Jack," replied Tom. "I'm your better as far as strength is concerned. I have only to get down, and you know what advantage you can obtain injour. And that puts me in mind of something else: I said I could not swear that you were absent from the camp, because you sold a bottle of brandy from the captain when we were on the transport."

"You lie! you lie!" roared Jack, fairly dancing with rage, and shaking his fists in Tom's face. "You're a lying thief, and——"

The next instant Tom had sprung to his feet, and his clenched fist fell with a resounding blow upon Jack's face, felling him to the ground. For a moment he lay perfectly still, and I feared he was badly injured, but he soon recovered, and suddenly turning to Tom, with the expression of a demon, hissed through his teeth:

"Tom Elliott, you'll wish you were in h— before to-morrow night! I won't forget this blow!"

"I don't much think you will forget it right away," laughed Tom, resuming his seat as quietly as though nothing had transpired to ruffle him. "Low, sneaking, miserable wretch! he deserves knocking down by everybody he meets."

"I'm sorry it happened, Tom," I said. "I'm afraid it will get you into trouble."

"So am I sorry it happened," he replied. "I don't want to be arrested, and always feel as if I were debased after having a muss. But what could a man do? Would you be called such a name and injured as I was yesterday, and not take it perfectly cool, without doing anything?"

"I know it was more than flesh and blood could stand," I returned. "I hope it will all end where it is."

"I'll risk the coward anyway. But let's go up to supper, as the second dinner bell—I'm going to bunk with you to-night, and I might as well board with you too."

"All right; you're welcome, if you fetch your rations with you," I replied, and we walked away towards my quarters.

I saw nothing more of Jack until roll-call the following morning. He appeared about as usual, with the exception of an inflamed bunch over his right eye, a memento of Tom's fistial prowess. He did not look toward the latter, nor did I hear him speak to any of the boys.

It so happened that Elliott and myself were on guard detail that morning, and while we were mounting I noticed Kelley going towards the colonel's quarters, accompanied by a little fellow, a member of Co. ——, whom I knew by sight, named Doyle. I thought nothing of it at the time; but soon after, while at my post, I saw Jack, Doyle, and Colonel C—— crossing the green in front of the general's quarters. This beat was next to mine, and I directed his attention to them. They entered the general's quarters, and in a little while reappeared, and left the encampment.

"I guess Jack stole the money, and has concluded to repent, confess and beg for pardon," said Tom, as the party entered our Company street.

"I shouldn't wonder," I replied. "But see, they have stopped at your tent; what do you suppose that means?"

"I declare they have! I'd give something to know what they want. Jack knows them, with some uneasiness of manner. "I'll bet the cowardly blackguard has entered a complaint against me for knocking him down."

"But I should think they were searching the tent," I said; "they are taking up the floor boards."

"What in thunder can they be after?" ejaculated my companion. "There, they are coming this way with an armed guard."

"They are after one of us, Tom, that's certain. We'll soon know, for they're coming right towards us."

In a few moments the colonel came up, and pointing Tom out, ordered the guard to arrest and conduct him to the general's quarters.

The order was obeyed, and my companion was marched off between two files of armed guards, and I was left, with the command to walk both beats until relieved by the next guard.

I remained on duty until guard mounting the following morning, and on returning to camp I asked the orderly for what Tom was arrested. On my astonishment I received this reply:

"For stealing the general's money!"

At my urgent request, Thatcher related the particulars as follows:

Kelley and Doyle were the accusers and principal witnesses. They were on guard the afternoon in question, and saw Tom leave the camp and go towards the general's. In the evening, Kelley (accordingly to his statement) became taken sick, and obtained leave to go to his quarters. As he passed Tom's tent he noticed a light, and, looking in, he saw the latter pulling up the floor boards, two or three of which were pulled up. When the robbery was made known, he thought, perhaps, Tom was the culprit, but concluded to await further developments ere making it known. He therefore watched Tom until the night before the arrest, when he again saw him remove the floor boards, dig a hole in the earth, do the sand, and exhume a package, which he replaced after examining it a few moments, to see if it was all right. The package he laid the case before the colonel and general, who ordered an investigation of the affair. Tom's quarters were searched, and the money found buried about six inches beneath the earth.

It was astounded. It could not be possible that Kelley had been guilty of such a crime, and committing such an act, appear so unconcerned, feign innocence so perfectly as he had through all the proceedings up to the very moment of his arrest.

"It cannot be possible that Tom Elliot is guilty?" I exclaimed, as the orderly finished his recital. "I can do not think he is, do you?"

"I don't know what to think," he replied, shaking his head as if to say, it's a hard case. "Appearances are against Tom, and he be innocent, he will have a hard time for him now."

"But, for the Lord's sake, will they take the word of such a man as Jack Kelley against one who has always borne a good character?" I asked, greatly excited. "If Tom Elliot says he is innocent, I would believe him in spite of all the circumstantial evidence. All of Kelleys and Doyles could bring against him."

"You seem to forget the fact of the money being found under Tom's tent," replied Thatcher. "How could it get there without his knowledge?"

The question was a poser, I was forced to admit.

"You see," continued my companion, "it's mighty hard to make your friendship for a man, or his own good name, silence or counteract facts, and I'm afraid Tom will be in a bad box, and would willingly take my place in the ranks, and give up every hope of future promotion, if by so doing I could clear him of the charge, and prove his innocence."

"But you cannot believe him guilty, I know you cannot."

"I told you I did not know what to believe. I do not see how the money could get under his tent floor without his knowledge and consent."

"I tell you it is all a plot," I continued, "I know it is. Couldn't Kelley place the money where it was found?"

"He might have done so, had Tom been absent nights. But you know he has not been out of camp in two weeks, except to go after a canteen of water occasionally."

"I know he has been in camp, and he slept in my tent last night." I fairly shouted, as a glimmer of hope dawned upon me. "Kelley placed the money there then, I know he did."

"Is that a fact?" asked my companion. "Will you swear to it, Hugh?"

"Swear to it! Yes; and what is more, I can prove it by Beebe, and the boys in the next tent, who saw me lying there off and forth until midnight, and Tom told us some of his funny stories."

I will here explain that the number of men usually occupying an A tent was four; but about two months prior to the events narrated a detail had been made from the regiment for provost duty in town. Twelve were taken from our company, and as a result, my tent lost mates. Three were also taken from Tom's tent, leaving us each in possession of our respective quarters. Tom and I frequently visited, sometimes in my tent, and sometimes in Tom's; but upon the night of the robbery, it so happened that I was in neither of our tents, and when I returned to camp my companion had gone to sleep, and not wishing to disturb him, I went to my own tent, leaving him in that of Tom's.

"If Tom was in your tent last night," said Thatcher, after a little reflection, "it is evident enough that he was not tearing up boards, and exhuming money from beneath them, and, of course, that being the case, Kelley has sworn to a lie."

"To be sure he has," I rejoined. "He stole the money from Tom's tent, in order to be revenged for the knockdown he gave him yesterday. Is is all perfectly clear to my mind."

"I am glad you are satisfied that Jack is the real culprit, I only wonder that I doubted it for a moment. But it was a sticker with me how the money came to be found in Tom's tent without his knowledge; for I supposed he occupied it every night. We must watch Kelley and Doyle, and try to fathom the mystery. If we see them in conversation, we must endeavor to get near enough to them to hear what they say. D'ye understand?"

"Yes, I understand."

"We must be careful not to alarm them, or let them know what our suspicions are. But we must get on the right side of Kelley; make believe we think better of him than we did before, and that we are satisfied of Tom's guilt. Tom will be court-martialed in two or three weeks, and we must work hard for evidence to clear him."

"It cannot be the Lord will allow that scoundrel to triumph!" I exclaimed. "Poor Tom, I wish I could see him, and tell him that we believe him innocent."

"I am going down town this afternoon, and if I can get a permit, I shall go in and see him; he's in the guard-house at provost headquarters," replied the orderly.

"If you see him, tell him that his friends—myself in particular—believe him to be wrongfully accused. Tell him from me that I will do everything I possibly can to help him on his trial, and you, of course, will do the same. And here, I've got three dollars, and I know he has none. Take them to him; he may have a chance to send after tobacco, or something extra to eat, by the guard."

"I will give them to him, and I've got as much more to put to it. I must go to the adjutant's office with my morning report; I will see you again this afternoon. Keep your eye peeled on Jack and that little Doyle."

"Never you fear me," I replied, "they won't stir without my knowing it."

Matt Doyle was a mere boy in years and mind. I had heretofore considered him honest, and not at all the companion Kelley would chose in a robbery and theft of that nature. I knew that he was unstable and easily influenced by others. On several occasions within the last three months I had seen him in company with Jack, and had thought I would sometime warn him against being too intimate with him. I resolved to see Matt and endeavor to induce him to furnish any evidence against Kelley. But I was disappointed. He professed to know nothing about the affair, except that he was Tom go through the lines, in the direction of the general's quarters. As for Kelley, he avoided me entirely, and I found it impossible to draw him into any conversation in regard to the affair. I felt that I could understood me perfectly, and knew that I did him. His looks said as plainly as words, "I know, old fellow, that you understand the whole affair, as well as though you saw me place the money there. But you see I've got the inside track, you can't prove it!"

The time passed rapidly, and to the dismay of the orderly and myself, the day of trial found us no better prepared to prove Tom's innocence and his accuser's guilt, than we were the day of his arrest. As a last resort, I called upon Doyle the night before the trial, and appealed to him, with all the eloquence I could command, to disclose what he knew, and save Tom. I assured him that no harm should befall him, if he confessed—that he would receive full pardon for the part he took in the affair. I told him that the truth will eventually be discovered, and that, when it was, he would be more than sorry he had not used his own neck when he had an opportunity. I tried his cupidity, pledging myself—in the name of Tom and his friends—to give him two hundred and fifty dollar's, if he would confess. In fact, I exhausted my persuasive powers in vain; he either knew more than he professed, or he was a more hardened wretch than I had supposed it possible he could be.

To be brief, the trial took place the following day, and although we did all in our power to save the prisoner, we felt there was no hope for him. The testimony of Kelley (who unblushingly swore to seeing the money secreted by Tom), coupled with its discovery beneath the latter's tent, was deemed conclusive. In vain I testified to his sleeping in my tent—in vain the entire company (with the single exception of Kelley) testified to the prisoner's unblemished character. He was judged guilty, and the finding and sentence of the court were forwarded to the Department Commander, and returned approved. Tom was sentenced to forfeit all his pay, to be dishonorably dismissed the service, and to be confined at the Dry Tortugas for ten years.

Through the influence of a permit to visit him in his cell, and I shall never forget his look of despair and agony when he grasped my hand and said:

"Hugh, Hugh!—my mother! my poor mother! God help her now; this will kill her!" And Mary! Oh, God, it is too much! I never told you that I was to be married, Hugh, as soon as the war ended!"

I could hardly speak, and I am not ashamed to say that I cried like a child. At length I tried to say something to cheer him, but he interrupted me.

"You do not believe I took it, do you? You will write to my poor mother, and Mary, and tell them I am innocent."

I assured him of my confidence in his innocence, and promised to write to his friends before the other report of the affair could reach them. I also told him that his companions all believed him wrongfully accused, and that we would endeavor to petition until we obtained a pardon from the President. I remained with him until "Tattoo", and then bade him farewell, perhaps forever.

We were awakened the next morning at an early hour, and ordered to prepare for a hurried march. After a hasty breakfast we were formed in line, and marched to Port Royal Ferry, reaching there about sunrise. Our force consisted of the 50th R. Vol., one company of the 8th Mich., one company of the 3d Mass. Artillery, with a section of Hexham's Battery, and a squadron of Massachusetts Cavalry, who had not been in the fighting enough to learn the drill exercise. They were a splendid material, brave and willing, but inexperienced. Crossing to the main land, we took up our line of march for the white house, intending to cut communication between Charleston and Savannah, by destroying the bridges along the railroad.

The country was a continuation of rice land, and upon each side of the road, as far as the eye could reach, the ground was covered with several inches of water. Just before reaching Pocotaligo we came to a stream crossed by a bridge several rods in length. The planks had been pulled up and removed, leaving naught but the timbers and string-pieces of the structure to cross upon. A narrow causeway led to the bridge, and upon the opposite side was a large force of dismounted rebel cavalry, posted behind stone walls and fences, and concealed in a dense thicket of cypress a few yards from the road.

As we advanced along the causeway, and com-

menced crossing the uncertain bridge, a withering volley was poured into us from the concealed rebs, which placed *horse du combat* nearly a score of our men, and drove us back in confusion. Almost the first to fall was Matt Doyle, who was marching in the file just in front of the one I was in. As soon as a stretcher could be obtained, I helped to bear the wounded boy to the surgeon's station. The latter examined the wound, and at once pronounced it as his opinion that Matt would die before midnight.

The first battle of Pocotalgo is now a subject of history, and the particulars have been too often published to make a detailed account necessary at this time. We were kept at bay for several hours, the rebs killing and wounding many of our men, and repelling every attempt made by us to charge across the bridge. At length, the twenty-five of Captain G. Z. Dimmock's Co. (D.) 50th Pa., headed by Lieut. John Foot, made a bold rush, and, gaining the opposite side, sent the whole force of rebels flying, skulking in full retreat. But at this moment, just as we were pursuing the flying foe with excellent hearts, we were ordered to fall back. We did so, and reached the ferry, and the planking of the gunboats, in time to escape capture, the rebs having sent a large force of infantry and artillery across to intercept us.

We crossed to our own side of the river about midnight, weary and exhausted. I was met upon the landing by Hospital Steward Foot, who requested me to go with him, as Matt Doyle was rapidly sinking, and was very anxious to see me. I followed him at once, and found that the great poet and apparently very near his end. He saw me as I entered the tent, and extending his hand, said in feeble tones:

"I am so glad you have come. Where is the Chaplain; I must see him too?"

The Chaplain was soon found, and then the wounded boy, as I expected, made a full and explicit confession, acknowledging that he and Kelly committed the robbery for which poor Tom was imprisoned.

They had been companions in the business for several months, Jack stealing and Doyle secreting the property. They were on guard the afternoon of the robbery, and saw the General mount his horse and ride away just as Tom passed them on his way to the spring. It occurred to the latter to turned, Kenny act his post, and slipping over to the General's quarters, broke open the desk and abstracted the package of money, returning to his post before the relief came around. Matt concealed the package in a deserted cellar until after the search, when Kelley became frightened at the reward offered for the apprehension of the thief, and began to contrive in some way to divert suspicion from himself. He then had the difficulty with Tom, and by reference to our guard-roll the crime upon the latter, thus insuring his own safety, and securing the reward of two hundred dollars, and, in the same time, secured for the blow Tom gave him. He, therefore, watched his opportunity, and the night Tom stayed with me the second time he placed the money in my tent, and entered complaint against him, as has been seen.

If there was a happy man in the world I was that one, as Matt finished his confession. I forgot all about my fatigue as I hastened to call the Colonel, that he might also hear the proof of my friend's innocence. The kind-hearted officer, although he nearly worn out as any of his men, obeyed the summons, and taking down the confession from Matt's lips, left the latter right. At an early hour the following morning I accompanied the Colonel to town, and the case was laid before the General. In less than two hours thereafter I presented the Officer of the Guard with an order for Tom's release, and, accompanied by the latter, started for camp. As we entered our regimental street we met Jack, bearing two files of bayonets, on his way to occupy the quarters just vacated by his victim. He was court-martialled, and received the same sentence given to Tom, with five years added to the ten, at the Dry Tortugas.

Of course Tom's sentence was reconsidered and annulled. Gen. Sherman was appointed to the General, and acted in that capacity until our division was called to Virginia, when he was promoted Lieut.-Colonel, and served on the Gen'l's staff until the latter was killed at Chantilly. He steadily advanced until he became a colonel, and commanded a brigade through the last campaign. After Lee's surrender he resigned and came home, and last week I attended his wedding.

Matt Doyle did not die after all. He lived to become a good soldier and an honest man, and is still with his regiment, although he will, probably, be discharged before many months. Tom Gordon pardoned him, but not until the whole company signed a petition, headed with Tom's name, in his behalf.

INAUGURATION OF THE WILDEY MONUMENT.

SAUTHPORK has just been the scene of an unwonted excitement, the interest in which must spread to wherever the English language is spoken, or where the order of Odd Fellowship is recognized.

On Wednesday, the 20th ult., the monument built at Bullfinch, dedicated to the memory of Joseph Wildey, a good man of English birth, who, nearly half a century since, planted in that city the seeds of an order that since has grown into vast proportions, and a great agency of good.

The day arose beautifully, and at early dawn the city was alive with the movements of Lodges and deputations from every part of the Union, brought together from a desire to honor to their founder. The President was expected to join in the demonstration, and expectation not realized, from the great press of business upon the Ex-cutive, and this gave additional vigor to the preparations.

The procession was formed with James Eidder, Esq., as Grand Marshal of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and head, and at half past twelve o'clock reached the monument, where, after prayer and a statement of the birth and development of the shrouded monument before them, the folds of cloth were removed, and the emblem that typified the Order was revealed to the gaze of the thousands, amid a shout that filled the air for several minutes, and showed, more strongly than mere words, the appreciation of the mass for the artistic beauty of the shaft and station before them.

When the enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, Past Grand Sire James B. Nicholson came forward, and, in behalf of the Committee of the Wildey Monument Association, presented the structure to the Grand Lodge of the United States, with a few appropriate remarks. There was then an ode sung, a benediction from the Rev. D. D. Williamson, and the ceremonies closed by the delivering of the procession, and the "Ode to Old Fellows' Hall, the evening ending in various banquets and joviality.

The procession took one hour and ten minutes to pass a given point, and the number of spectators on the ground is safely estimated at 50,000.

SCENE OF THE INDIAN COUNCIL.

We give this week the illustration of a point in which is now centred great interest—the scene of the great Indian Council, at which nearly all the great tribes of the South and West were represented.

On the 14th September, the Osages, Seminoles, Creeks, Chickasaws, Cherokees, and Choctaws and Shawnees, sat in solemn council over all their differences, and with rich color and picturesque environment with any State, nation, power, or sovereignty whatsoever, entered into a solemn treaty or session of bonds, or any act heretofore done by them, or any of their people, to be inconsistent with their allegiance to the United States, is hereby revoked, canceled and repudiated.

In consideration of the foregoing stipulations made by the members of the respective nations and tribes of Indians present, the United States, through its Commissioners, promises that it will re-establish peace and friendship with all the nations and tribes of Indians that lie within the limits of this country; that he will afford ample protection for the security of persons and property of the members of said nations, tribes, and declares its willingness to enter into treaty, to arrange and settle all questions relating to and growing out of treaties heretofore made between the affected by any treaty made by said nations with the so-called Confederate states, at this Council now convened or last preceding, as the case may be, as the same may be approbated.

This commits our red-skinned brethren to a policy that Uncle Sam will take good care they carry out, or their end will be extermination.

THE LATEST GHOST SENSATION.

WITHIN the past week Jersey City has been the scene of a sensation somewhat in the shape of a ghost, the isle of which rises somewhat in this wise.

A few nights since a gentleman had occasion to visit one of the lower streets in the neighborhood of Newark, when he was greeted with a succession of peculiarly weird, hideous and unaccountable sounds, which seemed to come from the base of the building. We describe himself as not having been at all excited at the time, nor in any way disposed to attribute the cause to the lateness of the hour, or the silent loneliness that prevailed and was the presiding element of the scene. Upon entering the house he was greeted with a succession of bid-ous sounds, too unearthly in their cadence to admit of comparison to anything except the groans and moans which might be supposed to issue from the dismal caverns of a pandemonium, like that of which their dreams in the days of childhood were evoked. In effect they have the same relation to all sounds, which the ghastly casements of death bear to the village living.

The gentleman says he is not superstitious; and that no sounds were made to him unnatural except those wrought into fantasy by terror, he distinctly avers. He passed on, the sounds all the while growing more intense, until, as he entered the East, the sounds the voices grew too terrible for human imagination to endure.

Here the gentleman paused and endeavored to collect himself sufficiently to investigate the possible causes of the scene. Upon the floor, however, there was no corpse, no tomb, and then suddenly a burst of wild voices would seem to issue simultaneously from all parts of the building, intermingled with the sounds of a heavy thrasher, and dying away only to give place to a second succession of shrieks more ghastly and unusual than the last.

He then left the building, and afterwards divulged the singular experience which he had undergone. Upon his return to several friends by whom the reality of the sounds has been verified.

It is positive, too, if any hoax is in progress, that no familiar element can be detected in their analysis. There is, so witnesses aver, nothing metallic about the sounds, and nothing that can be attributed to wood. Beginning with a dull moaning cadence which seems to resemble more than anything else the croon of a certain species of swivel common to the East, the sound gradually and distinctly expands in volume, until distant shrieks almost startling in their intensity succeed, gently all the building, and then die away in low, peculiarly hollow rattles, like the falling of clouds upon a coffin.

Thus for the origin of the story, the explanation of whose singular phenomena no investigation has as yet succeeded in developing—which is the fact that a second hardly have escaped the scrutiny of the public.

Meantime the matter is the talk of the town in Jersey City, which is perfectly tremendous. On Sunday night hundreds of men and women excited to the highest pitch of morbid curiosity congregated around the house in the vicinity of nearly all the up-town houses of worship in the city. About 40 persons went over from Brooklyn also—among them a number of the profession—and a numerous crowd from New York attested the sensation which the report had up to the time created, in its various phases.

Up to the hour one hundred persons assembled in Line street, and were forcibly dispersed by the police; another, in Grant hundreds, thronged the edifice of the German Catholics on South Eighth street, and another building in Hamilton square was surrounded until a late hour in the night.

Last night there was no abatement of the excitement. The ghost has, however, been very generally located in the northern part of St. Mary's Cemetery, but as yet distinctly known to the populace, and our reporter was strangely requested to make no mention of any particular locality. Among the various explanations thus far suggested by the heavenly cars, the old idea that some fellow has by some device found his way under the flooring of the St. Boniface, and is amusing himself by practicing upon the credulity and superstition of the people, by means of burnt straw and ash, and regaling the alarmed visitors with dismal yelps and howls.

One gentleman, well known in the city, insisted that the ghost is found in the vicinity of the cemetery, in the South Eighth street. He relates that while his daughter was in the building nightly, hunting for the ghost, she saw, in passing the above-named edifice, a spook or ghostly figure, which suddenly waved its hand mysteriously towards the spire, buried a pave-stone directly in front of the door, and instantly took leaven of sight, and suddenly disappeared.

His description of the spectrum as having been gigantic in appearance, with eyes hollow and fiery, like marsh lights, and wearing a robe of white, which gradually resembled a cloud, so vapory and mist-like was its apparent texture. At the same time the spook uttered the most unearthly order, which seemed to issue from within the building.

Night before last, during the progress of the storm, another light was seen to move to and fro slowly over the ivy in the edifice of St. Boniface. A policeman, who was present and took notice, describes the light as having born yellow with a bluish tinge, and totally unlike anything he had ever seen. They would be seen only for an instant flitting to and from, and then the light would disappear, leaving all in darkness.

Thus far the matter progressed among the populace. Last Sunday night, the excitement wonderfully prevailed, and the ghost was the sole topic of conversation. Men talked of spectres and shadows upon the street, women talked of the shivers of with terror, about the strange mystery, and parents absolutely shook their heads in solemn silence, as they spoke of the weird revelations which went from lip to lip.

But last night the excitement waxed wilder and more tumultuous; several German societies turned out in force, and the police were called out in full force, a proc-dure sufficient to drive away any ghost or resurrectionist that ever lived. Jersey City was in a perfect state of insanity.

The same facts of a very peculiar order came to light last evening, that only served, when disseminated, to add to the mystery of the ghost. Several gentlemen of undoubted veracity and respectability were invited to visit the house of one of the parties who had a company with the sexton. As they entered the gate and passed around the building, the most unearthly lights previously mentioned were observed by one of the party. Decided to pursue the matter, and, with the consent of the master, until one of his companions hazarded the remark:

"Why, the building is lighted!"

And sure enough the edifice was lighted; a saintly, bluish flame appearing exactly in the position of the mysterious lights.

"The gas has evidently been lighted to frighten away the ghost," remarked one of the party, and they entered.

The investigators entered. The edifice was silent as a tomb within, and the tall columns gleamed like spectres under the mysterious light. No sound save that of the muffled footsteps of the party disturbed the solemn stillness that pervaded the atmosphere. It was as easy as noon to evident, under the circumstances, that the gas had been lighted to frighten away the ghost, and more superstitious than ever from the heart of Moslem Saracen, the party left the premises somewhat disturbed. The faint flame of the candelabrum only served to light the gloomy aisles of the edifice more terribly by haunted the gloomy aisles of the edifice more terribly suggestive.

"Let us turn off the gas," stammered one of the party, at length.

The gas was accordingly turned off, but strange—ah! but it appeared to the excited party, uncertain flame flickered above the candelabrum, continuing to burn with the same mysterious light. No sound was to save that of the muffled footsteps of the party disturbed the solemn stillness that pervaded the atmosphere. It was as easy as noon to evident, under the circumstances, that the gas had been lighted to frighten away the ghost, and more superstitious than ever from the heart of Moslem Saracen, the party left the premises somewhat disturbed. The faint flame of the candelabrum only served to light the gloomy aisles of the edifice more terribly by haunted the gloomy aisles of the edifice more terribly suggestive.

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But as the light went out, a low, moaning, ominous sound issued from within the building, gradually expanding in volume, until ghastly shrieks and groans mingled with the sounds of a heavy thrasher, succeeded with unearthly laughter in every part of the building, and then, with a peculiar murmurs, like the falling of dirt upon a multitude of coffins.

The party left the premises, and again a bluish flame appeared above the candelabrum.

Upon the 20th inst. will occur the veracity of every one of the several gentlemen pres nt.

Upon the whole matter, we believe, the crowd became next to unmanageable, and seemed determined to tear the edifice to the ground, without one or two coolheads in the city.

The whole affair, however, treated the whole matter as a hoax, and insisted that the whole story is a fabrication of some one determined to create a sensation.

We were assured at the police headquarters Jersey City, that there was more to come of it than the shallest brain dare acknowledge; but we must wait for further developments. We were, moreover, informed that the sexton resided in the course of a day or two by the clergyman and trustees of the church, and would resume his worship in the city, giving all they know about the matter.

This stands the case of the Jersey City ghost at present.

TOWN GOSSIP.

NEW YORK blooms twice a year; once in the spring, and again in the early fall. At the first blooming he jaded fashion of the metropolis emerges from a chaos of dissipation, dull opera, and violent rural shows, which, not being able to vent itself on the gay, green fields, or wilds, or on the sea-shore, or in the parks, or on Broadway, and luxuriates in sixteen dresses of chrysalis hues, and bonnets of the latest Parisian style. At the time the autumnal leaves begin to discard forever before the rural districts think of throwing off the livery of winter. For a couple of months this baby, of fickle caprices, is petted by the gay fools as all off to the country—there for a few months to regain health, to bring the roses back to their eyes, and color to the cheeks, and with the slight admixture of the springs and bathing places, return in the early autumn to blossom once more upon Broadway.

This second blossoming is just now occurring, and Broadway is gay with returned ruralists once more. The street is full, and old faces are charmed with the past are again nodding from their vis-a-vis of bonnets, or doffing the hat to the fair.

It is well to bear in mind that really the absorbing topic of the week is "the opening" which means, superficially, the fall fashions. Every autumn there are some one who is not thoroughly posted on terms, the first day on which fashionable milliners show their goods to the gazing public. At this time these arbiters of fashionable millinery have been excessively busy in two ways: firstly, in endeavoring to steal the fashions from the importers, and secondly, in endeavoring to prevent the country milliners from stealing from themselves. That they are both unsuccessful it is hardly necessary to say, and the importer who brings from Paris a score or two of bonnets to act as models in our benighted city, wakes up one morning, astonished, to find that the fashions have got out, and are already, unbought, in the stocks of half the milliners in town. And in its succession the town milliner finds that in turn she has been robbed in the same way by the innocent country fabricant.

This being the state of things it is hardly necessary for us to describe what is the coming style, as we must take it for granted, that all the citizens of Brooklyn and the city mean's of Jonestown are at this time posted on the prevailing mode; in which supposition, if we are not correct, we would respectfully refer them to *Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine* for October, where all proper curiosity will be satisfied.

Another sensation of the week, something on which Leaches are vainly endeavoring to feed, is that the occurrence of the Jewish New Year, or "Rosh Hashana." It is commanded in the old testament, Leviticus, xxiii., and in two verses, and is kept with great solemnity and festival, throughout the Hebrew world. The Synagogues are always full, and for the poorer classes they are erected for the occasion. In these the faithful gather at dawn, dressed in their grave clothes, say their prayers, and listen attentively to the blowing of the Shophar, or trumpet that is supposed to typify the last trump. Tradition gives us this day under the name of "Jom Hadin," or the Day of Judgment, and is kept until sunset on the evening of the 23d Sept., when the solemnities close with penitence and prayer, continuing until the 30th, that day being counted in Hebrew Chronology as the 10th of the seventh month.

Another subject of excitement among all nautical classes, is the very droll race between the steamers Alexander and Washington, a race made in accordance with the ideas of Mr. Secretary Welles, which is by tying them to the sea and allowing them to steam away for 96 hours, at the end of which time, as our theory goes, the palm will be awarded to the victorious one. At the present time each is working hard for a defeat, and we are not sure but both will be awarded the palm of "race."

At this moment, in the city of New York, there are many thousands of ailsant and educated men wandering the streets who are unable to procure employment, even though their ideas of remuneration be ever so moderate. Many of these have been thrown upon us by suddenly let loose upon the community by the mustering out of our armies, and by the hard and brutal fact that there is a prejudice in the minds of employers against returned soldiers. We will not ask why this is, for the answer is simply that the soldier knows that the employer very much, we must also blame the soldier for his pres-ed caution. He has, as a rule, very little money to encourage a belief in his recklessness. He has not somewhat grown to be a habit to look at his whole class as shiftless and foraging ops ations, in which the laws and customs of war have made him familiar. We have encouraged in the minds of citizens the belief that the camp has educated a class of desperadoes, of which they are now suffering the results. We see but one way of rectifying this, and that is a system of colonization and land labor into the rural districts. Without exception, they are artificers in wood and leather, an class for a trade remunerative. Let our returned soldier organize themselves, or other, and go into the country as they mutually agree on, or where they can make a good location for their works. By so doing, they can retain their old associations, and by the aid of the law of the land, which will speedily unravel what now bids fair to be a trouble some law, the city and country be relieved.

We are gratified to see that at a late meeting of School Commissioners, this matter was taken in consideration, and the thing so much referred to as lead to the issue of an order that no child should be allowed to sell any principal. This is a beginning, and we hope soon to see it go on to a full and perfect end. The power of the press is something supp ssedly repulsive to a parent, who loves his children, in the knowledge that he is en-nuing them to lead a life of misery, by the power of the pen and pandisment on them, when, perhaps, they will not do for themselves, but only for a parent's whim. It seems as if there was but little difference either a man or woman's wife or child, to the law of this palpable correction, and how many would do the first.

The week has been one of deep heat, but in the theatrical world. All New York has opened her dramatic doors, and the public are invited to be initiated in theatrical experiment. There is something wonderfully strange about this profession. In the midst of a terrible civil war they still went on with their daily avocations, and increased their accumulations of gold invested in material prosperity. Now that the war is done, and by the argument of the sword who declared that the Nero fiddling while Rome was burning, we should relapse into apathy, we are still in the midst of a very palpable correction, and how many would do the first.

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We shall commence with Wallack's, which opened on Saturday night with "Rose Michel," and to be played by Tom Taylor, founded upon a Russo-Parisian story.

It opens at the time when the first revolt in the person of an artist who has been let out on furlough by his master in Russia, and who is supposed to be dead until the act-ual, as a consequence, arrives. The artist, by his ingenuity, has made a double French lady, who is a reproval, and who is used as an insult to the Czar, who rises a noble Russian, or a Russian nobleman. Just about this time the real Frenchman, who is supposed to be dead, arrives, and the consequences are that he, who turns up as the natural nobleman, stabbed by him, he naturally leads to a pretty battle of fists. In the cooking of this title, there is some of the agonizing necessary to make up the usual high excitement, but there will be a raising of the scene, and liberation of the artist as soon the report is made to the Russian Court, and in finally reach d by a mechanic discovery that the artist is not the man, but the other.

There is nothing in the play itself, but in its working up it shows to the greatest advantage the manner of its putting on the stage, reflects credit on the management. It is not to say that the old favorites were not welcomed back with real fervor, while the new ones received the most enthusiastic reception of hope for, of Nibbs's, the Revels have, after years of recuperation, re-appeared. They are hardly the Revels of old, though some of the old favorites are still about them, and brings back the old broad laugh. The public of this day demands more extensive, and, if possible, as it is exemplified in th over-crowded house s of every night at Nibbs's. It is useless to attempt to say that the entire piece will be produced, or any performer appear, the public will not have about all the same, and then the curtain goes up, the inevitable latest, "only standing room" is displayed.

At the Broadway, the Keans have crowded every night since they opened, and if success be the test of merit, then they must possess merit of more than common order.

On Saturday last this theatre introduced to us a new sensation in the person of Mr. Rockford Fairchild. Mr. Fairclough has, we believe, been a stu-ar to the stage for some time, or made a few appearances in the provinces, as the name was not announced on the bills. One thing of which we are sure, he does not lack confidence. He has made a very favorable sensation, for at least made sufficient impression on the audience to make them ask the question if there was the making of a good actor, and allow them to offer him the encouragement of several calls and some complimentary applause. Fairclough, if he sticks to the stage, will assuredly in a few years make a good actor.

Hermann, who has been astounding New York in some way this week, has not yet made his appearance at all to the crowds that flock to him. The Academy, which is generally looked upon as the most infallible spot in the city, has not a vacant seat after half past seven, and on ar very night, somewhere near a thousand a few hours away from the doors. Under such circumstances, criticism is dumb, and the performer stabs.

We could go through the week's catalogue thus, and only record the daily doings of New York. Our whole populace has gone theatre-mad, and every performer of any excellence may make a sure thing of success, if he brings his wares to this market.

A HORRIBLE backbiter wants to know if ladies in corsets mean *staid* women.



GRAND CELEBRATION OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS, AND DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF P. G. SIRE, JOHN WILDEY, THE FOUNDER OF THE ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS IN AMERICA, AT BALTIMORE, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 20.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WEAVER & BACHRACH.



OHN WILDEY, THE FOUNDER OF THE ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS IN AMERICA, AT BALTIMORE, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 20.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WEAVER & BACHRACH.

LITTLE CHARLEY AND THE PICTURE.*

BY SARAH HOWARD WEBB.

On California's mountain
Our pleasant cottage stands,
And roses 'round the lowly walls
Are train'd by loving hands;
And tall pines whisper music low,
As the fragrant breezes pass,
And shadows come, and shadows go
Along the bending grass.

It is a home full lowly,
But pleasant, calm, and sweet,
For childhood's merry voice is heard,
And childhood's dancing feet;
And gentle peace, with folded wings,
Sits brooding o'er the scene,
And strange, bright birds, like fairy things,
Glance through the shining leaves.

'Twas evening's calm and holy hour,
And 'neath the silver moon
Each little plant and opening flower,
Sent up a sweet perfume;
And near the open casement,
Where rose-trees floated in,
Our little darling Charley sat,
With hand beneath his chin.

With tiny hand 'neath dimpled chin,
Our pet of three years old,
Sat poring o'er Harry Leslie's page,
Where prisoner's wrongs are told;
The broad white brow was clouded o'er,
That oft all calm so glad,
And thoughtful eyes bent tearfully
Upon the picture sad.

A group of starving, ragged men,
In loathsome prison bound;
Some standing, with their naked feet,
Some seated on the ground.

Grandma, what makes the Southern men
Their prisoners so abuse?
I think Jeff Davis must be mean
To steal poor prisoners' shoes!"

"And now I want a slice of meat,
And a piece of bread,
To give those poor, sick, starving men,
Before I go to bed."
He placed a portion of the food
Around each meagre head,
And little Charley's heart was eased—
The starved ones had been fed.

"You shall not starve, poor soldiers,
For here is bread to eat,
And when the sun t-o mountain climbs,
In the morning, bright and glad,
Then you shall all go home again—
So do not look so sad."

"And now, I'll kiss you all, good-night;
Don't cry, but try to sleep,
And think how glad we all shall be
When the rebels all are beat."
And thus the little rosy lips
Were gently prest
Upon each famish'd picture'd face,
And Charley went to rest.

* "Little Charley" is a very beautiful and interesting little son of the editor of the *Trinity Journal*, published in Weaverville, California.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MARE," "REUBEN'S WAE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—"EXHALATIONS OF THE DAWN" NOT "GOLDEN."*

ANTHONY and Sleuth sit at breakfast, the former showing a good deal of vexation, which, however, every now and then gives place to a shade of laughter; the latter doing his best to respond to Anthony's moods, but looking so haggard that the latter cannot help thinking of "the wild oats."

"Why, Dick, you look just fresh from an interview with a ghost."

"I—I had a bad night," replied Sleuth, with a sickly smile. "But, come, Anthony, we must determine what to do with your friends here, who are so very noisy that the servants threaten to leave us in the morning."

"Friends! Confound them, they're laying regular siege to the place. There's a man with a hideous head of red hair, calling in the street to get hold of me; there's a gentleman in black, who watches for me every time I go to the window, and makes me the most polite and insinuating of bows; and there's a dirty-looking blackguard sitting astride of one of the garden walls, as if to keep watch, and to give warning to his comrades outside the instant I move in that direction. Confound them! But—ha! ha! ha!—I can't but laugh, while I feel so doucely angry and annoyed."

"One very decent-looking person," said Sleuth, "with an earnest face and solemn manner, told me it was most important he should see you soon, and he pushed half-a-crown into my hands, to convince me his was a call of real and genteel distress."

"I hope you kept the money, Dick," shouted Anthony across the room, as he strode impatiently to and fro.

"There it is—I thought it would tickle you," said Sleuth, throwing down the coin on the table.

Anthony came to the table, took it up, set it spinning, and seemed to take an almost childish pleasure in contemplating how long it would keep up.

"Heads, I give that solemn rogue something—tails, I don't. See fair, Dick!" cried Anthony with glee. "Heads it is! I knew it. I know he'd victimize me."

"This is all very funny, Anthony; but if the doctor and Jem Pompous are coming—"

"They are coming, and I haven't the least notion how to prevent it, without making matters worse."

"Well, look you, Anthony; there's a big room the other side of the house, that used to be the dining-room, with a little room opening out of it, and there's a place in the wall like a window—the servants used to pass their meals out that way, I fancy. It's in a dark corner, and you may see from the little room everybody in the big one, and not be seen yourself."

"Capital, Dick! But I'm afraid they won't be content with that arrangement long."

"No, no, of course not. I only mean that you can look out when you like. Suppose you sit in that little room, and have them shown into you one at a time by me, and then we turn them out by another door into the yard, when you have satisfied them?"

"Satisfied! Ah, Dick, that's easily said. Hang me if I know what to say or do. Had they come singly, I might have plucked up courage to deal with them as they ought to be dealt with; but if I disagree with them there'll be a pretty row. They won't spare me and my past doings—not a bit of it!"

"I'll have some refreshment put in the room —"

"Some! Give them everything in that way that's in the house. I'm ashamed to look at a steed once they would find open house here if ever I became master. I must keep my word for once. So out with our arms, whatever and wherever they are, wines and all."

"What, the choicest?"

"To be sure. Hang it, Dick, when one does entertain friends for the last time, you wouldn't do it shabbily?"

"Very well. And now about the doctor and Miss Pompous?"

"Aye, there I am puzzled."

"I'll watch for them," said Sleuth, "and give you notice; then you can meet them directly. Amuse them, keep them this side of the house, and go off with them for a bit, if you can't get rid of them otherwise."

"Come, then, collect the distinguished party. Let's have a peep at them through the window before I begin the reception."

* * * * * *

A few minutes later, and Anthony was enjoying the shelter of a dark muslin blind, that answered all the purpose of a veil, in enabling him both to see and yet be unseen. What a hubbub! what a medley of people he saw coming in. There was a big, burly pugilist, with a pair of boxing gloves hanging from his arm. Behind him came the man with the bull-dog, and it would be difficult to say which of the two, man or dog, was the most hideous looking looking; the very look of that dog created a clear space for some distance round. But presently came tripping along, with an airy, fantastic gait, a very handsome young woman—a lady, and who was dressed in the richest clothes, and in the most decided fashion of the day. She held a fan, with which she managed to ward off the sight of the people about her with a lofty contempt, but which did not also prevent her from giving a rapid and searching glance into every part of the room, till the bright and beautiful, but bold eyes, rested on the very curtain where Anthony was—and then, however, only for a moment, and then she exchanged a peculiar glance with the next comer, who up to that moment had seemed a stranger. This latter was a young, gentlemanly, but most dissipated-looking young man, who answered her with a knowing leer; but then, as if conscious of the imprudence, turned away, and the two seemed as before, strangers. Anthony saw that look, and wondered.

Sleuth set chairs very politely for the pair at upper end of the room, while he left the pugilist and the owner of the bull-dog chatting together at a little distance, and standing.

Mr. Anthony Allgood was the most happy to receive you all by-and-bye. Please to sit. We will have refreshments in presently."

"And don't be stingy, young man," remarked the pugilist.

"You are to have the best of everything the house affords," added Sleuth, with a most deferential air, which Anthony saw, and which caused him to explode in stifled laughter that he was afraid would be overheard.

In the visitors' room, Jem Pompous, not of the true order, but of that vulture class, which scent their prey afar off; cockfighters, with their pets under their arms; men of every sort now and then they get up a half fight between the opposing powers, even in the room; bilked mariners; mysterious-looking men whose vocation it is impossible to guess; gamblers, jockeys, and so on—the whole tribe of parasites that some half century ago were always to be met with among young and rich heir, provided only they had a chance. It must be confessed they had a right to look upon Anthony's good fortune as a matter of personal consequence to them. Anthony has had dealings with most of them—has been very popular—has been treated largely, not only on account of his expectations, but because of his genial disposition, which has made him look upon the best side of everything, even of the most disagreeable of them. He is obliged to remind himself that he even owes money to some of them.

They had not long been in the room before they began, in the absence of anything else to do, to collect about the picture by Hogarth, which Sleuth had put up, and amuse themselves by commenting upon it.

"Checky that," said the pugilist, turning away to speak to the owner of the bull-dog, while he perched his thumbs at the picture. "See how much the heir cares for the goody stories o' picture books, as I calls 'em. He's a-tout us. He'll do; he'll make the guineas fly; just work't he!"

"And who may that work o' hart be made by?" asked the bull-dog man.

"Ogath, or some sich name. I say, d'ye see the fellow—a mounseer, of course—a playing with his fencing-fork, to show the heir how to fence? There's a beautiful specimen of humanity, aint there? There's legs! I say, frog-eater," he called out, as if addressing the fencing-master—"look here: if you wants position, and muscle, and bottom—genuine British bottom and pluck——" And the pugilist began to play as with an imaginary antagonist, giving Sleuth a terrible fright as he passed, by a blow that almost touched the skin of his nose; then, as every one roared to see Sleuth recoil from the attack, by, as he came to rest another evidence of the pugilist's skill in going so near the wind without doing any damage, the latter added, "Now, position, Ogath. There, Mr. 'Ogath; put that in your picter next time, and people will see summut worth looking at."

"Mr. Anthony Maude will receive you now," said Sleuth, addressing the new-comers generally, and unclean beasts, snatching, or swearing, breaking the glasses, knocking off the heads of bottles of champagne, and eating, drinking, talking, and quarrelling, all in a breath.

As Anthony waited to receive them, he heard quite an altercation outside as to which of two persons—one a man, the other a woman—should first enter.

"I was first, madam!"

"No, sir, you were not; and if you were, you ought to be too much of a gentleman to go before a lady."

"The gentleman, madam, is an old friend of mine!"

"And, perhaps, he's going to be mine."

Then there was an angry push, and then, a little flushed, the woman succeeded.

"Ah, Anthony! I've got to you at last, have I? and how are you? How are you, my dear old fellow? What a windfall! Quarter of a million, they say; personal property alone. But you deserve it. That I shall always say."

And as she spoke she sank down, half for some time vainly tried to recall who he was. At last he remembered him as a broken-down collegian—a young man who began life well at Oxford, gave promise of great things, fell into bad ways, got into debt, ceased to study, and then, after breaking his father's heart at the prospect of a load of debt which he knew his means could never pay, had sunk to be a companion of the worst collegians in all their worst excesses, and had ended by being expelled with disgrace from the University. Then he had continued to haunt the neighborhood, in spite of threats to have him taken up and punished as a rogue and a vagabond. And this had managed, by appealing to the sympathies of certain of the young men as an unfortunate gentleman, to pick up food, pocket-money, and clothes enough to keep him alive.

Anthony shook hands—how could he do less? but remembering Sleuth's warning, ventured to say:

"Well, Mr. Babington, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Anthony, my boy, let me put the question rightly. Is there anything I can do for you?" No —pardon me," he said, seeing Anthony about to speak, "you can't answer that question so well as I can. Let me see. Yes, I can do for you. That's it, I think. You are a rich and fortunate gentleman: I am a poor and unfortunate one: but still, Anthony, when you're not by, I'm your friend, and you're my friend. No friend of mine will forget I am a gentleman born and bred. What can I do for you, did I say? What can I not do? I can introduce you to the world, to society, to court—hem! I mean, I can show you how to proceed, even if I, with my humbler destinies, cannot always follow you. Anthony, my boy, life opens new page—bright, dazzling, glorious! Won't we enjoy it! The best of clothes, best of horses, best of equipages, best of racers! Then, too, the dear delightful, wicked Sleuth, what's become of him? Where is he? Why don't you make him your friend also? Valuable man in his way, no doubt; but, my dear Anthony"—and here the speaker came and lovingly interlinked his arm in Anthony's—"you don't mean to say you would ride in the park with him? Introduce him to the aristocratic circle, where I wait to show you the way? No, no, my dear fellow: I can do much for you, but I couldn't take him. Settle him off in a handsome shop, with big, colored bottles in the window, and whenever I have the toothache, or get out of order, I'll go to his shop to encourage him, poor man! But, my dear Anthony, as a man of the world, treasure the first piece of advice I'm going to give! Never be ashamed of your friends; and if you ain't to be ashamed, then you must pick your men beforehand."

"Mr. Babington, you are right. I thank you. I won't be ashamed of my friend. Dick Sleuth is my friend—my only one. You understand?"

"No, Anthony, confound me if I do! But as you like." Then Mr. Babington sighed heavily, and looked round on the dingy room, which, however, he evidently did not see. "Fortunate fellow! All this esténdon! Your pockets bursting with gold; while I——" And Mr. Babington turned both his trousers pockets out, and stood a perfect picture of forlorn hopelessness, but with a merry twinkle in his eye that Anthony could not resist.

"I don't think, Mr. Babington, I owe you anything, do I?"

"I—I—no not; at least, if you do, I really cannot remember how much. I was generous, Anthony, when I had money to lend, so I may——"

"Exactly: and if it wasn't lent to me, never mind, so long as I am the man to repay you all your many acts of benevolence. Well, would fifty pounds set you up again, and give you a new chance?"

"A hundred would, splendidly."

"A hundred then, be it."

"Anthony, king of men! how shall I sufficiently honor you?"

"By doing so well with this, as that I shall never again be able even to have the pleasure of helping you."

"Eh! Well, pon my life, that's a new idea. No, hang it, Anthony, for once, I do mean what I say. Hang me, if I don't think I'll think of it!"

"Good-bye, Mr. Babington," said Anthony, with extreme gentleness, after writing a cheque and handing it to the collegian.

"Good-bye! And hark—in your ear." He came close and whispered, "Don't you heed the handishments of that female who is just coming in. Most beautiful women I ever saw, and not a bad character; but what right has she here? Says she once saw you—I don't believe it. Be on your guard. I know half a dozen fellows who are mad to get hold of her—offer any settlement. But she says 'No' to all such offers. Dangerous woman I mean, because so seductive and so morally unobjectionable."

"I'll take care," said Anthony. An instant after, he was face to face with the lady in question. He handed her a seat. She took it, and blushed. Then Anthony blushed, not to be least knowing why, except in sympathy. There she sat, glanced timidly at him, and the blush vainly deepened. Anthony confessed to himself it was a lovely face, and not so bold-looking as he had fancied from his previous place of observation.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for troubling you; and—and for coming in such—company. I—I did not know, and have not been used to—to——" And the poor lady, becoming more and more affected, broke down; and though she did not sob, nor palpably weep, Anthony felt sure she was restraining herself with great effort.

"Do not be alarmed—do not hurry to speak—I can wait," said Anthony, in his kindliest tone, and striving, unnoticed, to get a better look at the face which had so charmed him.

"I am very foolish—very," she went on. "I came, thinking it was easy to tell my tale of misfortune to a gentleman who—who——" Again she stopped in evident distress and perplexity.

"And it shall be easy, my dear young lady, if I can help you to tell it. Pray, speak." And Anthony strove to satisfy himself if she really were as beautiful as he had lately fancied.

"I would you," she asked, with charming and touching simplicity, "not—not look at me, and I will try."

"There—I've turned my head away, and I can't see you at all. Will that do?" asked Anthony, unable to resist a kind of mirthfulness stealing over him, and which he fancied might help to relieve the agitated young lady, who more and more interested him.

"I am the daughter of parents—oh, so dear to me—but both now dead, and I am alone in the world!"

Anthony flushed a little at this, but he only said:

"That's sad—very sad!"

"I try to get my living by painting miniatures, but I have no genius, and I don't get on." The tears broke down, and Anthony could not resist the desire to dry them up, and to ask himself why so fine a creature should be miserable because she wasn't a genius. Anthony rises—these pictures forgotten—forgotten a thousand good resolutions. His voice trembles with sympathy, his looks glow with admiration, when he stops, and is caught by an unseen arm, and the sad young lady glances hastily aside to see what's the matter.

Anthony turns to a low, clear laugh—one he knows the meaning of, for he had suggested it as a signal to Sleuth, to use in case he should be unable to come to him, and yet wished to say the doctor was nigh.

It was astonishing how, as the sound of that tap-tap-tap did on the light of common sense began to steal into Anthony's brain; and the first shock given, other thoughts obtained sway. He remembered how the looks he had seen pass between the young lady and the collegian; and though he did not instantly resign, or like to resign, the pleasant vision that had just dawned upon him, he did at once put himself on his guard, and grew fortified in his resolve, no doubt, by the passing fear that Miss Pompous might, if he did not mind, see him and this fascinating stranger together. So, with an entire change of manner, that spoke only too plainly an entire change of purpose, he said:

"I assure you, I—I sympathize with what you have told me, and if you can show me how I can be of assistance to you, I shall be most happy."

The young lady looked at him, and as she looked,

* "Golden exhalations of the dawn."—*Schiller.*

the expression became such as Anthony found it impossible to face. Dropping his eyes, he said:

"Pray, speak. What can I do for you?"

Again the fair one looked, but only to see how he averted his gaze. Then there was a sudden lightning flash, fierce and deadly, followed by sudden thunder tones, even though from a feminine voice, and then the storm burst, and Anthony had his reward.

"What can you do for ME? Nothing. You a gentleman! Fool! you're a sneak—there!"

And with a gesture which it would be a pity to describe in connection with so charming a young lady, she strode out of the room into the place where the diners were assembled, and there made the place ring again with the mirth she evoked at poor Anthony's expense. Miss Pompess was avenged. Anthony tried to laugh too, but somehow, gave up the attempt, as he murmured:

"What an as I was! It's a lesson, anyhow. Pleasant, certainly!"

But he must pass through the crowd to go to the doctor. Unluckily, there is no other way, unless he were to get out of the window. Anthony can't do that; not even if he could be confident that modest beauty again. So girding up his loins, he walks out, and is instantly the centre of a noisy and ill-sounding circle. It was he says to them:

"Presently, gentlemen, presently. There are friends outside who don't understand this sort of thing. Let us respect their feelings and pocket. I am coming back. Pray, eat, drink, and make merry. It is open house, as I told you it should be. Sherlin, some wine!"

All this was very well, but they had eaten and drank their fill, and wanted to be doing business. They pressed upon him—a dozen speaking at once; but he broke away angrily from them, and got towards the door. There he saw the lady and the colloguing Sherlin in full intercourse, and eating cherries, his arm round her waist, and both looking impudently at him.

As he got outside the door—free at last and disencumbered—he found himself confronted by a different sort of personage from any in the room. A middle-aged, exceedingly respectable-looking man, with a slightly Jewish aspect, stopped his way, and put a gentleman's card into his hand, saying:

"My dear sir, anything in my way? Any little bills to discount?"

"No," said Anthony, with a laugh; "but if I myself go for—and he pointed to the house—

"I'll promise you beforehand any amount of business you like to fix on. There, get along!"

And Anthony, forgetting everything but his desire to keep Dr. Pompess and his daughter out of this discreditable scene, refused to hear warnings, and ran to the dining-room, where they were both sitting, waiting for him.

"Why, Anthony," said the doctor, "you keep strange servants. We have found it hard work to get anybody to hold our horses, and then we found the door barricaded as if you expected an assault. What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing. Up late last night, Dick and I, talking, and so up late this morning; and the servants, perhaps, thought it best to keep things quiet, and let us sleep."

Here there was a ferocious bark heard, and a shriek, as of some one bitten or horribly frightened.

"What's that?" asked the doctor, hastily.

"Oh, somebody passing along the road. People are so fond of vicious dogs about this neighborhood."

Angry voices rising into shouts, and something that sounded like oaths, now followed; and what it was noticeable how coarse the voices sounded, both in tone and accent.

"Dear me! there must be something wrong," urged the doctor, looking round.

"Oh, dear no! It's such a population about here."

The noises changed. Oochs began to crow, and then there were clapping of hands.

"Quite a little exhibition outside Mr. Anthony's gates," said Sarah, with mocking irony, as she saw our hero's discomposed face, and knew he must be fibbing at a fearful rate, and wondered if that were among the young heir's accomplishments.

Anthony didn't like Clarissa's look, and he at heart respected it. But he was in the toils, and must get out. He quite laughed again at the momentary sense of relief as Phillis came in with a tray of cakes and wine.

"I'll go and see, doctor, what is the matter, if you will excuse me for a few minutes. People worry me a good deal by coming to claim acquaintance with me. Forbear—"

He waited to say no more.

He was stopped in his retreat by the blast of a bugle horn, plaintively played, and which was now executing one of the choicest bits of music from the latest popular opera. It came from the top of a coach driven by four grays, which stopped exactly opposite the conservatory window, so that Clarissa, her father, and Anthony all alike saw it. Mr. Anthony knew it now quite well. The young lady seemed to say; and Anthony was so angry that he wouldn't condescend to explain, and the more so that he felt expected to find, when he got out, that this "tour in hand" was really brought here for him. "The asses!" he muttered, angrily.

Perhaps the music may interest you till I return," he said, and then he forced out, with an intense desire to blow up the house, with everybody in it, to do some other equally effective stroke of business, to relieve him from his perplexities.

When he got back he found in the room more like a bear-garden than a place in a gentleman's private mansion, and one, too, as he remembered with pain and shame, that had been the scene of his uncle's violent death so short a time before. The cocks were fighting, armed with silver spurs, and blackguards on both sides were backing their favorites. The pugilist was giving lessons in his art, to an admiring bystander; a little bandy-legged jockey—a boy in limbs and weight, a wicked old man in face—was relating the particulars of a race, and how he (the jockey) had done all the knowing ones at the last moment. The bull-dog squatted on his haunches and took a general survey of things, while his master grew excited about the cock-fight; while the collegian and the young lady drank, and drank, and drank again, and seemed to forget all their disappointments.

"Gentlemen!" said Anthony with a loud voice. They all turned. Anthony looked very angry, but also embarrassed. As he began to speak these manifestations passed off, and a smile gradually illumined his dark face. "Gentlemen, have you all drank my good health?"

"Yes, yes, master, lots of that!" hiccupped one of the company.

"Very well; now let me drink yours, before we proceed to business. Sherlin handed him a cup of wine. Anthony took it, drank it, and bowed low, then to the general company, and again bowed not quite so low, but still with marked courtesy, and then drank off the whole cup, which, however, did not go down much, for that was the first wine he had drunk that day. "Now, then, friends to business. What do you all want here? To welcome me, of course. Thank you—thank you very much. But now, friends, for a few plain words. I must leave you directly; I cannot by any possibility give you more than a few minutes. Can't you, then, say all you have to say to me in that time? Ay, but stop!" he said to one who instantly began to speak. "Stop! no—no—you must keep me too long for the last to get at me at all. I wish to satisfy all reasonable expectations."

"Hear, hear!" cried a good 'un!" voices called out, maudlin with drink.

"Now I propose that each of you come up to me here, where I sit, at this end of the table, and say in a few words what you want to ask, and I pass on, and then I'll answer you altogether afterwards, as well as I can. Mind, I don't want to be bothered with anything beyond all that nonsense, now. Mr. Sleuth will pay in a businesslike manner, and all just claims, with interest, sent to him in a businesslike way. Dick, will you be master of the ceremonies, and see that no one takes a mean advantage of his companions, by trying to push in two tasks instead of one?"

There was a general roar of approbation. The man with the bull-dog first presented himself.

"Want me to buy him?" asked Anthony.

"Exactly."

"How much?" asked Anthony, gazing with admiring eyes upon the animal.

"Ten guineas."

"Too little. Take twelve, and he's mine. Let the next man come up."

This was the pugilist, who smiled and looked knowingly at Anthony, and pointed to the gloves.

"Want to teach me the noble art of self-defence! We'll see. Move on."

The bandy-legged jockey now pushed forward, and said something about his honor's racers, and that he had brought a fine bit of blood to show him, and that he was in the stable, and would his honor come and see?

"Not just now," said Anthony. "Who's next?"

A mysterious looking man now said he'd cannot, everybody, now advanced, and whispered, looking round—

"Awkward place and time to say what I have to say; but needs must when—drive. I am a scientific man—a practically scientific man. I have been studying the laws of betting and bookmaking for many years, and have reduced all the ordinary discoveries—reduced the chaos to order, to science, to absolute, certain success. Yes, I can guarantee success to any extent. Let me work with these people about, say more; but you will find me a most indispensable adjunct to your betting concerns. I have the whole system reduced into these few pages," and he showed Anthony some leaves of stained foolscap.

The cock-fighters now angrily pushed the scientific man aside, and, with much fury, set to work on the floor before Anthony, as if waiting only for his signal to begin. But a comedian, who wanted the room, to get up under the gas-lights patronage in the play of Hamlet, caused them to be pushed on, he again giving place to the crowd behind, who now made a rush. Then came on the tall, hard-marker, who wanted a place or a gratuity; and to the bulky carriage-builder, who had come, fiercely-bent, to suggest to Anthony how an unsurprising young gentleman might begin to make due sensation in the eyes of the world.

The last but one of the assemblage had passed, and that one was a dirty, ragged, ill-favored boy, a very man whom Anthony had seen astride of the garden wall. He came up close to Anthony, who drank bloody-minded, and who now seemed out of breath, and taking a pack of cards—or, possibly, a book with pictures—from his pocket, held it open for Anthony to look at.

He did look for an instant; then there was a tremendous blow, a terrible fall, and then a piteous howl out of distress. But Anthony, burning with indignation, said:

"Out with him! Put him under the water-pump. Five guineas to the man who first succeeds in cooling the dirty blackguard!"

In an instant the hapless wretch was seized by arms and legs, no one knowing what it was he had sworn to doing, but quite sufficiently near to understand that he was rightly punished for his profligacy.

That little incident put the last touch to Anthony's behavior. All the hesitation, the not ungraceful weakness of youth, passed away, and he waited, sitting on the edge of the table in grim silence, for the return of the delectable company, who thus vividly brought home to him the kind of life he had been expected to lead.

"Not one honest man amongst them—not one creditable fellow—come for no reason whatever but liking for me, and desire to shake my hands. Not one! I deserved, I suppose. Well, and I've got it. Never mind, I'll play the play out now."

They returned, most of them shaking off from their clothes the wet that had fallen upon them during the pump business, and all evidently fancying that Anthony was taking them to his side as friends, even by that appeal he had made to them. They were in capital humor, evidently refreshed by the sight of their unlucky brother's misfortune, since they were in no dancer of sharing it.

"Lady—I can't say ladies, I am happy to say; I am sure I am grateful for one needful instruction—lady and gentlemen, have you been hospitably received?" Anthony now asked.

There was a general response of satisfaction; for who was to know what additional good things might be forthcoming?

"And may I now ask one favor from you all?"

It was touching to see the earnestness of the reply to this appeal.

"Then may I ask that, when you leave this house, you will be good enough never to come within sight of it again as long as you live; for, by the lord! if you do, I'll have every one of you dragged into the pump, by Jove! I will now—what's your dog's name? Set him free—loose him! Set him at this precious company! I shall make your twelve pounds fifteen if you clear the house in two minutes. Now then!"

Wonderful was the speed, the outcry, the fight. Anthony rushed about, encouraging laughter. Sleuth did the same, though not liking to have his legs so often smelled at by the hideous brute, who instantly proved that he ought to go with the rest.

But, lo, while the stream of Anthony's visitors bursts forth to the air, the doctor and Miss Pompess, tired of waiting for his return, come out too, and see the proceedings. Anthony comes up, quite unconscious, still laughing, till, on turning a corner, he sees the two; and his mirth subsides as he doffers his hat to Clarissa, remarks:

"Hem! hem! If these are the young man's friends, I don't wonder at his behavior to us."

WOLVES AND BEARS IN SOUTHERN ITALY.

IT that part of the kingdom called the Abruzzi, are found wolves and bears, which must have remained unexterminated from ancient times. The country is mountainous, being in the Apennines, with the climate so cold in the higher parts, that snow is quite deep in the winter season. The inhabitants are few, and many of them poor. I was once traveling there in the month of June, when I stopped at a convent in a solitary place, and spent some time with the monks in the house, in which I heard during my stay was the following, which, although it may sound like a fiction, and I was at first disposed to reject it as such, I believe to be true.

The poor people were accustomed to resort to the convent, when in want of food, to obtain supplies, and the monks, who were very charitable, never sent away those who came. The monks then brought them bread, and sometimes a little spirituous. One of the bears, observing this, followed the example, and accordingly, one day, a monk, on hearing the bell and repairing to the door, found a bear waiting for food, was astonished to find a bear in waiting, instead of a man, a woman, or a child. A portion of the food was given to the bear, which he ate and then retired. This was occasionally repeated, until the monks became habituated to visits from the bears, although they were never, I believe, very frequent. Occasionally, and I understood, only when greatly pressed by hunger, one of those animals would venture within doors. I was in convent, pull the bell-rope, and receive his supply, then quietly retire.

The monk who gave me the first account of this remarkable practice, not only assured me, with great earnestness, that he had added something to it which appeared quite as wonderful. He told me that he was one day met by a bear, while walking at some distance from the convent. To his surprise, the bear approached him, and, when near, he recognized it as one to which he had given food. The animal expressed pleasure in seeing him, and, rising upon his hinder feet, seized him with his fore paws, and caressed him gently and affectionately, as an expression of gratitude.

The people of the Abruzzi tell many interesting stories of animals.

The proprietor of an estate was one day walking with his daughter, a child, in the country, near Scoppio, when he was overtaken by a shower of rain, and went to the skin, before he could find any shelter. At length he saw a cottage, and ran to discover a cavern, which he entered. He looked around him; and seeing some bits of wood, collected them, and made a fire to warm himself and dry his clothes. On penetrating into a more distant part of the cavern, with a large bear lying on the ground; and was at first struck with terror, and stood for a time motionless, looking at the bear and the animal. The bear, however, showed no signs of forcible. At length, however, recovering his self-possession, he drew near and slowly approached the place; when the bear, whose countenance was quite mild and gentle, immediately bent out in the shower. Placing himself near the fire, he dried himself as well as he could, while the bear, who had not quite recovered from his fears, took off from the fire, and looked at him as he dried his coat, and put them on again. Perceiving the fire getting low, he at once collected a few more sticks, and replenished it; when to his new surprise, the bear rose, walked out into the open air, and returned with a faggot, which he also brought and dropped into the fire. At length the rain, redoubled in violence, the bread and cheese, the one of his pockets, took them out, ate a little of each, and offered the remainder portions of it to the mute but friendly companion. The bear received these with great gentleness, and, after having eaten them, went going to a corner of the cavern, and brought out a basket, and there brought out a quantity of dry fruits, which he presented to his host. There were cherries, which he received in turn by the man, who, after the shower had ceased, left the cave, to pay his respects to the bear immediately rose and followed him, but with the same signs of gentleness and respect, and proceeded along a solitary region in company, the animal keeping at a short distance behind. Whenever the man shortened his pace, or made a stop, the bear did the same, keeping him constantly in view; and thus they went on, until they approached the town, when the animal turned back, and soon disappeared.

It was the opinion of the man, and of an honest old countryman who told me the tale, that the bear's object in following, was to act as his protection from any other bear he met might meet with on his way. I took pains to gain all possible information concerning this story, and found the people around me perfectly satisfactory, that I gave it full credit, and I do not hesitate to say that I believe it still.

AUGUSTA DOBBIN'S MISTAKE.

BY REBECCA FORBES.

AUGUSTA DOBBINS had reached a *certain* age; in other words, which are more expressive than agreeable to Indies of her class, she was an *old* maid! But that was not the only difficulty, she was homely; that is, if possible, to have a sallow complexion, covered with freckles, a square face, a "turned-up" nose, a large mouth, a pair of bright, watchful, light gray eyes, and a head of red hair, can be called homely.

However, she was not yet despairing about finding a man to suit her taste, though she was "wide-awake" to the fact that every day her chances were growing beautifully less. She must do something—marry, or work, and that quickly!

Looking over her *Herald* one morning she observed the following:

"A gentleman in good circumstances wishes to correspond with some lady who is matrimonially inclined."

"And that is me—it means me," she exclaimed, just as loud as if it had not. "Augusta Dobbins, Mr. Harold Montejoy wishes to write to you! I will reply immediately."

Suiting the action to the act about writing a letter. One, two, three, and four were written before she found one which suited her mind entirely. Here it is verbatim:

"MY DEAR MR. HAROLD MONTEJOY—Your very sensible, wise, and expressive advertisement in today's *Herald* has induced me to take my pen and introduce myself to you. Should I be a lucky one you will almost believe that I am lacking modicity in my feelings, my dear sir. But I hope that my brow is covered with warm blushes even now.

"Seriously, I am a lady, still young, who possesses a large property, considered beautiful (so my numerous admirers assure me), and exceedingly refined. I am fond of music, have a kind heart, and mind to mind, in our correspondence, and that many delightful, enchanting echoes will be awakened thereby.

"I shall live in agony until I hear from you.

"Your own, devoted,

"AUGUSTA DOBBINS."

In due time a reply was received, stating that the gentleman was just 28 years old, and all other particulars concerning him. He also wished to see "Miss Dobbins" immediately. But Augusta would not do that; she feared that what he would really see what "numberless" (because there had never been any to number) admirers found so charming in her, would stop short, and to him that he must not visit her at her parents, because they would object; and she was quite delighted with the part of his next epistle which referred to it:

"MY DARLING AUGUSTA—Nothing would suit me better than to meet you at Fifth street *after dark*, when no friends could spy us out. Then we could go and have the ceremony performed.

"Shall I come, my angel, at seven o'clock, Friday evening."

"So soon—so soon," she exclaimed gleefully. "Good! the match was made in heaven. How happy I am."

As this was such an *extra* occasion, she concluded to indulge herself. Accordingly she bought herself a new "waterfall," a box of "Allenheart," and a bottle of pink dye. She was going to *paint*.

When the eventful evening came she stood before the mirror admiring, with complete satisfaction, her blood-red cheeks and streaked brow. Then she tied on her "love of a hat," a nice little affair, with a yellow plume and a red bunch of flowers, and a blue cloak, which had belonged to her grandmother. The night was rather dark, and most unfavorable for a "elopement."

When she reached the spot, some one said:

"Is this you, dear Augusta?"

"Yes, dear Harold!" she murmured.

"Are you quite ready? Allow me to help you in," and he helped her into the carriage, managing to conceal his hand in quite a lover-like style, though it almost made her scream out with pain, for his hand was like a vice.

In a few moments' ride he stopped, lifted her out, and they both went into a house.

Here she still kept her two veils down, and persisted in keeping them down all through the ceremony, which, strange to say, did not seem to annoy her lover in the least.

"My dear Augusta," he whispered, at the conclusion of the ceremony, lifting her veil. Her eyes fell on his face; she sprang backwards, leaving the veil in his hand, and shouted:

"Sir! sir! I ain't married to you."

"I ain't! I won't be! Did you dare," turning to the minister, "marry me to him?"

"I did, madam; you gave your consent in a pretty loud voice," he returned in a cool tone.

"Did I know it was him? Get out, you impostor, you vagabond! What right had you to advertise?"

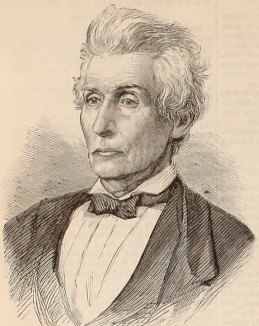
"Just as good as anybody," was the response.

"I am as good as a white gentleman, and I never told you that I was!"

"You black scoundrel—you imp of satin," she exclaimed, making a rush for the door, "to impose on us *unsuspecting girl* in that style," and out into the street she went, flying homeward, and the great burly "nigger," "Harold Montejoy," following after her.

It was a race for life, but she gained it. However, he presented himself at her door the next morning, and she forced him to sell her "waterfall and paints," her "turkeys and chickens," which all amounted to fifty-two dollars and three cents, which she paid him to hindraw his claim. Glad of the exchange, he took the money and left for parts unknown.

Since then she has ceased to take "*Herald*," and looks upon "matrimonial notices" as traps set for the feet of innocent victims. But even now, she sometimes sighs when she thinks how splendidly "Mrs. Harold Montejoy" would have sounded had *he* only have been *white*.



HON. W. L. SHARKEY, PROVISIONAL GOVERNOR OF MISSISSIPPI.

HON. WILLIAM L. SHARKEY,

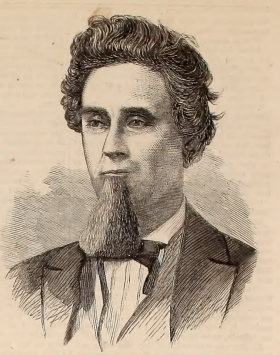
Provisional Governor of Mississippi.

Gov. [SHARKEY is a native of Mississippi, and is about 60 years of age. For over twenty years he was Chief Justice of his native State, and as a jurist he has no equal in the South. In politics he is an old line Whig, but never sought political position or preferment. In 1851, when the "Union party" was in the ascendant in Mississippi, he declined to accept the office of Governor or United States Senator, both of which were filled by Union men. No better appointment could have been made by President Johnson than that of Mr. Sharkey, especially at a time like the present, when it requires the best talent, and the purest patriots of the land to manage the affairs of our country. In his private and public life, honor, integrity, kindness and generosity have ever characterized his actions. He is too well known to require further notice here.

HON. J. S. YERGER,

President of the Reconstruction Convention of Mississippi.

THIS distinguished gentleman is a native of Pennsylvania, but at an early day removed to Tennessee, and practiced law in Nashville. He went to Mississippi in 1839, and entered upon the duties of his profession in Vicksburg, and for a number of years was Judge in the Vicksburg district. He subsequently removed to Washington county, in Mississippi, where he now resides, and holds a Judgeship. In politics he has ever been an old line Whig, and a steadfast supporter of the Federal Union. When a delegate in the Convention of 1861, he opposed earnestly and fearlessly the ordinance of secession, and voted against it on its final passage always denying the right of a State to secede. Judge Yerger's name is mentioned favorably in connection with the Governorship of the State. In point of talent, and as a jurist he is one of the most prominent men in the State.



HON. J. S. YERGER, PRESIDENT OF RECONSTRUCTION CONVENTION, MISSISSIPPI.

JACKSON, MISS.

WE present, in this number, two faithful representations of the present appearance of this once beautiful city. Those who have visited it in the palmy days of peace, will not recognize in these pictures of ruin and desolation the once proud capital of Mississippi. Events in the recent war frequently brought Jackson before the public eye; and the movements of contending armies, in and around the city, were observed with deep interest and anxiety. And now that the people of Mississippi are assembled



THE RUINS OF JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.—FROM A SKETCH BY D. H. HUYETT.

there in solemn Convention, agreeable to the President's Proclamation of June 13th, 1865, Jackson is once more made conspicuous in the eyes of the civilized world.

Jackson is situated in Hinds county, on the right bank of the Pearl river, 45 miles east of Vicksburg, on the Southern railroad, 183 miles north of New Orleans, via New Orleans Junction and Great Northern railroad, and 1,010 from Washington. It is intersected by railroads running east, west, north and south, and before the war possessed many elements of commercial prosperity. It has a population of about 6,000, and the value of its real estate in 1860 was estimated at $784,446, much of which has been swept away in the fortunes of war.

Jackson was first entered by the Federal troops on the 14th of May, 1862. Gen. Grant's army was then moving on Vicksburg. In his official report of the preliminary operations respecting his capture of Vicksburg, he says: "Sherman was left in Jackson to destroy the railroads, bridges, factories, workshops, and everything valuable for the support of the army," and this, he added, very truly, "was accomplished in the most effectual manner." Among the buildings destroyed at this time were the State Penitentiary, the factories of Phillips and Greene, the Confederate House (hot-1), the Catholic church, the railroad depot, and about four squares of the business portion of the city, with several handsome residences in the suburbs. The effect upon the non-combatants, as may be imagined, was appalling. On every side, where once stood splendid stores, warehouses, and magnificent residences, embowered in tropical shrubbery, naught remained but charred and smouldering ruins.

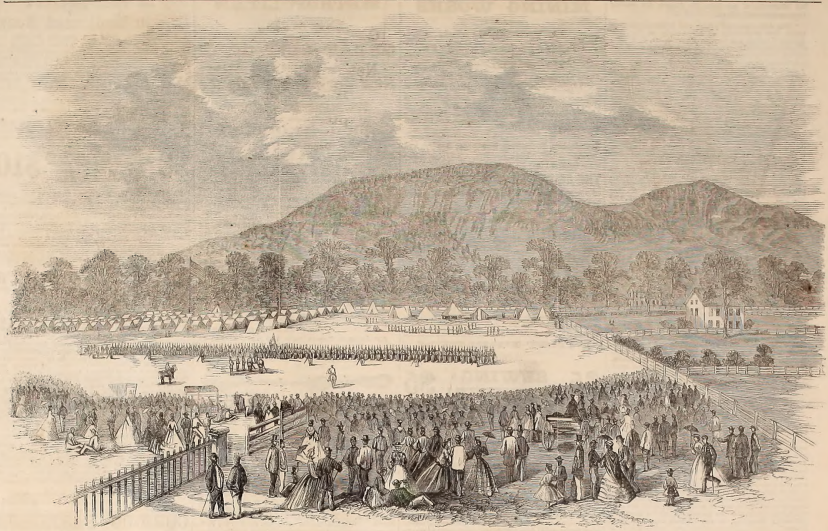
But it was in July following that the people of Jackson felt the full power of the Federal Government. In the latter part of May, and during the month of June it was the headquarters of Gen. Joseph E. Johnson, who was trying to collect a force to relieve Gen. Pemberton, then being besieged at Vicksburg, which place fell, and a few hours later Gen. Sherman was sent to occupy Jackson. Although the place was thought to be well fortified, no one presumed that Johnson would "make a stand." He did so, however, and held his position about seven days, when he retreated, leaving the city once more to be occupied by the Union forces. The 31st New York Volunteers, Lieutenant Colonel Mitchell comm anding, were first to cross the deserted works. So near were the residences of the city to the entrenchments, that the inhabitants were compelled to flee to the swamp, where they remained without shelter and but scanty subsistence until the contest was decided, then returned to find their homes in ashes. What remained of the business portion of the city, after the first conflagration, was now consumed. In this instance the fire was at urted by the retreating Confederates, in their hurry to d estroy the military stores left by Johnson; and although the fire commenced very early in the morning, it was not until noon that it reached its height. The beautiful residences and store that escaped in the morning were now fired, and disappeared before the



MISS JULIA DALY (MRS. WARREN EDGARTON.)



THE GRIZZLY BEAR CHAIR, PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON, BY SETH KINMAN, THE CALIFORNIA HUNTER, SEPT. 6. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.



CAMP RUSSELL, NEW HAVEN, CONN.—REVIEW OF THE 2ND REGIMENT, CONNECTICUT, N. G., FRIDAY, SEPT. 15.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. CURTIS.

devouring element. The city seemed to be in an u roken sheet of flame; the streets were crowded ith household goods, furniture, pianos, etc., weeping women sitting beside their perishing property, imploring God for protection, little children running in wild despair, calling upon father or mother to save them, the ringing of bells and shouts of the soldiers, as they marched along or dashed furiously through the streets with fire-engines, vainly endeavoring to save some building from the flames; while others, seating themselves beside the pianos and melodeons in less exposed positions, and, like Nero, "fiddled" while the city was being consumed. It was at this time the Episcopal Church, concert hall, and the *Mississippian Newspaper* office (the cylinders of the presses are still standing amongst the ruins), and whole blocks of buildings were swept away.

Soon after Taylor's surrender to Gen. Canby, the place was garrisoned by two white regiments, which in a short time, however, were removed, and their place supplied by colored troops.

The municipal and civil officers of the city and State have again entered upon the discharge of their duties; and all matters of a civil nature transferred from the military to the civil authorities, and under Governor Sharkey's wise and judicious administration peace and prosperity will again return to this once beautiful but now desolate city.

THE BEAR CHAIR.

Most of our readers will remember the name of Seth Kinman, the California hunter, and the walkers upon the streets of the principal cities will recall the stalwart form, dressed in full backwoods toggery. He has just presented to President Johnson a chair, made by his own hands, from the furs of the bears killed by himself. The chair would appall almost any one with a less firm seat than Andrew Johnson, but, putting looks aside, will, without doubt, make a warm and comfortable seat in the coming cold weather.

REVIEW AT CAMP RUSSELL,

New Haven, Conn.

Four o'clock in the afternoon of September 15th was an eventful time at Camp Russell. At that hour the 2d Regiment Connecticut National Guard held their grand review, preparatory to breaking camp, in the presence of many thousands of spectators.

The regiment was reviewed by Major-General Russell, and, it is needless to say, looked splendidly.

At six o'clock the dress parade took place, and at a grand supper the regiment celebrated its forty-ninth anniversary, after which came bonfires and general enthusiasm, and on the next day they broke camp and marched into the city of New Haven, thus ending a most gratifying period of enjoyment.

MISS JULIA DALY (MRS. WARREN EDGARTON.)

The name of the lady whose portrait we present this week is almost a household word in the mouths of the people, and the counterfeit presentment of the good-natured and versatile actress will, we make no doubt, be heartily welcome. As an accompaniment to our own endorsement of her powers, we copy the follow-



FORT SMITH, INDIAN TERRITORY, ARKANSAS, THE PLACE WHERE THE GREAT INDIAN COUNCIL WAS HELD, AND TREATY OF PEACE SIGNED, SEPT. 14.

ing biography of her from *The Players*, the leading London theatrical journal:

"Miss Julia Daly, the young and brilliant American actress, now performing so successfully at the New Adelphi Theatre, was born in Philadelphia, U. S. She Adelphi Theatre, was born in Philadelphia, U. S. She adopted the theatrical profession at a very early age, adopted the theatrical profession at a very early age, adopted the theatrical profession at a very early age, adopted the theatrical profession at a very early age, having from a child displayed great aptitude for music. After leaving school with great credit she engaged with Philadelphia Philharmonic Society, and performed the Queen in the operatic version of *Hamlet*, and performed in the principal cities with gratifying success. Her early training with this talented lady stood her in good stead parts in afterpieces; and after having concluded her operatic engagement, turned her attention to the drama. After performing in *melodrame* and eccentric comedy at Burton's Theatre, New York, Howard Athenæum, Boston, and other leading theatres, we find her starring in the provinces in the popular specialties, the Yankee girl. In this style o character she displayed great originality, combined with the power of rendering ballads, as well as Yankee comic ditties, with an effect unequaled by any other representatives of Yankee peculiarities. We know of no singing actress at present on the stage who can compare with her as a vocalist. 'Our Female Cousin,' a comedy, written expressly for Miss Daly, by Mr. Charles Gayler, of New York, was first played by her at Burton's Theatre, New York, and though stamped for failure by a fortnight, her success was so great that she continued playing the piece until the end of the season, the comedy having been presented a greater number of consecutive nights than any previous native production.

"The 'Cousin' has had the extraordinary run of seventy consecutive nights at the New Adelphi. Miss Daly was engaged for two weeks, but has already played one hundred and four nights. She is mightly received with enthusiastic applause by crowded houses, her scenes and songs are invariably encored, and her presence mightily demanded before the curtain."

The London press received the young stranger with cordial, but not extravagant appreciation. The *Morning Post* thus alludes to her debut:

"Miss Julia Daly, an American actress, who, with a rich fund of animal spirits, originality, combines singular versatility, made a very successful debut at the New Adelphi last evening, in the fun is of the rollicking sort. Her style in every particular so original and racy, that her whole performance more than a high claim to the merit of novelty. She not only acts, but sings and dances with great excellence. She sang a variety of songs, after a droll fashion of her own, and she 'reads her triumph,' if not in a 'natural way,' at least in the hearty laughter of a crowded theatre."

From the London *Times*:

"Her 'Yankee Gal,' while exhibiting all that independence of social observation which belongs to the genus, is comparatively quiet in the expression of her fun—more shrewd than impudent, more merry and shrill than boisterous. All the details of behavior, that so much distinguish the sodden and noisy mob of Yankee peculiarities on the English stage, she executes in an artistic way. Her gifted mimicry never exhausts, makes its way with the public. And her singing talent, coupled with her comic powers, is of no slight account. is quite sufficient to obtain popularity for a new set of melodies. Miss Daly's style was a thoroughly new one, most original specimens of solemn rapture it was ever our fate to laugh at. Herein, she is most unquestionably deserving, in the highest sense, of great praise."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

The author of "Tristram Shandy," who knew human nature pretty well, says a sober man when drunk has the same kind of stupidity about him that a drunken man has when he is sober.

BARNES resemble wheat in many respects. Firstly, neither are good for much till they arrive at maturity; secondly, both are *bred* in the house, and are also the *feazer* of the family; thirdly both have to be *cradled*, too-thly, both are generally well *thrashed* before they are done with.

A LITTLE fellow going to church for the first time, where the pews were very high, was asked, on coming out, how he liked it church, when he replied: "I went into a cupboard, and took a seat on the shelf."

"Doctor," said a lady, "I want you to prescribe for a cold."

"There is nothing the matter, madam," said the doctor, after feeling her pulse, "you only need rest."

"Now, doctor, just look at my tongue!" she persisted, "I think it—look at it! Now, say, what does that mean?"

"I think that needs rest, too," said the doctor.

WHEN may two people be said to be half-witted? When they have an understanding between them.

"I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments," said a young gentleman; "you make me start."

"Well," said she, "I have been wanting you to start for the last half-hour."

"PA," said a fashionably-educated farmer's daughter, "what is it I should marry a farmer, what shall I do with my *Greek*?"

"Call the cattle, Betsy; call the chickens!"

AT an agricultural exhibition in Massachusetts the following toast was given:

"Our fair sisters—may the language of the orator, the best friends and most elicited patrons of the farmer, for they would have all men to be the best mademen."

WHY is an equestrian like a Norwegian? Because he's a man on horseback).

WHAT is that which every one wishes to possess, and which every one wishes to get rid of as they have got it? A good appetite.

On account of the rapidity with which oil companies are formed, and order their engines, together with the facility they experience in procuring a good title for their company, as well as for their land, we respectfully suggest the following names. The great has said that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but as it is artful; but then it don't want to appeal to any sense of smell in an oil company, nor, indeed, in any other; consequently, either for a good dinner or a good name, give us a good mouthful—Ile-and-Water Company; Ile-and-sorrow Company; Horse-and-buggy Company; Whence-and-whither-away Oil and Mining Company; Who-what-when-where-and-how-and-why-and-wherefore Company; Hi-and-cock-a-hoop Company; Hi-and-cock-turn-and-look Company; Hi-and-hoop-la-and-hope-to-die-we-fly Company; Hi-and-hoop-la-and-look-out-below Company; Hi-and-cock-turn-and-look-out-below-and-hoop-la-and-hope-to-die-we-fly Company; Hi-and-cock-turn-and-look-out-below-and-hoop-la-and-hope-to-die-we-fly-and-Sandy Company; Athens'-oil-and-crete Lubricating Coal Company; Jonah's-gourd-burning-and-mouse-Pumphius Oil Company. The origin of the latter name may need some remarks by way of explanation, and especially to parties who go in on "ground floors," and are not prepared to be acquainted with the work from which this short biography is taken.

WHY is a bank-note torn by a dog sure to pass?—Because it's *current* (current) money.

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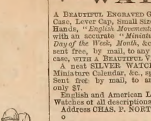
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Suffrage a Basis of Representation.

Who shall vote and what shall be his qualifications, are questions, the decision of which has been left hitherto exclusively to the several States. The Constitution interferes in no way with their determination, and only stipulates that persons qualified to vote for members of the most numerous branch of the State Legislatures, shall be privileged to vote for Members of Congress. The States have been governed by no fixed or general rule in defining who shall vote or what shall be his qualifications. These vary in all the States. Probably no two have precisely the same regulations in these respects. In some, as in Massachusetts, the negro may vote on reaching his majority, on precisely the same footing as the white man. In New York, he must have the same qualifications as the white voter, with a property qualification added. As regards foreigners, the policy of the various States is equally various. In some States, as in New York, he must have resided five years in the State; in Illinois and Missouri two years is sufficient; while in Wisconsin (we believe) no probation is required. The possession of property to a certain amount was, in South Carolina, a condition to the exercise of the suffrage, as it was, until lately, in Connecticut, where a voter was required to be a freeholder. Probably, by general acquiescence, precedent and practice, no right or power of the several States was or is more thoroughly established, or less disputable, than that of deciding who shall vote and under what conditions.

The Constitution of the United States established representation on the basis of population, with a proviso that only three-fifths of the slaves should be counted in the apportionment of representatives. It in no way provided for direct interference with the States in fixing who should be electors, and it was, without doubt, in the competence of the original States to have conferred the franchise upon any class of men, however small, and established a practical oligarchy, subversive of the spirit and ends of Republicanism. The only ground of interference by the general Government would be under that clause of the Constitution, which guarantees to the States "a Republican form of Government." Any new State applying for admission into the Union may be rejected by Congress, if there appears anything derogatory to "a Republican form of Government" in its constitution.

In view of the development of the President's plan of reconstruction, about which the public mind is deeply agitated, it becomes interesting and important to inquire—

1st. Whether the new Constitutions of the rebel States, owing their origin to the initiatory action of the general Government, and framed under its direction, will, or must come before Congress as if from States seeking admission into the Union?

2d.—In case they do not, and it should be found that there is contained in them, or in the laws framed under them, anything which shall be repugnant to, or subversive of republicanism, or inconsistent with "a Republican form of Government," will it not be the duty of the Congress of the United States to refuse those States representation in Congress, or readmission into the Union?

3d.—Congress is the exclusive judge of the qualifications of its own members, and when the representatives of the late rebel States shall come to take their seats, will it be competent for it to inquire if the form of government under which they claim to be elected, is republican within the meaning of the Constitution?

These questions may, and probably will arise, *apropos* of the action that may be taken by the several States on the question of negro suffrage. It may well be doubted if South Carolina or Mississippi, whose representatives will come up to Congress, claiming to represent a population—more than half of which have no voice in their election—have a Republican Government in form or principle. It is clear that the power to determine, or fix the qualifications of voters in the several States, cannot be allowed to be so interpreted or exercised, as seriously to interfere with, or entirely defeat the very principles on which our Government is founded, and the objects for which it was organized. The States are undoubtedly bound to conform their action in all respects to the general welfare; they cannot set up a power, or do acts under the protection of the general Government subversive of its interests. And it is to the interest of a large majority of the States, and indeed of all of them, that the political power of no State shall be concentrated in the hands of a few, or exclusively exercised by a privileged class. It is neither right nor republican that a voter in South Carolina shall be clothed by State legislation with a political power nearly, or quite three times as great as that of the voter in New York, or that 8,000 voters in that State shall have one representative in Congress, while 21,000 in Ohio have no more. It is neither right not republican that the voting population in the late rebel States shall have *thirty* more members in Congress, than a corresponding number of voters in the loyal States, north of the Ohio.

We are not now advocating negro suffrage, which is a question apart. It may well be said that the suffrage has been by far too widely extended, and inconsiderately put in unworthy hands, and we are quite ready to admit that it should be qualified by more rational conditions than now exist. It seems to us that a remedy for the existing wrong of having Congress invaded by thirty men, who represent nobody, and thus subvert the very idea of republicanism, may be found in having representation based on suffrage, on the number of voters and not on population. This would reduce the Congressional representation from South Carolina one half, and make its political influence in the nation a just and absolute reflection of its voting strength in the State. It would give additional political strength to some of the Western States, where the voting population is relatively greater than in the Eastern and Middle States. There would be no wrong or injustice in this; for if we fix upon certain men as the only proper persons to exercise the franchise, then they should exercise it as peers, and their votes have an equal weight in all parts of the country.

An amendment of the Constitution would probably be necessary to this end, but there is no man who does not admit the necessity of several changes in that instrument, to make it conform to the altered conditions of the country, and the new requirements of the people. The necessities of the nation have, on more than one occasion, torn through its ancient parchment, and it stands to-day a tattered instrument, unequal to control the exigencies of the times, and only vital in its principles. Its regulations are no longer applicable, except in part, and it may be doubted if their strict observance is either desirable or useful in promoting the end and aim of all good Government, "the greatest good to the greatest number." It is certain that, unless it may justly be so interpreted as to exclude a representation from the late slave States from Congress, which is neither founded on the will of those pretended to be represented, on worth or wealth, but upon arbitrary local regulations, reflecting the spirit and embodying the facts of barbarism, then the time has come for its radical modification. Fortunately its wise framers contemplated the necessities that might arise for its alteration, and wisely provided for effecting it peaceably, and without convulsion. The world is a witness that it cannot be subverted by violence.

Negro Emigration.

During the early periods of the war, when many thousand negroes took refuge within our lines, and before public opinion was sufficiently advanced to permit of their enlistment as soldiers, it became a matter of some moment to know what to do with the "contrabands." A certain proportion could be employed in camp and fatigue duty, but there was a larger number utterly dependant on Government charity. The scheme most popular for disposing of these was that of colonization, and for once the good sense of Mr. Lincoln was at fault. He fell into the scheme at once, without apparently reflecting that labor has been, is, and will long continue to be the greatest need of the country, and that its exportation would be a fatal subtraction from its productive wealth. Without reflecting, also, that its exportation to the territories or colonies of other and rival nations would be to build them up at our expense. Of course the British, French, Danish and other Colonies and States, in and around the West Indies, were ready and eager to accept the wealth that we proposed to throw away, and Washington was invaded with propositions to establish the "contrabands" at a hundred points each more desirable than the other.

Congress, yielding to the presidential crotchet, rather reluctantly voted a considerable sum of money, to be disposed of by the President, in carrying out his scheme of colonization. Part of this was spent in a futile and, as far as the colonists were concerned, fatal attempt to establish a colony on a Haytian island. Another considerable sum was spent in explorations on the Chiriqui isthmus, and a portion of the appropriation set apart for establishing a Colonization Bureau or Commission in Washington, with a Rev. Mr. Mitchell at its head.

In due time, with the advance in public opinion, the surplus "contrabands" found ample employment in the Union armies, and, with the gradual conquest of the South, on the abandoned or recovered fields of its inhabitants. The reason for colonizing them, if there was ever a good one, ceased to exist, and his natural good sense coming to his rescue, the President seems to have given up his crotchets, and contented himself with the belief that the future of the negro was to be worked out on the soil he was fighting to recover to the Union. But he forgot to dissolve this Colonization Commission and dismiss Mr. Mitchell, who still sits in some departmental chambers, spinning cobweb theories and devising moonshine plans for disposing of that very labor for which all parts of the country clamors, and of which we have most pressing and increasing need! With all the devastations of the war to repair, and with the development of a vast country rescued from slavery to accomplish, there is one man so far behind the intelligence and movement of the time as to sit, and crow, and patter, and cant about sending away the strong arms and the vigorous muscles, through which the South is to be revived and made to pay rich tribute to the supremacy of free labor! We do not object to individuals, if they have time and can afford it, wasting both in advocating visionary schemes of doubtful humanity, and wearying the public ear with canting appeals for objects neither practicable or desirable, but object to furnishing them with apartments or stationery. Above all, we object to paying them a salary, especially when they publish such arrant rubbish as we find in a late pamphlet from the Colonization Commissioner. Listen to him:

> "In opposition to the labor-monger, North as well as in the South, and as formidable now in the former as in the latter, we ask nationality for the African race, and finally their undisturbed rule in the Tropical Belt."

Does Mr. Mitchell assume to speak for the negro as well as himself, when he says "we?" If so, all we have to say is, he speaks without authority. The negro neither wishes nor asks for "undisturbed rule in the Tropical Belt." He is just as near the Tropical Belt as he wishes to be. What he wants is, to live and die in the land, and as near as possible the spot where he was born, to have the disposition of his own labor, and protection in the enjoyment of his rights and privileges as a freeman. We should like to see the proposition for "undisturbed rule in the Tropical Belt" submitted to the vote of the freedmen! The result, we think, would close the Colonization Commissioner's Bureau, and set Mr. Mitchell free for some useful employment.

It seems there was, on the 31st of July of the present year, $205,980 in the Treasury, subject to requisition, on account of the Colonization scheme. So long as it remains there, disinterested adventurers will not be wanting to urge its expenditure in some philanthropic plan, of which they will be the disinterested advocates and promoters. It would be well for those in authority to inquire what are the net results to the negro of the very considerable sums already expended from the amount authorized by Congress.

Major-Gen. Hancock, although alleged to be a relative of Gen. McClellan, and one of his most esteemed officers, has nevertheless escaped the odium which has attached to the Fitz John Porters, the Franklins, and others of "Little Napoleon's" favorites. His personal character, energy, ability, and steadfastness of purpose, and above all, his cheerful subordination, have made him a marked public favorite. He has seldom said or done anything which has not been approved and accepted as just and pertinent. He was present at the inauguration of the great banquet given to the Odd-Fellows of the United States, at Baltimore, a few days ago, and made a brief and most sensible speech, which proves that men of action are not always incapable of expressing their ideas in clear and intelligible, if not eloquent language. Gen. Hancock touched a responsive chord in the American heart, and correctly indicated the universal sentiment of the American people, when he said, in moderate but explicit language:

> "The power of the government, as shown in the late contest, is a star in our escutcheon whose rays extend sufficiently far to give light even to London and Paris. The Rio Grande is but a short distance in comparison, and I firmly believe from my own knowledge of the country, and experience therein, that the Emperor of the French will be glad to vacate Mexico, if he is allowed time to do so with honor. We paid some millions to get out of that country, after capturing its Capital, and it is thought that it will not cost France less than it cost us, and every day's delay will add to the expense without a chance of compensation; for I consider it as certain as fate, that the continued occupation of that country by a foreign force, which entered it in hostility to our interests and prejudices, will certainly lead to war. It is now, however, time for us to cultivate the arts of peace, and bind up the wounds made by the late rebellion. We may defer the day of retribution until we are strong again, without resting under the imputation of fear. The Emperor of the French went to Mexico when it was convenient for him. We can defer meeting him there until it is convenient for us. But it may not be necessary, and in such case we shall have done enough in our day for the honor of the country's arms."

Dr. Francis Lieber, formerly Professor in a South Carolina college, lately one of the most active members of the "Union League" of this city, and now in charge of the captured rebel archives in Washington, has written a very able and suggestive letter to the Secretary of State, on the proper mode of settling international differences. He, of course, favors arbitration, instead of the *ultima ratio* of force, but by no means recommends the reference of differences to crowned heads or governments which may be interested in establishing precedents, or who may yield an undue deference to such as have been established. He thinks that the Faculties of Law in the Universities of the more advanced countries of the world, would be the ablest, as well as the most impartial bodies to decide on international differences. He remarks:

> "Who would doubt that such a Faculty of Law as that of the University of Berlin, with the international jurist Hefter in it; or if Prussia were considered too much of a great power, the law faculty of Heidelberg, or of Leyden, would be a fitter body to decide our differences than any Emperor or any Republic. A republic could not decide the case as a republic, but must hand it over to some commission. A law faculty, especially that of a renowned university in a minor State, seems to form a tribunal fitter than any other that can be imagined, for many, perhaps most, of the great international cases. It would seem almost made for so high a function, and the selection of a law faculty as a court of international arbitration, would be a measure worthy of being inaugurated by the two freest large nations, and whose governments are to be numbered, in diplomacy, among the least unreasonable and uncandid ones."

The *Tribune*, in an article on the Fenian fright in England and the prospects of a Fenian fight, takes ground that as England will not give up Ireland without a fight, and that as "the Lord is

on the side of the heaviest battalions," the chances of Irish independence are extremely small. It tabulates its argument thus :

England and Scotland have, souls	22,268,251
Ireland has	6,000,000
Which leaves, after every Irishman shall have kill one Saxon dead entirely, still left to slaughter	16,268,251

As Jeffrey said of Wordsworth's Excursion, "this will never do."

The editor of the Louisville *Journal* says of his journalistic opponent :

"Our neighbor of the *Democrat* couldn't wash himself without having a fuss about the soap."

Our English playwright is said to have written to another as follows :

"Dear Bob,—You really must show more caution in constructing your plots, or the Governor will be sure to discover the dead body of Grimalkin in the cellar, and then your secret will be out. You consulted me about the strychnine. I certainly think you are going it a little in rather large doses, and if I were you I would not have two illegitimate children. One is quite sufficient. Let Emily put her mother in a mad-house. It will answer your purpose well to have the old girl out of the way. I think your forgery is far too small a sum. Make it three thousand. Leave the veil of your particularly nice family circle in me. I will finish them off, and settle with Jack the 'fatal dagger' afterwards by book-post. Yours, etc."

Bella's double comet, which once excited apprehensions of a collision with the earth—a panic which was allayed by the publication of Arago's theories—is again approaching. A western writer says :

"The comet is not yet sufficiently near us to be discerned with the telescope, its present distance being about 150,000,000 of miles, and its position near the left arm of Andromeda. It is slowly creeping into the adjoining constellation, Pegasus, and on the first day of November next it will be close to the bright star (Alpha Pegasi) Markab, one of the four bright luminaries which form the well-known figure of Pegasus. It will then pursue a southerly course, crossing the celestial equator about the middle of December, sufficiently enough, it then crosses the old path followed in 1846, and near a point where it will be seen observed to separate into two comets. It will continue to approach the earth till the end of December, when its distance from us will be only 18,000,000 of miles. At that time it will probably have attained for the first southern heavens and disappeared from view here and a higher latitude.

It is not often that professed politicians own up frankly that they are animated by pelf rather than principle in their efforts to serve the party. The *naïve confession* of Mr. Purdy, the Grand Sachem of Tammany is, therefore, refreshing. He says, and he ought to know :

"What the Democratic party chiefly needs is power. It is a very thankless and cheerless office to be confined to the minority, and finding ourselves in the fat fences and finding fault with those who are in possession of the loaves and fishes. Unite and vote together, stick, pork and provisions. You may talk more sense, know more and be, in the abstract argument, and have the most solid conviction of your own wisdom, personal interest and abstract right, but if you don't get in and get the other fellows out, it is all vanity and vexation of spirit."

Special interest attaches to the views and purposes entertained by President Johnson, and his opinions on a subject now occupying the public mind, as contained in a letter to the late Gen. Wadsworth, will arrest attention and have merited weight.

"You desire to know, in the event of our complete success in the field, how we may best achieve a lasting and cheerful submission on the part of the South, if universal amnesty should not be accompanied with universal suffrage.

"Now, since you know my private inclinations as to what terms should be granted to the South in the contingency named, you will here admit that if our success should thus be realized, followed by such decreed results, I could not, without manifest inconsistency in good faith, under the circumstances, I can avoid exacting universal amnesty, and also universal suffrage on the basis of intelligence and military service.

"How to better the condition of the colored race has long been a study with me, and to me the most interesting and earnest question. I think I am clear and decided as to the course I shall pursue in the premises, regarding it a religious duty, as the nation's guardian of the blacks, and hope that I may be directed wisely and unbiassed on the battle-field, where, in resisting to save the life of the nation, they have demonstrated, in blood their right to the ballot, which is but the humane protection which they have so fearlessly defended."

The President of the British Association, in his late anniversary address before that body, dwelt on the important part performed by our atmosphere and the aqueous vapors suspended in it, in checking and moderating the radiation of heat from the earth, and its consequent loss in space. The atmosphere is, to use a homely illustration, a blanket which not only shields us from cold, but retains its warmth, and without which the temperature of the globe would probably be so reduced as to make it uninhabitable by man. The planet which is known to be surrounded by a very dense atmosphere, and although it does not receive half as much heat from the sun as the earth does, yet, it may enjoy, as in fact it seems to enjoy, nearly a similar climate, with snows alternately gathering on one or the other of its poles, and spreading over large spaces around, but not, apparently, beyond the latitude of 50° or 60°; the equatorial band of 50° or 60° North or South being always free from snow-masses bright enough and large enough to catch the eye of the observer. Mars may, therefore, be inhabited, and we may see reason to pause before refusing the same probability to any life to Jupiter and even more distant planets.

All England is agog about the "Fenian movement." The channel fleet has been sent to the Irish waters, and, it is said, 75,000 men have been put under arms in the Irish soil. Arrests are numerous—"arbitrary arrests," something similar to those that were made by "Lincoln's minions" during our civil war. Newspapers have been suppressed, and the law of force inaugurated. We are astonished that Great Britain should strive to keep "a brave people" in a relationship they do not desire. What has become of the "right of revolution?" Are the Fenians in a position to be regarded as "belligerents?" We shall soon have to begin a policy of "strict neutrality." To this end let our Lords, Tremholme, Spenser and the like, step to the front, and there start out the "Lifey" and the "Shannon" as counterparts of the "Alabama" and "Shenandoah." Parrott may send over a "neutral" gun, two, as a recognition of what Armstrong did for our erring sisters. But let us always be "neutral."

Among the enactments of Congress, July 2, 1862, was one requiring every person elected to office, or appointed to any office of profit or trust, under the Government of the United States, either in the civil, military, or naval departments of the public service, except the President of the United States, shall, before entering upon the duties of such office, and before being entitled to any of the salary or other emoluments thereof, take and subscribe the following oath :

I, A. B., do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I have never voluntarily borne arms against the United States since I have been a citizen thereof; that I have voluntarily given no aid, countenance, counsel or encouragement to persons engaged in armed hostility thereto; that I have neither sought nor accepted, nor attempted to exercise the functions of any office whatever, under any authority, or pretended authority, in hostility to the United States; that I have not yielded any voluntary support to any pretended Government, authority, power, or constitution within the United States hostile or inimical thereto. And I do further swear (or affirm) that, to the best of my knowledge and ability, I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all its enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion, and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God."

It has just been decided by Judge Underwood, in Alexandria, that no man can practice in the United States Courts whose name is in this oath, notwithstanding he has been pardoned by the President. It is clear that no man can take his oath who has ever in his life violated it, or who will if, having in any way participated in the rebellion or abetted it, he does take it, he will be subject to the pains and penalties of perjury. The consequence is, that quite a number of candidates for Congress in Virginia and elsewhere decline to run, as no ground of action have already been taken for this oath. Application was lately made to President Johnson to know if he thought the law would be repealed or waived by Congress. The President replied that he could not advise them of them all the action of Congress, nor did he know more than any other citizen, what course it might take, but recommended that resolutions should be at once sent to Congress from the Southern States, *viz.*, men who could take the oath. We rather suspect that a man cannot be elected to the House of Congress in one of the Virginia districts, will find his oath challenged, if he presents himself in the hall of Representatives. It is a necessary, though wholesome specimen of Virginia loyalty spoke as follows of our patriot dead :

"Your Yankee Generals—Wadsworth, Morrow, Robinson and Lincoln—have fallen victims to the bullets of sister before last; and, although I don't exactly believe in the assassination of any, I say that three of them fell dead at the Widdo-ness, the day after they crossed the Rapidan, looked like a special dispensation in my behalf."

Probably this same Pendleton belongs to the same school of reconstructionists, with mental reservations, that Judge Andrew Aldrich, representative from the Barnwell district in the South Carolina Convention, and author of the following resolution presented to that body :

"*Resolved*, That, under the present extraordinary circumstances, it is both wise and politic to accept the rebellion in good faith, and that we will not succeed in the evils which we cannot avert or correct; and to await and say the best means possible to elect our delivery since from unconstitutional rule."

In other words, Pendleton will go into Congress with the view of "seceding" when the "opportunity" offers.

In the South Carolina Constitutional Convention, there was a resolution which proposed the practicable and indisputed persons, the case of Thomas Wallace by name, representing the city of Charleston, the following resolutions, which, however, were disposed of by appointing a committee to memorialize the President in favor of the pardon of Davis. The resolutions were :

"*Whereas*, By the fortunes of war, our former noble and beloved Chief Magistrate, Jefferson Davis, is now a prisoner, and has already suffered for two long months; and

"*Whereas*, The fanatics of the North, not satisfied with the wide-spread ruin and desolation which they have caused, are shrieking for his blood; and

"*Resolved*, That it is the paramount duty of South Carolina, who has been the head and front of secession, and for which struggle he is now suffering, to use every lawful means in her power to save from doom which threatens him.

"*Resolved*, That to that end, a deputation of members of this body be sent to the city of Washington, in behalf of the people of South Carolina, to plead with Executive, the President of the United States, to extend to him Hon. Andrew Johnson, which he has already shown to us, who are equally the sharers of his guilt, if guilt there be, and which we sincerely believe he is worth restoring the peace and harmony of the Union."

An attempt to hold a public meeting in Lynchburg, in favor of Davis's pardon, was prohibited by Gen. Curtis, for the following reasons, as set forth by the Lynchburg *Virginian* :

"The General appreciates the natural sympathy felt by the people of the South for Mr. Davis in his misfortunes, but does not think it proper that any demonstration in his interest, or for other purposes, calculated to excite and increase the feeling, should be made, besides, he says under orders which are imperative."

Kentucky and Delaware are the only States in the Union in which slavery has an existence. In all others it has been abolished by State action, or Executive Proclamation. In Kentucky the system dies hard and not gracefully. It seems that a Grand Jury has been found to indict Major-General Palmer and Brigadier-General Hamilton for abducting slaves and otherwise interfering with the slave laws of Kentucky. A Louisville paper suggests that President Johnson and his Cabinet be included in the indictment.

In the Convention for revising the Constitution of South Carolina is Mr. Orr, formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives, in Washington. He made a speech recently, in the Convention, in which he thus briefly defined the purposes of the rebellion and the present duty of the lately rebellious States :

"Gentlemen were upon the people of this State came to the conclusion that slavery could be no longer safe in the Union, and determined to withdraw. Eleven States withdrew, and slavery was the corner-stone on which the Confederacy would formed. War, of necessity, ensued, and the whole question was submitted to the arbitrament of the sword, which has decided against us, and it becomes our duty as men to prohibit slavery in future."

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Mr. Stephen Massett (Pipsa) is reaping a golden harvest in his western trip. "Drifting About," is his theme of delight; we should not be at all surprised if he were to *strike oil* at any moment. "Piper" has to be called upon for an encore at every lecture.

The largest peach-grower in Delaware is Mr. Anthony Reybold. He has a peach orchard of 1,000 acres, of which one-half comes off a bearing age. His crop last year amounted to 60,000 baskets, of which the average price was 2 per basket—$40,000. The aggregate profits of his peach culture for the three preceding years amount to $100,000, or the average sum of $150,000.

Mr. Bergh, arraigning a well at Leicester, Mass., last week, Mr. D. W. Kent found a living rag at the depth of 25 feet below the surface. His fragship had taken up his quarters in the cool, damp clay, 25 feet from the top of the clay stratum. He was dormant at the time of discovery, but after a few hours he speedily revived him, and he hopped away in the most lively manner.

A cargo of corn arrived at Providence, R. I., on the 14th inst., from Chicago, the first that had been received from that section for nearly five years.

The tax list shows that there is over $4,000,000 invested in Rhode Island property from abroad, who usually reside here but a portion of the year. This sum is exempt from taxation, and the entire taxable property, including both personal and real estate.

A Georgia correspondent says: "There are no guerrillas in Kentucky, except those in duress and on their last legs. The rich Bluegrass region no longer feels the devastating tread of armies, but the hills and hollows of the eastern border no longer resound to the shouts, whoops, and wild halloo-places for their forfeited heads. The military tribunals of the State have done their work, and restored to and banned life, and foes of law and order."

The annual report of receipts of internal revenue in Georgia give gratifying evidence of the abundance of crops. The assessment of manufactures and occupations process it has been subjected to within the last four months. The collections reports having collected $200,000 within the last three months, and the collectors in this district report $100,000 in the same period, all of which are from taxes on cotton.

—Mr. George P. Marsh, our Minister at Turin, has forwarded to the Secretary of State a specimen of a cocoon of Italian silk and grape-growers and wine manufacturers, which has been produced in many in rural districts would suffice for the cultivation of 1,000,000 of grape vines and 500,000 mulberry trees.

—The finest fruit garden in America is that belonging to Mr. Charles Downing, of Newburgh, New York. The soil and climate are favorable, but it contains the greatest variety of choice fruits to be found anywhere. It has upwards of 1,000 varieties of apples and pears, also all the European and native varieties of raspberries, and 200 varieties of grapes, and every kind of which have measured 2½ inches in circumference.

—A train, consisting of 30 heavy wagons, two ambulances and six forges, under the direction of Captain Smith, Quartermaster, arrived at Cleveland, passed through Columbus, Ohio, on the 23d ult., on the National road, and reached Zanesville on the 24th inst. Each wagon is drawn by six mules, and in addition there are five extra mules in the train, making in all 3,250.

—The widow of Capt. Lawrence, of the Chesapeake whose last words were "Don't give up the ship!" died at Perth Amboy, N. J., on the 24th inst., aged 78 years. Her remains will be taken to New York, and buried beside those of her husband. Family churchyard where rest the ashes of her brave husband. The death of the widow of one of such rare personal worth, should not pass unnoticed.

—Mrs. M. L. Longstreet, wife of the rebel General, of that name, has been released from Fort Delaware. She came within the $20,000 exemption list.

—A fire occurred on board the ship of North Eleventh Maine, the other day, with a musket that was supposed to be loaded. The ball struck a man named N. S., in 1755. It was used in the battles of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, in the siege of Canada, and in the war of 1812 with Great Britain. Its history is traced back to 1745.

—The venerable William J. Duane died Sept. 26th in Philadelphia, at the age of 85. He was a Secretary of the Treasury under Jefferson and Madison, and stubbornly refused to "remove the deposits" of Government money from the United States Bank. "Old Hickory" promptly removed Duane and gave the place to Roger B. Taney. The removal was made, and Taney's name in date was rewarded by the place of Chief Justice of the United States.

—It appears, from a showing in the Fourth Auditor's office of the Treasury, that over $3,000,000 in commutation of rations has been paid since 1776. This sum is made up of unclaimed balances due persons who died in the service, of all kinds and grades, and from fines for desertion, &c. It is proposed to fund this accumulation, and thereby prevent the pressure of an act establishing a home for those who have been injured in the service, and also for the widows and orphans, fund to be supported upon the interest of the money thus invested.

—It is reported that Gen. Ortega, who will be the Conservative candidate for Presidency of Mexico a few months, has succeeded in effecting a very large loan for the Republican Government of Mexico, based on the security of confiscated property.

—The shoe business of Lynn, Mass., for the month of August was the largest in the history of any previous month on record. The total value of the boots and shoes dispatched was nearly $2,000,000.

—The Secretary of the Treasury has directed that no more of the old 90 cent currency shall be issued, and it is about to be withdrawn. The new note somewhat similar, bearing the vignette of the United States Treasury, Hon. Hugh McCulloch, the plate for the printing of the new currency are nearly ready, and will soon be issued. The old 90 cent currency will be redeemed as consequence of the number of counterfeits on that denomination of the currency.

—Gen. Monroe M. Parsons, of Missouri, late of the rebel army, has been made Consul-General Canada, vice Sanders, in a fight between the Liberals and Imperialists. After the surrender of Kirby Smith he went to Mexico, with several of his men, and joined the forces of Maximilian.

—Five Catholic priests have been arrested in St. Louis for preaching without taking the oath, and several ministers of other denominations, in various parts of the State, are now under bonds to answer for the same offense. Father Cummings, of Pike county, who was called to obtain bonds to pay his fine and was lodged in jail, has thought better of his conduct and given bonds, and will appeal his case to higher court for decision.

—Brig.-Gen. Revere, formerly of the 10th Maryland battery, and latterly in command of the 107th United States colored troops, stationed at Moorehead city, died there a few days since. Gen. Revere entered the service as a 1st Lieutenant in the New York Fire Zouaves.

—At a late meeting citizens of Norfolk lately held an important meeting for the purpose of starting a line of steamers between it, Nassau (Bermuda) and Norfolk. Some $300,000 are already subscribed—the sum of $1,000,000 being needed to carry out the views of the projectors.

—A number of the most prominent clergymen of Philadelphia met the other morning in an open lot on the outskirts of the city, and engaged in a game of ball. They exhibited much agility and appeared to engage in the sport with zest. Their presence was due to the ground was the means of attracting thither a number of the curious. No class of persons, however, are more in need of just such exercise, and it would be well if practiced oftener than it is.

—Col. Samuel Thomas, Assistant Commissioner for Freedmen's Affairs, in an official communication, states that 118 plantations are leased in Louisiana; 97 of them by whites, and 58 by blacks; also 126 in Mississippi, 113 leased by whites, and 13 by blacks. There are 18,936 acres in 81 plantations in Louisiana and Mississippi leased to whites, and 2,360 acres in the same States, in 170 plantations, leased to whites.

Foreign—The *Conciliatore*, of Naples, states that the total number of Sicilians who have emigrated to Australia since the commencement of the year amounts to 2,000.

—Railway trains are now run between Glasgow and Edinburgh on Sunday, and great is the commotion which this "desecration of the day of rest" has caused in Scotland.

—A memorial chapel is to be erected at Constance, near the spot where John Huss was burned. A bust of the martyr, a friend of Jerome, Hieronymus, will be placed in the chapel.

—An Irish Registrar-General's return for the quarter ended September 30th shows a decrease in marriages as compared with the similar quarter of 1864, of 11,314. The total number of births is called, for April, May and June, was 48,962. Adding together the emigration and excess of deaths over births, and deducting from the number of births from the sum, it appears that the total population of Ireland continues to decline at the first six months of the present year the diminution has been 40,000.

—The remarkable tenderness of sentimental England for the animals has found its climax recently at Leeds, where a lady, after happening to see a sheep while a lamb was being killed, died a few hours afterwards from the effects of grief and horror. Consequence—so that the Leeds butcher is responsible for two murders.

—Rev. Mr. Hill, and other magistrates of Shoreham, Sussex, have committed a woman of 70 years of age to prison for 14 days, with hard labor, for pucking a handful of wood from the hedge of a field.

—The wife of Gov. Kossuth, the illustrious Hungarian patriot, died on Sept. 1, at Turin, of the illness from the effects of grief for the death of Emilio. On account of her failing health, her husband several years ago left Turin for Genoa, to Italy, where she has since been cared for by him with the most exemplary devotion. Madame Kossuth, at the time of her death, was 55 years old.

—Bessie, the widow of Tom Moore, is dead. She was one of the most charming of women, and self-sacrificing of wives and mothers. Moore's private correspondence published by Lord Russell, is one of the most loving and grateful tributes to her excellences, and the noble heart that lies in the grave by his and oft-sex'ed her long, fully confirms the poet's praises. Her place in Ireland will not last as long as man or woman preserve any remembrance of Tom Moore.

—The Montreal *Herald* says that Canada is being depopulated. The Montreal *Witness* further says that it is estimated that the number of people which his diocese has lost through the Bishop of Montreal, Dr. Bourget, St. Patrick's church at present. He said: "The young men are leaving the country in every direction." His clergy, at the last retreat had given him a census of their parishes. At the last census taken, prior to 1861, the Catholics of the Diocese of Toronto numbered 49,500 souls. At the time of the census mentioned, it was found to contain only 30,000. In Toronto city alone, 10,000 have gone away in search of a certain employment to the number of 4,000. We have, therefore, lost 9,500 Catholics in Canada in a few years the same. The people were leaving it in tens of thousands. Similar statistics of the Protestant people in Canada have appeared in all the French Canadian papers.

—It is reported that the Italian Government, encouraged by the success of the Prussian Government in the indemnity accepted by Austria for Lauenburg, is on the point of opening negotiations with Denmark for the cession of Venetia for a sum of money. The project is said to be suggested by Count Bismarck.

—Jamaica has a Black population, according to the census taken four years ago, of 346,000, being nearly one-half the entire population of the British West Indies. The same census returned the Brown population at 243,000, the Whites at 15,000, the Asiatic Africans blood, at 81,000, and the Whites at 14,000—we quote in round numbers. The Black race, it would be seen that the Blacks form 79 per cent. of the population of Jamaica, the Mixed race 18 per cent., and the Whites, 3 per cent.

NEW BOOKS.

Artemus Ward, His Travels. New York: Carleton, 413 Broadway.

The name of Artemus Ward has become so much of a household word that the last announcement that could be bestowed upon his flights and flickerings would be that he had written a book. He is dead, and nobody else, and his little careless quiddities can be only collected by the most assiduous search, like gold diamonds from the sand that would seem to cover them. But here is a volume of all his wild and weird travels, especially those that led him among the Mormons, and the style of funny reading as can well be got hold of in these days of humoristic pen work.

Recollections of Seventy Years. By Mrs. John Farmer. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A pleasant collection of reminiscences of celebrated persons and places in Boston and vicinity, a book that can be taken up at any time with pleasure and profit.

Our Artist in Cuba. New York: Carleton.

A lively series of 50 sketches on wood, well printed and got up.

GREAT NATIONAL HORSE FAIR,

At Riverside Park, Cambridge, Mass.

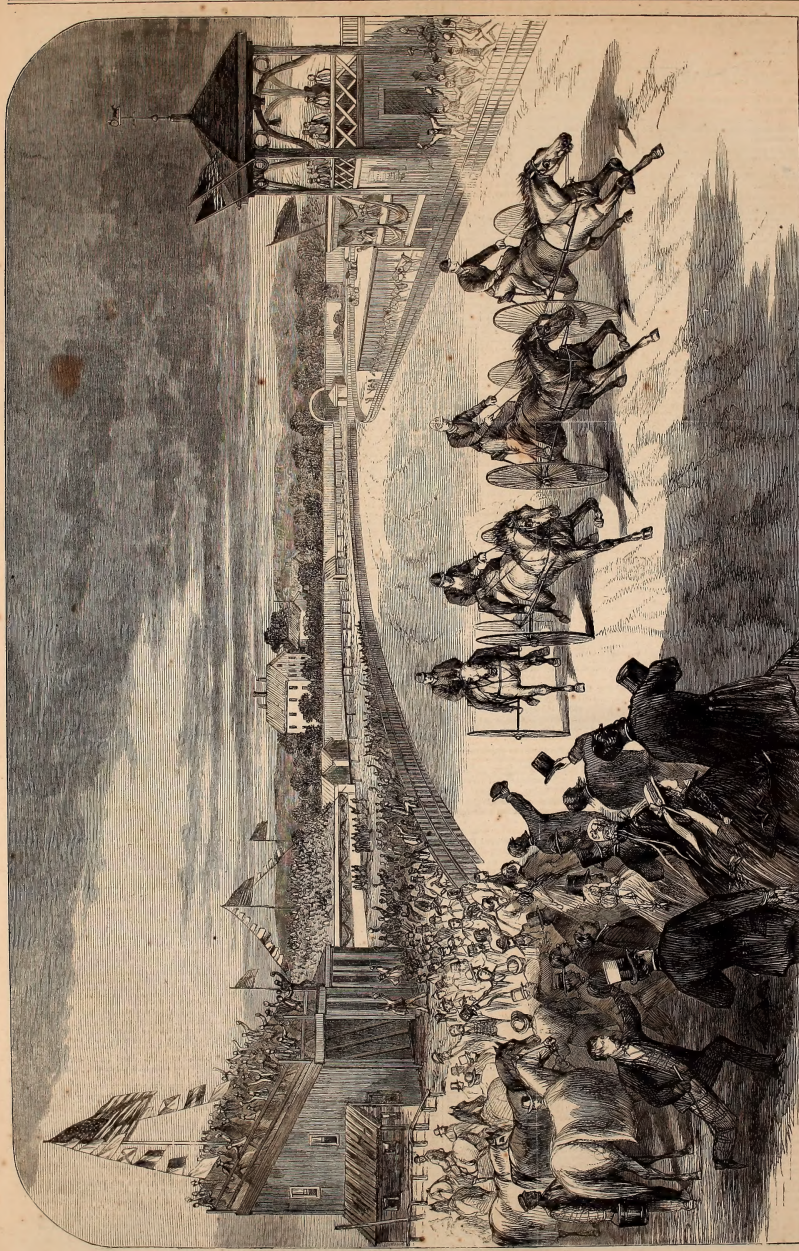
This great and famous fair, which annually attracted people from all parts of the country, commenced on the 10th Sept. and ended on the 23d.

The first day dawned with thousands, from the unfavorable state of the weather; but the succeeding days were beautiful, and everything passed off splendidly and with great success.

The competition for prizes was brisk and decisive. The opening race of the fair was won by Sorrel Dan, a race which was followed by strong efforts on the part of owners of family horses to establish their claims.

These fairs should be encouraged, especially by the rural population, as they tend more to the improvement of stock than any other effort that can be made.

Any work whereby men and women honestly earn their bread, is neither to be despised or ridiculed.



THE NATIONAL HORSE FAIR AT RIVERSIDE PARK, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—EXCITING CONTEST BETWEEN THE CELEBRATED HORSES EMPRESS, FRANK VERHAN, DAN MACE, AND CAPT. McGOWAN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 23.
From a Sketch by Rost. D. Wilcox.



THE GREAT FOUR-OARED BOAT RACE FOR TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICAN WATERS, BETWEEN NEW YORK AND NEWBURGH, ON THE HUDSON RIVER, N. Y., MONDAY, SEPT. 25.—[SEE DESCRIPTION OF THE CREW, ETC., ON PAGE 52.]

PRAYER OF THE CONTRABAND.

Poor Peter was a "Contraband"—
A man of low degree,
Who all his life had been a slave,
And now, at length, was free:
"Bress de dear Lord!" poor Peter cried,
For he is good to me."



His children had been sold from him,
His home-ties rudely torn,
And nothing could he call his own,
This sad soul and forlorn,
Till he awoke to Liberty
One bright and glorious morn.

Blue-coated strangers down the street
Marched in a glittering line;
The bayonets glittered in the sun
Till they seemed, themselves, to shine,
And a joy arose in Peter's breast—
A joy almost divine.

He knew them—they were "Linkum's men"—
He'd waited for them long—
Had prayed for them in midnight watch,
Sang them in plaintive song;
And now he saw them as they marched,
And his heart beat high and strong.

He sought them with a simple trust—
A leal and loyal love;
To him the blare of the bugle-call,
Like voice from one above,
Rang with strange joy, and life, and hope,
His jaded soul to move.

His master called him where he stood,
And bade him not to flee,
But the Man arose in Peter's breast—
Ah! who so proud as he?
"Oh Massa, dese is Linkum's men,
An' dis poor soul is free!"

He led our men for weary miles
Through tangled swamps and drear;
He found them pathways through the maze,
And made the doubtful clear;
He served us well for many months,
And now the end drew near.

The cruel war was drawing on
To swift and sudden close.
We hemmed them in, we beat them back,
We triumphed o'er our foes,
And a mighty joy and thankfulness
In the Negro's heart arose.

He lay upon the crimsoned sod,
A bullet in his breast,
And torture cramped his stiffening limbs,
But his calm soul was at rest,
And a prayer arose to God on high,
And this was his request:

"Oh, God, our Father, in thy love
For all men 'neath the sky,
In whose true sight the black and white
Bear equal destiny,
Bend down and listen to the plea
Of one about to die.

"Raise up that race whom Thou so long
Hast kept of low degree;
If we are worthy of the boon
(As we have striven to be),
Oh, make us—in thy mercy, Lord,—
Oh, make us *truly* free!"

The Lord has heard that Negro's prayer,
Who died for all his race,
And from the poor and the oppressed
He will not hide His face.
Proud men may crush them in their scorn;
He'll raise them in His grace.

BROKEN PROMISES.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

BY KARL DRURY.

PART I.

Philip Burke had sailed or Europe. I sat by my window that overlooked a pretty stretch of wooded lawn, and a glimpse of the distant beach, thinking over his departure. Philip and I had been engaged three months.

I loved him in a quiet, unenthusiastic way, but I loved him dearly. Perhaps there was little about Philip Burke to excite the enthusiasm of so romantic a young girl as myself. We were opposite in everything—seldom agreeing upon any one point, and for ever arguing with each other, though we never quarrelled.

This was entirely owing to Philip; the incredible fact, I mean, of our never having quarrelled.



WAITING ON THE SEASHORE.

When our discussions began to grow warm, and I would answer sharply, or look piqued, he would be sure to kiss me and acknowledge I was all right, though he were perfectly convinced to the contrary long before. I knew he was very obstinate with other people, and spoke his mind very freely to them, and that his severity with their misdeeds was something quite puritanical. He was indulgent to me alone, and would have knocked any man down, I am sure, with one blow from those strong, sunburnt fists of his, who had dared to whisper that I possessed as much as a single fault.

We had lived together, Philip and I, since we were children. Mrs. Burke, Philip's mother, had been a friend of papa's for a great many years before he died, and had taken me as her ward when I was only ten years old, to live with herself and son. She was, and still remains, a sort of oracle in my eyes, and the eyes of many other people. She was a strong-minded, conscientious woman; keen and shrewd in money matters; business-like and precise in her household-affairs, and thoroughly educated, too, for one of her sex. I had learned from her, three years before this history opens, the sad, sad story of my mother's life; I had heard from her lips the whole tale, imperially and truthfully told, of poor mamma's sin. She must have dealt very tenderly and skillfully with my young feelings, for it was not until some time afterwards that I had realized how dark was the stigma resting on my name.

It reached my ears somehow, I scarcely know how, that Philip Burke was very kind to make no big wife, that his love must be passing strong to



THE MEETING BETWEEN PHILIP AND DR. EMERSON.

take up with my mother's daughter. We had a stormy time when I heard this; I was quite hysterical and unreasonable. Philip, I believe, lost his self-control at first, and ground his teeth with anger at the gossips and backbiters. But I suppose my weakness made him strong. I can remember, oh! so distinctly, how he wrapped me in his arms, while I lay sobbing on his great, honest breast, and whispered these words in my ear:

"It is only my love for you, Alice, that makes me what I am. It is only *that* which makes my trust in God and my fellow-creatures. If it were not for your sake, my world would be dark—this world and the world to come. Do you believe now that I can *stoop* to one who can rouse feelings like these? No more, dear darling, than he can *fly*. I stoop to men. For you are an angel, let them say what they please about you."

Philip had gone to Europe to settle up the property of my mother, who was a French lady. There had been a great deal of trouble about my inheritance, as well as it was, immediately after mamma's death. I have never discovered the precise year of her death; I only know that it happened before my father's. It was the will of God that I should never see my mother in this world. I remember that I often questioned papa about her when I was a little girl, but he would grow so gloomy and sad in a moment, and silence me so abruptly, that towards the latter part of our life together, I gave up questioning him, and took to picturing her to myself in my child-fancies.

I was quite anxious to be married before the appointed time, and accompany Philip abroad as his wife. I had, from the very first, made suggestion in her odd, imperative way, the moment it was delivered. There was no resisting Mrs. Burke's vetoes. Even Philip succumbed quietly under them.

There is nothing half so endearing as absence, to be guilty of a very trite truism. I am sure that I never thought half so much about him in the life-time as on the night of the day he left us. I sat by the window, watching the view, as I have told you, and thinking as much about the steamer, and a great deal more, perhaps, that I cannot now remember.

I knew he was watching this beautiful evening (for I had taught the matter-of-fact fellow to love sunsets), and wondering whether it were as pretty where I was. Then, I remember, I left him to be somewhere beyond the hazy headland, that rose up out of the blue bay, as if that were the broad Atlantic and not the shore opposite the shore of Long Island Sound. I was growing incorrigibly dreamy, in short, when Mrs. Burke tapped me sharply on the shoulder.

"Wake up, Alice, dear." (She called me "dear" then, in strict contrariety to her usual custom, and I felt the adjective to be a wonderful exponent of Mrs. Burke's sympathy with my loss). "Wake up, child, and hear the news."

I answered quite briskly:

"I am listening, Mrs. Burke. Pray, what is it?"

"Dr. Bridgham is going to New York, and a new doctor is to take his place. I am afraid you don't thoroughly appreciate the importance—not to say the ingratitude of such a step," she went on to say, seeing I was little affected by the news.

"How so, Mrs. Burke?"

"Hear the child!" said Mrs. Burke, spreading to an imaginary third party, and making a crescent of her mouth, as usual, at my indifference. "Did six people ever drink tea within six miles of this neighborhood, without Dr. Bridgham was asked? Hasn't he lost a friend with attentions and kindnesses by every resident of the place, not to speak of exorbitant fees, and gifts by dozens. Doesn't he know the constitution of every child in the place? Hasn't he learned Mrs. Grumble's symptoms by heart, and reduced my headaches to a positive science? And now he leave us in the hands of the next quack that chooses to take us up. It would be dietary to call him ungenerous."

I do not think Dr. Bridgham, had he responded with the whole United States treasury in his pockets, could have suffered more in Mrs. Burke's opinion for the villainy, than he did at present. I was in no endeavoring to plead the culprit's cause. Her feelings, borne along on the popular current of invective, refused to be comforted.

"I believe so," she answered, rather snappishly, a little annoyed by my opposite views.

"Do you believe so, Alice?"

"Emerson," said Mrs. Burke.

If Dr. Bridgham had made himself popular with our little community, I soon found that Dr. Emerson was destined to become no less so. People were inclined to frown upon him at first, and the village authorities, with the customary amount of home-made prescriptions to attend to, employing, so said tradition, an extra ground-boy for the purpose, as the new doctor bided his time, awaiting for the first serious case of illness. I do not remember how gradual was the transition from total neglect into enviable popularity; I only know, that when his skill had become almost universally recognized, and his manners universally approved, Mrs. Burke invited him to tea.

I believe I made rather an elaborate toilet on the evening of his visit, influenced, no doubt, in his favor by the encomiums I had heard. During the first week of Philip's absence my own visits had been few, and, save an evening or a morning walk, my absences from home rare. As a consequence of this retired mode of life, I had not yet met the new doctor.

He was standing by the fire-place as I entered the dining-room, with one arm resting on the mantel, engaged in conversation with Mrs. Burke. I was prepared to be rather skeptical concerning this gentleman's beauty, which had been described to me by not a few young ladies as something quite transcendent. I felt greatly disappointed, even at a first view. There was nothing in his face that the most critical could cavil at. It was a face that struck me on the moment as one of extraordinary, almost wonderful beauty.

I exerted myself in the chatting line while tea lasted. Dr. Emerson was not as talkative as I supposed. Once or twice I caught his eye fixed on myself with a scrutiny that was far from agreeable. He did not remove his look from my face when I discovered it, but continued, rather rudely, I thought, in his own investigation.

After tea he again fell into conversation with Mrs. Burke, and I feeling, it must be owned, a little piqued, seated myself at one of the large bow windows of the dining-room to read a few pages by the fast deepening twilight.

I do not know if I succeeded in myself to Mrs. Burke, but I had not been reading over five minutes when he came forward to where I sat, and said, rather abruptly, facing me:

"It is a beautiful evening. Will you take a walk on the lawn, Miss Coolidge?"

I said "certainly," and closed my book. We walked out of the dining-room together, through the long, old-fashioned hall, pausing for a moment on the verandah, to watch the fine view of the Sound by sunset.

I hardly remember our topics of conversation during the walk. It was in a talkative mood that evening, and I rattled off a great many speeches, around which there still clings an aroma of nonsense, though I have long ago forgotten them. He listened to everything I said, seemed to encouraged my flippancy, I thought, by an occasional short laugh, as if what I said amused him excessively.

I remember noticing that he grew more talkative himself as our acquaintance grew older. He told me a few comical stories about his first practice that made me laugh merrily, more from his odd, inimitable style of narration than any actual fun in them.

We continued our walk until dark, when Dr. Emerson, looking at his watch by the light of the cigar he was smoking, said suddenly:

"I am going to the house to say good evening to Mrs. Burke. Would you mind waiting on the verandah until I return? I have something I want to say to you."

Rather surprised, I consented to the agreement. He soon returned.

"Will you excuse my being friendly on a first meeting?" he said, holding out his hand for me to take.

I gave him my hand and he shook it warmly.

"Now do you care to hear what I want to say?" he questioned, looking at me very intently for a moment.

"Yes," I answered, half-turning my head in preference to confidence. "Yes, if you choose."

"It is only that you are more accessible than any young lady here—if that is a compliment. I like you very much indeed. Let us be friends?"

He was still holding my hand (I had forgotten to withdraw it), and was looking at me with the same scrutiny he had used at the tea-table. But his voice had changed wonderfully in the space of a moment. It was a great deal softer, I thought

More than I fancied him capable of expressing. He had struck me as a little world-worn at first, a little bit cynical, and very blase to a degree with men and things. I had even conjectured that he might be a woman-hater, or perhaps a misanthrope, and had been speculating on many whether he were laughing in his sleeve at my puerilities in the way of conversation. Somehow, my opinion of him changed suddenly, underwent a very sudden change. From that moment he interested me, and I think I told him so in rather roundabout terms. He said: "I am very glad," and, adding his hopes (as I then thought) that I should find smile, wished me good-night again, and disappeared in the darkness with a nervous and hurried step.

I found Mrs. Burke quite charmed with Dr. Emerson, and inclined to slight our former physician in comparison.

"Have you any idea how old he is?" I asked.

"How old would you suppose?" Mrs. Burke answered, looking at me inquiringly.

I hesitated for a moment, and then said, with an air of conviction:

"Not more than five and thirty, if that."

"Older," said Mrs. Burke.

"Not forty?" I exclaimed.

"Every day of forty."

PART II.

"HAVE you a likeness of mamma, Mrs. Burke?"

The breakfast things had been cleared away, and we were sitting together in the cool dining-room, odorous with the breath of spring flowers, that was wafted through the open windows. Mrs. Burke looked up from her housekeeper's book, startled at the question.

"I know it's a strange thing for me to ask," I went on, not waiting for a reply. "But I dreamed about her last night. I dreamed that a lady in white, with dark hair and eyes, and the sweetest, tenderest voice in the world, spoke to me, and called me her daughter."

Mrs. Burke's face was turned away from me, but I could see that it was very pale. She had engaged a moment before in writing down orders for the day, had ceased to move, and that her pen-shook in her hand as I spoke.

"Yes, child; I will show it to you in a moment."

Then the pencil began again, working as rapidly, though not quite so steadily, as before. In a few moments she left the room, returning soon afterward with a picture in her hand.

It was an oval-fashioned miniature, studded round the frame with brilliants, and attached to a faded blue ribbon. The face seemed very like the one which I had seen in my dream. The same calm, white forehead, the same exquisite throat and chin, the same dark, almond-shaped eyes with their long curly lashes, that left a shade on the soft cheek.

"It is very beautiful," I said, bursting into tears. "She must have been better than you think, Mrs. Burke, to have been so beautiful."

I am sure there was a tear on Mrs. Burke's cheek when I looked into her face, as she stood, holding the miniature before me. But she wiped it away quickly, and spoke in an odd, husky tone.

"She sinned, Alice, and the world condemned her for ever and for ever. We all hoped that God was more merciful."

"Do you know *his name*?" I asked, in almost a whisper.

"I do not. Your father did; but kept it a profound secret."

"And were they living together when she died?"

"Yes. That was why your father would never speak to you concerning her."

"And have you nothing that belongs to her, Mrs. Burke? No letters? No——?"

She handed me an envelope while I was speaking—an old dingy envelope, with a foreign postmark. It contained only a short note, written in a feeble, cramped hand. It was addressed to my father, and ran thus:

PARIS, May —, 18—.

"I am dying; when this reaches you I shall be dead. We are always kinder to those that have gone before us, no matter how deeply they have sinned. Forgive me, if God bless our child. Do not teach her to hate me. ALICE."

Dr. Emerson came that evening after tea. I remember thinking with a sort of resentment, the circumstance of the morning having affected me so deeply. He noticed my pale looks almost immediately, and, without inquiring my pulse, and asking my symptoms, though I declared myself perfectly well. He poured out some drops of a dark liquid, which he carried in a tiny phial in his pocket, and made me drink it, promising I would be better in a few moments. It is certain that I was immediately quieted by the long, and found myself laughing in the middle of a humorous story that he was telling Mrs. Burke.

He left rather early on that evening, being called away by professional duty. Somehow we fell into a *tete-a-tete* together before he took his departure. I think Mrs. Burke must have brought us together with the hope of bundling my nerves by a sober talk with a medical gentleman. Just before he rose to go, I asked him suddenly, and with a great deal of gravity, if he have since wondered, "how old he *really* was." The fresh, youthful smile with which he received my question, made his answer to me quite unusually true. He certainly did not look over thirty, as he said: "I am old enough to be your father."

I am relieved, now that the point is settled," I said with a laugh, "that we have been the subject of universal conjecture to a great many people since your arrival. And now I am going to put another question, which I promise to be impertinences. Have you ever been married?"

There was a sudden rush of gloom over his face, and a deep lowering of his dark eyebrows, from under which a keen, unpleasant light seemed to flare up and then go out again. He turned his head upon me with a sternness, I thought, that, who was too much engaged in her book to notice us. I crimsoned at my own impudence, and was about to stammer out a few words of apology, which would, no doubt, have made matters worse, when he turned quickly round again, and said quite calmly:

"Never!"

"You are annoyed at me."

His face lighted up in a moment with its rare, fascinating smile.

"Not at all; what led you to think so?"

I said, "Fancy, I suppose," not daring to mention Mrs. Burke's opinion, lest it might reappear. It may have been because my nerves were in a weak state, and my incinations rather hysterical, but I thought that I should have been greatly terrified at his agitation, had it occurred a second time.

By degrees Dr. Emerson grew to be an almost daily visitor at our house. We often met in the evening, too, during my walks by the shore. I had grown rather thoughtful of late, owing, as I told Mrs. Burke, to the separation from Philip and the infrequency of his letters, and preferred a walk on the sand, or a clamber on the rocks at sunset, to all the sporties in the village. Of course, I can distinctly remember what a kind kiss she gave me when I told her this. I think it had been the fat-chuckling sporties in the village. never since did I succeed in bringing her to love me—that Philip and I should eventually be married.

It was on one of these Dr. Emerson on the shore, very, very often—oftener than I ever thought about then. At last I grew to miss him when he came, and was quiet until late on the rocks, in the hope of seeing him.

Mrs. Burke did not know of these meetings; nobody dreamed of them, except ourselves. The shore was always lonely at sunset, when the last yokes of oxen had gone home with their load loads of dripping seaweed. It was an easy matter to slip out after tea, over the lawn, through the wicket-gate, and down the little hill to the quiet, peaceful rocks, where only musical waves broke the stillness of nature, and a rosy mist, very pleasant, I used to think, to have a companion who loved the water-side as much as I did. We had some very "flirty" about it, and spoke them with the cadence of the waves themselves.

It did not dawn upon me gradually—the consciousness that I had never loved Philip Burke as I should have done, and that I loved Hugh Emerson better than any one in the whole world. It rushed upon me suddenly, it flared upon me like a lightning flash in a storm, and showed to me vividly the whole of the dark gloom of deportment-ness, the wreck of my fancied passion. Forgetfulness! that is the word. Philip had been forgotten, or had rather been ranged into a brighter fairer creation—Hugh Emerson.

It was a letter from Philip that awakened me—the last I ever received from him. I found it on my dressing-table one evening, after having returned from a walk with Dr. Emerson. He had said many things that evening which had confused and bewildered, though they filled me with a delight there was no resisting. I had passed through the hall on tip-toe, lest Mrs. Burke should call me into the sitting-room. I wanted to be alone. I wanted to try and remember all that he had said; why, I never thought to ask myself.

When I reached my own room, I bolted myself in, and sat down by the window. My heart beat very fast, and there were tears in my eyes. I tried to recall the sweet sound of his voice, but could not. Everything seemed a delightful confusion to my bewildered senses. The soft plash of the water against the rocks, the moonlight and holier to my young heart. The glorious sunset furrowing the fair sky, and dappling the broad waters with pink and silver, seemed a reflection of my own happiness. I loved for the first time. A glittering parodise had opened to my view—a paradise that I had not dreamed of a moment since. I wondered now that I had ever lived without it.

When my eye rested on Philip's letter, which had lain neglected on the dressing-table since I had entered the room, I turned a trifle paler, that was all, and proceeded to sip quickly, through the seal in a sort of nervous haste. I do not think the great change came on me—the great change that was to make me cold and dull, and stupid—until I had read it all through, and knew what it contained. He was coming home soon, to make me his wife. He called me darling Alice, again and again. He had been very beautiful when abroad, but none so beautiful as I. He had seen many wonderful sights, but none pleased him, since I was not there to enjoy them. A single sentence from my lips was worth all the melody of Tietjens; a walk by my side upon the quiet beach, was preferable to all the Alps in Europe. He loved me then; every tender word a fresh reproach; every allusion to his pure, faithful love, a new stab in my miserable heart.

I cannot for forget the agony of that hour. I shall never forget the long struggle of pity, and pride, and remorse against the one invincible passion that consumed me. I had never loved Philip, I had deceived him, without the knowledge of my own duplicity. Was I, therefore, guilty? Was there any thing against my will, my sense of right, and truth, and honesty? Could Philip, gentle and considerate as he had always been, forgive, if I told him all? Again and again his words rung in my ears—words that I had once thought the strongest bond that held us together:

"It is only my love for you, Alice, that makes me what I am. It is only *that* which makes me trust in God and my fellow-creatures."

Now, the bond was broken, and we were to be separated henceforth to each other. I had been false to him—falser than Imogen or Tristam. I had ruined a noble man's life. I had won his love—he loves how many months?—and have worn with pride—and tossed it away, like a worthless trinket, instead of the priceless gem it was. I was a traitress. I wanted to die before Philip came home. The grave would hide my guilt then, and no bitterness should mingle with his noble tears.

That night was passed wretchedly. The next day was dull and rainy, and I sat with Mrs. Burke for hours reading aloud. I am afraid there was little of the expression in my tones to make me or her interested. I hated more to hear the sound of my own voice—more to cry down the shrilly voice of conscience that seemed to ring in my brain, than for any hope of interest or amusement.

The storm cleared off at five o'clock. I sat on the verandah alone, after Mrs. Burke had gone, and the fresh landscape that sparkled with myriad rain-drops, and watching the huge bank of cloud slope slowly to the eastward. I saw the few glimpses of the shore that I caught through the thick trees of the lawn, it had never looked more enticing. But my resolution had been sealed since sunset; there must be no shrinking now. The mists of bewilderment had cleared away. Philip should know all from my own lips. Though I growled at his fee with a bitterness of self-reproach for his look should strike me dead the moment after—he should hear that I had wronged him from my lips alone. If he still clung to me—if his great love would consent to fill the place of mine, I would be his wife, and honor, and obey, and trust him. If not—but I never went further. I never dared to ask myself what would happen then. I knew that I had been, cruel, and treacherous, and faithless as I had shown myself, I still scorned to build upon the wreck of his noble love a single stone of my own.

It was rather late when I heard Dr. Emerson's step on the graveled path that led to the verandah. His coming was no surprise. I had expected, and was prepared to meet him.

"You were afraid of wet feet, Miss Alice, and so gave up your walk? How cruel," he added, as I made no reply, "how cruel of you to deprive me of my evening walk, and keep me watching on the rocks instead of enjoying the fresh sea-air."

"I am sorry," I said, quietly, though my heart was fluttering at the mere sound of his voice, and my notes were tremulous from the effort I was making. "Was that the word you used, Dr. Emerson, or did I misunderstand?"

He chanced color—I saw this, even in the gray dusk of evening—and answered quickly:

"I used the word—foolishly, perhaps. Will you substitute another?"

"If you are not yet defined," I said. "If it had not ruined I think I should have stayed away."

"You are unwell?"

"Not at all. But one tires of everything after a while, you know. Shall I call Mrs. Burke, Doctor? I think she wanted to see you if you came."

"Is she in the sitting-room?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. Then I—I will go to her."

I looked up into his face from where I sat, as he hastily crossed the verandah and entered the hall. There was a look of such acute suffering upon it that I shuddered. The evening faded slowly into night; the late harvest-moon rose high in the heavens, and reddened the calm waters that lay beyond. It must have been an hour afterward when he returned, and found me sitting where he had left me. I had not stirred. It was a willful, premeditated sin, but I had not stirred.

"Your aunt is not very well this evening, and has gone to bed," he said, quietly.

"I shall have to follow her example shortly," I answered, not thinking of the rudeness, bent only on conquering myself. "These rainy days are very fatiguing."

There was a long silence. Dr. Emerson had taken a chair, and was sitting at some distance from my side. At last he spoke:

"You are annoyed at something. What is it?"

There was no petulance about his tones. At another time I should have called them reproachful; *now*, I trembled with agitation, and rose to leave the verandah. I dared not trust myself to speak. I dared not listen to his voice a moment longer. I was afraid of him. I was more afraid of myself.

My foot was on the threshold, when he caught my hand, holding it with a passionate force, and murmuring some wild words in my ear. I did not try to free myself; I only bowed my head, and prayed for strength, and listened.

The echo of his eloquence, the sound of his low, pleading tones, came back to me through a long vista of years, unchanged as when I heard them for the first time. I think God must have given me a holy strength in that most trying of moments, changing my weakness to a mighty, unconquerable power. All the flutterings of my heart were still—all the throbbings of my brain were calm. There was great suffering in my soul, but no irresolution, no feeble swayings from wrong to right, no wicked groanings after the unattainable, the forbidden.

I heard him through. I waited till the first outburst of passion had quieted, and then I spoke:

"It is a sin, Dr. Emerson—the sin of treachery in you—of falsehood in me. Thank God, *I* am strong enough to cast it out, and school my wicked nature under nobler maxims. Try and do the same yourself. You know the way; every man and woman knows it. Duty is the mile-stone."

"Duty!" he repeated, with bitter emphasis. "Can you talk of duty, Alice, to one who loves as I love? Can——"

"Go!" I said, pointing out into the darkness. "You tempt me, and it is unmanly. Every moment we are together injures me no less than yourself."

I broke from him, and fled to my room, afraid of his agonized look, and the rash words it might wring from me.

PART III.

The next morning, before breakfast, and while I was still dressing, Mrs. Burke entered my room with a letter in her hand. Her smiling, happy face, told me all. It was a telegram from Philip. He was now in New York, and would return home by the earliest train.

It was well for me that the joyful news dulled her perceptive faculties and diminished her observation, usually so keen. She would certainly have noticed my haggard face, my look of agony, when the intelligence was delivered, had it been otherwise.

I grew calmer when ten o'clock came, which was the hour for Philip's arrival. I had resolved to tell him the truth—and quickly—though not the entire truth. My courage failed me at the thought of revealing the secret of my love for Dr. Emerson. I knew too well Philip's hot, passionate nature, not to fear for the consequences of such a disclosure. Though an insurmountable barrier stood in the way of my happiness, the love which might have yielded that happiness should at least be sacred. The guilty tale should reach no ears but my own and *his*. To Philip—to the world—I should be only a false and fickle girl; to myself I should appear the traitress that I was.

He came at the appointed time, looking little changed from when I last saw him, except that he seemed a hundredfold happier than I could ever remember. I cannot recall our meeting. There is a confused recollection of trying to act a part—a shallow, feeble part, in which I broke down, turning my head away and shedding hysterical tears. His sympathy and Mrs. Burke's kind attempt at soothing me, only provoked it more. They left me quite calm after a half hour had elapsed, and as the door of my room closed on the forms of mother and son, I heard Mrs. Burke telling him of my deep, deep love, and the suffering I had passed through.

It was evening in the sitting-room. There were no candles; neither Philip nor I had thought of them. There were quaint, ghostly shadows flickering and dancing on the walls, in the silence of an awful pause. Neither of us saw the other's face. Philip had been holding my hand in his, but he had dropped it long ago, even since I had begun the cruel story that was to blight his golden hopes and ruin his young life.

I had told it. I had spared myself no accusation—I had told the bare, unadorned truth—everything but my love for another. And now I was waiting for an answer, and none came. Had the words I uttered stunned him? Had he no answer to make?

At last I heard him start suddenly in his chair, and then I saw his dark, dusky figure rise, and then his calm, even tread fell upon my ear. He walked to the door and stopped and walked back again to where I sat. Then I felt a burning kiss upon my forehead, and, dizzy and confused, I tried to find his hand, half-rising from my chair, and sinking back unconscious a moment after. When I awoke the room was brighter, for the moon had risen, and a stream of reddish light poured into the chamber. But Philip had gone.

A sort of apathy succeeded my swoon. I remember noticing the strange appearance of the night—the red angry look of the moon—the dark shadows of the old trees on the lawn. I could hear the crickets chattering on the verandah—the low howl of a dog at one of the distant farms, the sound of a step on the path outside. I thought the step paused in front of the window where I sat, and then, straining my eyes a little, I saw a dark form in front of the darker trees. There was no mistaking that form—it was Dr. Emerson!

The recognition no sooner took place, than I rose to my feet, endowed with a sudden desperate strength. All my brave resolutions were gone now. I was ready to hear his passionate words repeated a thousand times. God forgive me! many another woman has done the same under the influence of an excitement like mine. Philip's horrible calmness had filled me with a sort of insanity. I had broken the bonds, but I had not hushed the wild cry for sympathy that went up out of my agonized heart.

It all seemed like a beautiful dream; the thankful words of Hugh Emerson, as he drew me to him and stroked my head, and pressed his burning kisses on my forehead; the throbbings of *my* heart, and the deep pulsations of his own; the bliss of being near him, of hearing his voice, and feeling that his love sheltered me.

He drew my arm in his after a moment, and we walked down the graveled road towards the gate. I was reckless, and willful, and headstrong now. I did not care for Philip—I did not care for the whole world. We were together, and I was happy.

The moon, which had been under a deep black cloud, came forth again as we reached the gate, and lighted the whole lawn with her rays. I saw a man standing by the gate, looking at us as we approached him. I recognized Philip instantly. We both paused, but Philip came forward.

I trembled with fright, and tried to speak, but the words refused to come. Dr. Emerson did not move, or even change color. I covered my face for a moment, shuddering. When I looked up the two men were standing together, facing each other.

Philip spoke first, but his tones were very different from those I had expected to hear.

"This explains all to me. God knows I never forced Alice Coolidge to the falsehood she has used. I only said that her love was all I cared for in this life, or any life." Then facing me with a suddenness that made me tremble and gasp for breath, "You did not tell me of this—this new love, an hour ago?" he said.

He saw that I could not reply, and turned once more to Dr. Emerson, with a fierce, dangerous light in his eye, saying:

"*You* are a thief of the worst kind. You have stolen a treasure that makes you mean by contrast with herself. You are one of those villains that men shrink from with more loathing than terror."

He paused a moment, and still searched the doctor's face with his wicked, glittering eyes.

"Oh! my God!"

The exclamation had burst from Philip, who was now gazing with an expression of horror impossible to describe, upon the doctor's features. Once more I covered my face and murmured a prayer, stung with remorse at my own rashness, terrified by Philip's look, dreading every fresh moment they were together.

As I raised my eyes something flashed in Philip's hand, which was extended towards Dr. Emerson. It was a miniature resembling that of my dead mother.

"Do you know that face?" he asked, in a voice of terrible calmness. "The miniature was given to me by the relatives of Alice Coolidge's mother."

"I have never told a lie in my life," said Dr. Emerson, simply; "I shall not tell one now. I do know the face."

"You acknowledge it as your own?"

"I do."

"Alice," cried Philip, turning towards me, "this man, according to his own statement, has never lied, and never will lie. He is bound to answer the question I shall put. Now listen to that answer. Are you, or are you not," he went on, "the man who eloped with Alice Coolidge, the mother of the girl before us?"

"I am."

A sound like the rush of many waters filled my ears, a glare as of a thousand lights blinded my gaze, and then came the darkness of death and the silence of the grave.

I had been very sick, they told me. For a long time the skillful New York physicians had wondered how I could live on so long with leaping pulses and fevered, throbbing brain. But God was merciful, and I recovered.

Mrs. Burke, in spite of the knowledge which she held of my faithlessness to Philip, a knowledge imparted before he left home for the last time, had nursed me through the long and wearisome illness with a care that no sacrifice could repay. I once tried to thank her. It was just after the fever had left me, and while I was lying weak and feeble as an infant, and there was still danger of my life. I remember she turned away and said, "Hush, Alice!" so firmly, and yet so gently, that I never had the courage to renew my thanks.

Long before I was well enough to go out, the plans of my future life had been decided upon. Philip's home was no home for me. I felt that my presence in the house would for ever stand between the meetings of mother and son. With great difficulty I impressed the necessity of this step on Mrs. Burke, and succeeded at last in gaining her consent. I was going to New York, to live with one of my father's relatives, whose declining years needed my companionship and attention. It would be a happy task, that of caring for the wants of another, and would, perhaps, deaden the poignancy of my own sufferings.

As soon as my health was restored, and just before I took a final leave of my loved guardian, Mrs. Burke gave me two letters. The first which I opened was from Philip. This is its contents:

"I think that the worst of my trouble is over; I am better and nobler than when you knew me. I have learned to consider more wisely the ends for which we were created, and to draw a boundary between happiness and duty. Around the memory of your real or fancied love there shall ever cling an odor of heavenly joy. I can now work for eternity, since I have tasted its pleasures on earth. Farewell! I shall never see you again; but I shall always pray for you, and think of you, and love you the same. PHILIP."

I have this letter yet. It is tear-stained and yellow, and the characters are pale with age, and I shall never destroy it, until I know that I am going to die.

It is needless to say from whom the other letter came. I tore it up as soon as I had read it, and wept bitterly over the fragments. I have tried to reproduce in the following, a resemblance to the original:

"You have learned the secret of my life—a secret I dared not withhold from you by falsehood, but one which I would rather have died than divulge. With its disclosure perish my hopes of happiness—the fair dreams I was unworthy to cherish, still more unworthy to realize. I do not believe that your love for me is gone, however vast are the obstacles between us. I know your character too well to believe this; my faith in your constancy—the birthright of all noble minds—is too firm and lasting. Your nature revolts against me, your body shrinks from me, but your heart, your love, is still mine, and now for my story; a plain, unadorned statement of facts, with no self-exculpation, no excuses to palliate the crime.

"It was a crime, and I acknowledge it as such. Your mother and I had known each other long before her marriage. Our love had been often breathed in each other's ears, our troth had long been plighted. It is the old story. She was the daughter of a French gentleman of considerable means, and one of many children. It had long been the aim of her father that his daughters should marry well, and that the property of which he died possessed should be inherited by his sons. I, young at the time of my father's death, had received little inheritance, and had been sent, at the early age of eighteen, from my native England, into the banking-house of Alice's father.

"I shall not speak of the many struggles that attended my early career. I shall not dwell upon the bitter trials that surrounded our love. Enough that I was rejected by the parent of my betrothed, and, stimulated by the promise of Alice's constancy, I left for England. There, success crowned all my efforts. It was not long before I found myself rich enough to hope for favor at the hand of Monsieur Dupois, and with a happy, trusting heart, I returned to France.

"I found your mother married to another man, and the queen of fashion in her Parisian sphere. I was rash enough to write to her a letter full of reproach, and to speak of our love as if it were still an unforbidden subject. Her reply to my letter soon reached me, appointing a meeting, and promising an explanation.

"I found your mother unchanged in her affection—the wife of a man whom she did not love—the victim of a heartless *marriage de convenance*. Then followed many more meetings. My passion blinded me to all sense of honor or right, and urged her to the fatal step. We fled, and the woman I loved was for ever dishonored.

"She died loving me as she had always loved, and with only a single wish ungratified. That wish concerned yourself. She drew from me a solemn promise that I would seek you out—that I would stand in the way of your misfortunes, and save you from a fate like her own.

"How have I fulfilled that trust? By loving you with a passion that was but the continuance of my passion for herself. By finding the daughter a sweet reproduction of the mother. Finally, by disgracing that daughter with an unholy, almost illicit love. God forgive me! Till I have conquered my own heart, Alice, I need never hope for peace. Farewell.

"HUGH EMERSON."

The next morning saw me depart from a home where sorrow and happiness had so strangely chequered my life. In the long years that have followed, I hope some rest has come to those I love. I know that *I* am more peaceful—that the grace of heaven has reached me, and the boon of pardon is gained.

THE GREAT FAIR.

There is something connected with the great Fair of the American Institute that appeals to all our memories, and touches a chord that carries us back to our child days, awakening recollections of our early wonder over the vast stores of every product of art, science and agriculture, brought together in one little spot to awaken the intellect of the people and bring home to them their onward progress.

The fair of the American Institute which is now being held in the rooms of the 22d Regiment N. Y. S. N. G., is an epitome of the nation and its onward march. Each year shows our progress in the mechanic arts and in agriculture by its exhibitings. The wonder of 20 years ago is changed to an every day tale, and the exhibition of this year gives to us new marvels that seem almost like a fairy tale. We enter the great hall as in the olden time, and the casual observer would say, at a glance, that it is but the old stereotyped story of his youth. But as he goes on amid the roar and clatter of machinery, and the rush of a thousand people, his attention is every moment drawn to some new step in the world of advancement, or some stroke of genius calculated to smooth and lighten labor, or produce "two blades of grass where only one has grown before."

We look upon the Fair of the American Institute as an integral part of the great machine of the country, and the people would miss its quick work, were it to cease, as much as the human frame would miss any one of its members. Once a year the Institute emerges from its rooms, where for the 12 months it has worked through the length and breadth of the land, and shows the result of its labor in this festival. There are gathered all the new inventions in machinery and household comforts; all the agricultural varieties and beauties, from a huge potato to an elegant dahlia, with heaps of luscious fruit tempting the eyes and making the mouth to water.

This week at the Fair has been one of uncommon interest. Prominent among the distinguished visitors was General Joe Hooker, now commanding the Department of the East, and the rumor is that the General is to deliver the closing address. If this be true, the vast rooms will be too small to hold his audience.

THRILLING RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

One of the most singular accidents we have ever been called on to illustrate came off on the Saratoga and Rensselaer Railroad on the night of the 23d of September.

At about 7 o'clock the sleeping car train was on its way from Green Island at about the time that the draw near the Troy shore was opened to admit the passage of the steamboat McAllister towing a raft. The red light was lowered to indicate that the draw was open, but still on rushed the train. As it passed the opening between the bridge on Starbuck's Island, Joseph Lawrence, of the Central Road, saw that the draw was open, and shouted to the engineer to stop. He did not do so, and Mr. Lawrence, jumping on the last car, put down the brake, but could not prevent the result. He partially checked the train, so that the engine did not take the leap it otherwise would have done through the open draw. The passenger car followed, and in the fall was turned completely around, while the sleeping car hung half way, suspended like Mahomet's coffin.

It was very dark at this time, but the woodwork of the engine caught fire and lit up the scene with an unearthly glare, while the escaping steam made a deafening noise, suggestive of explosion and danger. River street was filled with people, and there was a general rush down the dock to the scene. Fortunately, the raft had floated down to the wreck, forming a bridge by which it could be reached.

An alarm of fire called out the people, who came to the dock by hundreds and thousands to gaze at the ruins amid the darkness. Efforts were immediately commenced to raise the suspended car. This was accomplished by jacks and tackles from the bridge, when the draw was closed, and travel was resumed.

The most remarkable part of the occurrence is that no lives were lost.

A TRAIN OF CARS RUSHING THROUGH FIRE.

One of the the most thrilling scenes we have ever been called on to portray occurred in the woods at Cedar Swamp, Maine, on the track of the Eastern railroad, Sunday, Sept. 17.

The train was on its way to Augusta, conveying the 14th Maine regiment, when suddenly, without knowing it, they dashed at full speed into a piece of burning woods. Once in, there was no retreat, and on the train flew through the flames that reared themselves forty feet above the locomotive and cars. The oil of the wheels took fire, and for a few minutes it looked seriously as though the whole convoy was gone. The soldiers were smothering from smoke and roasting from the flames, and the engineer only kept his post by almost superhuman command. The roar of the flames completely drowned the shrieks and cries of the human cargo, and for a few minutes it was a perfect pandemonium. Fortunately none of the brave fellows threw themselves from the hurrying train, and the gallant locomotive, Cape Ann, sped them at lightning pace through the fiery ordeal, and dashed them into fresh air and life, sound, save and except a little scorching, which time will remove.

THE GREAT BOAT RACE.

Monday, Sept. 25th, was a great day in Newburg, when the long talked-of match between that city and New York came off at Sing Sing.

The New York boat was called after the city in which it was built by Mr. Charles E. Elliott. Its length is 42 feet 3 inches; width, 22 inches; depth, 8 inches. The Newburgh boat is called the Robert Earle, built by Stephen Roberts, of Harlem. Her length is 46 feet, 20 inches width, and depth 8 inches.

The crew of the first boat was John A. and Bernard Biglan, John Blue and John J. Eckerson. The Newburgh boat was rowed by the well-known Ward brothers.

The New York boat was the favorite, and odds of $100 to $60 were freely offered on her. At the start the hills and every available point about was covered with spectators, and the waters studded with innumerable small craft. In consequence of some dispute as to which side of the river they were to row on, the boats did not start until about five P.M.; but at the words "Are you ready?" the men bent to their oars, and when "Go!" was given, the two beautiful boats shot forward to the music of ten thousand cheers.

The pull was five miles, and at the start the New York led, but was soon lapped by the Newburgh, which at the turn was eight lengths ahead, which distance was widened until the arrival at the winning post, when 20 lengths was the distance by which she won. The time was 32 minutes 59 seconds. The losers heartily kave in, and testified it by three cheers for the victors.

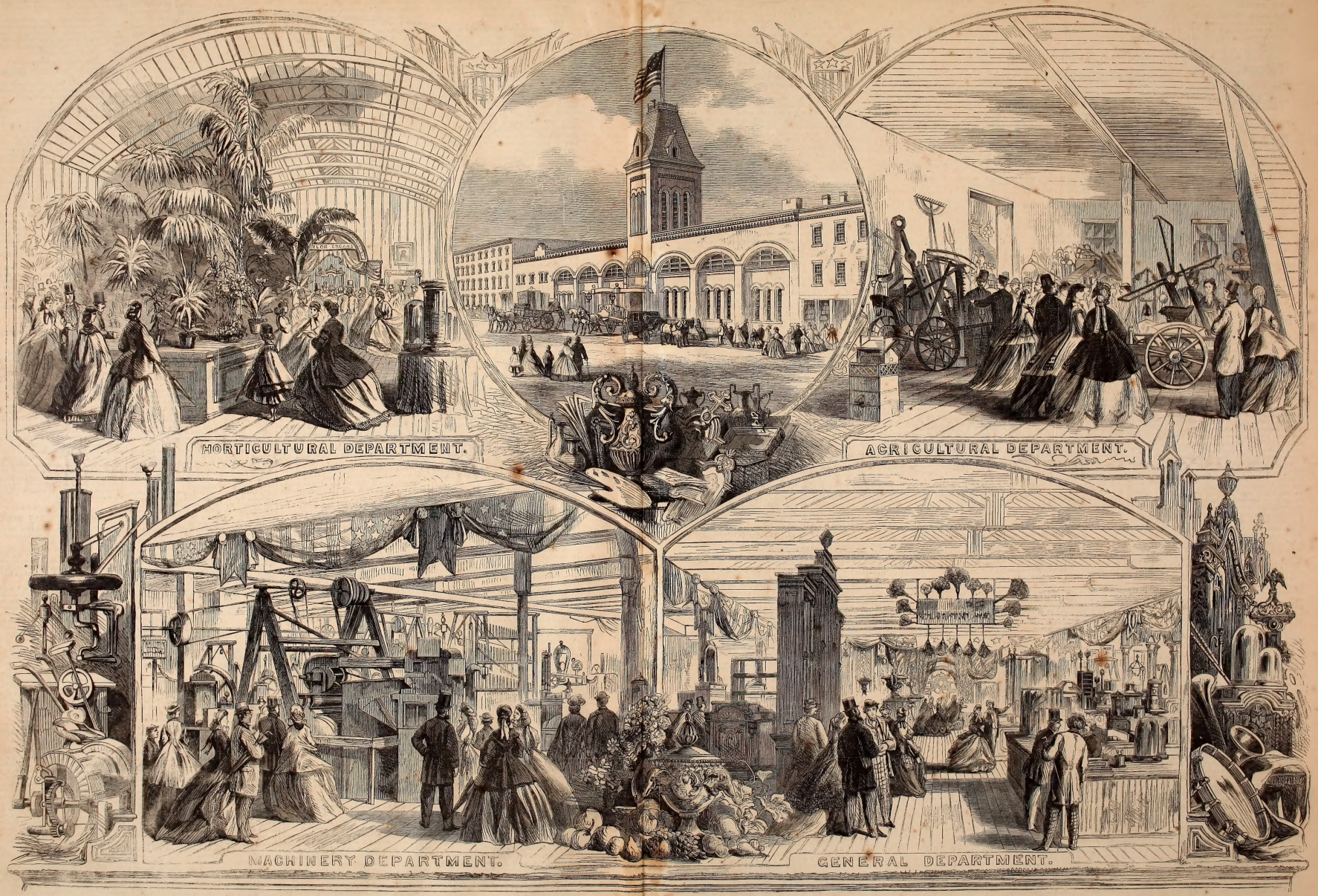
THE DISPLAY OF COLORS AT BOSTON.

There is nothing that lies nearer to the hearts of our people than the relics of the great rebellion, and especially the colors borne by the different regiments through their mission of blood and bravery.

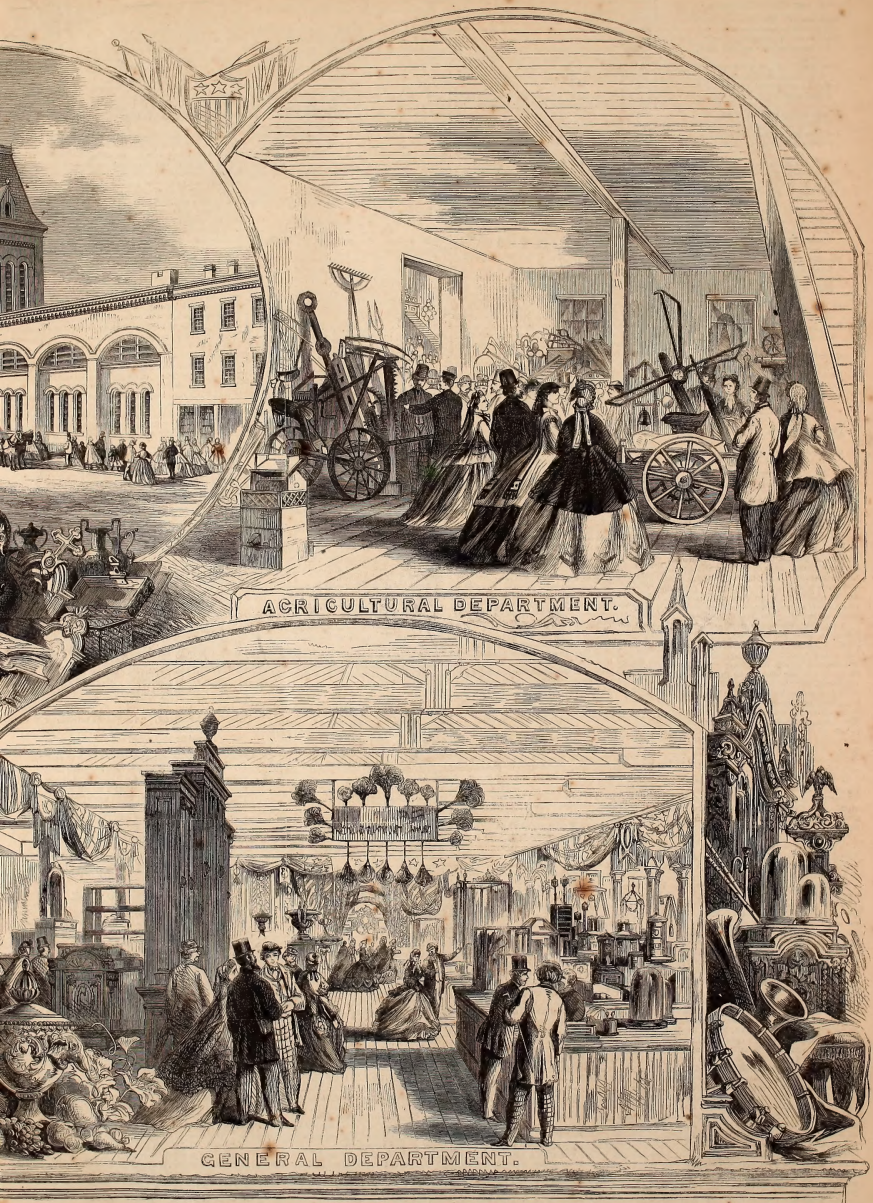
Massachusetts, recognizing this fact, has set aside a fine hall in the State House, at Boston, for the reception of the battle relics, and under its sheltering roof hang the banners borne by her regiments, or what is left of them, and there they are visited by hundreds daily, who gaze with veneration on the remains of what has dared the battle and the breeze, and been borne unflinchingly through years of terror and slaughter.

Many of them are merely remnants of the original; some perhaps denuded of their fringe, or with great gaps in their silken folds; some with shivered staff or riddled with the foeman's bullets; and some with only a bare remnant clinging to the staff, while the balance lies rotting among the debris of the battlefield.

Each flag is marked with the number of its regiment, making it an easy matter for each veteran to find the banner that waved him on to victory and liberty, a privilege he will esteem the more as the years go on, and he can lead his children and grandchildren to the sacred spot, and tell them the ever true tale of the great war, and of the relics that hang in the old hall to perpetuate its memory, and teach a lesson to all coming time.



THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK CITY, HELD AT THE ARMORY OF THE 22ND REGIMENT, WEST FOURTEENTH STREET, NEAR SIXTH AVENUE, N. Y.



THE ARMORY OF THE 22ND REGIMENT, WEST FOURTEENTH STREET, NEAR SIXTH AVENUE, N. Y.

CONE HOME

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"Gone home!" Two little, simple words
Engraven on a marble stone,
Beneath a nest wherein two birds
Are mourning for a nestling flown.

Gone home! Ah, me! the tears will start
While looking on that empty nest
I miss a nestling from my heart—
A little song-bird from my breast.

At used to sing at break of day
The sweetest songs I ever heard;
But since the nestling flew away,
I miss my little singing bird.

It sang one eve upon my breast
A plaintive and a tender lay,
And in the morn an empty nest—
Our little bird had flown away.

We missed the music of its song,
The flutter of its unfledged wings,
And all the hours seemed slow and long—
The lonesome hours that sorrow brings.

We called it in the evening's calm—
No answer echoed through the air;
And when the morning gave its balm
To all the flowers, it was not there.

Oh, little bird, come back to me,
And sing your songs upon my breast!
Come back, and fill with melody
The silence in the household nest.

Come back! Come back! I cry in vain.
Gone home! Sad answer to my call.
Once there, they never come again—
Gone home seems written over all.

Ellington, Wis., Sept. 15th, 1865.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "BRUNER'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—A FARTING SHAFT.

IT was no wonder the doctor did not get any very accurate idea of Anthony's conduct from the aspect of the scene before him. He saw a set of vagabond-looking people flying in confusion across the court-yard, pursued by a ferocious dog, who, though held in a strong collar and leash by his former master, and thus restrained from doing any serious damage was creating a terrible panic. He saw Anthony enjoying the fun; Sleuth looking—as he very well might—anything but pleased; and he could come to no other conclusion than that Anthony was amusing himself in a somewhat rough fashion among his old associates.

"I beg your pardon, doctor—" began Anthony, looking a little embarrassed; but the doctor muttered something about wanting horses, and marched off hastily towards the stable. Anthony was annoyed by this discourtesy and injustice. He could not help fancying he had managed to get through an embarrassing position with reasonable spirit, and he had thought to have enjoyed a laugh with his new friends over the story of the reception at his old ones. After a moment's reflection he determined not to speak to Clarissa, but to go after the doctor, and try to make him understand what it was he (Anthony) had been doing.

This proved, as we shall see presently, to be an unlucky step.

"I beg your pardon, doctor," began Anthony a second time, "but I wish to explain—"

"Explain! explain! Mr. Maude forgets he did explain. Up late last night—estimable servants trying to keep things quiet, and let you sleep this morning—eh?"

"Here? yes—I mean, doctor—"

"I know what you mean, young man. There! there's the dog again! Don't let him come near me, or he'll turn mad. As you say, people are so fond of vicious dogs hereabout."

"Well, doctor, don't be too hard on me, for I must confess that—"

"That you like these things—pugilism, the fancy, cock-fighting, and all the rest. Very well: you may like them, but I don't, and shan't."

Anthony felt his temper giving way, so turned on his heel, and left the doctor to go to the stables alone. And then where could he go but to the doctor's mother? Something, however, had happened in his absence which he did not know of, nor was likely to be told about by either of the parties concerned.

While he had been enjoying the suddenness of his "friends' going," he had not noticed that the agreeable young lady who had for the present cast her fortunes, fascinated him, had, in her fright of the dog, slipped in at the open door of a little wash-house, and shut it after her, and then amused herself by looking out of the window. She thus caught a sight of Clarissa; and the appearance and beauty of that young lady so much interested her (for they seemed to explain her own failure with Anthony), that the instant she saw the courtyard clear, and Clarissa standing alone, waiting the return of her father, she went straight to her, made a polite curtsey, and said, while throwing an ostentatious kind of glance in the direction Anthony had gone—

"Your friend, miss, is a nice gentleman; he wanted me to live with him, and I slapped his face, and that's why he became so angry all of a sudden. You're a beautiful creature, and I wish you well, or I wouldn't have told you."

"Mr. Maude's doings are nothing to me," said Clarissa, haughtily, and turned away.

The woman also turned to make her escape before Anthony's return; but she could not but look back to luxuriate in the effect of this her parting shaft, and to smile in anticipation of its effect; though the smile disappeared very suddenly, and a shriek rang through the air; for while she was thus gloating over the trouble she fancied she might have made for Anthony, the dog, returning from the pursuit of the vagabonds on one side, caught her by the leg, and was only made to let go after receiving a squeeze of his windpipe that would have killed any more sensitive creature.

"You're not hurt?" asked Clarissa, who stepped quickly to her, as the dog was removed. "I hope—"

But the words of pity were stopped by the evil looks and words that broke from the "pretty creature," as Clarissa could not in her own call her; who, however, after a moment or two of fierce display, checked herself, smiled, and said:

"No, thank you—a thousand times! Thank you for your condescending goodness. I'm only frightened, not hurt. Forgive me, and don't think hardly of me for being here. I was sent to plead for those who are dear to me. I—I—was obliged to confess myself poor and friendless; but I—I—" here she began to weep—"don't think I ought to have been insulted, and then treated like—like—like this!"

The speaker now gave way and sobbed with grief.

Clarissa hardly knew what to think. She shrank instinctively from the woman, but she felt her face color assuming a ruder tone towards Anthony, and then she grew hotter as she reminded herself that Anthony's doings ought not to trouble her. Thus, hesitating between her desire to say something to the woman, and her repugnance to the general theme that alone engaged them, she paused, looking in the woman's soft, tearful face, positive then, till the latter, giving a hasty glance aside towards the gate, through which a man was advancing, turned without a word entirely, and walked rapidly away, this time without being molested, and then she disappeared through the gate.

Had Anthony been but a half minute sooner in his return he would have seen her, and guessed how amiably she might have been using the time. But as it was, he was unconscious of every thing or thought in Clarissa's mind but that in which her father shared, and on which he knew he could give ample explanation, if he could only get either of them let him speak. He had no doubt Clarissa would hear what he had to say, and then, of course, she could speak to her father. Certainly. That was all clear enough. But the subtle words he had been going to say, so as to guide talk into a safe channel while getting to the question in an indirect way, as he saw Clarissa's look of scorn, and the way in which she drew herself up as he approached. All his genial expansive manner seemed frozen in an instant. Anthony returned her glance with interest, and for a minute or two the pair walked about the court in dead, waiting silence, busy with their own thoughts, both showing in their countenances, bearing, and walk, the strange antagonism that possessed them. Then, as Anthony drew while Clarissa's walk was short and rapid—two or three yards only, and then a turn—Anthony moved with a studied deliberation, that kept him across from corner to corner of the place, but in such a way as neither intentionally to meet or intentionally to avoid her; though, of course, he could not be supposed always to look at her in a provoking manner, as if to say:

"What is the dence is the matter with you?"

But though Anthony did not know what his pretty young lady-visitor of the *levée* had done for him, Clarissa did; and so admirably had that lady's affairs been very much in the same state of disturbance and difficulty, whether he proposed to "explain" them to the doctor or to his beautiful daughter.

Unexpectedly he was relieved by a new incident connected with the man whose appearance at the gate had brought Anthony's return to such a sudden pompess and the fair stranger who had so kindly warned her. But this we must reserve for a new chapter.

CHAPTER XX.—ANTHONY FINDS ONE VISITOR TO HIS LEVEE THAT HE CAN INTRODUCE TO GOOD SOCIETY.

TIRED of packing up his own and Anthony's canvas clothes, they both stopped, and, both seeking for an object to divert attention, gazed out silently on the garden, and on a portion of the private grounds beyond. Clarissa's eye wandered from the broken statue on the lawn to the trampled geranium beds, the disordered gravel, and the fragments of rustic seats on which the statue had been pelted; and then, as her glance returned to Anthony, he fancied he saw something like disgust mingled with its kindness. Then the fresh cheek burned, and he was near speaking some not very repentant or humble words, when he heard footsteps in the room behind him, and as he looked round, a servant met him, and said:

"If you please, sir, this person wishes to see you; he came before, but I suppose you were busy again when he found you were engaged."

Anthony looked past him into the room, and Clarissa drew her skirts round her with a quick, nervous movement, as if to make her escape, when, her eye turning involuntarily towards this last visitor of Anthony's, she dropped her skirts and stood still.

A man, dressed in working clothes, scrupulously clean and neat, stood in the middle of the room, holding a little child in the hand, and looking eagerly but bashfully towards Anthony. A girl stood just behind him with a great basket, and two little boys, and they, too, stared at Anthony as if he had been some renowned wonder they had come from the farends of the world to see.

"Well, my good fellow, what can I do for you?" asked Anthony, scanning the group with some surprise.

To his still greater astonishment his question was met by a loud laugh.

"Ha! ha! that's a good un, that is, sir! The missus said you wouldn't recollect me."

The last words were said with a touch of disappointment.

"That I certainly do not," answered Anthony. "Surely I have never seen you before?"

He looked fit the man, and the man returned his look with a shy but bright and wistful gaze.

It was a long, irregular face—the face of a man who was, or had been, very poor. The cheeks, though the country air had set a faint color on them, had been sucked in too long by the vampire poverty ever to fill out entirely; the sandy beard was scant and straggling, as if there had been no strength to spare for it. There was brightness and hope in the blue eyes—a feverish hope, as uncertain of life as a soldier in the midst of battle, for underneath the eye the death of many of his brethren was inscribed in those deeply scored lines. The hope now was evidently that Anthony should remember him.

"Is it a comin', sir?" he asked, after a pause; "is it a comin' to you at all sir, where you've seen my face before?"

"Not in the least," answered Anthony.

"Beg-by, now, sir," said the man, in a tone of disappointment. "Think again, sir—Harris, by name, sir."

"I am none the wiser," answered Anthony.

The man seemed to grow more and more nervous. He wiped his face, and turned to his children, who stared at him, one and all, with a look of amazed disappointment. His eye rested on the baby child, whose hand he held, and lifting it in his arms, he said:

"It seems odd, sir, as you don't know us. This ere little 'un, as wasn't born at the time, knows you, sir, almost as well she knows her own mother. Who's that gentleman, Beas? Who is he, eh?"

The child looked at Anthony from the depths of her cotton bonnet, then at her father, then pointed to the great basket her sister held, and smiled, and showed two small new teeth.

"You had the fever three years ago, sir; perhaps you'll remember that?" and the man. "And then, sir, going back a little way, perhaps you'll remember how you—you—"

"Yes," said Anthony, "I remember that perfectly."

"You was passin' along the top of a street where the fever was bad, sir, you and some more gents," continued the man, looking away from Anthony as in shame, and wiping the sweat from his brow. "And—and a person in the street went up to you gents, and begged a little help."

Anthony looked at his several face, and by its sad expression vividness the picture of a poor, distracted wretch, who had come rushing up to him and his companions that night, almost distracted with grief, and telling a wild story of distress they none of them believed.

"Begged a little help," went on the man, "and some of you gents—I ought to a spoke. One o' you gents hit him with his cane, and—and the person, not being exactly of his right mind, through fever and distress, sir, hit the gent back, and then the others fell on the person, sir, and knocked him down."

Yes—yes, I remember," said Anthony, glancing at Clarissa nervously, as he recalled the scene which the watchman's lantern revealed that night.

"Say no more about that, my man. I remember all perfectly now."

"I won't say no more about it, sir," answered his visitor, "except that, when the person came to, he found himself in a cell—you was with him, and you kindly let him prove to you as my tale was true, and I showed you where they was—and you promised nothing 'cause I slaved out o' the house because o' the fever, and not being able to make up the rent; and you called a coach, and lifted 'em into it yourself, took 'em to a clean, airy house, and carried 'em upstairs in your own arms, sir, and left that with me as 'as been the making of us all. I've a good business now, sir, and a comfortable home, or perhaps you'll remember, sir; and I should have returned it before, sir, but I lost all trace of you till I heard some parties in our street speak as Mr. Maude was coming down to-day, where you was. And I hope you'll excuse me bringing the children down, sir; their mother thought as the country 'ud do 'em good. Besides, they've all along been promised they should come and see you when I brought the money back, sir, and—and—and a thought, I couldn't a know'd much about it; but, bless you, sir, she roared a good 'un when we talked o' leaving her behind."

"Indeed!" asked Anthony, taking the hand of the tiny maiden in the great sun-bonnet.

"Yes, sir," answered the father. "Elizabeth Jane, sir, she's eight months next Sunday, sir."

The hot little hand, crushing a few field flowers, let go its treasures to clasp Anthony's, as the little face turned from the horizontal to the perpendicular in the efforts of its wearer to look up in Anthony's face.

He had been in Clarissa.

"Miss Pompess," said he, "allow me to introduce to you one irreproachable acquaintance of mine—Miss Elizabeth Jane, eighteen months old next Sunday."

Clarissa lifted the child to her knee, gently pulled back the bonnet from the flushed face, making a pleasantable dash towards them with his handkerchief, but failing in his intention, and returning to his chair with his treasure in his arms.

His embarrassment was increased by one of the shy little boys behind him whispering something in his ear, and he answered:

"No—no! be quiet, can't you?"

"What does he say?" asked Anthony; at whose voice the whole group behind shrank close together, and bent their eyes on the floor.

"Lor! sir," said their father, looking round at them severely, "it's nothing particular, sir; but they make such a fuss about it—a little trifle, sir, to show I hadn't forgot you. But you'll excuse 'em, sir?"

There was a rush to the great basket; the crackling lid was raised, a heap of sandwich-papers, bread-crumbs, and buttercups turned out on the floor, and then a parcel was handed tremulously to the cabinet-maker, who opened it, and then rose and approached Anthony.

"It's mercy a trifle, sir—a thing as I've worked up at spare times; but the missus thought as it 'ud be a pretty idea to return the money in, which I think you'll find correct inside it, sir. I haven't been so sure about ofterin' of it since I heard of your good fortune, which nobody was happier to hear of than we was; and I hope you'll accept it, sir, with my dooty, and all our wishes and all our thanks."

The rough hands were not quite steady as they placed in Anthony's an exquisite little box, elaborately inlaid with different-colored woods. Anthony was conscious, as he took it, that this presentation, which the children crowded round to see, had been a long thought of for years. He felt their eyes upon him—he knew that Clarissa and he been obliged to yield to the tugging of the little one, and bring her close, that she, too, might see the realization of the dear household dream. Even the odor of the bruised flowers on the floor seemed to remind him that in this minute had been all they talked of as they ate their simple meal in the fields. He knew his every look was watched—his every word would be remembered, to be recorded to the mother, whose wasted form he had carried in his arms, and from whose breath he had taken the one serious illness of his life. Like a rush of sunset, which he had heard unmoved in his tiresome early morning chapels at college, swept through his heart—"Cast thy bread upon the waters," etc.

He put the little casket down on the table, and held his hand out to the cabinet-maker.

"Will you tell your wife," he said, in a voice so low and tremulous hardly knew it as his, "that I shall not rest till I have been to see her, to thank her for suggesting this charming little present? And her, too, that I wish her good wishes and yours more than any I have yet had; and I look on this visit as part of the good fortune you speak of. Mind, tell her I am coming to see her very soon."

"She will be a proud woman, sir, that day, sir," answered the delighted man, the cabinet-maker—"a proud woman, sir, bless her!"

A minute or two later, when Clarissa, after seeing the visitors seated outside the servant's table, was left to herself, she returned to the room where Anthony was, she found him looking at the casket still. She smiled as she met his eye.

"I see that you are well provided for," she said.

"Your Elizabeth Jane is making away with your preserves at an astonishing rate."

"Here is an inscription! I think I did not notice before, in carved flowers," said Anthony.

Clarissa looked over his shoulder, and read:

"To Mr. Anthony Maude, a token of grateful remembrance, from his humble servant, John Harris."

"You ought to prize this very much," she said.

"I do," answered Anthony, looking seriously at her, "for it is a gift of his simple, more than anything I have in the world, and, therefore, I am going to ask you to accept it of me."

"I?" said Clarissa, drawing back.

"Yes, as the one good memorial of my past life, which has shown itself in such unflattering colors to-day. You will not refuse me?"

"Very well," answered Clarissa, taking it with some embarrassment. "You put me in mind of when I was a little girl, and was always sent away when I cared for very much, and was afraid of injuring, to my mother. I will take charge of this for you in the same manner."

"Or as the mother used to take charge of treasures poor men were afraid of having in their own keeping," said Anthony. "But I do not ask for this back again, sir, only as a sacrifice to appease your anger at what you have seen to-day."

"Then, in accepting it," said Clarissa, holding out her hand, and smiling, "I promise to forget all your visitors I have seen to-day, except those now sitting at tea with Mrs. Milton."

"That is more than I dare say," answered Anthony, pressing her hand fervently, "and I thank you from my heart."

Clarissa turned away.

Then, leaving Anthony to himself, "I'll now have another fling at the doctor."

But the doctor was in no mood to facilitate Anthony's approaches. Like many angry men, he had got unreasonable. At first he had been offended by Anthony's trying to speak. When Anthony ceased to speak he was more still more offended at finding himself left alone to seek his horses and his groom—a not very easy task during the confusion that prevailed in the household.

He returned at last, followed by his groom leading the two horses, he looked so black and fierce that Anthony was half inclined to leave menacing that Anthony was half inclined to leave him to his humors, and think only of his success with Clarissa. But big drops were falling upon his face and hands; a strange and lurid light pervaded the atmosphere; and there was a close, stifling feel, that suggested a coming thunderstorm.

"Look, doctor," said Anthony, raising his hand.

The doctor did look up at the gloomy sky, and in such a gloomy kind of way, that Anthony was reminded—not exactly, though he pretended to keep a serious countenance about it—of "deep calling to deep," but the doctor merely said:

"Make haste, sir, Clarissa!"

"Surely, doctor, you will stay till the storm is over. The young lady—"

"Good-morning, Mr. Anthony Maude," said the doctor, as he settled himself in the saddle, making a low bow, and then hurrying off, in his anger, so fast, that he forgot Clarissa might not be ready.

Her horse, seeing its companion go, started just as Anthony was holding the delicate foot, and looking up in the hope of getting a smile, and Clarissa had nearly been thrown down.

(To be continued.)

held her so firmly, and kept so close to the horse, while the groom was engaged in quieting the fearless animal, that no harm was done, and just when the doctor came nervously back, more enraged than ever at Anthony for having made him so forgetful, he met Clarissa riding as buoyantly and fearlessly as ever the high-spirited, curveting horse; and then Anthony, seeing his opportunity, with some malice, answered the doctor's previous bow by one quite as low and significant.

Another minute, and Anthony saw them no longer. He paused, however, still standing where they had left him, listening to the harmonious beat of the horses' feet as they fell constantly together, and when he could no longer distinguish the sound, muttered:

"What a fool I am to get wet through in this fashion!" And then he went into the conservatory.

CHAPTER XXI.—ANTHONY FINDS GOOD, AFTER ALL, EVEN IN STORMS.

Pitilessly sweeps down the rain—no longer in drops, however, large and close together, but in an almost unbroken sheet of water. Anthony paces to and fro in trouble, looking out, and fretting himself that he can see nothing in the world to do just now but stand there watching the downfall, and thinking of those who are exposed to it.

As he gazes up, wistfully seeking for a break in the awful gloom of sky, a flash of blinding light seems to fill the whole place, and then comes in quick succession clap after clap of thunder.

"What madness it was to go off in this weather! How near the lightning is! Such a horse, too! I must go after them. Let the doctor play the fool if he likes—let him say what he likes; but he has no right to treat me in this fashion, and risk his own and his daughter's life. Here, Gibbs!"

The groom, a fresh man just engaged, came to this call, and Anthony said to him—

"Is the new mare saddled?"

"Yes, sir; but the weather's awful, and she seems very queer about the lightning."

"Don't chatter. Bring her! Quick!"

"Beg pardon, sir, but it's a werry temptin' of Providence to mount that mare—she ain't four year old, and is thorough-bred."

"Confound you! get out of the way!" So saying, Anthony strode past the man, evidently intending to fetch the mare himself. On his way he was arrested by a new object,—Esau standing before him, dripping with the rain, touching his ears repeatedly, as if to express his respect for the new owner of the grand place, and as if he thought he had a claim to a hearing.

"Oh, you are here, are you?" said Anthony. "I forgot you. Were you to come to-day?"

"Why, you told me to, didn't you?" answered Esau, looking up from under his drenched hair.

"Oh, well, I'm—I'm busy now. I'll see you to-morrow," said Anthony. "I suppose you can come to-morrow, can't you?"

"Can? Of course I can, if I like."

Anthony hurried past him, but some thought making him turn his head to look back at the vagrant, he saw him climbing one of the great elm trees that darkened that side of the house. The hands grasped a bough, while the feet made their way up the trunk, and in this position Esau threw back his head until he could [illegible]thony, and, observing that he watched him, shouted—

"I say! I don't know as I shall come to-morrer. I shall have to get a lodging to-night if it pelts like this, and then I shall have to work all day to pay for it."

"What are you going up there for, you little rascal?" shouted Anthony. "Go into the house, and get yourself dry."

"No, thank yer. I want a wash, and I likes dryin' in the wind. Go in yourself; you're wanted. Don't yer hear?"

Anthony turned impatiently round the corner, determined to send the groom after the little vagabond.

Hark! What fresh sounds are those which Anthony hears as he reaches the stable, and where the mare is plunging about and threatening to injure herself by her violence. Horses' feet! Surely the same that he heard but a few minutes ago. Can Clarissa have spoken to her father and brought him back, ashamed of himself? asks Anthony.

He runs to the courtyard, and there, truly enough, are the doctor and Clarissa re-entering, the latter in advance, looking rosy through her wet face, but also a little uncomfortable—the doctor grim and silent.

"We have returned, Mr. Maude," said Clarissa, shaking her head with a laugh at the trickling streams that were running down her hat and pouring over the brim, "to ask your hospitality for a few minutes more. We didn't get far, the storm was so terrible, and there was no near place of shelter but this."

Anthony wanted to hear no more. His face brightened with pleasure. In a wonderfully brief space of time the visitors were relieved of their horses and their wet garments, and were sitting by a fire which Anthony soon raised, as it happened to be laid ready. All this was accomplished before the rather slow doctor had been able to settle how to explain their "unseemly" change of purpose, as he had called it to his daughter, and which she had wrung from him, partly in her real fear of the storm, partly in her sympathy with Anthony's annoyance—perhaps, also, in the vague desire to hear some sort of explanation about those disreputable visitors, one of whom Clarissa could not forget, in spite of her disbelief in that particular person's veracity.

But Anthony evidently didn't want any explanations. He was only too glad to see them back, though, with admirable tact and delicacy of feeling, he veiled what he felt under a show of respect and courtesy that the doctor could not possibly quarrel with.

But the latent earnestness of Anthony's feelings would reveal themselves, and it was in a characteristic way. Before the doctor had determined on the kind of conversation he should adopt, he found a great big book, a vast folio, richly bound in red morocco, pushed gently before him by Anthony. He looked sternly at Anthony for an explanation, who merely said:

"From my uncle's library. There are many capital books there, much too learned for me. Uncle bought the library all together—a great bargain—saying I should want these books some day. Ah! I fear that day will never come. But you, doctor, will, I am sure, like some of the books, because you can understand them. I wish I did."

"Hem! hem! hem!" The air seemed to clear a little after those resonant "hems!" and the doctor turned back the ponderous cover. "Hem! hem! 'Bayles' Dictionary.' Old favorite of mine. Never yet came across a copy for sale."

How Anthony wished he might say: "Take it, doctor; do, to oblige me; put it in your pocket, or under your arm, and take it home with you;" but he had too much good sense to offend so idly. He ventured only to remark:

"I should take it as a personal favor, doctor, if you would let me send you the whole set for your perusal."

"Not at present, thank you," said the doctor, frigidly, and Anthony was again thrown back. But not for long. Whenever he ventured to steal a look at Clarissa, he felt sure she was watching his operations with interest. He saw at times a certain something in her eye which rather nettled him, as if he were a source of amusement to her during all his efforts to win the unpropitiable doctor; but that thought was pushed out by another. She evidently must have managed the return, and so must want to give Anthony the opportunity the doctor so churlishly refused or made impossible—that of explaining the scene of the morning.

If the doctor would only have gone on reading in "Bayle," Anthony might have rested from his labors, and, perhaps, have assisted Clarissa to spend her time of enforced stay pleasantly, if not profitably; but the doctor, afraid, perhaps, of compromising the moral attitude he had taken up with this "abandoned" young man, shut down the cover with a noise and waft that made quite a commotion, even though heard between the clamors of the storm.

Anthony looked just what he was—puzzled. He had already caused wine and biscuits and a few suitable delicacies to be placed on the table; but they were untouched. The doctor was impressive when he spoke, but his silence was truly awful. Anthony was at his wits' end. If "Bayle" wouldn't do, then no book would do. There was a bagatelle table in the house, but could he even propose such a frivolous thing as a game at bagatelle to the doctor? Absurd! Of course he could not. Dick Sleuth might have helped him by talking to the doctor, but he was busy preparing for his departure, and, somehow, rather shirked being much with the doctor and Clarissa in Anthony's presence. If the doctor had been a sporting character, he (Anthony) might have proposed a bet on the raindrops, as they raced each other down the panes—an amusement at which Anthony had once been silly enough to lose a few pounds. But though the doctor loved "game," and was a strict "preserver," and occasionally went to races, Anthony doubted the prudence of building too much on these facts. Meantime, Clarissa herself preserved an unfriendly silence, and didn't help in the various little conversations which Anthony started. He must, then, again risk what he had rather striven to avoid—refusals, or discourteous replies.

"These are fine peaches, doctor!"

"Are they, sir?"

"May I offer you one?"

"No, I thank you."

That was effort one; now for effort two.

"Does Miss Pompess like sherry, doctor?"

"Ask her, sir."

Anthony did ask, and got only the unsatisfactory reply:

"Sometimes."

"One more trial," thought Anthony, "and then I think I'll be satisfied."

"Dr. Pompess," said he, and the doctor thought the tone demanded his instant attention, while Clarissa wondered and felt uneasy. "Dr. Pompess," he repeated, and with changing color, "this is my house; I offer you anything and everything in it. I will gladly do anything to please you, gladly explain anything you care to hear; but hang me if I wouldn't rather you'd find a codicil in favor of yourself or Dick Sleuth, and turn me out of it, and set that brute after me, than treat me in this fashion. It's not kind—not—not friendly—not just!"

"Ha! What's that? Not just?"

"No, sir. The people you saw here to-day came because they thought there was something to get. I won't deny that they had a right to think so; but when I had feasted them, and heard all they'd got to say, I begged one favor of them in return——"

"And that was——?" asked the doctor.

"That they wouldn't put me to the trouble of asking you to put them in the stocks if they ever dared to show their faces again in the neighborhood—a thing I was sure you would do."

"So I would, boy, every man of them; and that delicate lady too."

"No, doctor—no—not so pretty a creature as that!"

Anthony looked slyly at Clarissa, but he met a look that warned him that this was no jesting matter.

"And who set the dog at them?"

"I did, to make them go faster, and let me get back to you."

"Ha—ha—ha!" at last roared the doctor, as the true character of the whole scene began to dawn upon him. "Capital! capital! Quite a young hero, I declare! A—a Scipio in modern times! Anthony, my boy"—and here the worthy doctor gave the young man a rousing slap on the back—"the best and—hem!—the wisest of men will make mistakes. I have made a mistake. But no matter; you're a fine fellow, and will be an honor to the neighborhood—to the county—I may say to Great Britain. We must have you in the magistracy by-and-bye. There, take my hand—and yours, Clarissa. Sly rogue, isn't he? There, that's settled. I say, Anthony, I like that dog of yours amazingly. How well he did it! That dog snuffs authority. He knew better than to touch me. I shall go and have a look at him."

"Have him, doctor. Do let me give him to you. But, then, you must let me have the loan of him for an artist, to make a couple of pieces of sculpture. Yes, I'll have him modeled, and set up each side of my gateway as supporters."

"Ha! ha! ha!" again laughed the doctor. "It's fine enough now, Clarissa, I think. We won't take our young friend out to-day. He has had quite enough for one day of society, I'm sure, and wants that rest which he pretended he was getting. Look out, Clarissa, and see if you daren't venture."

Clarissa went, and the doctor, getting into a most amiable and confidential mood, said, leaning his hand on Anthony's shoulder:

"Anthony, I am very, very glad we did not part with such a foolish misunderstanding. I see now we shall be friends, and you will like my daughter."

Anthony looked as though he thought he might venture to say he should. But the doctor went on:

"Mind, it's only now as a friend, I am going to tell you something that will interest you. No other idea in the world."

What could he be going to tell Anthony? Ideas ran swiftly through his brain that he was ashamed of the moment after. Was not the doctor a little too demonstrative, if he were really going to suggest conclusions which Anthony preferred to arrive at in his own way? Clarissa was lovely—was everything heart of man could desire, so far as he (Anthony) could judge; but still——

At that moment a gleam of sunshine caused him to look forth, and his eyes fell on so exquisite a picture that he could not but turn to the doctor with new zest, to hear what he fancied he was going to hear about the central figure of that picture.

"I shall introduce to you—hem!—a friend of mine and Clarissa's—a gentleman I am sure you will like very much, of—of good parts, handsome person—very like me some persons say; large estates, contiguous to mine—altogether charming man. Well, he, I may whisper in confidence, is not unlikely to become a member of my family. Hem! Here Clarissa comes. Not a word, Anthony, on that subject, of course."

Anthony bowed with a gallant effort to smile, but with a bitterness of soul that astonished even himself, when he had time to become conscious of it.

Two minutes later, when Sleuth came in, he found Anthony looking out of the window in a strangely silent mood; but before he had time to ask what was the matter, Anthony caught him by the hand, roaring with laughter, and saying, to Sleuth's surprise:

"Oh, Dick! a charming man! a charming man! The doctor's been confiding a secret to me. Let me confide one to you, Dick—tell it not in Gath, proclaim it not in the streets of Ascalon—the doctor's an ass!"

TOWN GOSSIP.

We take for granted, though the thermometer at the present writing is at 80, that fashion has cut the country, the springs, the seaside, and all things that partake of the rural, to prepare for the coming campaign.

Of this grand series of battles there are beginning to show serious indications. The opera, firstly, is in full blast, the milliners and dressmakers have "opened," and the world of fashion is agitated to know what is to be the coming mode, whether round hats are going out and the introduced style, as shown by the milliners, notwithstanding its grandmotherly aspect, is to be the accepted one or not. A fair lady, who is in the secret, informs us that the Empire hat is a sweet thing, the only point being that we have no knowledge of the millinery mysteries of the said Empire. Of round hats, we are confidentially informed that there is the "Greek," the "Figaro," the "Pacha," the "Martial," the "Mexican," and many others too numerous to mention, and which we shall not discuss. We are further assured, from the same "reliable" lady, that of silks "moire" will prevail, and greens be the fashionable color, after which will come Mexican blue, and a new color, entitled "Moon on the Lake." On the subject of boots, the Spanish have the inside track, the merit of which is said to lie in the sole, the peculiar cut of which decreases the pedal size at least 25 per cent., a most absolute recommendation to popularity.

But now comes the all-absorbing topic in the lady world, and that is: "Does the waterfall go out or not?" Fashion, as derived from the other side of the Atlantic, says and decrees its downfall, but our own observations on Broadway and the *salons* do not corroborate the decree. The drollery still flourishes, and we can veritably assert that the shoulders of our belles still bear masses of something enclosed in a net, that argues that

"Faith, fanatic faith, when wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."

The next fashion in hair, as offered us from Paris, is the other extreme; the hair being all brought round in front, and the pretty faces peer out in a way that we can compare to nothing but the idea of an owl peeping through a bush. Now why will not our belles invent fashions in hair for themselves, or go to the prints of the olden times for their models? Let them look at the tasteful hairdressing of the Egyptians 3,000 years ago; let them go to the rooms of the Historical Society, and study, from the Abbott collection, the tasty head-dressing of the ladies of that time, and—our word for it—Paris will be surpassed, and a clue will be found to very many of the ideas of the modistes of to-day.

We shall end our dissertation upon waterfalls with a little anecdote, for which we vouch.

A young lady, on leaving a store where she had been making various purchases, said to the clerk, as she went out:

"Now, don't forget; there are rats, mice, waterfall, crimpers, nets, and filling, send 'em all."

An old lady who had been a listener, raised her spectacles, and watched her benevolently, until she reached the street, and then turning to the clerk, in a pitying tone, said:

"Poor thing! she's crazy, ain't she?"

From waterfalls to an omnibus is but a step, while we are on Broadway, and we will say something about pickpockets. It is, perhaps, no secret to all the world, that these gentry very much affect these conveyances, especially in winter, when cloaks and extra clothing make their doings less likely to be noticed. We were witness a few days since to the discomfiture of an elderly gentleman by one of these professionals—a female one, by-the-way—who, in style and innocent appearance, would compare with most of our Broadway beauties. The *lady* got into the stage, and after a rapid glance, seated herself beside our elderly friend, who is a father of a family, of pious proclivities, and demure mien. In a few minutes he could not help being alive to the fact of somebody's digit being insinuated into his pocket—the identical one where lay his well-filled receptacle of greenbacks, and it wanted but a moment's farther consideration to convince him that it was his fair neighbor. Not stopping to think on this discovery, he instantly seized the hand and held it firmly, while the pretty owner, amid a shower of screams and protestations of insult, struggled to free herself. Indignant passengers of course took the young lady's part, and, to the utter amazement of the elderly gent, he found several threatening demonstrations made upon his person, while his declaration of the truth could not be heard in the hubbub. In the midst of it, out rushed the much abused young lady, and disappeared down one of the side streets, and then, and not till then, did the astounded gentleman get a chance to show that he had actually had a passage at arms, or rather hands, with one of the accomplished female pickpockets that infest all our public places and conveyances.

Another case of this kind of work, demonstrating to what an extent these gentry can carry their impudence, occurred, during last week, in one of the Madison Avenue stages. A man got in at Bleecker street, and, soon after seating himself, snatched the portmonnaie from a lady's hand, who sat beside him, declaring, as he did so, that it belonged to him, and that she had stolen it from his pocket. The frightened woman was speechless; but a gentleman, sitting opposite, undertook to defend her, when the scamp stopped the stage, called in the aid of a policeman, and had both lady and gentleman conveyed before Alderman Jones at the Tombs Police Court, on a charge of picking pockets. When there, the agitated lady asserted her respectability, and sent for her husband, a well-known broker in Wall street. Before he had arrived, the alderman very blandly informed both lady and gentleman that the charge against them had been withdrawn, and upon their looking for their accuser, they found him *non est*, and, of course, all chance of his punishment fled with him. Verily, what with pickpockets, aldermen, and other thieves, New York is a delightful dwelling-place.

We see, by a Georgia paper that reached us a few days since, that Gen. Brannan, commanding in that department, has issued an order, prescribing the prices at which provisions shall be sold. The prices are as follows: Fresh beef, first cut, per lb, 20 cents; fresh beef, second cut, per lb, 15; country dried beef, per lb, 15; country cured beef, per lb, 15; jerked beef, per lb, 10 to 15; veal, per lb, 20; mutton, per lb, 20; fresh pork, per lb, 25; butter, per lb, 40 to 50; fowls, grown, \$1 to \$1 25; half-grown fowls, 75; spring chickens, per pair, 50; spring chickens, second size, 40. We mention this fact that we may utter a prayer that Gen. Brannan may be sent to this locality for the coming winter, or that Gen. Hooker be respectfully requested to follow in the Brannanian footsteps, adapting it to New York and the pockets of the poorer classes. Without some such arbitrary rule, we fear much for the coming winter in our crowded cities. There is a vast overplus of labor, and employers are enabled to cut down wages, from the eagerness of the unemployed to obtain work. While this is so on the one hand, provision and house-rent is still going up, and all the necessaries of life are at this moment rated higher than at the time when gold was quoted at nearly 300. Farmers and middlemen seem utterly without souls, and occasionally they centre their affections on some one article, until it is brought to that pitch in price which places it entirely out of the reach of the laboring classes. The latest instance of this is butter, which in this city is 70 and 75 cents per pound, with hopes of a still further rise, while in Philadelphia, last week, it was run up to \$1 to \$1 25, at which it stuck, and the dealers in the article were served likewise with their stocks. What all this is coming to heaven only knows, while the alimentary destinies of our population are in the hands of a parcel of petty corner grocers. Their consciences are much on a par with one we heard of last winter, who called to his son: "Jimmy, is it werry cold out o' doors?" "Yes, father." "Is the gutters froze hard, Jimmy?" says the old man, ramming a chunk of warm breakfast into his benevolent countenance. "Yes, father," responded the boy; "very hard." "Ah!" sighed the old sinner; "then you must put up the coal twopence a pail, Jimmy. God help the poor!"

Before we close we must say a word about the revival of Southern business with New York. We cannot see any of that bitter spirit that we were so freely told would be shown by our "Southern brethren," when they would again mix with us, and as to the manner in which they are treated, we shall make an extract from a letter written home by one of them now in this city, which certainly does not betray that same bitterness on either side. He says:

"I asked for 60 days credit, and got it without a word of objection. B—— told me that he asked four months, was given three, and treated like a gentleman everywhere. He showed me a receipt for \$1,500, which debt he contracted before the war, and has just paid, and from the same firm he has just bought a bill of \$8,000 at four months. Another friend settled his old bill at one-third cash, and the balance on notes at eight and twelve months, while he got 90 days on three-fourths of his new bill."

This certainly demonstrates that our old enemies have no trouble in walking into our financial affections.

In amusements there is little that is new. All the theatres are doing wonderfully well, and we verily believe that were some genii to pop down into our midst half-a-dozen first-class houses, they would all be nightly filled as the others now are.

Wallack's produced a new play, or rather a re-serving of an old one, Colley Cibber's "Double Gallant," a stupid production that was only saved by the admirable manner in which it was put upon the stage.

The story is of two fathers, one of whom has a son the other a daughter, who are betrothed by the parents without ever having seen each other. These festive individuals meet by the very original catastrophe of the gentleman saving the lady's life by fishing her out from the Thames, into which she has been spilled by her boatmen, and as a consequence falling violently in love with her, a passion that is reciprocated by the lady. At this point begins the confidances in which each express their disgust at the matrimonial engagements made for them with unknown persons, and their determination never to fulfill them. The result is the old, old story, of plot and counterplot, and the final success of the lovers. The play is so named from a character introduced, the double gallant, Mr. Davenport, a gentleman who makes love to every lady he meets, and in so doing, assumes a different name to each. The best scene of the play is, where he is confronted with two of these ladies at once, one of whom knows him as Colonel Standfast, the other as Mr. Freeman.

Though there are many pleasant scenes, and much good acting in "The Double Gallant," we doubt whether it will ever be a very great favorite with New York playgoers.

The Winter Garden this week produced "Our American Cousin," with Mr. Clarke as Asa Trenchard, and Mr. W. S. Andrews, late of the Washington theatres, as Lord Dundreary. It is hardly necessary to say that it was a great success, and has filled the house to overflowing.

Barnum, just now, seems to be reaping the golden harvest of his exertions in getting ready the new Museum so speedily. He has made a Lecture Room that is, without question, the cleanest, most cheerful, and airy spot of its kind in the city, and the people seem to have found it out, for there, both day and night, they flock in crowds.

Barnum's Museum has become so much an institution, that it can not be confined to any locality, or be destroyed in the affections of the people, even though forty fires may be lighted to consume it.

THE FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE.—Among the countless sewing machines before the public, we cannot do less, as an act of justice, than single out this one for our commendation. They have advantages possessed by none other, and we candidly believe that it only requires the inspection of such as are skilled in sewing machines to give this one their unqualified choice. They make four different stitches on the same machine, have a reversible feed motion and self-adjusting shuttle tension, and do not only all the work done by others, but what others cannot do. The office at No. 505 Broadway.



THE LATE MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. H. MOSHER, OF NEWBURYPORT.

HANNAH F. GOULD, THE AUTHORESS.

The name of Miss Gould is familiar in the mouth of every reading person through the length and breadth of the land, and her death to them and to the nation's literature, is a loss that cannot be passed over without something a little more than mere mention.

The memory of such poems as "The Midnight Mail," "The Veteran and the Child," "The Scar of Lexington," "The Frost," "A Name in the Sand," and "The Pebble and the Acorn," will make her name cherished through all time by every one who can enjoy the simple unaffectedness of real poetry.

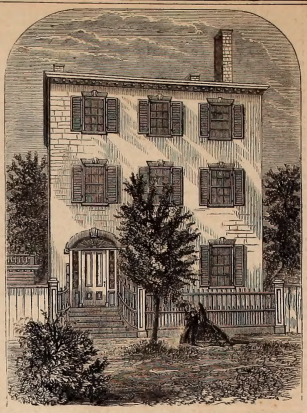
Miss Gould passed the quiet undisturbed life portrayed in her writings, and for more than half a century resided in Newburyport, Mass., the centre of an intellectual circle, who looked to her as a superior in the social as she was in the literary world. Her personal character was of rare excellence, and in the pursuits of her literary tastes she never neglected womanly duties or forgot her home.

She first wrote when American literature was in its infancy, and whatever she has cast forth to the world bears the stamp of her own original genius, and will live through all time by its genial simplicity, its patriotism and religious fervor.

JUDGE HALIBURTON.

Literature has suffered another great loss in the death of Mr. R. C. Haliburton of Nova Scotia, who is so well known to all the Anglo-Saxon world as the author of "Sam Slick," "The Old Judge," "Traits of American Humor," "Nature and Human Nature," and various works of wit and humor, which have become household books throughout all the land. Mr. Haliburton was formerly Chief-Justice of Nova Scotia, and Member of Parliament. In 1858 he received the honorary degree of D. C. L. from the University of Oxford. He was an industrious man, and though not showy as a debater, he was a good worker, and earnest. He died on the 26th of August, at his residence, Garden House, near Loudon, aged 68.

How many musical strains does it take to burst a singer?



THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE MISS HANNAH F. GOULD, AT NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MOSHER.



GRAND DISPLAY AT THE STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS., OF THE COLORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENTS RETURNED FROM THE WAR.—SKETCHED BY ROBT. D. WILKIE.

LINDEMANS CYCLOID PIANOFORTES.

THE new Cycloid pianos now on exhibition by Lindeman & Sons in the Fair of the American Institute, are attracting marked attention not only on account of their peculiar and beautiful form, but for their great excellence in all that constitutes a first-class piano. These instruments were first introduced into public notice, through the columns of this journal, since which time they have gained a reputation and popularity, never before achieved in so brief a period of time. They are not only known, but they are represented in almost every State of the Union, causing a demand for them to supply which, taxes to the utmost the manufacturing facilities of Lindeman & Sons, notwithstanding they have enlarged their manufacturing facilities more than double, within the last few months.

The Cycloid shape, as will be seen by our illustration, presents a curved



THE LATE JUDGE HALIBURTON, AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK."

back, terminating also in graceful sweeps in the front of the instrument. The outline is elegant, for there are no square corners, consequently in a parlor, instead of being unsightly and cumbersome, they harmonize with the furniture, however rich and elaborate it may be, while at the same time they occupy much less space.

The form of the Cycloid is not, however, adopted simply for its symmetrical appearance; it serves other and more important purposes. In the first place it gives strength to the case, and secondly, by this strength, it affords a large and clear area for sound, by abolishing all the heavy blocks of wood which encumber the interior of ordinary square pianofortes. The strength of the case is derived from the process of manufacture. Some 25 veneers of wood the quarter of an inch thick, are glued together, and placed, warm, in a powerful press of the Cycloid form, and when they are taken out they seem as one piece of wood, but far stronger than any solid piece of wood could be, and so immoveable in the curved form, that no strain that the piano has to bear, could make it yield in the slightest degree. By this means the case is also made more sensitive, and consequently more susceptible to the waves of sound.

The musical critic of the New York *Tribune* has an elaborate article on the Cycloid pianos in that journal, from which we make the following extract:

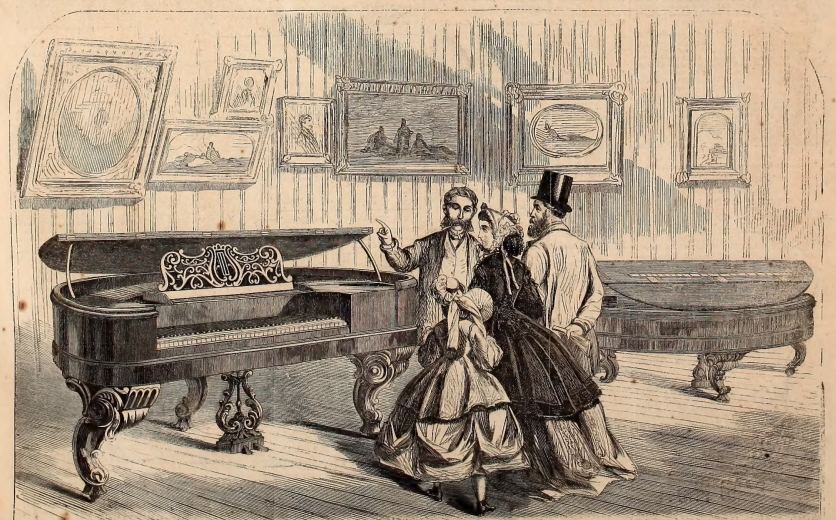
"The tone of the Cycloid is as solid as that of a Grand pianoforte; it is not merely loudness, which is always liable to impure and loose vibrations, but it is the largest amount of sonority, with the greatest purity in quality



STARTLING ACCIDENT AT THE DRAW BRIDGE OF THE RENSSELAER AND SARATOGA RAILROAD, FEDERAL STREET, TROY, N. Y., SATURDAY, SEPT. 23.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. CORDEN, OF TROY.

of tone. A powerful player can use it as he would a Grand, and he cannot break the tone; he cannot thin it or confine it by forced diverging vibrations. Gottschalk tested it in every way to the utmost, and acknowledged that it triumphed over the test that he had applied.

But it is not in force alone that the purity of the Cycloid is pre-eminent; in the medium tone and in the pianissimo it is surpassingly beautiful, and even the soft pedal can be used without destroying the pure and individual quality of the tone. In addition to this, while each tone is round and distinctive, in close and spread harmony, no one tone predominates, but a perfect accord of combined tones swells up to the fingers, and dies out without one dominant vibration. The 'singing' power partakes of the same purity of quality. It can be prolonged in a remarkable degree, and the quality of the vibration does not change or 'lift,' but preserves its roundness until the sound has ceased. The Cycloid possesses one other point of superiority over the common Square piano, namely the power of standing in tune. The whole structure is so compact, so solid, so rigid



THE CYCLOID PIANOS NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 14TH STREET, N. Y., MADE BY LINDEMAN & SONS, 171 AND 173 MERCER, NEAR BLEECKER STREET, N. Y.

and unyielding in its strength, that it will vanish up to concert pitch from its first tuning, allowing for the stretching of the strings, and will not fall a stade for months.

These qualifications are great in their significance, and elevate the class of instruments hitherto represented by the Square piano, far above its present position as a musical instrument. The scale is larger, purer, and more beautiful every way; and for strength and durability in its initial excellence, we believe it will improve superior, after years of trial, to every other plan of construction. The mechanical details and workmanship are of the best quality, and its touch in all that can be required to give the most exacting professor of music. The system upon which the present Cycloid piano is made, is equally applicable to the Grand and Upright form, and we look forward to the result of the experiments in the first which will be undertaken, to be immediately proceeded with, as a mark of real interest to refined and cultivated musicians all over the world, for there is hardly one respectable homestead in which the piano is not considered nearly as a necessity as a luxury.

We consider the Cycloid piano as a great advance upon the prevailing system of construction, and as approaching as near to perfection in sound as our present knowledge enables us to conceive or to construct."

Frank Leslie's of January 31st, 1865, says:

"The tone is really beautiful, rich and clear; full and ringing; with a power of sustained, yet subdued, full sound, which is only found in Grand pianofortes. It is capable of the most delicate shading, and can be forced up to the loudest *crescendo*, without losing any of the purity of tone."

In addition to the universally complimentary notices of the press throughout the country, the most eminent concert pianists and professors of music have given unanimous testimonials of the surpassing excellence of the Cycloid pianos. Gottschalk, the renowned pianist, says:

"It is the finest instrument of the Square class that I have ever tried. Both the mechanism and rich and solid as that of a Grand piano. I have tested it as I would a Grand piano in every key and point of view and strength, and it has stood the test in every way. I consider that the invention of the Cycloid action is its last."

In this opinion the following eminent artists fully concur: Charles Fradel, William Mason, Theodore Reid, Gustave Satter, George W. Morgan, J. N. Pattison, A. H. Pease, Henry Sanderson, A. Ingold, J. D. Kerrison, Carl Anschutz, and many other first class artists.

The prices of these pianos, are their own best recommendation. They are unsurpassed in beauty of tone, in thorough workmanship, in endurance, in the increased capacity of being kept in tune, and in every element of a first class pianoforte, and superior in elegance of form over all others. Purchasers may place entire reliance upon the instruments manufactured by Lindeman & Sons.

THE WORD COCKNEY.—In the reign of Edward III. a knight-bl kt was land at Oakney, in Nottinghamshire, free of rent during the reign of the king, on condition of his devoting the king's pallrey, or saddle-horse, on each foot, with the king's nails and materials; but if he lamed it, he was to give the king another, worth four marks. The Knight of Oakney attended at the king's stable to perform his duty, when one of the monarch's fanciers objected to nail him how to do it; but in order to save his place he declined the office, consequently, by his ignorance, he lamed the horse. This was reported until he had to forfeit more than double the value of the land, by which act of folly the word Oakney became proverbial, even at court; and every stupid, untutored citizen was called a Cockney knight, which was afterwards changed to Cockney.

THE Berlin Society for the Study of Modern Languages announces two prizes to be given next year for the best treatises on the following theme: First, the Influence of Shakespeare on the Development of the English Language, and on account of the state of poetic language in England during the literary period on relatively preceding that of Shakespeare, points of its development in the poetry of Shakespeare, a comparison between Shakespeare and his contemporaries as regards purity, and choice of the substance of his writings on the poetic language of the country. Second, History of the influence of Shakespeare's literature by the German and Roman Nations. The prize for the first theme is 100 thalers in gold, and for the second 200. The decision to be announced on the occasion of the anniversary fete of the society, on the 26th of October.

UNLUCKY DAYS.—An old Latin manuscript, of the time of Henry VI., contains an account of certain days alleged to be unlucky. It says: "These are the evil days according to old philosophers among the Greeks. For if on any of those days a child be born, it shall die soon; if any one fall ill, he shall never get well; if any one undertake a long journey, he shall never return; if he take any one to marry, he shall soon be parted from his wife, or else they shall live together in the greatest misery; if any commence a great undertaking, he shall never attain the desired end." The unlucky days are also enumerated as follows: January 1, 7, 8, 9, 11 and 20. February 16, 17 and 18. March 15, 16 and 18. April 7. May 15 and 17. June 6. July 13 and 14. August 20 and 30. September 16 and 17. October 6. November 11 and 17. December 6, 7 and 9.

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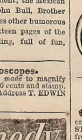
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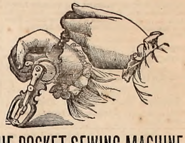
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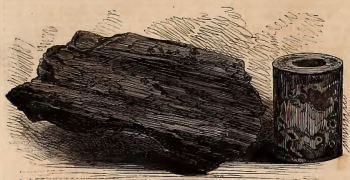
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No. 525—Vol. XXI. | NEW YORK, OCTOBER 21, 1865. | [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00

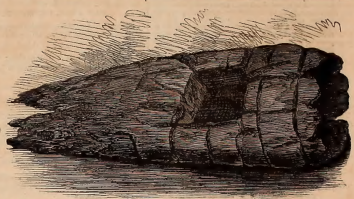
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Some enterprising Bostonians have succeeded in exhuming the wreck of an ancient ship on Cape Cod, which is supposed to be that of the Sparrow Hawk, lost at that spot in the year 1626, or 239 years ago, and have transported it, with sundry other relics found on board of it, to a spot near the west gate, Boston Common, to give the citizens an opportunity to inspect its proportions.

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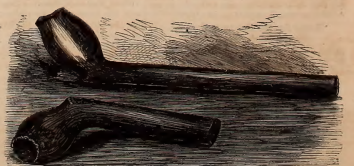


THE REMAINS OF ONE OF THE PILGRIM SHIPS (SUPPOSED TO BE THE SPARROW HAWK) AND RELICS FOUND IN HER VICINITY, DISCOVERED, DISENTERRED AND REMOVED TO BOSTON, FROM CHATHAM, CAPE COD, MASSACHUSETTS BAY.—FROM SKETCHES BY ROBT. D. WILKIE.

tells us was visited by Gov. Bradford, that stern old Puritan, who relieved the wrecked passengers, and entertained them at his own house, until they could recover from their misfortunes. It was found at a place called Old Ship Harbor, no doubt so called from this lost ship, near Chatham, Cape Cod. The sands of this locality have been constantly shifting, through the action of the winds and tides, and have in time covered the timbers of the old ship for a century or two, and have, in the same manner, delivered them up, almost as good as new, to the present generation, a subject for study and speculation.



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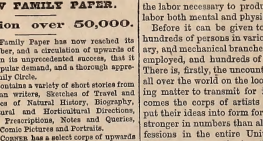
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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 21, 1865.

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About Ourselves.

We have a theory, that when a person does anything well, they must either be considered egotists or hypocrites. If they speak of it as it deserves, they are accounted egotists, and if they keep silent on the commendable quality, they certainly are hypocrites.

These thoughts come over us as we view a number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS just fresh from the press, and think how little the purchaser who takes his paper from the newsvender or the post office, appreciates the labor necessary to produce such a sheet—how little will he appreciate it.

Before it can be given to the public, some hundreds of persons in various artistical, literary, and mechanical branches, must be directly employed, and thousands more indirectly. There is, firstly, the uncounted correspondents all over the world on the look out for interesting matter to transmit for illustration. Next comes the corps of artists and engravers, to whom their ideas into fair for the press, a corps stronger in numbers than all of the same professions in the entire United States twenty years ago. In gathering this corps, we can only be guided in securing the services of establishments are by economy, but must select the best of their class without questioning the value at which they set their services. Onthis point we have a most binding proposition to tell them that ofcentimes the cuts of a single paper, before going to press, will be raising $3,500.

Then a portion of the work is done, there comes the editorial preparation for the press, and the intellectual judgment that shall select from the mass of matter that reaches us, such stories, articles, and poems as shall please a host of half million of readers, and uphold the character of the paper for literary ability.

This point over, there is the type-setting and taste that turns off the pages, looking as if handled by fairies, and follows the pressman, and the unceasing care that is necessary in running an immense edition through the printing machines, and turning them out in the right numbers and at the right time, without flaw or mistake. This done, there is only the mission of the mailing department and the newsvender, and the immense edition of over 100,000 copies, or over 200 reams of paper are distributed over the face of the earth to be perused by a half million of critics.

In connection with all the vast establishment necessary to publish a great paper like FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED, there are many little outside departments, which, in themselves alone, are an institution. As an example, we have lately added to this office a photographic gallery, with all necessary apparatus, to enable us at any moment to dispatch an artist to any part of the country to take views of celebrated places, scenes, people, etc. At any time of the day or night, when intelligence may come to us of anything worthy of illustration, we can send out a photographer, artist, or writer, to get the facts on the spot, and transmit them almost before the daily press have secured it, to our columns.

Whatever energy or pecuniary liberality can do, we will do, and though we have been working ten years to achieve our present great success, we feel that we are only on the threshold of illustrated journalistic triumph, and that each day adds to our knowledge, as it does to our vast circulation and influence.

Another President Assasinated.

In the present unhappy condition of the Republican cause in Central America and Mexico, the loss of any one of its leaders and defenders is an irreparable calamity. The supporters of free institutions sustained a severe blow in the recent death, in this city, of Gen. Doblado of Mexico, one of the oil too few incorruptible leaders and statesmen of the American people, who upheld the arms of the unyielding Juarez, in his unequal contest with that unholy European alliance against Republicanism, which has been plunging that land into carnage and the United States, and which tottera to its fall in the land of Montezuma. It is no disparagement to the memory of Doblado to say that a severer loss has since recently been sustained in the assassination of Gen. GERADDO BARRIOS, legitimate President of San Salvador, Central America, by a usurping instrument of this same anti-American and anti-Republican combination. This accomplished scholar, able statesman, incorruptible patriot, enterprising ruler, and faithful defender of liberal institutions, was shot by a miserable tool of the Francoadventurer Barrios, a white-washed negro and friar, who, two years ago, by an unwarranted invasion of San Salvador, and sustained by subsidies from the French Emperor, was forced upon the unwilling people of San Salvador as ruler of their prosperous and industrious, but weak republic. In the darkest hour of our great civil war, when the question of a recognition of the "Southern Confederacy," and the consequent destruction of the Republican system of this continent was supposed to be a question of hours, Gen. Barrios, President of San Salvador, was approached by the emissaries of the proposed new Empire in Mexico, with the insidious proposition to bring the State over which he presided into an arrangement whereby the whole of Central America should be absorbed in a Confederacy under the dominion of some contemptible "Serene Highness," from that hungry horde which European policy seems determined to force on disgusted humanity. But, notwithstanding the seeming eclipse of the cause of Republic, under whose protecting sgis the Republican States of America had obtained existence, Gen. Barrios rejected all the seductions of title and wealth, and in the spirit of Washington, and with words of scorn and contempt, drove the emissaries of Napoleon and the reactionaries of Guatemala beyond the borders of San Salvador. This occurred about forty-eight hours wherein to relieve the State, the soil of which they had polluted, of their presence.

The consequence of this step was an invasion of San Salvador by Guatemala, an invasion instigated by French emissaries, sustained by the priestly party of Guatemala (which controls that so-called republic), acting through the instrumentality of the Indian dictator of the country, named Carrera, a friend of his debaucheries. San Salvador, with less than half the population of Guatemala, and unsustained by foreign subsidies, nevertheless, in a fierce battle, defeated the invader, routed and dismayed. For awhile all was quiet, and President Barrios believed the storm was past, and that no further attempt would be made to bring Central America under Austrian rule.

Meantime, however, the priestly party in San Salvador were not idle. The President, years before, had insisted that the church should be subordinate to the civil authority, and that the decrees enacted by the representatives of the people should be superior to powers arrogated by the priesthood, under authority from Rome. The archbishop had not only opposed this doctrine, but had undertook, through his subordinates, to excite resistance to the constituted authorities. He had, in consequence, been expelled the State. Without, probably, any previous intent of favoring the results which followed, he found in the political movement from Guatemala, an opportunity of revenging what he regarded as a personal degradation, and of regaining his position. Under his influence, a diversion was created in San Salvador, and when the savage Carrera made his next attempt on the State, he was met by a host of enemies, including traitors among the soldiers—but the generals in Barrios' army. The President, after a heroic resistance, was compelled to fly. The members of his cabinet, relying upon the sacredness which, in civilized countries, attaches to merely administrative functionaries, remained, but they were taken and shot in cold blood. It was as if, invading Canada, the forces of the United States should capture the members of its indisputably lawful government, and order them at once to execution. Such things only occur when the victorious party is made up of barbarians and priests! An ex-friar, by the name of Dueñas, was forcibly put at the head of the government of San Salvador, not by the voice of the people, but through the force of foreign bayonets.

Gen. Barrios, as we have intimated, after innumerable vicissitudes, escaped the impossible barrier. Through the aid of the wife of the American Consul at the port of La Union, an adroit, as well as most benevolent woman, he was placed on an American vessel of war, and was thus saved for the time, from the bloody fate of his cabinet and political officers. What next happened we learn from the editorial columns of the New York *Herald*:

"Gen. Barrios retired to Panama, and thence to New York, where he resided, gaining the esteem and good will of all he met, until in December last he returned to Central America, taking up his residence in Costa Rica, Guatemala backed up Duchiez, his usurping successor, to demand his surrender; but the plucky little State refused to deny his right of asylum, whereupon they declared non-intercourse with her, permitting neither persons, letters or merchandise from Costa Rica to enter their ports. After some months of suffering he rather embarrass the people who maintained their right to exercise hospitality to whom they pleased, by retiring voluntarily to Panama. Here, in June, he was advised of a fresh conspiracy on foot to overthrow the usurping power, which at one time extended over more than half the State, and, under the leadership of Gen. Cavalleri, its oldest and most honored Salvadorian. He was called upon to return, but on arriving off the coast heard that the plan had been matured but put down, and their sympathizers try to stigmatize as a rebellion, and he at once decided to return to his wife and children. The vessel in which he was passenger was struck by lightning, and, in distress, driven into the port of Realejo, Nicaragua. Here the present reactionary Governmental authorities, acting under the influence of their Guatemalan minister, seized on the vessel, although under the American flag, on the pretence that the passengers were irregular, took Barrios prisoner, and on the demand of the Guatemalan minister, shot him on the 2d inst., without going through the hypocritical form of examination which usually should be gone through.

"Of course the wretched Duchiez lost no time in hurrying off the news to Guatemala, and, as usual, no duty does not spare, and shot without delay. He was condemned on the 2d and executed on the 3d, and executed in the morning. Duchiez trusted nothing to chance, but knew that with a fair investigation in the case the danger in which their President was placed would become manifest among the people. How distrustful he was on this point appears from the fact that, on receiving the news of Barrios' capture, he attempted to escape the prisoner from the port of La Libertad to the capital, a distance of many leagues through a desolate and entirely uninhabitable! He probably reads his fate in the universal execration in which he is regarded in Nicaragua, who was instrumental in securing the surrender of Gen. Barrios, was shot on the very night when his first became known.

"Central America owes it to herself, if she wishes to retain the respect of nations, to act as a unit, country by country, to avenge the foul assassination of Barrios, and to demand the severest punishment of the murderers. Nothing less than the unconditional relinquishment of power. She cannot expect to live in harmony with civilized nations if she so flagrantly violates its engagements.

"In all probability the United States has to inquire of Nicaragua the circumstances of her capture of the American vessel in which Gen. Barrios was a passenger, and it will only be proper for our Government to reconsider—what we are astonished should ever have been afforded—its recognition of the usurping Government of Dueñas.

"If necessary, we should require satisfaction for this outrage. The morality of the age and the common sentiment of mankind will at once stamp the late wanton and cold-blooded murder of an able, honored and lawful ruler as a foul crime, and we do not see how we can do all within the power of a temporarily successful rebel government to avenge the wrong, condemn the act and vindicate her character, and the memory of her worthy citizen and benefactor, by punishing and visiting capitaling the ex-friar Dueñas from power."

No one in this country, probably, looks upon the "Fenian movement" in Ireland, in any other sense than as a farce. As a farce, not as regards the "Fenian" but how it represents America. Policemen and detectives, ambitious of preferment, know how to "work up a case," and there are many of these, who, for the sake of creating a sensation alarm, expect to be advanced from mere patrolmen on a low salary, to sergeants on double their present pay, to captaincies, and, indeed, the highest they can make the "movement," the greater their probable reward. We doubt not there are some mercenary "Fenians" (for of a very reasonably very), malignant kind, who "divide" with the "active and indefatigable detective A 1," and take the chances of incarceration on unproved charge. Our excellent, fraternal, sympathizing, and valued friends of England may take courage. If any are so disposed, they can console themselves. We have means of knowing that the "Fenians" have only $80,000,000 in bank, and only 800,000 men in arms, of which it is said that Jack Seward has undertook to take command under "sixty days." A recent English paper states that his mother was a "washwoman," and there is no doubt of the fact, since he has come down from earliest infancy. It says also, that he is the centre of the "Fenian movement." If so, so much the better for the "movement."

But really, either England has got what is called "a big scare," or else its newspapers have received, for their services, a fund for the excitement and sell their editors! We are "Fenians," also Americans, also "greasers," have attended Hermann's exhibitions, and are consequently of a fiarid, not to say dangerous, turn of mind, and we beg to be permitted to allay the fears of perturbed Britain. The 200 iron-clads already constructed (or to sail under the flag of Brian Boromhome, or whoever he is), lack several weeks of completion. So the chances are they may sell cheap. Its commissariat may go back to Portsmouth and be knighted, and much good may it do them. If they were to come over here, we (Feniens) would probably make them "companions of the Bath," in the first duck-pond.

No one appreciates the strength of the "Fenians," especially in the female department of its organization. By a curious arrangement, the warriors are to wear the cincoine, and the female Hibernians are to do the other thing. In this way

there will be effected a beautiful "sell on the sly"—we mean the queen. While all the collected Saxons are busy in trying the girls, the boys will walk into the forts, dockyards, and palaces. Whereupon the "lordly Saxons" will marry the young ladies, endow them with their lands (under pain of confiscation) and Brian Boroumme will be proclaimed "Grand Fenian Corbe" under salvos from the Tower of London!

"PYTHIUS" is the euphonious name of the newly-found oil district in Pennsylvania, in which a town has sprung up called Pithole city. Nearly 200 wells have been or are now going down. Thirty of these are yielding from 20 to 1,500 barrels per day. The total yield of 40 of the wells now reaches nearly 10,000 gallons per day. The oil is worth $10 a barrel at the wells, but costs from $3 to $5 more to haul it to railroad. The Government impose an internal revenue tax of 3 a barrel on the crude, and 20 cents per gallon on the refined oil, so that with the least margin of cost for labor or machinery, we have a steady contribution of $200,000 a day, or $70,000,000 a year, from this vicinity alone. The field of the whole of the Pennsylvania oil regions is three times that of the Pithole region, so that without counting the products in West Virginia, Kentucky, or Ohio, we have a sum of over $200,000,000 annually, as a direct gift from nature, or sufficient to discharge the national debt in 15 years.

A GERMAN professor to have counted the hairs on the heads of four women of different complexions, and has just published the results. On the head of a blonde there are about 140 hairs; on that of the brown-haired women, 109,440; on that of the black-haired, 102,963; and on that of the red-haired, 88,740. Although there was this disparity in the number of individual hairs, each crop was about the same weight. The average weight of a woman's hair is stated, on the same authority, to be 14 ounces.

AN Embassy from the Bey of Tunis has arrived in the country, and proceeds to Washington. Gen. Hsehem, the head of the Embassy, is the bearer of a letter of condolence to Mrs. Lincoln, on the death of the late President, and also of a letter of felicitation to President Johnson, on the happy restoration of peace in this country.

A SIGN formerly over the door of an eccentric quack doctor ran thus: "He vendinr narcotium, catharticum, et omne quod exit in sow pustre fvmedium." The translation is: "Here is sold narcotics, emetics, cathartics, and all things which end in sm, except the remedy."

THE proclamations of President Johnson, giving the rebel States provisional civil governments, has its form and conditions. They expressly declare that their object is "to enable the loyal people of said State to organize a State Government, whereby justice, law and established domestic tranquility insured, and loyal citizens protected in all their rights of life, liberty and property." The constitution of the State and the convention does not assume that object, in the judgment of President Johnson, he will have the same right to reject the action of the convention that he originally had to authorize it.

As attempt will, no doubt, be made by some of the Southern statesmen now in power to force congress to get into that body without taking the oath which requires them to swear that they "never voluntarily bore or abetted the rebellion." Some of these candidates were rebel leaders, notorious for their traitorous zeal, and distinguished for their hostility to the Union. We presume that the oath is in violation of the Constitution—appealing to an instrument which they did their utmost to subvert, and which makes the punishment due to their past conduct, *death!* This instrument provides, among other things, that Congress shall be the judges of the "qualifications" of its members. Distinguished service in the rebel camp or cabinet will not, we fancy, be regarded as a superior qualification for Congressmen in Washington, whatever it may have been in Richmond.

TOWN COSSIP.

THERE is an old saying from somewhere which says that "a prophet is not known man his own city," and somebody else has declared cities only seen upon the face of the earth.

No doubt to a certain extent both these wiseacres are right, but to any but a diseased mind the city, for all it may be the invention of man and a failure to improve on nature, may be made to become especially those that season of the year when the ice king reigns.

In New York in the policy of our city legislators and city fathers (?) not to improve the fair physical proportions of the town, but to endeavor to cure the plague spots on it by decayed poverty and vice from whatever locality it may settle. Old citizens will remember that at different periods certain places in New York have in an accounted the very best houses of vice and wretchedness, and that in after years the entire character has changed, and the land out once been as much desirable or perhaps fashionable. It is within our memory that Murist street of this city was a spot through which any one possessing a decent coat or a suspicion of shillings in their pocket dared not venture; while now it is one of the most desirable localities, inhabited by Quakers, and safe at any hour. Again, there was the notoriously classical Five Points, which within a dozen or two years would announce for murder of the most fearful hue, and being the lurking-place of the most desperate thieves who dwelt within its fastnesses and sallied out to prey upon their fellow-men in the bold robbers of the olden time did from their forest caves.

All this has passed away, but not so much by the raids of the police as by the old New York idea of improving the physical geography of the place. Firstly, the Five Points Mission thrust itself into the noisome spot and actually had the temerity to offer to and succeed in clothing, feeding and educating the wretched children —and there were crowds of them—found there. After this came the authorities, and the streets were opened and graded, the gaunt houses were levelled to a level with other parts of the city—we do not mean the moral grade. Then came light, more gas, and with it fled thieves and murderers. They could not stand cleanliness and light.

All this was done, and the original populace almost weeded out, but it did not lessen the gross amount of depravity in the city. Crime broke of prey only few in a new nest, and now we find these clustering and swarming in Water street, in Cherry street, in Mackerelville, and upon the newly-opened line of the east side the town above 50th street, while the Five Points is gradually losing caste, and will, without doubt, in a few years only appear in the annals of crime, stored with the rich goods of every clime, and placards in the windows that tell the government sale of the same are among over the gorgeous display. "No goods sold at retail."

One idea suggests the other, and, speaking of placards, Orsados and the rest of the "Ladies' Revolvers" by a Broadway window, and saying: "Ladies' Revolvers." We do, before this, have occasion to remark, that since the Miss Harris' affair of Washington city, it is perfectly safe to carry revolvers, and all the murderous instruments of torture and destruction, but when we are informed by the public newspaper creature, who smilingly exhibited her own smith & Wesson, silver-mounted, at the "Ladies' Revolver" placard, we are credulous, and knowing that she sometimes gave way to fainting fits, when the cheese was not properly toasted, laughed. Since this time we have become more wise and have asked the question one of our lady acquaintances. We find, therefore, on reporter-ing among the sellers of revolvers, that lady customers are not numerous, that they affect the small, the silver-mounted, the pearl and very polished, the more expensive, and the something that will look "sweet."

But what all this mean? Is it really a token that the fairer portion of creation have taken the law into their own hands, and instead of settling their little disagreements between themselves and their "particulars," to the police or to the courts, are going to settle matters themselves, revolver in hand? How delightful it will be, if this be the case, to have the ladies settle matters as we have been for some weeks paying delicate attentions, by which satisfied with our conduct, our social reputation and our *personal*, is more eager than ourselves, who cannot study her out so quickly, how delightful we say, will it be to have the ladies settle matters while sitting upon the balcony in her own father's house, shrinkingly pure and pretty, and revolver in hand, aiming at declaration of intentions, or an immediate fulfillment of them, or, as we say, the "popping of the question."

The exuberance of our happiness we offer one cheate to the ladies, be brought to a full realization, and be formed that nothing less than an instant change in the direction of our wish will be satisfactory to the ladies, or a clergyman's, will save our persons from instant destruction on the spot. Ah, ladies!

This is certainly a pleasant prospect, but forewarned is forearmed.

Among the events of the week, and one that will be regarded with no little interest by the fashion-up Bra. Toodle's proprietors, has been the arrest and holding in heavy bail, one of the most prominent lawyers in the city of our city. These gentry are in the habit of taking a house in some good neighborhood, furnishing it with all kinds of odds and ends, of furniture and trash, the like of which hall and the Seventh Ward can furnish cheaper and the manufactured-to-sell-sort, and depending on the ignorance of the landlord, and the honesty of the rest of the population, they advertise, "A great sale of elegant furniture, carpets and mirrors, the property of a family just leaving for Europe." On the day set a crowd gathers, and when a lot of furniture is knocked down hastily, and the impudence of an auctioneer; they manage to thrust a large part of their miscellaneous stock on their audience at more than double or treble its value, many of the victims often paying cash down for goods, leaving them at the "sale" to be sent home, which is never done, and when application is made in a day or two, the birds have flown, and the nest is an unwelling parlor.

This thing has been going on for a number of years, the public hearing little or it through the press, simply because the victims have chosen to settle quietly themselves by appealing to the police for protection and retribution. The case which has come to light now is one in which the bogus auctioneer endeavored to thrust $2,500 of stuff on his victim, but he managed to get in possession $1,000 of money, before he was refused to refund. It is to be hoped an example will be made.

Talking about justice and law, brings us to a decision of the police which deserves notice. A man who sells walks the street, travels by rail or steamboat, or frequents public places, is a "peddler" according to the Supreme Court, has decided in the case of sundry backmen arrested for soliciting passengers for certain lodging and hotels about the city, that such arrests were against the law, and ordered the prisoners to be released on no way to prevent these men from asking any person if they want a carriage.

This may be law, "crowner's quest law," but we protest against it as being bad law. We protest against that such a decision is rendered as to allow the public to be followed by staring crowds wherever they walk.

How the matter will end? When we consider that it was but a few years ago that we walked into the same district of "Five Points" and were followed by crowds of royal palace about his ears, and now he sends us a deposition of "Lo, the poor Indian!" When we consider the death of the late President, and an offer of treaty and alliance. Verily, the world does move.

There is little doing that is new among the theatres: after a week of the "Colleen Bawn" and "Arrah Neal," Octave has closed, and we shall see her no more for ever. She carries with her the best wishes of many in them will never die. Mr. Chanfrau and the best and most legitimate of the "Mose" line, are in a new piece of the "American Cousin" following, called "Sam," which is said to be a very good piece for him, whatever.

Speaking of the "American Cousin," reminds us that we have not mentioned that the management has made quite a reference to it, which has been dragged into a court of law for settlement. Miss Laura Keene, who is the part of Laura Keene or her agent, Mr. J. S. Lutz, to obtain an injunction to restrain Mr. Wm. Wheatley Jones, to prevent his producing this play. We have too great respect for our opinion of the policy or decency of members of the theatrical profession, to venture any remarks before the public, to be obliged to offer it here again. We shall see what will be the decision, or her agent, Mr. Lutz, are especially fond of the sport, and ready to come out first best. In the present case they have not only been ignominiously defeated, but have also contributed to the benefit of the public, by using in their proceedings to that in which the opposite party is interested. We hope every member of the profession should endeavor to cover with a veil of forgetfulness and kindness.

With "Our American Cousin" on the bills, the Winter Garden has through the week been doing an excellent business.

At Wallack's, the "Serf" and the "Double Gallant."

At the Olympic, "Lolah" has been withdrawn. She did not suit the critics.

Niblo's, with the Ravels, is a jam nightly, and the memory of the olden time hangs faithfully to them.

Barnum has struck a new idea in the elephantine, intonine line. He has imported a baby elephant. Every elephant, that it is expected every day will expedite to pocket it. The darling creature has just arrived at Quarantine, and will be on view in Ann street. Barnum bought it for the trifling sum of $1,600, which, at the present rate of gold, means exactly $11,200. We hope it will pay.

Last, though not least, we speak of Hermann, who leaves us this week. Who ever misses seeing this great artist, misses what we will never have a chance to repair in this century. We know what the great practitioners of the last fifty years, have been—and we are making nothing in the assertion—has never had, and has no equal, and we are sorry to say, in the city about to that our public are appreciative of this fact, and the only wonder is that they do not. While he can, night after night, fill the vast space of the Academy with an approving audience, he will remain there to other localities. We have no desire to be selfish in saying this, but only regret that we cannot say, and can only look forward to concept for it by any other theory than that by the wicked hand of the public somewhere else than in the city, he has more money than he knows what to do with, and he has the satisfaction of having given to gratify his tastes and attach the public to him.

BOOK NOTICES.

TOO OLD A BIRD TO BE CAUGHT WITH CHAFF. By Mrs. Henry Wood. New York: T. A. Hoyt.

What more can we say in announcing the publication of this popular name of the authoress. Mrs. Gore has a talent for writing stories which fascinate the reader, and the publication is not inferior to its fellows. It is put up in Brady's usual handsome style for 50 cents.

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. By Miss M. E. BRADDON. New York: American News Company.

A handsome edition of the celebrated novel in boards, well done, with illustrations.

THE REBELLION RECORD. Part XLIX, Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam. 192 Broadway.

This number comes to us with two beautiful portraits on steel, one of Major-Gen. C. Augur, the other, Major-Gen. Joseph Hooker, and a thorough digest of all material matter connected with the late war. It is a valuable reference.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—During the month of September 59 criminals were sentenced in the Court of General Sessions in this city. The aggregate of their sentences ranged from one to ten years—the long sentences being for burglary and forgery.

It is reported that Ralph Waldo Emerson lost his entire property by the Concord Bank robbery, except his homestead.

—The printers of Denver City presented Hon. Schuyler Colfax with a complimentary notice, on his recent visit to that city, he being one of the "craft."

—Among the Court files at Taunton, Mass., is the finding of a coroner's inquest, held on the body of a man ago by a lawyer, which concludes "that the said ——— came to his death by the visitation of the aforesaid God."

—Newburyport has a venerable public functionary in Jacob Stickney, 91 years old, who has held town office for 67 consecutive years. He was 21 he has taken the official oath 225 times on an honest count.

—In Philadelphia there is an Anti-butter-adulterantil—He prides himself on being a Philadelphia-Esquire.

—Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridgeport-side, on recent visit to that city, he being one of the "craft."

—The Boston *Post* says that some 20 housekeepers at the South Boston Saturday market accordingly have come to the determination to dispense with the use of butter, and the consumption of one pound a week for each family, until it can be purchased for 30 cents a pound. The plan is generally adopted, it is said, and would insure a reduced price of butter.

—Andrew Jackson Donelson has written a letter, in which he says he is extremely pleased with the paid labor system in Mississippi. He says companies of fifty negroes will plant 1,000 per acre more for the open lands on the Mississippi.

—The Mississippi has a freshman class of 60. About 30 have entered other classes and the Scientific Department. A gymnasium building of stone is to be erected at once.

—An army surgeon in Arkansas tried to bire a young negro. He refused to serve as a cook for him. The astonished lad exclaimed, "Workl why, I can't work; I'm a doctor!"

—In Sacramento recently a woman procured the release of her husband from jail by paying a fine and jail sentence with another fellow. Her object in procuring her husband's release was to get a divorce from him, which she did.

—There are in Washington nine colored day schools whose teachers are supported by tuition fees. There are also two colored Sunday schools for Northern philanthropy, and eight free morning schools, taught by ladies of the Freedmen's Committee. The city of Washington, as a corporation, pays nothing for the education of the colored people.

—The new dent of screw stoops-of-war numbers 17 vessels, and of 2,000 or 3,000 tons. Part of them are already launched, and the rest are in process of construction.

—A late report from Arkansas gives the total colored population of that State at 440,000; the number employed, 40,777, and the number drawing rations, 1,079.

—Mr. L. Pope Walker, the first so-called Secretary of War of the late Confederacy, is in town. He has received a pardon-paper from President Johnson. Mr. Walker has the office of Commissioner of Patents under Jefferson Fort Sumter.

—The nomination of Gen. Humphreys as Governor of Mississippi is now considered as certain as it is authoritative by the action of the Mississippi Convention.

—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* states that complaint is made that too much cotton is being sent to the North for manufacture. There was no limit fixed upon the amount that was allowed to be sent North, and the quantity going forward is dangerous to the peace of the nation, the interests of the government demand.

—The agreement between Hiram Sibley, representative of the Western Union Telegraph Company, shows that Russia grants the exclusive right to construct the line by Behring's Straits and the mouth of the Amoor River to the Russian boundary, and thence by it over the lines to and from America, and the Minister of the Interior will give the necessary necessary for securing the company's telegraph from being maliciously injured by the local population.

—Mr. Bigelow, the owner of the mansion of George H. Stuart, near Philadelphia, was sold at auction recently for $75,000. The house is to be occupied by the educational town.

—It is reported that Alexander H. Stephens, late Vice-President of the Confederacy, or in favor of equal suffrage—he would allow negroes to vote who are qualified by the educational test.

—Springfield (Ill.) is reviving the old blue laws. A journeyman barber was fined $50 for shaving a gentleman in his private room, at an hotel, on Sunday.

—Government has just passed to the credit of bad debts $170,247 67, due from Isaac V. Fowler, late Democratic Postmaster in this city. It has been ascertained that the defalcation is uncollected from his securities.

—The annual meeting of the freedmen of Tennessee was held at Edgefield, Oct. 4, 6,000 being present. They were addressed by Gen. Fisk and others. Great enthusiasm prevailed.

—The Fitchburg (Mass.) *Sentinel* says: "At the September term of the Probate Court for the will of Luther Carter, late of Berlin, in Worcester county, was presented, and the application made to its allowance on the ground that it was dictated by a spiritual medium. The objection was admitted by the judge, and the will disallowed."

—Outlaws are committing great depredations in North-west Alabama. Three have known as Clark's men recently visited the premises of John S. Wilson, near Florence, tortured him to death with fire, in an effort to extort money, and also killed the overseer, Wilson's wife and two daughters. One of the latter was also killed by troops that pursued them. This is the same place for whose capture Gen. Hood once offered a reward.

—**Forgery.**—Peace have been so abundant in England that they have had time to turn out a fine crop of forgers during the year. He won the Great St. Leger at Doncaster, on the 13th September, Mr. Merry, the Clerk of the Course, published upon the excessively fine list of winners of the English turf. His latest story was a forgeous conclusion.

—Further details have been received respecting the war in South America. The Paraguayans were actively engaged in preparations for defense. Their land forces, remained motionless, but concentrated at Concordia, opposite Paso de los Libres. The Brazilian fleet, on the Parana river, had commenced a retrograde movement, and the Paraguayan batteries would contract their fire below, so as to gain command of the river. The magnificent 600-ton steamer Tacuary had been captured from the fast that, at the date of our latest advices, there were 50,000 men under arms, of whom 36,000 were Paraguayans and 37,000 allies.

—J. P. Benjamin, rebel ex-Secretary of State, is about to publish a history of the South, which the newspaper gives to him a puff preliminary, on the ground that he possesses the necessary qualifications.

—Cholera is making alarming progress in France, and the reports from Toulon are flowing from that city on account of the plague.

—The book of M. Ernest Renan, which is to form a sequel to his "Life of Jesus," is composed of two distinct volumes; one, entitled "Les Apôtres," will appear about the 1st of October, and the other, to be called "St. Paul," will be published three months after.

—The present year there is the prospect of three brothers. His oldest brother, Count Gabriel, is 84 years of age. Count Guido Girolamo, the next in size, is their sister, the Countess Benigni, a vigorous old lady 77 years of age. Count Girolamo, the brother, died at 84 years; and the Countess Catharine, his mother, died at 94 years; Count Girolamo's grandfather lived to the patriarchal age of 96. Altogether, the family of Conti is a remarkable one, and the Pope has no lack of nephews and grand-nephews.

—There are several half-penny papers already in existence in London. At the head of them is the *Penny Journal*, which commands a circulation of 1,500,000.

—The American song of "Old John Brown" has been adopted for a like purpose in England. A Yankee song, now popular in Ireland, asserts that "John Brown's Body lies a-mouldering in the grave." But the memory of the movement of '98 and the American war in its mind of course.

—When the innkeeper at Neufchâtel catches an Emperor he makes the most of him. His bill for entertaining Napoleon the Third and his suite, on his return was $6,000. He is almost up to the prices of American hotels.

SOUTHERN "BLUE LAWS."—New Englanders have been so long, and so often taunted with the memory of their "Blue Laws," that it is a matter of no moment that justice to note an historical fact developed in the records of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, reversed in *Garner*, communicates to that journal, extracts from a couple of pages of the court records, dated 1644 and 45, him from the Court House of Warwick county, Va., of which we extract the following specimens, taken from some twenty-six similar decisions by the court, which date of 1644 and 45:

"John Hardy, wife of Henry Hards, being presented for not coming to church, is accordingly fined fifty pounds of tobacco, and the Sheriff is offered to collect the same, and in case of non-payment, to destress."

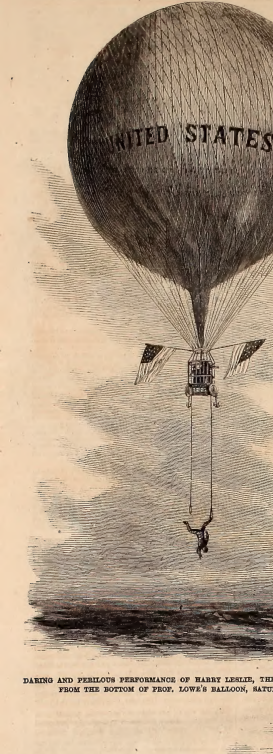
"John Levis, his wife, for absenting herself from church, is fined fifty pounds of tobacco, to be collected by the Sheriff, and levied upon her husband, the bishop-mit, the said Sheriff to distress."

"Thomas Pierce, for not only refusing to take the oath of allegiance, being ordered her, is committed into the custody of the Sheriff, to remain safely until he shall oath, or until further ordered to the contrary."

"Thomas Pierce, for refusing to take a common swearer, is fined fifty pounds of tobacco, to be levied by the Sheriff, and in case of non-payment, upon his goods."

SOMETHING ABOUT BRILLIANTS.—Mr. Emanuel, in dealing with the history of precious stones, generally agrees with the views laid down on the subject by Pliny that Cleopatra did not dissolve a pearl of immense value, as he denies that it could have been done in vinegar. The ancients had the hydrogen changed with a perfectly true; but that it does so as the health of the present day is a fact. The discovery of the use of coke assigned to all gums; they not only influenced the gods, raise their evil spirits, and were very pretty, but made the wearers stout-bearded. The diamond, when placed in the mouth of a man, is said to render him actually its power; just as a fishy fellow now may silence a lady's tongue by the use of ten times more than the size Sir Brilliant, and a hundred times his faculty of attraction. Mr. Emanuel, however, is not quite correct in many gems, reduced to powder, were supposed to have therapeutic virtues. He has relied on the Arabian Physician, Serapion of Cashmila Leonardus. Let us add that, with the exception of the Koh-i-noor, collected by the ancients and India, according to Mr. Emanuel, is nearly exclusively from Brazil, and that the latter, as well as gems are now so cunningly imitated that the most expert jewellers are unable to be puzzled between the Rhinestone and his counterfeit.

CRAMPS.—These most terrible of pains arise from a sudden and violent contraction of the muscles or fibres against the bare nerves, and thus impede the circulation of the blood. In ordinary cases this contraction produces neuralgia, which is literally "nerve ache," but when the nerves are exposed to cold or wet, is, that the blood is so impure, so thick, so full of disease that it cannot circulate freely. Sometimes cramps in proportion as it is thick it is cold, and this abstract state of the blood is produced by a chill, which suddenly patients it is very marked, and existed days and weeks before the attack. The following is a simple method of treatment. Let the patient be seated in a hot bath, get some hot water quietly and expeditiously (for noise and bustle only add to the alarm and fright), and whilst the nervous equilibrium, put the sufferer in the water as quickly as possible, and keep the temperature of the blood, which sends it coursing along the veins, and the pain is gone. While the water is in preparation, rub the cramped part very briskly with the hand or a woollen flannel, with your mouth shut. But why keep your mouth shut? You can rub harder, faster, and more efficiently; besides, it saves the sufferer from meaningless and annoying inquiries. A man in pain does not want to be talked to—he wants relief, not words. If all could know, as physicians do, the inestimable value of quiet composure, and the confident air on the part of one who attempts to aid a sufferer, it would be practiced with considerate sensibility by the considerate and the humane.



DARING AND PERILOUS PERFORMANCE OF HARRY LESLIE, THE GYMNAST—SUSPENDED FROM THE BOTTOM OF PROF. LOWE'S BALLOON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 30.

BREAKING GROUND ON THE IOWA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

ONE of the great works of the great West has just been inaugurated with imposing ceremonies at Cedar Falls, Iowa, on the 19th September.

The day was ushered in with the booming of cannon and the early awaking and gathering of the people, who poured in by thousands to assist in the ceremony, conveyed in every conceivable article upon wheels, from the stylish carriage to the straw-packed ox-wagon, crowded with its freight of ruddy beauty.

The procession itself numbered 103 teams and 1,500 people, and extended for one mile. There were many banners, all of which were in good taste and appropriate, a specimen of which we note:

"The Lakes and the gulf have met, shook hands and vowed eternal friendship."

"The New Trinity—Minnesota, Iowa and Missouri."

"The Direct Route to all parts of the Old World is the Iowa Cebtral via St. Louis."

"The strongest ties between the North and South are the Iowa Central ties."

"No Transfer, no Shortage and plenty of Care."

"We prefer a Depôt to a Sand-Hill Station."

"We are rather a quiet people, but the Level, Chain, and Dollars will tell."

"The Roads that Pay—New York Central, Michigan Central, Illinois Central, Iowa Central."

Reaching the ground the procession passed under a handsome arch, bearing the inscription:

"This is the day we Welcome our Friends and Break Sod for our Enemies."

The ringing of bells and firing of cannon and beating of drums ceased, and Peter Melendy announced that the great event of breaking ground on the Iowa Central was about to take place. The crowd gathered thick around the little square that was to be graded and tied, and the engineer drew his lines and told the anxious men where to put in their shovels. Gathered thus the crowd waited for the President of the road, Hon. David Morgan, of Oskaloosa, to throw the first shovelful.

As the President threw the first dirt high in the air, three rousing cheers echoed the great event.

Ploughing, scraping, shovelling, hoeing now became lively and general. "Shovel and fall back," was the word; everybody wanted it to say that he threw dirt at the ground-breaking of the Iowa Central.

Peter Melendy and L. H. Barnes laid down the first tie, amid cheering, ringing of bells, firing of cannon, blowing of horns, and all the jubilant noises that could be made. The road was no sooner completed than Conductors Bishop and Gannon arrived from the North and South respectively, and the happy announcement was made that "The northern and southern trains are in on the Iowa Central!" and then such a flying about of rumors! Nothing in New York or Chicago ever approximated it.

The festivities of the day closed by a ball in the evening at Overman's Hall. There were many participants, and a delightful time was enjoyed. The dancing continued into the small hours.

THE GERMAN TRANSATLANTIC STEAMERS.

THERE are two lines of first-class steamers running from German ports to the port of New York, landing at the foot of Third street, Hoboken, N. J.

The first German company who ever owned steamers was the Hamburg-American Packet Company, founded, in 1847, by eminent merchants in Hamburg. This company, which also owns a number of first class packet ships now plying between the Old and New Worlds, ordered, in 1854, two steamers to be built in Scotland, the Hammonia and Bornesia, which made their first trips in 1856. They met with such success, and were so much patronized by the traveling public, that in the following years the company added the steamers Saxonia (1857), Bavaria and Teutonia (1858), Germania (1863), and Allemania, which made her first trip in very boisterous weather in September, 1865, arriving from Hamburg and Southampton at New York in 10 days. Two other steamers for this company are in process of construction in the shipyard of Messrs. Day & Co., in Southampton.

All these steamers contain the best and latest improvements, and are divided into ten watertight compartments, and carry eight large Francis lifeboats each. They vary between 3,700 and 3,900 tons, and their engines have from 425 to 700 horse power each. All the steamers of the Hamburg-American Packet Company are classed A No. 1, and are commanded



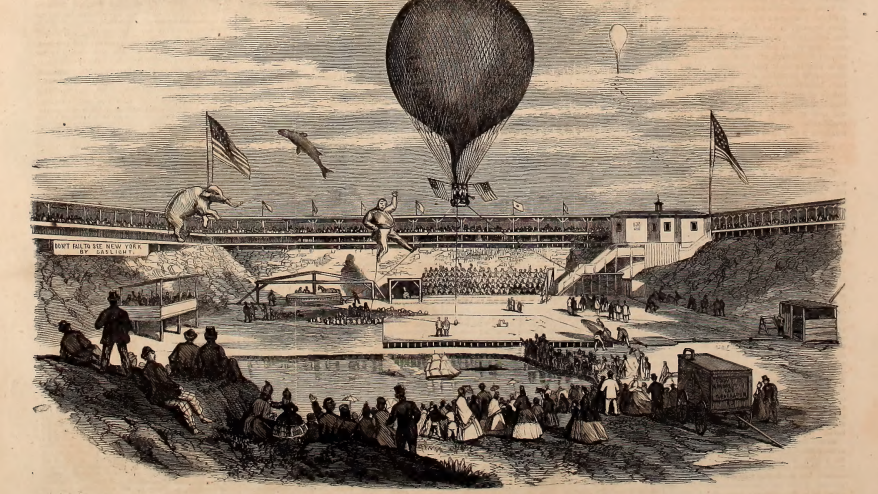
PROF. T. S. C. LOWE, AERONAUT.

by the most experienced and gentlemanly captains. The fare in the first and second saloons of the Hamburg line of steamers is exquisite, and like that of first class hotels. Wines are furnished at very low prices.

The Agents in New York for this company are Messrs. Kunhardt & Co., 45 Exchange place; the agents for passage alone, are also Messrs. C. B. Richard & Bons, 6 Barclay street.

The second line of German transatlantic steamers (running between Bremen and New York), is owned by the North German Lloyd, in Bremen, of which Messrs. Oelrichs & Co., No. 66 Broad street, are the only agents in New York. The Lloyd commenced running their steamers in 1857; but only in 1863 they succeeded in establishing regular trips every fourteen days, with the new and elegant steamers Bremen, New York, Hanau, and America. All these ships were built by Messrs. Caird & Co., in Greenock, Scotland. They contain the latest improvements, and are, like the Hamburg steamers, commanded by experienced captains, who are anxious for the safety, as well as the comfort of the passengers. The Bremen steamers vary from 2,500 to 2,700 tons, and their engines have about 700 horse power each.

The business of the North German Lloyd has so much increased, as to make it necessary to contract for three new steamers. One of them, the Hermann, will make her first trip in December next, from Bremen.



PROFESSOR LOWE'S AERONAUTIC AMPHITHEATRE, CORNER OF 59TH STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE, N. Y.



BREAKING GROUND FOR THE IOWA CENTRAL RAILROAD, AT CEDAR FALLS, IOWA, SEPT. 19.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. WILD.

THE MASKED BALL.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

A nose of serge, and all were mine—
But, under the gown and crucifix,
A glittering dagger, sharp and fine.



Without the palace the saintly moon,
The breath of flowers, and dewy buds;
Within, the dazzle and heat of noon.

A motley crowd of every race
That laugh and chatter under the sun,
But a painted mask hid every face.

Of no avail to my keen eyes
(I knew a clown for our reigning prince),
For me not one walked in disguise.

Ah! low I laughed as glided by
The man I hated; at his side,
The face for which he was to die.

I heard him sigh, and call her "Sweet,"
I saw him kiss her sacred hand,
Who should have knelt down at her feet.

Nay, not so much, since she was mine;
That night I meant to buy the right
To beauteous flesh and spirit fine.

I sickened with my awful hate,
For she was waning day by day,
With hatred of her coming fate.

(Dream not she knew my soul's intent,
Her heart at least was baby pure,
I dared not breathe the crime I meant.)

The revel deepened. Loud and sweet
The charmèd music echoed down
The hours that went with flying feet.

At last they came—my time and place;
Alone he stood beneath the sky;
The starlight on his evil face.

Perhaps just then he dreamed of her,
So soon, he thought to call him, lord;
Perhaps his gloating fancies were——

Enough! I plucked my dagger from my vest,
Prayed Christ to help me in my need,
Then sprang and plunged it in his breast.

My aim was sure. He did not groan,
But fell across the garden flowers,
No rival now—a helpless stone.

I sighed with joy. Such scanty grace,
For all who—— God! a shadow fell
Athwart the dead man's staring face.

Oh, hush? Who says she stood beside?
Who told she shivered at my touch?
Who whispered I had lost my bride?

THE ANGEL WIFE;

OR,

A NIGHT UPON THE BATTLEFIELD.

It was the 26th of November, 1863. The grand army of the Potomac, under the command of General Meade, had left its quarters around Brandy Station at early dawn on that dull Thanksgiving-day morning, to cross the Rapidan. It was the first time the army had undertaken this movement. True, Kilpatrick's cavalry corps had penetrated within the enemy's lines, crossing at various fords, and dashing up the steep banks into the wilderness beyond—a wilderness of wood and bayonets—but now the movement was general, and speculation ran high as to the probable result of the action which must follow.

The mid-hour of Thanksgiving day had arrived. The troops had reached the river. Culpepper, Germania, Jacob's Mill, and Raccoon fords were the various points of crossing.

At Jacob's Mill ford the artillery of the Third corps came thundering down the declivity from out the dense wood, going "into battery" upon the high bluff upon the north side of the river, ready to send forth the iron shower of death, whose lightnings, in their vividness, and whose thunders, in their terror, vie with those of an angry Jehovah, rending, crushing, opening great gashes, and closing up life on earth.

But the action was delayed; men stood at their guns and waited. At length they stretched themselves upon the parched earth, as veterans awaiting the shock of battle—victory or death—calm as a child reposing beside its mother, safe from the reach of harm. And so the day passed, and not a shot awoke an echo across the river, or through the dense wood around, while upon the right and left, not many miles distant, the shrieking shell, the booming cannon, and the death-wail could be heard, borne upon the soft air, mingled with the river's melody, changing its glad song to one of sadness.

Let us return to New York. Gettysburg had been fought and won. A wounded soldier had returned to this city. His hurt was not great, but sufficient to detain him from the field for several weeks. Two years before, he had left a wife and infant child—young Harry Lee, his first-born and most highly prized. For two years had that soldier prayed amid the din of battle, by the midnight watch-fire, and in his lonely tent, that he might be spared to see his boy and wife again. He had returned. The child, trained by the fond wife, sprang to the arms of its parent, and uttered the words, "Dear father!" and then it wrapped its loving arms around that weeping father's neck.

A soldier can weep.

The father's stay was years of bliss condensed into a few weeks. His boy prattled and romped, and the soldier laughed. The wife clung to the husband's arm, and as her eyes lighted with pleasure at the gambols of her child, the diamond drops filled them up, the bright sun shining through the mists of morning. *She* was thinking of the time, of the hour when that child's father, her own husband, and her own life must again



"IN A MOMENT MORE THE LITTLE DRUMMER-BOY HAD REACHED HIS SIDE."

take his leave, and face terrible death upon the bloody field.

One evening they sat together upon the humble porch. Little Harry was unusually gay, but the wife was sad. Her eyes were moist, but they were also dull. No gleam of joy was visible; the soldier husband had spoken of leaving on the morrow for the front.

"Darling!" said the wife, as she wound her arms around the husband's neck, "do you think there will be another battle soon?"

"I hope so," replied the husband, in a low voice.

"You hope so!" echoed the wife. Then she bent her face upon his breast, and after the suppression of a sob, continued:

"You love me, don't you, Harry."

A tear came to the husband's eye; he held her close to his breast for a moment, and then answered:

"Jennie, I believe I love you better than I do my God or my country——"

"Hush, darling! you speak thus, because I am with you now, and present love absorbs your other feelings."

"True, wife; but you can't realize a husband's love, and a husband's longings the night before the battle. If I could have seen you and my child at Gettysburg on the evening before the battle commenced, I could have fought better, I could have been in every way a braver man. Oh! it is dreadful to feel that you *may* be killed upon the battlefield after so long an absence, without even the pleasure of pressing your head to mine to your breast, and bidding them a last farewell."

"And you will go?"

"I must return to-morrow."

"Do you think there will be another battle this fall?"

"I think there will. Meade will scarcely lie idle around Warrenton all this beautiful weather. He will most likely attack Lee at Gordonsville, or in some of his strong works across the Rapidan."

"You must be with him?"

"Certainly."

"I shall be near you!"

"Jennie!"

"I shall be near you upon the battle-field, my husband!"

"You are talking madness, my darling wife."

"Why so?"

"Does not our child claim your care, here?"

"Our child will die!"

"Oh! God, grant otherwise," exclaimed the husband, starting to his feet, and gazing towards his babe, as she frolicked upon the the little grass plot. "Say anything but that I should lose that child."

"Sooner myself?" asked the wife.

"Neither, oh, neither!" and the soldier hid his face.

"Then neither," replied the wife. "I suppose mine is a mother's fear. But I sometimes fancy that the hectic flush upon little Harry's cheek speaks of mortal decay. But let us talk no more upon this subject!"

That night there was little sleep. Harry talked of his papa's departure on the morrow, and an hundred times crawled up to steal a kiss, pulled his parent upon the cheek, and calling him "my pa." The wife did not sleep, but she suppressed her sobs. All night long she wrestled close to her husband's heart, as if she would ever hold him there, and when the morning came, and the good-bye was spoken, she said, with emphasis, while yet the eye was dry:

"Husband, our child will bless us here only a little while, and then it will become a bright angel. I feel a heaviness at my heart. Our union will be in heaven. Kiss me, husband. Hold me a moment in your breast before you go. If you fall upon the battle-field, I shall be near you!"

The words of the fond wife sounded strangely to the soldier's ears, and yet they appeared prophetic. "Our child will not bless us here, but a short time, and then it will become a bright angel!" Would the loving mother's fear prove correct? "If you fall, I shall be near you!" How could she reach the battle-field? The Potomac must be crossed, and then the lines of pickets, and without the proper passes, this was next to impossible. No doubt the wife would be with him in spirit, but in person it was utterly impossible. She felt all she spoke, but to carry out her desires was another thing.

And the soldier parted with his wife and child.

It was on that thanksgiving day, a month later, that this same soldier, Harry Woodbury, straightened himself upon the ground upon that bluff at Jacob's Mill ford upon the Rapidan, by the side of his gun, and watched the movement of the few visible Confederates, which lined the wood upon the opposite bank. His brow was sad; but it was not caused by fear. The veteran had been a hero of too many battles to harbor a coward's qualms within his bosom. But what were his thoughts? Let the words will explain.

"John," he said to a comrade, "you know the address of my wife?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"You will forget to write her, if I fall?"

"No. But Harry, you are unusually sad."

"Am I. Well, perhaps the words spoken by Jennie at our parting still affect me."

"What were they?"

"She said our boy would die."

"A mother's fears."

"Yes, but the last time I heard from her, he was ill. And then her silence troubles me."

"You must shake off these feelings, Harry."

"John, you have seen me often upon the field. Did I ever flinch, or fail to do my duty?"

"Never."

"Well, I feel that I shall fall this time."

"What!"

"Listen, John. I have always felt a confidence that my life would be spared during each battle. Now, I believe I shall be killed."

"If you feel thus don't go into the fight."

"I must; but I shall be killed. And the words of my wife ring in my ears now—'If you fall upon the battlefield, I shall be near you.'"

Night was approaching, the artillery could not cross at the ford in consequence of the steep bluff upon the opposite side. Our soldier had waited, and when the order came for an advance he took from his pocket a book, and wrote as follows:

"I feel that I shall be killed in the coming fight. If so, will any of my comrades who may find this pencil word to my wife? If our army is driven back, and my dead body should fall into the hands of the Confederates, will any of them, finding this paper, do the same, as I have often done for them?"

Then followed the address of the soldier's family. After this had been done the soldier placed the document in his pocket, and then resumed his thoughtful attitude.

But the night approached. All night long the march of the artillery continued. It was found to be impossible to drag the heavy guns up the steep bank of Jacob's Bluff; and in consequence, they were compelled to move down the river several miles, to Germania ford, cross, and return to the former position. Hence the line infantry were awaiting the action on the morrow.

All night long the weary, hungry horses tugged at the guns, dragging them over the slough but to mire in another, and up one rugged hill but to find a second one more difficult. All night long the weary cannoniers tugged at the gun-wheels, assisting the poor beasts in their efforts.

The night was bitterly cold, and during the intervals of pause fires were built under each fence corner, and the fierce blooding sun, during the day rails, soon formed two lines of glaring light and warmth, between which passed those warriors and their instruments of death, to be used upon the battlefield, and to certain death to some, and gaping wounds to many on the morrow.

Daylight arrived. Covered with Virginia's "sacred soil," the veterans passed awhile beside a clear stream to bathe, and seek a brief repose. But that repose was brief, for soon the rattle of the musketry, and the occasional deep tones of the advance artillery, told that the work of death was commencing. Hotter and hotter became the fire, and faster and louder the booming of guns.

Then came the wild shout of the enemy, which tells the fact that a charge is being made, and then the volleys with the deep, sullen roar thereto was received. Oh, heaven help those who stand before that terrible, unbroken roar, and those storms of sulphurous fire and showers of leaden hail.

As the dusk of evening approached the crash of battle gradually ceased. Still the shots continued to speak, and the sharpshooters, although not dealing forth so wholesale a death, were more sure in the clear twilight air than in the density of war upon a battalion's volley had been at midday.

The soldier husband had fought that day more like the lion than he—no, just like the man and soldier—the husband and father—that as one who felt that he was doing so for his God, his home, his country. All the day he had escaped, and each hundred-mile bold encounter around him. And just as twilight was merging into the deep dark of evening, after the sun, in its mighty struggle, had painted all earth and sky of bloody clouds and hid his face in horror, the weary, throat-parched warrior leaned against a tree, and as he wiped the dust and black of battle from his brow, he spoke:

"Thank God! Thank God! The battle is over. Here will I lie to-night—but where to-morrow night? And where are *they* locating? They do not know of this dreadful conflict. Oh, if I could fly to her heart, hear her voice, speak to her one fond word, how much better would I fight to-morrow!"

The soldier bent his face upon his hands, and something like a gathering cloud fell to the ground, but in the dull light it was not a brilliant drop, but full of heart love. Then, raising his head, he continued:

"Locust Grove has been a bloody field, but mine does not mingle with the gore which crimsons all the sod around me, and I stand idle here, while I penciled thrusts are required to require my zeal. Yonder is a little drummer-boy, now nobly he passes from one to the other of those prostrate forms, giving his little help."

The soldier made a step forward, but threw up his hand and clutched his temple. Between the fingers the hot blood spirted, the soldier reeled, his breast heaved with a convulsive sigh, and he fell to earth. In a moment more the little drummer boy had reached his side. He struck a match and held it to the face of the fallen soldier. As the light flamed up, he saw the gash was fearful—the enemy sharpshooter had done his work of death appropriately.

The boy washed the wound. He whispered to the dying man, but no answer came. The night spoke. The gentle moaning breeze, and then the eastern sky was tinted with streaks of deep crimson, as was the field of Locus Grove. But still the soldier lay upon that self-same spot, and the faithful boy sat beside him. But they were alone, save the few scattered dead around, which had been unable to remove.

During the night, the wind moved forward towards Mine Run, while the field of yesterday was alone with its gory brave.

As the morning light broke through the woods, the soldier raised himself upon his elbow and tried to speak. But a rattle in the throat was the only sound. And yet he opened his eyes and gazed upon his drummer companion. There was a sudden twitching of the muscles, a look of agony and a deep groan; and then a smile came across the haggard face. Still the soldier spoke not, although there was an evident effort to do so.

The sun shone upon the face of the drummer-boy. It was the first glimpses the dying man had of it. Oh! how pale it was—pale as the corpses near, and yet it was tinged with blood. And upon the full breast a stream of crimson could be seen. The life had flown freely forth, but the tide had nearly ceased, and the thick bubbles oozed out, as if dragging the remnant of life away. The youth bent over the dying man, and said in a husky but low voice, while the tears rolled freely down these livid cheeks:

"Oh! *husband! husband!* I told you if you fell upon the battle-field, I should be near you."

The angel wife threw her arms around the soldier's shoulder, form, but in a brief embrace, she raised herself, and as she saw only the look of inquiry upon that face, so near to death, she continued:

"You would know all, my darling husband. You shall, if I have strength to tell. Our little one is in heaven. He died a few days ago. I learned an advance of the army was to be made. I sought for leave to come to you, but it was denied me. Then I resolved to come, and I hired myself thus. Through the aid of the baggage-trains I crossed the Potomac, and pressed forward. I arrived here just as the battle closed, and sought for you. But I was—oh!"

A stifled groan escaped her. The husband started. Memory returned for a moment, and it was clear, but weak.

"Wife—darling—*you* are injured—you are wounded!"

The words were scarcely uttered before the jaws were locked, and the dying man fell back. But he extended his hand and feebly grasped that of his wife. Then, as a cloud wildly, a gleam of life came over them, there was a quiver, and the soldier was no more.

For a moment the wife gazed upon the lifeless form, and then she exclaimed:

"Yes, my husband. To-day there will be a family united in heaven. We have staunched this blood that I might live while you remained, but now——"

She drew a folded cloth from a gash within her fair breast, and the blood leaped forth. Calmly she sank back—calmly she closed her eyes and slept beside her warrior husband.

That noon the sun shone on the face of those loving, brave ones. That night a kind hand had placed them beneath the sod with that bloody pillow for their mutual bolster and mother were sleeping together—at least their bodies were, while little Harry lay far off in another cold but quiet bed.

But were not the words of the angel-wife fulfilled? Was there not a family united that day in heaven?

THE DROP OF WATER.

A drop of water fell down from a cloud
To the sea beneath, amidst a crowd
Of billows tossing and tumbling about,
And with the roaring of the winds broke out:

"Oh, what a wretched creation am I,
Fallen into the ocean waves from the sky!
Ah! I am nothing, and less than naught,
Here in these measureless meshes caught.

I can't escape, and I shall sweep
Away with you on the terrible deep,
Never by men nor angels trod,
Grandest of all the works of God."

While thus it spoke, by chance there came
An oyster near, and swallowed the same
Ungrateful drop, stirring not a word,
And carried it down to the depths below.

The drop that into the billows fell
Lay hardening long in the oyster shell,
Till, scorning its early life of misery,
It turned at last to a pearl of price.

A diver, diving for treasure, found
This brilliant pearl so pure and round,
And brought it up with its purest ray
To meet the fate beautiful of day.

The drop of water, so whirled and tost,
Was not in the boundless ocean lost;
For now 'tis that fine and famous gem
Which gleams in the Persian diadem.

THE PARRICIDE.

BY JOS. N. POPE.

Some ten years ago I sailed from Boston, in the good ship Albatross, of about 300 tons burthen, commanded by Jeremiah Winthrop, and bound on a voyage to Europe. My crew hands consisted of eight able seamen, beside myself, but this being only my second voyage, I was rated as an ordinary seaman. We were strangers to each other, and being but young in years, and still younger in knowledge of the world and human nature, I naturally felt an anxious desire to learn the character of the men whom I was destined to associate with, almost exclusively, for the space of several months. In this respect, however, to my satisfaction, that my shipmates, with one exception, were a jovial, light-hearted fellows, who could spin a yarn, or sing a chorus to the glass of grog with as much complacency as any old salt that ever sailed on blue water. But there was one man, who shipped under the name of Tom Withers, whose appearance and conduct attracted me exceedingly, and when addressed replied only in monosyllables. He was never seen to smile, and from his pallid cheeks, his restless eyes, and sombre countenance, it was evident that anguish was praying on his heart. But for all this Withers was a thorough seaman. He was athletic and active, and indefatigable in the performance of his duties. If all hands were called, Withers was on deck in an instant, and seemed always desirous to be employed about something, the harder the task the better he seemed pleased. He partook of the ship's fare sparingly, and never drank his grog. The second day after leaving the harbor, he was noticed to furtively steal to the ship's side and throw his allowance of liquor in the briny waters, muttering something between his teeth about "poisonous, murderous fluid."

"A queer chap that," said Bill Adams, "to heave his grog over the side. If he had only passed it in this direction, I would have stowed it in a snug locker, where it would never have troubled him again. I say, steward, 'tis a pity such good stuff should be lost; so in future just hand me that chap's allowance."

Bill Adams wisely concluded that there was something wrong in Withers' upper works, or he would never have refused his grog; and the remainder of the crew were pretty much of Bill's opinion.

In about a fortnight, Withers' demeanor became more reticent than ever, and it was the subject of much speculation among the crew. He was seldom known to turn into his berth, and when he caught a nap on his chest, he would constantly mutter some incoherent sentences to himself, and in a few moments awake with a convulsive shiver. Although he still evinced strength and activity in the performance of his duties, yet his flesh gradually wasted away, and he resembled an animated skeleton more than a being of flesh and blood.

One warm, sultry afternoon we were steering to the southward, with a light air on our quarter. The sea was smooth, with the exception of a long, rolling swell. Every rag of canvas was set to catch the scanty breeze, but the sails flapped heavily against the mast, and the ship moved through the water only at the rate of about a knot and a half. Withers was at the helm. The mate and the remainder of the watch were variously employed at the other end of the ship, the captain was sitting reading on the quarterdeck, under the shade of an awning. Suddenly Withers was heard to exclaim:

"Great God! he has come for me at last!"

The captain, on looking up saw a large bird, having a head like a man, hovering over the quarterdeck. He called to the mate to pass him his fowling-piece, but before this could be done the bird was no longer within shot, having flown about a quarter of a mile ahead of the ship, and quietly alighting on the water.

The captain went forward, hoping to get a shot at the bird from the bow. He ordered the helmsman to steer directly for his intended victim, and when within about thirty yards he fired, the charge of which he shot struck the bird around the bird, and seemed to disable him. Anxious to get him on board, some of the watch jumped into the cutter under the bows, and the oarsmen's heads were stretched forth to grasp him, when, apparently with a convulsive effort, the bird stretched out his wings, and to the unspeakable astonishment of all, flew off.

Tom Withers saw this strange scene, and exclaimed;

"Captain Winthrop, it is of no use to fire at that bird; you only waste your powder and shot, you can never hit it."

"I'll try it once more, at all events," replied the captain.

His fowling-piece was again loaded. Meanwhile the strange bird had flown a few hundred yards in advance of the ship, and again settled quietly down on the water. As the ship drew near, the captain fired; the bird did not rise from the water evidently uninjured, and after swimming about sedately over the quarter-deck, flew away until out of sight.

"I understand it all," said Withers, in a tremulous voice, while the perspiration stood in large drops on his forehead. "Captain Winthrop, you might fire at that bird till doomsday, and you would not hurt a feather of its wing. *That bird is my father's spirit*, and I know why he has come. Well, I am ready." As he uttered these words, his eyes seemed to be lighted up with an unearthly fire.

"What do you mean, Withers?" said the astonished captain, in a soothing tone. "Your father's spirit! What nonsense is this. Come, don't let us have any more of this foolish talk."

"Call it not foolish, captain. It is truth what I say. That bird, which you shot at twice, and which flew away uninjured, is my poor murdered father's spirit. I know he has come for me at last, and it will not be long before I join him."

"Why, this is worse than folly, Withers, it is madness. What do you mean? What can I understand by such incoherent language."

"Captain Winthrop, I know that I am not always in my right mind, and I will tell you why. I have something which lies heavy at my heart, and which I should like to clear myself of. I wish to make known my guilt, for the weight on my breast that all hands be called. I have a dismal tale to tell, which might do them some good—at any rate it can do them no harm."

There was no need calling all hands, as we were all then standing in the waist of the ship, and at this hint from the mate, we gathered around Withers, who thus commenced his tale:

"My father was a respectable farmer in Vermont, and I his only son. But I was from my youth, possessed of an unpovernable temper. When about fifteen years of age, for some trifling offence my father chastised me severely; it was then I took a solemn oath never to work for him again, and at some future day to be revenged; and fearfully have I kept that oath. I left my home and followed the sea. For eight years I was absent, and during that time had visited almost all parts of the habitable world. By this time my revengeful feelings had been softened down, and I wished once more to behold my parents, particularly my mother, who was always kind and indulgent. I accordingly returned to my native village. I saw my parents, and was reconciled to my father; I lived with them eight weeks, and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of my visit, until one fatal evening I accompanied my father

to a banking frolic. The flowing bowl—accursed be its pernicious influence—passed freely around, and by midnight we all became somewhat merry. Indeed, my father, who had partaken too freely of the intoxicating draught, could with difficulty keep his feet, and I was obliged to support him on his way home, although my brain seemed on fire, and I could hardly walk myself.

When about half-way home, we came to a cross-road, which, my father insisted, was the right path. In vain I told him he was wrong. He would pursue the wrong path, and on my attempting to prevent him, he struck me a violent blow on the face. This roused the demon within me.

"It is!" said I, "old man, a blow! You will find I am a boy no longer, to be abused by you!" And, raising my arm, struck my poor, inebriated father a powerful blow, which felled him to the earth; and then the recollection of former injuries unrevenged rushing into my mind, I caught up a stake from the fence, and struck him repeated blows over the head as he lay on the ground.

But the fatal crime was hardly committed ere I repented bitterly what I had done. I hung over him—I called him by name; he returned no answer. I saw the blood streaming from the terrible wound, and would have given worlds to have recalled him to life. An awful voice seemed to whisper in my ear—"He is your father!" Yes, God! he had received his death-blow from the hands of his only son!

I took the corpse up in my arms, and wept bitterly over it for more than an hour. At length I felt the necessity of doing something in order to hide the enormity of my guilt, and I laid the body among some rocks which were near the foot of a steep precipice, and then fled from the accursed spot; but that awful voice pursued me, again whispered—"He is your father!" Even the trees seemed to stretch forth their long arms to arrest my flight. Since that time I have never known comfort. I see my father in my dreams, and sometimes when I am awake he stands before me. Only this, while I sat upon the wall-side, I fell into a doze, and saw him in the shape of the bird that flitted around us to-day, and he whispered in my ears, "Your time has come."

Such was the tale of blood told by the wretched Withers, and although we all felt detestation at the unnatural crime he had committed, we could not help pitying the miserable wretch.

While we were listening to the wretched man's confession, dark clouds arose above the horizon, and the appearance of the heavens betokened a heavy squall. Preparations were made accordingly. The flashes of lightning were frequent and vivid, and the deep-toned thunder reverberated fearfully in the distance. Soon a ripple was seen on the water, followed by a ridge of miniature waves, which, breaking as soon as formed, presented the appearance of a boiling sheet of foam.

"Now, mind your helm, my lad," said the captain to the helmsman who had relieved Withers. "Keep her head before it."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the man at the helm, and in a few moments the squall struck the vessel on the starboard quarter.

The ship flew before the wind, which blew with the violence of a hurricane, at the rate of ten knots. The rain fell in torrents, and what with the roaring of the waves, the howling and whistling of the tempest, the dazzling flashes of lightning which seemed to play around the mast, and the echoing peals of thunder, the scene was absolutely terrific.

The shrilling tale told by the self-accused parricide was for a while forgotten; but suddenly a strange and awful voice was heard, which sounded louder than the conflict of the elements, as it uttered in a high spirit of the storm:

"My poor, murdered father calls me! I come! I come! Then, with a wild and prolonged shriek of agony, which, even above the roar of the tremendous Withers sprang on the bow, and, ere any one could prevent him, precipitated himself into the swelling ocean. No human effort could save him. He rose in the eddying wake, and with his body half out of water, with agony of the most intense description depicted on his ghastly features, he gave another shrill and dying shriek—then sunk to rise no more.

In half an hour after this event the clouds broke away, the hurricane was hushed, the sun shone forth in all his wonted splendor, the ship was piloted on her way towards Africa, and we, impelled by a genial breeze, when, fabulous as it may appear, two birds, similar to the one that was flying around us previous to the storm, made their appearance. They alighted for a few moments on the peak of the mainmast, and perhaps it is unnecessary to state that they were not shot time enough by the captain. They remained a while over the quarter-deck, took a few circles around the ship, and then flew away to the southward, and we never saw them more.

REPAINTING THE SPIRE OF ST. PAUL'S.

We illustrate this week one of the little events which, while it is nothing within itself, attracts the eyes, and astounds every day.

The spire of the church of St. Paul's was sadly scorched at the burning of Barnum's Museum and it became necessary to repaint its tapering proportions. This has been achieved during the past week by some daring and ambitious knights of the brush, who, pointing themselves on a scaffolding between sun and earth, soon sway through the day apparently thoughtless that a little slip of the machinery that landed and held them in the elevated position they occupy, and they would be a shapeless mass of clay in less than ten seconds. Regardless of this thought they perhaps whistle away on their perch, while thousands from below gaze up to them with curdling blood and almost unbridled fear of the events around the people are really men or only flies crawling over the spire and scaffolding.

Why is an Irish row like the dirtiest spoken in Lower Canada?—Because it's a Foul-saw (patois).

THE LELAND PALACE,
At New Rochelle.

THE advance of a people in all social characteristics is an endorsement of their advance in enlightenment, and in that view we think that every step we take in the humanities of our hospitable resorts should be hailed as a great point reached in our advancement as a great people.

In this light we have this week undertaken to illustrate one of the palace homes of the land, and one that, following as it does in a citizen whose name as a household word in the mouths of the people all over the land, will be viewed and read with more than common interest.

The Leland brothers are known, by reputation, we may say, all over the world, wherever good living and comfortable homes are appreciated. As the hosts of the Metropolitan Hotel of New York, the great Union Hotel of Saratoga, and the Continental of Philadelphia, they have become a proverb. This week we give one of them in his own home, to show how wealth can carry taste into the domestic circle, and how it can direct even that attention to business under a free government.

Simeon Leland is the elder of the Leland brothers, and was born at Chester, Windsor county, Vermont, from whence, 28 years ago, he came to New York to seek his way up in the world.

His first promissory before the public was the keeper of the old Clinton Hotel, on the corner of Pearl-st and Nassau street, a hotel that in its day enjoyed a reputation that stood highest from Maine to Louisiana.

From these he, with his brothers, emigrated to the Metropolitan, the mine from which the wealth has been dug that has given to the name of Leland the wealth we shall write.

Seventeen years ago Simeon Leland bought the ground, 40 acres, on which now stands his house. At that time New Rochelle was little better than a mere series of farms, and Mr. Leland, a hotel man to the backbone, and the value of property was in accordance. Since then the goddess has sought the place, allured by its beauties, and the former idea of a hotel man to the back bone is now a kitchen garden only, as covered with luxurious residences, and every one of them the outward habit of wealth, while the single acre is valued as once a whole farm was only rated.

After holding his property seven years, he determined to build upon it a home, and calling in the architectural aid of Mr. W. T. Beers, whose name has only to be mentioned to make an assurance of the merit of the design, it was determined to build an English castellated Gothic edifice.

At the end of four years Mr. Leland became the occupant of the palace we shall endeavor to describe. In its erection it combines the solidity which the massive stone that was laid, and every hand and head that was taxed, could boast of all the skill and care that could be bestowed upon the whole.

The house is of grayish stone, of the granite order, some of which was quarried at Derrytown and some in the neighborhood of New Rochelle. The front is 130 feet, the depth 86 feet, while the main tower is 100 feet in height. It contains on the ground floor rooms each being 16 feet high, the second floor 14 feet, every room of which is fresoed in the highest style of art by such artists as Mr. D. Huntington, Mr. Leutze, and others, the rest, while the woodwork is of solid black walnut, as are the stairs of all the household dwellings. The grand staircase, leading from the main hall, hits, directly from its first landing, the billiard-room and picture-gallery, in the latter of which are a choice collection of works of art, prominent among which is an "Apollo and Daphne," the artist unknown, but a beautiful picture, subject only "A. B., 1677." The billiard-room, by-the-way, to further accent the stake, we have, on either wall, two highly executed paintings, the first the stranding Atlantic entering the harbor of New York; the second, the packet ship New York entering Liverpool docks.

From the billiard-room, which looks upon the lawn, the house being less than a quarter of a mile from the water, five lighthouses can be seen, and a most splendid sweep over Long Island Sound, with its fine shore country. From this fact the name of "Castle View" has been appropriately given to the residence. The principal rooms have each been designated according to their artistical fittings; as the Gold Room, the Blue Room, the Rich Room, the Library, &c., &c., each being in its gorgeous belongings so vies with the other, that it is next to impossibility to select one as the most beautiful.

It is, of course, not a supposable case that such a palace could be built without the grounds being in accordance with the whole, and accordingly we find rosewood and high polished walnut vieing with ormolu and gold in every apartment, while the floors are covered with velvet carpets and tapestry hangings, and beautiful carpetides and ottomans, looking up to rich chandeliers and cut glass shades, or gigantic mirrors.

From the house to the barns, stables and outhouses is a natural transition. The barns are large and roomy, and nearly 400 feet extension, with stabling for 40 horses. If of which Mr. Leland has now on hand. Here, as in the house, the walls are of stone, the floors of brick, and ceilings are fresoed, while the carriage-house is fitted with almost everything that runs on wheels.

Close beside the stables stands the farm-house, and not far removed the gardener's domicile, each marvelous in appointment and comfort, and practically what is wanted for such uses.

The grounds have 7½ miles of drainage and 1½ miles of walks, at every turn of which the eye meets with a vance meet the eye, while trees of every variety, some trained to trellis, are interspersed, and rural nooks or summer houses break upon the promenade.

We have endeavored in this to describe one of the palace homes of our country, a type to which a tradesman prince refuses to enjoy the domesticity of life. In other lands the sight of such magnificence may create envy, but in our land, where wealth and position are but stands as a monument to every poor and honest man, who can colour himself with the thought that nothing save his own fault can keep him on the same level of manhood as that such a palace as that of Mr. Simeon Leland.

MDLLE. EUPHROSYNE PAREPA.

THE great successes of this wonderful artiste, make her name and history one of more than common public interest.

It is but little over a month since, almost unheralded, save such encomiums as came to us over the water, Mdlle. Parepa made her first debut in America. No attempt was made to forestall public opinion by indiscriminate puffery. She was left to make her way into public favor if deserving, her manager trusting to the good taste of an American musical public for a satisfactory endorsement. The result has shown his good judgment as well as the talent of Mdlle. Parepa, and we have a success that since the days of Jenny Lind has not been equaled, and not even surpassed by that famed artiste.

Mdlle. Euphrosyne Parepa was born at Edinburgh in the summer of 1839. Her father, the Count Demetrius Parepa, a Wallachian nobleman, had rendered himself marked in the land of his birth by the liberality of his opinions, and as a consequence was obliged to abandon his magnificent estates in the neighborhood of Bucharest, and seek an asylum in England, where after a few months residence he married the sister of Mdlle. Parepa. It was in that country his daughter made home to every American whose musical memory reaches back a score of years. From the union came the little Euphrosyne, who from the very time that her gifted mother was winning all her musical laurels in Europe, Italy and Spain.

It was during this time that almost without what would be called study, the gifted and beautiful child was beginning with instinctive power not only to charm the world, but to astonish those who, intimate as they were with her, did not at first properly estimate her talent. During the first years of her child life that talent, would not listen to the proposition for a public appearance, but as she awakened to the great talent of the yet almost child her resolution gave way, and in the winter of 1856, Mdlle. Parepa made her *debut* as a singer, and as in the case of Jenny Lind, it was proven that all the prophecies of her friends fell far short of the facts, and that her fame was destined to spread with the rapidity of the wings of fire.

At Milan and Naples her triumphs were of the most decided order, and from thence with Gaglini, she created a *furore* that will always be remembered. At Rome, Genoa, Madrid and Lisbon her triumphs were unbounded, and every where she was the idol of the people and critical Germans her execution created an enthusiasm beyond all cavil. She was invited to sing at the Gewandhaus concerts of Leipsic, and was considered fit to interpret the great masters which that musical nation has given to the world.

Her first appearance in England was in 1858, in "Tampa," and from that time the United Kingdom has been crossed and recrossed by her.

Mdlle. Parepa speaks fluently all European languages, and as a consequence in the concerts she is now giving throughout the United States, she can render her repertoire equally upon all the great works of different lands. In concluding this article we cannot do better than give a short but graphic notice from the columns of the New York *Tribune*, announcing the debut of this great artiste on Monday night of 15th of September:

"It is pleasant to record a success—a genuine success achieved by sheer force of genius, unaided by advertising pretensions, by the favor of friends, a clique, or the prestige given through elaborate and pretentious puffery. Mdlle. Parepa has won her way to fame unaided by so such fortuitous circumstances, and yet in the course of a few months she has her entire audience, and gained a verdict of approval from those whose judgment is entitled to the most. Her first appearance was that hackneyed scena "Ernani involami." The first notes of the singer betrayed a mastery by their fine phrasing and emphatic declamation, that Parepa was an artiste of the highest order. The purity, sustained by the impression, while the brilliant rendering of the *trette* passages showed her to be a true artistic position. Mdlle. Parepa has a voice of very high, and a compass, we believe, of full three octaves. This range is not composed of a number of notes of equal excellence, but in reality two, and the blending of the registers is absolute perfection, giving to the whole, homogeneity and equality but rarely to be found even in singers of the highest order. She executes with ease and rapid, and whether in plain scale or in groups, or in chromatic runs, is beautifully distinct. Her first selection was *Una pizzarda*, which is so facile and so impure, but every note of which is so frequently individualized. Her *staccato* passages are particularly brilliant and distinct. Her shake is pure, prolonged and thrilling. Her *trills* is clear, open and decided, and always upon the true intervals. She concluded all with surpassing finish, while her *gracioli* are executed with exquisite taste. In the second part of the concert Mdlle. Parepa holds her voice completely under control. This quality is rarely found in but one particular point and we strike every one—for instance, where she holds a high note in breathing it for a time, which commences a rapid down scale passage. The voice must have a firmness of support to execute a feat so perfectly as Mdlle. Parepa does. In her singing she acknowledges the double task, that of the composer and performer, another proof of that vocal subordination which she possesses in a high degree.

Mdlle. Parepa made a genuine and complete success. In her the New York public has shown herself an incomparable artiste, and we also have shown herself an incomparable audience, and we congratulate her on the presence of one whose exquisite singing offers so pure a model of high and refined culture."

PRISON PEN OF ANDERSONVILLE.

THIS well-known and accursed place, situated in Sumter county, Georgia, near Flint river, 60 miles from Macon, the only correct view of which ever published, we present to our readers a drawing made, by Mr. R. K. Sneden, of the Topographical Engineers, in the month of May, 1865, and which has been carefully photographed. He was seven months a prisoner at Andersonville, and was in eight other rebel prisons, and therefore had every opportunity to make a true sketch of a prisoner. While waiting for transportation to Savannah, at the rebel headquarters, he made the plan of the pen and procured the rebel official drawings of the prison. The plan and drawings were secreted between the soles of his boots, and, by the aid of the Confederacy, with drawings of the prisons of Salisbury, Millen, or Camp Lawton, Florence, and the hell pen of Savannah, which he also visited, he escaped after Sherman arrived there, 15th July, 1864. The prisoners hung six of their fellow-prisoners for the murders they had committed, after putting up the gallows near the south gate. Murders were of nightly occurrence, until a police force was established among the prisoners, who hung the murderers, in July. Seventeen dead bodies have been counted lying inside the stockade for a week at a time, naked and putrifying in the hot sun, only to be handled with sticks to get them out. Wirz was sick a month in August, when Lieut. Davis had sole command, and put up the white flags, swearing the forts would open upon the prisoners if they crowded between the flags and gates while new prisoners were being received.

The stockade is of pine trees, sunk five feet in the ground, and twenty feet above, and firmly set in close ranks. Parallel with the stockade, and 20 feet distant, was the dead line, which consisted of posts, six inches square, 10 feet above the ground, and on the top to form a rail, which rail lasted only one week, the prisoners having taken the wood for firing.

The stockade was originally eleven acres, which was increased to fifteen on the 20 of July, 1864, which made it 1,000 yards around, with 22 posts or sentry-boxes, reached by steps from the outside. The daily guard was 162 men, and 200 more as pickets, while outside the stockade, within 1,000 yards, the entire strength of the guard on July 30, 1864, was 2,421.

The commanding officers of the prison were: Major

Winder, Brig. Gen. Colver, Capt. Gee. Morton, A.A.G. Lieut. S. R. Davis, and Capt. Wirz.

The deaths were, as taken from the death book at Wirz's headquarters:

1864.	*Port Hosp. Stockade.*		*S.-Pen*	Total.
March	222	18	5	242
April	477	11	84	572
May	623	63	10	703
June	1,042	1,259	10	2,311
July	419	699	5	1,744
August....	1,440	1,568	2	3,010
September.	1,140	1,455	0	2,673
October....	1,294	501	0	1,795
November.	88	4	0	92
December.	166	2	0	168
1865.				
January....	101	8	0	109
February..	141	6	0	147
	8,569	4,159	64	15,799

As an interesting close to this chapter of horrors, we give an extract from the testimony elicited on the Wirz trial, descriptive of the following incident:

George W. F. Reynolds testified that he was taken prisoner as a spy in Tennessee, made his escape, but was retaken, tried for espionage, and sent to Andersonville, afterwards he was transferred to Andersonville, where he arrived in June, 1864. He acted as a paper-dealer and also as a magazine. Men were brought before him for stealing, and were sentenced by Sergeant Bates, set to work and washed. A number of men were handed him, among whom was Willis, who had been with me in the camp were filled with "soup-peddlers," and at the time complained of being sick. He had the itch, fever, ague, and gangrene. There were 600 bakers in the stockade—half sick and half well, and all starved. There was plenty of flour, saleratus, etc. Witness had an establishment called "Novelty Store." He had a greater variety of articles than any other person in the prison. Sold flour, meal, chickens, sweet potatoes, beans, peas, etc., besides medicines. Witness further testified that he was in the habit of purchasing property in camp; there were also in camp barber shops, clothing stores, and a bank; latter were organized on one paper money, cheques, and gold and silver; there were also sutlers' stores in camp. Had a tent in camp for his family watches and a number of breastpin and rings to sell. Witness was in the habit of visiting the hospital. The witness testified that there were also fruit stands in camp. Fruit was sold at high prices, generally, and that lots of ground were purchased at reasonable rates within the stockade, on which markets were erected. There were also gamblers there, who had tables and chairs. Was told that the fruit was bought in many other things, showing that extensive trade and traffic was carried on at the prison. Was told that a certain class of men say that they suffered from hunger. The witness said there were a number of speculators in various kinds of food and goods at the prison.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERY.

THE growing appreciation of elegant embroidery, as a means of beautifying and fashioning garments and fabrics, is an evidence of increasing refinement in taste, which all lovers of the natural, as developed in the beautiful, must hail with pleasure. Not a little of this interest and appreciation is owing to the more extensive introduction of this work, rendering it infinitely more effective, as well as greatly abridging the tediousness of the process. A few years ago embroidery was almost entirely confined upon a few articles of clothing or household adornment belonging to the wealthy. Ladies could not even afford to hire it done, so costly was the work considered for the length of time required in its production. What their own industry and skill could not bestow in the way of ornamental needle-work, they were obliged to do without; but so highly prized were the comparatively crude results of the fair and dainty hand that the wealthy valued gifts of a few hours' labor on her lower was a scarf embroidered with her own fingers. Now, all this is changed. Large gore cloth during the months, and even years, that were frequently occupied in the work, is entirely done away with, and elaborate flowers on silk or wool, have seen the brilliant and graceful designs of nature wrought in the most delicate of thought in these later days, through the instrumentality of the Grover & Baker sewing Machine, which they have located with disgust upon what had before been a source of such satisfaction, and believed that the magic of the wand had been transferred to the hands, and, instead of the lamp of Aladdin, found its home in the new sewing machine.

The facility with which the most difficult and elaborate designs are executed by the Grover & Baker machine, is the special delight of the ladies, who, while they admire the exquisite beauty of the workmanship, has made it the favorite machine for the manufacture of many of the fashionable garments and morning wrappers, buffer dresses and basques, which has forced the carriage and opera cloaks. The carriage-rug of the Princess of Wales, supplied every day in her rides in Hyde Park, is embroidered in white silk, in the Grover & Baker stitch, and the Prince of Wales has been furnished with a harness, and, instead of the lamp of Aladdin, found its home in the new sewing machine.

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AMERICAN TACTICS IN ENGLAND.—Gen. Wm. H. Morris's system of infantry tactics, as published by Van Nostrand, of New York, is being adopted. This autumn, by order of the Duke of Cambridge, commanding the British army, the 60th rifles, the military genius, born of this war, should so direct it, there will be something surprised. Gen. Morris, in fact of John Bull's armies moving to the tactical music made by a Yankee brain.

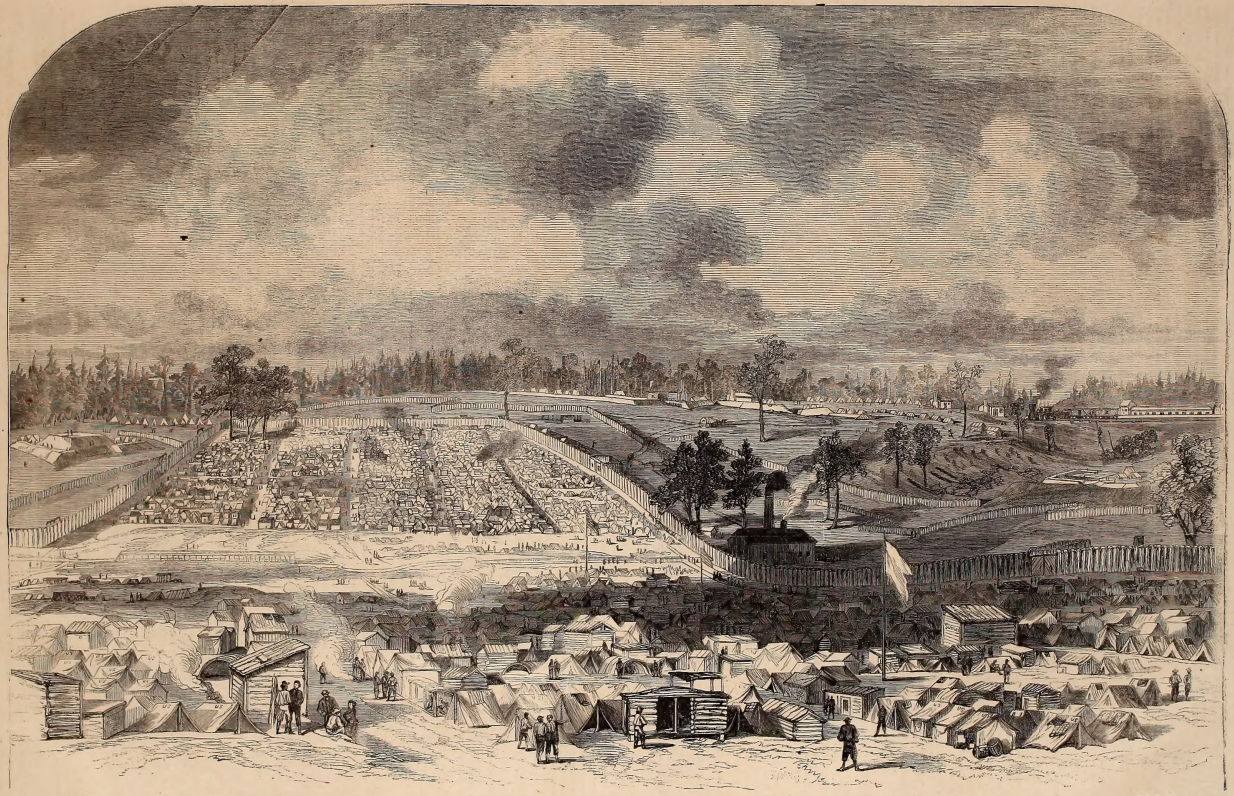
ORIGIN OF THE EPITHET "TURNCOAT."—The opprobrious term of "turncoat" took its rise from one of the Chinese books, where dismembering type comes to the incursions of the two contending houses of Spain and Prussia, he was obliged to change sides and fall in with that power that was most likely to decrease him, according to the maxim, "Where there are no arms against me, I am no enemy." Hence the term was applied to those mercenary leaders in various kinds of food and goods at the prison.

"Wrinkling girls and crowing hens
Always come to some bad ends."

In one of the curious Chinese books recently translated and published in Paris, this proverb occurs in substantially the same words. It is also an injunction of the Chinese priesthood, and a carefully-observed household custom, to kill unnecessary crowing hens that crow as a preventive against the misfortune that the circumstance is supposed to indicate.



THE DOCKS OF THE STEAMSHIPS OF THE "NORTH GERMAN LLOYD'S" AND "HAMBURG-AMERICAN PACKET COMPANY," AT HOBOKEN, N. J., FOOT OF THIRD STREET.



THE GREAT REBEL PRISON PEN AT ADVERSONVILLE, GEORGIA.—From a Drawing by R. Sneden, of the Topographical Engineer Corps.

ONE OF THE MANY.

BY S. W.

"The young here bled to death that dreary night in the woods. He was singing the Star Spangled Banner, but never finished it."

It was a summer's evening,
As on the ground in pain
A soldier lay, who never thought
To see the sun again.
'Twas after sad Shiloh's day,
When bullets raincdlike hail,
And cannon shot and bursting shell
Told a too fearful tale.

Around and wires tried comrades,
Some glad to snatch repose,
While weary sentinels kept guard,
To warn of coming foes.
And others there lay wounded,
And oft a smothered moan
Came gritting through their teeth, as though
It were a shame to groan.

All else was still, when through the air
There rang a joyous sound,
That thrill'd each worn-out sentinel
Who trod the weary round.
It was a song—a soldier's song—
A glorious nation's song
Its theme, the watch-word of the Right.
Who battle with the Wrong.

And through the gathering darkness,
The notes so full and clear,
Came throbbing from a soldier's breast,
That never throbbed with fear.
Forgotten was his shattered limb,
Forgotten all his pain,
As through the woods the chorus rang,
And echoed back again.

But faint and fainter fell the notes,
The voice was joyless yet,
Though fast the life-blood ebbed away
In many a crimson jet.
Fainter and fainter still they fell,
Still scarce above a breath
The murmuring music quivered, ceased—
The song was hushed in death.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT, IT IS NOT ALWAYS THE HONEST MEN WHO ARE LIKELY TO GET THEIR OWN.

IT was a little curious that Richard Sleuth should so easily be able to satisfy himself that the codicil would be sure some day or other to reach him; for apart from the danger which the burglars would see must attend any attempt on their part to open negotiations for the sale of the document—a danger greatly aggravated by the death of the alderman—how were they to know that no later instrument had been executed in favor of Anthony? There are truths so painful that no man who is not a hero can face them; and there was a truth in this kind that Sleuth could not face—namely, that he had committed a murder without even being sure that he was going to profit by it. He saw the logic of the case plainly enough, but he did not choose to recognise the conclusion—failure. And for once his luck greatly served him by making the recovery of the codicil possible.

Towards dusk of a day preceding that on which Sleuth had to start for London he, within the funds required for his journey, a man looking very like a broken-down cellar—one of the most disreputable of a class which seems to gravitate between the desire to be an honest livelihood by industry, and the making of acquaintances with men whose tendency is to go in a very different direction—shunk out from one of the narrow streets behind the New Cut, Lambeth, and began what soon appeared a difficult undertaking—the seeking for some one or persons, whose whereabouts greatly interested him. He went first to a low inn, and after lounging about outside, to take a long and careful look at the inmates of the tap-room through the window, he went in, to have a more trustworthy glimpses of the interior; and then managed to mistake his way out, and to stumble over the threshold of the parlor as he suddenly opened the door from a dark passage. He was assailed by a storm of execrations, and more than one of the men rose and slipped their hands into their pockets, as if for concealed weapons; but when he said humbly:

"Beg pardon, it's only Bob the Ostler, who wants to find some friends of his."

"What friends?" asked one of the more quiet and dangerous looking drinkers.

"Itey Small, and his pal Jack."

The reply was greeted by a laugh from one of the men, who said in explanation:

"Well, Bob the Ostler, they ain't here, and I don't know where they are; but I can tell you something you may like to know on."

"Thank you humbly," said Bob.

"It's this: you want them, but they don't want you. That's all. Now then, mizzle!"

To strengthen his speech, the speaker, without a word of warning, pitched at the intruder's head a pewter measure, generally protruded inside the door—a wooden trencher, on which one of the pots of beer they were drinking from had been standing. Bob the Ostler saw the movement, drew back just in time, and reclosed the door, amid a burst of merriment. He then gave one long look at the door, as if he saw through the wood, and he clenched his fist, as he murmured between his teeth while his face scowled ominously:

"Lucky for you it didn't hit that's all I say now!" And then he went off to repeat his search in similar places—but still in vain. From the New Cut to St. Giles's, from St. Giles's to Whitechapel, then back again to Lambeth, Bob the Ostler went his stealthy round, with a dogged pertinacity that made fatigue, hunger and disappointment of no avail.

But when, after some hours spent in this exasperating kind of work, he stopped in the neighborhood of Houndsditch to wipe his face, and have a drink from a pump, which only made him the more angry at the thought of his destination, his face suddenly broke out with a kind of illumination, that only made more visible and hideous its latent expression of villanous cunning and sly ferocity. He started at once, forgetting even the sores of his heel, which a boot in the last stage of decomposition continually rubbed.

He stopped this time at a tall, dusty, but still respectable-looking house in a decent court—a house that had no exterior peculiarities beyond these two: the lower windows were all fortified by upright bars of iron, too close together for a man to pass between them, and the upper windows had mostly their shutters fastened. On the door, which was of unusual strength and thickness, was a dingy brass plate, that had probably never been cleaned from the time of its being set up to now. On this Bob the Ostler read:

JAMES & CO., REFINERS.

After some little hesitation he rang the bell, and then, as if prepared for a survey, he glanced up at the one window that showed signs of inner life, and there, sure enough, he saw a face, and that face in return saw a knowing kind of quick wave of the hand, and it once disappeared. Bob then slipped down a side passage out of sight, that led to the back of the house, where, after a long delay, a door was opened, but only so far as the chain would allow.

"What do you want so late, Bob?" asked the voice of a man unseen.

"Why, Mr. Jakes, if you please, I sent you a bit of custom t'other day, and I want to know if my partners have been?"

"Who are they?"

Again was the reply given of

"Itey Small, and his pal Jack."

"Yes."

"They've been, and without me!" gasped Bob, "me, who put them up to it!"

"There now, Bob, the sooner you're off the better, if that's all you've got to say. You know very well I never go into these things, never meddle with unlawful business, and never ask impertinent questions, such as you are now asking of me."

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Jakes; stop just a minute. Will they be coming again?"

"Why, no. I rather expect them to-night on another matter."

"I'm worry much obligated to you, and I won't keep you in the draught. Please don't say I've been."

The only answer condescended to this request was the sudden and angry slamming to of the door.

Bob the Ostler now looked about him for a resting-place. It was dreadful to him to have a corner made by the angles of the wall. He went to it, squatted down on his hams, leaned his head back, and presently was fast asleep.

He did not sleep at all long, however, but that when, for the second time that evening, the door was opened and closed again, Bob the Ostler heard the last step on the pavement, and was instantly awake and alert. He saw nothing, however, to justify his belief that some one had gone in; there was the dingy wall, the door, the piece of blank darkness. But Bob knew some noise had widened him, and determined at all costs not to go off into a doze again.

"All right," he murmured fervently to himself, a few minutes later, as he saw a gleam through the key-hole, heard the bolt and chain and lock and handle, and then, when the door opened wide, stood face to face with the long-sought men.

There was an exclamation from one of them, but the other, who was the first to recover, came outside, took no notice, but wished the unseen Mr. Jakes good-night, and not till the door was shut and fastened did he turn to Bob.

"Now, you meaning varmint, you've turned up again, have you?"

"Yes, Jem, but let me explain," began Bob the Ostler, in an humble tone.

The man he had spoken to caught him suddenly by the nape of the neck, and, using, without the power to resist, right out of the court, and into the immediate neighborhood of a newly-lighted tavern, where, while he held him with one hand in a most indicrous and pitiable position, with his face turned to the light, tortured into the most terrible contortions by the stretching of the skin, and by mental fear, he held to his nose a fist terrific for size and for the stories trusted abroad of its strength and doings, and then he said, with a half scorn of the abject figure object before him:

"You see that? You feels it?" Bob the ostler made no response, but his nose giving way to the pressure. "Well, then, that's my way of explaining. Now, right about face, Bob, or you'll find yourself in the middle of next week."

Bob was turned round, received a most unpleasant kick on an unsatisfactory part of his person, and the Ostler was hurled from the pair and the terror, the men were gone.

Gone, certainly, but not, as they fancied, out of the Ostler's sight. He had in his nature the one good quality to compensate for the want of many other qualities; he could stick like a leech when there was blood—which with him meant gold—to be drawn. Up one street and down another he followed them, shrinking back whenever he saw they were aware of him, but renewing pursuit with prompt energy as soon as he saw they moved again forward.

They tried to baulk him at this game by stopping for him, intending, no doubt, to give him a sudden blow that should settle him. But they soon found that Bob the Ostler was master of that game, for as sure as they ever managed to double back upon him, was he near, or surrounded by people, that made assault dangerous or impossible.

Seeing that these tactics served him, by enabling him to keep up with them, they all at once began to walk at a rate that few men could keep up with, even if fresh and unfatigued. But Bob the Ostler, in spite of exhaustion through fatigue and want of nourishment, and in spite of the malignant pain that across his heel, was like some of the poor half-starved horses he often had to deal with—able, on emergencies, to set all calculations at naught, and show power that seemed almost to spring from mental and privation had a kind of latent capacity of their own for achieving wonderful results. He was not to be out-walked or outrun, any more than he was to be outmanœuvred, or put *hors de combat* by an unexpected stroke.

But, then, Bob the Ostler had a keen eye for geography, in its application to streets. Whatever the origin of his skill, he seemed to know almost instinctively the turns he was obliged to lose sight of his men in one place, how to recover the trail in another, a few minutes later, by a short cut. On one occasion, in the Strand, when he himself thought he had been baffled at last, the two men and himself emerged almost simultaneously from different streets into that brought them together, or, rather, would have done so, if Bob the Ostler had not stopped in time, respectfully.

The men laughed as they saw him stop and hesitate, and from that moment seemed to take no more notice of him, but go on their own business, which was apparently leading them towards the neighborhood of Covent-Garden Field.

And then, strange to say, just when the obstacles to pursuit seemed removed, the pursuer disappeared. Again and again they looked back, and seen, as they said in their own elegant language, "It was no go."

But not for long was Bob missing. About midnight the men reached a house which stood some short distance down a lane, which was dark except at the entrance, where was a gas-lamp. They went down the lane till the darkness began to shroud them from observation, when they were interrupted by the leisurely movement of a horse along the main road.

"Itey!" said one, below his breath.

"Mounted patrol," was Itey's response.

"You can hear, can't yer?" asked Jack, savagely.

And then Itey did hear talk going on between the mounted patrol and a voice they knew too well.

"Jump the hedge and cut across the grass, if you're to have any chance of the tools, and I'll meet him, like a blessed hinnocent, to stop his gag."

The tools were transferred, and while the holder of them prepared to climb the other stole along under cover of the darkness towards the end of the lane, straining his ears to listen, and, of course, expecting to hear that Bob the Ostler was there, too, in readiness, all obligations.

But, to his surprise, he discovered that, though suspicious characters formed the subject of talk, that Ostler was not the patrol off in quite a different direction to that where the danger really lay.

"I shall just keep ahout here for a bit," said the horseman, as he walked his horse away. "Give a whistle, my man, if you see or hear anything, and I'll be back in a jiffy."

The burglar waited till the horse's footfall sounded sufficiently far off; then, as if he had previously reconnoitred how to do, he went straight towards the spot where Bob the Ostler waited. But as Bob was full in the glare of the light, and secured a better position better than when the burglar had, only an hour or two before, made him similarly conspicuous, the burglar was obliged to leave some two or three yards of space between them, in the same time as to the disadvantage of leaving the friendly shade of the hedge, while he could still hear the footsteps of the patrol's horse.

"Bob," said he, "that you?"

"Yes, it's me," said Bob, looking a little nervously in the direction of the mounted supporter.

"Well, that's queer!" said Itey.

"Isn't it?" assented Bob.

"Like a lady's bill," added Itey.

"Well, I think, I rayther should," said Bob; "only my friend'll soon come back."

"Bob, I want to have a word on you that we should keep all the swag out of that ere job."

"Didn't I first tell yer on it?" began Bob, nervously.

"You did," mildly replied the burglar.

"Didn't I tell you how easy it was?"

"Easy" twice popped at it! Easy? wish yer had been there."

"Well, I say I ought to have been; but I had my reasons. I know something of the old man—"

Itey looked as if he intended to take in quite new ideas of the whole matter.

"So, master Bob, you've been setting us upon a little game of your own, eh? Friend of yours, eh?"

"Friend! I'd like to have seen him when you settled his business so nicely."

"Bob, none o' that. We did crack the house, but we didn't touch a hair of the old man's head."

Here Jack could make no other reply, but waited, in a sort of masterly patience, to see what else the burglar would say or do after that significant comfort.

"I tell you, Bob," repeated the burglar, with earnest feeling, "neither I nor Jack fired our pistols at all till we was in the garding. Believe as you like, but that's the truth."

"What'll you give me to believe?" asked Bob, with a laugh.

"What'll I give? why, Bob, I'll make your fortin for yer, if you've only brains enough to secure fast hold o' yer luck."

"Luck!"

"I tell yer. But first, Bob, mind this: we didn't get enough out of the alderman's infernal house to pay expenses."

It was now Bob's turn to whistle. And the burglar went on:

"And what we did get we were hobligated to spend while hiding from the chase arter us, which was uncommon strong. But here; come across to me."

"I'd rayther you'd come to me."

"There, then," exclaimed the burglar, and he laughed as he threw a paper across the impassable two or three yards of ground.

"What is it?"

A document that gives all the old man's property to the young un as was in the house that night, and who, I suspect, was hunting for it when we was outside."

"And he's not the man who's got it now?" asked Bob, eagerly.

"Of course not."

"Has I, but?" gasped Bob, in alarm, lest the brilliant prospect should dissolve, and leave him only the laughing-stock of his semi-partners, "hasn't the man who's in possession got another and newer deckrement?"

"As him; I haven't the honor of his acquaintance, Bob. Will it do?"

"Got a tanner, Itey, to let me get something to eat?"

"Here you are; catch!"

"All right, Itey; I wish you luck down the lane."

"You'll tell the patrol?"

"Of course I will. I'd like to shake hands, Itey, but you make such queer use of your fists."

With a laugh they parted: and while Itey returned to the house to resume operations, after waiting a reasonable time to make sure that Bob played them no ill trick, the latter worthy man went back to Jemmy, limping, sore, hungry, miserable in every nerve of his body, but exultant in mind, proud of himself, and in a kind of peace with all the world, as he felt the precious paper, and stopped to read it at sundry gaslights, but always put it hastily by, waxed, after seeing, once for all, that it was the kind of paper that had been described to him, and then almost ran along, as if he were already eating out on the expedition for the promised fortune that he was to get by taking fortune to one Richard Sleuth.

CHAPTER XXIII.—READ GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

"WHAT on earth am I to do with myself today?" thought Anthony, as he sat down to his lonely breakfast the morning of Sleuth's journey to London. "Sam has taken his horse all day. I've a good mind to go over and be introduced to the 'charming man.' Good-morning, Mrs. Milton."

"Good-morning, sir," said the housekeeper, who always made and carried in her young master's coffee herself, as she had done the alderman's.

"I tell you what, Mrs. Milton, you must just sit down, and let me have a cup with me. It won't be the first time, you know."

"Thank you, sir," said Mrs. Milton, drawing herself up, and arranging her stomacher and apron, and then she added the first time, carefully. You used to be sent out to get your meals with me when you was in disgrace with your uncle sometimes, when you'd been a-bad passion or away from him, that nothing one could cram into your mouth could quiet you. I've often been in such a fright at your kicking your feet in the door in defiance of him before he got out of hearing, that I've done something a purpose to anger you, and make you get at me."

"Ah," said Anthony, "you see I'm more grateful now for the good things you provide me. Shall I pour out the coffee, or will you? I will; remember, I want you to think of what I can do with myself. My cousin won't be back till evening, and then won't stop an hour. What on earth am I to do with myself?"

"Well, I don't think you've been at a loss yet, sir," observed the housekeeper.

"No," said Anthony, "I'm left alone to-day. That cousin of mine, is such a quiet, unselfish, thoughtful fellow, one hardly finds out what a treasure he is till he's away."

"Hem!" said the housekeeper, drily. "Not quite so much sugar, if you please, sir."

"Eh, what? I beg your pardon. I'm glad he's gone," continued Anthony. "He needn't a chance, if ever any one did. I don't think he's been looking at all well. He must have had a trying time of it."

"Mr. Richard has got a patient coming, sir," said Mrs. Milton; "some people haven't."

"He's been a model of patience," said Anthony. Mrs. Milton muttered something about "dear, keys could run when a cart of turnips was going before 'em;" but her young master, as he leaned back in his chair, had fallen into a fit of listless thoughtfulness, and did not hear her.

"I wonder," he said, as if speaking to himself, "I wonder what my uncle did all day?"

"Lg, sir!" answered the housekeeper, heroically sipping the coffee, that was not prepared at all to her taste, "first thing in the morning, before breakfast, perhaps, your poor dear uncle 'ud go out in his slippers, and lift up the little pots over the flowers to watch the sar-vigs."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't amuse me," remarked Anthony.

"And, then, if his gout was bad, that was generally his time to go round and blow us all up.

"But I haven't got the gout, so have no excuse for such a recreation," said Anthony.

At that instant there was a knock at the door, and Phillis entered hurriedly and out of breath.

"He's coming up the stairs, and I can't help it," she exclaimed in answer to the severe gaze of her godmother.

"And who told ver to help it?" rejoined a voice

behind her. "I come to see your master, didn't I? and not to be kept down there by you."

And to Anthony's surprise and the housekeeper's horror, Esau appeared in the doorway, making alternately grimaces at Phillis and deferential salutations to Anthony.

"You little chicken!" exclaimed the housekeeper; "you—you audacious—— Phillis, send Gibbs up with the horsewhip."

"Stop a bit," said Anthony; "I did tell him to come. I may as well have him in now, and have done with it. Come and stand here, sir."

The housekeeper put her handkerchief to her mouth as Esau passed her, and wheeled her heavy chair back from the table, taking her coffee with her.

"What do you think I'd better do for him, Mrs. Milton?" asked Anthony. "Make him one of my retainers?"

"Whatever I did for him, sir, if I was you," answered she, "I'd give him to understand he isn't to poke his nose here any more, and as to putting it to me, there's no telling the use he'd put it to."

"Under such circumstances, then," said her master, "perhaps gratitude is out of place, and I'd better send him about his business, without doing anything for him. Is that what you mean, ma'am?"

"Why, no, sir, not exactly. But, lor, sir, gratitude to that limb? Look at him, sir."

Anthony did look, and saw that Esau had thrown a little away from them, and was staring vaguely out of the window. He was dirtier and more ragged than ever this morning, and there more ragged than ever this morning, and there was a weariness and listlessness in his face and attitude that Anthony had never seen in him before. The housekeeper's severity seemed to relax a little as she looked at his slight form and childish face.

"Give him a sovereign, sir," she whispered, "and send him off."

"You shut up!" said Esau, sharply, giving her a quick, scornful glance. "What 'ud be the use of a sovereign to me? who'd change it? They 'ud think I 'ad stole it; and that's what you want, I 'spose."

He turned his face away again, and a drearier and darker look came over it.

"Better help his father and mother to put him to school, sir," suggested the housekeeper, in a less angry tone.

"Where'll yer find 'em?" asked the little outcast, with a short laugh. "You'll have to go where you'd never go to find *her*, and you'll have to wait till you go where you will go to find *him*."

"Why, you poor, miserable little creetur," said the housekeeper, "do you mean to say they're both dead?"

Esau gave her no answer, only an impatient jerk of his head towards the window again, and she sat looking at him, not unkindly, and rubbing her spectacles.

"Come," said Anthony, suppressing a yawn, and pushing away his cup with a business-like air. "You must answer questions, you know—or it's impossible for us to see what we can do for you. You say your father and mother are dead?"

"*She* is," said Esau, without looking round.

"Your father is living, then?"

"Don't know, nor don't care," was the answer, given in a low, deliberate tone.

The housekeeper put out her hands, and turned up the white of her eyes.

"Didn't he use you well, then?" asked Anthony.

"I dunno what you call usin' well. He kicked me up in the morning if I wasn't up afore he woked, and he kicked me in if I wasn't in afore he wanted to shut up."

"But he give you enough to eat, didn't he, you poor wretched creetur?" inquired the housekeeper.

As Esau did not condescend to answer her any more than by a stealthy grimace, Anthony repeated the question, and Esau then replied:

"I had his leavins'. Sometimes there was enough—sometimes there wasn't. Sometimes there wasn't none."

"And what did you do then, you miserable mite?" said the housekeeper. "Steal?"

"Yes. Put-a-dozen-cowcumber's-tongues, and give 'em all to *You*. I wish," said he to Anthony, "you'd speak, and arst me what you want to yourself, and not have to use her jaw."

"And what's become of your father now?" asked Anthony. "When, and how did he leave you?"

"A long time ago; but I dunno what's become of him, and I don't care," said the boy. "He told me he was going away, and then——"

Esau paused, and the little bare elbows reddened under the dirt, and the face was turned more determinately away than ever.

"Well," asked Anthony kindly.

The flushed face turned quickly to him, the mouth quivering, the eyes wet and fierce.

"Then," said the tramp, "he hit me with his fists in my eye and mouth, and said as that's as how he'd serve me if ever I come after him, or tried to find out where he was."

"Which you never did, my boy, I suppose?" said Anthony, laying his hand on the shoulder the ragged boy shook.

"Me—me go after him?" answered Esau, clenching his fist, and setting his teeth together. "I'd sooner go after the——"

"Now hold your tongue, you misguided little creetur," interrupted the housekeeper, looking up from her pocket-handkerchief. "None o' your wicked talk here. Gracious goodness! I always thought trouble was given to make people good; but lor bless us!"

"What is your father's name?" asked Anthony, as a thought crossed his brain which made him look with sudden interest for the boy's answer.

"Brand," said Esau.

The interest passed from Anthony's face again, and he stirred his coffee with an air of disappointment.

"He never went by any other name, did he?"

"No, not as I knows on," replied Esau.

"Well, come," said Anthony briskly, "we must get to business. Pray, what can you turn your hand to? Anything in the way of work?"

"Yes, sir, lots o' things."

"Well, tell me some of them."

"I can make bashkets, sir."

"La, only hear that!" said Mrs. Milton.

"Why, how did you learn that?" asked Anthony.

"Some gipsies learned me this Easter."

"And what are the other things?"

"I can mend a cane cheer, and I can holler yer a whistle out of a stick, and I can tame pigeons and ketch yer strays, like a good un. I can ketch birds and get nests, and sell 'em, too, top prices; and I can look after and sell them; and I can make yer a fire anywheres, and a oven o' stones to cook your dinner in—or bricks 'll do best. Look here, you're one for a good sleepy, I offers to clean yer for him for a tanner, while he has his nap."

"Grooms ought to be ashamed of themselves," remarked the housekeeper, "for letting such characters in."

"Still," said Anthony, "this is a little nearer the mark. I shouldn't wonder if the boy could do he was asking for help yesterday—he said a boy would do."

"Yes, sir," answered Mrs. Milton, looking at Esau from head to foot. "*A boy*, he did, sir."

"Well, I ain't a gal, am I?" observed Esau.

"Hold your tongue, sir," said Anthony. "Well, if Gibbs wants a boy, why shouldn't this one do, Mrs. Milton?"

"Lor, sir, Gibbs is a respectable man; I've known his mother this fifteen year, sir——"

"Well, Esau, we won't shock his respectability," said Anthony, rising. "But come along and show yourself, and let's take our chance."

Esau followed Anthony from the conservatory steps and through into the garden, which sparkled and glowed in the full lustre of morning.

They found Gibbs busy at his labors on a sock of oats, and reading a newspaper.

"Look here, Gibbs," said Anthony, "I've taken pity on this boy, and want him as an assistant."

Gibbs looked at Esau, then at his master, and grinned. He evidently took it as a joke.

"Well, do you like him?" added Anthony.

Gibbs looked at Esau, and then at his master, and at the dog sitting on its haunches beside him, and colored violently from his face to the back of his thick neck.

"Do, sir? No, sir," he said.

"He won't do," repeated Anthony. "Why not?"

"I think the work seems lighter now, as I'm getter used to the place, sir," answered Gibbs, evasively. "I think as I can do without a boy."

"Well, but I wish you to have this one, and make him as useful as you can, and then the work will be lighter still."

"Thank yer, sir, I think I'd rayther do without," answered Gibbs, decidedly, carefully avoiding to look at Esau, as if at other glimpse of him would be too much for his stomach.

"Well, but I want you to have him. You asked for a boy. Why won't this one do as well as any other? It's no use having a youth who's afraid to soil his fingers, you know."

"Yes, sir," replied Gibbs; "but still, sir——"

"Well?"

"Osses like somethink a little more like a Christian, sir."

"Well, come, you'll take him, and make the best of him, won't you?"

"Take him, sir? Yes, sir."

"But suppose I say you must?"

"Then, p'haps, sir, you'd be so good as to name it in the character?"

"Name what?"

"The cause o' my leavin' you, sir?"

"Why, you don't mean to say my insisting on your taking this boy would make you leave?"

"Yes, sir; I'm afeard it would, sir. I'm a responsible man, sir, and I ain't been used to such company."

"Here, come away, you little rascal," said Anthony, pulling Esau by the ear; "I'm not going to have Gibbs for you. You young monkey, arn't you ashamed of being such a disgrace to me? Come in with you."

Still holding him pretty tightly by the ear, Anthony never stopped till he reached the housekeeper's room.

"Look here, Mrs. Milton," said he, entering without ceremony, "Gibbs won't have anything to say to him?"

"I should ha' wondered if he had, sir," said the housekeeper. "Gibbs is a responsible man, sir."

"So he told me," answered Anthony. "I dare say he's right about the boy. His appearance is against him at present, there's no denying it. I ought to have sent him to the workhouse to be scrubbed down before I presented him at the stables. However, there's only one thing now for us—we must send him to the workhouse. I'm not one trying to do anything with him till he's made, as Gibbs says, a little more Christian-like; and I suppose we had better begin with the outside, hadn't we?"

Rather to Anthony's surprise, the housekeeper made no very vehement objections, and before Esau could very well understand what the great rub of hot water in front of her fire was preparing for, he was seized in the housekeeper's substantial arms.

But only for an instant. There was a sharp struggle, a scream from Mrs. Milton, and then Esau stood between her and Anthony red and panting, and looking defiantly from one to the other.

"Now—now! what's this about?" asked Anthony.

"What's it about? Why, jest you keep your hands off a me; that's what it's about."

"A spiteful little monkey, he's stuck his teeth into me!" said Mrs. Milton. "You ought to be ashamed o' yourself—a beautiful hot bath like that!"

"Take it yourself, then; I'll have none of it. Stand out o' the way, an' let me go."

"Now, listen to me, my fine fellow," said Anthony. "I've a fancy to see you washed, and that fancy I mean to have gratified. Shall Mrs. Milton do it herself, or shall I assist her? Because I may not be quite as gentle as she is, you know. I may put you in head first."

Esau looked at him searchingly, and seeing that Anthony's "fancy" was evidently not to be shaken, began tremblingly to undo the collar of his shirt, muttering:

"I shud hope I can get in myself, without havin' my skin scratched off a my bones by a old woman like that."

They stood still, watching him while he proceeded, in the most leisurely manner possible, to divest himself of his rags. He had but two garments on, and when the first was off, and he stood in his shirt, folding the ragged trousers up with a tasteful affectation of carefulness for them, Mrs. Milton could contain herself no longer. Going up to him, she dragged the shirt over his head, flung it to the further end of the room, then seized him, bore him, kicking and shouting, to the bath, and plunged him in. She then began business with soap and brush, and Anthony sat in the old oak arm-chair, enjoying his "fancy" immensely, and giving Esau a nod every time his head escaped from the housekeeper's hand and bobbed up from the soapsuds, spitting and blinking his eyes.

Each time the head came up the wet hair glittered in the firelight more and brighter, till Anthony grew quite interested in watching for it.

"Gets in your eyes, indeed!" said the housekeeper, in answer to his frantic lamentations. "Never mind your eyes just look at your skin. There's a arm a little gentleman might be proud of. Look, Mr. Anthony, isn't it like a bit of halabaster? Now, then, the perfect Donna, sir, when he comes out. Ha! you little villain, keep your teeth to yourself. I'd have them drawed next thing, if I was you, Mr. Milton."

"I say, Mrs. Milton," said Anthony, "it will never do for him to put those rags on again. Haven't you got a heap of my school things somewhere?"

"Yes, to be sure I have, sir, but——"

"Well, go and find a suit for him, if you can; never mind about the fit of a remote fashion. Here, I'll hold him down while you go. Well, sir, I hope you feel better?"

Esau made no answer but by splashing the water in Anthony's face, for which Anthony boxed his ears. He glanced up then more respectfully, and said at once:

In a few minutes Mrs. Milton came back with the clothes, which Esau eyed with distrustful interest.

He submitted pretty quietly to the process of dressing, till Mrs. Milton, in her admiration of the improvement, and her contempt, held back his shining little head, and gave him a hearty kiss.

"Get out!" cried Esau, wrestling himself away. "Don't you touch me again. Jest show me the things I'm to put on, and I'll dress me alone."

She gave him the stockings and little buckled shoes, which he put on with much amusement, casting a side glance at Anthony. When, however, he tried to dress himself, the buttons and ties in his new clothes so bewildered him, that he was glad the housekeeper came to his assistance. There was a little more howling and fighting when she brushed his hair, but at last he stood completed, sticking his elbows out, and looking comically at his immensely broad collar lying over his shoulders.

"Now you shall come and look at yourself," said Anthony, taking hold him by the hand, which now felt soft and childish enough. He led him into the drawing-room, before one of the pier glasses.

Esau looked at himself half curiously, half bashfully for an instant, then his head trembled in Anthony's hand, he glanced up into his face with a quick, wistful look of gratitude, that vanished instantly as he heard the housekeeper's voice.

"Well, what do you think of yourself?" asked she.

Esau gave another look, and ended by putting his tongue out at his image, and exclaiming:

"Pah! you've given me his air!"

"Now," said Anthony, "we'll go and have another try with Gibbs."

"Lor, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Milton, "what a pity it'll be sir, those dirty strables."

Anthony laughed as he led him out.

"Why, you've got a touch of a Christian now, Esau," he said; "I'm afraid Gibbs will say you're too respectable."

Mrs. Milton waited with no little curiosity for their return, and in a few minutes Anthony came back alone, and nearly choking with laughter.

"Gibbs didn't know him," he said, "didn't know him a morsel, and the little monkey takes it all as demurely as possible. He was being mounted on the mare when I came away, to show off his paces; but I couldn't stop another minute, I was choking."

"Shush, Mr. Anthony, sir," said the housekeeper, holding her sides. "There's Gibbs asking for you down-stairs. Sure as life he's found it out."

At that instant Gibbs's heavy foot was heard on the stairs, accompanied by other feet, and shrill female voices.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Anthony, stepping out on the staircase, where he was against Gibbs, whose face was almost scarlet.

"He's off, sir!" he panted, as soon as he could get breath. "He's off half-way down the London Road, and there's a man at the gate as says he knows him, and we shall never see the mare again. He's jined to a gang, sir, and I dessay they've met him by this time, and took the mare. He's no fault o' mine, sir. I couldn't ha' took him for a ten-pun note if I'd a knowed he was the one as you showed me store. He's clean gone, mare, an' dog, an' all."

"Gone, sir; clean gone! Mare, and dog, and all!"

Repeating these words, Gibbs stood before his master, waiting till the full force of their meaning should strike him.

The housekeeper was already sufficiently impressed, and had sunk down on the stairs, and drawn out her smelling-salts and black paper fan.

"Oh, Gibbs, Gibbs, I shall never get over this!" cried she. "To think I washed him with my own hands! With my own hands, Gibbs!"

"It ain't no good a washin' him as sheen, mum," answered Gibbs, speaking in a low and mournful voice. "Their wickedness is more 'n skin deep, mum; an' it's my opinion as kindness, an' washin', an' all that, don't strike it in'ards, mum, as cold'll strike a child's measles in'ards—that's my opinion, mum."

"I've a very confident opinion it is, too, Gibbs," observed the housekeeper, impressively; "and one as the heads o' parishes 'ud do well to stick it over their vestry doors."

"Confound it all!" cried Anthony. "What am I to do? Why, there isn't a beast in the place to go after him on, is there?"

"Why, yes, sir; there's two, sir, such as they are."

"Two?"

"Yes, sir; but no use in the world, sir. There's the gray rig horse, as 'as done nothing these six months but walk out to be rubbed down with the hay, and there's the animal we've named the Paddock Pony, sir, as 'as had nothing on his back for three years."

"I'll engage! but he shall have something on his back now, though," said Anthony.

"Mercy on us, sir, you'd never touch that beast? He's only been kept because you've been liked to see him a-seeing his long mane, and kicking at the fence. He's been no use this ever so long; he's been let get so wild and vicious," said the housekeeper.

"On with the saddle, Gibbs," cried Anthony. "My boots, Mrs. Milton, please; and look here! Mrs. Milton, where's a bell? Ten pounds to one on me and the Paddock Pony against that imp and the mare!"

"And I can never ketch him, sir," said Gibbs, ruefully.

"Nonsense! I'll come and help you," answered Anthony. "But keep it quiet, there's a good fellow, or I shall have all the parish laughing at me for being taken in."

So they went down to the paddock together, and the pony showed off all the fine antics that used so to delight the alderman, but which to irritated Anthony, that Gibbs found out he had not been quite his match for nothing—in the way of swearing, at least.

Round and round they went, the sun blazing, and the perspiration streaming down their faces. At last, as they met at the gate, both felt they could stand it no longer; so they came out, and left the pony master of the field.

"Let's have it given to the gig horse," said Anthony, gloomily, and they went round to the stables.

Just as they were turning the corner of the yard, Gibbs made a dead stand and colored up to his temples.

"What's the matter?" asked Anthony.

"Why, doose take it all, sir, look there!" he whispered, drawing back a little.

Anthony looked, and saw a little picture, from which he did not very soon withdraw his eyes.

At the far end of the yard, under the shade of some trees, was a dog-kennel, surrounded by a very large Newfoundland dog, who lay with his head hanging out of it on the yard stones. Beside the kennel stood Anthony's new mare, and astride on the animal's back sat Esau, with her black mane and tail streaming over his shoulders. He had taken off the coat, and was holding it in his hands, examining it with a face full of childish interest. Sometimes he lifted it to his head, and stroke the stooping face at his shoulder, or the ugly, jealous head of the new bull-dog, who had mounted the kennel with him; but his chief attention was given to the coat—its buttons, its embroidery, its pockets—and his face all the time was so free from its accustomed expression of contempt—was so full of childlike peace, and of enjoyment of his shady seat, his companions, and his examination of the coat, that Anthony felt for his examination of the coat, that Anthony felt for a while but he thinking kindly of the former owner of that coat.

"Well, Gibbs," he said at last, "we ought to thank our stars and the Paddock Pony that we have not made greater fools of ourselves than we have."

"Yes, it looks innercent enough, sir, don't he?" said Gibbs. "I don't think I'll mind doing my best with him, sir, and seein' what can be made on him."

"You won't repent it, Gibbs," answered Anthony. "But, now, mind, not a word about our mistake, and the chase in the paddock to your dying day, Gibbs."

"No, sir," said Gibbs, grinning.

"That must remain a profound secret between you and I and the Paddock Pony."

"Yesser."

"Well, go in and ask Mrs. Milton for a glass of her best ale, for I see you're quite knocked up. And, I say, Gibbs!"

"Yesser."

"Don't forget to drink to the health and long life of the Paddock Pony—we are under great obligations to him."

GEN. BARRIOS, EX-PRESIDENT OF SAN SALVADOR.

THE execution of Gen. Barrios, legitimate President of San Salvador, by order of the usurper, Duefias, on the morning of the 29th of August last, was an act as atrocious in all respects, and in others still more horrible than the murder of our own lamented President. It was a deliberate assassination, notwithstanding the forms of a court-martial were gone through with to give a hypocritical coloring to the proceeding. We have commented on the act elsewhere, in an article which recapitulates the facts, and which obviates the necessity of more than a brief reference here. Gen. Barrios was expelled from San Salvador by an invasion from Guatemala, and his place given to a tool of the invaders. More than a year afterwards, an American vessel, in which he was passenger, was driven by stress of weather into Realeji, a port of Nicaragua. The authorities of this State, who have covered themselves with infamy by act, seized upon the General and delivered him up to the tender mercies of the barbarian who had dispossessed him of his lawful authority, and who ordered a convenient court-martial, which condemned him (for what, we are not told), at midnight, and shot him early in the morning, giving him but five hours to prepare for his end. This haste was made to prevent a demonstration on the part of the people. The assassination has sent a thrill of horror throughout all, and it is believed will lead to serious outbreaks and retaliations. Gen. Barrios was the leader of the Liberals of Central America, and deeply beloved.

UP IN A BALLOON.

WHAT a history would it be to trace the rise and progress of ballooning from the days of Montgolfier and his fire machine, to the present time, when Professor Lowe, with his grandly constructed globes, sails away into space with the same feeling of safety as though he were sitting down to cross the Brooklyn ferry.

The science of ballooning has reached that point, under his hands, that we may reasonably expect at any moment to find it emerging from its position as a subject of mere science and amusement, to one of general utility and as a certain means of travel. When we watch the *easy flyrid* with which a party sails away from his aeronautic amphitheatre at Central Park, and see the daring deeds that are done under his supervision, our belief in danger is utterly overthrown. A recital of one ascent will show our meaning.

It was announced on Saturday, September 30th, that during a detached excursion, young Harry Leslie, the famous walker of Niagara Falls on a tight-rope, would perform some acrobatic feats beneath the car of the balloon while it was suspended in the air.

At the appointed time the amphitheatre was crowded to overflowing, while every outside spot that could command a view, was occupied by myriads of people waiting for the exciting performance about to come off.

At 6 P. M. the balloon rose from amid the spectators, the car containing Prof. Lowe, Mr. F. Fleury, a passenger, and Harry Leslie. When at an altitude of 300 feet, Leslie threw himself upon the suspended rope, and in an instant after another was thrown him and his perilous feats began. He hung by the hands, the feet, the head and thighs, and swung fearfully above the heads of the multitude, the balloon at the time sailing at a height of nearly 2,000 feet. When over High Bridge he placed his head in one noose, his feet in another, and swung fearfully backward and forward until he seemed but a speck against the sky, when exhausted and fatigued Prof. Lowe and his companion pulled him into the car. Meanwhile the balloon has been slowly sailing through space, the air has died away, and the watch tells 6:30 P. M.

Just at this moment—to follow the description of the trip from the travelers' own account—we struck a current of air and the balloon went up the Hudson at a terrific pace, rising and descending at the will of the Professor. The scene was splendid, and as we passed the villages we were hailed and cheered, bonfires were lighted and guns fired, the sound of which, though faint, reaches us distinctly, and the cities and villages, now beginning to be lighted up, rush by with lightning speed.

At length the professor sights, four miles away, the house at which we are to land, and the anchor is thrown out, with 80 feet of rope attached, which in a few minutes catches in the roof of Mr. Peter Archer's house, on the grounds of Messrs. C. J. and E. Dewitt, landing us at 7:45 P. M., in the centre of a fine lawn, the place called Bramble Station, 20 miles from New York. The balloon being secured in a hollow, was left in charge of the Messrs. Tyler, and Harry Leslie started for New York on the train, having to hasten to Niagara, where he performs on Wednesday, while the Professor and Mr. Fleury are taken in charge by the Messrs. Dewitt, and enjoy the hospitalities of their palatial home until the following Monday morning.

On Sunday, at four o'clock, the gas is let out of the balloon, and the huge monster is packed in the presence of some hundreds of ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the adjacent country.

The comic incident of the voyage was the service of a writ for trespass on the professor by Peter Archer, the man on whose house the anchor caught. Mr. Archer was one of the "cow-boys" of the Revolution, and does not know how to read or write. For twenty years he has not been to New York, and for seventeen not to Yonkers, not two miles distant. The notice runs in this wise, literally:

"DAMAGE OF TRESPASS.

"On account of the Baloon being on the premises, the owner of the Baloon must hereby see Mr. Peter Archer before taken away. The house is damaged by the anchor of the Baloon."

Without asking the address of the scribe, the professor gravely examined the writ, and judicially decided: 1st. That a balloon could not commit trespass; 2d. that there was no trespass; 3d, that there was no damage; 4th. that there was no stamp on the document; at which last decision Mr. Peter Archer scratched his head, and declared that it was "that infernal stamp'vat was no pad!" and withdrew his claim for damage, which he had assessed at $5 in greenbacks.

The place of landing is known as the Neutral Ground, and the Messrs. Dewitt are located on the very spot where the English troops were buried in the Revolution.

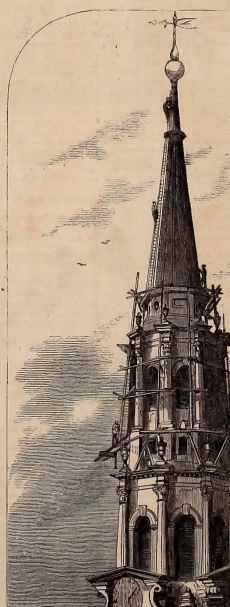
The voyagers, after all their perils and pleasures, arrived in New York at ten A.M. on Monday.



MADAME EUPHROSYNE PAREPA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.



GEN. GERARDO BARRIOS, EX-PRESIDENT OF SAN SALVADOR, CENTRAL AMERICA, ASSASSINATED AUGUST 28, 1865.



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Why is the ancestor of taxes the best man in the world? Because he never underrates anybody.

Why is a pig in a parlor like a house on fire? Because the sooner it's put out the better.

A newspaper young man says that a woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

An Irish dragoon, on hearing that his widowed mother had married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed, "Murther! I hope she won't have a son colder than my last step, I shall lose the estate."

The attempt to lay the Atlantic cable, has, for a time, terminated in disaster. We have witnessed the terminations until they have succeed in fetching the cable up again from the depths of the ocean, we cannot hope to see the "end" of it.

Man leads woman to the altar—in that act his leadership begins and ends.

A preacher at work in his vocation, always looks down in the mouth.

"Never saw such stirring times," as the sponge said to the saucepan.

Where can donkeys be spelt with one letter? When it's U (doubting personal meant.)

An uncophisticated alderman, on being told that the Italians and French have no W in their language, replied that he informed that he "couldn't run him in that way," and knowingly wanted to know how they could spell such a thing as wealth, or woman, or wine, without a W.

An old gentleman accused his servant of having stolen his stick. The man protested perfect innocence.

"Why, you know," rejoined his master, "that the stick could never have walked off with itself."

"Certainly, sir," answers the waiting stick."

A Frenchman, just arrived, who had been taking lessons on the voyage from a fellow-passenger, complained of the difficulty of our grammar. Turning to his companion, he said:

"Why is a lady unlike a mirror?"

She" gave it up."

"Because, what the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking; a lady speaks without reflecting."

"Very good," said she. "Now answer me. Why is a man unlike a mirror?"

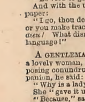
"I cannot tell you."

"Because the mirror is polished and the man is not."

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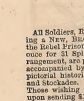
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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No. 526 Vol. XXI. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 28, 1865 [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

Redistributing the Sexes.

FEMALES are in excess of males in almost all, if not, indeed, in all countries of the world, except the United States, where, in the total of white population, there were, according to the last census, an excess of upwards of 700,000 males. This excess is partly to be accounted for from the circumstance that among emigrants males are most numerous. Men are better able to leave their homes and settle abroad than women, and furthermore, are not so much kept at home by local attachments. They feel it incumbent "to go and seek their fortunes," impelled by ambition, love of adventure, or hope of speedy gain.

These causes have operated powerfully in some of our Eastern States, and have drawn heavily on their male population, so much so, indeed, as to leave a preponderance of females in all of them, except Maine and Vermont. In Massachusetts, in 1860, there were 37,000 more females than males. In New York there were 11,000 more; while in California there were 141,000 more males than females, and in Indiana 59,000 more, Wisconsin 40,000 more. In the territories, the disproportion of the sexes was, and is, naturally much greater.

This unequal distribution of the sexes, obviously detrimental to the morality, as well as the material welfare of the country, has long attracted the attention of reflecting men, but has not, until lately, called out any practical, or attempt at practical remedy, except on a very small scale. A few years ago, Governor Slade of Vermont, undertook to promote the emigration of women from New England to some of the Western States, but only a few hundred, we believe, went out under his auspices. It was not until last winter that the matter was made the subject of Executive notice and recommendation. Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts, who combines more of practical philosophy, with propagandist zeal than any statesman of the day, called the attention of the Legislature of that State to the disproportion of sexes as a matter deserving of consideration, if not of legislative action. We have not his message at hand, and cannot say if he made any specific recommendation in the premises.

About the same time the Legislature of Washington Territory, within which, in 1860, there were 8,225 males, and only 2,913 females, acting under the inspirations of a Mr. Mercer, authorized him, as agent, to undertake the enlistment of women for the territory. It made no appropriation for the purpose, nor did it attach any emolument to his office. It seems that this gentleman came east, met with hearty co-operation from Governor Andrew, and especially from Gen. Grant, and was received with favor in those districts where the female population most largely predominates. The net results of his efforts seem to be, that upwards of one thousand women, most of them between the ages of 16 and 20 years, have determined to cast their fortunes in Washington Territory. The Government has given them the use of the steamer Continental, which, however, the agent of the territory is obliged to equip and cupply, and in doing so has conferred a more tangible benefit on the country than can possibly result from keeping up a "show fleet," in European waters, at a thousand times the cost. The speedy population and development of an important territory, the amelioration of the condition of a considerable body of our population, with concurrent moral elevation, is an object worthy of governmental attention and aid.

The movement may be regarded as experimental, but there can be little doubt of its success, and, if successful, it will probably result in establishing an equilibrum in the distribution of the sexes throughout the country, so far as that equilibrium can be established, under the present preponderance of males.

The circumstances under which these young women go to the Pacific slope, contrast strongly with these which attached to the somewhat egresponding immigration of women to the colonies of Virginia and Georgia. The mothers of the "chivalry," or a large proportion of them, were women taken from houses of correction, or arrested for social improprieties not necessary to name. They were sent over at Government expense and sold to the settlers. A hundred pounds of tobacco was the price of "a buxom lass" in Virginia.

The fair emigrants to Washington Territory



CITY ENORMITIES—EVERY BRUTE CAN BEAT HIS BEAST.

are such only as can establish the highest character for virtue and propriety. They pay sums for their passage proportionate to their means, or engage to pay a certain sum from their earnings when they arrive at their destination, where they are guaranteed $4 a week and board, with higher prices for services of a higher grade. The wives and daughters of slain Union soldiers pay, or engage to pay, but $25 for a voyage of 10,000 miles.

No one who has the good of the country at heart can fail to wish "God speed!" to the Continental, with its load of youth and womanly hope. Its passengers go to ameliorate a frontier society, to build up homes, for there is no home without woman's presence, and to help to lay deep and firm the foundations of a State. No mission could be worthier. May its success be commensurate with its merits.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 28, 1865.

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The Currency.

Once more this vexed subject has been dragged upon the carpet, and we have a full exposition of the views of Secretary McCulloch on our floating cash capital, in a speech delivered by him at Fort Wayne, Indiana, on Wednesday, Oct. 11th.

In that speech he expressed—as was to be expected—the strongest desire to place our currency at a specie value, and declared his belief that such a consummation can not be arrived at unless a large portion of it is removed from circulation by funding. He could not believe in our present prosperity, as long as it is based upon depreciated paper, and saw no safety but in a return to a currency redeemable in specie.

He attributed the present inflation in prices and tendency to reckless speculation to be the result of a redundant circulation, and drew a rather gloomy picture of our future financial condition, in case the volume of currency were not reduced so as meet only the legitimate wants of the country. Apart from mere financial considerations, however, the Secretary advocated the curtailment of our paper currency, on grounds of public morality. "The existing inflation," he said, "is corrupting the public morals, and converting the business of the country into gambling, not confined to stock and produce boards, but spreading through our towns and into the rural districts. Men," he continued, "are apparently getting rich, while morality languishes, and the productive industry of the country is being diminished." He nevertheless thinks that a nation that has raised the largest armies known in modern times, and sustained them in the field without borrowing from other nations, has within it the strength and capacity to escape the financial disasters which have invariably attended on the close of great wars in other countries, and are supposed to be inevitably consequent on heavy issues of irredeemable paper. He thinks if Congress will authorize, at an early day, the funding of legal tenders, the currency can be contracted within reasonable limits, without any serious disturbance to legitimate business. He will probably recommend such action to Congress. His action in this direction has been decided, and he has exhausted his authority in funding the legal tenders. Within a few weeks, availing himself of an overlooked clause in an old act of Congress, he has withdrawn $50,000,000 of greenbacks and interest bearing notes, and all the late monthly treasury reports have shown a constant reduction in the volume of paper, which, though small as compared with the total issue, must, nevertheless, ultimately tell on it, and bring it nearer to what the Secretary regards as "the wants of legitimate business."

We are not among those who regard our currency as very greatly in excess of our requirements. These requirements have greatly increased within four years, and will increase with unprecedented rapidity every coming year, and themselves rapidly absorb whatever there may be of excess in our present issues. Still, there can be no doubt of the general soundness of Mr. McCulloch's position. It will not require the withdrawal of many millions to eliminate the gambling surplus, equalize prices, and restore that financial steadiness which are essential to "legitimate business." That Congress, if satisfied of the soundness of his views, will give him the authority requisite to this end, is not to be doubted. The bare passage of a bill authorizing the funding of $300,000,000 of "greenbacks" on advantageous terms, would reduce the premium on gold to within 10 per cent. in a week; and that amount finally withdrawn would, we feel sure, bring us to substantially a specie basis. Of course "fancy" stocks and fancy importers of "fancy" French goods and gewgaws would come down "on the run," and elicit a dismal howl of "ruin." The public interest, however, would be subserved, and the distress of the "fancies" generally be looked upon with resignation and composure. It is for them to prepare themselves for the coming crash. They are forewarned.

There is a paper published in this city weekly, with commendable regularity, and it is called the *Weekly Review*. Why it should be called "Review" is not clear. However, that is not the question. It has a correspondent, who adopts the highly Celtico-Italico cognomen of "McArone"—a name that may identify him, as may suit his convenience, with the Fenians or the Carbonari. His productions are not worthless; on the contrary, they ought to give the *Review* a distinctive and remunerative individuality. It is rarely, indeed, that a contributor strikes a literary vein which lasts a twelvemonth; *vide* "Doesticks," and sundry other ephemeral writers, not excepting "Orpheus C. Kerr." Some one having the *time*, which is, perhaps, of more consequence than anything else, ought to write "The History and Progress of American Humor," taking in "Maj. Downing" and "Squibob." American humor may not have been, in all cases, of the highest or chastest kind, but it will be interesting to follow its developments in the country. This is of as much interest, historically, as the record of national progress in many other directions. Humor is a thing of ancient Spain and modern America. The English occupy an intermediate position; Continental nations have little, the French none at all. No people are more ready to recognize wit and humor than our own. It, however, must be vital, belonging to the times, and not what is called "classical." We are making history, not repeating it, for the circumstances forbid any deep deference to precedent. Anterior facts do not apply to the new order of things. Humor must conform to altered circumstances. Its only peril, in this country, is that of descending a little too low in subject or language. The *Weekly Review*, in the person of "McArone," has this, among other things, for the week, which is endurable:

"You say Madame X. is a splendid woman—graceful and 'swanlike.'

"The swan is a great splay-footed thing, that eats live frogs and newts, and soils the margin of lakes.

"Perhaps 'Chickabiddy' is as inoffensive an ornithological endearment as can be applied to woman.

"The domestic hen, though not precisely graceful, and liable to be tempted occasionally by a dead mouse or a bit of raw meat, is, after all, quite as well behaved as any of her more pretentious sisters.

"'Ducky,' however, is inadmissable and unpardonable. 'Piggy' would be just as flattering.

"The idea of comparing your loved one to a creature whose head is all mouth, whose walk is a deformed waddle, whose sweetest note sounds like driving carpet-tacks, and whose food is offal!

"It is a little too much.

"It were far better to call her a cow. The cow has dignity; the duck has none. The cow has strong maternal instincts, and may have beauty; the duck has, and can have, neither."

A just alarm is created among the Americans resident in Europe, as to the amount of money abstracted by tourists, from the wealth of this country. It is estimated that there are now on the continent (few Americans find it either pleasant or profitable to stop in Great Britain) not less than 50,000 American visitors, each one expending at least $3,000 per annum—equal to a yearly expenditure of $150,000,000 in gold. Yet most of the people making this vast drain on the country have never seen the Mississippi nor even Niagara, but run to gaze on the sewer called the Seine! Thousands who have never, even as residents of New York, visited the grandest aqueduct in the world, or that was ever in the world, the Croton, will get up at an unseemly hour in the morning, and pay a guide, in order to visit the little fiddling contrivance, equal to that of a second-class hotel here, which supplies Leghorn with water. They will weary themselves to reach lakes, and pretend to gaze on them with rapture, compared with which Mahopac and even Lucern are oceans. These people forget that intelligent Europeans, or those whose good opinion is worth having, look with contempt on Americans who are not acquainted with the natural beauties and resources of their own country. With plenty of money to spend they will be able to buy cheap obsequiance and apparent respect of the *garcons* of Paris and the *kellners* of Germany, but they will not have in consequence either the recognition or esteem of those whose right it is to put the stamp of Epaminondas on them, or to confer that social status which is, or ought to be, their highest ambition to attain.

The dense ignorance which reigns among a portion of the white population of South Carolina has been often noted in print, and the fact has, therefore, gained wide circulation. But it is not so universally known that this class is fitly represented in the South Carolina Constitutional Convention, as the following remarks made by Mr. Dunovant, on the sixth day of the session, abundantly shows: "I deny that slavery is abolished. The relation of the master and slave is disrupted, but that relation returns as soon as you restore the writ of *habeas corpus*. I will not admit that we are rightfully under military rule; the President has no warrant in the Constitution for keeping a standing army among us, and I will not submit my will to him in this matter."

The last steamer from Central America brings intelligence that the greatest dissatisfaction exists throughout all the Republics against Salvador for the shooting of Ex-President Barrios. The present President of Salvador, Dueñas, is afraid to leave his house, which he keeps strongly guarded, and sees no one, for fear of being assassinated.

The "Fenian movement" in Ireland is the prevailing or pet excitement in Europe. The Paris *Presse* calls the Irish "great children, loving noise, agitation, whiskey, and nocturnal vagabondism." What else could we expect from the frog-eaters? While we might, perhaps, agree with the *Presse* in some of its allegations, we deny its accuracy when it says: "At bottom Ireland has no real grievance; she is in the enjoyment of civil, *religious* and commercial liberty." We have italicised "religious," because no statement could be more at variance with truth. We will agree with our Gallic contemporary, not that "Ireland has no reason for revolting," but in the assertion that she "has not the means requisite for doing so." This is the rub. The time will come, it may soon come, but it is not now.

The Paris *Debats* thinks that the question now forced on England is "one of serious embarrassment," but to be accounted for by the "disbandment of the Federal armies." Our readers can form their own estimate of the value of the last observation. The *Debats* supports its position by arguing that

"Wherever powerful armies are hastily disbanded after having been hastily formed they rarely fail to leave behind them certain elements in dissolution which ferment and depo it in the atmosphere the germs of fresh storms. It is, then, only a question of finding out in what part of the world the storm will burst. If not in Mexico it will be in Ireland! Viewed in this light Fenianism appears to us a more serious affair than people were at first inclined to suppose."

The London *Times* comforts the loyal Britons by doing the United States "the justice to say" that

"So far from conniving at these filibustering designs, or at the exportation of firearms to Ireland, there is reason to believe that it has earnestly discouraged them. It is stated that the information upon which the seizure was made at the *Irish People* office was derived from Washington, and may probably have been communicated to our Minister by the United States authorities. We sincerely trust that such may prove to be the case, and none would have more reason to thank Mr. Seward for his intervention than the deluded youths who may thus have been saved from plunging further into crime."

Mr. McHenry, a liberal American gentleman, residing in England, has purchased Mr. Bierstadt's picture of the Rocky Mountains, for the sum of $25,000. Mr. McHenry is a gentleman of cultivated taste and a liberal patron of art, and already possesses a fine collection of paintings, valued at $600,000.

Gen. Banks has been nominated to Congress, in Massachussetts, and has thus "defined his position:" "I am in favor of granting the right of suffrage to colored men. I believe this measure to be necessary to the settlement of the affairs of this country, and have full confidence that it will be adopted."

A discovery of a deposit of alum has been made on First avenue, between 47th and 48th streets, in this city. It was found 10 feet below the surface of the earth, in layers between the rocks. Dr. Parmelee thinks there might have been chemical works in that vicinity in years past, and this alum is the deposit from it.

The question whether the United States is or are a singular or a plural, was settled by the Constitution of the country, in which the designation is uniformly used in the plural, as, for instance, in that recently forgotten clause which declares, that "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against *them*, or in adhering to *their* enemies."

Artemus Ward is "mixed" on the matter of genders, in writing of Jeff Davis. He says: "Jeff Davis is not pop'lar here. She is regarded as a Southern sympathizer. & yit I'm told he was kind to his Parents. She ran away from 'em many years ago, and has never bin back. This was showin' 'em a good deal of consideration when we reflect what his conduck has been. Her captur in female apparel confooses me in regard to his sex, & you see I speak of him as a her as frekent as otherwise, & I guess he feels so hissel."

The vote on the question of permitting negroes to vote in Connecticut, resulted, 26,851 for, and 33,263 against. Two votes have been taken on this question in New York, namely, in 1846 and 1862, resulting, the first, 85,306 for, and 223,845 against; the second, 197,503 for, and 337,984 against.

That the prevalence of cannibalism marks a step in the development and progress of a people, is rather a startling proposition. It has, however, been broached in a paper read before the British Association by Mr. Crawford, author of "The Indian Archipelago." His argument was to the effect that the early races of men, originally eaters of the raw flesh of animals, were driven at a subsequent stage of progress, when wild animals had become scarce, to eat the bodies of their slain enemies. This was the stage of cannibalism, and it ceased when, pressed by a diminishing supply of food, human ingenuity was stimulated to invent means for augmenting it by cultivating vegetable food and domesticating animals.

It is plain that the way out of all our financial troubles lies in the application of labor to the undeveloped resources of the country. With a population about equal to that of the British Isles, we have 30 times their area of square miles, and 100 times or 1,000 times their natural wealth. Our coal mines alone are, in square miles, nearly double the whole area of Great Britain and Ireland, yet England is still the greatest miner o coal in the world. The New York *Tribune* says:

"Eight million six hundred acres of coal fields, which make an extensive surrounding near Pittsburg, rate at an average depth of eight feet, and are estimated to contain 53,516,430,000 tons of coal, which, at $2 per ton, would be worth $107,032,860,000 or four thousand millions of national debt paid twenty-seven times, or a thousand years' gold and silver product of California and Nevada, supposing their yield to be one hundred millions every year. This is plausibly quoted as a fact in itself of great encouragement. Add to the sum given, gold, silver, iron, copper, lead, petroleum, &c., by the same process of eduction, and it would be vain to calculate the result."

As an appendix to the list of the rebel bond holders in high places in England, the list of members who composed the Southern Independence Association will be read with considerable interest. Fourteen members of the British Parliament joined the society, and half of them contributed to the funds. Six members of the House of Lords were also in the pot, and the irrepressible Beresford Hope appears to have conducted the correspondence, backed up by W. S. Lindsay and Robert Bourke, a less known rebel sym pathizer.

"An American is only an Englishman rather more sharpened up," says Sir Morton Peto, who has been able during his western tour to see the point.

Article 234 of the French Code reads thus:

"In cases of adultery, the murder committed by the husband on his wife, and also upon her accomplice, at the moment he surprises them *en tête-à-tête*, in the conjugal dwelling, is excusable."

A letter has been published by the late Mr. Cobden, to a French friend, estimating with characteristic sagacity the issue of the American war just a year before its conclusion, before the taking of Atlanta, and therefore while all the principal English authorities spoke of ultimate success as the wildest of dreams. He predicted also the sudden collapse of the Confederacy in the end. He, at the same time, wrote concerning the Mexican intervention: "The resentment against you for the Mexican intervention is ready to burst forth the moment the rebellion is in a sure way of defeat," and he anticipates "a peremptory demand from Washington for explanations from the Tuileries which will lead to war or humiliation." The American people are awaiting impatiently for the realization of this anticipation.

The "Pennsylvania Freedman's Relief Association" has charge of 4 schools in South Carolina, 5 in Tennessee, 4 in Alabama, 7 in Washington, 3 in Virginia, with over 3,500 pupils on their registers, and an average attendance of nearly 2,800 The teaching extends generally to geography, sometimes to history, and even physiology. The schools are far from being, as is sometimes asserted, attended mainly by sharp half-breeds. Out of 380 pupils on the school registers of South Carolina, only 38 are mulattoes, 342 pure blacks, and to show that these latter fairly enter into the higher studies, it is sufficient to say that the number of pupils who study mental arithmetic is 151; of those who study written arithmetic, 117; and geography, 116.

A report to the Academy of Medicine of Paris states that since Home introduced into France the clumsy jugglery of "the Misses Fox, of Rochester, N. Y.," insanity has increased 21 per cent. The *Journal de Rouen* speaks of a town where, after the sojourn of a spirit-rapper, 50 women entered a lunatic asylum.

At the Episcopal General Convention lately held in Philadelphia, delegates, lay and clerical, appeared from the dioceses of Texas, North Carolina and Tennessee. It is supposed that there will be a complete re-union of the Church, North and South, before the meeting of the next general convention.

TOWN GOSSIP.

With the coming on of winter, in the city there are two all-absorbing topics of conversation. Among the rich, fashion and amusement; and among the poor, the ways and means to struggle through the inclement season and make both ends meet.

We are not croakers, but we cannot help foretelling a hard winter for the latter class. The market for employment is fearfully overstocked in some of the departments, and our streets are full of men who have just returned from the army and are without occupation, while all the necessities of life are at the very highest grade. These facts must operate to make a severe winter among the poorer classes, which cannot fail to be felt the moment the cold weather commences. Coal is $13 per ton, and yet it is not claimed that there is any falling off in the supply. Coal men, and all those engaged in any way in the traffic, are growing rich, one of our citizens claiming that he will this year realize $1,000,000 from his immense business in it. There are, in this city, three or four dealers in that fuel who can at any time control the market, and put it up or down a dollar or two per ton at their pleasure.

As it is with coal, so it is with everything else of the necessaries of life. A few greedy speculators can control the market, and after their greed is satisfied, then comes the rapacity of a horde of small Dutch and Irish corner grocers, who not content, as in the olden time, with a fair profit, know no reason in their demands, and in many cases actually ask and re-

ceive two or three hundred per cent. advance. We look upon these petty grievances as the curse of our poor people, and only please to bleed the workingman out of his earnings and keep him always in their clutches. One year we find some Union of the species opening a former grocery, with a capital of $10, a bar behind a screen, or in the back room, where villainous compounds are retailed and called liquor, and the next we find him owning the house he started in, perhaps two or three more about the neighborhood, and running for Alderman in his ward.

With the rich this infusion works in the same way. They are now getting an advance upon articles of luxury not in the least degree warranted by the state of the currency, or the price of gold. Ask some of these goods are twice what they are on the other side of the water, and yet in the face of this fact shopping never was brisker or more money spent. Nothing is too extravagant for us, and the importers say that the very best of everything comes to America. Bonnets at $100; velvet cloaks at $400 and $500, are not uncommon, and create no remark.

As having some connection with the subject of extravagance and money spending, let us give a computation of the money spent in one night, as accurately computed from observation and manuscript statements at the different theatres in this city:

Academy of Music—Opera	$2,957 50
Niblo's—Ballet	1,840 00
Barnum's—all day	1,560 20
Olympic—Ledger	1,200 00
Wallack's—Double Gallant	1,100 50
Winter Garden—An American Cousin	917 00
Broadway Theatre—Celeste	859 75
Bowery	640 00
New Bowery	450 00
American Theatre	400 00
Bryant's Minstrels	440 00
Wood's	415 00
San Francisco	375 50
Tony Pastor's	265 00
Brooklyn Academy—Hermann	400 00

Making in all a total of about $14,000 in one night for the leading places of amusement, a judgment of the thousand spots where thousands of dollars are spent in every part of the city.

As having a bearing, and being interesting to persons in the habit of theatre-going, it is well to do no more than discuss a little the old subject that attracted so much attention last winter—"Gas-fitting and Gas-fitters' Pretensions." These associations, last winter, were great successes, and will very easily be revived. It is an matter interesting to New York alone, but to every town and village in the country. It is only necessary for a few persons to be together and get together to be free of their number treasurers and stewards and having put whatever they have on together, to organize a band of cards to purchase certain necessaries of life at the wholesale price, retailing them out to each other at the same rate. By this plan they will save the 100 per cent. which is now paid to the middle man, or the retail grocer. Why this plan is not carried out among family men working together in factories, or in neighborhoods, is something we cannot see through, or account for. It has been tried among consumers of coal, and with the general public in paying $15, these subscribers are getting it for $7, and the only cause of dissatisfaction is the city that are now waking up for the winter e-scon are pressing to be about the same rate. It is not necessary for any one to wait to find out such an institution. It can be started by forming a list, and any dozen or eight can do that.

Among the institutions of the day, and one which bids fair to be the fashion, is the cooking school of one Mrs. Hayes, who is the lecturer and teacher by occupation so to speak. The gentleman has opened rooms in the upper part of Broadway, and proposes to instruct ladies in the genius art of cookery. How successful he may be we have not yet had any successful opportunity to inspection, the idea is one that even if in its infancy, and the Professor a tyro, should be encouraged. A cooking school should be something a little more than a mere matter of trade; it should be mechanical. Every scholar should be taught the simple chemistry of food, and what will nourish. They should know the chemical economics of food, and to make everything tell, as well as to make savory dishes. We know that no cook can be a good one without a generous one, but there are many persons they can study the economy of generosity. Generosity and economy are two things, though they are too frequently confounded. If the teacher does not understand this, and does not instruct pupils in the principles of climate and locality on food, he is utterly unfit for his position. Let him read the life of Soyer, take from their European localities and dropped here without having to take opportunity to study the nature and or the climate, would make a failure on the very first dinner they gave.

Among the many unnoticed matters of deep import to the city of late is one frequently brought to our civil and criminal courts. In the country, anything or this kind, though attended with a heavy small amount of money or a light punishment, will attract the attention of a whole county, and the people, when they find out that it is individual interest to them, and show that interest by their votes. In the city, people are too deeply immersed in the sea of business to mind the small waves that are going about them, even when at some future time one may engulph them.

The last case in point is one we have up a morning's paper, and read a few lines reporting a couple of cases. The first was that of a man who uses the wooding-up merchants, Messrs. Hoyt, for repairs to an injured body, caused by one of their carts rolling pulling a valuable, if flour upon him as he passed their store, so injuring him that he was carried from their door to a hospital. The jury adjudged his three months' suffering at $750, and the four-pound-loss thus throwing each still go on from a thousand stores, and men, women and children who get their ribs crushed, their legs broken, and their clothes torn, and all for the sake of a certain saving, without it ever entering the head of a policeman that an ounce of prevention is a lot or less worth than a pound of cure.

The other case is that of a porter and collector for the baggage and lily perfume at the corner of Pine. He had collected some money ($60), and before he made his returns, he was knocked down and robbed. Two persons held him responsible, and sent him before a magistrate. Luckily for the porter, all his character is good in Silk Prison under the prosecution of his millionaire employer, the thieves were arrested, tried, convicted, and sent to that establishment; and still, in the face of this fact, Mr. Shoddy sued the porter for the value of a charge of boxes sound, a charge the magistrate, Justice Dodge, promptly allowed. The porter, an elderly and of respectable man, was desirous to repay the money, and offered, in default of the place, to work it out, but the representatives of Shoddy could see nothing but the prison of the Penitentiary on the spot. As no such thing operation could be performed, all hands left the temple of justice disgusted, the porter at having been knocked down, robbed of his own money as well, and had to pay for it, Shoddy at the bad use he had made of him of giving him two years in State Prison for the crime of losing his own. Why, it was a great city!

Nothing new, much, among the theatres. The Broadway has changed hands, Dr. Wallack's "Double Gallant" is only a commendation of everything, and at that, a better written play than "An American Cousin," has been a great success, which simply shows that the public value of the amused, not instructed. Celeste has made its decided a hit in the bionic whirlwind Sam, as Gabriel, in the Duenna, and Parlor in the Groom, plucked from the burning brands of the circus and put into livery, brings down the house two or three times in real gushes of laughter. Miss Olive Logan is poor, wretchedly so. She is awkward on the stage, has a bad dressing voice, and is entirely without the first idea of fun. She even lacks that great essential for a woman upon the stage—she does not know how to make up, but dresses as though her clothes were put on with a hay fork. We feel sorry to say these facts, but the truth is, last Week's female representatives of the drama will not do for New York.

Barnum, always up to the times, or a little beyond, has laid in a new stock of giants, fat girls and dwarfs, and is adding every day some new feature. There is one thing about Barnum's of which very little mention is made, but which, to our thinking, is the great feature, and that is that he gives for about half the money a better theatrical performance than a majority of the theatres of the country. The Lecture-Room is a neat, well ventilated and comfortable seated place, and the company a little better than usual. We noticed in it Miss Sallie Partington, a young lady whose so many of the youths of Gotham went broken-hearted about several years ago, and who has returned to us more beautiful than ever, and with such a thing as painting the lily or gilding refined gold.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The local police of Nashville, Tenn., are now allowed to search all houses, and occasionally searched by the Provost Marshal, and if any weapons are found they are taken from the owners.

——The detection of Dr. Mudd, who endeavored to make his escape from the Dry Tortugas, by disguising himself on board the steamer Thomas Scott, was brought about in a very curious manner. The doctor had managed to reach the coal bunk, and to cover himself over with coal, excepting his head and shoulders, which were exposed. The search was about to be abandoned, when one of the officers, suspecting that the doctor had a sword into the coal, the point of it touching the hidden man's face, and causing him to start, which at once revealed his place of concealment. He was immediately taken back to prison and put to hard labor.

——The Memphis Bulletin says that the recent rapid increase in the value of real estate in that vicinity, relieves the following story of a speculator of that city who suddenly became rich against his will: "A few years since a gentleman sold a piece of property of this city, an account for collection. It was not a large claim, but the debtor was by no means in a prosperous condition, as otherwise he would have got nothing for his Circinnatus from the Mississippi plantation got a piece of property which he accepted for the debt. When he informed the Cincinnati gentleman of the deal done, they refused to be bound by it, and wrote back a very indignant letter, in which they told him that since he had wanted him to purchase real estate for them, they would not be bound by his purchase. He was not at all troubled about it that he finally gave his own note for the amount of the debt, $1,100, retaining the land thus reluctantly thrust upon him. He subsequently disposed of the same for of land is now worth $100,000, and even that sum has already been refused for it by a speculator, or by stems, and lincets will not moiest the plants.

——The Richmond Whig says: "C. E. Dalley, Esq., of the Treasury Department, Washington, passed through this city on Saturday, en route to his home in Georgia, accompanied by his wife and baby. The latter is one of a pair of twins born during the war, and is now about two months and a half before they were expected, weighed only two pounds and a half. The other twin is now seven weeks old, and weighs two and a half pounds.

——The New York correspondent of a Cincinnati paper says: "Mr. Beecher's wages in the forests of our avenue belies. The slanderer!—but he states as a fact that he pretty freely indulges in champagne, that $50,000 in a single night at costs.

——The Richmond Whig says: "Our continued drouth, has become such an article of luxury in some parts of Mississippi that it is sold by the bottle. Gentlemen of the people are afraid they will soon be obliged to use sea water.

——A young lady in Richmond was lately robbed of all her wedding outfit the very day before that appointed for her marriage. The thief was subsequently caught.

——The cargo of a New London whaler, just in, is worth $300,000. The vessel is commanded by Capt. Allen, captain of a whale ship, which not long since made from a voyage of 37 months, took as his part of the proceeds $100,000 in gold. Capt. Allen is a young man than was ever before received by a whaling captain for 37 days.

——A Grand Hotel at the Central Park.—It is stated that Mr. Stewart, proprietor of the Metropolitan Hotel, has purchased the ground bounded by Fifth avenue, Fifty-ninth street, Sixth avenue and Fifty-fifth street, for the purpose of erecting a magnificent hotel at the Fifth Avenue entrance to the Central Park.

——Soldiers in the Custom House.—Six military officers, including Brevet-Brigadier General Scott, have been appointed by the President to the Custom House. Three one-armed soldiers have also been appointed night inspectors. Two hundred and fifty soldiers have received the appointment of laborers in the public stores.

——Mrs. Symonds, of Malden, Mass., whose husband was murdered by a negro in that place about two months ago, has just received a dispatch from Washington, stating that he died at Andersonville prison, and that his body was buried there by the order.

——A young mulatto blessed a second song in a Newburn, N. C., tinsetre the other night, for which offence he was seized by the police, taken before the Mayor, and fined $20.

——Jeff. Thompson says the only persons in the South at the present time who are willing to go to war fighting, are those who did not do say when they had the opportunity.

——The late Concord, N. H., robbery is still enveloped in mystery. A large number of persons living in the vicinity of the robbery, the Express Company, Government bonds, and deposited them in this bank, and subsequently received the bonds after the successful burglary.

——Gottschalk, the celebrated pianist, has been creating a great sensation in California, not by his musical talents, but as showing the power of the female ladies to escape from their boarding school at night. The school is broken up in consequence.

——The Boston Post says that the Albemarle will get $30,000 as his share of the prize money out of the Stonewall.

——Women have a "hard" time in Nashville, Tenn. Scarcely a day passes but some fresh horrible case has impose a fine on half a dozen or more men for beating their females. The brutes are in all cases fined $25, the latter of a few.

——The usual predictions of a very cold winter have been made. The birds have started off to the South. The musquitoes gave their last spiteful bites on Monday last.

——Prof. Snell of Amherst College, who has kept a meteorological record for 27 years, says he never recorded so small an amount of rain for the same month as during the month of September last.

——It is reported that Ralph Waldo Emerson left his entire property by the Concord Bank robbery, except his manuscript.

——The Boston Post says the butter sold in that city contains 10 per cent. of lard.

Foreign.—A tragedy was recently enacted in a small hamlet of the commune of Moniaux (Vaucluse), but one which has unhappily many pieces out of a feeling of jealousy between a husbandman and his wife, the former ended in the most horrible point blank into the mouth of the woman, wounding at the same time his little daughter, aged three years, who was in her arms at the moment. The assassin immediately afterwards blew out his own brains with the same weapon.

——Somewhat late in the day it has been determined to erect a memorial at Birmingham to James Watt, the "Father and pioneer of mechanical engineering." Watt died in 1819.

——Mr. C. J. Richardson, in a letter to the London *Times*, says his chimney at Woolwich Dockyard has shown that petroleum is 50 per cent. more powerful than the best coal as steam fuel, that it can be burned with ease and without danger.

——The Eternal City is hard to cope to claim the fifteen of the Pope. The mouth of the Tiber, it is said, has been surveyed, and the work of restoring the port of Rome is to be undertaken. Or will Italy not let Rome become again the capital of the Old World?

——During the recent Eisteddfod at Llandudno, on the coast of Wales, a prize was offered for the best Welsh poem on the Holy Cross. The prize was won by a little girl eight years old, the daughter of a London banker.

——In the report of the British Inland Revenue Commissioners, just issued, it is stated that while writing letters containing money, and signed individual as "conscience-money" or unpaid income-tax, and in a few instances the sum of £1,000 has been received from one individual.

——The greatest strike at work in the Sheffield cutlery factories are very ignorant. Several lately, in answer to questions put, stated that they had heard the name of Bonaparte, but could not tell who he was. Believe she 'found 'em in money.' Never heard of Adam or Eve. Thought Napoleon was the man and man made woman. One child, aged 12, said that the Queen's name was Victoria, but thought she was a man. Another of the same age declared that he did not live in England.

——The hideous practice of "waking" is still carried on in Ireland. At the late Cork Assizes a coroner's jury found that the deceased had died from natural causes, the body of a man who had died of drink was kept for a week. The house was filled with all who liked to be exposed, and a tallow candle on each side of him. The coffin was then carried to the grave-yard on men, about 12 feet square, to the number of 10 at once, during the whole time, night and day.

——Mr. Hall has built a church in London for the use of the deaf and dumb, of whom it is supposed there are no less than 2,000 in the metropolis alone, without a suitable place of worship. The Queen has given £50, and contributed others £25, if 40 others will give the same amount.

——According to statistical returns, there are in London, 12,000 public houses, licensed, in 6,300 of which different trades are carried on. The thirteen-part of the population of London is computed at 2,500,000.

——The Panama *Star* says: "The unhappy wife of Gen. Santiago Perez, President of Peru, is one of the brightest ornaments in Central American society; a lady of fine education, refined manners, and accomplishments, a lover of a husband, to whom she was so much attached, that she followed him into exile, and shared, in all its adversity, will be an irreparable affliction to her; but all will be forgotten when she shall have a hero's crown of glory, and we doubt not she will outlive her present grief. Two vengeance wreaked at some future day on the heads of those who have so deeply imbrued their hands in her husband's blood, and who now stand before the world a disgrace to the name of soldier, to the name of man and a stain on the very name of humanity and civilization."

——A journal has just been started at Naples, under the curious title of *Il Pungolo*. Strong and vigorous, it give full details of the progress and direction of the epidemic, and contains a host of useful remedies, palliatives, and antidotes hitherto discovered.

——Some wag says: "Among the new publications is announced a work entitled 'Poetry,' by the author of 'The Life of Cæsar,' with a few words about the copyright."

——There is a great outcry in England at the proposed new regulations for the privateer crops. The English oyster is a small round bivalve, with a strong coppery flavor, something as if a penny had become mature, and although foreigners (especially Americans) do not like it to begin with, they soon get to like it as a matter of deal. The French crop is not good, and the cunning Parisians are tempting the dredgers to make contracts with them for supplies.

——M. Place, formerly French Consul at Mossoul, has devoted the last few years to personal and active research on the site of ancient Nineveh, is printing, at the Imperial Printing Office, a splendid work, giving exactly illustrated with engravings, embodying the result of those labors.

A STORY OF EGYPT.

SOME of the stories of the family of Mehemit Ali, late Viceroy of Egypt, are worthy of the eminent personage to whom they are discussed are the Nights." Fadia's daughter, Princess Nashi-Hanem, was a second Charlotte of Russia, or Marguerite de Bourgogne. She has married the Prince Mohammed Ali, second son of Ismail Pasha, and is remarkable for her beauty and her cruelty. One day Mohammed Ali hinted to his daughter that he never felt quite at ease with her husband, that events might arise which would present to him the princess, his wife. Coffee does not always agree with the Orientals, and Mohammed Ali's cook Nashi-Hanem sought to seduce her widowhood by a systematic course of intrigue. Her emissaries frequented the coffee-houses, and the conversation had not been found, he was desired to present himself at a certain gate of the palace at a certain hour. There he was received by two eunuchs, and (no chance) his eyes were bandaged, and he was conducted to the presence. For the first moment he thought he was going to be killed, but the eighth day, "My husband is coming home," she would say: "we must part; but when he is again absent, I shall send for you once more."

The visitor's eyes were again bandaged. When the bandage was removed he was standing at the door. He was conducted to a store opening on the river, and sped forward with a gentle push. At another of the royal seats, the Palace of Kasr-el-Nil, on the bank of the Nile, the palace in the Moskee, the same useful office was performed by a cistern. These frequent disappearances at last began to excite alarm, and a young Italian determined to break the spell. He went assiduously to the cafés where the eunuchs were wont to resort, and he dispensed. One evening, a eunuch of the harem seated himself near the young stranger and began to converse.

"I know a fair lady who is not if different to you," he began, "and if you wish I can manage the introduction."

"I shall be delighted, if she is so good-looking," replied the Italian; "only I can't come this evening. Will you take me to-morrow?"

"Yes; be at this door about seven o'clock, and when I pass, follow without speaking."

Next day the young man kept his appointment. He had not long to wait, and when he had followed his guide into a lonely street, he submitted to his eyes being bandaged. After a long walk, they reached a house, and ascended a staircase. The bandage was removed from his eyes in a brilliantly-lighted room, richly furnished in the eastern style. A boy, neither young nor beautiful, but admirably dressed, reclined on a divan, playing with a chaplet of coral and diamonds; a slave fanned her with a bunch of ostrich plumes. The Italian received a signal to depart, and to kiss himself on a cushion at her feet. The lady's conversation was enchanting, and with a hostess who did the honors so graciously, a week passed most agreeably. The eighth day arrived.

"We must part, my beloved," she said; "my husband is coming, and you, we should be lost."

"Madame," replied her guest, "I trust that your husband has no intention of returning, inasmuch as you are the Fair-ya Nashi-Hanem, who have been a week in some years."

The lady made a highly negative gesture.

"Believe me, madame," he continued, "I know who you are, but I am not the man to betray you. I am but I had not taken my precautions. Your domestics would recognize me, and a mad dive opening on the Nile, and insist me with a slight push.

"And, madame, what precautions have you taken?"

"Mad *Dieu*, madame, they are very simple. Instead of following your emissary at once, I arranged to come with him. I have a boat in the river, and I can trust my consul. When your retainer came to seek me, two *negre Sous* and in the room below. Consequently, if followed us; he, therefore, knows that I am here. My consul is accustomed to forewarn me if to-day he does not see me again, he will know that I have—suffered the doom of your favorites. I will address myself to his Highness the Viceroy; you perceive the scandal that would create. Rumor suspects you of numerous crimes. Suspicion will then give place to certainty."

The princess turned very thoughtful. Recovering a little, she implored him to be discreet. The Italian took his leave, and arrived without accident at the consul, where he found a cause from the consulate awaiting him, and where he remained for three days in order to scrupulously disregarded the parting request of his amiable hostess.

THE MECATHERIUM.

THIS leviathan of the vast plains of South America, which were once occupied by immense numbers of the race, now nearly extinct, partakes of the generic characters of the rhinoceros and elephant. It rivaled in size the largest rhinoceros, was armed with three of enormous length, which and power to frame possessing an extreme degree of solidity. With a head and neck like those of the sloth, its legs and feet exhibit the characters of the armadillo and the ant-eater. Some specimens of the animal give the measurement of five feet across the shoulders, and the whole bone we nearly three times as thick as that of the elephant. The spinal marrow must have been a foot in diameter, and the tail, at its part nearest the body, was not less than a foot in circumference. The girth of the body was fourteen feet and a half, and the length from the nose to the tail was admirably adapted for cutting vegetable substances, and the powerful claws were admirably adapted for scraping up the ground in search of roots, wrenching off the branches of trees, and uprooting those on which it principally fed.

The habits of this animal are accurately accounted, says Dr. Buckland, in his eloquent description of the megatherium, "it could neither run, nor leap, nor climb, nor burrow in the ground for safety. The movements must have been necessarily slow. But what need of rapid locomotion where a single pat of a stroke of a digging rools for food was almost stationary? And what need of speed in flight, when the force of a stroke whose giant carcass was exposed in an impenetrable armor? Like a mailed knight in the midst of a host of his tail, could in an instant have demolished the cougar or the ocelot that should have attempted to leap on his strong armor, where was the enemy that would dare encounter the formidable claws of this beast? In what more powerful creature can we find the cause that axe decided the extinction of this race? Man, of course was as an apparatus of colossal mechanism, adapted exactly to the work in hand. Strong and powerful as a prop portion as she creature was heavy and unwieldy, it was, nevertheless, admirably fitted for its position. Like so many other respects was it calculated to be the vehicle of the most powerful muscles to a gigantic set of projects, which, though they have ceased to be counted among the living inhabitants of the earth, still, by their fossil bones, left behind them imperishable monuments of the consummate skill with which they were constructed."

THE RED SEA.—The name Red Sea is derived from large portions being covered with patches, more a few inches in diameter, of a reddish appearance, microscopic vegetables, or animalcule, particularly abundant in the Gulf of Suez, where the water has an unusually blood red. When not affected by these organic changes, the waters are intensely blue, and the shore waters shades of green.

CHEAP LIGHT.—A London lamp manufacturer claims to have discovered a new and cheap burning magnesium wire. By burning a strip of zinc in connection with a battery of four cells, he is able to reduce the cost of the light two-thirds. He predicts that in the course of a few years he will be able to obtain a street a mile long at the rate of half-penny an hour. The wonder is that the inventor or two dollars a thousand (or gas will like to see Mr. Gran's prediction verified.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.—A Turin letter says: "A new beverage is offered by the Propugnatore of Bologna as a substitute for the coffee, and recommended. It is to be prepared in the following manner: Take one or two pounds of dried carobs, soak them in water so as to produce a sort of soup, not very thick to be put very gently in a saucepan with a little sugar, fry, cut this up with hot milk, and enjoy it as 'a most economical and wholesome drink for the overtaxed citizens in Signor Sella's budget.'"

TOBACCO.—There are about 30 species of tobacco, all possessing nearly the same properties. It is said the finest is grown in Persia and Turkey. It was taken to Spain, and from thence to Portugal. From Portugal it was carried to France by Jean Nicot, a famous scout-taking commenced in Pa, Catherine de Medicis, and afterwards to England. Its introduction into connection with the massacre of Protestants, being its first patron. Since that time it has increased in favor, it became an important article of commerce, and 120 pounds are the annual value for a while by some of the early settlers of Virginia.

HUMAN RACE.—The French consul at his meagre, narrow and low. The finish is small, and elaborately carved—thanks to its Moorish blood, corresponding with the Caucasian race of the Arabs and Persians. The Arab foot is proportional for its high arch; "a stream can run under the arch of the foot," as the saying is. The large anklebut; that of the Irish fits and square; the English, more delicate. The Americans are apt to be disproportionately small. A foot, for both beauty and speed, should be as large as the hand, and that in length proportioned to the height of the person. The Chinese custom of women—should be rotted and firm, and not too small.

THE JEWISH RACE.—For 1800 years the Hebrews have been dispersed among different nations and climates, and they have preserved in themselves most distinct from day intermixing with the other races of mankind. There are some Jews still lingering in the valleys of the Jordan, having been oppressed by the successive conquerors of Syria for ages—a low race of people, and described by travellers as being black as any of the Ethiopian races. Others of the Jewish people, participating in European civilization, and dwelling in the northern nations, show instances of the most complete physical beauty, as in the Jewish Duke of the Scandinavian families. We see them now to account for the difference in color without having to refer them to original or specific distinction.

THE EMBASSY FROM TUNIS.

NEW YORK has had a real sensation for the past week in the visitation of an Ambassador from the Bey of Tunis on his way to Washington. As usual with all great notabilities, Gen. Hashem, the envoy, has been taken in hand and shown about. He is accompanied by his Staff, Col. B. Goïta, Chevalier Antone Conti, and Mr. Amos Perry, as interpreter.

Gen. Hashem is about 50 years of age, and has about him all the appearance of the soldier. In complexion these gentlemen are not very dark, but rather incline to the olive tint of Southern Europe.

They have taken quarters at the Astor House, where they are the objects of perpetual curiosity as well as hospitality. Every day brings something new to our visitors; at one time a visit to the city and charitable institutions, at another to the public buildings. On Monday, the 9th inst., they officiated at a marriage, which took place while they were calling upon his Honor the Mayor, the General giving away the bride, and doing the gallant generally.

Our illustration is taken at the time of their visit to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, on the 9th inst., where they were received by Admiral Bell, Capt. Pennock and Commander Trenchard, the marines presenting arms in deference to the General's rank, and the fine band, the same that so distinguished itself at the battle of Gettysburg, playing our National airs.

They seemed deeply interested in everything, and examined the Monongahela and Lackawando, both first-class vessels, with especial interest.

From the Yard they went to the residence of Capt. Pennock, where they met Vice-Admiral Farragut, then returning to the Yard they were entertained by Admiral Bell.

In a few days they go to Washington, where they will be received by President Johnson.

SAILING OF THE SOMERSET.

SATURDAY, Sept. 30, presented a great scene in the harbor of Baltimore, the occasion being the sailing of the Somerset, the first vessel of the new line between Baltimore and Liverpool, upon her initial voyage.

The occasion was inaugurated amid sunshine and cheers, the ringing of bells, the booming of cannon, and the universal enthusiasm of the people. In the early morning the crowds began to flow towards every spot that would give them a view of the lower harbor, with the apparent intention of making the time a holiday. The steam revenue cutter Nehama was tendered by the Government to carry the officers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and all the shipping, national as well as commercial, was decorated to the highest degree.

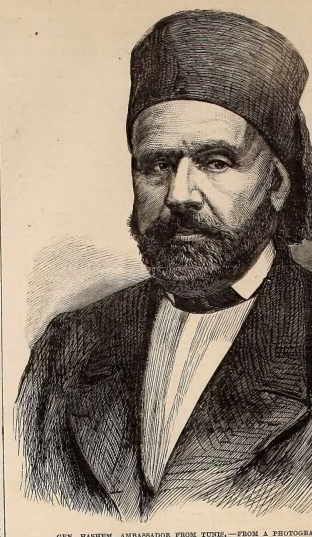
The ship goes out freighted with the wealth of Baltimore, and has already her return cargo engaged. The occasion has been one of great importance to Baltimore as illustrating that her merchants are determined to uphold her old commercial standing, and have direct communication with foreign ports, instead of depending for their facilities on other cities.

THE BRUTALITIES OF THE TOWN.

OUR first page offers an illustration of every day sights in New York, one of those brutalities that there is apparently no law for, or if there is, that it does not reach.

We do not claim cruelty to animals as something patent to New York. Unfortunately it is not, and without doubt every city will show more or less of such acts where the laws framed to cover them are not put into effect. We can draw no distinction between a great brawny fellow who will kick an animal with a heavy boot attached to a muscular leg, or strike at it with a cart rung, and he who would do the same to a human being. We would mete out the same punishment to both.

We have been gratified that our representation of cattle carrying, a few weeks since, has borne its fruit in the arrest, by the police, of several of the inhuman wretches who have offended against the better feelings of our pedestrians.



GEN. HASHEM, AMBASSADOR FROM TUNIS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

A LEAF FROM A SAILOR'S LOG.

WE had a negro on board of very sullen and repulsive aspect, who bore the euphonious cognomen of Quaco. He belonged to the captain of the schooner, who had treated him with great kindness, and cared him, of that scourge of the African called "mal d'estomac," caused by eating earth. That his cure might be completed, his humane master brought him up the Orinoco with us, and, as he had been accustomed to the kitchen, or what is better understood in the West Indies, the cook-room, employed him as cook on board the schooner. The crew having been much fatigued with their exertion that day, the captain ordered his cook to make some good coffee, and enough for all on board. This was presently brought us; but the lad who served us as steward—an intelligent creole youth—the moment he placed it upon the table, besought us with entreaties not to touch it, saying that he felt certain there was something wrong in it, and that he had already cautioned the crew. The captain was inclined to treat the boy's warning as some idle suspicion, observing that the man had not been on shore, and that the medicine-chest was safely locked But nothing could pacify the boy.

"Look at it, sir," said he earnestly; "smell it, and say if it is as it ought to be."

"Why, it is rather thick," said the captain; and taking the cup up in his hand, added, "Egad! it does smell rather queer."

I inquired whether he had any test on board that might detect anything deleterious.

"True," said he, "I have a test, and a sure one;" and he reached a case from the lockers, from which he drew a brace of pistols, and very deliberately began to load them.

"What would you do?" I exclaimed. "Surely, upon such light grounds, you won't——"

"Don't be alarmed," said he, interrupting me. "I shall do nothing rash;" and he coolly examined the flint. Having loaded and primed the weapons—"Call down Quaco and the crew."

They came into the cabin. The cook was called forward, and the crew thronged around the door.

"Quaco," said the captain, sternly, "drink that cup of coffee to the very dregs."

"I don't like coffee," said the African, drawing back in evident surprise and alarm.

"Swallow it this instant!"

The negro took a spoonful of the mixture, though trembling with fear. He held it in his mouth for a moment, and then shuddering, spit it out.

"Force him to take it, sir," said one of the sailors.

"He would have poisoned the whole of us," said a stout Augustinian.—"St. Antonio and the saints keep us!" and he crossed himself devoutly.

The sailors made an advance as though they would have enforced the request of the former, when the captain called out:

"Stand off; let no one lay hands on him."

He then emptied the cup which held the liquid into a vessel containing about a pint or more, and addressed the negro thus:

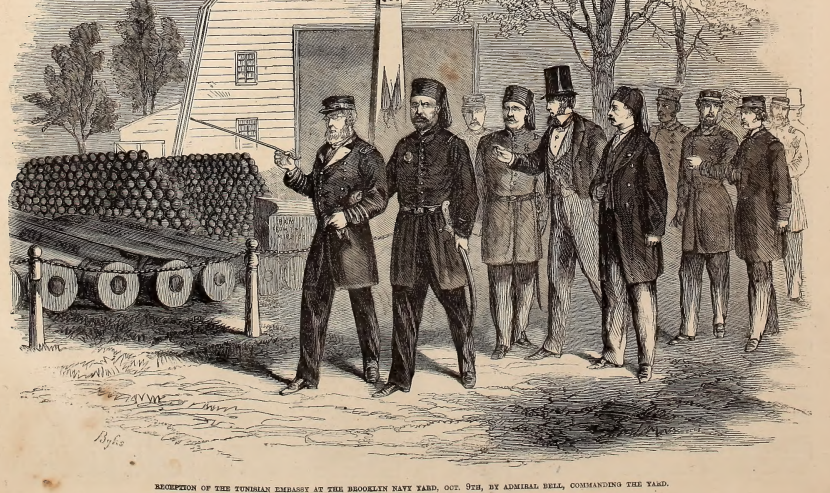
"Do you see these pistols? each contains two balls. You are a guilty man if you refuse to drink that coffee which you have made, and you only choose your death; for, as God is just, your minutes are numbered. But if you drink and are unharmed by it, I will give you your freedom for accusing you unjustly. I promise it in the presence of these witnesses. Now drink it."

The negro looked as though he understood the action of his master, if he did not fully comprehend his words, for he appeared to meditate a flight on deck; but the crew seemed to anticipate the intention, and their angry gestures plainly told him what mercy he might expect at their hands. Meantime all was silent as death, save the clicking noise which accompanied the cocking of pistols. The negro passed—big drops of sweat pourcd down his dark brow like rain—his eyes glared fearfully around, and the paleness of death was on his lips.

"Drink it this instant, you black, murderous fiend!" cried the captain, who had now no doubt of his guilt; and he leveled the pistol at his head.

The African with a convulsive grasp seized the jug, and, while his teeth chattered against its edge, drank very deep; then rolling his eyes frightfully, either on fear or agony, sank with a deep groan upon the floor of the cabin. A murmur of execration arose from the crew as he fell; and not one moved forward to assist the wretched man. Whether the captain thought he was hardly warranted in enforcing such summary justice, or that a slight shade of compassion came over him, he immediately endeavored to ascertain the nature of the poison with which it was evident the coffee was drugged; but the negro either could or would not answer. We examined his chest, and sought for a clue, but without success—until one of the crew discovered a quantity of savannah leaves, a most deadly poison, which the assassin had picked out from the recess of the mules, the resident of these animals rarely inducing them to reject it from their food. Satisfied with this discovery we returned to the cabin, where we found the youth who had warned us in the first instance on his knees, returning thanks to Providence for having been the means of saving us from a dreadful death. His thanksgivings were only interrupted by the groans of the negro, who was writhing on the floor apparently in his last agony. We prepared an emetic of white vitrol, which we forced the murderer to swallow; but it was useless. It brought on a slight vomiting; but in a few minutes he expired in dreadful tortures.

Many a time since have I been haunted by that dark, agonized, despairing face, and the recollection of those dying groans!



RECEPTION OF THE TUNISIAN EMBASSY AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, OCT. 9TH, BY ADMIRAL BELL, COMMANDING THE YARD.



SAILING OF THE STEAMER SOMERSET FROM BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, FOR LIVERPOOL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WEAVER & BACHRACH, BALTIMORE.

AN EPISODE OF THE WAR.

BY JOEL BATES SWETT.

Our in the starlight the picket sits
On his good bay steed, that for many a day
Has borne him bravely, and safely, through
The scenes of many a fierce affray.



Out in the starlight, all alone,
List'ning to catch e'en the slightest sound,
Or ready to challenge, with startling tone,
A friend or foe on the guarded ground.

Is that the form of a man he views,
Scarce seen through the dusky darkness dim?
Or a blackened stump he has just perceived
Under the shade of a hanging limb?

With straining eyes, and with listening ears,
He watches the object, until he feels
'Twas only a form such as fancy weaves—
A phantom that over the vision steals.

All now is still, and the picket breathes
More freely, conscious that he is safe;
But his good bay steed grows restless, while
With his burden and bit he seems to chafe.

Crack! sharp through the night air breaks the sound
Of a rifle, echoing through the wood!
The picket falls to the frozen ground,
And weltering lies in his own heart's blood!

"'Twas only a shot!" his comrades say,
"Two shots are given to make alarm;
And then they gather around the fire,
Or wrap, to sleep in their blankets warm.

A form glides forth from the hanging limb,
And nears the picket with stealthy tread,
To rifle his pockets of trinkets found,
And strip the clothes from the ghastly dead.

"Ha! what is that, now?" the rebel says—
"A locket of gold, and a tress of hair,
And a likeness too; egad! what luck!
'Twill grace the neck of my Susan fair."

In the starlight dim he takes one look
At the miniature, pales with grief and dread,
"My God!" he groans, "'tis my mother's face,
This form my brother's, and cold and dead!"

Oh! war—fierce war! 'tis a fearful thing,
For brother falls by a brother's hand;
And father and son in the struggle meet,
When civil warfare is in the land.



ON THE LAKE.



BEAUTY'S RESTING PLACE.

Skating into Matrimony.

BY FLORENCE HAMILTON.

Silence, deep and solemn, reigned over the village of Stockton, and lo! at the midnight hour, softly, slowly on the wheels of Time, was the New Year rolled into existence as successor to the Old Year, who died in giving it birth.

Jack Frost was in one of his icy, cutting moods, and robed the new born in a mantle of snowy whiteness; then, in an ecstacy of delight, mounted the restless wind, and careering north, south, east and west proclaimed the glad tidings to all the world. In Stockton, especially, his delight knew no bounds. Lingering around the church doors till the worshippers came forth from morning service, he dashed forward and embraced them, kissing the tips of their fingers—throwing his icy breath on the multitude of noses till they assumed a rosy hue.

"A Happy New Year," was the cry as homeward the throng hurried, anxious to throw the kisses from their benumbed fingers.

There were to be great doings among the young folks in Stockton that night, in commemoration of the New Year, and the joyful return of the soldier boys from the battle-field—brave boys who had promptly responded to the call of their

country, and never flinched in the hour of trial. How sweet the "coming home" sounded to their battle-wearied hearts! and involuntarily a sigh escaped their lips as they remembered the brave comrades who had fallen by their side in the battles before Richmond, and were now lying low 'neath the grave-cloth of Virginia.

Poor fellows! they had gone *home* months before.

Heaven bless and comfort bereaved hearts, and bring peace to our land before another New Year wings its flight into eternity.

As if to increase the anticipated delight, the "Old woman," as the children say, began picking her geese, scattering the snowy feathers all over the earth till it was covered from sight, and the trees waved in all their glory of beautiful trimming. It would have *non plussed* a legion of special correspondents of the London *Times* to narrate all that was discussed by the Stockton belles and brass buttons that day.

The belles were proud of the B. B.'s, and nice *cerse*, and the male portion mimic blue coats and brass frkings felt as if they had got into the wrong pew somehow. Now comes the gist of our story. As everybody in the village was happy but Squire Belmont, of course that state of things was very unpleasant to the poor man, and he seemed to be doing his best to bring others to a like level of unhappiness. Everybody in the village who had any pretentions to being somebody knew Squire B., and could tell within an inch of the truth what he had for dinner every wash-day—how many fires he kept in the house during winter—what he paid John the coachman, and Biddy the cook, and Sarah the chamber-maid, etc., etc., and how "chuffy" he was sometimes to Madame B., who couldn't say boo to a goose. He was the one, though, to tell the old gentleman round her finger (Mrs. Grundy nodded approvingly). But then nobody was surprised at that, for was not also Grundy under her paw? and so on to the end of three chapters. The youngest child in Stockton knew the Squire's was one of the first families. The dreadful story had gone forth that about a miniature mammoth cave of round "shiners. Ah—little pitchers have large ears—why should they not have?

If Mrs. Grundy bobbed her wise head mysteriously when speaking of Miss Dora's handsome lover, why she knew on furlough, and intended taking her in "Lively Cricket" to the skating on the lake that night; and that Papa Belmont was opposed to the handsome lover ever since Charlie had joined the company, of which he was lieutenant, and there had been a great battle, Charlie's name figuring in the list of wounded and missing. So the gallant lieutenant was made to suffer by the bereaved parent, and the once hospital door closed against him for ever. But Mrs. Grundy knew there was a wedding soon in spite of all the Squire B.'s in the United States. If, I say, Mrs. G. said all these wise things, were the little pitchers to close ears and remain empty? Not they indeed.

Neighbor Belmont was a kind-hearted man, very passionate, very smashing; but as storms and clouds succeed sunshine it could not be expected he was to be all sunshine. When a storm arose, like many others, he never stopped to think, and scolded here and there, sending fly everywhere words and furniture; then, suddenly finding he had exhausted himself, would sit down with the wise conclusion, "He had been too hasty, but couldn't he helped; would do better next time."

This night pouting was to be one of those days when Belmont would himself, wherever he went Stockton's brass buttons confronted him. He heard them boast of great exploits, and knew every father in the village in him held the preserve of a returned soldier-boy sitting at his right hand at the well-filled board that day. But where was his son, the idol of his heart, and decidedly, he thought, the handsomest, wittiest boy in all the ville? Dead? perhaps buried in traitor soil. The thought was harrowing.

"No, no; all this rejoicing was joy to others but sorrow to him.

"Oh, Absalom, my son, my son, would I had died for thee!" was the cry of his heart as he paced back and forth, to and fro, over the rich Brussels; in the very bitterness of his thoughts seeming to see his life from the roses he was treading on. He could see only thorns; the cloud had no silver lining.

There was a light in the room, save a faint glimmer from the latrobe, and the blinds being open, the silver moonbeams reflected on the high walls. The laughter floated in from the street as the belles and B. B.'s were whirled by in sleighs drawn by horses whose every motion filled the air with sleigh-bells a hundred fold. The squire never deigned to cast his eyes on the gay scene. Only once he halted in his tramp, tramp, and then a dainty figure in skating costume had tripped into the room, and poising a cunning cap on one side of its head, was dancing before him.

"Dora!"

"Well, papa."

"You are not going out to-night?"

"Oh, yes, papa, I am to the lake. We are going to have such nice times. I don't believe a girl in Stockton dreams of staying home to-night. There's a party at Evan's, at Winslow's, a 'tarbagging' on College Hill, and our little skating party on the lake—most select, papa, and a dance and refreshments—at Mrs. Darby's across the lake—won't it be splendid? But I shan't go to the dance, because—(hesitating)—and then so many boys are home on furlough."

Dora came to a dead stop; she had made a tremendous blunder, and a storm came down in all its fury.

"That is enough, miss! Do you think of your dead brother, and rejoice at others' return? You hard-hearted girl!"

"*Papa!*" was all the astounded girl said; but reproach, astonishment, and anger found expression in that one little word.

"Go to your room, miss, and take off that mockery dress—no sensible girl would wear it. You are not going out this night to flirt with that Vernon. There, don't look at your mother, *she* can't help you. Go, I say, and let me tell you for the last time, if that lieutenant ever darkens my door again, I'll not be answerable for the consequences. Remember that!"

Dora, to hide the fast coming tears, flitted out, and vanished up the broad stairs in a twinkling.

"Bravo, bravo!" cried old gentleman slippers.

"You are too harsh with Dora. She has not been out of the house, excepting to church, since the sad heard of Charlie's death, and that is over months ago. Young people need some pleasure, Albert." The meek voice of little Mrs. Belmont, sounded like the squeak of a timid mouse.

In an instant the fortifications were besieged, and for full ten seconds her spouse towered above her.

"Madame! it is *your* weak indulgence has ruined that girl; you've let her have her own way till there's no such thing as denying her! You shall not spoil another daughter, for Dorothy will take into hands after this, and bring her up in the way she shall go; and ——"

"When she is old she'll die broken-hearted!" little madame ventured, with pouting lip.

No reply was deigned. The squire tilting himself on his toes, clasped his hands on his back, one chubby finger of his right hand patting the words down in the palm of his left, proceeded:

"Madame, I am going to learn over a new leaf—a new leaf—the old one is about worn out. You shall see who is master in this house—I—what are you meaning at, miss?"

Daughter Beauty dropped the long lashes over her wondering eyes, she had never heard papa speak so angrily before, and, peeping her head out behind her mother's chair, till, being fairly out of range of shot from the squire's great guns, she cast a perfect shower of glances at the huge combination of flesh, and bone, and blood that stood up and went down the room, reminding the little creature of an ironclad vessel at sea. As if satisfied there were no signs of peace in that quarter, the child turned to the white kitten in her lap, and began whispering to it in her quick, decided way.

"There! lie still, Kitty, don't move! Papa is so angry, and if you jump out on to the floor, I shall be frightened, and then I'll run after you, and send you flying out of the window, like he did poor little Pontoo the other morning, 'cause he scrubbed up my best wax doll's pate of hair when he was sleeping; and, oh, dear, he looked so funny, and two ladies came in—papa was so mortified, 'cause they couldn't help laughing at his bare head. Oh, dear, dear, dear, and Charlie is dead; lie still, Kitty, or you'll be dead too! and then Beauty will keep like ma does every night when she thinks of Charlie, and seems a bit like it did before he went to the war; papa grows cross, crosser, crossest, as Monsieur Finley says, and ma is sad, sadder, saddest. Would you not like to see brother, Kitty? Most all the little girls in the village have their big brothers home to-night, and Belle Gaylord got a splendid new tackle basket out out of wood when cramped on Mount—Mount ——"

Miss did not wait to hear what mountain; the little girl's breath tickled her ear, and with a bound she was on the floor, her bushy appendage curled over her back, and her two sides rubbing playfully against her immense slippers with two voices worked on each.

"Oh! don't papa, don't hurt Kitty! She did not mean to get in your way." Her dimpled arms clung around the limb that was raised to send pussy on an exploring expedition to nowhere in particular.

"Get up, child, get up, I say! Don't allow cats in the room. You know very well, you ——"

"Don't 'papa' me—won't have it! Do you think I am going to let you grow up like your unfortunate sister, Dora? Not if I know it. Beauty, I've turned over a new leaf; that cat must go to the kitchen. Ring the bell, and then go to bed like a lamb."

Poor little Beauty thought it was a sorry way to begin the New Year—ps so cross—no Charlie—no Kitty to play with, unless she went to the kitchen; and she could not help crying, which had always teased her about Willie Dawes—and she didn't care two sticks for Willie Dawes—she didn't! and she would marry anybody but Charlie, and he was dead.

Her kitten was carried strugging from the room, and, with her sobbing heart on her knees, she kissed her gentle mother and crept up to her chamber. Jane was not there. So climbing, climbing, ladder, and then the window, at the long, low window, she went to sleep, watching the moon shining on the white snow, and wondering if Charlie could see them from the bright stars and wishing her a happy New Year.

"Stolen pleasures are sweet." So it seemed, for a time. The night was cold and clear, the moon casting its silvery beams over the congealed lake, seemed to transform it into a sea of matted diamonds. Hither and thither glided the merry skaters over its smooth surface, the air resounding with their shouts and laughter, and the click, click, of their dainty steel runners, as they cut figures of strange device on the ice. Conspicuous among the gay throng were the fair, and the swiftest and most graceful skater of the crowd, was the irresistible Dora, in her charming costume. B. B.'s and studients, whose capillary attractions were considerably longer than ordinarily, flitted about her like bees round a flower; but her soft feet, twinkling on their slender foundations, carried her afar off, making them bite their lips with envy as she came up again, breathless and rosy, hanging to the arm of handsome Lieut. Vernon.

A race had been proposed, the forfeit a kiss from the loser (for variety's sake), all ranged themselves in line, and at the word "Forward!" they darted forward precipitately. On, on they flew, over acres and acres of ice, their garments flopping against the wind like wings of wild geese. The swiftest were first, the second rate skater sped after, and those easily vanished through up the rear. Soon a panting for breath, a falling behind, then all skimming forward again, crying, excitedly:

"Bravo, bravo, Dora—Darcy! I Don't let Vernon win!" and ahead of all Others were two figures, which soon resembled two birds in the distance.

Dora was a little in advance of the Lieutenant, and both were rapidly nearing the winning-post, when suddenly there was a heavy unbalance imbedded in the ice, and she was whirled round with dizzy velocity. Vernon never lessened his speed till the goal was reached, then turned, and was after Miss Dora, who was off in the opposite direction. Of course he overtook her; but it's not for us to say the peculiar sound which followed was not caused by the steel skates.

"Oh, Guy—Lieutenant Vernon—how dare ——"

"Oh, Guy—Lieutenant Vernon—how dare!" mimicked he, and sang:

"I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonny Peggy Alison!"

sang the provoking fellow.

"Oh, Guy, papa will be so go?" Dora pleaded, in a little, quivering, coaxing tone.

"Go, then!" opening his arms.

She started, and—found herself inside two large fur coat sleeves, while ——

"Guy Vernon, I'll tell your mother—if you dare! But it serves me right; if I had not disobeyed papa—never did it before—I would not be here to-night, you naughty fellow. I feel real wicked cause I came; am going right home again this minute. Do you hear, sir?"

"Papa be—enjoying himself at home!" was the amiable response, and tucking her hand through his arm, they started back.

"Well, but it isn't right for you to—to—when I don't want you to," and Dora pouted.

"Very well, then, let us give 'em all back to you with interest. I'm willing."

Oh, woman, perverse art thou! Dora was not willing, but darted away with a scream and laugh. They joined the others just as a large sleigh, drawn by two horses, dashed down to the lake shore, and a huge bundle, all covered with fur, rolled out into the snow.

"Oh, it's papa! What shall I do, Guy?" cried Dora, clinging, with little nervous laughs, to the amused young fellow's sleeve at her side.

"Hallo, squire, going to join our party? Splendid idea——"

"It's my daughter, Dora—Miss Belmont—in this crowd?" thundered the squire, scanning each individual.

"Well, she was, a few minutes ago; but she and Lieutenant Vernon were possessed of a sudden notion to cross the lake to Judge Derby's. There they go now!"

His informant pointed his finger at two distant objects, making all speed toward the opposite shore.

"A kingdom for a pair of skates!" shouted the enraged papa, hopping about like one possessed.

Immediately a small pile of glittering things lay at his feet.

"Confound them all! There ain't one big enough to fit my great toe. Don't see why you fellows can't have sensible sized feet. Can't afford the material, I suppose!"

The fugitives, meanwhile, were flying onward, growing more and more indistinct in the distance. With one despairing glance toward them, the squire sprang upon his feet, declaring he would dress on his way home—which were better than all the slippery skates in Christendom. "Never did believe in them—never!"

Stepping just a little too bravely "struck out;" but his feet being in a greater hurry to reach the runways than convenient, started forward on skate "over the handle," leaving the stout gentleman on the broad of his back, gazing at stars innumerable.

"Hallo, Belmont! studying astronomy?"

"Don't laugh, boys—don't laugh! Plaguey hard that ice is. Don't believe me—try it yourself. Cold t—too; but here goes again."

Thump! That time he fell backed, leaving him sprawling on his hands and knees in a most ludicrous position. The girls giggled spasmodically, and clapped their hands in their muffs.

"Bettah give it up, Squah! Won't pay. Miss Belmont is already in 'Canada,'" drawled a bespangled swell, who was gracefully moving, with graceful ease, in circles around the Squire; a charming divinity in coats and furs, hitched to his sleeve.

"Confound that rascal Vernon! He shall pay for this—so if he don't. I—I'll challenge him to shoot a duel with me."

"Hurrah for you, Belmont; stick to that, and we'll stand seconds!" shouted a dozen laughing voices, whose owners had watched at the preference Miss Dora showed for Lieutenant Vernon.

The old gentleman's temper was certainly getting the better of him.

"Plague take 'em both," he muttered. "I'll discown that girl, I will! Oh, my poor body! Jehu, you grinning spe come here and pick me up! Boys, if you see that daughter of mine, give her to understand she need never show me her face again."

Full of wrath and bruises, he was tumbled into the sleigh; and, when fairly out of sight, there was such a shout of mirth burst forth as never was heard on that lake before; the whole party starting on a double-quick across the lake to see "what was to pay," as some one expressed himself.

"Do forgive me and Guy, papa! We couldn't help it—indeed we could not—I mean getting married at Judge Derby's to-night. Just forgive us this once, and we'll never do it again, that's a dear, good papa!"

"Zounds! out of my sight this instant! I discown you—you ungrateful, disobedient young jade, you. And you, sir—I—I——"

"Where! what in creation is the matter this time of night?"

"Charlie! Charlie!" the ladies screamed, and fainted—almost.

Yes, it's Charlie—Charlie—real flesh and blood! Captured by rebs in battle; confined for six months a prisoner in miserable Richmond; exchanged—and is now ready to be smothered to death with kisses."

Such embracing—such joyful tears and laughter; then a hasty parlay to the young married pair—more embracing, and then Charlie darted upstairs to find his pet—his Beauty.

"Oh, Charlie! I'm so glad you've come. I dreamed in my sleep you would. Papa won't be cross any more—you will get me another Pontoo—kitty can come while she stays; and, oh, won't we be happy, brother?" Her soft arms clung round his neck.

The young couple say the one night remembered as the happiest of their lives was the one in which they Stated into Matrimony.

WHEN SPRING IS HERE.

BY ELLEN L. HILLBURN.

WHEN Spring is here, with leaves and flowers,
And blossoms on the tree,
And song of birds in shaded bowers,
And smiling skies and bright-winged hours,
Dearest, remember me.

I know it may be thine to gaze
On many a fairer brown,
On eyes of more serene repose,
On cheeks with hue of woodland rose:
Then canst thou love as now?

And thou wilt hear glad voices ring
In music wild and free,
Sweet heavenly tones, which thrill the breast,
And seek its inmost depths.
Then canst thou think of me?

Thou canst! I will not deem thee false,
I will not doubt thy truth
By that dark earnest eye, whose light
Reflects a spirit pure and bright;
I yield the love of youth.

And take it; 'tis a holy thing
A heart's first trusting love.
The first, the last, for none save thee
E'er sank on its wavering melody,
Changeless as heaven above.

The Last Goblin of Long Gully.

BY P. NORMAN.

PLEASANTLY situated amidst the drowsy atmosphere of a chain of blue hills, is the thriving village of Vinetoe. Even half a century ago, so it was distinguished for the beauty of its situation and the air of neatness that pervaded the row of whitewashed cottages, which constituted the body of the village, which a scrupulously clean and venerable looking church added materially to its appearance. A settled air of drowsy quietness rested upon the place, and the advance of the hills was not broken by the eternal jar and clatter of machinery. The people moved to their daily vocations in the manner utterly at variance with the present bustle and confusion, and throughout the long summer day, a dull, drowsy hum arose from the laborers perfectly in keeping with the scene.

Now, however, a great change has come over it. The gradual quietness is changed into bustle and activity; stores and hotels have arisen in a short time, and other more pretending churches rear their gilded spires heavenward, as if pointing out the true path to the beholder. The silence of the quiet hills, too, is broken by the demon-like shriek of the railroad engine, and the echoes startle their woody summits, where formerly nought was heard but the notes of the woodland songsters.

The present inhabitants of the place also differ from those of the anterior date in many respects. The good old-fashioned amusements, termed quiltings and apple-parings have given place to general dances, and the people, sometimes feeling the need of a little recreation, are thus left without a resource, or compelled to ape the absurd amusements of others. Long Gully, then, therefore, lost much of the gaiety that characterized those of the former age, and pass their time in a seclusion attention to business.

Among the many disused customs of the place is that of constant visiting. In those days of yore, it was customary for a score of young people to get together about some hospitable hearth, and while the fire roared and danced merrily up the ample chimney, and the cold winds howled their wooden-voiced gales at ghosts and goblins were related, causing the blood of the younger listeners to curdle with terror and awe. Whole hour for parting arrived, and all were compelled to take their homeward way, misgiving and fear was perceptible upon many a brow. Every distant shrub and shadow was mistaken for some supernatural form, and every passing night-breeze carried to the affrighted ears unearthly sounds. Happy was he who, on such occasions, could "screw his courage to the sticking place" sufficiently to solicit the companionship of some fair one through the lonesome way. In such cases the imagination regained its proper tone, and defiance was bid with safety to every nocturnal phantom.

There was a locality near this village called Long Gully, the very atmosphere of which was believed to be tainted with things supernatural. Half a mile or more, upon the rough and winding road

leading from the place, a rude wooden bridge of some length spanned a narrow though deep gorge, the bottom of which was covered by a dense growth of cedars. Tradition made this place famous as the haunts of shadows too horrible to contemplate. It is related that in the days of the Revolution a peaceful family was butchered here by a band of refugees, and here, too, summary punishment was inflicted upon the murderers when they were captured. In later times the body of a poor peddler was found near the bridge, shockingly mangled, and his pack rifled of everything valuable. Suspicion failed to point out the assassin, and the body was hastily buried by the roadside. In the days of which we write, the low grassy mound was distinctly visible, and it was said that the ghastly form of the unfortunate peddler often wandered there in the night. To climax this eulogistic harrow, it was related that two notorious murder had ruthlessly murdered her innocent babe near the bridge, and left the body to putrify in the cavity.

This was enough to render this otherwise pleasant spot a stumbling-block in the way of all night travelers. We note the unfortunate swain who was compelled to pass this awful place after the shadows of night had fallen. To him each fearful step seemed to unlock new terrors; gnarled satyrs and goblins glided, with noiseless tread, through the sombre shade, and discmant sounds filled his ears, as though the very doors of infernal regions were turning on their hinges, and grating harsh thunder."

The genius of this part of the rolling thunder among the distant hills was mistaken for the wild rush and halloo of a band of spectral horsemen clattering over the causeway with iron hoof. The mournful sigh of the south wind through the pine tops, in the still, midnight hour, was magnified into the moan and wailing of the murdered baby, and the music of a running waterfall became the gurgling sound of life-blood welling from some ghastly wound. Every sound bore a terrible significance, and every shadow became a horrid form pictured by the workings of an excited imagination.

Man generally smile at these absurd fancies of our ancestors, and when surrounded with friends and in the full light of day, can talk logically of the folly of such imaginings, and of yielding to such trifling fears. But let their imaginations prove recreant to reason, and in the hush and solemnity of night conjure up some phantom from the surrounding gloom, and they, too, will shrink back appalled. When we consider that in those days it was the general belief of the common people that the spirits of the departed frequently walked the churchyards and such places, and kept watch and ward with the twinkling stars, and that such ghostly forms were often seen about Long Gully, we shall not wonder at the dread that caused them to shun it as a pestilence. The mention of the name was enough to frighten nearly juvenile one of half their senses, and cause them to cower to bed in a subdued manner, which could have been enforced by no other means in the absence of the usual whipping. Hence, notwithstanding its clustering terrors, it became useful to the good dames of the vicinity sometimes in subduing the obstinacy of their progeny.

A short distance from Long Gully bridge, upon a beautiful eminence, stood a brown stone house of antique style. It looked as though it had weathered the storms of many winters, and a closer examination would have revealed the date of its erection, A.D. 1680, worked upon the chimney leading back to the early days of the province, when hill and valley was covered with the primeval forest. This was the dwelling of Josiah Vandervater, the most wealthy person in the vicinity, and also proprietor of the broad fertile acres, stretching away on all sides. His boundary lines included Long Gully, but this, instead of being a source of congratulation to him, was one of disquietude, for he and again the good yeoman retired him to dispose of it in some manner, for she feared that its possession would bring some terrible calamity upon the family. The husband-Josiah was not so thoroughly imbued with supernatural ideas as his wife, and would sit and smoke pidgeonholly until she had concluded, and then, shaking the ashes from his pipe with an emphatic rap, would say:

"Why, you talk tosh; I shall not part with Long Gully, for no one would have it, and, besides, I want it myself!"

And so the subject generally dropped.

If ever there existed a fortunate individual it was Josiah Vandervater. He possessed an abundance of wealth, had a kind, good-hearted wife, plenty of time to smoke his pipe and cogitate upon profound subjects, and, to crown all, was blessed with a buxom, beautiful daughter, who was known throughout that whole region as the fair Joan Vandervater. The only drawback to his perfect comfort was concentrated in the persons of three stout negroes, of which he was unhappily the proprietor, and who were given to eye service and basking on the sunny side of some hedge-row, while hoeing of the weedy ground and "massy's" stout cudgel. Such conduct sometimes sorely tried his patience, but, as a general thing, all moved in perfect harmony, and grumbling and discontent was seldom heard. The old farm-house wore such an air of quiet repose that it might have been a haunt for any of the sentimental natural science. A stranger would have wondered at its dreamy quietness, and probably been in doubt as to whether its inhabitants were not enjoying a prolonged doze, unless he caught a glimpse of its owner's portly form upon the piazza, or heard Joan's voice singing some good old-fashioned air, as she attended to her household duties.

Joan could not complain of a lack of suitors, as many a bright-eyed maiden of our degenerate days can. She was a prize worth winning in more than one respect, and the dashing beaux of the vicinity were not slow in discovering the important fact, and acting accordingly. On Sabbath evenings it was not uncommon to see half a dozen possessions hitched to the fence in methodical order, while their owners ensconced within courted an acquaintance with Cupid, or talked with becoming gravity of the state of the weather or crops. On such occasions Josiah and his wife were all urbanity, and exhausted the catalogue of hospitalities for the entertainment of the visitors with such effect, that on the homeward way, visions of beauty, and endless piles of dollars, danced through their bewildered heads, to the utter exclusion of every thought save that of matrimony.

Among the retinue of suitors, there were two who confidently counted upon success; but who the favored one would be, it was impossible to decide, as seeming victory sometimes perched upon the head of one, only to fly to the other the next favorable opportunity. It was unquestionable that Joan was undecided herself with this subject, and adopted the expedient of retaining both until such time as it could be comfortably decided.

The claims which these rivals urged in the prosecution of their suits were about equal, the necessary qualifications lacking in one, being possessed by the other, and *vice versa*. James McGalliard was a Scotchman by birth, and possessed all the shrewdness for which that people are justly celebrated. His personal appearance was good, and half the girls of the village were in love with him, but his affections were concentrated upon the acquisition of the hand and fortune of the fair Joan, and he heeded them not. The genius of this son of Scotia was of the rolling stone order, but he never would obtain the hand of old Josiah's daughter, as he had been seen in a state of intoxication quite frequently, and was, moreover, poor as a church mouse.

John Vandyke, the other suitor, was an awkward, thick-headed Dutchman, who was not calculated to make a favorable impression by his external appearance. He, also, was a favorite with the villagers, for he was an unexceptionable character for sobriety of conduct, and possessed wealth to gloss over his many defects. Rumor said that notwithstanding his dullness, his chances of success were better than those of his more gifted rival, and that Josiah and his wife were known to rather favor his suit.

Time rolled on, however, and still nothing occurred to relieve this state of doubt. The last summer rose had lost its bloom; the crisp and yellow leaves fluttered sadly downward through the air, and all nature gave token of preparation for a deathly sleep while icy blasts should sweep over the earth. The farmers throughout the region engaged in gathering home the products of the soil, to be in readiness when the snow lay deep on the hill-tops, and merry gales growled without, to enjoy the society of the home circle, or go gliding over the smooth, hard-trodden snow with merry jingle and exhilarating speed.

One bright afternoon, Josiah Vandervater, one of Josiah Vandervater's negroes, the most worthless of the three, might have been seen riding the hilly valley of Long Gully, mounted upon a spirited colt. He appeared in his element, riding at full speed, and twisting and turning the mettlesome animal in the most fantastic circles and pigeon wings, much to the amusement of the beholders, who were never disappointed in having a little diversion in this line when Sambo was present. After riding up and down with an air that seemed to say: "Go way, dar, dis yeah hoss and me don't beat nuffin," Sambo drew in his mind and recollected the business upon which he was sent, and drew the rein. After scratching his wooly head a while, as if to collect his thoughts and his scattered thoughts, a bright idea occurred to him, and he made the following exciting proclamation to the crowd of gazers who had collected to witness his performance:

"Look heah, white folks! Massa Vandervater send me up to invite his fresse to a party to-morrow night; but by golly I'se 'bliged to keep it a secret of my ole head, and I derefore obfuskate to you our complems, and invites you all, yah, yah! Long Gully Ball, I tell you, and Massa Josiah say."

The next day was one of extraordinary preparation at the farm house; from early dawn, all was bustle and activity. The fat pullets were relieved of cake, and a variety of edibles, too tedious to enumerate, were deposited in the pantry against the evening, and another cooking of "massy's" colt, seemed to have caught the infection, and bustled about in such glee, that twenty years at least seemed to have been stricken from his age. The day was far advanced before everything was arranged satisfactorily, and the family had only a few hours to themselves before the festive hour arrived. The evening brought the first instalment of the company. Rustic Polly's, Sally's, and Betsy's interspersed with a few Pete's, John's, and Bill's, by way of variety, all smiling, laughing, happy, and on a very tip-toe of excitement. The whole company came pouring in their wake, and very soon the house was filled to its full, and the talking went on at an alarming rate. James McGalliard was there of course, and as usual, was continually the centre of a circle of admirers. A smile of quiet triumph rested upon his face as he noticed the absence of his rival; but this exultation was short lived, for at that very moment, John Vandyke was scouring over Long Gully behind, mounted in an antiquated gig; and the way the colt was tackled would have delighted the heart of a trot, even upon the most urgent occasions.

Supper was finally announced, and the evident relish with which the guests discussed the edibles piled up before them, spoke eloquently in praise of the skilful housewifery of the givers of the feast. Every duty, however, be it ever so pleasant, must end somewhere, and so, after ample justice had been done in the way of eating, the company adjourned to the parlor, impatient for the business of the evening to commence. At this juncture, a new comer—who was none other than Sam, the hero of the invitations—appeared in their midst. With shining ivory and mincing step, he made his way to the most conspicuous corner, and then call there produced a certain popular musical instrument from under his arm, upon which he produced such a sharp, diabolical noise, that every one was electrified. After much preliminary screwing and squalling, he took a seat, squared his elbow, and dashed off into "All the Blue Spirits" in the most approved style. The hint thus given, was soon acted upon by the company, and the dancing commenced in a most animated manner. None of your light and fantastic movements as though you were afraid of touching the floor, but regular, old-fashioned jigging, in the form as one set became fatigued, another stood ready for their places, and all seemed to be enjoying themselves highly.

There was one person present, however, who was utterly miserable, and that was John Vandyke, who had scarcely spoken to Joan the whole evening, and having at length gradually failed to secure her hand for a dance, he left the room in a surly mood. Not looking nor caring whither his footsteps were bending, his offended eye was suddenly greeted by a peculiar odor, which he could pronounce neither present nor disagreeable. Entering the pantry, from whence the fragrance issued, he finally discovered a neat sideboard, upon which sundry bottles were arranged in beautiful precision, and the peculiar odor which had attracted his notice. Here was evidently a consolation to be quickly formed a conclusion and a resolve. With a covert look around, to be sure that no one lurked near, he seized one of the bottles, and placed it to his lips, while the gurgling sound of the liquid as it rushed down his capacious throat, told of the depth of his grief. He replaced the bottle, and in short intervals, he repeated the experiment, until objects began to multiply to his gaze at an alarming rate, and he found himself in much the same way the merry party in the parlors. After a prolonged search he found the door and made his exit, resolving that he would steal away before any one could notice his unsteady condition. Fortune now seemed to favor him, for Dobbin was soon found dozing over a post, and our hero, after much difficulty and perseverance, in establishing himself upon the back of the docile animal, in utter forgetfulness of the gig, that was following so closely at his heels.

It was a beautiful morning. The moon, far down in the western horizon, threw her rays obliquely, causing the shadows to appear long on the road, while deeper in the woods the darkness was unrelieved by a single silvery beam. The constellations overhead looked like diamonds through the clear atmosphere, and everything was serene and unclouded, with the exception of Long Gully, from the marshy bottom of which a foggy vapor was slowly creeping up, enveloping in its gray, misty curtain. These beauties of the night, however, were wasted upon John, as it required all his remaining skill to keep himself in the seat. Presently the sound of wheels in the loose gravel behind attracted his attention, and turning about with difficulty, he discovered the dim outline of a gig in the rear.

"I swanny," muttered John, "if that don't look like Parson Hardy, and I really believe he must be crazy, or drunk, or both, to ride so close."

After riding awhile in silence, he began to think that possibly the gig might have the parson there near, taking note of his unsteadiness, and he hit upon a ruse to send him on:

"Ge-lang, Dobbin—ge-lang, you'd be—r drive on (hic); old Dobbin is dref—ful lazy (a—hic) tonight."

He had scarcely finished speaking, when a frightful groan rent the air, in unpleasant proximity to his head. He cast about one wild look of terror, and then, strange enough, both upright in the gig, and grasping the reins with long skinny fingers, sat a horrible figure. Nothing more was needed to fill the cup of horror, and with an exclamation of fear, and a volley of blows upon Dobbin's ribs, causing that sedate quadruped to start in astonishment, and make rider, gig and everything fly, he urged the animal on to unusual speed. The fact about one wild look of terror, and then, strange enough, both upright in the gig, and grasping the reins with long skinny fingers, sat a horrible figure. Nothing more was needed to fill the cup of horror, and with an exclamation of fear, and a volley of blows upon Dobbin's ribs, causing that sedate quadruped to start in astonishment, and make rider, gig and everything fly, he urged the animal on to unusual speed. The faster they went, until presently Long Gully appeared, dimly seen, right ahead through the foggy vapor that rose from it, and the bridge was not far distant. With one hasty glance over his shoulder, he saw the figure in frightful proximity, and another groan of terror caused him to urge his horse to the utmost. Old Dobbin was equal to the emergency this time, and in putting forth superhuman exertion, he fairly flew through the middle of the bridge, when there was an awful crash, and he came to a dead halt, sending his rider sprawling over his spinning head in the air into the soft sand on the opposite side. A wild demoniac laugh rang out upon the night air as the phantom approached and stood over the fallen hero.

"John Vandyke," it said, in solemn tones, "unless you make some promises and adhere to them, you are lost!"

"What are they?" abjectly groaned the terrified wretch.

"First, swear to speak of love to Joan Vandevater; give up all pretensions to her hand, and never mention this occurrence to any one. Do you promise?"

"Yes," answered John, in the same abject tone, not daring to look up.

"Then," pursued the figure in such an extraordinary tone, that any one in their cool senses would have had but little difficulty in deciding, that the speaker was in the imminent danger of suffocation from long suppressed mirth.

John finally mustered courage to look up. The figure was gone, and without a thought of anything but his own safety, he fled homeward, leaving Dobbin to care for himself. Ere it was fairly light the horse appeared much to his master's relief, dragging a nondescript sort of vehicle, composed of shafts, one wheel and a damaged gig seat. John rubbed his eyes, looked at the wreck, and endeavored to recall the circumstances of his flight, but all that remained was a vivid remembrance of that terrible form, and the promises he made. During the day a gig wheel and some fragments were found on Long Gully Bridge, bearing the appearance of having been smashed against the stout oaken railing, but John wisely kept silent, and it was soon forgotten.

Three months rolled by, and there was another party at the brown-stone farm-house. This one differed from the formerly described, for when the guests were assembled, Parson Wilson also appeared, and Joan and McGalliard were united in wedlock. John Vandyke was also there, and congratulated the bride, and wished her all manner of happiness, in such a strange way, that a peculiar smile stole over the features of the bridegroom. It passed unnoticed by John, but others present took note of it, and chuckled to themselves, when they found out in what wise that means the wily Scotchman had distanced his more genuine rival.

Half a century with its many changes and improvements has elapsed since these occurrences. Winston is no longer the quiet hamlet resting among the hills, but has increased to a flourishing town, while over through its streets resounds the clatter of machinery and the loud hum of business. Long Gully, too, has been reduced to a mere shadow of its former self; having been shorn of its shrubbery, and the greater part been made available for agricultural purposes. The old bridge has long fallen to decay, and now moaning and evening, the iron horse thunders across the gap where it stood, upon one of far different construction, and it is most probably the smoke and fire of this iron monster, that so effectually keeps the ghosts from infesting the former supernatural frequenters. It is seldom mentioned now, in connection with things ghostly, except, perhaps, when some one Josh Billings or a like old man—relates sometimes to an admiring audience, the circumstance, and the way in which he saw "The Last Goblin at Long Gully."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHY is a thief your only true philosopher? Because he reasons on everything from a different point of view; is opposed to alterations of protection, and is ready to overlook.

IN walking, turn your toes out rather than out, your thoughts inward.

WHICH is the oldest tree known to man? The elder tree, of course.

WHY are some fortunes like ships? Because they are built on stocks.

WANTED, the receipt which is given when a gentleman "pops his question."

REALLY the rhetoric of puff writers is getting to be intolerable. One of them, in praising a new quality of cotton, terms that "it is as pure as the tears which fall upon a sister's grave!"

THE faculty of reason, like that of memory, is lost by those who have an ass.

THE body and the mind are improved by the soul that fattens them.

WHAT flower most resembles a bull's mouth? A cowslip.

WHAT two sciences are employed by teamsters in driving oxen? *Bas-*tinies and *gee-*ology.

ONE day, while a regiment was at the target practice, the commanding officer called out to the captain, who was a sharp fellow:

"Captain, can you deploy your company across the valley at once?"

The captain saluted, performed the duty required, and reported himself.

"Colonel, I have done as you ordered; but I don't think you need me while attending myself and company for the duty."

"Why?" asked the colonel.

"Because, sir, you showed us up before the whole regiment as a set of fools."

A MAGISTRATE asked a prisoner if he were married?

"No," replied the man.

"Then," rejoined his worship, amid peals of laughter, "I'll soon put you in the way of it."

"THAT was greedy of you, Tommy, to eat your little sister's share of cake."

"Well, ma, I was always to take her part," said Tommy.

"JEMIMY, my lad," said a hopeful father to his son, "keep away from the gals. Don't have one comin', dodge. Just such a critter as that young'un, making the way, was the ruination of your father. Avoid your pore ole dad, Jemmy. Don't cast your eyes that a-way, I tell you. I hadn't been for my pore wife, and you'd might have been in Brazil, lambin' dimuns, my s'

DURING a marriage ceremony, the bride was sobbing immoderately while the knot was being tied. "Will she say, 'I obey,'" whispered the parson to the officiat.

"Oh, sir," replied the bride, "it's because it's for ever."

"No, sir," rejoined the parson; "that's a mistake. It's not for ever. Death can put an end to the engagement."

On hearing this the bride dried her tears and was consoled.

OF all the freaks of the telegraph, the following is the most remarkable which has come under our personal knowledge: Not long since a graduate from one of our Eastern institutions was appointed to the pastoral charge of a church in the extreme south-west. When about to start for his new field of labor, he was duly ordained by the presbytery of his Presbytery to ordain him. In order to explain it is non-arrival, he telegraphed: "I am ordained to ordain." The message was handed to the deacons of the church: "Presbytery licked a quorum ordained." In the course of the journey the message got strangely misconstrued, and reached the astounded deacons in the following shape: "Presbytery kicked a worm out to Adam." The sober church officers were sorely disappointed and perplexed, but after grave consultation, concluded it was the minister's facetious way of announcing that he would not get to revival, and accordingly proceeded to provide lodgings for him instead of one.

SOME years ago there were five public-houses in the following route, in Love Lane, viz., the Bear, the Angel, the Two Cups, the Three Tuns, and the White Horse. In opposition to the Bear and Angel, the latter house had the following satire writ large on the sign-board:

"My White Horse shall bite the Bear,
And make the Angel fly;
He'll turn the Three Cups upside down,
And drink the Three Tuns dry."

A CERTAIN method of keeping eggs from spoiling: eat them while they're fresh.

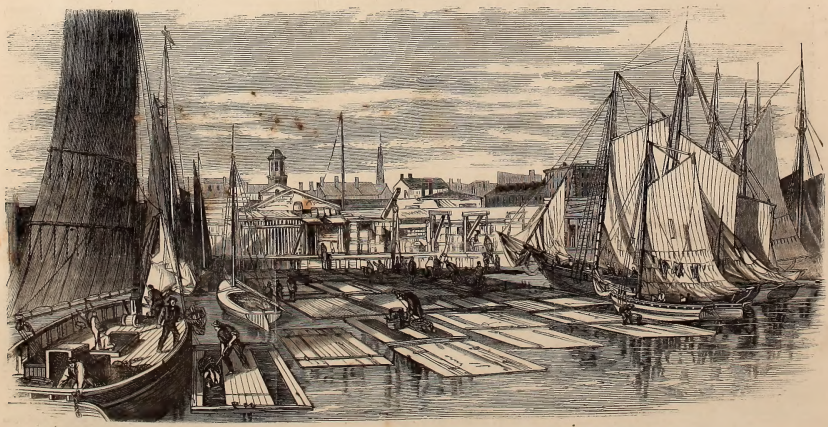
THE NEW YORK FISH MARKETS.



THE INTERIOR OF FULTON FISH MARKET, BETWEEN FULTON AND BEEKMAN STREETS, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.



FULTON FISH MARKET, SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK.



FISHING SMACKS UNLOADING AND DEPOSITING THE FISH IN THE CARS AT FULTON MARKET DOCK, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.

HOW THE FISH MARKET IS SUPPLIED.



MENDING THE NETS.



ASSORTING THE FISH.



DRAWING THE SEINE ON OLD LONG ISLAND'S SEA-GIRT SHORE.



FISHING WITH THE FOUND NETS AT GRAVESEND, LONG ISLAND.

IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

I'm a lady of Fashion, my name's Millionaire,
I am young, though my husband is old;
And the gossipping world which we live in pro-claims
That I married my lord for his gold.

Never mind, it may talk as it will, for my part
I've a house that is stately and grand,
A carriage and horses, and servants to wait,
And all in exchange for my hand.

It is true, as I said, that my husband is old,
But his wealth is enormous, they say,
And what with petroleum, coal mines, and stocks,
I have heard 'tis increasing each day.

I am sure that his talk is of nothing beside,
To his friends at the office or over their wine,
As bonnets and feathers, and jewels and lace,
Are the popular topics with mine.

At five in the evening I go for a drive
Behind the bright bays in the Park,
And sometimes beside me my lord sits erect,
As becoming a man of his mark.
All smiling, he nods to this one and that,
And chatters to me all the while
Of their station, their fortunes, and how they were made,
Somewhat in this kind of style.

That's Brown, the big broker, and Smith of the bank,
And Doubleye, the head of our board,
And Jones, the contractor, my love, who, I'm told,
Since the war is as rich as a lord.
There's Charles, who's made such a fortune in stocks,
And Simkins, in oil wells, my dear,
And Stevens, in shoddy, whose income alone
Amounts to a million, I hear.

I listen, or seem to, at least, while he talks,
But my thoughts are of one who drives nigh
Along the broad drive on a proud-stepping steed,
And who bows as he meets my quick eye,
Just the ghost of a smile, a glance, that is all,
And the coldest conceivable tone,
In reply to my lord who inquires in regard
To my friend on the high mettled roan.

But sometimes I start on my drive while my lord
Sits over his wine and cheroot,
Along with his friends, while they argue of stocks
And the chances of loss or of gain.
And as up the broad drive tread the bright shining bays
In their majesty, splendor, and pride,
There, close to the wheel, while his rider bends low,
Steps the high mettled roan alongside.

So I ride in the Park while my lord sits at home.
My lord who is wealthy but old,
Whom the gossipping world which we live in pro-claims
I married because of his gold.
At home with his dinner, his friends, and his wine,
Discussing of loss and of gain,
And dreaming of gold in each bubble that breaks
In the froth of the creamy champagne.

And I in my carriage, behind the bright bays,
In their majesty, splendor, and pride,
Roll on through the Park, while close to the wheel
Steps the high mettled roan alongside;
And the voice of his rider, who stoops to my ear,
To my cheek brings a faint crimson glow,
And awakens a feeling far down in my heart
Which my opulent lord ought to know.

I'm a lady of Fashion, I dress in the mode,
And my name is pronounced Millionaire,
But harsher by far than the chains of the slave,
Are the barbarous fetters I wear.
I've a carriage and horses, and servants to wait,
And a house which is stately and grand,
Yet there lives not a wretch who is poorer than I,
Through the length and the breadth of the land.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—ANTHONY'S GIFT.

THE doctor might be an ass, as Anthony had said on a certain occasion, but the words were scarcely spoken before the latter regretted he had been the person to say so. However, it was only to Dick Sleuth he had spoken, and Dick was not the man to repeat the hasty opinion. Anthony soon forgot all about it, and then, finding his thoughts revert to Clarissa, checked them with characteristic energy, by plunging suddenly into something else.

"Well, now, Dick," said he to his cousin, soon after the return of the doctor, "if you aren't quite ready to be off, or if you don't like the look of the weather, or if you'd rather stay at home just now, say the word, and I'll go myself to look into this business."

Sleuth glanced at Anthony, and saw there was nothing like taking offence in the aspect of his friend, and that he might, if he so pleased, really let Anthony go, and thus be uncontroled master, for a time, in the house. There were weighty reasons why this would have been desirable. He had not yet fathomed the mystery of the coat, and he wanted to do so; and then, as days passed on, he began to anticipate, with equal hope and alarm, the return of one of the robbers to open negotiations about the conduct—perhaps, even, to hold their knowledge that they did not themselves shoot the old man as a whip over those whom they might fancy to be the real murderers. He dreaded, of all things, Anthony's meeting with either of those men, for there was no saying what stroke, get possession of the codicil and destroy it, and be able to overpower Sleuth, by causing him to be arrested as a criminal, if he made any outcry about his rights.

But then, Sleuth had an intense desire to get away from the house, if only for a few days, provided he could do it in safety. The thought, the frequent sight, of that chamber where his whole life had been changed by a single act, springing, as he tried to persuade himself, from a momentary impulse, sickened him; and took away the energy that he felt might be required for coping successfully with so fearful an antagonist as the expected robber.

Nor was that all. He had a sort of instinct of cunning that whispered to him that he ought, he ought to be, and what doing; and it told him now he ought to be at Leeds, searching into the question of whether there was not a sort of claimant on the estate of the alderman that even he, Sleuth, would be obliged to acknowledge, in deference to the prejudices of the public. Sleuth didn't like the idea of having this child to look after, and who might be always ready to hint to him—"You know I ought to have all this property, and therefore please to mind how you behave to me." No, he must go to Leeds, and not let Anthony do it; and, after gently calling to take a good long look at the sky, while pondering over these things, he said:

"No, Anthony, I shall go—unless you like to say you have changed your mind about me."

"Dick, don't be a fool!" said Anthony, a little testily; but Sleuth proceeded:

"No, Anthony, again, you have work for every day in the week for at least a week to come, in putting things straight with Mr. Stamp, an invaluable man, and in looking after the affairs in a satisfactory manner."

"Quite right, Dick. Come, then, I wish you'd quietly and get me a pencil, some ink and a hammer. Ask no questions. You'll see!"

Sleuth went away, wondering what this new commission might mean, and of course, took the chance to keep an eye upon the movements of Phillis and the man, and so managed to satisfy himself they were all right for the time being, as far as Anthony was concerned.

When he returned with the tools and the nails, Anthony said, with a half smile, but with something behind it that made Sleuth crush Sleuth:

"Now—as they say in melodramas—follow me! but excuse my omission of the proper attitude." He led the way up-stairs, along the corridor, and to the bed-chamber which was to Sleuth the one place in the whole world he most detested and shrank from.

It is strange what fantastic and absurd ideas will at times come into men's minds under peculiar circumstances. Sleuth could not for the life of him avoid recollecting and dwelling upon a story he had somewhere read, of a woman having been walled up in a chamber where she had committed some heavy offence, never more to come forth. What if Anthony had made the discovery he (Sleuth) always lived in dread of, and was going to enclose him in a chamber of death—not, perhaps, to kill him there, but to accuse him, and shut him up till he could send for the officers of justice? Sleuth saw the absurdity of the supposition, but was not the less horrified at the incident, and wondered more and more what it could mean.

Everything remained in the chamber precisely as it had been left after the murder. Even the bed, where every little mark of a rise or a fall in the clothes might be the sole evidence of the murder, was unmade; Anthony having at first told the housekeeper not to let the place be seen by any but the police, and Sleuth having himself always locked and unlocked the doors during the business of the funeral, &c.

Already dust was settling upon the pillows, and spiders' webs were showing in the corners of the ceiling. The place had also a close, stifling odor, which caused Anthony, on first entering, to open one of the windows just for an instant, look out, then shut it down again, and begin operations.

"Now, Dick, you drill the holes, and I'll come after you with the hammer and nails. Don't tell. Time's precious, and we've something else to attend to."

Sleuth accordingly drilled holes where Anthony indicated, and soon the windows were nailed up. Then the shutters were closed, and subjected to a similar operation; the doors with the locks shut down. And then two of the three doors were similarly fastened. Anthony worked on with extraordinary coolness and quickness, as if there really was nothing particular in the operation, however noisy, and however much Sleuth might be puzzled; for he could not, for the life of him, imagine spirit, while, in fact, too uneasy about it even to venture to break Anthony's injunction not to talk.

Sleuth, however, kept a watchful door to fasten, and while this was, to Sleuth's relief, kept wide open to let in air, Anthony sat down on the edge of the bed, and said:

"Now, Dick, come here beside me, and hear what I've got to say. Sit down!"

"No, no, Anthony, thank you! I ain't tired."

"Surely, Dick, you don't feel afraid?"

"No, no, no, Anthony, not—not a bit afraid; but I—I don't think it exactly right—not decent—to sit there——"

"Ah, Dick, that may be your feeling, and, perhaps, most men's. It isn't mine. It may seem to you odd, but I've a reason for it, that the old man better than I ever did before, and would almost wish I hadn't a ghost of a reason for seeming to do so. But you don't know how good and genial he could be at times—I grant, only at times. But somehow I fancy that our uncle's true soul only really let itself out at those odd and seemingly inconsistent times. The world, Dick, is a great disguiser, and trade itself is often but one of the biggest of human masks. Well, Dick, I didn't, as you may judge, come here to talk this kind of nonsense. But do sit down!"

"I couldn't—I don't want, I tell you, Anthony; I'm not a bit tired."

"Why, you look fatigued to death."

"Well, Anthony, if I do, you may, I think, find some reasons for it, and—particularly in a place like this."

This was a bold thing to say. Sleuth was aghast when he had said it; but its very boldness proved his safety.

"You are right, Dick—always right, Dick, even when it sometimes fancy you are quite wrong. And it's precisely because I want you to understand how I think about you—your future and your past—that I am here now for us to have a talk before you go. I meant this talk to have been on the road, but an odd fancy occurred to me to have it here."

"Here, Anthony!" if to listen, shout a yard or so from Anthony, but gradually turned his face so that it could not be seen, while his attitude showed he was attentively cursed by Anthony's words.

"Of course, Dick, I never intended you to be a kind of 'led captain' or dependent poor cousin, to receive my contributions in humours at the risk of ejectment from house and home. Don't believe me so thoughtless; you couldn't believe me so selfish?"

"No, no, Anthony," murmured Sleuth, anxious to hear what was about to follow, craving for some information, but might anticipate the possible loss for ever of the right to ask one unmingled dearious not to compromise too far his own future relation to Anthony when the positions should be reversed, as reversed "they would be," he said to himself.

"Well, then, Dick, old fellow, this is what I propose. First, you want a position—a vocation—don't you?"

"Y—yes."

"Of course you do; so that, if I behaved badly, or you thought so, you might tell me to go to the unmentionable one, while you took off your tatter's and kicked me out of the premises," as my instructor in political economy used to say."

Sleuth laughed, and Anthony went on:

"That position is mercantile management. I must work, therefore, or you. You to rich—too lazy—too self-indulgent to work when I'm not obliged."

"Nonsense, Anthony! You know——"

"Dick, you're a wise man, learning somewhere to contradict what I now say? Very likely. Perhaps I may turn ambitious and go into Parliament, if I'm not too close-fisted. But that's my affair. Yours is to become my steward, look into everything, bring every rascal to book who tries to impose on me, and make the best of my estate, for I mean to sink my whole fortune in land."

"Not—not just yet, Anthony?" asked the frightened Sleuth, who felt he was not in control as he could summon up to disguise the poignancy of his alarm.

"Well, no—for this, among other reasons: we must mind what we buy, and how we buy, or we shall pay too dear for the whistle."

The "we" greatly reassured Sleuth, who thought it time to say:

"Well, Anthony, I have got already some inkling into the alderman's affairs, for he often employed me"—a statement that was quite true, but which ought to have been augmented by the words, "when he couldn't help it." Sleuth went on: "I should like it very much, what you say, only I've a deal to learn, and you must be vexed if I make mistakes."

"Not a bit of it. Well, now, Dick, for a tremendous question—story! It's my duty, you see, Dick, to behave to you as you are to behave to everybody else—that is, to grind you down, you grant, without mercy, for the pence five hundred a year for three years, and then a rise."

What could Sleuth say, but this Anthony was kind and liberal grateful?

"Come, Dick, now I shall have courage to go a bit further, now that we haven't quarreled over this. This arrangement is but a matter of business as between us; but you have a right to expect that I shall not receive this large property, which so easily might have been yours—nay, Dick, which I believe would have been yours, if you'd been a rogue, or anything but a downright good fellow at heart."

Sleuth "hemmed" and "hawed," as if preparing to disclaim; but Anthony said, loudly:

"Be quiet, Dick, and listen, because I want you now to speak out frankly. I have been thinking that I can do for you, and it's odd enough, but the answer to that question answers a different kind of question at the same time—what shall I do with this place, and you?"

"This house, Anthony!" said Dick, turning in surprise.

"Ay, this house, and the land belonging to it, and the furniture, and—no, not the books, I'll keep them, for his sake; but including the two horses and the carriage, and, and, if you like, your dear, crabbed old Mrs. Milton, and pretty, lovable Miss Phillis."

Sleuth began to change color, and reverted to his former position.

"There, Dick, you know now what I want to do. I want to give you this, in simple testimony of affection, respect and sympathy for your great disappointment."

"No, no, Anthony, I won't have it!" exclaimed Sleuth, vehemently; then, in alarm of what that manifestation of dislike might suggest, he added: "It's too much! too much!"

"Dick, you're a fool," said Anthony, with a constrained and hurt tone. "If you mean it's not enough——"

"Anthony, this is cruel of you!"

And, inexplicable as it may sound, the tears were standing in Sleuth's eyes, who had something in him of a woman's art of exciting sympathy at special times.

"You don't mean that? On your soul, Dick, you had no meaning of that kind?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, Dick, hang me if you shan't take it; or I'll smash our late arrangement—become my own steward——"

"But why——" interrupted Sleuth.

"Why what? Why give you this property instead of its equivalent?"

"Y—yes," assented Sleuth.

"I'll tell you, Dick, candidly. I can, as you see, sit here, and think only how I loved the old man. But I can't always be in such moods, and then, I own, the sight of the place where he was murdered becomes unpleasant to me. I don't mean merely because of the murder, but because of the tenderness the old man sometimes lavished upon me, and which makes me want to treat his house as something too sacred to be destroyed, as I at first intended; and yet as something which I should not be obliged to be in when I feel inclined to be away."

"But—but—Anthony," began Sleuth, and with an earnestness that he was obliged vainly to check, as he heard the sound of his own voice, "don't you think this applies to me, too?"

"No, Dick; because he didn't care for you, and you didn't care for him. That's the truth, and you are too manly a fellow to want me to disguise it. It isn't matter now to anybody how you regard my uncle's memory, further than this—that you pay all respect to his name for my sake."

Sleuth could not but acknowledge the truth of this, though the proffered gift absolutely revolted him at first, as seeming to bind him closer than ever to his crime. But then, again, he reflected on the convenience it would be to have Anthony away before the burglars might come to seek him.

"And when, when——"

"Well, it is yours from this hour. I have written, while waiting for you, a memorandum to that effect, and I shall dispatch it at once to Mr. Stamp, to be put in legal shape."

Sleuth began to pour forth his protestations of gratitude, but Anthony arrested them by asking:

"Do you like the house? I shouldn't like you to think the gift greater than it is."

"No," said Sleuth; then remembering that he had heard the alderman vaguely describe the whole at nine or ten thousand pounds, he said, cunningly: "It can't be less than four or five thousand pounds, Anthony."

"It's worth, at least, ten thousand pounds, I'm glad to say, since I know, Dick, it won't disappoint you. And now," he added, "do you understand what I have been about here?"

"Not exactly."

Sleuth began to think that he'd better.

"Nothing in this room for ever. I don't want to see it again—you don't."

Sleuth felt a tremor running over him that he was obliged to arrest with a painful effort, but he said nothing, and Anthony continued:

"I don't want to fancy people coming in here as to an exhibition. The house is big enough for you, Dick, and you should marry, and have no end of arrows in your quiver, without the use of this room. So let us take our last look, and leave it."

Anthony stood then apart from Sleuth, evidently forgetting him—stood a long while in deep silence, then sighed, turned, and said, in a tone of almost awful quietness:

"Dick, do you know, I fancy that I and the man who fired that shot will yet meet?"

They went into the passage, and then closed the door, and fastened it as the other doors and windows had all been fastened.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE PEDDLER.

WHILE Phillis was wondering whether Richard Sleuth was gone—and if so, what it meant that he had taken such a hasty leave of her, she took her work and sat in the porch of a little side entrance. The house cat had followed her, and sat at her feet smiling the long evening air, and looking up wonderingly at her face, when she allowed her to play with her worsteds unmolested.

But other than this of the long summer's day, or her secret anxieties, or the growing darkness of the night, made Phillis little inclined for work. She sat with her head leaning against the thick clematis, and her eyes looking straight up into the misty sky, that was slowly arraying itself like an eastern bride in filmy veils and robes, and glittering jewels, the place was very silent; the trees, which had been wrapped in a trance-like stillness all day, were beginning to tremble as if frightened at their own shadows on the grass, and to whisper among themselves, as if telling each other their fears.

The stillness and her own thoughts so oppressed her, that Phillis felt she must either sing or have a good cry to relieve herself, and she was just debating on the matter, when she heard a most encouraging footsteps caused her to lift her hands, and push back her tears. As soon as the burning brain had left her, there was a stronger reason towards her. He was evidently a peddler, for he had a pack on his back, and a mahogany case suspended from his neck. When Phillis first caught sight of him he had already seen her, and was hurrying towards her. She rose quickly, and picked up her work to go in.

"Good evening, miss," said the man, putting his foot on the step and resting the case on his knee. "A beautiful evening, miss. May I detain you one minute?"

"I don't want to buy anything, thank you?" said Phillis, passing, and letting her eye wander over the bright things, and that fine dusty depot of the case only partially revealed. "You have come to the wrong door. If you go round to the left you will see the kitchen; perhaps they may buy something there. Good evening."

And Phillis was turning somewhat reluctantly from the tempting case, when the man, sinking his voice to a confidential whisper:

"Excuse me, miss, but if you'd just step one instant—if you'd just throw your eye over one or two of the articles I have with me, I think you'd say they was far more suitable to ladies, miss, than servants—far more so, indeed, miss."

"Ah! but there are no ladies here," said Phillis, smiling at the compliment to herself,

"Dear me!" exclaimed the man, who by this time had divested himself of his cane, and was kneeling by his pack and rapidly unstrapping it. "I understood in the town that the new master here was married—how people talk, don't they?—and I was particularly advised to let the misses know of a few pairs of Paris slippers I have here. Ah! here's the very article, yours. Now, look at that, and see if it wouldn't suit you to a T, miss, just as if it 'ud been made for you."

"Oh, thank you," answered Phillis, putting her hands into her apron pockets, to keep them from touching the pretty slippers, "I don't wear such things."

"No, I'll warrant you, my dear," said the man, with a laugh. "If you ain't rollin' in riches I don't very well see how you could wear 'em. Do you know the price such things is in London? Half a guinea, if they're a farthin'."

"Well, I told you I didn't want them," answered Phillis.

"Ah, but I'm going, in consequence of our trade being hard beset just now, to offer 'em to you at a figger which'll be little more than givin' 'em away."

"Then I'm afraid they're not come by rightly," said Phillis. "I'm afraid they were smuggled."

The man winked, and said in a whisper:

"That's my look-out, my dear, not yours."

"They're certainly very pretty," said Phillis, with a sigh.

"Take them, then; and if you don't tell a soul about the price—"

"Hush, hush! Oh, please go away," cried Phillis. "Here's my godmother coming, and she won't let me buy such things."

"Hey—where, my man. "Here, take and cram 'em in your pockets, and these bracelets and this little cross. Settle any time you like. There, mum's the word."

He had stuffed Phillis's apron pockets with the things he mentioned before she could prevent him, and then turned after her godmother had come close to the door.

"Phillis!" exclaimed the housekeeper, in a tone of angry reproof.

"It's a peddler," said Phillis, speaking quickly and with heightened color; for she knew how angry her godmother would be to see her looking at the man's finery. "He seems a decent, civil fellow," she whispered, "and I thought I might as well buy my thimble of him as wait for the fair."

Although Phillis had spoken in a whisper, not liking the sound of the last story, he had his little tray of thimbles out in an instant.

"Ah, ma'am," said he, "I wish you'd choose for the young woman. She don't seem to know her own mind, when these two. Now, I can see at a glance, ma'am, that you are a judge of the silver thimble. But p'raps, ma'am, you'd just have a peep at what I've got here, while the young woman makes up her mind."

"No—no, my good man, you needn't throw your labor away upon me. Phillis, have done the door to be open? I tell you it's no good turning your things over. I shan't look at 'em, my man."

"Thank you, ma'am, feel the pressure of that there. French, ma'am, every bit; but mum's the word."

"I tell you I don't want a shawl; and if I did, those colored things is no good to me. I'm in mourning, and likely to be."

"Ah, to be sure, ma'am. Well, now, here's a genteel thing for a genteel grip. In mourning! yes, of course. Poor old gentleman! Awful thing; wasn't it? Left plenty to his servants for 'em to go into mourning, wasn't he? Fool the weight of that fringe, ma'am. Rayther a freaky old gentleman, though, they say in the town—left his money to the whales and such like."

"The wrong one, indeed," said the housekeeper. "Look here; here's a fray as long as your finger in the corner. I should like to know which is the right, if Mr. Anthony isn't, when he's been brought up to expect it all along. And you heard that in the town, did you? Ah, people say such thing but their prayers. Well, now, what would you have the face to ask for this—with a grease-spot here, and a fray there?"

"Oh, I've got plenty more: so have your pick. My eye! that must have been a night for you women folks—the night the poor old gemman was knocked off, eh, ma'am. The villains didn't hurt none o' you, did they?"

"Oh, no," answered Phillis.

"What do you mean by your 'Oh, no,' Phillis?" interposed the housekeeper. "But, of course, my throat had been cut, you'd ha' thought nothing of it."

"But I didn't know you were hurt, godmother," said Phillis, kneeling down as it to look into the case, but really to hide her burning pockets.

"Didn't know I was hurt? Didn't one of the wretches run after me—come back on purpose to murder me?"

"Oh, my! of course they did," answered Phillis very quickly, but not quickly enough to prevent her godmother from saying:

"You say that as if I didn't know it was one of them at the time, or the fright might have killed me."

"You took it for some one in the house, then?" said the peddler, his eyes asking the question more eagerly than his voice.

"Bless you, yes! First I thought it was Mr. Sleuth. Then I made certain it was Mr. Anthony."

"La, godmother!" said Phillis.

"But you're sure it wasn't Mr. Sleuth, now?" asked the man, with a laugh, that covered a sharp, inquisitive glance.

"Oh, yes. The wretch had a white coat on, or smock, and Mr. Sleuth hadn't got such. But there, don't talk of it. It gives me the shivers to think o' that night, and the narrow escape I had."

"I shud say it did," observed the man. "And the young gentleman,s living here just the same, I hear."

"Yes; but he's now away."

"For the benefit of his health?" inquired the peddler.

"No; on business."

"Oh! At London, I suppose?"

"No; at Leeds."

"Oh! at Leeds. Well, what do you say to that pattern? So the old man made a new will out just at last, did he? after everybody thinking it was all going to this here doctor chap—this young Slue, or what do you call him?"

"Oh, no; this will was made a long time ago. No, I don't like that color."

"You don't like the white in it? It's all the fashion now. Then the old gentleman never made a new will at all for the doctor chap?"

"If he did, he made away with it before he died, thank God!"

"Ah, one can see how the land lays with you, ma'am. Well, the new master's a fortunate gentleman in having you for housekeeper."

"Well, I think he might do worse. Oh, la! no; fold that up again as soon as you like."

"You'll purchase it, perhaps, the first, ma'am. Fold it over the fray, so, and who'll be the wiser? Well, I heard in the town for certain this will was made on the old gentleman's dying bed."

"I should as soon forget the day the poor dear met his death on, as the day when that will was made," said the housekeeper. "It was just a quarter past four in the afternoon when I was called up to sign it—a broiling day it was, too."

The man took his handkerchief from his hat, and wiped the face, vigorously.

"Much this time o' the year, then, I suppose?"

"It was August the second, eighteen hundred and eleven," said the housekeeper.

"Stop a bit," said the peddler, throwing himself on his knees hastily by his pack. "I've a thing here that'll just suit a lady of your street door."

As he knelt with his back towards them, and held up the heap of shawls with his left hand, while he took a bit of lead pencil from his pocket, and stooping down closely over the pack, wrote on the canvas cover, "Aug. 2, 1811."

"There," said he, rising with a shawl in his hand, "if that don't suit you, nothing will."

"Well, I'm sure that won't," exclaimed the housekeeper. "Why, bless us, what a thing! I wouldn't wear it for the world, I'm sure."

"There, let it alone!" answered the man, gruffly, and, snatching up the scattered shawls, flung them into his pack, as he rose from his knees. "You'll be a fool if you wear mind to say I'll not buy a thing," said she, indignantly.

"I wouldn't have, if I was you," answered the peddler, still arranging his pack in anything but a professional manner. "Old birds aint to be taken with young fly-fine fashions, they may be."

It happened, fortunately for the peddler, that the housekeeper had flung the shawl she had first taken a fancy to, in spite of its blemishes, on the porch, and had gone there to examine it, while there was time for this complimentary speech to reach her.

As soon as she was gone, Phillis touched the man's sleeve.

"Oh, pray, pray take these back," said she, beginning to cry. "I'll pay you any money here to pay for them, and I can't get at any without asking her, and she wouldn't let me have them for the world."

"Never mind, my dear, never mind," said the man, soothingly. "I shall be round here again before long, and you shall settle for 'em all quiet. Put 'em by, and say nothing about 'em—put 'em by. S'lush! here she comes."

Phillis looked on with burning cheeks, while her godmother paid the man, and longed to throw the things from her pockets, and entreat her help in making the man take them back. But before she could bring herself to do so, she saw the man go, and heard the outer gate slam.

At the sound she could control herself no longer, and burst into tears.

"Why, Phillis; what now?" asked her godmother.

"Oh, godmother, I—I——"

"Well?"

"I did want to buy something," sobbed Phillis. "Oh, you silly wench. Why, how do you know that shawl isn't for you?"

"Is it? Oh, dear, dear godmother?"

And Phillis threw her arms round her neck, partly because she wished to be touched by her godmother's kindness, and partly to conceal her pockets till they got into the dark passage.

About an hour after the peddler was in the clean taproom of the Magnet, a little public house at the far end of Heugston Town. It was such a hot evening, that the unglazed casement in the taproom had attracted had turned out to sit on the long benches, among the sunflowers and hollyhocks, and the peddler had followed his example himself. He sat at a table, near the little window, leaning his elbows on it, and his cheeks in his hands, and looking straight out over the hollyhocks and sunflowers at heads to where, many a day at his phone the white towers of Hock House. A greasy pocketbook lay on the table before him, and in it was one single sheet of paper, on the back of which the canvas wrapper, "August 2d, 1811." He then read over and over again, as if he could not give up the subject, a newspaper that was lying at his date he found in the paper given to him by the burglar—"March 22, 1816." He took the book up hastily as he heard a pleasure van stop at the outer door, and put some loose papers carefully into the pockets; then he sat down, and his eyes again found their way to the window.

"How I love that house!" he muttered; "how I love every soul belongin' to it! But never mind us's workin' round. The wheel's a workin' round. Who'll be up next, I wonder, and who'll come down? The doctor clap's my man; I've learned that much."

CHAPTER XXVI.—IN WHICH THE "MAGNET" FAILS TO RETAIN A GUEST WHOM IT HAS ATTRACTED.

The tap-room of the "Magnet," on the evening of the peddler's visit, seemed to be more than usually deserving of its name. That person seemed to give a new life to the place. He was generous, and treated all round; he sang humorous songs of a flash kind; he was affable to those who seemed to consider themselves his inferiors, and he knew those who appeared to have a right to look down on him. He said nothing definite about himself, but somehow everybody got the impression that he was no ordinary peddler; and two different opinions were drawn up, each having a respectable body of supporters—the one saying he was a gentleman in disguise, who was merely selling jewellery and other valuable things in order to win some mysterious bet; while others, more knowing in human nature and its ways, said he was a lawyer's clerk, who had suddenly got a windfall, and didn't know what to do with it.

But while the "Magnet" was in the very height of social glee, over a song sung by the peddler, which, in effect, glorified the doings of rascality, there occurred a pause, during which men refreshed their pipes and pots, and enjoyed a moment's silence. Through that silence, the peddler heard somebody say to somebody else, as a passing bit of gossip, "No; Mr. Sleuth hasn't gone yet, and, in course, won't go now till morning."

Five minutes later, the peddler was seized with so violent an attack of headache and sickness, that, to the astonishment of the whole company, he left them, and went to bed, amid universal regret and cordial wishes for his better health.

He found the back room, or bedroom, for when the peddler got there, and had sent away the very kind people who would accompany him, he threw his handkerchief, a pair of his coat, pocketed out the whole jugfull of water into the wash-hand basin, and dipped his head into it, and kept it there as long as he could hold his breath. After a prolonged bath, he lifted his face, and while he dried himself with the towel, went to the window to look out, in an inquisitive manner, as if investigating the shape of the sky, and the darkness of the night.

"I'll catch him now, sure as his name's Richard Sleuth, and mine isn't—well—what folks thinks it."

Resuming his seat, and pushing his case at valise under the bed, he opened the window, which was scarcely ten feet from the ground outside, and dropped; then withdrawing the sash to the fullness, exactly where he would fall. He did fall on the very edge of a tub of pig's wash, which fell with him on one side, and might, if it had been full, have covered him with its savory contents, but his good luck caused him to find it nearly empty. The shock and alarm were, of course, unpleasant, but broke no bones. He fell for help, but with no terror except that attributed to the thickness of his boots. Feeling for the edge of the tub, he restored it to its place, and then began to help him in his ascent when he should get back to the bedroom. He then made off in the direction of the aldermanbury.

It was remarkable how accurately he knew the way, though it was so dark he could scarcely distinguish the outline of a tree. No number rows branched, or whether the short cut Jay across a meadow, Bob went as direct to his mark as a London cabman, or rather, till he reached the wall of Rock House. Then he began to move more slowly and warily, but not because of his ignorance of the premises, or the fulness of his knowledge. *There* was the gate and door through which the servants habitually passed, and he knew where the key of the gate was, he touched the stable entrance, and he knew how to put his hand on every latch or bolt, how to avoid this window, and to keep clear of that, and to keep the low wall in the yard.

Presently he saw light streaming from an open window. Cautiously he approached it, and he heard one voice—the housekeeper's—he knew well, though unheard for many years, and another voice—younger and fresher, he also knew—though he remembered it but as a not many hours old. The housekeeper was saying:

"It's my belief as Mr. Sleuth don't want to go, or he'd never keep on going so many times, and then walk off to his bed as usual, not a bit ashamed."

"Has he gone to bed?" asked Phillis, who was sitting with her face close to her godmother's shawl, and a little suspicious as to his motives for delay.

"Had his hot water not ten minutes ago."

"All right, then, godmother; I'll help him to drink it presently, if only he's got some pincapple rum to put in it."

Bob paused on, wondering, now that his special knowledge began to fail him, how he was to discover Mr. Sleuth's room. If it were at the back of the house, where he now was, he didn't see how he was to get at it, except by venturing through a door into the interior. That was very risky. Bob, if caught, couldn't afford to explain his business, and on the whole, he had had labor and the vitilation of the whip if he didn't mind what he was about. No, he wouldn't venture inside. What he could not do.

He would sluk round to the front, get between the two wings, and climb up to the balcony that ran across the body of the house, uniting the wings at their base. Soon thought, soon done. Bob stood panting in the balcony, and then had command of no less than three windows opening on to many rooms.

"Doose is in it if his ain't one of the three!"

There was light visible from two of the windows. Softly the peddler approached the nearest, and slowly put his head forward beyond the window-line to look in; but drew it back instantly, for a man was there, who was looking at the window at the very moment of the transit of a strange face across it. It was an anxious moment for the peddler, that first one in which he drew himself up, ready for a sudden descent and flight; but, on second thoughts,, he felt sure his face could not have been seen, on account of the darkness outside and the light within. So he ventured again and was rewarded by entire conviction of his being unseen—unsuspected. A young man was sitting at a table, writing earnestly—so earnestly, that even so unsympathetic a personage as the peddler said to himself, with an inward chuckle:

"Love letter, I s'pose—he looks as no spoony about it. Not my man. Master Sleuth ain't got a moustache. Not my man? Stop a bit, Master Anthony Moule. I ain't quite made up my mind yet whether it's best to go to him and tell him I've got the property, and wants to keep it—with my leave; or to go to the man who ain't got it, and would verry much like to have it—with my leave. Howsomever, I don't want you now; so, good night."

The peddler moved on to the second window with similar precaution, and there took a long, earnest look. Evidently, he was very much interested. What did he see?

A young man, not having a moustache—dobtless, therefore, Mr. Richard Sleuth—was standing by his door, holding his handle, and listening intently. The peddler thought he would never move; minute after minute passed, and still Richard Sleuth stood and listened. Suddenly, just as the peddler's eyes began to ache, and he felt inclined to check his curious desire to know what was going on before addressing himself to his own affairs, he saw the door open, and Sleuth, with a lighted candle, which he shaded with his left hand, appear.

The temptation to follow was irresistible. The peddler lifted the window without noise, got in, took off his boots, passed through the room, emerged into the corridor, saw Sleuth near one end, pausing as if afraid to pass a staircase; but soon he moved quickly across that, and was lost round a corner. The peddler ran after him, and was just in time to trace him up another flight of stairs, and into a bedroom.

He pulled the door softly to the half-open door, and was again just in time to see Mr. Sleuth take from a box a brown paper parcel, tied up, as if about to be sent by coach to a distance. This he felt inquiringly, and was about to examine, when he, like the peddler, was alarmed at hearing footsteps and voices ascending. The peddler waited just long enough to see that Sleuth was putting back the parcel unexamined into its place, and then he fled, and became, in turn, pursued by the horror-stricken Sleuth, who did not see him, but caught sight of a shadow of vast proportions receding as he approached one spot, which seemed to him the one where he remembered to have had the first thought how easy it would be to get rid of Mr. Anthony Moule during the burglar's visit.

But he was to endure a still greater alarm on his return to his own room. He reached it breathless, and with wild fear and fancy of the shadow he had seen; and did not understand; fury at the endless disappointment about that coat, which had again probably escaped him.

He had entered through his light during his escape from the room containing that parcel, and now he sat on the edge of the bed, staring about him.

"Where is that coat? Surely something is in the corner over there! He sees it now—dark, rising, taking shape—a man's shape. The very marrow in his bones seemed to be dissolving when he heard a voice say, in low tones, as if muffled for the occasion:

"Don't be afear'd, sir. I sin't. I know you—you're Mr. Richard Sleuth."

Sleuth's hand had caught at the bell on the first commencement of the sound, and he felt the bedchamber, but he did not know he had rung it till he heard, even while the man was speaking, the tinkling of distant sounds.

"Did you ring that 'ere bell?"

"Yes—I suppose so. Who are you? What do you want?"

"They're a coming. No time to tell you now. Don't be afear'd on me. I've good news for you. If I can't get hold on you in-to-morrow morning early, I'll make an appointment. Don't say you seed me, or anybody. Worse for you if you do. Say you've got the stomach-ache. Good night, Mr. Sleuth."

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT IN FRANCE.—A Paris letter says: "The inmates of Clichy (the debtor's prison) are grievously disappointed at having to pass another year in the country, now they had discovered the jail windows, out of gratitude to the Emperor for the promise of abolition. But, at the close of the session, that imprisonment for debt should be abolished. The Conservatives, who form the majority of the Corps Legislatif, are firm believers in the efficacy of imprisonment as a protection to tradesmen against bad debts; and though they will not pressure in put upon them, they must vote as the Emperor orders, it is not with their good will and hearty will, should that property be the son of the debtor, which time-honored laws consider the property of the creditor, and under which so much business, they contrived to get the bill made a government one. Happily, the republican party circulated that, since the announcement of the measure, several debtors had absconded and tripled, and from this assumed fact it has been sought to argue that shopkeepers have become bolder in contracting bad debts in the secessary, and desire to protest beforehand against the proposed abolition. The truth is, however, that there will never so few prisoners in Clichy as now; the whole number of debtors in Paris does not much exceed the inmates of this great country could be vitally affected by letting the handful go of poor devils in jail. I have no doubt that the Emperor's humane idea, entirely conformable as it is to the spirit of the age, will be realized next year."

SELF-SACRIFICE for the benefit of one's family or country, is held in high esteem to be a virtue of the highest order. In cases where substitution is allowed, there is no difficulty in finding a substitute. For instance, a friend, who sells himself for about a hundred ounces of silver ($150 to $200), and is transported for life with his family. I knew of a case in which a distinguished literary graduate wrote a petition to the emperor representing the circumstances of his people, who were in a state of misery and destitution. The grievances were acknowledged and redressed, but their cause at present delivered himself over to the Ministry to be dealt with as the authorities should deem fit. The nails were torn from his fingers as a punishment for having written the petition, and he was ordered to die in prison. A cannon was awarded temple was built in his honor, a pension was awarded by the people to his family, and everybody seemed satisfied that everything rigid and proper was done on the occasion.



RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT AUBURN.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRED. COPPIN.

THE FISH TRADE OF NEW YORK.

THE city of New York has always been celebrated as a fish depot throughout the world. Her waters have always yielded an abundance of the finny tribe; and as facilities for transportation have increased, the denizens of the deep have been ruthlessly snatched from their watery homes, and hurried, with lightning speed, to Gotham, from whence they are transferred to every available point in the United States where fish are eaten, or to reach which they can be kept in a respectable degree of freshness. Labrador gives up her halibut, and the Southern rivers their mullet, the western lakes their white fish, sunkwit and pickerel, the streams of Maine and Canada their salmon, and the soft flowing waters of Pennsylvania their trout, all to grace the epicurean tables of New York, or, laid stark and cold upon Rockland Lake ice, to be whisked away to other languishing palates, either in our own land or in Europe.

Fulton Market, one of the oldest in New York, is at the eastern foot of Fulton street, and occupies one block, exclusive of the fish building, which has a frontage of about 350 feet on South street, the rear upon the East River, over which one half the building is extended, for the convenience of the dealers, in taking their fishy commodities direct from the cans or boxes in which they are kept to the stands.

Our illustrations show, firstly, the interior of the fish market, in which building the largest amount of business is transacted between the hours of three and eight in the morning, during which time the retail dealers of the city and vicinity come in for their stock. After the latter hour the general public begin to look out for their dinners, and by twelve the sales are over, and the busy spot is comparatively deserted.

The rear view, with the fishing smacks unloading, is one of especial interest, for here the small vessels used for catching and transporting arrive, and transfer their cargoes to the boxes or fish cars. These boxes are simply square receptacles, constructed with a door on top, and interstices between the boarding, so that water can have free circulation. They float in the area behind the market, each dealer having a certain space in the water for his cars. In these the fish will live weeks, perhaps months, and be always ready and fresh to his owner's hands. To this spot come the boats from every part, bringing their cargoes in what are called "wells," which are simply compartments in the centre of the vessel, with holes directly through the bottom for the circulation of water and keeping the tenants alive.

"Old Long Island's sea girt shore" is the favorite fishing ground, and there some thousands of jolly fishermen pluck a living from the briny deep. At Gravesend they fish with what is generally known as the pound net, enclosing an immense space, constructed on the principal of a bread mouth, gradually leading the fish onward, until they find themselves entrapped in a circumscribed apartment, from which they are easily taken. Occasionally, an unwelcome visitant is found in these places in the shape of a shark or a devil fish, and, as a consequence, he comes in for no gentle usage at the hands of the capturers.

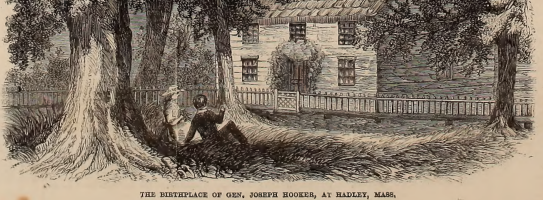
On other parts of Long Island shore, the fishing is done by means of the seine, a process as old as Father Adam, and unnecessary to describe. Of course at different seasons, and under different circumstances, the haul varies, but occasionally the draught is sufficiently miraculous to disturb even the equanimity of the stolid fishermen themselves.

With this general summary we commend the fish market to every New Yorker, or visitant of the city, with a certainty that there are many things as well worth seeing as on any other visit to the institutions.

BIRTHPLACE OF GEN. HOOKER.

ANYTHING connected with Gen. J. Hooker, must, especially at this moment, be interesting. We say "especially at this moment," because the General has just been entering upon the honied path of matrimony, by marrying Miss Groesbeck, a beautiful lady of Cincinnati.

The engraving illustrates the spot of his birth at Hadley, Massachusetts.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF GEN. JOSEPH HOOKER, AT HADLEY, MASS.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT AUBURN.

ANOTHER of those terrible disasters that have of late made traveling an expedition more dangerous than going into battle, occurred upon the New York Central Railroad, at Auburn, on Saturday, Sept. 30th, an illustration of which we give this week. Our correspondent says: "On visiting the scene of the disaster on Sunday morning, a terrible sight was presented by the shattered and crushed cars, fragments of which were strewn for several rods along the ground. There were hundreds of people present during the day, and all expressed their astonishment at the fact that none of the passengers were killed or fatally injured by the terrible plunge. There was nothing of the running gear of the cars left intact, while the sides and ends were crushed in and smashed up fearfully. Many of the passengers were thrown nearly the entire length of the cars, hurled to the front, and jammed together by the shock, when they were so suddenly checked in their rapid speed. One of those most seriously injured, a gentleman named Francis Worden, was bruised beneath the debris of a wrecked car, one of its timbers lying across his chest, and another across his forehead, almost crushing him beneath their weight. He was finally rescued, with a dislocated hip and many severe bruises."

THE CENTRAL PARK.

"THERE is nothing connected with this world-known spot but has interest. We have heretofore given illustrations of many points, and this week we give the arbor, casino, and zoological department.

The arbor is constructed in the true rural style of architecture, open top, the requisite shade being entrusted to the vines, which cluster up its sides and over the trellised roof.

The casino, the name of which tells its own story, is near the arbor, and both are within sound of the music which is discoursed from Dodworth's band, one of the finest in the world, every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

The zoological collection already has assumed fair proportions, though it is comparatively a new idea in connection with the Park. Officers of vessels arriving from foreign parts, and travelers or citizens of New York sojourning abroad, send animals and birds to swell the collection, until it numbers several hundred specimens, foreign and domestic. Every few days the newspapers chronicle the addition of something alive to join the happy family dwelling there, and the Park managers have endeavored to make it as picturesque as possible.

The Park is, altogether, getting to be a great institution, and those who live a quarter of a century more will see in its growth one of the most elegant spots ever produced by Nature, aided by the hands of man.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY:

A Story of Bishop Selwyn.

IN the autumn of 1857 I spent a few days in a country parsonage, and on a Sunday morning, at breakfast, the pastor's wife received a letter, which her tittering told us must be a tit-bit.

"Ah, uncle," said she, "here are clerical doings exactly to your taste."

The writer, a lady in a distant country, narrated that there had lately come into the next parish a new vicar, a very fine young man, who at school had no superior either in Greek or in boxing, and who at the university won honors for his classics, and silver cups for his boxing. He was beginning in earnest the work of an evangelist among a long-neglected, vicious and brutal people. He had a plan, and a will; but many worthy folk were fearing that his zeal was without knowledge—or wisdom, at any rate.

One of his first measures was to open a school in a remote part of the parish, and get the room licensed for week-day preaching. But all the drunkards rose against such unheard

of proceedings. They would run after him, cursing and hooting, and discharging volleys of soda and other missiles. Finding remonstrance vain, he adopted another course on the Wednesday evening in the week before I heard the story.

Making a stand in the middle of the road, at the entrance of the hamlet, just as the storm arose, and facing the savages in the face, he addressed them thus, in a firm, quiet voice, which commanded their attention:

"My good fellows, I love borne this patiently for some time, but now must put a stop to it; and I'll do it in your own way. Choose your best man, and we'll fight it out. I beat you, you'll give up, you know."

They looked at him unbelievingly; but, throwing his coat on a bush, he added:

"I am in earnest; send your man."

The ruffians laid their heads together; and then a burly giant stepped forth, and stripped, and made a furious dash at his professed challenger, who quietly parried the unskilful blows, and played with them for a few seconds. But then, a fist was planted in the peasant's chest, and he lay at full length on the ground. Quickly gathering himself up, however, he sprang to his companions.

"Now send your next best, and I'll go through the lot of you."

Again their heads drew together, and another threw down his jacket, going to work, however, with a more cautious energy. But at once a stalwart stretched him on the road.

"Your next!"

Once more a conglomeration of dense pates was formed.

"Bill, thou tek him!"

Bill eyed the hero askance, and shook his head.

"Theo, Jim!"

A shake of the head from Jim also.

"Dick, thee'l tek the parson!"

A shake more decided and stiff.

"Nay, nay; I've seo thee hung fust."

And now the first one who was vanquished stood forward, and, like a brave man, called out:

"I say, parson, yo're a rare young un, yo ar. I've tell thee what: we're going to hear thee preych."

And they all followed him along the little street, and the writer, and heard the Word quietly; adding, it remains to be seen what will become of the fight.

What did become of it? I heard, a long time afterward, that from that day the men doffed their hats, and the women curtsied, and the children looked awe-stricken, when they met or passed him; that the church and schools were filled; that the beerhouses were nearly all shut up; and that a great moral and religious reformation was in progress. That gentleman had previously been the instrument of a like change in an equally demoralized parish. I may add that a few years back he was deemed the fittest clergyman in the church to go out as bishop to a scene of great personal danger in a heathen country.

A FIGHT WITH A SHARK.—Recently one of the navvies employed on the Broadstairs Works, near Westenson-super-Mare, Eng., was looking down over the "tip," when he espied a large fish close to the shingle, at the foot of the cliff. He at all speed he made his way to the spot, and the fish remained within arm's length of the edge of the water. The man, thinking he could pull it ashore, had laid hold of its tail, but soon found it had more power in its native element than he gave it credit for, and with a flap of its fins it pulled him knee deep into the water, and, moreover, turned upon him, showing a pair of huge jaws, armed with three rows of teeth, which he savagely snapped at him. The navvy, however was not to be scared so readily. Holding on by the tail of the creature, he sang out lustily to some of his comrades, and three others went to help t; and the strange and really formidable fish. It was fo tuns'g for the man that it did not succeed in biting him, for the fish was nothing less than a shark, from five to six feet in length, and an arm or a leg would not be worth much if once fairly within the reach of its jaws. The first man who arrived at the spot seized hold of the dorsal fin. The monster now became more violent, and pulled the two men further into the brine, and it was not until a third rendered assistance that they succeeded in dragging the fish ashore. The final struggle was fierce and exciting. The shark, finding that it could not bite the men, snapped at everything within its reach. Catching hold of a large pebble, it ground at it savagely, leaving the mark of its teeth in the solid stones, and breaking them with the violence of the effort.

THE WHITE FEATHER.—Each country has its fashions, which are sometimes opposite one to the other, and means things quite different.



THE ARBOR, CASINO AND ZOOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT, AT CENTRAL PARK, N. Y.

Thus, the white feather which, in England and the United States is, figuratively speaking, a symbol of cowardice, is in France, the highest proof of gallantry and honor. The *Africain*, a paper published in Algeria, informs us that the Emperor, in his late visit, has granted to Gen. Desvaux, celebrated for his bravery, the right to carry the white feather on his hat—an honor exclusively reserved to Marshals of France or Division



A GROUP OF DEER AT CENTRAL PARK.

Generals who have commanded an army corps. Three French Generals only are enjoying that favor—the Count of Palikad, de Martinprey and Desvaux.

SIR LASCELLES WRAXALL, in his "Scraps and Sketches," relates the following story about gambling at Baden-Baden: "One gentleman at Baden-Baden, a Russian, was so elated after an unparalleled run of good



AMERICAN EAGLES AT CENTRAL PARK.

of his repast this time by want of funds, he paid for a spread for twelve beforehand; but this luck was very bad, and he actually went back, and, after some negotiation sold the dinner back at half-price. The money he received was, of course, very speedily lost."

"IDEAS," said Voltaire, "are like beards: men get them when they grow up, and women never have any."

fortune, that he went and ordered a glorious feed for himself and friends at the restauration; but during the interval, while dinner was preparing, he thought he would go back, and win a little more. His good fortune, however, had deserted him, and he lost not only all his winnings, but every farm he was possessed of, so he was compelled to countermand the dinner. On the arrival of his remittances, determined not to be baulked

Ancient Luxury.

THE excavations at Pompeii are going on with an activity stimulated by the important discoveries made almost at every step, and the quantities of gold and silver found, which more than suffice to cover the cost of the work. Near the Temple of Juno, of which an account was recently given, has just been brought to light a house no doubt beonging to some millionaire of the time, as the furniture is of ivory, bronze and marble. The couches of the triclinium, or dining-room, are especially of extreme richness. The flooring consists of an immense mosaic, well preserved in parts, and of which the centre represents a table laid out for a grand dinner. In the middle, on a large dish, may be seen a large peacock with its tail spread out, and placed back to back with another bird also of elegant plumage. Around them are arranged lobsters, one of which holds a blue egg in its claws, a second an oyster, which appears to be fricasseed, as it is open and has a fat piece, and a fourth, a small vase filled with fried grasshoppers. Next comes a circle of dishes of fish, interspersed with others of partridges, hares and vegetables, all have their heads placed between their fore feet. Then comes a row of sausages of all forms, supported by one of eggs, oysters and olives, which in its turn is surrounded by a double circle of peaches, cherries, melons, and other fruits and vegetables. The walls of the triclinium are covered with fresco paintings of birds, fruits, flowers, game and fish of all kinds, the whole interspersed with drawings which lend a charm to the whole not easy to describe. On a table of rare wood, caved and inlaid with gold, marble agate and lapis lazuli, were found amphorae still containing wine, and golden cups of onyx.

A Strange Ceremony.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Bombay *Gazette* writes: "The other day I witnessed a scene of a really shocking nature, the principals being a living woman and a dead man, of the Camsutee caste. The relation that had existed between the living and the dead was of a left-handed nature. They had lived together for many long years as man and wife, when, after suffering from a febrile attack for only four short days, the man died. Agreeably to the peculiar custom of their caste, it was imperative, ere the corpse could be removed for interment, that the sacred rites of matrimony should be performed. The sad intelligence was soon communicated to the neighboring residents, and the loud and vehement hammering of tom-toms had the desired electric effect of collecting a host of friends and acquaintances, and a fluctuating stream of passers-by to the spot. A *guru*, or priest, being summoned, and the necessary preparations for the celebration of the nuptials being hurriedly completed, the ceremony commenced. The inanimate form of the man placed against the outer wall of the verandah of the house in a sitting posture, attired like a bridegroom, and the face and hands were smeared with liquid turmeric. The woman also was clothed like a bride, and adorned with the usual tinsel-ornament over the face, which, as well as the hands, had been daubed over with yellow. She sat opposite the dead, now addressed to it light and unmeaning words—as is customarily done upon such occasions—and then chewing bits of dry cocoanut and squirting it on the face. And thus the ceremony proceed-d and continued for three or four hours. At length, as the sun was nearing the horizon, the nuptial-ceremony was brought to a close, and the preparations for the interment commenced. The dead was divested of its bridal attire, then bathed, and finally laid upon a bier, and covered with a cloth of silk. The face was next rubbed over with some red powder, and in the mouth were placed some betel-leaves. The widowed bride then looked her last at the shrouded form of him whom never more she would behold, when, amid agonising shrieks and deafening tom-tomming, the bier was lifted up, and the funeral *cortège*, proceeded in the direction of Siom; one man—a near relative of the deceased, I presume—preceded the corpse, throwing, at intervals, a hand ful of *pice* to the right and to the left, which were being eagerly picked up by a troop of little urchins."

THE Tower of Babel, on which late accounts announce that a cross was recently placed by a missionary consists now of only two of the eight stories formerly erected. The remains are, however, visible from a very great distance. Each side of the quadrangular basis measures 200 yards in length, and the bricks of which it is

composed are of the purest white clay. With a very slight brownish tint, which in the sun assumes a wonderfully rich hue, scarcely to be imitated by the painter. The bricks, before being baked, were covered with characters, traced hand-rarely with the hand, in a clear and regular style. The bitumen, which serves for cement, was derived from a fountain which still exists near the tower, and which flows with such abundance that it soon forms a stream, and would invade the neighboring river did not the natives from time to time cut free to the stream a channel, and the whole quickly until the flames should cease for want of aliment.

HOW WOLVES CAJOLE AND CAPTURE WILD HORSES.

WHEREVER several of the larger wolves associate together for mischief, there is always a numerous train of smaller ones to follow in the rear, and act as auxiliaries in the work of destruction. Two large wolves are sufficient to destroy the most powerful horse, and seldom more than two or three are seen attacking them may be a score in the ring. It is no less curious than amusing to witness this ingenious mode of attack. If there be no horses, or but little cover around, two wolves approach in the most playful and careless manner, lying, rolling and frisking about, until the two confidence and familiarity will be completely put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity. During this time the pair, spurred on their hind-quarters, look on at a distance. After some time spent in this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, the other his tail, with a shyness and caution peculiar to themselves. At this stage of the attack, their frolicsome approaches become very interesting—it is in right good earnest; the horse knows it well, and the latter is the real assailant, and keeps his eyes steadily fixed on the assailant to avoid his attack, making a strict act to each evolution of the wheel. Will-Gatlin, *Hon. Buffo, Shirt, Pack, Sam Patch, Mrs. Gen. &c.*, requires no *Change of Stitch*—IS NOT LIABLE TO GET out of order, and will last a lifetime; being equipped it is no infringement on any other Machine. This is the *only small Family Machine* that will do the work like Others advertised, but works on a *Table*, and the work is always right side up. Call and see Machine.

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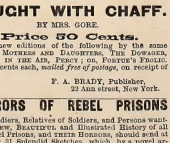
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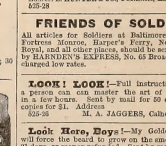
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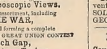
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No. 527—VOL. XXI.] NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 4, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. $2 WEEKS $1 00

Repudiation Revived.

WHOEVER assails the public credit is an enemy to his country. It is indifferent in what mode it is assailed, the criminality and the odium of the act are the same. The doctrine of repudiation, of which the arch-rebel, now corroding in Fortress Monroe, was the apostle and high priest, and which Mississippi has the undying disgrace of putting in practice, did more to damage the interests and retard the development and prosperity of the country than all other causes combined. It kept capital away, embarrassed enterprise with doubts and fears, and sowed distrust among men in all matters connected with finance. Many years were requisite to counteract its baleful influences, and start the country anew on its career of prosperity. In time, the very word, "repudiation," became odious, and recalled to mind only a hideous moral disease, which once threatened the constitution and life of the public body. Few, probably, would desire to restore the financial and commercial distractions which prevailed when States openly violated their solemn contracts, laughed at their obligations, and appeared insensible of the disgrace of disregarding their plighted honor. Few, probably, would care to see the country in that humiliating position before the world which she occupied when the doctrines of Jeff. Davis were accepted by States, and acted on by individuals, and when foreign capitalists kept close watch on their purses when an American came near, as if he were a thief or a pickpocket. Fewer still would wish to encounter the hurricane of sneers, and jibes, and contemptuous, and indignant utterances which we all had to endure, in the silence of conscious guilt, when repudiation was rampant, and before rebellion began.

Yet there are evidences that the spirit of repudiation still lives, and is insidiously operating to weaken, if not destroy, the public credit, upon the careful preservation of which, under our present heavy debt, our financial and material prosperity mainly rests. We allude more particularly to the movements, in various parts of the country, and among some factions of the Democratic party, to disaffect the people with the conditions upon which the money was raised to put down the rebellion, and which were integral and necessary parts of the contract between the Government and those who purchased its securities. To raise the enormous sums necessary to carry on the war, it was indispensable, not only to assure lenders of the interest on their money, but to hold out special inducements to them to advance their money freely. Among these was an exemption of Government securities from State and local taxation. The propriety of this special enactment is not, nor need it be, a subject of discussion. It is equally unnecessary and unprofitable to discuss the question of its necessity. It is enough for us to know, that it forms part of the contract between the Government and the holder of its securities. The faith of the nation is pledged to it. It cannot be touched by legislation. Congress cannot vary it. The Executive has no control over it. It can only be affected by repudiation.

The men, therefore, who seek to interfere with this provision of the compact between the nation and its creditors are simple repudiators. They might demand, with equal propriety, that the interest on Government securities should not be paid, and that the principal of the national debt should be disavowed. The direction of their action is indeed to this end, and this is probably their ultimate object, but which they hesitate to acknowledge.

We care not to what party, or section of a party, these repudiators belong. In every case they are traitors to the interests and welfare of the country, who should be crushed under the weight of an outraged public opinion. We know not if men may be made legally amenable for conspiring to destroy public credit, but they can, and ought, to be held strictly amenable to the sentiment of the community, and shunned like lepers. The very whisper of their doctrines should be hushed by the stern voice of reprobation; and any candidate for station, however low, who is tainted with them, should be taught at the polls with what detestation their doctrines are regarded by an honest and virtuous community.

Repudiators are always demagogues of the basest kind. They do not approach, or attempt to approach, the better part of the people, the worthy, the industrious, and the intelligent, but make all their advances to the idle, the vicious and the ignorant. They do not attack the contracts of the nation on the ground of impolicy, but proceed upon the insulting, unworthy and preposterous allegation that they were made in the exclusive interest of a class, and with the intent of creating an aristocracy of Government security-holders, at the expense of, and for the repression of the poor! It is the vicious, old, and, we had hoped, utterly obsolete cry of Capital *versus* Labor, the Rich against the Poor, which used to be raised with so much effect in Tammany Hall, when that structure was consecrated to agrarianism, and controlled by ruffians. Thus we find a convention of so-called Democrats in this city declaring, by formal resolution, that an obligation contracted, and a faith plighted, in a period of necessity, and for the salvation of the nation is "a most unjust discrimination against the rights of the masses of the people, tending to create a moneyed aristocracy in our midst;—"to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer," and pledging the efforts of those present to reverse those obligations, and violate that faith. It is simple rubbish to



VOODOOISM AT MOBILE—STRANGE SUPERSTITION OF THE NEGRO.

talk of doing this in a lawful or "legal" way. The Constitution declares that there shall be no legislation to "impair the obligations of contracts." In Ohio, the Democratic candidate for Governor, while admitting that the Government was obliged to obtain money, at whatever sacrifice, to support its armies in the field, and that it was obliged to hold out special inducements to obtain it, as it had a right to do—we say this candidate, happily repudiated by the people of that State, did not hesitate to declare that the contracts then made should not be regarded as binding. He seemed to think they should be treated as if made under duress—to be repudiated when the danger they were entered into to serve had passed away!

We believe the people of the United States are far too intelligent to be deceived by the old State cry of demagogues since the organization of society—the Rich against the Poor. Of course Government bonds cannot be held by those who have not the money to pay for them; but it is an unfounded assumption that our untaxed national securities are held exclusively by capitalists. They are scattered in sums varying from $50 upwards, all through the land. They may be found in farm-house and work-shop, in garret and cellar, in the hands of the day laborer and the home maid, and are held by hundreds of thousands of brave soldiers as an acknowledgment from the nation of their services. If any allegation, or any obligation less than another, ought to be esteemed sacred, it is such as the nation undertook in its late terrible but successful struggle. If both, above all other, is to be most scrupulously maintained, it is that which was passed to preserve the nation's life. If honor has not ceased to be the highest boast of manhood, or gratitude the noblest of sentiments, the will of the nation expressed with its frown any attempt to undermine the public credit or depreciate the value of its securities, based on the faith and honor of the country. The spend-thrift may squander the heritage of wine press of war; they have lived and died side by side for that which money cannot buy; they equally share the honors and benefits of a regenerated and consolidated country, and accursed be the hand that is raised to sever the bonds of sympathy between them, and thrice accursed he who seeks to check our glorious career of prosperity, or bar the avenue to greatness, or lower the good name of the country, by suggestions near or remote of that fell word Repudiation! Let it die with the wretched, black, bankrupt old man who first dared breathe it in America.

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Laws of the Pave.

In all civilized communities law is too often at fault in securing statutes of the government of certain cases, or too dilatory in enforcing them when once made. In their absence custom comes imperatively to the rescue, and lays down laws that are recognizable even in a court of justice.

Among these customs that have taken the force of legal enactments, is the law of the pave. Statutes have been enacted which cover the greater points of travel, and define the rights of the individual, both on foot and in the vehicle; but it is the law of custom that calls for the observance of the smaller amenities, and makes their observance necessary as laws for the protection of property.

In London a policeman's first duty is to attend to these laws of the pave, to see that the sovereignty of the individual is protected, to see that each and every person regards the "keep to the right" maxim, or the "move on," or "move out of the way. The result is, that no groups of two or three selfish people can gather upon the sidewalk, and with half an hour's bad chat throw out an entire line of pedestrians, numbering, perhaps, several thousands. A few stupid porters are not allowed to block up the sidewalks with boxes, or heap it with coal, to the detriment and danger of every passer-by, for hours.

In this country we do not acknowledge these laws of the pave, and we do not believe that in any street in the Union, except Broadway, is even the law of "keep to the right" acted on it. Even upon Broadway, some stupid countryman, or ignorant city-bred, who does not get on its pavement more than once a year, will make their way against the tide, and in doing so, throw out the whole line of pedestrians, without a check from a policeman, or a hint from a passer-by to set them right.

There was a time when we could justly have complained of the fairer portion of creation for an undue monopolization of the streets, by spreading their shirts over the pave, but that time has passed by, and the ladies have taken to once more room to tread without encountering a carpet of silk, or making it a matter of hourly fear that a misstep would leave the silken robes of scores lady fair under our feet.

We hold that every one violating the imperative customs that give each person an equal right to the highway and nothing more, should be rigidly enforced by the police, no matter whether they are legal enactments or not. From the Teutonic searcher after rags and bones, who scratches in mash barrel, and by no scrubbing, ever succeeds in getting dust that he may achieve an old rag or bone, to the fair dandizette, who, with her two or three friends, posts herself midway on the sidewalk, and, with her back to the street, discusses what Mrs. S—— wore last Sunday, or what a shocking story that is about Miss C——, we advocate the "move on" principle. They have been allowed to impose long enough. If a man carry a cane or an umbrella, the carry it awkwardly, he is a subject for attention. When he has put out the eye of one passer-by, and knocked a tooth down the throat of another, it is too late.

The duty of the police is to defend the greater number from the usurpations of the few, for whatever may be the size of a majority, though it is no less an outrage, still as it is claimed, *vox populi vox dei*.

Politics, like misery, sometimes makes strange bed-fellows. The latest illustration is the speech of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, Plymouth Pastmaster-General, before a Democratic meeting in this city on the 18th of October. Probably the principal reason why Mr. Beecher signed to this speech, will be that derived from his allusions to Mexico. In these he bit a popular chord, and whatever may be his views on other matters, he must be taken as an exponent of the public on the question involved in the French outrage on American soil. United States Minister Campbell, Mr. Blair said, referring to the oft-repeated declaration, "we cannot undertake another war":

"I say we must for our own sakes, when a foreign monarchy attempts to plant a republic on our confines, and the overthrow of its free institutions the accompaniment and the only means designed to rule over one. The avowal of the purpose of the invasion in the Declaration that it was "accordant to the Latin race" over the southern section of our continent, by a French King, is a flat challenge to the wreck of Republican Government in Mexico, admonishes us that we have the Monroe Doctrine is no safeguard to their own freedom but in driving out the military tyranny which has taken foothold at our most exposed portals."

Grand Woo Gow is the musical name of a Chinese giant exhibiting in London. He repeats instructive passages from Confucius and other Chinese philosophers, and occasionally delivers a wise paragraph or aphorism of his own, such as:

"The fish dwell in the depths of the waters,
And the eagles in the midst of heaven;
The one, though high, may be reached with an arrow,
And the other, though with a hook, says curry.
But the heart of a man, at a foot distance,
Cannot be touched.
Yet I trust my heart is known to you. It is full of thankfulness for your kindness, and kindness is more binding than a loan."

Mr. Seward, in reply to a request from an eccentric public speaker to be permitted to contradict the statement that the arrests of Fenians in Ireland were made by his advice, says curtly: "I cannot depart from my habit of leaving my vindication against calumnies to an intelligent country and a candid world."

The London *Athenæum* has discovered that "Ulysses Grant is a man of genius; a soldier of new ideas; one who will be found to have contributed fresh materials to the art of war."

The priests in Ireland hate Fenianism, and denounce it, which they have the right to do, but they think the most effective denunciation is abuse of the American Government, which is improper. Archdeacon O'Reilly, for example, while waving his flock against "the brotherhood," found it necessary to assert that the Americans had in their war placed the Irish in front, to be "mown down like grass, thus sheltering themselves from the fire of the enemy," and that the Generals who had led the victorious armies could be designated, and *therefore* the Union is a "black Republic" and hostile to Irishmen!

A belief is sometimes expressed that now-a-days people marry later in life than they did formerly; but if this is the case in certain classes of society, it does not obtain among the people of England generally, for the proportion of young persons who marry has never been so high as during the year 1863, and, with very few exceptions, the rate has been annually increasing during the last 20 years. In 1841, in every 100 marriages, 4·38 of the men, and 13·29 of the women, were under 21 years of age. In 1861 these proportions had risen to 6·61 and 19·00 respectively. Some notion of the state of education in England may be obtained from the tables whence we have extracted the above statistics. It seems that in 1863, 132,345 men and 116,694 women wrote their names at marriage; 41,262 men and 57,461 women signed with marks; that is, 76·15 in a hundred men wrote their names and 24·85 made marks. In 100 women, 49·6 wrote their names and 53 made marks. These proportions are precisely the same as in the previous years, and cannot be regarded as satisfactory. We should like to obtain the statistics of Scotland, as an illustration of the comparative education and presumable intelligence of the English and American people. In Canada last year, 1864, the state of education estimated by this standard is very defective. Half the women who married in Wales and Lancashire signed with marks.

William Orland Bourne, editor of the *Soldiers Friend*, published in Boston, offers $200, $150, $100, and $50 for the best specimens of letter-hand writing by soldiers who have lost their right arms in the war. Specimens to be sent in by the 1st of January next. They are to be written on letter paper, with a page about 8 by 10 inches, and inch and a half ruled to be in every case, if practicable, *original* compositions. Selections will not be refused. But in every one there must be a touch of the author's experience, giving the time of enlistment, company, regiment, list of battles, when and where wounded, and residence, etc. The committee of award are Gov. Fenton, Gov. Hoyt, Gen. Meade, Dr. Holland, William Bryant, George William Curtis, William E. Dodge, Jr., Howard Potter, and Theodore Roosevelt, Esq.

A letter of Robert Ould, the rebel agent for exchange of prisoners, to Brig.-Gen. Winder, has been published with the report of Judge Ould says of the exchange arrangements made by him:

"The arrangement I have made works largely in our favor. We get rid of a set of miserable wretches, and receive some of our best men in their stead."

How the Union prisoners were made "miserable wretches" let the records of Libby and Andersonville tell. But the "Judge" adopted the same treatment of rebel prisoners as was practiced by Ould, and Winder, and Wirz, it is doubtful if they will have any cause to "get rid of material I owe now." In this exultant statement we have the best disproval of the rebel charges of cruelty towards the Southern prisoners. It is not improper to add, in this connection, that the passage from Old Chipman's argument before the Wirz Military Commission:

"This is the record of history against the chivalry of the South. Let the memories of those who would defend these atrocities by recrimination, charging American prisoners with like cruelties, be forever hereafter be closed. Fort Delaware and Johnson's Island, with their 'Point of Rocks,' are answered with 93 per cent.! Look upon that picture and then upon this, and tell me, gentlemen, where to stay! Let my mind, be it warped never so much by treason and rebellion, revolt at the thought of a 'point of rocks' or 'damned custom hath brazed its soul that it be proof and bulwark against' scars," it must believe; it cannot deny these things."

Observations made in Massachusetts show that September was the dryest month known in that State for 40 years. What is true of Massachusetts is true of the whole United States generally. It is true, also of England, where the month was cloudless, hot and unhealthy—the thermometer having ranged repeatedly above 90 degrees in the shade, and 125 degrees in the sun. There was absolutely no rain throughout the month, but the fall of dew was unusually heavy. The loss on one occasion is estimated at a ton and a half per acre. But for this fall there would have been a drought—which, as it is, promises to be very severe to a dangerous extent. The dry weather, however, in the north of Europe rendered the harvesting easy, and in many parts the wheat crop is of almost unique richness. So great and good indeed is the produce, that the wine merchants, who raise their prices whenever a fine vintage is probably call it a special year, and raise them again.

There is one man in Harper's Ferry who did not leave the place during the war, notwithstanding the numerous alternate occupations by the Union and rebel armies. Nor was he frightened away by bombardments or skirmishings. "I don't know," he says, "as the war's done me much harm. Five years ago I was the poorest man in Harper's Ferry, and now I'm the richest: for everybody else having run away. I wasn't worth nothing then; I ain't worth nothing now; so I'm square. Judge, have you any terbakker about ye?"

TOWN COSSIP.

We are nearing election week, and Patrick and the boys are getting excited on the politics. Under the new law of registry a certain day is set aside, and each aspirant for the honor of saving his country must enter his name on the list of voters, or be cut out in the cold. The effect of this law in the cities will be to diminish the vote about one-half. Our people are proverbially careless about voting. They seemed to have reached the conclusion that it is useless to struggle against the corruption of the ballot-box, and why they may vote nearly get into office and wicked men have away. Therefore, when there is a double ration, first of registry, and last of attendance at the poll, the listless idea prevails, and the vote is lost, unless the election is one of deep importance. The result is that the more respectable portion of our people do not vote, while every poltroon elder, who has all his time on his hands, can register frequently, vote early and vote often. "I say, Aldy," says one of this stripe, to an obsequious alderman a few days since, "I've got a vote in the seventeenth, an' one do six sixth; what ye goin' to give now for 'em?" We have always thought that the voting should be done by the Indies. If it were, there would be no clinking the duty, but every maid, matron and widow would be on hand, not only to vote, but to register. Woman believes in her public duties, even though her private ones are ever so much neglected.

We have also had an eclipse this week, and a large per centage of the population have been blacking up their noses, in fanatic efforts to look at the collision of the sun and moon through bits of smoked glass. A large number of persons came in from the rural districts, to have a good view of the affair, but how they were pleased with a New York eclipse we have not heard.

Among the newspaper records of the week, we see that one Col. Allen sues Gen. Ortega, the Vice-President of Mexico, now in New York, for some several thousand dollars, which the claims Gen. Ortega should be cobbin for agitating the Mexican recruiting scheme.

We pretend to know nothing, at this present, but viewing both sides of the question dispassionately, we conclude, firstly, that it is somewhat, as Gen. Ortega says, a plan to get money. As Gen. Ortega who got up the Mexican Emigration scheme were nothing more nor less than broken-down politicians and adventurers of Indiana, who looked upon it simply as a means to replenish their pockets. On the other hand, this city, and all the other large cities are full of Mexicans, who talk much and do little. They have plenty of promises, but no cash; and they have not, as yet, the means, to enter into contracts with anybody, to give away boundless estates and church properties, which they never did and never will have, to any one but their own men, and to Mexicans and fight their battles. All this they are to get as soon as victory perches on their banners; or, in other words, when the city of Mexico is taken, and "loyal" hands are in power. We think, however, from the shrewd prophesy so far, it will be duly easy, barely as to time and inch and pound, to say in every case, if practicable, *original* compositions. Selections will not be refused. But in every one there must be a touch of the author's experience, giving the time of enlistment, company, regiment, list of battles, when and where wounded, and residence, etc. The committee of award are Gov. Fenton, Gov. Hoyt, Gen. Meade, Dr. Holland, William Bryant, George William Curtis, William E. Dodge, Jr., Howard Potter, and Theodore Roosevelt, Esq.

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—Cotton planters of Southern Illinois may now be seen at any time smiling all over their faces at the result of the season's operations. Enough has already been marketed to pay the present crop twice over, that of last year. The growth of weed is enormous. It is by no means a rare thing to find cotton stalks ten feet in height, well branched, and hanging full of bolls. There is one drawback from this extraordinary growth—farmers, having calculated for the usual growth, about half that of the present season, have set their cotton too thick on the ground, and in consequence the bolls do not open so readily as they would if they were less shaded.

—An extensive fire is sweeping over Dismal Swamp in Virginia. It is probable that thousands of acres have already been burned over. A pillar of smoke by day, and a pillar of fire by night, mark the scene of the conflagration. It is not unusual for the swamps to get

on fire after a drought. Careless hunters are usually the incendiaries. It is a well-known fact that this swamp is full of bears, deer, wild turkeys and other game.

—— The negroes of Alexandria, Va., are a very industrious race. They have within the past four years built about 1,200 dwellings, on leased lots mostly, and contributed, it is said, about $5,000 towards religious and educational establishments, and are now liberally contributing to support new enterprises of like character.

—— A negro poet writes the following verse to the Louisville *Democrat*:

"I'se cold and hungry—naked too;
I'se got no home to go to,
Oh! what mus all us niggers do?
We got no home to go to.
Old massa turn'd his back on us;
If we go back dar'll be a fuss;
De white man's made the matter wuss—
I'se got no home to go to."

—— Information has been received at Washington that 600 Spencer rifles in boxes were seized by the Canadian authorities at Niagara city lately. The contents of the boxes were accidentally discovered in overhauling the railroad freight. The authorities report it a case of Fenian smuggling.

—— A favorite question of the young men to the young ladies of Mobile is, "Has your father been pardoned yet?" finding out from the answer whether or not he comes under the $20,000 clause of amnesty proclamation, and thence calculating the probable amount of the damsel's solid charms.

—— A number of the most prominent clerymen of Philadelphia have recently formed a base-ball club, and on Saturday last made their appearance in public as athletes, in true club style—belts, caps, and all. They exhibited much agility, and their presence on the ground was the means of attracting thither a large number of spectators.

—— At Gen. Grant's reception in Cincinnati, the otherday, a tall, lank, sunburnt man pressed forward to take Gen. Grant by the hand, and said to him with marked emotion as he did so, "When Lee surrendered to you I was in his army, but you are my general now."

—— An old lady in Springfield, Mass., 81 years of age, fell and dislocated her shoulder last week. It was set the same evening, and on the second day she made her bed and walked a mile. She was evidently one of the "old stock."

—— Young men in Lawrence, Kansas, have to marry to get shelter from the weather, the landladies there take none but married people. The unfortunate youths say it is a conspiracy between the young ladies and the boarding-house keepers.

—— It is stated that all the members of the jury in the case of Mulchcaley vs. Dr. H. I. Bowditch, of Boston, in which it will be remembered the former sued the doctor for $10,000 damages, for branding him with the letter "D" during the recruiting for the war, were unanimous in favor of returning a verdict for the plaintiff, but disagreed as to the amount. Several placed damages at $10,000, as claimed, others at $500, and several others at still lower figures.

—— The Boston *Post* says that Mrs. Caroline Marden, of Medford, Mass., while returning home from Boston, on Sunday last, had her pocket picked of a small sum of money. On reaching home the lady discovered a $300 diamond ring in her pocket, which the rogue had doubtless accidentally dropped while accomplishing the theft.

—— A Harrisburg paper tells of a man who has failed in business four times, been upset in a stage coach, and thrown down an embankment of 60 feet; fell head foremost through a hatchway in a store at Reading; has been married three times, and is the father of 21 children. Yet he "still lives," and is in business at Harrisburg.

—— It is stated that the counsel of Jefferson Davis has expressed a desire that his client be accorded immediate trial. The desire comes originally from Davis, who, it is said, has declared that he has "no fears for the issue," and that, therefore, the Government will do him a great favor by arraigning him at the earliest possible moment. It is also reported that the recent favorable change in his every-day life was mainly the work of the President, and at this hour he has almost everything that he could ask save liberty itself, and the presence of his family about him.

—— The State Department has received dispatches from the United States Consuls in Europe, showing that the cholera is rapidly on the decline in Italy, Constantinople and elsewhere.

—— The notorious guerrilla, Champ Ferguson, was hanged at Nashville, October 20. The execution was strictly private.

Foreign.—A young Italian girl has just rid her country of an infamous brigand chief named Mouisa, for whose capture alive or dead a large reward had been offered. A few evenings since Mouisa went to a lone house near Monteforte, in the district of Avellino, occupied by a farmer and his family. After imperiously demanding many things which the poor people could not supply, the brigand consented to accept a good supper. While he was eating it in the presence of the terrified farmer and his wife, their eldest daughter approached the table as if to arrange the dishes, and suddenly plunged a poinard into the brigand's neck, killing him on the spot. For this daring deed the young woman received the reward offered by the prefect, amounting to $1,000.

—— Abd-el-Kader made a speech at a Free Mason's entertainment in France, the other day, which, as coming from the mouth of a Mussulman saint and warrior, possesses interest. We give an extract: "In the persons here present I thank Free Masonry in every country. I consider Free Masonry as the first institution in the world. In my opinion every man who does not profess Free Masonry is an incomplete man. I hope that one day the principles of Free Masonry will prevail throughout the whole world, and from that day forward all the nations will be at peace."

—— An amusing little episode recently occurred in a railroad car in England. Shortly after the train had left the depot, an old lady jumped up and addressed a gentleman seated behind her, with "How dare you? What are you at?" The astonished gentleman replied that he had done nothing. The lady again seated herself, but in a few moments arose, full of rage and terror, and declared her neighbor was a "villain," and on arriving at the next station was about to have him arrested, when, luckily, the cause of her agitation was discovered—in the shape of a goose, which, placed in a basket under the seat occupied by the lady, had, during the voyage, amused itself by pecking at her "understandings." The discovery of the criminal created great laughter among the passengers.

—— An extraordinary accident recently occurred at Birmingham, England. A charwoman was cleaning some attic windows, which are about 40 feet from the pavement, and as she was leaning out, suddenly became giddy, and fell forward into the street. At the time she fell a man was passing by, and she came with all her weight upon him. He was knocked to the ground, but she fell upon her feet, and, with the exception of some slight contusions, was found to be uninjured. The man, however, was insensible, and was taken to the hospital, where it was ascertained that he had received a severe concussion of the brain.

—— The London *Court Journal* says: "We regret to learn that Mr. Dickens, who is now in Paris, has had a sun-stroke. He was quite insensible for some hours, but we are happy to say speedily recovered, and is now quite well again."

—— A woman named Boursier, at Champlitte (Haute Saone, France), has an extraordinary talent for killing vipers. She discovers their retreat by her sense of smell, and then attracts them to the surface of the ground by the aid of a liquor of her own composition. On their appearance she squirts on their heads a small portion of the liquor, which stupefies them, and so they are easily killed. Between the 1st of May and the 10th of September of the present year, she destroyed 3,274 of these reptiles, for which she received 818f., the premium for the destruction of vipers being 25 centimes each.

—— We have news from Hayti that the only vessel that President Geffrard had employed in the blockade of the rebel ports, was recently taken by a party of 300 men, in three schooners, who went in search of her, and after a few shots, boarded and captured her. Strange to say, she is reported to be a steamer, but having no guns. She had done the rebels a great deal of damage by capturing their supplies. They are much elated over their prize.

—— Travelers arriving from Nice, at Marseilles, France, are fumigated in a room set apart for the purpose, in order to disinfect them from the cholera.

—— The largest army in the world, in proportion to its population, is that of a country which, for more than 50 years, has had nothing to do with war, except in a civil war of very short duration—Switzerland, to wit. This little republic has a population considerably less than that of London—2,510,404—and has an army one-third larger than that of Great Britain, 198,291 men. This includes the militia, but not the Landsturm, or army of defence, which comprises all men under 45 years capable of bearing arms. However, there is this great difference between the two countries, that whereas in England every soldier is estimated to cost $500, the Swiss soldier costs but $5 per annum.

—— Messrs. Dumas and Benôit have obtained a prize from the Academy of Sciences at Paris, for a photo-electric lamp, to be used in mines. It is composed of a generator of electricity, of a coil and tubes; by these means a stratified electric light is produced, which allows the workmen to see about them in the coal galleries. The generator is composed of discs moistened with a solution of bichromate of potash. The whole apparatus is very portable, and it is found that the cost will not exceed half a farthing per hour. A larger and more complicated lamp has been made, which may eventually be used with the same safety by miners.

—— A convention has been entered into between France and Bavaria, giving reciprocal advantages to the authors and artists of the two States. Works of art and literary productions are to be admitted free of duty in both countries, on the exhibition of a certificate of their origin, and the authors will stand on the same footing as those of the country into which they are introduced. The convention came into operation on the 1st of July, and is open for the adhesion of any other State now belonging to, or which may hereafter join, the Zollverein.

—— The Tycoon of Japan lately passed through the foreign settlement of Kanagawa, exhibiting himself to the eyes of the barbarians. He was preceded and followed by a body of troops, armed with the Enfield rifles and bayonets, stepping to the music of military bands. His majesty rode on horseback, and was pointed out as a young man in the centre of a cavalcade of high officials, his surcoat of buff, embroidered with gold, with a large crest on the back.

BASE BALL ILLUSTRATED.

We present our readers this week with the finest illustration of our national game yet published. The ball-playing fraternity have become so numerous a class of the community, that we deem it but justice to devote this space in our journal to an illustration of their game, and of some of its most prominent supporters and exemplars in the metropolis and its vicinity. On some future occasion we purpose giving a series of portraits of those who especially excel in the two departments of base ball; at present, however, we have limited our seleciton, with two or three exceptions, to those who, at the same time that they were formerly distinguished members of their club, have this past season taken active part in the games played.

The most prominent picture of the series is the portrait of the lamented Creighton, who, without doubt, was the finest ball-player who ever trod a base ball field. He died suddenly, in the fall of 1861, from a severe rupture sustained in a cricket-match at Bedford, Brooklyn, and his remains were interred in Greenwood, where a handsome monument stands over his grave, erected to his memory by the Excelsior Club, of which he was a member. The portraits around the centre of the picture include those of veteran ball players, who yet take active part in the contests of their clubs, among whom we may name Messrs. J. W. Davis, P. O'Brien, Thos. Miller, J. B. Leggett, Thos. Dakin and A. J. Bixby. Of the younger school of veterans are C. E. Thomas, John Grum, B. Hanegan, Mort. Rogers, R. Manley, S. G. Leland and D. E. Manson. Of the retired veterans, we present T. G. Van Cott as one of the most noteworthy of the New York clubs, and among the Presidents of the clubs are Messrs. Voorhis and Wildey, the former being President of the National Association, and the latter one of the most efficient Coroners New York ever had. As the picture would have been incomplete without a representative of the press, to which institution the game is so much indebted for its present popularity, we have included the portrait of Mr. Henry Chadwick, the principal base ball reporter of the New York press, than whom, from all accounts, no one has been more persevering or efficient in his efforts to promote the best interests of the game, or more impartial in reporting the contests which have taken place.

VONDOOISM IN MOBILE.

One of those extraordinary spectacles of negro superstition, which we had supposed long since passed away, has just attracted especial attention in Mobile, and a representation of which we give, from a sketch by a correspondent, whose description will give the clearest elucidation of the ceremony:

In the good old days of Louisiana, when Lafitte was doing his quiet little business along the lake shore, and Barararia was synonymous with the Isle of Pines; when gens d'armes stood on the corners of the streets of New Orleans, and watchmen, with club, and rattle, and leather cap were not—in those good old days Vandooism was religiously believed in by all the colored population, and by not a few of those whose color should have been a warrantee of more intelligence. For years past the internal rites of this dark superstition have been conducted near New Orleans, only at long intervals, and with the utmost secresy. The police succeeded, in one instance, some twelve years since, in making a clean haul of the negroes, including the principal Fetish Man, old Obi Woman, natives of Africa, and all the charms, etc., used in the incantations. The negroes were severely punished, and a check given to the practice and the rites of the superstition.

We have heard of such scenes as these being enacted in or near Mobile by the negroes, but never until last night did we witness anything of the kind in this city. In company with a few policemen, we went to a house, situated beyond the gas-works, and occupied by an old negro, who claims to be an Obi man. Approaching the house very carefully, and peering through the crevices of the walls, a wild, weird spectacle was presented. Around a small fire of pine, in the middle of the floor—or room, for floor there was none—and over which was hung a pot, sat a group of negro men and women, entirely naked, their hair or wool twisted into pig-tail curls, and ornamented with sprigs of some kind of herb, intermingled with dried roots, their eyes closed, the master of ceremonies, or High Fetish Priest, with a snake skin around his neck, and his wool grizzled with age and garnished more profusely than the rest, was chanting something in a droning voice, while the remainder of the "congregation" responded, as it were, with a low and a long drawn howl. The old negro with the snake skin clapped his hands, and the whole party rose, and commenced a most furious stamping in a circle around the pot.

This being over, they all squatted down again, and the Obi man resumed his chant, at the same time holding in his hand a covered basket, from which he drew and dropped into the pot, first a dead snake, next a frog, then a young alligator or lizard, and last of all the herbs and roots of his own and the heads of other negroes. Silence was observed by all for some minutes after the last deposit had been made, after which the pot was taken from the fire, and while the nauseating mixture was yet reeking hot, they each dipped the end of the middle finger of the left hand into it, and applied the end of their finger to their tongues; another dip into the pot was taken with the middle finger of the right hand, and certain cabalistic figures described on the breasts, foreheads and shoulders—one assisting the other in the operation. Not a word was spoken until their clothes had been resumed and they had got clear of the house.

Although on high occasions the Fetish, or Obi man, may demand a human sacrifice in his inhuman rites, and which sacrifice is generally a young child, nothing of the kind was attempted in the Vondoo pow-wow of last night. The presence of the police would, of course, have prevented anything of this nature, had it ever been thought necessary by the old negro conducting the affair. Old negro women were sometimes "used up" as "material" in these meetings, at Vondooton, near New Orleans, one of whom escaped the sacrifical knife, on one occasion, and caused the arrest of the whole gang.

The Abbe Domenech, in his "Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico"—a translation of which, from the French, has just been published by Longman & Co., Paternoster row, London—gives some strange particulars relative to a sect alleged to be in existence in those climes. The reader must form his own opinion after perusing the following extracts from the priest's work:

"A European living at Matamoras had seduced a Mexican young woman, under promise of marriage; but at the moment of the marriage ceremony he began to hesitate, and ended by retracting his engagement. The girl's parents manifested no symptoms of resentment, but to all appearances they continued their social relations with the seducer, who was soon persuaded that all was forgiven. One day, however, he was invited to dine; and after dinner giddiness, accompanied by violent headache, seized him. He cried out that he was poisoned, escaped, and made the best of his way to fling himself into the Rio Grande, opposite Brownsville. At this point there are always passers-by, promenaders and barilleros. He was rescued from the water, his life was saved, but his reason was gone. Picked up by a Frenchman, and conveyed home, he filled the house with cries of terror. Every one who met his eye was a poisoner. He refused to take any nourishment; he got away; flung himself once more into the river, and was once more rescued. It was then that a colored woman, who had lived a long time in Louisiana, declared that this derangement presented all the features of that which proceeds from the absorption of liquids, drugs, or perfumes, known only to the sect of the Vaudoux. She told how her mother becaume suddenly deranged after visiting the house of a Vaudoux; and declared, with confidence, that if the unfortunate could be prevailed upon to contract the promised marriage, his derangement would cease. The result verified the prediction; for after a visit paid by the young man, in a lucid interval, at the house of the young woman's parents, his reason came back, and the marriage was celebrated."

In reference to the sect of the Vaudoux, at New Orleans, the Abbe says:

"I was told the following, regarding some of their ceremonies, as they are often celebrated at New Orleans, at the Suburb Treme, in an isolated house, surrounded by a fence of boards, and one storey high. One room composed nearly the whole house. At the further end of it, towards the east, was raised an altar, covered over with red woollen cloth. This altar was hollow, and filled inside with rattlesnakes, congos, and other venomous reptiles, which would crawl out during the dance, glide about the room, and entwine themselves about the persons of the dancers. The Vaudoux undress, without doubt, in a closet on the ground floor, for they enter quite naked by the door to the left of the altar. There they join hands and form a ring, while a negro takes his post in the centre, burns in a perfuming pan a substance that diffuses a thick white smoke through the room, stoops to the floor, perhaps to trace certain cabalistic figures, takes five serpents off the altar, and folds them round his neck and limbs. The ring then puts itself in motion; and the whole company, including the negro, twist and jump about for a considerable time. At length the lights are put out, and the noise ceases as darkness comes on. This sect inspires such terror into the colored population and the negroes who belong to it, that you cannot get them to procure personal and direct information regarding these mysterious practices. I have seen, at New Orleans, in the streets of the Suburb Treme, boxes of tinned iron full of oil, and containing a square-cut stove, the size of which varies with the box. They were placed at nightfall on the window-sills; but it was long before I could get any person to explain to me the reason for the boxes being there. No one remarked them; and it was only during the latter days of my stay in Texas that I found them out to be specifics against the witchery of the Vaudoux."

THE FIREMEN IN GRAND PROCESSION.

We have before illustrated the different firemen's processions that have occurred in various cities, but never have we been called on to give to the public one that could in any degree compare in splendor and numbers, to that which turned out in Philadelphia on Monday, the 10th of October. As an introduction to its importance, we need only say that the line was seven miles in length and took four hours to pass any given point.

From the East, from the West, from the North and even from the South, came the delegates and companies, hose and engine, steam and hand power, with music and without, enthusiastic and proud, they came to join with their Philadelphia brothers in this parade, perhaps the last they will ever make, as Philadelphia is about following in the footsteps of New York and re-organizing her Fire Department.

The day of the celebration broke gloriously over the city, and all the three previous days and nights the different companies had been pouring in, until every hotel and boarding-house was crammed to repletion. Strangers unless they had friends at court, stood a bad chance of accommodation. An ordinary strong hook to hang one'sself up by, or a comfortable place on which to stand all night, for laying was out of the question, commanded nothing less than $5 in greenbacks. All the previous night the streets were vocal, not with "clank of hammers closing rivets up," but with the tramp, tramp, tramp of lodging-seekers, or red-shirted boys on hospitable thoughts intent.

At 8 o'clock the ladies began to show upon the streets, and at 9 the streets were almost impassable on the line in which the procession was to move. At 10, it did move in 22 divisions, each numbering from four to six companies, making a total of 114, included in which were 30 visiting companies. All the steam fire engines of the city—35 in number—were out, and many of the companies displayed for the first time entirely new machines.

A feature in the procession were the ambulances built by the firemen during the war to transport sick and wounded soldiers. Many of these were got up elegantly, not only as regards comfort, but decoration.

The line of Broad street for two miles was one dense mass of spectators. Every window, every stoop and eminence was crowded. On empty lots stands had been erected, and seats commanded high prices. It was estimated as the line passed this street that 12,000 firemen were in procession, with all their machines and paraphernalia. Some of the engines seemed a moving mass of flowers, while the gay silken banners waving in the wind added wonderfully to the beauty of the scene. Another item was the dogs, many of which, belonging to the different companies, marched along in line with all the gaiety and pride of old firemen.

The procession did not cease moving until nearly 9 o'clock in the evening. At night the city was splendidly illuminated, and from almost every hotel and engine house the bands discoursed music. The day ended with the most excellent feeling, and not an accident or circumstance occurred to mar it, or anything to disturb the festivities.

PICKEREL FISHING.

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year," as Bryant sings, and with them has come the season for pickerel fishing.

Pickerel fishing may justly be called *the* piscatorial sport of America. There are but few localities in which that delightful and gamey fish is not found, and but few followers of the rod and reel who are not posted in its ways and habits and somewhat adepts in the modes of entrapping the graceful and savory swimmer of our fresh water seas.

Fishermen frequently fall to loggerheads about the pike or the pickerel, but it is simply on the designation. The English pike is identical with our pickerel, but the fishers upon our northern lakes have a fish which they call pike, but which is not even first cousin to the green and golden-backed pickerel of the ponds.

The pickerel is one of the most ravenous of fish, and for that he gets the name of the fresh water shark, but this hungriness making him bold, also makes him an easy prey to the angler, who has several ways of entrapping him, the favorite of which is trolling, or spoon fishing, though sometimes this method is followed with line bait, or minnows. A celebrated English fisherman gives this as a well tried mode by which he declares that he loses less fish than by any other:

"To have a float made of cork, six inches in diameter, cut thin. Through the centre of this a white peg is driven, with a wire loop at each end. Having sounded the depth of water, and baited the hook so as to hang just clear of the bottom, which can easily be regulated by the wire loops through which your line has been passed, fix the line by giving it a turn or two round the end of the peg above water; and fix the end on the shore either by pegging it or tying it to a bough. In this manner you can attend to six or eight lines at once, so increasing your chances of fish."

This may seem a tame way of fishing, but it is much like our American mode of raft fishing, wherein a dozen lines are kept going at once by one man.

The favorite places for pickerel in the neighborhood of New York are Lake Hopstacong and Greenwood Lake in New Jersey, or any of the ponds or lakes of this State, in almost any of which, at this season, a skillful fisherman will catch 100 pounds in a day.

A Remarkable Story.—In the steamship Bellona, Capt. Dixon, just arrived at New York, were two steerage passengers, concerning whom a thrilling incident is related. Franz Meyer, aged 23, and his wife, Anna, aged 19, from Canton Soleure, Switzerland, were passengers in the ill-fated ship William Nelson, recently destroyed by fire at sea. In the confusion incident to the efforts to save life, the husband and wife were separated. The husband was picked up by one of the ship's boats, which was soon fallen in with by the brig Mercury. The wife, young and enceinte, was not discouraged at the uncertainty of her husband's fate, but prepared for her own safety. Self-preservation could not suppress her womanly instincts so far as to ignore the feeble cries for help from an infant only 14 days old, left to perish by its distracted parents: but, regardless of her own state, she plunged, with her half-imposed charge, into the sea. For two whole days did this brave young girl support herself and the infant on the remnant of a ship's spar, without food or water, sustaining the infant's life by the moisture from her own mouth. Late on the second day the same vessel in which her husband was saved, having ceased cruising, without hope of rescuing more life, fell in with this heroine and saved her and her little charge. Eventually the family were landed at Havre, France. The Prussian Consul at that port took charge of the infant, as its parents were supposed to have been lost with the wreck. Many ladies at Havre interested themselves to enable this brave young creature, with her husband, again to venture to cross the Atlantic in search of a Western home. Destitute of everything necessary as an outfit, having lost all, the kindness of the ladies at Havre was, doubtless, most acceptable; and on the Bellona, although poverty was apparent, a remarkable cleanliness in the family was quite noticeable. This heroine of real life, during her recent voyage in the Bellona, gave birth to a child. She is a real object of interest to the benevolent ladies of New York.

Army Badges.—The subject of army badges is one that lies near and dear to the hearts of our returned soldiers, and is one of those bits of excusable pride, that will act through all time to come as a connecting memory with the great past. The soldier will have and cherish the especial badge of his corps as a certificate of his service, and wear it on his breast as a means of recognition when the linements of the face have so changed from time, and the gentler arts of civil life, that his comrade in arms may not recognize him on meeting. These beautiful souvenirs of the past are elegantly got up in every conceivable material and style, but none that have been offered to our soldiers, equal those of Hayward, 208 Broadway, who has brought art so to bear upon his work, that he has been enabled to surpass everything else of the kind. That it is so, is evident by public appreciation, orders for his workmanship pouring in from every part of the country.

A Key to Southern Prisons of United States Officers, has just been published by John A. Gray and Green, corner of Frankfort and Jacob streets, consisting of 31 engravings, with descriptive matter, by O. R. Dahl, who was a tenant of the different Southern prisons he illustrates, and took them on the spot. It not only has the merit of being true and graphic, but it will always be regarded as a link in the history of this rebellion much wanted.

What a Beggar Ate.—The Boston *Herald* informs us that one day, towards the latter part of last week, the wife of a citizen, residing not far from Dover street, was called upon by a mendicant, in the shape of a man some 50 years of age, who told a pitiful tale of hunger, and solicited a dinner. The kind-hearted woman allowed him to enter her kitchen and seat himself at a table, upon which she spread various eatables. The man masticated and swallowed the following articles: About a pound and a half of cold corned beef; seven cold potatoes of middling size; five wheat biscuits; half a loaf of baker's brown bread; four cucumbers, sliced: three large tomatoes, ditto; half a muskmelon; and one whole pie. He sat at the table one hour and ten minutes. Faint hopes are entertained of his recovery.

MAJOR-GEN. MANUEL DOBLADO.

One of Mexico's most distinguished generals and statesmen, died at his late residence, No. 39 East 13th street, New York, age 53 years. Gen. Doblado was born in the town of S. Pedro Piedra Gorda, in the State of Guanajuato, in the year 1812. At an early age he gave such proof of his ability and future distinction, that he was selected by the Common Council of his town and appointed to college under their own supervision and expense.



MAJOR-GENERAL MANUEL DOBLADO.

As early as 1836, Gen. Doblado gave indications of diplomacy and forethought. Discussing with his teacher, Don Lorenzo Avellano, the war which his government was to wage against Texas, he maintained that Mexico was in danger of an invasion from the United States, and that the best policy for Mexico would be to sell Texas to the Americans, as she sooner or later would lose it, which event was confirmed ten years later by the annexation of Texas to the United States.

Belonging always to the liberal party, Don Manuel Doblado has served his country faithfully in the capacity of Governor of the State of Guanajuato, Secretary, and subsequently Judge of the Supreme Court, and in many other positions of trust and importance.

His ability as a statesman was well known to the French, as was proven by the following fact: Marshal Bazaine wrote to him, inviting him to join the empire in its scheme of intervention in Mexican affairs. Gen. Doblado asked an interview with the French general, at the same time informing his government of the proposition which had been made him. But Gen. Bazaine declined the interview, his reason being (as is shown by an intercepted letter from him to Napoleon) that he "preferred fighting to discussing with Gen. Doblado."

When the allied armies of England, France and Spain, under the Convention of London, went to Mexico in 1861, Gen. Doblado filled the position of Minister of Foreign Affairs. In that capacity, in February, 1862, he made, with the representatives of the three powers, the famous treaty of La Soledad, in which it was agreed that in the event of hostilities being resumed, the allied armies, which then were allowed by the treaty to occupy healthy quarters in the interior of the country beyond the stronghold of Chiquihuite, should retire to their former positions. The French, although Count Saligny and Admiral Julien de la Grevtiere signed the treaty, violated it immediately, by advancing on Puebla, where they were encountered and defeated by the Mexican army under Gen. Zaragoza.

Gen. Doblado removed some time ago to this city, where he was still serving his government at the time of his death. He will be deeply mourned by all his republican countrymen, for in him they have lost one of th ir greatest statesmen.

THE SOLDIERS' MESSENGER CORPS

Is one of those good things that have grown from the exertions of the Sanitary Commission through their branch, "The Protective War Claim Association."

It was organized about two months since for the purpose of giving employment to one-armed soldiers who have honorable discharges. So far they have started 23 of them, and in consequence of the success of the enterprise, they are about to make arrangements to organize on a large scale, until they number 1,000. So far it has been only one-armed men, but as the corps grows, it will embrace any discharged soldier who seeks such employment. It has scarcely yet had time for a test, but so far, the earnings of the men reach from $1 to $1 50 per day, with a constant increase. Those established to this time have been in the lower part of the city, and their scale of charges are as follows: To Chamber street and below, 10 cents; to Canal, 15; to 10th, 20; to 23d, 25; to 34th, 30.

Each messenger has to report at the central office, 35 Chamber street, every Monday, that it may be known that he is on duty, and how he is succeeding. The appointments of messengers are made upon their showing an honorable discharge, producing testimonials of character, and getting security, or endorsement to a document reading in this wise. Having done this, they are at no expense whatever, the uniform, etc., being furnished free, and each messenger bearing with him a card from the main office, setting forth his claims:

New York, ... 1865.

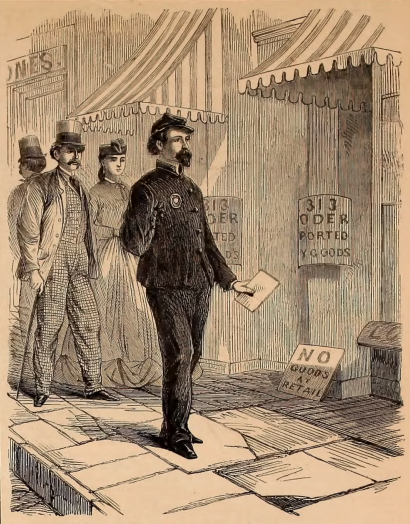
This is to certify that we are acquainted with .....
.....a Disabled Soldier, and that we know him to be temperate, industrious, honest, and trustworthy, and that we hereby recommend him for a position in the Soldiers' Messenger Corps.

And should said ..... receive such appointment, we hereby agree to become responsible to the Soldiers' Messenger Corps for the return of the Uniform furnished gratuitously to said ..... or to pay to said Soldiers' Messenger Corps, the sum of fifteen ($15.00) dollars, the cost price thereof, in the event of said ..... resigning, or being discharged from said Corps.

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A French gentleman who was caressing a dog, one day, remarked, "I love de dogs, de cats, de sheep, de pigs,—in short any ting vat is beastly."



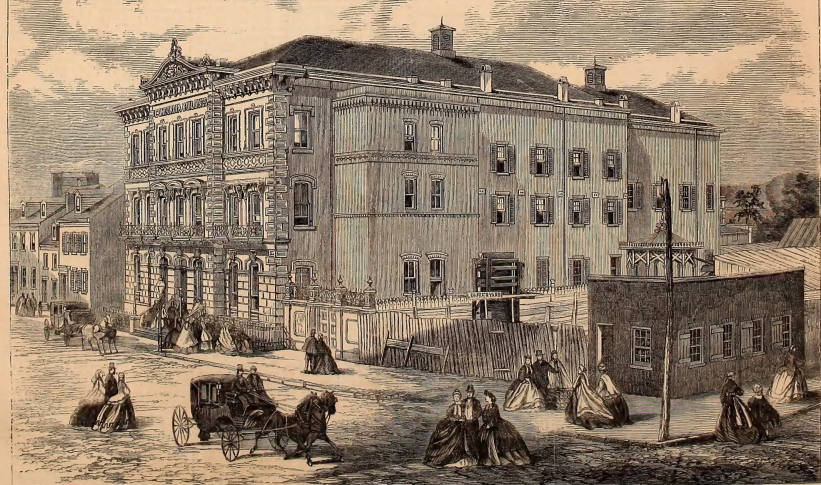
THE SOLDIER'S MESSENGER CORPS.

THE CONCORDIA.

The Germans of Baltimore have added to the architectural beauties of that city an opera house, which they have called "The Concordia," an elegant building now, nearly finished.

The Concordia is situated upon Eutaw street, with a front of 70 feet, and 160 depth. Of its architectural style and beauty, each person can judge by our illustration.

The main hall is 87 feet in length, and 68 feet in width, and will be finished in the very highest style of art. The balance of the building is occupied with dressing and exercising rooms, a gymnasium, library, refreshment rooms, and various apartments that render it the most complete affair of the kind in the country. With the faculty of the German population for enjoying themselves, it will be strange if they cannot do it in such a palace as that just built.



CONCORDIA BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.



PICKEREL FISHING.

THE TOKEN.

BY SARAH HOWARD WEBB.

ONCE, in a desert region, drear and lone,
A cloister rose, of dark and massive stone;
Whose inmates were a holy brotherhood,
Whose fame for prayer and penitence had stood
Above all others, and whose chiefest care
Was still for their last summons to prepare.



Shut in by vast old woods and savage rocks,
They dwelt secure from earthly passions shocks;
So near the pearly gates of their blest home,
That oft celestial messages would come
Through the bright portals—and at midnight hour,
When the deep, solemn bell from moss-grown tower,
Would summon from their lowly cells to prayer,
The pious brethren, angels met them there.
So very near were they allied to heaven,
So much from earth was every pure heart riven,
That their great King, a token sent of love,
When He would call them to His courts above.
A token reach'd by shining angel hands
Of loving welcome to immortal lands—
A pledge of life eternal, and of peace—
A mystic emblem of a soul's release
From pain and sorrow, to a clime all fair,
Where naught is heard of woe, and naught of prayer;
But praise, and joy, and endless bliss are won
By alms and penitence in this life done.
And when the time would come, that one must pass
Through the dark door of death unto his last
And long-desired home, in that bright land,
A pure white rose plucked by an angel hand
Was dropt upon his seat; and meekly there
Received it, when he came to midnight prayer.
Once, as they enter'd at their wonted hour,
The pale and lovely rose, that mystic flower,
Lay on the seat of him—the youngest there.
Why does he start aghast? why that dread stare
In eyes so mild? Oh! can it be for him?
Must he pass through the portal sad and dim
Of the dark grave! just in life's glad bright morn?
Oh! rose, thou bear'st for him a piercing thorn!
He is not ready: life is all too sweet
For him, death's silent messenger to meet
Without a shudder; his dim lonely cell
Could not youth's aspirations wholly quell;
Fasting, and vigils, have not chill'd his blood—
Why this untimely call to meet his God!
Why should he be taken, while the ripened saint
Longing to go, is left, all weary, faint,
And ready for his change to bliss on high—
While he—oh, no! he could not, could not die!
He glanced around, none had the token seen,
None knew that on his seat it e'er had been;
An instant, and its pearly petals lay
On his next neighbor's, who, all bent and gray,
Beheld it with calm joy; a sweet release
That called him to a home, where all is peace;
Reverently in his bosom placed the flower,
And to his cell retired, to wait the appointed hour.
Woe! woe! the convent's bell tolls out for both,
The aged saint, and he, the youth so loath—
One, sank all gently, in the arms of death,
The other in fierce agony resigned his breath,
In terror, and in anguish, in despair—
And the white rose with all its petals fair
Besprinkled o'er with blood is lying there
On the still'd heart, to rest beneath the clod,
While the affrighted spirit soars to God.
Never again, did holy angels bear
The pure sweet token to the brethren there;
Silence and sorrow settled o'er the scene,
They passed from earth, as they had never been,
One, by one, mournfully and still—
And naught is heard, save the low murmuring rill,
Where once the midnight mass swell'd on the air—
Naught seen, but mouldering ruins scattered there;
The moonbeams glimmer through the crumbling wall—
Decay, and death, and silence—that is all.

LET WELL ALONE.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of the pleasant parlors of the Clarendon Hotel, somewhere about ten o'clock at night, there were seated, at a table well stocked with fruit and wine, three gentlemen, whose style of dress and easy manner were sufficient evidence that they belonged to the first class of New York society. So indeed they did, for the oldest of the three, a man about thirty-five, was a well-known banker of Wall street, famous for the costly dinners he gave at his splendid mansion to his male friends, for being a bachelor he was necessarily limited in his invitations.

Delmont was a man of the world, and looked it. His father had retired from the influential firm he had established, leaving to his son its entire management and profit. Despite his love of pleasure, he was an admirable man of business, and had been so successful during the last five years, that he had doubled his originally large fortune.

The second of the group was Beaufort, a singular compound of earnestness, frivolity, fashion and good temper. Six years ago he had married a most lovely woman, and it would appear that the absence of children had only been the means of increasing their mutual attachment.

The third and last, was a man, evidently not more than twenty-five, although the glittering "shoulder-straps" of a colonel decorated either shoulder. It was Charles Seymour, a gentleman beloved by the many, hated by the few, handsome, accomplished and brave; yet with all his good qualities, he was of a jealous and discontented nature, though nothing would have wounded him more deeply than to have hinted to him that his discontent sometimes approached even the confines of envy. Yet this was the fact, and he overshadowed, with a self-made gloom, much of life's sunshine.

He had been engaged to Miss Josephine Thornton for three years, but various circumstances had compelled him to postpone their marriage.

At the commencement of the war he occupied



"SIR, ALLOW ME TO OFFER YOU THIS UNEXCEPTIONABLE WEED,"

the position of 1st lieutenant in the regular army, for which he was well qualified, having received a West Point education.

He had made several campaigns against the Indians, and had the reputation of being one of the coolest and most courageous officers in the service, although imbued with many Southern tendencies, like too many of the gallant spirits who receive their education at the great military academy of America. But when the hour came, his sense of honor, and love for the Union, kept him faithful to the good cause, and he at once was actively employed.

Miss Thornton, his *fiancé*, was a brilliant, dashing brunette, with a small fortune, which was entirely under her control, as her parents had been dead several years. Seymour had nothing except the uncertain expectation of inheriting an uncle's wealth, and his army pay.

"So, Seymour, you've got back for fifteen days," said the banker Delmont, filling his glass for the ——th time.

"Yes, I tried for thirty, but it was simply an impossibility. They are rather 'too playfully fond of me,' down there, to dispense with my company very long," was the half sagacy, half laughing reply.

"Rather inconvenient, Seymour, to be such a favorite—in that quarter, but not in another."

"I don't understand."

"How about the Thornton?"

Seymour bit his lip.

"We won't talk of that, if you please. How is cousinex?"

"Capital; making money as fast as possible. I can't help it. The Canadian, here, wonders at my zeal, but I'm in a mill, and must go round when the wheel does."

"Perhaps you might wish to escape from the mill, if you had a wife like mine," said Beaufort, as gallantly as if the fair lady herself had been present.

"Perhaps!" and Delmont shrugged his shoulders incredulously, while the young colonel went off in a storm of delight, in which a certain young lady figured largely.

Fifteen minutes later, he was alone, and with their gay voices still resounding in his ears, the handsome soldier leaned his head moodily on his hand, and went off into another dream, or rather soliloquy, very bitter one this time.

"Why has fate been so unkind to me?" he questioned, in utality. "Am I less fitted to receive her love than either of those two men? Delmont is rich; Beaufort has a wife, next to Josephine the most charming of women, while I, for want of a few thousands, which Delmont would never miss, am compelled to risk my life hourly on the battlefield, without even the consolation of having Josephine my widow if I fall. Yes, if I fall she will forget me better, after all, that I should. What pleasure have I in life? I would rather be a hack-driver than what I am. He, at least, is independent. I suppose I ought to be; yet I don't see what I've got to be contented about. Now, if I was Beaufort, or Delmont! Heigh, ho!" and the young officer gave a most doleful sigh.

"However, I think I'll solace myself with a cigar"—examining a well-worn cigar case—"not one, of course; that's my luck!"—fining. "I'll go out and get one—must have one."

He had already risen and was reflecting on the peculiar appearance of his hat, when he thought that he heard the door open, and the next instant a very deep, but sweet and serious voice said:

"Sir, allow me to offer you this most unexceptionable weed."

Had his Satanic Majesty himself, appeared before Seymour with a cigar in his hand, he could not have been more startled. He turned around, and there, a little to the left, sat a pale, thin gentleman, in black, with a winning smile he repeated his offer, and held out a most tempting regalia.

"Who are you?" demanded Seymour, fiercely. "What do you mean by this intrusion?"

"I have come after you," was the serene reply.

"After me!" he was fairly staggered at the coolness of the fellow.

"Yes; don't get excited. I heard you bewail your fate, for your window is open, as you perceive, and I have come to help you. But, pray, take this cigar—it will compose you; then listen to me."

Seymour, whose indignation, strangely enough, had been gradually evaporating under the influence of the silvery voice of the stranger, mechanically took the cigar, mechanically lit it, mechanically puffed away for a few puffs—and then sat mechanically gazing at the mysterious intruder.

"I was attracted, my friend, if you will permit me to call you so."

Seymour made a gesture of impatience.

"No? have it as you will, then. I say I was attracted by the extraordinary eloquence of your regrets. I declare, I never heard a more touching Jeremiah," and the stranger paused a moment, smiling more sweetly. "But, alas! how little do we know what we ask!"

"I know what I have asked," replied Seymour, imperceptibly melted at both smile and tone.

"Permit me to differ from you. I know this from my own experience."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated the young officer, half inclined to eject the intruder with even less ceremony than he had used in entering, yet conscious that he was constrained to listen. "When I ask for bread, don't I want it?"

"Analogies always lead astray," said the stranger, drawing more from his pocket and lighting it. "You said that you would be happy if you were your friend's Beaufort or Delmont, did you not?"

"Certainly, I did. Is not one as rich as Cœsus, and the other the possessor of the loveliest wife in the city? If gold and beauty cannot make a man happy, he must be a fool."

The mysterious stranger drew a long breath at his cigar, and then slowly sent the smoke up into the air, where it formed a weird picture of a throbbing, human heart. He then threw himself back a little, and regarded Seymour with eyes, whose supernatural keenness were softened by a genuine pity. "No one knows the weight of a burden until he carries it."

"There are exceptions to every rule," was the dogmatic answer. "But I will tell you why I am tired of living myself, and why I maintain that Delmont and Beaufort are happier than I."

The mysterious stranger looked thoughtfully at him.

"You need not go to the trouble of a long explanation. I understand it all. But won't you take a glass of wine with me?"

As he said this, he drew a slender crystal flask from his pocket, and filling two glasses from it with a clear golden liquor, quietly handed it to the young officer, taking the other himself.

"How do I know that it is not poison?" inquired the recipient, suspiciously.

"Are you not smoking the cigar I gave you?" was the brief but significant answer.

"True."

And touching glasses with the stranger, he drained the one he held, as unhesitatingly as that individual himself, and then, with half pleasant thrill ran through his frame as he did so.

The stranger resumed:

"How do you know that Delmont is rich?"

"Because all the world says so. Is he not the great banker of Wall street? On this point I happen to be better informed than you."

"Well, suppose I should open him rich. How do you know that he is happy?"

"He cannot help being happy. I should be if I were rich," was the natural reply.

"You think so; but that does not prove that your millionaire friend is happy. Take my advice, forget Josephine and your cousin. Be content, and you will be happy."

"I would be content, most sapient of Mentors, if I were Delmont or Beaufort. I would make money enough for Josephine and I to be happy on all our lives."

"I have half a mind to try you," said the stranger.

"What do you mean?"

"That I am half inclined to punish you for your absurd discontent, and still more absurd wish to be somebody else."

"I suppose you mean to transmogrify—transmute Beaufort or Delmont into some one else—that is Delmont," and for the first time that evening, Seymour laughed heartily.

"You are a most unpertarnable stranger, "how would you like to be Beaufort, he has both beauty and gold."

"Beaufort, certainly. Mrs. Beaufort is a charming woman, and he lives in fine style; besides, they are so fond of each other."

"Then you would prefer to be no matter, I am used to it. Will you take another cigar?"

"No, thank you," tossing the remainder of the first with a flirt, "and, indeed, I am strangely drowsy. I think, sir, it is time you released me from the pleasure of your company. There is the door. I trust we may have pleasanter modes of address, but—really—I am so very—very sleepy."

Even as he spoke, his head dropped heavily upon the table, and in a moment more he was as soundly asleep as he ever had been in his life.

The stranger arose, walked to the sleeper, and laying a hand remarkably white and slender upon his forehead, uttered a few words, bent over him a moment, and then left the room as noiselessly as he had entered it, while the only sound that broke the silence of the apartment, was the heavy breathing of the young officer.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Seymour awoke the next morning, he found himself in a very handsome bedroom, lying upon a luxurious couch, whose downy pillows half stifled him, accustomed as he was to a soldier's pallasse.

At first thought was, that he was still dreaming, but on glancing around the room, and perceiving the portrait of a most lovely woman over the mantel-piece, he recognized it as Mrs. Beaufort, it flashed upon him that he must have drank so much wine the previous evening, that he had visited home with Beaufort, and been put to bed there.

After a good laugh at his obliviousness, and considering that he was now with the mysterious stranger in black simply one of the dreams of wine, he was yawning and discussing the propriety of getting up, when the door was opened, and Beaufort's valet, Jean, entered the room; in his hand he held a cup of creamy chocolate.

"I have brought you de chocolate, sare," said Jean.

"Much obliged to you, Jean, but I never drink that article," replied Seymour, politely.

Jean shrugged his shoulders. "Mon Dieu! you are très funny, sare," and he disappeared. "What can he have meant by saying that I was too funny," he exclaimed aloud, himself. In about five minutes Jean re-entered the room with all the materials for shaving.

"Now, sare, are you ready to be shaved?"

"Why, you impudent fellow, I have not shaved since the battle of Bull Run, and I don't mean to till the rebellion is put down. Do I look as if I needed shaving?"

"Vy, sare, you are too funny; I shave you every morning."

"That is a lie!" retorted the irate officer, and as he spoke he raised his hand to stroke his moustache, when to his horror, indignation and astonishment, he found that his face was almost as smooth as that of a girl of nineteen.

"What do you mean by this?" he cried, furiously. "Your master shall pay for this insult! Send him to me this instant!

Jean repeated his deprecatory shrug.

"Ah, sare, it is always so when you dine vid dat friend of yours, Seymour. His vine is *très vife—très vinuscrus*!"

"What! do you dare to tell me to my face that my wine is bad?"

As he said this he sprang from his bed, and the unlucky and astonished Frenchman would have suffered rather severely if he had not succeeded in escaping through the door, which, fortunately for him was open.

"It is well that I didn't catch the fellow!" he muttered, wrathfully, stalking to the glass. "Shave my beard! Well, that is cool."

So saying he drew near the glass, but almost staggered back the instant after. The face reflected there was not his own. He turned to see if Beaufort had looked over his shoulder, but no; there was not a soul in the room. He sat down, gazing fearfully into the glass, and then the interview with the mysterious man in black came over him. Rising, he began the room in a state of mind bordering upon frenzy, paler than he had ever been on the battlefield, and muttering at intervals between his clenched teeth:

"It was no dream! Good God! I am bewitched—I am bewitched!"

Pausing at last before the portrait of Mrs. Beaufort, the contemplation of her beautiful face restored him a little, and his native fun and fondness for adventure began to predominate over his amazement and horror.

"At least, if I am Beaufort, Mrs. Beaufort is my wife. I'll have a kiss. Ah! that reminds me! If I am B., and able to kiss Mrs. B., he is Seymour, and able to claim the same delightful privilege of Miss Thornton. Egad! that's not a pleasant thought. I'll go and warn her against him. In the meantime I must see Mrs. Beaufort," and in range they left.

Jean made his appearance.

"Where is my wife?"

"In de drawing-room, sare."

"Inform her that I wish to see her immediately, on urgent business."

Jean bowed and withdrew. In a few moments he returned with a note, which ran as follows:

"If Mr. B. wishes to see Mrs. B., he must come to her; but she would prefer Mr. B.'s making his communication to Mr. Horace Bell, Mrs. B.'s legal adviser."

The colonel was confounded.

"Ah! I see, my friend and lovers have had a quarrel. Please tell Mrs. Beaufort that I have a present for her which I think will please her."

"Very well, sare," and he again vanished.

The rustle of silk was heard, the door opened, and Mrs. Beaufort, as beautiful as an houri, stood before him, but with a look in her brow was corrugated into a frown, and the full red lips wore an expression of icy disdain.

"I had hoped, Mr. Beaufort," she said, haughtily, "that, after your brutal and insulting conduct, I should not again be compelled to enter your presence. I have only done so now to inform you that not a single thing this morning to arrange the terms of our separation. Your last villainy has decided me."

"My villainy!" cried her amazed listener. "Are you dreaming! What villainy?"

"What do you call an attempt to supplant your most intimate friend in the affections of his betrothed? Double villainy, too, in a married man."

"Madam!"

"Sir, not a word! Did I not read the superscription of a letter to her only yesterday. Your creature there," indicating Jean with a wave of her hand, "I think he said I knew your handwriting—I read it, as was my right——"

"And may I ask to what young lady you refer?" curiosity and a sense of personal injury beginning to banish amazement.

"To Miss Josephine Thornton. Have you so many attachments of that description, that——"

"My dear madam——"

He was fully aroused now.

"Do you mean to say, madam, that your villain of a husband has had the cool to insult my betrothed wife with one word of love?"

Mrs. Beaufort grew pale with passion.

"You have read the letter I am dead!"

It was too ludicrous. Everything but the absurdity of his position vanished, and a shout of irresistible merriment interrupted the exasperated wife.

"Sir!"

The young soldier could not resist the temptation of that face, its beauty heightened tenfold by the anger that flashed from the haughty eyes and the scorn that curled the proud lip. Even as she spoke he threw his arm round her waist, and gave her a hearty kiss before she was at all aware of his intentions.

The next moment a ringing slap echoed throughout the apartment, and with a scarcely articulate "This insult shall be avenged!" Mrs. Beaufort swept out of the room, leaving rather an unpleasant souvenir of her visit in the shape of a well-defined hand, in white relief, on the soldier's bronzed cheek.

For a moment he stood gazing after her with a countenance "more in sorrow than in anger," then sat down, and, scowling, with comic ruefulness, exclaimed:

"What a Tartar!"

A suppressed laugh fell upon his ear, and turning round he saw Jean. The thought flashed across him that it would be well to extract as much information as possible from the valet.

"Mr. and Mrs. Beaufort have a large very well."

This was not to be disputed, so Jean only said:

"I wonder, sare, you not give up making love to Miss Thornton when your wife like it not."

"Give up Josephine! Never with life!" cried Seymour, enthusiastically; then, recollecting that he was Beaufort, but Beaufort, he was about to proceed with his questioning, anxious to discover the extent of Beaufort's villainy; but Jean, imagining that his master was ridiculing him, would only bow and shrug his shoulders in a manner that highly exasperated his interrogator, who was losing his patience pretty efficiently when the door bell rang, and Jean was called from the room. In a few moment's he re-entered with a letter in his hand.

"Sare, here is a lettaire from the young lady herself."

Seymour snatched the epistle from the valet's hand, speechless with indignation at this evidence of his Josephine's treachery—yet a suspicious mist obscured the delicate characters even after he had opened the letter.

"Why was I not shot years ago?" he groaned mentally. "Little did I think to live to discover that my best friend was a traitor, and Josephine false to me—oh, my angel!"

The last ejaculation was caused by the perusal of her epistle. And can you wonder?

"Mr. Beaufort—If you ever dare to address me again on such a subject, your life shall pay the forfeit, for my affianced husband, Colonel Seymour, will not hesitate to avenge such an insult.

"JOSEPHINE THORNTON."

The happy man sprang to his feet, kissing the letter with a transport which Mrs. Beaufort could not have witnessed, while Jean rushed unnoticed out of the apartment to inform every one in the house that their master had received a letter from his lady-love, which had driven him mad, for he was kissing the letter, and had given him a greenback with two cool XX in the corner.

Mrs. Beaufort's indignation at Jean's communication was intense, and we are afraid that if her recreant lord had been near her he would have been treated to a fit of hysterics. We are not sure, in fact, that she was not contemplating a swoon—it looked very much like it—when the door half rang, and Colonel Seymour, coming down the stairs at the moment, anxious to try the effect of sunshine and outer air upon his new personality—stepped to the door and opened it.

The elegant Delmont stood before him.

"How are you, my boy? What! come to be your own Confessor—well! to be doctor-keeper in the halls of Beaufort than a dweller in—what's the name of the place?"

The colonel, who was really glad to see Delmont, replied with a laugh:

"Well! never mind where. How are you?"

"Oh! as well as any one can be after dining at Seymour's."

His host looked at his astonishment.

"Ah!" continued the banker, with a smile, "You may pretend to forget it, but you, yourself, have said a dozen times that Seymour gives such wretched dinners, and such bad wines that——"

"It's a lie!" retorted Seymour, savagely. "I'll have satisfaction for this. Insulting me to my very face!"

The banker's amazement was ludicrous.

"Why! my dear Beaufort!"

The word "Beaufort," recalled Seymour to his senses.

"Fool!" said he to himself. "I am not Seymour. Oh, that villain in black, and his accursed wine! What could ail me? I look a ghastly smile, "Excuse me. I forgot myself."

"I should rather think you did," was the answer. "But, as I was about to say, over and over again, that, if it were not for insulting Seymour, who is brave if he is a——"

"How dare you!" cried the officer's lips, but checked himself this time.

"What ails you this morning?" exclaimed the astonished millionaire. "You are like a cask of powder; any one look to you and you explode forthwith. But let us go to your smoking-room. I've some fine news for you. Poor Seymour! if he only knew how I was getting on with his lady love."

"Ah!" ejaculated Seymour, but he mastered himself sufficiently to give another ghastly smile, and then walk calmly to Beaufort's smoking-room, where he found Jean arranging the cigars.

"You may go, sare," said Seymour.

"Me fly, sare!" answered Jean, and crept away noiselessly.

Seymour slammed the door after his guest had entered, threw himself into a chair, took a cigar, and told his millionaire friend to take another, locked at himself in a convenient glass, and seeing there the living image of Beaufort, resolved to be careful, control his feelings, and personate Beaufort to the life.

And this self-control was needed, for then and there, he heard such a revelation of intended villainy as almost bewildered him. He learned that the Monday previous, Delmont had laid a wager of ten thousand dollars with Beaufort that he could compromise Seymour in Miss Thornton's book. Coolly, Delmont unfolded his plans, frequently alluding to Miss Thornton in a way that sent the hot passionate blood to Seymour's cheek, as he heard something worse than the rest, and forgetting prudence, everything, in his fury, he sprang at the banker's throat, like an enraged lion.

"Beaufort!—are you mad! you'll choke me," gasped the terrified millionaire, struggling to free himself.

The talismanic word, Beaufort, brought him to his senses, he relaxed his grasp, and threw Delmont from him as he had been a child, then seated himself in his chair, in a state of mind bordering on frenzy.

Delmont, opposite, glared on him for a moment, then hissed out:

"Beaufort, our friendship is at an end. Your wife, for the one she have advanced because due to-morrow; prepare to pay it, or I will strip you of your borrowed plumes. You rascally adventurer, all the world know that Beaufort is an impostor, a swindler and a beggar."

"You are right," was the bitter reply, "Beaufort is a swindler and a beggar."

"You seem to have an intimate knowledge of your own character," sneered the banker, as he rose from his seat.

"Perhaps so," replied the counterfeit Beaufort.

"Remember, you have no bitterer enemy than I, and also that I will have my money. You shall hear from me again," and he left the room.

For almost an hour after his departure the poor colonel sat, leaning his head upon his hands, almost bereft of reason. One moment he cursed the stranger in black, who had brought all this evil upon him; the next he reflected that if it

were not for him he should never have known the villainy of his two friends, nor been able to save Josephine from their clutches, as he hoped to do now.

His reflections were interrupted by the entrance of the valet.

"Sare, a gentleman to see you."

"What is his name?"

"Colonel Strange, sare, I think he say."

"Show him in," replied Seymour, briefly, for he suspected his errand.

The colonel entered, and after apologising for the unpleasant nature of his errand, said:

"I have come on behalf of my friend, Mr. Delmont, to demand satisfaction. As you struck him, an apology is out of the question. His terms are that you meet him, the weapons to be pistols; or that you will allow him to horsewhip you in Broadway."

"I will meet him to-morrow morning, at five o'clock, at any place you may appoint," was the calm reply.

After taking a glass of wine, and conversing a few moments more, the colonel took his departure, apparently happy at the prospect of the morrow.

Once more alone, the young officer commenced to anathematize his own folly and discontent, which had brought him to the by no means delightful predicament in which he now found himself.

"And that black rascal who bewitched me, if I had him here, I would put a bullet through him in no time."

The words had scarcely left his lips, when three distinct raps were heard at the door, and to his satisfaction and yet horror, the mysterious stranger stood before him.

"You see I do not desert you in your misfortunes," observed the stranger, in a low voice. "Are you cured of your discontent?"

"I should rather think I was," replied our hero, with great bitterness. Here I am, about to be branded in all the papers by an enraged wife, have got to pay another man's note for some fabulous amount of money, and, lastly, to be shot at by a fellow to-morrow morning, for being somebody else. Here is a divorce, ruin and a duel, all through you."

"Rather say through your own folly," insinuated his imperturbable visitor.

"Well," was the impatient reply, "recrimination is in vain, can you help me?"

"Certainly."

"Will you change me back to Seymour?" questioned the delighted and excited soldier.

"In heart, soul and mind you are Seymour," was the cold reply.

"I mean strip off this cursed outer shape of that rascal Beaufort. I want to be myself again."

"That is more than I can do for you at present."

"What can you do?" eagerly inquired the soldier.

"What do you say to being Delmont? You can't be any worse off."

"Well, that will not mend the matter. He is as great a rascal as Beaufort."

"Yes; but he has not a wife, and is rich. You are to fight a duel to-morrow; Delmont is rich, and if you are transformed into him, you need not fight the duel. Beaufort is in debt."

"True," groaned his unhappy personator. "I will be Delmont, since you cannot restore me to my original shape."

"Reflect a moment. Remember, I do not advise: you may be worse off after the change than before."

"Impossible!"

"Then you are Delmont," announced the stranger.

After a silence, during which you might have heard a mouse stir, he then left the room as noiselessly as he had entered, while Seymour, looking in the glass, was startled to see there reflected the face of Delmont.

Taking up his hat to walk straight out of that house of perdition, intending to go down to the office of Delmont & Co., in Wall street, to draw a cheque for half a million, to be devoted to the lifelong comfort of himself and his Josephine.

CHAPTER III.

Pursuing his way down Fifth avenue, a thousand fears and speculations haunted him. While he had been Beaufort, who had that individual himself been? Now that he was Delmont, who was the *bona fide* D.? Were they one, or both, plotting against his Josephine? Perhaps even now she might be calling upon him for aid. The thought was madness. And walking rapidly to her well-known dwelling, he rang the bell and announced himself as Mr. Delmont.

Once shown into the parlor, where he had spent so many happy hours, his fears melted away, and he felt sure that all would be right after all.

In a few minutes Miss Thornton entered, and, forgetting his external appearance, he rushed to meet her, and was about to give her his usual greeting kiss, when he was recalled to his miserable reality by the young lady's indignant voice:

"What do you mean by this insult, sir? Leave the house immediately, unless you can behave yourself properly while in it."

The poor soldier turned away in despair.

"I came to warn you, Josephine," he said sadly. "You must believe me and remember what I say. Delmont and Beaufort have plotted against your happiness and honor."

"Are you mad, Mr. Delmont, to denounce yourself?"

"Yes, Josephine, I am mad, I believe. I am bewitched; I am not Delmont, but Seymour, your betrothed, who loves you better than his life. I have been metamorphosed ——"

"And you expect me to believe this, sir," cried the young lady, with flashing eyes, as she rang the bell violently. A servant entered.

"Show this gentleman the door, and do not admit him again," and she swept out of the room."

Cursing the mysterious stranger, the young officer followed the attendant, and left the house. Words cannot describe the feelings that swept like a whirlwind through his breast; he was only recalled to reason by observing his own well-known figure approach. He turned down another street to watch his own shadow. To his horror he saw him walk up the steps and ring the bell of the house he had just left.

Breathing an anathema against everybody and everthing, he hurried away, hailed an omnibus, and was soon put down at the corner of Wall street, from whence he walked rapidly to the splendid banking house of Delmont & Co., and passed through into the private room of the head of the firm. No one was there, but the next instant Sherman, his head clerk, came in.

"Sherman, I want some money to-day," he said, resolving to make hay while the sun shone.

Sherman shrugged his shoulders, and looked grave.

"Draw me a check," said Seymour, "for sixty thousand dollars, and I will sign it. Get me the money at once, as I expect a gentleman in half an hour."

"Dear Mr. Delmont," replied the old clerk with a look of dismay and anguish, "Have you forgotten that frightful balance sheet I showed you yesterday?"

"What balance sheet? We will talk of that after I have drawn the money."

"Sir, are you not aware that our account is already overdrawn from the bank?"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the counterfeit Delmont's feet, he could not have turned paler, or given a greater start.

"Then I am a bankrupt; then I have not a cent at my bankers."

"No!" whispered a ghostly voice in his ear. "Did I not warn you of falling from bad to worse?"

Seymour glanced around with a shudder of fear, but no one was present beside himself and the old clerk, who soon broke the silence with—

"Honored sir, forgive me if I put a question to you."

"What is it?" said Seymour, gloomily.

The old clerk hesitated a moment, then said timidly:

"Is the note of Colonel Seymour for ten thousand dollars genuine?"

"Let me see it," cried the unhappy man.

"This," said the clerk, producing a promissory note for ten thousand dollars, payable at thirty days, purporting to be signed, G. Seymour, and due the day before.

"I never gave that note; it is a forgery!" cried our hero, indignantly.

"Alas! I feared so!" broke from the lips of the clerk. "We are ruined—irretreviably ruined and disgraced. Flight is now all that is left for us."

And overcome by his emotions, the old and faithful cashier of the great house burst into tears, and sobbed like a child.

A moment after, the door opened, and Beaufort's valet, Jean, entered the room. Making a very low bow, he advanced to Seymour, and holding out a letter, said:

"Monsieur Delmont, my mistress, Mrs. Beaufort, told me to wait for an answer."

The counterfeit banker looked at the note, fancied that he recognized the handwriting, and tearing it open, read as follows:

"Dearest Delmont—Send me a check for two hundred by Jean. I shall soon be released from my brute of a husband, and then shall place my hand at your disposal, you well know you have long had my heart. Meet me at the usual place.
"Marian Beaufort."

The colonel drew a long breath. "Here's another pretty discovery. What a precious set of rascals the human race are! How lucky I don't belong to it." Then the state of his finances sobered him. Taking a pen, ink, and a sheet of paper, he wrote as follows:

"My Dearest Marian.—I accede to your request with joy. I have given the sum you require to Jean, but cannot meet you at the usual time and place, for I am quite certain that we are watched. I will see you to-morrow at any place you may specify. Yours, Delmont."

Sealing this, he handed it to Jean, who, stowing it away in the depths of his vest pocket, departed.

The colonel gazed after him with a smile of malicious delight. "I think this will make me even with Mrs. Beaufort for her amiability this morning, and also repay Jean for his impudence. She will accuse him of taking the money, and, besides, be frightened at the thought of discovery. Beaufort will probably hear of it as well. Very good!" Then turning to the old clerk, he gently requested him to leave the room, as he wished to be alone. After his departure, the soldier threw himself back in his chair, and muttered:

"Fool that I am, why was I not content with being myself? I was happy, honest, single, and though poor, yet patience would have carried me through in the end. And what a hideous picture of fashionable society does my experience present? Beaufort and his wife, whom society quotes as models of conjugal affection, at daggers points—each false to the other, each as bad as the other. Delmont, whom all the world thinks a millionaire, is a bankrupt and a forger. Egad, I am in for it. A duel and a divorce were bad enough, but ten years in Sing Sing for forgery is worse, and the joke is that I shall be punished for forging my own name. Oh, that man in black! If I only had him here, I would strangle him if he would not change me back into myself."

Here his soliloquy was interrupted by a slight tap on his shoulder. He looked up, and lo! there was the mysterious man, who seemed to be the monster of his fate. His countenance was, however, unusually anxious, and in a low voice he said:

"Wretched repiner at the behests of Providence, fly! You have not a minute to lose—the officers of justice are coming even now. The forgery has been discovered. Reproach me not. I warned you."

Even as he spoke the door was burst open and Sherman rushed in.

"Fly!" he whispered, sharply. "The officers are here."

And the voices of strange men pierced through the thin partition, confirming his words.

"Where shall I fly?" cried the wretched Seymour.

"This way," replied the man in black, touching a spring in the wall.

The panel flew back to allow the entrance of the two, then resumed its former place noiselessly. Looking around him our hero found himself in a little apartment about five feet square.

"You are safe now for half an hour," whispered the stranger. "At the end of that time they will discover this place. I give you your choice: to await that discovery and its consequences, or to end your cares in this?" and he held up a small phial filled with some strange green liquid.

"Is there no escape?"

"None," was the icy reply. "You have brought it upon yourself."

"Then give it to me, villain!"

"Certainly," and the mysterious man watched his victim, with a look of ill-concealed delight, as he swallowed the deadly draught. But the look changed to one of surprise when a moment after the desperate man sprang at him with murder in his eyes.

"Die as I die!" he hissed in the stranger's ear, as he grasped his throat; but even as he spoke, his hold relaxed, and he fell heavily against the panel. The stranger smiled compassionately now, bent over the corpse, and vanished through the windows, just as the officers, hearing the blow, burst open the panel and entered the recess with a cry of triumph.

CHAPTER IV.

How Seymour became himself once more he knew not. Be this as it may, he still remembered his hideous experience as Beaufort and Delmont, and was full of thankfulness that he was Seymour again, even while he reflected on his disheartening prospects. For his old friends he now entertained the bitterest hate; nor was he totally able to exonorate his own Josephine. She had concealed from him the fact that both Beaufort and Delmont had been for some time attempting plainly to supplant one whom they knew to be her affianced husband, when it was her duty to have informed him; instead of doing so, he had the direct evidence of his own senses that she still continued to receive both these men with apparent cordiality. This was the most painful discovery he had made, for he would have rather had her cruel and merciless to them, than as merciful as she evidently was. At last he resolved to write a letter to her, upbraiding her for her withholding from him the villainy of the two he thought his friends—as for those two he never expected to see them again. Delmont he felt sure had poisoned himself in the secret recess, and Beaufort would not be likely to call again after his remarks upon him. He was about to write his letter to Josephine when, to his inexpressible indignation, the door opened, and Beaufort entered. But indignation was changed into amazement when his treacherous friend advanced, saying, as warmly as ever:

"Well, Seymour, how do you feel this morning?"

"Sir, your impudence astonishes me."

"What do you mean?" inquired the puzzled Beaufort.

"This," cried Seymour, excitedly, "that if you come near me, I will make you feel the weight of my arm."

Unable to divine the cause of the alteration in his old friend's manner, Beaufort stared, then went on pleasantly, supposing Colonel Seymour to be indulging in a bit of acting.

"Come now, for business. My wife has called for the fair Josephine."

The rage of his listener was intense, but controlling himself, he said:

"I wonder, sir, at your audacity in pronouncing that name after your behavior."

"What *do* you mean, Seymour?"

"How does your divorce case get on?"

"My divorce case?" echoed Beaufort, blankly.

"Yes, and why don't you pay Delmont what you owe him? You are the real murderer of that wretched bankrupt. Sherman, his clerk, confessed it to me yesterday."

"Seymour!" almost shouted Beaufort, "are you mad, or have you drank so much that you are unconscious of what you are saying?"

"Neither!" was the enraged reply. "Defend yourself, sir!"

But a voice in the hall at that moment paralyzed him.

"Don't trouble yourself, Sambo; I'll announce myself," and Delmont entered with a countenance as serene as usual.

The poor distracted Colonel turned away abruptly, and walked to the window, while Beaufort and Delmont greeted each other as if they had never been on the verge of fighting a duel.

"What are you running away for, Seymour?" cried Delmont, pleasantly.

"Am I not welcome, Delmont?" said Beaufort, in a troubled voice. "This is a very serious case. I came here half an hour ago, and find our friend Seymour nothing less than mad."

"Mad!" ejaculated Delmont.

The voice of the banker recalled Seymour to his senses.

"Wretch, forger, thief!" he cried, turning and confronting the astonished men. "How did you come back to life after drinking that poison."

"Sir!" was the polite reply. "It is you who have been drinking."

"Gentlemen, let me say a few words to you, and put an end to our present unpleasant state of ambiguity. When I gave that little dinner yesterday, I fancied I had two devoted and faithful friends. After they had gone, a tall, thin man in black came to me and offered to—"

At this moment the door of Seymour's outer apartment opened, and a couple of glorious laughs rang loud and clear like a beautiful bell, and two beautiful women entered. One was Josephine Thornton, the other Mrs. Beaufort.

"Here we are. Did you get tired waiting for us?" cried both together.

Poor Seymour! never was mortal more painfully bewildered. All his former friends, but now well proven enemies, were present. As Miss Josephine approached him, he said huskily:

"Miss Thornton, your presence here adds an additional torture. It is one I had not deserved or calculated on. Oh, Josephine! Josephine!"

"What is the meaning of this?" murmured the young girl, bewildered and terrified.

"The meaning is this," cried the now desperate soldier. "That I have discovered you all. Go on with your divorce, Mr. and Mrs. Beaufort. You must have been somewhat astonished that Delmont's letter did not contain the two hundred dollars you wrote for."

"The man is mad!" ejaculated the now indignant Mrs. Beaufort.

"Am I? Here is the letter, madam;" but it was not to be found. "You have picked my pocket," cried Seymour, bewildered.

"Sir!" exclaimed Beaufort, "this demands vengeance."

The two stood glaring at each other, when the mysterious stranger entered and placed himself between the two furious men. Fixing his eyes steadily upon Seymour he made a few mesmeric passes over him. A moment more and a gentle melancholy settled down over the young officer's face; his eyes lost their fire, and turning away he sank into a seat, pale, and apparently strengthless.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the mysterious man quietly, "your friend is now restored to his original frame of mind. He has had a bitter experience, and he will be all the better for it."

"Explain," cried one and all.

"Certainly. Last night, passing the door, which happened to be slightly open, I heard Colonel Seymour bewail his unhappy fate. He longed to be somebody else—either a millionaire or a married man. I entered and mesmerized him. He has had a mesmeric trance, in which he has fancied himself some one else. He is now I hope quite cured of his discontent."

"Most decidedly," cried the now recovered officer; "if my dear friends will forgive me. The delusion is past, and Richard is himself again."

With a polite bow the man in black smiled at the ladies and walked out at the door like any other mortal. The next Sunday Miss Josephine Thornton became Mrs. Colonel Seymour.

In conclusion, we trust our readers will recognize and admire the moral of this romance, which is—let well alone, and be content with your condition in life, unless you, yourself, can make it better.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A lawyer having found a purse, and returned it to the owner, one of the papers says it may be honest and honorable, but it is exceedingly unprofessional. The delinquent defends himself on the ground that there was nothing in it.

A rich petroleum operator, gaunt as a skeleton, and ignorant as a hodman, went to an artist the other day to have his portrait taken.

"Will you have it taken in oil or water-colors?" inquired the artist.

"Ile, of course," replied he. "It comes to me more natural; and, besides, it makes me look fatter."

Heartless Attempt at Bigamy.—A gentleman, who was courting, on inquiry was found to be wedded to his own views.

A certain dissatisfied wife says that her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try a new boot without "putting his foot in it."

Our rural contributor writes us word that he has enlarged his establishment, and now keeps a head of oxen, a head of hen, and several head of cabbage, while he is trying also to keep-a-head of the times.

The young lady who lost her little pink bow from her jockey-hat, has found a big brown one under a beaver.

Wanted by a bachelor jeweler—a wife with a neck of pearl, ruby lips, brilliant eyes, golden hair, a silvery tongue, and a perfect jewel of a temper.

A chaplain was once preaching to a class of collegians about the formation of bad habits.

"Gentlemen," said he, "close your ears against bad discources."

The scholars immediately clapped their hands to their ears.

Never look at the girls. They can't bear it; they regard it as an insult. They wear their feathers, furbelows and frills, merely to gratify their mammas—that's all.

"Pa," said a lad to his father, "I often read of people poor but honest; why don't they say rich but honest?"

"Tut, tut, my son," said the father, "nobody would believe them."

The Place for Him.—"What do you intend to do with Jefferson Davis?" asked an Englishman of an intelligent returned soldier the other day. "It would be blasted cruel to be hanging him, you know. Now, what do you intend to do with him?"

"Borrow St. Helena from Her Majesty, your Queen, and chain him there as you chained Napoleon, you know," was the reply. John Bull could not see the point.

A young lady, from the rural districts of Hoosierdom, lately visited Chicago with her beau. Getting into a city railroad car for the first time, she took a seat, while her lover planted himself on the platform, beside the driver. Very soon the conductor began to collect fare, and approaching the rustic maiden, he said:

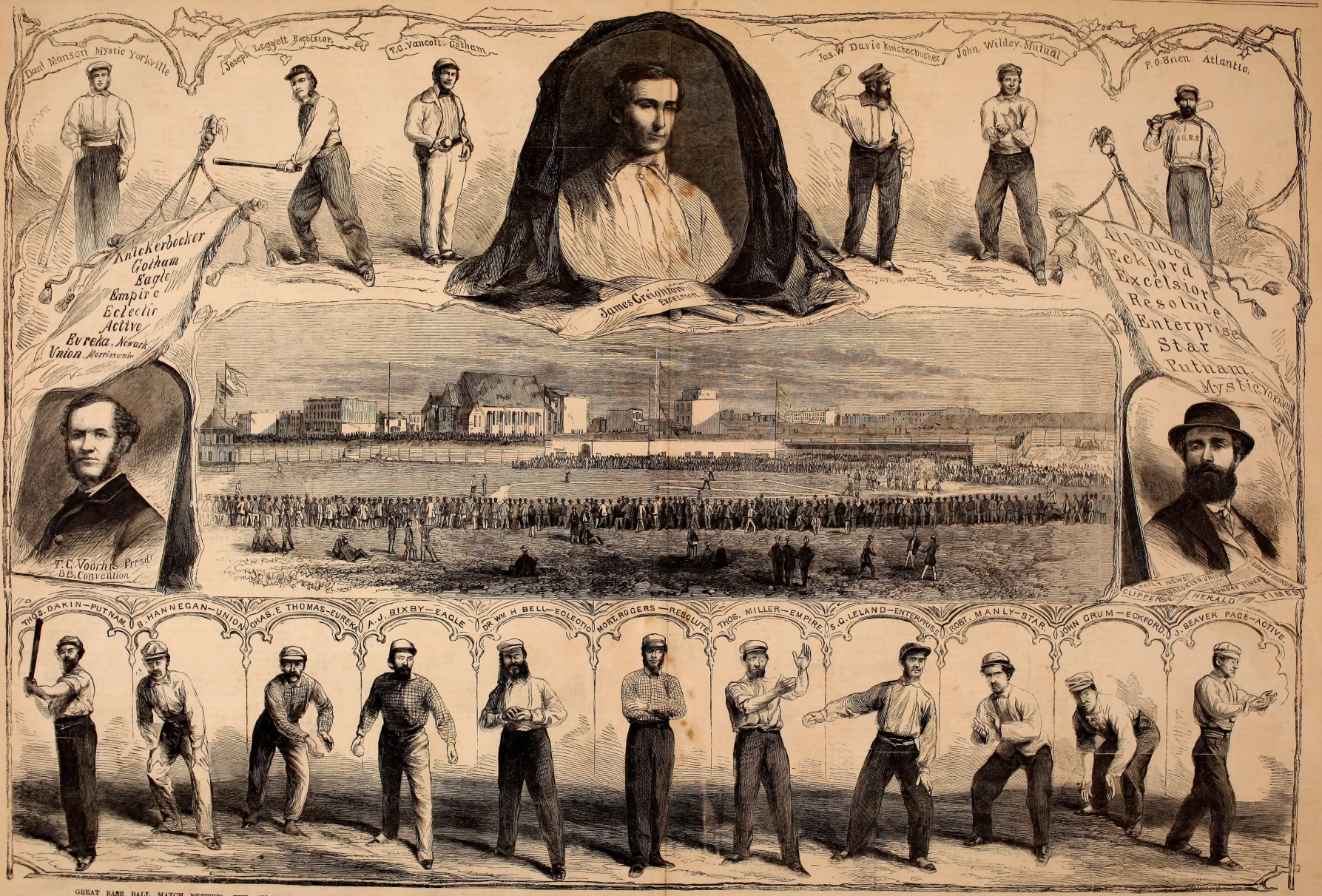
"Your fare, miss?"

The Hoosier rosebud allowed a delicate pink to manifest itself upon her cheeks, and looked down in soft confusion. The conductor was rather astonished at this, but ventured to remark once more:

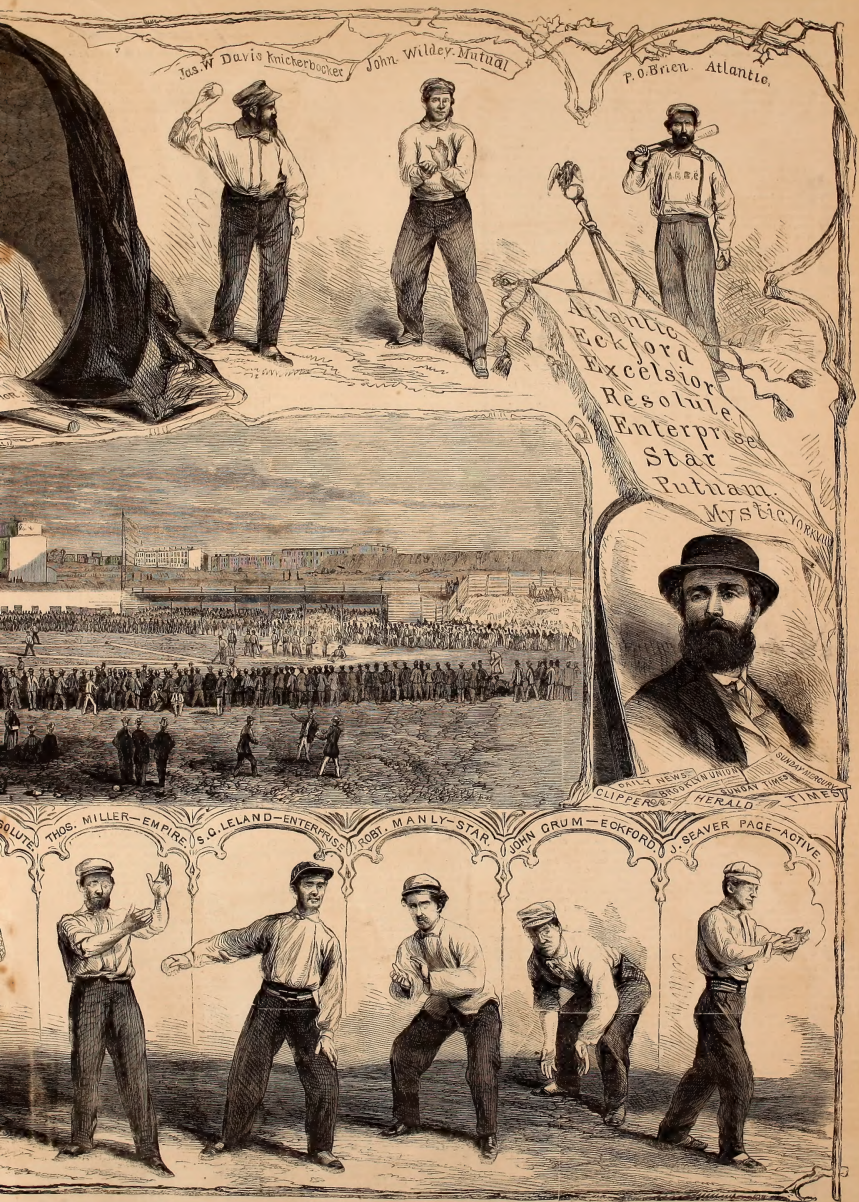
"Your fare, miss?"

This time the pink deepened to carnation, as the rustic beauty replied:

"Wall, if I am good lookin', you hadn't ought to say it out loud afore folks!"



GREAT BASE BALL MATCH BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND ECKFORD CLUBS OF BROOKLYN, AT THE UNION BASE BALL GROUNDS, BROOKLYN, E. D., OCT. 13, WITH PORTRAITS OF THE LEADING PLAYERS OF THE PRINCIPAL CLUBS OF NEW YORK, BROOKLYN AND NEWARK.



D., OCT. 13, WITH PORTRAITS OF THE LEADING PLAYERS OF THE PRINCIPAL CLUBS OF NEW YORK, BROOKLYN AND NEWARK.

WAIT FOR ME.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Wait for me, love!
When you reach the silent and silver strand,
By the banks of the river wide and grand,
That flows this side of the beautiful land,
Wait for me.

Wait for me, love!
I will journey on down the western side,
And meet you there by the mystic tide,
By the silent river, deep and wide,
Wait for me.

Wait for me, love!
When the boatman, silent, and cold, and pale,
Rows over his bark with its snow-white sail,
We'll leave together this sorrowful vale,
Wait for me.

Wait for me, love;
We will tread together the beautiful shore,
When the silent boatman rows me o'er.
To part, my darling, oh, nevermore!
Wait for me.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—PHILLIS'S STRANGE SUBMISSION.

"Now, then," said Sleuth, addressed to his cousin, on the morning following the day of his gift in the aldermen's bed-chamber, "I can let you off with a clearer conscience to see to this matter of the alderman's grandchild. Tell the man to get out the gig to take you into London, and there you'll get the stage to Leeds. You and I will walk on a bit further, and the gig can overtake us."

"Very well," said Sleuth; "I'll be ready in a few minutes," and he went out, thus cresting fresh delay.

Sleuth had a little secret business to do before he started, which, if understood by Anthony, would have opened his cousin's obvious turn-bless. Sleuth had, for some time past, fixed an hour of the previous day for his departure, and carefully informed Phillis of it, and wished her good-bye when it came. Hence, when Phillis spoke to the peddler, she thought he must have gone; but later in the evening she saw him again, and saw that he lingered about in parts of the house where he might not expect to see Phillis. The idea of Sleuth's secret coat caused Sleuth's imagination. Yet he had not committed himself by a single word to Phillis that implied acknowledgment of knowledge or lost such a garment. Perhaps his continuing to act with the same reservation might be the one fact that would ultimately induce her cause to think of the matter as important, and then she would herself get rid of it, if she had it. He saw that; but he also saw that, if discovery were imminent, through her possession of the coat, then he might, by devotion to her, still keep off the ruin. And tossing between these thoughts, he was even now planning to try one last shot before his departure.

He went into the stable yard and ordered out the vehicle. While it was getting ready, he paced up and down where he knew Phillis must see him. Presently she appeared at the window, and gave him a rather sad smile. He returned it, after a furtive glance all round, with a look so full of devotion, that Phillis could not but again smile, and more genially.

When the gig was ready, Sleuth jumped in, took the whip and reins, and said to the man:

"I'll take it round to the front, while you fetch down a portmanteau and hat-box from my bedroom, but be quick."

Then, as the man ran off for the things, Sleuth drove away, with a parting wave of the hand to Phillis and the housekeeper, and so made Phillis believe he was gone.

But it so fell out that that young lady had been waiting for her lover's departure to get herself out of a difficulty. There was a man whom no one had seen enter the house, and who now met us a little room where no one was likely to see him, if he did not stay too long. The very instant Phillis had turned herself Sleuth was gone, she ran up to her bedroom, and took from her box the very brown paper parcel that had been seen by Sleuth, and which had set his speculations at work, slipped it under her gown, pinned it fast, but also held it there by putting her hand through the pocket-hole.

As she turned the corner, at one end of the corridor, in her breathless haste, whom should she see but Sleuth turning the corner, at the opposite end, running with equal speed and anxiety towards, no doubt, the same goal—her box—that Phillis was leaving.

Indeed! ejaculated she. "I did not anticipate this, but again I have caught him. What will he say now?"

"That's right, Phillis," murmured Sleuth, panting for breath. "I thought you'd understand me, and come."

"Understand you, Richard?"

"Yes, to be sure—that I wasn't going away all those days without—without——"

He hesitated so long to finish his sentence, that Phillis could not help echoing the word:

"Without——"

"One sweet kiss, to be sure, from my affianced wife."

Phillis looked at him a moment in doubt and reproach, forgot her parcel and the doubts and fears connected with it, and threw her arms round his neck, and wept, saying:

"Richard, I believe you deceive me, but I cannot help playing the fool too as I don't know it. God bless you and keep you true. I should be a desperate and wicked woman if you were to play me false."

And then, with something like real affection, Sleuth did take leave of her, inly cursing his unlucky fate, that compelled him to go with the mystery of that parcel still unsolved.

Not caring to let Anthony see anything of these little peculiar movements of his about the house, he accompanied Phillis down towards the kitchen quarters, intending to get out into the stable yard, and from thence re-enter the house to tell Anthony he was ready. But Phillis began to slacken her speed.

Always suspecting motives, because conscious how he was himself continually giving cause for suspicion, Sleuth leaped to the rash conclusion that there was something or somebody below he was not to know of. Of course, therefore, he persisted in his first plan, and was now hurrying in Phillis's face and attitude—the hand fixed in the pocket—that confirmed his expectation.

As they met some three yards from the stone passage in the basement, Sleuth thought he heard the faintest possible kind of a cough from a little room on one side—one of the offices of the house. But instantly Phillis began to talk to him in a somewhat loud and excited key, and upon subjects that seemed to Sleuth rather absurd, even though well calculated to keep up the idea of the social distance between herself and him if they should be overheard.

Had that cough been an intimation of some kind to her? Was Phillis making the person who emitted it aware that she was not yet alone?

"Dear me, Phillis, I never knew you had one in that room," said Sleuth, turning to look her straight in the face.

"Did you?" said Phillis.

She went in. But Sleuth did not wait for her report, but followed her. A man sat there—a small, insignificant-looking man, a common city burglar—for even that idea had just entered Sleuth's busy brain.

"Oh, I say, I forgot you! It'll be ready soon," said Phillis to the man. Then, turning to Sleuth, she said, in explanation: "He's going to take some things for me to a dyer—Sleuth's dad."

And then she returned to the passage, followed by Sleuth, who still noticed that hand in the pocket, and now also saw the bulky look of her dress.

Sleuth was obliged to accept her statement, whether he believed it or not.

"If," mused he, "it be only what she says, she won't mind letting the man have it before I go; if it be what I half fancy still, she won't risk anything of the sort. I must get to the bottom of this hold of the man and satisfy myself somehow, when once out of her sight."

Suddenly he had it, without the least notion of how to justify his words:

"Phillis, I have something to tell you, that I intended to tell you when I came in from walk. Give this man whatever he waits for, and let him go; and I'll run back here in a few minutes."

"And you will not forget?" she says, unstirred to venture to meet again while things are in this state between us—nobody knowing. Good-bye!" She slipped away, and Sleuth could only then return to Anthony, and meditate how still to lay hold of that parcel.

The two young men met out together, and happened to pass by a door that led to a gate in the wall, they were unnoticed. But Sleuth was just able, on reaching the high road, to see a man making very rapidly off with a small bundle, which was the identical parcel in brown paper he had seen in Phillis's box.

"Is it the right?" Sleuth asked himself, with painful misgivings that he had lost his last chance of securing that dangerous garment.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—WITH THE TIDE.

The early choristers have taken their places on the stone lions at the doctor's gates, and along the vried and fruit-laden wall of the garden, and are trying their parts timidly before the great anthem begins.

The little door in the wall is open, for the old gardener is there this morning, with his pot and pipe. Suddenly the little door is darkened by a form which he does not at first recognize. As soon, however, as he does, he starts, turns his chair away, and he perceives it to be no other than Mr. Anthony Maude, his brother's master, the wheelwright, whose acquaintance he has not yet made.

"Good morning, Branch," says the visitor. "How are you? You've been laid up, I hear."

Branch is much beholden to Mr. Maude for the inquiry. He has been laid up. Not only badly, were all for having his leg off, but Branch resisted the medical," and kept his leg, which he is thankful he did, as he would never have been spared to—— and his gray eyes wander over Mr. Maude's face and form, by way of finishing the sentence.

The little path by the fruit wall is delicately cool and shady, and Anthony is glad to loiter there a while. Branch, for he goes more slowly along, feeling half-pleased and half-annoyed with himself for having come. What excuse can he offer for coming so early? He has the newspaper, certainly, and it contains an account of the inquest, and speaks of "the admirable conduct of the learned doctor throughout the whole affair." But is the newspaper sufficient excuse? Anthony feels doubtful. He stands still on the path, poking with his cane at a piece of gum on a little drawer-knob, and reviewing his own private reasons for this early visit without much satisfaction.

There is a little fact connected with the path by the fruit wall, which, although Anthony does not notice it, it will be as well to mention. It is this: The mignonette, which borders it, gives out more scent than it would do if it had been merely shaken by the bees. Something else has stirred it this morning, bending down its pointed heads, and leaving the little path by the fruit wall full of odor—the bum of Clarissa's dress, which, if Anthony were not so intent on the cherry tree, he might see fluttering at the turn of the path. But he goes on poking at the gum, asking himself if he would not be in a better state to meet the "charming man" after a few glasses of wine, and deliberating as to whether he had not better now leave the newspaper with his compliments, and return to a comfortable breakfast with Mrs. Milton. Hementally follows Branch into the kitchen, and hears him give the name of his arrival, and hears the same news carried to the doctor, who, of course, will dispatch a servant instantly to invite the "charming man" to breakfast. Still poking the gum, Anthony imagines the "charming man" to have entered the breakfast-room, sees him having helped himself, and——

Anthony is slashing at the cherry tree with his cane so furiously, that there is a cry of:

"Mercy! mercy! Mr. Maude! My cherries! my cherries!"

And before he can recover from his shame at being caught in such a moment and warm rush of pleasure at the sight of her, Clarissa and he are shaking hands frankly, like old friends. Her beauty is so kind, and genial, and welcoming, that the "charming man" becomes a myth, and fades out of Anthony's path like the mists at the coming of the sun.

He has never seen her before, except in her riding-habit. How lovely he thinks her in her fair, unpuckered morning dress, fresh, simple, and graceful as the border flowers that have dried their night tears on its hem!

"Well, now you are welcome," says Clarissa, laughingly, interrupting him as he stammers an excuse for coming so early; "and as for an hour, I suppose I must take your apology as a hint that I have been neglecting you on having adopted our country habits so soon."

"Is it, then, a habit; are you always out so early?" asks Anthony.

"I don't know that I care to confess it to you if I am," answers Clarissa; "you city people are so fond of scandal, and so unkind."

"Do you know," observes Anthony "I think conceiving is one fault I don't possess—the only one, perhaps, with which to envy."

"Indeed I shall not," says Clarissa, quickly, "for if you are without that fault, you are without a great many others also."

Anthony looks pleased at her heightened color and earnestness. With a keen sympathy, he divines the meaning of it in an instant—sensitive shame of the country—and feels that he would give half he possessed to unsay a certain little word of three letters that he once said in connection with the doctor. But as that is impossible, he comforts himself by remembering that only Dick Sleuth heard it, and says to Clarissa:

"And now, may I know if you always take such an early walk as this?"

"May I know how my cherry tree has offended you?" she says, archly.

Anthony only laughs, as he does not feel he can say much on the subject of the cherry tree, and looks delightfully confused.

"This is a place after my own heart," he says.

"Do you like it better than your own?" asks Clarissa.

"A thousand times."

The blackbirds and thrushes sang their loudest and merriest from the tops of the walls; the rosary, Clarissa declared, had never seen such a blaze of beauty before. Anthony praised everything, and Clarissa thought him in every fresh spot she took him to see, that Clarissa could not refrain from taking him to all her favorite haunts.

There was the cool, rocky little nook, earthysmelling and always dark, she told him, till the primroses came; and Anthony never forgot that nook, but remembered it always gleaming with the primroses, and always dark, while she was telling him, her foot slipped, and she clung to him to save herself, only an instant, but that instant made Anthony feel as if he had already become a reality—a something that would remain with him as a great joy or a great pain. When they came out into the full light again, he was strangely silent.

"I am afraid we are making you keep too long a fast," said Clarissa. "Were you up very early?"

"Yes," answered Anthony, thinking of his restless hours with the same sort of interest that a man thinks of the first symptoms of a disease by which he is attacked.

"Three!" exclaimed Clarissa. "In that case I must remain greedy no longer. Look here what I have been gathering from you, and trying to get an opportunity to devour. I suppose I must share it with you now."

With much laughter and confusion Clarissa drew a cloth from her pocket, containing a piece of snowy bread.

"He who has always obliged to provide myself with," said she. "I find I can't survive on fruit alone till papa's breakfast. May I get you to pick some of those pears, to eke it out?"

Clarissa spread the cloth on a low wall on the side of the garden that looked down over the river. The breeze blew so freshly here that Anthony insisted on tying over Clarissa's head a little lace veil she had with her, and so absorbed was he in thinking how well it became her, that Clarissa had to remind him he was eating more than his share of the bread.

Then he declared he would eat no more, and Clarissa insisted on his walking on the grass, while she ate. As he turned away from the river with Clarissa, the very birds seemed to be singing the same refrain as the river—"With the tide! with the tide!"

The trees whispered it, and the fountain in the rosary echoed softly, "With the tide! with the tide!"

But the rosary is not empty; there is something in it besides the fountain and the statue. Anthony sees this something—sees it to be a man, a gentleman, lounging there. Clarissa sees him too, and then she and Anthony exchanged looks, and he cannot but notice that she looks embarrassed.

"A friend—Mr. Robertson," says Clarissa, in a low tone.

Mr. Robertson saw them, and immediately advanced. As he approached, with an easy, quiet manner, that had, however, nothing in it of affectation, Anthony scanned him closely, and saw a man probably older than himself, but not much so, and who was—as Anthony could not but acknowledge—in every outward respect his (Anthony's) superior; or, at least, if he did not exactly draw that conclusion for himself, he drew it for Clarissa.

Mr. Robertson bowed with extreme politeness as he and Anthony were introduced to each other, and Anthony could not, of course, but respond, while having his politeness would induce him, after a few words, to move off, and leave him and Clarissa to pursue their converse.

"Allow me, Miss Pompus, to conduct you to your father," said Mr. Robertson, offering his arm with the air of having been, in a sense, her lord and master from time immemorial. Clarissa took it; after a moment's pause, she said with a smile:

"You will go in, Mr. Maude?"

"No, no, I thank you. Excuse me to the doctor, and—— Oh, I forget; yes—please give him this paper;" and then Anthony could not find it, and being already terribly confused, and in a rage with himself for being so, stopped, and saw something like a smile in Mr. Robertson's face. He hunted no longer for the paper—he forgot it. He blood leaped to his cheek, and he was about to blurt out some very impolite remark, when he remembered himself in good time, and then, remembering Mr. Robertson's politeness, took off his hat, bowed low, and waited to let them pass, he and Mr. Robertson exchanging significant glances the while.

They moved away; and then Anthony, as he turned to take his solitary walk homewards, began to grind his teeth with vexation that he had come at all.

"It's nothing that I should make a fool of myself before a woman—a bitter coquette she must be—but that I should choose the time of day to betray the doctor's 'charming man' does, I confess—"

Anthony stopped what he was going to say, and shut his mouth with a click of the teeth, as to finish his sentence satisfactorily, made another lunge at the trunk, and did it so viciously that he broke his stick, and stood there with the broken end in his hand, laughing at his own folly.

"If the doctor, now, were to tell me it is *I* who am the coquette, I think of us would have the best of the contention?

"So that's he. Truly a most polite gentleman—Clarissa's father. I'll never speak to her again; no, never. She is evidently playing the fool with me."

But, even in his anger, he knew by instinct just the spot where the trees would give him one more glimpse of her, and he stood still and looked.

There they stood, looked back; but, unlike Lot's wife, was left still in the flesh, to feel all the bitterness of repentance for his error.

There they stood, Clarissa and her friend, on a corner of the lawn, laughing as if they would kill themselves. He looked at them a minute, and then, in rage and pain too bitter to find vent in words, scrambled towards the great gateway where Branch, with rake in hand, stood like a rude medieval rat-representation of the angel with the flaming sword. And so Anthony passed out of his Paradise.

"No, I'll never see her again!"

And Anthony, as he strode through the pretty Eddington lanes, in making this assertion for the fiftieth time, turned and glared defiantly at a miserable laborer, "shock head" fellow, as if he thought it seemed inclined to contradict him.

The sun was blazing down upon him without mercy; and the dust, which had accumulated, or moved only to stir the blinding dust that lay inches deep on the Eddington roads.

"How I hate this sort of scenery!" he said to himself, and again looked fiercely at the willows, as if, with their bolt upright air, they showed too much vulgar astonishment at his changeableness, for he remembered, as he thought to admire the view on that very spot but an hour ago. But he had been going with the tide then, though he had not known it. He was all different now—quite different.

He was glad when his walk ended, and he felt grateful to get home. Indeed, he had a sharp words with himself when he caught sight of Mrs. Milton, straining her eyes in search of him, at the garden end, where she entered the premises—that being nearest—and saw everything looking so homely, cleanly and peaceful. There was Jubilee, with the kennel, reading, with a low, awe-stricken voice, a horrible murder case to Esau, who lay in his favorite posture—his chest to the ground, and his chin in his hands—looking up into Gibbs's face with breathless interest, in which was mingled a childish envy of Gibbs's wonderful stock of words of wonder he could read without spelling, and the manner in which he pronounced his "coolds" and "woolds," which evidently struck Esau as a masterly piece of scholarship. The bulldog sat near, looking perplexed and troubled by their absorption, and kept getting up, and wagging his tail, and resettling himself in a business, sometimes giving a yawn or whine at the most exciting parts of the narrative, or energetically licking Esau's face, as if he would say: "Do come out of this." The young mare had turned herself as far round in her stall as she could, and was looking at them through the open stable door with a placid, lustrous eye, and rattling her chain to make them notice her. The horrors which Gibbs was spelling out as Anthony entered, gave, by force of contrast, an additional charm to this little picture of domestic peace.

Mrs. Milton had seen her master coming, and

when he entered the breakfast-room was there to meet him.

"Dear—dear, Mr. Anthony, what a heat you're in! There, sit down. It's too much for you to go all the way to Pettersham before your breakfast—it is, indeed!"

"How did you know I've been to Pettersham?" asked Anthony.

"How do I know? Why, the milk-boy saw Branch's brother at the gate, and he told him that you'd asked him to show you the grounds, and then had walked off with the young lady; and he thought he saw you on the river-steps, and supposed you were going to row home—which, I suppose, you've done, as you're in such a heat; and no wonder, in this broiling sun, and against the tide, too, wasn't it?"

Her words—against the tide—had been on Anthony's tongue all the way home; he bent down and rested his hot, dusty brow on her shoulder a minute, and said:

"Yes, old lady, it was. It was all against the tide, and I'm tired—tired as a dog."

CHAPTER XXIX.—JOHN HARRIS'S CASKET.

ANTHONY'S resolution never to see Clarissa again remained unshaken all that day, which he spent in lounging about the garden, and writing a long letter to Sleuth—a letter in which were several bitter mysterious expressions, that rather puzzled its recipient. In the evening he read the county news to Mrs. Milton from the newspaper—which had never got into the doctor's hands after all—and kept her up late at backgammon, which she had learned to play with the alderman.

He awoke late the next morning, with a feeling of indescribable dreariness. He went round to the stable-yard, but found anything but a scene of peace. Gibbs was quarreling with Esau: Esau was impudent; the mare was shying right and left; the paddock pony was neighing tremendously; the bulldog was barking at him; and the old St. Bernard's howling piteously, and Anthony was glad to escape into the garden. He tried to take pleasure in doing little things the alderman used to like to do. He even took one of the little pots of the dahlia-sticks, to look for the earwigs; but the forbidden image rising sweetly before him at that very instant, he forgot what he was doing, and the earwigs ran up his sleeve, which made him so angry, that he dashed the pot to the ground, and broke it to atoms.

Branch came with a very red face to pick up the pieces, and Anthony tried to mollify him by asking questions about the flowers, concerning which he was very ignorant.

"That thur, sir," said Branch, pointing to an elegant little heath that Anthony was admiring, or pretending to admire—"that thur is the only one o' the sort in this country, sir, with the acception of one, which is whur my brother is, at Dr. Pompess's, sir. Your uncle brought 'em over from furrin parts, and Miss Pompess takin' such a fancy to it, he called it by her name, and give her one o' the plants. You'll see the name on this, if you look, sir—here: 'The Fare Clare-ease-us;' on'y your uncle's put it in Latin, sir. Poor gentleman!"

Anthony seemed to have got up on purpose to offend everybody that morning. He offended Gibbs by not interfering about Esau; he offended Branch by picking one of his rarest flowers, breaking his pots, and laughing at his Latin; and very deeply offended Mrs. Milton by sitting all breakfast-time looking dreamily at a spray of heath, with tiny white sweet-scented bells, shaking at every movement, in his hand, instead of doing justice to her delicious coffee and home-made rolls.

After breakfast, when he was alone, Anthony sat looking at the flower still.

His resolution had remained firm one whole day and one whole night, though there had risen round it great waves of tender remembrances, protestations and longings, that tossed and disturbed, and threatened to swallow it up. But now, as he sat looking at the flower-spray, the thought that his uncle—the only man that Anthony as a child had loved—the thought that *he* had known and felt affection for Clarissa, bore down upon his struggling resolve and sunk it, and in its place there rose another resolve, to whose cry of "I will see her!—I will see her!" every pulse of his heart made passionate response.

"I will see her. I will know the truth from her own lips. If she has promised to marry this man, she has acted a lie to me, and I'll know whether she has or not. I don't believe it; I know I don't believe it, though I try to persuade myself that I do. Perhaps she'll try to shirk it; but I'll see her, do what she may."

The mare was had out, and soon Anthony found himself in the Eddington lanes once more; and oh! those abominable willows!

Anthony could almost have gnashed his teeth a them, and called them fools, and asked them if a man hadn't a right to change his own mind; and then, when he found what he was thinking of, he burst into a laugh, and said:

"How hideously they cut those trees!"

The great gates at Pettersham, and the lions, and the rich old wall basked in the full morning sun, and seemed to be enjoying a golden trance, from which Anthony, by his pull at the bell, rudely woke them.

The doctor *was* at home. Anthony had almost hoped he would not be; but a strange timidity seizing him as he stood at the door of the breakfast-room, he half wished Clarissa might not be there.

And yet, what a bitter disappointment it was to find his half-wish granted—to see the doctor sitting alone in the oriel window, one leg gracefully supported on a crimson rest, Clarissa's two little white poodles occupying the sofa, Clarissa's picture smiling at him from the wall, and nothing more!

No matter, he would see her somehow.

"Hem! My dear boy, I'm delighted to see you. But, hem! Anthony, how came you to leave us in such a hurry yesterday, eh? Bad boy, bad boy! Robertson expressed great regret; he liked you—hem! he decidedly liked you."

Anthony did not feel, at that minute, that he could return Mr. Robertson's compliment, but he said all he could in acknowledgment; and then the doctor asked him if he had seen the Pettersham *Herald*, and the fulsome praise its editor had lavished on a certain gentleman in the neighborhood, who, Anthony soon discovered, was a sort of rival of the doctor's, a scholar and magistrate, and man of great wealth—a Mr. Macguire. Anthony had not seen the *Herald*, but he had seen the Hengston *Courier*, which that week had a spirited article attacking the views of the gentleman in question, and bravely upholding the doctor's. Anthony repeated most of the clever things it said, till the doctor roared again, and in his heart voted Anthony a most delightful young man.

And all this time Clarissa never came, nor was her name mentioned.

At last the doctor rose, and said:

"Well, what do you say to a ride, my boy?"

Anthony's spirits rose, but the doctor sent them down again, by saying, as he went to the door:

"Clarissa won't go, she isn't very well to-day."

Anthony busied himself with the collar of one of the poodles, and, not in a very firm voice, expressed a hope that Miss Pompess was not seriously indisposed.

But the doctor did not hear him; he had gone.

The moon rising suddenly from the clouds never appeared half so lovely to a benighted traveler as did the doctor's face to Anthony, when, a minute after, he put it in at the door again, and said:

"I say, Anthony, go and tell Clarissa about Macguire and the union diet, will you? It'll amuse her. Come, I'll take you to her."

All down the long, bright passages, Anthony seemed to be walking on air; but when they stood still at a certain door, and the doctor opened it, and spoke a few words in a low, highly-amused tone of voice to some one inside, all Anthony's timidity returned. Then the doctor came, pushed him in, whispered—

"Don't forget the joke about Macguire's speech at the dinner last week." And the next instant Anthony heard the door close behind him.

Clarissa sat in a low chair, near the window. As she gave him her hand, Anthony did not think she looked ill, but a little weary—perhaps a little sad; at all events, there was a new charm for him in her eyes and in her smile, that turned all his anger away.

He sat down near her without speaking a word. His eyes wandered about her room with a tender reverence for the pure and beautiful tastes it spoke of, and once almost started, as he saw standing in a place of honor John Harris's casket.

When he looked at her again, he thought she must have seen the direction his eyes had gone in, for her color deepened, and she looked at her book confusedly.

Why was she sad? he wondered; and a flattering voice whispered—Was it not that she had seen his annoyance and pain yesterday morning, and been grieved by it? But, then, that heartless laughter! No, her sadness could have nothing to do with him.

"Well," said Clarissa, dropping her book, and looking up with a smile, "what about Mr. Macguire and the union diet? Papa will be ready before you've told me."

"Miss Pompess, will you forgive me if I tell you I haven't come here to speak of Mr. Macguire and the union diet?"

"Oh, willingly. If you knew how heartsick I am of that man's name—if you heard it half as often as I do—you wouldn't ask me the question."

"Well, but," said Anthony, feeling he must dash into the subject at once, "I'm afraid what I am going to say may be still more disagreeable to you, but I have made up my mind to ask you a question. I fear you may, perhaps, think it a rude one, but it is serious to me that it should be answered by you—by you alone. I want to ask you if something I have heard is true—to ask you if——"

There was a knock at the door. A servant came in, carrying a bouquet of white and red moss rose-buds and a note, which she laid on the table by Clarissa, saying:

"With Mr. Robertson's compliments."

Clarissa blushed crimson, and took the flowers, and bent over them as if to hide her confusion. Anthony watched her so savagely, that happening to look up and meet his gaze, she lowered her eyes again, and took up her book with an air of cold displeasure.

"You are forgetting your note," said Anthony.

"No, thank you; not forgetting it."

"You prefer reading it alone, I imagine?"

"Perhaps I do."

"In that case it will be an act of rudeness on my part to make you defer that pleasure by staying any longer."

"Not at all—it can wait."

He had risen, but he stood still, looking at her as she caressed the flowers, and a bitter feeling of self-contempt came over him as he remembered how he had nearly broken his neck in getting her a little wreath of jasmine, that hung low down over the river wall, yesterday morning, and how coldly she had taken it.

"She shan't keep poor Harris's casket," he said to himself; "she isn't worthy of it." Then going and laying his hand on it, he said to her:

"May I beg the return of this? I think I had no right to part with it."

Clarissa's lashes fell a little closer to her cheek, but she merely bowed, saying coldly:

"As you please."

Anthony still remained near it, and he was just touching the spring by which it opened, when Clarissa rose, and came hastily towards him.

"Mr. Maude, may I request you not to open that?" she said.

Anthony was immediately seized by a violent inclination to see what was inside.

"May I not look at the inscription?" he said, retaining it in his hands.

"You will have time enough to do that when you have it back; for the present there are things of my own in it. It shall be emptied to-day and returned to you. Mr. Maude, you surely would not open it, after what I have said?"

She was so agitated that Anthony, as he looked at her, became possessed of a strange thought, that sent a delicious thrill of hope through him.

"Just one peep at the inscription," he pleaded.

"Would you be so ungenerous, so unkind, as to open that, when I entreat you not?" said Clarissa. "I cannot believe that you would."

"But it seems as if I couldn't help it," protested Anthony. "Look here, it is opening almost of itself."

"Mr. Maude, if you open that—if you dare to do so——"

She stopped suddenly, unable to go on, and stood before him pale and haughty, and with a look of passionate entreaty in her eyes.

Anthony felt mad to open it.

"I'm afraid I must," he said. "Besides, you have said 'dare,' and Mrs. Milton could tell you how ill the word dare agrees with our family."

The lid was partly raised, but he paused with it half way, and looked at Clarissa.

"You would forgive me if you knew the strength of my temptation," he said.

"I shall say no more, Mr. Maude," replied Clarissa, haughtily. "Perhaps I have already said too much. I now leave it simply to your honor."

Anthony shut the lid, and put the casket back in its place.

Clarissa held out her hand, smiling, but positively with tears in her eyes.

"You don't know how much I thank you," she said. "You don't know what you have spared me. But I shall not forget it—I shall never forget it."

"Clarissa," said Anthony, holding her hand tightly, "spare me also what you can—much, I fear, you cannot—but tell me, answer me the question I came on purpose to ask you, and which I must have answered by yourself."

"Hem! Come, Anthony," cried the doctor, "we are waiting. Oh, you *are* saying good-bye. Well, Clarissa, wasn't it delicious about Macguire and the union diet? Isn't the man's true character coming out now?"

"Mr. Maude will kindly send us the paper," stammered Clarissa.

Anthony had gone down without speaking a word, and flung himself on his horse.

THE AMERICAN GAME OF BALL.

The Grand Matches of the Season of 1865.—The Last Contest between the Eckford and Atlantic Clubs.

IN the brief history of base ball—the national game of ball of America—there has been no season to compare with the one about terminating, either in the brilliancy of the games played or in the rapid extension of base ball in public favor. The season of 1860 saw base ball one of the most popular sports of the day, and the noted Excelsior Club at the head of the list of prominent organizations. In that year, however, excellence, in a practical knowledge of the game, was confined chiefly to the leading clubs of the metropolis and its immediate vicinity. Now, however, the clubs of Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington on the one side, and those of Albany, Hartford, Boston, &c., on the other, enter the list with our metropolitan clubs, and creditably hold their own in the tourneys which take place, if they do not carry off the honors.

Among the prominent contests of the season of 1865 have been those for the title of the so-called championship of the United States. We say "so-called" from the fact that there is no recognized title of champions in base ball in this country, no more than there is in cricket in England. In the latter country, while the prize ring dog fighting, rat catching, &c., have their authorized contests for champion-belts, &c., cricket—the national game of ball in England—is wisely counted out of the lists, and why? simply because cricket is a game designed for recreative exercise only, and not a game kept alive for the pecuniary benefit of either classes or individuals. For the same reason our national game is preserved from the evils attendant upon championship matches, and thereby obstacles to its permanent establishment in popular favor are avoided. The National Association of Base Ball Players, which is the sole authority in all matters appertaining to the game, recognizes nothing of the kind, and we trust it never will. That a nominal recognition of such a title does exist all are aware, its chief prominence being derived from the writers of the daily press, whose object is to impart a notoriety and importance to certain matches, for the purpose of creating an excitement in regard to them, which otherwise would probably not exist. One of the strongest arguments against any official recognition of the title lays in the fact that all the discreditable occurrences on the field which have been recorded against the game; all the attempts to bribe players either to leave their clubs for rival organizations, or to "sell" games in which they participate; and, in fact, all the ill-feeling which has been engendered between prominent clubs can be plainly traced to those contests for the championship. The fact, too, that these matches afford such opportunities for the gambling fraternity to embark in ventures connected with them, tends greatly to change the sport from one engaged in for recreation and exercise only, into one in which pecuniary advantages are alone the incentive.

In no season, perhaps, in the history of the game, have the evils above alluded to been more plainly manifest than during the present; and the result has been that those of the base ball community who have the best interests of the game at heart, and who desire to see it established on a reputable as well as permanent footing, have come to consider that the time has arrived for contests for the championship to be ignored and discouraged by all who do not desire to see the game made a means of livelihood, or a corps of base ball players organized whose principal object is to play ball for money. That contests for the palm of superiority can be carried on between rival organizations without anything occurring to mar the harmony of the occasion, or to detract from the attractive character of an exciting trial of skill between noted experts in the game, has been conclusively shown in the series of games played by the Excelsiors in Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia a few weeks since, and more recently by the Atlantic and Eckford clubs, the latter of which our artists have so finely illustrated on a preceding page. But these are exceptional instances. The contests of the Excelsior vs. Atlantic, in 1860; Atlantic vs. Mutual, in 1862; Eckford vs. Atlantic, in 1863, &c., are recorded as strong arguments on the other side of the question. An effort will be made, however, at the coming Convention of the National Association, to have the title of "Champions" officially recognized. That the effort will fail we have not the least doubt, and, therefore, this championship question may be regarded as an outside matter entirely, and one neither the National Association or the game should be held responsible for.

Eckford vs. Atlantic.

Probably no match of the season attracted more attention, or was regarded with more interest than the one, an illustration of which is the prominent feature of this week's paper. The Eckford Club, which, in 1863, concluded its second year of unbroken triumphs, by winning every first-nine, second-nine, and amateur game its members participated in, by means of one of the evil practices we have alluded to—so says one of its most esteemed members—lost the services of the majority of its leading players, and from the close of 1863 to the latter part of the present season, was obliged to take a secondary position in the ranks of our metropolitan clubs. Lately, however, by valuable acquisitions from the junior fraternity—and not from senior organizations, be it remembered to its credit—the Eckford Club has partly resumed its former high position, a splendidly earned victory over the celebrated Mutual Club being among the most striking proofs of its resuscitated strength as a playing club. This triumph, it was, that gave such importance to the match "Eckford vs. Atlantic," which took place on Friday, Oct. 13th, on the well-known Union Ball Grounds, Brooklyn, E. D. An assemblage of spectators were collected within the enclosure on this occasion, which surpassed in numbers any previous gathering of the kind at the same locality, and what is more, the contest was marked by the utmost decorum on the part of the spectators, and the most friendly intercourse between the contestants; in fact, it proved to be the most creditable contest in this respect ever recorded among the championship matches.

The friends of the Eckfords, judging from the excellence of their play in the Mutual match, calculated greatly upon a similar result on this occasion; while on the other hand, the Atlantics entered upon their task with more anxiety as to the result, and less confidence in their ability to obtain a successful issue than we ever before saw them do. The game, however, had not progressed far before two things were plainly manifest to the initiated, viz., the fact that the Eckfords lacked confidence in their ability to successfully cope with the Atlantics, while the latter soon perceived that the game was in their own hands, and that there was no need of fears as to the result. Suffice it to say, that after a contest of between two and three hours duration, the Atlantics were declared the victors, by a score of 35 to 8. Of the play, on the occasion, on the Atlantic side, the splendid fielding of C. Smith and Crane, in their respective positions, merits high praise. Smith caught three foul balls on the fly in masterly style; assisted Start in putting out two players at 1st base, and cut off the career of one of his opponents at 3d base from a fine throw of Start's, thereby completing a handsome double play. Crane's fielding in picking up sharply batted balls, and passing them accurately to the 1st base, was also praiseworthy, he doing this five times, besides marking his play with a pretty fly catch. Pierce, the captain of the nine, played at short field on this occasion and in good style. Norton, late of the Star Club, occupying the position of catcher, and it is one he fills with a grace and agility of movement, and a degree of skill which gives promise of his excelling even his "illustrious predecessor." He put out seven of the Eckfords in style on foul balls. Start, at 1st base, was, as usual, perfectly reliable, as the capture of no less than a dozen of his opponents at his post fully proved. The out-field, too, was effectively played, Galvin, at centre field, marking his play with a splendid running catch of a fly ball. Of the pitching of Pratt, the result speaks highly, as all victories are largely attributable to excellence of play in this position.

On the part of the Eckfords we regret not being able to speak in such high praise of their play, the fact being that scarcely one of them did himself justice on the field on the occasion. Fox's fielding at 3d base, marked by a splendid fly catch, the ball coming direct from the bat, and three sure throws to the bases which resulted in outs, besides making two other catches on foul balls, and Zettlein's excellent fielding in his position in putting out two players at 1st base and his good pitching, were the most noteworthy instances of good play on the Eckford side. Kline succeeded in capturing nine players at 1st base, A. Mills secured three at 2d base, and Swandell and Snyder took a fly ball each well. The veteran Manolt had no chance afforded him to catch anything, and Beach was too much in want of practice to play up to his former high mark. C. Mills, who played so splendidly in the Mutual match, was not up to the mark in this game, although he managed to secure five foul balls. The score shows who excelled in securing runs, but the best batting on the Atlantic side was divided between Pierce and Pratt, and on the Eckford between Fox and A. Mills. The duties of Umpire were impartially and satisfactorily discharged, and except in the rather one-sided character of the score the game proved to be a very interesting one indeed. We give the score below:

ATLANTIC.	O.	R.	ECKFORD.	O.	R.
Pierce, s. s.	2	6	Manolt, l. f.	4	1
C. Smith, 3 b.	1	6	C. Mills, c.	4	0
Start, 1 b.	2	5	Zettlein, p.	5	0
Chapman, l. f.	4	3	Fox, 3 b.	2	2
Galvin, c. f.	3	4	Swandell, r. f.	2	2
Crane, 2 b.	3	1	A. Mills, 2 b.	2	1
Pratt, p.	5	2	Kline, 1 b.	2	1
S. Smith, r. f.	6	2	Snyder, c. f.	4	0
Norton, c.	1	6	Beach, s. s.	3	1
Total	27	35	Total	27	8

RUNS MADE.

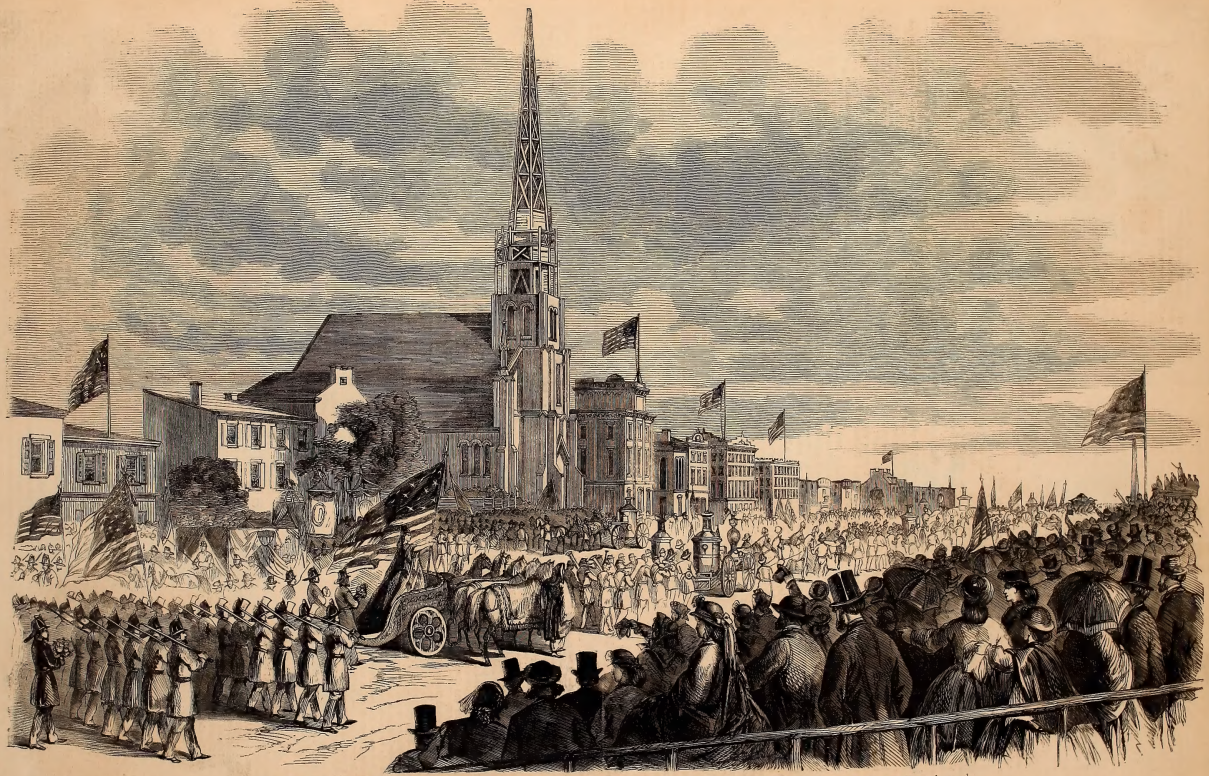
INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Atlantic	4	3	0	2	6	10	6	0	4	—35
Eckford	3	0	0	0	1	0	1	3	0	— 8

Umpire—Mr. Brown, of the Mutual Club.
Scorers—Messrs. Mowlem and Pidgeon.
Time of game—Three hours and ten minutes.
Fly catches—Atlantic, 9; Eckford, 7.

The following are the games played between the first Nines of the above Clubs from September, 1857, to October, 1865, during which period the Atlantic defeated the Eckfords nine times, the Eckfords returning the compliment six times:

Date		Year		Atlantic		Eckford
Sept.	15th,	1857,	Atlantic	26,	Eckford	17.
Oct.	22d,	1857,	"	29,	"	11.
July	8th,	1859,	"	25,	"	15.
Sept.	8th,	1859,	"	16,	"	22.
Oct.	12th,	1859,	"	22,	"	12.
Oct.	15th,	1860,	"	17,	"	15.
Oct.	22d,	1860,	"	15,	"	20.
Oct.	29th,	1860,	"	20,	"	11.
Aug.	11th,	1862,	"	14,	"	20.
Aug.	18th,	1862,	"	39.	"	5.
Sept.	18th,	1862,	"	3,	"	6.
Sept.	2d,	1863,	"	10,	"	31.
Sept.	8th,	1863,	"	11,	"	21.
Sept.	21st,	1865,	"	28,	"	23.
Oct.	13th,	1865,	"	35,	"	8.
Total				304.		239.

THE BIRD OF THE TOLLING BELL.—Among the highest woods and deepest glens of Brazil, a sound is sometimes heard, so singular, that the noise seems quite unnatural; it is like the distant and solemn tolling of a church bell struck at intervals. This extraordinary noise proceeds from the Arawonda. The bird sits at the top of the highest trees in the deepest forests, and though constantly heard in the most desert places, it is very rarely seen. It is impossible to conceive anything of a more solitary character than the profound silence of the woods, broken only by the metallic and almost supernatural sound of this invisible bird, coming from the air and seeming to follow wherever you go. The Arawonda is white, with a circle of red around its eyes, its size is about that of a small pigeon.



FIREMEN'S PARADE AT PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 16TH—COUNTERMARCHING ON BROAD STREET.—FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS HOGAN.



M. LECOMPTE AND THE OTARIA.

HON. DAVID S. CODDINGTON.

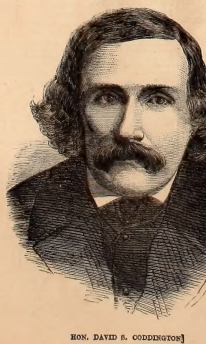
"Death loves a shining mark" is a saying which has lately received a new illustration in the sudden decease of Mr. David S. Coddington, of this city, who died in Saratoga, on the 2d of September, 1865. He was born in New York, September 21st, 1824. A comparatively young man therefore, still there are few men of maturer years whose loss is more severely felt in metropolitan circles. Precocious almost beyond precedent, Mr. Coddington entered Union College at the early age of 14 years; subsequently studied law with George W. Strong, an eminent member of the New York bar, and was admitted to practice on attaining his majority. Naturally of a weak constitution and nervous temperament, he was not well fitted for prosecuting his profession, and possessed of ample means, he devoted himself rather to the study of history and general literature, thus acquiring a fund of information and illustration which gave great variety and interest to conversational powers intrinsically brilliant. Following the political creed of his father, who will be remembered as at one time Postmaster of New York, he attached himself to the Democratic party, and made his first appearance in the political arena, in a speech supporting Martin Van Buren for the Presidency, in the autumn of 1840, when that gentleman became what was called the "Free Soil Candidate," in opposition to the regular Democratic nominee, Gen. Cass. Although said to have been vigorous and original, Mr. Coddington does not seem to have been encouraged in his political aspirations, if he had any, and remained his student life, emaining silent before the public, but obtaining great ocial distinction, until 1855, when he delivered an address at the Burns' Centennial Festival in New York, which was accepted as the feature of the day. This was followed by a very brilliant Fourth of July oration, at the tomb of Jefferson, Monticello, Va.

On the breaking out of the rebellion he assumed no doubtful ground, but threw his whole weight into the scale of the Union. On the occasion of the great meeting in Union Square, a few days after the attack on Sumter, and which signalized the great uprising of the people, and demonstrated to the Southern leaders that the instincts of patriotism were stronger than the traditions and influences of party—at this meeting Mr. Coddington made a speech lofty and sonorous, replete with the spirit of the time, rumouning the devotees of Republicanism to the rescue and support of her imperiled standard. Physical defects and impaired health alone prevented him from taking the field with the many his eloquence had nerved "to do or die."

In 1861, Mr. Coddington was elected to the State Legislature from one of the most intelligent and refined of the city districts, when he devoted himself with great industry and ability to the interests of the metropolis. His speeches were few but pertinent and pointed, and only less powerful than those which he afterwards delivered at the various war meetings in the city, at times when the arms of the Government required to be sustained and strengthened. His best political effort, however, was a speech in favor of the re-election of Mr. Lincoln, and in repudiation of the nomination of McClellan and the so-called "Peace Platform," of the so-called Democratic Convention at Chicago, in the autumn of 1864. It was equally sarcastic, persuasive, and logical, and was generally accepted as the most effective effort of the political campaign. Its effect would have been greater, had it been delivered at an earlier day. Late as it was, it produced a deep and wide impression.

After the fall of Charleston Mr. Coddington went to that city, for the benefit of his health, and was there called on by the officers of the garrison and the few loyal citizens of the place, to deliver an address on the occasion of the death of Mr. Lincoln. It is an eloquen, eulogy on the virtues and services of the late President and a careful and spirited analysis of the origin and purposes of the war, and of the results brought about by its successful termination.

Mr. Coddington spent most of the summer at his favorite resort, Saratoga, where his presence was always a pleasure to the hundreds of sojourners of versatility and originality, and where he died, calmly and without giving a sign, after a brief and apparently trivial illness, as we have said, on the morning of Sunday, September 3, 1865. Had his physical powers been equal to his mental requirements and capacities, David S. Coddington might have left a name, as an orator and, perhaps, as a statesman, among the very first on the list of those whom the nation delights to honor. As it is, he has left an unsullied character, an honorable reputation as a public speaker, and a warm appreciation among all who knew him. It is the lot of but few men to do more.



HON. DAVID S. CODDINGTON.

Maria Devote Ortesa, a Corsican young lady, shot her seducer, who had declined to marry her, who is, however, likely to recover. The relatives of the young man stormed the lady's house, in order to wreak upon her the Corsican system of revenge, or vendetta, and it required all the power of the police to save her from danger.



OTARIA OR SEA BEAR, WITH DETAIL OF STRUCTURE.

THE SEA BEAR OR SEAL.

There are few of our readers who have not at some time seen a specimen of the common seal, but there are few who know enough about the characteristics of the animal to think that it is capable of a high degree of training, and is of a gentle and impressible disposition.

The London papers are just now eloquent over a specimen exhibiting there under the care of M. Lecomte, but we are not sure, after reading of all its accomplishments, that it is any in advance of the one now at Barnum's Museum, who exhibits a high degree of intelligence. This is what they say of M. Lecomte's seal:

"Whenever M. Lecomte enters the cage the seal shuffles up to him, and follows him about with his nose at his master's heels, exactly like a well-bred bulldog. If M. Lecomte sits down, the seal comes and lays his head on his knees: if he gets up, the animal gets up also, and waddles after him with the peculiar walk adopted by these creatures. It is easy enough for M. Lecomte to enter the cage, but not so easy to leave it. The seal is so jealous that he will not suffer his master to leave him; and if he suspects any intention of going out of the cage, he scuttles to the door, stands against it, barks at his master as if in remonstrance, pushes him away from the door, and is so determined that only by stratagem can escape be made.

"When it is engaged in climbing, it first stands erect, as represented in the large engraving, its fore-feet against its master's breast, and then, with a curious and violent twist of the body, hitches the right hind-foot on his left knee. With another twist and wriggle it lifts itself fairly off the ground, and makes good its position. When M. Lecomte places his chair on the platform, and the seal mounts on his shoulders, the group has a most remarkable and picturesque effect. With equal ease the animal clambers into a chair; and it is scarcely possible to conceive any combination of objects which is more incongruous than a seal sitting in a Windsor chair.

"On the platform there is a cannon, formed by mounting an old-fashioned pistol in a gun-carriage. At the word of command the seal fires the cannon by pulling a string attached to the trigger. The animal cares no more about the report than does a horse which has been trained by Mr. Ravey. The fire of the cannon, too, is a reality, and not a mere sham produced by a simple cap, or a flash of powder in the pan.

"Encouraged by fish as food, Otaria performs a whole series of feats. If its master throws his cap to the farther end of the cage, the seal fetches it back again. If he calls it, the creature straightway ascends into his lap and tries to kiss him. I should think that to any one who was not very fond of the animal this performance must be rather disagreeable.

"Then its master enters into conversation with it, and as the animal has a vast variety of barks and grunts at command, a sort of dialogue was maintained without much difficulty.

"'Would Otaria salute the demoiselles?'

"Certainly it would, and expressed his acquiescence by voice and gesture.

"'Would he go to Mexico?'

"Certainly not. Dead silence first, and then a most enormous and staccato bellow doing duty for the negative.

"'Would he salute the Empress?'

"An affirmative active one grunt.

"'Would he cry "Vive l'Empereur!"'

"Another tremendous roar, which was interpreted as the loyal cry demanded.

"The name of Sea Bear is given to the animal on account of its decidedly ursine aspect. Several of the seals are in a similar manner called after the names of terrestrial animals to which they bear a resemblance either actual or fancied.

"A figure is given of the end of one of the fore-limbs showing its general form, and the manner in nails at some distance from the end of the toes. On the same illustration are also shown the little projecting ears from which the animal derives its name of Otaria; and the artist, who has given much time to the study of the creature, has also drawn the eye as it appears by day and night, showing how the pupil is contracted by day and expanded by night. When the Otaria moves about its whole body falls into curves and folds, so that the animal would scarcely be recognized by those who had only seen a stuffed specimen, with its distended and disproportioned skin. Even the shape of the bones is visible under the covering of the limbs, and every movement only seems to bring out some fresh effect."

SWIM FOR LIFE ON THE LIMPOPO.

A new writer on the animal world has sprung into existence, who takes an entirely original course in his story-telling. He does not relate his tale of adventure as a man, but placing himself in the shoes—providing they ever wear shoes—of the animal itself, he speaks by their mouth, and converses with them, and so renders his sketches in the form of autobiography. Here is the story of a hippopotamus who hunts down a man who has wounded him. He has pursued the poor fellow to the river Limpopo, into whose water he dashes, the beast after him:

"All this time he was slowly swimming along—more slowly every moment; for, excellent swimmer as he was, he was now quite spent, and blew the water constantly by reason of his carrying his nose so low. As at first, he carried his knife between his teeth, but presently he stopped, and spying a little crack in the flat rock, sprang up fiercer than ever to reach it, in hopes of being able to lodge his hand within it, and so haul himself out of reach of us, his pursuers, who, seeing how nearly drawing to a close the game was, had come up to within ten yards of him; but his longing eyes had made the crevice larger than it was in reality, and he could not, try all he knew, lodge within it a single finger. Then, for the first time, he bethought him of his long knife; taking it from between his teeth, he planted the blade in at the hole, where it held fast, and though it was of bad stuff, it served him better than the best, for it beat with his weight instead of breaking with it, and gave him good handling. Now was his chance. At the spot where the knife was stuck, it was but a space of a foot and a half to the top, and had he been fresh and nimble, it would have been as nothing to have swung himself high and dry; but, bad luck for him, he was neither fresh nor nimble. It was as much as he could do to hold on to the knife-handle, hoping presently that his strength would come back and enable him to make the spring that should save him. And so it would have saved him had he been able to accomplish it, for I could never have followed him; but it was not my purpose that he should accomplish it; so, as he hung like a plantain from a bough, I leisurely paddled up and plucked him.

"'Pulled him down, poor wretch!' said I; 'pulled him down, after all his pains and suffering to plant a hobbist where he did?'

"There you are wrong,' replied the hippopotamus, with a more horrible grin than he had hitherto perpetrated; 'I let him keep his holdfast. If no left it, it was no fault of mine. Indeed, I gave him a better chance than he had before.'



A SWIM FOR LIFE ACROSS THE LIMPOPO.

"'What do you mean?' I asked.

"'Why, that I relieved him of a good half of the weight that depended from the knife-handle,' replied the hideous brute; 'I nipped him off at the waist as neatly as ever you nipped a carrot.'

"'Bit him in two!' I exclaimed, with horror.

"The hippopotamus, instead of replying, opened his jaws to their full extent, and brought them to again with a clap like that of one paving-stone let fall flat a-top of another, an act, as the reader may well imagine, more terribly expressive than any number or sort of words."

AN ANECDOTE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT.—On one occasion, when the Queen and the Prince, with the Prince of Wales, then a young boy, were strolling on the beach near the palace, on the Isle of Wight, the latter, always a proud and haughty youngster, presuming upon his heirship to the throne almost before he was out of petticoats, had strayed away a little distance from his parents, when they heard his voice and another in angry altercation. It seems that the young prince had discovered another boy, about his own age and size, engaged in gathering periwinkles, and his basket, partly full, was standing on the beach. This basket, out of sheer wantonness, the Prince of Wales had viciously kicked over. The young fisherman saw the act, and immediately rushed out of the water and confronted its perpetrator, when this dialogue occurred:

Young Fisherman—"What did you do that for?"

Prince of Wales—"Because I chose."

Young Fisherman—"I've a great mind to thrash you for it."

Prince of Wales—"You darn't. Don't you know who I am?"

Young Fisherman—"No; and I don't care."

Prince of Wales—"I'm the Prince of Wales."

Young Fisherman—"I don't care if you are the Prince of Wales. You knocked over my periwinkles—and take *that*." And straightforward the young fisherman's hand made acquaintance with the cheek of young royalty.

The Queen and Prince Consort saw and heard all, and, approaching the rival combatants, told their son that he was in the wrong, and compelled him to ask pardon of the ragged periwinkle gatherer, and gave him a sovereign in recompense for the injury he had done him.

ADVANTAGES OF OBSCURITY.—Says Cowley: "I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue; not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back and inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his new neighbors that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit); this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this *muta persona*, I take to have been more happy in his part, than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise; nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked, with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well."

WHAT IS IN THE BEDROOM?—The importance of ventilating bedrooms is a fact which everybody is vitally interested in, and which few properly appreciate. If two persons are to occupy a bedroom during a night, let them step upon weighing scales as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find that their actual weight is at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently, there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss throughout the year will be more than one pound. That is, during the night, there is a loss of a pound of matter, which has gone off from their bodies, partly from the lungs, and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid, and decayed animal matter or poisonous exhalations.

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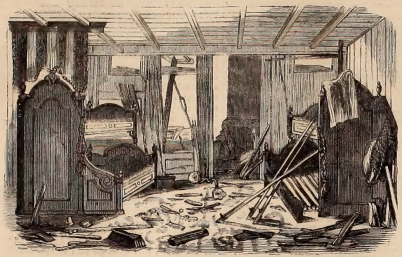
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American Credit Abroad.

IF the credit of States were the exact measure of their solvency or financial capacities, we should find little stimulus to our vanity in the prices which our national securities command in foreign markets. The latest advices from Europe state American six per cent. gold interest bearing bonds at 67½ to 68, while British consols bearing but three per cent. command 88 to 89—a difference of 20 per cent. against the United States. Now as the United States has always paid the interest on its obligations, and has undoubted and increasing ability to continue to do so, and to pay the principal of its debt when due, it is a matter of curious inquiry, how it is that its securities are regarded as worth less than one-half those of Great Britain? We say less than one-half, because bearing double the rate of interest, all other things being equal, they ought to command double the price, whereas they command only about three-fourths the price. That British securities should command a better price relatively in the British market, than foreign securities, of equal intrinsic value, is not unnatural, but without special reason the difference should not exceed two or three per cent.

Among European States the credit of Great Britain stands first. Holland is next to England, Belgium and France come next, Denmark follows, and a little below Russia and Sweden are about on the same level. Then come Spain, Portugal, Austria, and, much behind, Italy. The United States and, Italy are as nearly as possible on the same level, in respect of financial credit.

Among American States, the credit of Brazil, previous to her recent complications, stood at par. We speak now of her 5 per cents., and in face of her present troubles, she has secured a considerable loan at 74. Next to Brazil, and for the moment above her, stands Chili, then come Peru and Buenos Ayres—the latter, even, ranking considerably above the United States!

With a grander territory, a more active and intelligent population, vaster resources, a more vigorous industry, unbounded enterprize, second to no country on earth in all the elements of power, with a population on the whole of higher morality—how is it that the credit of the United States stands below bankrupt Austria, effete and sapless Spain, and wretched Brazil?

Conceding all the detraction from her credit due to a vast accumulation of debt, State as well as National, and all that may result from monarchical and commercial hostility, still there must be something beyond all this to bear down the securities of the nation to their present absurd level in the foreign markets. They should be sought for, as the advertisements say, "children should cry for them," as at once the safest and best investment on earth, in the way of plighted governmental faith. Not that we think it desirable that our obligations should be bandied about in foreign markets. We regret that a single dollar's worth of American paper is held abroad, and that its value should, ever so remotely, depend upon whether any "prince or potentate" may happen to sneeze at an inauspicious moment, or bow coldly to some foreign minister. We are rather grateful than otherwise, that Louis Napoleon should prohibit the quotation of American stocks on his Parisian Bourse, lest Frenchmen might be tempted to withdraw their garlic-scented francs from those *rentes* on which his ricketty throne mainly rests. We are far from unhappy to know that the house in London through which the United States has transacted its foreign business for several decades, with heavy profits as well as prestige to the establishment, has never said or done aught to enhance the value of American securities or the credit of the country. It does not surprise us to read in the daily journals, that on the Sunday after the first battle of Bull Run, in 1861, the American agent of the house to which we allude, called upon the proper Secretary at Washington, and requested the Government to give security for the amount due his principals on account. The balance was about $40,000. The Secretary informed him that the Government would not probably break up before business hours the next day, and that he must request him to call again.

This kind of animosity, jealousy, or what not, after all, cannot account fully, or even in considerable part, for the discredit in which American securities are held in Europe. The onus of the former, as well as actual state of facts in this respect, rests mainly on the wretched criminal now awaiting trial, for the highest offence known to our laws, in Fortress Monroe—we mean the man whom we last week characterized as the apostle and high priests of Repudiation. When communities began to act on his teachings, and from his example, then public credit began to suffer. It has never fully recovered from the shock which he and his associates inflicted. The odium which he and those like him brought on the American name and credit still endures, even when the men and the measures which drew it down have been forgotten, or only live to be the exponents of a greater infamy and a darker atrocity.

It would be fortunate indeed for us, and for the world, if the unclean brood of Repudiators, born of Jeff. Davis and the scum of the Democratic party, were in the same category with their leader, within the limits of four heavy walls, and with no outlook except towards a well-earned gallows, not too far distant, nor too likely to remain unused.

The forms of Repudiation are as multifarious as those of murder. The criminality is not less in fact, when it takes the downright, and, perhaps, the more manly form of absolute and distinct refusal to meet a solemn obligation, than when it proposes and advocates, through the basest of appeals, framed with devilish skill, to operate on the ignorance and passions of men, measures that may vary or detract from, even to the extent of an iota or a tittle, the compacts and contracts of the country. The distrust in American faith originally created abroad by Jeff. Davis and his followers, strengthened by the mendacious representations of adventurers and schemers from this side of the Atlantic, and which, at one time, promised to be overcome by a fairer dealing, and the substitution of a class of public men of higher honor, has already been revived, and will be deepened when the news of the action of certain factions, desecrating the name of "Democratic," come to be known in Europe. Men abroad will be unable to understand, as we do, how contemptible these factions are, and how thoroughly their doctrines are detested by the people at large. A nation's honor and credit, like the virtue of Cæsar's wife, ought to be above suspicion. But they will be, and ought to be, suspected, when men can be found to advocate, as they are advocating in various parts of the country, the Repudiation, in part, of the agreements entered into between the Government and its creditors. To insist on taxing the evidences of debt created by the nation during the period of its peril, against the stipulations then made, differs in degree only from claiming the right to refuse to pay both interest and principal. It may suit a demagogue's purpose, before a debased and alien community, to advocate a policy, or rather an outrage on public morality, like this; but it must not be forgotten how such advocacy must react on the interests of the nation, not to speak of its reputation.

Let all right-thinking Americans ask themselves, first, how it is that the credit of the United States is below that of wretched Austria and abject Spain, below even that of anarachical Peru and unexplored Buenos Ayres; and, secondly, how far its discredit is due to the toleration of demagogues and repudiators, whether reduplicating themselves as rebels, or seeking to obtain power and still further degrade the nation, under the shelter of a popular party designation? These are practical questions, involving not alone grand material interests, but, what is of more consequence, the national character.

The Demand on Great Britain.

A FORMAL demand has been made by our Government on that of Great Britain for indemnity for the damages inflicted on American shipping and commerce by the Anglo-rebel pirates Alabama, Shenandoah, etc. This has led to a long and able correspondence between Earl Russell and Mr. Adams, U. S. Minister in England, which has been published. This correspondence commences with a letter from Mr. Adams in April last, and closes with another from him of the date of September 18th. The total result is that Great Britain denies any responsibility in the premises, refuses in advance any submission of that question to arbitration, and suggests the creation of a commission, to which shall be submitted "all *claims* arising during the late civil war, which the two Powers shall *agree* to refer." To this Mr. Adams responds, without at all receding from his broad demand at the outset, that he will refer the suggestion as to a commission to his Government, intimating, at the same time, a suspicion of Earl Russell's good faith in making it, as from the course of the discussion he must discover that it would probably be declined. In other words, he suspects Earl Russell of a design to avoid meeting a great international issue, on the decision of which the integrity and consistency of public law must rest, by substituting a minor one—a comparatively petty one of dollars and cents.

The grounds of complaint and demand for reparation were submitted by Mr. Adams in the following clear and compact shape:

1. That the act of recognition by her Majesty's Government of insurgents as belligerents on the high seas before they had a single vessel afloat, was precipitate and unprecedented.

2. That it had the effect of creating these parties belligerents after the recognition, instead of merely acknowledging an existing fact.

3. That this creation has been since effected exclusively from the ports of her Majesty's kingdom and its dependencies, with the aid and co-operation of her Majesty's subjects.

4. That during the whole continuance of the struggle in America, of nearly four years in duration, there has been no appearance of the insurgents as a belligerent on the ocean, excepting in the shape of British vessels, constructed, equipped, supplied, manned and armed in British ports.

5. That during the same period it has been the constant and persistent endeavor of my Government to remonstrate in every possible form against the abuse of the neutrality of this kingdom, and to call upon her Majesty's Government to exercise the necessary powers to put an effective stop to it.

6. That, although the desire of her Majesty's ministers to exert themselves in the suppression of these abuses is freely acknowledged, the efforts which they made proved in a great degree powerless, from the inefficiency of the law on which they relied, and from their absolute refusal, when solicited, to procure additional powers to attain the object.

7. That by reason of the failure to check this flagrant abuse of neutrality, the issue from British ports of a number of British vessels, with the aid of the recognition of their belligerent character in all the ports of her Majesty's dependencies round the globe, has resulted in the burning and destroying on the ocean a large number of merchant vessels, and a very large amount of property belonging to the people of the United States.

8. That, in addition to this direct injury, the action of these British-built, manned and armed vessels has had the indirect effect of driving from the sea a large portion of the commercial marine of the United States, and to a corresponding extent enlarging that of Great Britain, thus enabling one portion of the British people to derive an unjust advantage from the wrong committed on a friendly nation by another person.

9. That the injuries thus received by a country which has meanwhile sedulously endeavored to perform all its obligations, owing to the imperfection of the legal means at hand to prevent them as well as the unwillingness to seek for more stringent powers, are of so great a nature as in reason and justice to constitute a valid claim for reparation and indemnification.

In his correspondence, Mr. Adams makes no suggestion of arbitration in the premises, but makes his demand and appeal directly to the British Government, on the broadest grounds of equity and international law. Earl Russell seeks to change the issue so squarely and fairly put, and assumes what he had no right to assume, that the United States would itself consent to submit its clear rights in the premises to arbitration. Availing himself of a reference to the willingness of the United States to submit some specific and minor issues to arbitration, contained in a letter from Mr. Adams, as long ago as October, 1863, he proceeds to decline that mode of settling the new and broader issues now raised, and in respect of which the United States has made no proffer of the kind. He also takes occasion to decline peremptorily to make any reparation or compensation for the action of the Alabama, well knowing that the reclamation on the part of the United States was not circumscribed to the injuries inflicted by that vessel alone. Why this limitation, it is hard to say, except, we suppose, the puissant Earl intends to leave an open question in case of need, through which he may escape future pressure. His language is as follows:

It appears to Her Majesty's Government that there are but two questions by which the claim of compensation could be tested. The one is: Have the British Government acted with due diligence, or, in other words, with good faith and honesty, in the maintenance of the neutrality they proclaimed? The other is: Have the law officers of the crown properly understood the Foreign Enlistment Act, when they decline, in June, 1862, to advise the detention and seizure of the Alabama, and on other occasions when they were asked to detain other ships building or fitting in British ports?

It appears to Her Majesty's Government that neither of these questions could be put to a foreign government with any regard to the dignity and character of the British Crown and the British nation.

Her Majesty's Government are the sole guardians of their own honor. They cannot admit that they may have acted with bad faith in maintaining the neutrality they professed. The law officers of the crown must be held to be better interpreters of a British statute than any foreign government can be presumed to be. Her Majesty's Government must, therefore, decline either to make reparation and compensation for the capture made by the Alabama, or to refer the question to any foreign State.

Her Majesty's Government conceive that if they were to act otherwise, they would endanger the position of neutrals in all future wars.

Her Majesty's Government are, however, ready to consent to the appointment of a commission, to which will be referred all claims arising during the late civil war, which the two Powers shall agree to refer to the commissioners.

Mr. Adams, holding always in view the dignity and magnitude of the issue, and appreciating, with true statesmanship, the importance of the principles involved, and the necessity among civilized nations for their correct interpretation, declines being turned aside from his purpose of having them vindicated, by the pettifogging expedients and evasions of Earl Russell. He tells the Earl to excuse his earnestness, for, "upon a correct decision in this controversy may depend the security which the commerce of belligerents will hereafter enjoy on the high seas, against the hazard of being swept from them through the acts of nations professing to be neutral, and bound to be friendly."

And adds:

"If it can be fairly established as a principle of the international code, that a neutral power is the sole judge of the degree to which it has done its duty under a code of its own making, for the prevention of gross and flagrant outrages, initiated in its own ports by the agent of one belligerent in co-operation with numbers of its own subjects, and perpetrated upon the commerce of the other on the high seas; if it be conceded that the neutral, upon reclamation made for the injuries thus done by reason of the manifest inefficiency of its means of repression, which it has at all times the power to improve at will, can deliberately decline to respond to any such appeal, fall back upon the little that it has attempted as an excuse, and thenceforward claim with justice to be released from the inevitable consequences that must ensue from its inaction, then it must surely follow that the only competition between neutral Powers hereafter will be, not which shall do the most, but which shall do the least to fulfill its obligations of interdiction of the industry and enterprize of its people, in promoting the conflicts that take place between belligerents on the ocean. If this be once recognized as good law through the authority which the powerful influence of her Majesty's Government can attach to it, I dare not venture to foresee how much reluctance there may be on the part of the people whom I have the honor to represent to accept and act upon it."

In another place Mr. Adams significantly suggests to Earl Russell that there is another commerce on the seas, offering quite as tempting prizes to freebooters, fitted out in neutral ports, as was afforded to British pirates during our late war. Having suffered from laxity in international faith and disregard of neutral obligations, we seek to fortify the former and make the neutral obligations imperative. If England does not concord with us now, when held to an accountability—which, when she permitted the outrages on our commerce to take place, she never supposed we should have the ability to hold her to—then she may look to suffer more severely even than we suffered, when next embroiled in domestic or foreign war. Mr. Adams paints the consequences of the refusal of Great Britain to act justly in this matter, and we hope the doughty Earl is pleased with the picture!

"If," says he, "the examples thus set by her Majesty's Government should come to be generally adopted, and the principles of neutrality upon which it rests be recognized as a part of the code of international law, then it is not difficult to foresee the probable consequence. A new era in the relations of neutrals to belligerents on the high seas will open. Neutral ports, in that event, will before long become the true centres from which the most effective and dangerous enterprizes against the commerce of belligerents may be contrived, fitted out and executed. The existing restrictions upon the exploits of daring adventurers will rapidly become obsolete, and no new ones will be adopted. Ships, men and money will always be at hand for the service of any Power sufficiently strong to hold forth a probability of repayment in any form, or adroit enough to secure a share of the popular sympathy in its undertakings. New Floridas, Alabamas and Shenandoahs will appear on every sea. If such be the recognized law, I will not undertake to affirm that the country which I have the honor to represent would not in the end be as able to accommodate itself to the new circumstances as Great Britain."

Curiosities of the Census.

A STATE census has been going on during the year, and is now, we believe, complete. It is so, at least, so far as the city of New York is concerned, and its results are singular and inexplicable. There is a palpable discrepancy between them and the results of the census of '60. That gave the population of the city (exclusive of Brooklyn and the other dependencies of New York) at 813,669; this places it at 722,569; which would indicate a loss, in five years, of 91,100. It is clear that the census of '60 was erroneous, or that '65 is wrong; for nothing is more certain than that the population of the city has largely increased since 1860. Its growth, in the extension of streets and increase of buildings, as well as in business, during the few years past, has been great; all implying a corresponding augmentation of population.

There is one hypothesis upon which this apparent decrease may be accounted for. In the Spanish American States it has always been found next to impossible to get an accurate enumeration of the people. The ignorant part of the population, which is vastly the larger part, invariably look upon the census as preliminary to conscription or the levying of contributions, and either fly on the approach of the census taker, or make false returns to his inquiries. We have known a whole village evacuated on the arrival of a traveler and the production of his note book; and it is not too much to assume that a very considerable part of the lower orders in New York, after having been put through two or three enumerations, preliminary to the several drafts made during the war, have evaded giving correct returns to the census officers. This hypothesis is supported by the circumstance, that the wards showing increase are precisely those occupied by the better and more intelligent classes, and those showing greatest decrease by the lower orders and foreigners, who would be most apt to mistake the purposes of the census. There is another hypothesis, namely, that the officers of the census failed to do their whole duty, but of this we have no evidence. It, perhaps, might be worth the while to consider how far the extravagant advance in rents may have contributed to drive people of moderate means to reside in Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Hoboken, Jersey City, and other places. But whether the census of '60 was wrong, or that of '65 is so, we repeat, it is absolutely certain that the population of New York is now greater than ever

b.fore, and constantly and rapidly increasing. We recently alluded to the predominance of females in some of the Eastern States and in New York. The excess in the State, in 1860, was 11,000 females. The excess in the city of New York was 19,741. It appears that there are now 44,587 more women than men in the city; an increase in the excess of 24,846.

There is another curiosity of the census. It is that while there were 12,574 negroes in New York in 1860; there are but 9,069 in 1865, a decrease of 3,505. This is the practical commentary on the senseless cry raised by demagogues hostile to the war, that its result would be to fill up the city with negroes, and bring negro labor in depressing competition with white. Only the most infamous envy ready to excite the ignorant and drunken mob of foreigners to riot, arson and murder in the summer of '63. Let the colored people have equal rights before the law, and the whites here in the South, and they will rapidly disappear from the North.

"How Would You Feel?"

The great organ, or rather framer of public opinion in England, the London *Times*, 4a lecturing the United States on international comity and the duty of "neutrality," all *apropos* of the Fenian organization here. It "entreats" Americans to look themselves, "in all honesty, what they would feel if they were to hear of volunteers mustering in myriads on the Canadian frontier, for instance, and before the eyes of the Canadian authorities, for the invasion of the United States?"

How would we feel? Why, precisely as we did when the mob of Halifax rescued the pirates of the Chesapeake from the hands of the officers of the law, and set the murderers free. As we did when Burley and his associates organized in Toronto their buccaneering expedition on Lake Erie. As we did when confederate cans e or from Canada to St. Albans to rob and murder. As we did when, from the same direction where they received sympathy and support, expedition after expedition of incendiaries landed on our cities, and sought to burn them to the ground. As we did when assassins from Canada, where they organized their plans and obtained the money that was the price of blood, stole to Washington and struck down the head of the nation! It would cause no novel sensation to hear of "volunteers mustering on the Canadian frontier." We only say be in double quick time to hear of things far worse than that of Lords and Commoners conspiring once more with the agents of rebels in England, of fleets openly fitting out for years on our coasts, and of a "neutral" government watching for a favorable moment, a great rebel victory, or national defeat, to intervene for the dismemberment of our country. If the Fenians could neither hope for, or desire us, to do more in their behalf, than practice strictly British neutrality. It would fill their souls with unutterable mirth and contempt, and would hold the commerce of Great Britain under the French or Belgian flag, and light up the seas with the blaze of burning vessels!

The leaders of the *Times*, apart from their ludicrous audacity, are uncalled for. When Fenianism, or any other *ism*, shall here take such a form as to compromise the duty which the United States owes to other nations, the Government will know how to act, and will act with all good faith and energy. There will be neither open or covert support of rebellion, nor any attempt at neutrality between the assistance. That the Irish in America will sympathize with the Irish in Ireland, is natural enough, and that their sympathy will find a rather noisy expression, is to be expected. Substantially, however, it will be very disproportionate to the declamation it has elicited, or may call forth. Great Britain is not yet in such imminent peril from anything on this side the water, as to render action on the part of our Government necessary, either for her safety, or the preservation of our neutrality.

"Sydney in America," or bits at the newly rich in this country, form a staple subject in the English periodicals, and one may learn more about petroleum and petroleum princes from foreign sources than he can obtain from the largest experience at home. The "shoddy aristocracy," it might be supposed from reading their periodicals and probably is supposed by their readers, to be the dominant portion of the American people, giving their parties and wonderfully vulgar dances from London periodicals, may regard the typical youth of the country, can, perhaps, be inferred from the following "authentic anecdote," of "Tommy," a lucky petroleum:

One day, when Tommy was "doing" New York, he strode into Tiffany's magnificent jewelry establishment on Broadway, and startled the assembled salesmen with a loud—"Show us a diamond!"

"Here is one, sir," responded an elegantly modulated voice from the "diamond department." "Eighty dollars, sir."

"Don't not such a speck as that! Something bigger!"

"Allow me to show you this; very pure stone, sir, one hundred and sixty dollars."

"Nonsense—bigger!"

Herewith the gentlemanly salesman (whom I have always suspected to be a noble lord under difficulties) produced a brilliant about the size of a small pea. "Exquisite stone, sir—first water—eight hundred."

"Look here!" cried Tommy, becoming exasperated, "if I can't see a diamond without a glass I can't buy it, and you haven't not say so."

At my lord, had paused, half-vexed, here, by way of totally annihilating his rough customer, brought out the Koh-i-noor of the store. "Will that suit you, sir?" nodd stely his sister, price, fifteen thousand dollars!"

"That's something like it!" cried Tommy, decidedly mollified. "Is this the tip-top biggest?"

It is, sir," replied the salesman, gravely, thinking his beard at the same time as if to say, "Now, my rustic friend, that's the most magnificent diamond you ever saw in your life."

"You ain't got nothin' bigger now?"

"Nothing, I assure you."

"Then I'll take it!"

My lord, I grieve to say, lost his presence of mind, and stared; and in that moment, he produced a bag full of "greenbacks"—counted out the money, and the sale was concluded.

In Bakewell, Derbyshire, England, exists the following epitaph on "Philip Roe, died September 12th, 1813, aged 92 years:"

The vocal powers here let us mark
Of Philip our late parish clerk;
In church now see how he's arrayed
With clearer voice say, "Amen!"
Who now will lead the church's song?
Like him can make the roofs resound?
Who can supply his place so long?
The tow—so soon here lies his bones,
Requiescat in pace, is now his parish shrine
Till Angels wake thee with such notes as these.

The mighty short of self-gratulation which went up in the British Islands over the abolition of slavery in America, has hardly yet died away in the West Indies. The mighty lamenting for millions of slaves in America hardly raises a murmur of applause. On the contrary, whatever can be said to belittle the magnitude of the gift is freely uttered. An exception is found in Dr. McLeod, who, in a recent speech, delivered in Glasgow, said:

"When that mighty result took place, the emancipation of four millions of the human race, he was amazed, he confessed, at the want of thankfulness, the greater denomination of thankfulness and rejoicing that had been shown in this country. He had a day of thanksgiving in Britain. It would have been worthy of the land, but hardly had there been any recognition of it."

TOWN COSSIP.

We cannot always gossip of pleasant things, and consequently must not begin by talking about the cholera. Within a few days our authorities have waked up to the fact that as that terrible disease, approaching at the usual speed, is now in Germany, from Turkey to Egypt, and f om thence to Southern Europe, until it is at Madrid, only fifteen days' journey off, that there may be a possibility of its reaching here, and have accordingly offered to imitate some steps for its check, if not its prevention. Boards of commissioners have met and agreed to memorialize the government for the construction of a hospital at Sandy Hook for the reception of cholera patients, and to do what is, as far as it goes, but there are better things than that. We are not of those who believe in daily reports of a case having already occurred here or there, but we think, under any circumstances, that sanitary measures can not be too strict. There is no reason why we should not, and we know that they want cleaning, but we hold it of more importance that we should have clean houses, and say one to each of the visitors who visit the most tenement houses of our city poor, and say whether there is not "room for improvement" in many and all of our over-crowded city. In some of the tenant houses, the sewas that exhales from the sewer scrubbed floors, and the whole atmosphere, are such as to defy the ability of life to endure, and the most robust constitution must sink under the daily repetition of the fetor they could exist under a system of cleanliness and pure air. We had a notable example before us in New Orleans a short time since, when the municipal times almost de-populated from yellow fever, and which, before the breaking out of this rebellion, looked forward to the cholera every year, and the taking off of a large proportion of its population, as a certainty. Now, under the military authority of our military and martial law, it has become a city as healthy as New York, and has passed through several summers without a recurrence of the disease.

In spite of contracts and general thievery, our streets are kept tolerably clean, considering that New York is naturally the dirtiest city in the world, from the dirt and undrainable nature of its site, and that it is useless to make it one of the healthiest, is to improve the dwellings of our poor. Let the city and devise some means to keep them clean, and we need have no fear of cholera or any other epidemic.

It may possibly be of interest to those disposed to be cheerful, to know what number of deaths occurred from violent causes in this city, and also to know that in 1849 the first case originated at No. 29 Baxter street, then the Five Points, and that in 1854 it started within a few doors of the same place:

Deaths.	Suicides.	Murders.	Drowned.	Burned.	Run over.	Killed by Accident.	Executed.	Homicides.
1832 3615	...	...	...	1197 1295	451	93	...	...
1844 3731	...	...	...	1431 1301	451	93	...	...
1849 6071	1261	2508	83	775 2626	1452	161	16	17
1854 5053	1054	2048	83	1	1	1	1	1

We believe it safe to say that we are likely to be free of the pestilence this fall and winter, but none can tell what next spring may bring forth. Meanwhile, without being alarmed, New York may as well wash her face and make ready for the visitor, if he should call, as he probably will at least, to overshadow Uncle Sam's. The first case that we have heard of is reported "in the lung of the Irish Republic—that is to be, some of these days—but probably has been bedeviled to death already by the head yet of its being quoted in Wall street. The other is that of the "Irish Republican Brotherhood," which though regarded by capitalists in a different light, has been for some time, and is now already busy and made to a large share of this loan by bankers and capitalists in this country. The first meeting of those approaching who on the Jones government will be called by our own. We are not so sure but the Mexican loan, as it is offering at 65 cents on the dollar in greenbacks, and 7 per cent. interest in gold, is a good investment.

A magnificent fact, in connection with this matter, was the natural ori of the Mexican flag, in front of the financial agency, No. 71 Broadway, by the 8th Regiment, N. Y. S. N. G., on Wednesday last. The regiment halted in front of the office, formed a square, and presented arms, while their band played the national airs of both Mexico and Juarez, and grounded arms as heartily at the mentions of the name of Maximilian. The logic very like sympathy.

It may be interesting to our country readers—our city ones know too much about it already—to hear by some-what informed as to what it costs a New Yorker to live, and what they can get for their produce by bringing it to this market. In the first place, we have to confess that coal has, within a week, fallen $1 per ton, to $8 cash. But the price is not to be taken too much that because it has fallen $1 per ton, wholesale, that the consumer gets it any less. Oh, no! There has been a sale of 36,000 tons, ranging from $10 to $11 88 per ton, which is the average price of coal.

Next comes oats. Best rates at from 74 to 78 cents per bu.; for mixed, 72 to 74 cents; feed, 66 cents; mutton, 25 cents; pork, 24 cents; lish, cels, 20 cents; halibut, 20 cents; sheep's head, 40 cents; and so forth. Veg-tables: potatoes, 35 cents per half peck; turnips, 25 cents; onions, 25 cents per peck; and $12 per hundred. Fruit: apples, 80 to 75 cents per half peck; cranberries, 25 cents per quart; pears, 25 cents per peck; figs, 25 cents per dozen, and all things else in proportion.

In engaging in these observations, we see that one of the New York ladies a dvocates the establishment of "Female Clubs," and we agree as are now and have been for many years in the cities of Europe. The idea is not a bad one, and would be observed at its too democratic. Many families in good circumstances would be glad to have but their small economically by a good dinner at home, without being obliged to go and to restaurants, at their own prices, and pay enormous prices. In the present low tide of our domestic cooking, it would be a great convenience, and would ward away a host of dyspeptics and colics. We do not despair of yet seeing the day when a number will call at our domicile in the morning, take our order and the time for delivery, and send us the meals in a tidy, piping hot, and prompt, at a less cost than we could go to market and get it ourselves.

Though it is quite a little out of our regular way, yet we cannot refrain from a few lines to Holofern, and noticing a little *exploit* of the past week, wherein a countryman came to the city with a spectacular load for receiving a bribe of $15. *O tempora! Oh, Mores!* If a countryman goes to a house of ill-fame, he is robbed of fifty! We ask Mr. Becker, the great swindler, to convene New York, get in our Common Council, and we promise him that he can do it for $10 per head, after having his little financial preca utions.

We were reminded, a few days since, to a scene that is an apt illustration of daily city life, and yet a scene that is not known to the country. It was in the police office of a coarse, red-faced woman, about 40, and a girl, about 14, with a pretty face and pleasing manner. They were arraigned at the Court of Sessions for stealing twenty pairs of boots. They were charged with "grand larceny." The complaint "guilty" the daughter, on being questioned, pleaded not guilty, and said that the mother or what she was there for. Judge Kelly ordered the mother to be taken back to the Tombs, and the girl to stand. Then came the scene. The child clung to the mother, shrieking in agony, and piteously begging, "Don't, don't you!" "I must go with my mother!" until she was almost in hysterics. The mother, with a coarse laugh, tried to get her left—left, perhaps, to rejoin the mother when she comes out—to the care of the matron of the professional thief, for such is the mother's means of livelihood.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

There has been a very successful revival at Wallack's this week, and a new opera at the Academy. The last we have not yet visited, but the first we have, and the first we shall give here. It is called "The Needful," and is full of the humor which is the specialty of Lester Wallack.

The plot is that of a managing mother (Mrs. Heck, by Mrs. Vincent), who, having failed to get her daughter off, gets several other people into unpleasant predicaments, out of which they are got by Abraham Stone (Mark Smith), a retired tal'ow chandler. The fun of the piece lies chiefly in the first two acts, in the psychological study of Mrs. Heck, who has dosed her husband to that degree that he is not able to declare his will, and in the fact that he has a mania for the love of liberty, and drops his pills, assisted by Abraham Stone, and his place is filled by a Mr. Augustus Bell, evidently generic anywhere else, and the curtain goes down on Augustus Bell, Abraham Stone, Mrs. Heck—crisis, altercations, soil suit and have a run.

The performances are all first-rate.

Blind Tom, the negro pianist, is still puzzling the musical firmament, and drawing wonderful houses to hear his wonderful music.

On Thursday evening, Oct. 26th, Miss Cecelia P. Whelan made her debut as a reader at Hope Chapel, Fifteenth street, Broadway. She gave the following scene in Romeo and Juliet, assisted by Mr. J. B. Brown, as Friar Laurence: "Romeo," by an unknown writer, a scene from "Ingomar," another from "Macbeth," and three of "Three Warnings," by Tennyson, ending with Longfellow's "Famine." Miss Whelan is young, only 18 years of age, and has a fine figure, and fine delivery. She is, undoubtedly, destined to high rank as an elocutionist.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

Proclamation by President Johnson.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, during the year which is now coming to an end, to bless these United States with general peace, concord of civil war, and to permit us to secure the blessings of peace, unity and harmony, with a great enlargement of civil liberty; and whereas the Chief Executive Power has also, during the year, graciously averted from us the scourge of war, and the fell spirit of civil strife, while our granaries are full of the fruits of an abundant season; and whe-eas right-ousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people:

Now, therefore, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby recommend to the people thereof that they do on the day observe the first Thursday of December as a day of National Thanksgiving and Prayer of the Universe for these deliverances and blessings.

And I do further recommend that on that occasion the whole people make confession of our national sins against His infinite goodness, and with one heart and one mind implore the Divine guidance in the ways of national virtue and holiness.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, the twenty-eighth day of October, in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-five, and of the Independence of the United States the ninetieth.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic—A correspondent claims for Amherst the distinction of having graduated a colored youth some twenty years ago, as it was the first instance of the kind in this country. In 1826 a young colored man, named Beaswurm, graduated at Bowdoin, and a few years after became President of Hayti.

—A thrilling scene occurred at Philadelphia, on the 31st ult., by the breaking of the axletree of a horse railroad car, which was crowded with passengers. The car was precipitated with great violence against a lamp-post, and several persons were injured. One of the musicians had a shoulder blade broken, and several children were also injured. Fortunately no accidents damaged.

—A man, while engaged in watering the streets of New Haven, Conn., with a hose, on Thursday, was astonished at finding the water suddenly cease to flow. He subsequently detached the hose from the hydrant, in the mouth of which he found a large eel, two and a half feet long, and six inches round the body.

—The Manchester (N. H.) *Union* tells a story of the second wife which is worth repeating. A lad 14 years of age, who was found hanging by the neck, in a shed, near the State line, said that he had dogged a flogging from his father for reminiscence at school.

—As Alabama, Mo., correspondent says that the schooner Brazilian, on which had been delivered mixed corn by a number of unlicensed peddlers, has proved a sorry success. They have been going to Brazil "in about a week" for more than the month elapsed.

—The freedmen of Lynchburg, Va., have made a formal appeal to their former masters, to enable them to emigrate to Liberia, for the purpose of carrying "the light and civilization they have received in this country to that benighted and long-neglected land."

—Hogs are very plentiful in Connecticut. The works of the Woodbury Cutlery Company, in Hanover, have stopped last week by cole getting into the waterwheel. The pigs destroyed were taken out by the head, weighed respectively seven and five pounds each!

—In Arkansas, a negro preacher was buried, according to the report of Lieut. Hamlin, a greater number of whites than of the British soldiers put together who perished on the bloody fields of the Crimea, Waterloo, Salamanca and Victoria and New Orleans.

—"Matrimonial infelicities" are frequent in British county, Mass., judging by the fact that 400 divorces have been granted in five years.

—Gen. Grant has given Kirby Smith permission to return home on parole. He is at present sojourning at Galveston, Texas. It is stated that Kirby intends to renew his allegiance to the U. S. Government.

—The wines and liquors of the Hon. Thomas C. Amory were sold at auction in Boston, on Thursday, and brought immense prices—brandy selling as high as $20 per bottle, and port wine at $10 per bottle. The sale realized $25,000.

—During the summary ry of the accounts of the Post Office Department for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1865, it appears that the receipts of receipts over expenditures is found to be more than $850,000.

—The Mississippi Legislature has referred to the Judiciary Committee a bill to amend the act to submit terms the collection of debts, and securing to creditors the interest thereon during the rebellion.

—A dispatch from Washington says: "It is now positively announced that the trial of Jefferson Davis has been decided upon, and the arrangements have been made accordingly. The charge will be that crime of treason, and will take place either in this city or Richmond, before the United States Supreme Court."

—On the 16th of September the anniversary of Mexican independence, the Emperor Maximilian published a decree by which he abdicates his throne in favor of Mexico. The same Imbrido, however, refused a decree which declares that the Emperor will be the only member of an Empire he was "her men" and altogether the person who is to govern it.

—The Secretary of the Treasury announces that "The Commissioners of the British West India Islands being full, Assistant Treasurers and National Banks will receive their subscriptions."

—One of our Western exchanges is in a bad fix. Having dunned a delinquent subscriber, he not only refused to pay, but threatened to flog the editor if he stopped the paper.

Truth. Why was hung at Portsmouth, N. H., ninety-seven years ago, for child murder, and it is a singular fact that the person who caused her execution was hung for the same crime in the same place. Betsy Eastman, of Salisbury, N. H., now 103 years old, was one of the witnesses, and still remembers well the circumstances. The teacher was absent one day and left Betsy in charge of the school. She left the little school-house, saw a loose board in the floor, which she raised, and found a child, partially, and evidently covered by remains of a dead infant. She told what she had seen, and suspicion rested upon the girl. The child of the teacher, who manu-red it to conceal its birth. She was hung and died game.

—A German named Noun, while gathering grapes in a swamp near St. Louis, Mo., a few days since, was fatally bitten by a rattlesnake named Kryn, who, coming to the vicinity. Krone observed a flock of birds on a tree, and supposing that they were being followed by a grape, and immediately Noun, with blood streaming from his mouth, ran, exclaiming to his ground, and expired on the spot.

—The Rev. Father Mansett (Col. Pipes) is ready to receive applications from Lecture Committees for the winter season on "Scripture monology of "Sketches of Travel in many Lands." Apply by letter at St. Denis Hotel.

—The Germans in Texas have again raised a cotton crop of superior quality to any grown by slave labor. The agricultural papers commend it highly, and they now appear very prompt to acknowledge that which they denied and ridiculed as a swindle.

—We noticed a list of more than forty women recently appointed as Postmasters, mostly in the western part of Virginia.

—One of the camels imported by the United States and placed in the Park by Gen. Beale on the way to California's captains all through the war to carry the baggage of a volunteer company.

Foreign—A letter from Magdeburg says that general discontent pervades the working classes in Germany in consequence of the question of universal, by, political questions. The agitation is greatest in the Rhenish provinces. Herr von Bismarck has also at Creveld, in Westphalia, which has become an important manufacturing district. The workingmen openly display their hostility against Herr von Bismarck, who, in his speech, has declared himself opposed to universal suffrage for the feudal system. At Dusseldorf and at Solingen the two parties have engaged in tolerious.

—A butler in Herefordshire, England, recently stabbed himself four times in the stomach, with a carving knife. He was found by his master in the kitchen, and upon being asked for what reason he committed the act, he replied that the knife was dull and a carving-knife was lying before me. The devil came up and tempted me to murder, and, after a severe conversation, he told me I must put the knife into my stomach, and I did so. I then thought I would endeavor to put the shaft of the knife up against the wall, and thrust myself upon the point. I am sorry now I took his advice, and I shan't try it on again."

—A sailing frigate of the French Imperial Navy, the Iris, Capt. Jouet, arrived at Brest on the 20th of August, after accomplishing a complete voyage of circumnavigation in nine months and 19 days. There is no example, we believe, of such a voyage having been made in so short a time. The Iris sailed on a stream, about 135 miles a day.

—A man named Bubleer, residing at Berne, lost his life in a singular manner. It appears that he was in the habit of shooting pigeons to perform, and sometimes greatly ill-treated them. Recently he brutally broke the wing of one of his pigeons with a gun, and, while doing so, one of his large dogs sprang forward, caught the bird in his mouth, and bit him so severely that he died on the following day.

—Recently, at Magdeburg, Capt. Cubey, of the Royal Bavarian Pioneers, died of a wound received in a duel. It was only after each of the duelists had fired a shot that the seconds, being shot at a distance, fled. It had been agreed beforehand that one of them, at least, should be killed on the field.

—At a meeting of bankers, in Frankfort, Germany, it came out that about three hundred millions of U. S. Bonds were held in that city and its immediate vicinity, and that nearly every bond held on the continent of Europe was the property of persons residing in or near that city.

—The shop-women of Paris, who have heretofore had no day of rest, are petitioning their employers for a respite on the Sabbath, alleging that a is necessary for them, both morally and physically.

—The dictionary of the Hawaiian language, recently published, contains 15,000 words. The general resemblance between the Polynesian languages and the Malay and other Asiatic tongues, has engaged the attention of comparative philologists.



PASSENGERS AND CREW OF THE SHIP TITANIA RESCUED BY THE U. S. GUNBOAT FLORIDA.

FOUNDERING OF THE TITANIA.

FROM a sketch by an officer of the gunboat Florida, we give an engraving of one of the most thrilling disasters at sea that has happened for many years, the wreck of the brig Titania, which left Philadelphia on the 9th of Oct., bound for Mobile, with a cargo of coal and hay.

On the 13th she encountered a heavy gale which caused her to spring a leak. Both her pumps were manned, but in spite of every effort the water rapidly gained, even though all her deck load was thrown overboard. All hands worked with desperate energy to keep her afloat, but after two days of almost superhuman labor the water was found to be 11 feet in her hold, and all hope of saving the vessel was dismissed.

A raft was rapidly constructed of about 10 feet square, and on the 16th the passengers and crew, 10 in all, embarked. There was one woman of the party. Two hours after leaving the ship down she went, and the luckless people upon the raft were tossing about at the mercy of the winds and waves. The weight upon the raft sunk it one foot below the waves, and what was not washed away was saturated thoroughly. For 24 hours they tossed about thus until, in latitude 32 degrees 20 minutes, longitude 74 degrees, they were found by the U. S. gunboat Florida, Lieut. Maies, commanding, who took the starving party on board, helpless and almost lifeless from exposure.

Sailor-like, no sooner were the shipwrecked on board than a subscription was raised for them, which amounted to $361, of which one-third was awarded to the female passenger, and the balance divided among the crew.

DESTRUCTION OF THE MICHICAN CENTRAL DEPOT.

ONE of the most fearful fires that has ever occurred in this country, as far as regards the destruction of property, occurred at Detroit on the 18th of October, destroying the freight depot and sheds of the Michigan Central Railroad, and property to the value of $1,500,000. This is given as the origin of the fire:

A train of cars was loading with freight in the second section, or room, of the depot, devoted exclusively to goods going to Chicago and further west. Four or five cars were already filled, and another had been partially loaded, when it was discovered that a hogshead of varnish had been broken, and its contents were spreading over the car. The work of unloading the freight, to prevent its damage by the varnish, was at once commenced, and while going on the light in the hands of one of the workmen, came in contact with the varnish, and in an instant the whole car was filled with smoke and flame. The fire spread with terrible rapidity, so that all efforts to stay its progress by the means at hand were utterly fruile. In the excitement of the moment, the burning car, with those ahead of it on the track, were run from where they were loading—near the Third street end of the depot—to the westerly end of the structure, into the open air. The burning material dropped from the car as it passed, thus firing the building at numerous points at once.

At the front, the heat was intense, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the passenger depot, proper, could be saved. It was on fire for almost its entire length. While this part of the building was burning, the fire spread westward along the dock, destroying everything in its way. At the farther end of the freight depot, there was a wooden shed, probably 200 feet in length, stored with cotton, tobacco and flour, all of which was destroyed.

The freight depot, was an immense brick structure, about 800 feet in length, but all that now remains are the bare walls—everything else being in ruins.



THE OLD LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK CITY—HOUSE, No. 97, CORNER OF PECK SLIP AND WATER STREET.

MEETING OF THE FENIAN CONGRESS AT PHILADELPHIA.

WE illustrate this week a subject that has been attracting considerable attention on both sides of the water, and especially been a source of vexation to John Bull, who is just beginning to wake up to the fact that his genteel position during our rebellion is rebounding on himself.

On Monday, the 16th of October, the Fenians, a powerful organization of Irishmen, created for the purpose of assisting to obtain freedom for their native land, convened in Congress at Philadelphia. Six hundred delegates were present, who organized by electing Col. John O'Mahony as President, with a strong staff of officers to support him, some of whom were gallant soldiers in our late Civil war. The enthusiasm was intense, and the participators did not let it run away with their effectiveness, but proceeded to business with promptitude. A scheme of organization was adopted to take effect in every part of the United States, and arrangements made for the issue of bonds to raise money. The Congress remained in session ten days, and broke up in perfect harmony, having achieved all the purposes for which it met.

A TRAGIC WEDDING.—The town of Kaschau, in Hungary, has just been the scene of a tragic event. A gentleman of the environs was to be married to a young lady of the town, and on the day fixed for the wedding the bridegroom and his friends went in procession to Kaschau, preceded by a band of music, and firing rifles as they passed along. During the repast, which was served after the ceremony, one of the guests jested with the bridegroom on the sudden disappearance of the bride, who had gone to her mother in the kitchen. The husband went to find his wife, and—seeing her in the midst of a group of women—he requested her to return to the dining-room. She playfully refused, and ran away, laughing as she went. Her young husband then took up a rifle, and—aiming at her—cried: "Come here, Irma, or I will fire!" The bride laughed, and replied: "Fire, if you like." The rifle went off that instant, and the poor girl fell mortally wounded; she died three hours later—after assuring her unhappy husband that she felt certain he did not know the rifle was loaded.



BURNING OF THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD DEPOT, DETROIT, OCT. 18.—FROM A SKETCH BY M. A. BRENNAN.

"BOX NO. 4."

BY DELIA DENNISON.

SLOWLY and sadly I walked down the lane
When the evening sun was low,
Following the grass-grown foot-path
Which led to the village below.
My heart felt a strange foreboding,
I could not divine wherefore,
For to the post-office I was going,
To peep into "Box No. 4."



The village was never so lonely,
The streets were never so still,
The brook was never so sluggish,
And never so lazy the mill.
On the pavement I halted a moment,
Then passed through the half-open door,
And with step neither firm nor steady
Walked up to "Box No. 4."

I tapped on the glass pane slightly,
The post-master gave me the mail,
He spoke to me cheerily, kindly,
And asked what made me so pale?
One thin, yellow letter he gave me,
This only—and nothing more.
I knew 'twas for me, for I saw it
While it lay in "Box No. 4."

I took it with hand that trembled,
My heart beat with joy and with fear,
Yet I tried to walk away calmly,
And choked down the rising tear.
A stranger hand had inbrowed it,—
My heart grew sickly and sore—
Oh, why was it sent to me then?
Why came it to "Box No. 4?"

My Charlie had been wounded in battle,
A minnie-ball in his side,
And comrades had tenderly nursed him,
Else he ere this had died.
But now in the hospital lonely,
He knew that his warfare was o'er—
He knew this would be the last letter
He should send to "Box No. 4."

The papers had said "severely,"
But I had hoped they might be wrong,
And so my poor heart took comfort,
Though the days were dreary and long.
But now his farewell came to me,
In his loving language of yore,
In the fervent, tear-stained letter
Which came to "Box No. 4."

I neither screamed nor fainted,
But walked through the lane as before,
And in my lone walk homeward
That letter I read o'er and o'er.
I knew that I now was a widow,
Though his name I never bore,
But he had said I should in the letters
Which had come to "Box No. 4."

A year have I been a widow,
Though the weeds I cannot wear,
But my heart is draped in mourning
And the grief lies hidden there.
And sometimes that tear-stained letter
I bring out and read once more—
That letter which made me a widow,
Which came to "Box No. 4."

Tim Maguire's Shoes.

A LEGEND OF AINROFILAC, AND THE OLD TIMES.

BY J. W. WATSON.

WE never could understand why we have not as good right to fairy tales, and legends of giants and genii, in this, our good land of freedom of everything else. To rectify this want, I shall go back to the old, old times, in New Orleans, perhaps, or we will say so for the sake of our story—a thousand years, more or less ago.

Well, a thousand years, more or less ago, there lived somewhere about Carondolet street, an honest cobbler, Tim Maguire by name. Now I call Tim a cobbler, because, though he aspired to the name of a shoemaker, he was a mighty bad one, and when Tim got the chance to manufacture such an article, it was generally a pair of brogans, of the right old country style, that made no pretention to elegance, but were intended to hand down from father to son, as a heir loom.

Fortunately, perhaps, for Tim Maguire, he had neither wife nor children dependent on him, or possibly they may have suffered somewhat, for though Tim could have done very well at other work, he declared that until he retired on his "forin," he never would drop the last and lapstone, and the result was that he went on pegging and hammering away, just managing to hammer enough out to keep him from starvation. Strange to say, Tim did not seem to regard this wifeless, childless state, as a blessing, and he never put up the shutters of his little crib in Carondolet street, and went upstairs to his wretched little room, but he inwardly mourned because he had no one with whom to share his semi-starvation. The neighbors, almost as poor as Tim's own self, would have it that there must be some witchcraft about the cobbler's living, for though he was never seen to buy food, or to go to a restaurant, he would accept nothing at their hands, therefore they argued that Tim Maguire never ate, and, indeed, the poor man's appearance went a long way towards confirming the rumor, for month after month, and year after year, he withered and dried, until at last, it was a marvel that Tim did not blow away.

One day a brilliant idea struck Tim Maguire. He had done nothing for a week, and it really seemed that people must have given up wearing shoes. So Tim gathered together all the money he was worth in the world, and determined to buy leather, and build a pair of shoes on speculation. The leather was bought, the shoes were made, and marvelous ones they were for weight and strength, though if the truth must be told, they were rather eccentric in shape, somewhat defying the casual glancer to tell which was the heel, and which the toe. Nevertheless, Tim admired them much, and gave them the place of honor in his little three foot shop window, out of which they glared with wondrous importance on every passer-by. Very soon Tim Maguire's shoes became the talk and laugh of the neighborhood, and when those who set up for wags, would have an especially factious joke, they would ask their fellows, "How are Tim Maguire's shoes?" or "Has Tim Maguire sold his shoes yet?" until, at last, the very children had it as pat as a by-word, and would scream into the cobbler's little shop, when he would be hammering away, the offensive words.

For months and months, and even going to years, the shoes lay in the window, and nobody even seemed to think it worth their while to ask their price, until at last, one day, the light of the little window was somewhat darkened, and Tim looked up to see an old man, tall and erect, with white hair, and deep, gray eyes, looking in admiringly at the shoes. Tim's heart jumped up into his throat at the sight, and he said to himself, as though by instinct, "There's my cushtomer, be dad!" but just as he said this, the old man, with one more glance of admiration at the shoes, went away, and left Tim's heart on the rebound. The next day, strange to say, the old man re-appeared at the window, the same as before, and looking in on the shoes, once more Tim exclaimed, "Now, he's my cushtomer, shure!" but no sooner were the words out of his mouth than the old man vanished in an instant. Tim didn't take the disappointment so much to heart as on the day before, but went on hammering and whistling away, as merry as possible.

The next day, at the identical hour, the window was again darkened, and there the old man stood, but by this time Tim's faith was gone, and after just looking up, he went on hammering and whistling away, until, in a few moments, the door opened, and in marched the old man. He gave a good stare around the shop, and then addressed himself to the cobbler:

"Stranger, could ye jist mend up this yere pair of brogans I have got on, while I wait for 'em?"

"Faith, so' I can!" was Tim's cheery answer; "anything'n a job these hard times!"

And with that, as soon as the old man put them off, Tim took them up, and went to work with a will, stitching and hammering, while the old man all the while sat and eyed the pair of shoes in the window. At last he broke out with:

"Them's a mighty nice pair of shoes you got there, stranger."

"Indade, and ye may say that," was Tim's quick reply, "they can't be bate in all Louiszanner!"

"Now, how much do you want for them ere shoes?" was the old man's next question.

"Jist pit 'em on yer feet," said Tim, stretching out his hand, and passing the shoes over to the old man; "an' if they fit yees, we'll never quibble about the price."

The old man put on the shoes, stood up, and



"THEM'S A MIGHTY NICE PAIR OF SHOES YOU GOT THERE, STRANGER."

gazed at them with a pleased look, stamped in them, and then saying:

"They're a mighty nice pair of shoes. I'll just take a little walk in 'em, and if they suit my fit I'll take 'em," opened the door, and stepped out into the street.

Now Tim Maguire was as honest as the sun, and being so honest, he never dreamed of any one being otherwise, especially such a fine-looking old man, and so good a judge of shoes; therefore, when a quarter of an hour had passed and he did not return Tim was not surprised, but when half an hour was gone he thought it a little strange, and when three quarters still stranger, until an hour and a half was gone, and the old man did not come back, though his old brogans were mended and ready for him, then Tim thought it very strange, though he felt confident of the old man's return, and began making up his mind what he would have for supper out of the money he would pay him.

Tim sat thinking of this, when some of the neighbours' children came in need, and how to help in his door, "Tim Maguire, have you sold your shoes yet?" when in an instant they saw that the shoes were missing. Had the moon fallen, it could not have created greater astonishment, and away they went to tell their fathers and mothers of the wonderful occurrence. It was only the twinkling of an eye when several of them were about the shop, and with great interest began to ask Tim where his shoes were?

"An' where doze ye think they air?" was Tim's proud answer, "why sould av coorse! D'ye think the boot would be mixed up or anything else like yerselves, that don't know a good pair of brogues when they see 'em?"

And Tim, all but the whole story, pointing out the old brogans in confirmation, and ending off by declaring that he was then waiting for the old man to return and pay him, at which ending all the shoes smiled their fare approval into their cheeks, and went away rubbing their hands for very glee.

That night passed, and the next, and the next, and many more, but still the old man did not come back, and Tim was obliged to contant himself with inwardly cursing the old fellow's delay. The children had now got a new cry. They would come to Tim's door, and would shout, "Hey, Tim Maguire, how are you, that bought your shoes?" At first Tim would start up when this was called, and casting one glance at the old brogues hanging on the wall, would resume the entrance of the old man, but soon he got over this, and paid no more attention to the boys in the street than of old; but at last, one day, a year after this occurrence, Tim he heard the shout distantly, and as it drew near, and more near, the door was darkened, and sure enough in walked the old man. The boys had identified him, and upon his left, way down the street, and had accompanied him to the very shop. Tim's first impulse was to give the old man a sound scolding, but when he saw him walk in, and with a nod, as though he had been but a few minutes out of the shop, seat himself, Tim thought better of it, and turning the door, to shut out the inquisitiveness of the little boys, he took down the old brogues from the wall, and putting them into the old man's hand, said—

"A bether bit o' mindin' than that ye niver saw. May Shaint Patthrick desert me, if they aren't honestly doin'!"

"Ye're a fine fellow and an excellent cobbler, stranger," answered the old man. "And now I ain't going to pay by asking the price of these old here shoes of yourn! Just take that; and as to the old boots, give 'em to the fust beggar that comes along, for the old man thrust two double eagles into Tim's hand.

"Holy father!" almost shrieked Tim, "are ye goin' to make a present av the gould mines av Mexico. Ow, murther! may the heavens be my bed for ivir an' ivir, amen!" and Tim, after rubbing his eyes with the back piece, for luck, at a sign from the old man, thrust them far down into the pockets of his tattered pantaloons.

"And now, stranger," said the old man, looking earnestly at Tim, "I hain't got better ask me to take supper with 'you to-night, and have a little talk?"

Tim, for an instant, looked at the old man in an astounded and somewhat waggish manner, but when that person took from his pocket a couple more double eagles, and putting them into Tim's hand, said:

"Do you just git a little bits ready in that room of yourn, and I'll step down a drop to shout a nod o'clock, and bring with me a taste of jist as good old rye as ever you swallowed in these diggins." Why, then Tim won't astonished a bit longer, and as soon as the old man had disappeared, set himself about clearing up his room, after which he went to a neighbour restaurant, and ordering what to Tim's ideas was the most sumptuous supper he had ever known, had it all ready at nine o'clock, when promptly on the stroke of time, along came the old man.

They both ate heartily. Tim enough to last him for a week, and the stranger not enjoyed it. After which Tim brought out his tobacco, and the old man filling his short corn-cob pipe, Tim filled his dhudeen, and they smoked and talked. The old man had been a traveler. He knew the Mississippi from the Falls of St. Anthony to its mouth. He knew the Rocky Mountains from a Digger, and could tell some queer stories of each; and "hair fighting, to say nothing of certain interesting bowie-knife and revolver experiences, in enlightened circles. Tim was delighted, and yet every little while the memory of how strange it was for him to keep away that whole year, and then so strangely return, would struggle up, and at last summoning all his courage, Tim determined to ask him. The old man was silent for a few minutes, puffing away vehemently at his pipe, and then said:

"I was in hope, stranger, that ye wouldn't ask me to 'plain anything, but as ye hev asked me, I spose its only right that you should know, seein' as how you've been brought into the matter, after a fashion."

Tim nodded an approval of the old man's remark, and once more filling up their tumblers he waited for him to go on.

"You must know, stranger, that I'm from Arkansaw originally, and that I once had a grandmother in that or section of country. In consequence of which I've allers been a sort of believer in dreams, even though I didn't understand 'em. Wal, one night, a little over a year ago, I dreamed that I was a standin' on the bank of the Mass-sippi, and all ter once an angel thing, with wings, and him fixin', came and right down on a stone nigh on to where I was. I stood, and stared awhile, until the creetur got up, and coming right up to me, he says, he says like, 'that's my name, 'do ye seek to be rich?' yes, ma'am, I answered, not scarcely knowing whether the creetur was a man or woman. With that it says: 'Go forth from hence, and search until ye shall find a maker of shoes, whose name shall be Tim Maguire. From him must you steal, mind I say steal, a pair of shoes. You must put them on, and yielding to their guidance, go forward. They shall lead you into the land of Australia, where the mountains are of gold, and where the sands of the rivers are of the same, mixed with gems. In this land you can make as much money in one year or day as will suffice any man for a lifetime. But remember that one-half of all thou gettest must be given to Tim Maguire.'

"With that it vanished, and I woke up. This 'ere dream troubled me con-siderable, but I waited, and that night the same thing came over me, and on the next night I dreamed it for the third time, and so I thought it was about time to set out and find Tim Maguire. I announced to the country, lookin' for Tim Maguire, and never found him until the day when I came across your shop. You know the rest, and that I was fool'nate enough to steal them air shoes of yourn, and to think myself to 'em, and on they went, until at last they brought me up in this land of Auroffie, where in one day I gathered there as much gold as would serve me all my life, and so here I am to share it with you," and suiting the action to the word, the old man slapped a big fist of clinking gold upon the table, made Tim's eyes stick out like a lobster's, and for a while frightened him speechless. But soon he began to calculate, and to think, and this thought coming forth in words, he said:

"An' sure, what's one little bag like that? I'd like to see it jist into that same counthry mesilf, an' thry me luck."

The old man's face grew gloomy as these words, but he only answered:

"You know, stranger, the thing wouldn't work with yez. Ye see, ye haven't got a pair of shoes to steal."

"Oh, bedad!" said Tim, laughing, "I don't covet yer govil, but faith I'd like to take a thrip into that same land meself!"

The old man looked serious for a minute, and then said:

"Timothy Maguire, I was in hopes you wouldn't press me on this point, but as you have, I'm obleged to tell you more. Do you see that bottle? holding up a tolerable pocket piece to view, "Wal! while I was filling up the shoes, there to Aimrofine, that ar angel came to me again one night, and after warnin me, 'Don't forgit Tim Maguire!' went on to say 'If he should desire, after receiving from you his share of the gold, to come to this land, he has nothing to do but swallow a mouthful from that bottle, and his wish will be accomplished, but he had better not!' and with that she was off, leaving the bottle in my pocket."

Tim seized the bottle with eagerness, pulled out the cork, and without even waiting to smell the contents, swallowed a mouthful. In a moment everything in the room began to whirl around, and, almost instantly, Tim found himself standing in a wild country, with no one in sight. With a stout heart, away he started, and after a long journey at the gates of a magnificent city, filled with people, but all moving like machines, and having a rich, golden color, he saw a tall, awkward roll of white cloth of trouble and care about them. Tim noticed the splendor of the shops, and of everything, but also that everything had a most sickly golden hue as the people. He began to feel hungry, and was anxious to find some restaurant or store, where he could purchase some food, but in vain, there was no such thing in the whole city. Almost famished, he determined to stop the first person he met, and ask where he could get food. He did so, but to his surprise this yellow faced man only stared at him, holding up his hands in horror. At last a voice looking at Tim some time in this way, he said:

"Alas! mortal, how camest thou here? Knowest thou not that this is the city of gold, that everything, even the people, are gold, and that thou canst have nothing to eat but gold?"

This was unwelcome news to one of Tim's appetite, but as he was in for it, he thought that the best way for him to do would be to fraternize with this citizen, and ask his advice, which he did. The citizen, in reply to his questions, said:

"I know not what you can do, unless it be to go unto Ma-m-mon, the king of all this land, and ask his wisdom."

Tim, thinking, perhaps, this was the only way, took the direction pointed out to the palace, and soon stood in the presence of Ma-m-mon, to whom he stated his trouble, ending off with the query—

"An now what'll I do, yer glorious majesty?"

"Marry my daughter!" said the king, in a gruff, positive voice, which made Tim jingle in his brogues, a jump that was repeated in his heart, when with business-like celerity, the beautiful Princess L'Argent was presented before his astonished eyes. With five minutes hesitation, they got over the ceremonials, and Tim Maguire found himself a married man, and being led away by the princess to her own apartments, a leading to which Tim willingly submitted. Arrived at this spot, Tim saw with delight a banquet spread of all the delicacies of the earth, from which he soon selected a good steak and fried potatoes, and fell to. As soon as he did so, the princess joined him, and during the supper informed him that she was the only one in all that kingdom permitted to eat anything but gold, it was therefore that she had been married to him.

In this wondrous land, as the husband of the Princess L'Argent, Tim lived many years, and coming so early in life, he would spurn millions away with his foot, and resisting all pleas to become rich. At last, weary of his life of ease, and desiring once more to see his little shop on Carondolet street, he petitioned the king to allow him to pay it a visit. No sooner was the request asked, than Tim said to himself:

"I have no power to retain thee! Thou hast spurned gold, and are no longer in my power. Thou hast only to rub thyself at any spot, and thou wilt be there!"

With that Tim breathed a silent wish to be back in his little shop, and the moment found himself rising in the air. The princess, emerging that moment from the palace, saw it, and uttered one fearful scream, which as startled Tim that he awoke, and found himself sitting before the *debris* of the supper, which he had taken that evening with the old man, and the same stone, though on the table, just where he had put it, stood the bag of gold.

And so Tim Maguire had enough to last him all his life, and so he lived in peace and died, as the good legends say, in a pot of grease, all of which is true, and if anybody don't believe it, they can go to Aimrofine and find out for themselves.

THE INEBRIATE.

BY J. B. SWEET.

Oh, these sad repentant moments!
How like wrath from heaven they come!
How by memories I am haunted!
How they strike me nearly dumb!
I am lost! I'm lost—I'm lost
In the loathing sea of sin;
And my burning heart is tossed
By the surge of grief within!

Oh, those pale and tearful faces
Haunt me ever—curse me still!
And they follow me in dreamings,
Turn whichever way I will;
And I hear the plaintive crying
Of the baby at the breast—
And I see my Mary lying
On the pallet, cold and dead!

Give me rum! give me brandy!
Give me whisky! give me gin!
Mix them all together, landlord,
And fill me to the brim again;
And when thus, these thoughts I've banished,
I will dance, and shout, and sing,
Till the fiends have gone howling,
And these memories taken wing.

Ha! the fiery fluid burns me!
Burns into my very soul!
Give me more, before the surges
Of these memories overwhelm me!
And I'll bid defiance, then,
Unto all those faces wan,
To torment me ever more!

While the drunken spell is on.

OUT COLLECTING.

BY NEWTON SOUTEMEYER.

I HAD been clerking for two years for the firm of Valle & Bro., a wholesale house on Main street, St. Louis. It was the summer of 1861; business had been staggered by the first blow of the war. Men were uncertain even of their neighbors, and none knew what volcanic eruption of treason might at any time burst through the feeble overlaying structure of Southern power. Partly through disabilities, but more through apprehension, the life of trade was more thoroughly paralyzed than it has been at almost any time since. Instead of a crowd of merchants, at our counters, from the west and and south-west, as far away as Santa Fe and Albuquerque, we saw only customers here a few small dealers from the rural districts and the "American Bottom," across in Illinois.

"Pringle, step here, Pringle," said Valle, senior, one morning, as he entered the office. I went in and took a seat on the opposite side of his desk.

"You know the times are, Pringle; this way of doing business won't pay, I shall have to tell all our clerks the same thing I am telling you: I am sorry, they are good, faithful fellows, all of them, but then, you see, there is nothing for them to do. I hope this stagnation won't continue long, but we can't afford meantime to keep a clerk idle, and the only thing I can do is to reduce our force to the lowest point and wait the progress of events. Legget" (Legget was book-keeper) "and myself can manage to attend to the salesroom and correspondence, and I will take care of the office." I answered that we had been expecting the same time, been discussing the matter, and had most of us made up our minds where to go.

"Yes, right enough! but, Prindle, what are you going to do? You can't leave your mother. If there was any possible way, I would be glad to keep you."

"There is room enough in the army," I replied.

"Yes, but you can't support her on a private's pay."

I knew that, but my calculations had not ended with a place in the ranks. "The way is open to something better," I answered, after a pause.

"And to many things worse. You may stand for years, and be commanded by men who are in no way equal to you. Don't be in a hurry; if your thoughts are running in that direction, we have a little job which may not be very less dangerous, but it will pay better. Our accounts in the towns up the Osage are all at fag ends. If you want to undertake the collection of our bills, and think you can get the funds down to St. Louis in safety, we will pay you double your present wages, for the time you are engaged in it. It will take two or three months, and, perhaps, by that time, affairs will assume a different aspect."

I accepted his offer at once. I knew it involved a great deal of hazard and responsibility, but it was at a time when I was ready to undertake almost anything that promised excitement and good pay. Beauregard, Lyon's magnificent swoop upon Camp Jackson, the capture of the state, had aroused it all organized bands of rebels, and I hoped, by means of quiet operations, swift movements, and a total disregard of uniform clothes, to escape the attention of the occasional bushwhackers who were just beginning to appreciate the rich field of plunder opened up by war.

Monday, of the next week, I started up the Pacific railroad with a value, containing a seven shooter and a suit of sober-colored homespun, made with homely seams, in that triangular style peculiar to the region in which I was to travel. At Osage Station I took the little packet that plies on the Osage river, and began my work. At each landing, where we had sold goods, I stopped and adjusted the claims of Valle & Bro., in the speediest possible manner—though I was sometimes delayed as long as a week—taking in payments, receipts, notes, and drafts on their commission merchants in St. Louis. The boat went no futher than Waverley; but I was anxious to visit the interior towns in the country. I left my valise, with all the collections I had made, in charge of Mr. Heath, a merchant with whom I was well acquainted, and, who, besides being honest and discreet, was a northern man, and sound on national questions. This was a great point.

People who have not been in the border states during the war, understand very imperfectly how entirely all the affairs of men's lives, at that time, hinged upon their views in this question. I should say I had been in this part of the country before. Had taught school one winter at "Simpson's," a cross-roads and post office about twenty miles from the river, and one winter at Waverley. Simpson's was the *ultima thule* of my expectations at the time I left it. Had I had any prospect to make there, but it was not far out of my way, and all the way up the Osage, and during the lonely evenings I had to traverse by the road, the memory of the winter I had spent there came over me in a dreamy, Indian summer sort of a way, creating a strong desire to sit once more under the hospitable roof of my bachelor host Alf Simpson, talk over old times with him, and make a note of the progress of little Bertha Simpson, his niece, had made since her school days under my tuition.

I had not as good success in collecting as heretofore, as many of our debtors were not to be found. But they were chiefly small matters, and I found it necessary to hurry on. It was known that Sterling Price, with an irregular force of tatterdemalions, had entered the State from Arkansas, and was moving leisurely forward, determined to overrun the western counties, to "Take Missouri out of the Union, or to take her to h—."

I rode up to Simpson's house, one warm evening in September. A young lady was sitting on the porch reading. I felt certain it must be Bertha, as the figure, a girl I had known as a slender, and her hair was a trifle whitish. The lady sitting before me was plump and well developed, and her light brown hair, soft and silky, was drawn smoothly back, displaying a top head of quicsly proportions. Her eyes (by this sign I knew them), were large, and of that rich dark gray, so rarely seen, yet so beautiful even in women. Her complexion was exquisitely clear, and beneath a pair of pretty lips, a little velvet chin projected, with enough in its shape to one's attention to the possession of abundant self-will. I had seen many women whose beauty was more pretentious, but never one who had ever possessed itself so utterly of my imagination.

"Good evening, Miss Bertha! What are you reading?"

She had been looking at me with that complacent curiosity with which a person usually watches a stranger approaching his door.

"Good evening, sir," she said, slowly, leaning forward in her chair, and looking sharply into my face.

Suddenly a light gleamed in her eyes, and springing up she ran down the steps to meet me.

"Oh, Mr. Pringle, I am so glad to see you. Come again. Come in; Alf will be so glad to see you."

All soon came in. His greeting was such as might be expected from one of those men—there are a few such cases in the desert of human companionship—who seem to be endowed with a second, many goodness. He had obtained the best education his scanty opportunities afforded, and in his intercourse with men, had profited under a small library of standard books, which he had read and re-read till he knew them thoroughly. He had a large searching intelligence and genial nature, made him one of the pleasantest men I have ever known. But I do not think he was to blame for my interest in the secondary generation could hardly have kept me so long away from the watch over my employers' money. I had allowed myself one day for my visit at first, but the evening of the fourth day found me still there.

Alf and his brother, Squire Ben Simpson, were the only two reliable Union men in that neighborhood. They were consequently watched with suspicion, and all the information they could get of rebel movements, was obtained by stealth.

The fourth evening I was sitting on the porch alone. Alf was at the barn, and Bertha had gone down to the store. I saw her returning in a short time, and she hurried up the path to the door,

looking alarmed and excited. She drew me into the house and shut the door.

"I am afraid they are going to give us trouble to-night or to-morrow. I overheard them talking at the store about the 'abolition schoolmaster,' and wondering whether he had brought his money along, or left it at Waverley. And Gen. Parsons, who part of Price's army, is only one day off."

It was, doubtless, worse than that—straggling parties must be still further in advance. I knew I must be off at once, if I would save anything. My business was known to them by some means, and that I would be disturbed by some of these rough characters, if I staid another day, I felt certain; and even now, I was fearful that I should be overtaken before I could get safely out of their reach. I loaded my revolver carefully, while Alf was bringing my horse around to the gate.

"Good-by, mother," said I, extending my hand, "we cannot tell what is coming, but I hope to see you again. Till then, may God bless and keep you."

I thought I felt the pressure of my hand returned, and could not resist the temptation to lean forward and kiss the pretty face that did not turn away from me; then hurried down the path and mounted my horse, a large chestnut with a vicious eye, but clean limbs and great endurance.

I plunged along at a furious pace till I came to the bridge over Elm river, a sluggish stream, running through low, wooded banks, and falling into the Osage. In the hurry of leaving, I had forgotten to water my horse, so I turned down the steep embankment in front of the bridge, and rode along a narrow path, beaten out of the clay bank, close by the edge of the water. Springy elm trees and shrubs, growing out of the bank, projected over the path, and out over the still stream. A mass of drift wood, tied up by the bridge, backed the water up some distance, and a thick, green scum covered it like a blanket, except here and there, by the edge, when there was a break. Beneath the scum there was a rush of ice of every size, and beneath the water indefinite fathoms of slimy mud. Ugh! I shudder yet whenever I think of that place! The moon was just rising above the timber, and as I rode along I looked down into the crevice, which the river made through the forest.

I could never imagine anything more horrible, when excited by Gods and Goblins, than what I saw there. It was not a turgid flood like them, rolling on for ever, but there it lay, a ghastly, treacherous mass, creeping in among the drift wood, ready to smother in its remorseless embrace whatever should venture into it. I rode along to the first break in the scum and dropped the reins. My horse, in his eagerness to drink, stepped one foot in the mire, and, as that went down, whirled his head to get a drop himself. But that was a sunk slowly on all fours, the bubbles streaming up along his legs as his hoofs descended through the mud. I had drawn myself up into the saddle with the best-began to sink, and sprang for the bank just as he fell on his side in the opposite direction.

I fell flat in the soft bed, but, fortunately, my hand reached the hard clay of the path. I drew myself out, smeared with the ooze, and flecked with the green froth. But, in my anxiety about the horse, I paid no attention to this. I yelled at him, clapped my hands, and, finally, caught up a club and threw it at his head. He reared his shoulders and dashed out of the water, and, hanging forward, fell again, further out in the stream, where the water was a little deeper and the mud softer. He did not attempt to sink as before, but plunged forward again and again, rolling from side to side, till, finally, his forefeet were planted on the opposite bank. He drew himself out, his haunches glistening with the bluish paste as though they had been oiled. I started down the path to dodge on a run, but the horse did not rest atop when he reached the road, he went off in a long, heavy trot, his head stretched up to the best height of his neck, and swaying from side to side, as if amazed at his own liberty. I heard the stirrup whacking against the saddle as he disappeared among the trees. There was nothing left but to walk. I dared not go back, and I hoped my horse would stop at Squire Bee's, or at least that I might get another there. As I was pushing up through the elder bushes, which grew thickly on the embankment, I heard the thud of hoofs coming from the direction of Simpson's. I crouched in the bushes, and presently there men rode by. I recognized one of them as a huge mulatto-girl, named Boggy, an amalgam of French, negro and Indian blood, who, I knew well, had been here, in a hut near the Elm, by means unknown to the community. His mortal character was fearfully bad, and his reputation villainous; but no great crime had ever been clearly proved against him.

I was sure these three were in pursuit of me, but doubted not they would continue right along on the road to Waverley. I hurried over the bridge and along the road, my anxiety increasing every moment. I broke into a run, and maintained it till I was wet with sweat and nearly exhausted. The distant bleating of the goats, and, in the trees by the Elm, accompanied me as I ran.

I had not gone more than a mile, when three men stepped out from a clump of elder bushes and confronted me. They were the same. They had overtaken my horse—one of them held him by the rein—and were waiting for the others.

"Fork over," growled the big ruffian Bogy, presenting his pistol within a few inches of my face.

I knew my revolver had not been discharged enough to prevent the explosion of the waterproof caps, but I could not make a movement to draw it without that pistol was covering my face. I knew enough of the character of my assailants to expect nothing less than death after, if not before I was robbed, and resolved upon an attempt to escape, however desperate, if I could only beguile the coarse-witted villain into lowering his pistol.

"Don't! Don't! Oh, don't!" I gasped, knocking my knees together in a paroxysm of fear, which, under the circumstances, it was not at all difficult to assume. "For God's sake, don't shoot! Don't kill me! I will give you everything."

The brute was evidently amused. "Them hand out yer cash," he replied, with an oath and a broad grin, but without lowering his pistol. After fumbling in my pocket, I drew out my wallet, and handed it to him.

"Is that all?"

"Yes; all but a little change. Can't you—won't you let me keep that to get home with?"

With a loud guffaw he put up his pistol, and brought his heavy hand down on my shoulder.

"See here, you infernal nigger-worshipper, if you don't shell out *everything* in two minute, I'll mash yer head on that domick," pointing to a boulder beside the road, "quickest you ever seed anything in yer life."

"Yes, yes, I will," I replied again, fumbling in my pocket.

He took his hand from my shoulder and watched my movements, his body bent forward and his glaring immense tobacco-stained teeth. I clutched the stock of my revolver, and drawing it hurriedly, fired it into his abdomen; his throat, and fired. He fell forward, blood and curses gurgling out of his mouth. I turned upon one of the others and pulled again, but the ball only cut a groove through his cheek. In a second they both surged against me and bore me down, one of them falling heavily upon me. I endeavored to rise, but felt as the load rolled me again, and from that time I knew nothing till I felt myself lifted up and some one calling, "For heaven's sake, Fredin, what is the matter? Are you hurt, brown you?"

It was Squire Bee. My horse had broken away during the melée, and had come up to his gate. He had immediately, with true Samaritan charity, struck back along the road in search of the rider. They helped me along to his house, faint and bruised, but not dangerously hurt. As to Bogy, one ball had not fired upon me from the bush, as was their custom, or even made sure of killing me after I was down, I could never comprehend; but it did not stop to speculate upon it. I was determined to push on to Waverley that night. Squire Bee remonstrated, but could not assure me that the danger would not be greater to-morrow. "If you must go," said he finally, "you shall not go alone. Alick, go out and saddle the gray mare."

I thanked him gratefully, and after swallowing a glass of brandy, we mounted and were off. Two hours' gallop brought us to the edge of Waverley. I found my friend Heath tumbling his goods and valuables on board the little steamer, preparatory to departure for St. Louis. He told me that the Secessionists and rebels would be in Waverley the next day. My values and contents were safe, and with these I, two days after, presented myself at Valle & Bernays' counting-room. Salutations and kisses, and, in three hours more, had enlisted in the first Missouri cavalry, then organizing at Benton barracks. We were mustered into Lyon's mont's army, then following Price in his retreat from Lexington.

One evening, in October, found us in camp, six miles from Simpson's. I applied to the colonel of our regiment, and after representing to him my knowledge of the country, received the following order:

"Lieut. Prindle will take squad and forage for this command, reporting to Quartermaster Judd."

I was not unmindful of my orders, but we did not halt till we reached the now deserted "store." After directing the men to the farms of the most loyal-looking of the few houses in sight, and to two hours, I rode on to Simpson's house. I found his neat farm a wreck; his fences were gone; his fine blooded stock driven off or shot; his barned, and many of the windows of his house battered out. It was dusk when I knocked at the door. It was opened by Mrs. Simpson.

"Prindle! is that you? I am glad to see you," said he, grasping my hand heartily. His story was a plain line of loss and suffering, and nearly have been made desolate by the merciless trend of advancing and retreating armies.

"You have been unfortunate, my dear old friend," but in their retreat they left me as you see, only you can't see the beauty insults they heaped upon us. Everything is gone but the house. We are, compressing his lips, "if it were not for Bertha, I would join your regiment to-morrow, and hunt the feeds up and down the state, as long as I have a breath."

"Where is Bertha?" I asked.

"In the kitchen. I will go and call her."

"No, no, Mr. Simpson, you know your own duty in regard to going into the army, better than I can suggest to you; but as for Bertha, if she is willing, I think Chaugis Gale and I could fix that."

He understood, and after reflecting a little, answered, "Well, if you can gain her consent, I will not object. She is a noble girl, Prindle, and deserves all the loving care the best man in the land can give her."

"I know that," I interrupted, grasping his hand, "and, God helping me, no effort of mine shall be spared to make her happy."

I went to the kitchen myself. I found Bertha, looking a little pale and careworn, but the gleam of joy that illuminated that her results quite was unbroken. To my earnest entreaty, she placed her hand in mine, and answered "Yes," quietly, but with deep feeling that affected me.

"But can you go now, Bertha? I must report at headquarters before twelve."

"You are in camp again by eleven, and going straight to the chaplain's tent, were married by candle-light. Alf Simpson, my brave wife and I went through the wars together. Alf has returned and is fast restoring his desolated homestead. We are in our home in St. Louis, and Bertha is there now, just on the other side of the table, tipping the cradle with her dear little foot, for our company has been recruited a little, we now number three.

THE EXECUTION OF CHAMP FERGUSON.

THE notorious guerrilla and murderer, whose deeds for the several past years, have stained the record of the Southwestern States, was executed, according to his sentence, on Friday, the 20th of October, at Nashville, Tennessee.

If ever the taking of man's life on the scaffold was justifiable, the execution of Champ Ferguson was. He was fairly tried, and a series of the most brutal and unjustifiable murders proven against him. Both before and after conviction, he had every chance and favor offered him, and consideration of treatment, far beyond his deserts. On the morning of the day of his execution, his wife and daughter were allowed an interview. Was a heart-rending scene, and brought tears to the eyes of all who witnessed it. The first thing to her husband and wept aloud, completely surrendering herself to the terrible anguish of her heart, exclaiming: "My God! my God! have I not already suffered enough? Is my agony never to cease? Oh, God, is there nothing that will satisfy Thy justice?" Then she threw suddenly herself up, she exclaimed, "Die bravely, Champ, die bravely!" The daughter, who is represented as a lovely and beautiful girl of sixteen, with large, expressive black eyes, and a sweet countenance, then approached her father and embraced him, who, at her approach, opened his arms, her head falling upon his bosom. For some minutes a death-like silence pervaded the apartment, broken only by the sobs of the heart-broken wife and daughter, but soon the better word of command was given to separate, and the daughter, as the young girl shrieked, "farewell, my poor, poor papa, farewell!" and if I sensexless into her mother's arms.

The sad scene was then taken the place of execution, showing all the time a composure that astonished every one who witnessed it. The charges and specifications were read to him as he stood upon the scaffold, and as each was enumerated, he made some answer denying or explaining it. Before the drop fell, he requested, the officer approached the prisoner, and said:

"In obedience to this order, Mr. Ferguson, it is my duty to execute you."

"I know it," replied the prisoner.

"Do you desire to say anything?" the officer; to which the prisoner hesitatingly replied:

"No, not particularly."

Being asked if he had any final remarks to offer, Ferguson replied:

"I can't speak much; I don't know many things in these days that I can say, and I don't deny anything I have ever done. Don't give me to the doctors to be cut up, when, colonel, I am dead; let my body put in the ground, pointing to his coffin, "and taken to the graveyard in White county, and buried there."

"You shall be," replied the colonel, "and your body shall be sent to your friends. Have you anything more to say?"

"Well, however, you say stop, I'll stop," said the doomed man; "I am under your control; I wouldn't be sure if I should, if I had control, and I must submit. What I am, I am, and I can't help it; but you would not have my body cut up, would you, colonel? I would like to be buried as some as good friends as any man; but they can't help me now. All I have to say is, I don't want to be cut up by the doctors."

The white cap was drawn over his face, and the officer again repeated the question:

"Have you anything further to say?" to which Ferguson replied:

"I have not."

The officer then gave the motion to the executioner to take his post, during which movement, Champ exclaimed, "Farewell, my darling wife;" "Good Lord, have mercy on my soul!" and as the words fell from his lips, the executioner chopped the rope, and the drop fell with the prisoner's body and precipitation into eternity. The fall did not break his neck, but it killed him instantly. After the body had hung for thirty minutes, it was cut down, placed in a coffin, which was turned over to his family, who were waiting at a house adjoining the jail. The daughter, on receiving the body and remains of her father, she exclaimed, in a loud ringing voice, "Well, I hope they are satisfied now."

The trial of Champ Ferguson, Virginian, who had before promised that if the trial went adverse to him, he would tell all, was visited by one of the editors of the New York Herald, who has made a bought a confession, with the understanding that it should not be published until after the execution. In his confession he acknowledged the truthfulness of most of the charges made against him by the court. Alluding to the death of Bill Fisher, a Union victim, he remarked that he had killed him after the most desperate struggle that he ever had in his life. He fell to the body, and Zachry kept shooting, while he would knock the pistol aside; he finally got out his knife and stabbed him in a few times. He also confessed to the cold murder of Boswell Taylor, who, he remarked, ought to have been killed before; to the killing of Atty Taylor, and a number of others, and was then stabbed; to the killing of John Crabtree, Elisha Kozier, Joseph Stover, and a young lad, who he stabbed after he fell to the ground, and numerous others mentioned in the charge. To the same person he remarked: "I was a Southern man all my life, I am yet, and will die a rebel. I believe I was right in all I did. I don't think I done anything wrong at any time. I committed my crimes in a cool and deliberate manner. I killed a good many men, of course, I don't deny that, but never killed a man whom I did not know was seeking my life."

THE DISASTER OF THE ST. JOHN.

ONE of the most fearful disasters that it has ever been our lot to record, occurred on Sunday morning, Oct. 29th, at 10 minutes past 6 o'clock, to the splendid steamer St. John, of the New York and Albany line, just opposite the Elysian Fields, Hoboken.

The greater portion of the passengers were still in their berths, when a tremendous explosion shook the whole boat. The larboard boiler had exploded, carrying destruction to that entire portion of the boat, delaying the staterooms and cabins with 30 tons of boiling water, hurrying 14 persons into eternity, and terribly scalding many more.

To undertake a description of the terrible sufferings and horrible scenes that followed the power of language. The boat was speedily towed to the wharf, and instant aid rendered. The scene was harrowing in the extreme. Amid the groans of the scalded, and glistening ornaments, on the rich carpets, now wet with water scarcely cold, stood revealed a wreck, a dead-house and a hospital. Forward, near the engine-room bulk-head, lay the dead. First, a mother and her two little children. Next, a mother and a sweet child, the husband and father lay at the stern end of the saloon, suffering fortures inexpressible. Next, a mother and wife. By her head sat the husband, silent, suffering untold agony. He was alone—so was their child. He had gone out of the room just before the explosion occurred, leaving his wife alone, and for the last time in life and health. A man lay in the engage. Already were put upon to their long homes, and others lay in the agony of death.

The scalded were disposed of in the after part of the saloon and in two staterooms. Several wife were slightly scalded had gone home, but 16 lay grouped around. Mr. J. F. Cunningham and his wife, and two very interesting little daughters, formed a sad group. The little ones bore their hard lot with much fortitude. It was a sad, sad picture. This family supposed that they were to eat their morning meal at home, but Providence had ordained it otherwise. Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, who were united in wedlock on Thursday last, and had been on their wedding tour, had hoped for a happy return to their pleasant residence in Yorkville; but they, too, lay on the couches in the St. John's saloon, helpless, and endangered fearful horrors. Mr. Corville Archambault, an opulent merchant, lay there. Here his wounds bravely, but when, at length, one of the spectators ventured to break to him the terrible tidings of the death of his wife and child, his seeming stoicism forsook him, and he wept like a child.

The saloon were filled with hot, blasting steam, the floors were flooded with boiling water, and a rush as of mighty roaring waves, shook the steamer from end to end. Quick as thought the boat was cleared, with all its mighty power, torn down a portion of the steamer's cabin, and forced into a depression that separated the pantheon rooms Nos. 121 and 123, smashed to fragments the furniture, scalded and burned and mutilated the poor victims who lay in the dining saloon. In one room, blasted and mangled and slew a mother and child, and in the other a woman was lifted with the upper ceiling, uprooted the flooring of room at, seized the occupant of the lower berth, enveloped him in its blistering folds, and in the same fell, the terrific heat, drove the life from him, and then passing with fearful violence into the adjoining room, No. 63, it blasted the were and life of a lady whose husband lay by her side, separating forever and in the most marked and terrible manner, those whom God had joined together. While the crash of broken glass and fractured furniture above, drowned the death shrieks of these victims, the passengers in the cabin were alarmed by the noise and flightened by the tumult, jumped hastily from their berths and rushed precipitately and foolishly for the saloon. The majority of them were in their night-clothes, and with uncovered feet, stepped instantly into the boiling water which in the saloon were deep enough to open their lungs for the inhalation of the scalding steam. The place was dark, the steam rapidly condensing made it dark as night, and the women and children, scalded, frightened, and panic-struck, cried bitterly for help, and groaned in terrible agony.

Self-Reckoning Scene.

One of those normal, but hardly necessary sequences to troubles of this character was, that the friends of Mr. Hoffman, who was among the unhurt, while his property dressed, his blood soaked away, and he ready for removal, hastened to his wife with the tidings of his condition. Mrs. Hoffman remained but a few days. It was at her interview with him that we spoke. Wildly entering the room, she called, with all the fervor of affection, to his couch, and throwing herself upon him, cried, in the bitterness of her sorrow, with utterances that were appalling to those present and excited, "Oh, murderer, murderer, who turned and tossed in helpless wretchedness. A curious scene, strange to say, thronged the place, intending upon the deepest sorrow of a wife, and regardless of the surroundings of the man, until Capt. Petty drove the crowd out. Even this unexpected trouble was an annoyance which, though thoughtless, was, nevertheless, inexcusable.

The Scene at the Boiler.

It was at this point, between the butt of the boiler and the wheelhouse, that the two firemen were at work when the terrible explosion took place. Each has presence of mind, sprang overboard, and was lost.

To quote the language of his surviving comrade: "I had been firing all night. I never saw the water about to sit down and take a smoke, when I heard the crash. I looked around the engine room, but, only muffled like, as though it was behind a thick wall. In a second afterwards I saw the steam springing up from the deck. I saw that there was a burning hole followed by gushes of hot water, which dripped down and burned my feet. I made a jump for the gunwale and pinned it, when I saw the wheel to go. I was afraid, I got down from the rail, and limped over to the other side of the boat."

A jury was then impanelled, and a formal view taken of the bodies, the inquest having been set for the 8th of November. At that time the cause of the disaster will be known, and no time to fear that the blame will be attached to the officers and crew from blame. So far, the case seems to be that the boiler exploded from a defect in the iron having shown upon one of the plates, at the exact spot where it broke off. This was not known to the boat constructors, or it may be a circumstance beyond all human foresight.

THE SING SING HOUSE.

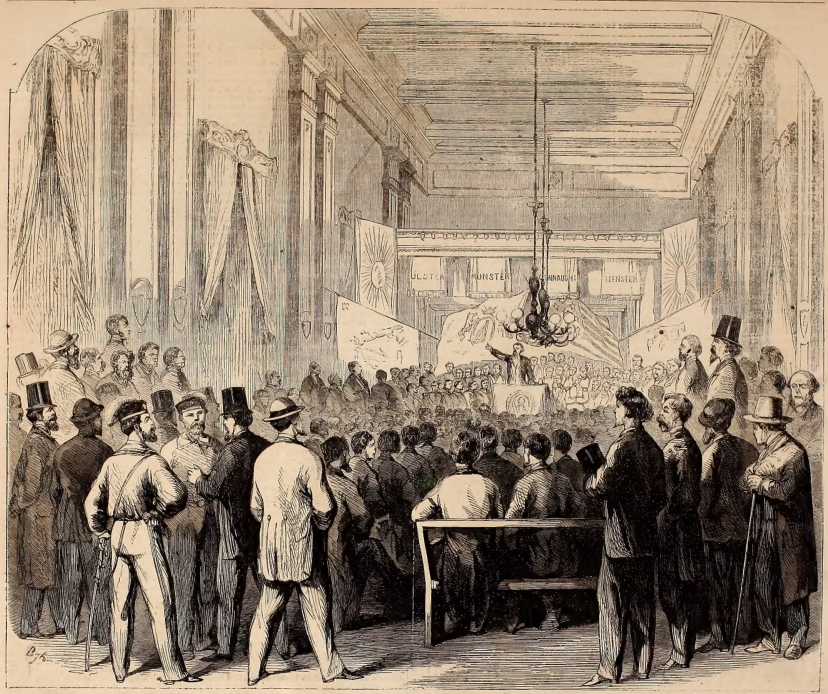
We give this week another of the old landmarks of New York, the last of which are rapidly disappearing under the relentless hand of improvement.

The old house, corner of Peck Slip and Water street, so long familiar to the eyes of every New Yorker, is the subject of our sketch, and a glance at the old and time-consecting links binding us to the sturdy times of our fore-fathers. Its quaint gable and shingled roof, moss-grown and decayed, are suggestive of the days when New York cons it at the Park, and the Bowery was a rural retreat. While many of the old relics and some part of the house has not a tongue, that it may tell the story of a hundred years.

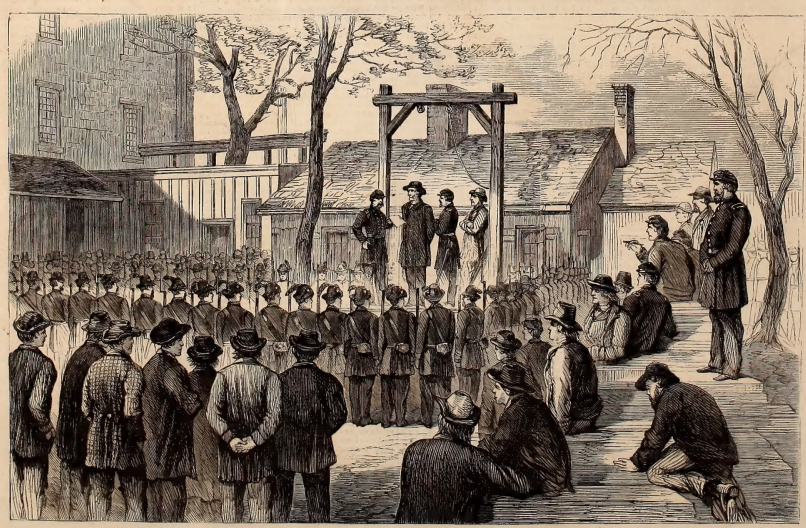
The history of this old house is lost. Who was its builder, who was born, who was wedded, and who died in its walls, is a sealed subject. It is said that this old house will have to make way for some pretentious structure, and with it the wealth of many others, and all those who have passed happy or sad hours within it, will only look back upon its memory as a dream.

A KEY to Southern Prisons has just been published by Hopkins & Co., 74 Bleecker street, which has a deep and abiding interest for everybody. It consists of 31 sketches, printed upon one sheet, and by a new process made to form a perfect historic description of those charnel houses of the South. The sketches were taken on the spot by Lieut. O. R. Dahl, of the Topographical Engineers, while a prisoner, and are intensely and strictly accurate.

A SLEEPING-CAR, with 20 berths, lately started out from Cincinnati. *Another* was added during the trip.



THE FENIAN CONGRESS AT THE ASSEMBLY BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 16.



THE EXECUTION OF CHAMP FERGUSON, AT NASHVILLE, OCT. 29.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. F. WAGNER.



THE GREAT FIRE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

NIGHTFALL.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

THE nightfall brings me calm and rest,
A sweet forgetfulness of life;
And quiet reigns within my breast,
And stills the day's warm strife.

I hold a tryst with memory then;
We look into the vanished past,
And peace drops o'er my heart again—
A peace that will not last.

At nightfall, when the world is still,
I hear the voices of the dead,
And then I feel my heartstrings thrill,
With words that they have said.

Oh! nightfall, wrap me round about,
From all the garishness of day,
And keep the bustling world without,
Oh, keep the world away!

Oh, day pass by and heed me not;
I ask no pitying smile from thee,
One boon alone, to be forgot,
By all the world and thee.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.—ESAU MOUNTS ONE OF THE GATES OF KNOWLEDGE, BUT SLIPS DOWN AGAIN.

IT is just a week since Richard Sleuth went away—a magnificent summer evening—and Esau sits on the stable gate, enjoying it in his own manner. All are busy or away.

Esau, as he sits on the gates, is engaged in studying a fragment of an old corn bill, and over which he sometimes laboriously traces a letter in imitation of one he sees on the bill-heading. If the result be satisfactory, he throws his head back, and takes a long look at it, and rewards himself by a bite of an enormous apple that lays beside his rough copy-book on the tower.

When two or three failures have irritated him, he will look across the side wall, and, in a surly voice, ask Phillis, who sits in the wide porch there, dressed in her best, and singing as gaily as the evening birds, if she can't "hold that row a minute."

For a few minutes all has been perfectly silent, when the creak of a gate makes them both start and look up. It is the peddler who has entered the garden.

While the man stands with one foot on the step of the porch, peering into the passage, Esau regards him fixedly. His apple has rolled down into the road, but he does not seem aware of it, or that he is crushing the charcoal in his clenched hand.

The peddler reaches his hand to the bell. At this instant his eyes encounter Esau's, and, instead of ringing the bell, he comes out of the garden and round to the outside of the stable gates. As Esau sees him approach, he makes a motion as if he would slip down from the gates, but his eyes, bright and startled as the eyes of some wild animal at bay, seem fascinated by the man's face.

"Well, my little man, are you here all alone?"

They remain face to face, staring at each other silently, and there comes into the man's eyes a look, first of suspicion, then doubt, then quick, positive recognition and hatred—a hatred he sees reflected in the boy's bright, unflinching eyes and pale face.

Esau sat still watching him, as an unfledged bird watches the rearing head of a snake against its nest, ruffled, shrinking, motionless in all but its panting breast.

As the bird stretches out its neck to look after the snake when it moves a little away, Esau stretched out his when the man turned from him. He saw that he was moving round to another part of the house, and that he did not look back at him; and then he took his arm from the tower, dropped to the ground inside the gates, made one little piteous motion with his hand to the bull-dog, who instantly leaped to him, and followed him into the stable.

When Gibbs came home that night, he found him lying asleep in a far-away corner, with his arms round the dog, and his face stained with tears.

On leaving Esau, the peddler had gone round to the kitchen, where he, no doubt, gained all the information he wanted; for when he set off on his road again, which happened to be the road to Rimboldon, he walked with a quick, satisfied step, and there was a smile on his face that did not make it more attractive to the few wayfarers who passed him.

* * * * * *

On the same evening of the meeting of Esau and the peddler, Richard Sleuth is alighting from a hackney coach, which has brought him from London to this little wayside inn, where Gibbs is to meet him, in accordance with Sleuth's wish, as conveyed in a brief letter. He looks greatly improved in health and spirts, and he leaps from the dingy, rickety vehicle, with quite a springy movement, as if well satisfied with the result of his inquiries at Leeds. But where is Gibbs with the gig? Sleuth can see nothing of either.

While he goes into the middle of the road to gaze along it, a man, who is one of those hangers-on of public-houses, who are always ready when wanted, or when not wanted, came up, and said, touching his hat:

"Take the portmantey into the house, sir?"

"No," said Sleuth. "I am expecting a man with a gig presently, to fetch me."

As Sleuth spoke, something in the man's voice or manner attracted him. He was gazing at Sleuth, not directly, but with a side-glance that shunned observation. Sleuth looked at him more closely, but the man was quite a stranger. As he stood there, keeping a kind of guard over the portmanteau, Sleuth said to himself:

"Oh, he only wants to earn a sixpence, and is wondering whether I am the man to give it to him."

So again he looked out for Gibbs and the gig, and, as he did so, again became aware of something strange, knowing, almost confidential, in the face of the man who was taking care of his portmanteau. Then Sleuth thought he would, in a quiet way, get round to him in his seemingly objectless pacings to and fro, and have a word with him.

"Not much to do hereabouts, I suppose?" he began, as he reached the man.

"Don't mind that, sir, so long as one gets a profitable job now and then."

"But you don't call this profitable, do you?" asked Sleuth.

"That's as it 'appens. I'm not down on my luck, sir, just at this present."

"What's your name, and what do you do?" demanded Sleuth, growing decidedly embarrassed at the man's behavior.

"When folk ax for me they mostly axes for Bob the Ostler."

"Hem! ha!" responded Sleuth, as if he were perfectly satisfied.

"I say, mister," suddenly was whispered, in a low tone, into his ear, a minute or two later.

"Eh! what?" exclaimed Sleuth, startled, and turning to face this strange person.

But he, instead of presenting the attitude suggested by his words, was looking humbler than ever, as he pointed down the road, in the opposite direction to Hengston, and said, inquiringly:

"Your gig and man, sir?"

Sleuth looked, and saw Gibbs tearing along the road, the horse having broken into a gallop, and up they came to the inn door.

"Beg pardon, sir, for being so behind time," said Gibbs, looking a little flustered, "but Mr. Anthony gave me a job to do. I'll just give the horse a drop o' water, for sure-ly he be all in a muck sweat, and then we'll soon be off agin, and home."

"Very well, Gibbs; and I dare say you can find time to drink a glass of ale, too. This man is an ostler, and will see to the horse for you."

"Allus look to my oss myself," said Gibbs, as he cast a suspicious look at the stranger, who soon disarmed his doubts by his zeal and willingness to be taught all Mr. Gibb's little ways, even in so small a matter as giving a horse drink.

Presently Gibbs disappeared, and Sleuth, not liking the way in which Bob the Ostler had called him "Mister," thought he, too, would go into the bar, and have something "for the good of the house." Thus Bob was left alone.

The instant that worthy personage became conscious that he was alone, he seemed to become instinct with quite a new life. After a rapid glance up and down the road, he led the horse out of the sun to the shady side of the house, where he could not be overlooked. He then pulled from his trowsers pocket a bulky kind of pocket knife, and opened out an instrument of some kind from it, and then, concealing the whole in his sleeve, where he held it with the tips of his bent fingers, he began to take a kind of groomish interest in the animal, examining, rather hastily, his hindquarters, shoulders, and head, and, much more slowly and interestedly, his feet. Did Bob fancy there was a stone in one of them, the near hind leg, that he must lift it up and examine it curiously, and suddenly wrench out a nail and drive it in again better, with the help of a stone, picked up from under the animal! Apparently it must be so, for he looks pleased, and stands off at a little distance to admire the "sperrit" of the "oss," who winces, and lays his ears back, and paws angrily with his fore feet, and can hardly be kept quiet by word of mouth, so Bob goes to him, and holds the rein, and waits.

But, as he stands, waiting for the return of the travelers, what more natural than that he should transfer the interest he had felt in the well-being of the horse, to the question of the proper state and soundness of the vehicle? So, as he stands with his back towards the corner of the inn, and his face almost close to the wheel, he manages to inquire into the efficiency of the linch-pin, by drawing it out, bending it to and fro till it is almost ready to break, and then he restores it to its place, and waits.

Waits—not for long. Sleuth comes forth, wondering whether, after all, this man knew him, and wanted to say something to him, and, if so, what? And while he slowly approaches the gig, half determining to question the ostler once more, Gibbs bustles after him, wiping his lips, and looking very red with his efforts to eat a substantial meal under cover of the profferred ale.

"Took 'im out of the sun," said the man, as he touched his hat with ostentatious respect.

"Now, then, can't yer be still?" Gibbs calls out, seeing the impatience of the horse. "When he do come out, he's in such a doose of an 'urry to get back, there's no holding of 'm," he said to Sleuth, as he took the reins, and got up to the driving seat.

Sleuth did not seem to like his position in the gig while the animal kept on plunging so violently.

"I thought," said the ostler, as he helped to put the portmanteau in place between the feet of Sleuth and Gibbs, "he must have got a stone in his feet, he's been so queer; but there's no stone, and I can't see anything wrong."

"He's right enough, don't you be afeared," said Gibbs. "Let him go, can't yer!"

Sleuth tossed Bob a sixpence, who, strange to say, took, for the moment, no notice of it, but only stared hard at Sleuth with a most significant expression, as if to say, "We aint parted yet," and so the two men drove off.

At first the horse seemed to go pretty well, though decidedly lame. Gibbs was greatly puzzled at the sudden lameness, and, after finding two or three vigorous applications of the whip produced no change in that respect, he proposed to Sleuth to stop, and let him (Gibbs) try to find out what was the matter. And after walking a few yards by the horse's side in order to watch him, and after lifting each of his feet in succession, Gibbs said, suddenly and decidedly:

"We must go back to the inn, sir, and have the near 'ind shoe off. Summat's wrong. I suspect a nail's been driv into the quick—through his stamping on a hawkerd stone, p'r'aps. The poor thing's dead beat. Look at its face!"

They went back to the inn, and thought to have made use of Bob the Ostler to find them a smith, but he was gone. Of course, there was nothing to wonder at in that; but Sleuth did wonder, even though he was silent. Could that strange man have had any wish to delay them at this spot? If so, with what motive?

Let us leave him to pursue this mental inquiry, with all the ramifications of thought, and hope, and fear to which it led, in order to answer Gibb's question to Sleuth:

"What's become of that fellow, I wonder? He's gone now that we want him."

The ostler had watched the gig out of sight before he stooped, with a laugh, to pick up his sixpence, muttering to himself:

"Not too rich to pick up a sixpence just yet! Oh, no!"

He then lounged into the inn, yawned in the fat old landlady's face as he paid her for a pint of beer, and then said, as if the idea had freshly occurred to him:

"I must be moving on into Lunnun now, I suppose."

And then she saw him slowly go out of the house, and pass the window on the right, going in the direction he had indicated.

But the very instant he had reached the corner of the house, he turned, leaped over a little paling into a bit of garden, then again leaped out at the farther side into a field, and stood, just for a moment, to survey the prospect.

The ostler saw nothing of beauty, except a deep, dry ditch, which ran for a considerable distance in a direction parallel to the road to Hengston. That, however, struck him as an object of considerable interest. A few strides took him into it, and then he began to run as if pursued by some wild beast. On—on—on—heedless of the filth in the ditch bottom—on—still on—he swept, straggling over little fences when he got too tired to jump them, till the ditch came to an end, and he must make for the road, which could not be far off.

While he hesitated as to which way to go for the nearest cut, he heard voices, he fancied, and he thought he would go towards them. He thus not only reached the vicinity of the road, but had, what seemed to him a great gratification, the opportunity of knowing that his late acquaintances, the gig travelers, were returning slowly towards the inn.

"All right!" said the ostler cheerily to himself, as if conscious so much filth, and pain, and fatigue as he had endured needed a word of reasonable comfort. "All right!" he repeated. "Now, then, push along; don't let the grass grow below yer feet."

On again he went through the stalks of a field of beans, till he reached the high bank that went sloping down to the road in a primitive fashion, and there he stripped, and did his best to purify himself, evidently thinking he had time, though not much to spare. This job over, on he went for the third time, and with increased speed.

At first he seemed only desirous to cover the ground, but gradually his speed slackened, and he then began to look very curiously into the state of the road, which was a bye-road, little used. The ostler did not, however, actually stop for some minutes after the beginning of this particular examination; and when he did, it was at a place where the road was getting bad—soft and sloppy at the sides, and deep in the ruts that ran through the middle, forming a single track.

He liked the look of the spot apparently, for he not only stopped there, but presently he went up the little bank on one side to look round, and seeing no person, or house, or sign of habitation, he descended, threw off his jacket, drew forth that wonderful knife of his, and with this he dropped on his knees, and began to dig in the rut nearest to him.

The ground just there proved harder than the ostler had reckoned on, and after digging away for some minutes with his usual but still feeble implement—feeble, that is, considering the work of a spade or a pickaxe was required from it—he paused and looked about him with a heated face, dripping with sweat, and an angry brow, as if communing with himself on the propriety of trying to find an easier place. But a quick glance along the road by which he expected the travelers, seemed to show he was thinking of the shortness of his time; and so, rather than have to begin again elsewhere, he worked on with new energy.

And thus, with the knife and his hands, in the course of some three-quarters of an hour, he scooped out an oblong hole, a couple of feet wide, a yard long, and about a foot and a half deep, the ends of the broken rut pointing, as it were, right into its centre.

The ostler took first one look at his work as he raised himself on his knees, and wiped the sweat from his brow with his elbows, which not only enriched his face with various streaks, but with odors that made Bob spit again in disgust at the smell.

But he was in no mood to stick at trifles—this day might be the making of him. Hark! What is that? The gig coming, and he not ready? Bob hopes not, for he really has worked hard to have his meeting with Mr. Sleuth in this place; and if he does not get it here, and now, he does not know when and where he may get it. No, it is not the gig approaching. He no longer hears the sound which he had fancied to be of the wheels.

"Look alive then," says the ostler to himself, and the monition is attended to. Brushwood is collected from the hedges on each side of him, till he has collected a goodly heap. Then he cuts half a dozen sticks, and resumes his occupation and posture. But if "prayer be labor," and kneeling the attitude of prayer, the ostler's prayers, as indicated by his work, must be of an extraordinary kind.

He first fixes the sticks he has cut so as to form a sort of continuous level, a few inches below the road level, their ends stuck into the soil on each side of the hole. Then he lays thinner sticks across the others, and he lays them very close together. Upon this platform he smoothes out the bundle of stuff—twigs, with foliage—he had collected ready; and now there is an even surface, about the same height as the road generally. The last process the ostler finds necessary is to sprinkle over the twigs a layer of stones and earth, which makes the whole, in Bob's opinion, a "good job," though he looks dubiously at the rut, which suddenly ends and begins again without apparent reason. Bob thinks he could have even managed to make a rut go through his work if he had had more time.

"But it'll do," he said to himself; "and what's the use of worriting for more hard work when a job will do?"

But while, after a moment or two of genuine admiration of the effect of his toil, he thinks of another measure as requisite to ensure success, he again hears a sound, which he believes to be that of wheels.

"Yes; and there's the tramp of the oss's feet. I must hide."

He did hide; where, however, he could see without being seen—among some blackberry bushes. What was his vexation to discover presently that the approaching vehicle was not the gig, but a gentleman's carriage! Of course that carriage would have the benefit of the ostler's little arrangement. There would be damage—a row—inquiry—pursuit, the ingenious artificer might even get put into "quod," as he expressed it, and so all his fine schemes come to an end.

To his intense relief, the carriage turned off when within a quarter of a mile or so, perhaps through some lodge gates. Anyhow, the wrong people were gone, and the right ones were no doubt coming. Quick, then, to finish!

He saw, not fifty yards distant, a heap of stones, placed ready to be broken. Away, as if for a wager against time, he runs to this heap, takes a big stone, runs back with it, and deposits it just outside his bit of handiwork. This process he repeats several times, till he sees on each side of the track made by the ruts, stones lying about among the wet rushes in such a position, that if a traveler driving along the road should happen, by any chance, to think of keeping out of the ruts, these stones would be sure to say to him, "Don't."

Thus prepared, Bob again resumed his place in the tree, and waited for his prey.

Seeing nothing of them for several minutes, the ostler began to mutter:

"I a'most wish I'd let the linch-pin alone. If they break down afore they gets here, it'll be but a half-and-half business, and I may whistle for my interview. Hark! Yes—yes. They're coming, and fast—to make up, I dessay, for lost time. How's my knife? There's no knowing what odd fancies may strike him, if we do get all alone by ourselves—his man out of the way—in this lonely place."

So saying, the ostler felt the sharp point of a short but strong blade belonging to that favorite pocket instrument, and while his fingers were dallying with it, his eyes were fixed on the road, and his ears intently listening for the coming gig.

Nearer and nearer he hears the sounds, and now he sees the gig emerging from a turn in the road. He backs himself stealthily into the thick shelter of the blackberry bushes, and waits.

On the travelers come, and at a great pace. The horse's foot has evidently been set right again. It is also evident the travelers have no fear of their linch-pin. Whether its treacherous character has been discovered, or whether it is now about to be put to the test intended by the ostler, Bob himself is not able to decide. But whether the linch-pin be bad or good matters little now, provided only the travelers will keep in the ruts.

They are now but a few yards off, and do not stop. Bob's heart, such as it is, is in his mouth, to use his own notion of the case. A few yards more, another second or two of time, and—ha! there it is! Heavens, what a crash! Out fly the two men, projected head foremost, but in a side direction, from the gig, as if from some devilish instrument of destruction; while the broken vehicle, with a single wheel, is dragged on by the half-frantic horse.

* * * * *

Bob the Ostler, lying hidden in the bushes, like a spider, waiting for his prey, laughed to himself as he saw what had happened.

"Ha! ha! ha! How some folks keep their appointments!"

TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION OF GUN COTTON.—A week ago, there was a tremendous explosion in one of the military magazines in the Steinfeld, near Weiner Neustadt. By some unknown means 600 cwt. of gun cotton, which was kept in the magazine, took fire. The building was blown to pieces, but fortunately no lives were lost. The sentry was thrown off his legs and somewhat hurt, but, being mindful of his duty, he speedily rose and walked, musket on arm, to the guard-house where he reported what had happened. The windows of the houses in the adjacent villages of Solenau, Pottondorf, and Ebenfurth, were all broken.

A RAILWAY TRAIN ATTACKED BY BRIGANDS.—A railway train from Temeswar to Pesth was attacked a few days ago near Orosslasnos by six armed men with their faces blackened, who having first broken into the house of the keeper of the line and plundered it of forty florins and other objects, proceeded to remove one of the rails of the line, in consequence of which the train from Basiash deviated and came to a stoppage. The brigands, issuing from a retreat, were then preparing to pillage the whole convoy, when the employés of the line, mustering in force, and aided by the passengers in the carriages, succeeded in putting them to flight.

DEAD.

THE seasons weave their ancient dance,
The restless ocean ebbs and flows,
The world rolls on through day and dark,
Regardless of our joys or woes!

Still up the breezy western slopes
The reaper girls, like apples brown,
Bend singing to their gleeful toil,
And sweep the golden harvest down;

Still, where the slanting sunlight gilds
The holes of cedar and of pine,
Chants the lone blackbird from the brake
With melancholy voice divine;

Still all about the mossy trucks
Hums all his darge the woodward bee;
Still fitfully the corn-crake's note
Comes to me from the upland lea;

Still round the forest bower she loved,
The woodbine trails its rich festoons;
The chimney-poppies burst and fill
Beneath the silent autumn moons;

Still round her lattice, perched aloof,
In sunny shade of thatched eaves,
The jasmine clings, with yearning pale,
And withers in its shroud of leaves;

Still round the old familiar porch
Her cherished roses blush and peer,
And fill the sunny air with balm,
And strew their petals year by year.

Nor here, within, one touch of change;
The household ways, the ordered care,
The books—the arms on the wall—
The harp—the music—all are there.

No touch of change! I close my eyes—
It cannot be she comes no more!
I hear the rustling of her dress,
I hear her footsteps on the floor.

I feel her breath upon my brow,
I feel her kiss upon my cheek;
Down phantoms of the buried past!
Down, or my heavy heart must break.

Tales of the Bivouac.

BETRAYED AND RESCUED.

BY WILLIAM H. MORRIS.

At the time the rebel army advanced through the Shenandoah valley, previous to the battle of Gettysburg, the garrison of Harper's Ferry consisted of a brigade of infantry, the 12th and fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry and a small force of heavy and light artillery. The post was so isolated, that, surrounded by the enemy's cavalry, and communication with the adjoining post at the Monocacy was for many days cut off. An attack was hourly expected, and the troops were constantly on the alert.

Officers of the Signal Corps watched, from the summit of Maryland Heights, the movements of the enemy, and reported by signals the columns composed of many thousands each. It was a grand sight to observe the movements of such masses of cavalry and infantry. At night, the camp fires of the enemy encircled the post, and in the morning the signal officers reported fresh inclosing lines.

The suspense increased each day, and the superior officers met often to discuss the probable intentions of the enemy, and to perfect the arrangements for defending the post in the most effective manner.

The steady, onward march of the vast army, and the absence of any demonstration on the outworks, led finally to the belief that it was not in the programme to attack the place, but to turn it.

To ascertain, as nearly as possible, the intentions of the enemy, it was necessary to send scouting parties out to observe his movements, and as this dangerous duty required men of good judgment and an accurate knowledge of the country, those would were from the best cavalry officers and men at the post.

The road leading over the mountains being one by which the enemy could approach, a small picked party, consisting of Lieutenant C—— and four of his men, was sent to reconnoitre it.

This scouting party officer was peculiarly fitted for such service, as he was familiar with the topography of the country, and had that easy, pleasing bearing, that made friends and allays among the residents who were neutral in the cause, and sometimes even among those who sympathized with the rebellion. He was, besides, a superb horseman, and rode a horse remarkable for his speed, courage, and sagacity. The fame of Brown Bill extended even to that of his owner.

Having received his instructions from General Tyler, then in command, he proceeded along the Sharpsburg turnpike cautiously, until felt his way to the top of the hill where the road crosses the range of mountains and descends into Pleasant valley. Finding the country still clear, he continued to advance until he reached the plain. On reaching a point where the road branched off in three directions, he sent a man on each, retaining one by him. While waiting for their return, he heard the tramp of horses in his rear, and before he could mount his men, a party of eight cavalrymen, in gray uniform came in sight. They at once hailed him with the usual challenge.

Lieutenant C—— wheeled his horse and dashed down the road.

The bullets of the carbines, which the mounted men carried, flew past him, but, as is usual in such cases, when pieces are fired in precipitation, they did not hit him. It became a race for life, and one attended with but little chance of escape, for the direction which C—— was obliged to take was one which led him still further from his own camp, and might at any moment bring him to the tickets of the enemy.

With the speed of the reindeer, his splendid horse, Brown Bill, bounded along the winding road, and gradually increased the distance between himself and his pursuers. On reaching a clearing, C—— left the road and directed his course to a deep stream which winds through that beautiful valley. He knew that its width varied from fifteen to thirty feet, and that few horses would attempt to lean it. Twilight was yielding to the darkness of night, and he resolved to place the barrier of the stream between himself and his pursuers. A few minutes brought him to the bank, and with the lightness of the greyhound, Brown Bill leaped across the chasm and stood unharmed on the southerly side.

C—— with that reckless indifference to consequences, which often leads young soldiers to run great and unnecessary risks when impelled by curiosity, and of improving to the utmost the advantage which he had gained by the daring leap, paused to see if either of the graybacks would attempt the feat. They came on, yelling and swearing, but, on reaching the bank, the horses stopped with a suddenness that nearly threw their riders on their necks, and no urging would induce them to even approach the foaming torrent.

"Ha! ha!" said C——, "give my compliments to Stuart," and turning his horse, he trotted quietly towards the thicket.

"Shoot the Yankee," exclaimed the leader; but, before they could reload their carbines, C—— had entered the woods and was out of view.

After riding about half a mile, C—— turned up a small bridle path, and stopped at the cottage of Mr. James. He knocked at the door very gently, but with a slight emphasis on the second rap. In a few moments it was opened by a young female, who carried in her hand a pitcher.

"I am fortunate," said C——, "to find you at home, as I am hunted by graybacks, and must conceal myself till midnight, when I will try to regain my camp."

"Oh, Charles," she replied, "how could you run such risks when you know our people are in the valley."

"I cannot explain now, for the men will soon cross the stream a few yards above the ford where I did, and will, no doubt, search for me in this vicinity. I only ask can you hide me?"

"There is my father's corn-crib, a lumber-room over the kitchen, and that is not safe, for if the men come here, they will search the house."

"Well, it is the best that can be done, so I will go up there."

C—— then took off his saddle and bridle, and turned his horse loose to eat the rich grass of the meadow. As the animal was trained to run on a release from restraint, Brown Bill rolled himself in some soft earth, and in a few moments so changed his appearance that a casual observer would never suspect him of any especial value or speed. Like most blooded horses he had a lazy indolent look, and was the last animal in the idea of sluggishness and a total absence of spirit.

C—— concealed his saddle and bridle under some loose hay, and placed himself in a position where he could observe the approaches to the house.

"Wait here," said Jenny, "until I sing 'The Sunny Side of the Mountain,' and then come through the kitchen to the loft above. Watch and wait."

Having filled her pitcher, she re-entered the cottage, and C—— waited with more impatience than was pleasant for the signal. Presently he heard the first verse of the song, and with a glance the heads of mounted men. He was about retreating to the woods when he heard the song, and with a noiseless step he passed through the kitchen and climbed the ladder to the loft. This being one of those old cottages which were built when the forest was cleared, and it was composed of rough timbers and coarse boards, and had not given an air of taste by the rose-vines which climbed the porch and covered the house. C—— could observe the room below through the cracks of the floor, and he had nearly taken a position which would enable him to "watch and wait" when he saw the enemy enter the kitchen with a white apron on, and her sleeves rolled up to the shoulders. She hastily uncovered a barrel of flour, and drawing out a bottle, she completed arrangements for mixing bread.

The sudden approach of horsemen, and a loud knock at the door, put a stop to her labors, and with an effort, overcoming her dread, she inquires:

"Who is there?"

"I am King and his men," answered a rough voice.

Jenny opened the door, and said in a cordial manner:

"Why, Tom, where did you come from; I thought you were in London valley?"

"That is well enough," said the broad-shoulder horseman, "but we want to know where that curly-headed Yankee is that we are after; you can tell, I reckon, for he turned up your lane, and he has been here before! Now, Jenny, you are a nice sort of gal, but no young woman can associate with a bluecoat, and not be suspected."

"Thomas King," exclaimed Jenny, with indignation, "you know I am as true to the cause as any soldier in the army of General Lee, and that I would not be found in company with a man who beat farm in Virginia," and then placing her lips close to the ear of the ruffian, she whispered, "he is in the loft here, but he is armed with a pair of revolvers, and is a desperate character. He came to me for protection, and I sent him up there, as being the place where he could be best kept a prisoner, for there is only one window, which is too far from the ground to jump out of, and he can't come down the ladder without being taken."

"Ha! ha!" chuckled King, with a nudge of the elbow, "smart gal."

This disclosure, which C—— overheard, astonished him beyond description. He was a prisoner, and betrayed by a girl for whom he had felt and expressed a romantic attachment, and he had every reason to believe she returned his passion. However, he resolved to defend himself to the last, and preferred death to imprisonment in the loathsome pens of the enemy.

King gave some orders to his men, and a sentinel was established in front of the house. The other men came in, and threw themselves on the floor, where they soon fell asleep, leaving King and Jenny to converse, which seemed, to one, at least, to be interesting.

Jenny placed some cold meat and a brown jug on the table, which King regarded with a grin, and proceeded to satisfy an enormous appetite. He helped himself also freely from the jug, which contained whisky. In the mean time, Jenny put flour and water in a large wooden trough and went through with the work of making bread.

King watched her with interest, making rude compliments at her which evidently pleased at the good fortune of being so near a very pretty girl whom he had long known, and, in his own way, much admired.

"You must help me to make a fire in the oven," said Jenny.

King took some light wood, and a coal from the the fire-place, and kindled the fire. While he was so employed, Jenny hastily rolled some dough into long strips, and formed with them, on the table, the word *watch*. The pieces were then made to spell the word *climb*, and were immediately after placed in the oil then forming.

C——, who saw these words, at once surmised her meaning, and proceeded to examine his window and its surroundings. The sentinel occasionally made his appearance beyond the corner, but as his movement up and down his beat was regular, C—— concluded that his movements were to be unobserved. The height from the ground was too great to risk a jump, and even if made, the sentinel would be sure to cause the guard. Above, the eaves were too far to reach, and the sides of the house being smooth there was nothing to grasp, and no way to climb.

At last Jenny had finished her loaves and pies, and they were baked, and taken from the oven. She had now no longer any excuse to remain in the kitchen, and so she took up her candle and said to King:

"I must go to my room now, and will leave you here, as it is warm, and the rain has commenced to fall heavily."

"Good-night, Jenny," said King, and then added, in an under tone, "we will take the fellow at daylight."

Jenny went to her room, and King lighted his pipe and plied another attack on the jug.

C—— continued to watch, and wait, and listen for some indication that would lead to escape. An hour of suspense passed, and still nothing occurred to give him a clue to it. Turning his eyes to the window, for the hundredth time, he saw a small cord with something tied on the ends. He crept to it, and found that it was moved gently up and down, showing that it was held above. Waiting until the sentinel had left the corner, C—— secured the cord, untied the knot, the small cord, and found at its end a rope of about half an inch in thickness. He continued to watch and wait, and when the sentinel had passed the upper end was securely fastened. This he tested by pulling with all his strength. It was a good hold to run. The slightest slip or noise would prove fatal.

He took off his boots and hung them from his neck. Taking, then, the opportunity when the enemy was at the end of his beat, C—— commenced his climb. It was difficult, but not impossible, and in a few moments C—— was on the roof, and in front of Jenny. He pressed her hand, but neither spoke.

C—— drew up the rope and untied the knot which secured it. Jenny led the way to the stable, and then down a flight of stairs to the door in the rear of the house, which she opened with the utmost caution. She placed her finger on his lips, and pointed him gently out.

C—— delayed only to raise her hand to his lips, and once again found himself free.

He crept cautiously to the fence. Making a circuit, he reached the meadow, and after groping about for some time he finally approached his steed, and soon was in the saddle, and rode rapidly.

C—— patted him, and then walked on. Brown Bill followed at a little distance.

C—— soon came to the road leading to the Potomac, and had walked nearly a mile when he saw the smouldering fire of a picket. To pass the chain of sentinels was impossible in the night, and for his horse to do so as well, was the only hope of escape.

C—— crept up to the side of the road, and advanced stealthily, his horse following along the road.

"Who goes there?" challenged the picket.

No answer, but Brown Bill approached the fire.

"It's a lone horse," exclaimed the picket. "Come here, Kennedy and Cook, and help me to catch him."

Into three men approached the horse, but whenever one of them raised his hand to seize his mane, the cunning animal turned his heels towards them, and kept them at a respectful distance which prevented them from securing him. C—— could observe the men, and that their interest increased as the number of the pursuers to the horse became more and more evident. By watching the chance when the backs of all the men were turned, C—— placed his left hand in his mouth, and he crossed the line. Having gone about two hundred yards, he blew on his boots, and placing his little finger in his mouth, he made a short shrill whistle.

"What's that?" said the picket.

"I don't know," answered his companion, "but the horse seems to understand it."

Now Brown Bill, making a plunge in the air, dashed down the road at a speed which so astonished the men that for a few moments they watched him in silence. But recovering his presence of mind the picket discharged his carbine, and at once six cavalry men started to their feet.

"Down the road," shouted the sentinel.

The men mounted, and galloped in the direction indicated. But their chase was useless, for ——had thrown himself on the back of Brown Bill, and was flying along the road at a speed which defied the fleetest of their horses.

We had a good laugh at C—— when he came into camp covered with mud and riding his horse without saddle or bridle. He looked very like a crazy man, and a stranger would not have supposed that dirty-faced soldier, with torn coat, was one of the most elegant and accomplished officers in service.

"What has become of my men?" inquired C——.

"They have not yet returned."

Many days passed before any of them made their appearance, and they were supposed captured; but they all did come back, and their escapes were so interesting, that their adventures will be reserved for future bivouacs.

THE NEW OPERA.

IT is too much of an event in metropolitan life, not only so affecting the fashionable, but also the Democratic music-loving masses, the appearance of a really new opera, to pass without something more than a cursory notice.

On the night of October, the 24th, there was produced at the Academy of Music, under the direction of Mr. Max Maretzek, the new opera, by the brothers Ricci, of "Crispino e la Comare," or the "Cobbler and the Fairy," in four acts, entitled

The plot is slight, and runs in this way. A cobbler named Crispino, has a young and pretty wife, and is very poor and in debt. His landlord entertains a passion for the wife, who scorns him. The landlord, in revenge, threatens to turn them into the street. The cobbler, in despair, is about to commit suicide, but is got out of the notion by a fairy, who gives him money, and also confers upon him the power to cure others. This spoils the cobbler, who, by making some wondrous cures, and getting too liberally paid for them, thinks himself somebody and not only ill-treats his wife, but snubs the fairy who has been the cause of his good fortune. Then comes the usual reverse of all that will bear being heard again and again, and always with a relish.

Of the prominent artistes, we can only say that Rovere has upheld the reputation he has borne for years, as one of the first buffos in the world, while Bellini comes in nearly on a second level. Miss Laura Kellogg, as Annetta, Crispino's wife, has added greatly to the laurels she has already gained, in the several parts she has assigned to the most difficult, and a well got up, on good paper, can be had for $1 50, $3 and $4, according to the style of binding.

NOVEL ELECTRICAL DISCOVERY.—A fresh experiment in Electrical research, has been made at the small watering place of Fecamp. One of the Professors, M. Bourbouze, had formed leisure for the arrangement of an apparatus by which an incessant current is produced, and the instrument is made supply, so as to form an effectual motive-power capable, according to the statements, of ringing bells to any extent of continuance. The process is extremely simple. A certain number of cork is set afloat on a body, over its surface is spread a zinc plate, while between the cork and the zinc is placed a piece of cloth. A wire conducts the fluid, test free by this juxtaposition of materials, to the opposite extremity, to be there available as an impelling power for purposes which may yet suggest themselves.

YOUNG FOLKS, an Illustrated Magazine for boys and girls published by Tickner & Fields, for Boston, has reached us in the earliest number of the day in serial literature. Number 11 has just reached us. This is the issue of a pleasant and very much pleasant reading, not only for boys and girls, but for children of larger growth.

AN ELEGANT AND FASHION.—One of the most popular establishments in Paris, situat d on the Boulevard des Italiens, and known as Tortoni, has just disappeared. It was a shop opened by a pastry cook named Tortoni, in the year 1720, with a capital of $10,000 a year by selling exclusively a paste cake called "gateau." M. Richemont sold his establishment and was succeeded by others, who each in his turn realized a handsome fortune. The consumption of ices in the course of the several years that six women were occupied from nine in the morning until midnight, during the season, is almost beyond calculation. Every evening the boulevard was crowded with persons waiting their turn to be served, and sometimes it was found to be necessary to place policemen on the boulevard to maintain order. The shop, however, the chosen of the elite, and the shop was deserted. It is now closed, after an existence of 45 years.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHER, Philadelphia, have just published The Lover's Trials; or, the Days before the Wedding. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. It is, perhaps, following out an old story to say anything as to the merits of the work of the writer we believe, but we regard this as being one of her best, if not quite the best. The style of the narrative is easy and natural, nothing, it is enough to say that it comes from Peterson.

A HUNGARIAN DICK TURPIN.—ROZZA Lander, the Dick Turpin of Hungary, passed through Vienna, a few days ago. Rozza, who was a very warm patriot, is on his way from Kufstein, in the Tyrol, to the fortress of Theresienstadt, in Bohemia, where he has to remain five years and a half. Originally he was sentenced to imprisonment for life, but the punishment was a few days ago commuted at the request of the Hungarian Chancellor. Rozza, who is fifty-four years of age, was sent to Kufstein about nine years ago.

IT has been remarked in Marseilles, as elsewhere, that since the appearance of cholera, rats have entirely disappeared.



EXECUTION OF THE CHIEF OF THE ASSASSINS OF THE ENGLISH OFFICERS AT YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

EXECUTION OF MURDERERS IN JAPAN.

Our readers will remember that, some months since, several English officers were brutally murdered at Zeddo, and the demand of the British government for the assassins. The last scene in the tragedy has just been performed, the execution at Yokohama of the principal assassin. As the scene was of more than common interest, we have illustrated it.

Soon after daylight, the assassin, bound in a sitting posture upon the back of a horse, was taken from his prison, and, guarded by a detachment of police, was conveyed through the principal streets of Yokohama, preceded by criers haranguing the populace and relating his crime, and by bearers with huge placards, on which it and his sentence was written, as well as by the executioners.

At ten o'clock they reached the place of execution at the principal gate, where the executioner, with one blow of the sabre, whipped off his head, which, in accordance with the sentence, remains exposed at the place of execution.

A MYSTERIOUS CASE.

There lives on the outskirts of the town of Otranto, a very worthy man, who unites the various trades of blacksmith, carpenter, bricklayer and store-keeper, in great perfection. He has a numerous family of children, and a large progeny of pigs. The children were made to work as soon as they could walk, but the little pigs were better treated, and had only to work their way through Indian corn and butter-milk from day to day as little pigs ought to do. I should have told you that the name of this general tradesman and and artificer was Humphrey Perkins. And he was a clinker; for from morning till night there was nothing but clink, clink, clink, to be heard throughout his dwelling.

His house has as many apartments in it as a royal palace. Some of these are closed till they are wanted for the exercise of some particular branch of his business; others are open at all times. Besides one wing of the building is a range of piggeries; and here did Mrs. Perkins, the wife of the honest jack-of-all-trades, who was wofully, as she termed it, fond of pigs, luxuriate in the prospect of her farrow of 13 to the dozen. Night and morn did Mrs. Perkins count her 13 pigs; but on one fatal morning the number was reduced to 12. The sty was searched; every crack and cranny investigated; all the outbuildings were examined; and even the very woods round the dwelling were threaded in the hopes of finding the lost pig, but in vain—the pig was gone.

The next morning the 12 pigs were reduced to 11, and Mrs. Perkins' consternation was indescribable. The idea of "gone astray" was scouted; and, rather than suspect the honesty of her neighbors, the good woman was charitable enough to think that the little porkling might have squeezed his way through the palings of his dormitory. So Mr. Perkins placed an extra stake between each of them.

The following morning the number was reduced to 10. Mrs. Perkins counted the pigs again and again. Yes, there were but 10; how could it be? Everything now gave way to horrid suspicion, and it was determined to keep watch, and catch the thief. So Humphrey, the husband, much against his will, consented to sit up the following night to guard the piggery. It was a very cold, dark, squally night, and he sat himself down snugly behind the water-butt, where he had thrown some straw, to keep his midnight watch.

Midnight came, and with it a sharp north-wester, which made Humphrey keep close to the whisky bottle. The straw, too, began to grow, to his thinking, mighty comfortable. The solitary grunt of the old sow had ceased, and the wind lulled, and the stars shone out placidly; so that, what with the silence, and the starlight, and the calmness of the hour, and the brandy, Humphrey Perkins fell fast asleep.

The sun awoke this patient watchman; and so Humphrey got up from his straw. The old pig began to grunt, and the young ones to squeak. Mrs. Perkins' voice was heard coming downstairs:

"Well, my love, what is the news? Have you caught the thief?"

"Not at all," said the good worthy man. "The quietest night I have spent for a long time. Depend upon it no mortal hand has had to do with the pigs."

"Eight, nine!—Eight, nine!" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins; "why, what have you done with the other pig? I can but make nine now; yesterday there were 10.

"Count them again," said her spouse.

"I have counted them; do you think I cannot count? I tell you there are but nine; and I declare it is my dear little dolly that is gone."

And here the poor women wept as if she had lost her youngest child instead of the doll pig, which is the name usually given to the pet of the farrow.

The next night another pig was missing. There were but eight on the morrow. Every method was taken to discover the thief. The pigs were at last removed when they had been reduced to six, to a lock-up house. For awhile they were safe. But one morning the six were by some unaccountable means reduced to five.

Again the whole house were in consternation. Watch was kept by Mrs. Perkins and all the family, but nothing was seen or heard. A couple of weeks passed, and at last the remainder of the pigs were removed to their old quarters. On that very night a pig disappeared.

Mrs. Perkins now thought that the whole was a supernatural visitation, and determined no longer to lament. She considered it as a just judgment upon her for her overweening partiality to them.

"It is true," said she to herself, "I deserve it all; I loved them better than my own children; and often have I put in the pig-tub what I might have given to the poo ."

The fatal day at last arrived when this patient lady, thus humiliated, ventured to look into the sty; and there stood one as disconsolate as herself, but not half so patient—the reft mother of her progeny, all alone!

Mrs. Perkins went to bed sorrowful. She lay for some hours pondering over her terrible losses, when she was aroused by a loud, unearthly roar; then a noise, as if the house was shaken from its foundation.

Humphrey jumped out of bed, and seizing a thick stick, which lay in the corner, away he rushed, with a light in his hand, to the scene of confusion, his wife closely following him. He opened the door, and there, jammed in between the transverse bars of the sty, stood upon his haunches an enormous black bear, whose eyes reflected the light most hideously. Mrs. Perkins shrieked, but Humphrey rushed on. The overgrown, fat, and jammed-up wretch could not defend himself. Blow after blow fell on his devoted head, until the beast lay prostrate.

A clue was now obtained as to the fate of the porkers. Bruin had, undoubtedly, taken them one by one in the most clandestine manner.

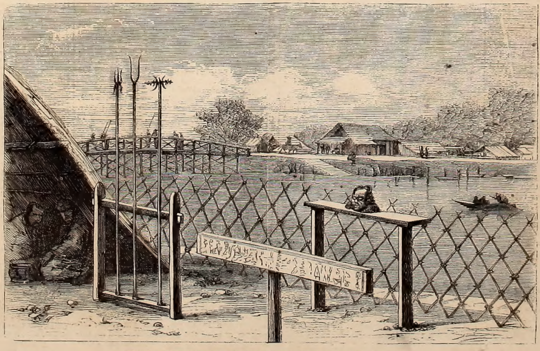
Yes, it was true; one by one had Bruin made himself master of the pigs. He came for the mother of the brood, but she was not so easily misled. The sequel is easily guessed. The bear's skin paid the value of the pigs, and the grease was worth something.

"And now," said Mr. Perkins, "let me advise you, my dear, when you kill another pig, as you did just before these losses occurred, never to fry the chitlings when the wind lies towards the forest, or with the door open."

"As true as I am a woman," said the dame, "I do believe that it was the scent of those fryings that brought this ferocious monster to my poor pigs. I should like to have had some revenge on him."

"You shall have as fine a ham out of his carcase as was ever made from a real Berkshire. If you do not know what bear hams are, I do."

And so saying, Mr. Perkins dragged Bruin out of his cramped position, and in a few minutes was performing the butcher upon him. In less than an hour he was hung up by the heels, and turned out in as neat a style as any sheep or calf in Washington Market.



PLACE OF EXECUTION AT THE PRINCIPAL GATE OF YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

THE GREAT FIRE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

This almost fabulous and romantic spot has been and is now the scene of a terrible conflagration, the flames not having been extinguished at the latest advices. An eye-witness writes us:

"Nothing can exceed the magnificence of the scene. For miles the impenetrable forest, for human feet, is in flames, and from its depths rush every description of animals and reptiles that have for so long inhabited the fastnesses undisturbed until now. The roar of the fire can be heard for miles, and the rapidity with which it flies along the undergrowth, or from tree to tree sets at defiance frequently the attempts of the animals to escape. At one time will be seen emerging from the wood bears, panthers and various smaller beasts, panting with fatigue and scorched, while almost beside them crawls, swiftly, the deadly rattlesnake and copperhead, while overhead, with shrill cries, birds of prey, and otherwise, with burnt feathers and wings, soar heavily on, or occasionally drop in the fierce furnace beneath them.

"The Dismal Swamp has in its dreary recesses hundreds of negroes, who in the days of slavery fled thither to escape their task masters, and in many cases have never again appeared among white men. How many of these poor wretches have been consumed it is impossible to say, but it cannot be supposed that they have gone unscathed.

"When the flames will be stopped is something that can only be guessed at. Nothing less than heavy rains, long continued, can be the means of its extinguishment, and even that is doubtful. The amount of animal life and the destruction of timber is beyond computation, and the inhabitants dwelling upon the edges of the swamp have their hands full in fighting off the fire from their houses and barns, and in destroying the animals tha issue from the fire."

Wanted to be a Commodore.—Capt. Fox tells a ludicrous story of a fellow who applied at the Navy Department early in 1861 for a position. He represented himself as being an admiral in the Turkish navy, and for a time he deceived almost everybody. Nothing less than a commodore's command would suit him; but the captain was suspicious and preferred to investigate. The man was going far towards making out a case of persecution against the Navy Department, when some lucky accident disclosed the facts of his career, and showed him to have ornamented a European chain-gang.

A BOY'S ADVENTURE

With an Eagle.

On the west of Windermere, in Cumberland, England, is the tremendous pass of Borrowdale; and amid the mountains leading to this pass is a small village. Near it the river Derwent pursues its rapid course, leaping from rock to rock. Close to the entrance of the gorge is a detached mountain, called Castle Crag, which obtained its name from a fortress that once stood on its summit; and at its foot is the romantic village of Grange, situated among the woods and meadows which skirt the borders of Derwent lake.

In the village of Grange there lives a worthy yeoman, or small farmer of the district, named Perruddock. He has two sons (twin brothers), Robert and Richard, both daring boys, who, from living among the mountains, are as healthy and vigorous as the wildest of the mountain races.

Now, it so happened that Robert was sent with his sheep on the mountains, taking for his companion, as was usual, his dog Jock. Robert set off, and proceeded through a wood which entangled a rocky promontory, stretching out into a narrow pass of the lake; but, leaving the grassy margins and scattered copse which bordered the water, he threaded the Dragon Pass, as it was called, and soon all around him became one scene of mountains, which hemmed him in, rising with awful and precipitous fronts. While Robert was surveying this scenery, with rather a spectacular than a traveler's eye, he sighed with regret at not being able to see the spring of even a grouse or a rabbit, or to hear the shrill cry of the buzzard. But at last he thought he beheld, as a far speck veering in the wind, the tremulous wing of an eagle, and rejoiced within himself that something approached that might, at least, relieve the monotony of the hours he had to spend till the evening.

"Ay," said the boy, "if I could only get a shot at you, my friend, I think it would go hard with me if I did not bring you down."

The eagle now came nearer, and, with a circuitous flight, but still keeping at a great height, spread her strong wing round and round the peak upon which our hero stood.

"You are afraid to come lower," said the boy, elevating his gun, which he never traveled without.

To this the eagle seemed to reply by uttering a loud and wild scream; at which the dog Jock raised his ears and eyes, and gave a sharp and peevish bark.

At last Robert fired; but by the time the smoke cleared away, he observed the bird soaring high in the air, with something in its claws. The boy looked again.

"It is too true," said he; "the bird has stolen my dinner."

And so it had; for on the spot below, where Robert had first rested, he had left the bag, containing bread and meat enough for a couple of meals; and the loss was, in such a place, a very serious evil: to replenish it was impossible.

"But you shall not have my dinner, though," said the boy, "if that is where you are going."

The eagle had passed over to Castle Crag, and settled herself among the ruins of the keep. Robert searched in vain for some track or avenue by which he might enter the ruins, which the eagle had made her eyrie; but he searched in vain. The snow still lay in the clefts and crannies of the rock, and it was, at the height at which the boy now was (being nearly 3,000 feet), exceedingly cold. But his hunger increased, and with it his determination to regain, if possible, some portion of his food; and, if not able to do so, to have some satisfaction on the thief. Robert put as much of the snow on one side as he could, and crawling on his hands and knees, soon found himself in a low arched passage or vault. The passage now took one turn, then another, till at last it terminated in a rude flight of stairs cut out of the solid rock. These he ascended (and they were numerously till he reached the inside of the keep of Craig Castle. He looked up, and the walls seemed as if they would fall in upon him; and the wind, roaring without, gave a deep and hollow sound above. While he was looking upward he heard a rustle and flutter, at the same time a heavy stone fell down below, which, had it fallen upon him, would inevitably have killed him.

The eagle was alarmed, yet seemed to scream defiance to the young intruder, who, clambering over one hill of rubbish and then another, found his way at last finally stopped by a high wall. To scale this wall was now the great difficulty. By means of his gun, which he placed in one of the loopholes, as a means of support, after many unsuccessful attempts, at last gained the summit. But, alas! it was but the summit of a wall; while, on one side was the whole depth of the upper part of the mountain, and on the other the deep abyss of the keep. Robert, however, saw that it led to the very spot where he believed the old eagle to be feasting on his dinner; and, creeping on his hands and knees, he at last gained the further extremity of it, and entered a narrow window in a corner tower.

Robert felt assured that he was at last in the immediate vicinity of the eagle's nest, and was overjoyed at the success of his enterprise. He proceeded, therefore, silently; and, having entered the lower window already mentioned, he found himself on a narrow staircase, or rather flight of stone steps, which led to the top of the turret.

With great effort he obtained a footing among these, and found himself within a few yards of the top. But still he neither saw nor heard of his old enemy the eagle: and he began to think that all his labor was in vain, and that the bird had taken her flight while he had been combating with the difficulties of the ascent. Determined, however, to ascertain for a fact whether such was or was not the case, he still continued to clamber over the broken stones, till he could reach the verge of the top of the turret with his hand. But just as he laid hold of the stones, and was about to raise himself higher, a loud scream startled him, the stones came tumbling about his head and ears, and he felt the fierce pounce of the eagle's talons upon his fingers.

He made a desperate effort, and drew himself up to the top of the tower, placing one leg over a jutting stone, so as to secure himself from falling. He had scarcely time to do this before the eagle made a bolder flutter, and, with a slight wheel in the air, attacked the unfortunate boy with extraordinary fury. Robert was now, however, firmly seated, and, taking his gun in his hand, began to buffet the gigantic bird as bravely as his little remaining strength would permit.

The eagle now drew off, and dashed down upon Robert with a tremendous plunge; but he evaded the shock by stooping his head, at the same time he dealt the bird a terrible back stroke, which sent it reeling down the interior of the keep.

In consequence of this rencontre many of the stones became dislodged; and as the eagle was partly disabled by the blow she had received, Robert looked about him, and there, in the corner of the turret, was the eagle's nest, with two young ones, in their callow down, screaming for food. There, too, was Robert's dinner-bag, safely tied and bound-which the eagle had been endeavoring to pick to pieces, but the tough canvas of which it was composed had made the task a tedious one.

The courageous boy now thought he should be sure of his dinner, and was preparing to cock his gun, when the eagle, having recovered herself, again came to the attack. Spreading her wide wing, she made a short circle in the air, and pounced down upon the boy's head, tearing his bonnet from his brow, and inflicting a desperate wound on his forehead. But Robert now leveled his gun and fired. His shot took partial effect; the eagle reeled and fluttered downwards. Robert now drew nigh to the nest, and, having seized his bag, was about to carry off the young ones as his trophy, but the parent bird had recovered herself, and again attacked him with redoubled fury. He still defended himself as well as he was able, dealing the bird many a stout blow, and, in all probability, would have succeeded in driving her off, but, to his consternation, he beheld, like a speck in the air, another eagle approaching in the direction of the place.

"It is the male eagle," thought he, "and I shall now be killed and eaten."

But he still stood on the defensive, and, as often as the eagle attacked him, succeeded in striking a blow and keeping her in some degree at bay. The male eagle was, however, now at hand, and made a furious swoop towards the scene of combat, and with the force of his body, progressing at the rate of twenty, perhaps forty, miles an hour, made his tremendous pounce upon poor Robert, who, stunned with the blow, tumbled head-over-heels down the ruins he had previously climbed.

All that night Robert's father sat anxiously watching for the return of his son. The evening hour came at which he usually returned, but no Robert; the sun went down behind the mountains, and the stars began to blink, but no lowing of the cattle or well-known voice of the dog fell upon the anxious father's ear. The moon arose, but silence still reigned; and, like Jacob on the loss of Joseph, the poor old man began to think some ill had befallen his son.

Being a cripple, he could not go after him, and he feared to send his brother. There were no neighbors near, and it was almost useless to travel over the mountains to them at that hour of the night. The poor old father, therefore, sat in the deepest misery, wringing his hands, and watching from his window, and listening to every sound or footstep.

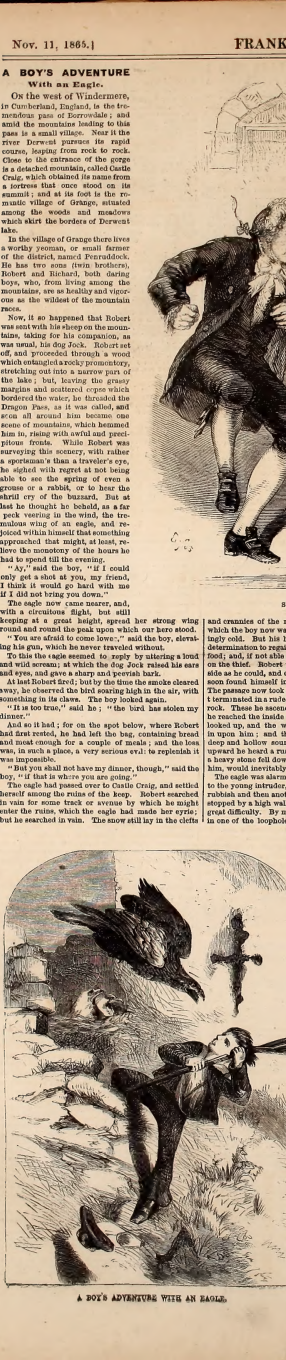
Richard, when he saw his father in such distress of mind, determined to go up the mountains and seek his brother. He apprehended that he must have fallen from some of the mountain heights; and, after wringing from his father an unwilling leave, he took a tall staff in his hand and rapidly ascended towards the place at which his brother ought to have been found.

From mountain to mountain Richard roamed and called, and the moon was going slowly down, and dark clouds were rising in the west. The moon now became obscured, and he could scarcely see before him; yet he still kept his way onwards till he had reached the top of another elevation.

The wind blew fitfully in gusts, and he thought he heard distant thunder. He listened and shouted, however between the pauses of the blast. At last, as in answer to his shout, he thought he heard the faint bark of the dog. Richard sprang forward, full of joy, but at the moment he did so a sudden flash of lightning showed him that he was within three paces of the extreme verge of a perpendicular rock 500 feet deep, and, before he recovered himself from his terror, the thunder burst with a fearful crash overhead, and echoed from rock to rock from a multitude of tongues. He avoided the precipice which the friendly lightning had revealed to him, and, descending by its side, endeavored to direct his course in the direction of the dog, which at intervals still continued his barking.

Forward he went, with new vigor, in the supposed direction of the dog, without any guide but his own sagacity. A flash of lightning at last, however, revealed Castle Crag and its walls immediately above him, towering amid the clouds, which had partly surrounded its base; and he would have felt some confidence had he not, at this moment, received an unknown blow from behind, which nearly stunned him. Before he had recovered himself from this stroke, he felt his cap forcibly torn from his head, not by a gust of wind, but by some invisible hand.

He plucked his broad clasp knife from his pocket, determined, if again molested, to use it manfully. In a few seconds he received another severe blow, and at the



SCENE FROM THE NEW OPERA OF "CRISPINO E LA COMARE."

A BOY'S ADVENTURE WITH AN EAGLE.

A MYSTERIOUS CASE.

same moment made a quick, front-handed plunge in the direction from which the attack came. It pierced some soft body, and he heard a tremulous sound, and a rustling among the rocks. The boy now kept his course onwards, expecting every moment to be again assailed. Nor was his expectation without cause; for he had not accupied more than one hundred feet, creeping his way in the darkness, when, suddenly, he felt his bare crown crig-ined by sharp and piercing claws, which went to the very bone. He tried to disengage himself, and to shake off the unearthly gripe, but to no purpose. He made a plunge forward with all his remaining strength, then, overcome by fatigue and the most intense terror, he fell backwards insensible.

The storm of that night had passed away when Richard opened his eyes and beheld his brother Robert kneeling by his side, endeavoring to staunch the blood which was streaming from his temples. There, too, was the faithful dog; and as soon as he could rise and look around him, he saw on two fallen enemies who had so furiously beset him in the darkness—the two eagles—both dead and stiff. The corrective plunge of his good clasp-knife had indeed done the poor boy valiant service.

And now the two brothers kissed each other, and the delighted dog waged his tail for joy, and barked, and frisked, and capered, at the delight of returning home.

"But," said Robert to his brother, "I will not go now without my dinner."

And so, without further words, he again mounted towards the eagle's nest, on the top of the keep, and, from knowing the way, was soon at the fated place. There lay his dinner and the eagle's dinner, cold and shivering; the two eagles, now without a parent to provide for them, on a parapet of the keep, dead and deserted.

"I will be your father," said Robert; "I will bring you up. Come along with me."

So saying, he gathered the half-fledged birds within his frock, and singing his bag round his neck, quickly descended to his brother.

Richard had now been idle. Delighted with the success of his valor and prowess, he had already walked to the spot where the two eagles lay, and commenced the spoil of their bodies to his own, by tying them neck and heels together, and swinging them over his shoulders had received his brother with a loud hurrah.

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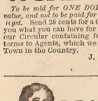
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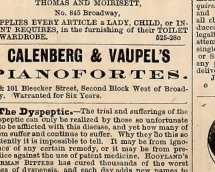
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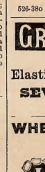
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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1861, by Frank Leslie, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York

No. 529—Vol. XXI.] NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 18, 1865. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. $2 00 Six Months.

Policy of the President.

The meeting of the next Congress, in the first week of December, is an event to which all men look forward with unprecedented interest, and which will signalize a period in our history as marked, perhaps, as that of the attack on Sumter, or the surrender of Lee. Upon the action of that Congress will rest, in great part, the decision of the question whether we have fought a great war in vain, and having destroyed the name of slavery, we have let its dark and sinister spirit survive, clothed with power, as substantial as before, to oppress, to plot, and again rebel. It remains to be seen if that Congress can be deceived or suborned, so as to permit the *repeal* of the ordinance of secession—by which action the *right* of secession is most distinctly chained—and the *acceptance* of the fact of the abolition of slavery as the *act* of the general Government—by which the *right* to re-establish it, under State authority is reserved—whether Congress will accept these reluctant and temporary concessions as a sufficient atonement for the past, and a sufficient guarantee for the future, and admit the insurgent States to all their original power and influence in the nation. We have, for our own part, no doubt that Congress will meet as fully and squarely the issues presented to it, as did our soldiers in the field, and with equal success. If the rebellious States have supposed, for an instant, that they could abuse the leniency, liberality and generosity of President Johnson, and, under the shelter of his name and influence, ride over Congress back into the Union, and the enjoyments of all its advantages and honors, retaining still the essential features of the system which was "the direful cause of all our woes," they will find themselves grievously disappointed. There is a lion in their path, which President Johnson could not remove, even if he were so disposed, and that lion is the loyal Congress of the United States. President Johnson has not affected to know what will be its action, within its own province—action with which, as he told the Virginians, he could not interfere, even if he would.

Happily the President's policy, as lately developed, seems to be exactly in accord of that which the country expects Congress to pursue, and which it is certain to adopt. The past few weeks have shown, through Mr. Johnson's own speeches and dispatches, and through those sanctioned by his authority, four most important things:

1. No rebel State can hope to rehabilitate itself, unless it accepts President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, as an absolute abolition of slavery within its borders, and unless it makes that abolition a constitutional ordinance.

2. No rebel State can come back, or be represented in Congress, which does not adopt the Constitutional Amendment, abolishing slavery and prohibiting it in the United States and its territories for ever.

3. No insurrectionary State can hope to be recognized as a member of the Union which does not entirely repudiate all debts and obligations contracted in the effort to destroy that Union.

4. No rebel State can be understood as having abolished slavery, which denies civil rights to the negro, or refuses to admit him the right to hold and convey property, sue and be sued, and to testify in the courts.

Non-compliance with these conditions, according to the avowed policy of the President, will be equivalent to exclusion from the Union, and will justify a continued military occupation of the incorrigible States. These conditions will be equally insisted on by Congress, which, in addition, will insist that every man claiming a seat in the House of Representatives, or in the Senate, shall take the "test oath," and swear that he has never voluntarily aided or abetted the rebellion.

On the question of negro suffrage the President has declared himself, distinctly, in favor of giving the right to vote to every black man who fought in the armies of the United States, to every one who can read and write, and has a tangible property interest. The question of suffrage, however, having always been one of so exclusive State regulation, and one futhermore on which opinions may, with good cause, gravely differ, the President does not insist on the extension of the vote to the negro as a condition precedent to the re-



FEARFUL EXPLOSION IN FRONT OF THE WYOMING HOTEL, GREENWICH STREET, NEW YORK, ON SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

organization and rehabilitation of the refractory States. He, however, is not insensible to the grievous wrong that would result to the white people of the North and West, if we were to continue the system of representation now existing, whereby the white men of the South would be able to send thirty-three representatives to Congress, on the basis of a negro population having no voice in their election. He has, therefore, declared himself in favor of amending the Constitution, so that representation shall be based only on the number of voters. This would make a man's vote equal in all the States, and not as now, give a "mean white" in South Carolina two-and-a-half times the political power enjoyed by the votor in New York or Ohio.

The intelligent, reflecting, prudent, far-seeing men of the South, whatever their antecedents, must perceive that the late war has been a revolution, and that the majority of the nation having, first by the peaceful and lawful agency of the ballot, and afterwards by the stern arbitrament of war, asserted their principles, defined their policy, and declared with terrible emphasis their purpose, will not stop half-way in their work of regenerating the Republic. They will not "hold their word of promise to the ear, and break it to their hope." The results of the late terrible war must be tangible and permanent, and what those results will and must be, has been declared by no "Northern fanatic," but by a man of the South, born there, reared there, and by the South elevated to every dignity which he ever enjoyed, except that of President of the United States.

The nation shall be sufficiently consolidated, "centralized" if you will, to give it, not the constructive, but the permanent right and power to live, to suppress insurrection, and repel aggresion. This is no longer a loose aggregation of States, but a Nationality, a People, with policy and purposes of its own, and it will accept no doctrine, admit no principle, suffer no act of omission or commission, to interfere with or invalidate the great object which its founders had in view, and to which the development of events, and the duties it has assumed towards humanity, have called it.

Men of the South! Let five years, in many respects sad and fearful years, show to the world that, albeit through fire and blood, we have been able, during this infinitesmal space on the dial of time, to gain an advance in ideas, in national education, in righteous achievement, such as no nation before us has achieved, through weary toil and struggling, in the course of centuries. That we have leaped over the sluggish cycles, landed at a bound on the milennial shores, and in a manner as striking as irreversable, established the principles of Republicanism and the endurance of Free Institutions.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

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A Place for the Schoolmaster.

IN the State of Tennessee there are 83,000 adults (whites) who can neither read nor write, and 300,000 white children for whose education there are no adequate facilities. The present white population of Tennessee is about 830,000; so that one person in 10 is absolutely illiterate. When to these are added the thousands of blacks, just released from slavery, whom the masters kept in ignorance, the aggregate shows that something ought to be done to enlighten this dark corner of the republic. Can we expect that the Union can be comprehended, cherished, and sustained as it ought to be, by a State thus sunk in ignorance? What a commentary do these statistics afford on the old oligarchical system of the South! If slavery needed a stigma more horrible than another, to brand it with the execration of mankind, it is afforded in the ignorance and wretchedness which it entailed, not on the black man alone, but on the white man. The teachers of Tennessee are in convention, endeavoring to devise ways and means to extend education in the State. They earnestly urge the people to consent to a tax of a million of dollars per annum to place the schools on a proper footing. Tennessee could make no better investment of the money. It was out of the 83,000 illiterate adults that the Tennessee contingent in the rebel army was mainly supplied.

THE total debt of the United States, on the 1st of November, was $2,740,854,756, being a decrease of $16,834,812 since the 1st of August, or at the rate of $101,008,872 a year. The amount of legal tender notes outstanding Nov. 1st, was $633,709,581, being a reduction of $44,500,000 during the month of October.

ALL doubts as to the purposes of the President regarding the reorganization of the Southern States, are being gradually dispelled by his authoritative declarations. As regards the debts incurred by the rebel authorities he writes as follows to the Provisional Governor of Georgia, under date of Oct. 28th:

"The people of Georgia should not hesitate one single moment in repudiating every single dollar of debt created for the purpose of aiding the rebellion against the Government of the United States. It will not do to levy and collect taxes from a State and people that are loyal and in the Union to pay a debt that was created to aid in taking them out and subverting the Constitution of the United States. I do not believe the great mass of the people of the State of Georgia, when left uninfluenced, will ever submit to the payment of a debt which was the main cause of bringing on their past and present suffering, the result of the rebellion. Those who invested their capital in the creation of this debt must meet their fate, and take it as one of the inevitable results of the rebellion, though it may seem hard to them. It should at once be made known, at home and abroad, that no debt contracted for the purpose of dissolving the Union can or ever will be paid by taxes levied on the people for such purpose."

As regards the proposed Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery, Mr. Seward addresses Governor Marvin, of Florida, as follows, under date of Nov. 1:

"Your letter of Oct. 7 was received and submitted to the President. He is gratified with the favorable progress towards reorganization in Florida, and directs me to say that he regards the ratification by the Legislature of the Congessional Amendment of the Constitution of the United States as indispensable to a successful restoration of the true loyal relations between Florida and the other States, and equally indispensable to the return of peace and harmony throughout the Republic."

As regards negro suffrage the President declares, if he were in Tennessee, where the question has been broached:

"I should try to introduce negro suffrage gradually; first, those who have served in the army; those who could read and write, and perhaps a property qualification for others, say $200 or $250."

On the subject of making the number of qualified voters in the several states the basis of representation, he says:

"Many years ago I moved in the Legislature that the apportionment of representatives to Congress, in Tennessee, should be by qualified voters. The apportionment is now fixed until 1872; before that time we might change the basis of representation from population to qualified voters, North, as well as South, and in due course of time, the States, without regard to color, might extend the elective franchise to all who possessed certain mental, moral, or such other qualifications, as might be determined by an enlightened public judgment."

We have elsewhere commented on these and other features in the policy of the President, and adduce here the authority for what we have there said.

A BOOK has recently been published in London, entitled, "Men of the Times," which epitomizes the history of a man whom the American nation delights to honor, not less for his services in the field, than for his boldly avowed and honestly entertained conviction that "America is for Americans, and sacred to Republican institutions." We mean:

"Sheridan, Philip Henry, General in the United States Army, was born in the State of Ohio, in 1831. He was educated at West Point, and was admitted into the Military Academy in 1848, where he graduated in 1853. Entering the United States artillery, he saw some service in Texas, where he showed great ability and energy. In 1855 we find him serving as lieutenant in Oregon, and in the same year he sailed for San Francisco, in command of an escort to the expedition for surveying the proposed branch of the Pacific Railway between San Francisco and the Columbia river. This work done, he continued in command of a body of troops among the India tribes, until 1861, when he was promoted to the rank of captain, and on the breaking out of the civil war was appointed Quartermaster of the army organizing in South-western Missouri. In 1862 he became Chief Quartermaster of the Western Department, and subsequently Colonel of the 2d Michigan Volunteer cavalry, in which capacity he cut the railroads south of Corinth. In June of that year he defeated two separate forces of cavalry at Baldwin and Guntown, and in the following month gained fresh laurels at Boonesville, for which he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, when he took the command of the third division of the army of Ohio. Here he distinguished himself by the defence of Louisville, and on the 30th of Dec. following, in the engagement on the banks of Stone river, for which he was promoted to be Major-General. He was subsequently engaged at Chickamauga, where he had his horse killed under him. In April, 1864, he was appointed to the command of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, and in the following May he defeated the Southern forces under Stuart, at Meadow Bridge, on the Chickahominy. In June he set out on a cavalry expedition into the heart of the rebel country, where he repulsed his opponents, and entirely defeated Early in several engagements in the Shenandoah valley. He was subsequently appointed to the chief command of the cavalry, which branch of the Federal forces, under his able and energetic direction, acquired an efficiency, and gained a reputation that it had never borne before. After the capture of Staunton, he pressed on to Columbia, laying waste the country in every direction. On the 30th of March, 1865, he gained the battle of the Five Forks, compelled the rebels to evacuate Petersburg and Richmond, and finally defeated Lee near Amelia Court House, who surrendered on the 9th of April."

PHILADELPHIA is the chief manufacturing city of the country. The amount of national revenue accruing from the city for 1864 was $12,530,000, of which $6,765,000 was derived from taxes on manufactures. It is impossible to calculate exactly the value of the manufactures represented by these figures, as some of the duties are specific and others ad valorem. It is estimated, however, that four per cent. is the average duty on manufactured articles, so that the tax of $6,765,961 48 represents a gross value of manufactures of $169,149,112. It may be considered, therefore, that during one year the city of Philadelphia manufactured nearly one hundred and seventy millions of dollars worth of goods.

A MEMBER of the British Association, at its late meeting, ventured on the assertion that the negro "had never shown ingenuity enough to invent letters, symbolic and phonetic," a Mr. Innes comes forward, in the *Athenæum*, to certify that, if not the inventors of letters, the negroes were certainly the inventors of a system of telegraphy more perfect than any in existence before the era of Morse—telegraphy, not by a system of signals, as was practiced in Europe up to the introduction of the electric telegraph, and was next to useless at night, and entirely so in a fog, but of sounds capable of carrying information at any time. Mr. Innes says:

"I beg leave to hand you a drawing of the 'Elliembic,' or African telegraph, an instrument which has been in existence from time immemorial to the oldest inhabitant in the Cameroons country, on the west coast of Africa. By the sounds produced on striking this instrument, the natives carry on conversation with great rapidity, and at several miles distance. I have one of the instruments now in my possession, which I brought home with me on my last visit to Africa, in 1860. The sounds are made to produce a perfect and distinct language, as intelligible to the natives as that uttered by the human voice, and which I had the means of testing on several occasions. The instrument is in universal practice about the Cameroons; and up in the interior, in the Abo and Budi countries, a part of central Africa not yet visited by Europeans. In visiting this part of Africa, in 1859, my coming was generally announced beforehand to the different villages by the 'Elliembic.' I questioned some of the oldest inhabitants as to the inventor; but none of them could tell me further than that theysupposed 'it must have been some of their great-grandfathers.' This 'Elliembic,' therefore (which is a most ingenious invention), must have been in existence in Africa before telegraphs were dreamt of in England. I may also state that I keep up a regular correspondence with natives on the coast, and their letters will bear comparison with many British correspondents."

MR. RUSKIN, in his late volume entitled *Sesame and Lilies*, declares Englishmen to be "a money-making mob," which is satisfied with "concentrating its soul on pence." This is the perfect echo, on English soil, of Napoleon's famous description of England as "a nation of shopkeepers."

THE increase of our population since 1790 (the date of our first census), has been so regular that a prominent statistician several years ago constructed a table of estimates, which have been verified by the facts thus far, and may be confidently assumed for the future, provided the national condition remains undisturbed. According to this the four remaining censuses of this century will give the following results in round numbers: In 1870, 41,000,000; in 1880, 55,000,000; in 1890, 73,000,000; and in 1900, 99,000,000. Any one, therefore, now living, who lives 40 years longer ought to see this country occupied by more than 100,000,000 of people, enjoying the blessings of civil liberty. But should that be the case, there are those now living who will see the population of the United States rising above 200,000,000.

THE *London Quarterly Review* said in January last: "The North is fighting for a very ancient and vulgar object of war—for that which Russia has secured in Poland—for that which Austria clings to in Venetia—that which Napoleon sought in Spain, and for no victory of a 'higher civilization!'" Query: With the wonderful facility of adaptation characteristic of the London press, what will it say in January, 1866?

BEAUREGARD, a creole gentleman, lately, we believe, in the Southern service, and who has bragged more and done less than any of his colaborers in crime, has written to a contemporary to dissuade it from publishing an article on Jeff Davis' "mismanagement of *our* national affairs." Is the swarthy little general *still* under the impression that the "Southern Confederacy" lives?

WE are pleased to see that *Watson's Weekly Art Journal* has been enlarged, and promises to become a permanent "Record of Events in the World of Music, Art and Literature." The tone of our weekly press sympathises with the more lofty tone of society created by the war, and such works as Watson's Journal will henceforth meet with a higher appreciation.

THE new King of Wurtemburg appears to be mad with the pride of caste. He recently ordered all citizen owners of opera boxes opposite his own seat to give them up, as he would have only nobles sit face to face with him, and on the 15th ult. he published a new code for salutes. All officers in the theatre when his Majesty enters are to rise together, and again when the Queen follows him. The guards are to turn out in good time when the king passes, or the commandant will be held responsible, and lest the soldiers should excuse themselves by saying they did not recognize the king, "exact photographs" of his Majesty are to be hung up in all barrack-rooms, at the cost of the regiment. The vanity and meanness of German royalty are combined in that last clause in perfection, but the insult to the Wurtemburgers is not yet complete. To prevent all mistakes the soldiery are to salute every closed carriage, full or empty, and order absolutely identical in principle with that of Gesler, said to have produced the revolt of Switzerland from Austria. Unfortunately the Wurtemburgers are not Swiss, and will simply regard their king as a trifle too much of a martinet.

THE London *Spectator*, which has been our consistent friend throughout the war, says of President Johnson:

"He is acting a disgraceful part. It was not only as easy for him to insist on the enactment of full protection for the civil rights of the negroes before restoring political power to the States, as to insist on the nominal abolition of slavery, but the one act was a mockery without the other. Unless the Republicans bestir themselves the vile Democratic principles which evidently poison the President's mind will restore the Southern society on its old basis, and all the glory of the war be obliterated by the victory of the caste principle which caused it."

The *Spectator* will find that its fears and predictions are equally unfounded. No State can get back into the Union and the full enjoyment of its political power, which does not give the negro what the Spaniards call "egualidad ante la Ley,' or equality before the law. It was on this issue that a revolution was once made in Spain, and the United States cannot afford to be behind Spain, in its recognition of "human rights."

SPANGLER, the scene shifter in Ford's theatre, who was sentenced to imprisonment in the Dry Tortugas, for complicity with Booth, in the murder of President Lincoln, has written a letter, which has found its way into print, in which he protests his innocence, and says of Booth, quaintly:

"He asked me to see to his horses, which I did; he said that he would make me a hansom present, which he did, six years on the Island of Dry Tortugas."

TOWN GOSSIP.

LAST week we commenced with the cholera, and this week we have more cause to do so, from the very unpleasant fact that a ship, the steamer Atalanta, has just arrived at this port, from London, with 552 emigrant passengers on board, and about 50 cases of cholera, from which 19 have died on the passage, and the balance, now on board, have been transferred to the hospital ship, Florence Nightingale, now lying in the lower bay.

This is bringing the matter strictly home to us, and without rushing into a panic, it behooves us to look about and set our houses in order. We can easily avert the fearful scenes of 1832 and 1849 if we choose, but it can only be done by cleanliness and temperance.

In the case of the Atalanta, she cleared with a good bill of health, but the theory is recognized that she took on board at Havre, where she stopped, the passengers—Germans—that bred the pestilence. There is no doubt that these hundreds of poor people had been lying some time at Havre awaiting the ship, and that they came on board, from that filthy city, dirty and ill fed. On the second day out the first case occurred, and from that time the surgeon on board was powerless to control the dread disease. It was alone among the steerage passengers, the cabin passengers not having been attacked, and at the first alarm resisting the scourge by endeavoring to promote the sanitary state of the ship as well as to keep up the gaiety of the cabins, literally laughing and singing in the face of death. No communication with the steamer is allowed, and all on board will be kept at the hospital ship until all chance of infection is gone.

It may be interesting to all, to show how far the ravages of this disease have gone in all its visitations to us. These are the statistics for New York City:

In 1832 there were 3513 deaths; in 1834 there were 971 deaths; in 1849 there were 5071 deaths; in 1862 there were 374 deaths; in 1851 there were 2509 deaths; all other years 137 deaths. Total 12,775.

The week just passed has brought with it one of those holy days that seem each year to be flitting out from the sympathies of the people. We mean All Hallow Eve, a festival that is still kept in some parts of the world with all the honors, but which with us fact-loving Yankees is fast becoming an obsolete idea, though there are still a few youths and maidens who gather upon the last night in October to roast chesnuts, drop lead, snap apples, eat salt cake, and walk around the block with their mouths full of water. But even with the fading away of the reality, the memory of the happy hours we have enjoyed in the days gone by in keeping All Hallow Ee'n will dwell with us forever. To those who are disposed to study up the olden way of keeping the festival we refer them to Burns' poem of "Hallowe'en." Whoever is born on this day are supposed to have the faculty of seeing ghosts, and will have great good luck. In the church it is kept as a fast day, and is the vigil of all saints.

One of the events about to come off in a few days is the Aerial wedding, a little festival got up by Professor Lowe. The parties to the novel match who are seeking notoriety by getting high are announced as Professor (?) Boynton, of Syracuse, and a Miss Jenkins—we do think we have heard that name before—late of St. Louis. A sister of the bride and a daughter of the groom are to be bridesmaids, and a Philadelphia clergyman is to officiate. The only question is, will the marriage be legal, seeing that it neither occurs on the earth or on the sea.

On the 15th of this month there will sail from this port the steamer Continental, with 700 women on board for Washington Territory. The steamer was loaded by the Government, and the supposable case is that the young ladies will all be married off by signal from the shore as soon as the steamer gets in sight of land, seeing that there are at this time some thousands of anxious bachelors looking longingly for their arrival.

The records of our law makers show some strange things, but we think nothing stranger, in a financial point of view, than that of a bill presented against the city during the past week. It was for mending old Harlem Bridge by a Mr. Chandler, who sends it in this way: To 46 days' work, at $3 per day, $138; one oak plank, $1 50; repairing wrench, $1 37. Total, $140 87. Strange to say, the committee to whom it was referred refused to pay it, declaring that they could not see how 46 days' work could be put on one oak plank, so many gallons of sack to a halfpenny's worth of bread. We thought the treasury paid anything, no matter what, and we can only put one construction on the matter, which is that Mr. Chandler was not in the ring.

The leading topic of the week, next to the cholera, is the *emeute* at the theatres, or, in other words, the strike of the musicians. These gentlemen, who are so essential to the proper amusing of the public and the success of the managers, have chosen to strike, exactly in the middle of a theatrical season, for an advance of 30 per cent. upon their pay; or, having made a contract to receive $14 per week for their services, they suddenly, through what is styled "The Musical Union," demand $20, or, in detached engagements, $7 per night, with boned turkey and champagne, free, gratis, for nothing. Pianists as well as fiddlers are counted in this union, and the consequence, that those who dance must expect to pay the piper, and pay him well.

Now, we are not of those who would undervalue any man's services, but we fail to see the justice of this strike. Firstly, we will not recognize the fact of a mere mechanical musician, who can only read the works of the master, being an artiste. We may as well declare the reader of a great poem on a par with the writer. When the musician arises to the dignity of an interpretation of great music, that adds new grace and beauty to the original, we can recognize the artiste, and only then. One capable of this would not sit many weeks in a theatrical orchestra, holding anything short of a first position, and would find no necessity to belong to a musical union to enforce a recognition of his claims.

Another point in this strike is, that the real time employed by these musicians is little more than two hours per day, rehearsals in the morning, in full orchestra, seldom occurring. For this two hours they charge $3 33, while the whole of the rest of their day is unoccupied, and, unless they are too lazy to work, they can teach, and, by so doing, or by playing in a military band, more than double their income. Added to this, they enforce the privilege of sending a substitute to the theatre upon any evening they may have a more profitable call. All this, counted up, gives these fiddlers and horn-blowers actually more of an income than is realized by most of the intellectual professions of New York—

the actors on the very stage they fiddle for, the writers for the press, who are gentlemen, and the artists, who labor a day's work to produce the scenic effects, are not as well off as these striking fiddlers.

The managers have resisted this strike upon principle, and have gone even so far as to dispense with orchestras, and substitute pianos, without exciting the displeasure of the public. They are determined, hereafter, to have nothing whatever to do with any member of the Musical Union, and we opine that this body will have found, before many days, that they have put their foot in it. Max Maretzek, some time ago, outgeneraled a similar combination among the chorus, by sending to Europe and engaging a new set, and the associated managers have now done the same. There is, therefore, as the case now stands, but one resource for the musicians—a square back down from their strike, or a permanent dismissal, and an overcrowding of their labor market.

The chief theatrical sensation of the week has been the appearance of John Brougham at the Winter Garden, in his own comedy of "Playing with Fire." There is no disputing the popularity of Mr. Brougham, and if it was not shown in his reception at Winter Garden, then no genuine enthusiasm ever was. It was some time before he dould proceed, from the applause that greeted his *entree*; and all through the piece it was resumed, until the climax was capped by one of these speeches which he only knows how to make, and which we can only characterize as the best specimen of a good bad speech we ever heard.

At this house they are using the magnificent military brass band from Governor's Island as an orchestra, with wonderful effect.

At Niblo's, the Ravels are having a success that bids fair to shut away everything else for the season; and with these pleasant little preludes with Mr. and Mrs. Gomersal, who are better than good, the entertainment is the most palatable just now offered.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Three hundred and sixty-one thousand, four hundred and five dollars and ninety cents is due to the Government from the defaulting postmasters of the Southern States, which they retained when the rebellion broke out. They are now being called on for this amount.

—— The War Department has decided, with the approval of Gen. Grant, not to restore the property of ex-Gov. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia.

—— A story, illustrating the cost of amateur farming, is told of a retired merchant, who had a farm on Long Island, with all the modern inventions, and fancy stock of all kinds. After showing a friend over the premises one day, he invited him into the house. "——," said he, "you have seen the best farm in the State; now sit down and rest and take something. I have milk and champagne. Take your choice—they cost the same."

—— The city and county of New York are taxed $19,500,000. This is equivalent to the whole property valuation of some respectable large cities. Add the national tax to the civic, and a New Yorker may well boast of as heavy financial burdens as are borne by the citizen or subject of any monarchical state. Where rascality has been reduced to a science, as in New York, civic taxation is synonymous with systematic plunder.

—— The sales of postage stamps and stamped envelopes at the post office in New York city, for the year ending Sept. 30, amounts to $1,465,032, an increase of $260,800 over the previous year.

—— The Norfolk Roanoke House folks, a few days since, hearing of the whereabouts of a guest who had decamped without going through the usual formality of paying his bill, sent him a note: "Mr. ——, Dear sir—Will you send the amount of your bill, and oblige," etc. To which the delinquent made answer: "The amount is $80 62. Yours respectfully."

—— Dr. Joseph Emerson Worcester, the well-known American lexicographer, died Oct. 27, at his residence in Cambridge, Mass., aged 81 years. Dr. Worcester was a native of Bedford, N. H., where he was born, Aug. 24, 1784. He graduated at Yale College in 1811. His first effort in the field of English lexicography, was "Johnson's English Dictionary, as improved by Todd, and Abridged by Chalmers, with Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary combined," which appeared in 1827. In 1828 he edited, at the request of the publisher of Webster's Dictionary, an abridgment of that work. In the following years several dictionaries were published by him in succession, until he gave to the public, in 1860, his chief work, "A Dictionary of the English Language," the ripe fruit of more than 30 years of lexicographical studies.

—— There were 20,000 persons weighed on the scales at the Boston Mechanics' Fair. The average weight of men was 141½ pounds; average weight of women was 124½. The largest man weighed 293 pounds; the largest women weighed 274½.

—— The 15th of November—first anniversary of the day on which Sherman began his march to the sea—will be celebrated in Chicago, by a Union Convention of officers from the army which accompanied him. Gen. John A. Logan is to pronounce an oration on the occasion.

—— Thirteen divorces have been granted by the Supreme Court in this district, between the 26th and 29th of Oct., all of them on the ground of adultery. In seven of the cases the wives were complainants; in the remaining six the husbands appeared as plaintiffs, and obtained the decrees against their wives.

—— A girl, nearly white, visited the headquarters of Gen. Brisbin, at Lexington, Ky., a few days ago, and claimed military protection from her aunt, a white woman, who claimed her as a slave, and demanded that the girl should either pay four hundred dollars for her freedom, or return again to bondage. The girl is the daughter of the lady's brother, and has lived with her aunt, Mrs. X., for 16 years. The girl, whose name we will call Sally, thinking she had worked long enough for Aunt X. without pay, came to the city, obtaining a pass from Gen. B., and has since continued to live with her husband, who is a hard working, thrifty, black man, and provides his Sally with a good house, and a comfortable living. The aunt claimed Sally under the Mayor's proclamation, as a negro slave, and sought to return her to servitude. When the case came up before Gen. B., he decided that it was improper for relations to hold each other in bondage, and therefore advised Aunt X. to go in peace. She departed.

—— A young man at Cohoes, N. Y., named Fairbanks, robbed his mother of $300 in money and a $2,200 check, on Tuesday. He asked his mother to lend him 25 cents, and she took out her portmonnie in order to comply with his request, when he snatched the purse from her hand with the remark, "This is what I want." He then ran off, and has not been heard of since.

—— A baby about four weeks old was found on a door step in Waterport, Conn., on Tuesday evening. The following directions were found in the cradle: "Give him cow's milk, one-half water, and a teaspoonful of brandy to one gill of food." With him was a lot of handsome clothing, a bottle of brandy, some medicine and a pail of sugar.

—— While workmen were engaged, a few days since, in removing the ruins of the late coal oil fire in Philadelphia, quite an excitement was created by the discovery of the fact that a large quantity of oil had settled in puddles in the cellars of the buildings. Thousands of people flocked to the scene, with tubs, pails and barrels to gather up the oil. One person disposed of what he had gathered during the day for fifty dollars.

—— At the competitive declamation at Harvard College, a few days since, the first prize was won by a student who lost his arm while serving as captain in the rebel army, and the second by a young negro, the first undergraduate of that race who has been admitted nto that University.

—— A judge in Albany has just condemned a burglar to 15 years' imprisonment in State Prison, and gave warning that, in view of the intolerable frequency of that crime, the severest penalty of the law—20 years' imprisonment—would be impartially meted out to all similar cases hereafter brought before him.

—— The teachers of freedmen in Mississippi, many of whom were sent out by Northern societies, are reported as leaving their schools, upon the withdrawal of the troops—deeming it unsafe to remain behind.

—— A gentleman was robbed of a magnificent diamond pin, valued at about $6,600, while riding in a Philadelphia horse-car a few days since.

—— A colored man named Charles Syphax, having a considerable quantity of white blood in his veins, is a man of intelligence and excellent character, and is messenger to Secretary Harlan. It also happens that this colored man is a *half-brother* to Mrs. General Robert E. Lee, and grandson of George Washington Parke Curtis, who was a stepson of George Washington! That is quite a pedigree, is it not? There are seven other men of the same parentage, all brothers; two of whom have been employés of the Interior Department for a number of years. It is also asserted as a well-known fact, that Mrs. General Lee has, in all, some forty half-brothers and sisters of the same sort in and around Washington. So says a correspondent of an Indiana paper.

—— For some time past a gang of thieves have infested Nashville, Tenn., robbing and murdering citizens, and their lurking places could not be discovered. The startling fact was, however, brought to light, on Friday, that there were five different caves beneath the city occupied by thieves and counterfeiters. The caves are of immense dimensions, and guards are now stationed at the different entrances. It is commonly reported that a lake, covering over five acres, and very deep, is directly under the city.

—— A correspondent of the Jacksonville *Herald*, writing from Clay County, Florida, says: Many of the Democrats of that county have come out in favor of negro suffrage, in order to get ahead of the Republicans and secure the colored vote.

—— General Barnum, the Union candidate for State Prison Inspector of New York, wears a rope in the hole which a rebel bullet made through his body, big enough and strong enough to hang a rebel.

—— Colonel Joseph Howland, the Union candidate for State Treasurer of New York, gave $20,000 to fit his regiment for the war, and never received a cent for his three years' services.

—— Between Cairo and Vicksburg, one hundred and one islands have no name, but are numbered. No 10 is now treeless, and almost desolate. About a quarter of a mile of the upper part, where the fortifications were, has been carried away by floods.

—— A few weeks ago a gentleman in Petersburg, employed for the purpose by the military authorities, canvassed the city to ascertain the number of houses struck by Federal shells during the recent siege. His investigations developed the fact that there were over 800 houses struck by whole shells, besides large numbers which received rude touches from fragments of the same. The gas house in the eastern portion of the city is the building which received visits from the largest number of these ponderous missiles, sixty-five of which struck the establishment.

—— Michael Gillis, an insane Irishman at Manchester, N. H., created an excitement on Sunday by stationing himself near the Catholic church, armed with three muskets and several knives, and provided with a lot of ammunition and bread, and raving about the wrongs of Ireland. In the endeavor to secure him he made a bayonet charge on Father Herbert, a priest, and stabbed Assistant Marshal Prescott in the side, inflicting an ugly wound.

—— A party of young men on Monday evening last, while digging for roots some miles North of Vincennes, Indiana, discovered an old leather sack containing $7,000 in gold and $300 in silver. It is supposed to have been concealed there by an old man named Jones, who was sentenced to the Penitentiary some forty-two years ago for robbery.

—— In Greenwood Cemetery there have been up to this date 144,400 interments, averaging for the last few years about 7,000 per annum.

—— The Pension Bureau reports that the whole amount of army pensions paid during the year ending June 30, 1865, was $8,319,672; of navy pennions $205,480. Total for the year, $8,525,152. The number of widows and orphans of soldiers on the pension rolls is 24,716; of sailors, 266.

—— A novel fashion in stockings is announced. It is to wear one stocking of one color and one of another color. Paris has sent forth this ridiculous device.

—— Rats walking over a bell wire lately kept one of Albany's first families awake for a week of nights. They thought it was "spirits."

—— Henry B. Dawson, editor of a new edition of the Federalist, has brought two actions for libel against John Jay. The offensive language is contained in two newspaper letters, in which Mr. Jay reviewed Dawson's introduction to the Federalist. The damages are laid at $60,000.

Foreign.—An eccentric landlord died lately in Stratford, England. He made all his tenants conform to these rules: 1st. There must be no children; 2d. The tenant must not smoke; 3d. Nor keep birds; 4th. Nor exhibit flowers in pots or otherwise in any of either of the windows of the house; 5th. If a bachelor, or widow, or spinster, he or she shall not enter into matrimony during his or her tenancy.



ACTOR AND ORCHESTRA IN ONE.

GREAT ECONOMICAL COMBINATION, NECESSITATED BY THE STRIKE OF THE MUSICIANS OF THE N. Y. THEATRES.

—— An American was teaching English to a German, and on being asked if there were no irregular verbs in English, replied by giving one solitary example. It was, "I go, thou wentest, he departed; we made tracks, you cut sticks, they skedaddled."

—— The cholera sometimes rages in the winter season. In 1830 it raged fearfully at St. Petersburg, Russia, during the whole winter. Cleanliness is one of the best preventives of the disease, and ought to be observed with scrupulous care by local authorities and private persons.

—— In consequence of official orders to that effect, all the French railways will be compelled to adopt appliances for instantaneous communication between every part of the train at the end of the present year.

—— There are 84 religious orders in Italy, of which 80 are possessed of property, and four are composed of begging friars or nuns. The 80 orders are spread over 1,724 religious houses, valued at 40,000,000 francs; the remaining four occupy 658 buildings. The monasteries are 1,506 in number, and contain 15,494 clerical and 4,466 lay members; a total of 19,960. The convents, in number 876, contain 25,869 occupants, of whom 18,198 are professed nuns, and 7,671 lay sisters. Of the total of 45,829 friars and nuns, there are about 20,000 who beg.

—— A short time ago, died at Madgeburg, Capt. Calow, of the Royal Fusileers (Prussian), of a wound received in a duel. It was only after each of the duelists had fired 14 balls that the captain, being shot in the breast, fell. It had been agreed beforehand that one of them, at least, should not quit the field alive. The name of his adversary is Major Von Schack, of the Pomeranian Grenadiers.

—— The subjoined form of prayer has been drawn up by the Primate of England, and is now in use in the Episcopal Churches at Lambeth and Addington. It is anticipated that an Order in Council will be issued immediately, authorizing the use throughout England and Wales: "O Lord God Almighty, whose are the cattle on a thousand hills, and in whose hand is the breath of every living thing, look down, we pray Thee, in compassion upon us, Thy servants, whom Thou hast visited with a grievous murrain among our herds and flocks. We acknowledge our transgressions, which worthily deserve Thy chastisement, and our sin is ever before us; and, in humble penitence, we come to seek Thy aid. In the midst of judgment, do Thou, O Lord, remember mercy; stay, we pray Thee, this plague, by Thy word of power, and save that provision which Thou hast, in Thy goodness, granted for our sustenance. Defend us, also, gracious Lord, from the pestilence with which many foreign lands have been smitten; keep it, we beseech Thee, far away from our borders, and shield our homes from its ravages. So shall we ever offer unto Thee the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, for these, Thy acts of providence over us, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

—— The anniversary of the triumphant entry of the Emperor Iturbide into the city of Mexico, on September 30, 1821, was celebrated with great pomp in that capital, and a monument was dedicated to Morelos, the Mexican patriot in the war of independence, on the same day. One to perpetuate the memory of Iturbide is about to be placed in the cathedral.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION IN GREENWICH STREET.

One of the most sensational occurrences that has agitated New York for a long time, and which bids fair to lead to some rather singular revelations, occurred on Sunday, the 5th November, at about 11 o'clock in the morning, at the Wyoming Hotel, Greenwich street, N. Y.

Two months since, a German, by the name of Leers, took rooms at this hotel, and on his departure left in the office a small box, which remained there undisturbed until Sunday morning, when a gentleman observed a dark liquid running from the box, and smoke following it. The alarm was immediately given, and John Grogan, the porter of the establishment, took up the box and carried it to the sidewalk. No sooner had he set it down than it exploded with a tremendous report, that shook the whole lower part of the city, and was heard for several miles.

The effect was terrific. Twenty-two persons were injured, many of them seriously, the whole front of the house, and the neighboring houses, made a wreck, and the windows broken for several blocks around. The hole made by the explosion in the pavement was four feet in depth, and not a vestige of the box or its contents was to be found.

As soon as the first terror had subsided, inquiries were commenced after Leens, and in the course of the day he was arrested and examined. His story is, that the box contained chemical oils, which were given to him in Hamburg, in August last, to bring to this country for sale; that on removing from the Wyoming Hotel, he forgot it, and did not remember it until he was arrested. He was held in custody for further examination.

There is something mysterious in the whole affair Firstly, what was in the box to cause such a force? and, secondly, that the man should have, as he says, forgotten it when he took away his other baggage. The probability is that the box contained some explosive acids, and that the friction or force of throwing them on the pavement caused the ignition.

SEWING MACHINES.

We are having a great many inquiries for Sewing Machines from various parts of the country, and as we cannot conveniently reply to them all by mail, we have thought it proper to state our opinion in regard to them in this public manner. We have used Wilson's patent, manufactured by the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company, No. 625 Broadway, and we can say in regard to it, that it is without a rival. It is simple, not easily put out of order when in proper hands, and in point of effectiveness and finish, no other machine stands ahead of it. This famous Sewing Machine is highly appreciated the world over. We state this much in regard to the excellent machine upon our own responsibility.

This Company have made and sold during the last three months, about 10,000 machines, and are now producing and selling 150 per day. They vary in price from $50 to $100, and the highest priced ones sell best. In their business there is over $1,000,000 invested, and they keep 900 men regularly employed manufacturing machines. The system pursued is the same as that adopted in the manufacture of arms; every piece is made to a gauge, and consequently the parts of any machine may be transposed with those of another machine of the same size; or, should an accident occur, the broken part can be immediately replaced on application at the office.

There is not an establishment in this country where stitching of any kind is required, in which the Sewing Machine is not employed, and there are few private families in which it is not an acknowledged article of furniture. This Company has just won the highest premium at the International Fair, Dublin, exhibiting its 200,000th machine, beautifully ornamented with the American coat of arms.—*Scientific American.*

HISTORY OF PLAGUES.

It was in 1665 that the great plague devastated London. It appeared in Europe 45 times during the 17th century, but it only raged violently in England three or four times during that period. About the time of the plague a disease prevailed called the "plague of the intestines," similar to the Indian cholera. In 1829 the plague broke out in the Russian army in Bulgaria, and cholera soon afterwards appeared in the Russian southern provinces. During the Crimean war there was a malignant fever, similar to the plague, in Odessa, and the cholera broke out at the same time in the Russian army. The recent plague in St. Petersburg came from the north of the Himalayas, and passed through Tartary and Siberia to European Russia, the same route which the plague followed in 1333, when it destroyed a fourth of the population of Europe and three-fourths of that of England. It is singular that while the plague was passing through Russia, recently, the cholera broke out in Arabia, passed through Egypt, on to Constantinople, Jerusalem, Malta and Tuscany, and even reached Marseilles and Paris. In 1832, 1834, 1849 and 1854 the cholera visited the United States. From 1849 to 1852 a particular epidemic prevailed in Europe and America. Since 1854 the prevailing diseases in America have been in the lungs, throat, and nasal passages, and influenza, pneumonia and consumption have been destructive. During 1856 and 1857 diphtheria was fatal. From 1661 to 1664 the diseases prevalent in England were ague; from 1664 to 1666, lung affections and the plague; from 1667 to 1669, smallpox and fever; from 1669 to 1672, cholera and dysentery; from 1673 to 1675, measles, cough and catarrh. During the second quarter of the present century there was a tendency in London to diarrh a and diseases of a choleric character, which were more fatal from 1827 to 1831. Diarrhea continued fatal up to 1837. A pestilence follows low levels, made lands, places where sewerage is defective, where population is crowded, as in tenant-houses; where debauchery prevails, as in brothels and liquor-houses; and where various exhalations arise. An epidemic is fearful, because its movements seem to be almost incomprehensible. Its mystery constitutes its terribleness. For a time it supersedes other diseases, or somehow combines with them, complicating their symptoms, and after it has apparently disappeared, its peculiar influence often remains, till a new cycle begins, and some other disease takes the lead. The plague and the cholera, at those periods of their destructiveness when their character was most unequivocally exhibited, it has been observed, generally terminated the existence of their victims often without the accompaniment of pain. Few perished, except those who had by age, exposure, fear, or in some other manner, lowered the tone of their vitality, and then the hand of death touched them gently.

Extraordinary Scene in a Church.—A most extraordinary scene recently occurred in a church in Bridgewater, England, arising from a dispute between the pastor and the congregation in regard to the placing of candlesticks on the communion table, the introduction of which articles the people conceived to savor too much of Puseyism. The church-wardens finally appealed to the bishop of the diocese to have the objectionable candlesticks put out of sight, and, after investigation, he ordered the incumbent to immediately remove them, and at the same time express regret for having acted contrary to the wishes of his congregation. Accordingly, on the following Sunday there was a crowded congregation, assembled to listen to the "regrets" of the offending divine, and among them a reporter from one of the local papers prepared to chronicle the proceedings. The reverend gentleman espied the reporter, with his book in hand, upon which he said, in a loud tone of voice:

"I shall refuse to proceed with my sermon till that person puts away his writing materials. I will not submit to such a desecration of God's house."

The reporter remained as before, and the reverend gentleman then abruptly closed his book, pronounced the benediction, and sent the congregation away without the sermon. In the afternoon the reporter was again present, and the service proceeded as in the morning, until the clergyman ascended the pulpit, and looking towards the reporter, he said:

"Before I commence my sermon, I must again request that person to put away his writing materials. If he will not do so, I must call upon the church-wardens to take them from him; and if they will not do so, I must call upon the congregation to take them from his hands."

A rough-looking fellow, a boatman, who was in a pew at some distance, rose with angry looks, and gesticulating fiercely, said:

"If the churchwardens won't do their duty, somebody must."

He seemed disposed to carry his idea of duty to a practical conclusion, when the clergyman, seeing he had gone too far, motioned to his muscular ally to sit down, and he did so. The reverend gentleman then said:

"It will be impossible for me to go on with my sermon after the deliberate insult which has been perpetrated. It was my desire to have welcomed back to their seats in the house of God the churchwardens; but they have cast a deliberate insult upon me, for I have full evidence that that miserable individual (the reporter) is here at their instigation, and by that proceeding they have placed themselves beyond all sympathy."

The congregation then left the church.

London spreads over more than 720 square miles, contains 2,600 miles of streets, has 360,000 houses, a population of 3,000,000, and an assessed annual rental of over $300,000,000.

EXPERIMENTS With the American Torpedo-Shells at Chatham, England.

THE first use of submarine explosive shells for the destruction of hostile ships of war is attributed by the Americans to Mr. David Bushnell, of Connecticut, who, about 1777, contrived a machine in which he operator, with air enough to breathe for half an hour, could dive under the bottom of an enemy's vessel, and fasten to it a box of powder, which was afterwards to be fired by means of a gunlock and a long cord. This machine, which took its name from its shape resembling the American turtle or torpedo, was tried without success against the British squadron in New York harbor and in the Delaware. Twenty years later Robert Fulton, the author of steam navigation in America, devised a method of applying submarine bomb-shells, which he laid before the British Government. It was discountenanced by our naval authorities, but found some favor with Mr. PITT, who on one occasion witnessed, near Walmer Castle, the blowing up of the brig Dorothea by means of 180-pounder torpedo—that is, a explosive shell, the name being now transferred from the original diving-machine to the immediate instrument of destruction. Fulton's shell was provided with clock-work to set the gunlock in action and fire the powder, after the lapse of a given time. The whole subject, however, seems to have lain in abeyance until the Russian war of 1854, when the channels leading to Cronstadt were defended by sunken magazines of powder, held by buoys at a certain depth beneath the surface; the intended method of ignition, when the enemy's ships passed over, was by the breaking of a small glass tube, containing sulphuric acid, which would then flow down a long flexible tube, containing at its bottom a preparation of chlorate of potash, so as to produce a flame communicating with the magazine. These Russian torpedoes, however, did not prove very efficient, and were harmlessly fished up by our exploring boats.

The late rebellion has occasioned the practical application and modification of these engines of warfare in a great variety of forms. They were extensively used by the military and naval engineers of the South, the most successful example being shown by the destruction of the Tecumseh, at Mobile, in August, 1863. A torpedo diving-boat, with steam-engine and screw-propeller, and with two vanes, like the fins of a fish, to regulate its upward or downward motion, was constructed by them at Charleston, and another at New Orleans; but in these instances the torpedo-shells, as employed by the Southern men were to be thrust forward at the end of a long arm or spar, so as to be placed in direct contact with the bottom or side of the ship to be destroyed. This principle, which seemed fatal to the usefulness and convenient applicability of the invention, has been entirely superseded by the new kind of torpedos exhibited at Chatham, England. The merit of this novel combination, in its present shape, is shared by Mr. W. W. Bowley, Chief Engineer of the United States Navy, and Mr. G. W. Beardslee, of New York, inventor of the magneto-electric telegraph, which had already been employed with success for military and engineering purposes on land. Without going into a description of Mr. Beardslee's invention, which supersedes the galvanic battery as well for the transmission of messages as for the explosion of mines or magazines, at any distance, either on land or under water, and sunk at any depth, it may be stated that the magneto-electric apparatus, requiring no acids or plates, is carried in a small box, as portable as a writing-desk; it may be worked very easily upon an open telegraph wire on land, or a wire in the water, insulated by a coating of vulcanized india-rubber. In August, 1864, when Mr. Beardslee's apparatus was experimentally applied to the ordinary line of telegraph wire between New York and Washington, a charge of gunpowder at Washington was fired in an instant by the operators at New York, and vice versa, at a distance of 240 miles; whereas in former experiments of this sort with Grove's galvanic battery, the combined power of no less than 150 pairs was required to ignite powder by means of burning a platinum wire, at Baltimore, 40 miles from Washington.

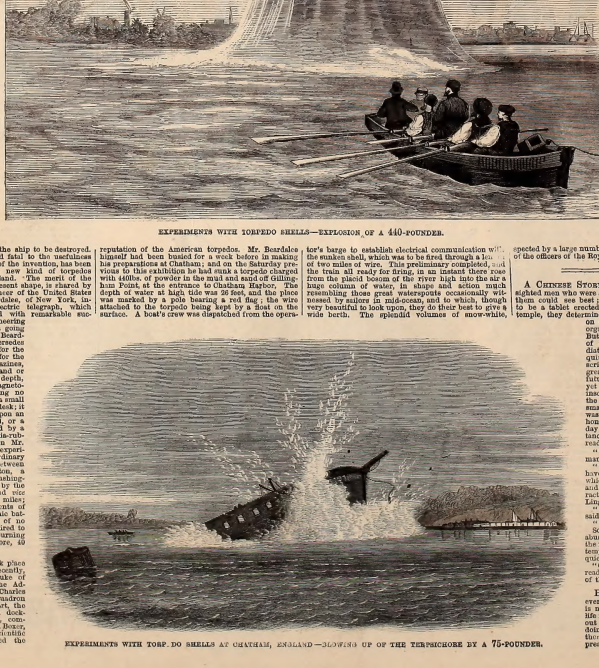
The exhibition which took place in the River Medway, recently, in the presence of the Duke of Somerset, First Lord of the Admiralty; Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Talbot, commanding the squadron at the Nore; Captain Stewart, the superintendent of Chatham dockyard; Sir Robert Walpole, commander of the garrison; Col. Boxer, and other professional or scientific gentlemen, fully maintained the reputation of the American torpedos. Mr. Beardslee himself had been busied for a week before in making his preparations at Chatham; and on the Saturday previous to this exhibition he had sunk a torpedo charged with 1400lbs. of powder, at the mouth of Gillingham Point, at the entrance to Chatham Harbor. The depth of water at high tide was 36 feet, and the place was marked by a pole bearing a red flag; the wire attached to the torpedo was kept by a boat on the surface. A boat's crew was dispatched from the operator's barge to establish electrical communication with the sunken shell, which was to be fired through a length of two miles of wire. This preliminary completed, and the train all ready for firing, in an instant there rose from the placid bosom of the river high into the air a huge column of water, in shape and action much resembling those great waterspouts occasionally witnessed by sailors in mid-ocean, and to which, though very beautiful to look upon, they do their best to give a wide berth. The splendid volumes of snow-white, feathery spray soared quickly to a height of little less than 300 ft., and then fell gently again in exquisitely graceful curves into the vortex whence they had risen, leaving no trace of themselves behind, save a slowly-expanding circle of bubbling, foaming water, the muddy, yeasty aspect of which showed that the river had been stirred to its lowest depths.

The explosion of the next torpedo—also a 440-pounder, but suspended two feet below the surface—produced effects but slightly differing from those just described.

Preparations were now made for destroying the Terpsichore, 18-gun sailing-brigsie, which had been placed at the disposal of Mr. Beardslee by the Admiralty in order to put the destructive powers of the torpedo to the most practical test. Although a torpedo charged with only 50lbs. of powder would, according to Mr. Beardslee's statement, be more than sufficient to destroy a vessel of the size of the Terpsichore, he had proposed, with a view of obtaining the fullest possible effects, to use a full charge of 440lbs. in the torpedo sufficient, it may be remarked, to destroy the largest vessel in the British navy. It was, however, considered, that as themselves a force brought to bear on so comparatively small an object would be attended with results not contemplated; and accordingly a couple of 75-lb. torpedos were taken, in the small boat, close alongside the Terpsichore, and then sunk, being just let down from the side of the boat. As the tide was running very strong but one of the two torpedos lodged at its proper place, so as to have the ship within reach of the explosion; the other, being carried aside as much as 10 feet or 12 feet, could have no material effect. The boat with Mr. Beardslee and his men drew off a short distance; then, after a momentary pause, came the stifled report of both the torpedos at once, and the Terpsichore suddenly rose at her bows 10 feet or 12 feet into the air and heeled over on her starboard side, while great masses of water burst up through her decks, her whole frame being convulsed and heaving as with agony, till she began to settle down forwards. In another moment her stern stood up at an acute angle, and her bow sank deeper and deeper. No 4 foremast, however, of her timbers was seen to be detached from the rest of her hull, not a splinter had been shot up into the air or had fallen off into the water, and she appeared to be going down bodily. The mischief she had received would seem to be a broken back; for she still continued to go down by the head, until, in about five minutes from her first movement, she lay fast aground in the Medway mud on an even keel, with the tide, now at three-quarters ebb, up to within a few inches of her portholes. There was not then enough water entirely to cover her. Even had the explosion not sunk her, the tremendous shock she sustained would have rendered her useless, while steam-ides of the ehock may be formed from the circumstance of the whole of the iron knees on the port side, which carry the upper deck-beams, being wrenched and broken off. The frigate has been inspected by a large number of persons, including several of the officers of the Royal Engineers.



EXPERIMENTS WITH TORPEDO SHELLS—EXPLOSION OF A 440-POUNDER.



EXPERIMENTS WITH TORP..DO SHELLS AT CHATHAM, ENGLAND—BLOWING UP OF THE TERPSICHORE BY A 75-POUNDER.

A CHINESE STORY.—There were two short-sighted men who were disputing as to which of them could see best; and as they heard there was to be a tablet erected at the gate of a neighboring temple, they determined they would visit it together on a given day, and put the visual organs of each other to the test. But each desiring to take advantage of the other, Ching went immediately to the temple, and looking quite close to the tablet saw an inscription with the words, "To the great man of the past and the future." Chang also went, trying yet closer, and in addition to the inscription "To the great man of the past and the future," read from smaller characters, "This tablet was raised by the family of Ling in honor of the great man." On the day appointed, standing at a distance from which neither could read, Ching exclaimed:

"The inscription is, 'To the great man of the past and the future.'"

"True," said Chang, "but you have left out part of the inscription which I can read, but you cannot, and which is written in small characters: 'Erected by the family of Ling in honor of the great man.'"

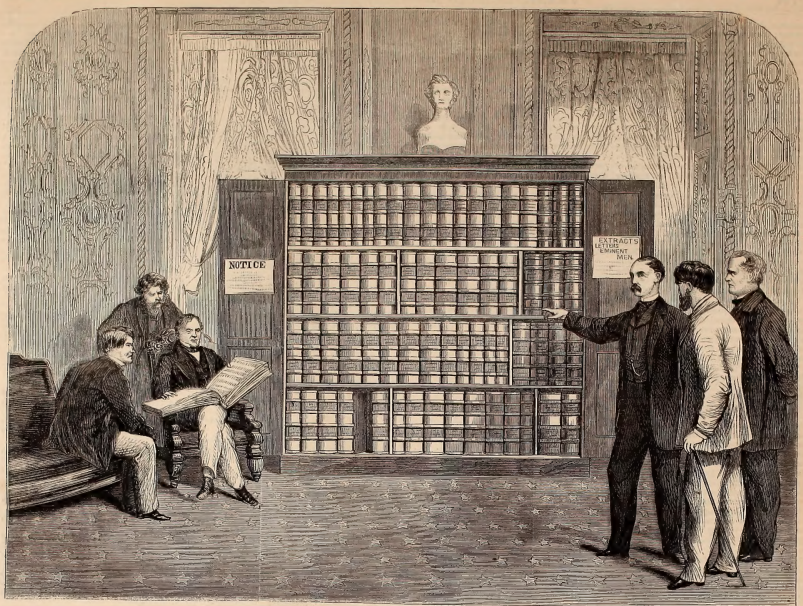
"There is no such inscription," said Ching.

"There is," said Chang.

So they waxed wroth, and after abusing one another, agreed to refer the matter to the high priest of the temple. He heard their story, and quickly said:

"Gentlemen, there is no tablet to read; it was taken into the interior of the temple yesterday."

HERE is the pithiest sermon ever preached:—Our ingress in life is naked and bare; our progress in life is trouble and care; our egress out of it we know not where; but doing well here, we shall do well there: I could not tell more by preaching a year.



MR. THOMAS S. TOWNSEND'S RECORD OF THE REBELLION, AT THE UNION LEAGUE ROOMS, UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

A REBEL FLAG OF TRUCE.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

"Let us bury our dead:
Since we may not of vantage or victory prate,
And our army, so grand in the onslaught of late,
All crippled, has shrunk to its trenches instead—
For the carnage was great:
Let us bury our dead.



"Let us bury our dead.
Oh, we thought to surprise you, as, panting and flushed,
From our works to assault you we valiantly rushed;
But you fought like the gods, till we faltered and fled;
And the earth, how it blushed!
Let us bury our dead."

So we bury our dead—
From the field, from the range and the crash of the gun,
From the kisses of love, from the face of the sun,
Oh, the silence they keep while we dig their last bed!
Lay them in, one by one—
So we bury our dead.

Fast we bury our dead;
All too scanty the time, let us work as we may:
For the foe burns for strife, and our ranks are at bay—
O'er the graves we are digging what legions will tread,
Swift and eager to slay,
Though we bury our dead.

See, we bury our dead!
Oh, they fought as the young and the dauntless will fight,
Who fancy their war is a war for the right.
Right or wrong, it was precious this blood they have shed,
Surely God will requite—
And we bury our dead.

Yes, we bury our dead:
If they erred as they fought, will He charge them with blame,
When their hearts beat aright, and the truth was their aim?
Nay, never in vain has such offering bled—
North or South, 'tis the same—
Fast we bury our dead.

Thus we bury our dead.
Oh, ye men of the North, with your banner that waves
Far and wide o'er our South land, made rugged with graves,
Are ye verily right that so well ye have sped?
Were we wronging our slaves?
Well—we bury our dead!

Ah, we bury our dead:
And, granting you all you have claimed on the whole,
Are we spoiled of our birthright and stricken in soul,
To be spurned at Heaven's court, when its records are read?
Nay, expound not the scroll
Till we bury our dead!

Haste and bury our dead!
No time for revolving of right or of wrong;
We must ventage our souls with the rest of the throng,
And our God must be Judge, as he sits overhead,
Of the weak and the strong,
While we bury our dead.



THE PARTING.

Now peace to our dead!
Fair grow the sweet blossoms of Spring where they lie.
Hark! the musketry roars and the rifles reply;
Oh, the fight will be close and the carnage be dread!
To the ranks let us hie—
Who have peace but the dead?



THE DEATH OF ALFRED.

MARK RICHARDSON;

OR,

The Patriot's Trials.

A Legend of the Revolution.

BY L. A. WILMERE.

CHAPTER I.

THE first scene of our narrative opens with the view of a sandy highway, passing through a dark pine forest, in the State of South Carolina. The date of the story refers to that period in American history when the British had obtained possession of Charleston, and hoped that they would soon be able to secure the general sub-

mission of the State. It was a misty morning in October; the wind scarcely agitated the tops of the tall pines and faintly murmured among the thin foliage. As the country was sparsely settled, there were no signs of a human habitation—not even a fence—and, indeed, no object—except the faintly traced road—to show that man had hitherto visited the spot. A solitary horseman, seemingly as melancholy as the aspect of nature to that desolate place, proceeded slowly along the road—the horse appearing to choose his own pace—for, either in profound thought or deep dejection of spirits, the rider sat in the saddle with his head declined, and the reins hanging loosely about the neck of the quadruped.

And there was little in the appearance of this equestrian which could make an observer (had one been present), suspect that he labored under habitual low spirits. He was young, in the full enjoyment of easy health (as his countenance indicated), and his equipments were such as to make it very unlikely that *penury* had any share in the production of his disquietude. His figure and countenance, moreover, were such as would not lead one to suspect that he had been foiled in an affair of love. What then was the source of this young man's uneasiness? That is the problem which this narrative is intended to solve.

But neither horseman appears within the scope of vision. He is traveling the same way, but at a much more rapid pace. His manner is by no means dejected, but his dress does not accord with him of a strong suspicion of poverty, and his figure and countenance make it very probable that he would have been crowned in love, for there was not much in either which could be supposed to "take" well with the ladies. [This new traveler was a thin, small man, at least five-and-forty years old, with a long sallow visage, where even the expression of good-humor seemed to be cut of place; for a lean, spare, unhealthy-looking person is generally expected to wear a cheerful aspect. The coat worn by this traveler was, of course, gray cloth; the material was rather unsightly, but workmanship (to use a Scotch form of compliment), was "not bad." The garment fitted well, probably closer than the wearer's skin, for that is by far the most usual consequence, conscious, was most likely, loose enough. The beast which he bestrode was scarcely more respectable in appearance than the traveler himself, as he was a gaunt, bony, angular, ill-shaped steed, with that peculiar wildness of expression in the eyes, that strong vivacity, which semi-starvation imparts to most animals, and sometimes to the human species.

But, to have done with descriptions, which are often as tiresome to the writer as they are vexatious and tantalizing to the reader, the second horseman has overtaken the first, and a dialogue begins:

"A good morning to you, fellow-traveler," said the person last described. "I should have missed your company, if that fine house of yours had been put to his speed. But I am glad that no urgency of business on your part has prevented me from overtaking you—for society on this dreary road is almost a luxury."

"Sir, I thank you," said the other, somewhat drily, but slightly turning his head in the glance of the last speaker. "You remind me that my business is urgent, and I fear it will be necessary for me to travel faster, even if I should be compelled to forego the pleasure of your company, the offer of which I most gratefully acknowledge."

"Well, really," remarked the gray-coated traveler (who, as the reader will perceive hereafter, was not easily repulsed), "I judged from your pensive air that a companion might be desirable, if only for the purpose of conversation. Perhaps an older man than yourself might be able to help you with his experience—if there is anything in your present circumstances to make the suggestions of a friendly advisor acceptable."

There was something in the tone and substance of this speech which appealed to the sympathy and confidence of the younger traveler. He made a more accurate survey of his companion's countenance, and, after a short pause, said:

"You seem to have some perception of my embarrassments. The truth is, I have been debating in my own mind whether I may not honorably avoid a task which I cannot conscientiously perform."

"Do you imagine," said the older traveler, "that honor and conscience can oppose each other? that the former can require you to do what the latter tells you ought not to be done?"

"Nay—but having undertaken (not voluntarily to be sure), to perform a certain business, would I not be a breach of good faith—would it not be absolute treachery—to fail in the performance?"

"But will the person who has charged you with the commission were himself a traitor—"

"That must not be said to me," answered the young man somewhat fiercely.

The other smiled as the youth continued:

"Yet your suggestion is doubtless well meant, and, as loath as I am to confess it, it may be an approximation to the truth."

"Then you cannot be bound in honor or conscience to comply with his requisition."

"You seem to be an honorable and judicious person," said the youth, "and I would gladly have your opinion; but if, instead of a stranger with whom I have had scarcely a ten minutes' conversation, you were an old and tried friend, it would hardly be right to intrust you with the embarrassing—the distressing—circumstances of my present situation. You may judge, however, in what extremity I stand when I assure you that, although my errand is hostile to the rebels, as they are called—I would rejoice to be intercepted and taken prisoner by them—yea, to be put to death, rather than execute this mission."

"You say well, sir, and I am happy to meet your wishes. You may be gratified sooner than you expect. Behold in me an officer of the patriot army, and, after the confession you have made, it becomes my duty to take you in charge. Consider yourself my prisoner."

"Stay, sir," replied the youth—surprised but, seemingly, not disconcerted or intimidated—"I have expressed my willingness to be captured, but it seems that my motives have not been well understood. If I am to be treated as an enemy it would be unmanly and base on my part to make a a quiet submission. You must conquer me before I yield myself a prisoner."

A momentary glow on the countenance of the officer menaced an angry reply, but he soon recovered his former composure and calmness, and answered with much deliberation and composure:

"Be assured, young man, that if I thought it necessary to use compulsion, I possess the means to make you perfectly tractable, but the words you lately uttered, make me hope that force will not be required to restrain you from a traitorous enterprise."

"That is all very true, sir, but for my own satisfaction, I would wish it to appear that there is some necessity for yielding."

"And so there is, sir," answered the American officer.

"What! to a single man? You are no match for me in physical strength, and I am as well armed, perhaps, as yourself."

"You may deceive yourself in both of these particulars. In a personal contest I have proved myself too much for a stronger man than you, and I am armed far better than you can be."

"How sir?"

"In the omnipotence of a just cause. But, that you may be assured that I am not better prepared for every emergency, know that I am thoroughly acquainted with the object of your journey; and know, further, that before you expressed a willingness to be captured, I had resolved to capture you at all hazards."

"And pray, sir, what is, or rather, what *was*, the object of my journey?"

"To convey intelligence to the enemy that a rebel force—as you may call it—was gathering in your neighborhood."

"And who, do you imagine, sent me with such a message?"

"Your father, sir; the *loyal* Mark Richardson, a zealous friend of King George."

"Well, sir, I find that you are prepared to estimate some of the difficulties of my case, and yet you know not all."

"I have understood for some time, Mr. Richardson, that you were loyal with a few country as well as to your father. I have reason to think that were it not for a stronger influence than *filial* affection, you would, ere this time, have arrayed yourself under the banner of the King, by which are the divinity you worship; I have seen that mortal beauty which is more the object of your adoration than liberty."

"You mistake, sir. I love Letitia as much as woman can be loved, and I know that to attach myself to your cause, is to abandon her. She, my betrothed, may leave me when I avow my disaffection to what she has been taught to consider the cause of law, justice, and virtue; she will look upon me as an outlaw, a bandit, a man disgraced, a wretch to be execrated, a criminal lost beyond the hope of redemption. Sir, sir, I have seen a more zealous royalist than mine; he would sacrifice his child with his own hand, rather than see her wedded to a rebel. Let your own heart proclaim me; I shall be driven from my home. My kindred will abhor me. All that can make life supportable will be taken from me. Yet, at the moment you overtook me, I had resolved to strike for liberty and my country."

"Your pardon, sir," said the officer, with emotion, "if this is too much. I cannot urge you to make such a sacrifice. As for your present undertaking, it is defended by no necessity. You cannot proceed farther than where yonder stream crosses the road. We have had timely intelligence of this movement, and have taken measures to disappoint those who are its objects. Your father will not be subjected to the indignity of capture by a single man, for not less than thirty armed soldiers will intercept you at the point I have designated. You are now within the range of their muskets, and I beg that you will suffer me to advance first, lest your suspicion should be such as your present occupation, rather than your feelings and principles, may be thought to deserve."

Richardson bowed, and, after spurring his horse to its best speed, proceeded towards the rivulet which had been pointed out as the place of ambuscade; and when the former came to the same spot, he was confronted by several men, who presented their guns and ordered him to surrender. It would have been madness to attempt flight. His disposition been ever so strong; so, with a smile of resignation or satisfaction, he dismounted and was led by the person who had been in charge of the stream, to an opening in the wood, where a party of sturdy yeomen, each provided with a gun, rifle, bowhorn, and other military equipments, were collected.

This little troop was not very warlike in its appearance, but its members, from the dress of the men consisted in its raggedness, and that peculiarity was common to both officers and privates. Some were sitting or lying asleep on the turf, others were cooking, some were furbishing their arms, some were casting bullets, and some were mending, or attempting to mend, their clothes, and this last-mentioned occupation seemed to be the most arduous of them all. The raiment of the poor fellows was in a most woeful and desperate condition.

Richardson's late companion came forward to greet him, which he did with much cordiality, and having welcomed him to what he facetiously called the "camp," he led him aside beyond the hearing of the men, and addressed him as follows:

"Mr. Richardson, I have gone through the formality of making you a prisoner. I now release you on parole, requiring of you merely to promise that you will not again attempt to convey information of our movements to the enemy. You must return to your family, at least for the present. Consider your position well; take a week for reflection; weigh in your mind all the consequences of the step you have professed your willingness to take, and if you find that your resolution holds its force, we will cheerfully receive you as a companion in our hardships and dangers, and a sharer in the glorious prize which we hope to obtain by them."

CHAPTER II.

MARK RICHARDSON, the father of the young man who has been recommended to the kind attention of our readers, was a wealthy landholder, residing a few miles from Charleston. Although a native of the soil, he was altogether in the British interest—in fact, a thorough-paced "tory." His wife and daughter, the latter a very amiable young lady of twenty, were strongly infected with the same principles, and the only son was as yet unsuspected of an hostility to the royal cause.

Early in the afternoon of the day with which this narrative commences, old Mr. Richardson entertained several guests, namely: a neighbor of his—Mr. Carville and his daughter, the incomparable Letitia, to whom some reference has already been made in the narrative. There was some excitement in the neighborhood, the residents of which, especially those of the wealthier classes, were almost all of the tory stamp; for it was understood—as the reader may have gathered from some part of the preceding narrative—that a patriot force was in the vicinity. This force, brought in small parties from Carolina to their spring people, for several reasons: they knew that the "rebels" were daring in the highest degree, that they were much exasperated against the royalists, and that the party which was now in their midst, was commanded by that bold and active partisan, Marion—a man whose name was as terrific to the souls of these tories as the name of *Cœur de Lion* was to the usurping Moslems.

The persons convened at the house of Mr. Richardson were engaged in earnest and anxious conversation, the dictates of partial rage had already been experienced by some of their neighbors; barns and dwellings had been burned—not by the party under General Marion, however—and the fears of the mischievous to the champions of liberty had been put to death—a fate, which, in numerous cases, they had richly deserved.

In that region, the tories who were in arms *for* the king, often committed such atrocities on the patriots *against* the king as put the barbarities of the English themselves completely into the shade. Of course these recreant Americans expected to be harshly treated in their turn, should the patriots ever succeed in the full means of retaliation. Mr. Richardson, therefore, and his friend, Mr. Carville, together with their families, were in a painful state of anxiety, not knowing what moment they might be visited by the exasperated soldiers of freedom.

Old Richardson himself had, by luxurious diet and easy and indolent habits of life, accumulated such a mass of flesh, that he felt himself equally unprepared for combat or for flight. Besides, his corpulent figure—to say nothing of its unwieldiness—was so remarkable, that he was known as the "fat tory" for fifty miles round, and as the surprise, upon the figure of an elephant or a hippopotamus, would have answered his purpose—should he strive to evade pursuit in that way.

For several days he had not ventured out of his house, being apprehensive that some patriot bullet might find its way into his body, which, indeed, he had a sort of fear might exceed the most inexperienced marksman could scarcely have failed to hit. His neighbor, Mr. Carville—though a gentleman of much more confidence in battle or celerity in retreat, remembered, with the compunction of fear, if not with that of remorse, that he had taken part with British provisions and rendered them other essential services, which were doubtless remembered to his disadvantage by his Whig countrymen.

The two arrogant, yet unmanned men, Richardson and Carville that, until the danger was over, Carville and his daughter Letitia—the only surviving members of his family—should, with their servant, should take up their residence in Richardson's house, the object being to concentrate their means of defence. As the two gentlemen had mutually pledged themselves to stand by each other in a case of extremity; and, as Richardson could not have been suspected of any overt acts to the dwelling of Carville, Richardson's home was made a fortification, and the adherents of both these worthies were called to the same place. The windows were boarded up on the outside, and the doors were secured with every imaginable fastening—arms and ammunition were provided, and the premises were assailed for a long siege. While these defensive preparations were in progress, Richardson dispatched his son (as the reader remembers) to the headquarters of Colonel Tarleton, to procure aid, and to notify the British commander that a rebel force was gathered in that neighborhood.

It was now time that young Richardson should return, and his arrival was anxiously expected at the house of his father and Carville. His approach, at last, was observed through the loop-holes which had been left for the purpose of observation, and which, for fear of suspicion when occasion required; and, soon after, he entered the room where the two families were convened.

"Well, my son," cried old Richardson, "have you seen the colonel? Will he be here soon? or what does he advise us to do?"

"I have not seen him, sir," said Alfred, in answer to those three questions.

"Not seen him!" The old fellow's countenance looked as blank as it was possible for such a round, fat face to look. But, perceiving that Alfred was about to explain the cause of his failure, he threw himself back in his seat with a grunt of dissatisfaction, and waited for the disclosure.

"I have been taken prisoner by the patriots under command of General Marion, and liberated on the assurance that I would not attempt to convey intelligence to the royal troops."

"Patriots! — General Marion! — whew!" exclaimed the old tory, indignantly. "Why do you persist in calling the rebels patriots? and why is the title of general profaned on that skulking ruffian, Marion? But, Alfred, I have recorded a letter which will delight you, I am sure; it encloses a lieutenant's commission for you in his majesty's service. You can come on your commission as soon as you please, and now there is a fine chance to display your courage in defence of your friends."

To the amazement of every one present, Alfred showed no signs of joy at this announcement. He stood silent for a few moments, and then made answer:

"I cannot accept this commission, sir, because I have no wish to be a soldier in the royal army."

Old Richardson made a convulsive attempt to start to his feet, but the ponderosity of his fleshy tabernacle kept him confined to a sitting posture, almost as effectually as if he had been screwed to his chair.

"How, sir!" cried he. "Do I understand you to say that you have no wish to enter the service of his gracious majesty, King George?"

"That is my meaning, sir," answered Alfred.

"Did I think it possible that you were a coward I roared old Richardson. "I'll be sworn that you are no son of mine. Get you gone from my presence!"

"I am not a coward!" said Alfred, with a glowing cheek and a flashing eye, "but I have conscientious scruples which will prevent me from fighting under the royal standard."

"Scruples, you poltroon! But, no matter. I will go myself. I will serve my royal master in my own person, and I thought I had a son, but no matter. Give me my boots, Pompey. Off with you, you craven-hearted varlet, and let me see your cowardly face no more in my house."

"What upon earth ?" cried Alfred's mother, whom the noise of her husband's exclamations had aroused from the room. "Where do you think of going, Mr. Richardson ?"

"Ah, madam! here's a fine piece of work," cried the irritated senior. "I'le that my son, Mrs. Richardson ?"

"What do you mean, sir?" answered the lady, very indignantly.

"Oh, no offence, madam. He's a coward—that's all. He refuses to fight for his king. He refuses a commission in the flying artillery, and honor compels me to turn him out of doors."

"You in the flying artillery!" scornfully remarked Mrs. Richardson. "Are you beside yourself? Send your letter be able to crawl before you think of flying."

In the meanwhile, Pompey, the colored servant, had arrived with a pair of boots, which, some years previous, might have been worn by his master, but it was ludicrous enough to compare their dimensions with the present dilated condition of Mr. Richardson's feet and legs. However, the resolute old fellow seized one of the boots, and, with Pompey's assistance, succeeded in getting his five toes into the top of it; but, all his tugging, and Pompey's pushing, could effect no more; and, after several severe struggles, which seemed to be in earnest, Mr. Richardson was compelled to abandon the enterprize. The strapp gave way with a snap, and the old man fell back in his chair, panting for breath. Mrs. Richardson stood watching the experiment with a sarcastic smile, ordered Pompey to take the boots away, and when order was restored to have spoken:

"Really, Mr. Richardson, the growth of your intellect does not seem to keep pace with the enlargement of your body. You think of joining the army, I fear, but, pray, what is the cause of all this commotion ?"

Her lord scowled at her, but made no answer, and turning to Mr. Carville, as if expecting him to give the desired information.

"I must confess, madam," remarked Carville, "that I am as much surprised as you believe that he is serious. To refuse a commission in his majesty's service at such a time as this! It is a most unaccountable conduct."

"He has no flesh or blood of mine," growled old Richardson.

"You may spare him a little of your flesh, and not feel the loss of it," said Mrs. Richardson.

"I have resolved," said Alfred, firmly, "to give my reasons for my conduct to my father, mother, Mr Carville and Letitia, I consider that each of you is entitled to the explanation I am about to make. I have weighed all consequences, and have counted the pain I may give you—I have sorrowed to think of the change of feeling towards me which this disclosure may produce, but I consider that in my part would be base, were it possible. Know, then, at once, that my affections are with the patriot cause. I love my countries, and cannot draw my country harassed by foreigners without desiring to strike a blow in her behalf. I have this day enlisted in the service of liberty, and I have the authority of General Marion for saying that if you, father, and Mr. Carville, will no longer take any part with the British, you will be protected in person and property."

A dead silence prevailed in the room for some minutes. Alfred's declaration fairly stupified the whole party, and the father and the mother looked sat staring at the youth, as if they had recognized him as a visible appearance of the arch enemy. Mrs. Richardson was inexpressibly shocked and dismayed, and Letitia, with clasped hands, and a countenance full of fear and agony, awaited the issue of this most unexpected scene. Carville first broke the silence:

"After the declaration you have made, sir, I propose it is necessary to tell you in plain language with my family is out of the question."

"Call in the servants and have the villain

secured," cried old Richardson. "As I hope for bliss, he shall this night be dead-livered up to Colonel Tarleton, with a request from me to make an example of him. I will have no traitor in my family."

"Sir," said Alfred, "it is not my intention to remain here; and your servants know me too well to attempt to bar my way when I wish to go. I take my leave of you all, hoping the time may come when your own conscience and mine will appear to you in a different light."

"Stop him! Knock him down, Carville! Make sure of him, dead or alive!" cried Richardson.

But Carville evidently did not relish this undertaking. He rose to his feet, however, but meeting the determined look of Alfred's eye, he sunk back, and the young man left the room without molestation. Who shall describe or imagine the bitterness of that moment to the exile from home, kindred, the object of his love, from all that could be consolatory to the soul of man, except the hope of liberty and the proud consciousness of fulfilling a sacred duty? Here was all the comfort that remained to Alfred in this dark hour of adversity, but he felt himself well sustained!

Before he had proceeded many paces from the outer door of the dwelling, he heard himself called, and, on turning, beheld his mother and Letitia making eloquent gestures to him, as if to entreat him to return. He hesitated, they advanced towards him, and he met them half-way.

"My son," said Mrs. Richardson, the tears streaming down her venerable cheeks, "have I ever given you such mortal offence that you should seek to murder me in my old age?"

"No, my dear mother," answered Alfred, deeply affected, "you have been the kindest and best of parents. I murder you! As heaven is my judge, I would die this moment to save you from the slightest annoyance."

"Then go back with us, and let this sad affair be arranged by receiving yourself to your father. Now that the first burst of anger is over, he is overwhelmed with grief, and will forgive everything."

"Mother," answered Alfred, "I have done nothing of which I should repent. I have not committed a fault, and of course I have no forgiveness to ask."

"Oh, Alfred, under what infatuation do you labor? Is rebellion no fault? Do you speak treason and purpose to commit it, and yet say that there is no room for repentance? Do you contribute the lives, and perhaps hasten the death of your parents, and easily find a justification for your acts? And you break the heart of this poor girl, your betrothed wife, to gratify a romantic and guilty phantasy? Will you make yourself the tool and instrument of these heathen men, who have brought all the horrors of war to our doors, and who are, at this very moment, panting for the blood of their friends? Will you abandon those who love you to follow in the footsteps of that cruel, blood-stained monster, whom you call General Washington?"

"Oh, mother, how little do you know of that man," answered Alfred, "and how much you wrong him. It is by his influence that I am not now a bloody corpse. I was detected, this morning, in an act which, by the laws of war, would have justified him in putting me to death. They who were to be my executioners were posted on the road, a short distance before me, and my death would have been quite certain, had not that good man, being advised of my approach, met me on the way, made me acquainted with my danger, and preserved me thus."

"Ah, my son, your life was saved in vain, if you persist in the resolution to join yourself to these rebels. Your life is as much lost to us as if you were dead; the difference is that we may more be deprived of the consolation which we might have felt, had you perished this morning—the consolation of believing that you died worthy of our love. But I cannot believe that you, my son, who never disobeyed a command of mine, will now be deaf to my prayers. You will go back with us?"

"For my sake, dear Alfred ?" said Letitia, laying a trembling hand on his arm.

"Would I attempt me to do that which would make me despise myself through life?" said Alfred. "Could you prevail on me to act falsely towards my country, assure yourselves that I would not live to hear the merited scorn of all good men, and the reproaches of my own conscience."

"You have deceived me, Alfred—cruelly deceived me," said Letitia. "You professed to love me."

"May heaven visit me with its severest judgments if I deceived you in that point. Nothing of earth do I love better, except——"

"Except?"

"My country."

At this moment, while each of the ladies held an arm of the young patriot, and were using all their powers of persuasion to induce him to return to his home, to be happy in the affections of his family and of his affianced bride, the sound of horsemen suddenly appeared in sight. They were the British dragoons, and, as they drew near, the leader was recognized as Captain Carville, by his apprehensions now seized on the minds of Mrs. Richardson and Letitia; they saw the peril in which Alfred stood if his intentions should become known to the severe and ferocious English officer. Both ladies, therefore, besought the son and lover to depart instantly, if he could not make up his mind to go back with them. But there was something in the idea of a precipitate withdrawal which the high-spirited young man could not brook. He, therefore, kept his place until Tarleton and his followers rode up and politely saluted them.

"Mr. Richardson," said he to Alfred, "we hoped to have had you among us before this time. You have received your commission, I suppose?"

"My father has received it," answered Alfred, in a tone almost as supercilious as that of the commander himself.

Tarleton was surprised at the cool and haughty deportment of the youth, so little was he accustomed to meet with such behavior from those with whom he conversed, for the uncertain and tyrannical disposition of the man made him an object of general terror. Mrs. Richardson perceived, from the haughty glance of Tarleton, that a storm was about to burst forth, and the manner of Alfred, his look of proud defiance, was calculated to invite that storm rather than appease it; she, therefore, called off Colonel Tarleton's attention by giving him an account of the hostile movements of the "rebels" in the neighborhood.

The colonel dismounted, threw his bridle to an attendant, and, offering each of the ladies an arm, proceeded with the utmost gallantry towards the house, while Alfred, who saw that the servants of the ladies took back with countenances full of sorrow; but even this little mute appeal was lost on the steadfast soul of the youthful patriot. He turned away in deep distress of mind, it is true (and who shall blame him for feeling like a man while he acted like a hero?), and in a few moments he was tracing on foot the same road which he had traveled that morning on horseback, but in a very different mode of travel being aptly figurative of his reverse of fortune. And what a reverse was that to have happened within twenty hours! In the forenoon of that day he was heir apparent of a princely estate, he was the cherished object of parental affection, and his future was irradiated by the bright beams of successful love. In the next day forth loaded with a father's curse, disowned, destitute of worldly wealth, stigmatized as infamous by his own relatives, and, what was still, to his last Letitia, and with that forfeiture alone he had remembered every hope of earthly happiness. Yet Alfred Richardson was not subdued by misfortune, and never for one moment did he regret the election he had made. He who was not sufficiently selfish to weigh his own private interests with the public welfare, and the consciousness of the vast sacrifices he made inspired him with the feelings and determination of a martyr.

As he walked with a firm step along the sandy road, towards the patriot's place of rendezvous, and where he had proceeded about two miles, he heard the galloping of horses was heard behind him. He then discovered that six or eight British troopers were coming after him at full speed. The supposee could not be mistaken; Tarleton had been made acquainted with his delinquency, and these men had been sent in pursuit. Possibly, by hesitating himself to the woods, which, on account of their density, were impracticable for horsemen, he might have escaped; but he was too brave, and retreat was perhaps the last expedient which he would have occurred to him. He determined to stand his ground, and scarcely had he time to draw his pistols when the troopers were surrounded by the Englishmen, who, with broadsword in hand, claimed him as their prisoner. At this crisis a piece of flame burst from the thick foliage on the side of the road, and Tarleton fell on the Britons fell. In the next moment twenty or thirty "rebels" were at work underwood, and the remaining royalists wheeled round with the hope of escaping, but not one of them was so fortunate. They were all brought to the ground by the American musket balls. General Marion, to whose vigilance Alfred owed his rescue, came forward and gave the youth his hand.

"The die is cast," said Alfred. "I am already denounced as a traitor to the royal cause; and, but for your timely assistance, I might now be died a traitor's death. Let me have a musket, General Marion, and command my services as you please."

THE RICH AND POOR OF NEW YORK.

THE pictures on our middle pages tell their own story more eloquently than words. They are two living transcripts from the moving panorama of the day.

The people of the country can hardly realize the marked distinction in classes that exists in the town. In the country the poor man receives with the rich on an equal basis in most cases, only except those where the one party has made money rapidly in trade, or by some means by which the other has not succeeded or overthrown. But in the city, the classes are so distinctly severed that the one party, as it were, in different worlds.

No city in the world offers such opportunities for rich, than New York, or less to the poor. The rich can gratify all the pleasures and luxuries which mankind can afford; every luxury, every privacy in their enjoyment, and every style of society to enjoy them with. Its streets are admirably laid out, and kept clean and brilliant in the world, and its *salons*, both private and public, conducted more elegantly than in any other city where. The stores display the most costly goods, and it is a proverb in Europe among the importers, that the most expensive, and the most beautiful merchandise shall come to this country. How far the extravagancies of New York are the result of our millionaires, can only be realized by actual contact with their splendors.

In their homes—do not let us be understood as meaning the fashionable houses alone—we enjoy all the approximations. It is not the only drain upon the proprietor-families that he supports a magnificent house upon Fifth Avenue or Madison Square, with a host of servants outside matters connected with it, such as carriages and horses for every day, for his wife, a pony chaise or miss, the just budding daughter, that they may appear well in the Park, to say nothing of saddle horses for the heir of the house, and a drag for the boys. Now he must be weather through the summer, and appear at Newport and Saratoga. Then there is the opera and the theatre, unless, as one New Yorker recently made answer to us, he chooses to build a theatre of his own. There are balls, dinners, and evening parties in the season; dinner parties, with from ten to a hundred covers, given at home, at Delmonico's, the Maison Dorée, and elsewhere; and last, though not least, there is shopping at Stewart's, Lord & Taylor's, Legrain's, and such other occasional places, where really a lady could not expect to get anything to wear short of a morning's bill of two or three thousand dollars. All money may be the root of all evil, but it is a mighty pleasant commodity for the New York market.

On the other hand, for the poor man who wishes to hide his poverty, New York is one of the best of places. There, he may dwell in a house next door which he has his dinner or not, not care whether he wears broadcloth or fustian.

The poor of New York go on in their regular routine; the working poor by rising before daylight and toiling until the lamps are lit; the loafing poor by sleeping as long as they please in out-of-the-way places, at all sorts of hours, and rising to support lamp-posts at the corners of streets, or keep seats in drinking shops from growing cold.

Oh! the unwritten history of the poor. Who shall tell the bitterness of their lot? Who shall trace their pleasure, how many more have the poor. How many thousands are there in our lanes and alleys, who have never in all their lives been a day's journey to ago, know what it is to have as much money in their possession as a rich person spends in a day's pleasure—who have never known a comfortable meal, or bed for every day, and how many thousands who rise morning after morning by rote, and knowing where the food that is to keep them that day from starvation is to come from. Stone walls!

There are families crowding in back yards and in cellars, where they are bringing up children and living in the utmost misery. The head of the house goes away, perhaps to labor, or perhaps to forage about town for what he can pick up, honestly or dishonestly, and the family are left to their own devices, drinking slop, or in a low dance house. The wife, having performed her untrendy duties of feeding the hogs—the children are left to feed themselves as best they can—sallies forth, possibly to wash or scrub for some wealthier neighbor, or, perhaps, engages in the same occupation as her husband, perhaps with a bag and hook to rake garbage from the gutters, or dive deep into the mysterious depths of ash-barrels, to sort with one or more other members of the family on a street corner, and await the charity of passers-by. The better grown members of the family distribute themselves over various localities in the shape of beggars, bootblacks, crossing-sweepers, hawkers of matches, shades, and dog-collars, hurdy-gurdy and fiddle operators, or any other of the inferior ways by which they may gather a few shillings.

And then there comes another class of the poor of New York, the strangers, who, arriving, begin upon a precarious living by precarious and ill-paid labor. The poor seamstress, who puts together shirts at six cents each, and finds that she can only command workings for half-a-dollar a day, looking forward to some day when by economy or overworking nerves they may escape from their bondage. And then comes the laborer, who, upon his dollar and a half per diem, supports a family of a wife and six or seven children, with perhaps an aged mother, until some day there comes sickness, and he can no longer pay rent. Then comes the landlord, and in a single moment he ejects him and his few wretched sticks from the place he has been wont to call home, and which he has toiled for the laws that will not permit him to sell them!

And so goes the rich and poor of New York. One class in splendor and luxury, the other reaping its individual cases, where it lands the *debris* either under the municipal charities of Greenwood, or in the half-dug hole, unmarked, of Potter's Field.

GHOSTS IN THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

IN the United States we often hear of a haunted house; but in the Ionian Islands there is a prevailing belief among the lower orders that every house is visited by an Ombra della Casa (spectre of the house), which appears to no more than one. They have many curious ideas concerning these *ombre*, which never appear to foreigners—a peculiarity the native says they could not account for. The belief is very credulous as to the belief of the people in these stories, but could upon them no attempts to impose upon and deceive us. We, however, have so many similar cases from independent sources, that we could not but come to the conclusion that there is a wide-spread belief in the existence of these spectres. The following are fair samples, and exhibit a curious phase in the superstitions of the Ionian mind. The first was related by a servant in our family, who declared she was an eyewitness of the circumstances. A Greek lady, in whose service she was at the time, occupied the attic floor of a house, had only been a few days in a house to which she and her family had removed from the country, and where her child. It was about 10 o'clock at night. The lady was seated nursing her infant, and the servant near her at work. The door was open, and the lamp burning. They were suddenly startled by a loud knocking at the door, and, in a moment, strange, thrums entered, dressed like Albanians, and accompanied by a man. One of them seized the infant and dashed it upon the floor, injuring it so that the child did not utter a cry, and the servant thought it was dead. The lady was too frightened to do anything but scream. The servant ran down stairs, and the other servants were too much alarmed to come. One of the female *ombre* picked up the child, and all the three *ombre* and the man here that were there on the fire to boil, and when the latter brought them in the woman seized the vessel, and thrown it upon the child. The child died. The Greeks make much use of earthenware vessels for culinary purposes, and not of metal saucepans. The strange visitants then vanished. The servant declared that those who see them have no mind to acknowledge it, or to give any information as to what they have done to them, as they appear to live in the same house; the belief being that the *ombre* will do them harm upon those who so. The husband came home and found his wife in a state of frenzy, and quite from fright and the loss of her child. He naturally inquired as to the cause. The child was found to be cold and dead. "Nothing, nothing!" But feeling convinced that something had occurred, he searched the house, and found in the house upon the next occasion of his absence. A few days afterwards, the child's body was there, the *ombre* paid them another visit at the same hour, and in the same manner. They attacked her, threw her down, and gave her a black eye; stopped her mouth, that she might not scream; but as soon as she could not remain longer in the place. The husband slept in the house, but did not remain sleep any longer, whatever might be the fear of the *ombre*, seeing that they sometimes left their sweetmeats behind. The husband would not place any faith in his wife's statements, and thought her mad. However, the *ombre* did not forget her having told upon them, for the following evening they so ill-treated her that she would not remain any longer in the house. They went to another part of the town, and the servant, thinking they were now clear of the dreaded *ombre*, returned, and went with them to their new abode. Her first night of the change the servant and her mistress were sitting together, when they walked a woman, by her dress of Albanian peasant. She went round the room, examining and admiring the furniture, and ever and anon she would shout, saying of one thing after another:

"Ah, that's very pretty; I should like that very much."

She then went to the lady, saying:

"How do you do, my dear? Is that your baby? Do not be frightened, I will not hurt you."

She also repeated her visit every evening, and, upon one occasion, took up a book and began to read. Upon a subsequent visit she addressed the lady, saying:

"I think you are afraid of me;" to which the former replied:

"Oh, no."

"Then," she then said:

"But I believe that girl is," which was the fact, for she was in a paroxysm of fear during the whole visit.

This lady was remarkably unfortunate in respect to the way in which she furnished her house, as it was made their appearance. Those who believe in these things say that this is attributed much to the visitations, and we are assured that few would recognize in the following anecdote an individual, a former Sultan of the place. Concerning the *ombre* that frequented the flat or floor of the house, the writer was engaged in Corfu, it is stated that while the house was building, one of the workmen had fallen from about five or six feet, and was killed on the spot. He was amazed and terrified to see an Albanian sitting on the floor, smoking a pipe. The man went away, and kept the matter to himself. An unfortunate boy, of about 12 years, who had seen the *ombre*, went and told about it. Upon the next opportunity, the strange visitor stood him, and threatening him from a great height, either out of the window or down the stairs, killed him. Upon an occasion, in Zante, one of my children was seized with an hysterical fit at night. The cause of the attack he must have seen the *ombre* of the house, a black man in chains. From the last two facts it is quite clear that these superstitions arise from ignorant people ascribing to supernatural causes the ordinary occidents of life, but the most singular part is their positive assertion that they see these phantoms, and that they will not allow themselves to the foreigners, except, perhaps, to children.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

IN the obituary column of the New York *Times* is a notice of the death of a lady, which says of her:

"Her superiors were few:
Her equals none."

This remarkable woman died of jaundice, and was "universally lamented."

A NEWSPAPER recently informed the public that the hands of Mr. Jones's machine shop had struck. Struck indeed! on the next day denying it, as they had not *struck a stroke* for a week.

"COME TIL America, Pat!" writes a son of the Emerald Isle to his friend in Ireland; "'tis a fine country to get a living in. All ye have to do is to get a good comfortable well established boss, and buy till the top of a three story building, and the man at the door will do the rest."

PETERSON, the comedian, lent a brother actor two shillings, and when he made a demand for the same, the borrower replied, "Peter, I owe you nothing."

"Hang it! I'll pay you to-day in some shape or other."

Peterson good-humoredly replied:

"Then I shall remain indebted to you, Tom, let it be as like two shillings as you can."

THE last invention of India rubber in Paris, is a fair imitation of the female—hair, teeth, and a perfect imitation of flesh and blood, and (as they say of good comedy) will withstand the severest test. These "made to palpitate" are sold at a high figure.

A MAN in London, by suit at law, recovered one hundred pounds from a druggist who prescribed that his wife should take a dose of laudanum, and administered hydrate. The man fell sick, sued and *recovered* as above.

COLERIDGE was acknowledged to be a bad driver. One day, riding through the streets he was accosted by a would-be wit:

"I say, do you know what happened to Balaam?"

"Yes," said Coleridge, "I know all about it.

"The same as happened to me. An ass spoke to him."

"You do wrong to fish on Sunday," said a clergyman to a lad he saw so doing.

"Indeed, sir," replied the boy, "it can't be much harm, for I ain't colored nothing."

DONIZETTI, when was at a party, when the Turk guns announced the birth of a prince.

"What they do powder these babies!" exclaimed Jerrold.

CURRAN, on one occasion, was employed on behalf of a man in a case of assault. The plaintiff had called the defendant some ugly names, and thrashed him. The defendant had taken the law into his own hands, and had given the plaintiff a sound beating, to the great terror of any palliating circumstances. The plaintiff had been struck by the defendant. The evidence having been given, the defendant had no right to strike and to take the law in his own hands.

"Mr. Curran," said the Judge, "if a man met you in the street, and struck you a wounded blow in the face, what would you do?"

"Why, my lord, I do?" said Curran. "Bedad, I'd knock him down as flat as a pancake!"

It was almost unnecessary to say that the plaintiff lost his case.

THE WRONG END.—The Northern Railroad of the north of Ireland, which runs from Belfast to Ballymena, is rather a slow affair, having to stop every few miles for passengers, and then to take up an old lady with her bandbox, or to put down some fellow who has been drinking at the last station. The bits and cock sparrows. The passengers grumble a little, but they know that it is all one to the engine-driver bound to respect. The other day, when the conductor was going round to the tickets, he found a tipsy barrow fast asleep, so he handed over the requisite paper.

"See here, young man, ain't you made a mistake?"

"Mistake!" said the lad, "I've never been nowhere."

"I think you here," said the other. "You've got the ticket with the wrong end. If you want to keep the cows from ketchin us, you'd better put it on behind."

A YOUNG fellow was taking a sleigh-ride with a pretty girl, when he met a Methodist minister who was accustomed to ask for "pay" from every hitch and knot at short notice. He stopped him, and asked humbly:

"Can you tie a knot for me?"

"Why, I suppose I can," said he; "I guess so; when do you want it done?"

"Well, sir," was the reply; "is it lawful though, here in the highway?"

"Why, yes," said the minister, "I see no harm in the church itself."

"Well, sir, I want a knot tied in my horse's tail to keep it out of the snow!" shouted the wicked wag, as he started off, fearing lest the minister, in his profane wrath, should tail him grace.

A COLORED preacher arose and announced from his text:

"In de fust plat ob Clover, and two hundred and nine-and-ninety others."

"Hold up, doctor!" shouted one of his hearers; "you've got us de wrong book—you mean de plat ob Timothy, I s'pose?"

The preacher hesitated with a very profound look, and said:

"Well, I must cave in dis time, though I knowed dat de text was somewhere among de grasses."

"MARY, is your master at home?"

"I don't believe it."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, then, he'll come down and tell you so himself. Perhaps you'll believe him."



THE RICH OF NEW YORK—HOW THEY LIVE.



THE POOR OF NEW YORK—HOW THEY STAY.

BREAKERS.

BY MILTON J. ROGERS.

Break the waves, O Time!
On this wounded heart of mine
Break, break, break!
May its sorrows all be thine.

Break, break, break!
And leave not a spot untried;
Thou canst not find the secret place
Where the golden mem'ries hide.

Thou art old, and yet so strong,
No mortal can withstand
The sweep of thy mighty arm,
Nor the touch of thy rusty hand.

I know thou wilt grapple my bones
As they lie in the silent grave;
But the soul—it belongs to God,
And He has promised to save.

Then storm against this heart,
'Tis ever a breaker of thine,
The things of earth are yours:
Eternal life is mine.

Yes, break, break, break!
Twill but wear the scars away—
But fit this heart for a happier home,
And the joys of a brighter day.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.—HEROISM—OF A KIND.

We have seen how the peddler (*alias* Bob the Ostler), clung, in spite of his timidity of character and sneaking ways of action, to the burglars, under the dominant idea of resisting their attempt to "swindle" him out of what he considered a "fair" share of their plunder, and how he had managed to keep them from what was likely to prove the lion's share of the booty. And how he clung to his hiding-place in the blackberry bushes, while Sleuth and the groom and the horse were all in the greatest danger. Bob saw only the entire success of his scheme, and the necessity for confronting the action. Therefore, no matter how frightened Sleuth looked as he rose from the ground—no matter how Gibbs cursed and swore—no matter that the horse would most likely begin kicking, and be ruined for life, Bob surveyed the whole scene with heroic patience of soul, now that his man, Sleuth, was in no personal danger; and he quietly laughed to himself, as he said:

"How'll they get out of the mess, I wonder?"

Sleuth did at last decide the question, by venturing up to Gibbs, and giving his help, just where Gibbs directed; and at last the gig was brought back nearly to the place of the accident, not only because one wheel was there lying, but because Gibbs was determined to know how such a "queer" thing had happened.

We wish we could describe look as he reached the spot, and saw the treacherous nature of the hole which had done them so much damage, but after receiving the fullest satisfaction, he turned and looked up to Sleuth.

"See that, sir? Pretty game, ain't it?"

"Yes; what shall we do?"

Gibb's only reply was, "Look out, sir." He then looked suspiciously round to the trees and bushes on both sides of the road to which to certain movements visible among the bushes, showing the way taken in his retreat and flight by the hidden robber, who was, as they supposed, the character of the man who had done them this ugly trick, and who had been hiding among the foliage.

"I've winged him, sir," said Gibbs, exultingly.

"Yes, I think so," answered Sleuth.

Gibbs, after his victory, began to reload, saying to Sleuth:

"Capital thing, sir, allus to have a spare shot; no saying what may be done with it."

Gibbs looked at Sleuth as he said this, in a manner that made the latter flush and grow pale again.

"You don't know much about these things, sir, I suppose?" asked Gibbs, as he withdrew the ramrod from the barrel.

"Never handled a pistol or a gun, in all my life till—that night," said Sleuth, in reply.

"O course, sir; that's why you missed the robber, when you'd so much need to it 'im."

"Probably," said Sleuth.

"And did you reload then, sir?"

"No," said Sleuth, alarmed at his own agitation. "I'd be very sorry to learn you how to load and 'it your man," said Gibbs.

"Thank you; but at present, our business is to consider what's to be done."

"Very true, sir. I bin thinkin'. I often thinks best when I talks."

"Most people do, I fancy," said Sleuth, trying hard to smile.

"Ah! but I mean thinkin' about one thing whiles I talk about another."

"What do you propose?"

"Why, sir, that you take the horse and ride back to the inn; it's under two miles—"

"I can't ride," interposed Sleuth.

"Not for once?" asked Gibbs, insinuatingly.

"Not—not that horse," said Sleuth.

"Worry well, sir; then you stop with the gig."

"No, no! the robber may come back—if—if he is a robber."

"Give him this, sir," said Gibbs, holding out the pistol, with its butt end foremost.

Sleuth took the weapon, and though he didn't like the prospect, he saw there was nothing better to be done.

"Make haste, Gibbs!"

"I will, sir. And excuse the liberty, but don't be nervous, and fire in a 'urry, if you're attacked; wait till you can be sure to 'it—that's all, sir."

Gibbs went off, and Sleuth prepared himself for his solitary half hour, or hour, by walking to and fro at the tail of the gig.

How intently he listened! But a few minutes had elapsed when the blackberry-bushes opened, and a man came forward, with his head tied round with a red and yellow cotton handkerchief, and he faces the others.

Sleuth raises the pistol, but sees that the man, however terrible looking, is unarmed.

"Compliments of the season to you, Mister Sleuth," are his first words.

"You know me," he said.

"Ay, well as I know this," said the man, pointing to his ear, which had been cut by the bullet. "Tears I was a Red-Head," said Sleuth.

"No; you told him!"

"I didn't do anything of the sort.

"What's his name?"

"Gibbs."

"That'll do; I'll remember Mister Gibbs.

"But we (slang)—we (slang)—" began Sleuth.

"Thought what—that I was a footpad?"

"Y—yes."

"And how do you know I ain't?"

"If you are, look here," said Sleuth, showing his pistol.

The man laughed. Then he asked:

"You know me?"

"No."

"Didn't I tell you I'd made an appointment?"

"And you call this making an appointment, do you?" asked Sleuth.

"It isn't it bin well kept on both sides?" was the reply.

"When you are Bob the Ostler, but——"

"The man as talked to you in your bedroom a week ago."

"And, I suppose, the man who lamed the horse, and made this hole."

"Who's been a-spin-give way afore you came here?" asked the man in reply.

"Oh! you did that too?"

The man nodded, and Sleuth looked at him—turned away—and there was a pause and moments of silence on both sides.

"Hush!" suddenly whispered the man, listening.

"It's Gibbs returning."

"Gibbs!" repeated the man, with intense scorn. "Ain't you got hears, Mr. Sleuth? This one comes t'other way. There's two—stop! there's three. No, two—two."

"How vexatious, if we are interrupted!" exclaimed Sleuth.

"Don't you mind that. When I makes an appointment, I'm not the man to break it up afore I finish. You won't be able to open your eyes without a scene, so, you stop with will, or do what you like, till I have settled everythink; take your davit of that, Mr. Sleuth."

Sleuth's only reply is—

"Let's keep out of sight till the people pass."

They withdrew together into the bushes, and there, to Sleuth's wonder, he saw, coming along the road, Anthony and Clarissa.

"Confound it!" exclaimed Sleuth; "they will know the gig."

"Can't be helped, sir?" asked Bob, with lively interest. "Not the heir, surely, to all the alderman's wealth?"

"Yes; that—the present heir," assented Sleuth.

"What a meeting! I must have a look at him. Don't be afeared, Mister Sleuth; he shan't see us—least-ways not me."

Sleuth, now, kept very ugly—keep your head down, can't you?" muttered Sleuth, and then, with the approach of Anthony and the doctor's daughter, whom Sleuth thought had never looked so charming before.

CHAPTER XXXII.—HOW ANTHONY AND CLARISSA TAKE CARE OF THE OLD.

THEY were riding slowly, Anthony looking not in the best of tempers, Clarissa, either perfectly unconscious of the fact, or showing a gay, obstinate indifference concerning it.

It was the first time that Anthony had seen his fair neighbor since that morning when he had been sent into her room to tell her about Mr. Macguire's dangerous and somewhat sudden operation. All the first day he had stayed at home expecting the return of John Harris's casket, and feeling a gratification that it did not come. When the second day passed without any different result, he took it as a sure sign that Clarissa was waiting for it if he would not call and extract her still to keep it.

On the third day—the doctor came to ask Anthony to go for a ride with himself and Clarissa. Although his companions were both in excellent spirits, the ride threatened to be a very uninteresting one to Anthony, till the doctor recollected he ought to go to see a friend living on the Rimboldon Road. Owing to a long feud that had existed between this friend and Alderman Maude, the doctor could not very well have introduced Anthony to him; so, with many apologies, he requested him to ride on with Clarissa.

Anthony maintained a grim silence, half expecting that she might offer him some excuse about the casket. But Clarissa seemed to have forgotten it, and given herself up to the enjoyment of the evening. But he was determined not to be won to amiability by her evident desire for peace between them.

It was not long before Anthony's storm burst.

After repeated efforts to draw him from his ill-temper, Clarissa said:

"Mr. Maude, I am afraid we have persuaded you to accompany us this evening against your will?"

"If so," continued she, "why not go back now?"

"I am sorry, Miss Pompess, that—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Maude, but you have nothing to the world to apologize for. We ought to apologize to you."

"May I ask why?"

"For dragging you into our country recreations, forgetting how humdrum and clodishly they must seem to you."

"Miss Pompess!"

"Will you please go back, and leave me to join my father?"

"If you insist upon my doing so, of course, I have no choice; but, unless it comes to that, I shall stay till your father comes, however disagreeable my society may appear to you—I know it cannot be equal to that of a certain other gentleman, but—"

"I do not understand you," she said, haughtily.

"At the same time," he went on, "I must confess that, in this case, I think the gentleman's politeness to the lady might have given way a little to charity for the unhappy being against whom her raillery was directed."

Clarissa, at first, looked surprised and bewildered; then a pained look came on her face, which she tried to conceal by stooping and patting her horse's neck.

It was at this moment that they saw the gig. Anthony recognized it immediately, and viewed its broken and deserted state with blank astonishment.

"What in the world can have become of Dick?" he exclaimed.

"Your cousin was not alone, I hope?" said Clarissa.

"No—at least, Gibbs went to fetch him."

"Had we not better wait near, and watch it till he returns?" asked Clarissa.

The question excited a comment from an unmannerly person.

"Here's a pretty go!" remarked Bob to Sleuth, and in a voice so loud that the latter really began to fear he wanted to attract Anthony's attention. Fear always gave Sleuth courage, and fear now gave him more than courage—audacity.

"Bob," said he, whispering, "if you speak another word, I'll shoot you. I've caught the rogue, and then you may guess what'll follow."

Bob muttered something, but then became silent.

"I don't think it ought to be left like this," said Anthony, after a pause: "but, still, I don't like to interrupt you. Perhaps you would like me to go back with you as far as the Warren?"

"Thank you, you are very kind," answered Clarissa, "but I do not remember wish to go to the Warren. And more than that, Mr. Maude, I do not care to be accused of having treated a friend and neighbor so disgracefully, without demanding more explanation than you have chosen to give me, and an opportunity of offering explanation myself."

"You can only offer one excuse, Miss Pompess—that you thought me further off than I was."

"Before you take that excuse, we must please see what there is to excuse," said Clarissa.

Anthony, who had dismounted, and was examining the gig, merely bowed, and remained standing where he was, and for a minute or so both were silent. Clarissa shaded her eyes with her hand, and looked out of the side of the road as if hoping to see some cool spot, but there was none.

Anthony saw her look, and said:

"It is insufferably hot here. Will you dismount, and come under the trees?"

"How about the horses?" asked Clarissa.

"I can tie them," was the answer.

"Very well," said Clarissa; "fasten your own first."

But Anthony disobeyed, and came to assist her.

"Fasten your own first, please," repeated Clarissa.

He turned away, jerking Nell's bridle with no very gentle hand, and, by the time he had secured her to the tree, Clarissa stood beside him. While he fastened her rein, she stepped up to the little weedy bank, and walked slowly on into the wood.

"Well," said she, turning suddenly, "and pray, what may be this crime of which Mr. Robertson and myself stand convicted?"

"Or, rather," said Anthony, "what starting absurdity of mine could have endangered the soundness of Mr. Robertson's lungs? And you, too? I see the very recollection of it makes you smile."

"It *does*, indeed," answered Clarissa. "I understand it all now. You heard us laughing when other people, when you left us. Well, do you know, I cannot deny that you were the cause of our mirth."

"I thank you—it was easy for me to perceive that, considering I had but that instant left you."

"Well, and now let me tell you what it was, and you will see, if any one is to blame, it is your Mrs. Milton, whom I am sure you wouldn't believe harshly to on any account whatever. You must know she often goes to take tea with Mrs. Crose, Mr. Robertson's housekeeper. She went a few nights ago, and told her in strict confidence some doings of yours. Mrs. Crose, also in strict confidence, told Mr. Robertson, and Mr. Robertson told me. Can you not now guess what it was about?"

Anthony told her "No," and told himself he'd be hanged if he could.

"Well," said Clarissa, "it was about that poor little Esau and his washing; and—yes, I must confess—it all came out about your false alarm concerning the mare and the chase after the pony in the paddock, and all. But are you very much vexed that I know about it? I assure you that, when I think of the whole story, I do not feel only mirth. I have little patience with those people who, when a man does an act of kindness and generosity, shrug their shoulders, and wait in silence to see whether the object of his kindness turns out good or bad, and then, according to the result, proclaim that man wise and deep-seeing, or a fool. For my own part, I can rejoice over a good action, and say, 'that is good—that is noble!' without waiting to found my verdict on its result. If the good deed brings immediate gain to the doer, I am glad with him; but if he loses by it, I only say to myself, his losses have ennobled the deed; it is not what we gain, but what we lose by goodness that on earth makes us generous divine. But I declare I am positively preaching!"

"What a saint I should have been," said Anthony, "if I had always had such a preacher!"

"I doubt it," said Clarissa, laughing. "But tell me, are you satisfied about your supposed insult?"

"Satisfied, yes, and ready to own myself a most consummate——"

"Dunce, hush!" cried Clarissa, accepting his outstretched hand. "And now, are we friends again?"

"Not yet—not just yet," said Anthony, bending over her hand, and pressing his lips to the glove. "Your explanations, Clarissa, are so much to my satisfaction, that I would fain listen to them a little longer."

"But that I really have no more to offer," interposed Clarissa, laughingly, and trying to draw away her hand.

But Anthony held it resolutely.

"You have. You have to tell me what it was in my casket you wouldn't let me see."

"Indeed!" I was not aware of that," said Clarissa, coldly, and drawing back.

"You are—you must be aware of it. You made it a point of honor with me that I should not look into it, and I had power to do so; and now it ought to be a point of honor with you to satisfy my curiosity."

"But I don't see what right you have to be curious."

"But I am, madly curious."

"If," said Clarissa, "I had intended to show you what was in the casket, I was, I should not have humiliated myself by asking you, as a favor, not to look at it."

"Humiliated yourself!"

"Yes, I can assure you I felt it a humiliation to have to beg and pray for what ought to have been forced on me without asking."

"Why, then, did you do it? Would your humiliation have been greater if I had seen what you were trying to conceal?"

"Hadn't we better change the subject, Mr. Maude?" asked Clarissa, with a certain gravity of manner, and severity of tone.

"Take care, Clarissa!"

"Of what, if you please?"

"Of what your thoughts force upon me.'

"I force upon you! Excuse me, Mr. Maude, but I decline being made guilty of your thoughts."

"But you can not see, Clarissa, when you speak of humiliation, how infinitely it must occur to me that there is but one thing could cause you humiliation; and how, if you have nothing to hide, even pure eyes, I must feel it can only be as the angels, perhaps, may sometimes sin; that you have found in your heart a little, it may be very little, much, and that, from charity, for one so unworthy of it as myself? And poor Harris's casket contained some little token of this. Clarissa," he said, turning her face fair, "have I been utterly wrong in this hope? Tell me the truth, but with a little mercy!"

"Mr. Maude," she said, suppressing, under an icy tone, the passion that made her cheek burn and tried to find vent in her voice, "before I answer you, I must put the sense of what you have just said into plain words. In plain English, then, you ask me—Am I in love with you?"

Clarissa——

"You ask me this—you, whose name, till you came here, I scarcely ever heard without its being coupled with some disgraceful epithet—you to question myself, I am weary of all else, I will marry a lady of family and fortune. You think of marrying, and settling down into a respectable country gentleman. But does Mr. Anthony Maude trouble himself with wooing? Oh, no! Why should he, when he fancies that the lady who, for want of a better, might be willing to be dying for love of him?"

"Clarissa, is this just?"

"Well, Mr. Maude, I have considered your question, and I will not let an answer it plainly. Am I in love with you? No! Is that clear? Easy—No!"

She was leaning against the tree, trembling all over, bending her riding-whip, trying to make the ends meet, till it broke; and Anthony, staring at the noise, and hearing, as she flung the pieces on the ground, hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

Clarissa leaned against the tree with her face buried in her hands, and Anthony stood near her, struggling in silence against the shame with which she had covered him.

A rustling noise near made Clarissa start, but the sound was only caused by a ragged little band of forge gatherers. The first of the party of the smallest could not resist making a dead stand before Clarissa, and remained there, gazing at her with big, sleepy eyes, which increased, as she gazed, so much, that she felt it necessary to lift her little, fat finger, and put it in her mouth. But to do this, the child let go her pinafore, and all her little hoard of sticks fell to the ground. At the sound she withdrew her eyes from Clarissa's face, and then, looking again on her ridiculous load,

she slowly carried a fist to each eye, and began to roar lustily.

Anthony, just before whom she had placed herself, frightened her into silence again suddenly, by stooping to pick up the sticks, just as Clarissa also came to her assistance.

Clarissa, kneeling down on the moss, held up the dirty pinafore, while Anthony put the sticks in. Two or three times they thought the task finished, but were warned, by the little one's eyes gazing obstinately on the ground, that some morsels of her evening's labors yet remained there. At last, however, when not a vestige of a twig was to be seen within a square yard of where they stood, the little damsel gathered up her pinafore, together with a sixpence Clarissa gave her, and, shouting, with the full power of her lungs, "Jer-ony! Jer-ony!" disappeared.

They both stood looking after her with a sort of gratitude. Her little accident had been a blessing to them, for it had broken through the most painful embarrassment that either had ever known. When the little faggot-gatherer was fairly out of sight, he said:

"What do you wish me to do? Shall I go on with you, or will you go alone?"

Clarissa bowed, as if accepting the last proposition, and followed him slowly as he went out of the wood.

It was much lighter in the road, and Clarissa, glancing at Anthony's face as he stood holding her horse, saw that it was pale, but almost calm.

When he had assisted her to mount, he said:

"One moment, if you please, Miss Pompess."

She looked down and waited for Anthony to speak:

"What I now wish to say, Miss Pompess, I do not think I should say if I were certain there was any kind of—of engagement between yourself and Mr. Robertson—in fact, I'm sure I should not say it."

She remained perfectly still; and, in a voice more natural, Anthony went on:

"My doubt on this matter, and the doubts caused by my own unworthiness, have hitherto kept me silent, and made me watch for and catch at little straws of hope, which I thought I saw, but which I now know never existed. I thought it was a hope I saw in this foolish business of poor Harris's box. I caught at it wildly, for I wounded you too deeply to be forgiven; and you—you answered me in words which, perhaps, I can never forgive. But I feel I have no right now to leave you without telling you it was no mere conceit—no assurance—that made me speak to you as I did; but doubt—doubt that fancied it saw a little flickering ray of light, and that, like a great blind moth, rushed at it, and put it out for ever."

Clarissa turned her head, haughtily erect still, a little on one side.

"One minute," said Anthony, thinking her movement one of impatience. "I will not have you feel, when I have so hurt your pride, that I have been too tender of my own. I will not so spare myself the pain of confessing, what is a bitter thing to confess in utter hopelessness, as I now confess it—I love you. The reverence which my dead mother never received from me I have given you; the tenderness which I have never had a sister to bestow on, I have felt for you; the first passionate love of my life has been—is for you. Worse gambler than I ever was before, I have risked my all on one throw, and—lost!"

At this moment they both heard the doctor's horse approaching. Anthony, hardly knowing what he was doing, went and unfastened the mare, and mounted. Once more, as he passed her, he caught Clarissa's reins, and said:

"Tell the doctor I was obliged to go on for help about the gig—anything; I can't see him just now. And, one word: you shall not be troubled by this sort of thing again. To remove all risk of it, I will give up for a few years what you call the life of a respectable country gentleman. I have some cousins, who reside in India, but who happen just now to be in England, who have condescended to write to me since I have been rich, and ask me to enter their regiment. I have not answered their letters yet, but now I shall do so gratefully. So good-bye, Miss Pompess. Clarissa, good-bye, for the last time."

And he was gone.

As the doctor came nearer, Clarissa rode to meet him. Then the doctor turned round with her, and soon Anthony saw nothing but a cloud of dust. When he could no longer hear their horses' feet, he followed slowly along the same road.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—NEGOTIATIONS.

"Is it bisness now?" said the man.

"If you please."

"Suppose you wouldn't mind letting me hold the pistol while we talk?"

"Thank you—it isn't heavy."

The man laughed—a good, long, loud laugh—and said:

"Double-barreled, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Both barrels loaded?"

There was a pause—one, though, of almost imperceptible duration—before Sleuth replied:

"No; one was fired, you know."

"Why didn't Mr. Gibbs reload?"

"Because he saw you, as he thought, run quite away through the bushes."

"All right. Fire off t'other barrel, and then I, too, will fire away in my fashion."

"Surely you needn't be afraid of me. I—I don't like to be without this little protection, in case of real robbers."

"Lord love you! I'll stay with you, if you like, now—and to-morrow—and for evermore. I shan't perceed, Mister Sleuth, till that ere barker is disposed of."

"Very well," said Sleuth. "But as I may as well have some fun for my money, let's see what sort of a marksman I am. What shall I hit?"

"That ere post sticking out above the rail," said the man, as if with a certain interest in the question of Sleuth's skill.

Sleuth fired, and was so wide of the mark that the man grinned, and said:

"I was half in a mind, Mister Sleuth, to say you might have a shy at me. I a'most wish I had 'offered.'"

Sleuth laughed in turn, and looked a little confused.

"So you bin at Leeds, sir, they say?" began the man.

"Yes. But hadn't you better make haste with your own business? I am beginning to feel chilly."

"Chilly! Get into the gig, Mr. Sleuth, and I'll wrap you up warm and cozy—to be sure I will."

"There, Mr. Sleuth; now you get in, and, as the song says, 'pull your old cloak about you,' and you'll be as comfortable as the days are long, particklerly when you hears what I've got to say."

Sleuth obeyed, though not at all blind to the fact that now he could not run if he wanted, while cunning Master Bob could go off when he pleased.

"And so you've bin to Leeds. Might a humble fellow like me ax what for?"

"To seek a man of the name of Stonor."

"Stonor! How may you spell that ere word?"

"S-t-o-n-o-r," condescendingly explained Sleuth.

"Hem! You didn't find him, perhaps."

"No."

"Shouldn't wonder but you wouldn't. If I were ever to fall in with him—onlikely things do happen in life, Mister Sleuth—what shall I tell him you wanted on him?"

"Well, Bob, if you will persist in knowing other people's business, when, I must confess, it would be wiser for you, in my opinion——"

"Quite right there, Mr. Sleuth—in *your* opinion: stick to that!" said Bob, significantly.

"If you must know, I wanted to discover if a child of his was alive."

"Boy or gal?"

"Don't know. The alderman's letter didn't tell us that."

"Oh, it's the dead alderman as wants the live child, is it?"

"Yes, this fellow Stonor was the alderman's groom, and he married the alderman's daughter."

"Never! You don't tell me that, Mister Sleuth?"

"Yes, I do; and the alderman swore never to forgive her, or the blackguard who had behaved so treacherously."

"Blackguard! Yes, Mister Sleuth. Lord love you! I could listen to you all day. 'Blackguard!' Please go on."

"Well, he mightn't be a blackguard after all, for aught I know about him personally."

"Blackguard for the present, we'll say," says the man.

"I tell you, I know nothing about him but what the alderman told me, and what my cousin Anthony says."

"Oh, he must be a blackguard if so many honorable gentlemen—gentlemen—all says it. Well, Mr. Sleuth, but the old fellow repented, I suppose, and left his property since March 22—yes, as I says again, Mr. Sleuth, though you does look so hard at me—that the old fellow, I suppose, left his property, since March 22, to that ere grandson——"

"Grandson?"

"Grandson or granddaughter, or what you like."

"No," said Sleuth, "he hasn't done anything of the kind."

"All right. What then, Mister Sleuth?"

"Why, he's left his grandchild, if there be one, to the particular care of his heir."

"But no dockements, no lawyers meddlings in black and white?"

"No. All is—I mean, all was—left by will to my cousin Anthony, some years since."

"August 2, 1811?"

"Yes."

"And what do *you* think of that bisness, Mister Sleuth?"

"You didn't make an appointment, Bob—in this fashion, too—in order to ask me——"

"Sich a question as that? Not ezackly. I ain't a fool, Mr. Sleuth. I ain't a born fool. You laugh, Mr. Sleuth. I know your meaning—you think I'm a born rogue!"

"Pray, Bob, don't put your own ideas on to me."

"I shouldn't be a bit offended if you said so, Mister Sleuth; not a bit. I should only add it to the bill."

"Bill—what bill?" asked the wondering Sleuth.

"Is it bisness now?" demanded Bob; "or d'ye want me to make another appintment?—a deal stronger one, I'll promise you."

"All right, Bob; we'll go at it now in a minute. Gibbs is yonder, coming back. Quick! don't let him see you!"

"It ud be more nateral if you were to say that to Mister Gibbs," sulkily said Bob.

He obeyed, however, Sleuth's warning to remain concealed, while that gentleman himself advanced into the road.

"Can't get a wehicle of any kind, for love or money," said Gibbs, as he took off his hat, and wiped his bald head.

"Never mind," said Sleuth to Gibbs, "go on home. I'm heartily tired of waiting here—not a soul nigh."

Here a sneeze from the adjoining coppice attracted the attention of both Sleuth and Gibbs—though, while the latter thought it a suspicious circumstance, the former didn't; for he had seen, he said, an old woman gathering sticks there a quarter of an hour ago, but thought she had gone away.

When Gibbs had departed, Sleuth said, quite angrily to the grinning Bob:

"It may be a good joke to you Master Bob——"

"Lord love you, Mr. Sleuth! I couldn't help it. I was so tickled wi' what you said, that I was hobligated to laugh or sneeze."

"Are *you* ready for business!" asked Sleuth.

"Ax pardon, Mister Sleuth, but friends always take a hinterest, you know, in one another's persitions—and we are friends for a bit, anyhow—leastwise it wouldn't suit you to be my enemy!"

"Of course not," assented Sleuth.

"Werry good. Then don't mind *how* I gets to work—so long as work it is. You ain't comfortable, are you, now, Mister Sleuth, at home?"

"Comfortable!" asked Sleuth, in astonishment.

"I mean you ain't got no money o' your own. You're as poor as a rat, and you eats the bread of dependence. Ain't it so?"

If Sleuth had replied honestly, he would have said, "Curse your impudence, Bob; do mind your own affairs." But as that wouldn't do just at present, he merely smiled a faint smile, and said:

"Well, supposing all that?"

"Supposing all that, I say it's a werry unpleasant position for any young man, any young gemman of spirit to occupy, and I don't like it."

"You're very kind," said Sleuth, with a somewhat stranger smile than before.

"Werry good!" observed Bob, "werry good. Persition right, what remains? Why, carackter!"

"Character! My character, Bob?"

"Sure-ly, Mr. Sleuth. Who's else? You wouldn't disperse my carackter, I hope?—I, who came here like some blessed hangel in a fairy tale to say——"

"Ay, that's it, Bob," observed Sleuth. "Come to the point, there's a good fellow."

"Mr. Sleuth, look to your innards, and answer me this: Are you a man with a grateful soul?"

"Try me!"

"Well, then, if I were to say to you, Mister Sleuth, I have pitied your miserable condition from the very bottom of *my* soul, and I've come to say, young man, look up! A friend's waiting on you just round the corner. Ah, such a friend! Guess what's he's got for you?"

"How can I guess?"

"Did you ever hear of Fortune's wheel? Well, how would you like to sit astride on her topmost spoke?"

"I should like it very well, if——"

"But mind, that ere benevolent individual at present round the corner, wants to go up too, and he's got his footing! Ay, that he has, hard and fast. He's not to be shook off, nor perswaded off. He's on the bottom spoke, and he's got his hands on the next spoke above; and now, Mister Sleuth, he's only waiting for you to give the word, and up we go, both on us together, merry as griggs."

"Do you mean that—that if, through any good turn you can turn me, I were to become a rich man!——"

"That's it! dash along! Mister Sleuth knows what's what, I see, after all."

"In that case, do you mean we're to be together—friends—and——"

"I forces my friendship on no man," said Bob, loftily. "Maybe we shall be friends and loving pals—maybe we shan't. You have your views, I has mine."

"I honor your good sense, Bob. I fancy we should be best apart."

"All right, Mister Sleuth; is it a bargain, then?—share and share alike?"

"You mean——" hesitated Sleuth, in absolute disbelief that he could have rightly understood Bob's demands.

"I mean," said Bob, lifting his right leg up, in order the more decisively to make it descend with a good foot-stamp on the ground, "that if I comes as a hangel, to take you up in my harms and carry you out of this nonsense and wretchedness, and make a man of you—a respectable gemmen—I ain't a going to require you to flop down on your blessed knees and begin a worshippin' on me. No, I merely waves my hand, and says, Don't mention it. Tip up half the old fellow's blunt, and blow the benevolent."

Sleuth looked at Bob, and Bob received his look with a wink of inexpressible knowingness, that made even Sleuth shrink from the abominable ugliness and wretchedness of the other's face.

"But what is it you have got to show me that can justify all this talk?"

"Ain't got nothink to show."

"No?"

"No."

"And you expect me to believe you, and to make terms with you, in entire ignorance of the thing you've got to sell?"

"No, Mr. Sleuth, not ezactly. Bob isn't a fool. Did you ever hear on a certain dockement, a little dockement, but with werry big sense in it?"

"Do you mean—mean a codicil to my uncle's existing will?"

"Did you ever see it, Mister Sleuth?"

Sleuth hesitated to acknowledge he had seen it.

"Yes," he replied; "I did see it on the night of the robbery; so you see that can't be the document you speak of."

"Why not?" demanded Bob.

"Because, then, you must have got it from the robbers who took it from the safe."

"Well?" fiercely demanded Bob.

"No, I shan't say any more."

"That's yer game, is it! 'Twon't do, Mister Sleuth. I ain't frightened. Come—it's the last time of asking—is it share and share alike!"

"Do you know how much property the alderman left?"

"No."

Sleuth was glad to hear this. Bob continued:

"Do you know, Mister Sleuth?"

"I think about thirty-six or thirty-seven thousand pounds; but I won't be sure to a few hundreds."

"Mister Sleuth, I do like you! Mister Sleuth, I do admire you! Eigh, deary me! if only my mother had taught me how to do it with such a smooth, blessed baby-hinnocent face, I wouldn't ha' been here now. I ax pardon, but would you mind telling me how you manages to do it so well?"

"To do what so well?" asks Sleuth, sullenly, and yet fearfully.

"To lie, you beggar! to lie! to lie! to lie! There! I *do* know, Mister Sleuth. That pretty young woman let it out to me that the halderman left a hundred and seventy thousand pounds."

This was altogether unpleasant, exceedingly unpleasant. Sleuth, however, bore up gallantly against hard words, for wasn't he defending his own future property?

"Harkye, Bob," he plucked up courage at last to say. "Do you really mean that you expect to receive, for bringing me this codicil, half of the whole of the alderman's property? Do you propose to charge me for my own document eighty-five thousand pounds?"

"That's the ticket."

"Bob, you joke."

"Do I?"

"I am sure you do. Now, harkye, Bob. I know what you are thinking of. You think if I won't give you what you want, you can go to my cousin Anthony, and that he will. Now, I will speak to you as a true friend. Anthony is just that sort of person who, the moment he found out what you really wanted—and he'd play with you till he did know, till he had wormed everything out of you, but then he'd clap you in prison, say the codicil was forged, and transport you for trying to get money on false pretences, while I should be no better off."

Bob only whistled, to show his utter contempt for Sleuth's speech.

"You must acknowledge, Bob, that he might try on that kind of game."

"He might," assented Bob. "Pigs might fly."

"What would you do then?"

"Come back to you, Mister Sleuth.

"And of course, you'd have to come down in price after such a failure."

"Possible. It's just possible, but not likely."

"What if I could not then negotiate with you at all?"

"Why, Mister Sleuth?"

"Because I should be afraid, after you had gone to Anthony. Don't you see?"

"No."

"No. You don't see that, if you offer it to Anthony, you do it knowing he can only want it to destroy it, and that both he and you would be in danger of the law; and, therefore, if Anthony refused to meddle with it, and then found I had got it, he would, of course, denounce it as a forgery, and point to what you had done to him as evidence of your character."

Bob listened to this in a silence that evidently grew deeper and deeper.

"I don't want to drive a hard bargain," he said, after some expression of his contempt for Sleuth's reasoning, which Sleuth understood, and therefore let pass without comment. "If half's too much, what do you say to a third?"

"Really Bob, we are wasting time."

"Well, I didn't mean to be such a spoony; but as you say, time's going. Very well, let's shake hands on it. I'll take a fourth—there!"

"You'll take nearly forty thousand pounds, Bob?" asked Sleuth, in a tone that aggravated the ostler, and he jumped to his feet. "Bob, we shall have to part, I can see, without coming to any useful end. Is that wise? Don't you mean, Bob, to talk to me like a man of sense?"

"Shut up, Mister Sleuth! and when you do reopen your jaws, make me an offer."

"I will, Bob—a magnificent one. I'll give you enough to make a gentleman of you——"

"The figger?" interposed Bob, tired of Sleuth's eloquence.

"Five thousand pounds!"

"Say twenty, and I'm your man."

"No."

"Then no to you; and I'll try my luck with Mr. Anthony. Hulloa! who's that?" Bob pointed to a gentleman riding leisurely along the road.

"That's Mr. Macguire a friend of Mr. Anthony Maude. He's a magistrate."

"A beak, eh? We may as well make ourselves scarce till he's gone by."

"Do, Bob, if you see it necessary. I don't."

Bob looked at Sleuth, who didn't seem to notice the look, and Bob had no longer time to delay his purpose of seeking a moment or two of concealment. Sharply, however, he watched for the meeting of Mr. Macguire and Mr. Sleuth. Of course, Bob was too far off to hear what they said. But he saw them look directly to the spot where he was, and presently Mr. Macguire went off at a trot, but stopped when he had gone a few yards, and said:

"He can't escape. My keepers are all about. I'll soon be back."

Sleuth had spoken not of Bob, but of a strange dog in the plantation worrying the game; but Bob naturally concluded the worst, just as cunning Mr. Sleuth had intended. He rushed forth, almost before the magistrate was out of sight, and found Sleuth prepared for him, looking flustered, and with visible tremor affecting his limbs, but still able to say, as he drew courage from the fact that he was able to give a satisfactory explanation:

"Now, Bob, we must bring all this to an end, or you'll be caught."

"Worse for you, Mister Sleuth."

"I am no enemy of yours, Bob."

"O' course not."

"I'll give you ten thousand pounds within one week after I recover the alderman's property, if I do recover it through the paper you say you can put into my hands. Stop! don't be in a hurry to answer. Ten thousand pounds, Bob, isn't a bad day's work for you."

"No, Mister Sleuth, nor a hundred and sixty thousand pounds for you."

"But that, you see, is mine properly.

"Twenty's the word. Couldn't afford to take a sixpence less. Fact is, Mr. Sleuth, I'd be ashamed to go back to London, and say I took twenty thousand pounds for a paper as is as good as a banknote for a hundred and seventy thousand pounds. Good mornin', Mr. Sleuth."

So saying, Bob got up, and began to walk away. Sleuth saw him go, and for a few seconds made no attempt to call him back.

Bob's back was towards him. The pistol, with one loaded barrel, was got out—was ready in his (Sleuth's) hand. Why not fire? Here, at least, he needed no justification, so his soul whispered to him.

Ah! but what if he missed? That must be thought of. He must step after him.

Time and Bob are both slipping away. He calls out:

"Bob!"

Bob walks on, not even condescending to look back.

Ha! That will just do.

"Bob!" he again cries, and in a palpably beseeching tone of voice, while his feet, scarcely lifted from the ground, glide along with amazing speed and softness.

Bob continues his walk, and nearer and nearer he hears the soft steps and the pleading voice.

"Bob, do stop to hear what I've got to say."

Bob slackened his own steps at this, but still did not turn round. His victim was coming closer and closer, and would, of course, when he did turn, fall into his arms, and as Bob put it to himself, agree to anythink! Only he (Bob) mustn't seem to give in too soon.

Bob laughs as he hears the steps now so close, and the quick breathing; but suddenly he hears something else, and in an instant Bob is falling flat to the ground, and a pistol-shot is whizzing harmlessly by over his falling body.

Bob's ears were quick, in spite of the wound to one of them, and he had heard the click of the pistol as Sleuth cocked it at the last moment.

Before Sleuth could well realize to himself the consequences of his failure, he found himself face to face with the infuriate ostler, who pressed upon him, knife in hand.

Back, back, back, Sleuth retreated, fighting with the butt end of the pistol, and doing his best to keep Bob at bay. But Bob gave him no time to turn. The knife flashing, and the gleam of Bob's devilish eyes, were all Sleuth saw.

Back, back, back still he was driven. And still Sleuth kept the ruffian at arm's length, and still over a space of some fifty yards, he managed to retreat swiftly without a fall.

But getting unawares towards one side of the road, he presently had behind him a little mud heap, which, in lapse of time, had become covered with wild flowers. Bob saw, and pressed on with new violence. The heap is reached, and in a couple of seconds Sleuth has fallen over it, rolled to one side, and now he feels Bob's hand at his throat, Bob's knee on his breast.

"You varmint! you treacherous, bloody-minded varmint! You wanted me, didn't you!"

"Mercy!" gasped Sleuth.

SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.



BABY'S NEST.

MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

THERE can be nothing more interesting to the people in general than some record of the thousands of self-denying men and women who, actuated by the most benevolent motives, leave homes of comfort, sometimes of luxury, and, for the sake of doing good, journey to far distant lands, careless of climate or fatigue. These records, as they come home to Europe or to the society that sent them forth, teem with the grave, the gay, the lively, and the severe. They tell of the gradual wearing of savages into the nature of civilization, and of the many small romances that go to make up mission life, and give the salt to the otherwise unpalatable dish.

We have given, from sketches, some of these; and from the letters the details:

The Rev. Mr. Hunter writes from Rupert's Land: "One day, while visiting at the hut of an Indian woman, a wretched place, made up from a few pine branches, and open on all sides, with a fire burning in the centre, I saw a small bundle, or rather bag, composed of rabbit skins, lying upon the floor, which, to my utter astonishment, seemed endowed with motion. I took it up and drew the strings that held the mouth of the bag, and out popped a little hand, followed by a tiny head, with which, as I snatched at it, and it slipped away, seemed fully the size of a rabbit. I started up in bed to see not less than a hundred of these charming visitants running in all directions over my bed and room, and me at all sheathed at my shoulings and blows, desisting from their antics only a moment to attend to them. I rose, and provided myself with a heavy horsewhip, in the use of which I spent my night."



THE ORPHAN OF JUGGERNAUT.

Dr. Smith, Bishop of Victoria, writes on child-selling in China: "I was walking in the neighborhood of Shanghai, with Mr. Hobson, when I was accosted by a man and woman, the man with baskets a-top on each side of him, in each of which was a child, while another rested in the woman's arms. The children were their own, and they were offering them for sale. They asked for the choice two of the 10*l.* $4, or about 11½ cents per pound. The mother accosted perfectly unmoved while the father haggled over the answer to my question as to whether she was aware she was selling her child again, when they were once sold. 'Yes!' They cared very little for the cause, but the practice is no common that it can only be ascribed to the direst poverty, ignorance, and realize a few dollars in so doing."

The next is a letter, dated at Calcutta, related by Mrs. Sandys. The little one was a girl, brought from Bhagulpore by Mr. Sandys for five rupees ($2 50), who placed her in the mission, where the child is now found shows an average share of intelligence that she is to be educated as a missionary, and, when old enough, to return to Bhagulpore to teach.

At Dinapore, India, a large mission school is supported, at the head of which is Mrs. Hinderer, the wife of a missionary. She thus relates a touching and beautiful incident: "On the 6th of October, a real treat was given us by the arrival of a box of presents from home. It was such a marvelous thing that the children were well nigh delight, and perfectly unconvertible, while I was scarcely any better. They shouted and sang in their own way, expressing their thanks. One said: 'Oh, Ags gets book from her father and mother, sisters and brothers, far away! Oh, it is good!' And then they crept up to the box, running away, and clapping their hands with delight."

The Rev. Mr. Crowther, a native missionary at Abbeokuta, in the Zomba country, Africa, who, joined with great intelligence, is highly educated, having received it in England, gives a little anecdote of his friend, the King of Ketu, illustrating that great monarch's fondness for the toilet: "I heard that the King of Ketu was willing to receive missionaries, and as I had some time before gained his favor by sending him a present of a pair of red cloth slippers, I thought it would be well for me to go and see his majesty. I had in my possession a gay patchwork quilt, which I immediately had made into a long robe or cloak, and with a *gay* yarn cap, sent to England by a lady, I took up as a present to his royalty. Had I brought the clothes to him, I could not have pleased better. His majesty donned the robe and cap, putting it immediately on his back, and with the air of a more than monarch strolled backward and forward with dignified pace, looking very proud and danced in delight. After this, you may be assured, I had everything my own way."

The *Missionary Token* gives this account of the Sierra Leone school: "Among the various African tribes that at Charlotte, the liberated African girls, is not the least interesting, since, perhaps, understand what is meant by 'liberated Africans.' They are rescued from the native of Africa, who have been liberated by the captains of the cruisers on the coast, from slave vessels. On the occasion, during the year 1859, a cruiser brought to Sierra Leone a captured slaver, which had 460 slaves on board, who were landed in the most wretched condition. Even about Sierra Leone the trade is carried on by canoes, which creep down the rivers at night.

"During the last autumn, within a few weeks, three such canoes were captured, having on board, in all, 155 slaves, mostly children, and some of very tender age. One case of barbarous cruelty will serve to show the brutality which is inseparably connected with this inhuman traffic. There was among the slaves a mother with an infant at her breast. The child began to cry, to the annoyance of the owner of the mother, who was afraid that thereby attention might be called to the canoe. The inhuman monster coolly took the infant from its mother, and cast it into the sea!

"When the poor captured slaves are brought into the colony to be liberated, or set free, there are many thousands of miles from their native land, and, without any chance of reaching the adults usually find some of their own race to whom they can attach themselves.

"The matron, who sleeps with these elder girls (fifty-eight in number), relates that she never before in her life had seen such a thing; the children that night were kneeling around their beds calling on their Saviour for mercy and grace. Not only on the Saturday evenings, but on other evenings, but often do soft voices of singing and supplication from some part of the house, show how deeply the hearts of their teachers, and the blessed effects are seen in the daily conduct of the girls."



CHILD-SELLING IN CHINA.

The following account of some new comers is from the pen of Mrs. Clements, the English lady in charge of the school, who also makes honorable mention of Bro Mansey, the most prominent figure in our picture:

"We received, in May and June, new children, together eighteen, all liberated Africans, who, in consequence of the late war with the Limnehs were made slaves, but caught and rescued. Some were accompanied by their poor mothers, who wished to see that their children were placed, and who parted from them, not without hard struggles and tears. Many touching scenes of mothers' love have we witnessed, which impressed on us most forcibly the misery of this people, and our bounden duty towards the dear children so providentially brought under our care.

"Our girls received the new comers with shouts of joy, suffocating them almost with their embracings, and very willingly shared with them all they had. They also took good care of the little ones, so that they soon were at home and happy here, and gave altogether much less trouble than one might expect. Our good 'Big Mammy,' as the matron of the young children (who has been now eight years with us), is called, especially deserves my thankful acknowledgment for all that she, under like, does for the infants."

In the year 1858, a Brahmin family in North India, who had never heard the glad tidings of the Prince of Peace, set out on a pilgrimage to the temple of Juggernaut. Although they were heathen, they knew and felt they had committed sin; they wished to atone for it, and thought they could do so by taking a long and wearisome journey. The family consisted of the Pundit, his wife, and their little girl, only a few months old, and two or three servants. They had gone as far as Balasore, 150 miles from the temple, when the wife was taken ill. From that time the father disappeared and was never seen more.

With great difficulty the mother dragged herself as far as the door of a house, where she hoped to find help, but was disappointed. A short time after a missionary passing by, found her lying on the ground, under the shade of a tree, with her sleeping infant clinging to her. He was a long way from the mission station, which made it difficult to obtain help, but he walk some miles before he could procure a cup of milk for her. After three days from the discovery, the mother died, and "the story of the cross," which, for the first time in her life, she had heard from the lips of a stranger, was tenderly cared for her body, found an entrance into her heart; and that little one was taken by the mother's hand to the Lamb of God to take away her sins!

The kind missionary took care of the little girl, until she was old enough to become an assistant teacher in the Female Orphan Institution of the mission, She is now the happy and useful wife of the Rev. Behari Lal Sing, of Calcutta. About two years ago that worthy clergyman was in England, and at a public meeting on behalf of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, consulted his own interesting speech by asking British Christians to pray for his beloved wife, "That she may be a burning and a shining light amongst her benighted sisters, and have wisdom and grace to train up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."





THE KING OF KETU AND THE PATCHWORK ROBE.

THE LATE MR. J. F. HERRING.

EVERY class of painting may be said to have its "representative man;" and as regards racehorse and purely farmyard subjects, Mr. Herring was unrivaled. Stubbs, Marshall, Gilpin, and Sartorius were not so accurate in their colour, and coarser in their coloring; and Morland's scenes were on a much smaller scale, and more good cabin pictures than first-rate studies.

Mr. Herring was born in Surrey, England, A.D. 1795, and was of America-Dutch extraction. He was bred to his father's profession, that of a fancy-stock studies. In the course of his trasic journeys for the house, he learnt from a groom to ride, became a first-rate horseman, and taught himself drawing, by stealth in his bed-room, after the family were gone to bed, with his brother for companion. Before long, he had achieved a horse and cart in oils. Their father of course found out the secret, but, with a wise forbearance, encouraged his self-instructed him, and he consented, with some reluctance, that his son should have lessons. John proved, after one attendence, to know more than his master, and the latter had the grace to confess it.

An early marriage, favoring his father's absence in Holland, and the dread of "a scene" on his return, caused him to have his home and seek his fortune in Doncaster, where he arrived about race time, in 1814. William was the St. Leger horse of the year; and Catton, Tramp and Attendors were other races during the week. He tried hard to reproduce the St. Leger race, but his powers were not yet ripe, he failed. Another chance opened up as he strolled along the town, and, finding a painter making a dreadful mess of a white horse on a coach panel, he did it for him, and so delighted the proprietors that they made him their crest-painter in ordinary.

A Coach and Horses, and divers other inn signs, soon began to crop up all over Doncaster, and his name rose in the district. Still, he had not quite enough to do; and with his old love of driving burning within him, and feeling highly enough, that, as "the painter coachman," he would be well known, he accepted office, and drove a coach or mail on the north road between York and Doncaster. He descended from the box, he has received many commissions for coaching pictures, which realized from 30 guineas, and he had also commenced, with Fuho da Puta, that series of St. Leger victories which placed him in fame. For thirty-three years he painted all the leading and winning horses of the Doncaster Cup. These formed, with the "Stable Scenes," part of that "Herring Gallery," which Mr. Ackermann, of the Strand, Fores to Mr. Bristow, and of which the start for Orlando's Derby and the quarrel for the Oaks included four racing scenes, the last he ever gave to the world, and, in his regard formed a fitting and suitable finish.

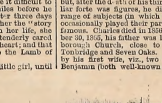
Still he was not content to stand on them alone, and "The Grand Meal," in the Vernon Gallery, his "Heroes of the Sea," and "Members of the Temperance Society," "Feeding," "Refreshment," "Interior of an English Homestead," and others, were only a few portion of the general works which the painter's art has made familiar in all lands. His "Materials," "Hunting Scenes" (in which the men and hounds were not equal to the horses), and "St. Giles and St. James" were also very popular; and whether it was a horse, or rabbits, or a brood of young ducks, the British Institution, to the very last, hardly ever opened without something from his hand. Many of his best works were exhibited in Suffolk street, Strand; but, like Haydon, he had a strong anti-Royal Academy feeling.

He did not leave many pictures behind him, but among them are a large "Horse Fair," and "Cattle Fair," and "The Forge." He worked a little till within four days of his death, and a horse's head was the last thing he touched.



TROUBLESOME REDFELLOWS.

daughters (one of whom is married to Mr. Harrison Weir, the excellent wood-draughtsman), survive him.



OPENING A BOX OF PRESENTS AT IBADAN.

We are not apt to think that one of the great causes of the sadness of autumn is its silence—the absence of the birds. It is like the wilderness, whose characteristic is also silence—the absence of man; a much deeper silence, reaching way back to the creation. Night, also, has its silence. But the greatest silence is that of the grave.

Our sweetest experiences of affection and love are meant to be suggestions of that realm which is the home of the heart.

A FRENCH editor has given the following sensible description of the effect of an advertisement: The first time a man sees an advertisement he takes no notice of it; the second time he looks at the name; the third time he looks at the price; the fourth time he reads it; the fifth time he speaks of it to his wife; and the sixth time he buys.

We can learn to read and write, but we cannot learn raillery; that must be a particular gift of nature; and to tell the truth, I esteem him happy who does not wish to acquire it. The character of sarcasm is dangerous; although this quality makes those laugh whom it does not wound, it nevertheless, never procures esteem.



THE LITTLE ORPHAN BROUGHT TO MRS. RANDIS.



PASSAGE OF THE FIRST BOAT THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL.

TOWNSEND'S RECORD OF THE REBELLION.

ONE of the most remarkable literary efforts the world has ever produced, is now offered to the inspection of the public at the rooms of the Loyal League Club.

It is a complete history and record of the rebellion from the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860, to this date, by Mr. Thomas S. Townsend, of this city.

At the time of its commencement, when the first agitation was occurring, Mr. Townsend conceived the idea of making a chronicle of every event bearing upon the great struggle that was approaching. To do this, he not only went to all the journals of the day, and gathered from them a relation of events, but sought matter from public speakers, and written documents while the passing matter was fresh in the public mind. In doing this, he has rightly judged that he would get everything worth procuring. These extracts have been pasted in a series of large books, resembling ledgers, each containing 600 pages, the series to the close of Mr. Lincoln's first term making 24 volumes. No party feeling enters into its pages, and no favoritism is shown. He has accomplished his work so far by nine hours work per day for five years.

The preparation of these 52 volumes of printed matter has been, however, the least laborious portion of the work. To find any particular item in them would be almost impossible without complete tablets of contents to the whole; in fact, as difficult as to search out a particular entry in as many day-books in a merchant's counting-house. To prepare for a perfect arrangement of the contents it was necessary to go through a system of journalization. For instance: it was requisite to enter the reports or descriptions of a battle under different headings, such as the action of a particular regiment or brigade, individual valor calling forth special notice, trophies of victory, &c. All these had to be entered into a journal from which, like a commercial record, they could be carried to their respective accounts in what the merchant calls his ledger, but which Mr. Townsend designates his "Encyclopædia of the Rebellion." Each volume of the "Record" requires a folio journal of 600 pages to comprise an epitome of its contents. When the separate items, however, are pasted from the journals into the "Encyclopædia," the furnace have performed their duty and are cast aside, being of no further use. The magnitude of the labor will be understood when we state that towards the preparation of the references more than 30,000 folio pages of writing have been undertaken in these journal or waste-books, which are removed when their entries are systematically transferred to the various entries in the "Encyclopædia."

We now come to the Encyclopædia of the War, comprised in 15 volumes, or 17,000 pages. The entries refer to everything that is found in the printed volumes, amongst which we may name: Generals, regiments, soldiers who have distinguished themselves, battles and skirmishes, brutal and destructive acts, blockade and capture, privateers and captures, sale or destruction of captures, political prisoners, living heroes, illustrious dead, war department, Federal and Confederate governmental orders, Federal and Confederate naval matters, legal matters, clerical documents, historical references, missing soldiers; with speeches, letters, reports, messages, correspondence, biographies, poems, proceedings of Congress and State Legislatures. There is also a "Tablet of Fame," in which is comprised the name of every soldier who has been honorably mentioned in official reports or otherwise, and in which no less than 6,000 names are entered for the first two years, all that is at present posted up.

The index, the key to the whole, is comprised in one volume, and gives the reference to the "Encyclopædia."

The Record in its present state is bound and lettered, in 52 volumes. If the columns of print were connected they would foot up to 45 miles in length, and the actual outlay for paper, &c., to make it, has been nearly $2,000.

It is important that this work should be secured for the public use, and we trust some steps will be taken to that end.



MEDAL PRESENTED TO CAPT. THOMAS STETSON, OF THE SHIP MERCURY.

CAPT. STETSON,

Of the United States Ship Mercury.

We have the pleasure to introduce to the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a most striking portrait of Capt. Stetson, of the U. S. ship Mercury, who lately rescued the passengers of the ill-fated vessel William Nelson, wrecked on the 21st of June. We give also an exact representation of the gold medal presented to Capt. Stetson by the proprietors and subscribers of the Parisian journal *Le Temps*. It was struck at the French Mint, and is a beautiful specimen of their workmanship. Capt. Stetson is distinguished for his humanity, having several times, by his daring and judicious exertions, saved unfortunate voyagers from a watery grave. For one of these services, some years ago, Capt. Stetson received a magnificent chronometer from the Queen of England, for rescuing the passengers of the English ship Persia, burned on the high seas.

A STRANGE FAMILY.—A few days back the police found the corpses of three young girls who had terminated their existence with charcoal in one of the old houses of the Rue Beautrillis, Paris. It appeared that the family to which they belonged, had a monomania for suicide; that the father, in consequence of commercial misfortunes, had thrown himself from the top tower of the St. Jacques; that the son had enlisted as a soldier, and then blown out his brains; lastly, that Eugenie, one of the three girls, had made several attempts to commit suicide, and had been confined at Charenton. It was only a fortnight ago, that her mother, thinking her entirely cured, withdrew her from the asylum and took her home. Eugenie being left alone with her two sisters, took the opportunity of converting them to her own ideas of life and death, the consequence of which was that they went out, bought charcoal, and then re-entered the room. The mother, on returning home, found her three daughters dead, in a kneeling posture, and all attired in their best dresses.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Clearfield, Pa., tells a very doubtful story about an organized band, who intend to resist the bounty tax in that State. "It is nothing," he says, "to see from 60 to 100 men drilling in the woods, and they are all armed with fipenoors and 16 shooters, navies and sabres. It is their intention to burn the buildings of all those who had anything to do with laying on the bounty tax." He says further that he knows of "two powder mills in the woods in this county, and they are going to carry the thing on a big scale." The first thing they intend doing is to "capture Petersburg and get the artillery there."

THE total annual product of coffee in the world is set down in a recent circular at an average of 672,000,000 pounds, or about 300,000 tons. Half of this is produced in Brazil. About 55,000 tons come from Java and Sumatra; 30,000 tons from Ceylon; 25,000 tons from St. Domingo, and the remainder from a variety of other countries, or islands in or near the torrid zone.

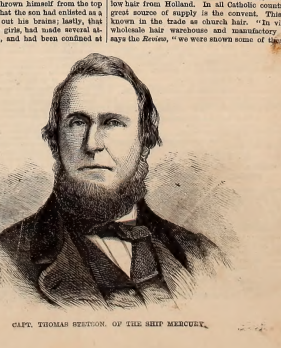
PUNCH says that a Yankee baby will crawl out of his cradle, take a survey of it, invent an improvement, and apply for a patent before he is six months old.

FALSE HAIR—HOW AND WHERE IT IS PROCURED.

A WRITER in the *London Review* gives an account of the sources of supply of the false hair for which the artificial curls and "waterfalls" of the prevailing fashion create a market. The stock comes chiefly from Germany, Holland, Brittany, Spain, Italy, and the Catholic convents. The peasant girls of Brittany cover the head with a picturesque white cap, which wholly hides the hair; hence the sale of the article has been openly carried on. Spain and the north of Italy also furnish considerable contributions to the collections of jet black locks. The main crops of the golden hair, now so much prized, come from Germany, and the yellow hair from Holland. In all Catholic countries one great source of supply is the convent. This hair is known in the trade as church hair. "In visiting a wholesale hair warehouse and manufactory lately, says the *Review*, "we were shown some of these veils.



THE LATE J. F. HEERING, ANIMAL PAINTER.



CAPT. THOMAS STETSON, OF THE SHIP MERCURY.

THE FIRST BOAT

Through the Suez Canal.

THE French press is making great glorification over the opening of the Suez Canal, and the passage of the first boat through its entire length, a fact that was accomplished on the 15th of August last.

At ten o'clock on that day was accomplished the voyage of a boat, laden with coal, from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. At Ismaili, the termination point, a large body of the employés of M. de Lesseps, the director of the work, together with some hundreds of Arab sheiks, with all their attendants, gaily decked horses and dromedaries, were present to welcome the boat. M. de Lesseps, amid great sensation, addressed them in a speech of congratulation; and then, amid the firing of guns and the shouts of the tawny chiefs and their adherents, a dispatch was sent to the Emperor, announcing the fact, and within a few hours, in the midst of the festivities, a congratulatory message was received from Napoleon, which sent the enthusiasm up to boiling heat.

The English papers declare that the passage of this boat is a gross fraud on the world, and that the canal will really not be finished yet for three or four years. Doctors disagree.

A GOOSE has many quills, but an author can make a recee of himself with only one quill.

tresses fresh from an English convent. Vanity of vanities—its next appearance in all probability will be on the head of some maiden of Belgravia."

Hair merchants, by long experience, have acquired great proficiency in judging of the nationality of this article. One of the largest dealers in the trade in England declares that he could tell in the dark the nationality of any piece of hair. This is done either by the sense of touch or smell. Some nations have much coarser hair than others; indeed, there is a constant difference both with respect to length and weight. The average weight of a French head of hair (by which is meant the piece of long hair which forms the knot at the back of the head) is five ounces; of Italian, six ounces; of German, ten. This difference has much to do with its color. The *chiffonniers* who go about in Paris, morning and evening, picking out prizes from the gutter, have not overlooked human hair. By their agency the combings of the fair Parisienne are returned once more to the human head: no doubt there is a dust-heap odor the hair merchant knows well. But there is still another kind of hair about which there is a deep mystery. A grim smile passes over the features of the hair merchant as he tells you that the long "leech" of hair (for that is the trade name for the small parcels in which they are done up for sale, after being prepared and cleansed) is known as churchyard hair! As he draws attention with a certain subdued manner, to the squared end of the "leech," you perceive that they have not been cut, but pulled out of the head with the bulb adherent; sometimes this class of hair comes to market with pieces of the scalp-skin at the end. How this hair is obtained is a mystery which the trade does not care to fathom. When we so often hear of the desecration of churchyards, and the shoveling away of the old bones and decayed coffins, we may, perhaps, make a shrewd guess at the source from which this hair comes. It must be remembered that hair is almost indestructible. The beautiful wig of auburn hair now in the British Museum had lain in the tomb of a Theban mummy for upwards of two thousand years before it found its way to the national collection, yet that hair is as fresh as though it had just come from the hands of the hairdresser, and the curl is so strong in it that it cannot be taken out even by the application of heat. Churchyard hair is brought into the market by home as well as foreign collectors, and we cannot help suspecting that the gravedigger is no mean member of that craft.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1865, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 530 - Vol. XXI.] NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1865 [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00.

Spain Marauding.

Take her all in all, Spain is, probably, the most despicable power on the face of the earth. Bankrupt and discredited, she has, nevertheless, been able, through the mistaken forbearance of the United States, to prolong an existence neither useful to herself or creditable to the world. Too feeble for good, even had she the intent to do good, with a sovereign as notorious for her immorality as Catherine of Russia, or the veriest bawd in the House of Correction, deriving her principal revenues from the continuance of a traffic in slaves, which she is bound by treaty to suppress; as facile to break an oath, as ready to repudiate an obligation—this wrinkled, toothless, effete, and debauched power has, nevertheless, the impudence to prate of her honor, and to parade a number of war ships, for which she has not paid, in Pacific waters, in vindication of her pretended dignity! Her career of insulting arrogance and mercenary ambition in that quarter has, however, received a rather sudden check. She has embroiled herself in a war with Chili, the result of which is foreshadowed by that of her attempt on the independence of Santo Domingo—an attempt which was not merely a failure, but a deep humiliation and black disgrace.

We say that she has embroiled herself in a war with Chili, the most advanced, industrious, enterprising, orderly, and reliable of the Spanish-American States; one, also, which is specially attached to our country, and which has singular claims on our regard and sympathy. As the events of our great war overshadowed all others occurring in other parts of the world during its continuance, it cannot be expected that our people should remember those that have taken place in the Pacific, and led to this rupture between Spain and Chili. We will make a rapid recurrence to them.

At the height of the insurrection, when all Europe, and especially its monarchs, thought the disruption of the Union inevitable, was formed an unholy alliance, under the auspices of the French Emperor, directed against the Republican principles and free institutions in America. England undertook the part, far less easy than she imagined, of securing the division and consequent paralyzation of the power of the United States. How faithfully she worked in her allotted part, we all know but too well. France undertook to suffocate Republicanism in Mexico and Central America, and Spain, with the aid of renegades, the re-establishment of her dominion over the States once her colonies. In pursuance of her rôle she attempted the occupation of the little republic of Santo Domingo, and, with the aid of France, sent out a fleet to pick a quarrel with Peru, the richest, probably, but most vulnerable of the South-American republics. Here, on pretexts only to be paralleled, for shallowness and impudence, by those of the wolf *versus* the lamb in the fable, this fleet seized on the great guano islands, valued at a thousand millions of dollars for their deposits, and endeavored to appropriate them for the replenishing of the empty and dusty exchequer of Spain.

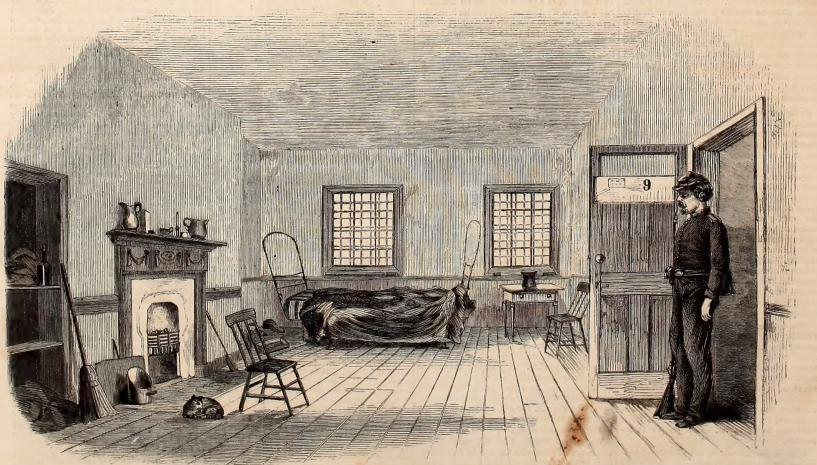


PREPARING THE PRISONER FOR EXECUTION—PUTTING ON THE BLACK ROBE.

A seizure so wanton and unjustifiable, naturally roused great excitement among the neighbors of Peru, and Chili, sympathizing with her, accepted the act of war as sufficient evidence of belligerency, and refused the sale of coal to the Spanish fleet from the government mines. There were also many popular demonstrations of sympathy with Peru among the people of Chili, but only such as it was the right of a free people to make. The representatives of an offensive nation must expect groans instead of cheers from the populace, and criticisms instead of plaudits from a free press.

The question between Spain and Peru, after remaining an open one for a year, was finally settled by an agreement on the part of the President of the latter country, supposed to have been, from the start, in complicity with Spain, to pay $4,000,000 to defray the cost of the Spanish aggression, and leaving all other questions in abeyance. This surrender of the rights and honor of Peru led to a revolution in the country, now nearly successful.

Spain having succeeded so easily in bullying Peru out of a round sum, sufficient to keep up her faded grandeur for some months longer, next turned her attention to Chili, taking, as



INTERIOR OF WIKE'S ROOM JUST AS HE LEFT IT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.

a pretext for offence, the action of the latter during the Peruvian imbroglio. The matter, however, was easily adjusted, and in a manner compromising the dignity of neither party. through the Spanish Chargé d'Affairs, Señor Tavera. Everybody supposed the whole difficulty, in its real, as well as pretended features, was finally disposed of.

But the Spanish Government, flushed, perhaps, with its easy success in Peru, and eager for more plunder, refused to sanction the adjustment made by its own agent, and sent out instructions to its admiral (Pareja), to re-open the whole affair, which he did on the 17th of September, in an insulting and peremptory note, ending with a threat, that unless his ultimatum, fixed with ever-varying conditions or consultation, was unconditionally accepted, he should resort to forcible measures.

The Government of Chili, consulting its own dignity and honor, refused to act in any way under an uplifted hand, and insisted that the causes of grievance, if any, should be at first stated, and redress asked for, in the manner prescribed among civilized nations. No greater insult is possible than that of making a reclamation, coupled with a threat. To this proper conduct of Chili, the bombastic admiral responded by declaring a blockade of the ports of Chili, giving to the neutral vessels to get away. If he supposed that thereby he would frighten the Chilenos, he was mistaken, for they responded to his proclamation by a declaration of war.

As Pareja has only seven lumbering vessels of war, his declaration of the blockade of 2,000 miles of coast, and some twenty odd ports, comes under the denomination of "paper blockade," which no one is bound to respect. Chili has retaliated by opening all her ports, and declaring them *free*, so that foreign vessels may enter, and enter their cargoes without payment of any custom dues. She has, or speedily will issue letters of marque and reprisal, and Spain may expect soon to witness the sea-hawks hovering in front of her peninsular ports. Chili has also authorized a loan of twenty millions, which, as her solvency is undoubted, can readily be raised. Her people are contributing their means with alacrity; the authorities are suspected all Spanish priests; parties are forgotten, and an enthusiasm and unity prevails among the people, only equaled by that which pervaded the North on the call for the men to the defence ment of Fort Sumter. The diplomatic corps, under the lead of our minister, Mr. Nelson, whom our Government is under every obligation to sustain, has taken high and strong ground against the unprecedented and unwarranted action of the Spaniards. The foreign residents in the country seem equally unanimous.

It is presumable that the issue between Spain and Chili will take wider dimensions. The revolutionary party in Peru, which owes its very existence to the fact that the Government of Spain did not do precisely what that of Chili has now done, is bound to support the Chilian cause. In fact this new issue seems likely to lead to a cessation of hostilities in Peru, and a consolidation of all parties for the assistance of Chili. Spain has presumed too much, and involved herself in a struggle which will not terminate until she is stripped of the last vestige of her power on this continent, and in its adjacent waters. Now is the time for Cuba to act. The day of her independence dawns.

As for our own conduct? When the representatives of the people of the United States assemble in Washington next month, we shall, probably, learn whether the principle of all others most cherished in the American heart shall be sacrificed to the views which dodge lakes of the seeds of a diplomatic system, itself only a relic of the middle ages, and beneath the contempt of the practical sense and clear intelligence of the day. The Peruvian affair is a man of the people, whose heart beats responsive to theirs, and we look to him and to Congress for such an assertion of the doctrine that bears the venerated name of Monroe, as shall send back Bip Van Winkles of politics, and the blear-eyed followers of antiquated systems of policy to the congenial and cob-webbed retreats where they should long ago have found refuge for their infirmities, and immunity from 19th century criticism.

The duty of the United States as regards Chili is plain. We cannot, in the first place, permit the establishment of "paper blockades," or the sacrifice of our commercial interests to enable Spain to extort a few paltry millions for its depleted treasury. On higher grounds, we ought not to permit a sister republic, and one above all others most deserving our consideration and support, to be annoyed or oppressed by a nation not only foreign, but a bankrupt in character, and a pauper in resources.

Spanish commerce does not offer the richest prizes for privateering enterprise. But it will do, pending the opportunity for something better!

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1865.

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The Leading Traitor.

Now that the majesty of the law has been vindicated in the execution of Henri Wirz, and sensation-mongers are shown that all their false promises and theories have no effect on the head of the nation, it is time to turn from the dead to the living—from Wirz to his aiders and abettors.

There has, of late, through all the States just emerging from rebellion, been a movement to influence President Johnson in favor of the prime mover of all our troubles, and to bring about a pardon without trial. The consummation of such an idea is simply absurd, and the means used to facilitate it worthy of the source whence they originated. The principal of these means is the petition, a petition signed by thousands of the fair and delicate fingers of Southern ladies, perhaps many of them still enclasped with the gay trinkets sent home by adoring lovers and husbands, from the prison dens of Andersonville and Salisbury, as tokens of appreciation of the physical structure of what they elegantly termed "hated Yankees."

In entering any protest against these petitions, we do not for one instant suppose that they will have any effect on President Johnson. He knows exactly the value of such scrip, and exactly the source from whence it emanates. Andrew Johnson has taken no pains to conceal the embryo nature of the treason, or the punishment due it. The man who could speak these words:

"I am in favor of leniency; but, in my opinion, evil doers should be punished. Treason is the highest crime known in the catalogue of crimes, and for him that is guilty of it—for him who is willing to lift his sacrilegious hand against the authority of the nation—I would say that death is too easy a punishment. My notion is, that treason must be made odious, and traitors must be punished and impoverished. Their property must be taken, and they made to feel the penalty of their crime. Hence, I say this, 'The halter to intelligent, influential traitors!'"

This he said, at a public meeting on the 3d of last April, in Washington city, and he is not the man to give way to sentimentality when a question of national pride and honor comes before him. We need not judge him alone by this asseveration. If we go over his speeches and acts, we will find them breathing the same sentiment throughout. At one time he says:

"At the beginning of this great struggle, I entertained the same opinion of it that I do now, and in my place in the Senate I denounced it as treason, worthy the punishment of death."

And again, in the same forcible and positive language:

"If we would save the Government we must bring traitors to the punishment due their crime."

These were speeches made before his elevation to his present high office, but they only breathe his unaltered sentiment of the present hour. Since that elevation he has spoken these words:

"The only assurance I can now give of the future is by reference to the past. The course which I have taken in the past, in connection with this rebellion, must be regarded as a guarantee of the future."

And with these words unretracted, it seems strange if we cannot trust Andrew Johnson to perform the work he has set out to perform, and not to let the suspicion upon him that he believes his Government is not strong enough to punish a traitor, but must pardon Davis, because a few whining editors on both sides of the Atlantic cry out in alarm, or because a few women who have pas sively tender consciences as to their own agency in his unhappy position, send petitions for his pardon. If petitions are wanted to influence the matter, ten signatures to one can be produced from the women of the North, who have lost brothers, husbands and fathers in this fearful war, for the punishment of the man who has been first and foremost in the bloody work that consigned them to death.

We do not cry aloud for this man's blood, we are not of those who say let him be hanged, trial or no trial, but we hold that we should be disgraced as a people, for ever, should the executive yield to the pressure that is now being brought to bear upon him, and enlarge this leading traitor on parole or without trial.

There is a new book, by Mr. Raymond, of the *Times*, entitled "History of the Administration of President Lincoln, etc.," in which are related some new anecdotes of our late President. Among them the following:

"About a week after the Chicago Convention, a gentleman from New York called on the President, in company with the Austrian Secretary-of-War, Dana. In the course of conversation, the gentleman said: 'What do you think, Mr. President, in the recent Gen. McClellan does not reply to the letter from the Chicago Convention?' 'Oh,' replied Mr. Lincoln, with a characteristic twinkle of the eye, *'he is intrenching!'*"

Another:

"A deputation from the temperance bodies in the New England States waited upon him at the White House, and urged him to issue an order to send temperance lecturers into the camps, with the same rights and powers as the chaplains had claimed. As an undertaker, and professedly in favor of the Maine Liquor Law, his friends were chiefly of that way of thinking, and the deputation supposed they would have an easy task of it, although they knew that the President, the Commander-in-Chief, was hostile to their plans. He set out their facts in a strong colors, as the manner is with all sectarists, declaring that the armies were demoralized with drink, and that most of the officers were drunkards. Among other and last things he said to the President, that if the army was, that Gen. Grant was fond of whisky, and that he had been seen many times in a state very much disinclined to headquarters. When they had finished their tale, the President, looking up, quietly asked the question, 'Well, gentlemen, and did you ascertain where Gen. Grant got his whisky?' 'Oh, yes,' replied the orator, 'we did not try to learn.' 'Ah!' said the President-at, 'that is a pity. If you could only ascertain that, I should like to find out me, so I should like to have sent some of the same whisky to every General in the service.'"

Once more:

"Judge Baldwin, of California, being in Washington, called one day on Mr. Lincoln, and, presuming upon a familiar acquaintance in California a few years since, solicited a pass outside the lines to visit a brother in Virginia, not thinking that he would meet with a refusal. Mr. Lincoln replied, 'I myself never good Union men. 'We have been deceived too often,' said Gen. Baldwin. 'Why, Baldwin,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'I know you went to Stanton, and was very briefly disposed of, with the statement that I (Mr. Lincoln) am inferior with Mr. Lincoln, and stated his case. 'Have you applied to Mr. Lincoln?' said Stanton. 'No, sir.' 'Then you will go with a flat refusal,' said Judge B. 'Then you must see Mr. Lincoln,' said Stanton. 'I have, and with the same result,' was the reply. 'Well, then,' said Mr. Lincoln, with a smile, 'I can do nothing; for you must *know that I have very little influence with the Secession traitors.'*"

The great cemetery at Andersonville, wherein He buried the Union soldiers, the victims of Winder, Wirz, and Company, has been embowed, laid out and planted at the expense of the nation. A correspondent of the *Times* describes the cemetery:

"It is a square, containing 47 acres. Entering the south gate, next the stockade, a broad carriage-way leads directly through the centre of the grounds, on either side of which are very many long lines of graves, extending to the trenches where our dead are buried. A neatly graded pathway, at the foot of the carriage-road, leads to the south (nearly one hundred feet) each of these trenches, where the name, regiment and company of the soldier is neatly cut by the passing visitor. These two solid, close-columned divisions of the soldiers' graves are separated by a broad walk in the centre of the grounds. A little to the right, are buried the murderers, executed from soldiers—who were hung by our soldier-prisoners for murdering and robbing their fellows. On the largest branch thereof, the graves is located in the northeast corner, occupying about one acre. The number of graves is thirteen hundred and 12,888. Add to the 61 prisoners who died of small-pox, and were buried outside the stockade, the 13 who were hung, and one negro soldier, and the total mortality of Rebel Wirz's army prisoners among the soldiers of the Union is 12,963, including 12 rebels executed here, the grand total is 13,555. On a little white-painted board at the left of the entrance, I read the following record following inscription:

"'On God's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards, with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.'

"Further along the wide carriage-way, towards the centre, on the right, we read:

"'Whether in the prison drear,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man.'

"And on the left:

"'The hopes, the fears, the blood, the tears,
That nurture the battle's wrath,
Are now all crowned by victory,
And blossom in after path.'

"Close to the flagstaff, from which floats the starry banner, is the central terminus of this broad carriage-way, in another inscription, running thus:

"'A thousand battle-fields have drank
The blood our heroes bave,
And countless homes are dark and drear
Thro' the hand they died to save.'"

When Lord Alvanley fought a duel with Morgan O'Connell, several shots were exchanged, after which the seconds interfered, and stopped the proceedings. "O'Connell must be a very clumsy fellow," said Alvanley, on his way home, "or he never would have missed such a fat fellow as I am. He ought to practice at a haystack to get his hand in." He gave the hackney coachman a sovereign. "It's a great deal for only having taken your lordship to Wimbledon," said the coachman. "My good man," said Alvanley, "I gave it to you not for taking me, but for bringing me back."

On the matter of ventilation, Dr. Angus Smith, in a communication to the recent Social Science Congress, in England, presented a series of interesting facts, relative to the evil results in ventilated and unventilated places. Observations have shown that the carbonic acid of pure places is from 300 to 340 in a million; in towns which seem very much polluted by smoke it rises only to 403 as an average in the best streets, although in places manifestly impure, the average obtained is 774. In workshops it rises to 3,000 or more, and in mines sometimes to 20,000, or even more, in a million. Dr. Smith believed that we can bear in cold weather an inferior ventilation. Many who insisted on pure air forgot this, although instinctively they act on it when not misled.

Chambers of Commerce are not usually paragons of wisdom, but they are not necessarily "muffs" beyond redemption. They have often a notion, probably erroneous, that they lubricate the wheels of creation, and, in some instances, they have been known to talk common sense during what the doctors might call "lucid intervals." The Chamber of Commerce of New York has lately had what the lamented sage of Brooklyn Heights would have called a "rational term," and adopted resolutions applauding the speech of the Secretary of the Treasury at Fort Wayne, as well as approving of his recent action in funding $50,000,000 of legal tender notes, thus giving the assurance of his determination to exert his influence and authority in favor of an early return to specie payments. The Chamber also extends its protest against every appeal that may be made to Congress, at the approaching session, to increase the issue of the National Bank currency beyond the $300,000,000 authorized, or the issue of a single dollar more of paper money in any form.

The design for the proposed monument to Shakespeare in Stratford-on-Avon is illustrated in a London journal. It is a very fine conception, and is splendid proportion and finish. The column will be one hundred feet in height, and thirty-six feet broad at the bottom of the steps. It will be ornamented through all its stages with Shakespearian figures. The upper tier of statues is shown upon the third stage, which, with those below and the supporting groups, at the top, St. George of England slaying the dragon, number between thirty and forty.

It has been ascertained that during the entire war the navy has lost only fourteen hundred and six men in killed, and sixteen hundred and thirty-eight in wounded. Most of the severely wounded sailors and marines who have been on the rolls. This is inclusive of all losses in the grand battles of the monitors before Charleston, Mobile and Fort Fisher, and elsewhere. The whole expense of the navy since the beginning of the war, including the construction of gunboats, and all its vessels and their maintainance, has been less than $230,000,000, or only about seven and a half per cent. of the cost of the army. We have commanded since 1861 two hundred and ten vessels of war, all of which are of the most improved models, and contain all the appliances of modern offensive and defensive warfare.

Every day gives confirmation of the purpose of the President to insist on the constitutional method by us last week, as precedent and essential to the restoration of the late rebellious States. He was besieged, a few days ago, by a delegation from the North Carolina State Convention, who told before him a copy of the new Constitution of that State, and expressed a hope that Congress would not insist on the representatives elect for North Carolina taking the "test oath." The President responded briefly, telling the delegates that the constitution presented to him to enable the State to resume her relations with the Union, and added that the adoption of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery throughout the United States, was "practically important" to that end. He further told them that his action as regards the latter point must "depend on events," and that he had determined to continue Mr. Holden as Provisional Governor, pending the development of those events. In addition to this, notwithstanding North Carolina has elected a Legislature and Governor, she will be kept under the military authority until she has quieted herself by a complete acceptance of the results of the war, for resuming her old associations. As regards South Carolina, the President has directed Provisional Governor Perry to continue the discharge of his functions, and has advised him that he has "observed with regret that some of the convention nor the Legislature" have repudiated the rebel debts, and that the constitutional amendment has not been adopted. He tells the governor that the adoption of the latter measure is "peculiarly important, and especially desirable." The inference is, therefore, strong, that all the Confederate States will be kept fully the status of the war. The prospects of their rehabilitation are by no means as rosesate as they were in August.

A chess problem published by the Philadelphia Fair paper is the most complicated in the records of the game. The proposition is, "White to move, and compel Black to mate in eighteen moves." But it is not so difficult as the problem that certain parties are trying to solve down South—White to move, and prevent Black's moving at all!

It is a pity that the secretary who writes Queen Victoria's messages could do as much credit to his royal mistress. Nothing could be clumsier than the Queen's assurance to Lady Palmerston "of her heart-felt and *deep* sympathy with her under this *deep* trial."

A GLEAM of truth occasionally breaks past the dense, characteristic body of the enemy of the Parisian press. "The harp of a thousand strings," on which Napoleon plays with so much effect, occasionally rings a discordant note, or two, spontaneously. Thus the Paris *Presse*, of October 15th indulges in something like rational and independent comment, as follows. We are not yet informed if it has received "a warning."

"It must be acknowledged that the two great powers of Europe, France and England, desire the success of secession. France morally, and England materially, have made considerable efforts to help the latters independence. The *Monitour*, and all the journals devoted to the policy of the French government, dissembled neither their sympathy nor their enthusiasm for the confederates. England went further, since she allowed vessels of war—whose destination was no secret —to be constructed in her own yards; she allowed, in the most open manner, a loan of a hundred millions of francs to be raised, and officially quoted as the cotton loan on the stock exchanges of London and Liverpool. She furnished to an enormous amount arms, ammunition, and other articles contraband of war, by means of blockade runners, which were built at Birkenhead

Glasgow, and Greenock, and which were sure to enter the confederate ports, in spite of the American cruisers, which had to watch some four thousand miles of coast. "*This is a singular kind of neutrality*, and resembles very much those hard-working fellows who carry on business with the penal code in their hands, following the law as closely as possible without infringing it."

THE Turkish finances are in such a despairing condition, that the Government has mooted the project of appropriating the extensive property of the mosques—a proceeding which would create much excitement among the fanatical Turks, whose name is legion. The "sick man" grows sicker and sicker.

A MOST cruel law has just been published in the so-called "Empire of Mexico," making it death to have any connection or communication with the Liberals, and obliging all to give information against them.

A PETITION is in circulation in Boston, urging Mr. Seward not to press our claims on Great Britain for compensation for damages inflicted on our commerce by the Anglo-rebel Alabamas, Shenandoahs, etc., on the ground that while the admission of the principle we contend for would only give us a few hundred millions, the acceptance of the British view would enable us to reimburse ourselves two or three times over, whenever England should become involved in war. The petition does not run on the ground of morality but of interest, and in this sense is all right.

TOWN GOSSIP.

LAST week we talked about cholera, and though that is still the all-absorbing topic, we will endeavor to speak of something a little pleasanter.

The only question is, what shall that pleasanter be? for it is a most melancholy fact that "there's nothing stirring but stagnation" just now. There is absolutely nothing of real sensational import in New York. The musicians have come down or been put down, the Fenians are quiet, the Mexican loan is being negotiated, and all is going smooth and easy.

We do not know but the highest local sensation just now, is Monsieur Blot's Cooking School at 846 Broadway. There the professor is endeavoring to teach the young idea, not to shoot, but to cook. The school is actually open, and numbers several hundreds in its class. These the professor gathers to an intellectual and epicurean feast, not only teaching them in the blandest and most practical way how to do it, but when they have done it, allowing them to eat it up.

In his fifth lecture to his advanced class, the bill of fare laid down was as follows:

Potage jardiniere.
Striped bass à la Colbert.
Beef (boiled) Hollandaise.
Pigeons in compote.
Cauliflowers fried.
Celery stewed.
Petites bouches à la crême.

A dinner for a lord, provided he is a hungry one.

The professor, with the aid of certain of his scholars, now goes to work, and before his class, takes the raw material and from it prepares each dish and cooks it, discoursing sweet culinary music all the time. The dinner is laid out for a certain hour, three o'clock. The lecture begins at one precisely, and the preparation of the first dish with the lecture, which is the *potage* jardiniere. The lecture finishes at three minutes before three, and the dinner is on the table at three o'clock.

There is a great deal of good to grow out of this school, if it is properly conducted. No one will deny that it is wanted, and the want is freely acknowledged by the ladies of New York, who not only attend in such numbers themselves, but send their servants that they may profit by M. Blot's instruction.

Last week we had something to say about the strike of musicians, this week there has been another theatrical strike—or something approaching it—among the ladies of the profession. The ballet girls have met in serious conclave, and concluded—and a wise conclusion it is—that they are under-paid, and must have more. They met in a hotel on the Bowery, the parlor of which was given up for their use by the kind-hearted proprietor. There were several speeches made, and the general statement was, that the girls of the Broadway theatres get $6, and those of the Bowery $5, out of which they have to find dresses, and that it is totally impossible for them to live on it.

One lady, in her address, said, "We are subject to the sneers and insults of every fop that comes to the theatre, and even in the streets, we are recognized and hooted after, under the name of 'supe!' It is true our business is humble, but still we are necessary to managers, and with the present high prices for board, and, in fact for everything, it is impossible to live on the low salary we get. But, thank God! ballet girls as we are, we can preserve our self-respect, and refuse to submit to such gross injustice any longer."

Another lady said that she was not at that moment dependent on her profession for a home, as she had an aged mother who gave her that, but her mother's income ceased with her life, and then what would she do when the $5 per week she now got, would do no more than keep her in dresses for the stage. She said:

"Sometimes I am compelled to get a new stage dress, and then, not only my own pittance goes, but I am compelled to get mother to assist. A few nights ago, I was cast in a small part, for one night only, and I was obliged to get a new dress which cost me $10."

A third young lady said: "I am an orphan, and am obliged to subsist myself and a little sister on my earnings. I sometimes add to my $5 per week, by a little needlework, but that I have to do most of on Sunday, for I am at rehearsal from 10 to 1 o'clock, every day."

This was the tenor of the speeches, after which, these resolutions were passed:

"Whereas—The members of every branch of industry, except ours, have demanded an increase of wages from their employers, and have received the same, and

"Whereas—The high prices of provisions render it impossible for a young girl to support herself, even with the most rigid economy, and

"Whereas—By the recent strike of the musicians, some of the managers have saved about one hundred dollars a week, be it therefore

"Resolved—That a petition be drawn up and signed by the president and secretary of this meeting, respectfully asking an increase of our salaries of at least 50 per cent, which will make Broadway prices $9, and Bowery $7 50 per week."

These resolutions having been adopted, the meeting was about to break up, when an invitation came from the generous proprietor of the hotel to supper, which was fully discussed, and a determination arrived at to hold another meeting when it was necessary.

Whether the managers have acceded to the very reasonable demand we have not heard, but hope they have.

One of the pleasant little episodes of the week has been an agitation in high life, in consequence of the unkenneling of a bogus count, and the handing of him over to the police.

He called himself Count Adolph Graf du Dohna Schlodeen, and represented himself a member of the illustrious Dohna family, of Prussia.

He has been living for the past several months at the Everett House, and going into tip top society, to which he represented himself as an exile from home on account of a family quarrel. He was always looking for remittances, and always on the borrow, by which he managed to keep up a style that was the envy of all the fast young men about town. His dinners and suppers were incomparable, and his successes with the fair sex the marvel of everybody. All was fish that came to his net, and when everything else failed, bounty-jumping came into play, and he replenished his pockets that way.

At last the time came when the count was fairly stumped, and he undertook to raise money by a new method, which was by threatening the fair ones who had corresponded with him, and whose loving epistles he held, that, unless they came down with a certain amount in greenbacks, he would expose their letters, and boast of improprieties. This killed him, for, though he succeeded in some cases, one at last set him at defiance, and told her husband, who set detectives on his track. Mr. Count was finally arrested, and the whole of his history came out, which was that his real name happened to be Francis Stabenow, that he had robbed the real Count Dahna in Prussia, and fled to this country about a year ago, and has ever since been living by swindling.

Since the arrest the fashionable world has been all of a twitter, and many a fair lady is wondering what disposition has been made of the 200 letters that were taken from the bogus count.

How strange is life!

There is nothing especially new at the theatres.

Brougham is having a most successful time at the Winter Garden, though he has been "Playing With Fire" all the time. At the end of this week he goes to Philadelphia, and other places, and we predict will be the theatrical sensation of the day.

Wallack has made a great success with the "Needful," having run it without interruption for a number of nights, and only withdrawn it to make off nights, so that city people may have a change.

We are very sorry to have to chronicle the death of Mr. John P. Cooke, so long and so well known as a leader of different orchestras, lately of the Broadway. Mr. Cooke was well known as a composer, having written the overture for "Sam," as now played at that house. Mr. Cooke was the arranger of Lover's song of "The Bould Soger Boy," Mr. Lover, though a composer, not being able to arrange his own songs.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Longfellow's house in Cambridge, once the headquarters of Washington, was built by a tory, and was confiscated by the Legislature.

—— A $2,000 horse ran against a tree at Nashville and dashed its expensive brains out.

—— They got into the way once of naming new blocks in Washington, Rows—as Minnesota Row, &c. They have started a new row there of late and call it Bureau.

—— A Georgia journal says that many of the leading Methodist clergymen of that State, in consequence of their hostility to their Northern brethren, have made overtures to the Episcopalians for a union with them.

—— The Dayton, Ohio, *Northwest*, says that a sweet potatoe was raised in that county upon which a family of 10 children subsisted for six weeks, and the peeling is now being used as a bed-quilt.

—— The Boston *Transcript* says that there are two children, aged respectively seven-and-a-half and nine years, in jail in that city, whose offence was stealing grapes, and they were imprisoned because they were unable to pay the fine and costs.

—— A young man in a Vermont village used fruit freely from a lady's garden all summer, against her wishes, and lately he received a large bill for it, which he paid, rather than figure in court.

—— A piece of flannel shirt was taken from the lungs of a man in Portland, Maine, a short time since, where it had been driven by a bullet at the second battle of Bull Run.

—— A New York correspondent of a Philadelphia paper says: "An 'Anti-Matrimonial Society' is about to be organized in this city by the gentlemen. Its object is to reduce the habits of extravagance now so prevalent among the ladies, and the members of the society pledge themselves not to marry until the ladies 'come down.'"

—— A girl, 16 years of age, overcome with rage at being worsted in a wrangle with her sister, committed suicide in Lynchburg, Va., by swallowing opium.

—— A man named Jameson, in Cincinnati, wishing to curtail household expenses, adopted a novel mode to effect his object. He kissed the servant girl one morning, when he knew Mrs. J. would see him. Results, discharged servant girl, and $12 per month saved.

—— A Buffalo burglar after working diligently for several hours, a few nights since, to gain entrance to a safe, which he finally effected by means of gunpowder, was rewarded for his labor by the discovery of two dollars and eighty cents, that being the entire amount the safe contained.

—— A second sale of household furniture belonging to the late Mrs. Surratt, took place at the "Surrat House" in Washington, one day last week. A large number of persons improved the opportunity, thus offered, to visit the house rendered famous by its connection with the assassination of President Lincoln. Few actual purchasers, however, were present, and all the articles offered went at low rates.

—— There was a lively time in the town of Madison, Iowa, on election day. A man named William Blue was shot in the abdomen, Jack Blue received a shot in the spine, a man by the name of Hale was knocked down, another man by the same name received five knife wounds and a shot in the back of the neck, and a man named Robinson was cut with a knife in the back.

—— As much nitrate of soda as can be held between the thumb and finger, it is said, if thrown into a vase of water, will preserve flowers for the space of a fortnight. This may be an interesting fact for the ladies.

—— The San Francisco *Courier* asserts that the Shenandoah, having need of supplies, equipped one of its prizes, put on board a picked crew, and sent it into the port of San Francisco. Here the ship was loaded with provisions, and the various articles required by the Shenandoah, and, after obtaining a clearance for Victoria, sailed from San Francisco and safely rejoined her consort.

—— There is a question, says the Boston *Transcript*, whether or not the pirate captain of the Shenandoah is aware of the collapse of the rebellion. It seems to us that, at any rate, he can have no clear idea of the state of things in the southern section of the country. If he did, he would abandon his present business, return to the South, be elected Governor of a reconstructed State, or member of Congress from one of the new districts. In case it was his fortune to be chosen to Congress, he has Provisional Governor Perry's assurance that it will be all right.

—— The negroes in Richmond were much frightened by the recent eclipse of the sun. Some of them who had not been apprised of the performance, were seized with mortal terror when the orb of day grew dim, and flopped down on their knees and put up to heaven the sincerest prayers they have uttered since the evacuation. They believed the end of all things was at hand, and were listening for the "last trump."

—— A Buffalo paper says of the Siamese Twins that, "Eng's base of operations is on the right, while Chang's is on the left. Eng is slightly taller than Chang, though there is nothing in his conversation or demeanor from which it could be inferred that he feels above the brother to whom he is so firmly attached. Chang is fifty-four years old; we did not inquire the age of Eng."

—— An omnibus driver, accompanied by a nautical friend, the captain of a wood smack—started out on a spree, in Boston, on Monday night last, and becoming more or less "incoherent," insisted upon kissing all the pretty females they chanced to encounter. The affectionate couple were, however, arrested at the instigation of the indignant wife of a prominent merchant, and, when taken before a justice, exonerated themselves from the charge of misdemeanor on the ground that they had duly taken out licenses for "bussing" and "smacking," and consequently were unable to discover in what manner they had offended the law.

—— During the celebration of high mass at St. Peter's Church, in Philadelphia, on Sunday last, a violent panic was created by an individual who rushed violently into the church during service, screaming "fire! fire!" at the top of his voice, and throwing off his coat and hat, as if preparing to combat the flames. The congregation, as might be expected, rushed pell mell over the seats and through the doors, overturning the weak and young, several of whom were seriously injured. It was soon discovered that the alarm was false, and that the person who had thus unceremoniously invaded the sanctuary was crazy.

—— Albert Starkweather, the wretch who recently murdered his mother and sister near Hartford, and who is now awaiting trial in the jail of that city, attempted to effect his escape therefrom on Saturday night last. His plan, as revealed to a fellow convict, was to feign sickness, then to call in the jailer, whom he was to kill with a stick taken from the bedstead. Robbing the dead man of his keys, he would then, under cover of the night, easily make his escape from the jail. His confidant, however, informed the jailer of the intended assassination, and Starkweather was removed to more secure quarters. This desperate character, ever since his confinement, has been constantly planning an escape, and on one occasion offered the estate of his mother, valued at $12,000, to the jailer, if he would permit him to get out.

—— Considerable excitement exists in the town of Danvers, Mass., consequent upon the discovery in their coal bins by a number of families, of several torpedoes. A Mrs. Lord discovered the first one, by its explosion in her range, which burst with terrific force. On examining the coal bin, more of the infernal machines were found, and this fact being communicated to the firm who furnished the coal, an examination of their stock was made, which resulted in their finding some half dozen more of them. In size and construction these instruments are identical, consisting of a tin box, made to imitate a lump of coal, containing a quantity of the best quality of powder, and in which are three percussion caps, bound on by a strip of lead almost an inch in width, and fastened to the bottom of the box. How they got into the coal is a mystery.

—— Senator Howe, of Wisconsin, in a recent speech, affirmed that of the thirteen States made free by the war of the Revolution, Delaware and South Carolina alone excluded colored persons from the right of suffrage. Connecticut, he says, as late as 1818, gave suffrage to all who had been "admitted freedmen" up to that time. New Jersey gave it to "all inhabitants of the State of full age and worth fifty dollars." Virginia, in her famous Bill of Rights, adopted on the 12th of June, 1776—the day star of the great Declaration—affirmed "that all men, having sufficient evidence of paramount common interest with an attachment to the community, have the right of suffrage." North Carolina extended suffrage to "freemen" possessed of a certain freehold estate; and Georgia did the same, without reference to the distinction of color.

—— The death of the Hon. Jacob Collamer, United States Senator from Vermont, took place at his residence in Woodstock, November 8. Mr. Collamer was seventy-three years of age at the time of his death, having been born in Troy, N.Y., in 1792.

—— George Arnold, a young man of favorable literary reputation, and widely known in this city as a contributor to the current literature of the day, died Thursday, November 9th, after a short illness. Mr. Arnold was widely known as the writer of the amusing "McArone" papers, and by various contributions to *Vanity Fair*, the *Leader*, and other journals.

Foreign.—The *Comte Cavour*, a Turin journal, confidently announces that the problem of perpetual motion has been solved by M. Loucre Rizzo, a mechanic of Strasburg, who, the same journal asserts, has invented a machine which finds its motive force within itself without any external aid.

—— Turkey has been startled by the rumor of a great innovation perpetrated by the Sultan. It is said that he is having his portrait painted by a French artist, M. Guillemet. Hitherto all representations of the human form have been deemed profane by the true Mahometans.

—— In the year 1841, the quantity of tobacco consumed in Great Britain was such as to average 13¾ ounces per head of population. In the year 1851 it had risen to 1 pound ½ ounce per head; in the year 1861, to 1 pound 3½ ounces; in the year 1863, to 1 pound 4½ ounces.

—— A subscription has been set on foot for the erection of a memorial to Sir Joshua Reynolds in his native town of Plympton, Devon, England. The contemplated form of the memorial is a a stained-glass window in the church.

—— A codfish caught off Flamborough Head, England, in being opened was found to contain in its stomach, a pair of spectacles with brass frames.

—— A few days ago, a girl aged 14, residing at Deliverande, near Caen, was cutting a slice of bread for her father, holding the loaf pressed against her chest, when the knife slipped through it, and, penetrating her heart, caused instant death.

—— The Davenport Brothers have brought an action against one of the Paris papers, which exposed their pretensions. This looks as if they had made more money during the last year than they had use for.

—— The erection of a statue to Dr. Simpson, as discoverer of chloroform, is exciting some interest in foreign medical circles. The French doctors say that one M. Soubeiran is the original discoverer.

—— A disease has made its appearance among the hares, rabbits, and other species of game in England, which is killing them off rapidly. What with the plague among beef and mutton, another epidemic among the horses, the rabbits running round with no hair on their backs, and the rising of the Fenians, John Bull is greatly worried.

—— It is stated that Garibaldi recently caused two of his horses to be sold at the public market in Genoa. King Victor Emmanuel having learned what was going to occur, gave orders to purchase the two animals, which brought 3,000f., and then offered them as a present to the General. The latter, however, positively refused to receive them.

—— The wife of John Barlow, in London, England, has a baby five weeks' old which has two heads. The second head is attached to the first in such a manner that the least twist or sudden movement would cause immediate death. The poor mother is unable to lay it down without fear, and unable to dress it without the assistance of another person.

—— It has been calculated that venders of roasted chestnuts to the number of about 400 arrived in Paris from the south of France in the course of the month of September, and that each of them sells on an average 40 bags of chestnuts, weighing 100 kilogrammes each.

—— A brutal sport has been revived in Paris, termed "cock throwing." A cock is attached to a cord, fixed to a stake driven in the ground. A heap of stones is placed at a short distance, and for two sous any one has a right to five throws at the unfortunate bird, which remains the prize of the marksman who kills it. In most cases the bird is tortured dreadfully before an end is put to its existence.

—— A London paper publishes a description of a curious invention designed to catch safe burglars. The depredator no sooner commences, in perfect ignorance of the secret arrangements, to force open the door, drill the lock or move the safe, than by so doing he sends a telegraph message to the nearest police office, exhibiting the number of the safe he is attacking, and this number, registered in the police books, has opposite to it the address of the house in which the robbery is being effected.

—— A fearful giant in the shape of a barnyard fowl has been introduced into Scotland from Central India, called the "Begum Gauysa." The male is 30 inches high, and appears like the Shanghae, except that on the head two minute horns rise, instead of a comb, from a heavy base which projects some distance along the upper side of the bill. The wattles are also larger, and fuller. The chickens of this kind of fowl, it is reported, grow to the weight of eight pounds at seven and eight months old, limbs of course included.

—— The Dublin correspondent of the London *Times* says: "It is rather dangerous to use the word 'Fenian' in this country now. A short time ago, a gentleman jocosely told a policeman he looked like a Fenian, whereupon the gentleman was arrested and taken to the station-house."

—— The Bey of Tunis is indefatigable in his duties. He judges causes every Saturday and Monday. One Saturday recently he decided in three hours no less than 150 cases, which at one time it would have taken years to settle.

THE EXECUTION OF WIRZ.

ON Friday, the 10th instant, this notorious criminal, who has, without doubt, directly caused more loss of life than any man that ever lived, expiated his crimes on the scaffold in the yard of the Old Capitol Prison, Washington City. At ten o'clock his spiritual advisers, Fathers Wiggett and Boyle, administered the sacrament, after which Wirz was informed by Captain Walbridge that his time had arrived, and he submitted himself to the black robe and cowl, which was put on by Captain Walbridge and Major Russell, while Fathers Boyle and Wiggett stood by. He then drank from a tea cup a heavy dose of whisky; nervously gnawed a piece from a plug of tobacco, which he threw back on the shelf; cast a hurried glance around the apartment, out at the window where the sun shone on the town, turned, and with a light step, walked past the guard at his door into the hall, accompanied on either hand by his faithful spiritual advisers, who consoled with words and the sight of the crucifix. At a turn of the stairs he caught sight, through an open window, of the gallows and the expectant crowd. A momentary start or shrinking, as if from a shock, and he passed on, with that expression of countenance mistaken by many for a smile, but which, in reality, is far from it. Thus he came to the door of the room of Winder and Duncan—other Andersonville birds—and was suffered by the humane commandant to have a last word with them.

Wirz then passed on down the stairs, out between the files of men, facing outward, up to the scaffold, showing something in his face and step which, in a better man, might have passed for heroism.

As he advanced all conversation was hushed, and the sombre-draped figure marched on between the rows of soldiers, sending a chill through the hearts of all that looked upon the scene.

The condemned had been draped with the shapeless robe of serge which has figured in all the executions known to the walls of the Old Capitol Prison, and which, drawn closely about the chin, increased the natural pallor of the face, and made the appearance of the man still more repulsive and indefinable. His whiskers closely cropped, lips apart and his closed teeth, black with the use of tobacco, eyes sunken, forehead retreating, and topped with disheveled and untidy hair, added to the wierdness of the look he has worn daily at his trial, and that has impressed all who have ever seen him

Then commenced the enumeration of his crimes, to which he seemed stolidly to listen, while Father Boyle bent over him occasionally and pressed a small crucifix to his lips. For eighteen minutes this scene lasted, when his hand was shaken by the reverend fathers, and by Major Russell and Capt. Walbridge; his arms were drawn back and pinioned close, the rope was thrown over his head, and the black shroud drawn. All retired from the platform, leaving only Wirz, who, standing thus eight or ten seconds, when the officer below raised his cap as a signal, and there was a crash of the falling trap, a sudden jerk and tension of the rope, and a dark and lengthened form swung convulsively beneath the scaffold. For a moment there was a hush upon the multitude within, and the people upon adjacent house-tops, as all eyes noted the spasmodic twitching of the lower parts of the criminal's body, and some strong-nerved man in the crowd made an audible calculation of the number of tremors that passed through the frame before life became totally extinct. Then came something like a cheer from beyond the prison walls, where all available objects commanding a view of the scene within, were crowded with citizens and soldiers, and gradually there was lifted from the nearer spectators the awe occasioned from seeing a life pass violently from most infamous manhood to the darkest valley of the shadow of death, and there was a hum of comment acccompanied with a general crowding nearer the scaffold.

Fifteen minutes more passed without material event. The people who had been on the roofs of houses and in the branches of trees, together with considerable numbers from the prison, retired from the contemplation of the scene, leaving only a few officers and a large group of the members of the press to witness the last of the tragedy. About a quarter to eleven a surgeon approached the pendant body, carefully raised the lower part of the hood, and peered for a little time into the dead man's face, and felt for the flutter of his pulse. There was no spark of animation remaining. The rope was made to loose its throttle, and the body was lowered upon a hospital stretcher, and carried past the crowd into the dead-house of the prison. The guard was brought to "attention," and filed out of the court, leaving the spectators in undisturbed possession of the field, quarreling and elbowing each other for fragments of the rope that performed the sacrifice. Not five minutes elapsed before the executionary cable was severed into inch bits that accompanied the delighted possessors from the field. And thus ended the execution of Henri Wirz, whose name will go down to posterity, accompanied by the execrations of thousands.

WOLFE'S MONUMENT—QUEBEC.

There is always a certain admiration felt by a brave people for a gallant man, and although the nation for which the hero of Quebec fought, has long ago ceased to be part and parcel of our national creed, yet at the time when he fell he was regarded as one of our own soldiers, and all that was disposable of our forces were co-operating with him as a colony contingent.

The site of his monument is on the environs of Quebec. It was a pillar about ten feet in height, and was erected where tradition declared that Wolfe breathed his last. It was originally inscribed,

"Here died Wolfe
Victorious."

But this was soon mutilated to such a degree that about fifteen years ago the present monument was erected, which is about forty-eight feet in height, and surmounted by a bronze helmet, and sword. The inscription is now

"Here died Wolfe in the arms of Victory."

THE BALLOON WEDDING.

WEDNESDAY, the 8th of Nov., ushered in the long talked of Aerial wedding, under the supervision of Professor Lowe, of aeronautic fame.

The inflation of the balloon commenced at an early hour, but before one o'clock it was found that the immense quantity of gas necessary to inflate the huge balloon "United States" (75,000 feet), could not be generated rapidly enough, and, as a consequence, reserves was had to the ordinary gas from the street mains. In the meantime the people began to gather, and soon the enclosure had within it 4,000 people, while every shed and house-top about was crowded, to say nothing of 20,000 people in the park.

The curious took a view of the car, which in itself was very handsome. The canopy was of orange and blue brocatelle, and the valance covering the lower part of the car, of orange and crimson brocatelle. The curtains were of white lace, and were handsomely ornamented with artificial red and white roses, orange blossoms, and crimson and blue tassels, and a handsome carpet covered the floor, while the seats were covered with green silk, and the cords of the car with red, white and blue ribbons. At the same time the bridal party, who were, as we announced last week, Miss Mary West Jenkins, of St. Louis, and Professor John F. Boynton, of Syracuse, were enjoying themselves at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. At two o'clock a florist made his appearance, loaded down with his stock, and commenced decorating the enclosure and car. At three o'clock the audience grew impatient for the consummation, and shouted for the happy pair, and the ballast was taken from the balloon. At about four o'clock two pretty little girls appeared on the platform, and commenced scattering flowers. They were dressed in white with a profusion of spangles, and wore white roses and orange blossoms in their hair. Following these came the bride and groom, the first a pretty girl of about 22; the last a sharp, wide-awake-looking man, about twice that age.

The bride wore a dress of the richest poplin, of that peculiar and beautiful tint known as ashes of roses. It was handsomely trimmed with rich velvet a shade darker. Hat of silk the same shade, with gloves to match. Ornaments, Oriental pearl earrings and torquoise brooch. Miss Jenkins, that was, is about 22 years of age, in figure tall and commanding. Her complexion is fresh and clear, her eyes of a lustrous hazel, and hair of the silkiest brown contrasts finely with a neck of swan-like whiteness. The irrepressible waterfall was, as a necessity, present with all its magnitude, while that portion of her hair which was not contained in this cataract of splendor was frizzled over her forehead, so as to bring out in bold relief a brow where intellectuality of a high order displayed itself. Without being what an ordinary observer would call beautiful, there is an inexpressibly sweet smile continually hovering about her lips, which gives to her face a sufficiently beautiful expression to class her among the fairest of Columbia's daughters. Though her dress was peculiar for a bride, it must be remembered it was rendered excusable by the circumstances connected with her marriage. To proceed on a wedding tour in gauze and tarleton, when that tour was to be taken in a balloon on a chill November day, would be at once unsuited and ridiculous.

The bridegroom was dressed in a plain suit of black, and looked as complacent over his position as though he enjoyed it.

At this juncture a wedding cake and certain other edibles were brought forward, and presented to the happy couple, and they took their places in the car.

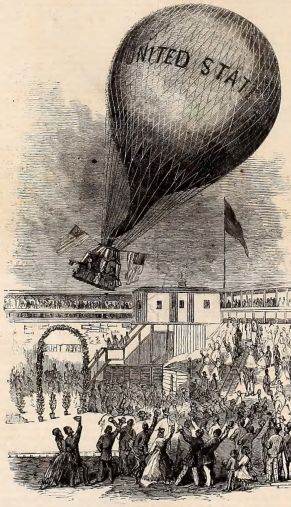
It was then announced that the wedding would not, as was generally supposed by the public, take place in mid air, but that the parties had just been married at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. This was greeted with evidence of disapprobation by the crowd, but the idea was soon lost in the preparations for the trip.

At last the word was given to cast loose, and the party, consisting of the bride and groom, Professor Lowe and one bridesmaid, soared away into the clouds, amid the cheers of the thousands of spectators.

They landed in about two hours at Mount Vernon, Westchester County, and returned to the city the same evening, and so ended the great Aerial wedding.



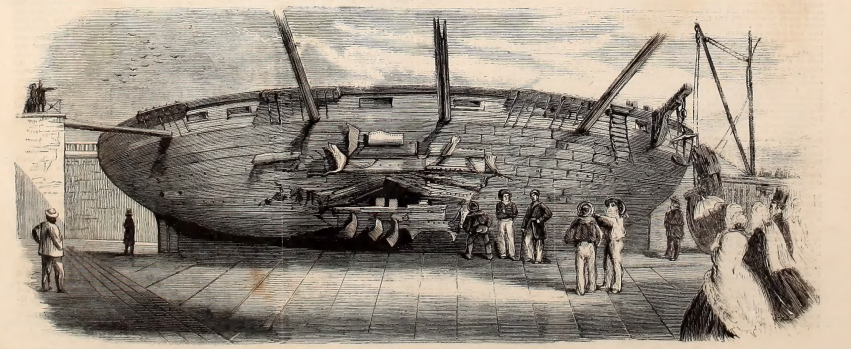
THE BALLOON WEDDING—THE RECEPTION.



THE BALLOON WEDDING—THE ASCENSION.

THE BLOWING UP OF THE TERPSICHORE.

We last week described the effect produced upon the Terpsichore by the explosion of a torpedo beneath her bottom in the Medway, at Chatham, England. We now publish an engraving showing the damage done to the hull of the vessel. The astonishing effect of the explosion, as exhibited externally, raises a question as to the possibility of resisting the influence of torpedoes by strengthening the bottom of ships. This, however, would appear to be useless, as the power of the torpedos can be increased at pleasure; where these engines of destruction can be brought to bear, they would seem to bid defiance to any strength of fabric. The bottom of the Terpsichore was not only blown in, but the midship portion of the lower deck was literally forced upwards, everything flying before the force of the explosion. The only feasible defence against the influence of these torpedos appears to be, to keep a "bright look-out" on board ships when blockading or attacking a fort or other object, so as to prevent the machine being placed sufficiently near to be dangerous. This, of course, is supposing that the torpedos will be attempted to be "planted" after ships have taken up a position; but equal precaution would be necessary in approaching a hostile port, lest the roadway should be studded with the dangerous machines, which, constructed on the percussion principle, would be exploded by contact with the ship's bottom, as she passed over them.



EFFECTS OF THE TORPEDO EXPLOSION ON THE TERPSICHORE, AT CHATHAM, ENGLAND.

A BUSH FIRE IN AUSTRALIA.

THE prairie fires of our western country are as well-known to us as the conflagrations of our cities, but the bush fires of Australia, are little known, and, even to those who have witnessed the western fires on the prairies, are novelties that are well worth recording.

These fires originate in about the same manner as the fires on the prairie, either by the action of some settler who wishes to burn away the grass and underbrush, to save himself the trouble of clearing, or by the act of some traveler who is careless with his fire when making his wayside meal. The result is the same, the fire once started sweeps over a vast extent of country, and everything dies before it. Kangaroos, especially, which are to be found in thousands, fly before the flame, mixed indiscriminately with carnivorous animals, serpents and birds of a thousand plumages that fill the air.

The same as in the prairie fires, sometimes these conflagrations sweep into inhabited districts and dwellings and human life fall before it.

FORT UNION, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

THIS stronghold of the St. Louis Fur Company was built in 1843, six miles above the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, on the banks of the Missouri. The grounds belonging to the fort are partly in Idaho and partly in Dacotah, the fort being located exactly on the line.

In 1864 it was garrisoned by the United States, the company still continuing its trade.

The North Western Indian Expedition reached that fort on its return in August, 1864, where it was provisioned for its journey to the States.

TOLD STUYVESANT PEAR TREE.

THIS ancient tree, and landmark of New York, stands on the corner of Thirteenth-st. and Third avenue, and is still in a flourishing condition, this year having borne fruit. It was planted by Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New York, exactly 250 years ago, and stood in front of the porch of his house, and under its shade the one-legged hero sat, and smoked his pipe and quaffed his lager.

The tree has been protected from ruthless hands by an iron railing, and bids fair yet for a hundred years of life.



A BUSH FIRE IN AUSTRALIA—FLIGHT OF THE KANGAROOS.

Waiting for Sherman's Army.

BY HANNAH MULLER.

THERE was a wedding in Savannah. Margaret Gray stood near the chancel, looking with flashing, indignant eyes at the bride who advanced up the aisle, with her fair hair falling over dazzling white shoulders, and her blue eyes cast down. She had had a stormy interview with Alice that morning—



PREPARING FOR THE BRIDAL.

stormy on her side, but carried off with perfect good humor on the part of the bride.

Margaret had gone round in the morning to help Alice Lee with her preparations for the bridal. She was curling the long, fair hair, over her fingers, when Alice said:

"Do you remember, Margaret, a time when you and all your friends thought I should soon be performing this kind office for you—a time, four years ago."

"Yes," the other answered, with a sigh half suppressed.

"Yes, you say, and nothing more. Why not be a little more talkative? Why not give me an opportunity to say something which is on my tongue to tell you?"

"Say on," answered Margaret, in that tone usual with people who have nothing more to hope or fear.

"Ah, well, you see I am very happy," said Alice, "I am going to marry Bernard, who is, after all, the best and bravest of all the lovers I have ever had. I can afford to give you a little satisfaction. Robert Norton never offered himself to me, Margaret."

"What do you say," said the other, letting the long ringlet fall, and coming round to face Alice. "What do you say, Alice?"

"Ah, now patience. You brown-eyed girls are so fierce; go on curling my hair, else I shall not be ready for Bernard when he comes."

"What do you say?" repeated Margaret, looking close into the soft, blue eyes, now quailing a little under that steadfast regard.

"Margaret," said Alice, recovering herself, and laughing a sweet, careless laugh. "I could no more answer while you stand there looking at me than I could keep my self-possession if a young lioness rose up to face me. Do, like a good girl, go on curling my hair, then I will make a clean breast of it. Perhaps you will scold me for being a very naughty child, but Bernard will kiss me when he comes, and I shall forget the scolding."

Margaret did as Alice asked, and began brushing the soft hair over fingers cold and white as marble, while her eyes shone out glowing and impatient from the pale face, which had lost every tint of color.

"Well, you see," said Alice, "I liked Robert Norton: came very near loving him; and when he followed you home from New York I made up my mind that his fiery, impatient nature would not suit half so well with your coldness and dignity as with my more impulsive character. You see I am all Southern, you all Northern in temperament; so I did my best to win him. To tell you the truth, I thenght you could never care much for any man, and would soon get over it if he did forsake you. I could not succeed in making him love me at all, but I did succeed in keeping him so much with me, always saying that you had sent to ask if he would escort me hither and thither (a harmless little fib, Madge), that you began to be jealous and uneasy, though you never spoke his name to me, no matter how much I used to tease you about him when we two were alone in our room at nights. You grew so very cold to him that I saw it affected his manner towards you, and I knew from your sad face after he had gone, to return again in three weeks, that you two must have had a cool parting."

Margaret moaned.

"For heaven's sake," said Alice, "don't make a noise like that again, or I shall never have courage to keep to my virtuous resolution, and tell you what may give Robert another chance; that letter I read to you was not from him at all. It came in very apropos, for you remember it spoke of wishing to break off another engagement, which had become hateful to him for my sake. It happened, however, that letter came from another of my numerous admirers. I remember how you came to me the next day with a note you had written to Robert, saying with a tremulous voice, 'You have a right to see this, Alice!' and how glad I felt that there was not a word in it which could implicate me—not a word of explanation, only just giving him up. How proud you were, Margaret, and how miserable. You, so sure that he must know your reason for breaking the engagement, while he, I suppose, took it for granted from your coldness before he left, that you had ceased to care for him. I never saw him again, Madge; he never returned to S——; so I might have spared myself all the trouble I went through on his account. I remember how glad you were to leave home at once, and come right down here to stay with mother, while I remained at the North with your father. It is three years now since I returned home, Margaret, and you have never asked me a word about Robert. I suppose you thought I had refused him. I know that I told you I should, for I was quite aware that it was a risky game I was playing, and that my chances were very uncertain."

Not a word was spoken by the tall, dark-eyed girl who stood behind Alice, still brushing the soft curls like one in a dream, so the pretty prattler went on in a sweet low voice—"It was a curious thing, Madge, that you never should have said a word about old times, when you saw me flirting with so many different men, and you have stayed here so long in Savannah, busy with that horrid teaching, while your whole heart, independent even of Robert Norton, has been in the North, the 'blessed North,'—as you call it—when your father came to take you home and died here. That seemed to fix you in this place, where his grave is, and there you stand behind me in your black dress, like a shadow. When will you ever



MARGARET HEARS OF SHERMAN'S ARMY.

leave off that dismal mourning. It is provoking, because you see it prevents me from having my cousin Madge for bridesmaid.

"Alice, your hair is finished, let me help you with your dress—quick, I want to go."

"I wish you would leave Mrs. Allen's, Margaret. I don't like my cousin to be a governess (and Bernard won't like it)—although Mrs. A. is very kind to you and loves you, I believe, much better than me. Now, child, do talk to me a little or I shall repent having been good and telling you."

"I have nothing to say," answered Margaret, "this is your holiday, and you look very happy and exceedingly pretty—let that satisfy you."

"Oh, thank you," said the sweet-looking girl, who now stood before the mirror and surveyed herself—at the same time dropping a curtsey to her cousin, whose pale face looked over her white shoulder, almost agonized. "I declare, Madge, the sight of your face gives me the shivers; who knows? Robert Norton has gone into the army, who knows but you will be another here with Sherman's army, which people say is, some day, really coming to Savannah?"

"Be quiet, Alice—do not speak another word to me—silence, or God forgive you, I never will. You know how all these years I have suffered pain, from which I would have been glad to escape even by the cruelest death. And now you tell me with your sweet, low voice—you subtle enemy!—a thing which stabs me to the heart, and there is no help for it. Oh, child, 'no help for it,' and I bore it quietly, that pain of thinking he had ceased to love me, of believing that those blue eyes and charming smile had robbed me of him. I thought, too, that he was, perhaps, suffering just as I. Suffering because your little heart was not given to him. I prayed that I was to dream that my hero could be miserable for the sake of such a one as you. But how shall I bear this pain to know that he has believed, through all this long, weary time, that I was the unfaithful one."

"Margaret," said the other, interrupting her, and quite serious now, "I would have told you all this long ago, but I knew that you were too proud even to write to Robert, to make the matter straight, and I thought it would only make you unkind to me, without helping either you or him. I am not a courageous girl, and I don't think I could tell you now, if you were not like a sister to me, and he married, and Bernard will make up to me for losing your friendship if you choose to withdraw that."

"Friendship! Don't say the word, what do you know about friendship? What about love? You are taken up with your cards, and your jewels. You are taken up with your blue eyes, and the conquests they make. Is such an one as you responsible if you happen to be the cause of an agony you cannot imagine or understand, are you answerable for the deep, incurable wound your little soft fingers can make. Truly I believe not. I cannot put a name capable of imagining the pain. You take Bernard because there are fewer admirers in the way at present, and Bernard is not a man to be trifled with. You know what love is! No, not even in your dreams!"

"But I would have loved Robert Morton, if he had cared for me," said Alice, in a low voice.

"Alice, never say that name to me again. Good, bye, we are cousins, and must be civil to each other, but I shall go home to the North soon, and shall never—never meet you anymore. I shall apply for the pass at once. I cannot bear to remain in the same city with you. Every time we should meet it would be as if you stabbed me again. I shall apply for a pass to the North at once."

"Had you not better wait for Sherman's army?" said Alice, as the door closed behind Margaret.

Margaret now stood in the church, while the wedding was going on, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, but some low passionate words she spoke long ago, turning with a pang from the remembrance, as she kept repeating to herself the words, "There is no help for it. Ah, me, no help for it." Feeling that she and Robert Norton were just as much parted as if the facts had really been what she had represented them to be. And four years had past. Ah, yes, he must be married now; somewhere his happy wife was living and little children—his little children were playing at her feet.

"Whom God has joined together let no man put asunder," said the minister; the words came to her in just the same way as they had done when in past on Bernard's thoughts of the woman who called Robert, Margaret's Robert, "husband." Ah, yes, she would take that as an assurance that he was married, and there was nothing more in the world for her, but why should she grieve, she was only just in the same place as yesterday. Nothing more had happened, things were only just as they had been for these four long years, but this city had become too painful a place for her to live in. She could not stay any longer in Savannah, and then in spite of herself, she could not help hearing, like an echo repeating itself, the words:

"Better wait for Sherman's army, Madge."

Sherman's army. What was there in Sherman's army except a victory for her blessed country, except the power which would restore to the fair soil of Georgia its birthright, which would plant again the old, dear flag to wave over its cities, over its broad fields and silent, solemn forests which would consecrate again the land in whose bosom her father lay asleep. All this she had expected and hoped for, during the four years which had passed, of all this she had felt certain always.

What new thoughts was there added to this—"Sherman's army." Amongst its ten thousands, who was it whom she personally cared to see? Was it the father of these little children she had been thinking of a while ago? The husband of that happy wife she had pictured to herself?

The ceremony was over, the people all flocked out of the church, and Bernard Turner had gained a pretty, blue-eyed wife to sit by his fireside and amuse him with her little talk. How long would the amusement last? How long before he, too, would sit quiet sometimes, and say to himself with a sigh, "There is no help for it. Ah, me, no help for it."

Margaret sat down on the chancel step, it was nearly evening now, solemn twilight in the old church, and she forgot how time was passing. There was to be service in the evening, and so the old sexton did not light the church doors. Service, and the same prayer which she had to listen to every Sunday, would be read, that prayer to which she would not listen as she declined head and heart knee. She was startled by the first stroke of the bell ringing, and noticed how dark it had grown. She must rise up now, and leave the dear cherished dream—dreamed so long ago—behind her again, for there was no more help for it. There seemed to be an unusual stir in the streets, as if people hurrying to and fro. She went to the door, and noticed that there was great commotion. People talking in knots—anxious, excited looks—moving quickly in knots—anxious, excited looks—moving quickly in another direction. An old free negro who knew her and used to call her, "That bressed Yankee girl" passed at the moment.

"What is the matter, Caleb?"

"Bress the good, glorious, God Almighty, missey, if that dar bressed Sherman's army isn't a-coming all dis way."

"Oh, Margaret," said Pauline Allen, who came to the church door with her partner, "we have been looking everywhere for you, and do you know the news? They say that Sherman's army is not going to Augusta at all. Augusta is strongly fortified, and the people are so frightened. *We* are going into the country, as soon as we are sure it is near up among the Pines. Oh, I wish, I wish Bernard Turner was not so terribly afraid. Julia and Ruth don't care, for they are so delighted at the thought of getting to the country to-morrow, that they can't sleep. Margaret. And just think, Bernard Turner has to turn soldier this very evening—has to go out and drill. Alice has gone home already, she did not like to leave him and go to the Pines with us. If I were in her place I would not do that, no matter how much I was afraid."

In the midst of all this excitement a thankfulness came over Margaret's spirit which was almost like joy. Now she could go out with the crowd unchanging. Sherman's army! "No, she would not go to the Pines, she would stay behind, and walk gladly home by the streets with the old flag waving overhead again. And if there were a fierce struggle first, and the conquering, undiscriminating shot should spend her soul with all it was worth, what matter? The happy husbands and wives, the little children growing up, would neither need nor miss her care and sympathy.

"Margaret does not go with us we do, Pauline," said Mrs. Allen, looking a little sadder at the face lighted up by the excited feelings.

"Yes, Mrs. Allen, I think with you, but I am *glad* for you, glad for all the inhabitants of this mistaken land, that the morning is dawning for them through the clouds of war—peace will return to them once more. I will stay here, Mrs. Allen. These are my people who are coming. Poor people, I will not desert them in their need. People who bring with them no unkind and revengeful feelings, who are ready to claim every man here as a brother and every woman as a sister. I had found now. Oh, Mrs. Allen, would that this city would receive them at its gates with a welcome."

Mrs. Allen shook her head. "That is a vain wish, my child."

And the evening service was read, with its prayers for their enemies, but Margaret was not thinking of any part of it, she was only thinking, with a throbbing heart, of "Sherman's army!"

And so the days went on, each one bringing more excitement. Armed men pouring into the city from the direction of Augusta, and cut off to parts unknown; women and children flying.

"For heaven's sake come with us, Margaret," said Mrs. Allen; "I will not be left in terrible battle. Do you suppose, when the Yankees are outside the walls, that they will care whether their shot kill a Secessionist woman or not? Oh, child! Will they stop to ask whether there are any loyal people in camp? Come with us, my child."

"I cannot, I cannot, Mrs. Allen, I must stay here."

"Do you realize that they will take our homes as quarters for their officers; you cannot stay here alone."

"I will go to old Hannah's cottage. No harm will come to me there."

Mrs. Allen made other unavailing efforts to prevail upon Margaret to accompany them; the girl only answered, "I cannot go, I cannot go." She was left free.

She took her few things to old Hannah's cottage, and stayed there through the days of suspense, never flinching at the sound of the cannon; but the anxiety was soon over.

And at last came the march of Sherman's army through the streets. Past old Hannah's door filed the troops. Margaret stood and looked out of the window with a wild throbbing heart, for there she noticed among the officers, faces of acquaintances not seen for long years, and in the ranks, soldiers whom she had known as young men in those days gone by. She felt like running out to clasp the hands grown browner and rougher in the many years of hardship, to ask the fate of the long marches those weary men had made, and of the wives and mothers, and the betrothed left at home, dreary in the absence of Sherman's army." She thought of the comrades who had dropped out of the ranks on their weary way, and forgot, for a little time, that she was nothing but a poor and lonely girl, who did not know whether Robert Norton, lost to her for ever, was in this world or the next.

After this, the days went on quietly, people began to go about the streets again, and some of the shops were reopened. There was no confusion or tumult, all went well under the control of "Sherman's army." Mrs. Allen wrote, begging Margaret to apply at headquarters for a pass permitting her and her family to return to Savannah, and to her home, which had remained unmolested, Margaret having moved in there with old Hannah the day after the troops entered the city.

So she set off one morning for headquarters, quite unattended, except for Hannah's little boy, Pomp. She walked sadly along the street now, the first excitement was over, and her thoughts the first excitement was over, and her thoughts were sad and look at her own loneliness, her own desolation, which had seemed to grow greater every day, since she had told that little history of the past. She began to realize that she had been longing for Sherman's army with some faint personal hope, lest sight of in that first great realization, but leaving its disappointment to do its own work on a frame already worn out with long endurance.

The tramp did not pay much attention to his mistress, he got absorbed in a company of infantry filing down the street with colors flying, and Margaret, thinking her own thoughts, passed on out of sight.

She did not notice that she was quite alone till she reached the house where the military governor's head-quarters had been fixed. She went in without fear, and waited for her turn to go forward, but there were a great many soldiers about, and some of them scanned her rather inquisitively, trying to see her face through the double crape veil which covered it.

"Stand back," said a stern voice, and an officer came forward. There was a double row of buttons on his coat, and a stained silver sash on his shoulder. Others in waiting touched their caps and retreated immediately.

Everything grew dark before Margaret's dizzy eyes, but she heard the stern voice speak kindly to her, and recovered herself. She stood in the shade, and no one could have recognized her through the thick black veil; but its heavy folds hid her shuddering shut eyes from her sight that dear, remembered face—familiar still, through all these years of separation and estrangement.

"The general will see you now, that you are here for a pass. You would be obliged to wait for some time, and this is no place for a lady; too many rude soldiers about. If you will give me your address, I will procure the pass, and send it to you."

Margaret took out of her pocket a card on which the address was already written; not her own name, but Mrs. Allen's, with the number and the street.

Then she had handed it to him, she turned away without a word, and went out into the street again.

"And that is all," she thought, "that one brief sight of him, and nothing more."

It was a great agony to turn away from him, when she had thought that dear hand once again; no matter, even if he were married, it would have been a joy to her just to hear one kind word from him. Margaret—but that was for should be alive and well, that was surely great cause for thanksgiving; and she walked along the streets with a throbbing heart, the world lay inside and a little city of Savannah—with an impatient, nervous dread at her heart that something would call Robert Norton away, that she should have no chance of ever hearing him again.

Colonel Norton looked after the slender, retreating figure with a sigh. It minded him of one he had known long ago, many, many long ago, and had never seen again—of one whom he thought of as being now far away in her Northern home—and, in spite of the unmistakable rejection she had sent him, and wondered for whose sake it had been written, whom she had married. He had always called cautious, but he was not; he had left her, and would have been too painful for him ever to go there again, and had never spoken her name since they parted. Now she had brought, wherever she is, and whoever she loves. He felt annoyed that this woman—Southern woman, he called her —should come to him, Margaret who had given him up in times gone by, and whom he had been trying so long to forget. The motion of her little gloved hand as she handed him the card—the pure and swift movement of her head as she turned to go away—it was so like. Ah! what matter?—it was nothing. What was that Southern woman's name. He took the card out of his pocket; there was a slight odor of violets about it—that was like Margaret, too. "Mrs. Allen" the name was—struck. All right; he would do what he could to please Mrs. Allen. But what was he to do—something about a pass—he knew nothing so far—that he had entirely forgotten; if, indeed, she had ever told him. She had retreated so suddenly; frightened perhaps at the rude looks of Sherman's soldiers. For his part he had not even seen her face. She might be black for all he knew. She had not told him her name, only Mrs. Allen, a name in the dark, then. Must he go up and see Mrs. Allen, to inquire? He went into the office, feeling rather glad that anyone should have forgotten that which would make it necessary for him to call, and sat through the afternoon smoking his cigar, and thinking his own thoughts of Margaret, who had lost long ago, and wondering what kind of a face Mrs. Allen had hidden behind that double black veil. When it was time to go home he got up again, and looked at the number, then walked leisurely up the street.

Margaret sat in the pleasant parlor; she would not let Hannah light the gas; the firelight suited her better. She, too, was thinking of her own thoughts of going, and had turned to sorrows now; half despairing, half rejoicing that she had caught a glimpse of that dear face again. She heard the bell ring, and Hannah go to the door; then a voice which made her stand up trembling and sick with expectation. Oh, he must not go away; she must see him, and she could not move a step.

"Is Mrs. Allen at home?" asked the voice.

"No," said Hannah.

The visitor seemed to be hesitating as Hannah still held the door open.

Margaret's temples throbbed so as almost to prevent her hearing.

"I must see Mrs. Allen on business. Can you tell me when she will be at home?"

"No, sir; but if you will wait a moment, I will speak to young miss about it. Miss Margaret, here is an officer who wishes to see Mrs. Allen. Ah, such a fine, brave gentleman," added Hannah, in a low tone, for Margaret's ears only. "It went against me to shut the door on him, but I did it, and there he stands as patient as a lamb. Do, young miss, go and speak to him."

"Tell him to come in," said Margaret, but she could not raise her voice above a whisper.

She had time to ask him in, and she stood there in the middle of the room, expectant of she knew not what, trembling in every limb, and dizzy eyes, so that she could hardly hear or see.

Colonel Norton came in and stood near her; it began to talk of Mrs. Allen and the pass; just then the door closed.

"Margaret," he said.

But she stood there before him, just looking up into his face, nothing more.

"Margaret. Oh, child, tell me that you are not Mrs. Allen."

She shook her head.

"Margaret Gray," she said.

His face glowed.

"Do you forget all the past?" he asked.

"No," she whispered; then, with a new courage, she looked up into his eyes.

"Not Alice, then," she said, "too late for any happiness, but you must listen, Robert."

She told him how it was, but finished her story with her head declined on his shoulder.

"And you may go now, my darling," she said, "it all comes too late. It must be that you have forgotten me for Alice; but I had to make it all clear to you, the reason for that letter which it broke my heart to write you."

"You just said, Madge? Too late to ask for the priest's blessing to-night; but I may bring him to-morrow, may I?"

There came a refusal from the lips that were close against his cheek now, and Margaret made no resistance against the arm which held her so closely.

"We soldiers, make a short wooing, my darling," he said, "and I mean to take you away with 'Sherman's Army.'"

IRISH AND HIGHLAND WIT.

"WHAT creatures those Irish are!" said the landlord, as he knocked a feather of white ashes from the tip of his cheroot; "it would be a hard task without the cat, for a single Irishman at a station is enough to banish bliss devils. The presence of an Irishman anywhere keeps away low spirits, just as a cat is a sure remedy for sour rats and mice. Every station should have an Irishman as an unrelenting quarantine!" "I were an Irishman as an unrelenting quarantine!"

"I have had a good deal both in Ireland and the Highlands," said Fen, "and the intellectual difference between the two races has often struck me as a little curious. Both are of the same stock originally, antiquarians say, and yet Ireland is a land of Goshen overflowing with milk and honey of humor, whereas in every quality of humor the Highlands are as dry as the Sahara. Jokes don't usually come further north than Inverness. One or two are occasionally to be found in Ross-shire, over there; but they are far from common, and their presence is chronicled in the same way as the appearance of the caperzellie is chronicled. No joke has yet been found strong-winged enough to cross the Kyle. That's old, at least."

"But have not the Highlanders wit?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of it, but rather of the sternness than of the sparkling kind; their wit is born for the most part of anger and contempt. 'There she goes,' mirrored in the Highland mind, would be laughed at in Dublin at a fair. 'There she lies,' referred Duncan, as he knocked the scorner over at a fair. 'Sandy Macdonald's wife has had a baby,' reported, proceeding on a sacrament Sunday to the Free Church, and meeting his friend coming from the Established. 'Donald Macleod has got a stitch in the torn coat, since the scanty purse, boils in the pot which he is seemed to laugh about. The best Highlander can draw no amelioration of comedy from the process of retaining a torn garment and stitching, but both this is the hardest ship I ever was in is all he will say. Highlander would laugh, and believe that the joke made the hard plank all the sweeter for the stitch.

"And how do you account for this difference?"

"I can't account for it, for it is. The two springing from the same stock, I think it is rather unaccountable unless, indeed, it be the Establishment. Ireland, a Roman province, rainy Erin producing rant and exultant natures; the Highlands, a Highland province, Celtic natures."

"There is one quality, however, in which your Highlander runs Irish, and that is the exception, perhaps, to the North American Indian."

"What quality is that?"

"The quality of never exhibiting astonishment. The Highlander will see a comet, or a meteor, or a flying fish, without expressing astonishment at anything. Take a Highland drover from the wilds of Sutherlandshire, and bring him to Cheapside, and he will relish the most perfect equanimity. He will have no more than the most perfect equanimity, and the vehicle; the Thames Tunnel will not move him, nor will lock on St. Paul's without will not move him, nor will lock on St. Paul's without wonder. The boy may have only ridden in a rear-cart, but he takes a railway train, the hydraulic bridges of the Britannia, and the bowling green of the tunnels, the speed of express lines in an hour over a tract of country that in ever beheld in his life, even from the elevated battlements of the mercat market, or from the unwonted of special remark."

"But the boy will be astonished all the same?"

"Of course he is. The very hair of his soul is standing on end with wonder and terror, but he will not betray it, nor let his top point. Will he allow the Sassenach to triumph over him? If he did he would not staunch to triumph over him? If he did he would not staunch to triumph over him? If he did he would not be his father's son, he will not admit that earth holds anything which he has not measured and weighed, and anything which he has not measured and weighed, and with which he is not familiar. When Chingachgook groans at the stake in the bearing of his tormentors, the Highlander will express surprise."

SHIPWRECKED.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

I.

We two waited on the deck—
All around us rolled the sea;
Helpless on our reeling wreck,
Silent, wan, and worn were we.
Where the little boat went down,
Where the sun had plunged from sight,
Hope and light alike did drown.
O'er us, dark as Fate, was Night.
Face to face we stood alone,
Dreary, still and cold were we;
Smitten by that wild cyclone,
All around us beat the sea.
Rose the sea, rushed the sea,
Roared the wrathful sea.

II.

Cloudy shapes like hooded ghouls
Flitted past our shuddering prow,
Death was reaching for our souls,
Chill his breath upon the brow.
Then—oh, then, were we aware,
Through all war below, above,
Of a face sublimely fair!
Was it Death unveiled, or Love?
Heart to heart we stood aloof,
Smiling and scorned were we;
Tortured by that wild cyclone,
All around us strove the sea,
Wailed the sea, mourned the sea,
Sobbed the toiling sea.

III.

While we watched, a seething tide
O'er our sinking vessel crossed;
Out among the waters wide,
Smiling still, we two were tossed—
Tossed and drifted—overcome
In a crowd of surges dread,
Bruised and beaten, blind and dumb,
So we sank among the dead.
O my love, and mine alone,
Sweet it was to die with thee!
Far beneath that dread cyclone,
All around us rocked the sea,
Crept the sea, sank the sea,
Slept the silent sea.

IV.

Through our slumber, sweet and deep,
Stole the growing light of dawn;
Heart and brain its warmth did steep,
Out of Death our souls were drawn!
So we breathed—awoke—arose—
Heart to heart, and lip to lip;
Where Love's golden ocean flows
Ever sails our snowy ship.
Never sun so softly shone!
Fair, in saintly robes are we;
O'er us shrieks no mad cyclone,
All around us sings the sea—
Gleams the sea, glides the sea,
Laughs the lovely sea.

MARK RICHARDSON;

OR,

The Patriot's Trials.

A Legend of the Revolution.

BY L. A. WILMERE.

CHAPTER III.

COLONEL TARLETON had been making one of those tours of devastation through the country which associated his name with so much to be hated and feared by the whig inhabitants. Many of them, on the mere suspicion of being attached to the cause of liberty, were treated in the most barbarous manner. Their houses and barns were burned, their fields were laid waste, and their persons were subjected to the grossest indignities. Some who had been in arms were made prisoners, and sent to Charleston, where they were often compelled to undergo sufferings too shocking to humanity to be described.

On his return from this expedition, the odious and tyrannical colonel stopped for refreshment and repose at the house of that leading friend of royalty, Mark Richardson. Under a thin veil of external politeness, the natural brutality of the man's disposition was showed itself. During the space of two or three days at Richardson's, his true character was fully developed. The extraordinary beauty of Letitia made her the object of his pernicious passion. Unawed by that virtue which seemed to diffuse a sanctity on all around it, he dared to express his purposes, as one who presumed on his power, and who felt that his intended victim was cut off from all hope of escape or redress. He, however, with a repulse so decided and scornful, that his haughty and vindictive temper was fully aroused. His subsequent conduct showed, evidently, how loyalty had been perverted in a corrupt heart. The mode in which Tarleton's resentment discovered itself will be seen presently.

On the morning of the day which the colonel had fixed for his departure, he appeared at the breakfast-table with a lowering and ominous countenance. The meal was dispatched in silence, for all who knew aught of Tarleton's peculiarities saw plainly enough that a storm of some kind was brewing; and, although Currville and Richardson were unconscious of having given him any cause of dissatisfaction, they felt exceedingly uncomfortable; for to be *suspected* by a man of the colonel's temper was almost equivalent to being convicted.

After breakfast, Colonel Tarleton ordered one of his officers to "arrest that man," pointing to Carville. All, except Letitia, were amazed at this un specified order, but she instantly fathomed the mystery. Carville, after a moment of speechless astonishment, inquired if he was serious. Tarleton answered affirmatively, with a most impressive adjuration, and added:

"You have been detected in a treasonable correspondence with the rebels, and, having thus played the part of a spy, you will be dealt with by a summary process. The rope is spun that will hang you."

He glanced at Letitia, probably to see what effect this fearful denunciation against her father would have on her. The poor girl had swooned, and a smile of fiendish malignity played on the lips of her cruel persecutor.

Mr. Richardson here interposed:

"Colonel, this must be some mistake."

"No mistake at all, sir," answered Tarleton sharply. "The proofs are abundant and positive, and, if you would not be suspected of aiding and abetting his traitorous design, let me recommend you not to intercede in his behalf."

"I a traitor!" cried old Richardson. "Have I not endeavored to give up my own son as soon as he showed a disposition to join the rebels?"

"Oh, we understand the nature of your loyalty well enough!" cried Colonel Tarleton, who, according to one of the evil customs of the day, had indulged in several glasses of spirits before breakfast, and was now prepared to say what his fancy rather than his prudence and policy, suggested. "We know," he drawled out in a tone which revealed the state of his mind—"we know that you are held to the cause of King George only by fear and interest. You are traitors to your own countrymen, and what will prevent you from betraying us when it suits your purpose?"

"Colonel," said Richardson, "these are killing words—these are daggers to my heart. Never did I expect to hear such language from you."

"Ah, Richardson," said Tarleton, "you are a Falstaff in everything but age—a sly old rascal. Zounds, man, you have abundance of flesh, and, as of fruitly, I trust you—soon as far as you could run, by——; and it seems that your powers of locomotion are none of the most active. As for you, Carville, you are a thin rogue—pale, cadaverous, white-livered rascal. But you are about your treacherous work nimbly enough. But we have unearthed you, you old badger, and we will hang you up, together with the other vermin of the same sort. Possibly we may hang Richardson too, some day, if we can find a hawser strong enough for the purpose. Thin bodies of his son looks suspicious. Where did the young man get his fine notions of liberty?"

"Not from me," said Richardson; "did I not give information against him, and direct you how to find him?"

"Ay, but we did not get him," answered Tarleton, "your information led my men into an ambush, and lost ten of my very best fellows by your help. Might I not reasonably suspect that all this was a plot?"

The best Whig in the world might have pitied poor Richardson, who, in return for the essential services he had rendered to the cause of royalty, received nothing, by way of recompense, but the contumelious epithet of traitor from the lips of Colonel Tarleton. But the case of Carville was infinitely more deplorable. He stood in circumstances of the greatest peril, and the sure of a cruel and ignominious treatment at the hands of those who should have been his friends. Tarleton ordered him to make himself ready for traveling, as he was determined that he should be placed beyond all possibility of committing further treachery. Meanwhile, Letitia, having been restored to consciousness by the attentions of the females, received to accompany her father to Charleston, hoping, by her filial tenderness, to alleviate the sufferings which she too plainly foresaw would fall to his lot.

Colonel Tarleton, in the interim, had put his troop in marching order. A wagon, with a guard accompanying, was placed on a horse, and conveyed, like a felon, under a strong guard, in front of the cortege, being surrounded by the whole troop, with every circumstance of ignominious treatment that could be devised by those who had him in charge. The revolutionary Tories were held in great contempt, and both officers and men, when they could, and were often, on the slightest pretences, subjected to the grossest personal abuse, besides being liable to the unrequited plunder of their goods.

The resolution of Letitia to accompany her father was precisely what Colonel Tarleton had expected. She was not disappointed, and was treated completely in his power. She was not allowed to ride by her unfortunate parent, but was detained by Tarleton's own side, and, during the whole journey, taking a position by her side, and harrassing her with his odious protestations of love, plainly announcing to her at the same time that, under such behavior were changed, her father's life would be the forfeit.

Letitia did not even condescend to answer this infamous discourse, and in all the extremity of her grief and apprehension, she maintained a dignity which the military tyrant was compelled to respect, and, in his vile unable to perceive the nobility of the feeling.

Night had now set in, the feeble starlight scarcely sufficient to render the road visible, and the dense pine forest, on each side, rose in frowning masses, like two immense walls, that conveyed to the mind a narrow passage between them a preternatural gloom.

One might easily have imagined it to be an avenue to the abode of the dead, so solemn was the echo the plashing of the horses' feet in the pebbly sand. Tarleton and his officers soon began to speak of encamping for the night. In the woods, as soon as they could find a spot where the trees were sufficiently scattered. Letitia, whose thoughts during the day had been entirely upon her father, now began to realize the dangers of her own situation. Nothing could be more terrible to her than the idea of spending the night, without any protection (since her father was himself a helpless captive), among a band of rude soldiery, commanded by one who had shown himself inaccessible to every principle of honor, and every feeling of remorse. She begged permission to speak with her father, and, a few minutes being allowed her for that purpose, she explained to Carville the whole mystery of his captivity—the insults which had been offered her by the British Colonel—and the intensity of dread which she now felt. Carville's eyes were now opened to the extent of the injury which had been meditated against him; and he was infinitely more concerned on his daughter's account than on his own. His private wrongs did not admit of the enlightenment of his understanding than all the inflictions under which his country had suffered. He had endeavored to persuade himself that, by taking part with the royalists, he pursued the path marked out by justice and duty; but, when he himself began to feel the heavy hand of the oppressor, he was ready to acknowledge that such of his countrymen as had resisted British misrule were fully justified, and were engaged in a cause for imitation. In short, he determined to change sides at the first opportunity. Tarleton soon broke in upon the whispered conversation between the father and daughter, by ordering Carville and his guard to ride on ahead, as before.

The animal on which Letitia rode could not keep pace with the thorough-bred steeds of the troopers. By degrees she found herself separated further and further from the main body, until, to her unspeakable dismay, she was left alone with the man whom, of all on earth, she most abhorred and dreaded. During the evening, Colonel Tarleton had frequently applied himself to a leathern flask which hung at his saddle-bow, and, as the progress of intoxication advanced, his discourse became more and more offensive. He now declared his base designs in the grossest terms. Letitia, in the horror of the moment, could scarcely maintain strength enough to keep upon her saddle. At that instant, she heard a blow, which was quickly repeated, and immediately before her appeared Colonel Tarleton's horse, without his rider, running at full speed. She turned in amazement, and beheld, in precisely the same place which the horse had lately occupied, a very different figure—in fact, no other than the small, thin man in gray, whose meeting with young Richardson was described at the beginning of our history.

Seeing, or supposing, that Letitia was about to utter some ejaculation, the stranger said in a very low tone:

"Hush! You shall soon be in safety."

"Thanks, sir," said Letitia, "but my father is a prisoner in the hands of the rebels."

"Yes; I saw him ride past just now. We will do what we can; but do you remain where you are."

So saying, he set his horse in motion, and glided past her into the darkness, while Letitia remained under the shades of a lofty pine, listening. In another moment, she heard, on ahead, the report of muskets, shouts of hostility and of dismay, and all the noises of a desperate conflict. Presently the tumult seemed to come nearer, and she could see the red flashes which accompanied the discharge of the fire-arms. Then the hands together, Letitia prayed most fervently, though not loudly, for the blessing of heaven upon the righteous deed. The struggle was spread, and, from the nature of the triumphant shouts which Letitia then heard, she learned that the Americans were the victors.

In a few minutes more, her father was beside her, and with him came Alfred Richardson, who had borne a gallant and conspicuous part in the struggle which had just ended. There are few young people, we presume, whose imaginations will not inform them of the nature of the meeting between Letitia and her father, and the joy of the occasion was not a little enhanced by Mr. Carville's declaration to young Richardson that, by that day's proceedings, he had been completely cured of his Toryism. General Marion, who now came up, remarked to Alfred:

"I see, sir, you have a very young friend, that you are destined to render many important services to your country; and it appears that, even at this moment, your patriotism is not to go unrewarded. You perceive that your betrothed and her father now think more highly of you than if you had not engaged in the present affair, and that you have an opportunity to sacrifice their good opinion, in order to fulfill a patriot's duty."

That night Letitia and her father rested beneath the hospitable roof of Mr. Hollister, but hearts relieved of all apprehensions of treachery or violence. Alfred paced near them as a sentinel, and, when the morning arrived, a strong guard over the safety of her who was to him the most peerless treasure upon earth. Next morning the general early complied with young Richardson's request that the whole party should escort Letitia and Mr. Carville back to his father's house, and they accordingly turned their course in that direction, and rode by the side of Letitia, and occupied the time in a conversation so interesting to its participants that, had the distance been twice as far, it would have appeared to be too short.

"The sole cause that I now have to be dissatisfied with my fortune," said the young man, "is the absence of Letitia. But by my patriotism and especially my father, towards my course in joining the patriot army."

"You may be sure of seeing *that* cloud pass away also," replied Letitia, "for I think that the arguments of *my* father—who was recently as great a supporter of the royal cause as yourself—of any one could possibly be—will go a great way towards destroying Mr. Richardson's prejudices."

"I sincerely trust it may prove so," answered Alfred. But we are now in sight of my father's house. In case any roving party of British should have stopped there, or that the intention of our coming should be misunderstood, you and your father, dear Letitia, had better remain in the rear of my party. I must go and speak with General Marion."

With these words, he galloped to the front, and, placing himself by the side of Marion, said, "I know, general, that my father's unfortunate political principles have rendered him very obnoxious to the patriots, and it is probable that our approach will cause a good deal of alarm in the family. Shall I not precede you to the house, and inform my father, in your name, that neither his person nor property will be in the slightest danger from my comrades?"

The general assented, and Alfred accordingly started on his mission of filial duty. Old Richardson, mindful of his conversation with Tarleton, during the preceding day, had risen from his wakeful pillow, when he heard the tramp of horses across a little bridge not far from the house, immediately to hurried to a window, and, looking out, exclaimed to Mrs. Richardson, "Here comes a party of the rebels, by gracious! And Marion's one among, too, I dare be sworn, by their appearance!"

He then roared for Pompey to bring up an old musket, which, in consideration of such occasions, he always kept well loaded with slugs and buckshot, and, as he took aim with it from between the bowed shutters of a window, he constantly observed, "Colonel Tarleton cannot question my loyalty when I show him the dead carcasses of a dozen or so of rebels, shot by my hand! This fellow that comes galloping on ahead is their leader, I suppose; here's at him, in King George's name!"

The report of the musket still resounded through the air, when Alfred Richardson fell from his horse, and the green turf on which the boy crew crimson with the blood that flowed from his breast. In a moment General Marion and the agonized parents were kneeling upon either side of Alfred, Letitia supporting his head. Here his comrades gathered around with faces of deep concern. A feeble pressure of her hand, and a look of intense tenderness, was all the assurance which the unfortunate youth could now convey to his betrothed, of a love "strong in death." Letitia, still retaining upon her bosom, lying over him the flag beneath which he had fought, and, with a last exertion of his strength, to look down upon the embroidered star, pressed it to his lips, while his heaven-ward gaze silently invoked a blessing upon that flag and the cause which it represented. His eyes then grew dim, and he sank into that long slumber from which not even Letitia's voice, as she now called wildly upon his name, had a power to waken him.

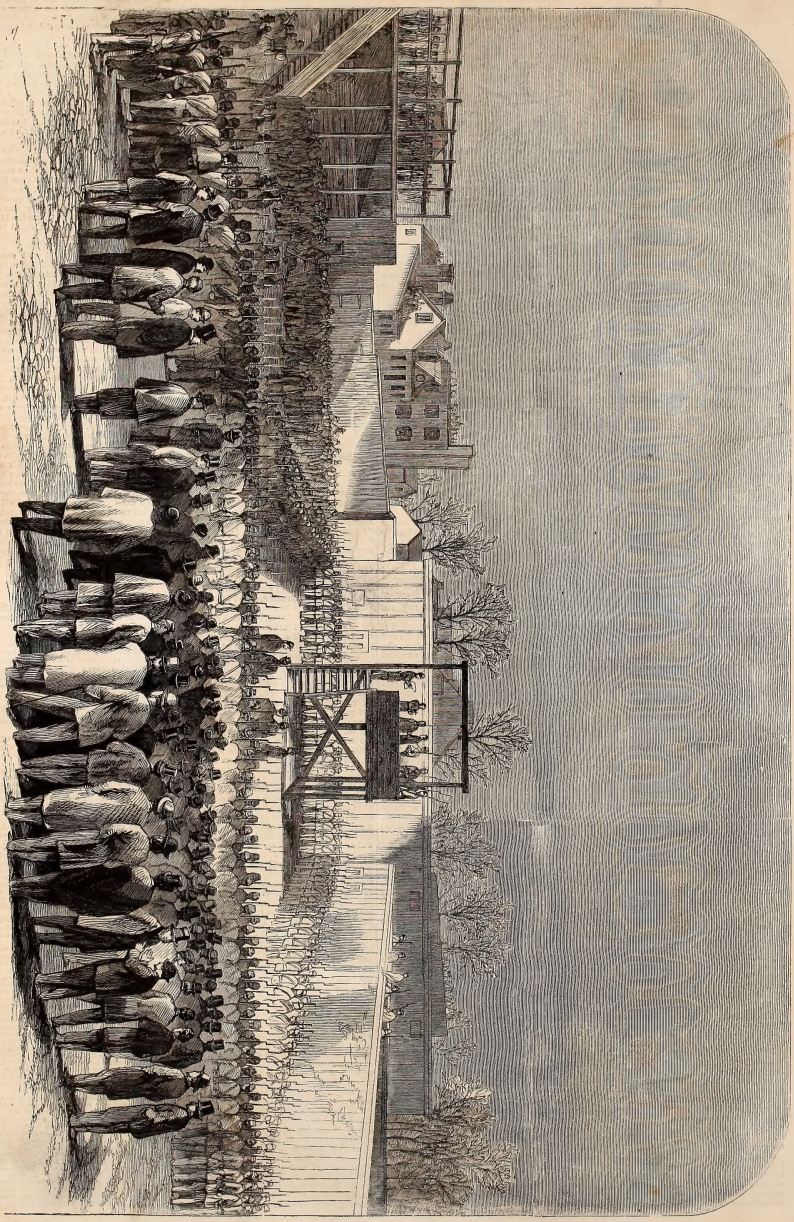
Old Richardson had just re-loaded his musket, when one of his servants, who had been working in the field, came near enough to Alfred to recognize him, came rushing in to inform his master of the terrible effect of his first shot. The old man's mistaken zeal was not enough to sustain him beneath such a shock, and his mental faculties never recovered from its effects. He lived for several years afterwards, but in a state of melancholy stupor, bordering upon idiocy. Those who wished him best could not lament when he was released from so miserable an existence.

CHILDREN'S EATING.

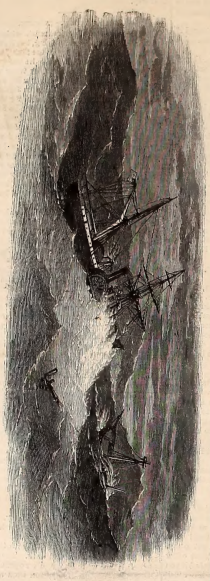
THIS is a subject of literally vital interest to every family in the land, more especially in large towns and cities, where the want of facilities and inducement to outdoor activity renders it absolutely indispensable to adopt some system in reference to the times, quantities, and qualities of the food to be taken by children, to the want of attention to which things, multitudes die early, while other multitudes, not as large, however—for half of all that are born die before the age of eighteen years, in consequence mainly of inattention to the habits and health—become dyspeptic, scrofulous, or consumptive before the age of twenty-five, many of whom are destined to a life of weariness, of painful toil, and of wasting effort and suffering through sickness, and disease, and chronic sufferings.

On entering the fifth year, or sixth at farthest, a child has to be early habituated to eat at the table. Before a day, at intervals of five or six hours, with nothing whatever between, each child is to eat a little—a single good ripe apple, or a piece of cold, dry, coarse bread may be allowed in the forenoon, and the same thing, at two or three hours' interval, especially in connection with a bowl of bread-and-milk, most of the ailments of children into a life-long dyspepsia, simply because the stomach being kept at work all the time, has no time to rest its tone and strength, like an overworked servant or animal, and is rendered incapable of

A second consideration is quantity. If children are taught to eat slowly, in loving good nature—as will be the case if they are let alone by the mother—and not put in an ill-manner by incessant reprimands and inannoyed, they will soon find fortunately, that these two things which children most love everywhere, and of which they never have enough, are the best—the one when hungry, are milk and bread, and these furnish as much as they want, and which, by the same law that makes grow up healthy and handsome without good teeth, and as fine complexions as ever were seen, about the fourth year, their food should contain in great abundance those elements which are needful to make good, substantial teeth. The bony part of the tooth contains seventy-five per cent of lime, the enamel ninety-seven per cent. Out of one hundred parts of fine finest, whitest flour, only six per cent is lime; out of one hundred parts of meal made of the whole grain, there is twenty-five per cent of lime, or four times as much as in flour. The choice article of food contains anything like as much lime as common brown bread. Children like the nicest and beautiful teeth. When children are from home, let them live as others; when at home their bread should be uniformly made of the whole product of the grain ground, from their third to their fifteenth year, to be eaten with half a pint of milk for breakfast and supper, adding some berries from June until September, and one or two baked apples the remainder of the year, adding a teaspoon or two of sugar. Such a supper or breakfast will always "taste good" to them. Such a bill of fare, with two or three variations a week, and allowing them to eat what they want for dinner, will produce a purely vital blood, give rise to vigor, health, good teeth, a good constitution, and a good old age.

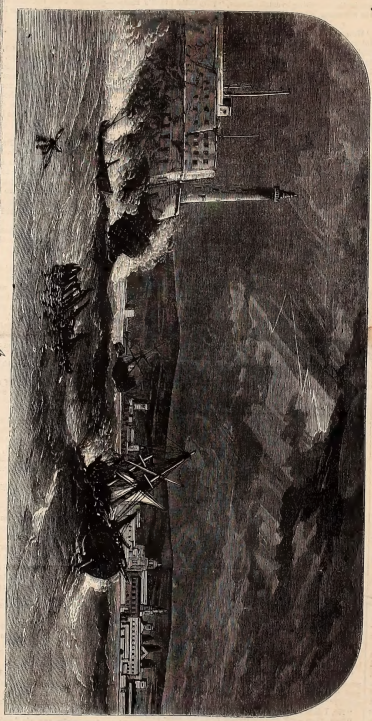


EXECUTION OF CAPTAIN WIRZ AT WASHINGTON, FRIDAY, NOV. 10.

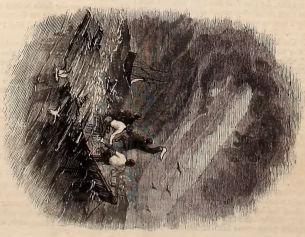














1. Foundering of Ship Mercy. 2. Ss. ce Sloucester Ashore five miles from Currycot Reef. 3. Light Ship off Port Royal. 4. Hurricane at Havana. 5. Raft of Ship Mercy. 6. Steamship Columbia in a Storm. 7. Steamship Republic.

STORMS AT SEA.

AGNES IN THE MOUNTAIN.

"Have you seen her since the morning? Ah! the sun rose red and lowering,
But the storm clouds gathered thickly, and the sky grew ashen gray,
And she wandered off at dawning, seeking flowers upon the mountain;
Now the night is falling darkly, yet she lingers on her way.

"She was ever wild and giddy, roaming off, we knew not whither,
Till our hearts grew sick with terror, but she never stayed so long;
When the vesper bell was pealing, we would see her home returning,
Pausing at the valley chapel, there to sing her vesper song.

"Have you seen her? We have sought her, but in vain, throughout the valley,
Now the night is falling darkly, and the sky looks fierce and wild.
Hear the wind's low fitful moaning, and the mutter of the thunder;
If she be upon the mountain, Heaven guard our helpless child!"

Darker fell the night, and drearer, fiercer grew the storm and wilder,
While they sought the missing maiden, but their search was all in vain,
For the lightning mocked their torches, and the loud winds drowned their calling,
And their eyes were hurt and blinded by the sharply falling rain.

So the hours passed on in terror, till the storm had spent its fury,
And the first gray light of morning shone in promise of the day,
Then the sun uprose in splendor, filled the valley with its radiance,
And upon the purple summits like a golden glory lay.

Then again they climbed the mountain, searched each ledge, and cleft, and hollow,
"Pretty Agnes! gentle Agnes! she has perished in the storm,"
So they spoke her name in whispers, with a reverent, tender softness,
Fearing in each rocky fissure there to find her lifeless form.

But a shout rose loud and thrilling, "Hasten, comrades! we have found her!"
And they paused before a cavern lined with moss and lichens gray;
From the cruel storm, protected, sleeping sweetly as an infant,
Smiling softly as she slumbered there, the little maiden lay.

Strong and tender arms upraised her, bore her gently down the mountain,
Laid her, still in quiet slumber, on her mother's waiting breast.
Then the dark eyes opened slowly, with a steadfast, childish wonder;
"Are they gone, the lovely spirits who were with me in my rest?"

Thus the peasants tell the story, how the little maiden, Agnes,
Lay unhurt upon the mountain all that night, so bleak and wild;
And they say the Virgin Mother, looking on a mother's sorrow,
Sent her angels down from Heaven to protect the helpless child.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—AN AWKWARD QUESTION.

"Didn't yer call me?" again demanded Bob, as he still held the unfortunate Sleuth by the throat.

"Mercy!—mer——"

"'Bob!'—warn't that your cry behind my back?"

Sleuth was growing black in the face, and absolutely unable even to reply by a single word to the questions put.

He glared up in his conqueror's eyes, and the conqueror glared down in his eyes; their hot breaths mingling—their very veins, as it were, swelling and throbbing furiously against each other wherever they touched.

And then, when Sleuth thought his last moment had come, and he was growing faint and tasting the full bitterness of death, the savage grasp at his throat relaxed, without, however, letting go; and then, as he drew once more a live-giving breath, Bob laughed a loud laugh.

"Come, Mister Sleuth, second thoughts, they say, are best. I got a second thought; shall I tell you what it is?"

Seeing Sleuth too much exhausted to reply, Bob added:

"What shall I get by running my knife into your windpipe? Nothing. So sit up, Mister Sleuth, and be thankful that I ax you another question, and that you've got breath encugh in your body to answer it. Have you *now* had enow of your pretty little games?"

"Yes, yes. It was wrong; it—'

"Wrong!"

"I confess it was a shabby—"

"Rascally, say rascally!" and Bob, with a kind of glee, pricked Sleuth's thigh with the point of his knife.

"You hurt me, Bob," suddenly exclaimed Sleuth.

"Couldn't do it, 'taint in me. But say, rascally, Mister Sleuth;" and again Bob's knife was approaching.

"Rascally," burst from the startled Sleuth, as if thrown from him by a jet of unintended but irresistible force.

"You say it was a rascally trick to play your best friend?"

"I do."

"All right; I quite agree, Mister Sleuth. And now for the last thing as I has got to say to you and your lying and murdering carcass. You spooney, to think I come here to sich an appintment and carry the dockement about with me! I know all your little game now. That codicil was in my pocket, o' course, all ready for the handlin' of your murderous fingers. You'd only to trip me up with a bullet, and there I was, taken in, and lovelily done for. Don't you go for to make any more sich mistakes, Mr. Sleuth. I left it with my friend—the friend as fit me up with things to sell, and paid my expenses, and sent me hoff to make your fortin', you smooth-faced, white-washed beauty. Catch me a trustin' to you, and the likes of you. That ere codicil will be my ghost, and walk arter I'm dead and gone, if you do come down on me unawares. But folks say you're a dab at this ere game."

And then, stooping down, with a face that suggested to the startled Sleuth vague ideas of what might be coming, he whispered, in hoarse tones, that seemed to reverberate through the air, as if instinctively seeking to catch all ears, "Who killed the alderman, Mister Sleuth?"

* * * * * *

How shall we describe the face, the look, the internal agitation, the outward pallor of Richard Sleuth, as he listened to Bob's question, and leaped, in thought, to the conclusion that the burglars knew what he had done, and that it was they who had informed Bob. For one single instant he was so paralyzed that he could not even guard himself by inventing an excuse to turn away his face; so that Bob was able to see and to appreciate the full force of his blow.

He did not spare Sleuth's feelings. On the contrary, he intensified them by his persistent look of sly, devilish knowingness; and Sleuth for a brief space felt all was lost—that he was in this man's power, and that henceforward his life would no longer be in his own hands, but in Bob's.

But this first terrible prostration of soul soon passed away; and though to him it seemed to have endured for a time so long in the suffering it brought that he was literally unable to measure it, his native cunning came to his aid, and whispered to him he had now no choice but boldness. And Richard Sleuth became bold, even while the first words dropped falteringly from his tongue.

"Will you repeat your question, Bob?" he said, with as much calmness as he could.

"No call for that, I should think. Leastwise, if I'd shot the old man, I shouldn't ha' wanted to be twice axed who did it!"

"Did I look surprised, Bob?"

"Rayther, Mr. Sleuth."

"I'm sorry for it."

"Shouldn't wonder," asserted Bob.

"I would rather you had asked any other conceivable question than that!" said Sleuth.

"I shouldn't wonder," again said Bob, but with a certain savage emphasis.

"And you think, Bob, you know why?"

"No I don't."

"No?"

"No; you're out there, Mister Sleuth; I don't think I know—I'm sure I know!"

Sleuth heaved a deep sigh, curved up his hands from the wrist just where they happened to be (before his heart), raised his eyes to heaven, and murmured:

"Poor Anthony! I'm sorry for you, even if you are guilty!"

"Dodgin' agin, Mister Sleuth!" asked Bob.

"Bob, I didn't think to have to speak to any human being as long as I lived on this subject, and I'd have given half my fortune, whenever it came into my hands, rather than I should have to speak of it; but you surprised me out of the truth, and now I must tell you what is the truth, so that you may make no horrible mistakes as regards *me*. Did you learn that the housekeeper saw a man in a white coat, just after the murder, going to a room where my uncle kept a safe with all his valuables?"

"Yes, I larned that."

"And did you learn that I had no such coat in my possession?"

"I was telled that, too, but I warn't obliged to believe it; eh, Mister Sleuth?"

"Stop a bit, Bob; you and I'll be of one mind presently. Did you learn that just such a light coat was worn by my cousin Anthony that very night?"

"No, I didn't hear that."

"Ask, then—ask anybody—ask Anthony himself, if you like, for the fact can't be denied; and when you have satisfied yourself about that, you'll know why I was so staggered. And then, I might tell you——. But spare me, Bob; it's a painful subject. He is my cousin, and after all, your friends, the burglars, may have themselves done the deed, almost without knowing it, in the hurry and confusion."

Such was Sleuth's method of parrying the deadly attack thus unexpectedly made upon him. But he was too cunning not to know that he must fortify what he had said, particularly after his own attempt on Bob, by very liberal dealing; so when Bob shook his head, and was evidently refusing to credit Sleuth's explanation, the latter plunged once more into the negotiations, and before five minutes the whole business was satisfactorily settled. Bob was to meet Sleuth next day in the same place, and then two documents were to be exchanged. The one was to be an undertaking to pay ten thousand pounds to Messrs. Slide and Sharple, in trust for Robert ——— (the name was left blank at Bob's request), commonly called Bob the Ostler, within one week after Richard Sleuth, Esq., should have come into undisputed possession of the property of the late Alderman Maude, through the codicil which the said Bob had been the means of saving from destruction. This was one of the documents to be exchanged. The other, we need hardly say, was the codicil, which was to transfer at a stroke everything Anthony possessed to his cousin, Richard Sleuth.

"And when is this 'ere codicil to be diskivered?" asked Bob, as he pondered over the fact that there might be a very inconvenient delay.

"Not a moment later, trust me, Bob, than I find safe. You must leave that to me. But now, as to your name. You had better put your right name into such a document as that—that is, if you want to have it legal."

Bob looked hard at Sleuth, then at his own dirty finger-nails, and then at his still dirtier boots, and seemed, just for a moment, to be thinking and doubting. But a villanous smile began to break out about his coarse lips, and illuminate with a sort of lurid light the rest of his face.

"You want my real name, Mr. Sleuth?"

"Not if you wish to conceal it, Bob."

"I ain't ashamed on it, Mr. Sleuth. Only I wish the old fellow was anigh us now, to hear what is that 'ere name. I should werry much like his sperrit to overhear me a saying to you, as I now say—Mister Sleuth, put into that 'ere dockement, a giving to me ten thousand pounds of the halderman's money—put into that dockement, I say, the name of Robert Stonor! You spells it beautifully, S-T-O-N-O-R!"

"Bob, is it possible! You the husband of the alderman's daughter?"

"I'm the blackguard you talked on, Mister Sleuth. But I ain't a thinking on you. You're but a poor creetur after all, Mister Sleuth. That's atween ourselves. Lord love yer! I wouldn't for the world say it to anybody else. Catch me! Don't I see his 'ighness is coming! Lord, how grand he looks! Squire Sleuth in his own ekipage! You won't mind condescending to let me lick your boots now, will yer?"

"Don't be a fool, Bob!"

"No; it ain't you I'm thinking on. But my old friend, the halderman—my father-in-law, Mister Sleuth. Don't I love his memory! But I've done him at last, Mister Sleuth; and I'd like to tell him so, even though he is dead. Don't the parsons say we live arter death! Then, he's sure to be hereabouts, looking arter this money."

Sleuth gazed round, awe-stricken. But Bob went on—

"He swore I should never have a sixpence of his money. Now, you tell him, Mister Sleuth, if he's anywhere a listening——"

"Bob! for heaven's sake——"

"I mean in the sperrit, of course, Mister Sleuth. Tell him, I say, you are going to give me ten thousand pounds; and, if anything can make him speak you'll hear him a shrieking at that! Ten thousand pounds! That's what you've got to pay. Tell him you're hobligated to do it. That other unpleasant thing'll have to be investigated if you don't do it, honor bright, and correct to time. Tell him that, Mister Sleuth, when next you meet the ghost."

"But, Bob—Mr. Stonor—you know, then, about the child—a boy, I suppose?"

"Boy? Yes; and a devil's limb of a boy he is, be you sure of that. I can make nothin' on him."

"And where is he now?"

"Open your eyes, Mister Sleuth, or else you'll be a runnin' agin him, and hurtin your nose. Haw! haw! haw! Good mornin', Mister Sleuth. To-morrow, at twelve. This 'ere same spot, where we made our other appointment. But mind, Mister Sleuth, no more little games when we meet."

"Trust me, Bob."

"Trust! hm! hm!" Bob looked at Sleuth, and roared again at the idea.

And so they parted; Sleuth feeling instinctively he had better try no more tricks upon Bob, but keep to the bargain they had made in good faith.

Soon after Stonor's back was turned, Sleuth heard wheels coming, and in a minute or two more he was grasping Anthony's hand, while Gibbs was unstrapping the portmanteau from the gig.

"Never mind me, old fellow," said Anthony, as his cousin gazed in his face with a look of anxious inquiry as to the cause of his gloom. "I'm out of sorts to-night, and besides, that Gibbs has given me a job I wasn't at all fit for."

"I couldn't but speak, sir," interrupted Gibbs. "I never thought as you'd lay into him there and then."

"Lay into who?—what?" asked Sleuth in astonishment.

"That little beggar of an Esau," said Anthony, "Gibbs has been growling about him all the week, every time I came near him. He came grumbling to-night when we were getting this turn-out ready for you."

"And 'nough to make one, sir," put in Gibbs, "to see the young limb asleep and snoring, and never a finger bin laid on the work I left him."

"And so you thrashed him?" asked Sleuth of Anthony.

"Yes; I was in no mood to stand it to night, so I thrashed him. It would have done me good if the little wretch had yelled; but, confound him! he was as quiet and still as a stone, and went off and laid down on some straw afterwards, and turned his face to the wall, in a way that made one's blood run cold. But we won't talk of that now. All the luggage right, Gibbs? And now, Dick, how are you. Anything particular turned up since you wrote?"

"No, nothing; but I'll tell you all about it."

"Not to-night, Dick—not to-night. I'm sick of this day; don't prolong it. Let's get home and put an end to it."

Sleuth, although he was by no means sick of the day and its results, remained silent, pondering over Stonor's suggestion, which seemed to point to Esau, and wondering whether he had better keep this knowledge to himself. And then Gibbs drove them homewards, at a rate that made the old wheels groan, while the little gig from the "Magnet" was left lying by the wayside in the moonlight, to stir the imagination and quicken the steps of travelers who might chance to pass that way.

CHAPTER XXXV.—KINSMEN.

The day Anthony had so much wished over passed away at last, but in dying, left its sadness and restlessness as a legacy to the night, through the long silent hours of which he thought and thought, by turns pitying and by turns reviling himself for what he suffered. Once he sat down at a writing desk—the same that in former days his uncle had habitually used, and for which, in consequence, Anthony had contracted a liking, in spite of its old-fashioned clumsiness, and re-read the letters from his cousins, and tried to realize the kind of life he had told Clarissa he should enter upon in India. To-night he could not get up the faintest enthusiasm for it. He disliked his mother's relations, who had never forgiven her for her marriage with his father the poor vicar; and he did not like them any better for having written directly they heard of his being the alderman's heir.

Anthony had one of the letters in his hand, and was bending dreamily over it, when he fancied he heard a slight noise at the door. He got up and listened near it, and, in the silence that followed, wondered whether he had been thinking of the stories Mrs. Milton used to tell them about the house being haunted by the ghosts of the British soldiers his uncle had helped to kill, and by the spirit of his poor cousin Nell, whom his uncle had never forgiven till her death. This last thought did not make Anthony smile as the first had done, but filled him with self reproach for having cared so little about the result of Sleuth's journey. He told himself that to-morrow he would hear his reports carefully, and if there should be the least clue to the finding of the child, he would himself set to work.

He was just turning away from the door, when he again heard the sound that had startled him, but this time quite distinctly. It was like a long breath or sigh, broken by a sharp sob.

Anthony opened the door. At first he saw nothing, which certainly made him a little nervous, being so sure of what he had heard. Then he heard the same thing again quite close to him, and, looking down, he saw something lying on the mat at his feet. He stepped back into his room rather quickly, took his candle from the table and brought it to the door, and there he saw, to his great astonishment, and certainly a little to his relief, Esau, doubled up on the mat and fast asleep.

"Poor little chap!" said Anthony, stooping down to look at him. "What on earth brought him here?"

His face was pale and streaked with tear stains, and his eyelids swollen and dark. The light falling on his face woke him, and he opened his eyes wonderingly upon Anthony, and then started up on his elbow.

"Why, Esau, Esau, whatever is this about?" asked Anthony.

Esau got up and stood rubbing his eyes.

"I think I fell asleep, sir," he stammered, in a broken voice.

"Yes, I saw that. But what did you come here for?" said Anthony. "Here, come inside and tell me."

He laid his hand on his shoulder, and drew him in and shut the door. Esau clung to the door-handle and turned his face away.

"Please sir, I'm sorry as I didn't do the work," he said, "I meant to do it all before they came home, but before I begun it I see *him*, and then I was obliged to keep out o' the way."

"Whom did you see?"

"Father."

"You saw your father?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, but you needn't be frightened; its evident he doesn't want you, and you're all right here aren't you?"

"I dunno, sir; I'm afeard you didn't like doing that, sir."

"What, thrashing you?"

"Yes, sir. I'm afeard as you'll send me away next time instead o' doing of it."

"Oh, nonsense! I hope the next time will never come. But I can tell you, Esau, you are right in that matter—I did not like it at all."

"I knowed that, sir; and that's why I wanted to come and say as—as——"

"As what?"

"As I was sorry you'd had to do it, sir; but I fell asleep while I was thinking of openin' the door."

"Well, now, be off to your bed and forget it."

"Please, sir, I'm locked in. I sleeps over the stables, sir. May I jest lay outside here till the mornin', sir?"

"No, no, no! Drag the mat inside, at all events. You shan't lay there like a dog."

The mat was drawn in, and laid at the foot of Anthony's bed, and Esau laid down upon it, and became as still as a mouse.

Anthony felt ashamed of reading letters and pacing up and down before the lad, so he also went to bed.

A long time after they had both been silent, Anthony said, gently:

"Asleep, Esau?"

And a voice answered:

"No, sir," in a tone that made Anthony smile, it was so full of perfect content and happiness.

"Good-night," said Anthony.

"Good night, sir," responded Esau, tremulously, as if in doubt as to whether he ought to answer at all.

Then they were both silent, and Anthony, in thinking how gently the wild young vagrant had borne his fit of passion, forgot his own troubles long enough to fall asleep; and in a few minutes the little kinsman at his feet—poor Nell's child—

slept too—slept sweetly, as if unseen spirits blessed him.

CHAPTER XXVII.—MORNING SUNSHINE AND MORNING CLOUDS.

THE next morning Anthony was awakened by a consciousness of some one standing by his bedside, and, opening his eyes he found it was Esau. He was also conscious of a delicate sweet scent that reminded him of Clarissa's room. In answer to his look of sleepy wonder, Esau pointed to his master's hand, and glancing down at it, Anthony, with a sudden rush of wakeful blood to his heart, became aware that he held a tiny note.

"How did this come?" he asked, lifting his eyes, brilliant, and soft, and eager, to Esau's face.

"Joe Bunch brought it, sir.'

"Joe Branch!" Anthony repeated, as if the name were music to him. "Go, Esau; run along and tell Mrs. Mitten from me she is to make him stay breakfast with her."

When he was alone, Anthony looked at the note, turning it over and over, and holding it in both hands, as if he feared it might take wings and fly away from him, or vanish like the morning clouds of its own pale tint. Then he raised it to his lips and kissed it, and its perfume seemed to enter his very soul, and to caress it with answering tenderness.

He opened it at last, but the first glance at its contents brought a sudden hot blindness to his eyes. What could it be trying to him thus? Not Clarissa—it could not be Clarissa who wrote to him. "Dear Mr. Maude." He looked at the signature. Yes, it was hers.

Dear Mr. Maude (she wrote), what I said to you yesterday I hardly know. Your last words made me fancy my anger and the cause of it took everything. You said you could not forgive me for the words wrung from me in my outraged pride. Will it make any difference if I own to having passed a night of repentance for those words, whatever they might have been?

CLARISSA.

* * * * *

Sleuth had been waiting for breakfast one whole hour when Anthony entered the room.

"I was so glad you slept late," he exclaimed, advancing to meet him with outstretched hand and sympathizing look. "Why, Anthony, what's the matter? You look as if you were going to a wedding."

"Confound it!—yes, you're right, Dick—it would be absurd to wear these gloves. And this frill, too. It's rather late—but wouldn't you change it?"

"On no account—that is, I think not. But how should I know for what occasion?"

"Never mind that now, Dick. Let me tell you all about it when I come back. For the present, old fellow, give me your best wishes. You do, don't you, Dick?"

"Anthony, you know I do," said Sleuth, grasping his hand, and looking earnestly into his face, bright, flushed, almost handsome with happiness.

"Yes, I do know it; and Dick, your time will come before long; and mind, no secrets from me on that matter; for I shall be awfully particular about her, old fellow—the future mistress of the old place, you know. Why, Phillis, Phillis, what's the matter?"

She had just entered with the coffee, and hearing Anthony's last words to Sleuth, had become so confused, that she let the tray droop forwards, so that the heavy, old-fashioned vessel toppled over, and fell to the floor.

"I wish you'd look where you're going, Phillis," said Sleuth, sharply. "The carpet will be perfectly ruined."

"Deuce take the carpet!" exclaimed Anthony, "the poor girl's crying. Come, come, Phillis, there's no harm done in the world."

He spoke so kindly that Phillis burst out afresh.

"Godmother will be so angry with me!" she sobbed, as an excuse for her tears.

"Oh, tush, nonsense!" cried Anthony. "Make some excuse. Say that Mr. Sleuth knocked it over—that he wanted a kiss; or that I did, or anything you like. And here—here's something to buy a new apron with, for this that you've spoiled. There, now, don't fret any more. Good-bye, Dick!"

"Oh, Richard, Richard!" cried Phillis, when Anthony had gone, "What will he say—oh! what will he say when he knows?"

Sleuth did not consecond to answer her. He was watching the new cousin with a look of pain, and his face was full of envious curiosity and hatred.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE CASKET GIVES UP ITS TREASURE.

ANTHONY'S mare, Nell, was no more averse to breakfasting at Petterham than her master, and cleared the Eddington lanes at such speed, that each "clear road" widley before it could push off its night-cap of soft summer mist to see them, was left far behind. The lanes were certainly a little dusty, and a little hot; but this morning they disappeared so fast behind Nell's flying feet, and brought the dark belt of trees round Petterham so near, that Anthony was in no mood to complain of them.

Mr. Joseph Branch—who, by-the-bye, must have got up in an accommodating mood this morning—had left his little door in the wall ajar, and here Anthony dismounted, led the mare through, and left her to find her own way to the stables.

He looked down the little path by the fruit-wall, but saw there only a busy conclave of birds, arranging the division of a new-fallen peach, that lay blushing in the mignonette.

Then he went straight to the house—heard that the doctor was not yet up, but that Miss Pumpkess was in the breakfast room. He declined the servant's offer to announce him, and ran up, hardly feeling the stairs beneath his feet.

Another minute and he was close behind Clarissa's chair.

The poodles lying asleep on the doctor's crimson hearth-rug had not been disturbed by his entrance; the pouting-lipped Clarissa on the wall was smiling at him; but the Clarissa by whom he stood sat, leaning her cheek on her hand, looking out into the same garden, all unconscious of his presence. Her other hand was close to John Harris's casket, which stood open on a little table beside her. It stood open, and how could Anthony help looking into it? or how, when he saw it empty, could he keep his eyes from seeking for its contents, and finding them, at last, on Clarissa's lap? A few dead flowers only; but they still kept in their decay a form and character that Anthony could recognize instantly. Here was the jasmine wreath that he had got from the river-wall, though it was now all twisted out of shape, and had lost many a tiny flower before he knew it was. And the spray of dead heath that he had dropped in her room that morning, when he came downstairs to see her—the fair Clarissa "Heath—he knew that when he saw it, for he had passed many hours over its scented bells, each of which had shaken out for him its silent music, a most pleasant dream. But had those bells ever been as eloquent as now, when they lay crushed, and dry, and withered? There was the rose, too, which he had gathered at her request yesterday, at the beginning of the ride; a rose picked out from among the many in her room touched him more than all the rest. The feeling that came over him as he stood there—the feeling, half of deep joy and half of pain, that he last she might be very indignant and angry at having her secret surprised—reminded him of a little incident in his childhood. Many years ago, when his days he and his uncle had a frightful quarrel, and Alderman Maude had the satisfaction of hearing a little nephew and his hunted out of his house in a rent of baby rage from Anthony's lips. In his anger and dismay he struck the child, who flew at him, and set the nails of his teeth in his clenched hand. The hand was opened, and the rose fell from it. Anthony saw an exquisite little toy, which he knew had been intended for him. Even then, in the fifth year, his instinct in such like well enough to know the shame he would feel at his intended present being found out in the midst of his passion. He had struck the child in a fury in a passion of remorse, seized one of them round the ankle, and would not be shaken off, but let the alderman drag him to the door of the private den room. He even clung tighter when his uncle threatened to go down stairs, and at last the old man relented, and there was a reconciliation as passionate as the quarrel.

The feeling with which he now looked on these dead flowers, was much the same as that with which he had regarded the toy given to him in his uncle's great hand all those years ago. He had felt grieved for his uncle's shame at the discovery, and now he felt, in the full sense of the word, a pang of grief for the shame which he knew Clarissa would suffer when she should find him there. He longed with an unspeakable longing to steal away unnoticed himself before his uncle that day—to fall at her feet there in the sunshine, and refuse to rise till she had forgiven him.

It might have been that his hand on the back of her chair trembled at that minute, or it might have been that the eye of one of the white poodles, directed its gaze at the intruder, and caused Clarissa to look up, or it might have been merely a sudden instinct that made her do so. However it might be, look up she did, and met Anthony's eyes, full of trouble and delight. She became very pale, and rose slowly, letting the dead flowers waste on the floor. Then as Anthony looked at them and at her, he felt he had but weakly imagined what her shame and anger would be. He was not even firmly angry now, and her eyes, gazing straight into his, had the half-threatening, half-pleading look of the wild deer when it first sees day's light in the forest. And the evening brings it face to face with its pursuer. He felt that her eyes at once commanded him and entreated him to take her part, and that he proved he had surprised, and Anthony still had that passion, ate wish that he might make it seem to her he had not seen or guessed her secret. And as the cold flashing blue eyes grew more and more defiant and haughty, he became less tender over her shame, and more and more exultant over his own delight.

Putting his foot on the dead flowers, he took her hands, and made her sit down again, and then he knelt at her feet. Then he told her, and Clarissa knew that her hand trembled, and that her face, though haughty and erect still, was no longer pale; but her pride whispered to her that though she could no longer keep her secret, she might best punish him by her coldness for having surprised it, and so rejected all his movement speech yesterday in the woods, and asked herself how she could bear the humiliation of his knowing that she had all the while suspected he had dared to make had been true after all. She thought of this, and tried to call up to her lips the bitter chilling, cruel words that would hurt his pride, and put an end to his joy and triumph at once and for ever. While sentence after sentence presented itself, and was rejected for not being cold and bitter enough, she felt Anthony's arm slip from the back of her chair round her, and Anthony's cheek rest on hers. She turned and looked at him, feeling that this should give her inspiration to speak without her seeking any longer for words. But she looked in vain, and was so free from any triumph and joy—were so tender and wistful in their passionate, pleading gaze—that she became utterly confused. She gazed back into them helplessly, even though they came nearer and nearer to her; and then, when she saw tears rising into them, instead of her angry speech there came only tears on her own face, and a sweet, quivering smile on her lips.

Anthony knew, by those slowly-oozing tears, that her pride was bleeding to death in her eyes, and he made a darkness for it to die in by drawing the head to him, and keeping the tender lids shut with his lips.

The eyes rewarded him at last by looking up into his—not with a smile, or with tears, but with a gaze full of the sweet solemnity of perfect love. And it satisfied him, and he was very still—wondering, asking almost in prayer, whether such joy as his might live.

* * * * *

Neither could ever recall how long they had sat thus, before they were startled by the doctor's loud, amazed, and angry—

"Hem!"

And looking up, beheld him standing at the door, and accompanied by Mr. Robertson.

THE STORMS AT SEA.

THE latter part of the month of October will be memorable in the annals of the sea, as having produced a sense of the most terrible storms within the memory of the mariner. Our coast is strewed with wrecks, and the neighborhood of Florida and the West Indies Islands has been fairly swept.

We have embraced, as far as the pencil can give an idea of the terrors, to illustrate the destruction of one shipping.

The first upon the list is the ship Mercury, of Liverpool, which foundered off Cape Canaveral on Thursday, the 26th of October. On the 26th four of the crew were picked up—three by the U. S. steamer Newbern, and these are supposed to be all that are left from the passengers and crew.

We give a picture of the dreadful condition, having been in the water so long a time (four days). Their clothes are all worn off them, their legs very much swelled from the action of the salt water, and they had attempted to quench their thirst by sucking the blood of the sharks that in large numbers were around as a testimony to the fact. They were made as comfortable as possible on board, clothing, etc., being furnished them.

The next on the list is a steamer, name unknown, going on shore on the coast of Cayotteé Reef, and is almost as soon as she struck, commenced going to pieces. As the storm abated she was seen by the steamship Yew York, and the officers, surrounded by wreckers, which is equivalent to being in the hands of pirates, sail on with him.

The steamship Columbia, which sailed from New York on the 25th ult., was overtaken by the gale the day after her departure, and her arrival at Havana, on the 29th, encountered a succession of storms. On the third day out the steamship teased to and fro, and it seemed every moment as if she would be engulfed by the ocean. Three horses, out of four, which were on deck, were washed overboard. Shortly after, two more of the purser was very much damaged by water, and many of his papers were carried away. Many other things which were on deck at the time were exposed to the gale were swept overboard. The ship careened so, that the lamps of the cabins fell down and darkness prevailed, causing much consternation among the passengers, especially among the ladies. The captain and the officers behaved admirably during the time of need. It was once thought that both had been swept overboard by the wave.

The second engineer stood, with pistol in hand, to prevent the firemen from leaving their places when the steamship was in the most imminent danger.

The light-ship off Port Royal is entirely carried away, and all on board lost.

All up the coast, the storm was fearful, and the harbor strewn with wrecks, either made upon the spot or of those that had dragged their shattered remains to that place for safety.

The steamship Republic from New York to New Orleans, sailed on the 9th ult. Captain Hawthorne gives this account of the loss.

"Through Monday night, off the latitude of Havana, the wind increased, and the sea rose, when obliged to put head to the gale; blowing from E. N. E. To-day —Blowing a hurricane; machinery gave out; could not get the wheels to work; washed away boats, starks and paddle boxes. Wednesday morning—Still blowing; heavy sea; steamer also ordered to throw the between deck cargo overboard, which we commenced immediately, breaking out boxes and passing them up through the hatchways and gangways, the other aft; we now found that the donkey boiler had given out, and the ship was making water very fast. At one o'clock in the night ordered a raft to be built, which was done by taking three spars and lashing them to the steamer's bow, fastening them with double lashings; then put boards across each way, three thicknesses, and lanced it overboard. Boats were also prepared ready, and put in his, thirteen first mate, seventeen; second mate, twelve; third mate, twenty-four; two men were on the wreck, the balance on the raft. Her crew numbered forty-five, thirty passengers, two stowaways. At half-past four P. M. the boats were ordered to shove off, and as we observation for a couple of days, it was very uncertain where we were. According to the course steered by the ship round the coast we be eastward, as I log, from eight o'clock that night, before the sea and two the steamer's bow, and by much course, at the rate of three miles an hour, and left the Gulf at six P. M. on Tuesday, abreast of Edisto Inlet. At noon on Friday, 27th, sighted the village of Bluffton, South Carolina, one of the U. S. mail steamers plying between Port Royal and Savannah, and hailed us very kindly until we arrived at Port Royal. There was a report that all but the second mate's boat and the raft had been picked up, and two steamers were to be dispatched to look for them on Sunday night from Port Royal.

There are only a small portion of the terrors of the sea that occurred during this memorable week. Our correspondents in other years have passed since no heavy a drain has been made on their coffers, and the deep sea will attest the life and treasure that has gone to feed her ever-hungry maw. It is a story that in a great measure will be for ever untold.

THE CONSTANTINOPLE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Just now, when the municipal offices of the world are making great reforms in their Fire Departments, it will be of interest to know how far off places are progressing to their efforts to extinguish conflagrations.

It is well known that the city of Constantinople has always been afflicted in a chronic way by fire. A conflagration of 1,000 houses is not an uncommon occurrence, and within one year four fires have occurred, the largest of which consumed 600 houses. Of course, under these circumstances, it is natural to inquire what means they have to check these fires. Very great enemy. The question is answered by saying that up to within a few months, that great city has depended on the bucket system that went out with your grandfathers, and at an alarm which, possibly, before a dozen buckets could be brought to bear, would have a hundred houses in a blaze, there were not more than a dozen two gallon buckets to quench it.

Now they have adopted a mode of extinguishment, the old French mode, which to our eyes looks little better than a pocket syringe. The method which they have taken up from the French, is just about to be, or is just, discarded by the city of Paris in favor of the English method. It is quite a lucid engine carried upon the shoulders of men, and is entirely dependent upon the promiscuous crowd to operate it.

In case of fire, the soldier or policeman announces it by crying, as with us in the olden time. At this the engines are seized by their able-bodied men who appear, and are hurried to the fire. They have certain regular stations, but these are seldom on hand when wanted, and in case of one fire some of them are being the *supreme purpose*, who act as handlers of axes, or as communicators of indirect.

We suppose that the day is rapidly coming when American engines will find their way to Constantinople, as they inspired in Germany and Paris, and show the Turks that fires are an unnecessary luxury.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE young woman who fainted away has been sold by her friends that it would be more delicate for her to faint at home.

UPON WHAT "LINE" HAVE THE GREATEST NUMBER OF ACCIDENTS HAPPENED?—Upon the C.R.I.N.O. line.

A DEAF lady being asked to subscribe to a newspaper, declined, on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it.

MRS. PARTINGTON mistook Shakespeare say: "Sweet are the uses of advertisements." *It's so, if* Shakespeare didn't say it.

LET down upon one knee only to a young lady. If you go down upon both, you may not be able to escape quick enough in case of the appearance of an enraged father.

AN editor, speaking of spiritualism, says: "We don't believe in any medium except the circumbendibus, and that has been known to be useful to him to it is shaky."

AN exquisitely dressed young gentleman, after dropping other seal to Gaudy about his delicate person, said to the jeweler that: "he would—in the to be after he could afford it." Jeweler said he hoped that he was."

"Certainly, certainly; I will put a cypher on it," said the tradesman.

CHARACTER doesn't depend on diet. The sav eest Indian will eat his nellies, his dearest of food, and is the dullest of animals.

A medical man asked his legal adviser how he could possibly a spinster who had stolen a number of valuable sunff.

"I am not sure of *any* act," said the lawyer, "that makes it penal to *take snuff*."

A widow who had just lost her husband, was asked by a neighbor for her dear departed. She tried to console her.

"No, no," said the fair mourner, "let me have my cry out; after that I shan't think anything about it."

QUESTION by the defendant's counsel: "Did you not threaten to have the prisoner sent to jail for a year?" Answer: "Not exactly; but he counted me a good deal, and he bothered my father *how* that he intended to marry in our family."

"WHAT are you reading that interest you so much?" inquired a gentleman of the house of a friend of his daughter.

"A book on love," was mother mum't reading" was the unembarrassed reply.

HERE is an eruption from Mr. Punch: "Why did the Atlantic Cable take more than any other nation to retard the progress of the fine arts?" Because they supplied the Fine Arts of Idleness and Gossip."

SMITH and Brown running opposite ways round a corner, struck each other.

"Oh, you fool!" exclaimed Smith, "you made my head ache."

"That's nigh it's hollow," said Brown.

"Didn't your's ring?" said Smith.

"No," said Brown.

"That's a sign it's cracked," replied his friend.

THE Rev. Dr. Gilfillan was, one winter night, called upon by a parishioner, who said to him: "I doubt you're solved to enjoy some light conversation with the Scotch Divine."

"Troy, doctor, can you tell me why that is called the dog-star?" said the latter, endeavoring to change the current of that luminary.

"Because it is a sky-terrier, I suppose," was the witty reply.

A MAN in this city, who had never expressed a word in favor of the election of "Blue Nose," a Nova Scotia girl. Some time after, a Nova Scotia acquaintance of his called upon him, and said to him:

"I suppose you have changed your mind, now that you have a Nova Scotia wife?"

"Not by a darned sight!" was the reply of the husband, with the emphasis on the word *not*, "I only married her because I was in a hurry."

Not long since a fire-eating Irishman challenged a barrister, who gratified him by an acceptance. Pistols were chosen, and the combatants met at the appointed place.

"Now, sir," said he, "I have a right to all the advantage I can get, and I insist upon your standing with your back to the sun."

"With pleasure," replied the lawyer, "on condition that I may have the shade."

The joke settled the quarrel.

THE sieve through which the man strained every curse, is called a pocket handkerchief.

"SMALL thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this case." "Ah, sir," replied the conscious witness, "but just think of what I didn't say."

A HARD CASH.—To be shipwrecked, and cast upon an uninhabited island without a shilling in your pocket.

THE gentleman who borrowed an oyster knife to open an account of his business with, is anxious to meet with a patient cookseeow to draw a cheque.

"WHAT is that, Mr. Cowley, that I saw animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain *deer*," was the whispered reply.

A SCHOOL-BOY ago an amusing incident took place in one of the most splendid of the New York hotels. A southern gentleman was a boarder in the house, but not wishing to take his meals at the table d'hôte, had them served in his own room, with all the elegance for which the establishment is noted. Being somewhat annoyed with the size of the sugar-scrawl who waited on him, he desired him, one day at dinner, to retire. The negro lowed, and took his stand directly behind the gentleman's chair. Supposing him gone, it was with some surprise that, a few minutes after, the gentleman saw him step forward to remove the soup.

"Stop him," said he, "leave the room, I wish to be alone."

"Scuse me, sare," said Cuffee, drawing himself up stiffly, "but I am responsible for de silver."

A MODERN BOAR HUNT IN BAVARIA.

MATTERS of the chase are come to rather tame pass in our day. Daring has given place to dodging in this as in so many other things, and the cunning of the arm with the spear has become supplanted by the cunning of the eye with the rifle.

Thanks to the genius of a Snyders, we can more than imagine the boar hunt of former times, otherwise the powers of fancy might have stretched in vain from our present mode of giving such a brute the quietus to that period when, in his gnashing fury, a course was rent through bending assailants, or a breathing-space secured by strewing the ground with their mangled bodies.

Let us start, then, at Aschaffenberg—the Fontainebleau of his Bavarian majesty—and even speak of the warning injunctions our Frankfort host gave about the great forest that lay in our way.

On we went, and at last—Oh, welcome sound!—the barking of a dog proclaimed man's dwelling-place, and then the glimmering of a light created quite a glow of satisfaction within me. It was the half-way inn for which I had been told, and for which I had been looking out most longingly. After stamping the snow from my feet, I entered as joyously as ever benighted traveler did in this world, though to my surprise I found the Stube fully occupied by a set of fierce Jägers, smoking, drinking and playing cards.

A little largesse from my tobacco *beutel* won me the cordial fraternity of those heroes, and on my intimating a desire to see something of the morrow's proceedings, it was met in a right spirit, and, although none of the good family were about to assist in the piece, I learned that the grand forest-master, or Jagt Junker, with certain dons of state were to be present. It was, moreover, to be a boar hunt, and the game being already marked down, I was given to understand that it would be a regular big battue, and that at least a score of the bristly race would crown the day's work. Here, then, was something irresistible, and I dare say my ears waxed larger, and perhaps longer, under all this; but certain misgivings were not to be staved off, and, on my touching upon the question of risk to be incurred, one of the party began to reassure me after this fashion:

"The great point, mein Herr, in hog sport, is presence of mind. Keep fast by that, and when a hog makes towards you, keep upright—that is, stand firm on your legs; for if you lose presence of mind down you go, in your knee, like a drowning man, and he instantly rips you up, whilst by standing stoutly on end he can only by your legs spear."

"Lay the legs open, did you say?" was my prompt query, not exactly comprehending—or, rather, being strangely puzzled by—this form of instruction.

"*Ja wohl*," said my instructor, suppressing an evident inclination to smile; "with a bit of a jerk right out, and gets it too near home to require anything farther. So keep in rear of one of us, mein Herr, and devil a scratch will you get."

To this the senior of the party nodded full assent, and I went to bed fully determined to profit by this opportunity of seeing, for the first time in my life, a boar hunt.

My dreams were rather disturbed by a panic-magoris in which, of course, the *life de sanglier* figured very conspicuously. All I had ever seen of boar hunts on canvas, with disemboweled dogs for accessories, became also displayed in such a striking light before my sealed eyes, that I need hardly say I was soon in a far worse predicament than even poor Actæon himself, for boars, as well as dogs, had me down. But realities often step in to deliver us when too much oppressed with the ideal world, and I awoke under the maltreatment of the pack to find one of the friendly Jägers shaking me, with a gentle reminder that if I "really was for the sport," I had better get up, as they would all be off shortly to meet the forest-master.

I found the party reinforced, and some large hounds made their appearance in coupling-chains, whilst Schnapps was going the round, and, the better to enlist the stalwart band in defence of their neophyte, I directed an additional round to be served out on my account.

Many roguish, rough-looking attendants were also lounging about and sipping the early dram; for, though not of a very gentle order themselves, these Jägers formed a class of superiors, as the doffed hat and abashed look of these their serving men plainly told. The dress of this Jäger corps, though varying in some instances, was of dark gray, faced with green, tunic form, and caught in at the waist with a girdle, from which hung the trenchant *couteau de chasse*. Most of them wore small felt hats of dark green, fitting closely, and with a tuft of black feathers in the band. Some had whistles made of the boar's tusk, and I observed one with a boar's sconce in brass on his shoulders, from which distinction I set him down as a sort of head keeper or lieutenant of the corps. But what struck me most in this really fine body of rangers was the enormous moustache nearly every one exhibited.

I have seen some stiff beards in my day, but I think I never met with such a display of the *cuncta supercilio* as I did among these Bavarians, for, without exaggeration, the poorest of the lot would have furnished material enough for a good-sized hearth-brush.

The chief Nimrod made his appearance at a point about an hour's walk off, where there was a large ring of leafy beeches, with such a gateway as no doubt led to some woodland château. His party mustered about half-a-dozen, and though I could see they were all men of rank, there was nothing in their equipment that denoted style or superiority.

There was a score of good rifles at least, besides a respectable contingent of muskets, and as nearly all carried the *couteau de chasse* as well, I thought the turnout must have little in it, or the boar be, of a truth, a very curious customer, if we poor defenceless devils of the outer squad came to grief.

After a short chat, and a cursory survey of arms and appliances, the force broke up into detachments, and certain instructions were given to each petty leader as they moved off one after the other for their respective beats, or, as I concluded, to form so many segments in the great starting circle. Each party also took off its contingent of followers, and, my eye being on my old friend, he beckoned me as his own particular recruit, and I fell in and followed a portion of his company.

I began, however, to review the matter in my own mind *de novemo*; and, certes, the chance of an awkward rip did not appear quite so remote, under this detailed order of movement, as if it had been *en gros*.

But I was now in for it, and, "being in," you know what Shakespeare says about getting out, though, as guidance for others, I would just here recommend a traveler to keep his onward path, and not volunteer into strange service, or get into positions which may lead either to danger or difficulty.

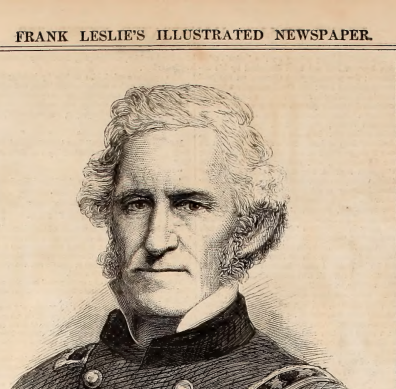
The mast and dead leaves became drifted into such dells and hollows as the ground offered, and, with a crisp covering of snow, we very soon found ourselves ploughing our own path knee-deep, and with a gentle intimation from our leaders that the animals with whom our business lay might turn up at any moment.

Indeed, my own especial corporal gave me a nod to this effect, and was just adding, "Now we hit on something," when a sonorous "Guff!" that would have startled the seven sleepers broke on my ear, and beneath a kick-up of leaves and snow I beheld a mound and bristly mane cutting along at a furious rate in the foreground. "Bang!" went my old friend's rifle. "Guff! guff!" A bang left and another right were followed by a loud "Guffee!" and in the next minute one of the Jägers was drawing the dead animal our way, with a short bit of stick passed through the snout, and a trail of blood in the rear. It was a sow of about two years old, with but little of the formidable, and not much of anything else that I could see save bristles and a loose, flabby carcase—hideous, however, withal—and such a strange disproportion of head, and so malignant the grin even in death, that it hardly looked like any earthly creature.

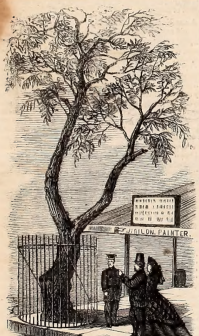
They are of a dingy iron-gray, these wild swine, inclining to rust color about the belly and the inner side of the legs, but there is a prickling up of the bristles of the snout caused by the tusks which gives them a most diabolical expression of ferocity, and their coating stands out sharp as wire, and shows shaggy as they lie upon the snow.

We now heard the rifles cracking away in more than one direction, so that the forest forces were beginning to concentrate; and from a little variation in the "guff" notes the grunters were evidently becoming alive to their position, and whatever the other parties to these presents might feel, I, on my own part and behalf, began to entertain certain feelings of anxiety about the probable upshot of these boarish battle-notes when the full herd got into grand chorus, and were driven to a last desperate stand. Nor was my concern any less for the assurance my old chaperon gave at this crisis, that we had got two or three first-rate boars in the circle, and might look forward to a smart battue, or what he called "a pretty piece of pastime."

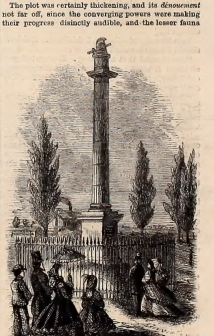
The plot was certainly thickening, and its *dénouement* not far off, since the converging powers were making their progress distinctly audible, and the lesser fauna



MAJOR-GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS, ADJUTANT-GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY.



OLD STUYVESANT PEAR TREE, CORNER OF 13TH STREET AND THIRD AVENUE.



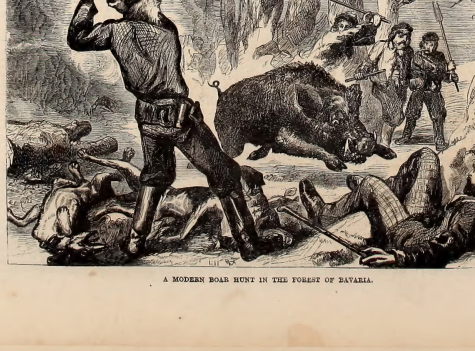
WOLFE'S MONUMENT, PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC.

and left of his tusks," exemplifying the reader *aperauti* by a very significant action of his own parded sconce, "he'll just lay one leg after the other open—perhaps only one—but so cleanly and smartly that all beside in a very short time."

"Ha! some consolation certainly," I said, half-lamenting what I perceived was at the bottom a sort of joke; "but with no mind to subject my legs to the healing powers, I would rather avoid his lesser evil, and keep my presence o' mind to divert mischief which does not come exactly of my own seeking."

"*Schon gut* (good), mein Herr," said a general laugh, "and the chances are that you will come to no mischief at all, yet it is better to understand the case in its bearings; and what I say is to meet that one chance of the boar's breaking the ring and coming bolt at you; for if you suffer yourself to be knocked over for want of his presence of mind, with one stroke of his tusk there is an end of you."

"A pure joke, eh?" broke in another, rising from his seat, and taking the middle of the floor. "Look at this little skewer," displaying a *couteau de chasse* with a good foot of double-edged blade. "He must clear a ring of these after the round of rifles; and, mind you, we don't give him much way between us; but just offer him the point of this to pick his teeth with, and nine times out of ten he dashes

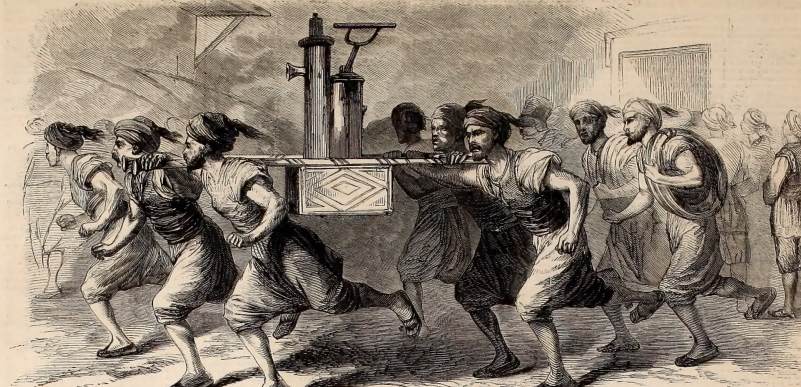


A MODERN BOAR HUNT IN THE FOREST OF BAVARIA.

began to squib about in our front as though the ends of the earth were coming together. We had had above an hour of steady advance on our side, and though it might be difficult to determine the extent of area upon which the different sections radiated, I judged the focus they now came to at about a mile in circumference. It was pretty clear of trees, and from there being a made-up patch of cover, like a bed of reeds and withered fern, full in the centre, I required no intimation as to why we now halted or where the grand performance was about to take place. Indeed, there came enough of tuning and pitching pipes from that piece of middle screenwork to afford all the intimation that was requisite, and the position of the enemy's orchestra settled, I looked out for our own first fiddlers, the forest-master and chiefs of our *dramatis personæ*.

There appeared also a blank in the circle, one segment short of the round, but I could hear its approach; and from a show of activity in that quarter, the leading actors were doubtless about to make their *début* there. And so it proved, and so the ring became complete, the entire file presenting about fifty men armed, who took up ground at about the same number of paces from each other, whilst attendants, followers, and a few straggling fools like myself might count a hundred. These showed front in the rear, and between the intervals, though, for my part, I made up my mind to show no front at all if it came to anything serious, since, with my equipment, I might as well maintain front before Sebastopol with a bulrush in my hand. Most of the other secondaries bore some sort of weapon, and one near me held an axe over his shoulder, yet was evidently a woodman

(*Continued on page* 158.)



THE FIRE DEPARTMENT OF CONSTANTINOPLE—RUNNING TO THE FIRE.

MAJOR-GEN. LORENZO THOMAS,

Adjutant-Gen. of the United States.

ONE of the greatest errors into which civilians fall, is the belief that greatness in a general is only to be achieved in the field.

It was one of the strongest axioms of Napoleon, that he could find fighting officers everywhere, but executive ones nowhere. In other words, that bravery was the rule, not the exception, and that it only required a brave man for a fighting officer, while it required the highest of executive and business qualities to make one that could put armies in the field and organize them.

We do not promise this as applying especially to the case of Major-General Lorenzo Thomas, the exception being, that this able soldier, having reached the highest position of his department from the lowest commissioned rank, is indebted for several of his steps to distinguished gallantry in the field.

Gen. Thomas was born in the town of New Castle, State of Delaware, on the 26th of Oct., 1804. His father, Evan Thomas, though born in the same State, was of Welsh extraction, while his mother, Elizabeth Sberer, was of English blood, her ancestors having come to this country in the middle of the 17th century. She was related to the Randolphs, and through her veins flowed some of the famed blood of Pocahontas.

Lorenzo Thomas entered the Military Academy at West Point, Sept. 1st, 1819; graduated July 1st, 1823, and was appointed Second Lieutenant in the 4th Infantry, with that date; First Lieutenant, March 17th, 1829; Captain, Sept. 30d, 1838; Major, Jan. 1st, 1846. The foregoing being regimental commissions, which latter was declined, from the fact that he already bore the same rank upon the general staff. On the 7th of July, 1838, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Brevet-Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet, Sept. 20d, 1847, for gallant and meritorious service at the battle of Monterey; Lieutenant-Colonel, July 15th, 1853, which brings him down to the opening of this rebellion.

It will be remembered, that at the opening of this rebellion, Samuel Cooper, a New Yorker, was Adjutant-General of the United States, with the rank of Colonel, that being at the time the highest rank held in that department. Cooper, a Northern born man, resigned, and went over to rebellion, while Lorenzo Thomas, Southern born, clung the closer to his flag and country, and found a part of his reward in an elevation to the vacancy, first in March 7th, 1861; as Brevet Brigadier-General, May 7th, and Brigadier-General, August 3d, of the same year, while, on the 13th of March, 1863, he was made Major-General by brevet, for gallant and meritorious services during the war with the rebellious States.

What those services were, would require a volume to recount. They are identified with the history of the country, and as time blows away the cloud of battle smoke that hangs over the great achievements of the war, the work of this great man will stand out in bold relief upon its pages.

Of his early service, it will only be necessary to say, that it was rendered in Florida, two years of the time as Adjutant of his regiment; in Georgia and Alabama, in the Creek and Seminole nations; also, in Louisiana and Mississippi, reaching up to the year 1833, when he was detailed in the Adjutant-General's office on the recommendation of Gen. Twiggs to Gen. Jones, who then filled that office, the young Lieutenant at that time showing his executive talent while recruiting for his regiment in Philadelphia.

In the years 1836-7, he took part in the war against the Seminole Indians, and established the important depot at Tampa Bay; also acted as chief of staff to Major-General Zachary Taylor, in his Indian campaign of 1839-40. In the war with Mexico, he acted as chief of staff to Major-General William O. Butler. When General Scott was relieved, General Butler took supreme command, still retaining his chief of staff, from which he was transferred to the same exalted position on the staff of General Winfield Scott, and so continued until the breaking out of the rebellion, and his appointment as Adjutant-General. During this time he accompanied General Scott to the Pacific coast to settle our difficulties with Great Britain, relative to the Island of San Juan.

The crowning act of a life of arduous toil and exposure in the service of his country, was performed by Gen. Thomas in the organization of 80,000 blacks into service for the troops, a labor of two and a half years, in the midst of difficulties that would have appalled any but the quiet, indefatigable worker who had the mission in hand.

He went to the Ohio and Mississippi to find the land swarming with the freedmen, of every age, sex and condition, helpless as children, and suffering all the physical penalties of their new-found independence. They hailed the coming of Gen. Thomas as that of a saviour, and had it rested alone with them, the main difficulty could have been easier overcome. It was the opposition of the white troops that was to be reconciled. Gen. Thomas held the power to enforce his acts, without appeal, but he chose rather to place the matter before the sound good sense of his countrymen in arms, and his judgment in doing so is shown by the universal success of his work, an end that never could have been accomplished by force. From Memphis to Corinth, 100 miles, he addressed the troops 15 times, taking the ground, positively, that the blacks must be received and protected, even though in doing so every white officer was dismissed and every private punished. That the blacks must be used for garrison purposes while the skilled and intelligent white must do the duty adapted to his intellect and called for by his country.

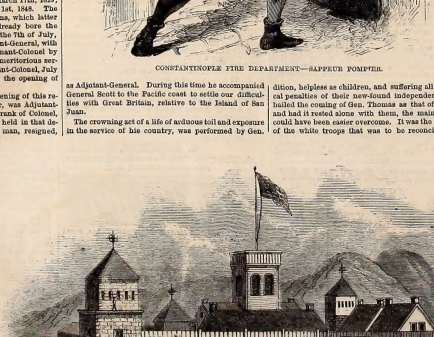
The eloquence and business skill of Gen. Thomas carried the day, and the result was the organization of 80,000 able-bodied negroes into regiments, an organization that turned the tide of war through all that section, and relieved the Government of one of its most difficult problems. He sent relief to thousands of starving women and children, and changed the entire condition of a people. It is gratifying to know that in this important mission Gen. Thomas had the unqualified assistance of Gen. Grant, and of Gen. Dodge, commanding in that Department.

The enthusiasm of the worker made him careless of his physical welfare, and the result was that almost with the conclusion of his labor he was stricken with sickness and borne home where for a long time he hovered between life and death, but was happily spared to see the results of his labor. The name of him who as Adjutant-General of the great armies of the United States, through a long and exhausting war, may not be daily blazed through all the press, but his sacrifices and labors will make a page in history of which the greatest may well be proud.

In person Gen. Thomas is tall and erect, with a rather mild and benevolent cast of face. The traveler upon the streets of Washington would hardly believe that the plain and unassuming gentleman passing him is the one who holds so much of the fate of our great armies in his hands.



CONSTANTINOPLE FIRE DEPARTMENT—SAPPEUR POMPIER.



FORT UNION, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, ABODE OF THE ST. LOUIS FUR COMPANY.

DEPTHS OF THE SEA.—A French journal says the soundings effected with reference to the new transatlantic cable have enabled comparisons to be made of the different depths of the sea. Generally speaking, they are not of any great depth in the neighborhood of continents; thus the Baltic, between Germany and Sweden, is only 120 feet deep; and the Adriatic, between Venice and Trieste, 130 feet. The greatest depth of the Channel between France and England does not exceed 300 feet, whilst to the south-west of Ireland, where the sea is open, the depth is more than two thousand feet. The seas to the south of Europe are much deeper than those in the interior. In the narrowest part of the Straits of Gibraltar the depth is only 1,000 feet, while a little more to the east it is 3,000. On the coast of Spain the depth is nearly 6,000 feet. At 250 miles south of Nantucket (south of Cape Cod) no bottom was found at 7,800 feet. The greatest depths of all are to be met with in the Southern Ocean. To the west of the Cape of Good Hope 16,000 feet have been measured, and to the west of St. Helena 27,000 feet. Dr. Young estimates the average depth of the Atlantic at 25,000 feet, and of the Pacific at 26,000.

A MAN in Scotland is said to be building a cotton mill, to be worked by mouse power. He has succeeded in training mice to work in a sort of treadmill, and the net profits of the labor of a single mouse amount to six shillings (or a dollar and a half) per annum. He intends to have ten thousand mouse mills in operation, and, after paying all expenses, expects to realize from $10,000 to $12,000 per annum.

THE planet Uranus, which was discovered by Herschel on the 13th of March, 1781, completed its first revolution round the sun on the 19th of August; that is to say, in 84 years and seven hours it came back to that position in the heavens in which it was first seen.

On catching my eye, he said with a smile, "It is as well to be right and ready, for no man can say which way such *schlimme Thieren* (terrible brutes) may take when put to it;" and as I was at the same time holding my stick by the thin end, he furthermore added, "Don't you, however, attempt anything, since all you could do with that stick would be no more to one of these boars than to a wild bull, and only serve to bring mischief on yourself;" and he instanced the case of some former *Fremder* like myself, who had joined in this sort of diversion, and who in giving a cudgel blow lost his balance, and was laid open, to use his own homely phrase, "as quickly as a body might split a pea-cod."

I wished the fellow and his story far enough, for I had from my very boyhood a horror, and I may say a mortal fear, of the whole hog species, and had any time sooner confronted a lion or tiger than a savage boar of even the ordinary kind; and yet, in good sooth, here was I gratuitously forming a stop-gap before a whole herd of the wildest and most ferocious class.

Preparatory to action there was, of course, a round of Schnapps—nothing in the way of venture being done in Germany without this whet—and though I came quite unprovided, my old friend was true to me in my extremity, and never came a whet of *Kimmel* more timely to my lips. He moreover took the opportunity of giving me a little final instruction, and pointedly dwelt on the worst, by saying:

"Now mind you bear to my left if there be any dash through on the right, and the reverse, you understand, if menaced from the opposite side," an injunction which I promised strictly to obey, and, involving the precise line of conduct I had already hit on in my own mind, he might assuredly count on its most scrupulous fulfillment.

But a short bugle call from headquarters ended our debate, and this was followed by a *laisser-aller* of some half-a-dozen dogs that went off, all eye, ear, and protruding tongue, right into the cover plot. Some of the Jägers, and no doubt such as constituted the best shots, stepped out of the circle a few paces in advance at the same time.

Old Zieten, with his fierce hussar attendant, could not have issued from the wood more suddenly than a huge boar, with his bristly staff, now did from the cover into which the eager hounds had dashed. Nor could any of your boasted generals cast a more knowing glance or present a more defiant mien, than this porcine chief did, as, with mane erect, the circling foe was surveyed, and then, with a clashing of tusks only to be remembered with a shudder, on he came.

I have no clear recollection as to what immediately followed, but perfectly remember how those eyes of fire bore point blank towards me, and what a rattle of rifles, din of shouts, dog yells, and indescribable sounds burst forth at the very moment I made for my fugleman's support, and in my flurry tumbled over that tree stump, and became immersed in a snow-drift. This served so to complete my bewilderment that, although unmistakable splashings of the brute's very foam and blood were on my shoes when I got up, I could not for my life say in which direction or how he passed me; but, as there was an impression that I had actually been under dental treatment, I felt down both my sides, and examined both legs, inside as well as out, for the satisfaction of those who pressed about me, as well as to clear the matter in my own mind, for, without feeling hurt, they made me fancy that I must have had a slight rip somewhere.

A drop more "kimmel" accomplished the rest, and as the battue was pretty well over, I went to the spot where this fearful monster lay stretched on the frozen ground, with blood oozing from some half-dozen bullet-holes and a gash in the throat, from which the last of the fierce tide of life was slowly ebbing.

The woodman with his axe must have been equally taken aback, for, in place of striking at the right moment, he never struck at all, but flung his formidable weapon after his flying foe, and for aught it had done he might have flung it aside altogether. I heard this as they were laughing at him; whilst I, whose performance had been most laughable of all, seemed to stand well in general estimation as one who had been simply knocked over by the boar, and escaped his tusk miraculously.

They counted eighteen head, two boars of the first order, which were to be dispatched forthwith to King Ludwig at Munich, three of the second class, four sows, and the rest young fry under six months old.

The main trophy was the very brute that had figured as commander-in chief and led the charge so desperately in the direction I occupied, and certainly as he there lay dappling his snowy resting-place with blood, a more hideous or a more fiend-like object never met my eyes. The head, from snout to ear point, could not have been much under two feet in length, and in one of the ears was a bullet hole of long standing to settle the point of his being an old campaigner. Indeed the forest *frères* recognized him as a former acquaintance, who had run the gauntlet, and probably expected to do so here again; but wiser heads get wrong in their calculations, and men fall under them as well as hogs. For the rest, the large main bristles were nearly eight inches long, tusks about seven, and his hoofs almost as strong as a donkey's. Yet there was nothing like the fleshy character of the hog race as we know it, and, with ample framework for sustaining a quarter of a ton, I very much doubt if the entire weight of this finest specimen of the wild hog reached two hundred pounds.

ENGLISH BAKERS.

What is a baker's life? In what is called the London season, and at the high-priced shops, the men begin work at about eleven o'clock at night, when other folks are thinking about going to bed. They are engaged in bread making, with a few short intervals (during which they try to catch forty winks), until seven or eight in the morning: baking the plain loaves, the fancy bread, the rolls, &c., in certain routine. They are then engaged several hours in carrying out bread, with an occasional dose of biscuit baking in the afternoon. If they get six hours' freedom from the shop in the evening for their main supply of sleep, it is about as much as they can reckon upon. Their work during the day, although in the open air, is by no means light, for they have to carry heavy baskets and wheel heavy trucks or barrows. Friday is a harder day than the rest, because they have to provide for nearly two days' consumption; they enter the bakehouse an hour or so earlier than on other evenings, and make a longer night's work of it. Saturday night is the only one on which the poor baker feels himself at liberty to tuck himself comfortably into bed for a good long sleep, like a Christian; he has no batch to attend to on that night. His Sunday is not much of a Sunday to him, seeing that he must attend two or three times during the day to prepare the "ferment" and "sponge" for the night's baking—else, as things are now managed, we should have no hot rolls on Monday morning, and no bread at all by Monday evening or so. Bad as this is, the workmen employed by the cheap bakers lead a still harder life. As most of the bread is sold over the counter, there is very little out door work to do; the poor drudge hasn't even the pleasure of taking out the basket, which would give him an opportunity to have a little chat with Mary, the nurse-maid, round at No. 4. From Thursday evening till Saturday evening these men almost live in the bakehouse, so great is the work done to supply an ample stock of bread by the time when working men and their families begin to spend the Saturday night's wages. Then, again, working people have baked dinners on Sunday to an extent quite beyond the experience of families in a better station in life; these dinners are baked mostly by the cheap bakers, and add to the Sunday labors of the journeymen and apprentices. In autumn, when genteel folks go out of town, the West-end bakers are more at leisure, and the delivery of bread is ended by two or three o'clock in the afternoon; this gives the men an evening of eight or nine hours duration for amusement and bed. But poor families have no out of town season; the cheap bakers who supply them make about as much bread at one time of the year as another, and the fags in the bakehouse know of no change—except additional heat in summer. The details differ at different times and in different localities; but it is admitted that, in a general way, this is not an over-colored picture of a baker's life.

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION—THE HIGHEST PRIZE AWARDED TO THE GROVER & BAKER MACHINES.—On Monday morning Earl Russell announced the awards to the successful exhibitors in the International Exhibition, Dublin, and the prizes were afterwards presented by the Duke of Leinster. Among the exhibitors who obtained medals were the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company, Liverpool and London, this being the fifteenth first-class prize gained by these machines this season.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

☞ We would call the attention to the advertisement of Haskins & Co., in another column. They want Agents to sell fine Steel Engravings, and offer great inducements; they are an old established house, and have the reputation of dealing promptly and honestly with their customers. Many of our young men may find it very profitable to employ their spare time in selling for them.

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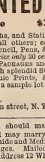
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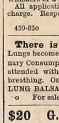
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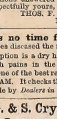
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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 541—Vol. XXI.] NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2, 1865. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 10 Weeks $1 00

The Gathering Storm.

It is strange that the European editors, in full view of the expressions of both houses of Congress, should believe, or affect to believe, that the United States has abandoned the cherished principle of the total exclusion of foreign, and especially monarchical, interference in the domestic and international affairs of this continent. They, perhaps, make this deduction from the circumstance that this principle is being violated and contemned every day, on our very border, without governmental protest or opposition, and with the apparent acquiescence of the people. We have been accused of eternally publishing the "Monroe Doctrine," and flaunting the flag bearing it with persistent and insulting zeal in the face of Christendom, and because we do so no more, foreigners seem to suppose that, instead of putting it at the head of our armies, we have quietly folded up the well-worn banting, and stowed it away in the national garret. Fear, and a prudential instinct (for which Europe is beginning to give us credit), are generally supposed to be the motives influencing our conduct; and England, characteristically enough, seems to think that the prospect of a brisk trade with Mexico, in case of the success of the Empire, may reconcile us to a repudiation of a hitherto cherished article of our national creed.

Did it ever occur to our astute contemporaries, that when men really feel their strength, and begin seriously to think of action, they leave off blustering? When is the lion most dangerous, when "roaring" through the jungle that crushes beneath his feet, or when silently crouching for a spring?

When the House of Representatives quietly, and without debate, passed Mr. Winter Davis's resolutions reaffirming the Monroe Doctrine, with pointed reference to Mexico, they appreciated the importance and solemnity of their action. There was no attempt "to make the American eagle scream"—an amusement in which most foreigners have been induced to believe is the principal one in which our people indulge, only relieved by bowie-knife and Lynch law practice. When the Senate, last winter, amended the clause of the bill making an appropriation for the mission to Mexico, so that it should read "to the *Republic* of Mexico," that significant act was done unanimously and equally without debate. The signing of the Declaration of Independence was not done with greater dignity and earnestness than was displayed by both Houses of Congress, when they were called upon to show to the world that, notwithstanding the nation was racked by civil war, it could never forget or surrender that most sacred and vital principle of its exterior policy, embodied in what is called the Monroe Doctrine.

The people at large has followed the lofty and decorous example of its representatives. If they have said but little, it has been because they have felt more. They have felt that French intervention in Mexico and Central America, and Spanish intervention in Santo Domingo, Peru, and Chili, in open and contemptuous violation of the cardinal and distinctly avowed principle of the national policy, was a deliberate insult, heightened by every circumstance of unfriendliness and injury. They looked upon it not only as an act of bad faith, but of mean and cowardly spite, which they are bound to resent and punish. We are aware that there are many, perhaps, we might say, most of our people, who have thought, and still think, that the intervention on this continent will fall before the simple frown of a reunited Republic, and cover its abettors with confusion and contempt, much greater than if it were terminated by armed opposition. The wretched *fiasco* of Spain in Santo Domingo, gives some color to such anticipations. But while disposed to abide for awhile the course of events, those who indulge in these anticipations, equally with those who do not, are all sternly determined that the whole power of the country shall be put forth to vindicate the great principle enunciated by Monroe.

Americans are indisposed to quarrel with France, and our soldiers are rather disposed to fraternize with, than fight the French armies. They are loth to shed the blood of men against whom they have no feelings of animosity, traditional or otherwise; they do not wish to rouse a national antagonism where none exists. They know this faithless intervention in Mexico is not inspired by the French people. But they will hold that people as enemies, make them such for centuries, and fight the French power on sea and land to the bitter end, unless the wanton, unfriendly, insulting policy of Louis Napoleon is abandoned, and his soldiers withdrawn from Mexican soil. Let them not be deceived by the assurances of their publicists, or the quieting utterances of the official *Moniteur* and its tenders, that the United States has acquiesced, or will ever do so, in the policy of their Emperor. His ambition and conceit is leading them to a war, such as the great Napoleon, in the plenitude of his strength, would have shrunk from, and, if possible, avoided.

Any delusions that may have existed on this point, as we said at the outset, will be rudely dispelled by the news which the next steamer will carry abroad, and which the European publicists will be wise not to disparage or undervalue. They had better prepare themselves, as well as their readers, through a just appreciation of this news, for the calm, but firm and irreversible stand which President Johnson will take on this subject, in his first message, and which will meet the unyielding support of Congress and the country.

We have elsewhere noticed the appointment of Gen. Logan as Minister to the *Republic* of Mexico, and have collocated the expressions of his opinion on the question of the day, with others equally significant from our cautious Secretary of State, and reticent Lieutenant-



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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2, 1865.

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Exploded Fallacies.

DURING the past twenty years no two dogmas were more vehemently insisted on, by demagogues, than that negro slavery was the mainstay in our Southern States *because* the white man could not work there, and, second, that the Emancipation of the slaves would result in overwhelming the North with worthless blacks, who would degrade labor here, besides depreciating its value by a ruinous competition. The "poor, mean white" of the South justified his idleness and general shiftlessness by accepting or pretending to accept the teachings of his philosophical and political leaders, who could demonstrate by tremendous assertion, and reiteration, that all tropical and semi-tropical regions must remain under the dominion of savage nature or return to it, unless reclaimed by the labor of negroes, who will only work under compulsion. We were pointed, invariably, to Africa, the Mexican and Central American States, and the Antilles, for the proof of these assertions, and the evidence afforded to the contrary by Mr. Olmsted of the success of white labor in Texas, and the equally conclusive evidence afforded by the success of German labor around New Orleans, were either ignored entirely or bluntly contradicted. No account was taken of the different circumstances of our condition, physical, mental, moral and mechanical, which remove the Southern States from the operation of causes which have depressed or demoralized labor in other semi-tropical regions, and make all deductions from their condition inapplicable.

The war has, however, bravely cleared all this. The South mourns for few, white labor and the philosophers who spent all their lives in declaring and attempting to prove that no system of labor, except that of compulsory negro labor, could exist in the Southern States that white men could not work there and live, and that Emancipation would convert the whole region into a desert, and reinstate the wildest and alligator, are now as emphatic, but much more valued and trusted, in insisting that what they have always needed and now need most, is white labor and that skill and enterprise of which slavery was the repellent element. Even De Bow, that astonishing apostle of the old faith, now labors to prove that few parts of the world are so favorable for manual industry as those very districts where we were told only four years ago, no white man could safely exert himself beyond wielding the whip, racing horses, or playing faro! Dr. Nott is, probably, reviewing *his* philosophical and ethnographical inconsistencies, and we expect to see new and expurgated editions of his works in which it will appear that the South, if not the birthplace and original home of the white man, is where he has been so expected to attain his greatest development, and achieve the most wonderful results of mental and physical exertion.

We expect, because rather of the loose and impetuous generalizations of the Southern mind, than because of any complete warrant in fact. That there are many parts in the South where white labor, and we speak now of agricultural, manual labor, may prosper as well as in any part of the world, cannot be doubted. And it is certain that nine-tenths of the characteristic denials of the fact were made with a better knowledge, and to give support to the slave system. Yet it is equally undoubted that there are many parts of the South where negro labor is and must be more efficient and desirable than white labor. Here it will be needed, perhaps, for ever, and these districts are wide enough to occupy all the negro labor the country has got, or likely to get, for centuries. That this labor to be efficient must be compulsory, is a dogma of the same kind with those which have been relinquished under the "inexorable logic of events," and will expire with the certain success of a fair trial of free negro labor.

To export this labor, or by any irrational or oppressive system of laws or regulations, drive it away, would be a blunder in political economy into which none but the most prejudiced of the supporters of an exploded and extinct system could fall for a moment.

Here, at the North, the results of the war have given the lie emphatic to all the bugbears that political economists and the slave power, as to the consequences of Emancipation. Slavery is abolished, but where are the swarms of negroes who were to overrun our cities, and infect labor with pauperism and vice with the German labor? Under the excitement consequent on such predictions, and passionate appeals to prevent their realization, the ignorant and the selfish were led into the commission of crimes, but little over two years ago, disgraceful to the city, and from the very recollection of which we shrink in horror. Yet the negroes are not here, and we have less than two-thirds the number of negroes in this city than there were at the outset of the war!

Verily, the war has wrought a wondrous change in the feelings of the Southern philosophers! Verily, has it confounded the tongues of evil prophets in the North!

American Credit Abroad.

THE subjoined temperate communication, on a matter interesting to all good citizens, gives several sound reasons for the depreciation of American securities in foreign markets. If, as our correspondent seems to think, the failure of the Government to declare explicitly its intention to pay the principal on its loans in gold, is the reason why they will not be sold in the market, it might be worth the consideration of Congress whether supplementary legislation on the matter is not desirable. Or the ability of the Government to pay, in spite of its bonds fall due, there can be no reasonable doubt; and if a declaration that it will do so would bring our high-interest securities even up to the value of the low-interest ones we sold, it would enhance the value of those held in the United States alone, by not less than $600,000,000. As to the element of "uncertainty" referred to in our correspondent's letter, it was no doubt wise in the Government at the period when its securities were mainly issued, and when the future was a vast perspective of uncertainties, to retain some option to itself as to the time when it should be called on to respond to its obligations. Making loans, in ordinary times, when present and prospective resources were adequate, with reasonable certainty, is quite another affair; and if the depreciation of our securities is in any degree due to the cause assigned by our correspondent, the evil itself was unavoidable.

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

SIR—In your issue of the 11th inst., I observe able article on "American Credit Abroad," you say that "it is a matter of universal complaint, that the 5-20 and 7-30 United States securities are regarded (abroad) as worth less than one half their nominal value." This statement is not only "a libel on the credit of the United States stands below that of bankrupt Austria, Prussia and Spain, and equal to repudiated Brazil?" As an answer to these problems is given in answer that this may be owing to ignorance, and that when you very truly say is a practical question, involving not alone pecuniary interests, but, in fact, all of more consequence, the national character?

I would suggest that the matter rests entirely, in the name of a great many—I presume all—of your subscribers, for the simple reason that they have no regards repudiation. At a time when the political omens are that this may be avoided by action, and the honor of the nation be dragged in the dirt of waging warfare upon its creditors, it is a most serious subject, and, no matter who else may waver or turn aside, we are glad to know that the "old guard" among the nation's honor will suffer no hole.

I think it will be universally conceded that capital has no sympathy—that in questions of secure investments and profitable returns, the feelings are not enlisted in favor of a project which, besides returning the capital invested, will return a beneficial end, it must be allowed that charity, to a certain extent, governs all enterprises. For, should the dividends be small, or, fail altogether, what is the result? The capital is lost. Insolvency of the per cantage is made up by the sense of charity, consequently, it is lost in a great many instances. A familiar one is contained in Wesley's celebrated declaration, to the best of my memory, "Lend to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." "Brethren, if you like uncertainty, choose the 5-20 bonds."

I imagine, therefore, that foreign capitalists must be regarded of United States securities as "worth less" simply because our securities do not find favor with them. Should treachery, fraud, embezzlement, absolutism, or democracy are not what are discounted in London and Paris, as capital seeks safety in the business through whose hands the enormous annual earnings of the Government indirectly flow, seeking some outlet called investment, you must present two elements, security and remunerative. The question now do the U. S. Government and State Bonds stand? Both, as to the former. Virginia, Tennessee, Massachusetts and Alabama, which have paid part, if not all the interest of their debts, and the last, a debt of repudiation attaches to them all, that is, they all pay the interest on their colleges, and are thus secondly bound to pay in specie. This may seem an ugly word—but it is one of interest. It is the key to the vaults of the leading merchants and capitalists of this city, on which rests the fate of this State, nearly every deciding by her Legislature to pay the interests of her securities in currency instead of gold, and, if any pecuniary moves me rightly, several of these honorable gentlemen affirm it, and have it in their power to put pockets, to redeem the honors of the State, while they can command in terms, for stronger than I dare to use, the absence of moral rectitude in those at Albany, who controlled our financial interests.

It would only be in this case a rhetorical flourish, to assert that while each of the members of a body politic is wanting in honorable principles, their aggregate could possess a virtue which the several parts had not. The greatest condemnation of the action of the individual States, is found in the fact that the bonds of the United States maturing since the introduction of legal tender paper-money have been invariably paid in gold, such as the Texas Indemnity Bonds, and some others.

So much for the security which State bonds can have in the eyes of foreign capitalists. The government at Washington has declared, and its action, as above stated, proves with the greatest sincerity, its intention to pay in gold all its debt contracted previous to the war. This, however, is but a small sum compared with its debt for carrying on the war—five hundred millions, and it is the quotation of those abroad to which I understand your remarks to refer. Are they based upon the same requirements of "security and permanence?" And here I make the assertion, which I know a strict investigation will fully bear out, that there is in the act authorizing the issue of these bonds no provision for the payment of the principal in gold at maturity. Again, that nothing can be gotten from the statistics of the Committee of Ways and Means, who drew up the bill, than to make the principal payable in gold, and, what is more important in the matter, that fact is well known to Britain capitalists, through their private inquiries, made in Washington. Now, how much in any such case would be found the loan here to consist or deny it. You may have seen, as I have, the cautious terms in which the replies of the Secretary of the Treasury to letters requesting information on the point, were couched. The replies were published in the papers, and in no instance did the Government commit itself by any pledge in the matter. It was the intention of the government! "If circumstances would permit," was the such like non-committal phrases. Never was it said that Congress had passed a law for ultimate redemption in gold, and, for the best of all reasons, it did not.

Again, when a capitalist loans his money, it is desirable he should know when it is to be repaid, and at the option in which the payment is to be made favorable terms. By having the option of repayment at any time between five and twenty years, the government always introduces an element of uncertainty prejudicial to its loan. It is the only way, or an attempt, to criticise the terms of the loan which, perhaps, were wise, under the circumstances, but it is enough to deter foreign capitalists do not "cry for it." It is equally far from my wish to appear to think that the United States government will pursue a course which they legally might, but the fact remains that it has not declared for it, in the month of August, 1867, when the first installment of the loan becomes due, and the last in 1887. Foreign capitalists know this, and in the uncertainty as to what political party may be in power at the time courses, can it be wondered at that the loan is at a heavy discount? Should any change in the present democracy, and last-repentant secession succeed in the endeavor to pay the war debt in paper, you perceive the change in opinion, and think the more of it held abroad the better. SCARAB.

FOR two years, ever since President Juarez left the capitol of Mexico, we have had no Minister in that country. A gentleman, formerly Secretary of Legation, was appointed to reside in the city of Mexico, in charge of the archives of the Legation, but in no recognized official capacity. Last winter, when the Loan and Diplomatic appropriation bill came up in the Senate, the clause making appropriation for the mission to Mexico, was so amended as to read "to the *Republic* of Mexico." The substitution was by a unanimous vote. President Johnson has now filled that mission to the Republic of Mexico by the appointment of Major-General Logan, formerly an able member of Congress, and during the war one of our most efficient officers, for the appointment to the Mexican question are quite as decided as those of Gen. Sheridan. At a public meeting held in the city of Philadelphia, on November 30, he said:

"So far as I am concerned, I believe that Maximilian is holding Mexico to-day in pit and parcel of the rebellion against the government. (Cheers.) * * That was a part of the rebellion; it is a part of it to-day, and the sympathies of the United States are not only to put Maximilian: 'Sir, you must pack up your duds and travel.' Instead of sending another tremendous contribution of cheering. The government has not supposed, nor should it suppose, that it could, for one, don't propose to give that state to Maximilian. I consider, am as the head of the government saying to him: 'You were induced by the rebellion to take possession of that country, and to attempt to establish yourself there. I tell you, sir, you must step! You must not get out of that country, and leave it to its people."

We do not assume to say that these emphatic opinions of Gen. Logan at all influenced his appointment, but they are hereby heretofore pursued by the Secretary of State, and which has by no means been up to the public sentiment, we should think, of the country. There has, however, been lately a marked advance in the ideas controlling the Department of State, which people think is due to the direct influence of the Executive. We trust that the inward ventured, in his Auburn speech, October 20th, albeit with habitually cautious phraseology, to say:

"I expect that we shall as republican institutions wherever they have been established. Already throughout the American continent, speedily vindicated, reserve to the people."

No such expectation can be realized with Maximilian in Mexico, or Spain marauding in South America, while the Monroe doctrine remains, as it is, that republican institutions must be vindicated, and the republic renewed and strengthened in fidence. We trust that these utterances, however, of the man whom the nation most delights to honor, and on whom the work of "vindication of republican institutions in Mexico would mainly devolve if undertaken by the State, as of more consequence than the cautious periods of our venerable Secretary of State. On the occasion referred to, a dinner to the United League Club, Gen. Grant was welcomed by Mr. Beckman in the following words:

"I hope you will excuse me from thanking you at any great length. But there is one sentiment uttered by Gen. Grant that I will refer to. It is the one touching the future of Mexico." (Cheers.)

On other occasions, when the deliverance of Mexico was discussed, the General has observed "count me in." We think the phrase can be translated into French, without losing its significance. It might furnish food for reflection in the Tuileries.

SOME years since, Baron Liebig, after many experiments, discovered a plan of making an "extract of meat," by which its bulk, nourishment for nourishment, was reduced to one-thirtieth. His plan was tried on the Continent, and at length taken up by a German settler in Uruguay, who established a factory at Fray Bentos. This establishment, which is to be greatly extended, exports about 4,000 lbs. of the preparation every year, and it can be purchased at 15s per 100lbs. That quantity will make soup for 120 men, and we are told, on excellent authority, that the extract is now being tried in several English hospitals, with the best result. The soup, though not always nice, great care being required in the manufacture, is decidedly superior in nourishing qualities to the best beef tea, and, from its comparative cheapness, will probably supersede it.

CAPT. SIR EDWARD BUTLER recently stated that the rate of speed in the ships of the British navy was far inferior to that of the ships of the American navy. And the result of a test trial "the navy which had the fastest ships would be certain to have the upper hand in war. The object to be gained was to be able to run right over the enemy's vessel by the possession of greater speed."

IT is affirmed that the fibre so well known in India and China under the name of China grass can be used to mix with cotton with great economy. Experiments with it have been made in Rouen, and the Chamber of Commerce there has reported in its favor, as being cheap, strong, and easy to dye. One Rouen professor has willingness to take a ton a day, and the only question is as to the quantity procurable. At present this is limited; but, although it is not to be considered indefinitely, we question if the fibre will prove in the end cheaper than cotton, which grows in half the parts of the world, and is everywhere thoroughly understood.

IF there were any doubts as to the "Fenians" being true Irishmen, it would be dispelled by the term applied to their highest officer. He is called "Head Centre." If there a "Centre," a "Right Centre," or a "Left Centre," or a "Middle Centre?" And if not, why not?

THE rebel leaders have now almost all of them settled down into private life. Gen. Lee is the head of a college in Virginia; Gen. Joseph Johnston is a splendid horse president or overseer of a Georgia railroad; Gen. Bragg is in business in New Orleans; Gen. Hardee lives on a plantation in the interior of Alabama; Gen. Longstreet has been pardoned, and is in Mobile; Gen. Forrest, the butcher of Fort Pillow, is managing a sawmill, it is said, in the interior of Mississippi; and Gen. Beauregard is in New Orleans, and has applied, it is believed, for a railway appointment. Only Generals Buckner, Sterling Price, Early and Wheeler, of all the rebel generals, are said to have left the country.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER

As a new volume of this, undoubtedly the most successful literary weekly, only periodical paper in America, has just commenced, we cannot forbear a few remarks.

The American public needed a good family paper, entertaining and instructive, without lending itself to false and unnatural sensation on the one hand, or making itself contemptible by dullness on the other. The CHIMNEY CORNER has admirably supplied the want. This elegant and attractive paper contains, besides its new and appropriate engravings, columns filled with tales by powerful writers, instructive matter in history, biography, not of kings and aristocracy, but of nature's nobles—the self-made men, the memorable women, the help-ers who have advanced science; lessons drawn from natural history, science, travels, adventures, the past and the present.

Everybody will welcome this guest will prove, by their enlightened conversation, the charm and solidity of the paper which is their companion and friend.

TOWN COSSIP.

WHO would believe, to walk the length of Broadway, that there was a country just recovering from a great civil war—and that, according to financial economies, the land had been drained of its resources which men and labor only will recuperate?

As political economists and press may say, it must be the fault of the people. We are a wonderful country, we are a wonderful-one. Europeans have always declared that New York is the fastest city of the world. Now, it is the most brilliant country. In length of promenade it has no equal in this country, and we believe that in the beauty of its women, the display of its stores, and the noise of its streets, it has no equal in the world. From one o'clock to five P. M., every day, it would be seen on the Broadway every conceivable attraction offered in the *saison* upon its length.

We claim the past few years, at certain times of the day, and especially on Sunday, when it is *seasonable* to be seen there in full dress, that Broadway has achieved seriously as a promenade. We have no doubt that the time will come, within a quarter of a century, when Broadway will rival the Boulevard des Italiens avenue entirely, as it has done upon London and Paris precedents, and that the now fashionable avenue will be, as it now is in many parts, deserted. Never has Broadway the wholesale trade will have monopolized everything fashionable.

Fifth avenue, at present, is a street of 45 blocks, more than twice the length of the promenade part of Broadway. It has many splendid residences, all of fine class, except a few shanties near the Park, monuments of the olden time. It may safely be said that of these 300 houses not one cost less than $20,000, and from that up to $200,000, which will be the price of Mr. A. T. Stewart's when it is finished. Of these houses, some are said to be of white marble, and to have a front of 90 feet, and a depth of 200 feet. While this is building, the dry goods monarch lives in a little chancy, just opposite, which might, on a pinch, bring about $70,000 at auction.

A few doors away lies the residence of Mr. Wm. B. Astor, the richest man in New York. It is a modern-looking building, suggestive of a stiff bank account, in built of respectable brick, trimmed with brown stone, and is worth, perhaps, about $75,000.

Very few of the houses are to be rented, but are occupied by the owners; but if any are ever to rent, they can be had

at various rents, ranging from $4,000 per annum (never less) up to the gentle and genial rental of $12,000. A few furnished houses can be had upon this economic and healthy for about $600 per month—which shows that a man should not attempt to live on Fifth avenue until he is worth $150,000, or about $10,000 a-year, with which, with delicacy, he can manage to scratch along.

The Fifth avenue is a place capable of a volume. It is, without doubt, the most elegant street in America; but it suffers, as all fashionable places must suffer, by the tremulous nature of worldly affairs. Money will turn its way in anywhere, and especially is money ambitious of many a residence on Fifth avenue. It is never a question of shoddy, there would be no fault to find; but Fifth avenue has, within the last year or two, suffered seriously in reputation by the erection of several shabby tenements, upon its most fashionable points, by people, whose reputations are world wide and notorious. The worst instance of this is just below 14th Park, where a great edifice looms up, stately and rich in exterior, handsome and commodious, built from the purse of a woman who served a term at Blackwell's Island, and whose notorious crime is a byword in every mouth. There she has seated herself, in all the severe splendor of wealth, her great palace frowning upon the street, while, in the basement, madame sits, a partial and private bawd, entertaining, mirrored and mirrored, and behind the sympathy and respect that all her wealth cannot buy, even in this city, where, we are told, it can buy anything.

But enough of Fifth avenue, let us to something else. What is there in the city of New York becoming a representative of the Forty-first Precinct?

Coroner Jarvis was called to hold an inquest on a woman found dead at No. 31 Richardson street, Brooklyn. On entering the house he found the most horrible spectacle. In one corner of the wretched, unfurnished, foulsome apartment, by the dead and mutilated body of the woman, with nothing beneath her but a few carpet rags and newspapers and sun-rags. In the other corner her husband lay dying, while huddled together in the middle of the room were four children, the eldest about five years of age, all in the most wretched state of rags and starvation.

By the evidence elicited it appeared that the family had only been in the house two months in the country from many. The husband was sick, and the hospitable neighbors and other then and present occupants, with the wife literally died of starvation and exposure, and had they not been discovered by the authorities, twenty-four hours more would have settled the whole family. As it was they were all taken to Bellevue, in hopes are entertained that the balance of them, or at least the children, may live. There is no such a great people!

By the ordinary transition of thought from the poor, poor, friendless strangers, dying for the want of help and employment, we are naturally led to the entire subject of strangers obtaining employment in the city, and the peculiar manner in which it is obtained, or what are called "intelligence offices" or "employment agencies." Every part of which, as an agency for swindling shops, kept by people who are afraid to steal openly and who only lay by to weep. They prosper largely, and, to any one applying, promise to obtain them just what they want. The fee for doing so is so trifling as to give dollares, according to the situation, payable in advance. The poor dupe pays, waits, and waits, and waits, and in nineteen out of the case, the office man catches a tartar, who promises a general rumpus and a knock-down to any one not get justice. In such a dilemma he is bought off as cheap as possible, generally by a return of half the fee, but he soon relies that the office, having once got the victim in his toils, keeps him waiting for the special chance, and that the fee is never free from him, until he has bled his customer dry and disgusted with the whole affair, leaving the swindler the profit of the transaction. There should be redress for such rascality, but it is one of the evils of a city like this city that the police do not see, and, as a consequence, there is but very little redress at all, which is left to the victim to take the law in his own hands and redress himself.

At the theatres there is little that is new. Niblo's has Mr. Forrest still playing to good houses, and "Adrienne Fogue" the other three, both attractions that crum the house, and, in some cases, standing room only, before after the curtain goes up.

The Winter Garden has, through the last two weeks, had the only real sensation, in the person of Mr. John Brougham, who has been lied, serenaded, made speeches every night, and gone through a general lionization, and is to be the lot of many more men in life. Friday night, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick attended his benefit in a body, and marched through some of the worth's band serenaded him at the New York Hotel.

Wallack's is playing Mandeville's fine old comedy of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," one of, if not the finest of the English comedies.

At Irving Hall, on Saturday night, Fr. John Prume made his debut in this city. Mr. Prume is the violinist to the King of the Belgians, and nephew of the great composer Prume. His debut was made with Mrs. Harrison, and Messrs. Mills and Weeks, and Dresser as conductor.

Mr. Prume has an emphatic and brilliant execution, and is a master violinist. His efforts were received by the audience very favorably, and we are satisfied that while his style is that of a finished artist, he has about him all the elements of high popularity with the masses.

Miss Dolaro has again upheld the musical fame heretofore made. She has a beautiful voice, and sings most effectively.

The musicians of New York, headed by Mas Maretzek as chairman, are moving to co-operate with the London committee, to commence the erection of a Wm. Vincent Wallace, by the erection of a monument, and creating a fund for his family. Such a movement is proper, correct, and such other work as may tend to that end, and we feel sure that the musicians will not every rest in music, should join in the effort to show their appreciation of the talent of English composers, and one of the best and most genial of men.

PARADE OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

The police of New York and Brooklyn made a grand parade in presence of the Governor of New York on the 16th of November. The force present, some 1,400, formed into four battalions, of nine companies each; the first battalion commanded by Capt. Jamieson, the second by Capt. Mount, the third by Capt. Walsh, and the fourth by Capt. Irving.

The police has been for some time past instructed by their drill master, Capt. Copeland, in Gen. Morris's tactics, and the grand manœuvres were performed with the accuracy of veteran. The advantages of the new system of drill, as a means of discipline and change of front, could not have been executed within the limits of the old method. The old method, in fact, was that the Boston Police was present, and expressed himself much gratified with the new tactics.

The column passed in review before the Mayor and Common Council, in front of the City Hall, and many by Gov. Fenton at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

It has been devoted to issue of mounted muskets and equipments to the police, and to thoroughly instruct them as infantry soldiers.

Superintendent Kennedy and Inspectors Leonard and Carpenter took an active part in the ceremonies.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic—Gorge N. Sanders is growing "immensely unpopular" in Canada. Notwithstanding the undignified proceedings of the Judge who conducted the second trial of the prisoners charged with the attempt to abduct him, and the failure of the jury up for ten days, they refused to find a verdict for conviction. A third trial has been ordered, whereupon papers that have heretofore been regarded as of strong secession proclivities have taken Sanders to task. They predict that he has cost Canada more than a million of dollars, and ought to be sent to Jefferson Davis's quarters at once, country.

Quite an extraordinary billiard match has just been completed between two well known citizens at Denver. They agreed to play for $100 a game of one hundred points, and to continue the contest for a month. Cessation or cessation until the party most exhausted should agree to forfeit $500 to the other. They played sixty-two hours, and $13,000 was lost by the superior player, who pocketed the money and left the country. During the earlier portion of the contest, the stakes were $800 per game.

A countryman, named Marden, having partaken freely of "Forty-rod," was making his way, on foot to that city, on Friday last, seated himself upon a curb-stone to get rid of his potations, when he fell asleep to one side, he was soon strangled to death by the tight-but-buckskin breeches he was wearing.

Last year Miss Rogers, of Boston, took in charge a young girl of nine years of age, who became dead and blind from an illness. She died a few months after her months, the child was taught to articulate distinctly and understand the deaf and dumb alphabet of the kind what was said to her, so that she can now keep up a conversation with any one who will take the trouble to her facile fashion. She can recite the multiplication table so that she can tell you what is the product of any combination, obtaining the instruction wholly from the mobile fingers of her friend. The case is considered a remarkable case in that city, where a mother devoted herself several years to a day for one child, and that child a most interesting daughter. This young lady (for she is now grown) has been up with Miss Rogers since, and is now enabled to read any book aloud so as to be understood by the listener.

The only provident Indian on record is the Chippewa Indian, Wabasha, who died in Minnesota recently, a fine, splendid farm one mile square, with 1,000 head of cattle and horses, and an income of $5,000 a year, free of encumbrance.

—A western correspondent describes Kit Carson, now a resident of Taos, New Mexico, as a man of rather squat in stature, of compact, iron frame, and a most determined countenance. His features have a meaning an expression of great determination and reserved power. His eyes are dark, keen, and penetrating. His rather broad shoulder straps, his dark hair slightly sprinkled with gray, and his mustache, give him a soldier-*is waterfall*, wearing a broad-brimmed felt, and altogether presenting the appearance of a sturdy little mountaineer of the plains.

—The bones of Red Jacket are not buried, but are kept at the Buffalo Historical Society's rooms in that city. On the death of the great chief, he was buried on the Cattaraugus reservation, but his grave was robbed, and gradually chipped away, and the memorial otherwise defaced by too eager relic hunters. The Indians therefore removed to this reservation. Leading generals, and other distinguished men, lie in this cemetery in the new city cemetery, beyond the reach of the overzealous, and bones of Red Jacket will rest. Accordingly, they procured a leaden coffin; but his family, on examining the remains, found that the relic hunters had mauled the dust of the great orator, and ever since have guarded the grave with a watchful eye. His remains are now on foot, however, under the sanctions of the Buffalo Historical Society, to give the bones appropriate burial.

—A new line of American steamers is to be established between Boston and Liverpool, by the American Steamship Company. Two of the vessels are on the stocks in Boston harbor.

—We have often read pathetic speeches of Indian warriors on the eve of their departure, but what is the following by a Camanche chief, at the recent council, at Medicine Lodge Creek, is the most touching of all. Before you see, is in rags. When I return to my tribe, and say to them, "I have been to Washington, and they will not believe me if I return in this ragged shirt. My wife and children will say, 'Where is the good father who came gave you?' Brother, what shall I say about this when I return to my people?"

—A teacher in a colored school in Augusta, Ga., relates that she had a bright-looking, mischievous darkey in her school last week. He was the first beginning to learn him the alphabet. Pointing to a letter, she asked him what it was. "I don't know, ma'am, I reckon for a short time, and said: "I know dat well enough by de figgers, but I don't know de letters." Finally, he was told he could take a back seat.

—The Governor-elect of Mississippi, having been invited by the State Legislature to visit that body, declined on the ground that he was under parole to report parole. He expressed the hope soon to see the State Legislature in its old place, and closed his letter by adding: "With all of you I marched under that flag in the days gone by, and with all of you I fought, and if you I marched against it, and it was victorious. It and waves over us—our flag, and may it ever be victorious."

—The Batavia (N. Y.) *Spirit of the Times* says: "An unusual sensation was created in this village Saturday afternoon last. Mr. John McLean made a bet of $50 that he would ride a horse around the fair ground on the track—no reins to be used. He accomplished the feat in 9:16, to the great delight of a large number of spectators.

—A severe thunder storm visited Newburgh on Wednesday last, notwithstanding the warm weather breakout, and Broadway, Water street, and Liberty and Marketing about noon, and some gardens were about destroyed. The lightning struck a tree in front of Mr. Cox's dwelling in the evening.

—The exchange, in describing a recent celebration, says: "The procession was very fine and about two miles in length so was also the prayer of Dr. Perry the chaplain."

—Gen. Grant has ordered that hereafter no person shall be arrested as a deserter by the military, and the report under any draft, or for any other non-compliance with the requirements of the proclamation thereto. Any and all persons of this case now held, will be immediately released.

—Gen. Gillmore, U. S. A., lately interested himself in securing the pardon of Mrs. Jane Elliott, confined Fort Sumter against Gen. Gillmore's siege. Gen. Gillmore says: "Mrs. Elliott was never performed during as a personal favor to himself." Gen. Elliott was formerly a lieutenant in the U. S. Army, and died supporting his family by fishing. This pardon will warm into the heart of many a soldier who has laid, close to which his fisherman's but now stands.

—A Salt Lake letter states that the Mormon leaders are trying to get up a new gold excitement by force of arms, and defy openly the authority of the United States Government. Dr. Henry Collins, a recent letter in Chicago, said he was at a loss how to deal with the evils of Mormonism. He spoke of the Penitentiary was staring him in the face, and a family outside beckoning him home."

—A man named Henry Henke attempted to commit suicide in a public street of St. Louis, Mo., on Saturday last, by plunging a dagger into his breast. The point of the weapon was just entering the flesh, when his hand was arrested by a policeman, who took the knife from a bystander, which knocked him to the pavement and retained his hold on the knife.

—A firm in Philadelphia recently opened for sale a large stock of foolscap paper, which was captured about two years ago, on the blockade-runner Princess Mary. It was made in Kent, England, for the use of the "Southern Confederacy," and has upon it the following mark "C. S. A."

—William Johnson, Collector of Tobacco, who died in the Utica jail, was one of the oldest Revolutionary. He was 63 years of age, and was a house builder by trade. In 1829 he removed to Washington he was appointed to a position he held at the time of his death.

—Contributions are advertised for in Baltimore to make up the sum of $1,000 to complete the equestrian statue to Stonewall Jackson, which is in the hands of the Ladies' Stonewall Jackson Memorial Association.

—The medical department of the Freedmen's Bureau estimate that it has about 7,000 sick and wounded soldiers under its charge throughout the Southern States, the number averaging about 600 to each State.

—A number of ladies are daily bressing the White House, in the capacity of pardon brokers. Their persistence is becoming extremely annoying to the President.

—In the Alexandria Military Cemetery the following inscription can be seen over a soldier's grave:

"Unknown, but as he lived he died:
If Jesus know thee, all is well.

—The overcoat which Jeff. Davis recently ordered in Washington was sent to him on Tuesday. It cost $150.

—It is stated that there is a talking dog in Springfield, Mass. He can say "Good morning," "How do you do?" and many other interesting words.

—Among the curious stories are circulating in the French papers about a famous vigor-killer in the Canton Champlitt. This is a woman named Bernard, 108 years of age, who has destroyed altogether, it is said, 30,000 vipers, for which she received a reward of 1,000 francs, up to which time she had kept them with which tempts the serpents from their holes, and then kills them.

—A British army officer—Capt. W. A. Baker, of the Royal Bombay Engineers—has just settled an action disputed date—the year in which the world will come to an end. The Captain, who is a believer in Daniel, entitled "The day and the Hour; or, Notes on Prophecy; a Sketch of the Visions recorded in the Bible," he imparts a considerable amount of information, which is to be found in the Book of Daniel, and, in a word, he tells us, is fixed for September 26, 1875; the hour, sunset. This translation of the Saints having previously taken place, about 3 o'clock in the morning, the 16th of January, 1876.

—It is stated that a regular organized band of murderers has been formed in Berlin. A Berlin paper says: "The Jew Lewy, a dealer in cattle, has been suddenly disappeared, leaving not a trace behind. A merchant of Berlin, named Lewinsky, on a journey from Kyritz, who had come to Berlin to buy tools; a Jew named Lewinsky, who had gone to Frankfort; and the daughter of a journeyman weaver, a young girl of 16, have disappeared in a similar manner. Nothing merchant, who had been a lieutenant in the Federal army; and, lastly, a master tailor of Berlin, have all disappeared mysteriously, and it is thought murdered."

—A new way has been discovered in Berlin for burying the dead. The corpse is taken from the bier, and buried in the ground at the depth of about a foot and a half. Then a tube, 3 feet long, is put down, and filled quite firm. It is then only necessary to beat it with a hammer, and the body is at once disjointed. To prevent any admixture of earth, it is better to enclose the body in a sack. A very large quantity of cream requires a rather longer time. This method is said not to fail, and the butter to be of a particularly fine quality.

—It is said that Queen Victoria has excited the wrath of the Scotch clanchiefs by appointing, lately, at Crathie, a Presbyterian church in Scotland, English churchmen and Episcopalians. American churchmen are very well aware that this is an age in which Christian denominations are few.

—Two veteran duellists in Nantes, France, went out in October to shoot at each other. Both are army officers, the Colonel of the Fifty-second Regiment. One has fought in 33 duels, the other in 23. In this last encounter the Colonel received a sword cut in his chest, but the steel having slipped the wound was slight. His adversary was thrust he wounded Fleurant in the right hand.

—A lamentable accident occurred lately at Geneva. A boy of seven years of age going through their manœuvres, and seven of them had ascended an escape ladder placed at the top of a house, when it suddenly broke, and six of the men were precipitated to the ground. The boy was killed on the spot, the others severely injured.

—The performances at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Birmingham, England, were recently brought to a sudden termination by the entrance of the police on the stage to arrest a woman for child stealing. A child being concerned in the Fenian movement. A large number of handbills and a variety of Fenian oaths and papers said to implicate many persons of high standing. The woman was remanded for examination.

—A very melancholy accident, which caused the death of three persons, and severely wounded others, has taken place at Villars, in the Department of Charente Inferieure. Fourteen persons had been placed against a large vessel in which the grapes were fermenting, when the cask burst with a loud report like cannon. The carbonic acid generated, instantly suffocated those who leaned over. His grandfather and grandmother, almost immediately died. Another was a babe.

—A young woman known at the public balls in the neighborhood of the Barrière de la Rue des Lois, Louise," has just committed suicide from love. She had been informed by her betrothed residing in the Rue des Gres, and was much attached to him, when all of a sudden he ceased to visit her, and was about to return to his friends to contract a marriage long agreed on. She was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of her lover, taking advantage of the momentary absence of the young man, she entered the room of the mistress of his room on a third floor, and was killed on the spot.

—A citizen of Birmingham, England, was lately killed by a singular accident. He had a long pipe in his mouth, and as he was entering the garden the bowl of the pipe struck against the gate with such force that the little end of the pipe-stem went through his head. The brain was instantly pushed under the tongue and caused death.

—A meeting to denounce Sunday trains was lately held in Manchester, England, at which it was stated that regularly every Sunday drives into town from his seat, some forty miles off, in a carriage and pair, with coachman and footman, to attend church.

—The Bishop of Meath has addressed a letter to his clergy, requesting the offering of special thanksgiving, with appropriate sermons, for the bountiful harvest with which the people of Ireland have been blessed.

—In London, on the other night, a man was going upstairs to bed, when he slipped and fell upon his wife, who was following him. They both rolled to the bottom, but while the man escaped with very slight injuries his wife was killed.

—Among the deaths recently registered in London was that of an infant from a splinter of wood, swallowed accidentally in a little sugar, causing perforation of the bowels.

—Tom Sayers, the ex-champion of England, is now lying in the last stage of consumption. His physician says he cannot survive many weeks.

—The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* writes about a column a day, and gets paid at the rate of $60 a column—$10,000 a year.

HOW PAPER COLLARS ARE MADE.

At the end of the first room are piles of pure white paper, awaiting their turn to be guillotined in a machine furnished with 25 steel blades, which cut the paper into the requisite strips for the collar, on precisely the same principle as a gigantic pair of scissors, that shaving a rough edge. The product of two paper mills is consumed in this factory, at the rate of a ton to a ton and a half per day. The average production here is about 1,000 dozen per week. Which is pretty well, despite the numerous imitations with which the market is glutted. From the strips of paper, the operatives cut the gutter, even strips of paper, they pass into the hands of another hir eacutioner, who brings the incipient collar under the knife, by which it receives a number of *pair* of lives, by which it acquires shape in an instant. Still another machine marches sentinel-like over the whole, as the operatives rise from embrace, the three button-holes are visible—large, clean cut, firm holding, and easily buttoned.

The collar is now placed between two dies or clamps, pressed under a great pressure, and when removed, shut, stamped with that close imitation of stitching, which renders it the perfect imitation of its linen cousin, and which no difference can hardly be distinguished; brother, the stitching is all by machinery, and the collar is stamped also with the size and the name of the manufacturer. The machine, which draws the collar-line, on which the shape of the collar depends, is also worked by steam power, and produces a smooth cut. They then pass through the similar machine by which the button-holes were made, and are finished off rapidly, turns the collar over, as no machine has yet been made to do, and the collar is complete. It passes to the moulding machine, where it is beat round into perfect shape, and is then ready for the market.

This process is an important one, requires skill in the operative, and is quite a study. The collar, subjected to the test, to resist the immense strain required to mould it into shape, is a strong one.

The collar is now, as it were, born, shapely, trim and neat, and ready for the public ken. It is then packed away, having passed through seven distinct processes in the manufactory, and at once more taken up by the women, and packed into boxes by the 100, or in the wholesale, by the gross. Each box is labeled with the number of collars it holds, either for a week in the country or for a month, or for a term of hours, and is then ready to spend over $60,000 per annum. The first machine turned out the collar, the second finished it, the third put it once, but slowly and imperfectly; but the genius of the inventor has set it by the rapid process of production for the article, added improvement after improvement, and the result is that the factory in question is capable of turning out 6,000,000 of collars per month.

The Linden Collar Company is the largest and best fitted manufactory 70 neatly dressed, intelligent-looking women are employed, and the wages are good. These women earn $1 per day, and their work is clean, healthy and agreeable. Where 50 hands are now employed to manufacture in the spring of 1863, has now 86 patents on collars and machines, having comprehensive control of the factories of the factories of the company went there this summer, with skilled mechanics and machinists, and have put in operation and publish the manufacture in England, France and Belgium, which the American model collars has achieved in this country.

THE LINNÆUS PLANT.—A valuable wine, manufactured from a plant bearing the botanical name of Linnæus, is now made in a large quantity in New York and Connecticut. In appearance the plant somewhat resembles the grape vine, but in fact it is entirely dissimilar in its chemical qualities. It will grow in any soil, and from the time it is set out in the spring, it is ready to be made into wine in the following year or August. It can be manufactured at a very much cheaper price. During the present season it has been manufactured largely at Stamford and Norwalk, Conn. The sworn statements of seven cultivators of those towns show that from 1,000 vines, which is about an acre of ground, there were produced, the present season, 1,000 gallons of wine. This was made in Conn. and August they manufactured therefrom 4,000 gallons of wine, the product of the vines now growing upon 4 acres of ground. The cost of the vines per acre is $2,50 per gallon. One of them, an experienced horticulturist, says that "Linnæus will produce more than wine, in many of its qualities, "is superior to any ever manufactured in this country, and equal to the best made in Europe." The plant is being extensively cultivated in Connecticut, and in many counties in this State. United States District-Attorney Dickinson, Ex-Governor Seymour, Congressman Hotchkiss, and other prominent citizens of Connecticut have taken hold of the matter, and their wine possesses "a beauty of flavor and a delicacy of bouquet which is said to excel the best Sherry wines of Europe," and that the plant cannot fail "to be a great source of wealth to the country, if it receives any of cultivation." Some of those who have tried the wine say that it is a cross between strong Madeira and Sherry, with the best qualities of each.

WISE THRIFTY STEAL AND COMPROMISE.—Last week a broker's clerk in New York, named Bowen, He lost the money by fighting the tiger, that he was a defaulter to the amount of $50,000. He told to the following dialogue:

"How can you pay your defalcation amount to?

"One hundred thousand dollars."

"Got any of it?"

"Not a cent."

"That's bad; you have left nothing to work with?

"What must be done?"

"Compromise by your desk and abstract another hundred thousand."

"Where can I get that for?"

"To preserve your character, and save you from going to State Prison. Write to your friends and tell them dollars you are to steal to-morrow, I intend to compromise at 50 cents on the dollar. Your creditor to-morrow will amount to $200,000. I will call at 10 o'clock, and I will compromise for $100,000, and invest myself on your heart-broken uncle, 'honest but poor.' You will be released from your confinement. The bank will accept. This will leave $50,000 to divide between you and me, and I will give you $20,000 apiece. With this sum you can retire from business.

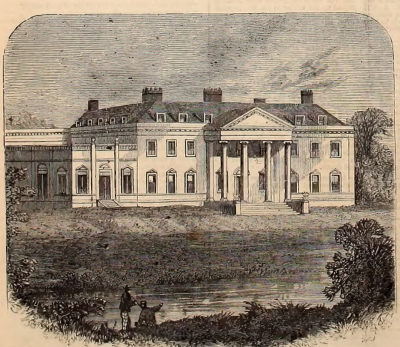
The young man listened and took wisdom. He doubled the amount of his defalcation, and then he prayed said he should. He is now worth $200,000, and is considered one of the most respectable merchants in the city of New York.

"Pat you are only a young mulatto run away from the plantation of Mr. Charles Andrews, a sugar planter in Cuba. As, sirrah, himself was a piece of property worth a thousand dollars. The black boy answered that he knew it very well. A few days ago he went back to his old home, and found his wife living with her master, by whom she had two husbands and fugitive slave laws as if he was a white man, with money and friends, and confronted the fraud folks, and settled them handsomely, and presented a second wife and piece of land to the beloved mistress, whose family had been suggered by the war.

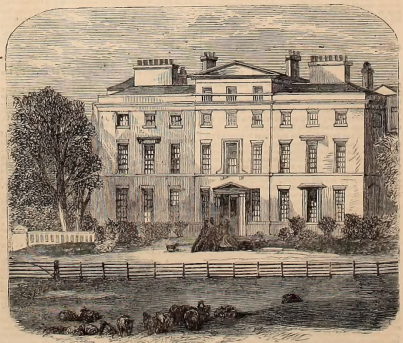
A CLERGYMAN, who had been particularly recommended to the captain of a vessel, was sailing down the Mississippi, when the captain, in case that a storm was approaching, said to him: "Sir, you must assist me in the rolling of the vessel; you had better get down as fast as possible into the hold. As long as you hear the sailors swearing and blaspheming, you may be assured that there are good hopes; but if you should hear them embracing and reconciling themselves to each other, you may make up your accounts with heaven." As the storm increased, the clergyman from time to time dispatched his companion to the hatchway to see how matters went upon deck. "Alas sir," said he, returning, "all is lost. The sailors are quarreling, and I am afraid that the storm is not enough to sink the vessel." "O! I have be praised," said the clergyman, "then all is right."



THE LAST OF THE TEMPLES—THE LATE LORD PALMERSTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN A SHORT TIME PREVIOUS TO HIS DEATH.



BROADLANDS, NEAR ROMSEY, HANTS, THE COUNTRY SEAT AND BIRTHPLACE OF LORD PALMERSTON.



BROCKET HALL, HATFIELD, HERTS, WHERE LORD PALMERSTON DIED.



INTERIOR OF THE OFFICE OF THE MEXICAN FINANCIAL AGENCY—SUBSCRIBING FOR THE LOAN.

LORD PALMERSTON.

His Birthplace and the Place of his Death.

THE portrait of the late Lord Palmerston, which we present, is from a photograph by Messrs. Walker, of Margaret street, Cavendish Square, London, and is pronounced by Lady Palmerston and his family as excellent. His lordship had just left the dentist's, where he had a new set of teeth put in, and the consequence was the under lip does not droop as much as in ordinary photographs, but his friends say that it has made the old statesman look ten years younger than he was before.

So many extraordinary biographies have been written of Palmerston, and so much that is contradictory, that it is hard to arrive at the truth, but the following is as near as can be collated:

Lord Palmerston was probably Irish—by the mother's side. She was a Miss Mary Mee, daughter of a petty shopkeeper in Dublin, with whom his father, then a widower, fell in love, at the somewhat mature age of forty-four. Miss Mee's father may have been an Irishman, but the name is essentially English, and abounds in Nottinghamshire. The deceased Premier died childless, and was fifty-five years old when he married the widow of the fifth Earl Cowper, then the mother of five adult children, and now—if a lady's age may be told—about seventy-six years old. She was the sister of Lord Melbourne, Lord Beauvale, and a third brother, whose name we forget, all of whom died without legitimate male issue, and she succeeded to all their real and personal property. Hence, since his marriage, Lord Palmerston, backed up by his wife's vast wealth, was more independent than he ever before had been.

Broadlands, his birthplace and the home of his fathers—the home where he liked best to enjoy such holidays as the cares and labors of public business would allow—first claims our notice. The Engraving gives a view of this mansion, which was Lord Palmerston's own country seat. It is a little beyond a mile outside of the Hampshire market town of Romsey, and about seven miles from Southampton. Romsey, a municipal borough, with a population of 5,000, is situated in the midst of a fertile agricultural country, watered by the river Test, which thence flows on to the head of Southampton Water, and merges at Southampton with the Itchen, from Winchester, these two rivers supplying the noble estuary with the fresh water drainage of the whole county southwards of the chalk downs. The estate of Broadlands, which for two centuries belonged to the family of St. Barbe, one of whom represented the division of the county in Cromwell's Parliament, came into the possession of Lord Palmerston's grandfather about the middle of the last century. Its boundary approaches close to the town of Romsey, on the Southampton road, the park, which is pretty large, extending about a mile and a quarter, and occupying both banks of the river Test. The valley is in some parts richly wooded, here spreading into wide meadows or lawns, and there bounded by fair green hills, on the summit of which are the traces of an ancient British fortification. The park is well ornamented with wood and water, having many stately trees grouped with much taste and judgment over its surface; while the river, which is here beautifully limpid and clear, abounding with trout, forms a most agreeable object. The house itself, as shown in our Illustration, is of simple but elegant architecture, with an Ionic portico fronting the west.

Brocket Hall, in Hertfordshire, where he died, was the family mansion of the late Lord Melbourne, and Lady Palmerston was born there. Lord Palmerston, as a peer, was comparatively poor. His English property never yielded him more than £4,000 a year, and his Irish estates in Sligo, were unproductive until about 1830, when, by the drainage of bogs and improved agriculture, they began to pay. At most, however, they never realized a net income of £1,000 a year. Palmerston's only brother, Sir William Temple, who had been British Ambassador to Naples, died in 1856, aged sixty-eight, but never had much more than his salary to live upon. There were two sisters—Frances Temple, who died in 1838, married Admiral Bowles, and Elizabeth Temple, who died in 1857, was the wife of Lawrence Sullivan, sworn in as a member of the Privy Council in 1851, when he retired from the office of deputy-Secretary at War, which he had held for thirty-five years. We have no means of ascertaining whether Mrs. Bowles or Mrs. Sullivan left any children. If they did, Palmerston would have been their uncle, and most probably, the succession to his family estates would have been theirs.



BURNING OF ST. GEORGE'S C. U. H., SEVENTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK, ON THE AFTERNOON OF NOVEMBER 14.

THE BURNING OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

No visitor to New York can forget the noble church of St. George's, Dr. Tyng's, that stood on the corner of Rutherford Place and 16th street, rearing its double steeples to the sky. It is now a pile of stately ruins, still with the double steeples towering into the sky, and its brown stone walls ghastly and staring.

The fire originated from the working of plumbers on the roof, and was first discovered about two o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th inst. The sexton was in the building at the time, and immediately gave the alarm.

So soon as it was known that the church was on fire the greatest excitement prevailed in the neighborhood. Apart from the excitement generally consequent on a fire, the uncommon fact of its being a sacred edifice which was attacked by the flames heightened the feeling considerably. The parishioners and pewholders flocked to the neighborhood of the church in large numbers, and, obtaining an entrance, strove to save some of the church furniture, and did succeed in removing about half of it, when the progress of the flames prevented further effort. Then they betook themselves to the square and watched with painful interest the advance of the fiery element as, wreathing about the magnificent spires and shooting their forked tongues through the stained glass windows, the flames threatened each moment to lay the splendid edifice in ruins. Dr. Tyng, who has for the last 17 years been pastor of the church, with tearful eyes watched the demolition of what, from length of service, he had learned to think his own especial property. And then as the streams of water from the various engines were directed on the building all the ever varying emotions of hope and fear alternately filled the breasts of the spectators. An effort was made as soon as possible after the outbreak of the fire to save the marble bust of Dr. Milnor, the first pastor of the old church in Beekman street, which was situated in the chancel; but the attempt proved ineffectual. The silver plate and communion service was thought to be stowed in the vestry, but on inquiry it was found to be safe in Dr. Tyng's house. During the conflagration the Third avenue cars were unable to pass through the crowd of engines between 16th and 17th streets, and care had to be sent from the depot to start from the end of the block. The engines were kept playing on the ruins till an early hour on Wednesday morning, in order to save the wall from general ruin. As the flames curled round the spires a little after the outbreak of the fire the two clocks stopped at five minutes to three o'clock exactly.

The church cost $205,000 to erect, the organ cost $10,000, while one stained glass window cost $2,000, altogether the building and contents cost $300,000. It was insured for only $75,000.

Wax is a third your only true philosopher? Because he regards everything from an abstract point of view; is opposed to all notions of protection, and is open to conviction.

DEATH RIDES ON THE EASTERN WIND.

BY J. W. WATSON.

From the gates of Teheran, from Ispahan's walls,
Like a king from a mouldering throne,
The terrible sound of his footstep falls
Through the Tartar tent, and the Persian halls,
And the Orient echoes back the calls
Of the monarch claiming his own.

With his ghastly spear up-raised to the sky,
At the sullen whirr of his wing,
The nations despair, as he hurries him by,
For however they wrestle, however they fly,
The richest and poorest must surely die
In the path of the spectral king.

In vain are the edicts of earthly kings,
In vain are the sword and the spear,
The wave of his weapon a pestilence flings,
And a merciless poison distills from his wings,
Till even the savage, as death dirge sings,
Wherever his minions appear.

In his train come as servitors, cringing and base,
Intemperance, gluttony, crime,
Who follow the king with a staggering pace,
Who sing of their deeds with a brazen face,
And scatter their ruin on every race,
To the chant of their horrible rhyme.

From the glut of the kennels, the mould of the walls,
From the rime of the breath stifling drain;
The voice of the king in his majesty calls
The spirits of death, in their shadowless halls,
From each den where the light of the day never falls,
To join in his pestilent train.

From the stagnant miasma that lives in decay,
From the poisonous breath of the swamp,
From the vermin cursed dwelling that lies by the way,
From the prison and vault where the green lizards play,
He gathers the ministers day by day,
To add to his kingly pomp.

Though fierce on his path roll the bottomless seas,
For a thousand miles between,
Though a million be pleading afar on its knees,
The hands that are lifted he scorns, if he sees,
And he sweeps on his path with the seaward breeze,
Till they never more are seen.

From the Arctic sea to the torrid zone,
He reigns as a king supreme.
All climes, all nations, all lands are his own,
His sceptre of power is a shroud or a groan,
And the earth is a desert when once he has flown,
And his memory only a dream.

Hail, king of the world, from the eastern shore!
Hail, monarch in ghastliness dressed!
Our gold has been drenched with the unholy gore
Must we yield to thy clutch a beastomb more,
Ere the cry of the blood chastened land shall be o'er,
And we sink into peaceful rest?

The Secret of the Siren.

A SKETCH—IN TWO PARTS.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

HAVE you ever met a former schoolmate, unexpectedly, for the first time after many years, when you had both grown out into the world and mutual forgetfulness?

If you have, have you not felt a sudden glow, a warmth about the heart, an expansion of kindliness that prompted you to greet him with exhavragant joy, to clasp his hand again and again, almost to weep as you gazed upon him, and called him by the old familiar "Tom," or "Jack"?

Ay! even though in the boy-days you never liked him, though he was the cock bully, the bully, or the "mean-fellow" of the school; still, meeting him thus—the man—in the after years, your heart has gone out to him, irresistably out to him, and you have asked him of his life, since the old time, with an earnestness of curious sympathy that you would, perhaps, have scarcely exhibited towards a returned kinsman.

Such were my feelings and such my conduct towards Hall Fennor, when I came upon him, by the strangest of chances, in the railway station at Baltimore, a fortnight ago.

I say, "came upon him," but, in point of fact, it was *he* who came upon, or "over *me*," like a summer, &c.; for I should never have recognized, in the swarthy and bearded man, the pudgy, moonfaced "Pud" Fennor of school-day memory.

I was standing on the car platform—the train being on the eve of starting for Washington. A large, dark-skinned gentleman, "boarded like the pard" (whatever that excessively metaphoric animal may be), got in, or rather was about to get in, but stopped, looked again at me, and exclaimed:

"If you're not Fred Burke, I'm a blind man!"

"My name is certainly Frederick Burke, sir, but I really cannot a——"

Just then he held out his left hand, and pointing with the other to a long red line on the back of it, he exclaimed:

"What! don't you recollect the compasses?"

In an instant, my mind's eye traversed the fifteen years that separated me from the Fairhill school-days, and I saw myself—a puny, irritable urchin, bantered beyond endurance by a great lubberly companion—snatching up a pair of compasses from my desk, rushing wildly at him, and inflicting a severe wound with that dangerous weapon upon the hand he held forth to defend himself.

"Pud Fennor!" I cried, seizing his hand and wringing it heartily.

"Fred Fennor, in the flesh!" said he. "You have hardly changed, Fred; I knew you at once."

"I can't return the very doubtful compliment, Phil; but we are odd; come in, and take a seat." And we entered the car and sat down together.

After what the French call the first *épanchements* were over—"How came you to turn up just here, Phil?" I asked. "Do you live in Baltimore, or Washington?"

"In neither: I am just from Europe, and am going to the National Capital to meet—by-the-bye, old fellow, are you married?"

"Not much! Are you?"

"Rather! I am going to meet my wife in Washington."

"She wasn't abroad with you, then?"

"No. I only went on a hurried business trip of a couple of months."

"And—*apropos*, you didn't get all that tan in two months of Europe, did you?"

"Oh, no! I've been living in Brazil for some years."

"Ah! is your wife a Brazilian?"

"No! I've been engaged in the great Don Pedro railway."

"Well! Hang it, Fennor! I hate to pump you by yerks this way. We've you see I pant you to tell me all about yourself? what you've been about these fifteen years? Who you married, and when, and why, and all the rest?"

"And you—what of yourself?"

"Oh! very little worth telling. But you give me your biography first, and then I'll sketch you my eventless history in a dozen words."

"Agreed! But I can't be as brief as you promise to be, for I've a good deal to relate or two things that seem interesting and curious—to me, at least—in my experience."

"Go ahead, then. We've from here to Washington, a good hour and a half yet, and if that isn't enough, you shall wind up over a quiet bottle of Catawba and a cigar, at Willard's."

"Oh! I shall not make it over the railroad time, I hope. At any rate, here goes:

I left Fairhill school in 'forty-seven, as you may remember, entered college—a Sophomore—graduated in fifty, at twenty years of age, and went home to study a profession.

While making up my mind what profession to choose, my health became somewhat shaky, owing to too rapid growth, I believe, and my uncle, with whom I lived, advised me to take a trip South, see the country, and amuse myself for a few months.

I accordingly left home, just three months before reaching my majority, and travelled by sea to Havana, from there to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi, stopping a few days here and there, until I reached St. Louis, where I purposed spending a couple of months. Up to the period of my arrival in that city, nothing had chanced to me beyond the usual commonplace incidents of travel. My health had greatly improved, and I determined, therefore, to enjoy myself with all the freedom that my age, my verdancy, and my attendent temperament, combined with a pretty heavily filled purse, permitted.

I accordingly put up at the most fashionable hotel, hired a neat horse and buggy, bought the most expensive wines at dinner, and so forth.

Of course I soon made acquaintance with several of the permanent guests of the hotel, who rode, drank and smoked with me, and I with them, and who initiated me into other phases of what is, by a misnomer and heterogenous class of persons, termed life.

Among others, and the one of all others to whom I owe the greatest and most questionable boon, was a youngish man, of remarkably agreeable, solid appearance and entertaining conversation, as well as of prepossessing appearance, by the name of Glayden. At least that was the name under which he was universally known at the time, and the only one I ever heard him called. But I have reason to believe he has figured under many aliases in his day, and may flourish even now, somewhere, by a totally different title.

Glayden interested me, then, and the acquaintance speedily ripened into intimacy. I can't say that he made any special advances. He never forced himself upon me, apparently, toward any one. But he knew his game, and played it cool.

Among other scenes where life is supposed to be on exhibition, the gambling house was not omitted in my list of visits. I went more than once, more than once, with various acquaintances, and occasionally with Glayden. I never bet heavily; but I had not the nerve, nor, indeed, was my making a fool of myself, possessed himself of my purse, and finally of my person, without other exertion than a few pleasantly bitter words and a quick offering of his arm, to walk home together. The morning after the second and last of these occasions, as we were breakfasting together, Glayden said to me—

"Fennor, my dear fellow, you will never make a sporting man. You have no nerve against chance when you are sober, and when you drink, you would shut your eyes and bet your shirt, after losing every other garment on your back. As long as you keep perfectly sober you may frequent the 'tiger' without fear. You'll never ruin yourself. Therefore, you must promise me that you will never drink anything stronger than claret, when you are gambling or intend to gamble."

"Why not promise you not to gamble at all?" I asked.

"Because you would not keep that promise, I am sure, while I feel sure I believe you may. So it's agreed! nothing but claret!"

And I mechanically answered, "I promise it!"

This was within a week of my projected departure from St. Louis. My money having run rather low, and my uncle having a pecuniary commission of some value to transact with him in New Orleans, whither I proposed returning, I awaited his advices.

The second day after, they arrived in the shape of a letter containing two drafts, one of $600 on a St. Louis bank, for my personal use, and another on a New Orleans firm for $5,500, to settle my uncle's business.

I opened the letter at breakfast, and showing the drafts to Glayden said:

"I am all right, you see, now, and must positively leave day after to-morrow."

"I have half a mind to go as far as Orleans with you," replied Glayden, musingly.

"I wish you would."

He made no answer, and the conversation dropt. But that evening, when playing I drew my $600. At dinner (we dined, five or six of us, at a small table by ourselves generally) it being the last day but one of my stay, congratulations were all disposed to toast me rather more than usual, and we drank quite as much champagne as was good for us.

The conversation was of the desultory and effervescent nature usual under the circumstances.

"Glayden," drawled our host, an elderly man, with whom I was least acquainted of any, as he only dined with us, and not every day, but who seemed to know Glayden well, "Glayden, did you ever see the female tiger?"

"Female tiger? Yes, I think I have seen one or more at the menageries. Why?"

"Pshaw! I mean a biped, my boy, I said *the* female tiger."

"I don't understand you," said Glayden, calmly.

"Nor I:" "Nor I;" "Nor I," cried we all. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that there is in this city a 'faro bank,' the dealer whereof is said to be a lovely female. You need not grin. I repeat, a really beautiful, fascinating widow and young girl, who charms all the money out of your pockets, the hearts out of your bosoms, and wins the love of—"

"Where? where?" "Don't believe a word of it!" "Show us the siren!" "Instanter!" and other similar exclamations broke from all sides.

"I have no objection," answered the elderly gentleman; "but it is dangerous. I warn you, you'll all be victimized."

"So much the better. Anything for a change. Come on."

"Not yet. It is only half past eight. It would not be polite to call before half after nine or ten."

"Well, then, we'll finish our wine, and walk through a cigar afterward."

And all hastily consenting to agree in this arrangement, we resumed our conviviality. Half an hour later, the wine being honored, we sallied forth for a promenade and a cigar.

"By-the-bye, what is the style of this lady tiger?" asked one of the party.

"I don't know," replied the elderly gentleman.

"What! Have you not seen her?"

"Never."

"Have you not been to her 'cave.'"

"Never."

"Then how do you know——"

"I know the fact of her existence from an acquaintance of mine, by the name of Glayden. He only told me this morning. I know the street wherein she dwells, and the appearance of her front door, as described by my friend. But nothing further, no number, no address. He knew neither himself."

"How on earth will you find it then?"

"Easily. The house is in a very peculiar one. It is painted jet black, with a strong white line around each of the four panels, and stands in a small court-yard, back from the street."

"Capital!" "Very mysterious!" "Quite romantic!"

"It's a quarter to ten. Let us go."

At this juncture, Glayden, who had all the time maintained a calm silence, save an occasional "Indeed!" "Ah!" "Possible!" "Probably a humbug," or some such curt remark, spoke.

"Gentlemen," said he, "Fennor and I wish you good luck, but, unfortunately, we have another engagement, you will——"

"But," interrupted I, "I do——"

Glayden squeezed my arm, and whispered rapidly: "You have forgotten nothing; remember your promise." Then aloud to the rest again: "You will miss your adventures to-morrow morning, and if they prove tempting, Fennor and I will brave the siren to-morrow night. Good-evening." And he led me quietly in the opposite direction.

In ten minutes we were once more at the hotel.

But though I had accompanied him unresistingly, I was by no means satisfied with this arrangement. I had drank just enough wine to rouse my will to a certain point, and, above all, to inflame my desire of pursuing this adventure of the siren, as they called her, whether Glayden would or not. I felt, however, that I was not quite vinous enough for determined rebellion, or in other words, I had still self-possession enough left to feel that Glayden was right, and I accordingly resolved to have another bottle.

"Glayden," said I, "as you won't let me go to see the female tiger, and I believe you're right, suppose we go upstairs and have some supper?"

"Agreed!"

Up we went, sat down at a table, and called for the ingredients of a cold supper. I had not the least appetite; so, after picking at a cold quail a moment:

"What will you drink?" I asked.

"Nothing," answered Glayden. "Yes, I will: I'll take coffee, and I advise you to take some, too."

"No, thank you. I'm going to have a bottle of 'Mumm.'"

"Better not, Fennor. You won't sleep."

"Won't I! Waiter, bring a bottle of 'Mumm' and ice."

The wine was brought. Glayden refused to touch it, and stuck to his black coffee. I rapidly emptied the bottle, and my courage (excuse my profaning the word, but honesty having now obtained the "sticking point," I said, suddenly:

"See here, Glayden, it's all nonsense in your preventing my going to that place with the others. Do you think I'm such a fool as not to be able to take care of myself? I'm going now; it's only eleven o'clock."

"If you do, you break your promise, and will make an egregious fool of yourself. You are decidedly unfit to take care of yourself, and I shall not countenance your throwing your money away under such circumstances."

"I didn't know you were my guardian," sneered I, my devil now fairly up. "Nobody wants your countenance. I shall go, and go alone; and tomorrow morning I'll have a word to say to you, too, about your trying to—to——. You take unwarrantable liberties with me——"

"Why, my dear fellow," began Glayden, quietly. "If you are bent upon folly, and worse, I have nothing more to say. In your present state it is useless to reason with you. I trust to see you sadder and wiser to-morrow. Good night."

And he calmly walked out of the room. In another moment I had seized my hat and overcoat, and was on my way to the "Siren's."

As I passed the office I paused.

"Did Mr. Glayden go out?" I asked.

"No, sir; he this instant took his key to go to bed."

"Then *he's* all safe," I thought, "and I am free."

CHAPTER II.

I VERY SOON reached the street, and after a walk of a few squares discovered, without much difficulty, the black door, with its white lines, at the bottom of a small, square courtyard. So intent upon my adventure had I been that I entirely failed to note how far I had come, and between what crossstreets this house was situated. Had I done so, perhaps I might, however, I entered the court, and seeing neither bell nor knocker, caught hold of the door knob, which instantly turned in my hand, much to my surprise, and the door fell slowly back to my push.

I found myself in a corridor perfectly dark, save where a bright illumination seemed to come round a corner. Following this, I came to an angle, turned it, and saw a small hanging lamp in front of a door to the right hand. From this I also heard voices faintly proceeding, and walking resolutely, though not very steadily, I fear, for the wine was working progressively in my brain, forward, I laid my hand on the handle, with the same result as before. The door opened, and I found myself in a small, handsomely furnished room, brilliantly lighted by a gas chandelier and brackets, with heavy curtains completely hiding what I supposed were windows, lounges, arm-chairs, a sideboard, a full-length mirror of plate, and a fireplace with a bright wood fire in it.

In front of, and about six feet from, this fireplace, stood a female, and around it sat five persons, including the dealer. So instantly and vividly, however, was my gaze fascinated by the appearance of the latter, that I could note the least note of the countenances of the others who were grouped around her. *Yes, her*; for the person who occupied the elaborately cushioned easy-chair, directly opposite the door of entrance, was a female. As I looked upon her in the brilliant glare of the gas light, surrounded by the rose-colored drapery of the curtains, and "brought out," to use a technical term, by the dark background of the mirror behind which that chair in which she sat, I thought she was the most beautiful creature I had ever beheld.

She did not seem over sixteen. Her hair was of the true golden, the *ordonat* of Murillo's "Virgins:" her face fair, and bright with smiles; her eyes a blue so rich as to seem opaque; and her eyebrows much darker than her hair, and remarkably well defined.

I stood as if petrified. She burst into a delicious laugh.

"Come in, sir," said she, with a slight foreign accent, that lent an additional charm, I thought, to her voice. "I don't frighten you, I hope."

What I answered I know not. In fact, it is strange that, while I distinctly recollected afterward, and can recall at every word I write, as we will continue to call her, said to me that night, I never could recall a single word spoken there by myself, or by any, or anything said by any of the others present.

"Though you are a stranger," said she (I must have excused myself as a stranger), "permit me," you are very welcome—that is," she added gaily, and with a smile that stripped the remark of its severity, "as welcome, if you have plenty of money."

I replied by drawing forth my purse, and she nodded, with a laugh, and said:

"Come, then, and take the seat of honor, at my right hand."

I obeyed her, and passing the cards swiftly through her delicate fingers, the game went on.

My brain, which had momentarily cleared under the influence of the scene and the siren, now began to cloud again, and I felt an inordinate desire for a cooling drink. I at last half approached the sideboard.

The siren touched a hand-bell, and a bright mulatto woman, with a still brighter yellow hand-

kerchief, turban-wise, round her head, appeared.

"Fill for the gentleman and myself," said the siren. "Come, sit down, sir; I never allow my guests to help themselves."

The mulatto brought two foaming goblets of champagne upon a salver. I cannot imagine what prompted me to the thought at that moment, but I did, at that instant, remember my promise to Glayden, and though it was but an useless precaution then, after all the "Mumm" I had drank, I murmured:

"Iced claret."

"Claret, sir—certainly. Do you hear? the gentleman prefers claret."

The claret was instantly handed me.

"To *my* good fortune, sir," exclaimed the siren, holding forth her glass gaily, to clink mine.

I drank it to the last drop, for it was delightfully cool and refreshing to my heated throat. The game proceeded. I bet wildly, and won! Wilder, and won again, and again! The siren touched the little bell.

"The gentleman will return my toast," said she to the reappearing mulatto.

Another goblet of claret to me, another of champagne to her.

"To *your* good fortune," cried she, with an *espiégle* laugh.

Again I did her and the claret justice. The game proceeded. I bet and lost! Bet more heavily and lost! Bet my last dollar and lost!

This time it was I who touched the bell. My brain seethed, and the figures on the cards danced and quivered before my eyes. I knew that it was an illusion, and strove, by a steady gaze, to dispel it. In vain. Then I fixed my eyes on the siren, she smiled like an angel.

"What will you have—more claret?" she asked.

Mind you, I was not intoxicated in the usual sense of the word—I was *dual!* Did you ever dream a dream, and then, still sleeping, dream that your first dream was all a dream, but that you were then awake, and finally awake and find that both had been visions?

When the mulatto handed me the third goblet of claret, I drank it in the first state, then in the second state, saw that I had not drank it, and so, drank it; finally awakened (though at no time as yet asleep), beheld the goblet still full before me, and actually then drained it to the last drop.

There was a ringing in my ears, such as they say drowning men have; flashes of light in my eyes; a sharp pain shooting like a meteor across my brain, and—oblivion! But in the instant preceding total night, I was conscious of one bending over me, and I saw, as you might see a face pass over a darkened mirror, the face of Glayden, and I heard, as you might hear a voice far off at sea, the voice of Glayden, saying:

"Who would have thought he could have taken three glasses?"

When I came to my senses, and opened my eyes, I was lying in my own bed at the hotel. A horrible dull, beating pain hammered upon my temples, my lips were dry and burning, and I felt deadly sick. In a little while I recovered sufficiently to ring the bell. The servant came.

"Conrad," said I (he was a German, and a very intelligent fellow), "when did I come in last night?"

"About two o'clock, I should think, sir."

"Was any one with me?"

"Mr. Glayden, sir."

"Was anything the matter with me?"

Conrad hesitated.

"You won't offend me, speak out."

"Well, sir, you were completely overcome, it's the truth, and Mr. Glayden and I carried you up. No one saw you, sir, not a living soul, indeed, sir; we took care of that, sir."

"Where is Mr. Glayden?"

"In his room, sir, I suppose. I've not seen him this morning."

"What time is it?"

"Twelve o'clock, sir."

"Bring me a flask of seltzer, Conrad, and tell Mr. Glayden I should like to see him."

While Conrad was gone, I thought, my memory came slowly back to me. Little by little, through the dull throbs of pain, it came back, and I recalled every circumstance of the last night's strange adventure. Above all, I remembered with peculiar distinctness, the face and the voice, seen and heard, in the instant before I sunk into total insensibility. With peculiar distinctness that face and that voice came back to me as Glayden's.

"Here is the seltzer, sir," said Conrad, returning. "Mr. Glayden is not in his room, but here is a note to you, sir, I found on his table. "His room looks, sir, as if he had gone away, for I don't see his baggage. It's very strange I didn't see him go," added Conrad, shaking his head.

"Gone! gone! did you say?" I cried, springing up in bed. "It can't be! Run to the office and see."

Conrad disappeared, and I eagerly opened the note. "Here it is, I've kept it ever since." And Fennor took it from his memorandum-book, and handed it to me. It was as follows:

"TUESDAY MORNING.—MY DEAR FENNOR—A most unexpected affair calls me suddenly away this morning. Knowing your condition, I don't disturb you. Perhaps we shall meet again in New Orleans, or elsewhere, though I doubt it. I shall consider that you have apologized this morning for your rudeness last night, as I am sure you are both sadder and wiser now. And I feel confident you sincerely wish you had taken my advice and kept your promise. Good-bye. Yours hastily,
"GLAYDEN."

"He has gone! I am sure it was he! He is a d—— villain!" I muttered, sinking back on my pillow.

"Yes, sir," said Conrad, "Mr. Glayden has gone. He was called away by a message that came up on the night-boat, and had just time to pack and be off by six o'clock, sir. I did not see him, because my watch was out, and I had just laid down."

"Which way did he go?"

"Down river, sir. Anything else, sir?"

"No—yes. Are the gentlemen who usually dine with me, any of them down stairs? If so, ask them, or any of them, to come up."

In a few minutes two of my acquaintances appeared.

"Hallo! Fennor. What's the matter? Too much champagne, eh? It's lucky you didn't go after the siren with us, my boy."

"Ah! Why so?"

"Perfect wild-goose chase. No such door in the street. Old Manning trotted us up and down for two hours. His friend regularly took him in. So, in revenge, we went into '25,' and made fools of ourselves, by drinking an ocean of bad champagne, and eating a covy of half-cooked quails."

"No such door? But there *is*, or *was*, such a door, I swear to you! Listen."

And I told them what I have told you. As you may suppose they were considerably startled, and even somewhat incredulous. But I showed them Glayden's note, and then they both advised instant application to the police.

"It is my intention," said I, rising, and proceeding to a rapid toilet. "Wait for me down-stairs."

But the worst was to come.

In dressing, I looked for my watch. It was missing, with its chain, both very valuable. This caused me to search my pockets. My money, with the exception of a few loose dollars, was also gone; but far worse than all, my uncle's draft on New Orleans for five thousand five hundred dollars, had disappeared with the rest!

In an amazingly short space of time I was at the police office, and had given all the information in my power. They promised to set instantly about ferreting out the affair, and, as the first step, requested me to accompany an officer to the scene of the drama, and point out the door of the "siren's" retreat.

They also promised to follow Glayden up; but the telegraph was not then as complete in its connection, by a great many hundred miles, as it is now, and especially, there was none from St. Louis to New Orleans, where I felt sure Glayden had gone, and where I resolved to follow him immediately.

We walked to *the* street so often referred to. We went slowly and searchingly through its entire length, which was less than a mile; we examined every door, every court, everything; we even searched a number of houses whose entrances resembled that of the fatal siren's. In vain! Not a trace of her, or of her accursed den was to be found!

After several hours fruitlessly spent, I left that part of the business in the hands of the authorities, and giving my address in New Orleans, in case it should be necessary for me to return, I quitted St. Louis by an afternoon boat express for the Crescent City. A detective went in the same boat, on the same errand.

We both arrived too late.

Glayden had reached there, ahead; forged my indorsement, got the money, and within twelve hours of our arrival, sailed in the Havana steamer for Cuba, and parts unknown.

The detective, encouraged by my offer of a thousand dollars reward, made an attempt to head him off at the Balize, but in vain! He proposed following him to Havana, but no steamer sailed for thirty-six hours, and Glayden was not a man to be caught, with that start. I, very reluctantly and sadly, gave him up.

In what a frame of mind I wrote my uncle, you may imagine. How utterly self-disgusted and miserable I felt when waiting his reply, you may also, perhaps, form an idea.

But how kind, how generous, how forgiving, how encouraging was that reply, when it did come, it is beyond your power to conceive. I returned home, in good sooth "a sadder and a wiser man!"

As Fennor uttered these last words, we shot into the station at Washington.

"Very extraordinary, no doubt," said I; "but is that all? Did you never hear of, or see Glayden again? or the 'siren' (as you call her, though to me, she seems like a hag of Endor, rather)? And you have not told me about your marriage."

"Glayden," answered Fennor, as we left the car, "I have never seen nor heard of since. As to the siren, and my marriage, there is a tale to tell, which is, perhaps, as strange as the one I have just told you, though of a much less melodramatic character."

"Is there?" cried I. "Well, then, you shall finish it, as I said, over a bottle and cigar at Willard's, this very night."

"Not to-night, Fred," said my old schoolmate, kindly. "To-night must be given to my dear wife and little ones—as well as to you, old fellow," added he; "for you shall join us; and indeed you will appreciate the second part of my story much better after having seen and known Cora."

"But when shall I hear this 'part second?'"

"When do you leave here?"

"On Saturday."

"And this is Tuesday. Well, on Saturday, if Cora is willing, we will all go northward together, and as I have given you the 'siren' from Baltimore to Washington, I will even give you the sequel from Washington to Baltimore. Come along!"

And seizing my arm he dragged me into a carriage, poo-pooh'd my remonstrances about traveling dress, dust, &c., and wound up by ordering the coachman to drive to "Willard's Hotel."

"Oh! then Mrs. Fennor's at Willard's, too, is she?"

"Of course she is, and you can dress yourself as gorgeously as you like, before presenting your majestic person to her."

The carriage drove off.

THE question is discussed in some of the Missouri papers, whether raising hemp is a good business. A much better business than being raised by it.

FIELD SPORTS OF NEW YORK.

OUR front page illustration tells its own story, but there is one point that may not be comprehensive to readers in other cities, who are also suffering under street car-ism. That point is that New York with her hundred lines of street cars, has some belonging to opposition companies running laterally upon the same street. The Bowery, as an instance, runs several lines, and has within a year or two equaled Broadway in the fabled difficulty of its passage, to say nothing of that where the unfortunate pedestrian is obliged to embark in one of the said cars. To do this with safety to life and limb he is obliged to be well up in his dodging, and coupled with a sharp eye, have wondrous facility in snatching at a passing object that he may swing himself aboard as the thing whizzes by.

Before the days of these lateral and opposition roads, the car-drivers were in sad danger of becoming blue moulded, their life was hum-drum, there was no excitement, save now and then the catching of some slow moving individual, some semi-blind old woman, or child, and giving them a gentle hint in the way of broken bones, or dissevered limbs, or else the crushing up of a stray wagon. But now things have altered, and the life of a car-driver is as jolly and exciting as that of the Jehu of an omnibus, with the advantage of having a large cargo to endanger, and a certainty that when a smash does occur, it will be more efficient.

There is certainly something charmingly dispelling to *ennui* in being one of a cargo of 75 in a car made to seat only 22, a driver smelling powerfully of whisky, and a conductor who knows his rights and will maintain them. How magnificently the crammed vehicle jumps over the joints of rails, or rolls on the switches like a ship in a heavy sea. How delightfully the driver swears to the delectation of the lady part of his load—for ladies do ride in them sometimes. How pleasantly excited the passengers become, especially those with very dirty clothes and democratic tendencies, and how they do elbow and crowd!

Believe us there are worse moments of excitement than a street car race with such a load. Hanging, for instance, or having one's leg taken off by a surgeon, or being knocked down and robbed on the highway, or being sent to the penitentiary for six months for picking pockets, or—we have done.

SUBSCRIBING FOR THE MEXICAN LOAN.

IT is pretty well known to all the world by this time that the Mexican Republican Government is in the market for a loan of $30,000,000, through its financial agents, Jno. W. Corlies & Co., No. 57 Broadway.

To accomplish this they have issued bonds for $50, $100, $500 and $1,000, bearing interest at the rate of 7 per cent., and secured upon the public lands and revenue. Ten millions of this loan is to be negotiated at 60 per cent. of its face, immediately, which will make the interest equal to 12 per cent. per annum in gold.

The bond reads this way;

[Translation.]
UNITED STATES OF MEXICO.
STATES OF TAMAULIPAS AND SAN LUIS POTOSI.

Twenty years from October 1, 1865, for value received, the United States of Mexico and the States of Tamaulipas and San Luis Potosi will pay to ———————— or bearer, the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, with seven per centum interest per annum, payable semi-annually, on the 1st day of October and the 1st day of April, in each year, at the city of New York, United States of America, principal and interest payable in gold. For the payment of this bond the faith of the United States of Mexico is hereby pledged. Its payment is also specially guaranteed by the pledge of Fifty Millions of Dollars, in select mineral lands in the States of Tamaulipas and San Luis Potosi, of the minimum value of one hundred dollars per acre, and by five millions of select agricultural lands in the same States, of the value of from one to fifty dollars per acre. Also by the pledge of sixty per centum of all the Federal and State revenues accruing from port duties, imposts and taxes in the States named. This bond is receivable in payment of all lands and mines at minimum prices—one dollar per acre for agricultural lands, and one hundred dollars per acre for mineral lands—and of all dues in any manner payable to the said general and State Governments within the States of Tamaulipas and San Luis Potosi, and of duties at the ports of Tampico, Soto La Marina, Matamoras, Camargo, Mier, Nuevo Laredo, and such others as may be hereafter established in said States.

Dated at San Carlos, in the State of Tamaulipas, United States of Mexico, this 4th day of July, 1865.
JOSE M. J. CARVAJAL,
Governor of Tamaulipas and San Luis Potosi,
Acting for said States and the United States of Mexico.

————————,
Secretary of the Mexican Legation.
(Attest.)
JULIAN CERDA, Secretary.

Without doubt there must be strong confidence in the ultimate success of the Mexican Republic, or our cautious capitalists would not be so eagerly taking up this loan.

ROYAL SPORT.—There was once upon a time a king of Prussia who was very short-sighted, so much so that he could scarcely tell the number of the regiment that passed before him in review; but he was nevertheless a passionate sportsman, and loved to kill hares, and in good company, so that they might talk over their exploits during luncheon. He was always followed by the *grand veneur*, who told his short-sighted majesty after each shot what was the result, and in a grave tone, as implacable as though he were a supernumerary in a tragedy. The king fired, for instance—"What is that," said his Majesty, "which I have killed?" "A goat, your Majesty." The king fired again—"What was that?" "A horse, your Majesty." A third shot—"What was that?" "A pheasant, your Majesty." A fourth shot—"A cock, your Majesty." A fifth shot—"His Highness the Duke of Schwarzenburg, your Majesty." A sixth shot—"A man, your Majesty." A seventh shot—"A child, your Majesty." "Horrible! if it had only been another duke! But a child!" "Your Majesty, it is nothing. Here is the game, wounded behind slightly." The king put down his gun, and searched in his pockets. In the confusion he produces an order of knighthood from among the many trifles, and, at last, recovering his senses, thrust it back, seizes ten Frederick d'ors, kisses the child with all the heart of a good king and a good man, thrusts the gold into the child's hand, and goes to lunch with his friends, and to relate the capital day's sport he has had.

THE ORIGIN OF THE GAME OF DOMINO.—Amédée Ponthieu has written an elaborate article about the origin of the game of "Domino" (or, as it is often called, "Dominoes") and contends that it dates back to the sixth century. Two monks of the celebrated monastery on Monte Casino, who were confined in the jail for a trifling disobedience, invented, in order to kill the dreary hours of their imprisonment, a game with small white square pieces of chalk, into which they cut small holes, which they colored, and with which they played. Being watched by the jailer of the monastery, they commenced to sing with a loud voice the beginning of the psalm "Dixit Dominus Domino," as soon as they heard the jailer coming, and repeated these words until the dangerous man was gone. After having been released, they manufactured square pieces of wood and ivory with black holes, and sold them to other monks. Thus the game was soon spread throughout Italy.

BALDNESS.

EACH hair generally has one bulb or root by which it is nourished; when this root is destroyed by sickness, violence, or age, the hair can never grow again; this is the case when the scalp is shiny or glistening.

When the scalp is fuzzy, like the down of a very young bird, it is from debility of the hair bulbs, occasioned by severe or protracted diseases; in this case, the hair grows with increasing profusion as the health recovers. Whatever hair-wash or oil happens to be applied at this conjecture, gets the credit of a hair restorative; hence the great number of these articles, not one of the whole number being a whit more efficacious than the sprinkling of a thimblefull of ashes on the poll, except so far as they have a tendency to keep the scalp clean, which common soap and water will abundantly do; or except they have the effect to stimulate the scalp, and promote a more vigorous circulation of the blood; but it is not possible for any oil or grease to do this. To make hair grow on a shining scalp is utterly impossible. But the growth of hair may be promoted on a fuzzy scalp, because in that state the root is not dead, but lacks vigor, lacks nutriment, and new vigor can be imparted, and additional nutriment be bestowed by whatever gives activity to the circulation of the blood about the roots of the hair, and what the following application fails to do in this direction, all others will, simply because it is the most certain, the most powerful and safe hair stimulant known: Half an ounce of vinegar of cantharides, one ounce of cologne-water, one ounce of rose water; to be rubbed in with a tooth-brush gently and patiently, until the part is thoroughly wetted and smarts a little; to be repeated night and morning; if too powerful, dilute with water and use less. Age brings incurable baldness, sooner or later, to almost all; but the great object of this article is to procrastinate incurable baldness, and to prevent the premature loss or thinning of the hair; first, by avoiding the causes; second, by proper attention to promoting the growth of the hair.

The ancient Romans seldom wore anything on their head, and a case of baldness was a rare thing. Baldness is very infrequent among the Indians; their heads are habitually uncovered.

Baldness among women is very much rarer than among men. Women's baldness is about the temples, that of man on the top of the head. It may then be inferred that one cause of baldness is keeping the head covered and heated, thus excessively stimulating the hair glands by an unnatural warmth, and prematurely exhausting their power, and also preventing the evaporation and escape of that effete matter, the continued presence of which is always death, in whatever part of the system it may occur. This is effectually done by the large quantities of grease, dust, and oil, which our women plaster on the sides of the head and temples, the hair and oil, making a coating over the temples almost as impervious as india-rubber, thus choking up the roots or glands and preventing the proper blood circulation; for it is the blood which carries nutriment to the hair.

The top of the head is most profusely supplied with blood vessels, yet men grow bald there first, by keeping the head too warm; also, and chiefly, by the prevalent fashions for generations past, of wearing hard fur and silk hats, which by their pressure all around the head, forcibly detain the blood from the top of the head; there is seldom baldness below where the hat touches the head. None of the writer's playmates are known to be bald at ages from forty to sixty-five; it was the universal custom among them as boys, to wear loose woolen hats, answering to the felt hats now coming into fashion. To prevent thin hair and premature baldness, first, keep a clean scalp; second, never wear the hair on a strain, or against the direction of its growth; third, never apply anything to it but soap-suds or pure water; fourth, wear loose-fitting, soft hats; fifth, let men and children always wear their hair very short, and both men and women should brush the hair a great deal, using only a coarse comb, which should touch the scalp only in the slightest manner possible.

LIFE IN JAVA.—A traveler writes from Batavia, Island of Java:

"The Hotel des Indes, at which I am stopping—the main building, two story high, with an immense piazza in front—is connected on each side by buildings like railroad depots, three or four hundred feet long. Each suit of rooms contains room enough to make two, three, and even half a dozen ordinary rooms, such as we get at the hotels in the United States. In front and back are bath houses, fountains, flower gardens, and outhouses, for cooking and for servants, marble floor, tiled roofs, ceiling from 20 to 25 feet high, no carpets, and but few curtains. Meals are served up in about the same style as at the first-class hotels in New York. The habits of living are quite different. At daylight, coffee and tea are taken to your room; at eight, same, with light refreshments; twelve, breakfast, and at seven, dinner. Coffee and tea are always ready, day or night, same as baths. No extra charge, take them or not, as you may choose. The hotel is situated in the new or upper town, some half dozen miles from the water. It is a fair specimen of five or six others, within half a mile of each other. My hotel and grounds cover ten acres. The whole ground, like the rest of the city, is one immense forest of trees and canals.

THE HISTORY OF SODA WATER.—Soda water is simply pure water impregnated with carbonic acid gas. It is known by its agreeable, pungent taste, by its slightly exhilirating qualities, and its bubbling and scintillation. The water to be impregnated with the gas is to be placed in a strong vessel, usually made of iron or copper, called a fountain. The gas, after being passed through water to purify it, is conducted to the fountain, and after sufficient agitation in contact with the gas, at a high pressure, the water becomes impregnated, and is then what is known as soda water. The first experiments were made by Venel, in France, in 1750, and published in 1776; by Priestly, in 1768; and later by Bergmad, Black, Van Helmot, and others. The first manufactory in the world was established at Geneva, by Goose, an apothecary of that city, whose annual sales amounted to 40,000 bottles of "Eau de Salts." In 1798, his partner, Mr. Paul, founded an establishment in Paris, where were compounded not only the principal mineral waters of France, but even those of foreign countries. From this time onward, laboratories multiplied all over Europe, and the manufacture of simple agrated water is now conducted on so large a scale in all civilized countries, that a very remarkable amount of inventive talent has been successfully employed in improving the necessary apparatus.

A GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITY.—The *Sentinel*, published at Jacksonville, Oregon, of the 12th ultimo, says: "Several of our citizens returned last week from a visit to the Great Sunken Lake, situated in the Cascade Mountains, about seventy-five miles north-east from Jacksonville. This lake rivals the famous valley of Sinbad the Sailor. It is thought to average two thousand feet down to the water all round. The walls are almost perpendicular, running down into the water and leaving no beach. The depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is smooth and unruffled, as it lies so far below the surface of the mountain that the air currents do not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve miles, and its breadth at ten. There is an island in the centre having trees upon it. No living man ever has, and probably never will, be able to reach the water's edge. It lies silent, still, and mysterious in the bosom of the "everlasting hills," like a huge well, scooped by the hands of the giant genii of the mountains in the unknown ages gone by, and around it the primeval forests watch and ward are keeping. The visiting party fired a rifle several times into the water, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and were able to note several seconds of time from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water. Such seems incredible, but is vouched for by some of our most reliable citizens. The lake is certainly a most remarkable curiosity.



WHERE THE CHO[illegible] COMES FROM.



MES FROM

THE MEMORY OF A TIME.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

THUS morning, through a mist of tears,
I looked upon thy pictured face,
And, through the vistas of the years,
It shone with all its olden grace.

I saw the lilies in thy hair,
Like snowflakes in the sunbeam's gold,
And thought how I had placed them there,
And roses in thy gentle hold.

What memories stirred me at the sight,
My heart filled with delicious pain,
And in the silence and the night,
We walked the olden ways again.

We talked of flowers, and all things sweet,
Not noting that the clover blooms
Were crushed beneath our careless feet;
Love's flowers were richer in perfume.

How sweet the memory of that eve
When, with your little hand in mine,
You spoke like wind among the leaves:
"Thine own, beloved, and thou art mine!"

My heart has sung them o'er and o'er,
Set to a melody divine,
Those words that I shall hear no more:
"Thine own, beloved, and thou art mine!"

The paths that lay together then
Have led our footsteps far apart:
Two paths for us, beloved, when
Our love has made us one in heart.

This morning, when I looked again,
Upon that face of love divine,
My heart kept whispering, through its pain,
"Thine own, beloved, and thou art mine!"

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—MR. ROBERTSON LOSES HIS BREAKFAST.

WHEN Anthony and Clarissa were startled by the appearance of the doctor and Mr. Robertson, Anthony, in rising rather rashly, knocked the lecture over, and the two poodles, from the different parts of the carpet to which they had been precipitated, began to bark anew. On catching sight of the doctor, they added to the dismay and embarrassment of Anthony, by going and squatting at the feet of the two amazed gentlemen at the door, and staring from them at him and Clarissa, occasionally looking up into their master's face, as if to assure him they had had no hand in the affair whatever.

"Doctor," said Anthony, "I——"

The poodles growled, and barked menacingly.

"Well sir?" remarked the doctor.

The poodles came forward, and settled themselves on their haunches, and looked at Anthony as if to say, "You have permission to speak."

"Doctor," Anthony began again, "I should like—that is, I should have profound speaking to you alone this morning, but of course, as it is, it's natural you should look for an explanation at once."

"I think so, sir," replied the doctor, icily. "Very natural, sir—hem!"

The poodles came a little nearer, and gave a short bark, as much as to say, "Come, now, no shirking;" and finding it easier to bear their angry scrutiny than the doctor's, Anthony looked at them as he began to speak.

But before he got out a single word, a hand was laid on his arm, with a gentle, assuring touch, and a voice said, "Hush!" and then he saw Clarissa move across the room.

He hardly knew how she managed to turn that indignant look in its morning splendors of frill and stud, and bouquet; but she did manage somehow, and, in a minute, he found himself alone in the room with Mr. Robertson.

This was not pleasant—not pleasant to either gentleman; but Anthony, in his happiness, would willingly have borne Mr. Robertson's share of embarrassment as well as his own, if he could have taken it from him. He did not once look at him; but he felt, as he stood at the window, that the unruly plaid, being thrown very much forward in speaking to him, as he thought of his going out of the gates in the same manner in which he had himself gone out that morning, "on the" stood out laughing on the lawn. When Anthony heard the door open he felt sure he was going, and turned round hastily.

It was the doctor who had entered, and Mr. Robertson sat still, stroking one of Clarissa's poodles.

Anthony saw that the bouquet was spoiled, and that the frill was not in such exquisite order as it had been a few minutes ago, and then he thought of the tearful face and the clinging hands—thought of them, and blessed them in his heart tenderly, which he pleaded for him; and, as for the rest—as for what was to come—he felt, as he stood looking out, with misty eyes, into the garden, he could almost say, in prayer and praise, "Thy will be done!"

"Anthony," said the doctor, stiffly, but in a rather unsteady voice, "I will speak with you presently—yes, presently; but—hem!—I feel that my first duty, after—hem!—the disclosure my daughter has just made, is to have a little conversation with this gentleman."

And the doctor bowed with an injured and air to Mr. Robertson.

Anthony hardly understood whether he was to take his leave at once, or wait till the proposed conversation should be over. He bowed also, half to the doctor, and half to Mr. Robertson, and looked perplexed. A pause followed, which Anthony interrupted by going to the chair where his hat was, and, as he stooped for it, his hand was arrested by Mr. Robertson's voice.

"Doctor," he said, "you are very kind, but I don't see that conversation between you and I just now, is of any consequence; but between you and Mr. Meade it is, of course, of great consequence; so let me walk with you good morning."

Anthony turned round, saw him drop the doctor's hand and go towards the door. He thought that he would be too proud to go without giving him a frigid bow, and he was right. As he reached the threshold he turned, looked at Anthony, and bowed. Anthony did not bow; he advanced a few steps, and then stood still. Mr. Robertson looked at him. Probably, if Anthony had held out his hand, he would have turned away full of resentment towards him. As it was, however, he saw something in the irresolute figure and troubled face that made him almost involuntarily turn back and hold out his hand to Anthony.

Anthony grasped it, not with any violent display of friendship, but with a quiet, grateful pressure and smile that suited his neighbor's feelings much better.

"But, Robertson, my dear fellow—sir—sir!" cried the doctor, wildly, as he went down the stairs, "you haven't had any breakfast!"

"Mr. Robertson," exclaimed Anthony, running down after him, "pray do stay to breakfast. I'm going in a minute, upon my word I am."

He forgot, in his eagerness, that he ought not to have presumed that they could not both sit down to breakfast; but Mr. Robertson forgave him even that, and said that he would drop in at Rook House some morning, and repay himself for the breakfast Anthony had robbed him of.

When he was gone, Anthony fled up the stairs and caught hold of the doctor's two hands.

"Doctor," he congratulated him, "and, "on having such a friend as that. You were indeed right; he is a most charming man—he is, upon my soul!"

"Ah, isn't he?" cried the poor doctor, quite taken by surprise and overpowered; "isn't he, Anthony? And to—to think, my dear boy—to think——"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Anthony, still shaking his hands, "I know—I know, and I feel for you, I believe."

"Isn't he a perfect gentleman, Anthony?"

"He is, doctor—he is."

"And handsome, doesn't think so?" asked Anthony, almost indignantly.

But at this the doctor drew back a little, and began to scrutinize Anthony's sympathy afresh, doubtfully. By degrees an expression came into his face which made Anthony grow red, and in another minute both breakfast things were shaking with the doctor's laughter.

"Do I mean she doesn't think so?" he said at last, with tears running down his cheeks. "Poor —get along, you sly dog, and bring her in to breakfast."

CHAPTER XXXIX.—BOB GROWS IMAGINATIVE AND UNPLEASANT.

FULL three hours before the time fixed for the meeting with Bob made up his mind to encounter with extraordinary circumspection, examining every bush, looking up into every tree. Round and round he went, keeping generally out of sight from the road, but crossing it at times, until he had satisfied himself that he was alone—that Mr. Sleuth had made no "preparations" for the coming meeting. Satisfied of this, he climbed up into a tree, three his legs across a great branch, and then, sitting at his ease, and with his hands joyed content, against the trunk, and began to crack nuts.

In a little time a man, riding a donkey, and having panniers on each side, attracted Bob's attention, and though he didn't see much to mind in the appearance of the man, he looked very hard indeed at him, when he saw that the donkey had panniers, but ridden by a woman, come soon after. But both passed away, and Bob laughed at his own suspicious fancies, and cracked nuts.

Then came an old, blind man with a dog, and somehow Bob again fancied there was mischief in the wind. He had, as he supposed, settled in paper about him for which "Mister" Sleuth was willing to pay ten thousand pounds, but which was, beyond question, worth a million to his own property, if he could only get possession of it, even without paying the ten thousand. Vehemently did Bob suspect that Mr. Sleuth would yet trick him out of that pretty little sum if he didn't take care, and he was now thus mounted aloft that he might the better survey the field before descending. The murder business might or might not be a reason why Sleuth should keep to his bargain; but, at any rate, Bob didn't mean to give him a chance of arresting him, seizing the document, and then telling him to do his worst, which Bob thought to himself he would do if he were "Mister" Sleuth, "purwided, always purwided," he were not the murderer; on which point, Bob acknowledged to himself, he couldn't quite make up his mind.

Sleuth came exactly to the minute he had appointed, and looked round anxiously, but vainly for Bob. Bob saw and enjoyed the sight. Sleuth began to walk to and fro uneasily, and Bob took out a fresh handful of nuts, and cracked them even more slowly and enjoyingly than before. Presently, Sleuth's great anxiety burst from him in an exclamation, that was heard in the tree above:

"Merciful heaven! If he has gone off, after all to Anthony——"

"All right, Mister Sleuth! Hold your arms and I'll drop into them, soft as a bubby!" suddenly shouted out Bob.

Sleuth looked up, came closer, and at last could distinguish his man.

"Quick, Bob?"

"All right, Mister Sleuth! Hand up the dockement."

"No, Bob. The codicil first, if you please."

"Not if I knows it. The dockement, Mister Sleuth."

"No—no, Bob—the codicil. Of course you shall have the paper. See, here it is."

"Shan't part with it, nor come down, till I've got the dockement and given it fully an hour's consideration. So, if time be a bobject——"

"Well, Bob, the paper'll do you no good if you break faith with me. Give it to me."

"Please stick it on the end of your stick and hand it up to me."

Sleuth did as he was told, and then had to wait while Bob read and re-read the engagement; and though he boggled over particular words and phrases, and compelled Sleuth to give all sorts of explanatory comments, he was obliged to acknowledge at last it was quite right and "strong."

"Now, then!" said Sleuth, almost hoarse with anxiety, and thinking in his thought that in another moment or two he would be master of fate.

"All right, Mister Sleuth. Got five guineas about you? I'm werry hard up, and I've got to wait so long, you see, for the diskivery of that dockement."

After a moment's hesitation, Sleuth took five guineas from his pocket, wrapped them up in paper, and threw the package up to Bob, who caught it.

"Now, then, Bob, are you satisfied?"

"What's the time o' day, Mister Sleuth?"

Sleuth looked at his watch, and gave Bob the required information.

"Couldn't spare that ticker, I spose?"

"No."

"Not to a friend—not to a friend who brings you fortin?"

"Bob, is this fair?"

"Good watch, I spose?—keeps correct time? Keepsakes are beautiful things, particklerly when lovely gals gives 'em, Mister Sleuth. How I'd like to have a summut personal, to keep, you in remembrance!"

Bob, is this your last demand on me, if——"

"If you give me your own volleyed watch I'm ashamed on yer, Mister Sleuth, to ax such a question. Of course it's the last. See this?"

Bob held out a thick folded paper. Sleuth could scarcely see it—his eyes were almost covered as with a film, through his intense dread that Bob was intending to play him or him falsely.

"Talk of Aladdin and his dirty lamp, Mister Sleuth, and his big genius! Only you rub this agin your dockement, and upon me as you genii genius by letting me hear that ticker a bit close, and——"

"Here it is, then," said Sleuth, faintly, and reached up into the tree as far as he could.

Bob took the watch, put it to his ear, listened lovingly to its tick, looked down at Sleuth, again at the watch, and then put it in his pocket.

"What's that ere on your finger, Mister Sleuth? You ain't cut yourself?"

Sleuth looked and saw nothing on the hand that Bob pointed to but a sparkling ruby ring—Anthony's birth-day gift.

"I see nothing, Bob."

"That be blowed, Mister Sleuth! Let me look, if you please."

Sleuth repressed the savage yearning to do something or other, more desperate, he knew not which, and held up his hand.

"Why, there it is! A ring—a'most blood-red. What a lovely! Mister Sleuth, now, I am going to ax a favor on yer. I never was worth a ring in all my life. You'll be able to have such lots on 'em presently—rings and bracelets, and carbuncles, and what not—that you'll be ashamed on a poor blackguard like me a-coming to see you if I hadn't one bit of personal hadornment. Now, wouldn't you?"

"Bob, there's the ring." And he handed it up. "Would you like my coat, waistcoat, and trousers too? May I keep my shirt?"

Sleuth laughed in very bitterness of soul, and then Bob, too, laughed, but with the intensest enjoyment.

"Mister Sleuth, that ere princess as never spoke but out came tumbling from her mouth jewels as fast as if she was full on 'em, and it was all quite a-lick—there's a girl rid of a deal as wasn't to be compared to you. Haw! haw! haw!" After this explosion Bob seemed to relent, and then added:

"Ah, Mister Sleuth, you see we all likes our little games. You had yourn yesterday, when you wanted to fob me off with the world through a hole in my back. This is my little game to-day. Mister Sleuth, invented expressly for the occasion. But I likes you, Mr. Sleuth, werry much, arter all; so look out! This tree's a goin' to rain gold on you in a pretty awful shower. Don't you hear the guineas a-rattling—a hundred and seventy thousand of 'em just a-flying?"

And so saying, Bob dropped at last the coveted paper.

And then, to Sleuth's eyes, Bob—trees—roads—ideas of murder and of danger—all passed away. Feeling as a man in a wondrous dream feels, he ran out into the road; while Bob, on his part, fled in an opposite direction, to make sure of himself and his paper. And then, Sleuth, in the road, with shaking fingers, opened out the paper, and stood for some minutes absolutely wrapt in its perusal, for it was unquestionably the real codicil, and it gave to Sleuth all that his cousin Anthony at that moment possessed.

CHAPTER XL.—A BUSY NIGHT.

A GREAT sale over her needlework in the topmost room of a cheap lodging-house in Kensington, tired in body, still more weary in mind, but struggling on by the aid of the thin tallow candle, and drawing some relief from the faint cooling breeze stealing through her open window, and bringing powerfully, in fitful gushes of scent, the odor of a pot of mignonette, that she had bought for a penny, from a woman in the street, a day or two ago.

She is thinking of the past, for—heaven help her! the future will not bear thinking of. She is thinking of the one gleam of hope she had had through her brief acquaintance with the chemist's assistant, who had seemed to like her, and began to take her out, and then had disappeared—to become, as she had learned, a grand country gentleman.

It is nothing wonderful that she should think of him, to-night, for there have been few nights for the last few months in which she has not thought of him; but what does seem wonderful to her—and brings with a sense of awe after the first glad flush of surprise—is to see the very man she had been thinking of standing at the threshold of her door, with a bow on his face.

"Ah, Polly! is that you? I wondered if I should find you in the same place. Why, how well and handsome you look! Flourishing, eh? So glad!"

Polly's tears might have been taken for an answer, had she been seen; but she managed to hide them while putting a chair for him to sit.

"Could you make me a dozen shirts, Polly? Take your own time, you know, and materials, put your nicest work into them, and don't be afraid of the figure in the bill—I shan't."

Polly did not respond very heartily to the proposal—munificent as was its sound. Still, she needed work of a more profitable kind than that she was now engaged on, so she managed to express her thanks.

"What a nice thing it is to write such a pretty, lady-like handwriting as I see here on a letter I once received, and which I have kept, you see, and mean to go on keeping, too!"

Polly actually blushed again, as Sleuth produced a letter she had written him in their courting days.

"I don't know," she said, sadly. "When it was supposed, before the death of my father, that I was going to be a lady, people used to say I did not want to ask a favor from you, Polly."

"What is it?"

"Well, Polly, when people ask favors they should, in some degree, show they are quite willing themselves to confer favors."

"Pray, Mr. Sleuth, don't——"

"No matter, Polly—you was taken of her words; but, on the contrary, the visitor proceeded to remove from his pockets a little white paper box, and then to take off the lid, which showed a good deal of cotton wool within, and then, from the centre of the snowy bed, he drew forth a really pretty brooch, and put it on the table close to her hand.

With an almost imperceptible sigh, Polly took it up and examined it, while a faint smile—that, however, seemed only too ready to degenerate into something else—flickered over her pale, thin, but comely features.

"Real gold, and solid gold, mind you, Polly; and no nonsense about the stone—it's a prime cornelian, warranted in the lot."

Polly was so poor, so hopeless, that even the new disappointment that had so rapidly followed the new pleasure of her former lover's presence could not prevent a certain grateful feeling for the gift, which she was trying, in safe words, to express, but Sleuth stopped her.

"Now, Polly, all I want you to do for me is to copy a letter written by a woman who can't write herself, except in this ridiculous fashion."

So saying, Sleuth laid before Polly Gaston a letter that certainly exceeded in badness of penmanship everything she had ever seen before.

"I'm afraid I can't read it," she said.

Sleuth laughed.

"Just my case at first; but I managed, with the author's assistance, to spell it out word by word, and as it interested me very much, I am in no way danger of forgetting. Now don't you fancy, Polly, that because you see there's a lady in the case I am in love with her, for I am. I have a deal of trouble since we used to meet, and been obliged to think of less pleasant subjects; but I'm 'not going to tell you about such things now. I shall come and see you again before long—if you'll let me."

A little unconscious glow in the pale cheek began to be visible; but Sleuth said no more, and she sat down to her task, Sleuth repeating a sentence, or a part of a sentence, at a time, till the whole was accomplished.

Sleuth had looked over her shoulder from time to time, and had been always delighted, as he said, with the penmanship; and somehow, by his steadiness in keeping her at the work, and by cunning little bits of praise in the way of a running accompaniment, Polly was got through a task that she certainly would never have undertaken under such circumstances, if at all, if he had allowed her time to think.

"Thanks, Polly; and now good-bye. Oh! but the money for the shirts, I was forgetting all that. Take this banknote—it's for ten pounds—and let me have the very best you can provide, finest frills, and all that. Good-bye, Polly." He was passing across the threshold, after a fervent pressure of her hand, when he stopped, and said, "If you could manage to have one or two ready, just to begin with, in a week's time, I should be so glad."

Polly promised, and felt a little fluttering of her heart as she did so, that he was so soon coming again. A moment after, and he was gone; and she had fresh materials for her solitary musings.

"Splendidly done!" ejaculated Sleuth to him-

self, as he got into the street. "I'll go again, because I do want the shirts. Who knows how soon I ought to put on one of them, as a real gentleman's shirt, and not those things they sell in the shop. But there, I'm wasting time, and time's just the thing I can't afford to waste to-night. Is it safe?" he suddenly said to himself, in an altered tone, and his hand slid under his waistcoat, and felt against his breast, but was withdrawn in quiet satisfaction. He began now to walk rapidly through the wide streets and frequented thoroughfares that lay in his way; but whenever he came upon the end of a narrow, obscure street, he immediately dived into it, and glanced at every little shop he saw; but still he did not stop till he reached a small ironmonger's. Here he went in and purchased quite a little collection of tools, remarking as he paid for them, "I'm a bit of an amateur in carpentering, and I want to fit up a little box of tools."

Putting his parcel into a bag he carried, he started off once more on his quest, for the call at the ironmonger's was evidently a mere episode in the business of the night. At last Sleuth saw what he wanted—a jobbing man at work in a little shed-like kind of shop, making boxes for milliners.

"Can you do a little job just now?"

"What is it?" asked the man, who was an ill-tempered, sullen-looking fellow, and who looked as if the perpetual jar of his hammer had produced a morbid irritation of brain.

"I want a little box made; it's only to hold tools, but it's to fit into a bigger box I keep for all sorts of odds and ends."

"Let's look at the tools," said the man, seeing Sleuth's gesture of pointing to his bag.

"I've got the exact size here," said Sleuth, and he produced some pieces of paper. One was an oblong piece, a foot or so long, by about eight inches broad. "That's the bottom," he said to the man, "and these four strips which I have pasted together make the sides," and he raised the strips on edge, to show what he meant.

"And the top?"

"Don't want any top."

"Then it's just a drawer you want to go into a place a foot deep, eight inches wide, and two and a half inches high?"

"Exactly."

"Common deal."

"I'd like a better wood; perhaps you'll show me a bit of mahogany."

The man groped about, and found various pieces of second-hand mahogany; but Sleuth seemed very fastidious about the color and grain, and the man seemed inclined to give up the job, when Sleuth observed an antique table which had lost a leg, and become otherwise unsaleable. Sleuth went eagerly to it, pulled out a drawer, looked at it scrutinizingly, and said:

"The very thing if you can just alter it to my size!"

"Then you'll have to buy the table—five shillings."

"All right, only be as quick as you can, please; and you must make it exactly to the paper. I want it to fit nicely."

"If your paper is right my drawer shall be right."

"The paper's right to a hair's breadth. I may as well wait while you do it, so I'll go and send in a couple of glasses of brandy and water for us."

Sleuth required such extreme exactness, and made so many minute alterations, that he did not get away from the shop till nearly eleven o'clock, though the man had, as he thought, finished his job at nine. But Sleuth kept him in extraordinary good humor all the while by his talk and light-heartedness; and when they parted Sleuth gave him not only the seven shillings and sixpence demanded for the whole affair, but left him the drawerless table, by way of extra bounty.

"Capital again!" thought Sleuth to himself. "It's the very color."

And, no doubt, he knew what he was saying, for he had a sort of specimen bit of mahogany in his pocket, which he took out to compare with his drawer when he reached a narrow court, within which he could stand unnoticed, and take the benefit of a gas-lamp that hung there to light the way to a pawnbroker's back entrance.

Naturally, Sleuth needed now a little refreshment; so he went into a quiet-looking inn, and ordered supper. But a strange thing happened to the waiter who brought it in a few minutes later. He met the gentleman going out with a letter in his hand, who asked him for the nearest post, and then, giving him sixpence, said he had altered his mind, had no appetite, and so marched off.

That letter, which had been duly addressed by Polly, and sealed at the inn, he stopped to look at the moment before dropping it into the slit of the post-office window. He read on it, inscribed in the most elegant feminine hand—elegant in spite of a little weakness or tremulousness:

Dr. Pompess, Petersham, Surrey.

As it dropped with a noise that almost startled him, there was, just for an instant, a scared look on Sleuth's face, as if he felt he had committed himself to something serious; but the feeling, if real, passed away. He felt again at his breast, glanced down at the bag that held the piece of carpentry he had been so anxious to get, and cried gaily:

"Home! home!"

Two hours later, in the depth of night and darkness, he discharged the crazy hackney-coach some half mile before he reached Rock House, and then glided swiftly through meadow after meadow, far away from the road, till he reached the house. He let himself in by a key he was known to possess, and by the principal door; but he did it so softly that no one seemed to be disturbed. Sleuth did not want to be a nuisance to anybody, so he slipped off his boots before ascending the staircase, and without obtaining a light, felt his way, step by step, up the staircase, along the corridor, past the alderman's bedchamber, and so to his own room.

But not to rest. On the contrary, he had evidently, while abroad, been only preparing for the work he had to do at home. He locked his door, threw off a light overcoat he had worn, as much for concealment as for its more obvious purpose, hung the coat on a nail of the door, and so disposed of its long skirt as to shut out the key-hole view of the room, should any prying people be about. He then took forth his drawer, and took a very long and careful look at it, turning it about on all sides, as if to investigate new doubts that arose in his mind.

"No, there's no danger. First, it's a thousand—ay, a million—to one against his going to his desk at all during so short a time, for I shan't be above an hour; and if he does, it isn't likely he'd have occasion to pull out the drawer; and then, if he did go, and did pull it out, with only a candle near him, is it likely he'd notice any change?"

Sleuth answered himself by setting to work. Sticking his knife into the rim of one of the sides of his new purchase, he forced off, by splitting, a bit of the wood, and when he had got the defect to his mind, darkened the edge, evidently with a view to its greater likeness to the original that was in his mind.

Then he sat a moment, half twisted round on his chair, leaning one hand in reverie on the chair, and the other hanging down with the drawer. His courage was failing him, now that the critical moment had come.

So lost did he become in his reverie and hesitation, that when a handful of soot fell down the chimney on to the hearth, he leaped to his feet in alarm, as if some awful visitation impended.

He breathed hard, and tried to compose himself. Then he unlocked the door, and pushing it a little ajar, lay down, crouching close to the floor, and, at first, inside the room. Presently his head advanced across the threshold, and again he listened. Not a sound of any kind, except the melodious bell of a neighboring church striking two, could he hear.

He returned for his drawer, and set out on his adventure. Again was he obliged to pass the spot where he had murdered the alderman, and again was it all he could do to avoid stopping to listen at the door, for there was a ceaseless whispering at his ear, "Do, and you'll hear what you won't forget."

He hurried on, guarding himself from entangling his feet with the mats at the different doors, always feeling about for a stray chair or other article that might be lying about, and which he might upset, and so rouse the sleepers; stopping near the doors where he fancied he heard sounds, till satisfied they meant nothing special; and so he made his way to a little room that Anthony used as a study, just as the alderman had done before him.

With wonderful delicacy of touch, Sleuth, when he got into this room—always in a mess—piloted his way without the slightest noise through the dense darkness, till his hand dropped upon some object on the table. While the fingers of this hand rapidly glided down on one side, the other hand came instantly to its aid, and there was recognition of the shape and identity. It was the alderman's old-fashioned, heavy, mahogany writing-case, which Sleuth had never handled except when locked, but the interior of which he was perfectly familiar with, from seeing it so often open when he and Anthony happened to be there together.

Hark! What is that? Steps, evidently! They approach. Shall he fly? While he hesitates they recede. Then again they seem to come nearer, and again grow faint. Sleuth understands at last. It is Anthony's bed-chamber above, and it must be Anthony himself who is walking to and fro at so untimely an hour.

"Thinking of his marriage day, perhaps. Stop a bit, dear cousin! There are two of us to be consulted. March on, my brave warrior; I like to hear you just now. Never mind the mole burrowing below you." Sleuth now drew a key from his pocket, and managed, after some delay and difficulty, to open the desk, draw out the pin which confined the drawer, and then he drew forth the drawer itself, which was full of papers, and replaced it with his own. It fitted at once, and perfectly, to Sleuth's immense relief of mind.

Sleuth's fingers conveyed to their master a sense of dismay as they felt these papers, their surfaces, angles, positions, &c.; for it was indispensable to his scheme of entire safety to be sure that, if Anthony came after Sleuth during the next hour or two, he should have no suspicion that his desk had been touched. But after two or three goings over, by the fingers, of the papers, they began to remove the contents into the counterfeit drawer, which was by the side of the desk ready. In the most unbroken silence was the operation completed. No limb moved, no accidental sigh or gasp escaped. Sleuth's whole soul was concentrated on the one task, to remember accurately how he found the papers, so that he might leave them in a similar state. At last the counterfeit drawer was put into the desk, containing Anthony's papers.

When he had done this he paused, and his hand went to his forehead, as if in perplexity. The pin! He had forgotten to make a place in his drawer for the reception of the end; so, though he tried the experiment of putting it to see if the broken side would help him in any way, the head of the pin resolutely stuck up, and had to be withdrawn before he could close the desk. So he slipped the pin in among the papers in the body of the desk, saying to himself:

"If he found the pin out he'd think nothing of that, for I've seen him shut it up in the same state."

The emptied drawer was now taken up, and Sleuth retraced his steps with great rapidity, not only because time was so precious, but because he knew nothing was in his path likely to create noise.

Back again in his room, the door double locked, the key-hole guarded as before, but with much greater nicety, Sleuth ventured, for the first time since he had entered the house this night, to get a light. Clever as he was, even he could not do what had now to be done in darkness. He glanced round fearfully the moment there was light, and seemed for some little time unable or unwilling to begin operations, lest there might be unknown spectators somewhere, ready to use the opportunity he now gave.

But he was soon at work, with his tools displayed in orderly array on the table, and a thin slice of flat board that he took from the very middle of his bed, where it lay between two heavy mattresses, quite secure from the prying eyes of maid servants. He wanted to remove the entire bottom of the drawer, but saw the operation was too difficult for him in the time, so he adopted a different course. The edges of the drawer projected, he saw, nearly half an inch below the bottom. That would do. Before long, Sleuth had fitted into this space another bottom below the real bottom. The two almost touched; for that which Sleuth meant to place within them required little room. But when he had done he saw, with some dismay, that the hollow space formed by the projecting edges had all but disappeared. However, as he assured himself, it was not likely that Anthony would notice so trivial a fact, even if by any accident he happened to look at the bottom at all.

When all was ready, Sleuth, with another timorous glance round, took from his breast the paper Bob had given to him, put it between the two bottoms, and then fastened the lowermost one by very small tacks, forced into the corners with his fingers, for, as he reminded himself:

"There is no saying how quick I may have that job to do when the time comes."

Yes—*when* the time comes! Richard Sleuth is not fool enough to trust that paper away from his own person till the critical moment arrives. But he sees the drawer now with it in, and he sees that there is no noticeable sign of his night's work anywhere upon the drawer of Anthony's desk.

Swiftly now the codicil is restored to its place in Sleuth's breast, and the false bottom again fastened to the drawer. Swiftly Sleuth, for the second time, glides through the darkness to Anthony's room, there again transfers the papers to their former place of deposit. Swiftly he returns, breathless with agitation at his own complete success, unwatched, unsuspected by Anthony, who was still pacing to and fro in his bed-chamber, unable to sleep after his success with Clarissa and her father.

On reaching the room, the tools were carefully gathered up, and repacked with the very paper and twine used by the ironmonger; so that, if the parcel were noticed in the cupboard, it would be seen to be yet unopened.

The mock drawer, sawdust, shavings and chips were burnt; and when the place was clear, the keyhole was unplugged, the door unlocked, and even, in very ostentation of innocence, left a little ajar.

And then? Why, then, is it to be wondered at that Richard Sleuth felt, after so much work and strain, he needed a little relaxation—a little comfort? He had succeeded; not a soul was stirring in the house except Anthony, and Sleuth knew where and how he was engaged; he might safely indulge his eyes, therefore, as he was undressing, with a sight of that wonderful paper.

He takes it forth, but the letters become so many golden letters, blazing with supernatural light, they dazzle his eyes, there is magic in them. Fatigue and over-excitement are affecting his brain. He must put it away. Suddenly, by his very side, almost as if looking over his shoulder, he hears a voice that sounds to him like a sentence of death, for it is Anthony who says:

"Why, Dick, what's the matter? What have you got there?"

When Sleuth heard the voice of Anthony asking him what he had got there, he felt, the moment he had recovered from the first awful feeling of alarm, that he probably ought to avow at once it was the codicil that had just come into his hands, and bear the brunt of Anthony's surprise, disbelief, and possible fury.

But there was in Sleuth an incurable love of crooked ways, for their own sake. He never felt safe or comfortable when he was not pursuing them; and one inevitable consequence was, that if at any time he wished to diverge into the straightforward road, he found it almost impossible to do so, on account of the many influences that he had evoked, all tending to keep him going on in the old track.

So, even while he stood shaking in affright, with his back still turned towards Anthony, and his fingers huddling away into his breast the precious paper, he rejected the acknowledgment of the truth, and after a brief pause, to restore his features to something like the aspect of quiet, he turned to Anthony, and said, smiling:

"I think I never was so startled before."

"So it seems, Dick," said Anthony.

"It's—it's so late, you see."

"Yes, I know all about that; and I shouldn't have come to disturb you, but that, happening to open my door, I thought I heard you open yours; and as I very much wanted to talk to you, if you were like me, unable to rest, I thought I'd come."

"Yes, that's right—and—well, Anthony?"

"Ay, but first—well, Dick? I'm sure you were busy in that paper——"

"Paper?" said Sleuth, as if abstractedly considering, while, in truth, he was taking time to think.

"Paper, Dick! I said it plain enough, didn't I? Paper!"

There was something sharp and dissonant in Anthony's voice, as if he were really offended and surprised at Sleuth's secretiveness. What was Anthony's surprise when Sleuth, with a kind of redness spreading over his face, looked him full in the face and laughed.

Anthony did not laugh in return, he only waited.

"Why, Anthony, I didn't think you had been so curious, or—may I say it—so dull? Look there, then, and ask no more questions."

So saying, Sleuth produced a letter, and tore off the outside leaf, which was addressed to himself in a feminine hand. This was, of course, the same letter that he had—fortunately now for himself—handed up to show poor Polly Gaston in proof he had not forgotten her. As he handed this leaf to Anthony, he said:

"You won't care to see any more, I dare say."

"All right, Dick, only it's odd that just when I was thinking I ought to come and tell you something that had happened to me—something I fancied you would be pleased to hear—it did, and does, seem queer that you, apparently with the same kind of communication to make to me, stand like a man who has got the palsy, merely because you hear my voice come on you unexpectedly while you are enjoying your love-letter. Eh?"

Did Anthony disbelieve him? This was Sleuth's prompt question to himself. But he could do no more to re-assure the sceptic, if it were so. So he felt satisfied he had ventured the bold measure of giving Anthony a piece of Polly's letter, even though his first impulse after he had done it was of alarm at the possible connection he was making between himself and the anonymous epistle by so doing. But Anthony's thoughts must now be turned in another direction, so he said to him, in a hurried tone:

"I'm so glad, Anthony, it's what you say—I mean about yourself."

"Perhaps I should be able to say the same, if you gave me the chance. However, as you please, Dick. I'm sorry I disturbed you. Good-night."

"Was it possible," asked Sleuth, "he had gone in that manner, and without even shaking hands?" He sat down on a chair, with a face now once more deadly pale, and saw the crisis was coming, and that, perhaps, it was as well for he (Sleuth), to get prepared for the inevitable crash by some little preliminary stroke.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

It is a fact that Captain Cook discovered the Sandwich Islands, but it is equally true that the Sandwich Islands discovered Captain Cook-ery.

You don't know anything about scarecrows. If you'd seen one that my uncle Ben made once, you'd think so, too. Why, he made one, and set it up in his cornfield, that nearly frightened the feathers off every crow that looked at it; and, by jingo, one crow that had been pecking around the field for two or three days, after he had seen it, actually flew away and brought back all the corn he had stolen.

When the Rev. Cornelius Winter was delivering a sensible discourse to a crowded assembly, his gravity was disturbed by casting his eye to a window next the causeway in the road, by a countryman staring into the meeting with a live pig on his shoulder, that also presented its vacant countenance and appeared equally interested in the gaze with its master. The amiable divine said, "That nothing in his whole life ever so unhinged his ideas, or spoiled his discourse, as this serious, but ludicrous and unconscious man and his pig."

A schoolmaster struck "ile" the other day, a juven-ile.

Josh Billings, of Poughkeepsie, recently came to New York and got his life insured, in the manner which he thus describes:

I kum to the conclusion lately, that life waz so onsartin, that the only wa for me tu stand a fair chance with other folks, waz to git my life insured, and so I kalled on the Agent ov the Garden Angel Life Insurance Co., and answered the following questions, which waz put tu me, over the top ov a pair ov goold specks, by a slik little fat old feller, with a little round gray head, and az pretty a little belly on him, as enny man ever owned:

1st—Are yu mail or femail? If so, state how long yu have been so.

2d—Are yu subjec tu fits, and if so, du yu hav more than one at a time?

3d—What iz your precise fiteing weight?

4th—Did you ever hav enny ancestors, and if so, how much?

5th—What iz yure legal opinion ov the constitushionality ov the 10 commandments?

6th—Du yu ever hav enny nite mares?

7th—Are yu married or single, or are yu a Bachelor?

8th—Do yu beleave in a futer state? if yu du, state it.

9th—What are yure private sentiments about a rush of rats tu the head; can it be did successfully?

10th—Have yu ever committed suiside, and if so, how did it seem to affect yu?

After answering the above questions, like a man in the confirmatif, the slik little fat old feller with goold specks on, ced I was insured for life, and proberly wud remain so for a term of years. I thanked him, and smiled one ov my moste pensive smiles.

What is the difference between a person transfixed with amazement and a leopard's tail? The one is rooted to the spot, the other spotted to the root.

In New York city, the common bats fly only at twilight. Brick bats fly at all hours.

"She isn't all that my fancy painted her!" bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover; "and worse than that, she isn't all that she paints herself."

The following dialogue on "sharp shooting," is reported to have taken place between a Virginee and a Yankee picket:

"I say, can you fellows shoot?"

"Wall, I reckon we can some. Down in Mississippi we can knock a bumble-bee off a thistle bow at three hundred yards."

"Oh, that ain't nothing to the way we shows up in Varmount. I belonged to a military company there, with a hundred men in each company, and we went out for practice every week. The cap'n draws us up in single file, and sets a cider barrel rolling down the hill, and each man takes his shot at the bung-hole as it turns up. It is afterwards examined, and if there is a shot that didn't go in the bung-hole, the member who missed it is expelled. I belonged to the company ten years, and there ain't been nobody expelled yet."

Soft Soap for all Sorts of People.—For a lieutenant, call him captain; for a middle-aged lady, kiss her, and say that you mistook her for her daughter; for a young gentleman rising fifteen, ask his opinion respecting the comparative merits of a razor; for young ladies, if you know their color to be natural, accuse them of painting.

A person meeting an old man with silver hair and a very black, bushy beard, asked him how it happened that his beard was not so gray as his head. "Because," said the old gentleman, "it is twenty years younger."

On his return from India, Brown was asked how he liked tiger hunting. "It is very good sport as long as you hunt the tiger," he replied; "but if hard pressed, he sometimes takes it into his head to hunt you, then it has its drawbacks."



THE FENIAN BOND, ISSUED BY THE IRISH DIRECTORY FOR SECURING THE INDEPENDENCE OF IRELAND.

THE IRISH BOND.

We give a fac-simile of the Irish Bond issued by the Fenian Brotherhood, ostensibly to assist the Irish people in establishing a republic in their own land.

The Fenian Brotherhood have long considered this step, but did not adopt the measure, however, until the home affairs called for it, and the material resources as command seemed to justify the appeal to those who favored the principle at stake. About two months ago the policy was finally decided upon by the governing council, who entrusted all negotiations to their President, Col. William R. Roberts. Before entering upon the work the best legal advice in the country was had, and a course laid out which enables the parties concerned to keep inside all provisions of national and international codes and comities. An exposition of Fenian power satisfied the Bank Note Company that all was in good faith, and on a fair way to success; hence they at once assumed the responsibility of being the medium through which the instruments would be put forth to the world.

Six weeks ago, then, the company entered upon its labors, and succeeded in having specimens ready to exhibit to the Congress, thus manifesting remarkable energy and celerity, more especially when we recollect that the designs were entirely new, necessitating a preparation of appliances for the special requirements.

There is an ingenious system of numbering devised by Messrs. W. R. Roberts and P. J. Meehan, and known to the Fenian Finance Bureau alone. This the engravers cannot describe; but it is said to form one of the securities against fraud in issue. None are to issue from any quarter except the general finance office in this city. This department is to be organized by the Fenian Senate, now in session here.

Though the bonds are not yet ready for issue, yet the demand is brisk, and many a roll of greenbacks flows into the agency for the coveted securities from those who have faith.

HUNTING OSTRICHES AND WILD HORSES.

We had taken three brace of birds, when an ostrich starting before us, Candioti, jun., gave the war-whoop of pursuit to his Gaucho followers, and to me the well-known intimation of "Vamos, Señor Don Juan." Off went, or rather flew, the Gauchos; my steed bounded away in their company, and we were now, instead of tracking an invisible bird through tufted grass, in full cry after the nimble, conspicuous, and athletic ostrich. With great erect, and angry eye, towering above all herbage, our game flew from us, by the combined aid of wings and limbs, at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. The chase lasted half that time; when an Indian peon, starting ahead of the close phalanx of his mounted competitors, whirled his balas, with admirable grace and dexterity, around his head, and with deadly aim flung them over the bird running, half-flying, but now devoted ostrich. Instantaneously entangled, down came the giant bird, rolling, fluttering, panting; and being in an instant dispatched, the company of the field stripped him of his feathers, stuck them in their girdles, and left the plucked and mangled carcass in the plain, a prey to the vultures. Which were already hovering around us.

We now came upon an immense herd of wild horses, and Candioti, jun., said, "Now, Señor Don Juan, I must show you how we tame a colt." So saying, the word was given for the pursuit of the herd, and off, once more, like lightning, darted the Gaucho horsemen, Candioti and myself keeping up with them. The herd consisted of about two thousand horses, neighing and snorting, with ears erect and flowing tails, their manes outspread to the wind, affrighted the moment they were conscious of pursuit. The Gauchos set up their usual cry; the dogs were left in the distance, and it was not until we had followed the flock at full speed, and without a check, for five miles, that the two headmost peons launched their bolas at the horse which each had respectively singled out of the herd. Down to the ground, with frightful somersets, came two gallant colts. The herd continued its headlong flight, leaving two men who had brought down the colts bestrode them as they still lay on the ground. In a moment the lazos which bound their legs were loosed, and at the same time a shout from the field so frightened the potros, that up they started on all fours, but to their astonishment, each with a rider on his back, riveted, as it were, to the saddle, and controlling them by means of a never-before-dreamed-of bit in his mouth. The outrageous animals to unseat them; and in less than an hour from the time of their mounting, it was very evident who were to be the masters. The horses did their very worst, the Indians never lost either the security or the grace of their seats; till, after two hours of the most violent efforts to rid themselves of their burden, the horses were so exhausted, lost, drenched in sweat, with gored and palpitating sides, and hanging down their heads, they stood for five minutes together, panting and confounded, but they made not a single effort to move. Then came the Gaucho's turn to exercise his more positive authority. Hitherto he had been entirely on the defensive. His object was simply to keep his seat and tire out his horse. He now wanted to move it in a given direction, wayward, zigzag; often interrupted was his course at first, still the Gaucho made for a given point; and they advanced towards it, till at the end of about three hours the now subdued animals moved in nearly a direct line, and, in company with the other horses, to the ground, or small subordinate establishment on the estate to which we were repairing. When we got there, the two horses, which as shortly before had been free as the wind, they fled to a stake of the corral, the slaves of lordly man, and all hope of emancipation was at an end.



CATCHING WILD HORSES IN PARAGUAY.

RUNNING BLACK FISH ON TRURO BEACH.

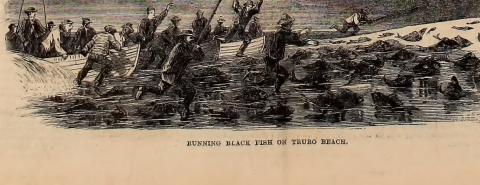
THE 10th ult. was a marked day in Provincetown Bay, Mass. Upon that day a school of black fish came into the harbor, and were set on by the fishermen with boats, nets, oars and every available mode of capture. All day they were thrashing the waters, and driving the fish in millions on the beach, until 40 tons were bagged, or barreled, or wagoned, or boated; and the fortunate fishermen settled, as the result of their day's work, $3,500 on the spot, from parties in Provincetown, who bought them as they lay.

SHOOTING TURTLES ON THE NIAGARA RIVER.

ONE who seeks adventure and sport everywhere, writes us, with the sketches, about hunting turtles:

"In the broad but clear waters of the Niagara river, several miles above the Falls, there are two or three large bays, formed by the winding course of the noble stream, where the current becomes comparatively slow, so that the mudturtles appear to need willpittle or no difficulty in steaming it; for if the sportsman will take the trouble of concealing himself on the adjoining bank, where he may occasionally meet with bushes or underwood, or lie anchored off in the stream, at some distance, in a small canoe, that looks more like a floating log of timber than a navigable craft, he will have opportunities of seeing these creatures rowing themselves from one part of the bay to another, for the purpose of finding some suitable stone, or stump, or prostrate tree, upon which to crawl for the purpose of taking a nap for a few hours. Many a time have I, accompanied by a Canadian friend, repaired to some of these bays in the river, particularly during the months of May and June, since at that season, the water of the river still continuing cold, from the recent melting of the ice in the lake from which it issues, they leave their favorite element as much as possible, in order to enjoy the more congenial temperature of the atmosphere, which has, by that period, become pretty warm.

"We used to reach the place we had fixed upon for a few hours' diversion at an early hour in the morning, one of us encowering himself on the river bank, an



RUNNING BLACK FISH ON TRURO BEACH.

the other dropping gently down the stream, and anchoring within gunshot distance from where we expected our game to make their appearance. We never attempted to shoot them with anything but rifle-ball, for the largest common shot would have harmlessly glanced off their armor, though they had been fired down upon from a moderate height, and in nearly a perpendicular direction. If a ball struck one of them and wounded it severely, it most likely would tumble off its perch upon its back; and while it was struggling and attempting to turn itself over, the person in the canoe would paddle up to it, and haul it into his little vessel; but if not mortally wounded, and they managed to keep the right side uppermost, before the canoe could reach them, they would have dived to the bottom, and might be seen, for the water was very clear, paddling along at a great speed, to some place of security. When there are several upon the same log, provided those who fire at them can keep themselves hid and perfectly quiet, two or three may often be shot, one after the other, before the remainder of them take the alarm, and plunge heavily into the water.

"We have captured nearly a score in a favorable morning, including all sizes; and, by way of excuse for not being considered wantonly cruel, we took them home with us, and invariably had some of them dressed; but, though with a strong desire to do so, we never relished them much. Had we been near a comb manufactory, the shells of the large ones would have been worth a trifle, but, that not being the case, they were utterly valueless. We had another plea for occasionally engaging in the destruction of those creatures, and, the unfavorable reputation the farmers give them, by asserting that they are great destroyers of both ducklings and goslings; and I afterwards lived to prove that to least the former part of the accusation was correct, for I have over and over again had ducklings of my own carried off by mud-turtles within sight of my own dwelling."

THE STORY OF LOBENSKI.

THE following brief story is given upon the authority of a relation of the persons to whom the events happened:

In a village, about seven miles from Warsaw, there lived an old man named John Lobenski. As his family had been one of long standing in that locality, and as he married nearly all over Europe, and had become acquainted with several languages. But through some misfortunes he had become poor, and when he first left his village he was supporting himself as a teacher of French and Italian at one of the public schools in the neighborhood. His wife had died a year or two before, and she had hardly consisted of a son, about twenty-four years of age, and a daughter, about two years younger, who were a great comfort to their aged parent, for they were very affectionate and dutiful.

When the Poles had formed their plans for rising to assert their freedom, some of young Lobenski's friends were foremost in the movement, and they tried to persuade him to join them. For a long time he was restrained from taking an active part by the entreaties of his father, whose more mature judgment saw that the Russian power was too mighty for the Poles.

"My son," he would say, "we must for the present bow to the stern oppression of Providence, for, without we obtain more foreign help than we can reasonably expect, our rising will only make our bondage the more severe."

At length, however, the sanguine feelings of patriotism overcame the sound advice of young man, and he took leave of his weeping father and sister to join the Polish army, which was secretly assembling in a thickly wooded district, several days' journey to the south of Warsaw.

His good sense and brave bearing immediately placed him in an influential position amongst the patriots, and he was made a captain, and posted with a body of men in a thicket on the outskirts of the forest, which was nearest to the road that the Russians were expected to pass as soon as they were informed of the movements of the Poles.

The evening after he had taken up this position, a body of Russians, not very far numerous as the whole of the Polish army, bivouacked in a small wood close by the one where Lobenski was concealed, because they were nearer to further than that night, by much fatigued with a long day's march. Small as was the band of Poles, they determined on attacking them, with every chance of success. In the dead of the night they made a furious charge on the encampment, and, before the Russians had time to arm, they slew hundreds of them.

The inequality of numbers was too great. The Poles, however, fought till morning, losing but very few of their number, and performing prodigies of valor. But as soon as daylight appeared, the Russians surrounded the little troop, and took them prisoners.

Young Lobenski and his companions were carried off, and lodged in a prison on the banks of the River Dnieper. They were here subjected to very rigorous treatment, though the place was not adapted for the close confinement of prisoners, having originally been the palace of a Russian noble. After remaining there about three weeks, Lobenski and two others, who were good swimmers, effected their escape by jumping from a very lofty window into the river, the height of which was so great that the Russians did not conceive it possible that any one would be so bold as to attempt to leap from it, and had not, therefore, secured it.

The three brave fellows had watched their opportunity when it was tremendously stormy and quite dark; and by this precaution they avoided heard nothing of their movements. They swam in the direction in which they knew there were some boats, and, seizing one of them, and taking advantage of the wind, which was blowing a hurricane in their favor, they speedily passed the Russian frontier, and landed on that part of Poland which was not strictly guarded, because its inhabitants had not joined the insurgents.

Lobenski, to disguise himself, obtained the worn-out dress of a Russian soldier; but wherever it was desirable he made it known that he was a Pole. In this way he traveled as fast as possible towards his native village, being very anxious to know what had become of his father and sister.

When he arrived there, he found that the village had been sacked by the Russians, and that many of its inhabitants had been put to the sword, and others taken captive. He made earnest inquiries after his beloved relatives, and was soon informed of the truth by some of his former neighbors, who had secured their own lives and estates by complete submission to the Russians.

It appeared that Lobenski's bravery in the night when he was captured, had attracted the notice of the Russian general, who learned that he and his fellow-townsmen were amongst the most active of the rebels, as they were called by the Russians. The army in consequence marched directly on the village, and took many of the inhabitants prisoners, amongst whom were old John Lobenski and his daughter.



TURTLE SHOOTING ON THE NIAGARA RIVER.

As the Polish prisoners had now become inconveniently numerous in the strongholds near Poland, the Emperor had issued orders for them to be sent off in a consignment to the wilds of Siberia. They had to march on foot day after day in letters, in the depth of winter, without distinction of age or sex, each company guarded by a troop of horse soldiers. At night they sheltered themselves by digging holes in the snow, unless they were lucky enough to reach a village at nightfall, when they used to be miserably lodged in the stables and outhouses belonging to the inhabitants.

In one of these companies Lobenski and his daughter had to travel. Many times in the course of the journey the old man sank down, overpowered with fatigue; and, had it not been for the affectionate attentions of his daughter Irvana, he would have certainly perished.

Young Lobenski obtained a considerable sum of money from a rich relation, who, although he appeared favorable to the Russians, and was, therefore, left unmolested by them, did not forget his duty to his family. Lobenski, thus provided, took very possible means of disguising himself. He assumed a different name, and called himself a Russian. He had learned the particulars of his father's sufferings, and knew exactly the route which would be taken by the company in which he was a prisoner.

He accordingly made a hasty journey to the town of Okhansk, through which they were to pass, hired a house and some Russian servants, and bought several horses, as if he intended to take up his abode there.

After he had remained about a fortnight, and had begun to acquire the confidence of the people about him, by a display of wealth and great liberality, the prisoners arrived, and amongst them his father and sister. By a little contrivance, and the assistance of some of his servants, whom he had secured by the promise of a rich reward, and without saying who it was he was going to deliver, he managed that old Lobenski and Irvana should be lodged in an outbuilding attached to his own residence. The place seemed so secured that the guards did not think it needful to watch the prisoners very closely. Young Lobenski gave them plenty to eat and drink, and by midnight they were all sound asleep or helplessly intoxicated. With those servants on whom he could rely, he then carried off his father and sister, giving them a signal to remain perfectly quiet. Without a word being uttered, they were conveyed some distance from the house, put into a carriage, such as the rich Russians use during winter, and the horses were instantly put to the top of their speed; and, before the guards were aroused, the party had traveled more than thirty miles. The soldiers, only missing from their company an old man and a young girl, and not thinking that they were at all connected with the sudden absence of the master of the house, with whom in fact they had nothing to do, gave up the pursuit, and went on their journey.

I shall not attempt to tell you the joy experienced by all the Lobenskis in once more meeting each other, when their first surprise was over, and all the circumstances were explained.

Young Lobenski immediately provided Russian dresses for his father and sister; and, as soon as possible, he sold his carriage, lest it should lead to his detection; and, by different modes of traveling, he reached the coast of the Black Sea, about a fortnight's journey, took shipping for one of the Ionian islands, and from thence came to England, where he found a safe home. And although the whole of the money that his kind relation had given him was expended, he and his beloved relatives thanked God that they had escaped from a tyranny much worse than poverty of any kind.

THE ANTS OF BRAZIL.

THE ants of the tropics do not resemble the timid insects of our cool climate, which avoid mankind, and contend themselves with making their nests in the trunk of a tree or under a stone, and at most cheating the domestic fowls of a few particles of grain. They are a hardy set, confident in their strength and intelligence, and make themselves inaccessible retreats. Before the arrival of the white man, the *formiga* was the true queen of the forest. The savage brings who then represented humanity in this region, had rather a vague instinct of congregation than the true spirit of association. The idea of labor and solidarity, for example, was entirely wanting with them. A prisoner was to them only a victim condemned to serve as a feast. The ant only learned to cultivate higher notions.

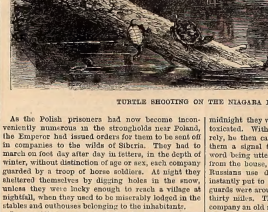
At the present day it remains in Brazil one of the most perfect illustrations of those strange laws which introduce into the world of nature, under the form of instinct, certain forces of the moral world. The habitation of the *formiga de Brazil* is a citadel closed in on every side, communicating with the outer world only by secret passages. If there are any wood-like in the vicinity, the *formiga* traverses them, takes them to the habitation, and thus forms itself a sort of farmyard. A regular distribution of fresh leaves suffices to render captivity supportable to the prisoners, and no attempt at escape is henceforth to be feared. Some species of ants, given to idleness, commit raids upon the more feeble races, and seize their eggs. The larvæ which are hatched from these become so many slaves. These slaves with mandibles accept their fate and perform service to the aristocratic race.

When the workers go to forage in the fields, and the task is hard or perilous, the colony is divided into two sections. The most active climb the trunk of the tree which is to be plundered, run out upon the branches to the bow of the leaves, and cut off the stems with their serrated teeth. In an hour the foliage has disappeared. The tree seems as if blasted by lightning. In the meantime, those that remained upon the ground seize the leaves as they fall and carry them away. If the burden is too heavy, this column separates into two groups, one of which separates the leaf into segments, while the other takes it away and stores it. Gardeners especially dread their ravages. If they neglect to surround their fields with a ditch filled with water, or if the latter dries up, goods-bye to flowers, fruits and vegetables—all disappear in a night. A well-filled ditch does not always suffice to keep such watchful and enterprising marauders at a distance. It is necessary to see that the current does not occasionally bring down a dead branch, which lodges and forms a communication between the two sides. A gardener told me that one morning he found one of his beds completely devastated by a nocturnal visit of ants, into which, while it was a very low-lying and deep one, was full of water. Curious to know how the enemy had gained access to a place he supposed so well protected, he set himself to watch the movements and observe the route they took on their return. The ants having attained their night's task, the column soon formed, and proceeded to a tree that stood on the edge of the ditch. Climbing the trunk of this, they advanced to the branches, on one morning he found one of his beds completely devastated by a nocturnal visit of ants, into which, while it was a very low-lying and deep one, was full of water. Curious to know how the enemy had gained access to a place he supposed so well protected, he set himself to watch the movements and observe the route they took on their return. The ants having attained their night's task, the column soon formed, and proceeded to a tree that stood on the edge of the ditch. Climbing the trunk of this, they advanced to the branches, on one of which was an orange-tree, that was situated on the other side of the ditch. The victimized gardener had not observed that their subterranean way had passed under the ditch and formed a bridge in mid-air. A few weeks before he had been obliged to redig his ditch to twice its former depth, in order to interrupt the subterranean galleries which his indefatigable enemies had tunneled under the water.

In the houses things are very different. Ordinarily no attention is paid to these inconvenient neighbors, which are thought to come, over the kitchen, down into the dishes. If too numerous a tribe happen to penetrate the wainscoting and get into a room, they are treated to a shower of boiling water. The wood thereupon make a rapid retreat, in order to hold a council of war, and consequently resort to appointed or skillful leaders, and select a less dangerous route; but the rain outdoors prevents the ants from getting out their earthen embankments, and, as soon as their constructions completely occupy the ground, they are obliged to escape through the holes and fissures of the walls, and so enter the habitations of the lower order. When these swarms repeatedly make their appearance, the owner is convinced that there is something more than a single family; in fact, that there is a long series of generations confined in too narrow limits, and trying to find out room. It is necessary, then, to have the grand remedy, and a messenger is sent for the *formigueiro*, or ant man.

The *formigueiro* is a man of great importance in a country where the ant has such destructive teeth, or rather mandibles. As the South American is not given to over-exertion, and, moreover, as a single ant or mite is too common an event to excite much attention, the ant is not disposed to believe in the use of a man who he is sent for. An enormous forge-bellows which he carries with him, constitutes his entire apparatus. After a most inspection of the ant's lodge, he stops up the openings leading under the house, except a central one, which he enlarges, in order to exterminate a furnace, and to station the pair of bellows. During this operation the negroes go into the neighboring forest to cut a certain species of wood, which he describes to them. The wood being cut, and the furnace prepared, a fire is lighted, and by the aid of his enormous bellows, he forces the smoke under-ground through the ant-hills. The smoke, after traversing these porous constructions, escapes everywhere from the fissures in the masonry and through the floor. Then leaving the cause of the fire and the bellows to the negroes, with express orders to keep up the action, he goes from house to house to stop with clay all the fissures which permit any escape.

Let us now descend underground, and see what is going on in the ants. At the unusual noise which followed the arrival of the masons, and with stopping up the openings, the industrious insects quickly retreat to their cells, protect their eggs and watch over their stores. Upon seeing the first suffocating puffs of smoke, they comprehend that they are threatened with an extreme danger, and that their only safety is in flight. At the same moment, upon a given signal, each seizes an egg, and takes refuge into the subterranean galleries that lead into the gardens or fields, leaving behind only those stores which an industrious insect can easily replace in a country that has no winter. But here a cruel reception awaits the poor ants; the blue smoke wreaths are before them, and there is no hope. Like a consummate tactician, the *formigueiro*, having closed all the fissures of the interior, goes round the house to watch any egress, and does not cease day nor night. But is there not a last chance to be attempted? What if the old, abandoned galleries were cleared, or new ones were made? Not a bit! Ants drop their burdens and set bravely to work. New outlets are made, and they again seize their eggs. Already they imagine themselves safe; but the smoke has again to be braved them, and at the moment when they are about to emerge, a stroke of the spade then they are pursued by a ruthless enemy. In the meantime, the negroes posted at the hollows constantly send fresh quantities of hot vapor, that scorch and carbonize the final bodies of these brave insects. At the same time the air becomes more and more rare, and their efforts relax. Soon, no further attempts are made to escape. The operation is drawing to a close. Their strength fails them in attempting the last outlet, and they sink exhausted. The next day, when everything is sufficiently cool, they are found in their galleries, lying side by side with their calcined



ESCAPE OF LOBENSKI AND HIS COMPANIONS.

eggs, but still recognizable. The earth taken from their nests, and their bodies, form one of the most powerful manures.

The flooding rains, which, for six months inundate the soil, fortunately place a limit to the prolific increase of these marauding insects. The *formiguiera* is likewise often needed in the fields, especially when the land is being cleared. In these cases the negroes blow into the smoke forcibly into the ground, while puffs of blue smoke, which sometimes rise at a distance of more than a hundred feet from the fire, sufficiently indicate the extent of the underground hazeda to be destroyed, and give an idea of the ravages that it (*sic*) has committed. In justice, however, we must add, that the ant is not without some utility. The large winged species serve as food for the blacks, especially those who feed a predilection for their African customs. It is especially in summer, in the anstery season, when the exhausted nmles sink by thousands on the arid soil, that these sable savages themselves at their ease. It is needless to say that they are not the only ones to hunt this rare game, and that the saucaree, or monkeys, keep up an active competition against them.

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2,000	" Guard Chains and Slides.....	18 to 50
1,000	Chatelain and Guard Chains.....	12 to 50
2,000	" Fancy & Revolving Pencils	15 to 50
2,000	" Brooches, Lava and Coral.....	8 to 15
1,000	" Ear-Rings, Lava and Coral	15 to 40
9,000	" Ear-Drops, Jet, Lava, Coral, Bronze, Pearl and Enamel Settings.....	8 to 40
5,000	" Cashmere Diamond Breastpins	8 to 25
3,000	" Sets Solitaire Buttons and Studs	12 to 25
2,000	" Bracelets, &c.....	8 to 25
10,000	" Lockets, Double Glasses.....	8 to 25
5,000	" for Miniatures.....	8 to 25
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No. 2923	drew	$100,000
No. 10224	"	50,000
No. 17577	"	20,000
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No. 5622	"	5,000
No. 8127	"	5,000

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150	" " with Bells and Cas-		
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500	Silver Teapots, and Coffee Urns...	20 to	50 "
500	" Tea Sets, 4 pieces.....	30 to	100 "
1000	" Ice Pitchers.....	20 to	50 "
1000	" Goblets and Tankards.....	10 to	20 "
5000	" Goblets and Drinking Cups	5 to	10 "
5000	" Castors.....	10 to	20 "
2000	" Fruit, Card and Cake		
	Baskets.....	10 to	50 "
5000	Dozen Silver Teaspoons.....	10 to	20 doz.
10000	" Tablespoons & Forks	20 to	40 "
200	Gents' Gold Hunting-case Watches	50 to	150 each
200	Ladies' do. Gold and Enameled Hunting-case Watches.....	35 to	70 "
500	" Hunting Cases Silver Watch's	20 to	40 "
500	" Diamond Rings.....	50 to	100 "
1000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains.....	4 to	10 "
3000	" Coral Band Bracelets.....	4 to	8 "
5000	Set and Gold Bracelets.....	4 to	10 "
2000	Chatelaine Chains and Guard		
	Chains.....	6 to	20 "
7000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches.....	4 to	10 "
1000	Gold Studs, Diamond Brooches	4 to	8 "
2000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Florentine		
	Brooches.....	4 to	8 "
7500	Coral, Opal & Emerald Ear Drops	4 to	8 "
1000	California Diamond Breastpins..	2.50 to	15 "
3000	Gold Lockets, Plain and Chased	4 to	8 "
5000	Fob and Vest Ribbon-slides.....	9 to	18 "
1000	Ladies' Gold Sleeve Buttons,		
	Studs, &c.....	3 to	6 "
3000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, &c.....	1 to	4 "
10000	Miniature Lockets.....	2.50 to	10 "
500	" Work Boxes, Maple Sirring..	3 to	10 "
3000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, &c.....	2 to	8 "
1000	Gold Guard Rings.....	4 to	11 "
5000	Chased "	4 to	11 "
10000	Plain and Signet Rings.....	2.50 to	10 "
10000	California Diamond Rings.....	2 to	15 "
1000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet & Gold	5 to	10 "
6000	" " Cameo,		
	Pearl, Opal and other Stones..	4 to	15 "
10000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension		
	Holders and Pencils.....	4 to	10 "
10000	Gold Pens and Gold Mounted		
	Pencils.....	6 to	10 "
2000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension		
	Holders.....	15 to	25 "
5000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles.....	5 to	15 "
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SEND 25 CENTS FOR CERTIFICATE.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate, paying postage and doing the business. 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is ordered. The Certificate will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

What the "Press" say of us.
The Lafayette (Ind.) *Daily Courier*, March 18, 1865, says: "A better opportunity to obtain a valuable assortment of jewelry cannot be found on the continent than is offered by the above new offering. Arrandale & Co. occupy a high position in commercial circles in this country, and their promises are sacredly kept. Their statements may be implicitly relied upon, both as to the character of their goods and the manner of dispos'l. Ladies especially, in all parts of the country, can purchase pretty articles, and if not in any of our fair readers desire to interest themselves in the enterprise, they can easily do so with perfect safety."

"GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining valuable and fashionable rings, silverware, &c., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 107 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, which they intend to sell at one dollar each, regardless of value. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certain one of the articles, inclose one dollar, and receive it by return mail. The transaction is a novel one, and has been generally known to us, and we believe them to be every way responsible and reliable."—*Boston Evening Transcript and New York Daily Times*, Sept. 6, 1864.

"We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of the confidence and recommend our friends to read their advertisement."—*New York Leader*, Sept. 6, 1864.

"EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and comfortable employment for ladies at home is the sale of certificates for the Great Gift Distribution of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own time profitably, but in supplying a few friends whom she sold the Certificates, as well he seen by our advertising columns, and which we can recommend as a reliable concern."—*New York Sunday Mercury*, Aug. 14, 1865.

The *British Whig* of Kingston, C. W., says, Nov. 26, 1864: "Our readers will remember the notice we made of the agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some 30 articles sent as a sample by that firm to the office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth double the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times."

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed 10 cents on every certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar, the other inducements which can be learned on application. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 18 cents to us either in cash or postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
107 Broadway, N. Y.

Clergymen, Teachers, The Press,

Unite in saying that the new juvenile magazine

Our Young Folks

Is the best magazine for the young ever published in America. It is filled with attractive illustrations, and its articles, in prose and poetry, are by the best writers for children in the country.

It is sold at the low price of $2 a year. Each number contains 64 pages, beautifully printed. A liberal discount to clubs. Send 30 cents for specimen copy and circular to the Publishers, TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Returned Soldiers, and everybody with a small capital, can make $20 per day selling our great, new, and wonderful extra large size, fine quality Stationery Package. Every dollar invested more than doubled. Splendid *Gifts and Silver Watches* presented *free* to all who act as our agents. *Smart Men* wanted in every village and *town to exhibit samples. County rights free*, sales immense, *demand* increasing, everybody buys them. Send for our new circulars, containing extra premium inducements, *free*.

M. D. GILBERT & CO., Stationers,
102 Nassau street, New York.

SMOLANDER'S
COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT OF
BUCKU,

Cures diseases of the STOMACH, and KIDNEYS, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, &c. PRICE ONE DOLLAR. Sold by D. BARNES & CO., and F. C. WELLS & CO., New York. DEBLEBON & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., General Agents. 529-33o

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 times, mailed to any address for 60 cts Three of different powers for $1. Address
F. B. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

Jewelry Distribution.
Important Announcement.

See advertisement of CALKINS & CO., 860 Broadway, on page 174.

For Great Sale of
FRENCH JEWELRY,

(Pure Gold), see advertisement of

Bosanquet, Giraud & Co.,

on inside page.

CHICKERING & SONS
Grand, Square and Upright Pianos.
ESTABLISHED IN 1823.

Fifty-five Medals, in Gold, Silver and Bronze, have been awarded the Firms *Pianos to First Premiums* over all competitors.
WAREROOMS, 652 BROADWAY, N. Y.
Every Piano fully warranted. 521-4o

For a Fortune
Address HARRIS & CO., Boston, Mass. 521-63o

FIRST PREMIUM.
IMPROVED
$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5
THE EMBODIMENT OF
PRACTICAL UTILITY AND
EXTREME SIMPLICITY.

Originally Patented May 13, 1863; *improvement patented June* 9, 1865. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most Wonderful and Elegant Combination. Novelty in motion in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD. Makes the Running Stitch more *perfect and regular* than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making 16 stitches to each revolution of the wheel. Will *Hem, Ruffle, Shirr, Tuck, Run up Breadths*, &c., &c.; requires *no Change of Stitches* for any kind of work, or over or under, and will last a LIFETIME; being *original* it is no infringement on any other Machine. To any one a *small Pocket Machine* pushed by hand over the work like others advertised, but works on a *Table*, and the work must *pass through* it like all *Regular* Machines.

"This beautiful Machine makes the Running Stitch at the rate of several yards per minute."—*Frank Leslie's.*

"It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—*N. Y. Independent.*

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

All persons who buy or offer for sale imitations of this premium Machine, will be prosecuted for infringement on the patents.

Single Machines sent to any part of the country per Express, packed in box with printed instructions on receipt of price, $5. Sole delivery guaranteed. Agents wanted everywhere. Circular containing Liberal Inducements sent free.
Address all orders to
FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,
Office, 103 Nassau Street, N. Y.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
625 Broadway, New York.

Do you want Luxuriant Whiskers or MOUSTACHES? Our Grecian Compound will force them to grow on the smoothest face or chin in six weeks, or hair on bald heads. Price $1, or three packages for $2. Sent by mail anywhere. Address WARNER & CO., Box 138, Brooklyn, N. Y. 531-4o

50 Cent Sample, Free. Also Agents terms. They make 500 per cent. profit, and clear $25 in 3 hours. Address STEPHENS & CO., 59 Broadway, N. Y.



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The Dyspeptic.—The trial and sufferings of the dyspeptic can only be realized by those so unfortunate as to be afflicted with this disease, and yet how many of them suffer and continue to suffer. Why they do this so patiently it is impossible to tell. It may be from ignorance of any certain remedy, or it may be from prejudice against the use of patent medicine. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS has cured thousands of the worst cases of dyspepsia, and each day adds new names to the records of its usefulness. Give the Bitters a trial. For sale by all druggists. They are not a whisky drink.—*Independent.*
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and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets or heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail sealed and postpaid, $1. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address
BARRY, SHULTZ & CO., Chemists,
No. 1 Astor House, Broadway, New York, N. Y.
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Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

The National Park Bank
of New York.
Capital,...$3,000,000 | Surplus,...$1,200,000

This Bank will issue Certificates of Deposit, bearing interest, on the above terms.
J. L. WORTH, Cashier.
New York, August 21, 1865. 519-31o

ITCH! SALT
ITCH! RHEUM!
Cured by Helmbold's Crimean Ointment. Price, 25 cents. BURLEIGH & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., Sole Agents. 526-33o

CALENBERG & VAUPEL'S
AGRAFFE PIANOS.
101 Bleecker Street, Second Block West of Broadway. Warranted for Six Years. 4to

GOLD PENS.—The best Pen for the leastmoney is the JOHNSON PEN, warranted for one year, 14 carats fine; also every variety of Gold Pens and Pencils. Pens Repointed on receipt of 50 cents. Pens sent by mail. Send for circular. E. S. JOHNSON, Manufacturer and Office, No. 25 Maiden lane. 519-31o

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Large and thriving settlements, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Ten, twenty and fifty acre tracts or from $10 to $30 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the plan is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Landis Township, New Jersey.
From Report of SOLON ROBINSON, Agricultural Editor of the *Tribune*:
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$1,000,000 Worth
OF
Watches, Jewelry, and Silver-ware,
To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR each without regard to value, not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive:
100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches.....each $125
500 Silver Watches.....each $30 to 35
10,000 Gold Pens and Silver Cases.....each $5 to 8
And a large assortment of Jewelry and Silver-ware. The method of disposing of these goods at ONE DOLLAR each is as follows:
Certificates naming each article and its value are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents—5 for $1; 11 for $2; 30 for $5.
Agents wanted to whom we offer special terms and premiums. Address
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531-4o SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 175.

"*A Scientific Wonder.*"

EUROPEAN POCKET
TIME-KEEPER.
One Dollar Each.
(Patents applied for June 20th 1865.)

An EXACT and RELIABLE POCKET TIME-KEEPER for the poor man. A decidedly unique and *wonderful* novelty, correctly constructed on the most approved SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and WARRANTED TO DENOTE SOLAR TIME, with absolute certainty and the utmost precision. More truthful than the most costly and elaborate Time-keeper of modern manufacture. It never can be wrong. "*It requires no key,*" or winding up. Never runs down; and can never be *too first or too slow.* Correct in all climates. It is a most remarkable article. Introduced into this country from Europe, where it is also legally protected by "*Royal Letters Patent.*" All attempts to imitate are an imposition. Price for a single one, with plain or fancy White Dials, in Gold or Silver-tilt case, only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Sale daily guaranteed. All orders must be addressed to
J. W. DELAMERE & CO., Sole Proprietors,
o 204 and 206 Broadway, N. Y.

STEINWAY & SONS,
Manufacturers of
Grand, Square and Upright Pianos,
Warerooms, No. 71 & 73 East 14th St.,
Between Union Square and Irving Place,
NEW YORK. 4to

Away with Spectacles. Old Eyes Made New, without Spectacles. Doctor or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed free on receipt of one red postage stamp. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. cowo

Away with Uncomfortable Trusses. Comfort and Cure for the Ruptured. Sent free on receipt of one red postage stamp. Address L. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. cowo

Husbands take care of your Wives. Confidential Pamphlet for Married. Sent free on receipt of one red postage stamp. Address: L. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, N. Y. cowo

Parents take Care of your Children. Croup—its Cause, Cure, and how it may be prevented. Sent free on receipt of one red postage stamp. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, N. Y. cowo

Catalogue of Langenheim's
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To all wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlements, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Ten, twenty and fifty acre tracts or from $10 to $30 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the plan is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Landis Township, New Jersey.
From Report of SOLON ROBINSON, Agricultural Editor of the *Tribune*:
"*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies.*"

$7 ARMY WATCH. $10

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD-PLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Enamelled Dial, Cut Hands, "*English Movements*," and Correct Timekeeper, with an accurate "*Miniature Calendar*," indicating the *Day of the Week, Month, &c.*, in back case. A single one sent by mail, to any part of the country, in neat case on receipt of $7. A BEAUTIFUL VERY CHEAP, for only $10.
A Real SILVER WATCH, same as above, with the Mini ature Calendar, &c., specially adapted to the Army. Sent free by mail, to any part of the country, for only $7.
English and American LEVERS from $25 up. Good Watches of all descriptions.
Address CHAS. F. NORTON & CO., Sole Importers,
33 and 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

Make Your Own Soap!

With B. T. BABBIT'S Pure Concentrated Potash, or Ready Soap Maker, warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap. No time is required in preparing, and find this the cheapest in the market. B. T. BABBIT, 64, 66, 68, 67, 68, 70, 72, and 74 Washington street, N. Y. 528-46o

To Consumptives.

THE ADVERTISER, having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable; and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.
Parties wishing the prescription will please address
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburg, Kings County, N. Y.
529-33o

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EDITOR OF FRANK LESLIE'S: DEAR SIR—With your permission, I wish to say to the readers of your paper, that I will send, by return mail, to all who wish it (free), a recipe, with full directions, for making and using a simple VEGETABLE BALM, that will effectually remove, in ten days, Pimples, Blotches, Coarse Skin, and all Impurities of the Skin, leaving the same soft, clear, pure and youthful.
I will also mail free to those having Bald Heads or Bare Faces, a simple Preparation and instruction that will enable them to start a full growth of luxuriant Hair, Whiskers or a Moustache, in less than 30 days.
All applications answered by return mail, without charge. Respectfully yours,
CHAS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist,
482-62o No. 881 Broadway, N. Y.

There is no time for Delay.—When the latest symptoms of the first stage of Pulmonary Consumption is a dry hacking cough, sometimes attended with pains in the chest, and difficulty of breathing. One dollar is sufficient to use in ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM. It checks the disease in a short time.
For sale by *Dealers in Family Medicine generally.*

$20 G. & S. Crystal D. P. $20
$1,000 a year can be realized gilding and plating up the Crystal Dice Plate. Agents wanted. Stock, Tools and Instructions, only $20. L. L. TODD & CO., 39 Nassau street, New York.
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
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Army Corps Badge Pins and Rings, of 16 carat gold, richly enamelled. BRYANT & BENTLEY, Manufacturing Jewelers, 12 Maiden Lane, N. Y. o

Whiskers and Moustaches



Forced to grow upon the smoothest face in from three to five weeks by using DR. SEELYE'S RESTAURATEUR. It is not a wonderful discovery in medicine, nature, acting upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous

manner. It has been used by the *élite* of Paris and London the most fashionable resorts.
The names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and postpaid, $1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address
DEBOIS, SHULTZ & CO., Chemists,
P. O. Drawer 21, Troy, N. Y.,
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Shults' Curlique, for curling the Hair. Price by mail, 50 cents. Wholesale and Retail.
o C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

LADIES
PAPER COLLARS
& CUFFS
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
WARD, 387 B'WAY, N.Y.

One Lady's Collar sent free to the *Trade*, with list of prices and drawings of all the styles. o

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.
POLLACK & SON,
Meerschaum Manufactures, No. 622 Broadway, near 4th st. Pipes cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Pipes $6 to $100.
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IVORY AND PEARL.
Sleeve Buttons, $1, $2 and $3. Ivory and Pearl Jewelry, $3, $4, $5 and $6 per set each. Ivory and Pearl Side Combs, $1 50 to $6 each. Wholesale and retail. WILLIAM M. WELLS, Importer and Manufacturer, 971 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hotel. 4to

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1865, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 532 VOL. XXI.] NEW YORK, DECEMBER 9, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

The Modern Huitzilpochtli.

In the mythology of ancient Mexico there existed a divinity or demon corresponding with the Hindoo Siva, or the Destroyer. He bore the name of Huitzilpochtli, and his statue still exists in the Museum of Mexico, covered all over with the hideous emblems of his attributes. The symbols of destruction are most prominent. He is entwined with serpents, a tiger crouches at his feet, a girdle of dissevered human heads depends from his waist, and a necklace of skulls hangs around his neck. Every combination of the ghastly, the horrible and the loathsome is invoked to portray the bloody and relentless character which was ascribed to him by the dark imagination of the Indian. On the festivals of this dread divinity the temples of Mexico literally flowed with human blood.

It was reserved for European civilization to give to Mexico a realization of the black conception to which the Indians paid the worship of fear. European policy has vitalized the repulsive statue of the Destroyer in the Aztec pantheon. It has placed or sought to place, through force and fraud, an adventurer of one of the most detested of the ruling houses of Christendom, on the throne of Mexico, who has just signalized his career of usurpation by decrees more barbarous than ever brought the flush of mingled shame and anger to the brow of mankind, since the days of Tamerlane and Ghengis Khan!

On the 3d of October the so-called Mexican Emperor issued an order, that all persons taken in arms against his pretended authority should be summarily shot within twenty-four hours, and that all persons discovered harboring, aiding or abetting those contesting his rule, should be severely punished. Such an order would be regarded as bloody and barbarous, even if it were issued against persons in armed insurrection against legitimate and well-established authority. But what are we to think of it, and how are we to characterize it, when coming from a foreign adventurer seeking to overthrow the legitimate Government and the chosen Constitution of the the people of an independent State? Have the centuries rolled back, and is Tartar barbarism once more to resume its sway over mankind? Where, out of Africa, in this the last half of our boasted 19th century, can we find a parallel for atrocities such as this Austrian usurper is daily committing in Mexico, under the pretext "of restoring order," and "spreading civilization?" The King of Dahomey, more merciful than Maximilian, does not slaughter *all* his prisoners of war. Some of them he mercifully spares to be his slaves!

The last mail from Mexico brings us the news that Gen. Artiaga, and eighteen of his officers, recently captured by a body of Maximilian's mercenaries, were summarily shot, in pursuance of the infamous order to which we have adverted, and that many others, officers and men, who have fallen into the Imperialists hands have shared the same fate! At the mere statement of this fact, all men are astonished and appalled. Few can comprehend the possibility of such deeds in this age, and are disposed to regard their statement as made to excite sympathy and rouse resentment. But, unfortunately, it is a fact that Mexicans of the highest eminence, struggling to maintain the independence of their country, and in support of a Government chosen by the people, and which is still recognized by every American State except Brazil, are taken and shot summarily, without mercy. The sanctity that belongs to a prisoner of war, which is implied in according quarter, and which is regarded by all except the lowest savages, is constantly violated by the mongrel horde of Maximilian's mercenaries, in observance of his direct command!

In the case of Gen. Artiaga, there appears to have been something of personal apprehension and animosity. It was well understood that he was the choice of the Mexican people as the successor of Juarez, and there seems to have been a special anxiety and effort to disperse his forces and secure his person. Under the circumstances any rival chieftain, even the basest of filibusters, would have felt called on to treat him with special respect, even while depriving him of liberty. But no such magnanimity is to be found in the satrap and tool of Napoleon! No such generosity finds place in the cold and cruel heart of a Hapsburg! These are not the sentiments that consecrate the movement for the "regeneration of Mexico," which the perjurer of Decem-



NEW YORK CITY ENORMITIES—THE BROKEN LEG ON BROADWAY.

ber tells us is to be the crowning glory of his reign! The inauguration of that grand movement was in fraud and treachery, its progress has been through usurpation, and as if to make all its bad conditions complete, it adds to its repulsive features the crimes of assassination and murder. It was reserved for Maximilian to break and contemn the most sacred law which civilization has instituted to prevent war from becoming wholesale and indiscriminate massacre. It was reserved for him to throw down the barrier which humanity has built up to restrain the excited and cruel passions of men, and save the lives of the vanquished. On him will rest the infamy of raising on land the black flag, the skull and cross-bones of that piracy which has been hunted from the seas. He has repudiated all the ameliorations which the nobler aspirations of man, and his religious and moral instincts, had succeeded in introducing in the bloody code of war. For this, to say nothing now of the guilt of attempting to re-impose a rejected and hated system on a free people, he deserves and will receive the execrations of mankind. His figure will stand in history as hideous as that which, in his intellectual gloom and moral night-mare, the savage Aztec conjured up as an embodiment of the evil and destructive forces of nature, and which now repels the gaze of the curious and shuddering visitor in the Museum of Mexico.

It is this monster we are called on to tolerate as a neighbor, to recognize as an apostle of civilization, and accept as the regenerator of Mexico!

Not until the injunction of the Decalogue, "Thou shalt not kill," shall be rejected, the behests of Christ on the Mount forgotten, and the statue of the horrible Huitzlipochtli supersede the cross on our altars, will the American people accept, recognize or tolerate in any capacity, on any part of this continent, a man who has made Assassination a measure of his policy, and openly sanctioned Murder!

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 9, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl street, New York.

Notice—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To secure the return of contributions that may not be accepted for publication, stamps sufficient to pay the return postage must be enclosed.

All manuscripts should bear the author's name and address in full.

Manuscripts should be written on one side of the lea only.

It is best for writers to preserve copies of their articles, especially when short, and thereby spare trouble and expense.

Contributions for the return of which stamps are not enclosed, will be destroyed if not accepted.

The "Shenandoah" at Home.

Something over a year ago the "Sea King," a steamship, afterwards called the "Shenandoah," sailed out of the port of Liverpool. On the 5th of November, she returned to the same port—"went home," in fact. In the interval, from her departure to her return, she destroyed upwards of forty unarmed American merchant vessels, the greater part of them after the defeat and surrender of Lee, and the break down of the so-called Southern Confederacy.

The Shenandoah was a British ship, built and manned in Liverpool, and armed with British guns. There was no American on board of her, besides the captain, except, perhaps, one or two officers. She never entered a Southern port, and was probably never within sight of the States to which she pretended to belong.

It was right and proper, therefore, that she should go back to the spot she came from. It was natural enough that she should there put herself under the protection of a British vessel of war, and it is not unnatural that her commander should open correspondence with Earl Russell. As was to be expected, notwithstanding for eight months this vessel has been a simple pirate, with no shadow of a government to throw over its proceedings a pretext of legitimacy, her officers and crew were permitted to land, undisturbed, on British soil, and to dispose as they pleased of their ill-gotten gains. The buccaneers, in the days of their glory, never paraded the streets of Kingston with a more brazen front, than do these outlaws of the Shenandoah the avenues of Liverpool. They are the envy of their sympathizing countrymen, who regard their infamous deeds as glorious, chiefly because they were perpetrated to the injury of Americans!

It is true the British Government, anxious to get rid of a disagreeable issue of its own raising, handed over the Shenandoah to the American consul, who was stupid enough—we beg our readers' pardon—to accept her, the theory being that the United States is residuary legatee of Jeff Davis's Confederacy. By this acceptance we admit that the Shenandoah was really a rebel craft, when the fact is she was simply an English pirate. Caught on the high seas, we should have treated her and her crew as pirates. If any of her men are ever found in this country, they will undoubtedly be arrested and tried as pirates, and if convicted of piracy they will be hung. England has thrown her protection over them, but she should be called on to surrender them for trial, or arraign them before her own tribunals. Their trial by an English court would probably be a farce, as were the trials of the pirates of the Chesapeake in New Brunswick, and the raiders of St. Albans in Canada. But there would be in the pretence of an attempt to do justice some concession to the outraged sentiment of Christendom. As it is, the unqualified release of the pirates is equally an injury and an insult. Whatever claim of legitimacy may have been set up for the operations of the Anglo-rebel vessels during the war, every aggressive act of theirs after the war was over is sheer piracy. We know the Shenandoah did prosecute her career of arson and destruction on the high seas, not only after the war was over, but after her captain *knew* it was over. The British Government well understood that such was the fact, and knew, also, full well, its duty in the premises. Failing to do that duty, it added one more injury to the long list already registered against her, and for which reparation will sooner or later be exacted.

We hope the President will reverse the hasty acceptance of the Shenandoah by our Consul, and turn her back on the hands of those who built, equipped and manned her.

Archbishop Cullen, who is, we believe, the leading Catholic prelate of Ireland, has issued an address on "Fenianism," from which we infer he regards all persons bearing the name of Fenians to be sons of Belial and Voltaire. "They have proposed," says the Archbishop, "nothing less than to destroy the faith of the people by circulating books like those of the impious Voltaire." While in Canada the faction of Irishmen, called "Orangemen," are denouncing the Fenians in all sorts of opprobrious terms, in Ireland itself the Archbishop is trying to make Fenianism odious by representing it as the offspring and ally of Orangeism. "Orangeism," says the trenchant Archbishop, "is, logically, the parent of Ribandism and Fenianism." The Archbishop also runs a tilt against "Freemasonry," which, to his excited imagination, has something to do with the "Head Centres," and "Top Centres," "Bottom Centres," and "Middle Centres,"—we should not be surprised if there was a "Centre Centre" of Fenianism. The Catholic clergy of Ireland are, no doubt, openly hostile to the Fenian movement—if there really be one. For what reason is not clear. If, however, this opposition should tend to weaken their hitherto almost absolute power over the souls and bodies of their followers, it may prove a thing not to be regretted. No people in the world stand more in need of mental and moral emancipation. As regards any hope the Fenians in Ireland may have of assistance from the United States, the Archbishop speaks with sarcastic contempt. "Unless," he says, "the Fenians in the Great Republic armed themselves with swords as long as those of the Great Fenian giant of olden times, and struck their enemies across the vast ocean, I do not see what service they could render." When a high Roman Catholic dignitary condescends to satire, there is a strong presumption that the object of his ridicule is essentially absurd.

Lord Palmerston was buried where he, probably, would have wished to lie—in the great depository of departed greatness, Westminster Abbey. The ground around him, says a London newspaper, "is thickly sown with illustrious seed. On his left, are Lord Chatham, and the two great rivals—Pitt and Fox; at his feet, Canning, the leader by whom he abided so faithfully, and his son, the Viceroy of India, whom he supported, through good and evil report, with zeal, firmness, and loyalty. Nearer the door lies Grattan, and again, on the other side, Wilberforce, and a name as detested as his own by the enemies of England—Castlereagh. Over his head, towers the monument of Lord Chatham, where, as Lord Macaulay says, 'With eagle eye and outstretched arm, the great Commoner seems to bid England be of good cheer, and hurl defiance at her foes;' and on the other side, the statue of Canning seems almost to turn toward the newcomer, as if to bid him welcome. Nearer still, is the monument of Lord Mansfield, the great Judge, but, equally great as the 'silver-tongued' orator of the House of Commons; and, hard by, though his ashes do not rest here, the statue of Sir Robert Peel commemorates a career not so lengthened, but hardly less successful, or less distinguished by public services. Lord Palmerston's grave lies immediately at the foot of the ambitious trophy, which has been raised to three of Lord Rodney's naval officers, and, in opening it, it is said that the workmen struck on the virgin earth, and brought up a light sand, which must have formed the original soil on which the Abbey is built."

The great German philologist, Grimm, said of the English language—"It possesses a veritable power of expression such as, perhaps, never stood at the command of any other language of man."

The eulogies on the late Lord Palmerston, whether in the press or from the pulpit, are either fantastic or profane. The editor of the London *Times*, who was frequently the guest of the deceased Lord, considers that his greatness and power lay chiefly in his convivial habits, and it compares him to One who is said to have come eating and drinking! Dr. Stanley, dean of Westminster, tells us, that "of all political chiefs, he accomplished the greatest results by the lowest and most ordinary means,"—meaning good dinners, good sherry, etc. Dr. Cumming thinks his Lordship was a good judge of a sermon, as he praised one of his, and assures us that he lived and died a good Christian, while the Pall Mall *Gazette*, seeing that the late Premier was a gay man of the world, who made Bishops, but never pretended to any piety, wishes to know if all the good people can be sincere in speaking of him as if he had died in the odor of sanctity, to which Earl Shaftesbury testifies, and of which there can be no longer any doubt—an example, as one of the papers has it, of "jolly life, ending with eternal glory."

False literary reclamation is a crime in no way differing in principle, and hardly in degree, from forgery. An amusing *exposé* of an instance of this kind was made by Oliver Wendall Holmes, in his recent lecture, in this city, on "The Poetry of the War. It will be remembered that in the height of the late contest, there appeared a poem, entitled "Canaan," which attracted some attention, and to which there soon appeared several claimants, as authors. One of the claimants was a Southerner, and two were ladies,—one of them residing in Ohio, and the other in some Eastern State. Dr. Holmes felt complimented by these pretensions, but a reasonable regard for truth compelled him to state that, for bad or for worse, he was himself the author. We do not envy what Sir Chawles Yellowplush would call "the feelinks" of the Southerner, and the ladies ambitious of distinction.

The London *Saturday Review*, reviewing a recent work on the early Quakers of England, says:

> "It contains a poem, by the 'American poet, Whittier,' called 'Barclay of Ury," which, if it is not to be found elsewhere, would alone make the 'Fells of Swarthmoor' a book worth having. Notwithstanding one or two eccentricities arising from a peculiar metre, we cannot help setting it down as one of the noblest ballads in the English language."

A Boston correspondent of a morning contemporary describes the bronze statue of Franklin, by Greenough, as "a smirking, little, pot-bellied fop, and not Franklin at all." It seems the thing tumbled over lately, in consequence of "the protruding paunch, which had long defied the laws of gravity."

Gen. Lee, in answer to the inquiry, whether he thought any change had come over the minds of his soldiers since the close of the war, is reported to have said:

> "I cannot answer for my soldiers; I can answer for myself only. I have not changed my opinions. I thought that I was right; I think so still."

Beverly Tucker and George N. Sanders have ceased to be of the slightest importance to anybody since the reward for their arrest has been withdrawn by the Government. We expect next to hear of them in Washington, claiming "pardon," on the ground of having been original Union men. Perhaps, on that occasion, Tucker will make good his Liverpool Consulate defalcation, and Sanders his little deficiency in the naval agency accounts.

There has been a local outbreak in the island of Jamaica, arising out of certain land-laws, which the organs of the defunct rebellion have sought to represent as "a negro insurrection," with the evident purpose of intimating that our own country may expect similar afflictions. The outbreak was put down with merciless severity, through the summary action of courts-martial. At latest dates, upwards of fifteen hundred of the participants in the affair, male and female, had been hung, and among them a considerable number of white men, and men of means. The affair had no political significance. Originating as a riot, it might, nevertheless, have grown to formidable dimensions, had it not been promptly suppressed.

The following official figures are from the Department of Agriculture:

	1865.	1864.	1863.
Wheat, bush.....	148,552,829	160,695,823	179,404,036
Rye, bush........	19,543,905	19,872,975	20,782,782
Barley, bush.....	11,391,286	10,632,178	11,368,155
Oats, bush.......	225,252,295	176,690,064	173,800,575
Corn, bush......	704,427,853	530,581,403	451,967,959
Buckwheat, bush.	18,331,019	18,700,540	15,806,455
Potatoes, bush...	101,032,095	96,256,888	100,158,670
Total bushels..	1,228,501,282	1,013,429,871	953,288,632
Hay, tons.......	23,538,740	18,116,751	19,736,847
Tobacco, lbs....	189,316,953	197,468,229	267,267,920

The wheat crop is very deficient in quality. The August report estimated the deficiency in quality and quantity at 26,241,698 bushels. The above table places the decrease in quantity alone at 12,172,944 bushels. The quality of the corn crop never was surpassed. That of the other crops is believed to be an average. The number of bushels in 1865 exceeds those of 1864 by 215,071,411.

The number of merchantmen captured, destroyed or bonded, by rebel and Anglo-rebel cruisers during the war, was 275, as follows: 4 steamers, 78 ships, 43 brigs, 82 barks and 68 schooners. Their aggregate tonnage was a little less than 1,000,000, or about one-fifth of the total tonnage of the United States on the ocean. The Alabama, Shenandoah and Florida, which committed most damage, were English built, English armed, and manned by Englishmen.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Two things have agitated New York sensibly within the last week. Firstly, a great storm and flood, and secondly, Gen. Grant.

In the first case the waters came down, and those unfortunates living or doing business below the street, in certain localities, had sudden notice to quit. There was "water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink," for after water has swashed and washed New York streets it is hardly eligible for such a purpose. Four days continued rain did not improve matters, and when at last the sun did shine, it had plenty of work to do in drying up.

In the midst of all this comes Gen. Grant, and in rain, rain, rain perpetually, the solid men of New York got up a reception and dinner for him, and in the midst of rain the Seventh regiment would have escorted him down Broadway to the Jersey ferry, in an open carriage for the delectation of the populace, who were of the great uninvited mass, but that the General was considerate not only to the democracy who would have stood in the rain, and the Seventh regiment that would have marched in the rain, but to himself that would have rode in the rain, and went off quietly.

Next to these excitements comes the semi-annual one of the elections. There is to be the usual scrabble for the local spoils. We are to have a new Mayor, or re-elect the old one, and new city officers, or do the same with the old ones. There is only one word of advice we have to give voters, and we trust it will not be construed into political advice, and that is for them to vote for honest men for school officers. Let them see that this is a matter of vital importance coming home to us in our homes, and touching us with our children. For the past few years the management of our public schools has been merely a political job, and as such has been a disgrace to our city. We hope the time is coming when the Augean stable is to be cleansed, and it behooves the press to act as Hercules on the occasion.

It gratifies us to inform the public, especially that portion of it that expects to keep warm this winter, that coal has fallen, that is by wholesale, $1 50 per ton. In other words, that in the great monthly sale of the article it did not fetch as much by that sum, as in the previous month's sale. How will this affect the coal yards, and the Teutonic venders who sell to our shivering population by the pail at about 200 per cent. profit?

As suggested by this, the hotel keepers are just now agitating a strike. They want to increase the price of board from $4 to $6 per day, and it may very safely be affirmed that if they want to do it they will. We cannot exactly see what the boarders are going to do to enable them to eat the the other $2 worth per diem, for taking ocular proof of it, we think that a large majority of them strain very hard now to get the worth of their money.

Last week we had something to say about bogus intelligence offices, in which the poor stranger, seeking employment, was swindled of a dollar or two, perhaps his very last, under the pretence of getting him employment. Since this the police have taken hold of one of these rascals, called Charles Gordon, *alias* Garton, who advertised for men to go to South Carolina, free passage, and $2 50 per day. This advertisement brought a couple of hundred men, from each of whom he got $1 50, and then attempted to get away. He was arrested, and confronted with his crowd of accusers, and is now awaiting justice in the Tombs. We think he will get it—unless he has plenty of money

The press is making continual outcry about the ferries, and our theory—and though an old one, we think it good—is, that wherever there is much smoke there must be some fire. New York city has twenty-three lines of steam ferries, and, almost without exception, they are wretchedly managed, and simply looked on, by those who have charge of them, as means of making money. They are all on leases from the city, and we hardly believe that any sane person will believe anything else than that some way these leases are nothing else but gigantic jobs to line the pockets of somebody in office. Five of these ferries, Hamilton, South, Fulton, Wall, and Catherine, are in the hands of one company, called the Union Ferry Company, and pay for the privilege of taking the public pennies, $103,000 per annum. During the past year this company is counted to have ferried over forty millions of people. There is no denying that this ferry, as well as that plying to Jersey City, use splendid boats, and are constantly adding new ones, but still the recklessness and disrespect for safety and comfort, more than overbalance these advantages. The boats are large, larger than, according to the opinion of experienced pilots, can be navigated on our crowded rivers with safety, and yet they declare that smaller ones cannot be used and accommodate the travel.

The Jersey City Ferry endeavors to run its boats on time, and has undoubted fine boats to run, but the rush and crush at their New York landing, makes a passage as perilous as crossing Broadway, and we do not know that there is any greater risk for human life than this. Some of these boats have cost each $100,000, and are as gorgeous as they can be made for such travel.

Besides these the small outside lines are worthy attention. In some of them we wonder where they have obtained the antediluvian boats that crawl their way over the various waters. We have a theory that some of them are the originals of steam navigation, and that they are intended to last for ever, and will. On the Hurlgate Ferry, for instance, they have a wreck regularly about once a week, and yet the noble craft, which certainly cannot be over a 100 years old, turns up again, safe and sound, and is good for one more turn. In fact our ferries are real institutions, and without them we do not know what we would do, or what the coroners would do.

Our dissertation, a week or two ago, on Fifth Avenue has brought forth several letters, some upon one side of the question and some upon another. We are neutral, and only offer this opinion; that New York has reached a point in extravagance and luxuriance that cannot be equaled by any city on the face of the earth.

One illustration is in the interior of our houses. Some ill-natured persons pretend to say that we starve ourselves to furnish our backs and our houses, but, we believe this only to be the case in the *demi-monde*, or that class who are anxious to make a show upon *no* income.

Among our monied class the case is only so far different as this. Each pulls against the other to outshine. The millionaire runs up a gorgeous palace and fills it with gorgeous furniture. The merchant or man in middle life, sees and admires, and feels that he ought to have the same, and the same he will have, though he ruin himself in getting it. The result of this emulation courses through every phase of society, and results in dissipation and fast living. A young man cannot marry because he feels that he cannot take a wife out of his sphere, and he cannot afford to take one in it, and the result is celibacy and old maids. Of course where wealth is really brought to bear, every imaginable comfort and luxury is combined in living, but much more is turned to display. Of course this goes largely into the pockets of the working class, but it must be considered that they are not increased in *their* prosperity in proportion to the increase in luxury and extravagance. In truth, just now, the working classes were never worse off. The example they have before their eyes is bad, and is calculated to lead to discontent, idleness and crime.

"Luxury begets dissipation, and vice, and misery; and the exhibition of profuse wealth and unnecessary magnificence, in a country like ours, engenders public corruption and private covetousness.

"When emulation in display exists in different classes of society, it is to be feared that the end will come only by general bankruptcy and ruin. Where money is re-

garded and sought only for the gratification of extravagant tastes, and used to excite rivalry in display, the result must be disastrous; and when people are estimated merely according to their exhibition of wealth, and not for personal excellence or intelligence, the tone of social life must rapidly deteriorate."

So says a known writer, and we fear he is right.

This week we have little to chronicle among the theatres. Wallacks has produced a new play entitled, "Lost in London," with Mr. J. W. Wallack to do the principal character. It has been a success, and next week we shall give a summary of that success.

Barnum has done the circus business with a full rush and a perfect satisfaction.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A correspondent of the Prairie *Farmer* supplies the following: "I have a brownish-white hen, with the feathers about the neck slightly pencilled in gold color, and her head decorated with a small crest. A month or so since, she desired to set; I tried for a week or so to break her off the notion, having no eggs I cared about putting under her; but she seemed so determined that I obtained 11 eggs of the Poland variety, and gave them to her. When she came off to feed next day, I discovered a large buff egg in her nest; I then marked the Poland eggs and shut the other fowls out, suspecting them of intrusion. Next day I found another egg, and so on for 15 days, Miss Biddie continuing to furnish her one egg daily. At the proper time she came off with 11 chickens. They are now nearly a week old, and lively as crickets. If Mr. Bement, or any other man, who is a fancier of fancy poultry, can produce anything to beat this uncommon barn-yard fowl, I should like to know it."

The Adrian, Mich., *Expositor* relates the following incident: "A little girl about two years old, and a diminutive little thing at that, while playing with her brother, by some unaccountable accident fell into a well, about 30 feet to the water. The boy gave the alarm, and the mother running out, discovered her little darling floating on the water. The bucket was down (it probably went with the child), and the mother, instead of wasting her energies in fruitless screams, caught the rope and swung back the bucket partially under the child. The little hands grasped the pail, and it was drawn to the top and rescued by the terrified but courageous parent. During its perilous journey out, it looked up, and several times called out, 'Mamma, mamma.' A more thrilling peril and rescue seldom occurs, and, indeed, the whole thing is next to miraculous, but the facts are beyond cavil."

—— John Van Buren paid a great compliment to the "unwashed democracy," the other day, in a speech in New York, by saying that he had occasion, recently, to subpœna 40 persons, 30 of whom were compelled to make their mark because they could not write their names; and he triumphantly ejaculated, "Knox has always been a good Democratic county." Most of his audience, inhabitants of the Five Points, applauded this statement of the waggish "Prince."

—— Just before Wirz was led out to die, one of the clerks presented him with an autograph book, and asked him to give his name. He did so, and wrote in a clear, plain hand, the following: "Old Capitol Prison, Nov. 10, 1865. Henry Wirz, Captain and A. A. G., C. S. A.," and remarked, "There, that is the last signature I shall ever make." He made all the punctuation marks with as much care as though it was to stand for all time, something to be proud of.

—— The Richmond *Republic* says: "Slavery is dead —hostility to the Union is dead—and the principal leaders of the secession movement are exceedingly dead; and the people of the South want only real peace and the protection of civil government." This is the best thing from that source since the suppression.

—— The Salt Lake *Vedette* says: "The old boy boiled over, on Sunday, in the Bowery. He damned and defied the soldiers and the Government, and the Gentiles too, till the whole audience got excited and hallooed out 'h'amen.' Evidently he is getting desperate or getting doted."

—— Lieut.-Col. A. C. Hampton reports that the lives lost at Andersonville by starvation and cruelty, outnumbers the killed and wounded in the British army in all the great battles of the Peninsular war, and at the battle of New Orleans. The report could not be received in evidence at the Wirz trial on account of its being closed when the colonel reached Washington.

—— It is believed that gold has been discovered on the farm of Abiatha Keene, in Leeds, Me. The story goes that ores supposed to be gold, were found in the crop of a duck, and that on digging in a gulch which the duck had frequented, specimens of similar ore were found. The ores were sent to Prof. Haynes, Boston, and pronounced to be gold.

—— Mr. Harris, of New Orleans, walked from Monday night, at seven o'clock, until Friday night, at 11 o'clock—100 consecutive hours—without stopping to rest, eat or sleep. He walked for a wager, and won it. We do not learn whether he was refreshed by the exercise.

—— Wives are greatly in demand in the neighorhood of the Rocky Mountains. A healthy woman will bring any price in that region. The bachelors have grown desperate and ragged, and they have determined to perish or marry.

—— Gen. Kilpatrick had the audacity to say that he believed the 150,000 negroes in the war, had done more to save the country than all the copperheads of the North.

—— An attempt at a stupendous fraud on the Government has been made, but was unsuccessful. The facts are these. In the early part of the current month, the accounting officer of the Treasury was informed that a proposition had been made to a claim-agent to furnish him with valid claims against the U. S. Government for arrears of soldiers' pay and bounty to the extent of $500,000, and to allow the agent 50 per cent. of the whole collection; but he, being an honest man, consulted the accounting officer on the subject, and he was placed in the track by the advice given him, "to take all the papers that came, and to make limited advances on them." Thus he acted. The frauds were fixed, and a clerk in the second auditor's office, named Dreeson, who had the recording of these claims, also an outside accomplice, named Lake, were arrested on Friday.

—— An intelligent contraband came to the Freedmen's Bureau, in one of the Southern States, for a pass for his wife. "What is her name" inquired the attendant. Contraband scratched his head in deep thought, but finally said, slowly raising his eyes, "Dos n't ezackly know, massa—can't 'member." "Is it Abraham?" inquired the attendant. Contraband stared at him. "Is it Moses?" "Stop dare, massa—'pears to me dat's him—Abam-Moses!" said the contraband. "Pshaw," said the attendant, who all the time knew her name, "listen. Is it Liza, Julia, Sal, Lib, Nora, Virginia Blossom "—"Wirginna Blossom; she's um." The pass was made out at once.

—— The St. Paul *Press* describes the late execution at Fort Snelling of the two Indians, Tah-ta-chanmanne, *alias* Medicine Bottle, and Shakopee, *alias* Little Six, sentenced upon the charge of participating in the massacre of 1852. Their apparent indifference to the fate which awaited them, was truly astonishing. They sat and smoked away at their pipes as though their days on earth were unnumbered. On their bodies being cut down, a yell went up from the crowd, and such expressions as "How are you, Pennsylvania Quakers," "how are you, Massachusetts philanthropists," and other like exclamations could be heard on every side.

—— A good-natured ex-rebel soldier, writes to the editor of a paper in North Carolina: "Like you, I am a Southerner—my home was in the South, my friends, my interests were all there, and being assured that I was right, I entered the army. The logic of cold iron, condensed into 10-inch shells, and other convenient forms for administering, has proved the contrary; having nothing more persuasive than they, I acquiesce; have taken the oath, and [sudden change or not] intend to keep it."

—— A Baptist clergyman in Brooklyn, recently declined to solemnize the rite of marriage between one of his fold and an "unbeliever."

—— A Jackson, Miss., paper, makes a proposition to raise a fund of half a million dollars by the contributions exclusively of soldiers who served in the rebel army, to purchase Jeff Davis a residence in some foreign country—after he is pardoned and liberated. Each private soldier is to give a dollar, and those who were commissioned officers, will be allowed to contribute at their discretion.

—— A panorama of the streets of Boston, gotten up under the supervision of a late member of the Boston police, is the present art feature at the "hub." The basis of the panorama is the life of a young man, subjected to, and falling by city temptations, his track, step by step, traced on the canvas, affording a salutary moral lesson.

—— A coroner in Arkansas, of the Dogberry persuasion, after empanneling his jury, said: "Now, gentlemen, you are to determine whether the deceased came to his death by accidence, by incidence, or by incendiary." The verdict was that "the deceased came to his death by accidence, in the shape of a bowie-knife."

—— A man in Providence, R. I., deposited $1,000 for safe keeping in an old stove, long unused. He was unexpectedly called away from home last week, and while he was away, a fire was kindled in the stove, and the hard earnings of years "ended in smoke."

—— Already nearly 3,000 applications are on file for the 453 vacant lieutenancies in the regular army, to be filled by appointment of volunteer officers who have seen two years' service.

—— There is a dancing-master in Boston, who has for pupils the grandchildren of some of his early scholars.

—— There are now less than 5,000 sick in Government hospitals. Eight months ago there were over 100,000.

Foreign.—The recent subsidence of the waters of the Seine, France, has revealed a number of curiosities lying in its muddy bed. Among other things, a double faced seal, engraved with the arms of Catharine de Medicis, was picked up beneath the Pont Neuf, and near the Ile de la Cite was found a large hatchet of black polished stone, of a singular make. The most curious discovery was, however, a small copper case, containing a portrait of Mdlle. de la Valliere, painted in oil on metal. This work of art, which had remained for a century and a half at the bottom of the river, has undergone but little alteration; the carmine only had turned black.

—— During the recent visit of the French Empress to the Paris hospitals one of the sick, whose sight was, perhaps, dimmed by his condition, replied to a question of the Empress, "Yes, my sister." "My friend," said the sister, "it is not I who spoke to you; it is the Empress." "Do not take back the word," said the Empress, quickly, "it is the finest name that could be given me."

—— Lord Palmerston used to tell this anecdote of himself: "When I was a young man, the Duke of Wellington made an appointment with me at half-past seven in the morning, and some one asked me, 'Why, Palmerston, how will you keep that engagement?' 'Oh,' I said, 'of course the easiest thing in the world. I shall keep it the last thing before I go to bed.'"

—— A peculiar accident occurred in England recently. Three gentlemen riding in a "dog-cart" in the country met an acquaintance who was hunting, to salute whom they raised the "tally ho." The horse they were driving had been a hunter, and on hearing the cry he started off at full speed, jumping a ditch, and throwing the gentlemen from the cart. One of the occupants was instantly killed, and the others seriously injured.

—— The Sultan of Turkey has intimated to the Grand Vizier his intention to contribute 60,000 francs a month during the winter towards the support of the most destitute of the sufferers from the late fire. This sum was to have been expended on the Palace of Tohirigan. The Bey of Tunis has also notified his intention to bear the cost of rebuilding in stone 75 of the burnt down houses. The expected ordinance has also been issued forbidding for the future the building of wooden houses in any of the chief thoroughfares of the capital.

—— According to the Paris *Patrie*, the Emperor Maximilian, in order to recompense the Indian tribes of Sonora for the courage and devotedness which they showed in upholding his cause, has decided that 50 young boys belonging to the "notables" of those tribes shall be brought up and educated in the city of Mexico at his expense, and that the six who prove that they possess most diligence and capacity shall be sent to Europe to receive there, up to the age of 18 years, a more finished education.

—— The young King of Bavaria is suffering from a disease of the right foot, said to have been brought on by too rapid growth. He has to be carried in a litter up the stairs leading to his apartments, and has been ordered out of Munich by his physicians, to remain for some weeks at his residence in the mountains. He enjoys perfect health in every other respect.

—— Dr. Livingston was at Bombay at last accounts, arranging for another exploration into the interior of Africa. The scene of his explorations will be that tract of territory extending between the region which he has already explored and that discovered by Capt. Speke.

—— It is said that Sir Frederick Bruce, the British minister, will be selected as umpire by the joint commission to adjust the claims between the United States and the Columbian Government.

—— A miser aged 81, has just died at Gandenzorf, near Vienna. He leaves nearly 2,000,000 francs to the Pope.

—— An experiment, tried by an eminent physician of St. Petersburg, during the prevalence of the epidemic there, several years ago, serves to illustrate the influence of the mind upon the body. He obtained of the authorities two criminals who had been condemned to death, to do with them as he thought fit. One of these convicts was made to sleep on a bed, on which, as he was told, a man died with the cholera but the night before, which was not the fact. After a restless night, the criminal was taken with all the symptoms of cholera, and died of that diease, declaring that he had caught it from that bed—a victim to his own fears. The other was made to sleep on a bed wherein a man had died a few hours previously of the fatal disease. This fact, however, was unknown to the occupant of the bed, who arose in the morning, refreshed by his sleep, remaining in perfect health.

—— The other day, a couple attended at St. Osyth Church, Colchester, for the purpose of being united in wedlock, the Rev. Mr. Agassiz, of Great Clacton, being present to officiate. All went well, until the clergyman required the bridegroom to repeat after him the words, "I——, take—— to be my wedded wife, * * * for better, or worse," &c., when, with ill-timed levity, he altered the formula to, "I'll take her for better, but not for worse." The reverend gentleman immediately closed the book, and quitted the church.

—— A Chinaman in San Francisco, being kicked out of the shop of a Jew, upon picking himself up, exclaimed: "You bad man; me always know you bad man; you kill Melican (American) man's Josh." The point will be understood when it's known that Josh is the Chinese for God.

—— In England, it is said, 80,000,000 bushels of barley are annually made into beer. One firm sometimes uses 60,000 bushels per week, and pays $500,000 a-year for freight to one railroad company. No less than 60,000 drunkards die annually, and 20,000 persons are each year dismissed from communion for drunkenness.

—— In Morocco, a criminal never knows his sentence, or the time and mode of carrying it out. To save his feelings, he may be shot at a moment, when he is, perhaps, looking for liberty.

—— A whisky disease has been discovered, both in Ireland and Scotland. This, with the rinderpest, the pig, sheep, shrimp, oyster, fowl, and swallow disease, makes up a round number. Perhaps, however, the whisky disease ought, in all fairness, to be numbered with the swallow disease.

ART VERSUS NATURE.

Some time since, when last at Paris, I scanned closely Berton's countenance, while he was playing at the Vaudeville in "*Les Diables Noirs*," and I could but admit that the famous actor had created "a school" in the art of painting one's face. Berton is, in fact, the Delacroix of the *poudre de riz*.

Friend reader, the *toilette* of a leading gentleman at a Parisian theatre is a curious operation to have performed before your eyes. I know one of them, perhaps Fechter, Brindeau, Delaunay, Dumaine—never mind who! I'll not give you his name, but simply acknowledge that I was present when he "made up" for the evening. And I wondered at his patience to please the public. I will try and describe the different operations.

It is universally admitted that the human countenance, were it as regular as one of Julien's lithographs, or as charming as a carte de visite of Brady's, becomes, when on the stage, as dark, and the features as indistinct, as those of a mummy. How could a "leading lady" say to such a Rembrandt-like specimen of humanity, "I love you?" So the "leading gent" must "compose" a countenance adapted to the taste of the multitude, and a colossal operation it is to perform. Let the reader judge for himself.

To commence with, the lover washes his face with vinegar *à l'eau de jasmin*, to smooth the roughness of the epidermis. The technical expression for this proceeding is to "prepare one's canvass." Then the entire countenance is washed with sweet oil. Mélingue, the talented artiste, famous for his impersonification of Lagardere in "The Duke's Motto," substituted oil for the *blanc de céruse*, so hurtful to the complexion, formerly in such general use. Mélingue never took out a patent. After the oil comes a deep coat of starch, that adheres closely to the skin, and presents a smooth, white surface. Then the actor takes a palette, a genuine palette, the invention of Fechter. He puts brown beneath his eyes, to represent the passions that burn him like scorching coals. He puts carmine on his lips, to conceal beneath sovereign purple the "seat of smiles." Then comes vermilion, that represents modesty, when under the eyes; anger, when on the forehead; good-humor, when on the cheeks; inebriation, when on the nose; shame, when on the ears.

All the human sentiments may be found in a pot of rouge. The entire history of the stage is contained in this maxim, "Honor and perfumery."

I assisted, in person, at this metamorphosis, which Ovid forgot to describe. The whole operation lasted an hour and a quarter. How right we are to depict comedy wearing a mask.

The modern art of tattooing fascinates the public. It intrigues the fair ones in the boxes. It is dreamt of by the grisettes who build castles in the air in the fifth gallery.

But the "leading gentleman" has, throughout the entire evening, but one moment of due beatitude, whether ruddy faced in comedy or pale and fierce in tragedy—that moment when, throwing aside his borrowed beauty, he can, with impunity, after the "calls out," and the plaudits of the house, "go off" and *wash his face*.

HORSES AND PAVEMENTS.

We flatter ourselves that, as a people, we are fond of horses. We are also fond of saying that we are a humane people. Are we? Let us look a little into the matter, and see whether each of us, disavowing to himself any part in the great inhumanity of the day, does not judge of public sentiment by his own generous impulses. "I love the noble creatures," says one of this class; "I would rather suffer myself, than treat them with cruelty. No reprobation can be too strong for those who daily torture some of them to death, and every man I know feels exactly a I do." It is hard to press a charge against a whole population in face of individual disclaimers such as these, and perhaps, in charity, it should be modified into one of carelessness, or indifference to the horrible brutality Broadway daily witnesses, leaving it to each one to decide for himself, how much less culpable than the crime itself is the indifference to it in others.

The first necessity for a building is a good foundation, and according to the weight to be imposed must be the strength and durability of this foundation. Continuous and heavy traffic, is to a road what the weight of an edifice is to its support. The Belgian pavement that in a side street up town stands well under the rattling of milk-carts, grocers' wagons, and an occasional private carriage, would be crushed out of its place in a week if subjected to the pressure of Broadway travel. It is composed, as every one knows, of small, square stones, set close together in a bed of sand, and without regard to what the underlying bed of the road-way may be,—whether sand, clay, or rock itself. Anciently—that is, a few years ago—Broadway was paved with cobble-stones, set in sand, a form of pavement which the constant traffic speedily tore up, entailing endless expenses for repairs. Various experiments were made (in those ancient times) to ascertain the best method of paving this thoroughfare, and among them was one possessing some originality. Between Canal and Franklin streets the ground was dug out to some depth, and a layer of flags was laid down, the joints being filled with boiling pitch. Over this, if we remember aright, was a layer of rough stones and gravel, and then the pavement proper was laid, in alternate parallel lines, about four feet wide each, of smooth dressed stones and cobble-stones. The idea was, that while the wheels of the carriages would run on the smooth lines, the rough cobble-stones would prevent the horses from slipping. The experiment was valuable only as it showed the necessity of a good foundation. This peculiar parallel line pavement has long since disappeared, but the original foundation remains, and owing to this, the Belgian pavement, which is used only in that part of Broadway, shows great firmness and power of resistance.

If horses could be supposed to utter curses, a chorus of neighs would anathematize for ever the name of Russ. As we have said, Broadway suffered from continued and expensive repairs. Russ laid down the pavement called by his name, and its undoubted excellence, so far as wear and tear is concerned, arises simply from his having laid a *foundation* which was calculated to bear the weight it was to carry. It was composed of concrete, or hydraulic cement, of eight to ten inches in thickness, which age only hardens and improves. On this were laid blocks of blue granite, measuring, superficially, from twelve to eighteen inches in length, by eight to ten inches in width. An effort to afford some foothold for horses' feet was made by diagonal grooves on the surface, but the friction of many years has nearly worn these out. What little cavities yet remain, fill up quickly with dust, and now, Broadway pavement presents, during the day, a surface such as the greatest hater of horses only could have desired. A smooth surface, hard as ice, generally sloping from the centre to the edges, and in some parts quite flat, and, when dry and clean, polished almost to brightness by unceasing friction of wheels. It is slippery enough then. But presently come the water-carts, and, sprinkling the thin layer of dust which the most elaborate cleaning cannot altogether remove, convert it into a greasy paste which even men have to cross with wary steps, as if walking on ice, while, as to the horses, heaven pity them! No amount of care of the drivers can keep them on their feet. Down one goes, as if shot. If not stunned by the fall, the animal kicks, and drags down his companion. If the pole of the carriage is not broken, or the harness not rendered useless, after long and painful efforts the horses may be raised to their feet, bruised and injured as they are, to continue their dangerous journey. Another, and not uncommon variation of the performance, is, that the horse never rises again.

In winter, a little straw, or a blanket, is forced under the maimed and dying brute, lest he should freeze to the stones. [We have a well-authenticated instance of a horse that fell last winter in Broadway, breaking his leg, and before the animal was removed, thirty-six hours after the accident, it was *frozen to death!*]

A few boys stand round to watch the dying agonies. Men and women pass by with scarcely a passing glance, and the frightful scene ends, after some hours of public exposure, by the knacker's cart.

Were such occurrences rare, did they only present themselves at long intervals, once a month, or once a week, accident might be pleaded in extenuation, justification there is none; but they happen daily, hourly, and he is fortunate who, in walking down Broadway, has not his nerves unstrung by the sight of some such horrid scene as we have described. Let us not be accused of exaggeration. We have been at some pains to ascertain, as accurately as possible, the number of horses annually killed and maimed on this detestable pavement. The various lines of omnibuses have furnished us with lists of their losses, from this cause, during the past year, and they present a total of over 1,500 horses injured, rendered useless, or destroyed. To this must be added the losses incurred by private owners, by hackmen, cartmen, and others, and we believe that we are warranted in saying that, in the short distance between Union square and the Bowling Green, about two miles, eight horses, at least, are daily injured by falling on the Russ pavement, the nature of the injuries varying from serious and incurable wounds, to those resulting in death, either on the spot or within a short time, leaving out of view mere cuts and bruises. We are sorry to have to write it, but the apathy with which the public looks on this enormous amount of suffering is something incredible, but what remains still to be told is so revolting to every principle of humanity, so dishonoring to New York as a Christian city, that we think the facts have only to be made public to induce a sufficient number of our humane citizens to organize some effort to wipe out the disgrace for ever.

When an unfortunate horse falls and is abandoned, because of some fatal injury, the sufferings of the poor brute only begin. Perhaps the hip is dislocated, or one of the legs broken, or he is bleeding slowly to death, at all events, he cannot rise. Hour after hour passes; little boys—can you expect anything better of them?—amuse themselves by poking straws into his mouth. It is summer, and the flies collect in swarms to add to his agony; or it is winter, and the frost, more merciful than man, begins to numb the pain it cannot altogether end, and the owner of the animal may not kill it, to put it out of its misery. The ordinances of the city forbid such mercy; only one person may do this, the contractor, to whom we easy-going tax-payers pay $18,000 per annum, [this sum, however, includes the payment for the removal from private establishments, as well as from the streets, of dead animals and offal of all kinds], to remove such painful sights as soon as possible—"possible," in this case, meaning the pleasure and leisure of the contractor, after some formalities at the Mayor's office have been complied with, and varies from four to forty hours. After that come the executioners (modern euphuism calls them employés), with the knacker's cart. This is a machine of which the bottom part is moveable, and can be changed into a sloping platform, the end resting on the ground. At the head is a windlass, worked by a lever, and by means of a strong rope the carcass is gradually hauled on the cart and driven away. But when the animal is not yet dead from cold, hunger, or other form of suffering, it is necessary it should be killed, otherwise its struggles would render its removal dangerous to the emp—workmen!

And here comes into play an economy of material, which should entitle the contrivers to a prize in practical mechanics. The lever of the windlass is an iron bar, and this is also used to kill the animal, by knocking it on the head. Some ignorant people would take for granted that the poor dying brute was blindfolded before the *coup de grace* was given, but that would be mercy—would be compassion, and in the school we write of mercy and compassion do not pay. The horse, with its eyes open, and some vitality left, dodges the blow, which falls heavily on its nose or its eyes ——

The scene is too horrible—let us quit it. But though we may turn away from the sickening scene, it is still there, and any one may see for himself, daily, in Broadway, the central street of the centre of civilization in the West, all that we have written of, and worse too.

What is the remedy for this state of things? That which can be remedied the first, and the most easily, is what we have written of last. The monopoly of removing dead and dying animals from the streets must be immediately abolished. To say nothing of the absurdity of paying any one for doing that which plenty of people would pay for the right or privilege of doing, it is evidently one of those cases which a fine or penalty, to be levied on the contractor, would not touch; for if the fine for non-removal exceeded the value of the carcass, the contractor would leave it where it fell, and while you were enforcing the performance of the contract, the air would be unbearably tainted. The matter, therefore, must be turned over to our admirable police. As soon as an animal is abandoned in the streets by the owner, the police should, by telegraph, summon a proper apparatus, and have it removed from the streets. No longer time than an hour need ever elapse for the animal to encumber a thoroughfare, and there is no occasion for us to point out a merciful way of ending its sufferings.

The Russ pavement nuisance, the chief cause of these evils, is a more serious matter, as regards the pockets of the community, for in truth we see no remedy—except in doing away with it altogether. We have shown, however, that the grand requisite for a pavement, a good, firm foundation, was laid down by Russ, and still exists, for all practical purposes, uninjured, so that all we have to seek is the best form of superstructure. Our illustration shows the present arrangements of the sets of paving blocks, and another illustration shows the form of pavement laid down, a few years ago, in the Strand, in London, where the traffic is, as in Broadway, incessant. Whether the present Russ blocks could be split, so as to be relaid in this manner, is a question for experts to decide; but if not, let it, we say, in the interests of humanity and civilization, be taken up and thrown away, and let an entirely new pavement be laid down, which shall redeem us from the reproach we now incur of being, by profession, the most humane people in the world towards our horses, while in our practice we are the most cruel. Shall we ever have among us a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?"



GENERAL GRANT AT DUBOIS' HALF-MILE TRACK, HARLEM LANE, N. Y.

ENGLISH RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

We give three illustrations of the English railway carriages, just introduced on the Old Colony Railroad, running between Boston and Fall River, being the first of their kind used in this country.

It seems strange, looking upon the elegance and comfort of these cars, that, while we are introducing them, the English are seriously meditating trying the American system of open cars. This, though, does not arise from their want of comfort, but from the fact that John Bull has had his nervous sensibilities aroused by certain outrages that have been committed in these locked cars, and by the Muller murder.

The English railway carriage is divided into compartments, so that a family, or party, traveling, can have, as it were, a room to themselves, in size according to their pocket. These apartments are elegantly fitted up, and the fare is only a small sum more than to ride in the democratic way.

We are rapidly approaching that time in the luxuriance of travel, where we shall step into our suite of rooms in New York, and have no occasion to leave them until we arrive at St. Louis or New Orleans.



ENGLISH RAILWAY CARRIAGE, USED ON THE OLD COLONY RAILROAD, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE STONEWALL.

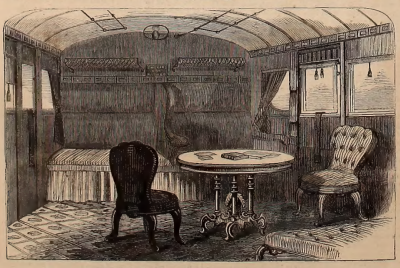
From the Messrs. Fredericks we have received a photograph of the notorious rebel ram Stonewall, as she lay in the harbor of Havana.

The history of this vessel is short but significant. She was built at Bordeaux, to the order of the Confederates, but before being finished was denounced by our Minister at the Court of London as an intended pirate. The French Government was undoubtedly cognizant of this truth, and, after the usual prevarication and correspondence, they allowed the builders to clear the ship from Bordeaux, under the pretence that she was sold to the Danish Government. When once clear of France, she made her way to Lisbon, where she was the cause of a difficulty between a United States vessel and one of the Portugese forts, and the Portuguese Government had to offer abject apology and amends.

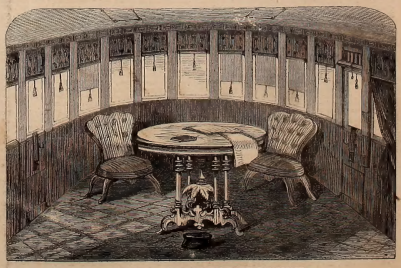
From Lisbon she ran to Havana, where she was blocked in the harbor; and her commander, finding all hope gone, surrendered her to the Spanish, who, after finding we meant to have her, gave her up to this Government, we reimbursing Spain for the money obtained from her to pay off the rebel crew.

The Stonewall has since arrived at Beaufort, N. C., and bids fair yet to do the State some service.

LADIES UNDER WATER.—In Belgium, men and women, promiscuously clad, bathe together, as freely as if water were their natural element. At Blackenberg, you will see the bridegroom come forth from his *boigneur*, leading his bride by the hand, steadying her amid the surf. The father dips his daughters, and the most modest *demoiselles* in the world, from a neighboring machine, gladly avail themselves of his service. Sometimes a harmless acquaintance is struck up among the waves, to be perfected on dry land, as occasion may offer. At the baths of Pfeifer, young men and maidens, old men and children, sit in the healing waters promiscuously, while babies of wood, bearing a newspaper or a cup of coffee, are gently floated to them along the surface at their call. At Dieppe, the weather-beaten bather, with his coarse blue shirt and sunburnt hat, waits patiently for the lady issuing from her machine chamber, fancifully clad, and often wearing even her necklace and rings. He listens, with his bucket in hand, while she tells how the water is to be thrown. With one it is the head, with another the arms, chest or nape of the neck; that is first to be persued; and another stands like a rock, while pail after pail is dashed upon the small of her back. Then, if she is young, the bather gives her a lesson in swimming, and bids her rely on the motion of her arms, and leave her feet entirely to his direction, while he guides them after the semblance of a frog.



REAR COMPARTMENT OF ENGLISH RAILWAY CARRIAGE.



REAR COMPARTMENT OF ENGLISH RAILWAY CARRIAGE.



SCENE FROM THE COMEDY OF "SAM," NOW PERFORMING AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE, N. Y.—CLOSE OF THE 2D ACT.

"SAM" AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE.

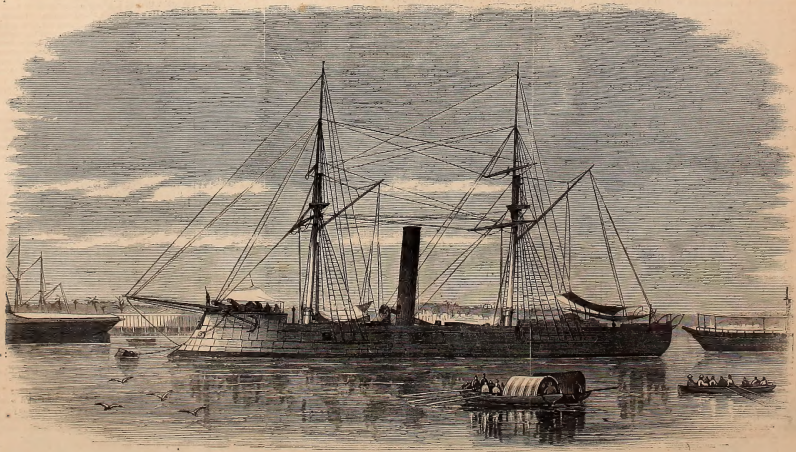
IN accordance with our desire to present everything to the public that is worth their attention, we give an illustration from the closing scene of the 2nd act of "Sam," De Walden's new comedy, now performing at the Broadway Theatre.

"Sam" does not lay claim to classicality, but it purports to be such a play as public taste demands, and it is.

Mr. Chanfrau, as the Hon. Sam, a good-natured, near-sighted scion of nobility, is continually in difficulties, and getting out of them. In the sketch, Sam is, what he should be, a *bloods* nobleman, yet not so *bloods* that he is *au fait* to all the blandishments of the fair sex. Sam is *sui generis* himself alone. He is not Dundreary, yet he is Dundreary, and, in character, his brother. Broad as is the caricature that Mr. Chanfrau gives, it is not more *inapropos* than the great original which the New York public originally worshipped—the Dundreary of Sothern.

Miss Clive Logan, as one of the beauties of "Sam," of course adds to its attraction.

The play is now on its eighth week, and bids fair to run till spring, and, in the mean time, arrangements are being made to produce it in other cities.



THE RAM STONEWALL IN THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.

THE THREEFOLD WEDDING DAY.

BY R. V. R.

On a ripe October morning, just after a crisp, clear frost,
When the trees upon the autumn winds, like gorgeous banners tossed;
When the nuts in the woods were dropping, for the squirrels to hide away,
And all the country gardens, with "Queen Margarets" were gay;
When the harvesting was over, through all the country side,
We kept three joyous weddings, and gave honor to each fair bride.

The first was our eldest sister, a "Margaret" flower, too,
No fresher, sweeter blossom, e'er in garden borders grew;
And no braver, blither spirit, ever laughed at frost and storm,
And we gave her to the keeping of a heart as true and warm;
With a store of hopes and blessings, showered on her bright young head,
Her marriage vows, "For better or for worse," were duly said.

Then, we saw in stalwart manhood our father take his stand,
Holding with firm and tender clasp our gentle mother's hand;
While she, in her matron beauty, could scarce have looked more fair
When she first gave her maiden heart to his protecting care;
With deeper trust in well-tried love, they their marriage vows renew,
For they are keeping a wedding day, their silver wedding, too.

But sure in her beautiful honored age, the dearest, sweetest bride,
Was grandmamma, in her high back chair, with grandpaps by her side,
With the silver curls of her soft thin hair, peeping out beneath her cap,
And the flush on her cheek almost as pure as the little one's on her lap,
As grandpaps' head, leaning on his cane, his hoary treminous head,
To kiss her wrinkled, feeble hand, with its wedding ring worn to a thread.

This was their golden wedding day, full fifty years had slept,
Since *their* marriage vows, so truly kept, had in fervent love been said;
While "our elder" and her bridegroom talked of a life but just begun,
They spoke of the trials and cares of the long-long life almost done.
And I heard dear grandmamma whisper, "May they dwell like us in love,
And the good Lord grant we all may meet, at the marriage feast above."

The Secret of the Siren.

A SKETCH—IN TWO PARTS.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

PART II.—CHAPTER I.

"FENNOR," said I, as, after having seen Mrs. F. and the children comfortably seated in a rear car, we went forward to enjoy a cigar and a "sequel."

"You were perfectly right, to-morrow last Tuesday that I should appreciate the conclusion of your story better after seeing your wife. Why, I have been as anxious to hear it, ever since you presented me to her, as an urchin is for the hour of departure, when his father has promised to take him to the 'show.' It has really cost me some effort, Phil, I assure you, to keep from pumping you, dozens of times, in the last three days."

"Very likely, Fred; 'men are but children of a—'"

"I mustn't, and I won't! You're all wrong! Do you—"

"How do you know what I was going to say, when you won't let me finish a single sentence? I——"

"Confound you, Burke! Do you want me to tell you my story, or are you going to tell it yourself?"

"Certainly not. I only—well, well! I won't say another word! go ahead, in the name of all the Arabian Nights!"

And "Fennor" myself as comfortably as that peculiarly uncomfortable "institution"—an American railway-car seat—would permit, "I bent an attentive ear," for the following narration:

In the last hurried words of my reply to your questions, as we left the cars last Tuesday, said Fennor, I made a slight mistake. I told you I had never seen nor heard of Glayden since he escaped from New Orleans in fifty-one, with my uncle's five thousand odd hundred dollars. I never have seen him, but I did subsequently hear of him at a very unexpected time and place, and in a very unexpected manner——

"What? He was conscience-struck, and returned you the money?"

"On the contrary, he cost me, indirectly, a cool thousand and more! But are you going to begin with your suppositions and interruptions again, Fred, or are you going to let me go on in my own way? Because, if you intend——"

"Not at all, not at all, old fellow! It was an involuntary exclamation. Propel! I'm dumb!"

On my return home, resumed Phil, I traveled part of the way with a distant connection of my family—accidentally met—who held a distinguished and lucrative position on one of the great railways of the country. His conversation, and unconscious example, determined me in the choice of a profession. I resolved to become an engineer.

I went heartily to work, accordingly, and became an engineer.

In 1854, my distinguished kinsman before mentioned, gave me an excellent position, for a young man, under him.

My uncle had died the year previous, leaving a by no means inconsiderable fortune, to be divided among a numerous family of nephews and nieces. My share amounted to ten thousand dollars. The interest of this (and salary) was my whole fortune, some sixteen hundred a year, quite enough for a young bachelor.

I remained under my relative for two years, gaining valuable knowledge and skill in my profession.

In the end of fifty-six, by my desire, and with my cousin's influence, I obtained a more lucrative and responsible position upon the great railway constructing in Brazil.

The money, however, was less an incentive to me than the desire for change, and the wish to see the tropics. I was restless, and weary of the monotony of my life in a western railroad, working and living among swamps and clearings.

Having several months of leisure, before leaving for South America, I resolved to make the engagements of social life in the great cities; not the sort of "life," however, that I had already tasted, to my shame, in St. Louis. I was older, as well as wiser. The society of intellectual and refined people was what I wanted—especially that of ladies. For although I was not a marrying man, I was not without sympathy to marriage. On the contrary, I had a dreamy idea that if I could take a clever, pretty, little Yankee wife to Rio with me, it would be a good thing to do.

So I went to New York.

A few introductions, of the right sort, speedily followed me, and I was one of the most sought-after young fellows in the city. I danced, and flirted, and opera'd, and soforthed, but I had not found *the* girl for Rio: when, one morning, I was enjoying an after-breakfast cigar in the sitting-room of the New York Hotel, where I lived, Courtney Tappan passed by the window, saw me, and came in.

Courtney, I must tell you, was one of the "jessamines," the dude thing, and a splendid fellow besides. I owed some of my pleasantest acquaintances in high life to him.

"Fennor, my boy!" he cried, and I caught you. I should have been here to catch you at dinner, if I had not seen you just now. I've made a discovery!"

"The deuce you have! What is it? a self-filling cigar-case? an indelible-perennial-boot varnish, warranted never to dull? or an unpublished libretto, opera of Donnizetti's?"

"Neither, but something incomparably ahead of them all."

"Even of the magic cigar-case? I doubt it!"

"You won't, when you know what it is!"

"Well, what is the phenomenon? Out with it?"

"Merely this; the most fascinatingly lovely woman I—or you either—ever saw in our lives!"

"Come, Court, draw it mild! I've seen some phenomena, you know, in my time of childhood's hour!"

"Nothing like Miss Labrie!"

"Labrie? Ah! French, eh?"

"I suppose so, though they are marked on the book, from Havana."

"On the book! What book?"

"The arrival-book of the 'Clarendon,' where they are stopping."

"They; she; you suppose; and Miss Labrie. Pray let us have the entire act. Sit down, light this cigar, and explain."

"Well, then," said Tappan, doing as he was told; "it is the simple fact as he heard from, up to this present. I was coming down Fourth avenue this morning, leisurely, as is my wont, when I met on the Fifth avenue corner I met my cousin Clara, upward bound in her carriage. She had nothing to say to me, and so, beckoned, and rode her coachman down to the next corner. While she was deeply engaged in saying her nothing, my eyes negligently wandering about, suddenly encountered a pair of the loveliest black-about twenty feet, which instantly caused them—I mean mine—to drop. In another moment, however, I slyly again, while ostensibly bidding Clara's man drive on, and had a fair look at the face, and part of the figure to which the other part of optics belonged.

"She was standing by the window of the ladies' parlor, on the first floor, not above twenty-five feet, in a direct line, from my point of vision (is that's the scientific term), and, with the morning light upon her, relieved by the dark back-ground of the interior, she made a beautiful picture. It was not so much the perfection of her beauty, either, that struck me, as its style, which was quite unusual. She was quite fair, with a stood, I could almost say nerve of a singularly brilliant blue—a blue that I never saw before in my life, except on an Indian shawl.

"How old was she, apparently?" I asked, now, as you may guess, deeply interested in his description.

"Not over eighteen, I should say. Certainly not a year older."

"Fifty-one and five are fifty-six; say sixteen and five—twenty-one!" muttered I, to myself. "Can it—impossible! And yet—she may have looked older then than she was, and I—I must! I will see for myself!" and I sprang up, and was about to leave the room.

"What's the matter? Where are you going in such a dence of a hurry?" cried Tappan, catching me by the arm.

I recollected myself at once; and said, sitting down again:

"It's of no consequence just now; I thought of something—beg your pardon, Court; go on; how did you find out her name—who she was?"

"Simply by going into the hotel, looking at the book, and asking a couple of questions of the clerk, whom I know very well."

"What were the names on the book?"

"These are the party," answered Courtney, taking a card out of his pocket; "I made a note of them on the spot."

"Madame Labrie,
"Miss Labrie, "Havana."
"and servant,

"Well," said I after reading the card, "and of what earthly use to either of us is your discovery of this tropical phœnix to be?"

"Why, hang it, man! we'll get an introduction, and if we find them the right kind of people, we'll bring them—or, at least, the damsel—out; send my cousin Clara to 'start them,' and all that, you know; do the civil by them."

"Exactly. But how are you to get the introduction?"

"Oh! I'll manage; never fear; and yours follows, as a matter of course."

"And when do you propose setting about this chivalric scheme, Court?"

"Right off. I'll meet you here at five o'clock sharp, and I bet you a bundle of 'Figaros prime,' I shall, by that time, have discovered the house and the man—and the woman, for I've a notion I shall be presented by a lady."

"I take the bet. Five sharp; and we'll dine together."

"Agreed! *au revoir!*"

When he was gone I sat for some time in thought. I could not determine whether to wait till five o'clock for Tappan, or to attempt to confirm or dispel my strange suspicions, by some means, in person.

At length, I resolved to know the fact, at all hazards, without further delay. I should then be better able to determine my course with regard to entering into Tappan's plan or not.

After waiting fifteen minutes more in trying to fix upon some feasible scheme for obtaining a good look at the lady of the Clarendon, and failing, I determined to "trust to luck" and my natural tact, and, throwing my cigar—and putting on hat and gloves, took a stage, rode up Broadway, walked over to Fourth avenue, and was at the identical corner in a reasonably short time.

After glancing about or two at the windows, for a glimpse such as had rewarded Courtney, but in vain, I walked resolutely into the hotel, up to the office desk, and taking out a card:

"Is Madame Labrie in?" I asked.

"I will send and see, sir," replied the clerk.

In a few moments the servant returned.

"Madame Labrie is engaged, but Miss Labrie will be happy to see the gentleman."

And with a wave of the hand the waiter prepared to show me the way.

I confess that my heart beat with unusual rapidity, and that it was with a strong desire to run madly in the opposite direction, for an instant; but by a strong effort of will I recovered myself, and, handing the card in for the now, and *must go ahead*"—followed the man bravely into the ladies' parlor.

There was no one there in the least resembling Tappan's description; two middle-aged ladies were sitting together in a far corner, and a young girl of some twenty years old was strumming on the piano. When I entered, she rose and went out, and in another moment the two elderly ladies followed her example.

"The lady will be here in a few minutes, sir," said the waiter, shutting the door as he went out. I was alone, I drew a long breath, and looked at myself in the pier glass. I looked flushed.

"What the devil shall I say!" thought I.

I heard a rustling behind me; I glanced in the glass again. I looked pale. I heard a door open—turned quickly round—and stood, petrified, by as strange a coincidence as ever posted me to the door, in the doorway of the mysterious den at St. Louis, six years previous.

The siren was before me!

She saw me, my amazement, and smiled.

It was the same bright, bewitching smile!

"My mother is quite unwell this morning, sir," said her voice, with extreme politeness, "and has requested me to receive you. If you have any business—or your name is of importance, and known to my mother and myself—I will be glad to see you."

My card which she held in her hand—"Mr. Fennor: you are, perhaps, probably—a friend of my poor brother's, and——"

She interrupted herself here, as if what she was about to say might be indiscreet, until she received an answer to her supposition, and looked at me with anxious inquiry. I was as yet unable to say a word.

The voice, the foreign accent, the whole person were the same, but more womanly, a little taller, not quite so fair, but the same, still the same!

I drew another long breath. Then came the reaction. I was not only ready to speak, but I had so many things to say, words came crowding to my lips, and overwhelmed me, I was even more unable to utter an intelligible sentence than ever. She saw my embarrassment, but attributing it—as I afterwards learned—to a far different cause, waited patiently for me to overcome it.

Finally, out of the chaos of my ideas, a plan of conduct shaped itself. This was neither the time nor place for an exposure, or even an explanation. I was wholly in the dark as to who and what she really was, who and what was Madame Labrie, and how and why they came to be thus traveling with the appendages of wealth, and guests in this expensive and somewhat exclusive hotel. In short, I felt that I must be cautious, and act my part, if possible, as cleverly as she was, apparently, acting hers.

This scene and situation, though long in explaining to you, had only lasted a couple of minutes in reality, before, looking her full, but not discourteously in the face, I said:

"You will excuse my hesitation. My position is so peculiar, and what I wish to say so difficult, that——"

"I can perfectly understand if, sir, I assure you," interrupted Miss Labrie, with a sad, but very sweet smile.

"The deuce you can," thought I. "Then you are a more extraordinary woman, even, than I supposed, if you understand what I can do myself!"

"Did Eugene," pursued she, "leave any——"

She again paused, and looked inquiringly at me.

"I never had the pleasure of knowing your brother—if it be whom you call Eugene," said I, calmly.

She stepped a pace backward; suddenly her face flushed, she grazed at me for an instant, with the mingled air of indignation and blank amazement, then—

"Your business is with my mother, sir, I believe; she must see you at once, as you may be able to do so to-morrow. Good-morning, sir!"

She spoke very rapidly, and before I could arrest her by word or gesture, she had opened the door, shut it behind her, and was gone.

I stood for at least five minutes, in a state of the most excitement, just where she left me, then mechanically put on my hat, walked out of the house, got into a stage and returned to my hotel, without having a single coherent idea during the whole time.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN I was once more seated in the reading-room, however, I began to recover my senses. "What next?" said I to myself. "Give it up? No, by Jove! I won't do that yet! Tell Tappan all about it? Perhaps—no! Go back to-morrow and see the mother? I don't know." Finally, I resolved to keep quiet, and hear what Tappan had to propose at dinner. Meanwhile, having nothing to do, I kept thinking about the marvelous sweetness of the mysterious siren's voice, the grace for dolce-far-niente, dignity of her figure, the unusual and peculiarly attractive style of her beauty; and the more I dwelt on these (and I confess to the life of me, I did dwelling on them), the more my vindictive feelings toward her continued to fade out of me, and to be replaced by a strange sentiment of admiration, and a sort of vague, restless anxiety, for which I couldn't in the least account, unless it arose from a fear of not being able to see her again. But the declamation to see her again grew stronger and stronger, in proportion as my desire of vengeance became less and less. I couldn't at all understand my feelings, and this made me all the more uneasy. Five o'clock came at last, and with it came Tappan.

"Hand over the Figaros," said he, gaily. "The thing is all arranged, and the first act begins day after to-morrow in all probability."

"Give us the items."

"They are few and simple. I started to hunt up all the fellows I knew that would be likely to know somebody at the Clarendon, as a *premier pas*, when all of a sudden I recollected, what I had altogether forgotten for the moment, that Sam Henry and his two sisters lived at that identical hotel. So I posted to Sam's office, and catechized Sam. Sam, like others had a breakfast-table and parlor acquaintance with Madame and Miss Labrie. 'No; he didn't like her style of beauty; thought the lady had the better looking of the two.' (He's a heathen about women, you know). 'Yes, of course they'd introduce me, if I asked them.' 'No, they were going out this evening.' 'Yes, to-morrow evening, too.' 'No, they'd dine in in the morning, to-morrow or next day, and make appointment with Sue or Emma to come in afternoon.' 'Yes, Labrie knows them some time, about a month, he thought.' 'No, didn't know when they were going to leave.' 'Yes, thought they spoke very good French, but spoke very good English.' 'No, they didn't seem to know anybody in the hotel, to speak of.' 'Yes, appeared to be rich.' Finally, 'What the devil did I mean, pumping him so. Did I want to run off with the girl, or what?' And so, reassuring him as to my intentions, and having obtained as much as I cared to know, I left him, and here I am, prepared to smoke No. 1 of those Figaros after dinner."

"And are you going to be introduced?"

"Of course! Shall call on the Henry girls to-morrow, and appoint the next evening, if the feminine fates are willing."

"And I?"

"Go with me, of course, that's understood. Come, let's go to dinner."

Here Tappan paused to light another cigar, and I took the opportunity of saying:

"I guess you will find it not so fantastic as you supposed, about the *denouement* of your story, Phil!"

"Pooh! You're forte chains out of the line!"

"But how the dickens do you know——"

"Silence! the curtain's up again!"

I obeyed, and Phil resumed.

The next day Tappan and I called on the Misses Henry, whom I had met once or twice before, and whom he knew intimately.

They were not at home.

"Confound Sam!" exclaimed Courtney, "he has never told them I was going to call."

"You didn't ask him to, did you?"

"No, of course not; but I thought he'd mention it incidentally. No matter, it's only one day's delay. We'll come again to-morrow, and leave no card this morning. Come along. Keep a sharp look out for *la belle Labrie*!"

As you may suppose, I did not need any such

reminder. But our look out was in vain. We could see nothing of her.

The next day we called again. The Misses Henry were at home. But what was Tappan's chagrin and my rage to be told that Madame and Miss Labrie were gone!

"When? Where?"

"They sailed in the steamer for Havana this morning—not over two hours ago, in fact."

Once more I was baffled. And this time, strange to say, I felt the disappointment far more bitterly, though suffering nothing either in purse or character, than I had felt, when stripped for the time of both, six years before, in St. Louis!

A fortnight later I also sailed out of New York harbor, southward bound. I arrived duly at Rio, and entered upon my duties. For a year I was steadily at my post, but neither the novelties of the scene, the distance, nor my occupations prevented the continual recurrence of the siren's bewitching image. She haunted me under a hundred different disguises. But in none of my visions of her, *now*, did she seem an object of hatred or revenge. On the contrary, these illusions began to assume such pleasing forms, that I asked myself, again and again, "Good heaven, can it be possible that I *love* this girl—this witch, this—I know not how to call her?" And to these oft repeated self-questionings my heart gave me tokens of answer that startled me.

At the end of the year I asked, and obtained, leave of absence for a few months, to visit my friends in the United States, and also to attend to a little business of my own connected with my uncle's legacy. This business took me to New Orleans.

Thus, seven years from the period of my first visit, I saw the Crescent City for the third time. The fourth day after my arrival, having my business arranged and nothing to do, I took a walk as far as the slave-market, which I had never seen.

"Did you ever see a slave-market, Burke?" asked Fennor, interrupting himself.

"Often. In Charleston, and Mobile, too."

Then I needn't describe it for your benefit; suffice it to say it was a great sale day, and there was a "large and likely lot," as the traders in human flesh have it, being offered.

I examined, with considerable interest, the countenances and expressions of the "candidates" as they stood around "on show," till I came to one who at once arrested my earnest attention. It was a woman, a bright mulatto, with nothing peculiar about her (save the keen brilliancy of her eyes), unless it was the still more glaring colors of the handkerchief, bound round her head like a turban.

But I felt that I had seen this woman before, and a single instant's thought told me when and where. She was the cup-bearer of the siren's den (I can't help calling it a den, though it was much more like a boudoir), from whose hand I had received the deadly opiate seven years ago. I also saw that she had recognized me, in spite of my beard and darkened skin, for her eyes glittered, she smiled, and beckoned me to come closer. My first impulse was to have her instantly taken before a magistrate, and made, with the whip if necessary, to confess the secrets of that nefarious league between Glayden and her mistress, as well as their present whereabouts. But another moment's thought determined me on trying milder, and, above all—for reasons which you may divine—quieter means of obtaining the information I wanted. I approached her, therefore, and said;

"What is your name?"

"Mina. Won't you buy me, master? I'll tell you something if you'll buy me."

"Mina, come over here, in the corner, I wish to speak with you."

She followed me into a corner, out of the common ear-shot.

"Why are you being sold in this way, Mina? Where—where is your mistress?"

"Which mistress?"

"What! Have you more than one? I mean she you were with in that—in St. Louis."

Note, as I noted at the time, that Mina spoke correct English, though with a foreign accent.

"She is not my mistress now."

"But where is she?"

"Buy me, and I'll tell you, master."

"What should I do with you? I have other means of making you speak, as you know, if I——"

"You mean to have me whipped. Try it, master, and see if the whip will make me speak."

"But why not tell me, then? I mean your mistress no harm. I have forgotten and forgiven the past."

(This, I fear, was a "whopper.")

"Because—because I want you to buy me. I don't want to be sold to a stranger. I *will not* be sold to a stranger!" exclaimed she, fiercely.

"But how come you to be sold at all?"

"Buy me, and I'll tell you. I'll tell you where my mistress is—my other mistress, I mean. I'll tell you where Mr. Glayden is—I'll tell you why I'm sold. Buy me, and I'll tell you all. If not, nothing! Not a word!"

And she set her teeth, and looked at me in a way that convinced me no torture would wring a word from her.

I hesitated and pondered some minutes. This seemed my last chance to fathom the mystery that had so long tormented me. God knows I didn't want to buy the woman. The thing was repugnant to my feelings, and, besides, what on earth could I do with her?

But time passed; in another moment Mina's turn to mount the stand would come.

"You had better buy me," she pleaded again.

"Who has you here for sale?" I asked.

I had resolved to buy her at last, and set her free as soon as she had told me her story.

"That little thin man, there," she answered, pointing him out. "Talk sharp to him, master."

I went to him with loathing, but firmly.

"What—how much for younder woman?" I asked.

"That yaller gyurl, thar? She's a mighty valuable crittur, that. Why, mister, she can speak French, and Spanish, and English—one just as good as t'other. She's eddicated. She's wuth twelve hundred dollars, if she's wuth a cent!"

I had in my pocket two five hundred dollar bank notes. I took them out.

"Here are a thousand dollars," said I. "I will give no more."

"Put another hundred on the pile, mister, and she's yourn!"

I turned away, as if to leave him.

"Well," said he, slowly, "hold on! I don't make any commission to speak of—I don't, by ——, mister; but you're so short. Give us the papers. I'll write you a receipt in no time."

In five minutes more Mina was mine—my property! Strange, isn't it, that one man can thus—but we've no time for philosophizing, if I'm to finish before we reach Baltimore.

Mina went home with me to the hotel.

"Now," said I, "for your promise! Where is your—where is that scoundrel, Glayden?"

"He's in California, master. He's been there going on seven years."

"What! He never came back, then! Well, let him go. And, now, where's your mistress?"

"Which one, master?" she asked again, maliciously.

"Pshaw! You know. I only know of one."

"Yes, you do, master. You know them both."

"Well, perhaps I do. But I only care to know of one—the one I saw in St. Louis. Where is she?"

"Ha! ha! master! Maybe you'll care most to know where the other is, by-and-bye. But Miss Louise—she's in California with Mr. Glayden, if she isn't dead. Most likely, though, she's dead," added Mina, sadly.

"There, Mina, you are telling a falsehood. She is *not* in California, I know well; or, if she is——. When did she go there?"

"She went there in the next steamer after Mr. Glayden."

"That I *know* to be false, woman, for I have seen her myself since; not over a year ago!"

"You are mistaken, master. I swear to you, she's been with Mr. Glayden these seven years—if she ain't dead, poor child! She never came back."

"Mina, there's something about this I cannot understand; for, as sure as I stand here, I saw her in New York a year ago!'

"But I understand it all, master. I knew it before you bought me, and if you'll promise me one thing more, I'll explain it all to you."

"What is it?"

"Promise me that as soon as you know all, you will find means to send me to California. Oh! I've been longing to go these seven years, and find out if my poor child's alive or dead, though I fear she's dead! I fear she's dead! (The accent of utter sadness with which she said this was very affecting.) I've wanted to go, and couldn't. She wouldn't let me——"

"Who?"

"My mistress—my other mistress. Will you promise, master?"

"Yes; I will set you free, and send you there, if you wish it so earnestly. So, now, speak on, and quickly!"

"Bless you, master! I'll make it as short as I can. My old mistress had three children—one boy and two girls. The boy was the oldest by two years, and Miss Louise was a year older than her sister.

"Master was a French creole—he's dead, poor man!—and mistress was a Spanish creole, and we lived on a plantation of mistress's in Cuba. I was Miss Louise's nurse, and my child—she's dead, too!—was her foster-sister. I believe I loved Miss Louise the best of the two; I do, indeed. And so my own was taken away. When Miss Louise was fifteen, we all came on a visit to this country——"

"Mina!" I exclaimed impatiently, "I don't wish to hear the family history. I only want you to explain the mystery attaching to your 'Miss Louise,' that enables her to be in two places at once, and also——"

"I know, master," interrupted the woman, mildly, "and I'll come to that directly. I'll be as quick as I can, indeed. Well, then, we came to New Orleans, and in one month afterward, Miss Louise was gone. Every kind of search was made, rewards offered,—all in vain,—and we went back to Cuba in the most terrible state of despair. Indeed, poor master never held up his head again, but died three months afterward; and mistress would have died, too, only she kept up in the hopes of Miss Louise still coming back. I said *we* went back, master; but *I* didn't go back. I begged, and beseeched, on my knees, to stay and wait for my foster-child, or find her; for I was sure I should find her again, somehow, and mistress let me stay with some friends of master's here.

"Sure enough, sir, nearly a year afterwards, I found her. She was with Mr. Glayden then, sir, and told me she was his wife, and wouldn't let me send word to her poor mother (for I couldn't do anything that would offend her, or that she told me not to, for my life, master); but she let me go with her, and we went to St Louis, where you met her; and, though I knew it was very wicked, I couldn't help it. If she had told me to stab you, master, I would have done it.

"When she went after Mr. Glayden to California, she took me with her; but at Havana she ordered me to go ashore, and go home to her mother, and gave me a letter for her; and, though my heart was breaking, I went, and so lost her again."

Here Mina's feelings overcame her, and she burst into violent sobs. When somewhat calm again, she resumed:

"What was in the letter, I never knew; but mistress—her mother, I mean—told me never to breathe *her* name to a soul, especially to her sister, and I never did there, and we lived as before for nearly six years, when mistress's son, who was a very wild young man, went on a trip to this country, and, after leading a very wild life for a few months, he died very suddenly in New York city, and was buried there, and immediately the news came, my mistress started for New York, with——"

"Stop!" I cried, a strange light seeming to break upon me. "Tell—tell me, what was your mistress' name?"

"Madame Labrie, master."

"Good heaven!" I exclaimed; and, for a moment, I was unable to utter another word. Then, recovering myself—"Go on, quick! quick! But, no; you need not. I know all the rest. That—that strangely-bewitching girl—that image—that double of your lost—in every sense, lost—Louise—she—she was—she is only her sister! Thank God!" And I felt as if a strange load of sorrow and pain were lifted from me suddenly.

But, after a moment's thought—"But tell me," I eagerly asked, "how came you again separated? How came you here, for sale, in the public market?"

"It is my punishment for breaking my promise. On your account, in an unguarded moment, I spoke to my young mistress of her sister, to explain your strange visit, and still stranger manner; her mother overheard me, and, in spite of my tears and penitence, she doomed me to be sold to strangers. But for your coming——"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted I; "but why sell you here? Where—where are Madame Labrie and her daughter?"

"Not five streets from here, master."

"How? And you have not told me all this time! I must go instantly—instantly—and apologize for my—for my former intrusion, and—and—"

"And your promise to me, master; you won't forget that, will you?"

Poor Mina's pleading accent recalled me to a calmer sense of my position and duty; and, sitting down again, I arranged with her as to how and where she should go to seek her foster-child. Then, obtaining the address of Madame Labrie, I hastened thither.

On sending in my card, I was admitted; but, this time, to the presence of the mother.

We are drawing near Baltimore, and I must hasten the *denouement*.

Our interview was a long, and, in some respects, a very painful one, especially painful to Mrs. Labrie. It ended, however, in my formal introduction to her charming daughter, whom I now had the pleasure of contemplating much more at my ease. The resemblance between the sisters was certainly extraordinary; but as, in the course of time, our acquaintance ripened, (for I remained three weeks in New Orleans with them, and afterward joined them in Cuba,) I discovered many slight differences, all, in my opinion, in favor of the younger. I remained in Cuba nearly three months, and the day but one before I left to return to Rio, I received a letter from Benicia, California, saying that all poor Mina had found of her beloved, though erring foster-child was her grave!

Here we are at Baltimore, I declare! I must go and see after Cora and the children.

"Apropos, Fennor," said I, as we went through the cars, "what was your wife's maiden name?"

"Pooh! you know, *now*, that it was Cora Labrie; but, an hour ago, you would have sworn I had married 'The Siren.'"

THE RICH MEN OF NEW YORK.

How They Work.

No bank clerk on the salary of $1,000 a-year goes to his bank as regularly, or works so many hours as Wm. B. Astor, who counts up his $40,000,000. His little one-story office, a step or two from Broadway, on Prince street, with its iron bars, making it resemble a police prison, is the den where he performs his daily toil, and out of his wealth and labor gets only "his victuals and clothes." He attends personally to all his business, knows every dollar of rent or income that is to become due, pays every dollar, makes his entries in his own hand, and obliges his subordinates to come to him for information, while he does not go to them. He generally comes down in the omnibus at an early hour in the day, and remains closely absorbed in business until five o'clock. He rarely takes exercise, and finds his pleasure in the closest attention to business. A friend of mine rode to Washington with him in the same car from New York. He neither spoke nor got out of his seat, and hardly moved from Jersey City to Washington. He usually leaves his office at five o'clock, and walks slowly up Broadway to Lafayette place. He is over six feet high, heavily built, with a decided German look, small hazy eyes, as if he was half asleep, head round as a pumpkin, and about as destitute of hair. He is exceedingly hospitable, and in the "season" gives a dinner to his friends weekly, at which the richest viands, on services of gold and silver, are presented by liveried servants to his guests.

Commodore Vanderbilt never worked harder in his life, never worked more hours than now. He has a confidential clerk, who works like a packhorse, who has been in his employ for 30 years. Besides this, Vanderbilt does his own business, makes and executes his own contracts, and this, with the business he does on $20,000,000, is no small toil. The Commodore goes down to his business regularly every day, and can be found at certain hours. His only recreation, euchre and fast horses.

Moses Taylor, whose dividends from his coal stock alone, this year, reached the pretty little sum of $1,000,000, began business in New York when he was sixteen years of age, kept his own books with his own hands, and has done so ever since. His library, in his own house on Fifth avenue, is a regular workshop. Every night he brings up his business with his own hand. His vast business, personal to himself, and his business as trustee, are kept by himself. He makes all the original entries of sort and kind, and goes to his office for no information, and he knows just how things must be there to be right. And should every record kept by his book-keeper and clerks be destroyed, it would make no difference with him, for he has the originals in his own hands. Many merchants spend the afternoon in riding, or in games, or in the excitement in the evening stock board; but Mr. Taylor finds his recreation in a bath, a good dinner, a comfortable siesta, and an evening devoted to work. Such a man would make money and keep it.

A celebrated judge had a very stingy wife. On one occasion she received his friends in the drawing-room, with a single candle. "Be pleased, my dear," said his lordship, "to let us have a second candle, that we may see where the other stands."

FUN FOR THE FAMLIY.

Bruton, telling an anecdote of his deaf friend "ever mistaking the word," says: "I was present with him at a party, when a Cockney visitor was relating a journey he had had with a Government clerk to Primrose hill. He finished by observing, 'We had been out for a long walk, and we were both going home. The clerk lived on the other side of the hill, and I had to go on—or, rather, he had to go on and I had to go off. However, when he got to this immense raise o' ground, he left me, as he 'must cut off,' he said.'

"'And did you allow him to do it?' gasped the deaf man.

"'To do what?'

"'Why,' continued the deaf one, 'didn't you say when he came to an immense razor ground he must cut off his head?'"

A student, who was declaiming vigorously, and, as he doubtless believed, eloquently, on "The Language of Man," burst forth with:

"The indispensable contributions of the inferior members of the animal kingdom to our noble language, and——"

But here his tutor stopped him, and satirically requested an explanation of the "indispensable contributions," referred to. Whereupon the student, without being at all abashed, at once replied:

"They may be found, sir, in such words as *dog*-matism, *cat*-echism, *cro*-nology, *pus*-illanimous, *duc*-tility, *hen*-pecked, *ox*-ygen, *cow*-slip, *pig*-ment, *as*-teroid, and *rat*-tification.

Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield, on some question of manorial right, he chanced to say: "My lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant, in my own person: I myself have two little manors."

The judge immediately interposed, with one of his blandest smiles: "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

"Jack," said a gay young fellow at a ball, to his companion, "what can possibly induce those two old snuff-taking dowagers to be here to-night? I am sure they will not add, in the least, to the brilliancy of the scene."

"Pardon me," replied the other gravely, "for not agreeing with you; but, for my part, I really think that where there are so many lights of beauty, there may be some occasion for a pair of snuffers."

Sheridan had a very convenient formula for acknowledging all the new publications sent him: "Dear Sir—I have received your exquisite work, and have no doubt I shall be highly delighted—after I have read it."

An Irish lawyer addressed the court as "gentlemen," instead of "your honors." After he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately rose to apologize, thus: "May it please the coort—In the hate of debate, I called your honors gentlemen. I made a mistake, your honors."

One day, just as an English officer had arrived at Vienna, the Empress, knowing that he had seen a certain princess, much celebrated for her beauty, asked him if it was really true that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. "I thought so yesterday," he replied.

A Frenchman cannot pronounce "ship." The word sounds "sheep" in his mouth. Seeing an ironclad, he said to a boy, "Is this a war sheep?" "No," answered the boy, "it's a ram."

A certain Yankee, who was a stranger to mirrors, and who stepped into the cabin of one of our ocean steamers, stopped in front of a large pier glass, which he took for a door, and said:

"I say, mister, when does this here boat start?"

Getting no reply from the dumb reflection before him, he again repeated:

"I say, mister, when does this here boat start?"

Incensed at the still silent figure, he broke out:

"Go to thunder, you darned, sassafras-colored, shock-headed bull-calf! You don't look as if you knew much, anyhow?"

A very fat man, for the purpose of quizzing his doctor, asked him to prescribe for a complaint, which he declared was sleeping with his mouth open.

"Sir," said the doctor, "the disease is incurable. Your skin is too short, so that when you shut your eyes your mouth opens."

One hiring a lodging, said to the landlady, "I assure you, madam, I am so much liked, that I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears."

"Perhaps," said she, "you always went away without paying."

Mrs. Foote, mother of Aristophanes, experienced the caprice of fortune nearly as much as her son. The following laconic letters passed between them:

"Dear Sam, I am in prison."

Answer: "Dear mother, so am I."

A gentleman was speaking of the kindness of his friends in visiting him. An old aunt, in particular, visited him twice a year, and stayed six months each time.

Anybody can tell you about the day rate of gold, but who, now that the evening exchange is closed, can tell you about the nitrate of silver?

"If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow," said Jerrold, "the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event."

A little girl, after returning from church, where she saw a collection taken up for the first time, related what took place, and among other things, she said with all her childish innocence, "that a man passed around a plate that had money in it, but I didn't take any."

Counselor Cripps being on a party at Castle Martyrs, one of the company, a physician, strolled out into the churchyard. Dinner being served, and the doctor not having returned, some one expressed surprise as to where he could be gone to.

"Oh," said the counselor, "he is but just stepped out to pay a visit to some of his old patients."

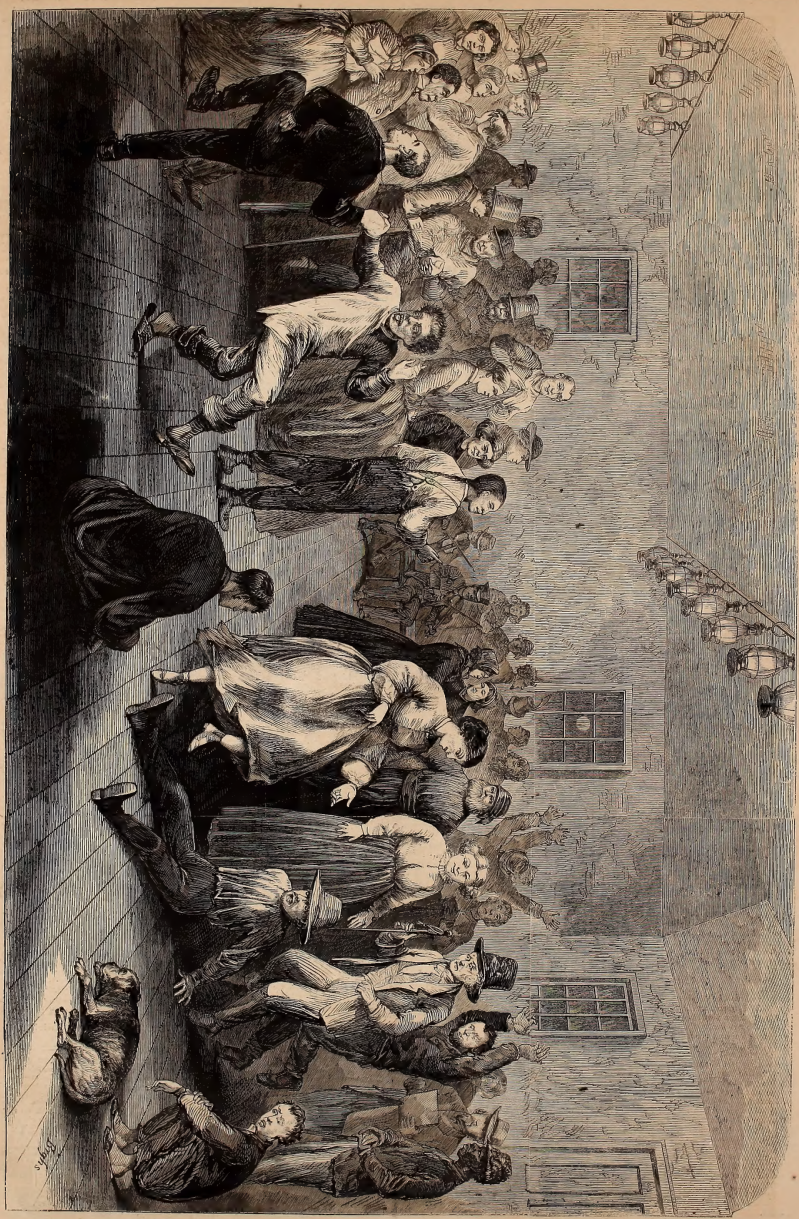
When Lord Alvanley came back safe and sound from his duel with Mr. O'Connell, he astonished his hackman by giving him a guinea.

"All that, your honor," queried the Jehu, "for driving you to the wood?"

"Not a bit of it, my man," responded his lordship, "that's not for taking me out, but for bringing me back."

When is Mary not a dissyllable? When you change it into Polly-syllable.

A Queer Incident.—The *Escaut*. of Antwerp, relates an incident which occurred recently in the Zoological Gardens of that town. In the evening, one of the keepers, armed with a long whip, entered the large cage of the monkey tribe, for the purpose of driving them to their respective compartments. All the inmates scampered off to their cages, with the exception of one of the oldest and largest, which obstinately refused to come down from his perch, and on receiving a sharp lash with the whip, it leaped on the keeper, got astride on his shoulders, and began to scratch and bite him with great fury. The keeper beat the monkey with the handle of the whip, and would soon have got rid of him had not the other monkeys come to their companion's assistance and joined in the attack. Thus assailed, the man was obliged to cry for help, and several keepers hastened to the spot, and on their approach, the animals took to flight. The man, who was terribly scratched and bitten in twenty-three places, lost so much blood that he was obliged to keep his bed for two days.



BALL OF LUNATICS AT THE ASYLUM, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, EAST RIVER, N. Y.



GEN. GRANT'S RECEPTION AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, N. Y., ON MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 20TH.

WASTING AWAY.

BY J. B. S.

Wasting away! wasting away!
Pining, alone by the shore I stray,
While the free, wild winds o'er the waters sweep,
And mock me, thus, in my sorrow deep;
For I long to flee from the fates that chain,
And free myself from my heart's deep pain!

Wasting away! wasting away!
As passes the night and the dreary day:
For the hopes, once green in my heart, are dead,
And joy like the charm of a dream is fled!
And I sigh and weep in the prison chain,
That binds my soul, and benumbs my brain!

Wasting away! wasting away!
While else is happy, and full of play,
My bosom, wild in its misery, throbs,
And my joy goes out with the flow of sobs:
For the dream of love, as in days of yore,
Will gild my lip with its bliss no more!

Wasting away! wasting away!
Oh! why did my lover leave me? say!
Was my hand too coarse, and my outward form
Too plain for a heart, that is just as warm
As though all the beauty of heaven were there,
And mine the face of an angel fair?

Wasting away! wasting away!
As locked alone, or afar I stray;
The flame that burns in my heart's deep core,
Will gnaw like a worm, till I live no more!
With nothing to quench it, and nothing to save,
But the clods, that will some day cover my grave!

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.—DISTANT MUTTERINGS OF A STORM.

There is, as we have been told, on irresistible autherity, a time for everything. Dr. Pompess to-day finds it a time when his own glorification comes home to him in most seductive shapes. He has long known he is esteemed a good man, and able magistrate, and a ripe scholar. He has known all this, and been not a bit changed by it—at least not in essentials. His head may have risen to a loftier poise, his foot may have planted itself more rock-like on the ground, his rotund voice swelled to a grander note, his sentences have become a little more hammer-like in their fall, his thoughts a trifle more domineering in their scope—but that is all. He is condescension in itself to all who revere the majesty of his countenance, and no one can doubt that John Pompess always at least means to be upright in his dealings with his fellow-men, and compel them to imitate his example.

But to-day the admiration of mankind flows in upon him in a tide of such swell, and breadth, and force, that the feelings called forth are almost painful. A quarterly review, a newspaper, and a letter, all have been waiting his return from a journey into Cornwall. The *Quarterly Review* opens where a leaf has been folded, and he sees a most eulogistic notice of his learned work on the "Greek Particle." This he knows will be read by all his contemporaries, and he is half inclined to go off to Oxford to have some chat on the subject with the fellows of his college. The newspaper, however, is scarcely looked at before it distracts his attention. They are actually talking of him as a candidate for the county at the next election! Talking only, it is true, at present; but the doctor feels the compliment keenly, and does not so much mind whether it comes to anything more or not. He is not sure whether his is the sort of intellect to command the attention of listening senates. He has long noticed the growing deterioration of oratical taste in the British House of Commons since the days of Pitt and Burke—the doctor's great gods. But what's in the letter? Ah! this is no talk—no empty honors, at any rate. He is elected to be the chairman of the Quarter Sessions—a post coveted by the good doctor more than any other earthly dignity. Good man! he is almost overpowered by the confluence of news. He weeps, actually he weeps! Yes, there is just one tear rolling in solitary dignity down the majestic expanse of cheek.

But what is that other letter which now comes into his hands? The doctor sees the hand is that of a lady, but also of a stranger to him. He opens it, thinking the while of the little speech he will make on the first meeting of the magistrates—his speech of thanks, which must be at once touching and dignified. But what is this he sees inside the newly-opened letter, and which at once arrests his wandering thoughts, and makes him concentrate his utmost attention upon it?

"Sir,—It matters not to tell you who I am, beyond this: I am a lady whom accident brought into a position to overhear a conversation that I think you ought to be made acquainted with. Let me premise that I have not myself the remotest interest in the affair, and that I know personally none of the parties. But, sir, I have heard so much goodness of you, that I have got to feel quite a reverence for you—stranger, unworthy stranger, though I am; and I cannot bear that you should be deceived.

"I am, told, sir, that Mr. Maude—I think that is the gentleman's name, but you will set me right if I make any mistake—is paying his addresses to your daughter, and that you, sir, are looking with approval upon his advances. Very well, sir. Then I think you ought to know that I myself overheard Mr. Maude, if that be the gentleman's name—he has an elegant moustache, the party I mean—tell some friend of his—a good-looking young man, but not, I should say, so much of a gentleman as the other—I say, I overheard the owner of Rock House tell his friend or companion, whose name I don't know, that you were an ——. Pardon me, sir, I cannot write the word. My cheek burns to think of it. It seems to make me a sharer in the atrocious shamefulness of such a word, applied to such a man, and by one who aspires, it now seems, to be his son-in-law.

"I wish I could tell you—what perhaps I ought—that I am ready to testify to this personally. But forgive me; I am but a woman, and I have not the courage to venture into such a contest. Of course, the gentleman will deny what I say. But I beg you, dear and honored sir, if he does, to go to the young man to whom the foul thing was said. He can't deny it, if there be any truth in him.

"Some day, perhaps, when we may, through mutual friends, get to know each other, I may lift the veil that now conceals me from you. But I am greatly mistaken if you do not, in the meantime, recognize in this letter the sad but dutiful task of a humble but earnest and reverential

"Friend."

The doctor sat with the letter in his hand when he had finished its perusal, staring blankly out through the window, unable for some time to realize the exact nature of the communication. But as, step by step, he got through the whole of that process, his face darkened, an angry spot burned in his cheek, and something like a tremor of indignation or disgust ran through his portly frame.

He started to his feet, and was about to call his daughter, but the spots became more intense as he thought of the sort of revelation he had to make to her—as he became conscious that he dared not yet even identify the missing word to himself, much less specify it, or speculate on it, to her.

The doctor was not an imaginative man, but it is wonderful how, in great crises, one human faculty will put on the qualities of another, that ought to be, but is not, itself duly represented. So was it with Dr. Pompess. As he sat there, with this wretched letter in his hand, for a full half hour after he had opened it, he seemed to see a sudden horror overspread the whole of creation. What did it avail the triumphs of scholarship—memberships of Parliament—chairmanships of quarter sessions—if such things as this letter implied could be done beneath the sun? To him, of all men! And by one he was beginning to love and cherish!

"But who is that crossing the park towards the entrance door? Surely, Sleuth. How fortunate!"

The doctor opens the French window, waves his handkerchief to draw attention, and sees Sleuth's answering wave of the hand, and his quickened and still quickening step.

"This way, Mr. Sleuth—come in this way," says the doctor, as the panting Sleuth draws nigh, anticipating that he is about to have opened to him the exact business for which he secretly waits with so much anxiety.

They shake hands, the doctor, with his usual condescension; making the first offer, but not with the grand air that so commonly distinguishes him. Sleuth sees he is treubled, but he takes the proffered fingers, so large, and round, and white, and, perhaps, a little flabby, with the same jerky, humble, frightened manner that characterises him when in any but the most routine and familiar relations with gentlemen.

"Look at that, Mr. Sleuth! Read that, Mr. Sleuth!" says the doctor, and he hands the letter to Sleuth; and himself, not caring to see or be seen during the perusal, walks about.

Sleuth reads, and as he reads bursts out by-and-bye in a quick, indignant exclamation. No—no! He must have misread. He goes back again; but there they are, the same ugly words. At last he gives back the letter, not looking the doctor in his face, but saying:

"Shameful! shameful!"

The doctor noticed that he did not, as he had hoped he would, burst out with the words, "It is a lie!" Of course, he could not then but draw the conclusion that the statement was true.

"I suppose," said the doctor, after a little pause, during which he strove to control the growing fury which was spinging up even in his ordinarily placid bosom. "I suppose, you see the allusion to yourself?"

"Yes, sir; but I beg you take no notice of such an infamous letter."

"Stop, Mr. Sleuth!" the doctor thundered. "I don't understand that. Take no notice! Reflect, Mr. Sleuth, what that letter indicates."

"Something very bad, I dare say, Doctor Pompess; but I don't want to know anything about it. I acknowledge no such conversation as is here described. I—I deny it; yes, I do. Doctor Pompess, I deny it altogether. It is but right to my cousin Anthony that I should deny it."

Sleuth's voice dropped in a somewhat remarkable manner as he uttered the last sentence, and the effect, whether intentionally or no, was decisive.

"Hem!—hem!—hem! Yes, I understand," said the doctor. "Oh, of course you will acknowledge nothing! You are that—that person's friend!"

"Doctor Pompess, Anthony Maude is my cousin—my only friend—my benefactor!"

This was said so plaintively, that the doctor felt silenced for a minute or two. Sleuth ventured, during this pause, to glance sideways at him, but his face was so distorted, and its expression so full of anger and sense of unspeakable outrage, that Sleuth's eyes dropped, and studied the ground as a safer subject.

"Mr. Sleuth, can—can you fill the hiatus in that precious letter?"

"No, Doctor Pompess," said Sleuth, humbly and deprecatingly.

"It's a lie, sir; you can! You know it, and I know it, and he knows it!" And the doctor's heavy frame began to roll about the room, while Sleuth wished himself well through the interview. "But let me be just. Let me be just, even in such—such a fearful—hem!—hem!—hem!—in such a time as this. I beg your pardon, Mr. Sleuth, for my angry words. I understand and appreciate your behavior. As the ancients appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober, so—hem!—to liken little things to great ones, you may, with entire reliance, appeal from John Pompess's anger and moral indignation, to John Pompess's love of impartial justice. Let the real criminal tremble. You are innocent enough. Good morning, Mr. Sleuth. I shall send the footman to you to take your orders. Pray refresh yourself. Say nothing to my daughter, if she should happen to come in while you are here. I have business of moment to attend to."

So saying, the doctor bowed gravely to Sleuth, walked with consummate dignity across the whole length of the room before Sleuth's awe-stricken eyes, then, unluckily, as he reached the mat, his foot tripped, and disturbed his balance. At the same moment one of Clarissa's poodles started from the mat, and in an instant all the long-gathering vengeance burst down on the head of the poor, unexpectant animal, in a kick, that sent the poodle sprawling several yards off in the passage, filled the house with a prolonged series of yells, and made the doctor step aside, through a passage, instead of descending the stately portico, for he feared to meet the gaze and question of his daughter, whose light step he heard coming rapidly after him.

CHAPTER XLII.—IS IT TIME?

In the middle of the sultry August afternoon, while everything in the house is drowsy and dreamy, Sleuth's soul has whispered to him:

"Is it time?"

He stands and peers down over the bannisters. All the house is sunny with the rich afternoon sunshine—sunny, silent and drowsy. Shall he go down and waken it, like a sort of fairy prince? Not with a kiss like *that* fairy prince. The princess of Sleuth's romance (for it *has* a princess) does not lie asleep in one of those hushed chambers, but she is bound by a spell—he thinks, a golden spell—which he, in going down at the right moment of time, can break, or rather take into his own hands to bind her.

Has the time come?

Doubtfully he begins to descend, and his hands, wet with the excitement that makes his cheek burn, leave their marks all along the bannisters as he goes. It never made him giddy to go down stairs before, but his head seems to reel a little now.

All the house seems to have become instinct with sudden life. The stairs creak, as if calling to one another to give warning below of some danger impending; the blinds at the staircase windows fly out and flap in the air like signals of distress; the long sunbeams cling protectingly to the stairs; and deep down, like the heart of the house throbbing in terrified expectancy, Sleuth hears the old clock ticking faster and louder, it seems to him, every stair he descends.

He cannot go on. He stops, turns, and goes slowly up to the top landing again, to think and quiet himself.

The clock strikes the half hour. It is a musical clock, and plays an old air—jaunty and tripping, and liquid—that moves one's feet in spite of one, and seems to bid one take time merrily. It moves Sleuth's feet. The fairy prince feeling returns upon him, and he cannot keep still.

Many a member of the alderman's family has come dancing down to that merry, bounding little air of the old clock's, but never has it moved such a dance as Sleuth's.

Was he not dancing down to fortune? Not climbing up to it like other men—slowly and laboriously—but dancing down to meet it—down, merrily down!

What a dance it was! Could the alderman have seen Sleuth's legs from his grave, the churchyard would have shaken with his laughter. A thought of this came over Sleuth as he stopped, giddy and flushed, in the hall.

He must be very careful, he tells himself—must make very sure the right time for action has really come. He steps softly across the hall, and looks into the dining-room. That is empty. He looks into the housekeeper's room, and pauses a moment at the door with a sneer on his face. At the table, with his back towards him, sits Esau, bending laboriously over a copy-book, and putting the finishing touch to a page full of Anthony's name. The housekeeper has gone to sleep, with her Bible on her knee, and her spectacles on her nose; and Phillis also, flushed with the heat of the afternoon, has fallen asleep in her chair. Sleuth looks at her, and passes on with a smile. Is *she* the princess of his romance—with a darning-needle in her fingers, and a stocking drawn over her arm? Sleuth again smiles, and goes on looking into the other rooms.

Where can Anthony be? He is not in any of the front rooms, nor in his favourite corner on the lawn. Sleuth goes out, and walks round past the back windows. The first that he passed he comes to again, for he knows Anthony is in there.

It is the window of the long drawing-room—a room that has been very little used since the alderman's death. Anthony has had the vicar shown there when he has called on him, and that is all. For himself, he has always professed to Sleuth a dislike for the splendor of its new amber curtains, its amber-satin chair-covers, and unspecked violet carpet. What can he be doing there now? Sleuth wonders. Can he see him? Yes; there he is, sitting at the table near the window, with papers spread out before him. Sleuth knows several of those papers very well. Some concern him and the gift of the alderman's house. Most conspicuous among them all are the beautifully prepared plans of Anthony's new mansion and grounds at Eddington. It soon became evident to Sleuth, as he stood watching him, that Anthony was doing nothing but lifting the papers up, one by one, and glancing over them vaguely. Presently he smiled, pushed the papers away, and leaned his elbows on the table and his head in his hands. Sleuth understood the smile and the attitude, and his eyes became riveted to Anthony's face with an absorbed and fascinated gaze. It seemed to him that that bowed head, and that face, with its tender, dreamy smile, showed him what his imagination was too feeble to show him—the depth and breadth of the happiness that, he made no manner of doubt, would before long be his. For what, he asked himself, had Anthony, that he, too, would not have when they should have changed places?

He told himself it was his happiness, and not Anthony's, that he feasted his eyes upon, and in his wild excitement he came nearer and nearer, till his form darkened the window.

Anthony looked up and saw him.

"Dick," he said, "come in."

And then he rose and approached him with outstretched hand, and moist, yearning eyes.

"I hope you have forgotten all that stupid business in your bed-chamber, as I have. One doesn't like to be kept at arm's length by people we care for, and I thought you were trying that on me—that's all. You don't think any more of it, do you?"

"No, no," said Sleuth, suddenly, as he grasped one of the offered hands.

"Why, old fellow," said Anthony, suddenly, "you look excited—pleased. Has anything happened?"

"Anthony, I have been watching you. You seemed so happy—so wonderfully happy—how could I help being pleased?"

"Watching me, have you? What did you think me like, Dick? Some old miser, gloating over his treasures? Or some bee, fattening himself on honey till he bursts?"

"I thought of nothing, Anthony, but your happiness—I could think of nothing else."

"You are so unselfish a fellow, Dick, that I could almost believe you."

He might have believed him, for he was looking on Anthony just now as an illustration of a sort of future self, and his happiness enthralled him. He had a strange, almost savage, delight in viewing, measuring, and understanding it, before snatching it from Anthony to himself: he would know all it consisted of, that he might not lose one tithe of it when it came to be his. He returned his cousin's grasp of the hand with feverish earnestness, and looked into his face, and held his hand, as if reluctant to let it go.

"Yes, Anthony, you may believe me, I rejoice with you almost as much as if your happiness were my own. And, Anthony, what fools men are, to say there is no perfect happiness on earth! Yours is perfect, is it not? Tell me, Anthony, isn't it quite perfect?"

"If it hadn't been before, Dick, you would make it so now. I didn't expect sympathy. In trouble a man may expect it; but as I have been to-day, he shuts himself up, that he may not annoy any one by the sight of his face."

"But why did *you*, Anthony, shut yourself up? I never had such pleasure in my life as I had just now, in looking at your face."

No wonder Anthony thought his cousin's warmth was getting the better of his sincerity. He looked at him with a smile, but Sleuth's pale eye met his glance with a bright, bold flash of truth in them, and Anthony turned sharply away from him, almost overpowered.

Sleuth sat down, still following him with greedy eyes. To be thus strengthening and increasing Anthony's happiness, he felt it no more sin than a careful heir feels it to strengthen and increase the inheritance that will shortly be his own.

"Dick," said Anthony, when he had stretched himself on the sofa near Sleuth's chair, and lay with his heels reclining on the once-dreaded amber-satin covered cushions, and his hands supporting his head at the foot. "Dick," he said, in a low voice, "*do* men say that there is no perfect happiness on earth, or——"

"Yes; but it's false!" cried Sleuth. "There is—there is. They only say it to make one doubt it, when one has it; but I—we won't doubt it, will we, Anthony?"

"Do you suppose I doubt it just now, Dick?"

Sleuth only heard a low, rich, half-smothered laugh follow the question, and it was music to his ear; but the one drop lying darkly on the bright amber he could not see; it would have perplexed him if he had. The overflowing of the cup, the pain of happiness, was a mystery he did not dream of, still less wish to penetrate.

"No, Anthony, I'm sure you cannot doubt it," he said; "how can you? What is there you have not got to make yours perfect? Youth—health—"

"That's right, Dick! count over all my blessings to me; I'm almost tired of counting them myself."

"Good looks!" said Sleuth, with a bright, quick glance at the mirror.

"Now you bring me down to earth."

"Fortune!"

"Ah! I rise again!"

"Love!"

"Ah! Dick!"

Sleuth was silent for a minute, repeating his last word to himself—"love!" Yes, with the other that must come! It should! He would not have half of Anthony's inheritance—of the inheritance of which Anthony had all this time cheated him—but all; yes all!

"Go on, Dick," said Anthony. "You have forgotten what I, too, forgot till you came to me just now; but now I wonder how I could have felt that all was complete without it."

"What have I forgotten, Anthony?"

"To add to the long list of my blessings, old boy, the friendship of a man who deserves them all a thousand times more than I do."

Sleuth could find no answer to this speech, either for Anthony or for himself. They were both silent for a little while, and presently Anthony said:

"No, Dick, I don't doubt the possibility of perfect happiness, as you say; how can I? but—"

"But what, Anthony?" asked Sleuth, in an awed, almost an aggrieved voice, for he did not like to have the soundness of his coming inheritance doubted—"but what, Anthony?" he repeated, anxiously bending down to look into the other's face.

"But, Dick, can it last?"

"Last?" repeated Sleuth, in a low voice, still thinking of himself, and not of Anthony; "why not?"

"I don't know, Dick, but sometimes the thought comes over me that it's too much to last."

"Too much!" repeated Sleuth, almost passionately. "Kept out of it so long, and then you say it's too much when it does come—too much to last! Taken, and bullied, and pampered like a dog, and led to expect everything, and then kicked out like a dog, with a wretched bone flung after one; and when, by one's own ex—one's own worth, one gets one's rights, it's too much, is it? Too much to last!"

Sleuth had got up, and put himself in a sort of attitude of defence behind his chair while giving vent to his uncontrollable excitement. He had scarcely got the words out of his mouth before a panic of fear seized him. He trembled, and grasped the chair, and again heard the cautious whisper, "Not yet! not yet! You are endangering all!" But then, as he gazed at Anthony, he remembered, with infinite relief, that every word he had uttered applied to Anthony's case as well as his own.

"Come, come, Dick," said Anthony, "all that's forgotten and done with. It was my own fault as much as his. Well, you think I am safe, do you, Dick—safe against any tremendous crushing turn of the wheel—any terrific downfall from my present elysium?"

And Anthony, who had risen, held out his hand, smiling as he thought of Sleuth's passionate defence of his happiness.

"You think I'm safe, Dick?"

Sleuth smothered down once more that thief within him that rose up, like the thief in the children's tale, crying, "Is it not time? let me out before you make me any fouler—let me out, and do my work!" "Not yet! not yet!" still answered Sleuth, and returned Anthony's grasp, and smiled back at him assuringly, saying in a faint voice:

"Of course I think you're safe, Anthony."

"Hollo! there's the bell, Dick," said Anthony, listening. "Hark! I'll bet you any money I know that ring."

"Do you?" asked Sleuth, faintly.

"It's the doctor's. I could swear to it. Dick, Dick, is she with him?"

"I'll go and look out of the study window," said Sleuth.

He escaped from the room, but not to look after any visitor, not to pause at any window.

"Is it time?" the voice asked him once more. He paused a minute, with his trembling hands on the desk.

"Yes," he said; "I must begin to work!"

Sleuth ran to look out, and see if Clarissa had come with the doctor, almost hoping, for secret reasons of his own, that she would be present during the next hour or two, but cunningly conscious that the quarrel between Anthony and the doctor would be more likely to progress to a dangerous point, if her influence did not interpose.

The doctor was alone; and Sleuth saw that now indeed was his time to put his hand boldly on Fortune's wheel, and cry aloud to fate, "I am henceforward master."

He did not hesitate. Instead of returning to Anthony, he made a circuitous run to get to Anthony's study. No one was there; but the blind was up. He feared to attempt what he had to do with the window so exposed. It was very hot: the sun would fade the color of the new carpet; of course nothing could be more natural than he should draw down the blind when he "happened" to come into the room. Then, veiled from every eye, Sleuth drew forth his master key, opened the desk, took out the pin that held the drawer in its place, dropped it carelessly among the papers—never again to be used, thought Sleuth, if all went well—and then the drawer was brought forth.

It was but the work of a few seconds for Sleuth's trembling fingers to take, for the last time, from its hiding-place in his breast, the codicil; open it, to be quite sure no trick had been played by unseen enemies; and then deposit it between the two bottoms.

But Sleuth restored only two of the small nails that fastened the false bottom to its place, these being the inner ones, when the drawer was replaced in the desk. And now for the test. Would the scheme work? Sleuth tilted the desk—a little, and yet a little more, till the drawer began to slide out, and as it came forth, Sleuth saw with exquisite pleasure the false bottom dropping at the unfastened end, so that no one could handle the desk in its present state without making the desired discovery—and there—yes, there was the corner of the paper just appearing, and ready to slide out.

But who was to be the discoverer? Sleuth had settled that as decidedly as all the rest. Whenever this room required to be set to rights, Mrs. Milton herself did the work, and would not let the housemaid come at all into the room. The alderman had established the rule, and Anthony maintained it. But the alderman was methodical—Anthony was not. So, instead of the regular day in each week, that had once been the custom, Anthony had got into a way of asking for it to be set to rights just when it suited him. And that habit led to another—that occasionally it was Sleuth who spoke to Mrs. Milton on the subject, and who was, of course, just as duly obeyed. All this Sleuth had carefully thought out for himself, after long study of Mrs. Milton's ways; and now, when all was ready, the trap laid, and the victims were to be caught, he called her in, and did not leave her till he saw her busily at work. Then he withdrew, to wait for the explosion, not yet knowing whether Mrs. Milton would be officious enough to do all he desired, but quite prepared, if she did not, to make her do it, while still concealing his own active participation. But as usual with all such schemes—— Let us not, however, anticipate.

As Sleuth retires from the scene of his carefully-organized plan, he hears Anthony's loud and cheerful voice cry:

"Ah, doctor, I am so glad to see you! Clarissa with you?"

And he hears the thunderous voice reply, though what it says he knows not, for the door behind the speaker is slammed to with most unseemly violence.

"Now! now! now!" murmurs Sleuth to himself, and he drew near to listen. "If—if, at one blow, and within the next hour, I strike him both ways, won't it be sublime!"

Sleuth's plan, briefly described, came to just this: to let the quarrel between the doctor and Anthony go far enough to become venomous, and then, while maintaining his own character for good faith to Anthony, to allow the discovery of the codicil to burst full upon the latter.

The first part was working beautifully. Though he himself had admitted nothing to the doctor, yet here was that pompous and irate gentleman come to confront Anthony in his home; and Sleuth felt sure he need be under no anxiety about the end of that affair—provided only the codicil was discovered immediately after.

Now, then, he must bring to an end all the schemings of the last few days and nights. The codicil must be brought forth, but also so brought as to leave not the faintest imputation on Sleuth as having helped in the process. *That* was vital; for if he were suspected of dealing fraudulently in any way with the document, the document itself might become useless in the eye of the law. Nor was that all. Sleuth dreaded the least discovery of his having tampered with the codicil, lest it might lead to the discovery of the murder.

He goes now to Mrs. Milton, and he pleases himself with the idea he has got a capital beginning for their talk, and for his hanging about her in the study, while she is putting it to rights.

"Well, my dear old lady——" he began, thinking to please her.

But she resented the familiarity, and said:

"'Mrs. Milton,' sir, ladies and gentlemen call me."

"Mrs. Milton, then, be it; and yet I must call you my dear Mrs. Milton. I am going to show you how much I respect you."

Mrs. Milton coughed, but whether it was with the outrageous dust she began to raise, or whether she intended it as a hint to him that she didn't want to talk, Sleuth neither knew nor cared.

"Do you know," he said, "that this is now my house?"

"What?" almost shrieked the housekeeper, now quite roused.

"Yes, this is my house, my furniture, my carriages and horses—though they ain't very good, are they?"

"Yours, Mr. Sleuth? How can that be?"

"Mine, my dear lady, my servant, my-—" "housekeeper," he was going to say, but thought he had better not. "I see you are surprised. Well, I'll tell you. It's all my cousin Anthony's doing. Isn't he generous—isn't he noble?"

The old lady's heart began to warm at last, even to this very chilling and slimy piece of humanity, as she always persisted in considering Sleuth was.

"That's like him, bless him!" she said. "I might have been sure he'd do something to make up to you for your disappointment—for I'm sure you must have been disappointed, Mr. Sleuth."

"I was; I own it to you, Mrs. Milton, with all my heart. And if Anthony had been less kind, or if I hadn't found such a home here among you all, I don't know what I should have done, I should have been so miserable."

"And he has given it to you?"

"Yes, all of it, and the land about it; and not by word of mouth, mind you, but through the lawyers. They're the boys to fix a good thing for you! Why, it's worth near ten thousand pounds!"

Mrs. Milton lifted her hands in astonishment—though she managed to embrace with her arm the while the tall broom, that dropped its head lovingly against her breast.

"And now, can't you guess what I've come here to say? Of course you can. You know that Anthony doesn't hold you in greater respect than I do, and that he doesn't give you greater wages than I will give you: and so I want you to stay with me, even though Anthony goes away to the grander house he's just going to build."

Mrs. Milton was touched by this, and by the reflection how unjust she had often been to this young man; but she did not immediately reply.

"And Phillis, you know, can stay with you, if you like," said Sleuth, in a rather faint tone, aware he was touching upon a ticklish subject; but that very remark decided her, if she had at all hesitated.

"I am sure, Mr. Sleuth, I'm very thankful—very thankful, indeed—for your great kindness to me; but I'm growing old, and I want rest; and besides, this isn't the right place for a young girl like Phillis. It was all very well while there was only the poor old gentleman in the house, but now—— No, thank you, Mr. Sleuth, we'll go back to our native place, Cumberland, as soon as you can provide yourself."

"I'm very sorry for that," said Sleuth, turning away lest she might see how his eyes were sparkling with this new and unexpected good fortune—that Phillis, without any action of his, would be removed from his path.

"Well, then," said he, "will you kindly look out for me some nice, comfortable, motherly body, to look to things for me?"

"Of course I will, and be greatly pleased, Mr. Sleuth, that you have so much confidence in me."

"By-the-bye, Mrs. Milton, I'll write down your Cumberland address," and he sat down at a little table by the window, where there was an inkstand, but no paper. "She'll think I mean something by that about Phillis," thought Sleuth to himself. But he had not sat down away from the table on which the desk was deposited for nothing.

"There's no paper here! Just look, Mrs. Milton, if my cousin's desk is open. He tells me to go to it when I want anything."

Mrs. Milton found the desk locked.

"Perhaps there's a drawer somewhere?"

"I don't like touching master's things," said Mrs. Milton shortly. "I'll fetch some paper from another room."

"Old fool!" commented Sleuth, in the bitterness of his soul, as he saw the one chance he had relied on pass away, and felt the necessity of still leaving so much to the chapter of accidents. He dared not venture another allusion of any kind to the desk. He even, at first, thought it necessary, while she was gone, to decrease the chances of her making any discovery, by pushing in the edge of the drawer flush with the rest of the desk, lest she should notice that, and connect it with his suggestion to her to handle it. But he saw he must not be too particular, so he drew it out again, and when she returned, made another attempt of a different kind.

"This table's very dusty, and Anthony's looks worse still. I suppose it's through his keeping the windows so much open, and the dirt blows in."

"I'll have the cloth off presently," said Mrs. Milton, and with that new gleam of comfort, Sleuth felt he had better be content. She could not take the cloth off without first removing the desk. Perhaps, then, she might tilt it a little. Or, stay! Yes, he would be on the watch—as he easily could be without her knowing—and the moment he saw her lift the desk, go in, and ensure her doing something to quicken the great explosion.

Meantime, he went to listen to the progress of the dialogue between the doctor and Anthony, determined to keep watch simultaneously in both directions.

We must now go back a little, to see what occurred between that pair; and to do justice to the occasion, must begin a new chapter.

THE EAGLE'S CRAG.

THE beautiful island of Arran is situated at the mouth of the Firth of Clyde, on the west coast of Scotland. It is celebrated for the grandeur of its mountain scenery, and the picturesque beauty of its valleys. Its rich stores of mineral wealth, and abundance of its game, present great attractions to the geologist and sportsman; while, as a sea-bathing place, it is unrivaled.

At the time, however, that the following occurrence took place, Arran was neither frequented by tourist nor mineralogist. Those were not the days of steam, by means of which the access is now so easy. The passage for a sailing vessel was always tedious, and sometimes dangerous, from the nature of the coast and the eddying wind. A few families of distinction even then sought renovated health on its heath-covered mountains, and in drinking the whey from the milk of the goat, then considered a panacea for all disorders. The transit, however, involved so much trouble and expense, that comparatively few availed themselves of the privilege.

Arran's lofty mountains and towering crags possessed a sort of mysterious interest to those who could see them only at a distance. The eagle built its nest and reared its young, the sea-bird soared and screamed unnoticed by human eye, or undisturbed by the foot of man, save when some young adventurer, active as the mountain goat, periled his life and limb in scaling the precipices in pursuit of the young from the nest. It is greatly above a hundred years since the incident occurred, which I am about to relate.

On the mainland, opposite to the island, were assembled a band of reapers, on a bright and sunny morning in autumn. A boat, full of young men and women, had arrived that morning from the neighboring coast, and were busily engaged in cutting down a field of corn. The men had brought their guns, with the intention of shooting wild fowl on their return in the evening. A young married woman joined the busy throng, having first wrapped her infant, of a few months old, in her shawl, and laid it under the shelter of a stack of corn.

The song and jest went round, and they labored hard, for they were striving with each other who should first accomplish the appointed task. They took no heed that a large and formidable eagle hovered over their heads; or if they noticed it at all, it was a matter of such frequent occurrence, that it excited neither alarm nor surprise.

At length the vast bird made one fell swoop to earth, seized the sleeping babe in its talons, and then majestically rose, carrying off its prey.

Consternation seized on the spectators, and a sudden shout rent the air. In the first impulse of the moment, the men seized their guns, but the certainty of killing the child, if they fired, paralyzed their arms.

The bird seemed not insensible of the confusion it had caused. It soared for some time in the air, then lazily winged its way across the estuary to its home on the mountain crags. The reapers, in breathless haste, rushed to the boat and gave chase. Strong were the sinews, and stout the hearts of that boat's crew. Few words were spoken, but every stroke on the boiling surf told with force and purpose. A low, wailing voice, from the bow of the boat, from time to time, spoke the anguish of a mother's heart.

The way was long; fast as they flew over the briny deep, the bird of prey flew faster, till having reached its eyrie on the crag, it deposited its burden there, and rose to reconnoitre the enemy in the rear. Our trusty friends kept it continually in view, and marked where the nest was situated, two-thirds up a precipitous cliff, where neither bush nor twig existed, to enable the boldest climber to ascend.

On reaching the land, their tactics were soon formed. The younger and more active having provided themselves with a coil of rope, scrambled from rock to rock, and reached the summit by a circuitous path. The others kept the eagle in alarm by shouts and firing of guns, and thus preventing its returning to its nest. Amongst those who reached the top of the cliff, was one bold boy, who offered to peril his life in the attempt to regain the child. The rope was speedily adjusted round his body, and he was slowly and carefully let down. I cannot speak of the dangers and difficulties he encountered in his perilous undertaking amidst the jutting crags and awful precipices. They must have been numerous; but a merciful Providence conducted him in safety, and crowned him with success. A stout heart and steady arm never forsook him, till he stood with his precious burden on the cliff.

Never before or since, did Eagle Crag echo so joyful a sound, as when the young adventurer stood on terra firma, and it was ascertained that the child yet lived. She was greatly injured, and one eye was put out by the talons of the bird. She lived to be an aged woman, and when I was young, I heard the tale from the lips of an elderly lady, who, in her youth, had seen and conversed with Eagle Mary, as she was ever afterwards called, in a town on the coast of Ayrshire.

MR. C. D. GARDETTE has in press a volume of verse, entitled, "The Fire Fiend, and other poems." It will be issued, in time for the holidays, by Messrs. Bunce & Huntington, and its leading poem will be remembered, by literary men, as the paraphrase of Poe, which so successfully "sold" the American and English critics, some three or four years since.

ARMENIAN WOMEN.

IT would appear that no where is the patriarchal system carried to a greater extent than among the Armenians. During the life-time of the father, all the sons and their descendants live together in one common dwelling; and thus houses may be found which, from the number of their inhabitants, resemble bee-hives, often comprising three or four generations. All the property is held in common by the descendants of the head of the house. Brothers and sisters inherit equally, but until the death of the head, no one can possess anything separate from all the others. Until marriage, the Armenian girls go about as they like: they are unveiled, and enjoy as much freedom as they could do in European countries, flirting, love-making, and marrying to please themselves, as in more civilized lands.

But once married, and all is changed. From that time, until she bears a child, she never speaks to any one, except her husband, and then only in private. After she becomes a mother, she may speak to her mother-in-law first, and, after the lapse of certain periods, to her own mother, her sisters-in-law, and her own sisters. She is always veiled, even in her own house: she never speaks to male strangers, and she seldom or never leaves the house. Her finery, jewelry, and ornaments can be shown to those only of her own sex; and in every way her seclusion is as complete as that of the Turkish women.

On the other hand, the Armenian women seldom do any hard work; they remain at home, while their husbands labor in the fields, and they enjoy, probably on account of their acquaintance prior to marriage, much more respect and confidence from their husbands than falls to the share of the Turkish wife, who, moreover, has to divide with two or three rivals the little affection or respect which her husband deigns to bestow on her. As the Armenian woman can only talk in her own house below her breath, that none of her male relatives may hear what she says, it follows that the consequence which usually results from the residence of so many women in one house, incessant quarreling, is quite avoided. Custom, the strongest of all laws, forbidding them to speak above a whisper, a war of words could only be carried on under great difficulties; and as yet, at least, speaking on the fingers, which would likewise require a knowledge of spelling—an accomplishment very few of them possess—is not introduced to facilitate the interchange of hostilities between those ancient enemies, mothers and daughters-in-law. Yet it is not easy to realize the idea of a large family circle, in which all the ladies sit mute, only conversing among themselves in whispers.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.—In one of the western departments of France, a man, of the name of Le Fort, accused of conspiring against the republic, was seized, and committed to prison. His wife, trembling for his fate, used every means that courage and affection could inspire to restore him to liberty; but without success. She then bought, with a sum of money, permission to pay him a single visit in his prison. At the appointed hour, she appeared before her husband, clothed in two suits of her own apparel. With the prudence of not allowing herself, at so critical a juncture, to give or receive useless demonstrations of tenderness, she hastily took off her upper suit of attire, prevailed upon her husband to put it on, and to quit the prison, leaving her in his place. Le Fort escaped, and the stratagem was not discovered till the succeeding day.

"Unhappy wretch!" cried one of the enraged committee, "what have you done?"

"My duty," she replied; "do thine!"

But, instead of beheading her, according to her expectations, the committee were so struck with her heroic reply, that they at once restored her to her husband, pardoning both.

WONDERS OF NATURE.—It is a wonderful thing to look abroad over the face of nature, and see how every mineral, vegetable, and animal production is constituted so as to minister in some way to the wants of man—to see the vegetable world silently engaged in extracting mineral matters from the soil, and storing them up for man, and man, impelled by instinct, selecting these as his own proper food—to behold not only his food and drink flowing constantly to him through the ever-revolving cycle of three kingdoms, but even his most valuable ornaments presented through the same natural channel! It is more than wonderful, it is sublime, to view atom after atom of the whole creation unceasingly changing place, that man, the lord of creation, may be abundantly supplied with all his comforts and his luxuries; to see the lilies of the field, and the insects of the earth and air, living and dying for man, yielding up their lives for man's sustenance and adornment. True, "the lilies of the field take no thought for the morrow," but the unseen finger that opens their petals to the day points them out as the appropriate food to some of those animals whose life or death ministers to man! The blooming cactus not only charms the eye of man, and makes the arid desert blossom as the rose, but it furnishes food for an insect that lives upon it, and grows and dies to clothe man with the same resplendent dye.

CHINESE CHRONOLOGY.—The Chinese mode of computing time differs from ours mainly because they have never adopted our system of calendar months; theirs are the lunar months; indeed they say, first moon, second moon, and so on. In order that their years may correspond nearly with the revolutions of the seasons, they are accustomed to put in an intercalary month when necessary, and this they do by repeating one of the 12 months; and this year they are to have two fifth months. This accounts for the shifting about of their New Year's day, making it some years earlier than others. They also date letters and business documents by the year of their reigning Emperor; but that year is not measured from the day he began to reign, for if the Emperor ascended the throne in the last month of the year, what remains of that twelvemonth is reckoned his first year, and the first day of the first month of the new year begins the second year of his reign. So in reckoning the ages of children; a child born on the last day of the old year is called two years old on the morrow, or New Year's day. The Chinese also reckon by cycles of 60 years each, which cycles were established in the 61st year of the Emperor Hwang-ti, B. C. 2637; so that we are now entering the second year of the 76th cycle. Each of the 60 years has a particular designation, and this present year is called "Yut Chau."

ANCIENT DWARFS.—History has preserved the name of Conopas, who belonged to Julia, the daughter of Augustus; he was 2 feet 9 inches high. She had also a freed maid, called Andromeda, of the same diminutive proportions. Marc Anthony had a dwarf below 2 feet whom by way of irony, he called Sisyphus. Augustus exhibited in his plays a certain Lucius, who, as Suetonius relates, was born of honest parents, was less than 2 feet in height, weighed 17lbs., and had a very strong voice. Augustus caused his statue to be made, and so little did he consider the expense that the apples of the eyes were represented by precious stones. This statue, formerly in the cabinet of the kings of France, represented an ill-proportioned rickety abortion, with nothing of the air of a little adolescent, as natural dwarfs usually have. He might be supposed to be about 30 years old. Tiberius admitted a dwarf to his table, and allowed him to ask the boldest questions, which he, taking advantage of, hastened the punishment of more than one state criminal. Domitian assembled such a number of these little creatures that he formed them into a troop of miniature gladiators. Pliny says, "Marcus Varus reported that Marius Maximus and Marcus Tullius were but 2 cubits, or 2 feet 11 inches high, and yet were they both gentlemen and knights of Rome; and, in truth, we ourselves have seen their bodies, as they lie embalmed, which testify the same thing." The taste for dwarfs continued to the reign of Alexander Severus; but that prince expelled the whole race, male and female, from his court, upon which the fashion of rearing them for traffic soon ceased throughout the empire.



FERNANDO DE NORONHA, OR THUMB MOUNTAIN, THE PENAL SETTLEMENT OF THE BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. W. PARKER SNOW.

FERNANDO DE NORONHA, The Penal Settlement of the Brazilian Government

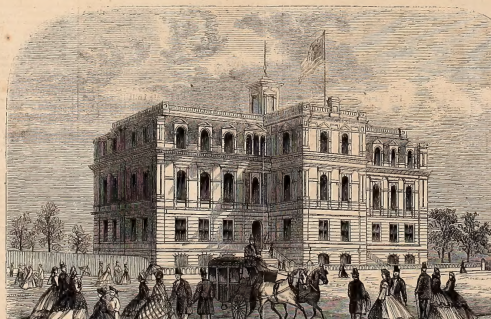
Is an island, with smaller one longing to Brazil. It is about 210 miles north-east of Cape St. Rogue, the easternmost point of South America, and is in latitude 3 deg. 50 min. S., longitude 32 deg. 28 min. W.

The extent of the group is about seven miles S. W. and N. E., by not quite two miles broad. The shores are rocky, with a high surf, and occasionally, very heavy rollers.

Fernando de Noronha is 20 miles in circumference, and is remarkable for a peculiar-looking conical hill, about 1,000 feet high, the upper part of which is exceedingly steep, and on one side overhanging its base. The rock is phonolite, and it divided int> irregular columns. The whole island is covered with wood, but as the climate is dry—sometimes having no rain for two years—vegetation does not always look very fresh. Yet there are many beauties about the island. Viewed from the sea, it is very picturesque; the lofty barren peak being conspicuous from every point, while, at some elevations, great masses of the columnar rock, shaded by laurels, and ornamented by a tree covered by fine pink flowers, like those of a fox-glove, but without a single leaf, give a pleasing effect to the nearer parts of the scenery. There is good fishing all round the island, which has two harbors, neither of them, however, very safe in stormy weather.

Except by special permission from the Brazilian authorities, no woman is allowed to land on the island. Ships do not often call there, as it is considered too far west of the usual course southward, but some voyagers specially recommend it, as the more likely to ensure the benefit of the local winds along the Brazilian coast.

around it, be- months of the hottest season, and many trees and plants removed while in bloom, and a portion of these maturing the fruit the first year, it can, with truth, be called a triumph of horticulture—but such is the beauty and excellence of the climate, that almost seeming impossibilities may be accomplished. The artist says, we present it to call attention to Landscape Gardening, and the success of Summer Planting, for of all the number planted, not one per cent. was lost, although the thermometer ranged from 80 to 100 degrees during the whole time the work was progressing, and we do not believe an equally successful experiment was ever made in the United States. The success of that work can be seen by all who will visit it—the splendid growth, and the style of the grounds, and the general beauty of the residence, will amply repay a visit.



THE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE. FIFTH STREET, NEAR MARKET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE.

This elegant building has just been erected on 5th street, San Francisco, and, under the above name, dedicated to the cause of education.

The people of the Pacific coast say it is the finest building of their section, and of especially beautiful architecture.

Money spent on education is never misapplied, even though it may not be economically spent, and on this understanding, California is working with an earnestness that is well worthy commendation.

The Superintendent of the Lincoln School, is Mr. J. G. Pelton, a name well-known in the educational history of California.

A LUNATIC'S BALL.

The 6th of this month was signalized on Blackwell's Island by a ball, given to the patients of the Insane Asylum, in honor of the completion of the first of a series of four frame buildings, recently commenced, in consequence of the overcrowded state of the institution.

The structure being but slightly furnished, afforded a fine opportunity for the free exercise of "many twinkling feet." Not a few visitors were present to enjoy the novel spectacle of a dance, in which nearly all the participants were among the most justly commiserated of the human species.

Their delusions forgotten, many of the patients whirled about in glee, which, though wild, did not exceed the bounds of common-sense propriety; others were merely roused from their apathetic state, and gazed with a slight smile upon the scene.

Although the majority of the dancers preferred original variations from the various approved figures, quadrille parties were formed which did credit to the institution.

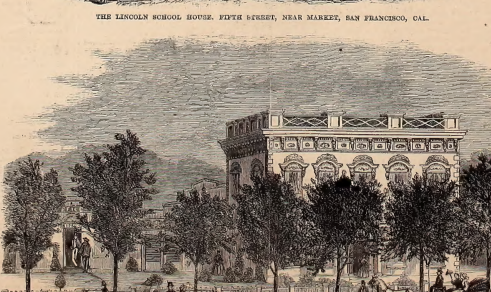
A break-down jig seemed, however, the favorite style of showing delight at the violin's screechings and twiddlings. Some crazy people were present.

Balls are an item that has been but lately added to the list of amusements for patients in the Blackwell's Island Asylum. Music, with magic-lantern exhibitions, have hitherto been mainly employed in enlivening them, but perhaps the ball, in its power of withdrawing the mind from the fancies which oppress him, surpasses both.

THE RESIDENCE OF F. F. LOW, ESQ., Governor of California.

The engraving is the residence of the present Governor of California, and was built and is owned by the late Governor, Leland Stanford, the able and efficient President of the Central Pacific Railroad. We present it as one of the finest mansions of the State, and with all its surroundings, as fine a residence as can be found on the Pacific coast.

Three years since the gardens were destroyed by the flood of 1861-62, the water standing to the centre of the parlor windows, doing great damage. On the 6th of May, the work of restoration was commenced, the deposit by the flood having been immense, requiring the removal of some three hundred loads of debris and offensive matter, and a return of an equal amount of good soil. This, and the complete transposition and preparation of 25,000 square feet of soil, and the planting of from 700 to 800 trees, plants, and vines, required vast labor, and when it shall be remembered that this work was done from May to July, two



THE RESIDENCE OF F. F. LOW, ESQ., GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA, CORNER OF EIGHTH AND N STREET, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

A barber in England, during the prevalence of the cholera, expressed his opinion to a customer on whom he was operating, that after all, the cholera was in the hair. "Then," was the answer, "you ought to be careful what brushes you use." "Oh, sir," replied the barber, hesitating, "I didn't mean the hair in the head, but the hair of the atmosphere."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GEN. GRANT.

THIS now historical spot, given from a photograph just as it was when the illustrious general inhabited it, is situated at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio.

Point Pleasant, a town of 200 inhabitants, is on the Ohio river, 20 miles above Cincinnati, and has no further attractions, historical or otherwise, unless rocks and hills may be so considered.

Since the general's occupation nothing has been done with it except giving it a new roof. The house is now inhabited by a German family, but we suppose will soon be the property of Mr. Barnum.

GENERAL GRANT'S RECEPTION.

WE give our pictorial record of General Grant in New York; firstly, his entertainment by the fast horsemen, and secondly, by the solid men of society.

On Thursday, the 16th November, the General accepted an invitation to review the fast horses of New York, and everybody that knows horse, knows that New York can show something in that way that is not to be equaled on the face of this little planet.

The affair was to come off at what is known as Dubois' Half-Mile Track, on Harlem Lane. At 2 o'clock upon that day, Mr. Robert Bonner, with his famous $41,000 team, Lantern and Peerless, drove up to the Metropolitan Hotel, and took the General on board, and in due course set him down at Dubois', where he was received by the Manhattan Island Club and citizens generally.

Two hours before the time named for this exhibition of horse-flesh to commence, the track began to fill up. No public announcement of the affair had been made, but there would be little chance of procuring even elbow-room in the vicinity. The members of the club, and a few favored ones, were notified, who, of course, informed their friends; and hence, the attendance was quite select. At three o'clock—the hour announced for the exhibition to take place—there must have been 2,000 persons present; vehicles of every description were on hand, and a number of ladies graced the occasion with their presence. Several carriages, freighted with fair occupants, occupied the circular space on the track, and rendered the scene peculiarly enlivening. A large American flag hung suspended from the Club-House in honor of the distinguished guest.

Shortly after three o'clock, General Grant, driven by Mr. Bonner, entered the grounds, and was greeted with enthusiastic cheers. Descending from the carriage, he took a position in front of the Club-House. A chair was provided, which the General mounted, so that he could obtain a clear view of the horses' movements over the heads of the crowd. A force of police from the Thirty-second Precinct, in charge of Roundsman O'Coward, kept excellent order during the afternoon. A larger number, however, would have added much to the comfort of those in attendance.

The various animals which exhibited upon the track during the afternoon, together with the names of their drivers, are as follows: Bonner's team, Peerless and Lantern, Bonner; Bonner's Auburn Horse, Bonner; Flora Temple, James McMann; Ella Sherwood, Hiram Woodruff; George Wilkes, John Cross; Commodore Vanderbilt, Dan Mace; Toronto Chief, (in saddle,) John Murphy; Battlemaid, Dan Pfifer; Dexter (in saddle), Orrin Woodruff; General Butler, Griffith Thomas; Lady Clifton, Dan Pfifer; Brunette, Harker. All these horse, with the exception of Dexter and Toronto, who went in saddle, were trotted to sheleton and road wagons.

Seven or eight horses were on the track at one time, making the scene very inspiriting. General Grant seemed to enjoy it much, and watched the horses closely as they whirled around in succession. The sight was, indeed, a novel one to all concerned. General Grant had reviewed the columns of our gallant army again and again; the clattering of thousands of cavalry, hurrying past, had sounded in his ears; but now the happy hours of peace had returned, and his fellow-citizens had called him to a different review.

From the track, we shall fly over four days, to Monday, the 20th, when the General was received at Fifth Avenue Hotel by the solid men.

For this entertainment, 1500 tickets were issued, but those who are experts in estimating crowds, say that over 3,000 were present.

The magnificent parlors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, two dining-rooms, and the large halls leading thereto—all on the second floor—were used Monday evening upon the occasion of the reception. These apartments are particularly appropriate for such an entertainment. They are spacious, well-ventilated, and luxuriously furnished. The candelabras are numerous, and placed in positions where, when fully lighted, they throw a flood of light upon all surrounding objects. Costly carpets yielded softly to the feet of the promenaders, while gorgeous furniture and appropriate decorations, exquisitely arranged, pleased the eye, and gratified the taste.

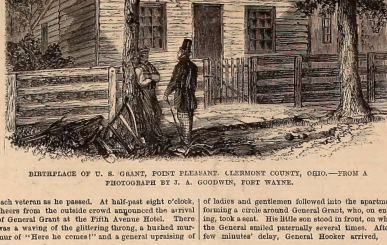
The decorations were neat, although by no means extensive. Large national banners hung suspended around the walls, and over the entrances to the parlors and supper-rooms. Flowers were grouped at different points, lending much beauty to the decorations.

General Grant, who was a guest of the Metropolitan Hotel, was escorted from thence. About eight o'clock, Mr. Henry Clews on the part of the Reception Committee, arrived from the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and in a few minutes, the Lieutenant-General and his suitable lady descended the stairs, and entered the carriage assigned for them.

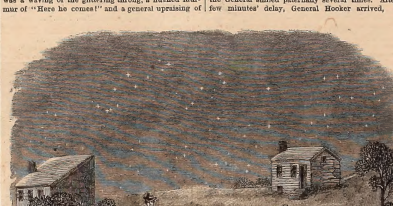
At the doors, an immense crowd awaited his egress. The utmost enthusiasm was evinced by the expectant bystanders, to which the hero responded in his usual winning manner. His old comrades cheered vociferously, and each eye lighted up with the old fire of battle as the great chieftain bowed his acknowledgments. There were six carriages provided for the General and his staff cheers being given for each veteran as he passed. At half-past eight o'clock, cheers from the outside crowd announced the arrival of General Grant at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. There was a waving of the glittering baton, a hushed murmur of "Here he comes!" and a general uprising of ladies and gentlemen followed into the apartment, forming a circle around General Grant, who, on entering, took a seat. His little son stood in front, on whom the General smiled paternally several times. After a few minutes' delay, General Hooker arrived, and, shaking hands with his distinguished superior, took a seat beside him.



BIRTHPLACE OF U. S. GRANT, POINT PLEASANT, CLERMONT COUNTY, OHIO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. A. GOODWIN, FORT WAYNE.



KISSING BRIDGE, FIFTIETH STREET AND SECOND AVENUE.—THE ORIGIN OF TAKING TOLL.



THE NAUTCH GIRLS OF INDIA.

heads. Two minutes more, and the Lieutenant-General enters, accompanied by his little son, and leaning upon the arm of General Prosper M. Wetmore.

On entering, General Grant met General Heintelman, with whom he shook hands cordially. The throng

From this time, until 11 o'clock, the General and Mrs. Grant went through a hand-shaking and enthusiasm-venting process, that, however fatiguing, could not have been otherwise than gratifying. At that hour, they adjourned from the reception to the banqueting-room, where forty picked guests sat down, and speeches, toasts, etc., were the order of the day. Fireworks were let off in front of the hotel, and the General showed himself on the balcony, and everything was done that could minister to the gratification of outsiders.

On Wednesday, General Grant left New York for Washington. It was intended to give him an escort through Broadway by the 7th Regiment; but, in consequence of the storm, the people did not get a glimpse of their hero of the day.

KISSING BRIDGE.

WHO is there that does not know the old saying of "taking toll." How many a maiden's bosom has fluttered and cheek flushed, if the moonlight would permit it to be seen, and how many a manly breast has heaved and his eyes danced, as they hurried over the silvery snow and approached a bridge. Toll was to be taken, a kiss stolen, or freely presented as the couple flew over the stream. We all know and revel in the custom, but how many of us know the derivation. History is somewhat silent on the subject, but our researches have put it on the original "Kissing Bridge," a simple structure at 50th street and Second Avenue, which until the year 1800 stood intact, just as it was when our grandmothers and grandfathers went out sleighing, and; wrapped in furs and blankets, did their courting and kissing, stopping at some friendly house or tavern by the way to quaff cider, eat doughnuts or crullers, and perhaps with the aid of a cracked violin had a dance.

Kissing Bridge we believe to have been the foundation of the custom, and our engraving is an accurate representation of the spot endeared to the hearts of many millions, just as it looked when the relentless hand of improvement seized it.

THE NAUTCH GIRLS OF INDIA.

MR. I. D'ISRAELI, well known as a writer and as a traveler, in all parts of the earth, gives this description of the East Indian dancing-girls:

"I was the guest of a Mr. Johnstone, an officer in one of the Nizam's regiments of infantry, whose hospitality was so unbounded, that he was always ready to bring how to and some means of entertaining me. He had just been praising the beauty and accomplishments of some dancing-girls at Aurungabad, but that he might procure a particularly good set, make due preparations, and invite some of his native friends to the nautch, he deferred it until the following night.

"Messages were accordingly sent to some of his native friends for the occasion. No people stand more upon ceremony, and are more punctilious in the observance of all forms of etiquette, than the inhabitants of Hindustan, even to the lowest classes, who bow and salute their acquaintances with much form. In the upper classes it is almost carried to an excess of politeness and reference.

"But to the dance. These dancing-girls were some of them very young, very beautiful, very fond, and possessing the finest and most delicate forms that can be imagined. Willing to please, and desirous to be admired, they neglected nothing that could set off their persons, or excite admiration in the beholders. True disciples of the Paphian Queen, still they had very few of the vices that disgrace the sisterhood in Europe. Their manners were good, their tempers mild, and their dispositions of the most affectionate kind. Druggish ness, quarreling and swearing were unknown to them, and in their habits they were temperate, docile and discreet. No vulgarity, ingratitude, or deception in their character.

"In the instrumental parts of these performances there was but little to please, and nothing to admire. The vocalists and dancers had the accompaniments of small, noisy, harsh drums, beaten with the hand and a stick. The drum was suspended from the neck, and rested on the vest of the player. They had a kind of guitar, played either with the bow or the fingers. To produce 'soft sounds,' in accordance either with the step or whirl of the dancing-girl, the musicians distorted their countenances by the most hideous grimaces. The whole neck and face appeared convulsed, the mouth wide open, and the player roared out with all his might and made a symphony to his own music. Their violent motions evinced exertion and the utmost enthusiasm in gesture, torturing, as it were, some distant sounds (as they thought) from their rude and inharmonious instruments. These performers were nervously alive to their calling, and so desirous of improving the dancing and singing, that they got into a profuse sweat, and appeared as if bewitched with the wish to please, and the overwhelming effects of their own noise, than which nothing could be more discordant or frightful, equally devoid of sweetness in the instrument, and of voice in the performers. When you could prevail on the girls to sing without the execrable accompaniment of the tom-toms, the guitar and cymbals, it was a great treat. Their voices were often mellifluous, their persons graceful, their countenances soft and expressive, their motions and attitudes classically elegant; but when those obstreperous sons of Orpheus stepped in, farewell to all harmony.

"The girls sang the strain on the old subjects, love and war, and in relating the delights of the former did not fail 'to suit the action to the word,' but they seldom overstepped the 'modesty of nature,' except urged on by imprudent and volatile young men. Round the sides of the girls were placed rows of very small silver bells; these they moved in cadence, quickly or not, according to the step or figure they were engaged in.

"There were generally three or four performers at a time, who alternately took a part in the dancing or singing, as one or other needed to get exhausted. The quick movement of the loins and hips, the whirl

ing motions they took (in which our figure dancers are novices), and both hands gracefully sustained, and cheerfully flung over the head, must have been most fatiguing. They often sang at the time of dancing, and the exhilarating air, "Tara ba Tara," generally commenced the melody. Buffoons and mimics occasionally lent their drollerics as an interlude. Such dancing and singing girls as Miches, Begum, John, Hingan, and others, would not get out under a hundred rupees each per night. Their fine tresses were perfumed and adorned with fragrant flowers, their dress and ornaments were very showy, and they were full-bottomed criticals of the finest muslin, which flew out and expanded as they took their whirling evolutions.

"Our party did not break up till late, although after the first hour or two of the entertainment there was not much variety in the amusement. In the intervals of dancing and singing, lounging on couches, smoking and conversing with intelligent natives, who were eating ground on carpets, was an agreeable pastime enough."

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2,000 " Brooches, Lava and Coral.....	8 to 15
2,000 " Opal and Emerald.....	15 to 40
5,000 " Ear-Drops, Set, Lava, Coral, Mosaic, Opal and Turquoise Settings.....	8 to 40
5,000 " Gentlemen's Diamond Breastpins	8 to 25
3,000 " Sets Solitaire Buttons and Studs	12 to 25
10,000 " Solitaire Rings.....	8 to 25
10,000 " Lockets, Double Glasses.....	8 to 25
10,000 " Do. Miniatures.....	8 to 25
3,000 " Toothpicks, Crosses, &c.....	6 to 12
3,000 " Watch Keys.....	6 to 12
5,000 " Chased or Engraved Rings.....	6 to 12
5,000 " Plain and Signet Rings.....	6 to 20
10,000 " California Diamond Rings.....	6 to 20
10,000 " Pearl and Fancy Stone Rings..	6 to 25
7,500 " Sets Ladies' Jewelry, &c.....	15 to 25
10,000 Sets of Ladies Gold Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Opal, Emerald and other Stones.....	15 to 30
10,000 Gold Pens, with Silver Holders.....	6 to 12
5,000 " " Gold Holders.....	8 to 15
5,000 " " Holders and Velvet Cases..	10 to 30
5,000 Silver Gold-plated Pens, with Holders	4 to 8
10,000 " Castors and Wine Holders.....	15 to 30
10,000 " Fruit and Cake Baskets.....	20 to 50
5,000 " Card Cases.....	15 to 25
5,000 " Egg Stands.....	20 to 60
5,000 " Pickle Frames.....	20 to 60
6,000 " Cake, Pie and Fruit Knives.....	8 to 15
10,000 Dozen Silver Forks, warranted.....	8 to 15
10,000 " " Tablespoons.....	8 to 15
10,000 " " Forks and Spoons.....	10 to 40
1,000 " " Nut Picks.....	12 to 25
1,000 Sets Silver Spectacles.....	4 to 10
10,000 Engravings in Rosewood Frames....	6 to 15
5,000 " " Gilt Frames.....	6 to 15
5,000 Large Photographs, in Frames.....	8 to 15
5,000 Fine Gold Pencil Cases.....	8 to 100
5,000 Fine Pearl Pocket Knives—6 blades.	6 to 15
5,000 Fine Ivory Pocket Knives.....	6 to 15
5,000 Pearl and Gold Handled Canes.....	15 to 25
10,000 Photograph Albums—300 pictures..	6 to 25

CALKINS & CO., 538 and 540 Broadway, N. Y., are the original Manufacturers for the above Establishment of Manufactures, which has been organized with the object of doing away with the large and enormous profits exacted from the people by robbers and wholesale dealers in Jewelry, Watches, Diamonds, &c., for which the manufacturers receive, on the average, but $2, and frequently not more than $1 or $1.50, after passing through three or four hands. This splendid list of Solid Gold Jewelry and beautiful articles of Solid Gold Jewelry—watches, silverware, &c., worth from $5 to $100 each—many of which are in this list—CALKINS & Co., managers for the association, for the present season, have determined to sell at $2 for each and every article, subject to the following regulations:

SEALED ADVERTISEMENTS of the various articles are well mixed, and when ordered are taken out indiscriminately by the blind and without regard to value, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the advertisement of the article you are to receive, which will be kept at your option to send *two dollars* and take the article or not, or you may take a chance. You may buy a Watch, Diamond Ring, Piano, or any article of jewelry on our terms, and if you do not like it after you receive it, and they cannot get less than three or five times the value of the article in any jewelry store, for them we are no blanks, and when not satisfied, the least article, however low, can be sent for a gold or splendid Silver Butter Dish or Castor, heavy plate, valued at $15, or a Fifty Dollar Diamond Breastpin, Hunting, worth $60. Send 28 cents for an envelope.

Each envelope contains a correct selection of useful receipts and popular songs, worth many dollars.

Persons at a distance can have articles sent them promptly by mail, postage paid, together with the following premium gifts, according to value:

2 for 25 cts., with a beautiful Photograph worth 50 cts.
5 for $1.00 " Silver Nut Pick $1.00
11 for 2.00 " Gold Pen, Silver Ring 2.00
17 for 3.00 " Silver Fruit Knife 3.00
26 for 5.00 " Gold Pen, Pat. Case 5.00
45 for 10.00 " Gold Double Locket 10.00
80 for 15.00 " Silver Butter Dish 15.00
200 for 30.00 " Silver Hunting Watch 40.00

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From the Press.

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We desire to caution our readers against concluding the establishment of the Cosmopolitan Manufacturing Company, Messrs. CALKINS & CO., to be one of the arts advertised in the daily press, and which the purchaser gets the promised article, but he never realizes the satisfaction up for the purpose of disposing of the fag ends of worthless stocks, from the second hand establishments of the East. Not an article is sold by Messrs. CALKINS & CO. but is worth all it is represented to be; and, indeed, the well known character and reputation of the firm is a sufficient guarantee of the proper ownership of the associates they represent. Were such not the case, would such well known firms as CALKINS & CO. invest in this city, at 83 and 85 Madison street, as they have done, over $100,000 worth of goods for every envelope, and remit 15 cents to us either in cash or postage stamps?

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WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENTS' PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC.,

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713 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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15 Melodeons and Cabinet Cases	125 to 225
150 Music Boxes	15 to 45
300 Silver Hunting-case Patent Levers	35 to 60
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100 Gold Hunting-case Watches	75 to 150
100 Diamond Rings	50 to 200
200 Gold Watches	60 to 120
300 Ladies' Gold Watches	60 to 120
600 Silver Watches	25 to 50

Diamond Pins, Gold Bracelets, Coral, Opera Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Cameo Ladies' Sets, Gold Pens, with Gold and Silver Mounted Holders, Sleeve Buttons, Sets of Studs, Neck Chain, Vest Chains, Plain and Chased Gold Rings, Gold Thimbles, Lockets, Silver Butter Knives.

FINE JEWELLERY of every description, of the best make, and all to be valued at

$500,000!

To be Sold for One Dollar Each *without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.*

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Relief Guaranteed in Ten Minutes,

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MY ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of an order.

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Capital---$1,000,000.

An immense stock of Pianos, Watches, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods, all to be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you see what you will receive.

CERTIFICATES, naming each article and its value, are placed in SEALED envelopes and well mixed. These envelopes will be sent by mail, regardless of choice, as fast as ordered. The following is a club rates as follows: 3 for 50 cents, with a premium picture worth 50 cents.

5 for $1.00	" Silver Butter Knife "	$1.00
10 for 2.00	" Gold Pen and Case "	2.00
17 for 3.00	" Gold Pen and Case "	3.00
35 for 5.00	" Lever Watch "	5.00
65 for 10.00	" Large Gold Pen "	12.00
100 for 15.00	" Silver Hunting Watch "	15.00
200 for 30.00	" Silver Hunting Watch "	30.00

Our Circular gives you a full list, so you see what you are to get for one, and then it is at your option to pay the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, Piano, Sewing Machine, or any Set of Jewelry on our list, for $1; and in no case can they get less than One Dollar's worth, as there are no blanks.

Agents wanted. Great inducements to ladies and gents who will act as such. Don't fail to send for circular, giving full particulars. Address

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Gentlemen, do not fail to send your address, and receive, FREE, a PAPER, replete with the most interesting curiosities. Sent Gratis. CHARLES E. MACKEY, New York.

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$1. $1.

For One Dollar I will send, sealed and postpaid, the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed, which will force a heavy beard or moustache upon the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks, without injury to the skin. Try it. Entire satisfaction given, or money refunded. Descriptive Circulars sent free.

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Sample and Catalogue sent for 25 cents. New Books and Sporting Goods Catalogue sent for 10 cents.

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Wanted—Young men in every Township. Can realize large sums every year from an easy business. Little time and no capital. For particulars and postage, 25 cents. Box 40, Geneva, N. Y. 531-2

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Holloway's Ointment.—Erysipelas and all inflammatory diseases yield to the diligent use of this powerful preparation. In the foot, hand and neck, their appearance should be looked at once; if suppuration ensues, danger is imminent, and the knife cannot be employed with too much caution. This Ointment will remove the disorder, without cutting, pain or peril.

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Believe me, I can do it well;
Your hopes, your fears, I never fear
Give a little wholesome truth to hear.

By the aid of a new discovery, known as the Horoscope, I will guarantee to produce a life-like Picture of the future Husband or Wife of the applicant. By stating age, color of eyes and hair, and inclosing the necessary amount, with a stamp addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture by return of mail. You'll be astonished to see the name, date of marriage, and circumstances in detail. Address SIDNEY GILLIAT, Box 4,922, New York. 534-4

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USE SHULTS' WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL.

The "Enamel" will remove the worst cases of Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, &c., and render the skin as fair as a lily. It whitens the skin permanently, and imparts a delicate, youthful appearance to the complexion which is perfectly natural, and without injury to the skin. A few applications will suffice. Price, by mail, sealed and postpaid, 50 cents. Address

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How to win the affections of any person you may choose, the Matrimonial Agent, 84 Nassau, Guide to Beauty, Psychomancy, Fascination, Matrimony Made Easy, How to Make French Brandy, Jamaica Rum Liquor Colorings, Cordials, Wines, Beverages, either of which will enable a person to make a fortune. All in search of a happy companion should read this book. Sent by mail for 25 cents.

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PRESTIDIGITATION

Or, MAGIC MADE EASY. Containing the most complete book on Legerdemain, Slight of Hand, &c., ever published. Nothing like it. It tells how to cut a man's head off, and put it a yard from its body; how to cut off your nose; how to eat fire; how to swallow a sword; how to do the Davenport Brothers' tying trick; Ventriloquism, Chinese Conjuring, and Quickest performance of the best Magicians, Wizards, and Prestidigitateurs. Sent by mail, postpaid, for only 25 cents; stamps or U. S. money taken. Send immediately. Address A. BUTTER & CO., Publishers, Hinsdale, N. H.
535-39

Royal Havana Lottery.

In Drawing of October 27th, 1865,

No. 22923	drew	$100,000
No. 16222	"	50,000
No. 19577	"	25,000
No. 20601	"	10,000
No. 8082	"	5,000
No. 8707	"	2,000

Being the six capital prizes.

Prizes paid in gold. Information furnished. Highest cash price paid for uncurrent and all kinds of gold and silver.

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GREAT SALE OF

Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, &c.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS WORTH!!

To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR EACH, without regard to value—not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive! Splendid List of Articles, all to be sold at ONE DOLLAR EACH!

200	Musical Boxes	$20 to	$150 each
150	" Accordeon Bells and Canes		100 "
100	Silver Lunch Baskets	20 to	600 "
150	" Cake Baskets	10 to	100 "
400	" Chafing Dishes	30 to	100 "
500	" Ice Pitchers	20 to	50 "
2,250	" Syrup Cups with Salvers	20 to	50 "
1,000	" Gold and Silver Drinking Cups	8 to	30 "
300	" Castors	15 to	50 "
2,000	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets		20 "
800	Decem Decem Gold Hunting-case Watches		150 "
1000	" " Tablespoons & Forks	20 to	40 "
1000	Gents' Gold Hunting-case Watches		150 "
250	Ladies' Gold and Enameled Hunting-case Watches		75 "
500	" " "	25 to	70 "
500	Gents' Hunting-case Silver Watch's	35 to	70 "
500	Diamond Rings	50 to	200 "
3,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4 to	30 "
2,500	" Oval Band Bracelets	4 to	10 "
2,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets	6 to	10 "
2,000	Sparkling Cameo and Guard Chains	5 to	20 "
1,000	" " Lockets	5 to	20 "
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 to	10 "
5,000	Coral, Opal & Emerald Brooches	4 to	8 "
3,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava Cameo and Opera Ear Drops		5 "
7,000	Coral, Opal & Emerald Rings	4 to	8 "
4,000	California Diamond Breastpins	2.50 to	10 "
3,000	Gold Pens and Pencil Watch Keys	2.50 to	10 "
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon-slides	3 to	10 "
4,000	Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c., Jet, Coral, Opal, Emerald, Lava, Cameo, Opera Mosaic	3 to	8 "
2,000	Gold Thimbles	2.50 to	10 "
1,000	Miniature Lockets	2.50 to	10 "
1,000	Sets Gents' Fine Mantel Ornaments	8 to	20 "
3,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, &c	2 to	8 "
3,000	Plain Gold Rings	4 to	11 "
2,000	Lockets	4 to	11 "
1,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	2.50 to	10 "
1,000	Childrens' Coral Sets	4 to	10 "
7,000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet & Gold Opera Mosaic	5 to	15 "
5,000	" Pearl, Opal and other stones	4 to	15 "
1,000	Gold Watch Keys		5 "
1,000	Gents' Fine Gold Watch Chains	6 to	10 "
1,000	Gold Lockets	4 to	10 "
500	Ladies' Gold Lever and Jet Hair Pins and Slides	5 to	10 "

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers Agents,
No. 167 Broadway, New York,

Announce that all of the above List will be sold for ONE DOLLAR EACH.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war in this country, and the consequent scarcity and inability of Valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been purchased for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE! Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO. have been able to secure for the principal European manufacturers, have resolved upon a

Great Gift Apportionment,

to be divided according to the following regulations:

Certificates of the various articles are put into envelopes indiscriminately, and sealed. When ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, that no purchaser may know, by reading of the certificate, you will see what you are to have, and then you will have the privilege of paying or refusing to take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

SEND 25 CENTS FOR CERTIFICATE.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate, paying postage and making the necessary entries, which, we must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

What the "Press" say of us.

The Lafayette (Ind.) *Daily Courier*, March 18, 1865, says: "Of all the enterprises for the distribution of assortment of jewelry cannot be found on the continent that we remember to have now offer. Messrs. Arrandale & Co. occupy a high position in commercial circles as men eminently worthy of the utmost confidence and trade. Their statements may be implicitly relied upon, both as to the character of articles in their gift enterprise of disposal. Ladies especially, in all parts of the country, are recommended to send for a Certificate. All of our fair readers desire to interest themselves in the enterprise, they may be sure will profitably do so."

"GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, &c., at the establishment of ARRANDALE & CO., 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, which they offer for sale at one dollar each to close each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take any one of the articles you may draw, and no swindling, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article you receive. Certificates are worth more than that amount, and may be $30 or $100. An excellent way to make a little investing a dollar."—*Sunday Times*, New York City, Feb. 19, 1865.

"The New York City Directory has been personally known to us, and we believe them to be a very worthy and reliable firm."—*Saturday Evening Post and American Journal*, June 11, 1864.

"By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement, the advantages are on the side of the customer, for he assumes no risk in the purchase, and apparently is by his everything to gain and nothing to lose. They have such confidence what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied."—*New York Daily News*, July 6, 1864.

"We know the firm in question to be very respectable and financially strong, and can therefore, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement."—*New York Leader*, July 4, 1864.

"EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have known of, has been in the sale of certificates for the Great Gift Distribution of Arrandale & Co. As all of our acquaintances but keen very successful in this way, not only in filling her own pocket, but in making others happy. To those to whom we sold the Certificates, as will be seen by our advertisement, we have given a chance to win a Gold Watch, &c."—*New York Sunday Mercury*, Aug. 14, 1865.

The *British Whig* of Kingston, C. W., says, Nov. 02, 1865: "One of the most extensive houses in the trade for Arrandale & Co., and by request bought some 30 articles each as prizes. Called at the office of Arrandale & Co. for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth double the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times."

AGENTS—We want agents in every regiment and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed 10 cents on every certificate order sold by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar, also other inducements which will be found on application. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us either in cash or postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
167 Broadway, N.Y.

Clergymen, Teachers, The Press,

Unite in saying that the new juvenile magazine

Our Young Folks

Is the best magazine for the young ever published in America. It is filled with attractive illustrations, and its articles, in prose and poetry, are by the best writers for children in the country.

It is sold at the low price of $2 a year. Each number contains 64 pages, beautifully printed. A liberal discount to clubs. Send 20 cents for specimen copy and circular to the Publishers, TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Returned Soldiers, and everybody with a small capital, can make $20 per day selling our great, new, and wonderful three large size, fine quality Stationery Packages. Every dollar invested more than doubled. Splendid *Gold and Silver Watches* presented *free* to all who act as our agents. *Smart Men* wanted in every village and town to *establish agencies*. *County rights free*. *Business, demand* increasing, everybody buys them. Send for our great circulars, containing extra premium information, *free*.

M. D. GILBERT & CO., Stationers,
o 102 Nassau street, New York.

SMOLANDER'S
COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT OF
BUCKU,

Cures, diseases of the Bladder, and Kidneys, Rheumatism, Dropsy, etc. Price One Dollar. Sold by D. Bares & Co., and F. C. Wells & Co., New York. Dunham & Bigelow, Boston, Mass., General Agents.
520-33o

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 times, mailed to any address for 50 cts Three of different powers for $1. Address
o C. H. BOWEN, Box 210, Boston, Mass.

Jewelry Distribution.
Important Announcement.

See advertisement of CALKINS & CO., 580 Broadway, on page 174.
o

For Great Sale of
FRENCH JEWELRY,
(Pure Gold), see advertisement of
Bosanquet, Giraud & Co.,
o on inside page.

What will Cure my Cough?

PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN-KILLER,
taken according to directions, cures
coughs and colds.
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CHICKERING & SONS
Grand, Square and Upright Pianos.
ESTABLISHED IN 1823.

Fifty-five Medals, in Gold, Silver and Bronze, have been awarded for these *Pianos as First Premiums* over all competition.
WAREROOMS, 652 BROADWAY, N. Y.
Every Piano fully warranted. 531-4o

Do you want Luxuriant Whiskers or MOUSTACHES? Our Grecian Compound will force them to appear on the smoothest face or chin in six weeks, or hair on bald heads. Price $1, or three packages for $2. Sent by mail anywhere. Address WARNER & CO., Box 138, Brooklyn, N. Y. 531-4o

Catalogue of Langenheim's
Magic Lantern Pictures and Apparatus. Address
531-4o W. LANGENHEIM, Philadelphia.

HIGGINS'S
SIXTH AVENUE MAMMOTH
Millinery Establishment.

1,000 TRIMMED BONNETS at $10, $12 and $15

We invite strangers, citizens, and the public generally to examine our extensive stock before ingress in this city, and note prices, as comparing which they must necessarily beyond question, the following difference:

BONNETS for $10; Sold on Broadway at $15.
BONNETS for $12; Sold on Broadway at $16.
BONNETS for $15; Sold on Broadway at $20.
BONNETS for $20; Sold on Broadway at $30.
BONNETS for $25; Sold on Broadway at $35.

Country merchants, milliners or dealers purchasing BONNETS or JOCKEYS for their family, friends, or to sell over the country, will find it to their special advantage to visit our establishment before making their selections. We guarantee a saving of at least 20 per cent., besides the important advantage of having the LARGEST STOCK IN THE CITY to select from. Southern orders, by mail or otherwise, solicited, and dispatched with great care and promptitude.

Trimmed Derbys and Turbans,

of French and domestic manufacture, including all the new shapes, designs and materials. Ladies' fashionable misses and infants, in all sizes, at all prices, of every color, from $6 TO $20.

We invite parents and guardians to examine these. You will positively save 25 per cent., besides the labour and fatigue of shopping. Ladies living at a distance can send their orders by mail for any article in the line. A cheque inclosed for the price, with the size of frame one inch around the head, and whether dark or light as to color, style, &c., as may enable us to understand your exact taste and requirements, will insure you, within a reasonable space of time, a

Trimmed Bonnet or Jockey.

As much care and judgment will be used in the selection of the goods as though the parties were calling. And we guarantee complete satisfaction, and feel certain that once trade with you once, we may rely upon receiving your future patronage. When a number of Bonnets or Jockeys are ordered by one party, a reduction in the price of each will be made.

Goods expressed to all parts of the United States, collection on delivery.

Stranger's Guide.

Take the cars from the Astor House or Canal street; tell the conductor to let you out at Tenth street. The proprietors or employes of any of the hotels will direct strangers to our Mammoth Millinery Establishment.

126 Sixth Avenue, near Tenth Street.
o M. T. HIGGINS.

More than One Hundred Things worth Knowing.

A Handbook of valuable Information for every Man, Woman and Child. Sent free on receipt of One Stamp for postage. Address ADAMS & CO., Publishers, 71 Broadway street, Boston. o



THE PIRATE'S HOME, OR CHICKENS RETURNING TO ROOST.

JOHN BULL—"*Blast that foul Waddell, running straight to my shop—the police will suspect me, I shall have to give up the darned thing.*"

Agents Wanted in Every Town
To sell the only
Authentic and Official History
of the
THE GREAT CAMPAIGNS.
Thoroughly Revised by Gen. Sherman, and Published under his sanction.
60,000 Copies already Sold!
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Maj.-Gen. SHERMAN, Maj.-Gen. SCHOFIELD,
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" LOGAN, " BLAIR,
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And Maps, Plans, &c.

The following letter from Gen. Sherman shows the official and authentic character of the work:

"Lancaster, Ohio, July 31, 1865.

"C. B. RICHARDSON, Esq.:

"SIR—Col. S. M. Bowman, an acquaintance of mine since 1853, and more recently in the service of the U. S., has had access to my Order and Letter Books, embracing copies of all orders made and letters written by me since the winter of 1861-2, with a view to publish a Memoir of my Life and Services, and no other person has had such an opportunity to read my secret thoughts and acts. I believe him to be in possession of all authentic facts that can interest the general reader.

"I am, &c.,
"W. T. SHERMAN,
"Late General."

This Book everywhere pronounces this the *only real history of those great campaigns*. The book is written in a most pleasing and graphic style, and is gotten up in the finest manner in every respect. The Portraits and Maps are unequaled.

NO OTHER WORK has ANY CLAIM to OFFICIAL ACCURACY.

$2 Sold only by Subscription. $2

AGENTS WANTED in every Town. Exclusive territory given, and liberal inducements offered. For full particulars, address
C. B. RICHARDSON,
o Publisher, 540 Broadway, N. Y.

UNION ADAMS,
HOSIER, GLOVER,
AND
SHIRT MAKER,
No. 637 BROADWAY,
Between Bleecker and Houston Sts.

The Dyspeptic.—The trial and sufferings of the dyspeptic can only be realized by those so unfortunate as to be afflicted with this disease, and yet how many of them suffer and continue to suffer. Why they do this so patiently it is impossible to tell. It may be from ignorance of any certain remedy, or it may be from prejudice against the various forms of patent medicine. Brodum's GERMAN BITTERS has cured thousands of the worst forms of dyspepsia, and each day adds new names to the records of its usefulness. Give the Bitters a trial. For sale by all druggists. They are not a whisky drink.—*Indianapolis Gazette.*

H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist, 594 Broadway, New York, Agent. 526-39o

Derby's Sure Cure for Piles.

Price 75 cents per box. Burleigh & Rogers, Boston, Mass., Sole Agents. 520-33o

For a Fortune

Address HARRIS & CO., Boston, Mass. 521-36o

$1,000,000 Worth
of
Watches, Jewelry and Silver-ware,

To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR each without regard to value, not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive.

100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches.....each $125
500 Silver Watches.....each $10 to 25
10,000 Gold Pens and Silver Cases.....each $5 to 8

And a large assortment of Jewelry and Silver-ware. The method of disposing of these goods at ONE DOLLAR each is as follows:

Certificates naming each article and its value are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address, on receipt of 25 cents—3 for $1; 11 for $3; 26 for $5.

Agents wanted to whom we offer special terms and premiums. Address

A. H. ROWEN & CO.,
o No. 36 Beekman st., P. O. Box 4781, N. Y.

MUSICAL BOXES.
531-4o SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 190.

ITCH! SALT ITCH! RHEUM!

Cured by Reide's Crimean Ointment. Price, 35 cents. BURLEIGH & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., Sole Agents. 520-39o

CALENBERG & VAUPEL'S
AGRAFFE PIANOS.

101 Bleecker Street, Second Block West of Broadway. Warranted for Six Years. tfo

Are you aware that a simple Cough often terminates in CONSUMPTION? Why not be wise in time, and use **Allen's Lung Balsam,** which will stop the disease and prevent the fatal consequences.
o For sale by *Dealers in Family Medicine generally.*

Of those cases of scanty, retarded growth, the person over 13, the Balsam of the Tennessee Swamp Shrub has been found to excite the Beard, Moustache, &c., to a fine and vigorous growth. (See Testimonials.) Its history and a small sample of this Balsam sent sealed on receipt of return postage.
JOHN HAWLEY, 415 Broadway, N. Y.
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FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

"A Scientific Wonder."

EUROPEAN POCKET
TIME-KEEPER,
One Dollar Each.

(Patent applied for June 20th 1865.)

An Exact and Reliable Pocket Time-keeper for Ladies or Gentlemen, a *Beautiful* and *Useful Present* for the coming Holidays. A decidedly unique and *wonderful novelty*. Correctly constructed on the most scientific principles, accurately regulated to DENOTE SOLAR TIME, with *absolute certainty* and the utmost precision. More truthful than the most costly and elaborate Time-keeper of modern manufacture. It requires no winding. It requires no key. No winding up. Never runs down; and can never be too *fast or too slow*. Correct in all climates. It is a most remarkable article. APPROVED by the Press. Thousands sold since January. Everybody wants it. It is also legally protected by "*Royal Letters Patent.*" Price for a single one, with plain or fancy White Dials, in Gold or Silver-Gilt Case; only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Sole delivery guaranteed. All orders must be addressed to
J. W. DELAMETER & CO., Sole Proprietors,
tfo 204 and 206 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS, READ!

50 cent sample sent free; with terms, for any one to clear $25 daily in three hours. W. ZIMDIESTER & CO, No. 76 Nassau street, N. Y.
833-5o

Vineland Lands. To all wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlements, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Ten, twenty and fifty acre tracts at from $25 to $35 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Landis Township, New Jersey.

From Report of Solon Robinson, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune
"*It is one of the most attractive Tribe tracts, on an almost level position and available condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies.*"

$7 ARMY WATCH. $10

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Double Case, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Enamelled Dial, Cut Bands, *"English Movements,"* and Correct Timekeeper, with an accurate *"Mountaine Calendar,"* indicating the *Day of the Week, Month, &c.*, in back case. A single one sent to a purchaser, especially adapted to the Army. Sent free by mail, to any part of the country, for only $7.

English and American LEVERS from $35 up. Good watches of all descriptions.
Address CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., Sole Importers,
o 540 and 542 Broadway, cor. 49 Ann Street, N. Y.

Make Your Own Soap!

With R. T. BABBIT'S Pure Concentrated Potash, or Ready Soap Maker, warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in market. Put up in cans of five pounds, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap. Do not be imposed upon. Examine and find this the cheapest in the market. R. T. BABBIT, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, and 74 Washington street, N. Y.
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To Consumptives.

THE ADVERTISER, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. His only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable; and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost him nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
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Valuable Recipes.

Editor of Frank Leslie's: Dear Sir—With your permission I wish to say to the readers of your paper, that I will send, by return mail, to all who wish it (free), a recipe, with full directions, for making and using a simple VEGETABLE BALM, that will effectually remove, in ten days, Pimples, Blotches, Tan, Freckles, and all Impurities of the Skin, leaving the same soft, smooth and beautiful.

I will also mail free to those having Bald Heads or Bare Faces simple directions and information that will enable them to start a full growth of luxuriant Hair, Whiskers or Moustache, in less than a month.

All applications answered by return mail, without charge. Respectfully yours,
THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist,
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Army Corps Badge Pins and Rings, of 16 carat gold, richly enamelled. BRYANT & BENTLEY, Manufacturing Jewelers, 13 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
o

Macmillan's Celebrated Skates,
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Send for a list, with cuts and prices.

Whiskers and Moustaches



Forced to grow upon the smoothest face in from three to five weeks by using DR. ANDERSON'S RESTAURATEUR. CAUTION.—Base and worthless imitations are being offered. Genuine only when signed with the Name and Address of the Proprietor in an almost illegible manner. It has been used by the *Elite* of Paris and London with the most flattering success.

The names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, and packed safely, $1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address
DR. ANDERSON, Chemist,
P. O. Drawer 21, Troy, N. Y.,
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Shults' Curlique, for curling the Hair. Price by mail, 50 cents. Address and
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HOLIDAY PRESENTS.
POCKET BOOKS,



Meerschaum Manufacturers, No. 672 Broadway, near 4th st. Pipes cut to order and repaired. Pipes made warranted genuine. Pipes $3 to $100.
532-35o

IVORY AND PEARL.

Steve Buttons, $1, $2 and $3. Ivory and Pearl Jewelry, $5, $8 and $10. Ivory and Pearl Opera Pearl Bolt Buckles, $1.50 to $6 each. Wholesale and retail. WILLIAM M. WELLING, Importer and Manufacturer, 871 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hotel.
tfo

BEAUTY!



AUBURN, GOLDEN AND FLAXEN CURLS produced by the use of DR. BARRY'S FIRSH-IN-HAIR CURLIQUE. One application warranted to curl the most straight

and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets or heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London with the most gratifying results. Does not injure the hair in the least. Sent sealed and postpaid, $1. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address
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P. O. Drawer 21, Troy, N. Y.,
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STAMMERING

cured by Bates' Appliances. For descriptive pamphlet &c., address H. C. L. BATES, 377 West 23d St., N. Y.
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Jewelry for the Holidays

See the announcement of
ARRANDALE & CO.'S
GREAT SALE OF JEWELRY
for the Holidays, on inside page. Now is the time for splendid bargains.
o

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 533—Vol. XXI. | NEW YORK, DECEMBER 16, 1865. | Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly, 1? Weeks $1 00

Photography and Wood Engraving.

The applications of photography, already varied, are every day increasing. It is applied to sculpture, to the ornamentation of porcelain, in enlarging and reducing architectural plans, and elevations, and plans of machinery, in reproducing rare old books, deeds and manuscripts, and in multiplying accurate copies of paintings, to which engraving could not do justice. It comes to the aid of the astronomer, who studies the sun and the moon, and all their various phases and appearances through means of pictures taken by it, and it relieves the labors of the meteorologist by registering during the weary night the variations of the barometer and thermometer. A photographic department has become a necessary part of every complete observatory.

Such a department must also soon become an indispensable part of every publishing establishment. We have organized one in our own, and many of the pictures and nearly all the portraits, which our readers admire weekly, are photographed directly on the wood. The smallest *carte de visite* is enlarged to precisely the size we require, and the largest portraits reduced as desired. The rough sketch or the most delicate drawing are put on the block with equal facility, and comparatively little work or skill is then requisite to fit it for the hand of the engraver.

To the reader, ignorant of the processes of photography, it may appear quite as easy to put the picture on the wood as on paper, or any other substance. So it is, were that all that is desired. But we require the picture to be engraved, and if the collodion film which is exposed to the sensitive nitrate bath, and is the canvas, so to speak, on which the sun paints his picture, were to remain on the block, it would lead to two radical embarrassments. In the first place the smooth film would not receive the marks of the pencil, with which the photograph is "touched up" previous to going into the engraver's hands. In other words the pencil would not "bite." Secondly, the film would peel up before the graver, or be cut in such a ragged way that the outlines or the design, of the picture, would be destroyed. We must, therefore, get rid of the collodion, or so alter it as to obviate these difficulties.

The reader may, perhaps, inquire why not dispense with the collodion entirely, and take the picture direct on the block. But, it must be remembered wood is porous, and if exposed to the action of nitrate of silver would absorb more or less of it, so that, even if it were possible to so neutralize the nitrate on the absolute surface of the block, as to prevent it from turning wholly black after a little exposure to the light, still, whenever the block was cut into, the lines, exposing the wood below the surface would themselves turn black, and prevent the engraver from seeing the effect of his work. He would literally be working in the dark. Then, again, all photographic processes require a liberal use of water in "washing," "fixing," etc., and the dry blocks, often composed of several pieces, unless absolutely protected from the action of water would be sure to absorb it and warp—becoming thus useless for the engraver and printer.

It will now be seen that photographing on wood, with a view to engraving the pictures, requires, to make it of practical value, three things; 1st, to get rid of altogether or modify the collodion film; 2d, to prevent the nitrate of silver from sinking into the wood; and 3d, to prevent warping of the blocks from absorption of water or other liquids. We took a long time in meeting these conditions, at a considerable cost in labor and materials, but finally succeeded, overcoming all difficulties, and wedding photography to engraving and printing—a new and valued helpmate in the great task of entertaining and instructing mankind. If, as we have said before, no observatory can now be complete without a photographic department, it is equally certain no printing or publishing establishment can be complete without a similar department.

And here we may allude to the new field that has been opened to photography by the magnesium light. This metal in ribbon or fine wire, it is known will burn in the open air, as freely as iron wire in oxygen gas, and with a light sufficiently intense for photographic purposes. We will now be able to obtain interior views impossible to obtain before. Even the inner vault of the great pyramid of Egypt has been photographed through the aid of this light. Family groups, the evening party, the domestic fire-side, may now be taken by night or by day. The accessories of the individual, his surroundings showing his tastes and habits, go as far to individualize or distinguish him as his form or his features. Who would not value ten-fold more the picture of his friend taken in his easy chair, in his familiar corner, and with his pets, his books, or his instruments around him, than the stiff, formal, constrained figure taken, with his eyes "fixed on that little spot on the wall," in the torturing light of the ordinary photographic gallery?

We are led to these remarks quite incidentally, by having just received an interior view of a parlor with its family group, taken with the aid of the magnesium light, by the accomplished editor of that valuable and tasteful publication, *The Philadelphia Photographer*. The picture is beautiful as such, and might be taken for a careful reduction of some fine painting. The charming graduation of light and shade, the transparent shadows, and general happy effect, really make it a triumph of art, in its highest sense. Let this capacity of the photograph become understood, and it will be appreciated, superseding in great part, if not not entirely, our present mode of photographic portraiture. The greatest fortune yet made through photography will be gained by the man who first brings the magnesium light into our parlors, and makes domestic groups, at a cost that shall enable families of moderate means to avail themselves of his services.

In revising the proofs of what is printed above, we notice an example of the very work w



THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.—PAINTED BY HENRIETTE BROWN, PARIS.

have been describing on our first page. "The Sisters of Charity," is the reduction of a large picture made by photography on the block, with an accuracy defying criticism.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 16, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To secure the return of contributions that may not be accepted for publication, stamps sufficient to pay the return postage must be enclosed.

All manuscripts should bear the author's name and address in full.

Manuscripts should be written on one side of the leaf only.

It is best for writers to preserve copies of their articles, especially when short, and thereby spare trouble and expense.

Contributions for the return of which stamps are not enclosed, will be destroyed if not accepted.

"A Look of Defiance!"

IT is stated, on good authority, that a record has been kept in Washington, of the number of persons, Mexican citizens and patriots, who have been executed in Mexico, by sentence of courts-martial, since the French apostles of civilization entered the country, and that the aggregate is upwards of 7,000. What proportion of these were murdered under the infamous decree of Maximilian, to which we last week alluded, we are not told. Contrast the conduct of these Gallic christians and civilizers with that observed by our Government during the late war. Probably, not over a dozen persons were executed during all the whole course, and these, like Wirz, Ferguson, and others, only after fair trial, and because they had outraged the rules of war.

The bloody and savage manner in which the French conduct war, is only paralleled by the manner practiced by the English. We all remember the shuddering, but partly justified atrocities, connected with the suppression of the Sepoy mutiny, when living men were blown away from the muzzles of cannon. The same savagery has characterized the suppression of the recent local outbreaks in Jamaica, where over 2,000 men and women have been summarily hung, under court-martial sentences, besides many others flogged and imprisoned. We read in the Jamaica *Standard*, that of about fifty of the alleged insurrectionists who were caught in one day, only twenty were shown to have been in any way implicated, and were committed for trial by court-martial. As records the remainder, nothing could be alleged against them, except that they were "straggglers." But nevertheless—we now quote from the *Standard* :—"They were one by one hahed in a gun and catted, receiving fifty lashes on the bare back, laid on after man-of-war fashion." Among those, thus cruelly, and apparently wantonly outraged, was a man named George Marshall, "a brown man, about twenty-five years old, who, on receiving forty-seven lashes," (we still quote literally), "ground his teeth, and gave a ferocious look of defiance at the Provost Marshal."

And what does the American reader think was the punishment which an English officer —a high minded, Christian officer, of a people who lecture us all through our war on Slavery —thought was the merited punishment of George Marshall, for his natural and least demonstrative of all protests against personal degradation and cruel outrage? Let the *Standard* tell us: "*He was immediately ordered to be taken from the gun and hanged. No time was lost, and he was accordingly strung up.*"

Such being the just penalty, under the British code, for a "look of defiance," we are at a loss to know what refinement of punishment an English officer would deem proper for a word of protest, or an attempt at resistance? Possibly being blown from a gun, or drawn and quartered!

These acts prove "that the ferocity, the thirst of blood, which we denounce in savages, can take possession, too, of English hearts; and that mercy and justice can be forgotten by English officers as thoroughly as by the Indian or the Cossack."

Only, we never heard of Indian or Cossack who hung men for regarding them with "a look of defiance!"

What Marks an Era.

IN May, of the year 1622, during the reign of the gude King James I, there was printed in the city of London, a sheet about one-sixteenth the size of this paper, and issued under the name of *The Weekly News*, which is now constituted the first authentic newspaper ever sent forth.

Since that, the progress of the press has been onward or downward, as the intelligence or prosperity of nations have increased or waned, until, in this day, newspapers have reached a point that seems almost impossible to surpass. The London *Times*, with its fifteen pages of solid matter, is a wondrous type of what the daily newspaper can come to. FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, with its sixteen pages of pictures, news, and literature, is an example of a historical record of the passing time; and THE CHIMNEY CORNER, with its sixteen pages of engravings, tales, information, gossip, and humor, is what may be considered the very acme of a family paper.

Could the good citizen, who departed this life a score of years ago, with his then knowledge of what constituted a family paper, be brought back to this sphere, and have an instant's glance at THE CHIMNEY CORNER, we venture a small stake that he would sincerely regret his departure, and would at once put in a plea to be spared, for at least a year longer, that he might enjoy the mental feast that fifty-two numbers of that elegant sheet would afford him.

To the man or woman of taste and discernment, it will immediately come home, that such a paper can only be produced in a great establishment, with the most ample means of labor and expenditure. They will see that in its pages are displayed original matter that could only have been gathered from a strong corps of writers for a long series of years, that show the highest art; talent only to be secured by permanent and liberal outlay. Its publication cannot be trusted to chance effort. If we only use the services of a editor, artist, or engraver, a portion of the time, we must engage him permanently, and that at a rate of remuneration that would have staggered the publisher of twenty years ago. As journalists, to insure success, all things must be progressive, and the projectors and publishers must be ever awake to secure every novelty and every usefulness that may arise in time, regardless of price. This rule being carried out, the expense of issuing a great paper increases continually, while the price of the paper remains the same. Thus, the increased subscription list that the publisher finds his reward, an increase that surely follows newspaper enterprise, and in no case has it been more forcibly exemplified than in the success of the CHIMNEY CORNER, a success that has even astonished its publisher.

It is wonderful, when the idea is fairly grasped, that for the sum of four dollars, any one can become possessed of the contents of a paper which, at the end of a year, will be a volume of 832 pages, 1,400 engravings, and reading matter of every conceivable kind.

There is no other class of literature or art that can, for one moment, compete with it.

The President's Policy.

THE reluctance of the rebellious States to accept the definitive results of the war, and their endeavors neither to meet nor decide on the issues which have been entailed, forced the President to indicate to them a line of conduct which, he vainly trusted, their good sense and appreciation of events would have induced them to follow of their own accord. He has been compelled to tell them, in brief language, but full of grave significance, that they cannot reinstate themselves in the Union unless—

1st. They accept the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln ("the Pope's bull against the comet") as definitive, and warranted by his Constitutional powers, as Commander-in-Chief of the armies and navies of the United States.

2d. That the Constitutional Amendment, prohibiting slavery in the United States and its territories, must be accepted.

3d. That slavery must be prohibited in the State Constitutions.

4th. That all debts or obligations incurred at home or abroad, in the attempt to subvert the Union, must be at once and for ever repudiated.

5th. That the ordinance of secession must not alone be declared repealed, but null and void. Assumption of ability to repeal implies equal ability to enact.

6th. That the emancipated slaves shall have civil rights, "equality before the law," the ability to hold property, to sue and be sued, to testify in a court of justice, in short, to be human beings, owing obligations to an organized community, and having their natural rights respected.

The evidence that the President is decided on this 6th and last proposition, is contained in a dispatch of the 17th of November, directed to the Provisional ex-Governor of Mississippi, B. G. Humphreys, as follows:

"There is no concession required on the part of the people of Mississippi or the Legislature, other than a loyal compliance with the laws and constitution of the United States, and the adoption of such measures growing out of slavery as will practically secure to the freedmen property, without regard to color, as will entitle them to remain at their constitutional relations in the Federal Union."

If the Governor and people of Mississippi cannot understand this, or, as the phrase is, "see it," they are fit subjects for the occiput.

CHARLESTON has recently witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of a convention of colored men, sitting in that city, and deliberating calmly and with judgment on their condition and wants. The *Daily South Carolinian*, published in that city, tells us that the assembly was respectable, and its deliberations entitled to high consideration. The published proceedings certainly would compare most favorably with those of many conventions of white men lately held in that State. Among these are short, calm and argumentative appeals to Congress, the Legislature of the State, and to the people at large. We quote three of the general resolutions adopted by the convention:

Resolved, That we appreciate with hearts overflowing with gratitude to God, the noble philanthropic spirit manifested by the various philanthropic and Christian associations of the North in providing teachers and establishing schools among us; and that we can only best testify such gratitude by heartily cooperating with them in their great work of love and humanity.

Resolved, That, as American citizens, every law now passed forever away, we would cherish in our hearts no feeling of bitterness toward those who were implicated in the crime of slaveholding; but would extend the right hand of fellowship to all, and would make our appeals alone to establish unity, peace, and brotherhood among us here.

Resolved, That we have full faith in the stability of the National Government, and that we cheerfully accept our share of the burden of taxation, trusting that the day is not distant when we shall receive its natural equivalent, the right of representation.

THE controversy with Great Britain about the damages caused to our commerce by the Alabama and other British piratical craft during the late war, ought to be pushed no further. If Great Britain, to save the payment of a few hundred thousand pounds, prefers to leave her name in the annals to become the rule and precedent for other nations, let her do so. We presume the United States will not go to war with her on the question. It would cost more than would come to us, and we are not called on to compel the world to accept a higher standard of international comity than now exists. Moreover, the material gain now than any other nation by leaving the whole issue between us and great Britain precisely where it stands. We have no occasion to change the relative positions of the privilege of turning pirates, or thy aiders or abettors of pirates, whenever it may suit their convenience. The opportunity offers of destroying the commerce of a rival nation. England knows that we mean, by asking Independence Day, that we will take to have the United States pursue towards them, if ever unhappily engaged in a great war, precisely the same conduct that they pursued in the late war, during our late great struggle? And why should we not? The *Spectator* truly says:

"In defending our right of negligence in the Alabama case, we should be defending a mere liberty to injure our own naval and maritime greatness in the future. We have no intention to apply the rule to ourselves."

THE following advertisement appeared in the London *Times* of September 29:

"PARTNER WANTED.—A practical distiller, having been experimenting for the last 17 years, can now produce for 4*d*. per gallon, by fermentation without a drop of the grape juice, and wishes a party with from £2,000 to £3,000 to form a company. Address Distiller, Box for the manufacture of his wines. His already a good connexion is known. Apply 20, &c."

It is notorious that manufactures of this kind are carried on in this city, and it is undoubted that a very large part of second port and sherry used in this country, is made in the way here indicated. It is rare, however, that counterfeiters publish their occupation.

SOME notion of the extent of the correspondence carried on with New York, may be formed from the fact, that the number of letters delivered by carriers in the city for the month of October, 1865, was 1,500,000, exclusive of deliveries at the Post Office and box deliveries, which amount to several hundred thousand more.

A SPOTTY child is an abomination, and when he grows up he becomes more insupportable still—a curse, instead of a blessing, to all around. Cleanliness is the first law to be inculcated. No man is entirely free—we have all to obey some one or something, and the sooner the lesson is learnt the sooner it is better. No one may be served in two ways, either by physical fear or by moral force. It needs no argument to show which of these two is the best, and not without a few words discuss the first, but confine ourselves to the latter. To secure their obedience by moral force, the parent, guardian, or teacher, necessary to a teacher—viz., justice and love. Without these qualities the confidence of the child will be rapidly lost, and without confidence, the attempt is hopeless. Once let a child distrust your wisdom, and you lose all parental power over him—he becomes his own master, or becomes superior to his teacher, and soon comes to either respect or love him. Justice must, however, be tempered with love, or the former would be unbearable when given. The child must not be taught to think that every trifling fault is punished as severely as the greater one. On the contrary, maintain that it is labor lost to give advice to children; we think not. The seed cannot be sown too often, and depend upon it, it will not be without fruit in after years, the same train. Perhaps the worst vice that children are addicted to, and the most difficult to deal with, is that of lying. Among many—nay among most children—a lie is thought very little of. The reason of this may be that natural timidity inherent in childhood. This should be carefully guarded against, and the necessity of truth kindly, but firmly impressed on them. These are the first lessons which lessons that childhood can learn. Let them be but once mastered, and the future course is easy.

TOWN COSSIP.

THE election is beginning to exercise its usual effect upon New York city. The usual squabbling, bibeling, pot-house shoulder-hitting, are being done, and from this date until the state election in October, all immediate citizens as have the ambition to become our rulers.

Each new return of the fall elections, brings with it some new phase of political rascality or thrift; but while all sorts of dodges are practiced to secure votes care is taken to keep them from the public eye. Sometimes these results leak out in spite of all precaution, but as a rarity for the public to get a glimpse of the primary meeting and balloting business, openly bring their shockingly bad features to the front. The last week brings through this year, in one case certainly, and that among the gamblers who operate in a financial way. A small hand-bill was hastily circulated about the city calling upon gentlemen desiring to invest, to call at a certain unknown building place on Broadway, and ask for making up "pools" on the election. On arriving at the spot, we found these pools being sold at auction. The plan is this: Each party first holds up the name of how much money he will put up on a certain candidate. The next offers as much for the counterbalance in his favorite; the third so much on his, and so on. The result of the first pool was this way:

Hoffman	-	$385 00
Gunther	-	222 50
Hall	-	200 00
Hecker	-	162 00
Farmer	-	10 00
Making in all -		$1,179 50

When the election is over, the amount is paid to the broker whose candidate is elected, and he pays five per cent. for the benefit of the holders of the pool.

And this is the way the "sporting men" work on the chances of the election. Of course, in addition, they are not violating the law which says, a man shall lose his vote who bets on the election. Surely, there are more ways of killing a dog than hanging him.

Talking of gambling, naturally takes us to Wall street, a spot that has been somewhat agitated during the past week in the gold line. Sanxian affairs, the gold operators say, is the cause, and on the strength of Sanxian affairs, they made a spasmodic effort to run gold up, an effort that did not answer well, for in a few hours down it came again, and at the present writing, is about at the old rate—149.

As connected with money, it will not be a bad idea, for one in a while, to let our country readers see what city people are obliged to pay for the food they eat, for no matter how poor they may be, that duty has to be performed:

Butter, best	-	$60 58 per lb
Cheese -	-	60 30 "
Eggs -	-	60 50 " doz.
Turkeys	-	60 25 " lb.
Chickens	-	60 22 " "
Geese -	-	60 20 " "
Venison	-	60 25 " "
Apples	-	4 00 " bbl.
Cranberries	-	10 00 " "
Beef, choice	-	60 30 " lb.
Mutton	-	60 29 " "
Pork	-	60 16 " "
Veal	-	60 25 " "
Potatoes, best	-	4 75 " bbl.
Onions, white	-	3 50 " "
Cabbage -	-	60 5 " head

And all other things in proportion. All this, in our present state of prosperity, affects none but the workingman, who, although he may be constantly employed, is constantly encumbered with rent, and does not seem to be getting, as small, for a higher rate of wages, but as though he must keep a certain amount of money locked up in favor of a shorter day's work.

The workingman has but eight hours labor out of the twenty-four to enough, and we think so too, and yet we have their cry out against it, and they will not get it. They may hold mass meetings at the Cooper Institute, and make as much squalor as possible, may be brought to bear, and yet they will have to come back to first principles. Labor is a commodity for exchange, and is to be sold into the market for sale, it will bring what it is worth, and no more. As the man will work for more or less hours, the employer will employ another the same price for eight hours work. Combinations may have their advantages, but employer and men will as a consequence offer either their brains or their muscle at a low price, and the result in the end, this is the case now in the cities.

What we want is agricultural labor. We want some of our surplus muscular force thrown upon the farms, and food will be produced cheaper, and the laborer arrives at the last content and will put it in practical use with short hours and the natural consequence, money will put money in his purse.

We see that an importation division has just been rendered in the Court of Appeals, in favor of the City Railroads, exempting them from paying the $50 per car license imposed upon them by the city ordinance of 1864. The amount involved is over $100,000, and as the law since it was passed, and a test case was made by the city against the Third Avenue Railroad, is the one just decided. This company alone employs nearly 100 cars, and in this decision extort from the city about $5,000. Besides the case just decided, there are now in the courts 20 cases against different companies, and 1100 complaints for prosecution.

As connected with railroads, we see a decision has just been rendered in Cincinnati, which, without doubt, will soon be transferred to this city. There a colored person, of the male persuasion, has just recovered a verdict of $5,000 against a railroad company from the car. The company had printed notices posted in all the cars, that men paying full fare and children could ride inside, but that the gentlemen of color must occupy the front platform. The gentleman in question insisted upon going in where his wife and

If he is grateful to be restricted that the action of most of the lately rebellious States has been, and is such, as to call from the President such reminders of their condition and prospects as are contained in the following dispatch from him to Gov. Holden, of North Carolina, dated November 27:

"The results of the recent elections in North Carolina have greatly damaged the prospects of the State in the restoration of its Governmental relations.

"Should the action and the spirit of the Legislature and the State convention in all future proceedings manifest already done, and might be fatal.

"It is hoped the action and spirit manifested by the Legislature will be so directed as rather to repair than increase the difficulties under which the state has already placed itself."

An extraordinary error, in addition, occurred in the excellent periodical from which we extracted our summary of the amount of tonnage captured by the Anglo-Confederate pirates during the war. It was stated at nearly "1,000,000 of tons," which would be nearly one-fifth of our commercial marine. The true statistics gives 110,000 tons, as the amount of tonnage captured. Of this amount a considerable part was "bonded," so that the probable amount destroyed would not much exceed 100,000 tons—which is one hundred thousand tons too much.

child was, and ejectment was the consequence, a lawsuit, and $800 to pay. For ourselves we think the question should be one of cleanliness alone, and that a well kept darkey is 100 per cent. better than a dirty white man.

Among the items of the week, is an unblushing record of the intention of two ocean-going steamers to run a race. The Baltic, of the Pacific U. S. S. Co.'s line, and the Santiago de Cuba, of the Nicaragua line, will leave for San Francisco, and openly declare that it is to be a race all the way. Some will say that this is the business of the passengers alone, who trust their lives and property with them; but, we opine, that the passengers are asked little about it, and that it is a question for the entire public. The outrages that have been performed by these California lines, and lives that have been sacrificed by them, is an unwritten history. But a day of reckoning has got to come, and when it does, let all reckless travel-mongers stand from under.

One of the daily papers gives this as a spicy paragraph:

"Church Jigs.—After a sermon on Congregational Music, Dr. Armitage, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, lately, set his congregation to laughing, by relating his experience in Tremont Temple, Boston. He had heard of its choir of 100 singers, and the organ, which required a steam-engine to fill the bellows—expected to hear something grand. Heard a jig! Gave out another hymn. Another jig! 'I'll fix you,' he said; 'I'll give you one that can't be sung to a dancing tune.' So he selected the hymn—

'From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise.'

'Sing it to devil music if you can,' he said to himself. Sure enough, another jig! 'I went from Tremont Temple as soon as possible,' he said, 'and have not been seen there since, and to get me there again, to have my experience repeated, would need a bigger steam-engine than the one that works their organ.'"

How dignified and chaste!

We see that a new word has been coined, to take the place of that of "matinée." It is "vesperines," and is applied to an afternoon performance. The word is a good one; and whoever "invented" it, has shown that he is posted in the fact that the word "matinée" will not apply to *afternoon* performances.

Among the matters of art that should attract the attention of every one, is that of the exhibition of Ward's "Indian Hunter." This elegant piece of sculpture is at Snedecor's Gallery, in Broadway, just below 9th street, and open free to the public. It represents a stalwart savage bending forward, in the act of listening, with his left hand extended, while his right rests upon the neck of a wolf-hound. It is rather larger than life, and the modeling and *posé* of the figure are superb. There is life and force in every muscle and swelling vein, and the attitude of the dog is as good as that of the man. What is the ultimate destination of this real work of art we have not heard; but it should grace some gallery, where it will not be shut away from the public, or from those who would study art in its highest sense.

In the same gallery are some exquisite gems, among which we call attention to a Marine, the first on the left of the room, as we enter. The water is water itself.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Some time since a young lady named Agnes Young was missed from her home in the village of Moran, Warren county, and no trace could be found of her. She has recently returned home, and tells a strange, but doubtless true story of having been seized near her father's house, gagged and drugged, and made insensible, in a piece of woods near by; that she was then rowed across the Hudson in a boat, and taken some distance in a wagon to a deserted house, being threatened with death if she attempted to escape. She did, however, get away, and after an absence of nine weeks, has returned to her grief-stricken parents.

—— A venerable gentleman in his 80th year, residing in Fall River, who has recently been on a visit to some relatives in Worcester, Mass., (says the *Spy*), wears a pair of boots which he purchased in April, 1843, for which he paid the sum of $2 50. The boots are now in good condition, and have been worn every year since their purchase. When at home he pulls off his boots with a "jack" which was made in 1696. The same old gentleman has his wedding vest, which is about 60 years old.

—— A good deal of excitement has been caused in Nashville, Tenn., through the discovery by the Committee of the Legislature appointed to investigate the affairs of the State Bank, that between five and six millions in spurious notes had been issued by the rebel Gov. Harris and his accomplices. Their plan was to issue the notes and date them back before the rebellion commenced, in order to give them a greater apparent value, especially in case of a collapse of the rebellion.

—— A Washington correspondent says that the Treasury Department is greatly plagued with the cotton question. Every agent sent down is straightway washed out of sight at the Department under the flood of charges against his honesty. "I know I sent some honest men down there," said the Secretary in despair, the other day, "but it looks very much as if none of them could stay so long."

——The New Albany, Indiana, *Ledger* says an ex-army sutler, who resides in Indianapolis, made $2,000,000 in 14 months, which he invested in United States bonds, thus escaping taxation.

—— A woman was arrested in Parkersburg, Va., last week on a charge of swindling Federal officers of large sums of money. It is stated that she has been married to four different military officers within the last three months, with all of whom she lived a few days, when she secured their money and decamped. She is not more than 22 years of age, and it is said she succeeded in stealing upwards of $3,000 in this manner.

—— Two children, named Antonie Morle, aged five years, and Hervaise Morle, three years of age, residing with their father at Wellington Bridge, near Montreal, were recently scalded to death by the upsetting of a pot of boiling water. The children were sleeping beside the stove, when a man came into the house drunk, and, while attempting to light his pipe, upset the stove and a large pot of boiling water upon the children.

—— A Cincinnati young lady who enthusiastically admired Gen. Grant, stole the cigar from under his nose at a reception at the Burnet House. The hero was too much astounded by the audacity to prevent or punish the theft.

—— At "late investigations," held by juries, as a cause of railroad disasters, etc., sundry conductors alleged they could not reasonably be blamed; that it was the business of each train to look out for its own safety!

—— Mrs. Elizabeth Daniels recently died at Portsmouth, Vermont, aged 82 years. Her husband, adopted son, his wife, and their daughter, and all her other relatives, have been lost at sea.

—— An enterprising manufacturer of fertilizers has offered $1,200 for permission to dig up the bones of the horses around Washington.

—— The great cabbage growers about New York City generally calculate upon 10,000 heads per acre, allowing four superficial feet to each plant, which gives a surplus of 3,560 feet for missing plants. We suppose the crop may average five cents a head, giving $500 an acre, which, considering it is a second or third crop of the season, affords a pretty good return.

—— The supply of wool in 1864 is estimated to have been as follows:

	Pounds.
Atlantic States	91,298,965
California	8,000,000
Imported at New York	56,874,128
Total	156,173,093

In the year 1860, the production of domestic wool was 55,020,639 pounds, of foreign about 35,000,000 pounds, making a total supply of 90,000,000 pounds; thus the consumption of 1864 shows an excess of 66,000,000 pounds over the supply of 1860.

—— The Jews have, as a body, shown their full share of patriotism. The number of Jews in the U. S. army during the late war was 40,000. They have established five asylums for disabled solders, their widows and orphans, the benefits of which are limited to no faith or creed—one at New York, one at Philadelphia, one at Cincinnati, one at Chicago, and one at St. Louis.

—— The correspondent of a Lewiston, Maine, journal says that among the large families in the town of Waldoboro are the following names: Head, Foote, Hyde, Horn, Sides, Hough, Heart, Bowles (for bowels), Haslet. Thus the town was everything except Tail, when at last a Prussian came in, named Onbehind.

—— A correspondent writing from Tennessee says that while an officer of the Nashville military prison was crossing the railroad track near that city a few days since, in a wagon driven by a negro, and having two notorious convicts in charge, the team was struck by a passing train, by which the officer, together with the horses were instantly killed, and the driver shockingly mutilated. The most singular part of the affair is that instead of seizing the opportunity to escape, one of the convicts started with all speed in search of a surgeon, while the other remained to watch over the dead body of his keeper.

—— The colored people of Selma held a meeting on the 19th ult., and passed a series of resolutions, in which they complain that they are every day robbed and beaten by men wearing the Federal uniform, and that they had applied in vain to the police and military guard for protection. A committee of three was appointed to wait upon the mayor and commanding officer of the district, to invoke their authority to suppress the outrages complained of. The resolutions conclude with the expression of a desire to live on terms of peace and quietness with the Southern people, and earn an honest living.

—— The Wilmington (N. C.) *Dispatch* publishes the following. It explains itself: In consequence of the repudiation by the representatives of the people of North Carolina, of their fairly and honestly contracted debt, I and my children have been made losers to the extent of $94 000 in the bonds authorized by the Legislature of 1860, in favor of the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford railroad. This compels me to offer myself as an instructress in French, music on the piano and singing, at the residence of my father, Dr. A. J. De Rossey, corner of Second and Dock. Mrs. Col. Gaston Meares.

—— An engineer at Nashville, Tenn., sent a workman under his locomotive to oil the running gear, and then forgetting his presence, ran his engine ahead just far enough to cut off one of the man's legs. A bystander shouted to warn the engineer, who thereupon backed his machine in dismay, and cut off the other leg of the unfortunate workman. He survived, however, and suing the company for $50,000 damages, has obtained $5,500.

—— The Southern newspapers are refusing to insert the advertisements of negroes, without the word "colored" or "Freedman" is attached to them. The Augusta (Ga.) *Constitutionalist* says, in reply to an indignant darkey: "Now we desire to say, for the benefit of all such gemmen of color, that if they are ashamed of their color we can't help it, and that no advertisement of theirs will be published in this paper, unless it distinctly makes known their status."

—— James McCormick, the oldest man in the United States, died in Newburgh, N. Y., on the 11th instant, at the age of 114 years. He was born August 6, 1751, in the county of Cavan, Ireland, and was the father of 14 children. His life was very temperate, and his health excellent up to the time of his fatal illness.

—— The number of patents issued at Washington since January 1, 1865, is 6,220. The estimated number to be issued during the coming month is 450, making a total of 6,670 for the year 1865. The number issued in 1864 was 5,250.

—— The census returns show that the total number of Indians in the United States is 307,000. About 5,000 were in the service of the government during the war, and some thousands more were on the side of the rebels.

—— The United States Naval Burial Bureau, under the charge of Brevet-Major J. M. Moore, makes the following report of deaths and burials: "The number of white soldiers that have died in Washington, D. C., from August 1, 1861, to November 29, 1865, is 15,412, and the number of colored soldiers is 6,328. The whole number that have died at Andersonville, Georgia, including soldiers, sailors, employees and citizens, is 12,918. The number of soldiers buried at Spottsylvania Court House and the Wilderness is 1,500; at Nashville, Tenn., 32,000; and at Richmond, Va., 60,000. Of the soldiers buried in and around Washington, 4,220 are from New York, 86 from Illinois, 219 from Indiana, 782 from Michigan, 510 from Ohio, and 200 from Connecticut. The number of those that died from the effect of wounds is 3,806, and 2,464 are reported to have died of typhoid fever. There are 11,285 men buried near Washington whose names and regiments are unknown. The employees of Major Moore's bureau are now engaged in exhuming the bodies of our dead defenders at the average rate of twenty per day."

Foreign.—An illustration of Russian rule in Poland is shown by a fact just come to light. The lunatic asylum at Warsaw—a Government institution, of course —has been visited by the police. On this occasion some 50 out of the 144 patients were discovered to be political offenders, who had fled for refuge to the abode of madness, and spent already a couple of years within its terrible walls. The physicians have been arrested, together with the delinquents.

—— In the garden of a restaurateur, at Vienna, there had existed since 1853 an enormous beer-barrel, the capacity being such that the interior had been converted into a room for dancing. Recently a ball took place there, which visitors did not leave till three in the morning. At half-past four, when all was quiet, an alarm of fire was given, and the barrel was found to be in flames. In the course of two hours, in spite of all the efforts of the proprietors, it was reduced to ashes. The loss is estimated at 40,000 francs.

—— A man, named Samuel Taylor, 36 years of age, hanged himself in London lately, and, at the inquest, the father, who gave evidence, attributed the act to his son's partiality for smoking, which he thought had affected his brain. The pipe, he said, was never out of his mouth. The jury, in their verdict, adopted the opinion that the deceased was insane, but declined to say whether the pipe had anything to do with his insanity.

—— The workmen of Raubiax, France, are about to establish among themselves an association for purchasing articles of food, wholesale, to be retailed among themselves at a small profit, which, after the deduction of expenses, will be divided among the members. A bakery is first to be established, then stores for meat, groceries, &c. Such associations are increasing rapidly in various parts of France.

—— Queen Isabella, of Spain, has given another instance of generosity. Some time ago she relinquished a portion of her income, in consequence of the low state of the public exchequer. She has now renounced a further portion, and has ordered that the amount of the civil list so saved shall be devoted to the sufferers by the cholera, and by the floods which took place some months ago.

—— A Paris paper mentions, among the important affairs of the day, the fact that the Prince Imperial, who has heretofore taken his meals with his teacher, is now "admitted to the table of his august parents."

—— A retired officer, aged 70, at Quevrain, in Belgium, wrote a letter, stating that the brilliancy of the sun rendered life unsupportable, and then committed suicide.

—— Those going to Panama, will be pleased to learn that "the cemetery for foreigners is progressing favorably."

—— In England, a half a holiday on Saturday afternoon is almost universal among the business men and manufacturers. Few factories or stores are open, and the principle is even extending into the public offices.

—— An American, writing from Mexico, says that, without three millions of foreign emigration, a vast acquisition of capital, and thoroughly liberal laws, neither empire nor republic can ever stand in Mexico.

—— A commercial traveler, named Alexander Macintosh, was recently fined $15 and costs by the Croydon (England) magistrates, for attempting to kiss a young lady, named Sutton, while traveling in a railway train through a tunnel.

—— Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is obliged to pass her winter in the south of Europe for the benefit of her health.

—— There are 84 religious orders in Italy, 80 of which occupy 1724 monasteries, and four are mendicant orders, occupying 658 monasteries. The total number of monks and nuns is 45,829. The revenues of these orders amount to 16,216,532 lire, more than half of which are derived from Sicily. The 229 bishops sees represent a yearly income of 7,737,214 lire, and the incomes of the beneficed clergy amount to 36,912,722 lire. In all, the revenues of the Italian Church amount to 76,267,016 lire, 46,026,124 of which are derived from landed property.

—— The tomb of the most truly national artist France ever possessed is just completed. Horace Vernet's last resting-place is marked by a single block of granite, on which rests a white marble slab, the upper part of which, although placed in an horizontal position, is in the form of a Latin cross. A pallet and brushes sculptured on the front of the monument, alone remind the passer-by that there rests the ashes of the greatest painter this century has produced in France.

—— Messrs. Trübner & Co., of London, are about to publish the first number of a new comic scientific periodical, entitled *Gammon and Spinach*. The projectors believe that the boundary between the sublime and the ridiculous is as often over overstripped by the *savant* as by the politician, lawyer, or any other person in society who figures in the pages of our favorite comic journals, and that such false steps offer a wide field for fun. Full reports of the meetings of British scientific societies and reviews are also promised.

—— The operation of casting a cubic block of steel, of the enormous weight of 100 tons, was successfully accomplished recently at the new works of Messrs. Bessemer & Sons, at East Greenwich, England.

—— A conscription of seven men per 1,000 is being rigorously carried out in Poland, the classes liable being all young men between 20 and 24 years of age. Three are drawn for every one taken, and as the lottery is one in which the stakes are lives, the horror excited throughout Poland may be imagined. Every conscript drawn is liable to fifteen years service in any part of the empire, during which he is almost unpaid, scantily fed, and wretchedly clothed, subjected to blows at the will of his officers, and regarded by his family as one dead. The conscription consequently is carried out by districts, strong bodies of Russian troops overawing resistance, and the garrisons on the frontier have been immensely increased. The Jews contrive to slip away in large numbers, and the government has therefore passed an edict, that whenever a member of a Jew family is found absent another member shall be taken, an order intended to set brother against brother and father against sons. The marvel is that regiments thus formed do not take the first opportunity of mutinying, but discipline as carried out in the Russian service seems too strong even for human nature.

—— M. Bossange, the founder of the well-known firm of publishers of Paris and London, died recently, in his hundreth year. He had hoped, on the completion of his century of years, to preside at a banquet in celebration of the event, to be given to a hundred of his friends, at the Louvre Hotel!

—— The French savans say, to obtain sufficient nourishment from oysters alone, a man must eat sixteen dozen per day.

—— In the French Journal of Natural Science, *Cosmos*, M. Bondin communicates a statistical survey of the number of persons who, between the years 1835 and 1863, have been killed, or injured, by lightning in France. Within the space of these eighteen years, 2,238 persons have been killed, at the annual maximum of 111, the minimum of 48; double this number were hurt. Among 880 persons killed by lightning, from 1854 to 1863, 243, or 26-7 per cent were females. When the lightning struck among groups of people, composed of both sexes, the male was always the greatest sufferer. When the lightning struck among herds of cattle, the shepherd was frequently spared. In several cases, one person was struck by lightning more than once. One quarter of the people killed by lightning had sought shelter under trees. It is a general belief that beech trees are always spared by the lightning; but cases have been shown here that beeches also have been struck by the electric fluid.

—— A serious revolt appears to have broken out in Algeria. A confederacy of tribes, called the Zegdon, who live in an oasis in the far south, have formed an alliance with a family named Hamza, and the head of the latter has appeared in the field with some 50,000 men. They will be defeated, of course, but they can retreat, and, from the nature of the country, a broad belt of desert between French territory and their home, they cannot be followed.

COMMERCIAL STATISTICS OF CHILE.

Commerce with England.

Imports	$ 8,201,638
Exports	,, 15,913,295
Transit	,, 1,807,236
Total	$ 25,922,169

	Imports from Great Britain.	*Exports from Chile.*	*Total.*
1849	$ 4,431,075	$ 4,275,359	$ 8,706,434
1854	,, 5,964,660	,, 5,764,565	,, 11,729,225
1859	,, 6,104,256	,, 9,555,869	,, 15,660,125
1864	,, 8,201,638	,, 15,913,295	,, 24,114,933

Value of merchandize deposited in the Custom-house stores on the 31st of December, 1864.

Great Britain	$ 13,068,358
France	,, 6,850,887
Germany	,, 2,940,381
United States	,, 2,513,672
Spain	,, 653,417
Other countries	,, 6,644,180
Total	$ 32,670,895

Value of the Chilean Commercial Movement.

Imports	$ 18,867,365
Exports	,, 27,242,853
Transit	,, 4,518,089
Coast trade	,, 28,896,783
Total	$ 79,525,090

Besides the valuable direct trade with England, Chile maintains extensive commerce with many of the English Colonies. During this year Chile has supplied Australia and New Zealand with 95 cargoes (about 50,000 tons) of flour and wheat. Had it not been for the proximity and ability of Chile to supply the deficiency in Australia, very high prices must have ruled their, and sufferings have been entailed on the working classes from the scarcity of bread.

The House-builder Moth.—The Oriental idea that feminine delicacy is only to be maintained by concealing the face, seems to have been borrowed from the house-builder moth, which is a perfect model of female excellence, according to Oriental notions, always staying at home, always hiding her face, and always producing enormous familes. Perhaps the male may be attracted to the female by some peculiar instinct, for the eyes can have little to do with the discovery, she being so closely shut up in her house, and never leaving it till the day of her death.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

The beautiful engraving on our first page requires no words to tell its story. It is part and parcel of that art which is doing so much to refine and soften human nature—the domestic—and we cannot believe that there is any way in which we can benefit society better, than by occasionally giving one of these pictures to the million through our columns, and bringing that within the reach of the people, which is well worthy of framing, and holding an exalted place by the family hearth, and which otherwise would be only enjoyed by the few.

The order of the Sisters of Charity was founded in France about the close of the 17th century, by St. Vincent de Paul and Madlle. le Gras, the object being to attend the sick poor, and educate orphans and poor children. They are not nuns, but the order is considered the first step in benevolence.

In this country it was founded by Mrs. William Seton, the widow of an eminent merchant of New York, and from its foundation has spread into every locality in the land, doing good past all recording.

In our late terrible strife the sisters were everywhere, upon the battle-field, in the hospitals, and on shipboard, soothing and succoring all, without distinction of age, sex or creed, and carrying with them blessings and praise, even from the most bigoted religionists.

In New York City the order wears a close black cap, but in all other parts of the United States, the costume is as in the picture, and as it is in Europe.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A gentleman, in Lewiston, Me., says the other day a girl called at his door, and asked if his family "wanted house help?" He replied they did.

"Do you have small children?" she asked.

"No."

"Do you have your washing done out of the house?"

"No."

"Will my room be carpeted?"

"Yes."

After going on awhile in this manner, the gentleman turned the tide, and said he would like to ask her a few questions:

"Can you play the piano?" he began.

"Oh, no."

"Can you speak French?"

"No."

"Can you sing the opera?"

"No."

"Can you dance the Lancers?"

"No."

"Well, then," he concluded, "if you can't do any of these, you won't suit."

And off went the astonished maiden, smelling mice.

An amusing colloquy came off at the supper table, on board of one of our Mississippi boats, between a Boston exquisite, reeking with hair-oil and cologne, who was cursing the waiters, assuming very consequential airs, and a raw Jonathan seated by his side, dressed in homespun. Turning to his vulgar friend, the former pointed with his jeweled finger, and said:

"Butter, sah!"

"I see it is," coolly replied Jonathan.

"Butter, sah, I say!" fiercely repeated the dandy.

"I know it; very good; a first-rate article."

"Butter, I tell you!" thundered the dandy, in still louder tones, pointing with slow, unmoving finger, and scowling upon his neighbor, as if he would annihilate him.

"Well, gosh all Jerusalem, what of it?" now yelled the downeaster, getting his dander up in turn. "You don't think I took it for lard?"

A Sabbath school teacher asked a young pupil the meaning of "the wages of sin is death." The boy did not know what wages were, and was asked "What his father got Saturday night?"

"Drunk," was the answer.

A lady who is opposed to having euchre played in her house all the time, recently sent out invitations for a social party, and lest there might be a mistake, she added:

"No cards."

A miller had his neighbor arrested under the charge of stealing wheat from his mill, but being unable to substantiate the charge by proof, the court adjudged that the miller should make an apology to the accused.

"Well," says he, "I have had you arrested for stealing my wheat—I can't prove it—and am sorry for it."

George the First, when he landed in England, said to some of the crowd assembled, "I come for your goods," (meaning for your welfare), and that one of the crowd replied (alluding to the good things the Germans would pick up), "Aye, and chattels, too, I expect."

Nota Bene.—A number of tourists, when they alight at an inn in the Highlands, are in the practice of scratching their names, etc., on the window-glass. A short time since, one of a party of four had written his own name, and the names of his three companions, with the month and year in which they made their visit. Immediately under their names, and in quite a different hand (evidently by some wag,) is inscribed: "Nota Bene.—The whole of the above were hanged for stealing sheep."

"Jeannie," said a Scotchman to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar: "Jeannie, it's a very solemn thing to get married."

"I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel, "but it's a solemner thing not to."

"What a fool!" said Patty Prim, when she heard of the capture of Jeff Davis, "of course the men would all run after him if he was dressed as a woman, and he was sure to be caught."

A Highlander, under the influence of liquor, once went, on a very hot day, to be married, by the Rev. Mr. Grant, of Abernethy. The service having commenced, the bridegroom was asked:

"Are you willing to take this woman to be your wedded wife?"

"Yes," he replied, wiping large drops of perspiration from his face, "yes, if I got a drink!"

A beggar posted himself at the door of a Chancery Court, and kept saying:

"A penny, please, sir! Only a penny, sir, before you go in!"

"And why, my man?"

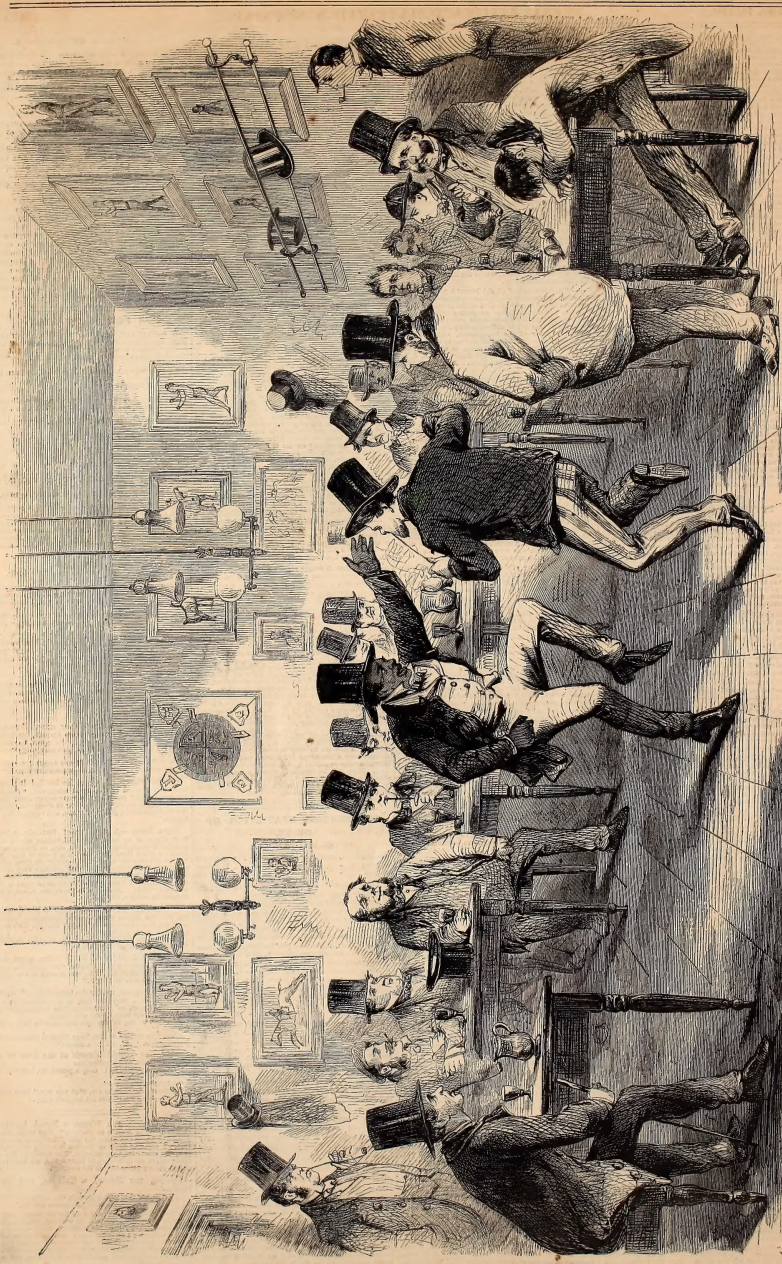
"Because, the chances are, that you won't have one when you come out!" was the beggar's reply.

The Ordeal for Wives, a Novel, by the author of "The Morals of Mayfair." New York: The American News Company, 119 and 121 Nassau street. 1865. A pleasant story of English domestic life, well told, and calculated for popularity. The American News Company, in the getting up of their books, are not surpassed by any publishers in the country.

Erring, yet Noble, a Tale of, and for Women.

"Eighty thousand women in one smile,
Who only smile at night beneath the gas."

New York: John Bradburn, No. 49 Walker street. 1865. The title of this work will tell its contents, but though many may consider it a bold book, yet, when carefully read, it will show a meaning and a moral rarely found in a work professing to treat the errors of woman. The style, though occasionally rough, is direct and forcible. It will, no doubt, create considerable discussion, and is well worth reading.



A CELEBRATED ENGLISH SPORTING HOUSE.



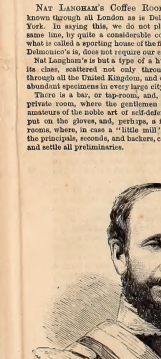
KILLING CROWS IN VIRGINIA.—FROM A DRAWING BY G. PERKINS.

AN ENGLISH SPORTING HOUSE.

NAT LANGHAM'S Coffee Room is as well known through all London as is Delmonico's in New York. In saying this, we do not place them on the same line, by quite a considerable count, Nat's being what is called a sporting house of the first water. What Delmonico's is, does not require our explanation.

Nat Langham's is but a type of a hundred others of its class, scattered not only through London, but through all the United Kingdom, and of which we have abundant specimens in every large city in this country.

There is a bar, or tap-room, and, adjoining this, a private room, where the gentlemen of the F. R., or amateurs of the noble art of self-defence, can retire, to put on the gloves, and, perhaps, a few other private rooms, where, in case a "little mill" is on the *tapis*, the principals, seconds, and backers, can come together, and settle all preliminaries.



GEN. PEDRO DIAZ CANSECO.

The tap-room is the great point of attraction. Here, upon any ordinary night, about 10 or 12 o'clock, can be found the aristocracy of the prize ring, and, perhaps, a sprinkling of those from other rings. Perhaps, side by side with some scion of a noble family, may be found "The Fuggly Chicken," or "The Bayswater Bruiser," while "white spirits and black, blue spirits and gray," mingle indiscriminately, whiling away the time with pots of half-and-half, or stout, "goes of gin, or summut short," enlivened with an occasional song from a member of the bruising fraternity, or a break-down from more than one.

As the small hours approach, the fun grows fast and furious, the theatre-going part of the sporting world drop in, reporters for the press saunter along, and the nobs of the F. R. are in their glory as lions.

On the walls of the tap-room are hung those efforts of art dearest to the patrons, the pictorial record of the great fight between "The Bigtown Smasher"† and "The Fancy Bantam," or (the colors for "The Champion," in the shape of a silk handkerchief, handsomely framed, and holding a conspicuous place.

The highest ambition of the prize fighter is—when life's final fights are over—to settle down with his winnings and savings, in a public house of his own, an end that is often achieved by those who are careful, and obtain the confidence of the gentlemen of the F. R.

Tom Sayers, the champion of England, who fought that celebrated battle with Heenan, kept a house of this class, and, as he is just dead, it will not be a bad closing to this account, to republish, from the London *News*, of November 16, a short account of his funeral, that our countrymen can see what style of admirers the gentlemen of the F. R. have:

"Soon after noon on a vast crowd had assembled in High street, Camden Town, where the ex-champion lived, and the main thoroughfare, from the Mother Redcap, for several hundred yards towards Hampstead, was infested by what looked like an execution mob. The shops were nearly all closed, partly, perhaps, out of respect to the memory of Sayers, and partly, there can be no question, out of deference to the evidently predatory instincts of the crowd. Jostling, swearing and rough chaff, wishes that the music would come, jostling and horse play were the occupations most in vogue. All the way from High street to the cemetery the same class of people, on foot, in carts, and on the roof and inside of over-laden cabs, were to be seen steadily making for the hero's grave. At the cemetery itself the gates were guarded by what seemed a strong body of policemen, who only admitted people who either "gave the number of their tomb," or otherwise justified their claim to enter. At 2 P. M. the crowd was easily kept in order, but half an hour later a successful rush was made, and some hundred sturdy vagabonds carried the gates by main force, amid the yells and shouts of their companions. The police succeeded in reclosing the gates, and in again exercising their discriminating as to whom they should admit. As it was, the tombs and covered crypts were crowded with people, who turbulently jostled and laughed, trampled on the grass, and defiled the graves, with as little reverence for the place they were in, as if it had been an old prize ring. The succeeding two hours were taken up in watching the hand-to-hand combat between the police outside and the rapidly increasing crowd of roughs, in the arrival and admission of lovers of celebrities, and admission being the signal for a struggle, on the part of those who wished to force their way, and in securing vantage ground from which to see the procession.

"Soon after 4 P. M. the sound of drums and fifes was heard, and the hearse and mourning coaches struggled through the swaying, disorderly mob. Sports pony and dog cart, with his magnificent dog, the sole support of the latter, followed immediately after the hearse. The police contrived to keep back the crowd much for a few moments; but as soon as the coffin was taken in to the cemetery chapel, and before the carriages had left it, the crowd of thieves and blackguards proved too strong for those opposed to them, and the gates were again stormed. The members of the band, while in the act of playing the "Dead March," were scattered pell mell, their instruments flying overhead and themselves running for safety. Hundreds of the foulest scum of the back courts and alleys of London, the creatures who only come to light, in the aggregate, at an execution or racecourse, or an illegal betting ground, rushed in to hold sanguinaria at the grave. For a few minutes the police were completely overcome. They were a mere handful of men against the enemy, but they subsequently rallied and once more succeeded in closing the cemetery gates. Many of the roughs were trodden down in the raid, and after it was over, the gasping, speechless forms stretched at, no unfrequent intervals on the grass, or reared by their luckier comrades against the tombs, while neckcloths were torn open and animation restored, spoke of the severity of the conflict."

KILLING CROWS IN VIRGINIA.

A SCENE that must be familiar to thousands, not only of the youthful, but of the older generation, is that of crow killing in Virginia. Not that Virginia alone has a patent for that especial line of sport, but that among the American citizens, of African descent, it is an ancient and esteemed mode of enjoyment, which combines within itself the exciting and the useful.

The mode is to sally out at night, and, making a halt in such locality as the crows are known to roost, build just enough of a fire to see by. Long saplings are then cut, with a few branches on one end and a sturdy darkey upon the other, whose good muscles, using the sapling as a flail, thrashes the birds from the lower branches of the trees where they roost.

On a successful battue of this kind, it is not uncommon that a thousand crows are killed, and so much good done, not only to the agricultural interest of that vicinity, but, perhaps, to others where these corn destroyers may migrate.

LEADERS OF THE PERUVIAN REVOLUTION.

Col. Mariano Ignacio Prado, and Gen. Pedro Diaz Canseco.

WHEN Spain, taking advantage of our civil war, sought to re-establish her power over Peru, the richest of her lost possessions in South America, she met a determined hostility on the part of the people of that Republic, in whom was roused the spirit of their fathers, the conquerors of Junin and Ayacucho. This feeling was shared by the representatives of the people in Congress, and every preparation was made to resist Spanish pretensions and aggression by force of arms. But at the moment when it was supposed the sword would be unsheathed, the government of the country, at the head of which was Vice-President Pezet, previously suspected of treachery and corruption, made a most humiliating submission to Spain, promising to pay her four millions of dollars to defray the expenses of her hostile demonstration on Peru!

This capitulation was received throughout the country with mingled shame and anger, and it was only required that a leader should appear to induce the people to inaugurate a revolution against the usurping and pusillanimous central power. This leader was found in the person of Col. MARIANO IGNACIO PRADO, at that moment holding the position of Prefect of the Department of Arequipa, the second in importance in Peru.

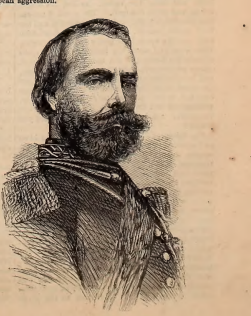
On the 6th of February last, he issued a proclamation denouncing the cowardice and treachery of Pezet, and calling on the people to organize for expelling him from the place he had disgraced, and to deprive him of the trust he had betrayed. The garrison of Arequipa responded to the appeal, and the movement extended so rapidly, that in less than four months the power of the traitor Pezet was confined to the City of Lima and Fort Callao. The fleet, sympathizing with the people, also went over to the side of the revolution—a true and just revolution, which, as many of the partisans of Spain have sought to stigmatize as a rebellion.

Meantime, Gen. Canseco, second Vice-President of the Republic, was called to the exercise of the office of President, Pezet's place having been declar-d vacant. Col. Prado, nevertheless, still holding the place of Commander-in-Chief of the revolution-ary, or liberating army. At last accounts, at the head of 10,000 men, he was approaching Lima, the last refuge of Pezet, the tool of Spain, and was on the eve of a battle, which, if won by the revolutionists, will reinstate the sacrificed honor of the country, and destroy the last vestige of Spanish influence in Peru, which country will then make common cause with Chili, in her contest with Spain.

Col. Prado is still a young man. He was born in the city of Huanuco, on the highlands of Peru; was educated in the college of San Carlos, the oldest in America, and, for a number of years followed the profession of planter, near his native city. In the contest between Gens. Castilla and Echinique, in 1854, he espoused the cause of the former, and was exiled in consequence, by the latter. He, however, managed to return to the country, and took up arms under Gen. Castilla, and was efficient in gaining the decisive battle of La Palma in his favor. At the commencement of the troubles with Spain, he was Military Governor of Tacna, and was prominent in the patriotic outburst occasioned by that event. Possessed of great decision and energy of character, unimpeachable in conduct, and with fine ability in field and council, he unquestionably stands at the head of the young men of Peru, into whose hands the destinies of the country are now passing, and who are distinguished for a hearty, open, determined American-ism, which they regard as a practical principle, and not one of what have been aptly termed "glittering generalities."

Gen. Canseco is a native of Arequipa, which city has produced more able and distinguished men, than any other of Peru, and was elected Second Vice-President, in the same election with the reactionary First Vice-President Pezet. He was unanimously called on to act as President by the country, when the treachery of Pezet became known, and should he succeed in entering Lima, will be the undisputed Executive of the nation. He is a man of great personal worth, and extended influence, and in principle a through-paced republican.

Since the above was put in type, the news has reached us of the complete success of the revolution in Peru. Gen. Canseco is now undisputed President of the country, and the late hostile army of the weak and infamous Pezet is incorporated with his forces, under the command of Col. Prado. This triumph of the republican principle in Peru, involves a declaration of war against Spain by that country, which will at once array itself by the side of Chile, in her manly struggle against European aggression.



COL. MARIANO IGNACIO PRADO.

THE PATTER OF LITTLE FEET.

BY J. W. WATSON.

OVER my head, in the morning early,
I heard the patter of little feet,
Rising above the hurly-burly
Out in the fast awakening street.
I like my nap in the morning early,
That drowsy, sleeping, waking time,
And am apt to give way to a touch of the surly,
With one who breaks on its soothing rhyme.

And so this morn when I heard the clatter,
I turned uneasily in my bed,
And bothered my brain to guess the matter
With the little pats pattering over my head.
My nap was gone, and in humor sulky,
I stretched a loud and imperious yawn,
And then with both hip and shoulder bulky,
I blessed the hour those babes were born.

With a knitted brow and a hasty toilet,
I made up my mind as I mounted the stairs,
Whatever the fun I would quickly spoil it
By coming upon them unawares.
I never had seen my four neighbors,
This only I knew, that the tidy house,
Save and except for these infantine labors,
Was silent and still as a baby mouse.

I knocked at the door, and a moment waited
The noise was hushed, to a whispered word.
The patter of little feet abated,
And a tiny hand on the latch I heard.
The door was gently shoved opening, started,
And full in its light a vision appeared
That carried my heart to the days departed,
And the one to whom it was ever endeared.

Oh, vision of life in the darkened palace,
Where I have enshrined the one of my love,
What vestige remained of the wrath and malice,
I threatened to wreak on the noise above?
That memoried thought is the one I am meet-
ing.
What hands are they stretched as I entered
the door?
"Are you my papa?" was the baby-like greet-
ing,
"Are you my papa, come home from the war?"

No, darling, I said, with a choking emotion,
I am not your papa, come home from the war,
I am only a waif on the fathomless ocean,
With no one to love me the weary world o'er.
"With no one to love you," the baby replies,
"I will love you myself, you shall be my
papa,
And I caught the sweet child with the wonder-
ing eyes
Up close to my breast where the memories
are.

Oh, where was my heart as I lay in bed during,
And the noise overhead could not quicken its
beat,
The chambers of memory surely were closing,
When no entrance was found for those dear
little feet.
For had I the riches we read of in story,
I would give up the whole to sweep away
yonder
To bring back the pleasure, the wealth and the
glory,
The patter of dear little feet to my ears.

DISMASTED.

BY JACK BRACE.

LIFE is often likened to a voyage. The stately ship is launched and rigged, manned and freighted, and then she sets sail for her destination. Behold her lofty masts, and snowy canvas, as they ride proudly to the breeze! How form cleaves the waves as if in conscious strength, and she "walks the waters" with as queenly an air, as if winds and waves were her subjects. Oh, it is a goodly sight! What joy fills the hearts of her crew, what hopes animate them! Anticipation has already seized upon a prosperous result, and a happy return.

The scene soon changes, however, even though the seas are smooth and the gales propitious. Watchful toil, and care claim every one's attention, and the spirit, so jovial at the outset, becomes sobered down, if not dissatisfied. Then comes the sense of power and disappointment; rocks and shoals are to be avoided, while head winds baffle and delay the vessel. At last the storm arises, and all is changed. The cloud of canvas has disappeared, the yards are sent down, and the lofty masts housed. Still the winds howl with fury, and the waves beat madly against her sides, while ever and anon the lightning's lurid glare reveals the terrors of the scene. Human effort seems powerless to battle the rage of the elements, and panic seizes on the stoutest heart. And yet the worst has not come; a fiercer hurricane sweeps over her, and she is *dismasted!* Ah, heartrending whither will the drift among the fearful perils of the night? Ah, luckless crew, where now are you bound!

The future of John Bethel seemed full of hope and promise. Born to the enjoyment of moderate wealth, and reared by affectionate, but considerations and intelligent parents, his childhood and youth had been made smooth and happy by that prudent indulgence which gratifies, without encouraging the child. And now, at twenty-three, the world was all before him — the voyage of life about to commence. It is true he had lost both heart friend, his father, whose judgment and experience would have made him a safe pilot, and that his mother, with all her truth and fondness, was of a soft and yielding nature, which fitted her rather to console than to guide. John Bethel, however, was a young man of rare promise, and well disciplined mind. He had learning and riches, and moral worth, and something more than talent—he had genius. He came to the great city, the busiest mart where men congregate for commerce—he felt the consciousness of strength, and desired a noble theatre. His reputation had preceded him, and his reception was flattering. Counsellor Affable offered him a separate apartment at his office, with the benefit of advice as to his studies, when he heard that he designed reading law for a year or two. Mrs. Blow placed his name on her special list—her literary *soirées* were the first in the city, and to be lionized by her was no mean distinction. Charley Blow, the very best fellow in the world," had him elected, forthwith, a member of his club, the geniedeum in the city, of course, and elected himself chairman of the night. John Bethel's interest with wonderful and self-sacrificing energy; and the beautiful Miss Affable received him with her sweetest smile, when he came home with papa to take tea quite *en familie*. Who would not have been elated? Certainly John Bethel was not of that temperament which could receive such marks of kindness unmoved. He wrote his mother joyously:

"I begin my voyage most propitiously. The sea is smooth, the gales are favorable, and Hope already points to the beacon of success."

Perhaps John Bethel would have received a more practical, and entertained a less confiding sense of human nature, had not his vanity might have been somewhat wounded, if he had overheard either of the following conversations:

"Well, papa, he's not bad looking, after all," said Miss Margaret Affable, when Bethel was gone; "on the contrary, with a little training and polish he may be made quite a presentable. How much did you say he was worth?"

"Rich! rich!" said Counsellor Affable. "I know the property well. With careful nursing, its value in a few years will be immense. Secure him at once, Margery."

"Ah, dear Count Levini, what a shame one can't have money and a husband both to their liking!" sighed Miss Margaret.

"Count Devilini!" exclaimed the irate counsellor. "I tell you, miss, that foreign fellow is a pauper, if not an impostor. So never let me hear another word about him. I will not be insulted by a man again when he calls. A pretty mess, indeed, if I am to find the very match of all others which pleases me, and you are to rebel. I say you shall marry John Bethel."

And this being rendered as the final judgment in the case, the counselor adjourned himself to his library and his bottle of Madeira.

"And I say I shall marry John Bethel, too," said the daughter; "but when I have an establishment of my own, I shall invite you, papa, and the count's name graces the head of my list."

With which determination Miss Affable adjourned to her own apartment.

* * * *

"I say, Charley," remarked his ci-devant chum, but present creditor, Fred Wilkes, as they sat in a private room at the club, "that's a quiet game of cuckre; I say, old fellow, I'm deuced hard up for 'spekter,' and do wish you'd manage to settle that little affair of ours."

There was an emphasis on the latter part of this speech, which grated harshly on Charles Trew's sensibilities, blunted as they were. He replied, however, without taking any notice of it, apparently.

"Pshaw, Fred! don't be such a Jew. You have had good luck lately, and you know I'm never long without resources. I am on a 'lay' now."

"As how?"

"I've a 'fist' in tow."

"Ah, your new friend, Bethel. Will he play? I asked the other with sudden interest.

"No! gosh you," replied Trew. "Never mind, old fellow, we are either or us too honorable to interfere with the other's game. But you shall have your money in a few days."

"All right," replied the other, in the same tone; "we must live, you know, and see and help one another. Sure as fate's loaded with coin. Eh! Charley?"

Mrs. Blow had introduced Bethel to a fashionable publisher, who, pleased him with the most distinguished consideration, and finding him truly intelligent, and well read, he did him the favor to consult him, publishing his views, and the occasional use of his pen. After a few months' acquaintance Bethel mentioned his intention of writing a book.

"By so, by all means, my dear fellow. It cannot fail to make a hit; you have the ring of the true metal, and I could back you."

Thus encouraged, Bethel admitted that he *had* written a book, though it required much altering and revising.

"Ay, ay! that is the very thing. I was waiting for something new. Of course I will be your publisher; trust me for getting off a large edition. It shall have my best."

The young author was only too glad to avail himself of the flattering offer, and consigned his manuscript to him, without delay, for the press. When he had gone, the admiring and liberal publisher turned to his partner:

"Jones's lucky, Johnson. He is rich, and ambitious. I hope he will hurry up his *MSS*; we shall be shorn of funds this month, and of course will be obliged to economize expenses. Have me an estimate ready the last of the week. I will go down and call on him. There's nothing for a gentleman like that to do, and how ambitious to see themselves in print, and can afford to pay! We can get off anything, you know, if the wheels are well greased."

A year had passed, and it was still fair sailing. John Bethel moved steadily along before favoring gales. The waters sparkled, the skies were blue, and his spirit was buoyant and hopeful. His work had been a success—a tremendous hit, his publisher and a few pensioned critics said—certainly the former's bill was so, though the returns of sales was meagre. A few men of truth and judgment read it, and predicted well for the author, notwithstanding its transparent defects. Mrs. Blow, "fair, fat," but not quite "forty," was in ecstasies, and told her favorite "loady," that if he were only poor, she would so delight in aiding the struggles of such a genius. And the rich widow sighed as if she would willingly bestow something else besides her hand, even if he only needed them. He could, no doubt, have had the hand that extended and the heart that dictated her generosity. But, alas! there was an obstacle to the aspirations of widow Blow. Miss Margaret Affable had played her part with skill; she had, like a sensible girl, discarded the count, and won John Bethel—they were engaged!

He was also the pet of the club. He would *not* play—that was positive; but he was liberal, and generous to a fault. Charley Trew declared he was "as generous as a prince," and he ought to have known, from the frequency with which he borrowed of him.

It was thus, in the midst of fair weather, that John Bethel received a summons from his mother to come home at once. Such a demand admitted of no delay; so, packing a carpet-bag, and barely taking time to send a note to his affianced, he was off in the train. The cessation of his mother's rather peremptory letter was communicated to him immediately on his arrival, with much trepidation, by a person who was considered perfectly sound,-as well as honorable, for whom his father had endorsed, to a considerable amount, had failed. Such endorsements were still out, and unsatisfied. It was the first cloud on John Bethel's horizon; but he looked at it squarely, steadily and boldly, and saw that it portended some thing serious, and he prepared to shorten sail. After obtaining all the information he could, John bid his mother an affectionate farewell, telling her to be of good heart, and returned to the city to advise with his friend, and future father-in-law. The latter examined the matter carefully, and finally declared that he would fight the claim, which he was sure he could defeat, or that he should at least obtain an easy compromise. But John Bethel was determined to meet the demand as legal and just one, and *paid* it, although it took three-fourths of his property, and left him with half his estate, and that part which was inalienable for the present. Mr. Affable was anything but consistent with his name, and Miss Affable frowned, and pish'd, and talked about disinheriting—but John Bethel was firm, and the squall passed over. The real estate, the management of which the counselor so much desiderated, was sold, and out of that he brought he could repair damages.

John Bethel had experienced the first adverse wind on his voyage, and he grew circumspect. He shortened sail—reduced his expenses—and just in time, too, for some professional Paul-Pry found a defect in his father's title to the landed property in question. And Affable now prepared for a great battle; but John was intractable again. The very highest professional opinions were taken, and it was declared that the claim was worthless, although it had been purchased in good faith and paid for. So Bethel refused to contest the matter, but promptly made a compromise. The counsellor stormed, and Miss Margaret pronounced him a fool, and declared she would never speak to him again.

Poor fellow! he was reduced almost to "bare poles;" but he held on bravely. Just at this crisis his mother died, and he hastened to attend to her funeral.

Through her brief illness he devoted himself to her comfort, without murmuring his last change of fortune, and when she passed away from him, and in the full belief that he was still comfortably off in worldly affairs.

The last rites paid to his beloved parent, and he sat down to reflect on his future course. His plans were soon formed; they were simple and straightforward. He had determined to study law, and, after attending to practice; he would make it his profession—Mr. Affable would give him all the assistance in his power, perhaps help him into partnership. He was called to the bar, when he could marry his adored Margery, work hard, and live as happy as if in a fairy land. Such, at least, was the picture, there must be some returns from his book; he would write another, and Mr. Vellum, his publisher, and friend, would, no doubt, make him a more ample compensation for the literary services he had been in the habit of rendering gratuitously heretofore. Oh! he would be happy yet, very happy.

With these ideas John Bethel returned to the city. The storm was heavy, but he would weather it. He called at the office, and was surprised to find that Counsellor Affable had removed to other rooms in a new building; that janitor handed him a note in which he was politely, but coldly informed that his effects had been left with that individual, and that it would be impossible for Mr. Affable to continue the existing arrangement with him, as he needed all the room he had in his new apartments. Giving the man directions about his things, he hastened to call on Miss Affable, from whom he had not received a line during his absence. In reply to his inquiry the servant said, promptly enough:

"Not at home? Yet, as he turned the corner on his way down town, he saw Count Levini ring, and pausing a moment, heard the door opened by a man who was so stupid as to misunderstand the meaning of his treatment by father and daughter; but he had a better knowledge of the count's ways to return and demand an explanation; in fact, he accomplished half the distance, when he met Margaret and the count come out arm-in-arm, evidently on a promenade; not perceiving him, perhaps, they came directly towards him. John Bethel's form dilated, his eye grew brighter, and his step firmer as he approached them. Miss Affable dropped her veil, however, before they met, and the count twirled his mustache, with an attempt to look fierce, as he passed. It was yet early in the day, and our hero proceeded to his publishers, who received him so politely that he thought the clouds were breaking away. He obtained a private interview, and stated his wishes. Mr. Vellum hmm'd, and ha'ed:

"Really," he said, "the times were so hard that he could not possibly afford to pay for additional literary aid. As for the book, it had not sold as well as its first popularity led him to hope. In fact there were no returns to Mr. Bethel's credit; on the contrary, a considerable balance was due to the publishers, which, of course, ask present payment, but perhaps Mr. Bethel would like to take the account along with him."

John Bethel pushed the paper, turned on his heel, and left without a word. It was growing very dark with him. He immediately proceeded to the United Trust, who owed him some hundreds, for the idea of resting under a pecuniary obligation to his publisher galled him, and said, "I want you washing money!" said Charley, with easy badinage.

"Have you not heard of my misfortunes?"

"Oh, no indeed, that there was something unpleasant up, but we supposed it would all come right. You don't mean to say it's a regular smash up, eh?"

"I have lost everything—not worth a dollar, except, very fortunately, the few hundreds which you, and one or two of our fellows, were so good as to borrow. I never was more in earnest than when I asked you just now to return a portion of my loan."

Charley looked very cold, blow, but—stop! let me see; how much do you need?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars will do for the present."

"How unlucky that I paid out five hundred today, which might as well have been over; but, never mind, I'll see the club at seven o'clock—sharp seven—I'll have it for you. By-bye; I must hurry off."

John Bethel was punctual to the appointment; but seven, and eight, and nine o'clock struck without the appearance of his friend Trew. He rung the bell, and the waiter appeared.

"Some of the gentlemen were in," he said; "Mr. Trew had dined at five o'clock with several others, but they had gone, and would not return before midnight, if at all. The manager had asked him to hand Mr. Bethel this note."

It was a small sum for the loan he paid it in the days when he boy a dollar, and departed. It was growing darker! He went out into the street, bared his head to the cool night air, and strove to gather heart for the crisis. As he pondered he walked along without being exactly conscious of his route. He was aroused by hearing his name called, and looking up, saw a poor literary man to whom he had shown some kindness, and whom he had introduced to Mrs. Blow's circle.

"Ah! here you are—going in, eh? Missed you for some time."

"I thought struck Bethel, "I will drink the last dregs."

So he entered; the widow received him with more than her usual kindness.

"Ah! she has not heard," thought he.

It was a mistake; she had, and after a short time she drew him aside on some pretence, and offered him a feeling of condolence.

"Here, at least, is one true heart," said he to himself; and the skies grew brighter.

The next day she contracted her interview much beyond what John Bethel deemed necessary. She grew tender, and John got embarrassed. She grew tender, and John understood that her heart and fortune were ready for his consolation. With all the gentleness of his truly chivalric nature he evaded the proffered love, and the enamored widow was not to be baffled, until he mildly rejected her suit. The next day she cut him on Broadway.

John Bethel now set manfully to work to prepare for the worst. He gave up his lodgings and procured cheaper; he disposed of some superfluities, which made him a little money. From his friend Trew he received a note regretting that he had been disappointed, but he would try and arrange as soon as possible. So John gave up that, and all similar claims. So well did he bestir himself, however, that by night he was in his new home. Worn out with fatigue and excitement, he went early to rest, and awoke next morning delirious with fever.

The people whose apartment he rented, knew him only as a stranger, who paid a month in advance in place of reference; they became alarmed at the trouble he was likely to give, and so they sent for the hospital.

Poor John Bethel! The hurricane had swept over him—he was dismasted—a sheer hulk floating on life's stormy ocean!

* * * *

But what became of our stately ship which we left riding proudly over the wild waters? Was she lost? Did all go down with her into those mysterious depths where sleep the dead, countless navies and the skeleton forms of those who died in search of wealth on the treacherous bosom of the waters? No, her masts were resisted the storm, and she, well, before which her crested waves subside, and the angry winds are stilled, guided her safely. With mourning eyes hope still watched by her panic-stricken crew; they viewed their jury-masts with patient labor, they spread the scanty canvas, and in time found a safe harbor.

* * * *

John Bethel awoke as from a trance. For the first time in a week, he was free from pain, or consciousness of existence. His head was now clear, but his memory continued. A sweet, calm face was bending over him.

"Where am I?"

"In the hospital," whispered the softest tones he remembered ever to have heard. "There, go to sleep, you must not get excited."

"But tell me who you are, and how you came here?"

"The Sisters of Charity sent me; go to sleep, now, and when you awake, I will tell you more."

Again John Bethel awoke; his sleep had been

long and refreshing, and in it memory seemed to have come back like a restored record. He missed the pleasant face at his couch, and called:

"Mary!"

She came quickly.

"You know me, then, John?"

"Dear Mary, what led you to adopt this life?"

She blushed, and in that blush he read what he had never before dreamed. How strange that even in sickness he could forget Mary Worden, the dear little pet and playmate of his youth; how passing strange he should never have suspected before how much he loved her, or that, perhaps, she loved him! How blind he had been to go out alone into the great world, and leave its richest treasure behind. They he man and wife now, and John Bethel is a rising lawyer.

Margaret Allaire ran away with the count, who turned out a worthless impostor. The great publishing house of Vellum & Co., has failed, carrying with it all the Widow Blew's fortune, which was confided, with her fair self, to the guardianship of the senior partner.

John Bethel, however, is incapable of triumphing over the fallen. He sympathized sincerely with the counselor, and has since rendered him important services. He even gives Charley Vane a small amount occasionally, when the latter, who has become quite seedy, sends a begging note, and he knows full his to the disconsolate blue stocking with so much deference as if she were a queen.

The noble ship has passed triumphantly through all perils, and returned to port in gallant trim, with her rich freight.

FORSAKEN.

BY W. W. BIKES.

"Young in years, but old of sin,
Oh! old! old! she sits by the sandy shore
And hears, amid tears, an in years ago,
The sound of the ocean's roar.
"The voice whose music I used to know,"
She sighs,
"I never shall hear it more!"

Old! old! old! And her hair as brown to-day,
As in the summer, so long ago,
When she laughed the hours away.
"The waves flow in as they used to flow,"
She says,
"But he never comes back to me!"

Old! old! old! because her lover is lost—
Lost to her, but found by one
Who is kind as her dear cost.
"You dwell alway in the summer sun,
Alas!
My boat by a storm is tost!"

Old! old! old! Again to be youthful—when?
When she has somewhere buried this dead
Out of the sight of men.
Up from that grave your life will speed,
Sweet Sorrow!
And you will be young again.

Tales of the Bivouac.

JOHN HACKLEY'S CAPTURE.

BY WILLIAM H. MORRIS.

SERGEANT JOHN HACKLEY was one of those cool, courageous and quick-witted men that were often found in the volunteer regiments of our army. Nothing ever seemed to excite his enthusiasm, and he endured the trials and disappointments of the service with as much indifference as though he were destitute of feeling. His self-control and coolness met with several occasions extracted him from critical situations, and had made him a great favorite among his comrades.

Having left Lieutenant C—— at the cross-roads he proceeded towards Frederick City, in order to ascertain the movements of the enemy. He had not gone far when he heard the shouts of the scouting party which had cut off the retreat. His only hope of escape from capture was to put his horse to his utmost speed, and, by making a circuit, regain his camp by a road some miles further down the valley.

The shouts behind him told him that he had been seen, and was hotly pursued, but his trust being one of superior speed, he did not fear being overtaken, but he dashed, turning up by-roads and frequently changing his direction, in order, if possible, to mislead the horsemen; but his efforts to do so were unsuccessful. Finally, reaching the Maryland Heights road, he urged his steed with his voice and spurs, and found to his satisfaction that he was rapidly increasing the distance. He already had passed safely, but as he came to a short turn in the road, he saw a barrier placed across it, and found himself in the midst of a strong party of guerrillas, who demanded his surrender, while aiming their carbines at his breast.

"Well, you've got me now, sure enough, haven't you?"

"Get down off that horse," said one of the gang.

"Why, of course," responded Hackley. "But now as I'm your prisoner, we might as well take things comfortably, and as I have some good whisky in my canteen, I don't mind taking a drink."

Saying which he took several large swallows, and handed the "commissary" to the men. They all took some excepting one, whose rough, red beard and brutal bearing made him an object of disgust. He made a gesture of scorn, and refused the civility.

"Oh, take a little, Jake," said the captain of the band.

"D—d if I'd drink with any blue-nosed Yankee," said the repulsive outlaw.

This insignificantly uncouth and bitter guerrilla, was one of the most daring and cruel of Mosby's command. He never joined with his associates in their carousals, and was always the most violent of their number in his aggressions on the lonely soldiers of the North. He took the most malicious delight in insulting, on all occasions, the unfortunate strangers he occasionally captured. He was similarly known as "Grizzly Jake," and was a man whom no one would care to offend.

The patrol which had followed Hackley joined the picket, and soon after another party arrived, bringing in the two other men who were of Hackley's group.

The three prisoners exchanged glances of recognition, but so stealthily, that the captors did not observe them.

The night was a weary one, and the prisoners suffered from the chilly air, having nothing to cover them. He watched for some chance to escape, but the sentinels were so constantly on the alert, that any attempt would have been useless.

In the morning the prisoners were made to bring wood, and make fires to cook the breakfast, and were also required to saddle and pack the horses of the outlaws.

Grizzly Jake lost no opportunity to abuse the Union captives, and grinned hideously at the success of his tantalizing remarks, in making the prisoners blush at their humiliation in being compelled to wait on him. Hackley resolved in their hearts to seek some opportunity for revenge. It was particularly galling to Hackley, and, observing this, the brutal pest especial attention to him. His comrades laughed heartily at his coarse jokes, and gave him every facility to practice them.

Several days passed in this way, and the band moved in a northerly direction, towards Sharpsburgh. This town, which has become famous as the battle-field of Antietam, is situated upon the Potomac river, by the side of which runs the canal. The country is hilly and covered with forests, and the banks of the river in some places rocky and precipitous.

After a hard day's march the party bivouacked by the side of the main road, and the horses were picketed for the night. Grizzly Jake, as usual, ordered the prisoners to perform the drudgery of preparing the meal and rubbing the horses.

It was seldom that the captives could converse with each other unheard by the sentinels. They were watched with a vigilance which effectually prevented any plotting for escape, or act in concert.

"I want some water," said Grizzly Jake, "here, Yankee, take the canteen and go to the river."

He hung his own on Hackley's neck, and also those of his associates, which he personally collected.

"Go ahead, blue back," said, cocking his revolver, he followed Hackley a few paces behind him.

"D—n your impudence, Jake, hurry up, hurry along, or you'll get some lead in your body."

Hackley trudged along, although encumbered with his load, and suffering from the fatigues of the march. He exerted his self-control to be utmost, to suppress his replies to the insults of this brute, whom he had learned to detest more than any wretch on earth. He well knew that it was his tyrant increased in coarseness, he turned suddenly around to strike the villain, when, to his surprise the expression of the man's face was so different from anything he had ever seen before, that he involuntarily paused. The scoundrel was banished, and the red face were a smile that was genial and kind.

Looking down to examine his pistol, Grizzly Jake was inspected by Hackley.

"*I am your friend,*" and immediately added, in a loud voice, "girl! girl!" Sinking his voice again, he added, "Keep your countenance close."

He dropped a piece of soiled paper rolled up in a small ball.

Hackley picked it up on his return, falling from a stumble for the purpose.

It was with extreme impatience Hackley waited for night, as that was the only time when he could hope to learn the contents of this mysterious mission.

Wearily the hours wore on, and Hackley, complaining of cold, placed fresh wood upon the fire. He sat with his cheek resting upon one hand, and in a drowsy attitude. The sentinels walked their beats with a loop thrown back, for the sake of dump and chilly. It was a matter requiring patience and dexterity for Hackley to unroll the paper, and the latter was the case upon him. He could only glance at it for a few seconds at a time, but he finally succeeded, and then threw it into the fire, where it was soon burned.

How singular, he thought, that this rough and repulsive man should have selected me as an object of his favor. Yet, he could not believe in his sincerity, as his conduct had been so consistently cruel from the first moment he had become a prisoner. Yet, he reflected, he could have no object in proposing a means of escape, if he did not wish him to profit by it. It is worth the while, at all events, thought Hackley, and having reached that conclusion, he lay down near the fire and fell asleep. The next day passed like the second, and the night found him at the approach of twilight, the party halted near the Potomac, and bivouacked in a thicket. The usual dispositions were made, but Hackley could read the approach of Grizzly was posted on the road leading to Harper's Ferry. He carried his carbine on his shoulder, and was not for a moment unmindful of his trust. Hackley received a glance which was similar in its instant's duration, but still sufficient to encourage him to hope for success in the daring risk he was soon to make. He watched the smiling moon until it was below the horizon, and then prepared for the bold acts which might restore him to freedom.

Pretending uneasiness in sleep, he rolled himself towards the best of the sentinel. All excepting the men on post were now in profound sleep. Presently, Grizzly Jake walked passed Hackley, who arose without a noise, and striking the sentinel a severe blow on the shoulder, knocked him down. With the quickness of a panther, he flew along the road for some fifty yards, where he found a black horse tied to a tree. It was the work of a second only to mount the prancing steed and dash

Grizzly Jake soon recovered from his fall, and, shouting to arouse the camp, he discharged his carbine at Hackley, with an aim so nearly true, that, for an instant, he doubted the truth of his new friend.

He required some minutes for several of the gang to free their horses, and prepare them for the chase. Hackley had not gained five hundred yards before he heard himself pursued. The darkness of the night and the unevenness of the road made his flight hazardous, but, without accident, he reached a short turn in the road. Springing from his horse, he struck him a halter, and struck the horse a severe blow with it upon the haunches. Smarting with pain, he dashed down the road with all the speed of which he was capable.

Hackley hastened to conceal himself in the thicket, and had the satisfaction to hear his chase rushing past him. Grizzly Jake led them, and encouraged them by his exclamations.

"We shall catch him! He can't pass the pickets! I hear his horse's hoofs now! Go it! Girl!"

Hackley proceeded cautiously to the edge of the precipice, and, by means of the halter rope, climbed down to the water's edge, where, seeing that he resolved to remain until he could continue his way with more safety.

In the meantime, Grizzly Jake led the pursuit until he reached the pickets, where he found the horse, which they had stopped.

"He must be in the woods," said the leader, "and we must search for him."

The men commenced an examination, and Hackley could hear them approach his hiding-place. He could distinguish their words, and their determination "to shoot the d—d Yankee, if they caught him, to prevent any further trouble."

Hackley remained within a few yards of where Hackley was concealed.

"Well, boys, he has taken to the river; so it's no use following him any more, so we'll take a drink, and then go back to camp. I shall know that fellow if I ever see him again."

"Where are we going to-morrow, Jake?"

"Why to Sharpsburgh, perhaps, and wait for orders at John Henderson's—you know the man that lives in the white cottage, by the three oaks, on the road to the bridges."

"Will Lee come this way?"

"No; he won't touch Harper's Ferry until after he has whipped McClellan, for he intends to fight the Army of the Potomac near Gettysburg. If he drives them, Harper's Ferry will be a ripe apple, that will fall of its own weight. Bagley, you know the roads to Williamsport; I want you to go to the 'parson's' there, and tell him Slocum is advancing."

"Yes. What will the countersign be to-morrow?"

"Stonewall Jackson."

"Let us get back to camp," said Grizzly Jake, and the outlaws left the woods.

Hackley overheard this conversation, and was convinced that it was conducted by Grizzly Jake, to give him the information which would facilitate his reaching his own lines, and would be the means of giving intelligence of the enemy's movements.

The reader may be at a loss to account for the inconsistency of this brutal ruffian's conduct. The adage that "all is fair in war" has served as an excuse for every kind of deception, spies assume a role inspired by no virtue, and it was not unusual for soldiers in either army to fight with a fidelity that brought them into notice, and would desert to the enemy with the same enthusiasm. Grizzly Jake was one of the secret agents, and was of much use, as his connection with the roving band of a guerrilla gave him many opportunities to learn the movements of the enemy. His true name we withhold, as there are still men who would seek his life.

Hackley remained in his notch the following day, until towards dusk. He then clambered up the cliff, and crept through the trees to a bye-road, which led towards the picket.

After walking about a mile he came to the rebel line of pickets. He was challenged by the sentinels.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"One of Mosby's men."

"Advance and give the countersign."

"Stonewall Jackson."

"Right."

Hackley walked up to the guard, who were lounging around the fire, and entered into familiar conversation with them.

"What are you doing in Yankee uniform?" inquired one of them.

"I am going to Harper's Ferry on a scout."

"How are you going to pass their lines?"

"Use my wits. I was lazy I was captured by Mosby's men in the valley, and that I belong to the fifth Maryland."

Hackley made himself so sociable that he was offered some refreshment, which was of great service after a day's fast.

"Good-bye, boys."

"Good-bye."

"I hope we shall meet again," said Hackley, and walked down the road.

He traveled along without much adventure until nearly daylight, when he approached another picket.

He was challenged in the usual manner, and replied as before, that he was one of Mosby's men.

"Halt," said the sentinel, who leveled his musket at him.

In an instant Hackley was surrounded, and led into the midst of the picket guard, the officer in command of which asked many questions.

Hackley answered as in the previous case, when the lieutenant ordered him to be placed under strict guard.

"Ah, you are Yankees then," said the prisoner.

"Yes, a part of Harper's Ferry garrison, sir Mr. Spy, prepare for a hanging."

"That's a nice joke," said Hackley, "to be hung by my own folks."

"That dodge won't do," said the officer, "our uniform is too often worn by the rebels to mislead us."

On the following morning the pickets were relieved, and Hackley was reported as a captured spy. He was placed in solitary confinement, and no communication with any one allowed. No statement seemed to satisfy the guard that his second story had not the smallest truth, and explanations were merely regarded as ingenious inventions.

Finally, a copy of charges and specifications was handed to him, in which he found the circumstances of his arrest were described in a manner that astonished him. To this paper he made his answered the challenge as one of the guerrillas, and that his whole bearing and amount of information corroborated that statement. He was also informed that he was to be sent to Baltimore for trial.

Visions of condemnation arose in his mind, and he became seriously concerned for the issue. The testimony would be sufficient to prove him a spy, and the vague hopes of escaping at the finishing and critical time might deprive him of witnesses to rebut the evidence of the prosecution.

At length came the Harper's Ferry to be abandoned. The scene of industry and devastation was one seldom witnessed. Cannon had to be removed, and earthworks destroyed. Columns of troops jammed the road, and the confusion was bewildering. A party of prisoners under a strong guard was conducted down the tow path of the canal, and among the number was Hackley. He looked around in vain for some familiar face. None was to be seen. Already had he reached Point of Rocks, and the chances of being recognized were diminishing.

The prisoners were halted for a brief meal, and there were no cooks to cook coffee and pork.

While meditating over his singular adventures, Hackley saw a small body of horsemen riding along the river road, and he at once recognized Lieutenant C——. He shouted to him, and attracted his attention.

"Hackley!" exclaimed C——.

"Yes, going to be hung for a spy."

C—— stopped, and made explanations which were sufficiently satisfactory to the officer of the guard, and which resulted in the release of the prisoner.

The information which Hackley had procured was of great importance, and C—— conducted Hackley to General French, then commanding all the troops in that vicinity. To say that he was rewarded for his faithful services, and that his name was mentioned in the report of the general, is but justice to this bold and useful soldier.

The question was then discussed as to the best method of releasing the other men of C——'s escort, and capturing the guerrillas, who had been in their keeping. Hackley, with a promise, chosen as guide, and orders were given, under no circumstances, to harm or capture Grizzly Jake. The whole party of men, well armed and mounted, was formed, and the pursuit arranged for the following night.

IRISH SCHOOLBOYS.—The master put the rather small class in attendance through a very fair lesson in Biblical knowledge, and then proceeded to apply some of the moral lessons received by his pupils.

"Now, boys, you know Donnybrook Fair?"

"Yes, sir, we do." (Every hand up).

"Is it right for you to Donnybrook Fair?"

"No, sir, it is not."

"Why is it?"

"It's a sin, sir."

"Right, boys," replied the master.

Turning to his English visitor, "You see we do not neglect the loudest practical precepts as well as religious opinions."

"Quite right," said the visitor: "but may I be allowed to put a question to the boys myself?"

"Oh, certainly, sir, whatever you please."

"Well, then, boys—tell me honestly—every boy who has been to Donnybrook Fair put up his hand." Up went every hand in the class! Of course the boys belief had been shaken in the joke, and laughed accordingly, and the master being of the same opinion was more than amused, in spite of his defeat, and visitor, teacher and scholars joined in a good hearty roar, which had hardly ceased when the little *gamin* of the class stepped forward and put up his hand.

"Please, sir, I went to Donnybrook to *distribute tracts!*"

As the idea of any urchin going to Donnybrook to sell tracts was too much out of it's line to be even utterly incredible, the laugh broke out again with redoubled violence, till the visitor took his departure.

A COMFORTABLE INCOME.—If was at the Prince Regent's table that I (Captain Gronow) obtained the best idea of economy. He had no notion of necessary income of a gentleman. Every man present, excepting the Duke of Beaufort, was deep in royal body's books. Not one had an income of more than £5,000 a year. I was sitting next at the table to Sir W. Colin, afterwards king's side-de camp, for fun's sake asked the gentleman what he considered a fair annual stipend for a gentleman. His answer was characteristic.

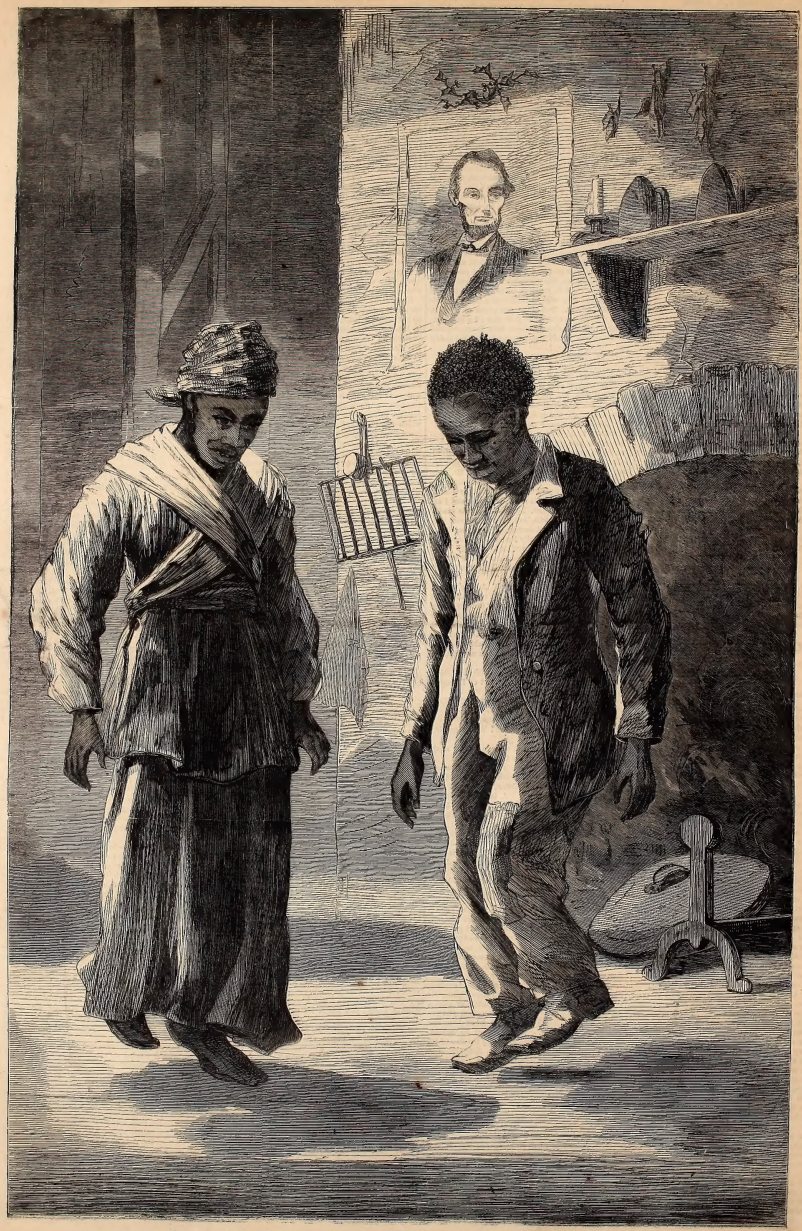
"A man who cannot live with ease and comfort on £10,000 a year ought to be ashamed of himself."

"Will your Royal Highness be good enough to tell us how a man can possibly get through such an income?"

"My dear fellow," rejoined the royal host, "nothing more easy" the nipped his cheek. "In the first place you must have his house in town and country house, for the ordinary purposes of summer and winter residence. Then his wife and two grandchildren, who boys at school, play a little, and, if he has a taste for horseflesh, he will train a horse or two. Then there must be a good cellar at each temporary abode as well as in the regular dwellings. Once a year a trip to Paris, to see Tolmo and Mars, and a drop at Francatelli's, will be requisite. *Enfin*, what with new books, pictures, bijouterie, charitable subscriptions" (here again the prince raised his glass to his lips), "the education of children, the tailor and bootmaker, the stable, new carriages, glue, tendeme, and curricles, fresh horses, and—Master's little outlay—the hundred thousand bob goes."



CLOSE OF THE WAR—HULL'S VICTORY, 1814.



CLOSE OF THE WAR—BABYLON IS FALLEN, 1865.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The twilight walks, in robes of gray,
Along the meadows, bare and brown,
And o'er the mountains, far away,
The moon hangs like a silver crown.

The air is full of odors sweet;
The fern is dying on the hill,
Where long ago we used to meet,
And where our hearts keep love-tryst still.

The harvest-fields have lost their gold,
I see no more the gathered sheaves,
The forest stretches, bare and cold,
Its branches o'er its fallen leaves.

And I—to-night I sit alone,
And look, with sad and lonesome heart,
On joys that once my life has known,
Now they have drifted far apart.

I see a face, a tender face,
As pure as lily's whitest snow,
And eyes, that haunt me with their grace,
Lit up with youth's auroral glow.

I hear a voice; its accents calm
Wake sweetest music in my heart,
And fill it with a tender balm—
A peace that will too soon depart.

I feel a hand upon my head—
A hand whose touch I used to know;
Are spirits with me from the dead?
I almost think that it is so.

I feel a breath upon my cheek
And, sweeter than a poet's song,
I hear the olden voices speak
The words I have not heard so long.

Yes, they are with me. All are here;
A maiden greets me with a kiss,
And whispers words my heart holds dear.
Oh, dear are moments such as this!

A mother takes me by the hand,
A father looks into my face—
Ah, they have left the shadow-land,
And fill once more their olden place.

A sister sits beside the door,
And sings the evening hymn again,
And, joined with hers, I hear once more
A brother's voice in the refrain.

My heart thrills with a sense of rest;
No room for care or sorrow now,
To mar the quiet in my breast,
Or drop a shadow on my brow.

Oh, twilight hour! oh, friends of old!
Stay with me evermore I pray;
This quiet calm about me hold,
And keep the grim, bleak world away.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.—THE CODICIL DISCOVERED.

To Anthony's expression of gladness and welcome, the doctor's stern reply was, after slamming to the door behind him:

"Young man, I hate flummery and—hem!—falsehood!"

"Falsehood, Dr. Pompess!" And as Anthony uttered these words, a change took place in his look and attitude that reminded the doctor he was forgetting his judicial calmness, and punishing the offender before convicting him of his offence.

"Look at that letter, Mr. Maude," said the doctor; and he handed it to Anthony, who hastily read it through, and whose face flushed with shame and anger as he did so.

What could he say in answer? The writer—obviously a woman—was referring to a truth; he *had* called the doctor an ass to Richard Sleuth. Was he now to be unmanly enough to deny it? And yet, if he acknowledged it, how false would be all his future relations with the doctor, as the father of his wife.

"You are silent, young man?" said the latter, as he saw Anthony's hesitation.

"Permit me to read it—to read it through again? I—I am so much astonished at—at the villany of the writer, that——"

"Read it again? By all means. Don't hurry, I can wait, young man—I can wait."

What was Anthony to say or do?

The inconceivable baseness of the letter-writer, if she knew the truth of the case—that it was a random and hasty remark, made under circumstances of special provocation, would not at all benefit his case, however long he dwelt on it, or however full of speculation his mind might be as to the origin and aim of this envenomed shaft. There stood the angry and outraged doctor, exacting an answer, and prepared to receive it in the worst possible mood.

When Anthony had, with most scrupulous carefulness, read the anonymous letter through a second time, and had taken advantage of every doubt that occurred to him as he went along—to hold the letter up to the light, or investigate the formation of special characters, and so on, the doctor looking on all the while in grim patience—when Anthony had no longer an excuse, real or simulated, for delay, he handed the letter back to the doctor, and said, with an effort at a smile:

"Dr. Pompess, before I tell you what I know about this business, will you pardon my asking you a single question?"

The doctor simply waved his right hand in a sort of sternly condescending assent.

"We have seen a good deal of each other in a short time, I believe, doctor. Have I ever, in any way, to your knowledge, during that time, said or done aught that ever looked liked disrespect to you? Pardon me, let me go on. Have I not, on the contrary, at times almost shown you that in desiring to become your son-in-law, I had a something in my heart that revealed I did not seek a wife only at your hearth?"

"Hem! hem! hem! Go on, I listen to you, young man. I shall be only too glad to own my mistake."

"That is a pleasant saying to me, doctor, for, indeed, you are mistaken."

"You did not, then—not——"

"I have never, Dr. Pompess, said one word about you since our—our relation, that——"

"But before?"

"Nor before—that if rightly understood—I mean, with all its attendant circumstances—could give you one moment's pain, or, indeed, anything more than a passing fit of laughter."

"Mr. Maude, we are beating about the bush, when we ought at once to jump in, and see what it is that is hidden there."

This the doctor said with so much dignity, and with so much apparent willingness to think the best of any little escapade that might have happened, that Anthony thought it well to make a clean breast at once, and see if he could not bring the whole to an end in the mirth he had predicted.

"Well, doctor, it's very absurd—so absurd, that one doesn't like to recall it, or to speak of it—and so one, you see, raises a trifle into a thing of serious magnitude. But the small grain of truth in this mischievous letter is just this: I was beginning to think seriously of—of Miss Pompess, and to fancy you would not be offended at my doing so. Well, doctor, I——"

"Yes, Anthony, yes!"

"It is so absurd! You'll laugh at me, I know, long enough for it."

"Perhaps, if only you'll tell me what it is."

"Tell you, my dear doctor! why, of course I will. I meant to tell you from the first moment you showed me the letter."

"Hem! You are a long time about it."

"Am I? So I am. Ha! ha! ha! Well, doctor, since you will know it, let me own I was fool enough to think you were going to say something pleasant to me about Clarissa, and what you did say was to break out into an eulogium of Mr. Robertson, as a charming man, and that upset me—yes, doctor, and that's about all. On my honor, you now know all that is worth knowing, and I am very glad you asked me. Yes, indeed, quite glad!"

"Aha! Young man, my eyes are upon you. You are a most skillful tactician. Upon my life, I had never dust so skillfully thrown in my eyes before! I almost believe it isn't dust. Eh?"

"Pray, Dr. Pompess, let us now talk of a more interesting theme. Forgive me, but this wearies me!"

"You're wrong there! Wrong!" And so saying, the doctor's heavy fist came down upon the table with such violence, that the vase of flowers standing on it leaped up, toppled on its side, and the water began to stream over the edge down upon the carpet. "The fact is, Mr. Maude, that I feel very much interested in our talk of this morning; and I don't despair of making you share my views in that respect before I have done."

"As you please," said Anthony, with something very like sullenness at the prospect of his ignominious failure.

"The writer of this letter speaks the truth, then, does she?" demanded the doctor.

"I have said, sir," replied Anthony.

"Very good! Hem! Very good! We are getting to some useful end at last."

"I think not, sir. I think we are simply wasting time, temper, and future comfort."

"Oh, you are prudent, are you? A prudent young man indeed, that calls his intended father-in-law—what, sir, what? Come, come—out with it! What was the word? A laughable one, I know. You told me so. Out with it! You know my motto—'Tell truth and shame the devil!' What! you won't? Must I guess it myself? Fie, for shame! Must I dishonor my own white hairs? Must I remind myself of the vanity of—of—hem!—worldly successes and honors, since my intended son-in-law declines doing it, except behind my back?"

"Dr. Pompess, this is insult; and I will take insult from no man—not even from Clarissa's father."

"Insult! It is I who say, 'John Pompess, stoop reverently to receive all your honors—LL.D., F.S.A.; add now—A S S!' Aha! have I got you? Have I found you out? Have I exposed you?"

"Doctor," said Anthony, suddenly, and with so earnest a feeling that the tears almost came into his eyes, "you will be sorry for this, on reflection, you will, indeed."

"Sorry! I'm glad! I'm delighted! Anthony, my boy, this is a discovery, and I thank heaven it comes in time. Yes, I am thankful for that—devoutly thankful! Dr. John Pompess, you are an ass! Well, my boy, if so, I must bear the reflection as I may. We can't all be Solons. Meantime I can joke upon it—enjoy the fun of it! Why, it's exquisite! Make merry, Anthony, over it, as I do. Nobody has so good a right to its fruits as yourself. Come, can't you comfort me? Can't you show me that the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, and ask me what is John Pompess himself but a shorn lamb of a larger growth? Ha! ha! ha!"

Anthony turned, and walked away towards the other end of the room; but the doctor's voice followed him.

"Dr. John Pompess, not only are you an ass, but, Dr. John Pompess, it is your son-in-law who says you are! Mr. Anthony Maude, in the name of my daughter and myself, I wish you a very good morning!"

* * * * *

Sleuth heard a little of this. He was not, of course, able to follow the dialogue sentence by sentence, word by word, but he was quite clear as to its general purport and tendency; and as he listened, he had some difficulty in repressing the transport of his anxious soul at his success in that exact direction where he had been least hopeful.

"What might not be possible now," he asked himself, "with regard to Clarissa, if only the great blow would fall that should crush Anthony's fortunes?"

But he and the doctor had alike forgotten to take Clarissa's own doings into account at this eventful moment. She knew something was wrong, from the manner in which her father had suddenly left the house, and evaded seeing her in his doing so. What could that mean, but that some accident had happened to Anthony? Or was it possible that some offence had been given by him to her father? The instant that thought crossed her mind she was unable to stay at home, but had her horse brought out, as if for her usual ride, and the moment she found herself on his back, she put him to his utmost speed along the roads and lanes towards Rock House, every stroke of her whip indicating the fear she felt she should be too late to stay the mischief that might be in progress.

Sleuth saw her approaching, and saw, with something like dismay, she might spoil the work he had so skillfully managed, and patch up peace and reconciliation between her father and her lover, just when they seemed about to part for ever.

How Sleuth listened for the cry of Mrs. Milton, for whose action, in the matter of the desk, he had so carefully provided! He managed, by keeping in incessant movement, to watch both rooms at once. The discovery was all he waited for now. His idea was, to go into the study the instant he saw the housekeeper touch the desk—in order to set it on the ground, while she dusted the table; and then, if she did not herself shake out the already loosened and slightly projecting drawer, and so discover the secret bottom, then he would accidentally do something or other to bring matters to a crisis. That was the position for which Sleuth waited and watched, while, at the same time, listening to the progress of the bitter quarrel between Anthony and the doctor, and watching the coming of Clarissa, whose arrival he would hail with joy, if only she would wait but for a few minutes—perhaps, even, only a few seconds—longer, before she disturbed his triumph.

Will that stupid old woman never put her hands to the table and the desk?

No; she is still dusting and knocking about with her noisy broom!

He must think of some plan to influence and expedite her proceedings. The codicil must be discovered now, while the doctor is in the house, and at the height of the quarrel, so as to present an absolute barrier evermore between Anthony and Clarissa.

While he hesitates, Mrs. Milton is called away from the study to the kitchen, and that little fact decides him, as it is probable he can afford to be away from the desk for a few minutes. So he resolves to go out, meet Clarissa, and do his best to delay her till the doctor and Anthony have parted—to meet, as he hopes, no more.

He is soon out in the high road, and she, noticing who it is, slackens her speed, and stops when they meet.

"Miss Pompess," he began, "I am so glad you've come!"

"Anything the matter?" said Clarissa, and in as light a tone as she could assume.

"Well—yes, miss," said Sleuth, coming close to her to shake hands, and retaining her hand so long as she spoke, that she was obliged to remind him by a look of what he was doing. He colored, and said:

"I beg ten thousand pardons! I really wasn't thinking what I was about."

Clarissa believed him, and thought no more of the matter. And then, her thoughts reverting to the business on which she had come, she said, anxiously:

"Tell me—what is it?"

"Well," said Sleuth, coming as close to her as he dared, and looking up in her face with eyes that expressed, no doubt, a very real admiration, but which, under any other circumstances, would not have been permitted by Clarissa—"the doctor got a letter this morning."

"A letter!"

"Yes, miss, and from a lady, and about you."

"Me! What do you mean, Mr. Sleuth? And would you be so good as to stand a little further off, for my horse is apt to be dangerous *sometimes*;" and as Clarissa said this, there was a something so stern in her fixed look, that although she only appeared to Sleuth the while the more ravishingly beautiful, he was obliged to own it must be taken once for all as a warning.

"Oh, to be sure! But if your horse is dangerous, hadn't you better let me help you down, and——"

"Presently! Meantime, I am wondering how long you will be before you tell me about this letter."

"It's an anonymous letter, miss."

"Anonymous." Clarissa's thoughts at once went to the beautiful piece of iniquity that had spoken to her on the morning of Anthony's *levée*, and she felt sure that if any woman was trying to make mischief between herself and Anthony and the doctor, that would be the person.

"And what does the letter say?" asked Clarissa, again finding Sleuth's upward-turned, spell-bound looking eyes fastened upon her, but dropping timidly, and as if frightened at being caught the instant the glance met.

"Why, that Anthony, in conversation with me, was overhead by this person—a lady, seemingly, by the beauty of her handwriting——"

"A pretty lady, certainly, Mr. Sleuth! but go on."

"Was overheard to call your papa, the doctor, by a very wrong—a very unseemly word."

"*Did* he, Mr. Sleuth?"

Sleuth looked at her as she said this, turned his head away as if in doubt, sighed deeply, and then again seeking her face, said:

"Miss Pompess, what am I to do? I cannot—no, upon my soul I cannot—tell you a lie, not even for Anthony's sake; and I'd go through fire and water to serve him. I would, indeed!"

"Really!" said Clarissa, looking at him with a most penetrating glance, but rather as if desiring to know the actual truth, than sure he was telling her untruths.

"Judge, Miss Pompess, and forgive me. I have told your papa a fib. I have, in effect, denied all knowledge of the matter to him."

"And then——"

"Why, then, he set off, without seeing you, to find Anthony, as I guessed; and then I wasn't able to stop, as I had intended, and consult you; for I thought I had better run home, and be on the spot before he came, and so ready to do any good I could."

"And have you done any good?"

"Not a bit. Your papa burst into the room so suddenly, and shut the door after him so violently, that I—I thought I had best come off to ask you to come, as having more influence——"

"What! you were coming to seek me just now?"

"Yes."

"Quick, then!"

Sleuth helped her to alight, and took her horse; while she gathered up her skirts with a quick, nervous speed, as she reflected with vexation that she had only, after all, lost time in stopping so long with Sleuth waiting for explanations.

Sleuth, on his part, ran round with the horse towards the stables, met Esau, to whom—

"Here, you little vagabond, take this, and be hanged to you!" And then he hurried back to the study, determined to precipitate matters by a direct attempt on worthy Mrs. Milton.

* * * * * * *

The two gentlemen were separating in the way we have indicated, when, simultaneously, two things occurred: Clarissa walked into the room, and Anthony got a new thought—one so interesting to him that it made him scarcely notice even Clarissa herself with more than a bow.

"Dr. Pompess, I urgently request your stay for yet one minute. Will you permit me again to look at that letter?"

The doctor seemed half inclined to take his daughter under his arm and walk away, without even answering the appeal; but Clarissa stopped him, and said:

"Letter—letter, papa? Oh, what is it? You will not surely separate in this inexplicable way—both in anger, and Anthony in distress besides?"

The doctor took the letter from his pocket, and handed it, not to Anthony, but to Clarissa. And Anthony, in spite of the impending gloom—which infected his spirit only the more deeply because of the previous exultation—could not but gaze with painful fascination on her face as she read. He saw reflected in that most sensitive and expressive countenance every feature of the letter—the sex of the writer, the allusion to Anthony and herself, and then the climax. But when she got there, he dared not continue to gaze. The fierce and painfully suggestive color that burned in her cheek, the quivering of the proud and beautiful nostril, the scornful curl and then the tremulous emotion of the parted lips—all this so pained him for her, that he turned away, and waited to listen to her first words.

"Papa," she said, at last, "I hope you think of this and its writer as I do?"

"Of course I do, Clarissa." But whether or no they were agreed, Anthony knew not; and he was himself too impatient to wait long for enlightenment.

"Miss Pompess," he began; but she stopped him, with her significant appeal:

"Anthony!"

"Clarissa, I have asked to be permitted again to look at that letter."

"May I give it to him—to Anthony, father?"

Seeing the doctor made no reply, but was trying to draw her away, she suddenly quitted her father's arm, and went to Anthony, to give him the letter. He took it, looking at her the while with a most earnest look. She answered it; and from that moment Anthony felt there was sunshine in his heart, and that fate might do her worst, if, indeed, she was preparing trouble for them through so miserable a cause as a reckless, inconsiderate word, now so foully repeated.

He did not attempt to read the letter again—he merely took it, as if to study once again the handwriting.

"I am sure I have seen this hand somewhere, and very recently. Ah! thank God! I know!" He began to search his pockets hurriedly, but vainly. "Doctor, stay here, I beg you, but for a minute. I cannot find what I look for. I must have put it away with other papers out of my pocket into my desk."

As the word desk was pronounced, Sleuth entered, no longer daring to avoid the threatened storm, which he feared might now burst over him on account of the letter.

"Ha! Dick, is that you?" cried Anthony Maude. "I am glad you have come. There's a traitor somewhere in the camp. Can you help me to find him?"

Sleuth noticed, with a little inward shiver, that Anthony said *him*, not her, as if he knew to what hand to ascribe the anonymous letter."

"I—I don't understand, Anthony."

"Don't you? Let me, then, try to make you. Dick, I once said, in a hasty, foolish mood, something which has been repeated to Dr. Pompess. Now, as no human being could possibly have heard me but you—— Dick, finish the sentence for yourself!"

"Good heavens, Anthony! You don't mean to suspect me—me!"

"Dick, if you did this, you are—I won't flatter you—one of the most treacherous and unmitigated rascals under the sun!"

"Mr. Sleuth," said the doctor, in his grandest style, as he suddenly joined in, "you are fully punished for striving to hoodwink me—to conceal this fiasconess from me."

"Did he, doctor, do that?" demanded Anthony, with a pang of self-reproach.

"Hem! Listen young man; and if there be one spark of grace left in you, it may serve after both your peace. I went to Mr. Sleuth first. I showed him the letter. I strove to get from him what even now you have yourself acknowledged, but which he would not, and did not. I failed. A less keen-sighted—hem!—man would have disbelieved the whole story, but I saw a something in his look that told me he was secretly troubled, and was saving his friend's honor at the expense of truth. But I got at last to the truth."

"Dick, is that so?"

Sleuth wiped his eyes, and gave no other answer.

"Dick, if I have wronged you, there is no apology that shall be too humble for me to make, so don't be too proud to satisfy me. I want to be satisfied. God knows I do! I would not, for all the world, believe you guilty of this. But before we go further, I have something to show you—to show you all. We must clear all up now, thoroughly."

He went to the door that opened into a little passage, where at the opposite was the street door that had been fastened back by Mrs. Milton during her operations.

Some inexplicable impulse caused Anthony to determine not to let Sleuth speak to the others, except in his presence, so he called out:

"Mrs. Milton, will you oblige me by bringing me my desk?"

The housekeeper—who, seeing something was wrong, was loitering in a flutter—now spoke to him with it, where he stood on the threshold of the drawing-room. Sleuth, with eager eyes, watched for the answer. It was only to be left in—that is, so slightly projecting that no one's attention need be drawn to it. Anthony placed the desk on the table, near the edge, and began to unlock it, and take out the back of a letter, which Sleuth, who kept close to the desk, saw in an instant was the very paper he had given to Anthony; but Anthony took no open note of him, suddenly while he was gloating over the cocktail. For the moment, this threatened to ruin Sleuth morally.

But even while he, in common with the others present, was giving his whole soul to Anthony's proceedings, he was quick to discern that Anthony managed to push the desk—which Anthony forgot all about when he had drawn forth the paper he wanted—so much over the edge of the table as one corner, that it would be easy for any one brushing hastily by, to sweep the desk off, almost before they might be aware of its precarious position.

"Dr. Pompess, do you recognize the handwriting?"

And Anthony went to the doctor, whose curiosity could not resist this appeal.

"Eh? Yes; it's the same as on the letter."

"Clarissa, do you recognize it? Pray, look at the two together."

Clarissa did so, and was quite sure they were by the same writer.

"Mrs. Milton, will you look?" said Anthony.

"Now—now!" thought Sleuth. But though the housekeeper found herself compelled, by Sleuth's apparent inattention, to go not only between Sleuth and the table, where there was really hardly room for her to pass, but also to go so close to the letter as to turn the desk a little round, as if moving on a pivot, still it did not fall.

Mrs. Milton was of the general opinion as to the handwriting.

"Now, Dick, it is your turn; but I take no mean advantage. I tell you beforehand, and that you may express your opinion as you please, that it was you who gave me that paper."

"Me! Anthony. Dear me! let me look at it!"

He came, and spread his left hand that in concert he was not able to tilt over that desk, and bring all this unpleasant business to a sudden end. But sentinel-like it stood, and remained between self from the most dangerous positions. And now when disgraceful exposure of his arts was apparently inevitable, he exhibited a master-stroke of cunning invention. He just gave one glance at the paper in Anthony's outstretched hands, and then said, with perfectly that carried conviction to all the persons present:

"Yes, Anthony, I know that; and since you would not keep the secret yourself, I don't know why I should any longer. That is the outside of a letter which I received—the exact counterpart of the one you have, Dr. Pompess, and which I contrive to conceal from you, because I thought it would pain you so very much, and because I thought, if the matter came to me, I could, perhaps, prevent his ever thinking of the matter any more."

Every one felt the explanation was perfect. As to Anthony, though it took him a little time to believe that the fast-growing doubts that had sullied his name were all unreal in themselves, and cruelly—monstrously unjust to his cousin, he had come to the same conclusion after a pause; and he went and put both his hands on Sleuth's shoulder, as he stood with his back towards him, and said in tones of deep emotion:

"Dick, you may forgive me, but I never can forgive myself."

"Take care!" suddenly calls out Sleuth, as Mrs. Milton is re-passing the table; and then, before Mrs. Milton can discover what is amiss, though she turns round very suddenly, Sleuth's unseen hand—even while he is gazing back over his shoulder to Anthony—just manages to touch the desk, as if Mrs. Milton had done it, and it is gone, with a great crash.

Instantly Sleuth stoops, and picks it up, and as he replaces it on the table, there is the drawer hanging half out, and, from the lower part of it, the bottom, the false bottom drops, and lets forth the all-important paper.

Sleuth does not stoop for that. Anthony, who had stared with surprise to see a false bottom to the drawer, which had never before been known to him, also saw the paper fall, and he bent to take it up.

Scientific heart was beating fast as he tried still to seem unconscious till the critical moment for action should come—as for instance, if Anthony should try to conceal the paper. But he had carefully weighed every action and word long beforehand. The moment he saw the paper in Anthony's fingers, he came down, and said, in accents that he could not keep steady:

"What's that, I wonder, that was so carefully concealed?" Then, laying one hand on Anthony's arm, he suddenly snatched at the paper. Anthony shook him off with such violence, that Sleuth was thrown to the floor; but he was not to be so foiled, and while he lay half stunned, for a moment, by the violence of the shock, he shouted out, and in a voice that was almost screaming with excitement:

"It's the cocktail! Take it from him! It's mine! It's discovered at last! Doctor—Miss Pompess, help me! It's mine! It's the cocktail discovered at last, that my uncle told me on his deathbed he had made!"

Years afterwards, in her lonesome Cumberland home, the old housekeeper remembered that picture in the alderman's drawing-room. The quiet garden in the sunset light which formed its background, the rich, mellow sunbeam, that deepened the amber of the curtains, the color of the violet carpet, of Clarissa's soft-purple habit, and that brightened to gold her bands of pale hair as she stood close to Anthony—to whom she had gone immediately after Sleuth's outcry, and had laid her little hand on his arm—the doctor standing speechless and motionless in his amazement; all but the background which remained the same, the trembling knees by the place where the desk had fallen; all this she saw, and remembered; but one figure that she saw, and that she remembered brightened to gold her bands of pale hair as she stood close to Anthony—to whom she had gone immediately after Sleuth's outcry, and had laid her little hand on his arm—the doctor standing speechless and motionless in his amazement; all but the background which remained the same, the trembling knees by the place where the desk had fallen; all this she saw, and remembered; but one figure that she saw, and that she remembered, was Sleuth, as he lay half stunned, for a moment, by the violence of the shock, he shouted out, and in a voice that was almost screaming with excitement:

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"It's the cocktail! Take it from him! It's mine! I've been robbed! It's mine!"

THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

BY J. B. SWETT.

O, the tempest winds as they sough and sweep
Over the prairie wild,
Sing wailing dirges, as I cannot sleep
For I'm thinking of my child.

No word, no line has my Johnnie sent
Since he went away from me,
And God only knows what a life I've spent,
Of doubting and misery.

The war! the war! 'tis a fearful thing!
O, how many hearts have bled—
How dire are the sorrows its workings bring
On more than one mother's head?
I know it is fully for such as we;
He'll never come back for tears;
But a mother's love is a thing too deep
To fade in a few short years.
And my tears will flow, and my heart will ache,
And memory ne'er for an hour forsake.
Remembrance brings me the past to-day,

With a bounding step and a spirit warm,
And my heart grows cold, and my joy is fled,
When I know that my darling boy is dead.
And in the night when the tempests sweep
Over the prairie wild,
They sing and sough, and I cannot sleep,
For I'm thinking of my child.

Ireland in '98.

Gray-haired and weak-limbed, are those who remain to us of the farmer heroes, who defended, with life and limb, their firesides, in the religious troubles of 1798.

Many a harrowing incident has been related, by eye-witnesses and actors, to the deep peril, of heroic fortitude, of almost impossible escapes connected with the atrocious "troubles."

Among the most vivid relates from the lips of an aged woman, who was herself one of the actors in the drama, and it was always with a shuddering and nervous lip, that she related the revenge of Paxton on "Bloody O'Brien."

To give the readers an idea of the terrible nature of the revenge, and the cause of it, I must ask them to accompany me, immediately, to a small, unpretending hamlet, or, as it is called in Ireland, townland, in one of the wildest and most rugged portions of the County Down.

Rising on three sides of a beautiful and fertile valley, with almost Alpine grandeur, and Highland ruggedness, are the mountains, and picturesque kinks of trees indigenous to that portion of the "Emerald Isle," were uneven, craggy mountains, jutting out in all sides, and every conceivable shape, and rendering it dangerous to even the hardy sons of Derry to cross them, unless in the old well-known and beaten paths.

On the fourth side stretched a long, low plain of level country, apparently a continuation of the Lagan— valley itself, coursed its entire length by a stream of no mean size and great rapidity, having its rise among the aforementioned hills, and watering the whole plain. It was from the open side that the "Ribbonmen" were wont to descend upon the peaceful inhabitants, killing and maiming all who, in any way, opposed their progress, robbing the farmers, and driving off their cattle, &c., to feed their own vile brood.

One pleasant summer evening, after having toiled incessantly the long day through, the family of Fergus Paxton were at their evening meal, in his substantial and well provided farm house. The family, consisting of the old man, as he was called, his wife, a daughter, and two sons, both of age to assist him on the farm, were engaged in conversation regarding the movements of O'Brien and his gang, who, after a quiet season, had shown signs of again engaging in the bloody work of exterminating the "Orangemen," root and branch.

"Av it's true," remarked the old man, "ye'd bether be poles'in' up the auld fowlin' pieces, for the O'Brien sore (swore) he'd have the boy nare a leg to stand on, the last time he came, an' he'll be down on us the first wans."

"O Ochone!" echoed the old mother, as she sat nursing the youngest child of the family—"There'll be more of th' auld blood spilt, and the banshees 'll be busy agen. What'll become av us?"

"Whisht, mudher," broke in Darby, the eldest son, a stalwart youth of some twenty years of age, "it's thinkin' about us, that ye're gettin' afeard of Bloody O'Brien—wasn't it you that loaded the guns for dad and the Dermots before? Place a fool," he muttered, as he threw the O'Brien on the aisqil terns. There'll be place imply at the table in somebody's house that same night." Saying which, he left the room attend to the horses, and leave them comfortable for the night.

"I hope," at length remarked the old man, "I hope they'll not be down the morrow, as both Darby and myself have to be in the field, and we might have ye all murthered before we cud be back, for John here cud do no service agen the bloody-minded villain."

Soon after, the family retired, for in those country places, hard work calls for early rest, and the men is necessary to have a good share of them. Quietly and quickly passed the night, and daybreak found them ready for the "far field," which meant a long day from the house, likewise. The converse of the previous evening was forgotten, or, if remembered, was remembered in silence, and the fine, stalwart defenders of their doomed house departed to their toil, while John set about some necessary preparations to meet the foe if they should come that way. But turn we to another scene.

It was still the gray of the morning, when a party of eight men might have been seen seated at a dense mountain road, about two miles and below the farm; they were discussing a frugal breakfast of boiled potatoes and water, which was, however, washed down with copious draughts of "potheen," for it was the time of hard work and peril for "gaggers" in those days. These were Bloody O'Brien and his followers, consisting of his two brothers, as bad as himself, a ruffian named John Martin, who was once sentenced to be hanged in England, but was pardoned out and ran over to Ireland, Patrick Duffy, Terence Dougherty, a younger brother of Dougherty's, and a rapparee called Quinn.

We shall not particularly notice any other of the party, save Bloody O'Brien, only to say that a more villainous, savage-dog looking set it was never any one's lot to see.

Bloody O'Brien was a short, thick-set, broadshouldered, powerful man, with a browed fellow, with a growling voice, and a nervousness of the hands, while talking, as if he itched to be throttling some one. From his herculean strength and ferocity, he was the terror of the surrounding country, and he gloried in the nickname thus obtained—"Bloody O'Brien."

We will listen to them, as they pass the drinking-horn about, with many a vulgar jest.

"Bint ass ye share, Dougherty, that they're for the field to-day, the Orangemen?"

"Faix an I," replied Dougherty. "More, bedhem, it was Doyle tould me, an' he's working in the nixt wan to Paxton's."

"Well, thin," remarked O'Brien, "Misther Paxton, as ye wouldn't take me offer for the mare, I'll make bowld to take it widout offerin' it, an' av there's anythin' said about it, I'll brak a few sconces in the doin' av it."

"I dout ye go far bayant the women," said the younger Dougherty, "nor any av them, fur that matther, as we can get off 'idout it; blood sits heavy on a man, ye know."

"Hoorooi Dye's hear 'til the praste?" cried O'Brien, and the rest joined in his uproarious laughter. "Come, boys, and it's we'll give ye a taste for Protestant blood."

Saying which, he arose, and, followed by the rest of the gang, gained the vicinity of the high road, but still keeping in the shade of the trees, stealthily, though at a good, round pace, proceeded in the direction of Paxton's farm.

When they were within sight of the house, O'Brien gave orders for the rest to halt, while he reconnoitred the premises. Soon he came back, and, stridulously, bade them attent them quietly, cautiously both front and rear, he cautioned them to be as noiseless as possible, until the moment came to strike.

Within the farm, all unsuspicious of the terrible danger which hung over them, were Mrs. Paxton and Ellen, at the window, and John, on a stool, near the door, sat John, just loading his last fowling piece, with a handful of buck-shot. As he rose from his employment, and was in the act of advancing to the mantel, to place the gun out of danger, a fierce yell rang out upon the morning breeze, and a bullet from the front door poured five charges of shot and slugs. John felt a sudden twinge of pain in the fleshy part of his leg, and, raising the gun, he fired at the now entering crowd. At the same instant, his mother fell, completely riddled with shot and slugs. Ellen, who was at that moment standing out of line, with admirable prescence of mind, darted through the door, while the ruffians were in disorder, on account of the damage done by John Paxton's shot, and escaped.

The effects of John's shot were terrible indeed. Young Dougherty received a buckshot in the eye, which penetrated the brain, and he never spoke. O'Brien and Duffy both received painful, though not dangerous wounds; and Martin narrowly escaped, a shot having passed through his hat.

Enraged at what they termed John's presumption, in daring to protect his own life, they immediately went systematically to work, battering his brains out with the butts of their muskets; when Mick was done, they went to every hole and corner of the homestead and out-houses.

Meanwhile, Ellen fairly flew on the wings of fear to the "far field," and when she got breathless enough, told the tale of horror to Paxton and his son. When they had heard her through, they turned to each other, and with pallid faces, grasped hands; they spoke no words, but that one determined grasp spoke volumes. It said, "If one of us escape get home alive, we bid good-bye to the world."

Ellen's strange appearance attracted the attention of some workmen in an adjoining field, and they hastened to offer their assistance. With that characteristic good-heartedness of the "sons of the green isle," but the old man, shortly, and briefly told them, "I will tell them, I will say and I are enough. Do you pray for the repose of Bloody O'Brien's sowl, for he dies to-day." Then picking up the gun, he drew a bullet from his pocket, and marking it with his teeth, rammed it home on top of the previous load. "Its for O'Brien," he said, and without another word, descended to Darby to follow him, and made for the high road.

Noisy and elated were the murderers in the old farm-house, having found all the provisions, store of whisky, they forgot Ellen's escape, and delayed to drink a few drams ere they took their departure from the scene of blood. They were mounted as they have acted, had they known that the avenger was on their track.

Gathered round the table, in the large room, they did not hear the scarcely perceptible sound of doors being bolted and barred, both in the front and rear of the house. The two sons of Paxton appeared at the window, and ere a hand could be raised, Bloody O'Brien's death-shot rung through the room, his marked bullet had done its work. Darby from another window let fly his aim and John Martin escaped the gallows for good Dougherty knowing what something must done, and, having hastened to his horse, one door to another, yelling like one possessed:

"We're trapped. Holy Mary stand betune us and harm."

Again the forms appeared at the windows, and Duffy and Quinn lay writhing in the agonies of death.

The two younger O'Briens and Jerry Dougherty were all that were left of the heroic eight, who came to murder women and children. They prayed and howled for mercy, how they crossed themselves, and swore to be Paxton's slaves for life if their lives were but spared. Never words, there are no ears to hear you, no hearts open to mercy.

Again those two almost simultaneous reports rang out, and Jerry Dougherty lay quiet, while one of the O'Brien's fell upon the table, the life stream gushing from his breast. Only then did those demons of vengeance pause, and Darby spoke:

"Th' thrue fur the last wan, father."

"Ye've done it then," replied Paxton.

Then, while the horror-stricken wretch sat trembling, they unbolted the doors, and procured a stout cord, O'Brien made no resistance as the cord was fixed round his legs; he rather dragged him forth, and placed the noose around his neck. Then only did the full horror of his situation strike him, and he shrieked his piteous cries for mercy almost deafened his judges.

"O'Brien," said Paxton, in a solemn tone, "you have no hope of mercy, you have been a shameful boy," and the old man's voice faltered; "by his side lies the being I swore to protect. They never hurted a hair of my head, but have assisted many a poor starvin' victim of persecuted. Yet ye had it in yer hearts to kill him, an' ye have murthered his wife as well. O'Brien, av ye have any prayers say them, for you are to die."

The miserable wretch fell on his knees, but could say no prayer, then crossed his forehead and breast, but no words issued from his lips. He was as pale as Paxton himself. The old man could wait no longer, but gave the signal, and O'Brien was dangling ten feet from the earth he had so polluted with his presence.

The old homestead was sold soon afterwards, and Ellen, accompanied by Paxton and Eden, sailed for America. It was from Ellen's lips I learned this sketch, as she sat in her easy chair in Cork. The names are not the true ones, but the story is a fact.

THEIR LITTLE CAME.

Not long since an eminent divine in the State of Connecticut, (we do not mention dates, names or places), visited a distant town for the purpose of preaching the dedicatory sermon in a new church. Court was in session, and the meeting-house for worship and lawyers congregated in a room, and caused themselves by their noise to disturb the sitting. The divine, at the request of P., a lawyer, visited the room. Coming upon the lawyers, he requested them to be quiet in their discourses and w——g. The divine looked on awhile, and then, with a smile, invited the gentlemen present to attend the church next day and hear his preach. This they promised to do. The preacher kept his word, and lawyers seated in the "amen corner."

The text of the divine announced: "Friends, the children of this town have built a fine church; there is still room. Come, for all things are now ready." The contribution box was passed, and the lawyers, with a shrug, whisper, and sneer, threw their pennies into the box. "Now, where men are so," each other, "go it blind," and "call the hand."

VISIT TO A SHOT TOWER—HOW SHOT IS MADE.



MAKING THE TEMPER.

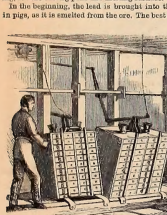
WHAT I SAW AT A SHOT FACTORY.

THIS is no lecture on gunnery, no treatise on the art and mystery of bringing down quail or woodcock, in a scientific way, on the wing, but simply, as its title purports, a tale of shot, and how a good deal is made.

All persons who have been in New York, cannot fail to have noticed, in different parts of the city, high, round towers, rearing their heads several hundred feet into the sky, with small windows, and iron-bound sides. One of these is upon the East river, far up, another in the lower part of the city, and the third, which we are about to speak of, about midway in the business part of the town. These are what are commonly known as shot towers, or places built especially for the casting of shot—a manufacture that requires a great height for the fall of the lead, that it may achieve that rotundity so necessary towards its ultimate mission.

The tower we illustrate, is in Centre street, near Pearl, and is that of the New York Lead Company. It is 200 feet in height, about 40 feet in diameter at the base, and 25 at the summit, and divided into seven compartments or stories, which are reached by a circular iron stairway. On the lowest, or ground floor, and the first above it, the principal portion of the manufacture is carried on, the upper stories only making the height of the building, for the casting pans and melting furnace.

In the beginning, the lead is brought into the factory in its pure state, in pigs, as it is smelted from the ore. The best lead is from our own mines,



SEPARATING SIZES.

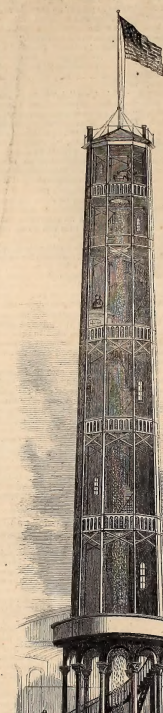
the Galena lead being counted A No. 1, but this article not being always obtainable in the market, foreign leads are used, the German and Spanish being first.

The first process is that of making what is termed "temper." Temper is a mixture of crude arsenic and lead, in the proportion of about twenty-five pounds of arsenic to one ton of lead. The mixture is made by melting in a kettle, skimming and stirring, until the material blends. It is then cast in bars or pigs, the same as lead. In mixing these ingredients, great care has to be used, so that the attendant shall not breathe too freely of the fumes. In the first case, a cover is used, with a chimney to conduct away the fumes, so that the man working upon it only can breathe the fumes while he is stirring or skimming the kettle. To keep the arsenic, which is lighter than the lead, from rising, an iron block is strapped across the kettle, and boiled down.

When this temper is made and cast, it is transported to the upper stories for the melting furnaces, of which there are two, one on the fifth, the other on the seventh story, where it is mixed with the lead, in the proportion of one ton of temper, to three tons of lead. The object of this temper is to shorten the lead, and cause it to drop off in globules; whereas, if pure, the lead would assume various shapes. The casting pans, which are nothing more than a domestic colender, or round pan, with holes through the bottom, the holes graduated according to the size of shot wanted.

This casting pan is hung suspended over an opening in the floor, which opening goes through the floor of every story leading down to the ground floor, upon which, directly under, is a well of water. Beside the casting pan, in the fifth or seventh stories, is a furnace and kettle, for melting the lead. This lead is dipped out with a long-handled dipper, and thrown into the casting pan. From that it oozes through the holes at the bottom, having much the appearance of dropping quicksilver, and falls through the opening, down to the ground floor, where it is received in the well, and instantly becomes cooled. This casting pan must be kept continually stirred and full, and, if growing any way cool, the lead must be dipped out and thrown back in the kettle, and replaced with hot. In the morning, on commencing work, the scum, or solid piece that came from the pan on the previous night, must be reduced in the pan, and the lead allowed slowly to percolate through it, to get the pan in working order.

The embryo shot having found its way into the well, and become cool, the means is now put at work to fish it out. This is done by an elevator, or series of small buckets, running over a wheel, which, going through the well, dip the shot and convey it quietly to the drying tables—long metal tables, with a raised edge, heated from below, which, being kept in motion by men stirring, in a few minutes dissipates the moisture, and turns of the shot to the screeners, which are simply a series of tables set upon a slight angle, with openings between each. The shot is scattered upon the upper table and rolls down. If it is perfect and round, it rolls rapidly, skipping in its flight these openings, until it reaches a box below. If it is uneven, it halts and bobbles, cannot roll fast, and as a consequence, falls through



SECTIONAL VIEW.

one of these openings, and is received into a box, to go back to the melting kettle.

Those that are perfect, are now taken from the final box, and though a certain size may have been used to cast, yet it will be found that the shot are not all of that size, but varying considerably, the task now comes to seperate the sizes.



CASTING SHOT.

This is done by transferring them to machines called "separators," which are a series of drawers, very much the same as a domestic bureau, and are kept rocking backward and forward by machinery. The shot is poured into the upper drawer, the bottom of which is of sheet iron, perforated with holes of a certain size. The next drawer below has still smaller holes, the one below that a size smaller, and so on. The perfect shot, which we will say, for example, was cast for No. 1, is thrown into the upper drawer. The motion throws the shot rapidly across the holes, letting all that are not of the largest size through the holes into the next box, and so downward, until they can go no farther. The drawers are then taken out, and the shot being assorted, is placed in the different receptacles.

The next process is that of polishing, which is done by pouring the shot into irregular, angular iron boxes, called "polishers," which continually revolve. These boxes will hold about a bushel each, and when nearly that amount is placed in them, a spoonful of powdered black lead is thrown in. The revolution goes on until the black lead is worked thoroughly into the surface of the shot, and yet, so that when they are rubbed in the hand, it does not come off. This end achieved, the shot have a beautifully clean, and brilliant look, uniform in size and colorand are ready for the market.

The next process is weighing and bagging, the first of which is done directly alongside of the polishers, by a rapid process, and from the scales, which are set at twenty-five pounds, the size of each bag, it is handed over in the open bag to the sewers, who immediately close the mouth, and the bag is ready for transportation to any part of the world.

In this way this establishment turns out 15,000 pounds per day, and scatters it to every quarter of the earth. What becomes of the shot, is a matter as worthy of speculation, as "what becomes of all the pins?" That it carries destruction to millions or feathered life, and "small varmints," s without denial, and there its mission ends, for though we have heard of



POLISHING, WEIGHING, AND BAGGING.

chiffoniers who gather up and turn to account, the smallest of waifs, we have never yet heard of those who gathered shot, when once it went out from the gun barrel, and returned it to the melting kettle.

BATTLE BETWEEN A CHETAH AND DONKEY.

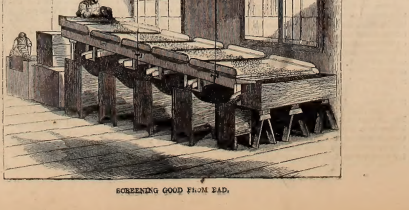
WE have heretofore given extracts from the travels and adventures of Mr. J. D'Ewes, and here we give an account and illustration of one of the most remarkable combats.

He writes from near Jaulnah in India:

"We were seated one day at tiffin in the mess-room, when a traveling faker, or dervish, entered the "compound," leading a chetah, or leopard, blinded and muzzled, as a medium of procuring alms. One of our old hands, who had witnessed many wild-beast fights and similar exhibitions in Mysore, considered this a good opportunity for attempting a very cruel experiment, which he had seen practiced before; and, accordingly, the faker being communicated with, and paid for the use of his chetah, the animal was fastened, by a long chain, to a strong post in the centre of the ground. A donkey was then procured, and the greater part of a bottle of brandy poured, or rather forced down his throat. Neddy, upon feeling the effects of the eau de vie, began to make strange capers, and utter the loudest and most discordant braying that ever issued from asinine lungs. In the course of his evolutions, he approached the chetah, who had been relieved of his ocular encumbrances, and was crouching on the ground in a very menacing attitude, his head between his paws. No sooner had this unusual spectacle struck his observation, than with a bray of defiance, and turning towards him that part of his person not usually presented to society, he directed a straightforward kick with each hind leg, full on the muzzle of the 'leopard couchant,' which had not only the effect of arousing him from any dreamy aberration he might have been indulging in, but, also, of separating the ligaments that fastened it.



ELEVATOR AND DRYING PAN.



SCREENING GOOD FROM BAD.

A roar a hound and in a second the c eetah was the donkey, his claws buried in the shoulder, and his fangs in the neck of the unfortunate beast, whose horrible cries it was dreadful to hear. The fakeer had lost all control over him: and terror (and drunkenness as well, I presume) had so overpowered the donkey, that he did not attempt to escape beyond the range of the chain to which the leopard was attached, and thus drag himself away from the terrific embrace of his enemy, but rolled over the ground, the cheetah still retaining his hold, and still sucking his lifeblood. This scene was not of long continuance: the poor donkey soon fell a victim to his temerity, or rather the cruel experiment that had been played upon him; and though we are sorry for the tragic *denouement*, but could in no way assist to prevent it, as leopard and boy not being a pleasant animal to meddle with. After gorging himself with blood, he again slunk away into a recumbent position, and apparently fell into a *siesta* after his dinner, during which time his master managed, much to our astonishment, to muzzle and blind him, without any opposition on his part, and to lead him away, the animal exhibiting the utmost docility. The power of the natives over wild animals and reptiles, is certainly very surprising; indeed, it seems to be almost fabulous; but in what the secret consists, by which they can tame the most venomous serpents, and reduce to quiet submission the most savage and treacherous of animals, is only known to themselves. I fancy they have not imported it to Europeans, even in these days of knowledge and progress."

A MAGICAL DUET ON THE GUITAR.

So many wondrous stories are told by the ancient writers of magic and mechanism, that ordinary belief is entirely at fault. If we are to believe what we read of the automata of the latter part of the 16th, 16th, and 17th centuries, the little of chemistry or mechanical invention that we know in these times, but was then hidden in the learned men, was engrossed either by monkish intolerance or noble ignorance. That many of these stories are true we would infer from the fact that many wonderful inventions have come down to us, among which we can only mention gunpowder and watches, as an example.

Among the wonderful stories of this kind is one told by Bonnet, in his *Histoire de la Musique*," where he gives the following extraordinary account of a mathematician, mechanician, and musician, named Alix, who lived at Aix, in Provence, about the middle of the 17th century:

"Alix, after many years' study and labor, succeeded in constructing a mechanism figure, having the size of a human skeleton, which, by means of a concealed mechanism, played, or had the appearance of playing, on the guitar. This skeleton, after being tuned in perfect unison two guitars, placed one in the hands of the skeleton, in the most proper for playing, and in a calm summer evening, having thrown open the window of his apartment, he fixed the skeleton, with the guitar in its hands, in a place where it could be seen from the street. He then, taking the other instrument, seated himself in an obscure corner of the room, and commenced playing a piece of music, the passages of which were faithfully repeated or echoed by the guitar held by the skeleton, at the same time that the movement of its wooden fingers, as if really executing the music, completed the illusion.

"This musical duet drew crowds around the house of the ill-fated artist; this sentiment was soon changed in the minds of the ignorant multitude into the most superstitious dread. A rumor rose that Alix was a sorcerer, and in league with the devil. He was arrested by order of the Parliament of Provence, present before their criminal court, *La Chambre de la Tournelle*, to be tried on the capital charge of magic or witchcraft. In vain his ingenious, but unfortunate friend sought to convince his judges that the only means used to give motion to the figure of the skeleton and guitar were wheels, springs, pulleys and other equally unmagical contrivances, and that the marvelous result produced was nothing more criminal than the solution of a problem in mechanics.

"His explanations and demonstrations were either not understood, or failed of convincing his stupid and bigoted judges, and he was condemned as a sorcerer and magician. The unhappy inventor was accordingly burned by the Parliament of Provence, which sentenced him to be burned alive, in the principal square of the city, together with the equally innocent automaton figure, the supposed accomplice in his magical practices. This infamous sentence was carried into execution in the year 1664, to the great satisfaction and edification of all the faithful and devout inhabitants of Aix."

HULL'S VICTORY, AND BABYLON IS FALLEN.

We believe it was Jean Jaques Rosseau who said, "Let me make the songs of a people, and anybody may make the laws who will." The same rule, we suppose, must apply to the dances. They mark the period and the political temper of the times. In this way, during the French revolution, they had the *carmagnole*, a dance about which has always culminated a horrible interest, coupled with guillotines, the Place du Grève, and corpses.

Of a more pleasant nature are the dances we illustrate. That of Hull's victory, at the close of the war of 1815, was then the popular sanitorial fashion, and from one end of the land to the other was the accepted mode.

Now we have its salcove, in the palaces of the millionaire, and the humble farm house, "Babylon is fallen." This is the stirring music millions trip it on the light fantastic toe, and it has become, from an origination in a negro air, the periodical dance of the whole country.

So that by its dances shall the political mutations of a nation be known, as well as by its songs.

A SHIPWRECK.

The captain rose in despair, full length, and called out "Hmow, throw overboard!" hoping that lightening the ship of her cargo might yet save her. In a moment the hatchways midships were removed, and all hands busy to execute the last and desperate duty. But no more than two bales had been cast into the deep, when a ripple of blue phosphoric light crossed the main deck; the sea was already above board. No chance remained. "Ibbanou, plunge for it!" shouted the captain, and set the example by leaping himself amid the waves.

All this passed in less than a minute; there was no time for deliberation, or attempt to save anything. How to get clear of the ship, which must follow the ship's going down, was my first thought. I clambered at once on the quarter-deck, which was yet some feet raised above the triumph of the lashing waves, invoked Him who can save by sea as well as land, and dived head foremost as far as I could.

I am a fair swimmer, as strokes count, but I turned my face back towards the ship, whence a wall of despair had been the last sound I had heard. There I saw, amid the raging waters, the top of a mizzen-mast, just before it disappeared below with a spiral movement, while I was yet looking at it. Six men—five passengers and one sailor—had gone down with the vessel. A minute later, and boards, masts, and spars, were floating here and there amid the wreck. The heads of the surviving swimmers now showed themselves, now disappeared, in the moon-glow of the waves.

On looking around more carefully, I descried at some distance the ship's boat; she had been dragged after us thus far, at a long tow, Arab fashion, though who had cut her ropes before the ship foundered, was what no one of us could ever discover. She had now drifted some sixty yards off, and was dancing like an empty nutshell on the ocean.

Another hour of struggle: it was past midnight, or thereabouts, and the storm, instead of abating, blew stronger and stronger. A passenger, one of the three on the beam astern, felt too numb and wearied out to retain his hold by the spar any longer, he left it, and, swimming with a desperate effort up to the boat, begged in God's name to be taken in. Some were for granting his request, others for denying; at last, two sailors, moved with pity, laid hold of his arms, where he clung to the boat's side, and helped him in.

We were now thirteen together, and the boat rode lower down in the water, and with more danger than ever; it was literally a hand's breadth between life and death. Soon after another, Ibrahoum by name, and also a passenger, made a similar attempt to gain admittance. To comply would have been sheer madness; but the poor wretch clung to the gunwale and struggled to clamber over, till the nearest of the crew, after vainly entreating him to quit hold and return to the buoy, saying, "It is your only chance of life, you must keep to it," hemmed his grasp by main force, and flung him back into the sea, where he disappeared for ever.

"Has Ibrahoum reached you?" called out the captain to the sailor now alone astride of the spar.

"Ibraheem is drowned," came the the answer across the waves.

"Is he drowned?" all repeated, in an undertone, adding, "and we, the boat's crew, remained dumb.

In fact, each seemed the only probable end of all our endeavors. To the sea we resolved to withdraw: the bailing could no longer keep up with the rate at which the waves entered, the boat became waterlogged; the water poured in, hissing on every side; she was sinking, and we were yet not in the open sea.

"Ibhamou, plunge for it!" a second time shouted the captain.

"Plunge, who may, I will stay by the boat, so long as she stays by me," thought I, and kept my place.

Yousef, fortunately for him, was lying like a corpse, past fear or motion; but four of our party, one a sailor, the other three passengers, thinking that all hope of the boat was now over, and that nothing remained except that the spar, or Heaven knows what, jumped into the sea. Their loss saved the remainder; the boat lightened and righted for a moment, the pilot and I baled away desperately, she rose clear once more of the water. Those in her were now nine in all—eight men and a boy, the captain's nephew.—*Lord's Journey Through Central Arabia.* By W. G. Palgrave.

MUSCULAR LABOR.

An English, stage-horse used to work eight miles per day, which he ran in about one-hour's average speed, stops included, being seven and a half miles per hour. A wagon horse travels 25 miles per day, and works eight hours. These rates were fixed by experience to be the most economical. An engineer, a few years ago, tried the effect of increasing the work of horses from 40,000 to 44,000 pounds, lifted one foot per minute; the result was that in less than three months out of 20 horses 21 died. Watts finding that the best horses working six hours per day could lift 33,000 pounds, one foot per minute, adopted that as the horse-power; but the general practice is to work eight hours and lift 22,000 pounds one foot per minute; and this is all that ordinary horses can do without wearing out so fast as to make an increase of work more costly than this rate.

The rate at which men can work has not been so carefully ascertained; but we have had sensational reports, that in Cuba, slaves and coolies have been worn out in seven years. It would be a service to science and humanity if the medical officers of armies and navies would keep careful records of the labor of men under their charge, and report to the Smithsonian Institute; and if railway companies and great industrial establishments would employ physicians to watch over the health of their people, and stand gratis, and employ their leisure in keeping such records, it might help to build up a reliable hygienic science, on which an improved practice might be founded.

The introduction of machines, to relieve men from the expenditure of muscular power, has already done much to increase the duration of their powers. A man at a planing machine is a man of leisure, compared with the man that chipped and filed to produce plane surfaces, within 40 years, or less. The result of these changes now coming into use, give immense relief to the muscles of forgemen, and even there is a tendency in machines to substitute the power of steam for that of muscle.

The fatigue and exhaustion of power, and the wear that tends to shorten life, are now very much less than they were when we first saw machine shops. Then men had to do work like locomotives now only do, more than supericised the working machine-tools. Then they were worn in ten hours, thus they now are in 10 hours, upon the main operations of planing.

Then there was a constant transvotion of hard labor. But still we have much more to do in this way. Men at the vice have often hard work with the chisel and file, which ought to be done by shaping tools, and probably will be. Forge-men still work hard. In fact, some men in a machine establishment, really do three or four times as much hard work as others. A man at a lathe, or planer, has light work, one man for 12 hours work per day, with less effect on his constitution, than six hours at a forge would have.

There is no good reason why men should not use seats more than they do in machine shops and factories. Proprietors would do well to provide good seats, to be used freely when there is no necessity to stand.

A horse that is run too fast, or too much loaded, is worn out, and dies; three years is the average in stage service; but one that is moderately worked, will last 10 years; so, if a man works all his energy many hours per day, he will soon wear out. Laboring men in England, do not usually do this, but sustain nearly to the age of professional men, and men of leisure. But if too much work shortens life, too little or insufficient exercise is generally supposed to have the like effect. What we do not find is a fair proportionate amount of labor which is best for health and longevity. Perhaps it might be six hours for the man, and so the very hard work, and 12 for one who does light work.

But inaction is not the only abstraction, applicable to men who can work little or much, as they choose; it is a problem to be solved as to men who have to work for living; and in the solution of it we have to consider whether it is best to work men to death, or to let an unhealthy tenement house, or to labor up to the maximum power consistent with health. Is it best to allow men to live in a healthy house and region, and buy good food, clothing, and other necessaries of life, and sustain them with three or four dollars additional wages earned by improved health, or to spend it in whisky? Without the cleanliness and healthiness of the place we live in, or to spend up, or waste away life, in less than half as many or: means to avoid the causes of sickness and premature death. We find that the working classes can get only what they earn; no contrivance will long enable any class to live high and idle, while the working classes are not doing as well. We have simply to inquire how it will do for all men to live as they live. We live in a time of work which will give a maximum product—a maximum of wealth, and we have to see that they will, on the whole, fall short of the greatest good.

Some men work too much, and in various forms, and many more may hope to do so: but those who are not slaveholders will find the true principle and method of making up for lack of industry.

The man who works at any mechanics that work 30 hours will earn nearly twice as much as those that work but three. And if we get the history of industry, we may lesson our hard work. In fact, it is by invention that we shall lessen our labor.

WHEN PEOPLE DIE.

THE following statistics are taken from an English paper, and although the death-rate of Great Britain, owing to greater populousness, is higher than that of our country, almost the same results generally operate in America that exist in England:

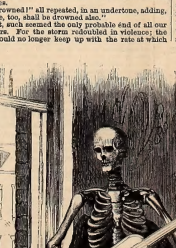
The Registrar of the British General Register Office, has completed his supplementary volume on the mortality of England for the ten years of 1851-60, the census of 1851 and 1861 furnishing the means of estimating the population with the deaths. He tells the story of life and death in a way that will be interesting to philosophers respecting the rate of embryonic mortality; but some of the facts will be startling to parents. Out of a mortality of 600 mothers, married women, who applied to the Westminster Lying-in Charity, it appears from the report that though 973 of them had only 119 live children, the other 138 had, in the previous ten years, borne 850 live children and 306 dead embryos, the latter most frequently in their earlier months, just as the mortality in the first year of breathing life increases rapidly as we proceed backwards from the twelfth to the third, second and first months. In the twenty-six years, 1838-63, there were registered in England the deaths of no five-year-old girls, 879 infants born alive, but not living for a single year. At this present time 100,000 infants of less than a year old die every year in England.

"The French returns are very minute, and show in 1856 a mortality of 154 per cent. per annum in the first seven days after birth, 121 in the second seven days, and 54 in the 28 days following. The mortality among children under five years of age in the ten years 1851-60 was very little over 8 per cent. in the more healthy districts of England; in one or two thinly-peopled counties in the extreme north it was under 5.5 per cent. Among the children of grocers it has been calculated to be little over 2 per cent.; among the children of the clergy in 1839 and 1840 rather over 3 per cent. On the other hand, there are 151 districts of England where, taken as a whole, the child mortality of 1851-60 exceeds 8 per cent.; there were in those districts in 1851, 1,391,430 children, and every year nearly 60,000 more or less than in the death-rate were the same as in healthy districts. In the ten years, 1851-60, the mean annual mortality among children under five was 16.49 per cent. in the city of London, east division; 16,249 in Nottingham; 16,063 in St. Giles'; 11,726 in Manchester district, and 11,198 in Liverpool district. There is no reason to suspect that any great number of the children in these districts fall victims to deliberate crime, but there is, no doubt, a great excess on the part of parents, or of ignorance of the conditions on which health depends, and great privation among the poor. It may be said, that the weakler lives are thus cut off, but it must be borne in in mind many of the strongest children are weakened for life.

"Passing on to the higher ages, we find the rate of mortality declining with every year of life up to 12 or 13, be ten it is at its lowest, and from 13 and 14 years of age, less than five boys in the year. Twenty years later in life, the mortality is doubled, and goes on increasing to old age. At all ages the variation in the rate in different districts, as shown on the map, is very great. The mortality of men in towns demands a careful investigation. At 45 and 55 the mortality of London men is not far from double that of men in the healthy districts of the country. It is much higher at every age than the mortality of women in London. Ill-ventilated workshops may have something to do with this, and so may indulgence in spirits and other stimulants. The workmen in all large towns have an early and short career. Take the workmen of London. For instance, at the ages of 25-30, and about the age of 35-40, and again of 45-50, 55-60, the workmen of Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol and Newcastle-upon-Tyne died at a still greater rate



SCRAPS OF TRAVEL—FIGHT BETWEEN A CHETAH AND DONKEY.



SCRAPS FROM HISTORY—THE MAGICAL GUITAR.

than the rest of London. In the ten years 1851-60, the deaths in thirty large town districts of England, with an aggregate mean population of 2,541,630, comprising 7 London districts and in the principal provincial town districts, averaged 71,154 a year, while the deaths at the rate in healthy country districts would have been only 29,459—an annual loss of above 22,000 lives in much less than a seventh of the population. If the mortality of all England is arranged in five great groups, the following result appears: Where the mortality was 14, 15 or 16 per 1,000 persons living, the population was only 86 to the square mile; where the mortality was 17, 18 or 19, the population was 173 to the square mile, where 20, 21 or 22, 332; where 23, 24 or 25, 1,121, and where 26 upwards, 2,599. Yet there can now be no doubt that mere proximity of dwellings does not necessarily involve a high rate of mortality. If an adequate water supply and sufficient arrangements for the removal and cleansing are secured, the evils which make dense districts so fatal may be mitigated.

"It is remarkable that some of the dense districts of cities to which the comparatively small mortality or healthfulness of a district is by no means bound to its density of population, as Bethnal Green is less densely peopled than St. James', Westminster, but the mortality is considerably greater. Next to such cities as Liverpool and Westminster district (St. John's and St. Margaret's, and the district of St. George, Hanover-square), with equal density of population in each takes us a whole; but the former has a mortality four times greater than the latter. It is also to be noted, that in London the mortality fell from the annual rate of 25 per 1,000 in the decennial of 1841-50 to 24 per 1,000 in 1851-60. The healthy of Lancashire and Cheshire also declined from 27 to 26. During all England, though the density of the numbers, of course, increased the density of population in the district of mortality did not increase, but continued at 23 per 1,000."

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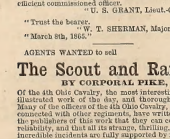
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From all parts of the body, in *five minutes, without injury to the skin*, by the use of DEPILATORY POWDER. Sent by Mailed to any address for $1 25, by R. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth street, Philadelphia. 523-37

Shults' Ougent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent postpaid for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

JOB MILLER, JR.

A Book containing 1,000 Odd Jokes, Comical Stories, Witty Sayings, Funny Puns, Laughable Conundrums, Humorous Poems, &c., &c. Price 10 cents. Send orders to P. O. Box 3,410, New York. tf

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

GREAT SALE OF

Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, &c.,

ONE MILLION DOLLARS WORTH!

To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR EACH, without regard to value—not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive! Splendid List of Articles, all to be sold at ONE DOLLAR EACH!

200	Musical Boxes, ...	$20 to $150 each
150	" Accordeons, Gold and Cas-	
	tanets, ...	200 to 650 "
500	Silver Tea Spoons, Gold Coffee Urns, .	20 to 50 "
500	" Chasing Dishes, ...	30 to 100 "
1000	" Ice Pitchers, ...	20 to 50 "
2500	" Syrup Cups with Savers, .	10 to 50 "
2500	" Cake Baskets and Breaking Cups	10 to 50 "
3000	" Castors, ...	15 to 50 "
3000	" Fruit, Card and Cake	
	Baskets, ...	20 to 80 "
2500	Dorcas Silver Thimbles, ...	20 to 50 "
10000	" Tablespoons & Forks	30 to 60 "
2500	Gents' Gold Hunting-case Watches	100 to 500 each
250	Ladies' Gold and Enameled Hunt-	
	ing-case Watches, ...	85 to 70 "
500	Gents' Hunting-case Silver Watch's	35 to 70 "
500	Diamond Rings, ...	50 to 500 "
2000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains, . .	4 to 30 "
5000	" Oval Band Bracelets, . .	4 to 30 "
5000	Jet and Gold Bracelets, . . .	6 to 15 "
2000	Gold Guard and Fancy Neck	
	Chains, ...	5 to 20 "
1000	Solitaire and Gold Studs, . . .	2 to 10 "
1000	Coral, Opal & Emerald Brooches .	4 to 10 "
2000	Mosaic, Cat's Eye and Moonstone	
	Ear Drops, ...	4 to 8 "
2000	Gents' Plain Gold Sets, . . .	4 to 8 "
4000	California Diamond Breastpins, .	2.50 to 10 "
4000	Gold Pens and Silver Pencils, .	2.50 to 10 "
4000	Fob and Vest Ribbon-slides, . .	2.50 to 10 "
4000	Gold Lockets, Plain and Fancy,	
	Studs, &c.	3 to 8 "
3000	Gold Fancy Pencils, ...	4 to 10 "
10000	Miniature Lockets, ...	2.50 to 10 "
2000	Ladies' Gold Watch Springs, . .	10 to 30 "
3000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, &c., .	2 to 8 "
4000	Plain Gold Rings, ...	2 to 8 "
2000	Chased "	4 to 10 "
2000	Stone Set and Signet Rings, . .	2.50 to 10 "
1000	Ladies' Gold and Jet Sets, . .	4 to 10 "
2500	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet & Gold	8 to 30 "
500	" Pearl, Opal and other stones, .	4 to 15 "
10000	Gold Pens, Silver Holders and Pen-	
	holders and Pencils, ...	4 to 10 "
10000	Gold Pens with Gold Mounted	
	Holders, ...	6 to 10 "
5000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension	
	Holders	15 to 25 "
5000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles, . .	2 to 5 "
5000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Rats	
	and Bands, ...	5 to 10 "

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers Agents,
No. 167 Broadway, New York.

Announce that all of the above articles will be sold for ONE DOLLAR EACH.

In consequence of the great depression of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war causing cut of the supply of cotton, and the general Valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE! Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as agents for the principal European manufacturers, have resolved upon a

Great Gift Apportionment,

to be divided according to the following regulations:

Certificates of the various articles are put up in envelopes indiscriminately, sealed up, and when ordered, are taken out by the person making the choice, and by mail, thus showing no favoritism. On receipt of the order, you will see what you are to have, and then have it at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewelry on our list for One Dollar.

SEND 25 CENTS FOR CERTIFICATE.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate. Where articles are given in enclosures indiscriminately, sealed up, and when ordered, are taken out by the person making the choice, and by mail, thus showing no favoritism. On receipt of the order, you will see what you are to have, and then have it at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewelry on our list for One Dollar.

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SEND 25 CENTS FOR CERTIFICATE.

What the "Press" say of us.

The Lafayette (Ind.) *Daily Courier*, March 18, 1865, says: "A better selected, more varied or fashionable assortment of jewelry we have never seen than the consultant than Arrandale & Co. are now offering. Messrs. Arrandale & Co. occupy a high position in commercial circles as men entirely above the common trickery of trade. Their establishment is the most reliable upon which to go to the character of their goods and the manner of dealing. Liberal and honorable in their whole dealings, are realizing handsome profits as agents, and if any of our fair readers desire to purchase jewelry, or, like enterprise, they may do so with perfect confidence."

Our Gentle Benefactress—an opportunity to effect for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, &c., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value from a dollar upwards at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate at a certain price, which you can then accept and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which you receive. There is more than that amount, and may be $30 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar."—*Sunday Times*, New York City, 19th, 1865.

"Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be in every way worthy of public confidence."—*New York Scottish American Journal.*

"We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly reliable. We have pleasure in giving it our commend our friends to read their advertisement."—*New York Leader*, March 4, 1865.

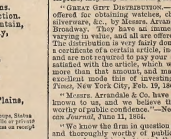
"EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is that offered in another column by the advertisement of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in the sale of this gift, filling her own purses, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she has sold certificates, who have found the advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged."—*New York Saturday Evening Mail*, March 4, 1865.

The *British Whig* of Kingston, C. W., says, Nov. 26, 1864: "One of our most safely established houses as agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some 30 packages into the prizes for her young, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth more than the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times."

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such can be allowed 10 cents on every certificate ordered by them, provided the remittance amounts to one dollar, also other inducements which can be learned on application. Agents will obtain 13 cents for every Certificate, and remit 13 cents to us either in cash or postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
167 Broadway, N. Y.

FRANK LESLIE'S



Clergymen, Teachers, The Press,

Unite in saying that the new juvenile magazine

Our Young Folks

Is the best magazine for the young ever published in America. It is filled with attractive illustrations, and its articles, in prose and poetry, are by the best writers for children in the country.

It is sold at the low price of $2 a year. Each number contains 64 pages, beautifully printed. A liberal discount to clubs. Send 10 cents for specimen copy and circular to the Publishers, TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Returned Soldiers, and everybody with a small capital, can make $20 per day selling our great, new, and wonderful extra Map, fine quality Stationery Packages. Every Dollar invested more than doubled. Splendid *Gold and Silver Watches* presented *free* to all who act as our *Smart Men* wanted in every village and county. *Twenty-eight Page Circulars*, sales increasing, everybody buys them. Send for our new circulars, containing extra premium inducements, *free*.

M. D. GILBERT & CO., Stationers,
102 Nassau street, New York.

Newsdealers & Booksellers

Are informed that

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
OF NEW YORK,

Are ready to supply, at the earliest moment, and on the very lowest terms:

Newspapers, Daily and Weekly,
Magazines, Dime Novels,
Books, Cheap Publications,
School Books, Envelopes,
Pens, Writing Papers,

And *everything* wanted by a
NEWSDEALER OR BOOKSELLER.

Printed Trade Lists,

Describing the nature of the News Business, how to do it, names of Papers and Magazines, with their prices, &c., will be sent FREE to all who ask for them. Address

The American News Company,
119 & 121 Nassau St., New York.

SMOLANDER'S
COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT OF
BUCKU,

Cures diseases of the STOMACH, and KIDNEYS, DIRECTAMENT, DROPSY, &c. PRICE ONE DOLLAR. Sold by L. BARNES & CO., and F.C. WELLS & CO., New York. BURLEIGH & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., General Agents.
8t-$20

Jewelry Distribution.

Important Announcement.

See advertisement of CALKINS & CO., 650 Broadway, on page 206.

For Great Sale of FRENCH JEWELRY,
(Pure Gold), an advertisement of
Bosanquet, Giraud & Co.,
on inside page.

CHICKERING & SONS
Grand, Square and Upright Pianos.
ESTABLISHED IN 1823.

Fifty-five Medals, in Gold, Silver and Bronze, have been awarded for these *Pianos as First Premiums* over all competitors.
WAREROOMS, 652 BROADWAY, N. Y.
Every piano fully warranted. 531-4o

Catalogue of Langenheim's
Magic Lantern Pictures and Apparatus. Address
W. LANGENHEIM, Philadelphia.
638-4o

AGENTS, READ!

50 cent sample sent free, with terms, by mail, to any one. Over 25 daily in three hours. W. D. CHIDESTER & CO, No. 75 Nassau street, N. Y.
532-5o

Jewelry for the Holidays
See the announcement of
ARRANDALE & CO.'S
GREAT SALE OF JEWELRY
for the Holidays, on inside page. Now is the time for splendid bargains.

CALENBERG & VAUPEL'S
ACRAFFE PIANOS.
76 Bleecker Street, Second Block West of Broadway, Warranted for Six Years. 4o

Shults' Curlique, for curling the Hair. Price by mail, 50 cents. Warranted. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.
POLLACK & SON,
Meerschaum Manufacturers, No. 699 Broadway near 4th st. Pipes made to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Pipes $8 to $100.
639-650



SCENE FROM A PLAYED OUT PANTOMIME.

JACKY ROSSELL, the Premier Clown of England, to applauding audience, (Jonathan Wild Bull and Old Mother Britannia in stage box). Clown Russell holding a toy pirate ship Shenandoah, which he has just taken out of his pocket)—"*Here we are again!*"
[The disgust of Weddell, the thief, from whom the clown has stolen it, may be imagined.

HIGGINS'S
SIXTH AVENUE MAMMOTH
Millinery Establishment.
1,000 TRIMMED BONNETS at $10, $12 and $15

We invite strangers, citizens, and the public generally to examine our extensive stock (the largest in this city), and notice prices, on comparing which they must admit, beyond question, the following difference:

BONNETS for $10; Sold on Broadway at $15.
BONNETS for $12; Sold on Broadway at $16.
BONNETS for $15; Sold on Broadway at $20.
BONNETS for $18; Sold on Broadway at $25.
BONNETS for $20; Sold on Broadway at $30.
BONNETS for $25; Sold on Broadway at $35.

Country merchants, milliners or dealers requiring BONNETS or JOCKEYS for their family, friends, or to sell over the counter, should not fail to visit our establishment before making their selections. We guarantee a saving of at least 25 per cent., besides the better advantage of having the LARGEST STOCK IN THE CITY to choose from. Southern orders, by mail or express, executed, and dispatched with great care and promptitude.

Trimmed Derbys and Turbans,

of French and domestic manufacture, including all the new shapes, styles, colors and material, for the fall season, at prices, in all sizes, at all prices, of every color, FROM $8 TO $20.

We invite parents and guardians to examine these. You will positively save 25 per cent., besides the better and fatigue of shopping. Ladies living at a distance can send us their orders by mail for any article in our line, and they will be executed in the best manner, with the size of frame or measurement of the head, and such particulars as to color, style, &c., as may enable us to be understand your exact taste and requirements, will insure you, within a reasonable space of time, a

Handsome Bonnet or Jockey.

As much care and judgment will be used in the selection of the goods as although the parties were on the spot. We guarantee complete satisfaction, and feel confident that, once favored with your orders, we will command your future patronage. When a number of Bonnets or Jockeys are ordered by one party, a reduction in the price of each will be made.

Goods conveyed to all parts of the United States, collectable on delivery.

Stranger's Guide.

Take the cars from the Astor House or Canal street; tell the conductor to let you out at Tenth street. The proprietors or employes of any of the hotels will direct you to the Mammoth Millinery Establishment.

HIGGINS'S,
126 Sixth Avenue, near Tenth Street.
M. T. HIGGINS.

The Dyspeptic.—The trial and sufferings of the dyspeptic can only be realized by those so unfortunate as to be afflicted with this disease, and yet how many of them suffer and continue to suffer. Why they do this so patiently it is impossible to tell. It may be from ignorance of any certain remedy, or it may be from prejudice against the use of patent medicine. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS has cured thousands of the worst cases of dyspepsia, and each day adds new names to the records of its cures. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS is for sale by all druggists. They are not a whisky drink, but a vegetable tonic.
M. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist, 594 Broadway, New York, Agent.
638-38o

Derby's Sure Cure for Piles.
Price $2 per box. BURLEIGH & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., Sole Agents.
530-35o

For a Tortune
Address HARRIS & CO., Boston, Mass.
531-33o

Do you want Luxuriant Whiskers or MOUSTACHES? Our Onguent will force them to grow on the smoothest face or chin in six weeks, or no bills to pay. Sent by mail, $1, or three packages for $2. Sent by mail anywhere. Address WARNER & CO., Box 138, Brooklyn, N. Y.
531-4o

Vineland Lands.

To all wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlements, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Ten, twenty and fifty acre tracts in from $20 to $30 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Handsome illustrated pamphlets free. Letters answered. Papers giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Landis Township, New Jersey.
Refer by permission to HON. GEORGE SANDERSON, Agricultural Editor of the *Tribune*.

"*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts; in an almost level position and suitable condition for planned farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies.*"

UNION ADAMS,
HOSIER, GLOVER,
AND
SHIRT MAKER,
No. 637 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

Great Attraction!

GOLD AND SILVER HOLIDAY GIFTS.

$1,000,000 Worth
OF
Watches, Jewelry and Silver-ware,

To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR each without regard to value, not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive:

100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches.....each $125
200 Silver Watches.....each $30 to $5
10,000 Gold Pens and Silver Cases.....each $10 to $3

And a large assortment of Jewelry and Silver-ware. The method of disposing of these goods at ONE DOLLAR each is as follows:

Certificates naming each article and its value are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents—4 for $1; 11 for $2; 30 for $5.

Agents wanted to whom we offer special terms and premiums. Address

A. H. ROWEN & CO.,
No. 36 Beekman st., P. O. Box 4770, N. Y.

MUSICAL BOXES.
631-42o SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 207.

ITCH! SALT ITCH! RHEUM!
Cured by Holder's Ointment. Price, 25 cents. BURLEIGH & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., Sole Agents.
530-35o

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!
"A Scientific Wonder."

EUROPEAN POCKET TIME-KEEPER,
One Dollar Each.
(Patent applied for June 20th 1865.)

"AN EXACT AND RELIABLE POCKET TIME-KEEPER for Ladies or Gentlemen, a *Beautiful* and *Useful* Present for the coming Holidays. A decidedly unique and *wonderful* society. Correctly constructed on the most approved SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and surveyed to DENOTE SOLAR TIME, with *absolute certainty* and the utmost precision. More truthful than the most costly and elaborate Time-keeper of modern manufacture. It never can be wrong. "*It requires no Key*," or winding up. Never runs down; and can never be too fast or too slow. Correct in all climates. It is a most remarkable article. APPROVED by the Press. Introduced into this country from Europe, where it is also legally protected by "*Royal Letters Patent*." Price for a single one, with plain or fancy White Dials, in Silver or Silver-Gilt Case, only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. All orders must be addressed to J. W. DELAMERE & CO., Sole Proprietors,
204 and 206 Broadway, N. Y.
tfo

IVORY AND PEARL.

Sleeve Buttons, $1, $2 and $3. Ivory and Pearl Studs, $3, $4, $5 and $6 per set of each. Ivory and Pearl Belt Buckles, $1.50 to $3 each. Sold by all the retail. WILLIAM M. WELLS, Importer and Manufacturer, 671 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hotel.
tfo

$7 ARMY WATCH. $10

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD-PLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Enamelled Dial, Old Hands, "*Regular Movements*," and Correct Timekeeper, with an accurate "*Monsieur Calendar*," indicating the *Day of the Week, Month, &c.*, in back case. A single one by mail, 7 cents any part of the country, in neat case. or a BEAUTIFUL VEST CHAIN, for only $10.

A SOLID SILVER WATCH, same as above, with the Mini ature Calendar, &c., specially adapted to the Army. Sent free by mail, to any part of the country, for only $7.

English and American LEVERS from $25 up. Good Watches of all descriptions.

Address CHAS. F. SOUTON & CO., Sole Importers,
38 and 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

Make Your Own Soap!

With B. T. BABBIT'S Pure Concentrated Potash, or Easby Soap Maker, warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest article in market. B. T. BABBIT, 64, 63, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington street, N. Y.
529-50o

To Consumptives.

THE ADVERTISER, having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, COLDS, COUGHS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable; and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
529-39o Williamsburg, Kings County, N. Y.

Army Corps Badge Pins and Rings, 9- 16 carat gold, richly enamelled. BRYANT & BENTLEY, Manufacturing Jewelers, 13 Maiden Lane, N. Y. 4o

Whiskers and Moustaches



Forced to grow upon the smoothest face in from three to five weeks by by using DR. SEVIGNE'S RESTAURATEUR. COMPILAIRE, the most wonderful discovery in modern science, acting upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the ladies of Paris and London with the most flattering success.



The names of all purchasers will be registered, and if the entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and prepaid, $1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address
BERGER, SHULTZ & CO., Chemists,
P. O. Drawer 21, Troy, N. Y.,
529-41o Sole Agents for the United States.

BEAUTY



AUBURN, GOLDEN, FLAXEN AND NATURAL CURLS produced by the use of DR. BARNY'S FERRER LE CHEVEUX. One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets or



flowing curls, which will remain in any fashionable form and London with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail, sealed and postpaid, $1. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address
BERGER, SHULTZ & CO., Chemists,
P. O. Drawer 21, Troy, N. Y.,
529-41o Sole Agents for the United States.

If you want a good Head of Hair, use WISDOM'S VEGETABLE HAIR INVIGORATOR. THOMAS BARNES & CO., New York, General Agents.
533-42o

For Great Sale of AMERICAN JEWELRY, FOR THE HOLIDAYS,
SEE
Goldsworthy Bro's
Advertisement on inside pages.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
FIRST PREMIUM.
IMPROVED
$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5
THE EMBODIMENT OF
PRACTICAL UTILITY AND
EXTREME SIMPLICITY.

Originality Patented May 13, 1862; improvement patented June 9, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY COMBINATION SEWING MACHINE, with reverse attachment, is most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed; NOISELESS in motion, as all operation, and will do every possible VARIETY of essential, sewn with DOUBLE LOCK Stitch *more perfect and regular than by hand*, and with *greater rapidity* than by any other machine yet invented, and the evolution of the wheel. Will Gather, Hem, Ruffle, Skirt, Tuck, Run and Braid, Bind, Cord, Quilt, Seam, &c., &c., &c., *all of which is NOT LIABLE TO* GET OUT OF ORDER, and will last a LIFETIME, being free from complicated machinery. Warranted not to get out of order for THREE YEARS. It has taken the FIRST PREMIUM at New York and Brooklyn Fairs, and received the FULL APPROVAL of ALL the principal *Journals*, and of those who have USED THEM.

"This beautiful Machine makes the Running Stitch at the rate of several yards per minute."—*Frank Leslie's.*

"It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily controlled that a child can use it."—*N. Y. Independent.*

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Single Machines sent to any part of the country per Express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of price, $5. Safe delivery guaranteed. Agents wanted everywhere. Circular containing Liberal Inducements sent free.
Address all orders to
FAMILY COMBINATION SEWING MACHINE CO.,
tf Office, 102 Nassau Street, N. Y.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1865, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 534 VOL. XXI.] NEW YORK, DECEMBER 23, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 10 WEEKS $1 00.

Our Policy—Domestic and Foreign.

MUCH of the uncertainty as to the future policy of the country has been dispelled by the message of the President, the initial proceedings of the XXXIXth Congress, and the reports of the several heads of Departments. These have all been spread far and wide through the press, and have been studied with singular interest by the people. We do not propose to undertake to epitomize them, but simply to deduce what seems to be indicated by them, in respect of domestic reorganization and our exterior relations.

The first significant fact in the proceedings of Congress, was the omission of all the names of persons purporting to be members elect of the House of Representatives from the lately rebellious States, from the roll of that body. Even the names of those from Tennessee, where there purports to exist a regularly organized State Government, were left out. This, however, was the act of the clerk of the House, whose duty it is to make out a roll of members, and was not unexpected. The reelection of Mr. MacPherson, shows, however, that his conduct in the premises meets the approval of a vast majority of the Representatives.

It was anticipated in some quarters, that on this point there would be great diversity of opinion, and a long, and perhaps, bitter controversy between the "Radical" and "Conservative" sections of the House—it being understood that the latter were in favor of a speedy and easy admission of the Southern members, and the former inclined to keep them out until important and vital changes had been made in the Constitution and laws of the lately rebel States. Any such anticipations or hopes of discord have been destroyed by the prompt and harmonious action of the House. In their choice of Speaker, they took a man who had declared only a few days before the date of his election, against any rapid "reorganization" of the rebel States, and in favor of insisting that those States should not be restored to their original privileges until they had not only accepted the abolition of slavery as the logical consequence of their previous action, but had adopted laws consonant with this abolition, and to make emancipation effective—a reality, not a shadow.

Unfortunately, most of the Southern States, while they have reluctantly accepted Emancipation, have sought to deprive it of its legitimate significance and real value. They have claimed to reserve all their powers under the Constitution, even those which were sequences of, dependent on, and drawing all their vitality from the provision of that instrument which recognized slavery. When the trunk fell dead, they insisted its offshoots should be preserved—that slavery dead, its spirit and incidents should live. That the slaves should be nominally, not really, free, and instead of being the subjects of a single master, the helots of all white men. In every sense, the admission of their assumptions would be to make the latter state of the negro worse than his first.

The action of the House in referring all the credentials of Southern men claiming membership to a committee, without debate, shows that it is in no hurry to act on them, and the tenor of the bills and resolutions introduced, in both branches of the National Legislature, point clearly to a determination to admit no State to representation, unless it shall first concede civil rights to the emancipated slaves. This may be regarded as the final determination of Congress, and, in making it, there is no shadow of doubt it represents the matured judgment of the entire loyal body of the Republic. It is equally sanctioned by the President, who would not, however, even if hostile to it, have the power to control the action of Congress.

As regards our exterior relations, the Message of the President is our only guide of judgment. His language towards Great Britain is pronounced and decided. He tells her that we suffered terribly from her conduct during our recent war.

He does not complain that she did not give us her sympathy, which is a thing she has a right to bestow where she pleases. Nor of her encouragement to the rebellion, when not reaching to the extent of practical hostility to ourselves. But he does complain of her acts of war, for which she offers no justification except that her municipal regulations were not sufficiently explicit or efficient, to prevent her people from defying international law, or carrying on war against a neutral power!

The President makes no threats; he offers no further arbitration; reserves to himself such future action as he may choose to adopt, and leaves Great Britain to elect her own position towards the United States.

The language of the President, on our continental relations, is so thoroughly in the style and spirit of Mr. Seward's dispatches, that it may be accepted as coming from his pen. It will be received with disappointment by all American Republicans, who will naturally be apt to undervalue what little it does express. Our impulsive friends of Spanish America do not always reflect that the President of the United States speaks for more than thirty millions of men, an army of a million and a half, and the most powerful navy afloat, and not for a few hundred thousand white men, overshadowed and embarrassed by double that number of Indians. He can afford to be cool, and even reticent, in cases when others need to be hot and wordy to command attention. When he tells Europe that her conduct in America has twice before elicited remon-



FEARFUL COLLISION ON THE THIRD AVENUE RAILROAD, N. Y., ON THE NIGHT OF DEC. 4.

strances as dignified as they were peremptory and effective, and hope that a recurrence of similar conduct may not necessitate a third remonstrance, he says what will command attention, and influence action in precisely the quarters where restraint and reform are required. We could have wished the President had been more definite in his language, and that his sentiments had come to us in his own, original language—in the form, in fact, in which his notes went to Mr. Seward, and before they had been veneered and varnished by that distinguished dialectician.

But Andrew Johnson, like his predecessor, is a man of the people, who shares their ideas and sympathies, and reflects their instincts. That he will, the extremity arises, vindicate the Monroe Doctrine in all its extent, is as sure as the existence of the United States is secure. The bulrushes of what is called "statemanship" can never dam up permanently the current of the Nile of popular sentiment.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

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Alas, Poor Spain!

The news of the close of the war in Peru, resulting in a complete triumph of the liberal or revolutionary party, has been followed close by the report, doubtless well founded, that Spain, alarmed by the fim and decided action of Chile, as against the highhanded acts of her admiral, has prudently decided to back out of the war she had provoked. It is said that she asks an arbitration of one or more of the European powers for an adjustment of her differences with the plucky little Republic. Her disposition in this direction will be greatly quickened when her Government obtains the intelligence of the extinction of the last vestige of her influence in Peru, whence her instrument, the late corrupt President Pezet, has been ignominiously expelled. The revolution in Peru originated in the circumstance that this Pezet submitted to the demands of Spain, instead of doing as Chile has done, answering them with a declaration of war. And as the outrages of Spain on Chile grew entirely out of the expressions of sympathy made by the latter country towards Peru, it follows logically that the revolutionary party, having now fully established in power in Lima, will lose no time in co-operating with Chile by declaring war on Spain. We have little doubt that war has been already declared. If so, Spain will find it very difficult to make terms satisfactory to herself with the little Republic she so wantonly assailed. Backed by the physical forces of Peru, the sympathy of Great Britain (substantiated with verdigris, and somewhat coppery in color), and the more disinterested sympathy and influence of the United States, it is probable that Chile will be a pretty high tone towards her detested antagonist, who is now, most likely of the two, to eat "humble pie."

After having been compelled to give up Santo Domingo, to be defied and beaten, after all her magnificent pretensions in the Pacific, it will become Spain to accept her ancient and more modest role—to take what leave in which but expressive phrase is called "a back seat" in international affairs. The silly attempt of this nerveless country to raise itself to the rank of a great power, suggested by her early successes in the African coast, will end in making her the butt of the world's ridicule. And she ought to have reflected that as much as she is lowered in the estimation of mankind, so much will those who successfully oppose her be elevated. Chile and Peru as well as Santo Domingo will now take rank above that they held before, and what was at first held to be a curse will ultimately come to be regarded as a blessing. Who does not believe that the Mexican people will emerge from their war with France, with a higher appreciation of their honor and duties, and a stronger determination than ever to sustain them?

The President's Message.

A document which has been looked forward to with deep interest has just been laid before the public, the message of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

As a State paper, it is lengthy and smoothly written, and gives a plain matter of fact statement of his views, and the motives that have governed him in the important work of reconstruction. In language, he takes up no domestic affairs first, making foreign matters a secondary consideration, and making his policy towards the South the leading point, vindicates the course he has pursued on constitutional grounds, but on those of justice and magnanimity. The text from which he starts is the perpetuity of the Union:

"The people of the United States of America were intended by its authors to last as long as the States themselves do. The Union shall be perpetual, are the words of the Confederation. Its more perfect Union," by an ordinance of the people of the United States, is declared for the purpose of the Constitution. The land of Divine Providence was never more plainly visible in the affairs of men, than in the founding and the adopting of that instrument. It is, beyond comparison, the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man. Since its formation, of their several States, and of other Republican governments, old and new; but they needed, and they obtained a wisdom superior to experience. And when, recently, it required to be approved in the form of an accepted a large part of a continent, and acted separately in many distinct conventions, with a more wonderful than that, utter earnest contention, and long discussion, all feelings, and all opinions, were finally drawn in one way to its support."

And based upon this, goes on to show the distinctions between State rights and State heresies, and that in his acts he is sustained by the Constitution in

"States, with proper limitations of power, are essential to the existence of the symmetry of the United States. At the very commencement, when we assumed a place among the powers of the earth, the Declaration of Independence was adopted by States; so also were the articles of Confederation. Then came "We the People of the United States" ordained and established the Constitution. Then the assent of States was required, by which gave it vitality. In the event, too, of any amendment to the Constitution, the same concurrence of Congress needs the confirmation of States. Without States one speak loudly, the Legislative representation would be wanting. And if we look beyond the letter of the Constitution to the character of our institutions, the capacity for comprehending within its jurisdiction a vast continental empire is due in one degree of States. Indeed, to carry for the perpetual existence of the States, is the "supreme authority" of the Constitution of the United States. The perpetuity of the Constitution brings with it the perpetuity of the States. Their mutual relation makes us what we are, and in our political system their connection is indissoluble. The Union cannot exist without the parts, nor the parts without the whole. So long as the Constitution of the United States endures, the States will endure; the destruction of the one is the destruction of the other; the preservation of the one is the preservation of the other."

Upon the question of reconstruction he says:

"But if any State neglects or refuses to perform its offices, there is a remedy which acts directly on the government should maintain all its authority, and, as soon as practicable, cause the constituent relations of the delinquent to be restored. The power to withhold or withdraw a representative government is derived from the duty of the United States to guarantee to every State a republican form of government. Rebellion has deprived several States of the benefits of this form of government. The States will endure; the destruction of the one is the destruction of the other; the preservation of the one is the preservation of the other."

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And then strongly reiterates the doctrine of non-interference in foreign affairs.

With regard to England, she having refused to the declaration proposed, and we having declined the counter-proposition of Earl Russell, the matter remains in *statu quo*, but will, without doubt, come before Congress in such a way, very soon, as will bring it to a rapid settlement.

He again endorses the Monroe Doctrine, and discusses Mexico and France jointly in this paragraph:

"The correspondence between the United States and France, in reference to questions which have become subjects of discussion between the two Governments, will, at a proper time, be laid before Congress."

This gives a pretty general summary of the Message, and is business part. It ends with a patriotic declaration in our integrity, the strength of our institutions, and his own acknowledgment of the high duties of his office.

This paper will be read throughout the people in the high patriotism and conservative force of our President, and win to his acts thousands of wavering minds, who wanted the very tuition they will find in the Message.

A WORK has just been published in London entitled "Three Years among the Working Classes of the United States during the War." The sympathies of the author of the work are not those of "rebellious," and he talks much rubbish about the late war, which we can now well afford to isolate at our leisure from that which follows. But the author may be credited with several conscientious endeavors to be fair in his judgments. Thus he finds in Mrs Beecher Stowe a far more frequent name in England than in America; that the people of the United States are universally to be commended for self-forgetfulness in the hour of peril, and expends itself in acts of munificent generosity, and that the worst failings of the American people are less conspicuous and more open to observation than in settlers. On this last point he is very frank and emphatic. "I am sorry to say," he remarks in one place, "that many of the worst features in society in this country are of British and Irish importation; for example, profane language is but little heard in the streets except among certain grades of the working classes; here, however, the new importance arising from personal independence seems to have broken down all the barriers which morality and the usages of good society have set up—and, as I have already observed, this peculiar abuse of speech is not confined to the uneducated members of the community." Of intemperance in America, he says: "When I arrived in America I expected to find habitual intemperance much more common than my experience has proved it to be—and that there is a considerable amount of tippling I must admit I will most candidly confess that drunkenness is by no means as common as at home. I find, too, in most cases which have come under my observation, this habit arises from ignorance, rather than male or female, have been old-country people." In like manner, in speaking of the prevalent tone of land tenure in the United States, he says: "I have no hesitation in saying that the most vulgar, the most ignorant, self-conceited, and headstrong class of men, whether in this city, or up-town, are to be found among those who belong to one or other of the three divisions of the United Kingdom. This lowly person arises from an endeavor on the part of the new comers to imitate the worst features in the character of the *natives*, and in attempting this they out-Herod Herod in Yankee swagger and arrogance."

We last week quoted an extract from a Jamaica paper, descriptive of the manner in which the supposed participants in the late local *emeute* in that island were dealt with from an endeavor to avoid martyrdom. George Marshall was hung because he planned a "look of defiance" at the man who had condemned him to be hanged, so no allegation except that he was a "straggler." We have now before us a report from a Colonel Hobbs, 4th Royals, one of the many specimen of the British Christian officer. He says:

"About daylight this morning, in passing through the village I saw a number of rebels hung, and others preparing. I found a number of special constables who had captured a lot of rebels, and were trying the rebel camp. *Finding their guilt clear*, and being unable to act either like a lawyer, I had them all shot. The constables then hung them up upon trees (eleven in number), *which appeared to answer all diabolical, and they never flinched the very slightest.*"

The last sentence was meant, no doubt, to convey the impression that they declared to their guilt. Colonel Hobbs is enamored of the gallant deeds of Quantrell and Forrest.

EXPERIMENTS of the transfusion of blood, which were frequently made two centuries ago, are again engaging the attention of physiologists. MM. Eulenburg and Landois, who have lately made striking numerous investigations of this nature, have ascertained that animals poisoned by opium may be kept alive by what is called combined transfusion, drawing away the poisoned blood, and substituting healthy blood taken from an animal of the same species. It has also been ascertained that animals may be kept alive, when deprived of food, by periodical transfusion.

THE winter of 1863-4 was remarkable for its coldness, especially in Central Europe. Prof. Plantamour, of Geneva, who has just published a memoir on certain results observed in Switzerland during the winter in question, proves—a further proof is needed—that observations from a wide area are essential to a definite conclusion in meteorology. With series of observations taken at sixty stations throughout Switzerland, he traces the fluctuations of temperature, and the anomalies due to locality in a very satisfactory way. One curious fact which he brings out is worth notice. It is that in January and February of 1864 the cold was less severe on the St. Bernard and other high summits than on the low grounds. It seems that the greatest degree of cold ar sixty feet above the level, sinking lower and lower until its upper limit stood at places below 800 metres of elevation. Similar facts have frequently been made to determine the horizontal limits of a "cold snap," as we call it, and this vertical determination is a promising instalment in the other direction.

TOWN COSSIP.

THANKSGIVING is over, and the election is over, two achievements, which, having been well kept, we must be thankful are finished. While people were thinking of nothing else but the excitements and home joys of Thanksgiving, they can have little conception of what a well-contested local election is in New York. There is little doubt that among the four candidates, or their friends, at least, $250,000 have been expended in the late contest, and even the expenditure of so much money, independent of any feeling engendered, would fail to account for a general excitement. Once upon a time election day in New York, especially in certain localities, was a scene of fighting, drinking and general disorder and uproar. That time was gone by. The drinking may yet be perpetrated, but it is done quietly, and the fights are few and far between the illegal voting scarce, and men no more think of neglecting their work or business to make election day a holiday.

The change is attributable to many causes, the first of which is strict police supervision, those guardians of the peace, on such occasions, being everywhere, and in strength. The second, breaking the city up into many voting districts, so that it will not avail those who are viciously inclined to gather in too great numbers, or stay too long about any one of the polls. The third reason is the general spirit of regularity, by which every man on presenting his ballot is known and identified. That class of illegal voting, but constantly done, or the friends (?) of a candidate selling him out, if they find during the day that his chances of election are small. The fourth cause is, we will say this fourth, Sweet and Jones are running for Mayor. At 13 o'clock, on election day, the vote of the district stands as he is running badly, and will inevitably be defeated. The knew that the balance of the vote that will be cast for him would be counted off by the other candidates, perhaps Brown, we will say, who is then very doubtful. Smith's exposure, so far, have been perhaps $40,000. Now it is to their interest to back out, and throw all the vote into one of the other scales. Therefore, he bargains with Brown for a share for a return of expenses, and perhaps for certain patronage in lieu of cash. The bargain concluded, *presto*, all Smith's ballots disappear, and Brown's rise. The trouble, by, and is achieved before, had been thrusting them under the noses of the inspectors of election in the city, the notice can be had from them but Brown's ballots. In this way the balance of the votes goes to Brown, and the election is all to the bad, and that is the way a free and enlightened public is managed.

When the election is over then comes the fun and hilarity. The success of the different parties are then either in their glory according to their success, or they are overcome by their defeat. At the headquarters of the principal defeated candidate, the entertainment was various. First came a one armed soldier, who, after having had taking it for granted that his favorite was elected, but breaking down in the middle of his song by hearing the news of the defeat, became a gentleman, somewhat the worse for whiskey, who sang a sentimental ballad of Edwin Forrest's and as much like him as it was like Henry Ward Beecher, and was succeeded by a professional vocalist from the stage. Then came an enthusiastic individual, who had been drinking, and all the time trying to keep it. Then came one of the Irish persuasion, who insisted upon singing "Garry Owen," and when he refused the crowd so well that they made him do it again. Just then the news arrived in the town positive, that this opposition candidate was elected, and the manager of the entertainment, seeing that the war was inevitable, turned it off, and the jolly crowd smiling themselves to sleep, dreamed of the fun they had had, and scathed for more genial climes.

And so it was all the night New York gave up her election time, and the morning breaking with aching heads, and sleepy eyes, and a long, long sleep, and an immense political cares till next spring, when the same thing will occur with the beat and scorn.

From ballots to bonnets is but a short step, and we will therefore pass to them. It is a curious fact, and the first time such a thing has occurred in the history of the United States, that a gunnery have rebelled against the winter fashion in bonnets as originally imported, and have shunned without exception, much into some original vein. For this time the Parisian fashion was gone to the wall, and American ladies are trying to fix upon a fashion for themselves. In the meantime they the present style of gig-dop bonnets takes too much out of them, and the consequence is that they display for it. They require twice as much material as the small bonnets, are heavier, and do not sit as easily. The rebellion has not arisen so much in New York as in other cities, perhaps from the fact that the majority of the oldest citizen can scarcely tell. We trust that it will not be long before the old instinct returns in the full-blooded-ite and the anti-bonnet-ites.

The sale of Christmas trees has begun in our labor market, is the effort being made in the city by scouts from the country to buy up the trees and convey them to the city, the following munificent wages, for month. Ten dollars per month and board, ten dollars and a half per annum and board, which board must be understood as being found by the city for the same purpose as the horses used to live in, and draw the same rations. In addition to these advantages, the trees are guaranteed to last all time but by sickness will be deducted, and we have the strongest confidence that the Southern labor holder out to Northern labor. On this basis, in different places South, negotiations are now pending, and in the meantime of encouraging laborers, and about the rate of renumeration for the same, we have to say, in the first instance to pay. We fear it will be a long time before they will get labor at even as much prices. No doubt the Southern people want to go South, and there are thousands of newly-arrived emigrants who will not get $12 a month, when farmers in those localities are glad enough to get thirty dollars. We wish them success, and every success with us that.

Saturday the civil occurrences of the day was one happening on Saturday last, and involving a question of law. The rebel ship Rebel Rover, Two Hundred, were engaged fixing the premises of a Mr. Worth, No. 81 Pineapple street, Brooklyn, and endeavoring to stop a leak in the water pipes. While at that they discover a loose brick, and drawing it out, a glass jar was displayed, stuffed full of U. S. Bonds. The thing exact of looked around, and in the midst of the confabulation being showered upon the plumbers the proprietor of the house marched in and claimed the valuables as his own. He brought forward his books to show that he had there received all the numbers of the bonds, and declared that he had put them there for safe keeping. We cannot exactly see the safety of such a place of keep-

ting. It reminds us of a case that occurred a few weeks since in Philadelphia, where a man put a roll of $20,000 in greenbacks in the bottom of an old box filled with papers, and during his absence, a clerk, wishing to clear up the place—as he says—burnt all the papers, greenbacks as well. Weather he did or not remains an unsolved problem.

This reminds us of a little incident that came off in an up-town residence a few weeks ago. The husband had a dream, in which he saw a vast quantity of silver-plate, spoons, etc., in an old closet. He told the dream to his wife, but was not much regarded. Then he dreamed it again, the same as before, and the wife did not laugh as much, but could not be made to think that there was any chance that such a dream could come true, in a modern house like his. Then the every closet was all familiar to them as their pockets. Husband suggested that it might be in the attic. Wife looked incredulous, but husband got a hammer and went tapping about like a woodpecker, for a hollow sound that sounded hollow. By and by a spot sounded so. Tap again! Could that be a hollow sound? Yes! and in a few more taps the hammer had made an opening through the plaster. It was getting toward dusk, and growing dark, but undauntedly he worked, and at last a hole was made large enough to admit his hand and arm. He put it in, thrust, and in an instant with thrum, holding a dozen or so of silver spoons, with a sprinkling of forks. Wife stood by, crazy with delight. In went the hand again, and came out again with a mug and a pair of ladles. Then a council of war was held, and as it was getting late, the search was put off for use to have a further exploration for the treasure until morning, when they could enter upon the matter regularly. The parlor of the room was accordingly locked, and the silver removed to the chamber. Next morning, while engaged in this very pleasing business, and counting up the profits of the discovery, a heavy thump came to the floor, and the husband stepped into the entry. There stood their next door neighbor, on a very ordinary matter coming out of his apron, and this question on his lips: "Do you know that there's a burglar in your house?" "I do!" "Yes! they have just now broken through your wall into our pipe closet, and have got away our spoons, etc." Grand finale! Husband has ceased to dream, and wife has got over the mortification the value of silver.

Talking of dreams, reminds us that the other day a woman had a dream, got up, dressed, and taken from her a police magistrate on a charge of rubbing her of various valuables, while she was in a state of somnambulism. A man was asked what proof she had, when it came out that she had a mustache, and a fortune-teller also described a man that looked like the one as the thief. The jobs was a success, and everybody knew the dreamer.

Of the theatres we have little to say, but that they are all getting on prosperously. There is not within the last week found the necessity of variety.

The Bowery has its "Frou, Frou," and Sam seems to still satisfy the thousands who fill the house.

Niblo's is still doing a fine week's work in advance for Mr. Forrest's nights, and crowding the house on all occasions with the "Black Crook."

The Olympic is still giving "Monte Christo" with scenery and mechanical effects that leaves any theatre in town an attraction.

The Winter Garden has the "Octoroon," and Clarke as Salem Scudder is pleasing everybody.

Wallack's still has "Rose Michel," crowded every night, and though the play is nothing, the manner in which it is presented is attractive to all.

Mr. Grover's has the ever-to-be-pet pianist and the originator of the celebrated Orpheon Free Choral School system, Mr. Jules Godfrey, who is to conduct a grand Brooklyn, before an admiring audience, on Nov. 29th. Mr. Hudson, the tenor, and Mr. Eugene Fenton are also Mr. J. W. Fenton, violinist, and the programme fully embodies the high character of the popular pianist.

The Wallace Memorial Concert will take place on Thursday, December 14th, at the Academy of Music, Irving Place.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A citizen of Chicago has recovered $10,000 damages from the city, for permanent injuries received by falling into an excavation in the sidewalk, carelessly left open and unguarded. The suit was brought in the Circuit Court, and the assurance for $25,000 has been commenced by another victim of similar accident.

—A Boston gentleman has recently imported a wedding present of 1,000 trees and shrubs, and had the Boston owner. Its cost is $9,000, the work alone costing $4,000.

—There are 100,000 skeletons of horses and cattle killed during the war, in the Shenandoah valley, collected as a fertilizer for rural Virginians.

—On a fence in Berkshire, is painted in glaring capitals, "Use Dr. Jones's Cough Mixture." Just below, "Buy your gravestones in Pittsfield."

—The Albany (*Sun*) *Messenger* gives the following odd notice of a decease of children in that city:

"He is the father of seven sons, five of whom married five sisters. All the children were born, and at his funeral two weeks ago last Sabbath, two horses were stung to death by bees, which came near stinging many people like to die same. The above is not the only singular thing of the kind in Albany, as Rungold, in the most elegant part of the cemetery, there is this inscription upon a tombstone, and there is no poetry about it either—see Thompson, jr. He lived to enliven the happiness of his parents for the space of six months and twenty-three days; when death tore him from the mountain's brow, and laid him low in the vale, where he was replaced him in God's Whole House, to live and play through all eternity."

—A marksman was driving to Medford, Mass., on the 6th inst., when a rabbit sprang up before him, and on circular, upon the road who asked him for a ride, which he granted. The rabbit got into the wagon, with a watch in hand, the marksman noticed that his companion wore a false face, and before him found a screwdriver to enclose their feet in. Visions of murder, robbery, garroting, and the like flashed through the marksman's mind. His companion was a man. The driver put the rifle by, and asked the stranger to cut out and return it. The circular did so, and the marksman drove on to Medford. When out of danger he took he examined the valise and found that it contained two sawed-off guns, a dirk-dagger and a bunch of keys. He thinks his wife saved him that time. Strange that people who carry valises with them will not take off their big boots. There was Jeff. Davis, for instance.

—Two young men from the country, according to the New Bedford *Mercury*, were strolling through School street, in Boston, a few days ago, when the attention of the former was drawn by the fulsome praise of the City Hall. "Who is that?" he inquired of his companion. "That is the statue of Doctor Franklin." "Oh, Doctor Franklin, is it," was the naive response; "we took him for a Methodist preacher."

—A conductor out West recently demanded two tickets of the lady to whom he was were rising on a train, but the trains insisted they were one, and as the conductor could not eject one without the other, he had to let them pass.

—A young man 21 years of age, acting as teamster for the Great Western Oil Refinery, on upper Shamburg Farm, while waiting to have his barrels emptied of into the receiving tank, fell asleep accidentally fell from the platform on the top of the box, and was drowned.

—Several gentlemen are reaping almost fabulous hilary harvests by their charges in drawing up petitions in behalf of Southern citizens for pardon. An office boy of South Carolina has forwarded upwards of 1,000 petitions to the Secretary General's Office, for each of which he received the fee of $25.

—There are now at the University of Virginia 310 students, nearly all of whom were in the rebel army during the war.

—The Staunton (Va.) *Spectator*, in the following, gives an account of a family wedding-cast that has proved a veritable bethrone: "Many years since, an old German citizen of Pendleton County, when about to take his fair 'frau' to the hymeneal altar purchased a broadcloth coat, in which he was married. His wife presented him with many children, among whom were eight sons, all of whom were married in the same coat by the parson who united their parents. The youngest of the eight sons had seven sons, all of whom were married in the same coat, which was worn by the youngest son of the seven, or the youngest grandson of the original owner of the coat had his blushing bride to the altar in his venerable grandfather's fashionable wedding garment. The coat is still in use. What has become of the coat since it was sold we have not been advised, but suppose that some one is keeping it for the purpose of getting married in it."

—At Bristol, R. I., Mr. Samuel Pomeroy, and successful manager of manageries, and well-known in the stage and circus line, died suddenly on Saturday morning, at the hotel of Mr. Samuel Milner, on Chestnut street. Mr. Pomeroy was a man of peculiar conception of the spleen. Mr. Van Amburg was, for many years, a partner in his business, and their performances and energetic men engaged in the hazardous profession of handling wild beasts. During his eventful life he made many narrow escapes, in coming in contact, near the lion's mouth and paw. On one occasion, while a tiger made a most savage attack upon him, tearing him in the body, taking off many of his bowels protruded. He tamed the animal finally, and lived for a great lot. Five probability is that Mr. Van Amburg received more than fifty thousand dollars during the years he was in the duties of his profession, to show to the world the triumph of man over the fiercest animals that are to be seen in the jungle.

—Gen. Gen. Grant's pay, as Lieut.-General, amounts to $9,240 per annum. With a house in Galena, one in Philadelphia, and one in Washington, he don't know how he manages to make both ends meet, especially when we know that our greenback is worth only about a better about 60 cents a pound. There is only one way to account for it—he is a Radical, and has a share in the economical housekeeper.

—A board of officers of two members of the San Francisco Musical Fund Society, killed by the To semite explosion, a band of 30 musicians attended, playing the dead march of Saul.

—Adams & Co.'s Express Co. has loaned $2,000,000 of its accumulated surplus among the banks of Sacramento, and has thus enabled them to resume operations.

—Gov. Weller, of California, was wrecked on the Golden Rule, on his return from San Francisco, he remarked to a friend: "Lost everything, my friend, but my appetite." "Then you have enough left," replied his friend, "you travel with less baggage than any man I know of."

—A trial of a newly-derived powder magazine and apparatus for exploding mines by the electric spark, is to be made at the Washington Arsenal. The inventor proposes to fire a mine in the Potomac, where the experiment is thrust in. Prominent officers of the army and navy will be present on the occasion.

—A new "warning to smokers" is found in the records of the police tribunals of the city of Rio de Janeiro. A Portuguese, who was in the habit of smoking a cigar, which, when he was not smoking, he carried in his mouth, was charged with the crime of poisonous matter to induce convulsions in a rabbit. The cigar was produced in evidence and yield enough poison to destroy a rabbit in three days.

—One of the merry wives of Bloomington, Indiana, played a practical joke on her husband the other evening. Late, a sweet little infant of six months, done up in a blanket, and left at the door of the house, with a note informing him that he was the father of the child, and must support it. The husband, however, soon discovered that it was not his, but hastily saw the joke when he found that the child was a doll, concluded to cultivate the acquaintance of his family breather.

—A thief, whilst stealing a gun from a shop in Boston, station, was discovered by the owner, and in a moment was wrapped in flame. He shouldered without loss of time, and the proprietor, on seeing the gun, thought it was the "old gentleman" himself, clearing off from his store.

Foreign.—A nurse girl at Preston, who quinited badly, was about to be discharged by her master, who was about to be married to her mistress. While on the happened to go with some friends to the Preston Royal Theatre, where she was treated to the playing of some shocks, which, strange to say, had the effect of curing her quinting.

—Blondin has been lately performing in Berlin whose, for the last two years, has been in a state of dotage. He was performing on the low rope at the time, and, seeing that the rope was not high enough, he was high enough to prevent his going on with the performance of it satisfying his audience.

—The flight of the Parisian public in consequence of the cholera panic has caused a nett loss of a hundred thousand francs to the proprietors of restaurants in Paris. This includes the sum usually spent by foreigners at the Exhibition, which has been the last expended by Parisians themselves.

—A London paper says that the Thames police have remarked, as a characteristic circumstance, that every cholera patient who has thrown herself into the water is careful to divest herself of her bonnet and shawl, which are placed on the ground in such a manner as to be easily found afterwards.

—At St. John's Church, Pembroke, Wales, were united together in the holy bonds of matrimony a couple whose united age reached no less than 164 years. The bride was but a girl of 64 summers, while the bride had been married four times before, and the bridegroom was Mr. T. Evans, a fine old Welshman, aged 100 years. The Rev. Dr. Reilly officiated, and the interesting ceremony was performed in the presence of a large crowd.

—At Hamburg, a clergyman, out of gratitude to liberal American residents, included the name of the United States in his prayer for the King of Saxony, and a certain Betts, an Englishman, largely interested in American securities, was so delighted that he declared Betts was not laid out of the church by the collar, as he would have been in any other country but the Americ. woman who happened to be present.

—It has been proposed to construct a railway through the Alps by the pass of St. Gothard. Eight years will be required for the work, and 60,000,000 of francs will be involved in the undertaking.

—A Prussian journal says that an international congress will shortly assemble in Paris to establish a uniform standard for copper coin. The countries represented will be Prussia, Austria, and the United States.

—The Sinh of Persia is thinking of an ironclad navy, and has sent officers to Europe to study the naval system.

—Turkey has been startled by the discovery of a great invasion perpetrated by the Sultan. It is said to be a large picture painted by a French artist, M. Guillemet. Herodore Hamon is the executioner who himself from have been deemed profane by the true Mahometans.

—A colored woman with a fortune of $500,000 in greenbacks has arrived in Paris from Texas.

—At the recent burial of a soldier and a young lady in a town in Ireland, the two coffins were placed in the singular mistake of consuming the two. The lady was interred, and the soldier's remains were carried the following her to the grave, while the regiment followed in the rear, the band playing the usual solemn symbols of virgin purity, and was carried to the grave by four bullies, who were reaping almost fabulous wages the trooper's remains and chanting funeral hymns.

—In Jewlry, cameos will be special favorites during the Paris season. Bracelets with large cameos "parures" are already exhibited by the leading houses. These gems invariably command the admiration of all persons or taste. The settings must, however, be simple and chaste, to coincide with the prevailing gold-Russian burlesque, ornamented with little chains, will be much worn over dark dresses of every shade.

—A colored man named Duncanson, who gained some notoriety as an artist, in Cincinnati, being rather coldly treated there, determined to depart for Scotland. He was received there with great favor, and his paintings found a ready sale. He has been invited to visit London by the Duchess of Sutherland and the Duchess of Essex, who will be his patrons. He has also received an invitation to visit Baroness Rothschild, offering him to visit him at his home in the Isle of Wight.

—One of the celebrities of the medical world, M. Velpeau, gave as far as to hint, very broadly, that in shades of the Asiatic cholera, all prescriptions are useless; that if you are to die you will die, if to get well you will get well, in spite of all the efforts of any degree of Æsculapius.

—At Bristol, the Custom House rules that ladies must enter that capital with sealed dresses only, and that "Crinoline" and "Flying Hair" must be dealt with them, must be heavily taxed. The other day the ladies from Paris did not wish to submit to this, and while the Custom House officers squabbled with a passenger about a single silk dress she had in her trunk. The lady vowed she had worn it once, but the officers pronounced it contraband, and the lady was obliged to part with it. Another lady, that if not new, it was as good as new, and that she would not let the lady had to give way, and to pay 150 reals duty on the garment. We should advise all ladies to avoid Bristol.

—M. About, in a recent publication, says of an avaricious man, that "it had been proved that, after he had finished his fine, he was in the habit of biting the bellows to save the little wind that was left in them."

JOHN T. HOFFMAN, THE MAYOR ELECT OF NEW YORK.

THE office of Mayor of a great city like New York is one well worthy the ambition of any man, and is often a stepping-stone to the Governorship of a State, or the Governorship of the State, or a United States Senator's position.

The present election has been one of exciting interest, and the entire vote polled for Mayor, 81,437, equals, if not surpasses, the vote polled in local contests. There were four candidates in the field, and Mr. John T. Hoffman, now Recorder of the City of New York, polled 40,333 votes, a majority of 1,555 over the next highest candidate, and was consequently elected.

John T. Hoffman, the successful candidate, is so well known to the people of New Yorkers a biography is superfluous. For those who would know the man that for the next two years will be Chief Magistrate of the largest city of this Republic, we will give a brief sketch.

Mr. Hoffman is the son of Dr. Hoffman, of Sing Sing, and was born in that village. His father, who was one of the leading physician of that noted village, and still resides there in the old family mansion, where he has resided for the past fifty years or more of his practice. The subject of our sketch was born in Sing Sing, and is at present about forty years of age. At the usual age he was sent to college, and graduated about twenty-one years ago at the old Union College in Schenectady, N. Y., after which he was immediately drawn into the political vortex of the day, with how much success is evidenced by his rapid rise to rank and distinction. Before entering upon the duties connected with the office the New York bar for many years, and was a member of the bar from the year 1845 to the year 1857, when he was lost in the steamer Arctic, the second in at present one of the Supreme Court Judges, and Mr. Hoffman was appointed to fill the vacancy thus created, and to which he was elected the second time by an overwhelming majority over the opposing democratic and republicans. The firm and just stand which he took in the matter of the Metropolitan Police Commissioners July riots, is of too recent date to require further allusion. He was re-elected by over 60,000 majority.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DEAF MAN.

"THE reason why I was so late in getting into the carriage," commenced the old gentleman, "was an interesting conversation in which I was engaged with the stoker. I am very sorry to say, at this very train. Seeing a knot of persons collected round him, and being naturally curious, I joined them in listening to a graphic account he was giving of an accident which occurred last week at this end of the line, and in which he was, from some sort, an actor. He ran his engine, that is to say, over a respectable gentleman in the neighborhood of Weston-super-mare—or, as he termed it, super-major —and of course stopped his train. I never saw a more remarkable in the circumstances themselves, but the homely expressions and dramatic manner of the narrator were so striking that I cannot give you the story as he told it, but produced upon me.

"'I was full as old gentleman upon the line,' said he, 'a walking along, about a mile and a half ahead, with his hands in his pockets, whistling—whistling away like a blue thinkin' or nothing like—certainly, not of me, behind me, coming down the hill with a couple of trucks at forty miles an hour. So I whistles away merrily enough.

"'Good heavens!' I cried, 'you surely cannot mean to tell me that you whistled, when a fellow-creature was placed in so perilous a position as you describe?'

"'I made my engine whistle, I mean,' explained the stoker, apologetically, 'and I suppose I was as sensible as if it was me, sir. I shrieked, I say, in a manner as was a-making to warn him, but not a bit would the old gentleman get out of the way or turn his head, by which means I should have thought he was deaf, only he was not stone deaf. We reversed, we put our break on, and we turned off our steam, but I don't know, ye, it was too late for use, for we couldn't have pulled up under a mile, at least, with a train of that weight. The old gentleman turned round and threw up his arms, like this!'

"'Gracious goodness!' I exclaimed, interrupted, with a shudder, 'do you mean to say that you ran over him?'

"'Lor' bless ye, sir, why of course we did. We was a-going at forty miles an hour, sir—like one, two, three.'

The silence which succeeded in our compartment to this awful announcement was broken by the young commercial traveler, who observed drily—

"Yes, sir, I think I recollect what you have described so graphically happened to my uncle."

"The old gentleman's hair evinced a desire to fly up from the roots.

"He was killed, of course?"

"No. That man has been passed over him, merely removing the skin from the tip of his nose. The engine has been in use ever since, and is now driving the next part of the ballast. If he hadn't been deaf, he would perhaps have gone mad with the noise."

A ROMANTIC CASE.

A STRANGE story is told by a Paris correspondent of a Middle. Edith P——, a young lady of good family, both mentally and physically handsome, an accomplished musician, and who published some years ago, several of her own compositions, which evinced celebrity. As she also happened to possess considerable personal attractions, she soon had a swarm of admirers buzzing round her. Among the most ardent was a lad of one of the most ardent among them some letters capable of being turned against her. A German, a foreigner, a stranger, they will be very soon on the scene, falls in love with the lady, and makes her his wife. Her barbarous, cruel father, who had kept the letter from the letters before spoken of, endeavors by hook or by crook, to get back from her hands. "Or, *par bonne bruit, Dieu le sait*," says the old French proverb; and so it is a series of circumstances, which we need not be discovering them all; but instead of making an *auto-da-fe* of them, as the old father had done, the lady, with more sensitive, she placed them in a private drawer, in order to preserve them as a memento of her early days. Meanwhile the baroness finds, to her horror, that the letters have disappeared—that they are gone. She waits for a day, for a month passes, and no clue is found to the thief, till, only a few days ago, a letter was received by the newspaper, presents himself to the baroness, stating his name, and that he was the most persona. And, of course, is the possessor of the letters, having bought them from her father-in-law. Shocked at this, and dramatic style, he demands an exorbitant sum for th return of the letters, which they will be willing to give, that in such a way as to ruin the reputation of the lady. The baroness, overcome with grief at the discovery, and being patience, has him thrust out of the house. This person must be a lawyer, who, using his position in Paris, upon his rets to his office clients to obtain possession of the letters, and the means he tells the story. A clerk in the outer office, a sort of "Bob Cratchit," is the only one who is admitted to it, and overhears this confidential chat. The result is that this worthy clerk communicates the fact to a brother-in-law office clerk!) places the letters once more in the hands of the unfortunate lady, and they will be seen no more. Nothing ought to have done before—she tells her husband that they were lost—and there the matter has rested, which he tosses behind the fire unopened. Now comes in the Police Correctionelle. The respectable man of business, who is being robbed of papers entrusted to his keeping, calls in a police officer, and the clerk and the lawyer are locked up. The matter comes before the proper tribunal, investigations are made, and the lawyer is condemned to five years' prison. The respectable man of business takes his place on the bench of honor, and the lawyer's case in first publication of the letters has yet to be discovered.

A CHILD FRIGHTENED TO DEATH BY A MINISTER.

The London *Times*, of Sept. 20th, reports the following painful case, which has excited much feeling in that city, and caught consequent on beholding a minister: "Last evening, Mr. Edward Mitchell, Coroner for Middlesex, held an inquiry, at the Wellington Tavern, Cannon street road, Stepney, on the body of a child which died under circumstances of a very painful nature. Mrs. Emma Young, 129 St. George's street, Ratcliff, said that the deceased was her child, and deceased was my daughter. On Friday last, at twelve o'clock, I left the deceased with her mother, and returned to her about half-past one. I was accompanied by my nurse, Mrs. Richmond, and a girl named Ann Jones. I found deceased sitting by our side, in perfect health. We arrived rather late, and the minister had got into the reading desk at the time of my arrival. When he came out the deceased was terrified at his appearance, and screamed out, 'Oh, mother, look at the minister!' Mrs. Richmond had to carry her out to the churchyard, and when she returned to me I saw that she had blood in the face, and foaming at the mouth. She could not speak, and died in my arms. Dr. Hardy, the medical man was prescribed for. She was taken home, and put into bed, and I sent for Dr. Hardy. Death took place during the night. The post-mortem examination showed that the deceased died from the effects of fright, a portion of the brain were full of blood. The body was well nourished. He should say, from the history of the case, that the child died from fright. The jury returned a verdict, 'That the deceased child died from the mortal effects of a shock from fright, at the appearance of a minister in a surplice, while churching her mother.'"

An elderly gentleman, traveling in a stage coach, was amused by the constant fire of words kept up between two editors. One of them, at last, kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache, when the gentleman, with a great deal of naivete,

"No, ma'am, I have been married 25 years!"

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Little girl's tight-fitting pardessus, of cloth or velvet, edged and trimmed with narrow gimp. Felt hat, with a velvet brim.

Fig. 2.—Morning dress, of silver-gray cashmere, or silk, trimmed down the front with cherry-colored satin, edged with braid. A rich cherry-silk cord and tassel confines it at the waist. Cord and tassel epaulets. Puffings of white tulle, strapped with satin ornament, the inner side of the sleeve, which is close at the wrist. Chemisette, with cherry satin cravat. Cap of tulle, trimmed with blonde and cherry satin ribbon.

Fig. 3.—Walking costume. —Dress and paletot of poplin. The dress is quite plain, and is made in the Gabrielle style. The paletot is tight-fitting, bordered and richly ornamented with satin; coat sleeves, trimmed with velvet buttons. Velvet bonnet, shirred.

Fig. 4.—Paletot for a little girl, of from five to seven years.—It is of gray plush, trimmed with braid and jet beads.

Figs. 5 and 8.—Paletot for a little girl, of from seven to nine years.—It is of gray cloth. The fans, which compose the trimmings, are of the same material, and are ornamented with braid, bugles, and jet buttons.

Fig. 6.—Paletot for a little girl of from nine to eleven years.—The garment is made of blue shaggy cloth. In front, it is in the form of a sack; but the back and sides are more or less tight-fitting. The trimming consists of five rows of heavy black braid, between a cord of silk, dotted with jet beads.

Fig. 7.—Sack paletot for a boy, of from five to seven years.—It is made of black cloth, and is trimmed with galoon. The sleeve is of the new shape. The back is without a seam. Jet buttons ornament the front.

Fig. 9.—Pelisse for a little girl, of from four to six years.—The cape and cape are made of plaid flannel, wadded, and lined with blue merino. It is bound with a silk cord.

Nos. 10 and 11.—Back and front of the Africaine paletot.—It is made of dark blue plush. The trimming consists of heavy black silk cord, braid, fringe, and jet buttons, and agraffes. There is a little hood at the back, and revers upon the coat sleeves.



LITTLE GIRL'S PARDESSUS. MORNING DRESS. WALKING COSTUME



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

BACK AND FRONT OF THE AFRICAINE PALETOT.

FEARFUL COLLISION OF CARS

In the Heart of the City.

A TERRIBLE and novel accident occurred on the 4th of December, at the junction of 3d and 4th Avenues and 5th street, by the collision of an iron-clad car with one of the city cars of the 3d Avenue road, to the total destruction of the latter, and the killing and wounding of many persons.

It appears that the express car, driven by Charles H. Hankins, left the depot, in Centre street, at the regular time, to connect with the train, at the station, at East 42d street, where steam is put on. After wheeling into the Bowery, from Grand street, the driver laid on his way until he came to the series of crossings, or "forks," of the road, which occur nearly opposite 5th street, in the Bowery, at which point the 3d Avenue city cars, running down, cross the Harlem railroad track.

Here the freight express car met car No. 53 of the city line, driven by Michael Horan, running on its down-ward trip, towards the Astor House, at about seven and a half o'clock. They met near, or at, the very point of the crossing of the roads, the city car endeavoring to get across the line of the 4th avenue track, and the express car endeavoring to get the track, so as to run up the 4th avenue.

Here the two came together with a fearful crash, the large iron car absolutely crushing the other into such fragments as to be utterly part all idea of repair, throwing the passengers in every direction about the street, running over the wreck, and carrying its course many yards beyond.

A scene of the greatest alarm and excitement immediately ensued; the shrieks, and cries, and moans which issued from the small car, and soon afterwards from the pavement, at once attracting the many persons who are always to be found in the Bowery, particularly between 8th and 9th streets, at that hour of the evening. One passenger in the city car, who was instantly killed, was soon afterwards taken away, and a

have been injured in a very serious manner.

It was pretty generally conceded that both the car drivers were intoxicated, and that nothing but the most gross carelessness could have caused such a disaster. The most extraordinary part of the matter is how any one of the passengers escaped death or severe injury, when the total wreck of the city car was taken into consideration. One poor girl had in her hand, at the time of the collision, her pocket-book, with considerable money in it, which was not only lost, but her clothes were absolutely left in tatters. The neighbors showed their hospitality by extending all possible aid to the sufferers, while the dead was being dragged from under the wheels and debris.

No collision has ever occurred, in the annals of railroading, in which a car was so completely and thoroughly smashed up as in this one. How more lives were not lost, or how even one passenger escaped without fatal injury, is certainly miraculous. The passengers were scattered in the street in all directions by the force of the collision.

The crowd was very much excited, and expressed angry feelings in an uncompromising manner. There have been several persons run over from time to time at the crossings of the tracks at this point, and this is the second collision which has taken place here, a fact that can be readily accounted for, if the public will look upon our illustration of three weeks since upon this subject.

AN EAST INDIAN SEXTON.

"RATHER a strange fancy of yours, to live upon such amicable terms with the great enemy of the human race."

"Well, perhaps it is. But he once bit and killed a thief who came here to rob a child's grave of the iron railings, which its parents, contrary to my advice, had placed round it, and ever since then I have liked the snake, and have never thought of molesting him. I have had many an opportunity of killing him (if I had wished to do it) when I have caught him asleep on the tombstones, in the vigilant sun. I could kill him this very day—this very hour—if I liked, for I know where he is at this very moment; he is in a hole, close to the Ochterlony monument there, in that corner of the yard. But why should I hurt him? He has never offered to do me any harm; and when I sing, as I sometimes do, when I am alone here, at work on some tomb or other, he will crawl up, and listen for two or three hours together. One morning, while he was listening, he came in for a good meal, which lasted him some days."

"How was that?" [redacted]

"I will tell you, sir. A minar was chased by a small hawk, and, in despair, came and perched itself on the top of a most lofty tomb, at which I was at work. The hawk, with his eyes fixed intently on his prey, did not, I fancy, see the snake lying motionless in the grass; or, if he did see him, thought him something else—my crowbar, perhaps. After a little while the hawk pounced down, and was just about to give the minar a blow and a grip, when the snake suddenly lifted his head, raised his hood, and hissed. The hawk gave a shriek, fluttered, flapped his wings with all his might, and tried very hard to fly away. But it would not do. Strong as the eye of the hawk was, the eye of the snake was stronger. The hawk, for a time seemed suspended in the air; but, at last, he was obliged to come down, and sit opposite to the old gentleman (the snake), who commenced, with his forked tongue, and keeping his eyes upon him all the while, to slime his victim all over. This occupied him for at least forty minutes, and by the time the process was over, the hawk was perfectly motionless. I don't think he was dead; but he was very soon, however, for the old gentleman put him into a cell or two, and cracked up every bone in the hawk's body. He then gave him another sliming, made a big mouth, distended his neck till it was as big round as the thickest part of my arm, and down went the hawk like a shin of beef into a beggarman's bag."

"And what became of the minar?"

"He was off like a shot, sir, the moment his enemy was in trouble, and no blame to him. What a funny thing nature is altogether, eh? I very often think of that scene when I am at work here."

"But this place must be infested with snakes?"

"I have never seen but that one, sir, and I have been here for a long time. Would you like to see the old gentleman, sir? As the sun is up, and the morning rather warm, perhaps he will come out, if I pretend to be at work, and give him a ditty. If he does not, we will look in upon him."

"Come along," said I.

I accompanied the old man to a tomb, close to the monument, beneath which the snake was said to have taken up his abode. I did not go very near to the spot, but stood upon a tomb, with a thick stick in my hand quite prepared to slay the monster, if he approached me; for, from my childhood, I have always had an instinctive horror of reptiles of every species, caste, and character.

The old man began to hammer away with his mallet and chisel, and to sing a very quaint old song, which I had never heard before, and have never heard since. But this ditty did not bring out the snake. I remarked this to the old man, who replied:

"He hasn't made his toilet yet—hasn't rubbed his scales up, sir; but he'll be here presently. You will see. Keep your eye on that hole, sir. I am now going to give him a livelier tune, which is a great favorite of his."

And forthwith he struck up an old song, beginning:

"'Twas in the merry month of May,
When bees from flower to flower did hum."

Out came the snake before the song was half over. Before it was concluded, he had crawled slowly, and (if I dare use such a word) rather majestically, to within a few paces of the spot where the old man was standing.

"Good morning to you, sir!" said the old man to the snake. "I am happy to see you in your new suit of clothes. I have picked up your old suit, and I have got it in my pocket, and a very nice pair of slippers my old wife will make out of it. The last pair that she made out of your rejected apparel were given, as a present, to Colonel Cureton, who, like myself, very much resembled the great General Blücher in personal appearance. Who will get the pair of which I have now the makings, heaven only knows. Perhaps old Brigader White, who has also a Blücher cut about him. What song would you like next? Kathleen Mavourneen? Yes, I know that is a pet song of yours; and you shall have it."

The old man sang the melody with a tenderness and feeling which quite charmed me as well as the snake, who coiled himself up, and remained perfectly still. Little reason as I had to doubt the truth of any of the old man's statements, I certainly should have been sceptical as to the story of the snake, if I had not witnessed the scene I have attempted to describe.

"Well, sir," said the old man, coming up to me, after he had made a salaam to the snake and left him, "it is almost breakfast-time, and I will, with your permission, bid you good morning."

MEYERBEER'S OPERA OF L'AFRICAINE.

FOR years the music-loving people of the world have been agitated with the hope of seeing this opera, and at last have been gratified, as far as New York is concerned, by its production at the Academy of Music in the most elegant style.

The works of Meyerbeer have always been celebrated for their polish, and yet through this polish and care, the beauty of idea shines pre-eminent.



JOHN T. HOFFMANN, THE MAYOR ELECT OF NEW YORK.

The story of the opera, when viewed as a probability, is a failure, but when looked upon as an operatic necessity, is just the thing.

The first act introduces us to Inez, the betrothed of Vasco di Gama, the mariner. Of course the match is opposed, and Inez is compelled to marry Don Pedro after being assured that Vasco had perished at sea. Contrary to expectations, however, Vasco turns up, and appears before the Royal Council of Portugal, and proposes to add vast unknown lands to the territory of that realm, if ships and means are given to prosecute another voyage. To prove that such lands do exist, he produces two Indians whom he purchased in the slave market, whose complexion and language differ from those of all known nations. The Council reject his proposals, and discredit all his assertions. Vasco is indignant, rates the Council soundly for their ignorance and bigotry, and is consequently thrown into prison together with his slaves.

The second act discovers Vasco in prison, his slave Selika watching. That he has rescued her from harsh slavery, and been kind to her, is sufficient to engender in her heart a passionate love, of which he knows nothing. The other slave, Nelusko, loves her secretly, while he honors her as his queen in her own land. Jealous of Vasco, he endeavors to kill him, but is prevented by the watchful Selika. In the meantime, Don Pedro has got possession of all Vasco's plans and charts, through Nelusko, and has procured himself to be proclaimed governor of all the undiscovered countries, and also ships and men to enable him to look for the land which he goes out to govern. Urged by Inez, he procures the release of Vasco, tells him what he has done, and after purchasing Selika and Nelusko, leaves him, to embark with his wife, on a voyage of doubtful issue.

The third act discovers the whole party on shipboard. It seems to be a happy family until Vasco di Gama appears on the deck (he having procured a ship, in which he followed the course of his beloved Inez), and informs Don Pedro that a storm is coming on, that the ship is close to a dangerous coast, hard to weather in a storm, and infested by predatory Indians. Before Don Pedro, in a flush of gratitude, can imprison Vasco below, the storm comes on, the ship is struck by lightning, and the crew are severely struck by the Indians, who swarm over the deck and take the whole party prisoners.

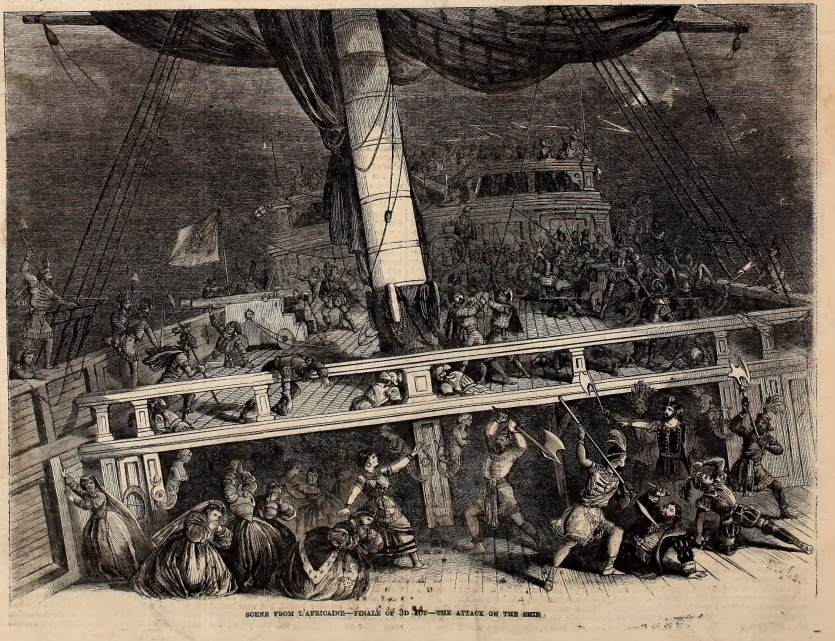
The fourth act presents Selika as Queen, the ship having foundered fortunately on her own shores. Don Pedro and all his sailors, having been dispatched and probably eaten, the ladies are reserved for the delicate attention of the sacrifice. Vasco being a sea-dog, of course is saved, and wandering along forlorn and wretched, naturally sings, which betrays him to the savages, who, singing themselves, are not at all moved by his vocal display, and are on the point of clubbing him, when Selika rushes in and arrests their savage intent. Of course the Grand Priest of Brahmah is immediately called in to investigate the matter. Selika boldly avows that Vasco di Gama saved her from slavery, and married her in a Christian country, consequently that he is her husband, to prove which delicate fabrication she calls Nelusko as witness. The gentle savage swallows his disgust, determined to sacrifice himself for the woman he loves, and takes his oath that Selika's story is strictly correct. This being perfectly satisfactory, the lovers are left to their raptures. Vasco being accustomed to box the compass and look out for a change of wind, discovers that he positively adores Selika, and has just clasped her to his beating heart, when, in the grove near by, he hears the voice of his beloved Inez chanting her death song. What he felt being too great for expression, the curtain is considerately dropped.

The fifth act reveals the misery and the magnanimity of the Queen Selika. Being satisfied that her love is unrequited, she sets the lovers free, and as they sail from the principal port of entry of her kingdom she seeks the unfrequented shadow of the Upas tree, and dies a martyr to her generosity and love.

We have already spoken of the elegance of its production, and it is only necessary to add that the splendid scenic effects are followed by most accurate and showy costumes, and that each member of the company did their best, feeling a professional pride in the great work they had been called on to execute.

Carozzi Zucchi, Mazzolini and Bellini, sustain the brunt of the labor, and do it with force and feeling, while Mr. Carl Bergmann, with an orchestra that cannot be surpassed in the world, comes in for a large share of the honors.

It is unnecessary to say, under the circumstances, that the houses have been filled to repletion, and that the opera is the musical sensation of the season.



SCENE FROM L'AFRICAINE—FINALE OF 3D ACT—THE ATTACK ON THE SHIP.

PASSING AWAY

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

THE leaves have lost their summer gloss,
And now are faded, dry and sere;
A brooding sense of nameless loss
Weighs on my heart while musing here.
Here, where my steps were wont to roam:
The woodland paths at close of day,
While now the sun's last lingering glance
Is passing from the fickle away.

Alas! the winds are growing cold,
That once were soft, and sweet, and bland;
The lavish Autumn's faded gold
Is scattered wide across the land.
Ah, me! the wind's complaining voice,
The barren fields, the leaf's decay,
Remind me that the waning year
Is passing from the earth away.

The old man sighs, "Alas! alas!"
His bitter days are full of pain;
The summer months, how swift they pass!
When will the warm sun shine again?
He shuts the aged eyes, and dreams
Himself once more a child at play.
He wakes again, and sighs "Alas!
My life is passing swift away."

"Ah, me!" she sighs, who smooths a braid
Of auburn, or of chestnut hair;
"So long a time, and still a maid,
Who once was thought so wondrous fair."
Again she turns, and in the glass,
Sets right the shining braid satisy;
"Ah, me!" she sighs, "my precious youth
Is passing from my life away!"

"Too late!" grieves one, whose cherished schemes
Were like the web the spider weaves;
"Too late, alas! my golden dreams
Have faded like the autumn's leaves!"
The primrose of the latter year
He finds unlike to that of May,
And sighs, "Alas! my castles all,
Are crumbling, one by one, away!"

Oh, Time! that dries our bitter tears,
And heals with joy our grief and pain,
Deal gently with our future years,
And lend us blessings in thy train!
So, while I shape this earnest prayer,
And close with it a worthless lay,
I find, even while I wove these rhymes,
One silent hour has passed away.

The Missing Diamond.

BY E. L. GORDON.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when I returned from the lecture-room, and seated myself before the glowing anthracite, which my kind landlady had prepared for me. Everything, without and within, seemed to wear a new aspect—all was cheerfulness.

True, I had, that afternoon, received the degree of M. D., but then it was only awarded after nearly four years of patient and unremitting study. I did not feel that my fortune was made; yet, there was that satisfaction, that serenity of mind which follows the completion of a laborious undertaking.

Four years before I had, in one short month, seen the grave close over my earthly parents. I had no cousin, or uncle, or aunt to advise but one uncle and his family, consisting of a wife and a daughter, and they lived far down in the sunny South. I looked to no one for sympathy.

When my father was stricken down, a letter was dispatched to my uncle, his brother. He arrived just in time to see the last sigh, which my mother owe to fellow mortals, performed. Just in time to see his only brother buried. He remained but a short time, but in that short time my affairs were arranged, and I was placed under the tutorship of that good man, Dr. Vail. The professor of medicine was mine from choice; and my kind-hearted uncle heartily approved of it.

After settling the estate left me by my parents, it was found that there would be sufficient to enable me to complete my studies, and have something remaining, provided that I practiced a little economy. And my uncle, with a "God bless and prosper you," left me, in a new sphere truly, to return to the bosom of his family.

The remainder of those days came flitting across my memory like "shadows over streams," but my mind was in no mood for sorrowing.

The question where shall I locate? had been asked a number of times, but as yet remained unanswered.

I was abating in my mind whether it would be better to settle down in one of the older towns of the east, and patiently wait for practice, or go to some one of the western ones, there to grow in practice as population increased, and eventually, when riper years were mine, to be satisfied with the honor of being identified, from the beginning, with the flourishing city of ——vell, no difference about the name, when a gentle tap at the door aroused me.

"A letter," said a domestic, as I opened the door.

Why it was, I cannot tell, but it seemed to me, at that moment, that the question of my locating was settled. The letter was from my uncle, Judge Raymond. It was simply a written request to induce me to emigrate to the flourishing town of G——, in Texas. His reasons for advising such a move met my approval, and an hour later I had made the resolve that influenced, in no small degree, my after life.

Six weeks later and I, with several others, was traveling, by stage, from M—— to G——. It was nearly sundown when I caught the first glimpse of my destination. It was, indeed, a pretty village, and my hopes seemed about to be realized. As we entered the town, I could see that there was an unusual excitement.

No attention was paid to the entrance of the stage, or, at least, not so much as would be in one of our New England towns. The people all seemed hurrying towards the public square; men, women, and children.

"You may put me down at Judge Raymond's," said I, to the driver, as the rest of the passengers alighted at the Star; at the same time, handing him the extra fare, always expected by that class, for conferring favors, no difference how small.

A few minutes afterwards he drew up the horses in front of an aristocratic-looking dwelling, surrounded by a profusion of flowers, plants, shrubs and trees.

"This is the place," said the driver, and I alighted.

There were a number of ladies standing on the verandah, and among them I at once recognized the well-known countenance of my aunt. She advanced to meet me in true Southern style; but that pale-faced woman, who could it be Ella Raymond? How changed. She was white as marble. Her eyes sunken, and melancholy. My aunt received me kindly, saying that she was glad that I had arrived at that opportune time. But her remarks were cut short by the wild exclamations of Ella, who, by this time, had me by the hand.

"You won't believe him guilty. You will try to save him, will you not, Charles; yes, I know you will."

I caught her in my arms, for I perceived that she was about to faint. There was no time to make inquiries, and, with the assistance of my mother, I got her into the house. The ladies, on the verandah, had passed to the other side of the house, and did not come in until after I had gained the apparently lifeless form upon the sofa. Some simple restoratives were given, and, in a few moments, I had the satisfaction of seeing her returning to consciousness.

The visitors withdrew, and left me alone with my aunt and cousin. The latter was the first mention of Ella's independence. A few words sufficed to explain. A murder had been committed, and the affianced husband, Stewart Mill, charged with it. Mill, had been arrested on charge of committing the same. My aunt added that she, Ella, was so infatuated, so blind in her love, as to remain in the harbor, for a single moment, the thought that he was guilty. I thought she spoke in a manner that showed a want of faith in the fair sex of the fair girl, and was about to ask some further questions, when my uncle came in, which put a stop to the conversation, for the time being, upon that subject. Ella had returned to consciousness, and the first few moments of Judge Raymond's time were divided between welcoming me and caressing his daughter.

My aunt arose to leave the room.

"I must go," she said, "and beg pardon of my visitors for not introducing you. And I suppose the exigencies of the occasion will be sufficient excuse for the apparent neglect."

I made no reply, as she continued:

"Charles, as Ella seems to be over the attack, had you not better arrange your toilet, and go with me into the dining-room, as there is, no doubt, curiosity to see *the stranger*."

I know not the reason, but I felt like answering her in a manner that would not well accord with the rules of etiquette.

"No, aunt, Ella still needs attention, and I am too much fatigued to think of anything else than being an ordeal," said I, in a tone none the sweetest.

This settled the matter, and she left the room.

A few moments elapsed, when she returned with the gratifying intelligence that her visitors were gone,—principally because I was interested in the fair patient before me.

It was not long afterwards that my uncle led the way to the room that was to be mine, and at the door of which was no sooner closed than I threw myself upon a lounge, and began to puzzle my brain about what was best to be done. I had learned enough from the almost incoherent expressions of Ella, when returning to consciousness, to satisfy me that there was some mystery connected with the murder. Her firm belief that her lover was innocent, was no proof; yet, I thought that in spite of that, he might be guilty. The servant summoned me to supper, I had fully determined to know *all*.

I met my uncle and aunt in the hall, from whence we immediately proceeded to the dining-room. As yet *they* had learned but few of the particulars of the tragedy, and seemed quite willing, any motive to induce one in Stewart Mill's position, to commit such a crime. That my aunt believed him guilty I could see, but she seemed too shrewd to commit herself, and after discussing the simple viands spread before us, he proceeded that we should go out on the piazza.

"Perhaps," said he, "the excitement has abated, so that we can learn something a little more satisfactory."

But in this he was mistaken, as we found that the crowd collected in the square were becoming more boisterous, and clamorous for the blood of the prisoner. Each person to whom we directed any inquiries was sure to tell a different story from the others.

My uncle introduced me to a few of the leading citizens, but the excitement was so high, that I do not believe I would have been remembered by them in fifteen minutes afterwards, as the sequel will show. I had no difficulty in undoing what was done in that brief period that we remained among that incensed mob.

At last, tired out, and vexed at our ill success, we wended our way homeward. The inquest was to be held as soon as the necessary witnesses arrived, but no one seemed to know when that would be; an hour; in the morning; to-morrow; it was all surmising, nothing positive.

When we returned, Ella was sitting in a large arm-chair, her head resting upon her hand, and her pale face speaking more plainly than could words, the intense mental agony which she was suffering. I drew a chair close to hers, and in a professional way, asked whether she was better. She did not answer, but turned as that her melancholy eyes rested upon me. I broke the silence again by saying:

"Ella, cousin, can you not confide in me? Are you afraid to trust me, either to administer medicine or advice?"

"Charles, I am not sick. Oh! that *he* was in no more danger than I am."

"I beg of you to calm yourself. All hope is not gone. He is not dead, neither has he been convicted of the crime. Tell me all; if there are tangible reasons for believing *him* not guilty, I will not rest until he is released."

I felt that something must be done, or a spirit would soon be released from its frail tenement, or a mind wrecked on the shores of insanity. At length she said:

"I know he is not guilty." And then she paused. I waited some time, but she did not seem inclined to proceed. Again I said:

"Can you not confide in me? Am I——"

"Yes, yes, I will tell you all—everything—don't say that I cannot confide you—I can, I will!"

"We, that is, Stewart Mill and I, were to be married in one month. He is the son of a wealthy planter, and resides some twelve miles from here. I have been acquainted with him for three years, or ever since he returned from college; my heart has been his since that time, and I know him to be the embodiment of honor; he would die rather than commit a mean act. He was here this morning, and with him, Mr. Gilpryer, and was happy in my consent to accompany him, was returning to make the necessary preparations for the marriage, when, as I approached, I saw the people hurrying too and fro, and ran to the gate to learn the cause of the intense excitement. Jules Pierre was stretched out at that moment. He had a gun on his shoulder, a brace of birds in his hand. His face was pale and haggard.

"I have since heard of the murder, Miss Raymond?" he said.

"Murder!" and a cold shudder ran through my frame. "Who?" I gasped, rather than articulated.

"John Rhodes, the mail-carrier, was shot about half an hour before Stewart Mill, who, after killing him, attempted to rob the mail."

I heard no more; and when, after an hour, I again returned to consciousness, I found myself lying on the sofa, attended by my parents and the family physician.

Jules Pierre was gone, but I distinctly recalled the shade of fiendish delight that played over his countenance, as he uttered the words that pierced my heart like pointed steel. He is a rejected suitor, and one so far forgot himself as to swear that he would have revenge. It may be wrong, heaven forgive me if I am, but I believe Jules Pierre to be the murderer, and, through John Rhodes, Stewart Mill the victim.

"Who is Jules Pierre," I asked, as she ceased speaking.

"A young South Carolinian, who has been here about three months."

"What his business? What occupation does he follow?"

"None; he represents himself as being the son of a wealthy planter."

"From what direction was he approaching when you first saw him?"

"By the east road."

"The murder was committed on the north?"

"Yes."

These questions were asked, because I considered Jules Pierre, to say the least, a very indiscreet person, and felt that every word might be of advantage.

"You said that Jules Pierre was a rejected suitor, and that he once made threats in your presence. Have you, dear, do you remember?"

"About one month ago."

"Were you engaged to Stewart Mill at that time?"

"We have been engaged for more than two years."

Notwithstanding my previous intention of not being present at the inquest, this conversation with Ella changed it, and I determined to go.

Ella begged me, with tears in her eyes, to accompany me, which he readily consented to do, after inquiring after the condition of his daughter, and being assured that there was now no danger of a relapse, unless over-excited upon the subject which absorbed her whole being.

Mr. Mill, the father of Stewart, brought us to the house in which the body of the murdered man had been deposited. But in that short time I decided upon what was now no danger of a relapse, unless over-excited upon the subject which absorbed her whole being.

Mr. Mill, the father of Stewart, brought us to the house in which the body of the murdered man had been deposited. But in that short time I decided upon what was now no danger of a relapse, unless over-excited upon the subject which absorbed her whole being.

He spoke kindly to me when I went on to explain my reasons for so doing, he readily consented. I furthermore requested him to introduce me to Jules Pierre, to which request he consented itself. I had a desire to form his acquaintance. The inquest was very tedious. The facts elicited were as follows:

Three men—respectable citizens of the village—were going on horseback to M——. At a short distance from town they heard the report of a gun, revolver, or pistol, but thought nothing of it, until they had rode some two hundred rods, when they saw Rhodes lying in the road, and the green bank by the roadside, and saw a man disappearing over the hill beyond—Stewart Mill was that man. The testimony of these three, a revolver was produced, which had been picked up, not more than three rods from where the deed was committed. Several persons testified to its being the property of the afore named. The ball extracted from the body was smaller than those used in the revolver, while a careful examination showed that not only were all the barrels of the revolver loaded, but were loaded with the ammunition. These facts produced some difference of opinion, but *very popular* was against the prisoner, and a verdict was brought in that the deceased came to his death through the *agency* of Stewart Mill. I know not how others felt, but I can state that there was one that did not believe him guilty.

I retired that night, revolving the foregoing facts in my mind, until near daylight, when I fell into a troubled, dreamy sleep.

On awakening the next morning, I determined to see the prisoner, and hear his version of the affair. Through the influence of my uncle, it was no difficult task to gain admittance, and I entered the cell of the accused alone. I shall never forget that moment. Seated on a rude bench, with face pale and haggard, sat as noble a specimen of the *genus homo*, as I ever looked upon, and when his eyes met mine, I felt I would have sworn that the *thought* of murder had never entered his mind. He arose and advanced towards me. I was completely nonplused, and scarcely knew what to say; but at length told him, in answer to his question, why I was there, that I was on an errand of mercy, and although a stranger, considered, I was his friend. He grasped my hand; his whole frame shook, and he simply said:

"It is useless, the case is too clear, everything is against me."

"You do not mean to say that you are guilty?"

"No; but circumstances are against me. I have studied the matter carefully, and, notwithstanding that I am as innocent as you, I believe there is no hope."

"If a stranger, yet a messenger from one that loves you dearer than her own life, should tell you Ella for an hour, would you believe me? would you take courage, and give a true account of the whole affair, as far as you were connected with it?"

"Ella Raymond, do you know her?"

"Yes; and had it not been for her, I would not now be here."

"Does she think that I am guilty?"

And I fancied that he has brightened in anticipation of a favorable answer.

"She believes you innocent, and nothing but the assertion to the contrary from your own lips, can ever make her believe otherwise."

"God be praised! I had determined to make no defence, as life would only be a burden, had she thought me guilty. I will tell you all."

And in a firmer voice, he told the following:

"I had been up to Judge Raymond's to engage Ella for an excursion to Millgrove. She had consented to go, and I was on my way home to complete my arrangements, when, as I was passing through the woods in Green Hollow, I saw a horse running, which I at once recognized as John Rhodes'. In two minutes after, I saw a sight which caused me to recoil. It was the body of John Rhodes struggling in the last convulsions of death. I dismounted, and raised him up. It was then that I found that he had been shot. I did not hear the report of the gun. Probably I was too much absorbed in my own happiness. As soon as I fully comprehended the situation, I glanced around; the mail bag was not there. My other faculties were disturbed, I know not. As I mounted my horse to go for assistance, I fancied, perhaps, that I saw a man ride behind a large cotton-wood tree, that stands about two hundred yards from where the deed was committed. I rushed, but could see no answer; and on my return to my horse, was soon at the nearest dwelling. My hands were covered with blood, and by some mishap—at least I was since prepared—I lost my revolver. To my utter dismay, there was no one at the dwelling, not even a servant could be seen. A white lady at the window was acting as sentinel, and I proceeded to wash the blood from my hands, preparatory to returning to the village, when the three citizens, whose testimony led to the conviction of the murder, met me, and charged me with being the murderer. My confusion, with the blood on my hands and clothes, seemed to strengthen their conclusion. 'You may consider yourself under arrest, Mr. Mill,' said one, 'and it will be our painful duty to guard you here, until proper officers can be sent for.' I expostulated, it was of no avail, and you, no doubt, know the rest from the testimony given last night. I have no fear, I feel that I am undone; yet it would not be so hard to die, if my friends, my parents, and above all, Ella Raymond, would not suffer by the foul blot, which I feel will for ever be a stigma of disgrace upon them."

"Do you know Jules Pierre?" I asked, after he had finished.

"The young South Carolinian. Yes, but why do you ask?"

I did not appear to hear his question.

"Did you see him on the morning of the murder?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"He was going out on the north road as I came into town. I spoke to him about the excursion, and asked him if he was going. He answered in the affirmative, and our interview or conversation I rode on. He had Judge Raymond's rifle."

I asked no other questions, but telling him to keep in good cheer, that I would see if something could not be done; I signified my desire to leave the jailer, who had stood on the door. I determined on the course that I would pursue. Going directly to Judge Raymond's I found that he was gone, and was told that Jules Pierre the morning before. No inquiries for a reason were made, but I could see that he thought that I was strangely changed. Another gun, then the balls, and finally, the patching, the judge all the time eyeing me intently.

"Uncle, you know what my motives are," I said, as I handed him back the gun, and started to the coroner's. I had been introduced to him on the previous evening. He met me with a pleasant smile, and asked me in. I informed him that I had a curiosity to see the ball which had been extracted from the body of John Rhodes, and had called on him for that purpose, if it was still

in his possession. He replied by furnishing it. I compared it with one that I had brought along. They were alike, the same size, and apparently from the same *mold*. I felt that I had struck the right track, which, by vigilantly following, would, no doubt, lead to the release of the innocent, and bring the guilty party to the punishment which he justly deserved.

When I returned I expressed a desire to visit the place where the murder was committed. My uncle, knowing the motives in view, offered no objections, but willingly agreed to accompany me. Two spirited horses soon carried us to the spot. I examined it minutely, but failed to discover anything that would fix suspicion on any one save Stewart Mill. At length, being somewhat fatigued and thirsty, I went down to a little brook which crossed the road some rods below.

Not finding a suitable place to quench my thirst, I wandered on up the little stream to where the water gurgled over the moss-covered rocks, and fell—a miniature cascade—below. Just as I was stooping down to drink, something very bright lying in the edge of the water caught my eye. It was a diamond pin, such as is frequently worn by gentleman. "Is this another step towards solving the mystery?" was the first thought that entered my mind. I proceeded to examine the place minutely. Footprints, small and but ill-defined, were found close to the edge of the brook. Shreds of moss, on the bank at the foot of a large cotton-wood tree, had been pulled up and scattered around, and on a root which was partially out of the ground, I discovered dark spots, which, upon close examination, proved to be blood. Further examination showed that some one had been there the day before. "Could this be the tree that Stewart Mill *fancied* that he saw a man dodge behind?" Some shreds of tow, with peculiar marks in the moss which I soon discovered, showed to my mind but too plainly that not only had the gun been loaded there, that sent the fatal bullet on its errand of death, but that previous to it the precaution had been taken "to wipe" it out. I felt satisfied in my own mind of Stewart Mill's innocence, and of the guilt of Jules Pierre, but as yet I had no tangible evidence to offer in the court-room.

When I returned to where I left my uncle, I found him slightly ruffled at my long absence, but a few words served to dispel the cloud, and we mounted our horses and turned their heads homeward.

As we rode along, conversing upon different topics, for the first time the thought of when the trial would come off entered my mind. I waited until our conversation began to break down into simple remarks before I asked the question. To my surprise I found that court convened on Monday—this was Friday—and that Stewart Mill would be tried before Judge Raymond, my uncle. I, at first, on hearing this, began to feel that I would have to tell him of my hopes, my fears, and the reasons for them, but when I had taken a second thought I determined to keep my own counsel.

"Has he—Stewart Mill—secured any counsel as yet?"

"Ellis Harrington has *volunteered* to defend him, but with all his sagacity and acuteness I cannot see how he, for one moment, expects to hold out against the overwhelming evidence that will be brought to bear against the unfortunate man."

"Well, I shall assist him; perhaps both of us can roll back the tide of evidence which threatens to engulf an *innocent* man."

The judge looked at me in surprise, and then broke into a satirical laugh.

"You assist him! You, who have never read five consecutive pages of Blackstone, and know nothing of our criminal code, setting yourself up as counsel in a case like this! Are you going crazy?"

"Going crazy, or not going crazy, I intend offering my services," said I, a little piqued at the manner in which he had spoken.

"Well, well, if your services are accepted, do what you can."

"I will clear Stewart Mill."

"Doubtful, very doubtful."

We were now in the suburbs of the village, and the conversation ceased.

As I walked into the parlor that evening with the intention of relieving, as far as possible, the mind of Ella by telling her my hopes, and what I had discovered, I found myself face to face with Jules Pierre. The introduction was formal, but my eye took in the whole man at a glance. Shortly afterwards Ella left the room, and our conversation became less reserved. He appeared to be well stocked with sympathy, both for my fair cousin and Stewart Mill; said he had been hunting the day before; had not seen Stewart Mill for some days; had never been in Green Hollow; thought that he would go out the next day; invited me to accompany him; I found him much inclined to boast; he talked of his plantation in South Carolina, of his servants, of his influential friends; I remarked that life certainly had many charms for one so favored.

"Yes," he replied, "I cannot deny it. I received a few days ago a talisman of love from those I left behind, but, unfortunately, it has either been purloined or I have lost it."

"Indeed! was it valuable?" I was afraid to say more.

"Worth about five thousand; a gentleman's pin; a diamond of the first water."

I controlled my feelings the best I could, as I said:

"You have been unfortunate, truly; and then to think that it was a gift."

"That is it; I would not let it bother me an hour had I *purchased* it."

"You may recover it yet," I said, not knowing what else to say.

"I hope so."

And, to my great relief, he changed the conversation. A half an hour after he took his leave, but not until I had promised to accompany him, on the morrow, to Green Hollow.

The day of the trial soon arrived, but I was ready. The Court House was crowded to overflowing, all seemed anxious to catch a glimpse of the prisoner; and, when he was brought in, I could see that there were but few, if any, persons besides myself that believed him innocent. He was pale, but his bearing was firm. At the usual question, "Guilty, or not guilty?" he arose and fixing his piercing black eyes upon Judge Raymond, he spoke, in tones so solemn, that even the Judge seemed moved:

"Not guilty, so help me God!" and he resumed his seat.

His eye wandered over the court-room. Nearly every face there was familiar, but I knew that he felt that there was, for him, a lack of sympathy. The jury being impanneled, some minor questions of law discussed, the examination of witnesses commenced. I sat by the side of Ellis Harrington. We had determined on our "line of defence."

When the witnesses were "handed over," Harrington did not ask a single question, but simply dismissed them. Curiosity was at its highest pitch; and when court adjourned in the evening, without a question being asked by the counsel for the defence, various were the surmises of all. No one was more puzzled than Judge Raymond. He thought we had decided to throw the prisoner upon the mercy of the court, without bringing any more evidence against him than we could avoid. Even the accused, although assured by me that all would be well, seemed to loose all hope, and to feel, as it were, that he was a condemned man.

The next morning the trial proceeded in the same manner. Harrington was a little pale, a little nervous, but he still maintained his silence. Only two more witnesses remained to be examined. The counsel for the prosecution was completely baffled, and he determined to "tack about."

"May it please your honor," said he, addressing the judge, "the evidence is overwhelming, and the defence, by *silence*, acknowledge it. It is useless to examine witnesses any further; we are only wasting time. I am willing to submit the case."

"Call the next witness," roared Harrington; "I am not done with this case yet."

The next witness was called, and disposed off in the same summary manner as those that preceded him. There was but one more; he was called. It was Jules Pierre. He took his seat on the witness-stand with perfect nonchalance. The prosecuting attorney asked a few questions, which, to him, were satisfactorily answered.

"You can go, Mr. Pierre."

"Hold! I have a few questions to ask of *this* witness," said Harrington.

I thought the cheek of Pierre blanched a little. I was certain that the muscles of his mouth twitched a little as he said to Harrington:

"Proceed."

The interest now manifested was intense, even breathing seemed, in a manner, suppressed, so profound was the silence.

"Is this your place of residence, Mr. Pierre?"

"No, sir."

"What is your business or occupation?"

"I am a gentleman."

"Were you acquainted with the deceased, John Rhodes?"

"I was."

"Are you acquainted with the prisoner, Stewart Mill?"

"I am."

"When did you see him last?"

"Before the murder?"

"Yes."

"Three days before, if I am not mistaken."

Harrington now arose, and, fixing his flashing eye upon the witness, said:

"Jules Pierre, I wish you to state to the court who it was that, on the morning of the murder, borrowed, from Judge Raymond, a gun; then proceeded to leave town by the north road; met Stewart Mill, the accused, and conversed with him about the excursion to Mill Grove; hunted in Green Hollow, killed one brace of birds, then again approached the road from the west; wiped and loaded the gun under a large cotton-wood tree; descended from there to the brook below, to get a drink, there lost the diamond pin, which I now show you; and then, with fiendish intent, the intent being double, first, to have *revenge* for an imaginary wrong, secondly, to replenish pockets not overstocked with money, shot John Rhodes, and deliberately proceeded to rob the United States mail?"

During these questions the witness sat as if transfixed, his face alternately livid and pale. As they were concluded, he shook like an aspen leaf. At last he gasped, rather than said:

"It is a lie! Who said I killed John Rhodes?"

"Judge Raymond, I demand that this man, the murderer, the self-convicted murderer, be arrested," roared Harrington, in tones that carried conviction to every mind.

But Jules Pierre was not to be taken without a struggle. He quickly drew a knife, and delivered such well-directed blows, that he well nigh escaped.

At length he was overpowered, and conveyed to the cell so lately occupied by Stewart Mill; but not until he had wounded several persons, some severely. The most intense excitement prevailed, both judge and jury left their places; it was evident that something must be speedily done, or the life of Jules Pierre would pay the forfeit. Some one suggested that he be made to confess. Immediately the cry of "Confession or death without mercy!" "Confession or death without mercy!" arose from nearly all. Jules Pierre heard it, and, to gain the respite of a few short hours, made a full confession, which accorded, in every particular, with the facts set forth by Harrington.

During this part of the scene, I had almost forgotten Stewart Mill. I found, on returning to the court-room, that he had fainted, when his innocence was no longer doubted by any one. Kneeling beside him, with tears streaming down her cheeks, was the now happy Ella Raymond. A little farther back, the father of Stewart Mill was supporting in his arms the partner of his life. Standing at the table, with lips compressed, and bright tears glistening in his eyes, was Judge Raymond. It was a scene for the pencil, not for the pen.

That night Judge Raymond threw open the doors of his mansion. All were invited to attend and partake of the festivities of the occasion. It is almost needless to say who were "the lions of the evening," as Judge Raymond was not long in informing all, that Stewart Mill owed his life to the untiring efforts of myself and Harrington. When all others stood ready to convict him, we alone were laboring to show his innocence. We were complimented, flattered, and praised enough "to turn a landsman dizzy;" but there was no escape, we could only submit to it patiently. At ten o'clock, the leading minister of the village entered the room; behind him came the light, airy form of Ella Raymond, leaning on the arm of Stewart Mill, and then came Judge Raymond and aunt, and Mr. and Mrs. Mill. We all knew what it meant, and ranged ourselves around the room. A chapter was read from the old family Bible, a few remarks made, a few words said, and Stewart Mill and Ella Raymond were pronounced one.

The company was about leaving, when the sheriff came in and stated that Jules Pierre had committed suicide. He had cut his throat with a small knife, whose place of concealment had escaped detection, when he was searched by the officers before being left alone. Nothing of his previous history was ever learned, and, after some months, the court turned over to the family of the murdered man the money and other valuables which had belonged to him; among them was the Diamond Pin.

A Monomaniac:

An Hospital Sketch.

"Doctor, dere's a man in number seven, and she's werry bad, sa'," was the hurried salutation of the queer old porter, as, having wakened me one night from a sound slumber, he stood bowing, in the most apologetic manner, at the threshold of the door. "Werry bad, sa!" he reiterated, opening the dark lantern to its full extent, and allowing the light to stream into the chamber. It was his usual manner, and he had no occasion to ask "Will you come?" for his announcement, and even his coming at all, at such an hour, guaranteed a visit to the wards.

In a few minutes we were threading our way to number seven.

Arrived there, we found a man, rolling about the floor, in apparent agony, filling the air with his lamentable groans.

His fists were doubled and jammed against the pit of his stomach, while the contortions of his face, when it was possible to catch a glimpse of it, amid his writhings, was extremely suggestive of cholera morbus. Such, however, proved not to be his ailment. His groans subsided somewhat as we entered; and, in broken sentences, he stated that a bug, that he had carried about in his stomach for years, had broken loose, and was then running back and forth inside, and occasionally trying to get out!

As it is usually necessary, in an hospital of this kind, to judge of a complaint entirely apart from a patient's statement, his absurd story was barely noticed, but the appropriate treatment was directed, and we left him.

At breakfast, the next morning, upon speaking of the circumstance, the physician in charge of his ward gave the following account of his previous experience with the man:

"He was brought here, about three months ago, as a confirmed epileptic; and, by the story of the persons who came with him, was subject to frequent and terrible attacks.

"Rather at variance with this, however, after we admitted him, he had scarcely one convulsion during the month, and that a mere trifle. One night, though, he came to me, in a most confidential manner, and said he would tell me the cause of all his trouble, promising two hundred dollars, that his uncle was to bring from California, for a cure.

"He then gave quite a connected statement about sleeping in a corn-field, and having a queer kind of insect creep into his mouth, and awaking just a second too late to catch him. This extremely confidential story, I afterwards ascertained, had been made to every person in the building with whom he had come in contact.

"Of course, everybody consulted had prescribed a remedy; and, as the presence of the insect was merely an indication of mental disease, he had followed every direction most implicitly. It was amusing to hear his description of the various courses of treatment through which he had passed, and equally so to see with what confidence he had turned from one to another, failing in all. In less than a week after admission he had become the victim of a thousand jokes. He became known as 'Two Hundred Dollar Johnny,' always the same, quick to work, perfectly rational in all other respects, but subject, at intervals, to the queerest sensations, or actual pain, from his supposed tormentor. His worst trouble would always be when the bug, as he asserted, would take a journey up to his head, or down to his feet!

"Whether he ever really had the pains he complained of was a mystery, for no medicines, however powerful, seemed to have the least effect: while the fact that, at times, the most inert substance, if given with mysterious directions and strict injunctions to caution, would wonderfully relieve him, showed pretty clearly the nature of his affection. To show how easily he could be imposed upon: he one day presented himself, with a raging toothache, begging to have the offending member drawn. After the operation, it was ascertained that some mischievous person had told him, that if he should have a certain tooth pulled, there would then be a hole for the bug to creep out, giving him, at the same time, some article to hold in his mouth, as an inducement. Absurd as such advice may appear, he had shown his faith so far as to resort to the necessary strategy, and endure the pain of the operation, and was found, an hour afterwards, lying on his back, holding the prescribed article in his mouth. So thoroughly was he affected by his peculiar mania, that the most ridiculous advice, even from those whom he surely must have known would impose upon him, was followed to the letter.

"At one time, for nearly a week, he inquired of every one he met for pigeon's eggs, but it was for a long time impossible to find any reason for his new whim. At last one of the female nurses, whose good looks carried with them a deal of persuasion, succeeded in gaining his confidence. The head cook, who had been long bothered by him for raw meat, prescribed by some other disinterested *confrere*, told him that as a great favor he would give him a receipt received from a celebrated physician, or some mythical wiseacre, that was a sure cure.

"He must get a pigeon's egg, with but two or three specks on it, and swallow it without breaking the shell. He was then to lie down in the sun for a whole day, when the pigeon would be hatched and pick up the bug.

"To give this sage advice proper force, he exacted of Johnny a written promise to pay the two hundred dollars immediately upon the arrival of the expected uncle.

"This idea seemed, more than any of its numberless predecessors, just the thing to Johnny, and it was long ere he could give up so plausible a theory for the removal of his enemy.

"He was shut up in the smoke house, and sent off in various directions for impossible nostrums. He was drugged and showered, and, indeed, 'treated' almost to death by his numerous advisers. How it would have ended no one can tell, had he not attempted to prescribe for himself, and selected the remedy most agreeable to his palate, namely, gin.

"This being an article furnished, of course, exclusively for the sick, was constantly under lock, and the hiding place of the key known to none of the patients, save Johnny himself, whose duty it was to carry the various kinds of stimulus from cellar to ward.

"Up to the date in question no suspicion of his proclivities existed, but on this occasion a sudden demand for brandy having arisen, the steward was hastily dispatched to the cellar. Missing the key from its accustomed place, he proceeded directly to the vault, and there lay the hero of the bug in a drunken slumber, coiled up on the damp floor, holding in endearing embrace a demijohn of gin.

"This little mishap, while it failed to dispose of the insect, was the means of deposing its possessor from his agreeable berth of butler, and returning him to his position in the ward. For a few weeks all went on smoothly, and Johnny had almost been overlooked amid the mass of patients, when complaint was made by the chief apothecary, that alcohol had been repeatedly stolen from the little outbuilding in which it was usually kept, and that water must have been substituted in pretty large quantities, for, suspicion of some such adultèration having been aroused, the barrels most exposed were several times tasted, and suspicions converted into certainties. This complaint at once directed observation to several wards in which drunkenness seemed to be unaccountably increasing, and, for several nights, a special watch was stationed, without, however, any success in detecting the purloiner. At last, one moonlight night, the sleepy watchman discovered an individual issue stealthily from behind the outbuilding with a jug in hand. In the shadow of a contiguous fence he crept along, tipsily balancing himself with one hand, and swinging the jug from side to side with the other.

"The outbuilding stood a few rods from the main house, in the yard belonging to the females of the hospital, but close to a high fence separating it from that of the males.

"A second fence crossed this at right angles, about fifty yards from the back of the outbuilding, forming a boundary line to the enclosures.

"The stealthily creeping figure having arrived nearly to the dark angle of the fences prepared to climb over. Aided by a pile of rubbish that had long been accumulating at the spot, he had barely reached the top of the fence, when the watchman, who had hastened from his lookout, sprang towards him.

"With one terrified glance at his detective the man slid from his perch, but whether owing to the contents of his stomach or the heavy jug, he lost his balance and fell upon the end of an old gate that had long stood wide open in disuse against the fence.

"Rather unfortunately an iron strapping had warped unnoticed in the sun, and still more unfortunately caught through the waistband of his trowsers, leaving him suspended in mid air.

"In this interesting predicament, the watchman found him struggling violently to break loose, but still clinging to the cause of all his mishaps—the jug.

"Little mercy could be expected from a man who had been on the lookout for two-thirds of the night, and consequently Johnny, for it proved to be he, was allowed to hang in his comfortable position till the watch should be relieved, when he was removed and confined in the cells. That was about the end of my experience with him, for until very lately he has been employed about the building at hard work, and your call to see him is the first in several months.

"Sometimes it seems almost impossible to believe him other than a maligner, while occasionally his eccentricities are so extreme as to mark him a fit candidate for a lunatic asylum.

"Shortly after the morning of the above narration Johnny was removed to the asylum at ——."



THANKSGIVING DAY—HANGING UP THE MUSKET.



THANKSGIVING DAY—THE CHURCH PORCH.

FOUR BOONS.

Four friends around a hearth were clustered,
One blustering night, in cold December,
When Father Winter well had mustered
His troop of chills from Nova Zembla.
And while the wind, around the dwelling,
Howled like some fiend let loose from task,
As they were tired of story-telling,
Each one agreed a boon to ask.

And so they stirred the fire a blazing,
And pushed the glass to one another,
And all erect, each glass upraising,
They drank the toast, "Each man a brother,"
And then they settled the rotation—
From east to west, was thought most fitting,
And after many strong potation,
The Man of Pleasure spoke while sitting:
"Give me wealth of time and treasure,
Full each hour with love and pleasure,
Let this world's sweets, unchained by measure,
Rate each day,
Wealth and wine, and love and leisure,
Let the next go as it may."

Again they pushed the glass around,
Which makes each heart grow bolder,
And after care was three times drowned,
Up rose, and spoke the soldier:
"Let me feel the breath of battle,
While my hand holds sword or shield,
Ill fed joys where cannons rattle,
On the serious battle-field.
Give me deeds of martial glory,
On the land, or on the main;
Let me live in song and story,
While earth holds a battle plain."

Now bitterer blew the wintry blast,
To drown its din, the wine was passed,
And when its strength was somewhat broke,
They listened, and the Artist spoke:
"Give me the power divine to trace
The perfect form, the angel face,
The great ideal of my soul,
With perfect truth; then let Time roll.
On earth no more reward I'll ask,
That I find within my task.
Long let it live when I am gone,
Reward of life and monument of stone."

Now came the last of all the crowd,
The host in wealth, and yet most proud,
The one whose life had erred most ill,
Whom Fate loved best to kick down hill,
Who spoke of joys, yet knew them not,
Whose love or glory lay in thought,
Whose stablest comforts were like smoke,
In short, the Poet 'twas who spoke:
"Let me but hear my own voice ring
Like some proud warrior's song;
Let my song, the worse grief lighten,
Make sweet hours go sweeter by,
Love of truth and honor heighten,
If thou wilt, then let me die."

Each boon was asked, and round the board
They circled now, and good wine poured.
The Man of Pleasure led the rest—
"Toast thus the boon we think the best,
Fill high again! Fill care and sorrow,
We live to-day—we die to-morrow.
Time will not stop, if we would borrow
His sands of wealth,
Still pledge me in this generous Douro—
The Poet's health."

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MARE," "REUBEN'S WAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.—AN ENTIRE TURN OF THE WHEEL.

SLEUTH'S cry for help was quickly answered. The door-bell, to him jubilee, was no sooner stepped between the two young men, and heedless the space immediately in front of the prostrate Sleuth, when the action of the law of an antique hero, ready to do battle with Anthony in the injured man's behalf. And thus guarding the oppressed, he said to Anthony:

"No violence—no violence, young man, if you please! What is that paper? I forbid you to destroy it! Stand back!"

"Yes!" cried Sleuth, who had by this time risen to his feet, both spiritually and corporeally. "Give it to the doctor; I trust all to him! Let him read it."

"Presently," said Anthony, in a harsh tone of voice, and with a strangely alarming air; and without another word, he began to examine the desk, and more especially the double bottoms. Not a sign was perceptible of any recent workmanship. The color of the wood presented no marked differences; and, most serious of all to Anthony's mind, appeared the fact that he had never noticed any special feature of the bottom of the drawer, other than now presented itself. It was true he could not recollect having ever turned up the drawer for any purpose, so as to know what appearance it really did present; but as he looked, and remembered the alarmingly secretive ways, he found it impossible to resist the conclusion that his uncle's own hand had placed the paper where it had now been discovered; and that if so, all his prosperity had been a cruel delusion—that he was a beggar, or, at best, a dependant on Sleuth's bounty.

Still, this was no child's play, and he was not going to assume facts that ought to be proved.

"Pardon me," he said to Clarissa, as he passed close to her to ring the bell. He stood, when he had done so, with the rope in his hand, looking with a sort of impassive face on the scene, till the servant came in.

"Tell Gibbs to get the carriage out, and go as fast as he possibly can to Mr. Stamp, and give him from me an urgent message that I want him here with Dr. and Miss Pompeus, and must rely on his coming back with Gibbs. Tell Gibbs to hasten as if it were a matter of life and death!"

The servant went out, and Anthony, as he dropped the bell-rope from his fingers with a dead thud of the metal knob against the wall, seemed, to Clarissa's fancy, to be moving his lips, as if he were saying, in connection with his last remark, "God knows it is life and death to me." Then recollecting the doctor's demand, he walked across the room to him, bowed, and said, with a melancholy smile:

"If—if that which has happened just now is what it seems, I will not be murder at all my forgetfulness. Be so good as to take the paper which Mr. Sleuth"—every one noticed the change, both of style and tone, that accompanied the utterance of this name; and it was the more marked, for he repeated the words—"which Mr. Sleuth so pathetically, and with so little confidence in me, asked to have placed in your hands. I too, Dr. Pompeus, place the fullest reliance on your justice and impartial dealing. There is the paper."

The doctor took it, put on his gold spectacles, and when he had done so, gave just one look over them at Anthony's face, of a less angry kind than he had yet shown since his own quarrel with him, and then he read aloud the following document:

"ROCK HOUSE, March 23, 1816.

"This is to signify that in consequence of the ungrateful behavior of my nephew, Anthony Meadowsweet, and for many years past, of all the love and care of a parent, I hereby revoke, so far as he is concerned, the will made in his favor, and bearing date April 1, 1811; and I now say that all the rights thereby conferred on him I now transfer to my sister-in-law, Richard Sleuth, whom I have this day taken to my home, and who will, I have every reason to hope, be as a child to me in my old age."

The reader was interrupted. Sleuth burst out into a paroxysm of grief and sobbing, and ended by saying:

"I would—oh! I would! Dear, good old gentleman, how I should have loved him! and I know he—" His strength there, apparently removing admissions he had made as to the aldermen's sentiments after their mutual experiences of each other, to be added—"but he didn't understand me—no, not even to the last."

The doctor went on:

"I am sorry, and I hate the whole tribe. If what I have said isn't sufficiently clear, let me repeat, I leave all I possess to Richard Sleuth. I hope that's plain.

"SILAS MAUDE.

"Witnesses, } Ann Milton.
} Phillis Conyngham."

There was a deep silence for perhaps a minute after the reading of this by the doctor, in a subdued voice, turned to the housekeeper and said:

"Did you, Mrs. Milton—you and your goddaughter—witness this document, the first day Mr. Sleuth came?"

"Don't know, I'm sure, sir, what it was; but the alderman called us up, and said, putting his poor shaking finger on some writing, 'This is my last will and testament,' or something of that sort, I mind it well, for he laughed afterwards, and said he wasn't sure he hadn't been telling a lie—that perhaps he ought to have called it a codicil; but it didn't matter."

"And you did sign, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hem!" said the doctor, softly, and turned away in a kind of respect and sympathy to Anthony in his great misfortune.

* * * * *

"Mr. Sleuth," said Anthony, after a long and most painful pause, "you will forgive my asking you—what, at the moment, you can hardly be sorry to have asked—one question——"

Sleuth looked; and, while he seemingly waited for Anthony to frame his rare and unexpected questions that Anthony might put, in order to judge whether or no he should refuse to say anything till the doctor and Mr. Stamp had understood him to wait for the question, so proceeded.

"I do not put the question offensively; I only put it that Dr. Pompeus, in the character of an unprejudiced arbitrator, may understand you, Mr. Sleuth, to be able to state that you knew nothing of——"

"No, Anthony, I don't say so. I did always hope and believe that the alderman had done what it now seems he did; but I feared, after my uncle's death, he must have altered his mind, and destroyed whatever paper he had got ready."

"I understand; and you did not see. What I meant to say was, you have known nothing about this since the time Mr. Stamp produced the will in my favor——"

"Oh, dear, no! nothing till now," said Sleuth, with extreme eagerness of assertion.

"And, of course, the most resentful suspicion of the paper being in my desk, where it was now found?"

"Oh, dear, no! How could I? Why, Anthony, I must be a fool to stay as I was, if——"

"You are quite right. Thank you," said Anthony, and relapsed into silence.

* * * * *

It was a trying time for all parties, that interval between the discovery of the concealed paper and the coming of the lawyer. Clarissa would have given worlds—so she felt—to have been able to comfort Anthony in his sorrow; to do it, if this fearful calamity were really about to crush all his earthly prospects? The doctor felt very much the same, in spite of his still deep and smouldering resentment, and he walked about the place with a strangely silent step; and when he spoke, he did his best to subdue the resonance of his voice, and bring it into harmony with the melancholy atmosphere of the place and time. As to Sleuth, he kept apart from every one, seeming not to see no one, but casting furtive glances, from time to time, to see what Anthony was doing—where standing or sitting—how looking. He was so absorbed in this and allied thoughts, that he forgot even to stare at Clarissa, whose beauty, for once, seemed to fail to achieve its ordinary effect —that of shedding a light in the place where she happened to be, and drawing all eyes to the source.

While Mr. Stamp was still waited for, there occurred before the mourning window a man, who, though there was nothing remarkable in his appearance, which was that of a broken-down professional person, was destined so that it is no exaggeration to say could hardly have been exceeded if the spectre of the murdered alderman had been stalking before all these people, and demanded vengeance on the murderer. His face darkened suddenly, and then became unearthly in its hue of terror. Before him, in the person of a man was Bob the Ostler, the living evidence to Sleuth's lie, but now so solemnly uttered, and the unanswerable demonstration (if once known in his true character) of some profound motive in Sleuth's mind for so apparently unnecessary a fraud.

"The idiot! what brings him now? He will ruin me, even at the moment of triumphant success!" Sleuth said to himself, while his limbs seemed to be undergoing paralysis, and his very cunning seemed about to desert him, just when he had nothing else to trust to.

The first thought was to get out and speak to Bob; but then he could not conceal from himself the tremendous change in Anthony, who had instantly become, by way of it—from boundless faith to boundless suspicion. For Anthony to get hold of Bob just now might be not only ruin of prospects, but of life, and worldly estate. So flagrant an act of deception, first about the concealment, and then about the discovery of the supposed codicil, would appear to all minds that the paper itself must be false, no matter how well authenticated it might appear to be.

"What is it, sir?" said the doctor, when Bob had slunk away, after seeing so many persons in the room.

No one answered. And Sleuth thought every one must be expecting *he* would answer, and so at last he said:

"I suppose, I dare say. They do get so impudent now-a-days. I'll go and see."

He went out, expecting every instant either to be followed by Anthony, or to hear his voice requesting him to stay where he was. But his vivid fears misled him. He was able to go alone into the little garden, where he found Bob coolly lighting his pipe.

Transported alike with rage and fear, Sleuth dashed the pipe from Bob's mouth: then, seeing Bob was, in fact, half drunk, he held up his hand to check him from crying out, and said, in a smothered tone:

"Are you out of your senses, Bob, to come here just now?"

"All right, Minther Sleuth! Where's my pipe? I valley that pipe, though I am worth ten thousand pounds. Won't you ax me in? I say, couldn't you spare a thousand pounds now? We know a thing or two together—don't we? Eh, minther Sleuth ?"

"Curse it! What do you want?"

"Lord love you! only to get a sight of your bonny face, and ax you when the great diskivery's to come off. Is it ten thousand pund?"

"Quick! away with you back to London. It is discovered, and nothing can prevent me from being able to prove you were in Gloucestershire in a few days except the sight of your own ugly mug here just now. Let the people in there once know how I am being served, and they'll set the constables after you, and go to law with me, and fight me to the last, and I haven't a penny to maintain such a fight. I can see what you are doing. I wonder at you, Bob. It's absolutely idiotic."

"All right, Minster Sleuth! But I'd like to hear the upshot of this 'ere meetin'. I'll sink away, unbeknown to anybody, and come agin at night. And if I don't stope me, there's a young 'oman here —and an old 'un, too—I have matters—as can speak to my character as a hexpert hostler."

"I can't spare another moment. If you will persist in remaining here, you must remain there so uselessly, meet me at dark two fields beyond the well. No a word more, except to pretend, as we pass the house, that I've been trying to sell me something. Go first, as if I was driving you out."

Bob drew out the only valuable he had about him—his own much-beloved and useful knife—and began, as they approached the conservatory door, to open and pass praises of his cutlery, of which that was a sample.

The persons within the room saw the man retreating before Sleuth, and they saw he had not the impudence to stop and stare in turn at every one present, before he went off, saying loudly:

"Then I quit open shop to-day? Can't give a poor, honest, hard-working man a chance of earning a bit of bread!"

Under the circumstances Sleuth would have smiled to see how successfully Bob carried off the idea of his vocation as a peddler; but he was too side at heart at the prospect of so great a task to do more than sigh with a sense of relief, as he returned to his place in the room, saying:

"Poor old Bob's a beggar. He came here begging earnestly after the presumed peddler, of whom he caught a new glimpse as he passed along outside the wall. But Bob was forgotten in the presence of a new comer—Mr. Stamp.

The first keen glance of that gentleman told him something extraordinary had occurred. A second glance—revealing the action of the doctor's hand, which, with a great care, drew from a breast pocket a small folded paper—made him say to himself, with instinctive sagacity:

"As I live, there was a codicil after all! Poor Anthony Maude!"

And so he found, when the doctor, with extreme deliberation, told what had occurred as to the fall of the desk, the discovery of the paper, and the corroboration given to it by Mrs. Milton's statement.

Mr. Stamp, after a good look at each of the persons present, and an extra look at Anthony when the latter observed, "It was I who sent for you," went apart a little and read the paper through. Then, with deliberation equal to that he did not need a second perusal of it, all-important as it was in its every word and phrase.

Next he looked at the paper by the light, and scrutinized it thoroughly that way. He next turned with his back to the light, and scrutinized the back of the paper with equal attention. It was strange how long he stood thus—strange, because nothing appeared to come of his study; and whatever fancies might have begun to be entertained in the spectators' minds, in explanation of this minute and prolonged survey, died out as they heard his first words.

"Who found this, may I ask?" said Mr. Stamp, and he looked at Sleuth, as if expecting there to get his answer; and he did get it, though it was not what he expected.

"Oh! not me. No, it was my cousin Anthony, as the doctor and everybody here can testify."

Mr. Stamp looked as if he did not like this answer. He paused, and fidgeted, and took snuff from his box; and, for once, threw the whole away, instead of duly dusting the mountain of dust the lingering particles that he was accustomed to shake off after the satisfaction of his nose. Sleuth and Anthony were also uncomfortable under the lawyer's sharp, inquisitive gaze.

"He doesn't mean—confound him!—to think I have had a hand in this, and have been foiled, by accident, to expose it at last!" thought Anthony.

He was too eager to suggest Anthony to him. He'll trap me, if I'm not more cautious," was Sleuth's secret comment.

Mr. Stamp would not receive at second hand the evidence of the housekeeper, but made her repeat all she had said.

"I suppose you have no means of being quite sure this is the very paper you signed?" he asked her.

"That's my writing, sir. I don't write so often that I can't tell my own composition when I meet with it again."

"Yes, no doubt. But apart from the writing, is there anything that would enable you to identify the actual piece of paper?"

She bent her head forward, as in a fog, and thought a little, and then shook her head decidedly and said:

"No, I don't tell you anything more about it. I was a bit nervous, you see. So that when I took up the paper with both hands to draw it a bit nearer to me, I was so very scared that I held it with one hand, and tore it with the other. Yes, I tore it; but I begged pardon, and the dear, good old gentleman, who was always so kind to me, said it didn't matter; for he had half a mind to go on with what I'd begun, and tear it all up."

"Was the paper in the right position for you to sign, when you took hold of it, and tore it."

"Yes; only I wanted to draw it a bit nearer the edge of the table."

"And do you happen to recollect whether it was on the right side or left side, or where, that you tore it?"

"Yes; I tore it with my left fingers, almost close to the corner."

"The left corner?"

"Yes!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Milton. For a lady who promised so little, you exhibit a wonderful performance." So Mr. Stamp, raising his nose just a little, but with a glance of deep interest towards Anthony, who had been following this dialogue as in a dream, and knowing exactly what it meant, but believing Mr. Stamp, as a friend, was doing his best for him. "Here is the exact defect in the paper that the exact piece described; and it is, as we may all see, just such a defect as would be made by the process so lucidly explained by our worthy friend the doctor. Now, Anthony, while the other was trying to raise it by the edge. I have myself more than once torn a leaf of a book in the same way my more impetuous friend did."

Anthony heard, and felt that there was fate in every word.

"Mr. Stamp," he said, "I am in your and the doctor's hands. Whatever you see to be clearly right, that do, and I will abide by the consequences, whatever they may be."

"Am I now to speak as a sort of general friend of the family, or as the special adviser of Mr. Anthony Meadowsweet?"

"I—I am quite willing to do as—as Anthony says—leave all to you, Mr. Stamp, and the doctor; I mean, as to discovering our individual rights," said Sleuth.

"I suppose," said Mr. Stamp, after a fresh pause, and in a brief phrase to Clarissa's anguished face, so full obviously of sympathy with Anthony's position, "I suppose there is no thought of a sort of friendly compromise meditated—say, a division of the estate?"

"Certainly not!" rang out, in almost defiant tones, Anthony's voice; and Sleuth thanked his stars that, therefore, *he* had no occasion to speak.

Exchanging looks of mutual understanding, the doctor and the lawyer withdrew into Anthony's study.

"Well, doctor, this is a startling piece of business!"

"Very. Have you any doubt that the paper is what it appears to be?"

"Not the remotest. Remember, that when we met after the alderman's death, it was quite a moot thing with these young men which was to succeed; and it is but the fact that Mr. Anthony had been sent for at the last moment, I should say no one would have doubted but that Mr. Sleuth was

the heir. I, who had the original will in my pocket, felt sure that Mr. Sleuth would come out upon us with full powers. The codicil was not then forthcoming, so Anthony took possession. Now it has turned up, and—said as it is to my so—I fear the supposed heir must turn out."

"Dear me! dear me! Very strange. I may say —in spite of the young man's behavior to me very sad!"

"But can't we do something for him before it is too late? I can see it in the looks of Mr. Anthony, that there is danger in him—danger, I mean, of that kind of explosion of his feelings which may at once turn the two into bitter enemies."

"Have you anything to propose?" asked the doctor.

"Well, yes. I have but now prepared for Mr. Maude a deed, by which he gives to his cousin this house and everything in it, and the land round it—which, I should say, nigh ten thousand pounds—"

"Is that possible?"

"It is exactly true. Mr. Sleuth has the deed. Now it is quite impossible that he should do less than transfer that deed to Anthony, with a mere transposition of names. Our young friend would then, at all events, have a career before him, and may do even better without the bulk of the alderman's wealth than with it."

"An admirable idea! Quite an admirable idea!"

"I am delighted you think so. Shall I call up Mr. Sleuth, and sound him?"

"Pray do."

Mr. Stamp went softly back to the door of the room, unnoticed by Anthony, caught Sleuth's everwatchful eye, beckoned to him, and the two immediately came to the doctor.

Sleuth was charmed at the idea. In fact, he didn't mind telling them that for the last ten minutes he had been able to think of nothing else. But he was cunning enough to put a weighty question.

"Of course I'm to enter at once on my rights?"

"That I cannot at this moment answer," said Mr. Stamp, gravely.

"Then, my dear sir, hadn't we better postpone all arrangements whatever till—till it is decided?"

"That is but just," said the doctor aside to the lawyer.

"And makes the whole concession just worth nothing at all," whispered the lawyer back. "No, we can't leave it in both ways. If I had the slightest hope of proving the codicil invalid, I don't mind owning to you, in spite of the worthy gentleman over yonder on this door, that I should have particular pleasure in doing it."

"I suppose, then, it had better be as you say. If Mr. Sleuth will engage—"

"I'll make him sign, for temporary purposes, the existing deed, altering the names, and putting our initials, to show the corrections are legitimate."

"That's right—yes, yes."

"And then if he does so, Anthony must acknowledge the paper in our presence, and all the rest can be arranged easily by you and I, doctor."

"Will you, then, go to Anthony, while I prepare Mr. Sleuth?"

The doctor took Sleuth's arm, and began. The lawyer went back to the room, and said:

"Would you, Mr. Maude, walk apart with me for a minute or two?"

"Certainly."

"My dear young friend," began the lawyer, as they walked to and fro on the grass of the strip of lawn, just out of sight of the persons they had left, "this a sad business for you—so utterly unexpected! Though, to tell you the truth, when I before threw you the business of this kind, I did believe that Mr. Sleuth was the fortunate man, and it was a great surprise to me when he produced no will or codicil."

"Yes, I thought very much the same myself."

"I think I can understand how it has happened that your interference has been aggravated by having all given to you, only for it to be again taken away. Your uncle wrote the paper we have discovered in the height of his irritation against you, and when it was most natural that he should do so—that is, when bringing your cousin to take your place. I never saw a man who was so inconsistent as the alderman. He would do the most impulsive things, and then manage to undo all by some extraordinary piece of caution. Having duly provided for your cousin, he remembered he had him on trial, so he put the paper away, where nobody could find it but himself, till he had made up his mind."

"And you suppose he did finally decide to leave me penniless?"

"I am bound now to think so. He may have had intentions even on his death-bed, but we can't build on them, my dear Mr. Maude."

"And is there, then, no hope for me?" asked Anthony.

"That is a question to be answered in two ways," said the lawyer. "There may be two suits; and, as you are in possession, and the other party is not, it is just possible he might be kept off, or driven to propose a compromise: not as a matter of feeling or sentiment—I quite understand you to object to any solution of that kind—but as a mere question of expediency on both sides."

"If at is the answer one way—a way, I fear, not likely to suit me," said Anthony. "What is the other?"

"Simply that you accept the truth, that you have no case."

"And that is the truth?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then there's an end. Let's go back."

And Anthony, with a shy but resolved step, turned.

"Stay, Mr. Maude; no hurry. Remember, what we do now in the way of yielding cannot possibly be undone afterwards."

"Of course not. Let us go in."

"No hurry, I repeat. My advice is, take time. Let me take your affairs in hand, and let your cousin consult somebody else. I admit then be charged with courting the rising sun, as all events."

"No; you are very kind, and if I saw one single honorable or wise reason for delay, I would stop. I feel only too much inclined to fight, I am sorry to say. But I must have a cause, and I thought it just possible you might do me one."

"So I can, if you won't be too fastidious as to its quality."

"Thank you, thank you. I understand, and I know very well you don't really want me to do any thing dishonorable."

"Certainly not!" interrupted the lawyer. "I want you only to take things coolly, and look about you, and make the best of things."

By and by, Anthony, still treating all this as mine, you mean, now that you are quite satisfied it is not mine?"

"I have no more to say, Mr. Maude. Let us go in. Stay; if I understand you rightly, you propose to do an honorable thing in the most straightforward fashion. In brief, you are prepared to acknowledge the paper?"

"I am."

"Very well. You are not, I suppose, like the whining gentleman I once heard in a play, 'in love and pleased with ruin?'"

"I'm not."

"Just what I am going to do. You have another duty to perform to Mr. Sleuth. Can you not guess it?"

Anthony looked as though he could guess, but that his explanation was not likely to be agreeable, so was silent.

"That deed of gift to your cousin. He is anxious to transfer that to you; not as an absurd piece of generosity, but as a matter of simple justice."

"I won't have it!"

"Yes, you will!"

"Will I?"

"You will. Now be patient. You will, because, if you do not, you will dishonor both myself and Dr. Stamp, and place us in the wrong. I am to be sort of our judgments, and who think you are bound to accept that which Mr. Sleuth was bound to offer."

"You don't know how hard this is to me!" said Anthony, earnestly.

"I think I do. It is the part of wise men to bear the inevitable. I cannot think of advising you to own that paper, unless you accede to this arrangement. But, once that is done, independence, to the you really want to cut each other's throats after all is thus settled, I really see no sort of objection. I mean—"

Anthony's laugh showed the lawyer he had succeeded.

Half an hour later, Sleuth set his signature on the altered deed of gift, and Anthony formally acknowledged the validity of the newly discovered paper.

Till then, Mr. Stamp had carefully concealed a little fact that he had taken note of in that prolonged examination of the back of the codicil. Now, however, he thought he might as well, before giving up the paper, show it to Anthony.

Again they paced together the daisy-covered strip of lawn, and the lawyer could help casting one glance at what they had done.

"Dreadful as the blow is to you, you are, after all, so artificially reared, that it will not kill you, as he who has a soul above luxury. Ten thousand pounds! Why, you're a kind of Croesus yet. I don't know whether the name will convey any sequence, but will you look at the back of this paper?"

Mr. Stamp held the all-important codicil with instinctive professional caution in his own hands, till, on reflecting what he was doing, he smiled, and said:

"Don't suppose I fear to trust the paper in your hands. Take it, and look."

Anthony did take it, and did look, with eyes that almost blazed with the sudden and fierce light that came into them.

"Villany! villany! I swear it!"

"Hush! hush!" urged the lawyer. "What does it mean?"

"It is a pencil memorandum," said Anthony, almost trembling with his emotion, "that could only have been placed here after my arrival, and when the alderman's dead."

"Indeed, that is truly serious! Why, do you say so?"

Anthony's only answer was to run back into the room where the others were still waiting; but he took no notice of them. He went straight to the desk, and brought back a letter. With that he stalked out into the open air, and waving aside all before them all.

"Tell me, if you please," he said, hurriedly, to the lawyer, "what you read there in those pencil marks?"

"Sloman, £793.8.10, June 17," said the lawyer, reading out monotonously the words and figures from the back of the paper.

"Which corresponds, Anthony, "that I received from Mr. Slocum, a wine merchant at Oxford, the day before my uncle's death, a letter threatening me with proof, if his bill were not paid, was not paid on the 17th of June. There is the letter. Read for yourself."

Mr. Stamp read, and his face grew strangely clouded and anxious as he did so. It confirmed what Anthony said; and, of course, there could but be one of two conclusions—either that some one (and all the facts pointed to Sleuth), had surreptitiously read that letter, and for some secret reason had wished to bear the facts in mind, and so had noted them on the back, possibly, of the only paper available at the moment; or that Anthony himself had been the writer, and if so, had had possession of the codicil at the time of his uncle's death, had secreted it, being, perhaps, afraid of the terrible penalty that would await him, if convicted of its destruction, and was, therefore, even now, stooped to the very lips in fraud and dishonesty, by the attitude he held. No wonder Mr. Stamp's next head gave as little excitable, as he saw, distinctly, the two alternatives.

"Do you recognize anything special in the handwriting?" he asked Anthony, after a brief pause.

Anthony looked, and a visible pallor overspread his face as he did so. He saw that the implications of the spirit as to the appalling ordeal in front for him, or was it the intensity of his horror of the abysses of the future, at the edge of which he stood, and looked down into?

For a brief space the lawyer had wondered whether Anthony saw his own position as it was affected by this discovery. He was not long left in doubt.

"Well, Mr. Stamp, which of us is it?"

"You mean—"

"I mean that Anthony Maude, or his amiable friend and dear cousin, Dick Sleuth, is one of the greatest scoundrels in all creation. Am I the man?"

Anthony stood before the lawyer, his eye actually seeking and compelling the answering glance of the lawyer's eye, who looked at the stern, expressive face, and most loyal face, and he caught at Anthony's hand, and said:

"Then are not the man!"

"Come, then! We know who is!" And Anthony turned to go.

Mr. Maude"—and here the lawyer put his hand on the young man's wrist, and forcibly held him—"for heaven's sake! be cautious. This is ruin to character if—"

"If what?" demanded Anthony, furiously.

"If Sleuth is too much for you, and acquits himself at your expense."

"I care not!"

"You must care—you shall care! No, no, Mr. Maude, you would not so forget yourself, and so insult me, a friend, and the lawyer, as be noted as almost threatening gesture.

"What do you want?"

"Silence about this terrible discovery till I see what it means, and what had best be done about it."

"Mr. Stamp," said Anthony, in a tone of such sudden change, and so full of deep and terrible meaning, that the lawyer knew some serious thing was coming, "Mr. Stamp," he repeated, his two hands both clutching at the lawyer's hands, his face close to the lawyer's face, and his expanding eyes gazing into his own in a way with an almost supernatural sense of awe; "does nothing strike you—nothing horrible—nothing that one must reserve even to one's self?"

"I cannot divine your meaning."

"No?"

"I—I think not."

"Has I you understand?"

"I hope not."

"Then you do! Is it not awful—the combination of facts? He alone present—he alone, dreading my arrival—he alone preventing, perhaps, my withdrawal from destroying this paper, or writing another—"

"Mr. Maude, I refuse to listen to this. It is wrong—it is impious—it must not be uttered."

"You believe it yourself. It is in your face—your eye—your lip, which trembles as mine does."

"Anthony Maude, I pray, master yourself. You are being carried away by passion."

"Mr. Stamp, if Richard Sleuth knew of that codicil, he was guilty of the deed lying, and knew that it was not worth sixpence if my uncle lived—if he did that which I dare not put into words—"

"Wicked words, Anthony, I will say."

"Don't you then see how vital to him would be a temporary concealment of the codicil, so that every one should be content in their first thoughts of suspicion by the irresistible reply—he had no motive?"

"Maudman! Have you done? Are you silent at last? Now, then, hear me. I do not believe you are a guilty man, but I tell you frankly, that if the doctor suspects your uncle's death should arise, this paper, with these pencil marks on it, would do more to damage you than all the things you have alleged against Mr. Sleuth. Eye does rake rebel. It is you who convict yourself of being hardly pressed for money immediately before the alderman's death. It is you who, according to the cock-and-bull story of Mrs. Milton, was seen burrying to the safe, red-handed from the murder. Now, in all probability, the codicil was kept, if not in the desk, then in you have fallen into your hands; then it was you between the alderman and the consequences, and now it is seemingly in your handwriting this memorandum found upon it, when it is discovered, quite accidentally, and through no voluntary act of yours!"

The lawyer spoke warmly, though in a low tone; and Anthony stood in the picture in all its horrible proportions, and hues, and grouping—and grew, suddenly buried his face in his hands, and burst into the overpowering anguish and despair of his soul.

THE NUMBER FORTY.—Has the number forty any Cornelian significance? Certainly it makes it the number of expiation. It very often occurs as a penalty, and as a duration. Noah's rain forty days and forty nights at the deluge. The Israelites wandered forty years in the desert. Moses was in the mount forty days. Goliath defied the armies of Israel, it is said, for forty days. Our Lord was forty days in the desert, and as commemorative of this we have the forty days of Lent. After a Synod there are forty days' quarantine (passages of the civil law); forty days' residence for establishing a domicile, and an inhibition must be recorded within forty days. In the Canon law there was the forty days during which an excommunicated person might seek absolution. Although a measure of prominence is certainly given to the number forty in the Bible, we do not apprehend that it is there invested with any mystical meaning.

TIME AND MONEY, A DIRGE.—Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

In one of our country inns lately, a man who was called upon to appear as a witness could not be found. On the Judge asking where he was, an elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis, said:

"Your Honor, he's gone."

"Gone! gone!" said the judge, "where is he gone?"

"That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he is dead."

This is considered the best guarded answer on record.

An Irish Dragoon officer, on hearing that his widowed mother had married since his father's decease, exclaimed:

"Mother, I hope she wont have a son older than me; if she does, I shall lose the estate."

Concert Etiquette.—At a concert which took place lately, a gentleman in the audience rose up just as the first piece on the programme had been performed, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, with your consent, and by your leave, I'll sing your vocalists a song to order, or to sing in return, as there is a conversation going on close by where I am sitting, that I intend to hush at once as to prevent any enjoyment of the music. I prefer certainly to hear the concert, but if I cannot be so gratified, I desire to hear the conversation."

This was as extraordinary a request and attentive audience in the hall during the rest of the evening.

Good Company.—Sir Sidney Smith's life was remarkably fond of sailing, and pursuing his favorite amusement on the Medway, with an old fisherman, the vessel admitted but a small quantity of water. At last the fisherman, tired of his old mate, and with great composure, asked him how much water that vessel would require before she would swim.

"Half a bucket full, my dear fellow, Sir George."

"Then," said the tars were unfurled, and they came safe on shore. The old man being relieved, he did not answer again till Sir George of his danger, replied:

"Why, my party, I'm an old man, and should not like to be in better company."

SPEAKING ENGLISH.—Two Dutchmen once got into a dispute about the English language, each one declaring that he could command the best. They made a bet at length, and appointed a time to decide the matter, and accordingly they began:

"Well, Claus," said the first, "did it rain to-morrow?"

"I do all but it wash," said John.

Wasn't that pretty good?

PRECOCITOS.—"Tilly," said a mother to her little boy, "you must send but five summons, "What should you do without your nurse?"

"I should put on every day just such a dress as I wanted," was the prompt reply.

"Is not Sidney Smith, "I say a good thing to-day, and forget it to-morrow in another company, the flash of to-day is as much the forgotten of to-morrow, as the light of our musk: is the flash of another. But let a humorist write his jokes in a book—let him preface them in any voice, manner, language, and gesture, which he can command, and they will represent it was before, and future a tinge of novelty into the reader, as though it were the first hand from the press, says an English writer, and his best anecdotes, when he can be certain they are read by them, had always a fresh zest. His play of mind was equally effective in the company of the wise and the unlearned, or humorous thought.

THE IRISHMAN.—Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many there were at the party. "The two Corrigans were one, mesself was two, Mike Shim was three, and—after the death of Mary—we had four; counting his fingers, the two Corgans was one, Mike Shim was two, mesself was three, and Mary's ghost was four of us, but Saint Patrick couldn't tell the name of the ghost." He missed him at last. He left Mary's ghost, the two Corgans was two, mesself was three—and—Mary was four. Saint Patrick was too much for him.

THE Raleigh *Progress* gives this dialogue:

Army Chaplain—"My young colored friend, can you read?"

Contraband—"Yes, sah."

Army Chaplain—"Glad to hear it. Shall I give you a portion?"

Contraband—"Sartin, massa, if you please."

Army Chaplain—"Very good; what paper would you choose?"

Contraband—"Well, massa, if you chews, I'd take a piece of terbacker."

The chaplain looked at the contraband, and the contraband at the chaplain; then the latter sighed and passed on.

A CHINESE DINNER.

A GRAND complimentary dinner was given to Hon. Schuyler Colfax and party, and a number of local celebrities, by the "Six Chinese Companies in Calefornia," on Thursday last. The feast began at 6 o'clock P. M., and lasted till twelve. It consisted of 366 dishes of meats, fishes, fowls, and was served in three distinct sittings. At the first sitting the courses consisted of soups and almost numberless "made dishes," into the composition of which entered pork, fish, fowl and vegetable substance, in a thousand forms undreamed of by our Occidental Caucasian housewives generally. The famous "bird's-nest soup" was there in a concocted delicious by all who partook of it, and a vast number of other soups of a character equally delicate. These included in these courses. As soon as one dish had been passed around and tasted by each guest, it was removed, and the next brought on in its stead. No knives, forks or spoons of our patterns were upon the table, but in their stead ivory chopsticks, with short thick china spoons or scoops, being what each guest was expected to help himself with. The efforts of the Celestial cook to master the culinary science of the country the food to their mouths with them created a vast amount of fun among the company. Fine wines were served in abundance with every course. Between the last sitting and the second to the reposing room to smoke and pass away the time till the tables were rebuilt. A Chinese band of music discoursed sweet lived and varied the entertainment.

The second sitting of the companies and the committee or merchants thanked Mr. Colfax and his companions, and Mr. Colfax thanked the Chinese company, which called forth a rainbow of speeches, and the feast was brought up with a general handshaking. The "outside barbarians" who were entertained considered the affair a great success.

THE SPARROW V. THE CATERPILLAR.—A circumstance has come to our notice which forcibly illustrates the wisdom and goodness of the Supervisory of creation, and the folly of seeking to exit-pate them. A gentleman in this county who has a choice variety of cockerbury bushes, apprehensive of the visits of the sparrow in search of the destroyer of the leaves to his fruit, took the trouble and expense of getting a net to cover the bushes, and secured part of the garden where his cherished plants were located. He was pleased to observe the sparrows busily engaging his fruits from the attacks of their Sparrow and his companions, but was doomed to disappointment. He had checkmated the little birds, but in doing so he had given a fair field for the ravages of the caterpillar, and at the maturing season he found, to his no small annoyance, that both leaf and fruit had disappeared. This little incident adds another proof to the many that the small birds are, after all, the best friends that the gardener has. They, no doubt, help themselves occasionally to a share of the fruit, but, as the most valuable equivalent, in helping to keep down the numbers of one of the most destructive pests the gardener has to contend against.



SENOR DON ALVARO COVARRUBIOS, SECRETARY OF STATE, CHILE.



ALEXANDER REYES, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, CHILE.

THE WAR BETWEEN CHILE AND SPAIN.

Sketches of Members of the Chilean Cabinet.

Among recent events on this continent, none have roused a deeper interest among the friends of Free Institutions than the audacious, insolent, and unwarranted attack of Spain on Chile—an attack made in furtherance of the same design which has carried France to Mexico, and which had previously led Spain to attempt the life of Santo Domingo. Inflated by her momentary success in Peru, Spain imagined she could also put Chile under contribution, and on pretexts as trivial as unreal, undertook to blockade the ports of Chile. The consequence was a prompt declaration of war on the part of that republic, and the Spanish Admiral now finds himself in the ridiculous position of undertaking to blockade upwards of 40 ports with seven old and lumbering ships. Of course commerce laughs at this parody on a blockade. It ought not to be, and will not be, respected. The Government of Chile is made up of firm and able men, whose portraits we publish this week, and who are noticed in detail below.

Senor Don Jose Perez,

President of Chile, was born in the city of Santiago, Capital of that Republic, in the year 1800, of a family which distinguished itself in the revolution of the Independence. His public career commenced in 1826, when he was sent as Secretary of the first Legation of Chile in the United States, where he was strengthened and confirmed in the republican ideas imbibed in his early youth, and which he has retained in all their freshness, in every position of his life. Subsequently, Señor Perez was sent as Chargé de Affaires of Chile in Paris, and later to the Argentine Republic. After retiring, for some time, from public life, he became successively Minister of the Treasury, of the Interior, and of Foreign Affairs, which latter position he held during the Presidency of Gen. Bulnes. All this long experience gave to Señor Perez an aptitude in business and a cognizance of affairs, which, joined to the highest ability and rectitude, pointed him out as the fittest man in Chile for the exalted position of President. His administration has been signalized by a remarkable subsidence of political passion, aroused by civil war, and by a steady consolidation of the country, and development of its resources. He has firmly planted in the country the republican system, under the motto, "The Government of all, for all." "The Monroe Doctrine," with him, is a principle of action, and has found a vigorous expression in the prompt declaration of war with Spain, when that power undertook to dictate terms to the country which he governs.

Senor Don D. Alvaro Covarrubios,

Minister of Interior and Foreign Affairs of Chile, was born in Santiago, the Capital of that Republic, in 1824, where he received a thorough education, and undertook the profession of the law. In 1849 he was made Secretary of the Legislative Chambers of Chile, and subsequently resumed his profession, in which he acquired a growing distinction, until 1857, when he became member of Congress, in which, acting in opposition to the then Government, he acquired a high reputation as an orator and close debator. On the triumph of the Liberal party, to which he belongs, in 1861, Señor Covarrubios was made member of the Court of Appeals of Santiago, and later called to his present position. In common with his President, he is a thorough American, by instinct as well as judgment.

Col. Don. Jose Manuel Pinto,

Minister of War and Navy, was born in Santiago, in 1821, of unpretending parentage, and holds his present position through high personal merit, as a good citizen, and an intelligent, honorable, and brave soldier. Among his various public trusts may be mentioned that of Governor of the southern provinces of Chile, where his conduct was characterized by equal moderation and firmness. In common with the other members of President Perez's Cabinet, he belongs to the Liberal party.

Senor Don Alexander Reyes,

the Chilean Secretary of the Treasury, was born in 1825. Often elected to the National Congress, he acquired a distinguished reputation as a speaker, and held successively several important public positions. He was called to his present duties in 1863.

Senor Don Frederick Errazuriz,

Minister of Public Instruction, was born in 1822, became Member of Congress in 1849, espoused the Liberal cause, spoke and wrote much until the ideas to which he had dedicated himself became triumphant, when he was called to several distinguished positions, among them member of the Academy of Laws, and finally elevated to his present dignity.



HIS EXCELLENCY JOSE PEREZ, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF CHILE, S. A.



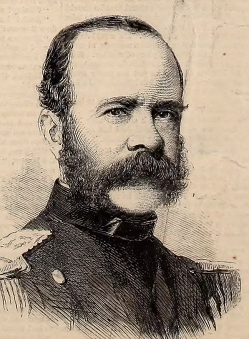
FEDERICK ERRAZURIZ, SECRETARY OF JUSTICE, CHILE.

A BULL-FIGHT

Without Spectators.

There are few summer mornings in Texas that are not beautiful. With a bright sun, a fine south-east breeze blowing off the Gulf of Mexico to freshen and cool the air, none fail to feel their charms; but to the hunter it is inexpressibly delightful to ride through those grand old woods, almost awful in their silence, for hardly any sound breaks it, save the drowsy hum of a bee, or the occasional sharp blows of a woodpecker, as he seeks his insect breakfast upon some decaying tree. There is, too, just that dash of danger so captivating to the real Nimrod, and which our stubble-brushing, stay-at-home sportsmen can never feel. How can they ever know those woodland duels, fought without seconds, where a sure foot, quick eye, and steady hand alone avail to make you hold your own. What if you miss a rabbit? It is nothing. What if you fail to bring down a wild-bull in his charge? Why, unless your guardian-angel is to the fore "salt will not save you;" none but the vultures will ever know how or where you fell, and a rusty gun, a rusty hunting-knife, and a bleached skeleton will be your only monument. Never does any one feel more helpless than with an empty gun and in the presence of wounded large game. A bear there is some chance with, because in his attack he gives you an opportunity of bringing the hunting-knife into play; but the weight and rush of a bull are fearfully against you, unless you have the activity of a wild-cat. In all close encounters, weight having an immense advantage.

It was on a beautiful summer morning when I started to kill a beeve, mounted on my mustang, armed with a 14-guage double-shot gun of Deane's, which threw a ball, patched with greased fawnskin, of very nearly an ounce-weight, and accompanied by my three dogs, Jack, Midge, and Killdevil, broken to run nothing but cattle and hogs. They were trained to keep at the heels of my horse, so that I might sometimes, as I very often did, ride suddenly on to cattle, and get a shot or two. Of course this could only be done by riding up-wind, a point a backwoodsman never neglects, as the sense of smell in most animals is superior to that of hearing, and, I am quite sure, with all the deer tribe, keener than even that of sight. The dogs were allowed, whenever we crossed the trail of hogs or cattle, to go and bring them to bay. On this occasion, I had been riding for about an hour due west from the plantation, without seeing anything of the particular game I was in search of. I had arrived at the edge of an upawn thicket, when all at once the dogs dashed into it, and in a few minutes I heard them open, and a tremendous rush being made in my direction. The stout poles of the thicket crashed, and bent like wheat-stalks; and then, with head down, and tail straight out, level with his back, a mighty bull came thundering on, about 12 yards from where I sat. Although mine was as steady a horse under fire as ever was ridden, still the rush and fierce barking of the dogs made him fidgety, so that I placed both bullets too far back in the bull, the upper one, as I afterwards discovered, grazing the kidneys, and the other entering the paunch. Having carefully loaded my gun, and hid my horse in a thicket, well-knowing that he would charge my mustang as quickly as he would me, I proceeded on foot to where I heard the dogs holding him at bay. I found them in a palmetto swamp, some 200 yards from where I had first shot at the bull, and tried to stalk him, by crawling up under the shelter of the palmettos. But the ground was so soft that I sank in over my ankles at each step; and the palmettos were so thick, and their harsh strong leaves rustled so so much, I could not approach for a certain shot. In such mud, without even a sapling to dodge round, in case I failed to drop him, I thought it better to hunt him on to different ground and thicker timber. The dogs then having presently made the swamp too hot for him, I had the satisfaction of seeing him move to more favorable ground. I took advantage of a large live-oak to advance upon him, and getting within about 30 yards, fired. Unfortunately, just as I pressed the trigger, he lowered his head sideways to gore one of the dogs, and I missed him. In an instant, like lightning, he made for the flash. I stood out, and with perfect coolness waited till he was about six steps from the muzzle of my gun, then fired again; but, to my horror, he did not drop at my feet, as I fully expected. His hot breath was now in my face, his red eyes close to mine, as I turned to run round the tree, when my foot caught or slipped, I know not which, on one of the above-ground roots, and in falling, the bull passed one horn through my light hunting-shirt, tearing most of it off me. Luckily, the impetus of his charge carried him 20 or 30 yards beyond me, and my gallant dogs coming to the rescue, gave me a second or two to swing myself up the tree. There was no time to load, nor even to pick up my gun, and I was barely out of his reach when he was underneath, pawing the ground with his feet, bellowing hoarsely, his eyes bloodshot, the foam tinged with blood, covering face and neck, and chest—the incarnation of baffled rage. Whether his horn or head had hit me, I do not know, all



COL. JOSE M. PINTO, SECRETARY OF WAR AND THE NAVY, CHILE.

passed so rapidly, but I was stiff and sore for several days after. Having recovered my breath, and the shock occasioned by my fall, I began to think what to do to rid myself of my savage jailer. Hunters are, or ought to be, prompt with expedients for almost any possible case, and my determination was at once formed—to go higher up the tree, find a bough that would do for a spear handle, and bind the haft of my hunting-knife to it with some strips torn from the remnant of my shirt, and then to try and stab him where the head and neck join, as he often came quite underneath me. I had hardly regained my station on the large bough—having met a stout stick which would answer my purpose—when I noticed some unmistakable signs of "grogginess" in my shaggy opponent; his head was lowered, and he was swaying from side to side—a riddle easily read; internal bleeding from my first two shots would, I could see, soon close his career, though he made many a gallant effort to shake off the weakness he felt surely coming upon him. Brave to the last he stood, but at length toppled over. For a moment I thought he might be "playing 'possum;" but as he took no notice of the dogs who were licking his wounds, I saw the game of life was up for him, and descended from my perch, thankful for my escape from what my western friends would designate as a "tight place." Having picked up and loaded my gun, and rewarded my faithful dogs with the offal of the quarry, I rode home, from whence some negroes and mules were dispatched to skin, quarter, and bring in the carcass of as game a brute as ever fell.



TEXAS ADVENTURE—A BULL FIGHT WITHOUT SPECTATORS.

THE VIRGIN, AN ANCIENT INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE.

TERRIBLE were the means of punishment used in England, during what may be called the most enlightened of the mediæval times in England, and when the rack, thumb-screw, and other instruments, many of which are still preserved in the Tower and in the collections of the curious were employed.

These, however, seem insignificant when compared with the inventions which were provided in Germany for the purpose of extorting confession,



AN EXECUTION BY THE VIRGIN, AN ANCIENT INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE.

changing opinion, or punishing for imaginary or | real offences. In the castles of the old German barons, most of them in ruins, engines of death and chambers of horrible device have startled the traveler; although it is not so long since some of these have gone out of use, the memory of them has become a vivid sort of recollection, mingling strangely with the historical and traditionary lore. In the city of Nuremburg, and the surrounding neighborhood, it was believed that in the castle of that city were dark and secret dungeons, and an instrument of death to be more dreaded than even the others which were in use—in grim jocularity this was named the "Virgin," and the threat of her embrace was the fear of all.

No one could be found who had seen this engine for the destruction of human life, and a personage member of the Antiquarian Society searched for long time in vain for this curiosity. At length, after adventures which in skillful hands would fill a goody volume, the perseverance of this gentleman was rewarded by learning that a quantity of old iron-work, consisting of battered armor and other matters considered as lumber, had been collected in Nuremburg Castle and sold for waste iron, and that part of it had been selected by an antiquary, who had formed a private museum near the famous old city.

Here, amongst many other rare matters, was found the singular object now engraved. It is formed of strong plate iron, bolted and fashioned externally into the form of a female, the countenance a handsome, and the head-dress rich round the neck shows that it is of the date corresponding with the reign of the English Queen Elizabeth; the front is so formed as to be made to open; at each side are hinges, and in the interior are numerous spikes of between four and five inches long, these are so placed that, supposing an unfortunate victim to be put inside and the doors forcibly closed, these pikes would pierce the body in the most vital parts, some would enter the eyes, breast, &c., at the bottom, in front, a channel has been left for the blood of the sufferer to flow away.

In the Castle of Nuremburg there were found traces of engines even more terrible than the above—for once a person could be suddenly dropped upon a revolving cylinder, in which numerous blades were fixed, and by this process any one could be suddenly taken and cut into minute fragments. At a great depth were dungeons, loathsome in the extreme, into which no ray of sunlight could pass, or from where the voice of man could not be heard from without more merciful would be the embrace of "the kiss of the Virgin," as it was called in Germany, or the operation of the other engine to which we have referred, than to the lingering death from hunger, and without hope, in those dismal vaults.

We shudder and look with wonder at these things, which we hope will for long be preserved for the purpose of making us thankful for our present condition, and showing the advantages of the improved civilization arising from the advancement of knowledge.

THE RESIDENCE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,

Craven Street, Strand, London.

THERE are certain buildings in London which, although they have neither any peculiar beauty of architecture, or picturesque appearance, have a considerable amount of interest to every intelligent person.

They have still existing, in Westminster, the identical house which was for some time occupied by Milton, when Latin secretary to Oliver Cromwell; this was also occupied by Hazlitt, who placed, on its wall, a tablet to associate it with "The Prince of Poets." Its garden, in which is a tree said to have been planted by Milton, afterwards came into the possession of Jeremy Bentham, of famous memory. This object, so far as its general appearance is concerned, might be passed by without notice; but who, knowing its associations, could fail to look upon it without feelings of intense interest.

The house in which Chatterton died his sad and untimely death, in Brook street, Holborn, has but little external attraction, and yet, who that has rightly estimated this bright genius, can pass this plain dwelling, without many thoughts which are difficult to describe.

The dwelling-places in which Sir Isaac Newton and other worthies spent a large portion of their useful lives, are still in existence, and few of them have a greater interest than that now engraved, which is connected with a brilliant portion of the career of one famous in his day.

When Benjamin Franklin first visited London, he went to work as a journeyman, in a printing office, in the neighborhood of St. John's Square, Clerkenwell; we have, however, failed to trace anything in connexion with him in that place. He afterwards found employment in the printing establishment of the Messrs. Cox (now Cox & Wyman), in Great Queen street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields; here he pursued, for about twelve months, a life of steady industry, living on the most simple food, and avoiding every description of stimulating drink, notwithstanding he did not refuse to become responsible for the ale scores of his fellow-workmen at the public house next the archway, which adjoins the premises.

During a portion of the time he worked here, Franklin, thinking that the exercise would be beneficial, left his work at composing, and took to the hand-press. A corner on the first floor of Messrs Cox & Wyman's printing house, is pointed out by some of the old men there employed, as the spot on which Franklin pursued his labors; and it is related than when he afterwards visited England, with a great reputation, which extended throughout Europe, he called at this office, and addressing himself to a pressman here at work, said:

"My friend, it is now some years since I worked at that press; let us, notwithstanding, take a pot together."

While working at Messrs. Cox's, Franklin lodged with a poor widow, in the narrow street which leads from the archway on the west side of Lincoln's-Inn Fields. Although diligent inquiry has been made, we have failed to find any distinct proof which of the houses it was in which he lodged.

Respecting the subject of the engraving, there is no uncertainty; here, when he came in an honorable position from his native land, which he had, by his energy and ability, been such an important means of liberating, he transacted important business and received visits from the most distinguished and remarkable personages of the time. It would be a useful plan to mark houses such as those referred to, with a brief record of the associations connected with them, a rule which we should also adopt in this country, where our history is so evanescent from the uncertain nature of our people.

THE THANKSGIVING OF 1865.

NEVER before, since we have had a record of great nations, has one year made so great a difference in their status of happiness as that of the past twelve months in the welfare, prosperity and cause for thankfulness of this country. One year ago we were engaged in a fierce and bloody war, without any knowledge among the people of where it would end, or in what condition the country would emerge. Now we have peace smiling over all the land, and its promise for many years to come. We have hundreds of thousands of soldiers emancipated from the field of arms to the field of labor, and from State to State goes up the hum of reconciliation, and a desire for renewed exertion and consequent prosperity. The lands devastated by the tramp of armies, and the homes laid waste by the invader of either side are once more being brought back to the standard they held five years agone. Hearths that have lost one kind familiar face, one that perhaps lies far away under the mould of some Southern battle-field, strive to close up the gap, and without forgetting the loved one, give thanks that, since he was taken, he should be taken in so good a cause.

A stranger coming among us would hardly believe, looking at our wealth, prosperity and happiness, that but a few months had elapsed since the most terrible war of the last thousand years has just closed; that thousands of miles of territory have been despoiled, and hundreds of thousands of lives sacrificed. And yet in the face of this we have great cause for thankfulness. We are overburdened with natural wealth. We have national recuperative power beyond telling, and we are, as a people, determined upon the ultimate greatness of the nation, and that is the grand secret of all our success.

We, on this day of thanksgiving, do not stand in the position of England at the close of our war of independence. At that time a great thanksgiving was proclaimed, and the nation was making great preparations for it. There was a clergyman in Yorkshire who made up his mind to do up to London, get an audience of the King, and ask what the thanksgiving was for. He succeeded in getting the audience, and asked the king:

"Your Majesty, is it because we have concluded a disgraceful peace with France that we are to give thanks?"

"Oh, no! no! no!" said the King, "not for that."

"Was it because we have lost the Colonies of America, the finest in the world?"

"Oh, no! no! no!" said the king, "not for that."

"What, then, do we thank God for, your Majesty?"

"Oh, thank God," said the King. "Thank God —because—because—because it is no worse."

This is not our thanksgiving.

Our soldiers have hung up their bruised arms for monuments, and beneath the grandfather's sword of 1776, and the father's musket of 1814, the son's of 1865, hangs suspended, ready to hang—if the great moral example of the past five years is to have any effect on the world—until all fall with rust on the peaceful hearth.

The camp gives way to the pleasant church and the joys of home, the sword is almost literally beaten into a ploughshare, and the "hard tack" gives place to the thanksgiving turkey and the pumpkin pie.

Verily have we cause for thanksgiving.

PORTRAIT OF A MURDERER.

$1,000 Reward.

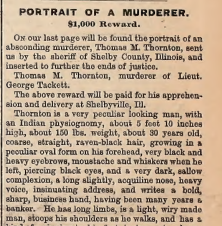
On our last page will be found the portrait of an absconding murderer, Thomas M. Thornton, sent us by the sheriff of Shelby County, Illinois, and inserted to further the ends of justice.

Thomas M. Thornton, murderer of Lieut. George Tackett.

The above reward will be paid for his apprehension and delivery at Shelbyville, Ill.

Thornton is a very peculiar looking man, with an Indian physiognomy, about 5 feet 10 inches high, about 150 lbs. weight, about 30 years old, coarse, straight, raven-black hair, growing in a peculiar oval form on his forehead, very black and heavy eyebrows, moustache and whiskers when he left, piercing black eyes, and a very dark, sallow complexion, a long slightly, acquiline nose, heavy voice, insinuating address, and writes a bold, sharp, business hand, having been many years a seaman. He has long limbs, is a light, wiry made man, stoops his shoulders as he walks, and has a kind of swinging to his feet, toeing out; always dresses well, never drinks or gambles, and is generally aristocratic in his manners and associations; talks well and fluently whenever conversing.

He went West or South on horseback, towards the Mississippi, Nov. 21st, 1865, and is supposed



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S RESIDENCE IN LONDON, IN 1760.

to intend to leave the country for Havana, Brazil or England.

The above reward offered will be paid by the friends of the deceased.

TACKETT BROTHERS.

The Brothers Tackett have given me their joint obligation that said sum shall be paid.

R. P. RENSON, Dep. Sheriff,
Shelby County.

SHELBYVILLE, Ill., Nov. 24, 1865.

CANINE SAGACITY.

A GENTLEMAN, one of the survivors of the ill-fated steamer Anglo-Saxon, gives the following narrative of the escape of one of the boats through the [illegible] of her Newfoundland dogs:

"The last time I saw Capt. Burgess, (the commander of the Anglo-Saxon), he was assisting to lower the small boat, in which were embarked twenty-two men, one lady and myself. We left without food, compass or sufficient clothing. We were knocked about in a fog all day, not knowing whither we were drifting. Towards eve, however, we espied a cliff off Belle Isle, when we started for Cape Race, which we made. Approaching the shore, we saw a man carrying a gun, accompanied by two large Newfoundland dogs. He evidently saw us, and made a signal for us to approach the shore cautiously.

"We followed his course for some time, till he was hid from us by a large cliff, which it was impossible he could descend. The two dogs, however, soon appeared, descending this dangerous head-land, and, upon reaching the water, dashed precipitately into the sea, howling dreadfully. Having swam out close to the boat, they then turned close to the shore, keeping a little distance ahead of us, indicating that we were to follow them.

"Our singular pilots seemed to understand the danger of our position, as we did not deviate from the course they were leading us without a loud howl being uttered by them. At last we arrived in a natural creek, where a safe landing was affected. No other similar creek was to be seen, which caused us all to wonder at the sagacity displayed by these dumb animals. No doubt our preservation was in a great measure attributable to these noble dogs. An alarm having been raised, a rope was let down by a pully, and we were taken up the cliff, which is 150 feet in height. We were shortly enable to reach the light-house, where every attention was paid to us,"

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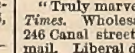
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THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

The ENTIRE STOCK of one Gold and Silver Watch Manufactory, two Immense Jewelry Establishments, one Musical Instrument and Sewing Machine Warehouse, one Silver Plating Warehouse, one Gold Pen and Pencil Maker, to be disposed of with dispatch,

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ONLY ONE DOLLAR

will be charged for any article on our list, and this sum the purchaser need not pay until he knows what he is to get. This plan accords with the method recently become so popular for disposing of large stocks of Jewelry and similar productions.

THE PLAN IS SIMPLE.

The name of each article offered for sale—as Gold Hunting Watch, Gold Oval Band Bracelet, Pearl Breastpin and Ear Drops, Gold Enameled Ring, Silver-plated Cake Basket, &c., is printed on a card and inclosed in a sealed envelope; these envelopes are then placed in a drawer and well mixed; then as an order is received, and 25 cents for return postage and charges, one of the cards or certificates is taken out at random and sent by first mail to the customer, who will see at once what he can get for ONE DOLLAR. If he is pleased with his fortune, he can forward the money according to the directions on the certificate and secure the prize. If the article forwarded should be unsuited to the purchaser —as for example, a set of Pearl Ear Drops and Breastpin to a young man who could not wear them, and had no one to give them to—we will send any other article from the same department of the catalogue of equal price which may be preferred.

AGENTS WANTED throughout the Country to operate for us. A large compensation will be paid. Send for terms, &c., inclosing stamp. ☞ Write your Name, Town, County and State plainly, and address
GOLDSWORTHY BROTHERS,
163 Broadway, New York.

☞ Something New. ☜
For Agents and Dealers to sell, 20 Novel and Useful Articles; profits large. Send stamp for circular.
S. W. RICE & CO.,
tf 83 Nassau street, N. Y.

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Great Prize Distribution
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NEW YORK GIFT ASSOCIATION.

25 Elegant Rosewood Pianos, worth from	$250 to	$500
50 Melodeons, Rosewood Cases	125 to	225
150 Music Boxes	15 to	45
100 Silver Revolving Patent Castors	15 to	40
100 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets	15 to	35
500 Sets Silver Table Spoons	15 to	30
100 Gold Hunting-case Watches	75 to	150
150 Diamond Rings	50 to	200
200 Gold Watches	60 to	100
300 Ladies' Gold Watches	60 to	85
500 Silver Watches	25 to	50
1000 Sets Silver Tea Spoons	6 to	15
1000 Sets Silver Forks	9 to	20
Silver Cups, Butter Knives	6 to	12
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Diamond Pins, Gold Bracelets, Coral, Florentine, Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Cameo Ladies' Sets, Gold Pens, with Gold and Silver Extension Holders, Sleeve Buttons, Sets of Studs, Neck Chains, Vest Chains, Plain and Chased Gold Rings, Gold Thimbles, Lockets, and **FINE JEWELRY** of every description, of the best make and latest styles, valued at
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To be Sold for One Dollar Each *without regard to value.*

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We refer to those who have recently drawn valuable gifts from us:
H. Taylor, Ringtown, Pa,, Gold Patent Lever Watch, value $100; Jas. H. Bruce, Nashville, Tenn., Silver Watch, $40; Geo. D. Wood, Whitby, Canada West, Silver Watch, $45; H. Stone, 52 Tenth street, Piano, value $350; Mrs. Teresa A. Miller, Scranton, Pa., Diamond Ring, value $175; Miss Ellen J. Peck, Springfield, Ill., Melodeon, value $125; Dr. I. Van Riper, Washington, D. C., Gold Hunting Case Watch, value $150; Ed. H. Lindsay, Worcester, Mass., Piano, value $250; Miss D. H. Farwell, Dubuque, Iowa, Diamond Ear-drops, value $250; Francis I. Moran, 126 Pearl street, Albany, N. Y., Music Box, value $40; Mrs. R. C. Ingersoll, Urbano, Ohio, Silver set, value $60; Lieut. B. F. Hendricks, Willard's Hotel, Washington, D. C., Silver Patent Lever Watch, value $55; Robert H. Hotchkiss, New Haven, Conn., Melodeon, value $150; W. F. T. Willis, West 22d street, New York, Diamond Cluster Pin, value $200; Mrs. R. G. Tappan, 16 York street, Gold Watch, value $125; Miss Ellen F. Dickerson, Binghampton, New York, Melodeon, value $100; Wm. B. Redfield, Columbus, Ohio, Music Box, value $40.
Many persons, who have drawn valuable prizes, do not wish their names published, or we might extend this list. Letters from various parties throughout the country, acknowledging the receipt of valuable gifts, may be seen on file at our office,
713 BROADWAY, N. Y.

☞ NO BLANKS.—Every purchaser gets an article of value.
Parties dealing with us may depend on having prompt returns, and the article drawn will be immediately sent to them by express or return mail.
Entire satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.
☞ Six Certificates for One Dollar; 13 for Two Dollars; 33 for Five Dollars. Great Inducements to Agents.
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EXTRAORDINARY OPPORTUNITY!
GREAT ONE PRICE SALE OF
Solid Gold Jewelry, Rich Silverware, Watches, Diamonds, Rings, Pianos, &c.
Including no Brass or so called Plated Jewelry.
EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED GOLD.
$2,500,000 WORTH
To be disposed of at the one average price of
TWO DOLLARS EACH!
Without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive!!!

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES
ALL TO BE SOLD FOR TWO DOLLARS EACH.

5	Superior Grand Piano Fortes	$800 to	$1200
50	Splendid Seven Octave Pianos	400 to	800
150	Melodeons, the best makers	100 to	200
175	First class Sewing Machines	50 to	150
200	Rosewood Musical Boxes, 32 airs	75 to	250
250	Mahogany " " 24 "	50 to	200
250	Diamond Rings	50 to	250
500	Gold Hunting-Cased Watches	75 to	200
500	Gold Ladies' Enameled Watches	50 to	200
1,000	Silver Hunting-Cased Watches	35 to	100
1,000	" Open-Faced Watches	15 to	50
250	" Dining Sets—splendid	75 to	300
500	" Salvers and Urns	50 to	250
500	" Tea Sets—complete	50 to	300
2,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	18 to	50
3,000	" Chased Bracelets	15 to	30
2,000	" Chatelain and Guard Chains	18 to	40
7,000	" Solitaire & Revolving Brooches	15 to	25
2,000	" Brooches, Lava and Coral	8 to	15
5,000	" " Opal and Emerald	15 to	40
5,000	" Ear-Drops, Jet, Lava, Coral, Mosaic, Opal and Emerald Settings	8 to	40
5,000	" California Diamond Breastpins	6 to	25
3,000	" Sets Solitaire Buttons and Studs	12 to	25
3,000	" Thimbles, Pencils, &c	6 to	15
10,000	" Lockets, Double Glasses	8 to	25
10,000	" " for Miniatures	6 to	20
3,000	" Toothpicks, Crosses, &c	6 to	12
5,000	" Plain Rings	6 to	10
5,000	" Chased or Engraved Rings	6 to	12
5,000	" Shield and Signet Rings	8 to	25
10,000	" California Diamond Rings	6 to	20
10,000	" Pearl and Fancy Stone Rings	8 to	25
7,500	" Sets Ladies' Jewelry, Jet	15 to	25
10,000	Sets of Ladies Gold Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Opal, Emerald and other Stones	15 to	50
10,000	Gold Pens, with Silver Holders	6 to	12
5,000	" " with Gold Holders	10 to	25
5,000	" " Holders and Velvet Case	10 to	30
5,000	Silver Goblets and Cups—all styles	6 to	12
3,000	" Castors and Wine Holders	15 to	50
2,000	" Fruit and Cake Baskets	20 to	30
1,000	" Card Cases	15 to	25
3,000	" Egg Stands	18 to	40
2,000	" Ice Pitchers	20 to	50
6,000	" Cake, Pie and Fruit Knives	8 to	25
20,000	Dozen Silver Teaspoons	8 to	15
10,000	" " Tablespoons	15 to	25
10,000	" " Forks and Knives	15 to	40
1,000	" " Nut Picks	12 to	20
5,000	Sets Silver Napkin Rings	8 to	25
10,000	Engravings in Rosewood Frames	6 to	15
6,000	" in Gilt "	8 to	25
5,000	Large Photographs, in Frames	8 to	30
1,000	Fine Oil Paintings	25 to	100
6,000	Fine Pearl Pocket Knives—6 blades	6 to	15
3,000	Ivory and Pearl Back Combs	10 to	25
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15,000	Photograph Albums—all styles	6 to	30

CALKINS & CO., 558 and 560 Broadway, N. Y., are the appointed Managers for the Cosmopolitan Association of Manufacturers, which has been organized with the special object of doing away with the enormous profits exacted from the people by jobbers and wholesale and retail dealers in their goods, making articles, for which the manufacturers receive, on the average, but $2, cost the customer, at retail, from $6 to $12, after passing through three or four hands. This splendid stock of the leading and most fashionable styles of Solid Gold jewelry—watches, silverware, &c., worth $2,500,000 at retail prices—will all be sold by Messrs. Calkins & Co., managers for the association, for $500,000, (manufacturers cost) or an average of $2 for each and every article, subject to the following regulations:—

Sealed Advertisements of the various articles are well mixed, and when ordered are taken out indiscriminately and sent by mail without regard to choice, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the advertisement you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send *two dollars* and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, Piano, or any article of jewelry on our list, Warranted Gold, for only Two Dollars, and they cannot get less than three or five times the value of the money at ordinary retail price, for there are no blanks, and when not satisfied, the least article, whatever it may be, can be exchanged for a splendid Silver Butter Dish or Castor, heavy plate, valued at $10, or a Fifty Picture Morocco Photograph Album, worth $6. Send 25 cents for an envelope.

Each envelope contains a valuable collection of useful receipts and popular songs, worth many dollars.

Persons ordering envelopes will receive them promptly by mail, postage paid, together with the following premiums upon sending the cash.

2 for 50 cts., with a beautiful Photograph.

5 for $1.00	"	Silver Nut Pick	worth	$1.00
11 for 2.00	"	Silver Napkin Ring	"	2 00
17 for 3.00	"	Silver Fruit Knife	"	3.00
30 for 5.00	"	Gold Pen, Ext. Case	"	6.00
65 for 10.00	"	Gold Double Locket	"	12.00
100 for 15.00	"	Fine Silver watch	"	18.00
200 for 30.00	"	Silver Hunting Watch	"	40.00

In all cases, upon receipt of the money, the premiums as above will be sent with the envelopes.

From the Press.

The Great Gold Gift Distribution.

We desire to caution our readers against confounding the establishment of the Cosmopolitan Manufacturing Jewelers Association, with the "enterprises" so often advertised in the daily press, and which the purchaser finds, upon investigation, to be mere catchpenny affairs, gotten up for the purpose of disposing of the fag ends of worthless stocks, from the second hand establishments of the East. Not an article is sold by Messrs. Calkins & Co. but is worth all it is represented to be; and, indeed, the well known character and reputation of the firm itself is a sufficient guarantee for the responsibility of the association they represent. Were such not the case, visitors would not throng their establishment in this city, at 83 and 85 Madison street, as they now do, nor would they go away with faces so bright with smiles of satisfaction. Chicago *Post,* April 1st, 1865.

We want agents in every town and county, and in every regiment, and to those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every envelope ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every envelope, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps

Address CALKINS & CO., Managers, Headquarters, 558 and 560 Broadway, N. Y., or, if nearer, 36 South Fourth street, St. Louis, Mo., or 83 and 85 Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

T. H. WINSLOW & CO.
THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD JEWELLERY AT LOW PRICES.
100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENTS' PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC.
Worth $300,000!
To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get.Ègular Sale for Cash. In this, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time give our Circular containing full and particular terms, also terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the Country.
J. H. WINSLOW & CO.
26 Broadway, New York.

B. T. HAYWARD,
206 Broadway, N. Y.,
Manufacturer of Gold Fellows, Masonic, Army, Navy, Base Ball, Skating Club, Endorsed Emblems, and Badges of every description. I will send a sample coin silver on the receipt of $1 50, together with my Wholesale Illustrated Circular.

METROPOLITAN
ENTERPRISE.
GREAT GIFT SALE
OF THE
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JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION.
Capital—$1,000,000.
An immense stock of Pianos, Watches, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods, to be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you see what you are to receive.
CERTIFICATES, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. These envelopes will be sold by mail, regardless of choice, at the following list of prices, viz.:

Each envelope will contain			
1 for 25 cents,	Silver Butter Knife	"	$1.00
11 for 2.00	" Silver Fruit Knife	"	1.00
20 for 3.00	" Silver Pickle Case	"	3.00
30 for 5.00	" Gold Locket	"	5.00
50 for 10.00	" Gold Pencil Case	"	10.00
100 for 15.00	" Good Silver Watch	"	20.00
200 for 30.00	" Gold Hunting Case	"	30.00

On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you are to get. If we have, and you desire it, you can pay one dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, Piano, Sewing Machine, or any Set of Jewelry on our list, for $1; and in no case can they get less than the value named worth, or there are no blanks.
Agents wanted. Great inducements to ladies and gents who will act as such. Don't fail to send for circular. Address as above.
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Finely bound—two gilt clasps—for 60 photographs. Sent by mail for $3.
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For One Dollar I will send, sealed and postpaid, the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed, which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks, in case of sickness, or no hair at all. Entire satisfaction given, or money refunded. Descriptive Circulars sent free. Address
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Freckles, Tan and Pimples
REMOVED AT ONCE, BY THE USE OF "UPHAM'S FRECKLE, TAN AND PIMPLE BANISHER." Mailed to any address for $1. Address, by S. C. UPHAM, 32 South Eighth street, Philadelphia. 525-37

Over Fifty Secrets, numerous Jokes, Witty Sayings, &c., will be found in "THE LOUNGER." Sent *free* for Fifty Cents.
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Relief Guaranteed in Ten Minutes,
and a *permanent cure* effected by the use of "UPHAM'S ASTHMA REMEDY." Sent by mail, on receipt of *twenty years'* standing yield at once to its influence. Price $2. Sent postpaid by address, S. C. UPHAM, 32 South Eighth street, Philadelphia. Circulars sent free. 525-37

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MY ONGUENT will force a heavy growth of hair in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. It is a sure, safe, and speedy remedy to any address on receipt of an order.
Price $1, or Two Boxes for $1 50. Address $1, or Two Boxes for $1 50. Address
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A Lady who has been cured of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address inclosing stamp, MRS. M. MERIAM, P. O. Box 356, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. 525-4 tow

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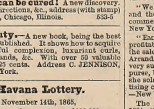
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An Handsome Silver Watch, Serviceable Pattern, Small Size, in Heavy Double Cases, same as the $8 Watch, with Key, Case, Gold Locket, &c., sent free for only $6.
THE GOLD IMPERIAL TIMEKEEPER, a *Wonderful Combination of Mechanical Effects*, containing a beautiful and *correct watch movement*, with an accurately adjusted *Mariner's Compass* in miniature, sunk in Dial, and a *Reliable Calendar* showing days of month, week, etc., rendering this Watch a perfect Sroom, Heat, and Time Indicating, and of great value to the Soldier, Sailor, Farmer, and everyone who desires a RELIABLE AND ACCURATE WATCH. This splendid Watch is encased in *Finely Finished* DOUBLE HUNTING CASES, WITH MASSO PATTERN (the outer case being 18 Carat Gold, inner cases of *Solid Gold Composite*), Richly Engraved, with *Solid Gut Pivots*, *Genuine English Improved Jewelled Action*, M. J. Tobias *movements*, Polished Lever Cap, *Self-acting Steel Protected Main Spring*, Balance, Compensation Actions, Polished Steel Cut Hands, and is an *Correct Timekeeper* in every respect, used by the Royal Equipage and Officers of the BRITISH ARMY as their standard Issue Pocket Watch, and is now bearing our private trade mark. Price per single one, all complete, by mail, to any part of the country, $30. Fine Silver *Duplex* Watches, $20. GENUINE AMERICAN LEVERS, Fine Silver Hunting Cases, $20. *Ladies' Size Levers*, $30. Silver Hunting Levers, $15. SOLID WEDDING Watches, $40. Solid Gold Diamond and Illustrated Diamond MASON WATCHES. Small size, for Ladies, as low as $30. Send for Circular. Address
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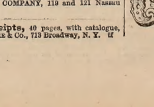
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Matrimony.—Why every man should marry Why every woman should marry. All may marry to know. Read the Illustrated Marriage Guide and Medical Adviser, by Dr. Hall. 300 pages. Mailed to sealed envelopes on receipt of 25 cts. Address 13 White Street, New York.

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Courtship Made Easy. New Edition—Illustrated.
Treating on "Psychologic Fascination," showing how any person of either sex can fascinate, win the affections, and soon marry any person they wish, irrespective of age or personal appearance. Sent by mail for 25 cents, by T. L. DE LACY & CO., Box 1,222, Portland, Maine.

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All articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Fortress Monroe, Harper's Ferry, Newberne, Port Royal, and Hilton Head, will be forwarded *free* of charge by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 65 Broadway. Suitors charged for labor. 000



DR. STRICKLAND'S MELLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM is warranted to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Throat, Consumption, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.
For sale by all Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.
524-26

Consumption can be cured! A new discovery. For full particulars, send stamp for address (with stamp) DR. PHILO ADAMS, Chicago, Illinois. 533-5

Guide to Beauty.—A new book, being the best book on *beauty* ever published. It shows how to acquire a pure, healthy, and beautiful complexion, luxuriant hair, bright eyes, white hands, &c. With over 50 valuable receipts, sent free by address. Address C. JENNISON, Box 5374 P. O., New York.

Royal Havana Lottery.
Official Drawing of November 14th, 1865.

No. 34051	drew	$100,000
No. 15,000	"	50,000
No. 2,928	"	25,000
No. 29,000	"	10,000
No. 19,710	"	5,000
No. 3,329	"	2,000

Being the six capital prizes.
Prizes paid in gold. Information furnished. Highest cash paid for doubloons and all kinds of gold and silver.
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FRANK LESLIE'S
Christmas Gift,
A Comic Pictorial
FOR THE HOLIDAYS,
With over 70 Illustrations and Stories. Sole Agents, AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 119 and 121 Nassau street, New York.

Book of Receipts, 40 pages, with catalogue, free. ADDRS. BLACKLE & CO., 719 Broadway, N. Y. tf

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GREAT SALE OF
Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, &c.,
ONE MILLION DOLLARS WORTH!
To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR EACH, without regard to value—not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive! Splendid List or Articles, all to be sold at ONE DOLLAR EACH!

300 Musical Boxes,	$20 to $150 each	
100 "	with Musical Accompaniments	
"	Discs	200 to 500 " "
500 Silver Cups and Coffee Urns		20 to 50 " "
500 " Chasing Dishes		20 to 100 " "
500 " Tea Kettles		20 to 50 " "
2500 " Syrup Cups with Salvers		20 to 60 " "
2500 " Bottle-holding Decanter Cups		20 to 60 " "
2000 " Castors		15 to 50 " "
1000 " Cake Baskets and Cake Baskets		20 to 50 " "
5000 Dozen Silver Tea Spoons		20 to 40 " "
10000 " " Tablespoons & Forks		20 to 40 " "
5000 Solid Gold Hunting-case Watches		$50 to $100 " "
250 Ladies' Gold and Enameled Hunting-case Watches		25 to 70 " "
500 Gents' Hunting-case Silver Watches		35 to 70 " "
1000 Gents' Open-face Silver Watches		20 to 100 " "
5000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains		4 to 30 " "
5000 " Oval Band Bracelets		4 to 10 " "
5000 Jet and Gold Bracelets		4 to 10 " "
5000 Gold Watch Guards and Chains		5 to 20 " "
5000 Solitaire Diamond Rings		5 to 150 " "
5000 Coral, Coal & Emerald Brooches		4 to 8 " "
5000 Jet, Coral and Pinecastle Ear Drops		4 to 8 " "
5000 Coral, Jet & Emerald Hair Drops		4 to 8 " "
4000 California Diamond Breastpins		2.50 to 10 " "
4000 Solid Gold Vest Chains		4 to 30 " "
4000 Fob and Vest Ribbon-slides		2.50 to 10 " "
5000 Gold Lockets, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c., &c.		3 to 8 " "
1000 Gold Pencils, &c.		3 to 10 " "
10000 Miniature Lockets		2.50 to 15 " "
1000 Silver Cups, Magic Spring		10 to 50 " "
5000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, &c.		4 to 10 " "
5000 Plain Gold Rings		4 to 10 " "
5000 Gold Lockets and Jet Buckles		4 to 8 " "
10000 Sleeve Set and Signet Rings		2.50 to 10 " "
5000 Ladies' Gold Enameled Rings		4 to 10 " "
7500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet & Gold		5 to 15 " "
6000 " " Pearl, Opal and other stones		4 to 15 " "
10000 Gold Pens with Silver Extension Holders		4 to 10 " "
5000 " " Gold Mounted Holders		6 to 10 " "
5000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension Holders		15 to 25 " "
5000 Ladies' Gold and Jet Buckles		4 to 8 " "
5000 Ladies' Gold and Jet Hair Pins		4 to 10 " "
5000 " " Combs		4 to 10 " "

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers Agents,
167 Broadway, N. Y.
Announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold at ONE DOLLAR EACH.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war in this country, the supply of cotton, the principal source of Valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent for sale in the United States, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE! Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO. have been able to obtain for the principal European manufacturers, have received upon

Great Gift Apportionment,
to be distributed gratuitously to the following locations:
Certificates of the various articles are put into envelopes and thoroughly sealed up, and ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, the same as in a lottery. On receipt of the certificate, you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to sell the article or take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewelry on our list for One Dollar.

SEND 25 CENTS FOR CERTIFICATE.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate, paying postage and doing the business, the following, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for 1 dollar; 11 for 2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

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"CAUTION TO LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the Great Gift distribution of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been engaged in the sale for a week, but only for her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen by our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged."—*New York Journal of Commerce*, Aug. 16, 1865.

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ARRANDALE & CO.,
167 Broadway, N. Y.

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FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS AGENTS.

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Who has attended the scientific classes of Paris and London, has now permanently located herself at Albany, N. Y. Madame Ferregault is the sole and only proper instrument, known as the Horoscope, guarantees to produce a likeness of the future husband or wife of the patron, together with the date of marriage, leading traits of character, occupation, &c., and is astounding, as thousands of testimonials can assert. She has a system by which a written prescriptive that the picture is what it purports to be. By stating age, height, complexion, color of eyes and hair, and inclosing 50 cents, and stamped envelope, addressed to yourself, you will receive by return mail. Address
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THE HIGHEST PREMIUM, A SPECIAL GOLD MEDAL, was awarded us by the late great FAIR of the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, over all competitors, for the *best* instruments.
"A Gold Medal was awarded to CARHART, NEEDHAM & CO., for the best Melodeon in the exhibition—a most just testimonial. The award for the second best Instrument of any kind was made to James H. Pelton, exhibitor and agent of the Peloubet organ; and the third award was given to Mason & Hamlin."—*Professor Art Journal.*
"I can speak of them in the highest terms."
G. W. MORGAN.
"The finest instruments of the class I ever saw."
GEO. F. BRISTOW.
"The best Instruments of their class."—WM. A. KING.
"The best in their style, for instrument on exhibition—a most just testimonial. The award for the second best Instrument of any kind was made to James H. Pelton, exhibitor and agent of the Peloubet organ; and the third award was given to Mason & Hamlin."—*Professor Art Journal.*
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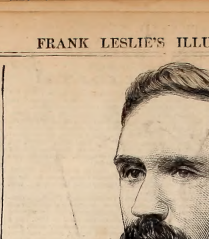
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With B. T. BABBIT'S Pure Concentrated Potash, or Ready Soap Maker, warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other soapmaker or lye in market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest in the market. B. T. BABBIT, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72, and 74 Washington street, N. Y.
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FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

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To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable; and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

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Forced to grow upon the smoothest face in from three to five weeks by using DR. BERTZ'S CELEBRATED RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE. The most wonderful discovery in modern science, acting upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the *Elite* of Paris and London with the most flattering success.

The names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Sent by mail, sealed and postpaid, $1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address

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No. 535—Vol. XXI.] NEW YORK, DECEMBER 30, 1865. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Years, 12 Weeks $1 00



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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 30, 1865.

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"HIS ONLY PAIR."

Lamartine on the Rampage—"A Beggarly Frenchman."

It is not many years since a Frenchman, who had obtained a certain reputation in his own and other countries, organised a grand begging bureau in Paris, with branches all over the world. The mendicant Frenchman, whose name is Lamartine, honored us with a branch of his establishment, and we were called on and adjured, if not exactly in the name of "la Santissima Trinidad," by every other appeal considered as likely to be effective, to bestow our coppers on the poor old poet and ephemeral head of the ephemeral Republic of 1848, in Paris. Known only to a few through his writings, and not very highly appreciated even by those, the mendicant mission to the United States proved a melancholy failure. M. de Lamartine obtained scant return for the humiliation of holding out his hat for alms, on this side of the water. The consequence was much private abuse of Americans by the disappointed beggar, with an occasional public slur on them when the opportunity offered.

It is only lately, however, that the gall of the decadent *litterateur*, who has become almost forgotten in his own country, has fairly boiled over. He knows that Americans are sensitive on nothing so much as the vindication of that continental policy asserted as long ago as 1824 by their then President, and he knows that they look with ill-concealed irritation and deep anger on the proceedings of the French Emperor in Mexico. Finding a sore spot, under which the nation winces at the slightest touch, M. de Lamartine, disregarding all considerations of truth, right or the consistency of his own political life, so far as he has had one, strikes eagerly at the tender place, with all the vigor of which he is capable under the double inspiration of pique and revenge. The Americans declined to contribute to the support of his follies and profligacy, so "down with the Yankees!" The alternative he gives us is not that of the more manly highway robber, "Your money or your life," but "Your money, or I'll throw stones at you from a distance."

The first proposition of the irate poet is, that Mexico must be held by Europe, as "against the usurpation of the United States," and European right to take this position is demonstrated in the following highly logical formula: "The globe is the property of man; the new continent America is the property of Europe!"

If Europe does not take this position, whether justified or not by this irresistible logic, M. de Lamartine tells his readers that in twenty-five years the entire continent will belong to the United States, through its "usurpations"—albeit, the United States—alone, of all countries on the globe can boast that it never acquired a foot of territory, except through fair and open purchase, or fair and honorable negotiation.

This appeal to the fears of Europe is followed by another appeal to its more sordid characteristics, to its selfishness and cupidity. Here M. de Lamartine draws such a picture of the wealth and future development of America, that we feel all the more stimulated by it to retain our hold on so rich a heritage, and enjoy ourselves the glorious future which he asks Europe to secure for itself by destroying our enterprise and checking our growth. There is a French proverb, which runs, "What is good to have is good to keep," and certainly if the prize we are likely to lose through European intervention is so good, we shall fight for it to the end. We quote the words of M. de Lamartine:

"Thus, who does not know that the grain of America, of the valley of the Mississippi especially, does not constitute the world's granary in case of famine, as Sicily was the granary of the Romans? Who does not know that the monetary capital of the universe is in the immense mines of Mexico, and Peru and Sonora, and that these mines, given up to their natural productiveness by a good system of drainage, will place all the capital in gold and silver of the universe in the hands of the United States, masters of the two Americas? Who does not know that the master of capital is the master of interest, and that Europe, delivered up to this country of monopolies, will be for ever subject to its despotism? Who does not know that, masters of the price of gold and silver, they will be masters also of our most vital industries, and that their coalition already organized against our industry in silks, which rival their industry in cotton, will ruin Lyons, the capital of tissues, and the second capital of France? Who does not know that in depriving us or in depriving themselves by the extinction of the South, of the element of this industry in Europe—cotton—they will continue to starve, as they have already starved, eight millions of workmen in France, more than that in England, five millions in Austria, and thus take Europe by famine at every caprice of their arbitrary interests? Who does not know, in fine, that our commerce and navigation will be subjected to the same destruction as our products?"

As far as this our poet writes in as utilitarian a vein as we presume he is capable of, outside of exploiting other people's charity; but here the old personal grudge breaks through all restraint, and divesting all that he has written of even the semblance of statesmanship, degenerates into mere abuse of Americans. M. de Lamartine is no longer expounder and defender of the Emperor's policy, but a drab, a very scold, and so amusing in his excessive vituperation, that the sense of the ludicrous overcomes the sentiment of pity, excited always when we see an old man, even a mendicant, grind his broken fangs, and snap and snarl like a dog, instead of accepting with dignity the world's forgetfulness, and himself striving to forget the slights of the world.

After saying that the Americans, referring exclusively to the people of the United States, "have scarcely any of the conditions of an American literature," he proceeds to compare them unfavorably, in respect of poetry and art, with the ancient Peruvians and Mexicans. Archæologists will probably fail to suppress a smile over "the poems of quippus:"

"The Mexicans, before the conquest, the pretended savages of Montezuma, the Peruvians with their poems of quippus, were, in that respect, much more advanced. The gigantic monuments of the Aztecs have left on the earth traces of intelligence and of force very much superior, thus far, to the exclusively utilitarian edifices of the Americans of the North. The pioneers of the North do not build for time; the log-splitters only know how to cut down, in order to split up the grand aristocratic trees of the forests, which they see fall with the joy of men envious of the superiority of nature. Their eloquence is the struggle of their legislative assemblies, into which they carry the rudeness of their violent manners, and where brutalities of gesture and of the closed fist take the place of the beautiful moral violences which the great modern or ancient orators of Europe exercise by aid of persuasion or logic, or men of refinement assembled together for the purpose of seeking, in common, after the right and the justice of things."

The "closed fist," we suppose, is the contrasting simile to that of the "open hand"—*i.e.*, the Yankees kept a "close fist" when M. de Lamartine passed round his hat!

We permit M. de Lamartine to go on with his characterizations of American journalism and manners, only confessing to some surprise at finding that, among our many shortcomings, lack of "politeness to women" is not among the least:

"Their journals, innumerable because they cost little or nothing, are only so many recepticles of advertisements of the charlatanisms recommended by the Barnums of the press—receptacles of calumnies and invectives, thrown out daily to the various parties, in order to fasten upon them odious appellations or trivial accusations, so as to discredit one another, and to take away their subscribers. Their 'saloons' are held in hotels; their circles of men, which are tempered neither by good feeling nor by politeness towards women, are only so many clubs of eager tradesmen, utilizing even their hours of repose for their purses, proud to know only that which brings them in money, and entertaining each other only with real or illusory enterprises, by which they may centriple their fortune. Their liberty, altogether personal, has always something about it hostile to some one; the absence of all kindness of manner gives them in general the air and the attitude of some one who is in the expectation of being insulted, or who seeks, by force of pride of manner, to prevent the insults that may be offered him. They have conscience themselves of the continual disagreeableness of their manners. * * * They love no one; no one loves them. It is the expiation of egotists. History presents no parallel of such a physiognomy; pride, coldness, correctness of features, mechanism of gesture, munching of tobacco in the mouth, spit-box under the feet, legs perched against the chimney-jambs or doubled up on themselves, without regard to the respect which man owes to man, an accent brief, monotonous, imperious, a disdainful air imprinted in every feature—this is the picture of one of those autocrats of money."

There Thersites stops for want of breath. To think that all this might have been spared us, if we had only subscribed to M. de Lamartine's "Meditations," at four times their value!

The *Evening Post* is disposed, and with justice, to distrust what are called the "friendly manifestations" of France towards Chile. We should like to know what sort of a remonstrance Louis Napoleon could make against the conduct of Spain, in face of his own more flagitious conduct in Mexico? It is not usual for highwaymen to reprove each other, and the big thief is generally considerate towards the little one, until ready to rob him of his share of the booty. It would be amusing to see the private dispatch to Madrid, which would be sure to accompany any "remonstrance" from the Tuileries! We can imagine it to run something as follows:

"*Virtuous Queen!*—They are making a thundering hubbub about Chile, and I must keep the *canaille* quiet. All right, you know. Go in and win!"

As for the sympathy of Great Britain, it is no doubt real; it is, in fact, a measurable, determinable quantity. Cant *plus* copper! Happy Chile, to have her troubles react on English selfishness. More fortunate than Denmark, more favored than Italy! To keep copper cheap, and at the same time cheaply extend her influence, are certainly objects worthy of British statesmanship. The *modus operandi* we leave the *Post* to explain:

"The remonstrance of England, however, has had some effect; and so far as it helps Chile, it will help also to extend the influence of England amongst the Chileans. This is a point which it is worth our while to consider. Our government has withheld its sympathy from any of the American republics lately attacked by European despots. It has given greater opportunities to the French than to the Mexicans to procure supplies within our borders; it has looked with a cold stare at the aggressions of Spain upon Peru, and the recent unwarrantable and outrageous attack upon Chile. While we are thus by selfishness losing our influence with our sister republics, England steps in, and at the cost of a dispatch, and without any risk or expense whatever, secures the gratitude and confidence of the Chilean government and people. The same act, so far as it makes the British power felt, is of advantage to England all over South America. The people of those States say to themselves, England is a good friend to have—as for the United States, they cannot be counted on; let us then by all means cultivate the friendship of England.

"Thus we quietly suffer ourselves to be pushed to the wall. Is it not almost time to take a different course? We have now a fleet in the Pacific ocean, and a number of men-of-war on the way to California besides. Suppose they should be ordered to look in at Valparaiso. This would cost nothing, but it would at least show our flag there; it would keep us from falling into contempt on the South American coast; it would probably help Admiral Pareja to keep his temper; the sight of two or three American ironclads would give the Chileans courage and the Spaniards caution."

Mr. Sumner has introduced a bill in the Senate proposing an amendment of the Constitution, conformably with the recommendation of the President, namely, so as to make the number of voters, and not population, the basis of representation in Congress. Such an amendment is required on ground of expediency as well as right, and since the total abolition of slavery in the country, becomes of immediate and practical moment. It is intolerable, an outrage upon the free white voting population of the North and West, that the Southern States should have *thirty-two* members of the House of Representatives, professing to represent 4,000,000, not one of whom had a voice in their election. As matters stand, South Carolina would be entitled to six Members of Congress, from a population made up of 291,000 whites and 402,000 blacks, that is to say, three and a half of her representatives would be of negroes who cannot cast a single ballot. We are not advocating negro suffrage, but the rights of white men. We say it is wrong that 291,000 whites in South Carolina should have greater political power than 700,000 whites in New York, as they have now, and will continue to have unless the Constitution is changed as proposed by Mr. Sumner. As the matter stands the rebellion in South Carolina is a perfect success. It compelled the National Government to emancipate the negroes, and give them two new representatives, without giving the negro constituency a single vote.

POPULAR LITERATURE.

It may seem to the inexperienced an easy matter to cater to the public taste. Many suppose that what is to interest the eye, the head and the heart of the million readers in a country of universal education like this, is as easily got and prepared as the restaurateur arranges his banquet. It is one of the fallacies that any one may turn author, editor or publisher. Yet, if any one whose memory runs back a quarter of a century were to endeavor to enumerate the newspapers, comic papers, illustrated papers, periodicals of all kinds, publishing houses of fame and renown that have risen and vanished, he will be astonished, and admit that after all a certain peculiar ability, a power to appreciate what is intrinsically good, and what people at large will appreciate is the great element for success in this, as in any other business.

Frank Leslie's various publications now form a long list, and his name has become in all parts of the country a guarantee to his readers that the contents of his various periodicals are suited to their wants. This continued success is the highest and surest test of merit. Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper is, perhaps, the most perfect current history of the times that has ever been produced. The world in all its great movements is here photographed day by day. His Chimney Corner is a most comprehensive weekly magazine, a Family Paper of the most unexceptionable character, full of varied and instructive information, Tales, History, Biography, the vast realm of Nature and Art, Travels, reading for ladies and for the young. His German Illustrated Paper, alone of its kind in merit and reality. His Lady's Magazine is without a parallel in its Gazette of Fashion, and in the solidity, variety, extent and talent of its literary matter. Indeed no lady who takes it fails to see the immense advantage which its rich and early fashion plates and descriptions give, while the Magazine, apart from this, is superior in literary merit to almost all the monthlies of every class. His Budget of Fun could fill its columns with a most laughable account of the comic papers with wealthy sponsors, whose birth and death it has beheld, while it has been having its quiet joke with the public. His New Monthly is the cheapest and most attractive monthly of the day, while his Almanacs *sui generis* are appreciated wherever seen.

Of such a list of successful publications as our readers will find in a preceding column, all carried on at once, it is pardonable to feel an honest pride.

TOWN GOSSIP.

All the world—that is, all the New York world who have been attacked in their noses and ears by the late cold snap, have, by the force of association, been brought to think upon skating, and consequently there has been within a few days a fearful rubbing up of last year's skates, a polishing of irons, and an overlooking of costumes. About this time the younger portion of the public mind is agitated upon the question of ponds and lakes, and is naturally more interested in knowing what is doing, or about to be done, in the ice line than in any other line. Under these circumstances we cannot do a better act than to make a short detail and gossip upon what state the known skating localities

are in, and what may be the hopes for the coming season.

Firstly, there is, of course, as the most important, the Central Park pebble. Here, we are glad to state, that the Commissioners have fully realized the importance of making good provision for what is really our national question. To do this they have not only thoroughly put in order the old ponds, but have added to the public domain two new ponds. One of these is the "Conservatory Pond," and has heretofore been kept for private clubs, a keeping that has rather offended the democracy of the upper wards. It is situated just to the Fifth avenue and 73d street entrance of the Park, and will be especially handy for those residing on the east side of the city. The other is known as "Harlem Lake," stands at the extreme northwest, or coldest corner of the Park, and as a consequence is expected to be always frozen. This pond will suit the Harlemites, being nearest to that classic locality, and will likewise suit them, since the other ponds will not be confined with kerosene-lamp liveries. Accommodations the same as at the lower ponds have been put up, fires will be kept all night and day, and the appetite and drinkette can be reasonably satisfied at any time.

At the "Lower Lake" a new building has gone up, a part of which will be appropriated to refreshments and tobacco, so that the finer portion of creation can enjoy their cobbles and cuddles without its being choked with tobacco-smoke and spit into convulsions, as in former years. The boy's skates and the large rock in the centre of the pond have been removed, so that there is now clear skating way of twenty acres and no interruption. The grade of the pond has also been cut down from seven feet to four, and every precaution, such as boilers and ropes, made ready to diminish all chances of accidents. Coupled with this there will be men always on the watch, and if any mimicky fair one does tumble in there are stout and strong engaged expressly for such an event, ready where warm, dry clothing can be had immediately. Nice, too, is that.

Then there is a new pluning-machine, or scraper, which will be employed every night to take off the rough ice of the day, and weather or no weather give the fresh surface as smooth as glass every morning.

At the Lower Ponds the refreshment saloon has been enlarged and the ladies' building refitted. A new stairway has been made from the Fifth Avenue entrance. On the pond itself, in a floating craft, and here the Commissioner shot can follow his native game with all the conveniences. The juveniles also may thank the commissioners for their thoughtful remark to set aside a "Conservatory Hill," near Fifth Avenue and 72d street, for coasting, and, under our early recollections, where such sports were dear to their own souls.

Next comes the Fifth Avenue Pond, where the scene of Lowe's aerial voyage exploded. This under his lordship Major Cesar F. Ottman, whose name is a household word, and to whom no family should be without, this year assume an importance beyond all former years. The pond has been refitted, and every night in evening during the season a band of music will play. When ice is in order, the place will open with a grand masquerade, which will be an event of the season.

At the junction of Fifth Avenue and 59th street a new pond has been opened, called Mitchell's Pond. It is 200 feet by 75, and has buildings and accommodations for skaters.

In Brooklyn a strong effort is being made to attract, and not only the local notice, but the lovers of skating from everywhere. The Cricketers' Club, at the Parade ground, and at the corner of Nostrand and Flatbush Avenues. It is already flooded and waiting cold nights. It covers eight acres, is fenced in and has constructed two stony buildings on its banks, with refreshment, skate and other rooms, and makes a charge of subscription of about $2 the season.

The Union Pond is corner of Fifth Avenue and Third street, Brooklyn. It covers two squares, has comfortable buildings, and orders the attendance of several fancy skaters, who will be always on hand to lead, and keep up a continuous gratuitously the mazy waltz. "The Corbyion House," a relic of the past, stands at the entrance to the Park. It was built in 1766, and was Washington's quarters during the occupation of Long Island and New York in the revolution, the house will be open for public inspection at all times.

Bedford Pond, which is a wash basin of rough ponds about, all of which throw out their attraction, and leave no room for the supposition that there is a lack of ponds.

Having now discussed skating, we will fly to dancing, at least that which is to be had in the great public and *entire*.

The reason is to be one of more than common excitement with regard to first-class public balls. The great success of many of the large balls of last year has caused the ball-givers and goers to wake up. The year we shall call them the Arion, the Liederkranz, and the 12th Regiment balls, with renewed splendor from last year, but with also some new features, new halls and many new military. The American Club, famous as a supporting house, and especially of those who are the rage, or those who wish to be in, gives a grand splurge at the Academy of Music. The 20th Regiment does ditto, at their own rooms, and it is even whispered that the 69th will not be outdone from the industrial point and do likewise. The fighting is all over, why not the dance go in?

Therefore do we predict that the season will be the great of years in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

One of the excitements of the week is the Penian hubbub. The simple fact of the whole thing is, that as long as the Irish are poor, by poverty, all is serene and comfortable, but as soon as the cash began to flow in, then came trouble. Some of the whole Irish race seem to have the handling of it, and failing that, declared a war. In Ireland, some total of the funds collected amounts to about $150,000, and the largest of them came from the Roman Catholic Clergy, per Lo'Gorman, $4,000; San Francisco, per Jeremiah Cavanagh, $3,336; Chicago, per Thomas E. Scanlon, $1,000; and Boston, $7,368 99; to say nothing of various sums of $1,000 to $5,000 each.

As the thing stands now, the party is split in two, each struggling for the funds, both declaring they are true men. It is a mighty pretty quarrel as it stands, but we fear much that the whole will not come after all, which says: "When thieves fall out, honest men will come by their own."

Opera goers will regret to hear of the death of Signor Rovere, whose death occurred so lately in his native city of Cropino, in the opera of "Cropino e la Comare."

He had not been ailing since leaving New York, never for a moment, until Wednesday, Dec. 13, was his life considered in danger. Very suddenly in the afternoon of that day, he expired. The immediate cause of death is said to have been congestion of the lungs and brain. An hour before his death, indeed, he referred to the opera of Cropino, which had taken for the thrust trouble, and his medical adviser even encouraged the hope that he might be able to sing on the coming Saturday, when "Cropino e la Comare" was to be given. But he was so shocked by the news of his once removed, as a mark or respect to the deceased, to close the opera.

Signor Rovere was an old favorite with our public. He came to us in 1859 with Max Alboni, and subsequently sang, a day or his. Maretzka's direction, with Mme. Sontag and others. He returned to Europe and remained there for several years, but was re-engaged by his ornar aggressive for the present season. His success in the opera of "Cropino" abundantly proved that his powers were still unbroken. The opera of "Linda di Chamouni" was written expressly for him. Signor Rovere was 60 years of age, and leaves a widow and children to mourn his loss.

There are a class in which art can reach the public, freely to the menial unit and secondly to the great mass. In the first case it may be said to paint a picture of the status. However beautiful it may be, or calculate to refine and educate the people in art, it is subjected to the chance of the rich man's purse and may be considered by the multitude at a private gallery only to be viewed once in an age by himself or some particular friend. This we hold as a great fault to be worth. On the other hand there is the sculptor, who consents to go into the simple group modelled and given for a few dollars a copy to every person who wishes to decorate his or her parlor. Such a group is that of Ringlea, an artist of great merit, who is getting to be public property of excellent pictures, not also copied, but each, as they are brought out, improving upon the last. His group of the bowling is wonderful, and while another artist is engaged in the same subject, he has put it in a grand picture—great in point of size—he will dash off a dozen of the same set pieces, which will be found in each of the Broadway glleries and windows, beautifully framed and glazed, for from $20 to $30, while the artist who paces of the public for very little above the cost of our many engravings. Now, if we can get a picture, or some to the public, a mission in which this paper has so long distinguished.

A few weeks ago we made mention of Ward's elegant new studio at No. 1,260 Broadway, in the Lockwood Room's in Broadway, below Ninth street. We then expressed a hope that the establishment would not be permitted to go into a private gallery, and now we say so. The last time gentlemen, we have but one more suggestion, have served with the artist for a bronze cast of Ward, which is to be put in the Central Park. It is also proposed that until the bronze is ready, the model shall be placed under a glass case in the music stand in the park.

The fire in Quebec in the week has not been eminent. At Wallack's, a new candidate has been introduced in the person of Mr. Lester Wallack, Jr., who will make his appearance in Dreams of Delusion and A Wonderful Woman, and as a new actress, Miss Rose Eytinge. Mr. Robinson could have chosen two better plays to make his appearance in a New York theatre than the above, and we feel satisfied of the audience thought so too.

The week have but one new play to be added, and announced. This establishment is to be under female auspices. Miss Lucy Rushton, late of the Bijou, has not yet been a twelvemonth in this country, has had the courage to take the lease of the old house in the Broadway Athenæum, to-morry the Unitarian Church, and will open it on Monday, Jan. 1, 1866. She is about to erect a piece of amusement, and we feel sure it will be a rich, elegant, and refined one. It belongs to A. T. Stewart, could not be had. That being our reasoning.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The working men of Trenton, N. J., have opened a co-operative store in that city. The "Boston Co-operative Store" is the name. Groceries, the co-operative store sells butcher-meat, provisions, coals, and will soon open dry goods, hats, and glass ware, and a great number of other articles, all at cost prices. The store is a large building, good and pure articles, and sell them at a moderate profit. The business is conducted on the principle that is paid by stockholders, as well as others. In other words, the profits are divided among the purchasers in proportion to the amount of their purchases.

——The Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, in calling attention to plumbiar's and tinner's odes offered for sale to the Government, state that the price of copper is selling at 200 per cent. over what it was worth in May last. Tinners' work is also proportionately higher in price. Cotton and corn disappear at night from the fields, sticks and stones have mysteriously risen in regularity, and to such an extent as to seriously alarm the farmers. The Cincinnati Gazette, for instance, says the *Courier*. Over 600 hogsheads of sugar have been stolen from the plantations of Louisiana, and the best two or three years. The *Courier* charges the freedmen with developing this system of "every man for himself."

——The Mormons have just received a batch of cruits from Denmark. The Lake paper says: "Their last one of them, apparently, who might not as easily be recognized as a member of the Church of Latter-day Saints. Their appearance, as to this Mormon privilege, proves very unprofitable one; for Mary, in addition to her own baggage, had to carry the baggage of two of them by their proselytes." The arrival of these fair ones, it is said, has given a new impetus to the emigration question among the "faithful." A lot of old bogus, and a good many six or seven-year-olds, were seen examining the new comers, most likely with the object of selecting wives for the coming year.

——The larger portion of the rebel ram Merrimac has been raised, and towed into dock at the Gosport Navy Yard. Most of this famous wreck has now been recovered except the engines and boilers. The principal agency, it was coming, directly following the destruction of the Merrimac, by the rebels, was the ingenuity with which the officers of the sluttered remnants of the Union navy, and the Government, availed themselves of these remains into keepsakes, in the form or walking canes, paper weights, and other articles, and even in the shape of a useful or ornamental character, as teth. Most of the wreck, it is believed, has now been taken up.

——Mary Flanigan, of Jersey City Heights, N. J., sold a cooking-stove to Rebecca Woodward (colored), and subsequently refused to deliver it, on account of getting the balance, went to the house of Mrs. Woodward, and, finding the latter absent, removed the stove at the time, and herself absent at the moment, and carried off the stove. The Woodwards do not appear to have any sympathizable one; for Mary, in addition to her own baggage, had to carry the baggage of two of them by their proselytes." The arrival of these fair ones, it is said, has given a new impetus to the emigration question among the "faithful." A lot of old bogus, and a good many six or seven-year-olds, were seen examining the new comers, most likely with the object of selecting wives for the coming year.

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Foreign.—A Mexican correspondent of a New Orleans paper says: "I would like to say to persons that are looking from the States that at present I would strongly advise them to the contrary, especially persons of limited means. Everything is unsettled, the confusion is placed in every one; general distrust prevails, and business is paralyzed. Maximilian is not popular, [illegible], and he is in reality but playing emperor."

——One night lately, a man in Paris suffocated himself with charcoal, in a fit of remorse caused by reading the play of Harry Jones, performed lately at the Ambigu Theatre. He had ruined his family by gambling.

——A Polish colonization company has made arrangements with the Government of Brazil for a tract of land for a settlement in that country.

——There was 160 gallons of real turtle soup consumed at the Lord Mayor's dinner on Saturday last.

——A very old lady named Cornell has lately died in Preston, England. Her parents were among the first to embrace the doctrines of Wesley, who, on his visits to Preston, preached in their house. Her father was the first person to have the Wesleyan connection in Preston, and she herself was christened by John Wesley.

——Those who have friends in Madagascar will be grieved to hear that the flourishing island is visited that unpleasant and dangerous epidemic, the ramanenjanah.

——Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., of London, are about to exercise on a new monthly magazine, under the title of "Belgravia," the first number of which will appear on December 1st, and will contain the first instalment of a tale by Wilkie Collins.

——By a return just published, the population of France consists of 37,386,313 persons. The number of births, 4,611, and deaths, 4,173; in February, 4,191 births, and deaths, 3,911; in March, 4,502 arrivals in this world, and 4,122 departures.

——The Russian Government has agreed to exempt from postal charges all letters and publications sent from other countries to the scientific societies of the empire, to transmit them by the quickest route, and to distribute them.

——The effluvia which escapes from the sewers, in the very attempt to ventilate them, are of a very pernicious character, and are found to be the source of mischievous effects. M. Bobinet, a French chemist, has devised a method of freeing the sewer gases from them. For this purpose, he proposes that the furnaces of factories shall receive their supply of air from the sewers; the latter will thus be emptied of their impurities, and the former, instead of being a destitution, fresh air from the atmosphere supplying their place. He calculates that a furnace which burns 10,000 tons of coal can be thus economized annually in 1,000 hours, and that the air thus burned from the sewers will be supplied with about 140,000,000 cubic feet of fresh air, which will be purified from all its co-tents—daily. He would apply the same principle to the ventilation of mines. It has been partially in use already, on the small scale.

BUYING THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

WHAT recollections of our happy days hang about the approaching Christmas and the new Year! What visions of making mince pies and the wondrous Christmas pudding! What stoning of raisins! What delicious nights and hours spent in chipping of citron! What grinding of spice and boiling of cruller! What making of paste and mixing of citron meat. And the whole never again see before those days of innocence, when our mothers and sist-rs, for they were the same, were busily engaged in all the kitchen, on this season, and turned themselves and the whole house into one animated bakery and culinary establishment. We can never forget the mountains of cakes, the shower of doughnuts, when a free lunch was gratuitously laid out between two weeks? When the literal fat of the land ran loose over the whole house, and overflowed upon the neighbors! When our grandma was in her glory, and even down to the advance at the memory of the Christmas approach. All these days will be remembered by us, and by many a gentel, and even the farmer's wife almost repudiates the idea of such menial employments as turkey stuffing and cooking, as unworthy of her exalted position. We are coming upon an age of fashion and display, and we must hasten to record these kindly customs, for soon, they will be no more.

But still while they are here let us dwell upon them. Let us take a stroll straight and talk of "Buying the Christmas Turkey."

On the New Year Eve, either upon the day or evening, that is the time when the Christmas turkeys and geese are prepared for it, brains are dwelling upon it, and dreams are made of it. Every one is thinking and talking upon it, and viewing with calm complacency their flocks and poultry yards, and looking upon the approaching price of turkey flesh upon the Christmas Eve. The gentelmen are thinking of the price, and the ladies are ready every available inch of room to store the stock away from the cold. The individuals are preparing to ready extra trains to bring in the loads and tons of turkey that will be required for the New York and Brooklyn man, and housewives are looking up the thyme and sundry other herbs to be on hand for them to make up the stuffing.

At last on the morning of the day and the night of Christmas Eve, how every market and every store where the poulterers have to do their trade is filled, and they are viewed with critical eyes, and felt with suspicious fingers, for there is nothing more annoying to the housekeeper than to present a tough turkey on the Christmas table. Gentlemen, the individuals are preparing to bring in the loads and tons of turkey that will be required for the New York and Brooklyn man, and housewives are looking up the thyme and sundry other herbs to be on hand for them to make up the stuffing.

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THE BOARD OF BROKERS.

Great Opening of the New Building.

For some time past the New York Board of Brokers have been engaged in erecting, on Broad, Wall and New streets, a temple for the worship of Mammon, which, it was believed would surpass any in this country or Europe in point of magnificence. The edifice which was only $600,000.

The main building extends from Nos. 10 and 12 Broad street through the square to Nos. 4 and 6 New street. It is 44 feet in width and 132 feet in length. A wing, three stories in height and 66 feet in length, extends to Wall street. This gives the whole very much the shape of a cruciform church.

It is built of marble and iron, and is absolutely fireproof. The front on Broad street is of pure white marble, that on New street of iron and brick, trimmed with white marble. The principal entrance, which is on Broad street, is by a flight of granite steps, with a wide Tuscan arch and 19 feet in height.

The hall is 20 feet in general hall, 44 feet in width by 145 feet in depth, paved with tesselated marble, and intended for the transaction of business by the public brokers.

The southern members of the Regular Board is on the second floor, in a room 70 feet in length by 44 feet in height. It is beautifully finished in black walnut, and is the only room in the building in which wood is used. There are seats for 218 members, and a number of chairs are placed upon the back benches.

The basement is very strong. It is built an immense vault 50 feet long, 30 feet wide and 9 feet high. It is built of granite, lined with iron and fire-proof stone. It contains a number of smaller safes, each about two feet square, for the security of stocks, notes and gold, affording a place of absolute security.

The building contains many committee and reception rooms paved with blue marble. At the New street entrance is the room for the large Board of Brokers, now in use. There is also a room for the use of the Board.

There is also a law addition to the public buildings for which our city is famed.

The opening, which the brokers met on Saturday, the 9th December, for a grand opening and christening of the new rooms, and, as a matter of course, was all the joyful exhibits of life were dispensed with as plentifully as the contents of the stocks. For the occasion, several neat and appropriate addresses were made by some of the members. The effect of excited gambling in the room is singing until the great feature of the occasion—the banquet—was served up in the large Board room. Thither they adjourned and partook of a princely feast, which, as Mr. Cutting, President, and Mr. George H. Brodhead, Secretary, did the honors in the most admirable style. The feast was one of mutual friendship. Panama fraternized with Erie, and for the time being Gould and Fisk were forgotten in a flow of champagne and the hurry of oysters.

The Board of Brokers numbers a wonderful institution. In our days the Stock Exchange is to the uninitiated a mystery. They only excited popular notions of "bulls and bears," all fighting and clamoring in the most unintelligible manner.

And above the Babel of sounds may be heard the shouting of the names of the leading fluctuating quotations, Joy, misery, poverty, wealth, all over the land, are dependent upon the fluctuations of the Gold Exchange, Philadelphia or Boston, to one of his customers: "Sell me 100 shares of gold, or I will give the invitation" and at the sound of the five minutes, the answer is clicked, "Have sold you 100 shares." Then, in the Board room, perhaps down town would puzzle's Hindoo or a Fejee islander more than the Babel of sounds would be. And the exchange of "bulls and bears" engage in deadly combat, the former generally getting the worst of it, and the latter the corresponding ordeal, and the latter using tooth and claw most affectionately. Outside are the "curbstone" men by the hundred, dancing and yelling in a manner that would astonish the Feejee or the Land of Dahomey.

Such that it were a sealed book, and no outsider is allowed to tread the mystic boards until he has been introduced and vouched for by some one of the members, advise very visitant to New York, to see the Board in session before they saw the Museum or any other of the curiosities.

THE NEW FIRE DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK.

We will wager something handsome that even to a large part of the people of New York it is unknown that there has been passed by the last session of the Legislature changes in the domestic economy of the city household has been made, and so silently and swiftly has it been done that the public is unconscious of it. On the same daily paper, the busy, hard-working population of New York read it at last.

Last winter the New York Legislature passed a bill for the reorganization of the Fire Department, and for putting it on a scale of discipline and efficiency, which the Metropolitan Department, and modelled somewhat as the London Fire Brigade.

To carry out this law the Governor appointed three Commissioners, who, after a while had become familiar with the old department, who opposed them tooth and nail from the start, and who, in fact, had been successfully misled by the fact that each of the old firemen as were appointed, were ready to enter into any opposition could do so under pay. That word pay is wonderful.

These Commissioners commenced their work career by appointing an engineer and test tasks, with whose performance they were to be satisfied. Out of the fire engines and tenders, and ten hook and ladder trucks are now in use, and the force is being constantly increased. These engines and tenders, or those of them approved by the Commissioners, are made at the Manchester Locomotive Company of Manchester, N. H. The engines and hook and ladder trucks are made in New York, and include the tenders travel with one. The hook and ladder trucks are also made in New York, and are of the same pattern.

The engine-house one man, called "the watch-b," is always out idle. If a fire breaks out in that neighborhood, he rings the bell in the tower, and within whose time of watch in four hours, when he is relieved by another. Should the fire be in any other neighborhood, where the balance of the men are always on hand, the bell rings, and the horses, which in the fire service can look around him, sit it in action. Each man knows his place, and is in it in a trice. The chief engineer sends the alarm to the central office, which has four wires running from it, and by means of wires to every fire company, from these it is flashed to every engine-house, and simultaneously the bells in the towers ring out. For the lapse of a minute the bells are telling forth the fire alarm, and then the dance by electric telegraph of the station from wheneto proceeded the original alarm. Then the horses, which are always in the stall, the engineer will sound 9, with a pause, and then 5, signifying 95.

Away rattles the engine to the fire, some of the men accompanying it on the hook and ladder truck, which is running in advance. The hook and ladder trucks are the vehicles by which the men, who are trained, suspended under the ladders and so rattle through with speed.

The uniform of the men is dark blue with a silver star on the cap, and a silver shield upon the breast. Their pay is $700 per annum, less remuneration in these days of high prices, considering the risks they run, but the engine-houses, and, as far as practicable, are selected from the men who have served in the volunteer force, and have served their country gallantly in her need.

Such is the new department, but we wondrous improvement on the old. All that was worth retaining of the old has been retained, while every thing antiquated and judgment can recommend is used, and if we have not at present the most perfect fire department in the world, we will have it in time.

Let us hope that the people will have an opportunity of seeing the department in all its glory, as it is their invitation to get up a good parade and show what they are.

Among the gift books of the season, few will compare in respect of inter-st, and fewer still in beauty of typography and illustration, with the Songs of Seven, by John Stuglow, recently published by Roberts & Brothers, of Boston, and of which the London *Athenæum* says: "The new name, undoubtedly, belongs to a new poet, and this new volume will make the eyes of all lovers of poetry dance with pleasure." Such is the promise of genius, and of a future-love of gold. Here is the presence of genius, and the promise of a future-love of gold which makes itself surely felt in a glow of delight such as makes the old world young again.



THE PORT OF VALPARAISO, CHILE, S. A.

THE ATTACK OF SPAIN ON CHILE.

SPAIN has declared war against Chile, and Chile has accepted the war. Valparaiso and all the principal ports are blockaded, and a bombardment is threatened. Trade has come to a standstill; every one who can manage to do so is leaving this place; money has disappeared; all the banks have stopped for want of funds; in fact, ruin, the most complete, has come upon us, like an earthquake or a flash of lightning; and Valparaiso, which but a fortnight since was teeming with life and activity, will, in a few days more, be all but deserted. I will try to give you an account of how this has come about. As to the dates, I may not be quite correct; but you may rely on the main points of my story.

About two years ago, a small Spanish squadron, under the command of Admiral Pinzon, made its appearance on this coast. It was announced as a "friendly scientific expedition," and as such it was received; the officers and the Admiral were fêted and feasted, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

They had brought with them geologists, botanists, a photographer, and others, who, as it has since appeared, were merely spies, and who, in the name of science, examined the land, preparatory to the real objects of the expedition. The squadron went to Peru, and was there well received, but with a certain coldness, which, at the time, was ascribed to the news of Admiral Pinzon's behavior here having gone before him; but we now know that the real object of the Spanish expedition was already known there in official quarters. The squadron then visited other places in the Pacific, and at last returned to Valparaiso.

By that time, it was openly said that, on leaving this port, they would again proceed to Callao, and seize the Chincha Islands. They left again for the north, and very soon the news arrived that the Chinchas had been seized, as a material guarantee, till Peru should have satisfied certain claims which the Spaniards made against her. The excitement here on receipt of the news was intense. Public meetings were held; volunteers were shipped for Peru. The Chile Government protested against this robbery, and one private establishment refused to supply coal to a Spanish vessel, while the Government here declared coal contraband of war. A scurrilous newspaper (which no one but a Spaniard would have taken any notice of) was published here, in which, it must be confessed, the Spanish Queen and her Ministers were grossly insulted. I must allow, too, that the sending of assistance to Peru was winked at, while great strictness was observed in preventing similar help reaching the Spaniards. Many of these things were certainly not strictly right; but there was nothing which has not been done elsewhere under similar circumstances, and certainly nothing that did not admit of explanation when the first excitement should have passed.

Towards the end of April in this year, explanations were accordingly asked for by M. Tavira, the Spanish Minister at Santiago, backed by the presence of a frigate in Valparaiso harbor, which came in without saluting. The negotiations were many times on the point of being broken off; but at last, on May 20, M. Tavira declared himself satisfied with the explanations given by M. Covarrubias, the Chilean Minister of Foreign Affairs, and every one considered the matter over, not doubting that M. Tavira's acceptance of the explanations would be ratified by his Government. Business, which had received a slight check pending the negotiations, went ahead again with renewed vigor, and affairs in Chile had never looked more healthy than when, on September 13, an express steamer arrived from Callao with the Secretary of the Chilean Legation on board, bringing, as the only dispatch, a copy of the Panama *Star* and *Herald*, in which the recall of M. Tavira and the non-recognition by his Government of the explanation he had agreed to were announced, and, further, that a large Spanish squadron, under Admiral Pareja, as Admiral and Ambassador, had left Callao for Chile, with the intention of demanding immediate and complete satisfaction in the most peremptory manner; and, if not conceded, of proceeding at once to extremities.

On the arrival of the regular mail, two days after, this news was confirmed; and on the 17th of September, the first day of the annual festivals for the celebration of the independence of Chile, at 12 o'clock, just as the salute was being fired, the frigates Villa de Madrid and Resalsaca, and the gunboat Vencedora, made their appearance round the point. Admiral Pareja immediately sent his demands on shore in the form of an ultimatum, demanding explanations on certain of the points already mentioned; but requiring, as a preliminary step, that the fort should salute the Spanish flag, which he was kind enough to say should be immediately returned from one of his vessels. He also required that the negotiations should be carried on, on board his flagship.

The time granted for an answer was four days, on the expiry of which the blockade was to commence. The festivities went on as usual, and I never saw the people more orderly or more enthusiastic.

The answer of the Chilean Government was a decided refusal to treat on such terms, and a notice that the blockade would be accepted by Chile as a declaration of war. On Sunday, the 19th, the blockade was declared, and on Tuesday, the 21st, the declaration of war was published with all pomp, and with the greatest enthusiasm, in all the towns to which the news could be forwarded in time.

I will not attempt to discuss whether in the disputed questions Chile is right or wrong, or whether the explanations accepted by M. Tavira were really satisfactory. I can only say that the most abject nation on earth could not have accepted the reopening of the question on the terms proposed by Admiral Pareja, and certainly not the hot-blooded, sensitive Chilenos. They have their faults, but cowardice is not among the number.

Congress immediately voted supplies, and has given the President all but absolute power to prosecute the war with vigor. But, unfortunately, the Spaniards are on the sea, where Chile is powerless, and a long time must elapse before a blow can be struck by Chile. The Spaniards have already ordered off several



THE PLAZA DE LA INTENDENCIA, AT VALPARAISO, WHERE THE WAR WITH SPAIN WAS DECLARED.

vessels (neutrals), but six have run in—five English and one French; they have also seized 10 or 11 Chilean vessels, one of them under the English flag, which was hauled down with cheers by the Spaniards. The diplomatic body at Santiago have most energetically protested against these high-handed proceedings, but Pareja accepts the responsibility. It is to be hoped the home governments will back the unanimous protests of their representatives. The greatest sufferers for the present are foreigners.



THE LATE WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE.

In the beautiful bay, of which I send you a view, nothing will be left in a few days but a few foreign vessels, hulks, and foreign men-of-war, with the piratical squadron of Spaniards hovering in the distance.

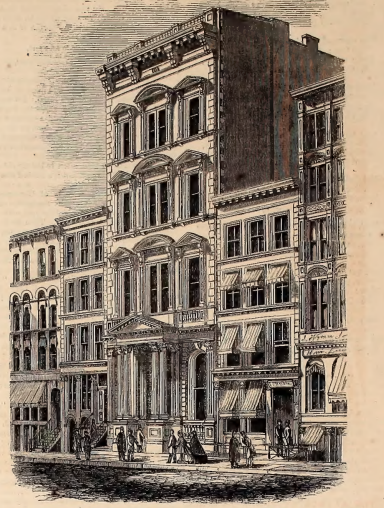
THE LATE WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE.

THIS lamented musician was a native of Ireland. He was born at Waterford, on the first of June, 1814. His father was bandmaster of the 29th Regiment of the Line—an excellent performer on several instruments—by whose instructions the youth profited so well that, before he was 15, he was appointed organist of Thurles Cathedral. He was born with an irresistible propensity for traveling, which he indulged in after life by rambling over almost every quarter of the world. He began his wanderings at the age of 18, when he emigrated to New South Wales, whence he went to Tasmania and New Zealand; from which last place he embarked for the East Indies. After traveling over that country from Calcutta to Nepaul, he sailed for South America, visiting Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso, Havana, Vera Cruz, and Mexico, and closing his American travels by a residence of some length at New York.

During all these journeyings he exercised his profession actively, giving concerts, and gaining renown everywhere by his brilliant performances on the piano and the violin.

In 1845 he arrived in London, whither his name had preceded him; and he immediately took his place among the ablest virtuosi of the day. He now made his first essay in dramatic composition by the production of "Maritana," which was performed at Drury Lane, under the management of Mr. Bunn, and met with extraordinary success, having had an uninterrupted run of nearly a hundred nights. His second opera, "Matilda of Rungary," was produced in 1847. It did not become so popular as "Maritana," though it was regarded by many critics as of equal or even greater merit. Soon after the appearance of "Maritana," he received an invitation to superintend its representation, in a German version, at Vienna. He complied, and "Maritana" was received with as much enthusiasm in the Austrian capital as in London. After leaving Germany he went to Paris, where he was engaged to compose a work for the Grand Opera, when he was seized with a complaint in the eyes, and remained for several months nearly blind. A long sea-voyage being recommended by his medical attendants, he sailed, in 1849, for Rio Janeiro, whence he went to New Orleans and New York, returning to London in 1852.

Here he occupied himself in writing operas for the "Pyne and Harrison company," and in producing miscellaneous, vocal and instrumental compositions. His principal operas were "Lurline," "The Amber Witch," "Love's Triumph," and "The Desert Flower." These, his numerous songs and pieces for the pianoforte, which are well known to the public, have given him a place in the highest rank of English musicians. About a year ago he went to Paris, and was soon afterwards attacked by the long and lingering malady which terminated his life. Having sought a milder climate in the south of France, he died at the Château de Bagen, in the Pyrenees, on the 12th of October last, in his 53d year, deeply regretted for his virtues and amiable qualities by all who knew him.



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE—BOARD OF BROKERS.

ADELINA PATTI has sent to the Empress of the French an album, containing 24 portraits of herself (Patti) in her different operatic characters. The Empress in return sent Patti a set of diamonds.



THE NEW ROOM OF THE BOARD OF BROKERS—THE BOARD IN SESSION.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

BY G. LEANDER ESBERHART.

Beside his sword there hangs his old blue coat,
And on the shoulders still the golden bars—
In which, three years ago, he marched to fight
Beneath our glorious Stripes and Stars.

One sleeve—the right—you see, is slightly torn;
And five round holes, I think, are in the shirt;
Which tell how fearful was the fray that day,
A rebel missile made him bite the dirt.

Upon the lining of the breast, you see,
Something, oh, God! they say is human gore,
Shed in that sacred cause so near his heart,
By one who now, alas! can fight no more.

Oh! how I loved him; and how often dreamed
That he, to babe and me, again, had come,
As proudly facing as he'd marched away,
Mid blare of bugles, and the roll of drums.

But that glad day, oh, grief! I ne'er shall see;
And though, in dreams, I clasp his form so fair;
From weary morn till weirier night,
I gaze, through tears, upon his vacant chair.

Well, it were meet, perhaps, that I should give
Some reason for my bleeding country's peace;
Some idol of my own devoted heart,
The red, relentless tide of war to cease.

I do not make complaint, but only ask,
That God, in love, will spare my child to me,
That I may teach of his Father's deeds,
And teach him to be good and brave as he.

To make him—if again the cause should rise—
As fit to wear that coat and golden bars;
As brave to fight for God and human rights,
Under our glorious Stripes and Stars.

FORBORNE.

BY LIZZIE B. COOKE.

THE day had been a busy one at the Simonson shipping yards. The skies hung over them with a frown which seemed ill for the beautiful vessel that had just received its finishing touches, and stood ready to be launched upon those waters, which rolled sluggishly and sullen. The workmen had all gone to their homes, for it was long past six, and only Phineas Simonson, the owner, and his Superintendent, Wentworth Huntington, remained. The latter stood regarding the vessel upon the stocks with a look of pride, as he noted its beautiful outlines, for in appearance, and thought, with a warm glow at his heart, that no better had ever left the port to tempt blue ocean depths. A voice, hard and resonant, scattered all his dreams:

"Huntingdon!"

He turned to see Mr. Simonson standing in the doorway of the office, his keen blue eye darting as forehead by the wind, his keen, blue eye scanning him with a look of peculiar interest, holding a business-looking document in his hand. Went worth followed him into the office, deeming that some business in regard to orders recently received was to be considered.

"Take a chair, Wentworth. I want to make some arrangement for the future. You have been in the yards so long that my confidence in you is unlimited. Your duties have been attended to faithfully and well."

Wentworth bowed, and the old man continued:

"I am growing old, as you see, and will not object to pass the business into your younger and more able hands, I—"

A shout here was proud," interrupted Wentworth, "did I, with half your years, possess a tithe of your ability."

"Tush, tush! but here," and he unfolded the paper as he spoke, "I have drawn out an agreement which only demands your signature, and the thing is complete, I think."

Wentworth shook the masses of brown hair off his forehead with a motion peculiar to him, and commenced reading. Mr. Simonson watched him. At first an expression of joy sat on his features, and bid under the lids of his dark eyes; but as he read on the cold, cold, a white ring of pain settled his lips, and the paper dropped from his hands. Mr. Simonson started to his feet, hastily misled a tumbler of brandy and water, and, handing it to the gesture with which Wentworth endeavored to repel him, poured the contents down his throat. Then he bent over the old man's daughter in almost idolatrous affection. It was his only excuse—this love.

"Are the conditions too hard? Think how I have loved you—of all I would do for you—of all I have done!" and the old man's hands trembled, and his voice grew hoarse. Wentworth could not endure it.

"I will sign it," he answered between his set teeth.

The old man handed him the pen, and with almost superhuman effort he affixed his name—Wentworth E. Huntingdon. But there was a boldness of character missing from the usual signature. Mr. Simonson saw it, grasped his partner's hand for a moment, then crushed his hat over his brow, and rushed from the office as though he feared he might relent.

Wentworth arose, staggered to the office door and looked out toward the street. Below the yards lay the beautiful city of B——, and on an eminence, plainly visible, rose the Simonson mansion. He tore away his gaze and it fell on brown, frozen lengths of road woven in between farms that stretched beyond him, bleak and bare under the chilling skies. Far off he recognized the dim centre of a group of trees of which he knew almost every branch. A wild, despairing light leaped to his eyes; one would have thought to have seen him, as he clutched away the scarf from his throat, that some demon possessed him. A voice, broken and harsh, fell upon the stillness. It was old Ben, one of the former hands at the shipping yards. He was singing that old hymn which shall endure as long as souls, and with their own weakness, turn to Jehovah as to a sure and strong resting-place:

"Oh, God, our help in ages past,
Our hope in years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

Old Ben was going to his little poverty-stricken cabin, but his niece's loving care made it a home for him, a home that still had a light, if not warmth that he could sing. No wonder that his voice was cheery, and that he always had a pleasant word for everybody. His face was dark and gloomy, but Nellie was his comfort, and there was wondrous pathos in the voice that said, sometimes in the midst of another song:

"I think I'd be glad often to lay my old crippled bones in the grave, but it's Nellie I live for, and I'll bide God's time."

Benny was a great favorite of Wentworth's, and to-night there was a sort of fascination in the cripple's tuneless voice that held him quite still until the last sound died away. Then he locked the office door, thrust the key into his pocket, and turned to take the way home. The darkness fully fell on them, from a moon that looked out of snow-clouds, giving to vessels, piles of lumber and sloops an uncanny appearance.

"I have sold myself for them," he cried; "how can I look Allie in the face and tell her? How many a woman would have done the same, for them to bound free over the waters—as free as my own soul has been. I am a slave now. Where is my boasted honor—where is manhood? Sold! This paper holds the record of my shame. What if I do rise in the world and win an exalted station, will that pay for it all?"

He threw his head from himself, what a fool thing he felt himself to be. Better have disappointed his benefactor than have broken Allie's heart, he thought.

"How can I cast Allie out," he muttered, "and take to my soul one whom I do not love? How can I marry Sarah Simonson, when every day her feel as though a great gulf was fixed between us, while Allie's face will for ever peer out of the dark, haunting me with its sweetness? Well, what is the use—the thing is settled. On the fifteenth of the next month I must stand and before God and man promise to love, honor and protect a woman for whom I feel nothing."

A smile of bitterness curled his lips. He strode on and soon turned into one of the roads that led into the country. Gradually the houses grew less. He could have found them blindfold, so familiar was he with the road, and though the snow fell in the chinks of the fences, and the surrounding ages passed through his mind with relentless tread, and he was powerless to drive them away. He never himself on the bleak, wintry road to the tree, but the very stones cried out to him, and bitter thoughts goaded him. His whole soul yearned for her; but there was a barrier that he stretched his arms out into the darkness, she might have saved him from a fatal decision—once decided nor even she could change him. Why, he pressed?

"How can I give her up? What a fool I was! Yet it is may not be too late. I will go to Mr. Simonson, will beg him to release me, and lose my position and his old man's love. I have toiled for the one, early and late, through weary years, and the other I share with but a single creature. Have I grown to be a part of myself—I cannot live without her—I need her—and now I must lose her. Must?" He rose slowly, the snow falling softly and dotty upon his cap and his coat robes, but he heeded not; the furnace fires were too hot within.

Wentworth flung himself across the road and leaned over the fence. A curse broke from his lips. He and Allie had leaned many a golden summer afternoon over that fence, watching happy birds flutter and wheel through the warm air.

"Poor little Allie," he murmured, "what a brute I am to think of such a thing. To part from you—my life, my love, my only love!"

As he spoke he thrust his hand in his coat pocket, something rattled.

"Great God!" he gasped; "that contract out!"

He sat down again. Would his great love or his ambition win in the contest? Out in the cold night the battle raged fiercely. The moon was yield—and this night, with its mystic silence brooded over by the falling snow-flakes, must be to Wentworth Huntingdon for many years the monument of shame or of noble victory.

Old Farmer Bird's house was two or three miles back of the city, and the latter knew where to find his outbuildings, the boys his orchards, though to do the latter justice they seldom robbed him, because they knew that nobody loved boys hunting, and rollicking, and loafing better than he; no one was so ready to join with them in a frolic, or help to fill their pockets with the ruby and golden autumn fruits. Many a time had old Ben Sutton's prayers been answered by a cord of wood, or load of hay, or bushel of potatoes from Farmer Bird's. The poor of his neighborhood knew and loved him. He was yet vigorous, and though his locks were white as snow, and his heart and hearth had missed the wife of his youth this many a year, yet his face was always cheerful, and if there was sometimes a dimness in his old eyes as remembrance tagged at his heartstrings, the lips never lost their smile. But there nestled on his knee, in his heart, and in his home, a bird, whose very voice was sweeter to him than the song of the robins that clustered around the window in summer, in the fall the crumbs—who builded, and sang, and reared their young, and filled the whole orchard at the back of the house with their chirpings and melodies. His pet had her mother's dark-gray eyes and chestnut rings of hair, and complexion with the same delicate tinge on her cheeks that you will find in clustered peach blooms. But his gift to her was her lightsome disposition, and the old man often leaned back in his chair, listening to the sound of her silvery voice in some part of the house—her feet and daintily hands were busy with some household duty —listen, perfectly content, as happy in the exquisite sensation of her voice gone, as an insect basking in the sun—uneasy when the voice was hushed or so distant that he could not hear it. Oh, this gay young girl was the sunshine of his life. He were shipped ,the Father through His gift; his Bible meant something when she read it to him.

And where was Allie this dreary January evening? Her household duties quite accomplished she had gone to her own dear room, and some tender feeling in her heart wrought itself into expression by means of the snatches of songs. Some fancy stilled the songs, and she wound the rich hair around her fingers letting it fall in many ringlets and coronets, with a band of crimson velvet, then buttoned the closely-fitting merino over her slight figure, fastened a plain linen collar around her throat, with loops of soft lace, and in their dusky folds hid a jewel Wentworth had given her—a little diamond cross. "Extravagant boy! She would be better when—" but the sentence ended with a blush and a low ripple of song. She heard her father come in, and giving a last loving look at the appointments of her dress tripped down stairs. Their sitting-room was cheerful as one might imagine it would be, for Farmer Bird was a believer in his purchase of articles essential to comfort, although he scorned "things just made for show. Then, too, Allie's ingenious fingers added those charming effects from the plainest materials. Here were only a rag-carpet, two or three cane-seated rocking-chairs, and a settee—the latter, however, a cushioned with a shaded lamp, and a few standard books, a crimson-covered lounge, crimson curtains shading the windows—all mounted about a bronze clock, a pair of delicate vases filled with paradise grass and some wheat and oats crystalized—yet such was the comfort about it that it had quite an air of elegance. A bright fire glowed in the Franklin—Farmer Bird "couldn't abide stoves." Allie as she came into the room glanced at the clock.

"Why it's eight o'clock, papa. Did you think it was so late? It's almost time for Wentworth to come;" and she went to the hall and took from the sideboard a plate of sponge-cake she had prepared for him, together with a bottle of currant wine, placed them both into the sitting-room arranged them on a little table standing in one corner. Her father smiled as he watched her.

"You're expecting him?"

"But he'll be so hungry when he comes, papa. How dreadfully it snows," she added, as she looked out of the door and toward the gate.

"Yes, I begin to wonder if we had a sleighride to-morrow."

Allie took a volume of Old Curiosity Shop from the table, and sat down before the fire, but instead of reading immediately laid her head on his knee. Very tenderly the old man's hard, furrowed hand smoothed her ringlets—she never touched them that he did not feel something choking in his throat.

"Where did you leave off, paps?"

"At the wax figures, I believe!"

Allie laughed, and commenced. Both were so absorbed that the bronze clock on the mantel struck ten, without noticing it. Finally Fannie Bird glanced up.

"Bless my soul, Allie! it's time your old father was abed; you must need rest. Poor Nell, she needed it too;" and his eyes filled with tears. Indeed he had been flourishing his red bandanna about all the time in a remarkable manner.

"Papa, *could* anything have happened to him?"

"Foolish-de-doo, child! he's all safe enough; something to keep him, or he'll come to-morrow."

Allie threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him good-night. Poor child—it was a kiss more free from sorrow than she had ever received from her father again! The clock-tops soon ceased in the chamber overhead, and very soon he slept. As for Allie, she threw a quantity of wood on the fire, and sitting down laid the bright flames wove dream after dream from its fiery threads. She could not sleep. The storm raged without, and the wind, with its terrible disaster, shook the clock ramp out eleven. Allie took up the lamp, preparatory to "locking up," but some impulse held her back. She placed it on the table again, and listened—surely some one was outside. She stood a moment longer, and then she distinctly heard a step upon the door-step—the door-bell burst open, letting in the cold draught of air, and —Wentworth. Allie was so startled by his pale face, and the strange light in his eyes, that she could scarcely stammer:

"Why, Wentworth, tell me what has happened!"

Without waiting for a reply she poured out a glass of wine, and held it to his lips. He swallowed it mechanically. Then he brushed off the snow, unbuttoned his overcoat, and drew it off, and then wheeling the armchair to the fire, led Allie to it, and seated himself on a low stool at her feet. Then she seated herself on a low chair beside him, took his cold hands and chafed them into warmth—all without saying one word. He suddenly drew his hands away, caught Allie with a quick movement, and drew her into his arms, pressed his burning lips on her forehead, and looked into her wondering gray eyes. Allie half shuddered. She could not imagine what possessed him, but waited until he should tell her what it was that had so overpowered him.

"Allie, darling!" his voice was dry and hard, "can you bear to hear what I have to tell you?"

"Yes!" she answered, unwittingly, "anything."

"Well, listen! You were a wee thing when I first came here a rough, awkward boy of eighteen. I took a fancy to you—and—Allie, what if I should tell you that the man you have called papa, talked to, played with, and watched for all these years was a villain. Don't start—be my own confiding, trusting Allie a little while longer. You have often asked me about my home. Oh! you know what it is to have father and mother—I could not tell you of mine. I hated to have you know that my parents could exist—hated to tell you that my home was a hell, that my father was a drunkard, and my mother a fiend. They cast me off when I was eight, just years ago ten years ago. I cannot tell you of the schools of vice into which I was thrown—two-thirds make your blood run cold. When I was 18, I entered a shipyard. I began to cultivate my self-respect. I borrowed books when I could not buy. That yard became my school, my college to me. There my ambition to own a yard—to become a man of wealth first dawned, and it has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. At eighteen I was capable of holding a good position, and my employer learning that his friend Mr. Simonson had a child of my own years, offered me for him. You know the rest—that next to you I love the shipyard."

Allie? he continued, "you know that you have become a part of my very life—that I have loved you all these years—that through all time—yea! through all eternity, I shall love you—unless it will be some comfort to hear me say so. How shall I find words to dispel the dreams of years? Allie, I have sold myself for the shipyard; I have bartered my honor and my manliness for Phineas Simonson's daughter. Such was the condition—don't look so white—for God's sake, Allie!"

He had this girl, instead of listening mute and motionless, broken into a storm of grief. She did not have strength in self-justification. As it was, he felt that he had not counted all the cost. He strained her to his heart as though he would crush her to death, and never; kissed her lips as though he would draw her life into his, and then laid her gently on the lounge.

"Allie," he murmured, "do you utterly despise and hate me? Can you, will you forgive the wrong?"

She was moved but uttered no sound. She extended her hand. He grasped it, as a drowning man clutches a floating timber, then dropped it suddenly, and was gone—gone out into the darkness. He had fancied the battle ended—it had but just begun.

Allie heard him go. Oh! what a night this was. She started suddenly to her own room, a different being since she had left it. The iron had entered her soul; she must bear the burning pain alone—alone. She opened the door, but called no comfort there. Would God forsake her, too? Had He cast her off as man had? Was this His answer to her correction? She let the long Wentworth forgotten God, and made a creature her idol? How could she tear this love, interwoven through her past years, out of her life? She must uproot it, but how—how? So she questioned as she sat with her face buried in her hands.

There was a sort of triumph in the thought that Sarah could never know him as she knew him; then came a cold, hard scheme in her mind as she realised that their paths must be apart for ever; that between them lay a chasm which could never be bridged; he could not come her; she might not go to him.

She opened her Bible again, and read—" When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee : when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy one of Israel, thy Saviour."

She threw herself upon her knees; God would help, her then. And as the day broke in calm splendor on the land, who will say that, in those hours of anguish, Christ did not bend in sympathy with her anguish?

Farmer Bird noticed the next morning that his child's voice had a touch of sadness in it, that her eyes looked dull, that something of her sprightly air was gone. At breakfast she said gayly:

"Father, Wentworth has bought an interest in the shipping yard, and is going to marry Sarah Simonson."

He looked up surprised.

"Why, Allie, I thought he would marry you!"

Dear, innocent old man! he did not know the struggle it cost her to reply:

"Why, no! what made you think so?"

"I thought he loved you," was a remark which drew a smart blush. After the meal was over, as he watched her clear the table in her dainty way, he exclaimed suddenly:

"Now, poor old Ben is getting along this morning! I declare I never thought of him while I ate my buckwheats this morning. Sam, you go over, presently, as that early appeared at the door, "I see yesterday that Ben Sutton's woodpile was pretty low, take the old sled and the horses, and carry a load over. Take along a bag of buckwheat and some potatoes."

"His mornin', sah?"

"Yes!"

Allie had just shaken the crumbs out of Doors for the birds, and folded the tablecloth, which was almost as white as the snow itself. Throwing it over her arm she took her father's bearded face between her hands and kissed it. "Here was love unflinching," she thought, "love always here;" she could not see the shadow almost confolding her. It sent no premonitions to her heard.

"Now," said he, "I must go down to the mill.

Want to go 'long? I'm going to take the new cutter."

"I guess not, papa."

She helped him with his overcoat, wrapped a woollen scarf about his throat, and reached his hat from its peg.

"Now don't take cold, papa!"

"Couldn't if I tried, birdie, in all these wraps."

He went out. Allie leaned out of the door, and watched him lovingly.

"One of God's own children," she thought. As he latched the gate, he caught the glance, and replied with a huge snow-ball, but the girl dodged, and it fell against the door.

She took her sewing, but somehow her needle moved slower and slower, till, at length her work lay idle in her lap, and her hands folded instinctively over it; then, with a blush and sudden recollection, her needle flew faster, but the little hand hopping gaze with the weary head became slow again; two or three tears fell silently. She roused herself, folded her work, and opening the door leaned out into the keen air, She thought she would like to go and see Ben herself.

"I wonder what he will say to me?" she continued aloud, "very likely he is sick. This weather always makes him worse. Any way I'll take him some currant jelly, and some of the glycerine which he loves so well."

The day was lovely, not a cloud sailed over the intensely blue sky; the warm rays of the sun had loosed thousands of icicles, and with a crackling sound they fell on the white mass below, and the birds hopped over the soft snow, picking the seeds from the tall grass-stems which peeped above the surface; pine boughs, weighted down with their white weight, occasionally yielded to the pressure, and cast it off with a smashing sound; now the hoof, winding about the road and across the fields, was not quite frozen, and managed to add a few gurgling notes to the general jolliness.

She heard the merry jingle of sleighbells long before she reached the end of the lane, and Allie stood with their gay company as horse and passing as she emerged into the public road. There were three of them. She knew no one in the first or second, but the third—surely that face cannot as yet see his face—surely, she heard Wentworth's voice. He was chatting gleefully with a young girl beside him. Allie thought he did not see her, but he did; for his face flushed and the sentence he had commenced remained unfinished. The girl beside him discovered her, too, for Allie heard her ask:

"Who is that young girl?" and the reply, intended for quite unconscious.

"Where? oh, that is Farmer Bird's daughter."

She watched them until they were quite out of sight, then, as she realized for the first time the gladness of the day, a great sob came up in her throat. Passionate words came, too. "She hated the sun, hated the snow, hated everything that could be glad, while she was so sad, and above all she hated that girl Wentworth was to marry; she wished she might be unhappy with it all!"

Her delicate hands clutched together nervously; how tight her hood seemed; something suffocated her! She sat down, untied her hood, and gathering a handful of snow, laid it on her burning temples; bitter tears rained down her cheeks, and she shook convulsively. Pride overcame her.

"Can you cherish this man who cares only for himself, who, for paltry gold, has crushed your heart beneath his feet?"

The only answer that came through her sobs, as she swayed to and fro, was:

"I don't want it for him!"

She heard sleighbells again—she must not be seen there, so she tied on her hood, and took up her basket, and by the time she reached Benny's had quite regained her composure. She knocked at the door, but receiving no cheery "come in" she pushed it open, and entered; still she anticipated, Benny was sick. He made no movement as she crossed the room, and she found an old rock a chair beside him that he was asleep. Nellie was not there, there was no one to talk to, so she laid her head on the pillow; it was aching fearfully. Benny moved. His hand sought that of Allie with a caressing motion, and he murmured:

"Sophie—Sophie!"

Allie knew of whom he spoke, his sister, Nellie's mother. She wished he would awaken, the stillness oppressed her; she raised her head, and the movement roused him.

"Oh, Miss Allie, is it you? I was dreamin'——"

"That it was your sister." Allie said; "won't you tell me about her? You called me Sophie, just now."

"Did I? I've been dreamin' about her all night; 'peared as though we was children together in the old home. Them was happy days, Miss Allie!"

"Won't you tell me about Sophie?" she whispered, gently. "Where is she now?"

It seemed to her as though the recital of another's woe would help her to bear her own. The question, though asked so gently, stirred a tide of unhappy memories in the man.

"Oh, don't ask me, Miss Allie, don't!"

He turned away his face, and when he looked toward her again, there were traces of tears on it.

"I will tell you about her," he said, "seems as though my heart would break sometimes keepin' it all in. I hope you'll never know the sorrow that settles the heart so black and dark, that a ray of sun as tho' there wasn't no light nowheres. I feel so sometimes, but I go with it all to the foot o' the cross; I feel better when I know somebody helps to bear it. You see, Sophie an' me was like only children, an' she growed so pretty an' so cunnin' in other ways, that everybody loved her an' petted her—it ruined her at last. We used to play out o' doors all day long, an' hunt nests, an' pick berries, an' sometimes we'd stay in the woods all day long, gathering wild flowers.

"Well, she growed to be fifteen; she was younger'n me by twenty years, but I was a noticable cripple, an' so small nobody took me to be so old. It seen she looked very serious sometimes, an' found fault with her clothes, an' didn't like mother to correct her—tho' mother didn't do it very often—an' 'sed she couldn't bear rag carpets an' wooden chairs; I kind o' wondered at it, but didn't expect nothin' till I see her one day with Tom Russell. He was the richest young fellow in the village, an' as wild as a hawk. I knowed from the way she looked at him, an' she knew him, an' that he'd been puttin' all these notions into her head, an' I says to her:

"'Sophie, I wish you wouldn't go with Tom, he isn't the kind o' company a young girl like you ought to keep.'

"Her eyes was angry as I'd never seen 'em before, when she said:

"'Ben I didn't think you'd talk to me so I don't mind. I care for Tom more than all the rest for you?' an' she hid her face on my shoulder an' cried.

"At first I felt a little riled with her, but as she lay there, so quiet-like, an' the tears rollin' out o' her great brown eyes—oh! what beautiful eyes she had, Miss Allie, brown an' big, an' soft, just the color of her hair, that waved and curled so curlin'—I couldn't help puttin' my arms round her, an' then when she looked at me through her tears, she asked me 'if I'd always be good to her?' I burst out cryin' in spite o' myself. She hung to me till I promised her, then she went into the house.

"I waited round for her, but not a word about the house so still an' sorrowful, that it made my heart ache, an' she did jus' as mother wanted her all the time after that. Well, Sophie was her baby hurt, till one mornin', when I came down stairs, mother asked me where Sophie was.

"'I hain't seen her,' I says.

"She didn't feel very well last night,' says mother, 'so I guess I'll let her sleep.'

"I waited round, for I knew something was so still, that I couldn't bear it, an' went up stairs, but I didn't hear her stirrin', so I stole down again. By-and-by mother went up, an' I heard her scream, 'Ben! Ben!' as though she was scared. I went up. There was her room, tidy as a new pin, but Sophie wasn't there. I been looking, an' she was gone! There was a little folded piece o' paper on the table, with my name on't, an' it mother said. I never could remember what it knowed what it meant—she'd gone off with Tom. I couldn't cry a tear, but a big hate swelled in my heart against Tom Russell. I knew he'd ruined her innocent thing, why, she seemed like a baby to me, an' in the hands o' that man—I wouldn't 'a thought a dog 'd be in 'em. Mother cried an' groanin', an' I tried to comfort her, but 'twarnt no use. I felt quite sure they'd be home one day, an' when Tom got a home and his stores—Tom owned a house there—an' waited to see her. At last I see her come out to the house one day, she was dressed beautiful, an' looked like a princess. Jus' as she was gettin into the carriage, I broke up an' hold out my hat as tho' I was a beggar. She turned kind o' white, an' said somthin' to the driver, an' he drove off. Then she beckt me into the house, an' took me right into her room; then she shut the door, an' I fell on my knees an' begged her to go back to me!

"'Go back, Ben!' she screamed, 'go back! I can't now—it's too late—I never, never, can go back!' an' she fell down on the floor in such a wild look, that I thought she was goin' crazy!

"'Isn't he kind to you?' says I.

"'Yes; don't you see how kind he is—look round!'

"I looked—I hadn't noticed before—an' my eyes was fairly dazzled with the beautiful things, splendid things, an' bright flowers thrown all over the carpet; but there she sat in silk an' jewels, crying like a child. I told her how I'd said I'd never promised to marry her when she got to York, an' now he wouldn't do it.

"'Well, I guess I'm glad with her, an' when I told her about mother, she clenched my arms, an' 'sed:

"'Don't for God's sake! don't Benny! it's no use. I never, never will go back, an' you mustn't come here again. Tom may see you.'

"I found it 'warnt no use, so I went home. Mother was sick, an' she grieved all the time, an' then fever set in, an' before a month she was gone. Then the farm was sold, an' father'd left me much in debt, that there was no child; but it's six years now, six years, an' God only knows where she's been, or what she is now. Oh, Sophie, darlin'!"

Ben paused for the great sobs that rolled up into his throat.

"It seems to me I must find her. Miss Allie."

"We will go together sometime, Benny."

A look of pain passed over his face.

"You! oh, no! you mustn't go; 'twould be no place for you, an' yet she was once pure and pretty like you!"

Allie looked like an angel, as she faltered, with tears in her voice:

"She is a woman—a sister in trouble and in sorrow. Christ loved such on earth—don't you remember what your Testament says? and shall I, weak as she, though never so tempted, refuse to help her—refuse to seek her, lest I should be defiled?"

The only answer Ben gave was a grateful look—a look Allie never forgot.

Having rendered them quite comfortable at the cottage, and restored Benny to something of his usual mood, Allie left them. The story of the morning diverted her mind from her own hopeless wreck. She thought of nothing all the way home but that young, deserted creature. She longed to comfort, to sympathize with her.

Once, in the house, however, and finding her father absent—although it was far past the dinner hour—her loneliness returned. Home had lost something of its pleasant look. Between her and everything she looked at an indefinable something had crept, a something which marred, which—intangible though it was—was noxious to her sorrow, that made her heart lie cold and heavy. There is nothing so terrible as the conviction that those we have loved are lost to us for ever.

She wandered through the house doing twenty things for them, and then gave place to possible reason, save the imperative necessity of exertion, and at last she settled like a weary bird on the sitting-room lounge, the clock struck three, and her father had not come. She became seriously alarmed; he never missed taking his meals at home, and at the dinner hour. Above all, when an hour after, when suspense became almost intolerable, a knock at the door startled her. Allie opened it, and Laurence entered, looking quite unlike his usual gay self.

"Miss Bird," he said hastily, "your father has met with injury, he is seated down at the pond. The boys were skating, and Ned Simmons fell through, and as your father started to rescue him, he slipped——"

"Quick! tell me, how was he injured?" Allie gasped.

"For a compound fracture," Ed continued, "we sent for Dr. Lewis, and he has done everything that could be done. Your father insisted upon coming home, and will probably be here in about an hour; I thought I'd prepare you, and help, if necessary, in arranging for him."

"Thank you; what shall I do, Mr. Lowrey?"

"A bed must be prepared on this floor, restoratives, bandages, etc., must be convenient. The parlor, I think, would be a better room for him than this; I will have it taken up stairs, and this seems too much exposed."

She listened attentively. Ed couldn't help admiring this self-possessed young girl as any other woman would have gone into hysterics, and raised the very d——, he schlooguized, as Allie left the room a moment to summon Bridget and Sam.

In the course of half an hour the bed was put up, and rendered inviting with spotless linen; a fire crackled and sparkled with rollicking cheer in the wide fireplace, and last rays of sunlight were allowed to gleam on the walls, and Allie thought in her father's easy-chair, and the centre-table, with its books and work, she would be ready to keep her spirits up." He found the employment rather agreeable, for he lingered until he heard the sleighbells, and then, as the services would not be required no longer, took a short cut home through the fields. It must be confessed that Ed's thoughts were somewhere in the vicinity of Farmer Bird's.

"Wonder how the doctor managed him, he was cross enough about carrying him down to the pond, while a half wished he'd gone and died, Allie would have felt badly. She's what I call splendid—a regular brick—guess I'll call over to-morrow and inquire about him."

And Ed did, but Allie was invisible.

Allie met her father at the door, not having come to the gate, where the two processions might meet, under rather than help. The doctor's face brightened somewhat as he saw everything prepared with such a half wifely, half sisterly air. Her father had fainted, but was soon restored to consciousness, and the first object that met his gaze was that daughter bending over him. He drew her down, and whispered:

"I couldn't stay away from you, birdie!"

"No, father, you never must leave me more."

"There, doctor! don't you see I'm better; hain't I the nicest nurse in the world?"

Thus appealed to, the doctor replied in the affirmative, and leaving minute directions, prepared to take his departure. Allie followed him out.

"Is there danger, doctor?"

"Yes!" he answered gruffly, "he has taken cold; the fever he's got keeps here it will end; and so as I have told you, and I will be over again in the morning, perhaps it won't be as bad as I fear."

The doctor's heart softened as he noticed the expression on the girl's face—it was dead white, and she trembled violently.

"Darned if I don't take 'em," he growled, as he thrust his hand in his pocket for a powder, which he mixed, and almost poured down Allie's throat. She looked at him a moment, with arms akimbo:

"Feel better, don't you? Guess I'll leave you some more, you mustn't get sick—couldn't possibly afford it, and I'll look up to-morrow!"

"Any pain, father?"

"No, not much; but I'm so sleepy—sing 'Rock of Ages,' Allie," and she obeyed, till he fell calmly asleep.

The necessity for exertion quite over; she was again left to introspection.

"Where was Wentworth now?" she thought, it was just about the time she had always watched for him—who waited his coming now?

How sweetly her father slept! She almost envied its utter quiet. Then she thought of the sick Allie must prepare for, and wondered how long if her father should die? The thought was agony, and yet she would not feel so badly, if he could take her with him. Poor child! so young to look for rest in death.

For weeks she hung over her father's bedside. He was all she had on earth. She prayed, in bitter agony, that his life might be spared, prayed as she had never done but once before! She watched, untired, through dull days of pain; through weary, feverish nights, she watched, as never before, for a mother—her soul yearned for a mother's sympathy. Benny was always welcome, and he cheered the poor girl. Often, after looking at her sad, hollow eyes, and pale cheeks, had he gone out to worry over "Miss Allie!" He had a dim perception that Huntingdon had something to do with her sorrow.

The doctor's attentions were unremitting, but his face became grave every day. Allie watched its variations with the utmost solicitude. She knew there could be no hope, and braved herself, that she might feel her father might notice her despondency; for his sake, she assumed a cheerfulness that was far from real. He became weaker as the days went on. The second week in February brought portentous clouds and soughing winds; dead vines rattled against the windows, and trees bowed their naked arms; it seemed to Allie as though the spirits of earth and air were calling for him, and the solemn music filled her with unutterable gloom. At last there came a time when her feet no longer needed to move responsive to every look of her father, when it was no longer necessary to moisten his parched lips with him, soothing his pain with murmured words of tenderness; she sang to him no more in the twilight, or read to him from the sacred pages of Christ. She had held him in her arms and caught his last words, his last kiss and blessing; now she watched the clouded lying still and cold in the dim shadows of the room.

They carried him with bowed heads and tearful faces to the grave. For days after Allie's head lay heavy and sore for them, and bending over him they dropped tearful tributes of genuine sorrow; thoughtless boys clustered on the outside of churches to see them that hushed boisterous laugh and jest; while Allie, tearless, stood at the head of the grave leaning on crippled Benny, and clasping Sophie's child.

The clods rattled on the coffin, and though those rough men lowered each spadeful with a hoarse sigh of sympathy, at each sound Allie's face and lips grew whiter.

"Earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust."

Allie saw no more—in her ears, now like a wailing voice, and again with trumpet-tongue calling her to lie beside him. One after another the mourners turned away, leaving Allie with Benny and the child, yet still the words rang in her ears:

"Earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust."

Then, as the carriage rolled away, Allie gave her self up to the darkness that had always lain in a cold, and took her home. Then she fainted, and was borne to her room by kind friends.

A pleasant day in spring. Earth's myriad voices woke, and beneath the soft brown mould the seeds germinated, while above the trees showed full in showers of white and rose; in hidden woodsdells delicate flowers swayed; the dogwood trees were white, and coquettes peeped out here and there, in sunny steps. Allie roused, to see Dr. Lewis standing beside her, Bridget and Sam weeping at the foot of the bed, and Benny sitting apart with his head buried in his hands.

The doctor's care-seamed face broke into a smile.

"Thank God! thank God! she's saved!" he cried.

"What beautiful flowers! Why, doctor, what's the matter with me? I can't get up!"

"No! but you will, soon; you've been sick, Allie," and he bent down to stroke her hair; a little pallid face—not a tear—no sad moans.

Allie smiled. She felt very tired, and soon fell asleep, to awake again to new freshness—new life. And now came the gifts of flowers and fruits every day; and as she grew stronger, books. She marveled who it could be! One day she asked Bridget.

"An' shure it's the same jintleman as was here sailin' ivery day about ye; shure I can't recollict his name at all, at all."

"Was he here before I was sick?"

"Yes, miss, the day the doctor brought——" and she let the rest die on her accent. Allie felt something rising in her throat as she thought of that fearful day.

"Mr. Lowrey?" she suggested.

"That's it! an' shure that's the name. I'd clane forgot it intirely!"

A little hope had dawned in Allie's mind. She asked it once.

After Allie had fully recovered, while the air was yet balmy and sweet, inviting to holy thought and living, she remembered her promise to Benny, and they sought the lost one through darkness and storm, and entirely successful, through noisome places and haunts, splendor-coated—yet none the less evil—and last, found her dwelling. Allie's heart beat as she recalled the story, when they told her of the home waiting for her, she clasped Allie's hands, and followed her.

Some years of unutterable misery! could the future store any peace for *her*? As they passed through the streets people gazed at her, questioning, indifferent, some stared and women patted their dresses closer, while the shrinking creature clung to her protectress. Allie's heart ached. She ached both for him in drug store, and sent Benny for a carriage.

"Sophie should not be insulted!" she said, with flashing eyes.

Ah, Allie! your first lessons in the world's faith and charity were bitter! "Insult Sophie!" Society would have laughed to scorn your holy indignation! Society shuts its gates against sin as she, and when, repentant and stricken, they turn, knocking with the wailing cry for real admauning walls reaching up to heaven—down to

(Continued on page 234.)



1. Telegraphing the Alarm to the Central Office. 2. The Stable. 3. The New Regulation Hose Carriage. 4. Always Ready. 5. The Watcher. 6. At Work. 7. Central Office of the Fire Telegraph. 8. Hook and Ladder Truck. 9. "Turn Out!"—The Bunk Room. 10. Going to the Fire. 11. Taking Up.

THE NEW FIRE DEPARTMENT FOR NEW YORK CITY.



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IENT FOR NEW YORK CITY.

FORBORNE.

(Continued from page 231.)

the depths—no hope, no comfort for them there. Society crushes them with an iron hand, looks at them out of stony eyes, scoffs at agonizing prayers, heeds no bitterness of remorseful tears; and thousands rush from its pitilessness and seek a deeper woe, a deeper wretchedness, tasting on earth the torments of hell.

Woman, reared daintily, clad in "purple and fine linen," the blood of your sisters are on your skirts—it cries out to heaven! How will you still that cry? How will you answer for it before that tribunal where you shall hereafter stand?

Man, look to it! fouled with impurity, your hearts reeking with evil, the blood of innocents on your souls, accept these confessions you with smile and caress. Look to it, that in the hereafter your condemnation may not be an hundred fold!

Darker and darker loomed the clouds above the political horizon of our country; mutterings of fiery-tongued war grew louder, until they rolled in startling thunder tones, and still the North slept. Then came the firing upon Sumter, and with one heart and one voice the country awoke. The cry "To arms!" pealed out, and thousands from the East, from the North, and from the West, brought to the sword, to gather at the beat of drum, to march forward in steady phalanx, keeping step to solemn melodies, that echoing through the land, stirred the blood and kindled the zeal of every man who had not cast his manhood down to be trodden under foot. And now Wentworth Huntington sought Allie. He knew where to find her. As she kneeled between the graves of father and mother, in the dim twilight, he leaned moodily against a lightning-shattered pine tree. "I was sitting," he exclaimed, "that he should lean there while she prayed." He could not pray, but he watched her as she hid her beautiful face in the mist-specked sod of her father's grave. When she arose, he went to her, his face ghastly white in the moonlight.

"Allie!"

She caught at the headstone for support.

"Allie!" she scarcely knew his voice, it was so changed, "I have come to break the hem of your garment, and yet I dare to love you still—and I will. It's the only thing that keeps me from being a devil. Allie, I am going away my heart. I will become an old man, since—since that night. I shall go to the war, my country calls, and Nemesis pursues. I am going to the war before I weep. Allie I say again that you forgive me—will you not?"

"Wentworth! you turned my day of laughing into mourning; you embittered my life. I thought I stood on a rock—and lo! it crumbled beneath my feet—and I fell, I fell forever."

He caught her in his arms, and placing her on the grave, sat beside her. Long he talked; he felt that it might be the last time. He looked after her wistfully as she passed through the moonlight, then he went back to a home he hated. He had sold himself for gold. He reaped even as he had sown. A bought, with a note crushing it, bearing the oily word, "Good-bye," told Allie of his departure for Washington.

She wrote only about the house as time wore on, she sheered the weary, comforted the sorrowful, wept with mourning ones; and, as accompanied by Sophie, she passed on her way from house to house, the blessings of the poor, the destitute, the stricken, followed her. Doctor Lewis called her his co-worker, and Sophie, with more than envy, when the Chisholms raged, a couple of years later, in the same vicinity.

She was out one morning, taking her usual rounds, when she heard pattering steps behind her, and felt her dress pulled. A little voice, old and strange for a child, said:

"Please won't you come?"

"Come where, child?" and she smoothed back the child's black locks, straying from the little thing's old hood.

"Up there."

Allie looked. It was the Simonson mansion. Proudly it stood, almost disdaining the sheltering arms of the great trees waving around it. As she looked, a sorrowful sigh escaped her frame. But, bending quietly over the child, she questioned:

"For what do you want me?"

"Cause she's sick, and there's nobody."

"Nobody?"

"Nobody but me; and I'm too little."

"How long has she been ill?" Allie further inquired.

"A few days. She was took with a headache and sore throat."

"Where's Mr. Simonson?"

"Gone away, over the water. He won't be back in ever so long. He took me from the Island—he did."

"And the servants?"

"Skedaddled. They said it was catchin'. Coolman's gone, too. I can't do nuch—and, oh, she's so sick!"

The little, childish voice quivered, and the black, elfish eyes, shaded by straight, black, elfish hair, filled with pain, as she begged:

"Oh, won't you come—won't you?"

Allie hesitated no longer. Taking the cold, trembling fingers within her own, she hurried with the child to the entrance of the mansion. She followed the little one's bounds, up soft-carpeted stairways, until her little guide finally opened a door, bobbed her a quaint curtsey, and slipped across the room to the bedside.

"I found somebody, ma'am."

The sick woman looked up—looked with a gratitude, as Allie bathed her temples and arranged her more comfortably, that sank deep into her heart. Evidently Sarah did not recognize her. It was well. Her presence there could add no pang to her last moments, for Sarah Huntington was dying. Nothing could save her. It was too late Had Allie known it sooner, "she sighed, perhaps, God willing," she thought, for her heart melted towards her. Alone, deserted, save by one wee human waif! And she watched over Sarah, tenderly, lovingly. Tenderly, because she was Wentworth's wife; lovingly, because the words she had read that morning, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do to you," thrusted, like a sword, cold, in and out the canvas of her thought. Suffering, too, had made her Christ-like. He was, indeed, her elder Brother.

It was pitiable, but Sarah could not speak. The disease had made too much progress, and when Allie asked her if she would have a doctor, she only shook her head. There was no use suffering—not of the body—wrought in those fair, beautiful features. The face of the woman who had cast her husband's love from her, who hated them, and she remembered the bitter prayer of that bitterest day of her life, "I wish she might be unhappy all it!" The sufferer's eyes met the look of yearning that Allie could not satisfy, until she read to her from the Word.

And so she cared for her until the last. Cared for her—lovingly, tenderly—so that Sarah closed her eyes with the grateful look lingering there, and died with her hand clasped in Allie's.

And now Allie wondered what she could do. If only she might see Doctor Lewis. But she could not leave the child alone. At last her mind became clear.

"Do you know the way to the yard?" she asked the child, who stood gazing at her mistress, lying so white, so mute.

"Yes, m'm."

So she sat down to write a note. She usually carried materials in her pocket, but searched, and found she had forgotten them.

"Can you write any writing-paper?"

"No, m'm. I don't know where nothin' is, unless it's in there," and she pointed to a writing-desk.

Allie shrank from opening it; but there was no alternative. And there, the first thing her eyes fell upon was a letter from Wentworth to—his wife! For one moment a mist came before her eyes, and her eyes became so numb that she could with difficulty move her fingers. Yet she had not forgotten love for Wentworth. She commanded herself, found what she desired, and wrote to the foreman, requesting his presence, if possible; if not, the address of Doctor Lewis, and the name of his relatives, and of Mr. Huntington. Then, wrapping up the child, she sent her off with it.

The foreman came. Allie met him in the grand, deserted drawing-room, and they together made arrangements for the disposition of the body, decreeing to place it beside Sarah's, where Allie's own was in Europe. There was scarcely a hope that a letter could reach him before starting upon his return; nevertheless, Allie resolved to write him such a letter, as she knew how to write, to that old man, so fearfully desolate now. She had finished her task, when the foreman returned, and Allie could not divine how to reach him. God seemed to aid her, for just as the foreman left, and the stood alone with the corpse, his old-fashioned gig passed towards the gate.

The foreman hailed him: and the doctor, as he leaned out questioned, and stopped.

It was a great comfort to see him, and hear him say that she had done quite right, and to know that he would be back in a few days. He promised to send Sophie to assist in arranging the house.

After he had gone, Allie wrote to Mr. Simonson, but the task of writing to Wentworth was spared her. No one knew his address. She examined the envelope of the letter which had so startled her. On the back was written, in pencil: "Last letter, Dec. 1862."

She, herself, had quite lost track of him. She knew he had charge of his regiment—that she fearlessly looking upon death, seeking it with a recklessness almost beyond belief—that he had won for himself renown, but that had been promoted rapidly; but for a weary time she had heard nothing. Two months had elapsed since the date of Sarah's last letter. What might have happened in those two months? Yet, God, she thought, would work out his own ways. Allie and Sophie hovered each other until all was finished. The relatives were all so far distant that they could not be summoned immediately, and, consequently Sophie remained until some one arrived.

After the funeral, Allie returned home, thankful that she had been enabled to care for Sarah as she had—further than that she dared not think.

All through that winter and spring, and through the winters and springs that had preceded, disaster had succeeded disaster in the Union armies, until the people had grown sick at heart. Hope they almost felt, though their lips dared not utter it, that few institutions were, indeed, a failure. Men took up their morning papers with a shudder —women, whose hearts, true and strong, had given all, dreaded if "there" lying, stark and still, on blood-stained fields, dreamt that were too often realities. Worse than battle carnage were the trenches, the malarias of that Peninsular campaign.

But there came a change. On the plains of Gettysburg the tide of defeat was turned back, though at a fearful price. You can see nowhere —only a tithe of that terrible price—should your feet tread its cemetery; only a tithe, for who can measure the woe? Thousands upon thousands for each one of those who lie there, with a board at head and foot. Ah, who would dare to measure it? Yet God does.

Shortly after this battle, in which Wentworth had acted as general, carrying all before him, with his usual impetuosity—when the midsummer's purple splendor glowed on the land, he came again to Allie. He had heard, through the medium of the papers, probably, of Sarah's death. Allie could give him its details. As the round moon looked down upon them, under one of the apple-trees, in the orchard, he said:

"Allie, I have returned to you a better man. This war has been my furnace of purification. Can you trust me once more—as of old? Will you be mine now and evermore—through life, even unto death?"

And Allie, looking up, said:

"Now and for evermore—even unto death."

THE LETTER.

BY ANNIE BRAMBLE.

A LETTER! ah! 'tis a simple thing,
Yet much of joy or woe 'twill bring—
When sealed and bordered black we know,
Before 'tis op'd, it breathes of woe;
But if the seals be red and bright,
We haste to break it with delight,
To hear what friends and neighbors say,
And if they've missed us, while away.
I remember well, one winter time,
(I little thought then, to put it in rhyme),
The winds whistled loud—through the keyholes,
And the ground was thick with the falling snow—
A heavy knock on the door I heard,
And my heart it fluttered, like some poor bird;
I could not tell why—but I felt so sad,
I scarce could say, "come in," to the lad
Who stood on the sill, as he loudly said:
"A letter!" one glance! ah! he was dead!
Yes; he who was dearer than life to me,
Had fallen, while battling for liberty.
A lock of hair, its folds compressed,
That a comrade, severed at his request,
Three years have passed away since then,
Since I lost my all—my gallant "Ben;"
Yet even now I thrill with fear,
When'er the postman's knock I hear.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MARE," "REUBEN'S WAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.—ANTHONY'S INGRATITUDE.

"COME, come," said the lawyer, as Anthony sat last raised his head. "You will regret, I am sure, that you have been so unjust to your cousin, when I own how unjust I have been to you. If it is any comfort to you for me to say it, I will as readily vouch for your innocence in the matter as I would for my own; but you see how a case can be got up when we look only from a single point of view, and when we have only one side to look at. Now I shall give you a pretty strong proof that I desire to be treated as a friend, when I say that I shall keep to my word, and destroy the three little pencil-marks. Go in, then, and make your peace with Mr. Sleuth; or, if that be too risky a thing for you in your present excitable state, take a handsome leave of him, and—"

"I obey," said Anthony, with a peculiar emphasis, and turned on his heel and went in.

The doctor was right. He was so far forgetful of the outrage on his personal dignity—or, rather, the elevating nature of the emotions called forth by the events of the day—as to drive off for the moment all meaner thoughts—that he was sitting before a well-covered tray, busily engaged on a substantial meal, when he saw, on his side, smiling, pouring out wine for him, handing him bread, watching deferentially for his slightest looks or gestures, Anthony Sleuth, seated himself at the table, but it was merely to oblige her father; and she sat there with her right elbow supported on the table, her head resting leaning on her breast, and an expression of the deepest pain on her face. No other persons were present. Anthony took in the group at a glance, and was first tones of command, so loud and haughty, brought Clarissa and Sleuth to their feet, and made the doctor drop his knife and fork in astonishment at the wonder of what was coming, now that he thought all settled.

"I call you all to notice that Mr. Stamp—oh, here he is, indeed!—has—has—has discovered on the back of the document that has this morning been so strangely discovered certain pencil-marks."

"Pencil-marks, Anthony?" exclaimed Sleuth.

"Pencil-marks!" echoed the doctor. "God bless me! I didn't see them, and few things—how! —and this document, too!"

Clarissa was silent, but gazing in deep earnestness of soul on the speaker.

"I say nothing," said Sleuth; I did not discover them. They were shown to me. But being shown, I discover in them two facts. The first is, they look as if I had written them. With that he I cannot deal now. As God is my judge, I affirm they were never placed there by me. That codicil never met my eyes till to-day! Believe me or not, that is the truth. Now for the other fact. The marks refer to a letter received by me only the day before my mother died. Some one, therefore, had seen that letter; and, God forgive me if I misjudge, but I believe the writer, the forger—for that is the true description—must have intended to make me responsible for a fore-knowledge of the codicil, for its guilty concealment, and for this burlesque of signature."

"Let me show you how I deal with this imputation on me. There!" He had drawn forth from his breast pocket the deed of gift, and tore it into small pieces quite calmly, and let them fall on the floor.

"Richard Sleuth, all is your own now—all.

"Come to my bedroom—but not, I pray you till I shall have departed from it, say in one hour from this time—where you will find whatever of money, or trinkets, or valuables of any kind I have as the fruits of my temporary possession of your estate.

"It is yours; I doubt not that. How you came by it, answer to God!

"Richard Sleuth—there is another matter I commend to your attention in this presence. There is my uncle's letter. I would to God I might keep it; but I have no right to it now. If his grandson lives, it is you who will obey or violate the wishes of the dead,

"Farewell! we shall never again meet in life, or in death, unless it be to enable me to clear up this stain upon my name.

"Doctor Pompeus and—and—. But while they all listened to hear what else he was about to say when he had mastered the burst of sudden anguish, he was gone!

In less than an hour afterwards the sharp click of a gate was heard. Once more Anthony Meade had passed out of his uncle's house, but this time he felt, as he wiped the dust from his feet, it was for ever.

CHAPTER XLVI.—HOW RICHARD SLEUTH ANSWERED THE ALDERMAN'S APPEAL.

THAT night, under cover of the darkness, two meetings took place of persons now well known in this story. Commencing one of these, the more chapter, we have now to relate what took place by the gate, the five white bars of which could just be seen through the gloom as Sleuth stealthily approached to meet Bob.

That worthy was nowhere visible, till Sleuth uttered a mild cough, when he emerged from the dry ditch where he had been lying, and where he had got very cold and cross, for his teeth chattered, and his utterance was unusually slow.

"Pretty varmint you are to keep a gemman a-waiting in this manner till he's like a hicicle, and can't get a drop of summut hot and strong to begin again to melt hisself. Where's your manners, Mister Sleuth?—where's your manners?"

"I am very sorry, Bob; but you don't know what an anxious day this has been for me. But it's all right at last."

"Par me the money to-night!"

"No, Bob, not quite so fast as that. I'm glad we've met. I've been thinking about that arrangement we made, and I propose to cancel it—rub it out of your very memory."

"What'll I get by that?"

"That's it, Bob, you will get by it. You'll be able to show your wealth, instead of being obliged to sneak about the world, always afraid of the ministers of justice looking after you, thus putting two and two together—I mean your having that wealth, and having been an associate of the robbers of my uncle."

"Better cut it short, Mister Sleuth—much better, I should say. I don't like the sound on it all."

"Nonsense, Bob! Suppose I can put you in such a position that if you choose to emigrate—go where nobody knows you—you'll be able to say, 'It's a safe country, I got my wealth honestly' and sweet it was too, for it all came out of the old fellow's hoards, who didn't want me to marry his daughter, and who was so aggravating about it when I did.' What would you say if I were to put you in a position, not only to say that, but to come up to Boston and get up in a very dignified position as the father who was trusted with all that wealth for the benefit of a scapegrace of a son?"

With a gesture more expressive than graceful, Bob put his finger to the side of his nose, and indicated by that action he understood and appreciated.

"The fact is, Bob, it's awkward, as I told you before, to say, or seem to say, a son to say a son for the mere discovery of a codicil. But if I, as cunningly and promptly carrying out my uncle's wishes, give you ten thousand pounds to enable you to buy a way back to the grandchild, that's not only easily explained, but very much to be admired. We shall stand well, both of us, before the world. What do that plan: I, for my munificence; you, for the trust reposed in you. Don't you see?"

"Couldn't you add an odd thousand?"

"Why, Bob, you rogue! I wish you can't! I take one off. It's better for you in every way. However, please yourself."

"Oh, I'll allow willin' to accommodate. You aint got another paper ready, I suppose?"

"Well, now, Bob, since you ask, that is just what I have managed. And that's why I'm so late."

"How am I to read it?"

"I thought of that. I don't think they can see us from the house if we strike a light. Do you?"

"Crack sure they can't."

Sleuth drew from a tinderbox, and soon struck a light in it by the aid of the flint and steel and a match. He had a bit of wax candle ready to transfer the flame from the match.

Bob read the document, admired it very much, and without a single fresh attempt at extortion, split it into small pieces, and then put his hands back with the other the previous agreement.

Then did Richard Sleuth withdraw himself from his first most perilous relation with Bob, and substantiate for it a document that, whenever made present, could only redound to his credit and universal honor.

Of course, Bob might say it was, after all, the roundest sum he could get, and he would be right; but, after a time, Bob would not be believed, and he (Sleuth) would. Besides, Bob had no more.

Sleuth had not yet done with the cetter. He meant the "case of Rasa" to be real, so far as concerned Miss Egbert's taking him away. They talked long and earnestly, Sleuth at the strip hedge-bottom—having extinguished the candle; and it was agreed that Bob should carry off Rasa either by fair means or foul, and recover with him to Australia.

"I don't be unkind to the lad," said Sleuth.

"Not likely, I should think," said Bob. "Aint I his parent?"

"Will you get him away soon?"

"The werry day—or, leastwise, the werry next day—arter that on which you pay me."

"Well, now, Bob, to do the handsome thing by you, here's five guineas for you to get a decent dress to go in to my bank this day week I've written it's name down in this paper—is on Lombard street. Go there at eleven o'clock, and you will find me waiting for you about the door."

They shook hands and parted; and Sleuth went home cunningly, scarcely able to refrain from crying aloud what was in his soul,

"Perfect! perfect! and not like Anthony's happiness, poor fool! Mine must last!"

He longed greatly for a little genial companionship that night, but it fell out that he was left entirely alone. The housekeeper kept Phillis in her room with her, and all the other servants were sullen and reserved. So the new heir sat by himself in the best room, and drank his own health in the best wine he could find in the cellars, till he fell asleep with his head on the table. And there he remained till the first pure sunbeams of the summer morning crept in, caressing him like the hands of children, who know not whether the thing they touch be good or evil.

CHAPTER XLVII.—ALL NIGHT IN THE GARDEN.

In those days, the evening of Monday was not a busy evening at the Magnet; it drew only its regular customers—a quiet, sleepy set of men, who drank and dozed until they were turned out, to find their feet as they best might; while old Constable Mellins locked on with his lantern, encouraging and sometimes assisting them in their efforts to get to the other side of the horse-trough.

On this particular Monday evening Mr. Peter Peggitt, the landlord, had left them to themselves, and mounted the high stool at the bar, where he was making up his accounts, an office which position he could command not only the door, that opened right before him, and the quiet, homey interior in the taproom, but also the interior of the little parlor, where all the Peggitt family were gathered together for the evening, and where all the talk was being laid for supper.

The jolly Hengston miller, when he came in for his usual evening draught, looked up from his tankard with a twinkling eye, as he saw Mr. Peggitt glance in grim satisfaction from parlor to taproom, and back again from taproom to parlor.

"Here you are, Peggitt," said he, drawing his white sleeve across his mouth; "here you are, lovin' like all three. There"—indicating with his thumb the taproom—"you puts in your whole grain; and here"—winking at the parlor—"comes out your fine flour."

"Umph!" grunted Peggitt, as he heard a heavy thud, and then some snarling in the taproom, "pretty work to turn out the husks, I reckon. Now then, what the——"

The worthy miller had nearly reached the door, when he came back against the bar counter with such force that the landlord's jug splashed full in his face, the lemons in the hanging twine bag hit the ceiling, and the tiers of sparkling glasses rung from end to end.

For an instant, the miller himself hardly knew the cause of this sudden movement; but as the giddiness passed from his head, and enabled him to see, he beheld a ragged little figure, panting like himself.

"Can't you look where you're goin'?" inquired this, the Magnet's last attraction, impudently surveying the breathless miller.

"I ha' you, sir! What do you want?" said the landlord. "Why, you've got your rags on again, have you? Has your master turned you out at last? It's time comin' here after him—he's gone to bed; so be off!"

At this instant there was a stir in the little parlor, and a great "hushing;" and then, breaking the silence that followed, was heard a voice calling from the top of the tiny flight of stairs:

"Peggitt, send the boy!"

"Yes, sir. If you please, sir, I was just a-tellin' him to go up to you, sir," shouted Mr. Peggitt, with sudden zeal. Then, clattering as he met Esau's eye, he added, "Now, then, don't you hear your master wants you."

The miller's angry eye followed Esau as he went up the stairs so unwontedly that Esau, when he turned round and saw it, felt it incumbent on him to nod, and "hope he would know his linniments when he see'n 'em again."

"What's his master a-doin' of here!" inquired the miller, solemnly, when he had disappeared.

"A stoppin' on so as to be ready for the six o'clock coach," answered Mr. Peggitt. "Him and Mr. Sise always sticks to the old room as their uncle always slep' in when he stayed a night in the town."

No more was said on the scene subject then, but the next night the events that had taken their place up at Green Lanes were known all over Hengston, a great deal more was said upon it, and the sanction of the robbery, and other things connected with the alderman's family—so much, indeed, that Mr. and Mrs. Peter Peggitt, the miller and the miller's wife, and the young clerk—who is courting Miss Lisa Peggitt—sat up till they were surprised by old Constable Mullins, on his second round, listening remonstratively with his cudgel on the shutter.

As Esau, still laughing to himself at the angry miller, mounted the stairs, a door was opened at the top, and Anthony stood there.

Esau sprang up the remaining stairs as he saw him, followed him into the room, and shut the door.

"W. I?" said Anthony, throwing himself down in a chair, and his face grew white and blank, as if he were trying to realise the utter disappointment that might in an instant follow his long suspense.

"Well, sir, I see her," said Esau, as soon as he recovered his breath, of which the contact with the burly miller had deprived him.

"You saw her!" cried Anthony, lifting his head.

"Yes, sir; the widder, sir."

"The housekeeper?" in a fainter tone.

"Yes, sir;" and Esau, as he answered, gently slipped a little folded paper on the table where Anthony's elbows rested. It was not sealed, and he soon had it opened. It was from the doctor's housekeeper, and ran thus:

HONORED SIR—I take up my pen, hoping you are well, and beg to inform you I was taken unawares, and doe not know if I'm doing right or wrong; but your boy frightned mee when he came about hurry to buy a topper, though I doe trust a more Christen spirrit wode have staid your hand at the last, and made you remember a man's life is not his own to keep or too cast away.

"What have you been up to, Esau?" asked Anthony, his colour coming back suddenly, and without waiting his answer, Anthony plunged into her letter again—the kind and gentle tone of which seemed hardly to belong to the writer. He had always liked the doctor's housekeeper—a pious, melancholy, old-fashioned gentlewoman, who had been better days,—but now he loved her for it put his lips to the paper in honor of her alone, and not the dear name she wrote.

My young lady (went on the letter) will god send to her from on high, is mending of her grief and sickness, which, Heaven knows I will not be fayned, I am of opinion, being the time my dear and respected master returns to his room for Tomlina to dress his leggy and general Miss Lisa comes to your house servant will be waiting a little within the small gate in the wall by which you were used to come. Dear sir, I am very sad on account for you both; but your fate is in the same hand now as in the poorest beggar prostrate at your feet, and I trust in Him—as must I, also, that this business of tonight bring not sorrow and shame to both, by being discovered by my master, and utter ruin on your humble servant and well-wisher,

MARTHA TOMLINSON.

P. S.—I entreat you to bare in mind that, should my sister in Hengston be required to nurse, I have nothing to look for but starvation, save only that which you will trust over to me.

"Starvation!" echoed Anthony, with quivering lips. "No, no, old lady; not while I've a drop of blood in my body! Esau, what's the time? So late? Then I must be off directly."

"Let me brush your coat, sir," said Esau; and Anthony submitted—remembering how close he had been to the earth when he had last fallen exhausted after an hour's fierce, restless walking.

He looked down on Esau's active little hands, and smiled.

"So you threw your fine toggery at him, did you, you little rascal?"

"I couldn't help it, sir. When he says to me, 'Why, your very clothes come out o' my pocket,' I went and put those on as I'd kept, and did up my own in a handkerchief, and wore 'em myself, and them I've got here; but the new uns I took and scrubbed in the pig-wash, and took into him, and says, 'If they come out of your pocket, take 'em back in your face, an' welcome!'"

Anthony laughed a strange laugh, loud and harsh, and ending in a gulp and low-muttered execration.

"You'd better keep yourself close, my boy," said he, "till we get out of the place."

"I have here and keep the door locked till you come back."

"And how about your supper?" Anthony's hand went into his pocket, and brought out a purse empty. "I tell you what, Esau, it isn't everybody that has supports. Some people object to it."

"I'm very hungry," answered Esau, quickly, "and quite right too."

"Then I suppose we had better object to it, Esau? So I shall not have any supper."

"We can but try it, sir, and see how it works."

"Do you doubt its working well, then?"

"I only says that a hungry man, and you a better night's rest, the better your night's rest is, the hungrier you are at your breakfast; so don't it stand to reason you'll get your supper?"

"Perhaps," said Anthony; and by this time the brushing was finished to Esau's satisfaction, and he gave him his gloves and hat, looking at him with affectionate admiration as he did so.

"You'd better lie down and get a sleep," said his master, as he opened the door. "And don't forget to solve that supper problem on an empty stomach."

"No, sir," answered Esau, bringing the candle to the door to light Anthony down.

The roads were quiet and deserted, and quite dark; and the darkness, though it made Anthony's heart beat more wildly sad, stood him in good stead in other respects.

With what a strange feeling between pain and joy he felt along the dark wall, whose richness of decoration could be guessed at only, while, for the little door—the little door that he might, perhaps, be seeking for the last time. Its top hinge was broken, and it drove a little, while, for the little door—the little door that he might, perhaps, be seeking for the last time. Its top hinge was broken, and it drove a little, while, for the little door, to open it, was obliged to lift it by the handle and press his shoulder to it. He did not lift it high enough to-night, and it scraped along the ground, making more noise than usual, which caused him some moments of breathless alarm. Not that he had any real fear of being discovered by the doctor's servants, but he remembered the two trembling women who were listening somewhere near, and he knew how acute would be their senses, for they would think it could not be himself who came in that clumsy manner.

He managed to close it more softly, and then stood irresolute, not knowing which way to turn in the darkness. He looked at the house, with its lights all extinguished, except those in the trees; and suffered a keen grief as he remembered how he, who now came prowling about it by night, had lived in it and known every room, and to leave it as if he were already its master's son. It was a most sudden and cruel change; and as he stood looking at the dwelling where the doctor's light shone, and thought of him sitting there disturbed and troubled, as he knew he would be, for his daughter's sake, Anthony had a longing to go and make one more attempt at reconciliation; but then he remembered his own beggared state, and turned his eyes from the window almost with a laugh.

Just then, before he had heard a step or heard a bough rustle, his heart began to beat quickly, for he felt that some one stood near him in the darkness.

"Sir, sir!" whispered a voice close behind him; and, turning, he caught two cold, thin hands, and bent over them, asking something more than kisses upon them, and muttering, in a broken voice:

"Mrs. Bishop, you have put a great debt upon me at the beginning of my poverty. I can never pay it, but I shall not forget it to the end of my life. You have been a friend when there is more than one good woman in the world."

"Hush, hush, sir, for heaven's sake! Do not speak so loud. And as for this ring, indeed I will not take it; it is like to get me into trouble. And, indeed, you will stand in need of its value some day. No, sir, I will not take it."

"It belonged to my mother," said Anthony. "You knew her. You must take it—you shall. You will know I did not give it to you before today? There, shut your hand; it fits you beautifully. And, tell me—have you managed it, dear soul? How long? Shall I really see her?"

"Yes, listen. Foolish woman that I may be giving your very bread away. These stones must be of great value."

"Too paltry to have given you by daylight for such a kindness as this."

"Well, now if my young lady is waiting for you in the path by the wall there. I left her on the middle seat. I will wait here, and give you warning if I see any one come from the house. And all the same time, sir, you speak low—my young lady has excellent hearing."

That little path by the fruit-wall! How dark it was, still more darkness than the darkness of night, as Anthony found his way along it. Its mignonette borders smelt sweet, and its fruit ripened with the sun of the day; its very quietness, and the knowledge that she was in it, did not draw the sting from the thought that all those summer mornings he had run across it and at evening—those hours which, though full themselves of delight, seemed to promise—ah, how much more in hours to come! They were brief and rare, but never to be remembered afterwards without a thrill—moments when joy became a pain, as if by its own excess. It showed then in those threatening shadows soon to fall—the dreams dreamt here—the promises spoken here, not because to others they were necessary, but because it was sweet to speak them—all must end in a farewell like this!

When he was a solitary figure on the seat, he felt at her knees, laid his head on them, lifted it, and laid it down again, in an anguish that seemed for great love more than the darkness could answer on it. Clarissa felt it, and trembled from head to foot. She stooped over him, and two tears rolled down her cheeks. She put her arms about him with the unembarrassed tenderness of a mother; her left arm under his to raise him.

"My dear! my dear soldier," was her low! what can I say to comfort you? what can I say that you do not know already?"

Her soft black shawl, that she had thrown over her head, fell about them both. Anthony laid his face on its edge, and they remained still; and the little path that had kept holiday with them in their happiness, and sung the merry and merry music of birds and insects, now, in their grief, remained covered with a pall of darkness and silence from end to end.

For a few minutes this tacit mute embrace satisfied Anthony, and filled him with a peace, deep and delicious, that he had never before known. But it was to last only for a very little while; ere long he began to hunger for something more than that kindness of pity. Sorrow was burning within him a passionate and still-increasing wrath against the cause of all their anguish, and to this he longed for an expression. He would almost have seen her little hands clenched in anger, than clasping him ever so tenderly. More than for her kisses, he longed for words, broken words, of sob, or outcry, against this mortal foe of his. But he kept it in vain. She was kind and all-loving; she only cried.

"Oh, my God, Clarissa!" he cried, throwing away her hands, and starting up. "I wish I could only think that you reproached me a way before God! The thought of leaving so foul a thing near you is the bitterest thought of all."

He rose, and, with his head in his hands, walked a few steps down the path.

"He will be your father's friend—your neighbor," said Anthony; "my darling, how will you bear that?"

"It will be hard to bear," she said; "for how can I speak to him, knowing what he has done to the cause—innocent one, perhaps, but still the cause—of all our trouble?"

Anthony folded her arm, and stood still a minute, then stooped, and took both her hands in his.

"Clarissa, if he is innocent, do you know what I am?"

She made no answer, except to smile upon him a smile which, even in the darkness, he knew. It might have saved him a bitter pang which her silence caused him.

"And do you know what I am in that case?" he said, holding her hands fast. "Let me leave you, my dear no mistake, Clarissa. Listen. This paper was found concealed in a desk of mine. It bears, written in writing like mine, a date which shows it to have been handled a little while after my uncle died. He died an unnatural death, remember that. Suppose it was strangled privately, or trying to revoke, this could? He had sent for me on his deathbed, in a note; playing the return of all his old affection and trust. Is it likely that he could do that, and yet intend to leave me penniless? But he has done so, if all the facts have come out truly. If they have not, who benefits most by their concealment but Sleuth? I wish to be just to him—God knows I do. I have resisted instincts that warned me from the first against him. I can do so no longer. I do distrust him now, and to the most terrible issues. I can say no more. The thing is between Richard Sleuth and I, you see. And now, which is it? Perhaps," he added, letting go her hands, "you have doubts on the question?"

"Anthony," replied Clarissa, sadly clasping his arm again, "as to doubting—as to believing you dishonorable—you know it is only idle talk. I could not do it—if all the events were against you, I could not do it. But I do not like—and I dare not—judge so rashly of your cousin as you do. I have not seen him, but we shall do ourselves no good in being unjust. Now, a thing that happened after you had gone to-day made me half repent the thoughts I suppose I had had of him. I will tell you what it was. He appealed to my father, entreating him to take charge of a sum of money the value of the estate you had refused, I believe—I am sure—because it to your cousin you knowing where it came from. My father refused. I know it grieved him to do so; but as things are between you, he did not see how he could consent. Well, I assure you your cousin had tears in his eyes when he found it could not be managed."

Anthony suddenly broke away, and standing alone, struggled with the most intolerable and cruel pain he had ever felt in all his life. He had found in his side another enemy, that he had not known of till she put her hand upon it, and thrust its poisoned point deep into him. To his anguish was added a new bitterness—jealousy, positive jealousy of Sleuth.

She came to him again, and he received her in his arms, and said:

"Oh, curse him, and his tears and hypocrisy! He knows his way to you, my darling, and will know it still more when you are under his guard, he will come so that I cannot see and strike him on his way! He is stealing to my house, and I shall lose patience with it. He has had struggles, I dare say, and conquer all, I shall lose her—my own, that was all mine! Love sweet, no more for me—but still mine! Love!"

"Yours—yes!" she cried, laughing hysterically. "Yours so soon, that for very shame's sake I was forced to leave you when you almost met with my love even before confessing your own."

She looked up smilingly through her tears, as he clasped her to his breast, and he kissed her passionately.

They heard Mrs. Bishop's steps approaching.

"Sir," she said, from a little distance, "will you please to go?" "your tears now! I fear he may be going to—my young lady in here."

He held her closer.

"My darling! to think I cannot see your face," he said, "not once before I go!"

"Yes, you shall," she said, and take it with you. Here is the little miniature you begged for so long ago, and I refused you. Ah, dear! how proud we were then! But now—but then that, I intend you to take this, too."

"What is it?"

"What is it? Oh, a charm—a talisman that I would not have you go without for all the world."

"What is this paper, Clarissa—money?"

"Yes, I mean it as such. Hush! You know you said once I stood in the place of a mother to you, as you had never known one. Well, now, do you suppose, my dear boy, that I am going to make you his fortune, I have no little stocking heard to give with my motherly advice? Come, Anthony, if you love me, you will go, and you have already kept me."

"Keep your stocking hoard, sweet mother—your son will fight his battles without it. And as for a talisman—I assure you nature will serve. Believe me, I will have none else."

"Now, Anthony, this is unkind! It is, indeed! I treat the gift as a jest. Hush! You know you said once that the bit of bread the lady gave the famished royalist. Take it, my dear—my soldier, and when you are in want, or have feast together, you shall laugh at my poor gift."

"Ay, when! When! Come nearer, my darling. Nearer still. Now, as I can see you, the moon must be rising. No, no; put your little packet away, Clarissa, I will not have it."

"Anthony, I cannot go with you, as I might have done, had that not happened a few weeks hence. I may not claim the privilege of a poor man's wife—keep fires on your hearth, and make good food for you. But you will be sometimes, for the longest way. Now, will you be so cruel as to refuse the little comfort this may bring you? I ask you to take it, instead of the worthless trifles that should be yours. Look, on my knees, I ask you!"

"Well, well. See, I take one note—but mind, with the right of returning it soon—for a careful housewife should keep up her stocking hoard, you know."

"Madam! madam!" cried Mrs. Bishop, coming upon them suddenly from the grass, "my master is coming. He has been to your room, and found you gone, and is looking for you. Sir, for mercy's sake, make haste!"

Clarissa drew to him with a cry, and he strained her to his heart, looking down on her white face in the moonlight, as if it were a last. It might be.

"My love," he whispered, "and his breath, "remember, if you grow weary—if you feel you could be happy by giving me up, and ceasing to wait for me—remember I release you from your promise. You are free whenever you wish to be free—remember that."

She looked up, clung the closer as they went towards the little gate.

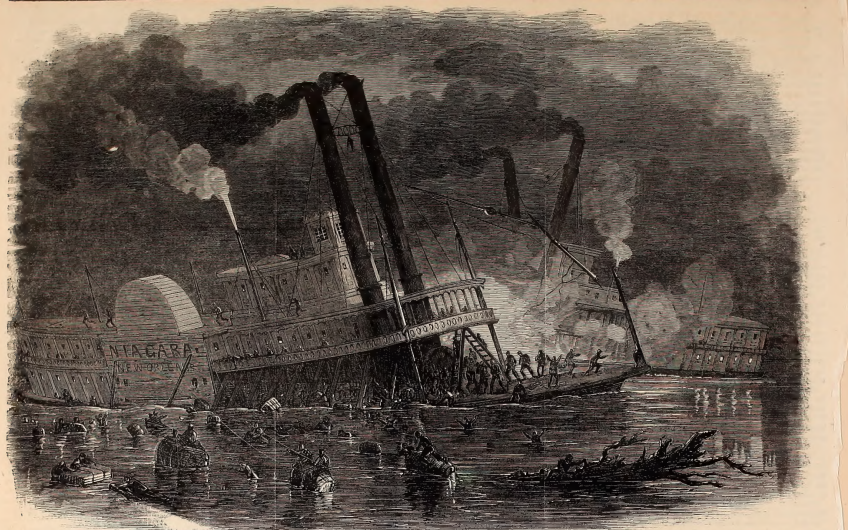
Jane Bishop opened it for him, and he went out, but turned to take the little hands stretched out to him through the ironwork.

"Good-by, my love! Good-by—my darling! Good-night!"

"God bless you!" she said, and he dropped her hands, and setting his face against the darkness, went his way.

* * * * * * *

The same dawn which woke the new heir from his drunken sleep found a certain little room at the Magnet empty. Not by the six o'clock coach but full two hours before it started. Anthony Manfred and his little follower had set off afoot to seek their fortune.



COLLISION BETWEEN THE STEAMERS NIAGARA AND POSTBOY, ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER. FRIDAY NIGHT, NOV. 24.

THE GREAT VIOLINIST, FRANCISCO JEHIN PRUME.

FRANCISCO ENRIQUE JEHIN PRUME was born at Spa, in Belgium, on the 18th April, 1839. At three years of age he commenced the study of music, under the tuition of the great master Nicolas Servias.

At eight years of age he gained the first prize in Solfeggio, as also the first in music, and this over competitors of twenty and twenty-two, the



M. JEHIN PRUME, THE GREAT VIOLINIST.

first occurrence of the kind since the foundation of the Conservatory.

A severe loss for Jehin Prume was the death of his uncle in 1849, and it threatened for a time to affect the young artist's future destiny; however, Providence arranged it otherwise. The year of his uncle's death he gave a concert in Spa, at which the immortal Spontini was present, and in admiration of the boy's wonderful execution approached during the performance of the last piece, and, together with Count Cornelissen, crowned him with flowers, the city magistrate also assisting at the ceremony.

His native city, proud of the brilliant success obtained by one of her sons, speedily organised a grand festival, in which Jehin Prume was to be principal performer. He left Brussels for Spa, where his fellow-citizens had prepared him a magnificent ovation. Arrived within a league of the town he was met by the people *en masse*, with a band of music, while young girls dressed in white crowned him with flowers. In the midst of this universal jubilee he entered Spa.

At night the whole city was illuminated. During the great Festival, Meyerbeer, who was present on the conclusion of a Grand Fantasia, in the "Star of the North," went up to shake his hand and congratulated him.

When seventeen, wishing a more worldwide reputation, he left for Russia, and traversing Germany, he stopped in Dresden, where he gave a concert. His debût was a brilliant one; the city journals placing him among the first violinists of the world. The celebrated Lipinsky gave him the highest praise. Before leaving Dresden Jehin Prume was obliged to give several concerts, and always with the same success. At last he left for St. Petersburg, on his way stopping at Warsaw, where he gave three concerts with the violinist Hauman; in Brest, in Litowshi, in Grodno, in Vilna, where the famous violinist Ap de Ronsky proclaimed him in the daily papers "a great master of the violin," in Dunaburg, in Riga, in Dubeln, in Reval, in Dorpat, in Helsinfors, and finally in St. Petersburg.

Everywhere he met with immense success, unheard of, in fact, before.

In St. Petersburg he was summoned to Court. His Imperial Highness the Emperor Alexander II., complimented him most highly on his great talent, and invited him five times to his palace to hear him.

Jehin Prume not satisfied with his European renown, wished to cross the ocean, to gain one in the New World, and Mexico was the first city that heard the great artist.

Flushed with success he left for Havana, and here again a series of triumphs awaited him. In Havana, where true artistic talent is so well appreciated and honored, they welcomed Jehin Prume as he deserved to be welcomed.

After wonderful successes in Cuba he came to New York, and since that time his music is almost a household word among those who are capable of appreciating the truly great.

Jehin Prume is notable not only as an artist, but also as a composer. His compositions have a rare melodious interest, and a peculiar stamp of genius.

So far we have only spoken of him as an artist and composer; of his personal attributes it still remains for us to speak. His character is eminently good and always unassuming and obliging. Kind to all and charitable to the poor—and in all his travels never forgot them. The following anecdote will serve to give a clearer comprehension of Jehin Prume, and one can judge of his kindness of heart by this single episode—one amongst many worthy of admiration for Jehin Prume. One day, being in one of the great public establishments of St. Petersburg he saw a poor old blind man enter accompanied by his daughter; they commenced playing, he on the violin, and she on the harp; after the performance they went round to collect some money but hardly a farthing fell into the hat. Then Jehin Prume took up the blind man's violin and played a piece, astonishing every one with his wonderful performance, and the collection was made, but this time it amounted to two hundred roubles, or eight hundred dollars.

A FEARFUL COLLISION.

ONE of those terrible affairs for which we are too notorious has just horrified our people—a collision on the Mississippi, and the loss of a hundred lives.

The steamers Niagara and Postboy came into contact on the night of November 24th, about seven miles above Helena, Arkansas, on the Mississippi river. The Niagara was loaded with discharged colored soldiers, and went down in twenty feet water, drowning 100 of them.

The scenes on board are described as terrible;



WOLF SHOOTING AT NIGHT IN INDIA.

the blackness of the night, the shrieks of the terrified people, the puffing of the steam, all combined to create one of the most fearful scenes on record.

The Niagara was a fine steamer, worth $150,000, and is a total loss. The Fostboy was not injured.

WOLF SHOOTING AT NIGHT IN INDIA.

On the first break of day, having assembled a number of coolies as beaters, and taken a delightful bath in one of the sacred fountains, we proceeded to beat the surrounding country for game of all kinds.

The crowing of the jungle fowl, invisible indeed themselves, but heard in every direction through the forest, was the first sound that saluted our ears. A fine peacock now and then rose, with a startling whir, before the beaters, or an antelope, lynx, or hare darted across our path. Emerging from the deep shade, and getting into comparatively open ground, intersected by ravines, full of scrub and low jungle, the solitary florikan and coveys of black partridge afforded us ample sport. Now and then the ominous print of a tiger's or chetah's foot on the sandy bed of a nullah proclaimed the presence of these marauders at no very great distance; but we only obtained the sight of one tiger during this visit we made to Ellora, and that was, when returning, late one evening, through a glade of the forest, we distinctly observed a magnificent royal tiger stalk majestically across the same opening we were pursuing, about two hundred yards in advance, but without taking the slightest notice of us.

The following night, Johnson, having selected a tree to suit his purpose, adopted his usual method of obtaining a shot at the animal; and, having fastened a goat to the trunk of a large tamarind tree, established himself in a fork of the branches, some thirty or forty feet above, with his two rifles conveniently placed to his hand. I mounted a banyan tree close by, with my double gun, loaded with ball. Several hours of the early part of the moonlight night were most uncomfortably spent (by me, at least), undisturbed by any sound save the cries of wild animals in the distance, and the bleatings of the kid beneath us. At length, when



THE OLD HOPPER HOUSE, CORNER OF EIGHTY-THIRD STREET AND SECOND AVENUE.

nearly wearied out, and very much disposed to descend from my elevated position, and return to my couch amongst the gods, I espied a large gray wolf issue from the forest, and make his way, in a slow, clumsy canter, towards our place of concealment. He had no sooner made a short, ravenous snap at the poor goat, than I heard the sharp crack of Johnson's rifle, and observed the wolf totter and fall on his side, make one or two convulsive contortions, and evidently expire.

No other beast came near us during the night, that we could discern, which Johnson attributed to the dead body of the wolf, and at the first blush of dawn we were very glad to beat a retreat to our tents.

Porcupines, of a large size, were very common in the vicinity of the Caves, and we killed several. We visited some plains, situated beyond the woody districts around us, which elk and nelghau (blue cow) were known to frequent. The great difficulty was to be able to stalk these extremely shy animals, or obtain any cover or hiding-place from whence to obtain a shot at them. Having reached the extremity of the jungle, we observed about half-a-dozen nelghau feeding, on an open spot, on the plain beyond, and with no apparent cover or mode of concealment of any kind within many hundred yards of them. They were very large animals, full sixteen hands high, of a blue dun color, and a sort of mixed breed, between the deer and the cow.

Johnson, on looking carefully around, espied a nullah or dry water-course, through the bed of which he thought we might arrive within shot of the game; and, accordingly, we began to creep, with much caution, along the rugged sides of the ravine, which, although circuitous in its course, evidently took the direction we desired. Many more minutes elapsed of difficult and dangerous progression, when, upon furtively glancing over the edge of our retreat, we discovered that we were within a hundred and fifty yards of the nelghau, and that another turn of the nullah would bring us within easy shot of them.

They were seven in number, and we agreed, in a low whisper, which to select for our respective guns. And now arrived the most anxious moment of our course. On turning an angle before us, it was our intention to rise with the utmost caution, and, resting our rifles, if possible, on the sides of the ravine, take a steady and deliberate shot at the unconscious beasts. This spot was gained and passed, and we were proceeding to put the latter part of our intentions into execution, when suddenly, and within a few yards of us, we were startled by a harsh roar, or rather screech, and a large cheetah sprang up before us, that had evidently been watching the neighbor with quite as much anxiety as we had, and, probably, with much greater appetite. We saluted him on his retreat with the united contents of our guns, but without much damage to his person or temper, and had the annoyance of observing the deer bound away, and vanish in the distance.

LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK.

The Old Hopper House.

THE ancient houses of Manhattan Island are fast fading away before the hurrying hands of improvement, and we have but a few years to record the homes and hearths of our fathers, and fewer still to know those of our grandsires.

This week we put on paper one of the last, the old Hopper House, which still stands, as in the engraving, at the corner of 2d Avenue and 83d street.

This old time mansion was built in the year 1630, by Elias Hopper, the first of the name on Manhattan Island, who also, within 60 feet of the house, built a tower, the remains of which are still to be seen. In this neighborhood, also, first settled the Riker family, a name well-known to New York, and many of their descendants still dwell within a stone's throw of the original homestead.

The Hopper House is yet held by a member of the family, and is in good repair, and comfortable. Its walls show the bullet and ball marks of the British vessels, which, as they went to and fro on the East River, would fire at the old house for amusement.

AN INCIDENT THAT TEACHES.

From the English War against Tippoo Saib.

In our war of this rebellion, we have, without doubt, reached the highest state of engineering



SCRAPS OF HISTORY—THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST TIPPOO SAIB.

at Daraporam, 200 miles south of Seringapatam, Fullerton resolved to divert the route, and take a circuit near the western coast, where the capture of the strong fort of Palagatcherry would afford him a valuable intermediate depot, commanding one of the chief roads from the Malabar to the Coromandel coasts.

On the 18th of October he started. After capturing a few small forts, he ascended to high ground, where dense forests, deep ravines and tortuous watercourses embarrassed every yard of his progress; to fill up the ravines before he could drag his artillery over them, to throw trees across them where the depth was too great for filling up, to clear gaps through forests with the axe, to contend against tremendous rains—were only part of the difficulties he had to meet; but he met them like a skilful commander, reached Palagatcherry on the 5th of November, and captured the fort on the 15th, obtaining with it a welcome supply of money, grain, guns, powder, shot and military stores. When the difficulties which Col. Fullerton had to encounter, and the triumphant manner in which he overcame them, are taken into consideration, it will be readily admitted, we think, that his enterprise is well deserving of being recorded as a striking example of what may be accomplished by a union of professional skill and invincible energy.

Our engraving represents one of the devices which Col. Fullerton employed for the purpose of enabling his forces to pass over a mountain torrent.

BLACK SWAN HUNTING IN AUSTRALIA.

THE waters of the lake of which we were in search began now to glisten through the trees, and I could distinctly make out, through a vista in the foliage, a noble troop of black swans, swimming in graceful single file, at no great distance from the edge of the bank we were approaching. Wild fowl were reposing upon or skimming over the surface of the waters, and here and there a solitary pelican was standing in quiet contemplation, on some remote promontory or isolated rock



THE RIFLE SHOT—BLACK SWAN SHOOTING.

One of our party had brought his rifle with him, and was well known as an excellent shot, and although a black swan is of no great value for the table, yet, being a bird very difficult of approach, and, if we have any faith in our early Latin grammar associations, of considerable rarity, it is always considered a prize in Australia, and in this instance we all feit to the rear, whilst our companion made his arrangements for getting a shot at one of the sable band, we fully visible some few hundred yards before us. This was to be effected in the following manner:

The remaining three were to go round the lake, which was not more than two miles in circumference, and make our appearance, if possible, on the opposite and most distant side from the swans, which, upon getting a sight of us, if they did not rise, would, in all probability, approach nearer to our friend, who was lying in ambuscade with his rifle. We succeeded very well in this attempt, and, although we roused many flocks of wild fowl from their previous repose, the swans only glided gracefully onwards in the desired direction. Presently we heard a sharp crack, and the whole flock (save one that lay struggling in the water) rose into the air, with a loud flapping of their broad wings, and disappeared over the tops of the trees.

A native servant of the doctor, who had accompanied us from Melbourne, very soon acted as a retriever, and not without some difficulty (as the swan was not quite dead, and a stroke from his wing would have been dangerous in deep water) brought him to land. He was a full-grown bird, quite as large as any of the white species at home, and very heavy. My friend's bullet had entered the body about the centre of the right wing, completely traversed the chest, and was lodged close to the skin, on the opposite side. The distance of the shot was about one hundred and fifty yards. The lake was too open to admit of our getting any chance at the ducks, so that we contented ourselves with a few specimens of the plover and sandpiper genius, and remounted our horses for the purpose of going to another part of the station, where our host promised us a sight of, and, perhaps, a shot at a kangaroo.

The country, as we ascended the hills, became more dry and scrubby, intermixed here and there

with open plains. We had no dogs with us, such as are generally used in hunting this animal. We had drawn our charges of shot and replaced them with ball, and were making our way, in line, as well as we were able, through a thick cover, interspersed with cherry (a sort of cypress) and mimosa trees, when a very large female kangaroo, accompanied by two young ones, bounded away, about twenty yards in advance of us, from behind the blackened and hot trunk of an immense gum tree. The whole family received a volley from us, with apparently very little effect, as they immediately disappeared in the bush, nor could did we see anything more of them.

We saw several more kangaroos at a distance, in the course of the day, during the course of the day, but could not obtain a shot, and returned in the evening to the hospitable mansion of our entertainer with a second couple of snipe, several plover, and the noble black swan I have described above. I need not say that we did ample justice to the tea-table, and roast wild duck, and snipe, which were placed in profusion on the board, to which fare our friend the doctor had made a goodly addition, in the shape of the various delicacies he had brought from Melbourne.

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100 Gold Hunting-case Watches	50 to	200
100 Diamond Rings	50 to	200
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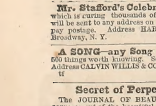
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2000	" Syrup Cups with Silver Lids	10 to	30 "
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3000	" Custards	5 to	20 "
3000	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	10 to	30 "
3000	" Pitchers	10 to	50 "
2000	Dozen Silver Teaspoons	10 to	20 do.
1000	" Tablespoons & Forks	20 to	40 do.
1250	Gents' Gold Hunting-case Watches	50 to	150 each
1000	" Lever Gold and Enamelled Watches	25 to	75 "
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500	Gents' Hunting-case Silver Watches	30 to	75 "
500	Diamond Rings	50 to	100 "
1000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4 to	10 "
1000	" Oval Band Bracelets	4 to	10 "
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2000	Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5 to	20 "
1000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 to	10 "
1000	Coral, Opal & Emerald Brooches	4 to	10 "
1000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 to	8 "
1000	Coral, Opal & Emerald Ear Drops	4 to	8 "
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1000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2.50 to	5 "
1000	Gold Pencil and Pen Holders	4 to	8 "
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2000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, &c.	4 to	8 "
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2000	Gold Toothpicks, Pencils, &c.	3 to	6 "
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"We know the firm in question to be very respectable and reliable gentlemen, and we have heard of no failure in the sale of certificates for the Great Gift Distribution of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but in making a handsome profit for others, by whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen by our advertising columns. Certificates can be had at this agency."

—New York *Sunday Mercury*, Aug. 14, 1865.

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To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable; and he hopes every one will try this remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

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"It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—*N. Y. Independent.*

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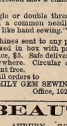
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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 536 VOL. XXI.] NEW YORK, JANUARY 6, 1866. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

A Nation Redeemed.

HISTORY recounts but few events more momentous than that which is recorded in the cold words of an official formula, in another part of this week's paper. We refer to the proclamation of the Secretary of State, announcing the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery for ever in all the States and Territories of the United States. Although anticipated for months, the consummation of this great act, nevertheless, sends a thrill to every heart that beats responsive to the dictates of humanity or the teachings of religion. With it dies a system which our forefathers sought in vain to reconcile with republicanism, and



ANDREW JOHNSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

which, while it existed, was a constant source of discord and contention. It contaminated the fountains of public justice, and sought to pervert the teachings of the gospel. Socially it fostered licentiousness, and entailed on the community a hybrid race, with few of the virtues and most of the vices of the white and the black man. It made its supporters overbearing and cruel, inasmuch as it was founded on the assumption that might makes right. It debased labor, repressed literature, and repelled art. It brought vehemence, blustor, passionate, the bludgeon and the bowie-knife into the halls of legislation. It encouraged extravagance, while it discouraged enterprise and mechanical industry. In every view, under every aspect, it was a curse as well as a disgrace. Let any one look over the volumes of our history, or recall the events of the last twenty years, and if there be a page he would wish to cancel, or an incident he would wish to forget, he will find that it was slavery which blotted the page or brought about the event at the recollection of which his cheek burns with shame. The extirpation of this great source of trouble and humiliation has been effected at terrible cost, but the price had to be paid sooner or later. Ten years hence the struggle would have been more severe, and the cost in blood and treasure greater still. This generation might have wished that the latter cup might have passed away, but to it will belong the eternal glory of having consummated an act of such grand moment to humanity, of high example to mankind, that it must stand among the ages as only second in importance to the Advent of our Saviour.

Looking at this great revolution, even those who most strenuously opposed it in it, and contributed most to its success, stand amazed at its magnitude and completeness! Who, except those of most retentive memory could believe that an Amendment of the Constitution now and for ever abolishing slavery, should now be in full and practical effect, when, only a little more than four years ago, the following Amendment to the Constitution was proposed in Congress by Thomas Corwin, and was approved in the House by a vote, 133 to 65; and in the Senate by a vote of 24 to 12:

"ARTICLE 12.—No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give to Congress the power to abolish or interfere, within any State, with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or service by the laws of said State."

Mr. Corwin died on the very day the Secretary of State issued his proclamation declaring slavery at an end! Only four years! Truly does the world move, at a pace little contemplated by Mr. Corwin and the "Pacification Committee," when it proposed to entomb a system that Wesley characterized as "the sum of all villainies."

It only remains for us to make this great victory for the human race complete. The spirit of slavery must die with its substance. Then, indeed, may we boast a regenerate nation, and take our proper place at the head of the grand army of human progress.

FRANK LESLIE'S

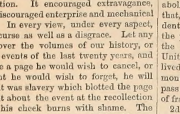
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 6, 1866.

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Of this most attractive family ISSUED ON NEW YEARS will be FIFTY copies to each purchaser, an elegant ENGRAVING, [illegible] painting by FARR, now in the possession of John Knowles, Esq., entitled,

"HIS ONLY PAIR."

Constitutional Amendments.

OUR Constitution was framed at a time when we were but three millions of people, with scarcely a fourth of our present territory, before the invention of steamers, railways or electric telegraphs, before the era of those revolutionised the manufactures and commerce of the world, and before the printing press had gained its present control of human thought and action. It was framed in our national childhood, and it is not surprising that it does not altogether meet the requirements of our new and advanced condition, or conform altogether with the political ideas and necessities of this decade. Necessity has several times led us to ignore or technically violate its provisions, as in the purchase of Florida, Louisiana and California. We have several times amended it, and notably within the last few months. But the necessity for further amendment is obvious. It might be inconvenient and impolitic to call a new Convention for the purpose of radically revising it, and we may perhaps secure the changes which experience has shown to be necessary, by the process prescribed by the instrument itself, notwithstanding it is slow and cumbersome. Among the propositions for amendment now before Congress are:

1st. By Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, abolishing electoral colleges, and providing that, in voting for President and Vice-President, the votes shall be cast directly for the persons to fill those offices; also limiting the right of voting to male citizens of the United States, twenty-one years old, who have lived in the State one year and in the district six months; and also empowering Congress to pass laws for registration and the prevention of fraud.

2d. By Mr. Price, of Iowa, to prohibit the assumption by the general Government or of the States of any portion of the rebel debt.

3d. By Mr. Sumner, providing that the basis of representation in the Houses of Congress shall be no longer population, but voters; *i. e.*, members of the House shall be apportioned according to the number of legal voters in each State.

4th. By Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, that, "No tax, duty, or impost shall be laid, nor shall any appropriation of money be made, either by the United States or by any State, for the purpose of paying, either in whole or in part, any debt, contract, or liability whatever, incurred, in aid of, or suffered, by any one or more of the States or parts of States that exceed the purpose of aiding a rebellion against the Constitution and laws of the United States."

This passed the House by a vote of 149 to 3, and will, no doubt, meet the Senate, and receive the requisite assent of three-fourths of the States.

5th. An amendment has been proposed, by striking out the existing Constitutional provision prohibiting duties on exports, so as to permit Congress, in its discretion, to levy a duty on tobacco, cotton, etc., and thus compel nations who now avoid and defeat the taxation to pay a part of the cost of putting it down.

Probably all of these and other amendments of the Constitution will be adopted. We feel more deeply interested in that changing the basis of representation, and thus striking out the prohibition of duties on exports.

"Napoleonic Ideas."

AMONG "Napoleonic Ideas," not speaking now of those of Napoleon the Great, was early that of checking the growth and limiting the power of the United States. This may not be generally known, but it is a fact, that while Napoleon (the Little) was a prisoner in the fortress of Ham, as a punishment for his ridiculous *fiasco* at Strasburg, he negotiated a contract with a Secretary of the Legation of Nicaragua, in France, a certain Spaniard named Marcoleta, for the construction of a ship canal to Nicaragua ship canal, through that petty republic, to be called "Canal Napoleon de Nicaragua." When the "illustrious prisoner," as his eulogists delight to call him, got out of "durance vile," otherwise Ham, he found refuge in England, where he wrote a pamphlet on his "Canal Napoleon de Nicaragua," which reveals whatever political ideas he then had on the subject, and which we now find practically revamped in this Mexican enterprise. The following extract from the pamphlet in question, and which appears equally in his collected writings, published "regardless of expense," by the Imperial Government, will indicate what his sentiments towards the United States were twenty years ago, and what circumstances have since arisen. Only at that time he had not the fainted notion of ever being able to put them in practice, so he called on Great Britain to do it. The pamphlet was published in London in 1846, and on pages 6 and 7 we read:

"France, England, Holland, Russia, and the United States have a great commercial interest in the establishment of communication between the two oceans, but England has, more than any other power, a political interest in the construction of the Nicaragua. England can see, with pleasure, Central America become a flourishing and powerful state, which will form a counterpoise to that power, by creating in Spanish America a new centre of active enterprise, powerful enough to oppose, with a great feeling of nationality, and to prevent, by backing up the Monroe doctrine, further encroachments of the North. England will witness with pleasure the opening of a route which will enable her to reach her possessions in the Pacific, the progressive decay of which will be thereby stopped. It is a happy coincidence that the political and commercial prosperity of the State of Nicaragua is closely connected with the policy of that nation which has the greatest preponderance on the sea."

It is clear that when Louis Napoleon wrote these lines, he had little notion of ever becoming Emperor of the French. The absurd failures of Boulogne and Strasburg were still fresh in his mind, but he then looked with equal jealousy and hate on the growth and prosperity of the United States, and sought to excite England to do in Central America what he is now himself undertaking to do in Mexico. The wretched old Orleanist, Lamartine, fairly expounded his policy and the motives underlying it, in the article from which we last week quoted certain passages. How England undertook to follow his suggestions, and how abjectly she failed, let the history of the defunct Mosquito Kingdom, of the seizure of San Juan, the robbery of the Island of Tigre, in the bay of Fonseca, the larceny of the Bay Islands, and the other fantastic and futile attempts of Great Britain to build up a real estate dominion in Central America—let these answer!

Great Britain was wise enough to discern in time the folly of her conduct, but the hero of the London and Strasburg mad mobs now imperil his loosely-fitting crown, and endanger his dynasty, by attempting to reverse the decrees of Heaven, and turn back the globe in its orbit. "Americas for Americans, and sacred to republican institutions," is an irrevocable decree of Heaven. *Deus vult!*—It is the will of God! and neither Great Britain or France can reverse it.

THE outrages of Spain on Chile have elicited, as we have already had occasion to notice, very strong expressions of disapprobation from Great Britain, which, however, ultimately lose much of their value and force from the universal conviction that they have been called out by a pure spirit of rivalry in the export of "shoddy" to the pounds per ton. The Saturday *Review* is hardly pressed to find a way to condemn Spain, without exposing itself and Strasburg mad mobs now imperil his loosely-fitting crown, and endanger his dynasty, by attempting to reverse the decrees of Heaven, and turn back the globe in its orbit. "Americas for Americans, and sacred to republican institutions," is an irrevocable decree of Heaven. *Deus vult!*—It is the will of God! and neither Great Britain or France can reverse it.

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"It would be bad enough that France or the United States should find the profits of a small and unsatisfying power; but who is Spain, that she should threaten and insult a people who have established a republican conquest? Ingenious bondholders already speculate on the chance that the Spanish Government refuses to pay a few thousand pounds to Spain, some fine morning, and then never home naught, with sound justice, raise the market value of Spanish Stock and Debt."

It would like to have the United States interfere. —A tacit confession that whatever she may do, Great Britain will do nothing but talk—but fears that the United States, having no commercial interest involved (only 3 per cent. of Chilean trade being in American hands), could only interfere on the basis of the Monroe doctrine, which is "desirable that Englishmen should not sanction under any provocation." It is also conscious that the demands of Spain are not more exorbitant than have often often made by Great Britain on weak powers, as for instance in the notorious Don Pacifico affair, the latest requisition on the petty Central American States. After all, however, it comforts itself with the hope, rather than the expectation, that the United States will do something, for sufficient enough and soon enough, if the American Secretary of State, in any degree, reflected the sentiments, feelings or principles of the American people. Unfortunately he does not, and there is no hope of American aid for Chile, while Mr. Seward is Secretary of State and Andrew Johnson the power of the Government. We copy the paragraphs from the *Review* wherein it seeks comfort, and indirectly consoles itself with the prospect of some copper again, as follows:

"With forfeited power, and with largely increased claims to the deference of foreign States, the American Government is now in a position to assume and to restore Spanish dominion on the continent. The occupation of San Domingo in accordance with the wishes of northern, like the French expedition to Mexico, would, in the United States, be regarded as only natural; but the blockade of the Chilean ports is less opportunely timed, and it is, unfortunately, not improbable that it may cause a serious misunderstanding. The Government of the United States would not be justified in a vexatious enterprise, but in a war with Spain it would at any time have the right to occupy as acquisition which has long been coveted by at least one section of American politicians. A disbanded army of veterans would be gratified by the conquest of Cuba, and by the emancipation of slaves; and it would not be difficult to convince the American people that the exclusion of Spain from Cuba would be a fitting result of the retaliation for vexatious interference in Chile, and the best security against the repetition of similar attempts."

THE House of Representatives has pledged itself, by a vote of 144 to 6, to co-operative action with the Secretary of the Treasury, in his policy of contracting the currency and resuming specie payments. This pledge, proposed by Mr. Alley, of Mass., is as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the House cordially concurs in the views of the Secretary of the Treasury in relation to the necessity of early resuming the currency, with a view to as early a resumption of specie payments as the business interests of the country will permit; and we hereby pledge co-operative action to that end as speedily as possible."

MR. DOOLITTLE has introduced a bill into the Senate to regulate the relations of jurors and to writs of error in certain cases, which provides that no person shall be held incompetent to serve as a juror by reason of having formed or expressed an opinion upon the matter in question founded upon public rumor, statements of public journals, or the common history of the times, provided he be otherwise competent, and it appear, to the satisfaction of the court, that, notwithstanding such opinion, he can and will act impartially. The exclusion of jurors from sitting in cases of greatest moment, because they have formed an opinion on those cases, has rests to be an abuse. With the present sources of information, hardly any case can come up in which reading, intelligent men have not reached some sort of conclusion. That, however, does not prevent them from deciding impartially on evidence. As it is, juries are almost necessarily made up of men who parjure themselves, in order to decide on a case, for a purpose, or of ignorant louts, who ought never to be entrusted with any responsibility involving intelligence or sound judgment.

"A MARITIME CONGRESS" is proposed in the English newspapers, because it is of "paramount importance that another great war should not break out before we have a clear notion as to what we can ask as belligerents, or what we ought to do as neutrals." Are you there, old Truepenny? Phaeton Alabamas are more terrible to British apprehensions, just now, than were ever Flying Dutchmen to the disordered fancy of the sailor. We want no Maritime Congress. We have offered to settle with Great Britain, as we had the right and as it ought to do, the whole question of international law on the matter, but our offer was repelled. Now we shall wait. We can afford to do so.

THERE is something of impiety, if not of blasphemy, in the manner in which many of our clergymen, in the Divine, have like to be called, seek to "improve" current events. Only a few weeks ago, while the trials of British ordnance were going on, to use a "divine" from Dr. Cumming discovered in the shill and talent which are now being brought to bear on the construction of the engines of war, the fulfilment of the passage of the Apocalypse which says, after the pouring out of the sixth vial, "And I saw three unclean spirits, like frogs, come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty." The three kinds of gun (viz: Armstrong, Whitworth, Lancaster, and Blakeley's, who must be the devils who gave their spirits to these thundering frogs. What does Dr. Cumming make of Parrott, Dahlgren, and Rodman? Are they not also devils with frogs of their own? And are there six frogs? Are there American as well as British frogs? Or, is Dr. Cumming simply an impious fool?

WE should like to know what, precisely the functions and duties, but more especially the responsibilities of the "law officers" of the British Crown? As the matter stands, it seems that the responsibility of the British Government and its ministers are all concentrated in the "law officers." An international difficulty arises, a discussion ensues, the British Cabinet overwhelmed by argument, driven into a corner, and called upon to accept a conclusion both right and logical, although runs counter to their own reason, and declares the matter settled, with a "whereas the law officers of the crown have decided so and so," and the case is closed for redress, it appears, must cease and be abandoned when the specter of the "law officers of the crown" rises in the way. Then, and then only, a "bogey" or "bugaboo," before whom mankind are to be appalled—the great oracle to whose mysterious utterances, omne ignotum pro magno knows, nations are to bow instinctively, and without reply, if not with trembling and fear. If Lord Russell thinks that the claims of the United States are to be set aside, or that we are going to accept his refusal for redress, on his simple assertion that the "law officers of the crown have determined to decide on them after a certain fashion; if, in international affairs, we are called on to deal with an unrecognized power, for the convenient body, let it stand out, and let the world see what it is made of, and what degree of importance is to be attached to its decisions. If not, as there is never reason to suppose any convenient attachment to the foreign office, a mark behind which a beaten foreign minister may hide his defeat, and which may be pointed to himself and his country, let us know that. The London *Saturday Review* tells us that the "Alabama" and other British piratical cruisers got no redress in their cases the "law officers of the crown had decided that no illegality or reasonable suspicion of illegality had been made out against them." It appears then that there is a British court, with no defined, no recognized international characters which questions of law and decides on international questions, and that all foreign nations are bound to accept its decisions without appeal, holding themselves to the accepted organ of the British Government, in the person of its foreign minister! This may be and is a convenient arrangement for Great Britain, but we doubt if it will be accepted by other nations.

MR. JOHN VAN BUREN may not, perhaps, be regarded as the very highest political authority in the land, but here is his opinion on the matter of exercising civil rights on the emancipated slave, extracted from his speech made in Albany just before the State election:

"I think the negroes ought to be permitted to settle in the counties of the Southern States; and, while I am not prepared to say a State that does not allow them to vote is not republican in the sense or representative it is—I am prepared to say, a State that does not permit them to hold office is not republican in the sense with President Johnson's requirements preliminary to their introduction into the Congress of the United States."

THE habit or instinct of meteors to distinguish themselves by a grand promenade or display, on the 12th of the 12th of November, apparently was illustrated, as usual, this year. Observations at the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, England, since that between midnight and four in the morning no less than 229 displayed themselves. At the last hour named the moon was shining brightly, and the meteors were appearing at the rate of 250 an hour. It is calculated that for each meteor recorded at least two appeared. Of these observed, 197 were blue, 24 white, 20 bluish white, 4 yellow and 4 red; a few were rose-colored, and 1 was green. The blue meteors till lit. were 43 per cent. of the whole number; in the next hour the per-centage was 66, between 3 and 4 it

was 85, and afterwards 72 per cent. Four of the electors were equal in brightness to Jupiter, two twice as bright as Sirius, and 138 equal to or brighter than the first magnitude stars. Meteors with trains observed numbered 16 in the first hour, 54 in the second hour, 37 in the third, 38 in the fourth and 27 in the last hour of observation, making 172 meteors with trains, leaving about 100 without trains. On the evening of the 13th day a watch was kept up at the observatory from the hour of six p.m. till midnight, with the exception of a short interval between half-past seven and eight o'clock, and two meteors only were observed during this time. From the circumstance of so few meteors being visible both before and after the calculated time, it would seem that this epoch is determined with a good deal of precision.

PROCLAMATION.

W. H. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States.

To All Whom these Presents May Come, Greeting:

Know ye, that, whereas, the Congress of the United States, on the 1st of February last, passed a resolution, which is in the words following, namely:

A resolution submitting to the L gislatures of the several States a proposition to amend the Constitution of the United States:

Resolved, by the Senate and Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both houses concurring, that the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid to all intents and purposes as a part of said Constitution, namely:

ARTICLE XIII.

SEC. 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

SEC. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

And, whereas, it appears from official documents on file in this department that the amendment to the Constitution of the United States proposed as aforesaid, has been ratified by the Legislatures of the States of Illinois, Rhode Island, Michigan, Maryland, New York, West Virginia, Maine, Kansas, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Missouri, Nevada, Indiana, Louisiana, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Vermont, Tennessee, Arkansas, Connecticut, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Alabama, North Carolina and Georgia, in all twenty-seven States;

And whereas, the whole number of States in the United States is thirty-six;

And whereas, the before specially named States, whose Legislatures have ratified the said proposed amendment, constitute three-fourths of the whole number of States in the United States;

Now, therefore, be it known that I, William H. Seward, Secretary of State of the United State s, by virtue and in pursuance of the second section of the act of Congress approved the 20th of April, 1818, entitled "An Act to provide for the publication of the laws of the United States and for other purposes," do hereby certify that the amendment aforesaid has become valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the Constitution of the United States.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caus-d the seal of the Department of State to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this 18th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand of the Independence of the United States of America the 90th. WM. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

TOWN GOSSIP.

BEFORE this paper reaches the public Christmas will have passed down the vale of Time, and the New Year Day, fraught with all its pleasant memories and happy surroundings, will be upon us.

We remember when the good old Dutch custom, which came from our ancestors, even before the days of Peter Stuyvesant, of calling upon all friends, and even more acquaintance, on New Year's Day, was only followed in New York City; but now, we are happy to say, it is spreading through all the land, and town and country alike join in one hearty greeting and renewal of old friendships and bonds of old friendship.

Fashion has in former years, and even now attempts to set its face against the system of New Year calls, but Fashion, in this case, is invariably voted wrong, and the old play goes on gathering strength every year, and serving as a kind of landmark for the rising generation and something for the aged to dwell on. It is an allowed despotism—a day on which absolution is easily granted by everybody, when the remission of debts is taken into consideration. The grand struggle is for supremacy, and the world seems to mark its progress by number of calls. Each beau to make the greatest number. The young ladies treat those best who have the most friends, and the old are not slighted or left out in the list by just dropping in with Mr. Tomkins, Mr. Timkins, Mr. Watkins or Mr. Simkins, to say nothing of a host of the crowd. The young gentlemen desires to make the call as short as possible, and, as a once quence, whenever his purse affords a week in advance. It will run somewhat in this wise:

"Ah! Smith. How d'ye do? Beautiful day, isn't it? Wish you a Happy New Year. No, can't sit down, positively! Must only stay one minute and a quarter. Have to make only one more call, and here it's almost five o'clock. Good-bye! Thank you. Thank you! Oh, I'm glad you glass. Wouldn't do it for anybody else in the world but you. Happy New Year to you, Miss Smith. Hope I'll call you by some other name next year. Ah! but Good-bye!"

And Mr. Brown bows himself into the street, jumps into the carriage, and is rattled away to the 1856 call, congratulating himself that he did the list within the prescribed time; while Miss Smith, before his footsteps have ceased upon the threshold, is going through the same performance with Jones or Robinson, a routine that is jollily kept up till after midnight, when counting time comes, and the upshot of the day, in the shape of various pencilled lists, are counted up and each visitor awarded her proper credit. As between Brown, Jones and Robinson, they are supposed to get home—sometimes they do—but are never supposed to be able to tell how they "do."

And thus passes the New Year Day.

One of the chief excitements of the past two weeks has been Fenianism and its internal dissensions. We never were of those who believed that any good could ever be achieved by this organization, but we did not go to that lies near to the hearts of many of our Irish fellow-citizens, we sorrow that trouble should have arisen among them that will kill the whole affair in the bud, are they have a chance to test its real fallacy. We believe in the principle of allowing agitators to bring their mooted ideas into operation at once, and letting them live or die by the test. The Fenians have been an organization in this country for years, but not until within a few months have they had the handling of any but small amounts of money. As soon, therefore, as the command of large sums came to them—and it was the apple of discord. Patriots are not above a love of filthy lucre, and each of them wanted the handling or disposal of the funds. The result is that them were not disposed to yield, and those who had them not tried to get them, and the split was the consequence. Out of this have grown manifestos and pronunciamentos and general fulminations, and more paper has been spoiled than, if sold at 10 cents per pound, would have subsidized the Fenian Senate and created he-a-deen for the emolument. To crown all, the Fenian organization in Ireland, we give this extract from a Dublin paper, of a misguided man who covets the fate of Emmett and Fitzgerald:

The trial of O'Leary, the Fenian, terminated on the 6th inst., with a verdict of "guilty." The prisoner addressed the court and denied that he was a traitor. He said that he owed no allegiance to the Queen of England, no obedience to British laws. He was not, he said, surprised at the verdict, for as Government officials had safely packed the bench had no difficulty in obtaining a verdict from a jury. When he was called upon for such slight evidence, there would be no difficulty in procuring all the verdicts they liked to come. He declared he had been morally assassinated, and pointed to one of the crown prosecutors present as one of "their miserable men." Dante had placed traitors in the ninth circle of hell, but he did not define what a traitor to be a man who betrayed his king, his country, his friends and his benefactors. As to him, he felt he was not his country, and he was no traitor. With respect to the shooting of the policeman, the destruction of property, that was the necessary consequence of all revolutions, and as it was not his act, the prosecution was disturbed the country were not rebels, but agitators. Hampden and Elliott were traitors, and Fitzhenry and Norbury were loyal men.

The judge sentenced the prisoner to 20 years penal servitude.

As a reasonable bill of prosecution is necessary for the trial of witness, so to be more productive of crime than any that has gone before. The difficulty of obtaining witnesses to the facts of the murder, owing to the fear of the high price of all necessaries of life the next. Men and women will not risk the chance of starving to be hanged, and petty larceny will be greater than the law can take cognizance of. The fact that the jury have to take down the records of the police, and are daily increasing, in spite of all that police can do, is a proof that the people see is in the increased exertion of the wealthy and charitable in alleviating the distress, and thereby put a stop to the dishonesty through want, but who, by small relief to keep the spark of life in the body, will still starve from their infirmity. We know that professional moralists will condemn our creed, but it is the creed of "do as we let go unarrayed."

We now could understand why it is that the position of conductor on our city cars was so much sought. The pay is very small, but then it is for only 12 hours' labor per day, Sundays included; but we have somewhat of an unreckoning in this matter, in the declaration of a prominent city railroad officer, who declares that in one week in the month the conductors were detected and dismissed by one company in the week. The conductor's business is defective in every kind to suit those financial absolutions, but chiefly in the two-cent fare system, which is the bane of contact with the men themselves. These Delilahs make a business of trying to cajole the conductor, will still more to keep in their integrity. We know that professional moralists will condemn our creed, but it is the creed of "do as we let go unarrayed."

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On the line of Broadway we have noticed, within the last few weeks, a new style of dodger-bilked individuals, who were an attempt to imitate the "Broadway Messenger Corps." They are, for the most part, were rather a scallawag race, but not until the cold snap we have our fingers nipped have exposed them. During the very coldest of these past few days, the genius got a new idea, and that was to station themselves along Broadway in their flannel sacks, or something like it, and to solicit contributions for the support of the passers-by with an alien of humanity about him. We will whether the company will be successful in getting these poor men, cannot give them something in the shape of an overcoat or shawl with which to keep in warmth and take away shivering and blue noses? Gentlemen of the company, please think of this.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The foreign trade of Boston this year will amount to nearly $60,000,000 of imports, reckoned in United States currency, and $30,000,000 of exports. Its new East India trade, three being 15 ships on the way to that port.

—Mr. McCullough's estimate of the cotton to come out is 750,000 bales. The English firm of Neil & Bros. are to ship 100,000 bales. The consumption of cotton to the war was over 2,000,000 bales, and for the past year 800,000.

—Gov. Jenkins, of Georgia, was inaugurated on the 18th inst. The new Governor is a conservative, loyal, patriotic and hopeful. He pays a tribute to the noble conduct of the soldiers, and declares that instead of receiving the fullest civil protection, and considers that their being disfranchised is a violation of solemn faith and kind treatment, is indispensable to the prosperity of the State.

—The Missouri Legislature has passed a bill allowing prisoners to be discharged when three-fourths of the time for which they were sentenced has expired, provided they conform strictly for that time to all the rules of the prison. The Governor has the unrestricted appointment all those sentenced for life, if at the end of 15 years they shall seem worthy of pardon.

—It is said that the Buena Vista Vineyard, in Sonoma County, California, is the largest in the world. It contains 1,400 acres, and has made 1,000,000 gallons previous to 1865, and 700,000 planted or to be planted in two years. Eighty acres are under irrigation and will grow 80,000 bottles of sparkling wine and 12,000 gallons of brandy. The latter is the most profitable business, and doubts that number during the vintage. There are 200 hands employed, and boarded and lodged.

—John Taylor writes from Prince George County, Virginia, under date of the 18th inst., that the negro places all over Virginia empty and ready for northern men of every kind and calling. Mechanics, merchants, artisans and tradespeople of every kind and description. All that northern people have to do is to come down to make money for a market-gardener, a wheelwright and blacksmith, or any place.

—A Maine paper says that a colony of fifty families, principally from that State, is to embark for Palestine in the early part of January. They reside at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, building lots having been purchased, and all the way will be transported. A grand movement is to consolidate the great and long slumbering resources of that once favored land.

—It proves by the confession of the murderer Corbett, recently convicted of murdering Mrs. Snow, in Chicago, that three men are now under ten years sentence in the State of Illinois, under circumstances of crime for which they had nothing whatever to do. They were convicted on circumstantial evidence, and will be pardoned at once.

—The Richmond Times laments that the fine old Virginia gentleman, who carried gold-headed canes and were the pride of society, are rapidly dying off. It says the unusual mortality is the effect of new regime, brandy during the war instead of good old liquors, and the want of the old-time social habits.

—The Virginia (Nev.) *Union* of a late date, says: "On Friday evening last, a blue Lucy Wallis arrived in this city, with a full freight for White & Cunningham, six days from Shingle Springs. The lady herself drove six spanking horses over the Sierras, and landed her freight in safety at its destination in about three days quicker than is usual for teams to make the trip."

—Arthur Savoy, who was sent to prison for killing John F. Marlowe, at Boston, and died a few days afterwards, is reported to have been insane, and that he have made good his escape after his body was given up to his friends. The Boston *Traveller* says that he is "sulked" and buried in our form.

—Mr. Beecher, in a recent publication on the Kennebeck, remarked to a lady that scripture was excellent to live by, but not to die by. "Yes," said the lady, who had been an attentive listener, "but some gentlemen die on principle who don't live on it, you know nothing about." The bachelor turned pale, and was astonished at silence.

—D. S. Warren, mail-carrier from Iowa City to Washington, was frozen to death—a few nights since on the Plains. He was 75 years of age, was 75 years of age, and his horse being fast in a mudhole, and the night being dark from a snowstorm, the man and his horse both perished.

—The wreck of the historical vessel associated with the seizure of Mason and Slidell, has not long survived the unfortunate war. At last accounts she was at the Isle of Dogs, where she was to be broken up. Her timbers are to be used for the use of her passengers, w o went to the dogs some time ago.

—A man in Providence, R. I., asked the city authorities for $200, for injuries received through the city's neglect. It was refused. The man sued the city for $5,000, and was awarded $4,000.

—President Johnson has positively declined to allow the Government to pay for the workmen's necessary repair shop, after they working hours, and it has been positively ordered by the President.

—The average weekly receipts of the messengers attached to the "Soldiers' Home Corps," in Boston, for the month of July, was $18; that city gave them a benefit on Saturday.

—A woman in New Bedford, Mass., lately gave birth to a baby weighing 15½ lbs.

—A negro jury was empanelled at Colbin, Macon county, Alabama, on the 4th instant. A suit for assault and battery was brought before Squire Bullinger, in which the parties were colored citizens. A jury was summoned, composed entirely of colored men, who, after hearing the evidence on the charge of the court, assessed the fine of $21, to be paid or replevened, and the case was dismissed at the request of the justice.

—Some cotton speculations are thus noticed by the Boston *Journal*: "A party in this city purchased 100 bales of cotton in Mobile in August last—$10,000 in all—costing $8,000. Within a year ensuing, this lot was sold at a profit of 100 per cent, thereby yielding a profit $22,000. Party number two held it for another rise, and sold the same lot to-day at 60 cents a pound, realizing a profit of $20,000. Party number three held on while, and sold to-day to the one who has been invited to keep it until within a short time, when the career of the 100 bale s came to an end with 40 cents."

—The farmers in the Catskill mountain regions are complaining that the bears, said to be unusually numerous this year, are killing large numbers of sheep.

—A young lady in Chesterfield, Morgan county, was severely injured by the accidental explosion of a gun in the hands of her lover, whom she was kissing good-by.

—A disgusted newspaper correspondent in Georgia gives his opinion of a town: "Waynesborough isn't a town, it's a village, and I don't see why anybody should desire to live here; and a forced residence here is a punishment equal to being made to live on a desert island."

—A Boston paper gravely announces that the election inspectors in that city "coincided in the view" that the votes of a certain ward in a mixed state for two must be irundated. They were thrown out after much deliberation.

—The New Orleans paper publishes a letter from Gen. Beauregard, in which he states, that at one time he thought that Louisiana would preserve entire neutrality expressed by President Johnson towards the Southern States, and that Governor Wells was a traitor.

—Last week an ocelot, or tiger-cat, was shot and killed in the cane-brakes, near Bayou Teche, which had taken refuge in a tree. The animal had escaped from a menagerie, and, being now in winter quarters at Connersville, in that State.

—Benjamin Phinney, a wealthy farmer at Rockport, Ill., was murdered to death with steel-knuckles, by his fifth wife, a pretty girl whom he married six weeks ago.

—For a row cutter at New London, Conn., seized four cords of wood last week, which was the property of a British brig was trying to smuggle into that town.

Foreign.—An attempt is to be made to connect England by tel-graph with America via Sweden and Russia. The contract has been signed, and the work to be finished in three years.

—A Paris correspondent gives the last bon mot of the French capital: "Two old friends grilled Comtesse Augustine Brohmon. The young artist, chatting to a friend, said: 'Do you know that Augustine is dying?' 'People must be mad, for it exhausts life great deal,' replied Emilie A—, 'look at my father, who has been dying these twenty years, and is dying so severely.'" "Ah!" said Augustine, "but if he had not succeed, he would have died long ago."

—The project of a tunnel through the Alps, between Switzerland and Italy appears likely to be soon realized. Well-informed persons affirm that in a few months the works will be in full activity on both sides of the mountain. The experience gained at Mont Cenis will be turned to account, and there is a hope that the two parts will meet in the middle of the tunnel in the short period of each other.

—In 1861 the population of the City of Mexico was 200,000. Travelers used to living in large cities—and there are but few of them—will be surprised to learn that there are 220,000 inhabitants in Mexico now.

—A handsome monument has been erected to Mr. Thackeray, in Westminster Abbey, was uncovered on the 15th inst. The monument is the work of Marochetti. Baron Marochetti, upon a base of red serpentine, surmounted by a medallion of white bears the bust Thackeray, which is simple record of the name, and of the dates of his birth and death. The monument is placed in the north aisle against a wall column in the south transept, behind the statue of Addison.

—A singular incident is mentioned in connection with the death of M. Dupin, late Procureur-General of the Imperial Court, who died yesterday. He was a religious of his state, but under a strange hallucination. He spoke of himself as the "late person." M. Dupin is very ill, M. Dupin is about to die," and a few moments before he breathed his last he asked for water, which was brought to him. When he had emptied the glass he said, "Now I am dead, for I am always so thirsty."

—A despatch from Toulon, France, announces the arrival there of the ship-of-war Perdrix, from Lumeau, on the coast of Cyprus, where she was commanded with great difficulty in taking on board the celebrated and magnificent statue of the Greek goddess of the temple of Venus, built by the Phonicians. This work of art weighs 13 tons, and its removal was hitherto considered impossible.

—The Lowncoe (England) Iron Company now regularly employ three large canalboats going around an out-district, every morning, to collect their workmen, who are brought to their "drapping in" at liquor shops on the way, whereby they formerly lost a great deal of time and money.

—A man named McDonald—a clerk, aged 37 years —has been sentenced in London to seven years penal servitude for having three wives, and for treating them all with the grossest neglect, leaving them at times without food.

—The trial of the mural-rer Forward, who killed his wife and three children, was to have begun at Maidstone, England, on the 16th of December. He has been employed for weeks back in preparing a large number of crazy letters, addressed to people of high rank in England.

—The most extensive brewery in the world is at Dublin, Ireland. It employs 300 men. It turns out annually 150,000 barrels of beer per day. Every man is allowed a quart per day. The brewery was started in 1780.

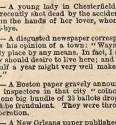
—The latest novelties of Paris fashions are jewelry made in the ancient Egyptian and Carthaginian style, and necklaces and bracelets made on ballet dresses and crinoline.

—Queen Victoria expects to spend part of next summer in Upper Austria, at a place called Walsee, on the Danube. The Duke of Saxe Coburg possesses an estate, which he has recently visited.

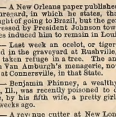
—It is stated that the butchers in England are working up their stock of meat as rapidly as possible, as the price of good beef, consequent upon the cattle plague.

—The Sultan has issued an Imperial Rescript that is forbidden by his physicians to smoke, he is distributing his snuff-boxes among his friends.

—Among the tombs in the burial-ground of the Carthusian Order in a sum of two hundred pounds a year, left in trust "to burn heretics."



The accompanying engravings illustrate our remarks in a late article on "Horses and Pavements." Our readers will recognize in one the smooth, flat and treacherous surface of the Russ pavement. The other represents the mode adopted in the Strand, London, where by tilting narrow stones, the pavement is, o. 4



were, firmly tied together, while a rough surface is obtained. By splitting the pressed Russ pavement, and relaying it in this manner, its objectionable features would be removed.

WATT'S SANCTUM.—In the house which he lived in, at Birkinhill, about two miles from the centre of Birmingham, and which is the property of his great grandson of the name, he study his, through the good taste of his great-aunt, has left the room just as it was at the great man's death. It is a small, one-windowed garret, at the top of the house, with a cord dangling, filled with models, and piles of objects of every kind on tables, and the bed-room on the shelves, with many jars and packets, carefully labelled in his handwriting. He appears to have been overawed, at the time of his death, with his machine for copying busts and bas-reliefs as there is a large musician for this purpose by the side of it, and about the room are busts of himself and various casts, upon which he was trying experiments. Such an invention has, as is well known, been since perfected, and rendered extremely useful in the multiplication of statuettes from the antique. The stove contains the ashes of the fires at which he, perhaps, warmed his hands, as the wicked the prayers, and made experiments, and there is the little sand-bath on the top, and a tin shovel, all still precisely as they were left.

SINGULAR DUEL.—Two worthies, who had quarrelled, and who had been vowing vengeance on the one another, were supposed to meet accidentally in a public house in Pullneytown, where they mutually determined to settle up old scores, mine host volunteering to act as second to both. The next morning, the fist, was of course the only one that had occurred to them; but when the time came for the fight to begin and another to his pun, suggested that their quarrel was not one which could be fought out with the ordinary implements. Would they allow him to select the weapons for them? Both were willing, and Boniface left both the worthies. "Well, gentlemen," said mine host, when he had got the weapons ready, "the rules of the prize ring shall be, not pistols, but soda-water bottles." A broad hall-way was selected for the combat, and the fight began in downright earnest, each firing away his corks as fast as he could draw the cork from the bottle, when that such had stood a dozen rounds from his opponent they were declared even, and shook hands over the result of the operations having changed their wrath to laughter loud and long, they shook hands and departed, not foes, but friends.

WE REGRET that in giving the fine portrait of Mr. Frederick Douglass in No. 5 of this paper, we regret, that we omitted giving credit for the beautiful photograph from which it was taken, to Mr. Rice Bowly, corner of 10th street and Broadway. We feel this acknowledgment due to Mr. Bowly, because Mr. Bowly, who deservedly holds the position of the first photographer in the country.

JEROME HOPKINS'S CONCERTS.—The afternoon monthly concerts of this able pianist increase in popularity. The last concert, which was given on the 20th, attracted a crowd of fashionable fair ones, and Hopkins was in the highest spirits in every part. Mr. Hopkins was frequently encored.

TASTING FISH.—A little girl, residing near Fulton market, was lately observed to be eating some of the fish, by throwing crumbs of bread, cracker, etc., into the water. The people called her attention to the fact. The little girl walks out on a plank, stationed a few feet from the dock, and when a fish she reaches the end of the plank, the fish may be seen darting rapidly towards their feeding ground. The larger ones, especially, are disposed to drive off the smaller ones, but she keeps river among them by means of a stick with a sewing needle attached to the end of it, and when one picks a morsel he gets a stab, and is off at once.

A NEW YORK Sabbath school teacher asked a young pupil the meaning of "the wages of sin is death." The boy did not know what wages were, and was asked, "What has father got on Saturday night?" "Drunk," was the answer.

ANDREW JOHNSON,
President of the United States.

WHAT romance can any one want more full with incident than that of the life of our President?

Andrew Johnson was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, December 29, 1808. His father died when he was scarcely four years of age, leaving his family very poor. The child finally became the inmate of the almshouse of Wake county, North Carolina, where he remained until he was ten years old; he was then apprenticed to a tailor in Raleigh, and thus labored for seven years. He had never attended school, but he evinced the greatest desire to acquire knowledge, and spent much of his leisure time in study. A gentleman of the place was in the habit of visiting the shop and reading, while the apprentices and journeymen were at work. The selections were from a collection of speeches of British statesmen, and young Johnson at once took great delight in them. He thought it would be the consummation of his happiness if he could read and comprehend these speeches. He procured an alphabet, and without an instructor, attempted to learn to read. When at a loss to know a letter, he received assistance from the journeymen, and at length mastered his task. After this he borrowed the book, and the owner gave him some instruction in the art of reading. It was not long before he became a good reader, and after having spent ten or twelve hours in his daily labor, he would give two or three hours to mental improvement. On the completion of his apprenticeship in 1824, he removed to Laurens Court House, South Carolina, where he worked as a journeyman. Here he won the affections of a young lady, who promised to have him provided he could get her mother's consent. One Sunday Andy plucked up courage and spoke to the mother on the subject nearest his heart. To his dismay, the old lady began to abuse him without mercy, and said:

"You trifling, worthless vagabond, do you suppose I am going to let my daughter marry a wandering journeyman tailor? I know what you want; you are too lazy to work, and you are after my property."

The old lady was the owner of three negroes. The poor tailor gave up his suit in despair.

In May, 1826, he returned to Raleigh, where he procured work, and remained until September. Later, he journeyed westward, and engaged in work at Greenville, Tennessee. His mother was entirely dependent upon him for support, and she had accompanied him. After about a year he married, and then went further west, but returned to Greenville and commenced business. He was still ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, and now, under the instruction of his wife, he entered upon the higher branches of study, acquiring a good fund of information. During the day and part of the night he pursued his fatiguing occupation, and at midnight pored over his books with his loving instructress.

In 1828 he was elected to his first office as alderman of the village, and was twice re-elected. He was next elected mayor, and served for three years. In 1835 he was elected to the State Legislature; in 1837 defeated as a candidate for the same position, and in 1839 again elected by a large majority. His political career was early marked by bold and comprehensive views of public affairs. In 1841 he was elected to the Senate. In 1843 he was elected to Congress, receiving by successive re-elections until 1853. During his career in that office he advocated the bill for refunding the fine imposed upon Gen. Jackson at New Orleans in 1815, and the annexation of Texas, the Tariff of 1846, the measures of Mr. Polk's administration, and a homestead bill. In 1853 he was elected Governor of Tennessee, after an exciting canvass, and was re-elected in 1855 after another spirited contest. At the expiration of his second term in 1857, he was elected to the Senate of the United States for the term ending March 4, 1863. He, however, never completed his term. On March 4, 1864, he was confirmed by the Senate of the United States Military Governor of Tennessee, with the rank of Brigadier-General, with all the powers, duties, and functions pertaining to that office, during the pleasure of the President, or until the loyal inhabitants of the State should organize a civil government in accordance with the constitution of the United States. The designation of Gen. Johnson for the position was considered by everybody as eminently proper, both in view of his peculiar fitness for the office and of his great popularity among the loyal people, besides his devotion to his own State. The Governor, by the acceptance of the office, necessarily vacated his position as Senator.

Before the secession of the Cotton States was accomplished, Mr. Johnson made several powerful speeches on the subject, and became the centre of the hot-bloods of the South, which attracted a wide attention both North and South. While passing through Lynchburg, his way to Tennessee to arrest, if possible, the act of secession, a crowd of rowdies entered the car at the depot, and one of them, the editor of the Lynchburg *Republican*, pulled the nose of the Senator. Knowing the potent power of his tongue in convincing the people of their duty, the secessionists prevented him speaking in Middle and West Tennessee. Most of his old political associates were plotting the overthrow of the Union, but neither promises of power, nor threats of dire vengeance, could move him from his uncompromising loyalty. He was obliged to leave the State, and consequently his family received many indignities.

After his return to the State in 1863, a series of Union meetings were held at different points, which were addressed by Governor Johnson and other prominent Unionists. The guerillas laid various plans for the capture of the Governor, but were defeated by the watchfulness of his friends. Persons returning from the meeting were murdered. On the return of the train with the Governor and party, the bodies of six or seven Union men were found at Murfreesboro. Says a statement:

"Much excitement existed among the town-people, and they unitedly pressed the Governor to remain, as on all sides. Visions of a murderous smash-up were constantly before our eyes. Governor Johnson exhibited no signs of alarm whatever. He conversed as pleasantly and as composedly as he ever did. He had made up his mind to one thing—never to be taken alive by his enemies; and the few devoted friends who were near him shared with him this resolve.

The train reached Nashville in safety at about nine o'clock. At a later hour the same night the guerillas tore up the track, and the next train that went over the road was thrown off. During the siege of Nashville, in the autumn of 1862, Governor Johnson, while viewing an engagement from the cupola of the capitol, made the remark, "I am no military man, but any one who talks of surrendering I will shoot."

Mrs. Washington Barrow, wife of a very rich and prominent secessionist, called on Governor Johnson to know by what right certain claims of hers on the rivers front were infringed upon?

"By the right of conquerors," was the reply.

Some of the secessionists were taking the oath prescribed by the Governor, when one of them approached Col. ——, who had recently subscribed to it, and said:

"Well, Colonel, I hear you've *fixed*. Is it so?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll *fix* one, too."

The man took the oath amid much merriment. Governor Johnson himself retained the usual rigidity of his features at the quaint remark. The following day there occurred between the Governor and a rebel physician:

Dr. Hall—"Governor Johnson, I know you have a grudge against me, and you are now gratifying your revenge."

Governor Johnson—"I have no reason to gratify any resentment I may entertain towards you, no."

Dr. Hall—"Why have you no reason?"

"Governor Johnson—"Because I consider you too contemptible to excite an emotion of resentment in any one."

Dr. Hall jumped to his feet, but the determined demeanor of the Governor overawed him, if he did entertain hostile intentions. Governor Johnson then turned quietly on his heel and left the room.

At this period, Governor Johnson is spoken of as a model of abstemiousness. He never played cards for amusement or gain. He never indulged in drink on any single occasion, to a greater extent than possibly clergyman would at a sacrament; and as for the smaller vices, he was free from them all.

On the 8th of June, 1864, Mr. Johnson was nominated as the candidate of the Republican party for Vice-President of the United States, and elected in the following November. He left Tennessee entirely tranquil, and repaired to Washington, was sworn into office on the 4th of March. By the death of President Lincoln by the hand of the assassin, Mr. Johnson became his successor, and was quietly inaugurated at his rooms at the Kirkwood House, at 11 o'clock, on the morning of the 15th of April. In a short address, he said: "Todd, with an honest advocacy of the great principles of free government have been up." The duties have been mine—the consequences are God's. This has been the foundation of my political creed. I feel that in the end the Government will triumph, and these great principles will be permanently established."

President Johnson is of tall, full person, long and muscular. He has a large round head, with prominent features and marked intellectual characteristics. His eyes are clear, with a steady, unflinching gaze, and both there and his mouth show his bold, resolute nature. The nation has been long looking for a President with Jackonian will, and they are likely to find one in Andrew Johnson. Let them survey the calm, honest face of their new ruler, and they will see the lineaments which most strikingly typify the fearless thinker and the man of true purpose. Obstacles only inspire him with greater determination, and responsibility only strengthens his nerve for the discharge of duty. The child of poverty and obscurity, the victor over ignorance and caste, he will stand proudly as the champion of free constitutional government, and faithful to the high trusts to which destiny has borne him.



EARLY MORNING—FEEDING THE KITTENS.—FROM A PAINTING BY H. KRETZCHMER.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

In the son of the Hon. Stephen Longfellow, of Portland, Maine, and was born in that city February 27th, 1807. At fourteen he entered Bowdoin College, and four years later took his degree with high honors. For a few months in 1825, he was a law student in the office of his father, but having been offered a professorship of modern languages in Bowdoin College, with the view of qualifying himself for the post, he passed three years and a half in travelling in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland and England, and returning to this country in 1829, entered upon the duties of his office. In 1835 Mr. G. Tickner having resigned his professorship of modern languages and *belles lettres* in Harvard College, Mr. Longfellow was appointed to the vacancy. He then gave up his chair at Bowdoin and again went abroad to become more thoroughly acquainted with the languages and literature of Northern Europe. He passed more than a year in Scandinavia, Germany and Switzerland, and again returned to America in the autumn of 1836, to enter upon his duties at Harvard, where he has since resided, except during a brief visit to Europe in 1842.

While yet an under graduate, Mr. Longfellow wrote many tasteful and highly finished poems for the *United States Literary Gazette*, and while Professor at Bowdoin College contributed valuable criticisms to the *North American Review*s. In 1833 he published his translation of the fine Spanish poem or Don Jorge Manrique, on the death of his father, together with an introductory essay on Spanish poetry.

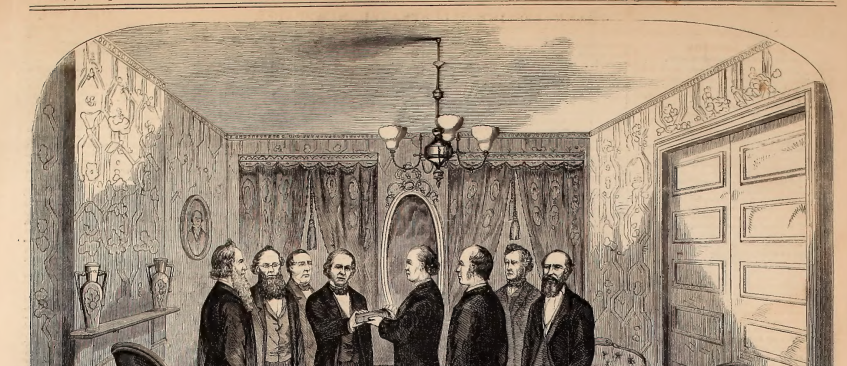
In 1835 appeared his "Outre Mer;" in 1839 "Hyperion," and "Voices of the Night." In 1841, Ballads and other Poems; in 1843, Poems on Slavery. From this time Mr. Longfellow worked industriously, and

the literary world recognised his labors with the high est honors. In 1855 appeared his "Song of Hiawatha." From which, perhaps, no poem ever elicited more notice or criticism on its first appearance. From that to the present, Mr. Longfellow has gone steadily on, adding to an already high reputation for genius, and has offered for public suffrage. No American poet is so popular and well known, and none have more frequently translated and reprinted in foreign countries.

ANDREW JOHNSON'S INAUGURATION.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN was assassinated on the evening of April 14th, and on the 15th, Andrew Johnson was sworn into the high office of President of the United States.

The ceremony took place at his own rooms at the Kirkwood House, at 10 o'clock in the morning, in the presence of Hon. Salmon P. Chase, Hon. Hugh McCullough, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Attorney-General Speed, F. P. Blair, sen.; Hon. Montgomery Blai



ANDREW JOHNSON TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE IN THE SMALL PARLOR OF THE KIRKWOOD HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

Senator Foote, of Vermont; Senator Yates, of Illinois; Senator Ramsay, of Minnesota; Senator Stewart, of Nevada; Senator Hale, of New Hampshire; Gen. Farnsworth, of Illinois.

The oath, in the following words:

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

was pronounced by the new President, in a clear, full voice, after which he addressed those present:

"Gentlemen, I must be permitted to say that I have been almost overwhelmed by the announcement of the sad event which has so recently occurred. I feel incompetent to perform duties so important and responsible as those which have been so unexpectedly thrown upon me. As to an indication of any policy which may be presented by me in the administration of the Government, I have to say that that must be left for development as the Administration progresses. The message or declaration must be made by the acts as they transpire. The only assurance that I can now give of the future is by reference to the past. The course which I have taken in the past in connection with this rebellion must be regarded as a guarantee of the future. My past public life, which has been long and laborious, has been founded on I, in good conscience believe, upon a great principle of right, which lies at the basis of all things. The best energies of my life have been spent in endeavoring to establish and perpetuate the principles of a free Government, and I believe that the Government, in passing through its present trials, will settle down upon principles consonant with popular rights, more permanent and enduring than heretofore. I must be permitted to say, if I understand the feelings of my own heart, I have long labored to ameliorate and alleviate the condition of the great mass of the American people. Toil and an honest advocacy of the principles of free Government have been my lot. The duties have been mine—the consequences are God's. This has been the foundation of my political creed. I feel that in the end the Government will triumph, and these great principles will be permanently established. In conclusion, gentlemen, let me say that I want your encouragement and countenance. I shall ask and rely upon you and others in carrying the Government through its present perils. I feel in making this request that it will be heartily responded to by you and all other patriots and lovers of the rights and interests of a free people."

At the conclusion of these remarks a few moments were devoted to conversation, but the terrible event of the past few days hung like a pall over every head, and cast a dark shadow over every face.

Those days have grown into history, and every word, look and action among those who were prominent in them will always be of deep and abiding interest.

In this light we produce them as national pictures, and worthy of careful preservation.

FIRST VISIT OF THE AMBASSADORS TO PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

THE members of the diplomatic corps called upon President Johnson, at his rooms in the Treasury building, on the afternoon of the 30th of April, 1865. Sir Frederic Bruce, the new Minister from England, with his *attachés*, called a few minutes before the balance arrived, and presented his credentials. He was to have been presented to Mr. Lincoln at the White House the previous Saturday, but the untimely and tragical death of Mr. Lincoln on Friday night prevented his meeting him as had been arranged, and he was this morning introduced to President Johnson. They had a cordial interview for a few moments before the other ambassadors arrived. It was exceedingly cordial and pleasant on both sides.

Soon after the other representatives of the foreign nations made their appearance, and marched through the long hall leading from the State Department thence across the building through the hall leading from the middle entrance on the east side of the building to the Secretary of the Treasury's room, now occupied by the President. They were escorted by Mr. Hunter, acting Secretary of State, bowalking arm in arm with Baron Von Gerolt, Minister from Prussia. The following ambassadors were also present—M. Edouard de Stoeckl, Minister from Russia; Senor Don Tassara, Minister from Spain; Senor Luis Molino, Minister from Costa Rica; Col. W. H. Blanchet, Minister from Denmark; Col. Bertinatti, of Italy; Senor Matias Romero, of Mexico; Baron Rantzau Sugar, of Colombia; Baron de Wilkenski, of Sweden; Baron Wydenbrock, of Austria; T. G. Asta Burnaga, of Chile; M. L. de Geofroy, *Charge d'Affaires*, from France; Senhor Barbosala, *Charge d'Affaires*, from Brazil; Mr. Boeing, *Charge d'Affaires*, from the Hanseatic Republic; Alfred Berghmans, of Belgium, and Mr. Garcia, of Peru. They were mostly attended with their secretaries and other *attachés*, all arrayed in full court dress, most of them wearing the badge of mourning on their left arm.

The Minister from Portugal, and M. Von Limburg, of the Netherlands, were not present. Probably they did not receive notice of the intended visit.

Baron Von Gerolt read the following formal address of condolence, sympathy and good wishes of the representatives of the foreign governments under the present trying times:

ADDRESS OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

MR. PRESIDENT—The representatives of foreign nations have assembled here to express to your Excellency their feelings at the deplorable events of which they have been witness, to say how sincerely they share the national mourning for the cruel fate of the late President, Abraham Lincoln—and how deeply they sympathize with the government and people of the United States in their great affliction. With equal sincerity we tender to you, Mr. President, our best wishes for the welfare and prosperity of the United States, and for your personal health and happiness. May we be allowed, also, Mr. President, to give utterance, on this occasion, to our sincerest hopes for an early re-establishment of peace in this great country, and for the maintenance of the friendly relations between the government of the United States and the governments which we represent.

REPLY OF THE PRESIDENT.

To which the President replied:

GENTLEMEN OF THE DIPLOMATIC BODY—I heartily thank you, on behalf of the government and people of the United States, for the sympathy which you have so feelingly expressed upon the mournful events to which you refer. The good wishes also which you so kindly offer for the welfare and prosperity of the United States, and for my personal health and happiness, are gratefully received. Your hopes for the early restoration of peace in this country are cordially reciprocated by me. You may be assured that I shall leave nothing undone towards preserving those relations of friendship which now fortunately exist between the United States and all foreign powers.

THE FIRST CABINET MEETING

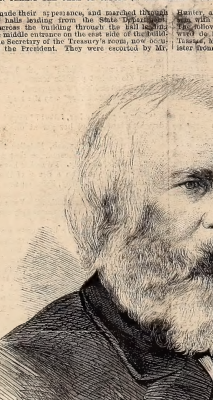
Under the Present Administration.

THUS most important event in the history of our country, an event which we repeat by a drawing taken on the spot, occurred at 10 o'clock, on the morning of April the 10th, Sunday, at the private office of Secretary McCulloch.

At this meeting there was present President Johnson, Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury; Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War; Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy; William Dennison, Postmaster-General; J. P. Usher, Secretary o the Interior; and James Speed, Attorney-General.

That the necessity was urgent and the deliberation solemn, is unnecessary to say. It was in the very midst of one of the most terrible of national calamities, and the country from one end to the other had been suddenly thrown into a state of mourning and agitation, from the very height of hope and rejoicing. The death of that great and good man, Abraham Lincoln, by the hand of the assassin, was an event well-calculated to overthrow even the calmest minds, and every man in authority stood upon his guard, for none knew how far the plot extended, or who might be the next victim.

These were the circumstances under which the first Cabinet meeting, under the present Administration, took place.



PROFESSOR HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.

THROUGH THE CHURCHYARD RAILS.

BY J. W. WATSON.

WITH timid steps and downcast eyes,
She came beside my knee,
And stifling back a little sob,
My darling spoke to me.
"Papa, I'm very, very sad,
A thought comes in my head,
Suppose your tiny baby girl
Should be some morning dead?"

I caught the little prattling thing
Close to my throbbing breast,
And with my kisses wild and warm,
I hushed her into rest.
"Who taught you, darling, words like these,
To startle all my fear,
Who bade you think so sad a thing,
That Death should be so near?"

"Papa, none bade me think of death.
The thought is all my own,
It came this morning to my head
As we walked out alone.
We walked along the crowded street,
And by the churchyard rail,
And then came whispering in my ear,
This simple little tale.

"It said: look, Maggie, through the bars,
And see how many graves,
They lie in furrows, as the sea
Is furrowed by the waves.
Some rank with grass of many years,
And some are newly made;
The rich, the poor, the old and young,
All side by side are laid.

"I looked and marked the many rows,
As far as I could see,
And oh, Papa, I saw that some
Were shorter far than me.
And then I thought how sad a thing
'Twould be, Papa, for you,
If I should think that I would die
And that my thought came true.

"That on some dreary autumn time,
Perhaps like this to-day.
You walked beside the churchyard rails
And Maggie far away.
Away among the countless graves,
Of every shape and size,
And Papa by the iron bars,
With hot tears in his eyes."

The years have swept above my head,
Since those fond tones I heard,
And here beside the churchyard rail,
I think of every word.
The scalding tears are in my heart,
For Maggie lies within;
Oh, God! this crown you offer us
Is fearful hard to win.

MISS NATALIE'S FRENCH MAID.

MADEMOISELLE NATALIE VAUX sat opposite her father at an exceedingly dainty and well-ordered breakfast table; a frown upon her white forehead, a pout upon her pretty mouth.

At last her dissatisfaction and anger became so evident that her father, by no means a clever person, yet not entirely blind, observed it.

"What is annoying you, Natalie?"

At this question the young lady frowned still more ominously, then burst into a perfect tempest of sobs.

"Fanchon—that hateful—wretch—I won't—have her—another day!"

"My darling Natalie!" and the anxious father dropped his paper and stared at his daughter in a state of perfect bewilderment.

"Has Fanchon been impertinent? Don't cry, dear—we will dismiss her this very instant."

"Yes, father, I hate her."

The sobs became more violent, and the distressed gentleman made a rush at the bell, and rang it with the utmost energy. Then to the servant who answered it:

"Say to Fanchon that Miss Natalie does not require her services any longer, and that she is desired to leave the house *immediately*. Her luggage can be sent to any direction she may give, but tell *her* to go *now*."

If Vaux, *père*, had not had his face turned from his aggrieved daughter, as he issued this command, he might have been edified, by seeing a bright black eye, entirely innocent of a tear, gazing triumphantly out from behind the lace mouchoir pressed so convulsively to the fair face.

"Thank you, papa," in a grateful but still agitated voice; "that girl was the torment of my life. I haven't—spoken before, because you seemed to like her so much, but her insolence is something too great to be borne. I'm so glad—"

A flush of pleasure made the ruddy English cheeks of Mr. George Vaux still redder, and his voice was as triumphant as that peering eye had been a moment before, as he said:

"Thanks, Natalie, for such a proof of your affection. I did like the girl, but if I had known that she was annoying you she should not have stayed in the house another minute. Why didn't you speak before, child?" Here he paused, then went on hastily, as if a long sought-for chance had presented itself, "I hope you have not forgotten that Mr. Gilbert comes to-night for his answer." Another pause, and an accession of melo-dramatic sternness to the voice. "You know, Natalie, that your future prospects depend upon your decision. If you refuse so good a husband as Mr. Gilbert, it must be for the sake of that vagabond of an artist. And"—with rising indignation—"you needn't think to make me revoke my decision, either. I met the rascal in the street to-day, and told him that if he ever dared to set his foot inside my door again, I would thrash him within an inch of his life. So, do you hear, no hopes in that quarter!"

And having worked himself up into a towering rage, Mr. George Vaux stalked from the room.

It was rather remarkable that all this dictation and anger produced so slight an effect upon a person of Miss Natalie's temper. No sooner had the door closed behind her father than she sprang to her feet, put her handkerchief in her pocket, smiled gaily, hummed a little tune, and danced out of the room by another door.

That night, arrayed in her daintiest fashion, and in the best possible spirits, the young lady astonished her old and almost discouraged lover by murmuring a soft "yes" to his proposal of marriage, instead of the stern "no," he had expected. Her father was equally astonished and delighted, so much so, indeed that he presented her that night with a deed which entitled her to five thousand a year for the remainder of her life—not so much, to be sure, but still enough to keep one, perhaps two, from starving.

From that all was peace between father and daughter, so long at variance, for this marriage had been a mooted question for over six months. The father insisting upon so desirable a match, the daughter rebelling against the ugly face and forty years of her suitor. Perhaps Miss Natalie was not altogether to blame—we should have said responsible—for her dislike to Mr. Gilbert, since to an artistic nature like hers—which had been assiduously cultivated—what could have been more disagreeable than the idea of a lover and a husband, whose eyes were of a pale green, whose nose was always pinched and blue, and whose general appearance suggested the idea of a miserable half-starved chicken standing out in the cold.

In contrast to this visage, so continually thrust upon her notice, Miss Natalie was forced in self-defence to contemplate that of her teacher—a handsome young man of twenty-five. And was she to blame for liking to look at that winsome face? Can you censure her, that as she watched him day by day, as their hands touched, their eyes met, their voices mingled, she grew to love him only as such black-eyed resolute women do love?

You ask if Miss Natalie saw no other men but these two? Most certainly she did. Young, pretty, rich, she moved in the best circles, but among all her admirers she found none so handsome, so noble as the artist, who came twice a week to give her lessons in oil painting. In the course of time Miss Natalie's father grew suspicious, insisted on being present at two or three lessons, watched the two young people with sharp eyes, and drew his own conclusion. The result was that he forbade his daughter to continue her artistic pursuits, for an indefinite length of time, alleging that her health suffered thereby.

With many black looks and many displays of temper, Miss Natalie obeyed, but beyond a certain point her father could not control her. He had forbidden her to take lessons of the artist, Esmond Hillyar, but he could not compel her to be courteous to the millionaire, Isaiah Gilbert. Neither could he prevent chance (?) meetings in the street, at the theatre, in picture galleries, with the same troublesome artist. Neither could he control the United States Mail, which not unfrequently performed the office of carrier pigeon, and conveyed tender epistles backward and forward between the two lovers.

So stood matters on the morning on which our story opens. As we are too fast, we must go back to the previous afternoon. It was precisely five o'clock, and Miss Natalie Vaux, in the most stylish of pony phaetons, rolled through the Park. Among the hundreds of lovely women present that June afternoon, not one was more elegant, more piquant, more admired than this same Natalie. Perhaps the consciousness of this was the cause of the very brilliant idea which suddenly came to the young lady. As the thought became well defined and shapely, she laughed a little gleeful laugh, struck her ponies smartly with the ivory-handled whip, and dashed on like a whirlwind. Just as she reached the open space before the Casino, a gentleman on foot passed her, and bowed deferentially. In an instant the ponies were checked, the equipage stationary. The gentleman turned back and came to the side of the carriage.

"Esmond," said the young lady, hurriedly yet softly, "I have a plan; come closer, dear, and listen; such a capital idea!" and in a few moments the plan, whatever it was, was unfolded, and approved by her handsome listener.

Again the ponies felt the whip, and the phaeton rolled on, out of the park, through street after street, until at last it drew up before the door of her own stately home.

That night as the clock struck one, that very door opened noiselessly, and a slight tall figure, well disguised by the brown cloak enveloping it, stole out, glided down the marble steps, joined another figure, that had been stationary for the last half hour. A few rods further down the street, and the two turning a corner disappeared. An hour afterwards the two figures came back and bade each other a hasty adieu at the foot of the marble steps.

Perhaps the printer, who passed at that instant, hurrying home from the hot and crowded press-room, was mistaken, or, was still dreaming of the story he had just been "setting up." Be this as it may, upon reaching home, he declared to his better half, that "he passed in —th street a man and a woman, who stood at the foot of a flight of white marble steps. This was nothing strange to be sure, but it was strange that as the man turned to go, the woman stretched out hastily a hand, white as snow, and glittering with jewels, saying, tenderly, something about 'to-morrow—bless you, my husband—Fanchon—letter of recommendation—French cap—speak low,'" and still more of the same kind that he could not understand or hear, for the man, seeing that they were watched, suddenly turned and walked away.

Now, my dear reader, we have brought you safely to the opening of the story, even to detailing the events that occurred a few hours before.

To continue. You have already learned that the offending maid has been dismissed, and that Miss Natalie, strange to say, has accepted her old suitor, and is, apparently, in the best of spirits.

The next morning an advertisement appeared in the papers, wherein it was set forth that a French or Swiss maid, highly recommended, was required immediately by a lady who was soon to make the tour of Europe, and wished the said maid to accompany her.

Need we say that the lady was Miss Natalie, and that the tour was to take place immediately after the wedding?

The young advertiser remained at home that morning, and went through the ordeal of receiving and reviewing six Gallic damsels, emulous of the honor of waiting upon "Mademoiselle Vaux."

None met her approval, however, and the next day, as fate would have it, mademoiselle's father declared himself too unwell to go down town, and desired Natalie to receive the applicants in the library, in which retreat he had ensconced himself for the day. There was no help for it, so she yielded with a good grace, and sat beside him for over an hour, reading in a voice suspiciously monotonous. It was evident that she was trying to read her father to sleep.

It was labor thrown away, however, for at the first ring of the bell that sagacious gentleman opened his eyes—which his daughter had fondly imagined to be closed in sleep—coughed, sat up, and observed, in a tone of great self-congratulation:

"How fortunate, Natalie, that I happen to be home. I am a great judge of character, and may prevent you from engaging some swindling girl who would rob you right and left, ahem!"

Miss Natalie was not at all nervous, but as she heard this speech, her face flushed and her hand trembled.

Scarcely had the pompous "ahem!" died upon the air before the library door was opened, and a dapper little figure ushered in— a *bourgeoise* copy of Mademoiselle Vaux herself.

Notwithstanding all her very evident qualifications, and unexceptionable references, Miss Vaux did not appear to fancy her, and she was dismissed with a wave of the father's diamonded hand. Half an hour elapsed, then came another ring, another applicant was announced, and conducted in.

The advent of this person was greeted, on the part of the father, by an involuntary "What a giantess!" on that of the daughter by a quick drawn breath, and then an approving smile.

Truly, the applicant was not an ordinary looking individual. Very tall, rather stout, but well formed, with dark hair, combed modestly down over her ears, and almost covered by a French peasant's cap; white, even teeth, a brown complexion, and large blue eyes that had a strangely "out of place" look in that dark face. Notwithstanding a certain *gaucherie* in dress and general appearance, the woman was very handsome, and promised to be still more so when tastefully dressed.

"Do you speak English?" inquired Miss Natalie, in the coolest possible manner, for her nervousness had suddenly disappeared.

"Non, mademoiselle," was the respectful answer.

"How do you like her, father?" questioned the daughter, levelling at her parent one swift and triumphant glance.

"Very much—very much, Natalie; take her, my child. There's character in that face, nobility, decision, sagacity. I'd rather have such a woman around you than a dozen of these silly, chattering magpies. Why, Fanchon was nothing compared to this one."

During this eulogium, both Miss Vaux and the woman kept their eyes perseveringly fixed upon the carpet.

When it was finished, a lively conversation—in French—ensued between future mistress and maid. As a matter of course, its burden must have been on the part of the mistress, at least, an explanation of the duties which were to devolve upon the maid. But Vaux, *père*, was totally ignorant of the French language, and he soon wearied of a dialogue in which he could not join, and whose subject he could only conjecture.

As may be imagined, it was not long before he intimated this fact to his daughter, thereby bringing the interview to an abrupt termination.

Ma'amselle Alixe—so she gave her name—was sent upstairs, and in a few moments Miss Natalie followed, her black eyes dancing suspiciously.

Time went on. The wedding was to take place in September. The gay Natalie grew suddenly quiet and fond of home. When rallied on the subject, she avowed that she had conceived a great aversion to balls and parties, and found much more happiness in staying soberly in her own domicile. They were all very happy there apparently. The father was all smiles, the daughter growing lovelier day by day, the old lover—though by no means overwhelmed with tenderness by his *fiancé*—radiant from present and anticipated happiness.

The French Alixe was a great favorite in the house. Imposingly handsome, marvellously silent, always attentive and sweet-tempered, she won the love and respect of both master and servants. As for her young mistress, she seemed perfectly bewitched with her new attendant. Hour after hour the two passed together, apparently well satisfied to be in each other's society. To be sure, the maid rarely spoke, and when she did it was in so low a voice that you had to listen carefully to catch her meaning.

Never was lover more devoted to the service of his beloved than this woman to that of Miss Vaux. The young lady neither moved nor spoke that those piercing eyes were not fixed upon her. Every wish was anticipated, every want gratified. A keen observer might have discovered that at the sound of Miss Natalie's approaching feet, or the lightest murmur of her voice, a sudden flush would make the dark cheek still darker, and cause the blue eyes to ambush themselves in the long, golden lashes.

A strange woman—a woman, about whose simplest action hung a mystery, an oddity, that only caused her to be more prized and admired.

One evening Mr. Vaux made the following observation to his daughter:

"Natalie, my dear, it appears to me—I don't know—very likely I am wrong—but it really strikes me that I have seen Alixe somewhere before. She reminds me of some one. Who can it be? A gentleman, I think."

The young lady opened her eyes to their widest extent, and Alixe herself, who was just leaving the room, cup and saucer in hand, started so violently that the two morsels of china fell from her fingers, and were dashed into a hundred pieces.

"*Peste! quel dommage!*" murmured the careless girl, coolly picking up the fragments.

The diversion was effectual, and the subject dropped.

But what could have agitated Mademoiselle Alixe?

September had almost arrived—the house was in confusion from morning till night. Dressmakers reigned supreme, milliners became of importance. Miss Natalie was wanted constantly to "try on" this or that garment, and, it is needless to say, looked lovely in all. Shopping was the order of the day, and in most of these expeditions Alixe accompanied her young mistress.

But one incident occurred to mar the general happiness.

Alixe had obtained leave of absence for three days, as she was to go to Europe with Miss Natalie, after her marriage, and naturally had a desire to visit her friends before leaving. On the afternoon of the third day Miss Vaux went shopping, as usual, and returned at six. At eight the bell rang, and a letter was brought upstairs, directed to "Mister Vo."

"Is an answer desired?" inquired the gentleman so named, with an amused smile.

"No, sir; a man brought it, and said I was to give it to you immediate, then walked off, sir, like a steam-engine," and James retreated, greatly pleased with his metaphor.

Mr. Vaux turned the doubtful-looking epistle over and over, with many an expression of wonder, then tore open the envelope, and, extracting a soiled sheet of paper, began the perusal of the forlorn-looking lines written therein.

As he read a frown gathered upon his forehead, and his hands trembled with evident passion. The two who sat opposite, Natalie and her old lover, watched him with amazement—nay, more than that, on the part of the young lady, at least. Astonishment alone could not have driven the rose flush from the soft, dark cheek, or caused the traitorous little heart to beat so swiftly and loudly, that it was a great wonder neither of her companions heard it.

"Girl," thundered the hot-tempered father, as he finished the delectable epistle, "where were you this afternoon?"

The color came back to lip and cheek. Miss Natalie's bright eyes flashed ominously.

"Sir?"

He had gone too far.

"Where were you this afternoon?" in a stern but much modified voice.

"At the —— Gallery."

A look of surprise on the part of her questioner; he had evidently expected a denial.

"Were you alone?"

"I went alone."

"Whom did you meet there?"

"Alixe."

"Are you telling me the truth?"

Miss Natalie's face grew as pale as her father's was red. She turned to her bewildered suitor with an abruptness that almost terrified him out of his few remaining wits.

"Ring the bell," she said, imperiously.

A servant came.

"Has Alixe arrived?"

"No, miss; but we expect her every moment."

"Send her here the very instant she comes."

"Yes, miss."

The servant closed the door, Miss Natalie seated herself by the window, and a dead silence ensued. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, then a step in the hall, and the door was opened hastily. In the doorway stood Mademoiselle Alixe, calm yet defiant.

Mis Natalie did not move, she only said:

"Question her."

Mr. Vaux by this time had grown a little awkward and confused.

"When did you see your mistress last?"

An almost imperceptible sneer flitted over the handsome face of Mademoiselle Alixe.

"This afternoon, sir, in the —— Gallery."

How rapidly her English had improved!

"You may go."

One swift glance at the motionless form and scornful face of Miss Vaux, and the waiting-maid left the room.

"Are you satified, sir?"

The father winced beneath the bitter tongue of the daughter, and his only answer was a step towards self-defence. He handed her the letter.

"Mister Vo," it began, "I am a friend of yours, and don't like to see you cheated by your daughter, Nataly. I know that she is engaged to be married to Mr. Isaiah Gilbert, but it isn't for love of him I tell you what I'm goin' to—it's for your sake. Perhaps you haven't forgotten that six months ago your daughter was very sweet to Mr. Esmond Hillyar, a young man that gave her painting lessons, and was in love with her. I suppose you heard, too, that when it was said Miss Vaux was goin' to marry rich old Gilbert, Mr. Hillyar went to England. Well, perhaps he did, I don't know anything about it; but I do know that this very

afternoon your daughter was sitting in one of the little side-rooms of the ——— Gallery, with a gentleman beside her, who had his arm around her waist, and who kissed her a dozen times. They thought they were alone, for almost everybody had gone, but I was lookin' at 'em, and if that fellow wasn't your boy, the painter, then I haven't got eyes. He looked very different, somehow, but I know it was him, and I think it my duty to write and let you know.

A FRIEND."

Miss Natalie tossed the letter from her with a scornful laugh.

"I saw them this afternoon, father," she said, "but I spoke to no one, saw no one that I knew, except Alice. About a week ago I went to the gallery with some friends, and left a bracelet, I told Alice, and to-day she went to inquire about it. So you see there was nothing very astonishing in the fact of our meeting."

Mr. Vanx had grown excessively red during this speech. At its conclusion he left his seat and walked to the window.

"Natalie," he said, and he spoke as if every word choked him, "forgive me; you know that I love you very much, but I couldn't bear the idea of your cheating me under my very nose, and you to be married in two weeks. I couldn't bear to think that you intended to force me to become the wife of one I hated? And all because one was rich and the other was not, and your *preferlonge* may become the wife of a poor artist. Natalie, I had need of the money; if you had, it would have been some excuse for you, but you wanted to make me an instrument of your own gloratication; you wanted to be the millionaire, Isaiah Gilbert, that your son-in-law, even if your daughter's heart was broken in making him so."

The fish are somewhere, and the day following had been fixed for the marriage. Father and child were as good friends, apparently, as ever. The ceremony was to take place at ten o'clock, and the steamer which was to bear them to Europe sailed at twelve. Night came. Natalie, thoroughly exhausted by the day's excitement and fatigue, stepped into her father's room to say good-night.

"Is everything ready, Natalie?"

"Yes, all, my baggage is all on board. Everything is arranged. Good-night, papa."

Perhaps Miss Natalie had expected some tender little word, some caress, on this the last night she should ever spend beneath his roof, but she lingered, as if loth to go, a faint color fluttering into her cheeks, a certain agitation in her manner; but Mr. Vanx was not a sentimental man, and only answered her with an absent

"You will be worth two millions, my dear, and when Natalie Gilbert you will be a wife, for Mr. Gilbert's health is not very good," and the father laughed coolly at the supposition.

An unutterable expression of disgust and indignation swept over Natalie Vanx's face, as, without making any reply to this observation, she turned and left the room.

Morning dawned, bright and beautiful. The ceremony was to take place at ten, and at eight the bride had not emerged from her room. Sundry knocks and calls had been of no avail in rousing either mistress or maid, and as the doors of their respective apartments were locked, it was impossible to ascertain the cause of this strange non-appearance.

At the clock struck eight, the anxious father himself went to the door, and pounded with his own heavy fist upon the door leading to his daughter's room.

No answer.

"Bring an axe," cried the agitated man, a cold perspiration breaking out upon his forehead.

The axe was brought, and in five minutes the door, though bolted and barred, was forced open, and the anxious crowd of servants, headed by their master, burst in.

Oh, what a peaceful room! so quiet, so dainty, so *empty!*

Through the curtains of rose-colored silk the September sunshine poured, in sheets of misty gold; a faint perfume was in the air; in the window blossomed the perfect grandeur of roses and mosses, and over all was the charm, the traces of a woman's ownership and recent presence.

Certainly recent, for although the room was then vacant, the dress Miss Natalie had worn the previous evening dropped over a chair, and upon another was Miss Natalie Alice's unvarying black silk gown.

This was not all. Upon the inlaid toilet table reposed a white object. It was a letter, directed to "Isaiah George Vanx." With a trembling hand and pale lips, the foiled and almost distracted man tore open the envelope and read:

DEAR PAPA:—When you read this letter I shall be many miles out at sea with my husband, Edmond Hilyar. I have been Mrs. Hilyar since last June, and even if that had not been the case I could never have married the man whom you have selected for me. I offer no excuses for what I am about to do—what I have done. I consider myself justified in the sight of heaven. I take with me only my simplest clothes, and the small legacy left me by my aunt. It will be enough to support us in Rome—for we are going there. I take Alice with me, yet I have no French maid, *Alice and I husband are one.* Adieu, my father. Your loving daughter,

NATALIE HILLYAR.

A steamer had sailed for France at four o'clock that morning, and in it Mrs. Hillyar and her French maid—that is, her husband—had taken passage.

It is not quite as dangerous to be snapped at by a dog as by a gun.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO KING CHRISTMAS.

HERE'S a health to King Christmas, to merry King Christmas,
With his mistletoe, holly and bay;
His fun-dimpled old face, his good homely old ways,
His jests and his laughter gay.

Light-hearted let's meet him, and right joyously greet him,
And all loyally treat him whilst here;
Old Decembers, like old, ought to remember,
Comes round but once in a year.

For the songs that he sings us, the friends that he brings us,
The blessings we find in his stay,
And his shower of provisions and fun;
With sparkle light and merry lob's toast him as sherry,
Let's drink to him every one.

Here's a health to King Christmas, to merry King Christmas,
With his mistletoe, holly and bay;
His fun-dimpled old face, his good homely old ways,
His jests and his laughter gay.

THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

In the present day, a man may have reasonable hope that his body will be allowed to rest quietly in its appointed grave. But it was not so recently; and there is no writer of fiction in England more than middle-aged can recall the days when the *Resurgam Clubs*, as they styled themselves, or Body-snatchers and Resurrectionists, as they were called by the outer world, carried on a flourishing trade.

In the medical practice of surgery, anatomy was little practised, and the corpses of many lives and other criminals offered a sufficient supply for the "dry" lectures which the students who held that examination of the dead human body was absolutely necessary; but towards the close of the last century the progress of surgical science on the Continent, and the discoveries of John Hunter in England, caused a new light to dawn, attention more nearly to be study of nature; hence arose an increased demand for subjects, and the resurrectionists came forward to meet it.

The graveyards in the more outlying parts of the cities were their usual haunts, and from these, in spite of very precautions, they carried off many hundreds. In many instances, the gravediggers, sextons, and persons employed to take care of the churchyards, were in the pay of the body-snatchers, and would leave their gates unbolted, and turn their backs when the deed was to be accomplished.

So little confidence did the public have in these official guardians, that in many churches, for a time after the deceased person were sent to keep watch, night after night, by the side of the grave, until such time had elapsed as to render the body useless for the purposes of the surgeon. Even their kindly vigilance was not to be baffled. A very short period of inattention was sufficient for the purposes of the robbers, as it was that they could remove a body from a grave of the ordinary depth in a very few minutes. They never removed the whole of the earth from the grave, but simply dug a hole at the head of the coffin, until it was broken to view. Then a rope was passed round under between the lid and the coffin, they prized up the lid, which generally broke it away from the upper part by the weight of earth. The body was then drawn out, stripped of its clothing, and carried away in a sack. The empty sepulchre were made perfect by replacing every article of clothing in the grave, and merely carried off the unburied corpse. The reason for this was, that body-snatching was by the law merely a misdemeanor; but taking the clothing was felony, and would have subjected them to transportation. They commonly carried also to replace everything in the grave in the same order as they had found it.

The friends of the departed were in the habit of putting private marks on the grave, to discover whether it had been disturbed, such as a piece of glass, a piece of tile, or an oyster-shell. These were replaced with the most rigorous exactitude; and consequently many a mourning attended the spot, after the grave had been continued the remains of his beloved one, while in reality it was only watched by an empty coffin. Springe-pins were occasionally set in the churchyards, but without avail. During the daytime, the resurrectionists sent a man with a cart of hay from one of their depots, for the purpose of observing where the pegs were fixed to mark out which graves would be attacked; therefore, when night came, they easily found the spot, and having their way cautiously along the wires, they removed the loaded sweeps, and carried off their avocation in security.

The surgeons were not without their share of crime in these affairs, as they frequently had to take the bodies from the houses of the resurrectionists to the hospital. In one occasion, a student, with a couple of assistants, carefully packed in a hamper, in a hackney-coach, from one hospital to another. To his surprise and alarm, the coach stopped in a narrow street, where the coachman descended from his box, and putting his face at the window, said in a hoarse voice, and fearful oath:

"Sir, my fare to the place you want to go to is £10, unless you wish to be put down here."

The terrified student at once paid the money.

The leading men among the resurrectionists were acted upon a system of organization, and give them selves no small sire. At the commencement of a certain session, one Ali-play, a noted character, presented himself before the house-surgeon of a large anonymous establishment on conversation, he said:

"Well, doctor, this season I must have $100 down, and $46 for every 'thing' I bring you."

("Thing" was the cant phrase for "body.")

"Now, my friend," said the surgeon, "its downright extortion. I shall employ some one else."

"Very well, sir, you can employ whom you like; but when you won't be able to get a body at all."

The event proved that Murphy was right. The new men were robbed of their prey, detected, one after another exposed and detected by the police; so the doctors, in despair, were obliged to employ Mr. Murphy.

Here is a genuine extract from a diary kept by one of this gentleman's trade-mily:

"*Dec. 24, 1811*—At 12 midnight, party went to get three small. Came back, and got two large at 1 o'clock. Came home, to settled at Ben's. Each man's share, $48 75. *Friday 27*—Went to look out. Came home; met Ben and Dan. Went to Harp's; got one larger took it to Jack's Rest; came home. Went out with us, getting drunk. *Saturday 28*, 4 A. M.—Whole party to Guy's and St. Thomas's crib; got six; took them to St. Thomas's; packed up three for ——; took one over to Jack's."

The two kings of this unhallowed craft—for it was in fact a few hands—were the above-mentioned Murphy and one Patrick. The following story is told of the latter, as a specimen of his untiring activity.

He was returning from a country village, with nothing particular to do, when he heard that a female body, supposed to be that of a pauper from the workhouse, had been found in the canal, and was then lying in the stable of an adjoining public-house. Having always an eye to business, he entered the public-house, and called for a glass of ale, and, entering into conversation with the stable-boy, who remarked:

"Curious job, master, that 'ere woman dead body."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Patrick.

"Because, last time, the parish officer put me next to nothing for my trouble."

Patrick chuckled inwardly, and apparently out of pure observer of mere humanity, agreed with the lads of a sensible door. He presently left, and went straight up to the city. He returned the same night with a trusty friend and a hackney-coach.

Next morning, a jury of 12 honest fellows was impanelled by the coroner. After hearing a certain amount of evidence, the coroner said:

"Now, then, gentlemen, if you please, we will view the body."

The boy led the way into the stable; a cloth which covered something on the floor was removed, and disclosed to the eyes of the astonished jury a truss of straw!

On another occasion, a footman, who was acquainted with Patrick, informed him that his master was dead, and that he thought something could be done with the body. Patrick offered to have anything to do with the affair, until the coffin was screwed down, which was accordingly done, and the footman left the funeral being ordered for the following day. The footman and Patrick then removed the body, placed it in the garden, and filled the coffin with bricks. Patrick actually attended the funeral, and afterwards stated that he could not help grinning when the clergymen alluded to "our dear departed brother."

A number of persons who died in the most opulent circumstances, left their bodies to Guy's and other hospitals, and Mr. Patrick took advantage of the circumstance to procure a number of disguises, by which means he obtained the bodies of the deceased. He was aided in this scheme by one Cochman, a stout, broad-shouldered fellow, who had formerly been one of those subjects in one of the hospitals. This system had been carried on at the workhouse with great success for some time, when Murphy, Patrick, and Cochman were discharged, it is said, through jealousy at Patrick's prosperity. By plying Cochman with liquor, he learned all the mode of the operation from him, and advised him to inform the beadle of guardians of the affair, as they would reward him handsomely. Cochman accordingly turned informer, and Patrick was arrested by the police, but eventually discharged for want of sufficient evidence.

On another occasion, Murphy and Patrick were working amicably together as partners in a most lucrative undertaking. There was a private burial-ground belonging to two old women, who resided in a cottage hard by. They employed one Winckett as gravedigger and sexton. Murphy and Patrick concluded an arrangement with this man, by which Winckett was to forward all subjects to them. Winckett, however, was a married man, with children, and Hollis, got scent of the affair, and calling one day upon Winckett, threatened to expose him unless he gave them a share of the job. Winckett made no reply, but crossing immediately over to a public-house which was full of laborers, shouted out to the assembled company:

"Do you see those two men? They are bodysnatchers, and have come to bribe me to let them rob the graveyard."

The laborers, excited to fury by these words, rushed on Murphy and Patrick, and would have killed them. The baffled scoundrels, in revenge, went before a magistrate, and made him that if he examined the burial-ground at Holywell, he would find the grave with numerous instances deposited of their dead. The magistrate agreed to do so, and the graves in question were opened, and found tenantless. The mob were enraged beyond measure; they gutted Winckett's house, and beat his wife and children almost to death through a barrow-pond, and seeing Winckett, attempted to lynch him. Winckett, however, escaped, and was suffocated when he was rescued by the constables. Even the two aged proprietors-s, who were totally innocent of the whole affair, had their windows broken.

FEEDING THE KITTENS—EARLY MORNING.

FOR the perpetuation of art, of whatever country, we owe their work a fine engraving from that beautiful picture by H. Leutemann, which is one of the most popular genre painters of the age.

The scene is in Southern Germany, and the costume that of a young peasant girl. The time is early morn, and the young litter of pets are taking a frugal breakfast under the supervision of their mistress; while the old ancient tabby, with a satisfied smirk, sits in the background and is evidently a most interested, thoroughly understanding that she is at the bottom of it all.

These reminders of art are well worthy preservation in any portfolio, and we are glad to notice a public taste than all the lectures and art schools of the world.

THE TOMB OF BENJAMIN AND DEBORAH FRANKLIN.

THE ground on which the tomb of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, his beloved wife, belongs to Christ Church, of the city of Philadelphia. The church is situated in 5th, between Market and Arch streets. The property on which the church stands was bought by them in 1695, just the years after the city was founded, and when the population was about 2,000 souls. The first interment's were made upon this church ground, but as the city and population increased, it was found necessary to secure a larger lot, and one was got in 1719, on the corner of 5th and Arch streets, then the suburbs of the city, and in this ground lie the Franklin remains.

For a long time this ground was the principal burying-place of the city, and there all the principal Philadelphia families can point to the graves of their ancestors. The earliest date shown upon the tombstones is 1731, but burials are known to have been made there during the year it was first bought.

Many distinguished Americans, and others of great interest, whose tombs are pointed out to visitors, there are deposited in this ground the remains of several prominent individuals of the past. The records of the church disclose the fact that Peyton Randolph, the first President of Congress, was buried here on the 34th of October, 1775; and again, that Francis Hopkinson, one of the most distinguished patriots of the Revolution, was interred here on the 11th of May, 1791: not a careful search affords no clue to their resting-place, as no tablets mark their graves. In the church building, also, there have been several interments without a memorial. The records of the year 1793 state that Brigadier-General Forbes died on the 10th of March at that time, and was buried in Christ Church, but there is no stone marking the resting.

The Pennsylvania Gazette, of the 15th of March, 1729, furnishes the following information of Benjamin Franklin, died of a tedious illness, John Forbes, Esq., in the 49th year of his age, son to ——— Forbes, Esq., of Pitfichie, in the Shire of Fife, in Scotland, Baronet, Secretary, Colonel of the 17th Regiment of foot, and Commander of His Majesty's forces in the Southern Provinces of North America. Yesterday he was interred in the chancel of Christ Church, in this city."

The locality of Franklin's tomb is in a retired part of the grounds, and the grave, until recently, could only be visited with difficulty; but in the year 1858 a portion of the wall was torn to be taken down, and a gate opening substituted, so that a view of the grave can now readily be obtained without entering the grounds. Resting on Arch street, the grave is on the north-west corner of the ground, parallel with Arch street.

The plain appearance of the tomb must strike every one as unworthy of the memory of Franklin, over whose remains one would naturally look for an imposing monument commemorative of his worth; but such, as seen here, is such as was contemplated by him before his death, and has positively ordered in his will. The following is an extract from the codicil of his will, dated 23d June, 1785, the year before his death: "I wish to be buried by the side of my wife, if it may be, and that a marble stone, to be made by Chambers, six feet long, four feet broad, plain, with a small moulding round the upper edge, and this inscription:

BENJAMIN
and
DEBORAH FRANKLIN.

1790."

This is the style of setting on the tomb now, but it is very much decked or beaten by the storm.

The tomb of the church state that Deborah Franklin was buried here 23d December, 1774, and Benjamin Franklin on the 17th of April, 1790. The headstone on the left hand side, at the head of the tomb, has the following inscription:

FRANCIS F.
son of
BENJAMIN and DEBORAH FRANKLIN,
Departed this life November 14th, 1736,
Aged 4 years 1 month and 4 days.

That on the right side:

In Memory of
J. H. S.
Son of B. & D. FRANKLIN,
who departed this life
September 12th, 1794,
Aged 21 years.

The tomb adjoining that of Franklin, to the left, is that of

RICHARD,
SARAH
and
HALL.
1811.

The statements given above are mostly taken from the vestry records.

A MONKEY MASS MEETING.—We mounted the horses, and were soon in a spot inhabited by the sowars. There were not so many as had been represented to us, but they were by no means few when I come to state that there could not have been fewer than eight thousand, and more likely of an enormous size. I could scarcely have believed that there were so many monkeys in the world if I had not visited Benares, and heard of the tribes at Gibraltar. The sticks, which were blown together to a fire, made a very large stack of wood.

"What do think?" my friend said to one of the Bahaders, for since his appointment he had never heard the last of the feeding of apes.

"It is a festival of theirs, Sahib," was the reply. "Once a year they all assemble, and go to Burhwa Hedgepur, and other places, so do those monkeys come to the Nyd Ghaut."

"And how long do they stay?"

"Two days," I went on then, they go away to their homes in different parts of the country; then, attend to their business for the rest of the year, when they again and to festival, and so on, six, to the end of all time. Do you see that boy? The monkey there, with two smaller ones on either side of him?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, that is a very old monkey. His age is more than twenty years. I think, I saw him when I was years ago. He was then full-grown. His native place is Burhwa Hedgepur. He is the property of the Rajah Khan, near Meerut. The smaller ones are his sons, sir, and the boy has had them here before. I think you see he is showing them all about the place, like a very good father."

A SISTER.—He who has never known a sister's kind ministrations, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love-beaming eye, has missed a blessing indeed. It is to her he resorts in the fountains of pure feeling flow as his bosom no ex cites the sympathy of another creature in the world. Not in the sterner attributes of manhood.

Whether in the hour of joy or sorrow, kind and affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation and experience say,

"And why do you think so?" said I.

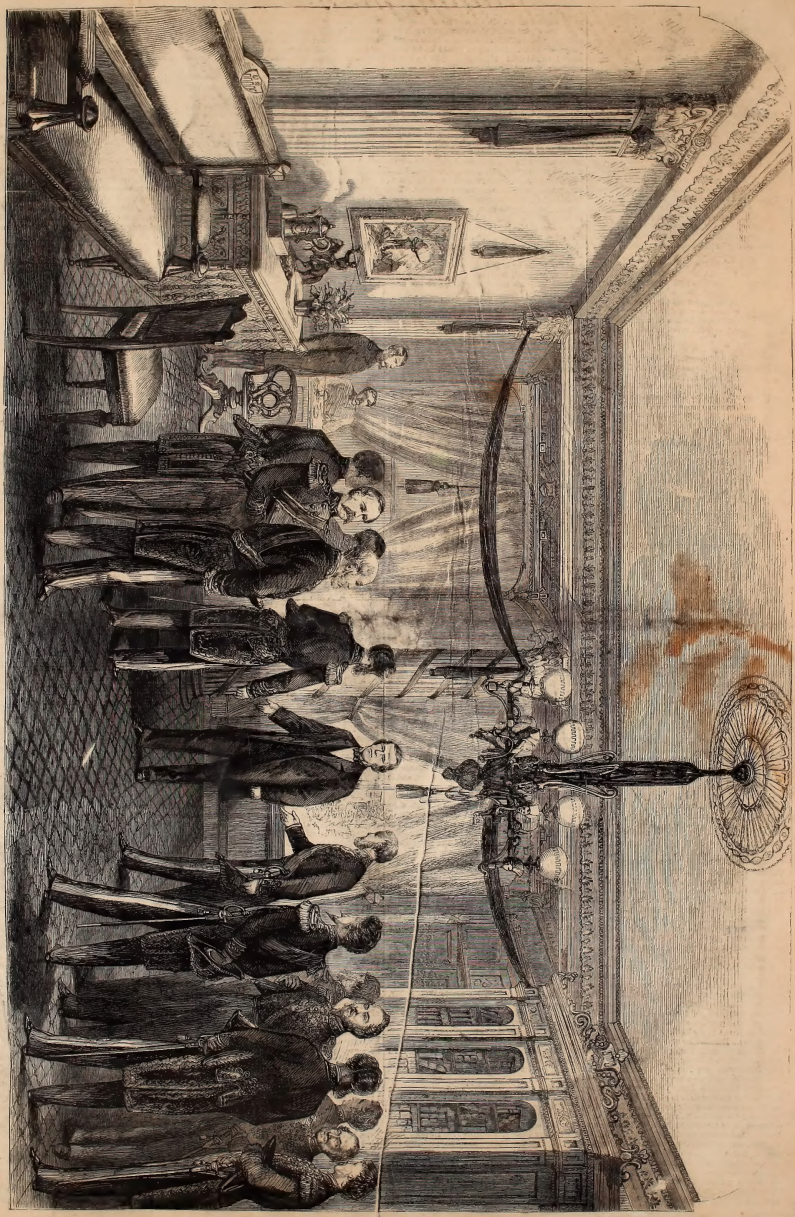
"Because of the great devotedness of all the tenderer and more refined feelings of the heart, which is so apparent in her every action, in every word."

A sister's influence is felt, even in manhood's later years, when the world has grown cold, and all is chilling contact with the world, will warm and thrill with the recollection of the gentle voice of a sister mingling with the continuous and glad melodies or his sister's voice. And how powerful is her influence. What is it that all false philosophy has reckoned into expediency, and even weep at the gentle influences which moved him in his earlier years.

WHAT ARE WOMEN TO DO?—Men are educated to become merchants, lawyers, doctors, and to look for no one themselves, save men have that chasticity of manhood that will not stoop to accept the badge of favor. If Jones can't make money by trying cases before the bar, Jones can at least be a carpenter, or invent a machine for the inculcation of perpetual motion. He is never at a loss. But all this, which is regularly taught to men, women have to find out for themselves. Nevertheless, they can find it out, if they only have the chance. The pressure is so great that the escape-valve must spring open. Women cannot comfortably be allowed to starve in a civilized country. They may be worked by the thousand, by hundreds, by tens—are idle, if they will, and no legal courts will interfere. But starving is quite an unthinkable thing. It wouldn't sound well in the papers



THE FIRST CABINET MEETING UNDER THE ADMINISTRATION OF ANDREW JOHNSON, AT THE TREASURY BUILDINGS, APRIL 16, 1865.—DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ALBERT BERGHAUS.



THE FIRST RECEPTION OF AMBASSADORS BY ANDREW JOHNSON, AT HIS ROOMS IN THE TREASURY BUILDING, APRIL 20, 1865.—DRAWN BY OUR ARTIST, ALBERT BERGHAUS.

NONE LOVE ME BEST.

BY R. V. R.

NONE love me best;
I do not fill the need
For earthly love of one fond human heart.
Like some poor waif,
Some spray of ocean weed,
Upon the waves of life I drift apart;
Not all alone—yet lonely and unblest,
Because unsatisfied—none love me best.

None love me best;
Of all whom I can claim,
Friends—kindred—large in number; not a few
Kindred alike
In tender thought and name,
In blood and ancestral memories hoards and true,
But each hath denser ties; I cannot rest,
Calm and contented, where none love me best.

None love me best;
There is no heart that turns
To mine, as to the polestar's faithful spark;
Not one for whom
My love a beacon burns,
Brighter for her when all around is dark,
Not one to seek her refuge on my breast,
As dearest comforter—none love me best.

None love me best;
When in my coffin laid,
I know that tender tears will wet my face,
All cold and white,
And tender words be said,
But none will weep to fill my vacant place;
Not one will mourn, with true heart grief opprest,
Her nearest, dearest, gone—none love me best.

None love me best:
Oh! hush the plaint, poor heart,
And prize to others from thy own large store
(Thus shalt thou share
In love's diviner part),
The less they give to thee, still more and more;
To give than to receive is far more blest,
Be glad, poor heart, because none love thee best.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—IN POSSESSION.

Sleuth, then, is at last lord of all. The murder has not been unproductive; and, wonderful as it may be to relate, Sleuth, secure in mind, on looking back at all the attending circumstances that his own behavior must have been a miracle of foresight, skill and courage.

He wished Anthony had behaved differently. Foolish fellow! to throw away ten thousand pounds like that! and to reject, at the same time, his (Sleuth's) friendship! What a fatal blindness to his own interest! However, he had chosen his part. Since a beggar he was determined to be, Sleuth had nothing more to say or think on the subject. Let him beg and starve!

And then he began to revel once more in his wondrous luck. He didn't venture, certainly, to make Providence directly responsible for encouraging his acts, but he almost habitually lived in a kind of unconscious faith that he was cared for in some providential way; else how could he, as he asked himself, have got through such trials to such a success?

The week following Anthony's departure, which occurred on a Friday, was spent in a remarkable way, and may be thrown thus into a kind of diary:

Saturday.—A day of recovery from the wine, from Anthony's ingratitude, from the mystery resisting watchfulness, from Esau's abuse, from the disrespectful behavior of the servants, from Phillis's exposure of his sole, and from the general silence or unpleasant commentaries of the World as to his elevation, all ending with a determination to go to church next day, and begin the life of a very respectable member of society.

Sunday.—A day of gentle dreams—gentle agitation at the church in church, the observed of all observers; gentle hopes, gentle satisfaction with the look of things generally on going to bed at night.

Monday.—A day of something like enjoyment at last. He is never tired of exploring the different rooms and nooks, the stores, the cellars, any more than he grows weary of studying Anthony's bankbook. Anthony's plans for a new house, and Anthony's various Claudius—copies of which he finds torn up, while exploring the recesses of Anthony's waste paper basket.

Tuesday.—Eureka! he may cry. He has found it. He has found that which all men seek, and one in a million possibly gets—happiness. Fortune embarrasses. He sees everything through a delicious atmosphere—a magic atmosphere, that at one out things he doesn't like, and magnifies every one of his treasures to gigantic bulk. Rich as he is, he knows he is going to be richer, for he has a cunning instinct that "never deceives" him, and which whispers now he will get rid of Phillis, marry Clarissa, and become the doctor's heir. And *that* involves, very naturally, and as a mere matter of course, that he shall be also a magistrate, and take precedence in due time among his brother magistrates—perhaps, also, become M. P. Really, on the whole, a good day's work!

Wednesday.—A little reaction, which he doesn't care to acknowledge, but which makes him very glad when the solitude of the day is over—that he is no longer obliged to expect calls from the neighbor gentry, and can get to bed, and cause them all in his heart, if he likes. But no. Richard Sleuth couldn't do that. He respects his "superiors" too much, even though he may have to lick the dust off their shoes for a little while to propitiate them. And where would he be good sense if he did not? Isn't he going to be one of the "superiors?"

Thursday.—One prolonged yawn in every possible attitude and place.

Friday.—A very sensible idea worked out—that bides doesn't consist exclusively of dreaming you are in blue, in paint at least, of setting to work to obtain what you most fancy. Accordingly, Richard Sleuth, with a sigh, comes to the conclusion that even when you have a rental of two and sixty thousand pounds, he may be very miserable unless he can add something else—companions, society, friends, a wife, a recognized and respected position in men's eyes. And he determines to begin anew on Monday morning. Yes, he will take up his career of life in a practical manner, and take no more notice of the bliss of dreams.

And how did he begin?

Having noticed that Mrs. Milton said nothing about going away, a fear crossed his heart that she might have accepted of her purpose—say, that she might be in Phillis's confidence, and was waiting, with full knowledge and malice aforethought, as to his coming promises, and the duty of making him fulfil them.

An embarrassing position to most men; for had he not asked her to stay? and to stay in so earnest a manner that he was bound to receive it as a compliment should she yield! Well, he thought, it might be difficult to other people, but not at all difficult to him (Sleuth). He had worked his notions well out, during Sunday, on his second visit to church, and while the minister, on whose face Sleuth's eyes were wont to fall vacantly, was thinking he had never had a more attentive listener. And from that time, let us observe by the way, the clergyman's style of address of ceremonial calling, and before the week was over—the second week—people dropped in, or left their cards; and Sleuth was delighted. But he did not care to discover they were mostly persons in his own social predicament.

"Good morning, Mrs. Milton," he said, placing a gilt armchair for her in the drawing-room, whither he had gone after sending for her. "Charming day, and we are so cozy, aren't we?" sit down. And your pretty god-daughter, how is she? Take a glass of wine and a bit of cake?"

The housekeeper stared at him—stared at the cake and wine—frowned, and said nothing; for she didn't understand this altogether novel style of address from Mr. Sleuth to her. Also she didn't like it, and went on, only with increased zest.

"You have been a very faithful servant—perhaps I ought rather to say faithful friend—of my uncle. I am his heir, and I want to show you and Phillis—I mustn't forget Phillis—all the kindness I think you should have shown. So, now, what can I do for you? Tell me. Do you want more servants? Have them. I don't mind the expense. Carriage—anything. I don't see why you and Phillis shouldn't come in here of an evening, and sit with me, as you used to do with my cousin. It must be dull for Phillis, very dull. You must let me treat you both to the play occasionally, and have supper afterwards—very nice plan that—at an hotel, and, of course, all at my expense. Glad you approve. Now, that's very beautiful. I feel a kind of responsibility on me for her welfare. It's her birthday to-morrow. See; here are the cards and presents I mean to give her. What? It wouldn't be right for me to do it, you know, as they are valuable."

The housekeeper's speech was uttered in a kind of low, unctuous, affectionate tone, that increased most naturally the housekeeper's surprise, and it was some time before she could collect in her mind what to do. Meantime, her ins seemed to double inwards with the stern pressure to which they were subjected, and her outs to grow larger. What, however, he appeared to have said all he had to say, she got up with a kind of resentful fluttering dignity, declared very coldly that she would go to Phillis, and let him know what they both thought, before they went to bed, of he "great kindness."

Away she went to the room where Phillis was sitting, with her lap full of needlework, bit which she had not touched for the moment she heard of her godmother's summons.

How anxiously she waited and watched for the time to return! and how her self-pity, to behave the dark, stormy face that re-entered the room.

"There! put up your work. It's the tea you'll have to-night, I promise you. Now look at me! Where's my keys? Have them strapdowned out for the trunks there. Gibbs!" she called to the servant in the hall, "put down the keys, undow, and he came from the stable there to have standing outside.

Phillis took places in the couch to-morrow morning to the Swan with Two Necks, Lad Lane. Mind you book the places beforehand, and pay for them."

Gibbs promised, and went away; and then drs. Milton shut down the window with a great noise, turned, and let loose the full force of her rage on poor Phillis.

"You're a nice, creditable young woman to bring out into the world as I was told you? There! Hod your tongue! Don't talk to me, you hussey! What! nothing less than diamonds will content you, eh, my lady? Pretty notice you'll pay for 'em! For shame! for shame! I didn't think anybody belonging to me would have so disgraced the family! No, that I didn't!"

And then Phillis saw the poor old lady was no longer able to restrain her tears.

"Tell me, I beg of you, what is it? what is the matter?" murmured Phillis, with quivering voice, dreading she knew not what.

"Much obliged to you, *my lady*, I'm sure"—she put a most exasperating emphasis on the words "my lady"—"and also to your noble protector. Is that the word now-a-days? They used ogther ones in my village when I was a gal. Disgusting! But there, there's no end to the goodness of the man! He wants me—sis—ME!"—she almost screamed out the last word in her ascending tornado of passion,—"to be a party, I suppose, to the sticking you upstairs to play the lady, while I look on—the wretch!"

By degrees Phillis got out what it was that had so wounded her godmother. And as she saw, as she supposed, the whole truth—that Sleuth had actually only been preparing the way for the announcement that they were to be married—she listened with increasing animation of face, with quivering nostril, with an almost painful catching of her breath, in the joyous exultation and consciousness of relief, that threatened a new explosion on the part of the wrathful housekeeper.

"I must go and thank him," said Phillis was hurrying away.

"Sit down. I dare you to go to him!"

"I must—I must, indeed. You don't know. You mistake him—you do, indeed. Don't be angry. Don't be afraid. I'll be back presently, and you shall say then you are sure it all ashamed of me."

She kissed her wondering godmother's troubled and unresisting face, and a minute after was in the drawing-room, where the cunning Sleuth waited—a little nervous, but, on the whole, hopeful as to his proposition he had precipitated.

"What is this, Richard?" she said, the moment she had closed the door.

"Really, Phillis, you should ask her that. I never felt so angry in my life. There was I, at the moment I saw the war clear, trying to make friends with her, offering her everything I could think of, and venturing to hope for as to ask her to give you a pair of diamond ear-rings—cost no end of money—and she sets up her back at me like a wild cat, and grows as if she didn't know what evil, and about which I have a good mind to say I don't care. He's too bad!"

Had Phillis any idea her lover was feeling less anger and mortification than he professed? Or was she still prepared to keep alive her faith in him?—a faith which, as she had to say to many a faultless person—perhaps not even free from actual crime—but still a man who loved her, and whom she felt, on that condition, she too could love.

There was a little pause, during which Phillis looked wistfully at Sleuth, who winced a little, and tried to evade her look. But she came close to him, put her hand into his arm, and said, with earnest, beseeching eyes:

"Richard Sleuth, if you love me these things are nothing. Tell me, do you?"

"DO I?" burst Sleuth in reply.——"

"Richard, say it again. You don't know how sweet it is to me."

Sleuth looked down on the pretty, tearful, but joyous face, which looked up so lovingly and trustingly to him, and he found it hard to utter the words "my love" ready on his lips. And she, watching the change of his face, saw that, and recobbled her caresses, though with a certain modesty, in the entire belief it was only the consequences of her godmother's folly that she was thus driving off.

And if one really could get to such heart as Sleuth's—and probably probably never will—Phillis's image alone rested there. Even now, with her winning, pliant, gentle form hanging about him, and caressing him, he was unable to do the more he had shaped out for himself in the hard spirit he had first intended, and so they got talking over the affair, and ended by agreeing that Milton's intention to leave the house the next day.

Poor Phillis! With what delight she saw his face grow clearer and clearer, as she talked to him! How re-assured she became as to her power over him! How she loved her, and said:

"She may do as she likes, but it won't change me! No, not a bit. And Phillis, darling, perhaps it will be best you to go away for a bit. If she, stupid old woman, made such mistakes, why wouldn't the world do, which is not only stupid, but malignant?"

"Phillis, you are best to me, and it'll be better for both of us. I am a gentleman, now—that brings responsibilities. You must learn to be a lady. I'll send you any money you want, secretly."

"No, Richard, that mustn't be?"

"Very well. Then, you do manage, all by yourself, to pick up what you want, it'll be only a greater proof of your superior nature. Don't cry. I shall write to you?"

"And how long?"

"Oh, who can answer that? You must be sure I shall want to hear from you. This place is dreary even as it is—what'll it be when you are gone? I must get to know people. Get over the time. Think about the property, and Anthony, and me, before I try them with another nine days' wonder about you. But mind, I stick to the arrangement—secret. See what we've got by only trying to break through it too soon. Stupid old woman, so to mistake me! I won't have your godmother's name or mine. No, mind that, Phillis, you had better mind what I say, or you'll find me queer."

"No, Richard, and will trust you. Richard, so long as trust is possible."

"And that'd be for ever, pussy!"

And Sleuth began with his usual affectionate *pur* then to comfort her.

And so with such talk the lovers kissed and parted; but with the understanding that Sleuth managed to wring out of her, that as Mrs. Milton was to be left in her present benighted state, therefore, after this, no other except a public and formal leave-taking was to take place.

As Phillis went back to her godmother, to abuse out a statement that should meet the double demands upon her, while saying she was ready to go off home to Cumberland, Sleuth stood at the door kissing his hands as she turned at the end of the corridor to look back; and as she disappeared, he returned to the drawingroom, saying:

"She's safe for a few months, at all events. Now for Miss Clarissa" and he gave a little leap as he revelled in the thought of his management of these two women in the kitchen.

CHAPTER XLIX.—RICHARD SLEUTH IN SEARCH OF A FRIEND.

TEN tears—really natural ones—called forth, as he parted with Phillis next morning, had scarcely dried away before he was rolling along on the Brighton down but safe pony, that he had borrowed, to speak Irishly, of Esau. He was learning to ride, and the process troubled him more than he cared to own. However, he kept a good face on the matter, whatever his sufferings and qualms, and he reached Pettersham without an accident.

It was awkward that he should have to slink in by the stable-yard entrance, but he dared not court Miss Pompeus' difficile on his equestrian arrangements and skill; so he silly evaded all notice by adopting the mode of entrance we have indicated—the back way.

He sent in his card, with "Mr. Sleuth's most respectful compliments, and could he see the doctor?"

The doctor was at lunch. It must be owned the doctor was generally found at something of the sort, when not in his magisterial capacity, on horseback, or in bed. He read little. Indeed, what occasion had he to read, when he knew, by present himself, pretty well all men could tell him?

Sleuth was at once introduced to the dining-room, and found the doctor busy at lunch, while Clarissa was reading to him an article about the treatment of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena. Any one could see with the doctor's eyes—poor as a good deal. "He hated Bonaparte," he said, "but he loved magnanimity."

Sleuth caught the sound of the phrase pleased him, as it evidently pleased his daughter, and repeated it just a Sleuth entered, and so put himself in a good temper for the reception of his visitor.

"Good morning!—hem!—good morning, Mr. Sleuth. Sit down and join me."

Sleuth did so, and was not sorry to see Clarissa, after a polite but cold bow, leave the room.

Two minutes or two Sleuth found it easier to discuss the state of the Emperor at St. Helena than his own state, in his present magnificent isolation; and the doctor was too polite to refer to any business that had brought Mr. Sleuth, he said, he might seem to be treating him not as a guest.

With a good deal of flurry in his manner, heat in his face, and stammering in his speech, Sleuth at last began to try once more what his oratory was worth.

"Dear Compeus, I—I hope—no, I mean I'm sure—your politeness, your fatherly friendship—"

"Sir!" said the doctor, icily, and turning his chair half round, he took the better at Sleuth, and learn what he meant.

Sleuth gave a little gulp, as it were, in his throat, and by continuing all his prospects, remembered how he had talked to a more terrible man—his uncle—and at a much more critical time. He resolved to make an attempt.

"I beg pardon, doctor. I am, as you know, not a gentleman born. I—I think my blood is—is respectable, but I confess, it isn't aristocratic; but I am ashamed of what I have said."

"No, sir, I should think not, indeed! Hem!"

"No, doctor; I'm proud of them, in a reasonable way, and I respect those who are superior to me."

"Do you no harm, sir, to be always proud of them!"

"I stand—that is, I sit—corrected. But as I was saying, or meant to say, I was but a poor chemist's assistant when my uncle took me by the hand, and said he would make a man of me, and a gentleman; and he would—doctor, excuse these tears—but I feel he would. He was a strong man, and he could do more difficult things than that."

"Hem! Yes, sir."

"But he was poorly, you see, doctor, and he naturally looked for me to help him in hospital, up, and I wouldn't stand in his way—no, not Anthony's, nothing as he is now; and it was I who wrote to Anthony when poor uncle was dying, and urged him to come."

"I believe that, Mr. Sleuth; and—hem!—I think it was very creditable on your part. Go on."

But Sleuth couldn't go on just for a minute. He was obliged to wait for Providence to send him emotion at the doctor's stern manner. But, as he mastered himself, he was again able to speak.

"Forgive me, doctor, but I am much used to kindness, and your words just then cut me to the core. I do so want to do the right thing, and the gentlemanly thing, and be good with the wealth God has given to me; but—but I want a kind, polite friend in the world to help me and advise me, and I'm so desolate, I almost wish you'd try to persuade Anthony to come back and take it all again, and let me be as I was—his faithful and humble friend!"

Sleuth stopped, and, overpowered at his own pathos, laid down his head on the doctor's table, and wept.

The doctor wiped his glasses, which were growing moist, got up, walked to the window, and looked out contemplatively, and thus gave the unhappy young man time to recover.

"Hem! Mr. Sleuth, could I be of any service to you?"

"You! Oh, doctor, I dare not hope it! No, no. You can't demean yourself to take me by the hand. No. It is only your great kindness and Christian charity that makes you feel for me. But I'm not one to take a mean advantage. No; I have a soul above that. But, oh, Doctor Pompeus, if you would, out of your great knowledge

and condescension, only take me and my case into your consideration for a few minutes! It do so want a kind, and wise, and good man to tell me what I shall do, to inspire me with proper sentiments, and to be to me an example—a bright and shining light for me in all my wanderings."

"Hem! hem! hem!"

"I'm worth, Doctor Pompeus, a hundred and sixty thousand pounds, and I want to be shown what to do with it. Shall I expend this wondrous gift on prodigacy, or in ridiculous excess, as the poet says, or shall I make it subserve"—Sleuth had a liking for that, to him, newly-discovered word, and repeated it—"subserve the venerated constitution and institutions of the country—the duties of the country gentleman, the pleasures of a modest domestic life?"

That last bit finished the business. The doctor came to him, held out his hand, and said:

"Mr. Sleuth, my *very good friend*"—oh, the delicious sound of the words to the happy listener—"whatever help I can render you I think it a duty and a joy. Hem! I've much in my way, but I am a man of truth, and speak only that which I mean. You have, I regret to say, very much to learn."

"Oh, yes!" interrupted Sleuth, with clasped hands. "But do you think I might learn?"

"Here! Yes, I think you may. It is much when a man sees his deficiencies. You don't know how to speak as a gentleman."

"No, doctor, I am so thankful! Go on."

"You don't know how to speak to a gentleman."

"Gospel truth, doctor. I own it. But I will—that is, if you'll condescend to tell me."

"You neither come into a room, nor go out of one, except with the air of a man who is ashamed of himself. Now, sir, if I were to do the most pitiful act in the world, I wouldn't be ashamed of it! If, I say."

"I—I quite understand. Oh, doctor, this is a great day for me! I shall go back with a happy heart, and be a proud man."

"And, Sleuth, mind"—the doctor dropped the "Mr.," and Sleuth responded to the increased familiarity with a grateful smile—"I think I never saw a man so very unpleasant, when out of the togetherncomptible, as you when you address a lady. A lady, sir, likes to see a man a *man*, but also a *gentleman*."

"Yes, sir, I perceive. Oh, yes!" And Sleuth looked as if his eye saw through unfathomable distances to the bright and particular star of Truth that the doctor indicated. "Don't spare me, sir. Don't spoil the child, for I am but a child in the ways of the world."

"I know, Sleuth, all that's unpleasant. These things were on my mind, and—hem!—would probably have prevented our having the honour of receiving your visits here, but—but for this very touching, very"—well, I will say it—very manly appeal. For to substance it is manly to confess the truth, however annoying. Sleuth, I offer you my hand."

Sleuth grasped it so suddenly he saw the doctor wince. Then he winced visibly himself, dropped the hand in a fright, and as suddenly regained it. The doctor went on:

"Come here when you like. Hem! You won't mind, for a little while, my taking the liberty to say I am engaged when you call, if I don't want to see you. My daughter may do as you good, if you can only make her acquaintance."

"She's an angel!"

"She's a lady, Mr. Sleuth, and I'm her father; and if you make any more remarks of that kind—hem!—"

He saw the pained face, and his heart smote him.

"Well—well—well. Rome was not built in a day. And I mustn't expect too much. "I will consider the whole subject carefully."

Sleuth was shamed. He thought that meant going back. Then he was mistaken.

"Hem. Perhaps a few hints—hem!—written one—for a young man whose social education has been somewhat neglected. You may, may he not? We will see to that. Come. Let us find Miss Pompeus, and I will introduce you to her under your own roof as a friend of the family, who craves friendly sympathy and support under arduous circumstances. Come."

CHAPTER L.—UNDER THE WHEEL.

TRUE: Anthony is indeed under it—writhing in anguish of mind, being enhanced by the recollection of his late exultation on the topmost rail, when he seemed almost unto himself a spectacle for gods and men—illustrating how fortunate human nature could be.

Whirl is he doing just now? Why, he is toiling on along on the road to Oxford, having just quitted London.

And why alone? Where is Esau? Anthony does not know. The boy had left him when they reached London; and as Anthony suspected, in order to relieve him of the burden of maintenance. Day by day Anthony returned from his many wanderings to the cheap lodging—a bedroom in a poor but clean house in Chelsea—he looked for the lad's bright and cheering face, but he found him not; and at last he felt constrained to own it was most probable Esau thought he could do better without Anthony's aid than with it, and was making fortune in his own way, and alone.

What a terrible place Anthony thought London on this occasion! He could scarcely believe that it was there he had spent so many days, and became indulgent, hours, with boon companions, who agreed but on one thing—to put off to the morrow all care.

He had come with a settled and clear purpose—namely, to go to every man he knew of any respectability of character, carefully shunning all other acquaintances, and see whether, after letting them know of his position, they could suggest how he might earn his bread.

At first he was delighted with the hospitable reception, even after he had told, with manly frankness, of his downfall, lest the fact might not have reached them. But as soon as the first glow of feeling had passed off, he could not but discover they were one and all immersed in their own affairs, whether of business or pleasure, and, while very willing to see him at their tables, or even to take an occasional bed in their houses, were not the least disposed to go into practical matters—such as he yearned to hear.

But he determined to go the whole round of his acquaintances, in spite of these disappointments, and then they saw him no more! He had failed to discover a single opening.

But he had Oxford still to fall back on. There he had played the gentleman, and, being a few youthful pranks, had played the part not discreditably. He had been, in short, about three debts, fortunately, he had been able to pay, during his brief period of prosperity, out of the sideboard estate. He was not aware that his conscience did not in the least feel hurt that Sleuth might say it was out of his money. He should be glad to find, for a time, a home with Anthony by a prior right, for the alderman had not only sent him to Oxford, but continued his offence by telling him, on one occasion, he could "afford to wash" him, and then—. But then came the worse offence, that caused Anthony to be ejected from the kitchen.

He was going to Oxford. What for? To play the part Mr. Babington had done in? To certificate a hundred pounds, and have unwilling pockets by arts as contemptible as those of his quondam acquaintance and brother collegian?

If he could get employment in the service of the centre of business, was it likely he could do any good among youthful students, who could only be taught by men who had failed?

He had pondered over every possible kind of industry. Literature? He had no ability for it. The professions? He was not prepared with means. For trade? And as to trade, that was just what he had been exploring with such lamentable results. Emigration, perhaps? In a subject, even the post of riding master to a Western house, he thought of, and sought for, but obtained neither engagement nor promise of any.

The army? Yes, that was the one seductive thought that kept Anthony in heart; for not only did he think he should make a good officer, but he had just cool hunt hope of a commission. Had a young aristocratic friend, who had once urged Anthony, in his time of bitter disappointment, to offer officially to the Duke of Wellington for regiment which was commanded by his brother, who, he was sure, would sympathise with his poverty and his misfortune, and promptly give him the support a man so situated must have. Anthony was afraid he could not live on his pay, however good a soldier he might be, but still that the prospect was attractive, for, to tell the truth, it was one that led, so he fancied—by a circuitous route—to Clarissa, and the possession of Clarissa.

Why, then, does he stop now on the brow of the hill, which has just brought him within sight of the dreaming towers and spires of ancient Oxford? Is it because he has read not one, but two paragraphs in a newspaper, that he had come across in a waggon, and where he had expended his last money—twopence—in a roll and a glass of ale?

These are the paragraphs:

"Rumor is busy in a certain neighborhood, not a hundred miles from the metropolis, with the murder and disfigurement of a gentleman—some heaven save the mark!—who had suddenly passed from a state of great prosperity to entire indigence. It is said he had in his pocket-book, found on the very first hour of his coming to the house where he is at present lodging, a document by which he was able to hold all against the rightful possessor. And that when this document was first found, by accidentally made, and under circumstances that might be called really providential—he not only expressed no regret, but, on the contrary, seemed but abused the man he had wronged; and who, from the last letter received, had been given him a handsome sloe of the property, if he had only exhibited an appropriate degree of sorrow. Sorrow he is gone, and the neighborhood is well rid of him. His successor promises to be quite a blessing to the whole town, and the darkness by which he had all the old women of the neighborhood to dine with him, and each found half-a-crown under her plate.

That was the way in which rumors dealt with Anthony; and Anthony, as he read it, seemed to feel as if a great load was taken from the sky and overspread the whole earth.

And what was the other paragraph? Seemingly very unimportant one. Only a name among the list of deaths. But this name was the name of his one friend—his last hope and refuge.

"On the 20th inst., of disease of the heart, very gentle seemed to say, "I contend no longer! Life is not worth all this to me."

The sun was just fading in a rich trail of glory. He watched it even as he bent his head on his elbows, which were supported on his knees—watched it fade and fade, and the darkness slowly steal on and envelope everything, saw the stars come out, felt the fresh but chilly breath of evening, and shivered; but still he sat, even when he could gaze no longer.

And then lower and lower sank the head—lower and lower sank the once stately form of Clarissa's future husband, his hopes of a future—were they not all as rich and glowing as that sunset?—and, overcome by mental pain, he was down! The sun would rise again; his sun—never! never!

Tears—bitter tears, oozed forth. He could have done all but to be weak. Some one of the old Greek heroes was dear to him in one sense—he was unpolluted by any act of dishonour—it might be dishonourable to weep, but he could and was gone now. His name stank in the place where he had been so happy and so much respected—so much looked up to.

He knew that he ought to spring up with fresh activity, and take fate, as it were, by the throat, and compel her to obedience and justice. He only dropped down lower and lower, where he sat till there seemed but a hopeless man, like a rock of stone, visible through the darkness.

How long he remained in that terrible stupor of soul, he knew not. When he was awakened from it, it was by a light touch on his shoulder.

"Esau!"

In an instant he was on his feet.

"See! ~ quick! they're after me! Let me hide!"

The boy was panting with affright and swift running.

"They?—who?" And Anthony vainly strove to pierce the darkness above the long whitish slope of the road, up which he and Esau had come.

"There they are!" again panted Esau. "Don't you hear the horse and the carts?"

"They shan't touch you. Stay, Esau; don't be a coward?"

Anthony laid his hand upon the boy's shoulder, who was trembling in his excitement, and said:

"They must deal with me before they touch you. Why, Esau, I used to think you the bravest lad I had ever met with."

Esau was unaccountably silent, and before Anthony could get any explanation, a cart drove up containing two men, who instantly leaped out, leaving the horse, which seemed to have been trained to stand during ticklish operations.

The first man who approached needed but to speak a single word to be known to the boy. He is also well known to us as Bob the Ostler. The single word was:

"Esau!"

"What do you what with this lad?" demanded Anthony.

"What's that to you? Curse your impudence! Ain't I his parent? What do you want with him, my bully boy?"

"Esau, is that true? Is he your father?"

The lad's hands were cold and damp, Anthony felt. He pressed them, and tried to reassure the boy.

"I don't want to go with him! I won't go!"

"Then you shan't!" said Anthony. "There, my friends, you have your answer, and had better go."

"Hore's a pretty cock of the walk! Jim, let's have the coves up for assault! Here you son mine, and he shall feel it, if seeing won't do."

Jim's pistol was heard only too plainly. Anthony tried to reason with them, but they only laughed.

Suddenly, when he had turned to see what Bob was at—as—a—a—a—threatening movement towards Esau—he found his arms pinioned from behind by a grasp so powerful, that after a mighty struggle he relaxed all effort, and felt he was powerless—weakened, as he had been, by hunger and sorrow.

"Are your manage him for a couple of minutes?"

"Can I? Ax him!" was the reply of Bob's worthy associate.

"Run, Esau, run!" shouted Anthony.

But it was too late. Bob had stepped him up at the first sign of movement, and the lad, in spite of his struggles—which were still accompanied by a reticence—was being forced to Esau's old habits, and that amazed Anthony, even amidst all the distractions of the moment—was carried in the father's arms to the cart, and tied fast in it, as Anthony could hear by the remark:

"There, you varmint! You'll run away again from your parents, will you? We'll give you a roll you? All right, Jim. Let him go. I'm ready for him if he meddles with you."

But Jim had no thought of securing his personal safety. With a very slight effort, yet one that only a skilful, probably professional, pugilist could so accomplish, he despatched an Ordinary, who was wary and watchful for any chance that might offer, he suddenly, without relaxing his grasp, threw himself backwards over the rough ground, and so disturbed the latter's balance, that when he let go and slipped aside and struck Anthony on the temple, the latter could do no other than go headlong to the earth.

In an instant he was on his feet pursuing the man in spite of his weapon. But Jim reached the side of the cart, and Anthony, who stopped a little way off, and cried to Esau:

"Seek me at the Magnet, Esau, if you can't tell me where to find me!"

They were driving off when again Anthony called out:

"Esau! Esau! what's his name?"

"Ax the baldermen's ghost, and he'll tell you, and spell it for you, if yer ain't a scholar—Dye hear? S-T-O-K-E-S!"

"Stop, stop! one moment, I conjure you! Esau, Esau! My kinsman, brother! I'll find you if I trust you were the world."

No answer. The ruffians had gagged the boy.

AN APPLICATED ENTITION.—The Charlottesville (Va.) Chronicle says: "A desperate war has broken out that surrounds him: "Charlottesville is fairly entitled to be called the literary centre of the South. There is, at the University alone, with its learned faculty, a score on all sorts of subjects. Then we have two large female seminaries of the very highest character, or forty things ending in —ology. Then we have some half-dozen first-class academies for boys. Then several local societies. Then a number of schools for the English branches. And then the whole colored population, of all ages, is literally a big, black school. Every b-a-b-b-a, b-b-o, b-b-l; l-a-d-d-e; d-o-g-d-o-g-g—and so on, from morning to night, is the lesson in orthography. There are some four or five schools in operation, and the whole mass darkens every door with primers in their hands. If we pass a blacksmith's shop we hear a-n-v-i-l and e-n-g-i-n-e. Mr. Grey has shrewd up lumber here. If you send a little negro boy on an errand, he is spelling everything he meets in one syllable. The little white boys look at them wonderingly and try to cut them. In a month or so we expect to issue an evening edition of the Chronicle in syllables, to increase our circulation—perhaps a pictorial, with tabs and spades, and ants and cows, and owls and bats—like the primers.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THERE is a Methodist preacher out West who is praise is thus sounded by a contemporary:

"We have repeatedly heard the most famous men in America, but there are times when the flame of his genius lacks the everlasting hills with a roar that moves a mountain to sleep, he has enchanted his auditors.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By struggles of two opposite desires—
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

JOHN BILLINGS ON SHANGHAIS.—The shanghi reaster is a gentle, and speaks in a forun tung. He is the son of Emperor Tien Sung Hill cruser. He has but bin with legs he was resembul the peruvian lama. He has a long tail, and can't quite make sense of what he best in a ruff and tumble fite; like the injins that kan stand civilization, but not the sivvies. He has reost on the ground similar tew the mud-turkle. The otten are fond of him, and use him for a pet, and when they dew they cuter the ground like a pickaxe. Their favorite food is angle-worms. He duz not like a jackass troubled with the bronkeseucks. The will eat a hoss-fly with a perfect stoical indifference. He will sit down rite oph tew keep from tipping over. The are dredfully unhandy to keep, for when you go to put them to a time, you hunt got them awl into a poken fit to hold. The female reaster lays a egg as big as a kokanut, and as sickt as a rock afterwards, and when the chickens first come out they shanghai, which is a brood over them standing, and then kust kluer bull ye them, the rest stay around on the outside, like bum around a circus tent, setting a peep under the awnings. Then one day a Yankee man who first brought the reasters into the country cought on to the game, and he shanghaid a hen, and got six grasshoppers cawht by hand. I never owned but one reaster, and he got his death by a kick in the abdomin, but not till he had swallowed 18 cent or it. Not long afterwards he died, and as he could not raise board a traveling colporter, who was burnrd, roasted bole, and stuffed with a pair of onjun roasters, and has not since shanghaid the rest on a shanghai.

The latest French story is briefly this: Monsieur X., intemperate fearer, is found dead in bed, apparently for many hours as a log. Physicians are beldide; no go. Funeral ordered; procession of village. Then one thing and then another with mourners since citizens admire his character, and so does curate their mourning is shaped. Curate of Saint X., dainty and sweet 16-grassant combination—and ceremonies begin. Curate about to be said, when heard inside undertakers fly; courageous doctor raises himself on his elbow and says, well, well, very thirsty; found daughter suddenly exclaims men *pere*; rejoicings of everybody; denouement; reward of virtue.

A man was found sleeping on the street stepped on a piece of melon skin and fell to the pavement. "Thank God," the fearer, "there's another left." there's another individual trying to do the European tour at home—and without a trip to Canada?"

A CLERK in a New York mercantile establishment relates a colloquy from which a sprightly youth in his employ came out second best. A poor boy came along with his machine, inquiring:

"Any boots to-day, sir?"

"Don't think we have," replied the young gentleman, "but perhaps you can't you sharpen wits?"

"Yes, if you've got any," was the prompt response, leaving the interrogator rather at a loss to produce the article.

A CLERGYMAN and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church on a day lately when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on the ice. The minister, looking on with concern, and being assured that he was not much hurt, said to him:

"Friend, I cannot help thinking that you—"

The old south man looked up, as if to assure himself that he had not, and said:

"I see they do, but I can't."

"Always buy your chestnuts blued," said Mrs. Grover to Abimelech, who was about investing a penny in that commodity, "cause the raw ones want to be cooked, and the cooked ones want to be warmed, so you'll get with the blued ones it don't make no difference—worms can't hurt nobody when they're biled."

A LETTER writer describing the fashionable costumes worn at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, says:

He observed that the prevailing style of garter was blue."

The style of the dress enabled him to make the observation.

DR.——, on one occasion, received no fee for curing a certain gentleman of a bad leg, and thus several months after in social gathering took up the theme and exclaimed:

"I believe I have a mortgage on this child!"

Whereupon, rather than have an explanation before the company, quietly handed over a five dollar bill.

TOPEN'S EXCUSE.

"Then the Lord old Noah said,
The water now tastes very bad,
You must have been drinking brandy
All beasts and sinners in their sin—
Departing in a hurry, Lord I vow
I would prefer some other drink."

A LONDON paper says that "her Majesty is still pleased to search for the late Prince Consort!"

THE PUNCTUAL MAN.—Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all the transactions through life. He amassed a large fortune by untiring industry and punctuality. At the advanced age of 70 years was resting quietly on his bed, and calmly waiting to be called home. He had previously arranged with every arrangement for his decease and burial. He had selected the hymn he would like to have sung, and fixedness in his society, when one of his sons observed: "Father, you will probably live but one day or two; is it not well for you to name your bearers?"

"Yes, my son," said the dying man; "it is well thought of, and I will do it now."

He gave the names of six, the number and size of the hearse, and then upon his pillow.

A gleam of thought passed over his sunburned features, like a dark cloud over the ocean's azure noon. My son, read me the list. Is the name of Mr. Wiggins there?"

"Yes, father."

"Then strike it off!" said he, emphatically, "for he was a mean man, and would not be a bearer to me now, and he might hinder the procession a whole hour."

THE Duke of Wellington's palace at the ancient capital of France, the tapestry frequently presents the arms of the Bourbons, surmounted by the dignity of an apartment in the palace of the ex-Duke of Angoulême, the grandson of Louis XV., in which a man is seen running after Noah, and calling out, "My good friend, I am starving; pray give me something to eat."

SOMEBODY has found out a new way of taking pictures, by which they can be taken better in the dark. Why don't they try home. A photographer has missed several from the frames that hang by his door, and is determined to have the next one.

WHEN IS A MAN DRUNK?—The Troy *Press* furnishes the following conversation which took place in the street car in that city. It settles the much disputed question—"When is a man drunk?"

Lawyer—What Mr. Graham drunk?

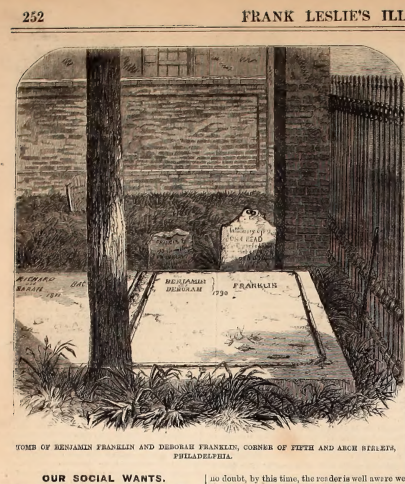
Witness—(Metaphysically)—Well, I'll tell you. I don't think he was drunk, because it is pretty hard to tell when a man is really drunk.

Is—Then you have got enlarged ideas on the subject of drunk?

W.—Yes, sir. I call a person sober as long as he can walk straight and not stagger.

Is—Then you say he don't lail in the gutter?

W.—Yes, sir; and don't catch hold of the grass to keep himself from rolling over!



TOMB OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND DEBORAH FRANKLIN, CORNER OF FIFTH AND ARCH STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

OUR SOCIAL WANTS.

GROWTH, to be perfect, must be uniform. When one member of a body increases in size more rapidly than the others, the result is deformity. On the other hand, when the growth of one part is retarded, while the whole increases, that which should be a limb is only an excrescence. And this is true, not only of animal and vegetable but also of social life, and of the conditions of civilization among which we exist.

A great city is planted near the sea, in a position unsurpassed for natural beauty, for safety and for accessibility to the vast interior country that lies behind it, no less than to the fleets from foreign nations that flock thither to trade. Its growth is at first slow. The crest of the ridge which, on each side slopes gradually to the waters washing its shores, becomes naturally the chief, as it is, the most commanding thoroughfare. The streets leading from this ridge to the edges of the waters have their position and direction determined almost by chance; a sequestered path, leading to meadows beyond the city limits, becomes, in time, a lane, and that, in its turn, a street, keeping for ever the tortuous course originally given it; or some rampart, in early times designed to repel a lurking enemy, bestows alike its name and its direction on its modern descendant.

But, in process of time, this city grows and becomes famous, and the length of its streets is measured by miles instead of yards. Still, as before, the leading thoroughfare lies along the ridge, and the streets diverging from it to the right and left increase in length. Their direction, however, is no longer an affair of caprice. In proportion as the city recedes from the apex of the triangular piece of land on which it stands, so do its dimensions in width increase, and an uniform plan is laid down by law, according to which the growth longitudinally follows the lines of certain avenues, and laterally by equidistant streets.

So far in our goodly city of New York, of which, no doubt, by this time, the reader is well aware we are writing, its growth has been well cared for as regards its uniformity. As the avenues have increased in length, houses and habitations of various degrees of beauty and usefulness have lined their sides, while the cross streets, reaching from the waters on the east to those on the west, have few vacant spots yet unbuilt upon. All this, so far, is most excellent. A splendid city has sprung up, and its increase, during the past few years, seems almost like a work of enchantment; but when we come to look at the means provided for moving from place to place in this immense hive of humanity, the disproportion, the want of harmony between the enormous distances, and the means of overcoming them, strike a stranger with a sense of pain, even if the inconvenience be not brought home to him in a practical manner. The complaint, to be sure, is not a new one. For some years past it has been periodically brought before the public in many and various forms. The true remedy will in time, and perhaps very speedily, be applied; and the wonder of people will then be that they had so long endured an evil, of which the cure was so simple.

The development, however, of the means of transportation naturally, and in the first place, takes the direction of the chief lines of travel, and those are, "up-town" and "down-town." Whether the street cars perform all they were designed for we do not intend now to discuss, nor whether—a still wider question—they perform their duties in the best possible manner. But, certainly, they do carry, in some way or other, from their homes to their daily business, and from business to their homes, an enormous number of those who, but for the facilities (such as they are) thus afforded them, would be compelled to lose much valuable time in walking. All, however, do not want to go "down-town," to attend to business, or prefer to do so at their leisure, and society is assuming a phase in which the numbers of these are rapidly increasing, and what are they to do? What, again, are those to do who wish to go "across town," to travel laterally and not longitudinally, in this good city of Gotham? Suppose you are in Union square, a heavy shower of rain comes on, or some pressing occasion calls you to the foot of Fourteenth street, N. B., how are you to go there? Only a choice of evils awaits you. Walk, and get wet through, for the benefit of your doctor possibly, and certainly of your milliners, madam, or of your tailors, sir, and of your own great discomfort and cost; or call a heavy, lumbering vehicle, fit only for a funeral procession, from which it has probably just returned, and be charged a dollar, besides enduring the insolence of one of the most insolent set of men in the city.

Yet our vaunted civilization can produce nothing better than this. If you want a vehicle, for ever so short a distance, you are condemned to violate your sense of *fitness* by hiring two horses, when one would answer every purpose, and a carriage that holds four persons (six for funeral occasions) when one of half the size would be more than enough. And you are charged in proportion, not of your need, but of the need of the man that drives you. Even this miserable excrescence of our society, the two-horse carriage or hackney coach (we believe that in London the last of the species is preserved as a curiosity in one of the museums), is not always to be procured when dire necessity compels a quick journey out of the car routes.

Imagine yourself in Madison square or Wall street, through the exigencies of business five minutes behind time for the steamboat at one of the piers on the North River; you would probably pay five dollars rather than miss the last chance of getting home that night; but fifty will not procure you the means of atoning, by a horse's speed, for your unpardonable delay.

What, then, shall we do to get rid of this blot upon our character as a go-ahead people? What shall we substitute for the massive, lumbering, two-horse concerns, fit only for civic or funeral processions, that render life a burden to those compelled to use them? Is there no escape from the exorbitant charge of fifty cents per mile for one, and twenty-five cents for each additional person? Is there no cure for tire personal abuse with which a payment of the legal fare is received, or the insolence with which its double is generally demanded? Let us see.

If New York were the first and only city that had suffered from overgrowth, or in which the distances were too great for simple pedestrians, we might hesitate as to the solution of the problem. Fortunately it is not, and in the cab systems of London and Paris we may learn how other crowded and civilized communities avoid the evils from which we now suffer, and which have reached a height which imperatively demand reform.

Our illustration, No. 1, shows the average New York cab (gross misnomer) of the present day, in all its unwieldiness of breadth, and height, and length. Contrast with it illustration No. 2, of the average London Brougham cab, its lightness, its handiness, its one word, its adaptability; or No. 3, the Hansom cab, made to thread its way through crowded streets, take short turns, and catch flying trains against all odds of time and distances. Of these public conveyances there are in London over 5,000. Fancy New York with a thousand of the number, distributed at fifty convenient points between the Central Park and the Battery! Imagine the increased comfort in life; the enhanced value to real estate at points beyond the present termini of the street cars and the omnibuses; and the gratitude of the fair sex, who will not find it necessary any longer to renounce all acquaintances and friends living more than four "blocks" away.

In London the rates of the cab fare are regulated by the distance or by the time, at the option of the hirer. The numbers of the cabs are attached to them in large legible figures, and the police regulations in regard to them are hung conspicuously inside. The following are the rates of fare, reduced to currency at the present price of gold, for the convenience of our readers:

Fares by Distance for Two Persons.

Eighteen cents for any distance within and not exceeding one mile.

For any distance exceeding one mile, at the rate of eighteen cents for every mile, and for any part of a mile not completed.

The driver is to drive at a proper and reasonable speed, not less than six miles an hour, unless in cases of unavoidable delay.

Fares by Time for Two Persons.

For any time within and not exceeding one hour, seventy-two cents.

Eighteen cents for every fifteen minutes, or any part of fifteen minutes not completed, above one hour.

The driver may be required to drive at any rate not exceeding four miles an hour.

Of the regulations of this establishment, of the manner in which the rights and interests of the public are protected, of the easy and inexpensive remedy for complaints, it is not necessary now to enlarge. Many of these are only adapted to the locality where they prevail, and would be unsuited to the genius of our people, but when the system itself can once be grafted upon our community, the proper regulation of it will be a matter of little or no difficulty.

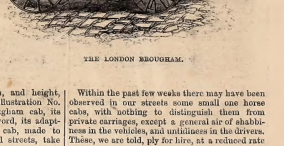
In Paris the system is again different, and we now proceed to describe it. The city is surrounded by barriers, and within these, a diameter of about six miles, only a single rate is charged;



THE NEW YORK COACH.

that is, you may go any distances within those bounds for a charge of thirty-seven cents in our currency. If any stoppage is made, however, the "course," as it is called, recommences. If hired by the hour the charge is sixty cents of our currency, and in hiring it is always advisable to agree with the driver whether you are to be carried by the "course," or by the hour.

One excellent regulation exists by which the driver is obliged to hand to each person engaging his cab a ticket bearing his number, so that any article left in the vehicle can be easily reclaimed, and the municipality gives, every year, a prize to the drivers who have most distinguished themselves by restoring lost property.

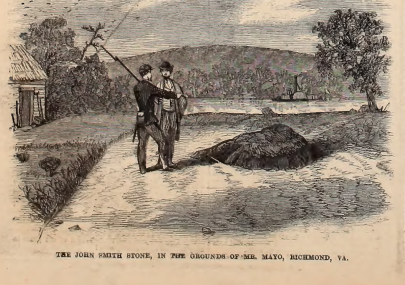


THE LONDON BROUGHAM.

Within the past few weeks there may have been observed in our streets some small one horse cabs, with nothing to distinguish them from private carriages, except a general air of shabbiness in the vehicles, and unhiliness in the drivers. These, we are told, ply for hire, at a reduced rate of fare from the large, lumbering concerns we, in the interests of the public, have condemned. It is reported that they are set up under some recent State law, and are owned by some company. Be this as it may, we hail these conveyances as the pioneers of a new and a better system. But let us exhort the proprietors to lay aside the timid, hesitating way in which they have come before their patrons. They need not blush for their enterprise, nor be ashamed of small beginnings. We assure them the public will welcome with enthusiasm anything in the shape of cheap and rapid means of locomotion. Let these cabs, if really for hire, have written upon them in large and legible characters that they are so. We recommend a large plate on the door, or on the back of the vehicle, bearing the number of the license, and the name of the company, if there be one, to whom the public is so much indebted. Above all things, let us know what their fares are, and let these be as low as is



THE LONDON HANSOM.



THE JOHN SMITH STONE, IN THE GROUNDS OF MR. MAYO, RICHMOND, VA.

consistent with a fair return on the capital. And let them not fear that the market can be overstocked, that too many cabs can be found in the streets, or on widely distributed stands, that the drivers can be too civil, that the horses can be too good, or their carriages too clean. Let us know where complaints can be made, where they will be respectfully listened to, and prompt remedies applied. Companies are organised for the prompt delivories of messages and parcels. Is the prompt conveyance of our bodies likely to meet with less public favor than these?

RAILROAD INCIDENT—THE METAMORPHOSIS.

We looked towards the young lady for a concluding tale of the train, and that Scheherezade of our compartment, without the least pretence of incapacity or hoarseness, commenced at once the following adventure,

"Although," she commenced, "I am often compelled to travel without a companion" (the commercial traveller sighed), "yet have I such a dislike to the company of babies and sick folk, that I never make a journey in the ladies' carriages. Only once, however, have I suffered any inconvenience through my unprotected condition, and that exception occurred very lately, and upon this very line. After I had taken my seat one morning at Paddington, in an empty carriage, I was joined, just as the train was moving off, by a strange-looking young man, with remarkably long flowing hair. He was, of course, a little hurried, but he seemed besides to be disturbed and wild that I was quite alarmed, for fear of his not being in his right mind, nor did his subsequent conduct at all reassure me. Our train was an express, and he inquired eagerly, at once, which was the first station whereat we were advertised to stop. I consulted my Bradshaw and furnished him with the required information. It was Reading. The young man looked at his watch.

"'Madam,' said he, 'I have but half an hour by your kind and courageous conduct you have saved my life, and, perhaps, even your own.'

"In another minute he was gone, and the train was in motion. Not till the next morning did I learn from the *Times* newspaper that the gentleman on whom I had operated as haircutter had committed a forgery to an enormous amount, in London, a few hours before I met him, and that he had been tracked into the express train from Paddington; but that, although the telegraph had been put in motion and described him accurately—at Reading, when the train was searched, he was nowhere to be found."

THE JOHN SMITH STONE.

WITH the march of improvement the old landmarks of our history are being swept away one by one, and, we regret to say, that we are not a people to perpetuate them, either by preservation upon the spots of their origination or by removing them to a museum.

The illustration we give is that of of the "John Smith Stone," to which an authentic legend has attached a peculiar interest, as the identical spot whereon the brave captain lay when about to be sacrificed to the ire of the great chief Powhatan, and from which fearful death he was rescued by the beautiful Pocahontas. The story is too familiar to be repeated, and we believe has never been disputed.

The stone is in grounds of Mr. Mayo, brother of the former Mayor of Richmond, and is within a mile or two of the city, and a spot that is visited by every sightseer who visits that now historical city.

THE INDIAN MESMERIST.

WHILST at BIJNORE, I was seized with an attack of tic-douloureux, and suffered all its extreme agonies. One of my host's servants informed me that there was a very clever native doctor in the village, who could immediately assuage any pain—

ITEMS OF TRAVEL—THE INDIAN MESMERIST.

lately heard of mesmerism, he said; but, years before he heard of it, he was in the habit of curing people by assuaging their pain. The gift had been given to him soon after he attained manhood. Thus, with one exception, and that was in the case of a Kerance—a half-caste—no patient had ever fallen asleep, or had become beehoh (unconscious), under his gaze. "The case of the half-caste," he went on to say, "alarmed me. He fell asleep for twelve hours, snoring like a man in a state of intoxication." I was not the first European he had operated upon, he said; that in Bareilly, where he formerly lived, he had afforded relief to many officers and to several ladies. Some had toothache, some tic-doloreux, some other pains. "But," he exclaimed, energetically, "the most extraordinary case I ever had, was that of a sahib who had gone mad—'drink delirious.' His wife would not suffer him to be strapped down, and he was so violent that it took four or five other sahibs to hold him. I was sent for, and, at first, had great difficulty with him and much trembling. At last, however, I looked his eyes up, as soon as I got him to look at me, and kept him for several hours as quiet as a mouse, during which time he had no brandy, no wine, no beer; and, though he did not sleep, he had a good long rest. I stayed with him for two days, and whatever I told him to do he did immediately. He had great sorrow on his mind, poor man. Three of his children had died of fever within one short week, and he had lost much money by the failure of an agency-house in Calcutta. There was a cattle sergeant, too, an European, whom I also cured of that drinking madness by looking up his eyes."

"What do you mean by looking-up his eyes?"

"Well, what I did with you; I looked up your eyes. When I got his eyes fixed on mine, he could not take them away—could not move."

"But can you look up any one's eyes in the way that you looked up mine?"

"No; not every body's. There was an artillery captain once who defied me to look up his eyes. I tried very hard; but, instead of looking up his, he looked up mine, and I could not move till he permitted me. And there was a lady, the wife of a judge, who had pains in the head, which I could not cure, because she locked up my eyes. With her I trembled much, by straining every nerve, but it was of no use."

RAILROAD INCIDENT—THE METAMORPHOSIS.

"Do you know any other native who has the same power that you possess?"

"Only three; but, I dare say, there may be hundreds in these provinces who have it, and who use it. And now, sahib," said the native doctor, taking from his kummerbund (the cloth that encircles the waist) a bundle of papers, "I desire to show you some of my certificates, at the same time to beg of you to pardon my apparent want of respect in appearing in your presence in this skull-cap, instead of a turban; but the fact is, that when I heard you were in such great pain, I did not think it humane to delay until I had adorned myself."

I proceeded to examine, very carefully, every one of his many certificates; not that I was in any way interested in them, but because I knew it would afford him great pleasure. In all, they were quite as numerous as those which English charlatans publish in testimony of their skill in extracting corns. They were more elaborate, however; for it is by the length of a certificate that a native judges of its value—just in the same way that Partridge, when Tom Jones took him to see Hamlet, admired the character of the King, because he spoke louder than any of the company, "anybody could see that he was a king." As for myself, I sat down and covered a whole sheet of foolscap in acknowledgment of my gratitude to Mustapha Khan Bahadoor, for having delivered me from unendurable torments. To my certificate I penned a cheque on the North-West Bank for one hundred rupees (fifty dollars), and presenting both documents to the doctor, permitted him to take his leave. Some months afterwards, on discovering that this cheque had not been presented for payment, I wrote to the assistant magistrate, and asked him, as a favor, to send for the native doctor, and obtain some information on the subject. In reply, I was informed that the doctor preferred keeping the cheque appended to my certificate, as an imperishable memorial of the extraordinary value in which his services had been held by an European gentleman, and that he would not part with it for ten times the amount in gold or silver. Such a strange people are the natives of India. Their cupidity is enormous, certainly, but their vanity (I am speaking of the better class) is even greater. One hundred rupees was equal to half a year's earnings of the native doctor, and

A SCRAP OF HISTORY—ABOUT RESURRECTIONISTS.

between me and, it may be, ruin. Excuse, therefore, my abruptness. You have, I perceive, a pair of scissors in your workbag. Oblige me, if you please, by cutting off all my hair."

"Sir," said I, 'it is impossible.'

"'Madam,' he urged, and a look of severe determination crossed his features; 'I am a desperate man. Beware how you refuse me what I ask. Cut my hair off—short, close to the roots—immediately; and here is a newspaper to hold the ambrosial curls.'

"I thought he was mad, of course; and believing that it would be dangerous to thwart him, I cut off all his hair to the last lock.

"'Now madam,' said he, unlocking a small portmanteau, 'you will further oblige me by looking out of window, as I am about to change my clothes.'

Of course I looked out of window for a very considerable time, and when he observed, 'Madam, I need no longer put you to any inconvenience,' I did not recognise the young man in the least.

"Instead of his former rather gay costume, he was attired in black, and wore a gray wig and silver spectacles; he looked like a respectable divine of the Church of England, of about 64 years of age; to complete that character, he held a volume of sermons in his hand, which—they appeared so to absorb him—might have been his own.

"'I do not wish to threaten you, young lady, he resumed, 'and I think, besides, that I can trust your kind face. Will you promise me not to reveal this metamorphosis until your journey's end?'

"'I will,' said I, 'most certainly.'

"At Reading, the guard and a person in plain clothes looked into our carriage.

"'You have the ticket, my love,' said the young man, blandly, and looking at me as though he were my father.

"'Never mind, sir; we don't want them,' said the official, as he withdrew with his companion.

"'I shall now leave you, madam,' observed my fellow-traveller, as soon as the coast was clear; toothache for instance—and he begged permission to touch him to see me. I consented.

The native doctor was a tall, thin Mussulman, with a lofty forehead, small black eyes, long aquiline nose, and finely chiselled mouth and chin. His hair, eyebrows and long beard were of a yellowish white or cream color. Standing before me in his shift-cap, he was about the most ungainly-looking person I ever beheld. His age did not exceed forty-four or forty-five years. He put several questions to me, but I was in too great pain to give him any replies. He begged of me to sit down. I obeyed him, mechanically. Seating himself in a chair immediately opposite to me, he looked very intently into my eyes. After a little while, his gaze became disagreeable, and I endeavored to turn my head aside, but I was unable to do so. I now felt that I was being mesmerised. Observing, I suppose, as expression of anxiety, if not of fear, on my features, he bade me not be alarmed. I longed to order him to cease; but, as the pain was becoming less and less acute, and as I retained my consciousness intact, I suffered him to proceed. To tell the truth, I doubt whether I could have uttered a sound. At all events, I did not make the attempt. Presently, that is to say, after two or three minutes, the pain had entirely left me, and I felt what is commonly called, all in a glow. The native doctor now removed his eyes from off mine, and inquired if I were better. My reply, which I made with difficulty in giving it, was in the affirmative; in short, that I was completely cured. Observing that he placed his hands over his head and pressed his skull, I asked him if he were suffering.

"Yes, slightly," was his reply. "But I am so accustomed to it, it gives me but little inconvenience."

I then begged of him to explain to me how it was that he had the power to afford me such marvellous relief. That, he said, he was unable to do. He did not know. I then talked to him of mesmerism, and of the wonderful performances of Doctor Esdaile in the Calcutta hospital. He had

yet he preferred nodding the useless autograph of an insignificant which like myself for the sentiment, rather than realise it. The native doctor evidently reasoned thus: "I might spend the one hundred rupees, might not be believed if I made the assertion that I had received it; but here is the voucher." Some may imagine that he kept it as a sort of decoy-duck; but this, I am perfectly satified, was not the case.

AN EAST INDIAN EXECUTION.

He was then led up to the scaffold, the most primitive affair that I ever beheld. It was only a piece of woodwork resembling a large crock or crate in which a dinner-service is packed for exportation. Upon this crock, which was placed under the beam, he was required to stand, having obeyed this order, the rope was adjusted around his neck. The assistant magistrate then called out to him, in Hindostance, "Have you anything to say?"

"Yes, Sahib," was the reply. And he began a long story—false from beginning to end; but every word of which the linguists writer took down. He spoke, and with vehemence, for about 35 minutes, when, having straightened himself finally or to take leave, the assistant magistrate gave the signal to the jailer, by waving his hand. The crock was then pulled from under the culprit by the two policemen, and down dangled the culprit's body, but not more than 18 inches from the ground.

They are not adepts in the art of hanging in India; it took the culprit at least 10 minutes to die. At times I fancied—sometimes even his struggles—that he would break the beam, snap the rope, or bring down the whole apparatus. In the days of Henry Fielding, the law used to speak of hanging as "dancing on nothing;" and although the hero in Indian culprit, in the present hanging, amply realized. The reader must not, however, sympathize with the dying. He had been justly convicted and was justly put to death for murdering, in that very hotel where he resided his offering, a Sikh child of seven years of age, in order to possess himself of a silver bangle or worn-ring, made valued at one rupee and a-quarter (half-a-crown of English money). I cannot excuse myself of a certain mental disposition, but, of late, ever since I now hanged had had a thousand lives instead of one, I could have witnessed the taking away of one of them without a single atom of a desire to save him.

The cutting down of the culprit, as soon as it was discovered that he was dead, was one of those scenes of pickpocks and vendors of cakes and gingerbeer to take a look at him. The procedure here is the unnecessary, was quite as primitive as the foregoing part of the operation. The native policemen, summoned to the blunt sword, severed the rope by sawing it just above the head, and then the corpse was carried away to be thrown out of the hanging—in which, either before or the assistant had witnessed the execution—and examined, for rather dubious reasons, by a finer head, in a phrenological point of view, I had never seen across the naked shoulders and suspended the sacred thread, indicating that the culprit was a Brahmin.

LIFE IN A WATER-DROP.—Clear and transparent as life seems to be; rarely our vision attempts to discover the last evidence of life, or the smallest creature in God's works. A drop of water, in itself, contains any living object: the breath of your mouth is to our (magic) to splash a few rays of water on the eye are sufficient to convert it into vapor. But re-place this drop of water in the clean aqueous of glass, and beneath the microscope, and, lo! what life is suddenly presented—every leaf and tree seems. The little drop has expanded into a large globe; wonderful shapes, and black-and-white animals, growing towards and repulsing each other, or resting lazily, and feeding from particles, as if they were crushed on the waves of an extensive sea. Here is an animal, with a large oval, swing round, and suspended the sacred thread, indicating that the culprit was a Brahmin.

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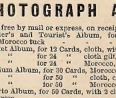


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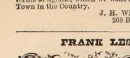
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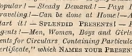
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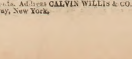
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No. 537—Vol. XXI.] NEW YORK, JANUARY 13, 1866. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00

"American Enterprise."—The Decline of American Commerce.

Of all idle, empty boasts, that which exalts what is called American commercial enterprise is among the most absurd. In no respect is our vain-glory more pronounced than in our constant gabble about the superior intelligence and enterprise of our "merchant princes." On what do our pretensions in this respect rest? A survey of the commerce of the two American, and of the means of communication and intercourse between the various countries composing them, will furnish the best answer.

Let us first take Mexico, our nearest neighbor. In 1835 the commercial exchanges between the United States and that country amounted in round numbers to $20,000,000. In 1860, before the war, which therefore could not have produced the diminution, our trade had fallen to $8,700,000, while the total commerce of the country was upwards of $54,000,000. Of this England had $33,400,000! "And yet," as has been truly observed, "England, to secure this preponderance of trade, had to pass by our very doors, almost within our own territory."

Next, south of Mexico lie the States of Central America. Taking the *direct* trade of Great Britain with those States, that is to say that carried on in British vessels, sailing direct between British and Central American ports, and consequently exclusive of that passing the Isthmus of Panama, we find that, for 1860, it amounted to upwards of $7,000,000, while that of the United States was little over $1,000,000! The total trade of all countries with Central America in 1859 was $12,214,000, so that the United States may be said to enjoy less than 8 per cent. of the commerce with that region, of which it should possess the greater portion.

Without going into a special notice of our trade with each State, let us tabulate the totals as regards South America:

Trade with United States.		*With all Countries.*
New Granada, 1858,	$4,798,000	$16,230,000
Venezuela, "	4,869,000	12,236,000
Ecuador, "	13,700	5,349,000
Peru, "	1,686,000	25,968,000
Bolivia, "	27,000	2,762,000
Chile, 1864,	2,300,000	46,199,000
Argentine Rep. 1858,	5,659,000	39,939,000
Uruguay, "	1,200,000	14,890,000
Paraguay "	None.	1,616,000
Brazil, "	21,900,000	132,421,000
	$40,436,700	$299,527,000

About forty millions in a total of a little less than three hundred millions! But this is not the worst; ours is a diminishing commerce with these countries. It is less, by more than one-third, what it was ten years ago. And how, asks the startled reader, is this to be accounted for? Partly, we answer, from the neglect of our Government to foster and facilitate American enterprise, but mainly from the decay and corruption of that enterprise at home.

As regards the Government. As a general rule it sends out to the Spanish-American States, as Ministers and Consuls, a class of wretched, broken-down hacks of politicians, whose chief recommendation, in most cases, is that they have been defeated in their candidacy for the House of Representatives or the Senate, and must, therefore, be "provided for." Rejected by their own constituency, who may be presumed to know them best, they become pensioners on the Government, with little or no regard to their qualifications. In nine cases out of ten they neither know or care anything about the history or condition of the countries to which they are accredited, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are ignorant of the language of the people among whom it is supposed the are to spread the influence and extend the interests of they United States. Without, consequently, any true appreciation of what they ought to do, or unable from lack of proper qualifications to do it, they often become *ennuied* and fall into habits which debase their own character and discredit the United States. Instead of studying the resources and capabilities of the countries in which they reside, and supplying their government and countrymen with information whereon to found a policy or justify intelligent action, they idle away their time, and give faint signs of life only when the day comes round for drawing their quarter's salary.

Partly in consequence of default of data, arising from this cause, and partly because the West and South have never, up to this time, fairly valued the general advantages of foreign commerce, and have narrowly supposed that efforts at its extension were only selfish expedients of the Eastern and Middle States, the Governmental policy has been one of inaction if not indifference. By refusing subsidies to lines of steamers, and by declining to establish



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and extend postal facilities, by faults of omission rather than of commission, the Government has literally thrown the trade and travel of the continent into foreign, and chiefly British, hands. The lines from here to Panama, and thence to California, only escaped the same direction through a paltry postal subsidy grudgingly bestowed.

It is true there has lately been some reform in this respect, as witness the Brazilian and Sandwich Islands and China lines, which reform, it is to be hoped, does not cease with these.

The principal cause of our commercial decline, however, consists in the demoralization of our merchants themselves. Dazzled with the prospect of immediate gain, and absorbed with the idea of speedily realizing fortunes outside the old, well-tried and successful methods, in which intelligent enterprise was backed up by steady application and patient industry, and through which new fields and sources of wealth were opened or created, they have become infected with the mania which Wall street has inspired, and are more ready for gambling adventures holding out the possibility of wealth within a twelvemonth, than for those legitimate undertakings which promise insure not only wealth but an honorable name, besides supplying a perennial source of national prosperity, within as many years. Where now do we find our people establishing those houses as those which gave the American merchants a name and position, second to those of no other country, in China, India, the North-west and South-west coasts of the continent, in Mexico, Brazil and on the La Plata? The men who laid deep and strong the foundations of a national commerce are gradually dying out, but their successors do not rise up to "call them blessed." Their sons and grandsons prefer the unhealthy atmosphere and speculative excitements of our great cities, and the fever of the stock market to the apprentice-ship of ten years in Shanghai or Rio, through means of which their predecessors acquired the business experience, judgment, and general knowledge, as well as the wealth that qualified for them the title of merchant princes. They have not only degenerated, but become demoralized to such a degree that, in their madness of greed, they do not hesitate to gamble away the patient accumulations of their fathers, and incur dishonor and the risks of the Penitentiary. We need not refer to more than one notable example which the last twelvemonth has afforded.

Let those conversant with the business affairs and the business men of this city for twenty years past, recall the chance that was taken place, and reflect who were the men who gave dignity and weight to the name of the American merchant, and by whom they have been supplanted? Men of wealth we admit it is true, but how, as a rule, was that wealth acquired, and how is it held and used? Through fraudulent contracts in some instances, through combinations in which capital was not unscrupulously used to destroy honest enterprises or rob them from the hands of those who had carried them to the verge of success, through speculations in stocks, running "opositions," not in the public interest, but to compel legitimate companies to buy worthless steamers at extravagant prices, through grinding extortion, and the worst of accumulations when a monopoly was once established, and through all manner of devices from which the honorable and truly public-spirited man would shrink, and allied to fraud? They are not the men to seek out carefully and intelligently new fields of commerce or develop those already open. They add nothing to the general wealth, but live by devouring each other, and consuming the accumulations of the weak and laborious. Their property, apparent or real, is a bubble, and a snare to young men, and excites the old to relinquish their legitimate pursuits, slow of profit, for the dangerous avenues of reckless and unscrupulous speculation. "Death on Marshal's baton," was the cry of the soldier under the Empire, and "make or break" has become the motto of what is called "business" in New York. Not in New York alone, for the baneful influence of Wall street is pervading every part of the country, and gambling in grain in Chicago is as rife as gambling in stocks in Broad street.

Meanwhile more prudent and far-seeing Englishmen are quickly monopolizing the sources whence wealth flows, and turning every rill of trade into the great stream which flows in a golden current on her shores. Her capitalists are slowly obtaining control of even our own more important and profitable public works, and carrying abroad the gains that should be distributed here. And yet, in face of all the facts and circumstances we have recounted, men wonder how it is that American trade is declining, and American commercial influence falling away!

THE "generous sentiments" of the President are dead things. Beauregard says that they have induced him, "together with many other confederate officers and soldiers to remain in Louisiana." All lies were for Louisiana.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 13, 1866.

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The Iron-clad Revolution.

THERE is a Nemesis that follows ever on Wrong. It has always been the pride and boast of Great Britain that she ruled the seas, and that since Trafalgar her will on almost any nation possessing a seacoast. The pride was real, the boast not empty. She wrested Gibraltar from Spain, sealed up France during the great Napoleonic wars, and later, hemmed in Russia with her sea-legions. Her ships worked her will in India and China, and wherever else, and on whatever pretext, she chose to exercise it. There was but one nation on earth that had the means, not alone for the construction of ships, but, what is of more consequence, to furnish men to man them, that could cope with her the supremacy of the seas, and that nation occupied with commerce, considering itself safe from aggression, with no revenges to gratify or ambition of territorial aggrandizement to realise, was content to limit her war-marine to the simple necessities of its position. It spent no monstrous sums to create an imposing navy, but left to the enterprise of its officers the task of making and testing improvements, within modest limits, and at moderate cost. If it watched closely what was doing abroad, it was only to make its own action a stride in advance of what might be achieved there, and with a perfect confidence that the ingenuity, skill, and daring of its people could always be counted upon for improvement. It was not a champion in conflicts, but a spectator intelligently interested, and ready to profit from what it heard or saw.

Up to the breaking out of the late war, the nation had done next to nothing in the way of making iron-clad vessels. It, or rather its representatives in the department of naval warfare, remembering that power of offence might be increased, *pari passu*, with power of resistance, thought it wiser to dedicate themselves to the improvement to attach, as more in consonance with the spirit of the people than efforts directed to resist. It devoted itself to the creation of means to destroy, not to defend. Hence its study to the perfection of artillery, rather than to the piling on of iron plating. When the news came that England or France had succeeded in protecting their vessels so as to be impregnable to existing guns, the quiet Yankee set himself to work to produce guns that would demolish their boasted means of resistance. His was the more economical way to the solution of the great naval problem, for which, if nothing else, it is to be hoped Europe will give him credit. Europe piled on her plating, until her ships, stupidly encumbered after precedent, could barely stagger along her shores, and became utterly incapable of sailing to distant seas. America more than kept pace in her line of improvement, so that when the war broke out, there was not a single iron-clad in existence that could live before the guns of Dahlgren, Parrott and Rodman. Their massive shot defied resistance, and all European improvements in protecting ships were more than counterbalanced by the American improvement in ordnance.

Our war came on, and England lost not a moment in constructing iron-clad ships of all sorts. The war became, partly under her fostering care, a real struggle of the giants. Then, for the first time, the question of ironclads was brought before the American people in a practical form, and both North and South hastened to solve it, under the light of their more early and less trammelled intelligence. Neither wasted time in trying to adapt the old wooden vessels to the altered conditions which the use of iron as a protection imposed. One cut down the "Merrimac" to the water's edge, to diminish draft and lessen exposure, and covered it with a roof of iron, the resistance of which was more than doubled in effect, because the roof was made sloping, so as to glance off the shot. The other made its model iron-clad with the least possible exposure above water, and where exposed with the greatest resisting power possible, and placed on it a revolving turret, within which heavy guns could be trained on a foe without the delay, difficulty and danger of manœuvring the vessel so as to bring its guns "to bear." The experience of the war shows that the originality and ingenuity of the North were an overmatch for those of the South. Not a vessel constructed in the South survived an action with the vessels constructed in the North. Not a single "Monitor" was ever penetrated by artillery, and some of them were exposed, as in Charleston harbor, to a concentrated fire before which none but the Monitors could have lived for half an hour.

In face of this experience and with a conceit which defies all attempts at teaching, the English and French go on constructing ironclads substantially on the model of their old wooden hulks, as if altered conditions (as we have already said) did not require corresponding changes to meet them.

Russia, however (and here Nemesis comes in), has a hide-bound Czar, full of conceit, with a quicker appreciation of actualities, has lost no time in availing herself of the lessons taught, and the experience gained through the American war. Quietly but surely she has built an iron-clad fleet, made up mostly of Monitors, which to-day is more than a match for that of England, and which, for defensive purposes, is invincible against that of England and France combined.

Had it not been for the proportions assumed by the rebellion, and which were due wholly to the part taken by the great British American ingenuity and skill might never have been directed toward the solution of the question of armored vessels. Great Britain gave it that direction, and the result has established American supremacy on the ocean. The "wooden walls" of England are of no further avail. Her maritime supremacy is at an end. The political power that can command a few millions of dollars can create a defensive squadron that can laugh at all the fleets England can send into its waters. In endeavoring to divide, conquer and destroy the United States, Great Britain has sounded the knell of her maritime greatness. She no longer "rules the waves." Even Russia is her peer on the water. Verily there is a Nemesis in all things!

A Word to the Wise.

We have often wondered, personally, to think that during the holidays, when all the world is cudgelling its brains to think of something that will be pleasant and original as a present, that more persons do not settle on that simple yet really grateful gift of a year's subscription to a good newspaper. We do not promulgate this as an original idea, but simply as one of those stereotyped facts that will appear to every one who is at all a thinker. The idea of a year of newspapers—one coming regularly into the household every week—is a means of economy and economy alive that no other gift can hope to compete with. The sum of money so expended is small, very small when compared with what any ordinarily liberal person would feel called on in purchasing a gift, and has the satisfaction not only of being a gift to the benefactor of the giver, but at the end of the year of being a fair volume to be treasured among the home circle for ever.

In saying all this we are, of course, selfish, and desirous of reminding those who really wish to enjoy a good paper, that none can be found equal in all its departments to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. For the sum of $4, remitted by mail to this office, the person who will receive 52 numbers of a large paper, which, during the year, will contain about 1,600 engravings and a corresponding reading matter, and in the end will bind into a volume of 832 pages.

We feel that we cannot say more than this.

NOTWITHSTANDING the two great reservoirs of Croton water in the Park, and the distributing reservoir in the city, the requirements of New York are not yet satisfied. A new one is to be built at Manhattanville, near Washington Heights, to supply water to parts of the city that cannot be supplied by existing reservoirs. A plot of ground has been selected between 130th and 135th streets, 10th avenue and Harlem river, embracing 35 acres, for the above purpose. From this water will be carried so high that it can be distributed to the most elevated points on Manhattan Island. A pumping apparatus will be employed to force the water into the reservoir and also into a tank on the top of the tower. The extreme height of the tank will be about 230 feet above the tide level. One-tenth of all the pumping will hereafter live in New York, and to whom water can be sent from the reservoirs now built, will be provided for by the new works.

An attempt is making, but not prospering, to preserve Bunhill Fields Cemetery, London, from the "encroaching hand of improvement." In it are buried De Foe, author of Robinson Crusoe, Bunyan, author of Pilgrim's Progress, Isaac Watts, the poet, and numerous other world-wide celebrities. It is not unlikely that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners will move into possession of the land,

and it is by no means improbable that they may consider themselves justified in disposing of it on building leases, so that the very graves of men who have done so much for Great Britain may be ravaged, and the bones of Bunyan, which, when in life, had little rest, be cast out again. De Foe, whose Robinson Crusoe has done more for England and the world in promoting maritime adventure, and all the fortune that has followed it, than a dozen ministers of state could achieve even if they lived for a century each, may be turned out of his narrow bed. We earnestly trust this infamy may be spared; infamous it would indeed be if the delight of seven generations of men and boys moved them not to spare to his bones the perpetual use of that grave which was bought 134 years ago, under the impression that no one would wrong the dead.

THE total production of charcoal and pig iron in the United States, in 1864, was 255,486 tons. There were 39 rolling mills in the country in the same year, making 335,369 tons, but having a capacity of making 732,000 tons.

WE quote the following significant lines from the report of the Secretary of War:

"The military appropriations by the last Congress amounted to the sum of five hundred and sixteen millions two hundred and forty thousand one hundred and thirty-one dollars and seventy cents ($516,240,131 70). The military estimates for the next fiscal year, after careful revision, amount to thirty-three millions eight hundred and fourteen thousand four hundred and sixty-one dollars and eighty-three cents ($33,814,461 83). The national military force on the 1st of May, 1865, numbered one million five hundred and sixteen men. It is proposed to reduce the military establishment to fifty thousand troops, and over eight hundred thousand have already been mustered out of service."

A BOLD banter has been make in *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times* to run the Californian horse Norfolk against Gladiateur, the victor of the British and French turf, for $100,000 in gold, both horses to come to New York. This would involve a voyage of 11 days for Gladiateur, and one of 30 days for Norfolk. A writer in the *Spirit of the Times* says that if Gladiateur will accept the challenge, *and win the race*, he can gain money enough to have his statue cast, life size, in solid gold.

IN addition to the various proposed amendments of the Constitution which have been brought before Congress, is one submitted by Mr. Stewart, Senator for Nevada, as follows:

"1st. The Union of the States, under this constitution is indissoluble, and no State can absolve its citizens from the obligation of paramount allegiance to the United States.

"2d. No engagement made, or obligation incurred by any State, or by any number of States, or by any county, city, or any other municipal corporation, to subvert, impair, or resist the authority of the United States, or to support or aid any legislative convention or body in hostility to such authority, shall ever be held, voted, or be assumed or sustained, in whole or part, by any State or by the United States."

THE decree of the tool of the Emperor Napoleon, in Mexico, establishing *peonage*, which is only another form of slavery, has elicited a complaint, or remonstrance, to headquarters in Paris, from Mr. Seward, to which, however, the French despot has vouchsafed no answer. We are not informed if Mr. Seward has renewed his complaint, nor can we find out what he proposes to do in case it be treated with "silent contempt." Suppose he should request Gen. Grant to countersign it, thus—"R. S. V. P., U. S. G." We believe an answer would come without unnecessary delay.

THE London *Daily News* is not more surprised than are Mr. Buchanan's countrymen that he should write a book, attempting to vindicate his conduct as President during the last year of his administration. The facts of that year are so recent and patent, that no effort to misrepresent or color them, to suit a purpose, can be made successfully, and Mr. Buchanan's book is open to refutation from the recollections of every citizen of the land. The temerity that seeks to dispel the clouds of obscurity that have settled around Wheatland is only adequately punished by the reiteration of the stern sentence already pronounced by an outraged and betrayed people against the cowardice and imbecility of James Buchanan. The President who avows solemnly that a nation may be so involved in formulas that it has no longer the right or ability to live, had better, when his term of office expires, avoid recalling himself to his countrymen.

TOWN GOSSIP.

WE remember of a vengeful individual, who, in the exuberance of his rage at some one who offended him, said:

"I'll have revenge! I'll do something terrible! By Jove, I'll give his little boy a tin horn."

In the same spirit we cannot help saying: "Thank heaven the holidays are over, for now we will have no more tin horns until next year."

It is only about holiday time that we really believe that Carlyle was right when he declared that the proper use for boys was to put them in a barrel as soon as they were born, and feed them through the bunghole until they were 17 years old. Then we presume their education would be considered finished, and they were to be released.

But to the subject of tin horns. This execrable custom is one of modern invention, having only been known to the rising generation of bad little boys for the last five or six years. Who was the first inventor or originator of it, history does not tell. We wish it did, that we might hold up his name to eternal infamy. The custom is for every youth of every age, who can raise a ten cent stamp, and the wind to blow it, to buy a tin horn the day before Christmas, which horn he perpetually doth blow from that time until the day after New Year's, when the horn marvellously disappears, and is no more seen among men—or boys. Of all the intolerable nuisances that ever greeted the human ear, the tin horn nuisance is the worst. It has, to people of nervous temperament, made the holidays a time of terror. Imagine a newspaper writer sitting down to concoct his next day's articles for the press with a concert of tin horns under his window, performed by six young demons in jackets and trowsers, kept up without intermission for perhaps eight hours on a stretch. Delightful, isn't it.

To speak earnestly, we cannot imagine a more senseless, annoying custom than this tin horn business, and we cannot help expressing our wonder that the police do not take the law in their own hands and confiscate them. We have waited in hope for years that some law would be passed in our City Councils making it fineable to sell or blow one of them, the same as laws have been made to abate other nuisances; but the day of deliverance seems deferred, therefore we can only wait and pray that ere another year goes by some philanthropist of our Aldermen or Councilmen who believes in peace and quietness will take the matter in hand and by enactment squelch tin-horn-ism. Whoever it may be, we promise to start a subscription to raise a monument in his honor.

All holidays bring with them especial dissipation, and consequently crime, but those just past have been especially prolific in that way. Shooting is the favorite line of business, and within the week we have had a few cases of it that rather stagger one's belief in civilization.

One case is that of a young gentleman of that City of Churches, Brooklyn, Russ by name, who has reversed the order of things, which seem to be pretty well established since the days of Mary Harris, of Washington notoriety, and took to shooting a young lady, Miss Dayton, who refused to marry him, and though he did not succeed in killing her instantly, her chances for death are very strong. Like all cases of the kind, each party has its story, and each their believers. The young man declares that the lady has treated him with ingratitude and trifled with him, while the lady says that she never promised to marry him, and regarded his attentions only as those of a friend.

Now young ladies should understand that, as society is at present constituted, this having gentlemen *friends* who pay their board, find them in clothes and knick-knacks, is dangerous. To our eyes it looks very much as though the lady in question had made use of Russ, or his pocket, as long as she could, and when he urged the issue upon her of matrimony tried to throw him off relentlessly. That she must have been for a long time aware of his love and his hopes is without doubt, and having been so, she was criminal to allow it to proceed by offering the encouragement of accepting aid from him. If a lady accepts the assistance of a gentleman, it should be to enable her to earn a living, but not take pecuniary aid. Any departure from this rule will inevitably entail trouble.

Another shooting case in Brooklyn which shows the folly, or something worse of human nature, occurred in this wise. A Mr. Smith, a storekeeper, on Christmas Eve, counted over his money in his store just before leaving, in the presence of several of his friends and some strangers, and making up a package of $1,200 put it in his pocket to carry home, and in spite of the warnings of his friends, started off unarmed. One of his friends who carried a revolver went with him to his house, and there left him, still offering the loan of the pistol, which was refused. At midnight Mr. Smith was roused from his slumbers by a voice demanding:

"Your money or your life!"

His wife entreated him to be still, as by the pale light in the room she could see that it was a robber with blackened face and a revolver pointed at her husband. This Smith would not do, but sprang up to grapple with the robber, who fired, and making a grasp for the package of money which was under Smith's pillow, jumped from the window and escaped, leaving Smith a dying man.

It will no doubt be considered harsh when we pronounce this a case of self-murder, but we can view it in no other light.

The only sensation in theatrical matters for the week has been the adding of a new theatre to the list of New York. Miss Lucy Rushton, who will be remembered as making a *debut* at the Olympic some months since, and playing a short engagement, has got up in the space of sixteen days a new theatre. Now, though we do positively object to our established idea on the subject of theatres being so overthrown as to be brought to the belief that they can be got up in sixteen days, yet we cannot help bowing to the necessity and admitting that the thing can be done.

On Saturday, the 23d of December, Miss Lucy Rushton opened what she calls the New York Theatre, located on the site of the Unitarian Church, lately the Athenæum, on Broadway just opposite the New York Hotel, and between Fourth st. and Astor place, on the east side of the street. There she proposes to give New York the drama, in such shape as it chooses to have it, and in a limited way fill her pocket, which she is sure to do as far as the capacity of the house goes, which is not far. We cannot conscientiously say much for the new house. It is small and not gorgeously fitted up. The stage is very limited and so is the company, though among the latter are some good names which New Yorkers will hail with pleasure. That the new theatre will be a success is hardly worth while to say, as anything in the shape of a theatre in New York must be a success now, financially speaking.

At the Academy of Music during the week we have had two representations from the French Company, under the management of M. Paul Juignet and M. Drivet. The first came off on Wednesday, the 27th of December, when Le Bataille de Dames, a comedy in three acts, and Le Fille de Dominique, in one act, were given. The performances and the company met with an enthusiastic reception, and the general arrangement was of such a description as will, without doubt, enable the directors to continue a series of representations. On Saturday, the 30th, they gave Les Premieres Arms de Richelieu and La Partie de Piquet, both of that sparkling French school that keeps the mind alive continually, and, coupled with good acting and good costumes, makes as fair a dramatic evening as can be enjoyed anywhere.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—An elopement from Indianapolis, which took place a couple of months ago, has borne disagreeable fruit. A young and headstrong daughter of one of the "first families" persisted, despite the protests and entreaties of her parents, in marrying a handsome but rather wild young blade. She eloped, married, returned, was reconciled, discovered an incompatibility of temper, was divorced, and is again in the bosom of her family, in the brief period of two months. Rather a rapid experience, even in this fast age, for a young Miss in her "teens."

—— A New York policeman overhauled a couple of young bloods wending their way home at a late hour, and amusing themselves in passing down Broadway, by upsetting ash-barrels in the street. He gave them their choice, either to shovel the ashes back into the barrels or go to the station-house. "No station-house for us," said the youngsters, and accordingly set to work, the policeman standing by to witness their labor. One did the work very reluctantly; the other in the best-natured manner possible. He politely demanded the officer's number, remarking that possibly some day he might require a recommendation to the Street Department.

—— The number of males in the United States is 13,685,854 against 13,004,372 females, showing 681,462 excess of males, according to the census of 1860; so that there is now more than a man to every woman in spite of the loss by the war.

—— Martha's Vineyard is the pride of the Massachusetts people. In the whole country there is no place where liquor is sold openly (very thirsty persons may get it by private contract); the court meets and has nothing to do; lawyers don't flourish.

—— Bayard Taylor is writing a novel, which has for the hero an American tourist. The New York correspondent of a western paper gives this account of the plot: "The gentleman falls in love with an Italian beauty, he accidently meets at Rome, in the *atelier* of an artist for whom she was sitting as a model. The romantic lover is separated from his divinity again and again; but, at last, after a variety of adventures and romantic experiences, is wedded to her, and the tale ends most felicitously, as it usually does, in the story-books designed for the edification of good little children. There are some art criticisms in the volume that are mentioned favorably by those who have seen the manuscript."

—— Mr. Pollard, the former editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, and the rebel historian of the late rebellion, proposes to write a new history of the war, which, with felicitous adaptation to circumstances, he entitles "The Lost Cause." He is getting subscriptions to the work throughout the South.

—— The New York Central Railroad has thirty thousand dollars invested in little brass baggage-checks. Thirty thousand pieces of baggage are sometimes checked at Albany in a single month.

—— The Academy of Sciences in Chicago has determined to erect a new building at Cottage Grove.

—— Mary Sawyer, a young lady of Oldtown, Me., was drowned, one day last week. She had been visiting, across the river, and started to go home, in company with a young man on skates, who drew her on a sled, but skated on a hole and drew her after him. He got up on the ice and gave his hand to the young lady, to help her out, when his glove came off and she was carried under the ice and drowned.

—— A tailor was robbed of $1,300 in Cincinnati, Ohio. He accosted an acquaintance in the street about it. No reply. Result—arrest and imprisonment. Soon after the thief and the money was found, and the tailor excused the previous arrest for the reason that the gentleman refused to reply, and thus excited suspicion. A suit for false imprisonment follows.

—— A certain judge in Anne Arundel county, Maryland, who probably had not heard of the proclamation of emancipation, and perhaps not the war, recently sentenced a colored woman to be sold into slavery for two years.

—— Mr. Samuel Bowles mentions as an excellent feature of banquets at San Francisco, the serving of hot beef tea, with just a smack of claret in it, as a constant refreshment during the evening.

—— A grape grower on an island in Lake Erie asserts that he has raised this year, from one acre, 18½ tons of Catawba grapes. This acre equaled a California placer.

—— A lot of handsome furniture, 21 pieces in all, arrived in Richmond one day last week for Mrs. R. E. Lee, a gift from the ex-rebel ladies of Baltimore.

—— Three respectable, well-to-do men have recently thrown themselves from hotel windows. It ought to be forbidden by law.

—— A Boston firm sent four flour barrels, full of letters, to the post-office, one day last week, the postage on which amounted to $500.

—— President Johnson has positively declined to accept a carriage made for him by the workmen of the army repair workshop, after their working hours, and it has been purchased by Secretary Stanton.

—— Joe and Bill Benton went to New Orleans with a flat boat of corn. Joe writes to his father thus—"Nu Orleens, Gune 5—Dear Dad markets is dull and corn mighty lo and Bills dead. J. B."

—— One of the largest farmers in the United States is Mr. Bidwell, of California, the Chairman of the Committee of Agriculture in the House of Representatives. He owns 25,000 acres of land, and last year his wheat crop was 38,000 bushels.

—— As a specimen of what can be accomplished by the employment of freedmen, Col. J. J. Williams, a planter of Florida, states that with a force of about 100 colored hands he raised during last year from 200 to 250 bales of cotton, each bale weighing 500 pounds.

—— On Thanksgiving Day, a young lady at Westboro, Mass., after a short acquaintance, married a returned soldier. On the following morning the young bride donned her cloak and bonnet, and evading her husband's questions as to where she was going, left the house, and took the next train of cars out of town. She has not since been heard from.

—— A letter from Pit Hole City, Pa., speaks of crime as still rampant there. The quietly disposed inhabitants generally stay at home after dark, as it is dangerous to travel the streets at night. A few days since the Post-office was broken open, and the letters therein robbed of money, drafts, &c., of the estimated value of $250,000.

Foreign.—Glasgow, Scotland, is to be "improved," and 24,480 persons will be turned out of their homes by the operation. This number does not include a goodly population who will be removed by the proposed alteration of 12 streets to be widened.

—— A paper called the *Flying Dragon Reporter*, has just been started in London. It is to be printed in Chinese characters, and will be circulated in China.

—— The wettest place in the world is Cheerrapoorjee, situated in the Kossya hills, situated 20 miles from Calcutta. The rain fall at that spot is upward of 600 inches in the year, or 20 times that of the very worst climate of Western Ireland.

—— Near Chico, in Northern California, is the grave of a rich citizen, buried upon his own farm, whose monument bears this inscription, written by himself: "Thomas M. Wright, lived and died an atheist, fearing no hell, hoping for no heaven—a friend and advocate of mental liberty."

—— A London letter writer says the English ladies' fashion of dressing the hair is becoming; those two enormous rolls of rats and hair, which surmounted each temple, and made putting on a bonnet an impossibility, have become extinct, and the excrescence which gave such ovenlike appearance to the back of the neck, is fast disappearance. In its place the ladies have adopted a small roll of their own hair which is bound by a gilt band and adorned with ribbons. The hair in front is crinkled and falls over the forehead in little curls.

—— The following toast was given at the St. Nicholas banquet recently; "Holland—Land of Dykes and Van Dykes, of brooks and Ten Brooks, of pools and Vander Pools, of schooners and Schoonmakers; land of cities with euphoneous names of Saadam and Edam, and Amsterdam and Rotterdam; land of cider and Zyder-Zees; proprietor of bottom land on the largest known European scale. Broad-based Holland, hail."

—— The ear-rings given to a Russian bride in London cost $40,000.

—— A ballet queen, in Paris, Mdlle. Schlosser, famous for beauty and dissipation, has just died at the age of 27.

—— An incident took place during a party invited by the Venerie de l'Empereur, to shoot over the preserves of the forest of Valence en Brie, near Fontainbleau. Among the sportsmen was the young Marquis de Lignery, a boy of 19. The Master of the Hounds, Gen. Lefort, followed his dogs into a cover of brushwood, when M. Lignery, believing that they had found a buck, fired twice, his gun being loaded with No. 4 shot, the whole contents lodging in the unfortunate general's body. He is literally covered with wounds. With great difficulty, in consequence of his intense sufferings, Gen. Lefort was conveyed to his residence in town, Rue de Crillon. Whether he will recover appears doubtful.

—— The extraordinary case of Mrs. Janetta Horton Ryves, who claims to be entitled to £15,000, left her by George III. "as a recompense for some trouble she may have experienced through her father," the late Duke of Cumberland, is shortly to be tried by an English special jury. Mrs. Ryves is now living in poverty, but some friends, who are assured of the justice of her claims, have subscribed money to enable her to presecute them. The marriage of her mother, Olive Wilmot (afterwards Mrs. Serres), with the duke is attested, on undoubted authority, and the legacy of George III. is equally undoubted; but some years since the Prerogative Court of Canterbury refused probate, on the ground that there was no precedent in England for proving a monarch's will. Eminent counsel are engaged, and the trial will excite no little interest.

—— It has been calculated that vendors of roasted chestnuts, to the number of 400, arrive in Paris, from the south of France, in the course of the month of September, and that each of them sells, on an average, 40 bags of chestnuts, weighing 100 kilogrammes each. The bag of chestnuts costs about 33 francs, and is resold in Paris at from 50 to 54 francs, leaving a profit of from 17 to 21 francs. The vendor contrives, out of this small profit to defray the expenses of his journey, to pay rent, and maintain himself during the winter.

—— A correspondent at Havana says: "A young man, the manager of an estate, was crossing a river on horseback, and followed by a bulldog, when the howling of the animal caused him to turn his head. What was his surprise to see an alligator, at least nine feet long, carrying off the dog by the neck? To jump off his horse into the water, to attack the monster with his hunting-knife, was the work of a moment. His boldness was successful, for he killed the alligator and saved his dog."

MAKING A CHIEF AMONG THE CLABLUMS.

ON Vancouver's Island, a spot that is fast yielding to the foot of the white man, and destined in a little time to be a great commercial point, is a race of Indians called the Clablums. A Mr. Kane, a Canadian artist, has lately visited them, and gives this account of the making a new chief, a mode of election that has this advantage over the vote by ballot, that it is more summary. He says:

Close neighbors to Victoria on Vancouver's Island are the Clablum Indians, a Flathead tribe who have a village on the opposite side of the harbor. They have a peculiar breed of small dogs with long hair. The dogs are bred for the sake of this hair, which is shorn, beaten with goosedown and white earth, twisted by running into threads, and woven upon a rude hand-loom into blankets. The artist sketched Cheaclach, the chief, of whose inauguration he had this account. When Cheaclach's father was too old to govern, the son was dismissed for 30 days—fasting and dreaming in the mountains. At the end of the thirty days a feast was made by the villagers, into which the new chief rushed from his fasting, wild with spiritual exultation. He seized a small dog and began devouring it alive, that being the customary first act of the coronation ceremony. The tribe then collected about him, singing and dancing in the wildest manner, and while they danced he rushed at those whom he loved best, and bit their bare shoulders and arms. To be thus bitten was regarded as a high mark of distinction, especially by those from whom there was a piece of flesh bitten out and swallowed.

These Indians, among other superstitions, believe that if they can bury a hair from their enemy's head together with a living frog, whatever torment the frog suffers will be shared by the head that grew the hair. They believe also that they are in the power of any enemy who finds their spittle, and if they spit on the ground, most carefully obliterate the marks, but commonly spit on their own clothes for safety sake.

BATTLE OF TONGUE RIVER.

WE present, in this number, a sketch of the battle of Tongue River, fought on the morning of August 29, by the United States forces commanded by Brig.-Gen. P. E. Connor and the Arrapahoe Indians under their chief "Medicine Man." "I. M. W.," the special correspondent of the Chicago *Times* with Gen. Connor writes:

"On the evening of August 28th Gen. Connor left his camp on Tongue River, Dacotah Territory, at the head of 150 picked men from the 2d California, 11th Ohio and 7th Iowa cavalry regiments, and Capt. North's Pawnee Indian scouts. Making a forced march of 60 miles he was in sight of the Arrapahoes' camp at sunrise, when he drew his men up in line and gave positive orders against killing women and children or scalping, and then opened the fight by a charge on the camp. The Indians fought bravely and held their ground for nearly two hours, when they broke and retreated up the river, leaving 60 dead warriors on the ground and taking a large number with them.

"At this stage of the fight the Pawnees flatly refused to join the pursuit, but fell to plundering, yet the remaining 70 men pressed on after the retreating Indians. The horses were so nearly exhausted that a party of 14, consisting of Gen. Connor, his staff, and a few other officers who were well mounted, left their companions far in the rear and followed on 15 miles, when a party of 300 Indians turned upon them and offered fight. The little party stood its ground amid a perfect shower of bullets until every member of the General's staff was wounded. Capt. Jewett, his aide-de-camp, was shot in the leg with a bullet and through the hand with an arrow, and his signal officer, bugler and two orderlies were shot in various parts of the body. They were then on a rolling prairie, and knowing that it was sure death to remain in their present position or turn their backs upon the Indians, Gen. Connor ordered seven men to fall back to the next ridge in the rear, and the remainder held the Indians in check while they effected this movement, and then they recovered the retreat of the other seven. In this manner they retreated until five miles back they met those who had fallen behind, and with this reinforcement they charged the Indians and drove them several miles in great confusion and with heavy loss, when the scattering of the Indians and exhaustion of the horses induced the command to return to the captured camp where the Pawnees were enjoying their feast of plunder.

"As a punishment for their cowardly conduct, Gen. Connor took everything from them and piled it together in the centre of the camp, when those that followed him were allowed to select whatever they wished, and the remainder, together with over a hundred tons of dried buffalo meat and an immense stock of valuable furs, provisions, and Indian notions of every description, was committed to the flames. This accomplished, the command remounted, and reached their camp at 8 o'clock the next morning, having, in less than 36 hours, ridden over 150 miles, killed over 100 Indian warriors, and captured 600 horses without unsaddling.

"The band of the Medicine Man has been the terror of the Plains for the last two seasons. Throughout the summer of '64 they were on their career of murder and pillage; but in the fall, professing repentance for their misdeeds, they were received and fed through the winter at Camp Collins and other military posts in this section of country. In the spring they were supplied with everything they needed, and extensively started on a buffalo hunt, but soon turned up on the 'war path,' pursuing their hellish system of warfare on defenceless immigrants and isolated ranches. About the 1st of August they destroyed a train near Fort Halleck, and chaining one of the teamsters to a wagon wheel, piled bacon around his body and burned him to death.

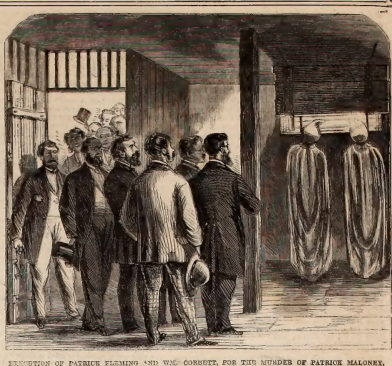
"This is but a fair specimen of the atrocities which they committed, and at the time they were attacked they had over 2,500 horses and an immense amount of plunder of every description, not excepting a large number of scalps taken from men, women and children, and even infants.

"During the fight at their camp one of the Pawnees had thrown a woman down and was about killing her when Capt. O'Brien came along and knocked the fellow over with the butt end of his carbine. The squaw got up and made a sign of gratitude, but as Capt. O'Brien turned to go away, she drew a pocket pistol and shot at him, the ball passing through his coat."

A ROMANTIC young man says that a woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.



PREPARING PATRICK FLEMING AND WM. CORBETT FOR EXECUTION, AT CHICAGO, FRIDAY, DEC. 15.—FROM SKETCHES BY MR. SLOGWOOD.



EXECUTION OF PATRICK FLEMING AND WM. CORBETT, FOR THE MURDER OF PATRICK MALONEY, AT CHICAGO, DEC. 15.

THE HANGING OF FLEMING AND CORBETT AT CHICAGO.

At three o'clock on Friday, December 15th, Patrick Fleming and William Corbett suffered the extreme penalty of the law, for the murder of Patrick Maloney, about one year ago, at a place called Sand Ridge, about six miles from Chicago.

A little more than a year ago, Fleming, Corbett and John Kennedy, all Irishmen, were encountered in a low drinking saloon by a stranger who, it has been averred by Corbett, contracted with them for the assassination of Patrick Maloney. This portion of the affair is involved still in some degree of mystery, as it is not very positive which of the trio named was the responsible party for the execution of the job. At all events the amount they were to receive would have been about $16 each, but they say they have never got even this much, indeed none at all, if we are to believe Fleming and Corbett. The assassination determined upon, its plan was deliberately laid, and in that plan and in the manner in which it was carried out it would seem as if these villains had become so hardened by a career of unpunished vice that they neglected any precautions to guard against detection. On the night of the 29th of November, 1864, the Sunday before Thanksgiving in that year, three murderous scoundrels, enlisted in their service, as their guide to the house of their intended victim, an acquaintance named James Flinn. The four accomplices then went together to Philip Brennan's saloon, No. 117 Canal street, and there hired a hack to go to Sand Ridge.

William Gibbons, the hackman, went far enough with them to point out Maloney's dwelling. They reached the house. Roused from sleep by their loud knocking, Maloney came down to the door and demanded who was there. "A friend," one of their voices replied, and they asked admission. He refused to open the door, and they attempted to force it. Fleming had placed Corbett at the side of the door, with a navy revolver in his hand, with directions to shoot Maloney as soon as he could be seen. The door was partially opened, and Corbett snapped his pistol at the man within. Fleming cursed him for not having his pistol in better order. Maloney now desperately strove to shut the door against his murderers, knowing by this time that it was a struggle for life and death, and, no doubt, fearing more for his wife and little ones, in the event of their entrance, than for himself. Corbett now fired a shot through the door. The pressure against the door from the inside ceased, a body was heard to fall, and a voice cried aloud in agonised tones, "Honors." The pretticed ears of the midnight assassins recognised this as the deathcry of their victim, and one of them exclaiming, "Come along, that will do," they hastily glided away along the fence and disappeared.

For a long time this murder was a mystery, and the police could make nothing of it, but at last a clue was got, and Gibbons, the hackman, was arrested, which was quickly followed by the arrest of Fleming and Corbett, but not until they had attacked and dangerously shot and stabbed the officers on that duty. There did not seem to be a mitigating circumstance in their case, and trial and conviction followed.

At 2 o'clock on the day of execution they were robed in their cells, and led forth, attended by their respective clergymen, to whom they had made full confession and received the last offices of the church. Both were calm and collected, as though only going through some ordinary ceremony, and listened to the reading of the death warrant with unmoved countenances.

The trap fell at 11¼ minutes before 3.

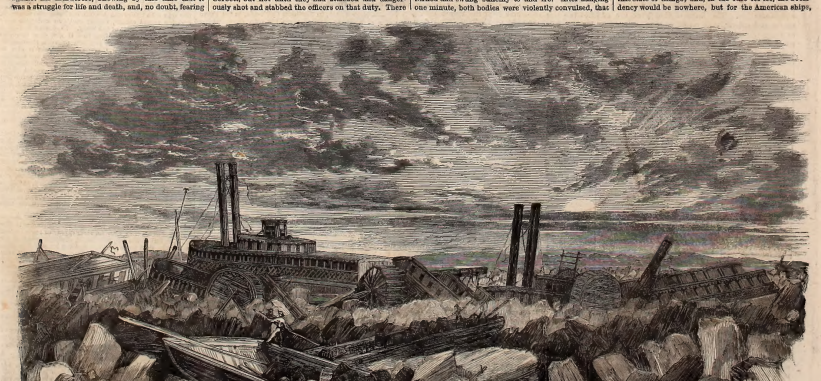
The ropes, suddenly drawn to their utmost tension, gave out a dull "thud," and their elasticity even raised the bodies a little way. Then for an instant, they turned and swung sullenly to and fro. After hanging one minute, both bodies were violently convulsed, that of Fleming most. Half a minute later there was a horrible convulsive shuddering of Fleming's body. It seemed to rise and fall as much as a couple of inches in this fearful death agony. This, however, was the last very severe struggle between the departing spirit and its frail tenement of clay. Three-quarters of a minute later both bodies made a convulsive motion of drawing up the legs, and in a quarter of a minute afterwards Corbett's most violent death-struggle took place—a shudder like that of Fleming, but less severe. To and fro, as if swung by some unseen hand, swayed the now lifeless bodies. All sensation or knowledge of pain on this earth they had now passed for ever, although for as much as a minute later muscular action of both bodies was observable. A step ladder was now raised between them, and at seven minutes before three o'clock Drs. R. L. Rea and J. W. Freer examined the bodies, the former that of Corbett and the latter that of Fleming, and found that all pulsation had ceased, and life was extinct. Both necks were dislocated, as well they might be when caught up on a fall of about six or six and a half feet. The knot on Corbett's neck was brought in front of the ear, and that on Fleming's behind it. Corbett, it will be remembered, died much more easily than Fleming. The former hung 31½ minutes, and the latter 19½.



THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION DISTRIBUTING NEWSPAPERS TO SOUTHERN PEOPLE.

WINTER IN CALCUTTA.

ONE of the popular delusions which we steadily entertain in this country is that there is no cold weather in India. In the first place, it is absurd to sum up the whole country, which has several varieties of climate, in one sweeping assumption. But in every part there is cold weather, more or less, even though, as in Madras, there is very little of it at any particular season, and your relief from the prevailing heat is principally obtained in the sea-breeze which blows in the evenings throughout the year. But even the Madras Presidency has accessible hills, which are uninhabitable only when ice cold; while in the plains, in the north-west, and the Punjaub, there is winter to that extent—that, during four months or so in the year, you may make ice sufficient to last for domestic purposes during all the hot weather. In Calcutta there is nothing like this state of things; and, in the case for ice, the Presidency would be nowhere, but for the American ships,



THE ICE GORGE AT ST. LOUIS, MO., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16—DESTRUCTION OF SEVENTEEN STEAMERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN W. BELL.



OPOSSUM HUNTING IN MARYLAND.—FROM A DRAWING BY G. PERKINS.

which bring over enough to keep the population in skating, if it could be adapted to that purpose. But, still, Calcutta has its winters, as cold as occasional mild winters in this country; when, though the days are usually bright, the nights are damp, and chilly, and misty, and sometimes foggy to a fault; when you are glad of a fire at home, and have to go abroad in your thickest coats; when you get coughs, and colds, and ailments that settle on the lungs; and, in fact, have most of the reasonable enjoyments of home, including storms, which come on with a suddenness and a violence unknown in these prosaic regions.

It is one of the latter that is depicted in the accompanying sketch. But do not suppose, for a moment, that the artist means to give us an illustration of the late cyclone, which is, happily, a visitation of a kind very seldom known. Any respectably severe storm, during either the rains or the cold weather, will produce the effects here portrayed. During the rains nothing is more common, after a deluge all day, than an accommodating state of the atmosphere towards evening—say at four or five o'clock—which tempts people abroad. Things, in fact, look quite charming; nobody has any fears either for their horses or themselves; carriages are ordered in a hundred houses, and crowds sally forth to enjoy a little of the beauty of nature before the inevitable advent of dinner and the surrender of their free will to the domestic four-walls until bedtime. For be it remembered Calcutta is not a place where people can always find places of amusement wherein to disport themselves after the meals of the day. Men can go in search of possible billiards, especially those who belong to a mess; but for ladies there is very little relaxation to be found out of doors, and the majority of families do not attempt to discover any beyond the limits of private parties. They are, therefore, doubly anxious to take the air during the afternoon, if the air will only allow them; and it continually happens that they are too confiding in appearances.

The storm always seems to wait until nearly everybody is out, and then it bursts forth with a vengeance. All is smiling and serene, when clouds are seen gathering ahead, and then great claps of thunder seem to split the sky, which is illumined from time to time by lightning, of which it would be difficult to form an idea from the feeble attempts at such demonstrations as are seen in this country. The rain, too, descends, not in lines, as we see it here, but in streams; the sky, instead of yielding it in regular order, pouring it down even in masses.

At the first intimation of the outbreak the horses' heads are all turned towards home; and as everybody lives in the same quarter, and everybody has driven out much in the same direction, the spectacle has all the animation of a contested race. Occasionally you hear of a carriage being completely overturned by a sudden squall; and facetious people declare that upon one occasion, when a lady was thrown out, she lay so long exposed to the drenching downfall, that her hair turned its color to that of a peagreen—a change which, however, we are not prepared to say is the usual effect of a copious immersion.

Being caught in a storm of the kind, too, is always the more annoying, owing to the fact that, no sooner have you got home and into dry clothes, than Nature begins to smile again—with something of a grin, surely, this time—and ten minutes afterwards there is a general "clear up," the sky looking so beautiful in reflecting the setting sun that the prospect of bad weather for any time to come seems utterly out of the question.



WINTER IN CALCUTTA.

FARTHER FROM THE GOLDEN SHORE.

BY J. W. WATSON.

They led me to my brother's side,
'Tis full a score of years ago,
I saw how much my mother cried,
The cause of grief I did not know;
They raised the white sheet from his face,
I marked its pallid, marble hue,
And, by my mother's close embrace,
The first sad tale of death I knew.

But still my mtanght, baby heart
Received the tax of death in vain;
Too well I knew we drift apart,
Yet still I thought he'd come again.
For days and weeks, with anxious eyes,
I asked my mother why he slept;
My words but brought the same replies—
She only hissed my lips, and wept.

One day there came a whispered word,
That he would come no more to me,
But that, like some imprisoned bird,
Myself would wander far and free;
That if a stainless past were mine,
Upon a bright, unfading shore,
Whenever I like rills recline,
Would meet to part for never more.

Content was I; with tender care
His little toys and pets I kept,
And took them to the churchyard, where
My darling brother soundly slept.
I sat and whispered to the grass
My little heart's most secret store,
And many a sigh I heaved, alas!
Because I had not loved him more.

His little garden, full with flowers,
I tended, with a love that seems
The poem of my childhood's hours—
I thought he'd know it in his dreams.
I sowed his name and mine in seed,
That sprang in beauty, twining high,
Forgetting, in my loving greed,
That even things of beauty die.

But sadly, as the years went round,
I gathered wisdom on my way,
And in my very loving found
That mourning farther day by day.
I found—ah, me!—that childhood's feet
Are ever wandering by that shore,
But that each coming year we meet
Is whispering never, never more.

Oh, for the days of baby love!
When, by his little grave, I lay
And looked towards that golden shore
That did seem so far away.
But now, with years and worldly care,
My heavenly sight has grown so dim,
That, though I see my brother there,
My hope is small of joining him.

A TERRIBLE VISITOR.

IT was in compliance with the mandate of my medical man that I found myself late one autumn, about a dozen years ago, at the little town of Quimper, in Brittany, surrounded by the establishments of a married man on his travels. Not, indeed, that I intended my journey to extend much further at that time, for I had taken a fancy to the quaint old-world Breton country, and so long as I escaped the keen easterly winds of our English winter, I had free choice left me to pitch my tent for the next few months at whatever spot I might think best; and it seemed, both to myself and to those who were with me, that we might go further and fare worse.

When it was understood throughout the little town—and news of any kind seems to spread fast among our vivacious neighbors than among our more phlegmatic selves—that the English family at the *Lion d'Or* were in search of quiet respectable entry lodgings, we were literally inundated with offers of the most diverse kinds, and all more or less ineligible; ranging from a couple of bare and unstable bed-rooms, the residence of a provincial magnate, more suited to the pocket of a millionaire than that of a poor painter; matters came to such a pass before that, that we could not venture so far as the market-place without being beset by two or three applicants, all eager to welcome us under their auspices, so that we were fain at last in time to meditate a secret flight, that we might save ourselves the last moment, and capitally suited into the bargain.

About eighteen miles from Quimper there stands, or stood at the time of which I speak, for of its utter fate I have no knowledge, an old-fashioned house of considerable size, with high-pitched roofs, twisted chimneys, and dormer windows, known, appropriately enough, as Richard the Gray enough it certainly was—a grim, melancholy house, with a sort of desolate pride about it, like that of a decayed gentleman who remembers what his better days; but wonderfully comfortable and home-like within doors. It stood fronting the south, surrounded by a piece of ground, half garden, half orchard, and more wilderness than either; before it the highroad, that swept round to the left, and then dipped into a little hollow, where a hamlet lay snugly hidden; behind it, a stretch of undulating meadow, that swept gently upward to where a fringe of poplars crowned the horizon; beyond which were more fields, sloping downward till you reached the ever-shifting sandunes and the green waters of the Channel.

Maison Gris was two hundred years old, and had never belonged to but one family. Of this family, which pertained to the class of what we in England should call gentlemen farmers, the last scion preferred the gay *salons* of Paris to the quiet home of his ancestors, and had long been desirous of finding a tenant for the old house, and increasing thereby his somewhat limited income. The rent demanded was moderate in amount, and as we could find no other place that promised to suit us equally well, a bargain was quickly struck; and three days later, ourselves and baggage were comfortably installed in our new home. The house, to be sure, was far too large for the requirements of our small family, which consisted only of myself and wife, and our little girl, Mimi, eight years old; my wife's sister, Miss Jane, and Breton lasses to wait upon us; but we put such of the rooms as we did not require under lock and key, and feminine fashion soon gave the place a comfortable homelike appearance.

Our life at Maison Gris was, of necessity, a very quiet one; many people just now have called it a dull life, but we did not find it so. Our mornings were variously occupied: my wife's in looking after the needful domestic arrangements; Miss Jane's in stilling into Mimi's mind some of those multifarious items of knowledge which go to form the sum of a modern young lady's education; and mine, while I worked on steadily at my great picture, growing more in love with it from day to day, as bit by bit, like a blind worker, I set to work and took shape and color under my brush. Our afternoons were spent mostly on the sands; and music, chess, and reading charmed away the evening hours. We had brought a tolerable box of books with us, and an intermittent shower of newspapers and periodicals kept us from stagnation, and told us how the busy world was wagging.

I had chosen one of the best apartments in the house for painting-room. It had been the old dining-saloon once in a time, and had a large mullioned window fronting the north, consisting of small diamond-shaped panes set in lead, with thin iron bars running across at intervals, and having the family lozenge let in, high up, in painted glass. After the fashion of the time, from which this window dated, a small casement opened out of its middle compartment; but the heap of this casement being defective, I had found out a ready way of opening it from the outside by means of a bit of crooked wire; and sometimes when I was hard at work, and tired out, the minx would cease from trundling her hoop in the garden, and wait with her nose pressed against the window for the expected opening of the bit of half smile; taking which as permission, she would manipulate for a few moments with her bit of crooked wire, when the casement was thrown wide ready for such emergencies, till the harp yielded, and the casement opened, then she would creep demurely through, and stand at my elbow for a time. Two doors opened into this room; one from a corridor which ran through the lower part of the house, the other from a portion of the veranda which led by a descent of two or three steps into the garden. Why I am thus particular in my description of this room will appear by and by.

My great picture, as I have called it, and which I had fully determined in my own mind should be an advance on all my previous efforts, and be ready for such emergencies, till the harp yielded, and the casement opened, then she would creep demurely through, and stand at my elbow for a time. Two doors opened into this room; one from a corridor which ran through the lower part of the house, the other from a portion of the veranda which led by a descent of two or three steps into the garden. Why I am thus particular in my description of this room will appear by and by.

My great picture, as I have called it, and which I had fully determined in my own mind should be an advance on all my previous efforts, and be ready for such exhibition as might be open to me, was "Lady of Shalott," where the boat, which the poor lady has found under the willows, is floated by the tide, with a silent burden, full of "many-colored" samlet, and "knight and burgher, lord and dame" crowd on to the wharfs, marveling who this may be. But besides this, I had another purpose in view in the choice of a picture for relief when the necessity for change came upon me.

The second picture was a commission of my friend Sir Richard Thornfield, at whose house in the Peak I had been staying a short time previously, and had listened to a strange family legend which had been current in his family for several centuries, for the Thornfields were quite sufficiently ancient to have a family legend of their own; and however lightly they might seem to regard it, you could not touch them on a more tender point than by attempting to make fun of the family ghost. As is usual in such cases, the apparition never appeared except as a presage of death to some member of the family; and Sir Richard, who was of this peculiarity about the Thornfield ghost, that it was never seen in proper person, but merely an indication of it by the sound of rustling silk, you were quietly shaving, or arranging your cravat before the glass, you would see the reflection of a ghastly woman's face and figure in the glass, which, as your own face in the glass, with such a stony, merciless glare in its unwinking eyes, as would be the moment from which your dreaded Horror-struck, you would turn round to see nothing; and when your eyes wandered instinctively back to the glass, the ghastly vision would be gone, not to re-appear, perhaps, for several years.

But it was one instance in particular of the appearance which my friend was desirous that I should illustrate with my brush. The incident in question happened under his own roof on the eve of the wedding-day of one of the daughters of the house. The baronet showed me her portrait in the gallery—a beautiful young creature of eighteen summers, still, after all these years, looking out at the world with tender, serious eyes, was no longer conscious of the near and awful presage of the sad fate in store for her. The morrow was to be her wedding-day, and late in the evening, she crept upstairs to her dressing-room to try on some of the pretty things in which she was to be separated the next morning.

The white gauzy robe had been tried on and spread out upon a chair, the set of wreath, a string of pearls into her hair, when, all at once, she saw the dreadful face, with its Medusa eyes, staring intently over her shoulder at her own face in the glass. The smile died on her lips, and the gladness out of her eyes, as she looked. She turned and fled to her mother's room, to lose sense and motion the moment she felt herself within the shelter of those protecting arms, and in less than a week she was dead.

Such was the episode which my friend was desirous that I should depict. I had brought with me a sketch of the young lady's face, being desirous that my picture should be as accurate as possible in every particular; although hers was a face that, once seen by an artist, would not readily be forgotten. As if it had been put there to suit the purpose I had in view, I found in the state-bedroom of Maison Gris an old-fashioned cheval glass, than which, with no fantastic framework of carved oak, nothing could have been more appropriate for the background of my picture. I at once caused it to be transplanted to my painting-room, and placed in the several requisite, especially with a sheet of green baize thrown over it to keep it from the dust.

Madame, the wife and company of her lodyship of Shalott, I turned to my "ghost-picture," as Mimi called it, by way of variety. Then was the glass transferred to my wife's sister, who would pose herself before it, as in the act of twining a string of pearls in her hair, while I transferred to my canvas the reflection of her figure, the face in her little head, the flowing masses of her chestnut hair, with the up-curved arms and the tapering fingers lifted above.

The two faces as seen reflected in the glass—that of the apparition peering blue-white over the bridal shoulder, and that of my own face—I left till the last, or, rather, was waiting till some moment of inspiration should lend my fingers the necessary power to produce exactly on canvas the two faces as I saw them in my own mind.

Among the minor virtues of civilisation, that of early rising cannot be said to be considered as one; and now that I was in *villégiature*, I fell back upon a primitive division of time such as may still be observed in the more remote places, but which it would be quite impossible to observe amid the countless employments and distractions of life in town. Thus, I was commonly happened to rise with the first streak of daylight, and taking a couple of biscuits in pocket, set out for a six miles' walk before breakfast, or a ride for one on horseback, after which I generally felt myself in tune for a good spell of hard work.

On the morning of the day up as I had often done before, just as the sky was beginning to purple with the coming day, and slipping quietly downstairs, I unbarred the front door, and paused a moment or two on the steps enjoying the delicious freshness of the morning. While standing thus, the idea entered into my head that it would be as well to take a peep into my painting-room, and see that everything was right there.

On leaving off work the previous evening, I had left open the door leading out into the veranda, in order that the room might be purified by morning from the smell of some turpentine which I had incautiously used. Now I had almost entirely forgotten to shut before going to bed, and the idea now struck me, that it would be as well to see that no stray cat or dog had made itself free to the trunks among my brushes and colors during the night.

The door leading from the verandah into the painting-room was at an opposite angle of the same from the window, and now standing, as I descended the steps leisurely, and walked across the grassplot towards it, noticing as I did so, what I had never noticed before, that the old house looked older and grayer, showed the scars and wrinkles of age more than ever in that cold half-light of early morning than when seen at any other hour, even under the bright rays of midday. As I stepped under the verandah, I saw with some surprise that the door in front of me was shut. It was a wringing door that could of its own accord unless fastened back, and on leaving it over night, I had propped it open with a chair which was now gone, and the door closed.

Inferring from this that some means this had come about, I passed open the door and went in. As I entered the room, I mechanically let go the door, which swung to after me in, and in the same instant I felt, rather by intuition than by the evidence of my senses, that there was a figure which stood up with something that had no business there—with something which I had but an instant or two before been unaware of, but which, the next instant to look round, the next, my wandering gaze fixed itself upon two great blazing eyes staring balefully at me from a dusky corner of the room; but in that one second of time my mind had told me that the figure in the cheval glass in the centre of the room, my easel in one corner, the form of Mimi on the floor, and the other familiar objects further away in the big room still showed indistinctly through the dim gray light, I received a blow with an iron bar across the old window; then the eyes took me, and as I first saw them, I saw them no more, but there shrilled me, I think that I could hardly have uttered my loudest cry, and then all was dark. I was glared at me unwinkingly from the semi-obscurity of the corner with a sort of concentrated ferocity that seemed to freeze up the very heart's blood.

To what strange monster crouching there, but half seen in the darkness, belonged those eyes I cannot tell. Not long was I left in doubt. With a snarl, low, fierce, continuous, with an upward and bristling of its immense back; with its mouth grinning murder; with one crouching step back-ward, as if to gain space for a terrific leap for a spring; and with one mighty rush, the tiger was upon me. I saw it all in the space of a single bolt, a blood-red light danced for an instant before my eyes, and then came a darkness as of death.

My senses came back but slowly. I awoke by degrees to a consciousness of life. but it was a life utterly disowned from that of my former self. I was no longer the master of Maison Gris; I was no longer a nineteenth century unit struggling for my daily bread, and enjoying in the best of all the Great Pyramid. I had been lying there as one dead for three thousand years, and now, by some strange process, I had come troublously into life, had been resuscitated, and it seemed only to fol-low in the natural course of things that I should awake and find myself the inmate of a gorgeous sarcophagus. I was not surprised. I gazed around me with interest, but without curiosity; I seemed to have been there before at some far distant date, and now I recalled already that from the moment when I first opened my eyes, and even before that, as it seemed to me, I had felt the oppression of something ponderous on my chest, of a weight that seemed to grow heavier and denser every minute. What could it be? I tried to move my limbs, to lift my body into an upright position; but the cere-cloths in which I was swathed from head to foot left me without the power to move even as much as a finger, and still that mysterious weight upon my chest was becoming more distressing and deadly every moment. For some reason unknown to me the lid had been lifted off my sarcophagus; a tender radiance shed by invisible lamps pervaded the vast apartment, and although I was unable to move my head and look round, I could gaze forward, and my eyes on their awakening circuit took in a considerable span of the flat roof overhead.

On this roof were painted in vivid colors constellations Egyptian symbols of gigantic size: the bull, the cat, the crocodile, the lion and the asp, were represented again and again, together with innumerable other symbols, all of which appeared strangely familiar to me. Suddenly, while I was gazing up the roof, I saw that the keystone was wanting, and that the whole immense fabric was slowly collapsing, gradually settling down, and soon before long must crush me, lay directly under the apex of the pyramid—yes, crush me under the weight of a hundred thousand tons. Already, here and there, great cracks were beginning to show themselves in the ceiling, too, no longer tinted so brightly; the roof seemed to be creeping down the walls, as though it were being let down by chains from above, every moment the air of the chamber was growing hotter and more stifling; every moment my deadly weight upon my chest was becoming more unbearable. Why had I been preserved for a fate so horrible, the last man left alive on the earth? How had I sinned so grievously, that such a sleep of three thousand years I should awake to the consciousness of a doom so dreadful? It was nearly upon me now, that terrible roof, with its gigantic figures, red, blue and blue, whose strange lifelike eyes stared so intently into mine. I could almost have touched it with my hand, had I been free.

Even now there was time to escape, if only there had been means and had happened to me? Ah, the tiger! I remembered everything now. He was dead, in reality, and as I was, though hardly as terrible as the doom which threatened me in my dream, if a dream it could be called. Then I felt a hand upon my cheek, which seemed to my half-conscious state had seemed ponderous enough to crush the brain that it sought to free. It was nothing more or less than the immense paw of the animal to be sure, but now was the slow shifting of it had broken my vision just at the point where endurance ends, and madness or death supervenes.

In that first moment of semi-consciousness, after opening my eyes, I groaned slightly, tried to turn over; but scarcely had I uttered a cry than I found that I was lying prostrate on the floor close to my shoulder, put forth his paw again, as though afraid I were going to escape him, and brought it down on the back of my head with an arm; at the same moment his claws shot from their sheaths like so many hidden poniards, and penetrated through the thick cloth of my shooting-coat to the flesh of my arm. But the very sharpness of which escaped my lips, to which the beast responded with a muffled roar; and then, for the second time, I fainted.

My poor, scattered wits, on dragging themselves together again, found after the interval of a second intuitively cognizant of the danger that beset me. I never dared to look at the tiger's face—to whisper "Beware!" I was conscious of the presence of the animal close beside me, before I opened my eyes; I felt that to move even an inch or a leg might be my death-warrant; I lay there like one dead, hardly daring to breathe, and awaited the ordeal still before me. At length I ventured to open my eyes a little way, and take a first silent observation of the enemy, and of my own position. The tiger was lying on his hidden paw, and lengthwise with a couple of feet of my right shoulder; one paw protruded a little further than the other, ready, therefore, for a spring on me again, in case of any movement on my part. He was a splendid brute, and I was able to admire him, and to admire him after the fashion of his family when they are not in the immediate neighborhood to be admired him hugely. Every quarter of a minute or so he gave his huge tail a slow, solemn whisk, bringing the tip down with a thump upon the wooden floor. It seemed to me, but perhaps I was too fanciful, that he was waiting for me to make some slight, or grim enjoyment about him, as he lay thus, gazing at me with concentrated fire in his eyes. Another ish green, that never wavered or turned away for a single instant. He seemed to feel himself so thoroughly master of the situation that he was in no hurry to proceed to extremities. Perhaps he was waiting for me to make some sign of the first hated race of men so completely in his power. Perhaps he was waiting to see if I would, to some extent, and yawned silently; and it makes me shudder even now when I remember the terrible cavity of teeth which it then disclosed. Time and again, he would give his lips an anticipatory lick with his red tongue, and then, as if he suddenly quivered like those of a cat that is watching a mouse.

It was broad daylight by this time, and such of the familiar features of the room as I could see without stirring my head were just as they had been left last night. The tiger, which I could now plainly see was young and in perfect health, doubtless come prowling about the house, entered the open door, closed the wringing door invitingly open, had walked in, overturning the chair in its passage, and had made for himself a safe lair on the other side of the door, in one corner, till roused by my entrance. But for my unfortunate habit of leaving the door of the painting-room, I should never have found myself in my present fix.

Instead of being close to the door by which I had entered, and which, as I supposed, was now found myself lying in a square of Persian carpet, and in close proximity to the second door, the one leading into the veranda. Immediately opposite to me, on the other side of the room, was a large old-fashioned cheval glass, of which I have already spoken, towards which the tiger's back was now turned, his head being between the tiger and the window, supported by two wooden uprights, and covered with green baize, behind which my easel, behind which my picture was partly hidden, one side only of it being visible from where I lay. All this time I had been gathering up my energies to meet the fate that loomed so imminently before me with whatever of courage and composure was possible to me. My chances of escape seemed very faint indeed, but none the less did I keep revolving one scheme after another in my brain—never throbbing with a fuller life than in that hour of my extremity—only to reject them one by one as impracticable. Alas! for me there seemed no help on earth.

A dull vague despair, in spite of my efforts to the contrary, was beginning to settle down over my soul, when, bringing my eyes to rest once more on the brute beside me, I saw, with a thrill of hope, that those unwavering eyes had closed at last. He was asleep, with one paw laid against my shoulder, ready to grasp me should I offer to stir. A small matter, truly, to cause me to thrill with hope, but I could not help accepting the fact, trifling as it was, as an augury of good promise. Lightly and delicately the tiger slept—as lightly as any maiden dreaming of her lover, and waiting for his coming. I ventured to open my eyes a little wider, and a moment afterwards a sight met my gaze which stirred my soul to its very depths, and would have drawn from me some cry or movement of surprise, had not the painful lesson of a few minutes before been still fresh in my memory. What I saw was the white agonised face of my wife peering in through that corner of the window not hidden by the cheval glass, and Laura's face, scarcely less anguish-stricken, gazing over her shoulder. They had discovered my dangerous position; would they be able to help me? My wife's eyes and mine met in a long, yearning, heartfelt gaze across the little space that kept us asunder. I had learned to read the language of those dear eyes years before, and their meaning was plain to me now. They told of love and pity, in a way that no mere words could have done, and yet breathed, withal, a spirit of hope and consolation almost divine, as though wishing me not to forget that both her and mine were in the hands of a merciful Power, without whose permission not even a sparrow can fall to the ground.

Suddenly, Laura whispered something in my wife's ear, and a flash passed over the faces of both. Then Laura held up her hands in a way that made me grasp her idea in an instant. She was going to communicate with me by means of the manual alphabet—called by some people "the deaf and dumb alphabet," with which we were both acquainted. One by one I spelled out the words as she formed them, letter by letter, with her fingers. Her first communication ran thus:

"Courage. We are praying for you with our hearts, and working for you with our heads. We are trying to devise some means of rescue, and do not despair of success."

Then they both kissed their hands to me, and went back out of sight. I knew that they would come again in a little while; that they had merely left me in order to talk over some scheme of escape. But what chance of escape was there indeed for me? None, none that I could discern.

Presently they returned, and Laura had Mim in her arms, whom she lifted up to look through the window at poor papa. The child was frightened when she saw the great brute beside me, and turning away, put her arms round her aunt's neck, and burst into sobs. A low growl from the tiger warned us all that the least disturbance might be fatal to me. Laura took the child away, but my wife remained by the window, her hands clasped one in the other, her head drooping against the stonework, gazing at me through the panes with tearless despairing eyes. In a little while Laura and Mim came back; and Mim, no longer terrified, now looked through the window at me, and smiled and kissed her hand. Then came another message, worked out by Laura's nimble fingers:

"We have thought of a plan, which, with Heaven's help, we hope will succeed. Lie perfectly still, and do not be surprised at anything you may see or hear. God bless you!"

A minute or two later, my ears, preternaturally alert during those terrible moments—indeed, all my senses at that time seemed to be preternaturally alive—detected a faint rasping sound, which I had heard many a time before, only this time it was fainter and more cautious than usual. It was the noise make by Mim when she opened the casement from the outside by means of her piece of crooked wire. Faint as the noise was, the tiger pricked up his ears, and gave utterance to another low, deep-throated warning. The noise ceased for a little while, to commence again about a minute later; and this time the beast did not deign to notice such a petty interruption of the prevailing quietude. In a little while the noise ceased, but whether the casement was now open or shut I had no means of judging, hidden from view as that part of the window was behind the cheval glass. But even if they had succeeded in opening the casement, in what way could that fact conduce to my deliverance? Had I even possessed the tiger's full permission to use such a mode of exit, the casement was far too small to admit of my passing through it.

Laura coming back to the window, telegraphed to me for the third time with her fingers:

"All is prepared. Wait and be silent. Our hearts are with you."

Dear ones! that their hearts were with me, I never for one moment doubted; nor that whatever womanly wit, sharpened by the most devoted love, could do for my deliverance, would be accomplished by those two!

My wife, Laura, and Mim were now all gone, and I was left alone with the sleeping tiger. A short space of the most intense silence followed, and then my ear, hungering anxiously for some sound, detected a faint rustling in the direction of the window, but so faint, so like a whisper of silence itself, that in any ordinary mood it would not have reached my senses at all. Although his eyes were still closed, and he was to all appearance asleep, I saw, by a slight pricking of the tiger's ears, that the noise had not been unnoticed by him. It was with a feeling of sickening anxiety, which I should vainly try to describe, that I awaited whatever might happen next.

Suddenly my heart gave a great bound, and I felt that there was some one in the room beside myself. There had been no noise, no movement, further than the one of which I have just spoken, and yet all at once I knew that I was not alone—knew it by some delicate, intuitive sense, by some subtle, spiritual affinity between myself and the intruder, which is as much a mystery to me now as it was then. The tiger, too, seemed to have had his suspicions aroused. First, his whiskers twitched nervously; then he half-opened his heavy lids, and glared at me with his yellow-green eyes, in which there was a smouldering ferocity that might leap into a blaze any moment; while his tail began to curve uneasily, and from his cavernous throat there issued a muffled growl of menace, long drawn out. Oh, the soul-wearing anxiety of those few moments! Even now I shudder when I recall them.

With half-shut eyes I watched and waited. The intense silence of the room was unbroken. At once, without any warning sound or intimation of what was coming, I saw a wee white hand and slender white arm protruded from behind the cheval glass. "Great heaven!" I cried to myself, "that is the hand and arm of my darling Mim!" and my eyes blurred over with tears, and all my heart went forth in a great silent cry to heaven to protect and save my child.

When I could bear to look again, the hand and arm were gone, but the object for which so much had been ventured was safely accomplished. Fastened to the curtain of green baize which covered the cheval glass were two brass rings, and to one of these rings Mim's little hand had now succeeded in hooking a thin cord; so much I at once discovered, although for what purpose the cord had been thus attached, I was utterly at a loss to conceive. I was, however, far too anxious just then regarding Mim's safety to give more than a passing thought to any other subject, however strange. But so cautious, as well as brave, was my little darling, that not the faintest sound betrayed her presence, till, as I was afterwards told, she had reached the casement, and was about to be drawn through it by her aunt, when her foot slipped, and her head coming in contact with the stonework of the window, she gave utterance to a low cry of pain. That cry thrilled through me; but no sooner did the tiger hear it than he started up with a roar that seemed to shake the room, and the same instant the claws of his right foot buried themselves in my shoulder, only to be withdrawn the next moment, so as to enable him to turn himself round, which he did with one sudden swing of his huge body, standing now with his face to the cheval glass and the window, from which point he evidently sniffed danger. Fortunately, he did not attempt to go near the window, otherwise poor Mim's fate must have been sealed before she could have escaped through the casement. As it was, the brute contented himself with standing directly over my body, and giving utterance to a series of terrific roars, such as might well have made the stoutest heart in my position quail with fear. Did some instinct dimly apprise him that he was in danger of losing his prey—that the dainty dinner of man-flesh which he had made his own so easily, and over which he had luxuriated for the last hour or two, dwelling in imagination on the delicious feast to come, was about to be spirited from him? Be that as it may, the tiger was quiescent no longer; the crisis of my fate, either for salvation or destruction, was evidently at hand.

Mim was safe by this time; I had a glimpse of her white face as the Breton nurse hurried with her past the window; and I could now afford to turn my mind to the consideration of my own danger; and truly my prospect of deliverance seemed at that moment a faint one indeed. The tiger's suspicions were thoroughly aroused. He had now taken to walking round and round me in an unending circle, sniffing at me from time to time, and growling to himself, while I lay with shut eyes simulating death as closely as possible. Suddenly he stopped in his walk, and fell back a pace or two from me; and at the same instant there burst from his throat a loud snarling yell, half of rage and half of fear. The cord hooked on to the ring by Mim had been pulled from outside the window; the sheet of green baize had fallen away from before the cheval glass, and the startled beast, turning at the sound, saw reflected therein another tiger and another man. With him to see and to act were one. His tail lashed his sides once or twice as he stood gazing for a moment at this intruder on his territory; then, still snarling viciously to himself, with contracted body, and all his huge muscles quivering with excitement, he worked his way backward almost to the door, so as to give himself more room for his spring; then all at once curving his body into an arch, and bringing his grinning muzzle nearly to the ground, he shot over me like a flash of yellow light, aiming straight at the reflection of himself in the glass. Carried by the impetus of his spring, he shot clean through the glass and woodwork behind it, coming out on the other side, bleeding, and partially stunned, and quite as much frightened, I suspect, as either. But at the first sound of shivered glass, and before the scared beast had time to recover his presence of mind, the door behind me was suddenly opened, and my two good angels rushing in, seized me as I lay, and with a strength which at any other time would have astonished themselves, they lifted me lightly up, and swung me out of the room. It was the work of a moment. Laura's bold device had succeeded, and I was saved.

The rage of the tiger was something fearful, when he found out how he had been tricked, and that his prey had really escaped him. Later on in the day came the caravan-people from whose custody he had escaped on the previous night shortly after feeding time, and in such a quiet cunning fashion, owing to one of the keepers having imperfectly fastened a small grating at the top of his den, that his departure was not discovered till daybreak. He had subsided into a fit of sulks by the time the keepers reached Maison Gris, and neither coaxing nor threats could stir him out of the corner in which he had taken up his quarters, and there was no keeper bold enough to venture into the room to him. Ultimately, he was captured by means of a tempting shin of beef fixed in an iron cage, which he was obliged to enter before he could get at it, and once inside the cage, his liberty was gone.

I was very ill for a long time, and nearly a year elapsed before my arms and shoulder were sufficiently recovered to enable me to use brush and pallet again. The scars I shall carry with me as long as I live.

THE SALE OF STOLEN PROPERTY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

THERE are numberless sights in this metropolis that are reserved only for the few, and such is that we have illustrated.

It must be easily supposed that an immense city like New York, with its 2,000 policemen, would in some way capture a vast amount of stolen property. The large majority of these captured articles are, of course, identified and reclaimed by the owners, but still a considerable per centage left, and after being kept one year is sold. These sales are held once in two months at the Police Headquarters in Mulberry street, by the official termed the Property Clerk, and to these sales the public generally are invited, though perhaps only a few score of them attend.

The room in which they are held is divided off by a rail, and behind this rail the auctioneer takes his stand on a chair, attended by two colored gentlemen who do the rough work in the way of handling the goods to be sold, some of which are not very desirable handling.

The sale commences according to a printed catalogue, which scrip presents every style of personal property that can reach the imagination. It comprises, in this instance, 282 articles, commencing with a lot of pig iron, and ending off with one brown trunk.

All's fish that comes to the auctioneer's net, and consequently he goes on: "Now, then, gentlemen! what shall I have for this lot? Speak quick. What will you give me for this 'model of a sloop?'"

The model of a sloop finds a buyer at some price, and the next lot comes in turn. Let us give some kind of a summary of them—Lot of machinery; one hogshead and three barrels; three sailors' chests; 1,000 bags; box of herring; one fork; 24 small baskets; one guitar; two cans of fish; six bottles of wine; one jacket and pants; eight collars and five neckties; 15 soft hats; one box buttons; one lady's gold watch; three pairs spectacles; one revolver; 20 daguerreotype frames; seven door locks; three white spencers; two pairs India rubber shoes, etc., and so forth.

One after the other these articles of merchandise go up and are knocked down to the highest bidder, who grasps his property, pays his cash, and cares not a pin for the story attached to it, which, perhaps, is a chapter of the blackest crime, perhaps of the highest romance.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

SINCE the closing of the rebellion we have heard so little of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, that we can readily imagine their work finished. But this is not so. They are both still at work in spheres they yet find. One of these we give this week, in a representation of the Christian Commission distributing newspapers to Southern people. The sketch was taken at Savannah, but is applicable to many other localities. These newspapers are the contributions of our citizens and publishers, and though some of them may be a week or two behind time, they are all new to those who receive them, and are looked on by the recipients in strong admiration, generated by the fact that for some years their eyes have only been greeted by the six by nine wretched brown or yellow sheets in which rebeldom has been able to indulge.

Like the distributions of rations, the newspapers are all given out "under the flag," and any sympathizer has to kiss the rod to get the news.

THE FEARFUL ICE GORGE AT ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS has been the scene of a fearful disaster. The ice above the city has suddenly broken loose and came down in such tremendous masses as to sweep all before it.

The scene of the disaster was a most exciting one. The levee was a perfect promenade of all kinds of people, gazing at and commenting upon the awful scene of smashed and sunken steamers which the moving ice gorge of Saturday evening had caught and crushed in its relentless grip. The river was frozen solid, and huge chunks of ice, five inches thick, were piled up in shapeless masses around the doomed steamers, flatboats, and broken wharves. A group of four boats, tightly jammed together, and so damaged, that it is not easy to distinguish one from another, lie in the stream on the verge of the channel. All the others are crushed against the bank—some broken fairly in the middle; others with their bows stove in, pilot-houses, upper-decks, and chimneys carried away.

The vessels injured, more or less, are as follows:

Name.	*Value.*	*Name.*	*Value.*
Admiral	$60,000	Bannock City	$1,000
Calypso	85,000	Amanda	1,000
Highlander (sunk)	30,000	Big Horn	500
Geneva	12,000	Merlana	500
Sioux City (sunk)	2,000	Argonaut	5,000
Omaha	5,000	Metropolitan	5,000
Belle of Memphis	1,000	Barges, flatboats, coal barges, &c	10,000
Cora	5,000	Freight in steamers and barges	20,000
Rosalia	5,000		
Empire City (sunk)	12,000		
Hattie May	3,000		
Total			$213,000

The above are probably insured for $100,000.

The gunboats Eltah and Shiloh, lying at the foot of Plum street, are uninjured, their iron sides resisting the pressure of the ice.

Some accidents occurred in the scramble to get off the boats when the gorge above began to move, but no lives were lost.

The scene was picturesque as well as terrible. The sun shone brilliantly on the motley crowd of men and women in their Sunday costumes who bedecked the levee. Many went out to the wrecks, even ladies and children trying the dangerous experiment. The ice at Cora street was strong enough for quite a large number to cross to and fro.

The steamboat men were unprepared for this sudden moving of the ice, and the boats were therefore wholly unprotected. The disaster was almost instantaneous. Ropes and chain cables were snapped like twine, and the crushed and crumbling flotilla went a considerable distance down stream before its course could be arrested The heavier boats stove in the smaller ones lying between them, crushing some of them like nutshells and sinking their hulls to the bottom.

OPOSSUM HUNTING IN MARYLAND.

OUR illustration is almost classical, and hardly wants description. Its own story is written in every line of the pencil, and is suggestive of that good old melody of "Possum fat and hominy, and everyting dat's nice."

The opossum is a species of "varmint" that hardly comes within the line of our game laws, and by white men—especially those who have never eaten it—is looked on somewhat askance. But to the gentlemen of the colored persuasion he is what the woodcock is to us, the very acme of gastronomical beauty. They regard his capture as the millenium of hunting, and the seasonable condition when that said "possum fat" is in best order, as the alderman would regard the green lumps of turtle floating in his soup.

Opossum hunting with the negro is at all seasons, but that time when the frost sets in or snow is on the ground is the best. At such time the skill of the darkey huntsman, who can nose out an opossum at any reasonable distance, is only to be matched by that of the dogs who, in the same manner that our pointers, setters or retrievers are trained, can follow and bring down the coveted little animal under circumstances that plead for something almost akin to reason.

Though "possum hunting" is a black art, we confess a weakness for it.

SKATING.

WITHIN a few years this species of gymnastic exercise has become a leading fashion in this country, and the man who has not yet reached the mature age of a couple of score, who in his youth counted himself "some" on the ice, can now retire into the shade, before the wonderful gyrations of his children, even down into the fourth and fifth steps. In fact, the youngster of five is as well up in ice business in these days as our fathers or grandfathers were when full-grown men. Everybody skates, and it is about as much out of the way to confess that we do not skate, as it is to admit that we do not dance.

Just now the season is opening, and skaters are bringing forth last year's steel, and complacently fitting it to their feet. Gimlets are in request, and the thermometer and barometer are viewed with agitation. Poets are inspired with ice poems, and romances are weaving to be spun out upon the congealed lake. All the world, which means all the world that has legs and something in the skate way to attach to them, are interested. The papers chronicle the daily condition of Central Park pond, the 5th Avenue pond, and all the other ponds, with as much avidity as they once chronicled "the war."

This season, we predict, will be only one of an increase of the passion. Those now will skate who never did before; and those who always skated, now will skate the more. The amount of matrimony and flirtation that will grow this year upon the ice will require many statisticians to keep count of, and the amount of real fun outside of that can never be kept count of.

And so God bless the ice, and keep it firm and strong! Give us plenty of it, but let the weather be warm, and, if possible, the ice safe and perfectly skateable. Of course we know that cold weather, snow and ice are not compatible with poor men's comfort; but if we must have cold weather, we must, and so if we must, let us have good ice and plenty of skating.

RUINS OF OLD CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN.

MANY an interesting remembrance of the "auld lang syne" clusters around the subject of this sketch; visions of gay cavaliers with their rich plumes and trappings, of fair young damsels and haughty old warriors, with their ancient dames, arrayed in all the pomp of ruff and farthingale, that here attended mass and vespers, when all around was a vast wilderness filled with savages and wild beasts. Many a marriage ceremony and many a funeral service was solemnised within the walls of the old church, before Boston had become even a cow pasture. All this has long since passed away, and now a part of the belfry tower with a few piles of crumbling brick and the tall weeds waving in the wind alone mark the spot. The whole scene is one of decay and stagnation, so often to be met with in Virginia, despite its rich soil and vast mineral wealth. Near the church are the walls of a more modern dwelling-house, burned during the war, while on the other side is a small earthwork built by the rebels.

Before many years more have past the river which is slowly changing its bed will have washed away all that is now left of the church, and obliterate the last relic of the oldest city of America. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Let us hope, however, that this state of things has passed away with the "peculiar institution" that caused it. There is no reason why the Peninsula, so famous in our history, should not yet be as rich and prosperous as its fertile soil and fine rivers entitle it to become, and we do not hazard much in the assertion, that now the incubus is removed, and the country open to emigration, it will not be long before the Old Dominion will assume the position of importance for which nature designed her.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HORSE.

Kloenne's Patent Hitching Bolts.

OUR engraving represents an invention, the usefulness of which cannot fail to be appreciated by all owners or keepers of horses. It is intended to supersede the inconvenient, inefficient, and, withal, expensive manner, now in general use, of hitching horses.

Every owner of horses is well aware that fastening the horses by simply tying their halter-string is inconvenient in many respects. The strings are soon worn out by friction, and an expense is incurred thereby which, in the long run, amounts to no inconsiderable sum. Furthermore, the horses, when they cast their forefeet over the string, cannot be unfastened without great difficulty which, in the case of spirited animals, may, not unfrequently, amount to positive danger. But the principal drawback of the prevailing mode of fastening horses lies in the impossibility of quickly untying the halter-strings in cases of fire or other danger. Hundreds of valuable animals have been lost in this way from no other cause than the difficulty of releasing them in time.

Kloenne's Patent Hitching Bolt is well calculated to obviate all these difficulties. As will be seen by the cut, it consists of a bolt which, when shut, is securely held in its place by a spiral spring working underneath the socket. The halter-string, ending in a dimple, is, by one simple movement, fastened in an instant, the bolt being pushed through the dimple. Or, a common rope-string may be used, by tying a knot at a convenient distance; the bolt, when shut, leaving just room enough between it and the screw-plate, to hold the rope, but not enough to pass the knot.

To unfasten the horse, no more than a simple pull or push at the knob of the bolt is required. To those who have to manage vicious horses, it is unnecessary to prove the advantage of this contrivance. When the horse, having cast his feet over the string, has become unmanageable, rendering any near approach to him dangerous to life and limb, a single pull with a long hook, or a push with a rod, will enable the keeper, from any safe position, to unfasten the horse, and thus to remove the cause of his viciousness.

Still more patent is the advantage of the hitching bolt in all such cases where, on a sudden emergency, it is desirable to unfasten a number of horses simultaneously.

The inventor has contrived an apparatus, as simple as it is ingenious, by which any given number of bolts in the same stable-row are connected through a strong wire. This wire is made to end in a handle (as seen in the figure III), which may be placed in such a position as to be easily accessible in cases of danger. A single jerk at this handle will then withdraw all the bolts and release all the horses in an instant. On the other hand, the wire does not interfere with the working of any bolt singly.

So obvious are the advantages of the hitching bolt, that several of the largest companies in the city of New York, using hundreds of horses, have introduced it in their stables as soon as the invention had been brought to their notice. Any one may see the practical usefulness and efficiency of this invention by paying a visit to the stables of Adams Express Co., 59 Broadway, or the Sixth Avenue R. R. Co.

John Hoey gives this certificate as to its merits:

New York, Oct. 31st, 1865.

MR. W. KLOENNE, 234 William Street:

Dear Sir—We have now in our use your Patent Hitching Bolts at our stables; we find them very useful, convenient, and satisfactory, and cheerfully recommend them.

JOHN HOEY, Supt.

For the benefit of the horse, that standard friend of mankind, the invention should be examined by every horse owner and lover of horses.



OUR NATIONAL WINTER EXERCISE—SKATING.



ER EXERCISE—SKATING.

MEMOIRE NE CHANCE.

BY M. ELIZABETH PERRY.

I laid my head on cushions at her feet,
And watched her fingers twist,
Within and out the mist,
Which she had woven in a mesh complete.

Her eyes, like beryls, looked down into mine,
So steadfast and so true:
I caught their calmness, too,
And simply said, "My darling, I am thine!"

She looked across salt meadows, to the sea,
Whose ripples lapped the shore,
Then turned to me once more
And said, "Oh, no, my friend, that cannot be!"

I tried to plead, she only shook her head,
And, pointing to the waves,
Said, "There are many graves;
In one of them my love is lying dead."

Into her eyes there came no look of pain,
Nor sign of unshed tears;
And yet I knew the years
Could never bring her love to life again.

Since then long years have died in summer flame,
Each one has had its charm;
And now upon my arm
A blue-eyed woman sleeps and bears my name.

And ever more to me her face is turned,
As though I were her sun,
And she the only one
On whom its ray had every fall'n or burned.

I love her, with a love that cannot cease;
And, toying with her hair,
I lose the thought of care,
And in my heart fold close the dove of peace.

But when the wind blows salt from off the sea,
The beryl eyes once more
Look on me, as of yore,
And then I sigh that they were not for me.

WHO SHALL JUDGE?

BY M. ELIZABETH PERRY.

Mrs. Rothe was a frail little woman, full of quaint conceits—her child's name, Veronica, was one of them.

They were all strange people, those Rothes; "a queer set," their neighbors called them—proud, selfish, vindictive. Fathers disowned their sons, mothers and daughters would meet like strangers; all of them—brothers, sisters and cousins—hated each other mortally, but were very clannish, withal; if some fair-faced girl among them was to be disposed of, none were found worthy of her beauty, and what they thought more of, her dower, save some black-browed cousin of the third or fourth degree. And so they intermarried until their blood grew thick, the family traits were heightened to idiosyncracies, every feeling became a passion, every thought a prejudice.

The old stock had been hardy and numerous—they were thinning and dying out, now; only one branch was left bearing the family name; when John Rothe died that would be blotted out; he had no son—only two daughters—Salama and Veronica.

John Rothe's father had been terribly angry when his son sold half the farm, reserving only the land along a wild, deep gorge through which the waters whirled in a rush of headlong fury; and when he had built his mills, and the old man first heard the roar and clang of the ponderous machinery, he would wink and nod, and shake his staff at them, sending his withered old face into such wrinkles of malicious prophesying as must have rejoiced his fatherly heart.

Eight years before, when John had gone to the seaport town and brought that pale, frightened-looking girl home as his wife, the old man had vented his spite in wicked sneers, and his son never forgave it, for unlike the Rothes in general, he loved his wife. Except those two things, his love and enterprise, he was no whit better than or different from the others.

His wife's family was as old, as narrow, and unwholesome as his own, only their characteristics were grown weaker with age, and when he carried Emily out of it the old household lost nearly all it possessed of either goodness or beauty, and she parcelled out both attributes to her daughters.

Salama was tall, slender, with graceful wavy motions, a face without color, not pale, but with a glow diffused over it like fire shining through faint amber; this fire culminated in her eyes, smouldering, too, but the flame leapt up in a continual blazing and darkling, that ebbed and flowed like a pulse beat in their gray depths; wonderful eyes they were—long, and heavily lashed; save her hair—which was a dense bronze, never changing its color in sun or shade—she had no other beauty.

Her mouth was nervous and uneasy, her lips for ever opening and shutting like those of a starved animal.

All this is what she was when grown; as a child, people did not like or notice her much—none, except her grandfather; in his crafty, disagreeable way, he flattered her and prompted whatever was evil, if evil there could be in an eight years old child.

Veronica was different—fair, sweet and loving; hearts went out to her instinctively. She had her mother's golden hair and clear wide eyes, purple as pansies, with hints of blue forget-me-nots lying cool in their darkness.

A laugh was always dimpling her round cheeks, and the shining head went dipping here, there, everywhere—a healthy little thing she was, swift of motion as a lapwing. There were two who did not love Veronica—Salama and her grandfather.

One knew just where to find Mrs. Rothe; coiled among the lounge cushions, her face towards the window, which held a living picture of tree and shrub, and through their green flutter the flash of falling water; her hands for ever wrought some dainty thing, laying the flowers on thick velvet beds, or else a mesh of lace whose spray clung to her fingers like frostwork over ivory.

One of her children was with her every moment. She played childlike with Veronica, and told Salama legends of knights and elves, goblins and ladies fair, and all the quaint imaginings into which was wrought the poetry of six hundred years ago.

Which child she loved best she could never tell. What mother can?

When her husband came to her side, then you knew where her offerings were laid. I have said John Rothe loved his wife; so he did, but it was not always apparent, and when he left her without a caress or some sign of love's freemasonry, you knew when Salama's mouth got that hungry look.

It was not that she thought he looked on any face and deemed it more fair than hers, or sought in other eyes for answering tenderness, but something else, a sense of loss and wrong. You, wives, know what it is; it has tightened your hearts and sent the smile in your eyes to a tear-drowned death many a time, and will do many more, while women are fond and men are careless.

Guy Somers came to see them with his newly married wife, doubtless a very happy couple, at least a very handsome one. Veronica smoothed the lady's pale hair, and touched the white velvety hands with a childish rapture. Children do feel such things. I remember, when a child, seeing one of my sister's friends standing in the lamp-light, her arms bare to the shoulder; they fascinated me; almost unconsciously I stole to her side and passed my hand up and down the cool snowy surface; the touch thrilled me, electrified me through and through.

Mrs. Somers affected Veronica thus:

"Oh, Salama!" she cried, "is she not a sweet, pretty lady?"

"I don't think so; her face looks just like a white cat's."

Guy Somers heard her.

"Come here, little one, and tell me what I look like," he said, holding out a hand slender as a girl's, and as fair.

She took in the picture greedily. Soft, light hair, which the wind lifted in plumes like floss-silk. Eyes such as Greuze gave his German women; a mouth vacillating, you would say, but when it settled into stillness the hard lines came out plainly enough. Then you would call it rapacious. Salama took it all in, and slipping her hand in his, said softly:

"You are like Sir Launcelot," she laughed.

"What do you know of him, child?"

"Oh! he was beautiful and wicked, and a maiden loved him well." She did not know it, but her voice fell into rhythm. "I loved him more than all the rest of mother's knights," she added.

"But how can you? You say he was wicked."

"I like wicked people."

The amused look in Somer's face broke into a laugh, as he said:

"Faith! little sinner, so I believe we all do, only few of us dare to confess it. But what do you think of Veronica; she's pretty, isn't she?"

"Do you love her, too?"

She cast his hand from her instantly.

"Why, you midge! is it possible you know how it feels to be jealous?"

But she went away clasping and unclasping her fingers in an angry, restless manner. Guy Somers looked after her, muttering:

"In a few years there will be enough in her to make a man."

The words were broken off by a voice, even, cool, as though its breath passed over ice.

"Come, Guy."

"If she had said "I love you," or called some tender name, it would have been in just that same cool, even tone; she could not have changed it, any more than she could touch her pale hair with warmer tinges, or make her blood go up, beat after beat, as many women's will when they hear a voice dear to them.

All that summer visit Guy talked with little Salama, repeating to her poems that made the light come throbbing to her eyes, and for a moment put the mouth to rest. He studied her just as he would another poem, quaintly written.

The season passed and more along with it until eight years had gone.

Salama had grown to be what I have told you; Veronica was the same child, only with added sweetness, and fairness, and youth's lightsome graces, playing about her bright, young head. She was ever beside her mother, who was growing etherealised, vanishing out the world. I do not know what made that great pain come into Mrs. Rothe's face, when she looked at Salama, or her voice fall into a sad quaver when she talked of, or to her, but so it was.

When Guy Somers came to take her to his home in the seaport town, this mother gazed long into her daughter's eyes, put her hands on her hair, where they lay like flecks of foam on its bronze; let fall great plashing, glittering tears, and covered the lips with kisses a thousand deep.

Pray God, they be pure lips always which take a mother's kisses off!

Salama went, and sitting opposite the fair, cold face of Mrs. Somers, I think she forgot her old opinion, and deemed it a fit accompaniment to the room beyond—the shining walls whose whiteness was just flecked with gold, a tiny vine of which carried its delicate tracery to the cornices, where it dropped in clusters of leaf and flower; lace curtains, thin as cobweb, wafted in and out the windows open to the floor, and caught in their meshes green and opal glows from the blooming plants beside them.

Looking from those windows one saw a stretch of sand and shell, and then a waste of undulating waves which broke their hearts upon the stubborn beach, and moaning at their hurt came ever back again, as though it might save them from the great steam monsters who ploughed them up, and despite their seething hate, dashed them this way and that at will.

Alas, for thy white sails, oh sea! How hath steam spoiled their old romance! But do you not pay the score? When the fire-demons burst their hearts, do you not leap and dance in the lurid glow, and toss the wretches cast on your bosom, and quash them and swallow them into your foaming jaws?

Salama thought something like this, and would have spoken it, but Mrs. Somers said:

"You are enthusiastic," and Salama, flashing a scornful flame at her, went on with her thoughts—wild ones they were—she had never seen the sea before.

Guy Somers came in and went straight to the flowers; bending over each one he drank their odorous breath.

Salama joined him.

"See," she said, pointing to a splendid white fuschia, "I found it faint and pale, but I made it drunk with air and sunshine, and see how royally it queens it now."

"Take it for treasure trove."

He broke the stem, and in a moment the rich, thick petals kissed her hair.

"I do not care for such things," Mrs. Somers said. "The plants are Guy's fancy; he raves about the ocean, too; you and he can sympathize, Salama."

So they could.

If not for those, what did Annie Somers care for? Why for piles of linen, white as snowdrifts, for clean sweet rooms, for unclouded glass, and speckless china; her poetry took substance in cakes, whose flaky sweetness melted on the tongue; in jellies transparent as prisoned sunshine; in luscious fruit, and frothing creams; and rare good poetry it was, as those who "raved" of sea and flowers acknowledged; a well-appointed house, and dainty faultless table answered her craving for the beautiful, and were they not the best of things? I am glad she had no children, though, such women were not meant for mothers.

Guy's brother came a few weeks after Salama. He was not handsome like Guy, but very grave and noble-looking, with a deep, calm voice, having in it courage for the living, comfort for the dying; Stephen Somers was a clean-souled, honest gentleman.

The four of them were walking on the sands one August night, looking at

"The watchlights glimmer on the shore,
The shiplights on the sea."

The salt breezes swept in to embrace the waiting land odors, and the moon gazed at her face in the ocean in a tender, pitiful way, as though half of herself had fallen down there, and she longed to follow or woo it back.

Salama and Guy were together.

"Do you like wicked people yet?" he asked, suddenly.

"Better still, I think."

Why did he go on questioning her?

"And what of beautiful, bad Sir Launcelot?"

"He is the same knight now."

"And do you love him better than all, Salama? Tell me that."

The question was hot and eager, but there was no time for answer. Stephen and Mrs. Somers came up, and they went to the house together.

Kneeling at her window that August night, looking towards the sea, the smouldering fire of Salama's eyes drank up the tears, the hungry, gasping lips grew white.

"Better than all! Better than all!" she moaned. "God help me!"

And so say I, Salama Rothe, and "God help" all women whose souls must drink the poison fountain of iniquity, or go thirsty for ever. Why will not the waters of Abana and of Pharpar make us clean?

Was Guy Somers weak or wicked? These lines about his mouth did not look like weakness, if it was wickedness. He who created Adam and then cursed him knows; I only know that he adored beauty, that all things rare and glorious had for him a passionate language, and when it spoke in this girl's luminous face, when those wondrous eyes flashed the gleam of their torrid depths into his, "deep answered unto deep," and his heart famished with the hunger and thirst of hers.

There was wrong somewhere, but whose was it? His feelings and appetites were not of his creating—they came with birth and their impulses—had been lawful and pure until now. What was it that turned them into sins and plague spots? But he had a wife, you say. True; and when he told the man at the altar that he loved her, he thought he told the truth. It was the truth then. How could he know that God or Satan—which is it that works the evil?—would spread this net of fascination in his path, a snare for his soul? "He should have put it far away from him, and refused to drink of waters bitter at the fountain head." Ah, my saint, which one among us ever tasted the sweet cup of sin and ceased lipping it until we found lees at the bottom?

And she. Was she base and vile because all the woman in her was awake? Did she go into bondage willingly? No, no! Witness her struggles and writhings, her despairing cry for help. Oh, woman! beloved of God in the city of David, who shall write your story—who shall dare witness against you?

Yes, there was a terrible wrong. Where it was or whose the fault I cannot tell; I only know such and worse wrongs are thick over the world, and every day work out their dire results. They say a loving Father guides and rules it all, and His "tender mercy endureth for ever."

The days went on. If Annie Somers guessed the story they were telling, she made no sign.

September wrapped her gold and crimson robe over her bosom, and laid herself to sleep under the dun garb of October, the month when the wine press is trodden, when the countries of vineland drip with the blood of grapes, a fitful, hysterical month, one day pale and weeping, the next wild with delirious joy.

They had gone over every amusement again and again.

"We must make much of these bright days; they are the last and fairest of all," Stephen said, one morning at the table.

"Let's have a fishing bout by moonlight! What say you?"

"The very thing, Guy," said Mrs. Somers. "We'll land at Ellis Point, and have a chowder on the shore."

"Shall you like to go, Salama?" Stephen asked.

"Like it! Yes; anything to kill the laggard days."

What made them laggard, Salama Rothe? Why did the pulsing light in your gray eyes beat so fast? Was it because you caught a glance which it was sin to see? If so, look not again, for that way danger lies and guilty pangs.

The little craft scarce made a ripple as it skimmed up to the Point. Once on shore, Mrs. Somers' skill developed a dozen other delicious dainties beside the promised chowder.

Salama went off alone, and finding a rock, far out, amid the white surf, climbed upon it.

Guy stood a long time, and looked at the slender figure outlined against the sunset sky, and then went quickly up the beach and talked for near an hour with the men belonging to a sloop's boat lying there. When he came away, they had each something with which to drink his health, and buy such toys as sailors' sweethearts like.

Far out on the silvery track made by the midnight moon, the little boat lay still and lifeless, bearing its burden of four throbbing hearts. Other boats were out, too; from one of them, as it passed, a voice, sweet as a convent bell, swept over the waters, singing:

"Ave! Sanctissima!
'Tis nightfall on the sea.
Ora pro nobis!
We raise our thoughts to Thee!"

It might have been the Dove of Peace, folding her white wings, and lulling to rest the passionate night, so clear it was and calm.

Mrs. Somers slept, half buried in shawls and boat cloak, and a hush was over the rest. Away, seaward, the faint lines of the sloop were pencilled against the sky, where golden lances were lifting the golden mists, and painting them pink and amethyst; nearer, something dark rose and fell with the waves, bearing towards them.

Stephen was holding the tiller and did not see it; Guy did, and turned to the figure beside him, a wan, limp thing it was, damp and chill.

He touched the cold, listless hand and pointed, whispering softly, to the blot on the waves, shaped into a boat's prow now. She sprang upward. The struggle was over.

Stephen Somers, were you blind that you did not see? or, seeing, did not feel what was coming? They stood a moment—

One foot pressed on the gunwale, a hand on Guy's shoulder, the other stretching outward, her face toward the morning, the light shining through and over it, and quick in the palpitating eyes, he clasping her waist, and couching for the spring. The boat came silently alongside. Swift as thought he made the leap, hurling the little vessel backward, and swinging Salama safely over the side. The boats parted, there was a plash in the water between them. Rebounding, they ground together. When they parted again, the waves laughed in their faces, and not a ripple told where Guy Somers went downward to death. But Salama, they saved her.

Salama Rothe rolled rapidly homeward, and lying, with closed lids, thought how her mother's kisses would soon fall on her lips like melting pearls. Outside, the November day was gray and sombre, thick with mist and rain.

Shivering and shrinking in the chill air, under the dank, dripping trees, she opened the door from which, five months before, she had gone forth, one of Nature's pure-hearted darlings, to come back, shrouded in noxious vapors, the steams of the world's sin and sorrow heavy and hot about her, needing God's tender pity, crying out for it. Will the answer come in wrath? Aye. "The wages of sin is death," you know.

Pity her! Yes, an an all-pure Father may do that; pity but punish, for "whom He loveth He chasteneth." Angels may look with sad eyes on this sinner, but you will not, my saint, nor you, sweet vestal. Nay, turn your holy looks away, and lift your clean white garments, let them not be dabbled with her earthly stains. Shall you, because she weeps, wipe off her tears, and so contract her leprosy? Why, no. Let her weep if she can; if not, the fire in her heart will the sooner eat up its corruption. Poor saints! How the breath of this iniquity doth mingle with your up-going incense!

There was stillness in the house, if not peace. A thin, dark face, new to Salama, met her in the hall.

"Where is Veronica, my sister?" she asked, impatiently.

Could that be her, with yellow hair uncurled, and purple eyes grown dim with mourning? Yes, it was. She put her quivering mouth to Salama's cheek, and, without a word, led her to the room they had shared from childhood. A hard look settled over Salama's face.

"What is it, Veronica?" she asked, in a cold, dull way, listlessly laying aside her wrappings.

Her sister only said:

"Come with me."

And, clasping Salama's passive hand, they went dow the stairs, to the room whose window held the picture of tree and shrub and falling water, their mother's room; and she was in it, too, not on the lounge, but lying, full length, still and white, with stark hands folded on her breast, and stark limbs draped with flowing sheets—dead and cold, frozen into the nothingness of mortality.

Oh, yes; God pitied the sinner, and loved her well: witness for it the chastening He gave. What if to you or me it may seem like breaking a bruised reed? It is only broken that He may bind it up again. How blind we are not to see the tender mercy of His judgments!

Salama stayed in her room the next day, and heard the tramp of the pall-bearers, the thud of closing doors, and then came silence. She had not shed a tear, nor could she now; but she could think, and try to make her numb heart understand its loss. Wretched girl, had you thought a mother's kiss would take the poison from your lips and make them pure again? Did you hope that, when you should dream of thridding your fingers through light, plumy hair, of laying your head to rest on a throbbing heart, and waking, should know that the hair was matted and tangled with seaweed—that the heart was still for ever, with the wild waves beating above it? Did you hope that her arms would enfold you, her bosom bear you, and her cool hands on your forehead bring with them a benediction of peace?

No, no! You called for God's help once, do it again and again; and if it come not, why the calling may win you to heaven at last.

Veronica and she sat a long time talking of their mother, of what she had said and done those last days. Her death was the work of a minute. Of that other past Veronica knew nothing, nor ever would. She seemed to have grown old suddenly. The laughing, careless girl was changed to a thoughtful, low-voiced woman. How well it sat upon her! Beautiful as they were, her flowing curls had never decked her brow with half the grace of that soft-banded hair. The patient sweet-

ness of her mouth was worth a thousand dimpling smiles, and those wide, pansy eyes looked on the world with such a loving trust as innocence can feel, and that alone.

Salama saw and felt it, for the first time in their lives. She put her arms around Veronica, and held her close.

"Oh, Salama, will you love me now? I never knew before how sweet it was to have a sister. We ought to love each other well, for mother was so dear to both."

Salama's hand was on the upturned mouth.

"No, child, you must not kiss me," she said.

Her voice had lost something out of it, its life was gone, just as the light had faded from her face, leaving it a dead calm, for ever.

A thin, dark face, the one Salama met, looked in a moment, and went again without speaking.

"Who is she, Veronica?"

Achsah, mother's maid; she came after you went away. A strange girl she is, but mother liked her deft, quiet ways, and father, too, would miss her. Poor father! Let's go to him."

They found him in the sitting-room, sad enough, but all his comforts cared for. That was Achsah's work. She was in the kitchen now.

"Why do *you* make the tea?" asked Salama, going to her.

"He likes to have me do it."

It was a quick, strident voice, not very pleasant.

"He! Whom do you mean?"

"Mr. Rothe."

"Veronica can do it just as well. I don't suppose he cares."

"Ask him," she answered, shortly.

"Achsah always makes the tea," said Veronica, coming in. "Father chooses to have it so."

After she went out, Achsah laid her hand on Salama's arm.

"I like you," she said, "and will do my best to please you, if only you will let me do for him the things she learned me how."

"Do what you will, I care not," Salama answered, shaking her off.

The year dispensed her months until the half were gone, and all that time the life in John Rothe's house was stagnant, each day was a mirror wherein the next one looked.

Veronica went quietly about her cares, Salama never interfering or doing anything, indeed, but lying in her mother's place; there was no outlook in her eyes—they were turned to the past—the dead past, and she had no future.

Rothe loved and was proud of his daughters, but he called for no service at their hands, and Achsah's busy fingers left little they could offer.

After that six months Stephen Somers came to oversee the mills and live with them, and it was beautiful to see the growing love between Veronica and him—she so sweetly fair and he so true and good.

He and Salama talked of many things, but never a word of Guy; they had buried him in their hearts and sealed the stone of the sepulchre.

The summer died, and winter covered her with snow.

Latterly Mr. Rothe was much from home; one soft April evening Salama saw him spring from his horse, and give his whip and gloves to Achsah, who was waiting to receive them. She flashed into the house and out again, and they stood parleying for a moment, then with a laugh he gave the bridle to her, and, Achsah, making herself his groom, led the horse away. Then Veronica went out to him, and folding her little hands over his arms, while he smoothed her bright hair, they talked a long time earnestly. Salama looked at them and thought what a handsome man her father was, despite his more than forty years.

Just as the night fell Veronica came in, and laying her troubled face down in her sister's lap, told Salama what her father had been telling her. He was going to bring a new wife home.

"Who is it?" she asked, after a long silence.

Veronica gazed in wonder at the ghastly face above her as she answered:

"Annie Somers."

Without a word Salama rose, and putting her away, went out; some one was crouching near the door; Salama caught her arm.

"Achsah! what are you doing here? listening?"

"Oh! don't—don't—I could not help it—my God! It will kill me! How can he do it—what shall I do?" writhing and moaning, she struggled away from Salama's hold, and fled past her down the stairs.

Salama went on, too, straight to her father. She dared to tell him every thing now, and she did, the whole, wicked, shameful story.

He raved like a madman, prowling up and down the room, he shook with impotent fury. The dead calm of Salama's face was unbroken; her voice did not lose its dull steadiness, until he stopped before her, and raising his arm, said hoarsely:

"You brazen thing! How dare you tell me this? You a Rothe—my daughter! No, by heaven, I cast you off—I loathe you—your very breath is pollution—and Guy Somers, the scoundrel! May Almighty God——"

"Stop!" she cried, clutching the upraised arm, "come with me, and then curse if you will!"

By main strength she drew him to the door and flung it open, pointing to the grovelling heap before the hearth, from which dry sobs were breaking.

"That is your work!" she hissed, "now curse Guy Somers if you dare!"

She told the truth, it was his work—but, done unwittingly—as his bewildered look gave testimony.

"What do you mean?" he asked, "what ails the girl?"

"What ails her? She is only sobbing her heart out for love of you."

"You are a fool, or worse? What should she love me for? I never gave her cause."

Two accusers! Achsah was on her feet now.

"You never gave me cause? Oh! you did—you did."

Salama was cool again.

"Hush! Achsah," she said. "Yes, father, you have done this wrong; I know how innocently, now, and God forgive me, for accusing you; but you have chosen her to wait on you at all times, giving to her the offices which should have been Veronica's and mine; only to-night, you made a groom of her, and what, think you, save love, could make her stoop so low?"

"I never dreamed of such a thing! She served me quietly and well, and that was all I thought about, or cared."

"Did that make her grief less, or real bitter, John Rothe?"

Achsah's face went down on her knees again.

"Come away, father," Salama said, leading into the room again.

She did not ask him to forgive her or take back his renunciation; but he took her into his arms, and laying her head on his breast, kissed her tenderly as her mother had done that day of parting.

When Annie came, she met Salama's greeting with just as smooth a brow and smiling lip as she vouchsafed to any, and never by word of hers did she call up the sleeping past.

And was she so angelic, then, that she forgave such wrong as this young girl had put upon her? Did she not rather meditate a sweet revenge? Would not her very presence be gall and wormwood to that sore heart, a continual reminder of another face, and the shame it brought her? Was not this her thought?

I think it was; but when she saw the proud young beauty blasted, the long, gray eyes, pulsing with light no more, but dulled and heavy with unshed tears, then, I believe that she, being neither saint nor devil, did forgive her, and came in time to trust, and like her, passing well.

Veronica! Veronica! Wherever I write the word a breath of purity hovers, and I see a fair, sweet face, with clear wide eyes and bands of shining hair, a patient mouth, whose tones for ever told of faith and hope, and trusting love; how many ears they soothed, how many hearts made glad, God and his angels know. If ever peace and holy truth take to themselves another name, I think it will be Veronica.

AN ITEM FROM THE INQUISITION.

FROM a little old smoke-dried copy of a book printed in Spanish at Amsterdam in 1680, and entitled "Narratives of the Inquisition Imprisonments in this very City of Cadiz, Spain, by Serafin de Carcel, who escaped to Holland after having been condemned to be burnt for Heresy," we take these facts. The story is too naturally told to need embellishment or endorsement.

Carcel was a goldsmith in the Serf's street, Seville, and was arrested on the 2d of April, 1680, at 10 o'clock in the evening, as he was finishing a gold necklace for one of the maids of honor. A week after his first arrest Carcel was examined. In an ante-room, says he (I give it, as far as I can remember, in his own plain touching way), a smith frees me of my irons, and I pass from the ante-chamber to the Inquisitor's table, as the small inner room is called. It is hung with blue and citron-colored taffety. At the end, between the two grated windows, is a gigantic crucifix, and, on the central estrade (a table of 15 feet long surrounded by armchairs), with his back to the crucifix, sits the secretary, on my right Francis Delgado Genados, the Grand Inquisitor, who is a secular priest. The other Inquisitors had just left; but the ink was still wet in their quills, and I saw, on papers before their chairs, some names marked with red ink.

I am seated on a low stool opposite the secretary. The Inquisitor asks my name and profession, and why I come there, exhorting me to confess as the only means of quickly regaining my liberty. He hears me; but, when I fling myself weeping at his knees, he says coolly there is no hurry about my case; that he has more pressing business than mine waiting (the secretary smiles), and rings a little silver bell which stands beside him on the black cloth, for the alcaid; who leads me off down a long gallery where my chest is brought in, and an inventory taken by the secretary. They cut my hair off and strip me of everything, even to my ring and gold buttons; but they leave me my beads, my handkerchief, and some money I had fortunately sewn my garters. I am then led bare-headed into a cell, and left to think and despair till evening, when they bring me supper.

The prisoners are seldom put together. Silence perpetual and strict is maintained in all the cells. If any prisoner moans, complains, or even prays too loud, the jailors who watch the corridors night and day warn him through the grating. If the offence is repeated, they storm in and load him with blows to intimidate the other prisoners, who, in the deep gravelike silence, hear your every cry and every blow.

Once every two months the Inquisitor, accompanied by his secretary and interpreter, visits the prisoners, and asks them if their food is brought them at regular hours, or if they have any complaint to make against the jailors. But this is only a parade of justice; for, if a prisoner makes complaints, these are treated as mere ravings and fancies, and never attended to.

But these severities are trifles in comparison to the tortures some of my fellow-sufferers were put to, because their crime of heresy could not be proved without their own confession.

The water torture consisted in passing water down the wretch's throat till he almost burst, and fastening him in a sort of vice and suspending him on a pole that almost broke his spine.

In the fire torture they lit a very fierce flame; then larded the prisoner's naked feet and held them for nearly an hour towards the flames, till he invented lies that pleased them, or confessed truths that inculpated himself.

In the rope torture they tie the man to a horozontal rope by his hands, which are tied behind his back; they then raise him in the air, and suddenly let him fall with a jolt that dislocates half his joints and makes him utter torturing cries. The only persons present at these butchery scenes are the stolid Inquisitors and the bishop, the grand vicar, or his deputy. There are never more than two lurid torches, which show the executioners, who are clothed in black robes and black hoods that hide all the face, but have holes for eyes, nose and mouth. They strip the prisoner to his waistband; and, if he faint, the doctor of the Inquisition comes in to pronounce how much more suffering the tortured man can bear.

If all this fails, and soul and body are both of steel, the Inquisitors try snares. They put apostates into the bruised man's cell, who comfort him and complain of the Inquisition as one of the greatest scourges with which God ever allowed man to be inflicted. The Inquisitors, too, profess to be touched with their sufferings, to wish their conversion rather than their hurt, and pray them to make even the slightest confession, which is to be kept an inviolable secret, and will restore them to instant liberty.

One Saturday, when, after my meagre prison dinner, I gave my linen, as usual, to the jailors to send to the wash, they would not take it, and a great, cold breath whispered at my heart—to-morrow is the Auto-da-Fè. Immediately after the vespers at the cathedral they rang for matins—which they never do but on the rejoicing eve of a great feast—and I knew that my horrid suspicions were right. Was I glad at my escape from this living tomb, or was I paralysed by fear, at the pile, perhaps, already hewn and stacked for my wretched body? I know not. I was torn in pieces by the devils that rack the brains of unhappy men. I refused my next meal; but, contrary to their wont, they pressed it more than usual. Was it to give me strength to bear my torture? Do God's eyes not reach to the prisons of the Inquisition?

I was just falling into a sickly, fitful sleep, worn out with conjecturing; when about 11 o'clock the great bolts of my cell ground and jolted back, and a party of jailors in black—in a flood of light, so that they looked like demons on the borders of heaven—came in. The alcaid threw down by my pallet a heap of clothes, told me to put them on, and hold myself ready for a second summons. I had no tongue to answer, as they lighted my lamp, left me, and locked the door behind them. Such a trembling seized me for half an hour that I could not rise and look at the clothes, which seemed to me shrouds and winding-sheets. I rose at last, threw myself down before the black cross I had smeared with charcoal on the wall, and committed myself, as a miserable sinner, into God's hands. I then put on the dress; which consisted of a tunic with long, loose sleeves and hose drawers; all black serge, striped with white.

At two o'clock in the morning the wretches came and led me into a long gallery where nearly 200 men—draughted from their various cells, all dressed in black—stood in a long silent line against the wall of the long plain, cold vaulted corridor; where, over every two dozen heads, swung a huge brass lamp. We stood silent as a funeral-train. The women, also in black, were in a neighboring gallery far out of our sight. By sad glimpses down a neighboring dormitory I could see more men dressed in black; who, from time to time, paced backward and forward. These, I afterwards found, were men doomed also to be burnt, not for murder—no, but for having a creed unlike that of the Jesuits. Whether I was to be burnt or not I did not know; but I took courage, because my dress was like that of the rest, and the monsters could not dare to put 200 men at once into one fire; though they did hate all who love not doll-idols and lying miracles.

Presently, as we waited sad and silent, jailors came round and handed us each a long yellow taper and a yellow scapular or tabard, crossed behind and before with red crosses of St. Andrew. These were the Sanbenitos that Jews, Turks, sorcerers, witches, Heathen or perverts from the Roman Catholic Church are compelled to wear. Next came the gradation of our ranks. Those who had relapsed, or who were obstinate, during their accusations, wore the Sambarra; which is gray, with a man's head burning on red faggots painted at the bottom, and all round, reversed flames, and winged and armed black devils horrible to behold. I and 70 others, wore these; and I lost all hope. My blood turned to ice. I could scarcely keep myself from swooning. After this distribution, they brought us, with hard, mechanical regularity, pasteboard conical mitres (carrochas) painted with flames and devils, with the words, SORCERER and HERETIC written round the rim. Our feet were all bare; the condemned men, pale as death, now began to weep, and keep their faces covered with their hands; round which the beads were twisted. God only—by speaking from heaven—could save them. A rough, hard voice now told us we might sit on the ground till our orders came. The old men and boys smiled as they eagerly sat down; for this small relief came to them with the refreshment of a pleasure.

At 4 o'clock they brought us bread and figs, which some dropped by their sides and others languidly ate. I refused mine, but a guard prayed me to put it in my pocket, for I may yet have had need of it. It was as if an angel had comforted me. At 5 o'clock, at daybreak, it was a ghastly sight to see shame, fear, grief, despair written on our pale, livid faces. Yet not one but felt an undercurrent of joy at the prospect of any release, even by death.

Suddenly, as we look at each other with ghastly eyes, the great bell of the Giralda began to boom, with a funeral knell, long and slow. It was the signal of the Gala day of the Holy Office. It was the signal for the people to come to the show. We were filed out one by one. As I passed the gallery in the great hall I saw the Inquisitor, solemn and stern, in his black robes, throned at the gate. Beneath him was his secretary, with a list of the citizens of Seville in his wiry twitching hands. The room was full of the anxious, frightened burghers; who, as their names were called, and a prisoner passed through, moved to his trembling side to serve as his Godfather in the Act of Faith. The honest men shuddered as they took their place in the horrible death procession; the time-serving men smiled at the Inquisitor, and bustled forward. This was thought an honorable office, and was sought after by hypocrites, and suspected men afraid of the Church's sword.

The procession commenced with the Dominicans, whose founder instituted the Inquisition. Before them flaunted the banner of the order, representing in glistening embroidery that burns in the sun and shines like a mirror, the frocked Saint, holding a threatening sword in one hand, and, in the other, an olive-branch, with the motto Justice and Mercy.

God of love, what a mockery of thy attributes! Behind the banner came the prisoners, in their yellow scapulars, holding their lighted torches; their feet bleeding with the stones, and their less frightened godfathers, gay in cloak, in sword, in ruff, tripping along by their side, holding their plumed hats in their hands. The street and windows were crowded with careless eyes. Children were held up to execrate us as we passed to our torturing death. The *auto-da-fe* was always a holiday sight to the craftsmen and apprentices; it drew more than even a bullfight; because of the touch of tragedy about it. Our procession, like a long black snake, wound on, with its banners and crosses; its shaven monks and mitred bare-footed prisoners; through street after street, heralded by soldiers who ran before to clear a way for us, to stop mules, displace fruitstalls and street performers and their laughing audiences. We at last reached the Church of All the Saints; where, tired, dusty, bleeding, all faint, we were to hear mass.

The church had a grave-vault aspect and was dreadful as a charnel-house. The great altar was veiled in black, and was lit with six silver candles, whose flames shone like yellow stars, with clear twinkle, and a soft halo round each black, fire-tipped wick. On each side of the altar—that seemed to bar out God and his mercy from us, and to wrap the very sun in a grave cloak—were two thrones, one for the Grand Inquisitor and his counsel, another for the King and his court. The one was filled with sexton-like lawyers; the other with jewelled and feathered men.

In front of the great altar, and near the door—where the blessed daylight shines with hope and joy; but not for us—is another altar on which six gilded and illuminated missals laid open; those books of the Gospels, too, in which I had once read such texts as—God is love; Forgive as ye would be forgiven; Faith, hope, charity; these three, but the greatest of these is charity; Near this lesser altar the executive monks had raised a balustraded gallery with bare benches; on which sat the criminals in their yellow and flame-striped tabards, with their godfathers. The doomed ones came last; the more innocent first. Those who entered the black-hung church first, passing up nearest to the altar, sat there, either praying, or in a frightened trance of horrid expectancy. The trembling living corpses wearing the yellow and red mitres came last, preceded by a gigantic crucifix, the face turned from them.

Immediately following these poor mitred men came servitors of the Inquisition, carrying four human effigies fastened to long staves, and four chests containing the bones of those men who had died in the claws of the Inquisition before the fire could be got ready. The coffers were painted with flames and demons, and the effigies wore the dreadful mitre and the crimson and yellow shirt, all a-flame with typical paint. The effigies sometimes represented men tried for heresy since their death, and whose estates had since been confiscated and their effigies doomed to be burned, as a warning for no one within their reach to differ in opinion with the Inquisition.

Every prisoner being now in his place—godfathers, torchmen, pikemen, musketeers, inquisitors and flaunting court—the Provincial of the Augustins mounted the pulpit, followed by his ministrant, and preached a stormy, denouncing, exulting sermon, half an hour long (it seemed a month of anguish), in which his "burning eloquence" compared the Church to Noah's ark; but with this difference, that those animals who entered it before the deluge came out of it unaltered, while the blessed Inquisition had, by God's blessing, the power of changing those its walls once had shut on, turning out—meek as the lambs he saw around him; so tranquil and devout—those who had once been cruel as wolves, and savage and daring as lions.

This cruel, mocking sermon over, two readers mounted the pulpit to shout the list of the names of the condemned, their crimes (now for the first time known to them) and their sentences. We grew all ears, and trembled as each name was read.

As each name was called the alcaid led out the owner of it from his pen to the middle of the gallery opposite the pulpit, where he remained standing, taper in hand; after the sentence, he was led to the altar, where he had to put his hand on one of the missals, and to remain there on his knees.

At the end of each sentence, the reader stopped to pronounce, in a loud angry voice, a full confession of faith, which he exhorted us (the guilty) to join in with heart and voice. Then we all returned to our places. My offence I found, was having spoken bitterly of the Inquisition, and called a crucifix a mere bit of cut ivory. I was therefore declared excommunicated, my goods confiscated to the king, and I was banished Spain, and condemned to the Havannah galleys for five years, with the following penances: I must renounce all friendship with heretics and suspected persons; I must, for three years, confess and communicate three times a month; I must recite five times a day, for three years, the Pater and Ave Maria in honor of the Five Wounds; I must hear mass and sermon every Sunday and feast-day; and, above all, I must guard carefully the secret of all I had said, heard or seen in the holy office (which oath, as the reader will observe, I have carefully kept).

The sentence once read and the worst known, even the condemned seemed happier; and every one fell to eating the figs and bread he had no appetite for in the morning; for we were all worn out with our long fast.

The Inquisitor then quitted his seat, resumed his robes, and followed by twenty priests each with a staff in his hand, he passed into the middle of the church; and, with divers prayers, some of us were relieved from excommunication, each of us receiving a buffet from a priest. Once, such an insult would have sent the blood in a rush to my head, and I had died but I had given a return blow; now, so weak and broken-spirited was I, I broke into tears.

All this time the fussy, frightened citizen who served as my godfather had not dared even to give me a pinch of snuff or to answer any of my anxious questions; now my sentence was commuted, he bowed, chatted and handed me his snuff-box, which I refused with contempt and indignation. But he only shrugged his shoulders and stammered an apology.

Now, one by one, the condemned, faint and staggering, were brought in to hear their sentence, which they did with a frightened vacancy inconceivably touching. A devil would have shed tears to see them; but the Inquisitors were gossiping among themselves and scarcely looked at them; so surfeited were these priests with their enemies' blood.

Every sentence ended with the same cold mechanical formula: That the holy office, being unhappily unable to pardon the prisoners, on account of their relapse and impenitence, found itself obliged to punish them with all the rigor of the law, and therefore delivered them with regret to the hands of secular justice, praying it to use clemency and mercy towards the wretched men; saving their souls by the punishment of their bodies, and recommending death, but not the effusion of blood! Hypocrites!

At the word blood, the justice hangman stepped forward and took possession of their bodies; the alcaid first striking each of them on the chest, to show that they were now abandoned to the rope and fire.

A month before this auto-da-fé, the ministers of the Inquisition preceded by their banner, gorgeous and luminous with sacred symbols, had gone in cavalcade from the Palace of the Holy Office to the Cathedral Square and proclaimed the ceremony with drums, trumpets and clashing of brass, to the great crowd that thronged to hear the good news.

Our present auto-da-fé was to celebrate the king's marriage, and was to be followed by great bull fights. They had erected in the square a great theatre, fifty feet long, raised to a level with the king's balcony. All round ran an amphitheatre of thirty steps for the Council of the Inquisition and the king's ministers. Above these, and higher than the king's seat, was the Grand Inquisitor's place, under a gilt and crimson dais. On the left of the theatre was a second amphitheatre, where the criminals sat and trembled. The fire shone on their pale faces. In the midst was a smaller scaffold, with two cages, for more penned-up criminals, to hear their sentences in. There were in front of this three special chairs, for the preachers and readers of the sentences; and near these chairs was a temporary altar, hung with black.

The king had the queen on his left hand, and the queen's mother on his right. The court ladies filled the rest of the balcony; which, with their flowers and dresses, seemed as if heaped with nosegays. There were also separate seats for the ambassadors, the city judges and the people.

The procession consisted of, first, 100 charcoal men, armed with pike and musket, and laden with billets of wood; then the Dominicans carrying a white cross; then the Duke of Medina Cœli, bearing, as is the hereditary privilege of his family, the great red damask banner of the Inquisition, which has on one side the arms of Spain, and on the other a naked sword thrust through a laurel crown. Next came a green cross muffled in black, followed by nobles and Familiars of the Inquisition dressed in robes, adorned with white and black crosses, edged with gold. The train was closed by 50 halberdiers, or Guards of the Inquisition, clad in white and black, and commanded by the hereditary Protector of the Inquisition in the Archbishopric of Seville.

The standard and cross were fixed above the royal seat, and the Dominicans, who had been all night singing hymns and thirsting for our blood, drew up in line, as the king and ladies at that moment appeared in the balconies, in a blaze of color and splendor, like a sunburst.

This was at 8 o'clock. The charcoal-burners were placed on the left of the king's box, the guard on the right. The great pasteboard effigies were placed prominently at one end of the amphitheatre. Next filed in, sad and slow, the hundred men condemned to the fire; cords round their necks, the three-feet-high flame-colored mitres on their heads; their feet bare; the torches shaking in their trembling hands.

Next, each led between two familiars, came the commuted; and, last of all, the innocent. Some of the condemned had gags in their mouths, to prevent any outburst of blasphemy, and they were each of them surrounded by four or five friars, holding crucifixes to their eyes, and exhorting them, angrily and noisily to repent.

Having passed under the king's balcony, and then round the amphitheatre, they were placed on the left hand of the amphitheatre, between the familiars and the priests; who exhorted them continually to repent.

Next arrived the banner of the parish of Saint Sebastian, the Inquisition Council, the Inquisitors, the Qualifiers, and a long procession secular and religious dignitaries, who placed themselves on the right side of the theatre, surrounding the Grand Inquisitor's chair. Last of all came the Grand Inquisitor, robed in violet, attended by the President of the Council of Castile; and when he (the archdevil) took his seat, the President bowed and retired.

Then mass was again said, and the priest, leaving the altar, sat down; upon which, the Inquisitor, putting on pontifical robes and mitre, bowed first to the altar, and then to the king; and, ascending the steps of the throne, a servitor bearing the cross, read aloud the oath by which the King of Spain had bound himself to protect at all hazards, even to the loss of his kingdom, the Catholic Faith, to extirpate heresy, and to support the Inquisition. Then the king taking off his hat (the great sword held unsheathed by a chamberlain at his left side), swore to observe the oath.

The Inquisitor unrobed and resumed his place, while the same oath was administered to all present. Next, there was a sermon by a Dominican, praising the Inquisition, and denouncing heresy, and the procession moved towards the piles, now dry, piled and stacked with wood billets and fagots.

A few horrid moments of rivetting collars, blankets; a twist or two of the garotte for the least guilty; a struggle here and there, with a demoniac yell, soon stifled by cruel hands and driving blows. The fires were lit. Now the excitement in the boxes got greater and greater. The fans agitated in black waves; the silk dresses too, waved like flowery meadows in the March winds. But no pity; not a tear. The flames raged with cruel leaps and mounts: it drove up in great quivering pyramids, that the wind now and then drifted out in horizontal banners, showing black bodies, black burning stakes, and thin hands clasped together in prayer. Higher and higher mounted the great twisted columns of smoke; now turning to roaring and racing masses of living fire, furiously, wrathfully, and gluttonously hungering for victims.

"WELL, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting; now we have tramped it for three hours, and found no game."

"Just so. I calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is the more hunting you have."

THE SCHOLARS OF BRIENNE.

THE winter of 1783 was a severe one in the northern provinces of France. Snowstorms of unusual violence and duration visited every district. The vineyards were half-buried, the great road to Paris was impassable for weeks, and in the lower streets of Brienne the inhabitants were obliged to open narrow passages through the snow, which rose above their ground-door windows.

The situation of that ancient town still renders it liable to such wintry visitations. Surrounded by an open, level country, and built on a steep hillside, its streets rise one above another like successive terraces, up to the grim château which has stood many a siege, and seen various occupants since it was erected by the first seigneur of Brienne. Few travellers visited the city, for it has little traffic, and less fashion, about it. There are traces of wars both early and late—ruined fortifications, tracks of shot, and shell, and fire. There are also an old church or two, and some houses that might interest the antiquary; but, excepting these and their traditions, a more commonplace old burgh is not to be found in northern France.

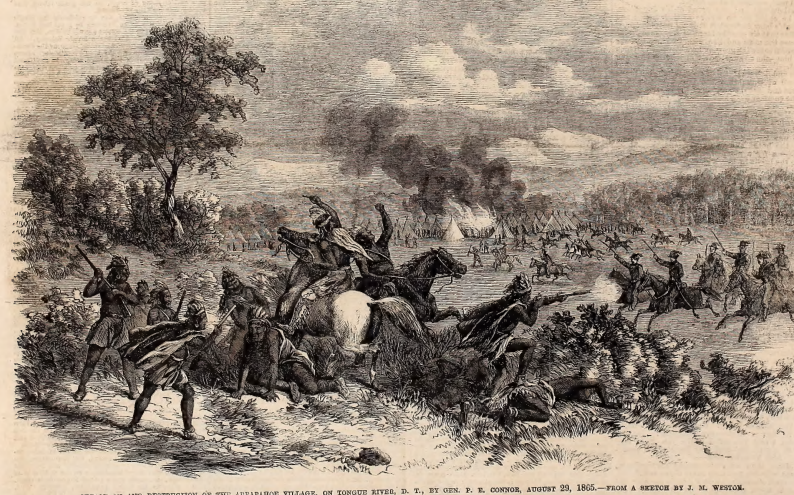
At the time of our story, Brienne had not such a modern look. Its narrow, irregular streets, turreted roofs and projecting gables, told of builders who flourished with the line of Valois. A noble governor held half-feudal, half-military state in its château, where he commanded a small and very idle garrison. Its trade was old and homely; its burghers careful and quiet; and the great glory of the town was its military college. The citizens believed that half their country's great commanders had been educated there. They had tales of Condé and Turenne, Villiers and De Luxemburg, which, though scarcely historical, were in high credit. The students,



RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN, VA.—[illegible]

of their college, and were now at noon assembled, great and small, in a large, neglected garden, which served them as ground for play and exercise. From the early age at which they were drafted off to the army, the senior students were yet boys, and the juniors mere children; but the controversy of their times had found entrance among them. Some were cadets of noble but reduced families, and stood high on the real or imaginary privileges of their birth, taking a boyish pride in the feudal rights and usages of which France was becoming every day more impatient. They knew that the college had been expressly founded for youths of family; but time, the innovator, had brought *parvenus* within its walls. Ambitious burghers sent their sons; courtiers, their dependents; and promising boys from the colonies, who could boast no quarterings, found their way thither with the help of friends and patrons. All these naturally took the democratic side, and lost no opportunity of making the fact known, but quarrelled and shouted for the people's rights and liberties with as much zeal and as little knowledge as the fiercest of their opponents. In short, like every society then in France, the students of Brienne were divided into two parties of almost equal strength. The professors, though old and prudent men, were known to entertain similar differences of opinion, and demonstrations which did not transgress the bounds of discipline were rather encouraged.

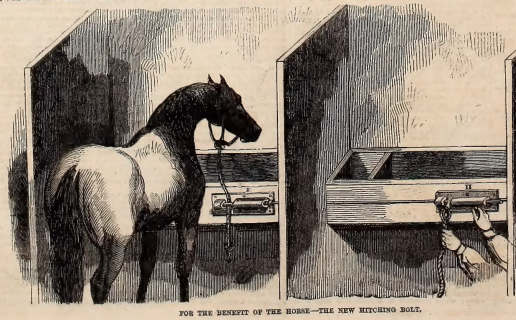
On the present occasion, the least skilful observer of school affairs would have guessed that something extraordinary was to come off in the garden. Its principal walk had been cleared, together with a gravelled space generally used for a tennis-ground. The snow had been shovelled into great heaps on either side, and the whole body of students separated with military precision, th



ATTACK ON AND DESTRUCTION OF THE ARRAPAHOE VILLAGE, ON TONGUE RIVER, D. T., BY GEN. P. E. CONNOR, AUGUST 29, 1865.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. M. WESTON.

too, were more popular than students in quiet country towns are apt to be, chiefly on account of the rigid discipline prevailing in military schools of those days, which permitted no visits, except to relations, and little going beyond the college, even on holidays. Besides Christmas and Easter, the principal of those was the governor's birthday; and as the commandant of the château happened to have been born on the 29th of January, his festival came immediately after the storm that year.

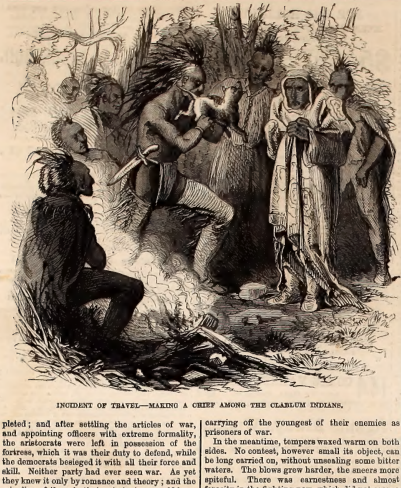
It was a cold, clear day, with the snow lying white over town and country. The students had been up early, assisting the porter and other humble office-bearers to clear the entrance and court



FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HORSE—THE NEW HITCHING BOLT.

aristocrats forming an juvenile army, and the democrats another, in order to celebrate the holiday by a grand display of battles in honor of what the boys called their principles.

For this purpose, all fell to work with the enthusiasm and activity of youth. Never had play been more earnest. The aristocrats labored on one side, the democrats on the other; and within an hour, thanks to their united exertions and the plastic nature of the material, a miniature fortress, with bastion, battlement and outworks, on one of Vauban's most approved plans, was constructed out of snow. The young students sent up a cheer of triumph through the cold, clear air, as the perishable fortifications were com



INCIDENT OF TRAVEL—MAKING A CHIEF AMONG THE CLARIUM INDIANS.

pleted; and after settling the articles of war, and appointing officers with extreme formality, the aristocrats were left in possession of the fortress, which it was their duty to defend, while the democrats besieged it with all their force and skill. Neither party had ever seen war. As yet they knew it only by romance and theory; and the mingling of these in their gamic siege would have amused any veteran who had ever mounted a breach or kept a bastion. The governor of the snow-built fortress—a fair-faced, noble-looking youth of 16, who had been elected to that high office by acclamation, as an acknowledged and most popular leader—addressed his troops in a speech full of classical quotations; reminded them of the exploits performed by Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and their own illustrious ancestors; and closed with an exhortation to maintain the honor of the noble houses from which the were descended, by driving that contemptible rabble from beneath their walls.

The besieging general, a fiery-eyed Parisian, in no less esteem with his party, talked of the rights of man, prophesied the triumph of liberty, and shouted "death to the tyrants."

No imitation of the pomp and circumstance of war was wanting; no manœuvre of all they had been taught in that methodical college was left unpractised. There were trumpets and drums, war-cries and standards. Cannon were planted on every available height, in the form of boys, to fling snowballs; sappers, armed with spades and and shovels, advanced under cover of their fire to mine the walls. There were storming parties and forlorn hopes, led by most experienced officers, and attempts at surprise and escalade; but all to no purpose. The besieged had a strong position, and kept it gallantly, showering missiles of snow, hardened by sunny rapid but ingenious processes, making all sorts of sallies, and occasionally carrying off the youngest of their enemies as prisoners of war.

In the meantime, tempers waxed warm on both sides. No contest, however small its object, can be long carried on, without unsealing some bitter waters. The blows grew harder, the snore more spiteful. There was earnestness and almost ferocity in the fighting now, which did not escape the notice of the only spectators within sight—two men of gray hair and military appearance, who stood, each wrapped in a rough gray cloak, and smoking a long pipe at the garden-gate.

The tallest and most martial-looking of the pair was old Jules, the chief porter and general overseer of domestic matters in the college. He had never worn uniform, nor served out of Brienne; but in discourse, deportment, and inclinations, there was not a more soldier-like man within his country. The other was Jean Martin, his cousin-german, who had been a peasant's son in the neighborhood till he went with a volunteer corps of the Marquis Lafayette, to serve in the American war of independence. The peace signed in Paris in the previous year had closed their campaigns; and though the newly-established republic rewarded her French auxiliaries with liberal grants from the inexhaustible treasury of prairie and forest lands, such was the applause known to await them at home, that the greater part of Lafayette's soldiers chose to return with their commander. Fighting for liberty was then an untried but most popular business in France. Jean Martin came home covered with glory in the the eyes of his kindred and old neighbors. All that winter his father's cottage was a place of evening gatherings, to hear him relate his battles and marches. The old peasant felt his house raised half-way to nobility by such a son, and the porter of the military college considered Jean the only one of his relations worthy to visit him in Brienne. He had accordingly sojourned for some time with old Jules, and seen the wonders of the college. There was a museum of arms and military engines, on which the porter delighted to expatiate. Jean Martin was a praiseworthy listener, when not engaged on his American campaigns; and the cousins now stood in a high state of mutual satisfaction, smoking their pipes, and gazing on the siege of that snow-built fortress with an interest scarcely inferior to that of the contending students.

"That is a brave boy who leads the attack," said Jean; "so is he who holds the fortress."

"Yes," replied the porter, who prided himself on knowing every student's genealogy, and had extremely aristocratic prejudices. "Would you believe that the young rogue who leads the democrats actually belongs to one of the best houses in Paris? Their name is Caulincourt. They can count back five hundred years without one low alliance; but the house is terribly reduced. There is a wine-shop kept in their hotel in the Rue du Temple, and that boy has taken to the new notions. These are queer times! The boy who holds the fort so well, and looks so like a nobleman's son, is poorly enough descended, though his father was an officer in Montcalm's army, and fell at Quebec; his great-grandfather, as I know, was that cousin of Madame de Maintenon whom she could neither bribe nor frighten out of Protestantism. He fled to Switzerland at the revocation, but came back when Louis le Grande was gone, and they say"—here the porter's voice fell—"he lived and died a mere pastor at Maziers."

"His great-grandson knows something of defence," said Jean: "I have not seen either since we kept Fort Philip on the Mississippi; but tell me, cousin, who is yonder boy, who stands alone leaning against the old apple-tree, and smiles so scornfully every time young Caulincourt and his company are repulsed."

Old Jules followed, with a glance of any thing but approbation, the direction of the soldier's eye, which rested on a dark, spare youth of Italian features, grave, keen, and very discontented-looking, who had been one of the most earnest and active in the sieges, in a fit of sudden disgust, he retired to the old apple-tree, and stood there surveying the proceedings of his comrades with silent but manifest contempt.

"He," said the porter, "is of no family at all—one of the patronised, you understand. He was born in Corsica, and don't know who sent him here; but the best descended boy at the college is not as ambitious as that boy. When he is not in command he is always in a quarrel with somebody, or standing alone as you see him now. The professor don't seem to think him clever, and the young noblemen try to keep him in his place, but it is wonderful how often he gets the upper hand. Just look at Caulincourt coaxing him back. That boy condescends so to his inferiors!"

The general of the besieging army was indeed making most inviting signals to the recusant of the apple-tree; but he answered loud enough for Jules and Jean to hear:

"No, you'll never take the place; you don't know the way. As I said before, give me the command, and I'll plant the colors on it in half an hour."

Caulincourt looked angry, but his soldiers began to talk. There was an evident inclination to try the new general. So he descended to the ranks in quiet indignation, and the young Italian literally jumped from the apple-tree to the post of power.

The besieged set up a shout of derision, but their scorn did not last. The new leader whispered his commands, altered the position of his army, and drew them into a sally, in which one division cut off the retreat, while another attacked the fortress, at a point hitherto untried, and in less than a quarter of an hour the Italian planted his colors, consisting of three old silk handkerchiefs tacked together, on the highest of its snowy battlements.

"He is a young general!" cried Jean Martin clapping his hands in a glow of enthusiasm "Cousin, I have seen nothing like that since the day when we, with some help from the Americans, surrounded Burgoyne's army, at the springs of Saratoga."

"He a general!" cried Jules, in great wrath "I wonder to hear you, who have served under a marquis. The fellow has done nothing in due form; I could have shown him better myself. But there's the dinner-bell, and our soup will be cold."

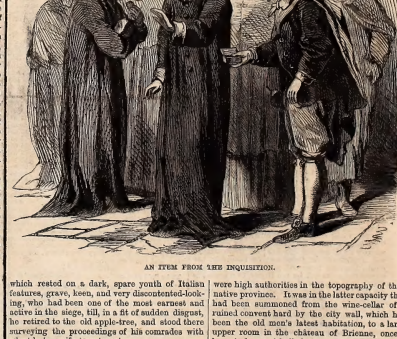
The bell which smote old Jules with that well-founded fear summoned the students from their mimic warfare. The fortress was, however, dismantled by the special commandant of the victorious general. He left his flag floating over its ruins, and laughed at the defeated governor, who was sorely discomfited, not so much for having lost his fort, as because in the fray he had hurt a sickly boy, though the brave child wiped up his eyes, and promised to say nothing about it. So the garrison left to snow and silence, and the twilight came down upon Brienne.

Many evenings and mornings come and go in the course of thirty years, and many things besides had come and gone in France, when, on the 29th of January, 1814, old Jules and his cousin again stood together at the fall of the winter day. Both were now old indeed. Jules was approaching ninety, Jean Martin had numbered four score and five. The world of their youth was long dead and buried under successive ruins. They had outlived seven forms of government, and seen changes of power, and glory, and faith; but except that the gray hair had grown snow white, and even the military erectness of Jules had bowed to time, there was little change in the cousins.

They had led hardy and temperate lives, and in consequence enjoyed that singular preservation of faculties which keeps the oldest age green. Both remembered the times of Louis XV., and were high authorities in the topography of their native province. It was in the latter capacity they had been summoned from the wine-cellar of a ruined convent hard by the city wall, which had been the old men's latest habitation, to a large upper room in the château of Brienne, once a baron's banquet-hall, but now bare and dusty, with queer stains on the walls and floor, a great wood fire blazing on the hearth, a stray chair or two, and a table covered with papers, between which and the nearest window a man in a general's uniform, much the worse for wear, was walking backwards and forwards like one made restless by anxiety.

The old cousins knew that he was the emperor —people said the world—but that was years ago, before the grand army marched for Russia. Now there was an allied army in the heart of France, pressing from all sides towards her capital, and fighting for every town and village on their way. That day the Russians had been driven out of Brienne after a desperate battle, but the bombshells from the French batteries had set fire to the old town; and when the place was won, half its streets, dwellings and churches, the town hall and the military college were so many heaps of black and smouldering ruins.

Among them the troops remained under arms, though now the deep on the surrounding country, and the previous day had been spent in a fatiguing march through the marshy forest of Jerre; but through the deepening gray of night there rose from hill and dale the glare of hostile watchfires. Blucher, with his mingled host of Germans, Russians and Cossacks, was there, for the day of decisive victories had passed from the French eagles. The imperial army was now but the broken remnants of many battles. The genius of its chief had been discovered not to be invincible, by all except himself. Yet even he could not rest for the dread of gathering enemies, and the two aged men had been summoned to his quarters in the château, to give some information concerning



AN ITEM FROM THE INQUISITION.



SCRAPS OF HISTORY—THE SCHOLARS OF BRIENNE.

local byways, which maps did not supply, for a retreat had been determined on before the break of day.

All that the cousins could recollect of that interview was that the great commander's questions came quick and many. They had neither words nor memory to reply, for grief and consternation was upon them. Jean Martin had seen war before; both remembered the revolution, had lived through the reign of terror, and beheld the northern enemy in their own Brienne; but to see the old mansion burned down, and the noble cottage laid in ashes, was more than their white heads could bear without confusion.

"Caulincourt!" cried the impatient man of power, as a care-worn marshal entered, conducting a man whose dress belonged to civil life, and whose looks were more thoughtful than settled, as apt to wear. "Caulincourt! these old men have lost their wits, if they ever had any. Why do they leave people to ask them all things, or to have brought? Oh, I see, the protestant curé, whom we found in the forest. Well, monsieur le curé would have imperceptibly softened, you made a capital guide, though not very willing to bear a company at first. Perhaps you never saw fighting before, and didn't care for being so near the cannon?"

"Sir, no!" said the curé, with a respectful bend, "that was not the reason; but I had been on my way to see a sick member of my scattered flock—"

"Well, well, you will get back to your parish in good time and see them all," said the emperor; "but they say you know something of this country. Tell me all about it."

And once more the questions came fast and many. The answers, however, were less satisfactory, for the protestant curé answered not only as clergy, but as much good military blood that the imperial questioner declared he had some sense, and took him confidentially to the window to see Brienne by watchfires. The curé then pointed out a narrow byway, which led beyond the enemy's position into the open country, and ventured to hint that a safe and quiet retreat might be made there. The emperor made no reply, but he took notes and gave orders to weary aides-de-camp who came and went; and at last, looking the curé steadily in the face as he was gazing involuntarily on the burned town, the wasted country around, and the dismal French army, said:

"What is your name, and where did you get so much military knowledge?"

The reason was silent; the great fire was burning red. Old Jules and Jean, kept in the room lest they might be wanted, were leaning, half-asleep, on the wall, in charge of a French attendant. Caulincourt sat in the furthest corner of the room, fast asleep, and dreaming, perhaps, of his embassy to the allied sovereigns, and the notes that were sent to him every day to "sign nothing." The curé had been waiting for his dismissal, and was slightly startled, but he answered:

"My name, sire, is François d'Aubigny, and my military knowledge was acquired yonder," and he pointed to the still smouldering seminary.

"Ha!" said the emperor, whose memory was singularly strong at times, "you are then my old schoolfellow, Thoughi I knew your face. It is long ago. What is all the world and my future past? You showed as much science in defending a small fortress as that old garden, now they as would have insured you a marshal's staff."

"Perhaps I did," said the curé: "but war is a fearful trade. A chance blow I gave a little schoolfellow that day first made me think so; and oh, sire, look at that burned town, this bloody garden, and the dead that lie about us, and, if you can, give up peace."

The silence of the night, the scene, the circumstances, and the truth that had been spoken strangely equalized the schoolfellows once more, in spite of history and fortune. They stood together as two accountable men, with no other distinction between them. For a moment the dark, resolute face was lighted up with a long gaze on the college of his youth, burnt down by his own bombshells. Next, it kindled up with self confidence and imperial pride.

"You will restore peace to France," he said, "by driving these invaders from her soil. To-morrow I will destroy Blucher; on Wednesday I will annihilate his forces; on Saturday the entire Austrian force will join me; and within a month the allies will be too happy to evacuate the Rhine, with the loss of cannon and baggage. As for this town, I would and make it a provincial capital. I will erect a palace, a college, and perhaps, a church on the ground of you old garden. Then you will see what this town will become. But, good-night. Victor will send you safe to your friends, and I will not forget your services."

So the curé was dismissed, and the French army retreated before daybreak. But Blucher was not annihilated, neither were the Russians destroyed. The palace, the college, and the church were never built, and most people know how peace was restored to France and Europe. But old Jules, even to his ninety-fifth, and Jean Martin to his eighty-eighth year, lived, they said, contented on the old quarters, and continued to tell all listeners a broken story, better known to some of the ancient citizens concerning one old curé and emperor's fellow-students, who forgot the art of war, to be the humble, labourious curé of a small parish, through which he once guided the march of his famous schoolfellow, witnessed a war that almost his last victory, and talked with him over the burnt ruins of Brienne.

A FAITHFUL TERRIER AND THE DOG TAX.

THE Edinburgh correspondent of the Ayrshire *Express* sends that journal the following story of canine fidelity:

"I may give you an instance of taxation which I think is hardly more oppressive than any other which burden we have in the city. It is a dog tax case. Not that I object to the tax, because I am aware that it is not in existence we should be perfectly overrun with the nasty curs; I only cite it in this particular instance. Nearly six years ago a terrier dog was found lying under a horizontal gravestone in Old Greyfriars' churchyard, Edinburgh—the burial ground in connection with the church presided over by Dr. Robert Lee. The poor brute had evidently been there some days, and although exhausted with hunger and thirst, vicously refused to be removed. It was coaxed with milk and other comestibles, and through the kindness and attention of the gravediggers was soon in a position to run about; but it resolutely refused to leave the churchyard. There had been a number of funerals from the vicinity for some days before, but to which the dog was observed to have followed that the cur's master had been among the number laid under the sod; but whither it came no one could tell. From that day to this "Bob," for such the name he gets, has remained in Greyfriars' Kirkyard. He sleeps in it every night, and spends most of his time in it during the day.

"During the inclement winter the year before last, Serjeant Scott, of the Royal Engineers, one of Bob's best friends, got the animal taken into his house for a night or two; but the dog was evidently unhappy, and soon returned to his quiet quarters under the gravestone. Bob got to know the sergeant's dinner hour to a minute. He will make point at the corner of Candlemaker Row and George-St. Bridge at a certain hour each day, go home with him, and share his dinner. Some time ago Serjeant Scott prepared to return to the office, Bob would give him a "friendly call" at a distance from Greyfriars, give a farewell wag or two with his tail, and trot back to the graveyard. Bob is well known, I believe, among his acquaintances, and one of them is on the frequent occasion of his visit to the dog tax.

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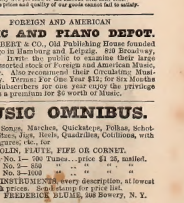
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"As a remedy for kidney complaints, the White Pine Compound stands unrivalled. It was not originated for that purpose; but a person in using it for a cough, was not only cured of the cough, but was also cured of a kidney difficulty of ten years' standing. Since that accidental discovery many thousands have used it for the same complaint, and have been completely cured."

The above was written by Dr. Poland in 1860. Since then, as in Manchester, the White Pine Compound has taken the lead of all Cough remedies, as well as preparations for the cure of Kidney difficulties, in every city, town, village and hamlet throughout the New England States.

The past year has given great opportunity to test the virtues of the White Pine Compound. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the medicine, and the people where it is prepared are high in its praise.

One bottle of this Compound is generally sufficient to remove a bad cough, and frequently I have known persons to have a cold entirely removed in two days by using less than half a bottle. From one to two teaspoonfuls is a large dose. I sometimes put a little white sugar and hot water with it when taken on going to bed.

The limits to which I purposely confine myself in this circular will not allow of that full expression which I would like to give in favor of the White Pine Compound. It is universally admired by all who use it; it has attained to such a popularity among those whose opinion is valuable indeed, that VANITY may possibly, in part, prompt me to record more here than hurried people will have patience to read; so I will stop, by merely recommending to all who need a cough or kidney remedy to test the virtues of the WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

TESTIMONIALS.

A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and, indeed, from all classes of society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, Vt., says:

"I find the White Pine Compound to be very efficacious not only in coughs and other pulmonic affections, but also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach and other kindred organs."

Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes:

"I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as even more efficacious and valuable than ever. I have just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

REV. H. D. DODGE,

of West Randolph, Vt., who is a practising physician, as well as preacher, in a letter to Dr. P., dated May 21, 1863, says: "I find it an excellent medicine in kidney disease."

The White Pine Compound, advertised at length in our columns, is not only as to its name inviting, but is a highly approved medicine. Dr. J. W. Poland, the inventor, has the confidence of the many who know him, a confidence which he enjoyed while laboring usefully many years as a Baptist minister. His experience as a sufferer led him to make experiments which issued in his medical discovery.—*Boston Watchman and Reflector.*

The editor of the *Manchester Daily and Weekly Mirror*, in a leader of the daily, thus speaks of the Compound:

"The White Pine Compound is advertised at much length in our columns, and we are happy to learn that the demand for it is increasing beyond all previous expectations. It is the very best medicine for coughs and colds we know of, and no family that has once used it will ever be without it. We speak from our own knowledge; it is sure to kill a Cold, and pleasant as sure. The greatest inventions come by accident, and it is singular that the White Pine Compound, made for Colds and Coughs, should prove to be the greatest remedy for kidney difficulties known. But so it is. We cannot doubt it, so many testimonials come to us from well-known men. Besides, the character of Dr. Poland is such that we know he will not countenance that what is wrong. For years a Baptist clergyman, studying medicine to find remedies for his ailments, with a delicate consumptive look, standing with one foot upon the grave, he made the discovery which has saved himself and called out from hundreds of others the strongest testimonials possible. We have known Dr. Poland for years, and never knew a more conscientious, honest, upright man, and we are glad to state that we believe whatever he says about his White Pine Compound."

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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 538 — Vol. XXI.] NEW YORK, JANUARY 20, 1866. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

A Discordant Voice.

GIVE the distinct and, it might be supposed, indisputable proposition that "two and two make four," and which all the world accepts as true, yet there will surely be found some crotchety and preternaturally antagonistic person to deny the accuracy of the statement, and intrude his contradiction of it on occasions when it is proper for him to talk of almost everything except arithmetic. The motive of this kind of unnecessary and pig-headed protest against the tenor of public judgment and the logic of figures is often not a morbid appetite for notoriety, such as we saw exhibited in the late "lime-kiln man," who went with his head bare and unshorn, as his only mode of vindicating his individuality or distinguishing himself from his fellows. Where, as in this country, notoriety is often mistaken for reputation, and as frequently regarded as its available equivalent, it is not surprising that men may make themselves absurd and ridiculous, if only to attract for a moment the public gaze. Some, like the wretched Booth, commit murder to achieve a vile distinction, others indulge in intellectual contortions, and others, probably most, find their distinction in throwing themselves on the railway track of human progress, trusting to the chance of the conductor stopping the train before they shall be cut up under its relentless wheels. They will make the whistle scream, and probably frighten the passengers—either a sufficient satisfaction to their shallow ambition.

The latest instance of this sort of self-immolation, or attempt at it, is afforded by Governor Anderson, of Ohio—a State which has not honored itself in its selection of Governor. To him belongs the unenviable distinction, among all the public men of State or Nation, of raising his voice against the feeling of deep sympathy which pervades the American people for their assaulted and insulted fellow-Republicans on this continent. It was reserved for him to misrepresent the character of the struggling patriots of Mexico, and vilify the cause which they are fighting to uphold under every circumstance of difficulty and suffering. It was left for him, and for him alone, to debase the honor and dignity of the American name, and to become the apologist if not the open supporter of that unholy European combination against free institutions that took new life and assumed a practical form when our national destruction seemed imminent, and which has carried war and rapine, not into Mexico alone, but into Santo Domingo, Peru and Chile. A Governor of Ohio is found traitor enough to his country to give "aid and comfort" to that arch-despot, whose unconcealed and obvious purpose in interfering in Mexico is to set "metes and bounds" around the United States, and repress and destroy the principles which it avows and teaches.

It is true there is little or nothing in the antecedents of Governor Anderson to give much individual weight to his opinions on any subject, and the people of Ohio are far too intelligent and patriotic to be greatly influenced by anything he may say. Fortunately, he can *do* nothing. It is equally fortunate that he does not in any degree represent the general sentiment of the party which elected him, and which is the dominant one in the country. The Convention which nominated Messrs. Lincoln and Johnson, in cautious phrase, but nevertheless distinctly, declared its adhesion to the Monroe Doctrine. No Convention of either party or of any faction in the country has failed to do the same with more or less of emphasis. Within a week the Republican Convention of New Hampshire declared:

> "That the scheme to subvert our neighboring republic of Mexico, and to plant by foreign bayonets an Austrian despotism instead, having had its origin in undisguised hostility to the United States, it is the urgent duty of our Government to take such decisive measures as will bring about the only abandonment of what, under the circumstances, is nothing less than a standing insult to our power and a disgrace to our Republican institutions."

Not less pointed and expressive of the pervading sentiment of the country are the resolutions adopted by the Senate and House of Representatives of Indiana, on December 21, with only one dissenting voice:

> *Resolved by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring therein*, That it is the sense of this General Assembly, in reference to the existing state of things in Mexico, that the United States should scrupulously but firmly assert and maintain, against foreign Governments, at all proper times and places, the separate and independent right of the people, without any foreign



IRISH EMIGRANTS LEAVING THEIR HOME FOR AMERICA—THE MAIL COACH FROM CAHIRCIVEEN, COUNTY KERRY, IRELAND.

interference, influence or control whatever, to continue, or establish and maintain the Government and policy of its own choice, and especially, to assert and maintain, that this question shall not be allowed to be affected by the introduction by foreign Governments of foreign levies, mercenaries, arms, or military provisions into that country; and that every future or further attempt at such influence, control or interference, will be justly regarded as aggressive and injurious to our own policy and interests, and to ourselves.

Be it further resolved as the sense of this General Assembly, That without any purpose of forsaking the just and humane obligations of national friendship and comity, as required by public law, and especially when strengthened by treaties of amity, by which the United States has been steadily governed, but as a means of compelling conformity to the same rule by other Governments, it is the duty of the United States, until the obligation of the rule is acknowledged by them, to apply to such other Governments the same construction of neutral and belligerent rights, as to their internal and external enemies, they have applied to us, in derogation of the public law.

Be it further resolved, That the Governor be requested to communicate copies of these Resolutions to the President of the United States, and to the Senators and Representatives in Congress.

It is painful to find a single man capable of libelling Mexico by the assertion that she "has ruthlessly ruined and oppressed her own people, and has brought disgrace alike upon the sacred name of Republican liberty and of human nature." Conceding all her shortcomings, and allowing nothing for the difficulties with which the church, ignorance, and the corruption entailed by the Spanish colonial system, have surrounded her, yet her Government at no time possessed features so repulsive as that which has re-established slavery, legitimatized murder, and which is a constant violation of the principle that "Governments should exist only by the consent of the governed."

Does Gov. Anderson of Ohio applaud the "institution" of *peonage?* Does he sanction the barbarous decree that sends every prisoner to summary execution? Does he support an intervention predicated on the assumption of our weakness and intended to cripple our power, destroy our legitimate influence, and break down Republican institutions? If so we are sure of one thing, he misrepresents the sentiments and the spirit alike of Ohio and the nation, and will never be a second time Governor.

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A number of popular Pictures, by the most celebrated Artists, are in course of preparation, and will appear in the February and succeeding numbers, beautifully colored. Subscriptions for the year, £3 50; four copies in one Post Office, $14; with the additional advantage of an extra copy gratis, to the person sending the amount.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 20, 1866.

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NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Maximilian.

A RESOLUTION of the Senate called for information in relation to our affairs with Mexico, and has been responded to by the President with some correspondence relative to the so-called Emperor of Mexico's decree of outlawry.

This infamous manifesto, which was promulgated on the 3d of October last, declares that the struggle for supremacy is ended, and after that date that all found in arms are to be instantly executed. Ten days after the issuing of that proclamation, this Austrian adventurer put it in practice by executing Generals Salzar and Artega, Colonels Villa Gomez, Perez Milecuia, Diaz Peracho and Villanos, five lieutenant-colonels, eight commandants, and several officers of lower rank, all of whom had been surprised and captured. These officers were not rebels, deserters or spies, but they were regular soldiers of the Mexican Republic, a recognised Government, and had been engaged in warfare against the usurper from the first. They were not accused of any act against the usages of war, nor were they tried and condemned according to these usages, but were summarily murdered because they were endeavoring to free their country from the grasp of a tyrant and a despot.

We defy the annals of civilised warfare to show another such case. These soldiers surrendered as prisoners of war. Had they supposed that such was to be their fate, it is only reasonable to believe that they would have chosen to die with arms in their hands, and gone into the next world with the satisfaction that they had carried with them a few score of their cowardly assassins. That this policy would have been carried out farther is without doubt, had not the Liberals put a stop to it by retaliation, and by administering his own medicine to this maker of assassins frightened him from his bloody work.

It is only a natural supposition that our Government could not pass such a fearful case as this over without notice, and our Minister at Paris was instructed to ask why "proceedings, which are so repugnant to the sentiments of modern civilization, and the instincts of humanity" were allowed by a Government professing Christianity?

To this pointed question came an answer fraught with the highest importance. It came from M. Drouyn de l'Huys:

> "Why," he said, "do you not go to President Juarez? We are not the Government of Mexico, and you do us too much honor to trust to us as such. We had to go Mexico with an army to secure certain important interests, but we are not responsible for Maximilian or his Government. He is accountable to you as to any other Government if he violates its rights, and you have the same remedies there that we had."

What do we understand from this, but that Napoleon surrenders Maximilian into his own hands and no longer endorses his policy! If this be really so, why do we hesitate? We have withheld our hands heretofore, because we were unwilling to break off our amicable relations with France. We have no longer this to stay us. Why, then, do we stand supine, and see the murderous policy of this usurper carried out? Have we a right to consider ourselves Christians, while we suffer such crimes to be perpetrated almost on our own soil?

We hope and trust that now, when it is understood who is accountable for the imperial rule in Mexico, that our Government will see fit to protest, *in the strongest possible terms*, against any further acts of barbarity in our sister Republic of Mexico.

A COPYRIGHT case of great importance to American authors has recently been decided, on appeal, in the English courts. The facts are these: A Miss Maria Cummins, a native and subject of the United States, is authoress of a novel entitled Haunted Hearts. She sold this work to Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., of London, who published it in that city, Miss Cummins being at that time resident in Montreal, Canada. Messrs. Low & Co. caused two entries as to copyright to be made in Stationers' Hall, one of the proprietorship of Miss Cummins, and the other of her assignment of the same to them.

Messrs. Routledge undertook to republish the work, in contempt of the copyright thus obtained, whereupon a suit was entered against them by Messrs. Low & Co., in the Court of Chancery. Messrs. Routledge insisted, on their part, that they had the right to reproduce the book, because it was "written by an *alien*, a native of the United States, between which country and Great Britain no law of copyright exists." The court granted an injunction against the Messrs. Routledge, holding that Miss Cummins, under the circumstances, did acquire a valid British copyright, which she was at liberty to dispose of in her discretion. The Vice-Chancellor, in rendering the decision, said:

> "If an author, residing in this country, and first publishing here, acquires a copyright, he acquires it over the whole of the British dominions, and will be protected in Canada just as much as in England; and so, if an alien, residing here, chooses to publish in Canada, he would acquire a copyright there as well as over all the British dominions, recognised and protected everywhere. Again, if a foreigner comes into Canada, or any other part of the British possessions, and publishes there, surely, upon the same principle, he would acquire a copyright, not confined to Canada, but extending over and protected throughout the British dominions. Then, if the author (and this is the last step), residing in Canada, thinks it more expedient, instead of publishing his work there, to send it over to England to be published here, is it possible to say that he has thereby not acquired copyright, although he would have acquired it if he had published it in Canada? The place of first publication, *provided it be within the British dominions*, is made immaterial by the Copyright Amendment Act, 1842, which operates over all the colonies and possessions of the crown; and the place of residence of the alien is immaterial, provided it be within the British dominions."

REV. DR. BELLOWS, President of the Sanitary Commission, tells us that the ratio of native-born soldiers in the late Union army was 80 per cent. of the whole. On the other hand, of the whole number of disabled soldiers asking aid or asylum, 90 per cent. are of foreign birth.

THE Report of the Freedmen's Commission shows that the number of freedmen now receiving rations in all the late slave States is 45,035. It is estimated that the number will be raised to 100-000 during the winter. This, in proportion to the total negro population, is in not a greater number than we find of persons requiring to be supported by charity among the whites of the North.

THE number of emigrants who landed at Castle Garden during the year 1865 was 195,000 against 182,916 in 1864—an increase of 12,659. Of these Ireland sent 70,338; Germany 82,454; and England 27,144. This is a wholesome exhibit, especially in the increase of German emigrants.

A NEW feature in the art-world will now be the annual exhibitions of the Sketch Club of Philadelphia. They have just concluded a successful season in that city, and will open at the Derby Gallery, 625 Broadway, about the middle of January. The capital feature of the enterprise is that the statues, drawings and paintings are all native, the selection being made from the various studios of our own country. This limit ought to be broad enough, considering the various famous ateliers between Chicago and Baltimore. The Club is a body of some forty artists, each and all determined to give as much *éclat* as possible to their scheme, and willing to work hard for success.

THE total losses by fire the past year in the United States amounted to over $43,000,000, against about $28,500,000 the previous year. The introduction of steam engines in the fire departments of the country does not, from this exhibit, present a very flattering record.

THE number of railroad accidents in this country during the past year was 183, against 140 the year previous. The fatality, however, was in favor of 1865, the number of lives lost during that year being 335, against 404 in 1864. We here find some reason for congratulating the public. Although the number of accidents the past year was above that of the previous year, it seems that the fatality was considerably less.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, in the career of the American newspapers equal to the success of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER. The illustrated papers devoted to the news of the day, chronicling with the fidelity of the daguerreotype events as they occur, have, where they adhere faithfully to accuracy, a value of their own. But families needed a weekly visitor to amuse and instruct, and instruction now-a-days implies faithful illustration. Hence the success of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER. To such as have not seen it we may add that subscribers receive a little gallery of pictures as premiums. First—The Notabilities of the Nation presented at President Lincoln's Reception. Second—His Only Pair; from a famous painting, by Faed. Third—A National Picture, in active preparation.

TOWN GOSSIP.

WE believe that the English have the reputation of being the most apathetic people, and the Germans the most phlegmatic; but our belief is, that the Americans combine both these eminent qualities, and require more poking—good word that—and more coaxing to really awake, than any nation that has ever existed since the world began.

We start on this homily, from the idea that besets us, that the great world of New York, which is the *real* "hub of the universe"—the universe being supposed, as it really is, to be the great American people—takes much to awaken it. They enter upon the season of gaiety, the cold season, and pass over three months, in the most supine manner, until their legendary customs instruct that they should keep the Christmas and New-Year holidays. They keep them, and the result is the same as the drinking of a glass of wine to the inflammable man; it starts him on the desire, and away he goes, without any calculation where he will bring up.

Thus it is with New York and her amusements. Nothing is done until after New-Year's. Why? Because it takes the holidays to awaken the people, to give them that glass of wine necessary to drive away the lethargy toward relaxation.

Now that these said holidays are well over the town is alive, and nothing is heard of but balls, hops, mask parties, and the invincible list of pleasant dissipations consequent on the awakening. The leading balls of the season are coming on. The Americus Club—not a new organization, but a new ball-giving arrangement—have had theirs, and made a success in their own set. The 71st Regiment—a militia regiment that has really smelt powder in the service—has also given one at the Academy of Music, which attracted its thousands; and now comes the crowd of brilliant ones: First the Light Guard, on the 25th; then the Fire Department; then the 7th Regiment; then during February, the great German balls, the Arion and the Liedercrantz, which are *the* balls of the season. After which the Purim, in which Hebrew beauty and Hebrew wealth are displayed to the best advantage; and then, this reaching to about the 1st of March, the season is supposed to be ended, and New York begins to gather her skirts and look around for ruralities or the watering-places.

But while these winter mental and physical relaxations are in occurrence it is our duty to enjoy them. If we are companionable people, let us, while in Rome, do as the Romans do, and see the entire affairs through. Not that we say it is everybody's duty to go to all the balls of the season, but a temperate enjoyment of all these matters is as essential to the well being of one who lives in New York as it is to take his breakfast.

To take up the lesser things of New York, for what can be greater than their amusements—we will discuss a letter just received from a friend, who is of the farmer persuasion, and keeps a large farm out on Long Island. He is not obliged to make a living out of his farm, and for that reason is able to look around on his neighbors and see what they are doing. He writes this:

> "You New Yorkers complain of the high price of your market matter. Why! it is all your fault. You give up your markets to middlemen and speculators. Fifteen or twenty years ago Washington and Fulton markets offered a chance for countrymen and farmers to come in and sell their produce, whether it be large or small; but now by your laws you shut them out from this, and give to these middlemen and speculators every chance there is in the markets. You have made a law that after a certain hour in the morning none but a person holding a stand or a licence can sell anything, and the result is that countrymen coming in, if they do not sell out very early to the people, are obliged to sell to these men at whatever price they may offer. Your system with regard to stands in the markets is all wrong. If you expect to throw open the markets to competition, and so get your food cheap, you must so place it that a countryman coming in with ever so little to sell may hire a stand if it is only for an hour. Another point is, that your markets must be so situated that they are very accessible both by railroad and by water. The small farmer must have it so that he can reach the market and the purchaser with the smallest exertion and expense. When you do this you are putting all people on a level, and not compelling one person who is supplying you with the necessities of life to hire his place of sale at a high rate, while another gets his at a mere nothing."

We think our friend is right, and having given him a free expression of opinion, we think the matter is covered, and leave it to the public.

Speaking of letters puts us in mind of one other we have seen, within a day or two, which treats on lectures. It says that New York lectures all creation, but does not listen to lectures herself; or, in other words, that she sends out people to deliver lectures in every town and city in this country, who are eminently successful, but at the same time does not encourage them to discourse in her midst.

We think this is true. New York men do penetrate to every corner of the earth, not only in lecturing, but in every other thing where intellect can be brought to bear. New York is, without doubt, the intellectual city of this continent, and will, as a consequence, dictate to all adjoining places, whether it be lecturing or anything else. New York is *blasé* in mental matters. She bears patiently, never hisses a play or makes a motion on small annoyances, but when anything *really* good comes along, or anything *really* annoying touches her—look out!

The theatrical event of the week has been the reception of Mr. Booth, as Hamlet, at the Winter Garden. We will venture to say that never before has such a reception been given to any actor as was given to Edwin Booth, on the evening of the 3d inst., and theatre-goers may assure themselves that many years will elapse before they will have a chance of witnessing again such a scene.

For several days before his opening night every seat in the house had been sold, and only a few standing places were to be had. Within a few minutes after the opening the doors the house was crammed to the utmost capacity, and hundreds were turned away. Without doubt many persons imagined there would be some attempt at a disturbance, but upon what promises they built such an idea we are at a loss to understand. The majority of the audience thought differently, and gave evidence of it by bringing ladies. The authorities professed to believe something of the kind, by having present a large police-force, both in uniform and officer's dress, but from first to last there was no occasion for the services of even one of the gentlemen. As for the audience, there was the New York Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, who seemed to occupy nearly their brother by attending as a body.

On the appearance of Mr. Booth on the 3d scene, a cheer went up from the house as from one voice, and a scene of enthusiasm broke forth unprecedented. The gentlemen waved their hats and the ladies their handkerchiefs. Many applauding sentences that came were: Cheer upon cheer was called for, and given. Groans for a certain character which had attacked Mr. Booth were given with a will, and it was not until about ten minutes had elapsed that silence could be obtained to proceed with the play. That Mr. Booth was cordially affected by this demonstration showed plainly. He appeared somewhat visible in the tone of his voice and his manner, but in a short time he regained his emotion and progressed in a most masterly style. At the end of each act he was called before the curtain, and every effort was made to elicit a speech from him, but with good taste he declined.

We will not enter into any analysis of the feeling that has led to this unusual welcoming of a great actor back to the stage, but simply record it as part and parcel of history.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Petersburg, Va., *Express* says: "A venerable freedman passing through Bank street at an early hour on the morning, just in front of the writer of this, planted his foot on a $5 bill, and there held it. Looking to stoop and pick it up, he concluded it should see him and claim it. We saw the adroit trick, but not desiring to be made a fool of for a few months, passed the old darkey unmolested. Hour after hour elapsed before the unfortunate freedman saw daylight as a rock, with the enormous brogan entirely covering the $5 note, and he was no nearer obtaining the surging crowd so abate as to afford him an opportunity to make his prize without a contest with some disputant. Finally darkness came, to the great relief of the sable gentleman, and he quietly removed his foot from the lovely place and exalted it to a position in the folds of his ample pocket."

—Some miners in Nevada county, California, were recently working a quartz vein, when they struck a cave on their level. The opening has been found on the surface that on found by the miners. Close to the edge of this subterranean vault was found a cannon ball inclosed in solid quartz, as if it had grown with the quartz, and formed in it beneath the cavity's surface. The ball was perfect in shape, and when the dirt was taken off the surface it was found as if it had just come from the mould.

—The Washington *Star* says that a number of young men who have recently returned from service in the rebel army are breaking the faith and oath of their allegiance that has been displayed towards them, by going into the city of Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria, and openly shouting for Jeff Davis, and abusing every negro they meet.

—The National Banknote Co. during this year has furnished Government with four hundred million postage stamps, which, if consecutively placed, would reach one to ninety cents each. During the month of March last, 109,500,000 stamps were delivered by the Government, expressing in value $3,307,196.

—Arrangements are still very much in the possession of the Government, but it is said the wife of Gen. Thomas R. Lee has recently written to a friend that she intends to return these, even if she is obliged to live in the black quarters. This is indicative of the strength of her determination to reassert what she considers to be the rights of herself and husband to this historic property. But among the other obstacles she will probably encounter is the fact that 12,000 Union soldiers have been buried upon its soil.

—The Richmond *Examiner* says that "the most cursory perusal of the published proceedings of the Virginia Legislature cannot fail to impress the reader with the unprecedented number of petitions that are for incorporation which that body has been called upon to consider. Applications from companies requesting for the construction of lines of telegraphic communication, for purposes of manufacturing, for coal digging, for mining, for iron smelting, for the manufacture of gas, and the discovery of coal, crowd upon the eye in motley and bewildering array."

—A lady in Norfolk, Va., last week left her infant in bed, in the absence of the nurse girl, and went downstairs to attend to her household duties. In a short time her attention was attracted by a noise, something like the tread of a cat, upon the stairs leading to the room where the baby lay sleeping. On the door immediately ran upstairs, and, upon entering the bedchamber, found all the bed-clothes thrown together, the child, which was crying bitterly, its left hand was found to be torn and bleeding freely. This is the second the child has been attacked by rats, with which the premises abound.

—There is a lad living in Augusta, Georgia, who has seven grandmothers living, one of whom, in 1795, presented to General George Washington a basket of flowers, she being then a young lady.

—The phrase "I run" in billiards ever made in Western New York, if not in the world, was performed by George M. Sharpe, at Lyons, one day last week, who, in playing a game, "jawed" the two "reds," and made 2,276 points.

—Albany, with a population of 70,000, has a police force of 93 men, at an expense of $74,000 annually, and yet the Albanians complain of the inefficiency of the force. They want more men and less expense.

—It is estimated that 10,000 barrels of apples are held by Boston speculators.

—It is reported that an agent of the French Government of Mexico has arrived in this city, has hired and purchased $60,000 worth of arms, which were shipped to Vera Cruz on the Havana.

—There will be, early next year, now fewer than seven houses in this city, to wit: Wallack's, New York; Winter Garden's, Niblo's, Wood's, Metropolitan, French's, Fourteenth street, Old Bowery, New Bowery, and the German. All these are, of course, Shakspeare; the Opera House, the three minstrel halls—Christy's, Bryant's and Sanford's—and the numerous concert halls, lascivious places of amusement.

—The exports of the number of patents issued for the year 1865 shows the aggregate to be 6,000, an increase of 1,000 over the number of any previous year.

Foreign.—Ex-Emperor Soulouque, Solomon and suite were brought to their passports from Jamaica, have obtained the consent of the Governor of Curacoa to reside there, and have chartered a vessel for the passage. They had no intention to leave St. Thomas but it is said the surveillance of the police was not acceptable.

—The oyster merchants of Paris have raised the price of this bivalve to such an extravagant height that Parisians have determined to eat none. As the year live without eating oysters, while the oyster merchants cannot live without selling them, it is likely this strike will bring prices down.

—The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz lately gave a ball at which she wore the jewelry of her great-great-grandmother, a German princess, who died over a hundred and fifty years ago.

—A young lady of twenty-two years is now an inmate of a lunatic asylum in near Prague. Last autumn she won thirty or forty thousand thalers at Baden-Baden, and her success turned her head. She always imagined herself at the roulette table.

—Kelly, the champion sculler of the Thames, has deposited £250 with the editor of the *Sportsman* to make matches with Hamill, the American champion. Should Kelly's offer be accepted, Hamill will give £200 for expenses. Kelly proposes to row five miles straight away from Putney, and, turning, and a half to a stake boat, and two miles and a half on return on the following day, for £250 aside. The stakes are to be given, £50 for race for £200; the races to take place over the English championship course, on the Thames, between Putney and Barker's rails.

—Brigands are much more rife in Persia, with its hardly heavily ironed, lately murdered a rural-commune a beautiful golden, with delicate mouldings of fruit and flowers, etc.

—Brigands in Servia lately duped one of their captives out of £200, by sending him a letter in a lemon for ransome.

—"Head Centre" Stephens is said not to be in Paris at all, now—but in Scotland. It is reported that he has left Edinburgh, somewhere along the banks of the Clyde, and that one of her Majesty's cruisers was looking for him.

—Nothing keeps this year in Europe; apples, pears, grapes, chestnuts, walnuts, potatoes, etc., rot as soon as they are put in the storehouse.

—The Queen of England has a special private fortune of £300,000, left to her by the late Mr. Prince Albert.

—It is stated that £900 (84,000) in Bank of England notes were found sewed up in the vest of Tom Sayers, the pugilist, after his death.

—The Emperor of China, not content with a palace as large as some towns, inside Pekin itself, and another vast palace and domain at a few miles distance, has a park, surrounded by a wall, which extends 40 miles, close to the city.

—The Gaelic Society, of Inverness, Caledonia, of London, who, in his Lives of the Patriarchs, says that, before the Deluge, there were seven a dead human being, or he learned anything about seven days, and that the seventh day was that of the vitality, of which, again, he can have perceived nothing, but which, as he is told, exists only mat slaughter.

—A Texas woman in Ladywood, England, named Yeteman, recently gave birth to a child and placed it on the bed with its mother. A neighbor, a Mrs. Gilbert, who happened to go into the house, found a large fire in the kitchen grate, and on looking out of it the naked body of the child. There was a strong smell of burning flesh, and the child was entirely burnt off the body. Fire he found that the head and neck was quite burned away. He carried the remains of the child into the front yard and covered them with a bag. The mother of the child is in custody, and has acknowledged to having placed the child on the fire.

SYNOPSIS OF OPERATIONS IN CASTLE GARDEN.

History of the Immigration Question—Its Origin and Progress—It is Dealt in Its Incipiency to contend with—Its present Condition, and a Brief Sketch of Castle Garden.

BY an act of the Legislature of 1847, the Commission of Emigration, on the 5th of May of that year, became operative in the relief and for the protection of alien emigrants arriving at this port. By this enactment, they were left to the chances of general benevolence, and to the care of local ordinances. A few noble-minded and public-spirited citizens formed themselves into a band, having as their leader Mr. Thurston Reed, who, without pecuniary or remunerable obstacles, nevertheless triumphed in his philanthropic undertaking. Mr. Weed ably portrayed in the following extract from his report, the difficulties, impressions, temptations and open daring villanies to which the newly-arrived emigrant was constantly exposed, they having been the "helpless prey of rapacious emigrant-shippers—runners,' boarding-housekeepers, and their associates." The latter class were to be encountered frequently of all the money they possessed and were left in a state of utter destitution.

At the beginning, Mr. Weed withstood the combined hostility of the "sculpers" (as they were then designated); he was threatened with personal violence, and engaged with suits for damages on indictments of libel. The movement was backed by the influence of other leading men, in conjunction with that of the Archbishop Hughes, Andrew Carrigan, Thomas McElrath, John F. Devlin, and a few others, who saw the necessity of aiding in his memorable contest with the vested rights of iniquity and cruel deception practiced on the inoffensive, ignorant emigrant.

Under a new commission many then existing irregularities and abuses were corrected, and in 1855 the present commodious and splendid structure, with its granite chimney rendered complete its operations by the uniform system of government and control. The new system worked exceedingly well, and with but few unofficial results. The history of great changes in the character of our population, and the causes of those changes nations may be traced through every stage—commercial that of the immense amelioration of the sanitary treatment and condition of emigrants. Since the latter date has been effected within the last few years, and was caused by wise legislation here and in Europe, and also, in no small degree, by the humanizing and civilizing effect of the navigation interest itself.

The previous years of unexampled, misery, disease and deaths, formerly so frequent among the humbler class of emigrants on their passage, or immediately on their landing, is now of rare occurrence, and the excellent of the services to the cause of humanity which have so highly distinguished the port.

The steadily increasing flow of immigration hither from 1847 to 1854, reaching in the latter year to 390,000, was one of the most extraordinary events of life. Many of it, by a gigantic, wholesale, postage-free, all-pervading system of deception practiced on the inoffensive, ignorant emigrant.

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Emigrant outfitters were found in daily at Castle Garden, the large majority of whom are in the profession, and, having about them the appearance of. Every possible care is taken of those who voluntarily place themselves under the guardian protection of the agents of the Commissioners. Advice and information are cheerfully and freely given, and they are guarded against contaminating influences from without, and a general hint is thrown out to them to improve their time, and procure employment immediately; for which purpose an office is kept within the Garden to supply situations to all who are industriously inclined and disposed to accept work at once. No difficulty has been experienced in this respect. The Garden is kept clean, and is supplied with every possible available comfort and convenience for the emigrants, and they are provided therein with a shelter at least, if not with the indulgences of a home and its luxuries. A doctor, possessed of unexceptionable talent and ability, is also stationed daily for the purpose of administering medical comforts and other necessary medical dispensations when applicants appeal to him for courtesy aid.

A ticket office, representing the New York Central and New York and Erie and Pennsylvania Railroads, is also provided, at the request of which the emigrant can purchase tickets to their destinations; by this, imposition on them is rendered impossible. Their individual names and destinations are recorded in books prepared for that department of the service, and a line of communication to and from their friends, and relatives, is maintained with the greatest possible regularity and accuracy; and for this purpose correspondents, speaking the various languages, are attached to the Garden, whose duty is to write letters for the emigrants, and to read any letters or communications received for their guidance and benefit.

Those who are in indigent circumstances are supplied, while they remain in the Garden, with suitable provisions to sustain them from hunger, while waiting for the send to their friends. These are also similarly provided in the varied apartments, so that the temperature is moderated as the condition of the weather demands. The sexes are separated, and thus the exterior appearance of the premises sufficiently demonstrates the fact. The department is under the office of the under him, who are in regular daily attendance to their respective duties, conducts and manages the responsible duties entrusted to them with precision and orderly satisfaction.

The remarkable on landing are registered in families first, then the female adult portion are admitted, and last the males; this has been found a convenient precaution, so as to collect them in groups of families and acquaintances. They have the option of remaining in the Garden temporarily, or going out to boarding-houses as their own tastes may dictate. The gold is exchanged for them by the cashier at the exact worth, guided by the quotations of the day, and the money deposited for the purpose of securing the emigrants from the imposition and coinery of swindlers in the city. They are often contracted for by agents from the Garden, and in such instance they are informed that they are still under the guardianship of the Commissioners, who will see through their agents, hear and investigate all complaints made by them, and adjust their grievances between them, particularly for the recovery of their wages, when judiciously and faithfully earned; so that no employer can take the least advantage of the ignorance of the emigrant whom he may employ, by withholding the fruit of his or her labor. The arrivals of emigrants at the depot from January to the present date are stated last year. The following figures speak for themselves:

1847	129,063
1848	189,119
1849	220,603
1850	213,789
1851	289,601
1852	300,999
1853	284,945
1854	319,223
1855	138,333
1856	142,342
1857	153,773
1858	78,069
1859	70,932
1860	105,162
1861	65,529
1862	91,918
1863	176,884
1864	193,198
Number of arrivals to Jan. 1, '65,	3,153,414
" since to Dec. 8, '65,	188,815
Total " to Dec. 8, '65.	3,342,229

An efficient staff of police is kept within and without the Garden, to prevent any improper persons to check any attempt at impropriety; thus it will be seen that no care or trouble is wanting to render the Garden a boon to the emigrant and a credit to the Commissioners, whose arduous aim is to further their interests.

The following are the list of Commissioners of Emigration: Gulian C. Verplanck, Syme Coutes, A. A. Low, Wilson G. Hunt, Elijah F. Purdy, John P. Cumming, and the Mayor, Recorder, City Judges, Societies, and the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn. Bernard Casey is the Superintendent of the Castle Garden, and Executive Officer of the Department.

STATISTICS OF SUICIDE.

A BOOK has recently been published in Paris by a certain M. Boisment, which sets forth that over 10,000 persons have committed suicide in France since the beginning of the present century. The antecedents of the whole of the victims were not, in all cases obtained, but Dr. Boisemont has classified all those concerning which information could be obtained, and has arrived at a table showing the causes which appear to be ascribed to hereditary predisposition or were spontaneous. Men are more influenced by climate, and how they were distributed in regard to age and sex. In France, at large, it appears most suicides were committed between the ages of 30 and 40, but in Paris between 20 and 30. Two children did "the rash act" under 9 and one under 7 years of age. In the United States it is stated that the hereditary tendency towards "going ahead" manifests itself in a similar precocity in the matter of self-destruction. The "rash act" is not much truth in the popular impression that length of years is accompanied by a greater clinging to life. The proportion of suicides in Europe, on the contrary, that the proportion of suicides between the years of 70 and 80 is nearly double that between 30 and 40, while the statistical researches of M. Etoc-Demazy would even make it appear that they are actually more numerous in the latter than in the former decade of life. Another widely-spread popular fallacy is that suicides are more frequent in the gloomy months of the year. Nothing can be further from the truth. The returns of figures has made it incontestably clear that such cases are most frequent in the months of November, December, and most numerous in May, June and July. The numbers in our author's list are, for the months first mentioned, 208 and 1,001, 1,000 and 1,001, 1,000 and 1,001 respectively. Nor is it the case that the dark and silent hours of the night are more favorable than the daytime for deeds of this sinister description, since Dr. Boisemont's indefatigable analyses makes it appear that the daily maximum of self-murder occurs about noon, the minimum in the double hours of dawn and twilight. Throwing in the doubtful hours of dawn and twilight, the period between 8 o'clock in the morning and 8 o'clock in the evening the number falls to 17. There is a curious drop from 116 to 48 between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, and as sudden and unexplained a rebound to 123 at noon. Can it be that the usual Parisian breakfast hour has anything to do with this puzzling intermission of the series? Observations made upon the influence of the moon have contradictory results; but as regards the distribution and configuration of soils, it is the conclusion that the low plains of the tertiary formation are those which supply the most numerous cases of self-murder, the primitive granitic or mountainous districts forming more generally the lowest in the list.

Have celibacy, marriage, widowhood, any influence on the act of self-destruction? In the 4,594 instances analyzed by Dr. Boisemont there were 1,501 single men, and 576 single women, 1,129 married men, and 513 married women, 289 widowers, and 311 widows, 211 remain to be understood. It appears that, in the single life the cases of vows are to those of men in the proportion of 1 to 2.6, in that of widow, 1 to 2.9; in widowhood, as 1 to 1.22. The comparison of the totals of single and married, the figures of which are nearly equal, especially if the list of 211 widowers and widows is added to the latter, would seem to indicate an influence highly favorable to the married state. These statistics are, however, modified by the great bodies of troops upon the various modes and devices by which the victims of life-weariness have sought to destroy it. It has carried their objective effects, and which show that this military temperament, no less than the temperament of murder, admits a treatment of its own as a branch of the fine arts. The following table exhibits the various modes of suicide in France between the years 1827–60:

1. Strangulation, or hanging,	14,808	12,132
2. Drowning,	7,664	4,177
3. Fire arms,	4,930	4,337
4. Poisoning by carbon,	1,734	1,907
5. Cutting instruments,	1,522	1,372
6. Precipitation from heights,	1,299	813
7. Poison,	734	474
8. Various,	282	84
	38,936	28,916

DICKENS'S NOTION OF GRAND-FATHERS.

"I often wish that Shakespeare had not put that expression into the mouth of Jacques.

Jacques has a melancholy view of life. He had not been a misanthrope, a baby might have presented itself to him as the first of human beings. He is the nurse's arms, and not as mulling and puking. In like manner he might have drawn a pleasant picture of a green and happy old age, sitting in the sun, very much on leanness, and slippers, and drunken shanks. The good time, such as Jacques describes it, is the middle age with a certain rule of life; but, for my part, I have met with very many tasteful exceptions, and I love to meet them.

It has been my good fortune to know many old men, who, after their youth and strife of middle age, in original innocence and simplicity of their earliest childhood. Their manners are gentle, their conversation quaint in their easychairs, their gums as innocent of teeth, and their laugh as free from care as when they sat in their mother's laps—sitting there, bolding the Lord's good time patiently and blandly among their wives and daughters, and grandsons and grandchildren, hovered about them, and played with them, and smoothed their pillows, and spoke to them in those sing-song words which are well adapted to the old man as to the child.

There is a purifying influence in such old age which we all recognize. We may know that the old man has had a wicked life, but when he comes upon him, wrinkled and lying his brow, blanching his head, and his face with the earth, it is as if he had been redeemed and purified by time. I can understand the feeling which prompted the Egyptians and so earnestly for length of days; man nature knows that the passionate years are not those of the heart to be set in store by, and cannot believe that a man can have passed over like a cloud, leaving nothing of his life but its sins, and not some sweetness and virtue to be gathered from the whole. Let a man's life be as it will, the world can be the better for it as a garden between the two, and can look calmly upon both.

I think it must be pleasant to sit upon the last shore and wait for the boat, with a quiet mind and a cheerful countenance; pleasant to hear the plash of the oars and the cheerful voices of the rowers, and to feel at ease as you sway to that golden hand where youth is to receive you. Then, indeed, the old man is a child again. Everywhere than in this strain, for I have never known an old person who was not willing to speak of his life, who was not wear an aspect of innocence. Age is not altogether sad and sorrowful. While it mourns for, it also expunges the traces of evil passions. The sins that count against us are those of the heart, of hate and anger; the wrinkles that score the brow are strokes of the hand of time, but the last touch is that of love. The second that passion has written there so boldly. I can recall many instances of old men who have devoted their money to the soundness of the theory which I have just broached touching the innocence and purifying influence of age. I remember one, a little, feeble, cheery, merry-hearted old bachelor, who had lived a roistering life in his younger days. He had been passionate, imperious, violent, a boisterous companion, and a hard master to his clerks and his children. When he became an old grandfather, he was transformed into the most delightful, affectionate, amiable. His own little grandchildren could rule him, and would do so to the last day of his life.

"Do you remember, grandfather, one of them would say, "when you used to beat us? Why did you do so cruel with the horsewhip?"

"Yes, my dear," he would answer, "I hope I never did that."

"Oh, but you did, grandfather; and grandmother says you used to get drunk and break the chimney ornaments."

"Oh fie, fie! No, my dear," says the old man, "it must have been some one else. I never behaved so badly."

And granny strokes in and affirms that he did the deed, completely smashing two china shepherdesses that had been in the family for a century. The recollection leads the old man into a fit of laughter so hearty and good-humored, that the grandchildren are shocked that they have been capable of the violent conduct imputed to him. I never saw but one instance where it himself now, when age has cast the devil out of him.

A REGIMENT OF MONKEYS.

About two miles from the bungalow to which we were proceeding, we overtook a regiment of large monkeys. I should say there were as many as four hundred, and each carried a stick of some kind in the shape. They moved along in ranks or companies, just, in short, as though they were imitating a wing of a regiment of infantry. At the head of the column was an old and very powerful monkey, who was no doubt the chief. It was a very old and very large monkey, and interested in the movements of the creatures. There could be no question but that they had been foraging for some pleasure on hand, and the fact of each carrying a stick in the same way showed that they had all set out on which they were bent. Their destination was the bungalow. Here they had evidently made up their minds to drive a monkey fed by a number of Brahmins who were living in the bungalow, and to take possession of their premises. They (the monkey regiment) would not get out of the way for our approach, but came themselves in any way; and my friend was afraid to drive through them lest he should run over some. We were assailed they are most ferocious brutes, and armed with sticks. If we were to interfere, they could have annihilated us with the greatest ease. There was no help for us, therefore, but to let the mass proceed at a walk in the rear of the tribe, the members of which, now that we were nearing Deobund, began to chatter frightfully. Just before we came to the bungalow, they left the road and took the direction of the temple. Had would we have followed them, but to do so in the buggy would have been impossible, for they crossed over quite very rough ground and two ditches. My friend therefore proceeded on to the bungalow, and thought that they might observe of their actions. Meanwhile we moved off to the bungalow.



SCENES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A RECENT TRAVELLER.—GANG OF CAPTIVES MET AT MBAMES ON THEIR WAY TO TETTE, AFRICA.

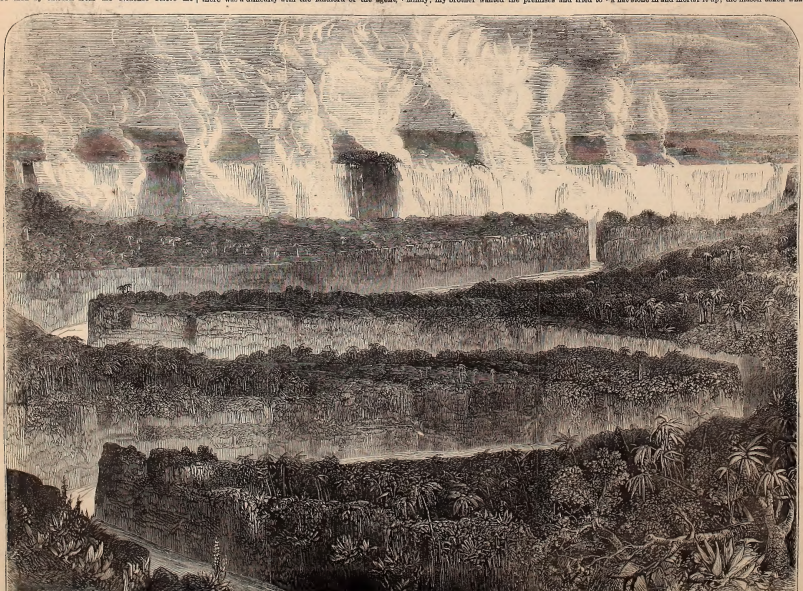
A MURDER, OUT OF THE PALE OF LAW.

WE give a series of illustrations showing one of those occurrences of a great city like New York, that, while they horrify every one, are events of an hour, and being almost out of legal jurisdiction, are lost in the whirl of incidents. We cannot give the matter better than by extracts from the evidence before the Coroner. The affair occurred at No. 597 Grand street, and the victims were Mrs. McGaghay, an aged woman, and her grandson, Francis McGaghay, who were found smothered to death in their own room.

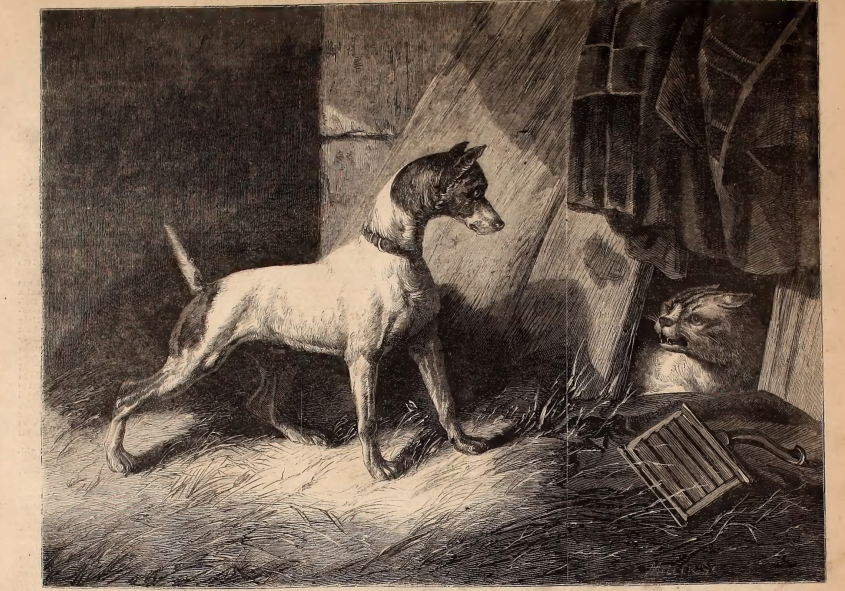
Maria Congrove, of No. 589 Grand street, said—To-wards 2 P. M. on Sunday last I entered the apartments of the McGaghays and found the old lady and her grandson dead; I did not notice any peculiar smell in the room, but after being in it some time I felt an unpleasant sensation in the throat; I have heard deceased say there was a difficulty with the landlord on the agreement, and that they wished to effect her removal from the premises.

John H. Hunter, of No. 310 Livingston street, Brooklyn, testified—I have been agent for the premises, No. 597 Grand street, for some seven or eight years; my mother owns the premises, and my brother, Edwin B. Hunter, persuaded her to make him the agent for the house; I did not object, so he took charge of the premises; when making improvements and enlarging the shops of Bourne & Cauley, tinners, my brother had to encroach upon the premises occupied by the McGaghay family; my brother wanted the premises and tried to get the McGaghays out; to accomplish that object, a dispossess warrant was taken out, but I think not served upon them; the McGaghays were always acceptable tenants.

Rosina Roach, a child 12 years of age, testified—I reside with my parents on the third floor of No. 597 Grand street; Thursday morning at about 9 o'clock, Mr. Edwin B. Hunter and a mason who works for him came up to our room (over the McGaghay room); Mr. Hunter made a place with a pencil on the floor that comes up from down stairs; he told the mason to cut through and put a flat stone in and mortar it up; the mason asked what



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE GREAT CATARACTS OF THE ZAMBESI, OR VICTORIA FALLS, AFRICA, AND OF THE ZIGZAG CHASM BELOW THE FALLS BY WHICH THE RIVER ESCAPES.



DEFENDING THE HOMESTEAD.—FROM A PAINTING BY A. DE DREUX.

ut was her; Hunter told him to go on and do his work, that it was none of his business; the noises went down stairs and brought up the skeletal stools here shown, put it in the wall and mortared up the break; I swept away the dirt; the next day Mr. Francis McGaghey

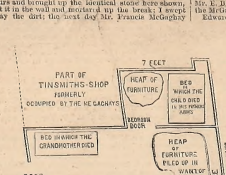
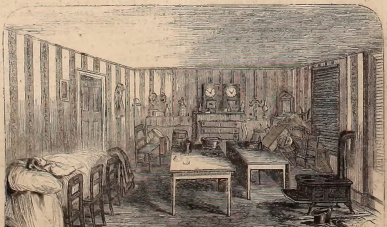


DIAGRAM OF ROOMS.

came to my room and asked permission to come in and see if he could find out what was the matter with the flue; I would not let him in, but went down stairs and asked Mr. Hunter if I should; he told me not to let any-



VIEW OF THE ROOM WHEREIN TWO PERSONS WERE SMOTHERED TO DEATH BY THEIR LANDLORD, AT NO. 597 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK.

body in the room, and so I refused Mr. McGaghey admission; an old man living on the top floor told that Mr. E. B. Hunter told him that, not being able to get the McGaghays out, he was going to smoke them out.

Edward Curry testified that, at the request of Coroner Gover, he made an examination of the premises at No. 597 Grand street, and found a flat stone laid across the flue, and well mortared up, so that no smoke could pass it.

Edwin B. Hunter was examined, and made a statement, in which he said that his mother directed him to order the McGaghays out of the premises, and he ordered them out 40 days ago, telling them that they had 12 days in which to get out; deceased told him that she would not move, and that she had hired the place for life; he told Mr. Cavanagh he had better stop up the chimney, so that the McGaghays could not make a fire, and then they would have to leave; he made a mark on the wall, and told Cavanagh where to break through; he told the McGaghays not to build a fire as the chimney was stopped.

The jury returned the following verdict:

"That the deceased came to their deaths by suffocation, by inhaling coal-gas, through the action of Edwin B. Hunter, in having a stone placed on the flue of the chimney leading from the room where deceased resided, at No. 597 Grand street, December 31st, 1865."

Edwin B. Hunter was held to wait the action of the Grand Jury.



PORTRAIT OF THE LANDLORD, EDWIN B. HUNTER.

Here we have a case of the deliberate murder of two inoffensive persons, one of them an aged woman, who simply wished to be left alone in the possession of the home for which she paid rent—for it was not attempted to be shown that she did n 4 pay, but, simply, that this Edwin B. Hunter could, by getting her out, obtain a few dollars more rent for the place. This man, if he possessed the smallest portion of sense, knew that he was committing an act that must result in death or something near it, and yet it was with him a work of deliberation. He acknowledges himself that he knew what the result would be, that if they did not leave it would kill them. He told them so, but the poor and ignorant old woman, not perhaps believing in such depravity, went on to her death.

And after committing this crime, and sending two persons to eternity, the says, EDWIN B. HUNTER, *was held to bail by the Coroner in the enormous sum of* $3,000.

We hope that this Edwin B. Hunter and the Coroner sleep at nights, and that Mrs. McGaghy is not after them, or, rather, we hope she is.

DEFENDING THE HOMESTEAD.

We give this week a fine art picture, by De Dreux, of Paris, as one of the series of works worthy of framing for any wall in the country.

The expression of pain towards the invader is carrying the human countenance and manner into animals to a degree that is marvellous to those unknowing in he subtlety of art.

NAPOLEONIC DUELLING.—A London "fellow about town," now gray and garrulous, and who is called "Lord William Lennox," has lately published a gossipy and remarkably trashy book, from which we extract, nevertheless, the following about Louis Napoleon as a duellist: "Soon after the prince arrived in London, he was alleged by a gunpowder Freshman, who, for some public grievance or private pique, was anxious to fix a quarrel upon him. A challenge ensued, and the prince's foe was looked upon as an expert dead shot with pistols. Although brave as a lion, Napoleon felt that he ought not to brew away a chance, and named the broadsword as his weapon. This led to some discussion. Lieut.-Col. Radcliffe, the French challenger's second, held a commission in the Inniskilling Dragoons, a regiment which had recently been commanded by my brother George; and anxious, upon so important an occasion, to consult a friend as to the line he ought to take, he requested Louis Napoleon to allow him half an hour to consider the matter. With this view he called upon my brother, who was then lodging in the same house as myself in St. James's street, but not finding him at home, he asked for me. He narrated the circumstance, and I at once took upon myself to say that upon honorability, the prince, being the challenged party, had the right to name the weapon. Radcliffe adopted my suggestion, and the duel was arranged to take place, with swords, on Wimbledon Common. The combatants met there, at seven o'clock in the morning, on the 21 of March, 1840, bu the police interfered, and all parties concerned were taken to Bow street. The principals were released on entering into their own recognizances of £500 each, and one security each of the same amount."

An old lady, when told of her husband's death, exclaimed, "Well, I do declare, our troubles never come alone. It isn't a week since I lost my best ben, and now Mr. Thompson has gone too, poor man!"



CHIMNEY FLUE AND SLAB.

ARE WE FRIENDS OR ARE W FOES?

BY J. W. WATSON.

Ho! brothers of the Southern land,
  Sit ye not brooding by your hearth,
Receive an outstretched Northern hand,
  And give some gentler feeling birth!
Think well of all the countless years
  Wherein our paths *must be* the same;
Shall we, in hot and bloody tears,
  Make brotherhood a burning shame?
I charge ye, by our mutual woes,
  Speak—are we friends or are we foes?

The past has been a fearful dream,
  A struggle fraught with woful pain;
Shall we not seek some Lethe's stream,
  And by its waves be pure again?
Shall we not in the precious draught
  Drown hate and every bitter thought,
Or shall we leave the cup unquaffed,
  The healing waters all unsought?
Shall hands be used for grasps or blows?
  Speak—are we friends or are we foes?

Think well of countless grassgrown graves
  By hill, by meadow, stream and lake!
Think well of all our countless braves
  Who suffered for our mother's sake!
There is no hatred in our breast,
  No treasured vengeance for a wrong;
We laid our bitterest thought to rest
  With our last shout of battle-song.
Before the One who all things knows,
  Speak—are we friends or are we foes?

Speak, while our hearts are warm within,
  While tears still glisten in our eyes!
Speak ere the spectre of the sin
  Shall in its hideous form arise!
Speak, while your smitten homes appeal,
  Your fertile fields plead through their waste!
Speak, that the smiter's touch may heal
  The memory of the blow effaced!
Shall not our hands in kindness close?
  Speak—are we friends or are we foes?

I charge ye, by our mother's tears—
  By many and many a vacant heart,
By all the suffering that endears,
  To rise unto the nobler part!
I charge ye, by that memoried time,
  When hand in hand we learned to walk,
Before the words of thoughtless crime
  Came bubbling through our youthful talk;
Think, ere the warm hand colder grows,
Think—are we friends or are we foes!

The days are hurrying swiftly by,
  The stranger's glance is on us bent.
Shall he remark the angry eye,
  And smile or sneer at our dissent?
Why all the world in triumph cries,
  Where once it stood entranced and mute,
Because two brothers, brave and wise,
  Still struggle in a dread dispute!
Remember, he must reap who sows,
  Think—are we friends or are we foes?

THE DEAD-ALIVE.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Maria Graham married Walter Forsythe, everybody said there was little love, save love of lucre, in the match.

Miss Graham was poor and ambitious. Her father had brought her up expensively, and died a bankrupt. She had need of luxury, but was forced to live as a dependent in the house of a distant relative. Walter Forsythe was rich and solitary. Not one of his blood lived to claim tithe of his heart or purse. He had received a military education; but inheriting a large fortune from the last of his house, and longing to travel through other lands, he left the army—the less reluctantly that the days were days of peace and idlesse for them of the sword—and went abroad for seven years.

When he returned he met Miss Graham, and, after a brief courtship, wedded her. Then once more he sailed for foreign shores, this time with his proud and beautiful bride.

What manner of life these two led in the brilliant route of the Old World it skills not knowing. But Forsythe, in the second year of his absence, expressed his intention of becoming a subject of France, and, withdrawing his fortune from his native land, invested it in that of his adoption. Another year, and Walter Forsythe was Monsieur Forsythe de Claireau, Claireau being the title of an estate he had purchased in the South of France. Three more years and the "dogs of war" were again let loose on olden battlefields, and Christian and Turk fought side by side, for the first time, on Crimean plains. Forsythe remembered his vocation, and became *le Capitain de Claireau, aide-de-camp, volontaire*.

Three "stricken fields" he saw, and on each he left a trail of blood.

Then came Inkermann, and Madame de Claireau was a widow. A widow, without even the sorrowful comfort of seeing her hero husband in death, or weeping over his laurelled grave. Captain Forsythe was torn to pieces by a shell—so said the bulletin—with many others, and their indistinguisable remains committed to the common *fosse*, with hasty ceremonial. So, Maria Forsythe was a widow, still young, beautiful, childless and sole mistress of a noble fortune.

CHAPTER II.

FIFTEEN months have softened the sharp memories of loss, and blunted the keenness of grief in many hearts, perhaps, but surely in that of Captain Forsythe's young widow. For there is certainly a feast of some sort in the chateau of Claireau. The windows are all alight, there is hurrying to and fro of liveried menials, and the sound of music and laughter echoes harmoniously along the stately corridors.

The brilliant drawing-rooms are full of gaily attired guests who dance, or chatter, or play at cards, as the humor takes them, while among them moves a tall, dark-eyed ebon-haired lady, with a peculiar firmness of lip and haughty arch of eyebrow, who smiles graciously to the pretty things said here and there, showing her small white teeth and the dimple in her cheek as she does so. This lady, who must be the hostess by her manner, leans upon the arm of a tall, thin man, elaborately dressed, and decorated with several orders. He is not very young, for his hair is tinged with gray; but his long moustache and imperial are black and glossy as the boots on his aristocratic feet. His face, when scanned closely, has a tired air, and the lines round the eye and base of the slightly-hooked nose speak of long and not specially moral vigils—in short, he wears the marks of long continued dissipations arrived at the point of *blasé-dom*.

From his manner towards the lady on his own arm, and that of the guests towards them both, one feels sure that this brilliant pair must be bride and groom.

And yet the cavalier is no less than the Marquis of Chastel, while the fair lady he escorts is, or was, when we knew her last, simply Madame Forsythe, widow of Captain Forsythe de Claireau.

It is true, however! The noble marquis has exchanged his title against the golden charms of the fair widow. He is a ruined spendthrift and *viveur*, without morals or principles to speak of; he is forty-nine years of age; he is discarded by every respectable member of his family, and scarcely more than tolerated in the noble society his rank entitles him to frequent!

But what of all this?

Maria Graham (widow Forsythe) is now Madame the Marchioness de Chastel! She has bought her title dearly, perhaps; but, as yet, she does not regret the price. As the hour waxes late, and the voices of the lackeys begin to be heard announcing the carriages of their masters or mistresses, a footman walks slowly, and as if with difficulty, up the long avenue of poplars that leads from the high road to the portals of Claireau.

As he steps out of the shadow into a strip of moonlight, you see—if you were there to see—that he has but one leg and walks with a crutch. At the next moonlit space, you perceive that his face is terribly scarred and discolored, and during his traverse of a still longer ribbon of light, you remark that his garb is poor and travel-soiled.

He reaches the open ground in front of the mansion, quite unregarded by the pressing, jabbering crowd of servants, and sits down upon a stone terrace step, whence for some time he gazes with a vague wonder at the still brightly lit house, and the stream of laughing, chattering people issuing from it.

At length he rouses himself, and, stopping a youthful groom:

"My friend," says he, "what is the name of this fair mansion?"

"Claireau!" replies the boy, shortly.

"And its master?" continues the cripple, in a dreamy voice.

"The Marquis de Chastel—or rather the marchioness, since she is the real master," says the youth, and is anxious to depart.

"Stay a moment," urges the cripple, drawing a coin from his pocket and placing it in the boy's ready hand. "I once knew the master of this domain; but he was no marquis; he was simply Monsieur Forsythe. Has he got a title, my little one?"

"He was killed in the Crimea, I have heard, for I am new here," replied the boy. "But madame his widow it is who has wedded our marquis, and so is now Marchioness of Chastel, my old one. Good night, I must be gone!" and snatching his skirt from the stranger's grasp, he sprang off to his post at the horses' heads.

For a moment the mutilated traveller sat as though stunned, with his head bowed between his hands; then rising, he made a stride or two towards the steps as though he would enter the mansion.

"Out of the way, imbecile!" cried the driver of a crested equipage, as he whirled past within an inch of the halting footman.

The cripple fell back, then, with a long, strange sigh that was almost a groan.

"No! no! not here! not now!" he muttered, and turning away, went slowly down the avenue again, and so out upon the highroad, and was lost, for the time, in the night.

CHAPTER III.

M. DUROC, the lawyer of Marseilles (for he was, by general consent, *the* lawyer of that flourishing town), sat in his office one morning, when his clerk announced a visitor.

"What sort of a person, Charles?"

"An old soldier and beggar, I should say," replied the clerk.

"Well, show him in nevertheless," said the advocate, kindly.

And in a moment a man poorly dressed, with one leg, and a scarred face, hobbled into the room.

"You are M. Duroc?" asked he.

"I am. Pray be seated. And you? May I ask the——"

"My name is Forsythe. Walter Forsythe of Claireau, formerly captain and aide-de-camp of General X——"

"Hold! hold!" cried the lawyer. "I knew Captain Forsythe. I was his business agent, even as I am that of his widow. He was killed in the Crimea, and his widow is married again to——"

"To the Marquis de Chastel. I know it!" interrupted the cripple. "But Captain Forsythe was not killed, since I am he."

The lawyer shook his head incredulously; but the other went on rapidly.

"It is true that I was blown up by a shell, or rather a mine of shells, and was supposed to be dead, aye, was even buried—if to be thrown into a shallow trench and covered with half an inch of soil can be called burial. But I revived, and managed to get my head above ground, and was found by some prowlers who were looking for booty from the dead. They were loth to be burdened with me; but there was a woman among them, who insisted that I should be saved. So they put me in a little covered cart, and carried me back among the hills, to their den, where the woman and the daughter nursed me, and got a sort of peasant surgeon to dress my wounds, and for five months I lay there ere I could rise. And when finally my wounds were healed, my memory was gone; I was like an infant; knew nothing, could communicate nothing. So they carried me to a hospital in a village, and there I was treated, for charity, as a lunatic, for six months more. At last I recovered my reason, and obtained my discharge. See, I have it here. But I had no money, no friends who could recognise me, mutilated and altered as I was, no means other than my own word of proving my identity, and even my old voice was gone. So I travelled as best I could, back here—to find my wife wedded to another, my friends scattered, or incredulous even as you are—and myself a beggar without a home or a name unless you will aid me to recover them."

"This is the most extraordinary—the—excuse me—the most incredible story I ever heard!" exclaimed M. Duroc. "But if you are really M. Forsythe, you will answer a few questions that I shall put to you, and then we shall see.

"Proceed, sir! I feel I shall convince *you*, at least!" said the captain (as we shall henceforth call him).

The lawyer then interrogated him upon points of business which could only have been known to himself and Captain Forsythe, his client, to all of which the captain's replies were clear and satisfactory. At length:

"It must be so—it is so! You are undoubtedly M. Forsythe de Claireau; but how to prove it legally is, alas! another question," cried the lawyer.

"What!" exclaimed the captain, "is any further proof necessary? Can you not swear? Can I—"

"And your wife?" said Duroc.

The captain groaned.

"True, true," muttered he. "I know her. She will deny me; she will perjure herself a hundred times to hold to her title and my fortune. Alas! what is to be done?"

"We shall see," replied the lawyer, cheerfully. "Come to me the day after to-morrow. And, meantime, suffer me to be your banker; it is but an advance, you know—you can repay me with usury when I hand you back your fortune," and he placed a rouleau of gold in the captain's hesitating hand.

"Well, said he, at last, "I will take it, then, as a loan. And now, good morning. The day after to-morrow I will be here, and will live, till then, in what hope I can."

They shook hands and parted.

As the mutilated soldier went slowly forth into the street, he nearly ran against a lady, who was tripping from her *coupé* to the lawyer's office he had just quitted.

"Pardon me, madame," said he, taking off his hat. Then, looking upon the face of her he addressed, he started back, and would have fallen, had he not caught the arm of the astonished lady.

"What is the matter? Let me go, sir! Is the man drunk?" exclaimed she, with rapid indignation.

"Maria, do you not know me?" murmured the captain, in English, still holding his wife—for it was she—by the arm.

"How dare you—who are you? George, George! (to the lackey) deliver me from this ruffian!" cried the *soi-distant* marchioness.

"I am your husband, Walter Forsythe," said the captain, in a low voice, at the same time relinquishing his hold. "Look, here is the proof!"

But without waiting for him to produce something he was feeling for in his breast, Maria swept scornfully and swiftly past him, saying only: "You are mad, poor man!" and the lawyer's door closed upon her.

For an instant Forsythe seemed about to follow her, but changed his mind in the next, and proceeded on his way with bowed head and uncertain step.

CHAPTER IV.

"SHE will be here in a few moments," said M. Duroc; "and I advise you to compromise!"

"But my name, my identity, my social position! I cannot continue an outcast—a dead man!" exclaimed the captain.

"Bah! You will return to your native land, among your own family and friends, who will receive you at your word, since you will come as a giver, and not as an asker among them. There, with half your fortune, which madame is prepared to restore to you, you will be happy, and——"

"No, no!" said Forsythe, firmly. "I must have full justice or nothing. I care not for the fortune without the right of name. I must be acknowledged to be myself, fully, legally, and then, perhaps——"

"Madame may cause you to alter your resolve," said the lawyer. "By my faith, she is a dangerous woman—a siren!"

"Her power of charming me is gone," muttered Forsythe. "I may break, but I will not bend."

"Well, we shall see. If, after your interview, you are still resolved to risk the law, I will do my best for you. But, I warn you, such a suit will be long, uncertain, and—costly."

"Justice or nothing!" repeated the captain.

A light step on the stair, the door opened, and Madame Forsythe, de Claireau, de Chastel, appeared, dressed exquisitely in semi-mourning, with a ravishing expression of mingled grief and joy upon her mobile face.

"I leave you together," said M. Duroc, retiring gravely.

What the nature of that strange interview was, may not be told; but half an hour later the lawyer, looking from his window, beheld Captain Forsythe tenderly bestowed in the *coupé* of madame, and that lady having seated herself beside him, the equipage rolled rapidly away in the direction of the chateau.

"He is lost!" exclaimed M. Duroc, solemnly.

CHAPTER V.

IN the winter of 1859 two medical gentlemen, one a Frenchman and the other an American, visited a celebrated insane asylum, in the south of France. After being shown over the establishment by the courteous director, he excused himself for a few moments, and, upon his return, explained that it was to give certain orders in reference to a patient who had just died.

"A somewhat singular case of monomania," said he. "A poor devil, with one leg, who insisted that he was another man come to life again—by-the-way, a countryman of yours (addressing the American)—not the madman, but him he represented, a Mr. or Captain Forsythe. It is quite a curious story."

"Let us have it, by all means!" exclaimed the visitors.

"Well, briefly, then, this Captain Forsythe was killed in the Crimean war, leaving a widow and a large fortune. The widow married again. Suddenly this chap turns up—probably a fellow-soldier of the captain's—and claims fortune and lady as being him elf the veritable Forsythe and not in the least dead. At first he was thought simply a cunning impostor; but subsequent investigation proved him to have lost his mental balance from wounds and suffering, and after keeping him most charitably in her own house for several weeks in hopes of discovering the relations he had borne to her deceased husband, Madame de Chastel placed him with me, begging me, if possible, to cure him, and paying most generously for my care of the poor fellow. But, alas! he was incurable, and, at length, he has died, persistent to the last in his strange delusion."

"Truly a singular case!" exclaimed the visitors.

"And Madame de Chastel?" said the American, inquiringly.

"I regret to say, that for a year or more, I have heard nothing of her," replied the director. "Her last remittance was from Italy, nearly eighteen months ago."

One month later, an American, glancing over a journal, in a coffee-house of London, was attracted by an article therein, substantially as follows:

"*Facilis Decensus.*—A well-dressed and rather handsome woman was arrested yesterday in Goldsmith's jewelry establishment, with over five hundred pounds worth of stolen diamond and other rings, pins, &c., in her possession. She was very indignant at her arrest, and upon being taken before a magistrate, gave her name as the Marchioness de Chastel, widow of a French nobleman of that name.

"Subsequent investigation proved that she was actually the widow of a titled French gamester and *roué*, who, after dissipating his fortune and her own, shot himself last year at some German spa. Since his death, the marchioness, who is said to be an American, has gradually fallen—if, indeed, she had not fallen previously—into a shameful and precarious way of life, and this is said not to be her first offence in the 'lifting line.'"

Here followed a series of moral reflections, which the American did not stay to read; but—"De Chastel!" he exclaimed, flinging down the paper. "Why, that was the name of the lady who—the widow of that Mr. Forsythe who was——"

"Good heavens!" he added, after a moment's thought; "if that unfortunate man in the asylum was really her first husband, after all!"

He had, unconsciously, been speaking quite loud. As he uttered this last phrase some one touched his arm. He looked up, and saw a grave gentleman in black.

"You are right!" said this person, in French. "As sure as you and I live, that unhappy man was no other than Captain Walter Forsythe!"

Then, taking a card from his pocket, he handed it to the astonished American.

"*M. A. Duroc, avocat, Marseilles,*" said he, reading aloud; "well, sir, and how, may I ask ——?"

"I was her lawyer, sir, and his," replied M. Duroc, anticipating his question. "It is a strange, sad story. Would you like to hear it?"

"Most assuredly."

"Well, then," began the lawyer, and sitting down, he related briefly to the American what has been herein set forth at more length.

"And now this woman?" queried the listener.

"Will be transported to the penal colonies," replied Duroc.

"And serve her right!" quoth her fellow-countryman, with more justice than gallantry.

Reader, this story is true. But its names and dates and places are all false.

A RECEIPT for a new kind of indestructible ink is given in one of the German scientific journals, and may interest our readers. The ink is said to be composed of 30 grains of sugar dissolved in 30 grains of water, to which are said to be added a few drops of concentrated sulphuric acid. Upon heating this mixture the sugar becomes carbonised by the acid; and when applied to the paper, it leaves a coating of carbon which cannot be washed off. This stain is rendered more permanent by the decomposing action of the ink itself upon the paper, and thus made, it resists the action of chemical agents.

"ARE you fond of *Hogg's Tales?*" said a rather verdant lady to a shepherd.

"Yes: I likes 'em roasted wi' salt on 'em, was the response.

"No—but I mean have you read *Hogg's Tales?*"

"Noa," said the bumpkin, "our hogs are all white or black—I don't think there is a red one among 'em."

THINKING OF THEE.

ONLY of thee, darling, always of thee,
This fond heart is thinking wherever it be;
At noon of the starshine, at blush of the day,
When fires of the sunset burn leaden and gray,
By night or by morning, on mount or on lea,
Ever thinking of thee, dearest, thinking of thee.

Life may hold carnival, boisterous and high,
Mirth may brim over from lip and from eye;
Or tears like the raindrops may gather and fall,
A grief bury joy 'neath its sombre-hued pall;
Still, 'mid all changes, for ever I'll be
Thinking of thee, darling, thinking of thee.

And when the death-dews stand thick on this brow,
When passion flames smoulder, when life droppeth low;
When to this dulled ear comes the terrible chime
Of the surge which creeps up to the borders of Time;
My courage I'll gather to brave the cold sea,
With thinking of thee, dearest, thinking of thee.

MOSI-OA-TUNYA, OR VICTORIA FALLS—AFRICA.

IT is possibly familiar to our readers that the English have fitted out an expedition to penetrate and explore the Zambesi river and its tributaries. Accounts of this river heretofore have reached us much like legends or fairy tales, but now we have an actual account. As much as we regret that our great waterfall, Niagara, should have a successful rival in another land, yet we cannot refrain, as a subject of absorbing interest, from giving the traveller's account of the Cataracts of the Zambesi.

Mosi-oa-tunya is the Makololo name, and means smoke sounding.

We embarked in canoes, belonging to Tuba Mokoro, "smasher of canoes," an ominous name; but he alone it seems knew the medicine which insures one against shipwreck in the rapids above the Falls. For some miles the river was smooth and tranquil, and we glided pleasantly over water clear as crystal, and past lovely islands densely covered with a tropical vegetation.

Many flowers peeped out near the water's edge, some entirely new to us, and others, as the convolvulus, old acquaintances.

But our attention was quickly called from the charming islands to the dangerous rapids, down which Tuba might unintentionally shoot us.

Before entering the race of waters, we were requested not to speak, as our talking might diminish the virtue of the medicine; and no one with such boiling eddying rapids before his eyes, would think of disobeying the orders of a "canoe-smasher." It soon became evident that there was sound sense in this request of Tuba's, although the reason assigned was not unlike that of the canoe-man from Sesheke, who begged one of our party not to whistle, because whistling made the wind come. It was the duty of the man at the bow to look out ahead for the proper course, and when he saw a rock or snag to call out to the steersman.

At times it seemed as if nothing could save us from dashing in our headlong race against the rocks which, now that the river was low, jutted out of the water; but, just at the very nick of time, Tuba passed the word to the steersman, and then with ready pole turned the canoe a little aside, and we glided swiftly past the threatened danger. Never was canoe more admirably managed; once only did the medicine seem to have lost something of its efficacy. We were driving swiftly down, a black rock, over which the white foam flew, lay directly in our path, the pole was planted against it as readily as ever, but it slipped just as Tuba put forth his strength to turn the bow off.

We struck hard, and were half-full of water in a moment; Tuba recovered himself as speedily, shoved off the bow, and shot the canoe into a still shallow place, to bale out the water. Here we were given to understand that it was not the medicine which was at fault: *that* had lost none of its virtue; the accident was owing entirely to Tuba having started without his breakfast. Need it be said we never let Tuba go without that meal again?

We landed at the head of Garden Island, which is situated near the middle of the river and on the lip of the Falls. On reaching that lip, and peering over the giddy height, the wondrous and unique character of the magnificent cascade at once burst upon us.

It is rather a hopeless task to endeavor to convey an idea of it in words, since, as was remarked on the spot, an accomplished painter, even by a number of views, could but impart a faint impression of the glorious scene. The probable mode of its formation may perhaps help to the conception of its peculiar shape. Niagara has been formed by a wearing back of the rock over which the river falls; and, during a long course of ages, it has gradually receded, and left a broad, deep and pretty straight trough in front. It goes on wearing back daily, and may yet discharge the lakes from which its river—the St. Lawrence—flows.

But the Victoria Falls have been formed by a crack right across the river, in the hard, black, basaltic rock which there formed the bed of the Zambesi. The lips of the crack are still quite sharp, save about three feet of the edge over which the river rolls. The walls go sheer down from the lips without any projecting crag, or symptom of stratification or dislocation. When the mighty rift occurred, no change of level took place in the two parts of the bed of the river thus rent asunder, consequently, in coming down the river to Garden Island the water suddenly disappears, and we see the opposite side of the cleft, with grass and trees growing where once the river ran, on the same level as that part of its bed on which we sail. The first crack is, in length, a few yards more than the breadth of the Zambesi, which by measurement we found to be a little over 1,860 yards, but this number we resolved to retain as indicating the year in which the Fall was for the first time carefully examined.

The main stream here runs nearly north and south, and the cleft across it is nearly east and west. The depth of the rift was measured by lowering a line, to the end of which a few bullets and a foot of white cotton cloth were tied. One of us lay with his head over a projecting crag, and watched the descending calico, till, after his companions had paid out 310 feet, the weight rested on a sloping projection, probably 50 feet from the water below, the actual bottom being still further down. The white cloth now appeared the size of a crown piece. On measuring the width of this deep cleft by sextant, it was found at Garden Island, its narrowest part, to be 80 yards, and at its broadest somewhat more. Into this chasm, of twice the depth of Niagara Fall, the river, a full mile wide, rolls with a deafening roar; and his is Mosi-oa-tunya or the Victoria Falls.

Looking from Garden Island, down to the bottom of the abyss, nearly half a mile of water, which has fallen over that portion of the Falls to our right, or west of our point of view, is seen collected in a narrow channel 20 or 30 yards wide, and flowing at exactly right angles to its previous course, to our left; while the other half, or that which fell over the eastern portion of the Falls, is seen in the left of the narrow channel below, coming towards our right. Both waters unite midway, in a fearful boiling whirlpool, and find an outlet by a crack situated at right angles to the fissure of the Falls. This outlet is about 1,170 yards from the western end of the chasm, and some 600 from its eastern end; the whirlpool is at its commencement.

The Zambesi, now apparently not more than 20 or 30 yards wide, rushes and surges south, through the narrow escape-channel for 130 yards; then enters a second chasm somewhat deeper, and nearly parallel with the first. Abandoning the bottom of the eastern half of this second chasm to the growth of large trees, it turns sharply off to the west, and forms a promontory, with the escape-channel at its point, of 1,170 yards long, and 416 yards broad at the base. After reaching this base, the river runs abruptly round the head of another promontory, and flows away to the east, in a third chasm; then glides round a third promontory, much narrower than the rest, and away back to the west, in a fourth chasm; and we could see in the distance that it appeared to round still another promontory, and bend once more in another chasm towards the east.

In this gigantic, zigzag, yet narrow trough, the rocks are all so sharply cut and angular, that the idea at once arises that the hard basaltic trap must have been riven into its present shape by a force acting from beneath, and that this probably took place, when the ancient inland seas were let off by similar fissures nearer the ocean.

But as, at Niagara, one has to go over to the Canadian shore to see the chief wonder—the Great Horseshoe Fall—so here we have to cross over to Moselekatse's side to the promontory of evergreens, for the best view of the principal Falls of Mosi-oa-tunya. Beginning, therefore, at the base of this promontory and facing the Cataract, at the west end of the chasm, there is, first, a fall of 36 yards in breadth, and, of course, as they all are, upwards of 310 feet in depth. Then Boaruka, a small island, intervenes, and next comes a great fall, with a breadth of 573 yards; a projecting rock separates this from a second grand fall of 325 yards broad; in all, upwards of 900 yards of perennial Falls. Further east stands Garden Island; then, as the river was at its lowest, came a good deal of the bare rock of its bed, with a score of narrow falls, which, at the time of flood, constitute one enormous cascade of nearly another half-mile. Near the east end of the chasm are two larger falls, but they are nothing at low water compared to those between the islands.

The whole body of water rolls clear over, quite unbroken; but, after a descent of 10 or more feet, the entire mass suddenly becomes like a huge sheet of driven snow. Pieces of water leap off it in the form of comets with tails streaming behind, till the whole snowy sheet becomes myriads of rushing, leaping, aqueous comets. This peculiarity was not observed by Charles Livingstone, at Niagara, and here it happens, possibly from the dryness of the atmosphere, or whatever the cause may be which makes every drop of Zambesi water appear to possess a sort of individuality. It runs off the ends of the paddles, and glides in beads along the smooth surface, like drops of quicksilver on a table. Here we see them in a conglomeration, each with a train of pure white vapor, racing down till lost in clouds of spray. A stone dropped in became less and less to the eye, and at last disappeared in the dense mist below.

We had seen Niagara, and gave Mosi-oa-tunya the palm, though now at the end of a drought, and the river at its very lowest. Many feel a disappointment on first seeing the great American Falls, but Mosi-oa-tunya is so strange, it must ever cause wonder. In the amount of water, Niagara probably excels, though not during the months when the Zambesi is in flood. The vast body of water separating in the comet-like forms described, necessarily encloses in its descent a large volume of air, which, forced into the cleft, to an unknown depth, rebounds, and rushes up loaded with vapor to form the three or even six columns, as if of steam, visible at the Batoka village Moachemba, 21 miles distant. On attaining a height of 200, or at most 300 feet from the level of the river above the cascade, this vapor becomes condensed into a perpetual shower of fine rain. Much of the spray, rising to the west of Garden Island, falls on the grove of evergreen trees opposite; and from their leaves heavy drops are for ever falling, to form sundry little rills, which, in running down the steep face of rock, are blown off and turned back, or licked off their perpendicular bed, up into the column from which they have just descended.

The morning sun gilds these columns of watery smoke with all the glowing colors of double or treble rainbows. The evening sun, from a hot yellow sky, imparts a sulphureous hue, and gives one the impression that the yawning gulf might resemble the mouth of the bottomless pit. No bird sits and sings on the branches of the grove of perpetual showers, or ever builds its nest there. We saw hornbills, and flocks of little black weavers flying across from the mainland, to the islands, and from the islands to the points of the promontories and back again, but they uniformly shunned the region of perpetual rain, occupied by the evergreen grove. The sunshine, elsewhere in this land so overpowering, never penetrates the deep gloom of that shade. In the presence of the strange Mosi-o-tunya, we can sympathise with those who, when the world was young, peopled earth, air and river with beings not of mortal form. Sacred to what deity would be this awful chasm and that dark grove, over which hovers an ever-abiding "pillar of cloud?"

Before leaving the most wonderful Falls in the world, one may be excused for referring to the fact that, though they had produced a decided impression on the native mind in the interior, no intelligence of their existence ever reached reached the Portuguese. About 1809 two black slaves, named Pedro Baptista and Andre José, were sent from Cassange, a village 300 miles from the West Coast, through the country of Cazembe, to Tette, nearly an equal distance from the East Coast. A lady now living at Tette, Donna Eugenia, remembers distinctly these slaves—their woolly hair dressed in the Londa fashion—arriving and remaing at Tette, till letters came from the Governor-General of Mosambique, which they successfully carried back to Cassange. On this slender fibre hangs all the Portuguese pretension to having possessed a road across Africa. Their maps show the source of the Zambesi S.S.W. of Zumbo, about where the Falls were found; and on this very questionable authority an untravelled English map-maker, with most amusing assurance, asserts that the river above the Falls runs under the Kalahari Desert and is lost.

Here we have another episode in our traveller's experience:

Next forenoon we halted at the village of our old friend Mbame, to obtain new carriers, because Chibisa's men, never before having been hired, and not having yet learned to trust us, did not choose to go further. After resting awhile, Mbame told us that a slave party, on its way to Tette, would presently pass through his village. "Shall we interfere?" we inquired of each other. We remembered that all our valuable private baggage was in Tette, which, if we freed the slaves, might, together with some Government property, be destroyed, in retaliation; but this system of slave-hunters dogging us, where previously they durst not venture, and, on pretence of being "our children," setting one tribe against another, to furnish themselves with slaves, would so inevitably thwart all the efforts, for which we had the sanction of the Portuguese Government, that we resolved to run all risks, and put a stop, if possible, to the slave-trade, which had now followed on the footsteps of our discoveries.

A few minutes after Mbame had spoken to us, the slave party, a long line of manacled men, women and children, came wending their way round the hill and into the valley, on the side of which the village stood. The black drivers, armed with muskets, and bedecked with various articles of finery, marched jauntily in the front, middle and rear of the line, some of them blowing exultant notes out of long tin horns. They seemed to feel that they were doing a very noble thing, and might proudly march with an air of triumph. But the instant the fellows caught a glimpse of the English, they darted off like mad into the forest—so fast, indeed, that we caught but a glimpse of their red caps and the soles of their feet. The chief of the party alone remained, and he, from being in front, had his hand tightly grasped by a Makololo! He proved to be a well-known slave of the late Commandant at Tette, and for some time our own attendant while there. On asking him how he obtained these captives, he replied he had bought them; but on inquiring of the people themselves, all, save four, said they had been captured in war. While this inquiry was going on, he bolted too. The captives knelt down, and, in their way of expressing thanks, clapped their hands with great energy. They were thus left entirely on our hands, and knives were soon busy at work, cutting the women and children loose. It was more difficult to cut the men adrift, as each had his neck in the fork of a stout stick, six or seven feet long, and kept in by an iron rod, which was riveted at both ends across the throat. With a saw, luckily in the bishop's baggage, one by one the men were sawn out into freedom.

The women, on being told to take the meal they were carrying and cook breakfast for themselves and children, seemed to consider the news too good to be true; but, after a little coaxing, went at it with alacrity, and made a capital fire, by which to boil their pots, with the slave sticks and bonds, their old acquaintances through many a sad night and weary day.

One little boy, with the simplicity of childhood, said to our men: "The others tied and starved us, you cut the ropes and tell us to eat; what sort of people are you? Where did you come from?"

Two of the women had been shot the day before, for attempting to untie the thongs. This, the rest were told, was to prevent them from attempting to escape. One woman had her infant's brains knocked out, because she could not carry her load and it; and a man was dispatched with an axe, because he had broken down with fatigue. Self-interest would have set a watch over the whole, rather than commit murder; but in this traffic we invariably find self-interest overcome by contempt of human life and by bloodthirstiness.

Eighty-four, chiefly women and children, were liberated, and on being told that they were now free, and might go where they pleased, or remain with us, they all chose to stay. And the bishop wisely attached them to his mission, to be educated as members of a Christian family. In this way a great difficulty in the commencement of a mission was overcome. Years are usually required before confidence is so far instilled into the natives' mind as to induce them, young or old, to submit to the guidance of strangers, professing to be actuated by motives the reverse of worldly wisdom, and inculcating customs strange and unknown to them or their fathers.

FIRE, WATER AND RATS.

A WORKING mechanic, who emigrated to Australia many years before the gold discoveries had given a romantic character to that vast, unpeopled continent, has published his recollections of 16 years' labor in the Australian backwoods—a narrative, not only remarkable as the genuine production of a working man, but also as a record of energy and enterprise. The emigrant mechanic, whose name is Edwards, had not been many days in the colony before he obtained the job of erecting a timber-house in the interior of the country—his skill as a sawyer particularly adapting him for that kind of work. Starting with a companion whom he had induced to engage with him, the travellers soon found tokens of their being in a very different country to that which they had left behind. Part of their road lay through a forest which had been destroyed by fire, and of which the large trunks of trees were in many places still glowing with heat. Above them, the sky was gloomy and still. All around them, the far-stretching forest showed patches of fire, accompanied by the occasional crackling of flames, and the crash of falling trees. So recent was the fire that that had swept over the ground, that the charred posts of a bridge over a deep creek which they had to pass was still smouldering, while the bridge itself lay in heaps of half-burnt timbers in the channel. Fortunately, the creek was nearly emptied with the summer drought, and the timbers enabled them, by leaping and clambering, to cross what water still remained. Once the ground appeared to sink beneath the feet of Edward's companion, who found himself in a heap of still smouldering embers; but with the presence of mind which a rough life engenders, he flung himself on to a solid spot, and instantly drew his legs after him, and sprang forward. Here, again, some huge old tree came thundering down across the road; and its boughs, kindling from the opposite side, were in full roaring blaze, lighting up everything near with ruddy brilliance, and throwing a red light into the dense volume of smoke. Farther on again, where the bush was thinner, and the materials for ravage more scanty, the fire had subsided, all was obscure and silent, except some single trunk in the bush, hollow, and old, and headless, through which went upwards, with fierce, steady roar, a volume of flame and crowds of sparks into the blackness of night; and then, all o a sudden, the fire would reach a cluster of tree-heads, as yet untouched, and go blazing, and crackling, and leaping through them, until nothing was left for it to devour. The heat was, in many places, intense, and the smoke in others suffocating; whilst guanas, bandicoots and opossums were crossing the road in every direction, with a wild, weak cry of fear. In one place, they saw a very large opossum on the edge of a lofty tree-trunk that had been his home, out of which and alongside him, as he moved to and fro to avoid it, the increasing fire kept shooting up its pointed tongues. They stood watching him, until the poor animal, no longer able to endure the torture, leaped to the ground, a height of full 40 feet, where, to their astonishment, after lying an instant motionless, he rose up suddenly, then fell again, and rolled over and over three or four times, and finally went off across the bush. At nearly 12 o'clock at night they reached their journey's end, a little hut by the roadside.

In this spot the workmen remained some time, and then removed to similar labors in a distant locality, where they soon found that there are other dangers to be met with in the wilds of Australia besides those from fire. Their home was a little tent-hut beside the sawpit where they labored all day. One night, when they went to bed in their hut, they left the fire in front cheerfully blazing with the pink flame that flickers from the green cedar in combustion. Their tools and cooking utensils lay strewed, as usual, within and just without the hut, or hung on the lower branches of the saplings close about the fire. Their bed extended across the inner end of the hut, or on four or five out-side slabs laid on a cross head log, and another foot log, each about six inches thick. Everything was just as usual when they went to bed; the book that Edwards had been reading by the light of the fire after he had lain down, he had deposited on the edge of the planks at his side. He went to sleep with his eyes fixed on the fire. The day had been sunny, and the night was temperate and still. There was no indication of bad weather; but about an hour after midnight, he was disturbed by his companion shaking him, and felt on the instant of waking a strange sensation. Wide awake in a moment, he could see, by the light of a small flame that was still playing about a part of the wood at the fire, water in the hut and out of the hut. Before he could take a second look, his companion jumped over him, and was at once nearly knee-deep wading out of the hut. No sooner was he there, than put his head in again, shouting:

"Be alive; it is coming down as hard as it can come; it will be over our heads in half an hour."

"Out I sprang," says the writer of the narrative; "my shoes were gone, I had left them in front of the hut, and probably they had floated off among the very first things, my straw hat also bearing them company. My clothes were safe, for I had put them under my head—they are the bushman's pillow; but they were wet. By this time our little remnant of fire was nearly gone."

His companion, who was more used to such adventures, floated up to the hut a very large plank of cedar, and on it placed the little live charcoal that remained, freshening and feeding it with some dry stuff from the the roof of the hut. By his direction Edwards waded across to the pit, and drawing the saw, which the torrent was already sweeping against and bending out of the cut, he hung it up, and the crosscut saw with it, as high in a tree as he could reach, to be fetched at some future time. They knew that the remaining provisions being on the ground were all spoiled, but the blankets were got out. The bed was left, for it was of wool, and wet as it was, would have sunk them. Drawing their blank up to a tree they got on it, sitting with the fire between them. The current was so strong, even midst the thick brush where they were, that it was difficult enough to keep together by holding on to a sapling apiece, and to keap their plank from being swept away. Where they were, no dead timber of any size could be swept against them; but they could hear it striking together, and grinding and crashing in the river a few yards off. The little light had dazzled their eyes so much that the sky seemed a vast dark void.

In this situation the rats swam boldly up, and got on the plank with them, and numbers of spiders and centipedes, guided, no doubt, by the fire, were crawling in all directions over their refuge. In this state they continued three hours, when, to their relief, day began to dawn. They knew they were rising, by getting more and more near the branches, but they had no notion how deep the water was had become around them. Their fire was out for want of fuel; and as the deep obscurity of the brushwoods began to be dissolved by the dawn, they could discern no vestige of their hut; and presently, when the light had so far increased that they could see as far as the pit, they discovered that the water was up to the bottom of the log that was half sawn, so that they knew there was about six and a half feet depth.

Although it was now light, they were nearly as bad off as ever. "The sounds of such a deluge in the night, in the midst of the bush," says the emigrant, "are certainly depressing to the spirits; but no one knew better than I did that the danger, except that from actual drowning, is next to nothing; and there are such plentiful means for escaping by getting up trees, that, after all, it makes no very serious impression." The loneliness and fear of starving were what most affected them. They could not tell but that it might last for many days, and as long as it lasted there seemed no hope of getting across the river. On this side they were so surrounded by brush, that any attempt to get their plank through to high ground was out of the question, and it was much too deep to wade. The raw, chilly air of the morning, and the water together, made them shiver until they were sick.

They both felt that to continue exposed thus, without food, would soon wear them out, so that they should not be able to make an effort to save themselves by swimming the river. In this undecided and hopeless state they passed the time until nearly noon, the water rising higher and higher. At last a thought struck one of them, that the overhanging bows of the trees, on opposite sides of the river, meeting in the middle, they might, by holding on to them, prevent themselves from being swept away, whilst they floated their plank across, and then about one hundred yards would bring them across the flat on the other side, which was of forest timber, not brush, to the foot of the range. This, Edwards's companion suggested, was all very well until they came across the river, but then they should be worse than ever. The stream was so strong on the forest land, and the trees so far apart, that they should neither be able to paddle across nor pull themselves on by hand from tree to tree. All this was clearly too true. What to do they knew not; but they concluded that the chance was better on the other side than where they were. So, as far as they could, they put their plan into execution, which was a matter of very little difficulty.

"What followed," says the poor sawyer, "has been a memento to me ever since, never to despair." The inundated flat, at the part where they reached it, was several hundred feet wide, but they immediately noticed that about a quarter of a mile further down there was a creek, with trees along it, running from a gap in the range to the river. Letting themselves down the edge of the river, from tree to tree, they then made their way up the creek in the same manner, and reached the high land, heartily pleased with their escape, but so tired of the uneasy saddle on which they had now been for hours, and with their legs so benumbed, that they could not stand, but crawled up the range to the high road on their knees. It is satisfactory to know that the hardy and enterprising mechanic afterwards raised himself to a prosperous position in the colony.

A MANLY little fellow of five years fell and cut his upper lip so badly, that a surgeon had to be summoned to sew up the wound. He sat in his mother's lap during the painful operation, pale, but very quiet, resolutely keeping back his tears and moans. In her distress, the young mother could not refrain from saying:

"Oh, doctor, I fear it will leave a disfiguring scar!"

Charley looked up into her tearful face, and said, in a comforting tone:

"Never mind, mamma, my moustache will cover it!"

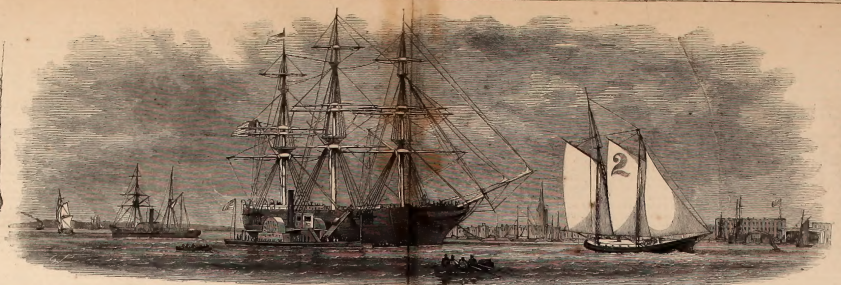
MR. ROCK, the player, once advised a scene-shifter to get up a subscription, on receiving an accident. A few days after, he desired the man to show him the list of names, which he read, and returned it to the poor fellow, who, with some surprise, said:

"Why, Mr. Rock, won't you give me something?"

"Is it me you mean?" says Rock; "why, zounds, man, didn't I give you the hint?"



ARRIVAL AT CASTLE GARDEN



THE SHIP IN HARBOR
TRANSFERING EMIGRANTS TO THE CASTLE-GARDEN BOATS



PASSING THE INSPECTING PHYSICIAN



WEIGHMASTERS OFFICE



BAGGAGE DELIVERY



CITY BAGGAGE COURT



REGISTRING EMIGRANTS



THE LUNCH ROOM



BATHING ROOMS



HOSPITAL



THE CASTLE GARDEN MISSIONARY

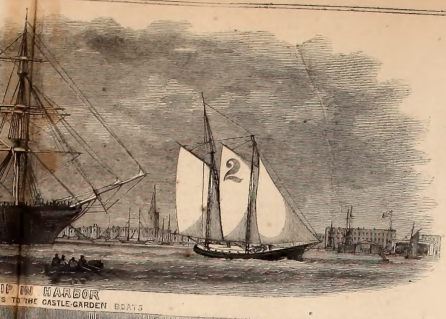


EMIGRANTS LEAVING CASTLE-GARDEN.



EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

EMIGRATION—FROM FIRST TO LAST—SCENES AT CASTLE GARDEN



UP THE HARBOR
S TO THE CASTLE-GARDEN BOATS



PASSING
THE INSPECTING PHYSICIAN



EMIGRANTS



THE LUNCH ROOM



BATHING ROOMS



HOSPITAL



CASTLE-GARDEN.



EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

—SCENES AT CASTLE GARDEN

THE STEPMOTHER.

GOD gave to me a mother's heart, though not by right divine,
That dearest name to woman's ears I dare to claim as mine;
A mother's strong sweet tenderness, her ever watchful care,
Her patient, self-denying love and yearnings fond are there,
And only from that pure deep fount could come the swelling tide
That bears at times my spirit up with such exulting pride,
To hear from innocent childish lips that dearest, sweetest name,
Alike to lowliest peasant wife or highborn titled dame.

God gave to me a mother's heart, there was a wistful hope,
A fond protecting tenderness, that vainly longed for scope,
Until these dear ones to my care and fostering love were given,
To win the right to share her name whom God hath called to Heaven;
But not with jealous heart and ruthless hand would I efface
From out their childish memories of that lost one a trace,
The precious germ of natural love! Oh! let it flourish still,
And may God make me wise and good that mother's place to fill.

God gave to me a mother's heart, a heart that pleads for love,
Yet many a sad reluctant fear, with trembling hope hath strove,
That all my patient tenderness and efforts are in vain
The sweet return of reverent and guileless love to gain.
It may be that my own fond heart, with over-anxious pride,
Is fain to ask, and hope too much, ere it be satisfied,
And even to their hidden depths affections springs are stirred,
Though not, as yet, the gushing forth of waters free be heard.

God gave to me a mother's heart, and howsoe'er it be,
My love must be the same for them, whatever theirs for me,
As fervent in its tenderness, as wistful and as pure,
As self-denying in its strength, as patient to endure;
For if with persevering love and hope I sow the seed,
Sooner or later, in His time, God sure will give the meed;
If but with faithful mind and true I do a mother's part
He yet will give the children's love who gave the mother's heart.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER LI.—A FIRST TASTE OF CHARITY.

WHEN a man is, or fancies himself, at the very lowest stage of fortune, and is inclined to give way, and accept misery, ruin, possibly even death, without another struggle—so black seems the gloom, so intense the despair—let him just then have a new and unexpected pang superadded, and the chances are, if there be any real strength in his soul, he starts at once to his feet, confronts the new enemy with resolute indignation, and then finds it possible to resume his whole duty of antagonism to enemies, whether old or new, and again to begin the march of life, prepared for fresh pain, but nerved by the thought that there may also yet be fresh triumph.

So was it with Anthony Maude, when roused by the sudden appearance of Esau as a fugitive, while he was in the very midst of his own anguish and despair. All his personal troubles and depressions were forgotten in the excitement of the scene that ensued, and when the two men drove off with their captive Anthony strode after them, with new strength alike of body and mind, hoping to be able to track them, and to release his kinsman.

His kinsman! Was it possible, he asked himself, that this vagrant lad was his uncle's grandchild? Was it for him that that most earnest and touching letter of appeal had been written? Did Esau know all along of his relationship? Or if he had not known, was it some suspicion of that kind that had first brought him to the alderman's garden, and so enabled him to give the warning about the burglars, and eventually to become an inmate of the place?

None of these questions could Anthony answer. What would he not have given for even five minutes' talk with the poor boy? But such reflections were useless now. On, on! That was the only way to deal with the case.

Every person he met—no matter what the rank in life might be, and whether walking or in carts, or in handsome equipages—he questioned as to this mysterious cart and its inmates. But after following for miles two or three different indicated routes, along which, he was led to believe, such a cart had passed, he, an hour after midnight, faint, footsore, and utterly worn out, gave up the pursuit, convinced he had missed them altogether, and never once been upon their true trail. In all probability they had gone out of their proper road, choosing the most unfrequented ways, and so had left the neighborhood in the darkness of evening and of night, without leaving even a vestige of their presence behind.

Again Anthony sat down for rest and for thought. This time his seat was in the porch of a wayside inn. He laughed bitterly as he said to himself—

"The next best thing to being inside is, I suppose, to be outside, when one has such a luxurious place of shelter." Then the terrible mood began to grow tenderer, for he was thinking of Clarissa, and her sweet words of parting, and her gift.

"Yes; her gift. He had still that bank note for five pounds hidden away within his clothes. He had never even when taking it from her, consented in heart to treat it as his own; but only was willing to let her feel that he had it. That seemed to him the true use of the gift. That she might always be able to say, "He has that!"

In the enthusiasm of his love, and the instinctive desire to rise, in spirit at least, above the shameful calumnies that were pressing him down, he had determined to be able to say to her, whenever they should again meet, "See, I have it still!"

But now he was obliged to face the very pertinent but most unpleasant thought, "Can you maintain these over refinements of fancy? Would you, for instance, Mr. Anthony Maude, literally starve yourself to death, in order that the note might be found on your dead body? Clarissa would hardly admire the good sense of that!"

No! Anthony felt he was getting the worst of the argument; but, as is often the case with disputants, only became therefore the more obstinate. He decided at last not to part with the note. But when he rose to leave the porch he was so faint and sick that he dared not trust himself to set out across the wide common that lay before him. He paused and looked through the top of the red-curtained window.

Some dozen men sat there eating and drinking. The warm glow of the fire and the sight of the food made him desperate. He had opened the door, and strode in before he knew what he was about.

The handsome landlady who was serving at the bar gave a little scream when she saw him standing there. The men looked up, and stared hard at the shabby, pale and weary stranger.

"Will you give me a drink of water, mistress?"

She gave another little scream, and the men stared the harder.

"Tut, sir," said the landlord, after a pause, "water's cheapest, but this is nearest, and 'll do you more good," and he gave him a pewter mug of ale.

He drank it quickly, thanked them both, and turned to go away. When he got into the porch he fell on the seat again, hid his burning face in his hands, and burst into a wild, raging laugh.

"I can't stand it," he said; "it's too strong for me—my first draught of charity! Yes, it's gone to my brain—it's made me drunk! I mustn't try it again. My darling's note must go."

Strange to say, one word that had reached his ears while he stood in the warm glow of the ale-house rang in them still when he was half-way across the common. It was the name of a place that he seemed to have heard before, and which had pleasant associations for him.

"Long Wickham! Long Wickham!" he kept repeating. "Where have I heard it before? Why, it was on the signpost as I crossed the common."

But he had not been long satisfied with this conclusion before he remembered when and where he had really heard the name first. His step grew lighter, his face bore the moonlight on it without looking so ghastly. Anthony Maude remembered he had yet one friend left.

Away went Anthony through the darkness and the solitude of the roads; and although the miles proved more than he had reckoned on, and although Anthony's strength was so broken down when he began his journey that he took a longer time than he had intended, and though he had to go ten miles out of his way to get an answer to a certain letter, still he did not change Clarissa's note.

The letter he had written was a noticeable letter. It was to Dr. Pompess. A letter that had caused Anthony a world of emotion to prepare; not only because the doctor was Clarissa's father, but because the very subject of his letter was one of unmingled pain and humiliation.

But here is the letter to explain itself:

"Dear Sir—Forgive my addressing you so soon after recent occurrences, but the matter is one that I am sure you will be inclined not only to excuse but to listen to, for it is one of justice and humanity. These, I know are sacred things in the eyes of Dr. Pompess.

"You will not have forgotten the appeal to me contained in the alderman's letter, to find out if his grandchild still lived, and, if he did, to take care of him. I employed Mr. Sleuth to go to Leeds and make inquiries. He failed, so he said, to discover the child, and believed he was dead. That child is Esau, the vagrant lad, whose intelligent mind, I have no doubt, attracted your attention, as it did mine. This wonderful circumstance I have only just discovered, through the lad's following me, and then being reclaimed by violence, and carried off by his father and another brutal ruffian.

"Why, you may I ask, do I write to you? Simply because I cannot write to Mr. Sleuth. And yet this poor lad ought not to be sacrificed. I put his cause, therefore, into your hands. Mr. Sleuth cannot refuse to fulfil the moral obligation that accompanies the legal bequest of the alderman.

"I could say much more, but nothing that I could say would be of a tithe of the importance compared with one word from you. I am sure you will say that word, because I know, in spite of the unhappy circumstances that make me appear so different to you from what I really am, that there is not in the whole country a gentleman into whose hands the poor and the oppressed could better trust their cause, than into the hands of him whom I have the honor now to address, and to wish a profound and respectful farewell. ANTHONY MAUDE.

"P.S.—A reply addressed me at the 'Post Office, Reddon,' will be greatly esteemed."

Such was the letter which Anthony wrote to the doctor, hardly expecting to get a reply when he should first reach Reddon, his place of destination, but intending to wait there, whatever happened, till he did get one. To his surprise, as he limped in, one evening of a most wearying day, and tried to straighten and erect himself, and conceal the shabbiness of his clothes and of his fortune by a brave front, he found a letter, evidently from the doctor, waiting for him.

With agitated fingers he broke open the cover, with an insane hope of finding a crumb or two of comfort for himself, in addition to solid, good news for Esau; but there was no letter from the doctor inside, only an enclosure—another letter to the doctor—and these words, "With Dr. Pompess's compliments."

The enclosure proved to be a letter from Sleuth to the doctor. Anthony looked at it with as intense a feeling of repulsion as if a toad, or some one of the nameless creatures he had seen schoolboys draw from the slime of a ditch pond, had suddenly appeared on the table before him among his food.

However, it had to be read, and read it was, to this effect:

"My dear Dr. Pompess—I have read the letter from that unfortunate, but I hope not intrinsically wicked young man. I do think he is only unfortunate, and therefore to be pitied. Yes, doctor, I wish to think this, for the credit of the family; and, therefore, I shall not complain of his writing to you instead of to me. Will you, then, be good enough to inform him that while he was writing I was acting? I have seen Esau's father—a poor man, of vulgar manners, but not, I think, at all deserving my cousin's phrase, 'a brutal ruffian;' and I have, after much anxious meditation as to my duty in the eyes of God and man, thought it best to leave Esau with his natural protector. I can't think it right to separate parent and child. What a beautiful and holy relation it is! I asked myself what you would have advised, and I knew at once what to do and how to do it. I have paid the father ten thousand pounds, as a fortune for him and his son, and he is going to Australia—perhaps has gone—to break off his son's bad connections here, and begin in that glorious country a new career. I enclose, you doctor, his receipt, which please to retain for me.

"I should have mentioned this to you the instant the matter was settled; but I knew what you would say—how you would speak of the action—and I could not feel myself justified in receiving even your kind and delicious sympathy in such a matter. No, Dr. Pompess, this is my duty; duty—noble word! So don't, I beg you, make me vain, by praising me for it; for, indeed, I am only too glad to have an encouraging word from you. I am ever your grateful servant,

"RICHARD SLEUTH."

Why does Anthony read this letter—so thoroughly detestable as he finds it—over and over again, as if he could discover lurking meanings behind every word, that did not dare to show themselves, but which he was determined to trace out?

"So, so, so!" he muttered to himself at last. "I must be blind indeed not to understand. Dick Sleuth is an infinitely more dangerous person than I ever gave him credit for! Ten thousand pounds he says he has given, and the doctor has got the receipt. Hem! If so, my letter serves only as a petty foil for my noble cousin's magnificent act. And this is the reward of my movement, is it?

"But what else is the scoundrel after? That's the question. Will he—can he—influence the doctor so far as to——"

Anthony, with an almost frantic gesture, drove off the thought that was in his brain, and again limped away to find the house of the only friend the world had left him, and whose reception now became more dubious, as it became more than ever necessary.

CHAPTER LII.—THE CAPTIVE.

"KEEP your 'ed down, will yer? Now, listen, you young reperbate. We're a-goin' through a willage, or place of some kind. If you sings out only one note, or lifts your pate up but a single inch, down upon it will come the 'andle of this 'ere whip, and into your mouth goes that chice morsel, the gag. D'ye hear?"

There was no answer.

"All right, mate," said the other man. "Don't be hard on the youngster. He'll come round in good time."

Bob looked savagely round to see if any of the people in the houses they were passing were taking special notice of them, then gave another savage glance at Esau's face, which he could just see, with one bright, dare-devil eye still looking at him, as much as to say, "If his tongue's silent, here you may get the truth."

But when they had passed through the town, Bob, as if he had been reflecting on his comrade's advice, all of a sudden changed his tone and look, and became as gracious as the sun in winter, when he looks out after a long period of gloom, and rain, and fog, and weather miseries of every kind.

"Esau, lad!"

The bright eye looked and gleamed with unwonted lustre, as if in wonder, but the boy was still silent.

"Esau, lad, let's have a bit o' talk. I don't want to hurt yer. I want to be a blessin' to yer. Arn't I your father, your true and only parent, as begot yer, and is made of the werry same flesh and blood? When I hits out at yer, don't yer think as it's I as feels the blow wuss? O' course I do. Arn't I got nateral feelin? O' course I have. Well, then, look yer here. What's the use o' your lying there, and bringing on stitches in your side, and all sorts of bad ailments, in lyin' so long in one place, and on hard boards; and I say, Esau, ain't the hends of the rivets in the iron work just a stickin' up under your poor thin bones? Well, this is what I've got to say. You may sit up here along on us, and be as merry as a grig, if yer like. And what's the price of all this accommodation? Why, only that you says plainly, like a lad of sperrit, you won't try to escape."

"I will!" said Esau, grinding his teeth.

"No, you won't, you unnatteral varmint. I'll take care on ye."

And Bob turned away to cogitate in renewed anger on this fresh proof of Esau's unfilial behavior.

"Tell him, mate," said the other man, "what you're going to do. He aint know'd much good about yer, I dare say, afore this. You don't understand the lad. But, as you say, he's your own flesh and blood, and if you have such bright prospects as you talk of, tell the lad that, and don't jaw at him as if you thought words were all the poor lad wanted. *I* don't see anything amiss with you. I don't see why he and you shouldn't get along together."

"Hear that, Esau? Arn't he as good as a parson? That's right, lad! Out with it. You and I used to have many a row together, when you wern't old enough to be so d——d impudent to me as you got arterwards. Shall it, or shan't it?"

"Shall what?" asked Esau.

"Shall I set you free, so as you may do as you like—be one on us?—sit up here?"

Bob didn't wait for an answer when he found that even then the "hardened" young fellow didn't hurry to speak. He undid the fastenings, and made the boy get up between himself and the other man, and sit there.

"Cramped?"

"Yes," said Esau.

"Could you walk a bit?"

"I'd like to try."

"With all the pleasure in life, my boy. Here, take my hand, and I'll help you down."

Bob did as he said, and did more than he said—he got down too. And he rubbed the little fellow's hands, and made him drink out of a bottle, and then he made him laugh by some touchy joke, and then they ran a few yards together. He (Bob) all the while held fast the hand.

"I call this fine, Esau; and I means to make a day on it. No, don't you be afeard. I don't mean in the old way. Take your davit, my boy, of that. I can't afford it just at this present. Let me see you run now—without my hand!"

"Did Bob mean it?" was the question in Esau's eyes. Yes, he did mean it. So Esau took a little run to test his limbs, and judge what he could do, if he should again see a chance. Of course he wasn't going to try any silly schemes just now. So he came back after a run on the green sward, and a climb up a high elm-tree, which last movement gave Bob considerable alarm, for he was wondering what on earth he should do if Esau were to go up to the top and stay there.

This seeming acquiescence brought fresh goodness into Bob's heart, and when they reached a great town or city, which the boy learned was Southampton, Bob began to show what he meant by "making a day on it." After pulling up the horse and cart at a miserable little inn in the suburbs, he and Esau went out into the street, and although Bob did not continuously hold his hand, he did do it occasionally, and when he did not, Esau saw the other man always hanging about in the rear—one of their party, but always behind the party, as if to keep watch on the boy's every moment.

They went into a clothier's shop, the companion staying outside.

"Let's see some of yer best things for this young gent, my son! None o' yer slop goods, but the best slap-bang articles, prime materials, and all that sort of thing, you know."

Esau, to his boundless astonishment, now found himself trying on article after article; till no less than four complete suits had been selected—one strong and rough for "knocking about in the bush" as Bob said, and one of glossy black cloth, "fit to pay a wisit to the governor if he were to happen to call on one in the back settlements, and ax them to come and see him." The other suits were for ordinary every-day use.

"Here, young man, I and my boy here have had a kind o' windfall lately—ten thousand pounds—not, mind you, but we had a right to it: we're on the family! But as I was sayin', or goin' to say, we ain't any use for these articles (Esau's cast-off clothing). Make a present on 'em, with my compliments, to any deserving hobject!"

And so Esau, who went in, in a suit that but too plainly told of his tatterdemalion days, came out a gentleman.

"Arn't I a parent? Esau, I ax you that?"

Getting no satisfactory answer, he added:

"Arn't I made a gentleman on you?"

"Gentlemen has tin in their pockets—I ain't!"

"Werry true. But Rome, my boy, warn't built in a day. We'll see to that all in correct time. Now, Esau, let us go in here, and see what a sort of a father you were running away from."

It was a silversmith's they had stopped at. The companion, as usual, stayed outside on the watch.

"Now, Esau, you're in for luck to-day. Try it on. You won't often catch me in sich moods, I can promise yer; for even my fortin' couldn't stand too much o' sich doings. Have a good look at everything, and then tell me what you'd like most."

Esau did look; and although there was much in his heart that would have impelled him to scorn such gifts, he was but a boy, and this was his father; and, somehow, his secret resolves never to be taken out of England—if that was what was intended—were melting like icicles in the hot sun of Bob's generosity.

Watches, rings, breastpins, chains jostled in his busy imagination. Never yet had the boy possessed an ornament of the kind that was worth sixpence. He coveted greatly a gold watch; but then, as he thought that would seem too extravagant, he was content to covet a silver one. But then, was that the thing he could be quite decided on to take, if he had a choice? A breastpin of real gold, with a big head—also real gold—and a blue real gem in it, that, also, he greatly affected.

"Like a watch?" said Bob, after a sly pause.

"Yes."

"Gold one?"

"Yes."

"Please, sir," said Bob to the master—a respectable, white-haired old gentleman—"how much?"

"Why, that, I think, is more expensive than you would like; it's a half chronometer, and——"

"How much? Can yer tell me that?"

"Thirty-five pounds."

"Well, put it by, till I see what I'm a goin' to do. Fire away, Esau. Have a pin?"

"Yes."

"Real diamond, like this one?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Ten guineas."

"Put it along o' the watch, will yer? Let's look at the rings. Esau, tell me which you like the best on 'em. Mind, I don't say I'm a goin' to give it you. Even a gen'leman of fortune must draw the line somewheres, and I suspects I ought to draw it on this side o' rings. But show us which you would choose."

A ring worth six guineas was added to the growing board, towards which Esau's glistening eyes were constantly directed.

Your a goin' to ruin me, Esau—ruin your poor parent. But never mind. If you do werry much like that chain, why, I suppose it's no use taking the watch without a sort of gold cable to hold on by when thieves are a sniffing and smelling about you. So put that, mister, too."

Esau hardly knew what to believe. He to have all these things, and from a father whom he had never in his childish years known but as a most cruel and brutal taskmaster! It must be a dream. He must have had a fit of insensibility come over him when he received that last blow in the cart, and he must be still there, bruised, and bleeding, and sore, and this was only a vision that he was passing through.

Bob, however, soon re-assured him by his next proceedings.

"I say, mister, these here are expensive harticles, and I don't feel quite easy in my mind about 'em; but anyhow I'm not going to leave you in the lurch. Just show me, while I calkelate a bit, some of your cheapest things in watches, and pins, and rings, and chains."

Bob didn't ask Esau to select from the articles now produced. He simply selected himself a silver watch at 30s., a breastpin at 2s., a ring at 3s. 6d., and a chain, resplendent in false magnificence, at 10s.

To the shopkeeper's surprise, Bob now coolly had both lots put up, though in separate parcels, and he paid for them in bank notes that bore the "strictest investigation" of the uneasy shopkeeper, who was finally satisfied, and then they went out.

"Now, Esau, take you this lot of cheap rubbish, and I'll take the other. What? Yer ain't pleased! Ye're looking down in the mouth! Ye're taken in and done for! No, my boy. I ain't sich an unnatteral parent as you're a thinkin' on. I means you to have all on 'em; only, my boy, we must come to a sort of understanding first—eh?"

"What do yer want on me?" demanded Esau, as they walked along towards the shipping they saw in the distance.

"To make a gentleman on yer. To tell you things as'll make the eyes on yer inclined to start out of yer 'ed. To begin; that jolly old halderman was your grandfather."

"The alderman—who was murdered?" gasped Esau, who had been in a kind of stupor ever since he had heard the strange things said by Bob and Anthony in their brief converse.

"Ay; but least said soonest mended. If ever yer says that agin in my hearing —— But there, I'm a'goin' to a new world, and I wants to take new feelins with me. But mind, though it wasn't me nor any of my friends as killed the halderman, we had best hold our tongues. The heir has given all that money yer heerd me speak on——"

"Ten thousand pounds?"

"Ay; it's a jolly lump, ain't it? And what's to prevent me from setting up on my own account as gentleman when I gets out to Australia, and you to be my son and heir? Nothing. Hark to the sound on it—son and heir! We'll have a coat o' arms, and get miles o' land, and be squatters, and get some eddication and go into Parliament. I say, Esau, don't it make yer laugh! Bob Stonor in Parliament, and legislating for some of his old pals! But won't I play the game—can't I play the game? You'll see—that is, if you're a natteral child, you'll see—one as thinks of his parent's future glory, then you will."

"Can't yer say what you wants, without sich a lot of talk?"

"Will yer go with me to Australia, then? Honor bright—no nonsense about trying to escape. If yer will, by the lord, I'll be a good father to yer, and never go out at night without yer, nor ever lift my hand agin' yer, even if I can't help a bit o' tongue when yer gives me a bit of cheek. There, that's what I've got to say. Will yer think on it? Will yer be a reasonable, intellectooal fellow-creature, as knows his own hinterests, and grabs 'em fast when he sees 'em come in his way? I scorn to take advantage on yer. You're a big boy for yer age—I mean in intellect—and if yer like to throw away your share of the old fellow's blunt, what's it to me? Boys is plenty in that ere world, I'll be bound; but it's the onkindness of it that I shall feel all my born days. Now let's go to the inn, and have a jolly good supper, for the ship sails in the morning. And now, if you ain't ashamed to run away from a parent who's doing all this 'ere for you, and is ready to do almost anythink, if only you'll ax him in a dootiful way, why, then, do as yer likes. Run, if you says run. I and my comrade ha' quite made up our minds not to go arter you any more."

Esau was undoubtedly impressed by the prospect opened to him, and in a lesser degree by the confidence professed in his good sense in leaving his fate in his own hands. But Esau could not get over—so, far, at least, as to talk freely—the restraint he felt with his father. Bob understood, and didn't press for any immediate decision.

They had a supper, which Esau could not resist enjoying any more than he could resist the new attitude of his father towards him. Gleams of his old fun began to break out before he was aware of what he was doing; and it was only when his companions began to roar at his sallies that he was warned, and strove to be silent.

But he was drinking, and becoming exhilarated by the wine, which his father incessantly gave; and though, with that healthy instinct which supplied in him the absence of the knowledge, experience and discipline that most boys of his age pass through, he soon began to refuse the wine offered. Still, he could not but own, whenever he forgot Anthony's anguished face and pleading cry, as he had seen and heard them so briefly in that late twilight, that, on the whole, he thought he had better accept the fate designed for him, and try to make his father remain in his present gracious mood by cheerful acquiescence in his plans.

And though Esau said nothing to his father, the latter, whose keen eye was continually watching him and speculating about his secret thoughts, saw he was succeeding. And when they went to bed that night, what could be more natural, not only that Bob should ask Esau to share his bed, but that, somehow or other, there came a time before they slept when some real touch of nature in Bob's heart oozed forth, and was responded to first by a joke, then by tears, and then by a boyish clasp round the neck, where those arms had not been for so many years.

Esau was, however, very restless in his sleep that night, kicking and tossing, and chattering, and saying, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," when Bob growled at him. Once he found him panting on his shoulder, and crying:

"You knew I shud come back, sir, didn't you? You knew I shud, Mr. Anthony? And look at this watch, sir, and this, and this! We can have suppers now."

"You'll have one you won't like, my boy, if you don't lay still," said Bob, jerking him off.

THE FROZEN SHIP.

ONE serene evening in the middle of August, 1775, Captain Warrens, the master of the ship Greenland, whale ship, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs, in about 77 deg. of north latitude. On one side, and within a mile of his vessel, these were of immense height and closely wedged together; and a succession of snow-covered peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Captain Warrens did not feel satisfied with his situation, but there being no wind, he could not move either one way or the other, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the icebergs continued in their respective places.

About midnight the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of thundering, grinding and crashing noises gave fearful evidence that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every moment, for the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there actually was any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to present itself; and in the morning the storm abated, and Captain Warrens found to his great joy that his ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked with surprise that the accumulated icebergs which had on the preceding evening formed an impenetrable barrier, had been separated and disarranged by the wind, and that in one place a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern.

It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon, to the great astonishment of the crew of the Greenland. The sun shone brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blew from the north. At first some intervening icebergs prevented Captain Warrens from distinctly seeing anything but her masts; but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless.

Captain Warrens' curiosity was so much excited that he immediately leaped into his boat with several seamen, and rowed towards her. On approaching he observed that her hull was miserably weather-beaten, and not a soul appeared on the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board an open port-hole near the main chains caught his eye, and on looking into it he perceived a man reclining back in a chair, with writing materials on a table before him, but the feebleness of the light made everything very indistinct.. The party went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway, which they found closed, they descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Captain Warrens viewed through the port-hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained his former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his open eyeballs. He had a pen in his hand, and a logbook lay before him, the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus: "Nov. 14, 1762. We have now been enclosed in the ice seventeen days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again, without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief."

Captain Warrens and his seamen hurried from the spot, without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female, reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, and a contraction of the limbs showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was the corpse of an apparently young man, holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the fore part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a boy was seen crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered anywhere; but Captain Warrens was prevented, by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen, from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He therefore carried away the logbook already mentioned, returned to his own ship, and immediately steered to the southward, deeply impressed with the awful example which he had just witnessed of the danger of navigating the Polar seas in high northern latitudes.

On returning to England he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way, and by comparing the results of those with the information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship and of her unfortunate master, and found that she had been frozen thirteen years previous to the time of his discovering her among the ice.

THE STAR OF DESTINY.

The Empress Josephine.

WHEN a few centuries shall have thrown their shadows upon the strange fortunes of Napoleon, and given to everything about him the tinge of romance, the story of his first wife will seem to the student rather a fable than a fact; he will look upon her as we look upon Mary of Scotland, but with a deeper interest; for she, far more truly than her lord, was, from first to last, 'the child of destiny.'

Told, while yet unmarried, that she would be a wife, a widow, and then Queen of France—the entire fulfilment of the first part of the prophecy gave her courage to believe in the last part also when under sentence of death. When her bed was taken from her, because she was to die in the morning, she told her weeping friends that it was not so, that she should yet sit upon that throne on the ruins of which Robespierre then stood triumphant; and when asked in mockery to choose her maids of honor since she was to be queen, she did choose them, and they were her maids of honor when half of Europe looked up to her. On that night, which was to have been her last on earth, Robespierre fell. Had he fallen a few days earlier her first husband would have lived; had his fall been but one day later, Josephine herself would have been among the ten thousand victims, whose names we have never heard. But he fell on that night, and her destiny was accomplished.

She married Napoleon, and through her and as her husband, he was appointed to the army of Italy; step by step they rose, till at last the crown rested on her head. The second part of the prophecy was proved true, and she began to look forward to that loss of power and rank which had also been foretold, and which was to close the strange drama of her life.

And he that wedded the child of destiny grew every day more strong and more grasping. In vain did Josephine attempt to rule his ambition and chasten his aims; he was an emperor, he wished to found an empire, and by slow degrees he made himself familiar with the thoughts of putting her away.

When the campaign of 1809 was at an end, hardened and narrowed, the general came back to his wife; his former kindness was gone, his playfulness was checked, he consulted her but seldom, and seldom stole upon her private hours with that familiar love that had so often made her heart leap. She saw that her hours drew nigh.

It was the evening of the 20th of November, the Court were at Paris in honor of the king of Saxony. Josephine sat at her window looking down upon the river, and musing on the dark fate before her, when she heard Napoleon's step at her door. She sprang to open it, using her usual exclamation, "*Mon ami!*" He embraced her so affectionately that for an instant all her fears and woes seemed vain. She led him to a chair, placed herself at his feet, and looking up into his face, smiled through her tears.

"You are unhappy, Josephine," said the emperor.

"Not with you, sire."

"Bah!" said he, quickly. "Why call me sire? These shows of state steal all true joy from us."

"Then why seek them?" answered Josephine.

The emperor made no reply. "You are now the first of men," she continued, "Why not quit war, turn ambition out of your counsels, bend your thoughts on the good of France, live at home among those that love you?"

"Josephine," said he, turning his face from her, "It is not I, it is France demands the sacrifice."

"Are you sure of that, my lord?" said his wife. "Have you probed your heart to the bottom? Is it not ambition that prompts you to seek reasons for repudiating me?—for, think not, Napoleon, I misunderstand you; are you sure it is the love of France?"

Every word that she spoke touched him to the quick; and rising hastily, he replied, "Madame, I have my reasons. Good-evening."

"Stay, sire," said she, taking hold of his arm, "We must not part in anger, I submit. Since you wish it, I submit cheerfully. It is not my nature to oppose your will, I love you too deeply. Nor shall I cease to love you, Napoleon, because I am to leave your throne and your side. If you still go on victorious I shall rejoice with you; if reverse comes, I will lay down my life to comfort you. I will pray for you morning and night, and in the hope that sometimes you will think of me."

Hardened as he was, Napoleon had loved his wife deeply and long; and her submission to his stern resolve—her calm but mournful dignity—her unshaken love, moved even him; and for a moment affection struggled with ambition. He turned to embrace her again. But in that moment her face and form had changed. Her eye was lit with a fire like that of insanity, and her whole person seemed inspired. He felt himself in the presence of a superior being. She led him to the window, and threw it open. A thin mist rested upon the Seine, and over the gardens of the palace—all around was silent; among the stars then before them, one was far brighter than the rest; she pointed to it.

"Bonaparte," she said, "that star is mine, to that and not to yours was promised empire; through me and through my destinies you have risen; part from me and you fall. The spirit of her that foresaw my rise to royalty even now communes with my spirit, and tells me that your fate hangs on mine. Believe me or not, if we henceforth walk asunder you will leave no empire behind you, and will die yourself in shame and sorrow, and with a broken spirit."

He turned away sick at heart, and overawed by the words of one whose destiny had been so strangely accomplished. Ten days were passed in resolves and counter-resolves—and then the link that bound him to fortune was broken. Josephine was divorced—and, as he said himself at St. Helena—from that hour his fall began.

Josephine was divorced, but her love did not cease; in her retirement she joyed in all his successes, and prayed that he might be saved from the fruits of his foul ambition. When his son was born, she only regretted that she was not near him in his happiness; and when he went a prisoner to Elba, she begged that she might share his prison, and relieve his woes. Every article that he had used at her residence remained as he left it; she would not let a chair be moved. The book in which he had been last reading was there, with the page doubled down, and the pen that he had last used was by it, with the ink dried on its point. When her death drew nigh, she wished to sell her jewels to send the fallen emperor money; and her will was submitted to his correction. She died before his return from Elba; but her last thoughts were of him and France; and her last words expressed the hope and belief "that she had never caused a single tear to flow." She was buried in the village church of Ruel, and her body was followed to the grave, not alone by princes and generals, but by two thousand poor whose hearts had been made glad by her bounty.

Her marble monument bears only this inscription:

"EUGENE AND HORTENSE TO JOSEPHINE."

What a fund for future writers in her character and fate; and what a lesson to all of us, whether in prosperity or adversity?

EMIGRANTS LEAVING IRELAND.

THE engraving on our first page gives a view of the emigrants leaving their homes in Ireland. The drawing was made by Mr. Joseph Becker, the Artist whom we sent to Valencia Bay, Ireland, to sketch the laying of the last Atlantic cable, and faithfully portrays the way in which thousands daily leave their homes for this country.

The place is the village of Cahircelveen, county Kerry a place of 1,800 inhabitants, and communicating with the great points of embarkation by mailcoach.

In all such scenes there is a great heart history, and these partings seem saddest of all. There is, perhaps, the aged father and mother bidding adieu to the child whom they will never see again, the brother parting from brother, sister from sister; a few of them with hopes, perhaps, that they may be sent for, but the most of them in a state of expressive grief, for none have stronger expressions in their grief than the Irish.

The picture will be regarded with interest, as forming the first link in the great chain we give on another page.

CASTING OUT DEVILS IN INDIA.

THE Carnatic (India) *Telegraph* says: "Casting out devils in India is extensively practised by the natives; but there is as much difficulty to get at the truth as it is to get the spiritualists, the Davenports, to declare themselves consummate cheats. We were present a few weeks ago at an exercise of exorcism. The possessed was a young woman of about 16, hale and hearty in appearance, and withal "very good-looking," as is the expression applied to native women. She much excited as she accompanied, or rather preceded, her exorcist, and broke out occasionally into singing and dancing with an energy and manner which showed that she had no self-control. The party which went with her stopped at a tree on the way, when the exorcist desired her to halt. His command instantly brought her prostrate before him, and she rolled on the ground in violent contortions. But it was objected by her father to fix the demon to that tree; and accordingly the exorcist addressed his patient in a tone of sternness to rise and go on further. She did so, and with a running dance to the sound of the tomtom and the Pujara's hand-drum, she rushed along seemingly unconscious of all around her. They halted then under a palmira tree, in a desert place, near the foot of a hillock, where the poor girl was desired, to the music of the priest's hand-drum, to balance herself gracefully, and approach the tree. She did so, and then embraced it with a tremor, the effect of compulsion rather than free will. The exorcist went through a few strophes of incantatory singing; then taking a few locks of her hair, and knotting them together, he fastened the bunch to the tree by a nail, and then seizing a live cock in one hand over her head, with the other he cut its throat, and shed its blood freely over the stooping stumbling girl. He then cut off her hair, and thus freed her from her fastening to the tree. The blood-stained bunch of hair thus left behind, it is said, detains the devil also, and that he, or a legion thus exorcised, will haunt that tree till he or they shall choose to take possession of some other unfortunate. The girl seemed now weak and exhausted, and could hardly walk forward with a steady pace. She was held by one of the male assistants of the priest, and conducted to a tank where she was bathed, somewhat like our Baptist sisters, in her clothes, and came out of her own accord, hardly yet in her right mind. But the scene was not over. The Pujara broke a cocoanut, and after placing it over the smoke of incense for a little while, he lifted the smoking censer to her with the usual incantatory music and singing. She again gradually lost her consciousness, and swayed to and fro with wild dishevelled locks. Her exorcist demanded of her to tell him her demoniacal name. She sharply turned upon him, and with a scream uttered her name. He then inquired how many devils had possessed her, to which she replied, five. Have they all taken their departure? he asked. Yes, was the reply, and immediately after she ran along dancing frantically, while the party ran after her to her house, where, after other devilish ceremonies, she recovered consciousness, and the following day was married. We ought to have remarked that the demoniacal possession took place on the first day of her nuptial rites. She is now all right again, and lives happily enough with her young husband."

CHINESE COOKERY.—In a Chinese cookery-book appears this curious and cruel receipt for cooking turtles: The turtle is placed in a vessel of water on the fire, with a lid over it, having an aperture of sufficient size, and so arranged that the turtle can just get his head out, and within the reach of highly-spiced wine. As the temperature of the water increases, so does his thirst, and he gradually goes on drinking the seasoned fluid until the heat kills him, by which time his whole system has become impregnated with the vino-aromatic seasoning, and a flavor, described as delicious, is imparted to the flesh.

THE LAST OF THE CONDES.

LOUIS HENRI JOSEPH DE BOURBON, Duke of Bourbon and Prince de Condé, only son of Louis Joseph, Prince de Condé, and descendant, in a direct line, of the illustrious Condé, the greatest military genius of the seventeenth century, was born April 13th, 1756. He was educated for the army; but ran away from his teachers, and for some time played the knight-errant. At the age of 15 he fell in love with the Princess Louise of Orleans, whose hand, however, was refused to him by her father. The princess was sent, for greater security, to a monastery; but her young lover scaled the walls of the sacred retreat, and leading away his bride, married her secretly. But the union was not happy. The princess entered into various intrigue, one of which led the young husband into a duel with the Count d'Artois, afterwards King Charles X. The provocation occurred at a *bal masqué* in the palace of the Tuileries. The count, having a lady on his arm, was followed by the princess, who from motives of jealousy, seized his hand, attempting to speak to him. Not knowing his interlocutor, the count in his turn grasped the mask of his fair follower, who suddenly turning round, broke the strings, and thus was exposed to the gaze of the whole assembly. A challenge from the Prince de Condé to the Count d'Artois was the immediate result. The duel took place at the Bois de Boulogne; and both parties having been slightly wounded, it had no further consequences but a separation of the prince and princess.

On the breaking out of the civil disturbances, the prince quitted France, in July 1789, and retired to Brussels. Declaring it his firm opinion that the revolutionary fever could be easily cured by a few "whiffs of grapeshot," he forthwith set to organise a small army of emigrants, the command of which was taken by his father. He himself prepared to lead the cavalry; while his



THE STAR OF DESTINY—THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

son, the Duke d'Enghien, only offspring of the ill-fated union with Louise of Orleans, took a subordinate command. Beaten in all directions, father, son, and grandfather had to leave the field of battle, and to seek safety in flight. The Prince de Condé went to England, his father to Russia, and the young Duke d'Enghien to Ettenheim, in the duchy of Baden, to make love to the fair Princess of Rohan-Rochefort, and to meet a miserable end in the ditch of the fortress of Vincennes.

The news of the assassination of his only son was a fearful stroke to the Prince de Condé, who had only just begun to find calm in the quiet rural retreat of Wanstead, Essex. With that impetuosity for which his race was distinguished, he now again rushed into the excitement, seeking solace for his troubles in the pleasures and dissipations of town. At the greenroom of Covent Garden he met Sophia Dawes, the daughter of a fisherman of the Isle of Wight, a woman of great natural tact and of masculine strength of mind, who to the charms of beauty united those of singular conversational powers. A wealthy foreigner, who for a time contemplated making her his wife, had placed her for several years at one of the first academies of the metropolis, where she succeeded in mastering many accomplishments. These advantages, assisted by an exquisite natural grace, soon made her the centre of a host of admirers. She lived in sumptuous style at Turnham Green, following the profession of the stage more for her own amusement than for the sake of the salary. The Prince de Condé had no sooner made the acquaintance of Sophia Dawes than he became violently enamored of her. Laying his whole wealth at her feet, he entreated her to put herself under his protection. She consented, but under the condition that her position should not be made public.

In the suite of the Prince de Condé was a brave young soldier, the Baron de Feuchères, of good family, but in greatly reduced circumstances, who had to thank the prince from being saved from misery and almost starvation in a foreign country. On this young nobleman Sophia Dawes set her eyes, and having made his acquaintance, told him a romantic tale, to the effect that she was the illegitimate daughter of the prince by an English lady, and that her father having lately acknowledged her, intended to take her back to France, should circumstances permit it. The romance had its effect on the head and heart of the impressive Frenchman; he offered his hand to the fair lady, and at the end of a few weeks Sophia Dawes became the Baroness de Feuchères. Immediately after occurred the overthrow of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons, followed by the reinstalment of the Condés into all their former possessions and dignities, with many additional honors and pensions. The Baroness de Feuchères, not choosing to continue the comedy any longer, now threw off the mask towards her husband, informing him frankly that she was the "friend" of the Prince de Condé. He left her in disgust; but was too much attached to his old benefactor to take any steps for separation or public exposure. The prince, after his return to France, led a sort of roving life, but at his father's death, in 1818, settled down on his magnificent domain of Chantilly, where the baroness also soon installed herself.

The noble mansions and grounds of Chantilly, once the residence of the family of the Montmorency, were given by Louis XIV. to the Great Condé; the illustrious general here spent his latter years, in the society of Racine, Boileau, Bossuet and other literary men of his age. He was also honored by frequent visits from the king himself, one of which was rendered memorable by the suicide of Vatel, the most enthusiastic of cooks, who ran himself through with a sword, because his master's dinner was left imperfect by the non-arrival of a basket of fish. Condé's descendants continued here till the



AUSTRALIAN ADVENTURE—FIRE, WATER AND RATS.

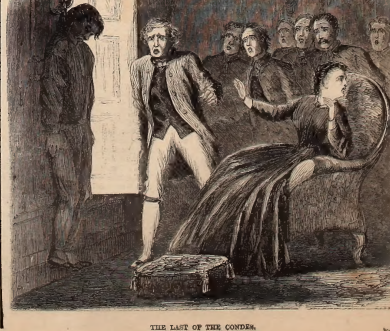
this particular way is to be regretted. During these proceedings, the Prince de Condé became restless. He stated publicly that he had known no peace of mind since the fatal demand to make his will had been pressed upon him. He passed whole nights without sleep; and the quiet retreat of Chantilly was often disturbed by the sound of angry words between him and Madame de Feuchères. Incautious expressions often escaped him in presence of the servants, who once heard him exclaim: 'My death is the only thing they look for.' Another day he forget himself so far as to say to M. de Surval, his steward: 'Once they shall have obtained from me what they desire, my life may be in jeopardy.' On the 23th of August, 1829, M. de Surval was witness to a terrible scene between the Prince de Condé and the Baroness de Feuchères. 'Madame,' cried the old man, 'it is horrible, atrocious, thus to put a knife to my throat to make me do a thing you know I abhor;' and, seizing her hand, he added with a significant gesture: 'Well, then, plunge the knife in at once —plunge it!' The passion of the Prince de Condé was too extreme to be of long duration. After he had signed the will, he fell into a sort of stupor, from which he was scarcely aroused by the thunder of the cannon of July 1830, which drove his friend and relative, Charles X., from the throne of France.

The revolution had been but just completed, when dark rumors began to circulate about the chateau of St. Leu, near Chantilly, where the Prince de Condé had taken up his residence. It was reported that on the morning of the 11th of August his highness had been found bleeding over the eye, and had ordered his valet to sleep for the future at the door of his bedroom. Some days after the prince was visited by the new prefect, who brought him the star of the legion of honor; but he was silent and embarrassed. On the evening of the same day a horseman was seen riding towards the chateau, and at night was secretly introduced into the prince's bedchamber. The rider was M. de Choulot, a secret agent of his highness, and from some words he had dropped it was surmised that the prince intended escaping from France, to get out of reach of Madame de Feuchères. The next morning, the 26th of August, a violent scene took place between the prince and madame, which was, however, hushed up, to some extent, by the latter. Nothing extraordinary transpired during the rest of the day. The dinner was apparently cheerful, and was followed as usual, by a game of cards; the prince played whist with the baroness and two visitors, criticised some movements, lost money, and did not pay, saying: "To-morrow." The morrow was never to come.

His highness was attended to his bedroom by Leconte, his valet; and the latter inquiring: "At what hour does monseigneur wish that I should enter the room to-morrow?" replied, "At eight o'clock," with his usual tranquility. So the valet went away, locking the door of the outer dressing-room, as was his custom.

The Prince de Condé's bedchamber had two doors; the one opening upon this dressing-room, which led to the great corridor of the chateau, and the other passing on to a private staircase, leading to a lobby, where the apartments of Madame de Feuchères were situated. The former door was locked by the valet on the night of the 26th August, but the latter remained unfastened. The watchmen and gamekeepers during the night made their usual rounds in the park and through the chateau, but nothing unusual happened.

On the morning of the 27th the valet knocked at his master's door, at eight o'clock, according to orders. He found the lock fastened inside, and received no reply from the prince. After waiting a



THE LAST OF THE CONDÉS.

few minutes, Lecomte went away to call M. Bonnie, as his highness's physician. The two knocked again as loud as possible, but still no answer. Surprised and very uneasy, they both went down to Madame de Feuchères.

"I will run up directly," she said. "When he hears my voice he will reply," and she ran out from her room half undressed.

On coming to the prince's door with M. Bonnie and Lecomte:

"Open the door, monseigneur," she cried; "open the door, *c'est moi!*"

She repeated the summons, but all remained silent within.

The alarm now began to spread through the chateau. Many servants came running up, an iron bar was brought, and the door of the bedroom was broken open. Then an extraordinary spectacle presented itself to the eyes of all the bystanders.

The room was dark, the window-shutters being completely closed, and only a faint glimmer of light was proceeding from a small candle in the fireplace, hidden by a metal screen. When the eyes had been accustomed to this dim light, it was seen that the prince was standing against the window, as if listening intently to something outside. But still he spoke not. Then the valet opened one of the shutters, and a frightful sight burst upon all. The Prince de Condé was hanging from the window-clasp, his feet just above the ground. Madame de Feuchères sank groaning into an armchair. "Monseigneur is dead!" cried the bewildered domestics, and all the denizens of the chateau stood wailing in sight of the corpse of the last of the Condés.

The body of the prince was fastened to the clasp of the northern window with two handkerchiefs, passed one within the other. One of these hung loosely over the window-clasp; the other surrounded the head, supporting the base of the lower jaw. There was no running-knot on the handkerchief around the head, it did not press on the windpipe, and left the back of the head and neck completely uncovered. It was also so loose, that when no attempt was made to take the body down, the valet put his fingers between. All this was very extraordinary, and greatly surprised the the bystanders. So also did the whole aspect of the prince. His face was deadly pale; the tongue did not protrude from the mouth, but only pressed against the lips; the hands were firmly closed, the knees bent, and, what was most surprising of all, the points of the toes touched the carpet. Great was the marvel among the domestics; but though many a whisper was heard, nobody dared to speak his suspicions. The magistrates and police arrived soon, and copious reports were drawn up regarding the state in which the body of the Prince de Condé had been found, the evidence of the servants, and the situation of the bedchamber of the deceased.

No sooner had the cold body of the prince been taken down from the window-clasp, than the household of Mr. Lee began to feel the influence of a new master. "Everything here belongs to Madame de Feuchères," was the order given in all directions; and such several is the dispatch and careful instructions to protect the property of the baroness. The docile household, long under the partial sway of the baroness, therefore began to comprehend the new duties; and the magisterial inquiries concerning the prince's death were almost unanimously replied to in the sense that he must have died by his own hand. The evidence to the contrary purport was nevertheless strong. Lemanze, the prince's favorite valet, had taken down the corpse, deposed that he had had the greatest difficulty in untying the knot from the window-clasp, so skilfully had it been fastened, and so strongly drawn through the knot. Now, it was notorious to every one of the prince's servants, that his highness's awkwardness in tying strings was so great that he was unable even to fasten his own shoelaces, and that the bow of his cravat had to be brought round to him at the two ends by his valet, to adjust it in front. This was owing to a physical defect impossible to be overcome, the prince having received, in one of his campaigns, a sword-cut over the right hand, besides having his left collar-bone broken. The body had been found in a state of very incomplete suspension, and it seemed all but impossible that an old man, who was scarcely able to walk, should have had the courage and energy to throw himself on his knees to effect his death. His bed, too, was found moved from the bottom of the alcove where it always stood, and his slippers were carried to a part of the room where they had never been. Two candles were found extinguished, but not burned out, on the chimneypiece. Was it the prince who extinguished them, before commencing his complicated and difficult preparations for self-destruction?

Public opinion would soon have left off occupying itself with the Prince de Condé's death, had not its memory been revived before the courts of justice by M. Louis de Rohan, the prince's next of kin. This nobleman went so far as to accuse Madame de Feuchères of fraud, and boldly demanded the nullity of the testament. He caused a preliminary investigation to be made before the court of Pontoise, and then removed the case to the superior court at Paris, where, after endless delays and postponements, it came on finally in the spring of 1832, at the end of eighteen months. In spite of the long time which had elapsed since the death of the prince, the trial excited the most intense interest. The advocate of the Rohan family, M. Hennequin, in a brilliant speech, unfolded the last years of the life of the Prince de Condé, and from a contrast between the well-known legitimist sentiments of the deceased and the tenor of the will, he deduced the proof of the disposition of the property having been obtained by fraudulent means; in the impossibility of suicide, he saw the proof of assassination. Louis Philippe and the members of the royal family were more than alluded to in the speech; and the words murder and conspiracy were all but openly pronounced. However, M. Hennequin's eloquent oration was replied to by a still more forcible speaker, M. Dupin. He represented the suit of the Rohans as a mere plot got up by the reactionary legitimist party against the liberal Orleans family and their friends; as an effort of vengeance which all the partisans of the revolution ought to view with indignation and contempt. The decision of the judges was finally against the plaintiff.



THE ARTIST'S ENCAMPMENT.

This trial completed the triumph of Madame de Feuchères. Petted by the court, the possessor of numerous chateaux and splendid domains, the lessee of patronage, the successful speculator at the Exchange, she soon became the idol of a society that seemed to have completely forgotten the grave accusations heaped upon her a short time previous. Nevertheless, the baroness did not seem at ease, and gradually retired from the brilliant throng around her into the company of grave-looking priests. Then the news came that she had become a Roman Catholic; had been baptized at Notre Dame de Lorette, and had received, after full confession, forgiveness of her sins from the reverend *Père Brizat*. The next which was heard of her was, that she was gradually selling all her splendid domains. The Palace Bourbon was bought by the government, to be used for the enlargement of the House of Deputies; St. Leu was purchased by a minister of the crown; the chateau and park of Morfantaine fell into the hands of a stockbroker, and Montmorency became the property of a Hebrew poet. Numerous chapels and convents, all more or less richly endowed by the pious baroness, sprang up in the neighborhood of Paris; and the belief gained ground that she intended giving up the whole of her numerous fortune to the holy church of Rome. The priest in her immediate neighborhood shared this belief, and her confessor especially was earnestly and daily exhorting her to make a will to this effect; but, however, she seemed unwilling to do; and being more and more pressed on the subject, she suddenly, in the summer of 1840, took her secret departure from Paris. Having traveled through part of England, and paid a visit to the peaceful home of her youth, the Isle of Wight, the baroness at last settled down in London. Here she was suddenly taken ill, and lingering only a few days, died towards the end of January, 1841. Her remains were interred without pomp in the cemetery on the Harrow Road, where the curious visitor may yet inspect the grave. By a last will and testament, made previous to her departure from France, the baroness left nearly the whole of her remaining property, not given to the church, and which amounted still to above £200,000 sterling, to a child of ten years old, the daughter of one of her sisters, who had married a French gentleman. Though she died a fervent Catholic, she left some hauded property, which she had purchased in England, to a Protestant clergyman whom she had known in early life. To her husband, the Baron de Feuchères, who had not held any communication with her since the death of the Prince de Condé, she bequeathed a legacy of £10,000, which he, however, declined to accept. The same refusal took place on the part of M. Odillon Barrot, the eminent orator and politician, whom the baroness made one of the executors of her will, with a gift of £4,000. He accepted the duty, but declined the legacy, making it over to an institution for the education of orphans at Paris. After an interval of more than ten years, Frenchmen felt still haunted by the shade of the last of the Condés.

Of all the immense property left by the testament of the Prince de Condé to Madame de Feuchères and the son of Louis Philippe, not a fragment belongs at the present time to them or to their heirs. The baroness sold every part of her share before she quitted France; and the prince was compelled to sell his portion by a decree of the supreme imperial government, during the confiscation of the Orleans property in France. Being put up to public auction, the estate of Chantilly was bought by two English gentlemen, partners in the banking concern of Coutts & Co. The heart of the last of the Condés lies still enshrined in its silver urn in the chapel of the chateau; but the church itself knows no more the sound of vespers and mass. The memory of the Great Condé, and the greater Louis Quatorze, and the greatest Vatel, is already forgotten in the busy whirl of Stock Exchange news, which has little sympathy with famous generals, or with tyrant kings, or with cooks who kill themselves for glory. It is typical of modern history, that the family of Condé should have given way to the family of Bankers.

THE ENCAMPMENT ATTACKED.

Mr. Atkinson, the Artist, in Central Asia.

A PASSION for sketching natural scenery seems to have been the sole motive which induced Mr. Atkinson, the author of "Oriental and Western Siberia," to spend no less than seven years in wanderings in Siberia, Mongolia, Chinese Tartary and part of Central Asia, of which that work is the extraordinary record. His explorations extended as far as the immense chain of Spasshon, never before seen by any European, and included a large portion of the western part of the Gobi, ever visited by English men since his visit hitherto to the west—"scenes," says the enthusiastic sketcher, "on which no pencil had previously been employed." Altogether, he journeyed about 32,000 versts in carriages, 7,100 in boats, and 20,300 on horseback—in all 59,400 versts (about 39,600 miles), in the course of seven years.

During this time Mr. Atkinson kept his journal, giving a simple narrative of facts with scrupulous care, and omitting all details of mere fatigue, and amid the pressure of numerous difficulties. He suffered much both from hunger and thirst, and numerous narrow escapes from starvation was placed in critical situations with the wild tribes of Central Asia, more particularly when among the Kirghis he was the first Russian who had visited the settlement. Several times he stood in the presence of what appeared to be inevitable death, and had numerous adventures in the way of escape and sketching on the brink of precipices, often with a perpendicular depth of 1,500 feet below him. In spite of the difficulties of traveling in these deserted regions, he produced no less than 560 sketches of scenery, executed with moist water-colors particularly suitable for a portable aid to an artist under such circumstances.

"I have used these colors," he says, "on the sandy plains of Central Asia, in a temperature of 113° Fahrenheit, and in Siberia have had them frozen as solid as a mass of iron, when the temperature was 11° below the point where the mercury becomes solid, and when I could make it into balls in my bullet-mould."

Not the least of the difficulties which the traveller and his attendants had to contend with arose from the attacks of wild animals. An adventure with wolves in the plains of Mongolia affords a good specimen of this kind of difficulty. The wanderers had reached a sandy steppe, almost destitute of vegetation. The sun was sinking fast, and lengthening their shadows on the ground, when on the summit of a hill they observed a small lake in the next valley. With green herbage round its shores. The sight was gratifying; even the horses seemed to scent the welcome grass, and to quicken their pace.

A little before dark they reached the lake, and found rich herbage for their horses. The water was, fortunately, found to be fresh; a few bushes were procured for a fire, and the way-worn party soon prepared their quarters for the approaching night. While riding along the grass several double snipes had been seen, and the artist lost no time in getting his double-barrel gun and ammunition, by the aid of which he returned before dusk with birds enough to form a supper for half a dozen persons. Some venison which they had also with them, the remains of the spoil of a previous hunt, was soon added by the Cossacks in a stew, which soon send forth a savory smell. It was a lovely night, the sky covered with brilliant stars, and not a sound was abroad save the crackling of the fire, and the bleating of the flocks.



EXPERIENCE OF A SAILOR—THE FROZEN SHIP.

The welcome supper ended, the horses were so secured that they could not stray far away; the entire party were lying down, and none were asleep, when suddenly the watchers heard a howling in the distance. The Kalmucks were instantly on the alert. It was a pack of wolves following their track; and a distant howl every now and then told them that they were approaching. The men started up, collected the horses, and secured them on a spot between the party and the lake. They had among them five rifles and a double-

barrel gun, which the leader of the party took with him.

Their fire was nearly out; but it was thought better that they should receive their disturbers in the dark, or let them come quite near, before a light was shown, when they should be able to see them, and, at a signal, pour in a volley. Again they heard them nearer, evidently in scent of their game, and all lay ready on the ground watching their approach. It was not long before they could hear their feet beat on the ground as they galloped towards them. In a very few minutes the troupe came up, and gave a savage howl. The men were reloaded as quickly as possible, as they knew that the wolves would return. They could hear them marking, and some of the wounded howling, but too far away for them to risk a shot. The fire was let down, and they remained perfectly quiet. Shortly there was a great commotion among the horses, when they discovered that the pack had divided, and were stealing up to their animals on each side between them and the water.

The Kalkas and Kalmucks rushed up to their steeds, uttering loud shouts, and this drove the wolves back. It was now necessary to guard both horses on these sides, as they could hear the savage brutes quite near; and the men anticipated that they would make a rush, cause the animals to break loose, and then hunt them down. If this had happened they would have been left without horses in the morning, as those that were not killed would be scattered far over the steppe.

A Cossack and a Kalmuck now turned to guard the opposite sides, as each side, Mr. Atkinson watching the front. The fire was now lighted, and kept in a constant blaze by the Kalkas adding small bushes, which also enabled them to see as well as hear their savage enemies. Presently Mr. Atkinson discerned their glaring eyeballs moving to and fro nearer and nearer, then he could distinguish their grizzly forms pushing each other on. At this moment the rifles cracked to his right, and the fire sent up a bright light, which enabled him to make sure of one fellow as he turned his side towards him. He sent the second ball into the pack, and another one must have been wounded by the howling which arose in that direction. The other men had fired, he did not doubt but with equal effect, as he was certain they would not throw a shot away.

In a few minutes the growling ceased, and all was still, except the snorting of some of the horses. Both Kalkas and Kalmucks assured him that no one must sleep on his post. To increase their difficulties, but a few hours left, and water could be obtained near them; therefore it was only by a most vigilant watch that they could save their horses.

The night became very dark, and nothing could be seen at a short distance excepting towards the lake, where any dark object could be observed against the light on the water. Sharp and keen eyes were peering out in every direction, but no wolf was seen or sound heard. The Kalkas said the wolves had waited till all were still, when they would make a dash at the horses. The party had been watching for a long time without the slightest sound, when two of the horses became uneasy, tugging at the thongs, and snorting.

The clouds rolled off, the stars shone forth, and reflected more light on the lake. Presently howling was heard in the distance, and one of the men declared that a large pack of wolves was coming. When they approached nearer, those who had been so quietly keeping guard over them began to growl, as they now knew that they were not far away. As it was now deemed absolutely necessary to procure some bushes, four of the men crept quietly along the shore of the lake, two of them armed, and in about ten minutes returned, each having an armful of fuel. The embers were kindled, and nothing more, on them to be blown into a flame the moment it was wanted. The sound that they had heard in the distance had ceased for some time, when suddenly there was a great commotion; the other wolves had come up, and the snarling and growling became furious. For a time they appeared to be individual combats, but no general engagements, and then all became calm as before.

Again they waited, looking out for more than half an hour, when the horses began pulling and plunging violently; still they could see nothing. The noise was now so tremendous, and in a few minutes the bushes burst into a blaze, when he saw a group of eight or ten wolves within fifteen paces, with others behind. In a moment he gave them the contents of both barrels; at the same instant the other man fired, when the pack set up a frightful howl, and scattered off.

The fire was kept burning for some time, but the travellers were not disturbed again during the night. At daylight they examined the ground, and found eight wolves dead; others had been wounded, as they ascertained by traces left on the sand, and their men carried off the skins of the slain as trophies of the engagement.

VALUE OF A BLONDE RINGLET.

THERE appears to be one thing, after all, that is more valued for not having cost anything! The following incident, which we find in a French paper, illustrates the truth of this apparent impossibility. At a Charity Fair, lately got up by the benevolent fashionables of Paris, the Princess F—— had a counter, covered with elegant trifles. One of her gay acquaintances, Count de R——, approached the stall, and after looking at all the articles, was walking quietly away.

The lovely shopwoman, upon this, called out to know whether he was going to be so unconscious as to pass without buying something.

"I would," he said, "if you would sell me what I want."

"Well—what is it?"

"That lock of golden hair which falls so beautifully to your shoulder!"

"You shall have it," replied the princess, very promptly, and, taking out a pair of scissors, she clipped it close to her neighbor. It was then duly wrapped in a paper and handed to the count. "Five hundred francs," said the princess.

The count as promptly drew a check from his wallet, and filled it up for the amount, secretly thinking it was rather dear, but pocketing it with a very chivalric grace.

The next day, the count, telling the story with some triumph to his sister-in-law, who happened to be an intimate friend of the princess, was surprised to find her received with a burst of laughter.

"The princess made a good bargain out of you," said her sister, "for a few days ago, the five hundred francs which she changed you for that ringlet, were returned to her as much as a dozen times by the hairdresser for the whole wig!"

Now, what if the count have valued that lock of hair considerably more? Has not the princess had considerably more generously paid anything for it?

Men—A crop of hair on the soft is worth more than when it is harvested and brought to market.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A NEWLY married couple went to Niagara on a wedding tour, and were desirous to convince them that he was as brave as he was gallant, resolved to go down the Falls in a barrel. The bride, of course, objected, but finding that he was determined, affectionately requested him to leave his pocketbook and watch behind.

A CELEBRATED Oxford scholar, who professed an intimate acquaintance with every wink he had thought at on checkers which had been performing a game with him, was regaled with the most impressed by the wonderful coincidences of the fiddlers' elows."

In the castles and palaces of the ancient aristocracy of Europe, are to be seen the tapestry presents memorials of their pride of ancestry. On the tapestry in the apartment of the Duke of Choiseul is represented the Deluge, in which a man is seen swimming with a portmanteau in his mouth.

"My good friend, save the archives of the Choiseul family!"

TOM MOORE said to Peel, on looking at the picture of an Irish orator:

"You can see by the gaiety of his lips."

"Yes," said Peel, "and the wrong coming out of it."

"Yes," said Tom, "the truest of his countrymen, who never told a lie."

"He meant *aval* coming out of it."

A LITTLE girl in Pennsylvania was lately reproved for playing outdoors with boys, and informed that "nice little girls don't play with boys for that now." But with all imaginable innocence, she replied: "Why, mother, the boys are the better we like 'em!" Grandma took time to think.

THE "local" of one of our Southern exchanges, tells the following amusing incident:

"There was a little Berkshire pig,
And he fell out of his father's cart;
Along came a Freedman Bureau fellow,
And picked him up and put him in his mother."

A CHINAMAN, living in San Francisco, being kicked out the shop of a Jew, upon picking himself up, exclaimed: "Me no like dat; me always know you last man; you kill Moloch (American) man's Josh!" The Jew replied: "Never mind when it is known that" Josh" is the Chinese for God.

WHEN Voltaire was ordered by the Senators of the council of the French Republic to write a speech in 24 hours, the incorrigible scoffer at all things venerable and sacred, replied: "Magnificent sirs, it requires only three minutes!"

Barnum's New American Museum, Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets. This establishment is now open every day in the New York *Herald*. Circus and Drama twice each day. Only Circus Company in the City. Performing Lions, Trick Dogs, Comic Mules, and thoroughbred Hors s. TRICK PONY, WILD BILL. A Drama of the Equestrian Stage in Saw and Dashing Acts of Horsemanship. Previous to Circus, the Great Sensation Drama, WHITE HAIR; or, THE ASSASSIN STEWAID. W. B. Harrison, Extemporaneous Singer: Three numerous Living Giants; Three of the Smallest Dwarfs in the World; the beautiful Miniature Lady, Miss Rosa Lee Read; two beautiful Circassian Girls; John Batterday, Living Skeleton, weighs 67lb; Gunnel Batterday, Fat Boy, weighs 703lb; Diminutive Baby Horses. A Steam Glass Engine in motion; Albino Boy; Camerama Scenes; Dancing Mules; Performing Aquaria, 100,000 curiosities. Admission, 50 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

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"As a remedy for kidney complaints, the White Pine Compound stands unrivalled. It was not originated for that purpose; but a person in using it for a cough, was not only cured of the cough, but was also cured of a kidney difficulty of ten years' standing. Since that accidental discovery many thousands have used it for the same complaint, and have been completely cured."

The above was written by Dr. Poland in 1860. Since then, as in Manchester, the White Pine Compound has taken the lead of all Cough remedies, as well as preparations for the cure of Kidney difficulties, in every city, town, village and hamlet throughout the New England States.

The past year has given great opportunity to test the virtues of the White Pine Compound. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the medicine, and the people where it is prepared are high in its praise.

One bottle of this Compound is generally sufficient to remove a bad cough, and frequently I have known persons to have a cold entirely removed in two days by using less than half a bottle. From one to two teaspoonfuls is a large dose. I sometimes put a little white sugar and hot water with it when taken on going to bed.

The limits to which I purposely confine myself in this circular will not allow of that full expression which I would like to give in favor of the White Pine Compound. It is universally admired by all who use it; it has attained to such a popularity among those whose opinion is valuable indeed, that VANITY may possibly, in part, prompt me to record more here than hurried people will have patience to read; so I will stop, by merely recommending to all who need a cough or kidney remedy to test the virtues of the WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

TESTIMONIALS.

A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and, indeed, from all classes of society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, Vt., says:

"I find the White Pine Compound to be very efficacious not only in coughs and other pulmonic affections, but also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach and other kindred organs."

Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes:

"I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as even more efficacious and valuable than ever. I have just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

REV. H. D. DODGE,

of West Randolph, Vt., who is a practising physician, as well as preacher, in a letter to Dr. P., dated May 21, 1863, says: "I find it an excellent medicine in kidney disease."

The White Pine Compound, advertised at length in our columns, is not only as to its name inviting, but is a highly approved medicine. Dr. J. W. Poland, the inventor, has the confidence of the many who know him, a confidence which he enjoyed while laboring usefully many years as a Baptist minister. His experience as a sufferer led him to make experiments which issued in his medical discovery.—*Boston Watchman and Reflector.*

The editor of the *Manchester Daily and Weekly Mirror*, in a leader of the daily, thus speaks of the Compound:

"The White Pine Compound is advertised at much length in our columns, and we are happy to learn that the demand for it is increasing beyond all previous expectations. It is the very best medicine for coughs and colds we know of, and no family that has once used it will ever be without it. We speak from our own knowledge; it is sure to kill a Cold, and pleasant as sure. The greatest inventions come by accident, and it is singular that the White Pine Compound, made for Colds and Coughs, should prove to be the greatest remedy for kidney difficulties known. But so it is. We cannot doubt it, so many testimonials come to us from well-known men. Besides, the character of Dr. Poland is such that we know he will not countenance that what is wrong. For years a Baptist clergyman, studying medicine to find remedies for his ailments, with a delicate consumptive look, standing with one foot upon the grave, he made the discovery which has saved himself and called out from hundreds of others the strongest testimonials possible. We have known Dr. Poland for years, and never knew a more conscientious, honest, upright man, and we are glad to state that we believe whatever he says about his White Pine Compound."

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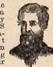
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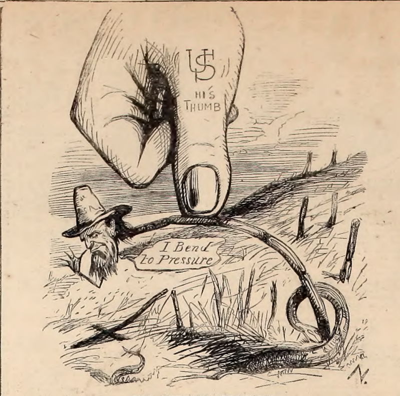
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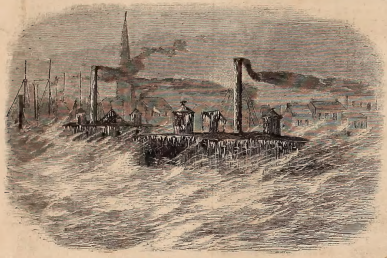
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York

No. 539—Vol. XXI.] NEW YORK, JANUARY 27, 1866. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. $1 00 Weekly

Specie Payments.

The tone of the President's Message, the tenor of the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, and perhaps some other causes less obvious, have sent up the prices of American securities abroad, and this, in conjunction with the introduction in Congress of a bill by Mr. Morrell, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to fund such portion of Government issues as he may think proper, have put down the price of gold, and promise to send it to a still lower figure. It is clear, and in this the Secretary of the Treasury receives the hearty support of all reflecting men, that the policy of the Government is directed to the absorption of the surplus issue of Government notes. This may add, or appear to add, to the total of our interest-bearing debt, but it will tend to bring back prices to the gold



SCENE ON THE RIVER—THE FERRYBOAT.



FROZEN TO DEATH IN BAXTER STREET.



NEW YORK STREET SCENE, MONDAY, JANUARY 8TH.

THE COLD SNAP.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 27, 1866.

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NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

The Monroe Doctrine Before the People.

MR. SEWARD, in a letter to Mr. Bigelow, our Minister in Paris, dated no longer than the 6th of last September, declares, among the reasons why the French Emperor should speedily retire from Mexico, that with the subsidence of public interest in our domestic affairs, consequent on the close of the war, "it may be reasonably anticipated that henceforth the Congress of the United States, and the people, in their primary assemblies, will give a very large share of attention to questions of an extraneous character, and chief among these is likely to be that of our relations toward France with regard to Mexico."

Events are rapidly justifying Mr. Seward's anticipations. The number and tenor of the resolutions which have been introduced in Congress, bearing on the Mexican question, evince the interest taken in it by the representatives of the people, and their importance at the prolongation of the French intervention. Outside of Congress this impatience manifests itself, not alone through the press, but through public assemblages of most significant and decided character. Commerce, it has been said, is always cowardly and seldom patriotic. But even here, in New York, where its conservative influence is strongest, the people have spoken, "in their primary capacity," on the absorbing question of the day, and in language that cannot be misunderstood.

The great "Monroe Doctrine Vindication Meeting," at the Cooper Institute, on the evening of the 6th Jan., was the first, we believe, ever held for the single purpose of supporting the Monroe Doctrine in principle and practice. "As such it is invested with special importance. It is the initiation of a movement which promises to spread all over the country, and to have an important bearing on our politics. Since the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine, in 1823, although it has been always accepted as embodying the sentiment and defining the policy of our people, it has never, or until lately, been called into practical application. It was, it is true, the basis of our successful opposition to the attempts of the Holy Alliance to build up a so-called "Mosquito Kingdom," and to organize the "Colony of the Bay Islands" out of the territory of the republic of Honduras. Our opposition to these attempts was, however, mainly urged upon other grounds, and our success can hardly be claimed as a clear vindication of the Monroe Doctrine as a rule of our policy. Now, however, it comes up in a direct and distinct shape. We are put precisely in the position where we must confess that it is the "higher law governing generalities" of which we have heard, a deception to ourselves and a fraud towards others, or a just and vital rule of action, founded on the judgment of the people, to be maintained by every consideration of honor and interest, and enforced, if need be, by the whole power of the country.

It is proper, therefore, on an issue so important as this, that the people should speak in their primary assemblies. Their daring so to solves no reflection on the Government, or those whose immediate duty it is to administer it. We are assembled in such meetings, beside indicating what all republican governments should be most anxious to know, the real state of public sentiment, serve to strengthen the Executive arm, and give additional force to its action. If Mr. Seward could have placed the French Emperor among the people who filled the great hall of the Cooper Institute on the occasion we have referred to, he would have done more to cure him of his Mexican madness, than could be effected through a hundred reams of correspondence how'ever able. It would have enabled him to see that the "Monroe Doctrine" is a cardinal principle in the political creed of the American people, and that its enforcement is a necessary consequence of their convictions—as much so as the vindication of the integrity of the country proved itself to be during the late terrible war.

And if the Emperor of the United States had been present, he would have discovered, and rejoiced in the discovery, that in all he may do, or feel disposed to do, to destroy or limit slavery, he has the sympathies of our republic in their crusade against free institutions, he will have the steady, unflinching support of the people—a support accorded, because, as we have said, the "Monroe Doctrine" commends itself to their judgment and appeals to their sympathies. The people are in earnest in this matter, and their temper and purposes should not be mistaken either by our own or foreign governments. The interests of peace will best be promoted by discerning the depth and strength of the popular current before the gathering volume shall burst the limits of control.

The resolutions of the Cooper Institute meeting were strong but dispassionate, and fairly spoke the united sentiment of the country, and as the question to which they refer is now the most important one before the public, and likely to increase in interest, we subjoin those portions of their character:

Whereas, It was early declared, with a solemnity becoming the enunciation of a great principle, by a President of the United States, that "it is impossible that the gratitude of mankind was secured by its ennoblement to the European Continents, by the free and independent positions which they had assumed of late years, hereafter to be maintained and to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power;" and *Whereas*, the attempt by European Powers to "extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere would be dangerous to our peace and safety;" and *Whereas*, it was equally declared that "we could not behold any European Power, for the purpose of oppressing the Republics of America, or controlling their destinies, extend its system to any portion of this continent without endangering our peace and happiness;" and *Whereas*, in open contempt of the principles thus early laid down, France has introduced by open force a new Republic of Mexico, and to control its destiny against the choice of its people; and *Whereas*, Spain has interfered to extend her system over Hayti, and is now interfering to oppress the Republics of Chile and Peru; therefore,

Resolved, That the United States is bound, by her traditions, by every consideration of honor and dignity, by her plighted faith to the Republics of America, for the sake of her self-respect, and respect and reverence, to vindicate the great principles enunciated by Monroe, in all parts of this continent, and to establish, if necessary by force of arms, that America belongs to Americans and is consecrated to republican institutions.

Resolved, That by the "preemigration of the "Monroe Doctrine," and by a correct interpretation, we have assumed a responsibility towards our sister Republics, and an obligation to defend and protect them which it would be cowardly and dishonorable to neglect or repudiate.

Resolved, That the worst-out diplomacy of European Governments, in connection with and unwarrantably aiding of American institutions; and that our statesmanship should be based at all times on honesty and fair dealing, but on frank acknowledgment of other nations' rights, and a firm determination to maintain our own.

THE Soldiers' and Sailors' National Union League of Washington has issued an address, urging all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors to procure their Discharge papers, and not to part with them to speculators for any sum. This advice is very important, and has the following reference to them: "The Thirty-Second Congress, which has addressed a communication to the Paymaster-General, as follows:

"It has been brought to my notice that certain claim agents are advertising that they are engaged in the collection of extra bounty, from $100 to $200, for soldiers who enlisted in 1861 and 1862, and all other times when the $100 was paid, and are thus fraudulently obtaining possession of soldiers' discharges. In no case, except that of a veteran, has the extra bounty referred to been authorized, nor can it be paid without further legislation, and it is very important that soldiers should not part with their discharges through a misrepresentation of their rights. I would, therefore, respectfully suggest the propriety of giving official notice that, in no case, as above, to a soldier, who enlisted prior to June 25th, 1863, entitled to more than $100 bounty."

IT is reply to a question of the House of Representatives, inquiring why Jefferson Davis is confined, and why he is not brought to trial, the Secretary of War explains that Jefferson Davis is held on charges of treason, of inciting the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and of starving Union prisoners, and that the Department has refused to have him first tried for treason, and that the Attorney-General advised Virginia as the most proper tribunal to try him, but that the Supreme Court of the Supreme Court declines to hold a court within the limits of that circuit.

IF the debate, in the House of Representatives, on the question of extending to negroes the right of suffrage, Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, said:

"Three thousand five hundred and forty-nine black men marched from this District in defense of our country. They have come to the Government and what would we not be true to them? According to the census of 1860, there were 14,316 persons of color in this District, since which time the number has been increased. There are owned 14,316,000 of real estate. Their church property is valued at $125,000. The 32 churches are valued at $100,000. The 14,000 have 4,300 communicants. The average church sit-ninces is 800. There are 1,000 who have schools, literary and charitable institutions, and 4,000 can read and write."

MR. Kelley remarked that the President had personally assured him he was in favor of negro suffrage in the District, as well as in Tennessee.

THE following important resolution passed the House of Representatives, a few days ago, by a vote of 94 yeas to 37 nays:

Resolved, That in order to the maintenance of the national authority and the protection of loyal citizens of the United States, it is the sense of the House that the military forces of the Government should not be withdrawn from those States until the Senate and House of Congress shall have ascertained and declared that their further presence there is no longer necessary.

A REED-WITTED merchant, who liked his cups, somewhat surprised his temperance friends by yielding to them and signing a temperance pledge. But, to their horror, they saw no change in his habits, and a reproved and reluctant man he duly bound. He defended his honor, and to wipe off all stain produced the document which he had signed, and showed that it was written in red wine without an internal reverse mange.

NOTHING can better illustrate the industry and and thrift, as well as the general competence of the people of Massachusetts, than a single item from the Gov. Report to the Legislature of the Legislature of that State, viz.: that the number of depositors in the savings banks of the commonwealth is nearly 300,000, and the amount of the deposits $60,000,000.

ADMIRAL DAVIS, Superintendent of the U. S. Naval Observatory, reports the discovery of a new comet, on the night of January 5th, as follows:

"From observations with the equatorial, the following was calculated by M. Mac Clure, Assistant, equatorial astronomer:

	M. T. W.	R. A.	Dec.
Jan. 5, 1866.	8h. 12m. 9.9s.	23h. 32m. 29.94s.	2°.27'.5.0"

"The comet is about 5' south of 2 Aquarii, and 20' are in diameter, with a slight condensation at the centre."

THE literary tendencies of the Southern States seem to have been stimulated, rather than repressed, by the war. A Georgia paper tells us:

"The circulation of brand new books, now displayed in the South, is unexampled. All manner of books are purchased eagerly—not second hand books, as during a few years ago would have swarmed on the shelves of booksellers and dealers, but books from the counter of as now bought up and read with a ready relish; and books of a higher class than were ever sold before at some tender female to weep over the hops and mishaps of a century of war epitaphs.

"We are glad to see this evident bearing of the public mind. A people without a book-reading is hopeless in the history of a nation. It is significant of wealth and prosperity. It argues that the minds of the people are turned away from cold, stale, and are seeking food for more substantial reading. It shows that the sour and its concomitant fruit are no longer having the public taste. It is a sign of nothing but good. It is fatal to the same intellectual stall, and feeds together for the same purpose, as an act of loyalty to our national history. Let us have it."

MR. BADMAN is responsible for the following story, which appears in his History of Humbug:

"It is said that a Yankee tin pedlar, who had frequently chased many of the people in the vicinity of a New England village, through which he was passing, was induced, by some of the same sort, to join them in a drinking bout. He finally became stone drunk; and, while in that state, was put into a cart, and, on a rocky cart, near the village, then, dressing the sleeper in

raw-head-and-bloody-bones style, awaited his return to consciousness. As he began rousing himself, they lighted some huge torches, and also set fire to some bundles of straw and three or four rolls of brimstone, which they had placed in different parts of the cavern. The pedlar rubbed his eyes, and seeing and smelling all these evidences of Pandemonium, concluded he had died, and was now partaking of his final doom. But he took it very philosophically, for he complacently remarked to himself: 'In hell—just as I expected!'"

GEN. PALMER made an address to upwards of four thousand emancipated slaves in Louisville, Ky., on the 1st of January. Alluding to the systematic attempts to force the freedmen to work at a low rate of wages, he justly remarked: "He that compels the black man to work for half price compels the white man to do the same. The interests of the black man are therefore the interests of every white man in the country." Every combination to control the price of labor is radically wrong. Let labor command in the market what it will fetch. Every man who works is interested that the law of supply and demand shall not be interfered with.

TOWN GOSSIP.

"FROM grave to gay, from lively to severe," from 20 degrees below zero to 40 above, is about as much of a change as human nature has a right to expect, or is willing to bear within 48 hours, and yet that is what New York has had to bear during the past week. One day Broadway is frozen and deserted, save and except by some solitary pedestrian, who travels at a dog-trot, and doth perpetually blow his fingers; and the next it is blooming in the beauty of an Indian summer, and crowded by lovely women and children, almost rejecting their furs.

The relief from this terribly cold weather—of the effects of which we give some relation in another column—none can estimate save those who have experienced it. We have our doubts whether it was not hailed with genuine joy by every living creature, except corner grocery men, who, of course, felt that the sudden changes kept them too busy changing prices. The cold snap, instead of having the same effect on their goods that it had on all inanimate things, making them a degree smaller, produced exactly the contrary effect. They instantly dilated, and half a peck of potatoes that, with the thermometer at 40, would not be charged at over 25 cents, instantly, on the fall of the instrument to zero, swelled to 35 cents, and all things else, especially coal, in the same ratio. The result of this very singular operation of the weather is that thousands, as soon as the weather grows cold are pinched by it, and, in return, pinch themselves. The stout laborer, who has been wont to solace himself at noon with a good dinner and a warm stove, finds his viands sadly cut down both in quantity and quality, and the heat cut off. This is not apt to add to his working qualities, to his health, or his good humor; but, if it did not occur, how could Teutonic and Milesian corner grocers grow rich and run for aldermen? That's the question.

The consequence of this cold weather has been skating of every degree. All the ponds are frozen to that emphatic iciness, that it is much doubted whether the sport cannot be followed straight through the next summer.

The Central Park comes first, of course, and on its frozen waters somewhere about 20,000 people per day disport themselves, and freeze their fingers and toes to the poetry of motion, while on the drive thousands of gay vehicles dash along, or land their fair cargoes on the ponds. The Central Park is growing daily as a resort, and when it becomes double its present age with the same rate of progression, we wager that it will be the fastest and most brilliant spot in the world—if it is not already so. This is what a country friend writes home about it, after a study of a few weeks. Parsons and parsons' wives may be seen there in fashionable "drags," putting "three-minute" and "two-forty" horses to the very top of their trotting speed, wheel-and-wheel with fast actresses; and rich philanthropists, who profess to believe that the Republic owes its salvation to the negro, driven by black fellows with the badge of servitude on their hats and collars, sweep along in the same column with gamblers, and painted women several degrees below the grades of the *demi-monde*. We speak by the card, for we have seen this beautiful moving mosaic half a dozen times within the past month, and are free to say that, so far as outward gauds were concerned, it was difficult to distinguish piety and philanthropy from profligacy and plundermongery, or the professional fast women from the virtuous matrons and maidens who vied with them in the theatrical style of their costumes and surrounding.

To return to skating, we have not only the Central Park Ponds, but a dozen of others about the city, while in the city a feature has been made by flooding St. John's Park, in Hudson street, and charging a trifling sum for admission, which we take it is the perquisite of the park-keeper for keeping the place in order. It is a safe place to learn on.

It is a supposable case that while this extreme cold weather lasts, neither the people nor the authorities will think for an instant of the coming cholera, for coming it surely is as certainly as warm weather comes. There are a hundred things to correct, but a few that are imperative. Among these we class slaughter houses, and our attention has been especially called to them from an account we read in a Chicago paper of the building of an *abattoir* or general slaughter-house in that city. Though the Chicago people have given into the hands of one firm, or company, the charge of these *abatoirs*, a course of which we do not approve, yet even with this disadvantage it is so much better than our way that even that were worthy. Among all the nuisances and dangers of our streets none are greater than cattle driving and slaughtering. A neighborhood infested by these slaughter houses is not fit for human dwellings, and none but the extreme poor will inhabit houses in the vicinity. We have never yet known one of them to be kept clean, and while they destroy the physical health of a neighborhood, they also destroy its moral prosperity. The killing of the animals has a horrible charm for the children, and during the slaughter on visiting the slaughter houses at such a time it will be always found that a dozen or a score of the little ones are gathered, gazing with intense and horrified eyes on the struggles of the dying animals. We hardly believe that such a sight can improve them, any more than the presence of these pest houses can improve our chances of avoiding the cholera. There is one more thing we would mention in connection with this, which is that the cholera was first propagated in the east by the stench arising from the decaying offal of animals slaughtered by religious devotees.

Last week, in our illustrated items, we gave an instance of "one of those murders out of the pale of the law;" or, in other words, murders which the law cannot take notice of as such. We will give here one or two more instances that have happened within the past week and are happening every day. This paragraph we take from a daily paper:

POISONED BY THE USE OF MUSTY FLOUR.—Information was lodged with the Health Officer yesterday, to the effect that an entire family, residing at No. 536 Columbia street, had been poisoned by the use of musty flour, bought at a neighboring grocery store. The members—five in number—were taken sick with dysentery; two recovered, and one child died, and two are still down with the sickness.

This is only *one* child died! but there are hopes that the other two *will* die; and yet, in the face of this fact, we do not hear even the name of the wretch who sold this flour and committed a murder for the sake of making perhaps five cents.

Then we have another case, showing the horrors of an emigrant ship. We will take this also from the daily press accounts:

HORRIBLE TALE OF SUFFERING—Criminal Neglect of a Passenger at Sea—Coroner's Investigation—Verdict against the Surgeon of the Neptune.—Coroner Gover, assisted by Deputy Coroner Beach, yesterday investigated one of the most revolting cases of neglect and suffering ever brought before the authorities. It appears that the emigrant ship Neptune, of the Liverpool Black Ball Line, Capt. Enoch W. Peabody, from Liverpool, arrived in the harbor on Wednesday. All of the passengers except Mrs. Mary A. Gilroy, 25 years of age, were landed at the Battery. This woman, who was delivered of a still-born child, on the 9th inst., was left on the vessel between decks, without attention of any kind. She was not provided with clean clothing or fire. The cold was so intense that her wet clothing was frozen to her body, and her premature offspring was left lying at her side. The ship was taken to the foot of Beekman street, East river, when officer Daniels, on Wednesday afternoon, learned of the condition of the poor woman. Capt. DeCamp, of the 2d Precint Police, laid the matter before the Commissioners of Emigaation, and Mrs. Gilroy was removed from between decks to the cabin. On Wednesday night, a nurse was sent to the ship to stay with the woman. Medical attendance was also secured. Yesterday Deputy Coroner John Beach made an examination of the woman, and found that her lower limbs were frozen to the knees, and insensible to the touch. Her nose was also frost-bitten. Dr. Beach believes that her recovery is impossible. Coroner Gover having empannelled a jury, several witnesses were examined, who testified to the above facts. The case was then submitted to the jury, and a verdict rendered censuring Dr. J. C. Herrick, the ship's surgeon, for neglecting to properly attend Mrs. Gilroy during her confinement.

Dr. Herrick left for his home at Southampton, L. I., yesterday. Coroner Gover has issued a warrant for his arrest.

Do we have any faith that this doctor or the captain of the ship will be punished? Not a bit! They will be held to bail, perhaps, in a couple of thousand dollars, and that will be the last of it, even though the woman dies.

Ah! we are a great people, a busy people, and a Christian people!

The theatrical item of the week has been the re-appearance of Mr. John Owens at the Broadway Theatre. Mr. Owens having made his great hit in The People's Lawyer, a play in which there was only one character and no construction. This character is Solon Shingle, and though the same play, and the same character, has been done for a series of years, and by a series of actors, yet it has never attracted real attention until Mr. John Owens introduced it to the New York public, and made it entirely his own, playing it 170 consecutive nights. Mr. Owens then transported Solon Shingle to England, where he was received by the intellectual portion of the public with the highest order of approbation, but they instantly dis-associated Solon from the play and emphatically condemned the latter, as the New York public would have done if they had not a habit of swallowing everything dramatic that is offered them, without distinction. The result of this dis-association was that Mr. Owens undertook the reconstruction of the play, and we are forced to say in so doing has not bettered it. Many of the most telling points have been altered, and the play—as we opine—having been jobbed by an Englishman, has words and ideas not recognised among us. Of the first we would simply say that *we* call an obligation to pay money *a note, not a bill*, and that *we* do not know such an official as a *bailiff*. There are many other points that are equally bad. We see no relief for them but for Mr. Owens to call on the dramatic writers of this country, *if there are any such*, and have a play that, while it is really good, will show the capabilities he possesses in such a high degree.

It is needless to say that Solon was received with the wildest enthusiasm, and that the theatre is crowded every night to its greatest capacity, and will be, without doubt, for at least three months to come.

The Caledonian Club, the representative of the Scots in this country, gave a brilliant ball at the City Assembly Rooms, on the night of the 11th inst. It was emphatically one of the affairs of the season, and especially showy from the display of the beautiful Scottish costumes. The opening of the ball, and the entrance of the club is something that once seen will hardly be forgotten.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The people of Gloucester, Massachusetts, intend to erect a "Memorial Hall" in honor of the soldiers from that town who have fallen during the war. It is proposed to expend $20,000 upon a building having in it a hall, to be let for public uses, the nett proceeds to be devoted to the relief of the widows and orphans of deceased soldiers and to the aid of returned soldiers in destitute circumstances.

—— The Chicago papers publish broadsides of the year's statistics of trade and commerce. The following items are interesting: The money expended on buildings in 1865 was $6,950,000. The total valuation of property is $64,709,177, and the tax levied is $1,294,000. The lumber receipts were 614,000 feet, exclusive of shingles, laths and telegraph polls. The wool receipts were 7,690,000 pounds; hides, 18,000,000; lake fish, 95,000 packages; coal, 346,000 tons; flour, 1,186,000 barrels, and wheat, 9,465,000 bushels.

—— A company of gentlemen in Providence have organized the "Narragansett Club," which is an association of persons "interested in the preservation and dissemination of an early literature not easily accessible to general readers," and that it proposes to reprint several of the rare books relating to Rhode Island and other parts of New England. The first work undertaken is a new edition of the writings of Roger Williams; to be followed by reprints of the works of John Cotton, George Fox and John Clarke.

—— The Secretary of War, in compliance with a resolution of the House of Representatives, has furnished the following statement of the number of volunteers called for by the President at various periods:

State.	Aggregate.	Aggregate reduced to three yr's standard.
Maine	71,745	56,595
New Hampshire	34,605	30,827
Vermont	35,256	29,052
Massachusetts	151,785	123,844
Rhode Island	23,711	17,878
Connecticut	57,270	50,514
New York	455,568	380,980
New Jersey	79,511	55,785
Pennsylvania	366,326	267,558
Delaware	13,651	10,303
Maryland	49,730	20,692
West Virginia	30,003	27,653
District of Columbia	16,872	11,506
Ohio	317,133	239,976
Indiana	195,148	152,283
Illinois	258,217	212,694
Michigan	90,119	80,865
Wisconsin	96,118	78,985
Minnesota	25,034	19,675
Iowa	75,860	68,182
Missouri	108,773	86,192
Kentucky	78,540	70,348
Kansas	20,097	18,654
Total	2,753,062	2,129,041

—— A merchant in Pittsburg, Pa., by the name of Shaw, stands charged with having caused the abduction of his wife and her confinement in a lunatic asylum, on the plea that she was insane and dangerous. By some means he obtained the certificates of two physicians to that effect, and a few days since, had the police seize her, and, despite the heartrending cries of the helpless woman, she was forced into the street cars and hurried to the asylum.

—— The different railroad companies at St. Louis, Mo., have commenced running their huge four-horsed omnibuses, loaded with passengers, across the Mississippi river, on the ice. The event is interesting as one which does not occur in many years. There is no doubt that if iron tracks were laid, the steam locomotive could cross with equal safety.

—— The total amount of naval captures reaches $30,000,000 in value. One-half of this goes to Government, and the other divided among officers and seamen. The average per man is but $120, whereas, in the matter of bounties to soldiers, the average has been nearly $1,000 per man, and about $700,000,000 have been expended in bounties alone.

—— The Salt Island of Anse, in the parish of Saint Mary's, Louisiana, and which has been so serviceable to the rebels during the war, contains about 2,000 acres of pure rock salt lying at an average depth from the surface of 16 feet and of great thickness. The island is surrounded by Vermillion Bayou through which vessels of 1,500 tons burthen can approach it.

—— William P. Cooledge and David D. Howes, two conductors on the Metropolitan Horse Railroad in Boston, were arrested last week, the former on a charge of embezzling 40 cents, and the latter 60 cents, from the funds of the company. Cooledge was discharged, and Howes was fined $15 and costs, from which sentence he appealed and gave bonds to prosecute his appeal.

—— A couple in Litchfied county, Conn., had lived together for ten years, supposing themselves married. Difficulties have arisen, one applied to the court for a divorce. Upon investigation it was found out that they had never been legally married. Like sensible people, they gave up the idea of a divorce and were married.

—— The Secretary of the Treasury has signed a warrant in favor of Mrs. Lincoln for the sum of $25,000, less the amount drawn for his salary in March last.

—— Practical Science—and especially Chemistry and Geology as applied to Agriculture—has lost a useful and zealous champion in James J. Mapes, who died in New York, January 10th.

—— Massachusetts sent 159,165 troops to the war, spent $27,705,109, paid interest on all her bonds promptly in gold, has her treasury amply provided for, and her credit unsurpassed, if equaled, by that of any State or of the Nation.

—— Secretary Stanton has applied to Congress for an appropriation of $100,000 to purchase Ford's Theatre, to be fitted up for the custody of papers relating to sick or wounded soldiers during the rebellion, and to hospitals, and the operations of the medical and surgical departments of the army.

—— The Petersburg (Va.) *Express* says: "Butler's celebrated tower near Bermuda Hundreds, from which, for so many months, lynx-eyed sentinels pried into the movements of the Confederate troops, was sold at public auction for the sum of $5. There were at least 30 cords of good timber in the structure.

—— Peter Klasser, of Waukesha, Wis., killed himself by drinking whiskey that had stood in a copper kettle several days, at Plum Creek. He died in half an hour, and a man who drank with him died in an hour, and his wife, who drank but little, came near dying.

—— A Charleston editor, having received from a Northern city a proposition to publish certain advertisements and take his pay in hoop skirts, replies, that "Hoop skirts will not cover our nakedness. Perhaps if you were to make some proposal to accompany them with cloth sufficient to fill up the interstices, they might be made serviceable."

—— The latest sensation in Chicago, Ill., is the elopement of a young and pretty married woman with two married men, either old enough to be her father. These Lotharios sold their families into beggary, and borrowed several thousand dollars of their friends.

—— Some relics of slavery still remain in the South. A few days ago five negroes, convicted of various petty crimes, were placed in a chain-gang and set to work on the public streets. The authorities, however, declare they will serve white and black offenders alike.

—— The selling of colored people in Delaware for a term of years, as a punishment for crime, the Wilmington *Republican* says: "is now a face. Four persons were sold a few days since, and brought from 12 to 15 cents each, and their purchasers immediately let them go."

—— The Insurance Companies of Montreal have given each member of the fire police of that city, a free policy of insurance for $1,000, and to that they have added the promise of $5 each per week in case of accident received at fires. This is for their good conduct as firemen.

—— In Boston there are in full operation 14 large gambling establishments and many minor ones, the annual profits from which to the proprietors are estimated at from $300,000 to $500,000.

—— Miss Hanna J. Duke, the Iowa giantess, weighing 585 pounds, was married in Philadelphia, to a Mr. Rein, who weighs 140 pounds. The Siamese twins were the groomsmen.

Foreign.—A little *brochure* has been issued at Paris, at the low price of 50 centimes (10 cents), giving a history of the popular subscription in Paris to the Lincoln medal. From this we learn that it is intended to present the medal to Mrs. Lincoln on the 14th of April, 1866, the anniversary of the assassination. The *brochure* is entitled La Medaille de la Liberté, and contains, besides the narrative and correspondence in relation to the medal, a biography of the late President.

—— A new song announced in London is, The Vanquished Banner: a Song of the South. The music is by Sir Henry Smart.

—— Several extremely curious experiments have been made in Paris on the effects of santonic acid (an extract of the flowers of santolina). When a dose of about ten centigrammes is taken, a kind of intoxication is produced, which causes all objects to appear yellow to the patient; and when about fifteen centigrammes are taken, the same objects appear violet-colored.

—— The total number of paupers in England and Wales, on the 1st of last July, was 891,291, or 1 in 22 of the population. On the 1st of July, 1864, the corresponding number was 911,877. Of the former number 233,538 were able-bodied persons, exclusive of vagrants.

—— The London *Examiner*, in putting in a strong plea for universal suffrage, asks why, in the name of common sense, should machanics and artizans be excluded? and adds: "We are all for qualifying men by their legitimate avocations, as far as it is possible to do so; and we say, with confidence, that there is more of a moral right to vote acquired by a man out of the profession or handicraft he has spent his youth and time in mastering, than out of any statutable number of bricks, rafters and flags, in the midst of which he may happen to sleep."

—— A statue of the Empress Josephine is about to be set up in a place in Paris, formed by the junction of the new Boulevard Beaujon and the Avenue Josephine, opposite the bridge of the Alma. The statue is by M. Dubray, and represents the Empress in court costume, having in her right hand a rose, and in her left a miniature of the Emperor, her husband. The statue, with its pedestal, measures nearly 12 feet in height.

—— The commerce of the world is estimated to require 3,600,000 able-bodied men to be constantly traversing the ocean, of whom 7,500 die every year. The amount of property moved on the water is from $1,500,000,000 to $2,000,000,000, and the amount annually lost by the casualties of the sea averages $25,000,000.

—— Queen Victoria always sends a gift of £3 to any poor mother in her dominions who may give birth to triplets. The latest successful candidate for the money is the wife of James Gibson, a weaver of Kilbarchan, Scotland.

—— A Parisian, named Jared, surnamed Jules, has sued a spinster, of high social *status*, for a complexion bill, the item of which was a dozen of *Email*, or Enamel of Paris. In the course of the trial, old Jared, a deformed quasimodish character, stoutly affirmed that his *Email de Paris* was used by all the beauties of the realm, including the Empress. He was snubbed at once, the criers called silence, but the aged enameler would give his testimony. The thing got into the local reports and *feuilletons*; the Empress's adherents stormed; the Emperor rather liked it; all the public joked and made merry, and now we know where the complexions came from. Ladies, you must needs have recourse to beautifiers, but do not touch ink; it will spatter you.

SLEIGHING.—THE CITY AND THE COUNTRY.

BOTH town and country have their attractions at every season. In the summer they both bloom, and the can't-get-aways have enjoyments among the bricks and mortar during the heats of August, that are hardly surpassed by rustling leaves, murmuring streams, cool breezes and musical birds. In the winter, while the city has its hundred attractions away from home, the country is limited in that line, and is thrown more upon the happy trifles that gather about even the homeliest hearths.

But when the snow and the ice comes, then both town and country are on a level. Then the skates and sleighs come out, and are rubbed up. The fiddlers put fresh grease on their elbows, and the rural taverns build good fires, and put their larders into respectable condition, knowing that they will certainly be subjected to an irruption of sleighers and skaters, and that they always come with dancing, eating and drinking proclivities.

Is there one Goth among us that does not look back on the homely country sleigh-ride—that does not remember the straw-filled box, the great coats, blankets, chatting girls, the happy beaux, the flying horses, the waiting supper, the merry music, and soforth, or, as some happy swain has expressed it to his lady-love:

"Sweet Susy Brown! my pretty one!
I'm sure you must remember—
If not for love, at least for fun—
The sleigh-ride in December;
When all the belles and all the beaux,
In spite of frosts would go forth,
And squeeze beneath the buffaloes,
Each others hands, &c.

Can any city got-up sleighing bring the solid enjoyment of that rural jollification? Can all the style of $5,000 teams, gorgeous sleighs, suppers at Delmonico's, and costly robes, equal it. Never! Education but makes us *blasé*, and whether we can, after twenty years of city dissipation, again enjoy the homely pleasures of our rural youth or not, we never can forget them, or cease to take delight in the recollection of them. Even the memory of the mishaps have a charm which all the smooth drives of the city cannot equal for a moment.

We, who know that, in twenty-four hours after the fall of even the heaviest snow in and about the city, it will be packed for miles upon miles, and splendidly useable, even for the most delicate navigation, can hardly realize the difficulties that sometimes in an extra snowstorm beset the seekers after sleigh rides in the country. In the town, before enough has fallen to fairly cover the stones, everything that can go upon runners is out, and

"Ringing, swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crest of the beautiful snow,"

Until

"Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
Is trampled and tracked by the crowd—
Trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet rushing by,
Till it blends with the horrible filth of the street,"

Or if not in that state, is well packed and in good going condition anywhere within the bills of mortality, before the flakes have ceased to quiver through the air.

In the country it is different, and the sleighing party must calculate on all the mishaps and difficulties of drifts, depth and heavy loads. They must expect ruts, holes, sweeping winds, and an occasional upset, if not an absolute snowing up, and a necessity to lay by until aid can be had, or the fall is over, all of which only adds to the zest of the affair. But in good time come the days when the roads are fairly broken, and then the music of the jingling bells is heard from hill to valley, and the merry laugh goes up on the frosty air or the moonlight, and many a contract for life is made under the buffaloes, or by the bridges, under the stimulation of taking toll. Bless the inventor of snow, and, secondly, the inventor of sleighing.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT has been very successful before the "Press Club" of Philadelphia. He drew a crowded house. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* says this of him:

"Last evening, at the Assembly Buildings, a large audience greeted Stephen Massett, Esq., in his lecture delivered under the auspices of the Press Club. As 'Jeemes Pipes, of Pipesville,' his serio-comic address on 'Drifting About; or, Sketches of Travels on Many Lands,' replete with anecdotes, puns and witticisms, was heartily received, liberally cheered and loudly laughed at.

"The lecturer humorously described the many disadvantages under which he labored in submitting his address to his friends. Each criticised it from his own stand-point, and he was well nigh distracted in trying to reconcile their different views, but was now satisfied to trust it to the verdict of the public.

"He had traveled throughout the many points of interest in the world, and perpetrated various practical jokes therein. He had been fond, always, of the sea, and of all those who came to see him. The first thing in sailing, was to heave the anchor, and it was strange that a ship should begin to move by having the heaves. A whistle, a toll of the bell on board a ship, and we are now off; not like the old time, when the old tars sang their songs to the hoisting of the anchor, and the discordant orders of the officers broke in upon their voices.

"The speaker happily portrayed the proceedings of a meeting, held in California, to take into consideration the present state of the nation's troubles. The various speakers were humorously described, and their characteristics of voice and manner were given with laughable effect. The question was finally put, but he might as well try to explain it here as to pick out from a congressional speech the subject before the House.

"The touching poems of 'Beautiful Snow,' and 'The Vagabonds,' were recited with pathetic and impressive effect.

"Twelve years ago he had started for San Francisco, that great city which, in his boyhood, had no buildings and no name, and found its streets lined with warehouses, and business spreading abroad its many interests. What would not the Pacific Railroad make of it! Imitations of Madame Anna Bishop and Edwin Forrest, in contrast with the reading of the sorrowful death of Joe, in Bleak House, vividly showed the great powers of imitation the speaker possessed. Their illustration of different emotions will serve as an index of the unconnected, diversified materials of which the discourse consisted, flavored with stories and ballads."

MR. B. S. OSBON, who will be remembered as the naval editor of the New York *Herald*, has again opened his Bureau of Maritime and Naval Information, at No. 137 Nassau street. The aim of the bureau is to furnish reliable facts, dates and all information pertaining to the Navy, Mercantile Marine and Revenue Service. It proposes to answer all questions about individuals that are or have been in the service, and to render all aid to such as have claims on the Government growing from the navy. To reach this information or assistance, a fee of one dollar must be remitted. We think the institution is needed, and will fill a known void.

JONES is a strong believer in guardian angels. "If it were not for them," he asks, "what would keep people from rolling out of bed when they are fast asleep?"

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

No. 1. — The Blanchette paletot of gray cloth defines closely the figure. It is trimmed with three rows of narrow galoon, headed with a row of loops formed of the same galoon. The trimming is put on so as to simulate *revers* in front and so as to form pockets on the sides.

No. 2.—The Ural paletot is of tight fitting black cloth, with two seams down the centre of the back, united by cord, terminating in tassels. The trimming consists of a bias band of black silk put on in waves, stitched with the machine.

Nos. 3, 4 and 5, are Evening dresses, from the establishment of Madame McKenzie, 105 Brevoort Place (10th street), New York.

No. 3 is a skirt of white illusion, ornamented to the waist with graduated puffs, separated by rows of narrow poncean velvet. The tunic is also of illusion, bordered with rich chantilly lace, headed by a band of poncean satin. At the back is a sash with three pointed ends of poncean satin, edged with narrow lace. They are graduated in width and are lined with white satin, edged with narrow lace, headed with a puff of illusion. These ends are turned up, over the tunic, and are kept in place by rich pendant ornaments. Low corsage, with a pointed berthe of illusion edged with narrow lace, headed by a band of poncean satin. Puffed short sleeves.

No. 4 is a skirt of white silk, edged with a flounce of Cluny guipure. Over-skirt of white tulle, with a gauffered flounce of the same, bound with blue velvet. The flounce is headed with six rows of narrow blue velvet. The corsage, with short basques, is of blue velvet, with long tabs of same falling on both sides of the skirt. The front of the corsage is of tulle, strapped across with blue velvet covered with Cluny insertion, which trimming also forms heading and borders the tunic and side tabs. Silver drop buttons edge the latter, and silver tassels on the points of tabs and basque complete this tasteful and elegant toilet.

No. 5 is a white silk slip, covered with a skirt of plain white illusion, with a puffing around the bottom of dotted illusion, kept in place by ruches of white and mauve silk. Over-skirt of dotted illusion, looped back on one side with an exquisite bouquet of white roses, and on the other by ruches of white and mauve silk. The corsage and basque are of white silk, edged with lace and headed with a ruche to match those upon the skirt. The front of the corsage is open in the shape of a V, and is composed of illusion. Tiny fan-shaped sleeves, with a few flowers on one shoulder, make up a toilet unique in its daintiness and purity.

Nos. 6 and 7.—Back and front of the Parepa paletot. It is made of a superior quality of cloth and defines, without fitting closely to the figure. It is trimmed up both back and front, as well as around the bottom, on the shoulders and sleeves, with fringe of two widths, and also with wide and narrow beaded galoon. Tassels ornament the garment, which is cut polaled, both front and back, and opens midway up the skirt.



1. THE BLANCHETTE PALETOT.



2. THE URAL PALETOT.



3. SKIRT OF WHITE ILLUSION. 4. SKIRT OF WHITE SILK. 5. WHITE SILK SLIP.



6 AND 7. FRONT AND BACK VIEW OF PAREPA PALETOT.

THE COLD SNAP.

CERTAIN portions of the Northern States have just passed through a few days of the most fearful and intense cold that has ever been recorded. When it is understood that in some parts of Vermont and New Hampshire, the thermometer has marked 30 degrees below zero, some estimate may be formed of the terrible suffering that must have arisen from its intensity.

But it is in a great city like New York that the cold must be experienced to realise the effect. Here, in the midst of our hundreds of thousands of poor, the suffering is the greatest, and yet least heard of. In the late terrible cold there were many deaths, but the most fearful were those where women were the victims. In a house in Baxter street the lowest of city slums, a woman, named Oakley, was left to take charge of a blind female. During the night of the 7th she was stricken, and in the morning was found dead and stiff on the floor, where she had got from her bed. Another case was that of Mrs. Lafferty, in 52d street, who was found frozen and dead, with her baby clasped to her breast, and so stiff that it required the efforts of two men to get the child, which, was still living, from her clasp.

Those who were through the night of the 7th and 8th exposed realised it dreadfully. Car and omnibus drivers were especial instances, and there are several recorded cases of their suffering, and through both days even the ordinary pedestrians were awakened to some sense of a North Pole climate, by finding themselves suddenly with frosted feet, hands or faces, and speechless from its intensity. On the ponds, at the Centre Park and the neighborhood of the city, the ice forms

schibly in a few hours, and skaters, even in the coldest hours of the following days, flocked in thousands to the sport.

"The oldest inhabitant" asserts that nothing anywhere like it has been known since the night of the great fire in December, 1835, and even then the thermometer only indicated 5 degrees below zero, almost summer heat to the present experience. Such as keep a record declare that the last weather that was of the same grade was in 1806, when the North River *froze* sufficiently solid to load teams crossing to the Jersey shore.

In the present case the cold was accompanied by a high wind, and the boats crossing the rivers were, by the dying of the frozen spray, covered with a mass of ice, which, however picturesque it may have been, did not add to the convenience or safety of their voyages.

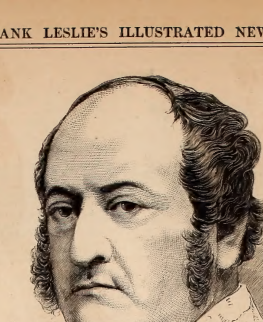
We believe in the old saying, that "a green Christmas makes a full churchyard," and we pray, in the winter time, for a clear, freezing cold; but the late cold snap is giving us more than we prayed for, and our prayer is now that we may never again have to record such fearful weather as that of the 7th, 8th and 9th of January, 1866.

THE REV. J. W. CUMMINGS, D.D., Of St. Stephen's Catholic Church.

A GREAT man and a good has passed away from among us in the person of Dr. Cummings, one of the most popular of the Catholic clergy of New York.

Dr. Cummings was a representative man among the native ministers of the country. Born in April, 1814, at Washington, D. C., he passed, owing to peculiar domestic arrangements, the greater portion of his earliest youth under the immediate control of his mother, and in her society almost exclusively. Having removed to this city, his mother secured for him a preparatory course of training here, and, subsequently, at a college near Nyack, on the Hudson, after which he was sent to Rome, to be thoroughly grounded and cultured in the faith, and fitted, under the auspices of the Propaganda, for the ministry here. It was there that Dr. Cummings laid up that store of theological and practical erudition for which, in later years, he became distinguished. Having graduated with the highest honors, receiving from the Propaganda the honorary degree of D.D., he returned to this country, and was at once stationed, in 1837, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Mulberry street. After a long and successful career there, he moved to a school-house, which he had built, on 27th street and Madison avenue, leaving that to erect St. Stephen's Church, on 28th street, of which he continued the pastor until his death.

Dr. Cummings was a plain and practical man. His polemical abilities and powers of rhetoric were universally recognized. He was a thorough Italian scholar and poet, a perfect linguist, an accomplished musician, and familiar as well with the lighter branches of modern science as with the more profound. As a minister and speaker, he was greatly beloved and very popular. Singularly free from bigotry and asceticism, he found friends in the ranks of every denomination and among all classes of men. He was an attractive lecturer, a successful writer, and an intelligent and agreeable companion. He was liberal in his ideas and benevolent in his action, conscientious to a fault and tolerant to a degree. The doctor's aptitude and fondness for music were of great advantage to the church, and resulted in many practical and valuable suggestions concerning church music and ecclesiastical ritual.



THE LATE REV. J. W. CUMMINGS, OF ST. STEPHEN'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET, N. Y.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.

Dr. Cummings, who resided at No. 80 East 29th street, had been troubled during the past year with dropsical tendencies, but was enabled, with comparative ease down to Christmas last, to attend to the duties of his office. A few days since he caught cold, and was somewhat inconvenienced by its consequences, so much so that on the night of the 24 inst. his friends were greatly alarmed. He was somewhat easier on the next day, and sat in his room surrounded by his family and friends, and Rev. Dr. McGlynn, his assistant. Suddenly, without an instant's warning, he placed his hands upon his breast, and fell dead before them.

To the poor his loss is irreparable, and only those who have known him can understand the social void made by his death.

THE GREAT MEETING TO ENDORSE THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

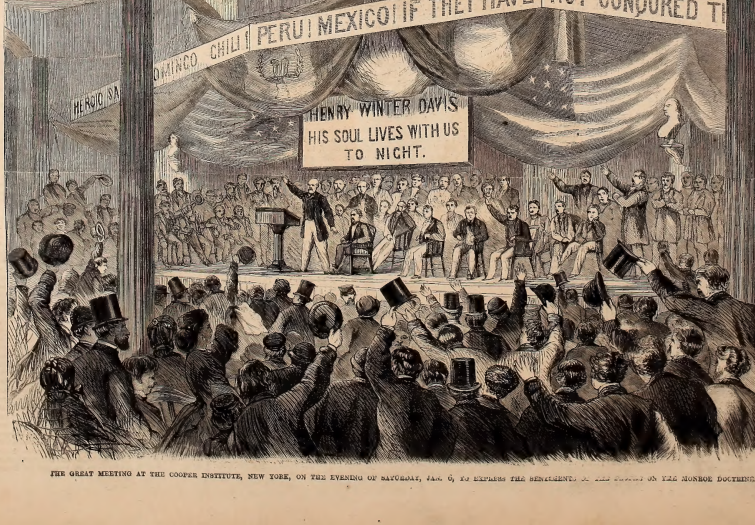
AN immense meeting of citizens was held on Saturday evening, the 6th inst., in the large hall of the Cooper Institute, for the purpose of expressing their sympathy with the South American republics, and to give their emphatic support to the Monroe doctrine. The platform was handsomely decorated with the emblems of the United States and Mexico. A tribute to the memory of Henry Winter Davis, the great advocate of the Monroe Doctrine, appeared on a mourning transparency over the speaker's desk, and above all these, running the entire width of the stage, was a streamer, bearing the following, in bold, black letters: "Heroic Santo Domingo! Chili! Peru! Mexico! If they have not conquered, they will conquer!"

Among those on the platform was Wm. Cullen Bryant, Hon. S. S. Cox, Rev. Joshua Leavitt, Peter Cooper, Hon. E. G. Squier, and others.

Mr. Squier called the meeting to order, and, in the course of his remarks, he paid an eloquent and touching tribute to the late Henry Winter Davis, as the great supporter of the cause of republics on this continent. Wm. Cullen Bryant was made chairman. Speeches were made by Senor Mackenna, Mr. Bryant, Hon. S. S. Cox and Theodore E. Tomlinson, the sentiments of which were responded to with immense enthusiasm. After which, resolutions of respect to the memory of Henry Winter Davis, who was to have been their chairman, and the meeting adjourned, to meet again at the call of the committee.

It was a most positive proof of the public pulse, that indicated, without a chance of mistake, that the cause is one dear to the American people.

A LITERARY BITER BIT.—Mr. Fields, a London bookseller, is known for his wonderful memory and knowledge of English literature. It is said that, when any author in the neighborhood is at a loss for a particular passage, he goes at once down to the "book store" for the desired information. One day, at a dinner party, a would-be-wit, thinking to puzzle Mr. Fields and make sport for the company, announced prior to Mr. Fields' arrival, that he had himself written some poetry, and intended to submit it to Mr. Fields as Southey's. At the proper moment, therefore, after the guests were seated, he began: "Friend Fields, I have been a good deal exercised of late, trying to find out in Southey's poems his well-known lines running thus: —repeating the lines he had composed—can you tell us about what time he wrote them?" "I do not remember to have met with them before," replied Mr. Fields; "and there were only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have been written by him." "When were those?" gleefully asked the witty questioner. "Somewhere," said Mr. Fields, "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles and cutting his first teeth; or near the close of his life, when his brain had softened, and he had fallen into idiocy. The versification belongs to the measles period, but the expression clearly betrays the latter one." The questioner smiled faintly, but the company roared.



THE GREAT MEETING AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, ON THE EVENING OF SATURDAY, JAN. 6, TO EXPRESS THE SENTIMENTS OF THE PEOPLE ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

THE SULTAN.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

Power, and beauty, and gold are mine.
My seat is the highest, my drink is wine.

The gold and the power were mine by right,
The beauty, I won in Fate's despite.

My cheek grew pale with my soul's disgust;
No heart to love, no friend to trust.

I tore the jewels from brow and wrist;
Diamond and pearl and amethyst.

Flung by the robe of Asian silk,
The gossamer sashes white as milk.

Then smiled to see a Sultan stand,
A seeming tiller of the land.

The day went by, the night came down;
I slipped the palace, I gained the town.

Unknown I walked from street to street,
And found my freedom strangely sweet.

At last I spied a door ajar,
From which a lamp's light, like a star,

Shone out across the summer night,
To guide the expected feet aright.

A sudden fancy fired my brain.
"I am not lord," I said, "in vain."

My right to know who waits within—
So let my night's romance begin.

The threshold crossed, a corridor,
I found, ran straightly on before.

This trod, with cautious feet I stopped,
Before a curtain halfway dropped.

With beating heart, and eyeballs keen,
I peered the amber folds between.

Illih il' Allah! I have lied,
If what I saw I can describe.

Asleep upon a silk divan,
The fairest girl of Ispahan.

And as I gazed, my brain went round—
Whose pearl had I so strangely found?

Whose?—mine, I laughed beneath my breath,
For other claimants—certain death.

I dropped the curtain; gained the street,
And then the palace; never feet

Did better service. Fled an hour.
I had the girl within my power—

My power! oh fool, you cannot take,
The dead within your arms, or make

A statue speak, or kiss, or thrill—
Can only curse, and love it still.

That hour she died, and this, my heart,
Broke when they tore my arms apart

The third morn. Turns the world around.
In vain, since she is in the ground.

Second Marriage.

Dear Mary, I would have written to you before, but it is only now that I am calm enough, after my great grief—to give you the history of the last year.

Listen! You remember hearing that there was a friend of poor Frank's who stayed with us about three weeks at M——. I may as well describe him to you at once, for he is to be my second husband. I dare say you will think me light and unfeeling when you read this, but you would not long think so, if you could only now look in on my thin pale face and trembling hand. I hate this man, so that it will require an effort to describe him to you impartially.

People call him handsome. I do not know that he is not so; there seems to me to be in his face only mind, soul—something more than earthly, and which terrifies me. He is in the House of Commons, and people make a great fuss about his speeches. I never read them.

This man—Richard Thorne is his name—came to stay with us for two months. My husband was then stationed at M——, and we occupied a pretty little house near the barracks. Mr. Thorne was at first agreeable, and pleasant in his manners and conversation, though there was always something about him so superior to either Frank or me, that I was uncomfortable in his presence—never at ease. Frank used to tease me about it, say "I was in love with this wise man, this philosopher" (he called him) "and that I would end by getting wise myself, and looking down on my poor blundering Captain of Dragoons." But he knew better—he knew that I had never loved any body but him, and never would.

Suddenly Mr. Thorne became very still and grave, and left us at the end of three weeks. I questioned Frank about the reason for his leaving, but he would never tell me—only looked grave when his name was mentioned, and swore that he was the noblest fellow who ever had lived.

It was not till my husband was on his death-bed that I saw him again. I would not believe that Frank was going to die, but he called me to him one day and told me I must promise to marry again. I told him, in a storm of grief and tears, "No, that would never be." Then he reasoned with me—told me how he had run through what little fortune had belonged to him, and I would be left quite penniless; told me that I could not take up the old business of teaching while I had our little baby to care for.

I would not listen. I said that if God would not let me die too, then I would work for myself, but never would I be the wife of any other man.

At last the doctor said that it was impossible for Frank to recover. I would not believe, even then. I must hurry over the saddest part of my story.

It was twilight in the spring. I had left Mr. Thorne in the sick room. My husband had sent for him as soon as the doctor gave his verdict. I was standing by the open door to breathe the fresh air, when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and this man said, "Quick! Come, quick!" Almost before he had time to turn from the door, I was at Frank's bedside.

"Ruth," he said, "where is Thorne?"

"Oh, Frank, I do not know, I am here. You do not want any other one." I felt jealous that he should care to have any one but me near him, but he said again:

"Where is Thorne? Where is Thorne?"

He answered for himself as he came in the door: "I am here."

There was a hastiness of expression in the man's voice, a kind of trembling expectation. My husband spoke again:

"Ruth, I am dying; promise me that you will be his wife."

"No," I said, "I will never marry."

"Ruth, come here—let me die in peace—promise! promise!"

"Oh, Frank, for God's sake send him away. Let me stay with you alone. I can never, never, marry again!"

"I do not ask you to love him, my poor unprotected darling. Only let him give you his name, his protection. He has loved you so nobly—promise, promise—then I will send him out of the room—then we can be alone. Oh, Ruth, you can comfort me so, if you will only promise."

I could not speak. I held out my hand to Mr. Thorne, thinking of nothing but how to comfort my husband in this terrible hour. Then Frank said:

"Thorne, swear that you will marry her, even though you know that she has no love for you. She will fulfil her promise; only one thing, if she should *love* any one else."

"In such case she shall be released."

"God bless you, dear friend; and you will provide a safe home for her till this year is over?"

He bowed his head, then touched my husband's brow with his lips, and went out.

I stayed there with my husband, with my arms clasped round his neck, until his soul passed me on its way to heaven.

Of the succeeding days I have only confused and disturbed memories. Mr. Thorne placed me here with his aunt. Aunt Eleanor, I have learned to call her. I love her.

My little baby died a month after Frank's death, so I am very lonely. It is beautiful country all around here, and I take long, sad walks every day. I begged Mr. Thorne not to see me, or write to me, till our marriage day. Alas! it is to-morrow.

He left me ten months ago in such grief, that if he had been any other man or I any other woman, I might have pitied him; to-morrow he will be here.

Oh, dear Mary, I am writing recklessly, despairingly, and even this comfort is taken from me—you are going to India. I shall have none to speak to of my sorrow, but I shall write to you a little every day, and wait for your return to read it. Dear aunt Eleanor, I cannot talk to her against the nephew whom she idolizes. "If I should love any one else I should be released." I am glad that I can never love again. Good-bye, dear Mary. Pray that I may soon be released from tossing about on the waves of this troublesome world.

April 3d.—Alas! he is coming to-day. Aunt Eleanor has begged me to wear white—only through the ceremony, she says—and I have yielded, because I would not distress her on this last day, so there lies the white dress on the bed, and the gloves and veil. Oh, Frank, I am as listless and uncaring as if this was not to be one of the most miserable days of my life. There, aunt Eleanor calls me. I must go down to meet him.

Ah! good-bye, little room, good-bye all things here which I have learned to love; good-bye all the peaceful, quiet, melancholy days which I have passed here with aunt Eleanor. Another hour from now, and I shall be his wife.

For one thing I must thank him, that he did not at our meeting trouble me with any demonstration of affection. He led me into a separate room, and said:

"Ruth, do you love any one?"

His face was pale as he spoke, and the light which flashed upon it as I calmly answered "No," taught me that I was mistaken, and that he still loved me, despite his seeming coldness, but he became immediately grave and quiet again.

"Ruth, I have come to claim your promise; are you ready?"

"Yes."

That was all that passed, and I have come up to get ready. It would be less pain to me if some one should come here and put me in a coffin and carry me away. There is the carriage at the door, and I look down at my white dress and sigh, for, alas! I am going in it as his bride.

Thorneborough, April 20th.—I have been here a fortnight, and too much bewildered and confused to write in all that time. I must begin now with our marriage day:

After the ceremony was over, and I had put on my black dress again, I bade good-bye to dear aunt Eleanor on the steps. Then I was overcome, and I sat back in the carriage, while the tears ran down my cheeks like rain. I was angry, too; for there he sat, as calm and immoveable as a marble pillar, with lips compressed, and a frown gathering on his brow. He might, I thought, have at least attempted to soothe me. I began to wonder at this strange conduct, and at last, through very pique, I stopped crying. He spoke then:

"Ruth," he said, "there is no necessity to distress yourself so. Why are you so unhappy?"

"Because I am your wife!"

"Listen," he said, "and let us have no more tears."

("Yes," I thought, "he already begins to make himself master.")

"Ruth, you are going to live in the same house with me, and people will call you Mrs. Thorne—that is the only change in your position. To the world we will be husband and wife—I hope that you have powers of dissembling sufficient to appear an affectionate wife; to each other we will be nothing. Remember, that you are only fulfilling a sacred promise which I, but for my own, would never have asked you to fulfil, for I know how hard it is for you."

We were quiet after that, he and I—an extraordinary new-married couple. It was nearly evening when he said:

"Here we are at home! Welcome home, and may God make you happy."

As the door opened, and he lifted me out, light fell upon his face, and I saw how pale he was, and how his lips quivered. I could not, at that moment, help liking him a little, for making me so comparatively happy, but I would not let him see that.

Since then we have lived on in peace, he treats me just as I would have him. He never fails to be in at mealtimes, and then talks so well and intelligently that I can but admire him, while, at the same time, he has a way of putting me quite at my ease, so that I do not realise what a strange position we hold to each other. I begin to find out that he is delightful for a mere companion—begin to have yearnings for deeper and higher things than I have thought of since I was a young girl, with the full world, as I felt it then to be, lying before me. I gave up all those thoughts when I married, dear, bright, careless Frank, who cared for none of these things. I am afraid that if Mr. Thorne were to go away I should miss him at first. I hear him downstairs; it must be nearly dinner-time, or he would not have got back from the city. No, it is only four o'clock—I shall not go down yet.

Thorneborough is a beautiful place, situated in the midst of woods, and spring flowers are covering every hill and valley round about. The house is just such a one as I have always longed to live in, and I should be perfectly happy if it were not for this man. A great change has come over him, he is so perfectly at ease. I believe in my heart that I was right at first, and that he has ceased to love me at all. Heigh, ho! that, at least is a blessing! He never joins me except at mealtimes, and if I take my work into the breakfast-room, and find him there, he immediately leaves the room. He needn't take the trouble; I'm sure I don't care whether he stays or goes. I have found great pleasure in visiting the tenants on the place since I came here. Last night I unexpectedly met him coming out of a cottage, as I was entering. He look pleased, and half turned to go in again, but changed his mind, and went on his own way. Do I care? I'm glad he did not go in with me; I should not have known what to say in a walk home alone with him—it would have been awkward. My lord may keep himself away from me as much as he choses—that pleases me.

Last night, instead of going to his own room, he sat with me through the evening. It was cold enough for a fire, and the room looked cheerful, but he sat on one side of the table, I on the other. I was reading when he came in, and though my work was there, and I could easily have taken it up, I would not put down my book, for I did not wish him to see that his being there made any difference. Of course it makes no difference, but if he had been an indifferent acquaintance I should have been more civil to him. Perhaps I was rather uncivil; it would have done no harm, I suppose, if I had tried a little politeness. At any rate, I was sorry when he went out, coolly wishing me good-night, that I had not been more gracious. It may be that he will come again this evening. I shall not take my book down to the sitting-room with me.

23d.—He did not come near me last evening. I don't care for that. He told me at breakfast that he would be obliged to leave home on the next Wednesday for two months. When will it be next Wednesday? A week from to-day. I wonder why he is going, and where he is going? I am glad that I am to be left at home, for I like Thorneborough exceedingly, and him not at all. I wonder what the place will be like when he is not in it? All his people love him so much that I shall have to be very attentive during his absence. Ah, well, it is a week yet!

24th.—He come again to the sitting-room last night. I had my work, and kept my eyes fixed on it. I had intended to be polite and talk to him a little, but somehow or other I lost all power of being entertaining as soon as I heard him come in. He spoke first;

"Ruth," he said, "it will be very lonely for you to spend the summer with no one in the house to make a companion of, I propose you should invite some friend to stay with you."

"I have no friends to invite."

"I have friends who I am sure you will like, and they will make the place gayer for you, shall we asked them?"

I would much rather have answered "no, let me stay here alone;" but I did not wish to let him think I desired to have any voice in the management of matters, so I said:

"Just as you like."

I was angry with myself, even as I spoke, for answering so coldly, for his voice had quite a tender tone in it when he asked, "Shall we invite them?" He gave me some paper, and I wrote the invitations then and there. Goodness knows what I am to do with the people when they come. Mr. and Mrs. Walker, his cousins, and their son, and Miss Marion Adams, a young lady, who is staying with them. When I had written the invitations he asked me, if I was sure it would give me pleasure to have them with me, in this lonely home. I had half a mind to say "no," and throw the note into the fire, but instead of that I said "yes," and they are coming; those people are coming. Oh, how much rather would I stay here alone. "The whole summer," he said. Are May and June the whole summer? He said he was going for two months. I wish he was not going at all, and to leave me with these people. That is the stupid part of it. I don't like innovation; I was doing very well, getting used to have him about, now he not only goes away, but posters me with a crowd of people I never saw. It would be different if it were Aunt Eleanor. Ah, no; it would not do to have dear Aunt Eleanor, with her clear eyes, and her great love for Mr. Thorne here. What would she think of me?

26th.—I found myself watching for him to come to the breakfast-room the night before last. That is much the pleasantest room in the house, and I always sit there. He came then; and last night he staid away till so late that I was just lighting my candle to come upstairs.

"Ruth," he said, "will you go with me to church to-morrow?"

"Yes, if it is a fine day."

"Remember, then, that service begins at half-past ten. Good-night, Ruth."

"Good-night."

I had a mind to hold out my hand to him, but did not. I wonder if it will be a fine day to-morrow.

27th.—I have been to church with him. Indeed, we spent the day together. It looked very cloudy this morning, and as we sat at breakfast it rained a little. Pshaw, that little rain would not do me any harm. I determined, in my own mind, that it was going to be a fine day, and as I left the room, I said, carelessly:

"I am going to get ready for church; I suppose it is nearly time."

When I came down I found him standing at the halldoor. He was going to drive himself, and I must sit in the back seat. Foolish thing, why did he not let John drive? I would have been glad to go on with a conversation which began at dinner yesterday, and in which I got so interested, as quite to forget all unpleasant things. I forgot myself, too, and talked better than I ever imagined I could. I know that, because there was a look of real interest in his face. He listened to my ideas on the subject we were discussing, just as he might listen to some brilliant talker. I believe I was brilliant for the time, and I felt my cheeks burn while he listened. Surely I find a new character developing in myself; a character which has been asleep under the circumstances of my life always before. We did not exchange a word till we got to church. Well, he may be as quiet as he pleases. I'm sure I don't care. We rode home in the same unsociable manner. I believe that he made a few observations on the surrounding country, and that I answered. He has been reading to me this afternoon. He has a beautiful voice. I wonder what he will do after tea. Go up to his own library I suppose, which adjoins his room, and next Sunday he will not be here.

28th.—No, he sat with me again last evening. I was tired, and had pulled the sofa out near the fire, for it was really cold. He began to read to himself after coming in, but I noticed that sometimes he looked at me as I lay back on the crimson cushions.

"You are not comfortable," he said. "Let me move the sofa," and he moved it in such a way that I could no longer see him without turning my head.

This is Monday. The day after to-morrow he is going away, and on Saturday those stupid people are coming. I wish they would not come till after Sunday.

29th.—I find tears in my eyes. What are they doing there? He has said good-bye to me, for he is going at four o'clock in the morning. He lighted my candle, and stood with his eyes fixed on the floor, as he said good-bye, and held out his hand to me. I am afraid that mine trembled. Well, I shall see him pass the window in the morning. I like early rising. I shall get up very early for the future.

30th.—Ah, I cannot write to-day. I have nothing to write about. I wish I was sleeping underneath the flowers with Frank, instead of living here, married to a man who does not care a rush about me. My husband has an unpleasant day for his journey; it is raining hard, and he will be two days on the road. I wonder what he is thinking of. Ah, me! how lonely this great house is.

May 5th.—I have been sick for the last few days; too sick to write. The doctor said I was threatened with nervous fever, but I think he was mistaken. I never get fevers like other people. Never get sick enough to lie down in bed, and forget things. To-day my guests have arrived. I am glad they did not come before Sunday. I just managed to get to church yesterday, and sat where I sat with him last Sunday. I don't know what the priest preached about; I tried to listen, but I could not. Then tried to think about dear Frank, and my little baby, but I could not think of them. Instead of that, I was thinking of Mr. Thorne.

"He has a fine intellect," said I to myself, and I am sure a tender heart when he loves any one.

I suppose he did once love me, but I have never seen any evidence of that. At any rate, that has been long over. Over, I fancy, before he came to claim me as his bride, according to that unfortunate promise made to Frank. How Frank loved him. He, too, must have had some perception of the noble, great spirit, which is too far above me to stoop down and care for such an one as I. What a grand, calm way he has; what an independent mind, which walks erect and undisturbed through all chances and changes—which leaves on either side all prejudices, all affectations, with a fine simplicity and singleness of purpose, beautiful to see.

I have read lately some of his speeches—how the people who listen must be stirred by them. If he ever comes home again I shall go to hear him speak. Home! Yes, surely this is his home and mine. Our home.

All this I thought yesterday in church. Of course it was foolish in me. Of course I do not love Mr. Thorne, but even a stranger must, I think, admire some points in his character. I have been sick and depressed, so things have more power to move me than they would have, in health. Well, I can write no longer. I must go down and entertain my guests.

8th.—I have just received a letter from Aunt Eleanor, in which she speaks so lovingly of my husband. I keep the letter in my bosom. I love

Aunt Eleanor. Now if these stupid people were not here, I would run over and see her at once. But they are really not stupid, but I wish they were away for all that. Mr. and Mrs. Walker are very agreeable, and their son is intelligent and companionable. Marion Adams you husband knew (as before he was married) is very beautiful. I am plain. She sings beautifully. My voice, after she has been singing, sounds like a wren's. I wonder if she will be here on his return: she has very sweet eyes, but I already see that she is artful. I do not like her at all. But as she is my husband's friend, I do her justice.

26th.—I have become very fond of Mr. and Mrs. Walker, but I am sad, nevertheless. My time is all taken up through the day, and at night, when I wish to write, I fall into such fits of misery, that I forget what I am about.

July 31st.—I have been sick—almost at death's door. Mrs. Walker has been as kind to me as if I were a daughter. Marion Adams comes in to see me once a day. I wish she would stay away. My husband wrote to the steward, two months ago, that he was obliged to go to France on business, and that he must be very careful to see that I "wanted for nothing" till his return.

"Wanted for nothing!" Whatever I that I want? Last week, when I was so very ill, Mrs. Walker wrote to apprise him of my danger. She will be sure. She says that he will have been dreadfully alarmed at not hearing from me for so long a time. Poor lady! how little she knows about it. He will get that letter to-day, and if he should think it worth while to come, he will be here in a few days. I wish that I could be alone when he comes home. Alas! they are not going away till the 1st of September.

August 2nd.—I have been downstairs for the first time to-day. I am getting stronger, but I am sorry for that. I should like to die, and then he come home. I wonder if he will come to-morrow? How everybody I meet seems to love him. What is that?

Yes, it was Mr. Thorne. I ran down, and had just reached the parlor door when he came in. I wished to run across the hall to meet him, but I could not move my feet. He came quickly towards me—I think he meant to kiss me—but I turned away.

"Oh, Judi!" he said, "what a relief to find you down stairs; but you look pale, poor child, and faint. Let me take you to—"

I wish I had fainted, so that he might have carried me into the parlor. I said:

"I have been walking too far to-day. It was very imprudent, for I am not quite strong yet."

And you, Mr. Thorne; I am sorry that Mrs. Walker should have alarmed you about my health."

"I thank her for writing to me, Ruth. I can see, by your appearance, that you must have been very sick."

My appearance! Ah, yes, he must see that I am very pale, and thin—very plain, while that beautiful Marion Adams looks more beautiful than when she came with her clear skin and flashing eyes, with that rich warm calm in her cheeks, and her regal figure, in which one finds no angles, no awkwardness. He did not offer to kiss me again. Indeed, foolish thing, he might have seen how glad it would make me.

Ah,—he is thankful to live in this way. He said to me this morning:

"Ruth, because there are people here to observe us, it is best that we should act as husband and wife in their presence, and be as much together as possible."

I said "very well," and so he has adopted a manner towards me which, while it deceives others, only makes me feel more sharply what a separation there is between us. This cold thing is quite clear, that he does not care for me at all.

He is passionately fond of music, and Marion Adams is singing for him until every note is running till night. I wish she would hold her tongue, for see has now passing the window with a turn in her. I wonder where they are going?

9th.—I cannot bear this any longer. Last night, as he was giving me my candle, I turned quite faint and said: I heard Mrs. Walker say:

"Look at Ruth, Richard, look at Ruth."

He caught me as I was falling. As soon as I felt the kind better, I rose up quickly, and said, I was so afraid that he might think I was only pretending in order that he might support me. I said that I was all right now, and sorry to have troubled him. Mrs. Walker told me afterwards that she had never seen a woman so cold in her manner as I could be sometimes.

August 12th.—I went in late in the morning and found Marion singing while he sat beside her, with his hand covering his eyes. I shut the door very softly and came away. I wish I had told him that I loved some one else when he asked me to marry him before we were married. Then he might have been happy. Oh, me, if he were only happy —it would be no matter about me.

16th.—Frank Walker has returned and brought two young friends with him. And why make quite a gay party now. I see them now from the window, entering the lawn. Marion returns by my husband's side. I excuse myself always from joining them in the evening, on account of weakness. Mr. Thorne says I am not nearly strong enough to go. He often says that to me. I am home with him, but it is clear that is only carrying out the compact between us that we should be affectionate before strangers. I never accept the offer. I know that it means nothing. This morning I was getting some sugar out of the sideboard when he startled me by speaking close at my side. almost in a whisper:

"Ruth, may I stay at home with you to-day?"

"Oh, no, I would rather not."

I shall not interfere with his enjoyments. Poor man, he has few enough—tied to a woman he cannot love. Yesterday, Marion and I found ourselves opposite the large mirror at the same time. I happened to glance up, and caught her eye. I knew what was in her mind, and felt quite defiant about it.

"Marion Adams," I said, "there is a great difference, is there not?" Then I round towards the window with her. Turn your face towards the recess. Mr. Thorne, look at us. What do I look like beside a real good girl, there any likeness between us?"

"No, Ruth, you are very unlike."

Marion pretended to treat it all as a joke, and held me there longer than I wished to stay, till I felt my cheeks burning as red as hers, and my eyes on fire.

Suddenly she looked into my face. Perhaps she was astonished to find that roses could bloom in my cheeks also. At any rate, she released her hold upon me at once. My husband's eyes followed me. Does he see that I am jealous?

11th.—I wish they were gone; and yet I dread it. Perhaps he, too, will find some excuse for going as soon as Marion leaves.

20th.—Marion ought not to act as she does. This morning we were all sitting together, when she went to the piano, and began to sing, with her beautiful voice:

"Canst thou not learn to love me,
Can no my sorrow move thee,
Do I not languish for thee?
Can no my sorrow move thee,
Do I not languish for thee?

"My misery is speaking,
By the warden of an hour
God keep thy heart from breaking,
As mine is breaking now."

I did not dare to look up, my heart was too full. I longed to escape from the room. Once only I raised my eyes, to encounter the furtive, cold glance of his wife, which was immediately fixed on the singer. He need not look guilty. He was free to love her if he chose. He had promise, but he cannot prevent himself from loving another. Oh, beautiful Marion, why are you not better fed? But, Marion, you should not sing such songs as those, you only make him more unhappy. If you were his wife, you would not be worthy of him. Still, I pray that you may one day be his wife, because he loves you. I love him, I know. I know that he would be glad to marry him, because he has wealth and position, and consequently power. But you would not know how to love him; you are too cold. You would not suffer, as I suffer. I am unusual, and I am growing paler and thinner day by day.

25th.—Yes, every day I am weaker. Yesterday he brought the doctor in to see me. The doctor said to him, before me:

"It is not her body, but her mind; something troubles her. You must take her to change of climate."

When the doctor had gone, he stood by the mantle-piece, with his hand over his eyes.

"Ruth," he said, "will you go abroad with me?"

"No."

I could not, at that moment, say more. I know that he wishes to do all he can for me. He shall make no more sacrifices for me. I will not have any. I shall go soon to Frank! Will he forgive me for carrying into that other world another and more cruel sin than that which I left in this? Yes, I know he will.

26th.—He, too, grows very sad and pale. Oh, Marion, grow thin, that he may love you once more! Sing and still stay near him, while you know that your presence only tortures me. I am glad of it in my heart. I couldn't do so. Can you not wait? Can you not be patient? It will not be long before the last leaves the Sound for the land of the dead, the grave.

September 1st.—Is this the same broken-hearted woman who sat here writing twodays ago? Am I the same Ruth? I am changed indeed. I am quite dizzy, and my hand trembles so that it is hard to hold the pen. Ah, I have grown so happy! I see the world is shining for me. I feel I shall try to write quickly, and tell you about it, poor little book, who have listened to all my miseries, and I watched from the window this morning till I saw them crossing the lawn to the boat that should take Adams on his arm. I don't think he meant to go with them; indeed, I am sure that he did not mean it.

"Oh, Mr. Thorne, I am going to hold you to your promise, and you must take me to-day to Frank! Will you? Will you?"

He looked at me, but I would not see it.

"Of course he will," said Mrs. Walker. "Mr. Thorne is not a man who will break his promise, under any temptation."

Then I came away and shut myself in my room. He came to the door, but I told Anne, who was in the room, to say that I "Mrs. Thorne was lying down." I watched till they were out of sight, and then wandered about the house. Then I felt a great longing to be in some place which belonged to him, and went into the library, a room in which he always sits, when not downstairs with the company. It looked out upon the lawn, and contained fewer books than the large one downstairs. The door was slightly ajar, and so I pushed it and went in. On a table in the middle I found my head against the back—there, where his dear head rested when he sat in the chair—and sat in that chair my more. I stooped down and kissed the place. Oh, I love him, I love him, and pale, and laid my head on them. I could not help the tears, and I cried like a child. I cried as I should have cried had never myself, as a weary, passionate child might moan and sob. I heard no one come in, and started up, to find Mr. Thorne standing near me, and raised my head to find him kneeling down by my side.

"My poor Ruth," he said, "how can I comfort you? Oh, be sure that I would never leave you to your grief, if I had known how hard it would be for you. Oh, be sure that I have tried to do all I could for you, and that I have done so. I found that I could not stay without letting you see how dear you were to me. I would put my life to make you happy. You are the only woman I have ever loved, and see, I have made you miserable! Tell me—"

Here he stopped. I think he must have seen some change in my face, for he rose and took something in the eyes, from which no more tears were falling. I know that I looked at him with a great astonishment—a great joy. Whether some change came in my eyes, I cannot tell, but only that he rose up and took me in his arms—that he sat down then in the chair where I had been sitting with me on his embrace like a child, unfolded with a sure protection. He held my head up, and turned my face to the window, and round on the thin finger. I flissed the ring.

Then I looked up and looked out on the wall. He has gone to see about our poor, neglected guests, who leave to-morrow. They are packing up for their journey in the morning. I am not writing I, too, am going away with my husband. In all the world there is no woman so happy as I.

RUTH THORNE.

The Chinese tread their wives as badly as the Christians. Mr. Govinda Rogoo, a native merchant at Bombay by Mrs. Govinda Rogoo: "I am the lawful wife of the prisoner, Govinda Rogoo. I was married to him according to Hindoo rites. I was then but a cart driver, and I lately lived with him in a room in a house in Nagpore. He used to go out to his day's work. We went to the room of one Muckabye with whom he had lived. The prisoner then lay down on a cart and told me to beat him. I did so. He did not been lying an hour when the prisoner took an unsheathed knife and struck him in the left side of the chest. He did so laughing. He then with the end of the turban tied my wrists behind my back. I asked him to desist, but he kissed across my body and kept me down. He then had fastened my limbs he let off the end of the turban to my hair, to which he fastened it. He did not speak while doing so, but was laughing. After he had finished tying me he sat down beside me, and said: 'I will you run away from me?' I promised I would not. He then said, 'I will take your life,' or 'I shall make you lame, and I do not care if I am hanged for it.' He ordered me to keep quiet; and taking a knife from his pocket stabbed me in my abdomen, then on my right side, and several times in my body. I attempted to cry, but he tried to stuff something in my mouth. After he had stabbed me, he wiped the knife and put it into his pocket."

SPLENDID NAVAL ENCAGEMENT
Between the Covadongas and the Esmeraldas—The Chilean Victory.

NOTHING is spoken about or communicated upon by the press of Chile except the naval engagement between the Covadongas and Esmeralds. When the news of the victory of the Chilean fleet reached Chile, and that Parejo had established a blockade, we had not heard of the existence of two Spanish vessels and Maipo had both escaped from Valparaiso, fully manned, armed and provisioned for a cruise. Many supposed that they would cross the Pacific Ocean to keep up and destroy Spanish merchant vessels; but others said they would rest be far off, and would be ready to strike when the time for action came. The latter were right. The Esmeralds is a screw corvette of 16 guns, and the Covadonga a screw gunboat of 4 guns. They are the former consists of medium 32-pounders. Since their departure from Spain, the fate of these vessels somewhat mysterious. It was known that they were in the vicinity of the coast of Chile, and it is only now we learn that, with their secret well kept, a steamship had been intrusted to one of them upon the squadron of Spain, and a most meritorious officer, Admiral Parejo's pride, if he has any in his composition.

The Covadonga is a screw gunboat of about 700 tons and a 'horse power. Her gun—crew is 120 men and two 32's." She was reputed to be of good speed, and was commanded by a most excellent and able naval officer. She had been to Coquimbo, and there met the English mail steamer bound south, and from her received information which small dispatches and money. On the 30th of November the British mail steamer Valparaiso left Valparaiso, and on board of her dongs was there, although she had left Coquimbo some hours in advance of the mail steamer. About the time that the Valparaiso was off Coquimbo the sound of a distant cannonade to the northward was distinctly heard by those on board, and smoke in the far off in the hills surrounding the city. All were on tipties of excitement to know what it meant, and the sound of the guns was heard by many who were on the deck ment more intense. At 11 o'clock that night, however, the true purpose and object of the cannonade was known, distant 40 miles, dated on board the corvette Esmeralda the same day in which her commander, Senor Don Juan Williams, announced to the Minister of Foreign, that he had this morning intercepted the Covadonga en route for Coquimbo from Valparaiso, and after an engagement of half an hour had captured her, she having two killed and 14 wounded, while the Chilean vessel had escaped unscathed. The loss on the Spanish vessel he captured as prisoners of war seven officers and 90 men. The Covadonga was provided with stores or armament, was also taken: Four heavy guns, as before stated, with their carriages, all complete in every ace, 200 boarding plates, an ample supply of shot, shell, powder, &c. The magazines and cabin were filled with coal. The signal book was also captured. When the Esmeralda and this corvelonga were taken into the port of Fuzido, the prisoners landed and marched through the streets to the jail, and the vessel was in almost period order, having suffered but trifling damage. The vessel captured said Covadonga is the Chilenos, and sailed the same night, with the Esmeralda, for Valparaiso.

The affair altogether was a most creditable one for the Chilean Gulf. Coquimbo is liable to up such vessels as that Parejo and his big frigates are in danger, that he is liable to be attacked by them. Parejo, also, is aware of this danger, made doubly strong by this disaster, and knowing that he has committed himself to a great safety, and in this manner the blockade of all but one of the ports of Chile, and the whole of the coast line around him, the iron-clad Numancia among them, he will be looking for such dispatches as would connect with the late victory, the Chilenos will arrange some plan for the capture of the Numancia or her destroyer. No one will be left unturned, now that the ball is fairly opened, that will bring about such a crushing blow as will prevent him in future even showing his nose this side of the Cape, or sending out any of his piratical errands.

We say that the news of the victory was received with great joy in Chile, is hardly sufficient to describe the feeling of delight that pervaded all classes when the glad ne west half mad. The day of the republic appeared to have arrived. Business was at once suspended in the streets, and crowds of people joined in singing the national song of Chile, and in the cheers for Commodore Williams, his officers and c.ew. A solemn Te Deum was sung in the Cathedral, at which attended the Archbishop of Santiago, and the President and all the high officers of the government, and the diplomatic body of the Cogadongs—the proud banner of Spain—which had been flaunted in the face of Esmeralda, was deposited in the cathedral "as a trophee of homage and humble repentance for the insult offered to Him who is adored for the just cause." After the ceremony the President and Cabinet, the Senate, and immediately proceeded Commander Williams to the rank of post captain, and the officers and crew of the Esmeralda and Covadonga announced a subscription for a sword of honor for Captain Williams, and it will be one worthy of a generous people.

THE REFORMED ROBBER.

In the year 1810, Father Raphael, an ecclesiastic of Orne, Normandy, set out one day for the city the country to prepare a highwayman for death. The criminal was not more than 20 years of age, and was with an interesting physiognomy, and had been seduced by bad company. He had frankly confessed all the circumstances of his crime, and his confession were taken off, as usual, previous to his execution; and as there was no appearance of a reprieve, he was completely and the culprit were shut up in a small chapel, which stood detached from my other buildings, at the extremity of the village, and received all its light from an aperture in the middle of the vaulted roof.

Here the criminal's devotions commenced an earnest exhortation to repentance; but though he made it as persuasive and pathetic as possible, he observed that the culprit did not seem to pay much attention to what said. As his appearance, age and confession, gave the clergyman reason to suspect a hardened criminal, he was somewhat surprised at this inattention. He ascribed it, however, to a natural levity of disposition, and, thinking that the approach of eternity would prompt his companion to make the best use of the short time that had yet to live,

"Hyall means, reverend father," replied the prisoner, "that is just what I should wish to do. Your exhortations are very good indeed, and yet I doubt whether your reverence would yourself pay much attention to them if you were in my place. If you were in my place, Fa, to say nothing about the confoundedly disagreeable sensation, arising from the knowledge that in a few hours one's neck is to be broken, there is one thing which suggests itself with such force as to occupy my whole soul."

"Ill—it! What do you mean?"

"Don't you see that opening in the roof?"

"Yes, certainly; but what then?"

"That it is a considerable height is evident enough. But if we were to put that star exactly underneath it, and upon the star that chair; if your reverence would get upon the chair, and then suffer me to get upon your shoulders, I should certainly be able to reach it."

"And when you had got there what would you do?"

I would scramble down the roof to the cornice, and then a bag of tree or six yards would be but a trifle for a man in my situation. I hope that nobody is watching us, and that when I have once reached the roof, I would not be cut; I can assure you that as soon as I reached the ground, I would run as fast as my legs would carry me."

Here the poor fellow paused. The priest considering the whole plan as useless, and its difficulty repressed on involuntary smile, and replied:

"Excellent! And I am to assist you to do this! At a great risk to myself, I am to enable a robber to continue his guilty course! All the depredations which you would have committed—"

"No, reverend sir, never would I commit any more. I am now fully aware of the consequences. I have thus far repressed my feelings, but I am now about to die; a future as far as lies in my power. I will betake myself to work, and endeavor to atone a part of the sins I owe so hard to do it. Help me but this once, I entreat you!"

The father did not suffer him to solicit long; he only exacted a solemn promise of amendment, and the, though he knew it was long before released in the prisoner, he complied with his request. He assisted to remove the altar, placed the chair upon it himself, and patiently waited to lengthen out the singular affair. The poor fellow certainly had great difficulty to reach the opening in the roof, and it was not till he had accomplish? When he had crept out, the father listened attentively for some time, and as the legs was followed by no voice or sound, he removed the chair, returned to their proper places, and consciently waited full two hours to see how the affair would end.

At length the officers of justice, conceiving that the prisoner had been allowed sufficient time to prepare himself, the doors of the execution-shed were flung away. The former knocked at the door. The executioner's wife then replied, that he had long been anxiously wishing to be released. The executioner then opened the door of the chapel, and with still greater astonishment, beheld the father sitting all alone in the midst of it.

"Where is the prisoner?" was very naturally the first question.

"The prisoner," calmly replied the ecclesiastic, "was taken as a penitent, and he has escaped from me as a man. While I was endeavoring, to the best of my ability, to bring him to a due sense of his guilt, he suddenly rose from my side, and escaped through the open aperture. I looked after him, petrified with astonishment, unable to move, or utter a single word to stop him. It was not till you knocked that I regained the power to speak or act."

The jailor and executioner would willingly have suspected that the priest had connived at the escape, but as the criminal was irreconcilably lost, they knew not whether to consider him as a sinner or a saint.

Several of the villagers assembled; but after the most diligent search, nothing was to be seen or heard of where the criminal could be discovered. The executioner, who was his profession, hour by hour, expected to acquaint the officers of justice with the circumstance. The reverend father, as in duty bound, had immediately repeated the same story as before. He added, that in the case you to be sent to ask for the reprieve of the prisoner, and that he was almost convinced that repaid would give him the pleasure of finding that he had carried out the aperture in the roof. The superstition of the people would be of great service to him, and the false hook no pains to refute it.

The reverend father and the circumstance of the lost criminal was almost forgotten by the good people of Orne, when, one day Father Raphael was surprised through a flittant province, and was belated as that the night overtook him upon the highway, and in the midst of a dep forest. In the midst of his troubles a bright glimmer of light in the distance relieved the made his way. It proved to proceed from a small and comfortable cottage, into which he entered, and in a comely young woman to find a good-featured, stalwart man sitting by a blazing fire.

The good father noted a strange manner about the man on first entering, and was somewhat alarmed to find upon the cottager and his wife's part to shower upon him all the consideration and attention in their ton the house could give and the choice bed was his, and the choicest supper was set before him; and the father upon his way within sight of his destination, a hearty meal of bread and milk.

They jogged pleasantly on until the time came for parting, when the host, who had been absent during the a small purse with, for a poor man, a liberal allowance of coin, and begged him to bring to Father Raphael "in love of God," said:

"Now, father, we must part, but before you go let me ask you a question. Do you not remember me?"

"No, my son, I do not."

"Strange!" said the man, "when you once saw d my face."

The story is told. It was the identical highwayman who had undergone the benevolent operation, and, in many years before, escaped an ignominious death.

He had kept his promise faithfully, had become an honest man, married and prospered, and the father had met it forward, as he had promised, to the end of life in giving him to the world, but ever afterwards, about the beginning of the month of September, he found in his gold pieces, found its way mysteriously to the father's hands, and aided not a little in smoothing the winter of his life.

THE LAST CASE OF BARBARITY.

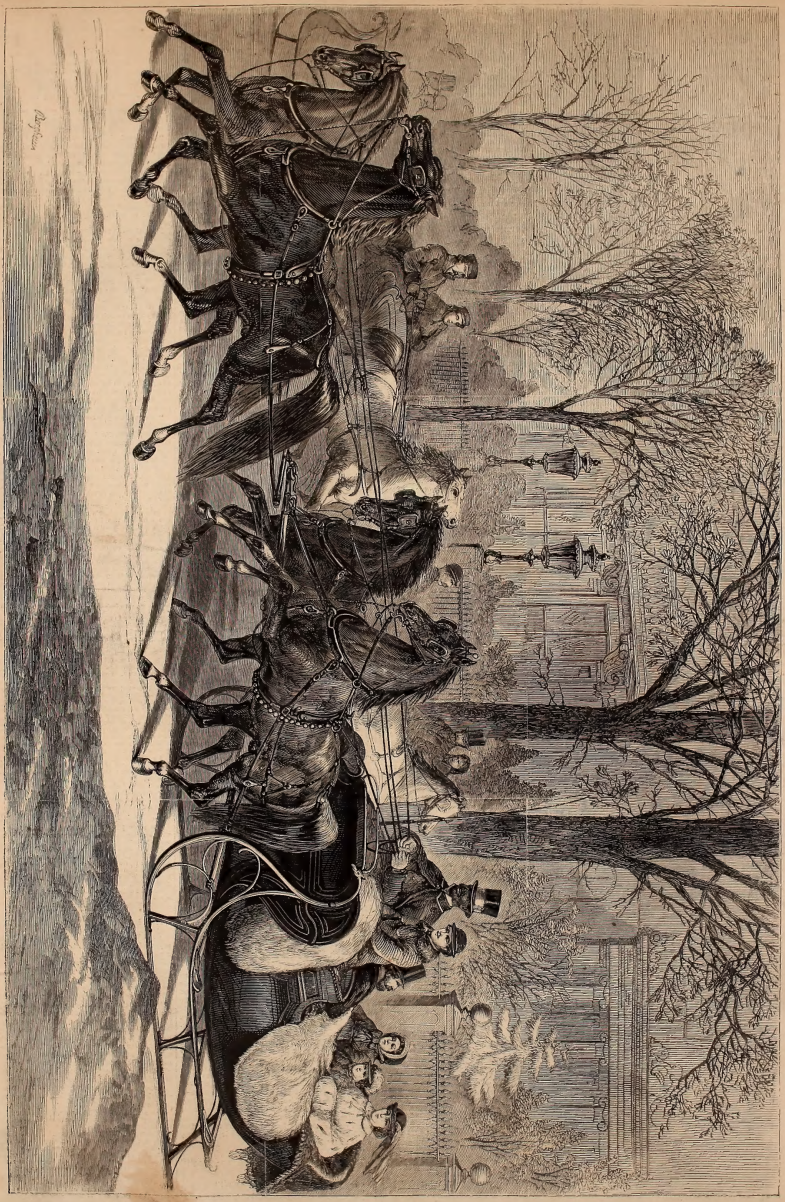
The universal Yankee notion is generally suppose to be a kind of inventive mania, but occasionally John Bull surpasses us, and puts in something that the shaggers our views of labor-saving machinery. Of this style is the machine for shaving the hair, the description of which is the following paper.

Few things could better illustrate the many purposes to which machinery may be turned, than its applicat ar to hair-brushing; and certainly two or three years ago it would have been one of the last things thought of. When the announcement was first made, it was not looked on it as a mere puff; but a few trials served to convince the most incredulous that the thing is both more pleasantly and more effectively brushed by machinery, than in the ordinary manner.

Hitherto, the hair-brushing machine has been for too cumbrous and complicated for private houses; but this important desideratum has been secured in two objects, and its extreme simplicity must commend it to general use.

The hair-brush, as it is seen, consists mainly of an ordinary chair—somewhat more solid, perhaps, than the fine, flimsy articles which modern upholsterers usually with such "lear and trembling," but neither more heavy nor more cumbrous than many others admitted into our houses. To this chair is affixed a support by no means unornamental, and to the support are attached the roller and driving-wheel, to give motion to the brush. The speediness is made to revolve by a common treadle, similar to that of a lathe or sewing machine, and any domestic can both work the treadle and manipulate the brush at the same time. On the whole, the invention is both simple and effective—a combination quite essential to success—and there is a sentence about it which is not to be least spared.

Transcriber's Note: Text in italics is enclosed in _underscores_.



SLEIGHING IN THE CITY.



SLEIGHING IN PIKE COUNTY.

"REQUIESCAT IN PACE."

BY M. ELIZABETH PERRY.

Frozen, for aye,
The girlish face
And peerless form
In death's embrace.

Silent, and cold,
The full lips close;
For ever more
In pale repose.

Never a word
They'll speak again—
Never utter
A moan of pain.

No light can break
From those dull eyes,
Nor loving glance
Of sweet surprise.

Thank God, for this
We know the dead
Have never more
A tear to shed.

Fold the dark hair
Around her brow,
Where angel's seal
Is resting now.

Cross the white hands
Upon her breast.
So let her lie,
Taking her rest.

That perfect rest
Which mortals crave
And find at last
Within the grave.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER LIII.—THE DEPARTURE.

After spending some hours, of a pleasant kind enough to a boy, in purchasing things that Bob thought would be useful when he got abroad, they set off to the pier in a cab, with all their acquired treasures about them.

"Aint you goin' to wear them things as I give you?" asked Bob.

"Them! No. Not if am to be a gentleman. It's only low swells as mounts false jewelry."

Bob was delighted with his "sperrit," and began to express his sentiments by a kind of triumphant cockcrow.

"If you'll give me the real ones," said Esau, archly.

"You'll wear 'em? I believe yer, my boy. But you shall, honor bright, as soon as we're abroad."

Esau was so far from objecting to go abroad when the critical moment came, that he was actually the first to stand in the gangway of the gigantic steamer, looking up with his old saucy cock of the eye at the captain, who had mounted the bridge.

Presently Bob and his inseparable joined the lad, and they all went down below to get a bottle of ale. When Esau tired of this, he asked Bob if he mightn't go upon deck. Bob graciously consented. But he soon followed, as if with a misgiving, that Esau's conduct did not at all justify. He was standing at the bulwark, leaning his elbow on it, and so supporting his head, and seemed lost in thought. Bob went to him, touched his shoulder, took out a little package that Esau knew well, and beckoned him to follow.

And now for Esau's hour of glory. Taking the things out of the parcel, one by one, Bob gave Esau the gold watch, aad fastened the gold chain to it, and put the ring on Esau's finger, and fastened in his neck-scarf the diamond pin.

"Might be a markis just come into his estates," said Bob, admiringly, as he saw the result. But Esau didn't, after all, care to make much display of his wealth. Bob, having hooked his victim, felt safe, and went back to his ale. Esau found another and less conspicuous corner, out of the way of the people who thronged the principal parts of the deck, and of the sailors who were disposing of packages newly come on board, and then he took a good look, one by one, at his acquisitions, beginning with the ring, but ending with the watch.

His whole heart was evidently in that superb piece of workmanship, which, though it had cost so much just now, was not new, but had originally cost far more. It was incredible to Esau what he had heard and partly understood—"guaranteed to keep within three seconds for a twelvemonth together!" And now he was watching the secon s: one—two—three! And that was the only error his darling watch would commit during a whole year—was it? He felt greatly inclined to hug it. But as he looked, some inexplicable feeling or thought caused a tear to come into his eye, which sparkled in the bright sun as it rolled down his cheek. He looked and listened to the tick, and opened out the dial face, and touched it with his fingers. Then he got to the inner works, and saw the jewels gleaming in the sun.

Presently he dashed the tear from his eye, and began, without changing his seat, to busy himself in a curious way. He took a silk handkerchief from his pocket, and he put the watch into it—rolled up in one corner. He then took off the ring, and put that next. Lastly, he stuck the breastpin into the bundle, in such a manner as to keep the contents tightly fastened together in half the handkerchief. Then he rolled the little hard knot up in the remainder of the handkerchief, and held it in his hand, which he slid into his breast, as if intending to watch for an opportunity to do something with it: perhaps give it to a stranger to give to his father. He now rose, and began to walk about. His father, at some distance, saw him, and began to stroll towards him; but Esau didn't or wouldn't see him, and so turned out of his way.

It didn't matter to Bob. He was glad to see the boy stare at the packages, read the nam es d addresses, peep down the hatchway, exchange salutes with a grinning stoker, for all he wanted was to get the lad safely off, and then he and Esau would discuss these things with quite a new light.

While he is lighting his pipe, and exchanging a few last words with his comrade, Esau happens, unobserved, to become a listener.

"What's this?" demanded a voice, in a tone not unlike the tone of a modern cabman when he receives sixpence for his fare, and asks the same question. "Five pounds for a job as is worth five-and-twenty! Better make it ten, Bob, or I'll be happening to get hold of that 'ere gent as was so sweet on the boy."

"Will you, Bill? That's very good on yer. Then I'll make it six if ye'll promise to give him my compliments—Bob Stonor's compliments (spell the name for him if he likes)—and say where you left us, and what we're after."

Bill looked black as thunder, but felt Bob was too much for him.

"And there's t'other gent—Mister Sleuth. Won't you go him? He wants this devil's imp back too. Of course he does! Only try him. Why, Bill, I didn't think you had been such a spooney."

"Anyhow, I can tell *him* it's all his money, not yourn."

Bob felt that stroke, and said, in a less bantering tone—

"And what good 'ud that do him? I've got it, and I means to keep it. But mind you, for his good as well as my own. But come, Bill, I can afford to overlook the failin's of an old pal. I can afford to be generous. So here; 'old your 'and, Bill, and there's five more to make a man on yer. Take my adwice—Bob's parting adwice to his countrymen of the humbler class: work hard, don't get drunk, live on nothink a day, if that's all you've got, and allus take care of your charakter. Why, Bill, that's adwice as is worth more to you than the ten pounds. What's ten pounds? If you were to give them back to me, it wouldn't much matter. Try, if you like. But that adwice is a very essence of gold, and diamonds, and walleyable stones; for it's what I reads in my paper is the whole duty of man, purvided he's poor and knows his place. It's political economy, and religion, and I don't know what besides."

Bill shook hands, a little mollified by the other five pounds, and then the two worthies parted—Bill, with a kind of chivalrous feeling, declining to go to Esau and wish him good-bye, lest Bob might mistrust his intentions. As they parted, however, Bob whispered in his low and very unwhisper-like tone—

"Look out, will yer, till we're off?"

Esau flew from the place where he had listened to all this, and was presently seen sauntering about as before.

The vessel now begins to move. Bill hurries off, and Bob watches him ashore, then looks round. He doesn't see Esau, but that's no wonder, there are so many people. He walks quietly along the deck; still he doesn't see him. He runs down into the cabin; up again to the deck, with the same result. He hears now a splash in the water, and a cry—"Man overboard!"

"Easy, easy!" cries the captain, while looking out from the bridge.

"I say, Mister Captain, stop, if you please—it's my boy. He's tumbled over."

"Pooh, pooh, my man! all a mistake. I've been watching for him, and I see no sign. It's something else. Go on!"

"But, I say, put me ashore!"

"I can't. Pray be quiet. I'm busy."

"You must; I won't go. Stop, Mister Captain. I can't go without him!"

"Here! remove this man!" shouted the captain. "Easy, easy! Let her go!"

CHAPTER LIV.—LONG WICKHAM.

In the old part of Long Wickham town, wedged in tightly between a stonemason's and a builder's yard, was a curious, age-blackened, thatched house. It was approached by a garden, with a few trees in it; but these were not luxuriant enough to hide the builder's planks leaning over it on the one side, nor the chipped and grimy images and tombstones in the mason's yard on the other. It was a house that had seen better days, and that was determined not to smile on the present ones. Its old thatch had come loose, and hung in a frowning mass over the door. Its green-veined face was nearly always weeping, and, by its deathly coldness, repelled the vine and the clematis, which, weary of trying all the summer to comfort it, and make it young and fair again, and deaden for it the weary sound of the sawing and chipping of the tombstones, had now shuddered down, and lay huddled on the mould in death.

In the silence of the September evening, when the children of Long Wickham were at play at the new end of the town, and the blacksmith at the forge opposite was putting on his coat to go home, he saw a stranger open the garden gate of the dull house, and go up and stand some time at the door without knocking. He stood so long that the blacksmith grew tired of waiting to see who he was and what reception he might meet with, so he jerked his key out of the forge door and went his way.

The thatch, from one of its hollow tubes, let fall a drop of dew on the pale face that looked up at it, the dying clematis rustled and sighed on the ground, the tall sunflower near the door waved him back, the stone faces in the mason's yard seemed to change from white to green and from green to black as they stared at him. Death, in the shape of a great white tombstone, looked over the wall at him, and seemed to say, "You have made sure of finding your last friend here; did you forget me? What if I have been to seek him before you?"

The twilight was deepening, damps were rising from the earth, a moist wind blew, the little garden was black and desolate, and full of death. The guest at the dull house was footsore, cold, hungry. He doubled up a white, stiff hand, and knocked at the door. There was no answer, He did not knock again. He put his thumb on the latch, and with a fierce movement tried to push the door in. It yielded—opened. Light came on his face, and laughter to his ears. He stepped in, and stood in the wide, old-fashioned passage, and shut out the ghastly images grinning over the mason's yard, and shut out the odors of death. Then he looked at the stream of light coming from an open door, and listened to the sound of children's laughter till the tears stood in his eyes.

Presently he crept along the passage and looked in at that open door. Amid the shrieks of laughter he had heard, as he came along the passage, cries of—"The queen! the queen! Make way there for the queen!" As soon as his eyes had become accustomed to the light, Anthony saw that her majesty, who was making so much noise, was no other than his once irreproachable acquaintance, Miss Elizabeth Jane Harris.

Her coronation had just been celebrated, and there she sat, her father's shoulder for a throne, her father's paper cap for a crown, and a toasting-fork for a sceptre, which she waved with a right royal air, bringing down at every movement a perfect storm of applause from her admiring subjects. Her eldest brother was perched on a high window-sill, trying his flute. Suddenly he struck out with an enlivening martial air, to which the royal *cortège* began to dance.

Away flew chairs and stools, round went the toasting-fork, and down it came on poor Harris's head or shoulder if he paused an instant to take breath in the wild dance. So irresistible was the music, that the queen's mother, who was frying the supper, was obliged to dance too on the hearth-rug, waving her fork, with a sausage on it, to the tune.

This movement, unfortunately, threw a damp on the festivity, as her majesty set up a lusty cry for the sausage. Harris, no longer under the stimulus of the sceptre, stopped, looking very much dragged about the coat-tails, which, indeed, had nearly been sacrificed to the mad loyalty of her majesty's younger subjects.

"There's a queen for you!" shouted Harris, holding her up as high as his arms could reach. "Aint she the beautifulest queen as ever wanted to grab what wasn't her'n? Show me a better, if you can, from Chayni to Morrocker!"

Nobody accepting the challenge, he set the queen on her feet, and watched her admiringly as she toddled to her mother, to whom she put up a very touching, but altogether unqueenlike appeal for the coveted treasure.

As he stood there in the middle of the room, hot and panting, his eye wandering round with a good-humored dismay at the confusion and mess they had made, he had what seemed to him a strange fancy that he had heard his own name uttered. His ears were still tingling from her majesty's grip, and he thought they might easily have deceived him. He moved away, and stooped to pick up a chair next the door. Then he heard distinctly a faint voice, calling quite near:

"Harris! Harris!"

"Hollo!" roared Harris, pitching his voice as if to answer a call from half a mile off.

Immediately after he had shouted out, and brought his wife and children running to the door, he caught sight of a pair of sunken, wistful eyes, a pale face half smiling at him, a figure leaning against the passage hall. He was conscious of seeing the figure slide a little, as if it would fall, conscious of catching at it and laying one of its arms over his shoulder, and bearing its weight against him. As to the exact moment of his recognising his guest, or the first feelings of surprise at finding him in such a state, he never could remember anything about it afterwards. Surprise was so soon overpowered and forgotten in the much deeper, much quieter emotion with which he felt the hand that had been so generous to them grow stiff in his, the form which had burned with fever for their sakes, becoming more and more of a dead weight against his chest.

He waved back the children and bore him into the room, the old sofa was hastily cleared of her majesty's toys and rubbish—a proceeding which she contemplated, finger in mouth, from the folds of her mother's gown.

"Now, Bessie," said Harris, in a wonderfully quiet, firm voice, "send Tom for some brandy."

He had his arm under him still, when he had laid him down. He felt the form move on it when he gave the order about the brandy, and then felt a breath on his ear. The white lips were speaking. Harris bent close down and heard the words:

"Don't send for anything for me. I'm a beggar, Harris—don't send, I can't pay for it."

Harris looked up after his boy with a strange glitter in his eyes.

"The best brandy, Tom," he said.

He was wonderfully wise at that minute for so simple and slow a man. The tone in which he said "The best brandy, Tom," said all he wished to say in answer to Anthony's wild words.

When Tom had gone Anthony sat up and looked round him, and held out his hands to Harry and to his wife. He begged for a bit of bread, and her majesty handing him her crust, Mrs. Harris burst out crying to see how ravenously he ate it. Harris spoke very sharply to her, and got up and began to cuff the children right and left, giving all an excuse for a good blubbering, which he saw was beginning. Indeed, he had to give vent to his feelings in the same way several times that evening while Anthony told his story.

CHAPTER LV.—CALMER MOMENTS.

At breakfast, next morning, Anthony sat with his host, so wonderfully refreshed that the recent collapse seemed alike incredible to all.

He said nothing about it, further than was involved in the completion of his story, which was listened to with an emotion that more than once compelled Anthony to stop and try to laugh off the tragical influence.

And then, when he had shown his real position, and saw how his very fall only raised him the more mysteriously in their eyes, he dropped all reference to himself, and began to turn the talk to them.

"And how goes on the cabinet-making?"

"Cabinet-making? I gave that up long ago. Don't you know what I'm a doing now?"

"Not in the least."

"Now, what might you have been thinking—if one might make so bold as to ask—what might you ha' bin expectin' to find my state of things here?"

"Before I got in, I was afraid lest you might be out of work; and then—well, then, as I saw you all so comfortable, I was afraid lest you might *get* out of work. One does get such odd fancies, you know."

Harris replied with a hearty laugh that puzzled Anthony, and said:

"To be sure. Well, I wish you'd go out there, through that door, and ask my masters if they think o' discharging me! I've got a little job as must be done this evening—promised; and I don't like to break my word."

Anthony went out, and, to his surprise, found he was in the yard he had previously noticed. It was half a builder's, half a wheelwright's, with a dozen men, most of them the very ideals of contented industry, with their hard, horny hands, occasionally bright, handsome features, and little jets of song, laughter and whistling. They were hard at work, in all sorts of ways and places, chipping away with adzes at a block underfoot, mending big wagons, putting in the rungs of strong ladders, and so on.

Anthony stared in sheer amazement. What! Harris, whom he had dreaded to find so poor that he might even be unable to take a temporary hospitality from him, he the master of all this! He was perfectly bewildered.

Harris came out, pretending to want to speak to one of the men; but Anthony, who saw his shy yet proud look, understood what he had really come for.

Very odd! There was not a single face that looked in trouble in that busy little workshop except the master's own. Prosperity had brought with it its own fresh troubles.

Could he play the master? Anthony wondered. No doubt about that. All Harris's ordinary hesitation disappeared when he spoke to the men, which he did in few words, in a low tone, and generally with a bit of a smile, but always so as to be promptly understood and obeyed.

Anthony began then to understand his host better. The painful circumstances connected with his original acquaintance with Anthony in the streets on the one hand, and his sense of his ignorance, contrasted with his belief in Anthony's supereminent acquisitions and position as a scholar and a gentleman, on the other, these were the things that made him so bashful before his young benefactor, so untrue to his better self and his native manliness of character in essentials.

Anthony began to muse over this unexpected change of fortune, and contrast it with his own. Harris had risen while he had fallen. Was it from their respective merit and demerit? Hardly. Still it made Anthony very thoughtful, as he wondered what he should do next day. He was quite determined not to stay as he was an hour longer than he was compelled.

When he got back into the room, he found Harris sitting at a writing-desk, the very picture of an aged schoolboy, hopeless of mastering a lesson. He stopped suddenly, not noticing Anthony's entrance, and thrust both his hands through his grizzly, straggling hair, the dusty points of which stuck out as if in sympathetic hopelessness and chaos.

"You look puzzled?" said Anthony, going towards him.

"Do I?" said Harris, glancing up with a painful, confused look, which instantly brightened at the sight of Anthony. Then, as if conscious he couldn't manage the two ideas at the same time—his work and Anthony—he was going to put by his papers of figures, but Anthony would not allow him.

"Go on. Don't let me stop you," he said.

"No, it don't matter; when the children and the missus is gone to bed, I'll try it agin. That's my inspired time, as I often says to wife."

"I wonder whether I could help you?"

"No, no, I couldn't let you, with all this trouble on your shoulders. I couldn't, really. But if you see me bothered a bit, you mustn't mind. You won't, will you? I often am bothered. Figures aint in my way; and yet, somehow, I can't get on without 'em. I wish I could; it 'ud be better for me."

Harris sighed as he said this. Anthony again spoke:

"I wish you'd let me try at the thing you have in hand just now. I must do something, you know, and immediately. And most likely, it will be to get into some large firm in a very humble capacity, and then trust that the advantages my education has given me, and the spur of necessity which goads me on, will together enable me to rise. That is now my only hope. So let me try if I am able to help you out of your perplexity. If I can, don't you see what a comfort it will be to me? Besides, how do you know I mayn't have to give a reference to somebody who can speak of my skill in such things? And if I can say, 'Go to Mr. John Harris, of Long Wickham,' think of that, my friend."

A shy laugh crossed the troubled face for a moment; and then, again, there appeared on it a strange medley of conflicting expressions. He

glanced towards his family, and Anthony fancied he was thinking of his exposure before them, who were accustomed, as did he, to such and daily exercises in figures as the foundation of all the family's prosperity, and to reverence him and them accordingly.

Harris saw, however, they were for the moment occupied, and he looked wistfully at Anthony, who read in his face the sense of shame at having to reveal the extent of his ignorance and arithmetical incapacity—mingled, however, with a sense of the honor, as he seemed to think it, of Anthony's offer, which, however, delicious to him, was excessively embarrassing. This was not at all to Anthony's satisfaction, who felt now that he, and not Harris, was in the really false position. So, without further ado, he sat down close by Harris, and said:

"I suspect you've got some valuable trade secrets here, and I give you fair warning, I mean to find them all out."

The enjoyment of Harris at this stroke settled the last lingering doubts and hesitations of which Anthony was soon hard at work castingup the items of an account which, with immense labor, Harris had prepared, full of ludicrous errors in grammar and spelling, and which he could not bring, he said, to a correct total, though the figures were there at the bottom that ought to represent it.

"It stood so right—do you think it can?" he asked Anthony, with a most earnest face. "When I've added 'em up four—no, five times—and every time I makes it come quite different, shouldn't you say there must be something wrong?"

"Well, yes, I should," responded Anthony, gravely. "Let me try."

He began to reckon, but stopped frequently, with his finger pointing at particular figures, to ask questions and get answers, and then went along again.

"Eight!"

"Yes."

"Ought?"

"Yes."

"Four?"

"No, that's nine. Stop—no, it's two. Stop. —I think it must be seven."

Thus Anthony finished his first calculation, and corrected in Harris's previous total, which was very nearly right. Then he verified this calculation by a second process, and found it was quite correct.

"There," he said. "That's done, I think, so that you may rely on it."

Harris, who had been watching Anthony's eye and lips as he ran up and down the many columns, heedless of all the little interruptions made necessary by the uncertainty as to the figures themselves, stared almost in awe, and said nothing. The eyes and lips were to him as the incantations of some wizard, and every number his own wonder grew. He took the figures and himself laboriously went through the items, and when last Anthony looked so disheveled, that Anthony saw the work was not yet clear.

"Come, now," he said; "you cast them up aloud, and we'll see who agrees. I'll say another time when I find you tripping, I'll pull you up pretty sharp."

Harris laughed, and did as he was told, and soon the whole mystery was out. Two misobvious imps of figures, which he knew very well to be a five and a six before he began reckoning, always, by some glance and artfulness on their part, became eight and nine during his reckoning, and so upset everything.

He wiped the sweat from his brow as he turned to Anthony, and said:

"That just was a spell—wasn't it? Would you like anything? Glass of wine?"

"Yes, I should like, not wine, but permission to copy this account for you, if you don't mind," said Anthony.

"I! I don't mind! Hear that, missus?" Harris shouted. And then he stood, looking over his friend's shoulder with as much interest in the process as if Anthony was not simply copying, but creating the very items of the account, and his own weal or woe depended on the result.

Once he held up his hand with a solemn "Hush!" to Mrs. Harris, who happened to approach unheard to give him a message.

Never will Anthony Maude forget how Harris studied each copy of the account with the most presented to him, written in the most beautiful of handwritings, or how he himself studied the red face—so it struck him—so full of naive self-confidence, and so unconscious of its own revealings.

Anthony, as he was reading and comparing particular words and phrases—in fact, discovering an own son's consummate and eminent want—he wondered if it would prove he had been treading on hoary-headed ground.

After a lengthened perusal and a deep sigh—whether of regret at his own state, or of boundless confidence in Anthony's ability to see such a full matter—Harris said:

"Well, I'm sure you've got some valuable trade secrets here, and I give you fair warning, I mean to find them all out."

"I suspect you've got some valuable trade secrets here, and I give you fair warning, I mean to find them all out."

"And you've got the specifications?"

"Oh, yes."

"And you understand them?"

"I understand the words and the names of things, and I know how to get good men to undertake, under me, bricklaying, and plastering and that, and I can keep 'em well at it: but I'm afeared the right up this dockement, and the more I've talked to about the specifications, 'ud be too much for me—so I'd best drop it."

"Will you let me see the agreements?"

"Yes, I can manage that. Only put me with my brickwork right in the hands and eyes of a gen, and I can get on; but when it comes to the writin' and calkerlating, or agreein' over people, as they call 'em, then I'm nobody and nowhere."

Anthony, luckily, was accustomed for this subject of building, for he had studied minutely the whole while lately preparing to build his own magnificent house. Accordingly, he had discovered that Harris was a perfect jewel of a man of business in his own way—that is, that his mechanical skill, his integrity, his perseverance and his unqualified reputation for honesty, made him invaluable, as one of themselves, who assumed no superiority, but always looked in confidence to find work done to their hands, and to understand because that was "business,"—where these qualities were sufficient, John Harris was a king, and was in everybody's favor.

But obviously, by the build, if nothing else, a trustworthy accountant always at his side.

The tender was soon drawn up, and the new picture by an old master over more thrilled with delight the eyes of a knot of consciousness than did his fresh exhibition of Anthony's managing powers charm and impress Harris and his household. They evidently thought the whole evening a thing more required to win the day, and that was that the board should give a slight deduction.

"But how is it," asked Anthony, a little dubious of his friend's position in more ways than one, "that you do things so much cheaper than your original impressions? Is that wise?"

"Ah! I thought, missis, how I had come out afore long. I bin a waitin' for him. I'm a reckless calculator, by nature, Anthony, I'm afeared—but be thinks I'd like him to go through a different sort of account—and I'm glad I've got it."

"No, Mr. Anthony," said the proud wife, "we don't owe for nothing but materials—wood and iron, and things o' that; and Harris took home all alike pays for 'em when he gets paid for the job. He's five shillings in the pound right and left on bargs, once in a way, two pounds to look up, and that's like how we keep ahead of things, and everybody ever comes here asking twice for what belongs to them. Nobody. There's alius the money ready—is it not, Harris?"

"Ah! now I understand," said Anthony. "Your handful works hard, and you direct constantly, and people are finding it out, and placing their work in your hands, and you know what you do."

"Well! if you'd read it all in a book, you couldn't ha' been more exact—leastwise, as far as intentions goes in my case. But, Mr. Anthony, I'm afeared you've spoiled it all. You've got interested, into the yard, and I'll show you something."

They were immediately joined by Harris took him a little crazy shed apart, which, crazy as it looked, was perfectly locked. It was a shed of secrets, and if he was opening his great money safe, and there was an unfinished and unpainted plough.

"Mr. Anthony," he said, in a whisper, "I ain't much of a man of business, and I'm a wretchedly bad hand at figures. I don't know the names of but such as I picked up at nights, and mayhaps I've forgotten them, and I'm a wretchedly bad and hard work. But I've got an idea better than building or calkerlating or agreeing. They'll do it a time, but not for long. Builders are a-goen lot in these parts—often fail, while a few become very rich.

"Well, now, I'm going to tell you. Since the war, I've been thinking that I'd like to have a bit of mine, a Scotchman, who's built to a grand general purpose, and I've thought that what my people are all in the dark about farming, and that when they begins to be enlightened, there'll be no end to the machines wanted. Now, Mr. Anthony, I've will—I zoned at the notion of it. He says the right sort of land is to be had very low, better ploughs, but plough by steam, and thrash corn by steam, and do away with the old ways that even as farmers might do all their reaping by steam; but the man who heard him couldn't stand that, so he stopped.

"But I've bin thinking, and watching, and spoken about it to a few, and I'm working quietly way; and I know that men are making a deal o' money by the new machines and implements, and that's what I'm goin' to do. I'm not going to be making a splutter, but I'm going to work in that way, and then, if there should be a spell o' work by-and-bye——"

"An excellent idea, too," said Anthony, whose brief life of country gentleman had made the home one of deep interest. "Have you a plough?"

"Ah, I'm trying to make an improvement on the sort of plough they use about here. I know what's wanted, but I'm no ploughs directly, if I can do what I think I can."

"What is it?" asked Anthony.

With extreme pleasure, as the work, Harris now explained all the qualities of a good plough, and how it ought to turn and throw the furrow-slice, as he had corrected; but there was a new danger, he feared, to come out of the present ploughs.

He showed Anthony what he meant, and he was glad to find that thoroughly that before he had done, Anthony was able to offer a suggestion springing almost obviously from Harris's own ideas, which seemed to be the first on a second time that dar into the shed.

"That is the point, if I knew it was to be done. I must go and tell the missus. I say, he's done it for me!"

And Anthony followed, once more musing over matters for him quite unprepared to speak of.

But when the children were disposed of in bed, Anthony requested, as a special favor, a kiss from Elizabeth Jane, if that young lady had not transferred her affections elsewhere; and when they were all sitting at the fireside, a strange fit of silence came over the three.

Anthony was the first to break it.

"My good friends," he said, "I'm going to make a proposal to you. You mayn't like it, and I dare say you will think I shouldn't make it, but I not just what you see. I don't go into that.

Would you like me to stay here a bit, and attend to the accounts, and do anything else you feel I could be especially useful for?"

"Oh, if you would, Mr. Anthony!" and poor Mrs. Harris, in the joy and relief of her heart, wiped her tears away with her apron.

Harris, however, looked at her severely.

"My missus doesn't think of things in a business point of view," said Harris.

"No," said Anthony, with a little inward shiver, as he saw, he thought, the idea was disagreeable, and forgot that what he was saying about the help was hardly complimentary to her.

"How could a woman go into such things as wheelbarrows, and carts, and——"

"If you satisfy Mr. Harris, I tell you frankly the gentleman must work or starve!"

"Yes, but, Harris, you don't think I could be of use to you for a little while?"

"Eh?" Rear that, missus? Tell him what you think, will you?"

That was a master-stroke of John Harris, who saw by his wife's manner that she knew much of his secret desires, and who thus skilfully threw the responsibility of the step on her, better than on himself.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Anthony," began the brave woman, who saw her children pleading to her to rise to the grandeur of the opportunity, as who went on speaking hurriedly, and reddening as she spoke. "I'm sure, Harris, you know, who don't you speak, father, for yourself?"

"Go on, missus; I'm a listening," said the sly Harris, shielding, as it were, behind Anthony's presence, the joy in meeting, as if he, too, couldn't guess what she was after.

"Well, yes, Mr. Anthony, thats it. We've got a growing family, and I mean to give them a good education—no more ignoramuses, as father there says, was I, and I'm sure he was glad. And we've got, you see, a nice bit of business together, Father don't make much more than we're making, but I do—at least, pretty near—and——"

"How much?" asked Harris, in a severely questioning mood.

"Well, father, I think as we shall make four hundred and fifty this present year."

Harris stole a side look at Anthony then, but pretended to look at his wife, with a pretty remember that that was his wife's look out. If she was making a speech, and it left him both, that was her affair—he washed his hands of it.

"Well, Mr. Anthony, I'm ashamed—father, there, he's ashamed—but I'm very much ashamed to offer it to you, but if you would kindly turn it over——"

"What, my dear lady?" asked Anthony.

Harris shouted with joy, let by his hands and looks, not to ruin him for evermore, but she went on.

"Why, to be partner with him. He ain't a gentleman, and never will be. I'll say that for him."

"Never!" said Harris, really understand you to offer me a share in your business?"

"Oh! I am not fit enough there," said Harris, still maintaining a kind of judicial tone. "Hit the nail on the head, missus; but she's a good woman—and when a woman once begins to speculate about their children's future, there's no end to the notions they have. Mr. Anthony, if it ain't the thing—and I'm sure it ain't—and I know you wouldn't make a gentleman of such a proposal? I think I 'do—leastwise—"

"And you prefer that to my own idea, which you merely to make a temporary arrangement—say so much a week to look after the bricklaying, and I shouldn't have a very heavy pull on you or your capital, and we'll see what understanding?"

"Couldn't do that, Mr. Anthony," said Harris, with considerable firmness. "I'm sure you see more pain than I'm going, knowingly, to bargain for. Am I not sure, missus? I see how it is. And the poor fellow's face became at once of gloom, that Anthony's heart quite smote him.

"Why, you want only a bit of present help, not to be tied down to any one place, and you can be with people like yourself—and where you ought to be, Mr. Harris, among you? Now, missus show Mr. Anthony that we can't been a thinkin' on our own selves only."

Mrs. Harris, now wiping away the tears from her eyes, went to some secret hoard in a corner, which Anthony had not noticed, and soon, and brought forth a great bag, evidently full of money. Anthony, from his seat by Mrs. Harris, with no surprise, did not now flinch in the least, but said:

"There, Mr. Anthony. Missus and I says what we believes, that we've been but stewards for each, and now we've got a chance, come, he must have it, and God's blessing with it."

"What is it?" he asked.

"There ain't much in it. We don't offer what we ain't got to offer. There's two hundred pound in it ours. Every sixpence. How much, missus?"

"Thirty-two pounds one shilling and tenpence half-penny."

"Every—what for?" demanded Harris.

"Every penny," said she.

"Then it's ours, Mr. Anthony; and that means a partnership, and you're to agree to it."

"To the Savings Bank, my friends, let it go for, upon my word, I'll not take a penny of it."

Then, seeing he had gone too far, and was, in fact, first driving these worthy people to believe, in spite of themselves, that he was too proud to be indebted to them in any way, and therefore wounding their pride, he added, in a tone that spoke his own, he said:

"That is how we offer. Do you both really believe that I should be—that I could be—worth the share you offer me—I mean, if I were to do my very best?"

Broad illuminations passed from face to face, and the very richness of the absurdity of the question seemed to be borne back to Anthony as he looked upon them.

Then he was silent, and for the first moment began seriously to consider this quite unexpected thing. His heart yearned to the two people and to the children. He yearned for the quiet of their humble home after the late storms. And, while he saw the chances were really extraordinary, if the same, so unsuitable a man as himself, with some few years from nothing to be worth four hundred pounds a year, what might not be done in twenty-five years? It was wonderful that he should have come, only hoping for kind faces and brief hospitality, and meet such an offer as this.

But Clarissa, Dr. Pompeus, his former associates, his mental habits, his tastes—how could all these be reconciled with the life of the business, and with such intimate commercial connection? But in the fourth respect they, he honored them for their admirable qualities, and he despised himself and the unpretentiousness of the world for suggesting now that he had better go forth, and hope to conquer fate in his own way and time.

"Will you give me a day or two to think it over?" he asked.

"Then you'll stay with us?"

"Of course I will."

"Then your wife, husband with a strange glow, but was admonished, by the dubious expression of his own, not to build any longer on weak foundations.

Anthony felt he ought to say something to explain the strange antithesis of his mood, somehow, he was afraid to speak any more till he had had the opportunity of a long meditation. And so a second evening came. They were about to separate for the night, and Anthony, but something of a depressed tone in the voices of husband and wife, when they heard a noise outside, a violent scuffling, Bab cried out in terror.

"It ain't no use you kicking. Be quiet, or I'll give you a worse one. Let's see what you've got about you."

"Why, it's Darby, the old constable, a making his rounds," said Mrs. Harris.

Then, as they came three tremendous thumps on the door, which set the guests speeding.

"I say, Mr. Harris, I caught a youngster here hanging about your place, and pretendin' he wants some Mr. Maude."

"Mr. Maude!"

Anthony rushed to the door. As he reached it, there was heard a wild sort of triumphant yell, answered by an exclamation from Anthony, and then he and him come back with a lad clinging about him, laughing and crying in his very clothes. Anthony dragged him to the fire-light, and looked at the face, holding it between his hands—then felt his arms.

"No more sin's no bones broke, Mr. Anthony," said Darby.

"My dear old boy, once more," cried Anthony. The vagabond seemed to be clinging to one another as if they were brothers; met the first time after terrible trouble, wherein they had been little shaken; and Esau, in few sentences, told how he had escaped by Anthony, their arms twined round each other.

"When the ship was a going, I knocked a big cheese overboard, and there I was, and there I was, and they all run, and he run, and then I run, but the cabin was in the stern of the ship, and I dropped there into the water by some chains I'd taken notice on a-going, and then I looked out for his friend, and I seed him, but he didn't see me, he didn't know what all the row was about among the passengers, and I thought I'd wait till the ship was fast, and when they took me off in the cart, and he'd got away, I'd get you till I found you, and, by golly knew you, you'd been aiming so much for me, and I'd been aiming so much for that."

"My friends," said Anthony, "do you know who this is?"

And he held Esau's hand.

"No," was expressed in both pair of eyes.

"This is my son," Anthony said, and ought to be now the possessor of the splendid property that you see me, for a brief time, in possession of."

"Your son!"

"Never!" said Anthony.

"Then this is my comfort!" added Esau.

"Mister Sleuth gave 'Esau never, if he would help to find out something word Anthony' 'en thousand pounds, and, when I didn't know it was true, he said he'd give him back what he gave me out on it, but I did find out, and he got tripped off the ship, and then I took care on 'em." So saying, Esau produced a gentleman's purse.

When the wonder of this exhibition was over, Anthony said to his friends: "Friends understand the poor boy's position with his father, and I'll take him."

"Strange this boy should have come to-night. He settles our affair, I think."

"Strange indeed!" and poor Harris's quivering lip of self-repression could not compensate for the tell-tale gleam in his face.

"I mean, if you really dare to so unwise a thing as take me for a partner, I must, for this lad's sake, no longer hesitate. Harris, will you have me? Or, do you repent?"

Harris rushed to his hand with a smile, and it was clasped so fervently, that if the smallest doubt had existed, that touch removed it.

"The happiest day of my life!" he said. "I know it will, Mr. Anthony. No, don't say anything to spoil it. You've promised and forgiven. You've almost wrongs you now. I shall have to read the agreements to-night, for to-morrow morning I she can't stand it if I don't blow her up. You'll go and get that business over, while you and your missus attend to the children."

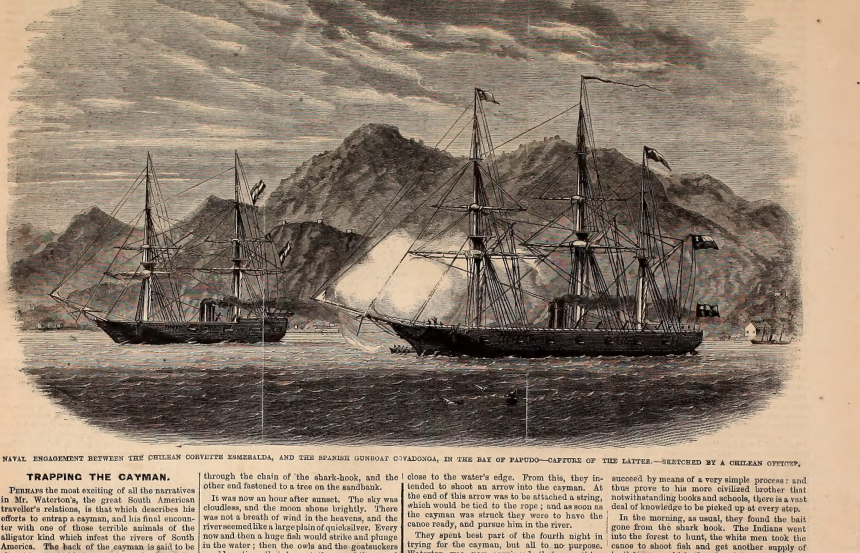
While Harris went to break the great news to his wife, Anthony said to Esau:

"Will, now, Esau, for a few serious words: You know how I feel towards you, and know what I say is meant for your good. You must be a—"

"—become industrious. Or, stop! you are very young. What do you say to going to sea now? You'd like that? Very well. And you'll try to become active and manly, and be a good sailor, like other people you know? Yes, yes, I understand. That's easy; but you've a motive, and friends, and you'll try? That's right."

And when, late that night, after everybody else was in bed, Anthony and Harris sat down together, and chatting over a thousand different things, Anthony, quite full, if anything, of Esau, thony's intentions as regarded Esau; and then, with about a wish to be kind to the boy, and to show they saw he must have another pupil; and that, to make Harris grateful for life, he had only to recommend to him Esau, and he was provided. And there was not in all England that night a happier little household than that under John Harris's cave, after the dull event at Long Wick-ham.

Farewell! a long farewell to them! When we next meet them the shadow of an awful calamity will be over them. Anthony, with unconscious now. Dream on, simple household in the future grandeur of the house of John Harris & Co. Dream on, Esau, of a life that, if no longer that of a vagabond, is to be spent by the side of Anthony. Dream on, Anthony, of the good you will here do, of the income you will help to create, of Clarissa, and of that grand day when you will go back to the old place, and appeal to the Rector to do justice to your character, and then give you Clarissa as a wife! Dream on while you may. There is a time to come which will leave you in little mood for such indulgence!



NAVAL ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE CHILEAN CORVETTE ESMERALDA, AND THE SPANISH GUNBOAT COVADONGA, IN THE BAY OF PAPUDO—CAPTURE OF THE LATTER.—SKETCHED BY A CHILEAN OFFICER.

TRAPPING THE CAYMAN.

PERHAPS the most exciting of all the narratives in Mr. Waterton's, the great South American traveller's relations, is that which describes his efforts to entrap a cayman, and his final encounter with one of those terrible animals of the alligator kind which infest the rivers of South America. The back of the cayman is said to be almost impenetrable to a musket-ball, though his sides are not so strong, and are easily pierced with an arrow. It is believed that no animal in existence bears more decided marks in his countenance of cruelty and malice. He is the scourge



THE LATE PROF. JAMES MAPES.—AMBROTYPED BY BRADY

and terror of all the large rivers in South America near the line. Mr. Waterton had long desired to catch one of these monsters, and at length favorable opportunities appeared to present themselves during his third journey along the wild and solitary banks of the Essequibo. The scenes which ensue we will describe as closely as possible in the words of the adventurous naturalist. One day, an hour before sunset, he reached the place which two men, who had joined his party at the Falls, had pointed out as a proper one to find a cayman. There was a large creek close by, and a sandbank gently sloping to the water. Just within the forest on this bank they cleared a place of brushwood, suspended the hammocks from the trees, and then picked up enough of decayed wood for fuel.

They now baited a shark-hook with a large fish, and put it upon a board, which they had brought on purpose. This board was carried out in the canoe, about 40 yards into the river. By means of a string, long enough to reach the bottom of the river, and at the end of which string was fastened a stone, the board was kept, as it were, at anchor. One end of the new rope was reeved through the chain of the shark-hook, and the other end fastened to a tree on the sandbank.

It was now an hour after sunset. The sky was cloudless, and the moon shone brightly. There was not a breath of wind in the heavens, and the river seemed like a large plain of quicksilver. Every now and then a huge fish would strike and plunge in the water; then the owls and the goatsuckers would continue their lamentations, and the sound of these was lost in the prowling tiger's growl. Then all was still again, and silent as midnight.

The caymen were now upon the stir, and at intervals their noise could be distinguished amid that of the jaguar, the owls, the goatsuckers and frogs. It was a singular and awful sound, like a suppressed sigh, bursting forth all of a sudden, and so loud that you might hear it above a mile off. First one emitted this horrible noise, and then another answered him; and, on looking at the countenances of the people round him, Mr. Waterton could plainly see that they expected to have a cayman that night. The party were at supper, when the Indian said he saw the cayman coming. Upon looking towards the place, there appeared something on the water like a black log of wood. It was so unlike anything alive, that the Englishman doubted if it were a cayman; but the Indian smiled, and said he was sure it was one, for he remembered seeing a cayman some years ago, when he was in the Essequibo.

At last it gradually approached the bait, and the board began to move. The moon shone so bright that they could distinctly see him open his huge jaws, and take in the bait. They pulled the rope. He immediately let drop the bait, and then they saw his black head retreating from the board to the distance of a few yards, where it remained quite motionless. The monster did not seem inclined to advance again, and so they finished their supper. In about an hour's time he again put himself in motion and took hold of the bait, but did not swallow it. They pulled the rope again, but with no better success than the first time. He retreated as usual, and came back again in about an hour. Thus the party watched till three o'clock in the morning, when, worn out with disappointment, they went to the hammocks, turned in, and fell asleep. When day broke, they found that he had contrived to get the bait from the hook, though they had tied it on with string. They had now no more hopes of taking a cayman till the return of night. The Indians went into the woods, and brought back a noble supply of game. The rest of the party went into the canoe and proceeded up the river to shoot fish, where they got even more than they could use.

The second night's attempt upon the cayman was a repetition of the first, and was quite unsuccessful. They went fishing the day after, and returned to experience a third night's disappointment. On the fourth day, about four o'clock, they began to erect a stage amongst the trees, close to the water's edge. From this, they intended to shoot an arrow into the cayman. At the end of this arrow was to be attached a string, which would be tied to the rope; and as soon as the cayman was struck they were to have the canoe ready, and pursue him in the river.

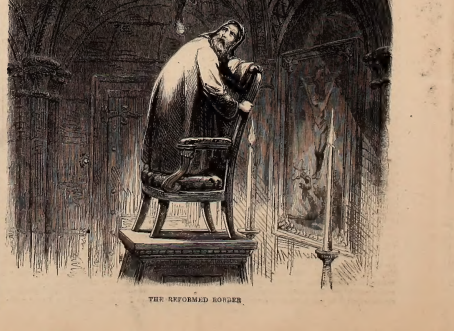
They spent best part of the fourth night in trying for the cayman, but all to no purpose. Waterton was now convinced that something was materially wrong. He shoved one of the Indians the shark-hook, who shook his head and laughed at it, and said it would not do. When he was a boy he had seen his father catch the cayman, and on the morrow he would make something that would answer.

In the meantime they set the shark-hook, but it availed nothing; a cayman came and took it, but would not swallow it. Seeing it was useless to attend the shark-hook any longer, they left it for the night and returned to their hammocks. Eve the English naturalist fell asleep, a new idea broke upon him. He considered that as far as the judgment of civilized man went, everything had been procured, and done to insure success. They had hooks, and lines, and baits and patience; they had spent nights in watching, had seen the cayman come and take the bait, yet all had ended in disappointment. Probably (he thought) this poor wild man of the woods would succeed by means of a very simple process: and thus prove to his more civilized brother that notwithstanding books and schools, there is a vast deal of knowledge to be picked up at every step.

In the morning, as usual, they found the bait gone from the shark hook. The Indians went into the forest to hunt, the white men took the canoe to shoot fish and get another supply of turtle's eggs, which they found in great abundance. They then went to the little shallow creek, and shot some young caymen about two feet long. When the arrow struck them, tiny as they were, they turned and bit it, and snapped at the men when they went into the water to take them up.

The day was now declining space, and the Indian had made his instrument to take the cayman. It was very simple—there were four pieces of tough, hard wood, a foot long, and about as thick as a little finger, and barbed at both ends; they were tied round the end of the rope in such a manner that if the rope be imagined to be an arrow, these four sticks would form the arrow's head; so that one end of the four united sticks answered to the point of the arrow's head, while the other end expanded at equal distances round the rope.

It was evident that if the cayman swallowed this (the other end of the rope, which was thirty yards long, being fastened to a tree), the more he



THE REFORMED ROBBER

pulled the faster the barbs would shoot. Nearly a mile from where they had their hammocks, the sandbanks were steep and abrupt, and the river very still and deep; there the Indian fixed the machine, which hung suspended a foot from the water, and the end of the rope was made fast to a stake driven well into the sand.

The Indian then took the empty shell of the land tortoise, and gave it some heavy blows with a stick. Waterton asked him why he did that, and he replied that it was to let the cayman hear that something was going on.

Having done this, the party went back to the hammocks, not intending to visit it again till morning. During the night, the jaguars roared and grumbled in the forest, and at intervals they could hear the distant cayman. "The roaring of the jaguars," says the narrator, "was awful; but it was music to the dismal noise of these hideous and malicious reptiles."



CATCHING A CAYMAN.

About half-past five in the morning, the Indian stole off silently to take a look at the bait. On arriving at the place, he set up a tremendous shout. All now jumped out of their hammocks, and ran to him.

They found a cayman, ten feet and a half long, fast to the end of the rope. Nothing now remained to do but to get him out of the water without injuring his scales. The whole party consisted of three Indians from the creek, Mr. Waterton's Indian servant Yan, a negro called Daddy Quashi, and a man named James, whom he was instructing in the art of preserving birds.

"I informed the Indians," continues Mr. Waterton, "that it was my intention to draw him quietly out of the water, and then secure him. They looked and stared at each other, and said, 'I might do it myself, but they would have no hand in it; the cayman would worry some of us.' On saying this, they squatted on the grass with the most perfect indifference.



THE LAST INSTANCE OF BARBARITY.

"The Indians of these wilds have never been subject to the least restraint; and I knew enough of them to be aware that if I tried to force them against their will, they would take themselves off, and leave me and my presents unheeded, and never return.

"Daddy Quashi was for applying to our guns, as usual, considering them our best and safest friends. I immediately offered to knock him down for his cowardice, and he shrunk back, begging that I would be cautious, and not get myself worried, and apologizing for his own want of resolution. My Indian was now in conversation with the others, and they asked if I would allow them to shoot a dozen arrows into him, and thus disable him. This would have ruined all. I had come above three hundred miles on purpose to get a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen. I rejected their proposition with firmness, and darted a disdainful eye upon the Indians.

"Daddy Quashi was again beginning to remonstrate, and I chased him on the sandbank for a quarter of a mile. He told me afterwards, he thought he should have dropped down dead with fright, for he was firmly persuaded, if I had caught him, I should have bundled him in the cayman's jaws. Here, then, we stood in silence, like a calm before a thunderstorm. They wanted to kill him, and I wanted to take him alive.

"I now walked up and down the sand, revolving a dozen projects in my head. The canoe was at a considerable distance, and I ordered the people to bring it round to the place where we were. The mast was eight feet long, and not much thicker than my wrist. I took it out of the canoe, and wrapped the sail round the end of it. Now it appeared clear to me, that if I went down upon one knee, and held the mast in the same position as the soldier holds his bayonet when rushing to the charge, I could force it down the cayman's throat, should he come open-mouthed at me. When this was told to the Indians they hurried on, up, and said they would help me to pull him out of the river.

"Daddy Quashi hung in the rear. I showed him a large Spanish knife which I always carried in the waistband of my trousers; it spoke volumes to him, and he shrugged up his shoulders in absolute despair. The sun was just peeping over the high forests on the eastern hills, as if coming to look on, and bid us act with becoming fortitude. I placed all the people at the end of the rope, and ordered them to pull till the cayman appeared on the surface of the water; and then, should he plunge, to slacken the rope, and let him go again into the deep.

"I now took the mast of the canoe in my hand (the sail being tied round the end of the mast), and sunk down upon one knee, about four yards from the water's edge, determining to thrust it down his throat, in case he gave me an opportunity. It certainly felt somewhat uncomfortable in this situation. The people pulled the cayman to the surface; he plunged furiously as soon as he arrived in these upper regions, and immediately went below again on their slackening the rope. They pulled again, and we became. This was an interesting moment. I kept my position firmly, with my eye fixed steadfastly on him.

"By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation. I instantly dropped the mast, and sprung up, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat, with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore legs, and by main force twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle."

The cayman now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and probably fancying himself in hostile company, began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. Mr. Waterton was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made his rider's seat very uncomfortable.

The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous that it was some time before they heard their master tell them to pull him and his singular beast of burden farther inland. He was apprehensive the rope might break, in which case there would have been every chance of going under water with the cayman.

The people now dragged them above forty yards on the sand. "It was the first and last time," says Waterton, "I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer, I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox-hounds."

After repeated attempts to regain his liberty, the cayman gave in, and became tranquil through exhaustion. They now managed to tie up his jaws, and firmly secured his fore feet, but they had another severe struggle for superiority before the huge monster was finally conveyed to the canoe, and then to the place where they had suspended the hammocks, where, after he was slain, the enthusiastic naturalist commenced dissecting him, thus making a valuable addition to scientific knowledge.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

WHEN the Swiss Guard upon which Charles X. had relied so unwisely for the maintenance of his military government, were disgorged by the revolution of 1830, a certain Captain Sutter, who had served in that body, determined to quit the country in which he and his comrades were an unpopular, and to seek his fortune in a new capacity in the far wilds of North America. A Swiss by birth, Sutter possessed all the industry and persevering energy peculiar to his countrymen. Ready to serve as a soldier where moderately good pay and a commission were offered to him, he was equally ready to clear a space in the primeval forest, or to build himself a home in the prairie.

Accordingly in 1830 he set sail from Havre for New York, whence in a short time he proceeded to the far-western state of Missouri. Here having acquired a little money by agriculture, he removed at the end of six years to the still more remote territory of Oregon, and finally, in 1839, he settled in California.

This country was then but little known, with the exception of the seaboard, where vessels from all parts traded with the Indians chiefly for skins; but the Swiss captain belonged to a class who can contrive to prosper anywhere. Far beyond the limits of civilized life he determined to lead an independent existence, and to become a sort of sovereign, on a small scale, of the wild country around him. Accordingly, he built with the aid of his men a fort on the River Sacramento, a very necessary protection from hostile tribes of Indians. This fort he named after his native country, New Helvetia; and in the prairie round this spot he gradually accumulated a herd of 4,000 oxen, besides 1,500 horses and mules, and 2,000 sheep. He also became the owner of a vast acreage of land under grain crops, and of two trading vessels in the river. His fort was supplied with 12 pieces of artillery, and defended by a garrison of 70 men, and its owner was beyond all question the wealthiest and most independent man in the vast range of country between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.

It was in September, 1847, that Captain Sutter, being anxious to construct a saw mill to be turned by water power, near a pine forest, employed for that purpose a friend skilled in engineering named Marshall. The work progressed, and the supply of water to the mill was so situated as to wash down a great deal of mud and gravel from the higher land, passed through by the stream. Loitering by the side of the new mill one day, while the works were in progress, Mr. Marshall was struck by some glittering particles in this sand, and taking a portion away with him in a bottle he determined to show it to his enterprising employer.

"What are those bright grains?" asked the engineer, as he held up the bottle in the sun before his friend's eye.

The Swiss eyed them attentively for some time, and then replied:

"Gold. But where did this come from?"

"From yonder," replied Marshall, taking his companion to the door, and pointing to the range of hills clothed with pine trees in the distance; "if these glittering specks are gold, as I believe they are, there is wealth in those regions beside which all your flocks and herds will be a trifle."

"It is gold beyond doubt," replied the captain; "and this is how gold is generally found; but this sand is rich beyond example. We must keep this secret, and become gold-diggers together."

The precious secret was kept for a short time, and the captain and his friend found means to gather abundant proofs of the productiveness of the region in the precious metal; but it soon became whispered abroad that gold had been discovered at the American fork of the Sacramento river; and to the astonishment of the world a gold fever arose, such as had never been known before. A few laborers became possessed of some of the precious dust, and took it for sale to San Francisco, the town at the mouth of the Sacramento.

The news spread with the rapidity of a fire amidst the withered grass of the prairies. Soldiers and sailors deserted for the "diggings," shopkeepers closed their shops, and fled to the same attractive region; and in a few months the solitudes in which the flocks and herds of the ex-captain of the Swiss Guard had lately wandered at will were filled with a motley gathering, whose labors quickly became a subject of intense anxiety in every money market in the Old and New World.



THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

PROF. JAMES J. MAPES.

PROF. MAPES was born in New York, May 29, 1806. In very early youth he developed a mind of great activity, research and invention. The early

developments of his intellect would have naturally led one to suppose that in after life he would have proved, not a farmer, but a soldier; for it is stated of him that when only 17 years of age he delivered a full course of lectures in this city on "Military Tactics," varying the interesting exercises on the closing night by the exhibition and explanation of a model machine of his own invention, illustrating the figure, &c., &c., the advance of Napoleon on Moscow and the subsequent retreat. This model he represented to have been a curious machine, but it is not known that its principle was ever applied to any useful purpose.

This invention and these ideas were the crude ones of youth. He began soon after to apply his inventive faculties to more useful subjects, and became interested in the refining of sugar, a business in which, after being engaged for six years, he failed financially. This life had led to the close study of chemistry, and he now divided his attention between that science and that of natural history. He had some knowledge of civil engineering, and is said to have been the first person who ever opened up an iron clay as a consulting engineer. On the profits of this profession he lived for nearly twelve years, devoting his spare time to his studies.

His success as a student of natural history was very great, and some of his articles attracting attention he was made a permanent member of the New York Lyceum, and honorary member of the Scientific Institute of Brussels, Royal Society of St. Petersburg, and Geographical Society of Paris; while one of our State universities conferred on him the degree of LL. D. He had begun as early as 1840 to attract some attention as a chemist (particularly by his analysis in a report to the State Senate of beer and wines, but still more so by his able lectures on scientific subjects published in the *American Repository of Arts, Sciences and Manufactures*, of which he was subsequently made the editor. He may be said to have injured his reputation by publishing a work on agriculture, which was so full of what were regarded as wild and visionary ideas of a disordered mind that in everywhere met with derision, even from the American Institute, before which he had lectured. Professor Mapes' reputation never entirely recovered from these attacks, though it was soon after found that he and Dr. Liebig, the great German authority on agricultural subjects, agreed with singular exactness in their philosophy respecting the "progression of primaries" and other theories. His success, as we have had, however, much more to do with the re-establishment of his reputation as a sound chemist than the circumstance of the correspondence of his ideas with those of the German chemist.

As a farmer Professor Mapes has given hundreds of valuable discoveries to the world, and not a few important inventions. The subsoil plough, rotary digger and spade, now in such common use, are his inventions, while his advice and experience in regard to chemical manures are accepted as authority all over the country.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A YOUNG widow of very polite address, whose husband had lately died, was visited soon after by the minister of the parish, who inquired, as usual, about her husband's disease. When she replied, with a peculiar sadness,

"He's dead, I thank you."

MRS. PARTINGTON is in New York. She came in from Brooklyn a week ago, and learned by telegraph that unusual activity prevailed in Wall street, but after several days' consideration she got into the shower is going back a disappointed woman.

In the midst of a stormy discussion, a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hand majestically over the excited disputants he began:

"Gentlemen, I want to reason with you."

"Exactly," Jerrold interrupted, "that is precisely what you do not want."

The discussion was lost in a burst of laughter.

At an evening party, a very elderly lady was dancing with a young beau. A stranger approached Jerrold, who was looking on, and said:

"Pray, is not that lady as in the young gentleman dancing with that very elderly lady?"

"Oh, yes, sir! Human Society, I should think," replied Jerrold.

"You do wrong to fish on a Sunday," said a clergyman to a boy whom he met so doing.

"Well, sir," replied the boy, "it can't be much harm, for I ain't catched nothing."

A MAN having hurt his forehead, was advised to rub it with brandy. Some days after, being asked if he had done so, he answered:

"I have tried several times, but can never get the glass to join the wound."

"WHICH, my dear lady, do you think the merriest place in the world?"

"That depends upon where the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think."

"And why?"

"Because I am told that there all bodies lose their gravity!"

A MAN recently got married in Kentucky one day, and hung himself the next. No doubt he wanted to see if all varieties of woe, to which he had been subject.

"CAN'T we make your lover jealous, miss?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I think we can, if we put our heads together."

IT is said that a watch-dog is not so large in the morning as he was because he is let out at night and taken in the morning.

"WELL, MR. TREE, if you are about to leave, I shall deduct a trifle," exclaimed an incensed landlady to her lodger, who was slightly in arrears.

A MAN being asked what he had had for dinner, replied, "A lean pig, and the ruin of man's sauce." On being asked for an explanation, it appeared that his dinner consisted of a spare rib of pork and apple sauce.

THE celebrated speech of Sir Boyle Roche, "Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat; I see him dancing in the air; but mark me! I shall yet nip him in the bud!" was evidently the model upon which a writer in a late Kentucky paper remarks upon the result of a recent election. He says that "The fall of corruption has been dispelled, and the wheels of the State Government will no longer be transmitted by sharks that have been the public prosperity like locusts."

WHY cannot a gentleman legally possess a white walking-stick? Because it can never be long to him.

A GIRL who was making a dress, put the sleeves in wrong. She was unable to change them, as she could not determine whether she had got the right sleeve in the wrong place, or the wrong sleeve in the right place.

A SOLDIER boasted to Gen. Hooker of the many wounds he had received in his face. Hooker knowing him to be a coward, said to him, "The next time you run away, you had better take care how you run behind you."

KATE was talking glowingly about love-apples. "That's a range!" exclaimed Charley, her accepted lover. "My sturdy uncle here scrambled up apples! On the contrary, I thought that love always knelt in pain." Charley smiled approvingly.

A SHREWD little fellow, who had just begun to read Latin, astonished his master by the following translation:

"Vir, a man; gin, a trap—Virgin, a man-trap."

"Now, children," said a musical inspector, "who loves all men?"

A little girl, only four years old, and evidently not well up in the catechism, answered quickly:

"All except papa."

IT may be said generally of husbands, as the old woman said of hers, who had abused her to an old friend who reproached her for being such a fool as to marry him. "To be sure, he's not so good a husband as he should be, but he's a powerful deal better than none."

OWING to the high price of meat of all kinds, a company has been started to manufacture pork out of pig iron.

Barnum's New American Museum, Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets. This establishment does not advertise in the New York *Herald*. Circus and Drama twice each day. Only Circus on Broadway. Afternoon & Evening at 1½. CIRCUS TROUPE, and thoroughbred Horse. TRICK PONY WILD BILL. A galaxy of Equestrian Stars. Wild and Dashing Acts of Horsemanship. Previous to Circus, the Domestic Drama of UNCLE TOM'S FARM; or, THE ASSASSIN STEWARD. W. B. Harrison, Extemporaneous Singer. Three scientific subjects published in the *American Repository of Arts, Sciences and Manufactures*, of which he was subsequently made the editor. The first was a thesis injured by examination by publishing a work on agriculture, which was so full of what were regarded as wild and visionary ideas of a disordered mind that he everywhere met with derision, even from the American Institute, before which he had lectured. Professor Mapes' reputation never entirely recovered from these attacks, though it was soon after found that he and Dr. Liebig, the great German authority on agricultural subjects, agreed with singular exactness in their philosophy respecting the "progression of primaries" and other theories. His success, as we have had, however, much more to do with the re-establishment of his reputation as a sound chemist than the circumstance of the correspondence of his ideas with those of the German chemist.

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"As a remedy for kidney complaints, the White Pine Compound stands unrivalled. It was not originated for that purpose; but a person in using it for a cough, was not only cured of the cough, but was also cured of a kidney difficulty of ten years' standing. Since that accidental discovery many thousands have used it for the same complaint, and have been completely cured."

The above was written by Dr. Poland in 1860. Since then, as in Manchester, the White Pine Compound has taken the lead of all Cough remedies, as well as preparations for the cure of Kidney difficulties, in every city, town, village and hamlet throughout the New England States.

The past year has given great opportunity to test the virtues of the White Pine Compound. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the medicine, and the people where it is prepared are high in its praise.

One bottle of this Compound is generally sufficient to remove a bad cough, and frequently I have known persons to have a cold entirely removed in two days by using less than half a bottle. From one to two teaspoonfuls is a large dose. I sometimes put a little white sugar and hot water with it when taken on going to bed.

The limits to which I purposely confine myself in this circular will not allow of that full expression which I would like to give in favor of the White Pine Compound. It is universally admired by all who use it; it has attained to such a popularity among those whose opinion is valuable indeed, that VANITY may possibly, in part, prompt me to record more here than hurried people will have patience to read; so I will stop, by merely recommending to all who need a cough or kidney remedy to test the virtues of the WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

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Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, Vt., says:

"I find the White Pine Compound to be very efficacious not only in coughs and other pulmonic affections, but also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach and other kindred organs."

Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes:

"I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as even more efficacious and valuable than ever. I have just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

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of West Randolph, Vt., who is a practising physician, as well as preacher, in a letter to Dr. P., dated May 21, 1863, says: "I find it an excellent medicine in kidney disease."

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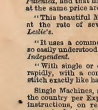
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10 Theaker & Wilson Sewing Machines, $100 each,	1,000
50 Gifts, Gold Hunting-Case Watches,	2,500
50 Gifts, Gold Lever Watches, $50 each,	1,500
2,500 Gifts, Silver-Plated Mammoth Gold Albums,	25,000
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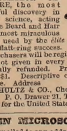
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 540 Vol. XXI.] NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 3, 1866. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 BY YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

Righting Ship.

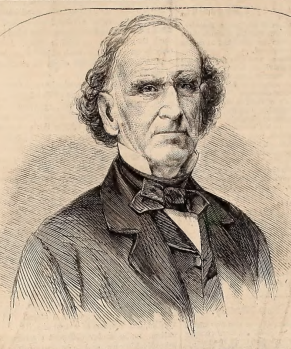
"OLD things have passed away and all things are become new," is evinced in nothing more clearly than the advanced, some may say, the revolutionary, propositions before Congress, or which have been adopted by the National Legislature. Apart from the proposed amendments of the Constitution, fifteen or twenty in number, we have pending legislative measures correspondingly numerous and radical.

Among these is a bill for giving to the negroes in the District of Columbia, which is under the direct control of Congress, the right of suffrage. This has passed the Lower House by a vote of 116 to 54, the members of the dominant party voting almost solid for it, and refusing to qualify the measure by limiting the right to such as can read and right. There is no doubt a considerable section of the party out of Congress who would not only be glad to see this qualification made, but would apply it to white men as well as negroes. If there be any virtue whatever in the ability of a man to read and write, if through these acquirements he becomes a better man and citizen, or better able to take a part in public affairs, then we see no reason why the qualification should not be made universal. An ignorant white man cannot be the peer of any other man, black or white, who is educated. That intelligence, and not property or color should be the basis of Republican Government and institutions, follows necessarily on the fact that this is the highest efforts of human intelligence and virtue. We are not called upon, through the proposed measures, to extend the suffrage—of which so many people affect to be afraid—but rather to limit it. What would be the result, in the sinks of sin and ignorance of our own city, if the qualifications proposed to be required to constitute a voter in the District of Columbia were made applicable here? Would not a large per centage of official corruption, profligacy, extravagance and crime, disappear? Every decent citizen can give a prompt and just answer.

As a sequence, or rather amplification of the propositions referred to, is another to strike out the words "free white person" in our naturalization laws, so that all men, whatever their color, landing on the soil of the United States, may be citizens thereof, and entitled to all rights and privileges pertaining to such.

Mr. Conkling, of New York, following in the same direction, proposes that all taxation shall be apportioned according to the number of citizens (i. e. people), while representation shall be calculated only according to the number of voters. The tendency of such an amendment of the Constitution (this is the form the proposition takes) would be to make it to the interest of all the States to give political rights to all men within their borders, regardless of color.

In other matters, one of the most significant manifestations of the public sentiment, ex-



THE LATE ELIJAH F. PURDY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEWIS.



A RAINY NIGHT IN THE CITY—IN FRONT OF THE THEATRE.

treme perhaps in expression, is the resolution proposed in the Senate by Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, referring to Great Britain, as follows:

"*Whereas*, The British Government has refused indemnity for the damage done to American commerce by her subjects; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the President be requested to withdraw our ministers to the Court of St. James, and to declare national non-intercourse between the two nations."

These resolutions were laid on the table by a vote of 23 to 12. It was probably not the expectation of Mr. Chandler to secure their passage at this time, but to bring the matter to which they refer in a tangible form before the public mind. Lord Clarendon has declined to continue the discussion with Mr. Adams, in which, unless he meditated reparation, he was right. The days of reparation were long ago exhausted on our side, and the expedients of evasion on the other. We have made our demands with all the circumlocution and dumnery of middle-age diplomacy, and Mr. Adams has had his tilt with foils with the British so-called statesmen. His countrymen had had enough of it to watch Hamlet on more than occasion "A la palsgrafe" and the Earl Russell backers have several times flattered themselves that Mr. Adams got a full Roland for his Oliver. The whole business has been what not best to be expected.

Mr. Seward has not been in earnest. The English Government discovered it early, and the sum total is several cords of utterly unimportant correspondence. And the leaving of a question in abeyance that ought to have been settled long ago, and which, while unsettled, will be a source of irritation and danger.

We should have had a war with English and French account the moment the war was ended, before a ship had been put out of commission, or a regiment disbanded. We lost our opportunity, and are likely into war; and all because we *will* diplomatise—because we will adhere to stupid traditions of action, instead of fairly and firmly conforming to the sense and exigences of the time.

Let Congress pass Mr. Chandler's resolutions; let the Government act up boldly to their letter and spirit; and how long does any one suppose it will be before England would pay our demands to the uttermost farthing! Probably not even "sixty days."

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The Great Magazine of Fashion—Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine.

With nearly 100 Illustrations of the Newest Fashions, and a superb Colored Double Fashion Plate—being a larger number of plates than are published in all the other Ladies' Magazines combined.

With the January number two new features are introduced, and will be continued, being a beautiful copy of some celebrated Engraving, colored in exact imitation of the original, and a plate of a Paper Doll, with a complete set of costume, all distinct, and colored to represent a Lady of Fashion in her various dresses. The January number contains a beautiful colored Lithograph of Painting entitled "The First Baby"—and a doll model in her walking costume, the articles of dress being separate.

A number of popular Pictures, by the most celebrated Artists, are in course of preparation, and will appear in the February and succeeding numbers, beautifully colored. Subscriptions for the year, $3 50; four copies in one Post Office, $14; with the additional advantage of an extra copy gratis, to the person sending the amount.

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This excellent Comic Paper is now in its ninth year, and is the great satirical paper of America.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 3, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

POSTPONEMENT.

The magnificent PRESENTATION PLATE for all Subscribers to FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, will be ready for delivery to every Purchaser of No. 39 of that great family newspaper. No. 39 will be issued on the 13th of February.

Trial by Jury.

TRIAL by jury, or the right of trial by a jury of one's peers, is considered among the highest prerogatives and most sacred rights of civilized man. In countries in the dark ages when power was irresponsible and despotic, and to secure it was then worth all the struggle and effort that it cost. But while the principle and the right of trial by jury are still equally true and vital, yet the very safeguards that in past years and under other circumstances were deemed essential to give it practical security and effect, now embarass and defeat its original and proper purpose. It was not the intent of those who gave the boon of jury trial to mankind to pervert justice and open an avenue of escape to criminals. When they gave the privilege to the accused to challenge peremptorily or for cause any juror who might be called on to act in that capacity, they did so to protect the alleged criminal from suffering through the prejudices or foregone conclusions of those who were to decide on his guilt or innocence. The object was to secure perfect impartiality on the part of the jury.

Now, in the early days, when trial by jury was first conceded to the people, before printing presses and telegraphs were invented or became general, it was easy to find men who had not "formed an opinion" in any given case. Unless in very rare and special instances, the circumstances of crime were known only to a few, and men really depended on the decisions of jurors for their opinions as to the guilt of persons accused of crime. But now, when no important offence can be committed without an almost immediate publication of all the facts and circumstances connected with it, exaggerated, perhaps, but necessarily essentially true, it is impossible for reading men—and here who are not?—to avoid arriving at an opinion really fixed as to the innocence of the alleged criminal? It does not follow that the formation of such an opinion implies hostility or prejudice, or prevents men from deciding, if called on to act, according to law and the evidence." It only implies that human intelligence has performed its legitimate functions.

No hostile *animus* is to be inferred because a juror, being really a conscientious and true man, tells us that he believes, from what he has read, that the man on trial is guilty. And it is only to guard against such *animus* that the preemptory challenge of the right of challenge is given to the accused.

A man, in these days, who has not formed an opinion in cases like those of Ketchum or Gordon, must be either grossly ignorant—which, whose best title to both designations is patent, from the fact of not taking the newspapers; for, if taking them, he must read the news—or the average of intelligence, and thoroughly unfit to sit in judgment, in not having arrived at a conclusion, or "formed an opinion."

As the right of challenge is now generally construed it is in effect a right for the ignorant or unscrupulous can act as jurors in what are called "celebrated cases," or of such notoriety or interest as to arrest public attention. In the case of Jefferson Davis, charged with the murder of the Cuban Otero, hundreds of men were examined as to their opinion, formed on public report, or the facts presented (rightly or wrongly) in the newspapers, of the guilt of the prisoner. Nine-tenths were set aside because they said they believed him guilty—not because they were prejudiced, in a hostile sense, against him, or incapable of giving a sound and just verdict, but because of a technicality or reservation, made under different circumstances, inapplicable now, and only operating to delay and defeat the ends of justice.

ADVICES from Germany state that the demand for American Government securities is greater than for those of any other nation, and that purchases are constantly in progress, evincing in their partiality, that "all advertisements for Turkish or other loans, or shares in any company, prove unsuccessful." The assumption is a significant and important fact that the emigration from Germany to the United States last year was in excess of that of 1864, leading to the inference that henceforward we shall draw our principal accession of foreign citizens from the Teutonic stock—the best, all, in the world. Napoleon's "Latin race" in America does not seem to be proportionally reinforced.

THE *rinderpest*, or plague among cattle, which, during the past summer, spread from the Continent to the British islands, has been very fatal there. During the year, more than 50,000 animals have died of it, and the mortality is on the increase. Farmers no longer care to breed cattle, and, as a consequence, beef is very necessary for their support. The disease is reported to be a kind of eruptive fever, similar to the smallpox. It is feared that, in common with the cholera, it may cross the Atlantic during the coming season. Should these prognostications prove correct, we may anticipate a serious shock to our prosperity.

THE *Cornhill* (London) *Magazine*, in an article on American humor, does not exactly ask "Who reads an American book?" as did the *Edinburgh Review*, a generation ago, but affects to disparage a literature which it cannot ignore, in this wise:

"For the present, however, there are no indications that a school of humor, like those amongst the intellectual leaders of the world in science, philosophy, or literature, under Bacon, Descartes, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and several other names of various merit might be established in the United States of Utility, none of them can be said to have passed out of the second rank. And the reason is plain enough. In other countries, if they have been imitators rather than leaders; they have had, at whom to imitate—persons, embodying an insufficient mastery of their subjects—it almost seems as if, from a young country, every up-rising genius must mimic—and their efforts remain as rather of extremely clever essays by undergraduates, than of the thorough and finished work of well-trained thinkers."

THE *New York Citizen* says about the same thing:

"Unpleasant as the admission may be to our self-complacency, there is no living American novelist equal to the half-dozen who may be named as modern from the third to fourth rank of English romance writers. We have good writers in no small number, but none that are great in the field of fiction."

A LEADING weekly newspaper, of London, in its resume of the year, pays the following tribute to the United States:

"To the Englishman, and they are the vast majority, who have the heart and the sense to take pride and pleasure in the well-doing of a free and a kindred race the moderation thus far shown by the Northern Americans in the hour of victory, their good humour, their power of absorbing a vast military force into civil purposes, and their anxiety to maintain the name of unspotted probity towards their creditors, even under the strongest pressure of a war debt and a massive system of protection, are causes of the most sincere satisfaction. . . . Probably no event in our time has ever brought to a close, in the history of the world, where the victors showed such moderation in the sanguinary vengeance on defeated political opponents."

THE funeral of the late King of Belgium, the miser king, was conducted with a pomp rather proportioned to his personal wealth than to the grandeur of his position, as sovereign of that little but busy State. Among other things, a London correspondent tells us they painted and enamelled the face of the poor corpse for exhibition, while lying in state, which ghastly mockery reminds us of Pope's fine lady—

"And—Betty, give this cheek a little red,
One needn't, sure, look hideous when one's dead!"

We have never heard, seen, or felt "spirits," and have nothing to say *pro or con* about spirit rappings and tippings; but we cannot resist copying from Barnum's book on "Humbugs" (what a humbug!) the following story:

"An old gentleman, apparently from the country, one day entered the room of this medium and expressed a desire to hold communication with his dead son. He took a seat at the table, and to write the names of his departed relatives. The medium, with much effort, incorrectly pronounced the term 'deceased' the name of 'diseased'—meaning by the d-i-s-e. And a practical man carefully adjusted his 'specks' and did what was never done before—a most palpable falsehood has been selected from those written, the investigator was detected in exposing what they term 'the trick of the trade.' 'Wal, I declare they do!' said he. 'But I say, Mister, I guess I'll come again to do write to a spirit communication.' 'You will am'ricy,' replied the medium, with a bow, 'we are happy to accommodate all reasonable communications' which read somewhat as follows: 'My Beast Father, Mister Jones, I am in the Spirit Land now you through this channel. Keep on investigating, and you will soon be convinced of the great fact of immortality.' The countryman hopped in my spirit-home, patiently awaiting the time when you could speak out 'Dad, it's Your Amy.' 'Oh, good gracious! But my child was a woman when she died, and she knew me.' 'Did you not tell me to write the names of the deceased?' 'Did I not tell you to write the names of the old man.' 'Wal, she ain't anything else, for she's had the rumatiz great as the mountain.'"

THE tendency to the establishment of an oligarchy in the South has been broken up by the emancipation of the slaves. In what way is well explained by Judge Fleming of Louisiana, in a recent charge to the Grand Jury of that city:

"The plantation system is for ever stamped, because labor is necessary to that system. That system was adopted simply to this: we made cotton to buy negroes, and we bought negroes to make cotton. The consideration that was to add to our acres and the number of slaves. This is a marked distinction between the planter and the farmer. The aim of the farmer is not to add to his acres, but to the fertility of those he has. The aim is not to wish to add to his laborers, for, however rich his lands, he will require no more laborers to work them than if they were poor."

SOME notion of the extent of travel on the city or horse railways of New York may be gathered from the fact that the aggregate of fares received on those lines in the six months ending December 31st, was $1,887,625.

THE rapidity of growth in some kinds of fishes, at certain periods and under favorable circumstances, is something wonderful. Thus a young salmon, which, at first, weighed only one ounce, increased in May, 1855, from the artificial breedingbeds at Stormontfield, England, after having the dead set of the sea taken by the salmon, when first on its return from the sea, having grown 10 old inches in length, 10 inches odd in girth, and in weight *five pounds seven ounces and a half*. Another fish had grown from about an ounce to *nine pounds*.

THE New York correspondent of the London *Spectator*, commenting on the fact that a lady, "in all other respects modest and retiring," was compelled to leave an Italian Opera because she wore a dress "exceptionally low in the neck," maintains that such an occurrence could never happen here, because custom has made our taste and taste to go to theatres in what is rather strangely called "full dress." He adds, too, that the same decorum is preserved at hotels, and proceeds to tell the following story, which fashionable people will remember as being something more than "founded on fact:"

"A lady, whom I knew, had rather an unpleasant experience in an attempt, some years ago, to disregard the tacit understanding among the rich in regard to dinner dress at hotels. She belonged to an unfashionable set, and having married a French Canadian planter, soon adopted what we call plantation manners, and affected to wear dresses on simple occasions, of which New England fell. She was at Newport, our great seaside watering place, and, having just returned from Europe, took great skin upon herself. One evening, at the table-d'hôte, a gentleman sat down near her, and the butler-plate before him happening to have no buttermarks by it on the serviette, he, instead of calling the waiter and waiting for one to be brought, used his own perfectly fresh handkerchief for the purpose. He in this was a man of culture and social standing, but a Yankee, and therefore democratic. Immediately she saw him she seized the opportunity, and calling a waiter, said, in a loud voice, 'Remove that napkin, sir, and bring a fresh butter; that gentleman has had his knife in it.' She sat down to the remark, which was heard all over upon him, and upon the lady; but, by and by, she discovered that the gentleman had quietly removed the chipped dried beef, which stood between her and her vis-à-vis. This was too much, enough, at least, to disturb at once, and calling a waiter, said, only as if to have asking for another dish, 'Remove that napkin; this lady has had her fingers in it.' In this emergency, the lady, as I have since thought to have done, left it, and she did not forgive her friend. So a few days after, when I met the latter, I was careful to express in slightest possible acquaintance between them. They being at dinner, she, conspicuous in the full dress she had adopted since her tour to Europe, and which was so very "full" that it would have suited the ball-room under any circumstances, took one from a dish of fresh figs before her, and putting it on a plate, handed it to him, with an expression of complaisance, but nothing in a tone of unmistakable significance, which could be heard all around her: 'A fig for you, sir.' He accepted it graciously, and taking it in his turn, a few fine specimens of the dish, offered it to her, with, 'A figment of your imagination, madam.' The lady, I am told, until her intended victim left the hotel. It was gone

rally agreed that he had done what a gentleman would shrink from doing; but the provocation was such that he was held guiltless of offence, and applauded for his wit, and nobody, except perhaps a few of her slave-holding friends, pitied her. This is the last instance that I know of, of a lady's appearance in full dress at a public table. But I am told that within the last three or four years it was the mode in fashion among the "fastest" sets, at the height of the season, at Saratoga still one or two others of the gayest watering-places.

It is not improbable that the death of King Leopold may exercise a great influence on the future destiny of Mexico. Very indifferent to grandeur, the late king was not indifferent to money, and in 24 years he accumulated a fortune estimated at $16,000,000. One-third of this he has left to his successor, another to his second son, the Comte de Flandre, and the third to his daughter Charlotte, so-called Empress of Mexico. One of the reasons which induced an Austrian Archduke to accept his old position as a satrap of Juarez was pecuniary embarrassment, which this immense legacy will finally remove. Miramar with a great income may seem a much pleasanter residence than Mexico, without French troops or American recognition.

A MR. WATTS PHILLIPS, writing to the London *Athenæum* from Paris, claims that the play entitled "Lost in London," now being acted at Wallack's Theatre, is not only his production, written some years ago for Mr. Webster of the Haymarket Theatre, London, but that it was first stolen by "a person in his employ, who *learned* to America." The fact that some one thought the piece sufficiently valuable to steal it, is about the only compliment that has ever been paid it. The theatrical public here will not be sorry to learn that it has been returned to its owner.

THE population of Paris is now slightly above half-a-million of Londoners—about 1,607,351, and has an near as possible doubled since 1832—that in 33 years—when London had exactly the population which Paris has now. It seems probable that the two great capitals are increasing at an equal rate, but Paris, if anything, the faster—as London recently exceeds 3,000,00 yet, even allowing for the increase since 1861.

M. SAYERS, of Paris, has found that a brilliant light, possessing very high actinic power, is produced by the combustion of a mixture of 24 parts of finely-pulverized nitrate of strontia, and seven parts of flowers of sulphur and six of the red sulphide of arsenic. This mixture can be sold at six cents a pound, and its light is therefore much cheaper than that of magnesium, and as to it is said to be only very slightly inferior in actinic energy.

TOWN GOSSIP.

FIRST snow, then rain, then slush, then freeze, then thaw, then mud, and then—everything but fine, dry weather. One day another comes on ice, and all New York goes skating mad. The next day the vestige of ice is to be seen, and the weather is summery enough to be classed in June and July. Another fortyfour hours elapses, and sleighs are swinging through the streets, and New York is in hilarious for a few moments over giggling bells; when, presto! another change, and the streets are clear, and the people are stepping about in mud-ankle deep.

We have a theory that there will be no more weather in New York as in the olden time. Do we not all remember how, 30 years ago, it was understood that no snow had four feet deep in the streets and all travel stopped for a day or two until it could be packed and shovelled, and piled and carted? That was the millennium for boys, and the days of terror for housekeepers. Then there was nothing unusual in the fact of a general sleighing in the city, and people of moderate means could enjoy a cutter ride.

But, all this is altered, and New York no longer knows anything that looks like a respectable snow-storm. We said we had a theory about it, and it is this: that New York is a warmer city by at least 10 degrees than it was 30 years ago, and that however great the weather may be that sweeps over us, it does not affect us then. The same with regard to snow and ice, it has not been so much, but may be brought about even by this latest heat, merits prematurely. This arises from the fact that we consume more fuel than ever before. The universal use of coal must have set the earth in brick walls, and even upon the earth itself, while the great consumption of gas and the heated pipes of our lamps, certainly has an influence on the atmosphere. In this view we believe that there is a continual exhalation of caloric going on that warms the entire city, and assists in preventing ice or melts snow in the flake before it reaches the earth.

That point being settled, we will fly from freezing on shore to freezing at sea, and and revert to a topic we discussed last week. The difficulty appears to be this:

Steamers leave the ship of that name, by the neglect of those in authority. We predicted then that the authorities would do nothing, and we are sorry to say that we were right. They have called for no inquiry into the disabling the doctor, who had her in charge, to last April, 60, and that, of course, is the last we shall hear of the case. It serves the woman right. She had no business to be poor—and an emigrant—and to have ten sick, and young, and handsome, as she ought to have been, and to have had a husband and children to be taken care of by the cabin.

Ships, and steamships, and emigration, brings us to the sailing of Mr. Barker's colony of women for Washington Territory. The steamship Constitution was the vessel, and she carried away about 150 of the softer sex, to the terror of brokers, bummers, and fashionable dry-goods merchants. There will be about five months on the passage. Only think of it! the fact of 150 women at sea for five months. Think of the small talk, the scandal, the gossip, and the stories, the romances, the flirtations on board ship. Think of the quarrels to be made up, and the reconciliations to be effected, and the heart-burnings to be endured. Should not all men be glad that they are not on the high seas to go to Washington Territory?

As we are talking of women, let us make mention of one other subject connected with them that needs reform. In the city of New York alone, there are some thousands of women, good and industrious, whose sole resource is to earn a living by dressmaking and millinery. They will venture to say, that not one in a hundred of these can afford to give one dollar out of their income for any purposes whatever, and yet upon them the fashionable Revenue Law presses more than upon any other class. It says:

"Dressmakers, making articles to order, as garments, and not for sale generally, shall, to the amount of $1,000, be exempt from duty; and for any excess beyond a thousand, six per cent."

That is, if the dress is worth $900, the dressmaker shall pay a tax on it of $15. In many cases she does not receive more than this for the making of the dress, and cannot get more from Mrs. Shoddy, who, while appreciating the beauty of a well-made dress, does not like the discourtesy of paying the workwoman for making it. The law consequently works this way: It makes the middle and lower classes make their own dresses, and throw only the expensive ones upon the hands of the dressmaker, and she, feeling that she cannot put this tax upon her customers, consequently defrauds the revenue, or cuts down the wages of her sewing girls.

This is one of the cases of previous Congresses *aboud nobice*.

There has been little of theatrical sensation this week, excepting the opening of Wood's new theatre on Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Mr. Wood has made a neat little house, light and airy, and well-fitted for comfort, and seems to have the qualifications will permit. His company are new to New York, but an individual exception must be made in favor enough in them—if they choose to devote themselves to it—to fill their theatre. Mrs. Hoey, who opened the house opened with a new melange by De Walden, not up to show off the capabilities and beauties of certain performances and stage effects. The principal of the first was the Hamlet Brothers, who seem to have a talent in the physical line rather disturbing to our ideas of the stuff that the acting profession is made of. They are, without doubt, the greatest gymnasts in the world, and if there was nothing else in the performance, (which the name of the piece—they would be attraction enough.

The Philadelphia Sketch Club has had a very fervent annual reception at the Fine Art Galleries, No. 625 Broadway, on Thursday evening last—fervent in the sense of being crowded, and the show of pictures decidedly fine. The rooms remain open for the week, and will be the lounging place for all the *dilettanti* and beauty of New York for some time to come.

BOOK NOTICES.

PHOTOGRAPHY has been so simplified as to become a source of equal entertainment and utility to persons non-professional. The process is not such to record permanently the scenes that please them most, or the places and objects which most interest them. How many thousands are annually spent every year in the matter during their winter rambles, are heart to ejaculate, "Oh, if I were only a painter!" Well, it is a pretensible what has delighted them, and are sad to think that the joy for them is not a "joy for ever."

Photography comes in the place of painting, and it now within the reach of most people of ordinary leisure and their intelligence. The apparatus is a very simple and edge of chemistry is not needed. Competent men have fitted the formulas of the whole to that completely necessary that the amateur photographer, or for that matter, the ordinary professional, should understand all the "whys and wherefores." For the benefit of that large class which now may be practicing photography without a guide, we set to call attention to a neat, convenient and valuable book, "The Photographic Primer," published by M. Carey Lea and Edward L. Wilson, and published by Benerman & Wilson, Philadelphia. It gives in plain, intelligible language, the best and latest practical hints for the manipulation of photography, and is equally useful to the beginner and the proficient. Especially valuable portions of the book are "The New Beginner," by Mr. Solars. Why he should commit the phenomen of "Why" we are not observant, but we forgive him the sin, in view of the simple and useful directions which follow the confession. Equally valuable are the hints relative to the beautiful and useful art of photography.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A Hartford paper publishes the following: Some time last fall I sent you an account of a woman who came to Hartford, from Bridgeport, Connecticut, and who, in four months, besides doing the house-hold work, had made 365 pairs of shoes, all the pegging, earned $180 in bottoming their baldcobbler's shoes, and had also taken care of a sick child. After that time, during the winter, she made shoemaking a kind of secondary business, and by the first of April, when she commenced on a six months' contract, had earned $300. She has since been constantly at work; and I find by examining the books of her employers, that in the past nine months, by "odd jobs," she has earned in six months in bottoming their baldcobbler's shoes, $300, and in three months more has done well, but I think she exceeds them all. If any woman can make out a better record, I will be glad to know where to find her.

—The way of Washington Senators is hard. A newly Judge Field, of California, received by express, a small box which, as surprise has not been excited, was opened very carefully, after being soaked in a tub of water to remove the sawdust in which the precious cartridges with heavy ball and fulminating powder, were packed. The Judge was not disappointed, for the box would have exploded. There was a single line written on the lid of the box, which, he believes, "Mr. Chamberlayne has decided the Pueblo case." Senator Sumner received a similar communication, and the Judge somewhat startled, with the following note: "You can imagine my surprise at the receipt of the package, and if that bill of yours passes, I will have a piece of you."

—Richmond papers report the arrest of the rebel Col. Mosby at Warrenton, Va., on a charge of being a Federal soldier in the valley, during the war. The Richmond *Examiner* thinks his arrest "a piece of rank impudent mendacity," as he was a regularly commissioned officer of the C. S. A., and "has the papers from the proper awarded to other officers of Lee's army."

—The Legislature of the State of South Carolina, Washington county, N. Y., had a singular encounter with a panther, the other night, while hunting for squirrels. His dog began barking at the mouth of a hollow tree, and came out of the hollow, as if having had a tussle with some animal. His dog came out, and re-entered the hollow, and Mr. Chamberlayne, also, and re-entered the cave. For it felt he had to crawl. He found the dog in the stump of a tree, and a panther. Further, when he saw the eyes of an animal glaring at him. He fired his gun, and the animal made a rush, but a blow with the breech of the gun knocked him down. This was to get him out. Dragging was practicable until he got to the mouth of the hollow tree, when he left the dog, and it required fire or six to pull the captor out. Mr. Chamberlayne has since received the appointment of Mr. Hill, to be a panther six feet long. The hollow tree is a much rather fight rebels than undertake another such a job.

—An incident occurred at St. Louis, illustrative the fact that many of the wild beasts, captured and sold at four-legged animals, but they sometimes do things on their own account. Not long since, a car load of the these herpetended beasts were brought to the Illinois depot, from the west by rail, and it was concluded that the best way to get them across was to start them on the ice and let them walk over. As soon as they reached the ice, instinct taught them that they had embarked on a dangerous journey, and instantly the oldest male in the drove—one, too, that had never been at a circus and had no education—took the lead, and one at a time the whole 300 "fell in" and followed their leader in single file, with the utmost decorum. When the last straggling themselves into a long line, they crossed the river. In the circumstance of the animals, there is a moral reason, who were impressed with this wonderful illustration of mute sagacity.

—The citizens of Columbia, Pa., were greatly excited, one day last week, by seeing a locomotive run through the town at the rate of 50 miles an hour, with no one on it. The engineer who was coming it, having opened the throttle-valve, the engine started, but he became frightened and jumped off. After a short run the engine came into collision with a train, and both were badly damaged. Fortunately no lives were lost, though several were injured.

—The Hartford, Conn., *Press* says: "A ragged little fellow was noticing on one of our ponds lately with his shoes or stockings, his shoes being strapped upon his arms. He had on a pair of skates and that his feet were warm enough if he kept on skating."

—The Rev. Dr. Bellows has a fine joke on the Christmas morning, and after a long search found one in a sock from which a present had been taken. He presented to him by his parishioners, and ornamented it with a label, on which was written the following:

—Mrs. President Johnson has received from Sir Moses Montefiore a most elegant and costly present in the form of a Christian prayer book, of exquisite device, filled with Parisian bon-bons.

—Ex-Governor Wright, politician on the Kennebec, remarked to a lady that eloquence was abundant to keep the ball rolling in a "row." And the young lady, who had been an attentive listener, "took some time to consider the remark, and then said, "I guess I know nothing about." The bachelor turned pale, and thanks himself a widower.

—Secretary McCulloch has addressed a circular to the Treasury Agents, requesting them to submit at once all matching foreign bodies coin shinnels that had died of the cholera, with a view to preventing them or ailment all attrites of hides to the Department at Washington.

—Arthur Savoy, who was sent to prison for killing John F. Hayward, in a duel, a few days after the murder wards, is reported to have only fidgeted death, and to have made up his mind to make the best of his time and to his friends. His brother, however, says that he was "waked" and "shaved" in the city.

—The savage weekly receipts of the messengers added to the Bank of the Commonwealth, in Detroit, Mich., is about $6. The opera in that city gave them a benefit on Saturday.

—A pickpocket with a watch in his hand, which he had just taken from the pocket of a gentleman who was in the Boston Common, was seen by a boy waiting for a return to cash his coupons, was pounced upon by a policeman, and found to be the pickpocket's own watch in his own pocket.

—The wheat yield of Minnesota is said to be unprecedented, it averaging 27 bushels to the acre, and the total yield of the State estimated at 21,000,000 bushels, which is 48 bushels to each inhabitant—man, woman, and child. The wheat crop of Minnesota is the principal agricultural production of Minnesota, the immense crops of corn, barley, oats, and potatoes are also grown.

—The Hartford *Courant* says that the present year, enters upon the 102d year of its uninterrupted publication.

—A mercantile agency in New York reports the number of failures in the United States for the month over $17,500,000, which is about twice as much as those for 1865 or 1864, and three times those of the years before 1857. The general condition of trade is called healthy.

—Capt. George W. Cutler died recently in Washington. He was the author of some celebrated poems, among which are "Independence Bell," "Bunker Hill," and "Song of Lightning." "I Pluribus Unum," "Ferry, Jersey," and "Ode to Liberty." He was also a man of the most sensitive organization, of culture, and refinement, and, in the early settlement of the State of Kentucky, was a captain in one of the regiments of that State in the battle of the Thames, under Gen. Harrison, Duena Vista, receiving from the hands of Col. Clay, who fell in that engagement, the sword which, on his return, he gave to his bereaved father, Henry Clay, at Ashland, retaining for himself the pistols which were in his kindest regards. Capt. Cutler was for some years in the Treasury Department, and afterwards in Cincinnati engaged in the practice of the law in Cincinnati.

—The Boston *Journal* says the destruction of steamers, ferry-boats, wharf-boats, canal-boats, barges, ferry chains, etc., in Boston harbor since the first movement of ice, is $500,000. The insurance will probably not be paid half that amount. The ice is still running, but navigation is partly resumed.

—A Freedmen's Savings' Bank has just been opened in Memphis. The first day's deposits amounted to $50, averaging $5 each.

—The Rev. John A. J. Creswell, Senator from Maryland, has been appointed by President Johnson to fill the vacancy upon the late Hon. Henry Winter Davis, who died in Baltimore on the 11th of December inst.

Foreign.—The Leeds (England) *Mercury* of the 27th ult., says: "At Leeds Police Court on Tuesday morning, as a young man was going down the steps of the Central Railway Station, Wellington Bridge, he was startled by the appearance of a ghost with white as it was said, coming out of the adjoining graveyard. Whether it was a 'creation of the imagination,' or whether it was a reality, and not a public-house, or a veritable reality, he could not tell. The ghost, however, came up to him and struck the dreadful object, which he discovered to be a young man. The ghost then made off, and disappeared. Feeling on being awoke, screamed on finding herself in the street. She ran to a house near and was received with clothing, and then accompanied home. She had been sleeping with her sister, and the latter had got out of bed in a dream, unlocked the door, and started on a journey naked. Without knowing it she passed by any of the family.

—Lord Derby Londoner established a free school in that city, some time ago, and directed that the day after Christmas should be a holiday, and that the evening among the young unmarried women, educated there, the most handsome should be distributed most must be members of the Episcopal Church. 22 young women, the relatives and friends of the scholars, and employers with whom they have lived since leaving school, were present to witness the distribution of the prizes. A large number participated in the drawing last Christmas Eve, the distribution of which being an exceedingly pretty, rosy-cheeked damsel, whom nobody would have supposed had any difficulty in securing a husband—Query or no dowry.

—A new "crime" which is creating some terror in the fashionable circles of Paris is that of "hair-cutting." A hairdresser in the Quartier Montmartre, has been brought before the correctional tribunal with a series of accusations. With the assistance of an accomplice, who appears to be a sort of valet-de-chambre, he contrived, as he has been in the habit of entering into his shop poor unfortunate girls who had been betrayed by their lovers, driving them by violence of their locks, not unfrequently inflicting severe injuries on the unfortunate victims. The shop numerous letters from his victims, upbraiding him with his cruelty, and threatening to bring an action age to denounce the ruffian to the police, undeterred by these letters, he continued his practice to the very hour of the city; thence by arteries it is distributed in every direction. There are also numerous Arteries with in the city and its suburbs. By boring an average depth of 80 feet the water rises several feet above the surface of the earth, and flows in a very bold stream. In many instances the water rises to a level of all buildings. It is fresh and sweet as that brought from the mountains.

—Madame Lamartine, the wife of the celebrated poet, child, her place in the lands of Lamartine the letters that passed between her and Byron, with notes of her

A CAUTION.

WE cut the annexed paragraph from the New York daily *Times* of the 17th, firstly as a caution to the unsuspecting against the swindlers mentioned; secondly, to mark a designation between the parties and the house of B. T. Hayward, No. 202 Broadway, who have advertised extensively in this paper, and who seems a pity that there should not be some criminal law to reach this swarming of names belonging to respectable business men:

VICTIMIZING A COUNTRYMAN.—B. Hayward, of the firm of Hayward, Hall & Co., doing business at 202 Broadway, was brought before Mayor Hoffman on a charge of swindling perpetrated by Rev. Uriah Conklet, of Salisbury, Conn. The latter obtained from the firm of Hayward a check for $56 to Hayward & Co., in payment for certificates, which he represented to be advertisements, were to be cast to the holders to gold watches, diamond rings, and a number of other valuable articles. The check was arrested and taken before the Mayor, where he acknowledged having received the articles mentioned, and then opened before it came into his hands, and the money refunded. The complaint was withdrawn at Conklet's statement, and ordered him to refund the money, which was done.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THAT was a beautiful idea in the mind of a little girl, who, observing a rainbow after one of the topmost stem, the oldest rose was fading, while below and around it the younger blossoms were in their prime, unfolding their charms, at once and artlessly exclaimed to her mother, "Oh, mother, see! Willie Gaines is getting awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies!"

A LAWYER addressed the Court as "gentlemen of the jury," instead of "may it please the Court," and concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately begged to apologize. "May it please the Court, in the best of the debate I called your honors gentlemen of the jury, and I ask pardon for it."

In a shipyard, one day, a tar from a man of war was observed watching two men dragging a seven foot chest along the ground by a rope. The saw was dull, the log very tough, and these they went, seesaw, saw, seesaw, for hours. At last he strolled the matter over a while, and he came to the conclusion that they were a pair of fools. He went up the way, and as one was an immense big chap, while the other was a little fellow, he said to the latter, "Say, you, give the big one a blow under the ear that capsized him, he jerked the saw away from him, and went to the small one, he sang out, "Now, run, you beggar!"

A SERENADE.—BY A LOVER WITH A COLD IN HIS HEAD.

Oh, set be dot to blow by hess,
By charting one by word;
The fairest flower I ever bell,
It dover can be dode!
Oh, dwin dose eyes, dwin scales,
Or dwell in godder star;
Dey're dwice as bright as dose, by dot, etc.

The wild that blows across the hess,
Had it a dose to blow,
With such a cold I've got,
Ah, would it blow it! Dot!
But see to be poor-natured Arab
Are gleeting on the dew!
I have a handkerchief
By baddon fail—AT HICKORY.

THERE is a very amusing anecdote of Southern pride. A Tennessee man was in Washington, interceding for a pardon for his rebel husband. Her husband was with President Johnson, and she, distracted her with great consideration and kindness. In the course of the interview, the lady of the house, who only remarked that the President was very cordial and polite, asked the wife of the rebel whether she had a family, and invited her to stay at the White House while her husband was in prison. "No," said her friend, "you accepted the President's hospitality?" "No," answered the lady, "I am not a subject of charity."

IF Brigham Young's 100 wives favor their tired with curtain lectures, and owing to the nature of Young a Night thoughts? asks the Philadelphia *Press*.

A GOOD-NATURED fellow who was nearly eaten out of house and home by the constant visits of his friends, was one day complaining bitterly of his numerous visitors.

"Shure and I'll tell ye how to get rid of 'em," said his friend Pat.

"How, how?"

"Lend money to the poor ones, and borrow money of the rich ones, and nather sort will ever trouble ye again."



BURNING OF THE BELLEFONTAINE AND INDIANAPOLIS ENGINE-HOUSE, AT GALION, OHIO, JAN. 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. J. RIDLEY.

BURNING OF THE BELLEFONTAINE AND INDIANAPOLIS ENGINE HOUSE.

On Friday morning, the 5th of January, the inhabitants of Galion, Ohio, were thrown into a state of consternation by the burning of the above engine house, one of the finest in the whole country. The fire originated in the oil room. It was an excessively cold night, and some of the workmen had built a large fire to keep the oil from chilling. During their absence from the room for a few minutes, in some way the oil about took fire, and before any efficient measures could be brought to bear, a large quantity of carbon oil exploded, throwing the flames in every direction, at once putting a stop to all hope of saving the building, which, in less than 20 minutes, was a total wreck, destroying 13 fine locomotives, and other valuable property to the amount of £100,000.

The fire is a great detriment to the travelling public and a serious loss to the company, not only financially, but on account of the difficulty in replacing the burnt engines.

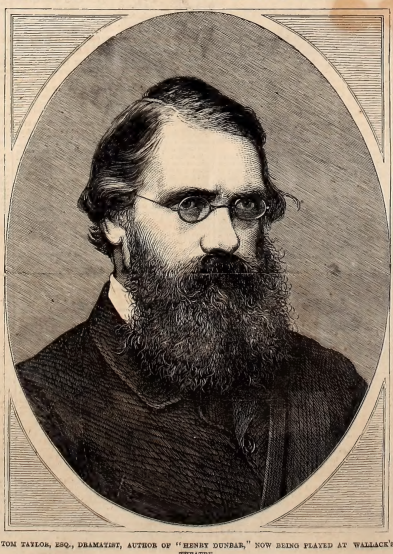
MR. TOM TAYLOR.

PERHAPS the most prolific and most successful dramatist of the present day—both as author and adapter—is Mr. Tom Taylor, whose portrait this week illustrates our pages. The bills of one or other of our theatres almost continually contain the announcement of a piece of some sort or other by Mr. Taylor. His productions have been so numerous that we cannot afford space to mention them all; but among his greatest successes may be enumerated the comedies of "Still Waters Run Deep," "Victims," "An Unequal Match," "The Contested Election," "The Overland Route," "Our American Cousin," and the very successful drama of the "Ticket-of-Leave Man." His last production, "Henry Dunbar," is now being played at Wallack's Theatre with wonderful success, and likely to have a run of months.

Mr. Taylor was born at Sunderland, England, in 1817, and educated at the Grange School, one of high repute. He afterwards went through two sessions at Glasgow University, in the course of which he received three gold medals and several other prizes. From Glasgow he proceeded, in 1837, to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took a degree as a junior optime, and in the first class of the classical tripos; and was subsequently elected a Fellow of Trinity.

Mr. Taylor next held, for two years, the Professorship of English Language and Literature at University College, London. He was called to the bar of the Inner Temple, in November, 1845, and went the Northern Circuit until his appointment to the assistant secretaryship of the Board of Health, in March, 1850. In 1854, upon the reconstruction of that board, Mr. Taylor was appointed secretary, with a salary of £5,000 per annum. Besides his single-handed dramatic works, Mr. Taylor, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Reade, has written some elegant comedies, and has contributed to *Punch* several articles in prose and verse, remarkable for their classic verve.

He also compiled and edited the "Autobiography of B. R. Haydon," from the journals of that painter, published in 1853; the "Autobiography and Correspondence of the late C. R. Leslie, R. A.," published in 1860. In 1860 he published the "Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds," left incomplete by the late Mr. Leslie, R.A. Mrs. Tom Taylor is known, under her maiden name of Miss Laura Barker, as a musical composer of marked originality and power.



TOM TAYLOR, ESQ., DRAMATIST, AUTHOR OF "HENRY DUNBAR," NOW BEING PLAYED AT WALLACK'S THEATRE.

DRILLING THE NEW POLICEMEN.

How little will all the million of people, eating, drinking, sleeping and living, within the few miles that comprise the great city of New York and her attendant satellites, such as Brooklyn, etc., think of the cordon of safety and surveillance that is so invisibly, yet so surely drawn about them, by the agency of the Police Department!

By an act passed April, 1860, the Metropolitan Police District of the State of New York, comprises the Counties of New York, Kings, Westchester, and Richmond, and the towns of Flushing, Newtown, and Jamaica, in the County of Queens. To properly care for this extended territory, an army of 3,000 men are necessary, under the strictest discipline, and made by continual drill and teaching effective both in a legal and a military sense, the last never appearing until the moral suasion is utterly useless. To attain this point with a body of men, each of whom is on isolated duty, and each of whom is obliged to depend on his own judgment for a monitor of action, is one of the most difficult of all the phases of human control, and is as far above the discipline of the mere soldier as the imagination can conceive.

To attain this point the policeman, who is, as a general thing, taken from a class of men supposed to be above the average intellectual standard, must from the very day of his appointment be treated as a child on police matters. He is received from among our citizens, perhaps, never having seen the inside of a station-house or conceived the first idea as to the duties of a policeman. The absurdity of putting this man in uniform, giving him his shield and baton, and throwing him into the streets to act as protector and adjudicator over the very ones he has just come from, is apparent. To obviate this great difficulty he goes to school, and for the period of 30 days is on probation. The schoolmaster is Captain James Leonard, and with all the authority, and more than the benignity and patience of a pedagogue the captain sits at his desk, with his class before him, generally consisting of about 50, and teaches, examines, corrects, and reads the aspirants for Metropolitan honors.

For instance, Mr. John Smith—we mention that gentleman's name because he is an old acquaintance, and we can take liberties with him—is appointed and turned over to Captain Leonard. He is required to make his appearance *promptly* at 10 a. m., at the schoolroom in the Headquarters, 300 Mulberry street, not one minute later. Having arrived, he takes his seat, opens his book (said book being entitled, "Manual for the Government of the Police Force,") and listens to the teachings and questions of the captain, who sits at a desk in front. The captain may possibly call him up—if not him, perhaps Brown, Jones, or Robinson—and standing in front of his desk, the talk will be something like this:

Captain.—"What is expected of a policeman in reference to time devoted to duty?"

Smith.—(If properly posted, answers from section 1st of the Manual.) "Each member of the police force shall devote *the whole time and attention to the business of the Department*, and he is expressly prohibited from *following any other calling*, or being employed in any other business. Although certain hours are allotted to the respective members for the performance of duty on ordinary occasions, yet, at all times, they must be prepared to act, immediately on notice that their services are required."

C.—"What is the duty of a policeman in civil cases?"

S.—(From sec. 23.) "Members of the Department must not render any assistance in civil cases, except to



SCENE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS—CAPT. JAMES LEONARD INSTRUCTING NEWLY-APPOINTED POLICEMEN.

prevent an immediate breach of the peace, or to quell a disturbance actually commenced.

Q.—"What is your duty towards a prisoner?"

S.—(Sec. 32.)—"Any officer, roundsman, or policeman, who shall wilfully maltreat, or use unnecessary violence towards a prisoner or citizen, shall, on complaint being made, and the fact established by competent testimony, be immediately dismissed from office."

And so on through 175 sections does Capt. Leonard teach and examine his pupil, renewing the schooling from day to day, until, at the end of 30 days, Smith is supposed to be fit for final examination, and is brought up for that purpose and put through his paces. If he answers even in the spirit of the Manual, he goes upon duty, but if not, he is turned back to the school for further instruction.

While this is going on, the recruit every day is passing through the hands of Mr. W. H. Simonds, who is supposed to be the physical instructor, as Capt. Leonard is the mental teacher.

Mr. Simonds puts in the hands of the recruit the baton, and in doing so, teaches him how to use it. In this part of his schooling, Smith is put through all the movements of self-defence and attack, the same as a recruit will be taught the use of the musket, bayonet, or sword, if he enters the army. It was this tuition that made the police force so valuable during the riots of 1863, and will always make them equal to twenty times their number in a street battle.

To the public all that we have been telling should be especially interesting, not only from the elements within itself, but from the fact that it exerts an influence over their daily life, and teaches them that they can sleep with safety in their beds, and walk with safety in the streets.

HON. ELIJAH F. PURDY.

WE regret to announce the death of Hon. Elijah F. Purdy, which occurred at his residence in Ludlow street, at 13 o'clock, on the night of the 8th of January. His disease was pneumonia, with which he has been confined to his house for some time, though it is only within the last two or three days that serious fears have been entertained in regard to his recovery.

Mr. Purdy was born in Westchester county, N. Y., about 70 years ago. He came to New York in the year 1810, and commenced business as a cartman, but shortly quit that business for the grocery trade, in which also he was successful. He took an active part in politics, and first became conspicuous in the support of Andrew Jackson for the Presidency. Shortly after this election he was elected Alderman from the Ward of his residence, and has been very frequently elected to office since, having held, among other important public trusts those of Supervisor, Surveyor of the Port of New York, and Commissioner of Emigration.

From the beginning of his political career he has been a member of the National Democratic party, and in city politics he has been one of the chief pillars of Tammany Hall. During the late war his services in filling the quota of the city were given heartily, and without the expectation of adequate reward, and were of very great value to the city and to the general Government. He held throughout the war, and up to the time of his death, the office of Supervisor.

In private life Mr. Purdy was a most amiable and genial man. His personal and official integrity has never been questioned. His death will be regretted deeply by his numerous personal friends, and will be felt as a loss by the Democracy of the State, and particularly of the city, to whose success he had so often and so greatly contributed. He was married early in life, and leaves surviving him a widow and six children—three sons and three daughters.

A RAINY NIGHT IN FRONT OF THE THEATRES.

NEW YORK in a rain storm or a snow storm changes its entire character. In the first case, the entire people fall into the blues; in the second, they rise almost to frantic hilarity. The city, on a rainy day, almost suspends business, but on a rainy night it does not suspend its amusement. We remember the time when a rainy night killed a benefit at the theatre, but the temper of the people has changed within a few years; and now, unless it rains emphatically cats and dogs, the inside of the dramatic temple shows little difference. This may be attributed to various causes. Perhaps, to the belief of many people, that upon such a night they will have more room; perhaps to their insatiate appetite, which will let nothing stand in the way of their pleasures; and perhaps that omnibus and car communication to every part of the city is so easy that it is about as dry travelling as staying at home. Sufficient to say that if the audience is not as brilliantly dressed upon a rainy night, it is as numerous.

Our illustration is at the front of the house after the performance. Then and there comes the crash of war, or something worse. The din of clashing omnibuses and the eager cry of the drivers: "Broadway—up—Twenty-third street—Madison square—Here you are!—South Ferry—Ninth avenue—Hurry up!" And through this confusion the artillery of the policeman, slamming the bus doors with a loud "Move on!" and "This way, madam!" gives, for about five minutes the nearest approach to Pandemonium that we know of. Umbrellas are at a premium, and the smartest man is he who is active, and, by having eyes all over him, and popping about like a pea on a hot shovel, gets his ladies snugly omnibussed in the least time, and gives them the smallest amount of fluidity on their precious persons.

In connection with this matter we have often thought that it would be a brilliant idea for our theatres to have an awning reaching well over the sidewalk, which could be put up when wanted, and act as a protection to the fairer part of the audience from the front of the house to the curb. A few such attentions to their patrons, *after* they have left the theatre, would be more telling than all they could offer before they entered it.



SCENE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS—MR. W. H. SIMONDS INSTRUCTING POLICEMEN IN THE BATON EXERCISE.

IN THE PRISON PEN.

BY J. B. SWETT.

How they languished away, in the prison together,
For months, dreadful months, with the death phantom nigh,
Exposed to the hot sun, and wild tempest weather,
To faint from starvation—grow frenzied, and die!
O, God! can the tongue of man utter the tale!
Can pencil e'er sketch that wild picture of woe!
Both may attempt it, and signally fail,
For nothing can tell *all* a mortal *may* know.

Down on the sands, in the filth there, to wallow,
From night until morn, and from morning till night—
Skeleton forms—eyes sunken—cheeks hollow—
O, merciful God—what a horrible sight!
Raising their bony hands upward and praying,
Some to their Maker, and many for bread—
Some, idiotic, unconsciously straying,
Some blindly staggering over the dead!

That time has gone by for the dead, and the living;
The dead, in their low graves, to suffer no more,
The living to shudder when meagerly giving
The story of wrong never equalled before.
Not all unto man is the judging power given,
Nor power, with success, for free pardon to sue;
Those deeds are all kept in the day-book of heaven,
And every oppressor must meet with his due.

Housekeeping Experience.

AUNT BAB'S "HELP."

BY ANNA B. COOKE.

Miss Barbara Fenwick, or, as we generally called her, "Aunt Bab," is a maiden lady somewhat over sixty, and a half sister of my step-father's. She was never looked upon in the family, which is rather an extensive one, as having been born for a housekeeper, or to act as the mistress of an establishment; indeed, on the contrary, we have always regarded her assumption of that position as a rash violation of the manifest designs of Providence, and the difficulties she has had to encounter in supporting it, sufficiently bear out the truth of our opinion. But neither, on the other hand, have we any reason to suspect her of having, herself, originated so ambitious an idea; she is not given to originating ideas of any kind, and the events of almost any day of her life will furnish abundant proof of her innocence of such a charge.

Her mother was Mrs. John Fenwick, No. 1, of whom, or of whose immediate successor, Mrs. John Fenwick, No. 2, there is little known except that, between them, they left the family name numerously represented. But the gap that was made in the domestic circle by the abrupt departure of the second lady, was filled with more promptness that would be thought possible by one inexperienced in the unfailing truth of the declaration, that "to him that hath more shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly;" for, finding himself, by this time, largely provided with worldly goods, Mr. John Fenwick found himself also surrounded by zealous friends, keenly alive to his grief and his necessities.

Widowed aunts and elderly cousins, to the most remote generations, at once came to offer their services to the bereaved household; quietly settling themselves to duty, some "to look after the poor, motherless children"—some to look after them—but none, of course, presuming to think, for an instant, of reducing the ranks of nurses and servants upon whose shoulders the labors of the family interests were supposed to rest naturally.

Thus an extensive ministry of the interior had been firmly, as it was supposed, established, when affairs were suddenly thrown into disorder by an announcement of the coming advent of Mrs. John Fenwick, No. 3, and as soon as the parties concerned had sufficiently recovered from the shock to be capable of calm deliberation, a council was called to discuss the subject. But there was little discussion necessary; it was evident to all that the matter allowed but one alternative—to reduce the enemy to terms or themselves abdicate, and they determined upon the former. But open warfare soon proved fruitless; the pretender was too strongly intrenched behind gentle firmness of character and a quiet dignity of manner, to be easily dislodged, and they resolved to have recourse to strategy, and turn against her the battery of her own virtues. With this design they conceived the idea of putting forward Aunt Bab as a rival claimant for the domestic sceptre—a sort of *reine fainéante*, whom, as they fondly imagined, they could permit to hold the reins, while they themselves did the driving. Accordingly, Aunt Bab, hitherto "only a school-girl," was informed of her, until now, unsuspected rights as the eldest daughter, and instructed how to assist them—by gentle means if she could—by sighs, tears and the airs of wronged innocence; but if these should fail, by an open and resolute display of authority, in which they would support her. But to their astonishment this strategem, too, failed, and they were finally obliged to lay down their arms and beat a retreat, leaving Aunt Bab in the hands of the victorious party.

Her ambition, however, deprived of the strong stimulants by which it had been kept up, soon subsided, and under the effects of the reaction, she not only gave up any farther resistance, but played the artless juvenile to a stepmother not quite two years her senior. But the effects of the poison still remained, and she lost no opportunity of proving, not only to the unfortunate Mrs. John Fenwick, No. 3, herself, but to that excellent lady's luckless contributions to the family name, that she had never forgotten nor forgiven her defeat.

But "every dog," we are told, "must have his day;" and Aunt Bab's came too. Borne forward on that tide that is said to occur in the lives of human kind in general, individually and collectively, she reached the turn at last. Mrs. John, No. 3, also, after the example of her predecessors, "shuffled off this mortal coil," leaving the domestic throne vacant, and Aunt Bab mounted it. But she had grown too old in her juvenility; though the kingdom had dwindled down almost to extinction, so that emigrants from foreign lands had to be admitted to the rights and privileges of citizenship, that there might be subjects to rule, the burden of Government pressed very heavily upon her shoulders, and the crown proved to be one of thorns.

Aunt Bab had inherited from her maternal ancestors an instinctive faith that the saving of one penny was equivalent to the earning of two, as well as much less laborious, and hence no small part of her trouble arose from a sudden influx of light upon the amount of expense incident to housekeeping. Everybody about her seemed blessed with most portentous appetites—while the butcher would not furnish even a beefsteak for less than full market value, nor Biddy cook it without an *ad libitum* supply of coal and butter. Then, too, the grocer positively declined giving her good articles for less than he could get for them from others, and she dared not venture upon the experiment of cheaper ones; for the wealth of Mr. John Fenwick, sen., having mysteriously disappeared from the world before he himself did, Mr. John Fenwick, jun., who had succeeded him as the family banker, was extremely peculiar in his ideas of economy, and could never be brought to appreciate her ideas of finance.

Under circumstances like these, it took but a short period of power to reduce poor Aunt Bab to a skeletonized condition; but even then, as she was yet to learn, the cup of bitter experience was by no means full. If Biddy did insist upon coals and butter, she knew how to cook the beefsteak when she got them, which was an unspeakable comfort; for, if she had deemed it expedient to put it into the pot with the "potatoes" instead of the gridiron, Aunt Bab would never have dreamed of questioning the propriety of the proceeding; so great was the confidence in the instinctive knowledge of the cook-maids, and so completely had her life-long juvenility blinded her to the observation of the things going on daily around her. It was an unutterable consolation to her in her difficulties that if she didn't know, Biddy did, and as prime-minister and privy-counseller, Biddy literally "ruled the roast." Strong in her, Aunt Bab looked forward, not only without fear, but with absolute complacency to the probable succession of summer visitors at "The Dales"—to which rural spot the hot weather had, as usual, occasioned the transfer of the seat of government; and spare rooms were prepared and other necessary arrangements made for the exercise of her hospitality, and the display of her domestic accomplishments.

But it is an unfortunate truth that—

"The best laid schemes of mice and men,
Gang aft awry."

And those of women are not excepted. Aunt Bab had but just seated herself, one bright morning, at her work-table, when Biddy rushed in, with her bare arms lathered with soap-suds, and the tears rolling down her plump cheeks, to announce the necessity she was under of giving up her place, and going, without loss of time, to the assistance of her brother.

"Indade then, mem," sobbed poor Biddy, in reply to Aunt Bab's look and cry of consternation; "it's mesel' would be sorry to lave yees widout nobody; but me brother Pat is just after writin' me a letter"—and she produced the document—"and he says the heart of him is broke—for the wife—that's Katie—is after dyin', and there's a babby left behind, an' nobody but himsel' to look to it. Indade, I *must* go, Miss Bab, dear, but I'll send yees me sister Margery to do the work."

It was of no use, as Aunt Bab had already learned, to resist the inevitable; if there was "a babby left behind" its mother, obviously it must be taken care of, and just as obviously, poor Pat was not the proper person to do it, so bending to the decrees of fate, she and Biddy at once resolved themselves into a committee of ways and means.

It was determined that Biddy, before leaving, should boil a ham and a round of corned beef, the village baker be instructed to leave a daily supply of bread until further notice, and upon these delicacies, together with such a supply of eggs as the hens of the establishment—rather an unreliable community, however, it must be confessed—might see fit to furnish, and the produce of aunt Bab's one household accomplishment, the manufacture of soft gingerbread, the household, biped and quadruped, be supported until Margery should make her appearance. Aunt Bab thought she could make the tea, one of the naturalized foreigners undertook the coffee, and Biddy departed with a lightened heart.

But with one less in the family, aunt Bab's thrift would not, of course understand the necessity of so large a daily allowance of the two last named articles, and Biddy's share was accordingly deducted. It was rather thought, however, among the parties less deeply concerned, that Biddy had been credited with too large a consumption of both; and therefore it was with no little satisfaction that they hailed the pleasant, though rather pale face that, exactly one week from the day of her departure, presented itself at the back-door, with the announcement:

"I'm Margery Mulroony, mem, the gurrel as yees was expectin'."

Without further preface Margery doffed bonnet and mantilla, and proceeded to business. She seemed to know perfectly what was expected of her, and showed herself admirably competent to the discharge of her duties, as well as willing and good-tempered; and though, with the do-as-you-like habits of an unsuperintended New York kitchen, she was even more lavish than poor Biddy had been in the matters of coal and butter. Aunt Bab resolutely closed eyes and lips, with the fear of being again left cookless too sternly impressed upon her visual organs to venture upon offending her new minister.

But, alas! for that pale face. It was the necessity of stopping sometimes and putting her hand upon her painful side, together with a strong conviction that she was not quite as strong and active as she had been, that had so powerfully backed Biddy's arguments in favor of "the breath of fresh air for the season." But fresh as the air was, and pure, it did not quite produce the hoped-for results; so one morning, about a fortnight after her arrival, Margery interrupted the process of gingerbread making, by dropping into a chair, and gasping out:

"Miss Bab, dear—I'll have—to leave yees all—an' go—to my brother—Pat's; for the pain's—a killin' me—an'—I can't—braithe—no how!"

That poor Margery was very ill was too evident, even to Aunt Bab's unwilling eyes, to be disputed, and the doctor was sent for in all haste. But he did but confirm her own decision, and recommended, with a decision that sounded amazingly like an order, that she should be sent *at once* to her brother's, lest delay might make her removal imprudent, if not impossible. There was no possibility of her boiling a ham before she went, but she offered to take it with her, and get Biddy to do so; and left, besides, a little drop of comfort in Aunt Bab's bitter cup, by the promise of sending for "her first cousin, Katie Donegan," to come and fill the vacancy.

"She's a dacent gurrel, Miss Bab, dear," was Margery's explanation and consolation; "an' she's handy, too. She's prenticed this four year to a grand dressmaker, and she's tired out wid the nadle and the fussin', toilin' and sewin' day an' night, an' losin' her rest along of the gentry an' their finery. Her mother 'll be glad to have her come awhile wid yees."

And Margery was right. Katie's mother was only too glad to have her daughter relieved from the perpetual drudgery of the "nadle," with all its supposed gentility, and sent for a few months into the light service of a family that she knew all about; for were not the orphan "Mulrooneys her own sister's childer?" And Katie and her young brother John were all that were left to her of a large family, and Johnnie was already beginning to look paler than was desirable, the dread of that fatal disease, that had carried off the rest, was always upon her, and she would save Katie even from its shadow. Both had inherited from an intelligent, though hard-working father, minds and ideas decidedly above the ordinary stamp of their class. Johnnie's clear and quick intellect had attracted the attention of the venerable priest, who had so unweariedly soothed his father's last hours, and he had been placed in one of the establishments of their church, to be himself trained for its services, but he was too close and conscientious a student, and was beginning to show the results of his constant toil. Katie, the pretty, bright faced Katie, instructed by her brother, and thrown, by the circumstances of her occupation, into constant, though distant intercourse with the wealthy and elegant of her own sex, had insensibly picked up an amount of refinement in her manners and style of dress that made her appear like any one but the "first cousin" of Biddy and Margery Mulrooney, and it was impossible not to treat her with a difference that would have made them open their eyes in amazement, but which she took as a matter of course.

Even Mr. John Fenwick, jun., bachelor and beauty-slighter, as he was, touched his hat to Katie when he passed her, and occasionally inquired kindly after her brother, who had won his heart by the respectful manliness with which he had once come to ask him to take to his sister a letter for which the next mail would be too late.

But once the inquiry made Katie's lip quiver. Johnnie's cough was assuming a dangereus aspect, and he seemed paler and weaker than before it attacked him. But Mr. John's heart was kind and generous, and Katie's tears were turned to grateful smiles as he remarked:

"Perhaps a change of air might do him good. You had better send for him to come out and spend a few weeks with you, Katie."

Johnnie came, and for a time was evidently the better for it, while Katie was as happy as a bird. But Aunt Bab's troubles were not over yet.

The afternoon mail of a fair, bright day brought a letter, announcing a visit from a party of two or three ladies, coming to spend a week. "Now you know," said the writer, "that we are all old friends, so don't put yourself out for us. We want to take it just as you have it, and are coming only to enjoy your company and see how nicely you get along with housekeeping. We have not yet decided whether to come up in the morning or afternoon train, but you will see us when we get there."

"Oh, how thankful I am that I've got Katie!" was Aunt Bab's exclamation, and she rushed off to the kitchen, and made arrangements for the morrow's dinner, "in case they should come in the morning train," which would bring them there by nine or ten o'clock. If they did not, she concluded, of course, that she would not see them before five, for the mid-day expresses were too hot and dusty for a pleasure trip. In the latter case she felt quite safe, for there were preserves and cake both in the store-room.

This settled to her satisfaction, a general inspection was made of the spare-rooms, and a few matters there put in order, by which time the bell rang for tea. But scarcely had Aunt Bab taken her seat at the table, with her subjects, native and foreign, about her, when a wild cry arose from the lawn behind the house, and everybody rushed out to learn the cause. Poor Katie was hanging in an agony over her brother, whom a fit of coughing had stretched, pale and motionless, upon the grass, with a tiny red stream oozing from between his lips.

It was fortunate for them both that help did not depend upon Aunt Bab's presence of mind, for she was hurrying from closet to door, and from store-room to milk-room, without any very definite consciousness of what she meant or ought to do, while a calm, quiet voice dispatched one of the boys for the doctor, made the gardener and the coachman lift the boy and lay him on his bed, and then was just proceeding to give the relief of occupation to Katie's mind, by directing her how to prepare the proper styptic, when Aunt Bab awoke to a sense of the interference, and exerted her right of rule.

The intruder at once retired, and, by a sign, completed, to Katie's inquiring eyes, the directions it would no longer do to utter; so, while Aunt Bab talked and manifested loudly her indignation at "people's taking so much upon themselves," the dose was prepared and given, and the doctor found Johnnie decidedly better—a result for which Aunt Bab took to herself great credit, though she didn't say why.

But it was highly important Johnnie should be taken back to his home as soon as possible, and the doctor promised to come very early the next morning, and see if it would do to remove him. So he did, and finding the patient even stronger than he had hoped, in spite of Aunt Bab's covert remarks, desired to have the carriage prepared for him immediately. Himself superintended the arrangement of pillows and cushions, and leaving his own horse and gig in the vacated stable, accompanied the sick lad to the city, Katie's attendance, too, being absolutely necessary as nurse. By nine o'clock Aunt Bab seated herself at the breakfast-table once more, without a cook, and company coming.

It was a silent meal; there was more thinking done than talking, but by the time it was over, Aunt Bab had come to her conclusions, and calling the aid of one of her subjects, dispatched her in desperation to town, by the next train, to try their luck at the Intelligence Office. A committee of the whole was called, the merits of all known establishments of that sort discussed pro and con, and the messenger finally deputized to make application to one of which the owner notified the public through the religious journals, that he received none but those sérvants whose moral character as well as domestic accomplishments had been fully tested.

She was to return at as early an hour as was feasible, and meanwhile the home forces would combine their efforts, and make such preparations as they could in case the threatened guests should come before dinner, while Aunt Bab, in her inmost heart, prayed fervently that they might not.

But her star was in the ascendant; as the hands of the clock pointed to eleven, the messenger returned, bringing with her a neat, tidy, pleasant-looking woman, who had arrived "just in time," as Aunt Bab herself declared, "to prevent her having a fit;" for not only had all the company she expected made their appearance by the earliest opportunity, but Mr. John Fenwick, Jr., too, had seen good, on that day of all others, to bring out a party of his gentlemen friends; for whom the picked-up dinner would by no means do, whatever might be the case with the ladies.

Aunt Bab's eyes fairly danced at the sight of her new maiden, and never had she so much enjoyed the honors of the table as she did that day; for, short as had been the notice, Betty had served up an entertainment fit for a prince. Even Mr. John Jr. revelled in the delights of gratified hospitality; and his last words to Aunt Bab, ere he stepped into the carriage that was to convey himself and his friends to the return train, were an injunction to her—now that she had a cook that was really a cook, to keep her, and not, to save the price of a little extra coal or butter, offend and drive her from the house.

It had proved, notwithstanding its portentous commencement, a day of entire satisfaction, and Aunt Bab laid her head upon her pillow that night, without a fear for the morrow. But truly none can say what the morrow may bring forth. The first sound that saluted the ears of the luckless housekeeper was a juvenile voice demanding:

"Miss Bab, what 'll we do about the breakfast, ma'am? for Betty's down with the sick headache."

"Headache!" exclaimed Aunt Bab, starting out of bed, and remembering the fine health and spirits in which Betty had seemed the evening before, to be entertaining the coachman and his wife, who, with the young bachelor gardener had come in to welcome her. "What has given her a headache?"

"She says, ma'am, that she fretted the night for the lonesomeness of the place, an' the cryin' guv it to her. The fire's made, Miss Bab, an the kittle's on; but I was thinkin' perhaps I'd better be afther tellin' Mike to send in Ellen to cook the breakfast."

It was a very fortunate thing for the household that little Mary had done the thinking, for it was quite beyond Aunt Bab's powers under such circumstances; and Mike, at her bidding, left the stable and sent his wife to lend a helping hand in this time of need.

As Aunt Bab, wrapped in her morning-gown, hurried down to the kitchen, she was met at the foot of the stairs by quiet, composed Ellen, with a laugh upon her face, and the inquiry:

"Miss Bab, where did Miss Kate get that woman yesterday?"

"From the office of the Domestic Help Society," replied Aunt Bab, with breathless eagerness. "But why? They recommended her most highly! They said they had never had such an one before!"

"I don't believe they have," answered Ellen, quietly. "Go down and look at her, Miss Bab."

Aunt Bab went, and rolled into a heap in one corner of the kitchen, laid the queen of cooks, the wonder-working Betty—as sick as woman well could be, and redolent of whiskey. Horrified and disgusted, Mike and Tom were called in to carry her to her bed, while Ellen, with little Mary's help, prepared the breakfast for "the ladies," as

well as her husband's—for the Lodge was but a few rods off.

Betty was decidedly *here-de-combat* until the latter part of the afternoon, when she staggered out, broke two plates, and went back to bed again, leaving Aunt Bab firmly resolved to send her back to town the next morning by the first train. This, however, proved to be a thing more easily said than done, for the next morning found her in the same helpless condition, evidently the result of a fresh *angle of*, the "attack," and the question now arose, "where did she get it?"

The servants, male and female, indignantly resented the insinuation that they had brought it on it, and the nearest place from which she could obtain it herself was fully two miles off—while it was well known that she had not left the house for days since she came into it, not having been in a condition so, to do, and Aunt Bab herself had seen every door locked and taken out every key at night. It was a mystery, yet none the less a fact, however, that she did get ill—for, for a whole week, every morning found her on the kitchen floor, to which she had fallen in the vain attempt to go to work.

But not it was Aunt Bab's turn to have a sick headache, and fearing to disturb the rest of the family, she stole noiselessly by the moonlight to the medicine chest in the store-room in search of her usual remedy. But as she passed the open window at the head of the stairs, the click of the gate-latch caught her ears, and she paused cautiously out. The mystery was unravelled. There stood Betty, with a black bottle under each arm and one protruding from her pocket, besides being unmistakably freighted inwardly already. Looking from window to window to make sure that there were no eyes upon her movements, she staggered in, closed the gate without latching it, and made her way to the window of her bedroom on the ground floor which she had left open, apparently, for convenience. Leaning in she first deposited her cargo, piece by piece, on the table so she could more easily making what is technically called "a long step," squeezed herself through the narrow space, which she afterwards closed, inch by inch, and at intervals, that the sound might not attract the attention of any listening ear.

Morning found her again in the old place, with a face the color of mahogany, and now, not only Aunt Bab, but less excitable lookers-on, began to be afraid that she might die in a fit upon their hands.

A sentinel was stationed on the road to stop the doctor on his way to visit a patient in the neighborhood, and Aunt Bab waited the door demanding of imaginary advisers:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"

At last, to the relief of all parties, the doctor came, and was at once led down to see his patient. With a calm smile, but without a word, he walked out to the kitchen yard, took from Mary's hand a pail of fresh, cold water, just drawn from the well, and then walking back again, deliberately gave Betty the contents upon her head and body.

The whiskey was washed away, and Betty's tongue unchained. Starting up, she poured out upon the doctor's devoted head the most voluminous and wrath that might have occasioned a less composed individual no small alarm; for the breaking of his name and the turning of the house over his head, were the most insignificant of its items; and she finally wound up with the declaration that "she would go back to one of the ladies o' the Sixty an tell em what a black-hearted set they had sent her among."

The morning gave her time enough to return to the "ladies," though after, if they took her again, they had been duly notified what they were taking. Hearing observing Aunt Bab's disconcerted dread that some part of Betty's rem,arks might fall upon her, he took upon himself the responsibility of the latter, ordered Mike to take her to the depot, to keep hold of her there until the next train came down, and then put her into the hands of the conductor, together with a note which he would have ready for him; and then smiled to Aunt Bab the necessity of sending immediately to the latter of the "Domestic Help Society" a notification of the woman's character and conduct, that she might not again compromise them.

"Miss Kate" was accordingly once more dispatched, and found "the ladies" very anxious to hear what she had to tell them, but by no means surprised.

"They were aware," as the lady in attendance admitted, "that such was the woman's fault; but hoping that, so far removed from the temptation, she would have no opportunity of indulging, and therefore might eventually outlive the habit, they had not thought it worth while to prejudice strangers against her by saying anything about it."

It was Aunt Bab's first and last trial of the "moral" prodigies of the "Domestic Help Society;" how she fared in other quarters must be told at another time.

THE "HOLY PLACES."—Our readers will be as much surprised to hear as we were to, upon going to the terraced housetop early after our arrival, that things are at great gap in the open space around building, which they naturally considered the most sacred of any. We asked for an explanation, and were told in reply that France wished to repair it; Russia and Austria say it is England, and, of course, indifferent; but the Sultan was anxious to have a finger in the pie, and the Christian Powers were unwilling that the fellow should participate, and thus have a finger in the sacred edifice; or between the three, it was allowed to fall into a state of dilapidation, which, if it occurred to a public building in England, would call forth the interference of that despotic power, the police, under Sir Rushing Ash.

THE LADY AND THE PIRATES.

IN the month of October, 1854, Miss Fanny Loviot, a young French lady, took passage on board a Chilian brig at Hong-Kong, bound for San Francisco, whither she was proceeding to join a sister established in that city. Adventurous and enterprising by nature, Miss Loviot had joined with a fellow-countrywoman in some commercial speculations, which had taken her to China, and detained her there some time, and her experiences in that country are described by her in a narrative of considerable interest.

The vessel in which she embarked was a fine brig of eight hundred tons burden, commanded by Captain Hoong, a Portuguese. Her crew, fellow-travellers were a good-natured Chinese merchant, named Than-Sing, and an American supercargo. Nothing occurred during their passage they were overtaken by the typhoon, that wind so dangerous to vessels in the Indian Ocean and China seas. In which moment the mizzen and mainmast were snapped asunder, while the vessel labored until the following day in imminent danger of foundering. Then the storm at last subsided, it was succeeded by a dead calm, which rendered the ship almost entirely helpless. With the utility the captain commenced cutting away the boisted to the foremast, and in that position they waited for a return of the wind.

It was not cut by equipments of terror of ship-wreck, Miss Loviot now retired to her berth. "I was so fatigued," she says, "that I could have slept upon the planks, or even from her on a sack of down, and my sleeping-place appeared to me the most delightful in the world. I hoped to enjoy for at least ten hours the calm sleep of the night, but I had no sooner lain down than I dropped into a deep slumber."

Some time afterwards she was awakened by a strange outcry, and found the little cabin filled with a singular reddish light. Convinced that the ship was on fire, she sprang from her couch, and rushed towards the door. The captain and the American were standing on the threshold, apparently unable as yet to comprehend the situation. Meanwhile the outcry which had disturbed her increased, while fragments of stone and iron were falling through the skylight, and a strong reflection of light were reflected through the gloom. Clinging frantically to the captain, Miss Loviot exclaimed:

"The ship is on fire! Captain, do you not hear? What noise is that?"

"I do not know," replied the captain, as, rushing into his cabin, he quickly returned with a loaded revolver in his hand, the only weapon of defence on board.

At this instant the mate of the vessel came, rushing towards them. Too much terrified to hear what he said, Miss Loviot now returned to her cabin, and climbed to the window, which commanded a view of the sea, and there, by the red glare of torches without, she beheld a crowd of human forms. The vessel was surrounded by her in an instant. In their helpless condition they had become surrounded by pirates, those terrible freebooters which then infested the waters, of whose deeds of wanton cruelty are the subject of so many fearful stores. The ship and crew were entirely at their mercy. Without opposition to them, and upwards of one hundred men were now busily engaged in the hold, turning everything in the vessel topsy-turvy. The wretched crew, and the light, which they had taken for fire, was occasioned by the bursting of fireballs, which, according to their custom, the pirates cast on the deck to frighten them.

At the captain, the supercargo, and the mate made a desperate effort to go on board. They opposed them, but they were driven back by the flaming balls, and compelled to retreat and conceal themselves. Through a small window they could now witness the proceedings of their assailants. Seen by the hurried light of the fires, they looked more savage. In addition to their ordinary costume, except that they were red turbans, and round their waists had rood leathern belts, holding pistols and cutlasses. Among these arms, each man carried in his hand a sword.

"At the sight of this," says Miss Loviot, "I thought my last hour was at hand. Crawling on my hands and knees, I hid myself near the door of trance, where I was scarcely able to breathe, a prey to the most horrible anxiety. In which moment I was thrown into a state of almost insensibility, and mainmast were snapped asunder, while the vessel labored until the following day in imminent danger of foundering. Then the storm at last subsided, it was succeeded by a dead calm, which rendered the ship almost entirely helpless. With the utility the captain commenced cutting away the boisted to the foremast, and in that position they waited for a return of the wind.

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Meanwhile, the pirates were ransacking the vessel for plunder. Some of them came up to their unhappy female captive, to bid her by signs to observe the chains with which her companions were loaded. One wretch passed the back of his cold sabre blade along her throat, almost killing her with terror; but while in this state the kindly Than-Sing touched her on the shoulder and whispered:

"Do not be afraid. Their object is only to frighten you, but you should attempt to set your companions at liberty."

The captives were now taken before the pirate chief, who interrogated them as to their names, country, and condition in life. After which the sailors were unchained to work the ship, and the pirate chief ordered them to make for a neighboring bay. Finding from that act the least sign of revolt, which indeed was hopeless, as they were unarmed, all would be slaughtered without mercies. Captain Hoong, the supercargo, and Miss Loviot, being useless in the working of the ship, were left on the upper deck, in the company of the wretched sailor. The weather had now become more misty and colder, and ill-clad as they were, the unfortunate captives suffered severely. Their captors, however, were not wholly indifferent to their miseries, but had sufficient compassion to cover them with a few mats and pieces of canvas. Shortly afterwards, the heard the sound of falling chains, and the anchor was cast again.

Contrary to their expectations of the crew, the pirates offered them no violence, but seemed only intent on stripping the vessel of all that was valuable, and this occupied the whole of the following day. At dawn, the next morning, some of the sailors rushed on deck, crying out:

"The pirates are gone!"

A sudden hope possessed them all, but it was of short duration. The pirates were indeed leaving them, but a new danger was hearing down upon them with all sail set. For a quarter of an hour they were left alone on the wreck of their vessel, during which the following explained to them that the small junks were making off with their booty, lest it should be taken from them by the new comers. It was, therefore, clear that these new enemies were more powerful, and perhaps fiercer, than the others. Miss Loviot improved the captain to give her some disguise, and he kindly furnished her with a shirt, a pair of trousers, and a Chinese jacket; while one of the sailors gave her his cap, under which she hastily gathered up her long, fair locks. Some time afterwards surrounded the vessel, and as the latter lay concealed below, they could hear them on deck and in the hold, ransacking the vessel of what articles still remained. The first junks having conveyed away but a small part of their booty, the pirates of the new fleets found abundance of valuables remaining; and they were, therefore, too busy in plundering the vessel to take heed of the unfortunate concealed aboard. Soon afterwards each of the junks as had obtained a sufficient share of plunder, dropped away, and set sail for their own haunts, in which they were in the habit of lurking. Captain Rooney and his companions now dreaded lest their story of providential escape was entirely removed, and their fears soon appeared to be only too well grounded. A sack of rice, and a small bag of biscuit, were all that remained. They were completely destitute. For more than two days they had scarcely eaten anything, and faint with exhaustion, they threw themselves up in despair.

That night the pirates left the vessel for awhile, but a small junk was still lying alongside. A desperate scheme was formed by the captain and mate to lower the jolly-boat, which was still hanging amidships; to board and capture the junk, and surprise and overpower its crew, and then make an effort to escape to Macao, which in the opinion of Than-Sing, was not more than twelve miles distant. Before any of them proceeded to capturing the junk, they knew that they would in all probability be overtaken during the night by other pirates. The necessary boat they had obtained possession of the pirate vessel, would kill them without mercy. Miss Loviot then proposed that their absence by a desperate attempt of escaping in the jolly-boat, and trusting to their fate to reach the mainland. It was accordingly determined that the attempt should be emptied at daybreak, which it was half-filled, and lowered into the water. The men worked with great activity, and when they had completed the lightening of the boat, when, to their intense disappointment, they discovered that several planks had started in the bottom of the boat, which was then rendered unseaworthy. Discouraged as they were, the sailors persisted in the attempt, and covered them with mats. A moment more, convinced them that the attempt was hopeless. The boat was already half full of water, and the impossibility of making it afloat at sea was being when loaded with sailors became evident to all.

On the following day, no pirates coming aboard, the sailors set to work industriously to repair the jolly-boat, which was their only hope of escape. Their task required at least eight or ten hours of incessant labor, and their only hope was in the non-appearance of the pirates. Fortunately the greater part of the day passed, and no sail was yet visible. Meanwhile all toiled without food or rest. At length the boat, and a paddle were made, a kind of sail made out of the pieces of sail-cloth that lay about the deck. All their rigging had been taken away or cut. They were conferring to make some bamboo canes serve the purpose of ropes. All was at length complete, and they were preparing to lower their boats once more, when two junks suddenly hove in sight, apparently bearing down upon them. Hastily bidding the traces of their preparations, they were now compelled again to take refuge in their cabins and there await what might happen. The pirates, who now came aboard, once more searched the wreck, but without injuring the crew; and, having made an unsuccessful attempt to set fire to it, departed. The boat was now lowered with difficulty, and the captain, crew and passengers, twenty-two in number, including Miss Loviot, put off. From the moment of their starting, two sailors were constantly occupied in baling out the water which made its way through a leak in the bottom of the jolly-boat; the sail proved useless; and rowing, weak and wearied as they were, made no way against the sea. Their sculls, rudely fashioned from the day, were too heavy for their purpose; while the waves, constantly washed over them, threatened to engulf their frail bark. In addition, a fresh wind north wind blew against them, benumbing the fingers of the rowers; and after proceeding about three miles in this manner, they were compelled, from sheer fatigue; and to their great discouragement, drift back towards the wreck, where, after awhile, they were again compelled to take refuge.

Worn out with fatigue and hunger, Miss Loviot once more threw herself down upon the deck of the dismantled vessel, and soon fell asleep. On awakening early on the morning, she found herself in the midst of a group of armed Chinese, who commenced the Europeans to the cabin, where the chief of the party received them, through Than-Sing, that Captain Rooney was to be forwarded to Hong-Kong, there to negotiate for ransoming the male inmates of the vessel, while Miss Loviot in the meantime the lady and Than-Sing must remain as hostages. The latter were accordingly placed in a small boat, with two armed men, and sent off, dispatched on his errand. Day after day Miss Loviot remained in this dismal captivity, hourly expecting her return with the ransom, and an end to her existence. Half starved, and confined in a loathsome part of the hold, amid vermin of every kind, she gradually sank into a state of misery. During this period, the junk attacked another merchantman, and again the same horrible war cries and fearful scenes of bloodshed were heard by the brig. Sometimes the pirates came down to observe her misery, and appeared to take a wanton delight in tormenting her with menaces and insults. At others, with a strange caprice, they allowed her to ascend to the deck with her companion, and gave them to observe the movements of the junks. On one occasion, finding an old book in German characters in the hold, the relic of some former act of piracy, Miss Loviot, in the agony of her night some day fall into the hands of Europeans, took a hair-pin from her hair and scratched in it as well as she could, the following words: "I have been captured by Chinese pirates, and am detained a prisoner by them. I am a French woman, and was a passenger on board the Portugal. This is my seventh day in the junk—Fanny Loviot."

At length deliverance came. The junk was chased by another merchantman, and finally closed over their heads, when Miss Loviot and the faithful companion of her captivity, were transferred on board of their preserver's vessel. Than-Sing listened awhile, and then leaning forward, whispered, "Hush! they are going. There is a boat coming towards them." Soon afterwards the trap was raised by some one from without. It was the ship's cook. "Do not be afraid," he said to them. "There is a steamer bearing down on us. You are saved!" The news proved correct, and in a short time, Miss Loviot and her fellow captives were on board the English vessel. It appeared that on the news of the capture of the Caldera being conveyed to Hong-Kong, Admiral Sir William Hall, the British vessel of war the Sparta, with twenty-four marines on company with the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Packet Company's vessel, the Lady Mary Wood, in quest of the pirates. These vessels, however, had returned without finding them; and a second expedition was organized in the Ann, which was the name of the vessel which conveyed the fugitive them. Accident had alone directed the captain to steer in the direction of the mountain under cloister of which the pirates were lurking, when he chanced to anchor. Miss Loviot was soon landed at Hong-Kong; kind friends and sympathizers furnished her with a new outfit, and the means of proceeding to Europe, where she arrived without further accident.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—A writer "On Furnishing," in *London Society*, gives these hints as to the proper and tasteful furnishing of rooms:

Our theory is that no one thing should catch the eye. Each should be in harmony with the whole. We would recommend that great attention be paid to the color of the walls. If they be chaste, and the paper be one well selected, all other points of detail are like the finishing touches to a picture. The right color, when properly attained, the rest is comparatively easy.

For a room having narrow, light green and pale mauve to work up well, and the less pattern there is in the paper the better; indeed, we prefer that some stamp of paper is desired. If the room faces the south, a cool gray or mauve is useful. And for a north room we have seen a yellowish green answer admirably, imparting to it the warm appearance of sunshine.

As a rule, we have found it best to avoid reds, except a shade like red wood, which is admirable. Blue is a dangerous color to use. It is up to make a room look cold, but if used with judgment it is beautiful when used with pink to give a Pompadour look.

For anyone who loves to make extensive patterns, and generally avoid those which are flowery, as being very hard to match.

As to the arrangement of the furniture it is difficult to say much, and indeed the disposal upon each individual. But we have generally found it desirable to keep the centre of the room free, and the space left is not quite free, and to eschew a round table. If we must have one we recommend that the centre be covered with cretonne—anywhere but in the middle.

We once asked a lady who was conspicuous for the excellent taste displayed in her rooms, to tell us where she got her secret lay, and she said she invariably made it a rule never to employ any one person exclusively. She bought what she wanted wherever she could find it, and certainly the result was perfect. There was a harmony and a variety that was most pleasing.

A COUNTRY PAPER once said: "E. B. Doolittle is in the habit of stealing pigs and robbing hen-roosts. If he does not desist, we will publish his name." This is equal to the minister at a camp meeting, who said: "If the lady with the blue hat, and blue ostrich feather, don't stop talking, she will be pointed out to the congregation."



RECONSTRUCTION—A STORY OF THE TIME.



A STORY OF THE TIME.

A BALLAD.

BY M. ELIZABETH PERRY.

The lace of filmy curtain
Floated over a rose,
Which threw on its snowy neighbors
A shower of opal glows.

And so they kissed and courted,
Wantoning with every breeze
That ruffled the sweet syringas,
Or flouted the jealous trees.

Two voices sang in the garden.
And both were equally lately that she was always quiet and perfectly serious in her manner to him. He had noticed that even when, in unguarded moments, he had let slip a ridiculously high-flown phrase in the form of a compliment or entreaty to be allowed to do some service for her, she never smiled at him—never even smiled at him. Sometimes he longed for her to talk lightly and banteringly, as she had done to Anthony before their engagement; at others he threw all sorts of flattering conclusions, and thrilled with pleasure when he saw her suddenly cease laughing or conversing as he entered the room.

This morning he looked with a troubled face at the calm, grave eyes that turned upon him as he uttered his compliment. It seemed to him that she was studying him; and of all things in the world, Richard Stouth hated being studied.

"I did not congratulate you, Mr. Stouth," answered Clarissa, in a voice as collected as her face, "because, from what papa told me, I thought you must be almost weary of congratulations by this time."

"How can I be weary of anything that may, perhaps, raise me a hair's-breadth nearer—nearer your esteem? But, of course, I know why you are silent. You do not think me worthy of the honor I have received."

"I am not going to take upon myself to judge magistrates, Mr. Sleuth."

Mr. Sleuth sighed, over that remark for some little time. It might mean contempt, or it might mean only a charming humility.

"You, Miss Pompeus, of all people," he said, "should not be hard upon me, considering that my first office against my brother magistrates has been committed for your sake."

She looked at him, gravely questioning.

"Those two rogues of poachers," went on Sleuth, "that whose names the noble Anthony so rejoiced, I have had them set free this morning."

She drooped her face a little. Sleuth saw that its pale color had grown brighter. Then the eyes looked up at him again.

"Have you indeed done this, Mr. Sleuth?"

He laughed—a little, happily, he fancied.

"You will not doubt, Miss Pompeus, soon, when you hear the whole county crying shame on me for it."

"I thought you told my father you considered they richly deserved punishment."

"And did I?"

"Why, then, have you let them go?"

"Can you ask? Did I not see your face when we were told, about those poor, starving wretches' families? Did I not almost envy them at that instant? Fore vetches as they are, would I not willingly have changed places with them for the instant to feel that that sigh—that tear of pity was for me?"

"I see nothing in the world to pity you for, Mr. Sleuth, but," holding out her hand, "accept my most sincere thanks, which I really owe you, if this charitable deed was done on my account; though, to tell you the truth, I believe it is only your modesty makes you say so, and that you may really attribute it to your own kindness of heart."

"You are very pleased, then, by what I have done?"

"I am, indeed."

"Well!" with a deep sigh, "that is something. And now," another deeper sigh, "I suppose I must go back!"

As he spoke of important business, I will not try to detain you," said Clarissa.

"Good-bye, then. I am glad to have pleased you—very glad."

"Good morning, Mr. Sleuth."

When he had gone a dozen yards or so he turned, and took a look at her, as she was looking down the river, and her face was tender and pensive. Was she thinking of him—of what he had done for her sake?

Oh no, Richard Sleuth; only of a little dairy, that would be withered and grimy by now—a little rustic bridge, under which she has passed and gone down with the tide to seek him, and which has about as much chance of reaching him as the tender thought that made her throw it on the barge.

At the gates of Eddington Lodge Mr. Sleuth met the postman, who gave him a letter. He opened it as he rode slowly up the carriage drive, and read as follows:

Dunwold, Cumberland, 10th April.

Dearest Richard,—A chance, at last, is given me to journey to London, and I am sure that happiness at the thoughts of seeing you, I cannot attempt to write anything like a letter. In great haste, good-night.

Ever fondly yours,

Belinda Courthorne.

P.S.—I shall come to your house when I suppose I shall easily find. Don't be apprehensive—I shall come veiled, and merely announce myself as a lady wishing to see you on business. About two in the afternoon of Friday expect me.

CHAPTER LVII.—A VISITOR TO THE NEW HOUSE.

Mr. Sleuth sat in the study of his new house, which is so happily placed for observation that it is almost impossible for any person to approach without the master's being able to see them, should he happen to be looking out. Again and again, in adapting Anthony's plans to his own notion of things, Sleuth had puzzled the architect by his continued fussiness about the situation of this room, and more than one alteration had taken place in consequence. The architect explained the fact as being owing to his notion of the rigor the new owner meant to introduce into his domestic administration.

And even now, while Mr. Sleuth is busy writing letters, going through accounts, and doing both as if time were an object to him, he exhibits a habit, evidently common with him. It is that of rising from his work, perhaps with his papers in his hand, going to the window, looking across the park-like distance, with eyes open to one, considering he is not twenty miles from London—and then going back, as if he had had no object whatever in the movement, but that it was a mere habit.

Usually he even writes close to the window, and he has a small table placed there ready for occasional use, but at other times his great table in the centre is too useful—with its accommodation in size for documents, and its drawers for stowing away—for him to leave it.

This morning, however, when the deep sounds of the clock in the tower strike eleven, he does look out of the window, as he expects of some one; but, strange to say, with less of that hungry inquisitiveness of face which was visible before the time for the appointment had come. It is that the thought of the murder still haunts the successful man? Is he ever unconsciously looking for the traces of blood, and therefore finds all known facts as to visitors involve some sort of relief?

"There he is! Punctual as the clock!" Sleuth exclaims, as he sees a carriage—one of his own which he had sent, to direct the expected visitor, the gardener's boy put on his hat, and drive round to the front door. Then he rises, and strolls out into the hall to meet him, and there waits.

And this is now the home of the chemist's assistant! He stands in a hall that literally gleams, wherever you look, with gold. The tall bronze candelabra are gorgeous, and so are those with gold. The massive banisters that wind up the grand staircase, and reach, by successive flights, to the top, and end in a gorgeous skylight, full of painted glass—this also carries the eye from spot to spot of burnished, massive gold. The Persian coat of arms, for which Sleuth has paid heavily to have all due researches made, and absolute correctness ensured, with "supporters" on either side of the shield—who, when a boy, hardly knew how to point to a single decently respectable relative—have all the noble appearance of rich, dead gold, which come out finely in the subdued light of the place. Lastly, a screen divides the principal hall from a lesser vestibule outside; and this screen—of the very richest workmanship in details of form, tying, indeed, with the screens of old cathedrals—is of the most rich material—dead bronze, brightened into gold at particular and salient parts.

It has been a particular pleasure to Sleuth that, while he found himself unable to improve, in an architectural point of view, upon Anthony's designs, he could improve in point of sheer expenditure; and thus the modest house on which Anthony had intended to expend not more than £2,000, has cost nearly £10,000.

"I can afford it," says Sleuth; as he looks round on what had only been very lately thinnish. "I can afford it, and it is worth it to give no position in the eyes of the world. I'd rather they'd think of my house than of me, yet awhile. Ha! Rollings, very glad to see you!"

Mr. Rollings, who has entered, with a green bag in his hand, bowing very low and frequently, was the lawyer who had succeed ed Mr. Stamp in the position of legal adviser to the owner of the alderman's property. Sleuth's instinct had told him, not only at the time of the discovery of the codicil, but on closer acquaintance, that he was no favorite with Mr. Stamp, and that Anthony was. Hence the change.

Sleuth led the way into the study, and threw himself into an imposing-looking chair—a new one he has just had home to do honor to the magnificence of his new house. Mr. Rollings, who will often sit there to hear private cases.

"Well, Rollings, the dead really?"

"Yes, sir," with a deep bow, in a frightened manner—his usual one—owing, apparently, to a nervous affliction of some kind.

Mr. Rollings, who, as a rule, did not impress one favorably. He was so very slavish, that the Sleuth of to-day rather disgusted in his own mind with the obsequious Sleuth of three years ago, not knowing, perhaps, that it was he who had changed most, and as we have seen, for the better. But as this change had made Sleuth less timid, more exacting, more loud-voiced and imperious, it naturally made Mr. Rollings—who desired, of all things, to keep his most valuable client—less able to esteem his soul as his own in his client's presence, and in his client's gorgeous house.

Sleuth took the deed from the lawyer, glanced rapidly over it, and said:

"Any alterations since the rough copy?"

"No, sir, no. Just as you left it."

"I see you didn't fill in any sum."

"No, sir. I—I—really you hesitated a little whether it should be fifty or a hundred a year, we'd fill it in now!"

"What do you think, Rollings?"

"Fifty pounds a year—that's a good deal of money, Mr. Sleuth, to give away, without a valuable consideration in return. I think you said that was so?"

"Can't you listen when one speaks? Didn't I tell you, sir, plainly enough, that the only consideration, as you call it, is this: I did, in a sort of idle way, talk to her before I knew I should be the alderman's heir; and one thing, with a pretty girl, you know, leads to another; and so, between ourselves, I must own, marriage, even, was talked of."

"But no engagement in writing?"

"Not only no engagement, but I took care not to give her in black and white even a single letter that could be made to mean more at the worst than a love business."

"And no witness to testify anything?"

"Confound you, Rollings! What an idiot you are! Is it likely I'd keep off letters, and then go and fetch half-a-dozen people to be witnesses whenever I had anything to say to her?"

"No, no! I was wrong! Pardon me. It was a very foolish thought."

"What I asked you was, would you recommend fifty pounds or a hundred pounds for the annuity?"

"Yes, sir, yes; I understand. Let me see; fifty pounds! Why that, at the present price of consols, will cost between three and four thousand pounds! Why there isn't a jury in the kingdom, I should think, that would give her more, even if she pursued you by action at law and succeeded."

"Don't know about that, Rollings. Unluckily, everybody knows that I am worth. If she were really able to establish a claim, I'm afraid they'd give her a big slice out of my hundred and seventy thousand pounds. But your idea is a good one. I'll use it. She can't prove anything; so it's not by any means a bad thought to suggest. I'll give her almost as much as she could probably get, even if she were able to prove a good deal. I shall put in the fifty pounds."

"Quite enough! Quite enough, in all conscience, sir. Besides——"

"D—n it, Rollings, how can I write while you keep chattering in this way? Don't you think, after all, as I can afford it, I'd better make it a hundred once for all? That, you see, is not a great deal more than half of eight thousand pounds."

"If you please, sir."

"Please! as if I didn't know that! I want your advice, Mr. Rollings, and you tell me I may do as I please. How good of you!"

"Well, sir, if I must speak—" and Mr. Rollings evidently began to have the dignity of the profession must be stood up for at some time or other, and that perhaps, that unpleasant and dangerous time had come—"I think, sir, that speak on so delicate a subject, then I say that, if from no other motive——"

"Motive! What do you mean by that? What motive could I have?"

Sleuth spoke in a low and rapid tone, and the lawyer could not for the life of him tell what was the matter; unless, indeed, Sleuth had deceived him about Phillis, and that the desertion of her was not the only injury she had to demand redress for at his hands. But the lawyer thought to himself that clients like Sleuth don't usually stand on delicacy in such things when they are obliged to take counsel of the profession; so he didn't know what to make of the unquestionable agitation his very harmless question had produced. He finally settled the matter by saying, in the accent of—"He's in an awful temper about something; and, I suppose, that's all."

To his surprise, Sleuth did put in a hundred, and not fifty; and then, when Sleuth saw that surprise, he reflected a little again, and took an ivory crossing knife from his desk—one of those long-handled instruments with an immovable blade at the end, sharpened to a point—and scratched out the £50, and finally put in £100.

They were interrupted by a loud ringing of the bell.

"Good-bye, Rollings. Go into the dining-room. Don't stand on ceremony. Call for what you like; but excuse my saying don't be long, for this is an awkward moment. I expect it is time."

"Not the young person herself?"

"She."

"Really! I'll take a hurried snack, and be off."

Sleuth began to erect himself, and collect his thoughts; and so powerful is habit, or so strong still was the fear of Phillis, that he looked hastily at his clothes and general appearance, as he might have done in the old love-making days, and he wished, even amid all his perplexity, if she were more or less good-looking than she was.

A lady, in dark, rich silk, with her face concealed by a long black veil, was introduced, in accordance with special instructions, by a servant, who, strange to say, was in plain black, and not in the usual garb of menial glory, which shone out very strongly indeed in Mr. Sleuth's mansion.

Mr. Sleuth, under a kind assurance, for on the winding up to-day of a popular neighboring fair, he has given, unasked, leave to the whole of his domestics to go to it, with the exception of his confidential butler, and an old woman, who had come up from the lodge where her son resides. Sleuth advanced with his great, kind hand, which does not answer that bow, but thrusts back the veil, and cries in a low, but glad and earnest, and very sweet voice:

"Richard!"

What can he do but kiss her in welcome? It is awkward—very—considering that he has got to do, but he has thought all that out, and has decided it would be inhuman, and not at all proper, to attempt to act a part.

And then, as they stood there—she looking his hand within her own trembling figures, and gazing so inquiringly, lovingly, trustingly in his face—he sees she is really much better looking than when she went away. Indeed, she is beautiful—she is very beautiful. Her beauty, indeed, is one of which Sleuth can perfectly appreciate—almost scarce him from his purpose.

She is, moreover, ready, to be looked up to, as Phillis now looks up at him, though he, as if in modesty, says:

"You don't take any notice of my new house."

"Richard, I know it is very splendid, but I haven't seen anything yet but you, and could think of nothing since I crossed the threshold but you, and wonder if you would be angry with me for coming upon you so unexpectedly."

Well, Sleuth looked, during just one roll aside

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "BROTHER'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER LVI.—AFTER THREE YEARS.

It was April, very fair, bright weather, and Clarissa sat in the garden of Petersham, looking over the river wall, and watching the barges go by, floating with the tide.

Before her, on the river wall, was spread a newspaper, turned at a display of a long paragraphheaded, "Richard Sleuth, Esq., of Eddington Hall." It was an account of that gentleman taking his seat for the first time as magistrate. Her father had left it there for her to read, and, indeed, her slim fingers had taken hold of the edge, and her face was bent over it, but her eyes were watching the barges with a dreamy, idle wonder as to whither they were going. Who knew but what he might be watching them, some long way down the river, and might be thinking of this very wall, under which they passed so close?

As the sun went by she kissed the little dairy that she held, and dropped it on the great black barge, smiling a tearful, sad smile at her folly. But she watched it till a curve in the river hid it from her, and then bent down over the paper, for she thought she heard the doctor coming.

"May I ask why Miss Pompeus tries her beautiful eyes by reading what must be so very uninteresting to her?" said a voice close at her shoulder.

"Good morning, Mr. Sleuth," answered Clarissa, quietly, and keeping her eyes on the paper.

The visitor sat down on the low chair the doctor had left vacant, and, leaning his elbow on the wall, began to study, tenderly and reverentially, the fair face before him.

Certainly the last three years had wrought wonders in Richard Sleuth, Esquire, of Eddington Hall. His courageous and persevering efforts to make himself a gentleman had been crowned with some success. His private tutor had managed to instil with his educational lessons something of the mental attributes of the gentleman. His dancing lessons had made him a little less awkward in his walk and carriage; his taste in dress was quieter; his manners, when he wished to please (which he always did), were a little less gushingly demonstrative.

His ride this morning through the Eddington lanes had given him a color; his eyes were bright and of a little more intense blue than usual, and the tender, sad, imploring smile he had assumed either became him.

"What!" he murmured, presently, in a low, pleading voice (he could be very happy in his low tones than in his high ones); "not one word? and I have left I don't know how much important business for the hope of getting one?"

Clarissa laid the paper down, and lifted her eyes slowly and gravely to his face.

Sleuth had perceived more lately that she was

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"Richard, I know it is very splendid, but I haven't seen anything yet but you, and could think of nothing since I crossed the threshold but you, and wonder if you would be angry with me for coming upon you so unexpectedly."

Well, Sleuth looked, during just one roll aside

of the eyes, as if that theme might be worth pursuing; but he rejected it, and said:

"No, Phillis, I—I, in fact, am glad you're here. I wanted to see you."

"Did you, Richard? Oh, did you do that? Don't say any more to me just yet."

And Phillis dropped upon a chair, her breast heaving with the tumult of repressed passion; and then she burst out into a fit of hysterical laughter, that drove him almost to frenzy.

He ran about the room to hunt things out from cupboards, he slapped her hands, he wetted her face with water, and was quite out of to see if the old woman was mistress of a smelling-bottle, when she sighed, drew a long breath, and said feebly to him:

"Better, Richard—better."

Sleuth had got ready, obviously for this particular visit, a clean shirt-collar, and a great bunch of hothouse grapes. These he fetched on a silver tray from a cupboard, as if placed there by his own prior refreshment, and put it before Phillis, and made her eat and drink, saying little things the while to comfort her; for he saw, if he did not thus restore her before he began, he would never get successfully through his job, which loomed upon him larger and darker every moment.

He wished now that he had left the hundred a year in the dead, and begun to fear his generosity might need the amount of exaggeration to be taken for generosity.

Phillis, under this treatment, brightened very amazingly—so much so, that she said presently:

"I didn't meet a single servant except the one that brought me here."

"No; there's always a way at a fair."

"Indeed! Well, then, Richard, if you would like me to see the house, now—"

Richard would have very much liked her *not* to see the house, but he said, promptly:

"To be sure. I'll go over it with you."

And then he went out into the hall, and Phillis looked at that, and seemed to grow nervous as she did so.

"Isn't it too splendid?" she murmured to Sleuth.

He didn't appear to hear the question, but took her into the dining-room, where Phillis, after inspecting the rich morocco of the chairs, and glancing at herself in the mirror on the superb sideboard, and sniffing the opulent drops of the chandelier's shake, and then shaking her own pretty shoulders, and heading with an arch look upward, at a loss to thought her temerity was about to bring down all the noisy, glittering, beautiful things on her head, she went to examine the amber silk curtains, so rich in texture, and that evidently gave her more pleasure than all the rest.

"What room is that beyond?" asked Phillis, looking at a pair of folding doors.

"Oh; it's part of this room. I had it a deal too big for comfort at first, so I ran up a partition, that's all."

"May I look in?' said Phillis, with a kind of playful pretense of believing he had some mystery there.

"Yes, if you like," he said, turning away.

She looked in, and saw what startled her—a portrait of his late partner, one of large size, and showing by the inscription it had been presented to Sleuth by some public body of which the alderman was, in his lifetime, had been a most valuable member.

Phillis wondered again about that division in the room, and this time aroused so ingeniously to keep the alderman in a place of honor, and yet out of sight; and, as the incident recalled many unpleasant things, she regretted her curiosity, and returned to Sleuth, who had waited for her.

She saw, at the first glance of his face, he was annoyed, and that made her still more regret the incident.

But he took her next to the drawing-room. Phillis had seen the small drawing-room before, belonging to grandhouses, but thought she had never seen anything so beautiful as this, with its many windows, all with lace curtains, infinitely more beautiful, so she now thought, than the silk of the dining-room, for they were of the finest conceivable lace, like most charming cobwebs, and more costly than Phillis dared venture even to guess. There was a conservatory at one end, and in it there was a fountain of water at great strength and perennial flow, rising like a rod of silver into the air, only to fall in a graceful shower into the basin on the floor below, from which was full of water lilies. There were small alcoves in the wall, where a pair of lovers might sit, and hear the soft drapery of the little curtains so close as to be all but invisible. The walls seemed to Phillis created out of light and gold, so delicate and luminous they made their surroundments. Couches of the most luxurious shapes were everywhere, and yet seemed to take up no room, so large was the place.

It was with a cry of pleasure Phillis gave her first glance down the length of this beautiful room, which ended in the conservatory; but, somehow, Sleuth did not care to encourage her raptures, and never, apparently, felt so little inclined, as now, to value his house.

But while he was turning over in resolution to the work to be done, he found it seemingly put farther off, by a new and altogether unexpected incident.

"Do you like music, Richard?"

"Yes, very much indeed," he replied, glad to remember Phillis was unable to play.

To his astonishment, she went to the piano, drew out the stool, threw back the fall, and, after a few touches, to enable her to know the instrument, began a piece of music that Sleuth—who had some ear and some taste, though not much of either—thought he had never heard any lady of his acquaintance play with so much spirit.

He was annoyed, yet fascinated.

"Shall I play another piece?" she said.

"Eh?—yes, do," he replied, starting from an absent mood.

The first piece had been one of some refinement and poetic scope. The next was a lively dance tune, to which Sleuth's legs almost itched to caper, and which she gave with such increasing spirit, that, when it suddenly ceased, she burst out into a loud laugh, and catching his hand, made him go through a few steps of the dance. But the mother he thought the whole business was more irritating, mischievous, or piquant; for he couldn't help noticing that Phillis had learned to dance very differently from her old country-dance fashion, and now, amid all the abandon of the reel she had taken with her, had shown a particularly graceful kind of movement.

"Does she guess what's in my brain, I wonder?" he said to himself, as Phillis left the piano and took Phillis's; and the mere question seemed to give a more metallic lustre to his eye, a more fixed accurate cast to his face.

"Do you sing, Richard?"

"No, not I."

"Only a little. You won't laugh at me if I try?"

"Certainly not," said Sleuth, comforting himself with the thought that, after all, it was her affair, not his, all this awkwardness before the great business would have to be done.

And Phillis sang a simple, touching and plaintive voice, that exhibited little musical training, but a good deal of natural taste, "The Last Rose of Summer," which had then just become popular.

When the last faint notes were dying out, Sleuth was saying to himself:

"This will do. She's out-manœuvring me. I must act, or she'll bewitch me out of my own plans."

"Well, Richard," she said, after a significant pause, "I wish I could show you any better use of my time, that's all. I thought I would try to play like Lucy, as you wished her to, although, Richard, I'm not so silly as not to know a lady means more than this, still, there are things one can learn when one is a lady, and things that one can't without showing one's a real lady; and that's what I fancied, Richard, you didn't want me to seem."

"I'll very clear, no doubt, but confoundedly unpleasant, just when Sleuth had got to hand her that deed, and explain how he proposed to wish her a friendly good-by and leave her forever.

It was terribly inconvenient, this stupid exhibition of hers; and, for that matter, her coming altogether. She had wrapped herself up in all things when he had found some months pass without a letter from her. She might have got a good deal from somebody else, and have got into a mess, and compromised her reputation—a God-send indeed to him, as the irreverent gentleman said to himself, not really intending to be so profane.

From the drawing-room they went up the grand staircase, and looked into the bedrooms—all—at each of the superb bedrooms, and so up to the tower, where a narrow, little winding stair led to the roof. The roof, as we have said, was a charming gaze a most extensive panoramic view of the country for nearly thirty miles round, rising and falling in gentle undulations, and high hills of considerable height, and well wooded, and having in the middle ground picturesque scattered villages, with their church towers. Phillis was womanly jealousy, of her own visit being the cause.

"Headache—sitting so long in the courts. Won't you go down now?" he feels slightly cross.

Waiting for no answer, he left the room of the tower and preceded her down the staircase, and to the great hall. Phillis followed him, as though she had no will of her own.

As he was in a certain corridor, and some few yards in advance, she noticed him pull to, in passing, a certain door, which he thought was open. This had been done quickly, as if Sleuth had been thinking she would not notice the gesture—the curious being, for Phillis guessed she did not understand, rather dark, as if some of its lights were temporarily closed. This corridor struck her as the most beautiful passage she had yet been through. What was it for?

Moved by some impulse she did not stop to question, she turned back to look at the door that Sleuth had pulled to. It was dark within—the shutters being closed; but the faint gleams of light revealed some little place like a lady's boudoir, that, in the rich, mysterious gloom, and the faint gleaming of the gold beadings and gilt brackets, and the panelled walls, struck her as a something beyond all she had yet seen.

"Richard!" she called to him, going back to the door for that purpose.

"This way!" he called, and went on in the way he had been going.

"Richard, come to him!" was Phillis's first thought. Her second thought was different, and much more painful and alarming.—"Am I in a delusion all this while?"

She hurried after him, and, with a faint smile, said:

"I feel quite tired."

"You don't seem at all well. What is it? Tell me."

As no person appeared to interrupt them, they talked thus on their way to the study, where still lay the deed on the table, and the knife, covered by the deed, that had been used to erase the first figures Sleuth had put in.

They sat down. Phillis had, on first coming into the house, thrown off her cloak in the hall, but otherwise had not changed her out-door dress. She now sat by the side of the great round table—bonnet on—just as though she were but a casual visitor, and Sleuth did not apparently wish her to put aside her bonnet, or change in any way the strangeness and uncomfortableness of her position.

He sighed deeply and audibly, and seemed lost in thought. Phillis sighed too, but so faintly and flutteringly, that the sigh was quite unheard beyond her own heart. Then she said:

"What is it oppresses you, Richard?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Phillis, though it isn't a subject to be much talked about. Two friends of mine—acquaintances, Phillis—got married a few months ago, and I and everybody and they just would be happy people! But why? Because they didn't, as everybody thought, they loved one another. And so it seemed, just for a bit. But there was one of the two had a secret, and tried to get it kept from the other. Now I tell you the secret was want of love, you won't be long in guessing the other seen found that out. Such secrets don't long be hid, I should say. Yes, he found it out—"

"Oh, *he* found it out, did he?" said Phillis, with significance unbounded.

But Sleuth went bravely on. He hadn't got to think of her feelings now, but of his own interests. Now, as of yore, everything became so clear at the critical moment when he reminded himself of that.

"Yes, he found it out, poor fellow!"

"You pity *him*?"

"Yes, I do, Phillis. Don't you?"

"Pray, what is the use of pity? Your friend's story is particularly interesting to me."

"Well, as I was saying, he found it out, and then a scheme—a plot—he had got pressed her to speak, that she had felt, when about to marry, as one then ought not to feel—she had respected him, she had liked him, but she confessed she had not loved him."

"*She* confessed all that?"

"Yes, she did, poor soul, I gather from the talk of the parties, for they both, by turns, appealed to me."

And then Sleuth reached his hand over to the deed, and drew it towards him, thus exposing the knife.

"Go on, Richard."

"Where was I? Oh, I know. When she confessed that, he reproached her bitterly. It was, I think myself, a hard case. As he said to her, with a terrible sneer, 'Why didn't you tell me before marriage? I forgive you all but that.' Yes, Phillis, those were just his words—'I forgive you all but that.'"

Phillis began to laugh—not hysterically, as before, though there was something about it Sleuth didn't like.

He noticed now that she was sitting so near the little knife, that if he were to stretch out his hand as it seemed to do, he could not help seeing it, while cursing his stupidity for leaving it there, he saw she would be able instantly to possess herself of it; and although he felt he didn't yet know her next one, he could not help fancying that such a gesture on his part might have a sort of fascinating influence upon her, and lead her to seize it.

"Richard, I'm going to ask you an odd question: thinking of it makes me laugh. If, now, I were to tell you that I have a child—a little at this, though feeling qualmish—much more qualmish than he had expected to feel about the whole business.

"I don't know what you mean, Phillis, by talking to me in that way, and looking at me so strangely, and I have no means to know. And what's more, I won't stand it—in my own house, too! If you didn't want to know what I was troubled about, why did you ask me to tell you? If you did want to know, well, then, now you do—and what of it?"

Phillis started to her feet, her face crimson, her eyes darting furious gleams of light, while the tears were at the same time oozing slowly from her eyes. At last she said:

"Now, Phillis, don't be angry. If you hadn't spoken so bitterly, I shouldn't have said what I did. I'm very sorry, indeed, for I want to talk to you a bit. People can't help their inward feelings, can they? But they can act as I want to do—as a gentleman to a lady, as a friend to Phillis, dear, now don't be foolish. Don't turn against your best friend. You don't know how much I have to say to you before I go on and your good. You see this paper? Well, it's for you. Stop a bit; let me speak. No; I will speak. I'll stop your mouth with kisses, I will, indeed, even though you look at me in that way, if you're not still. Well, now, if you are quiet, listen. This is a regular deed for you, for which you have between three and four thousand pounds. Stop, Phillis; don't be in a hurry. I'll hear you presently; but, indeed, I must first speak myself.

"Keep your hands from me, Richard Sleuth. Let me say that!" interjected Phillis.

"Very well, then, I'll not meddle, and listen. This bit of parchment gives you fifty pounds a year. All your own. Single or married."

"Or married," Richard Sleuth—did you say that?"

"Y—yes. It would be unkind, if you could deny it, to take it now, and not at all events, Richard Sleuth isn't the man to do it."

Phillis smiled a wondrously significant smile. If Sleuth had not been fast sunk in his own eloquence, he would have said less and done more. As it was, he went on egotistically, blind and deaf to the warnings of fate:

"Now, then, Phillis, what I want to say to you is this: I don't offer you that deed in a sordid spirit. I don't believe—no, upon my soul I don't believe—that you will think it a real compensation."

"How good of you!" said Phillis, curtseying very low—quite, indeed, to the ground—and rising with a wild ringing laugh, that did begin to waken the dreamer.

"No; I say this to you, which I would say, if it were necessary, to all the world; this lady is one I honor so much, that I would entreat—implore her to marry me to-morrow, did I not know, alas! what a wretch of a husband I should be, with such a secret preying forever upon my heart."

"It was you, then, Richard, you talked so prettily about?"

"Yes, Phillis; it is a real case, the one I told you of. But now, now, Phillis, was it not wise of me, when I heard of it, to investigate rigorously the state of my own affections before I sacrificed the peace and honor of a most exemplary and beautiful, and highly accomplished woman?"

"Peace and honor, then, are both still with me, you think, only you let me alone?"

"I hope so."

"Hyperion!"

"Phillis!"

"Liar!"

"I say, Phillis, this is—"

"Murderer! for I belie——"

His hand on her mouth stops her voice. But Phillis has hands too. She now, vividly seen, even though her head be averted, the deadly glimmer of that small bit of steel, which, for some time, has been before her eyes. She sees it still, as she saw it then. She knows where it is without any more looking for. She glides her left hand rapidly and instinctively along the table—she grasps it, brings it to the other hand; a moment passes, and there is a cry of horror from Sleuth, a cry of triumph from her, and the red blood is pouring from his side.

The cries are heard by the confidential butler, who guesses there is mischief, and runs fast to the study.

As he enters, Sleuth, ghastly pale and sick, is trying to keep himself in an upright position in a chair by the aid of his two arms on the table, but his brain swims, and he would fall but for Phillis's arms as a stay, whose wild face startles him.

"She's mad!" Sleuth feebly whispered to him. "Have her removed-into custody. She's mad!"

Phillis caught the word, and rang it out in repetition with an energy and a piercing shrillness and unearthliness of tone that told that the poor creature was ready to justify the fatal imputation cast on her from her indeed reeling, and life henceforward a mere chaos.

And from that time she sat there, silent, motionless, stiffening as into a statue of stone.

ABOUT DOGS.

Few persons are aware of the value and variety of dogs, varying, as they do, in weight from 180 pounds to half a pound, and in price ranging from about $300 to less than nothing. A description of the different varieties may not be uninteresting. The Siberian bloodhound weighs about 100 pounds, and measures 40 inches in girth, and is worth nearly $300. The St. Bernard dog, which is of a buff or lightish color, is very large and valuable. The Newfoundland dog, when pure, is entirely black, and its pups are worth from $10 to $50. The shepherd dog, or Scotch collie, is essential for its patience, fidelity and bravery. It is worth from $10 to $100. The English mastiff, a good watch dog, is worth from $10 to $25. Of terriers, the black and tan are the best. The Skye terrier, of which the largest scarcely attains to 25 pounds, and increases in value as it decreases in weight. A number of the Skye terrier has one which weighs less than a pound, and is the smallest we have ever seen. It was brought to Paris. The Irish terriers are often crossed with the Italian greyhound, producing a very handsome, but expensive animal. The Scotch terrier is the hardiest of dogs, is very courageous, and is worth from $10 to $25. The Italian greyhound is the rarest and most valuable of hunting dogs. They are worth $100 each. The Spanish pointer is remarkable for docility of England. They are worth $100 each. The Irish setter is a cross of the hound and, of course, partakes of the nature of both. The best sort of rabbit dogs are worth from $25 to $100 each. The Italian greyhound is worth from $50 to $100. The pure breed is rare and valuable, a fine one being worth $150.

There is a great variety of pointers, setters and spaniels. The Prince Charles variety is the most valuable of the spaniels, and is supposed to have come from Spain, where a similar breed exists. He has a round head, short, silky ears, large full eyes, long silky coats and tan color, and never weighs over ten pounds. They have been sold in England at auction, and have brought as high as $2,000 each. The coach dog is from Dalmatia, and is worth from $10 to $50 each. Cuban dogs and Esquimaux dogs were brought here by Dr. Kane, and are worth from $10 to $50 each. The Bedlam Hospital, at West Philadelphia. They are fox-like in shape, and remarkable for sagacity and docility. They are worth more in fortune than any other dog. Most of the dogs about our streets are spurious, and are not even half breeds.

CONFESSIONS OF A SUICIDE.

An old man, who committed suicide by strangulation, in Paris, lately, left the following document among his papers, headed: The Mysteries of My Existence, addressed to the public:

"I belong to a very good family; I was well brought up. Fatally for myself, I adopted as my device the English maxim—Do not trust to-morrow. I know not that, on the contrary, no man should leave to-morrow what he can do to-day. For my part, I believe that, before doing anything, it was necessary to deliberate long and maturely on the subject. I reasoned, and I took part in turned out unsuccessful. By this system of reasoning I have had a laborious existence. I married unfortunately. I forfeited an important situation, and, in consequence, I became the laughing stock of my friends, because I never could return a visit in proper time; I was full of excuses, promises, apologies, engagement; and I was always an hour too late. I had cowardice to tell my wife that I never was fully decided, and was never ready to be served. I thought myself extremely clever, and I always found myself in a late or a difficult position. After long and profound reflection, I am now convinced that my life was entirely forfeiting off everything was but a prelude that my real character was one of selfishness and sloth; and that I sought to hide, or to cover, that double vice with a brilliant virtue. I was deprived by the fear of failure, by very disgust to bodily and mental exertions, by the intolerance of continuous and lethargic repose. Such is the true cause of the vexations which I have constantly experienced. I believe the judgment I now pass upon myself to be correct. At my age I am on the brink of the grave. The thought of self-murder has never ceased me, and as for once in my life I mean to take an energetic resolution, and not to postpone it, I bring myself

CORN GRINDING IN AFRICA.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, in his late African explorations, tells many interesting incidents in the domestic life of the natives, and in his Notes of Travel, lately published in England, illustrates some of them in a way to add to the interest. One of these, the grinding of corn, we extract. He says:

"As we were sleeping one night outside a hut, but near enough to hear what was going on within, an anxious mother began to grind her corn about two o'clock in the morning. 'Ma,' inquired a little girl, 'why grind in the dark?' Mamma advised sleep, and administered material for a sweet dream to her darling, by saying, 'I grind meal to buy cloth from the strangers, which will make you look a little lady.' An observer of these primitive races is struck continually with such little trivial touches of genuine human nature.

"The mill consists of a block of granite, syenite, or even mica schist, fifteen or eighteen inches square and five or six thick, with a piece of quartz or other hard rock about the size of a half brick, one side of which has a convex surface, and fits into a concave hollow in the larger and stationary stone. The workwoman, kneeling, grasps this upper millstone with both hands, and works it backwards and forwards in the hollow of the lower millstone, in the same way that a baker works his dough, when pressing it and pushing from him. The weight of the person is brought to bear on the moveable stone, and while it is pressed and pushed forwards and backwards, one hand supplies every now and then a little grain, to be thus at first bruised and then ground on the lower stone, which is placed on the slope, so that the meal, when ground, falls on to a skin or mat, spread for the purpose. This is, perhaps, the most primitive form of mill, and anterior to that in oriental countries, where two women grind at one mill, and may have been that used by Sarah of old, when she entertained the angels."



WOMAN OF TETTA, AFRICA, GRINDING CORN.

MR. ROBERT B. MINTURN.

MR. ROBERT B. MINTURN, an eminent merchant, whose name is familiar all over the world, and the head of the house of Grinnell, Minturn & Co., died of paralysis on the 9th inst., at his home in this city, in the 61st year of his age.



THE LATE ROBERT B. MINTURN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

There was hardly a man among us better known, certainly no one more beloved for his private virtues, or more respected for his high-toned character, his unbending integrity, his sound judgment, and his conscientious discharge of every public and private duty. His motives were probably never impeached in any act of his life, and it has fallen to the lot of few men to wield so wide an influence among his fellows in a purely private position. His wealth and influence were due to his own exertions and ability. Holding wealth as a trust, to the poor his hand was always open with a liberality which had become proverbial, while so modest and unassuming were his efforts to seek out and relieve cases of obscure suffering, that the amount of good he did was rather guessed at than known. Patriotism with him was a passion, and so devoted was he to the cause of the Union that, old as he was, and feeble in health, he had serious thoughts of taking his sword or his musket and serving in the field. At the outset of the war he invested a large portion of his wealth in Government securities, and the Administration never turned to the country for pecuniary help that it had not the immediate aid of his clear head, his generous hand, and his wide influence. No man more clearly apprehended the cause of the rebellion, and no one rejoiced with a more heartfelt joy at the destruction of both. When to be opposed to slavery was to hold an unpopular opinion, Mr. Minturn never shrank from his avowal, and one of the last acts of his life was to give aid to an association on behalf of the freedmen. At home and abroad—where he went reluctantly, a year or two ago, for his health—his time, his means and his efforts were devoted to supplying the Government with men and money, to giving comfort to the soldiers in the field, to ameliorating the condition of the blacks, and fitting them for the freedom which the war was about to bestow upon them. His last thought and his last word were an anxious expression of sympathy for the poor about us, to whom the sudden cold had brought unusual suffering.

Mr. Minturn never held a public office, unless the Presidency of the Union League Club can be called so. He was the first to fill that office, and he did much for the organization of an association in which he hoped to concentrate—and succeeded in doing so—the loyalty of his class. We had among us no better embodiment of the Christian gentleman, no better representative of the Republican citizen, than he.



AFRICAN CORN MILL.



A LUNATIC'S ESCAPE FROM BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—THE CHASE—TAKING TO THE WATER.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE THAMES.

ENGLAND has fought hard upon paper to show that she was the original inventor and pioneer in steam navigation. She repudiates Fulton, though his boat, the Clermont, was brought to a practical test, on the Hudson, in 1807, seven years before the Majestic was built by Mr. George Dodd, at Fort Glasgow, in Scotland, and navigated to Dublin, and thence round the Land's End to the port of London. She was the first steamboat seen in the Thames, and, as a matter of course, created great excitement. Her builder devoted himself to the cause of steam navigation, and by his exertions, within a few years, six boats were plying on the Thames, two between London and Richmond, two between London and Gravesend, and two between London and Margate. A large number of serious accidents by fire and the bursting of the boilers of the high pressure engines then in use, led to a Parliamentary inquiry in 1817 but in spite of adverse witnesses, and the organized opposition of the Thames watermen, the cause of steam navigation rapidly gained ground, and the committee asserted in their report the following memorable words:

"Your committee entered on the task assigned them with a strong feeling of the inexpediency of legislative interference with the management of private concerns or property, farther than the public safety should demand, and more especially with the exertions of that mechanical skill and ingenuity, in which the artists of this country are so pre-eminent, by which the labor of man has been greatly abridged, the manufactures of the country carried to an unrivalled perfection, and its commerce extended over the whole world.

"Among these, it is impossible for a moment to overlook the introduction of steam as a most powerful agent, of almost universal application, and of such utility, that, but for its assistance, a very large portion of the workmen employed in an extensive mineral district of this kingdom would be deprived of their subsistence.

"A reference to the evidence taken, will also show with what advantage this power has lately been applied, in Great Britain, to propel vessels both of burthen and passage; how much more extensively it has been used in America, and of what farther application it is certainly capable, if it may not be said to be even now anticipated in prospect."

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF A LUNATIC

From the Asylum on Blackwell's Island.

We illustrate an incident of comparatively rare



A LUNATIC'S ESCAPE—THE CAPTURE BY THE KEEPERS—MARCH THROUGH THE SNOW.



THE RETURN TO THE MADHOUSE.

occurrence, and yet one not so unfrequent as is desired.

Occasionally, after long intervals, a patient in the Blackwell's Island Lunatic Asylum will succeed in eluding all the watchfulness of his attendants, and devise some desperate method of escape from imprisonment. At times these foolhardy attempts result in death, and the unfortunate madman becomes, in the eye of the world, a suicide.

Such a case would the one presented undoubtedly have been, had the attempt not been discovered in time.

On the cold morning of January 1st of this year, a man was found missing in one of the halls of the lodge or madhouse. His keeper at once instituted a search for him. At the expiration of an hour he was seen, destitute of clothing (save a linen shirt and drawers), preparing to plunge into the cold waters of the East river. He was shouted at, but his sole response was a dive into the icy wave, and by the time his pursuers reached the spot where he had stood, he was full 15 feet from shore, struggling with the swift current.

A boat pushed out after him from a boat-house some little distance below; and he was or brought to come back by the attendants in pursuit; told that death was certain, the cold current sweeping him before he attained half the distance to the opposite or Manhattan shore. His energy failing him, or rather, seeing in the approaching boat a certainty of capture, he turned his efforts towards his starting place, and was speedily fished out by a boat-hook.

The second illustration represents his shivering march through the snow to the "lodge" from which he made his escape. Not knowing where he would be found, the attendants had not, of course, come provided with clothing for him, so that he was obliged to stumble through the snow with the frosty air stiffening every moment his soaked slight covering. Such, however, was his frenzied eagerness to flee from the Asylum, that he attempted, as he drew nearer to it, to again rush to the water side.

Arrived at last at the lodge, the third illustration presents him urged by his keepers into a cell, where, his garments being removed, he was to be thoroughly rubbed, preparatory to assuming warm and dry habiliments.

It is pitiable to contemplate such sufferings, which cannot be alleviated; to behold an innocent for no crime imprisoned, and yet justly. The wretched maniac deserves double commiseration when he is not completely distraught, but preserves sanity enough to feel all the horrors of a loss of freedom.

THE TWO DOGS.

THERE are two parties in animal opinions; the one argues for instinct only in the brute creation, the other pleads for reasoning faculty. The first party is occasionally staggered by some record of animal doings, which, if it does not argue reasoning faculty, shows wondrous accident.

One of this class we illustrate in the misfortune and charity of two dogs, an incident that is recorded by a western correspondent. He says:

"A tin can attracted the attention, gastronomically, of a hungry cur, connected with a travelling circus, from its outside drippings and some remnant of the good things it had held, stood by the door of my house. Mr. Dog regaled himself, at first, by licking away all the savory matter from the outside, and smelling at the in, but at last the temptation was too strong, and in went the head. For awhile all was silence and enjoyment, but soon the lunch was devoured, and the devourer wished to take his leave. This was easier thought than done, and the animal found the tin pot so firmly set that he could not withdraw his head. Here was trouble of the first water, blindness and a closeness of atmosphere. A few low, half-suppressed howls of despair came out of the prison, a few will butts at vacancy, and away flew the poor cur down the street, frantically rushing at everything that lay in his path.

"In the midst of the excitement, another gentleman—he showed himself such—canine came upon the scene. At a glance he saw the condition of things, and with a vigor of intellect only to be found in true greatness, set himself to work to reform them. To the astonishment of the spectators, after throwing himself before the blinded animal, and stopping its career, he seized the handle of the tin pot in his mouth, and—this part we do not vouch for—whispering something in the ear of his new-found friend to quiet his nerves, led him gently down the street.

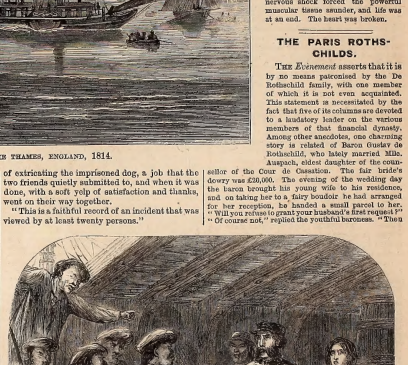
"At the distance of a few blocks the tap, tap of a hammer on metal was heard from a small shop. There was no sign up for Mr. Dog to read—supposing he could read—or indication of a tinman's, as it was, but the sound of the hammer, and to this spot the benevolent bow-wow led his afflicted friend, tabering him into the presence of the workman with an expression that said as plainly as a dog can speak, 'Be kind enough to attend to this little job, and some day when I get rich your bill shall be settled.'

"Is it any wonder that the tinsmith, under such an appeal, dropped his work and took up the job of extricating the imprisoned dog, a job that the two friends quietly submitted to, and when it was done, with a soft yelp of satisfaction and thanks, went on their way together.

"This is a faithful record of an incident that was viewed by at least twenty persons."



THE FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE THAMES, ENGLAND, 1814.



MISS LOVIOT AND THE PIRATES.



THE TWO DOGS.

THE STORY OF A TRULY BROKEN HEART.

THE following interesting case of a literally broken heart was related by a late distinguished medical professor in Philadelphia to his class, while lecturing upon disease of the heart. It will be seen on perusing it that the expression "broken-hearted" is not merely figurative. In the early part of his career Dr. Mitchell accompanied as surgeon a packet that sailed between Liverpool and one of our Southern ports. On the return voyage, soon after leaving Liverpool, while the doctor and the captain of the vessel, a weather-beaten son of Neptune, but possessed of uncommonly fine feelings and strong impulses, were conversing in the latter's stateroom, the captain opened a large chest and carefully took out a number of articles of various descriptions, which he arranged upon a table.

Dr. M., surprised at the display of costly jewels, ornaments, dresses, and all the varied paraphernalia of which ladies are naturally fond, inquired of the captain his object in having made so many valuable purchases.

The sailor, in reply, said that for seven or eight years he had been devotedly attached to a lady, to whom he had several times made proposals of marriage, but was as often rejected; that her refusal to wed him, however, had only stimulated his love to greater exertion; and that, finally, upon renewing his offer, declaring in the ardency of his passion that without her society life was not worth living for, she consented to become his bride upon his return from his next voyage.

He was so overjoyed at the prospect of a marriage from which, in the warmth of his feelings, he probably anticipated more happiness than is usually allotted to mortals, that he spent all his ready money while in London for bridal gifts. After gazing at them fondly for some time, and remarking on them in turn, "I think this will please Annie," and "I am sure she will like that," he replaced them with the utmost care.

This ceremony he repeated every day during the voyage, and the doctor observed a tear glisten in his eye as he spoke of the pleasure he would have in presenting them to his affianced bride. On reaching Bidestination the captain arrayed himself with more than usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible to hasten to his love.

As he was about to step into the carriage awaiting for him he was called aside by two gentlemen, who desired to make a communication, the purport of which was that the lady had proved unfaithful to the trust reposed in her, and married another, with whom she had decamped shortly before.

Instantly the captain was observed to put his hand to his breast, and fall heavily upon the ground. He was taken up and conveyed to his room on the vessel. Dr. M. was immediately summoned, but before he reached the poor captain he was dead.

A post-mortem examination revealed the cause of his unfortunate decease. His heart was found literally torn in twain! The tremendous propulsion of blood consequent upon such a violent nervous shock forced the powerful muscular tissue asunder, and life was at an end. The heart was broken.

THE PARIS ROTHSCHILDS.

THE *Evénement* asserts that it is by no means paiconised by the De Rothschild family, with one member of which it is not even acquainted. This statement is necessitated by the fact that five of its columns are devoted to a laudatory leader on the various members of that financial dynasty. Among other anecdotes, one charming story is related of Baron Gustav de Rothschild, who lately married Mlle. Anapach, eldest daughter of the counsellor of the Cour de Cassation. The fair bride's dowry was £30,000. The evening of the wedding day the baron brought his young wife to his residence, and on taking her to a fairy boudoir he had arranged for her reception, he handed a small parcel to her. "Will you refuse to grant your husband's first request?" "Of course not," replied the youthful baroness. "Then add the £30,000 which this envelope contains to your little sister's marriage portion." The *Evénement* further informs us that Baron James Rothschild rises at seven, and while he is being shaved and dressed by his valet, Felix M. Boudeville, professor of elocution, reads the morning papers to him. It is to be hoped he gives the correct intonation to the market reports, &c. At eight o'clock the baron proceeds to his office, where he works till six, whence he goes to play his rubber of whist at the club. The family dine at eight, after which they meet in the *salons* of the Baroness James, who receives Thiers and all the notabilities of the day. Once, however, the baron sometimes escapes to criticise the actions of the pupils of his teacher, M. Scudevile, at the Theatre de la Tour d'Auvergne.

A WEALTHY Englishman had the misfortune to be robbed of his portemonnaie the other day, containing a large sum, with a ticket for a box at the theatre, which he had purchased in the morning, and a carte-de-visite. He went to the Commissioner of Police, but could give no clue, and there was no hope. The commissioner, however, took his address, and turning the matter over in his mind, he thought it just possible that the thief might have the impudence and audacity to make use of the ticket, or sell it to some who would give a clue to the appearance of the pickpocket. Accordingly an officer was posted in waiting at the theatre, duly concealed from observation, and awaiting the possibility of the arrival of the thief, and to his great joy, a gentleman appeared shortly after the doors were open, accompanied by two ladies, presented the ticket and was admitted into the box. As soon as they were seated, the delicate policeman, tapped, beckoned monsieur quietly out, so as not to make a disturbance, closed the door, and gave orders that the ladies were not to leave. Then taking the gentleman by the arm, he said: "This way, monsieur, you are my prisoner!" "For what?" was the surprised and indignant question of the proprietor of the box ticket. "That is what you will learn—this way," said he as he drew a side staircase to a distant room, where he found himself in company with two other

sergens de ville, to whom the order was given to search. "Ah, as I thought," said the officer, "here is the very portemonnaie and the carte-de-visite; where is the money?" The gentleman now seemed rather amused than surprised and indignant, and after a good deal of explanation, it turned out and was satisfactorily proved, that this was the identical Englishman, who had lost the money, but to whom the thief had in the after part of the day politely returned the portemonnaie, ticket for the theatre and carte-de-visite, but retained the money (as he wrote) as a reward for his honesty.

The New American Novel.

THE DEAD LETTER.

CHAPTER I.—THE LETTER.

I PAUSED suddenly in my work. Over a year's experience in the Dead Letter office had given a mechanical rapidity to my movements in opening, noting and endorsing the contents of the bundles before me; and, so far from there being anything exciting to the curiosity, or interesting to the mind, in the employment, it was of the most monotonous character.

The letter which I held in my paralyzed fingers when they so abruptly ceased their dexterous movements, was contained in a cheap, coarse envelope, yellowed by time, and directed in a peculiar handto "John Owen, Peckskill, New York," and the date on the stamp was "October 10th, 1857"—making the letter two years old. I knew not what magnetism passed from it, putting me, as the saying is, *en rapport* with its writer. I had not yet cut the lapper; and the only thing I could fix upon as the cause of my attraction was, that at the date written on the envelope, I had been a resident of Blankville, twenty miles from Peckskill—and something aboût that date!

Yet, that was no excuse for my agitation; I was not of an inquisitive disposition; nor did "John Owen" belong to the circle of my acquaintance. I sat there with such a strange expression upon my face, that one of my fellows, remarking my mood, exclaimed, jestingly:

"What is it, Harry? A check for a hundred thousand?

"I'm sure I don't know; I haven't opened it." I answered, at random; and with this I cut the wrapper, impelled by some strongly-defined, irresistible influence to read the time-stained sheet inclosed. It was dated:

"DEAR SIR—It's too bad to disappoint you. Could not execute your order, as everybody concerned was drunk. Wine a charming city—good for tasting a picture. That old friend I introduced you to won't kick, and you had not better bother yourself to visit him. The next time you have a picture in hand to sell, don't forget to left hand pocket for the broken tooth-pick which I lent him. He is welcome to it. If you're at the place of business, I shan't be there, and have fulfilled the order, and having given up my emigration project, I remain, as my will so, yours to yourself accordingly. Sorry your prospects are so poor, and hoping, as I am, with the greatest possible esteem, your disappointed

"BENJUTTON."

To explain why this brief epistle, neither read nor interesting in itself, should effect me as it did, I must go back to the time at which it was written.

CHAPTER II.—EVENTS OF A NIGHT.

IT WAS late in the afternoon of a cloudy, windy autumn day, that I left the office of John Argyll, Esq., in his absence, to take tea and spend the evening in his family. I was a law-student in the office, and was favored with more than common kindness by reason of a friendship which had existed between him and my deceased father. Although I did not board at his house, I was almost like a member of the family; there was always a place for me at his table, with liberty to come and go as I pleased. This being Saturday, I was expected to go home with him, and stay over Sunday if I liked.

We quickened our steps as a few large drops were sprinkled over us out of the darkening clouds.

"It will be a rainy night," said Mr. Argyll.

"It may blow over yet," I said, looking towards a rift in the west, through which the declining sun was pouring a crimson stream. He shook his head doubtfully; and we hurried up the steps into the house, to escape the threatened drenching.

Entering the parlors, we found no one but James, a boy of Mr. Argyll, a young man of about my own age, lounging upon a sofa.

"Where are the girls?"

"They have descended from the heavenly regions yet, uncle."

"Dressing themselves to death, I expect—It's Saturday evening, I remember," smiled the indulgent father, looking on me for the library.

I sat down by the west window, and looked out at the coming storm. I did not like James Argyll much, nor he me; for as that, as much as we had thrown together, our intercourse continued constrained. On this occasion, however, he seemed in excellent spirits, persisting in talking on all kinds of topics, and laughing despite of my cold replies. I was wondering when Eleanor would make her appearance.

At last she came. I heard her silk dress rustle down the stairs, and my eyes were upon her when she entered the room. She was dressed with unusual care, and her face wore a brilliant, expectant color. She stole a look for neither of us. Perhaps James thought of it; I am sure I did. But since there was such a change rung upon it I was ashamed of, and fought inwardly to conquer.

Presently she came to the window, and as she stood by my side, a burst of glory streamed through the blackening clouds, enveloping her in a golden atmosphere, lasting her head hair with purple, flushing her clear cheeks and the pearls about her throat. The fragrance of the rose she wore on her breast mingled with the light; for a moment I was thrilled and overpowered; but the dark hour came, and I looking on me—they were regarding the weather.

"How provoking that it should rain to-night," she said, and that the slight cloud of vexation swept over her face, the blackness of night closed over the gleam of unrest, so suddenly that we could hardly discern each other.

"The rain will not keep Moreland away," I answered.

"Of course not—but I don't want him to get wet walking up from the depot; and Ray has put up the carriage in view of the storm."

At that moment a wild gust of wind smote the house so that it shook, and the rain came down with a roar that was deafening. Eleanor rung for lights.

"We need not have troubled ourselves to wear our new dresses," pouted Mary, the younger sister, who had followed Eleanor down stairs; "there will be nobody here to-night."

Both James and myself objected to being dubbed nobody. The wilful young beauty said all the pretty things we could imagine, and she certainly should not have worn her blue silk, nor puffed her hair for—

"Nor for Henry Moreland either—he never notices what the girls wear, and I suppose people are so stupid. I wish he and Eleanor would make an end of it. If I'm ever going to be a bridesmaid, I mean to be—"

"And a dear fellow afterwards, Miss Molly," jestingly broke in Cousin Ray, who now joined us for tea.

"You couldn't hear it if I did. The rain is playing a polka this evening, and the wind is dancing to it."

He hurried loudly—more loudly than the idle fancy warranted.

I am sure we see cannot make more noise than the storm," he said, going to the piano and thumping out the most tumultuous thing he could recall. I was not a musician, but it seemed to me that he executed a wonderful piece. The storm-notes allowed; and Mary put her hands over her ears, and ran away to the other end of the room.

I had the window-seat, and looked down in wide sheets, flapping against the windows, as the wind blew the rain. For the first time I continued at the piano, and Eleanor moved restlessly about, now standing at the window, now at the fire.

All at once there occurred one of those pauses which precede the fresh outbreaking of a storm, as if startled by the sudden lull, the wind had paused in his playing. Just then, the shrill whistle of the locomotive was heard, coming nearer than usual, and, as the evening train swept by, the house shook. Only a gust now and then, a mile away, and rushed on into the depot, in the direction of Eleanor.

There is something unearthly in the scream of the steam-engine, especially when heard at night. He seems like a human being, with a will of his own, unbending and irresistible, and his voice is terrible. Such a night as this, it rolled upon the storm prolonged and doleful. I know not how it came about, but during that pause whose imagination was already wrought upon by the tempest and by the presence of the woman I hopelessly loved, there was a fearful foreboning in the whistling: it filled the air, even the perfumed, lighted room seemed to shake with it. Then it ceased—I know not when. It warned against some unknown danger, and never did a shrieking demon less cry, so full of mortal anguish, that I involuntarily put my fingers to my ears. Perhaps James heard it, perhaps he did not; certain it is that from the piano-seat, walked twice or three across the room, then threw himself upon a sofa, and for a long time sat with his eyes shaded, apparently in deep meditation.

Eleanor, with maiden artifice, took up a book, and composed herself to pretend to read; she would not look at me. I felt sure of that. I had been in restless while awaiting his coming. Only for a moment, however, I suffered my thoughts into the sweets of things, the music, the flowers, whatever lulled me in the pauses of the storm in the intervals.

I have said that I loved Eleanor. I did, secretly, in silence and regret, against my judgment and will, and because I could not help it. I was quite aware that she was not the girl I should have sought for him; sympathy was taught me by my own sufferings, long ago, and I was not attracted toward his character. He seemed to me to be rather a dissipated man. I knew that Henry Moreland, Eleanor's betrothed husband, was not; again, I reproached myself for uncharitableness; it might have been his circumstances which rendered him so. He was a man of business, not a student and bookworm like myself, and his unhappiness which made him appear so.

I loved, without a particle of hope. Eleanor was to marry a man who was in every way worthy of her, of fine demeanor, high social position, and unblemished moral character. As much as her many suitors had admired and loved Henry Moreland, they could not dislike him. To see the young couple together, one felt that they would be one of those "matches made in heaven"—in love, discreet, worldly wisdom, in family and cultivation, there was a rare correspondence.

Mr. Moreland was engaged with his father in a banking business in the city of New York. He owned a summer villa in Blankville, and it had been through the influence of Eleanor's father that he had made the acquaintance of Eleanor Argyll.

At this season of the year his business kept him in the city, and he was only able to spend out every Saturday afternoon and spending the Sabbath at the house of Mr. Argyll, the marriage bands were to be published three times only two years being now not very far away. On her twenty-first birthday, which was in the spring, Eleanor was to be married.

Another gust of wind swept away, and the expected guest did not arrive. He usually reached the house in fifteen minutes after the arrival of the train; I could see him here in my mind's eye hurrying nervously with her watch-chain, though she kept her face persistently averted from Mr. Argyll.

"Come, let us have tea: I am hungry," said Mr. Argyll, rising from the sofa; "Henry, he must find a long ride after dinner. No use waiting. Eleanor will be sure to send him a hot supper." I recalled a cheek, to express his sympathy for her disappointment—a little shower didn't use to keep beaux away when I was a boy. But I was not in the habit raining down there half the days—the storm seemed to come from all directions, and was so asleep!

"Let us see," cried Mary, pulling away the hand from her cousin's face—"why, James, what is the matter?"

Her question caused us all to look at him; his face was of an ashy paleness; his eyes burning with those of fever.

"Nothing; is the matter? I've been half asleep," he answered, with a forced laugh to his face.

"Molly, shall I have the honor?"—she took his offered arm, and we went to tea. After which we went back to the parlor and passed a merry evening.

A touch of chargrin, a fear that we should suspect how deeply she was disappointed, caused Eleanor to appear in unusually high spirits. She sung whatever I asked of her; she played some of the gayest airs I ever heard; and I, to echo her with humor and laughter reserved for the lonely hours of my own life, was pained in her eyes. It was not an altogether happy excitement; I knew that pride and loneliness were at the bottom of it; but it made her brilliantly beautiful.

James, too, was in an exultant mood.

It was late when we retired. I was in a state of mental activity which kept me awake for hours after. I never heard it rain as it did that night—the water seemed to come down in solid masses, and, occasionally, the wind shook the strong mansion, as if it were a shell. I could not sleep. There was something awful in the storm. If I had had a premonition of approaching evil I should have said that spirits were abroad.

As I was subject to somewhat vivid imagination, but without nervousness, unknowingly bodily fear, I was still affected strangely. I shuddered in my soul when I, the wild music of the locomotive lingered in my ears; *something besides rain and thunder* seemed to be in the darkness. Ah, my God! I know afterwards what it was. It was a human soul struggling between time and eternity, and the earth most dear to it. The rest of the household slept well, so far as I could judge, by its silence and deep respiration.

Towards morning I fell asleep; when I awoke the sun was shining in the house brightly; the ground was covered with gay autumn leaves blown down by the wind and rain; the sky was promised well. I shook off the impressions of the night unconsciously, for the bustle of the breakfast bell had rung, and descending, joined the family of my host at the table. In the midst of the meal, Eleanor, who had left the room for a moment came in, saying that a man at the door wished to see Mr. Argyll and Mr. Reginald Reid.

"He says it's important, and can't wait, sir."

We arose and went out into the hall, closing the door of the breakfast-room behind us.

The man was a stranger, but had an arm—I hope you won't"—stammered the messenger, a servant with the baize.

"What is it?" demanded Mr. Argyll.

"Mr. Moreland was murdered last night here—Moreland's his name, I believe—was found dead on the road this morning."

"Dead!"

"They want you to come down to the inquest. They've got him over to the coroner's house. They think it's a fit—there's no marks of any thing—"

"Come, Reid, let us go instantly," cried Mr. Argyll, and they were quivering; we both thought of Eleanor.

"What shall I do?"

"I don't know, Mr. Argyll. I haven't had time to think."

"I can not—I can not—"

"Hush, father," said Sarah, tell the young ladies we have gone out a short time on business connected with the unfortunate what you have heard. Don't let any one in until we return—don't allow any one to see Miss Eleanor. Be prudent."

I was frightened, but she did not presume much for her discretion.

Returning to the hotel, already surrounded by many people, we found the distressing message true. There, in a private sitting-room, on the floor of Henry Moreland! The coroner and a couple of physicians had already examined the body, and declared that he had died from natural causes, as there was not the least appearance of violence. He was as calm and pleasant as in slumber; we could hardly believe we looked upon a murdered man. Moreland, about which the thick ringlets of brown hair clung, saturated with rain.

"Wait a little," exclaimed one, as we began to relieve the corpse of its wet garments, for the purpose of a public examination; "here is a wound in the back. Not a drop of blood—only a small triangular hole in the clothes, corresponding exactly, into the body. The investigation soon revealed the nature of the death-wound; it had been given by a sharp dirk, or stiletto. As firm and forcible had been the blow, that it had pierced the heart, and the rib with sufficient force to break the blade of the weapon, about three-quarters of an inch from the point of which was found in the wound. Death must have been instantaneous. The murderer had struck from behind upon his face, bleeding inwardly, which accounted for no blood having been at first perceived; and as he had fallen on his face, the weapon, in the bleeding storm of that miserable night. When found, the body was perfectly cold, after daylight, he was lying on the path, by the side of the street which led to the house of Mr. Argyll, with his travelling-bag by his side, his face to the ground. The bag was not touched, neither the watch and chain, nor on his person. It was evident that robbery was not the object of the murderer.

Who was the guilty one? Some double darkness of night and storm? What enemy had Henry Moreland, to do him to death so foully?

It is useless now to repeat all the varying conjectures rising in our minds, or which continued to be uttered by the excitement of the whole town.

While the inquest was proceeding, Mr. Argyll myself and James were aware of Eleanor's presence of her murdered lover.

"Mr. Argyll, on business, Richard," said the father. "I am so unnerved I can do nothing. Will you undergo it in his presence for me?"

His parents were his own money mystery. I had not thought of them. I wrote out the dreadful message, and Eleanor, as I have said the blow, left pity to carry.

I must say I went out to Eleanor. She must not hear it from strangers; and I can not—Richard—can you tell her? Will you tell her? I will follow you home immediately. As soon as I have made arrangements to have poor Henry brought to our house. Richard, you will do this?"

He wrung my hand, looking at me so beseechingly—but, both at that time, I thought of his fiancé. I felt like one walking with frozen feet as I left the house. The storm was of honor, and a peaceful sunlight, along the very path he had lost his burden, and over the spot where he had fallen and lain all night. The grass was undiscovered, around which a crowd was pressing, disturbed, excited, and I was obliged to make a circuit to avoid them. the rain, so as to be nearly dry; there was nothing to give a clue to the perpetrator of the deed, which he went or whence he came—what impress they must have upon the hard, gravely walk, must have been washed out by the storm. A few persons were searching carefully for the weapon which had been left—a dirk or deadly, and which had been broken in the wound, thinking it might be found and cast away in the confusion.

CHAPTER III.—THE FIGURE BENEATH THE TREES.

As I came near the old Argyll mansion, it seemed to me never to have looked so fair before. The storm was the embodiment of calm prosperity. Stately and spacious it rose from the lawn in the midst of great old oaks whose trunks must have withstood through a century of growth, and whose red leaves, slowly dropping, now flamed in the sunshine, and now fell. At one of those ancient trees, I perceived with my eyes, though hardly with my mind, a figure in a dress of dark color leaning upon the bark. If I thought anything at all about it, I thought it the work of the storm, for numerous branches had been torn from the trees throughout the grove, and the ground was carpeted with fresh-fallen leaves.

Passing up the walk, I caught a glimpse of Eleanor at an upper window, and heard her singing a hymn softly to herself as she moved about her chamber. I stopped, as if struck by a blow. How could I force myself to drop the pall over this glorious morning? Alas! of all the homes in that village, perhaps this was the one on which the shadow had not yet fallen—this, over which it was to settle, to be lifted nevermore.

Of all the hearts as yet unstarted by the tragic event was that most certain to be suffering—that young heart, this moment so full of love and bliss, caroling hymns, out of the fullness of its gratitude. I could not endure the delicious happiness.

Oh, I must—I must! I went in at an open window, from a garden path in the library. James was there, dressed for church, his prayer-book and handkerchief lying on the table, and his looking-glass at the stranger's paper. The sight of him gave me a slight relief; his uncle and myself had been out of the house so early that I thought it was bad enough to have to tell any one such news, but any delay in meeting Eleanor was eagerly welcomed. He looked at me inquiringly; my manner was enough to denote that something had gone wrong.

"What is it, Richard?"

"Horrible—most horrible!"

"For heaven's sake, what is the matter?"

"Moreland was foully murdered!"

"Moreland! What? Where? Whom do they suspect?"

"And her father wishes me to tell Eleanor. You are her cousin, James; will you do it? I will meet you at the door to escort her to the house."

"I?" he said, with a shrinking sensation as one of books beside him. "I! Oh, no—no! If I'd be the last person to tell her! I look well being bad enough, wouldn't it?" and he laid laughed, though trembling from head to foot.

I looked at him in my manner strange, I did not wonder at it, the dreadful nature of the shock had unnerved me so.

"Where is Mary?" I asked. "We had better send her first, as she is not dressed for church visit—"

I had turned toward the door, which opened into the hall, to search for the younger sister, as I spoke. The words died on my lips. Eleanor was standing in it, there. She had been coming in to get a book, and had evidently heard what had passed. She stood as white as the morning dress she wore.

"Where is he?"

Her voice sounded almost unnatural.

"At the Eagle Hotel," I answered, almost without reflecting that she must have also heard such self-command, and, since she did, glad also that the terrible communication was over.

She turned and ran through the hall, down the arrow, leaving me to follow. She had thrown down her hair uncovered, fleet as a vision of the wind, she fled. I sprung after her. It would not do to let her go alone to herself with this sudden, awful sight. As she rushed out upon the street I caught her by the arm.

"Let me go! I must go to him! Don't you see, he will need me?"

She made an effort to break away, looking down the street with strained eyes. Poor child! Could she being dead, as well as him was good! Her stunned heart had as yet gone no further than that. I held her arm. As another thought, I supposed her by his side. She must go to him and comfort him as his calmness. I was glad to have her that thin world, and the things of this world —even she herself—were no more to him.

"Come back, Eleanor; they will bring him to you before long."

I led her in my arms and carry her back to the house.

In the hall we met Mary, who had heard the story from James, and who burst into tears and sobs as she saw her sister.

"They are bringing him away from him," said Eleanor, pitifully, looking at her. I felt her form drain in my arms, and caught it through with; James and I carried her to the sofa, while Mary ran for restoratives. She fainted.

James and myself paced the floor with hasty and forces, waiting to hear tidings of the murdered. After a time the housekeeper came down, informing us that Miss Argyll had come to her senses; Eleanor, who refused to open her eyes or speak about; but she wouldn't speak, and she looked dreadful.

Just then Mr. Argyll came in. After being informed of what had occurred he went up to his daughter's room. With enormous tenderness he gave her the details of the murder, as they were known; in a moment of sympathy, her face was not a drop of moisture softened her fixed, unnatural look.

Friends came in and went out with no notice from her.

"I wish they would all leave me but you, Mary," she said, after a time. Father, you will not leave me?"

"Yes—yes."

He kissed her, and she was left with her sister to a watcher.

Hours passed. Some of us went into the dining-room and drank of the strong tea which the housekeeper had prepared, for we felt weak and unnerved. It was getting dusk, and about the evening train, there being but one train running on Sunday. Mr. Argyll attended several who came home from hour to hour.

It was late in the afternoon before the body could be removed from the hotel where the coroner's inquest was held. I asked James to go with me and help me to receive it, according to Mr. Argyll's. He declined upon the plea of being too much unstrung to do so.

As the sad procession reached the garden in front of the mansion with its burden, I observed in the midst of the crowd a man with a carpet-bag about, a woman, whose face, even in that time of excitement, attracted my attention. I was that of a girl, young and handsome, though now pale and deadly pale, with a veil hook in her black eyes, which were fixed upon the shrouded burden with more than awe and curiosity.

I knew not yet why I remarked her so particularly; why her strange face made such an impression on me. She conducted toward the man, and then shrunk back again. By her dress and general appearance she might have been a shopgirl. I had never seen her before.

"Ha-ha!" said a gentleman to my side, "acts queerly. And, come to think, she was on the train from New York yesterday afternoon. Not the one poor Moreland came in; the one before. I was on board myself, and noticed her particularly, not on account of her beauty, but on account trouble on her mind."

I believe that I heard it, and I never forget here.

"I will trace her out," was my mental resolve.

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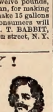
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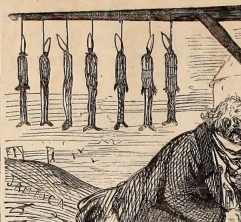
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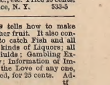
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No. 541—Vol. XXI.] NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 10, 1866. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00

Unanimity of Juries.

No axiom of our Government is more universal than that "the majority rules." From the adoption of a Constitutional Amendment, through the enactment of new laws in Congress, and down to the proceedings of primary meetings, this is the rule which governs all, the standard to which all conform. The only appeal from this principle is to force; and to force accordingly the Southern States lately appealed—with what success the world will never forget—against the majority, which placed in power a President whose political views were not theirs. This principle, in fact, is only a corollary of government of the people by themselves. Since, by the constitution of human minds, unanimity on any subject is impossible, the only solution of disputed points, the only arbiter of conflicting views, is the will of the greatest number. Is it not, therefore, most strange that, on questions most nearly affecting our social relations, on questions concerning the rights of individuals towards one another and towards society, we should exact from a jury of twelve men an unanimity neither expected nor required from any other deliberative body?

With many other of our judicial forms, this peculiarity of unanimity in the jury has descended from our English ancestors, and, as far as we can see, has nothing but the venera-



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tion attaching to ancient forms to be urged in its defense. Even in England, the highest authority has condemned it as far as it relates to civil cases, and a change was strongly recommended by the Commissioners appointed in 1830 to report upon the Courts of Common Law. They said: "It is essential to the validity of verdict that the jury should be unanimous, and, regularly, they are not allowed to be discharged (unless by consent of the parties) until such unanimous verdict has been returned. It is difficult to defend the justice or wisdom of the latter principle. It seems absurd that the rights of a party on questions of a doubtful or complicated nature should depend upon his being able to satisfy twelve persons that one particular state of facts is the true one. * * * *And the interests of justice seem manifestly to require a change of law on this subject."*

In Scotland, the jury, or assize, in criminal cases, consists of fifteen, and decides by a majority. In France, between 1791—when the the jury system was first introduced there—and 1848, a period of fifty-seven years, the law respecting verdicts by a majority in criminal cases was changed no less than twelve times! At first ten votes were required for a verdict of guilty. Under the Revolutionary tribunals, the number of the jury was reduced to eleven, then to nine, and afterwards to seven, and it was necessary there should be a majority for a verdict either of guilty or not guilty. The directory required the verdict to be unanimous in every case. Other changes took place at different periods, and under the Republic that followed the revolution of February, 1848, the majority was required to be nine. This, however, was found to lead to an alarming number of acquittals, and, finally, the law of the 9th of June, 1850, established the rule of a simple majority for a verdict of guilty, which continues up to the present time.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the practical injustice that results from requiring twelve men to agree upon a disputed fact, under penalty of leaving the fact for ever judicially undecided, or only decided by the enormous expense and waste of time of a new trial, which may again, in its turn, be indecisive. No one who reads the proceedings of our courts, both criminal and civil, can fail to have been struck by the practical denial of justice to the suitors, who, after wearisome delays, and enormous expenses for witnesses, finally obtain a hearing, only to be dismissed from court with permission to begin all over again, because one juryman cannot, or will not, understand the evidence which has carried conviction to the minds of eleven others.

We have shown that in Scotland and in France, a majority of the jury suffices for the purposes of justice, and that in England, such a system has obtained the sanction of the highest judicial minds, although the change has not yet been adopted there. In this country, from the character of our citizens who are called to act as jurors, such a change is still more imperiously demanded. Here, more than in any other country, each man is brought up to rely upon himself rather than on others. Hence comes a certain sturdiness of thought, and strength of opinion, which refuses to be warped by weight of authority or the impressions of external minds. When such characters you add integrity of purpose, and a spice of obstinacy which self-reliance habitually engenders, you have the most admirable elements from which form a jury that will not soon agree. And it is precisely such characters which are found in our juries—men unused to be controlled in the formation or expression of their opinion, but who, from their early habits education, would acquiesce readily in the act of the majority.

In the Courts of Appeal, the decision of the Court is the decision of the majority of the judges. Why should the enforced unanimity of twelve minds, far less accustomed than they to weigh questions of law and evidence, be considered essential to the ends of justice? We are convinced it is not essential, and the sooner this "preposterous relic of barbarism," as it is called by Mr. Hallam, is done away with, the better will it be for the interests of justice.

In Scotland and in France the majority of the jury prevails in criminal cases, but it will be observed that in England it is proposed still to exact uniformity in criminal cases, leaving civil cases only to be decided by a majority of the jury. Is it obvious the question is open to discussion; and it is worthy of considération whether, in questions involving life or death, the fact of a dissenting minority in a verdict of guilty, might not often tend to paralyze the arm of justice, and produce a sort of compromise in the infliction of punishment, which cannot be justified on any ground of principle. We doubt whether it would be possible to hang a prisoner for murder when a jury found him guilty only by a majority. And yet on what principle could a milder punishment be inflicted? If the executive be satisfied that the verdict is right, the law ought to take its course—except so far as mercy may intervene. If it hesitates because the jury differed in opinion, and therefore remits the penalty of death, assuredly it has no right to commute a man to imprisonment for life when it did not dare hang him because it doubted whether he was guilty at all.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DECLINED.—My Particular Friend—In Memoriam—A Hero's Death—The Color Sergeant—A Love Lay—The Dying Year—Grief—Spring—Sonnet—Confession—Country Beloved Guard—The Sea-Cliff—Where First We Met—Cissy Dreams—A Strange Story—What a Prostitute Foot Brought a Pilgrim to Keyl—What is Life—Sonnet—Midnight Thought—Little Frederick—The Nymph of the Silver Lake—The Lost Will—Brotherhood Lodge.

ACCEPTED.—Locust Blossoms—The Lady in the Black Veil—The New Clerk—Bernardo—Then and Now—The Young Hollander—Wondrous Strange.

CENTENARY OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

By Rev. Abel Stevens, LL.D.

THIS year will be memorable for the Centenary celebration of American Methodism. The denomination has appointed the first day of January for the publication of a "Centenary Book," and various "tracts." It observes the first Sunday of the year with preparatory sermons and devotions. It intends to "make a year of it," and the financial results promise to be unprecedented in the Christian liberality in the New World. One of our own citizens has already helped a good deal in the spirit of giving. He himself proposed, in the outset, to raise two millions; it is now generally believed that the maximum will reach five millions. Many of these gifts are to be devoted to education. It is designed to establish a fund of two or more millions, the interest of which shall go to the seminaries and colleges of the church, present and prospective, but the principal be transmitted, unimpaired, to the next century. The overplus will be distribution in 1866.

The story of Methodism in England is 1739, when Wesley, Whitefield, the Countess of Huntingdon and their associates, laid its foundation. Its general Centenary was celebrated in 1839, when the American church raised about half a million dollars for denominational purposes.

But American Methodism has its own memorable epoch. Its origin was singularly humble and singularly illustrious. Wesley, in 1769, had sent preaching into Ireland, in 1758, found, in the county of Limerick, a strange community of Germans, exiles from the Palatinate on the Rhine, who were called "Palatines." As they had no preacher using their own language for 50 years, they had almost lost the use of their mother-tongue; but the Methodist "itinerants" got in among them, and at a subsequent visit Wesley describes them as "thoroughly reformed, and indeed a large Methodist church; there was now "no drunkenness, no bickering, no cursing, no swearing, no oaths;" among them: their "diligence had turned all their land into a garden!" The great Founder affirms that "'tares such *these*," as these Palatines possessed, "could not be found anywhere else in Ireland or England," and a historian of Methodism declares that, in Philadelphia, years later, pointed to them as a model agricultural community, who had improved the value of real estate in the county.

In 1760 a company of this interesting people emigrated to New York, among them were the Embury, Hecks, Switzers, Dulmadges, and others, whose names are yet familiar among us, through their highly respectable descendants. Embury had been a "local brother" of Methodism in Ireland, but being a mechanic and of undoubting speech, he did not venture to preach in New York. The little Palatine company therefore fell away from their Methodistic discipline. Barbara Heck, however, had her old German Bible, and was faithful to it. On entering, casually, into Embury's house, and seeing the cards, threw them into the fire. Thence she went to Embury's house, and admonished him to begin immediately to preach again to them, warning him that their "blood would be required at his hands." She went out, and soon returned with his first congregation, consisting of five persons. Thus began, in 1760, American Methodism, in the private house of Philip Embury—of which we give a picture—and thence it spread out till it became the predominant form of Protestantism in the New World.

Embury's house was soon crowded. One day a military officer, in full regimentals, appeared in the humble assembly, not without creating a sensation among them; but his devout participation in their worship quickly allayed their anxiety, by proving that he was one of the fraternity, though whence he had come none of them knew. At the close of the service he reported himself as "Captain Thomas Webb, of the royal artillery, and a soldier of the Cross," and a spiritual son of John Wesley." We give a portrait of him; he is a notable character in our history. Webb, Wesley had made him a local preacher; the government had sent him out as barrack-master at Albany; leaving there of these few Methodists in New York, he hastened to the city to see them. He wore a seven years' wound in the face, for he had lost it in fighting under Wolf, at Quebec; he had also been wounded at Louisburg. He immediately began to preach to the new church, and preached with power. A preacher in regimentals, with his sword lying across the Bible before him, was an exciting novelty to the people. All the little city (comparatively) of that day was stirred. Embury and his good Captain had to beat up for larger quarters. They hired a "rigging loft," of which we give a sketch. It is famous in Methodist annals, and canes made of its old timbers are precious relics throughout the denomination. But the rigging loft could not long suffice, and "Old John Street Church" soon rose, though with the humblest proportions, as our illustration shows. Embury, being a carpenter, made with his own hands the pulpit, and, afterwards mounted it, and preached the valedictory sermon. It has been rebuilt several times, and is to-day a noble edifice, though always entrusted, and one of the most sacred monuments of the city.

Captain Webb was a mighty preacher; he was compared to Whitefield, and Whitefield, in a much braver very spirit, "preached like a lion." The elder President Edwards used to delight to hear him, and speaks of him, in his published diary, as "the old soldier—one of the most eloquent men I ever heard!" Having forbidden Methodism, its new chapel, the Captain went preaching through Long Island, New Jersey, Philadelphia, Delaware, Maryland, etc., the beginning of denomination in Philadelphia and other places. He spent about ten years in the Colonies, building up the work with all his might. At the revolution he returned to England, and there "died in the faith," honored by the whole Methodist world. He was a gallant, generous, devoted and most lovable man.

Embury kept at his religious work till Wesley sent over successors, or regular Methodist preachers, when he gladly resigned his pulpit to them. He retired with a little colony of his friends to Salem, Washington county, New York, where he died in 1774. He was buried on the farm of one of his Palatine friends, a substantial man, who built a church in a century, without a stone to mark the place, his remains were disinterred, with solemn ceremonies, and borne by a long procession to the city neighborhood, on burial ground, where his monument records that he "was the first to set up in America a train of measures which resulted in the founding of John street Church, the cradle of American Methodism, and the introduction of a system which has benefited the whole land, and which, and increased the joys of heaven!" His family, with other Palatines, subsequently founded Methodism in Canada.

This article has already sufficiently referred to some of the features of our congregation's history—scene and grave, the old rigging loft, and old John Street Church, Captain Webb, etc. Of the two Wesleys we need say nothing—they are known throughout the religious world; the one as the great apostle and legislator of Methodism, the other as its unrivalled hymnist, whose lyrics are fast finding their way into the hymn books of all English-speaking churches. Adam Clarke and Richard Watson have been the recognized "commentators" of Methodism; their great works on the Holy Scriptures and on Christian Theology, than anything else for the training of the Methodist mind throughout the world. We give a picture of St. Paul's Church, the cathedral of the Episcopal branch of the church of the denomination. It has similar, if not quite equal, edifices in Boston, Newark, Philadelphia (lately begun), Wilmington, Chicago, etc. Our other portraits represent the present bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Francis Asbury, of whom we give a likeness, is considered the representative man of American Methodism. He was the first episcopal Bishop, and the first itinerant Bishop consecrated to the office in the Western hemisphere. He was a heroic, a gigantic character, preaching almost daily for forty years. He traveled over the Union at the rate of about 6,000 miles a year, equal to the circumference of the globe every three years; he presided at no less than 224 Methodist Annual Conferences, and ordained more than 4,000 preachers. He continued to preach when he was too old and infirm in the pulpit, but had to sit in it, and often to be carried to and from it. He began his episcopal career in 1784, when the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized, and when it comprised less than 15,000 members, and but 83 preachers. He fell, in death, about 71 years old, at the head of an army of more than 211,000 members, and more than 700 preachers. He died in the Methodist hosts moving, by his own activity, for 45 years.

The success of American Methodism is one of the greatest events of religious history. Little less congregation of five persons, in Embury's house, in 1766, has a million communicants of churches, from the northernmost frontier of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, from Nova Scotia to California, and the whole country is dotted with Methodist colleges of the most elegant structures. There are now in the United States, in the Centenary year, 19,000 preachers, 1,901,164 communicants; adding three non-communicant members of its congregations for each communicant (which is considered by the Methodist calculation), it has nearly or influence 7,604,656 souls—between one-fifth and one-fourth of the whole national population. But the numbers of Methodism in New York were founders of it also in Canada, and Methodism has in its congregations a large proportion of the population there. Aggregately, there are now, in the United States and Canada, as the result of the Methodism of 1766, 1,077,170 Sunday-school scholars, and 14,000 teaching presbyters; 15,000 local preachers; 230 colleges and academies, with about 23,000 students; 32 periodical publications, from the *Child's Paper* to the *Quarterly Review*, and about 8,000,000 of people.

Methodism, throughout the world, is now estimated at 3,000,000 of members and 12,000,000 of hearers. Geographers state the Protestant population of the globe at 80,000,000. According to this estimate, the communicants of Methodism alone constitute more than 1-27th of all the Protestantism of the world. As these 80,000,000 of Protestants, however, include all the Protestant populations, whether "professed" Christians or not, the

Methodist part of this mass, according to the above figures, must amount to between one-sixth and one-seventh of the whole.

Franchise and Representation.

The Congressional Joint Committee on Reconstruction, consisting of six Senators and nine Representatives, have agreed to the following amendment of the Constitution of the United States, which will require to its adoption the votes of two-thirds of both branches of Congress, and the subsequent ratification of the Legislatures of three-fourths of all the States of the Union:

ARTICLE ——. Representatives and Direct Taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed: *provided, that whenever the elective franchise shall be denied or abridged in any State, on account of race or color, all persons of such race or color shall be excluded from the basis of representation.*

This is substantially the same provision which exists in the Constitution of the State of New York, which provides that in calculating the basis of representation, "aliens and persons of color not taxed," shall not be counted. It provides, in effect, that South Carolina, for instance, shall not have three members of Congress over and above what her white population would entitle her to have, unless they shall really represent people who have some voice in their election. The provisions of this amendment would apply to all States where suffrage is based on color, whether North or South, although practically the effect would be felt sensibly only in the late Slave States. As we have several times had occasion to say, unless an amendment of this kind be embodied in the Constitution, the whites of the lately rebel States will be represented in Congress by *thirty-three* more members than an equal number of whites in the loyal States will count back into the Union with *thirteen* more representatives than they were entitled to before the abolition of slavery!

Apart from the question of the prudence of continuing to these States such a disproportion of political power, we are to consider whether it is just to the white men of the North to permit them to be outvoted by what are practically the votes of four millions of black men, but cast without their consent by the whites of the South! Of the equity of such an amendment as that proposed, there can be no question.

NOTHING better evinces the truth and strength of republican institutions than their self-reliance. They are not the servants of opinion and admit the utmost license of censure, while such governments as France cannot tolerate even the mildest form of criticism, or the mildest admonition. Not a week passes but some English, Belgian, German, or American newspaper is suppressed in the French, but more especially the Parisian, post-office. The imposture of imperialism confesses its weakness by all of its acts, but its meanness finds its strength to express criticism and dissent. On the other hand, we have published in New York several newspapers in foreign languages, organs of Irish precedent and Spanish vair-glory, hostile to our institutions sustained by foreign subsidies, misrepresenting our policy, vilifying our leaders, and libelling our society from day to day and week to week, and yet permitted to go on their base and disreputable way without hindrance, and with only now and then a reproof which is only mirthful because it is contemptuous. American generosity is like that of the Duke Toby to the fly, "go away, wretched insect, the world is large enough for you and me!" That is the prevailing sentiment as regards the Franco-Austro-Hungarian organs in this city, called the *Courrier des Etats Unis*. Through disreputable work and abuse of America in Europe, several needy expatriates are of humanity, of Gallic origin, have succeeded in obtaining a cheap red ribbon in their buttonholes, and a significant amount of money to pay for a fillet and perhaps a glass of absinthe daily —highest ambition of fellows who might better have been sent to the tailors—as they would be in America have been, except when they were of the higher "profession" of dancing-masters. The number of the French organ is only to express the suicide of the wretched Archbishop of Paris, who shot himself in the Seine Pacific, because the Chilians captured one of his vessels. But to comfort its readers and illuminate the garlic-scented back rooms of restaurateurs, where ill-regarded as an oracle, it invents, out of whole cloth, a supplement to the story, to the effect that the Cowadinga, the vessel captured by the Chilians, had been retaken, and that the Esmeralda, the sole Chilian vessel of war, had been put to flight. Now these are the *Courrier* and no other information. They invented the intelligence, and debased journalism so far as was in their power—which, fortunately, was not much. They hope the news is true, in order that the momentary stain that attached to a European flag may be effaced. Unless European flags keep within their proper sphere, our fragrant friends will find that both *haute* and flags will disappear together. If Spain prosecutes her contest with Chile and Peru, it will be at the expense of the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty. If Louis Napoleon persists in Mexico, it will be at an equal cost.

THE Emperor of the French held his annual levée on New Year's Day, and expressed a hope that he might "augur a long day of peace and prosperity for the world," a prophecy which, as the augur is also Caesar, may possibly be realized. At least the peace may, but prosperity must wait till Europe ceases to keep every tenth male in idleness, to order that he may prey on future period protect the other nine. Europe is at peace just as a soldier is at ease when marching under a hot sun with rumors respectfully, and even confidently, current that the ball will roll on through all time. And why should not peace be given to the good purposes for which it is now used.

And then, before this paper reaches its hebdomadal readers, the Rt. Hon. Gentleman will come off, and that is promised to be the affair of the year. We shall look for a splendid, perhaps illustrated, and send its beauties down to posterity.

After this comes the Artim and Liederkranz, easily which, as we have already remarked, but this year expect to tell us that they will both be failures, for the simple reason that the managers have made an attempt to destroy the goose that lays the golden eggs. This they are attempting to do by charging too much for their tickets. Two dollars each, the second \$15, with an extra charge for extra Index. To the Artim this is a doubtful experiment, but to the Liederkranz it will be struggle through, though not with an attendance such as in past years; but to the Liederkranz it is certain that it will have many additional balls—and, without exception, they declare that they will not give \$15 for a ball ticket, and that is our opinion. It is not yet too late for the society to change its determination, and we hope it will. If they have done this to guard against the cheap and disreputable crowd, as they assert, no greater mistake can be made. The improper characters are the very ones that will not complain of the high price of tickets will not deter them. They always have plenty of money, which they will spend lightly, and they will not feel their presence a blessing as a matter of business. We assure the gentlemen managers of these balls that there is no surer way to keep away the crowd that has made the attendance for the past years, than to kill their balls past all resuscitation.

THE Arion Society gave a grand reception at their rooms in Germania Hall, Bowery, below First street, on Tuesday evening, January 30, which was largely attended. These receptions are an extraordinary feature in the organization. The management has possessed a wonderful charm of novelty to the inquiring mind. Each season a room, a hall, or a house is fitted up or hired, fitted up with a stage at either end. Around the walls are placed tables of life, of every kind. Midway in the room is built a pupil, representing a tub or fountain, from which flows lager beer. Around this the room a thousand or more men, each with a fool's cap and bells upon his head, was admitted without without the cap and bells upon his head, was admitted without cut this adornment- and perhaps as many ladies, all of whom are waited upon by the Arion waiters with their super-atemmed glasses before them.

Among the many things, of which there is a very fine one, plays beautiful airs, and from the tub-pulpit or the stage come forth songs, glees, and other music or dances performed. This is continued until midnight, when the tables and chairs are removed, and dancing commences, which is kept up till daylight. There are, in addition to the above, numerous smaller rooms, and all the conveniences necessary for enjoyment while a "reception" lasts. In a hasty glance we will provide any one having the *entree* or society badge with a fool's cap and bells, that he may be one of the evening, begging it subject to his call all through the season. The intention of the Arion Society is good, and the way that our German fellow-citizens enjoy themselves.

Lacking of amusements brings us naturally to the ball. New York is, for the first time of it, but also, for the uncertainty of all human happiness, a heavy fall season. Not a single ball of any kind is to be given in the month of January, and the season is unprecedented. This has not been the case in all Christian times, for we have known the cessation of skaters, and the failure of ice in winter is a by no means unusual thing, but a failure of balls is unique. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and, as a consequence, theatres and theatres are joyful. It sends up the audiences to summer heat, and fills the pockets of managers. We have not yet forgotten when the ice is bad at Central Park and when Major Cahoon kept the rooms at Fort Schuyler look glad.

In the face of this fact, we have nothing new to record at the Opera House.

MR. Booth, at the Winter Garden, has varied himself with Shylock's "Revenge is my Bliss," and in so doing has kept up stronger houses than Hamlet would have done. The New York public are not unlike a child, who, even with Edwin Booth as an exponent. They have stickto-it-iveness.

WALLACK'S has produced "The Rivals," one of Sheridan's most amusing comedies, which has not been seen for years; and Mr. Robinson, the new actor, has given us a new edition of Sir Anthony Absolute, quite unknown to version, that shows the refined actor.

LAURA KEENE has produced a charming all of us with "Leah," and filling her house densely every night. She is backed by her very efficient stock company. Mr. Jamieson; she has made her mark—a mark that can never be obliterated—and we only omit to say that we recognized.

MR. Wood's New Theatre, "The Balloon Wedding" has been withdrawn, while the Hanlons and the "Wonders" of Humanity" are drawing full houses at Niblo's Saloon. Chanfrau is doing "Toodles" and other good things, and Mr. Wood is preparing a new piece with "Paddy Shingle," and we presume, will until time is old. His house does and deserves such as, for there is nothing new on the stage to equal it.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The number of unpardoned rebels who have taken the oath of allegiance is 7,000. Virginia as follows: "Seven hundred or then fall under the \$20,000 and the remainder under the general clause." In congress, in the State army officers, 152; rebel generals, 127; prominent civil officers, 58; rebel governors, 8; officers of the United States navy, 116.

A movement is on foot to erect a monument to Henry Winter Davis, in Baltimore. Over \$3,000 have been subscribed for the purpose.

——The Nashville Blood Horse Association offers a stake for the spring meeting of sweepstakes for all ages, three miles, \$500 entrance, \$200 forfeit, \$3,000 to be added by the proprietors; conditions, that two of the best horses from Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, and Kentucky, before running elsewhere, enter and run. The race is to be run on the second day of the fair, and the winning horses run: entries to be made before April 1st; the race to be run during the spring meeting of the spring meeting.

A bill is pending in Congress to amend the naturalization laws, by striking out the words "free white" where they occur, so as to make all persons, except Indians, capable of being naturalized as American citizens.

AMONG the instructions passed by the House of Representatives is one directing the Committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the propriety of requiring all fire and marine insurance companies to invest it government securities, and deposit a certain per centage of their capital and receipts in the Treasury of the United States, for the better security of the insured in any part of the United States, under such rules and regulations as Congress shall prescribe.

The following is a country gentleman's answer to a letter from the Department, stating that another woman claims to be the widow, by a prior marriage of a deceased volunteer, for whose second widow he had filed a claim for pension: "I have not seen Mrs. A. for more than a year. I have heard lately that the dead soldier was alive again; in fact, had got out of the army by getting a bogus discharge. I have kept him close, know nothing about the first wife, but know that he was a woodchuck by nature, and that he is honest, and that I married them before he went into the army."

——California has again been visited with heavy rains and extensive freshets. Sacramento, perhaps the most exposed town in the state, has been saved by extensive efforts, and its substantial dykes from serious damage, a destructive tornado occurred at Geneva, Nevada, on the 6th inst.

——The articles of incorporation of a new railroad company called the "La Crescent, Rochester and Winona Railroad Company," has been filed with the Minnesota Secretary of State. The object is to construct a railroad from the Mississippi river through the southern tier of Minnesota counties to the Missouri river. The capital is \$10,000,000.

——The report of the Georgia Commission to prepare a system of laws for the government of freedmen has been made. It provides that all persons of color shall have the right to acquire property, make contracts, sue and be sued, inherit property, and have testimony in all civil cases when the rights of colored persons are involved. The law of apprenticeship shall be accused is a person of color. The report recommends that organizations in each county of the State, for which precisely the same redress will be afforded the negro as is afforded the white man. The Governor, in recommending this report, says: "While we insist upon the immediate return to the State of every full citizen of the governing class, let us fully and fairly meet the responsibility."

——The new United States Telegraph line, west of Chicago, on the Pacific route, is a perfect success. Since no one was injured at Clinton, Cedar Rapids, or Bonville, Iowa. The office at Omaha will be opened in 6 days, and the intermediate stations completed in a fortnight. Twelve in number, will be opened without delay.

——The Democratic State convention of certain newspapers in Pennsylvania, for the too frequent exercise of the appointing power, a correspondent of the Pittsburg *Commercial* gives the official figures, which we have to thank our correspondent for, and circulate in Allegheny County during the last 12 years. For the five years of the administration of Gov. Curtin 53 persons convicted of crimes have received clemency at his hands. Of these 19 were murderers, and 5 horse thieves. 45 pardons were issued; and for the whole period of seven years 1,000 persons have received executive clemency.

——At the late convention of colored people held at Louisville, Ky., resolutions were passed declaring universal suffrage, but favoring the voting of such colored men as can read and write well, and the payment of the proper qualifications; that all vices and crimes among freedmen should not be condoned; that the Freedmen's Bureau should compel negroes to work, and provide summary laws for that end; and also declared that Southern property should not be confiscated; and recommended the resolution that the Southern States are practically Territories.

——Capt. Henry A. Stolle, of the 2d Illinois cavalry, was brought under arrest near Springfield, Ill., on a charge of murder. He was stabbed in seven places and received five gunshot wounds, any of which would have caused his body. The object of the murderers was no doubt robbery, as the pocket of the deceased contained valuable documents, including, as is supposed, about \$500.

Foreign.—The Russian government has complained to that of the British Museum. When Mr. Panizzi was librarian he had a number of books, and when the librarian he offered to Sir Edmund Head, a distinguished scholar and privy councillor.

——Lucrezia Borgia is interested in a case before the London Courts. In giving judgment on a question of boundling Lords Justices Wood and Turner quoted Victor Hugo's drama of his predecessor, and ruled that a testator cannot forget his wife, even if she has been very bad to him, but he must both know and approve of the contents of the instrument, or be without a will.

——In consequence of imperative orders from the Austrian Governor of Holstein, the long-established and well-conducted public observatory at Altona will cease to exist. It is to be transferred to Kiel, and a commission has been appointed to superintend the removal of the observatory instruments and staff.

——Rare bargains in rich old Rome are daily turning up from out of the grave of the Eternal City. The Danish Minister, Count Moltke Huitfeldt, reports that there have recently come to light new traces of the gorgeous Imperial chambers of Caligula. Columns are adorned with bass-relief, marble columns, one or two inches, fine, beautiful, and perfect as if they had left the care of the best period of art. At Ostia discovery is daily unfolding more and more the ancient town, the vines, near the baths of Caracalla, Monsignore Guidi has come upon a magnificent mosaic pavement, in skeleton, life size, with the inscription in Greek letters, signifying "Beware of Canis!" The last is supposed to be of the time of the Antonines.

——After many parties, the scheme for erecting an archæological museum at Athens seems likely to be put in practice. The Greek government has granted a site for the edifice at the Polytechnic, and applied to the plans proposed by Professor Lange, of Munich, for the erection of a museum of the same kind at Copenhagen. Of its kind, nothing can be more desirable in Greece than the formation of a place of refuge for the many ancient treasures which turn up from the soil of the country. Many of these have been but the other day found in Mr. Barnadaki, a Greek merchant of St. Petersburg. Indeed, some time ago, Athens had a museum of the first instance, and when a beginning was made, an equal interest was at once aroused towards the end of the building in question. More subscriptions have been received, and the government has given a site between nearly a commencement of the work.

——A great conflagration in London, who is desirous of emulating Miss Muskin in Mazeppa, has proposed to several awareness offers of a life policy, but has, in each case, been refused, in consequence of the dangerous nature of the risk.

——The late M. Dupin is said to have left 11 wills at his death so seriously were the lawyers employed on the occasion when it was read could not prevent the effect when the good man doubtless intended to produce. He left \$6,000 a year between nearly a dozen nephews and nieces.

ELECTRICITY AS A VITALIZING AGENT.

THE celebrated French physician, Du Bois, who made electricity a life-long study, used frequently to experiment upon the human dead body and on occasion, a man who had died in a hospital, in Paris, was experimented upon. He had been dead some twenty-four hours, and before the operation commenced rigor mortis had not set in. The body was then carefully examined by Du Bois and his assistants, and every appearance of death was observed. When all was prepared an electric shock was given to the corpse, and to the surprise of all present, it opened its eyes. Another and a stronger shock was given; the dead man sat up in a sitting posture, made a spasmodic effort to breathe, tried to speak, and then fell back dead. It was found that more experiments were tried with similar results.

Late at Saint Mandrier, Dr. Crochet, after much lifegiving power to the dead, what must it be to the living, who are not dead, but ailing? In it was developed a vitalizing agent with the most beneficial results.

At the New York Medical Institute, No. 9 Union Square, electricity and galvanism are the curative agents used in almost all kinds of diseases. The faculty of the Institute have made the science of electricity their special study, and have done wonders in curing the most obstinate and stubborn diseases. The last annual report of the establishment verifies this statement. Out of 8,127 persons registered, 4,686 have been cured, and 407 described as benefited; the remainder have not yet been heard from. For nervous, pulmonary and venal complaints, and in the fearful malady a deficiency of vital power, there is no doubt that electricity—as the celebrated John Wesley said—as a theory and medicines in one.



SUPERSTITIONS OF THE INDIAN TRIBES—THE SIOUX MAKING MEDICINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. MORLIAN.

SUPERSTITIOUS RITES OF INDIAN TRIBES.

THE superstitious rites of savage nations will ever possess strange interest to enlightened minds, so closely do they resemble the religious observances of the classic Greek, the barbaric Goth, and the primeinble Roman, of ancient days. The accompanying sketch presents most forcibly to the imagination the "mother operandi" of the Sioux in "making medicine," or, as would be said in the English language, invoking the assistance of their gods before venturing their lives upon the field of battle, or, in the common parlance of the Indian races, the war-path.

When an expedition for hostile purposes has been fairly decided upon by the council of a village or tribe, the High Priest, or, in other words, the "Big Medicine Man," gives notice to the Indians that there will be a meeting of the whole tribe at some suspicious time, which is generally in the evening, for the purpose of "making medicine." As the time approaches, the chiefs of the war-party and the medicine man array themselves for the ceremony: this is done by denuding themselves of all superfluous clothing, retaining only that which decency requires, and placing on their heads a kind of mask, which completely envelops the head and blindfolds the wearer; this mask, however, is worn only by the assistants; the mask worn by the "medicine man" is usually part of the skull of a buffalo with horns attached, which is put on the head in such a manner as to leave the wearer a partial use of his eyesight, the only obstacle to his complete vision being the difference in distance between his own visual organs and those of the animal through whose eye-sockets he is gazing. All being prepared, and the hour arrived, a fire is lighted, around which the whole village take their stand, leaving an open circle of some 35 or 40 feet in diameter in their midst. The first part of the ceremony which then ensues reminds one forcibly of the sacrificial observances of the Jewish nation, as delineated in the Old Testament, the only obvious difference being in the animal sacrificed and the manner of death. The dog whose unlucky fate it is to provitiate the anger of the "Great Spirit" and obtain for the Indians his countenance and assistance, is brought into the limits of that dusky circle, and there hung by the neck till dead. This method of killing their offering, is, we believe, peculiar to these prairie Indians, for though the "Meriahs" of Khondistan are killed by suffocation, and the human sacrifices of some other savage nations by strangulation, produced by pressure with bamboos, yet we had never heard of any nation who deliberately hung the victims of their sacrifices until acquainted with these western savages. The dog being dead, the "medicine man" and his assistants, who have, during his expiring struggles, been dancing around him to the music of a wild chant, extemporized for the occasion, take down the carcass, and while one of the assistants is engaged in cutting it up in small pieces, with a view, no doubt, to its easier digestion by their gods, (of course by proxy, for the delicious canine morsels are eaten by the "medicine man,") the remainder continue to dance around the fire, flourishing their tomahawks and other implements of war, and chanting some low, monotonous tune, occasionally enlivened by some hideous yell; this continues without intermission until the dog has been completely dismembered and fairly roasted, when the chanting and dancing cease, and the actors in this mummery partake of a plenteous supper of dog-meat, after which the dancing becomes more general, the ceremonies being carried usually far into the wee sma' hours of the night.

Though far from believing in the efficacy of these proceedings, we yet think that as a religious observance this "medicine-making" of the Sioux will not compare unfavorably with the superstitious rites of our own ancestors, before the light of Christianity had revealed to them the error of their ways.

THE COUNT OF POZES DULCES.

DON FRANCISCO FELIS, COUNT OF POZES DULCES, is now one of the best known men of Cuba, not less on account of his talents and attainments, than because he is at the head of progressive ideas in his country. Although approaching 70 years of age, he is physically and mentally active and vigorous, of fine presence and elegant manner. Addicted to books from earliest youth, cultured through travel in Europe and the United States, he fills with admirable tact, ability and usefulness the post of editor of *El Siglo*, one of the leading daily journals of Havana. Aside from his editorial duties, the Count of Pozes Dulces has published several works on several industrial subjects. His life has been remarkable for that storms, and has not been free from political persecution. He was once rich, but his pen is now the support of those years to which most men look forward as a period of repose.



THE COUNT OF POZES DULCES, EDITOR OF "EL SIGLO," HAVANA, CUBA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY N. MESTRE & CO., HAVANA.

DUCK SHOOTING ON THE CHESAPEAKE.

WHAT one of us that has not smacked his lips over the precious bird? How many of us that have welcomed them with hospitable hands to the range of our fowling-pieces, and bagged them with a shudder of delight!

The canvas-back duck returns from its breeding places at the north about the 1st of November, and during the winter extends its visits to the southern parts of the seacoast of the United States. It is not unfrequently shot in the eastern part of the Great South Bay of Long Island, in Long Island Sound, on the shores and bays of New Jersey, at Squan Beach, Barnegat, Egg Harbor, and in the estuary of the Delaware; but, in all these localities, it is but a common duck, in nowise superior to any other, and decidedly inferior to the red-head.

It is only in the Chesapeake Bay, about the confluence of the Potomac and Susquehanna Rivers, where it becomes itself the king of all wild fowl. This excellence is attributable solely to the peculiar food which it finds in that estuary, a plant commonly known as wild celery, botanically as the *vallisneria spiralis*, or *valisneria Americana*, which is on no account to be confounded with the *sistera marina*, or common eel-grass. This plant, of which the canvas-back duck is so fond, that it derives from it its specific name of *vallisneria*, grows on shoals, where the water is from eight to nine feet in depth, which are never wholly bare. It has long, narrow, grass-like blades, and a white root somewhat resembling small celery, whence it has its vulgar name; although it is unnecessary to say that it has no real connection whatever with that plant. This grass is, in some places so thick as materially to impede a boat, when rowed through it, by the opposition it affords to the oars. It is on the root alone of this grass that the canvas-back feeds. For these roots the canvas-backs dive assiduously and continually, tearing up the grass, and strewing it on the surface of the water, in long, regular windrows, like hay from the mower's scythe. The duck rises to the surface as soon as he has obtained the reward of his labor, in the shape of his favorite root, which he cannot swallow under water; and, before he has got his eyes well open, says Mr. Wilson—though, with all due deference to the eloquent pioneer of American ornithology, it may be well doubted whether so expert a diver as the canvas-back ever stands his eye—is robbed of his meal by the impudent widgeons, or bald-pates, as they are called in America, which never dive, but, being equally fond of the root of the *valisneria*, depend on their adroitness and agility to rob the industrious canvas-backs.

On this account the bald-pates congregate eagerly, as far as they are allowed to do so, with the canvas-backs; who, however, live in a constant state of contention with their thievish neighbors, and, being by far the heavier and more powerful fowl, easily beat off the widgeons, who are compelled to retreat, and make their approaches only by stealth at convenient opportunities. With the canvas-backs also associate the redheads, the sonups, or, as they are called in the Chesapeake, the black-heads, and some other varieties, with which they feed on terms of amity.

The excellence of the flesh of the canvas-backs causes them to be much sought after for the market, but in the waters which they frequent they are so strictly preserved by the real sportsmen, who abound in that part of the country, and have obtained the control of most of the shores, that the worst methods of poaching are prohibited. The canvas-backs will not fly, like geese and many of the species of ducks, to decoys; and the anchoring of batteries on the feeding flats, and the sailing after the ducks on their grounds with boats, are not permitted under any circumstances, which has preserved thus far this delicious fowl from extermination. The ordinary mode of killing them is by shooting them on the wing, from behind screens, or blinds, as they are termed, of reeds, arranged on the projecting points of the land, over or in the vicinity of which the fowl are compelled to fly in going up or coming down the bay, to and from their feeding grounds. The velocity at which they fly, as well as the height of their course, renders it extremely hard to hit them; and a great allowance must be made in taking aim, in order not to shoot far behind the object, which will surely be the case if the sight of the gun be held directly



DUCK SHOOTING ON CHESAPEAKE BAY BY NIGHT—SAILING ON THE DUCKS.

n the passing fowl. Add to this, that the feathers on the breast of this duck, as of many others of the family, are so closely compacted together, of so thick and elastic texture, and so matted by the aid of the oil from the gland in the rump with which the bird fabricates them, that any ordinary shot, striking on the breast, as the fowl comes towards the shooter, will make no more impression than it would on the breast-plate of a French cuirassier. The best and most deliberate fowlers, therefore, when they have time to do so, let the flights pass, and then shoot them with the grain of the feathers.

A remarkable propensity of these birds is to be attracted, with a most singular and insatiable kind of curiosity, by the appearance of any unusual sight on the shores; and anything of this nature will induce them to leave their feeding grounds, and swim in great flocks of thousands together, so fectly fearless, or rather reckless, to the places where men lie for them in ambush. It is said that the scaup, or black-head, can be allured in this manner more easily than the canvas-back; and that the red-heads and widgeons, when they are alone, cannot be deceived at all, though, when in company with others, they will fall into the same error, and accompany the flocks to their own destruction. Advantage has been taken of the habit to ensnare the unwary birds to their ruin, by a system which is called toling. It is thus practiced: A long range of screens is set up along the shore, within a few yards of the water mark, behind which the shooters lie concealed, with small openings at intervals to permit the egress and ingress of a small cur-dog, the more like a fox the better, and so also the odder his appearance and more remarkable his color, who is taught to run back and forward in front of the blinds, performing all sorts of curious tricks and antics, to attract the attention of the fowl. So soon as this object is attained, they will swim up in a body within easy gunshot; and so totally are they infatuated and demented by their curiosity, that so long as the shooter holds himself concealed, and the dog continues his deceptive gambols, so long can the stupid birds be drawn up, to receive volley after volley, until they are decimated or destroyed, perfectly regardless of their dead or wounded companions, through which they will continue to advance on the muzzle of the gun. The only thing necessary to be observed in this sort of shooting is, not to overshoot the flock, which the novice is sure to do, so deceptive is the effect of shooting over water.

The plan adopted by the oldest shooters is, in taking aim, to see the whole body of the nearest fowl, in a flock of hundreds, in clear relief above the sight of the gun, and then the charge will fall into the middle of the throng. By good sportsmen, toling, and indeed any other way of shooting canvas-backs than on the wing from points, is held rightly to be rank poaching. When the rivers begin to freeze, vast numbers of all these varieties of ducks congregate at the open air-holes, and fearful slaughter is made of them in hard weather at such places; and as many, it is said, as 80 canvas-backs having been killed at a single discharge of a heavy gun. Wounded canvas-backs are expert divers, and are extremely difficult to recover; wherefore it is usual, always, to be accompanied by a good Newfoundland retriever.

THE celebrated artist who crowed so naturally that the sun rose three hours before its time, has recently finished a picture of the moon, that's painted with such wonderful fidelity to nature, that it can't be seen in the daytime.



DUCK SHOOTING ON CHESAPEAKE BAY—THE BLIND.

DECEIVED.

BY FANNIE STEVENS BRUCE.

Blow from the north and blow from the east,
Oh, piercing April wind,
For truth is rare as the century plant,
And a friend is hard to find;
And thou art warmer, with all thy sting,
Than the soul of human-kind.

Smile in sunshine, and weep in rain,
Oh, changeful April sky!
For traitors are common as forest leaves,
And life is a gilded lie.
And them art less fickle, with all thy caprice,
Than the crowd that pass me by.

I had a love, and I held her dear
As the red rose holds its heart,
And I said, "Come want, or come toil to me,
She never shall feel those smart."
And my love grew cold in a single month,
And the next we were wide apart.

I had a friend, and I held him true
As the needle to the pole,
And I said, "My comfort is not afar,
Come pain, come shame, or come dole."
And my friend turned false in my sorest need,
And occasa between us roll.

I prayed a prayer for cold love and false friend,
Nor clearer word did I say,
Then I shut the hurt down into my heart,
But it gnawed there night and day.
It gnawed there still. Sweet Christ, I think
It never will go away.

Then change with each hour which dies, oh, sky,
And bitterly sting, oh, wind!
For vain, vain longings before me rise,
And useless regrets behind;
And on all the broad earth there is not a salve
For this hurt of heart and mind.

"CALIFA."

BY SANS SOUCI.

CHAPTER I.—THE HOME BY THE SEA.

All day long the sea-waves dashed
Against the grey old cottage wall;
All the wild, soft, softly dying,
Like a mantle wrapt 'round all.

No sound save the solemn murmur of the sea-waves rolling over the sandy shore broke the monotonous stillness of the sunset hour at Galveston Bay. The royally-tinted clouds lay piled in crimson and golden glory, smiling on the sparkling foam-crested waves, that sang their mournful music, like a spiritual chant, through the slowly dying hours.

Two figures were roaming, to and fro, with steps that kept sweet measure; one lithe, graceful, and bending as a syren's; the other commanding, proud, elastic as a monarch's, and were blending melodiously as the evening breezes when they met.

"You know not what you ask, Marcus Heath. I cannot be your wife!" and the words seemed to pass the pallid lips of the woman with a wailing agony, as the hand, which had rested on the strong arm, was withdrawn, and she stood alone. Her beautiful face looked then—this wild maiden by the sea, with her creamy, creole complexion—with the crimson blushes playing coquettishly upon her cheeks, and marking their kisses on her scarlet lips; with her weird, dark eyes, and her graceful form.

And Marcus Heath noticed it, too; and it influenced his fond and tender reply:

"Califa"—there was a world of sorrow in the cadence of his voice, as he spoke her name; and there was disappointment in his eye, as he sought to catch her glance. "Is it for this reward that I have labored so long at the 'Cottage'!—cut myself off from all communion with the outer world, to be beside you, and hoped to win you to my heart, and to give you to shappier home, though colder clime?"

"Nay, you must not, will not, reproach me, when I tell you all. Listen!" and to and fro the figures walked again, while only the woman spoke.

"Twenty years ago I was saved from shipwreck—a little baby, one year old. My parents were lost. I could murmur but a single word in my lisping accents, 'Califa.' I bore no mark—no clothing—nothing—by which I might be recognized, and 'father Worden' (as I have been taught to call him), the old fisherman, adopted me. I have learned to read and write, but am not fit wife for Marcus Heath; and, most of all, am too proud to submit to criticisms from the wealthy and cultivated. I possess refinement of feeling, at least. No, go to your proud Virginian home, and forget that your shipwreck ever threw you here. If you have lingered, I've tried to make you happy; and, Marcus, wherever you go, if you do remember me, let it be tenderly—as of a woman who loved you devotedly; so fondly, that she, at all risks, was willing to sacrifice her joy to your interest!"

She ceased to speak—the tears would come.

And does my darling think I desire to marry for personal considerations? Oh, no, sweet one. I seek you as my wife, because I love you, Califa; and, whatever doubt there may be of your social parentage in your present position, as Califa Heath, you would submit to no curiosity; and, whatever your limited opportunities for improving your intellect, I know you to be good and true, and refined in feeling beyond many who have lived in palaces, and beautiful as a dream. Only say you love me, Califa, *for myself, and let sacrifice go to the winds. I want you to love me selfishly!"*

He had turned, fired by the generous impulses of his nature, by his gallantry and passion, and again taken the young girl's hand; his arm stole softly about her waist, and, as her head was bowed to press his lips to her upturned brow, he whispered, so low that the winds could scarcely hear:

"Let my heart be your home, Califa, and sorrow shall never reach you. Only promise to be my wife."

Show me a woman over the breadth of the world who has the power to resist an appeal from the man she loves. Califa was no prodigy. She was so happy in her beautiful confidence that, had the gates of heaven opened to her then, she would have refused to enter without Marcus Heath. Therefore she answered timidly—

"If you love me, as you say you do, then my life is but a poor return for such devotion; but, such as it is, it is freely yours, if that were possible! But, oh, Marcus, never let any other earthly passion move you to desert me. Were this to happen, I would feel myself alone in all the universe, and die at your feet. This would be my vengeance."

She trembled with passionate excitement; the color burned upon her cheek, and her eyes fairly blazed in their liquid light. Awed and fascinated by the intensity of devotion, Marcus leaned in the breast of this child of the sea, he only kissed her, and said: "My life, my love!" very softly; and she was satisfied, and nestled happily.

When the twilight shadows fell, and the hollow murmur of the sea grew hoarser, the lovers turned toward the cottage, which stood about two hundred yards off, upon the jagged jutting of a cliff, which frowned on the waves below; and, during which time Califa busied herself in home preparations for the evening meal: and Marcus Heath, with a kind of dreamy pleasure, watched her every movement, saying, smilingly, to himself: "*She is mine!*"

"Father Worden" petted her—caressed her—called her his "elf"—his "fairy," and seemed to be inspired into activity and talkativeness by her mere presence—so entirely were the old man's heart-strings bound about his foster darling.

Never did the moon rise and smile over a sweeter picture than could be seen that eve at the Cottage: Father Worden, the fisherman, and the blue-eyed stranger, Marcus Heath, listening reverently to the holy words of prayer that rose, like an angel's refrain, from the sweet lips of the orphan girl.

Happy, deluded Califa!

CHAPTER II.—THE FAREWELL.—THE WANDERER.

The last kiss of spring
The last clasp of the hand—
And the wanderer goes forth
To his ceaseless land.

Not many days longer did Marcus Heath linger in the Cottage; for, having accomplished his desire in winning the heart of Califa, he felt the imperative necessity of going to Virginia to "make some final preparations," as he assured her, when he would return for her.

"And you will come back, Marcus? You will?—and you are not deceiving me?" The sweet face was bathed in tears, and quivering with pain.

"Come back, Califa? Why, surely, my darling! And I even want you to count the days, and to see that an ardent lover I am, for I'll be with you before the seasons change!"

They were standing on the sea-shore, and the little boat which was to convey Marcus Heath and the old man Worden to the town, about three miles down the bay, was gaily riding the gleaming waves. The tide was beginning to recede, and the white sand lay in bold relief overlying with its kisses but Califa's face.

"Oh, I believe you, Marcus," she exclaimed, with sudden fervor, flinging forceful arms about him. "I'll believe you, because I love you; but, if my life I plead with you, if you are going to deceive me, tell me now, for I shall die, and don't hold out impossible promises you don't intend to fulfill, that I may linger on, desperately wretched."

Softly, fondly, tenderly, he soothed and caressed her, until the old fisherman called out to him that it was time to leave when the wind was fair." Then, snatching one last kiss, one close, close caress, he tore himself away from the weeping girl. Califa, *your heart* I am going; and her heart should fail him, until fairly pushed from her sight, then he looked, and saw Califa far up the steep, her kerchief fluttering to the breeze. The signal was answered, and again and again, turning, saw the fluttering farewell; and Marcus Heath sighed deeply.

At last, reaching the village on the coast, he said, when parting from the fisherman:

"I am not bidding you good-bye for all time. I am coming back again, and shall try to steal away from the ocean, to wear in my own heart. Don't let Califa grieve for me. I am going; and here"—taking off a beautiful emerald ring—"give her this. I intended to do so this morning, but was so excited, it slipped my memory. Tell her it is Cupid's jewel; while its color is deep, as it is true, its love constant; when it pales, I will have become false. Good-bye."

He was turning away.

"As far as I speak," replied the old man, tremulously. "You know I'm true up, and body, in this child of mine, and wouldn't cross her for the world; but, if you love her, I'll give her to you, because she wants it with a life. She was born for better days than she has ever seen with me, and will make you a good wife. Come back soon, as you said, for she'll be miserable till you do; and, then, I'm getting old mighty fast, and I'm feeble, too."

After a few additional words they parted, and Marcus Heath breathed more freely when he found himself, ten hours later, on a homeward bound vessel. Old memories of the beautiful affiianced he had left in Richmond, months before, began to revive in his heart; and he pictured glowing scenes of how she would meet him; her joy—her surprise—and he grew quite excited; but suddenly, small those bright anticipations, there rose a melancholy, intensely painful. It was his farewell to beautiful Califa, the pearl of the sea. And, with real emotion, his heart resolved to be true to her.

Alas! how soon these flimsy resolutions of erratic passions fade or change—their basis governed entirely by the selfishness of external surroundings and physical comforts and enjoyments!

Hurried back to the scenes he had left eighteen months before—to the rush, and glare, and excitement of a life in the marts of the world, Marcus Heath could not long support his manly principle of constancy to the fond heart he had won; but, in a "Last Day," when the good and ill shall be summoned before God's tribunal, these broken hearts will rise as witnesses against the faithless accused.

The days were counted, with hopeful yet tearful waiting, by the dark-eyed Califa, until seven after season should have come to shine; until death, like a grim-visaged horror, stood without the cottage-door, silently waiting for the dying old man, who had set his life binding him to earth—his foster child; until despair and despair crept up beside her, as she sat weeping, alone and weary, above the flickering flames of the hearth-stone; or in the pale sunshine which hovered mournfully over the old trysting-places of happier days, in the white, sandy beach, where the hollow murmurs of the sea moaned their ceaseless chant. But the shadow of Marcus Heath never fell upon the threshold again, and Califa, stricken dumb with grief, realized that she was forsaken and broken-hearted, wretched and hopeless! God have mercy!

One night, when the moon smiled with solemn tenderness on the little home whose purity and happiness had been so desecrated, Califa stole down to the shore and seized the little boat, which lay floating calmly at its safe moorings, and, springing lightly, she pushed the gleaming sail, and putting out to sea, sat down to meet death, with yearning and tender sorrow for the agence of days that were dead, and could never come back to her."

"Where God directs me now, on the boundless track of the sea, I will go; even if it be to the depths of the coral caves, where the mermaids sleep," she said, clasping her hands softly together, while her dark eyes, too burning for tears, looked over the sleeping waters, as their pearly crests, kissed by the gleaming moonbeams, floated away to touch the shore. The pure suns rose and set before the little boat ceased its roaming over the waters. Then a steamer, bound for a northern port, hove to and captured it.

"A woman, by Jove!" said the captain of the craft; "and pretty, too; there is a key to this mystery, which we must discover."

And he did, in time; the girl attended and ministered to, as tenderly and respectfully as if she had been his sister.

Califa refused, for her reason, she concisely gave this information, and no more:

"I lived on the coast of Galveston Bay—my father and mother died some months ago, and nothing was left to me but starvation, and I preferred to die upon the open sea rather than there; and I will not be forced against my will from its mooring, believing God would direct me to a northern port, where I could find the only living friend I claim on earth—Marcus Heath."

"Where does he reside?" asked the good-hearted captain.

"Somewhere in Virginia. God knows where, Richmond, perhaps. I am not confident, though."

"Well, we first touch at Wilmington, N. C. and I will direct you in search of getting to Richmond. And I am only too sorry that I cannot aid you farther in your search. Yours is a most romantic wandering."

And he went away, suspecting more than his delicate feelings would allow him to express: and Califa, deep in thought, planned how she would wreak her revenge.

CHAPTER III.—THE WELCOME HOME—THE OLD BETROTHAL RENEWED—THE GOLDEN CORDON.

The world is dark with shadows—
'Tis a "wilderness of woe."
But, thank God! there glows
The sunbeams come and go!

The twilight shadows were gathering softly over the city of Richmond, lights were gleaming through half-drawn curtains; bazaar windows and chemist shops were brilliant with their thousand rainbow hues and dazzling jets of gas. And the tumult and bustle, when Marcus Heath, after two years of exile, stepped from a "hack," and rang the door-bell of a modest, tasty residence, on the corner of Grace and Ninth streets. The door was almost immediately opened, and exclamations of joy and surprise resounded from the servant who had answered the signal:

"Oh! Massa Marcus! de dead is come ter life!"

The excitement attracted attention in the parlor, and the master of the house, stepping in the hall, the cook, in a moment of disturbance, was equally surprised and delighted; heartily embracing our hero, he led him in the room, saying:

"Our wanderer has returned safely, and looks some as ever! Come, Nettie, no shy blushes; I know you're happy!"

This was the home of Mr. Clegg. Nettie was the affiance to whom his heart turned when he left the Cottage; but it was a joyous welcome which he received from every member of the family.

"Oh, dear Marcus," the little lady said, when they sat alone enjoying that sweet converse of the soul, so infinitely precious to lovers, "I feared you never would come back, when the months vanished, and we never heard of you. And, then, when the report came that the Adrienne had been shipwrecked—and we knew it was the vessel in which you had embarked—we all gave you up as lost; and I was so miserable!"

"But misery did not kill you, did it, *ma belle?*" and the gay gallant pressed the white hand, which rested in his own, tenderly.

"No; that seldom happens for broken hearts, but I had made a very firm resolution to be an old maid!" and a merry laugh rippled over the sweet lips of Nettie Craigg.

"But that resolution must be abolished *instanter*, for I shall not yield my claim to you; a claim which I won before you went ago; and I want my darling, as soon as possible, to designate the day when her smiles and blushes will brighten and beautify my home as the Cottage."

Mr. Craigg being consulted, it was decided that Nettie should go from the shadowing "roof tree" when the season consumed festivities welcomed in the New Year.

Almost half a year of freedom yet, for it was early September, and Marcus had been from the cottage on Galveston Bay since the July twelve months before; but travelling to Havana, and from thence to New York, he had only reached Richmond until all hopes of his return had faded. Califa's resolves to deny that many times in his thoughtful moments, his memory—his and his heart—reverted to those beautiful days when he roamed with Califa on the shore of the sea, listening to the musical murmur of the waters, and wooing her in his own, irresistible way; but that music thawed, to return to bear her from that music thawed, to return to bear her from the tropical and tempestuous clime to happier home. No! Califa was *romance*—Nettie Craigg was a *reality*. And then he put aside the remembrance, which, at times, would obtrude upon his cheeks, in spite of his control; and, finally, almost forgot that he had ever been shipwrecked and saved, been loved and remembered, in the shadows that played on the shores of Galveston Bay.

One day in December, so bright and balmy, that it seemed like a sweet prophecy of the coming Spring, Marcus Heath had called for Nettie Craigg "to take a promenade in the Capitol Square;" and with her hand upon his arm, chatting happily together, they had just issued from the house, when an organ-grinder walked quickly past them. It was a woman.

Oh, Marcus!" exclaimed Nettie, "do look at that beautiful organ-grinder! Now is she not lovely? And so picturesque!"

Marcus Heath turned his face towards the woman, and as he did so, he met the most wary vestige of color faded from his cheek, while his lips fairly gasped "Califa!"

But she was gone, and as Nettie Craigg was with him, he could not follow her.

"Why, Marcus, what is the matter? You act so strangely!" said the young girl, wonderingly and anxiously glancing in her lover's face.

"Nothing, oh, nothing; only a chance resemblance to an old friend made me start. Come to myself—" It was Califa; there were never other eyes like hers; and she looked as if she knew me, too!"

The walk in the "square" was not pleasant, as had been anticipated, and before almost any other promenaders were there, Marcus returned to Nettie's home. But a few moments did Marcus Heath linger there, either, for, professing "urgent business," he hastened down the street after the organ-grinder had taken, but no sign did he receive that any such character had passed that way. Inquiry only served to baffle him, for there were so many persons of that class in the city, that hunting or going never attracted attention; and at a last hope, after a weary and useless search, he sought his room at the "Spotswood," worn in body, and troubled in mind.

CHAPTER IV.—THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BRIDAL—THE MESSAGE.

The moonlight, calm and silvery,
As a maiden's dream of love,
Was streaming 'mid and canopy
Of deep clouds above;
When a song, like a solemn wailing
Of a fettered soul in pain,
Rose softly on the midnight air,
Then died away again.

It was the night before the bridal, and no happier heart throbbed than that of Nettie Craigg; but Marcus Heath sat alone in his room, smoking earnestly, as if trying to drive away bitter memories. While engaged thus, the sound of an organ was heard beneath his window, and, as if fascinated, he left his chair, and, magic power, he listened to the wailing song, which, mingled with the solemn music, filling his soul with a profound sadness.

The night was terribly cold, but, going to the window, he opened it, and looked down on the throng of people who were passing below. Just in front of the hotel door, a little group of boys, men, and women, had paused to hear the song of the organ-grinder, whose back was turned, as her face was raised to the window, and through the distance Marcus Heath trembled beneath the impassioned gaze of Califa, the Pearl of the Sea. He could not move. Spell-bound, he gazed down—down in the depths of those eyes, while his heart throbbed by the quickened pulsations, unless in her beautiful voice. Clear as the echo of the droppings of a crystal spring, through the darkness of the woods she sang, and he knew they were for him:

Down on the sandy shore of Galveston Bay,
Where the sea-waves roll and the sea-breezes play,
Lived a maiden with her sire, happy and free,
And the world around her was the Pearl of the Sea!
And the wind spirits named her the Pearl of the Sea!

Then there rose a wild storm, and waves dashed 'gainst the shore,
And a stately ship went down, to ride the sea no more:
But the mermaids tenderly laid upon the beach
A form, where the storm-king's wrath could never reach,
And Califa, mourning down by the sea,
Found the dying hero. Oh, Marcus, it was thee!
Found by Califa, the Pearl of the Sea!

When the sunbeams shone, love, upon the smiling sea,
Loving and beloved, then, we wandered for hours so:
And Califa's fond heart held one image for
When Marcus said "Farewell!" and left her weeping there!

When Marcus said "Farewell!" and left her weeping there!

Quick the seasons changed from shadow to shine,
But you ne'er returned, love, to bless this heart of mine.
I followed but to give back the love you gave to me,
Down 'mid the shadows that slept by the sea,
Down 'mid the shadows that slept by the sea!

And then to die, love, kneeling at thy feet,
Gazing in those eyes, love, so bright, so blue, so sweet;
Till then, farewell, love—farewell love to thee!
Angels soon will call me, the Pearl of the Sea!
Angels soon will call me, the Pearl of the Sea!

The song died away—the spell was broken. Turning, assailed by a thousand emotions, Marcus Heath caught up his hat and hastened from his room. Once on the street, he sought in vain for the organ-grinder. She had vanished, and the group dispersed in the hurrying crowd.

"My little man," said he to a newsboy, standing near the office door, "which way did that organ-grinder go, who was playing just a moment ago?"

"Down the street, mister," replied the urchin.

"No she didn't, neither," said another, coming up; "she turned round the corner here."

Marcus Heath hastened away in the direction designated, while the little fellow, with a knowing wink to his comrade, laughed heartily.

"Smart chap, he! He might a-knowed she didn't turn down that corner, when I told him."

"What made you tell him so, then?"

"Gump! That was a sly way of gitting 'change!' and away he ran to catch up with Marcus.

"Sir," he exclaimed, breathlessly, "you've turned down the wrong corner! This is the way." Leading him back, he said: "I charges something for showing you."

Marcus put half a dollar in the shrewd youngster's hand, and hastened away again, amid the silent laughter of the rogue, who went off gaily for a 'spree.'

Nettie Craigg sat alone with her mother, gazing, with dilated eyes, upon the heaps of snowy linen, silk, satin and laces, which were strewn around the room, upon every conceivable support.

"Mamma," she said, "I'll try on my bridal attire."

No sooner proposed than accomplished. Standing, with admiring glances, before the mirror, she cried out:

"Now, my veil, mamma!"

"Yes, darling."

And from its silver covering Mrs. Craigg lifted the fleecy lace. Shaking out the folds, before putting it on Nettie's head, it *parted in her hands!*

"Oh, such an ill-omen!" cried Nettie, with tears in her eyes; "I wish I hadn't tried it on!"

"No, no; it is only a flaw in the lace, darling."

But an anxious look stole over Mrs. Craigg's face, which a smile could not hide.

CHAPTER V.—THE LETTER—THE ORGAN-GRINDER AGAIN.

It came like a wail of sorrow,
For a cherished treasure lost,
Or a cry of sudden anguish,
When a ship is tempest-tossed.

NETTIE CRAIGG was standing, amid her attendant maids, radiant with the snowy beauty of a youthful bride, when a servant hastily entered, and said:

"Miss Nettie, a strange-looking woman left this letter for you, and went away without waiting for an answer."

And he handed her a dingy little note, written in a cramped and almost illegible hand:

"You are happy with the bridal-wreath upon your brow, but it cannot last for long. Marcus Heath is a perjured lover, and when he fires and wrongs a Southern heart, the dagger of remorse must enter his soul! Send up a prayer for him and yourself, destined as you are to be a maid, a wife, and a widow in one day. CALISTA."

The agitation of the young girl was extreme, and amid the startled glances of the surrounding ladies, and whispers of "Who could have sent it?" Marcus Heath entered. Nettie handed it to him; he read it, started, colored, then, commanding self-control, said fondly;

"At least, Nettie, I have never proved unfaithful to *you*. And while I fear not for myself, have faith in me. Come!"

And with a proud and tender look upon his manly face, he drew the unresisting hand of his bride within his arm, and preceded his escorts from the room with a firm and stately step.

The lofty shadows of the cathedral lengthened and deepened as the party wended their way towards the altar, amid strewn flowers and the soft perfume of burning incense. Every eye was intently gazing on the bride, every ear strained to catch the sound of her voice, but none noticed the trembling figure, wrapped in a dark mantle, which stood just within the doorway, and amid the full, melodious notes of the organ, and the angelic song of praise from the veiled sisters in the choir, none heard the gasping wail of dry agony that parted the lips of that same trembling figure, as it darted into the street:

"Oh, God, and does he *defy* me? Does he *court* the bloody deed?"

The last benediction pronounced, Marcus Heath, flushed and happy, was leaving the church with his bride, when, directly at the corner, there stood an organ-grinder, her dark dress fluttering in the wind, her long, dark hair stealing from under a scanty shawl, which was pinned over her head, and her weird eyes glistening like those of a basilisk. Her organ was strapped over her shoulder, but resting half on the iron-railing round the cathedral, for support, and her hand was clenched about the handle despairingly, while the thin, red lips gaspingly parted for the song she sang:

"Death at the bridal, death at the feast,
Flowers are gathered to fade,
Woe for the widow, tears for the bride,
And tears for the smiling maid.

"Death at the bridal, death at the feast,
A dagger lies hid mid the flowers;
Smile while you may, but find time to pray,
For Death counts the perjurer's hours."

Quick as the flash of a thought, the song ended, she hastened down the street, and vanished up the shadow of an alley.

Marcus Heath's hand trembled, and the lips of his bride turned white with sudden fear, as they heard the words and remembered the letter; and an ominous look of wonder, like a cloud, drifted over the faces of the bridal train, which was not immediately dispelled in the glow of the bridal feast.

CHAPTER VI.—DEATH AT THE BRIDAL FEAST.

Aye, perfidious lover, look,
Till your soul grows sick with pain,
As out from the grave of the past
The memories rise again,
And ask of your heart if God
Can forgive your bloody crime,
Or blot the stain from your life,
Through cycles of endless time?

THE table was spread for a royal feast, and the glow, and radiance, and beauty of all Richmond, were gathered within the walls to consecrate with jest, and repartee, and wine, the bridal of the popular belle, Nettie Craigg.

Smiling and bowing, blushing and replying, she stood beside her happy husband, receiving with unequalled grace the compliments and encomiums showered upon her by loving relatives and admiring friends.

The wine sparkled while the hours sped on, rose-wreathed and radiant, as a song of love on the lips of Bacchantes. Just as the convivial spirit of the party began to wane, the dining-hall doors were thrown open, and a regally beautiful woman swept into the room with stately steps. Her velvet robe, in unbroken sweep, left its dark train upon the tapestry carpet. Her dead-white face and wan hands were the only light to an otherwise shaded picture; her dark hair was twisted in one massive coil at the nape of her exquisite neck, and fastened with a dagger.

Every eye opened with amazement, for it was a strange face, and the bride looked equally unconscious of who advanced towards her as her guests; but on she glided, without pause or hesitation, to the head of the table, where stood the bridal pair.

Marcus Heath had his face turned from her, engaged in earnest conversation with some friend, and did not observe her presence until she stood close beside him; then he started, exclaiming in a shocked voice:

"Calista! Calista!"

"Aye!" she answered, in a cold, steady tone, "Calista; and years ago, Marcus Heath, I told you, when you won my heart on the shores of Galveston Bay, that if wronged, my vengeance would be to die at your feet. I have struggled through untold suffering and crime to accomplish this vow; and, therefore, you see me here to-day, like a cloud of midnight blackness above the golden radiance of your newly risen sun. You see, Cupid's gem has *turned to blood!*" and she held up her hand, where a ruby ring was gleaming in lieu of the costly emerald.

"Maiden," and she turned to Nattie, "I pity your sorrow, and ask pity for my despair. I have been wronged, and my vengeance——" here she threw up her arm, and jerking the dagger from her hair, cried, in a sharper, quicker tone—"is steady, swift and *sure!*" And before any hand could be raised to stay the blow, she plunged the glittering blade in the breast of Marcus Heath, and then, once, twice, to the hilt, in her own.

Both victims to such unbridled passion fell; she dead; he gasping—dying.

The bridal feast was broken up in alarm and dismay. The bodies were borne away into other apartments, and fainting and heartsick, the bride was taken to her own room, where, for many a weary day, she did not look out on the face of the world that had once so loved to smile upon her.

Both wounds had proved mortal—Calista's instantly, and that of Marcus Heath a few brief hours after its infliction. A maiden, a wife, and a widow in one day—a world of joy, a world of woe, had Nettie Heath experienced.

Yet, when the time of humble submission to the will of God dawned upon her heart—as it must to even those who suffer most, for hearts are essentially human—she said tearfully to her mother:

"Perhaps this is for the best, mamma, even though so hard to bear; for if my grief is so unutterable, when he loved me in his dying, how profound must have been her despair, when she realized that *she, too*, had been loved—been wronged and deserted. A woman who suffers as she did, might dare to arrest vengeance from high heaven, and wreak it on the offender's head, though an eternal woe were her portion!"

BOUNTY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

In all history there is nothing so intensely interesting as that bearing upon Scottish life, and especially as connected with the warlike deeds of the Gaelic regiments that have from time to time been raised and sent forth to seal the devotion of their native land to the bond of union between herself and Great Britain.

In the pages of an English periodical, an old Scottish army chaplain is giving sketches of these regiments. He writes: The gallant deeds of the Highland-regiments in every quarter of the globe added to the general enthusiasm for Caledonians. It was long, indeed, before the English government would believe that they could be trusted; to have armed the Highlanders about the beginning of the last century would have been deemed as much an act of insanity as to arm at the present hour the New Zealand Maoris. Scottish men were known to be under the control of their chiefs, and their chiefs, almost to a man, were devoted to the Pretender. No wonder, then, that the government hesitated before accepting their services; it was not till 1730—only one hundred and thirty years ago—that the first experiment was made. Six companies of Highlanders were then raised, each company being independent of the other. They were known as the *Freicudan Dhu*, or Black Watch, to distinguish them from the *Seideran Dearag*, or Red Soldiers. They derived their names from the color of their clothes; the regular soldiers wore scarlet, as they do now, while the Highland companies retained their sombre tartan. There was no lack of men: gentlemen of good family were proud to serve as privates under their native officers; for the whole country had been disarmed, and this indignity was deeply felt by a race who, even in times of peace, never went forth without dirk or claymore. The cadets of good families were proud to serve, if only in the ranks, because they were thus entitled to bear arms; and to carry a weapon was regarded as a proof that the bearer was a gentleman. The pay privates received was small to a degree, yet poverty was so universal that the pittance they took from government was not to be despised. They were stationed in small parties over the country, and seem to have discharged the same duties as are intrusted to the rural police at the present day. In 1739 four additional companies were raised, and the whole were formed into a regiment of the line. Such was the origin of the first Highland regiment in the service—the gallant 42d, still known as the Black Watch. The 92nd or Gordon Highlanders was raised in 1794 by the last Duke of Gordon, then Marquis of Huntly, and by his mother, the beautiful and witty Duchess Jane. The duchess used to frequent the country fairs, and when she saw a likely youth she would try every persuasion to induce him to enlist. When all other arguments failed, she would place a guinea between her lips, and no young Highlander, however pacific, could refuse the bounty thus proffered. One kiss of that beautiful mouth was worth dying for.

Three-fourths of Duchess Jane's regiment were Highlanders; all the rest were Lowlanders, except 35 Irishmen, whom one of the officers was obliged to accept, *faute de mieux*, to make up his complement. In 1825 the numbers were 716 Scots, 51 English, and 111 Irish; in 1857, 1,043 Scots, 7 English, and 40 Irish. The only other regiment which retains the garb of the old Gaul is the 79th, or Cameron Highlanders, raised in 1793 by Allan Cameron, of Errach, in the northern counties. About four-fifths of the men were Highlanders; the rest were English or Irish. In 1857 the regiment consisted of 895 Scots, 37 English, and 39 Irish. Many of the men in these old Highland regiments bore the same name. We find, for example, in one regiment of 800 men no less than 700 who have the word Mac prefixed to their names. In another we find no less than nine John Roses; and as for Donald Macdonalds, their name was Legion. The drill-sergeant showed his ingenuity in distinguishing the bearers of the same cognomen by jocular allusions to their personal appearance, which must occasionally have been not altogether gratifying to the nick-named. In the same company there would be Donald Macdonald with the red hair, Donald with the big feet, Donald with the long legs, Donald of Skye, Donald of Harris, and so forth. When all other means of distinguishing his recruits failed him, the drill-sergeant had recourse to figures, and ranked them as Donald Macdonald No. 1, No. 2, No. 3. No wonder he occasionally got confused amongst so many Donalds, and lost his temper.

About the close of the last century the citizens of Edinburgh found much amusement in listening to the calling of the muster-rolls of one of the newly-raised Highland regiments stationed there, and studying the ingenuity of the sergeants in distinguishing the countless Macs and Donalds in their different companies. The ludicrous effect of such scenes was enhanced by the guttural accent and imperfect English of the speakers, who, if we may judge by the following specimen, seem occasionlly to have had peculiar ideas of military duty:—

"Tonald Mactonald No. 5," cried the sergeant, going over the muster-roll of his company.

"Here!" cried a voice so shrill and abrupt that it excited a general titter in the ranks, and the unbounded indignation of the sergeant.

"Here, ye tamm'd rogue! Is that the way she speaks to a shentleman? But we a' ken Tonald's liar, sae pit her down absent, and tak' her to the guard-room."

"Tonald Mactonald No. 6," continued the sergeant. There was no answer. The sergeant broke forth into a sort of soliloquy—

"Tonald Mactonald No. 6; that's my sister's son frae Achallatus. Ay, ay, Tonald, she was aye a modest lad, that never spak' till she was spoken to, so we'll put her down present."

And thus the sergeant went over the whole roll, accompanying each name with some remark which showed the estimation in which he held the bearer. As to the Highlander's mode of fighting, it was the simplest thing in the world. He discharged his musket, threw it aside, drew his bonnet over his brow, and rushed upon the foe, leaving all the rest to God and his own good broadsword. It was so that he conquered at Prestonpans and elsewhere, but it would be difficult to assert that his undisciplined valor rendered him superior to troops thoroughly drilled, or that the broadsword is more formidable than the bayonet. General Stewart, nevertheless, is of a different opinion: "From the battle of Culloden, where a body of undisciplined Highlanders, shepherds and herdsmen, with their broadswords cut their way through some of the best disciplined and most approved regiments in the British army (drawn up, too, on a field extremely favorable for regular troops), down to the time when the swords were taken from the Highlanders, the bayonet was in every instance overcome by the sword."

In one of the skirmishes with the French in Egypt, a young sergeant of the 78th killed six of the enemy with the broadsword; the weapon was the same as that still used by sergeants in Highland regiments. The half-dozen Frenchmen were not cut down while retreating, but in fighting with the bayonet, hand to hand, against the broadsword. The gallant sergeant met his death-blow from a sabre stroke from behind as he was returning to his company, after cutting down the last of his six foes. Many other proofs of the efficacy of the basket-hilted weapon might be given, but we question whether its warmest admirers would prefer it to the bayonet in a close attack.

A TERRIBLE ICE VOYAGE.

ONE of the most fearful adventures that it has ever been the lot of pen to record has just occurred upon the Niagara River, in the neighborhood of the Falls, ending in the death of one person and the mortal danger of two others. The three actors in this fearful tragedy were, William A. Thompson, Esq., the Vice-President of the Erie and Niagara Railroad, a Mr. Warren, foreman on the same road, and William Bartlett, a colored boy. The origination was an attempt of the three to cross the river in a small boat. It was getting late in the day, and in their eagerness to proceed, they lost sight of the danger. Our correspondent gives the affair in these words: "About half-past five o'clock the three pushed out into the stream. They found much difficulty in making their way through the ice which ran close to shore, and Mr. Thompson advised a return. But presently getting through the shore pack of ice they found clear water, and went forward confidently, meeting no obstacles until they again neared the shore on the American side, near the Erie Mills, when the ice pressed about them thicker than in the first instance. Mr. Thompson then gave an imperative order to the boy to back away and return, but it was too late. They had entered so far that return was impossible. They were caught by the ice, wedged fast between its grinding cakes, and could go neither forward nor back. Another moment, and it had crushed the sides of their boat, so that it began to fill rapidly and sink. The three immediately leaped out upon a cake of ice nearest at hand, which proved to be but a small one, scarcely larger than a door, and drew the boat partly upon it after them. Their hope was in being able to turn the craft bottom up and mount its keel, in which position they might be floated by it; but the mass was not large enough to permit such an operation. Mr. Thompson then attempted to bail out the boat with his cap; but while doing so, the boy Bartlett cried out that the ice was upon them again, and they had barely time to throw themselves into the half-filled boat when the piece upon which they had stood was crushed by another mass coming down upon it. An instant more and the boat was also struck, turned bottom upward, and Mr. Thompson and Mr. Warren plunged into the water. The negro boy succeeded in leaping upon an ice cake. Mr. Thompson sank once and came up, when he clutched the boat, made his way to the stern and climbed upon the keel. Here he saw his companion Warren sinking for the last time, a short distance away, and drowning before his eyes, while he was utterly powerless to help. He had scarcely witnessed this, when death rushed upon him again. The boat was once more struck, and rolled over. Again he sank, and again, on rising, he clutched the boat, which again had righted itself. Climbing into its stern, which sank with his weight two or three feet below the surface, he sat for a time with the water to his chin.

"It had now been dark for some time, intensely, so that nothing could be seen about him, but in the midst of this horrible situation, Mr. Thompson felt a cake of ice drifting upon him. He put out his hand to ward it away, and feeling it to be several inches thick, and apparently of some size, he concluded it best to escape, if possible, from the boat to the ice. He very nearly failed in doing so, barely getting his breast upon the cake when he sprang from the boat, and finding it impossible to lift his body above that position. Providentially, however, the boat in rising just touched his foot and gave him a slight push forward, after which he was enabled by long and exhausting efforts to crawl upon the cake. Here he stood upright, and not knowing the size of the ice raft, dared not move. Hailing the boy Bartlett, he found him still afloat upon his bit of ice, 100 or 200 yards away, loudly engaged in almost frantic prayer.

"And now began the wonderful voyage of the river, through the darkness and the storm of freezing sleet which fell upon their frail rafts of ice. A fine rain, driven by keen north winds, stung the face of the traveller, and cased everthing exposed with a quick mail of ice. To all this pelting storm, these wet and exhausted cast-aways, drifting along the cold waters of the Niagara, with the horrid dread of imminent death to freeze their hearts within them, were exposed for three mortal hours. Mr. Thompson had lost both cap and gloves. His clothing was frozen into the rigidity of iron armor, and he became incapable of motion, except as he slightly swung his arms to keep them flexible. All that he could do for himself was to shout and cry for help, which he did steadily, and with the whole strength of his lungs, for hours. Fortunately, possessed of a magnificent *physique* in every respect, his voice was capable of the exertion. Once, somewhere, in the vicinity of Lower Black Rock, he received a response from shore, but to his appeal for rescue, the voice, out of the darkness, replied that it had no oars and could do nothing. The miserable fool, or worse, who heard and hailed, seems to have made no effort to rouse his neighborhood and set its energies to work for the rescue of the periled men who appealed to him. And so they drifted on beyond Black Rock, beyond Strawberry Island, past the head of Grand Island, and steadily on towards those currents of the great cataract where no hand could save them. Steadily the cry for 'help' rang out across the water and through the black night, and no ear heard, and no tongue answered. Three hours had passed—seven miles of the river traversed—it was 9 o'clock of the night. Hope began to die in the heart of Mr. Thompson, stout and strong as it was. He called to his companion, the negro boy, and gave him a message for his wife and children, if it should be his lot to escape. His thoughts, as he describes them, were very quaint and curious. They were too busy to give an opportunity for fear, and death was faced calmly and coolly.

"And so they drifted steadily down, between Grand Island and the American shore, until Tonawanda was passed, and the last houses upon either shore from which help could come before help should be too late were going by. But there, at the last, by the good providence of God, help did come. The shouts were heard on the Grand Island shore. Lights began to move from house to house. The neighbors were running together. Presently the gleam of a lantern moved upon the river, and they knew that boats were coming out.

"Mr. Thompson, when reached, had to be rolled into the boat like a log. He has taken off by Mr. Charles Poplar and Mr. George Gilde. Another boat, manned by Mr. William W. Blackney and Mr. John A. Bacon, rescued the boy Bartlett. The boy, being thinly clad, had nearly perished when taken off; but Mr. Thompson, a man of large, robust frame, and great vitality, felt himself capable of enduring an hour or two more of the bitter trial. Astonishing to say, neither were seriously frozen, and Mr. Thompson, whom we saw lately, appears little the worse for his extraordinary experience.

"Mr. Warren, who was drowned, was an elderly man, of about 55 years of age. He resided at Prescott, C. W., where, we understand, he leaves a family."

THE PELELE, OR LIP RING,
Of the Manganja Women in Africa.

THE fashion of wearing rings as ornaments has, in different parts of the world, assumed most eccentric varieties. Our ladies pierce their ears, and are charmed with the effect produced by the glitter of diamond pendents, but they shrink from the Egyptian beauty, with her nose rings, and are horrified at the squaws on the North-West coast, whose ears are dragged earthward by the imposed gewgaws. What will they say to the picture we now give of the lip ring, *pelele* (too pretty a name for a hideous thing), of the Manganja, or lake women, in Southern Africa?

"The lake people," says one who has recently visited their remote region, "are by no means handsome: the women—to use our mildest term to the fair sex—are *very* plain; and really make themselves hideous by the means they adopt to render their persons beautiful and attractive. The *pelele*, or ornament for the upper lip, is universally worn by the ladies; the most valuable is of pure tin, hammered into the shape of a small dish; some are made of white quartz, and give the wearer the appearance of having an inch or more of one of Price's patent candles thrust through the lip, and projecting beyond the tip of the nose. Some ladies, not content with the upper *pelele*, go to extremes, as ladies will, and insert another in the under lip, through a hole almost opposite the lower gums. A few *peleles* are made of a blood-red kind of pipe-clay, much in fashion—'sweet things' in the way of lip rings—but so hideous to behold, that no time nor usage could make our eyes rest upon them without aversion."

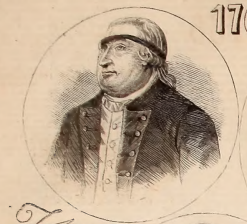
CHINESE EXECUTIONS.—Dr. Rennie, a recent traveller in China, tells us: "At a later period of the day, riding through the Chinese city, I passed the place of execution. There, at the point of junction between two crowded streets, a large number of heads of criminals recently decapitated were exposed to public gaze, and seemed to attract little or no notice from the streams of people who were passing. The heads were in wooden cages, arranged in three groups, and suspended from the tops of poles, placed so as to support one another, as soldiers pile their arms. There were about twenty cages in each group, and each cage contained two, and sometimes three heads. Several heads were also hanging in clusters without cages. On a rough estimate, there must have been considerably over a hundred heads hanging up. It appears that an unusually large number of criminals have been executed of late—as many, I am told, as forty at a time, in consequence of prisoners under sentence of decapitation having accumulated for some months, the emperor's death having for the time arrested the sword of justice at the capital. The decapitations are all performed by one man, who holds the offices of executioner and torturer by hereditary right, and receives a regular annual salary. He is stated to be very expert, and seldom to miss severing the head at one blow, the sword being wielded by him with both hands. As in the case of the executions at Tien-tsin, the neck is stretched by traction employed in front, while the criminal is stretched by force applied in the opposite direction. On the head being severed, the executioner holds it up, and calls out the name of the malefactor."

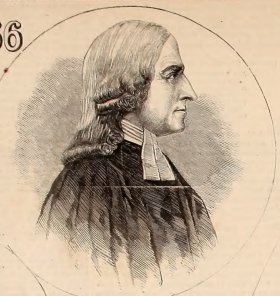
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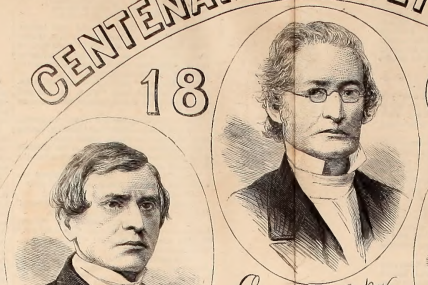




PHILIP EMBURY'S GRAVE
IN ARMONDALE CEMETERY



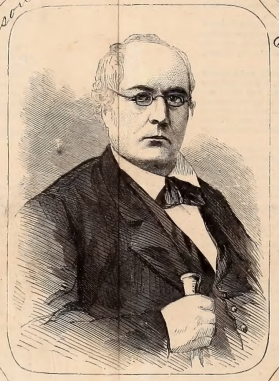
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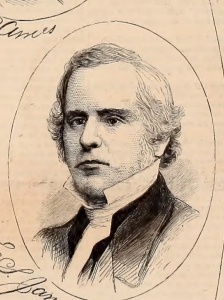




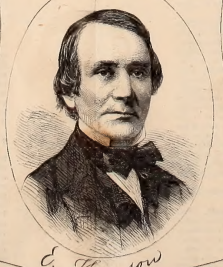










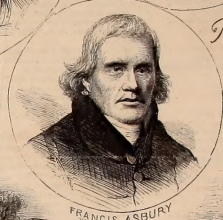




THE BISHOPS OF THE M.E. CHURCH







FRANCIS ASBURY



PHILIP EMBURY'S RESIDENCE
IN NEW YORK CITY
HERE THE FIRST METHODIST SERMON WAS PREACHED



THE RIGGING LOFT
No. 120 WILLIAM ST. N.Y
USED AS A PREACHING HOUSE BY THE METHODISTS 1767



THE OLD METHODIST CHURCH & PARSONAGE IN JOHN ST. N.Y.
ERECTED & DEDICATED PHILIP EMBURY 1768

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN METHODISM, FROM ITS FIRST INTRODUCTION.

OF METHODISM

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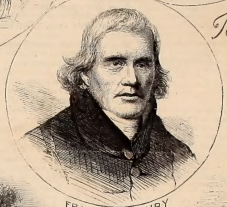
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Wesley



Joseph Benson



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1767





E.O. Jones.



Durbin





THE OLD METHODIST CHURCH & PARSONAGE IN JOHN ST. N.Y.

THE M.E. CHURCH

DISM, FROM ITS FIRST INTRODUCTION.

TRUE VICTORS.

BY R. V. R.

"There are other battle-fields than those
On which men's bones lie bleaching,"
And better lessons to be learned
Than by such bloody teaching;
In every hour, as it speeds by,
Is won some nobler victory.

Some steadfast brow is crowned above,
With amaranths immortal,
And angels lead the conqueror's steps
In triumph through the portal;
And all earth's grandest pageantry
Is lost in one such victory.

But not in glare of midday sun—
Not where the world beholdest,
And cheers and lauds with praises loud
The strongest and the boldest—
Not where earth's worthless plaudits be
Is fought and won such victory.

And not to earthly might and power
Such battle's meed is given;
The weakest arm, the gentlest heart,
Hath oft most bravely striven;
While crowds passed on unheedingly,
It fought and won its victory.

Not in one hour of pride elate,
But in long years of striving,
Through cloudy days and starless nights,
A lifetime's combat living;
God only and His angels see
The cost of such victory.

With poverty, or care, or pain,
Or toil that never alters,
Struggling to keep a cheerful mind,
And heart that never falters;
And step by step, and day by day
To truest victory winning way.

Learning to bear with hopes deferred,
And stronger for the bearing
To see each undertaking fail,
Yet think not of despairing;
When seeming most cast down, to see
Most surety of the victory.

God knoweth now how many hearts
Such battles are enduring,
How many heroes in His sight
Their victor's crown securing;
Theirs seems the common life to be,
Yet leads to noblest victory.

Even we, as heroes in the strife,
Ignorant of our glory,
May each be living, day by day,
A theme for angel's story;
As weak and ignorant as we,
Others have won this victory.

It matters not, if in the dark,
Unconscious what we're doing,
If but with earnest, patient hearts,
Our way we are pursuing;
For as our day our strength shall be,
And God will give the victory.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER LVIII.—MR. SLEUTH HAS PHILLIS TAKEN CARE OF.

When the first feeling of terror, that the sight of his master in so fearful a position inspired in the servant, wore off a little, he set to work to do his best to recover him. He gave him a draught of wine, and the wounded man's spirit sensibly revived with the cordial.

Then the man cut away the clothes that hid the wound—making a great ugly round hole through cloth, and linen, and wool—till he saw the spot. Happening to touch it, Sleuth screamed with anguish, and then they both knew that the point of the knife had been left behind, sticking in a rib bone.

Fortunately, the man had nerve enough to look steadily at the place; and at last saw, as he wiped aside the blood, a bit of the protruding metal.

"I can get it out, sir, I am sure I can—if you ain't afraid to let me get good hold with my nails. I've done worse things than this."

"Very well; but give me some more wine first. This dreadful faintness——"

He was, in fact, fainting, but the wine acted powerfully; and then an instant later—as Sleuth, with something like self-control, showed only in his horrified face the pain he felt—the bit was drawn forth. Some sticking-plaster and thick pads of cloth, and a scarf, fastened diagonally across one shoulder, finished the business, and made Sleuth feel once more he was likely to live, and to plot, and to triumph.

Meanwhile, his latest victim sat there looking on with the same stony aspect, giving now and then a terrible and long-continued shudder, generally ending in low moans and sobbing cries; but there were no tears—no expressions implying she noticed what was going on—no movement either to retard or promote Sleuth's recovery.

"Do you think, sir, you could walk a bit—leaning on me?" asked the man.

"I'll try," said Sleuth, casting a side-look of inquiry at Phillis, as if wondering whether his movement to leave her might bring on a fresh crisis. What had she done with the broken knife? That question was answered as they passed her. It was lying near her on the floor, dropped as if in some sudden feeling of moral paralysis.

Sleuth's pause and the direction of his eyes warned the servant what was on the floor. He stooped and picked up the knife, and then they went out and locked the door upon the unhappy woman who had come to show her future husband how she had been preparing herself in the hope to please him.

"She's mad; she must be," said Sleuth. "I'm sorry I called her a murderess, for she seemed stung by it; and it was that which made her repeat my word so violently. I dare say you heard her?"

"I did hear her say something like that, sir." And then the topic dropped.

"You had better go to Mr. Jarratt. You know his place?"

"The mad doctor, sir?"

"Yes. Tell him to send a couple of discreet persons here as quick as he possibly can. Say discreet persons, as we are in danger; and then, if he doesn't like to keep her longer than a day or two, I can have her sent to a criminal asylum. Perhaps that will be best—perhaps that will be best," he repeated, musingly.

Within a couple of hours Sleuth, the man-servant, and two brawny keepers, re-opened the door, and there found Phillis squatted on the floor, gazing at the just rising moon, and saying, as she turned her head and saw them:

"I'm glad you're come. Isn't she bonny? I wanted somebody to see her with me." Then she added, in a lower voice, "Why doesn't *he* come, I wonder?"

Sleuth was at that moment gazing on her—pity for her growing just in proportion as he saw his own safety from her secured.

"Take care of her, I beg you," he said to the men, as they took her away. "I respect her and her godmother very much indeed. Poor old lady! this will be a sad blow to her. Poor things! poor things! Pray, take care of her."

CHAPTER LIX.—PRIMROSE GATHERING.

One afternoon, when the doctor was reading to Mr. Sleuth the first act of a new tragedy, Clarissa took a basket, and with her two poodles at her heels, and an old tame jackdaw on her shoulder, came to gather primroses in her favorite little wilderness behind the cedars.

The birds' nests looked big and burly in the light, airy network of green leaves and buds above her, and the setting sun shone warm upon the place. The poodles ran down, and barked at the little stream chattering over the stones; the old jackdaw hid his head from the sun in hair almost as golden, and his mistress sat down upon the bank, rested her round elbow in the luxuriant neglected grass, her cheek in her hand, and fell into a reverie.

The poodles got tired of barking at the obstinate little stream, and came up the bank with tongues hanging out, and fell down panting at her feet. One by one the sunbeams crept out of the little dell—one by one the pale primrose clusters began to gleam in the shade.

A little loose earth came tumbling down the bank. The dogs looked up and barked, the jackdaw changed legs and grumbled. Clarissa colored, erected herself, and took up her basket.

In another instant Mr. Sleuth sat a little below her on the bank.

"What a little paradise! Can I be forgiven for intruding, I wonder? I almost deserve to be, after the trouble I have had to find you."

"Mrs. Bishop could have told you where I was, if you had asked her the question. Did papa come out with you?"

"No; he is fatigued with his reading, and is asleep. What a charming spot!"

He looked delightedly about.

Clarissa rose, and went towards a tuft of primroses. He was at her side in an instant.

"May I help you?"

"Thank you. You are very kind." And she yielded her basket to him.

"It is you who are very kind—most kind—to give me such pleasure. I know I do not deserve it, but—" He paused, and instead of holding out the basket for the flowers she had gathered, leaned forward and stroked the jackdaw on her shoulder, and said with a sigh, "but neither does this—this happy bird."

The "happy bird" chuckled, and nestled its head slyly against the prettiest little ear in the world; and croaked out:

"Jack, Jack! Jolly Jack! Jolly Jack!"

Then hid his eyes bashfully from Sleuth's sentimental regard, behind a veil of soft hair that it shook lose with its beak.

"What a charming picture?" murmured Sleuth.

Clarissa tossed the bird off with her hand, impatiently.

"Was that because I admired it?" he said, in a low, reproachful voice.

"Oh, dear, no! Jack is quite willing to be admired. Look how he struts away."

"I am afraid Jack is not much to admire, standing alone."

"Nothing against Jack, if you please; he has hopped about our lawn for two years, and is a great favorite."

Again Sleuth sighed, and again the basket was not ready when Clarissa held out her handful of primroses.

"Jack is more fortunate than some of your friends, Miss Pompess. I know one who in thought has never left you for *three* years instead of two, and yet what is he in your [illegible] your—what is he to you? Nothing—less than nothing!"

He spoke in some haste and heat, for he noticed that Clarissa was so managing the gathering of her flowers, as to ascend the bank. She was far enough from him to be able to pretend (if she wished) that she had not heard his last few words.

"I am sorry I came, Miss Pompess, if I am driving you so soon from your little retreat," he said, in a louder voice, with the least touch of injured pride in it.

"Oh, no! We have filled my basket, which is all I came here for," answered Clarissa, still lightly ascending.

Sleuth scrambled up the steepest part to reach her sooner.

"I know better, Miss Pompess," he panted. "I know very well I am driving you away, as I always do when I come. Why don't you tell your father how hateful the sight of my face is to you, and get him to forbid me the house? Why do you torture me by letting me see you so constantly? Why—"

"Mr. Sleuth, that grievance is soon remedied."

The quiet, haughty face turned round upon him so suddenly, that the panting, breathless climber was startled, and lost his footing. She might have helped him by giving him her hand, but as she did not, down he went, slipping and rolling over stones and briars, till he lay still, close to the stream.

Clarissa stood looking at him, and turned a little pale when she saw him so quiet. After a moment's hesitation she went down towards him, but before she got half way down the bank he moved, and rose to his feet.

"I am afraid you are hurt, Mr. Sleuth?"

"No. Not sufficiently, at least, to trouble the pity of Miss Pompess. I must go poaching to do that."

"Yes, you are hurt," she said, as he reached the ridge where she stood. "Your forehead is bleeding. I advise you to sit down a minute. You have struck your temple against one of those sharp points."

"Have I?" said Sleuth, in truth feeling very faint and giddy. He seemed, indeed, to have always something of a woman's shrinking from the sight of blood, and the feeling of physical pain. Then, dropping on the grass, he murmured:

"Oh, Clarissa, why was the blow not a little harder?"

Clarissa colored; but without saying anything, went down and dipped her handkerchief in the water, and came quickly back with it.

"You had better lay this on your forehead. or let me."

She sat down beside him.

"No, no. I am not hurt. You were going in; don't let me detain you." This he said with a half groan, turning his face to the grass as he lay at her feet.

She sat and looked at him with a puzzled air.

The whole picture was the fulfilment of a certain prophecy made wildly one dark night long ago in the doctor's garden—the prophecy of the worm and the flower.

"Mr. Sleuth, you will frighten my father if you go in with such a face as that."

"*Me! I* frighten him! Who, or what am I?"

"A person to whom he has shown much kindness, I believe, and for whom he has consequently some little regard."

"No, no. It is only his charity, his goodness. He wishes to direct me to use my fortune properly, but he does not care for me. Not a soul in all the world cares for me. I am more of an outcast in my prosperity than I was before. Why did I ever come between Anthony and you, to make you hate me? Why did I ever see you, Clarissa?"

"You are talking very wildly, Mr. Sleuth—too wildly for me to feel it necessary to answer you. Will you let me wipe your forehead or not?"

He raised his face, and she touched the brow with her handkerchief, keeping as unmoved a countenance as she could, with his sad, worshipping eyes looking up at her.

When she withdrew her hand, and had seen that the wound was not a very serious one, he flung his head on the ground again, saying, bitterly and passionately:

"You can pity me for a scratch like this, and yet you let me go on day after day, suffering what no man can bear long. And yet, what right have I to complain? It is my own fault that I keep near you, and get worse and worse—loving you more and more the more you hate me. I wish I was thousands of miles away, without the agony of making up my mind to go. I wish I was dead. I wish——"

The last wish, whatever it may have been, was rendered indistinct by sobs, and his burying his face in his hands.

Clarissa rose.

"Mr. Sleuth, if you are in any trouble, I am sorry—very sorry. But, please, quiet yourself, and listen to me while I say, that, of these wild sort of hints (which I do not want making any plainer, as I fear I understand them too well), I can take not the slightest notice. You will please never let me hear anything more of the kind."

"There, there! Unfortunate as usual! I have offended you now past all hope—all forgiveness. You will tell the doctor; he will forbid my ever coming again. Oh, miserable, miserable wretch that I am!"

"I shall not say a word of this to any one, Mr. Sleuth, so do not make yourself uncomfortable. As for my forgiveness, you have it already; though I trust you will not need it again."

"You do—you do forgive me?"

"I do fully. And now don't think me rude if I advise you to go home. I will make some excuse to papa. Good-bye."

She took up her basket. The poodles bounded before her. Jack flew up to her shoulder, and looked back, with his head on one side, at Sleuth rising slowly from the bank.

CHAPTER LX.—AN OLD FRIEND.

To ponder over one's rejection by a beautiful and tolerably rich woman is not pleasant, even when it takes place, as with Mr. Sleuth, in a luxurious carriage, where the thickly-padded sides, soft seat, and gentle movement, all suggest that the mental shock may, perhaps, prove of no more ultimate consequence than the physical shock occasionally endured on the return home.

"I'll make her marry me—that I will. I'll bend my whole soul to the business. I don't care how long I am about it. But I will marry her at last. I will! Of course I knew well enough I wasn't going to succeed at first time of asking. I was a fool for being so cut up, or for being so afraid of her superb and disdainful looks. She'll come round in time. I wish I knew how to get her alone and in good mood to my house, to show her the new boudoir I've fitted up, before anybody else sees it. Somehow, it isn't the same thing if she only comes as one of a party to look at it. What ails me, I wonder—my feet so cold, my head so hot? I must have been more excited than I thought I was. I'll get out and walk, and stir my blood a bit."

He touched the check-string, stopped the carriage, and got out, saying to the coachman:

"There's a stiff hill before us, on the other side of this little one. You can go on till you get to the top of the farthest. There wait for me. Push on now, but walk the horses slowly up the long slope."

The gay equipage, with its two men-servants in resplendent liveries, rolled off, and Sleuth followed slowly, thinking of Clarissa, and with a growing sense of mortification and bitterness, while his eyes followed the carriage up the gentle slope just before him, till it stood out in enormous size against the sky line, and then disappeared.

His eye was still resting on the spot, when he saw another object fill the vacant place, and be similarly thrown into strong relief against the glowing sky, with its long, level, black bars of cloud stretching through the orange suffusion half across the heavens.

It was a man, who seemed to carry a bag over his shoulder, and to stoop a little, after the fashion of wayside vagabond plodders, in whose gait there seems always expressed a desire to squat down on the spot then being passed over, and to protest against the idea of going on. Poor wretches! Too often it means that they feel the grave is their immediate as well as real destination, and that they revolt against the irony of pretending they want to go anywhere else. It is as if life were not a thing that concerns them—that they come into existence merely to die.

But this man certainly did not suggest that idea to Sleuth, or anything even distantly resembling it. He carried a thick stick in his hand, and with it was knocking away, with strange gaiety of heart, stones that lay in his path.

Buoyantly he came down the hill, and presently Sleuth fancied he was looking at him; and then the wild fancy crossed his mind that this was a ferocious, bloody-minded footpad, who had noticed the empty carriage, then came upon the owner out of sight of the servants, and who was, in sheer triumph over his prey, manifesting his pleasure as he approached.

The man comes nearer, and his garb suggests new causes for disgust, it is so thoroughly that of one of the lowest ruffians, met with mostly in disreputable places. Sleuth quaked for his well-filled purse, quaked for his gold repeater, quaked for his own very dear, very precious life.

Still nearer; and Sleuth partly understands the jocund gestures of hand, the rolling lightness of step. The man is slightly in liquor.

Sleuth thinks he will have to run for it. He measures with his eye the ground, considers which side of the man he will take, and fixes precisely how near he will let him come before he diverges from his present line, just a yard or two diagonally off, to see whether the man makes any hostile advance, and if he does—then flight!

What a villainous countenance it is, half hidden in dirty gray hair! But though the form rolls, the eye is dangerously sober, and bright, and penetrating, and fixed on Sleuth, who is in a sense fascinated by it.

His very blood seems changed into icy sleet, and rushes, with pricking torture, through his arteries, and then stops, as if paralyzed, and oozes slowly back upon the heart, as he hears a voice only too well known, and which is the only thing about the man that is unchanged.

"Richard Sleuth, Esquire, Eddington Hall, wot's driven in his own carriage, with two flunkeys, but sends him on afore when he expects he's goin' to meet a hold friend—Richard Sleuth, Esquire, Magistrate, and all that, don't you know me, your old acquaintance, Bob the Ostler?"

Sleuth did only too well recognize him, though he was greatly changed. The eyes had become bloodshot, the lips thick, black, livid and cracking, the cheeks puffy, the nose swollen at the bridge, by some tremendous blow. Evidently the fortune had done Bob no good. On the contrary, what little of health of mind or body poverty had managed to keep up in that always unlovely frame, had disappeared promptly when Bob was able to eat what he liked, drink what he liked, live as he liked, be as vicious as he liked, and so on to the end—to the end of his money, to the end of his dream of turning gentleman, to the end of his health, beauty and wits. The whole history of the Australian expedition, and of the mad debauchery and riot which had swept away Esau's fortune, were written in terrible characters on Bob's frontispiece.

"Bob! You!" were the only words Sleuth could for the moment gasp out.

"Ay, it's me. Bin to see the new world. Don't like it; come back, like a true Briton, to my native land—bless it! and to you, my noble, munificent-minded squire, as sent me off with my hands so full of good things, that when one by one I dropped them, or had 'em stolen from me—great rogues, Mister Sleuth, out in Australy!—what could I think on, if I had a bit of gratitude in my bosom, but coming back to tell you all my misfortins, and ax you to give me another start?"

"And that's what you are here for?" said Sleuth, recovering himself a little, aided by the recollection that, in a certain sense, the eyes of all his brother magistrates were now upon him.

"Lord love you, Mister Sleuth, and how well you do look, to be sure! I hadn't an idea of

meetin' you here. I was prepared for a deal of bother and nonsense, hanging about in damp woods at nights, all brought on you. I was quite out o' heart just now, till I zeed that 'ere ekipage, and then I made so bold as to think the flunkey who it belonged to; and thought he was cheeky, and made game of my clothes and my general hinspect, he did condescend to enlighten me. Lord love you, Master Sleuth! didn't I come down the hill in a burst of affection. What! To catch you all alone! Oh, come now, you must a-known I was nigh, and did it o' purpose!"

"Where's the boy?"

"Under the Hillidanie. Tumbled overboard at Southampton. Never seed him any more!"

"A hlody story, Bob, to tell to me—Esau's Hinsam and Hachitophel—to say nothing of what I think of it as a magistrate."

"Oh, if you want him back again, that's another affair altogether, and I'd better see if you can't be accommodated."

"And where's the ten thousand pounds?"

"Ah, Mr. Sleuth, that is an unkind question. It takes that ten thousand a good deal to heart, and a friend might he knowed better than to rip up a worry bad subject. He's gone, Master Sleuth! Never some more, Mister Sleuth! Look at my clothes Master Sleuth! Ain't yer ashamed of me? Your flunkeys with a Law, if I don't, they will I was a friend of their master's. But, look at me! Is this a friend of Richard Sleuth, Esquire, of Eddington Hall, Justice of Peace? Why, I says yes; but he didn't ought to be obligated to expose his rags and he knows his friend won't let him, now they've got touchers of 'em."

"Bob, one word with you. I may be amused with your consummate impudence; but I shall at the same time be angry with you for, put you in the stocks. We have a pair in our parish not yet quite disused."

"I'd like to see 'em. But, Richard Sleuth, Esquire's carriage waits, as they bawls out at the playhouse, so we'd best cut it short. Look at me, Mister Sleuth! Is this the way to ill-treat a friend? Feel my pockets, if them dainty white fingers isn't afeard o' the uninvitin' insides. And what'll you find there? Nothing but what I put in long, and that's all. But I'm in tip-top spirits for why, as I says to myself, because Richard Sleuth's rich enough for both on us."

"Man—what is your claim on me?"

"Oh! that's the tune, is it? Shall I sing it out just here? Or, shall I go back with you to your flunkeys? Is that the road to the stocks, Mister Sleuth? And shall I ax them to listen while I whispers in your ear—"

"What?"

"Only murder! Mister Sleuth!"

Bob paused to note the effect of his blow; but Sleuth had learned to master the changes of fate, and Bob could not see much there to enlighten him.

"Put it in plain words what you want to say. Who has been murdered—and whom do you suppose to be the murderer?"

Bob stared at him, and then lost a little of his sublime serenity, as he turned his looks to the ground in meditation. He hadn't quite expected this.

"You are a magistrate, Mister Sleuth. Worry good. But do you know who I am? The man as married that 'ere Miss Emilie inside of me. A man was deprived of his natural protector when that 'ere fine old gentleman was made away with. When I laid Lord Ketin in Abbey, I used to think I ought to ha' stayed in my native land, and ha' stuck to it till I had disclosered the assassin as struck the fatal blow, and then I'd worry bed of death. I lost my money. Why? Because I hadn't done my duety to my honored father-in-law. I left it to the families inside of me. I can't sleep for thinking on it. I zeed it all when that 'ere money was gone. And now I means to go about hunting my murderer for existence, so long as I can bring the horrid wretch to justice as made me and my boy a kind o' horphane!"

"Perhaps, then, it is as a magistrate you appeal to me?"

"Take it so, if you like."

"Then against whom do your suspicions lie?"

"A worry nice gentleman indeed, if he only keeps his hands off my property—Richard Sleuth, Esquire, of Eddington Hall, Justice of the Peace!"

"Bob, there will be a meeting of magistrates to-morrow at Hengston. Anybody will show you the way. Come there to-morrow, at eleven in the forenoon, and I will be hear in public what you have got to say. Good-bye!"

"And that's all?"

"That's all."

"You're sure it's all? You won't be a runnin' after me presently, with your heart a burstin' because you can't get at me?"

"Good-day, Bob! Had you appealed to me in your distress, and in a proper manner, I should have done something for you even now."

It was Bob's turn now to cry out.

"Ohe! Good-day, Mr. Sleuth."

He made no attempt to interfere with Sleuth's progress, and he thus was able to overtake, in a few minutes, his carriage, and get in, and begin to reflect on his new and startling, because altogether unexpected, apparition.

Phillis's attack, and her subsequent madness—which might have not only temporarily cover her revelations—Clarissa's refusal to receive him as a suitor, and now Bob's almost incredible audacity in charging him with the cruel murder of the alderman—all alike impressed him as with a sense of the unreality of his position, and gave a kind of supernaturism tinge to his thoughts, suggestive of coming trouble.

He was glad he had dealt so sternly with Bob. It might convince Bob he was on a false track; and then, if his own faith in Sleuth's guilt were shaken, he would hardly like to risk the treatment that could so easily be inflicted on him as a rogue and a vagabond. And for what? Why, in the mere hope of wringing money out of a man who had no strong secret reason for giving it.

But what if Bob took him at his word, and publicly appeared in the court? Pooh! it was incredible! If any facts unknown to Sleuth were in his possession, he would, of course, have let it come out in their talk, to frighten him; for where would be the good to him of convicting Sleuth? Certainly he might do it in revenge for Sleuth's refusing to be again victimized; but hardly on so slight a foundation as his mere belief.

Still, the question must be faced—What if Bob does publicly move in the matter? Theis—and Sleuth's blood crept in his veins at the many horrible aspects involved in the contingency—he must resort to his long-prepared, but latest even, desperate means of remedy. On that, at all events, he believed, if the worst came to the worst, he could rely.

Yes, on the whole, he was quite satisfied with what he had said, and with his whole behavior to Bob, him or with his antagonist.

Fortunately, Bob was weak and Sleuth was strong. Bob could have no friends; and the magistrate gentlemen would not meet for a week even yet—this very night, perhaps—sweep him out of the country by the aid of the press-gang or some other equally-lawful proceedings, if only he could keep him in sight.

He hesitated whether to turn back and drive after him, or wait for his appearance. Finally, he decided to wait for the morrow.

Meantime he would finish with Phillis's affair.

CHAPTER LXI.—A NEW ARRIVAL AT SLEATHILL PRISON.

As the last wards of women in Sleathill Prison were plodding the usual dismal round in the sharing-yard, one April evening, the bell of the outer gate rang loudly.

Some of the most hardened-looking faces glanced at one another and smiled; some turned pale; others remained perfectly unmoved, trying, as they passed the matron on guard, to get a peep at the watch she held, to see how near they were to the end of their weary march. These sighed as they went, for they knew that another hour must needs continue a few minutes more than they had thought, and not for the sister or sisters in crime, whose arrival that deep clanging had announced.

It was but one, a girl, who had been brought in a wretched state of mind.

She sat very quietly between her two guardians. When one got down and rang the bell, she looked up at the gate with a vacant stare, and then she turned and gazed back down the road at the pale April foliage, with the stars beginning to glimmer faintly between the trees. Her face was wild and pathetic as she looked: and, clinging to the rough fellow's arm, she said, under her breath, pointing to the prison wall—

"Tell me, please, shall I ever see the stars in there?"

"You'll get good wittels, which I dessay's more'n you deserves, my gal," answered old Constable Mullins, of Hengston, turning away from the young face as he spoke, coldly.

"I'll be thankful for that, Mr. Mullins," said the prisoner, wrapping her shawl round her, and speaking in a low, gentle voice, "for I'm sure I don't deserve anything, and I'll be good in this place—as good as I can be; and, perhaps, some day, after many years, I may be forgiven. Don't you think so, sir?—and ask his forgiveness on my knees. Will you tell him that'll be my prayer, Mr. Mullins, night and noon, and night? Will you kindly tell him, sir?"

The great gates swung open, then the inner grated gates, and the prisoner quit jolted in and stopped at the door of the reception-room.

A tall, stout matron, in a widow's cap, came to the door, and took them, from one of the men, the name, age, offence, and sentence of the prisoner.

Phillis Conyngham was then passed on to the charge of another matron, who stood waiting. She followed her humbly to a little stone room, looking out of the airing grounds.

"Sit down," said the matron, pointing to a chair.

Phillis obeyed.

"Take off your bonnet."

She did so, and held it by the strings, hanging her head, and hardly daring to look round at the frame of being there—a shame she felt more before one of her own sex than she had before the men who had brought her.

The matron looked at her a long time steadily. Phillis felt that, and could scarcely draw her breath, from the full pain, rather than saw, that she moved close to her, and touched her hair, which began undoing the fastenings with a firm and gentle hand.

Phillis turned round and saw a pair of scissors in her hand. She clasped her hands on the back of the chair, and looked up in the matron's face with a pitiful entreaty.

"Please, ma'am, what are you going to do?"

"I am going to cut your hair off; it is the rule here."

As she spoke, the matron tried firmly to turn the girl's head to the position it was before.

"I tell you it is the rule."

"But you will break through it just once—just this once, ma'am!"

"I cannot. Will you sit down?"

"Remember, ma'am, I'm not like the other poor creatures that come here. I'm not, indeed. I never did anything wrong but once. You needn't cut my hair off. I'm sure you needn't."

"Phillis Conyngham, if you do not sit down instantly and be quiet, I shall be obliged to call for assistance—I have no time to lose."

Phillis turned pale and pressed her hands to her brows. The matron tried to draw her back to the chair.

"No, no!" she cried, pushing her off. "Oh! don't cut my hair—I couldn't bear that. My hair he used to praise so. Oh! ma'am, I've been very wicked. I am willing to be in prison for it months —years, if he likes; but I think he'll come and see me some day. Don't let him find me so disgraced. Oh! I couldn't bear the thought; it would drive me mad, and I am not mad—not now; I was when I ran away from him, as they say I did. I was mad—I must have been, for I couldn't do it else. I love him so—whatever he may do, I love so; and indeed, he loved me once. He wouldn't have my hair cut off—oh, no, he never would. Why, I wonder how you dare think of it without his orders, you're a magistrate."

The matron smiled grimly.

"I don't like to use violence to one like you," she said; "but I will put again, you must either sit down instantly in that chair, and submit quietly, or I must get some one to force you. Now, which will you choose?"

"It's no use!" sobbed Phillis, hysterically; "I won't have it done, so—"

"I must call a man in, then, to hold you."

"Oh, no, no, no!"

"Will you let me do it, then, quietly?"

She clasped her hands over her head.

"Oh! ma'am, I can't have it done—I won't, I won't!"

The matron took hold of her arms and forced her back into the chair.

Phillis struggled, and held her hands tightly clasped on the matron's arm.

"Remember, ma'am, I have been mad," she said, looking up in her face with wild, entreating eyes. "I am not strong now, I—I—"

She stopped, smiled vacantly, and nodded with listless apathy.

The matron shuddered, and shook her arm free. She then went to the door, spoke to some one outside, and then came back to one of the gauze fans on the outer yard came in. One held a pair of handcuffs.

"Now," said the matron, sternly, "do you submit, Phillis Conyngham? Say you do, and I will not have you touched by any one but myself."

Phillis, at the sight of the men, let fall the scissors she had taken from the table, and held her den under her shawl, and rushing past the matron, crouched down in a corner, where she remained with her face to the wall, her hands behind, and with restless, dangerous eyes staring around.

The men approached, and put the handcuffs on her. A few words passed from the door, she seemed to feel her utter helplessness and weakness, for she ceased to struggle, and only panted and wept.

They bore her to the chair, where the matron, safe and harassed, stood waiting to perform her thankless task.

When Phillis felt the touch of the cold steel on her brow, she turned round sharply, and tried to hide her hands.

She seemed to have forgotten what caused their weight, and gazed down at them with a passionate look of regret and pain. Then a weird, passionless gleam of sense came in her eyes, and stretching out her fettered hands as far as she could, she looked at them, and at her head, and smiled, and let the tears ebb over her eyes, as she said, in a low, trembling voice, full of meaning:

"Ah, husband, Richard! *is this* the wedding-ring you give me?"

The matron had now quite loosed her hair, and as Phillis felt it fall over her shoulders, she stood it till the dark, waving mass nearly touched the floor, and her old wildness came back.

She sprang from the matron's hand like a young lioness, and emiting vacantly in their faces: "'tis 'mess a pity, isn't it? You don't see such hair every day, ma'am, do you? No; I'll warrant you don't. And that reminds me—what, what? Where am I? What was that our old parson said about a wedding-ring? Husband? Why, I'm married by this and by that, my lads, whoever you are, you're cutting off my wits with mine. Oh, mercy on me! I'm going mad—I'm mad—I'm all."

She became so frantic before the task was over that the men had to hold her in the chair.

A scrap of something, the consciousness returned to her as the matron laid down her scissors and gave some order to the men. Phillis then threw herself on the floor in a paroxysm of remorse, and hushed, for a moment, her laughter and her sobs.

"Oh, one moment!" she pleaded, as the matron took hold of her arm. "Let me just look at it—it was so pretty! And now I think of it, there is something in the color of it like—like—as though I'm his daughter—send him one look I do live in Cumberland. Yes, send him one, and tell him to give the rest to Clarissa, and bring it to this place—for he's an honest man, I tell you. Stop, stop *one* minute more!"

Bring him here—Richard Sleuth, I mean—and let *him* look at the—this—the hair he was to crown with honor! Oh, let him come now and see it shorning the floor of a prison!"

Mr. Richard Sleuth sent to the prison that night, some hours later, to inquire with gracious sympathy after the condition of the unhappy creature who had so injured him. The answer he received was that Phillis Conyngham was raving mad.

THE FIRST VICTIM OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

THOSE who can remember the introduction of the railway system into England, cannot yet have forgotten the gloom cast over the public mind by the shocking accident which marked the inauguration of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway—the first line constructed in that country—an accident by which one of the most remarkable statesmen and one of the soundest political economists of that time was suddenly deprived of life in the presence of the entire British Cabinet, his brother ministers. We refer to the death of Mr. Huskisson, which took place on the 15th of Sept., 1830. It was on that day that it was determined to open the new line, and the excitement in the public mind was at its highest point. The sanguine had been daring enough to predict the day when passengers should be carried at not less than twenty miles an hour through tunnels and cuttings, and over embankments and viaducts, spanning busy high roads and murky beds of water, while old adherents of the coaching interest shook their heads, and prophesied that no good would come of so daring an attempt at interference upon the ways of our forefathers.

In the town of Liverpool a general holiday was observed, and all were in expectation of the brilliant assemblage who had been invited to the ceremony. At half-past two on the morning eight locomotives were drawn up at the entrance of the tunnel in Liverpool. The Duke of Wellington arrived at ten, and was received with enthusiasm by the crowd, which was immense. At the moment when the magnificent carriage prepared for the Duke passed from the tunnel, a musician band played the air entitled "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" Then the multitude burst forth in joyous huzzas. The *cortège* left the town at twenty minutes to eleven, drawn by the eight locomotives, which, as the venerable procession of all conquerors' engines, deserves honorable mention in the history of that day. There were the Northumbrian, drawing the Duke and the guests of honor; the Phœnix, at the head of the fleet, the Rocket, the Dart, the Comet, the Arrow, and the Meteor, each of which was distinguished by a flag of a different color. On issuing from the tunnel, the Northumbrian took the lead of the eight, with its three carriages, of which the first carried the procession. In the centre was the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and the remainder of the ministers and other distinguished guests, and the third the directors of the companies. The seven other locomotives took the same route to the first, and every four or five carriages, the entire *cortège* being composed of 772 persons.

The train moved slowly, alternately accelerating or retarding their progress, to permit the party to examine the more remarkable portions of the track. At length they came to the place where the Parkside Station is made the engines to take a fresh supply of water. The joyous and delighted crowds were by no means disappointed at the calamity which was about to result from this stoppage. Before leaving Liverpool, all had been cautioned not to descend from the carriages at the time—the precaution which was, unfortunately, not so well understood what was to result in the death of one of the most valuable lives. The caution had even been inserted in the printed programme of the day's festivities; a copy of which had been handed to every guest. Notwithstanding this caution, Mr. Huskisson, who had been lifted the office of Home Secretary in the British Cabinet, accompanied by Mr. William Holmes, a member of Parliament, and some others of the travellers, ventured to get out of the carriage in which he had been seated, the two former with the intention of going to exchange a few words with Mr. Huskisson's friend, whose carriage occupied the right line of rails. The scene was observed with interest by the company, as it was known and had been known to exist between the Duke and Mr. Huskisson, and the coolness with which the former greeted him was felt to be in harmony with the good auspices of that day. Mr. Huskisson and the Duke were on the best of warmly shaking hands at the window of the carriage, when to the utter horror of the spectators, at that very moment, the locomotive engine, the Rocket, was suddenly observed to be coming express on the parallel line. The latter had descended now had to regain their places. Some stepped on the one line, and some on the other. Some were minded enough to obey this warning, climbing into the carriage with more or less cold. Others, whether behind the carriage of the Duke. But there was one, a man already advanced in years of age, whose active, unsupply, not so great—this was the unfortunate Mr. Huskisson. He seemed to have entirely forgotten. His first idea appeared to be to cross the line before the Rocket, but the confusion of the simultaneous shout passed deterred him. Mr. Holmes, who was in the same predicament, had succeeded in regaining his body so closely as possible against the side of the carriage of the Duke. At the moment between the two men each four feet, the projection of the Duke's carriage was about two feet, and that of the Rocket about six inches only, so that there remained a breadth of eighteen inches, which enabled Mr. Holmes to make a passage. Mr. Holmes, seeing the unfortunate indecision of the gentleman, cried out to him, "This way, sir!" Mr. Huskisson, not thus—but, unfortunately, the latter had turned upon the side of the carriage, where, in short endeavor to pass round it, when the Rocket struck the door. Mr. Huskisson was crushed immediately, which was driven by Mr. Locke, afterwards the great Stephenson, who was always viewed with high admiration the train.

The Earl of Wilton, Mr. Holmes, and others rushed to the spot and lifted the unfortunate minister, who was endeavored, "I am dead! My blood has entered on my soul!" Mr. Huskisson died the same night at Eccles, where he was carried immediately after the accident by the Northumbrian engine, driven by George Stephenson. Mr. Locke, driven by Mr. Locke, reached the fifteen miles in twenty-five minutes, or at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour, a fact which inspired the public so far for the most marvellous achievement yet heard of in connection with steam.

Assuredly, if there were any truth in the popular belief in evil omens, none might be taken a gloomy view of the prospects of railway travelling. A constellation of the Duke, the Duke, and the Duke has its antipathy to railways, strangely urged that the *cortège* should return to Liverpool, and the locomotive was finally neglected, and it was resolved to proceed with the ceremony of the day. Amid the gay and joyful spirits among the crowds who had flocked from all parts to witness the opening of the railway, the sad occurrence to the viceroy-to-house at Eccles, while another of the engines, driven by Mr. Manchester, brought back the best medical aid which could be obtained. But all the skill and kindness were unavailing, and at half-past nine in the evening of the day the sanguine Mr. Huskisson breathed his last.

THE FIRST VICTIM OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Bob stared at him, and then lost a little of his sublime serenity, as he turned his looks to the ground in meditation. He hadn't quite expected this.

"You are a magistrate, Mister Sleuth. Worry good. But do you know who I am? The man as married that 'ere Miss Emilie inside of me. The man was deprived of his natural protector when that 'ere fine old gentleman was made away with. When I laid Lord Ketin in Abbey, I used to think I ought to ha' stayed in my native land, and ha' stuck to it till I had disclosered the assassin as struck the fatal blow, and then I'd worry bed of death. I lost my money. Why? Because I hadn't done my duety to my honored father-in-law. I left it to the families inside of me. I can't sleep for thinking on it. I zeed it all when that 'ere money was gone. And now I means to go about hunting my murderer for existence, so long as I can bring the horrid wretch to justice as made me and my boy a kind o' horphane!"

"Perhaps, then, it is as a magistrate you appeal to me?"

"Take it so, if you like."

"Then against whom do your suspicions lie?"

"A worry nice gentleman indeed, if he only keeps his hands off my property—Richard Sleuth, Esquire, of Eddington Hall, Justice of the Peace!"

"Bob, there will be a meeting of magistrates to-morrow at Hengston. Anybody will show you the way. Come there to-morrow, at eleven in the forenoon, and I will be hear in public what you have got to say. Good-bye!"

"And that's all?"

"That's all."

"You're sure it's all? You won't be a runnin' arter me presently, with your heart a burstin' because you can't get at me?"

"Good-day, Bob! Had you appealed to me in your distress, and in a proper manner, I should have done something for you even now."

It was Bob's turn now to cry out.

"Ohe! Good-day, Mr. Sleuth."

He made no attempt to interfere with Sleuth's progress, and he thus was able to overtake, in a few minutes, his carriage, and get in, and begin to reflect on his new and startling, because altogether unexpected, apparition.

Phillis's attack, and her subsequent madness—which might have not only temporarily cover her revelations—Clarissa's refusal to receive him as a suitor, and now Bob's almost incredible audacity in charging him with the cruel murder of the alderman—all alike impressed him as with a sense of the unreality of his position, and gave a kind of supernaturism tinge to his thoughts, suggestive of coming trouble.

He was glad he had dealt so sternly with Bob. It might convince Bob he was on a false track; and then, if his own faith in Sleuth's guilt were shaken, he would hardly like to risk the treatment that could so easily be inflicted on him as a



SKETCHES FROM THE BURMESE WAR—THE ELEPHANT BRIGADE AT MOULMIN.

A FEW LONDON HOUSES.

THERE is always a deep interest attaching to the homes and haunts of writers and artists who have ministered to our instruction and amusement, or excited our admiration. A late London writer has given us a most interesting series of sketches, which he entitles, "A Walk from London to Putney," and in this walk encounters various houses, had a life of duller calm than the indwellers of our square.' Hans place may also be approached from Sloane street, and No. 23 Hans place is the south-east corner. Among its inmates have been Lady Caroline Lamb, Miss Mitford, Lady Bulwer, Miss Landon, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and Miss Roberts. How much of the 'romance and reality' of life is in a moment conjured up in the mind by the mention of the names here grouped in local association!

"The editor of the memoirs of L. E. L. records two or three circumstances which give a general interest to Hans place. Here it was that Miss Landon was born on the 14th August, 1802, in the house now No. 35; and 'it is remarkable that the greater portion of L. E. L.'s existence was passed on the spot where she was born. From Hans place and its neighborhood she was seldom absent, and then not for any great length of time; until within a year or two of her death, she had there found her home, not indeed in the house of her birth, but close by. Taken occasionally during the early years of her childhood, into the country, it was to Hans place she returned. Here some of her school time was passed. When her parents removed, she yet clung to the old spot, and, as her own mistress, chose the same scene for her residence. When one series of inmates quitted it, she still resided there with their successors, returning continually, after every wandering, like a blackbird to its nest.



THE HOME OF MISS LANDON.



THE ROOM IN WHICH MISS LANDON WROTE.

"The partiality of Miss Landon for London was extraordinary. In a letter, written in 1834, and addressed to a reverend gentleman, she ominously says: 'When I have the good luck or ill luck (I rather lean to to the latter opinion) of being married, I shall certainly insist on the wedding excursion not extending much beyond Hyde Park Corner.' When in her sixth year (1808), Miss Landon was sent to school at No. 22 Hans place. This school was then kept by Miss Rowden, who, in 1801, had published 'A Poetical Introduction to the Study of Botany,' and, in 1810, a poem entitled 'The Pleasures of Friendship.' Miss R. became the Countess St. Quentin, and died some years ago in the neighborhood of Paris. In this house, where she had been educated, Miss Landon afterwards resided for many years as a boarder with the Misses Lance, who conducted a ladies' school. 'It seems,' observes the biographer of L. E. L., 'to have been appropriate to such purposes from the time it was built, now was L. E. L. the first who drank at the 'well of English' within its walls. Miss Mitford, we believe, was educated there, and Lady Caroline Lamb was an inmate for a time.'

"It is the remark of Miss Landon herself, that 'a history of the how and where works of imagination have been produced would often be more extraordinary than the works themselves.' 'Her own case,' observes a female friend, 'is, in some degree, an illustration of perfect independence of mind over all external circumstances. Perhaps to the L. E. L., of whom so many nonsensical things have been said, as that she should write with a crystal pen, dipped in dew, upon silver paper, and use for pounce the dust of a butterfly's wing, a dilettante of literature would assign, for the scene of her authorship, a fairy-like boudoir, with rose-colored and silver hangings, fitted with all the luxuries of fastidious taste. How did the reality agree with this fancy sketch? Miss Landon's drawing-room, indeed, was prettily furnished, but it was her invariable habit to write in her bedroom. I see it now, that homely-looking, almost uncomfortable room, fronting the street, and barely furnished with a simple white bed, at the foot of which was a small, old, oblong-shaped sort of dressing-table, quite covered with a common, worn writing-desk, heaped with papers, while some strewed the ground, the table being too small for aught beside the desk, a little, high-backed cane chair, which gave you any idea rather than that of comfort. A few books scattered about completed the author's paraphernalia.'

"In this attic did the muse of L. E. L. dream of and describe music, moonlight, and roses, and 'apostrophize loves, memories, hopes, and fears,' with how much ultimate appetite for invention or sympathy may be judged from her declaration, that 'there is one conclusion at which I have arrived, that a horse in a mill has an easier life than an author. I am fairly fagged out of my life.'

"Miss Roberts, who had resided in the same house with Miss Landon, prefixed a brief memoir to a collection of poems by that lamented lady, which appeared shortly after her death, her own mournful lines:

> "'Alas! hope is not prophecy—we dream,
> But rarely does the glad fulfilment come;
> We leave our land, and we return no more.'

And within less than twenty months from the selection of these lines they became applicable to her who had quoted them.

"Emma Roberts accompanied her sister, Mrs. M'Naughten, to India, where she resided for some time. On her sister's death, Miss Roberts returned to England, and employed her pen assiduously and advantageously in illustrating the condition of our Eastern dominions. She returned to India, and died at Poonah on the 17th September, 1840. Though considerably the oldest, she was one of the early friends of Miss Landon, having for many years boarded with the Misses Lance, in Hans place.

"These were happy days, and little boded the premature and melancholy fate which awaited them in foreign climes. We believe,' says the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, 'that it was the example of the literary pursuits of Miss Landon which stimulated Miss Roberts to try her powers as an author, and we remember having the gratification to assist her in launching her first essay—an historical production, which reflected high credit on her talents, and at once established her in a fair position in the ranks of literature. Since then she has been one of the most prolific of our female writers, and given to the public a number of works of interest and value. The expedition to Ava, in which she unfortunately perished, was undertaken with comprehensive views towards the further illustration of the East and portions of her descriptions have appeared, as she journeyed to her destination, in periodicals devoted to Asiatic pursuits.'

"The influence of Miss Landon's literary popularity upon the mind of Miss Roberts very probably caused that lady to desire similar celebrity. Indeed, so imitative are the impulses of the human mind, that it may fairly be questioned if Miss Landon would ever have attuned her lyre had she not been in the presence of Miss Mitford's and Miss Rowden's 'fame, and felt its influence.' Miss Mitford has chronicled so minutely all the sayings and doings of her school-days in Hans place (H. P., as she mysteriously writes it), that she admits us at once behind the scenes. She describes herself as sent there (we will not supply the date, but presume it to be somewhere about 1800) 'a petted child of ten years old, born and bred in the country, and as shy as a hare.' The schoolmistress, a Mrs. S——, 'seldom came near me. Her post was to sit all day, nicely dressed, in a nicely-furnished drawing-room, busy with some piece of delicate needlework, receiving mammas, aunts and godmammas, answering questions, and administering as much praise as



THE PELELE, OR LIP RING, OF MANGANJA WOMEN, AFRICA.

she conscientiously could—perhaps a little more. In the school-room she ruled, like other rulers, by ministers and delegates, of whom the French teacher was the principal.' This French teacher, the daughter of an *émigré* of distinction, left, upon the short peace of Amiens, to join her parents in an attempt to recover their property, in which they succeeded. Her successor is admirably sketched by Miss Mitford; and the mutual antipathy which existed between the French and English teacher, in whom we at once recognize Miss Rowden:

"'Never were two better haters. Their relative situations had probably something to do with it, and yet it was wonderful that two such excellent persons should so thoroughly detest each other. Miss R.'s aversion was of the cold, phlegmatic, contemptuous, provoking sort; she kept aloof, and said nothing. Madame's was acute, fiery and loquacious; she not only had a Miss R., but hated her for sake knowledge, and literature, and wit, and, above all, poetry, which she denounced as something fatal and contagious, like the plague.'

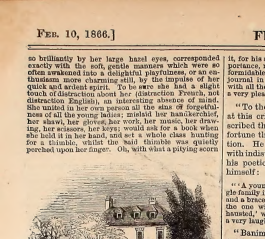
"Miss Mitford's literary and dramatic tastes seem to have been acquired from Miss Rowden, whom she describes as 'one of the most charming women that she had ever known:'

"'The pretty word *gracious*, by which Napoleon loved to designate Josephine, seemed made for her. She was a full of a delicate grace of mind and person. Her little elegant figure and her fair mild face, lighted up



THE FIRST VICTIM OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

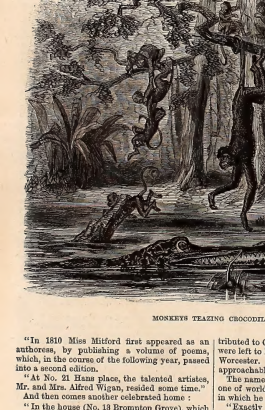
so brilliantly by her large hazel eyes, corresponded exactly with the soft, gentle manners which were so often awakened into a delightful playfulness, or an enthusiasm more charming still, by the impulse of her quick and ardent spirit. To be sure she had a slight touch of distraction about her (distraction French, not distraction English), an interesting absence of mind. She united in her own person all the sins of forgetfulness of all the young ladies; mislaid her handkerchief, her shawl, her glovest her work, her music, her drawing, her scissors, her keys; would ask for a book when she held it in her hand, and set a whole class hunting for a thimble, whilst the said thimble was quietly perched upon her finger. Oh, with what a pitying scorn



THE HOME OF BARTOLOZZI.

our exact and recollective Frenchwoman used to look down on such an incorrigible scatterbrain! But she was a pearless, as Madame said, and what could you expect better?'

"Such was Miss Landon's schoolmistress; and under this lady's especial instruction did Miss Mitford pass the years 1802, '3, and '4; together they read 'chiefly poetry:' and 'besides the readings,' says Miss Mitford, 'Miss B. compensated in another way for my unwilling application. She took me often to the theatre; whether as an extra branch of education, or because she was herself in the height of a dramatic fever, it would be invidious to inquire. The effect may be easily foreseen; my enthusiasm soon equalled her own; we began to read Shakspeare, and nothing else,'



MONKEYS TEAZING CROCODILES.

"In 1810 Miss Mitford first appeared as an authoress, by publishing a volume of poems, which, in the course of the following year, passed into a second edition.

"At No. 21 Hans place, the talented artistes, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan, resided some time." And then comes another celebrated home:

"In the house (No. 13 Brompton Grove), which stood in a little way back from the road, between Grove House and the Grapes public-house, and which was taken down in December, 1844, and in the previous June, when sketched, occupied by a stone-mason, Mr. Banim lodged from May, 1822, to October, 1824. While residing here, he was engaged in contributing to and editing a short-lived weekly paper, entitled the *Literary Register*, the first number of which appeared on the 6th of July, 1822, and which publication terminated with the forty-fourth, on the 3d of May, 1823, when Banim devoted his attention to preparing the 'Tales of the O'Hara Family' for the press. It is a remarkable local coincidence, that Gerald Griffin, who

'To his own mind had lived a mystery,'

the contemporary rival of Banim, as an Irish novelist and dramatist, should have immediately succeeded him in the tenancy of '13 Brompton Grove,' as this house was sometimes called.

"'About this period (1825) he (Griffin) took quiet, retired lodgings, at a house in Fetter lane, now a stone-mason's, close by Hermitage Lane, which separated it from the then residence of the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, and a literary intercourse rather than a personal intimacy, though of a most agreeable nature, grew up between them.'

"On the 10th of November, 1824, Griffin, writing to his brother, commences a letter full of literary gossip with:

"'Since my last I have visited Mr. —— several times. The last time he invited me to dine with him, which I happened not to be able to do; and was very sorry for it, for his acquaintance is to me a matter of great importance, not only from the eagine he wields—and a formidable one it is, being the most widely circulated journal in Europe—but also, because he is acquainted with all the principal literary characters of the day, and a very pleasant kind of man.'

"To the honest support of the *Literary Gazette* at this critical period in Griffin's life may be ascribed the struggle which he made for fame and fortune through the blind path of literary distinction. He came a raw Irish lad to the metropolis, with indistinct visions of celebrity floating through his poetical mind; or, as he candidly confesses himself:

"'A young gentleman, totally unknown, even to a single family in London, with a few pounds in one pocket and a brace of tragedies in the other, supposing that the one will set him up before the others are exhausted,' which, he admits, 'is not a very novel, but a very laughable delusion.'

"Banim's kindness—his sympathy, indeed, for Griffin, deserves notice.

"'I cannot tell you here,' writes the latter, 'the many, many instances in which Banim has shown his friendship since I wrote last; yet it suffice to say, that he is the sincerest, heartiest, most disinterested being that breathes. His fireside is the only one where I enjoy anything like social life or home. I go out (to Brompton Grove) occasionally in an evening, and talk or read for some hours, or have a bed, and leave next day.'

"Again, in a letter dated 31st of March, 1824, Griffin says:

"'What would I have done if I had not found Banim? I should have instantly despaired on——'s treatment of me. I should never be tired of talking about and thinking of Banim. Mark me! he is a man, the only one I have met since I left Ireland, almost. We walked over Hyde Park together on St. Patrick's Day, and renewed our home recollections by gathering shamrocks, and placing them in our hats, even under the eye of John Bull.'

Then comes the home of Theodore Hook:

"Next to Thames Bank, formerly stood Egmont Villa, the residence of Theodore Hook, and the house in which he died, now pulled down, the back of which is shown in the annexed sketch. This house, though of the smallest dimensions, was fitted up with much good taste. There was a small boudoir on the side of the drawing-room, which was very rich in articles of virtù, more especially in some remarkably fine carvings, at-



THE HOME OF THEODORE HOOK.

tributed to Cellini, Brustolini, and others. These were left to Hook by his brother, the late Dean of Worcester. As an improvisatore, Hook was unapproachable.

The name of Bartolozzi, the great engraver, is one of world-wide celebrity, and this is the house in which he resided.

"Exactly opposite to this house, in the angle of the road, stands an old house in a moderate sized garden (Cambridge Lodge). Francis Bar-

tolozzi, the celebrated engraver, who arrived in England in 1764, came to reside here 1777. He was born at Florence in 1730, and died at Lisbon in 1815. His son, Gaetano Bartolozzi, father to the late Madame Vestris, was born in 1757, and died August 25th, 1813."

The last is the residence of Edmund Kean. It was called Walnut Tree Cottage, and stood upon the Fulham road. Here the great actor passed

BOUNTY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

a large part of his life, and here he died. This house was also, for many years the residence of Copley, the artist.

THE ELEPHANT BRIGADE.

True circumstances of the English-Burmah war are still familiar in the memories of our readers. Our illustration is taken from an incident of that time, when the English found that it become necessary to fight the enemy with their own weapons, and to that end organized an elephant brigade. This was composed of 100 picked animals, who passed through a thorough course of training to make them warriors of a high degree. A part of this training was the education of the animal to stand fire. The brigade is drawn up in line, and a 12-pounder brought to its front, heavily charged, and fired down the line, and under the very noses, or trunks of the elephants.

The result has shown that the elephant possesses stolid courage and imperturbability, the cases wherein they showed any fear or disturbance being exceedingly rare, while among the horses the panic was excessive, and the training to bring them up to artillery standard very difficult.

CROCODILES AND MONKEYS.

FROM Henry Mershot's travels in Indo-China we select the following paragraph: "Crocodiles are more numerous in the river at Paknam Yem than in that of Chantaburn. I continually saw them throw themselves from the banks into the water; and it has frequently happened that carcles fishers, or persons who have imprudently taken asleep on the shore, have become their prey, or have afterwards died of wounds inflicted upon them. This latter has happened twice during my stay here. It is amusing, however—for one is interested in observing the habits of animals all over the world—to see the manner in which these creatures catch the apes, which sometimes take a fancy to play with them. Close to the bank lies the crocodile, his body in water, and only his capacious mouth above the surface, ready to seize anything that may come within reach. A troop of apes catch sight of him, seem to consult together, approach little by little, and commence their antics, by turns actors and spectators. One of the most active or most impudent jumps from branch to branch, till within a respectable distance off from the crocodile, when, by hanging by one claw, and with the dexterity peculiar to these animals, he advances and retires, now giving his enemy a blow with his paw, at another time only pretending to do so. The other apes, enjoying the fun, evidently wish to take a part in it; but the other branches being too high, they form a sort of chain by laying hold of each other's paws, and thus swing backward and forward, while any of them who comes within reach of the crocodile torments him to the best of his ability. Sometimes the terrible jaws suddenly close, but not upon the audacious ape, who just escapes; then there are cries of exultation from his tormentors, who gambol about joyfully. Occasionally, however, the claw is trapped, and the victim dragged with the rapidity of lightning beneath the water, when the whole troop disperse, groaning and



THE HOME OF GERALD GRIFFIN.

shrieking. The misadventure does not, however, prevent their recommencing the game a few days afterward."

INCREDULITY PERSONIFIED.—There is living on Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, an old man who has never been off the island, and the extent of his knowledge is bounded by the confines of his home. He has been told of a war between the North and South, but as he has never heard the din of battle, nor seen any soldiers, he considered it a hoax. He is utterly unable to read, and is ignorant to the last degree. An excellent story is told of his first and only day at school. He was quite a lad when a lady came to the district

THE HOME OF EDMUND KEAN.

where his father resided to teach school. He was sent, and as the teacher was classifying the school he was called up in turn and interrogated as to his former studies. Of course he had to say that he never had been to school, and knew none of his letters. The schoolmistress gave him a seat on one side until she had finished the preliminary examination of the rest of the scholars. She then called him to her and drew on the blackboard the letter A, told him what it was and wished him to remember how it looked. He looked at it a moment, and then inquired (he stuttered):

"H-h-how do you know it's A?"

The teacher replied that when she was a girl she had been to school to an old gentleman who told her so.

The boy eyed the A for a moment, and then asked:

"H-h-how did he know?"

This was almost a stunner, but the teacher suddenly recollected that he had told her that when a boy he had been to a school to a lady who taught him that it was A.

The boy eyed the letter a little longer, when he burst out with

"H-h-how did he know but she l-l-lied?"

The teacher could not get over this obstacle, and the poor boy was sent home as incorrigible.

The New American Novel.

THE DEAD LETTER.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

We passed on into the house, and deposited our charge in the back parlor. I thought of Eleanor, as she had walked this room just twenty-four hours ago, a brilliant vision of love and triumphant beauty. Ay! twenty-four hours ago this clay before me was as resplendent with life, as eager, as glowing with the hope of the soul within it! Now, all the hours of time would never restore the tenant to his tenement. Who had dared to take upon himself the responsibility of unlawfully and with violence ejecting this human soul from its house?

I shuddered as I asked myself the question. Somewhere must be lurking a guilty creature, with a heart on fire from the flames of hell, with which it had put itself in contest.

Then my heart stood still within me—all but the family had been banished from the apartment—her father was leading in Eleanor. With a slow step, clinging to his arm, she entered; but as her eyes fixed themselves upon the rigid outlines lying there beneath the funeral pall, she sprung forward, casting herself upon her lover's corpse. Before, she had been silent; now began a murmur of woe so heart-rending that we who listened wished ourselves deaf before our ears had heard tones and sentences which could never be forgotten.

She talked to him as if he were alive and could hear her. She was resolved to make him hear and feel her love through the dark death which was between them.

"Ah, Henry," she said, in a low, caressing tone, pressing back the curls from his forehead with her hand, "your hair is wet still. To think that you should lie out there all night—all night—on the ground, in the rain, and I not know of it! It was cruel of me to sleep so. Would you guess, I was vexed at you last evening because you didn't come? It was that made me so gay—not because I was happy. Vexed at you for not coming, when you could not because you were dead!" and she laughed.

As that soft, dreadful laughter thrilled through the room, with a groan Mr. Argyll arose and went out; he could bear no more.

The kisses; the light, gentle touches of his hands and forehead, as if she might hurt him with the caresses which she could not withhold; the intent look which continually watched him as if expecting an answer; the miserable smile upon her white face—these were things which haunted those who saw them through many a future slumber.

"You will not say you forgive me for singing last night. You don't say a word to me—because you are dead—that's it—because you are dead—murdered!"

The echo of her own last word recalled her wandering reason.

"My God! murdered!" she exclaimed, suddenly rising to her full height, with an awful air; "who do you suppose did it?"

Her cousin was standing near; her eyes fell upon him as she asked the question. The look, the manner, were too much for his already overwrought sensibility; he shrunk away, caught my arm, and sunk down, insensible. I did not wonder. We all of us felt as if we could endure no more.

The arrival of the relatives was the last scene in the tragedy of that day. Unable to bear more of it, I went out in the darkness and walked upon the lawn. My head was hot; the cool air felt grateful to me; I leaned long upon the trunk of an oak, whose dark shadow shut out the starlight from about me; thought was busy with recent events. Who was the murderer? The question revolved in my brain, coming uppermost every other moment, as certainly as the turning of a wheel brings a certain point again and again to the top. My training, as a student of the law, helped my mind to fix upon every slightest circumstance which might hold a suspicion.

"Could that woman?"—but no, the hand of a woman could scarcely have given that sure and powerful blow. It looked like the work of a *practiced* hand—or, if not, at least it had been deliberately given, with malice aforethought. The assassin had premeditated the deed; had watched his victim and awaited the hour. Thus far, there was absolutely no clue whatever to the guilty party; bold as was the act, committed in the early evening, in the haunts of a busy community, it had been most fatally successful; and the doer had vanished as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. No one, as yet, could form any plausible conjecture, even as to the *motive*.

In the name of Eleanor Argyll—in the name of her whom I loved, whose happiness I had that day seen in ruins, I vowed to use every endeavor to discover and bring to punishment the murderer. I know not why this purpose took such firm hold of me. The conviction of the guilty would not restore the life which had been taken—the bloom to a heart prematurely withered; it would afford no consolation to the bereaved. Yet, if to discover had been to call back Henry Moreland to the world from which he had been so ruthlessly dismissed, I could hardly have been more determined in the pursuit. In action only could I feel relief from the oppression which weighed upon me. It could not give life to the dead—but the voice of Justice called aloud never to permit this deed to sink into oblivion, until she had executed the divine vengeance of the law upon the doer.

As I stood there, in silence and darkness, pondering the matter, I heard a light rustle of the dry leaves upon the ground, and felt, rather than saw, a figure pass me. I might have thought it one of the servants, were it not for the evident caution of its movements. Presently, where the shadows of the trees were less thick, I detected a person stealing toward the house. As she crossed an open space, the starlight revealed the form and garments of a female; the next moment she passed into the obscurity of shadows again, where she remained some time, unsuspicious of my proximity, like myself, leaning against a tree, and watching the mansion. Apparently satisfied that no one was about—the hour now verging toward midnight—she approached with hovering steps, now pausing, now drawing back, the west side of the mansion, from one of the windows of which the solemn light of the death-candles shone. Under this window she crouched down. I could not tell if her attitude were a kneeling one. It must have been more than an hour that she remained motionless in this place; I, equally quiet, watching the dark spot where she was. For the instant that she had stood between me and the window, her form was outlined against the light, when I saw that this must be the young woman whose strange conduct at the gate had attracted my attention. Of course I did not see her face; but the tall, slender figure, the dark bonnet, and nervous movement were the same. I perplexed myself with vain conjectures.

I could not help connecting her with the murder, or with the victim, in some manner, however vague.

At last she arose, lingered, went away, passing near me with that soft, rustling step again. I was impelled to stretch out my hand and seize her; her conduct was suspicious: she ought to be arrested and examined, if only to clear herself of these circumstances. The idea that, by following her, I might trace her to some haunt, where proofs were secreted or accomplices hidden, withheld my grasp.

Cautiously timing my step with hers, that the murmur of the leaves might not betray me, I followed. As she passed out the gate, I stood behind a tree, lest she should look back and discern me; then I passed through, following along in the shadow of the fence.

She hurried on in the direction of the spot at which the murder had been committed; but when nearly there, perceiving that some persons, though long past midnight, still hovered about the fatal place, she turned and passed me. As soon as I dared, without alarming her, I also turned, pursuing her through the long, quiet street, until it brought her to a more crowded and poorer part of the village, where she went down a side street, and disappeared in a tenement-house, the entrance-hall to which was open. I ought to have gone at once for officers, and searched the place; but I unwisely concluded to wait for daylight.

"As I came up the walk on my return, I met James Argyll in the avenue, near the front portico.

"Oh, is it you?" he exclaimed, after I had spoken to him. "I thought it was—was——"

"You are not superstitious, James?' for his hollow voice betrayed that he was frightened.

"You did give me a confounded uneasy sensation as you came up," he answered, with a laugh. How can people laugh under such circumstances? "Where have you been at this hour, Richard?"

"Walking in the cool air; the house smothered me."

"So it did me. I could not rest. I have just come out to get a breath of fresh air."

"It is almost morning," I said, and passed on into my chamber.

I knew who watched, without food, without rest, in the chamber of death, by whose door my footsteps led; but ache as my heart might, I had no words of comfort for sorrow like hers—so I passed on.

CHAPTER IV.—MORELAND VILLA.

Several minor circumstances prevented my going in search of the woman who had excited my suspicions on the previous day until about nine o'clock of the morning, when I engaged an officer, and we two went quietly, without communicating our plans to any one else, to the tenement house before spoken of.

Although Blankville was not a large village, there was in it, as in nearly every town blessed with a railroad depot, a shabby quarter where the rougher portion of its working people lived. The house stood in this quarter; it was a three-story frame building, occupied by half a dozen families, mostly those of Irish laborers, who found work in the vicinity of the depot. I had seen the strange girl ascend to the second floor, in the dim light of the previous night, so we went up and knocked at the first door we came upon. It was opened by a decent-appearing middle-aged woman, who held the nob in her hand while she waited for us to make known our errand; we both stepped into her apartment before we spoke. A rapid glace revealed an innocent-looking room while the ordinary furniture of such a place—a cooking-stove, bed, table, etc.; but no other inmate. I was certain that I had seen the girl enter this room at the head of the stairs, so I ventured:

"Is your daughter at home, ma'am?"

"Is it my niece you mean?"

"Oh, she is your niece? I suppose so—a tall girl with dark eyes and hair."

"That's Leesy herself. Was you wanting any work done?"

"Yes," answered the officer, quickly taking the matter out of my hands. "I wanted to get a set of shirts made up—six, with fine, stitched bosoms." He had noticed a cheap sewing-machine standing near the window, and a bundle of course muslin in a basket near by.

"It's sorry I am to disappoint you; but Leesy's not with me now, and I hardly venture on the fine work."

"You did't say where she was, Mrs. Sullivan."

"She's making the fine things in a fancy-store in New York—caps and collars and sleeves and the beautiful tucked waists. She was here to stay over the Sunday with me—she often does that; and she's gone back by the six o'clock train this mornin'—and she'll be surely late at that by an hour. I tried to coax her to stay the day, she seemed so poorly. She's not been herself this long time—she seems goin' in a decline like—it's the stooping over the needle, I think. She's so nervous-like, the news of the murder yesterday almost killed her. 'Twas an awful deed that, wasn't it, gintlemen? I could'nt sleep a wink last night for thinkin' of that poor young man and the sweet lady he was to have married. Such a fine, generous, polite young gintleman!"

"Did you know him?"

"Know him! as well as my own son if I had one!—not that ever I spoke to him, but he's passed here often on his way to his father's house, and to Mr. Argyll's; and Leesy sewed in their family these two summers when they've been here, and was always twice paid.

"Leesy thought much of him, you think, Mrs. Sullivan, said the official, taking a chair unbidden, and putting on a friendly, gossiping air. "Everybody speaks well of him. So she sewed in the family?"

"Six weeks every summer. They was always satisfied with her sewing—she's the quickest and neatest hand with the needle! She'd make them shirts of yours beautiful, if she was to home, sir."

"When did she go to New York to live?"

"Last winter, early. It's nearly a year now. There was something come across her—she appeared homesick like, and strange. When she said she meant to go to the city and get work, I was minded to let her go, for I thought the change mebbe would do her good. But she's quite ailing and coughs dreadful o' nights. I'm afraid she catched cold in that rainstorm, night afore last; she came up all the way from the depot in it. She was wet to the skin when she got here and as white as a sheet. She was so weak-like that when the neighbors came in with the news yesterday, she gave a scream and dropped right down. I didn't wonder she was took aback. I ain't done trembling yet myself."

I remembered the gentleman who had first spoken to me about the girl said that she had come in on the morning train, Saturday; I could not reconcile this with her coming up from the depot at dark; yet I wished to put my question in such a way as not to arouse suspicion of my motive.

"If she came in the six o'clock train she must have been on the same train with Mr. Moreland."

"I believe she was in the seven o'clock cars—yes, she was. 'Twas half-past seven when she got in—the rain was pouring down awful. She didn't see him, for I asked her yesterday."

"In whose shop in New York is she employed?" inquired the officer.

"She's at No. 3—Broadway," naming a store somewhere between Wall street and Canal.

"Are you wanting her for any thing?" she asked, suddenly looking up sharply as if it just occurred to her that our inquiries were rather pointed.

"Oh, no," replied my companion, rising; "I was a bit tired and thought I'd rest my feet before starting out again. I'll thank you for a glass of water, Mrs. Sullivan. So you won't undertake the shirts?"

We descended to the street. It was arranged, as we walked along, that the officer should go to New York and put some detective there on the track of Leesy Sullivan. I informed my companion of the discrepancy between her actual arrival in town and her appearance at her aunt's. Either the woman had purposely deceived us or her niece had not gone home for a good many hours after landing at Blankville. I went with him to the depot, where we made a few inquiries which convinced us that she had arrived on Saturday morning, had sat an hour or two in the lady's room, and then gone away up town.

There was sufficient to justify our looking further. I took from my own pocket means to defray the expenses of the officer as well as to interest the New York detective, adding that liberal rewards were about to be offered, and waited until I saw him depart on his errand.

Then, turning to go to the office, my heart so sickened at the idea of business and the ordinary routine of living in the midst of such misery, that my footsteps shrunk away from their familiar paths! I could do nothing, just then, for the aid or comfort of the afflicted. The body was to be taken that afternoon to the city for interment, the next day, in the family inclosure at Greenwood; until the hour for its removal, there was nothing more that friendship could perform in the service of the mourners. My usual prescription for mental ailments was a long and vigorous walk; to-day I felt as if I could breathe only in the wide sunshine, so cramped and chilled were my spirits.

The summer residence of the Morelands lay about a mile beyond the Argyll mansion, out of the village proper, on a hillside, which sloped down to the river. It was surrounded by fine grounds, and commanded one of the loveliest views of the Hudson.

> "A spirit in my feet
> Led me, who knows how?"

in the direction of this now vacant and solitary place—solitary, I believed, with the exception of the gardener and his wife, who lived in a cottage back of the gardens, and who remained the year round, he to attend to out-door matters, and she to give housekeeper's care to the closed mansion.

The place had never looked more beautiful to me, not even in the bloom of its June foliage and flowers, than it did as I approached it on this occasion. It had been the intention of the young couple to make this their permanent home after their marriage, going to the city only for a couple of the winter months. The very next week, I had heard, Eleanor expected to go down to help Henry in his selection of new furniture.

As I neared the house by the garden, I came nearly upon the portico which extended across its western front before I perceived that it was occupied. Sitting on its outer edge, with one arm half wound around one of its pillars, and her bonnet in the grass at her feet, I beheld the sewing-girl after whom I had dispatched an officer to New York. She did not perceive me, and I had an opportunity of studying the face of the woman who had fallen under my suspicion, when she was unaware that my eye was upon it, and when her soul looked out of it, unveiled, in the security of solitude. The impression which she made upon me was that of despair. It was written on attitude and expression. It was neither grief nor remorse—it was blank despair. It must have been half an hour that I remained quiet, watching her. In all that time she never stirred hand nor eyelid; her glance was upon the greensward at her feet. When I turn to that page of my memory I see her, photographed, as it were, upon every fold of the dark dress, which was some worsted substance, frayed, but neat; the black shawl, bordered, drawn close about the slender shoulders, which had the slight, habitual stoop of those who ply the needle for a living; the jetty hair pushed back from her forehead, the marble whiteness and rigidity of the face and mouth.

It was a face made to express passion. And although the only passion expressed now was that of despair, so intense that it grew like apathy, I could easily see how the rounded chin and full lips could melt into softer moods. The forehead was rather low, but fair, consorting with the oval of the cheek and chin; the brows dark and rather heavy. I remembered the wild black eyes which I had seen the previous day, and could guess at their hidden fires.

This was a girl to attract interest at any time, and I mutely wondered what had entangled the threads of her fate in the glittering web of a higher fortune, which was now suddenly interwoven with the pall of death. All her movements had been such as to confirm my desire to ascertain her connection, if any, with the tragedy. It seemed to me that if I could see her eyes before she was conscious of observance, I could tell whether there was guilt, or only sorrow, in her heart; therefore I remained quiet, waiting. But I had mistaken my powers, or the eyes overbore them. When she did lift them, as a steamer came puffing around the base of the mountain which ran down into the river at the east, and they suddenly encountered mine, where I stood not ten feet from her, I saw only black, unfathomable depths, pouring out a trouble so intense, that my own gaze dropped beneath their power.

She did not start upon observing me, which, as I thought, a guilty person, buried in self-accusing reveries, would have done—it seemed only slowly to penetrate her consciousness that a stranger was confronting her; when I raised my eyes, which had sunk beneath the intensity of hers, she was moving rapidly away toward the western gate.

"Miss Sullivan, you have forgotten your bonnet."

With a woman's instinct she put up her hand to smooth her disordered hair, came slowly back and took the bonnet which I extended toward her, without speaking. I hesitated what move to make next. I wished to address her—she was here, in my grasp, and I ought to satisfy myself, as far as possible, about the suspicions which I had conceived. I might do her an irreparable injury by making my feelings public, if she were innocent of any aid or instigation of the crime which had been committed, yet there were circumstances which could hardly pass unchallenged. That unaccountable absence of hers on Saturday, from three o'clock until an hour after the murder was committed; the statement of her aunt that she was in the city, and my finding her in this spot, in connection with the midnight visit to the window, and the other things which I had observed, were sufficient to justify inquiry. Yet, if I alarmed her prematurely I should have the less chance of coming upon proofs, and her accomplices, if she had any, would be led to take steps for greater safety. Anyhow, I would make her speak, and find what there was in her voice.

"Your aunt told me that you had gone to New York," I said, stepping along beside her, as she turned away.

"She thought so. Did you come here to see me, sir?" stopping short in her walk, and looking at me as if she expected me to tell my business.

This again did not look like the trepidation of guilt.

"No. I came out for a walk. I suppose our thoughts have led us both in the same direction. This place will have an interest to many, hereafter."

"Interest! the interest of vulgar curiosity! It will give them something to talk about. I hate it!" She spoke more to herself than to me, while a ray of fire darted from those black orbs; the next instant her face subsided into that passionate stillness again.

"So do I hate it. I do not like to have the grief of my friends subjected to cold and curious eyes."

"Yet, it is a privilege to have the right to mourn. I tell you the sorrow of that beautiful lady he was to have married is light compared with trouble that some feel. There are those who envy her."

It was not her words, as much as her wild, half-choked voice, which gave effect to them; she spoke, and grew silent, as if conscious that the truth had been wrung from her in the ear of a stranger. We had reached the gate, and she seemed anxious to escape through it; but I held it in my hand, looking hard at her, as I said:

"It may have been the hand of envy which dashed the cup of fruition from her lips. Her young life is withered, never to bloom again. I can imagine but one wretchedness in this world greater than hers—and that is the wretchedness of the guilty person who has *murder* written on his or her soul."

A spasm contracted her face; she pushed at the gate which I still held.

"Ah, don't," she said; "let me pass."

I opened it and she darted through, fleeing along the road which led out around the backward slope of the hill, like Io pursued by the stinging fly. Her path was away from the village, so that I hardly expected to see her again that day.

Within two minutes the gardener's wife came up the road to the gate. She had been down to visit the corpse of her young master; her eyes were red with weeping.

"How do you do, Mr. Redfield? These be miserable times, ain't they? My very heart is sore in my breast; but I couldn't cry a tear in the room where he was, a-lying there like life, for Miss Eleanor sot by him like a statue. It made me cold all over to see her—I couldn't speak to save me. The father and mother are just broke down, too."

"How is Miss Eleanor, this morning?"

"The Lord knows! She doesn't do anything but sit there, as quiet as can be. It's a bad symptom, to my thinking."

"Who was that went out the gate as I came around the bend? Was it that girl, again?"

"Do you mean Leesy Sullivan?"

"Yes, sir. Do you know her? She acts mighty queer to my thinkin'. She was out here Saturday, sittin' in the summer-house, all alone, till the rain began to fall—I guess she got a good soaking going home. I didn't think much about her; it was Saturday, and I thought likely she was taking a holiday, and there's many people like to come here, it's so pleasant. But what's brought her here again to-day, is more'n I can guess. Do you know, sir?"

"But, as you say, there is something queer in the actions of Miss Sullivan. I know that I can trust your discretion, Mrs. Scott, for I have heard it well spoken of; do not say anything to others, not even to your husband, but keep a watch on that person if she should come here any more. Report to me what she does, and what spot she frequents."

"I will do so, sir. But I don't think any harm of her. She may have been unfortunate enough to think too much of the kindness with which he treated her. If so, I pity her—she could hardly help it, poor thing. Henry Moreland was a young gentleman a good many people loved."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes in a fresh burst of tears. Wishing her good-morning, I turned toward the village, hardly caring what I should do next. Mrs. Scott was an American woman, and one to be trusted; I felt that she would be the best detective I could place at that spot.

When I reached the office, on my homeward route, I went in. Mr. Argyll was there alone, his head leaning on his hand, his face anxious and worn, his brow contracted in deep thought. As soon as I came in he sprung up, closed the outer door, and said to me, in a low voice:

"Richard, another strange thing has occurred."

I stared at him, afraid to ask what.

"I have been robbed of two thousand dollars."

"When and how?"

"This is what I do not know. Four days ago I drew that amount in bills from the Park Bank. I placed it, in a roll, just as I received it, in my library desk, at home. I locked the desk, and have carried the key in my pocket. The desk has been locked, as usual, every time that I have gone

to it. How long the money has been gone I can not say: I never looked after it, since placing it there, until about an hour ago. I wanted some cash for expenses this afternoon, and, going for it, the roll was gone.

"Haven't you mislaid it?"

"No. I have one drawer for my cash, and I placed it there. I remember it plainly enough; it has been stolen." He sat down in his chair with a heavy sigh. "That money was for my poor Eleanor. She was to complete her wedding outfit this week, and the two thousand dollars go for refurnishing the place out at the Grove. I don't care for the loss so much—she doesn't need it now—but the anguish—at this time!"

He looked up at me, vague suspicions, which he could not shake off, lurking in his eyes.

"Who knew of your having the money?"

"No one, that I am aware, except my nephew. He drew it for me when he went down to the city last Wednesday."

"Could you identify the money?"

"Not all of it. I only remember that there was one five hundred dollar package, a fresh issue of the Park Bank, of which, possibly, they may have the number. The rest was city notes of various denominations and banks. I can think of but one thing which seems probable: James must have been followed from the city by some professional thief, who saw him obtain the money, and kept an eye upon it, waiting for a suitable opportunity, until it was deposited in the desk. The key of the common desk which he could have duplicated, and was so careless in this quiet community that he might enter at almost any hour of the night. Perhaps the same villain dogged poor Eleanor, to obtain another harvest."

"You forget that there was no attempt to rob Henry."

"True—true. Yet the murderer may have been frightened away before he had secured his prize.

"In which case, he would have returned, as the body remained undiscovered all night."

"It may be so. I am dizzy with thinking it over and over."

"Try and not think any more, dear sir," I said, gently. And Mr. Devereux said he would try. I am going this afternoon, with the friends to the city, and I will put the police on the watch for the money. We will also advertise in the large bills, if possible, from the bank, and I will have investigations made of the pawnbrokers of Wednesday on the train with James. Have you said any thing to him about the loss?"

"I have not seen him since I made the discovery. You may tell him if you see him first; and do what you can, Richard, for I feel as weak as a child."

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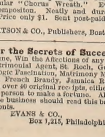
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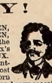
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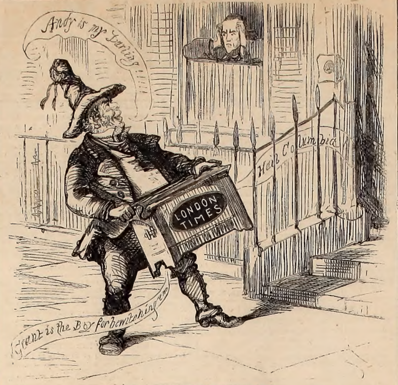
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 542—Vol. XXI.] NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 17, 1866. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00.

Frauds on the Revenue.

The burdens of the war must be borne, and the cost of preserving the Union must be paid, at whatever sacrifice. That these burdens, and this cost, should not fall entirely on this generation, is a proposition which no one will attempt to dispute. The result attained is for all time, and has released the next generation, or the next, from a struggle still more fearful than that through which we have passed. It is right, therefore, that we should adjust the enormous load we are compelled to bear with some rational reference to present capacities, and to make the taxation to which all are willing to submit as equal as possible. This, at the outset, has not been an easy matter. Our schooling in the science of bleeding the people, happily, has been small. If, therefore, our authorities have not distributed the national load with that impartial justice that it should be distributed, we are not to suppose that the inequalities are the results of malice or design. It is, however, the part of wisdom, and, moreover, a duty, for those having this grave matter in hand, to study carefully the operations of the existing laws, and correct inequalities, especially when these amount to real grievances. Our tax system is cumbersome as well as unequal in its operations, unnecessarily costly, and in some things vexatious, and requires revision.

In nothing is it more grievous and vexatious than the existing tax, or rather, taxes—for there are sixteen of them—on books and periodicals:

"Paper, which is the principal material of books, after the chemicals used in its manufacture have paid a heavy duty, is taxed as a whole under the Internal Revenue Act. The printing-ink and all the materials used in bookbinding also pay separate taxes. Finally, the finished book is taxed as a whole. In England, where, as in this country, foreign rags are imported free, books, paper, etc., are especially exempted from taxation, and the English manufacturer is able to pay his duties and land books in New York or Boston at about half the price at which we can make them here."

We have an instance in point in the case of the "*Sunday Magazine*," a periodical which is published and sold in London for a sixpence sterling, or about twelve cents. It is brought to this country and entered at *three farthings* a copy, or about *one and a half* cents. After the duty is paid, it is put on the counter for sale at a cost to the importers of less than *two* cents. But twenty-five cents a copy is demanded by the importer or agent, and at that rate it is said 10,000 copies are sold.

A careful calculation shows that the production of these 10,000 copies here, including only paper, composition and other costs of manufacture, exclusive of literary labor and illustrations, at present prices, would be 14 cents a copy. Now we have no doubt the Custom House entry of the "*Sunday Magazine*" is fraudulent on the revenue, and that, as it is sold in England at 12 cents, it is probably produced at about *six cents*, instead of *one and a half* cents, its entry price. But, apart from that, the question comes home, not only to publishers but to the American public, in this



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT BALL—ENTRANCE TO IRVING HALL.



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT BALL—THE SUPPER ROOM AT IRVING HALL.

eminently practical shape: "Can we afford to tax the production of American books and periodicals to such an extent as to enable British publishers, paper-makers, type-setters, stereotypers, engravers, binders, and venders, to entirely supplant all these various branches of industry in our own country?" Question second: "Does the revenue accruing from the fraudulent invoices of English books and periodicals sent to this country re-imburse, even fractionally, the loss of income tax, revenue tax on material, license, etc., etc., which the Government receives from the active prosecution of the publishing business in America?"

Perhaps, up to this time, the revenue from publishing sources does not appear astonishing. Why? Because American publishers do not like to give up the field. They do not like to change their business and alter their investments. They will "stick to their last" until the last, and hold out in the fight, possibly, until, in the contest (unlike the Kilkenny cats), the foreign publisher will come out of it gorged, while the poor Yankee will not have even a tail (or tale) to evince the vigor of his struggle.

Another view of the question: The *Sunday Magazine* is not the tallest specimen of religious literature. It may be described, in the words of the late Park Benjamin, in reviewing a book of serious poems, as "poor poetry—albeit its publishers do demand the Federal revenue. This view, put in interrogative form, is: "Do we wish to depreciate the productive literary ability and experience of our country by giving a market to foreign talent and capacity, with all their shades of coloring and prejudice, to the exclusion and extinction of our own? Is it desirable that our market for books, 30 per cent of Mexico, for instance, should be flooded with English or translated French or German "apprecistions" of the country, written from English, French, or German stand-points, and full of English, French, and German prejudices? Do the advance, enterprise, ambition, literary experience, and effort of the country require no recognition from the legislative and executive authorities of the nation?

Now, if the publishers, we will say of the *Sunday Magazine*—which, according to their pretensions, can be published as cheaply as can be put out the number for sale in New York at two cents a copy—asked only four cents for it, which would be 100 per cent. on their investment, or six cents, which would be 200 per cent., or 25 cents (as in England), which would be 600 per cent—it might be said, "It is true the thing is poor, but cheap, and the public gets cheap reading;" but they want 1,250 per cent., with an injudicious scale of taxation and fraudulent entries render it impossible for an American publisher to compete with them, even at the same prices. The result is simply this; the publishers, in the long run, will be ruined, and their restraining competition no longer keep down foreign prices, while the customs will gain a few paltry dollars, and the internal revenue lose its manifold thousands.

It is a question whether the revenue shall receive at the spigot and discharge at the bung, or *vice versa*.

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The February number contains an exquisitely colored lithograph of "No Peep," and a doll model ball-room costume, the articles of dress being separate.

A number of popular Pictures, by the most celebrated Artists, are in course of preparation, and will appear in the March and succeeding numbers, beautifully colored. Subscriptions for the year, $3 50; four copies in one Post Office, $14; with the additional advantage of an extra copy gratis, to the person sending the names.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 17, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

THE Commission appointed to investigate our whole system of taxation, and report what changes are proper or necessary, has closed its labors, and the report will be presented to Congress. progress. The document is long and elaborate, but the principal changes suggested may be summed up as follows:

1.—An exemption of all incomes below $1,000 from the Income Tax.

2.—A reduction of the tax on Distilled Liquors from $2 to $1 per gallon.

3.—A reduction of all taxes now levied on Wearing Apparel.

4.—A repeal of the taxes now levied on Pig Iron ($2 40 per ton), Coal (6 cents per ton), and crude Petroleum (35 per gallon).

5.—A repeal of all taxes now levied on Books, Magazines and Periodicals, Printing Paper, Printers' Ink, Paper, Leather, etc., untouched.

6.—A reduction by one-half of the duties now levied on Home Manufactures generally.

7.—A repeal of the taxes now levied on repairs of Engines, Cars, Carriages, Ships, etc.

8.—A repeal of all taxes embodied in schedule A. of the Internal Revenue Act of last session, except those on Bilious Clocks.

9.—A reduction of the tax now levied on Brokers' sales of Stocks from 1 to 1/2 per cent.

10.—An increase of the tax on raw Cotton, from 2 to 3 cents per pound.

These modifications are proposed to take effect on the last day of July next, or at the commencement of the next fiscal year; and their general effect will be a reduction of our present burden of Internal Taxes by about one-fourth.

The report is very severe on the Administration of the New York Custom House, in which it alleges with singular boldness, that the annual frauds range from twelve to twenty-five millions of Dollars. The Commission particularly refers, we presume, to the publication, on the fraudulent introduction, of which we have commented in another column.

"The attention of the Commission has, furthermore, been called to a case which has occurred very recently, concerning which no publication, imposed in addition into New York, for which an American house offered to double his price to them, if they would consent to purchase them as a raw material for the manufacture of printed paper, although the duty on the latter was admitted free of duty. The sheets of the publication in question were invoiced with their covers at three farthings, could be bound for a fraction of a cent each, and are sold in the American market from eighteen to twenty-five cents."

MASSACHUSETTS has a population of 127 persons to the square mile. Texas has less than one person. Virginia has 23, and Kentucky 26 to the square mile. Rhode Island has 95. Of the States, we find that they have a fertile area of 928,894 square miles, and that they do not average 6 persons to a mile. Now in order that the South should have a population equal in density to that of Massachusetts, it requires, in addition to her actual population, white and black, an increase of 108,809,332 persons!

A REPORT is telegraphed all over the country, of a conversation between the President and a "distinguished senator" (said to be Mr. DIXON, of Connecticut), on the Constitutional Amendment proposed by the congressional committee on reconstruction. According to this report, Mr. Johnson recommended a slight variation of the amendment, so as to provide:

"Representation shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union according to the number of qualified voters in such States, and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within the Union according to the value of all taxable property in each State."

THE prevailing form of bam-boozle about Mexico is, that the Emperor of France wants to withdraw, but does not wish to be hurried, and that if we will only be patient, he himself off in due season. He is proud and sensitive, and we must be careful not to ruffle his feelings, or—he will not go at all, and will send his troops to conquer the Republics! Only think how careful he was of ours, when, taking advantage of our misfortunes and troubles, he openly violated the leading principle of our continental policy, and insulted the republican system, of which our country is the representative. By all means treat the usurper tenderly! Say nothing to disturb the saintly equanimity of the assassin of a sister republic!

THE latest steamer from Europe assures us that the French are willing and anxious to leave Mexico, upon one—only one—trifling condition: *That the United States shall recognize the Empire of Mexico!*

Everybody will be gratified to know that we are not also called on to supply Maximilian with troops and money!

CALEB LYON, "of Lyonsdale," Governor of the Territory of Idaho, utilizes his talents to make known the wealth and wonders of that distant and prospectively prodigious region. In his message to the Territorial Legislature, he paints the natural resources of Idaho with a rose-tipped pencil:

"A bird's-eye view of the accumulating discoveries in our mineral resources, reveals that we have no less than 5,000 gold and silver-bearing quartz ledges, greatly attractive values as in their richness, and new discoveries and new locations are being made almost daily. The width of these lodes, or leads, vary from 3 to 50 feet, and they possess from $20 to $200 per ton. Located usually where water-power and timber are in abundance, they offer the highest inducements to the enterprising capitalist, whose investment can rarely fail of being of the most remunerative character. Among the other useful ores which have been discovered within the last year, the copper, copper, lead, silver, and iron forms, are of the first value; yet platina, antimony, nickel, bismuth, zinc, and cobalt, are found in considerable compound with other minerals, are found in various localities. But this is not all; beds of coal, both of anthracite and bituminous, with rock-salt, sulphur, and gypsum (the latter known as plaster-of-Paris or cement), while the most precious of gems, the diamond, has been shown to our publics, all give to our fortunate forefeate of the illimitable extent of Idaho's varied resources, when the hand of man shall have unbosomed her hidden treasures. The wide extent of our auriferous places, only a moiety of which have been well prospected, checkered as they are by auriferous veins, gulches and beds, are revisted with the magnificent mountain-ledges, etched, laminated and foliated with quartz, chalcedony, sulphurets—crystalline, granular, and virgin. This presents a fabulous array of marvelous grandeur, which will require the industry of ages to develop and exhaust."

THE London *Saturday Review*, referring to Mexico, says:

"The Emperor Napoleon distinctly announced that while he garrisoned Mexico he would not, through his ally, the republic of the Latin race, prevent the United States from exercising their influence in the New World. The occupation of Mexico was a distinct challenge to the American Union, and we think that this challenge was only given because they were then too much involved with their own troubles to be able to notice it. No wonder, therefore, that they resent it, and regard with bitter feelings, now that they are prosperous and powerful."

The *Review* adds:

"It is no longer sufficient hope of the country prospering under French guidance to make it worth while to quarrel with the United States, and render American protection, and with Americans gratefully seizing on the country, would be the best future choice of Mexico."

DR. RENNIE, connected with the British Embassy in Pekin, China, has published a book recounting his observations and experiences. His judgment on the Chinese is not favorable, but favorable than that of most foreign observers:

"I have left the country" (he says) "with the conviction that the Chinese are not a race of such a loathsome vicious one than—as a consequence of opinions formed in Europe, founded and taken on hearsay—it has become customary to represent it; further, that the lower grades of the people are not the worst conducted, more sober and industrious, and, taken altogether, more highly supplied with the corresponding classes of our own countrymen."

IN 1861 there were nine Catholic Chinese priests in Pekin, and eight more in various parts of the Chinese empire. There are about 5,000 hereditary Christians in Pekin, mostly converts, having inherited their zeal and their religion from the Jesuits. In the old Portuguese cemetery outside the city gates, there are upwards of 3,000 tombs of the descendants of the Jesuits (a proof of Chinese religious moderation) have not been defaced:

"The cemetery is oblong, and all the graves are covered by large, massive marble slabs. They are arranged in eight rows of ten in each, five graves of each row on a similar monumental slab, making in front of every grave a tombstone is placed at a little distance from the new-dug grave. Within the space of distance, in like proportion is the house. The tomb of the Christian Father Ricci stands on the right hand side, at the extreme end of the cemetery, near the altar. It is an enclosure of the same height as the wall, and in front of it there is an oblong monumental stone of white marble, not high, resting on three or four tortoises, the latter indicating it to be an imperial gift. Its inscription in Chinese and Latin. On the left hand side of the extremity of the avenue near the altar there is a still more monumental stone also standing on marble tortoises. The one on the right is in honor of the pious colaborer, Verbiest, and that on the left is to the memory of a Portuguese Jesuit of the name of Pereira. On the same side, a little in front, is the tomb of Adam Shall, a Dutch Jesuit, erected by the Emperor Kan-hsi, who is said to have proved to have been highly appreciated, from the distance in front of the grave that the monument stands in place. Near it is the tomb of another well-known man, Gaubiou, the surgeon, who was employed for some years operating the palace. A dense vegetation surrounds the tombs, the whole of which are completely shaded from the sun by the rich foliage of the numerous trees that grow within the enclosure. Altogether it is a most interesting spot to visit in the neighborhood of Pekin and has become rather a fashion of late years. We form a spectacial illustration of the remarkable influence which the Jesuits must at one time have exercised in this country, and show the tolerant character of the Chinese Government towards religious faiths materially differing from their own."

One of the protexts for French intervention in Mexico, was, and is, the "disordered condition of the country." Now, a country famous for its mining and (pretended) proximate causes of interference, to the extent of overthrowing a regularly constituted government, that has not been at one time made to rob the French Minister. Now European ambition for redress of grievances, and in "order and civilization," has not been more savage and verge enough nearer home. Whatever may have been the license or brigandage of Mexico, it never approached 1/10 of 1 per cent. of the wealth of its territory, and one-half of its population. In 1863 not less than 345 brigands were taken and shot, and 500 killed in battle, at a cost of 259 troops killed in the operation. And still lawlessness goes on. Foreigners are killed daily, or captured and held for ransom. But their governments make no costly interference. They do not undertake to set up architects in Italy. On the contrary, they are keen to think the old world less humanity for crime, which only in the new world receives reprobation and repression.

IT is the experience of all editors, whether of periodical, political, literary or otherwise, that nine-tenths of all articles submitted to them for publication are among what, by a stretch of language, may be called "poetry." Now, why should any one, with certain obvious exceptions, go on writing poetry? The answer is plain; the

it is a great amusement to the writers, and, on the whole, after making allowance for certain undeniable evils, it is not a very great annoyance to any one else. We exclude, of course, the possible danger of being called upon to listen to an author's recital of his works, or to give him a candid opinion of their merits. But there is the great advantage about a poem, that it is generally short. If our "myriads" of readers and admirers will persist in the most unprofitable of all occupations, the embodiment of halting rhythm in doubtful rhyme, let them go on, but always make it short. The height of fatuity and infatuation is the notion that any modern periodical will print a column or two of "poems.".

It is simply childish to imagine that the South, which fought to the death for the sake of upholding slavery, has suddenly become enamored of free institutions. Emancipation is accepted as an inevitable necessity, and it is regarded not only as a calamity, but as a symbol of humiliation. The one idea of every Southerner, with scarcely an exception, is, that the free negro must be "kept down," and that such laws must be passed as will secure the legal as well as social supremacy of the superior race. Hence the tenor of legislation in the lately rebellious States, and such will be its course unless the constitution shall be so amended as to make legislation of this kind impossible.

Among remarkable incidents arising out of our civil war, there is one worth notice, which lately took place at a meeting of the Essex Institute, a Natural History Society for Essex County, Mass. One of the members, wishing to refute the assertion that the "Southern rebels" were of better birth and blood than the Northern folk, read a paper, entitled "New England's Heraldry," showing that more of the early Northern colonists were connected with the nobility and gentry of the mother country than the colonists of the South. The roll of the gentlemen of Massachusetts will beat that of Virginia by ten to one; and, yet more, it can be shown that the ancestors of some of the present "chivalry" of Virginia arrived first in that colony as transported criminals. This strikes us as being rather hard on the Old Dominion; something like hitting a man when he is down. But when simple-minded republicans begin to argue about the gentility of their blood, there is no foreseeing whither the argument may lead. There is, perhaps, enough of cavalier blood left in Virginia to furnish a reply.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Amid all the sensations and excitements of a great city, it must be something especially startling or original that can attract notice, even for an hour. This week New York has had a sensation, one that took us from skating and sleighing, that over-sloughed theatres and ran a successful rivalry with all fascinations. We mean the Seventh Regiment Ball; but as we give in another column an account, we shall not discuss it here. Suffice to say that it was *the* affair of the season, and has elicited more talk than any event of the kind that has taken place this year.

The next sensation in the ball line, will be that of the Arion, which comes off on the 8th of February. The managers promise the dancing world something new and original, and will, without doubt, redeem their promise. So far, all the German Carnivalistic *fêtes* of this season have been especially good, and the balls of the Singing Clubs in other cities have been wonderful successes, that of Philadelphia especially so, it having been pronounced the greatest ball ever given in that city. The only drawback to those of the Arion and Liederkrantz, in this city, heretofore, has been the want of something new, the whole affair having been simply a repetition one year of that of the past. The promise for this year is, that this fault shall be corrected.

Among the rascalities and enormities of a great metropolis, we do not know one that is so worthy of exposure as that of fortune-telling. If the vile profession were only used to gull a few simpletons out of a dollar or so, it would not matter much; but there is a lower strata of guilt, and a case that has, within a few days past, come to our knowledge, shows the necessity of some punishment that will reach the evil. It is that of a beautiful young girl, who, yielding to the solicitations of a man who was paying her attentions under a promise of marriage, went to one of these harpies "to have her fortune told." On entering the room, which she was obliged to do alone—"no gentlemen being admitted"—she was startled at being addressed by the ancient hag in her own name, and still more startled at being told many incidents of her life and matters connected with herself that she supposed only known to a limited few of her friends. These apparently wonderful things prepared her mind to receive anything that was said as gospel, and the burden of it was, that she was told that she was soon about to be married, the personal appearance of her future husband described, which, of course, corresponded with that of the man who had brought her there, and she was advised to place all confidence in him, and not to cross his inclination or purposes in any way whatever, as by so doing she would only mar her own future happiness. The poor girl listened, believed and trusted, and ruin followed, and at last, to hide her own shame, found eternal forgetfulness in a draught of poison, dying with a denunciation on her lips of the heartless woman who had, for money, lent herself and her vile profession to the purposes of the man who professed to love her. For this crime, though it is murder of the most gross and heartless kind, there is no punishment, the male assassin walking Broadway to-day with a bold front, and looking out for more victims, while the woman still plies her nefarious trade.

What the rogues and thieves of New York don't know is hardly worth knowing. Scarce a week goes by that some new crime is not invented and practiced successfully. The last dodge is styled by the fraternity, "muzzling," and is practiced in this way: The victim is quietly walking along the street at night, and perhaps notices, standing on a corner, three or four men. As he approaches, a little squabble, or skylark, arises among them, and suddenly one falls, rolling, in his fall, against the victim's legs, and, as a matter of course, bringing him to the pavement with him. Once down, a brawny hand is clapped upon his mouth and nose, and all chance of a noise and alarm cut off, while one of the confederates, under the show of assisting him to rise, soon goes through his pockets, and leaves him minus his valuables. After this muzzling operation, the victim takes some seconds to regain his breath, and get upon his feet, time enough for the muzzlers to mizzle. This thing has actually been done when a policeman was within half a block, and people passing every minute, and yet so quietly would it be perpetrated, and so much would it look like a skylarking affair between two or three roughs, that no notice would be taken of it.

In this column we have several times made mention of murders outside the pale of law, or of which the law would not take cognizance. Scarce a week goes by that we could not report two or three such. Here we have an example, the record of which we take from the daily press:

"A Child Killed by a Butcher's Cart.—Coroner Wildey held an inquest on the body of Johanna Moore, a girl eight years of age, who died from injuries received on Wednesday afternoon, by having been run over at the corner of Chatham Square and Tryon Row, by a butcher's cart, driven by Michael Mitchell. The jury found a verdict that the girl came to her death by being run over by the carelessness of Michael Mitchell, and the jury censured said Mitchell for driving at so rapid a rate through the streets of the city. Coroner Wildey required the accused to give $1,000 bail to await the action of the Grand Jury."

One thousand dollars bail for killing a little girl! Think of it, fathers and mothers—think of what your little ones are worth! One thousand dollars bail is the valuation that Coroner Wildey sets on the life of a child, butchered under the wheels of a madly-driven cart, by a possibly drunken wretch, who cared as little for human life as he did for the animals he slaughtered daily. And then he was "*censured!*" Indeed, it was too bad for that jury to "*censure*" the gentle Michael. They should have commended him, and sent him to the world with the advice to try his hand next time on some infirm or aged person.

Which brings to our mind another instance, illustrating kindness and humanity forcibly: A man, named Edes, a Swede, it is believed, while crossing Chatham street, on Monday last, fell, and broke his leg. The captain of the nearest Precinct immediately detailed one of his men to take the injured man to the City Hospital. He did so; but, on arrival, the man was refused admission, and the officer was directed to take him to Bellevue. Here he was also refused admission, the authorities there saying they had nothing to do with him, as he was not over four weeks in the country. The Commissioners of Emigration, they said, were the proper parties to take him, and to the Commissioners of Emigration the poor fellow was conveyed. But here, again, he was doomed to disappointment—his name was not on their books; he had "worked his passage" out here, and, therefore, was not an emigrant, but it was suggested that he would probably be admitted to the Sailors' Hospital. Thither was he taken, but could not be admitted, as he was not registered as a sailor. Three hours had now elapsed, and this unfortunate man's leg became dreadfully swollen, and he suffered the most the terrible pain. At length the officer thought of the Sailors' Home, on Staten Island, whither he conveyed the unfortunate man at once, and thus, five hours after the accident, was poor Edes first placed where he could be treated. What a lovely thing is it to live in a great city, where, by the liberality of its citizens, hospitals and refuges for the sick, maimed and poverty-stricken, abound! Had this poor fellow committed a crime, rather than an accident, he would not have had to wait five hours until he found an asylum.

Once more we have the opera, and night after night houses full, to say nothing of the matinées, which are really *the* sensations of the week. It is wonderful to see, without puffing or extra advertisement, an audience of 3,000 or 4,000 people, the greater part of whom are ladies, gather, of a Saturday afternoon, at the Academy, and show, by their quiet appreciation, that they come for music, and not for fashion. We will venture to say that such a scene cannot be found in any European city.

Another of the quiet and meritorious entertainments of the day are the musical and dramatic readings of Mrs. Henry C. Watson, at Dodworth's Rooms. Mrs. Watson has, without ostentation, offered her evenings to the public, and the public have appreciated by filling the room every night. We venture to say that the rendering, by the fair elocutionist and musician, of the scenes from the "Tempest," with Ariel's songs of "Come Unto These Yellow Sands," "Full Fathom Five," and "Where the Bee Sucks," is an intellectual treat that has not been surpassed in New York, and must be remembered. "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," Robert Browning's famous poem, is also given, with a force and understanding that marks it, and adds a laurel to the already great reputation of the poet. The third of these musical readings will take place on Wednesday, February 7th, at the same place.

BOOK NOTICES.

Social Life of the Chinese; with Some Account of their Religious, Governmental, Educational, and Business Customs and Opinions, etc., etc. By the Rev. Justus Doolittle. New York: Harper & Brothers, 2 vols., 12mo.

Since the publication of Mr. G. T. Lay's book, "The Chinese as They Are," now a quarter of a century old, we have had nothing of such general and instructive interest and value on China as this new work of Mr. Doolittle. Without pretension, simple, direct, and exhaustive, it is eminently a book for average Americans, who really seek to know about China, and care little about historical and philosophical disquisitions, involving, in order to their comprehension, a knowledge of Oriental history and Asiatic modes of thought. Mr. Doolittle writes to no system; his work is laid out according to no rule whatever; but he plunges at once into his subject, and leaves his facts and observations to stratify themselves in the minds of his readers as best they may. His book, in fact, may be described as "pitch-forked together," but is not without value on that account— although, if the sequences had been better preserved, it cannot be denied, it would have been more useful. However, whatever its faults of style or arrangement, Mr. Doolittle's book is far superior to such inflated, pompous, and pretentious tomes as Hawks' version of "Perry's Japan Expedition."

We cannot say much in praise of the engravings, which are eminently archaic, but which, nevertheless, do good service in illustrating the text. In other respects, typographically, and especially in binding, the volumes are unexceptionable.

There are some curious coincidences between Chinese and American symbolism, which our reverend author inadvertantly illustrates; such, for instance as "Fighting the Tiger," a euphemism for gambling in this western world. In China the god of gambling is represented as a tiger of ferocious aspect and large capacity, rampant, holding a *cash* or coin in his fore-paws, and is usually labeled, "*His Excellency, the Grasping Cash Tiger!*" Sometimes, says the Rev. Mr. Doolittle, the figure of a tiger, in the attitude described above, is placed over the doors of gambling saloons or dens. What a zoological display the streets of Washington would make if this were the practice in our national capitol!

"At full tide, the bridges across the Min, at Fuhchau, may often be seen crowded with men, viewing the feats of the tame fishing cormorants. These birds look, at a distance, about the size of a goose, and are of a dark, dirty color. The fisherman, who has charge of them, stands upon a raft, about two and a half feet wide and fifteen or twenty feet long, made out of five large bamboos, of similar size and shape, firmly fastened together. It is very light, and is propelled by a paddle. A basket is placed on it to contain the fish, when caught. Each raft has three or four cormorants connected with it. When not fishing, they crouch down stupidly on the raft.

"The fisherman, when he wishes to make a cormorant fish, pushes or throws it off the raft into the water. If it is not disposed at once to dive and seek for a fish, he beats the water with his paddle, or sometimes strikes the bird, so that it is glad to dive and get out of his reach. When it has caught a fish, it rises to the surface, holding it in its mouth, and, apparently, striving to swallow it. A string tied loosely around its neck, or a metallic ring, effectually prevents swallowing, except, perhaps, in the case of a very small fish.

"It usually swims directly for the raft, and the fisherman, on seeing the prize, paddles toward it with all speed, lest it should escape from the bird. Sometimes the fish is a large one, and there is evidently a struggle between it and the cormorant. The fisherman, when near enough, dexterously passes a net-like bag, fastened to the end of a pole, over the two, and draws them both on the raft. He then forces the fish from the grasp of the bird, and, as if to reward the latter for its success, gives it a mouthful of food, which it is enabled to swallow on his raising the ring from the lower part of its neck. The bird, if apparently tired out, is allowed to rest awhile on the raft, and then is pushed off again into the water, and made to dive and hunt for fish as before.

"Sometimes the cormorant, from imperfect training, swims away from the raft with the fish it has caught. In such a case the fisherman speedily overtakes the truant. Sometimes, it is reported, two or three cormorants assist in securing a large and powerful fish. Oftentimes two quarrel together for the fish one has taken, or one pursues the other for the fish in its mouth. At such times the interest of the spectators on the bridge increases to noisy shouting."

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The commercial travelers of Chicago have organized themselves into a society under the name of "The Commercial Travelers' Association for Mutual Protection." The following are among the objects stated at the preliminary meeting: To compel hotel-keepers to give them clean beds, clean towels, and good substantial food, and also sample rooms for the display of their goods; and in turn that they pledge themselves, as a body, to support and patronize such landlords alone.

—— The water drinkers of Chicago are disgusted by the invasion of myriads of little fishes in the water-pipes. Tons of them are collected about the inlet, and cannot be driven away. At times they are drawn by the pumps in such masses against the screens that the supply of water is stopped, when it becomes necessary to hoist the screens, and the minnows rush in by the barrel full.

—— An intelligent white lad, who had been stolen by Indians so long ago that he cannot remember the time, recently escaped from them, and reached Mound Station, Colorado Territory, after riding a pony to death and three days' travel on foot, with scarcely any food. He could speak little English, but is fast learning.

—— A Southern exchange says that if, owing to causes beyond control, short supplies of cotton may be the order of events for the next year, or two, after that period, and with white labor made honorable, the world will never know what it is to experience a scanty supply again.

—— It is stated at the Treasury that at our present ratio of income the national debt may be easily reduced $100,000,000 the present year, after providing for all current and contingent liabilities.

—— The Washington *Star* says that on Wednesday the President received several letters from insane persons; one of whom, living in New York, writes to him, every week, on political topics, filling four pages of foolscap, and signing himself "Emperor of the World." Another man at Fall River, Massachusetts, writes every day concerning his imaginary possessions, amounting to many millions, and importunes the President not to allow certain persons to share in the distribution of the property. A woman writes that she has had a spiritual visitation by her son, who died in Salisbury prison, and asks the President to send her some money.

—— In the United States Court at Albany, one day last week, Sarah Brown, indicted for opening and divulging the contents of a letter directed to Betsey Raymond, in Syracuse, plead guilty, was fined $1, and sentenced to three months in the Penitentiary.

—— The Sage Ammunition Works at Middletown, Conn., in which percussion caps were filled with the fulminate of mercury, was destroyed by an explosion of this dangerous compound, and a fire which resulted from the explosion. The shock shook the houses around.

—— When the petition signed by Gov. Baker and the State officers of Indiana, and 10,000 citizens of that State, against the pardon of Jeff Davis, was presented to the President, a few days ago, by Speaker Colfax, Mr. Johnson took the petition, smiled, and said: "I'll lay it beside this bundle," pointing to an immense pile of manuscript, "which is just as large a petition for his pardon."

—— A Southern traveler says in a letter: "I was gratified to meet with gentlemen from the North investing large amounts of money in cotton plantations in all directions, within a radius of 50 miles of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi. Many of the finest plantations have recently passed into Northern hands."

—— The late convention of colored people at Augusta, Ga., passed resolutions opposing universal suffrage, but favoring the voting of colored men who can read and write; discountenancing crime and laziness among the freedmen, and opposing the confiscation of Southern property.

—— A firm in New Orleans received, lately, an order for 1,000 plows from a single county in Texas. Agriculture is said to be "looking up" in the Lone Star State.

—— There are some unpardoned, unreconstructed rebels in the South yet, as may be inferred from the following reply of Mr. T. Yancy, of Desoto county, Miss., to Gen. Fisk, respecting a colored girl that had been sold away from her parents: "As for recognizing the right of freedmen to their children, I can say that not one Southern man nor woman in the whole South recognizes the negro as a freedman, but as *stolen* property forced by the bayonet of the *damnable* United States Government."

—— The Charleston *Courier* says that $120,000 have been subscribed in that city for the purpose of securing white laborers for South Carolina.

—— The Legislature of Maryland has appropriated $8,000, making in all $15,000, to complete the work of enclosing, grading and ornamenting the Antietam Cemetery, which will be ready early in the spring to receive the bodies of the heroes who fell in that memorable battle. Their remains, to the number 8,000, are now buried in the mountains, roadsides and fields in that region.

—— The officers attached to the Mississippi squadron during the war have organized a "Mississippi Squadron Association" at Cincinnati. Two-thirds of the receipts are to be set apart for the benefit of sailors' widows and orphans. Admiral Porter is honorary president.

—— It is currently stated among military men high in rank that Lieut.-Gen. Grant will visit Europe during the present season, and will remain there several months.

—— The commerce of the Mississippi river employs 910 steamers, with a capacity of 272,144 tuns, valued at $24,556,600. St. Louis has 210 steamers, with a capacity of 110,769 tuns, valued at $8,830,000. The next principal ports are Cincinnati, 150 steamers; New Orleans, 81; Pittsburg, 78 steamers and 81 tugs; Louisville, 68; Memphis, 60; Wheeling, 44; St. Paul, 39.

—— The Secretary of the Interior, in response to a resolution of the House of Representatives, communicates a list of the cities of the United States with the statistics of their manufactures, including those having 10,000 inhabitants and upward. It includes 102 cities, beginning with New York and ending with Newport, Ky. The total capital employed is $417,129,234; hands employed, males, 410,020; females, 147,000; value of products, $874,934,827. New York stands first in the list. Capital, $61,212,757; males employed, 65,483; females, 24,721; value of products, $159,107,369. Philadelphia employs a capital of $73,318,885; male operatives, 68,350; females, 80,033; value of products, $135,-079,777. Cincinnati is third in order: Products, $46,-000,000; capital, $17,000,000 in round numbers. Boston: Products, $36,000,000; capital, $13,000,000. The other principal cities produce as follows: Brooklyn, $34,000,-000; Newark, $22,000,000; St. Louis, $21,000,000; Baltimore, $21,000,000; San Francisco, $19,000,000; Lowell, $18,000,000; Providence, $15,000,000; Louisville, $12,-000,000; Richmond, $12,000,000; Pittsburg, $11,000,000; New Bedford, $11,000,000; Chicago, $11,000,000; New Orleans, $10,000,000; Manchester, $10,000,000; Troy, $10,000,000; Rochester, $10,000,000.

Foreign.—Gen. Prim, Count de Reus, author of the new *pronunciamento* in Spain, was born in 1811. He was for a long time considered as one of the chiefs of the Christinos. The war in the East, in which he took an active part on the Danube, and the preliminaries of Soledad—when a convention was drawn up between France, Spain, and England, and Juarez, which put an end to the first phase of the Mexican expedition, have made him more especially known in Europe and America. For the last two years he has passed for the director of that fraction of the Progressist party which goes by the name of Iberian, and which meditates the unity of the whole Peninsula under the house of Braganza.

—— The death of Frederica Bremer is announced. She was born at Aura, near Abo, in Finland, about the year 1802. Her father was a merchant at that place, but on Finland being ceded, three years later, to Russia, he removed with his family to Sweden, and usually spent the winter in the capital. Great care was taken with Frederica's education, and when she was old enough, she became a teacher in private families. How long her time and talents were engaged in this laborious *métier*, we know not; but in the year 1842, the English literary world was agreeably surprised by the publication of "The Neighbors," a picture of domestic life in Sweden, which strongly recommended itself by its quaintness and originality. Encouraged by the favorable reception accorded to this novel, Mrs. Mary Howitt, its translator, introduced to the English reading public "The Home," "The Diary," "The H. Family," "The President's Daughter," and several other tales, which were unusually well received. Miss Bremer's reputation had by this time become European, most of her works having been translated into German, French and Italian, as well as English. Latterly, Miss Bremer traveled a good deal, and visited Germany, France, England, America, Italy and the East. Her transatlantic experiences she gave to the world under the title of "Homes of the New World," which was published in 1853. In 1856 she wrote "Hertha," a romance; and in 1860, "Two Years in Switzerland and Italy." From Italy she went, in 1861, to the Holy Land, returning thence by way of Greece.

—— A petrified tree was recently found in the Golden Horn claim, near Geelong, in Australia, at a depth of 258 feet. Pieces of the tree, examined by the microscope, glisten like diamonds. In the same claim, at a depth of 200 feet, several frogs, imbedded in bluestone, have been disinterred, of a green and yellow color, without any signs of mouth or respiratory organs.

—— A Paris butcher has obtained authority to open a shop for the sale of horse-flesh, on condition that he will construct a special slaughter-house for the horses, to be placed under the superintendence of an inspector. The opening of the shop is to be celebrated by a banquet, at which horse-meat will form the principal dish.

—— A few weeks ago a Mr. Leonard Dufour, residing in London, gave a party on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter, and about 9 o'clock Mrs. Dufour was waltzing with the bridegroom, when she was observed to laugh in a hysterical manner and make for an anteroom, the entrance to which she had just gained when she fell lifeless into the arms of her daughter. Her death is attributed to disease of the heart.

—— A man and woman named Brandon have lately been charged before the Tribunal of Correctional Police in Paris with annoying a neighbor named Fauconnet, by having trained a parrot to repeat the words: "Fauconnet is a thief, a miser, a pig," &c. They were fined 16 francs each, and ordered to pay between them 50 francs damages.

—— A singular accident befell an aged man of 80 years, near Glasgow, Scotland, lately. When within 200 yards of his house he fell, and in the fall he had broken the pair of spectacles he had on, the glass of which inflicted a deep wound in the left eye, and caused death by hemorrhage.

—— A correspondent writes from Havana that a royal decree has been received from Spain, disapproving of the formation of an anti-slavery society in Cuba, and reprimanding the Captain-General for having countenanced it, and ordering that it cease to exist, as well as all documents in relation to it, including, of course, the long list of pledged names already obtained, some of which were of very influential persons. The correspondent adds that there are very many abolitionists on the island, but no opportunity is offered to make themselves known.

—— The population of Belgium was, at the last census, in 1863, returned at 4,890,000, and is now beyond 5,000,-000.

—— Dr. Paillon, of St. Foy, France, announces a new method of curing a cold in the head. It consists in inhaling through the nose the emanations of ammonia, contained in a smelling-bottle. If the sense of smell is completely obliterated, the bottle should be kept under the nose until the pungency of the volatile alkali is felt. The bottle is then removed, but only to be reapplied after a minute; the second application, however, should not be long, that the patient may bear it. This easy operation being repeated seven or eight times in the course of five minutes, but always very rapidly, except the first time, the nostrils become free, the sense of smell is restored, and the secretion of the irritating mucus is stopped.

The Right Man in the Right Place.—The Brooklyn *Daily Times* has long been known as one of the most enterprising of our enterprising newspapers. This great success has, in the largest measure, been due to Mr. Daniel Donovan, who has, for the last ten years, been the business manager of that journal. This fact has been practically recognized by the proprietor, Mr. Geo. C. Bennett, and by the public, and Mr. Donovan been taken into partnership, a fact that will warrant renewed energy and excellence in the really first-class journal he conducts.

Sudden riches turn most people's heads. Those people who groan because they are poor, will make others groan when they are rich. Shoddy and petroleum have much to answer for. You can tell the newly rich man by his reading the newspaper upside down, and his wife by the $1,000 shawl spotted with grease, and No. 5 boots outside of No. 7 feet. It is no crime for a family to be rich, but riches could not make a family genteel. Suddenly rich people are like mulattoes; they find themselves above what they started from and below what they started for.

A Pleasant Parlor Pastime.—A favorite play with Dr. Whately was penciling a little tale on paper, and then making his right-hand neighbor read and repeat it in a whisper to the next man, and so on till every man round the room had done the same. But the last man was always required to write what he had heard, and the matter was then compared with the original, retained by his grace. In many instances the matter was hardly recognizable, and Dr. Whately would draw an obvious moral. But the cream of the fun lay in his efforts to ascertain where the alterations took place. His analytical powers of detection proved, as usual, accurate, and the interpolators were playfully pilloried. The play is called "Russian Scandal."

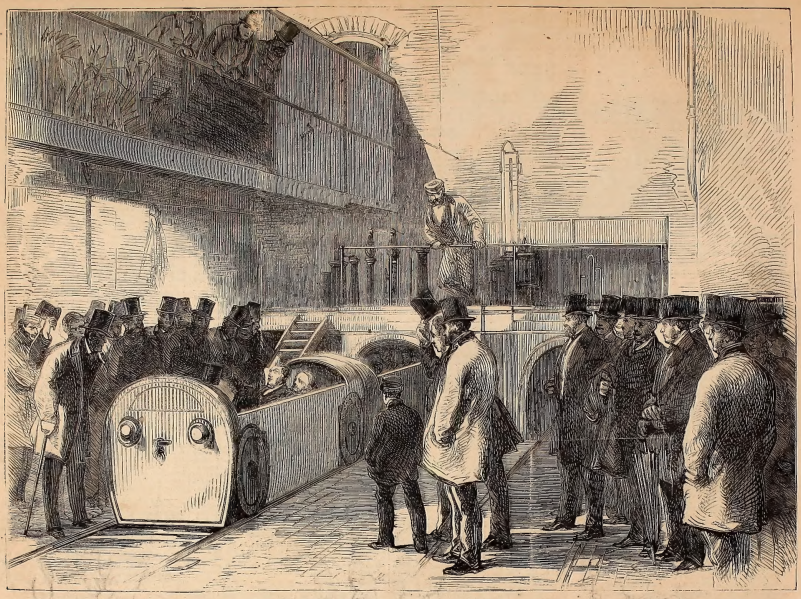
Lucy Stone says: "The cradle is a woman's ballot-box." Then we've known some unlawful voting, where two ballots were deposited at a time.

The following startling threat was made use of the other day by an excited pugilist: "I'll twist you round your own neck, and ram you down your own throat, until there is nothing left of you but the extreme ends of your shirt-collar sticking out of your eyes!"

Table of Interest—The dinner-table.

What is it we all frequently say we will do, and no one has ever yet done? Stop a minute.

Why is Fenianism hot? Because it is '98 in the shade.



OPENING OF THE PNEUMATIC RAILWAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

THE PNEUMATIC DISPATCH TUBE.

THE system of conveyance by atmospheric propulsion through a tube, which was lately exhibited in the grounds of the Crystal Palace, England, and had previously been tried on the short experimental line at Battersea, as well as in the neighborhood of the Euston square station, in Seymour street and Eversholt street, Camden Town, has now obtained an important practical extension by the opening of the line from Euston square to Holborn—a distance of one mile and three quarters—whence it will be continued another mile eastward to the general Post-Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand. The premises, No. 245, Holborn, which are the present terminus of the line, are well worthy of a visit of inspection.

Entering from the level of the street, the visitor passes along a corridor through a doorway, and emerges upon a gallery of considerable size, from which he looks down on a brick floor, supporting lines of rails, much as he might do from a railway platform down on to the line, but from a greater elevation. Underneath the corridor by which he has just entered he sees some mechanical appliances, suggestive partly of an engine-room and partly of a pointsman's gallery outside a railway station; and below the level, again, on which the white-jacketed engineer in charge is standing, and supporting the platform on which he and these mechanical appliances rest, are a couple of openings, looking like black, polished modern chimneypieces, with the grates withdrawn. These are the mouths of the pneumatic tubes, of which one communicates with the North-Western Railway; the other, idle at present, will soon be drawing in and delivering mail-bags from and to the postal headquarters in London. The mouth of each tube is shut, when the tube is exhausted by air, by iron folding-doors, which meet, not evenly, but at an angle projecting outwards so as to resist the atmospheric pressure from without. These doors are made to fly open on the approach of the train, the bolt which closes them being withdrawn by the action of a spring lever, which underlies the rails, and gives way beneath the weight of the train. The carriages are shaped like a capital D turned over on its straight side and mounted upon wheels. Each end of the carriage has a raised hood, or flange, shaped so as to correspond with the interior of the tube, the dimensions of which are four feet in height by four feet six inches in width. Their ordinary freight is expected to be of the first instance letter-bags, then probably railway parcels, certain descriptions of market produce, and ultimately, it may be, general merchandise.

On the opening day the Duke of Buckingham, Chairman of the Pneumatic Dispatch Company, had invited a number of scientific gentlemen to inspect the apparatus. After the train had made some successful passages to and fro, several of the party expressed a strong desire to pass through the tube themselves. They were warned that the line was "not constructed with a view to passenger traffic," and that they might find the way "a little rough." The spirit of adventure, however, prompted them to take this strange journey, and each of the wagons had soon as many occupants as it could comfortably accommodate in the recumbent posture enforced by circumstances. Tarpaulin coverings were obtained for one or two of the carriages, but the greater number of the excursionists had to fit themselves in as best they could among the bags of shingle, which made up the temporary loading, taking care to keep their heads well below the edge of the carriages.

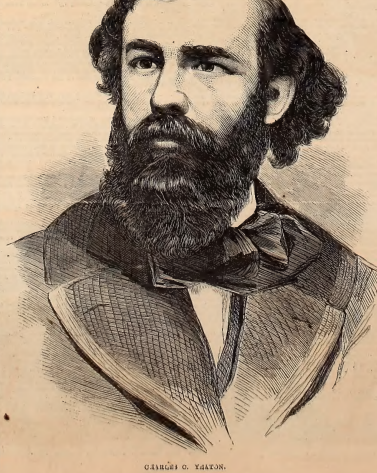
"The sensation at starting, and still more so upon arriving"—say some of the passengers—"was not agreeable. For about a quarter of a minute in each case there was a pressure upon the ears suggestive of diving-bell experience, a suction like that with which one is drawn under a wave, and a cold draft of wind upon the eyes, having almost the effect of falling water; but, once fairly within the tube, these sensations were got rid of, or left behind, and the motion had little more positive discomfort about it than would be attendant on a riding on a 'lorry' over the worst ballasted line in England."

The air within the tube was by no means foul or disagreeable; here and there a strong flavor of rust was encountered, but this was explained by the fact that, as the tube had to be laid in lengths, through various soils, and encountered in the process a large share of unfavorable weather, the corrosion on the surface of the iron could not be expected wholly to disappear until cleared away by the friction of constantly passing and repassing trains.

On the arrival of the excursionists at the upper or Euston square extremity of the line, they quitted their places for a few moments to inspect the smaller tube, which communicates with the Eversholt street district Post-Office, and then returned by the way they had come to Holborn.

No doubt remained on the mind of any person who witnessed the opening trip as to the facilities which the system, if a sufficient number of stations can be incorporated with it, is calculated to afford, not only to the postal service, but to the requirements of the general public. The scheme of the company, who, it seems, possess under their Act powers to lay down pneumatic tubes at any points within the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Board of Works, is to construct similar lines to that now opened between the 10 district Post-Offices and the General Post-Office, and between the different railway termini and goods depots in London, connecting with these lines the six principal London markets and other important points.

For these purposes it is calculated that some 35 miles of tubing and a capital of £1,320,000 will be required, the cost per mile roughly estimated being from £30,000 to £35,000. The expenditure of the company hitherto has been probably £150,000, which would be largely in excess of this supposed average; but the sum mentioned includes the cost of preliminary experiments, and also of seeking for two Acts of Parliament. The company expect that great profits will eventually accrue to them from the carriage of goods.



CHARLES C. YEATON.

ENGLISH PRIZE ANIMALS.

WE give, this week, a quartet of illustrations, shown animals that are now drawing prizes in England for superiority in their line.

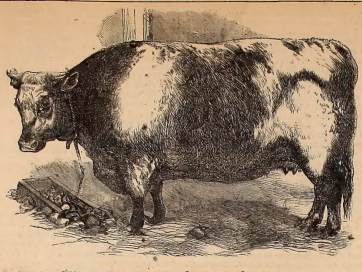
The first is a heifer, which has carried off the highest prize from the Smithfield Club Show. She was bred by Earl Radnor, and is called Octavia. Her portrait speaks for itself.

The next is a Scotch brindle, bred by the Duke of Sutherland, five years and eight months old. It is descended from a race of Highland cattle which have been in that family two hundred years, and shows remarkably what scientific breeding will do for a naturally unpromising race.

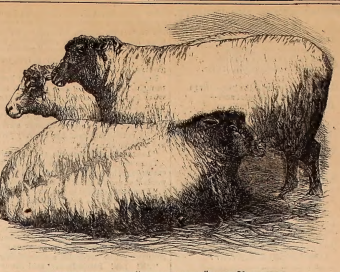
The third are wether sheep (Oxfordshire Downs), belonging to the Duke of Marlborough. They are twenty-one months old, and have, so far, surpassed everything in the sheep line ever shown in England.

The fourth are pigs, seventeen months old, bred by Earl Radnor. They were raised upon whey, beans, and roots, and carried off the highest of English prizes this year.

These animals simply show what can be done by cultivation properly encouraged. From the most unpromising natural stock, are, in a few generations, brought animals that surpass all the world in the physical beauty of their species.



ENGLISH PRIZE HEIFER, AGED 3 YEARS AND 3 MONTHS.



ENGLISH PRIZE SHEEP "OXFORD DOWNS," AGED 21 MONTHS.

SPEARING SALMON ON THE SHANNON RIVER, IRELAND.

THE salmon is undoubtedly the king of fish, not on account of size, but from its wonderful beauty, its game qualities, affording the highest sport to the angler, the interesting nature of its history, and the delicious flavor and nutritive quality of its flesh.

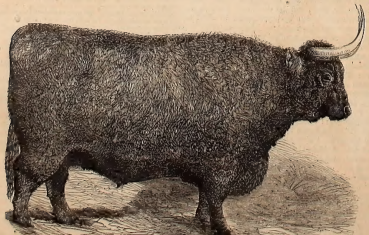
There was a time when this noble fish was an inhabitant of most of the English rivers, as it was once of most of our own; but before the march of civilization it has disappeared, unable to bear the noise of water travel over its aristocratic head, and the poisoning of the waters by the near dwelling of man. In some of our rivers it still lingers, and the markets of the principal Atlantic cities are supplied at certain seasons with the delicious fish; for those who are willing to pay a dollar a pound to please their palates.

The means adopted in the capture of the salmon are as various as the localities of the fish. Traps, nets, and wires, hooks and lines, shoaling and spearing. Our Illustration is from a sketch by Joseph Becker, our Artist, sent to Ireland at the time of the last attempt to lay the Atlantic cable, and is taken upon the river Shannon, during the process of spearing by torchlight. The way of doing this is simply by one person bearing a torch, which is made from a certain resinous wood, dug from the peat bogs. The spearmen follow the torch with a three-pronged spear. The principle is, that all fish are attracted by light, and the salmon, as they come toward the torch, are seen by the spearmen, who strike, and, as a matter of course, if they are skilful, capture; the captured fish being the property of the owner of the estate.

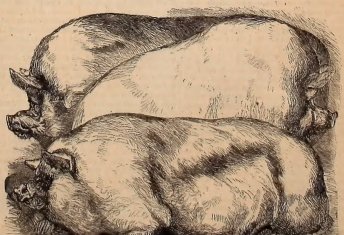


SPEARING SALMON ON THE SHANNON RIVER, IRELAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.

THE LABOR OF WRITING.—A rapid penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this, he must draw his quill through the space of one rod—sixteen and one-half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong; and in five and one-third hours a mile. We make, on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing one word. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make 480 in each minute; in an hour, 28,800; in a day of only five hours, 144,000; in a year, of 300 days 43,200,000. The man who made 1,000,000 strokes with a pen in a month was not at all remarkable. Many men make 4,000,000. Here we have, in the aggregate, a mark 300 miles long, to be traced on paper by each writer in a year. In making each letter of the ordinary alphabet, we must make from three to seven strokes of the pen—on an average, three and a half to four.



SCOTCH HORNED OX, AGED 5 YEARS AND 8 MONTHS.



ENGLISH PRIZE PIGS, AGED 17 MONTHS.

SEARCHING AFTER THE INFINITE.

BY J. B. SWETT.

But an eye to view the beauty
Of the other world, sublime,
And a voice to cry its wonders
Down the echoing aisles of time.

But a hand to strike the harp-strings
Of the hearts of mortal men—
But a beacon light to guide us
Where no other souls have been.

Ah! who can tell these wonders,
Ere the chain of life shall sever?
Or who can tell the meaning
Of that little word, *forever?*

We are weak, and we are lowly,
Knowing naught beyond us here,
Yet we long to walk the lovely
Pathways of the mystic sphere.

But we cannot, and we will not,
Till the chain of life shall sever,
And we learn the mighty meaning
Of that mighty word, *forever!*

THE LAND OF THE BLACK VEIL

BY J. WARREN NEWCOMBE, JR.

MR. SAMUEL SHORT, of the jobbing house of Short & Savage, whose unfortunate attempt to pursue the Penguin has been related in a previous number of this periodical, was in the habit of riding down town in a Broadway stage at about one o'clock every morning of six days in the week, on his way to his place of business. Now as any gentleman rides down town in the morning by phases of fashion. In fact it is the habit of most of our merchants, bankers, brokers, etc., who do not reside in Brooklyn or at remote distances from the city. But all do not ride alike, there being, doubtless, as many ways of going to one's work as there are gentlemen to go. Like clouds, all our business belongs to them uppermost in their thoughts, but each carries with him, also, unquestionably, a train of side-thought entirely unconnected with the duties and labors of the day.

Some think of the opera, some of their families, some of the coming summer vacation, some of the last year's trip to Newport or Saratoga, some of this thing, some of that. It was Mr. Short's habit, as one who knew him would have guaranteed, to think of woman, lovely woman, and to be constantly on the look-out for her. Rosy and comfortable little husband he was, the dark-eyed goddess still led him onward, and, though he had never yet succeeded in securing a partner to divide his sorrows and double his joys (which is the pursuit had seen him grow puzzy and gray; though the crow's-feet began to gather about his eyes, and the top of his head was becoming as smooth and shining as a billiard ball; still, with heroic resolution and admirable patience, he followed the phantom, marriage, firmly believing that in the end he should conquer, and no longer pine in solitude, with only his flute for solace.

So much a habit had this pursuit become, that he unconsciously accustomed himself to be ever on the watch for new and pretty faces, and I doubt if so constant a movement could ever be cut down before. Innocently so, however. None of your insolent, shameless starers was Mr. Short. No thought of impropriety ever entered his mind as he continued day after day to scrutinize strange female faces on the side-walk or in the stage. He never caused the least tinge of confusion to rise to the cheek of beauty. Harmless and honorable little gentleman, he looked at ladies ("a cat may look at a king" you know) with such an honest and humble admiration that those who noticed the gaze pardoned it on the spot.

For several consecutive mornings, in one pleasant month of May, Mr. Short had particularly noticed an apparently young and graceful formed lady, who made a practice of entering the stage soon after he had taken his seat, and leaving it at Canal street. I was observed young, because the stranger wore a black veil, which she never raised. It was not a heavy veil, however, and through its meshes he could distinguish a pair of bright eyes, and of a complexion which would have upset the poor man completely, but that he knew her face must be threads intensely red and white of a fair lady's face.

For the rest, the unknown was neatly but rather shabby dressed in black, with dainty white cuffs and collar, and the prettiest, cunningest little hand that ever was kissed. None but a lady, he was sure, could possess such a hand or such a voice. For, one morning, she requested him in most mellifluous accents to hand the driver her fare, and as he hastened to comply, he thought to himself that such sweet tones were never heard before. How he longed to make her acquaintance, and could hit—modest little gentleman that he was—upon no means to accomplish that end, pen cannot tell.

He wondered what could be her position? Her occupation? Was there no strange and thrilling mystery connected with her life? But wondering brought him no nearer to the discovery.

At length, one charming, fatal day, in stepping out of the stage she dropped her handkerchief, and, regardless unconscious of her loss, turned her steps down Canal street. An inspiration seized Mr. Short, and rising hastily, he followed the object of his admiration, handkerchief in hand. As he trotted after her he could not avoid noticing the initials "L. M." in one corner.

"Madam," said he, overtaking her, "allow me to restore your handkerchief."

The lady stopped, turned towards him, held out one little hand for the article, and with the other raised her veil. Mr. Short felt himself, as he afterwards expressed it, positively stunned by the more than human loveliness that beamed upon him. Eyes, mouth, complexion, straying waves of auburn hair—never in his life had he seen anything comparable to the superb and glowing beauty before him.

Perhaps he had allowed himself to become so wrought up by his previous thoughts and surmises regarding the mysterious stranger, that his excited fancy had very much to do with the exalted portrait his mind formed of the woman before him. At all events, whether correctly or not, he certainly deemed her the very perfection and paragon of her sex.

"I am much obliged to you, sir," she said.

There was, as he afterward related in a tone of exquisite pathos and heart-touching sorrow in her words that moved him more than he could tell.

"I am much obliged to you, sir," she said; and then she paused, as in expectation of some further remark from him.

But poor Mr. Short was stricken stupid. His admiration actually drove every particle of sense he possessed clean out of him. He had been troubled this way before in the presence of ladies, but never yet so thoroughly and completely.

"Ah! Yes! Precisely so!" said the cowardly gentleman, and then he trembled, turned and fled.

The lady smiled sadly, dropped her veil, and passed on her way.

When she entered the stage on the following day, her veil fluttered a little to one side, and a sweet smile wreathing her mouth revealed to Mr. Short her visitation, however. Mr. Short had seen her coming, and, saying bitterly to himself: "What an ass I made of myself yesterday!" he had resolved to make her discretion for very shame.

But when lovely woman sets her cap at a man, she is not very apt to let it become unset by trifles. The enemy this time was not.

The next morning she failed to appear in the stage as usual, and Mr. Short, who would have been grieved to see her, was much worried that he did not see her. He wondered if he had not, in some manner, behaved rudely to her, and he resolved to advance matters, if possible, by walking all the way down town, in order to avoid him. This was an unbearable thought; possibly the lovely lady was not well, perhaps was something of the sort when she kept herself out of his sight.

For the two days following he was in a very uneven and unbusiness-like frame of mind.

Now it was one of Mr. Short's eccentricities to glance, after reading the news, at the columns in the *Herald* headed, "Wanted," "Matrimonial," and "Personal." With the most innocent and unsophisticated intentions in the world, he constantly looked at the various notices under these heads, hoping some day to find a being wanting a mate whom he could suit. Every Friday morning, (a holiday day!) he glanced rapidly through the "Situations Wanted—Females," and, finding nothing of interest, he turned to the "Personal" notices. The hot blood rushed to his very fingers' ends when he read as follows:

"If the gentleman who restored a handkerchief to a lady in the black veil, in the corner of Broadway and Canal street, last Tuesday, will address L. M., Station A, Post Office, he will learn the acquaintance of a sincere friend."

Mr. Short glanced hurriedly about the room. It seemed to him that Mr. Savage, seeing this paragraph, would point it out to the fair female, and would be "down on him." Savage always sneered so at his love affairs, and this case would be an excellent subject for him. Mr. Savage was in the store, engaged with a customer at the moment, and, for the time at least, he was safe.

Presently, when the customer left, the senior of the firm came down. Mr. Short glanced nervously at the *Herald* every morning (they were methodical at Short & Savage's): "Got through with the *Herald*, Short?" He replied, with a faint smile: "Yes, sir, here, anywhere; here's a *Times* I bought as I came down." And Mr. Savage perused the *Times*, instead.

In the solitude of his chamber that evening, Mr. Short concocted, with much labor, a reply to the notice in the *Herald*, and despatched it to the post office, where of course resulted. At first they met at sweet eventide, in some shaded part, or at some previously agreed-upon rendezvous, but the natural shyness of both parties had worn off a little, the gentle lady poured, in detached and broken fragments, the sorrowful story into the ever-ready bosom of the too susceptible lover. This was the tale she told:

Born in affluent circumstances, the petted child of an opulent gentleman, in one of the Middle States, reared in the lap of luxury, and accustomed to all the ameliorating circumstances surrounding the aristocracies here in wealth and fashion (I am writing this paragraph, oh, gentle reader, in the same room where the strange woman received milk and watery style of some modern novelist who has described biographies), she had never known a care till she reached that blissful period of feminine existence, "sweet sixteen." Then a story long remembered in the annals of her prosperity, no storm lowered upon the horizon of her life. But now appeared upon the scene a handsome young lover, who was fated to blast this beautiful picture, and render the very name of happiness a hideous mockery.

He was clad in unexceptionable broadcloth, with a white vest and kids for the opera and other state occasions. He wore a lovely black moustache, his hair was black, too, as was his speaking eyes. His voice was a fine baritone, sinking occasionally into deeper bass, when one was reminded of thunder among the Alps. His conversation was sparkling and epigrammatic, his manners perfection. He talked much poetry, quoting freely from Tennyson, the Brownings, Sydney Dobell, and Martin Farquhar Tupper. Also, he was reported wealthy, and, to make a long story short, he wooed and won the lovely and accomplished Louisa Mordaunt, for so was our heroine named.

We will pass over three short years. The husband (Algernon St. Clair—pronounced Sinclair—was his aristocratic name) proved a scoundrel of the deepest dye. His conduct drove her miserable and highly respected papa into an early grave. Then he squandered her money and her mother's. His relations, a Mr. and Mrs. Baker, met with polite language in their presence; but though it all she clung to him with a wife's devotion. Finally, she was brought home, from a fatal affray, on a friendly shutter, his weeping widow attended the coroner's inquest, and there was an end of him.

Then she and her mother removed to the great city of New York, where she earned precarious support for them both by the use of the needle, and where she served a Mr. Brower & Baker (or some other patient) sewing machine from the wreck of her once princely fortune. Her mother had, indeed, some little pieces of property left; a small cottage on the banks of the glorious Hudson, that rented for only fifty dollars a year, and was crowning glory with a fifteen-hundred dollar mortgage. Such is life!

To this harrowing recital, poor, enamored Mr. Short listened with a wrenching heart. He would have liked to choke the scoundrel who had so abused Miss Mordaunt, or to ram his blue cotton umbrella down his dastard's throat. These feats being impossible, he began to make love to the widow with all his soul and might.

It was not long before he became a pretty constant evening visitor at the humble lodgings of the fair victim of man's perfidy. It was all perfectly proper, too, for the victim's mother, naturally pleased old lady, rather snuffy, but beautifully and thoroughly devoted to her daughter—was always present on these occasions.

Soon—the pair were so willing, and everything so favorable—they were "engaged," and Mr. Short was the happiest man in the universe. It never occurred to him to wonder what there could be in his short, puzzy, and somewhat passé little person, to excite the lovely woman to love him. He never imagined that his fat little pink and white pate, his big diamond pin she so often admired, had much to do with it.

Now the gallant gentleman began to shower presents upon the lady of his choice and her mother. Bouquets, fruits, confectionery, costly bottles of all sorts, fairly rained on both sides. Ah! *then* there was happiness! It was such a joy to the honest soul to purchase these delicacies, and to produced some new toy or garment of great price, and lail it before them!

This rapid style went on till he had ruined himself or married the girl; but there are many people in the world, like the old woman in the story, who, if they have a goose that lays golden eggs, can never be easy till they have killed it.

One evening Mr. Short was shocked to find both mother and daughter in tears. In vain he for some time urged upon his adored Louisa to open her heart to him and tell him all her woes. At length, with a burst of hysterical sobbing, the lovely creature threw herself into his arms, exclaiming:

"The cottage! My mother's beautiful cottage! It is gone from us for ever!"

"How gone? And whither?" cried the astonished Short.

"The three-hundred dollar mortgage," she replied, "is about to be foreclosed! Unless we can have the money by the day after to-morrow, we lose it. All my ready cash consists in seven dollars and thirty-five cents. But," she added, tenderly, "if you, my love, my husband, can lovely creature threw herself into his arms, exclaiming:

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It was with a prompt step that Mr. Short the next morning ascended the three rickety flights of stairs that led to the rooms of his adored one. In his pocket were "greenbacks" to the specified amount, and his heart was joy supreme.

Perhaps he was pleasantly surprised when he found his Louisa alone; at all events, he did not imagine her anxiety after the old lady.

"Have you brought the money?" cried his idol, with tearful eye, after the kiss of greeting.

"I have, my love," said Mr. Short, seating himself by the table.

"*Then it's all right!*" quoth she.

As she spoke a door bedroom door opened, and a large and powerfully built man strode past Mr. Short and took a chair between that gentleman and the door.

He was a villainous-looking scoundrel. From the top of his well-oiled head to the soles of his heavy cowhide boots, thief, bully, black-leg, guard, gambler, pickpocket, shone as plainly as though man's hand instead of God's had written the characters upon him.

This threatening and evil figure seated itself between Mr. Short and the door, and, glancing at him with murderous eye, proceeded to light a strong-flavored cigar.

Mr. Short turned, wondering and horrified, to the lovely one by his side.

The figure by the door laughed loudly and brutally. "I've got tired of you; you are such a d——d fool, that I have never liked fifteen cents, and be quick about it! Jim and I are going out of town to-morrow, and we want the money; don't we, Jim?"

"Well, we do, *some!*" said the man by the door.

Mr. Short gazed in speechless horror, astonishment, shame, from one to the other. He could not realize that this female fiend was the same beautiful woman he had loved ever this fifteen months, and he quick about it! Jim and I are

"Come!" cried the woman, again, "hand over the fifteen hundred."

There was no escape. He was in a back room, on the third floor of a tenement-house, of the character of whose inmates he had no means of judging, except from that of the degraded wretches before him. Besides this, the man by the door now produced a revolver, with the hammer of which he significantly played.

"If You make a loud noise," he said, "I'll stop your throat for as long as you live!"

So Mr. Short produced his wallet.

"Hand over, if you please," said the woman. The gave it to her.

"How's your watch, Jim?" she said to the man by the door.

"The last one's up the repleat," he replied.

"Old Short's got a bully one here," she said; "I guess you'd like it!"

"Well, I wouldn't say, Mr. Short drew forth his watch and handed it over.

"Those shirt studs are very good ones," she continued, "and that diamond's worth a small pile. Jim wants those!"

But here Mr. Short did not immediately obey, though he began fumbling at the studs. For the diamond pin had belonged to his father, and he excessively disliked the idea of parting with it.

As he fumbled, there was a cry of "Fire!" in the street.

"Hurry up, there," growled the man by the door. "We can't wait for you all night!"

The cries of "Fire!" redoubled below, and a great clamor broke out in the house.

"Damnation!" shouted the man by the door, "are you going to hand over that property, or ain't you?"

The cries in the house now resounded from attic to cellar, and a general stampede of the inmates seemed to be taking place. It was evident that the building was on fire.

Rodked to sudden energy, hope, and activity, by the sense of a new danger, and the sense of the fire was sweet to Mr. Short, he sprang to his feet, as though to do it struck him, seized a kerosene lamp standing within his reach upon the table, and hurled it with all his might at the door. It flew with sure aim. There was a horrible and sickening crash, a heavy fall, and that was all the remembrance he ever had of the scene in the house.

He had, afterwards, a vague recollection of groping his way down the smoke-filled stairs as rapidly as possible, his valuable mien speedy by the crowds of people pushing hastily in the same direction, and his ears ringing with a series of wild female shrieks, appropriately proceeding from the woman he had left. When he reached the sidewalk and looked up, he saw that the entire building was becoming wrapped in flames, that lighted it from all the lower windows.

He was scorched and singed, and half suffocated with smoke, for he seemed to have been obliged to force his through a curtain of fire that had at one point barred his descent. He reeled homeward, miserable, confounded, drunken with his misery.

The next day he felt too ill to go to his business as usual, and he sent word that were brought to him as he lay in bed. There he read, in the reporters' accounts of the fire in the tenement-house, the statement that two lodgers, a man and a woman, were supposed to have been unable to make their escape, and to have perished in the flames.

And this was the end of *that* love affair.

He concluded that he had got off very cheaply with the loss of his watch and chain, and fifteen hundred dollars.

One would suppose that this lesson would have entirely cured Mr. Short of romantic pursuits. But it was well written of old: "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

POPULAR FALLACIES.

THAT warm air must be impure, and that, consequently, it is hurtful to sleep in a comparatively warm room. A warm room is as capable of purification as a cold one, and a close vehicle is less injurious, be it ever so foul, from crowding, than to ride and sit still out of doors in the cold for an hour. The worst that can happen from a crowded conveyance is a healing spell; while, from sitting even half an hour in a still, cold room, there is induced attacks of pneumonia, that is, inflammation of the lungs, which often prove fatal. To those of you, too, who have actively injurious to sleep in a close room where the water freezes, because such a degree of warmth is oppressively enervating, and gets of a sleeping-room to settle near the door, where it is breathed and rebreathed by the sleeper, as it comes in at the key-hole and under the door, in a few hours. Hence there is no apparent advantage, and always danger, especially to weakly persons, in an atmosphere so close as to cause the treasure point.

That it is necessary to the proper and efficient ventilation of a room, even in warm weather, that a window or door should be so left open that a draught of air may be created. Quite as safe a plan of ventilation, and as effectual, is to keep a large fire in a stove or grate, the chimney arranged to set breakfast before leaving the house, and to take the precaution to remove the ashes before the assumption from fever and ague, while the window is left open during the night, and the door is left open during neglected these precautions.

That whatever will cause a cough is good for a cold. This is not true, still once it. On the contrary, all coughs are symptoms of disease, the proceeding and increasing coughs are seasons of cure, and by attempting to relieve a cough it is frequently driven back upon the lungs, and sometimes fatal results follow. Coughs are nature's remedies to remove obstructions, and anything which slightly nauseates, expectorant cures, and anything which slightly nauseates,

THE HAUNTING PAST.

He came to-day. He brought his bride;
And through the wood they went with me:
We passed our ancient trysting tree;
I saw him turn his head aside,

And wondered if his glance would fall
On letters carved by him of yore,
In days that he regrets no more—
That I with burning thoughts recall.

The golden Past, that haunts me yet,
Whose faded glory seems to him
Like twilight distance, cold and dim—
Oh! strange it is how men forget!

Yet through those hours my will was strong
To school my heart to stifle pain—
I could not act that farce again!
But night came, though the day was long.

Night came; they went. His farewell tone
Rings in my ear. 'Twill be the last!
My heart's fierce ordeal is past;
Beneath the stars I stand alone.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PEN.

A confused sense of being rolled and heated into existence, a disagreeable conviction of prison-like surroundings, accompanied by dull aches through each atom of my system—these were the painful sensations that greeted my earliest moments. But the natural stamina of constitution in which I rejoiced were well calculated to withstand the effects of so cruel a course of treatment. By degrees my depressed spirits rose from their semi-lethargic state, and seemed to approve rather than regret the gloomy circumstances from which their existence had taken origin. I lost no time in cultivating my fellow-prisoners' acquaintance, with that feeling of inherent sociability which ever attends the advent of reason. They, I soon discovered, were fast tiring of the monotony and seclusion our pasteboard walls enclosed, and lamenting, with bitter despair over the prospect of eternal imprisonment. Following the example of these (for no malady is more contagious than low spirits), I chewed the daily cud of discontent.

Providence, in the shape of a pen-seeking customer, relieved our fears. From the shelf in my master's shop, where we had lain so long, the hand of his ever-to-be-blessed clerk transferred us to the smart glass counter. Here, for the first time, we beheld the light of day—breathed for the first time, with joy how inexpressible! the air of delightful freedom. After having undergone an amount of slow manipulation sufficient to distract a Job, we were placed in a customer's pocket, to accompany him homeward.

There had been many whispered remarks while the gentleman was handling us so critically; but it was not till now that the impressions he had created were unreservedly expressed. These impressions, all smacking of eulogy, it would be tedious to singly enumerate. Fearing to intrude my own forebodings among so many cheerful hopes, I remained in a corner, silent, unnoticed. We soon reached our new home, the interior of which I was not long in observing. "Nothing very promising here," I groaned, as, fitted within a pen-holder, I and several companions were placed on a table for immediate use. The sunlight poured into the chamber unimpeded by drapery of any sort; the furniture scarce and plain; the carpet blotched with ink-spots. I cast down my eyes, shuddering.

At this moment a whisper sounded near me, uttered by one of my companions in tones of indescribable disgust:

"Have you seen this vulgar quill on the same table with ourselves?"

I recoiled, shooting indignant glances at the offender thus indicated. To those who have omitted, through indolence or want of time, the study of social grades in Pen society, let me hasten to impart a few momentous facts, viz.: steel-pens abhor quills with a hatred worthy of conscious superiority; if circumstances make an exchange of words necessary, steel-pens use choppy sentences, delivered with the loftiness of a sultan. Briefly, steel-pens are snobs.

My anger soon cooled, and discretion suggested a few questions, put with becoming dignity, of course, to this older occupant of the apartment. After meditating a form of speech for ten minutes, I delivered myself of the following, in which familiarity had been strenuously guarded against:

"I address you with no loquacious motive. Be kind enough to inform me whether the gentleman at our side occupies this entire dwelling."

"Oh, la, no!" gabbled the quill, with a vulgar twang and ill-bred rapidity of utterance. "It ain't only two rooms and a kitching he's got."

"Sufficient!" I interposed, with formidable *hauteur*. "This information gained, no more will be required."

I had effectually extinguished this blaze of quill-eloquence, and I gloried in the feat. A few hisses were heard, however, of which "stuck up," and "ain't we big," were the unnoticeable purport. This was my first verbal annihilation, and the thought of victory charmed me. But disappointment and chagrin, as I considered the lowness of our situation, was sufficient to stifle every feeling of satisfaction. Two rooms and a kitchen! My worst fears had been realized. A life of drudgery, or, what seemed worse to my proud spirit, obscurity, awaited us!

Next morning I touched paper for the first time, guided by the hand of my new master. For a while I strenuously exerted my naturally fine powers, and skimmed along the paper with a calm, even celerity, that surprised myself. Then gradually, as I discovered the stupid business-letter I had been writing, my pace obstinately slackened. I bent one of my points, and lo! the business letter was but a mass of innumerable ink-spots. From that time I was never used again. My master had evidently become disgusted with my poor abilities, while I rejoiced over the success of so dangerous a stratagem. Dangerous, from the fact of refractory pens generally being thrown in the fire.

But my life of idleness did not last long. A young lady friend of my master, who lodged in the same house as himself, came on a certain morning to borrow a pen. Now, my master, be it known to his discredit, was a notoriously mean man—too mean to lend his pens, even when a pretty young lady asked the favor. His avarice hit upon an excellent *ruse*. I was kindly bestowed upon his fair visitor, accompanied by many injunctions to keep me for his sake, never to part with me, etc., all of which met, I hope, with their merited appreciation.

I now renounced ambition, and resolved to be happy in my humble home. It is true, for want of better occupation, I had counted every figure in the wall-papering, till I knew the exact number by heart, could tell you the title of each book without the least hesitation, and might have sketched, though no artist, the portrait of my mistress's grandmother, so long had I stared up at it in its dingy frame. But for all this, my simple, staightforward philosophy beat off weariness, till she seldom paid me a visit. I felt I had been born for greater things—to write a second "Paradise Lost," or become the *vade mecum* of a Byronic genius. Chance—accident—distiny, if you will—had interfered and left me obscure; left me to waste my sweetness on the desert air, though, upon the whole, I argued, perhaps even this were preferable to wasting it in the society of girls, for whom (oh, taste of man!) I hear great characters have a preference.

There was but little work to be done in my new home. An occasional letter to a friend, and now and then the signing of a receipt (my mistress being a school-teacher), formed almost my sole occupation. In the matter of a few delicious little notes, glowing with adjectives, rich in interjections, pink and perfumed, I did my best for the young lady. But these happy events, like most happy events, were few, and time hung very heavily on my hands, notwithstanding my philosophy and resignation.

I cannot tell how I left my mistress's hands. In vain, while lying maimed and ruined in a heap of rubbish, and recounting my history to an aged companion, who, though much disabled, has promised to write it out, have I sought to recall some incident of that unfortunate period. Conjecture, accompanied by long deliberation, has induced me to believe, however, that I must have been stolen during the night from the snug, cosy room, of which I had grown so fond. There can be no other explanation of the mystery.

After what seemed to have been a long sleep, I awoke in a strange, disordered room. Bits of manuscript were flung in every direction. The floor was a sea of foolscap; the table groaning with freshly-written sheets. Near this table sat a wild-looking man, writing rapidly.

I was aware of my position the moment I awoke. A thousand horrors! This man was a newspaper reporter, or what is worse, that notoriously cruel pen-murderer, that enemy to every compassionate mortal, a sensation story writer! Wild, suicidal thoughts whirled through my brain. My blood was ice; my flesh, stone. Meanwhile the man continued his writing vigorously as ever, the room's deep silence only disturbed by scratchings of his pen, as sheet after sheet was filled. Must I stand by and see a fellow-creature suffer? Must I watch his agony (for every scratch was almost a death-groan), and render no assistance? Must I hear his joints crack, see his eye-balls dilating, listen to his panting breath, and—crack!

The unfortunate pen was broken.

In an instant the wild figure rose, and hastily scanned the apartment. Heavens! he was evidently in search of me. My presence in the room was known to him, my fate was sealed. Alas, time was short, even for despair to torture my soul. Before these terrible thoughts had fairly entered my brain, his claw-like hand had seized me. What followed, I find it impossible to describe. Now racked by five successive exclamations—marks made in the space of a second by my unwilling point—now tortured by bone-breaking flourishes, without time to breathe, without strength to cry out, I was hurried over sheet after sheet, till I broke like a reed in his murderous grasp.

"Never mind!" he cried, pitching me into a corner, half senseless; "never mind if it *is* broken. 'The Remorseless Grandmother; or, The Murdered Innocents,' is finished, and ready for the ———'s columns to-morrow morning!"

THE GREAT BALL OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

The night of Wednesday, January 31st, will be long remembered in New York by those who are devoted to saltatorial exercises especially. On that night the wealth and fashion of New York gathered at the Academy of Music to do honor to the first ball of the Seventh Regiment, N. G., S. N. Y., since the breaking out of the great rebellion. To attempt the description of any affair of the kind by the pen, is almost hopeless, nothing but the pencil and the graver giving the slightest chance at an understanding of the brilliancy and crush of so gigantic a gathering of gayety. For weeks before nothing was talked of but the great *fête*, and the struggle for tickets was in proportion to the hoped-for pleasure.

The members of the regiment were allowed each a certain number, a number which would, with the invited guests, comfortably fill the Academy, besides which none were to be had. Almost immediately the tickets were taken; it was voted in club and parlor the correct thing to do, and of course that settled the question, so that for over a week neither love nor money could procure a ticket of the committee, and the few that have been bought of individuals at rates varying from $25 to $60 premium were quite likely originally purchased by speculators shrewd enough to obtain them through a friend. The greatest care was taken by those who had the disposal of the tickets to keep them from improper hands, and we are convinced that the care was well rewarded, for a more entirely correct and orderly assemblage was never seen at the Academy of Music.

The invited guests comprised all the names that have, within the past few years, become famous in the history of the country, a large portion of whom accepted and attended.

Availing themselves of the good taste, sound judgment and great experience of Mr. L. F. Harrison, of Irving Hall, the committee made the decoration of the Academy a feature of the reception. The whole affair was placed in the hands of Mr. Harrison, who transformed the stately dimensions of the Academy and the spacious auditorium of his own chaste and beautiful Hall into one vast area of splendor and magnificence, fit for the scenes which were therein enacted on this grand occasion.

From the Academy to Irving Hall, on the opposite side of the street, an archway was built, the latter building being used as a supper-room.

The flooring of the Academy extended from the front of the balcony flush with the circle to the extreme rear of the stage. Over the stage was a triangular tent-cover; at its back a picture of Fort Federal Hill where the Seventh was stationed during the earlier days of the war; the proscenium boxes were wreathed with evergreens and decked with flowers; while from the mouth of an immense eagle, perched at the top of the boxes on either side, depended the flag of the nation in graceful folds; the front of the dress and family circles and of the amphitheatre were decorated with shields, tapestries and banners, bearing the names of the more distinguished members of the regiment, those in front of the dress circle being on a red ground, of the family circle in white, and of the amphitheatre in blue. Behind the "little plaster boys" who perch so uncomfortable on the gas brackets about the front of the circles, were superb bouquets, while the knapsacks, muskets, caps and colors of the regiment were arranged in a tasteful manner, giving a light and airy appearance to the Academy, in marked contrast with the lugubrious affairs which from time to time drape and darken the festive hall. Between the pillars were immense pieces of armor, on which hung great tapestries bearing the names of such members of the regiment as are known to have died in battle, while at the extreme rear of the stage was a peculiar and exceedingly appropriate arrangement of cannon, musket-balls and standards, surmounted by an eagle and the national flag; and stretched across the full front of the stage from side to side, was an immense piece of crimson tapestry, on which was the motto:

"Pro Gloria et Patria."

The archway connecting the two buildings was a miracle of light and beauty. The ceiling and walls were hung with white and gold, decorated with bunting and national colors; while at regular intervals were cages with singing canaries, whose little throats seemed flush with song and melody. The front of the hall was elegantly draped with the American flag, the steps being covered with a brilliant carpet; these led into a little green-room, beautifully decorated, and exhibiting pictures of President Lincoln, Gens. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Washington, Clay and Webster. Beyond this was a second room, a perfect boudoir, chaste in its decorations, and patriotic in its mottoes and pictures. This opened directly upon a scene of fairy-land, upon the hall itself, which was a perfect mirror of light and beauty, a very picture of elegance and taste. Around three sides of the room stood the tables loaded and groaning with the good things of life, the comforts of the internal, the delights of the stomach, which, with many is larger and of much more importance than the heart itself. Birds without number, sang continually; flags of our own color swung gracefully above the galleries; and in front of the tables, flowers, fresh from the stem, made gay and redolent the very air; a superb fountain, decorated "within an inch of its ironic life," threw up cologne and jets of perfume, which sprayed about an immense basin, and scared the very fish that sported in its waters; canopies of red, white and blue, arched the area, and an air of simple "psualligasture" reigned universal.

So much for the decorations, and now for the ball itself. There were "fair women and brave men" by the thousand; and still they came, glorious galaxies of beauty, unrivaled by any stars in the constellations of loveliness, which poets celebrate as the fairest of Circassia. The number of tickets issued having been about 1,600 (double), of course the number of guests was not less than 3,000, among whom might have been mentioned every queen of fashion in the metropolis, and a multitude of social stars from Washington and elsewhere.

Of toilets separate, among so many of brilliancy, of course it would be superfluous to speak. To say that in a majority of cases the toilets were unexceptionable, would be simply faint praise, and to say that a multitude among them would pass unscathed the severest test of a criticism by Eugenie, the Empress of Fashion, would only be what has been said a hundred times before, on a hundred lesser occasions, the *éclat* of which would have paled before the fuller blaze of last night's splendor, as the moon pales in the heavens at sunrise. Then, too, from floor to ceiling, the galleries were simply ablaze with constellations of loveliness, the flashing of whose diamonds was only rivaled by the flashing of their still more radiant eyes; and again, the effect of all this was vastly heightened by the glamor of gas jets, whose fiery splendors lit up the Academy with a weird brilliancy, and, combined with the profusion of gold displayed in the ornamentation, made the scene one to be remembered, even by him who stood amid the airy and gorgeous grandeurs of the palaces of Ispahan.

At midnight the carnival was at its height, and from thence until late at night, the revelry of dance and wine ruled the Academy, and reigned with undisputed sway over the fashionable assemblage which constituted, to an unlimited extent, the *esprit* of the social life of New York.

But finally the revelers grew weary, and one by one they ceased from the mazes of the dance—one by one the roll of the carriages was heard as the guests departed from the Academy—one by one the lights of the edifice went out in darkness—and the grandest and most splendid carnival of dance and wine which has occurred in the annals of New York was over.

Such was the glory of the Seventh Regiment Reception, and as such we leave it to be remembered by the happy guests who graced the occasion.

CHARLES C. YEATON.

Charles C. Yeaton, of whom the accompanying portrait is an excellent likeness, was born in Portsmouth, N. H., on the 17th of January, 1835, being descended, on the mother's side, from Gen. Sullivan, one of the illustrious names of the Revolutionary War, and on the father's side from one of the oldest and most respectable families of the early New England settlement. From earliest youth, young Yeaton's mechanical and business genius asserted itself and attracted the attention of all competent judges. When but 16, he came to New York, and entered one of our largest wholesale dry-goods establishments, wherein he remained three years; thence graduating into the insurance business, in connection with the Boston Insurance Companies, and when but 22 or 23 years of age, embarking with a partner about as young as himself in the general banking business. In 1859 he became associated with Mr. Horace H. Day, in the India-rubber business; and between that time and his taking up the Alden Machine for Setting and Distributing Type, he had a varied experience and education in connection with the manufacture and sale of rubber goods, sewing-machines, and other enterprises—calling out and cultivating his mechanical and financial abilities—in all of which he was successful. And certainly this Alden Machine, as Yeaton found it, might well have discouraged any less far-seeing and courageous mind.

It had taken twenty years, and all the means of its first inventor, sending him to the grave, from over-labor, while his work was of no merchantable value—a curious and beautiful, but not then practical toy. Between that period and its introduction to Mr. Yeaton's notice, it had been muddled over and made more complex by experimental alterations, not carrying it much, if any, nearer to success; and there were numerous liens upon it, from small investments of capital spent to no purpose. The quick, mechanical genius, and perfectly-trained business habits of the mind now brought to bear upon it, at once appreciated the full value of Alden's discovery, saw the existing defects, and that they could be remedied; but realized, also, that to make the machines what they should be, and to produce them, both in quantity and quality, of a merchantable value, no isolated and sporadic experiments or tinkerings of hand labor could avail; but that sufficient capital must be at once collected to start a factory for their production, with such improvements as would be suggested in the course of their manufacture and practical trial. To the task of inspiring confidence and collecting the requisite capital, he at once applied himself, with a zeal and industry only equaled by his devotion to setting right or having set right, under his personal supervision, whatever had been amiss or not perfect in the wonderful semi-automaton which now claimed his attention. The result all know.

It was in organizing the factory by which this triumph of labor-saving ingenuity has been achieved, that Mr. Yeaton conceived the idea of writing and publishing his "Manual for the Guidance of the Alden Machine Company and Factory," a book which, with its thousand illustrations, and statistical tables of every part of the machine, and tool to make it with, giving the exact dimensions and cost of everything in the factory, is, in itself, "a new thing under the sun," and only second in curiosity and importance to the machine it celebrates. As the *Scientific American* well observes, "This volume is a factory in itself, and in full operation, though only on paper."

By turning to this volume, we can there find, that, for every item of work to be done, and cent of money to be expended, the projector was able to give a definitive statement and account, with a view, more comprehensive and compendious than has ever heretofore been brought to bear in advance upon the organization of any manufacturing business. So perfect, indeed, is this Manual of the Alden Machine, a book costing over $150 per copy, and only printed for the benefit of the stockholders of that concern, and for the future guidance of the various factories to be started in different countries, that by simply following its instructions, a dozen average mechanics, without any previous experience, could start as many Alden factories in as many parts of the world, each producing exactly five perfect machines *per diem*, and all so exactly similar in their work and results, that the minutest or largest parts of each would be interchangeable with the similar parts of every other machine so manufactured. Such a work is destined to revolutionize our present system of manufactures, which may be said to have grown up accidentally, rather than to be created as one harmonious whole; and on the adoption of its well-considered principles in other factories, and their application to other branches of industry, master manufacturers will both get rid of all experimental and hap-hazard expenses and be relieved from their present dependence on the health, whims and lives of the experienced foremen, who at present have charge of the various sub-branches of production.

Mr. Yeaton has a mechanical and financial genius which crops out in whatever he touches; even in his leisure hours producing rare specimens of invention and workmanship for pastime; and his mind has that peculiar self-poise and ambition which demands to have everything around him as perfect as human art can make it—a temper which might be unfortunate, had he not the patience, industry and perseverance, to accomplish for himself every reasonable wish, and the good judgment to form no desires that cannot by his own hands or means be realized.

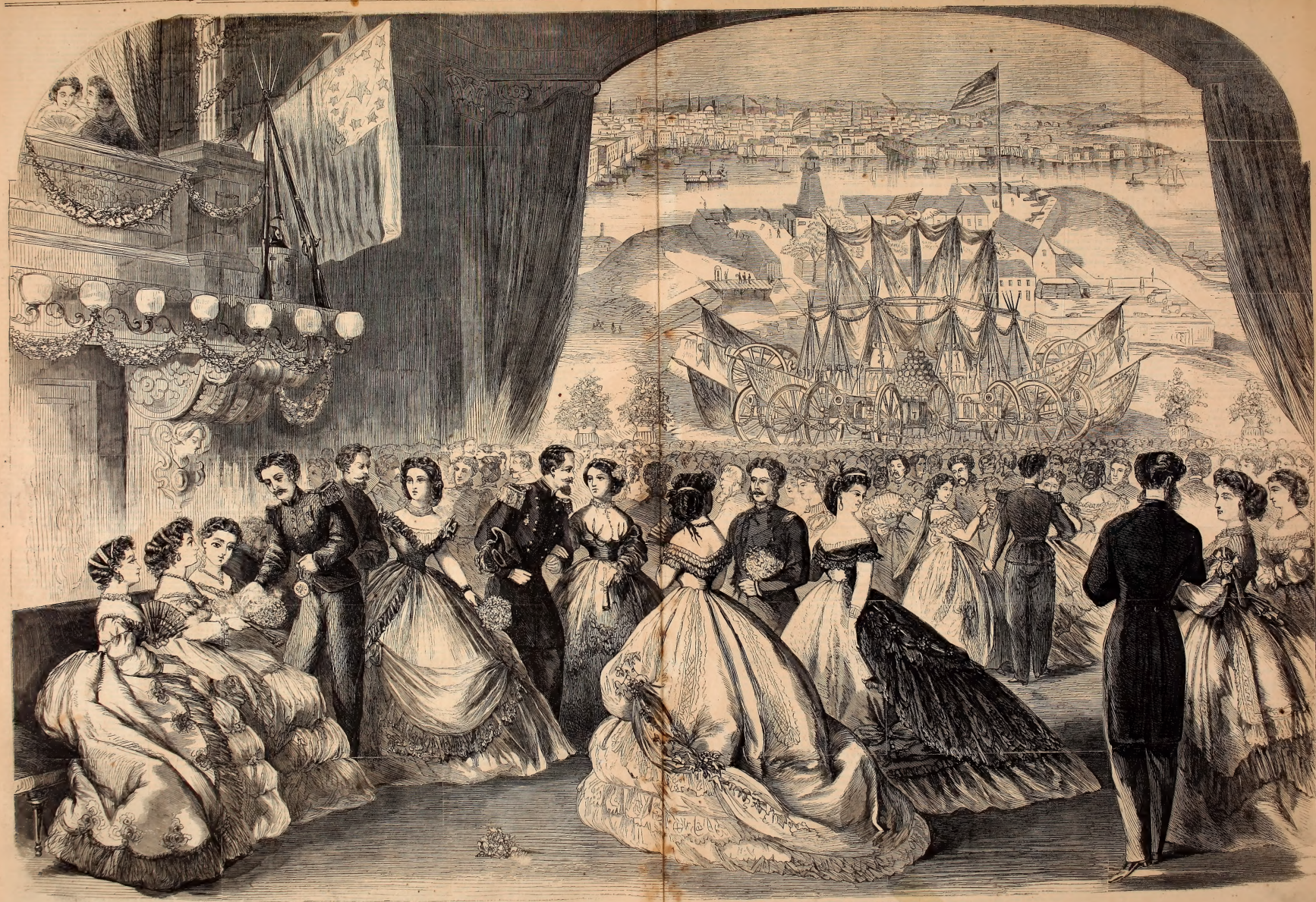
RISKS OF GREAT EATERS.

Great eaters never live long. A voracious appetite, so far from being a sign of health, is a certain indication of disease. Some dyspeptics are always hungry; feel best when they are eating, but as soon as they have eaten, they endure torments so distressing in their nature as to make the unhappy victim wish for death. The appetite of health is that which inclines moderately to eat, when eating time comes, and which, when satisfied, leaves no unpleasant reminders. Multitudes measure their health by the amount they can eat; and of any ten persons, nine are gratified at an increase of weight, when in reality, any excess of fatness, s, in proportion, decisive proof of existing disease, showing that the absorbents of the system are too weak to discharge their duty; and the tendency to fatness, to obesity, increases, until existence is a burthen and sudden death closes the history.

Particular inquiry will almost invariably elicit the fact that fat persons, however rubicund and jolly, are never well, and yet they are envied. While great eaters never live to an old age, and are never for a single day, without some "symptom," some feeling sufficiently disagreeable to attract the mind's attention unpleasantly, small eaters, those who eat regularly of plain food usually have no "spare flesh," are wiry and enduring, and live to an active old age. Remarkable exemplifications of these statements are found in the lives of centenarians of a past age. Galen, one of the most distinguished among the ancients, lived very sparingly after the age of 28, and died in his 140th year. Ketigern, who never tasted spirits or wine, and worked hard all his life, reached 185 years.

Jenkins, a poor Yorkshire fisherman, who lived on the coarsest diet, was 169 years old when he died. Old Parr lived to 153; his diet being milk, cheese, whey, small beer and coarse bread. The favorite diet of Henry Francisco, who lived to 140, was tea, bread and butter, and baked apples. Ephraim Pratt, of Shutesbury, Massachusetts, who died aged 117, lived chiefly on milk, and even that in small quantities; his son, Michael, by similar means, lived to be 103 years old. Father Cull, a Methodist clergyman, died last year at the age of 105, the main diet of his life having been salted swine's flesh (bacon) and bread made of Indian meal. From these statements, nine general readers out of ten will jump to the conclusion that milk is "healthy," as are baked apples and bacon.

These conclusions do not legitimately follow. The only inference that can be safely drawn is from the only fact running through all these cases, that plain food and a life of steady labor tend to a great age. As to the healthfulness and life-protracting qualities of any article of diet named, nothing can be inferred, for no two of the men lived on the same kind of food; all that can be rationally and safely said is either they lived so long in spite of the quality of the food they ate, or that their instinct, instead of its perversion, with a life of steady labor, directly caused healthfulness and great length of days. We must not expect to live long by doing any one thing which an old man did, and omit all the others; but by doing all he did, and that is, work steadily, as well as eat mainly a particular dish.



GRAND BALL OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. N. G., AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, ON THE NIGHT OF THE 31ST JANUARY.



OF MUSIC, ON THE NIGHT OF THE 31st JANUARY.

A LIFE MOTTO.

BY A. F. IRVING.

I HAVE thought upon a saying
For a motto of the life,
'Gainst the evil of betraying,
'Gainst the scandal, 'gainst the strife.

Now to others I shall give it,
Jeweled like a fiery word,
Having power as I receive it,
All it touches to expand.

Let us find ourselves the winners
In this maxim, old and grand,
And imprint it on our banners:
Let your heart go with your hand.

Take no heed for the to-morrow—
It supplies its own demand—
Whether bringing joy or sorrow,
Let your heart go with your hand.

When you see a friend in trouble,
Cast upon the world's bleak strand,
Pass not by on tracks that double:
Let your heart go with your hand.

If you see a fellow-creature,
Though his failings have no bond—
Suffering stamped on every feature—
Let your heart go with your hand.

If you meet an old acquaintance
Far from home, in foreign lands,
Then remember this small sentence:
Let your heart go with your hand.

If your mind inclines to wrangle,
If your foe before you stand,
And 'tis best your rage to strangle,
Let your heart go with your hand.

If, when charity affording,
And a cent or two you spend,
Always have thou two according—
Let your heart go with your hand.

If the children of the crossings
Seek your largess to command,
Oh! remember, in your tossings,
That your heart go with your hand.

Give no heed to worldly growlers,
Who with gold their hands have tanned,
Empty, heartless, are those howlers:
Let your heart go with your hand.

However deep you stumble
In the desert's shifting sand,
Let those words within you rumble:
Let your heart go with your hand.

However deep you stumble,
There is hope of you, my friend,
You need neither pine nor grumble,
If your heart go with your hand.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER LXII.—BOB OPENS A NEW CHAPTER IN MR. SLEUTH'S DESTINY.

WHEN Sleuth left the alderman's worthy son-in-law at the foot of the hill, the latter gazed after the retreating figure with but little moment's hesitation or change of purpose. Probably, on consideration, he had found that things, after all, had only gone just as he had expected. Probably he was too shrewd to rely on mere words when he had solider chances for acts.

Away he trudges, knocking again at the stones he passes; but now it was done viciously—not at all, as before, with the most exuberant good temper that would show itself in such little playful ways. Away he trudges, mile after mile, asking for a certain lodging whenever he meets any person—a question that often provokes a smile, which involves almost another question from the stranger:

"Are you afraid to trust yourself inside of that place?"

What, then, is the place? It is the county jail of Hempton.

Away he trudges, hour after hour; and when he reaches the black, high, forbidding walls, and knocks at the ticket gate, the porter roughly shouts out to him:

"No use you're making a row there. Too late. Come to-morrow."

"Humbly ax pardon," said Bob, in his gentlest of accents. "But might I have just a word with you?"

The porter comes, grumbling all the way, and looks at the applicant.

"Well?"

"I'll come to-morrow—just as you says; but I thought I might tell you my business—not, you see, as business, but just to herpshin, for it's a queer affair, why I come so late. I fancy you'll rather like to hear on it."

"Well?"

"What I'm a-goin' to say to the guv'nor in the morning is as how my father-in-law, a worry rich gentleman, has murdered his wife seven three and four years ago, and I never could come across the suspected murderers till now."

"Where are they?"

"Just where you likes to put 'em! Under your own worry eyes. In your own strong boxes—under your worry own lock and keys—that's where they are."

"You mean the very men that did it are here?"

"No, I don't. No, sir, not lexactly. That's the queer nature of the whole business. But I won't trouble you any more to-night."

"I'm in no hurry."

"But, you see, I've to get lodging, and the village is a long way off."

"Perhaps, if you speak a little more clearly than you do now, I might go in to the governor and let him hear what you say."

"Well, if you wouldn't mind that, it would be worry good on you, and I'll be thankful. And if I might get a bit of straw anywheres for the night —"

"Well, what is it—this wonderful mystery?"

"Why, this: the two men in quod here, named Betsy Baker and Old Johnny—leastways so I'm told they calls them—was brought down in here 'em they were called Ikey Small and his pal Jack—"

"Ay, they are in the prison, and under sentence for transportation, and will be sent off in a day or two."

"Not so soon as that! That won't do. I must see the guv'nor. I must, indeed."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, the halderman—for that was his rank in life—was murdered, and, o' course, everybody, the man's own friends and intimates, swore as the robbers must have fired the pistol; but they didn't—I know they didn't; and that lots o' money and all kinds o' big matters grows out of the question, as—*Who did?* That's it, my boy—*Who did?* I'll tell you, only keep you quiet. One as is now a boy of seven years old, and a girl. One as is But there, I daren't say any more even to the guv'nor. Your men don't know as much as that. I do. But as how, if you could ax them, afore you bother the guv'nor; and if they don't convince you they're as hinnocent as a blessed baby of doing anythink worse than robbing, then you come back, and tell me I'm a liar and a fool. Just you try."

Half an hour later, Bob's ingenuity was rewarded by admission into the sacred precincts; and he could not help reminding himself he had not always found admission so difficult.

But to look at his stern, moral, and yet serene face, so full of indignation of wrong-doing, and yet so regretfully expressive of conviction that here things were, at all events, wonderfully set to rights, one might suppose Bob had never, even in thought, been acquainted with evil ways.

He was soon brought to the governor, who, like other great men, loved to unbend, and who had been plied with so skillful a key, his official as the official had been played with by Bob. In consequence, looking at the affair as something out of prison routine, he had vouchsafed the light and comfort of his most inner sanctuary to Bob's wretch-stricken and downcast eyes.

"Well, my man, what is it this cock-and-bull story you've been telling to the porter?"

Bob repeated the story, and the governor grew interested.

Then he went away, and was absent a long time.

When he came back he said to Bob:

"Both the convicts confirm what you say, so far as talk goes. I am free to confess they seem to speak truthfully. And what goes a long way in their favor, they have never, so far as I know, been in custody on account of the robbery and murder at the alderman's; and were they guilty of the murder, their very silence would be a danger. In spite of that, they both—and I have seen them separately—readily acknowledge the robbery, but stoutly deny having fired the shot. So it they had but a single-barreled pistol a-piece, and that both were fired after they had left the house, and when they were so far off as to be quiet. If that be true, the shot that killed the alderman must have come from some other quarter."

"Didn't I say so, guv'nor? Ain't I come all the way from Australy to see justice on the wilian as has made away with my own wife's father? Of course I have!"

"Well, what do you wish me to do?"

"Your honor's worship can tell me that better than I can tell you. But, guv'nor, if I may make so bold as to ax if a letter might'n't be writ to some gentleman in the neighborhood as was well beknown to the halderman—"

"It ought to be a magistrate."

"Dr. Thompson, guv'nor, 'd be the worry gentleman."

"Yes, he would do. I know him sufficiently. Shall I write to him?"

"I'm the only one as can stand up—leastways, at this present—for my murdered kinsman; but I may say, in the name of my wife, gentle and simple —guv'nor, we thanks you."

The governor was amused with Bob's grandiloquence, but he immediately wrote the following letter:

"—— Jail.

"SIR—I have two men here, convicted of burglary, who are under sentence of transportation, and almost presently to be sent off. They say they were concerned in the robbery of Alderman Maude's house, some three or four years ago, when the poor old gentleman was dying ill in bed. That night he was murdered, as they afterwards heard; but they are positive, from their own protestations of innocence as to the murder. They say they are sure that neither by accident nor through any intention of theirs was he shot, but by some one who took advantage of their presence to covey his own crime.

"It is a mysterious business, and if you think it worth while for me to detain the men, I will make application in the proper quarter for permission to do so."

This letter—duly signed, sealed and posted—sent Bob away from the prison next day (for they gave him a bed) in a wonderful lightness of heart; for he was thinking of his next meeting with Mr. Sleuth, in open court, whither Mr. Sleuth had invited him to come.

The doctor got this letter, read it with considerable agitation, called Clarissa, who was in the garden, and then immediately sent off a man to request Mr. Sleuth to favor the doctor with a call, and, if possible, immediately.

Mr. Sleuth went, wondering whether Clarissa had told the doctor of her treatment of him, and whether that worthy, high-minded gentleman had, in consequence, told her she must turn over a new leaf, and treat him (Sleuth) in quite a different way.

Imagine his feelings to have that letter from the governor of a jail put into his hands!

How he got through the next half hour, during which his stay lasted, he could not even slowly explain to himself, when he had got outside the house, and was being driven home, and tried to look back, and judge how he had behaved. He had a vague impression that he had managed to smile at first, as if oppressed by the absurdity of the idea; then that he had said something sonorous about the fear of man's memory; and, lastly, that he had, with some not unnatural hesitations and mortal inward panics, kept a tolerable front while he said the matter must be immediately gone into; and that, if the doctor approved, he would himself go over next day to the jail, and see the governor.

On the whole, he fancied that, in spite of his alarm, whenever he saw, or fancied he saw, either the doctor's or Clarissa's eyes look into his at all peculiarly, he had got away with as little self-exposure as was possible under such horrible conditions.

What did it all mean?

"Would it—could it be the handiwork of Master Bob?

If so, he would probably soon be favored with another meeting. Why not?

He did not need to ask the question twice. Again he stopped, as before, at the foot of the little hill. Again he sent on the carriage, watched it over the ridge, looked back, and then, in his own wonder and admiration—for he had only been ironically pretending to expect the ruffian there—he fairly burst out laughing. There he had actually planned to be, when next Sleuth should pass that road, that he might the better drive home to Sleuth's mind the lesson of his folly on the preceding day.

CHAPTER LXIII.—BOB STUDIES A SPHINX—MENTAL CHAOS.

THE Eastern potentate who dipped his head into a bowl of water, and found his fortune in it again, passed through a long and terrible life history, was a type of the large class of men who, at certain periods, go through the most violent mental experiences; when the before and the after of life are, perhaps, concentrated into a few days, or hours, or minutes; and when character itself may possibly undergo all the pangs and convulsions of revolutionary change. So was it now with Sleuth in the brief space that elapsed between his seeing Bob at the top of the hill, and his seeing him at his side, with the triumphant though subdued look of conscious victory—victory so conscious that it could afford to be magnanimous in its display.

It was not, however, Bob's own doings that created this fearful upheaving of Sleuth's hidden nature. It was the blow dealt by Phillis's hand that first opened Sleuth quite new worlds of fear and vivid speculation. When she struck him, not in his soul, which he could have very well endured, but in his flesh—when she then brought home to him that the true issues with which he had been so willing to make sport for his own selfish might return to plague their inventor where alone he was vulnerable—when he had to learn that the cosy, comfortable feeling of life which had once really enjoyed, had not only been exchanged for splendor, but for a splendor that also involved the possibility of ugly pieces of work being impelled into his dearly cherished flesh—he not only saw new views of a dream, and take quite new views of the duties and responsibilities of existence, and especially of the future aims of one particular man—Bob Sleuth, Esquire, of Eddington Hall, J. P.

For indeed, he had now been for full three years and more culminating the society of Dr. Pompeus, and of the gentry of the neighborhood, and, by dint of hard work, much humiliation, and general self-sacrifice to the real taste, habit, and feeling of his own, had managed to obtain a footing, at last, that accorded with his wealth and ambition. Suddenly have almost all, and almost the whole position to the dust in an instant, by making Sleuth feel, through that one touch of reality, precisely what the only woman he really cared for in his heart, how he must sicken of his own success when, instead of kind words and personal admiration, such as he needed, he had only society to look to for solace in his great trouble—the very society that, if it only once suspected the whole truth, would shrink from him with subdued ferocity for having dared, being what he was, to break into its charmed circle.

He had tried to destroy all this, as his wound grew well. He had tried to persuade himself that, on the whole, he could not have got rid of Phillis on better terms. Now he was, in fact, uninjured. He tried to believe he loved Clarissa, not Phillis; and that when he should have won Clarissa, and have got her to bend down to him—he would look back, and laugh at all these foolish hesitations, these secret misgivings, these scarcely recognized fears, and the cold, glittering world of ceremony, and settle down with Phillis in his own way and here, and think only of pure every-day enjoyment.

It was a most absurd thing—it was worse than that, it was a most agitating thing—that now, when he and Phillis had so completely done with each other, he should often catch himself reflecting on the sort of life he would have let if he had married her, how much safer he would have felt above all, how much more cosy and comfortable! He could have told her all—ay, even of the murder and the dealings with the cedrick—and yet been sure of her, so long, only, as he did confide, and she knew of his love and trust. But now? Why, she might even yet return, but only again, perhaps, to fly at him, and trouble his heart and mind with sad perplexities and danger. Truly he began to think he ought to have stuck to and trusted Phillis at all hazards.

So great, however, is habit, that habit alone sufficed to keep all these thoughts in subjection, till Bob's re-appearance gave new life and vivacity to every one of them, and produced so deep a disgust of all that had been done, and of all that remained to do, that Sleuth would have just then gladly, gratefully welcomed the offer, if it could have been made to him—"Resign your wealth, take and marry Phillis, and the past shall be as if it had never existed." Yes, the scales fell from his eyes, and he felt he would have given worlds, if he had had them, to have been able to fetch Phillis back, win her, marry her, and then take counsel with her as to this horrible ruffian.

Such was the state of things below the surface with Sleuth during this eventful interview. What was on the scene the dialogue will best show.

"Again, Bob, at this place!"

"Hit it close—ain't I? Deal o' work to do, mind you, Master Sleuth, in a very short time; but, somehow, I said to myself, 'He's a handsome gentleman, that Master Sleuth, though he is a bit hard to me in my interviews, and brings things as ought to be forgotten atween friends. And he's a worry popplar magistrate. Shall I go afore the whole bunch of banks, like beloved brethren, and bexpose him, this good man and popplar magistrate? Not I. 'Taint in me—leastwise, not when I've been paid him the compliment of another visit to ax him what he now thinks.'"

"Why now, Bob?"

"Oh, you don't know? There! See what it is to be too sweet o' your work! I ought to have gev more time."

"Explain, Bob, it is to you I owe the letter from the Governor of Hongston Gaol to Dr. Pompeus?"

"All right! Got the letter! Fire away! We're on the square now. I'm your man, Master Sleuth. Only say how it's to be. Give the word. What's your pleasure?"

"What are your personal wishes in the matter?"

"Justice to my honored, aged, and respectable relative. Ain't I his son-in-law?"

"Is that your only wish?"

"Well, Master Sleuth," said Bob's eye twinkled with an expression of the richest enjoyment, "if so be as I might have a comfortable annuity to sit down upon for a bit, while I collected how well justice had been done to the dear, aimable old gentleman's memory—"

"But if these things did not happen to go together—how then?"

"I think I'd take the annuity, Master Sleuth."

There was a silence after this for full half a minute.

"Where should you live?"

"Lord love you, Master Sleuth! not so long ways from you, you may be sure. Not so near as to make my walleyed and respectable friend ashamed on me; nor so far but I could pay him a visit once in a way, reminding him, on broad sides, to bexpress my joy in his jy, and to show him how down in the mouth I was when things went wrong for him and his, and how I felt as a werry humble and middlin'y distant friend of my benefactor. I wants to let him see Bob has got a new chance in his hands as'll full his 'art ash's far off of being full too."

It is just possible that, had Bob proposed again to go abroad, Sleuth might have accepted without any terms to get rid of him, and have again made clean the pretence for so large an outlay. But Sleuth was in no mood and things were unusually now than of old. Even while he asked these questions, he was secretly pondering, not over Bob's words, but his fearful prospects beyond, out of which he knew not which to choose.

"Bob," he began presently—and with a certain tremulousness of firmness that he was evidently aware of, and at last controlled, "this matter now grows serious, and you compel me to treat it so. Have you spoken to any one but myself and your hand or foot if I could have helped it. I have still some lingering of affection for my cousin. Have you told her?"

"Not a word, Master Sleuth! That's the chief thing—the credit o' the family! Hang wealth, say I, but give me a honorable name and magnificent blood!"

"Listen. I am not ashamed to confess that I have been terribly shaken by this letter from the governor of the jail. Burglars truly, there are only two men who could have killed the alderman —my cousin Anthony—"

"Your father, Sleuth! That's the true ticket. I likes to hear you lay down the laws of logic. Go on, Master Sleuth."

"For me, Bob, as I was going to say, if you had waited to let me say it. Well, I cannot forget what I once unwillingly let out to you—you forgive the confession from me, Bob—about my fears about Anthony's guilt. And now, if I am driven to speak the whole truth, or sacrifice my own character—"

"Besides your blessed neck, Master Sleuth."

Sleuth went on, a little paler in face, perhaps, but still quite equably in even tone and manner—

"If I am so driven—bitter as it will be to see my cousin so hold up, and to see the family name bespattered—I can have no choice but to extricate my own character, and I shall do so, regardless of every other consideration."

Apparently, Bob did not at all approve of the turn the conversation was taking. So he said in his most brutal fashion—and it was wonderful how brutal he could be when not afraid, and when he saw his interest lay in brutality—

"Explain all that 'ere to your jolly gang o' beaks to-morrow, will yer? And much good may it do yer, Master Sleuth! Good-morning, Master Sleuth. This is the last time o' axing, Master Sleuth. T'other wasn't! Good-morning, Master Sleuth!"

Bob turned, and actually began to walk away;

but hearing Sleuth's rapid step following, he faced quickly round.

"What now?" he demanded; and Sleuth saw that deep, bitter disappointment rankled in the ruffian's soul, and that he would assuredly risk everything that there could be to risk—which for him was not much—in order to damage his intended victim.

What a bitter moment it was! He really wanted just then to go no further. He shrank, with a repugnance that he could not himself understand, from the very crime so long prepared for to cover his own crime—shrank from it now, when it was his only refuge.

"Bob," he said, "think a bit calmly and sensibly. I am willing to help you; but you must consider how I am to do it. Put yourself in my position. Don't ask for what you do not really want, and what a man in my position cannot grant; but ask only for that which is necessary to you. Then we might get on. Perhaps—"

He paused, and there was again a prolonged silence, during which both were considering the same problem without acknowledging it—How could Sleuth satisfy at once Bob and Dr. Pompess, and yet let Anthony alone?

During this pause Sleuth said, suddenly:

"Do you know where my cousin is, and what he is doing!"

"Trust me! Bin over the ground before starting for the race. He ain't many miles hoff; and he's got lots o' money; makes plows, and farmers' machines, and contracts, and has a partner."

Sleuth had heard something of this, but had always refused to discourse on the subject of his cousin, so that he was not sure of the truth of Anthony's prosperity. But even this fact had its significance now. If Anthony were in possession of a large business, he must have money, character, and friends. What if he were to hear of this statement of the burglars, and be the first to proceed? Sleuth's soul seemed to dissolve as to a jelly at the thought of seeing such an avenger of blood on his track, added to all the rest. Dr. Pompess, and the governor's letter, Bob, Phillis, and now Anthony! Why should he hesitate?

The envy or jealousy that formed so large a part of Sleuth's character, suggested additional tortures. Anthony would come back, rich, to Clarissa, win her, and so deprive him (Sleuth) of the one friend he had, and through whom he had obtained all his other friends and acquaintances—Dr. Pompess. Oddly did the two discordant visions mingle in Sleuth's busy brain—Anthony in delightful converse with Clarissa, and the two sneering at him (for so he pictured them); Anthony in full possession of the doctor's ear and favor, hearing how the doctor had condescended to take the druggist's assistant in hand.

He made up his mind. Yes. On the one hand, he saw no possibility of extricating himself, even with Bob's utmost help; on the other, he saw the moral certainty of final relief if he allowed things to take their natural course against Anthony. It was not he now, it was Fate that struck the blow. Besides, if the worst came to the worst, he could and would save his cousin. It was wonderful how his countenance lightened as he saw that solution. True, he didn't at present perceive how such relief from the gallows was to be managed, after a trial and conviction; but he felt great fortitude in bearing the doubt till the hour of action should come, and then—why, then he might even win Anthony's gratitude, smuggle him out of the country with plenty of money, face it out, if necessary, at home, by boldly avowing he wasn't going to let his own kinsman die by the hangman, and then—— He need not see further at present. Yes, he was decided.

"Bob, I have considered, and I can't consent to appear wanting in respect to the memory of the dead, in order to save the reputation of the living, if the living be guilty. Knowing what I know, I cannot say to you, 'Stop!—you are wrong.' I fear, Bob, you are right, and that you must proceed."

As this did not in the least illumine the lowering gloom of that hideous face, Sleuth proceeded to add:

"I shall, through my friend Dr. Pompess, offer a reward of a thousand pounds for the discovery of the murderer; and I grieve to tell you, Bob, that I fear that that reward will have to be very promptly paid."

"Think so?" said Bob, with a villainous roll and leer of his eye sideways in Sleuth's direction, as he began to understand the cue now given. "And if he were to 'appen to go off the hooks afore——"

"Before conviction? Then I will tell my friend to pay it to the man who is the instrument of the discovery."

"And if your friend were 'ard to please—some folks is, you know—when it comes to legal pints, and a poor man demanding lots o' money——"

"I will tell him not to stand upon legal niceties."

"Will you pay yourself, Mister Sleuth?"

"Bob, reflect! You may have to appear! You may be asked questions about motives, and so on. You see?"

Bob did reflect, and looked viciously—now at Sleuth, now at the ground—as he did so. He had already seen and appreciated the fact that, whether Sleuth was or was not the real murderer, it would be much easier to get Anthony convicted for the crime, not only on account of certain ugly facts bearing heavily against him, but because Sleuth was ready to render, either openly or covertly, aid and sustenance while the work was being performed. Bob might have even owned, if compelled to speak, that he was not at all sure but that Anthony was the murderer; though, if so, then he was quite certain that Sleuth had had his own secret reasons for fear, which Bob concluded was about the property.

Sleuth saw his state, and at last said:

"Besides what I have told you, I will place at once in my friend's hands a thousand pounds, to help you in your inquiries, whether about this or about Esau, whose history I shall myself make known to the doctor. So you will only have to go to him in a sober state, and looking as respectable as you can make yourself, and you will find yourself liberally dealt with. These are arrangements, Bob, which will rather improve your case on the trial, if it should come out——"

"And yours, too, Mister Sleuth! By the Lord, you're a deep 'un!"

"Bob, you mistake the conscious dignity of innocence for——"

"Can you give us summat to go on with?" demanded Bob, rudely interrupting an eloquent sentence.

"Yes, if you will tell the doctor I have given it merely for present necessities."

"Mister Sleuth ain't artful—not a bit on it! What a pal you'd a bin, Mister Sleuth, if I'd only had the luck to have got hold on yer afore you left that medical shop!"

"I repeat——" began Sleuth.

"No, don't; for sich——gammon always makes me sick."

"How will you proceed?"

"Go to this Doctor Pomp——"

"Doctor Pompess. Right. Be there to-morrow morning at eleven. I will see him in the interim."

Bob wondered now what Sleuth waited for, and why he did not give him the money he had promised. Sleuth had his purse in his hand, and was playing with the gold pieces in it, as if counting them over and over again; in fact he was cogitating over a secret difficulty, that must be cleared up before Bob left."

"Bob, you remember that piece of paper you gave me, fancying it was of such great value?"

"Considering I axed ten thousand pounds for it, and was able to cry, 'Sold agin, and got the money!' I should rather think I do."

"It's very odd," said Sleuth, with a sickly smile, "you should so forget yourself. Didn't you give me a receipt for that ten thousand, saying it was for Esau?"

"Yes, when you axed me to hexchange one receipt for another."

"Bob, I don't remember that."

"No, Mister Sleuth?"

"No," said Sleuth, mildly, and staring Bob full in the face long enough to give the right kind of idea; then the eyelids quivered a little, and the face turned away. "It's a pity, Bob, you are so little alive to the facts of the case, even when they are all in your favor."

"Eh?"

"Are they not so? Suppose you have to appear on the trial, and you are asked if it be true that the burglars gave you a codicil, and that you gave it to me, and received ten thousand pounds for it, and then my receipt is produced—don't you see you'll be convicted out of your own mouth, and that you'll be doing your best to smash your own case in other respects?"

"And yourn, Mister Sleuth! Don't forget that."

"If I acknowledged to have received such a codicil, undoubtedly it would and ought to damage me; but if I say, as I shall, and conscientiously—[Bob whistled]—that the paper you gave me was of no value whatever, and that I destroyed it immediately, it's only you and your character that will be in danger."

"Why, Mister Sleuth, now I remember, you did tear it up; and threw the bits about afore my werry eyes!"

"You remember?"

"O' coorse I do!"

"I am very glad. Here, Bob, here's twenty pounds for you. And as to the date of that paper——"

"Oh, I shan't remember!" Bob interjected.

"But the burglars?"

"They don't remember. I found that out through the guv'nor in the prison."

"What, did he know?" asked the alarmed Sleuth.

"Yes; the men told him they thought as the paper as they gev to me——"

"Told that, too?" asked the now agitated Sleuth.

"Yes; but I didn't want to go too far, ye see, Mister Sleuth, in putting them on the scent agin you; so I made light on it, while keepin' the matter open in my own mind!"

"But now?"

"It's clean done with. I stick to my receipt and to you, Mister Sleuth."

"Don't spare the cash, Bob," said Sleuth, and that was his only reply; "the doctor shall supply you amply."

"All right, Mister Sleuth."

"Anything fresh the matter, Bob?"

"No. I'm only a looking at yer. I never seed sich afore, and never looks to see sich agin!"

"You're going, then, and will, I suppose, soon—soon take measures for—for——"

"Grabbing him! Won't I?"

"No violence, Bob! It would be very unfortunate if, through any mistake of yours, fancying he were going to run, or anything of that sort, you or your companions were to fire and hurt him. It would be a great calamity, Bob, and your conscience would never get over it, if you were hasty for the sake of securing the reward, and of having no more questions and difficulties to go through."

"Mister Sleuth, if that's your game, I tell you once for all, I ain't up to it. My pals used to say as I was chicken-hearted when things came to the push. Don't know, I'm sure. Somehow, I ain't bin frightened of you. But I won't meddle that way with him. Take your davey o' that!"

"Bob, it is most painful to talk to you. The very things you want to do, you think I don't want. The very things I don't want to do, you persuade yourself I do want to do. No matter. I am thankful, very thankful, if I have elicited from you what I wanted—full security that my cousin shall be sacredly guarded, while my position with him is so equivocal. You won't understand me, Bob; but all I want is to do the right thing, both to myself and to Mr. Anthony Maude."

"Well, I ain't a-goin' to touch him, or let him be touched. You looks forrad, Mister Sleuth, so does I. Others may be hit, and then live, arter all, and make it awkward for yer."

"Don't, I beg you—don't! I keep on begging you to be especially careful he does not receive any injury."

"Oh, I know all about it, and all about you, Mister Sleuth. You'd forgive me now, wouldn't yer, if I did, with the best o' intentions, make a mistake?"

"Bob, I really have no more to say."

"Will yer shake hands?"

"Will I?—certainly. There!"

The two men took hands, and Bob looked harder than ever into Sleuth's eyes, which met his with tolerable equanimity, Sleuth remaining silent.

"Talk of spinxes! They should stick Mister Sleuth o' top of a big stone, and there they just would have a summut to ax questions on, and to get aggrawatin' answers from. Well, good mornin', Mister Sleuth. We'd best not appear too friendly, I suppose?"

"I rely on your prudence and sagacity, Bob, in everything, and you may rely on me."

And so they parted; and so Anthony's fate was decided on.

CHAPTER LXIV.—A DEPRESSED MOOD.

CLARISSA was again at the river bank, and wondered at her own dejection of spirit. The scene was as beautiful as ever; the flow of the water as suggestive of the eternal freshness of natural life, where the bubbles seemed to come dancing out of the current, make a circling tour to reach her feet, and whisper to her, "Come! come!" and then reluctantly pass away at last into the flow as before.

It was so long that she had watched and waited. The measure of weeks had slowly changed into the measure of months, and then of years, and still was inadequate. Anthony was living at no great distance, she had heard, was doing well as a man of business, and that was all she knew—for he did not come to tell her any more.

It was true that she had herself, in a compromise with her father, caused all correspondence and personal communication to cease; but then she and Anthony had alike understood that the cessation was for a time only, and till he could create new claims to her father's favor.

But to-day some not altogether inexplicable presentiment of evil overhangs her, and makes her wonder at her own childish tears and folly. That letter from the governor—what does it portend? If the burglars did not kill the old man, who did? She shrinks, even in thought, from pressing home that question. But she cannot avoid thinking of the grave looks of her father, who has cautiously maintained the deepest silence ever since the receipt of the letter; and Clarissa cannot but fancy he means that in kindness to her. But why? She almost passionately resents the answer that at times *will* spring up. It is because he thinks Anthony compromised.

The matter must go on. She sees that. Anthony, like Sleuth, will have to appear and see what it means. Will he come here—to her father's house—on such business? How dreadful if that should be the occasion of their first interview after such a separation!

What is it that can affect Anthony? She knows only of the discovery of the codicil which so suddenly deprived him of the estate, and of the pencil marks on the back, said to be Anthony's own, but which he passionately denied. She did not simply believe him with her whole soul, she felt it as an outrage that all other persons were not of the same mind. What if the fact seemed to show he might have had possession of the codicil at the time of the alderman's death, and took advantage of the death to conceal the fatal document? Might not the man who really did kill the alderman, have also fraudulently concealed the codicil where Anthony should find it, being himself afraid of its discovery in any other way?

She started up with an impetuous, agitated gesture, to hurry to her father and suggest this thought to him—though she soon slackened her pace, as she saw that there could but be one man to whom such a remark could apply, and that the doctor would not only esteem her prejudiced against Sleuth if she made it, but possibly resist the thought itself if it came to him in that unpleasant shape.

While she lingered a little in the garden, thinking over how she could best manage him—for she saw too plainly the critical nature of the issue—she saw Sleuth pass along a graveled walk not far off. Slightly drawing back against a tree, she was able to watch him for a few seconds, while herself barely perceptible. She had never seen him look so absorbed. Doubtless he had looked well about him before this, and seeing no one, had given way to the mood. He stopped once abruptly. He stood still. Then, as if he were inventing some excuse for the benefit of casual spectators, he looked at his watch, appeared satisfied, and went on.

"What was he thinking of," Clarissa asked, "when he stopped so suddenly?" And Anthony's fate, by some inscrutable process of her mind, seemed to be henceforth inextricably mingled in her thoughts with that pause of hesitation—as if the actor were on the threshold of a tremendous event which might be yet modified or changed.

When she thought he had got into the house, she herself advanced, and entered by a different door.

Clarissa possessed on the ground-floor a little room, too unambitious to be called a boudoir, but that yet was in itself a charming room, and very dear to its mistress. There was not a handsome piece of furniture, no gilding, no ordinary knickknackeries; but there was a harp, and a piano, and a bird-cage, and a basket of plants in full bloom at the window, and there were low, easy-chairs and couches, covered simply in pure Holland.

This room was just opposite her father's room. She passed rapidly into it, and then, with a quick breath, pushed the door a little to, and listened. Listened for voices in the room opposite. She heard them, low, distant-sounding, mysterious.

Could she go to them? No; she felt that was quite out of the question.

Still she listened, hoping some one word—some one phrase, louder than the rest, would reach her.

No. Only the same low, distant, mysterious sounds, which bore to her excited fancy she knew not what of horrible fear and suggestion.

The door opened. She heard then the doctor saying distinctly, though, she thought, in a voice full of awe and agitation:

"You say you cannot. I will not; but Mr. [she missed the name] will, I dare say, do all that is required."

Suddenly the door was closed, and Clarissa rather guessed than knew it was Sleuth who had shut it—as if conscious of listeners; but that it was only for a moment, while some point was still in debate. Not only was it reopened, but Sleuth came out, called a servant, and gave his orders in a low tone of voice.

Repressing the scorn with which Clarissa ever noticed Mr. Sleuth's little familiarities in this way—for she knew the doctor rather encouraged them, without, perhaps, intending to do so—she determined, if Sleuth gave her an opportunity, to go immediately to the doctor, and learn what was going on.

But Sleuth, as if afraid of her proximity and wishes, kept so near, even while executing the commission the doctor seemed to have given him, that she could only wait in feverish impatience—standing just behind her slightly opened door—feeling that minute by minute something was going on of which she ought to know—which, possibly, she ought to stop; but feeling, also, her utter powerlessness both of will and of the knowledge what it were best to do. The weight of a cruel destiny seemed to press upon her brain with a severity that increased every moment, and yet she knew not how to throw it off.

Sleuth returned to the doctor when he had done the business in hand. And just as she began again painfully to listen for the low, distant, mysterious voices, she also heard the sharper sounds of the clattering of a horse's hoofs in the stable-yard. The man was off somewhere in hot haste.

She must go in, if only to look at their faces, and try if some chance word might not relieve her of this dread oppression. Again and again she lifts her hand to draw back the door, but again and again stops, as if warned by a secret instinct she would at present do harm rather than good—that her time for interference had not come.

What an hour was that which ensued before the return of the servant! As she expected, he returned not alone. Her heart gave a great leap, as it were, as she heard the voice in the hall of her father's poor-law opponent, but brother magistrate, Mr. Macguire.

"They are meeting in council," she murmured to herself. "Yes, I understand. There are now three magistrates. The thing is too serious for one. Ah, no! Child that I was! I see all now. It is against Anthony they move. Oh, my God, Anthony! Sleuth dares not attack thee openly—my father is too kind, in spite of his dislike to do it—and so Mr. Macguire comes to finish the unholy business. But stop! He has no friend here but me. I must be calm, thoughtful, not excited, not agitated, not weeping woman's tears. Oh, Anthony! Anthony! Anthony!"

Again the low, distant, mysterious voices, which had now, through the presence of the new voice, a kind of roll pervading them, which Clarissa could not help likening to the muffled sounds she had heard in the playing of the "Dead March in Saul."

Another half hour of the most exquisite misery before she could hear aright anything to guide her as to the course of events. Then the door opened, and Mr. Macguire and her father came out, the latter very warmly thanking the former for his so promptly answering the appeal, and the former laughing a loud burly laugh at the doctor's allusion to their occasional tussels at the meeting of the overseers for the poor.

Perhaps now she might get a word from her father before he returned. She stood ready, intending to beckon to him, and instantly close the door, so that Sleuth might not notice her action; but he pushed the door of the doctor's room wide, and strode to and fro until the doctor returned to him, and again the two were alone.

She found it impossible to listen now. Sleuth could not long remain. She went to the piano, and sounded a few chords, but they were so wild that she listened to them as she fancied the doctor and Sleuth would listen; but whatever they heard or thought, they took no notice, and she had still to wait.

But at last she heard the exchange of parting salutations, and, though she did control her footsteps until Sleuth's footsteps were crunching down the gravel outside, she then flew across the space between the two doors, and, in an instant after, was confronting the doctor.

Face to face—it was an awful moment. Hardly did either of the two need to speak, so terribly eloquent in their pallid bloodlessness were both countenances.

"It is——" she began.

"Yes, Clarissa, it is a warrant that has been issued for the apprehension of Mr. Anthony Maude for *murder*."

BARON ROTHSCHILD once complained to Lord Brougham of the hardship of not being allowed to take his seat in parliament. "You know," said he, "I was the choice of the people."

To which the ex-chancellor, with his usual causticity, replied:

"So was Barabbas."



THE GRAVE OF POWHATAN, IN THE GROUNDS OF MR. MAYO, RICHMOND VA.

THE GRAVE OF POWHATAN.

On the grounds of Mr. Mayo, a few miles from Richmond, Va., is a stone, marked by reliable traditions as the grave of the great Indian Chief Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas, she from whose blood the F. F. V's boast that they inherit their aristocracy and fire.

The stone is simply an oval, without inscription, but bearing about it all the marks of having been placed there to mark the grave of a chief by the Indians. Over it has been erected the latticed house represented in the engraving, and to it thousands make their pilgrimages, anxious to see the spot where lie the remains of the great chief who made so prominent a mark in the history of his time, and about whom so much of romance and history clings.

MADAME PFEIFFER AND THE NEGRO.

The honors of successful enterprise have not been entirely monopolized by the male sex; but few women travelers have undertaken distant and perilous journeys on sea and land with such courage and perseverance as were displayed by the heroic Anna Pfeiffer, a Viennese lady. This extraordinary woman appears to have been inspired with an insatiable thirst for visiting foreign lands, and for exploring countries unknown or little civilized. The wife of a Polish advocate, it was not until she had reached the age of forty-five years that she found herself, by the completion of the education of her children and their establishment in life, free to undertake her long-cherished designs. It was then that she began to mature the plan for her first long journey, which she determined to accomplish alone.

Her means were exceedingly small, but she says in her diary: "I resolved to practice the strictest economy. Privation and discomforts had no terrors for me. I had endured them long enough compulsorily, and I reflected that they would be much easier to bear if I encountered them voluntarily, and with an object in view."

When she imparted to her friends her intention of visiting Jerusalem, she was regarded as simply a crazy enthusiast, and few thought her to be in earnest in the matter.

Nevertheless, she kept her resolution, and, in the year 1842, visited Jerusalem and other principal cities of the Holy Land; and, having journeyed as far as the Isthmus of Suez and the Red Sea, returned by way of Egypt, the Mediterranean, and Italy, to Vienna, where she was induced to publish her diary, under the title of "Journey of a Viennese Lady to the Holy Land." Though as yet Madame Pfeiffer's travels related only to well-trodden paths, the work attracted much attention, and, what was more important to her, provided her with a moderate sum with which to undertake new journeys.

Madame Pfeiffer now began to study languages, and to endeavor to obtain such an acquaintance with botany as would render her observations of foreign countries useful to the world. In 1845 she landed on the coast of Iceland, and traversed the island in every direction, visiting the Geysers and other hot springs, and ascending Mount Hecla, which shortly afterward broke out into eruption. Her narrative of this journey was published in two volumes, under the title of "A Voyage to the Scandinavian North and the Island of Iceland;" and the copies of the copyright, and of the sale of the geological and botanical specimens collected during this tour, again furnishing her with funds, she resolved to make a voyage round the world, a feat probably never before undertaken by a European lady alone.

"Greater privations and fatigues than I had encountered in Syria and Iceland," she remarks in her diary, "I could scarcely have to encounter. The expense did not alarm me, for I knew from experience how little is necessary if the traveler will but practice the strictest economy. My savings amounted to a sum barely sufficient, perhaps, to serve such travelers as Chateaubriand or Lamartine for a fortnight's excursion; but it appeared to me ample for a journey of two or three years, and the result showed that I had calculated correctly."

Madame Pfeiffer embarked from Hamburg in a sailing-vessel, in June, 1846, and reached Rio Janeiro after a voyage of three months. From that port, she made many excursions into the interior of the country, on one of which she met with an adventure which had nearly brought her wanderings to a premature close. Having arrived at Porta d'Estrella, she was anxious to visit Petropolis, a colony founded by Germans, of which she had heard much, and which was situated at only twenty-seven leagues' distance. The journey was generally performed upon mules, but, as she had been informed in Rio that the roads afforded a beautiful walk, traversing magnificent woods, she determined to go on foot, accompanied by Count Berchtold, a traveling companion who had taken a part in these excursions, particularly as the count was desirous of collecting botanical specimens, while Madame Pfeiffer was equally bent upon collecting insects. The first eight miles lay through a broad valley, covered with thick brambles and shrubs and surrounded with lofty mountains.

After passing through this valley they reached the serra, as the Brazilians term the summit of each mountain that they cross, the present one being three thousand feet high. They now entered the luxuriant virgin forest, where they obtained an abundant harvest of flowers, plants, and insects, and loitered along, enchanted with the magnificent woods and not less beautiful views which stretched over hill and dale toward the sea and its innumerable bays. Frequent troops of mules driven by blacks, as well as occasional pedestrians, which they met, eased their minds of every fear, and prevented their regarding it as all remarkable that they were being continually followed by a negro. Suddenly, however, as they arrived at a lonely spot the man sprang forward, holding in one hand a long knife and in the other a lasso, or cord, with which the South Americans are in the habit of catching wild cattle, and, by gestures and words, made the travelers understand that he intended to murder, and then drag them into the forest.

Unfortunately the two travelers had no arms, for they had been assured that the road was perfectly safe; and the only weapons they possessed were their carmen-sun-shades or parasols, and a small clasp-knife, which Madame Pfeiffer instantly drew out of her pocket and opened, fully determined to sell her life as dearly as possible. They parried their adversary's blows as long as they could. In the struggle he dropped his knife, which rolled a few steps from him. Madame Pfeiffer instantly made a dash and thought she had grasped it, when the negro, more quick than her, thrust her away with his feet and hands, and once more obtained possession of the weapon. He then waved it furiously over his head, and dealt her two wounds, a thrust and a deep gash, both in the upper part of the left arm. She now thought she was lost; despair alone gave her the courage to use her own knife. She made a thrust at her adversary's breast, which he warded off, and she only succeeded in wounding him severely in the hand, but at the same time falling herself to the ground. At this point the count, who was entirely unarmed, sprang forward, and seizing the man from behind, afforded his companion an opportunity of rising.

The affair had occupied but a few seconds, and the fury of their assailant was now roused to the highest pitch by the wounds he had received. He gnashed his teeth at them like a wild beast, and flourished his knife with terrible rapidity. Meanwhile the count had received a serious cut across the hand, and the travelers were beginning to regard themselves as lost, when happily the tramp of horses' hoofs met their ear, and the negro left them, and sprang into the wood.

Immediately afterwards two horsemen turned a corner of the road, and hastened toward them. Their wounds, which were bleeding freely, and the hacked and broken condition of their sun-shades, soon made them understand the position of affairs. They asked which direction the fugitive had taken, and, springing to their horses, hurried after him. The man was soon captured though not without a struggle, and carried home to Petropolis, where his crime met its due punishment. Madame Pfeiffer and her companion were enabled, by the assistance of their deliverers, to get their wounds dressed, and afterward continued their journey.

From Rio the adventurous lady sailed round Cape Horn, and landed at Valparaiso. From thence she visited the island of Otaheite, and was presented to the celebrated Queen Pomare. While here she made excursions over the entire island, and ascended some of its loftiest mountains, being attired for her journeys in men's shoes without any stockings, trowsers, and a blouse fastened up at the hips. From Otaheite, or Tahiti, as it is now called, she sailed for Canton, and spent much time in observing the manners of the Chinese, into whose country she penetrated with a daring, perhaps, never before displayed by a European lady.

Her next places of visit were the island of Ceylon and Bombay, from which latter country she set out on an arduous journey through Persia and Mesopotamia, an account of which was published in her third work, entitled "A Woman's Journey Round the World." She had now determined to settle down in Vienna; but the sale of her journal and collections, and a grant of about £150 from the Austrian Government, having furnished her again with funds, her restless love of adventure soon revived, and she set out on a third ocean journey. This time she visited the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, and Singapore, and landed on the coast of Borneo, where she made an excursion among the savage Dyaks. Subsequently she visited a number of islands in the Indian Archipelago, and once more traversed the Pacific for more than ten thousand miles, to California.

Her next travels were in Peru, the United States, and Canada. The experiences of this great tour were narrated in her "Second Journey Round the World," published in Vienna in 1856. Her last journey was to Madagascar, where she met with some singular adventures, having become accidentally involved in a conspiracy to overthrow the power of the infamous Queen Ranavola, for which she was banished from the island. This journey unfortunately proved fatal to her, for the Madagascan intermittent fever, which she caught in the island, pursued her after her return to Vienna, in which city she died, on the 27th of October, 1858.



MADAME PFEIFFER AND THE NEGRO.



THE LATE JACOB STRAWN, OF JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

JACOB STRAWN,

The Illinois Farmer.

JACOB STRAWN, of Jacksonville, Illinois, died lately, at his home, in that place. Starting in farming and cattle buying at an early age, with a capital of 50 cents in silver, Mr. Strawn came to be the king farmer of the West. His acres spread over almost whole counties, and it was no unusual thing for him to sow a field of wheat or plant corn over a space twice the size of a German kingdom. He had sheep and kine upon a thousand hills—or would have had, if the hills had been there. He built pretty much the whole of the village of Jacksonville; he represented his district in the Legislature, where he was noted for direct and available good sense, and in all positions filled the ideas of a good citizen. His "little garden patch," at the time of his death, embraced nearly 35,000 acres, worth at least $1,500,000, without improvements. He was twice married, and leaves seven sons and one daughter. In person he was a Daniel Lambert, weighing about 350 pounds. During the war he was an active and liberal friend and supporter of the Union cause.

Many interesting incidents have been related respecting him, among which are the following: He began life for himself by raising 16 acres of wheat, which he traded for 16 steers, which he sold at a profit. After this he dealt mainly in cattle. He was a rapid talker, and a keen judge of human nature, a prompt actor, knew how to drive a bargain, and always made money. He seldom came to town, was busy every moment, and was always in the field or in the saddle, going from place to place.

Until within a few years he was his own accountant and his own banker; and, strange as it may seem, kept no books, trusting entirely to his memory, which never failed him. In physical labor he excelled in every department. With a cradle on hand sickle he has been known to reap, bind and shock 60 dozen bundles of wheat in a day. Farmers will understand this to be what not more

than one man in a thousand could perform. In earlier days he carried large sums of money upon his person, and on several occasions his life was attempted as he rode alone through the country. At one time, near Alton, he was attacked by three robbers, whom he thrashed and put to flight with his cattle whip. He was a man of wonderful muscle and activity. He could spring over the highest fence by merely placing one hand on the top rail, and on one occasion he caught an infuriated bull by the horns, who was charging on him in an open field, and, throwing him down by mere force, completely subdued the animal.

THE WEB AND WEAVER OF NYASSA.

DR. LIVINGSTONE who, without doubt, was strongly influenced in his African travels by the desire to find cotton, thus writes of the cotton and weavers of Nyassa, on the Zambesi: "It makes stronger cloth; many of the people prefer it to the foreign cotton; the third variety is not found here. It was remarked to a number of men near the Shire Lakelet, a little further on toward Nyassa, 'You should plant plenty of cotton, and probably the English will come and buy it.' 'Truly,' replied a far-traveled Babisa leader to his fellows, 'the country is full of cotton, and if these people come to buy, they will enrich us.' Our own observation on the cotton cultivated, convinced us that this was no empty flourish, but a fact. Everywhere we met with it, and scarcely ever entered a village, without finding a number of men cleaning, spinning, and weaving. It is first carefully separated from the seed by the fingers, or by an iron cylinder, on a little block of wood, and rove out into long soft bands without twist. Then it receives its first twist on the spindle, and becomes about the thickness of coarse candle-wick; after being taken off and wound into a large ball, it is given the final hard twist, and spun into a firm cop on the spindle again; all the processes being painfully slow."



NATIVE WEB, AND WEAVER SMOKING THE HUGE TOBACCO PIPE OF NYASSA, AFRICA.

THE VOLCANO OF KILAUEA.

THE volcano of Kilauea, situated on the Hawaiian Islands, is the largest in the world. Its crater is about three miles in diameter, or nine miles in circumference, and varies in depth from eight to ten hundred feet. Unlike other craters, it is not on the summit of a mountain, but is on the slope of Mouna Loa, at an elevation of 4,000 feet, the mountain itself being nearly 14,000 feet in height, its summit crowned with perpetual snow, although within the torrid zone.

The crater is on a kind of high table-land, or plateau. A black ledge of hardened lava, from 600 to 2,000 feet in width, surrounds it, at a depth of 660 feet, and the bottom is occupied by a surging lake of liquid fire, over which hangs a cloud, silvery by day and glowing red by night.

Vapors and steam escape from numerous apertures; and even in times, when the fires are comparatively at rest, masses of red-hot matter are every now and then cast up to the height of 60 or 70 feet. The crater, though surrounded by huge fissures and steam cracks, can easily be approached to its very edge on horseback. The traveler suddenly finds himself upon the brink of a yawning abyss 1,000 feet deep, where he looks down, as it were, into the very mouth of hell. In 1840 the whole bottom of the crater was one mass of *molten lava*—a lake of fire nine miles in circumference! But, usually, the bottom of the crater is solid black lava, with the exception of two or three lakes, varying in size from 100 to 500 feet in diameter. The surfaces of these minor craters, within the mammoth crater, are constantly changing; sometimes being 200 or 300 feet below the general level, and sometimes building up miniature mountains, cones from 100 to 200 feet high.

On the edge of the large crater, a small native hut, called the Volcano House, has been erected, for the convenience of travelers, where they usually spend a night, watching the volcanic fires beneath them. They obtain their drinking water from the drippings of the steam-cracks near by, and cook their victuals, as represented in our engraving, by simply placing them over the heated steam as it issues from the fissures. The width of some of these chasms is 40 or 50 feet, and an idea of their immense depth can be obtained from the experiments, often tried by travelers, of rolling large stones into them. The boulders will be heard to bound, crashing from side to side, for some minutes, till the reverberations die away in the distance, the stone never seeming to reach bottom.



CRATER OF THE VOLCANO KILAUEA, SANDWICH ISLANDS, WITH NATIVES COOKING BY THE STEAM FROM THE FISSURES OF THE ROCK.

Having spent a night upon the brink of the crater, travelers usually start early the next morning, and, by the help of Hawaiian guides, pick their perilous way down the steep ascent into the crater, passing on their road the Sulphur Banks (where may be seen the most magnificent crystals, some of them two or three feet long, but far too fragile to be preserved), till at length they reach the solid bottom. They then walk over the jagged floor of lava, now hard and cold, for about two miles, when they come to

The Lake of Liquid Fire.

This crater within a crater is represented in our second engraving. It is about 200 feet in diameter, and 150 feet deep. The surface of the lake within is in a constant state of agitation, sometimes bubbling and boiling like a caldron, sometimes building up small cones, which spit out volcanic glass, spun into filaments fine as the soldier's web, and called by the Hawaiians "Pele's hair"—*Ana'a pele*. At other times, the whole surface of the lake, having become solid to the depth of three or four feet, will suddenly be broken up by the violence of subterranean fires, which cause the whole region to tremble, and the huge slabs of lava, like cakes of ice, being rolled over by the waves of fire, will melt away as snow-flakes vanish on the water. The grandeur of the scene beggars description.

There was an eruption on another part of Mouna Loa in 1855, which, in thirteen months, sent its fiery streams of desolation over an area estimated at 300 square miles. In 1859 another eruption broke out on the south-western slope of the mountain, near the edge of the snow. From this the molten stream ran down into the ocean, 40 miles distant, in eight days, destroying a fishing village, which happened to be in its path. The waters were so greatly heated, that the fishes were cooked for miles around.

A PARISIAN STORY.

How an English Woman Married a French Marquis.

A CORRESPONDENCE Paris correspondent relates the annexed French story of a recent marriage in Paris:

Nobody talks about anything now, except the strange marriage of the Marquis of C—— to an English woman, somewhat ripe, it is true, but we add, *par parenthèse*, possessed of a fortune sufficient to change into lilies and roses her somewhat *passé* face, and convert her into a dulcina not less charming than she of the knight of La Mancha.

But that which gives piquancy to the affair is a little history connected with their antecedents, and of which the following is an epitome:

It appears that the rich Anglaise came to Paris last winter, in regal style, and with a determination to give away her hand and heart to a gentleman, young and titled—an idea that had been ripening in her mind for a long time, on account of the lack of a powerful ally, money, in the shape of an enormous heritage which ought to have arrived from the East Indies, but which did not.

It is easy to say that when it did come, there was no lack of suitors for the hand of the grand (although *passé*) Anglaise. She soon had numerous lovers, but she had already given her heart to young Marquis C——, whom she had seen in the "grand monde." Unhappily for her flame, he paid no regard to the attentions of the rich quadragenarian—pretty women and cards taking up all his time and attention.

The Marquis was about twenty-five years old, and possessed of a fortune of somewhat over a half million of francs, which enabled him to live handsomely without hunting for her millions. But nothing is so tenacious as an old English woman, and in order to bring the object of her passion to her feet, she made use of a most singular expedient.

She followed him to a watering-place, where the "game" was going on. She well knew that clubs and spades sometimes "held the age" over the handsomest brunette, or fairest blonde, in a young man's heart; in fact, she knew that the marquis gamed deeply, and on this knowledge built her plans. She let the marquis establish a "*table de jeu*," without appearing to notice him in any way; then, after he was well into the whirl of "*rouge et noir*," wishing to attack this "insensible" through his "darling sin," she invited one day, to her house, one of those "Greeks," which are met everywhere at the green table, and who conceal their ignoble calling under a varnish of dandyism, of eloquence, and even instruction, which serves to deceive sometimes even the most suspicious.

"Monsieur," said she, "I know who you are, and your profession; I have found out who you are—no matter how. Here are my proofs of your profession. You know I can ruin you if I wish."

The "Greek" had no need of further proof than the word of l'Anglaise to convince him that he was at her mercy. "Now, I can ruin you," she said, "if I wish, but if you will only serve me in a little affair, I will not do so."

"Speak, madame," answered he; "I am at your service."

"Do you know Monsieur le Marquis de C——?" coolly asked l'Anglaise.

"Yes, madame," answered the Greek, with a low bow.

"I wish you to entrap him into play, (no difficulty about that, you know), and win from him, not only the amount of money he has on him, no small sum, as a general thing, but at least 500,000 francs, which is about his whole fortune."



VOLCANO OF KILAUEA AT NIGHT, HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

The "Greek," stupified, reflected an instant, and then a diabolical smile passed over his countenance. "I understand! you wish that I should win 600,000 francs and divide with you?" The proud Anglaise betrayed a movement of indignation, and then said, in the most disdainful tone: "*Vi donc!* Look out for yourself alone! But understand me, if the Marquis escapes from your hands without being ruined, I ruin you forever, here and elsewhere. In a word, I will publish all that I know of you—now *allez!*"

She took leave of him with a superb bow.

The gambler took leave of her with a mixed feeling of pleasure and uneasiness. He was uneasy at the idea of those papers being in other hand, and pleased at the idea of a "pigeon." In truth, I cannot begin to describe you our "Greek's" feelings; but before three days, he had succeeded to get on the most intimate terms with the Marquis, and in a couple of days more, the pair spent the night *soirée en tapis vert*; and then, of course, every succeeding night in the apartments of one or the other. In short, at the end of a month, the fortune dotted to the "Greek" was completely absorbed; and at the end of two months there remained not a shadow of it.

Meanwhile, while this poor fool was being thus fleeced, our Anglaise took good care to show off her riches to the plucked one. She talked to him of the millions that she had inherited, of her rank, and dazzled his eyes with her diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and God knows what. At last she played her game so well, that the poor fool was reduced to extremities, wound up by opening his ears and closing his eyes—accepted the hand of our heroine and all her riches.

The union was determined upon, and soon Le Madeleine received the "happy pair." The Marquis did not wish any invitations. The Anglaise did, and all Paris was invited and went.

HOW TO MAKE COFFEE.

BARON LIEBIG has published a practical essay on coffee-making, in which he asserts roundly that people at large do not get half the amount of essential coffee they ought to do from the bean as generally treated. He affirms that the aroma of coffee depends primarily on the roasting. This operation should be continued only until the bean or berry has lost its horny condition, so that it may be ground, or what is better, pounded to powder. Now as coffee contains a crystalline and volatile matter named *coffeine*, which gives coffee its flavor and sustaining qualities, care must be taken to retain it. By exposure to the air it escapes. Hence ground coffee rapidly loses its aroma and value, and the porosity of the roasted berries assists on a nice determination. Hence the baron recommends that powdered-white, or brown sugar be strewn over the berries when the roasting is just completed, and while they are still hot. When so strewed, the melted sugar will spread over the berries, forming a coating or varnish impervious to air, which will confine the aroma and retain the caffeine, until the time for the ground for use.

Of the three processes of making coffee, by dittation, infusion, and boiling, the baron inclines to the first, and that about three-fourths of the ground coffee to be used should be boiled for 15 or 20 minutes, and the remaining fourth put in, and the whole allowed to stand, covered, for from five to six minutes. This makes the best coffee.

For journeys and marches, where it is impossible to be burdened with machines for roasting and grinding, coffee may be carried in powder, and the baron recommends preparation prepared by the following process. One pound of the roasted coffee-berries in fine powder add immediately the melted sugar and water obtained by pouring two ounces of sugar in the essence of water, and permitting them to stand for a few minutes. When the powder is thoroughly wetted with the syrup, the cakes of finely-powdered sugar are to be added, mixed well with it, and the whole dried again in the oven. The sugar locks up the volatile parts of the coffee. If coffee is now to be made, cold water is to be poured over a certain quantity of the powder, and made to boil. Prepared this way, the powder may be preserved in perfect condition for a long time.

The traveler and soldier knows the value of good coffee, and any sound hints for its preparation will be welcomed and treasured by connoisseurs.

FACES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

AFTER the battle of Inkermann the faces of many of the dead still wore a smile, while that of the threatening expression. Some lay stretched on their backs, as if friendly hands had prepared their burial. Some were still resting on one knee, their hands grasping their muskets. In some instances the cartridge remained between the teeth, or the musket was held in one hand, and the other was uplifted, as though to ward off a blow or appealing to heaven. The faces of all were pale as though cut in marble. A wound across the battle-field, it waved the hair, and gave the bodies such an appearance of life that a spectator could hardly help thinking they were about to rise to continue the fight.

Another surprise, describing the appearance of the corpses on the field of Magenta, says that they furnish indisputable proof that man may receive a wound without suffering the least pain. Those struck on the head generally lay with their faces on the ground, their limbs retaining the position they were in at the instant they were struck, and most of these still held their rifles, showing that when a ball strikes the brain it causes such a sudden contraction of the muscles that there is not time for the hand to relax its grasp of the weapon before death.

Another peculiarity observed in the case of those who were wounded in the brain, was the endeavors to withdraw with their dead, even when aware of the risk of danger. During the battle of Solferino, a riflemen was wounded in the head by a ball which passed through the skull and buried itself in the brain. His comrades saw and heard, and he was carried off, but with his head resting on his knapsack, like his wounded companion. He relieved the ball on the road, and fainted and chatted about his wound almost with indifference, as he filled his pipe and lay smoking. A few minutes before he had finished it, death came upon him, and he was found lying in the same attitude, with his head between his teeth. He had never uttered a cry, or given any sign that he was in pain. Those on the field where the ball had entered the heart, nearly the same appearance were presented as in the case of those who had been struck in the brain; death was what we termed instantaneous, but it was not quite so swift as in the former case; there was generally time for a movement in the act of dying.

There was a Zouave, who had been struck full in the breast; he was lying on his side, the bayonet was free, and pointing in such a way as showed that he was in the act of charging when struck. His head was uplifted, and his countenance still bore a threatening appearance, as if he had merely stumbled and fell. His head was in the act of rising again. Close by him lay an Austrian foot-soldier, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, who had fallen in the act of praying. Another foot-soldier had fallen dead as he was in the act of fighting; his feet were closed, one arm was in the act of warding at a blow, and the other was drawn back in the act of striking. On another battle-field several French soldiers lay in a line, with their bayonets pointing in the direction of the enemy's advance—just as against, when a storm of grape mowed them down.

THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE AND THE HACKMEN.

THE Government has resolved the question raised by the petition presented to the Emperor by the hackdrivers of Paris, and which we noticed at the time. The Company of the Petites Voitures will no longer enjoy a monopoly, and anybody will be henceforth free to set up a hackney-coach. The monopoly, as I have mentioned, is abolished without loss to the Company. The decision of the Emperor has created universal delight with the Parisians. The civil authorities certainly did their best to regulate the monopoly, so that the public should not suffer from it; but nonsense will be nonsense, and in the case of the hackney-carriages it was true to its nonsense. Every coachman who obtained the Licence Lucratif marked the facility with which a cab is procured there in any weather, affording a strong contrast with the difficulty of finding such a vehicle on a rainy day in Paris. The fault was attributed to the authorities, who are reckoned accountable for the bad management of the monopolies they establish. Henceforth the public will know that it has only itself to blame for the arrival of a shower of rain, the Government is not to blame.

There is scarcely a doubt but that the increased facility and convenience will be as remarkable in public cabs, when free trade is established in the trade, as it has proved, moreover, that there will be more vehicles on the streets, and that the drivers will be more ready to accommodate their customers, when there is a smart competition. The necessity of the numbers and the responsibility of establishing public vehicles may be made a pretext for diverting public attention from the attack against the Government; but these fears, real or pretended, have been overruled by the Imperial will.

The encouragement which the superior authorities are about to give by this act to the practical exercise of industrial calling and private initiative, will have the merit of being opportune in the midst of the efforts to serve the acts of many local authorities. Pretexts and mayors, ministers, or supreme chiefs, society, and the public good, frequently cause decrees which destroy even the very shadow of liberty. The municipal authorities of Lodeve, for example, published an ordinance, some time ago, which prohibited the hiring out of a horse or ass, or the hire of a cart during the vintage. The Mayor of Montpellier, by the arrival of a delicate decree, which compels the sellers of incense to declare where it comes from, and the quality of what for what purpose it is intended. The principles of free trade would seem to have made little impression on the normal municipal councilors of country towns if the Government act is necessary to bring them to openly uniting their acts to the principles they profess.

THE TOMB.

THEY are some on epitaphs in Georgia. In cemetery in Bangor, Maine, is a monument to the memory of Tennessee Thompson, Jr. He lived to fourteen the lives of a cat, and died on the 13th day and 23 days; when death tore him from the mountain's side, and he was carried more than 100 miles to be placed him in God's White House, to live and play through all eternity."

HOW TO APPRECIATE WIVES.—According to the laws of the Greek church, its clergy may marry once; but if the wife dies they are forbidden to choose a successor, a strange interpretation of St. Paul's injunction to the Corinthians that they should be "one." It is said, and may safely be believed, that this gains for the lady a eager attention to her every whim than is usually the lot of her sex in the East. A gentleman residing in Athens, on the occasion of a dispute arising over entering the house of a leading priest, of him his engaged in washing down the floor, replied, on the inquiring the reason of such an apparently uncivil proposition, that he was married to the priest's wife, because my wife labor, that she may live the longer, for you know, O Kyrie, that a wife who does not labor cannot permit me to have another, and I wish to keep the one I have as long as I can."

HOW THE CHOLERA THRIVES.—The epidemic has made its appearance at Fromanile, a suburb of Constantinople, England, at present numbers about 1,800 inhabitants, and within a week there have been 24 deaths there, all of which are from cholera. A local correspondent ascribes the visitation to the drinking, repudiate, of the water. The system adopted is that of running the pipes of each house into a dead well, placed about six feet from the house, and sunk into the soil, in ground which is a loose stratum of gravel. These wells are made of brick-work, without any cement or interstices being left within them as in an ordinary well, thus permitting the soil to absorb and filter the liquid matter which may flow into them. All the live wells being surrounded by a ditch, so that from the wells, the liquid percolates from one into the other, the water procurable from the whole series of these dead wells, which may be compared to so many retorts, all depositing of their impurities, is of the most foul description (the pipes) into their several receivers (the cases). Every flush of rain washes the dead matter of the poison into the habitation—a poison as deadly to the human system as prussic acid or corrosive sublimate."

THE Chinese have had a great start over all the nations of the earth in the art of printing, and the art of printing was first introduced. It is known to have been practiced in China before the fifth century at the end of the sixth century of the Christian era. In A. D. 593 there is a decree of the Emperor Wen-ti "designs" and "text," and for their cutting in wood for publication; but it is not known when the art was first practiced. In 932 the canonical books were ordered to be printed, and the work was finished in nine years, and in 952 the work was completed, and the books "were circulated over all the empire." Printing from blocks was employed in the middle of the eleventh century. The earliest specimens of printing from blocks have been carried out in China on a most magnificent scale. The Chinese Encyclopædia, published in 1726, in all 250,000 moveable types, engraved in copper, and printed from them, and the Imperial Library, in 1773, consisted of 10,411 works to be published, covering the whole field of Chinese literature.

THE writing Chinese, the camel-hair pencil is held between the middle and the fourth finger, perpendicularly or nearly so, and the character is formed by character, some fanciful in the extreme. The wee or pencil-case is of bamboo, and the reservoir for ink was the most ancient mode, from the facilities it afforded in engraving the text, and in the printing of numerous inscriptions. The official character, which is about 4,000 in number, is the most simple, the most regular and primary type, and bears something the same reference to it that Roman capitals do to the modern text. It is the most used now in printing, and imitated in writing, is called "the seal character," and is found on the schools. In this "running" hand, the different parts of a character are connected with one another, and the writing is more rapidly performed. The flower or plant character is still more loose and flowing, and is not easily read; it has, however, a graceful and attractive appearance. In the tenth century, the "running" character was introduced; it is stiffer than the "plant," which has superseded them and other varieties; the taptsele character, the bamboo character, the bird character, in which resemblances to the objects pervade all the forms. There are many treatises on the art of writing, and many rules for the proper style; and a house are frequently adorned with scrolls of calligraphy.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

AN army chaplain relates the following story: Seeing a sixty-faced nutcracker perform at the fence, in front of a house, the preacher stopped, and said:

"Is your father at home?"

"No; he's gone to church."

"Is your mother at home?"

"No; she's gone, too."

"Then you're all by yourself?"

"No; brother Sam's in that, laughin' the nigger gal."

"That's bad."

"Yes, it's bad; but it's the best he can do!"

BEAUTY is like the rainbow, full of promise but elusive—it comes, it dazzles before, and then after the eye is laid. If a man flatters you, he is a knave to get a fool. If a woman is ashing for fame, go into the graveyard and rub yourself against the stones. A fop is a fool with a capital F, and a fool with a capital fool is a man with one idea is like a goose trying to hatch a porcupine.

JOHN asked Julia if she would have him? "No," said she, "I will not have you!" but before John could recover from the shock, she archly put in—"but you may have me!"

AT a meeting of young girls at Seneca, N. Y., the question was discussed whether, in the absence of Senator Fulls, don't get married during the year to come, according to the Leap Year Law.

A BACHELOR uncle, to whom his neice applied for advice on the question of choosing between two suitors, one a lawyer, was puzzled and the other—the latter, of course, being the most ardent, as well as the richest—he finally recommended the first. Next, the question being stripped of all illusory elements, your bachelor uncle's love knocked and held. Now, love is an idea, while beef is a reality. Love you can get along without, but beef you must have. Therefore, make sure of your beef."

AN orator, in appealing to the bone and sinew of the country, said: "I am proud of the time to-night the hardy yeomanry of the land, for I love their independence, their honesty, their sterling worth. I love them, fellow-citizens, for I was born a farmer; the happiest days of my existence were spent in the peaceful avocations of a son of the soil. If I may be allowed to call the honorable gentleman from Florida, I am sure I am born between two rows of corn." "A pumpkin, by the Lord!" exclaimed an inebriated chap, just in front of the stage.

A PHYSICIAN, who is a truly pious man, was thanking, we suppose, sincerely, at the close of the discourse, the idea of salvation upon those near death, and of the glorious consolations of the Gospel. The use of the following language: "For my own part, I am so calm that I could almost think myself delighted to learn that he is prepared to die."

THEY are getting the fine arts perfectly now. Don Saltero has just received a very fine horse so perfectly that the hair all comes off. Another has painted a fine picture of a gentleman without a head, so that no questions asked.

THERE is a paying love which lives de long as glass-pop; there is love at sight, to which we would add love at ninety days; there is a great deal of pontoon love in all of us; there is love that knows no bar, and lots' existence, it will not hurt anybody but the bar-keep. But there is one species of love especially that would be like seeing a Chinese almanac. He would be the man who would fall in love with a Sandwich Islander, never interested for his latitude. Americans must have sweethearts, and Englishmen must be for a lord, and an old hen who sees her ducklings sailing away on the pond.

A CERTAIN deacon being accustomed to snore while asleep in church, he ordered the following polite notice:

"Deacon —— is requested not to commence snoring in church previous to prayer, as he is the only person in the neighborhood of his pew would like to hear the first."

"My dear," said a lady to a wee child, whose hands were filled with painted candies which she had been eating, "I have been looking for some for you to eat."

"Yes, mamma," responded the child, "if they are not good to eat, may I take some for medicine?"

A CLERGYMAN recently preached to a full asleep in church, from which he was waked up by the pastor's whispering:

"Brother there is a vein for the silver and a place for the gold where they find it."

Jumping to his feet he shook his book at the minister, crying:

"I take five hundred shares."

IS IT not curious that the persons to inherit the property of the late Tom Sayers will be all Tom's Heirs?

A YOUNG lady, who was asked by her friends what was the matter with her, that she was going to a certain gentleman, replied to each one, innocently:

"Nothing."

"TOBY, what did the Israelites do when they came to Canaan?"

"I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

A CHILD thus defines gossip: It's when nobody don't do nothing and somebody goes and tells of it.

MESSRS. J. SCHUBERTH & CO. have imported a very fine assortment of Musical Merchandise, factory of Grand Pianos. It is a Grand of the celebrated Steinway Scale, Patent, and decidedly the best of imported pianos we have ever seen. It is distinguished for fine and even tone, and by superior workmanship.

FROM Mr. Frederic A. Brady, No. 22 Ann Street, we have received Sir Michael Costa's Oratorio by Robert Mackenzie Daniels, a novel of deep and absorbing interest, and Excelsior Hook and Ladder, by "Ned Musgrave," the last worthy any one's reading. Mr. Brady is the publisher of "Ned Musgrave," and has no equal in his day, and we have often wondered why our publishers did not recognize him.

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The White Pine Compound, advertised at length in our columns, is not only as to its name inviting, but is a most excellent remedy. Dr. J. W. Poland, the inventor, has the confidence of the many who know him; a confidence which he has enjoyed while residing many years as a Baptist minister. His extensive sale as a physician is also a guarantee which issued in his medical discovery.—*Boston Watchman and Reflector.*

The editor of the *Manchester Daily and Weekly Mirror*, in which city Dr. Poland has spread his remedies, says:

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No. 543—Vol. XXI.] NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 24, 1866. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 12 Weeks $1 00

Napoleonic Trifling.

The text of the speech of the French Emperor to his Legislative Chambers is before us. It, in no degree, justifies the predictions as to its purport, in which the wishy-washy and "inspired" part of the American press has indulged during the past few months. It leaves the Mexican question as far from a solution as ever, and affords no foundation for a hope that the French intervention will be withdrawn until the objects for which it was made are fully realized. We print elsewhere the paragraphs relating to Mexico and the United States, so that our readers may know precisely what the arch-perjurer does say on the matter so nearly concerning our interests and honor. They are full of falsehood and insolence. The impudence of characterizing the government set up in the name of Maximilian as "founded on the will of the people," is simply Napoleonic, and must bring a smile of derision to every lip. It is only paralleled by the falsehood that the "opposition," comprising the entire Mexican people, with the exception of a few traitors, are "conquered and dispersed, and have no longer a chief." The patriot soldiers may be scattered, but they are not yet conquered. And as for President Juarez, he is the head of the Mexican Republic, recognized by every American nation, except the slave-holding Empire of Brazil, and still maintains his position on the soil of his outraged native land, and in the hearts and affections of his countrymen.

But it is not with Louis Napoleon's falsification of facts and imprudent assumptions that we have most to do; what we want most to know, is not so much whether he is going to leave Mexico, but *when?* Upon this point we are no wiser now than before. Nothing can be more vague than to tell us that he is "coming to an understanding" with his puppet and tool, who is only his *alter ego*. This is simply trifling. On the slightest hint or suggestion from his master in the Tuileries that the French troops would be recalled, the wretched Hapsburg would be sure to take himself off, with more haste than ceremony. We understand well enough what is meant by "fixing the epoch" of the withdrawal of the French troops. That epoch will arrive, as we have already hinted, when the objects for which those troops were sent to Mexico shall have been accomplished. What those objects were, and are, we all know. The leading object was to create a counterpoise to the United States in tropical America, and check the spread and growth of Republican institutions. When the spirit and strength of the Mexicans shall have been broken, and when the United States, from delay in entering a firm and, if need be, forcible protest against his wanton and hostile intervention, shall have practically recognized the new order of things in Mexico, then will Louis Napoleon be able to "fix the epoch" for the recall of his troops.

The guile and treachery of this man are limitless, and he will amuse and trifle with weak and timid statesmen, who still believe in that remnant of solemn charlatanism called diplomacy, until acquiescence in his acts will be demanded as a right, in default of protest and earnest opposition. *He* has everything to gain by delay; we have everything to lose by procrastination. To-day it is possible to secure the abandonment of European designs and schemes in Mexico by a simple, manly, and decided requisition on the Emperor of the French to desist, without shrinking from the alternative of war. To-morrow it will be said, "Why did you tacitly accept the consolidation



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THE HEN AND CHICKENS—THE DEFENCE.—BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

of our power in Mexico, and yield a practical assent to our pretensions, through timorous negations, without weight or significance?" And indignant France will reproach us for lack of frankness and good faith, and tell us we must accept the situation which we have ourselves created. To this our hesitating, halting, undignified and unmanly policy is tending.

The sincerity of the pious aspirations for the welfare of the United States, in which the Emperor indulges, may be fairly estimated by recurrence to his repeated and eager efforts to secure the cooperation of Great Britain in the recognition of the rebel Confederacy—the "corner-stone" of which was that very theory over the abolition of which, we are told, the noble sentiments of France are roused, and which stir even in the impassible bosom of the Emperor himself! After such a manifestation of hypocrisy, it is not wonderful that we should be called on to admire the "frankness" of the Emperor's declarations about Mexico. That "nations, equally jealous of their independence ought to avoid every step which might affect their dignity and honor," is about as platitudinous an axiom as ever was put forward by a school-boy in the earliest exercises in composition. May we inquire, "Did the Emperor of the French act up to that excellent rule, when, taking advantage of our apparent weakness and real peril, he ostentatiously violated what he knew to be a cherished and vital principle in our continental policy, and made open war on the system of government of which we were the exponents? Is there respect for our dignity or regard for our honor in his repeated attempts to secure a recognition of nationality for rebel States?

Taken in detail, or as a whole, the speech of the Emperor, as regards this country, is offensive in tone and unsatisfactory in character. We are not satisfied with his unique hints as to his policy in Mexico. We are offended by his lecture as to what may or ought to "pacify" us, as if the United States were some overgrown, wayward and unmanageable child, without the knowledge to perceive its interests, or the courage to sustain its dignity.

The stipendiary press will but echo the speech in a remarkable accession to the skill and vigor of American diplomacy. But the French will remain in Mexico!

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The February number contains an exquisitely colored lithograph of "So Pretty," and a doll model full-dress costume, the articles of dress been separate.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 24, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Shall we be Moles or Swallows?

How to facilitate travel between the upper and lower parts of the city, is now the predominant question in New York. Five people have made up their minds to reside in one place and do business in another. The Harpers will not live over their bookstore, as the rents of London did and do not. Mr. Appleton's shop-keeper put his name on a modest door by the side of the window where he displays his wares, and "lives over the shop" in town. It is New York instinct to do so, and a Gothamite greatly prefers to be uncomfortable in a veneered eighteen by sixty and 6f indefinite height, where delicious squares, and three miles from his business, than to live in a substantial and roomy dwelling in St. Mark's Place. The philosophy of this tendency and ambition is not easy to find. We think about. It is enough to know that we all have the instinct, and do so pretty much for the same reason that birds fly and fishes swim.

It is "our nature to," and as we cannot be expected to change our natures, we must adapt ourselves to circumstances, or make circumstances adapt themselves to us. It is clear that we cannot set up our tabernacles above Murray Hill, or overlooking the Park, and yet sell our candles and codfish in South Street. Not unless we can shorten the time between these hemispheres. Time is money, and life is short.

Omnibuses and street cars would do, if we could only live up to good old patriarchal ages. But we can't. So we must get "down town" in less than an hour, and we cannot afford to deprive our Jeminses of another hour in the afternoon.

The practical question of how we shall help ourselves, is now before us. We talk of driving a tunnel right through the island, and practicate ourselves morn and night into a pit, and be then whisked through an elongated cellar to our destination, be it up or down. But the damps—and the odors—and how shall we read our morning and evening papers? and how look out of the windows, and see the shops and the people? It will never do, to say nothing of the cost, water and gas-mains, and pipes and sewers, and endless other things, including the nuisance of ripping up the streets.

Then there is the question of burying a man alive, because he sells candles and whale-oil in South street, and likes to live away from their odors. Why be a mole, when one can be a bird? But one can wait a great long-indefinite road in the air, where there is light and air, and a happy absence of water-mains and gaspipes and (laugh!) of sewers!

We shall all our brains how this may be done, next week. Meantime, let our legislators in Albany practice the great virtue of patience. We are not so badly off in New York but that we can wait a year longer, to get a really rational solution of the problem of how to get down town and back again.

A Standing Wonder.

The *Daily Express*, the official paper of Easton, Pennsylvania, has a very interesting article, under the above heading, on the progress and power of the press. Our space will only allow us to quote the following:

"It is said that when Benjamin Franklin, our Pennsylvania philosopher, asked his mother's advice as to whether he should start a newspaper or not, the old lady talked to him until he would imagine Mrs. Partington to have done: 'There are two papers now going in the county, and they don't get quite over that they will succeed.' But these feeble beginnings starved, and the printer took proper traffic to the public mind. A spirit of inquiry and thought was excited. Some newspapers, as a matter of course, to be regarded as Bible truth by some, and men had opinions of their own. Even common people never looked upon by the gentler sex, they became champions of morality and virtue. How great have been the results from this mighty their influence! How often do they inspire the timid with courage to speak them to free, and mold legislation! What a mighty subject the liberty of the press is! How great the responsibility of its power! In 1845 it was estimated that there were 1,000 newspapers in the country. Now there are a number now? How enormous is it for one man now to subscribe for three thousand papers, when we think of the time and labor spent when Benny Franklin's mother gave him that anxious lecture! Two of the most prominent, that of FRANK LESLIE, of 537 Pearl street, New York, publishing six periodicals: Illustrated Newspapers, the *Chimney Corner*, the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, *Budget of Fun*, *Lady's Magazine*, and *Monthly*, all filled with popular reading and illustrations. We give this as an instance of American enterprise, and success of modern ideas. Truly the world, in all its colors, in its sunny and shady views, is now brought vividly to every man's door, and a schoolmaster is in every house."

While thanking our cotemporary for the compliment embodied in the closing part of his article, we must remind him that he has he gives of our periodicals, though long, is incomplete, he having omitted our *Ladies' Illustrated Almanac*, our *Illustrated Family Almanac*, and our *Budget of Fun Almanac*, as well as our monthly magazine, called *Frank Leslie's Children's Friend*, saying nothing of our new periodical, now on the eve of publication, an illustrated newspaper in the Spanish language, called *Frank Leslie's Ilustracion Americana*, calculated for every part of the New World where the Spanish tongue is spoken, which comprises, with one exception, the entire of South America, besides Cuba, St. Domingo, Central America, Mexico, and many parts of California—in all of which the English and German languages are in North America, the Spanish is in South America and the West Indian islands. These periodicals make in all eleven publications, besides our new office, all more or less illustrated, and averaging over 420 engravings expressly prepared for us, and 470 pages of letter-press every issue.

We have had occasion, several times, to allude to the sweeping and radical legislation of Congress. This body was elected in time of war, and reflects the passions of war, and uncompromising hostility that era. A few of its members, looking to possible future combinations and personal preferment, affect a conservatism, but the great preponderation of action, and another larger party, representing what there is left of the "democracy," concur in the radical measures of what is called, although small and without a firm standpoint or rallying centre, an "opposition." This party includes the Cabinet of the President, who avowed purpose "is to support the President." But in what? The President has avowed no policy, but that of acquiescence, or what to appear sent, if we understand his position, the wishes of the people, and waits for their expression through the accredited representatives of the people. We do not understand him as committed to any specific form or process of "reconstruction," and, while sharing in the common wish that this shall be as speedy as possible, is just as ready to yield his individual notions on the subject as the humblest citizen.

Mr. Johnson was elected Vice-President under the same auspices and circumstances as was Congress—in a time of turmoil and excitement. Under other circumstances his nomination would probably never have been made, and we may assume that a very large proportion of both branches of the national legislature would not have reached their present positions in times of peace. They were not elected with reference to the serious questions that now demand attention, and absorb all thoughts. It will be wise on their part not to act as if the people, in their primary capacity, had expressed themselves on these questions, and they will show prudence by avoiding rash and precipitous measures. There is no need of haste in the rehabilitation of the lately rebel States. Time will show what measures are requisite to secure and perpetuate the objects for which the war was fought. Whatever there may be of legislation must be directed to this end, for we cannot afford to have the disturbing questions that are so nearly broke up the Union, left in another shape, to the next generation. Our revolution, for it was a revolution, must be radical and complete. But it need not be precipitate.

The CZAR of Russia has finally ended the independence of the Catholic Church in Poland. By the decree he has seized the whole of the property, real and personal, of the monasteries and regular clergy, and forbidden the legal collection of arrears of tithe. The object of this last measure is to make the payment of tithe voluntary. The clergy will henceforward be paid like other officials, and of course a priest who is refractory will find his salary fall gently into arrear. This last decree will probably complete the breach between St. Petersburg and Rome, already so marked, that, at a recent audience, the Pope ordered the Russian Envoy out of the room, for no less that "Catholicism in Russia meant revolution."

The recent great fire in the London Docks has occasioned a revival of the inquiry whether a quicker means than that at present in use for raising a fire-alarm, could not be found? An answer given by one of our ablest telegraphists makes it appear that nothing could be easier. He would suggest that every room of a warehouse, or any large building, and connect each one by a telegraphic wire with the nearest engine-houses. An electric thermometer, which the slightest warmer behaves in the usual way, but, should a fire break out, the increase of temperature acting on the thermometer, as soon as the mercury reached a certain height, send a signal, or ring a bell at all the stations with which it was connected. Such an instrument as this for giving early warning seems to be particularly suitable for tall buildings, where a fire may gain headway in the upper stories before it is discovered by the watchmen on the ground.

An enthusiastic believer in the theory of development through selection has recently solicited the King of Prussia's pecuniary aid on behalf of degenerate mankind. He hopes to be able to improve the human species of Europe by strictly applying the principle of natural selection, by which he means assure to the types of organic beings are gradually raised into higher. But his Majesty, though ready to admit that there was great room for improvement, declined the proposal, probably considering that his ancestor, Frederick the Great, had completely broken down the principle of certain experiment when trying to found a race of guards, by having all the tall people kidnapped and brought to Berlin.

During the Fenian trials in Ireland, a man, by the name of O'Keefe, who was arraigned for fomenting treason through articles in a newspaper, put in a plea in the mitigation of sentence, on the ground that he only wrote what he could get paid for, and he was especially paid for asserting that the country was oppressed and discontented. He did not see why he should be punished for doing what he was employed to do, nor did he see why he was more guilty than the man who attended the press on which the alleged treasonable newspaper was printed. Court held there was a difference; and, that publishers cannot expect their writers to write outside of their own opinions.

Among the numerous proposed amendments of the Constitution, is one by Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, limits the Presidential office to a single term. It is undoubtedly true that too many of our Presidents have spent their energies and misused their patronage to secure their election for a second term. This has been unfortunately true of all the "accidencies," or Vice-Presidents, who have obtained the high position in the nation through the death of the President. Witness Tyler and Fillmore. If the idea has introduced an amendment, which, as follows:

"ARTICLE 1.—When any State within this Union, or which may be hereafter created and admitted under the forms of law, shall attempt to absolve its citizens from their allegiance to the Government of United States, or shall by force of arms, resist the authority of the Government, and shall be declared in rebellion against the United States to be in a state of rebellion, such State shall thereby be considered as having forfeited all its rights and privileges as a State, and as having reverted to the condition of a territory, subject to the other territories, to the disposition of Congress; And the President of the United States shall, from time to time, by proclamation, close the ports of entry to such State, and shall proceed to occupy and govern the same, and hold such territory by military authority, until Congress shall have provided a government for the same."

A MISS EMMA HARDINGE, an English lady, who has long been a resident of a western community, where, we are told, she "has lectured with a success and influence unprecedented in the history of humanity" (!!!), is now astonishing, or trying to astound, the cockneys of London with her eloquence. The *Saturday Review* yields two columns to a notice of her performances, and says:

"As to the manner of the orations, it is really worth a visit to St. James's Hall to witness the phenomenon. Two hours of it was, as they would say in America, a caution; but ten minutes of Miss Hardinge is a treat of a sort. Such studied attitudinizing, such melo-dramatic starts and bounces, and solemn stalking about the stage; such a flux of talk—not a cataract, but a solidcontained, never-pausing rush of words; such a phonetic system of emphasis; such a rushing of statistics, and speaking a page of Curtius House returns with the air and accent and deportment of Cousiner or Lamartine at

the least; rich impassioned speech on behalf of the grandeur and magnificence of $267,000 worth of dry goods—"all this was never before, in England at least, witnessed, even on a platform."

MR. S. BIRCH writes to the London *Athenæum*, propounding a new hypothesis regarding the moon, founded on observations of the photographic center of visibility of that luminary. Having as he says, familiarized his eyes to the stereoscopic appearance of snow, he has "come to the conviction that the surface of the moon turned toward the earth is in a glacial condition, and that the greater part of its surface is covered with ice and snow. For not only does the color of the luminous part of the moon's surface correspond to that of Alpine stereoscopes, but the texture of the surface is glacial, and evidently reflected from masses of ice and snow, presenting all the semi-transparent appearance of Alpine scenery where the principal parts are white, or more simply, the rock being only bared here and there. Now, the reason for determining this glacial state, is the whiteness in the undisturbed parts of the elevated portions, especially of the polar regions, and the peaks of the highest lunar mountains. For, if the moon's surface were composed of plutonic rocks, such as granites, traps, basalts, etc., or covered with lavas and cinders, or other volcanic products, these would give, when viewed stereoscopically, only the highest elevations, neutral, not white tints."

AN old story is related of Charles Lamb, but a good one, and may be new to some of our readers. A friend of a certain poet, or, rather, rhymester, submitted some of the verses of the latter to Lamb, for his judgment. He was to meet the gentleman at dinner, and the poems were shown to him a little before the author's arrival. When he came, he proved to be ample and corpulent. During dinner Lamb fell into the delightful drollery of saying, now and again, "That reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was very young," and then quoted a line or two, which he recollected, from the gentleman's book, to the latter's amazement and indignation. Lamb, immensely diverted, capped it all by introducing the first lines of "Paradise Lost"—"Of man's first disobedience," as also written by himself, which naturally brought the gentleman on his feet, bursting with wrath. He said he had sat by and allowed his own "little verses" to be taken without protest, but he could not endure to see Milton pilfered.

THERE is an insane tendency on the part of a certain class of our people to mutilate and destroy every object of art or curiosity within their reach. Not content with penciling their vulgar names on the walls of public edifices, or, worse still, carving them in with knives, they cannot refrain from robbing and defacing the commonest objects of utility which may happen to have some interesting association connected with it. A few days ago two women in Washington were arrested for clipping pieces from the curtains and laces in the White House, and now we learn that a funeral complaint made in Congress that all the more delicate sculptures in the *relievo* groups on the panels of the bronze doors of the Capitol have been broken off as relics or trophies by stupid hoors or unprincipled vagabonds. A watch should be set for the miserable wretches guilty of such vandalism, and they should be incontinently taken down into the vaults of the Capitol, and there soundly flogged. A few lessons of this kind would stop the evil.

IN a recent terrible gale off the coast of France the London, a fine screw steamship, bound for Australia, was lost, with 220 lives, only one small boat's load of whom and eighteen persons being saved. When, after laborious pumping, it was evident the ship must go down, Captain Martin informed the passengers that there was no further hope. They all met their inevitable fate with cool courage, listening quietly to the exhortations of Mr. Draper, a passenger on board, working strenuously at the pumps, and talking calmly. At last the port pinnace was lowered—the other boats having been washed away. Martin ordering his chief engineer to take the command, as the fires being out he could have no further duty to perform, and the engineer men and three second-class passengers got into her. There was still a vacant place, and a Mr. Richman was asked to take it, but "he pressed his wife to go with her," and refused. Then the captain was implored to go, but, in his own words, "he thought it his duty to go down with his passengers," and the same tone prevailed throughout. Finally several of the passengers loaded revolvers to shoot themselves as the ship went down, and so avoid the painful struggle with the waves, but, mindful of the proof that they used them, though the men in the boat saw the final catastrophe. They put off, and almost before they could get clear of the poop away went the passengers, and the ship immediately settle down, stern foremost, carrying down all on board.

THE cattle plague, which people here expect will reach the United States, with the cholera, in the spring, seems to be preventable in a degree, if not wholly. The disease which the kine-pox itself a safeguard to humanity, derived from the bovine race. According to accounts from England, vaccine virus from a child seems to be the best to begin with, the virus being subsequently communicated from animal to animal. Mr. Tollemache, the High Sheriff of Cheshire, has tried the experiment which, if it had been but a little more extensive, would have set the whole country vaccinating. He kept a vaccinated calf five days, in a small yard, with animals unmistakably sick with the disease, and the calf never even dropped its ears.

MR. DU CHAILLU, the Franco-American gentleman, who made a reputation out of gorillas, has now invented, or rather, discovered a race of dwarfs, the Obongo. There was so much trouble about making people believe his former stories, that he ought to have taken the precaution to add a photographic apparatus to the equipment for his last expedition. He says he met, in the equatorial region of West Africa, a race of little people called Obongos, and usually about a foot shorter than average Europeans and Americans. He only measured one man, the rest running away, and he was small; but he measured a number of women, the tallest of whom was five feet, while others ranged from four feet four and a quarter inches to four feet eight inches. Anything is possible in equatorial Africa, even a race of men, who, if such people seem smaller than the Lapps, and Mr. du Chaillu may one day meet a tribe with tails, the photographic apparatus would be very useful.

SIMPLY THIS, AND NOTHING MORE!

THE following are the passages, relating to the United States, in the speech of the Emperor of France, delivered at the Legislative Chambers, on the 23d January. We have commented on these in another place:

"In Mexico the government founded upon the will of the people is being consolidated. The opposition, reduced daily to impotence, will soon be annihilated, and national troops have displayed valor, and the country has found generals and soldiers in its ranks, which have developed its resources, and raised its commerce with the same ardor that they have displayed on the battle-fields of France.

"As I expressed the hope last year that our expedition was approaching its termination, I am coming to the understanding that I can withdraw my troops before the epoch for the recall of our troops, before their return in obedience to the unanimous desire of all. The American people will comprehend that our expedition, in which we have taken part, was opposed to their interests. Two nations equally jealous of their independence, should not every step which might effect their dignity and their honor."

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A Mississippi paper announced that the taxes levied by the Legislature of that State would amount to 15,000 gals." The next paper explained that the amount levied was $15,000 in greenbacks, or $4,000 in gold.

— Lieut.-Gen. Grant has contributed the sum of $1,000 to the fund for the erection of a monument to Bishop Episcopal Church, Washington. Gen. Grant is of Methodist persuasion and confession, which in part explains his munificent contribution.

— According to the report of the Treasurer-General of Rhode Island, the receipts for the year 1867 were $90 81.

— The gross receipts of the three principal theatres of Philadelphia—Chestnut street, Arch street, and Walnut street—in March, 1867, were $470,00, upon which was paid to the amount of $8,389 90.

— The Maryland Legislature of Arizona Territory have adopted resolutions sustaining John N. Goodwin, the newly-elected Governor of the Territory, against misrepresentations by Charles D. Poston, late Governor.

— According to the Bangor *Whig*, a member of the Penobscot Bar offered to bet a hundred to one that in the verdict was against law and the weight of evidence, and that his client would be "hung higher than the personal beauty of the female plaintiff."

— The Democrats of Ohio will continue to invade the White House. The other day three women were arrested in the front room of the Presidential mansion, for clipping the curtains!

— It has been decided, in Massachusetts, that a regularly-married woman cannot be sued by a female couple in marriage.

— A man named Edmund John Chinaman, in California, purchased some ice, and, finding it very wet, laid it out to dry. When he went to look for it, it was gone. He found it had disappeared, and forthwith accused the whole Chinese population of larceny. A general riot was the consequence.

— Ice has been cut this year in the country in all Albany City, Penn. It comprises seven acres, is seven feet deep, and a half-mile race-course, with buildings and a track, will be made on the ice. Ice-boats, sleighing, etc.

— The first case of a colored man testifying against a white man, in the State of Maine, has occurred. The place on Saturday, in Nashville, at the trial of McGill, for assaulting and robbing Martin ordered by Brigham Young has been made a forlorn widower twenty-eight times. The Mormon prophet has now to witness so many bereavements with the fortitude of a Mormon only can. Hundred and eighty-five corpses are still spared to him.

— A Maine paper says there must either be rain or fish in the State, for the number of persons who visit the Maine law will have to be repealed, so that someone can get a drink.

— The fines, penalties and forfeitures collected in internal revenue cases for the six months last past amounted to $646,000.

— Judge Willey, in a recent speech in the House of Representatives, at Albany, N. Y., made the following statement that in one county in that State there were, in one week, 24 writs of habeas corpus issued, 23 on the complaint of courts, for the crime of larceny—two of the parties charged being women. The cause for the fearful increase in question justifies the hanging. It also contains the remedy, for it will be a terrible example to evil-disposers for stealing potatoes.

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— The Senate has confirmed Mrs. Henrietta Watts, from Dayton, Ohio, accompanied by her children, arrived in Chicago lately, on the cars from Cincinnati, in search of a man, who, after many inquiries as to her husband's whereabouts, found him in a low groggery, and they proceeded to a hotel for that purpose. While here, the man, by the practice of a little gentle persuasion of $250 belonging to Mrs. Watts, and absconded, leaving her entirely destitute of money.

— It is not generally known that soldiers who have been honorably discharged from United States are entitled to artificial substitutes, that can be procured at the expense of the Government, on the production of honorable discharge, and that the wound causing the loss of limb was received in the service. Soldiers are entitled to free of charge, and do not affect any pension or bounty—that is, they are not charged against the pension.

— A sensation was created in an Episcopal church in Rochester, by the sudden death of a lady during the reading of the Psalter, and while the words, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," were being repeated.

— A precocious pair, of fourteen and fifteen summers, respectively, residing in Baltimore, took it into their heads to get married, which they did, and started for the consummation of their happiness. They were followed, and found the youth selling papers, and the girl sewing for a clothing store, both happy as cooing doves. They, however, returned home with their friends.

— An attempt was made a few months ago to steal the corpse of a drowned man from the grave to which it had been consigned in Franklin Cemetery, Philadelphia. The superintendent of the Cemetery, enhanced by the barking of dogs, arose from his bed, and prevented the theft. The body of the man had been excavated from the grave.

— A horrid instance of the fearfulness of the times is recorded in the Louisville *Journal*, alluding to a recent interview with the President, says: "We expected to find the President weary and worn and haggard. Never was a greater mistake. He was in the finest and most vigorous health, his face as fresh as in earliest manhood, are the 'storms of state' beat upon him, and as calm and serene and cheerful as if only the congratulations of a new-born nation rested upon him. It could have been evident to any one; seeing him at the new levee, that he was a vigorous, self-poised man, confident, but not vainly or arrogantly confident, in his own strength, as firm-seated as a rock or mountain in his own deep and fixed purposes. His will is like his face, full of repose and power."

Foreign.—A funny scene occurred in the streets of Manchester, England, last month. The keepers of an elephant belonging to a traveling show were taking the animal through one of the public thoroughfares at one o'clock in the afternoon, when the passers-by became frightened at the unusual spectacle, and the police attempted to arrest the progress of the keepers, however, stimulated him to rest stance, and the elephant's trunk came in contact with the face of the wife of the officers. He struck the man, and they fled for their lives.

— Dr. Kane, the son of the celebrated Dr. Kane of Hedge's Academy, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, sent to the American consul, at that place, a rock or mountain who board at the hotel, a large bowl of punch, after the German custom. The landlord, in due course presented a large cake mounted with the American flag, and composed of arms, initials and monograms.

— The Chinese in the Colony of Victoria, Australia, are once every two years called upon to convey 500 cubits to China, a custom representing the idea of mortality among a certain class of celestials on the soil. Before they can be sent away the remains to China's soil is specially granted.

— Premiums for the working classes have been introduced into France lately, and have proved a great success. The Emperor personally distributes some of them, and the Minister of Public Instruction has decided to have them annually.

— The Aborigines of Australia are fast dying out, from the same cause which leads to the decay of the American Indians—rum. Only 10 couple are married of a race powerful trite. There has been only one child born among them for the last year.

— Mr. Lloyd, an Englishman, is going to establish a mineral colony in Mexico, near the city of Mexico, and a ship-load of European emigrants have been landed at Vera Cruz, en route for their settlement.

— There are 360 houses to be taken down in the city part of Paris before the 15th of April, which will cause 10,000 families, comprising 40,000 souls, to be displaced, and compel them to look for lodgings.

— Death having made several vacancies of late in the Senate of France, the Duke de Persigny, the present minister, no fewer than 15 scarlet hats to dispose of.

— There were in Paris, in 1865, 187 monasteries including ladies. Of these 92 are American, 77 are English, and 18 are Irish.

— Liszt, the great German composer, has received an official invitation to compose a march and mass for his approaching visit to Pesth, in honor of Emperor Joseph, at Pesth, as King of Hungary.

— The old Hall of Commons, in the English army, named Warren, was committed and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment in the House of Correction, and was sent from the Westminster Palace Hotel, London, on the 4th January instant.

— The official statistics of the city of Rome give the number of inhabitants as follows: Men, 100,034; women, 95,597; priests, monks and nunneries, 3,124; military soldiers, 4,722; Jews, 4,495; prisoners, 317. Marriages, 1,000; births, 3,000; deaths, 2,000.

— The English court-martial which tried the captain and lieutenant of the Peiho steamer Bulldog, which destroyed at Cape Haytien, Hayti, found them guilty of "culpable negligence," and sentenced them to loss of service and the latter reprimanded.

— In Japan, in the Japanese sense of a new Roman Catholic cathedral was laid in Yokin. It is to be of massive construction, 100 feet long, and 150 feet in breadth, to the extremes of the transept. The spire will overtop the roof of the palaces of the imperial city.

— It is stated that Prince Christian, of Augustenburg, the future husband of the Princess Helena of England, will be appointed to the rank of Royal Highness. The royal couple are to reside in England, and Augustenburg is to be annexed to Prussia, the price which the assent of Parliament will be asked, is likely to be a dower of £30,000 and £8,000 a year. The marriage will not take place until June next.

— The *Moniteur des Soies* publishes a list of the prices of silks in France during the month of January, 1867, and the first of the present year, from which it appears that 32 articles of silk have risen in price since during the last year. The quantity of plain silks exported during the year 1866 was one year in equal to that exported during the year 1864, but the production of fancy silks has greatly increased.

— A terrible conflagration, attended with loss of life, occurred in the village of Ste. Anne de Prairie (near Olen), in a large farm-house, to which was attached an enormous storehouse for grain and straw. Many of the persons employed were at work or usual, when suddenly a great explosion occurred, followed immediately afterward the whole building was on fire. The part of the apartment in which the explosion occurred contained alcohol had burst, and the liquid catching fire, spread over a large space, with the above effections, igniting everything in its passage. At the moment of the explosion, a delight workman was engaged in drawing off alcohol. Four perished in the conflagration; the other two managed to escape, but were so severely burned that he died in great torture some hours after.

— A great woman died in Sydney, Australia, aged 107. She was a child with two heads. The baby, five weeks old, is a fine specimen of the "double" family, having been born with a second head attached to the front part of a normal one. The case is one in which the management would cause immediate death. The poor mother is unable to lay it down for a moment, and unable to dress it without the assistance of another person.

— Many railway travelers in England now carry with them a small instrument, by means of which they may let themselves out in cases of great emergency, and lock themselves in at will. The doors of the modern omnibus and gentlemen are made of silver.

— Among the nineteen people in Europe, whose names are known, who have died during the past year, most ever one hundred years, eleven were females. The average ages of women, we believe, are greater than those of men.

— The *Neighborly Examiner* draws a strange picture of the life of a Mormon in Salt Lake City. His palace is filled with awards of 800 people. There are some 60 wives of his, and about four husbands. Four attendants on each, and the remainder is made up of missionaries, prophesying Brahmins, officers of the Zouaves, etc.

— It is stated that the Viceroy of Egypt has given to the American mission at Cairo a block of houses worth 300,000 francs. His Highness is also said to have given the missionaries free passes for the railways, and to have thanked their religious journals and books shall not be subject to any tax.

— "Bull fights" are going out of fashion in Spain, their only remains are now found in private balls. A short time since an elephant of the name of Pizarro fought with a bull in the public ring. Wounded in the trunk, he at first drew back, hesitated, then rushed on his foe, who, as he came, received a rolling away like a ball, and meanwhile crushed the ribs of the other under his monstrous feet.

— Two youths in Paris were the admirers of an actress at one of the boulevard theatres. One night since they were both at the theatre, and both flung flowers to the fair object of their affection. The lucky took up only one of the bouquets, whereupon the slighted swain drew out and the fairest of the two through the body with a rapier. The wounded man is not expected to recover.

— A Dr. Thompson Whaley has been arrested in London on a charge of destroying Miss Pitman's genital liselium Company, by inclining the lives of some of his patients. In one instance the patient whom he had insured died of a cancer in the rectum, an incurable complaint. The prisoner was committed for trial.

FOUR DAYS WITHOUT SLEEP.

AMONG the punishments practiced by the Chinese, who seem to have a preternatural ingenuity in devising those which are most painful and insidious, is that of inflicting death by depriving the alleged criminal of sleep. In 1830, a Chinese merchant of Amoy was condemned to suffer this process. He was under the care of guards, who were relieved every two hours, that each one might not be prevented from closing his eyes night or day. On the eighth day, his sufferings were so intense that he begged to be strangled, and this boon was granted to relieve him.

We are reminded of this incident by an account, now going the rounds of the newspapers, of a contest of endurance by R., who lately undertook, in a wager, to walk 100 miles in as many consecutive hours. We do not recommend the example, as we do not relish his foolish ambition for notoriety. He undertook his feat in a public hall, a certain number of circuits of which constituted a mile. He started at two o'clock in the afternoon of the first twenty-four hours, he became weary, and felt a longer disposition to sleep, which he resolutely resisted. This was driven off, but the effort produced a severe headache, which continued during the remaining hours. On the fourth day he felt drowsy, but resolved that he would sit down without napping. Every hour the circuits of the mile were forty-two times regularly performed, in three ranging from twenty to thirty minutes. On that morning he began to be discouraged, and expressed a wish to abandon the contest. His advisers persuaded him, and he renewed his efforts, and as he expressed it, with a determined *will* to succeed.

On the third day he was much wakeful, but nervous excitement kept him up—principally by the aiming tea, which was his only beverage. His head was bandaged, and his temples rubbed with camphor. He stumbled from weariness and weariness, but got up without help. The fourth and last day was one of weariness, sleeping, aching and prostration. He required to be supported as he went his hourly rounds. In his 99th hour he fainted and fell, and in his 100th hour he was lifted up and went with ram and alarm. In the ninty-ninth hour he again fell in darkness. He was then at length carried into his sestarts, he completed his forty-two circuits in twenty-three minutes. He now received from them the idea that he had accomplished his feat, and, gathering his faculties, he walked with assistance across the hall, to show that he was still awake, and amid the cheers of the audience, he retired.

In an hour's time he was at his home and on his pillow. But for him sound sleep was not safe; a watchful attendant was with him through the night, awaking him every hour. He was under an strong nervous excitement that he at times had to be held in bed by his attendants. His gums were loose, his teeth ready to travel, and that his bandages were lost, and that his bathing sponge was lost, and that he could not by his exclamations. Next morning he was better, but he has not yet got rid of the swelling of his limbs, of weariness in his back, and of his headache. He took his meals regularly during the four days, and his appetite as the doctors prepared.

It is hard to say to what extent of human endurance; he has no idea that he could have sustained himself three hours longer. Although he gained nothing by the bet, and $200 as admission fees, yet ten times that amount would not induce him again to make a like effort.

His feat was performed in the course of the two years since. In Baltimore it was attempted by a man who died in the ninty-seventh hour.

DOES THE SPIDER EAT ITS WEB?

FRAUD with emulation, I carefully watched a common garden spider (*Epeira diadema*), which I found in entire charge of the web, and saw her, after completing the web of a fine, fat spider, and the owner appeared extensively astonished as her web collapsed around her. She then ran to the centre, and commenced eating the web, which she ate with great avidity. Her mouth was in constant motion, and the web disappeared from it, and in an instant the claws of each was shot out with a celerity that I could not follow. The web, which was given in exactly the same manner as a cat strikes her prey with her fore-paws, showing her more accurate than that it would be the height of folly to stop where he was; and, indeed, I found it so, for, in a moment, I found myself down on to a convolvulus leaf. My friend rushed to the spot where Spider No. 2 had descended, and, observing on it the other end of which, he let it remain there, was in consequence of the web. Spider No. 2 by the web, and, in a moment, was in her own body, forcing it in with her two front claws, and in a few moments not a vestige was left.

THE best way to be happy is not to want anything until you have got it, and then be saving of it. Many a man would be a good thing to have, so one has not too much of it.



AN IRISH POST OFFICE AT KERRY, IRELAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.

THE LIFE LADDER FOR ENGLISH ICE SPORTS.

IT will be interesting to such of our readers as are skaters, or who believe in the sports of the ice, to get an idea of the life-saving contrivances of the English. This ladder is the one presented by the Royal Humane Society to Prince Albert, and used by the royal bathing parties at Virginia Water, in Windsor Park. The manner of its use is obvious, and it is calculated to reach 22 feet beyond the reach of the men guiding it.

In this country, so far as we have heard, there are no life-saving ice ladders. On Central Park there is no necessity for such an article, the public not being allowed on the pond until its safety is beyond question, and even should a skater go in, the depth of water would not be above the waist of an ordinary sized man. On other places through the country, such, for instance, as Jamaica Pond, Boston, or the Schuylkill, Philadelphia, its use would be great, and might be the means of saving many lives.



INTERIOR VIEW OF CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA—THE OLD CONGRESS DESK AND CHAIRS. SEE PAGE 365.

HEN AND CHICKENS,
By Sir Edwin Landseer.

WE [illegible]nt this week one of those exquisite works of art, well worthy of being cut from the pages and framed. Sir Edwin Landseer is an artist to whom the world is indebted for more popular pictures than perhaps any that have ever lived. We mention a few of these, which must be familiar to all who have any taste in art, from the fact of their having been multiplied by thousands of engravings: "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," "Wellington Visiting the Field of Waterloo," "Laying Down the Law," "War" and "Peace," "Jack in Office," and a hundred others, that will stamp his name highest on the list of eminent painters. Of all his beautiful pictures "The Hen and Chickens" is not the least, either in that perfect expression he gives to everything that comes from under his hand, or purely as a work of art.



OLD CONTINENTAL CONGRESS CHAIR AND BUCKETS, AT CARPENTERS' HALL.

AN IRISH POST OFFICE IN KILLARNEY.

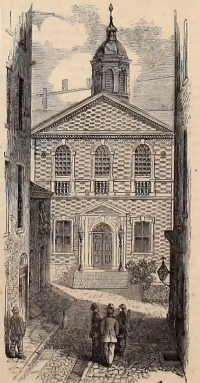
WE give, this week, another of the sketches taken by our special Artist, who went to Valencia Bay to sketch the laying of the Atlantic cable. The scene is a few miles from the town of Killarney, on the road to Cahirciveen. To all the country round the Post Office is a spot of wonderful interest, and about its mud walls, and under its thatch, gathers all the village gossip. The arrival of the American mail is a matter of especial interest, and then comes those who have relatives in every part of this great country, to get letters, or hear those of others read, perhaps to get the remittances of money that aid them in joining the ones they love best on earth.

The Post Office everywhere is a spot of great interest, but the Irish Post Office is especially so, from the fact of its intimate connection with this country, and that through it many of the people get the pittance which will keep them from starvation, and, perhaps, by some hard-working relative in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

AN IMPORTANT LIFE-SAVING INVENTION.

Brown & Level's Safety Boat Tackle

THE United States revenue cutter Cuyahoga, Captain John Faunce, made a trip down the bay, for the purpose of testing a newly-invented apparatus for lowering boats overboard from vessels while under headway, or in a rough sea. It is well-known to seafaring men that great difficulty and danger are often encountered in clearing a boat from its tackle while the vessel is in motion, or when a heavy sea is running; and in many cases of disasters at sea, the boats, which otherwise



EXTERIOR OF CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILA.



THE ENGLISH, ILLUSTRATED BY THEMSELVES—GREENWICH FAIR.

might have been available in saving the lives of the passengers and crew, are swamped, or crushed alongside, before they can be got clear of the vessel.

By the use of this new method of attaching the tackle, a boat can be instantly cleared from all attachments to the vessel by one man, either when the boat is resting in the water, or at any height above it.

In the experiments on the 5th of February, an ordinary ship's cutter, with all its crew on board, was repeatedly dropped overboard while the steamer was under full headway, and landed in perfect safety, and without shipping any noticeable amount of water.

The boat was lowered in the usual manner from the davits, and at the word of command from the officer on deck, one of the oarsmen, sitting amidships, instantly disconnected the boat from the tackle, and allowed her to float away. This was done sometimes with the boat resting in the water, and sometimes while she was several feet from it. In case of necessity, as of a person falling overboard, a boat can be dropped directly from the davits, without lowering at all, or checking the headway of the vessel. The cost of the apparatus is comparatively trifling, and there seems no reason why it should not at once be adopted on all sea-going vessels. With the terrible list of lives lost by shipwreck which the last year presents, it cannot be reckoned less than a crime to neglect any attainable means of increased safety for the future. The officers of the Cuyahoga expressed themselves highly gratified with the result of the experiment. We have seen, also, statements from the commanding officers of the United States revenue cutter Shubrick, and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamers Colorado and Golden City, on all of which vessels the apparatus has been used, all of whom speak in high terms of its efficiency and usefulness.

Those of our readers who have not forgotten the terrible loss of life on board the ill-fated steamers Golden Gate and Brother Jonathan, on the Pacific coast, will recollect that it was attributed to the inability of detaching the boats. As a late instance, we can cite the steamship London, lost with 200 lives. Had this vessel (as the former-mentioned) been provided with Brown & Level's Tackle, the boats, instead of being swamped or stove, would have carried off all her passengers safely, as the one boat-load did escape. In ordinary cases of foundering at sea, scarcely one boat in ten escapes in the launching. If this is so—and no sailor doubts it—what is the use of boats, except they be provided with some safe and reliable tackle? In recommending this great invention, we are actuated by two motives—one, as a matter of humanity; and the other, a patriotic pride that an American has been the first to promulgate it. The owners and inventors of the apparatus are Messrs. Brown & Level, of San Francisco, Cal.



THE PRESENT MODE OF LAUNCHING A BOAT. WITH ITS DANGERS.

GREENWICH FAIR, ENGLAND.

GREENWICH is a beautiful village, about five miles from London, and situated on the south side of the river Thames. Every reader of Sir Walter Scott must remember it as being the scene of Sir Walter Raleigh's famous cloak adventure with good Queen Bess, as the English delight to call the lion-hearted, hard-fisted daughter of that model Englishman, Henry VIII. Here the sovereigns of England had a palace, which was built, in 1433, by the Duke of Gloucester, father to Richard III. Previously to this, it had been the residence of Edward I. The palace built by Gloucester was enlarged and improved by Edward IV., and Henry VII. lived here most of his time. At Greenwich, Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth were born. But Greenwich now is chiefly remarkable for four things—the royal hospital for aged and disabled sailors of the British navy, the astronomical observatory, the park, and the fair, which is held at Easter.

Greenwich sends two members to Parliament, and has a population of about 130,000 persons. But the event we have most to do with is the fair, which our picture presents a scene from. This lasts three days, and commences on Easter Monday. Hither all the cockneys wend, and regale themselves with gingerbread-nuts, ale, and every conceivable game, from donkey-racing and purse-shows to pitch and toss, and the drama, both tragic and comic—saying nothing about pantomime and single combats, which represent our British Jack-Tar vanquishing half-a-dozen Frenchmen—is always immensely popular.

In order to enjoy a Greenwich fair, you should start at London Bridge, and drive along the road leading to Greenwich. About a mile out of London, every vacant spot from there to Greenwich is occupied with a booth, in which the principal articles for sale are gingerbread of every conceivable shape, from a human heart to a cock in boots, covered with gold leaf; toys, candies, etc., make up the components. On arriving at the fair, which is held in the park, you are greeted with numberless bands of music, all playing different tunes. The booths are given up to the drama—a full-grown tragedy lasting about ten minutes; it abounds in ghosts, murders, trap-doors, and single combats, and defies description.

This scene of riot and debauchery was kept up for three days and three nights with such gusto, that it has lately been abolished by act of Parliament, not without a severe struggle on the part of the old topers, who maintained that it was part and parcel of the British Constitution, and ought to be, like the curfew of the Medes and Persians, immutable! As a relic of the past, and an instance of the manners of an age fast passing away, we have thought it might interest our readers.



BROWN & LEVEL'S, NEW LIFE-SAVING TACKLE, FOR DISENGAGING BOATS FROM DAVITS INSTANTANEOUSLY.

CRAWFORD AND THE NEGRO.

BY J. W. WATSON.

[WHEN Crawford was making his statue of "Freedom" to surmount the dome of the Capitol, the man who had superintended the mechanism of the work from the commencement, left him, after making an excessive demand, declaring that his demand would have to be acceded to, as he was the only man in America who could do the work. A negro slave, who had assisted in the modeling, declared his ability to accomplish the labor, and was entrusted with it. The statue entered the world from under his hands.]

THE sculptor watched the ponderous mass
Grow daily in his hungry eyes,
And dreamed of all his wealth of fame,
When the proud goddess should arise,
And in completeness sweep the skies,
And cry aloud his name.

Upreared before a nation's gaze,
The marble pile in vastness stands,
Crowned by its gorgeous sunlit dome,
Touched by so many misty hands,
And looking forth on many lands,
Is "Freedom's" future home.

Before the stalwart founder's arm,
The molten metal, sound and true,
In wondrous strength and artist will,
And queenly beauty daily grew;
While rapture, dash, and daring, too,
The workmen ply their skill.

Slaves were they all, those dusky men;
They knew of Freedom as a word,
A fable, like some fairy tale,
A something that they once had heard,
And in their pulses wildly stirred,
Their tawny cheeks grew pale.

Meanwhile the glorious work went on;
The bubbling iron filled the mold;
Each bid and trust in its place,
Proves worth its weight in virgin gold,
While limb, and tress, and draping fold,
In fulness grew apace.

At last, when hope was at its height,
The massive workman, strong to greed,
Stood boldly forth—not dusky he—
And said, "Be gold my only meed,
I know no other faith or creed—
The work must stop for me."

The sculptor stood aghast and mute,
Till one among that tawny crew,
His light within, claimed speech with him.
"Trust me, my master, 'tis my due
To bear this burden safely through
Am I not strong of limb?"

Something within those earnest eyes
That reached the sculptor's failing heart,
And thus he made the dusky slave:
"Take thou the master-workman's part,
Thine be the strength and mine the art,
And we shall 'Freedom' save!"

Then went the molders bravely on,
While fluid rivet found their place,
The work was one perpetual song
Before this tawny, dusky race,
And thus the statue grew apace,
As grew the nation strong.

Fair "Freedom," clad in beauteous strength,
Has found her future heavenward home;
The master and his dusky horde,
Now freemen free to stay or roam,
Watch their great mother on the dome,
And humbly praise the Lord.

THE SHEPHERD'S HUT;

OR,

'TIS THIRTEEN YEARS SINCE.

IT was a bitter night in June; and, although there was neither snow nor ice, for such phenomena rarely distinguish an Australian winter, yet the fierce wind blew from the south-west-ocean with a hollow roar and a penetrating power that no great-coat could defy. Never had I felt such a chilliness at the very bones as on this, to me, eventful evening in the year 1852, when, issuing from the long, irregularly built wooden structure kept by the name of the "Café de l'Europe" into Bourke street, I made my way through the uneven, rut-wrinkled streets of Melbourne towards the little inn called "The Golden Nugget," where I expected to find my horse and gig.

What magical changes do a few years sometimes produce! Can this princely city that I now behold, with its broad, well-paved, gas-lit streets, that would not disgrace the West End of London, and actually put to shame those of our great manufacturing capitals of Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham; this city, with its glittering shops, its noble public buildings, elegant churches, and charitable institutions, its theatres, concert halls, museums, libraries, giant warehouses and docks, its business and its riches; this city that cries second to few of its century-aged rivals in the old world; can it indeed be the same as the comfortless, dreary spot of almost Siberian wretchedness that I knew fourteen years since?

But most of my readers, if they did not see, have yet been made familiar, in the pages of the colonial or home press, with the aspect of Melbourne at the first breaking out of the gold fever. It is during this stormy period that the incidents of my tale are laid, and that I first set foot on the shores of this great continent.

I did not come, however, as a seeker of the yellow metal. I had no ambition to become a digger. In fact, reason taught me then what experience has since convinced me of—that he who, like Ned toil, finds the gold, makes not so great a profit as he who, keeping to his trade and profession, wins by his brains the wealth secondhand.

I was a detective police-officer, and I quitted the service at home for reasons which my conscience approved of, and on, in a great measure, to an adventure which I have no space to relate here, but which would supply incidents for a more sensational story than the present, in which form I may one day tell it you.

Bound by honor not again to exercise my calling in the old country, I had taken a berth aboard 60 in the new; and when I arrived at Melbourne at the close of the year 1851, I found there was plenty of opening for me. The police arrangements were very ineffective—murders, stabbings, and other outrages were of frequent occurrence in the city, and throughout the country round—prowling ruffians—escaped convicts from Sydney or Van Diemen's Land—were ever ready to waylay and murder the wandering digger, for the sake of the gold they expected to find on his person.

One of the greatest scoundrels of the latter class had, by the number of murders he had committed, earned the cognomen of "Dick the Devil." His outrages had extended to within a quarter of a mile of the town; he was wont to boast that he killed a man a week, and robbed one a day; and no sooner was a new gang for his capture, that one thousand pounds were offered for his body, alive or dead.

This was the very night I was about to seek when I quitted the "Café de l'Europe," and turned my steps down Bourke street on the evening in question.

I had come to the knowledge that he would be at a hut a mile or so off the highway to Dundas, at eleven o'clock that night. This hut was inhabited by a shepherd belonging to a neighboring run, who was evidently, through fear or inclination, an accomplice of the ruffian. I did not, however, fear the odds against me—the reward offered was more than commensurate with the danger incurred. Had I taken an ally, that reward must have been shared, which I did not care for; the entire possession was the honor of the affair would have to be divided also. A revolver and a bowie-knife were my best friends; and the only thing that caused me misgiving was, that a recent kick from a horse prevented my crossing a saddle, or walking very far. I therefore hired a light gig; for I knew the wretch to whom a mile of the spot to be a pretty good one, and I could then hobble my horse, and creep the rest of the distance on foot.

I consulted my watch—it was nine o'clock, and as I had eight miles to drive, and perhaps one to walk, it was time to be off. So, after tossing off a nobbler of rum-punch to keep the cold out, and examining the caps on my revolver, I clambered into my conveyance, whipped behind, gathered up the reins, and whipped the rawboned old mare into a trot.

It should have been a light night, for the moon was nearly at its full; but the heavy masses of cloud only allowed her radiance to appear occasionally, and other times, when its darkness was so intense that I could scarcely see my horse's head. This, however, I did not very much heed. I knew that the old mare knew every inch of the road. I had received information that I could not very well mistake as to the discovery of the shepherd's hut, unlike the peculiar features of which in a long engaged rendered darkness more welcome than light to me.

I had proceeded in this way some three miles or so, when a shrill voice hailed me with:

"Arrah, your honor, will ye be giving a pair lone woman a lift as far as the hill to Bundora, and it's many thanks she'll offer ye for the throuble?"

I drew in my sorry nag at this sudden greeting, and as I did so, the moonlight broke through from a rift in the leaden clouds, and I beheld, standing close to the roadside, a gaunt and decrepid-looking hag of some seventy years of age, in rags and clothes a mere bundle of rags, and filthy-looking in the extreme, whilst from beneath a large mob-cap, which once, doubtless, had been white, but now retained little evidence of the fact, a lock or two of straggling gray hair waved in the wind. In short, the appearance of this strange old woman resembled so closely one of the weird sisterhood in "Macbeth," that a more unattractive companion for a lonely ride I'd've scouted from my thoughts.

"What are you doing here at this time of night, my friend?" I asked.

"Och, faith, your honor, ye may well ask the question. Sure, and it's the market I've been attinding at all day, and then I bided to tak' a dish o' tay wid a neighbor, and the night's crotuk us talking o' old times."

"Why did you not stop at your friend's all night, then? It would save you more than tramping this lonely road at such an hour."

"Ah, I should anger the old man, yer worship, who's a waiting up for me, and he's not a pinny bit of a beating I shall catch as it is, "sho answered, in a shrill voice.

Not wishing to be delayed longer, I bade the old woman jump up, which she did with an alacrity not to be expected in her years, and the journey was resumed. For a mile or so my companion was silent, while I was too much absorbed in my own reflections to open a conversation. Then, however, the two or three wooden houses that then composed the village of Flemington were passed, and the lights that I had noted from the windows of the little inn, known as the Halfway House, had grown like tiny stars in our rear, my strange companion again found her tongue, and gabbled away with such garrulity that I began to grow doubtful whether she was insane, or rather the worse for "a drop of the crather." She continued thus for some miles, and I had begun to wish her at a region at least as remote as Jericho, when the moon again shone forth with a sudden radiance that for a moment quite dazzled my sight.

It was at this moment that, glancing down to see that the small bag, containing handcuffs and a few other little implements of my craft, had not fallen out of my pocket, I observed a strange object sticking out o the pocket of my companion. Could it be? I looked again. Yes, it was—*the steel-mounted butt of a pistol*—a genuine Colt's revolver. I knew it in an instant by the shape, and could scarcely refrain giving a whistle of surprise. I looked at the face of the hoarer, and now, in the clear moonlight, I could perceive that the deep wrinkles in the cheeks were skillfully put on with burnt cork, and that the straggling locks of gray hair were the fascinations of a wig.

I was clearly in a trap; my own firearms were buckled over in my breast pocket. Were I to drop either rein or whip, the suspicion of the bushranger—for I doubted not the profession of the supposed old woman—would be roused, and I could draw my own weapon, I should have a bullet through my head.

What strategy can't accomplish, skill must, is an old axiom of my profession; so, turning round, I exclaimed:

"I fear my horse has got a stone in his shoe, mother; you won't be afraid to hold the reins a minute, whilst I jump down and see, will you?"

The old woman assented to my request within a quarter of a mile of the town; he was wont to boast that he killed a man a week, and robbed one a day; and no sooner was a new gang for his capture, that one thousand pounds were offered for his body, alive or dead.

This was the very night I was about to seek when I quitted the "Café de l'Europe," and turned my steps down Bourke street on the evening in question.

I had come to the knowledge that he would be at a hut a mile or so off the highway to Dundas, at eleven o'clock that night. This hut was inhabited by a shepherd belonging to a neighboring run, who was evidently, through fear or inclination, an accomplice of the ruffian. I did not, however, fear the odds against me—the reward offered was more than commensurate with the danger incurred. Had I taken an ally, that reward must have been shared, which I did not care for; the entire possession was the honor of the affair would have to be divided also. A revolver and a bowie-knife were my best friends; and the only thing that caused me misgiving was, that a recent kick from a horse prevented my crossing a saddle, or walking very far. I therefore hired a light gig; for I knew the wretch to whom a mile of the spot to be a pretty good one, and I could then hobble my horse, and creep the rest of the distance on foot.

I consulted my watch—it was nine o'clock, and as I had eight miles to drive, and perhaps one to walk, it was time to be off. So, after tossing off a nobbler of rum-punch to keep the cold out, and examining the caps on my revolver, I clambered into my conveyance, whipped behind, gathered up the reins, and whipped the rawboned old mare into a trot.

It should have been a light night, for the moon was nearly at its full; but the heavy masses of cloud only allowed her radiance to appear occasionally, and other times, when its darkness was so intense that I could scarcely see my horse's head. This, however, I did not very much heed. I knew that the old mare knew every inch of the road. I had received information that I could not very well mistake as to the discovery of the shepherd's hut, unlike the peculiar features of which in a long engaged rendered darkness more welcome than light to me.

I had proceeded in this way some three miles or so, when a shrill voice hailed me with:

"Arrah, your honor, will ye be giving a pair lone woman a lift as far as the hill to Bundora, and it's many thanks she'll offer ye for the throuble?"

I drew in my sorry nag at this sudden greeting, and as I did so, the moonlight broke through from a rift in the leaden clouds, and I beheld, standing close to the roadside, a gaunt and decrepid-looking hag of some seventy years of age, in rags and clothes a mere bundle of rags, and filthy-looking in the extreme, whilst from beneath a large mob-cap, which once, doubtless, had been white, but now retained little evidence of the fact, a lock or two of straggling gray hair waved in the wind. In short, the appearance of this strange old woman resembled so closely one of the weird sisterhood in "Macbeth," that a more unattractive companion for a lonely ride I'd've scouted from my thoughts.

"What are you doing here at this time of night, my friend?" I asked.

"Och, faith, your honor, ye may well ask the question. Sure, and it's the market I've been attinding at all day, and then I bided to tak' a dish o' tay wid a neighbor, and the night's crotuk us talking o' old times."

"Why did you not stop at your friend's all night, then? It would save you more than tramping this lonely road at such an hour."

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As I ceased speaking, the man gave us both a scrutinizing glance, and then said:

"Fairly spoken, Mr. Policeman. I am an honest fellow myself, and so I bids you welcome. Drive that ragamuffin indoors, while I take your horse round to the stables."

I resigned the animal to the master of the house, for he did look an honest fellow, and the nag was not worth stealing; besides, I could not keep an eye on it and my captive, whom I now followed into the dwelling.

The first object that caught my eye on entering the kitchen was an American clock; the hands pointed to eleven. It was the hour appointed for my nabbing "Dick the Devil," at the shepherd's hut. And a sight engaged me as I thought of the thousand pounds reward, and the way it had slipped through my fingers.

My spy-glance had put an end to by the return of our host, accompanied by two young men of about twenty-five and twenty years of age respectively, whom he introduced as sons. They were both strongly built young fellows, but would neither of them attain the almost Herculean proportions of their father, who looked a perfect Samson in the ruddy firelight, which now enabled me to view his countenance, and note the aspect of the apartment. The man had my full attention. He was attired in the ordinary costume of a shepherd, or small farmer; he might have been forty-five years of age, for his short black hair was turning slightly gray, but certainly he was not more; he was upward of six feet in height, and broad-chested and stout sturdy built in proportion —in fact, his well-set muscular figure showed great strength; his face was pleasing and open, save when in perfect repose, then only a kind of half sneer, half scowl rested on it, and seemed as though caused by some malformation of nature, rather than the result of habit.

The room was plainly furnished, as is usual in the bush. A roughly-hewn table, a chair, half-a-dozen three-legged stools, and the usual clock before referred to, formed the greater portion of it. On the mantel-piece of a few logs of wood kindled on the hearth, were a few iron hard scones, resting on a brick at each end, supported the tea-kettle and a saucepan or two, from whence issued a savory aroma, strongly suggestive to an empty stomach. The walls were decked with an atrocious print of "Queen Victoria and Albert," a rifle, fowling-piece, double-barreled gun, and a brace of old flint pistols. As you may imagine, the weapons attracted my attention, the more as they were all save the pistols, oiled and on full half cock. Still, in such a lonely situation, and so far away from the settlements, and the country around swarming with bushrangers, escaped convicts, and rascals of every description, there were very slight grounds for suspicion in all this.

"Come, lads, let's have some supper. I've fed and watered your nag, sir, and now we must attend to ourselves, as I expect going to be at third of the world sit at table with me. I've a rather below will suit him better," added the farmer, contemptuously, as he glanced toward my strangely attired prisoner, who returned the favor with a fierce scowl.

I gratefully availed myself of this offer, and found the cellar a secure place; that it was both damp and dark was not my fault. I unbound the prisoner, said, however, keeping a watchful eye on, and pushed him in. Our host threw him some straw, and giving him some bread and beef, we left him to his reflections.

We now turned our undivided attention to the supper, which, though perhaps wanting in quality, was ample in quantity. A bowl of mutton was fished out of one saucepan, a huge mess of potatoes from another; the bread was taken from the hearth, a large pannikin jug of ale, with a black bottle of whisky, put on the table.

Rendered hungry by my long drive, I did justice to the substantial viands before me, and over a glass of grog, listened to the worthy shepherd's account of the death of his wife from typhus fever. Of the mother-in-law, the only daughter with a curate policeman; of the murrain in the cattle, and the rot in his sheep; of the last great bush fire, and other like matters of small interest, getting drowsy, I proposed to go to bed.

It was time I did so. The fire had long since gone out, the clock pointed to two in the morning, and as I rose to depart, the remains of the candle sunk in its iron socket, and left us in darkness.

"Here is a pretty go," said the shepherd, after a fruitless rummage in every corner of the room. "I've not another dip left, and I've forgot where to light us to pick up nuggets. You must go to bed in the dark."

"Never, not that, my mar," said I; "the moon shines brightly. Lead the way."

"Will you not leave your great-coat and arms here?" suggested the host.

"No, my friend, my pistols and I never part company," I answered, with a laugh; and whistling for my dog, the men good-night, followed their father to my room.

This was, however, no easy matter. I had to grope my way after him along a dark passage, at the end of which he ushered me into an apartment where there was no other light than that given by the moon, which shone through a small window glazed with little panes of coarse glass. Here he bade me good-night, and with apologies for the poor accommodation, left me.

The apartment was small. In one corner stood a bed of that shape commonly called, in the colonies, a stretcher; this, with a coarse basinstand, a broken chair, and a ship locking-glass, made up the furniture. Like an old traveler, I turned to secure the door; but it had only a small thumb latch.

I piled the washing-stand, together with the chair, against it in such a manner that no one could enter without making a noise sufficient to wake me. To make all sure, I felt in my pocket to see that the key of the cellar wherein I had confined my prisoner was there. It was all right. I then

examined the charges in mine and the bushranger's revolver, and placing both under my pillow, without undressing, threw myself on the bed, and weary and worn-out by my night's adventures, prepared to sleep.

For a time, a species of nervous wakefulness possessed me; the moaning of the passing wind, the flapping of a loose board on the roof above, the fitful shadows of a gigantic gum-tree thrown by the moonlight on the damp and discolored walls, and above all, the deep bay of dogs in the yard beneath my window, baffled my every endeavor to slumber; and when at length I was about to drop off, a whispering of human voices in the next room again put me on the qui vive. I could not help fancying that I was the subject of their conversation, and I could swear that I heard the voice of my prisoner joining in the discussion. Creeping from my bed, I put my ear to the wall, and thanks to the loose jointing of the boards, could hear what was spoken.

The villains, of whom the bushranger seemed the leader, were coolly discussing a method of my murder—that is, as to what is my bed.

The moment I discovered these amiable intentions, I rose to my feet, and reflected. I had my revolvers—there were twelve lives in the barrels—that was, if neither of the barrels missed a life; but might not these assassins have revolvers also? At all events, I was very near to one, and master of the hut a perfect Hercules of strength. My mind was made up—I would run.

Then rose the question—how?

The rascals were traversing the passage; my feeble barricade would not stop them a minute. I gave a glance around the room, espied a rope in one corner—a long rope. I secured one end of it to a strong iron ring that happened providentially to be in the wall; then I noiselessly opened the casement, and dropped the other end out through the window, following it myself; but I did not intend to descend yet.

My foot found rest on one of the projecting logs of which the house was built; by pulling the rope up through the window, above which half my head and the six barrels of my revolver were alone visible, I had yet to bid my hospitable entertainers farewell.

I had not to wait long. The moonlight presently showed me the handle of the opposite door turn, the door to open half an inch. I waited no longer, bang, bang, bang, went three barrels of my revolver, and exclaiming, "Good-by, dear friends, you won't forget me!" I began descending my rope.

A shriek of pain, and hoarse curses from above, told me that I had not thrown away my powder. I congratulated myself on an escape; when turning to look below, I saw the red, fiery eyes of a ferocious dog looking up at me; his deep muzzle, broad chest, and grayish white coat of wiry hair, showed him to be a bloodhound; and with a thrill of horror, I saw that I must drop right at his feet.

I leveled my pistol at him, and tried to steady myself on the rope to take aim. My first shot missed him, the second gave him only a slight wound that rendered him the more dangerous; when I felt that I must give way; it had been cut above, and I fell some five or six feet, almost into his very jaws.

I beheld the fierce brute about to spring on me; at the same moment, a clattering volley rang out from above, and I heard half a dozen bullets hiss by my head, burying themselves with a dull thud in the earth. Though little intended for the purpose, that volley saved my life; every ball missed me; but one passed through the head of the bloodhound, who was now lying dead across my body. It was a providential escape; but I had not yet out my wood, and there was no time to lose. I could hear the muttered curses of disappointment, and hear ramming of new charges home, as those above saw me move. Throwing off the dead brute, whose weight nearly stifled me, I fired the last barrel of my revolver at the window, and with the satisfaction saw the big shepherd clasp his hand to his face, which, in an instant, became covered with blood; then, springing to my feet, I ran for my life, I knew not whither.

Immediately, however, I was checked by a high fence. At any other time I should have found this an almost difficult fence to surmount; but now a love of life gave me strength and experience; even my sore leg was forgotten, and in an instant I was at the summit. The sharp crack of a rifle rang out on the still night air; I saw my wide-awake fly from my head, and felt a scrape like that of a hot razor across my scalp, but I did not stay to ponder on that. Springing down on the off side, I again took to my heels, loading my revolver as I went, and ramming a bullet home in each barrel.

In about five minutes' time I stopped to regain my breath, and from behind a gum-tree looked at the log house.

It lay a little more than a quarter of a mile distant, clearly defined in the bright light of the moon, which now shone down from an unclouded heaven. The night was so still that even the spring of the bushranger could be heard, and I listened with breathless anxiety for the sound of the pursuit.

Presently, the deep, fierce bay of dogs smote upon my ear, mingled with shoutings and laughter. I saw three figures and two powerful hounds emerge from the shadow of the fence. They were urging the dogs on the trail.

I again commenced my flight. I had not, however, run more than half a mile, when I caught my foot in a hole, and was brought to with a sprained ankle.

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Presently they drew near; not advancing boldly, for they knew I was armed, but dodging from tree to tree. The foremost was a powerful man, with his head tied up in a blood-stained bandage; the bushranger (now attired in male apparel), and one of the women I had before supposed I had shot—which was, in fact, the case.

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TOWN COSSIP

IF we were asked upon what subject the larger part of the people of New York were at this moment thinking most earnestly, we should answer, without going us down to the very material answer, "Where they are to live next May."

To country people, or those of most other cities, this may seem a strange thing to think of, as applied in that way, to this city, with its fearful acres of ruins; but its population once a year—on the 1st of May—the transition is great, the change is universal, the whole over-taxed city, we are to thousand houses short of the requisite number to make its people barely comfortable. Practical facts in this matter are to be made at the worst city in the world for the poor man, or be of moderate means, to live in. Rents go up for a house, or in the shape of the city. It is confined, and can spread but one way. It is like a wedge, and the business is constantly driving it further up. Houses are almost unusually pushing the dwellers upward toward the heavens. They have spread, to some extent, in several small cities on the opposite sides of the water, as Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, etc., but the great pressure is toward the city, and the rents are the worst of real estate, or rather, the supposed value. It can be seen in the great activity in the erection of flats and tall tenements, for they are really sold. The setting price is too great for investment, and, taking the chances for a cool 20 per cent rent, the owner sells the house on paper to document to the capitalist than real estate. The reason of this is, simply that the present high rent is sure to continue to advance. The purchaser must drive the population to expedient, either crowding them into the smallest space, or building high, that he and his people can live where there is only one now.

Viewing the matter in the favorable light, why do not capitalists do something to encourage the people to go out of town. Within ten miles of this city, there are thousands of acres of land, capable of every whim for that reason. The first point is to make them easy and cheap of access. If the working man can get to and fro in 20 minutes or 1 hour, spending an hour in the journey, and paying seven cents, why would he not go to the suburbs, where he can have a house, garden, and in the same time? On the Erie road, for instance, the ten miles can be run in twenty minutes, and the fare would not be more than seven cents. Hundreds of neat cottages may be built, which, with half an acre of ground attached, may be rented to such mechanic or the working-man his four rooms, at a rental of $60 per annum, and by breathing fresh air, and a change of life, would be worth to him double that sum.

The subject is a great one, and worthy the attention of capitalists. A company could be formed to build up small towns within hailing distance, and the rise on the value of the property, as soon as it is properly done, is a fortune in a few years. Only think of the change in a short time would make the company one of the most prosperous and popular ones up.

The great sensation of the week has been the Arion ball, given in honor of the members of the Arion Society, attended by all the world and his wife. They met on the 22nd ult., and the ball was given on the following night, from the hour of 9 P. M. to 4 A. M., the hour was unbroken by the most positive pause, and the dancing went on for the most hilarious moments. Surely such a night was never seen, and to those who are unacquainted with the vast preparation, the great amount of money spent, and the long previous discussion of the matter in every circle, there can really be no imagination of the thing as it occurs.

At 9 o'clock the people begin to arrive, the large main hall packed and in fancy dress. Every character is there, and all description is useless. The brain of the whole city is at work to invent something new and startling in the dress line, and it succeeds tolerably. The spectator who walks about the room, can have but a small idea of the variety of costume; but let him be seated, and watch the figures moving past for an hour or two, and there will, in that time, be change enough to give him material in front of him for days of life. We have all heard of the grand mask balls of the opera at Paris, but the most prejudiced who have seen both, declare that our mask balls of the Arion and Lyceum surpass in splendor and variety those of Paris.

At this ball the decorations of the room alone cost $8,000, and they were in the style. From every picture hung long draperies, elegantly pinned, and tipped off with a golden star, and the walls were garlanded in massive star, executed in color and gold, beautifully effective. Into the centre of which hung a gigantic bouquet, into which was worked the letters: "Arion," and the whole presented a rich look of gold and color. At the extreme end of the room a stage was erected, having for its centre piece a representation of a Thirty Avenue car. On this stage, through the evening, were performances of a character to suit the general character, and each creating for itself a laugh. These little interludes were very amusing. In the middle of the evening came the great feature, the procession. This represented a ball at the Tuileries, in the days of Louis, surpassed the old days of the invincibles. It was under the same name with the ball, John G. Heath, Secretary of the Arions, and on its march was applauded to a degree that would have astonished the management. Just below the stage a company of gymnasts went through a performance that would rival the Blondins—and what can we say better?—while on every side the floor was crowded with the gay promenaders, as knights, were busily at work doing all they could to enhance the pleasure of the hour. Here and there about the room were small fountains of cologne or perfumed waters, which were sprinkled occasionally in silken streams.

The supper rooms were bountifully served, and after midnight, were a scene not easily forgotten. There was dressed at a long counter, the long-necked Rhine wine bottles glistening before them, or the long-necked champagne bottles in every direction, while the edibles disappeared by cart-loads. In the commissariat department, we noticed that the fine appreciation of all that tempts the eye or taste, that was from time and dinner-table memories. The bouquets, jellies, wild, etc., and so forth.

In two rooms Dutch Ball is a sensation. It can never goes to ball, let them go once to an Arion. Or they be a newcomer to the city, and would once walk in a phase that cannot be shown elsewhere in this world, let them go to the Arion. It is a grand ball, and stay till it's closed. We say till 12, because then, by invitation, we all go to Delmonico's, and dinner with breakfast as well as gymnasts must stand revealed in the picture above, and which half my head and the six barrels of my revolver were alone visible. I had yet to bid my hospitable entertainers farewell.

I had not to wait long. The moonlight presently showed me the handle of the opposite door turn, the door to open half an inch. I waited no longer, bang, bang, bang, went three barrels of my revolver, and exclaiming, "Good-by, dear friends, you won't forget me!" I began descending my rope.

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At 9 o'clock the people begin to arrive, the large main hall packed and in fancy dress. Every character is there, and all description is useless. The brain of the whole city is at work to invent something new and startling in the dress line, and it succeeds tolerably. The spectator who walks about the room, can have but a small idea of the variety of costume; but let him be seated, and watch the figures moving past for an hour or two, and there will, in that time, be change enough to give him material in front of him for days of life. We have all heard of the grand mask balls of the opera at Paris, but the most prejudiced who have seen both, declare that our mask balls of the Arion and Lyceum surpass in splendor and variety those of Paris.

At this ball the decorations of the room alone cost $8,000, and they were in the style. From every picture hung long draperies, elegantly pinned, and tipped off with a golden star, and the walls were garlanded in massive star, executed in color and gold, beautifully effective. Into the centre of which hung a gigantic bouquet, into which was worked the letters: "Arion," and the whole presented a rich look of gold and color. At the extreme end of the room a stage was erected, having for its centre piece a representation of a Thirty Avenue car. On this stage, through the evening, were performances of a character to suit the general character, and each creating for itself a laugh. These little interludes were very amusing. In the middle of the evening came the great feature, the procession. This represented a ball at the Tuileries, in the days of Louis, surpassed the old days of the invincibles. It was under the same name with the ball, John G. Heath, Secretary of the Arions, and on its march was applauded to a degree that would have astonished the management. Just below the stage a company of gymnasts went through a performance that would rival the Blondins—and what can we say better?—while on every side the floor was crowded with the gay promenaders, as knights, were busily at work doing all they could to enhance the pleasure of the hour. Here and there about the room were small fountains of cologne or perfumed waters, which were sprinkled occasionally in silken streams.

The supper rooms were bountifully served, and after midnight, were a scene not easily forgotten. There was dressed at a long counter, the long-necked Rhine wine bottles glistening before them, or the long-necked champagne bottles in every direction, while the edibles disappeared by cart-loads. In the commissariat department, we noticed that the fine appreciation of all that tempts the eye or taste, that was from time and dinner-table memories. The bouquets, jellies, wild, etc., and so forth.

In two rooms Dutch Ball is a sensation. It can never goes to ball, let them go once to an Arion. Or they be a newcomer to the city, and would once walk in a phase that cannot be shown elsewhere in this world, let them go to the Arion. It is a grand ball, and stay till it's closed. We say till 12, because then, by invitation, we all go to Delmonico's, and dinner with breakfast as well as gymnasts must stand revealed in the picture above, and which half my head and the six barrels of my revolver were alone visible. I had yet to bid my hospitable entertainers farewell.

I had not to wait long. The moonlight presently showed me the handle of the opposite door turn, the door to open half an inch. I waited no longer, bang, bang, bang, went three barrels of my revolver, and exclaiming, "Good-by, dear friends, you won't forget me!" I began descending my rope.

A shriek of pain, and hoarse curses from above, told me that I had not thrown away my powder. I congratulated myself on an escape; when turning to look below, I saw the red, fiery eyes of a ferocious dog looking up at me; his deep muzzle, broad chest, and grayish white coat of wiry hair, showed him to be a bloodhound; and with a thrill of horror, I saw that I must drop right at his feet.

I leveled my pistol at him, and tried to steady myself on the rope to take aim. My first shot missed him, the second gave him only a slight wound that rendered him the more dangerous; when I felt that I must give way; it had been cut above, and I fell some five or six feet, almost into his very jaws.

I beheld the fierce brute about to spring on me; at the same moment, a clattering volley rang out from above, and I heard half a dozen bullets hiss by my head, burying themselves with a dull thud in the earth. Though little intended for the purpose, that volley saved my life; every ball missed me; but one passed through the head of the bloodhound, who was now lying dead across my body. It was a providential escape; but I had not yet out my wood, and there was no time to lose. I could hear the muttered curses of disappointment, and hear ramming of new charges home, as those above saw me move. Throwing off the dead brute, whose weight nearly stifled me, I fired the last barrel of my revolver at the window, and with the satisfaction saw the big shepherd clasp his hand to his face, which, in an instant, became covered with blood; then, springing to my feet, I ran for my life, I knew not whither.

Immediately, however, I was checked by a high fence. At any other time I should have found this an almost difficult fence to surmount; but now a love of life gave me strength and experience; even my sore leg was forgotten, and in an instant I was at the summit. The sharp crack of a rifle rang out on the still night air; I saw my wide-awake fly from my head, and felt a scrape like that of a hot razor across my scalp, but I did not stay to ponder on that. Springing down on the off side, I again took to my heels, loading my revolver as I went, and ramming a bullet home in each barrel.

In about five minutes' time I stopped to regain my breath, and from behind a gum-tree looked at the log house.

It lay a little more than a quarter of a mile distant, clearly defined in the bright light of the moon, which now shone down from an unclouded heaven. The night was so still that even the spring of the bushranger could be heard, and I listened with breathless anxiety for the sound of the pursuit.

Presently, the deep, fierce bay of dogs smote upon my ear, mingled with shoutings and laughter. I saw three figures and two powerful hounds emerge from the shadow of the fence. They were urging the dogs on the trail.

I again commenced my flight. I had not, however, run more than half a mile, when I caught my foot in a hole, and was brought to with a sprained ankle.

I ground my teeth in despair. I glanced around; the dogs were only a hundred yards or so in my rear, running neck and neck, their great tongues lolling out of their mouths, thus displaying their formidable fangs, their eyes flashing fire, too eager for my blood even to give tongue.

I looked wistfully around. A ray of hope dawned upon my soul; a pal from me stood a gum-tree more bushy and thick with foliage than its neighbors.

With great difficulty I clambered up its trunk, got amongst its thickest branches, and with my new revolver in one paw, prepared to sell my life as dearly as possible.

I knew they must come within range to see me; they could not use their rifles now, save at hap-hazard; while from the dogs I was quite safe. And one of the brutes was howling with baffled rage at the foot of the tree.

I did not notice them; my powder was for their masters.

Presently they drew near; not advancing boldly, for they knew I was armed, but dodging from tree to tree. The foremost was a powerful man, with his head tied up in a blood-stained bandage; the bushranger (now attired in male apparel), and one of the women I had before supposed I had shot—which was, in fact, the case.

At last the villains opened fire, but thanks to the shelter afforded by the tree, I was not hit by my marksmanship. I returned the compliment whenever a head showed itself from behind a tree, but I was more than ever sure that I could not carry trunk of the one in which I was concealed. His eyes met mine; I fired two shots at him, and missed; the next moment a ball struck me.

"Hang you!" he muttered; "that shot of yours has won you a thousand pounds. I am 'Dick the Devil;' but you shall have the start of me, my chicken."

His finger was on the trigger, for now he could aim at his leisure; reckless, death's hand was upon him, and he fell at my feet a corpse.

The same moment a rattling volley echoed around me. I saw the bushranger and his son running for their lives, pursued by two of the Melbourne mounted police.

The fugitives were captured, tried, condemned, and hanged. I pocketed the thousand pounds, less some couple of hundred with which I rewarded my brave rescuers, and left Melbourne for Sydney.

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The only joke that Lieut.-Gen Grant was ever known to perpetrate, was one day during his campaigning in Mississippi, when the rebel General Wheeler was coming up to attack one of the wings of his army, where the Commander-in-Chief happened to be himself present. Gentlemen," said Grant, quickly knocking the ashes from his cigar, and looking around at the officers near him, "you see severe Winter approaching, and I advise you to have the boys keep up a good fire!"

INTERESTING OLD DOCUMEN..

A LATE Fredericksburg *Ledger* contains the will of the mother of Washington, as written by herself, and recorded in the Clerk's office of Spotsylvania county. Such a venerable document, which carries us back to the days and scenes of the infancy of this now mighty republic, cannot be otherwise than interesting to every reader, and we therefore hasten to hand up to it! By what extraordinary events has American progress, since the date of this will to the present time, been distinguished!

"IN THE WASHINGTON'S WILL.

"We publish below this rare and curious document. The original is in possession of our worthy Clerk, J. J. Lewis, Esq., who kindly placed it at our disposal.

"The elegant terms in which she attends to several private transactions of African 'scrub,' 'fee simple,' 'mulatto,' which shows one of our 'Northern brethren.'

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"In the name of God. Amen. I, Mary Washington, in the state of Virginia, and county of Spotsylvania, being in good health, but calling to mind the uncertainty of this life, and being desirous of settling matters of my worldly estate, do make and publish this my last will, hereby revoking all wills and testaments by me heretofore, hoping for a remission of my sins, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of mankind. I dispose of all my worldly estates as follows:

"Item. I give and devise to my daughter, George Washington, all my lands on Accokeek run, in the county of Stafford, and also my negro boy George, Sam and his heirs for ever; also my best bed, bedstead, and Virginia rug, my quilted blue and white quilt, and my best dressing-case.

"Item. I give and devise to my son, Charles Washington, my negro boy Lewis, to him, and his heirs for ever.

"Item. I give and devise to my daughter, Betty Lewis, my plantation and devise to my daughter-in-law, Hannah Washington, my purple cloth cloak, lined with fur.

"Item. I give and devise to my grandson, Corbin Washington, my negro woman Ann, her daughter Chloe, and two black horses, to him and his assigns for ever.

"Item. I give and devise to my grandson, Fielding Lewis, my negro man Frederick, to him and his assigns for ever; also my great looking-glass, my walnut desk and drawers, a square dining-table, one bed, bedstead, bolster, pillows, blankets, one chest, one bedstead, one sheets, one pr. blankets, and white cotton counterpane, two pr. sheets, one pr. blankets, one bolster, and one pillow, one half of my iron kitchen furniture.

"Item. I give and devise to my grandson, Lawrence Lewis, my negro wench Lydia, to him and his assigns for ever.

"Item. I give and devise to my grand-daughter, Betty Lewis, my negro woman Ilitt and her future increase, to her and her assigns for ever; also, my looking-glass, my walnut dressing-table and drawers, a square dining-table, one bed, bedstead, bolster, pillows, one chest, one bedstead, one sheets, one pr. blankets, and white cotton counterpane, two pr. sheets, one pr. blankets, one bolster, and one pillow, one half of my iron kitchen furniture.

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"Item. I give to my grandson, George Washington, my best silver waiter, and to my grandson, Lawrence, one pillow, one pair sheets, one blanket, and counterpane.

"Item. I devise all my remaining apparel to be equally divided between my grand-daughters, Betty Lewis, Fanny Ball, and Milly Washington; but should my daughter-in-law, Betty Lewis, fancy any of these articles thereof, she is to have them before a division is made.

"Item. Inasmuch and appoint my said son, General George Washington, executor of this my will, and a owe few or no debts, I direct my executor to give no security, nor to render an account of my estate; but may be allotted to my devisees with as little trouble and as much dispatch as attending their successors thereof as the token I now have to give them of my love for them.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 20th day of May, 1788.

"MARY WASHINGTON (seal).

"Signed, sealed, and published in our presence, and we have set our hands thereto, this 2nd May Washington, at her desire.

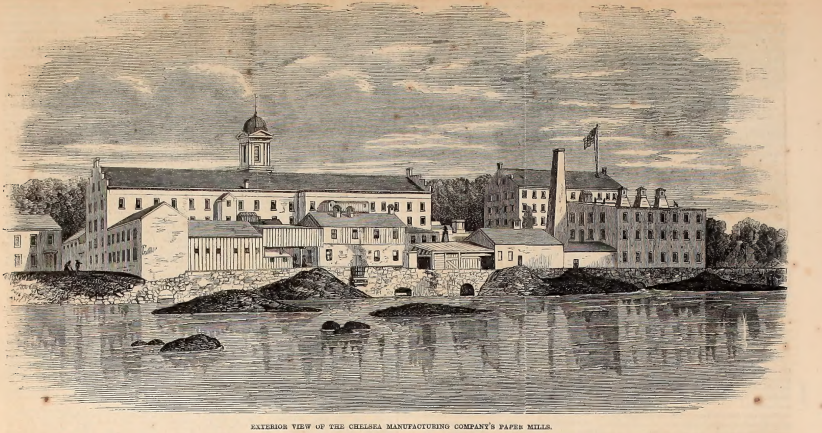
"JAMES MERCER,
"Witnesses, JOSEPH WALKER,
JOHN FERNEYHOUGH."

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR FOR THE UNION, by Mrs. ANN S. Stephens, containing nearly 1,000 pages, beautifully embellished with engravings, by some of our best artists, has just been published by Mr. J. E. Tilton, of this city, publisher. This work is calculated to attract more attention than any book of the kind that has yet got up, owing to the fulness and the absence of all bias, from its careful and truthful detail of facts, from which every reader can from its general reliableness. The price is also an inducement to purchase, how well a book can be got up without extravagance of charge. We predict for it a great sale and popularity.

A PASSION FOR WATCHES.—In the city of Boston there is an individual who may be said to have a passion for watches. He has at the present time seventeen hundred watches. He has them of every size from an inch to a foot in diameter. Some of the finest gold, and others of the coarsest workmanship, but very costly and valuable from their rarity. Some are in pearls, another in diamonds, and another in all sorts of precious stones; and he has a watch for every character of man from high to the others. One strikes like a miniature clock every hour, another plays a tune, and another sings a song, another seems to sing like a little bird. One or two are unincumbered by cases, and massive gold ones are nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness; others are as small as a dime. Each possesses some peculiar and singular key, chain and seal. Some are kept wound up, and the hour and minute hands of each is wound up and cared for every day by the hand of the owner. He has a room for them in his dwelling, and their appendages is a great as that of other people in their parlors, or libraries, or bedrooms.

HOW THE OPERA OF MARITANA CAME TO BE WRITTEN.—Howard St. Leger, a friend of W. V. Wallace, was dining with him one night at Paris, when Maritana: "I think it must have been early in the month of August, 1844, for the sun had not yet retired behind the horizon like a ball of gold, when my late friend (the author of the opera) came to Dublin. We met, by appointment, in the drawing-room window of 87 Piccadilly, "St. Leger," said Wallace, "I have determined to write an opera." I answered immediately: 'Of course you could; and I should be very glad to assist you.' I remember," said Wallace, 'what has it to do for a libretto?' I answered: 'Oh, that is quite easy.' I then started to read some celebrated opera books for my friend Balfe, and,' added I, 'as it is a subject that interests me, as it is a new country, and as Pitt-Ball lives in the Portland Road, let us start from there.' Wallace agreed, and we started for Pitt-Ball's residence. Arrived there, I knocked at the door, and waited for it to be opened. It was opened by a genteel looking man, and Pitt-Ball was at home. I then introduced Wallace to Pitt-Ball, told him he was a compatriot of mine, and Pitt-Ball was so enchanted with the exquisite melodies my dear friend played, that he gave him the first act of Maritana just before we left."

CHELSEA MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S PAPER MILLS, NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE CHELSEA MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S PAPER MILLS.

THE CHELSEA PAPER MILLS.

In early times the materials used for writing upon were chiefly those that required only some little mechanical fashioning to fit them for that purpose. Stones, flat surfaces of clay baked, bricks, plates of metal, leaves and bark of trees, skins of animals, papyrus, and finally parchment, were all used.

The art of making paper from pulp, or fibrous matter, is attributed to the Chinese as first discoverers, and is put down as in 95 A.D. Before that they wrote with a stylus on the inner bark of the bamboo. They made their paper first from the bamboo, but now, though sticking to the original material, use rags and straw.

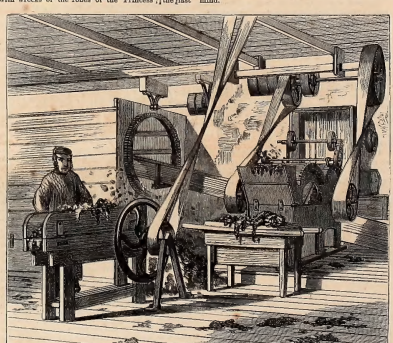
In the sixteenth century a paper mill was first built in England by a Mr. Tate at Hertford, a second by a German in Kent in 1588; but the manufacture took no great advance until the year 1713, when a Mr. Thomas Watson introduced many improvements, and turned out the first tolerable paper in the world.

At Norwich, in Connecticut, are the Chelsea Paper (No. 1) Mills, perhaps the largest of their kind in the world. They were established thirty years ago, and have been, until lately, owned by an incorporated company, but now belong to Campbell, Hall & Co., of this city. These mills employ over 200 people, and have a capacity for turning out over 14,000 pounds of paper per day, the value of which, when fit for market, runs from twenty to thirty cents per pound. On this paper most of the first class journals of this and other cities are printed; and so high is the reputation of their manufacture, that the mills are not able to supply the immense demand upon them, even though their capacity is so great.

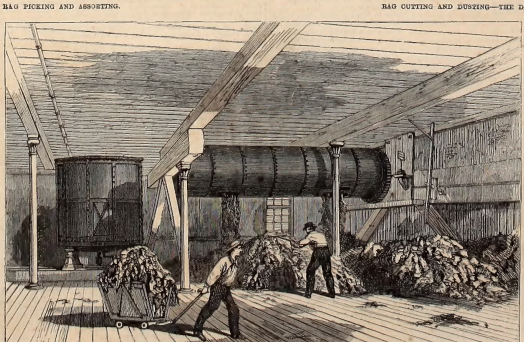
To trace the manufacture from the beginning: The rags from which this paper is made are mostly imported, the point from which the article is brought being the Mediterranean. In these dusty bales come the cast-off rags of the Neapolitan bazaroni, mixed with wrecks of the robes of the Princess; the last remnant of the Spanish beggar's—and where can there be a more ragged beggar—shirt, and the handkerchief that has wiped the face of royalty.—all finally forming food for Yankee machines, and final food for the world's mind.



RAG PICKING AND ASSORTING.



RAG CUTTING AND DUSTING—THE DEVIL.



BOILING RAGS.

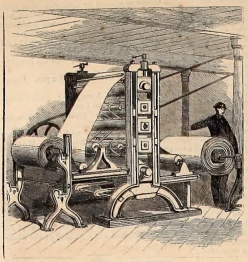
These rags are rated according to quality and color, and firstly go into the rag-room (No. 1), where the bales are opened, and by women are assorted into barrels according to their quality. Even this simple employment requires a certain skill and quickness of eye, the one who has the latter having the ability to do twice the work of one whose eye is not as quick as her hands. These women live in an atmosphere of dust and dirt, but seem to thrive under it, and if bright countenances and lively chat can be taken as a criterion, are happy.

From the rag-room they go the cutting-room (No. 3), where also is the "duster," or "devil." Here all the dirt is beaten out of them, and they are cut into shreds for the purpose of reaching the fibre easier with water. This process, though dirty, is a very simple one, and from it the rags go to the boiler (No. 4), where for twelve hours they go through the purification of fire and water, and at the end of that time are turned out in such a state of cleanliness that we wager that the same Spanish beggar, who had contributed his shirt, would be unable to identify it, though it had been his faithful companion for half a score of years. In this boiler room, the boiler being on the left in the engraving, is also the drier, a long iron cylinder, through which hot air is forced, and which, continually revolving, soon turns out the rags

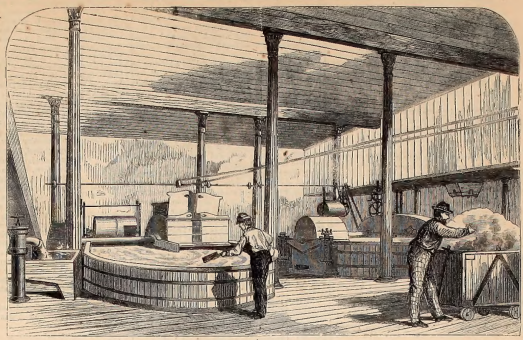
THE CHELSEA MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S PAPER MILLS, NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

without a particle of moisture, and ready for the washing and beating room (No. 5).

In this room, are the tubs or engines, which beat the rags into pulp, or stuff, as it is called, and bleach them. Here they go through the first important process in their transformation, that of being altered from rags to a substance, which, when dried, somewhat resembles fresh fallen snow—not city snow. This is done by continual agitation and maceration in water, and is a cleanly and beautiful process, and the pulp, as it comes from the tubs, is sufficiently tempting in appearance to induce an appetite, promising that the article was palatable and digestible.

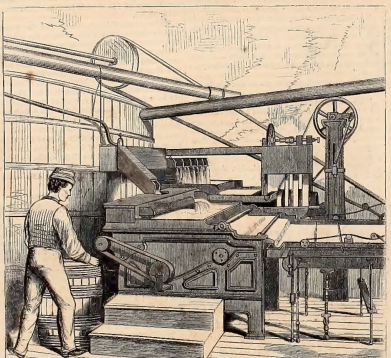


CALENDERING MACHINE.



WASHING AND BEATING THE RAGS.

From this point to the "Stuff Chest," or "Grinding Tub," (No. 6), the pulp goes, and here, by the addition of water, is worked to a creamy consistency, by a series of sharp iron blades, revolving on a frame, which keep the mass continually in motion and smooth. From this tub the pulp flows directly upon the machine (No. 7), which shall convert it into paper. This machine is the one invented by Fourdrinier, to which many improvements have been added by American inventors, until it seems to act almost with human intellect. To describe this machine is impossible without many illustrations, but a description of the old hand method of paper-making will better make it understood, the machine being simply an imitation of the human labor.



PULP RUNNING FROM TANK INTO MACHINE.

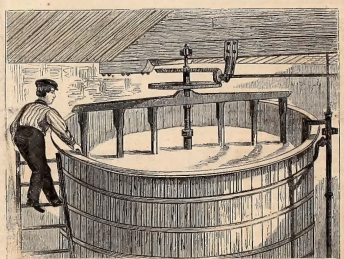


CUTTING MACHINE.

In the hand method the pulp is put into a vat, and is kept at the proper temperature by a stove or steam-pipe, and the contents held in suspense by stirring. The paper is made with a mold or deckle. This is a shallow, square frame, covered with wire cloth, and a little larger than the sheet to be made. The deckle is a very thin frame of wood, which fits close upon the mold, and is required to retain the pulp upon the mold, and to regulate the size of the sheet. The dipper, or *vatman*, inclining the mold a little toward him, dips it into the vat with the deckle upon it, and lifts it up horizontally. He shakes it to distribute the stuff, or pulp, equally, and the water drains through the wire. He lays the mold on the edge of the vat, and takes off the deckle, which he wants to use on another mold. After remaining a few seconds to drain, the mold is taken by another workman, called the *coucher*, who puts the sheet of paper on a piece of woolen cloth, returns the mold to the dipper, who, in the mean time, has made another sheet, which stands on the vat ready for the *coucher* to lay upon another woolen cloth or felt. Thus they proceed until they have made a pile of sheets, which is called a "post," and consists of six or eight quires. This post is placed in a wet-press, and subjected to heavy pressure, to squeeze out the water and to give firmness and solidity to the paper. The pile is then taken from the vat-press, the sheets taken from between the felts, and then pressed by themselves. They are then taken to the drying-room, and hung up in lots of six or eight sheets to dry.

The th ry of the Fourdrinier machine is the same. The mold of wire-cloth, instead of being square, is a revolving cylinder, which, as it revolves, dips into the pulp, and upon its opposite side delivers up the crude paper to the felts or woolen cloths. From the felts it is passed, in one continuous sheet, to the hot cylinders, which press and dry it, sending it steadily on its course, until, at the other end of the machine, it meets a revolving knife (No. 8), which is set to cut it into sheets of the required size.

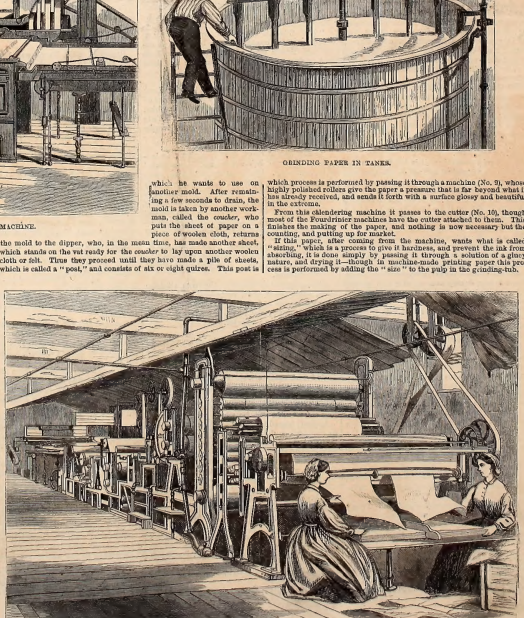
When a very smooth surface is wanted upon the paper, it is calendered, which process is performed by passing it through a machine (No. 9), whose highly polished rollers give the paper a pressure that is far beyond what it has already received, and sends it forth with a surface glossy and beautiful in the extreme.



GRINDING PAPER IN TANKS.

From this calendering machine it passes to the cutter (No. 10), though most of the Fourdrinier machines have the cutter attached to them. This finishes the making of the paper, and nothing is now necessary but the counting, and putting up for market.

If this paper, after coming from the machine, wants what is called "sizing," which is a process to give it hardness, and prevent the ink from absorbing, it is done simply by passing it through a solution of a glary nature, and drying it—though in machine-made printing paper this process is performed by adding the "size" to the pulp in the grinding-tub.



PAPER MACHINE.

WE WERE WAITING.

We were waiting—we were waiting,
While the stars gemmed heaven's dome,
For a loved and war-worn brother,
In our little cottage-home.

We were waiting—we were waiting,
And the motion seemed so slow
Which the old clock's hands were making
That we thought they ceased to go.

We were waiting—we were waiting,
And the tea was on the board;
And the best of meats were smoking,
And the best of wines were poured,

We were waiting—we were waiting;
For we all had done our part
In arranging for the welcome
Of a kind and kindred heart.

We were waiting—we were waiting
For his tap upon the door;
And the long and fond caressing
That he gave us, heretofore.

We were waiting—we were waiting;
Any dull eye could discern
That our faces grew less sanguine,
As we spoke of his return.

We were waiting—vainly waiting,
While the stars gemmed heaven's dome,
For the weary one was resting
In a higher cottage-home.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER LXV.—THE BALANCE-SHEET OF JOHN HARRIS & CO.

No misgivings, natural or supernatural, warned Anthony of the impending stroke—a fact hardly to be wondered at, considering the present position of the firm of John Harris & Co., the particular occupation of the partners during this April, and the general bustle and activity that characterizes the heterogeneous pile of buildings of which the dull house forms the centre.

A dull house no longer. The walls and roof have been renovated, balconies pushed out, worn-out plants grubbed up, and others put in their place; yet, with admirable taste, Anthony, the author of all these improvements, has jealously guarded the substantial integrity of the house, so that if he had grown so much attached to it, he could not even think of a general rebuilding.

What a scene of industry it is in the yards on each side, and the new and far bigger yard at the back connecting the others? Some fifty or sixty men are at work in them, yet all goes on with a smoothness and regularity that speaks well for the organization and its chiefs.

But more than the partners, that neither of them has been seen in the yards the whole morning?—a most unusual circumstance. Well, they are doing at least what they have been intending to do ever since Christmas, but been too profitably busy in other ways to accomplish till now—they have been stock-taking, and are now preparing a balance-sheet.

Had Harris alone been concerned, he would have put off such business till doomsday while he knew things were going on well; but, when Anthony urged it again and again, till at last Harris saw he had some secret motive for his importunity, then he yielded to the idea of losing a deal of valuable time. They are now drawing toward a conclusion.

The room in which they sit is the same as that into which the famished and almost dead Anthony had staggered on his first arrival long ago; but it has been so altered and enlarged by the bay window and the handsome curtains, and the odds and ends of rich furniture that Harris has picked up in his wanderings, that no one would recognize it who had known it under the old state.

There are two men now are: Anthony seated at a desk, Harris standing behind him, looking over his shoulder with very much the air of a man who is watching the progress of an incantation which may raise figures that shall promise him all sorts of good things, or may raise gloomy and spectral shades, which he has no desire to make acquaintance with.

Suddenly Anthony turns round with a laugh, saying:

"I am sure I shall make a mistake if you don't let me alone. I shall, indeed! I shall either bring you a deal that'll show we must immediately shut up shop, and ask how people do when they have to go to the bankruptcy court—"

"My dear Anthony!" remonstrated Harris.

"—Or else I shall make it appear we're making nobody knows how many thousands a year, and then, when I've gone off on the strength of it to do I know not what wild and extravagant things, you'll come posting after me, your face longer than ever, to say: 'Oh, Mr. Anthony, it's all a dreadful mistake!'"

Harris's face—which looked more wan than of yore, in spite of the prosperity evident in the fine linen and the genteel black clothes which he now affected—became radiant for the moment, then relapsed into its usual anxious expression, as he said:

"I only want to be correct—that's all. I can't rest with that £49. 10s. 6d. on my mind which you have put to profit. I'm sure it ought to go to loss. Only set that right, and then—I'll take your word for the rest."

"Very well, then, I'll transfer it to the wrong side to please you."

Anthony did transfer the disputed item, and he saw that his friend and partner was then prepared to receive with implicit faith and all reasonable equanimity the results of the balance-sheet of the year, the third completed year of the partnership.

Anthony did not say anything when he had finished the figures. He only took a prolonged look at them, as if to satisfy himself he had committed no error, then got up, forgot Harris, after a wave of the hand directing him to look for himself, forgot the place where he was, and walked about, thinking of all that the balance-sheet ought to mean for him.

As to Harris, his fingers trembled a little as he sat down where Anthony had been sitting, and he gazed, with spidery eyes, at the figures, which seemed to brighten into golden ones, and to dance in a kind of mocking fantasy before him, as if to say, "Come, and understand us, if you can!"

But Harris did understand very well that the stock and the plant—which had been constantly growing in size—and the horses and the carts, and the good debts and the cash in hand, amounted to nine thousand pounds beyond all that the rent owed. He also understood, and entirely appreciated, the fact that this sudden creation of capital only very imperfectly suggested the progress they had made. It was the realized profits for the year—four thousand pounds—it was the estimated profits for the next year of seven thousand pounds, an estimate founded upon actual contracts and orders in hand; above all, it was the still, obvious undiminished and undiminishable for the opportunities opened to them—these were the thoughts that made Harris, after a long and very puzzled look at the figures, lift his face, his face at last upward, with moist eyes and quivering lips, and murmur an inaudible prayer and thanksgiving.

"Well," said Anthony, as he checked himself in the midst of his soul-enthralling dreams, as he saw that a reverential pause was very worthy friend, what say you now? It's true enough, isn't it? Comfortable for the present, and an income of ten thousand a year for the future for each of us?"

"Yes, Mr. Anthony, for one year. One year, you know, only is secured to us."

"Don't you think that the chances are that we ought to go on, instead of stopping, after that year?"

"Oh, don't let us talk of that! it frightens me. It does, indeed!"

"Does it? By the lord, it doesn't frighten me at all. If it were twenty thousand a year, it's my belief I should be found quite willing, even then, to go on if fortune favored me. But I thank her, and own fully she is kind."

"But now, my dear Mr. Anthony, about Esau?"

"Ah, ah! of him, the last piece of worry!"

"Don't you think we ought to take him into the concern as a partner?"

"Not I; not while he is as he is. I've tempted him that way often, but it's no use. There's something, I fear, of the vagabond in his very blood."

"No, no! Don't let us be impatient. He's so very young. And he's very clever. Gibson will have a high opinion, I'm sure, of his abilities. He said, I verily believe, thinks more of him than he does of either you or I."

"Then Gibson's a fool. As foreman among so many men, he ought to know better than encourage Esau's mad tricks. Where was Esau last night, when I sat up for him till three o'clock?"

"Don't know."

"I think I could tell you—at the 'Flying Horse Music Hall.' A pretty place! I hear he goes off there every now and then, when we miss him, and is fit for life and work next day. Esau's not a bad way, Harris, and I am losing my temper with him."

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"Then you won't go with us on our trip to the seaside?"

"No. But I'm going with you and Mrs. Harris for a drive this very morning, and I have obtained a vehicle for the occasion, as I want to convince her that the country round about us can vie with, if not to be less anxious about home, and that the state of your health demands that you shall go more abroad."

"Well, we won't go into that, Mr. Anthony. But I am so glad we are to have a day of it! My wife wants it, and I want it. And how fine this is a happy day for us—the happier that it opens, as you say, new things for you."

"Yes," said then, for I heard the carriage here immediately."

Presently, while Harris was dressing upstairs, and trying to banish from his thoughts those impish figures, which always would come back, as if to show themselves and their capacities in spite of temporary banishment, a superb chariot drew up, drawn by a Cleveland bay horse, arrayed in a new harness with silver mounting, and driven by a coachman in new livery of livery great-coat, but of such quiet style, that one could tell the rank of the wearer by it, and that was all.

"That must be a great customer," said Mrs. Harris, as she fastened his cravat. "How vexatious!"

"Yes; but I shan't let him keep me long."

Both waited to see who should come out; but the driver sat motionless, and as if he waited to be some one.

Harris's face turned red and then white, as a thought crossed his mind; but it was one that he could not entertain, so he did not attempt to put it into words.

"Mr. Anthony never can have hired for us such a equipage as that," said the startled wife.

"I wouldn't go out in it for ever so much."

"Nor I, only it would offend Mr. Anthony, if it is really he doing."

"Now, then!" was called from below, in a clear, ringing, cheery voice, that sounded just a little malicious.

Husband and wife looked at one another. Then Mrs. Harris began to stamp her foot half angrily, while Harris picked bits off his clothes, both looking greatly flurried, and scarcely knowing what to say or do.

They went downstairs, where Esau and Miss Catherine headed a procession of all the young Harrises, and very many servants, a little behind. He looked on with faces of wonder and delight.

Mr. John Harris's carriage stops the way!" shouts Esau. "A link-boy, your honor!"

The timid Catherine said nothing but, "Oh, do, father!" and Harris knew about his cravat, &c. But I own to having paid for it. It belongs to a lady for whom I have, if she will allow me to say so, the affection, if not the right, of a son."

So saying, Anthony bowed to Mrs. Harris. How she got into the carriage, how she next looked when Harris met her gaze, and she began to laugh and cry, we shall not say.

There was a little pause when Anthony had followed and closed the door after him, for he had not ventured too far, had not put on Harris two men-servants at once, and, without thinking about the stoppage, he called out:

"Drive on."

Then a pause, and some altercation at the horse's head. Suddenly Anthony saw, in the face of Mrs. Harris, who was opposite, that which proved to be of a foretaste of the truth—fortune had already wearied of her beneficence.

The door was opened by a rough-looking man, evidently a jarvis combined, and behind him stood a man whom genteel clothes could not deprive of his air of intense vulgarity—Slumcr.

"What's the name in Anthony Mande, sin't it?" said the constable, in a disrespectful tone.

"I am Mr. Anthony Mande," was the haughty reply.

"Then I have a warrant here for you. Please to get out."

"An arrest for debt, I suppose? Pooh! I owe no one anything but what I can pay."

"It ain't a matter of paying. Will you get out? or must I make you?"

"Show me your warrant," said Anthony. "My dear Mrs. Harris, don't be frightened. We shall soon clear it up."

The man displayed his warrant, and Anthony's eyes grew dim with vertigo, till he found the word he wanted. Then, with incredulous scorn, he said, aloud:

"Murder! This is a sorry jest."

In dire confusion ended the hour that was to have been so full of happiness, for Anthony was taken away, and the man would not let him be could not—spare him the ignominy of the handcuffs.

CHAPTER LXVI.—UNDER PRISON-EAVES.

ANTHONY stands at the one window of his cell, leaning an elbow on the stonework, where the thickness of the walls, and the narrowness of the window externally, give to it somewhat of the aspect of the casemate of a fortress. He is fortress-bound, even in the depth of his misfortunes, that he can, at all events, stand there, and see human beings move about in the yard below—see the sun rise in the April sky above, with more painful significance of the eternal freshness and beauty of the world.

Misery owes this advantage, and the general comparative comfort of his room, to the kindness and sympathy of the governor, an old military man, who, from the hour first intended as Anthony's case, then in Anthony himself when they met; and when the governor—seeing, as he believed, a new prisoner before him—exerted himself to mitigate the first shock of the place and the people by a few words, expressive of his hope that Anthony would find that there was a satisfactory way, after a time, and that, in the interim, Anthony might rely upon all indulgences that did not interfere with the absolute rules of the establishment. That voice of kindness was answered by a squiering lip and a gallant smile, and some few, very few, grateful words. The impression remained through all the long and terrible-period that ensued.

Anthony is now on the second day of his imprisonment, looking out into the stone-paved yard, watching the formal evolutions of a party of men, whose cropped hair, gaunt regulation countenances, and unpleasant clothing, show they are criminals who have been convicted—who are enduring their punishment here, and are now taking what is called "exercise."

"And if I am convicted on this senseless charge, will they put me into that gang of wretches—wretches whose very look must revolt with internal corruption? No; I needn't fear that. See the advantage of being a very large criminal! I should be sent to Australia, all the way from Esau's desk to the gallows, no matter how many days or places intervened. Merciless as men are to their fellows, they have a sense of the way kind enters their souls, they can always smooth over the most terrible acts by the little hypocrisies of assuring the victims that they ask for mercy to God, and by feeling them and talking piously to them, while the sheriff and the hangman finish their job, and politely avoids its representation to watch the process."

If such were the thoughts that ran through Anthony's mind as he gazed upon his jail companions, and thought of their probable individual histories, and of the social injustice involved in the governmental and economical principles Avarice and Want—the true parents of crime—to flourish in impunity, and then hold life-long war with their terrible child, he also thought of such things, though he may be well excused for any bitterness of tone, any partiality of logic, under the circumstances of his case. Even the sweetness of his nature prompts him now to feel exactly the opposite emotions to those that would have characterized ordinary men in his position, and to sympathize with the wrong to them as an imaginary pedestal, raising them to still more serene heights of scorn and self-confidence. Anthony, in the height of his misery, creatures in that yard. Anthony felt that for the first time he was able to realize what these unhappy creatures must suffer; and he guilty and ought to be punished them from the bottom of his heart.

But his own innocence demanded all his care. He could no longer hide from himself that he was in danger. And the danger was of a nature to stir the very hair of his head to horror whenever its name upon it struck, after a few minutes of accidental forgetfulness.

Well, had he not done all he could do? Harris was, of course, hard at work. Whatever money, or professional skill, or devoted friendship could do, would be done by him, aided by Esau—whose mental aberrations would, he hoped, be forcibly restrained by the occurrence of such a calamity.

He had also sent for Mr. Stamp, and he waited anxiously for his coming—waited more than anxiously to discover if he would now repeat what he had said to him at the time of the discovery of the codicil with those pencil-marks on the back—that he had entire faith in his (Anthony's) inno-

cence. It almost maddened Anthony to think that the lawyer might secretly have doubts—that he would dare to give them a hearing where he should be most bold—and, perhaps, at the most critical moment of all, might exercise him by letting his energies become paralyzed by the idea of possible guilt.

His hand he comes! No, it is the keeper, with a letter. Anthony's heart tells him, before his eyes possibly can, who it is from—Clarissa! It is from her, indeed. And could he have seen her just after writing it—then in—whether was closing and addressing it—he would have thought that that passion of tears—that utter self-abandonment to the most frenzied distress, augured badly for her hopes of his extrication. But he had not seen that—could not know it unless she told him. He saw only the letter, could learn only what it revealed.

"My own, ever dear, dear Anthony"—it began. Anthony paused in a burst of emotion, overpowered by that sudden and characteristic proof of the nobility of his soul's mistress. Never had she written to him like before. Never had he needed so much the comfort such words gave.

He stopped, holding the letter in his hand, as if conscious it could tell him nothing better than this, and that it would be wise to revel in it. And he did so. He recalled all that brief but delicious history. Every sight of her in her equestrian habit, during the day of the reading of the will; his mortification at her presence when all the blackguards of the town's acquaintance during the disputed period had assembled to greet him; his momentary relief during the interview between him and Clarissa—so humble and coy friend—at enjoyment of his joke as he introduced Elizabeth Jane, aged eighteen months, as his one presprochaladen child; and so on through the checkered day of courtship—of acceptance, and of separation—when the sudden revolution of the wheel had brought him from the direst height to the very ground, and left him no hope, but through time and a fresh career, ever to see her again. Well, he had seen her again, and to see her again. Then Fortune, as if she existed but to lie in wait for him, had caused this arrest for murder, thrown him into a prison—and there—why, there comes his noble mistress as she alone at present can come—in glowing, devoted, loving thoughtas alone he wishes her to come—to cheer him and console him.

All this passed through Anthony's mind, yet in a time so brief that a bystander would have only seen the hand drop a little that held the letter, the face rise toward heaven, full of spiritual light and glory, and the moment or two, and then the more calmly hand and face again approached each other, and the perusal of the letter went on:

"My own, ever dear, dear Anthony." He only read this a second time, but rested on each word as lovingly as if he heard it then coming from Clarissa's lips, and invested with all that witchery of sound which she knew so well how to use.

"My own ever dear, dear Anthony—I shall not say much to you, for it is a time for work. I shall not try to console you, for you are stronger than I, and will not allow light and unsteadiness from your heroism of spirit. Least of all shall I talk to you of love, of the future, or about friends or enemies. I think you know what I am. God will bless you, and believe, make me and fail too low beneath your kind appreciation of me. And as to your being unscrupulously murdered, and amazed to know that that seemingly humble man who brought you the casket of his own workmanship, and left it to you, little thinking of your sad prodigality, and that the casket would so soon be claimed by no possessor—by no contrasure, Anthony, next to you and to my father —I say I was deeply confounded, amazed, that might say awed, for it seems all so providential, to find that this man is your friend and partner, and devoted to you deeply. He has sent me, Anthony, a letter, which is, I think, in its simplicity and its sad frankness, the most touching thing I ever saw or heard of. And only to comfort me, and to let me know he and his will move heaven and earth rather than so atrocious a crime shall be on at your door. My father, too, Anthony, dearest, you don't know him yet. How could you? No one does. People see only the surface. But I know him to the depths, and I tell you—and I think you will believe me—he is brave, brave, nobly, thoroughly noble at heart. See him now. He began to turn from his anger when our first great misfortune happened —the loss of your property. And he is again moving even more decidedly toward you under this new calamity. Be patient, then, with him. Give him his own time, and even out of this awful period may arise unexpected blessings."

"Shall I now say what I sat down to write? It was that, Anthony, I want you to understand once for all, however little or unfrequently I may be able to write to you, perhaps even not at all—but ever little I may be able to see you—and that, alas, may be not at all—I am with you at all times —day and night, in good report and evil report, in hopeful moods and in despairing ones, for they will come, too, Anthony, just now—come and go. I want you to know this, whenever the knowledge may give you the smallest pleasure or relief. Don't fear me. It will always be true. Look only for me, and I shall be there. Were I to die this night, up to my latest breath I shall be saying, even if it be in broken murmurs to God, 'Anthony.'

"Farewell—no, for a little time, Mr. Stamp will be able to communicate to you on all business matters; and in time you will hear of all your friends' doings, and among them, of

"CLARISSA."

How many times Anthony read this, with what contagion of grief and joy he read it, I dare not attempt to say. Let us leave him to it just a little, and to the emotions it called forth.

* * * * *

Half an hour passes. Again the door opens, and again the keeper, not Mr. Stamp, enters.

"A gentleman of the name of Sleuth wishes to see you."

Before the entire sentence was heard, Anthony broke out:

"I won't see him! Say so. It is indecent—positively indecent! It is monstrous! If he wants to make any business communication, let him go to Mr. Stamp, who will be my lawyer."

"I'll tell him what you say; but he's a magistrate, and it would be a pity——"

"I don't care! I won't see him!" interrupted Anthony, folding up Clarissa's letter, as if to shut the very idea of her also out of the foul atmosphere Sleuth's name brought into the place.

"Very well, sir; but I ought to mention that he's been exerting himself with the governor to do his very best for you."

"Pretense! The governor is kindness itself, and needs no prompting."

"No; but he likes to have the countenance of the magistrates. And, if you'll forgive me offering an opinion, Mr. Sleuth spoke to me like a real friend of yours, and as if you were sad, and not at all as if he were commanding admittance to you. However, you know your own affairs best. But Mr. Sleuth is popular among the people, and if he acts as if he believed you were innocent, it'll cause a good many people to believe the same. And that's a consideration, I'm sure you're now and then the popular notions of things."

"Bowman, I thank you. There's good sense in what you say. But, if I must see him, I wish, at all events, it had been after seeing my lawyer."

"Very well. I'll ask him to wait. I think he will; he seemed very quiet and anxious."

Anthony thought this waiting for the lawyer was so like what Sleuth himself would do under equivocal circumstances, that it could not but be wrong for him. So, as the keeper was going away, he recalled him.

"Bowman, I think he may come in now."

"Of course," said the suddenly scrupulous keeper, with a knowing, half-contemptuous air. Anthony, which was not altogether displeasing, "you won't let him take any advantage of you, if you have intelligence with him."

"I'll try to guard myself," said Anthony, with a half-laugh at this seeming practical reversal of the good opinion he had just given.

When Sleuth and Anthony met, it was Sleuth that looked the prisoner, and Anthony the free man. Sleuth's face was pale and deeply agitated, and without any vulgar display, the latter so erect and menacing.

Anthony saw, even in his first hurried glance, Sleuth was no longer the man he had known—at least, in externals. Sleuth, if not exactly a gentleman, was no longer clearly the reverse. Wealth, society, the magistracy, had given a kind of artificial repose and dignity that showed itself even a now; for while in the ordinary polished sense Anthony there was still the old Sleuth revealed, in that displayed to the keeper it was clearly, even to Anthony's eyes, a new Sleuth. Turning to the man, Sleuth said:

"Leave me alone for a few minutes with the prisoner."

The keeper bowed and went out.

"Anthony!" Sleuth began, holding out his hand the while.

"Mr. Sleuth I" coldly reproved Anthony, raising his own hand at the same time with a repelling gesture, "I cannot receive you, unless you come to see me. You do see me. Let what you have to say be said without parade of feelings, or relationship, or friendship. I am a prisoner. I do not excuse my remarking, is, to say the least of it, in very bad taste just now."

The man who addressed Sleuth, in a sad voice, and with a sad smile, "but I was not born a gentleman, and therefore shall, I suppose, always be myself in moments of sad trial. And, I must bear the unpleasantness, I suppose, as well as all things that can't be helped. But whether I should or should not speak to you as to my own cousin, now no bitter reproach to myself, you don't stop to submit to rules of etiquette, but to the necessity of the case. I come here, Anthony—or, I come here, Mr. Maude, if you prefer that title from me—to offer you, in all sincerity, myself and all that I am rather, of time, thought, money (I care not what), of effort, to be made useful to you to clear your fame, and to re-establish your fortune. Now!"

"Now what?" demanded Anthony.

"Now you know my heart, except by asking you the same question? I know not what to believe."

"But did these burglars volunteer such a confession?"

"No," said Sleuth; and then he narrated the history of the governor's letter, and his own astonishment when he found that the prime mover in that letter, Maude, had returned to the country penniless, and determined to obtain justice on those who had killed his father-in-law. "I found him out and gave him justice, but money, which I declined to give him. But he had raked up so many facts that bore, or seemed to bear, upon the question of our once friendship, that I thought it best by telling him I should fulfill both my duties—that not to hold any kind of pecuniary relation with him, but to be free to offer a large reward for the discovery of the murderer, through Dr. Fontbon——"

"How much?"

"A thousand pounds."

"Indeed! Indeed! Anything else to tell me, Dick, since you are so very candid?"

"Yes; I have thought that the very best thing now for both of us, especially, Anthony, for yourself——"

"Why for me?" demanded Anthony.

"Because you are the one chiefly suspected; and, therefore, if innocent——"

"If?"

"Yes, Anthony. You and I must bear to hear that word often now, and to bear it patiently."

Anthony was silent. Sleuth proceeded:

"If you are innocent, you have everything to gain by increased knowledge. Who knows what sudden and hitherto unsuspected fact may not start up, explaining to us both the mystery of the concealed casket, and of those unfortunate marks?"

"You reason admirably, Dick. I must really

They shook hands in a most touching silence; and the very fact that Sleuth did not now pour forth a torrent of self-accusing words, further Anthony in his belief that he had done the right thing; and that, whatever Sleuth's character or conduct in the past, it was right to be kind to both what they should be in the present and future.

"One thing I should like to mention," said Sleuth, when he again broke silence. "It was not my fault that you were not sent for to a private meeting of magistrates. I did propose it, and I think the doctor would have seconded me; but for Mr. Maguire's blunt denunciation of the scheme. He thought it would look like partiality to a client. I only offered to go into the matter before him and the doctor, putting myself and you on a common level, as suspected persons——"

"Did you think, Dick?" eagerly interrupted Anthony.

"They will tell you so, if you ask them."

"Then you did as honest and true a friend."

"But, Anthony, we must not overlook a certain severity in our mutual relations."

"You mean, Sleuth?" interrupted.

"I mean that it is impossible we can do anything but tell the whole truth, just as we know it, or suppose we know it, however we think hurt or seem to hurt each other.

"Certainly that is what I wish."

"No doubt. But don't you see——"

"I see that you may have to testify to facts that will look bad against me—"

"That's it."

"Yes. And, then, you know, in return——"

"Yes, Anthony, I understand. Your counsel will be apt to handle me roughly."

"Not if he takes his policy from me, Dick. I shall instruct him to prove my innocence."

"Yes; but if he thinks he can do that best by attacking me——"

"Hardly!"

"Anthony, he will. But we must both stand on our respective grounds as strongly as we can, and that, I think, will require all our self-control and mutual good feeling to make us safely through."

Anthony wondered a little at this; not because it was unreasonable, or in itself out of place, but because it seemed so inconsistent with their meeting at all. And then, again, it seemed the right thing to do. It had a flavor of old-world chivalrousness about it that pleased him.

Sleuth, on his part, looked as if he had expected a different result. He said nothing, however, and turned the subject to Anthony's position.

"Do you know who is your accuser?"

"I supposed you," said Anthony, promptly.

"Well, I am not, not, of I may so speak. I am, because, once the thing set going, I, as the alderman's nephew and heir, and a magistrate beside, cannot hold it but charge like this, and then let things take an ordinary course, as if we had no interest or duty beyond that of an official."

"What have you done, or are you doing?" asked Anthony, with a new curiosity, and perhaps, a shade of returning suspicion.

"Let me first tell you how the proceedings originated. Mr. Pompeo handed to me a letter from the governor of Hilborough Jail, which states to show that the burglars—the men of that fatal night—have confessed to the robbery, but that they deny the murder."

"Indeed!" said Anthony, and he made a movement indicative of suspicious as regards his own inner emotion, but which might be explained by his desire to take a good view of Sleuth's face.

Sleuth returned no clear close to the window-opening, and turn his back upon it, so that he had all the light that it was possible to obtain reflected upon his countenance.

That face was very calm, very pale, and though the eyes quivered and winced a little under Anthony's gaze, there was none of the not very powerful rays that came through the window, to detect Anthony's gaze again, and again, and again, with increasing force, new strength after every visitation of the earth.

"Do you believe the men to speak truly?" asked Anthony.

"How can I possibly answer, except by asking you the same question? I know not what to believe."

"But did these burglars volunteer such a confession?"

"Yes," said Sleuth; and then he narrated the history of the governor's letter, and his own astonishment when he found that the prime mover in that letter, Maude, had returned to the country penniless, and determined to obtain justice on those who had killed his father-in-law. "I found him out and gave him justice, but money, which I declined to give him. But he had raked up so many facts that bore, or seemed to bear, upon the question of our once friendship, that I thought it best by telling him I should fulfill both my duties—that not to hold any kind of pecuniary relation with him, but to be free to offer a large reward for the discovery of the murderer, through Dr. Fontbon——"

"How much?"

"A thousand pounds."

"Indeed! Indeed! Anything else to tell me, Dick, since you are so very candid?"

"Yes; I have thought that the very best thing now for both of us, especially, Anthony, for yourself——"

"Why for me?" demanded Anthony.

"Because you are the one chiefly suspected; and, therefore, if innocent——"

"If?"

"Yes, Anthony. You and I must bear to hear that word often now, and to bear it patiently."

Anthony was silent. Sleuth proceeded:

"If you are innocent, you have everything to gain by increased knowledge. Who knows what sudden and hitherto unsuspected fact may not start up, explaining to us both the mystery of the concealed casket, and of those unfortunate marks?"

"You reason admirably, Dick. I must really

congratulate you on your intellectual, as well as other progress. Is this the man, this Bob, who would, otherwise, be languishingly waiting a fitting yet prepared for the gallows—is this the man who would gain the reward if I were to be convicted?"

"Anthony, this kind of talk——"

"Excuse me. Women and captives should be indulged in talk. Would he?"

"I suppose he would."

"Then, if he were to hang me, wouldn't it be more comfortable than should have acted as the irresistable charm of the process?"

"Anthony, if one or two thousand pounds, used in the most powerful inquiries and in reward of the-discoverer of the truth, be calculated to injure you, what will be the effect of the odd hundred and sixty thousand which I have already offered you? Be as harsh as you please, but, at least, be just."

"Dick, I ask to Heaven you hadn't come, or having come, I wish you would manage to talk up a less equivocal position!"

"Think—think, Anthony, I entreat you. Has you now been in my place, and I in yours, would I have objected to see a public act performed, showing you were determined justice should be done? And oh, Anthony, would I have repelled you had you come to me as I have come?"

Anthony paused, and rested to himself a little, and then again resumed his earlier and more agreeable attitude, as he said, with a deep sigh:

"Dick, it's a horrible business, however it ends, I didn't think I should have felt this place so much. However, what must be, must be, I suppose; pure philosophy, Dick, though it does sound rather common-place. But come, let's try if plain sailing be really practicable between us. Tell me, then, my question, and when you have answered it, you may do the same thing over again with me. But I warn you, this is an awful place to go questioning in or tell truth in. From no question, you must dispose as you can of my answer, for it will try to go right to the mark."

Sleuth's eye, so strangely and suddenly in expression, looked at Anthony, but saw him not, so saw only that second question, and determined he would meet it, and, if he could, never have it answered—determined, therefore, the first should struggle the other before its birth. He said, after a pause:

"Ask your question."

"Do you believe me guilty?"

THE BANKING-HOUSE OF BARING BROTHERS.

THE following sketch of a famous banking-house is published in *All the Year Round*:

"The Barings come to Exeter from Bremen, and Matthew Baxd himself at Larkbear, (the Larrockbere of the time), came to open up the woolen trade with foreign lands, a trade of which, in the west of England, Exeter was the centre. The reputation and success of the house of the Barings was mainly owing to the business habits, the prudence, and the activity of the wife of Matthew Baring, who was traditionally known as Madame Baring. The ladies in those days took an active part in the management of their husband's affairs. They superintended the labors of the women engaged as hatters, who pulled the sticky dough over benches and with bowstrings, and by the slaughter of sweethearts, held in the right hand, picked out the blacks, knots and other defects in the yarn woven, which, with a whisk in the left hand, they swept into open bins at their feet. The wife of the duke of Bedford sometimes now and then to go from one end to the other of the long line of factory women, to be diligent, and reprehending the lazy.

"The ladies greatly fully appreciated the services of his wife, and built for her on the banks of the river Exe handsome lodgings—not large, but cosy rooms where she could uninterruptedly and comfortably look after the business of the house. Pollutions there were then in the fish, the fishing-house has been razed to the ground, but the fishing-house has been transferred to another site to the turf of the St. Leonard cemetery, and the ancient fishing-house is now a place to be seen. Mr. Baring, now the senior partner of the great house of John and Francis Baring, has lately had the pleasure of seeing the iron bars of the family architerred in the chancel and pew of the church of the consecrated front door domicile of Mount Radford only by a bridge (are we not in the parish of Exeter?) from the mansion of the Bishop of Exeter. The Exeter Presbyterians, and others in a very large degree, were originally attached to a Unitarian chapel, a few miles from the city.

"From such humble beginning were to rise a singular sagacity. Perhaps they favor of the destiny and courage of the Barings, by which they have had laid the foundations of his own and their prosperity; and how much of the prosperity of the house of Ashburton and Baring? I had in my possession a copy of a letter for part of it, from Sir Francis Baring to Lord Auckland, the young clergyman, in which the ambition of the great banker of his children's future is developed to the extent of three hundred pounds sterling. Two weeks ago and Lord Auckland's son, the present Lord Auckland, was laid in the grave by the side of his father and mother, and with them, and in a dark and secret grave, this letter would prove of great interest.

"An American lately in London, who was badgered by the English on almost every topic, at last, as a last defence, determined to get the Mississippi steamboat style, and drag down everything that came in his way. His first chance occurred at an exhibition of paintings, where a picture of a snow-storm attracted general admiration.

"'Is not that fine?' asked a John Bull; 'could you show anything as natural as that in America?'

"'Pooh!' answered the free-born American, 'that is no comparison to a snow-storm picture painted by a cousin of mine, a few years since; that painting was so natural, sir, that a mother, who incautiously left her babe sleeping in a cradle near it, on returning to the room found her child frozen to death!'

From that time onward, the American was left alone.



COLLEGIATE CHURCH, DUTCH REFORMED, DR. VERMILYE, PASTOR, FORTY-EIGHTH STREET, BETWEEN FIFTH AND SIXTH AVENUES.

COLLEGIATE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH,

Forty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue.

THERE are at present four places of worship under the Consistory of the Collegiate Church—the North, corner of Fulton and William streets; Lafayette place, corner of Fourth street; Fifth Avenue, corner of Twenty-ninth street; and the Chapel, on 48th street. This chapel will finally be connected with a large edifice the Consistory intend to erect, facing on Fifth Avenue, to correspond in style and finish with the chapel, and to be an ornament to the old Collegiate Dutch Church, and to that part of the city. The chapel has been put up at an expense of about $40,000, and in all respects is a first-class building. It has one of the finest Sabbath-School-rooms on the first-floor, furnished with every accommodation; and on the floor above is the chapel, seating about 460 persons, which, in fact, is an elegant church, with lofty ceiling, pews lined and cushioned, gallery and singing-loft, and spacious room adjoining the pulpit, for the use of the pastors, with closets, croton water, etc., and finished in that thorough and substantial manner becoming the descendants of the old burghers' sons of New Amsterdam. It is truly a model building of its kind. The architect was Mr. Warner, who also built the Twenty-ninth street church.

THE REV. THOMAS E. VERMILYE.

THE photograph gives as good a likeness, probably, as there is of Dr. Thomas E. Vermilye, pastor of the Collegiate Dutch Reformed Church, of this city. He was taken by Bogardus. Dr. Vermilye was born in the city of New York, February, 1803, of Huguenot ancestry, mingled with the Dutch, the family name being found here from the earliest period of the history of the city. He was thoroughly trained for college under that renowned classical teacher, the blind Joseph Nelson, and pursued his collegiate course at Yale College. From the Reformed Dutch Church in Albany he was invited to the pastorate of the Collegiate Church in this city, which is supposed to be the oldest ecclesiastical organization on the continent, and here, for the past 26 years he has pursued his ministry, in connection with several distinguished colleagues. Dr. Vermilye received the honorary degree of D.D. from both Rutgers and Union Colleges, and the degree of LL.D. from Jefferson College, Penn.

THE EPPING HUNT.

Illustrations of English Life.

A LATE English paper gives us illustrations of this old custom, the grand carnival of Cockney sportsmen. Epping is about twelve miles from London, and on the day of this hunt, everybody that can mount, is sure to make a holiday, and join the race.

The Epping Hunt, on Easter Monday, brings back many recollections of the good old days of suburban sports, when the Nimrods of the metropolis went forth, as in the earlier days of Chevy Chase,

To hunt the deer with hound and horn,

and gathered in hosts as numerous in Epping Forest as did the borderers of Northumberland on the warlike frontiers of Scotland. Fortunately the sportsmen of the metropolis were not so pugnacious, or at least, not so blood-thirsty, as their northern predecessors; for though it must be admitted that on more occasions than one, the pleasures of the chase were diversified by a pugilistic encounter or two, arising from too vehement a desire to excel in the display of horsemanship, or from the resentment of indignation at being unhorsed and laughed at in the ardor of the pursuit, the combatants were no seriously injured, and a couple of black eyes and a bloody nose covered the exuberance of momentary excitement, and restored the parties to reason. Easter Monday was a glorious day, not only for that class of sportsmen with which, in the days alluded to, Whitechapel and the northern districts of London abounded, but to the whole class of bold riders from every part of the town who could procure anything in the shape of a horse to "carry them up to the hounds;" and fortunate, perhaps, it was for some of the quadrupeds employed for that purpose that the hounds were tolerably well fed, or, for the moment, more anxious for sport than food, or it is much more than probable the living carrion which constituted on these occasions a large portion of the "field," would have furnished a hearty meal for the canine participants in the "day's diversion." But be this as it may, the sportsmen from Whitechapel were on this eventful day, joined by the sportsmen from all other parts of London and Westminster. It was in a vast variety of conveyances that the anxious and impatient mobs wended their way to that beautiful spot in the forest, Fairmead Bottom, to see the deer let loose from the cart, and join in the labors of his re-capture or death. There was a pleasing diversity of vehicles employed, and in motion from daybreak, ay, and long before the rosy-fingered morn unbarred the turnpike of Phœbus. There were then to be seen in long and rapid succession the Corinthian teams of the noble and the rich, the "heavy drag" of the more bulky and less opulent sportsmen, the four-in-hand, and the hackney coach; the "go-cart," and the cart that was "no go;" the capacious omnibus of modern interpolation was then not known, or, in its neophytic state as a fly-wagon, rolled heavily over Lea Bridge with a load of foresters, anxious for the chase and the sylvan honors of the glades.

Some pushed along with four-in-hand,
Whilst others drove at random,
In curricle, dog-cart, whisky, one-
Horse chaise or tandem.

The Eagle at Snaresbrook presented, at an early hour, a busy scene. The large pond in the immediate neighborhood was well calculated to quench the thirst and cool the flanks of the "locomotives," and the fluids supplied by the landlord supplied fresh vigor to the drivers and riders of the same. This was a half-way rendezvous of the engines and engineers, and here, all having recruited their strength, and confirmed their resolution of being in at the "take," proceeded to the well-known Bald Face Stag, the "whereabouts" of "Thomas Rounding," Esq., huntsman in ordinary, and also extraordinary of the day. Here Tom was to be seen in all his glory. His hunting-cap and coat, his buckskin breeches and top boots, mounted on the horse that had borne him through the toils of many a busy day.

In the accompanying illustration is shown the manner in which the deer was released from the cart; the same mode is made use of with all packs of stag-hounds, and there was no novelty in this respect at Epping. The animal, on being released, usually made its way for the thickest part of the forest, as if conscious that some hundreds of the pursuers would very soon be unable to thread their way through the intricacies of the ground, and such was the case. All four-wheeled and all two-wheeled carriages were very soon put *hors de combat*. "What shall he have that kills the deer?" was a question that in a very few minutes became of personal interest to very few persons. As in another of the illustrations may be seen, it was not long before

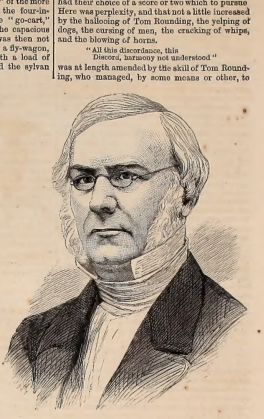
"A chosen few alone the sport enjoyed;"

and as the "chase" increased, a series of accidents, as represented, was inevitable; some fell from their horses, many horses fell from their riders, some were engulfed in mud and mire, some were knocked "up," others were knocked "down," and before half an hour had elapsed, not a tithe of the original "field" were to be seen in the forest.

The deer had a trick which was to some peculiarly annoying, though others thought it capital fun; he would betake himself to one of the herds of his own species grazing in the forest, and then, instead of one quarry, the hounds and hunters had their choice of a score or two which to pursue. Here was perplexity, and that not a little increased by the hallooing of Tom Rounding, the yelping of dogs, the cursing of men, the cracking of whips, and the blowing of horns.

"All this discordance, this
Discord, harmony not understood"

was at length amended by the skill of Tom Rounding, who managed, by some means or other, to



REV. THOMAS E. VERMILYE, PASTOR COLLEGIATE CHURCH.

get a part of his pack upon the scent or track of the right deer, and the animal was, for the most part, ultimately driven to bay, when, after a contest with the dogs, he was secured and taken back to the place from whence he came, not to immediate but to ultimate execution, *i.e.*, to another day's sport at a subsequent anniversary. All this was followed, and indeed accompanied by eating, drinking, singing, speechifying, and so forth; and, if no great encouragement to stag-hunting, in its more legitimate sense, was the means of amusement to hundreds of people, excited mirth and merriment, enforced good-fellowship, and furnished good exercise and diversion. Real stag-hunting is a manly and noble amusement, and when pursued as in some parts of the New Forest, a most exciting recreation.

SHELTERED FROM THE RAIN.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, in his African travels, gives us some wondrous stories of elephants, stories which rather stagger the ideas of Americans who have never seen anything in the elephant line larger than the famous Hannibal, the huge beast who has been starring it through this country for the last ten years. One of which he speaks was shot by him on the Zambesi. Its ear-flaps measured *four feet across*, and *four feet five inches* in depth. He speaks also of the tame elephants that formed part of his train, and says, that during the drenching showers of rain that occurred almost daily, and very suddenly, the natives would take shelter behind the gigantic ear of the elephant, and by so doing, come out dry. To us such shelter would seem very much like the partridge who runs its head into the furze, leaving its body exposed, but to the African, whose only wotable clothing is a strip of cotton cloth and his wool, the idea is a good one.

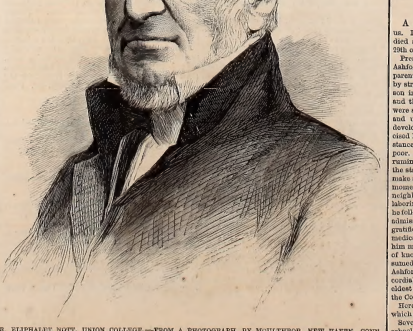
DR. ELIPHALET NOTT.

A GREAT man has passed away from among us. Dr. Eliphalet Nott, President of Union College, died at Schenectady, on the morning of Monday, the 29th of January, aged nearly 93 years.

President Nott was born, of English descent, at Ashford, Conn., on the 26th of June, 1773. His parentage, though humble, is said to have been marked by strong characteristics, and of a nature to roar the son in the direction of a noble and useful manhood, and the few years of their influence vouchsafed him were salutary. At an early period of his life a burning and unconquerable thirst for knowledge began to develop itself, and he was much and constantly exercised how he should gratify it at once under his circumstances of being parentless and almost unspeakably poor. One day while toiling upon the farm and ruminating upon the probabilities of his ever attaining the stature of a learned man, and fully determining to make a start in this praiseworthy direction at no distant moment, on looking up, he noticed the physician of the neighborhood passing by the field in which he was laboring. At once throwing by his implement of labor, he followed to the residence of the physician, and sought admission to his office as a student. He was not gratified so far as to gain permission to a seat in the medical studio; nevertheless the physician imparted to him much excellent advice in regard to the acquisition of knowledge. Soon after this event, acting, it is presumed, upon the advice of his medical friend, he left Ashford and went to Franklin, Conn., where he was cordially and hospitably received into the family of his eldest brother, the Rev. Samuel Nott, D. D., pastor of the Congregational Church of the village.

Here he laid the foundation of the deep theology which he afterward so ably mastered.

Seventeen years of age found him in charge of a school at Plainfield, Conn., and still plodding eagerly on



DR. ELIPHALET NOTT, UNION COLLEGE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MCCULLEROY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

in the industrial pursuit of knowledge, at the same time no less educating his mind than softening and refining his character. The conspicuousness of this result will be readily seen when we state that at the age of nineteen years, without having passed through the formalities of a college curriculum of study, the University of Brown, at Providence, R. I., conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts *ad eundem*—a testimonial of student-standing which in those days carried with it the conviction of acquirements gained only after the exercise of commanding natural talents, aided by profound industry, rare insight and a most courageous application.

In the year 1794 he resolved to turn his back upon his native State and the many personal and professional friends whom his high learning and manners had earned for him, but not, however, until he had by his persuasive eloquence, or some other cogently effective means induced, the daughter of Dr. Rosell to accompany him. He took up his long journey on horseback from that then critical to the Mohawk Valley, settling at last in the then budding settlement of Cherry Valley, pausing by Albany, as he himself has since frequently said, because denizens were "too Dutch," and preferring a locality where his English tongue would stand him in better stead.

For two years he remained at Cherry Valley, and then removed to Albany, where he assumed the pastorate of the Congregational Church of that city. In the year 1804, while fulfilling at Albany the duties of his pastorate, Dr. Nott pronounced the powerful eulogium upon his friend Alexander Hamilton, which is yet remembered by men still living as a most masterly piece of funeral eloquence. It has long since been incorporated as a



EPPING HUNT—UNEARTHING THE STAG.

CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILA.

Its Past and Present.

THOUSANDS who pass within sight of one of the ever memorable altars of our country's liberty, are not only ignorant of its history, but of its very being as an old colonial relic. To such, a short imaginary visit cannot but be fraught with interest.

Carpenters' Hall stands at the head of Carpenters' Court, several hundred feet back of Chestnut street, below Fourth. From the sidewalks of our fashionable avenue, the very heart of business, the passer-by can memories of that time, let us see it in its present garb. The hall is about fifty feet long, by thirty wide, and has, in the front and rear, projections each thirty by ten feet, the former of which is a vestibule, and contains the stairway to the upper floor. The main room is lighted by eight windows, and its interior is grained in imitation of oak. The old high-backed settees around the room, and the antique chairs, are those that tradition asserts were in use in 1774. Even the furniture afterward added, is in style and general stiffness as precise and decorous. Opposite the entrance, upon a dais, back of an old desk, stand two quaint, very high-backed arm-chairs, each inscribed, "Continental Congress, 1774." On the wall, between them, is the inscription, in gold letters:

"Within these walls,
HENRY, HANCOCK AND ADAMS,
Inspired the
Delegates of the Colonies
With nerve and stamp for the
Toils of War,
Resulting in our National Independence."

On the eastern and western walls hang satin banners in glass cases, bearing the Carpenters' Arms. The former is quite rich in heraldic devices, and is surmounted by a carpenter's square, and a level, with the motto, "Fiat Justitia." Below these are the arms of the Carpenters' Company of London, and the motto, "Where there is unity there is strength." The banner was carried by the Carpenters' Society in the great Federal procession on the 4th of July, 1788, in honor of that day, and also to commemorate the adoption of the Constitution; the other was borne by the society in the great parade in Feb., 1839, in honor of the centennial anniversary of Washington's birthday. A handsome roll of the names of the members of the society, from its creation, is a massive gold frame, hangs upon the northern wall. In the wall, east of the doorway, is built an iron door, guarding the entrance to what, in olden times, were the vaults of the Bank of Pennsylvania. About this man-made ironbarred gate clusters a story likely unknown to thousands of our readers. Yet, in its day, that tale thrilled the hearts of our great-grandfathers and grandmothers with its incidents of unfaltering honesty and vindicated integrity.

"Pat Lyons!" His name is probably only known to many by his portrait, as a blacksmith, which hangs in the Academy of Fine Arts. In his time, his eccentricities, his bluntness, his rare abilities as a locksmith, his energy and determination, gave him an individuality of character beyond all others in the city. His mechanical genius secured his employment by the directors of the bank to repair the locks and doors that led to the vault.

On Sunday, Sept. 24, 1797, while the yellow fever was destroying thousands of the citizens, the doors were unlocked, and over $160,000 stolen. Suspicion attached to the great locksmith, Patrick Lyon.

He was away with his family at Cape Henlopen, to escape the malignant fever, but hearing he was accused, he immediately traveled back without stopping, and surrendered himself to Squire Jennings, who had a war



EPPING HUNT—THE VIEW HALLOW.

gem in the choice literature of the country, and is familiar to every well-read American throughout the world. It was this specimen of pulpit power that immediately earned for him the Presidency of Union College, to which he was unanimously called by the corporation of that then infant institution in 1804. He superseded Rev. Dr. Mason, an impassioned, learned, and graceful polemic.

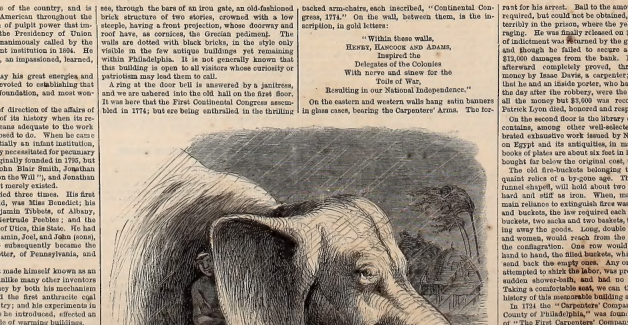
From that time to this day his great energies and business talent have been devoted to establishing that institution on a responsible foundation, and most wonderfully has he succeeded.

Dr. Nott assumed the chief direction of the affairs of Union College at a period of its history when its resources were of any means adequate to the work which its founders had proposed to do. When he came to its halls he found it essentially an infant institution, in need of students and direly necessitated for pecuniary means. The college was originally founded in 1795, but under the presidency of John Blair Smith, Jonathan Edwards (son of "Edwards on the Will"), and Jonathan Maxcy, it did not prosper—it merely existed.

President Nott was married three times. His first wife, as we have already said, was Miss Benedict; his second, the widow of Benjamin Tibbels, of Albany, whose maiden name was Gertrude Peebles; and the third, Miss Urania Sheldon, of Utica, this State. We had five children—Edward, Benjamin, Joel, and John (sons), and Maria (daughter), who subsequently became the wife of the late Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, and who died many years since.

Very early in life Dr. Nott made himself known as an inventor and author, and, unlike many other inventors and authors, has made money by both his mechanical and writings. He invented the first anthracite coal stove ever used in the country; and his experiments in heat, and the improvements he introduced, effected an entire revolution in the mode of warming buildings.

These inventions turned him in a large fortune. When it had grown to almost princely proportions, he endowed his college with the greater part of it. This was in 1854. On the fiftieth anniversary of his accession to the Presidency of the college, and in pursuance of a determination formed and expressed more than twenty years before, and the effectual accomplishment of which was many years since secured by the proper legal papers, to take effect in the event of his unexpected decease, he did deliver to the college board, in trust, for the use of the college, money, securities, and property of the estimated value of more than $600,000. This result, the fruit of individual skill and far-sighted policy, with donations previously made, was the noble disinterestedness which marked his whole administration of the affairs of Union College, and which entitle him to the highest credit and honor, and to the lasting gratitude of all friends of education, and of the amelioration of our race.



SHELTERED FROM THE RAIN.

she hall was a grand structure, and though there are now scores more pretentious, it is by no means unimposing.

The Philadelphia Library was located in the hall during this year.

July 19th, 1775, the Provincial Assembly was held here, and during the same year, Sept. 6th, the first American Congress assembled in the hall, and continued throughout its sessions, deliberately swearing that, "To the oppressive acts of the mother country, Americans cannot submit;" and the patriotic determination to "part with their liberties only with their lives." The brief prayer was delivered in Congress, Sept. 7th, the second day after they had assembled, on the same day the rumor came that Boston had been cannonaded. By invitation, the Rev. Jacob Duche, an Episcopian, opened the services, the Psalter for the seventh day of the month being read with impressive effect:

"Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me; fight against them that fight against me.

"Take hold of shield and buckler and stand up for my help."

"Parson Duche" followed with a glowing extemporary prayer, and history reminds that Colonel Washington knelt and prayed.

Their work was well done, in the spirit befitting Christian men.

In 1775, the Provincial Assembly was again in session, and Oct. 5th, 1775, the committee from thence attended the funeral of Peyton Randolph, late President of the Congress of 1774.

In 1776, the Provincial Assembly again met in the hall, and upon the resolutions was the "calling of a convention, for the express purpose of forming a new government to the province, which shall derive all its powers from the people only."

In 1777, the British, having entered the city, were partly quartered here. The soldiers amused themselves by firing bullets through the vase on the cupola. In this year the library room was given up to the use of soldiers for barracks, and the committee gave deposits and hire for all books borrowed by them. During the next year the congress met once more in their hall, having been deprived of this privilege during the occupation by the British troops. During the latter part of the year a part of the hall is occupied by the U. S. barrack-master, and in 1778 it was occupied by the U. S. Commissary-General, who issued from here to the brass found, and his clothing shops on a part of the lot.

In 1781, Committee on Book of Prices, authorized to receive rents and settle accounts; the rent for the use of the committee rooms to five, and called "Committee on Rents and Book of Prices." Two years and three six other members were added to this committee, and authorized to settle all business relating to the Congress.

In 1776, the Friendship Carpenters' Company admitted, after sixteen years' efforts, on paying the sum of £4 each to the treasurer.

In 1787 the hall was occupied by the Convention to frame the Constitution. They deliberated with closed doors; and at the end of four months agreed upon a "Constitution for the United States of America." This was also occupied by the United States Commissary-General of Military Stores. Entrance fee, £20 each.

In 1791, the hall occupied by the Bank of the United States, where it continued business, and continued to be used for that purpose during the same year the meetings of the Congress of the United States were held here.

In 1793, a building, on the west side of the court, continuing thirty-sixty-five years, 1793 to 1858 of the company incorporated by the State of Pennsylvania, by the name of "The Carpenters' Company of the City and County of Philadelphia." Treasurer first appointed—the duty being confined, under the charter of title of president changed from "Master" to "President." Secretary first appointed. Mode of electing officers changed by the warders. 1796, entrance fee changed from £5 to £10, meeting, and made fifty; and in 1797 the Bank of Pennsylvania commenced business in the hall. They continued to move the library from the company. 1798 to 1810 their new meeting-rooms of the for a land office, and for that only, by the United States for a certain time, not to exceed four years. In 1803, the Bank of the United States, which was occupied by the Agricultural Society. In 1825, the Franklin Institute of the Pennsylvania occupied the hall. The next year a law enacting an annual appropriation to the library; and in 1827, by the Society of Friends for their Meetings. In 1829, entrance fee increased to $60. In 1833 the assembly of the Supreme Court were in the hall; and for two years afterward the hall was occupied as an auction store. 1850, entrance fee $80.

In 1860 the hall is again occupied by the company. [illegible] to say what to visit [illegible] the three great men have left the [illegible] on the second floor." That simple, unadorned room, where delegates from all the colonies, save Georgia—the Church militant the following trifles of adulation:

Chatham in the House of Lords—of which John Adams declared: "Such an assembly of super human abilities, together on a sudden in any part of the world; every man is a great man, a hero, a critic, a statesman, when we convened, and for fifteen days sat here. The awful solemnity of the first day is not easy to be described by the uprising of a tall, spare, slightly-stooping, grave-looking gentleman in a plain dark suit, bob wig, and cocked hat, and unpowdered wig. He spoke, and the whole house how his features lighted up with a high emotion; his earnest, deeply-set gray-blue eyes flashed, and his whole mortified nobodyness all declared those immortal words: 'All America is thrown into one mass. Where are your landmarks, your boundaries of colonies?' They are all thrown down. The distinctions between Virginians and Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders, are no more. We are a new nation."—Patrick Henry.

And after the lapse of ninety-two years, imagination almost hears the same name.—Patrick Henry.

1859, entrance fee $100. In 1859, the city councils of Philadelphia propose to purchase the hall, because of its historical interest and associations with the early events of our independence, but the congress was not favorably declined.

1860, the convention for the erection of a monument to the signers of the Declaration of Independence held their meetings in the hall.

And now, with the memories of Washington, Jay, Henry, Lee and Adams, John Dickenson, Hancock, Henry Lee, and others, hallowing these walls, one welcomes with a sobered mind and quickened patriotism.

A MAHOLOLO LADY.—The chief lady of the wife of Sheridan Dr. Livingstone, was a queen and of brass rings as thick as one's finger, on each leg, and dozens of smaller each knee; massive brass rings on her left arm, and eight of brass and copper on her right, also, a large ivory ring above the elbow." When we add to this a bead necklace, and a bead sash around the waist, the toilet is complete. It is natural to suppose that this would not be a good walking dress, and it is, in fact, the full evening dress for a queen, and she and her dancing her ankles. Civilization, itself, scarcely makes a greater sacrifice to fashion than this.

NOT A BAD PLAN.—I saw at Montreal, the other day, a pretty of a certain company, called "Frankenstein Water," which transcends anything of the kind that I have yet printed. Here it is. It purports to be a testimonial, and is signed "Parcfamilias":

"The fate of my daughter was covered with pimples. With freckles her shoulders were all discolored; In vain was I resorted to the dresses and bills Had monstrous by ointment drugs and the shops I saw your anti-tincture, sir, and I bought her A flask of Flastingue's blooms-giving water. The pimples were healed from the face, Freckles have vanished, and bully for you."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

SOME gentleman called upon an old woman and inquired if she had a Bible. She was very angry at being asked such a question, and replied:

"Do you think, gentleman, that I am a heathen, that you ask such a question? Run and fetch the Bible out of the drawer, Betsy, and show the gentlemen."

They thought she would not take the trouble, but she insisted that they should "see that she was not a heathen."

Accordingly the Bible was brought, nicely covered. On opening it, the old woman exclaimed:

"Well, how glad I am that you called and asked about the Bible. If there are my spectacles! I have been looking for them these three weeks, and did not know but I had lost them!"

MR. QUINBUS, reading that "it has been decided in the Court of Queen's Bench, in Dublin, that a clergyman of the Church of England can legally marry himself," observed that he thought he very well as a matrimonial agency, but that even in the hardest time he should prefer to marry a wealth.

BASHFULNESS SOON wears off; modesty never does. Some other writer says: Nothing is more bashful than virtue. If a man begins life with being second husband of a family, he will never get higher.

A REVIVALIST in Binghamton, N. Y., recently encountered a large-sized African, and asked him:

"My friend, have you got religion?"

To which Sambo replied, in a surprised manner:

"Golly, massa, I have got whiskers."

LOVE is a great human impulse. Mothers' and children's love are nature's teachings. Nothing is more beautiful than a young man falling in love. It makes his mouth like a tin whistle, and softens him over immediately.

"AW! how you like my mustache, Mith Laura?" leaped a dandy to a merry girl.

"Very much, indeed. It looks like the fuzz on the back of a caterpillar!"

In all aspects of life putty and varnish has the same relation to the solid oak. Sham is counterfeit; and so great are pills in request, that new discoveries in the compounding of them are always coming up with the times.

A GREEK maid being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied:

"I will bring him what cannot purchase—a heart unspoiled, a virtue without stain."

THE good of life consists in playing one's part well, as the actor does who plays the best the angels, and he has been getting a little lower ever since.

WHY is John Morrissey, since his retirement from the prize-ring, like Daniel Webster? Because he is the great expounder.

THOUGH young men criticize the figures of young ladies, yet if she has $40,000, they think the figure beautiful.

A POOR DARKEY, who was sent to jail for marrying two wives, excuses himself by saying that when he had one she thought him, but when he had two they fought each other.

WIFE (complainingly)—"I haven't more than three dresses to wear."

Husband (triumphantly)—"That's all the law allows you."

ALFONSO LAMBERT, a celebrated sculptor to the Emperor Charles V., was a great coxcomb. He got into a passion with his wife, and threw a book at her; she took it into her head to make love in a roguish manner, which appeased him. He caught her in his arms, but turned to her, and having a pro und sigh, said, with a fantastic grimace:

"Ah! I love I feel, what is it?"

"Why love," said the young lady, something like you."

"If you go on that way, sir," said a prisoner in a court of justice, "you will make me fall him with force and fury and shouting judge and jury in a passion, and I will be sent to the State's Prison for hanging me, I know they will."

"Then," said Mercy replied the counsel, an Irish gentleman, carried away by his own eloquence, "never mind, my dear, I'll hang you, and I'll make them repent it."

A REMINDABLE TALE.—A lady thus addressed her servant in the presence of a fashionable party:

"Mary, relieve that burning luminary of the superincumbent mass of combustible matter."

"Ma'am?" said Mary, confused as to what her mistress meant.

"Take," said the lady, "from that luminous body its superincumbent mass of combustible matter."

"Ma'am?" repeated Mary.

"Why, you stupid, you hussy, you!" exclaimed the lady in haste,

"Take a screwdate lately given in Baltimore, just as one of the gentlemen had proposed with handkerchaps a "gentle song of lay," there came a pause, when a voice from the gallery, which had enjoyed the guitar, leaning from the open second-story front window of a house opposite, called out in the plaintive strain: "What was their amazement, when a rich, full soprano voice, which proved to belong to the vocalists of New York Opera Houses, poured forth the following response:

"Sing boy boys! sing ho boys! sing
The lady you're after loves three
The lady you're after loves three
Sing boy boys! sing."

There was a general rush among the affrighted musicians, and the entertainment was at an end.

A COUNTRYMAN in Savannah Ga., observed that a drove of darkies were working on the streets, each wearing a ball and chain. He asked one of them what he had obtained to his leg? "To keep people from stealing it," said the darkey. "keep of thieves about here, massa."

A BIRD SONG.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet;
Thus you may see in cage,
And the fourth a box within;
If he fills you should prosper,
It can never fly from you.

Answer—The swivels.

BASHAN.—Many of the houses in the ancient city of Bashan were perfect, only disabled yesterday. The walls are sound, the roofs unbroken, doors and eyes have not fallen from their places. Let not my readers think that I am transcribing from Josephus, or "Arabian Nights," or "Munchausen," or "Gulliver," when I say that I have seen with my own eyes, and can account for the preservation of only a few of these houses in a land of wood? If one of our ancient English cities were deserted for a millennium, there would scarcely be a fragment of it left standing. This is easy enough. The houses of Bashan are not entirely of wood. The walls are made by eight feet thick built of large squared blocks of basalt; the roofs are formed of slabs of the same material, here like planks, and sometimes of wood; the very doors and windows-shutters are of stone, hung upon pivots projecting above and below. Some of these ancient cities have from two to five hundred houses standing, but not a tree is left in them. On one occasion, from the battlements of the castle of Salcah, I counted fifteen cities, all of evil villages dotting the surface of the vast plain, many of them almost as perfect as when they were built, and for more than five centuries there has been a single inhabitant in one of them.

A LIMESTONE THEORY.

THE influence of soil, not only on the growth and development of men, but of animals, has lately been made a subject of study, as the influence of geological conditions on health had previously been made a subject of investigation. It has long been noticed that in granitic regions cattle are always small, and that they are large in marly and limestone districts. Professor Agassiz believes that the lime or chalk necessary to the formation of the bones, the framework of men and animals, is derived from limestone somewhere, and he is more likely to be got in limestone countries. Dr. Holmes, the distinguished poet and author, also endorses the limestone theory. He says: "In Kentucky, Ohio, and Western Vermont, men grow to larger size because of the limestone formations under the soil."

These opinions are not without their combatants, however, one of whom tells us:

"The character of the early settlers of these countries, and the habits of life which they were necessarily compelled to adopt, had much more to do with their physical development than the limestone that underlies these States.

"Kentucky was first settled by men from Virginia, the hardiest among the inhabitants of that old commonwealth—men who possessed unusual resolution and strength of bodily constitution. They traveled several or eight hundred miles, without roads, through an unbroken wilderness, inhabited only by wild beasts and savage Indians. Men of such a stamp, arriving in a new country, and being, moreover, very much compelled to adopt the most simple and most natural habits of life, would be well-developed males, and the females of the same race would be strong and well-formed women.

"Kentucky was also abundantly rich in game. These simple habits of life, practiced by such a hardy stock, would tend still to give to their offspring the best and the most perfect physical development. Thus for two generations there was a tendency necessarily to size and physical endurance those of any other state. But at the present time a few of these large men are to be seen—a mere remnant of a former generation remains.

"The same remarks will apply to Ohio, I believe, will fall below that of Ohio, a much older State. The people in the habits of life among the people of the north of Kentucky, since its early settlement, has been very great. Large cities have also sprung up, and a luxurious style, and the adoption of easy and luxurious habits of life, have produced a feeble physical race of the people.

"As Ohio labor has ever been deemed honorable, and the inhabitants still, in a good degree, maintain their early habits of industry, if not of simple living, the report of the statistics of Ohio, furnished by the Commissioner of Agriculture, will be very interesting facts are given, but the present length of this article will only allow an abstract. "The average height of the men in the interior of Ohio is five feet ten and a half inches, the average weight is 160 pounds, two and a half inches above that of the English recruits, and one and a half inches above that of the French conscripts. Of the two hundred and thirty-nine individuals taken promiscuously from agricultural districts, fifty-nine counties were six feet and upward—ten being above six feet two inches. The climate of the Western States is, we think, be attributed to the character of the country and climate, which are favorable to industry and simple habits of living."

A YOUNG widow, who had married an old man, was the other day asked how she liked him. "The second husband, at first, gently remonstrated.

"I grieve, Mary, my dear wife, pouting, "you'll want me to remember you, when you're dead and gone!"

"Pa, they tell us about the angry ocean; what makes the ocean angry?"

"Oh, it has been crossed so often."

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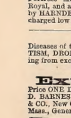
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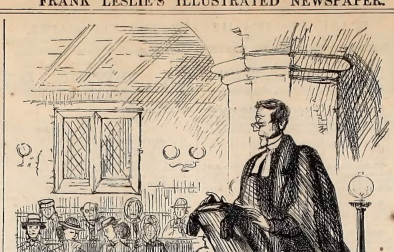
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No. 544 Vol. XXI] NEW YORK, MARCH 3, 1866. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 NUMBERS $1 00.

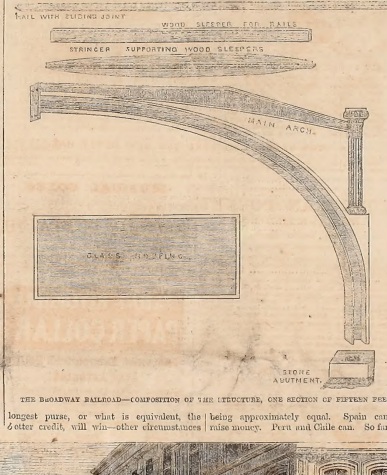
Spain and the South American Alliance.

THE last steamer from the Isthmus brings us the news of the ratification of a treaty, offensive and defensive, between Chile and Peru, and of the formal declaration of war by the latter against Spain. This effete power, therefore, baffled and humiliated in Santo Domingo, now finds herself embroiled in a deadly struggle with Chile, the most vigorous and enterprising of the republics of South America, and with Peru, the richest of all the American republics, with the single exception of the United States. The proximate results of this contest are plain. Spain will be again beaten and humiliated. Of her last squadron sent into the Pacific against the same combatants, not a single vessel returned to the Peninsula. Not one of the present squadron, which it has cost her utmost efforts to get together and sustain, will ever see the Atlantic, except through ignominious flight. So much we venture to predict, without pretending to the gift of prophecy, but as a fair and inevitable deduction from facts and conditions obvious to every mind.

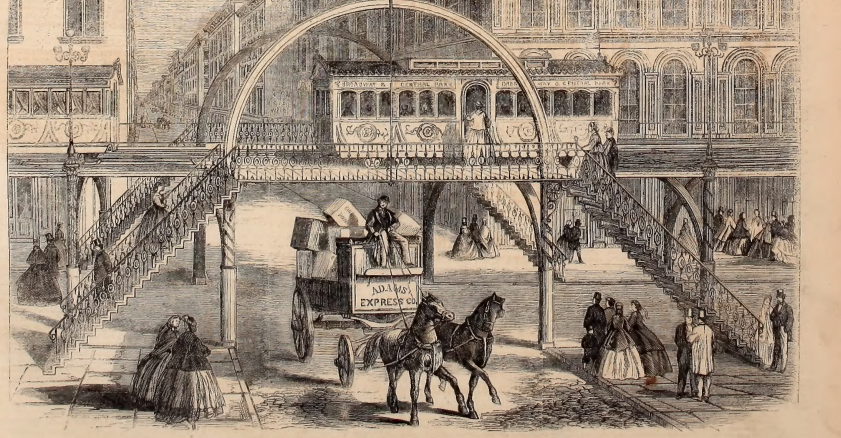
In the first place, Spain is bankrupt. She stands lowest in the scale of republicating states. Even the profligacy of Turkey has not dragged the credit of that superfluous empire so low as has the faithlessness of Spain *here*. Her bonds are nominally at 14 and 25 per cent., and would run still lower if the unfortunate holders had the audacity to put any considerable amount on the market! The bonds of Peru, on the other hand, stood lately, and probably now stand, at a premium. Those of Chile, if not so high, are certainly three to four times higher than those of Spain. Now as war is costly, and as a war carried on against Peru and Chile, eleven thousand miles away, must be especially so, it follows that the longest purse, or what is equivalent, the better credit, will win—other circumstances being approximately equal. Spain cannot raise money. Peru and Chile can. So far as superior means, therefore, may enter into the conflict, the chances are with the South American republics.

But, as Napoleon said, "the Lord is on the side of the heaviest battalions." How stands the issue under this aspect? It may be safely assumed that Spain, even if she had the transports, could not send out to the Pacific coast, and support there, a sufficiently large land force to effect a lodgment, or hold any important position. Her powers of offense are limited to purely naval operations. Then the question arises, How can these be made effective in a coercive sense? With the exception of Valparaiso and Callao, the ports of Peru and Chile are of no consequence *per se*. Valparaiso may be blockaded and bombarded, but Callao is too strongly fortified to be assailed, except at such risks as no Spanish commander would dare to assume. All the other ports on the coast are of slight importance, made up of paltry sheds, in which goods rest for a few hours before being shipped, or after being loaded. They might be destroyed entirely, without making any serious impression, and without hardly creating an irritation. To blockade, seize, or destroy them, would be mere waste of time, means and effort. But it would be impossible for the largest naval power in the world (which Spain is not), to blockade 3,000 miles of coast with more than a hundred available ports. Even now the ostentatious blockade of Chile has been reduced to that of the single port of Valparaiso, where all the Spanish vessels have been concentrated for mutual protection!

Peru may be supposed to be specially vulnerable in her guano islands. But it must be remembered that these islands produce no food or fuel, not even a drop of water, which must be brought from the mainland, where no Spanish force could land, except at risk of



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almost certain destruction; and further, all existing means for the extraction and shipment of guano are taxed to their utmost capability in filling English, German, French and other contracts, which have to run over many years, and with which Spain dare not interfere. Her late seizure of the islands gave her no tangible return, for she was unable to collect a single dollar from all the amounts of guano loaded during the ten months of her so-called occupation.

Outside of the islands, Peru is absolutely invulnerable. Her simple inertia is more potential than the demonstrative force of the most powerful European nation. But Peru has something more than her natural impenetrability in her favor. She has a positive naval force, which may be rapidly augmented, with the aid of Chile, so as to be able to cope, with the best chance of success, with that of Spain. A double-turreted monitor and an iron-clad frigate have lately sailed from England for Callao, which, with the existing war vessels of Peru, will make a very formidable squadron—perhaps, if well manned, the most formidable in the Pacific.

The Spanish Admiral showed, in the most marked manner possible, his sense of the hopelessness of the attempt to coerce Chile by blockade. He found that if he separated his vessels for that purpose, they would be destroyed in detail. The capture of the Covadonga opened his eyes to that danger, and he blew out his brains in sheer despair. If a blockade of Chile proved to be impossible, what can this mode of coercion be expected to avail against both Chile and Peru, especially when, as now appears certain, Equador and Bolivia will join those two republics in their offensive and defensive alliance?

To bombard Valparaiso, or even Callao, would only be an act of vengeance, exciting Chile and Peru to more vigorous action, without weakening their physically or seriously affecting their resources. And as most of the property in these ports belongs to foreigners, the act would only tend to provoke their enmity, and perhaps eventually bring Spain, while embroiling her with foreign governments, none too well inclined to treat her with favor.

From our point of view, Spain is utterly impotent as against the new and growing South American nationalities. Persistence in the policy she has undertaken in the Pacific must bring her defeat and dishonor, which in turn must seriously react on her domestic affairs, already in a disordered, not to say critical condition.

It would be a severe but not undeserved punishment, if her wanton, boastful and insulting interventions and aggressions in Santo Domingo and South America, undertaken in the belief that the power of the United States was permanently broken, should result not alone in a shrinkage of Spain, but in such a radical change in the institutions of the country, We may regard the severance of Cuba as another not impossible but probable result. Last year contemplated the contingency of the destruction of the Spanish squadron in the Pacific by the combined fleets of the South American republics. What is there to prevent them from guaranteeing their future security by effectively and for ever crippling what remains of the power of Spain, by depriving her of the last of the American possessions? We would not only have the right to do so in their character as belligerents, but there would be something chivalric and noble in disenthralling that fine-hearted people of Cuba, and lifting from their necks a heavy and offensive yoke! In doing so, spite of the utmost vigor of our government in enforcing its neutrality obligations, it would be largely supported and assisted by something more tangible than an undivided public sentiment in their favor. Their sentiment, we should, would be so strong, that any intervention by France or any only nation at all likely to undertake it to support Spanish dominion in Cuba, would result in the loss to the crown of America in the scale, and in a war which could not fail to drag down both Bonaparte and Bourbon.

Whatever may be the value of these speculations, it is certain that the contest which Spain has provoked in the Pacific has already reached unexpected and formidable proportions, and promises to test if not battle her utmost strength. Failure, on her part, seems almost inevitable. And is not failure revolution and dismemberment? Spain has found her Nemesis.

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150,000 copies were sold

within a few days of its publication. Its varied and attractive contents, embracing contributions of the highest character, illustrated with care, and adapted to the great entertainment and sound instruction of the home circle, make it indeed the first family paper in America.

To meet so immense a demand would be impossible to an ordinary establishment; and, indeed, it taxes the resources even of the publisher, especially to strike off, with proper care, the elegant Presentation Plate, "Grant in Peace," which has elicited such universal praise.

Abuse of Language.

If there be one thing above all others that has been impressively and decisively established during this century, it is this, that the United States shall be a nation; that it shall be a unit, with power to suppress disorganization at home and resist aggression from abroad. As Time's last and grandest birth, it has been determined that it shall have a more selfish existence, but for the greatest good of its own people, and an examplar for mankind.

If there be an illusion or delusion, more absurd or wicked than any other, it is that which is involved in the wish or hope of dismemberment. If there be a folly more absurd or criminal than any other, it is that which finds expression in suggestions of the possibility, under any circumstances, of the disseverance, and the consequent inevitable decay and death of the American Union.

Paltry partisan or factional editors talk of the possible disruption of the United States, and make disruption the alternative to the refusal of their political measures, which can no more really affect the question of the national life than the accidental alighting of a fly on the spoke of a conflicted car can affect the velocity or destination of the vehicle.

The manner in which "able editors" deal with stern and portentous realities would be ludicrous, if it were not culpable and repulsive.

Thus we have a newspaper in this city, at present the ablest—we had almost said the only—organ of the so-called "democracy," insisting that certain measures shall be carried through Congress, and demanding that the President himself, the sworn defender of the Constitution, shall violate its most solemn and important provisions, and, by a *coup d'état*, inaugurate a revolution on his own account, coincident with that which the nation has so sternly repressed! The followers in the South accept the measure which our fathers have instituted for reforming evils of government. They decide the forms as well as contemn the essence of free institutions. One of them, at least, has the ineffable insolence to suggest that "the ballot-box is *too slow* a process as a remedy for existing grievances." It has the audacity and impudence to declare editors that the President should send a regiment of troops to install certain persons claiming to be Members of Congress, in face of the Constitutional provision that each House of Congress shall be the sole judge of the qualifications of their own members.

The same radical, or, rather, revolutionary, spirit is manifested in another newspaper, that professes to be "conservative." We refer to the *Times*, of this city. That paper tells us that a majority of Congress, coming freshly from the people, and *de facto*, representing their matured views, "have been *trying* to destroy the Union!" This arraignment of the national will is as audacious as the suggestion of a *coup d'état* of the President is infamous. "Trying to destroy the Union!" Do the writers for the *Times* know the value—do they consider the weight of words? If they mean to say that, in the reorganization of the country, consequent on its late terrible dislocation, there may be, as in the nature of the case there must be, wide differences of opinion, no one can refuse assent. Differences do and must exist, and may be sustained with more or less of obstinacy, and in language varying with the temperament and education of the individual. But that there is an individual in Congress, much less a sufficient aggregation of individuals to be called a faction, "trying to destroy the Union," is either a careless, reckless arraignment, or a libel.

Some of us can remember the time when parties were divided on questions of no greater importance than whether the proceeds of the sale of public lands should be divided among the States, and when we were told that the salvation of the country, and its permanence depended upon a prompt and satisfactory decision of the question. Our orators made up an extravagance of language for the lack of substance, and the interest in the issue which they called the people to act. But the time for such things is past; we now know what denying the Union, or "trying to destroy it," means. We are not likely to speak lightly of death in a circle out of which a friend dropped into the grave but yesterday. We are in no condition to trifle with a matter so serious as the integrity of the country, and there can be no graver accusation against a man, or body of men, than that they are "trying to destroy the Union." If the writers for the *Times* really believe that there are men in Congress striving to that end, they should arraign them with a solemnity commensurate with the gravity of their great crime, and not in a heated article, breathing a partisan, or, rather, factional spirit.

It is unnecessary to enlarge on this point, for the truth is, simply is, that neither the editor of the *Times*, nor anybody else, believes that there are men in Congress "trying to divide the Union." The allegation is made loosely, we may say, thoughtlessly, and would never have been made in the form and connection in which it was put forward, had the writer really believed what he uttered. Words sometimes are things, and should never be abused in the use.

We have another batch of documents, this time from Paris, about the Mexican question. They amount precisely to this: "Napoleon will get out of Mexico when he is ready, provided he isn't hurried, but not unless we will agree not to meddle with Maximilian, or allow anybody else to do so." In other words, we must practically recognize the Austrian adventurer, while France reserves the right "to put in her oar" to his sustenance, whenever convenient or necessary. Therefore let us "eat, drink, and be merry," over the last great triumph of American diplomacy!

A NEW figure for the cotillion has been introduced in Paris. A small closet, after the Davenport fashion, with a small hole in the upper panel of the door, is placed in the centre of the room, and one of the male dancers shut inside. As the ladies waltz round, each passes her hand for an instant through the opening, and the prisoner pronounces the name of the owner of that "pretty thing." Should he chance to be right, the door is thrown open, and he spins away into a space with the fair one whom he has visited with the punishment.

THE people of Belgium are far from satisfied with the conduct of the late King in sending Belgian troops to Mexico, to aid the designs of Louis Napoleon. The Liberal Union of the Civil Guard of Liege have passed resolutions protesting against the proposal of St. Cyr Pretextex, Commander of the Civil Guard of Brussels, to send a deputation to the memory of Belgians who fell in the action at Tacumbaro in the Mexican Republic, the 11th day of April, 1865, because they fought against the cause and liberty of liberty and in contradiction to the efforts of the Belgians made in 1830 to gain their independence.

SEVENTEEN seems to be a fatal number with the rulers of France. No sovereign since the downfall of the second empire has lasted longer than sixteen or seventeen years. Seventeen years were the limit of the supremacy of Napoleon I. Seventeen years restored Bourbon supremacy. Seventeen years Louis Philippe occupied the throne. And we may safely predict that seventeen years will be the longest period allotted by the hand of destiny to the restored dynasty of the Bonapartes.

PROFESSOR FAWCETT, Member of Parliament, and Lecturer upon Political Economy in the University of Cambridge, says of England: "The rich are growing richer, and the poor are growing poorer. There is no true sympathy between the employers and employed, and no just and proper relations between capital and labor and amongst all classes of society; and in consequence of all those unhappy feelings, England and Wales have 130,000 criminals every year, and one man in every twenty is a pauper, while in Ireland, tens of thousands die of the effects of starvation, and millions—one quarter—have emigrated to America to avoid this fate, in the last twenty years."

THE Boston *Transcript* says of Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, the acknowledged leader of the House of Representatives:

"Without endowing his political opinions in full, and with serious doubts as to some of his methods of announcing and enforcing them, it is impossible to deny that Thaddeus Stevens is a man of remarkable power, full of intellect, and that intellect of a high and influence that belongs to genius alone. He combines the best and weakest qualities of Josiah Quincy Adams and John Randolph, without being an imitation of either."

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I observe that a certain elemental knowledge of science is now considered at least indispensable in general society. The readers of popular scientific works are increasing daily; nor is this amongst men only. I was present at the last evening meeting of the Geographical Society, and certainly a third of those present

were ladies. The secretary of one of the most distinguished geologists of the day is the daughter of a clergyman. It may be remembered, too, that both the translators of Humboldt's 'Cosmos' were women. It is probable that the female mind may never attain to the highest efforts of the human intellect; but women can do good, serviceable work, preserving at the same time all the most valued characteristics of their sex. Olympia Morata is remembered in history for her beauty, gentleness, and modesty, as well as for her great philosophical attainments."

At the end of 1864 there were 7,728 members of the Jesuit order in the Catholic world, being 129 more than in 1863. In the same year there were 1,532 Jesuits employed in foreign missions, being an increase of 242 over the year 1863. The European missions amounted to 28; the Asiatic to 296; the African to 213; the North American to 276; the South American to 199; the Oceanian to 55; and 15 were on passage. Twenty-five years ago, namely, in 1841, there were but 3,563 Jesuits, so that since that period the number has been more than doubled.

There is no reason why, after adopting the decimal system as regards money, we should not follow it out in our standards of weights and measures. We laugh at Englishmen who compute their cumbersome denominations of pounds, shillings, pence and farthings by different divisors, and boast of the superior rapidity and ease of our system of computation. Yet we stick to 12 inches make a foot, 3 foot make a yard, 5½ yards make a rod, 40 rods a furlong, etc., etc., and will call a pound 12 ounces in one case and 16 in another, and thus perpetuate difficult, perplexing, and utterly irrational standards. We have got to come to the decimal system in weights and measures sooner or later—the sooner the better, and all the easier. It is easier to accommodate 35,000,000 of people to the change, than it will be 40,000,000—which our country will probably number in 1870. The longer the delay, the more difficult the change. Several, perhaps most, of the South American republics, have established the French decimal system, which, as it has already a wide dissemination, we cannot do better than adopt. To this end, Mr. Allison has introduced in Congress a bill fixing a decimal standard, to take effect, if possible, July 1st, 1867. It provides that:

"The unit of lengths shall be the meter of the ten-millionth part of the distance from the pole to the equator, measuring at the level of the sea; its multiples shall be the decometer, hectometer, kilometer and myriameter; its subdivisions the decimeter, centimeter and millimeter. The unit of surface shall be the arc or square decamister; one square meter shall be called centiare, and one square hectometer be called hectare. The unit of solidity shall be the ster, or cubic meter; its subdivisions the decister, centister and millister. The unit of capacity shall be the liter, or decimeter; its multiples the decaliter or territers; its subdivisions the deciliter, centiliter or mileter.

"For the purpose of assessing or collecting duties and taxes for the sale of public lands, and all purposes where strict accuracy is not required, the following list of proximate equivalents is established: One decimeter, four inches; one meter, one and one-tenth yard; one decometer, five-tenths of one chain; one kilometer, six hundred and twenty-five thousandths (.625) of a mile; one centaire, one and two-tenths square yards; one hectare, two and five-tenths acres; one liter, three hundred and seventy-five thousandths (.375) of a gallon; one kilogram, thirty-two ounces troy; one kilogram, two-tenths pound avoirdupois; one tun, two thousand two hundred and forty pounds."

The question of reform in representation is attracting great attention in England. Among the abuses existing under the present system, may be mentioned the fact that there are twenty-nine boroughs returning fifty-one members to the House of Commons, which show an average voting register of only 192, and which have only 160,000 inhabitants. These return nearly as many members as all Scotland, half as many as Irelend, and three times as many as London, with its 3,000,000 of inhabitants! And yet half of England is struggling to prevent this gross disparity in representation, and denouncing all advocates of equalization as "radicals!"

A curious case was lately heard in the British Divorce Court. Mr. Hyde joined the Mormons, was married in Utah, went to the Sandwich Islands, and quitted the community. He was thereupon excommunicated, and his wife pronounced free to marry again, which she did. He thereupon claimed a divorce. The Judge took time to consider his decision, being doubtful whether a Mormon marriage, which presupposes a right of polygamy, could be held to be any marriage at all—whether Mr. Hyde had, in fact, any wife to be divorced from.

The London *Spectator*, commenting on the late speech of the Emperor of the French, observes of that part referring to the United States and Mexico:

"It is true Napoleon has affirmed that he is arranging with the Emperor Maximilian for the recall of his army; but then their return must be effected when it 'will not compromise the interests which France went out to that distant land to defend.' When is that? Do the interests to be defended include the reinvigoration of the Latin race? Nothing is clear from the speech, and, according to the Yellow Book, which is always supposed to explain the speech, the French army is only to return from Mexico when the President of the Union has recognized the Mexican Empire, an act which he has refused to do, and which Congress has specifically forbidden him to perform. There is nothing in the speech inconsistent with that interpretation; and if it is correct, the Americans will simply contrast the compliments offered them in words with the impossible proposal submitted in fact, and be less content than ever. All they obtain is a promise that, at some time not specified, when a result they dislike has been accomplished, the Emperor will, if consistent with his honor, withdraw the troops, through whom he has been able to accomplish it—not a very definite or very satisfactory pledge."

TOWN GOSSIP.

There is at this moment a mighty question agitating not only New York, but all the nation. It is not a question of bread, but of BEER, resolved simply into the shape of old style or new style, patent lager, or no patent lager.

Somebody, at some recent period, invented a way to brew lager, for which they received a patent. Whether it was by adding a decoction of old shoes, or throwing in an extra dash of molasses, is more than we can tell, but the result was at once a pitched battle. The old style reared up, and straightway furnished the lager shops that remained faithful to their standard, labels, free gratis for nothing, on which were printed in large and ominous characters, "No Patent Beer Sold Here." On the other hand, the patent beerites girded up their loins and struck for their rights. They openly declared that from the old beer came headaches and indigestion, while from the patent beer came nothing but happiness, rotundity, jolly vrows and chubby children. They fought the battle step by step, and lager beer shop by lager beer shop, until the original beerites shook in their shoes, and their empire seemed trembling. The worshipers of Gambrinus were in daily doubt, and became so muddled—not with beer, but with diverse opinions—that many of them have not yet recovered. At this moment, even while the old beerites were crying aloud in the most doleful tones, "Look not upon the beer when it is red within the mug"—which is as near as we can get to the quotation—the patent beerites came to the rescue with a chemical analysis, which analysis showed that patent beer was beer, and instead of being a mixture of old boots, street-sweepings and such small deer, it was simply a preparation of malt and hops brewed by a peculiar process. This was a whole shell in the camp of the old beerites, and so far they have not been able to recover from it. In this state stands the matter now, and a mighty pretty quarrel it is, too, as it stands. Yankee Doodledom, as well as Teutonia, is divided into two distinct parties, the old beerites and the patent beerites, and while some are in doubt still as to drinking either fluid, others double on the quantity, feeling that they cannot make up their minds on so important a subject without a thorough sampling of the article in dispute. Should anything farther transpire, we shall chronicle—not small beer—it for the public edification.

From beer to coals is a natural transition, and we shall make it, simply to give our readers an idea of how it is they pay $13 or $14 per ton for coal. We start with it from the mines:

Worth in the mine	$0 25
Out of the mine	1 05
Prepared for use	1 85
In Philadelphia	8 00
At Elizabethport, N. J.	9 50
At the New York dock	10 25
At the retail yards	13 95

Thus it will be seen that between the mines and New York consumers, it gains the sum of $13 70. Verily we are a wonderful people!

We all remember what Jem Baggs, in "The Wandering Minstrel" says: "D'ye think I don't know the vally o' peace and quietness? No, sir! I never moves on under a shilling."

We quote it to say that Mr. Baggs has his representatives at every corner of our streets, and we are not sure but the original Baggs has opened a school somewhere about town, in which vagabonds of every age and clime are taught to torture some otherwise inoffensive instrument, until it responds under our fingers or mouth with the most fearful twangs or shrieks. Of all these musicians—God save the mark!—the worst is the organ-grinding fraternity. There is about them an air of laziness and dirt not found in others of the tribe, an *insouciance* and *abandon* of consequences perfectly delicious. They show in their very looks the truth of the answer of one of the fraternity, who, upon being asked by a victim to his sounds how he bore it himself, said, "Oh! I never hears 'em!" These organic nuisances are generally accompanied by a woman, the more good-looking the better, who, with a very dirty tamborine, and conversation to match, goes into stores and drinking-saloons while the man is droning away outside, and by her blandishments picks up all the small stamps she can get from weak-headed youths. Next to this style, in annoyance, is the universal musician, who stations himself under your window with a bass drum slung upon his back, a hurdy-gurdy in front, a pandean-pipes under his nose, a pair of cymbals between his legs, and heaven only knows how many other noise-making affairs about his noisy person.

We believe earnestly that these perepatetic harmonics average in their earnings (!) about $7 per day, double what an honest, hard-working mechanic can earn. To achieve this, these gentry are up to every dodge ever thought of in the human brain, an illustration of which will be the manner in which we saw a dollar extorted from a music-loving friend a few days since. He did love music; and, as a consequence, winced under the noise of one of these organic wretches who ground away under his window every day about dinner-time. The gentleman, feeling that his house was *not* his castle while the nuisance existed, opened negotiations, and finally bought off the thing for one dollar, cash in hand, paid with the strict stipulation that the fellow should not play again in front of his house. The dollar was pocketed, and the promise strictly kept, for from that day to this the fellow has played at the same hour, daily, under the window of the next-door neighbor, just 20 feet from the spot where he played before.

Is there no balm in Gilead?

Of the theatres what can we say, when they are by their successes beyond all criticism or press notice? What does a manager care for the opinion of newspapers when the public crowd his house, so that before the curtain goes up the label, "Only standing room," has to be displayed at the box-office? and this, we believe, is the present condition of the dramatic institution in New York.

Niblo's has finished with Miss Bateman after a wonderful success, in which she has shown the finished artistic improvement of her English tour. Maggie Mitchell has taken her place, with her charming rendering of "Fanchon," and it may be expected that for several weeks we can say nothing but that Maggie Mitchell is playing "Fanchon" at Niblo's.

At Lucy Rushton's, they have been trying the effect of turning away a hundred or two of people from the doors every evening, for a week or two, just by the way of letting them know there is something good going on inside, and that seats ought to be secured several days in advance, if they expect not to be crowded out.

The Broadway announces that Mr. Owens has entered upon his 225th night of Solon Shingle at that house. We have not yet lost faith in the real taste of the New York public.

Wallack announces "a new and original comedy, entitled 'Society,' by Messrs. T. W. Roberts and M. Noah, now running with the greatest success in London, which will shortly be produced here, with beautiful and appropriate scenery and appointments, and a powerful cast." There, we give the very words as advertised, and charge nothing for it.

What is going on at the Winter Garden we tell in another column.

At the Olympic, "Who Killed Cock-Robin?" is a genuine success. "Cinderella" is in preparation, and is to be splendidly produced.

Wood's Theatre has Mr. Frank Drew; and, of course, under his funniness, is having all the success it is able to attend to.

Among the noticeables of the day and evening is Mr. James Robinson, the bare-backed rider. There can be little doubt that Mr. Robinson is the greatest rider we have ever seen, and, however *blasé* we may be, can awake a sensation even in the heart and brain of a Sir Charles Coldstream.

And last, though not least, the Opera.

Maretzek is making no splurge, doing nothing in the way of fancy advertising, but every quiet announcement of an opera night puts $3,000 or $4,000 in the house, and about the same for every *matinee*. He has no need to offer music-lovers any new attraction; his present company more than satisfies, and grows nightly upon the tastes of those who know how to appreciate.

The Poznanski brothers are making a great success with their concerts at Irving Hall, so much so that they are announced for continuance. Real merit will always find its success in New York, if placed properly before the public.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The great Cincinnati bridge about to be suspended across the Ohio river will be the longest in the world, being over 2,000 feet longer than the Suspension Bridge over the Niagara river, and 540 feet longer than the Menai Bridge in England. Its total span will be 1,057 yards. The massive stone piers tower 110 feet over the floor of the bridge, and 200 feet above their foundations. One year is the period allowed for building it.

—— An economical view of homicide is taken by the Caluso (Cal.) *Sun*, in the following item: "The sheriff of Sutter County, killed a thief last week, who was attempting to escape, thereby saving the county much cash."

—— The Mobile *Advertiser* says, that the markets there are fairly glutted with provisions and country produce, and the busy hum and bustle of the throng in attendance on market-days remind them of the good old days of yore, when market-baskets went home brimming full, and the people "lived on the fat of the land." Trade is represented as flush in all branches, and there is every evidence that "the good time is coming."

—— A noted spiritualist, Dr. Randolph, says now, that after the experience of five years as a medium, it is his candid opinion that spiritualism is one-third imposture, one-third insanity, one-third diabolism, and that insanity is the usual fate of trance-mediums.

—— Benjamin Pinney, a wealthy farmer at Rockport, Ill., was recently poisoned to death with strychnine by his fifth wife, a pretty girl, whom he married six weeks ago.

—— A Connecticut farmer, a few days ago, warmed a blanket to wrap round the feet of his aged and paralytic wife. He went to the barn, and in his absence the bed took fire from a spark in the blanket, and his wife was burned to death.

—— Two smart twelve year old boys have started a two-column local paper at Waterbury, Ct. They do all the work upon it themselves, and then go out on the street and sell their papers.

—— A cool robbery of government property was attempted a few days ago, at Mobile. A man representing himself as a government agent, drove up with a dray, passed the guards, and loading the vehicle with blankets, drove off. Two civilian employés suspecting something wrong, followed, and had him arrested.

—— But for King Alcohol, the papers say, Richmond would be an orderly city, but with 30 arrests for drunkenness daily, they think the prospects are bad for good order and quiet.

—— Miss Maria Baldwin, a graduate of Baldwin University, at Berea, Ohio, has filled the chair of Professor of the Greek and Latin languages in the Baker University in Kansas for the past year. She is only 21 years old.

—— A special train went through from Boston to Portland on Saturday with a single passenger—a gentleman who had engaged his passage on the European steamer, missed the morning train, and paid $300 to reach the latter place in time.

—— A negro sentenced to 40 days' confinement and labor, with ball and chain, at Macon, Ga., was recently allowed to ascend the second story of the prison, from which he threw himself down. He struck on the top of his head, and was, of course, unhurt. In consideration of the feat, he received a free pardon.

—— Eleven men were frozen to death in the vicinity of Hamilton, Fillmore County, Minn., on the night of the 20th ult. Six of them were frozen in a sleigh while passing along the road. Another man was found frozen in a standing posture, with his hands over his face, and only three or four rods from a house.

—— The Louisville, Ky., *Journal* says: "No matter, dear reader, what you see in the papers: Jeff. Davis won't have a military trial, and he won't be convicted. And if he *were* convicted, he would be pardoned. Though no card-player, 'we speak by the card.'"

—— Under a law of Rhode Island, which prohibits selling goods by sample without a State license, a poor clergyman at Providence, who was trying to eke out a scanty salary by selling some religious pictures, was arrested and compelled to pay a fine of $50 and costs.

—— A raft containing two women, three men, and a horse, which was drifting out to sea, was stopped and saved by a pilot-boat, off the harbor of Savannah, Ga., on the 4th inst.

—— The question "Is a death-bed marriage legal?" is being tried in the Circuit Court at Indianapolis. Considerable property is involved in the decision.

—— When Gen. Grant removed to his new house, he gave "a reception," and among others, invited ex-General Butler to attend. The card of invitation was returned to the Lieutenant-General, with the following indorsement: "I have the honor to receive your card of invitation. I beg to decline it as politely as I may; and I would further state that, in no event would I be willing to hold personal intercourse with youself, or any member of your family.—B. F. Butler. Lieutenant-General Grant."

—— A correspondent states that a company of Northern men, who went South with the view of investing their money and establishing homes, have returned, satisfied that the lives and property of loyal men are not safe under the government now established there. One of their number, who purchased a place within 80 miles of Vicksburg, was notified by a mob to leave within five days. He at once set his freedmen to work building a small fort, on which he raised the American flag. He then armed his freedmen, and notified the mob that he was ready to leave, if they were ready to force him away.

Foreign.—One of the anecdotes connected with the recent visit of the King and the Queen of Portugal to Paris, is as follows: The king and queen expressed a wish to admire M. Perree's collection of *parures*. The jeweler accordingly presented himself at the Pavillion de Marsan, and was at once received. As he handed a magnificent necklace of black pearls and diamonds to Queen Pia, it slipped from her hand and fell to the ground. M. Perree stooped to catch it, when Don Luis prevented him by remarking that the etiquette of the Portuguese Court gave the king or queen alone the privilege of raising whatever fell at their feet. Then, handing the ornament to his wife, he said: "What the queen has touched is hers."

—— An alarming incident occurred recently at the Zoological Garden of Stuttgard. A remarkably fine lion was confined there in a cage, surrounded by a glass framework to protect the animal from cold. M. Werner, the proprietor, was going through a performance, and was seated on a stool in the cage, when he lost his balance and fell backward. The lion immediately sprang on him and a terrible combat ensued. Mlle. Werner, seeing the danger of her father, took up a heavy seat and dashed it at the glass, and the animal terrified at the crash, released the man, who was then able to withdraw, only slightly hurt.

—— The London *Sporting Life* says pugilism has fallen upon evil days. The admirers of the "manly art" are disgusted with those who manage such affairs, and its sun seems to have set over the grave of Tom Sayers. To revive the Ring, it thinks, seems an utterly hopeless task, and, from one cause and another, that "institution" has sunk lower and lower since the date of the famous fight of Farnborough.

—— In Brittany, a very convenient matrimonial custom prevails. On certain fête days, the young ladies appear in red under-petticoats, with white or yellow borders around them; the number of these denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter; each white band, representing silver, betokens a hundred francs of rent; and each yellow band means gold, and stands for a thousand francs a year. Thus, any young farmer, who sees a face that pleases him, has only to glance at the trimmings of the petticoat to learn in an instant what amount accompanies its wearer.

—— There are 30,000 blind persons in Great Britain, nearly a tenth part of the number being in London. The great majority of these 30,000 persons are in a state of destitution.

—— The daily consumption of water in London is 100,000,000 gallons—filthy stuff, at that. It is proposed to bring a supply of pure water to the metropolis from North Wales; forming among it mountains a series of reservoirs aggregating over ten miles in length, and conducting the water 183 miles by aqueducts and tunnels.

THE ELLIPTIC IRON-ARCH ARCADE FOR THE ELEVATION OF STREET RAILWAYS.

Object.

Rapid intercommunication within a crowded city is essential to its development; and steam travel bears the same relation to its growth and business capacity, that it does to a country at large. The principal thoroughfare of Manhattan Island will always be overcrowded, and some engineering scheme must double its capacity and pleasantness. There is no reason why a metropolis should continue with only the slow coaches of ante-steam times, while the country about is availing itself of the improvements of the age. There is no reason why our means of travel or communication through our cities should be confined to one level, any more than our houses of residence or business should be confined to one story.

A structure, then, is desirable, which will become universal, by reason of its *simplicity, economy, rapidity of construction, capacity, convenience, ornament, safety, durability, non-interference with the existing condition of property, movability and extensibility, according to the growth of the city and fluctuation of commercial travel.* This is attainable in the Elliptic Iron-arch Arcade for the elevation of street railways.

The Structure.

The Elliptic Arches (A), give, over every other form of structure, the maximum of combined strength, convenience, lateral capacity and cheapness. They span the carriage-way from curb to curb, thus not taking up any of the present occupied space. They may be fifteen (15) feet high, which will admit under them the highest loaded vehicles. The ellipse of the arch gives sufficient height at the curb-stones to admit of vehicles driving close to the curb, and yet gives the strength of an arch in the top and centre. This double-T iron-arch is for the support of the main *sills* (B) and all the ground-work of the railroad and the roofing. The main sill (B) rests on top of the arch, and spans with it across the street, slightly cambered or bent down at each end, which rests on an elegant pillar of cast-iron, whose base is on the curb-stone at the base of the arch. This sill is also double-T, (I). On its upper flange are bolted the cast-iron stringers and binders, (C) which serve also as sleepers for the rails. On its lower flange are laid the glass plates (D) in their frames of iron in the manner of clap-boarding, thus forming a water-shed. The arches are placed every fifteen feet. This would be the distance between the fore and aft wheels of the dummy cars, thus always dividing the weight upon two arches, which, under the maximum loads—all the dummies meeting at one point—would give only four and a half tons to the track.

Cost.

The above four (4) pieces complete the structure. Their manufacture is simple, requiring no costly machinery, could be commenced in thirty days after adoption, and completed for any distance, according to the help employed, in less than six months, and can be furnished—without the glass—at the manufacturers for less than one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars per mile. Being of iron and glass, it is imperishable; would cost nothing for extra lighting, warming, or police, like the under-ground plan; destroys no property; requires no preliminary surveying; can be set up or taken down in a day, and if a failure, the material is all good for further uses. It saves many thousands of dollars in the cleaning of the streets, by catching the rain and snow, which runs off through the iron pillars. The crossings at intersecting streets are covered by landings, and thus much is saved through non-soiling of garments and tenements, which the universal cleanliness of this plan will effect. Scenes like those of the past month will be no more known to Broadway.

Light.

Being a light, open frame-work, painted white, and not covering the side-walks, and the body or floor of the structure being even with the second stories, the first stories are not perceptibly affected in their light. The rear end of the stores and shops get, as ever, the same *reflected light* from the opposite side, through and under the structure, there being an open view from side-walk to side-walk.

Convenience.

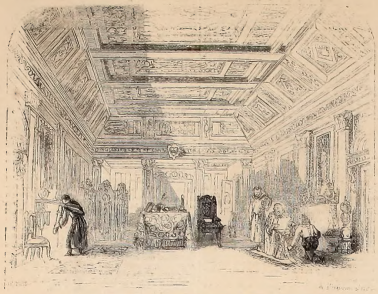
This structure could mount four (4) tracks in Broadway. Self-smoke-consuming dummies could be placed on them. The two *outside* dummies could be "accommodation," approached by elegant and easy stair-ways, and capacious landings, with settees, over each intersecting street. The two *inside* dummies could be through and fast; nothing ever has occasion to cross their tracks, which would always be clear, clean and smooth, and they could make South Ferry and Union Square, (say, stopping at Wall, Astor House and Canal street,) in ten (10) minutes! There are no more cars or omnibusses jamming up with the commercial vehicles; no more the picture of *constipated* streets; every thing is clear, open, speedy; the business capacity of the streets doubled. This structure thus becomes of vast business importance to a crowded city. There is no more a necessity for consuming a quarter of a business-day going to and from residence and place of business. This lowers rents in town, and builds up the suburbs.

Pleasantness.

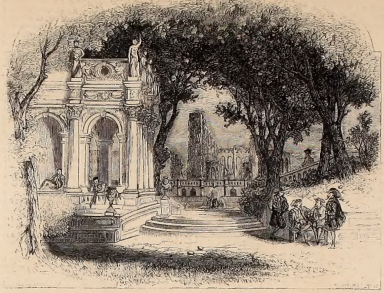
The dummies are cosily warmed in winter, and are airy and free from dust in summer. The rails may be light, because no heavy vehicles ever cross them; they can rest on pads, and have sliding joints, so that the motion is as smooth and pleasant as that of a yacht. There is no more going out into a filthy, dangerous street for a bounding, thundering, corn-smashing omnibus, but the cars may be approached by children unattended. The passengers may look down upon the side-walks and their places of destination; and *thither millions would resort for pleasure riding!* thus relieving the sidewalks. The various tenements may have private landings into the second stories, direct from the cars. The street beneath is dry in winter and storms, and shady in summer, thus forming a pleasant drive for pleasure carriages.

Miscellany.

Even where there is no crowd, this structure is desirable, for the speed and comfort it will give. It could be extended to all the city railroads in one grand consolidated arrangement, with a uniform fare, say, of ten cents, throughout the city, for a stop-over, or transfer ticket, making the ordinary ride, or trip, five cents. It could be owned by the city, and the revenue would keep these [illegible] the city clean, relieving tax-payers.



SCENES FROM RICHELIEU.—1ST ACT.—THE CHAMBER IN THE PALAIS CARDINAL.



4TH ACT.—THE GARDENS OF THE LOUVRE.

EDWIN BOOTH AND RICHELIEU.

We furnish in this number a very accurate portrait of the great actor who absorbs the sensation of the hour—Mr. Edwin Booth—and sketches of the scenes of Richelieu, which has achieved so great a triumph for the present managerial career of the Winter Garden, and which is being nightly performed to the most crowded and enthusiastic audiences ever assembled within the walls of a theatre in New York. The manner in which this play is presented and performed, marks a new era in the drama, and reflects honor alike on the liberality of the manager, Mr. Stuart, on the ability of Mr. Hanley, the stage manager, who carried out the details, on the delicacy of design, and exquisite execution of Mr. Witham, the scenic artist, but above all, on Mr. Edwin Booth, whose genius conceived, and whose taste directed, and who has brought to the production of this piece, the second of his revivals, the same resources which had been already devoted in Hamlet to the illustration of Shakspeare's imagination, and of those scenic chronicles in which the great poet has set down the glories of Denmark. Few will look upon this piece without rejoicing at that generous exultation of feeling, so honorable to the heart of the people, which recently called out from retirement, and charged on to exertion, this great artist, and without being sensible of how great a loss insertion art would have had in the deprivation of his devotion. Even now, though but young, were he to close his career, history might apply to him those lines of the poet:

"Small [illegible] out in that small, most greatly lived this star."

The effect upon the progress of art of such productions cannot be too highly estimated. Charles Lamb attributed much of the imaginative spirit of Elizabeth's age to the palpable picturesque which was so common to us, and which acted, as he considered, as hints to thought and impulses to the fancy. Richelieu does not afford, of course, much scope for what are termed stage effects—for the skill of the scene-painter, carpenter, or property-man—as do Shakspeare's great creations, where even the ordinary reader must discover every where as he advances an opening for some striking and picturesque effect, that shall give greater scope to the fancy—while for the happy few who possess a congenial spirit with the poet, be sure that in every line he wrote there lies a hidden vein of poetry which is only capable of being brought to the surface in "act and complement extern." It was by working so successfully this rich mine in Hamlet, that Mr. Booth has entitled himself to recollection wherever Shakspeare is named, or his memory honored; and in Richelieu, though not offering such gorgeous opportunities, still we see how much can be done by artistic taste and genius employing, with intellectual correctness, the resources of our modern theatres. In the second scene of the first act, the Chamber in the Palace of the Cardinal, where Richelieu is discovered, seated by the old-fashioned fireplace, the magnificence of the man and the period is most thoroughly expressed, down to the smallest minutiæ, and as we strain our sight down the sweep of the long hall, every small trifle of ornament seems in keeping with the spirit of the whole, and to wear a look of reality. Nothing is officiously or gratuitously interposed. The general effect is made out by each separate detail.

Equally splendid as specimens of art are the Castle at Rueille—even the pictures with which the walls are hung,



EDWIN BOOTH, THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.

and the men of armor being, *per se*, of great excellence and value—and the Presence-Chamber at the Louvre. The View of Paris in the distance, from the Gardens of the Louvre, with Notre Dame glittering in the sunshine, is equally fine, though of a different school of picture. They will be all found represented in our engravings. Through each a gorgeous succession of ornaments and objects combines in a simple grandeur and comprehensive magnificence. Everything contributes to the life, vigor, and picturesqueness of the play. So also the minutest person on the scene has his proper task to perform, his distinct and allotted place in the general design. So with the costumes; the nobles are recognizable in dress as well as in name, nearly all of those of the leading characters having been purchased by Mr. Booth in Paris, and being exact to the paraxe and time. The splendor extends to the meanest attendant; the common soldiers wear chased morions, and the knights companions are casid in armor.

Mr. Edwin Booth's Richelieu is well known, but was never appreciated as it will be now, equally from its gorgeous setting as from the, if possible, increased delicacy of finish it wears. It touches every chord in the character of Richelieu with the spirit of a true master. The line which, in this picture of a great Frenchmen, separates the poet from the pedant, statesman from knave, seriousness from wit, grandeur from frivolity, is discriminated with infinite nicety. In Edwin Booth's Richelieu, comedy trends with most graceful ease upon the heels of tragedy, and the mediated dreams of the philosopher and patriot are made to stand out in beautiful relief from the extravagance of playful humor and the turbulence of restless action. The transitions from strength to weakness, and vice versa, which bear so strong an impress of the time and scene, are given with that abrupt impulsiveness which characterized both.

We never saw a personation of greater reality, or one that so sensibly and variously moved an audience with its own emotions. Miss Eytinge, too, acts exquisitely well, and nearly all the parts are admirably fitted. No success, on any stage, within our remembrance, has been more decided, better merited, or more complete.

TRIAL TRIP OF THE PILOT-BOAT HOPE.

THE largest and finest of the New York pilot-boats made her first trip a few days since, and having proved herself the queen of all her class, we record the trip as a matter of history.

Ever on her anchorage, according to appointment, about ten o'clock in the morning, not, however, before a beautiful green battle-flag of one of the regiments of the Irish Brigade, bearing the shamrock, harp, and shamrock, was run up to her mast-head, amid the hearty cheers of the invited guests, and many others who occupied advantageous positions on shore, to witness her departure.

The sailing qualities of the Hope were fully tested by one of her experienced owners, Mr. Thomas Morley, of Brooklyn, in every possible way, and her satisfactory action called forth the expression from many pilots who were on board that she is to-day the best pilot-boat in the water.

This was tested on the trip by the fact that the T. F. Williams, Pilot-Boat, No. 14, which has always been reckoned and admitted the fastest of the pilot-boats, came out on purpose to give the Hope a brush, and was beaten on every point.

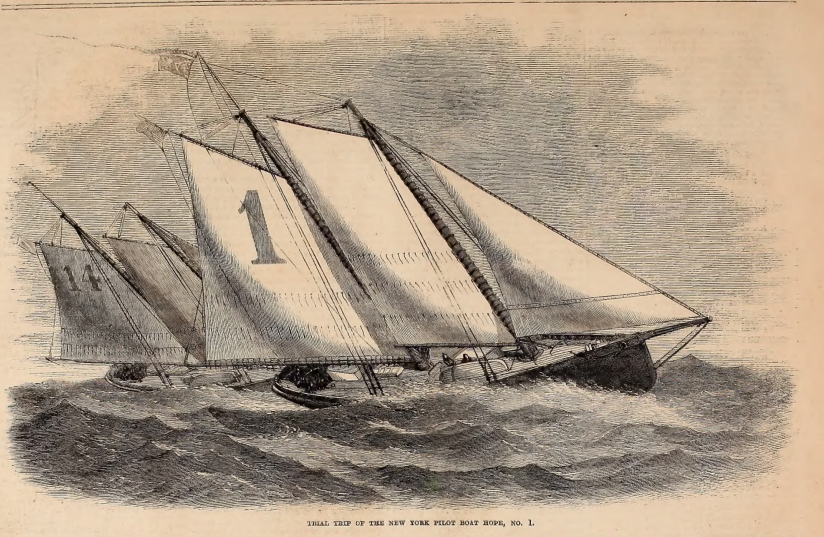
All the pilots in New York were on the look-out for this trial, and one or two of the fastest boats crossed the path of the Hope. The crew of the new vessel, nothing daunted, hoisted their pennant, which is the signal of a challenge. One of the two boats above mentioned, with a courtesy and courage that beautifully illustrates the "kindly sentiment on the seas," made a similar exhibition of her narrow bunting, which was interpreted as an acceptance. Both boats then "hauled close on the wind," when, after a short and exciting contest, the



3RD ACT.—THE CASTLE OF RUELLE.



5TH ACT.—THE PRESENCE CHAMBER OF THE LOUVRE.



TRIAL TRIP OF THE NEW YORK PILOT BOAT HOPE, NO. 1.

Hope shot ahead. The other, on seeing this, "put about" immediately, and "ran a free course," which move was soon noticed by the master of the Hope, who followed suit, giving to the former several hundred yards of advantage. The Hope was soon seen to gain on her adversary, and in an incredibly short space of time "sailed around her," when the master of the Hope ordered his pennant down, which was graciously acknowledged by the vanquished craft.

The Hope then headed for home, when the guests were invited to the cabin, where a sumptuous dinner was prepared by the spirited and, we would say, well satisfied proprietors, Messrs. Morley, Lyons, Keary, Samson, Roche, and Rush. Th good things, which were both numerous and abundant, were partaken of with a relish created by a "sharp sea breeze."

During the homeward trip the invited guests again assembled in the cabin, and after several pertinent and eloquent, though necessarily short speeches, a unanimous resolution was passed, thanking the proprietors for their kind hospitality, and congratulating them on the brilliant achievements of the Hope. The boat was then formally christened by breaking a bottle of wine on her bow, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the persons on board.

It should be remarked that this trial did not show the exact speed of the craft, as her "bottom was foul," having lain at her moorings, buried about two feet in the mud, while undergoing the necessary alterations; besides she had a heavy "iron shoe" on her "fore-foot," to protect her from the ice, and which necessarily retards her speed. Notwithstanding these impediments, she sailed on this trip eighteen (18) miles in an hour and thirty minutes.

The vessel cost her owners $30,000; to-day her owners would not part with her for $50,000, so well has she done her work, and proved herself the pilot's boat.

A RECEPTION-DAY AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

"UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown," says Mr. Shakespeare, and he ought to know.

Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, does not exactly wear a crown, unless it be to his hat; but we venture to say the rule applies, and that our worthy chief magistrate would oftentimes gladly escape from the cares of state, and the too frequent contact with the sovereign people, and bury himself in some obscure spot for a while, where he could be, for a few hours, out of the people, and nothing more.

From the first establishment of our Government, there have always been certain days set apart for receptions at the White House, when all the world and his wife could come and shake hands with, and gaze upon, the President. Under some Administrations this privilege has been circumscribed, and it has been necessary to have an introduction or invitation before admittance could be had on levee-days to the sacred precincts of the East Room; but, in these democratic days, the exclusiveness has been broken down, and all are admitted who behave themselves, and dress is not *en vigueur*.

At these receptions it is customary for the heads of the different Departments, the Cabinet, Foreign Ministers, and all officers of the army and navy in Washington, to pay their respects to the President. The levee is sometimes held in the afternoon, and sometimes in the evening, lasting from three to four hours. During the session of Congress, when Washington is full of strangers, the receptions are oftentimes a perfect jam, and it amounts simply to a procession in and out of the room—no time or chance being given to loiter, or do more than march past the President and exit.

The levees of President Johnson are especially brilliant, and frequenters of Washington society declare that, under no former occupant of the White House has such good order and system reigned, as under the present.

A CHILD thus defines gossip: It's when nobody don't do nothing and somebody goes and tells of it.



A GRAND RECEPTION DAY AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON—THE EAST GATE.

"FRIENDS OR FOES."

[The following letter and poem reach us from Atlanta, Georgia]:

"In your *Illustrated Newspaper* of January 20th, I noticed some very good verses: 'Are we Friends or are we Foes.' I am honest in my wish to see the Union fully and completely restored. I think the Southern people are generally. I know not one, who, I think, would wish otherwise. The time was when we deprecated such a thing; but let the dead past bury its dead; our object now is to rest from the great toil which has rendered our land but a desolate waste. But if the North would have our love, we think they should not seek our utter humiliation. We are men, and to be lashed, and caricatured, as another Illustrated Newspaper considers it its bounden duty to do, galls us, makes us sore, and begets no particle of love."

"Are we friends or are we foes?"
North and South the question goes—
Are we foes or are we friends?
Tell me how the moral tends;
Standing in our garb of blood,
On the soil where freemen stood,
We, the question, ask of those
  Who would grind us 'neath their feet,
Are we friends or are we foes?
  Is the brotherhood complete?

By the blood that fell like rain
On Manassas trampled plain;
By the mem'ry—cherished still—
Of our dead at Malvern Hill;
By that hero's bones which sleep
In the valley, calm and deep;
By our flag, now laid to rest,
  Typing all our bitter woes,
And by every nobler test—
  We would be no longer foes.

We have known a torturing hour,
We have felt the weight of power;
Felt the blow which dashed the cup
As we held it trembling up;
Ours has been the fate which draws
Mourners round a conquered cause;
Madly as we may have fought,
  With the fight our hatred ends;
If our brotherhood is sought,
  We are ready to be friends.

Would ye have us cringe and bow?—
Lick the hand that struck the blow?
And, above our storied graves,
Clank our chains like willing slaves,
Till the dead shall start with fear
As the wailing sound they hear?
If this pledge ye would demand,
  If ye'd have us bend thus low,
Better were the fettered hand,
  While our manhood thunders—No!

Would ye have our love again—
Treat us as becometh men;
If ye'd set our hate aflame—
Taunt us with our burning shame.
"Rebels" we mayhap have been,
But we've known no greater sin;
Let the choice then be with you;
  Rising o'er our mutual woes,
Choose ye now betwixt the two—
  Be it friends or be it foes?

CIGARS FROM ELSINORE.

"Shaw! George, my boy, stop a moment! We have been hunting for you high and low!" said my kind old friend, Mr. Hanbury, who accosted me as I went by, with a gun over my shoulder, after a foray on the rabbits that abound among the sand-hills of the coast. He was an English merchant, residing in Copenhagen, who regularly spent his summers in a pretty villa that he possessed close to Elsinore. He and his family, who had known me well in England while I was a schoolboy, and they had not as yet settled in Denmark, had been very kind and hospitable to me during my sojourn at Elsinore.

"Shaw, my boy! you don't mean to leave us to-morrow in real earnest?" said the merchant, flinging down his newspaper, and coming out under the shade of the cool green awning—welcome protection on that sultry day. I shook my head, saying that I was afraid I must keep to my resolution. Mine was a long vacation ramble, and I was then a young barrister, by no means overburdened with briefs, but still I had some work to do, and there were papers on the table in my gloomy chambers in Pump Court, Temple, which demanded close study, even out of term-time. I had seen everything of note in and about the Danish capital, had made a hurried trip to Stockholm, and must now go southwards. Besides, I was anxious, if possible, to get a glimpse of the war, the Dano-German conflict of 1848-9, which was then going on. All things considered, I really must leave Elsinore and my kind friends.

"But not in such a hurry, I hope," said Mr. Hanbury, kindly. "You see, George, my wife and the girls are wild for one more picnic in those fine woods above Holgerness. And some very great friends of ours have but just arrived at their summer quarters—the Torfes—very pleasant people—people to whom I had always wished to introduce you. My poor old friend, the count, is not as good company as he was ten years since; but Madame Torfe is a charming person, and the young ladies are extremely pretty. So stay till Monday, George, and we will have a happy day to-morrow. Maria will be disappointed if you refuse us, and so will Jane and Carry."

I assented. After all, it was Friday afternoon, and to stay till Monday was no extraordinary sacrifice to make to friendship, the rather that Mr. Hanbury good-naturedly insisted that I should dine at his house every day until my final departure, so that I was saved from any apprehension of dull evenings at my inn. I therefore agreed to make one of the party at the picnic on the following day. It was the first link, this change of plan, in a chain of apparently trivial circumstances which, beginning in the most commonplace fashion possible, were very near having a tragic and fatal ending.

The day of the picnic dawned splendidly.

And I was duly presented to the Torfe family, and could not help owning that the good merchant's significant warning to take care of my heart with Miss Christina, the eldest of the daughters, was not wholly out of place. All three of the other Demoiselles Torfe, like their comely mother, were pretty, amiable-looking girls; but Christina was very beautiful in the national style of pure Danish beauty. She had the true Norse complexion of roses and lilies, the great solemn blue eyes, the fair hair that shone with a golden glint when a stray sunbeam fell upon it, and the broad white forehead, that make up the ideal of Scandinavian loveliness. Count Torfe, a deaf old gentleman with a black wig, an ear-trumpet, and a set of teeth so distressingly artificial as to be always flashing, or rattling, or slipping out of place, whenever their owner opened his mouth, was much older than his wife. He was an infirm old man, and one whose only conversation now was about his ailments. He had come to the picnic attended by his doctor; he was a personage of sufficient wealth to retain the exclusive services of a surgeon, as well as of a chaplain and secretary; and this doctor, a German by birth, had evidently great influence over him.

The day passed off merrily enough. There was a good dinner to be eaten on the grass, with sweet music ringing through the groves around, and with the softened sunlight struggling downward through the interlacing boughs, and forming a gold-flecked pattern on the smooth green turf. There was dancing presently to the strains of the band, and there were songs, and games for the children, and much merriment and laughter.

I can scarcely explain how it was; but the fact remains that everybody seemed to be in a conspiracy to bring Christina Torfe and myself together. My own inclinations may have had something to do with the matter, for the count's eldest daughter was unquestionably the belle of the party, more beautiful, more clever, more winning and gracious than the other girls, and by them also her superiority appeared to be frankly recognized. But Mrs. Hanbury and her daughters, and Madame Torfe as well, were perpetually inviting me to render Mademoiselle Christina some trifling service. At one time Carry Hanbury called on me to explain to dear Christina some passage in her favorite poets, Tennyson and Browning, the diction of which puzzled her foreign eyes. At another, I was entreated to sing a second to the same high-born damsel's performance of a German ballad. Then I was adjured to cut the pencil with which the young lady was preparing to sketch the merry groups beneath the gnarled bolls of the oak trees; and, in point of fact, I was appointed squire to Mademoiselle Christina by universal consent, and spent the greater part of the sunny hours by her side. She was really very accomplished, and not vain of her attainments; and as she spoke excellent English, while I was a tolerable proficient in German, our conversation flowed on easily and pleasantly.

"I have heard so much of you, monsieur, from our friends, those good Hanburys," said Christina Torfe, as the day wore on, "that I really feel as if we had been long acquainted. I am very sorry you mean to leave us—to leave Elsinore—so soon; for you are about to depart, Mr. Shaw, is it not so?"

There was a slight tone of sadness in her voice, as she said this in the most natural way in the world, just such a tinge of regret as we must all frequently feel when we are told at the outset of a pleasant acquaintance that it cannot last long enough to ripen into friendship. None but a coxcomb could have assigned any tenderer meaning to the words of the regretful accents; but, such as they were, they were pleasing to me when spoken by one so beautiful and admired. I replied that I was very sorry to go, but that a barrister's time was not always his own; and, further, that I wished to have leisure for at least a hasty view of the scene of war. Then I stopped short, and felt annoyed at my own awkwardness, for I was reluctant to speak to a Danish girl of events that must recall the defeat and sufferings of her country.

"You are going south—to Flensburg, Schleswig, and so to Hamburg—are you not? You will, no doubt, explore the battle-fields, and the spots that have become famous of late," she said, in a grave voice, but with no trace of pique or irritation. "You will doubtless obtain a pass from the German military authorities, so as to be able to see all that is worth notice?"

I replied in the affirmative. I was a pretty good German scholar, having received part of my education at Heidelberg; and I had German friends, one of whom had provided me with a letter to a staff officer of rank, serving with the Prussian force. I had no doubt of receiving permission, as a neutral spectator, to pass freely through the lines of the Schleswig-Holstein army.

Christina Torfe was silent for a moment; then she lifted her head, and turned her blue eyes beseechingly toward me, saying in a voice that was half playful, half agitated:

"M. Shaw, you will perhaps have it in your power to do me a great favor—that is—" and now she eagerly corrected herself, coloring slightly the while—"that is, not a great favor, nothing alarming; but I shall thank you as much as though it were a matter of life and death."

And these words were spoken in a voice that was all but irresistible. I had no desire to resist it. I expressed myself only too much flattered at having it in my power to be of service, even in a trifle, to Mademoiselle Torfe, and I envied the ease with which a Frenchman, in my place, would have rattled off a score of glib compliments. However, I made myself understood.

Still the fair young Dane did not appear in a hurry to explain the precise nature of the commission which I stood pledged to execute, and there were a few moments of silence.

"You are sure, I suppose," she said at last, "to visit the German camp at Eckernford, where," here her voice trembled again, "where the prisoners are kept?—our Danish prisoners, I mean?"

I replied in the affirmative, with some expression of sympathy for the sorrows of the brave and kindly little nation to which my fair acquaintance belonged.

"One who is very dear to me—my brother—is there, a prisoner of war," said Christina Torfe; and I noticed that she spoke with emotion, for her voice faltered, and her color deepened, and her blue eyes were downcast.

At that moment I heard a slight rustle among the bushes, such as a dog, or even one of those foxes so common in Danish forests, might have caused; but when I turned my head I could see nothing, and my fair companion was too much absorbed in her own thoughts, apparently, even to hear the faint sound. She lifted her eyes to mine at last, and, resuming her usual lively manner, though with a visible effort, she explained the commission with which she ventured to beg me to charge myself. It appeared that her brother, Captain Harald Torfe, fond of smoking, as most Danes are, had a very handsome and favorite cigar-case, a present from some old schoolfellow, and which was his inseparable companion. The cigar-case had, through the bungling of the stupid soldier-servant, who packed the young officer's portmanteau, been unluckily left behind at Copenhagen; and even before he was unfortunately taken prisoner, the young baron—he was a baron as well as a captain—had twice written to request his relatives to send him this missing treasure, but no safe opportunity had occurred. And now that poor Harald was in captivity, and his life monotonously dull, no doubt he was still more desirous of having his pet case restored to him, since he declared that no cigars taken from any other receptacle possessed the same flavor. Would I—I, George Shaw, of the Inner Temple—forgive Mademoiselle Christina's presumption in trespassing upon a stranger's good-nature, and convey the cigar-case safely to its gallent owner?

"My brother will thank you heartily, I know; and if, when this dreadful war is over, you should revisit Copenhagen, we should all be so glad," said Mademoiselle Torfe, and then suddenly started and turned pale, as the broad-brimmed hat, green spectacles, and snake-like head of Dr. Blumenbach were protruded from a neighboring thicket, and the doctor himself, blandly smiling and bowing, came pushing his way through the fern and brambles, to announce to the "*hochwohlgebornen fraülein*" that her very noble papa, his illustrious patient, had twice inquired for her. Nothing could be more politely deferential than the doctor's manner, and I could not help blaming Christina in my heart for the haughtiness with which she received his *suave* civilities. It was evident that he was no favorite with her, and the dry "Thank you, Herr Blumenbach; you will oblige me by telling papa that I shall return directly," was made still more repellant by the freezing glance of the blue eyes. The doctor took the hint in good part, however, rubbed his hands together, bowed, smirked, and, assuring the "*gnädige fraülein*" that he should have the honor of delivering her message, retired at a brisk pace. We followed more slowly; and as soon as the bony figure of the doctor had vanished among the smooth stems of the beech trees, my fair companion exclaimed, passionately:

"I hate that man; I am sure he is a spy!"

This speech was couched in the Danish tongue, and it seemed to be uttered as a soliloquy rather than addressed to me; but the emphasis with which it was uttered almost startled me.

"A spy?" said I, turning in surprise. "Surely not. In the first place, he must be known to and esteemed by Count Torfe; and, besides——"

"Had he but just come up at that moment? or had he been listening?" interrupted Christina, anxiously; and then, seeming to shake off her anxiety by a sudden effort, she told me that she was very foolish, that antipathies were beyond our own control, and that she was quite ashamed of her dislike to Dr. Blumenbach, who was, after all, a clever practitioner, and of much service to her father. As for his being a spy, she laughingly said that his being a German, and his wearing tinted spectacles, were the only grounds for such a suspicion; and even if he were the most ubiquitous of eavesdroppers, we had not been talking state secrets, and might afford to take all Berlin into our confidence. And then we rejoined the party, and the rest of that holiday afternoon was spent without the occurrence of anything worth mentioning.

On Monday morning I started for Elsinore, having in my portmanteau the much-valued cigar-case, which had been forwarded to me on the previous evening, along with a tiny pink note, that contained only a very few words of playful entreaty on the party of Christina Torfe that I would not forget her commission. I examined the cigar-case with some curiosity. It was a large and handsome one, of embossed silver, very splendidly emblazoned with the Torfe coat of arms, and with a baron's coronet, and the letters "H. T.," in Gothic characters, below the heraldic cognizance. It was lined with Russia leather, and contained six cigars, Havanas of very good quality, to judge by their pale amber tint and the delicate satin-like smoothness of the twisted leaf. I was scarcely surprised that the owner of this costly pocket companion should be attached to it, especially as it was the gift of an old friend. And I anticipated some pleasure in transferring my charge to its proprietor, whose name, with the number of his regiment, I had duly entered in my pocket-book.

I found but little difficulty in obtaining the pass which I required to enable me to come and go freely within the German lines. The Prussian staff-major, to whom I presented my letter of introduction, did not disguise from me, as he handed me the magic slip of paper, signed by Marshal—then Lieutenant-General—Wrangel, that the favor was not one granted every day to amateur sight-seers. However, I was a friend's friend, and he was satisfied with my word of honor that I was not the bearer of any secret despatches or private messages to any of the Danish partisans within the Duchies.

My thoughts frequently reccurred to that scene in the wood, on the day of the picnic at Holgerness. It was not alone that I remembered Christina's rare loveliness, and the affection for her brother, which had prompted her to seek every opportunity of alleviating the monotonous sadness of his captivity. But there was something strange in the manner in which the request had been preferred.

The more I thought of it, the harder did I find it to account for the marked agitation which Christina Torfe had displayed during the interview. The favor she had asked at my hands was a very petty one—one of those trifling services which cannot be refused without churlishness, and which would not, under ordinary circumstances, cost the person who should render them a second thought. Why, then, had there been so much excitement, so much hesitation, on the part of the fair petitioner? I instantly dismissed from my mind the idea, however flattering to myself, that Mademoiselle Torfe was not insensible to the personal merits of George Shaw, Esq., of the Inner Temple. Christina, with her thoughtful eyes and proud mien, was by no means likely, not only to give away her heart unasked, but to betray a preference for an absolute stranger. Besides this, the Danish aristocracy, though affable and unaffected in social intercourse, still retain their feudal prejudices when matrimony is in question. And the junior barrister, tenant of a grim set of chambers in Pump court, and thankful for a brief, was no fit match for the daughter of the rich Count Torfe. Still, why had the young lady shown signs of such evident emotion—emotion, too, which she would manifestly have been glad to hide, and which was intensified by the sudden appearance of that green-spectacled German doctor, who had, I could not but own, the very look of a spy.

"Halt! halt, there! Give the word!" called out a beardless Prussian sentinel, whose German had a strong Polish twang in it; and he brought his musket to the "charge" as he hailed me. I started at my reverie being thus roughly broken in upon, and saw the tents of an encampment close before me, clustered around a great old farmhouse over which a flag was hoisted, and which was probably the commandant's quarters. I had arrived at the camp I sought, and a young guardsman, from Posen, was preparing to prove his skill with the newly invented "needle gun" on my person, since I had invaded his post without observing him. I gave the word, however, which I fortunately had received from a civil commissariat officer at Eckernford, exhibited my pass, and was committed to the charge of a corporal and fatigue party, who happened just then to pass. My guide was paid and dismissed, since none of the peasantry, without special license, were suffered to enter the camp, and I was at once escorted into the presence of the officer on duty in the nearest guardhouse. This gentleman was polite enough. He read my pass carefully over, compared the signature with an autograph that he had by him, and returned it with a bow.

"You will excuse these formalities, I trust," said the Prussian, smiling good-humoredly. "We have our orders, and our commander, Major Rothenthurm, is not the man to permit any laxity in their execution. And only this morning special instructions—— But I will not delay you any longer, meinherr. You are at liberty to visit all parts of the camp, the grand guard and quarter-general excepted."

I was offered the services of an orderly, as it would be hard for me to find my way without guidance; and as the orderly was an intelligent young fellow, with a pleasant face and civil manner, I thankfully accepted the offer.

While conversing with him, and as we passed between the turfy hillocks and sandy hollows that intervened between the quarters of the Prussian guard and those of the Danish prisoners, we almost stumbled over an old man in black clothes of clerical cut, with a broad-brimmed hat, from beneath which fell his long iron-gray hair. He was on his knees, carefully digging up some roots with his pocket-knife, and a wallet half full of roots, bulbs, and other objects, lay on the ground beside him. He took off his hat and bowed politely to me as a stranger, and I returned the bow and the "golden daeg," and passed on.

"That is old Herr Pastor Kruse, the clergyman of Eppheim," said the orderly; "though he's a Dane, he's free of the camp, by special orders from headquarters. He is an odd old man, but a good pastor, though he certainly must be crazy about botany and entomology to hunt beetles and wild flowers, as he does, in the very middle of our batteries and battalions. But he is a corresponding member of every learned society in Europe, and Wrangel, Berg, and all the generals, know all about him, and he goes where he likes without being molested. But here are the Danes, meinherr. What was the name of the officer you desired to see?"

"Captain Harald Torfe," I answered, "of the regiment of ——" But here the words died away on my lips as a long loud shout came rolling from afar, and immediately afterwards followed the quick menacing rattle of the Prussian drums. My companion started, while even the Danish prisoners lounging in the sunshine clustered together with anxiety depicted in their faces.

"That is the 'alarm,'" observed my guide. "What can be amiss?"

This question was soon set at rest. Twenty

soldiers, headed by an officer with his sword drawn, came hurrying up at a run, and several voices demanded:

"Where was the Englander?"

And before an answer could be returned, the captain at the head of the party laid his hand heavily on my arm and bade me consider myself under arrest, in the names of the König von Preussen and the commandent of Eckernfiord. My first impulse was to shake off his grasp, but the futility of resistance was but too plain.

"What is my offense?" I asked, angrily.

The sergeant, who had been interrogating my soldier guide, here broke eagerly in:

"Herr Captain, the orderly declares that this Englander openly avowed his wish to speak with Captain the Baron Harald Torfe, to whom he had something to deliver. That will make matters clearer to the honorable court-martial."

"Bring him along," cried the captain. And between a file of soldiers with fixed bayonets I was hurried away. My expostulations were quite unheeded. Indeed, no one listened to a word I said, and I soon desisted from the useless endeavor to explain my own innocence of all design hostile to the majesty of Prussia and the Germanic Verein.

I addressed myself to the aide-de-camp, demanding, as calmly as I could, the reason of my arrest. But the Prussian was not disposed to be communicative. He merely frowned, and ordered the sergeant to "keep the prisoner quiet;" and I determined to wait until I should be brought before some superior authority, when I could not doubt that the mistake, whatever it was, would at once be cleared up. I waited and waited, in a fever of annoyance and perplexity, while still the drums beat and the word of command resounded without, and still the military automata around me wrote and ciphered, filling up pages and columns with their neat, small handwriting, till the monotonous scratching of their pens upon the paper grew hateful to my ear. At last the door flew open, and I was bidden to "advance, for the court-martial was ready."

In another minute I found myself in a large room, in a condition of piteous wreck and disorder. Six or seven officers were seated at a table littered with papers, while a number of soldiers and one or two nondescript persons, like clerks in uniform, stood in the background. The most prominent figure, however, was a broad-chested old man, wearing several decorations, and whose white mustache and grizzled head, closely cropped, contrasted with his purple and swollen face. All the other officers were young men, and I could not doubt but that this savage-looking veteran was Major Rothenthurm, who commanded at Eckernfiord, and whom I had incidentally heard described as a tyrannical martinet.

Major Rothenthurm eyed me very sternly and grimly, much as a tiger might eye the victim lying crushed beneath his cruel paw, and cut short my efforts at remonstrance with almost a roar of angry imperiousness. He then curtly informed the "court" that the proceedings might begin, as the accused was before it; and at a sign from the major, a sergeant, who acted as greffier, dipped his pen in the ink before him, and prepared to write. The "interrogatory" began at once, and I, indignant as I was at the harsh injustice of my treatment, deemed it best to answer the questions. In answer to the president, I told my name and profession, whence I came, and why I had sought an interview with Captain Torfe, of the Danish service. The cigar-case was drawn from my pocket and handed to the president. The fierce old officer held it in his clutch, and continued to stare at me with the expression with which a cat surveys a half-dead mouse.

"You have nothing to add to your confession, Herr Shaw?—nothing, I mean, that may give you a claim to the mercy of the court?"

"Nothing, Major Rothenthurm," I answered, with rising indignation. "I want no mercy from you, but simply to be set at liberty. You are either under some strange delusion, or you are ——"

Here a hand was pressed upon my mouth so forcibly that my speech was cut short, while the major looked around, and said, sternly, to the greffier:

"Write that the 'suspect' Shaw, native of Warwickshire, England, insults the court and rejects its clemency. And now, sir, what say you to this proof that your artfully devised scheme to convey concealed dispatches to the Danish prisoners has failed to hoodwink the Royal Prussian officers?"

So saying, the major deliberately opened the splendid box of embossed silver, drew out a cigar, and carefully untwisting the outside leaf of amber-hued tobacco, disclosed a tightly-folded roll of delicate tissue paper, thickly written over in small characters, that had hitherto lain invisible in the centre of that treacherous Havana. A second, and third, and so on to the sixth and last, also gave to view, on the process being repeated, a similar roll of paper.

The papers were unrolled, and three of the officers present, being acquainted with the Danish language, undertook to translate the contents for the information of the court. As for myself, I was fairly struck dumb, and I cannot wonder that my surprise and confusion were attributed to conscious guilt. But my ideas had not yet had time to clear when one of the interpreters announced that the contents of the documents so cunningly concealed corresponded with the warning Major Rothenthurm had received. The dispatches were addressed to Captain Harald Torfe, and urged that officer, well known for his daring and address, to organize an outbreak among the prisoners, and to head a rising on a given day, when the guards might be overpowered, and the escape of all the Danes secured.

The writer further promised, that on the day in question, a flotilla of Danish gunboats and other small vessels would put into the fiord, prepared not only to embark the escaped captives, but to land a force of marines and seamen to their aid; and so well was the affair planned, that, but for treachery, the scheme might probably have been successful.

Nor was I long left in doubt as to the name of the spy who had played a traitor's part. One of the younger officers thoughtlessly said that "Dr. Jacob Blumenbach was a useful bloodhound;" and when those beside the careless speaker uttered a warning "Hush!" the president gruffly remarked that the indiscretion mattered little, since the English "suspect" would not have much chance of holding further intercourse with his Danish friends in Copenhagen.

Then I was removed, while the court should deliberate on my case; nor was I permitted to speak again. Indeed, it would have been of little use. I had already related the simple truth, which had been received with sneers and incredulity. I was marched away to the kitchen of the farm, then full of soldiers, who stared at me, but did not address me. Most of these men were convalescents not yet fit for duty; but there was a regular guard, and the sentries at the outer door were doubled. In twenty minutes a young officer, a lieutenant, came out of the farm parlor. His face was pale and his manner nervous, I thought, as he approached me, a written paper in his hand.

"It is my duty, Herr Shaw, to communicate to you the decision of the court-martial. It is a painful duty, but I cannot reject or modify it," said this gentleman, who seemed a kind-hearted young fellow, and who vainly tried to speak with official formalism as he went on, huskily, "you are found guilty on all the charges. The sentence is—death!"

"Death!" I repeated, incredulously. "You are trying to frighten me. This is a jest!"

"It is grim, hard earnest," said the lieutenant, shaking his head; "here is the sentence in writing. You can read German, I believe?" And I tried to read the writing which he thrust into my hand, but the written words danced before my eyes, and I was unable to decipher one letter. For an instant I was stupefied. Then I spoke out, and to some purpose. Solemnly I protested my innocence; angrily I inveighed against the glaring mockery of my trial. And I bade my hearer remember that I was an Englishman, and that my country was neither slack nor slow in avenging the blood of any of her people unrighteously shed, so that retribution would not fail to overtake those who should murder me under color of law.

To this the lieutenant replied, not unkindly, that the responsibility rested with Major Rothenthurm alone; that what I said might be true, but that the major was the very last man in the Prussian service to attach weight to the displeasure of a foreign power; that he had a strong dislike to England and Englishmen, and that he was thoroughly bent on making a severe example of me, that future attempts of the sort might be checked. Briefly, orders must be obeyed.

"When is it to be?" asked I, in a voice that did not sound like my own.

"At sunset this day," the lieutenant answered, and left me, directing the sergeant to allow me to sit down, and to let me have any refreshments that I might require, but on no account to lose sight of me for an instant. I was thrust into a chair, and there I sat like one who has received a stunning blow. Presently I heard the sound of a voice addressing me kindly, and I looked up and saw Pastor Kruse, the Danish clergyman, standing over me. He was speaking to me in English, but the words had to be twice repeated before I gathered their meaning.

"This is a sad affair," said the old pastor, "but I, for one, am convinced of your innocence. I have been speaking to the major, but he is obdurate. If you will tell me the plain truth, I may save you yet." And indeed, on hearing the whole story from my lips, the good old man declared his intention of setting off at once to General Berg, at Schleswig, an officer whose authority was paramount in the district, and of soliciting at least a respite of the iniquitous sentence.

"I know him well. We are brother naturalists, and he is a good man," said the pastor; "and old as my nag and I are, we have strength enough left to make light of the leagues on an errand of mercy. Keep a good heart. Your life is safe, or my name is not Ephraim Kruse."

But when hour after hour of that long sultry day went by, and no reprieve arrived, I began greatly to doubt whether or no I could depend on the pastor's cheery assurance.

Twice I earnestly entreated to be allowed an interview with Major Rothenthurm, in the vain hope of inducing him to hear reason, but this was denied. Otherwise I was not ill-used. Food was repeatedly offered me, and when I refused it, and asked for writing materials, these were supplied, though I was warned that the letters I wrote would be perused by the commandant, and forwarded or not, according to his good pleasure. I was told, too, that the Danish prisoners were now very closely watched, that guns loaded with grape were pointed at their quarters, and that half the troops in camp were kept under arms to frustrate any outbreak; also, that Captain Harald Torfe, and other captive officers, had been placed in confinement, and were to be questioned in the course of the day.

The day wore on. The shadows grew longer and more slanting, and the level yellow rays of the sinking sun streamed through the western window and fell on the brick floor; but still no signs of Pastor Kruse's embassy having been successful. My mind was growing weary. I had thought long and sadly of dear friends at home, whom I should never see again; of my life so rudely cut short; of my day-dreams never to be realized. I thought, too, of Christina's conduct. The trick was a cruel one; but I was convinced by her agitation, well remembered now, that she was averse to the part she played in the plot, and that others had persuaded her to dissemble thus. And probably but for the treason of that green-spectacled snake of a German doctor, the *ruse* would have succeeded, and——

"It is time, Herr Shaw," said the young lieutenant, coming in, with his sword drawn, and accompanied by three files of soldiers. Quite passive and apathetic, I permitted myself to be led away, followed by a murmur of compassion from the wounded soldiers in the kitchen. At the outer door the rest of the firing party stood in waiting, and I was conducted onward among the grassy mounds, to a spot where there was a deep sandy hollow. Here a grave had been dug. The pioneers had just finished this portion of their work, and they waited, leaning on their spades, to fill in the earth that should cover me from men's sight for ever. A rude coffin, of unpainted deal, lay beside the grave. The firing party was hastily drawn up, and as they faced me, the sergeant produced a handkerchief to bind my eyes. As he touched me, I seemed at once to become awake to the dreadful nature of my position.

I began, for the fourth time, to protest my absolute innocence of any military offense, but in vain. I was forced down on my knees, and blindfolded. They left me kneeling beside the trench, and I heard the words, "Attention! Order arms!" The muskets rattled. But then there was a shout, the tramp of a horse, and next a hearty cheer from the soldiers.

"Reprieved! A reprieve for the Englander! Huzza!"

The bandage was torn from my eyes, and I found myself in presence of an aide-de-camp of General Berg, who had ridden hard from Schleswig, as the condition of his reeking charger proved, but who was only just in time. The general had been absent from the city when Pastor Kruse arrived, and had not returned until it was almost too late to hope that the messenger of mercy should reach Eckernfiord before sunset. However, I was saved, and having been sent to Schleswig, was there set at liberty, General Berg being sensible enough to perceive that I had been made a mere scapegoat in the matter.

"You will make the best of your way to England, I suppose," said the general, good-humoredly; "and keep out of old Rothenthurm's way in future, I advise you. That old man—he won his way up from the ranks in the French war by sheer dogged courage—is a terrible Turk, and might have involved us sadly with your country, but for Pastor Kruse. But I see plainly how ill you have been used. Why, Mademoiselle Christina has no brother at all, as I am informed. The captain is a cousin, and the young people have been betrothed from childhood, in the old Danish fashion."

And such was the case; for, long afterward, I heard from the Hanburys, whom I found it hard to forgive for their share of the plot, that Count Torfe's eldest daughter had, at the conclusion of the war, been married to Baron Harald, her cousin.

"OLD SWEDES' CHURCH."

THE Old Swedes' Church, or as it was called by them, The Wicaco, or otherwise spelt Wicacoa, which name was given to the place by the Indians, was one of three churches built and used by the Swedes. Of the others, one was at Christina (now Wilmington, Del.), named after their queen, and the other at Tinicum, on the Delaware.

The first permanent settlement on the shores of the Delaware, appears to have been made by the Dutch, consisting of thirty-four persons brought over by Captain De Vries, in 1630-31; but he, having occasion to return to Holland, left the colony in charge of an inexperienced individual, and they were all, in 1632, exterminated by the Indians. De Vries returned in December of the same year, and entering the Delaware, found no signs of the colony he expected to meet, save their bones. We date, therefore, the first permanent settlement of the Dutch on the Delaware about the year 1633. This appears to be the earliest period claimed for them by their own historians.

It was in the reign of that illustrious king, Gustavus Adolphus (who lost his life in the battle of Lutzen, in November, 1632), that an attempt was first made to plant a colony of Swedes in America.

William Usselinx, a Hollander, had formed so favorable an opinion of this country, representing it as a fine fertile land, in which all the necessaries and comforts of life were to be enjoyed in overflowing abundance, that he presented the king the idea of a trading company. Upon his representation, a company was established, with power to trade to Asia, Africa, and the Straits of Magellan. The king issued his proclamation, or edict, dated at Stockholm, the second day of July, 1626, in which he offered to people of all conditions, liberty of shares, by subscription, according to their ability or inclinations.

The proposal was received with general satisfaction. The court, many civic and military officers of high rank, the bishop and clergymen, merchants, citizens, country gentlemen, and farmers, became subscribers. Ships and all necessaries were provided. An admiral, vice-admiral, commissaries, merchants, &c., were appointed. The work was ripe for accomplishment, when the German war, and soon after the death of the king, put a stop to the proceedings, and for the present defeated the intention of sending to America a Swedish colony.

About ten years later, Peter Menewe (or Minuit), the first Governor of New Amsterdam (now New York), after his removal from that position by the appointment of Van Twiller, and profiting by his knowledge of the country, went to Sweden, and informed some of the principal gentlemen that the Dutch had settled on the east side of the Delaware, but that the whole of the western side was unoccupied, except by the Indians. He urged a settlement there, offering to conduct the enterprise. The project was well received, and, in particular, was favored by the prime minister, Count Oxenstein.

He laid before Queen Christina the plan of a colony; she was pleased with it, and gave, in 1636, her orders for the execution of the same.

A ship called the Key of Calmar was fitted out from Gottenburg, and Menewe was appointed commander of the colony. The Key of Calmar was accompanied by a smaller vessel called the Bird Grip (or Griffin), fitted out in a like manner; Reorus Torkillus accompanied Minewe, as the first Swedish missionary, and died here in 1643, aged thirty-five years. They arrived in safety, obtained a grant of land from the Indians, extending from the mouth of Cape Hen open to the Fall of Sanhican (or Trenton Falls), and there fixed stakes and marks. The purchase was formally stated in writings, under which the Indians put their marks. The document was sent to Sweden, and preserved in the archives at Stockholm.

The people settled on the creek still called Christina, and erected a fort at the mouth of it; naming both in honor of their queen.

The manner in which Pennsylvania became settled by the English is well known. The large territory comprehended under this name was granted by Charles II. to William Penn, in compensation of a large sum owed by the government to his father, Admiral Penn. Penn came over in 1682, and founded the city of Philadelphia.

The Swede's, who were owners of the soil, opposed the undertaking, but by kind promises and other means were, after awhile, induced to agree to it. Penn offered the Swedes' a portion of land, where they might live together, and enjoy their own customs; but they preferred remaining as they were, which their descendants seem to have bitterly regretted.

About this time an impostor, who bore the name of Koenigsmark, arrived among the Swedes, and having gained many adherents, especially among the Finns, raised a sedition, though with what object does not appear. This man was apprehended, branded, and exiled.

His followers were fined, and some lost their land. The disturbances occasioned in this manner seemed to have lessened the good opinion Penn had formed of the Swedes. He continued, however, his good offices toward them; and having before this returned to England, sent them books and catechisms, and a folio Bible for their church.

It is not certain as to the exact time, but just before the attack of the Dutch, under Stuyvesant, or soon after, which is the most likely, from the growing animosity of the Indians toward them, the Dutch ordered the Swedes to erect a block-house at Wicaco, for defense against the Indians. As the distance to Tinicum rendered an attendance at public worship there very inconvenient, this block-house was converted into a church. They applied to the Rev. Jacob Fapritius, of New York, who accepted a call to Wicaco, where he preached his first sermon on Trinity Sunday, in the year 1677, in the Dutch language, which the Swedes, from the intercourse they had with that people, and the close affinity between the two languages, well understood. He officiated as their pastor for fourteen years, nine of which he was blind. He died about 1692.

Three others were chosen by the Archbishop of Upsal, with and by the consent of King Charles XI., of Sweden, as clergymen of the Swedish churches in America, the 15th day of July, 1696: Jonas Auren, for Racoon or Penn's Neck Church; Erick Biork, for Christina Church, Wilmington, Del.; and Andrew Rudman, for the Wicaco Church.

They left Sweden in the ship Palmbottom, Capt. Hogen, on the 4th day of August, 1696. They encountered a violent storm in the North Sea; were compelled to put into London, England, and there they were detained by the authorities until the 4th day of February, 1697, when they sailed in the ship Jeffris, Capt. Cooper. After ten weeks, they reached the coast of Virginia, and, entering the Chesapeake bay, they landed at Annapolis, Md. After remaining about two weeks, they obtained a shallop, and landed at a place called Transtown (probably Frenchtown), situated on the Elk River, from which place they were taken by their friends to their new homes, on the 27th day of June, 1697.

In 1697, the church at Wicaco was a half mile from the city of Philadelphia, and the minister's garden and mansion-house were four miles from the city, at Point Breeze, on the Schuylkill river. The population was very thin, and scattered all along the river-shore, so that some of them had to walk or ride sixteen miles to church. Nevertheless, Mr. Rudman says: "They very regularly attended divine service on Sundays," &c.

On the 28th day of May, 1698, they laid the corner-stone of the Old Swede's Church, at Christina (now Wilmington, Del.), and on Trinity Sunday, of the following year, 1699, it was dedicated to service.

The Swedes near Philadelphia commenced preparations for the building of a new church, at the same time with those of Christina; but the undertaking was delayed a year or two, on account of their not being able to agree among themselves as to where the building should be erected. Those who resided on the banks of the Schuylkill, and lower down, wished the church built at a place called Passyunk (now Point Breeze), and those on the other side wished it built on the Delaware, at Wicaco. After several fruitless attempts by each party, a general meeting of the congregation was called on the 17th day of May, 1698, when the lower inhabitants proposed to have the matter decided by lot. Accordingly, two pieces of paper were prepared, on one of which was written Wicaco, and on the other, Passyunk; these were shaken in a hat, and thrown upon the ground, when, upon taking one up, and opening it, the name of Wicaco appeared. Dissension at once ceased, and all joined in a cheerful hymn of praise.

The same bricklayers and carpenters who had built the church at Christina, were employed to build the one at Wicaco; and on the second Sunday after Trinity, in the year 1700, the Rev. Erick Biork, of Christina, preached the dedication sermon, from 2 Sam., v., 29. Mr. Biork says "The churches at Christina and Wicaco will cost us about $20,000" (Swedish money). He mentions the fact of the two Governors and their suites visiting the church at Christina, Francis Nicholson, Governor of Maryland, and Governor Blackstone, of Virginia, the former being their great patron.

The church alluded to above as dedicated in 1700, is the one of which we give an engraving.

There is still preserved in this church, on the front of the west gallery, an antique representation of two cherubs, with their wings spread over what is intended to represent the Holy Bible, on one of the open pages of which is the following passage from Isaiah, in Swedish characters: "The people who walked in darkness have seen a great light," etc.; and on the other page, that passage, also in Swedish characters, from the New Testament, in which the angels, at the birth of the Saviour, are spoken of as celebrating the event in the anthem of "Glory to God in the Highest," etc.

The present bell of the Wicaco church has the following inscription upon it: "Cast for Swedish Church in Philadelphia, styled Gloria Dei, partly from the old bell, dated 1643. G. Hedderly, Fecit, 1806.

"I to the church the living call,
And to the grave do summons all."

The Rev. Andrew Rudman preached his farewell sermon at Wicaco, on the 19th day of July, 1701, and departed the next day to enter upon his duties in New York and Albany among the Dutch. How long Mr. Rudman officiated in New York is not known. He found the climate did not agree with his constitution, and his health becoming impaired, he took measures to obtain for them a Dutch clergyman to supply his place. After leaving New York, Mr. Rudman officiated for some time at the English Church at Oxford, and afterward, upon the Rev. Mr. Evans leaving this place for England, he took charge of Christ Church, in this city. He continued to officiate in that until his death, which took place on the 17th day of September, 1708, aged forty years. His remains lie beneath the chancel in the Wicaco church. The parsonage still remained at Passyunk until 1733, when they finished another, which stood, until about 1821, when they erected the one which now stands beside the Church. There is but one stone in the yard that contains a Swedish inscription; and the oldest stone contains the following:

"Here lyeth the body of Peter, the son of Andreas Sandal, Minister of this Church, who dyed April ye 21, A.D. 1708, aged 2 years and 4 months.

"Here also lyeth the body of Andreas, son of Andreas Sandal, who died August 13, A.D. 1711, aged 2 weeks and 2 days."

There are several stones that are under what was formerly the central aisle, the present being a wood flooring, built above the original one, which was of tile or slabs.

The Old Swedes' Church, as it is familiarly known, is the oldest church in Pennsylvania by several years. It has had twelve different rectors during the last 166 years, and is known in its connection with the Protestant Episcopal Church in these United States. The church has a gallery running on the north and west side, also on the west end, in which is placed a small organ. The congregation comprises about 600.

When Jenny Lind was in the city of Philadelphia, she attended service at this church, and although she took every precaution to prevent the public from knowing of her intended visit, by driving in a different direction to that of the church, yet, upon her arrival, it was soon spread, and they were forced to close the doors leading to the galleries, for fear of their breaking down with the crowd, anxious to catch a glimpse of the Queen of Song.

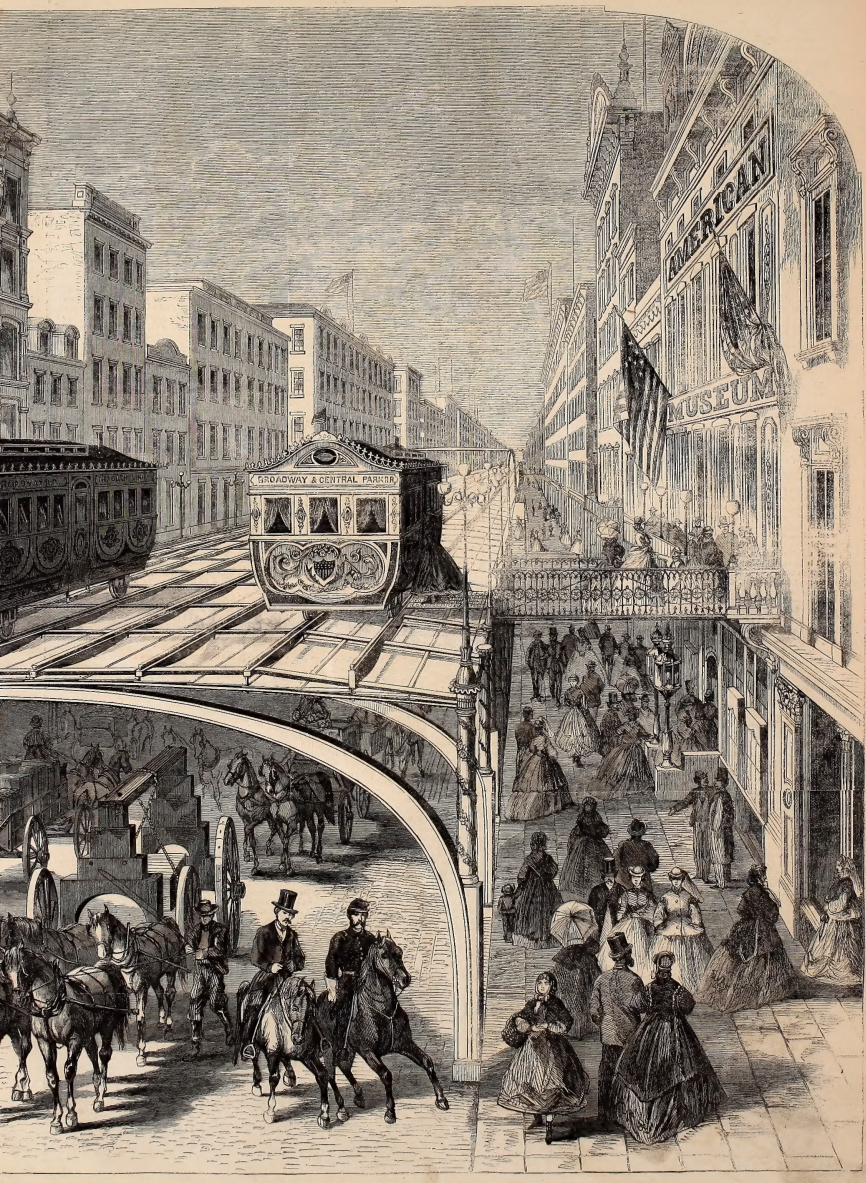
In front of the door stands the sexton, who has been connected with the church for thirty-four years in that capacity.

On the 14th day of November, A. D. 1831, a meeting of the congregation was held, and among other matters of interest, "they feel the necessity, from the little knowledge of the Swedish language remaining among them, of having clergymen set over them who had received their education in this country, etc." Up to this time they had been supplied from Sweden.

On the north side, and adjoining the church, was a two-story brick house, used during the occupancy of the city by the British as a picket-post and picket-quarters. Among the officers was one young man who had been very earnest in his attentions to a very pretty young lady in the vicinity, and who finally seduced her under promise of marriage. He was in the habit of walking in the grave-yard each day, and while doing so, a report was heard, and the officer fell a lifeless corpse; his body was carried into the house, and every effort made to discover the assassin, but to no purpose, and it remained a secret as to where from, or by whom the shot was fired. At length the property was sold, and the order given to tear it down. While the workmen were removing the roof, a rifle was found stowed away between the rafters and sheathing, well rusted, and showing unmistakable signs of long disuse; there were also found blood-stains upon the floor, just under a small window, looking down upon the church-yard, but who placed the rifle in that position, or whose life-blood left its indelible stain upon the floor, has never been revealed; yet, those who related the story just given, and which has passed into the annals of Philadelphia, say that that young lady had a brother, who was never seen after the occurrence of this tragedy.



BROADWAY RAILROAD—THE GRAND ELEVATION OF THE OVERGROUND RAILROAD.—DESIGNED AND PATENTED BY WILLIAM HEMSTREET, BROOKLYN.



OUND RAILROAD.—Designed and Patented by William Heinstreit, Brooklyn.

NOT YET.

BY MISS R. V. ROBERTS.

Not yet! not yet
The time hath come to cease this weary toil.
The daily struggle 'midst the world's turmoil,
To shake from off thy mind its grasp and soil—
Not yet!
The constant fret and worry—cark and care,
Like sculptor's chisel, delicate and rare,
Fashions thy soul to lineaments more fair—
Not yet!

Not yet, not yet
Hath come the time to say: "It is enough,
I weary of this battle—long and rough;"
A true brave heart is made of firmer stuff;—
Not yet!
Thou must not lay thy trusty weapons down.
However weary of the combat grown,
Thou canst not claim the palm—the victor's crown,
Not yet.

Not yet, not yet
Thy finished work appointed hath been done;
Nor the long, persevering race, been run,
And the sure peace of patience won—
Not yet.
Then hast not plucked away all noxious weeds,
Then hast not sown thy measure of good seeds,
Nor filled thy stint of self-denying deeds—
Not yet.

Not yet, not yet—
Not till each wayward thought hath been subdued;
Till thou hast trampled down each bitter mood,
And learned to count each trial, sweet and good—
Not yet.
Till free from envious wish—suspicion mean,
Thy spirit hath been purged, all pure and clean,
And thou o'er conquered self art absolute queen—
Then—but not yet.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAKE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER LXVI—CONTINUED.—UNDER PRISON BARS.

"Do you believe me guilty?" demanded Anthony.

Sleuth's soul had rightly divined what was coming, and what he would have to prevent—the asking himself of Anthony a corresponding question, supposing he avowed at once his belief in Anthony's innocence.

"Anthony, reflect, I pray you, just one moment. You have been charged before me—me, a magistrate—with the commission of one of the most awful of crimes. I do not know—I don't want to know, till obliged—what duties this may impose on me as a magistrate, but I think I may safely say that I cannot, at once, be a party to your prosecution and a secret sympathizer who tells you—whether he may believe, and hope to see proved—that you are innocent."

"Perhaps I might agree with that, Dick, if you weren't so long-winded. I will not follow your example, if you are going to say—"

"I am not going to do anything of the kind, Anthony—not now. But when you are acquitted —and you shall see that not a thing shall be left undone, to discover all facts that may—say, must —tend in that direction, if you are innocent—then, indeed, I will be on the question; and then, if I get my full acquittal from you, it will be dearer to me than if I had stood in the felon's dock, and there delivered the verdict: 'Not guilty!'"

"The felon's dock! By heavens, Sleuth, at times I think you come here to drive me out of my senses. Your words are admirable, your acts seemingly beyond reproach, your aims kind—yet you throw in, every now and then, words, tones, looks, that, if I could doubt myself or my fate, would impel me to do so."

"Perhaps there may be a reason for that."

"What is it?"

"Bear with me, and I will confess—ay, all. do not think, then, you sufficiently weigh your danger."

"What!"

"Let me tell you this. When the whole subject was gone into, at the doctor's, Mr. Macguire and myself, through the movements of that wretched vagabond, Stonor, whom we had before us, the weight of seeming facts were so fearfully heavy, that I felt crushed by them to the earth; and though I hope the best, it would be no true act of a friend to urge you to do other than be prepared for the worst."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Laugh not, Anthony; I shall be glad, even, if it is my words that excite you to harmless mirth. But is it harmless?"

There was a cold, steely glitter in Sleuth's eyes that checked abruptly Anthony's bitter laugh. He didn't understand it, but he paused, thought about it, and was altogether more guarded through the rest of the interview.

"What do you want me to do or say?" he said, after a painful silence.

"I want you to get time."

"Time! For what?"

"For the discovery of fresh facts."

"Why, the assizes don't begin for two months yet. What more can I want than that?"

"Listen, Anthony. What I have to say must not go further." The magisterial attitude of mind here so far overpowered the instinctive individual attitude, that Sleuth drew Anthony to him, instead of himself going nearer to Anthony. "Mr. Macguire's clerk, who was present, said to me afterwards: 'If those facts are all proved, and no opposite ones brought to smash them, there's evidence to hang a dozen men! So, for heaven's sake, don't you or he underrate the danger.'"

It would be wrong to conceal the fact that Anthony's face did blanch a little at this, that his words became abrupt—full of agitation and brief fits of wild excitement—that his bones trembled, and his limbs seemed to own no master.

For a moment, however, only. With a strong effort of self-control in the midst of his impetuous wanderings to and fro, with a brief pause, in a dark corner of the cell, while he offered up a prayer, like a cry of agony, that appeal against wrong, he came back with a smile on his face, thinking of Clarissa's letter.

"Well, Dick, I will fight, anyhow; trust me for that. Anything more?"

"Can you ask me, Anthony? Do you not yet see what I want to say, but have not the courage to bring out?"

"I do not," said Anthony, simply; for he was already recalling expressions of his mistress's letter. And, to own the whole truth, Anthony wearied of Sleuth's visit, and rather wanted to evade fresh surprises leading to nothing that he could rest on satisfactorily. But Sleuth's first half-dozen words sent Clarissa and her young forgetfulness, and revived in sudden vividness all his interest in the dialogue.

"Anthony, you are wise, you'll evade for the present this trial!"

It was almost with a laugh of surprise that Anthony exclaimed:

"Evade! Well, that is cool! Do you mean I shall put my hand in my pocket, and find there the keys that will unlock every gate and set me free?"

"I say, Anthony, that, for the honor of the family, for the sake of your future life, and ultimate good name, you must—"

"Ay, what?"

"Fly!" whispered Sleuth, but without the slightest gesture other than a lifting of the eyebrows. "Fly. I will risk all that is involved in securing your escape. I will, even, if closely pushed, say plainly: 'Well, I own I did give my cousin a chance to do at a future day what he can do to-day."

"Don't be too sure of that," interposed Anthony. But Sleuth went on, as if he would not be interrupted:

"And if I must resign my commission as a justice of the peace, I do it willingly."

"This would not only save me, but you, *Dick!*" said Anthony, in a low, penetrating voice, that seemed to go to Sleuth's marrow.

"Of course, I do not mean that. If no present trial takes place, I am necessarily left unquestioned. What then? Does that alter the fact that you—the only one of others at present most deeply interested in the discovery of facts to prove your innocence—are crippled by being here, so long as you only wait developments, and will be a prey, therefore, to the worst of all miseries—that of losing inactive while in the greatest danger?"

"Grant that, it is—you must own it, Dick—a very convenient arrangement for you. I escape, while you fall. You are left to work out what was best when it came to the push,' My character gets a new and blacker dye. You stand before the world safe—distinguished, your office—a martyr to your love of me. Admirable plot, if only the chief actor would play in it. I won't, and I tell you honestly, Dick, that nothing shall induce me— But enough; we had better separate."

"And you will not, even for *her* sake, save yourself and punish her?"

"Sleuth, by the Lord, I'll break every bone in your body if you dare again hint at that. You understand, Sir? Not a word more against my wife! Nothing you, I wish to be calm, so I ask you quietly what you mean when you say I can punish you?"

"If, Anthony, you can believe this thing, what could be finer—more truly poetic in its justice than that you should take me at my word, get out, save the family name, and, by sound your secrecy, then to commit me—if I am the true criminal—by hunting up, and marshaling into a state of irresistible proof all the facts that must be denied you where you are now?"

Anthony was struck, and was silent. He could not deny that Sleuth had touched the truest heart of an innocent prisoner's anguish in these words. A hundred times already had he said to himself, "If I were but free! If I were but free to investigate!"

Sleuth pursued his advantage:

"On your honor, Anthony, and I are the true enemies, who must now fight a deadly combat. Very well. It is a fair combat? You a prisoner, I a free man. You, in the meantime, clapping over your name, I, a respected, and, I may say, a popular magistrate. You prepared, I venture to think, with an amount of knowledge of the paper with the evidence that made Mr. Macguire's clerk speak so strongly. Anthony, I am not a fool. You can trust my honor, and be glad to shake hands with you, and hurry out with the conviction that you were a lost man, and that I was only to guard you against a fatal spirit or remorse."

Anthony began now seriously to question himself. He began to think that somehow Sleuth was not only dominant in this meeting, but dominant partly through the superior moral position he had taken up. His thoughts were turned to a new channel by the next words he heard:

"Anthony, I am very—very miserable. I lament the day my uncle came to seek me at the chemist's shop; I lament my own silly dreams of social splendor; I lament that the discovery of the coldest gave me such realization of my dreams, as alone they were capable of. If that had not happened, I also I have had one true friend to this hour. No. I am alone! Unfit for the world I live in, unfit for the world I quitted. A stranger to the one man whom I have loved."

"Well, Dick, let us wish the next few weeks safely over for both of us, and then—"

"Ay, that's it! That is what I want to hear. You accept, then? You will go, if I can open the Hemdon doors?"

"No!" exclaimed Anthony, hastily, and with a passionate gesture, as if he were thrusting from him an idea that, for the moment, had tempted him. "No; I wouldn't have come here if could have helped it. I would have let the past sink to oblivion, and have trusted to time and my own character to have kept my future unompromised. But the blow had been struck that compels me now to look first to the enemy, whoever he is. I am charged publicly. I will now defend myself publicly. Dick, I thank you all the same. Perhaps I have used angry and unjust words. You must not measure me too much by what I have been in such things. I feel at times as if I should lose my senses, but that is only a passing mood. I am calm now. Feel my wrist pulse, and you will be satisfied that all is well within."

"Anthony, whatever I may say or do—I mean in fulfilling my duty—shall remember you at this moment, and feel sure of your innocence."

"You say so? You really say so, Dick?"

"I do."

"Then you can say no more. And if the seeming truth kills me, I will say it is *that*, and not Dick Sleuth, who has struck coldly. I trust to God, and his knowledge of my absolute innocence."

They shook hands. Sleuth went away, and Anthony sat down on his narrow bed, and tried to collect his thoughts, that had been so strangely distracted, and so unnerved by Mr. Stamp's arrival, who was, however, otherwise engaged.

CHAPTER LXVII.—IN CONCLAVE.

MR. STAMP'S private business room at Hengston, where was the favored legal representative of most of the county families within a large surrounding circle, usually previously had persons in it who had assembled there on business quite as momentous to them as that which now calls three persons to it at present; but certainly the presiding genius of the place (Mr. Stamp) had never before felt so deep a personal interest and anxiety as he did in the one that belongs to Harris's story of Anthony's arrest, and in looking on the bright, saucy, intelligent face M'Dean, now somewhat changed, while also taken into the confidence and who he was—the alderman's grandson, and the son of the very man who had originated this charge against Anthony Hemdon.

Mr. Stamp's first impression was that the whole story was trumped up by Bob, and that he had been induced by him to take a position to be compelled to own their share in the robbery, and that therefore they had, as he (Bob) must have anticipated, taken up Alderman and knowledge of the murder.

"If you see, my friend," he said to Harris, "that Bob has the keen acute enough to know that the law, having caught them, and transported them for one offense, won't care to go into another offense, and that Bob's murder is a very different thing. So they own the robbery, and stoutly deny the murder; and Bob, having got to the mercy of others, is having exhausted his son's patrimony, comes back to speculate on this charge of murder. I'll lay my life on it, if we know all, that Bob just as much brought the charge against Mr. Sleuth as against Mr. Anthony Maude, but for private reasons of his own."

"And what may those be?" asked Harris, in his usual matter-of-fact way.

"Well, it's a ticklish subject to go into. He may have thought one gentleman could be frightened, and the other not. He may have thought one would pay well, the other not, to have the charge hushed up."

"I'm sure no doubt, sir, you understand these things a deal better than I do; but if I may be so bold as to suggest—"

"Well?" and I confess to you I am at present utterly in the dark."

"Well, sir, it's this. This man—Bob, or Stonor —hasn't been seen since. But I can speak to: and if he has been to this Mr. Sleuth, he must have failed there, or why did he go on?"

"Ah, Harris, I see you're keen, as if he thought he had himself a case against our friend, and one that he wasn't inclined to compromise. I have sent a clerk to Bob's to get me any particulars of what is doing. I'll inquire if he has come back."

He rang the bell, and the clerk referred to entered, as if he had been waiting for the ring as a signal.

"Only this, sir," he said, handing to Mr. Stamp a great poster, which he held, lightly doubled by holding the two ends, between the tips of his fingers.

Mr. Stamp spread it out on the table; and Harris and Esau, seeing his look of wonder, approached and read:

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD.

Whereas, late in the night of the 22d of June, 1816, Silas Maude, Esq., commonly known as Mr. Alderman Maude, was feloniously murdered by a shot from a fire-arm, in his bed-room at Rock Villa, Hengston, Surrey, aforesaid, and whereas it was supposed at the time that he was killed by two men who had broke into his dwelling, and carried off various articles of property, but that there is reason now to believe that other unknown parties were concerned in the crime, either as concert with the burglars (which they deny), or acting independently of them, the above reward will be paid by the nephew and heir of the said Silas Maude, Esq., to such person or persons as may bring the murderer to conviction and punishment; or, failing that, from any unforeseen cause, to such person or persons as shall be able to prove, to the satisfaction of one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, who *is*, in his opinion, the real criminal. Dr. Pompeus, of Eddington, (the nearest friend of the said Silas Maude), has consented to act in this capacity, and he will also gladly aid in any inquiries, and be responsible for any expenses that may seem to him legitimately calculated to promote discovery.

"Hem! hem! hem!" coughed Mr. Stamp; "this is about the shrewdest thing I ever met in a long professional life. What say you, Mr. Harris?"

Harris shook his head, and was evidently unable to think of anything but the secret connection between this placard and his friend and partner, who seemed to him in greater danger than ever if, as seemed to be the case, the man and just men who had sensed this bill were also the men who had advised the issue of the warrant for the arrest; for he and all had been at one with that, although Mr. Macguire's had been the hand, the decision had been that of Mr. Macguire, Dr. Pompeus, and Mr. Harris.

"Well," said Mr. Stamp, "what say you to this idea: suppose this worthy gentleman (Mr. Bob) has tried it on upon Mr. Sleuth, and has extracted this? Eh?"

"You do not mean it?" said Harris, starting up in affright.

"I said, 'suppose.' On the theory that the burglars did not murder the alderman, people generally will say that it is the case, who did."

"Who?" asked Harris, in an agitated voice.

"Why, they will say that it must be one of the two gentlemen who were in the house that night. I go further. I say the public will promptly conclude that it is that one of the two who was, as we say, 'left out in the cold;' one who had a as important limitation—who thought himself so. For it is quite conceivable the man who shot the alderman, did so, thinking the estate would pass from him if he did not, and then, too late, discovered his error."

Then, seeing Harris's distressed look, he added:

"But this is over-refining. The broad facts are, that our friend, Anthony Maude, is in prison; that it is this Bob who put him there, and that he will get a reward of a thousand pounds from Mr. Sleuth, if he succeed in proving his guilt before a court of justice."

"Awful! It's really awful! But the bill says he may get it even by satisfying Dr. Pompeus."

"Yes, and that is enough. It is intended to prepare for such a contingency as the guilty man's flight or death before conviction, and so on."

It was a singular coincidence; but, since these words were uttered, the time was the same, or very nearly the same, as that in which Sleuth was in the prison, urging on Anthony to flight.

"Well, gentlemen," continued Mr. Stamp, "I thought I would see you before I went to our unfortunate friend, who now waits for me, and is cursing me, I fear, for my inhumanity; but I will now, if you please, ask you to amuse yourselves as you can for an hour or two, while I go to the prison."

They were separating, when Mr. Stamp exclaimed, hastily:

"Stop! there's Miss Pompeus!—at least, I think it is her, although she is so closely veiled. Excuse me one moment."

He went out, and almost immediately returned with Clarissa, who, seeing Harris, went up, took his hand—that was so shyly stretched out, as if in doubt of the propriety of the action of the eyes, while he felt how she trembled, and continued to tremble, while he, fearing she was fainting, seated her. Then she beat her hand, but they and the spectators all turned away in respect, sympathy, and awe of the passing storm.

She did not long remain thus. She drew herself up, raised her veil, and Harris almost forgot, in the wondrous sweetness of that face, and of its calm, the bitter misery evidence of the eyes.

"I am so glad to see you," she said, in a low, quivering voice, that gradually strengthened as she proceeded. "I—I—my brother thought he had better not come himself; but—but he knows I am here."

Of course no further explanations were needed.

"And this is Esau, too, my old acquaintance, is it, and Mr. Maude's kinsman?"

"And friend!" said Esau, with some pride.

Clarissa looked at the animated face, but could not think of him—not then. She sighed deeply, and turned to the lawyer.

"Mr. Stamp," she began, authorizes me to say he will be glad to see you at any time, and he will always be at your service, if you think he can in any way promote the interests of your client, which he is beginning, even now, to believe will be the interest of truth."

"Well, Miss Pompeus, I have little to say at present, and I would have preferred to reserve that little till after my interview with Mr. Maude; but, as you have favored me with this visit, I will try to put the case into a nutshell:

"Supposing the burglars to speak truly—and I won't say that they do not—but supposing this, I say, the two facts on which it is most desirable instantly to obtain additional information are these—who was it that the landscape saw going to the safe-room, immediately after the murder, and before any warning had been given? Mrs. Milton at first thought it was Mr. Milton, but I have, perhaps, from the sound of his step, or some slight indication of that kind, subsequently forgotten; but what she saw the man, lastly, and in half darkness, she thought it was Mr. Anthony, mainly, I judge, on account of the light coat which the man wore, and which was of the same kind to the same shoe Anthony wearing, as he knelt by the bedside of the murdered man. That is the first critical question. And as Mrs. Milton, but I have no hope of fresh light from that source. We are to the second question: Who was it that wrote that pencil memorandum in the back of the cheque, so strangely discovered? My dear Miss Pompeus, you know, without a word from me, what I think. Improbable, as absolutely as you can, the belief that Mr. Anthony Maude was really the party concerned in either of these transactions; but if we cannot clear him up—"

The lawyer was silent. So, also, was Harris. So was Esau. Clarissa turned away, and again seemed to undergo some fearful convulsive of feeling, but which she mastered so heroically that, almost before any one was conscious of the

fact, she was gazing on them with a face pale, but also seemingly as impassive, as marble.

"It would be a startling solution of the whole," said Mr. Stamp, "if Bob himself should prove to be the murderer. Most likely he knew of the robbery, and he may have fancied it a splendid opening for wreaking a bloody vengeance on the old man for his unforgiveness to his daughter and that daughter's husband."

They all caught at this, but just when they were beginning to think the case was getting quite clear, Mr. Stamp threw all back into confusion by saying:

"I fear that hypothesis must be dismissed, for none but a born idiot would willingly himself re-open such a matter, though, if it were re-opened, he might gladly enough jump to the idea of obtaining safety from suspicion by getting somebody else into the dock."

"That's just Mr. Sleuth's position—is it not?" said Harris, a little incautiously.

"Mr. Harris will please to remember he speaks of a magistrate and highly-respected gentleman."

Then, seeing how the poor man was taken aback, he said, graciously:

"Of course, were Mr. Sleuth in question—which he is not yet—it would be advisable to say what has been said. But we must be very cautious. I don't want to give Mr. Sleuth the remotest occasion for showing jealousy of our proceedings. I wish, indeed, to see a little of Mr. Sleuth's own views and attitude before I go any further."

Then, after a pause, he said:

"I suppose no one sees how either the lightcoat question or the penny-pencil-marks and cuticle question can be cleared up."

"Ask Miss Phillis?" suddenly said Esau. "I think she knows more than you'll easily get out of her."

Mr. Stamp was greatly interested in this suggestion, however, and could get nothing further from Esau than that the latter had seen Sleuth at one time kissing Phillis—Esau colored a little as his sawyy, inquiring eye just then turned to Miss Pompess—and at another he had seen them in quarrel, and Phillis in wild distress.

But what Mr. Stamp heard from Miss Pompess what he had not known before—of Phillis's late attack on Sleuth, and her arrest, and committal to prison, and maiden—his whole manner and countenance underwent a great change. He became wonderfully cool, self-possessed, airy, used few words, would not let Miss Pompess finish, but promptly brought the meeting to a close by a few words of his own:

"Miss Pompess, if I did not say before what was in my mind, about your conduct in coming here, let me say it now—not by words, but by a suggestion. Mr. Sleuth—I don't care not go further—but it is possible, I say, that you may have Mr. Maude's fate entirely in your hands."

"I? Indeed, sir!"

"You. I know what I say, and I say less than I think. It is no time to be sanguine. It is a time for reserve, hard work. I see many things to do, which I shall begin on the very moment I leave our captive friend. But they are all slight, I may say; yours is not. We don't think that woman probably lies the solution we all seek. But you say she is mad. That, probably, is only the first of a long series of sober, grave shocks of disappointment. She may get better; but she will require very careful handling for some months to come. She might talk to you, might confide to your things— But you understand?"

"Yes, yes, sir, I think I do."

"I have a most intelligent clerk, Mr. Goaden, whom I will place at your service. He is a most discreet young man, fully—old enough, young half to be your father. So if you want aid without waiting or wishing to consult me, call him to you. He'll be prepared, ready or to go on an inquiry into the next street here, or to start by tomorrow's Indiaman to Bengal."

"Thank you. Please let me see him before you go."

"Come, then, if you please, with me. Mr. Harris, we may see more to-day—unless I do this: let none of us at present tell even to our right hands what our left hands know."

CHAPTER LXVIII.—BEHIND THE PRISON SCREEN.

CLARISSA'S courage almost failed her when she began to realize the true character of the duty she had undertaken. Though she said nothing to Mr. Stamp about her father's objections, she knew they would prove most formidable when she began to talk to him and mixed her up in Anthony's position and fate before the whole world—and that, in addition, threatened to be to himself a constant source of moral vexation and anxiety, by taking her away from his society.

One by one, however, she accepted all her tasks, and fulfilled them. She had a long interview with Mr. Goaden, the clerk, which ended in his departure that night for Phillis's home in Chamberlad, to fetch Mrs. Hilton, the goddess, who might be not only help them in their endeavors to release Phillis, but who might be otherwise useful during the next few critical weeks.

Then Clarissa addressed herself to her father, and kept up an unceasing fire upon him for a couple of days, in suggestions of the importance to a magistrate of discovering the actual truth. These heavy attacks she followed up by lighter ones, full of coaxing solicitude and lavishness. Then, by artful insendees as to her father's sympathy with a man in misfortune, whom in prospect by he had quarreled with, by smiles and tears, and protestations as to her future prudence, if he would only allow her to be a little imprudent now, she wrung from him, before he well knew what he was about, permission to go to the prison, some fifteen miles off, where Phillis was confined. And then, though he repented, Clarissa was so grateful to him—so loving—so altogether charming, particularly whenever she saw signs of relapse, that he hadn't the heart to say any more—not that night—but went to bed, nevertheless, determined to fight the whole over again at breakfasttime, when, however, she was nowhere visible. She had guessed the danger, and evaded it by an early departure.

Two hours later she and Mr. Goaden stood in the waiting-room of the prison, while a matron went to the governor to ask for permission to see the two visitors. Clarissa had taken care to fortify the request by sending in a card that showed who she was—the daughter of Dr. Pompess, the well-known and highly-esteemed medical man.

Prisons were not then quite the formal, routine-governed places they are now. But the new ideas were penetrating through those hideous walls, slowly and fitfully; and one of the customs that had been recently established was likely to prove a barrier to all further advance to Clarissa's part. She and her companion were led through one dreary corridor after another, hearing at times the wild moans of female maniacs, that could hardly have been more horrible than it was if she were at the moment enduring some unutterable torture. Clarissa trembled, and began a list-ener to it—shrick following shrick, each louder and madder than before, as if in accumulating ecstasy of anguish, terror, or utter senselessness.

"Don't be afraid, miss; it's only a mad woman lately come in. Nobody's meddling with her."

"It's not only that," said Clarissa.

"Oh, dear, no—not the young person you come to see. She's quiet enough now, poor thing! She's even got over, I hope, getting off of her hair, which distressed her very much."

Clarissa said no more, and presently, after more passing through three doors, which the matron were unlocked and relocked as they moved, the three persons stood in a place dismal enough naturally, but with the misery of the scene made by a thick wire screen, which shut off a space beyond.

"If you will wait here," said the matron, "I will fetch Phillis Conyngham. You will see her the other side of the screen, but I must warn you that you must not touch it. I have been stationed at the door and heard what all that passes."

As the matron went away, Clarissa could not help wringing her hands in distress, and whispering to Mr. Goaden:

"I can do nothing! I can do nothing! I shall never be able to say what I have come to say—never for thinking of the other woman there, who is watching us. Cruel, cruel fate! Who could have foreseen this!"

"Pardon me, madam," said the clerk, drawing her a little aside, "but you must not forget that the matter is, after all, not so alarming in appearance than in reality. The main things sought are, I have no doubt, the observance of certain prison rules—to prevent improper things passing from hand to hand, check evil talk, and generally to guard the interests of justice. I think you must do just as you have done with her; and if you checked, you can but take heed of the precise error, and go on again. Your presence, you may depend on it, will trouble herself little, knowing who you are."

Clarissa's eyes were drawn away by the light that entered through an open door behind Phillis's place, and that literally dazzled by the pathetic beauty of the disfigured head that appeared, and which, the instant it caught sight of Clarissa, began to work over again all the former pangs of shame at the loss of the hair. An exclamation, as if she could not help herself, but broke down her, was followed by sobs; and for a time Clarissa could see little, and hear only the kind voice of the matron, trying to make Phillis calm, and regain her composure.

"I think she's better now," said the matron, after a little while, advancing, and speaking through the wire.

"Phillis," murmured Clarissa, in tones that seemed literally to plead to the unhappy woman to have faith, and take comfort, and recognize a sister.

"You, miss," was heard at last.

Clarissa saw the matron had moved as far away as she well could, and she reminded herself of Anthony, and his possibility as she might never again be able to influence this woman, and then she felt suddenly her fears and timidity die out, and her own faith and courage return.

"Phillis, I come to you as a friend."

"God help me! I want friends."

"Are you friendless?"

"I'm no longer mad."

"Would you like to get away—"

The matron interposed. But Clarissa said, with a smile:

"Oh, no, my dear madam; I am no prisonbreaker, Phillis, I say, can and you will see my aim is a very innocent——"

"And perfectly legal one," observed the clerk, in a low tone.

"And perfectly legal one," repeated Clarissa, "as a very respectable gentleman and lawyer, who is with me, assures me."

The matron was silent, and drew back, but evidently in a watchful attitude.

"Phillis, Mr. Sleuth does not prosecute you, is there any one else that can?"

"No," said Phillis, sharply, for she had, at that moment, caught, amid a fresh beam of light, a glimpse of Clarissa's face and hair, and she thought of Sleuth, and his admiration for this beauty, and it seemed to her that she remembered the sweetness and kindness of the tones and words addressed to her.

"And if you were set free, do you think you could throw any light on the charge brought against Mr. Anthony——"

"What?" almost shrieked Phillis. "What charge are you talking of?"

"His arrest for murder."

"Murder! Murder! Is it you who are mad, or my wits again failing me? Murder of whom?"

"Of Mr. Alderman Maude," said Clarissa.

"Merciful—merciful—merciful heaven!" Phillis murmured slowly, with hands pressed against her temples, and her eyes raised heavenward.

"You think him innocent, Phillis, do you not?"

There was no answer, only low and inexplicable murmurs of sentences, out of which even the matron could make nothing.

"You think him innocent, don't you?" repeated Clarissa, while she listened, as if a single word in answer might clear up the horrible mystery.

"I know he is. I—I—— What did I say? I think he's going as it went before. Sweet Lady, I mustn't let it do that. No, no. I can tell you nothing. Murder! I am very sorry both, for you and him."

"Then, even if I could move the authorities to release you, you cannot hold out to me any hope of helping to clear up this dreadful mystery?"

Noticing there was no immediate answer to this, the clerk whispered, so that no one but Clarissa could hear:

"Move as if to go away."

"Phillis, I came here, I repeat, as to a friend; but if you wish to be friendless——"

"Oh!" moaned the miserable woman behind the screen.

Clarissa yearned to tear down that screen, to clasp her, warm her with the glow of love, and then appeal to her; but she saw her duty, and shut up, or to speak, her feelings.

"You know my father, Phillis, is a magistrate, and I thought he might have spoken to Mr. Sleuth, but he would not listen to me on any point unless I can go to my father and say, 'If this unhappy girl be forgiven and released, she will be able to render me valuable aid as regards Mr. Maude.' But it is not so. Farewell, then."

Clarissa waited, but there was no appeal to her to stop.

"I'm going, then, Phillis," she moved a few yards as she spoke. "You'll wish me good-by?"

No; Phillis would not part at silence.

The door was reached. Then, and then only, was there a piercing cry of misery raised that compelled Clarissa to turn and wonder.

"I think," said the compassionate matron, "if you'll give her time, she'll speak to you."

No, no, Clarissa knew, as if uttered under the breath.

Yes, you will. Now I understand the lady's object; I am sure to you that, if she can obtain your release, by stating truthfully that you can give information——"

"Ay, truthfully!" echoed Phillis, in a hard, strange tone of voice.

"God knows, Phillis, you shall never say a word untruthfully at my instigation."

"May I ask you a question?" said Phillis, suddenly, in a tone so peculiar, so intensely quiet in the surface, so full of concentrated agony below, that all listened in wonder.

"Yes."

"Does he—not Mr. Maude; I don't mean him—does he love you?"

Clarissa felt, in an instant, the full force of the query and its immense significance. She had only to say, "Yes, he says so," to know that the woman before her, on whose action hung all, would probably leave the door flung all caution to the wind, and become her very slave, through the thirst for vengeance.

But, after the emotion in Clarissa's face, and guessed the truth; but, with exemplary taste and judgment, said not a word.

Clarissa now could have conceived of a more cruel position. Was it not possible Phillis might even become untruthful, and try, in her thirst for vengeance, to make out the truth, but to ruin Sleuth, and so only to save Anthony?

"You won't answer that?" said Phillis, with an air of malignity.

"I will, so far as I can. I do not love him."

"Yes, yes; I understand. Quick! What do you want of me?"

"Stay, Phillis. Let your kind friend there, the matron, hear me now assure you that it is truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, that is asked from you. Therefore, let no secret feeling move you to speak falsely to me——"

"You waste precious time. There is no need to fear you can blacken him. I can speak! I will!"

"About the light coat?" murmured Clarissa, almost breathless with the agitation of her thought; she was afraid to speak.

"Ay, and more."

"Do you solemnly say that to me now, after my warning to you, and in the presence of these persons, in the presence of your own aroused sense and conscience, in the presence of God?"

"I do say so."

"Enough. Calm yourself, Phillis, dear. Trust to me, not only now, but hereafter."

"Hereafter!" said Phillis.

Laughter and cries of infensest anguish, jostling with each other, answered that unfortunate word.

"Phillis."

"Yes."

"As to Mr. Sleuth?"

"Ay, as to him."

"It is from him, perhaps, may have to come the order for your release. I don't understand these matters; but it is certain he must be persuaded you are repentant."

"Oh, tell him I am very repentant."

"Full of penitence that you have done, on recovering from your temporary aberration of mind——"

"Say I'm sorry; that'll do, I think. I am sorry be you sure of that now."

"And if it were to do over again——"

"Would do very different. Be sure you say that."

"In fine, I may say that, if you are released, you will not, under any circumstances, repeat your violence, but trust you will tell the whole truth?"

"That is all! All! God knows that is all my heart's earnest desire now."

"And will you trust me? I don't think you will send me undercurrent."

Phillis's heart smote her. All the fierce passions that had been raging during the last few minutes, below the forced outward demeanor of calm, appeared, under Clarissa's last slight and last sound, in that prison, were the spectacle of the passionate-hearted woman praying for her, and almost choked with the violence of her grateful emotion.

THE HIPPOTAMUS AND ITS YOUNG.

THERE can be little doubt that the "Behemoth" of Scripture, in destinct with the animal we have named Hippotamus. In the fortieth chapter of the book of Job, Behemoth is spoken of as an animal "that lieth down in the shade of the trees, in the covert of the reeds and fens;" "whose bones are as tubes of iron;" "He eateth grass like an ox;" "He shady trees cover him with their shadows, the willows of the brook compass him about;" "Behold, he drinketh up a river, he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth."

Although the researches of geologists have put it beyond doubt that, at a remote period of the world's history, the hippotamus was common in Europe and Asia, it is now found only in Africa, and there not universally; with the exception of the Nile, none of the great rivers that fall into the Mediterranean producing it. He is a shy brute, and retreats rapidly before civilization; though he is found in the large and solitary rivers and lakes, running from the confines of the Cape Colony to about the twenty-third degree of north latitude, that hippotamus is found at home and at his ease.

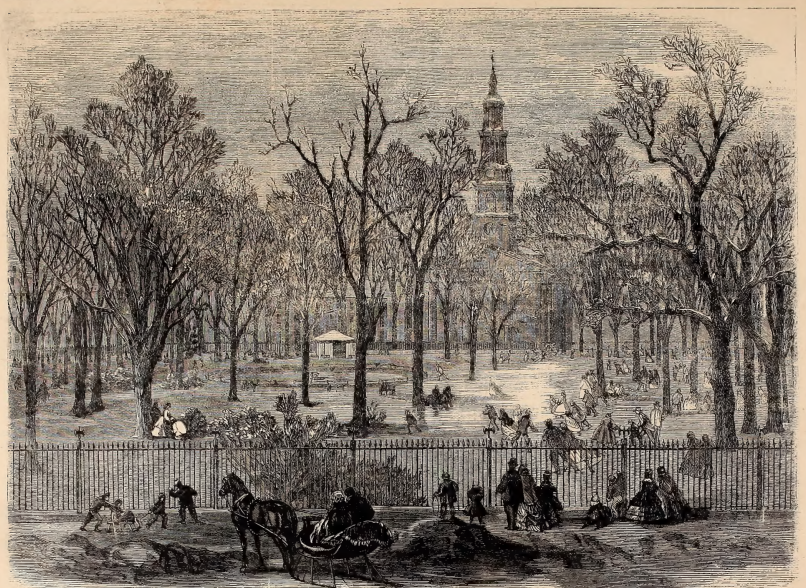
And no beast of the field can boast of a home so vastly grand and luxuriant. The great silent lake spread out on every side, with fairy islands dotting between—islands covered with trees of the largest growth, and with dense vermillion, and some the color of flame. Fancy coming and passing the night in such a retreat! Savage scenes lake some at one's time, and the effect was not lost on that observant traveler. He says: "We were close to the reeds, and could listen to the various sounds which we often heard there. By day I had seen waterspouts cutting up their heads and swimming about, and at night the voices of others with all their little snores all over the plains, in search of the fatten among the tall grass. Large flocks of crowned crane birds, too, jerked and wriggled amongst these reedy masses, and we heard human-like voices, and unearthly sounds, which, in the jungle, pah, as if one were going on in their uncouth haunts."

Hippotamuses commonly found in families of from ten to thirty. Cramming once had a prime opportunity of observing the discovery of these animals on the banks of the Limpopo. "Presently, in a broad and sleigh-shaded part of the river, we heard the snorts and blowing, and on approaching somewhat nearer, the whole family of hippotamuses, about a dozen, in a semi-promontory of the island, stood about thirty cows and calves. They were in great opposition, and before them, stood about twenty more sea-cows, with their heads out of the water, and their ears flying, their forfurs down the river, again showing out their heads, were about a dozen more bulls, which I knew were all bulls and about a hundred yards below these, in the direction of the island, stood another herd of cows and cow with calves, and two large bulls. The sea-cows were large, long-bodied, low-legs, and as black as the mire, have not the least objection to their neighbors galloping their heads on their necks and tails."

They always choose a convenient landing-place, one where the bank slopes long and very gently, and that they use till they have eaten up all the provender which is due in that locality. They remain ashore, they, when for an hour, and sometimes two hours, near the landing, remaining about themselves, and listening for danger. The slightest token of the hunter's presence, on such occasions, is sufficient to drive away the herd. If danger appears, they begin to wander ashore in two and threes. Mr. Cumming, when Dr. Livingstone's Essential Africa, he observed a peculiarity of this brute before leaving the water. When wallowing, and that for a great many times, the movements of the hippotamus are so unwieldly, and so much like those of a ship, which give its mouth so savage an appearance, are developed that he took up the long-range gun, on which these animals feed in great part. Often I have seen one descend to the bottom, remain there a minute, and re-appear with its tusks strong with grass, which they then balance on their nose.

It has been asserted of the hippopotamus, that he is even more dangerous than the pig, but experts in modern and trust-worthy explores decidedly negative this assertion. The reader may please himself about panning his faith to that great marvel-monger, Pliny, who tells us that the long cunning and sagacity of this beast is so great, that he will walk backward in order to mislead his enemy." The hippopotamus certainly, in these go-a-head times, is too enlightened to indulge in this trifling, and scrap-preventive, at least he has not been observed at the trick latterly. They are however, wonderfully keen in scenting danger, and will pause at the brink of the most naturally covered pit, for fear of treading on the weak crust. In fact, if it be a man discovered in their regular paths, is enough to rouse the suspicion of all the animals in the vicinity of the neighborhood, and taking their young ones on their broad backs, they will migrate—several miles sometimes—to safer quarters. Nor will it in a hurry return to a pool that has once been approached by the human enemy, man. "When once a hippotamus has been surprised in his watery dwelling," says Mr. Samuel Smith, "it will rarely be guilty of the same indiscretion a second time; and although the animal may again be approached by hunters till after a long period has elapsed, the latter survey such opportunities to perform the movements necessary for its respiration with the greatest caution, which nearly equals that of a bear, and has not forgotten the misfortunes to which an opposite course had exposed it."

A COW THAT HELPED TO CONQUER THE REBELLION.—The New Albany (Ind.) *Ledger* gives the following: "At the industrial fair at Jeffersonville, Indiana, now, decorated with blue and red ribbons, was the observed of all observers. She was purchased by the rebels by Sherman's army near Corinth, Miss., in the early part of 1862, and has since been with the army in its marches, countermarches, raids and expeditions from that time up to the final abandonment of the army at Washington. She is the property of Gen. Clark, of New York, who, expecting to go on duty at New Orleans, had this cow sent westward with a view to taking her on the new field of duty. But the general being ordered back to New York, the cow will be sent thither and placed in his Central Park. This cow, during all her journeyings through Mississippi, Tennessee, Georgia, South and North Carolina, and Virginia—a period of three years—has never ceased to give milk, averaging the a gallon a day, which she still gives. She is certainly a noble animal, and wears her ribbons great-fully."



CITY AMUSEMENTS—SKATING AT ST. JOHN'S PARK, HUDSON STREET.

SKATING AT ST. JOHN'S PARK.

ALL New York has been running mad over skating at the Central Park, skating at Hoboken, skating at Brooklyn, and half a hundred other places; but how many of our skating citizens or citizenesses know that in our very midst we have had ice and skating rivaling Central Park, and far surpassing many of the ponds we go miles to find?

When the late cold snap came, the keeper of St. John's Park—we don't know whether he is a Yankee or not—in Hudson street, just below Canal, and in the very heart of the city, having obtained permission from the trustees, who, no doubt, thought physical as well as mental exercise good for the soul, had the whole Park flooded with water, and in forty-eight hours had a skating pond, comprising several acres in extent, of capital ice. To this pond he admitted the general public, for the ridiculously small sum of ten cents, legal stamps, for unlimited enjoyment; and we are happy to say his enterprise was properly appreciated, for on the glassy surface some hundreds continually disported, while in the old man's pocket a variety of small currency did the same, adding something to his not over princely income, and, without doubt, contributing as much to his enjoyment as he has to that of the lads and lasses of that locality.

THE MODERN NOSE-RINGS OF Nubian and Egyptian Women.

ONE of the most interesting books that has found its way from the London press for a long time, is "Up the Nile and Home Again," by F. W. Fairholt, F. S. A.

Mr. Fairholt has started out, not only with the vein and vigor for travel that allows him to tell his story pleasantly, but with the education to follow out his sittings. From his book we take a little gossip about nose-rings, with the engravings representing those worn by the belles of that vicinity in this day. On examination, it will be seen that these said rings do not differ so materially from the ear-rings now fashionable among our own dainty fair ones; and who can tell but in some not far distant day, Fifth Avenuedom may adopt the nose-ring? Now for Mr. Fairholt and the Nubian ladies of Edfou.

In their noses is invariably placed a ring, generally of copper, sometimes of gold; to which are appended small metal ornaments of red earthen beads. Two specimens of these rings are here given; it will be noted that they are never hung, as most Europeans imagine, from the centre cartilage of the nose, but always through the right nostril. Miss Martineau, who should be, as a lady, a more competent authority than myself on the subject of becoming female costume and its accessories, is inclined to look more favorably on this fashion (remembering the taste of the European ladies for heavy ear-rings) than most others have done and argues, not without reason, that if the flesh of the fair sex be ever rudely punctured, to hang therefrom any extraneous ornament, there is really little difference between the ear and the nose, except as custom reconciles the practice.



NUBIAN EAR-RINGS.

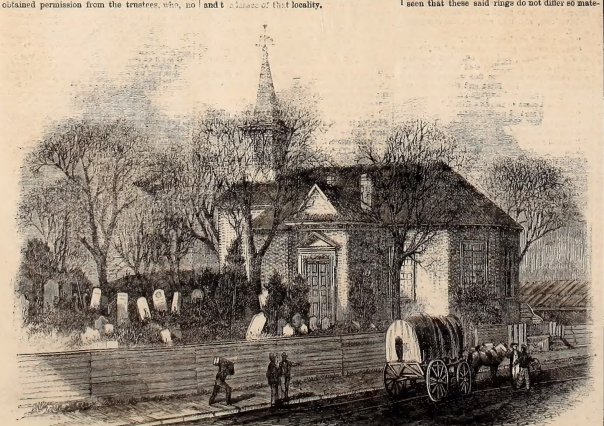


NUBIAN NOSE-RINGS.

The ear-rings worn by the ordinary classes are large and peculiar; they are very cheap—about the rate of four-pence per pair. They are made of plates of gilt copper, struck up in a die, with a few ornamental protuberances, and having a row of smaller pendents attached to the lower part. This love for pendents is universal, and indulged whenever there is a chance of doing it. Rods as these things are, the boldness of their design gives them an exceedingly good effect, the dark skins of the wearers acting as an excellent foil, and the general poverty of their attire lending a sort of idea of value even to articles of such rough workmanship as these. Between the ear-rings is placed a finger-ring of the value of one half-penny; it is cast in pewter, the central jewel being a bit of glass, colored beneath with a tint of yellow, upon which some red spots are dashed. The necklaces are generally earthen beads, sometimes glass, of various tints; the bracelets and anklets simple bands of copper; the girls having attached to their ankl w of small bells, which ring



NUBIAN NOSE RING.



A RELIC OF THE OLDEN TIME—THE OLD SWEDES' CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA—SEE PAGE 375.



CAPT. JUAN WILLIAMS REBOLLADO.

as they run; small pebbles and fragments of stone are placed in them to give the due sound. At Kahlaba I obtained a very good example of a nose-ring. It is as flexible as pewter, and decorated with small indentations: from the same wearer was obtained the larger ear-ring, (both being represented to a scale of one-half the size of the originals); it is of silver, decorated with reeded open-worked ornament at one end, which terminates with a red bead. It is too heavy to hang to the ear, so the lobe of it was inserted in the aperture, and the ring kept in place by a thin strap of leather, which passed over the head, another ring in the centre giving a means of securing it there. The woman from whom they were obtained, when with difficulty persuaded to part with them, had to secure the approbation of her heirs-at-law, who had reversionary interest in them (for they pass from mother to daughter, or

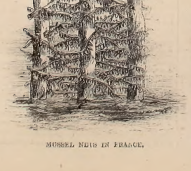


THE BIRTHPLACE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

next relative, and are consequently sometimes of ancient workmanship); and a large group of them assembled to witness the sale, and take a share of the proceeds.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S BIRTH-PLACE.

WOOLSTHORPE Manor House, the birthplace of Sir Isaac Newton, is situated in a little valley in the parish of Colsterworth, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, at the distance of about 103 miles



MOSSEL MEIS IN FRANCE.

from London. The building itself presents nothing to attract notice, but as the house in which one of the best men and one of the greatest philosophers of modern times first saw the light, it will be viewed with affectionate reverence by all who esteem high genius and true nobleness of heart.

The Newtons appear to have located themselves at Woolsthorpe as early as the year 1651, having come thither from Westby, in Lincolnshire.

Sir Isaac Newton was born on Christmas Day, 1642, O. S., nearly three months after the death of his father. He was an extremely weakly child, and for some time it was thought he would not live; he is also said to have been so small for many days after his birth "that he might have been put into a quart pot." He did, however, at last spring up, and as he grew, gradually mastered the natural weakness of his constitution.

He used to relate that he was always very negligent at school, and very low in his class, until he happened to be insulted one day by a boy above him, when he determined to be revenged, not only by giving his superior a sound thrashing (which was promptly administered on the spot), but by the more noble method of superseding him in his studies. This determination gave a new bent to his character, and from that day he continued rising in the school till he was head boy. When he left the Grantham school, it was determined by his mother, after great deliberation, and at the earnest solicitation of his uncle, who had observed indications of his great genius, to send him to Cambridge, whither he repaired in 1660, being admitted to Trinity College on June 5 in that year. Here he remained several years, applying himself closely to the acquisition of the more abstruse branches of knowledge, to the dissemination of which, means are appropriated in that university. The fruits of his studies were not made public until a very late period, and even then, only at the persuasion of his friends, and against his own well-known desire. Yet it is remarkable that nearly all the theories and opinions which have ranked his name first among modern philosophers, were conceived, and the demonstration of them considerably advanced, while he was yet a young man.

In 1665 he left Cambridge for a short time, in consequence of the plague, which in that year committed such ravages in all the great towns and cities throughout Europe, and retired to his house at Woolsthorpe (having inherited it in 1663 from his mother), where he passed the autumn of that year.

It was on this occasion, and while sitting in the garden, that the falling of an apple from a tree led to that train of thought which ultimately produced his beautiful theory of gravitation.

"Sir Isaac lived in London ever since the year 1696, when he was made warden of the mint; nobody ever lived with him but my wife (his niece), who was with him nearly twenty years before and after her marriage. He always lived in a very handsome, generous manner, though without ostentation or vanity; he was always hospitable, and upon proper occasions gave splendid entertainments."

When he first came to London he lived in Jermyn street, but he afterward removed to a house in St. Martin's street, Leicester square, where he built an observatory, which still exists in its original state. Here he continued to reside till within a short period of his death, when he retired to Kensington, at which place he died March 20, 1727, in the 85th year of his age.

In person Sir Isaac Newton was of middle stature, rather inclining to corpulency in his latter years. He had a benignant expression of countenance, to the effect of which his hair, white as silver, greatly contributed. He was blessed with a strong constitution, and to his last illness had the bloom of health mantling in his cheeks.



SCENES IN AFRICA—HIPPOPOTAMUS SWIMMING A RIVER WITH ITS YOUNG.

CAPTAIN JUAN WILLMS REBOLLADO.

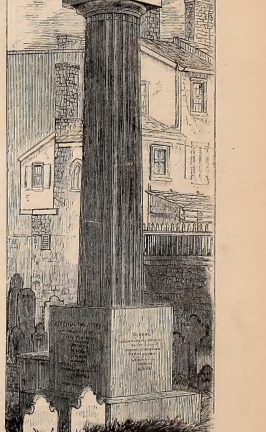
THE gallant capture of the Spanish war vessel Covadonga, by the Chilian frigate Esmeralda, has shown Spain that she cannot trifle with even the smallest of the South American republics. That success is the presage of greater success in the future, now that Peru has joined her fleet to that of Chile. The Esmeralda was commanded by Capt. Juan Williams Rebollado, who was born in Ancud, capital of the province and island of Chiloe, in the year 1830. His father was an English officer of Marines, John Williams, who entered the Chilian service, and was for some time commandant of the port of Ancud. Young Williams may be said to have been born and reared on the sea, as are most of the inhabitants of the archipelago. In 1848 he entered the Chilian navy, serving through every grade up to the rank of captain. He was put in command of the Esmeralda on the appearance of the Spanish squadron on the coast, and succeeded not only in evading their attack with superior strength, but, through enterprise and vigor, was able to inflict on it a severe and humiliating blow. In the contest thus begun, we may expect that Capt. Williams will play an important part, and that the Spanish squadron will never return to Spain.

THE DUCKING STOOL.

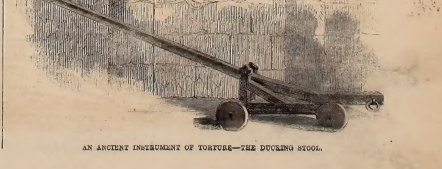
IN these days of reverence for women, it can hardly be realized that in "the good old times" instruments were invented for their torture, and that not only men allowed them to labor under all their natural disadvantages, but added to them in every way by persecution, especially if she happened to be old and ugly.

It was not alone in England that the ducking-stool was used, but in this land of the free and the home of the brave, the vile instrument was made a medium to extort confession, when the object seized upon was to be convicted as a witch, a scold, or any of the numerous obsolete crimes it was fashionable at that day to fasten on the weaker sex.

The manner of its use was to seat the woman in the chair, binding her fast, of course, and by wheeling the cumbrous carriage to the edge of the river or pond, hold her suspended over the water. At a signal, the lever upon the front of the machine was raised, and the poor victim was soused into the element below. Sometimes—as in the shower-bath punishment in prisons—this would produce death; but as in the case of the minister, who, in baptizing, allowed the convert to slip out of his hands and drown, there was nothing to do but hand along another.



THE TOMB OF STEPHEN DECATUR.



AN ANCIENT INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE—THE DUCKING STOOL.

The last instance positively known of the use of the ducking-stool was in 1754, when a woman was ducked at Kingston, England for being a common scold. The sentence was carried into effect in the Thames.

TOMB OF STEPHEN DECATUR.

In St. Peter's Churchyard, Philadelphia, there rises a stern granite column, to mark the spot where lie the remains of Stephen Decatur, a man whose memory is cherished within the hearts of all his countrymen, and who needs no stone to perpetuate the services he rendered our country in its early and trying need. We feel that there can be no history of him written so well, as to give the inscriptions from the stone that marks his resting-place:

(North Side.)

STEPHEN DECATUR.
Born January 5th, 1779.
Entered the Navy of the United States
as Midshipman,
April 30th, 1799.
Made Captain
For Distinguished Merit,
Passing over the rank of Commander,
February 16th, 1804.
Died
March 22d, 1820.

(West Side.)

A Name
Brilliant from a Series of
Heroic Deeds
on the coast of Barbary,
and Illustrious
by achievements against
more Disciplined Enemies:
The Pride of our Navy.
The Glory of the
Republic.

(South Side.)

The Gallant Officer,
whose prompt and active valor,
always on the watch,
was guided by a wisdom
and supported by a firmness
Which never tired!
Whose exploits in arms
Reflected
the Daring fictions of
Romance and Chivalry.

(East Side.)

Devoted to his country
by a
Patriot Father,
he cherished in his heart,
and sustained by his
Intrepid Actions,
the inspiring sentiment,
"Our Country! Right or Wrong."
A nation
gave him, in return,
its applause and gratitude.

BOY LOST.

Edwin W. Roome left his home, at No. 10 Cherry street, Boston, on the 24th of June, 1864, almost two years since, and his mother writes to us, sending the photograph of him, which is accurately engraved on the last page of this paper, asking help from all the world to find her boy.

Edwin was 12 years of age on the 14th of the same month he went away in. He wore away a navy blue cloth pants, coat, and vest, light-colored straw hat, had light straight hair, large blue eyes, round, full face, small-featured, with a scar on the right side of chin, caused by the kick of a horse. He was four feet eight inches high, weighed sixty-five pounds. He was of a very quick, smart turn in his ways. Information can be sent to his mother, as above, or to this office.

THE MUSSEL NETS OF FRANCE.

In this country we have become familiar with piscis-culture, or the breeding of fish, and are advancing so bravely in it, that the New York market is beginning to be supplied with trout cultivated in its vicinity; but so far, we have not known much about the culture of oysters, and less of that of mussels, the last-mentioned not being esteemed a delicacy in American markets, while in France it is not only so esteemed, but is cultivated, and many contrivances used for improving and taking them.

Mussel-culture has been carried on with immense success on a certain part of the coast of France, for a period of no less than seven centuries! So long ago as the year of grace 1135, an Irish bark was wrecked in the Bay of Aiguillon. The cargo and one of the crew were saved by the humanity of the fishermen inhabiting the coast. The name of the one man who was thus saved from shipwreck, was Walton, and he gave to the people, in gratitude for saving his life, the germ of a marvelous fish-breeding idea. He invented artificial mussel-culture. The net, or bag-trap, which he employed in catching the night-birds which floated on the water, was fixed in the mud by means of tolerably strong supports, and he soon found out that the parts of his net which were sunk in the water, had intercepted large quantities of mussel-spat, which in time grew into the finest possible mussels, larger in size and finer in quality than those grown upon the neighboring mud. From less to more, this simple discovery progressed into a regular industry, which at present forms almost the sole occupation of the inhabitants of the neighboring shores. The apparatus for the growth of the mussel, with which the bay is now almost covered, is called a *bouchot*, and is of very simple construction. A number of strong piles or stakes, each twelve feet in length, and six inches in diameter, are driven into the mud to the depth of six feet, at a distance of about two feet from each other, and are ranged in two converging rows, so as to form a V, the sharp point of which is always turned toward the sea, that the stakes may offer the least possible resistance to the waves. These two rows form the frame-work of the *bouchot*. Strong branches of trees are then twisted and interwoven into the upper part of the stakes, which are six feet in height, until the whole length of the row is, by this species of basket-work on a large scale, formed into a strong fence or palisade. A space of a few inches is left between the bottom of the fence and the surface of the mud, to allow the water to pass freely between the stakes when the tide ebbs and flows. The sides of the *bouchot* are from 200 to 250 metres long, and each *bouchot*, therefore, forms a fence of about 450 metres, six feet high. There are now some 500 of these *bouchots*, or breeding-grounds, in the Bay of Aiguillon, making a fence of 225,000 metres, extending over a space of eight kilometres, or five miles, from the point of St. Clemens to the mouth of the river of Marans.

The various operations of mussel-cultivation are designated by agricultural terms—such as sowing, planting, transplanting, etc. Toward the end of April, the seed (*semence*), fixed during February and March to the stakes of the *bouchot du bas*, is about the size of a grain of flax, and is then called *naissain*. By the month of July it attains the size of a bean, and is called *renouvelain*, and is then ready for transplantation to a less favorable state of existence upon the *bouchot batard*, where the action of the tide would probably have retarded its growth if transplanted earlier. In the month of July, then, the *boucholeurs* direct their canoes toward the isolated stakes, bearing the *semence*, now developed into the *renouvelain*, which they detach by means of a hook fixed to the end of a pole. Care is taken to gather such a quantity as they are able to transplant during low water—the only time when this operation can be carried on. The *semence*, placed in baskets, is transported by means of the canoe to the fences of the *bouchot batard*. The operation of fixing the *renouvelain* upon the palisades of the *bouchot batard* is called *la batrisse*. The *semence*, enclosed in bags of old net, is placed in all the empty spaces along the palisades, until the hurdles are quite covered, sufficient space being left between the bags to admit of the growth of the young mussels. The bags soon rot and fall to pieces, leaving the young mussels adhering to the sides of the *bouchot*. The mussels by-and-by attain a large size, and grow so close to each other that the whole fence looks like a wall blackened by fire. They are then ready for gathering, and are thinned out by the owner, pretty much the same as fruit is gathered by the farmer.

FACTS AND FIGURES RELATING TO NEW YORK CITY.

The following are some interesting facts about New York furnished by the City Mission:

Until we have the official returns of the State census lately taken, we must rely on the United States census of 1860 to furnish the number of the people of New York, which was at that date 813,668. Of the population of the city in 1860, 429,952 were born in the United States, and 285,717 were born in foreign countries, of 42 different nationalities. The number of marriages in the city in a year is 3,272. The number of births in the city during the year is 6,434. The number of deaths in the city during a year is 26,196. There are 54,388 dwelling-houses in the city. There are 155,707 families living in the city. There are nearly three families on an average in every dwelling. There are nearly 15 persons on an average to every dwelling. There are 15,000 tenant-houses, containing 486,000 persons. The city taxes are $18,000,000 a year. The money spent in public amusements is $7,000,000 a year. For the support of the Police $2,000,000 a year is required. 17,000 immigrants per month land at Castle Garden. There are 350 churches, chapels and missions of all kinds with accommodations for 300,000 persons. There are 275 Protestant places of worship, with accommodation for 200,000 persons. There are 216 regularly organized Protestant churches, with an average membership of 300, which would give a total of 64,800 communicants. There are 350 Sabbath schools, of all denominations, with an attendance of 87,000 pupils. There are 280 Protestant Sabbath schools, with an attendance of 70,000 pupils. The number of children in the city between the ages of 5 and 15 years is 146,460. In the schools, under the care of the Board of Education, there is an average attendance of 84,973. In parochial schools, industrial schools, private schools, colleges, &c., there must be 20,000 more. In the public schools and private schools, &c., there are probably 104,973 regularly in attendance. Of the 41,487 of suitable age still remaining unaccounted for, we may estimate that 25 per cent are detained at home by sickness and poverty; 25 per cent are at work, and the balance are found among the vagrants, beggars, pilferers, and rowdies. Twenty-four per cent of the population are between the ages of 20 and 30 years. Taking the census of 1860 still as our basis, 24 per cent of 816,669 yields us 195,260; the sexes being nearly equally divided, this proportion would give us, say 97,500 young men. It is probable there are as many as 10,000 places where intoxicating liquors are sold. Suppose the receipts of these upon an average to be only $500 each, and we shall have $5,000,000 as the gross amount expended in that direction. There are hidden works of darkness that elude all scrutiny, and yet, from police investigations and medical testimony, we can make some calculations of the numbers of those who are leading a life of shame. It will be safe to say that there are 7,500 prostitutes, and 2,500 other women who visit houses of assignation, &c., making a total of 10,000. The value of the real and personal property invested in the business cannot be short of $5,000,000. And the amount of money spent in houses of ill-fame, and the amounts required for the expenses of criminal and humane institutions growing out of the terrible evil, must make a total of $5,000,000 more. The average duration of life after entering on a life of prostitution is four years; so that more than 1,880 of these miserable women die every year.

EFFECTS OF NON-RECIPROCITY.

The Toronto *British Whig* publishes the following humorous account of the probable effect of the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the United States:

"It is all up with us, ladies and gentlemen. Our days are numbered, our doom is sealed. On the 17th day of March next, the Reciprocity Treaty ceases, and the sun of American prosperity shines no more on our benighted Canada. No more shall American greenbacks provide us with the necessaries of life; no more shall the American Eagle take us under the shadow of his protecting wing. The United States Senate has spoken, and Canada's place on the map is henceforth to be a blank. On the 17th day of March, vegetation ceases north of the St. Lawrence. Grain will refuse to sprout, and potatoes and turnips will turn into stones. The water will dry up in the streams, and non-reciprocity, like a plague, will attack the cattle, killing them off by thousands. The wells of Bothwell and Enniskillen will stop their flow of oil so completely that not even a sheriff's writ could find an indication, and the Tecumseh will be turned into a poor-house for the reception of destitute oil speculators and their families.

"Steamboats shall ply no longer on our waters, and the rails of the Grand Trunk and Great Western roads will be sold for old iron, to help to pay the war debt of the United States. The trees shall all disappear from the face of the country, and Senator Sumner will be found on the last stump, with a copy of the act annulling Reciprocity in his hand, advocating the Monroe doctrine, and explaining the beauties of non-intercourse, and a high tariff. Starvation will stalk through the land from Sandwich to Gaspe. The inhabitants will dwindle to skeletons, and so emaciated will they become, that not even Bryant's Pulmonic Wafers, Canadian Painkiller, nor Dr. Potts can restore their lost animation.

"There will be no property-holders, no voters; the vexed question of representation by population will be set at rest, and the Hon. George Brown will retire into private life. There will be no more weddings, no whisky cocktails, no old maids, no cigars, no bribery at elections, no Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, no babies, no lawyers, no young ladies promenading the streets, no washing days, no 24th of May [except the 4th of July], no sun, no moon, no anything else. The cities of London, Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, &c, will crumble to pieces, and Phineas T. Barnum will be found among the ruins picking up the bones of the inhabitants as relics for his museum. Canada will be a wilderness to be avoided by travelers, as they would the Sahara, and future explorers will look in vain for any traces of past civilization. Angry mothers will quiet squalling babes with the threat of sending them to Canada, and political offenders in the United States will be sentenced to banishment to this desolate region, as a punishment worse than death. Let us be prepared, then; let us expect our fate with becoming resignation, and show Andy Johnson, and Seward, and the rest of them, that Britons may be starved, but they never, never, never shall be slaves!"

Why is President Johnson like Chimborazo? Because he is the greatest of all the Andies

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

Sir James Macintosh invited Dr. Parr to take a drive in his gig. The horse became restive. "Gently, Jimmy," said the doctor; "don't irritate him; always soothe your horse, Jimmy. You'll do better without me. Let me down, Jimmy." Once on *terra firma*, the doctor's view of the case was changed. "Now, Jimmy, touch him up; never let a horse get the better of you. Touch him up, conquer him, don't spare him; I'll walk back."

A New Jersey paper tells a story of a well-known character, who frequently figured on juries in New York. When on a jury, as soon as they had retired to their room to deliberate, he would button up his coat and "turn in" on a bench, exclaiming: "Gentlemen, I'm for bringing in a verdict for the plaintiff (or the defendent, as he had settled in his mind), and all creation can't move me. Therefore, as soon as you have all agreed with me, wake me up, and we'll go in!"

The finest idea of a thunder-storm was when Wiggins came home tight. Now Wiggins is a teacher, and had drank too much lemonade or something. He came into the room among his wife and daughters, and just then he tumbled over the cradle, and fell whop on the floor. After a while he rose, and said:

"Wife, are you hurt?"

"No."

"Daughters, are you hurt?"

"No."

"Terrible clap, wasn't it?"

The writer of *Punch's* "Table-Talk" says: "I knew a young lady who said she didn't like turtle soup. Affectionately rebuking her, I was answered, piteously, that she didn't much object to the taste, but that she thought it so cruel and wicked to kill turtle-doves."

A temperance lecturer, descanting on the essential and purifying qualities of cold water, remarked as a knock-down argument:

"When the world had become so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water."

"Yes," replied the toper, "but it killed every darned critter on the face of the earth."

A son of Neptune, who was in the habit of quarreling with his better half, was one day remonstrated with by the minister of the parish, who told him he and his wife ought to live on more amicable terms, as they were both one.

"One!" said the old salt, shifting his quid; "if you should come by the house sometimes, blast my tarry top-lights, if you wouldn't think we were about twenty."

A drunken French soldier, quarreling with his corporal, ended by saying:

"Hold your tongue, you are not a man."

"I will prove the contrary," returned the corporal, getting angry.

"Never," replied the soldier, "you cannot. What does the major say when he orders out the guard at parade? Doesn't he always say, 'four men and a corporal?' That shows that a corporal is not a man."

"Bill Dad, the Scribe," of the *Golden Era*, lately visited a school in San Francisco, and made a speech about as sensible as half that are made on like occasion. He said: "Young Ladies and Gentlemen—You are gathered here for the purpose of obtaining an education. Education consists in being educated to respect education, and learning, and education. Education teaches us that education comprises all things learned from education. Educate yourselves, and when you have a good education, you will bless the day that you learned a good education."

Miss Fawcett, the English actress, was one evening dressing for a part, when a boy attached to the theatre knocked at the door.

"Please, miss, there's a woman at the back, who says she wants two orders to see the play."

"What is her name? Go and ask her. I promised no orders."

"I did ask her name, but she said it was no use telling it, because you didn't know her."

"Not know her? and she expects orders? Has the woman her faculties about her?"

"I think she have, ma'am, for I see her have a bundle tied up in a pocket handkerchief under her arm."

The following is a *verbatim ad liberatim* report of the evidence given in the Magistrates' Court, by a negro man named Doctor Jones, who accused another negro named Washington, of stealing his watch:

"I'se name Doctor Jones—name so 'cause old master named Doctor. I was settin' in de shop; my watch hanging on the wall. Dat nigger (pointing to Washington) come in, sot down, got up, went out, an de watch was dismissed. Dat's all I know about."

Rev. Robert Collyer tells a story of a Yorkshire woman—wanting to make bread—who sent her husband with a mug to the tavern to get some yeast. On his way the press-gang met him, knocked him down, then put him on board a ship, and though his fate was suspected by his wife, seven years went by without a word from the lost husband. But he lived through it, served out his time, was paid off, and started for his old home, procuring on the way a mug as near like the one lost as possible, procuring the yeast that had cost him so dear, walked into the house with it, saying:

"Here, lass, I brought thee that yeast;" and the lass said, "I knew thee would bring it, John, if ever thee came back alive."

Here are some samples of the Jokes of Merry England in the yere of our Lorde," a MCCCCC. and XI:

"How many calves tayles, asks *Demaundes Joyous*, behoueth to reche from the erthe to the skye? *R.*—No more but one, an' it be long ynough. *D.*—Why dothe an oxe or a cowe lye? *R.*—Because she cannot sytte. *D.*—What people be they that loue not in no wyse to be prayed for? *R.*—They be beggars and poore people, whan men say "God helpe them," when theye aske almes. *D.*—What space is from ye hyest space of the see to the depest? *R.*—But a stones cast. *D.*—Whiche be the moost profytable sayntes in the chyrche? *R.*—They that stande in ye glass wyndowes; for they kepe out the wynde from wastynge of the lyght. *D.*—What is it that freseth never? *R.*—That is hote water. *D.*—Why dooth a dogge tourne hym thryes aboute or that he lyeth hym downe? *R.*—Because he knoweth not his beddes head from the fete."

Why is a petroleum speculator like the Secretary of the Navy? Because he is giddy on wells.

"Pray, sir," said a judge angrily, to a blunt old Quaker from whom no direct answer could be obtained, "do you know what we sit here for?"

"Yes, verily, I do," said the Quaker; "three of you for four dollars each day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousand a year."

Arabian Laughing Plant.—In Palgrave's "Central and Eastern Arabia" some particulars are given in regard to a curious narcotic plant. Its seeds, in which the active principle seems chiefly to reside, when pounded and administered in a small dose, produce effects much like those ascribed to Sir Humphrey Davy's laughing-gas; the patient dances, sings, and performs a thousand extravagances, till, after an hour of great excitement to himself and amusement to the bystanders, he falls asleep, and on awakening, has lost all memory of what he did or said while under the influence of the drug. To put a pinch of this powder into the coffee of some unsuspecting person is not an uncommon joke, nor is it said that it was ever followed by serious consequences, though an over-quantity might, perhaps, be dangerous. The author tried it on two individuals, but in proportions, if not absolutely homœopathic, still sufficiently minute to keep on the safe side, and witnessed its operation, laughable enough, but very harmless.

Notice to the Trade.

On the 1st of March will be issued the first number of an Illustrated Monthly Periodical, for the Young, entitled,

Frank Leslie's Children's Friend.

This will be the cheapest, most instructive and amusing Magazine ever published for young folks; full of interesting matter, with numerous illustrations. Although the object of the publisher is to please children exclusively, yet the publication will have sufficient general interest to amuse grown-up people. The instruction, as well as the recreation of children, will be combined in Frank Leslie's Children's Friend.

There are several admirable periodicals for youth of advanced years, but there is a real want existing: of something within the reach and capacity of younger children, which they can read and appreciate, and which shall be sufficiently cheap to be within the reach of the poorest families.

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Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.—G. C. Merriam & Co., of Springfield, Mass., have just published another new edition of this more than valuable work. They say it contains "over 3,000 fine engravings; 10,000 words and meanings not found in other dictionaries; over 30 able American and European scholars were employed upon this revision, and 30 years of labor expended upon it. Among the collaborators are Dr. Mahn, of Berlin; Professors Porter, Dana, Whitney, Hadley, Lyman, Gilman and Thacher; Capt. Craighill, of West Point Military Academy; Judge J. C. Perkins, Professor Stiles, A. L. Holley, Esq., etc., etc. Several tables of great value, one of them of 50 quarto pages, explanatory and pronouncing of names in fiction, of persons and places, pseudonyms, etc., etc., as Abaddon, Acadia, Albany Regency, Mother Cary, Mason and Dixon's Line, Mr. Micawber, etc. Containing one-fifth or one-fourth more matter than any former editions. From new electrotype plates and the 'Riverside Press.'" And as we find, on examination, that all they say is correct, we can only feel that we are doing the public a great benefit by calling their attention to it. There is no work in the English language of its kind to bear comparison, and none so essentially necessary to every person.

Executions among the Jews.—The Hebrews had no executioner. When a man was guilty of homicide, the execution devolved on the next of kin, by the right of blood-revenge; in other cases, criminals were stoned by the people, the witnesses setting the example; and when the king or chief ordered a person to be put to death, the office was performed by the person to whom the order was given, and this was generally a person whose consideration in life bore some proportion to that of the person to be slain. Thus Solomon gave the commission to kill Joab, the commander-in-chief, to Benaiah, a person of so much distinction, as to be himself immediately promoted to the command which the death of Joab left vacant. In fact, the office, even of a regular executioner, is not by any means dishonorable in the East. The post of chief executioner is, in most Oriental courts, one of honor and distinction. Thus, when there was no regular executioner, it came to be considered a post of honor to put a distinguished person to death; and, on the other hand, the death itself was honorable in proportion to the rank of the person by whom the blow was inflicted. It was the greatest dishonor to perish by the hands of a woman or a slave. We see this feeling distinctly in the narrative where the two princes much prefer to die by Gideon's own hand than that of a youth who had obtained no personal distinction. As to the hero commissioning his son to perform this office, it was, perhaps, partly to honor him with the distinction of having slain two chief enemies of Israel, as well as because the rules of blood-revenge made it necessary that the execution of those who had slain his own brethren should either be performed by himself or a member of his own family. It seems very probable, from all that transpired, that Oreb and Zeeb had slain the brethren of Gideon, after they had taken them captive, in the same way that they were themselves slain.

A Compliment to a New York Artist.—We take the following from the Missouri *Republican*, of Jan. 28th: "One of our citizens, who has excellent artistic taste, and feels an interest in the encouragement of merit, has, in his collection of paintings, two very elegant works by a New York artist, showing genius of a high order. The subjects are, 'The Shipwreck' and 'Drifting Ashore.' The last is a rare, bold, and masterly conception. Prominent is a tall, beetling cliff, lashed by the mad waves of ocean, which rush upon it and spend their fury among the rocky ledges of the shore. In the foreground, clinging to a portion of a wreck, is descried the form of a sailor. The artist has grandly delineated the presence of the tempest in the clouds and in the water, and with a delicacy and fidelity of coloring that equally demand wonder and admiration from the beholder. The rush of the billows, flinging up their white caps, and surging upon the rocks, is a splendid piece of painting. A more detailed and less imaginative subject is 'The Shipwreck,' but the same faithfulness of coloring is to be seen in that, as in the other. They are the work of Mr. Granville Perkins, of New York, for whom it is easy to predict a career of remarkable success, taking these as specimens of his claims to distinction as an artist."

New Trajan's Column.—A celebrated pork contractor for the Federal army presented himself a short time ago at a sculptor's *atelier* in Rome, and stated his intention of sending a durable memento of himself to adorn his native place in America. With an amiable candor he explained to the artist that he had begun life as a poor boy selling matches, and by lucky speculations had attained his present gigantic greatness. "Now," he continued, "I've seen a muniment in this city as suits my views to a nicety. A kinder column with little figgers runnin' up all round it, and a chap at the top."

"Trajan's column," suggests the artist.

"P'r'aps it may be; and I wish you to sculp me jes such another, a workin' out the whole o' my biograff, beginning at the bottom with a boy a-selling matches, and then keep on winding it up till it ends with me in an easy attitood at the top!"

Street Cries of Cairo.—"The lupins of Nuball are sweeter than almonds?" a blue caftain, with a sack on his back, announces. Soon after is heard the cry of a water-carrier, "May God requite it to me!" accompanied by the clatter of cups. Almost at the same moment I heard the cries, "May God grant that I easily get rid of them, oh lemons!" and "Fragrance of Paradise," with which the leader in the henna-blossom tries to induce the passers-by to purchase. "Oh, arouser of compassion, oh Lord!" a beggar grunts, and a member of the same guild, possessed of greater self-respect, shouts almost simultaneously, "I am the guest of God and of the prophet!"

It is stated that Alfred Tennyson has given two private readings, at a guinea a ticket, full dress, and only the invited admitted. His two entertainments netted him 380 odd pounds sterling—about $1,700. He wrote a poem for George Smith, of the *Cornhill Magazine*, at a guinea a word. He has also had an American indicted who, in reverence for the poet, climbed into Tennyson's garden and broke a twig for a keepsake.

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No. 545—VOL. XXI.] NEW YORK, MARCH 10, 1866. [PRICE 10 CENTS, $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00

The Executive and Congress.

THE country learns, with regret, that irreconcilable differences exist between the President and Congress. The split, long anticipated by close observers, took place on the "Freedmen's Bureau Bill," which, after passing both branches of Congress by a vote of more than two-thirds of their members, was vetoed by the President. The veto will be accepted with a certain satisfaction by the South and its sympathizers, and will receive a qualified support from a large part of those occupying places dependent on Executive favor. The prospect of organizing a new party, in which the South will be, as for many years it has been, a unit, and will throw its whole weight steadily in one direction, is too tempting a one not to dazzle professional politicians. The President will head this new political organization, and will ultimately, if he does not already, look to a re-election as one of the conditions of his adhesion to it. It was so with Tyler and Fillmore, and will not, unnaturally, be so with Johnson. For "men, as a general rule," so philosophized an ebon sage, "possess a great deal of human nature."

On the other hand, the party dominant in Congress is determined that the results of the war shall be commensurate with its cost, and that emancipation shall be real—in other words, that the negro shall be, at least, invested with civil rights, and that, if denied political privileges, shall not still remain an element of political power. In other words, if not allowed to vote, he shall not enter into the basis of representation. Or still clearer, that the lately insurgent States shall not come back into the national councils with thirteen additional members, as a consequence of the emancipation, itself a consequence of the rebellion. That Congress will not recede from its position, is clear, and as the stand taken by the President will encourage the late rebel States to hold out against the Congressional conditions of restoration, we may expect to see them unrepresented in this Congress.

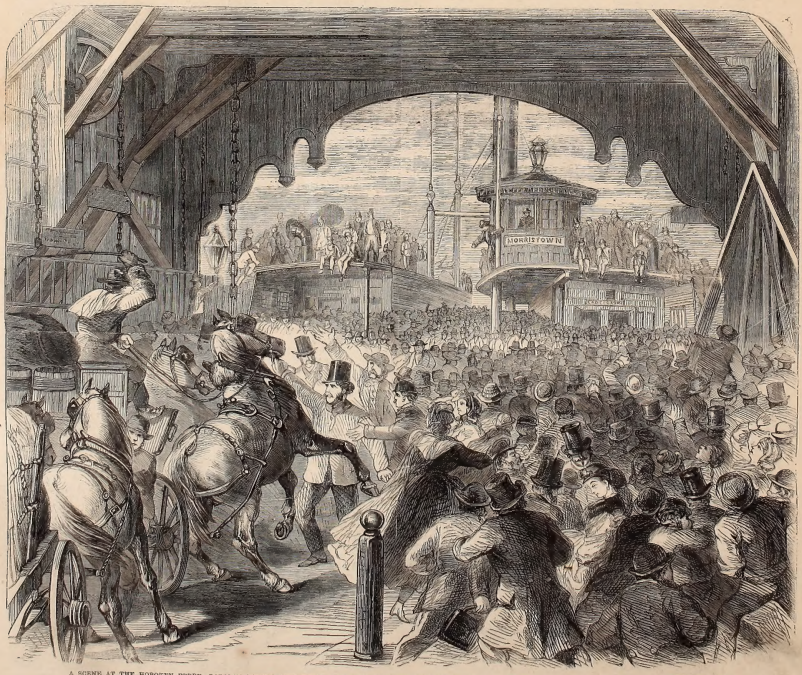
That Congress suspects the President of a desire to secure his chances for a second term is only too evident from the fact that, on the day following the submission of his veto, Senator Wade introduced an amendment of the Constitution, providing that no President shall be eligible for a second term, even though his accession to the Presidency may be through the Vice-Presidency.

That Congress is determined to admit none of the Southern representatives, except on its own terms, is further evidenced from the fact, that, on the day succeeding the presentation of the veto, and with pointed reference to it, the House of Representatives, by a vote of 119 to 40, passed a concurrent resolution, setting forth that in order to close agitation upon a question which seems likely to disturb the action of the Government, as well as to quiet the uncertainty which is agitating the minds of the people of the 11 States which have been declared in insurrection, no Senator or Representative shall be admitted into either branch of Congress from any of the said States until Congress shall have declared such States entitled to such representation.

Reviewing the political condition impartially, we see the solid South, with its Northern sympathizers, a portion of the "War Democrats," who have acted for a few years with the Republicans, with a considerable accession from the ranks of the office-holders, which will grow larger as the test of adhesion will be applied, all gradually coalescing into a party which, no doubt, will seek to retain its potent name of "The Democracy."

On the other hand, we see the Republican party, without patronage, much weakened by the withdrawal of a considerable part of its "War Democrats" allies and disappointed or ambitious original adherents, but strong in the fact that it will continue to direct the legislation of the country, and can perpetuate its power by a persistent exclusion of Southern representatives—an inherent and constitutional privilege, which can only be set aside through revolution, or an Executive *coup d'etat*.

The result of this state of affairs will be one greatly to be deplored. The political quiet of the country cannot be secured while open disagreement—to use no stronger word—exists between the President and Congress, whose calmest judgment and heartiest co-operation



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Suppression of the *CLIQUE* in Congress.

We are glad to learn that a peremptory order has been given to the officers and police of the Senate Chamber in Washington, to peremptorily eject all persons who may hereafter be guilty of the indecency of applauding in applause, or other manifestations of approval or disapproval of the proceedings of the Senate, or the speeches of its members. Apart from the fact that the speeches of the representatives, and after last exhibitions, we may add, members of the Cabinet, and even Presidents, are all too apt to talk for popular effect, or to harangue the mob, and that speeches generally in Congress are directed more to the galleries than to the sense and judgment of the members themselves, or to the country—we say apart from all this, there is danger in permitting a Washington mob, however composed, to sit in criticism on the acts of Congress, which is assembled to legislate for the country. It is mostly gathering of contractors, office-seekers, claimants and office-holders, which makes up the bulk of the population of the capital during the winter, is not the kind of jury we wish to have decide on the doings or sentiments of the National Legislature.

The student of history is not ignorant of the influence exercised upon the mob over the deliberations and conduct of the French Representative Assembly, and in the recollection of the scenes enacted in Paris, will be little disposed to tolerate the first approach to them in this country. It was to avoid the improper influences of temporary popular excitement on the deliberations of Congress, that our fathers fixed the capital away from our great cities, where excitements are most easily created, and a mob most easily raised.

It certainly is not proper that the people should be wholly excluded from witnessing the legislation of the country, nor from listening to the debates of their representatives. But the privilege of admission to the halls of a deliberative body should not be so extended as to convert it into a popular mass meeting. The galleries of the halls of both branches of Congress are absurdly and injudiciously large, and calculated to encourage the great and growing evil of which we complain. It is idle to say that legislation can go on with just deliberation in a pit surrounded on all sides by broad galleries, filled with a staring, whispering, rustling, moving crowd of both sexes, and under the hum of a great gathering of sightseers. More than one gallant Senator has been tempted to make an idle notice, or a silly speech, because he detected the pink ribbons or bright eyes of some favorite Jemima in the *gallery*; and more than one generally grave and prudent legislator has been tempted into sonorous but unmeaning, not to say rash and unbecoming eloquence, simply that his ears may be tickled and his vanity gratified by the *clique* of the gallery.

We can understand how, on some such impulse, certain occasion, for instance, the passage of the great Constitutional Amendment, the earnest, almost painful tension of the feelings of the spectators, might find relief in spontaneous and irrepressible applause. Such an occasion might justify what, under ordinary circumstances, would be indecorous and offensive, and sternly to be repressed.

The fact is, that the real origin, of the abuse we are condemning is due to the faulty plan of the Senate and Representative halls. The first is too large, and should be reduced by partitioning off the end and rear galleries, leaving only that in front of the desk of the Speaker of the House and the President of the Senate. The decoration of both halls would be thus improved, a more even temperature secured, the vulgar *clique* abolished, and the two bodies become deliberative halls in fact, as they are designed to be in theory.

Military and Civil Services.

THERE was lately a passage at arms in the House of Representatives between Gen. Rosseau, of Kentucky, and Mr. Grinnell, of Iowa. Gen. Rosseau was one of the first Union men of Kentucky, if not the very first, to come out boldly in support of the Government, and in the first to draw sword in the scale in its behalf. He organized the first regiment of Kentucky volunteers for the preservation of the Union, and has fought and bled steadfastly although not a native of the country. We know of no man or officer who has a better record. And his countrymen have not been slow to repay his efforts and services. They have not been niggard in doing him honor. He has a right to be proud of his antecedents and of his present position.

Dr. Mr. Grinnell we know nothing, except what is implied from the fact that he is the representative of an educated and loyal community, in a faithful and intelligent State. We have no reason to believe that he is a true man and honest, who, in his sphere, has worked as faithfully and devotedly as did Gen. Rosseau in his, to vindicate the imperiled integrity and honor of the country. There may have been a thousand good and sufficient reasons why he was not with Gen. Rosseau in the heat and front of battle. General would have had small chance there, and certainly would never have reached his present position and achieved his present reputation, if there had not been men behind him to produce, supply, and pay. Attending the farm and the workshop, filling up of depleted ranks, healing the wounded, comforting the bereaved, and feeding the rebel army, were tasks hardly less likely to glorify those who undertook them than the struggle in the "imminent deadly breach."

Gen. Rosseau and Mr. Grinnell, therefore, were equally essential to the salvation of the country, and it is for neither of them to assume that the country is most to the great and happily reached through the efforts of all. And when Gen. Rosseau taunted his compeer on the floor of Congress as a "stay-at-home man," or as one who had not periled his life in battle, he was guilty, not only of an impropriety, but of ingratitude to a class of men, without whose aid the objects for which he so gallantly struggled would never have been attained, and without whose votes he would not now occupy the distinguished seat which he holds. The true soldier, and we do not doubt that of the purely ideal one, is as generous as he is brave. He is as modest as he is generous, and he lowers his character and dishonors his profession, when he mounts his services in the field, or institutes invidious comparisons between himself and others.

Soldiers should not forget that there may be military, as well as political demagogism. As well observed by a contemporary: "The cause of the Union, freedom and humanity, was assailed, insidiously, covertly, and openly, maligned by many who did not, as it was by many who did, gird on the sword. Something besides courage is needed to promote a successful war. There is a public sentiment to be kept true by pen and speech. There are material resources to be provided. There are charities to be sustained. In a word, there is as much to be done in the rear as at the front; and but for faithful work at home there could be no victories in the field. Therefore it is that there was an ununiformed home-guard, with its faithful leaders, not surpassed in numbers or efficiency by the valiant armies with bristling steel."

The National Income.

THE receipts of the Treasury of the United States from the Internal Revenue have averaged upward of a million a day, since the commencement of the current fiscal year, on the 1st of July. Assuming the rate to hold good, the aggregate revenue for the year will be $325,000,000, or $114,000,000 more than was derived from the same source last year, and three times as great as was obtained in 1864. The returns from customs since July 1st have been $85,500,000, in gold, for the single port of New York, and it is calculated that the total for the current year, throughout the country, will reach $180,000,000 in gold, equal, at present rates, to $248,000,000 in currency. From customs and the internal revenue, therefore, we confidently expect to derive $573,000,000, which sum, from other sources, may be augmented to $600,000,000 in round numbers. It is now pretty certain that the total expenses of the Government for the year, including interest on the public debt, will not exceed $350,000,000, which will leave *two hundred and fifty* millions to be appropriated to the reduction of the public indebtedness. At this rate the national debt would be paid off in ten years. The expediency, however, of thus hastening the regeneration of the debt, after it has supported the shock of war, is questionable. Every year the country will become better able, through increase of population and the development of its resources, to support the burden of debt. Our children will not complain if called on to pay something of the cost of preserving and perpetuating the Union.

This exhibit of the national finances, nevertheless, is gratifying and encouraging, and must react favorably upon the public credit. Its various securities will soon be regarded as the best in the world.

Mr. Bancroft.

THE oration of the Hon. Geo. Bancroft, before both Houses of Congress, on the Life and Services of Abraham Lincoln," has greatly aroused the ire of some of the foreign diplomats resident in Washington. The representative of Austria is especially vindictive, on account of the speaker styling the so-called Emperor of Mexico "an Austrian adventurer." The representative of England winces under the pungent allusions of Mr. Bancroft to "British neutrality," while the agent of the Emperor of Russia is enraged at the confident prediction that "the republic of Mexico must rise again." The Pope, unfortunately, has no *alter ego* in Washington, who would consent to a necessary, under the criticism of the times of the people, to get in a rage over the reflections on the rather premature coronation of the "Southern Confederacy" by the successor of St. Peter. In order that our readers may see for themselves what these diplomatists are so excited about, we copy the remarks of Mr. Bancroft about Mexico and the question of Southern recognition:

"And while the enemy of America is indestructible, the British Government hurried to do what never before has been done by Christian people, to put an end to the conflict with its own expostion of public law in the time of our utmost need for independence. Through the insurgent States had not a ship in an open harbor, it invested them with all the rights of a belligerent, and on the ocean; and this, too, when the rebellion was not only directed against the gentlest and most beneficent Government on earth, without a shadow of justifiable cause, but its chief object was to found a system of human nature itself for the perpetual enslavement of a race. Under the British flag recognized as free, there is themselves piratical, found shelter in British courts of law. The successors of British shipbuilders, their own shops, their armories, their private arsenals, their ship yards, are now busy in the interest of the enemy. The British harbor in the wide world became a safe port for the insurgent privateers. British subjects armed with British guns, to prey on our peaceful commerce—even on one unarmed passing fresh, British port, freighted with British products, or that had carried gifts or grain to the British poor. The Prime Minister, in the House of Commons, sustained by cheers, scoffed at the thought that the British Government needed an inquest, so as to preserve real neutrality; and to remonstrances, now known to be true, the Queen and her Secretary answered that they could not change their laws on explosion.

"Let us not forget that when these wrongs, for they always have wished, as they still wish, friendly relations with the people of the United States, and have never ceased to act in more strongly than I. This country has always been ready to negotiate with England on any terms, only, in all its history has that yearning been fairly met—by the Prime Minister of the Whig party, by the first ministry of the elder Pitt; and once again in the days of Peel and Aberdeen. Not had negotiations at all times been just men among the peers of Britain—liss as Lord Chief Justice of Queen's Bench, the statesman Argyll, or a Houghton in ours; and we cannot be insensible to the fact that public opinion in England like Cobden and Bright. But the best bower anchor of peace with the people of England, which, fortunately, comes from our civil war, but who, while they kroke their fetters, have not forgotten with sorrow, and cannot up to persevere.

"The subject of recognizing the rebel belligerents was connected with France—France, so beloved in America, on which has just completed the grandest link that one people ever conferred on another—France, which has been engaged in the consistent effort to secure the solidity of her culture, as well as for the bravery and generous impulses of her race, which for centuries had been moving steadily in its own way to a constitutional and political freedom. The policy regarding further colonization of America by European powers, known as the Monroe doctrine of America, had its origin in France; and if it takes any man's name, it was the name of Turgot. It was not Jefferson, or Louis XVI., in the cabinet of which Vergennes was the most influential minister. It is emphatically the policy of France: to which, with transient deviations, the United States has ever adhered, and to which it will have ever adhered.

"Even when the President was perpetually harassed by rumors that the Emperor Napoleon the Third desired formally to recognize the States in rebellion as an independent power, and that England held him back by her reluctance, or France by her fruitless act of freedom, or he himself by his own better judgment and clear perception of events. But the republic of Mexico on our borders, was, like ourselves, distracted by a rebellion, and from a similar cause. The monarchy of England had fastened upon our slavery, which did not disappear with the abolition of the slave trade. The ecclesiastical policy established by the Spanish Council of the Indies, in the days of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, retained its vigor in the Mexican

republic. The 50 years of civil war under which she had languished, was due to the bigoted system which was the legacy of monarchy, just as here the inheritance of slavery kept alive political strife, and culminated in civil war. As with us there could be no quiet but through the end of slavery, so in Mexico there could be no prosperity until the crushing tyranny of intolerance should cease. The party of slavery in the United States sent their emissaries to Europe to solicit aid; and so did the party of the church in Mexico, as organized by the old Spanish Council of the Indies, but with a different result. Just as the Republican party had made an end of the rebellion, and was establishing the best government ever known in that region, and giving promise to the nation of order, peace, and prosperity, word was brought us, in the moment of our deepest affliction, that the French Emperor, moved by a desire to erect in North America a buttress for imperialism, would transform the republic of Mexico into a *secundo-geniture* for the house of Hapsburg. America might complain; she could not then interpose, and delay seemed justifiable. It was seen that Mexico could not with all its wealth of land compete in cereal products with our northwest; nor in tropical products with Cuba; nor could it, under a disputed dynasty, attract capital, or create public works, or develop mines; or borrow money; so that the imperial system of Mexico, which was forced at once to recognize the wisdom of the policy of the republic by adopting it, could prove only an unremunerating drain on the French treasury, for the support of an Austrian adventurer.

"Meantime, a new series of momentous questions grow up, and force themselves on the consideration of the thoughtful. Republicanism has learned how to introduce into its Constitution every element of order, as well as every element of freedom; but thus far the continuity of its government has seemed to depend on the continuity of elections. It is now to be considered how perpetuity is to be secured against foreign occupation. The successor of Charles the First of England dated his reign from the death of his father; the Bourbons, coming back after a long series of revolutions, claimed that the Louis who became king was the eighteenth of that name. The present Emperor of the French, disdaining a title from election alone, is called the third of his name. Shall a republic have less power of continuance when invading armies prevent a peaceful resort to the ballot-box? What force shall it attach to intervening legislation? What validity to debts contracted for its overthrow? These momentous questions are by the invasion of Mexico thrown up for solution. A free state once truly constituted should be as undying as its people; the republic of Mexico must rise again.

"It was the condition of affairs in Mexico that involved the Pope of Rome in our difficulties so far that he alone among temporal sovereigns recognized the chief of the Confederate States as a President and his supporters as a people; and in letters to two great prelates of the Catholic Church in the United States gave counsels for peace at a time when peace meant the victory of secession. Yet events move as they are ordered. The blessing of the Pope at Rome on the head of the Duke Maximilian could not revive in the nineteenth century the ecclesiastical policy of the sixteenth; and the result is only a new proof that there can be no prosperity in the State without religious freedom."

Some more correspondence about the "Shenandoah," the Anglo-rebel corsair, has been published. On December 28, Mr. Adams submitted to Lord Clarendon an important affidavit about the fitting out of the Shenandoah, made by William A. Temple, a British subject, who remained with Captain Waddell during the whole cruise. This affidavit states that of 127 persons on board the Shenandoah, no less than 78 were, and were known to be, British subjects; that the principal guns used during the cruise of the Shenandoah were on board when she sailed from London; that the British Governor of Melbourne was privately entertained by Captain Waddell on the Shenandoah; that the Government Engineer of Melbourne was on the vessel two or three times a day and gave his advice about the necessary repairs, and that the Shenandoah captured and burned 19 vessels after receiving the information of the end of the war. The acceptance of the surrender of the Shenandoah is acknowledged by Mr. Seward in these terms:

"We accept the vessel, but I regret to say that the acceptance is not attended with any sense of satisfaction on the part of this Government. It would have gratified the President if her Majesty's Government had caused proceedings to be instituted for the condemnation of the Shenandoah. The course, however, which the British Government has heretofore pursued in regard to our applications for justice was such as to discourage on our part an expectation of such a disposition of the vessel. We accept her now simply and exclusively upon the prudential consideration that, being reduced into our possession, she will not again depart from British waters in a hostile character."

In response to which Lord Clarendon throws himself on his dignity, as follows:

"It is impossible for her Majesty's Government to avoid expressing their surprise and regret at the tone and style which throughout characterize it [the dispatch of Mr. Seward.] The dispatch imputes to her Majesty's Government, in plain terms, a determination to disregard 'applications for justice' made by the United States Government, and an intention to shelter from the punishment due to their offense persons known to be guilty of piracy. Her Majesty's Government think that by not replying to this extraordinary and unfounded charge, they shall best consult their own dignity, and exhibit their desire to maintain friendly relations with the Government of the United States."

President Juarez, of Mexico, has written a letter, full of confidence, in which he says that the Mexicans, without the United States taking any direct part in the war now going on, will be able to weary out, if not destroy their invaders and adds: "Although Napoleon, from his pride and the habitual depreciation with which he has treated us, may not be ready to propose terms, yet the time is soon coming when he will be glad to accept those we proposed before the war. For ourselves, we will neither propose nor accept anything, absolutely nothing, which, in the slightest degree, can imply any recognition of the intervention, or that may be contrary to the honor and dignity of the country."

The following are the passages in the speech of the Queen of England, delivered at the opening of the session of Parliament, referring to the United States:

"I have observed, with satisfaction, that the United States, after terminating successfully the severe struggle in which they were so long engaged, are wisely repairing the ravages of civil war. The abolition of slavery is an event calling forth the cordial sympathies and congratulations of this country, which has always been foremost in showing its abhorrance of an institution repugnant to every feeling of justice and humanity.

"A correspondence has taken place between my Government and that of the United States, with respect to injuries inflicted on American commerce by cruisers under the Confederate flag. Copies of this correspondence will be laid before you."

The reference to the abolition of slavery is in striking and favorable contrast with the corresponding reference in the speech of the French Emperor.

It seems that Admiral Pareja, the commander of the Spanish squadron in the Pacific, and through whose arrogance Spain became involved in a war with Chile, fatally under-estimated his Republican adversary. His easy triumph, through bravado, in Peru, led him to confide in a similar policy toward Chile, where, however, he was met by unflinching resistance, war, and the humiliation of the capture of one of his vessels. Before committing suicide, he wrote the following letter:

"This letter will convey to you the news of my death. The errors of judgment, and not of will, with which I have unfortunately misguided the Government of my Queen, cannot have any other expiation. I have been prejudiced and unjust toward Tavira. Request him to pardon me. He did know this republic better than anybody else, and his advice and proceedings were safe and sound. It is the interest of our country to embrace the first moment to make peace with Chile."

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

A magazine for children, not too wise, not too instructive, and not too pious, has long been a desideratum in this country. Children, as a general rule, get quite enough cramming in the way of lolly-pop science; and an occasional story that does not wind up with a text or a sermon, is a thing which big as well as little children delight in. Healthfulness of tone and sound morality are far removed from cant, and preaching is an excellent thing in its place. Adam Clarke, the great commentator and Oriental scholar, affirmed that his tastes were first directed to Eastern studies through a desire to read the Arabian Nights and its kindred stories in the original. There can be no doubt that the publication of Robinson Crusoe did more to stimulate English maritime adventure and enterprise than all the legislation of the British empire. *Ergo;* pleasant stories without a strained moral, in which illustrations of customs and scenery, and geography, and for that matter, of natural history, are interwoven, may be most useful things for children, without necessarily winding up with a long paragraph, often dragged in forcibly, about the impropriety of playing marbles on Sunday—which paragraph youthful intelligence will certainly omit.

We have been led into those remarks *apropos* of a new and brilliantly illustrated monthly, entitled: "Frank Leslie's Children's Friend," just issued from this office. It is a handsome small quarto of 32 pages, with a score or more of engravings, covering avariety of subjects—stories, fairy tales, scenery, adventures, natural history, simple games, etc., etc.—in fine, whatever may interest the little group which makes the family cheerful and sustains the parent through household trials. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe," seems to be the motto of the editors, and we will venture to say, that no publication for the young, in this country, or any other, has ever so completely realized the wants of youth of both sexes, between the ages of 6 and 16, as the charming little magazine before us.

No parent can neglect to let this 10 cents' worth of sunshine into his household. One glance at the happy faces of his children will more than repay him for a year's subscription.

TOWN GOSSIP.

New York has been taking a holiday, almost an impromptu one we may say, for heretofore the day—Washington's Birthday—has not been publicly noticed. This year the public, perhaps with a twinge of conscience for its neglect in the past, woke suddenly up and went in for a celebration. Not only did the military turn out in full strength and gold lace, but the business men, turning for one day from greed and gain, shut up their shops, and went out to enjoy one of the most beautiful days ever bestowed upon the earth. The sun shone, the winds blew soft as summer, the people flocked into the streets, the music played not only from Barnum's balcony, but from half a hundred bands; Gen. Grant walked upon Broadway, and was, as a matter of course, driven off by the vulgar crowd who thrust themselves upon him, and in the evening he had a grand reception at the Union League Rooms. There were fireworks in all the public parks in the evening, and the Eighth Regiment gave a magnificent ball at the Academy of Music, at which there was a blaze of beauty and bravery. The boxes, galleries and walls, were beautifully draped with American flags, and from the centre of the building hung festoons of red, white and blue. Portraits of all the great generals were on the walls, and small-arms and cannon were handsomely grouped at the upper end of the room. Mayor Hoffman and Gen. Sandford were present, and a little after midnight in marched Gen. Grant, accompanied by Mr. Secretary Seward. Then came the wildest enthusiasm, and even the ladies cheered and waved their cambrics. The General bowed his way through the excited crowd, and smilingly submitted to his lionization. Then came supper, a capital one, and what we can rarely say of a ball, general happiness and satisfaction.

While all this was going on, there were a hundred other jollifications all over town, and we really think that the day was productive of about as much patriotism and pleasure as ever was a 4th of July.

Who among all our wealthy citizens will emulate the glorious example set by George Peabody, the great American banker in London, who has just made a second donation of $500,000 for the benefit of the London poor, this sum making a gross donation of one and a quarter millions of dollars for the same object. This money is expended in building model dwellings for poor mechanics and laborers, and the result is, that some hundreds of that class have cheerful, healthful homes, instead of being obliged to burrow in the sinks of the city, and pay high rents for so doing. It is only necessary that the tenants of the Peabody houses shall be able to show a good character, to have rooms assigned to them. They then can hire a large airy room, with all the necessary fixtures for comfort, for about 60 cents a week, and in the same proportion for larger apartments. This price is not regulated by the charge for rents in other parts of the city, but is entirely governed by the cost of the building, and the necessity of keeping it in repair, or creating a sinking fund for its rebuilding when it becomes old.

Now who is there among our wealthy citizens that will win for themselves everlasting fame by an act of this same kind? We could name a dozen who could spare a half million and not feel it, if it were not that our doing so would be personal, perhaps libelous; but they can take the hint just as well without mentioning names. Let them think what a satisfaction it would be to walk through a row of model houses, where a hundred families were made happy by their munificence. If it did not secure them a front seat in the grand Temple of Happiness, then it is useless to have such an edifice. We could suggest a locality in this great city, where some thousands of hard-working, sober mechanics and laborers, with large families, can be found, within the space of a few hundred yards, inhabiting dar crowded, and unwholesome tenant-houses, paying rent averaging $2 50 per week for each stifled room they occupy. How glad would these over-worked and ill-housed people be to get away from their prison-homes—how glad to get a few miles away from the city, into healthful dwellings, if they only knew how it could be done!

Millionaires, now is your chance for immortality. Don't all speak at once; but put your heads together, and see what will come of it.

As a fitting end to what we have been saying, let us give a scrap we cut from a daily paper, headed "Underground Horrors." Barbara Mahon is dead, and this is what comes out on the inquest: "The testimony of Dr. Walter J. Haddon brings to light another of many cases of underground misery and degradation. The doctor was called to see Mrs. Mahon on Monday afternoon last, and found her sitting by the stove, sick at the stomach, very weak, and having raised blood, but did not consider her in imminent danger; the room was very dark, damp, badly ventilated and the air foul and nauseating. Her husband was lying on the bed, drunk, cursing and swearing at her and the doctor. Deceased said she had eaten nothing for a week. He prescribed a tonic, and told her to take some nourishment; the next morning he was very much surprised when told that she was dead. The doctor made a *post-mortem* examination: the intestines were entirely empty—not a particle of food to be found, and it did not appear that deceased had eaten anything for some time; the limbs showed marks of bruises and scratches, and there were scars on the head, but there were no marks of violence visible on the body; a person's knee might have been pressed on the stomach with sufficient force to cause the bursting of a blood-vessel without causing external marks; the bed on which deceased lay was saturated through-out with blood; there was no coagulated blood in the throat to cause strangulation, and there were no marks of violence that would cause death. The doctor was of opinion that death was caused from exhaustion from the want of food and loss of blood. There were no indications that deceased was of intemperate habits. When called, on Monday afternoon, Mahon followed the doctor into the room, and remained there, cursing and swearing, during his visit, and his wife appeared to tremble with fear. Three of the shoemakers employed in the rear of the basement testified to Mahon's intemperate habits, his frequent abuse and ill-treatment of his wife; that she was sometimes compelled to fly from the house; and on a number of occasions, after having been driven out, she and her little girl slept all night on the bench, in the shoe-shop." We wonder if Thomas Mahon will be hanged?

At the theatres, while there is nothing of especial novelty, there is still enough to keep up public attention.

Niblo's, and Wood's New Theatre, are each starring a lady, the first Maggie Mitchell, with her fascinating impersonation of "Fanchon," with which she seems to tickle the New York palate to that degree as to fill the house nightly. The other, has Lucille Western, and the sensational drama of the "The Child Stealer."

There is no disputing the great talent of Miss Western. She manages, in a character like this of Madge Wildfire, to hold her audience in a thrall that very few on the stage in this day can do.

Mr. John Owens announces the last nights of "Solon Shingle" and the "Live Indian." We do not believe it. We have always had a theory that Owens would go on playing "Solon Shingle" as long as the world lasted, and that the people would rush to see him the same way a hundred years hence as they do to-day. We will not believe our theory false until it is proved so.

Our Scottish citizens are talking profusely of Corrie's Illustrated Tour of Scotland, which is being exhibited at Hope Chapel, 720 Broadway. The views are truthful, the lecturer pleasant in his delivery, and the entertainment, being interspersed with music and song, makes it one of the best ways to while away an hour that we know of.

Barnum has been making a great hit with his new play of "Moses in Egypt." The scenery is beautiful, and the whole get up of the play would be creditable to any theatre. The effort to do something really good has been appreciated by the public, and the full houses every afternoon and evening attest the fact.

By-the-by, speaking of the Museum reminds us that "The Barnum's Museum Association" gave a very delightful ball at Irving Hall on the night of Friday, the 23d of February. There was a crowd without being a jam, and as pleasant a company as we have seen together for some time.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Gen. Fisk, of the Freedmen's Bureau in Kentucky, has received by a single mail, letters detailing 52 distinct outrages upon freedmen. These letters are received from men of respectability and standing, all citizens of Kentucky, and most of them persons who were appointed bureau agents in the different counties upon the recommendation of members of the Kentucky Legislature.

—— Donald McKay, the distinguised ship-builder, of East Boston, has lately returned from Europe, where he thoroughly inspected the iron-clad navies of France and England. He says that our Navy Department has constructed, built and equipped, since 1851, an iron-clad fleet more powerful than all the iron-clad navies of the world combined, and declares the Dunderberg, built by Mr. Webb, in New York city, to be equal to all the French iron-clads, of which we have heard so much in praise.

—— The American Bunting Company of Lowell, Mass., has just completed a flag for the use of the United States Senate. This is the first flag ever made in this country from domestic materials, and the Senators will no longer deliberate under the folds of a flag made from foreign fabrics.

—— Of the $25,000 to be raised for the erection of an equestrian monument to Col. Robert G. Shaw, of the 5th (colored) Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, $12,000 have already been voluntarily subscribed, and it is thought the committee will soon secure the whole amount.

—— The sum of $18,000 has already been contributed, and a large portion of it paid into the hands of the Western Sanitary Commission, by the colored soldiers and freedmen of the United States, for the erection of a National monument at Washington to the memory of Mr. Lincoln—a spontaneous offering of their gratitude to the great liberator of their race.

—— The Department of State has received a flag from the people of Lyons, France, dedicated to the people of the United States, in memory of Abraham Lincoln. It is inscribed: "Popular subscription—To the Republic of the United States.—In memory of Abraham Lincoln. Lyons, 1865."

—— The number of persons who died in this city, for the week ending Feb. 18, was 417; 229 were children; 32 of whom were of American parentage, and 197 of foreign parentage.

—— Some weeks since, Colonel King, of the 13th Missouri regiment, arrived at Jefferson City, Mo., from the plains, bringing with him a white boy, about 12 years of age, who wandered into his camp, on the plains, among the Sioux. He could speak little or no English, and knew nothing of his birthplace. It has since been discovered that he was the son of a Mr. Sylvester, and was stolen on the plains, while his parents were on their way to Oregon, in the summer of 1860. An uncle, residing in Quincy, Ill., hearing of Colonel King's discovery, made inquiries, which resulted in his identifying the boy as his nephew. The latter, however, has become quite an Indian, has forgotten all about his parents, who are now living in Oregon, and is strongly attached to wild life.

—— In General Sickles's Department of South Carolina, John Ferguson,. of Charleston, former owner of the steamer Planter, has had the brass to apply for possession of the steamer, claiming that she was stolen by negroes, and captured from them by the Federal blockading squadron; that he has taken the amnesty oath; and that the steamer should be restored to him, with his other property. General Saxton reports that the Planter was employed by the rebels, and while in this service was brought past the batteries and surrendered to Admiral Du Pont by a slave, named Robert Small. The steamer has since been employed by the Quartermaster's Department, and Small placed in command.

—— The prevalence of colds has again induced the query, so often agitated, as to the immediate cause of the "cold in the head," the "cold in the back," and "the cold in the throat." A gentleman, who endeavored to trace the cause of his cold, came to the conclusion that he caught it going to bed in his bare feet. The real cause of many colds may be attributed to the long talks which people indulge in on the corners of streets. One of Boston's most celebrated physicians, now an octogenarian, when stopped in the streets, invariably remarks, "I will talk if you will walk." This should be a hint to button-holeing friends.

—— Through the carelessness of an intoxicated nurse, four wards of the Cumberland Hospital, at Nashville, Tenn., were burned on the 1st of February. About 100 patients were in the wards, many of whom were suffering from limbs lately amputated, but all were removed in safety. The nurse, a discharged soldier, perished in the flames. Men who were suffering severely were heard to exclaim, "Don't take any trouble about us, we can be removed at any time;" while others, who were only slightly unwell, were clamorous in their entreaties to be carried away.

—— The distribution of races in the late rebel States is shown in the following table, compiled from the census of 1860:

States.	White Population.	Colored Population, Slave and Free, including Indians.
Alabama	526,271	436,930
Arkansas	324,243	111,307
Florida	77,747	62,677
Georgia	591,550	465,736
Louisiana	357,456	350,546
Mississippi	353,901	437,404
North Carolina	629,942	362,680
South Carolina	291,300	412,408
Tennessee	826,722	283,079
Texas	420,891	183,324
Virginia	1,047,299	549,019
	5,447,222	3,666,110

—— In Georgia, the Governor has vetoed the bill making valid all contracts between whites and freed men. The Senate passed the bill allowing persons to testify in their own behalf in criminal cases only.

—— Mrs. Patterson, daughter of President Johnson, is represented to have lately said to a very prominent and fashionable woman: "We are plain people, from the mountains of Tennessee, and we shall not put on airs because we chance to occupy this place for a short time."

—— Joseph Crele died at Caledonia, Wisconsin, on the 27th of January, at the age of 140 years. He was born near Detroit, Mich., in 1725, seven years before George Washington, and was 50 years old at the outbreak of the American Revolution, so that he might, even then, have claimed exemption from military service. He was 44 years old at the birth of Napoleon I. He was 62 years old when the Federal Constitution was formed, and 84 when Abraham Lincoln was born. We know but one longer life than his in modern times, that of Parr, the Englishman, who is recorded to have been born in 1483, and to have died in 1635, at the ripe age of 152. Crele's baptism is said to be on record in the French Catholic Church in Detroit, so that his age would seem to be duly authenticated.

—— Resurrectionists, or body-snatchers, on the night of the 28th of Jan., dug up the body of a young lady who had been buried that afternoon, in Norwalk, Conn. She had been buried while in a cataleptic fit, and upon being exposed to the night air, animation was restored. The resurrectionists fled and she walked home. Her parents refused to admit her, believing her to be a ghost. She then went to the house of a young man to whom she was engaged. He took her in, and on Monday they were married.

—— Mr. David Williams, of Benton, Ill., was recently indicted for murder. A skeleton was found near his father's house, supposed to be the remains of a man named Henry Mahorn, who had been lost sight of for some time previous, and the circumstances pointed conclusively to Mr. Williams as guilty of his murder. But on Jan. 15, while the trial was going on, Mr. Mahorn turns up again, and came into court, to the surprise of all present, and the infinite relief of the accused, who was, of course, acquitted at once, and the judge and jury left to ruminate upon the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence.

Foreign.—In a speech at Manchester, England, Lord Stanley said: "There is a story of an admirably-conducted man in jail, who, by extra work, managed to lay by a respectable sum, which was duly paid him on his release, and which he immediately proceeded to invest in a first-rate set of housebreaker's tools."

—— The Emperor Napoleon having refused his sanction to the performance of "Malheur aux Vaincus," the last play of M. Th. Barrière, the celebrated vaudevilist, revenged himself by the following letter, which he addressed to the *Presse:* "I had written a play entitled 'Malheur aux Vaincus.' The subjects of which it treated were fidelity, virtue and honor. But the theatre is only permitted to represent realities; my piece has therefore been forbidden, and I have the honor to inform you of this. Th. B."

—— The Italian Government announces that the railway tunnel through Mount Cenis may be finished at the close of the year 1870. The cutting was begun on the French side of the mountain at Mondane, and on the Italian side at Bardonnèche. The length perforated is about 5,200 yards. As the tunnel is to be 12,220 yards long, there are still 7,020 yards to be accomplished. The average distance cut each day is four yards, so that it will require 1,755 days to complete the tunnel.

—— M. Guizot is said to have sketched the policy of France to a friend in the ministry, in these words: "Stop at Rome, get away from Mexico as quickly as you can, and don't go near Belgium."

—— There is a proposal to establish a club to be called "De la Sainte Mousseline," in Paris, with the object of putting a stop to the mania of the Paris ladies for wearing extravagant toilets. One of the principal regulations of the club is that compelling its members to dress with "elegant simplicity."

—— The Paris Omnibus Company has resolved to adopt for their conveyances the practice of laying down hot water tubes under the feet of the passengers, as already carried out for first class railway cars during winter.

—— The little principality of Monaco, in the Gulf of Genoa, contains only 7,000 inhabitants, and yet, few as they are, they comprise a free and independent nation, with a hereditary prince, and a government all their own.

—— Louis Napoleon has taken a fancy to a span of superb black horses driven by Mr. Way, of Boston, which are creating a sensation in Paris. Mr. Way is the envy of all fanciers of all degrees, when he emerges from the *porte cochere* of the Grand Hotel, to display his hot bloods in the Champ Elysees and in the Bois de Boulogne. The Emperor has sent to know if Mr. Way could be induced to part with his horses, and at what price; but as yet their owner is unmoved, and prefers his horses to the honor of pleasing his majesty.

—— A Mexican correspondent says Maximilian never shows himself, and when he walks out privately, heavy escorts and secret spies line his pathway to shield him from danger. He feels no security, and looks very care-worn, but strives to put the best side out.

—— During the festivities of Christmas, a large cake of very rich appearance was sent by some unknown person to Gen. de Manteuffel, Prussian Governor of Schleswig. The gift was received with great pleasure by the Governor's family, and one evening it was placed on the table with no little ceremony. But on cutting it, the tempting inside was found to be merely a shell, containing numerous copies of journals prohibited in Schleswig by order of the General.



DIGGING TURF IN THE COUNTY KERRY, IRELAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.

DIGGING TURF IN IRELAND,
County Kerry.

WHAT coal is in England—almost a universal fuel—turf is in Ireland. A good turf-ground, or peat bog, as it is called, is a fine property, and, like a coal mine, brings a royalty, or rent, to its proprietor from any one who digs.

The depth of the peat varies, and as soon as the surface is taken off, the ground is fit for cultivation.

The spade or instrument used for digging is called a slane, and the square of peat, when taken out, a slade. The pieces are generally about 18 inches in length by 12 broad, and the same deep; and after cutting, are piled in heaps, to dry, and when dry, are sold at the rate of about five for a penny. It burns like charcoal, and even in those places where coal can be had, is used as a kindling material.

In this country we have many peat bogs, but in the superabundance of better fuel, it has not been thought worth while to work them to any great extent. As our forests give out and our coal mines get into the hands of monopolists, so as to make keeping warm too expensive a matter for everybody to indulge in, the peat bogs, no doubt, will come into play, and we shall have the *sloder* offered in our cities as a substitute.

MR. JAMES ROBINSON AND THE NEW YORK CIRCUS.

NEW YORK has had, within the past few months, a sensation of no common kind, in the person of a rider, Mr. James Robinson, who has given some examples in that line that rather startle the professors of the ring themselves.

Mr. Robinson came almost unannounced to this city, but three nights had not passed when it was seen that a talent, such as had never been witnessed in this locality, was before us. The perfect mastery of the horse, the abandon of the rider, the grace and dash, marked the perfect chief of his art. We feel that all attempt at description is vain, and that the rider must be seen to be understood. All positions on the horse are alike to him. He stands either upon his head or feet; he repudiates bridle or band, taking his steed barebacked and flying.

Our illustration represents him in one of the favorite feats of his art, called "The Steeple Chase." In it he stands exactly as represented in the engraving, while the horse makes a flying leap over a four foot high fence. We give this as one of the wonderful things he does, without being altogether sure that it is the most wonderful. In fact, Mr. Robinson has so overturned our old ideas of riding, that we feel an inability to describe him.

Mr. James Robinson commenced his career in 1845, with Messrs. Rockwell & Stone, traveling through all the Southern States, until the year 1857; and, on the 4th of March of that year, he sailed for England, under an engagement with Howes & Cushing. While in London, he had the honor of appearing at the Alhambra Palace, before the Queen and the royal family, and of receiving tokens of the royal approbation.

After a career of great success in England, Mr. Robinson went to the continent, and appeared in all the principal cities of FRANCE, GERMANY, RUSSIA, HOLLAND, and other States, in each place making a success that stamped him as an artist of the highest rank in his profession.



MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD, CHIEF OF THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

On his return to this country, he traveled through the West, and was then engaged by Mr. Lent, for the New York Circus, in 14th street, where he made his first appearance in November last, and at once winning a notice that has grown weekly, and drawing to this pleasant place of amusement the fashion of the city.

There is nothing that we can say of this talented and daring rider that would be too much; but nothing that can be said will give any idea of his style. He must be seen to be understood.

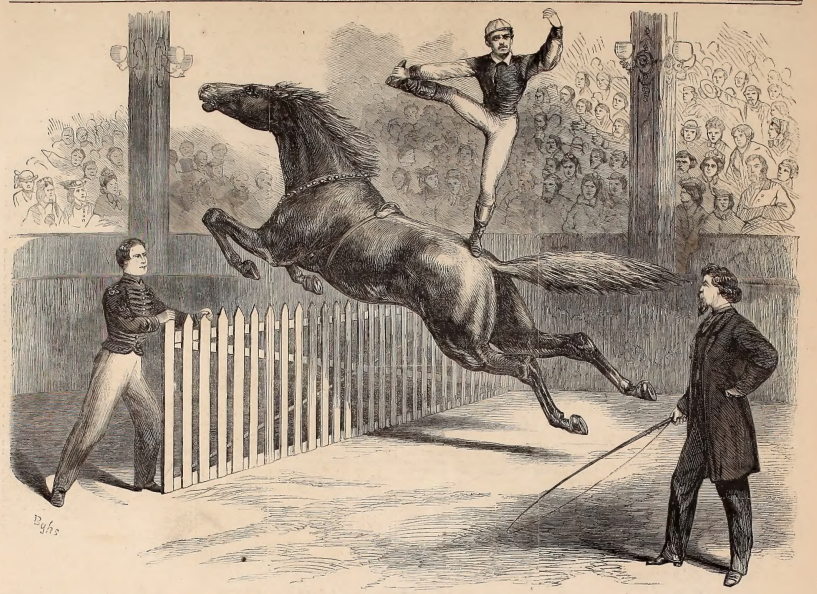
WILLIAM AND MARY'S COLLEGE, VIRGINIA.

THIS ancient seat of learning, the Alma Mater of so many eminent men, is the second oldest college of the United States, Harvard University being the first. It was founded in 1692, at the same time as the town of Williamsburgh, in which it stands. Before the rebellion the college was in a flourishing condition, having about 150 students, and a library of 5,000 volumes. It had a reputation for quiet respectability and conservatism, but the war made no distinction of persons or localities, and the operations of both armies had its effect, until the apparel of the college was almost entirely destroyed. Since the close of the war, strong efforts are being made to restore the ancient place to its former glory, and without doubt they will be successful.

The town of Williamsburgh, in which it stands, is situated on a level plain, between the James and York rivers, and about six miles from each. It is the oldest incorporated town in the State, and is full of interesting historical associations. It was the seat of the royal government previous to the Revolution, and afterward capital of the State until 1779. The population is about 2,000.

MR. BENJAMIN P. MACKENNA.

THIS gentleman, who has attracted considerable attention of late in this country, from his connection with Chilean affairs, and his arrest by the Government, was born in Santiago, Chile, in the year 1831. In his earliest youth he took an active part in the politics of his country, and figured as one of the warmest and most ardent partisans of advanced liberal ideas. Not content with a simply verbal representation of his political principles, he identified himself with them, at a later date, as a soldier in the revolution inaugurated in Chile in 1851. In this movement he reached the rank of Colonel. Previous to this, however, he was twice compelled to commit to temporary banishment from his native land on political grounds. Of a naturally remarkably energetic and laborious character, he took care that the time he was obliged to spend in these periods of compulsory exile was not wasted. He improved the term of his banishments in study, not in visiting Europe, the United States, and the other countries on the continent. He devoted himself especially to a careful examination into the history and institutions of the various countries of the world, and the working of the several forms of Government at present existing. Mr. Mackenna has greatly distinguished himself as a writer, both by the number and the merit of his literary efforts. Up to the present time, he has composed and published 14 or 15 volumes, all of considerable value; and, in addition to this, has made constant contributions to the periodical literature of his



MR. JAMES ROBINSON, THE WONDERFUL BAREBACK RIDER, NOW PERFORMING AT THE NEW YORK CIRCUS, FOURTEENTH STREET



BENJAMIN F. MACKENNA, THE CHILEAN AGENT.

country. He is by profession a lawyer, and has practiced with some success. Mr. Mackenna now occupies the position of Secretary to the Chilean Chamber of Deputies, of which the secretary is always and necessarily a member.

He is described by those who have been most familiar with him since his late arrival in the United States, as a man of extraordinary energy and activity: one who will spare no time to compass the success of any measure to which he may commit himself. He entertains a decided bias in favor of American ideas, whether in politics or in social and domestic matters, and is a sincere disciple of the go-ahead principle.

Mr. Mackenna came to this country last November. He brought with him influential letters of introduction, and at once obtained an entrance into the higher circles of New York society. He became a member of the Traveler's Club, to which he was introduced by the Hon. E. G. Squier, of this city. Soon after his arrival, he took part in the opening of the Mexican loan agency, at which Señor Romero, General Doblado, and several representatives of the United Service, were present. On this occasion he made a speech on the subject of the present troubles in his native land. In fact, Mr. Mackenna has lost no opportunity, since landing in New York, to serve the Chilean cause. He appeared again at the Monroe Doctrine meeting, held on January 8, and spoke with most impassioned eloquence, holding his audience spell-bound for an hour, and, despite his slightly imperfect English, stamping himself as an orator of the highest caliber.

That he has the sympathies of our entire people with him is hardly worth asserting. The principles he advocates are those of all true Americans, and sooner or later must have full sway and utterance.

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN B. FITZPATRICK, BISHOP OF BOSTON.

JOHN B. FITZPATRICK, D.D., Catholic Bishop of Boston, died in that city on Monday, February 12th, aged 53 years, the immediate cause of his death being violent bleeding at the nose, produced from apoplexy.

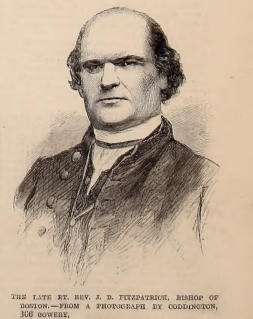
Bishop Fitzpatrick was born in Boston, in November 1812. In the public schools of that city he received the preliminary education which fitted him for college. His college life was spent in Montreal, Canada, where his rare amiable disposition and his genuine intellectual and Christian qualities won for him the admiration of all his associates. After graduating at Montreal, he proceeded to Paris to finish more completely his education before assuming the solemn obligations of the priesthood. He was ordained there some time in 1840, and almost immediately upon his return to America he was settled over the Catholic Church in East Cambridge, Mass. He remained there but a brief time, however, for he was soon appointed coadjutor to the then Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, and was consecrated in March, 1844. Two years later, upon the death of Bishop Fenwick, his mantle fell on his coadjutor.

Twice after having become Bishop he visited Europe—first in 1854, on matters connected with church duties, and again in 1862 to seek relief for declining health. He returned from his last visit something over a year since, but instead of having found relief, it was evident to himself and friends that disease had seized him for a victim. Six months ago it was thought for several days in succession that he would live but a few hours, and for several days preceding his decease his death was expected at any moment. The spark of life would seem at times to die completely out, when he would suddenly revive and he comparatively convalescent for several days. Thus he lingered for weeks, and almost months, until at length, after passing through the sufferings of a declining life, his spirit was gently borne to its long and peaceful home.

THE Ambassador of Morocco, who recently arrived in Paris, brought, as a present to Louis Napoleon, six splendid stallions and a magnificent tiger.



THE ANCI[illegible]OF WILLIAM AND MARY'S, WILLIAMSBURGH, VA.



THE LATE RT. REV. J. B. FITZPATRICK, BISHOP OF BOSTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CODDINGTON, 306 BOWERY.

THE BALLAD OF THE WIND.

BY C. D. GARDETTE.

THE wind is an honest old rover;
Whatever the bards may sing;
He does us brave buffets on ocean,
As I rair Tuck dealt on his king.
When no moans, it is out of sorrow
For the wrecks he may not spare,
And is wails arise to the pitiless skies,
To shorus his victims' despair.

And the wind is a busy spirit,
With a spice of mischief crossed,
And neither his mirth nor his mischief
To the sons of men is lost.
He whistles an elfish jingle
For the autumn leaves to dance,
And bids the hosts of the storm to their posts,
And the thunder-steeds advance.

He snatches the odorous secrets
From the myrtle and orange leaves,
And whispers them through the arches
That the northern forest weaves;
He murmurs a slumberous ditty
In the ears of the bending grain,
And fleches their seed, with dexterous speed,
To sow on the distant plain.

He sweeps from the Northern Ocean,
Where the icebergs form the bars,
And shouts to the birds like a Viking,
With the frost-bead on his lips:
"The birds are the children of summer,
And the orchard boughs are bare!"
Lo, their wings are spread, and the pilgrimage
Is made.

To a land that the forest-elves spare.

In the weed-encumbered churchyard,
O'er the unremembered dead,
How often he chants a requiem
From the cypress overhead!
And upon the sea, at midnight,
When the wearied mariners rest,
To their dreams he comes, from lands far-off-homes,
With echoes that make them blest.

So the wind is a brave old rover,
Whatever the bards may say;
And his laugh and his sigh are welcome,
Wherever his spirit stray:
Should he come as the storm-king's herald,
Or the zephyr's soft-voiced sprite,
In sorrow or mirth, in the children of earth,
He claims to be heard aright.

CAUGHT BY THE SUN:

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S STORY.

BY W. H. DUFFIELD.

ONE can see Nature in a photograph-gallery better, perhaps, than in almost any other place. For six years I have been in the line of business, and have enjoyed many a quiet laugh over comical scenes. I have had sitters for half-hours, who considered clean boots impermissible, and were shocked at my refusal of blacking and brush; the inevitable baby has visited my establishment, and the equally inevitable mother has, in every case, shrouded herself in a shawl and crouched behind the chair, to keep it in position. Men and women who have disliked their pictures because they have told the truth and spared not, have been numerous; and one (an old man by the way) lately, offered me double price to "make her look twenty-one!" The young man from the country, who always sees so much water on a bald head, seems so uncomfortable, no matter how you sit him, has at times dropped in upon me—much to my disgust. The ladies who come to have their "shocking bad" taken, and the gentlemen who invariably "happens in" shortly after, have been frequent visitors; and I have sometimes, from causes, taken decent-sized pictures, with the distinct understanding that but *two* impressions were to be printed, and that then the negative was to be destroyed. I have had detectives search through all my stock for a clue to a missing face; but the strangest thing I ever knew occurred a year or so ago, and deserves more than a passing word.

No man of any mind can be content unless he is advancing—unless he is in some way making progress. With this I have often been impressed, and on this principle I have always acted. My trade—either, at any rate, for I consider it such—has been so greatly improved of late years, that, in order to keep pace with the times, I have regularly subscribed to two of the best photographic journals I could procure. They have given me many valuable hints, and from their pages I have derived far more actual profit than the expense which I incurred.

One day I noticed quite an article on instantaneous views, written by a practical photographer in England, and illustrated by cases in which the method prepared had met with great and startling unexpected success. To such a degree of perfection had it been carried, that a French artist, with a taste for the horrible, had contrived to get a very accurate picture of an execution, near Paris, just at the instant when the knife had fallen. The idea struck me as a good one; and the perusal of Dr. Holmes's paper in the *Atlantic*, on a similar subject (this of stereoscopic views), determined me on the experiment.

I spent my leisure time for several days in preparing my chemicals according to formula, and in arranging details, doing all with the mere purpose of improvement in my art, and demonstrating to myself the possibility of the statement. At last I was ready; and, being disengaged one afternoon, I left my boy to attend to callers, and tried several moving objects, with very satisfactory results. A horse on full trot was caught, with his feet in the air, but did not take so sharp a picture as I wished. Further experiment proved that the coating of the plate might be made still more sensitive, and so I was fairly mounted on my new hobby; men walking looked extremely ridiculous, when fixed by the sun-rays, and the whole impression was as if some one had petrified them with a single dash of light; Medusa's head was nothing to it—and, by the way, I question whether this myth had not some connection with this science, and whether photography might not once have actually been among the number of the lost arts. But to speak of my experiments. As I have said, I was reasonably successful, and it encouraged me to fill up my gaps in this manner. I became famous for my accuracy in taking children's pictures, and so applied my knowledge to practical use.

Still I kept on with my investigations, and, at last, ventured to try a large crowd, assembled around a traveling juggler, on the corner below. The distance was great, and if the camera had not been very fine and the chemicals working well, I should have failed utterly. As it was, I achieved a brilliant victory over all my doubts; every line was clear, and on holding the negative to the light, I could see that I "developed" it just enough—just to that golden mean between faintness and shadow. If I ever made love to a picture, I did to that. I rinsed the hands but my own to print it, and by so doing lost several sitters. One lady remarked, audibly, as she went down-stairs, that I was "a horrid man." He had Mr. Farnum so cross and surly. For her part, she'd never come near him again!" All of which was consoling to me, as I was conscious of my own strength; but I couldn't leave that negative for fifteen minutes, at any cost, let her say what she would.

It came out beautifully clear and distinct. I kept the first impression for myself, and hung another in my show-case at the entrance below, where it added greatly to my reputation. As it showed the outline of the city, with a dozen fine residence or two beside, I was asked to make several copies, and sold them accordingly. I found that, after the first day's work, my fortune and my justifiable remarks, had not damaged me in the slightest. I became specially the leading artist of the place, and the city fathers patronized me from any connection with photography leaves me perfectly free to state. I had orders to obtain views of the dwellings of members of the common council, and I am proud to say, did the work well, among others, that of Hon. Henry Ware, the member from our district, and a short, dry, sour gentleman. Mr. Ware had once learned the trade, was very fond of it still, in an amateur way, and, of course, must have a good picture, but he was so crabbed as to say nothing of the fact that Miss Julia Ware, then eighteen, was taken, by her father's directions, sitting at the open window of the front room. She was his only child, and, of course, he had a perfect right to do what he pleased. I wished, however, that he had not asked, that she had been anywhere else but there.

When the proof was printed, I mounted it carefully, and carried it to the house, that I might have their united opinion upon its merits. That opinion was very flattering on every side, especially from the young man, who declared it perfect without stint or measure. His quick eye caught the fact that, while the whole view was sharp and well defined, that of the lady sitter at the window was possible in focus. Of this both parents, much to my delight, expressed thorough approbation. I hardly knew why, but I thought I had been so well pleased could they have learned the true reason. That came afterward.

I had been favored by the newly habits from principle. Although I had been in the place a year, I had made but few acquaintances among the young men, and, consequently, I was easy to say, far from desirable companions. From the three other photographers I obtained a very moderate share of kindness and sympathy; my rival calling at my rooms, in order to agree with me as to prices, &c., and the latter never more or less than once. Save his friends, however, I had learned to like already, and for one I possessed a sincere regard. A student not merely by name, his education as limited, and he had given his love to chemistry, and my own interest in its practical application attracted him to me. He was a modest something from me; I know that I did from him, and the latter beside me, signed, "Yours truly, Lewis F. Gray," and my sense of friendship is not yet among the things that were.

Gray came to my room one evening, with a fine view mirrored in his eyes.

"Farnum," said he, "here's a curious thing;" and he opened the instrument, and placed under the microscope a common pocket-knife. "Look for yourself," he added, "and answer me if ever you saw a truth-teller like the sun?"

He was a knife with the base of a ruined pillar, covered with vine-curls. Under the stereoscope it looked distant and slightly dim; but with a low power of the microscope it was wonderfully distinct. Even to the smallest type the placard could be read, the only knowledge needed being that of Italian writing. And, scattered here, bold marks in chalk and charcoal—incendiary inscriptions some of them—scrawled there by idle or designing hands.

I studied long over this and others, surprised even in spite of my previous information on the subject. It opened a new field of interest to me both, and our conversation turned directly on the strange properties of collodion, by which the number of objects rendered obtained to be so limitless. I mentioned the belief of a French astronomer that he could at last discover the composition of the moon by successive photographs of a magnified portion of the original. "If," ran the theory, "every object is imprinted upon the collodion; if strong magnifying power but serves to develop new images; if an enlarged portion of a photograph can be re-photographed without detriment—why may not this same operation be performed upon portions of the great three-foot likeness of the moon, and these photographed portions be magnified and photographed until we come close upon the very surface we are trying to behold?"

"I believe it possible," said Gray, "after this evidence that nothing, however small or invisible to the naked eye, fails to leave its image. The only drawback I see is the degree of sensitiveness which can be imparted to the collodion. And that difficulty, I think, can be overcome."

"I hope so," I replied, "for I see no other way of attaining the result." And then, as an idea suddenly crossed my mind, I added, "Let us look at that penknife once more-stencil-view of mine. It may prove interesting."

"Very well," said Gray, "if you think it is clear enough to stand a high power test."

I got the first impression which I had taken with such care. It was larger than the stereoscopic slides, and, consequently, more than the lowest power of the microscope to make it distinct. We amused ourselves for some time in recognizing our acquaintances in the crowd, and laughing at their strange positions; some with their heads thrust in between others, and one, a little man, straining upon up-toe to get his full share of wonderment. Several mouths were wide open, to Gray's great merriment, and the whole picture, under the magnifying quality of the instrument, took a most ludicrous turn. All eyes were on the juggler, and many appeared to be laughing at him almost as heartily as we were at them. We had only seen the figures before as a well-defined group—now the full details some out magnificently.

All at once Gray, who was moving the microscope over another part of the crowd, gave a perfect shout of laughter, and dropped back in his chair. I hurried to see what had amused him, and found my fellow-countryman, with both hands in his pocket, staring at the juggler, while a well-dressed man, whose face seemed a stranger from the rear, was extracting from his coat. The utter unconsciousness of the one, and the evident cunning of the other, were too much for my gravity, and I joined chorus with Gray on the instant.

When we recovered ourselves enough to look once more, the man was trying a high power on the object which was being stolen. He did so, and found it, though partially concealed, to be a perfect rendering of nature's mistake. The farmer's face was turned away. That of the thief was in profile, and on the little finger of the hand which held the prize was the faint appearance of a seal ring. Nothing but the strong power of a fine microscope could have reached these small details, but the instance so interested, that he did it satisfactorily in far less time than I could have accomplished it, unused as I was to the instrument. It was the knife photographed as belonging to a certain Wilson Granger, who was at that time a comparatively new-comer, and a perfect "man about town." His manner he always declared were simple, and though not complete success in pocket-picking, no one had ever shown cause why he should be charged with anything out of the way. Indeed his good behavior had set in, and, all unarmed projectiles, that he had met on friendly terms with many of our best citizens. His landlady had once replied to the remark of a fellow-boarder, that if he only came in as early as Mr. Granger, she would be fully content. Which let me say in parenthesis, was a high and lasting foundation, insomuch as the aforesaid boarder lodged on the second story, immediately over Granger's room, and that the latter was indicated to a second at what hour of the small hours any person or persons passed up-stairs.

It was true that Mr. Granger had a fine horse and often drove alone—but where was the harm in that? It was established, on the contrary, that if polite men had a failing it was most courteous; that he was at no time a corner lounger; that he went, at least openly, into no saloons; that, in short, he was well-conducted, and, withal, minded his own affairs. Of such low theft as picking pockets no one, not even the most inveterate gossip, ever had him accused. He was a new comer, then, so singularly before us, was astonishing—not to say astounding.

I looked at Gray. He had ceased to laugh, and was examining the position of matters in general with a very serious face. Our united information had led to the casual just given, but Gray had one item more.

"I say, Farnum!" he exclaimed after a moment's silence, "is this Granger's name has been visiting at Judge Ware's a good deal lately."

"Has he?" said I, trying to appear unconcerned—which I could not.

"And what's more, I think Julia Ware likes to have him come."

"You—you do—say—so!" I ejaculated, for really I had never thought of that before.

"Yes, I do, and the Judge don't hear of this paper of his would-be son-in-law, my name ain't what it is. That's all."

"That's all," said I, secretly rejoiced, I must confess, at the turn affairs had taken. "But how do you suppose the photograph caught him, and how people did it? It seems strange enough, I'm possibly do it. Practice makes perfect, you know, and my practice is first-rate."

"All right," said Gray, cheerfully; "I can explain it, then. His motion was quick, but yours was quicker; it must have been. That single ray of light caught him in the act before he could get his hand to his side. What was, therefore, from its quickness, invisible to others, was seized and fastened here. Anything in the way of motion under a quarter of a second is absolutely impracticable by human eye, but this great eye—almost of God himself—has fixed the crime, that we both may read it for ourselves."

"And to think of Julia Ware being his wife—the wife of a pickpocket!—we must let the Judge know this at every risk."

"We must, indeed," I said; and I meant it with all my heart.

"But do you know them well enough to call at the house with me?" asked Gray.

I owed it to the Judge's republican as well as scientific tastes that I could answer:

"Yes."

"Very good, now hear my plan. Can you print enlarged impressions?"

"I can if I have the means of getting up the apparatus properly."

"I'll help you," said Gray. "For this thing must be enlarged and re-photographed, and then we will go and call."

And with a word or two more of further arrangement, he left me and went home.

I retired to rest that night as usual, but did not sleep. Here was a chance to me a revelation that I, a poor photographer, loved a girl with whom I had spoken but twice—the daughter of one of our wealthiest men.

Next day it seemed as if the plot was thickening with a vengeance, for Granger himself came in to add to a picture. By dint of a little careful flattery I succeeded in having him choose also a profile view—not knowing but it might prove of use. He was very accommodating, and left me, I turned to my work with anything but dissatisfaction. Gray would not be in until evening, and I was therefore left free to arrange a part of my projected apparatus.

I had almost completed when he came—though his impatience was as great as mine, and brought him to me between school hours at noon. We discussed the projections, and by night, when he returned, the pickpocket and his victim were displayed in *carte de visite* size, the former facing to the right toward the edge, and the thief in full focus-profile view and all. It required much care, and occupied my whole time, to the exclusion of all else before, of several sitters, who left in the worst imaginable humor.

When I heard Gray bounding up the stairs that evening, I knew that he must be bringing good news.

"Farnum," he said, with as much breath as he had left, "I've talked it with the Judge. I saw him just now, told him of my new microscope, and informed him that it would afford me great pleasure to show Mrs. Ware and Julia a few photographic curiosities some evening, if they were so disposed. You know how enthusiastic he is. Well, he called with the offer immediately, and, much to my amusement, invited me to come myself, and 'bring my friend Farnum,' this evening. I'm afraid, though, that's a little too soon for the big dash. What do you think?"

I told him that I was all prepared, however, and added that I would call when Granger's business ended.

"Better and better!" exclaimed Gray, rubbing his hands, delightedly. "Why, if we had been planning for everything, we couldn't have done it more to our wish."

"Does any one know of this, except you and I?"

I asked the question anxiously, for to lose the thread here was to fail with a most ignominious failure.

"No one, not even Mary" (I knew who Mary was, but I should tell her, if I told it at all)."

I drew a long breath, for the game was ready to begin, and I thought we were ready to play it.

At a little after eight o'clock that evening we were walking in the last glory of the setting sun through Judge Ware's garden gate. Gray had the microscope with him, as least conspicuous, was to do the talking; Gray was to spring the trap—for Granger would be there.

The family had entered and saw no one but the family in the room. Could it be possible, I asked myself, that he might not come? Could he have left the city? Or we might fail in our aim? Might we not, like poor Don Quixote, have difficulty in making our ideas understood? Was it not, after all, too desperate experiment with other people's business? Doubts came thicker than the troubles out of Pandora's box; but, in spite of every fear, Hope, then as ever, stays, lingered behind. I do think, however, that if I had been compelled to engineer the plot, we should never have been successful, but Gray had no such thought. He sat there, quiet and polite, and while three photographs were handing about in my breast-pocket, he was perfectly unmoved.

We discussed the weather, the crops, the prospects of the coming book, poetry, politics, all equally agreeable topics of itself and heavy conversation—and yet Granger did not come.

Eight struck, and a ring at the bell.

"Oh, there is Mr. Granger," said Miss Julia, with great vivacity; and, sure enough, it was he indeed.

"Mr. Granger—Mr. Gray—Mr. Farnum," and we were all in our seats again.

Gray explained how to behave and how to talk. To the Judge and his good lady he was especially courteous, dropping a compliment to the one and a low bow and then an apology as if his education had been finished in the highest circles of Parisian fashion. To us he was pleasant-like, agreeable. But all I thought of was that hand with the seal ring, holding the watch.

It seemed hours before politeness lit up the room, and politeness began to exhibit the stereoscopic views, but the time came at last. To the Judge, and Granger especially, the entertainment afforded great delight—real on one side, apparent fancy, on the other. We looked once more at the Roman pillar, and, under pretense of the fineness of the image, Gray contrived to have the splendid argand burners shedding a flood of light upon the objects to be examined.

Finally he took the picture of the evening and placed it beneath the leaves. Portion by portion they went over the crowd, till Gray adjusted the

instrument once more, put on a stronger power, and coolly said:

"Look here, Judge!"

The crisis had come, and fairly held my breath.

The Judge looked—looked again—gave a smothered exclamation, and started back. Now was my time.

"Mr. Granger," said I, "here is the proof of the profile you had taken this morning."

I believe I emphasized *profile*—at all events, it passed it to him across the Judge, and in full view. As Granger reached to get it, I took it back from my hand, gave it a sharp glance, and looked down the tube once more.

"Pardon me, Judge Ware," said Granger, "But this is very extraordinary!"

"It is indeed—very extraordinary, I should say; and something else besides," growled the person addressed. "Tell me what this means? I'd like to know!" and he motioned Granger to look through the microscope.

Granger did look—changed color slightly, and then met the Judge's gaze with perfect command of countenance.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that that is you," said the Judge shaking his cane in the fewest possible words.

"I really beg your pardon," began Granger but Gray interrupted him.

"Mr. Granger has an enlarged view of that figure," said he.

I took it from my pocket and laid it side by side with the profile in the Judge's hands. He turned and held them both before his wife, who had stood, with Julia, in utter amazement. She saw the whole case in an instant. The magnified view (the best of twenty trials) was as like to the profile in all respects as two pictures were able to be. I had taken good care of that.

"If you really believe," remarked Granger, a shade whiter than before, "that this is a proper portrait, I have the honor of wishing you a good evening and better judgment. I trust that I shall hear very shortly that you acknowledge yourself deceived."

Polite as ever, he bowed, and hurried away, but I saw him from one glance at Julia. She was pale as ivory, and as rigid. If she had been struck dead she could not have been more white and still.

Granger moved on toward the entrance to the hall.

"Walk, sir!" thundered the Judge, leaping forward and placing his back against the door. "You do not leave this room till you explain your position in this accursed."

I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed. The ladies, contrary to the usual custom of the sex, at such times, were speechless. Granger was calm at first; but grew excited, blustered, appealed to his reputation, called Gray and myself hard names, and ended by defying the Judge to do his worst.

In half an hour he was seated by a constable in the Judge's carriage, and with that elegant officer on the box, and Gray and myself inside, was going to visit the nearest jail.

On the back photographic pictures, interesting and conclusive as they were, did not serve as the entire evidence. Facts stronger even than they, started on suspicion and searched down to truth, charged him unmistakably with being concerned in several robberies. The landlady's boast of his early habits was, moreover, destroyed at once and for ever, and the wakefulness of her people called in serious question by the testimony of a lodger in the house. That man was the identical person at whom the poodle always barked, and before whose eyes the shadow and sample of Mr. Granger had incessantly been kept.

His hand seized one night after he returned home—from desperation, for his calling, as all liquor, discomfited, most heartily, the counsel for the defense—but from hard work and good thinking over a ledger. He rose softly from his bed to bed and sat by the window, in the warm summer air, pondering (as the cross-examination showed), the possibilities of success or failure in a certain business scheme.

The night was perfectly still, somewhat overcast by clouds, and yet bright enough for distinguish objects, provided they were not at too great a distance. He had sat in this manner more than twenty minutes, according to the best of his knowledge and belief. Having retired at twelve, and lain sleepless for a full hour, he felt convinced, during an arithmetical exercise, that time must have been, at the very least, half-past one, when he heard the window below him softly raised to its full height. And then—with the exactness of memory—he remembered noticing that Granger's sash had been but partially lifted on the night window which was now opening wider.

From this manner his attention was called on the probable meaning of the slight, stealthy sound. The weather, of itself, would rather incline the occupant of the room to close than to open his apartment, although it was by no means cool.

Presently out came a leg, then another, then a body, gently and softly, which lowered itself by its hands from the sill. The man above thought of robbery, while he listened as he could for the alarm, the figure below dropped lightly on the ground, took from his pocket a pistol, looked at it, and, lifting, with a step which seemed very like Granger's, was firm and heavy, but gave no sound, passed down the street.

The man in the window above was now thoroughly interested. The closest cross-examination failed afterward to detect in his evidence any trace of confusion of mind, head-ache, or even sleepiness. He put on sufficient clothing to prevent the chance of a cold in the head, and came back once more to his post. If it was a robber, he reflected, he had taken no apparent plunder, and the circumstance, which had at first caused him to give no alarm, pointed to a conclusion which must be verified by any hazard. That circumstance was the *raising of the window sash*. If the man, he reflected further, was a robber, who had been in and was coming out, he would have left the sash up beyond a question. The man, then, he concluded, was probably Granger himself.

So the watcher kept on his self-appointed station till the stars began to grow dim in the eastern sky. If it was indeed Granger, she would come soon.

And come he did, with nothing more than he carried away, except something to hide in. He stepping hastily onward toward his own first-story window. All this the sentinel above, hiding behind the curtains, but getting a full view of the figure below, with an active spring, caught the sill of the window, and then quietly, dexterously, and quickly, with both hands and feet at once, was pulled gently to its old position, and then the sounds, faint as they had been, were ended.

The watcher above went to his bed. He, too, moved softly across the floor. He, too, lay silently down. He, too, slept until the rising bell.

Lying there, half-dressed, when that had sounded, he thought over what he should do, and how he should best manage. He knew no person on whose thorough integrity and courage, as a companion, he could sufficiently rely. So he lay down for his ninth standing night against Granger's, and even were it allowed, he could prove no actual criminality. On the other hand, the landlady's favorite assertion encouraged always by Granger, and verified almost constantly—was, that no one ever left the house, or came in, on the night-time without the notice of Trip, her dog. She slept at the end of the lower hall, by the foot of the stairs. Between her door and those of the one, were two closets and a pantry, over which she and Trip kept, like the dragon of the Hesperides, watch and ward.

If he should then make oath, he considered, his testimony as to extraordinary exits and entrances would be insufficient to convict Granger, and would besides disqualify himself for future evidence, and make gratuitously one more enemy than he already possessed.

Then (and afterward) he cast about him for a man to whom he could safely confide this thing; but two months passed before a "confidential friend's" plan was as far from success as before. Granger came to breakfast every morning as prompt; and whether in the room or the kitchen, secure in his freedom from every kind of confederacy, and have eventually escaped in spite of this watcher, with a sigh of relief, a question at all, but a foregone conclusion, one in which the effect follows readily from a sound cause, the timidity, the hesitation—call it what you will—of the lodger above.

He was one of those men who never have confidence in themselves, never take it unless it is thrust upon them by injury to them or theirs. Other men may suffer, and suffer acutely, and even die of it sincerely, their own self-interest triumphs over their humanity. Curiosity led him to track every thing with Granger, and to keep the key of Trip, until the man was caught and placed in prison. And then, like the world in general, he made a few sneers, and then forgot the whole thing, unless so quiet were appreciated by many who knew him.

I, myself, remember well how fully I was convinced at the time of what I have just said, and I remember also, a remark of Gray, that, "if that school of reasoning were presented by the ablest Mr. Appelbonn and the stonishing Mr. Grossmith. Fenton, Esq., in full dress, with white kid gloves, short knee-breeches, woolen stockings, and big wig, will be the Vice-President, and will preside, representing the O'Mahony interest, with a full complement of Fenian officers on the platform. A good specimen of Fenians, representing the character truly and fairly, as also the Irish people generally, will be John Rossa might be mentioned.

The chair will be further surrounded and followed by an array of Irish ladies:

Miss Fenton (Mrs. Grossmith) (Mrs. Trisco), Rose Coghlan (Mrs. Boucicault—Procter's Actress), Kate (Mrs. Hermann) and Forget-me-Not (Miss Tray). The ladies wear Irish green and gold—yellow, green, and white tartans, dotted respectively with gold and silver stars, like those of the Irish flag, and are provided with the character to be represented. Crowns of flowers adorned the heads of the ladies.

Eight large dahlias.

Ninth dahlia—Fenian superior.—Flagbearer and Director, Marshal as student (an original bookmaker). Permanent Secretary, Mr. Boucicault, for festivals. Those also representing characters who took a prominent part in the Skedaddle.

Then the following glee-clubs, with large drinking-horns, and other paraphernalia: Crying Academy of Gotthorn; Bull-Frog's Vale Glee Club; Jersey Flats Lederkranz; Blatherskite Club; Hoboken Liar and Mosquito Chorus; Washington Territory Mixed Chorus.

Then the Committee of the Fifteenth Ward, accompanied by Brennan, preceded by a dilettanti band, playing tunes decidedly Irish, and followed by Gray's Family Lederkranz, Capt. Hesse, commander.

Then the Committee of Arrangements. This procession and its ludicrous belongings must fall the pencil in a better instructive and beautiful hand than mine. The serious part of the story.

This idle talk is given as the festivals of the carnival are given in Paris and Rome. The carnival originated during the sixth century, when by Pope Gregory the Lesson of Lent was introduced, and it originated from the pagan festivities among the Christian Romans, which were known as saturnalias. The zealous were much opposed to the introduction of these heathen festivities among the early Christians, who on these occasions would put masks on their faces, and dress as demons and ghosts. They good worship, like the original pagans, Bacchus and Venus, and engage in all kinds of carious and excessive pastimes. The carnival season lasted from Epiphany until the season of Lent. On a most extensive scale the carnival was celebrated at Rome and Venice, where the carnival is still celebrated with a great deal of prominence. At some places these peculiar festivities were continued only for eight days, and at other places only three days were devoted to the saturnalias. At Venice, the carnival consists of a series of masquerade entertainments, masquerades and public demonstrations on the Piazza of St. Mark, and when princes are in attendance, regattas and races are in order. Formerly, a second carnival was celebrated at Venice, on the occasion of the marriage of the Doge with the Adriatic. The carnival at Rome is generally accompanied by a horse race, and consists of a series of masquerades and races. In Germany, the carnival is more closely connected with the festivals of Lent, and is prominently celebrated at Cologne and Mayence. The carnival at Nice will be rescheduled. It derived from the Latin words *carne levamen*, as it includes the consumption of meats. From Italy the carnival and the Christian Romans were introduced in other countries of Europe, especially Southern Germany. From the mummeries of the Germans originated the dances of the Swiss cantons, and the town of Basle. Most Fastnachts plays were represented by the Swiss. Fastnachts plays were performed in Lower Germany, and the Netherlands. Some of the French and the natives of the English, which originated in the same way.

In this country the carnival has been introduced by the Germans, and is celebrated especially by the Arion. In New York, the carnival of the Arion ball will be complete. Every year the society improves; and this year, itself and the leading association of its kind in this country, it has a reputation to uphold which it will not lose, as it has this year, the most brilliant affair of the kind ever given on this continent. Extraordinary efforts will be expended to this end, though the tickets were $10 each, twice the quantity could have been sold. Had they been ten dollars each, they would be high as $30 were offered, and given, for a single ticket!

ICE IN THE RIVER.

A Scene at Hoboken Ferry.

NEW YORK city is possessed of more physical disadvantages than any other city in the world. It is so shaped that its people can be driven but one way, which is to the north or upper end of the island. In consequence of the immense number of people seeking dwelling room, or traveling in almost any direction must cross some of the numerous ferries. But in the warm weather is rather a pleasure than a pain, but when winter puts on its icy garb, is sometimes productive of serious inconvenience.

During the late cold snap, ice formed so rapidly as almost to impede navigation, and the ferry-boats of the Brooklyn and Jersey City Ferries found extreme difficulty pushing through. If this was the case with the large boats, it can be imagined what trouble was been the fate of the third-rate ones of the Hoboken ferry, and yet with what a few days ago was but a treat to the ice, and carried out toward the sea, being seven hours floating or pushing about to the inlet, with all her passengers on board, the boats make the shore.

The Hoboken Ferry, from being the terminus on the New Jersey side of the great railroads, has become a ferry of first consequence, and at certain hours in the day has call for a force of boats capable of carrying large numbers of people with but a very short space of time.

The accompanying is taken at one of those times when the rush of passengers is greatest, just about dark. Then not only the workmen and women are returning to their homes, but the passengers going by the different trains are pressing forward. The ice has formed so rapidly that the slips are filled as soon as engines and barriers, and the crowd in mad haste rush aboard the already crowded boat, in confusion and hurry running over those who endeavor to get off. In less time than it takes to relate it, the boat was crowded with the same mass of people as the whole, sex, and size, but yet only a moiety of those who waited on the other side. And the last passenger on board of the outs, and a human wall was formed across the boat, which beat back the invading party time after time, and in so doing many were pushed overboard—and into the water, for the ice was so firmly packed in the dock that it required much force to push a sub-lodgement.

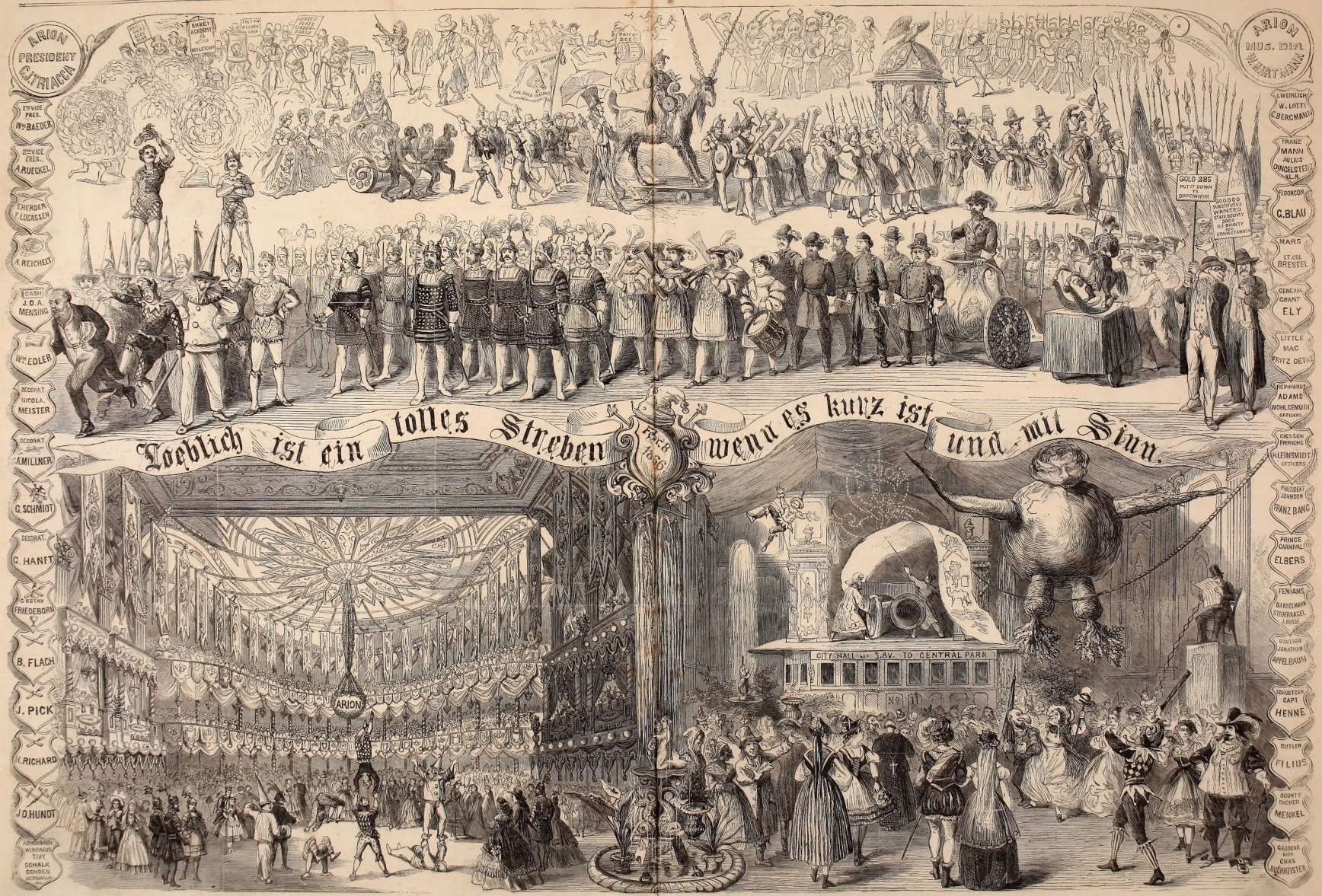
In a few minutes the people on the boat, feeling that they were secure from further invasion, positively refused to allow another person to come on board, and expelled those who had. The scene of pushing and struggle now on every inch of the immense boat, the voyage across the river was made—a voyage which was not to be soon fraught with peril than any that has ever been made across the river, and which the writer can testify to from that ocean every year when the ice is in the river.

GEN. OLIVER OTIS HOWARD

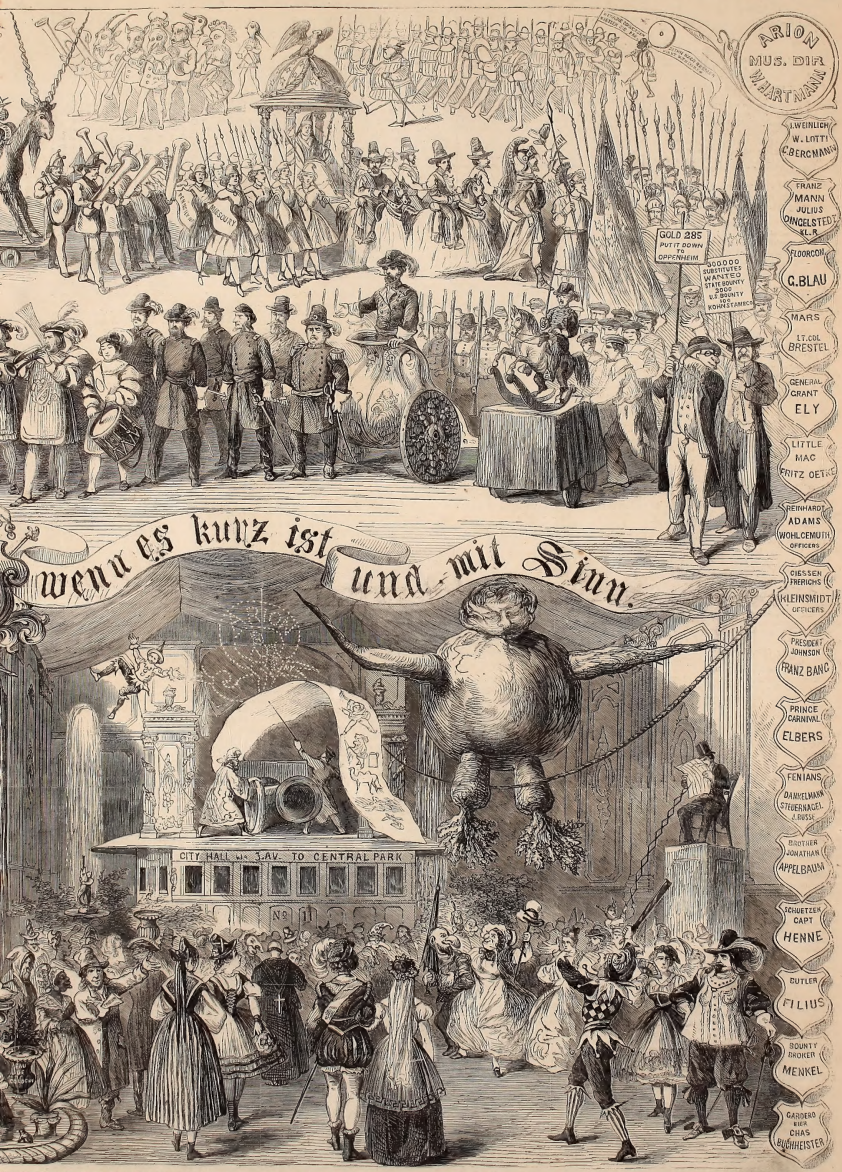
Was born in Leeds, Maine, November 8th, 1830. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1850, and immediately entered the West Point Academy, where he remained till 1854, and was appointed to the Ordnance Department as Brevet Second Lieutenant. In July, 1857, he was made First Lieutenant, and, subsequently, was ordered to the West Coast, where he served as Acting Assistant Professor of Mathematics, in which capacity he remained till 1861. When the war broke out under way, Gen. Howard resigned his First Lieutenant's Commission in the Ordnance Department, so that he might accept the position of Colonel of a regiment of Volunteers, September 3, 1861. His brigade formed part of Sumner's Division, and fought at Fair Oaks, and in the battle of Fair Oaks, June 1, 1862, had his right arm shot off. He was made Major-General of Volunteers, November 29th, 1862.

Gen. Howard's division, in Sumner's Corps, which formed part of Sumner's Right Grand Division, or, in other words, the right wing of the Army of the Potomac. Howard's Division, with Newton's, of Franklin's Grand Division, were the only troops which participated in the action of Burnside's battle of Fredericksburg. At the battle of Chancellorsville, Gen. Howard commanded the Eleventh Corps, which behaved very badly on that occasion, but no fault is attributed to the commander, since he was not present. He was Major-General of Volunteers on November 29th, 1863.

The natives of Bombay, India, are much excited by the operation of lighting the streets by gas, just completed. Long before the lamps are usually lighted on an evening, numbers of natives may be seen grouping around the lamp-posts, and when the Lamplighter approaches (followed by a ragamuffin crowd), the greatest excitement prevails, the strongest pushing the weakest, in their endeavors to secure the best possible place. After a little preliminary chaffing, the lighter ascends the ladder, and when the illumination is complete, the mob heave a sigh of relief, and quickly sit down at the foot of the post, and, with upturned faces, gaze into the lamp for hours, with every now and then their chin the post with their hands, to feel whether it gets hot. The mystery why the road does not get the same ordered solve, and they argue for hours together upon the and waste of the question; until, fairly tired out, they return to their homes, to dream of the wonders produced by "Bath."



THE GREAT BALL OF THE ARION SOCIETY, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8TH.—THE PROCESSION.—THE STAGE FROM THE FRONT, AND THE BOXES FROM THE STAGE.



EBRUARY 8TH—THE PROCESSION—THE STAGE FROM THE FRONT, AND THE BOXES FROM THE STAGE.

A DEAD LOVE.

BY LIZZIE B. COOKE.

ASHORE on the beach of the surging sea
Of moaning and bitter memory,
Came a drifting corpse, in the morning light,
So sea-weed draped, and so ghastly white;
Alone on the sands, by the black waves thrown,
Close clung its curls in a net of foam,
And purpled the tide o'er its darkling eyes,
Once holding such speechless mysteries.

Beside it I crouch on the reddening sands,
Fast fall hot tears on its sodden hands,
And I wring from the shrouded the salt sea spray,
But I could not warm that stiffened clay;
Nor could kisses bring back to life or bliss
One smile of the love once deemed so true,
Nor could break their silence, to murmur low
Dear, tender names of the long ago.

And there, on the sands, in the lurid light
Of the breaking morn, in the dews of night,
'Neath the gleam of stars and the moon's pale grace,
It haunts me always, that cold, dead face;
For in sea-weed shrouded, by cold winds blown,
With curls caught up in a net of foam,
It lies on the sands of that surging sea
Of moaning and bitter memory.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MARK," "REDDER'S WAY," ETC.

CHAPTER LXIX.—A DREAD ALTERNATIVE.

"HEM! and now what is to be done, my dear?" The doctor sat in his old bachelor with his daughter, in the pretty morning room at Peterham, put the question in a rather sad and dubious tone. He had been listening to Clarissa's account of her interview with Phillis Conyngham, and had sat wiping his spectacles, and not uttering a word till she had finished; then he put them on, and, cocking at her pale face, sorrowfully said:

"Hem! and now what is to be done, my dear?"

"Pray, my dearest Clarissa, "we must make Sleuth set her free."

"Can he?"

"He must; he must exert every power he has to do so."

"But, my dear, will he?"

"I doubt it, my child," replied Clarissa, in a low voice, which seemed to contain more meaning than her words. "I think he will. It shall not be my fault if he does not."

"How do you mean, not your fault, Clarissa? What are you going to do?"

"To ask Sleuth to come to send this," said Clarissa, giving him a little note addressed to Sleuth.

The doctor read it. It contained but a line or two, requesting an interview with Mr. Sleuth, at his own house, that morning, and indicating her intention to wait for him without waiting for an answer.

The doctor laid it down with an air of grave bewilderment.

"Clarissa, my dear, is this absolutely necessary?"

"Yes, papa; I must see him."

"But why in this manner?"

"Why? papa, you know as if repeating his words; and then, leaning her chin on her hand, and looking down in sad thoughtfulness, she remained silent for some time.

She raised her eyes with a clear, determined look in them, and shook her head mournfully.

"Yes, it must be, I must see him alone, because I may know—if he refuse me about Phillis —I may have to put some questions to him which, as yet, must only be put to him alone. Another person present might ruin all my chances of success."

"But, my dear child—hem!—my dear child, I cannot bear the thought of your being concerned in such a shocking affair."

"Papa," said Clarissa, quietly, "it is not a thought, it is a fact, that has to be borne. I am concerned in it, all, and so deeply, I sometimes wonder——"

"My poor child!" murmured the doctor, as she buried her face in her hands, and wept silently.

"I accompanied Phillis Conyngham on a minute, lifting up her face and clasping her thin hands, "if the real criminal, whoever he is, suffers more than I do for my having done so, my frightful nights, or if he waits in more sickening suspense than I do for the end."

The doctor looked the little note, and weighed it on two fingers very sadly. He turned it about, this side and that, and pondered over it, but could not like the look of it, that he would.

"I know, my dear," he said, laying it down, and pushing it out of his sight, "I know you feel this deeply—deeply, my child; but still the English court of justice is the finest in all the world. Trust to it, my dear, and never think that you can see deeper than it. If he is innocent, it will prove his innocence. Trust to it."

"Mistakes have been made—fearful mistakes."

"Well, well, at all events, you can do nothing, Clarissa. Wait patiently, and trust in God."

"I do," said Clarissa; "and if I felt it to be His will that I should be only patient and calm, I would try and bow to it—but this I do not feel. Day and night something tells me my part in this great calamity is not to sit still and endure, but to be up and doing. I have no comforting glimpses of the end, every thought of it is fearful. I have no sleep, but I wake in agony, lest, in sleeping, I have lost a thought that might have saved him. So, no, I must do something; and, papa, you must hinder—you will help me?"

"Clarissa, be calm and listen," said the doctor.

"How! Let me ask you, my child, if you remember what the consequences will be if you should be the means of saving Anthony?"

They looked at one another in terrible silence, and every bit of color died out of Clarissa's lips.

"You will also be the means of hanging—"

"Hush!" she cried, throwing herself on her knees, and catching his hands in an agony of entreaty. "Hush, hush! I know, I know! But what shall I do? Save Anthony I must, if I can; and I think I can at that—in it prize."

The doctor laid his face on his hands.

"The man has sat at my table," he muttered.

"The other has sat there as your son," sobbed she.

"I have taught him how to bear prosperity."

"And the other has taught the world how to bear poverty."

"I—I had really given him my friendship."

"To the other I gave my love for my daughter."

"He has been my neighbor and friend for nearly four years."

"He has been my affianced husband as long."

"My child, my child, can this band he has grasped so often and so gratefully, move to destroy him?"

"My father, my father, can these lips that have kissed his betray him by their silence?"

Clarissa, he came to me to ask me to be his friend."

"Father, he came to you to ask to be your son."

"It would be a fearful return for my kindness."

"Hush! I know; but think of what horror this has been to me, and is. My very soul is bruised with his shame; I cannot shut out the foul weight of them, and so it will be to the end, if such an end as I think of comes. The sentence of death would fall on me, not on Phillis. Only you, though I will move heaven and earth to avert it, I tell you, I believe it will fall on him—on Anthony——"

"Hush! my darling, hush!"

"I do, I do! I hear it in the night—I stop my ears to it in vain. I feel it in my veins. You will refuse me your help; I shall be faint-hearted, slow, too late, and he will die. Anthony!"

She sobbed out his name with such a passion of anguish and despair, that all her strength seemed to pass from her with the cry.

"Help me!" was what she could say, turning her eyes on the doctor's face imploringly, as he raised her in his arms.

"I will, Clarissa—trust me, I will. And now, my child, you must be calmer and better before we take another step. Come, come, lie down."

"Yes, yes: I will soon be quite calm, quite well. And will you think while I rest? I could not rest, last night; but perhaps I can rest now if I know some one is thinking for him."

"I will. Now go—go, and get some sleep."

The doctor remained looking at her pale face for some minutes after she had gone.

"I wonder if she will sleep?" he thought. "Poor child, I had better let her rest about the note, at all events. Yes, I'll tell her that shall go."

So he went and opened her door very gently, half in hopes she might be already asleep.

She was not asleep, but kneeling beside her bed, her hands clasped, and her beautiful face distorted by the holy passion of prayer.

"How good she is!" said the doctor, when he returned to his study, and sat down with moist eyes. "How wise, and how lovely, and how good—and, thank God! it is my daughter!"

CHAPTER LXX.—THE BOUDOIR OPENED.

INCESSANTLY looking at her watch, Clarissa meanwhile paced about her room, impatient for the flight of time. She wished to be at Eddington Hall not a minute before, nor a minute after, the appointed hour had struck. But how was she to get ready? Were the horses right? Would the mare again cast a shoe at a most inconvenient time? Were there any of the numerous sundry unsaid business on hand that might have drawn Sleuth out before her note reached? She almost wished she had written to him to request that he would not send a saint doing so was as strong as ever—namely, her dread of receiving either a denial, couched in the most polite and considerate terms possible, if he guessed her business; or of receiving, what would be almost as bad, one of his gushes of sympathetic feeling for "poor Miss Clarissa's affliction," and so on, of her visit—a kind of manifestation which she had, for a long time, habitually repressed in her presence.

However, she got away at last, and it was noticeable how carefully for her as she could beat the air of the hunter at all—she had arranged her dress into harmony with her state of mind. Her appearance looked as if she were in kind of half mourning. Every woman has an instinctive knowledge of those individual traits which will contribute to her the greatest possible amount of charm, and it is a common satire upon the sex to say that to slur over grief, or to conceal the traces of illness or sorrow, is more than must be expected from the truest heroine. Clarissa's appearance on this eventful morning certainly did not call up such a theory. Whether it was that she took a kind of sympathetic pleasure in defacing her beauty, while flatly refusing her the last poor chance of addition of her lover, or that she thought of and dreaded Sleuth's admiration, and the opportunities she was about to give him of forming more consideration from her than she had before vouchsafed, or whether, lastly, it was the mere force of a healthy instinct working unconsciously upon her to shape all her possible influence solely into one, and that the right direction—whichever of these motives were Clarissa's, and it is likely she felt them all, the result was that the personal brilliancy and the mental fascination which she ordinarily exercised was lost for to-day, and she simply looked a lady, whose unassuming dress and well-cut but pale features gave you only one idea—that she was in deep distress of mind. She wore a long black veil, and wore it hanging down over her face even in the carriage, and while she was obliged to open all the windows to give herself air, and the sense of something like being able to draw a free breath.

"If I fail! If I fail!" That was the spur with which she stimulated her often faltering purpose, and regained, in sheer despair, peace out of chaos by reflecting that Anthony's life was, as Mr. Stamp had said, now in her hands.

Suddenly she saw a carriage emerge from a side road some quarter of a mile in advance, and drive rapidly on in the direction she was herself going.

"It is Mr. Macguire!" she said to herself. "That is his carriage. What if he be going to Eddington also? In that case, I must wait till he leaves. I cannot be all that time in the house. No, no; that would be intolerable. Well, I must keep sufficiently near to see how he directs his course; but, I must, also, keep out of his way. I dread to speak to anybody just now but the one man on whom so much depends."

On went the two carriages, mile after mile, as if obeying one common mechanical impulse. Once Clarissa thought she saw signs of a desire to slacken, and rein for her. She instantly pulled the check-string, and said to the coachman:

"Don't go any nearer to the carriage in front."

Presently the carriage in front resumed its former pace, and when the lodge-gate of Eddington appeared, a stop was made, and Clarissa could see in the lower part of the beautiful clump of the silver birch and blossoming furze, winding along toward the hall.

She paused at the lodge to ask if Mr. Sleuth was at home. The answer was in the affirmative; so she caused the coachman to drive slowly up the avenue. Before he was, congratulate herself that this visit of Mr. Macguire would probably, by distracting attention, allow her to get quietly into the house; and she was planning in her own mind how she would get the butler—who would, no doubt, meet her—to take her past Sleuth's study into the drawing-room, when—

Lo, as the carriage drove up, meeting on its way Mr. Macguire's empty vehicle, which was slowly moved on by the boy who was the horses warm, Sleuth appeared bare-headed at the door, bowing, and alone, to receive her.

"I am truly delighted—" he began, as he came to the carriage-door and offered her his arm, which she took, and descended, on her way from the carriage to the vestibule.

"You are engaged?" she interrupted.

"Only my old friend, Mr. Macguire. He will wait."

"No—no, indeed. I will go, and return in an hour, or two hours."

"My dear Miss Pompess, you really shall do nothing of the kind—pardon my saying so. If you would prefer that I get rid of him first, I will."

As she was silent, he conducted her into the house, and said:

"Mr. Macguire is in the drawing-room. My study is always liable to interruption; so allow me to show you a library that has only of late been finished, and with which I intended some day to have amused my friends."

Wondering—in her own mind, Clarissa moved on in deep silence, till she turned a corner into a part of the house she and her father, on their occasional visits, had never seen. It was a corridor, with a vaulted ceiling of the most extraordinary beauty. It was low, winding and narrow; but the artist seemed to have improved these conditions on himself merely to bring the closer to the eye the exquisite carvings that literally covered every part of the stone work. Flowers were for the most devoted to displays of form, as though branches of the most elegant and suitable trees had been sought for, for this purpose, and then bent and molded by hands of consummate power and knowledge, and artistic sense of loveliness, to form the roof. At the ends flowers and fruits emerged at salient points, from the beautiful spray; and these were so exquisite, that it was almost impossible for the eye, wasted, as it were, upon walls that were intended to be habitually passed by without people stopping, to enable them to give the colorist to the artist and enjoy it.

Clarissa forgot for a moment, as she gazed, her troubles, forgot Anthony, forgot even her present companion, Sleuth, himself, in the concealed delight, her cry of admiration when she came to a spot where the winding of the corridor, and the entrance of a beam of light, enabled her to see the whole in its perfection.

Sleuth said nothing; but still led her on till she saw a door open before them she understood that this corridor led exclusively to the room which they were about to enter, and which, she could hardly feeling, was worthy of such an approach.

Sleuth watched her while she took one rapid and admiring glance, then he said, with a tone of the deepest humility:

"Your forgiveness will, I fear, find little here to admire. However, I did the best I could; I got the best advice, and best help I could."

This was said in a tone of melancholy that strangely puzzled Clarissa. He added:

"I will leave you, then, if you will permit me, and for a few minutes, I am sure Mr. Macguire won't be long; I know what business he has come on."

So saying, he went out, and closed the door after him. Very well might Mr. Sleuth know Mr. Macguire's business, for the instant he had received Clarissa's note, he had determined she should now come to this room, and this room only; and his suggestive mind had reminded him of some matters in which Mr. Macguire took great personal interest, which he saw he could promote, so he had dispatched a note, showing that he, Sleuth, could only have that exact time to spare for some days. Well, he was here; he would know of Miss Pompess's visit to him—a fact that could do Sleuth no harm, he fancied. But besides that indirect advantage, it had enabled him to introduce Clarissa to the room he had so long desired her to see, without seeming to have had any special desire of the kind.

Clarissa was alone in the room that Phillis had just looked into, when the shutters were closed, and the corridor dark, and had vainly desired to see. The glimpse she had then caught of it, and Sleuth's obvious unwillingness to let her see further, had never been forgotten. The indistinct vision still haunted Phillis's imagination, now that she knew, only too fatally clear, that it was not for her.

Clarissa is there, where Phillis might not come, and did not sit long on the chair where Sleuth had left her. There were two alcoves opening out of the room at the further end, one opposite the other. She went to see what they were like. One was an aviary, charmingly designed, so as to look always picturesque, and she could well understand how it would be when full of vivid life, glancing color, and delicious song, the home of the most brilliant or beautiful of tropical birds. What was the other? She had only to turn where she stood in the aviary, to answer her own question, without waiting to re-enter the boudoir, or to cross it to go into the opposite recess. It was a little conservatory, arranged so as to receive only plants in full flower, and these were now there in the greatest abundance, mingled with a few larger ones that bore not flowers, but graceful and picturesque foliage to the scene, to harmonize all, and to maintain a kind of fixed continuity of effect.

Clarissa was charmed—she could not but own she was, even while she was troubled and disconcerted.

She went to a hanging book-case of novel design to look at the books. There were some in green morocco, some in white vellum, some in crimson silk. Every book she looked at she got through instantly, as if it only confirmed some rapidly-growing fancy.

She sat down on a little arm-chair, and smiled ironically a moment after, as she looked curiously at the piece of furniture she had accidently chosen —it was of rosewood.

"Oh, yes!" she said to herself; "it is most unpleasantly clear. It is me and my tastes he has been studying here."

The blood mounted to Clarissa's face as she asked herself if her own folly, or worse, had led to this. She remembered, on looking back to sundry interviews of the last three or four years, accidental opinions she had happened to express, and others that she had fancied at the time he had drawn out of her, and now this was the conclusion. It was a fact, and a startling one—it was vows to Clarissa, she felt it was also a humiliating fact—that this place had essentially sprung from her own occasional hap-hazard fancies, or her own really matured tastes and opinions; for it seemed to put her and Sleuth together as two companions working and scheming, as it were, hand-in-hand, heart to heart.

Then she remembered that this house had been built from Anthony's plans, and she felt abjured—that Sleuth had had his ideas from them. What new interest that thought gave to the place!

And Sleuth had brought her to this room! Yes, he had brought her.

But, after all, was it so great a crime in a man to like and love her—if he really did love her—and secretly work in this fashion to gratify himself, even though he might have vaguely hoped also to gratify her? Clarissa decided to be just, and, it must be owned, did not find the task difficult—in this direction.

For a moment only. Her father's words now recurred to her all their awful significance: if she saved Anthony, she would, in all probability, hang Sleuth.

Then she forgot everything once more but the dread business she had come to do, and tried again to make sour what she should say—how guard her words—how horror from a sudden external to herself the strength to enable her to control her features, should Sleuth find the earnest heart-eloquence that was so much needed; while she trembled at every sound she heard in the house, every rustle or moving of a door, lest it might be Sleuth returning to put her to the test.

"If I fail! If I fail!" again she exclaimed, almost wringing her hands in anguish, as if she saw no other hope.

The sound of footsteps, echoing through the stone-paved corridor, told her Mr. Macguire had gone, and Sleuth was about to rejoin her.

The door opened. Sleuth entered with a smile, and an apology for keeping her so long, and was followed by a servant—the discreet butler—who brought refreshments. Sleuth waited with a smile, and an apology for keeping her so long, and was followed by a servant—the discreet butler—who brought refreshments. Sleuth waited on them on a little table, the surface of which was composed of minutes pieces of the very rarest woods, inlaid with such admirable skill as to make the whole faintly resemble a glimpse of a tropical forest when the veil of mist, drawn forth by the fervent rays, has, in a moment, dissolved the outlines of every tree, and given new depth and meaning to the mysteries of that green and luxuriant world.

When the servant had gone, Sleuth drew near, placed a chair for himself opposite Clarissa, but so respectfully that she was glad of the movement, and then poured out a glass of wine—plain sherry in name, but of a quality that itself told how he must have searched London through to obtain it, as he had done, in anticipation of this very visit.

Clarissa was also glad of the wine. She drank little other than water at ordinary times, and, therefore, like all other temperate livers, found immense resources in a single glass, when the powers were tasked beyond their proper strength. Hope entered her soul as the wine penetrated her frame, her eyes sparkled, and she no longer felt afraid for herself, while she also felt less fear of him.

Sleuth could not see and appreciate. He was about to direct the conversation into channels that suited his own notion of things, when she said, abruptly:

"You must wonder, Mr. Sleuth, at this sudden visit—at my coming so unasked."

"If I wonder, it is only at my own good fortune," he replied.

"Yesterday, I was at Statehill Prison."

"Indeed!" said Sleuth; and his hand went to his face, his elbow to the edge of the little table, and then, half shading his countenance, he looked at her for a moment, then let his eyes drop to the floor, while he waited to hear further.

"Yes. You will pardon my interference, I hope!"

Sleuth smiled, as if in irony at her doubting that.

"You know what I—I must feel about the charge against Mr. Maude."

Sleuth kept his head, and cursed, the while, in his heart the ill-luck, as he esteemed it, that had given Anthony what he was himself so desirous to obtain. The very modesty of the words in which she thus told him all she desired to say, gave fresh pangs to his envy, by making Clarissa, even at that moment, more attractive, more unattainable. She went on:

"It was thought among Mr. Maude's friends that it was possible the housekeeper's niece, Phillis Conyngham, might be able to throw some light on——"

"She's mad! My dear Miss Pompess, she's stark, raving mad!" interrupted Sleuth.

"Pardon me, Mr. Sleuth, but she was, but is not now. And, in proof, she has assured me she repents of her violence to you——"

Again she was interrupted.

"Did she tell you the cause of her attack upon me?"

"No."

"Shall I tell it to you?" asked Sleuth, his face and attitude losing much of the placid unconsciousness and good temper they had previously exhibited.

"If you please," said Clarissa, coldly.

"Do not blame me, then, if I own at once I did do her a wrong, but that I did it in a cause for which I would again repeat the act. I did it through love!"

"Me, sir!" exclaimed Clarissa, starting indignantly to her feet.

"You said you'd be the truth—I give it to you. Oh, Miss Pompess, have you indeed been so blind to the state of things all these years? Is it possible that you did not suspect that the reason why I could not marry a woman who was so devoted to me—who never did a single thing with which I or one had a right to reproach her—is it possible that you do not know that it was you who changed me, and made it a crime thenceforward to fulfill what otherwise must have been a sacred duty? But pardon me. Pray be seated. A thousand pardons for the rude words of anger I did not mean to say this; but I could not bear you to think so meanly of me as to misunderstand what brought me to you on the morning of my residence with my uncle, when I needed a kind word to comfort me under—But I need not refer to the past. It is enough to say I pity Phillis from the very bottom of my soul. She is a good and virtuous girl, and if it were possible for me to marry her, I would have done it. But I could not. She is quick-witted, and the very day you gave me so much pain by your attitude, when I happened to fall a few words in her ear, she came here, and before she left, knew I was no longer in heart the same. Poor girl! I do not wonder at her violence or repentance!"

"Which is insanity no longer," said Clarissa, resenting herself.

"True. Pardon! I forgot. You said so," said Sleuth, as if absently.

"And you forgive her? Of course, after what you say, you will be bound, at least, to do that," questioned Clarissa.

"Oh, certainly. But—and you will pardon the remark, I am sure—it is not desirable that either she or I should be again subjected to the chances of such meetings."

"Will you trust me to prevent any—any such occurrences?" asked Clarissa.

"Sooner than I would trust any other living person. But I hope I speak at least to a friend in speaking to Miss Pompess," said Sleuth, pausing in the excitement of his subject, and looking from under the shadow of his hand upon her earnest, animated, and now again wondrously beautiful face.

"You do—you do, indeed, Mr. Sleuth! I wish I could make you understand, once for all, how sincerely, why my thanks are due to those words."

Sleuth's eyes expanded in wonder to see the kindling light in hers. He could not understand her. Acute as the knowledge of the kind of woman-love he had learned in his early days—a love that may be said essentially to consist of the absence of all mental faith in the foundations of female truthfulness and constancy. Her visit—even her very frankness in acknowledging her love for Anthony, as though that were a seeming fact that could not be openly denied, and now these words, opened to his eyes dim, yet delicious vistas, along which he must at least try a few exploring steps.

"I dare not," he said, and his voice really did tremble with emotion or some kind. "I dare not dwell on what you have said, dear to me now and for ever as are your words. So let me say instead what it was that—that——" Strange, it is all forgotten!"

Sleuth stopped, and seemed to try to recover the lost thread by putting out of sight the new idea which Clarissa had given him.

"Why? asked Clarissa, impetuously.

"Because," said Sleuth, with a melancholy smile, not altogether devoid of maliciousness, "I had forgiven her directly she struck the blow. I understood her feelings toward me by my own toward——. Enough: she is forgiven!"

"And may be relieved!"

There was a little and felt pause. Sleuth then said:

"Yes, in due course. I will see to it."

"Give me that pleasure? Do! It is the first favor I ever asked of you; if you deny, it is the last."

Sleuth's face changed color, and his entire demeanor assisted his mental embarrassment.

"I am a magistrate, and must see that things are done legally."

"You are a magistrate—a humane man—and are bound to spare this poor creature every unnecessary hour of pain and disgrace."

"True. Go on. If I hesitate, do not be too sure that it is not that I may enjoy the exquisite gratification of so pleaded to."

"Ay, but the listening involves the consent," said Clarissa, throwing herself into his mood.

Clarissa then, with a side-table, where she saw writing materials, all of which were not merely of the same costly character as the general furniture of the room, but displayed originality, in the p-n, to concentrate and direct the intention of the whole. It was of gold, both nib and stem, the latter studded with rubies and diamonds, in some spiral pattern of so quaint a character, that even then Clarissa, while snatching at any chance for a moment's relief, could not help attention to it, and thus read, as she held it aside to the light, manufactured, formed by the tiny gems:

"Beware! Love is life and death, joy and despair, you make me distribute."

"A fancy of my own—absurd enough, I dare say," said Sleuth, affectationally taking the note of her sudden enlightenment.

Her only answer was to place the materials before him, and, with a hand trembling, received letter-paper case—people do not then write on note-paper—to dip the virgin pen for the first time into the ink of which it was destined to speak. It was a beautiful boy held up, while gazing, as if in awe of the uses to which the beautiful owner might put his subtle power, to say:

"Finish the good work. Write me a full release!"

"That is beyond my power."

"Stop. Pardon my rudeness. It no doubt is as you say. Write me, then, a few lines, expressive of your determination not to prosecute, and of your willingness for her release from prison, if the authorities consider her ill to leave, under—well, pre-sent circumstances."

"If I passed to think of what is prudent or formally right——"

"You would still do what you are now going to do."

"Miss Pompess, I can refuse you nothing; you, who refuse me everything!"

He tried to meet her eye, but she took up the pen, and seemed to busy herself in studying its nice and delicate workmanship, as though it had escaped her on a first rapid glance.

Sleuth wrote:

"Satisfied that Phillis Conyngham struck me under circumstances of grief and trouble that deprive her act of its more criminal aspect, I hereby declare to the proper authority that I have no just cause that I shall certainly not think it right to proceed with the charge against her, and that I trust she will recover her health of mind and live to be grateful to the friend who asks this from me."

"Will that do?" said Sleuth, putting the paper into her hand.

Eagerly her eyes ran along the lines, and eagerly Sleuth watched them in their brilliant progression across the page from left to right, when, rising, and again, until she had finished, and then she smiled, and said:

"Thank you; I do, indeed. *I will never forget your kindness.*"

So saying, she rapidly folded up the paper, and put it in her pocket.

Then she rose as if to go; though it was obvious, even to Sleuth, she did not do so as freely as desirous to leave. Perhaps his pride was only her native sweetness and nobility of disposition. She might only be thinking: "How strange it must look! and yet I want, and then so orientation, to show him I care no longer for his society, even to the extent of good breeding and ordinary friendship."

Still Sleuth wondered over her words, her look, and her irresolution, and he added the incident to those mysterious ones which had been strongly pressing upon his thoughts, in spite of what he felt to be their unreasonableness; nay, their positive absurdity.

"You will not leave me so soon, will not let this, your first independent visit to me—as—as a friend, be hereinforward. It is not usual solely a connection with this painful incident?"

"I—I fear I must return now. My father will be anxious if I do not return just when he expects me, and the time is passing that will enable me to get home in time. One of my servants shall go to him faster than you possibly can. I do wish to stay. You do not say nay. No! Thank you. I will send the man."

"Stay, Mr. Sleuth. If I must trespass here so long, I will, if you please, let one of my own men go, if you will lend him a saddle."

"Oh, certainly!" Sleuth was gone before she had time to say another word.

The instant the door was closed, Clarissa drew the paper from her pocket, folded it up, put it into another sheet, on which she wrote hastily a few words, then sealed the whole up into a packet, which she addressed to her father. The writing ran thus:

"DEAR PAPA—You will know best how to use this. I shall be home within an hour or two. Will you be so good to your ever-troublesome daughter as to have an order for Phillis's release ready, if possible, by the time I return, but at all events some time to-night. C. P."

"P. S.—I have thought it well to stay a little with Sleuth on account of Mr. S., but I have also thought it well to send this off to you at once."

The doctor's footman now knocked, and entered at her command.

"Master," said Clarissa, in a low voice, coming toward him, "this is important—give it only into my father's hands. I trust to you to do that within the hour, and then to return to me as quickly as you can. You quite understand?"

"Yes, miss."

"Quick, then. Stop for no gossip. I shall measure every instant till you return."

Clarissa then opened the door a side-pocket and withdrew. When Sleuth re-entered the room, he found Clarissa at the window, looking out toward the retreating figure of the horseman, who was pulling one of Sleuth's choicest "bits of blood" to her full speed, as he swept along with the packet.

Not quite understanding Sleuth—generally so wary, so difficult to be surprised—even think of what it was he had enabled Clarissa to do, or venture to weigh in his thoughts the humiliation of his position, if, indeed, it was she who was playing with him, and for the most terrible issues, while he had been dreaming of a play that might end in his favor, and for his special benefit.

She had not heard him enter, but turned as if from the wind an instant after her had passed beyond her gaze, and was, therefore, also beyond recall or question. She turned, and met him face to face, and as she saw in his manner the confusion there, so she also became aware that her own countenance was becoming more full of revelations than she desired; and, as such, full of secret agitating and antagonistic emotions, each conscious of possible issues of the most dreadful kind to their respective lives, each sincerely desirous of preserving a peculiar and friendly attitude for reasons understood on the one side—not at all understood on the other—they met, and smiled, and walked about, while luncheon was getting ready, and gazed down in spirit into the depths of the mental abyss yawned at their feet! gazed, but in silence—gazed in no communion of soul, and yet drawn together by an irresistible power—each by the strength of itself begot a kind of sympathy.

Sleuth was once Clarissa's lips moving, as if she were saying something to herself. What if he had heard the words that thus alone were expressed? What if he have understood or guessed their meaning?

What was it she was saying? Only this:

"If I should fail! If I should fail!"

What would she have thought if she had known why Sleuth had given his assistant, Bundell, a private interview with her, and left open on the paper concerning Phillis? The real explanation of this overnight was that Sleuth himself had, at the moment, something else in his thoughts, which shut out all others. Let us here narrate a conversation that took place during his absence from the room.

It is Sleuth and the discreet butler who are talking in the study, whither the master has drawn the servant to question him. Let us hear what the latter had been passing the door.

"Put to the door."

"Yes, sir."

"I once overheard you, I think, saying you had a sister in Wisconsin, in Cornwall, and that you wished you were there, too, eh?"

"No offense, sir, I hope?"

"None at all. Was that your real feeling? Don't be afraid to speak frankly. I have been much pleased with you, and should be glad to promote your interests, even if at some inconvenience to myself."

"Much obliged, sir, I'm sure—and very grateful."

"Well, answer me."

"I should, and I should not, like to go to Cornwall."

"How is that?"

"When my sister and I parted, nine years ago, our joint fortune was about to be rich, and she whom I threatened with poverty. She is rich, and I am —a servant. Time's all, sir."

"Well, I think I could be pleasant to go to her under your present conditions."

Then Sleuth walked a little away, musing, and the butler watched him with some coming terror.

"Would you mind hurrying off to do a somewhat delicate job for me, just now, and without any loss of time?"

"Should be glad to do it, if you say you wish it done."

"Thank you. I do. I must explain. You were no doubt, surprised at that attack on me, and I am quite sure, must have had your own thoughts as to the lady's conduct."

The butler coughed, and looked down, then mildly raised his inquiring eyes to his master's face in deprecation of answering, but more discreetly than before.

"There was a time when that—that lady had no reason to expect to be the mistress of this house."

"Very nice lady, too, I dare say, sir?"

"But circumstances altered——"

"Of course, sir, of course."

"I wish to be perfectly free—and, indeed, I have just given Miss Pompess written authority for insuring her release. But I foresee that the painful trial of my own will cause every person who was about my uncle at the time of his death, to be hunted up. It would be very painful to me to see my private affairs then exposed to public comment. It would be also injurious to my position as a magistrate. Do you comprehend?"

"Most perfectly, sir."

"As far as the trial is concerned, I wish most heartily this lady could be examined; for I want to know much about my uncle's death that I do not know. But she can render no important service—that is quite clear; because, when we had a sort of private examination before Dr. Pompess, in the house, the day after the—the murder, she offered no evidence whatever; and was, indeed, the only person who could throw any light on the event."

"I see, sir."

"You will understand, then, why I really am anxious to avoid the personal annoyance which would result if she be worried into the witness-box—perhaps, in order to damage me, and so create a dilemma."

"Exactly, sir."

"Could you, now, throw your whole heart into a bit of business for me—merely to accomplish this—if you understood that success in it would entitle you to my lasting friendship, shown, for instance, in getting you a then and grounds to join your sister in Cornwall, at your own time, and in your own manner?"

The discreet butler's eyes and mouth seemed literally to water with a foretaste of the good things suggested, and he said, with some disturbance of his usual equanimity and oft-toned speech:

"I think I would do more than you ask me, sir, for so munificent a reward!"

"Then off at once. Can you ride?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take the gig, then. That will be better. Yes. Go to the neighborhood of Statehill Prison, but don't let your business appear——"

Sleuth stopped, seeing a faint smile on the man's face.

"You are right. It is unnecessary for me to give you minute directions. So now for the upshot. The lady in question will be, no doubt, prosecuted by me. I can't say how soon. Be on the spot. Learn, at any cost, whither she goes. Keep yourself unsuspected even by the acutest eyes. Do what you think best calculated. Let me know. That is the first step. Beyond that you, of course, can foresee all. You must bring me to the lady, early or late, as I decide to it, at any conceivable cost. If you insure me—even at the last moment, should it prove impracticable before —the interview with her, I will reward you at all further responsibility. I may need your aid, but your reward will have been earned. Are you satisfied?"

"I shall ask you, sir, that question, I hope, very soon."

A RICH LADY.

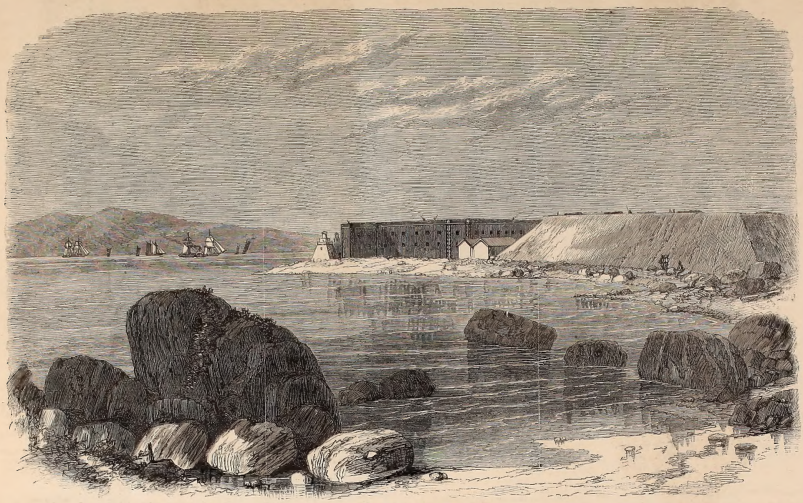
One of the richest ladies in the world, perhaps, is Miss Burdett Coutts, of London, England, who became the heiress of Miss Coutts, who had been Miss Mellon, the actress, and her fortune has been computed at 13 tons of gold. This money has been handed down from heir to heir many times, and is constantly increasing in amount. The lady who inherited this vast amount previous to Miss Mellon, the actress, became so by the marriage of the Duchess of St. Albans. The Duke of St. Albans being "a poor Duke," and the lady a rich heiress, he married the heiress and lived happily ever after. Miss Burdett Coutts, the present possessor of the immense fortune, is a lady well-known for her acts of generosity. It employs several noble charities to send her petitions to him, and the labor of properly attending to their requests is sufficient to occupy a secretary of considerable ability. She gives all the money she has time to give, money for smoking hospitals, for the relief of the destitute, to found hospitals at the Queen's Land and Jerusalem, and to almost every benevolent purpose. Many of the cases of misery mentioned from the benefactions of the Queen, must frequently receive the income of three guineas to the fortunate mothers of as many babies produced.

HOW THEY SERVE "WITCHES" IN NEW ZEALAND.—The Wellington (New Zealand) *Herald*, describes a summary mode of dealing with "witches" in that country. The Kaitaka we learn from a native and rumors of wars, instigated probably by the desire of the native chiefs to get rid of the white man, have of late received a check. Hone Wenitere (John Wesley), late native assessor at Waitara, has been deposed from his office four years ago, for the abduction of a native woman, the wife of a native named Wright, but has now, owing to the interest of native proceedings at the present time, by the commission of a most brutal murder. It appears that this late learned interpreter of the law had, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, determined to rid the Maori woman for 'makutu,' or witchcraft, and punished her by the murder of her husband on the spot. Hone and his myrmidons proceeded to Auckland Pahi-Maories as somewhat of a novelty, and were much admired. Hone, we hear, it is no extraordinary event. It is only a few years since a native was put to death for witchcraft in a manner unmentionable.

A MAMMOTH TUSK FOUND.—New Siberia and the Isle of Lakon are, for the most part, only an aggregation of sand, ice, and shipwrecked logs. A very tempting spot for the mature fresh heaps of mammoth tusks, which are found in the frozen earth, while digging in the bank every thrown up by the waves. Sometimes these remarkable discoveries are found in their course to this isle of ivory, and in winter immense caravans are organized, all the country drawn by dogs, returning charged with the tusks of the mammoth, weighing each from 100 to 200 pounds. The fossil ivory thus obtained from the frozen north is imported into China and Europe, where it is employed for the same purposes as ordinary ivory—which is becoming very scarce, by the elephants and progenitors of Africa and Asia. The isle of bones has never of late years been a more valuable mercantile spot for China for 500 years; and it has been expected to Europe for more than 100. But the supply can be to strange mines remain undiscovered. What a number of ancient defunct mammoths does not this profession of bones and tusks imply.

AN ebony-colored female of the African persuasion entered a store, not a hundred miles from here, and asked the clerk to show her "some flesh-colored hose." Taking a second glance at the maids, the young man went in search of the articles, returning with a lot of black stockings, which he handed to the customer frowned indignantly, turned suddenly upon the "nubbin of her foot," and "jerked" herself out of the store, remarking, as she went, that "he couldn't fool her with dem ole black stockings, she wanted flesh-color, or nuffin at all."

SCENES AND WONDERS IN CALIFORNIA.



FORT POINT AND THE GOLDEN GATE, CALIFORNIA.

SCENES AND WONDERS IN CALIFORNIA.

WHETHER it is a special provision of the Almighty that new countries should have attractions not found in older lands—attractions that certainly fade away as they become populated—is more than we can say; but the fact is wonderfully before us in the case of California and Australia, those lands newly snatched from savage grasp.

California has its hundreds of natural wonders, that have in years past struck the traveler with awe and astonishment, and each new wanderer finds new wonders and new beauties. It has the largest trees, the highest falls, the deepest valleys, and the steepest mountains. It has the grandest caves, the grimmest grizzlies, and, in fact, a little of almost everything that any other land has, as well as many things that none other has.

San Francisco, the Queen City of the Pacific—a great city that has, by American brains, been made in a few years—has the finest harbor in the world, and the entrance to it, through the Golden Gate, is a scene, once viewed, never to be forgotten.

There are probably but few persons, comparatively, who have ever passed through this entrance to the fine bay of San Francisco that are familiar with the origin and meaning of the name, the popular idea being that its name was suggested by the staple mineral of the country—gold. This is incorrect, as it was called "The Golden Gate" before the precious metal was discovered; and the first time that it was used, most probably, was in a work entitled, "A Geographical Review of California," with a relative map, published in New York, in the month of February, 1848, by Colonel J. C. Fremont; and as gold was discovered on the 19th of January preceding, in those days it would have been next to impossible for the news to have reached the office of publication of that work, in time for the name to be given from such a cause.

The real origin of the name was from the excessively fertile lands of the interior, especially those adjacent to the bay of San Francisco. There may have been some "spiritual telegrams" sent from California (!) to the parent of the name, telling him of the glorious dawn of a golden day that had broke upon the world at Sutter's Mill, Coloma, and that such a name would be the magic charm to millions of men and women in every quarter of the world, in the golden age about to be inaugurated. We do not say that it was so.

That it is the gateway or entrance to the magnificent harbor of San Francisco every one is well aware. The centre of this entrance is longitude 122 degrees 30 minutes west from Greenwich. On the south of the entrance is Point Lobos (Wolves' Point), on the top of which is a telegraph station, from whence the tidings of the arrival of steamers and sailing vessels are sent to the city. On the north side is Point Bonita (Beautiful Point), readily recognized by a strip of land running out toward the bar, on the top of which is a light-house, that is seen far out to sea, on a clear day, but seldom before that on the Farallone Islands, some 27 miles west of Point Bonita.

In front of the entrance is a low, circular sand-bar, almost seven miles in length, but on which is sufficient water, even at low tide, to admit of the largest class of ships crossing it in safety—except, possibly, when the wind is blowing from the north-west, west, or south-east; at such a time it is scarcely safe for a large vessel to cross at low tide.

From Point Bonita to Point Lobos, the distance is about three and a half miles; and between Fort Point and Lime Point (just opposite to each other), the narrowest part of the channel, and "The Golden Gate" proper, it is 1,777 yards. Here the tide ebbs and flows at the rate of about six knots an hour.

One of the most fashionable drives for San Franciscans is from the city, by the Mission Dolores to the Ocean House, returning by Fort Point and the Presidio.

When Fort Point was first occupied by American



THE PULPIT IN THE EL DORADO CAVE, CALIFORNIA.



CALIFORNIA SALMON FISHING—PAYING OUT THE SEINE.



CALIFORNIA SALMON FISHING—HAULING IN THE SEINE.



N'GOWA, DAUGHTER OF THE KING OF THE SACRED ISLES, WEST AFRICA.

troops, belonging to Colonel Stephenson's battalion, under Major Hardie, in March, 1847, they found a circular battery of 10 iron guns, 16-pounders, mounted upon the hill, just above the present works, and which was allowed to remain until a better one was ready to occupy its place.

The present beautiful and substantial structure was commenced in 1854, and is now nearly com-



AGUILLE, WOMAN OF THE KING OF THE SACRED ISLES, WEST AFRICA.

pleted. It is four tiers in height, the topmost of which is 64 feet above low tide, and is capable of mounting 150 guns, including the battery at the back, of 42, 64, and 128-pounders, and, during an engagement, can accommodate 2,400 men. There have been appropriations made, including the last, of $1,800,000. The greatest number of men employed at any one time was 200; now there are about 80.

The lighthouse, adjoining the Fort, can be seen for from 10 to 12 miles, and is an important addition to the mercantile interests of California, although we regret to say the lantern, known as the "Fresnel Light," is only of the fifth order, and is the smallest on the coast; it is 52 feet above level. Two men are employed to attend it. Connected with this is a fog-bell, weighing 1,100 pounds, and worked by machinery, that strikes every 10 seconds for five taps, then has intermission of 34 seconds, and recommences the 10 second strike. This is kept constantly running during foggy weather.

WOMEN OF THE SACRED ISLES.

It will be remembered that the French have for many years had a colony at Gabon, on the west coast of Africa, about the equator, planted there, we think, in 1845.

This colony is pretty much the same as the elephant the man drew in a raffle, France not knowing exactly what to do with it, or how to get rid of it. From the journals of recent travelers from there, it would seem as if the best use that can be made of Gabon and the Sacred Isles—for so they are called—would be for the belles of Paris to make a summer trip there for the purpose of studying up new modes of hair-dressing. Zondogowira is King of the Sacred Isles, but not grand chief of religion. He is connected by marriage with the supreme chief by the fact of the said chief marrying his, Zondogowira's daughter, N'Gowa, a belle of the first water.

Aguelle, one of the wives of the king, is also a beauty and a belle, and as types of the fashions of women in the Sacred Isles, we will undertake some description of them.

The hair, which is the point of costume, is thoroughly saturated with a pomade, composed of beef suet and palm oil. Having been brought to a proper state of ductility by this, it is twisted out in the same manner that our own belles do it by rats, waterfalls, etc., until it assumes the appearance in the engraving, a most singular complication of artistic talent and ornament. There are bands of ribbon, black, and somewhat like silk, bits of ivory mounted like brooches, copper spangles of all sizes, and pins gilded and mounted with beads to represent jewels, but all of native workmanship.

This hair ornamenting is the especial point of the women of the Sacred Isles. Anything they may possess of value or interest goes into the hair. Sometimes jewels and pearls of value form part of the stock, but oftener leaves or ornaments stamped from sheets of copper, and sometimes gilded. Gold beads, sometimes heavy and finely wrought, form part of the *parure*, or are worn upon the neck, arms and legs. The beauty who has not a square yard of cotton on her whole person, may have 10 pounds of gold in the shape of beads and bangles. In short, the women of Gabon are simply types of the sex all over the world, and our belles cannot tell, while they are giving way to extravagancies in dress, but what they may be copying to a hair the styles of the court ladies of Zondogowira, King of the Sacred Isles.

THE EAGLE AND THE CHAMOIS.

It is a favorite theory with many that the animal world possesses only instinct, not reason. We call it a theory, because all observers tell us different, and cite so many instances of the reasoning faculty, so many wonderful cases where almost human intellect is brought to bear, that it is impossible to believe that the animal creation does not follow out a line of action suited to its necessities, involving memory, invention, and long looking into the future.

Our illustration gives an instance of this, as shown by the eagle of Switzerland, and its mode



THE CEMETERY OF ARENSBURG, IN THE ISLAND OF OESEL, BALTIC SEA.



THE EAGLE AND CHAMOIS.

of securing the chamois. The animal is too bulky to be easily handled, and, like the goat, somewhat belligerent in resisting attacks. To get over these two difficulties the bird makes a series of sudden dashes at him, each time taking good care not to come too nigh, until by great exertion it drives the chamois to the edge of the precipice, and then with one great effort the animal is, perhaps, with a blow of its powerful wing, forced over the edge, falling, it may be, a thousand feet down to the pointed rocks below, followed by its hunter with the rapidity of lightning as it dashes from crag to crag until it finds a final lodgment, or is torn into pieces easily carried away. The rocks serve as a carving-knife to the voracious bird, as well as save it the trouble of the killing.

THE CEMETERY OF AHRENSBURG.

In the vicinity of Ahrensburg, in the island of Oesel, is the public cemetery. Tastefully laid out and carefully kept, planted with trees and partly surrounded by a grove dotted with evergreens, it is a favorite promenade of the inhabitants. It contains several private chapels, each the burying-place of some family of distinction. Underneath each of these is a vault, paved with wood, to which the descent is by a stairway from inside the chapel and closed by a door. The heavy oak coffins usually remain for a time in the chapel, and are afterward transferred to the vaults, and there placed side by side, on iron bars.

Conspicuous, and to be seen by the traveler as he rides by, are three chapels, facing the highway. Of these the most spacious, adorned with pillars in front, is that belonging to the noble family of Buxhoewden, and their place of interment for several generations.

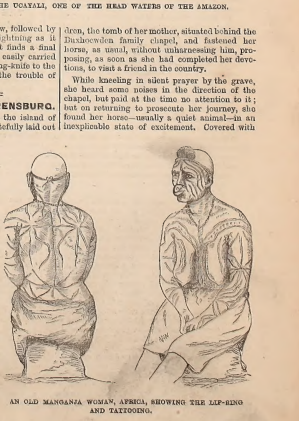
It was the habit of the country-people, coming in on horse-back or with carts on a visit to the cemetery, to fasten their horses, usually with stout halters, immediately in front of this chapel, and close to the pillars.

The chief season of resort to the cemetery was on Pentecost Sunday and the succeeding days—these being there observed much in the same manner as in Catholic countries All-Souls' Day usually is.

On the 22d of June, 1844, the wife of a tailor named Dalmann, living in Ahrensburg, had come with a horse and small cart to visit, with her chil-



FLOATING MENAGERIE ON THE UCAYALI, ONE OF THE HEAD WATERS OF THE AMAZON.



AN OLD MANGANJA WOMAN, AFRICA, SHOWING THE LIP-RING AND TATTOOING.

dren, the tomb of her mother, situated behind the Buxhoewden family chapel, and fastened her horse, as usual, without unharnessing him, preparing, as soon as she had completed her devotions, to visit a friend in the country.

While kneeling in silent prayer by the grave, she heard some noises in the direction of the chapel, but paid at the time no attention to it; but on returning to prosecute her journey, she found her horse—usually a quiet animal—in an inexplicable state of excitement. Covered with

sweat and foam, its limbs trembling, it appeared to be in mortal terror. When she led it off, it seemed scarcely able to walk; and, instead of proceeding on her intended excursion, she found herself obliged to return to town and to call a veterinary surgeon. He declared that the horse must have been excessively terrified from some cause or other, bled it, administered a remedy, and the animal recovered.

The circumstance would have been soon forgotten had it not been followed by others of a similar character. The following Sunday several persons, who had attached their horses in front of the same chapel, reported that they found them covered with sweat, trembling, and in the utmost terror; and some among them added that they had themselves heard rumbling sounds, which assumed the character of groans.

One day in the course of the next month eleven horses were fastened close to the chapel. Some persons hearing loud noises, as if issuing from beneath the building, raised the alarm; and when the owners reached the spot, they found the poor animals in a pitiable condition. Several of them, in their frantic efforts io escape, had thrown themselves on the ground, and lay struggling there; others were scarcely able to walk or stand; and all were violently affected, so that it became necessary immediately to resort to bleeding and other means of relief. In the case of three or four of them, these means proved unavailing. They died within a day or two.

About the same time, a member of the Buxhoewden family died. At his funeral, during the reading in the chapel of the service for the dead, groans and other strange noises were heard from beneath, to the great terror of some of the assistants, the servants especially. The horses attached to the hearse and to the mourning-coaches were sensibly affected, but not so violently as some of the others had been,

After the interment, three or four of those who had been present, bolder than their neighbors, descended to the vault. While there they heard nothing; but they found that, of the numerous coffins which had been deposited there in due order side by side, almost all had been displaced and lay in a confused pile. They sought in vain for any cause that might account for this. The doors were always kept carefully fastened, and the locks showed no signs of having been tampered with. The coffins were replaced in due order.

The excitement increasing, an inquiry into the matter was proposed. The owners of the chapel at first objected. But though they carefully examined the floor of the vault, to make sure that no one had entered from beneath, they could find nothing to confirm their suspicions. And, the Baron de Guldenstubbé, who was president of the Consistory, having visited the vaults privately in company with two members of the family, and having found the coffins again in the same disorder, they finally, after restoring the coffins to their places, assented to an official investigation of the affair.

The persons charged with this investigation were the Baron de Guldenstubbé, as president, and the bishop of the province, as vice-president, of the Consistory; two other members of the same body; a physician, named Luce; and, on the part of the magistracy of the town, the burgomeister, named Schmidt, one of the syndics, and a secretary.

They proceeded, in a body, to institute a careful examination of the vault. All the coffins there deposited, with the exception of three, were found this time, as before, displaced. Of the three coffins forming the exception, one contained the remains of a grandmother of the then representative of the family, who had died about five years previous; and the two others were of young children. The grandmother had been, in life, revered almost as a saint.

No robbery had been committed, nor was any excavation found near where the noise could have been made.

Nothing remained but to replace every thing in due order, taking exact note of the position of the coffins, and to adopt especial precautions for the detection of any future intrusion. This, accordingly, was done. Both doors, the inner and the outer, after being carefully locked, were doubly sealed; first with the official seal of the Consistory, then with that bearing the arms of the city. Fine wood-ashes were strewed all over the wooden pavement of the vault, the stairs leading down to it from the chapel, and the floor of the chapel itself. Finally, guards, from the garrison of the town and relieved at short intervals, were set for three days and nights to watch the building and prevent any one from approaching.

At the end of that time the commission of inquiry returned. Both doors were found securely locked and the seals inviolate. The coating of ashes still presented a smooth, unbroken surface. Neither in the chapel nor on the stairway was there the trace of a footstep, of man or animal. The vault was sufficiently lighted from the chapel to make every object distinctly visible. Not only was every coffin, with the same three exceptions as before, displaced, and the whole scattered in confusion over the place, but many of them, weighty as they were, had been set on end, so that the head of the corpse was downward. Nor was even this all. The lid of one coffin had been partially forced open, and there projected the shrivelled right arm of the corpse it contained, showing beyond the elbow; the lower arm being turned up toward the ceiling of the vault!

The first shock over which this astounding sight produced, the commission proceeded carefully to take note, in detail, of the condition of things as they found them.

An authentic account was drawn up and still exists among the archives of the Consistory.

It remains to be stated that, as the disturbances continued for several months after this investigation, the family, in order to get rid of the annoyance, resolved to try the effect of burying the coffins. This they did, covering them up, to a considerable depth, with earth. The expedient succeeded. From that time forth no noises were heard to proceed from the chapel; horses could be fastened with impunity before it; and the inhabitants, recovering from their alarm, frequented with their children, as usual, their favorite resort. Nothing remained but the memory of the past occurrences—to fade away as the present generation dies out, and perhaps to be regarded by the next as an idle legend of the incredible.

THE MANGANJA WOMEN, AFRICA.

Livingstone, in his late travels in the Zambesi country, came across a people called the Manganjas, of whom he thus speaks:

The Manganja are an industrious race; and in addition to working in iron, cotton, and basket-making, they cultivate the soil extensively. All the people of a village turn out to labor in the fields. It is no uncommon thing to see men, women and children, hard at work, with the baby lying close by, beneath a shady bush. When a new piece of woodland is to be cleared, they proceed exactly as farmers do in America. The trees are cut down with their little axes of soft native iron; trunks and branches are piled up and burnt, and the ashes spread on the soil.

Many of the men are intelligent-looking, with well-shaped heads, agreeable faces, and high foreheads. We soon learned to forget color, and we frequently saw countenances resembling those of white people we had known in England, which brought back the looks of forgotten ones vividly before the mind.

The middle of the upper lip of the girls is pierced close to the septum of the nose, and a small pin inserted to prevent the puncture closing up. After it has healed, the pin is taken out and a larger one is pressed into its place, and so on successively for weeks, and months, and years. The process of increasing the size of the lip goes on till its capacity becomes so great that a ring of two inches diameter can be introduced with ease. All the highland women wear the pelele, and it is common on the Upper and Lower Shire.

The poorer classes make them of hollow, or of solid bamboo, but the wealthier, of ivory or tin. The tin pelele is often made in the form of a small dish. The ivory one is not unlike a napkin-ring. No woman ever appears in public without the pelele, except in times of mourning for the dead. It is frightfully ugly to see the upper lip projecting two inches beyond the tip of the nose. When an old wearer of a hollow bamboo-ring smiles, by the action of the muscles of the cheeks the ring and lip outside it are dragged back and thrown above the eyebrows. The nose is seen through the middle of the ring, and the exposed teeth show how carefully they have been chipped to look like those of a cat or crocodile. The pelele of an old lady, Chikanda Kadze, a Chieftainess, about twenty miles north of Morambala, hung down below her chin, with, of course, a piece of the upper lip around its border.

In many cases the upper front teeth, instead of the natural curve outward, which the row presents, had been pressed so as to appear as if the line of alveoli in which they were planted had an inward curve. As this was produced by the slight pressure of the pelele backward, persons with two prominent teeth might by slight, but long-continued pressure, by some appliance only as elastic as the lip, have the upper gum and teeth depressed, especially in youth, more easily than is usually imagined. Coupled with this interesting ornament is the tattooing, which is as much part of the aristocracy of the Manganja woman as the white and delicate hand is with us. This tattoo is not only upon the face, but upon the back, arms, breast, and hands, as represented in the engraving.

Which of our admirers of the fair sex will be the first to emigrate to the Manganja country?

THE FLOATING MENAGERIE.

Our sketch is taken from the book of a traveler on the Ucayali, one of the head waters of the Amazon. On these estuaries hundreds of these rafts can be seen floating leisurely down, bearing to some place of sale the produce of the country, and guided, if there is any guidance of the craft, by a solitary Indian.

On the raft will be piled a few bags or boxes of coffee, some corn, a little pottery, and various knick-knacks, or what with us would be termed Yankee notions; while, snugly ensconced among them, the Indian mariner will be seated, utterly careless as to all the world, save the company and comfort of his monkeys and of the few birds who perch about his venture.

His place of sale reached, the cargo is quickly disposed off, and, with the few silver pieces it brings, and, perhaps, a pack of tobacco, or some like article of necessity on his back, away he starts for the upper country once more, to renew his trip.

Muscular Christianity.—A camp meeting was held recently in the southern part of this Territory. On one occasion the services were disturbed by a son of Belial, who, under the potent influence of sundry drinks of "forty-rod," became uproarious. A minister well-known to our citizens, who was in attendance, requested the brawler to be quiet, and received a very insulting answer in reply. This aroused the wrath and indignation of the reverend gentleman, and he went in on his muscle, and polished off the offender in the best possible style. While putting in the finishing licks, a brother clergyman approached and asked him to have mercy upon the man he was castigating, adding that mercy was an attribute of God. "True," replied the pugilistic brother, continuing to strike out from the shoulder, "mercy is an attribute of the Divinity, but I am now an instrument of justice, which, in a strict sense, is supposed to know no mercy, and I have none in this case, so please don't interfere." The thrashing completed, the brawler slinked away, and services were resumed. Verdict of the audience—Brother Dyer was right.—*The Weekly Rocky Mountain News and Democrat.*

Why is a man lifting a side of bacon off a hook to be pitied? Because he is a poor creature (pork reacher.)

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

The Rev. Dr. B., while introducing to the audience Rev. Dr. S., the famous missionary from India (his home by birth), concluded his remarks with the following left-handed compliment:

"He comes to you from that land where every prospect pleases, and *only man is vile.*"

The modest missionary rose, and blushingly rendered his thanks, amidst the irrepressible mirth of the audience.

A Nice young man, a little worldly-minded, walked to church once with a very pious young lady. Arrived at the church-door, worldly-minded young man declined entering. Whereupon, pious young lady seized his hat, and, placing it under her cloak, sailed into church, leaving the worldly-minded young man standing at the door, minus his hat. The last heard of worldly-minded young man, he was seen wending his way down the church aisle as demurely as if nothing had happened.

An officer in the navy seeing a sailor praying before an engagement, reproached him with cowardice in it. Said he: "I was only praying that the shots might be distributed among the officers in the same proportion as prize-money.

A women being enjoined to try the effect of kindness on her husband, and being told that it would heap coals of fire on his head, replied that she had tried "boiling water, and it didn't do a bit of good."

A delicate young lady, whose pa has "struck oil," has discarded the operatic phrase "putting on airs," and substituted the refined improvement, "attiring your persons in atmospheric apparel."

Uncle John Morris was a chronic toper. One day while returning from the tavern, he found locomotion impossible, and he brought up in the corner of a worm fence, where he remained standing. He had been there only a few minutes, when the minister came along.

"Uncle John," said he, "where do you suppose you will go when you come to die?"

"If I can't go any better than I can go now, I shan't go anywhere," replied Uncle John.

A certain minister lately paid a visit to a lady of his acquaintance, who was newly married, and who was attired in the modern indecent fashion. After the usual compliments, he familiarly said:

"I hope you have got a good husband, madam?"

"Yes, sir," replied she, "and a good man, too."

"I don't know what to say about his goodness," added the minister, rather bluntly, "for my Bible teaches me that a good man should clothe his wife, but he lets you go half-naked!"

An Irish dragoon officer on hearing that his widowed mother had married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed: "Murther! I hope she won't have a son older than me; if she does, I shall lose my estates!"

If a lover wants to kiss a girl, he would advise her never to say anything, but let the thing take its own course.

"Mamma," said Harry, a bright little fellow of three, who had bitten into a large cavity in a doughnut, instead of getting a good mouthful as he had anticipated, "please give me another doughnut, this ain't a good one, it's all weared out."

A person was boasting that he was sprung from a *high* family in Ireland.

"Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of the same family *so high that their feet could not touch the ground.*"

As two children were playing together, little Jane got angry and pouted. Johnny said to her:

"Look out, Jane, or I'll take a seat up there on your lips."

"Then," replied Jane, quite cured of her pouts, "I'll laugh and you'll fall off."

A spendthrift said, "Five years ago I was not worth a farthing in the world; now see where I am through my own exertions.

"Well, where are you?" inquired a neighbor.

"Why, I now *owe more* than a thousand pounds!"

A prominent merchant informs us that notwithstanding he has paid the charges of his plumber and gas-fitter in full, he shall be able promptly to meet his other debts at maturity. Such instances of financial strength in our metropolis are gratifying evidences of a concentration of capital.

Two-thirds of the fun of sliding down the hill, is the drawing of the sled back afterward.

To be an artist, cultivate your hair, and criticise severely your friends' paintings, else folks will not know you are better than they are.

A joker says that he would be perfectly willing to share the fortunes of war with the noble army of contractors.

Kissing never goes out of fashion, but still it is rather dangerous to kiss one's neighbor's wife, even if she likes it.

The manner in which our military heroes are let down to their original level, on their return home, is something more amusing to the lookers on than flattering to the subject. A case in point: General Sam. H—— went out in a regiment from the Badger State as captain. Before he left the rendezvous he was promoted to colonel; and for gallant conduct in the field was breveted brigadier-general. On his retirement to civil life, he told a friend "they let him down easy." At Washington, it was General H——; at Madison, Colonel H——; at the town where he organized his company, it was, "How are you, captain?" and when he got to S——, where he resides, every boy with a freckled nose was shouting, "Hallo, Sam!"

The wife of a small farmer in Aberdeenshire, having been long confined to bed before the time when her last moment approached, the husband, who was of a very niggardly disposition, at length grudged to let her have so much as a light by the side of her bed. One night, while in this condition, she exclaimed, "Oh, isna this an unco thing, that a puir body can get nar licht to see to die in! The affectionate husband instantly rose up, lighted a candle, and, bringing it forward, hastily, to the bottom of the bed, said, "There, die now!"

A charming anecdote of the celebrated Mme. Ancelot is reproduced in some extracts of her private memoirs. Her daughter married the eminent barrister, M. Lachaud, whose brilliant speeches at the bar almost rival, in eloquence and forensic learning, those of Berryer or Chrix d'Estrange. Madame Ancelot once exclaimed to a friend, "I am the happiest mother in France; I have a son-in-law of whom every one talks, and a daughter of whom no person has ever made a remark."

A writer in *Once a Week* gives a description of a Russian ball at Moscow, during which the scene in the ball-room was enlivened by the strange phenomenon of a snowstorm, produced by the sudden lowering of the temperature of the room. The writer thus describes it: "The evening passed pleasantly enough; but toward the close the heat began to get intolerable, and although the gentlemen did their duty well, it is only fair to say, in fanning the fair ones and bringing them ice, it became more and more oppressive. At last a gentleman, braver than the rest—probably his arm ached—threw open the top part of a window, and now happened the phenomenon. A cold gust of wind blew suddenly in through the open window, and the heated air, which was congregated in the upper part of the room, became suddenly condensed, and descended upon the assembled party in the form of snow-flakes. Probably there never was seen so curious a sight in a ball-room—ladies and gentlemen in, ball toilet, dancing; and were it not for the incongruity of the attire, more like a skating party.

HOW TO AVOID CHOLERA.

At a meeting of the New York Health Commissioners, Dr. Sayres, of Brooklyn, gave the following general rules for the treatment of cholera patients: "Great fear and anxiety had a great deal to do in the prostration and spread of disease, and influenced the physical condition to such a degree as to make persons more subject to it than they would otherwise be. He thought if the people understood the single fact that the cholera is not necessarily a fatal disease, and that it always is preceded by certain promonitory symptoms, such as lassitude, great languor, debility, and a diarrhea, and that in this stage of the disease it is nearly always curable, if the proper precautionary measures are taken, it would tend to allay the popular terror. At this stage of the disease, it is of the first importance to pay attention to the first symptom, which is diarrhea. At the very first approach, the patient should assume a horizontal posture and retain it, with the hips higher than the shoulders, and under no circumstances assume the perpendicular, even for a moment. Absolute, positive rest is needed, the body being kept in a a warm condition. Any artificial means can be used for that which may be necessary. The main thing is the horizontal position, and perfect rest at the very commencement of the disease. If the patient is downstairs when taken, let him stay there or be carried up; but do not let him walk up. If he is out visiting, let him stay at his friend's house. Keeping this position for 48 hours, in the majority of instances, the disease will pass over, and the patient, on recovery, need make no very great changes in his mode of life. Of course, if he has bad habits, he should reform them; eat and drink rationally, and attend to business as usual, but not overdo himself. In the present state of the atmosphere, when pestilence is abroad, the system is rendered more liable to exhaustion, and he should husband his strength by avoiding violent exercise. With these few precautionary measures, and a proper sanitary condition of the city, and a rigid enforcement of quarantine, we may hope to escape any pestilential epidemic."

A Smart Trick.—The *Omnibus*, of Naples, relates the following story of a man who, within the last few days, found means to turn to account the popular apprehension of poisoners, which has prevailed there since the appearance of the cholera. The individual in question, being exceedingly hungry, and having only a single coin of the value of a sou, laid it out in the purchase of powdered sugar, and, as he passed by the stand of one of those open-air cooks, who made a kind of pancake called *frittate*, he dropped, apparently by accident, some of the sugar into the frying pan. He was instantly seized by the bystanders as a poisoner caught in the act. He denied vigorously the truth of the allegation; and, at last, to prove his innocence, offered to eat the contents of the pan. This proposition was accepted, and he accordingly dispatched the pancake with great relish, and then walked off, well satisfied with the success of his trick.

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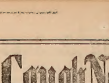
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To enable us to give away the valuable Prizes, we first set sufficient number of tickets to insure us against loss, the Prizes are then distributed in order as the duplicates are drawn—unlike all other Gift Sales, where you buy your ticket, and should you draw a large Prize the Proprietors would keep four of the value you draw, and send you a package if ever get anything worth what they offer you.

Dont throw your money away on vanished concerts, but send us your orders for tickets soon, if you would secure them; over 80,000 already sold. Every ticket is registered before being sent out, the number, name of party purchasing, and address, and all will be notified by mail of the result of drawing.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 546 — Vol. XXI.] NEW YORK, MARCH 17, 1866. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00.

Checkmate to Pestilence.

New York has the unhappy pre-eminence among all great municipalities, of being utterly unable to properly control its own local affairs. Its police at one time, instead of being the preservers of the peace, became its most frequent violators, and instead of being the protectors and guardians of the property of the people, became often thieves themselves, or more frequently their confederates and the participants of their spoils. The position of policeman was awarded to the lowest class of ward and corner-grocery politicians, with little or no regard to personal qualifications, and the language of the corps was a strange medley of tongues, in which English by no means predominated. The consequence was, that the property-holders and respectable people of the city were compelled to invoke the interposition of the State Government, in order to rescue the city from anarchy and preserve it inhabitable. The result was the appointment of a responsible, non-partisan Metropolitan Police Commission, and the organization of one of the finest and most efficient police corps in the world. In the well-uniformed, stalwart, civil policeman of to-day, we have the very contrast of the shabby, lounging, ignorant and impertinent fellow who passed by that name fifteen years ago.

Then our Fire Department, with its obsolete, inefficient apparatus, its noise and rowdyism, but worst of all, its nests of idleness and vice, called "Engine Houses," came in for the wholesome direction and control of a Commission, established on the same principle with that having control of the police. Although only a few months in operation, the city already sees and appreciates the benefits of the change.

Up to this time, however, there has been a department worse administered than any other, or rather not administered at all, and that is what may be called the Sanitary, or Health Department. The health of a great city depends upon so many conditions, and on the proper discharge of the duties of so many departments of the Municipal Government, that there has been a great practical difficulty in procuring concert or efficiency of action between them. The cleansing of streets, the revision and supervision of sewers, the enforcement of the regulations about sinks, the enforcement of the laws about buildings, and the case of emigrants afflicted with contagious diseases, all these several duties have hitherto devolved upon different sets of men, who have more or less shifted their responsibilities on each other's shoulders. "What is everybody's business is nobody's." And so it has happened, that New York, which, from the advantages of its position, should be the best drained, best ventilated, cleanest and healthiest city in the world, has been the dirtiest and among the least healthful. Every one who has reflected on the matter, has long seen the necessity of placing special and ample power somewhere beyond local and partisan reach, for the control and reformation of all matters affecting the public health. Our experience with the Police and Fire Commissions, indicated the way in which the general wish could be realized, and we are now happy to announce that the State Legislature has given us a Sanitary Commission, which will have absolute control of all matters relating to the health of the city. All Municipal boards and committees on streets, sewers, tenements, etc., etc., may still exist and go on as usual, doing nothing; but the new Commission is above and beyond them, in no way subject to their control or responsible to them or the Municipality. If it finds the streets dirty, it has the power to have them cleaned. If it learns of a sewer choked up, it has only to direct that it be opened. If landlords jam tenants in inadequate, unventilated and filthy quarters, it can order them enlarged and cleansed. For the purposes of its appointment, the Commission has unlimited power over all property, public and private, in the city, and can cause the arrest and punishment of any and all persons who may annoy or obstruct it in the performance of its duties.

These extraordinary powers have been conferred, and are rendered necessary in view of the approach of the cholera, which last year shrouded Europe in mourning, and from which a visit may be apprehended with the opening of the warm season. With ample warning, with the pestilence in our very harbor as long ago as last fall, our city authorities have done nothing to prepare the city against it. Already an unusually large part of our people have made arrangements to leave the city at an unusually early day, and merchants and hitherto visitors have made their plans to avoid the city during the ensuing season. The damage to accrue to our business and prosperity from these causes, is not easily calculable, but must be great. How far the appointment of the Health Commission may avert it, remains to be seen. This much is certain, the Governor has made a very judicious choice of Commissioners, and it is to be hoped that the public preoccupations in their favor will be justified by their works.



THE LITTLE BOTHER.—BY THOMAS FADD.

THE LITTLE BOTHER.

On this page we give an elaborate engraving of one of Fadd's pictures, "The Little Bother."

The picture tells its own story; we can only tell that of the artist. He is, just now, pre-eminently the domestic artist of the English people, and of the world. A picture of his, the presentation plate of the Chimney Corner, entitled "He Only Pair," by means of the cheap and good art emanating from the improved facilities of the present day, now hangs on the walls of a

hundred thousand homes in this country. Mr. *Tiemat Fard*—he has a brother, John Fard, an artist of great ability—was born in 1826. His father did while he was quite young; but aided by his brother John, who was then working his way to a reputation as an artist in Edinburg, he resolved to follow the bent of his inclination, and study for the same profession.

While a student, he was annually successful in competing for the prizes in various departments of art, and at length succeeded in becoming an associate of the Royal Scottish Academy. From that time his rise began, and among his most successful pictures, may be mentioned, "Scott and his Friends," "The Motherless Bairn," "Rome and the Homeless," "The First Break in the Family," "The Little Mother," and many others that appeal directly to the home sympathies, and mark Mr. Fard in art, what Burns was in poetry—a domestic genius.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 17, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Ourselves.

THIS number finishes the volume, and we take the opportunity of saying a few words about ourselves that may be called egotism, but is truth.

Firstly, we are making a paper that has no equal on this continent. In excellence of engravings, good selection of reading matter, and superior typography, we feel sure that we are in advance of every other, and taking these great advantages into account, we know that we publish the cheapest paper in the country.

With each new volume we have new attractions to offer, and everything that can be procured by enterprise or money will add to them.

With this, we can only say to those who have followed us for years through our improving career, that the coming volume will offer attractions beyond those of all the past; and to those who have not already known how pleasant it is to have a journal like FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER brought each week to their home, this is now the time to take it, and for $4, receive sufficient art and literature for twelve months to satisfy any family.

Getting Out of Mexico.

THE response to the French Emperor's address, by the French Senate, by no means justifies the anticipations of the speedy evacuation of Mexico, which some of our optimist statesmen founded on the very vague declarations of the address—declarations which many of us supposed (time will show with what reason) were merely made to gain time and restrain any practical influence of American opinion, until the overthrow of Republicanism in Mexico should be complete.

The response of the French Senate is couched in the form of an affirmation, that the interests which France went to Mexico to protect will will be hereafter protected—the incident of the overthrow of the Republican institutions of the country being a necessity thereto—and that whatever France may do in the premises will not be through deference to the will or policy of the United States, which are enjoined to observe neutrality and international law; both flagrantly violated by France in going to Mexico, and constantly by remaining there!

We copy the language of the Senate:

"Your Majesty informs us that the memorable expedition to Mexico approaches its termination. It is unbecoming to applaud France that the protection of her commercial interests secured in a vast and wealthy market now restored to security. As regards the United States, if, from mere consideration, the presence of the French flag in America appears to them less opportune than at a period of civil war, it illustrates periods of their history, the firm tone of the communications made by your Majesty's Government has demonstrated with haughty and menacing language will not decide us to withdraw. A promise is sacred; to move only at a given time; but the, nevertheless, wishes to remember the ancient friendship between herself and the United States. What your Majesty asks of the United States is mutuality and observance of international law."

In the debate on this address, Marshal Forey, Napoleon's first General in Mexico, and to whom he wrote the famous letter, declaring that his object was to build up a barrier or race in America against the United States—we say this Marshal Forey stated that the French people must not expect to see the French contingent speedily withdrawn from Mexico; that the "high and chivalrous objects" which sent France there were by no means realized; and ended by advising reinforcements, which, according to last accounts, were constantly arriving in Vera Cruz. This is perfectly in harmony with the language of Marshal Bazaine. Napoleon's actual General-in-Chief in Mexico, who says, according to the *Journal des Debats*, that, "In order that the intervention may be fruitful, we [the French] must remain in Mexico until the boys who are to-day eight years of age become men; for the men of these days are either robbers, unprincipled, or incapable of doing anything good of themselves."

The *Constitutionel*, the organ of the French Foreign Office, speaks in the same strain—that is to say, it declares that the Emperor will not withdraw until he has accomplished his original objects; one of which he openly avowed to Marshal Forey to be, to put "metes and bounds" on the United States. This paper says:

"The Imperial Government will never yield to intimidation, whether it proceeds from within or from abroad, will make the Emperor relax in his habitual moderation. The moral and material interests of the country. The troops from Mexico will return precisely when the Emperor, after consulting the interests of the throne, namely—without endangering the French interests—we have gone to defend in those distant countries."

The same ideas, or declarations, are embodied in the newspaper *La France*, also a Government organ:

"We desire that France shall come out of Mexico, but that she shall come out as befits a grand people, in obedience to the injunctions of the time; not shaken, having secured all the interests, moral and material, which called her to those distant shores, as grand and as respected in leaving as she was on her arrival."

It may be said that these expressions are a mere fluidine, a noisy demonstration to cover a retreat and fill the ears of the people while the work of evacuation goes on. But the evacuation does not go on. It is not commenced. On the contrary, fresh French troops are constantly arriving in Mexico. Meantime the nature of the "arrangements," to which the Emperor alluded in his speech, are now on between himself and the "Austrian adventurer," is gradually coming out. The latest and most reliable report is, that France is to furnish transportation, provisions, arms and munitions of war for 100,000 troops, which Maximilian is to recruit in Austria, Belgium and Europe generally. When a sufficient number of these shall reach French shores, then the nucleus—shall have been recruited, *then* the regular French troops will be withdrawn. In other words, it is plain enough that France has been withdrawing from Rome, or rather pretending to be about to do so, for years, and will do so, perhaps, when the Pope, if ever, shall be able to form for himself a force his own people, and when Italy shall herself not to insist on the incorporation of the Papal States in the Italian Kingdom. France will go out of Mexico in precisely the same way.

1st.—When the will of the people of Mexico shall be effectually crushed, Republican institutions overthrown, and a counterpoise established to the United States.

2d.—When the "Austrian adventurer" shall have secured a sufficiently large army of mercenaries to sustain himself; and,

3d.—When the United States, if not openly recognizing him, shall bind itself not to interfere with him, or permit others to do so!

THE latest number of the *Edinburgh Review* speaks of "the pleasant town of Poughkeepsie, containing 12,000 inhabitants," as one of a century ago was the site of a few miserable cottages, and had only a solitary building for public worship." Now Poughkeepsie is settled over 150 years ago; and was so large a place 90 years ago that the legislature of the State met there in 1778, and adopted the Articles of Confederation, and the convention which ratified the Constitution of United States sat there, in 1788, and that "a quarter of a century ago" it had a population of 10,000 inhabitants.

MR. FERNANDO WOOD, in response to a letter from Mr. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, writes:

"The war is now over. Slavery has been abolished. The great questions which made issues between political parties have ceased, and a new and entirely different state of affairs has arisen. Under such circumstances that we shall realize this change and conform to it. It is folly to fight battles over again that are dead, and let the GREAT FUTURE open so brightly and beautifully before us."

A MACON (GA.) newspaper tells us that more than 4,000 colored people, of both sexes and all ages, are enjoying the privilege of instruction in the schools of that city, established by the benevolent of peace, by the charitable people of the North.

IT is comforting to know that the Spanish royal baby, born last month, has received at the font 113 names, "comprehending," so the official papers assures us, "all the inventions of the Most Holy Virgin."

THE following letter from President Johnson, of the date of August last, has found its way into print, and is now invested with special interest:

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 16, 1865.

GOV. WM. L. SHARKEY, Jackson, Miss.

I am entitled to say that the next session of Congress will assemble in December next. Your Convention without difficulty, I hope that without delay your Convention will assemble, repeal the secession ordinance, abolishing slavery, and denying to all future pretenders, absolutely and forever, the right to claim it as property. In man; also that they will adopt the Amendment to the Constitution of the United States abolishing slavery. If you could extend the elective franchise to all persons of color who can read the Constitution of the United States in English and write their names, and to all persons of color who own real estate valued at not less than $250 and pay taxes thereon, you would completely disarm the adversary, and set an example which other States will follow. This you can do with perfect safety; and by thus placing the Southern States in a position to Free persons of color, upon the same basis with the free States. I hope and trust your Convention will do this; and, as a consequence, the radicals, who are wild upon negro franchise, will be completely foiled in their attempts to keep the Southern States from renewing their relations to the Union by not accepting their Senators and Representatives.

ANDREW JOHNSON, President United States.

THE London *Spectator*, in the course of a caustic and denunciatory criticism of a new poet, remarked: "And this extraordinary production Mr. ——— modestly conceives to be equal to Goethe!" The assiduous publisher managed to make a favorable notice out of this for his advertisement, thus: "Extraordinary production * * * equal to Goethe."

THE following resolutions have been adopted by the House of Representatives, by majorities ranging from 80 to 122. The last of the list was adopted by a vote of 134 ayes to 8 noes:

Resolved—That, in the language of the Proclamation of the President, of May 29, 1865, the rebellion, which was waged by a portion of the people of the United States against the lawful and constituted authorities of the Government thereof, in the most violent and revolting form, but which armed and organized forces have now been almost entirely overcome,' has, in its revolutionary progress, deprived the people of the States in which it was organized of all civil Government."

"*Resolved*—That, whenever the people of any State are thus deprived of all civil Government, it become the duty of Congress, by appropriate legislation, to enable them to organize a State Government, and, in the language of the Proclamation, to guarantee to each State a republican form of Government."

Resolved—That it is the deliberate sense of the House that the condition of the rebel States fully justifies the President in the exercise of the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus in those States."

Resolved—That it is the deliberate sense of this House that the condition of the rebel States fully justifies the President in maintaining military possession of the United States in those States, and declared to be the thanks of the nation for employing the war power for the protection of the Union citizens and the freedmen in those States."

FEMALE education is not altogether a modern introduction. Queen Elizabeth received, under the instruct- ion of Roger Ascham, a profound knowledge of the learned languages. Abundant evidence of this exists in a comment on Plato, in Greek, written at Oxford. Plutarch, Sallust, Xenophon, Horace, Plutarch and Sophocles; in translations into Latin of two orations of Demosthenes, and a tragedy of Euripides; in a translation from the French of the meditations of the Queen of Navarre; in a translation of the prayers of Queen Catharine of Parr, Italian and French; in a volume of prayers written by herself in French, Italian and Spanish; and lastly, in a Greek oration delivered extempore at Oxford. Prayer are still extant a number of letters and prayers written or dictated by Elizabeth, and some small poems.

THE murrain among cattle in Great Britain has not abated with the winter. Since July last, 190,000 head have been attacked, of which only 15,000 have recovered. The pecuniary loss is estimated at about $20,000,000 in our present currency. History shows us that some of the great murrains of the past have carried off millions of cattle in some countries, and given rise to a desolation by hind. In England, now, it is said, that many farms are nearly abandoned, and property has followed this fearful pestilence where comfort used to dwell. The poor-rates are increasing; rents cannot be paid, and a panic has seized the whole country.

SENATOR DOOLITTLE, in a speech at New Haven, stated that it was the opinion that "at least 1,000,000 negroes perished in the South during the war." Another opinion, he added, had been expressed by Gov. Aiken, of South Carolina, Kendall Hunt, of New Orleans, and other well informed men, that the estimate that 50,000 had perished in battle or of their wounds; "but this has not been the principal source of their destruction. Smallpox and the various diseases that follow the march of armies have prevailed among them to a terrible extent, all the way from the Rappahannock to the Gulf of Mexico. The smallpox has swept them away in camp and on plantations, and everywhere by thousands upon thousands. It is also a fact that the most malignant diseases ever among those not accustomed to attend to the diseases, among themselves, they have, to a great extent, been swept off from the whole people. The masters and those connected with them lost interest in them. They perished by hundreds of thousands. They were appalling facts, and yet they are true. I have no doubt that when we come to take the census of 1870, two-fifths of the whole colored population will have perished."

THE question whether trout will rise to a fly, or fish bite in the night-time, is thus answered by Mr. G. G. Scott, who says he will rise to the fly on a night as dark as Erebus. The experiment has been proven by many here, on nights so dark that the angler could not see his rod-hook, and commenced casting to the Seven Rocks for bass; and the fish responded so generously, that we returned with a basket of fish collected at night, though it was as dark as pitch, and we were forced to land our fish without a gaff or a net, because we could not see them. The fish bore ourselves away when they were biting fiercely."

REPUBLICS are not always ungrateful. Gen. Grant, on the occasion of his late visit to this city, was presented with a purse of $100,000, from a few capitalists, besides a carriage costing $2,000. Since the close of the war, Gen. Grant has been presented as follows:

By citizens of Philadelphia, with a house and furniture, valued at	$30,000
By citizens of Galena, Ill., a house, furniture, and stock, valued at	15,000
With swords and equipments to the value of	10,000
Horses	10,000
Library by citizens of Boston	5,000
In cash from the citizens of New York	100,000
Total	$170,000

The total of this sum is less than the annual income of the estates presented to the Duke of Wellington by the British Government and people.

DURING the great rebellion, the ranks of the New York Seventh Regiment furnished to the army of volunteers, the following colonels: Major-Generals, 3; Brigadier-Generals, 19; Colonels, 22; Lieutenant-Colonels, 47; Majors, 86; Captains, 214; Lieutenants, 194; Surgeons, 7; Chaplain, 1; Adjutants, 18. Total, 561. The New England Guard Battalion, of Boston, furnished about the same proportion of officers. In April, 1861, it numbered 173 men, more than one-half of whom served as officers during the war. Their rank distribution is as follows: Generals, 2; Colonels, 16; Lieutenant-Colonels, 5; Majors, 8; Captains, 32; Lieutenants, 22. Total, 90.

THE prospects of emigration for the current year are very promising. Although, during the war, it was said that emigration was encouraged by high bounties, and that most of the emigrants came over to serve in our armies; yet, for the month of January, of that year, the arrivals were double those of the corresponding month of last year. For the year 1865, the arrivals at this port were 300,000, nearly all Germans, the arrivals for 1866, promise to be little, if any, short of 500,000.

DR. J. H. SALISBURY publishes, in the *American Journal of Medical Sciences*, an elaborate paper on the cause of fever, in which he asserts that this curse of the richest lands of our country consists in the minute oblong cells of the acne pustilla, plant-like fungi to the lowest order of vegetable organisms, and which are found in all agne districts. The breathing in of the minute cells and spores of these plants, which are elevated in the night exhalations, is, according to him, the cause of the disease. The details of the doctor's experiments are elaborate, and the whole one giving an account of his producing the fever in sound constitutions, by placing these plants at night in a room prepared for the decaying department of two young men, is of special importance. The remedy of quinine is also spoken of as treating the disease, as also included in the article.

A FRENCH lithographer, M. Rigaut, has just published a method for reproducing either old or new lithographs with great ease. The lithograph to be transferred to stone is first laid, face uppermost, on a solution of gum water, whereby all those parts that are not inked absorb water. It is then put between two sheets of blotting-paper, which carry off the excess of liquid; after which the lithograph is laid, face downward, on the stone, to which it adheres perfectly with a little pressure. Upon it about fifty sheets of bad, moistened with one part of nitric acid and ten of water, and the whole is subjected to the action of the press. The process is said to demonstrate through the lithograph, and the stone receives its action equally in all the lights of the picture.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THERE are two days in the year, in this great city of New York, which to the lady part of the congregation, have wondrous significance and deep and shining interest. Those are spring and fall, occurring regularly in the spring and fall. On that day the world of fashion in the aforesaid what it will to allowed to wear the coming year, and where they can get, and what it will cost, and all the minor points in connection with it. They will see the shape of the coming bonnet, and what color will be *au fait* for trimming. They will know whether Joby's ear is or not, and whether gold trimming is to be worn on them. They will know what style of vest they shall waste money on, and what cut of skirt is and does for popularity. In fact, opening day is a most important occasion for the lady portion of society, and may be announced by the wading milliners and modistes, that the latest portion of our people are agitated, and the time for that sad season each year come on.

To evince the deep sympathies we have in them, we will endeavor to give the ladies outside of New York, and those inside who did not see the opening—some idea of what they will have to wear.

The dress will be worn very full as ever, may be, in the case of bonnets. Dresses will be worn nearly all gored, and the skirts of silk will be much extended in circumference, so as to show the border of the petticoat, which, by the way, is expected to be rich. Failing this short cutting, the dress will be looped with the gilded cord tassels. The best of the new styles in the Madeline gored dress. It is made with the skirts at the waist, the body and skirt in one piece. Theses most stylish are made from buffs, or colors of roses, trimmed with light but bright colored silk. The side-pieces at the hips are trimmed down the skirt, more like coat-tails than sashes, it being the effect that is most successfully produced. These tails or lappets are the same in front, though shorter and narrower. Then there is the "Cyprus" dress, which is looped with the gilded cord tassels, the under dress of the grey or drap popiin, the upper, of the rich silk. The dress dress capes are worn on the shoulders for convenience in putting on, which is a novelty as well as style.

Hoops are not coming in to supersede the gold and silver, which never has been popular in upper-tendom. It consists of ornaments in corset-buckles for the waist and mother-of-pearl earring. Some of these are really beautiful and elegant. As the way of all fashion is to run elegant styles in the above, and at prices that somewhat startle the dealers in them.

The bonnet next: and of these, the styles most approved are "Gipsy," "Azores," "Alsace," and that of "Margaret."

The "Azores" is of white crape, with violet ribbon, and jet or straw ornaments; the crown loose, the curtain at face, and the brim extended a bit about it. The "Margaret" is to supercede the Garland but now worn; it is similar in shape, but larger, and trimmed with velvet and cannons. The "Gipsy" is really a gipsy, with all the old-fashioned attraction of its style and form, just now it seems to rather grate against female sensibility, or whatever it is all supposed to be. It is a bonnet, the very accepted style of the day. They are made of velvet, and the most effective of these are of fancy ribbon, and looking, off the head, very like the scales we see in grocery and other stores for weighing sugar, etc. In fact, they have a reckless appearance; and, consequently, cannot fail to please young female New York.

With cloaks we shall end the fashions: They are to be worn round, this summer, together with talmas and double capes, scalloped on the edges, and bound with material to match the dress. Balmoral skirts are gotten out, and will only be the thing to be worther. In fact, weather, fashion, lace, and other fine affairs will be the theme. We're glad of it.

And that is the end of our lecture upon fashion.

From fashion to those who support them is a natural step, and we intend, therefore, to discuss one of the revelations that are perpetually being made in this great city. Everybody that reads the papers will see advertisements headed, "Divorces obtained Legally and without Exposure."

It seems that this promise of legal pettifoggers has been carried out in numerous cases, and husbands and wives who supposed themselves married, have suddenly found themselves single. It is done in this way: Somebody in New York gets tired of their wife or husband, as the case may be, and wishing a divorce, can call on the agency, and simply arrange the fee. All the rest is left to the agency. The case goes to an Indiana lawyer—and no one in this vicinity can understand what the Western country can turn out in that way—who commences proceedings, urging in the complaint anything that he happens to think of first. The case then goes to a referee—another of the same style of lawyer—who reports, not hearing a word of evidence for the divorcee, who has not been notified, or if they have, it is done in such a way that they cannot understand it. Of course the report is favorable to the application; it goes on the record properly, a copy of the record is forwarded to New York, and the first thing that Mr. or Mrs. Jones or Smith, who have all along been living together quietly, knows, is the information given by their better half that they are divorced. This is a true story, and we mention it, simply to ask our legislators and law-makers if something cannot be done. If there is no balm in Gilead to heal such a domestic dragon, then what does civilization and enlightenment mean?

The theatres this week have been doing something new. The Olympic has given us a new version of "Cinderella; or, the Little Glass Slipper," which is *very* funny, especially so for the badness—and consequent goodness—of its puns. Mrs. Wood is a charming Cinderella, and the whole thing is more in accordance with the present-day idea of fun than the old edition.

Wallack's has made a great success with "Society," the new comedy, and houses crammed to repletion testify that it suits public taste.

Lucy Rushton has given us "Giralda," a pleasant three-act comedy; well suited to the company, and well suited to public taste, if that is any criterion of excellence.

Miss Lucille Western is making a decided sensation at Wood's Theatre, in "The Child Stealer," and showing all New York that there is something in her besides the mere sensation school.

The National Conservatory of Music, an institution that is doing its perfect share toward educating the musical taste of the people, gave a grand concert on the 3d inst., at Irving Hall, with De Rossi, Massimiliano, Antonucci, the Mollenhauers, and other attractions. A grand overture and sonata of Beethoven's for 64 hands on 16 pianos, by the pupils of the Conservatory, was one of the attractions, and produced an effect indescribable.

JURIES.

MR. EDITOR—In your articles on juries, you seem to favor the decision by majority; but it would not work well. All lawyers of much experience know that, in cases somewhat complex, or difficult of comprehension, the jury, on taking a vote on the case, at first show that only two or three have comprehended it—sometimes only one. This minority explains, over and over, to the majority, until, in the course of 30 or 40 hours, the whole jury get to understand it. This comes from the nature of things. There are more weak than strong minds. For one that is strong and disciplined, there are some scores of mediocres and creatures of mere impulse, prejudice or passion, with whom reason has little or nothing to do. If, in some localities, two or three out of a dozen jurors be capable of understanding a difficult case, it is great luck. But these would be uniformly out-voted in such cases; and if they had no power to check the majority until they could enlighten it, jury trials would soon be intolerable. If the one, two, or three that comprehend, the case fail to convince the majority, it is better the jury should be dismissed for disagreement, than give a wrong verdict. So long as we try by jury, the general safety requires that the brains of that body should be allowed a preponderance, and have a chance, at least, to guide it to a correct conclusion, or prevent a wrong one.

A substitute for a jury has been extensively tried in Chancery Courts, and found very reliable. The Master in Chancery has reduced the testimony to writing, in the presence of the parties or their counsel, and afterward made his report, or rendered his verdict, upon which the court, if no exceptions were filed to the report, proceeded to judge or decree. By this mode, the expense of each witness's deposition, at 10 cents the hundred words, has not averaged over one dollar, probably, in each suit. The witness is not detained, generally, more than one day. In cases appealed, his deposition can be handed up with the rest of the papers, without more expense. If there is error in the report or decree, the testimony stands in writing, by which the error may be corrected. If the court think, on argument of the exceptions to the Master's report, that it is wrong in any respect, they may refer it back to the same or another Master for further examination and report, or to take further testimony and make further report. The Master has full time and opportunity to examine and decide. Counsel may argue the matter to him; and if they have often omitted to do so, it was probably because they thought the Master as capable of understanding it as themselves.

I do not remember of hearing suitors complain of Masters' reports, as finally received and adopted. The cheapness and certainty of this mode of trial ought to have commended it to reformers. It, besides, would prevent much litigation; for how many suits are brought in the hope of a finding of the facts according to the prejudices of the jury? I have heard a lawyer say to his client; "In strictness of law you cannot recover; but there is is no telling what a jury might do." The client is thus induced to bring suit. The lawyer evades responsibility, gets his fee, and wins an opportunity of making a speech, by way of advertising his calling. If the Master, or referee, were bribed, or inclined to be partial, he could not, still, divert the course of justice; for the evidence would be in writing, and taken down under the eyes of the suitors or their counsel. The Judges of the court of last resort would have to be bribed, also, to effect the evil purpose; but who could bribe the public, before whose eyes the recorded testimony could be brought and the Judges themselves arraigned?

The Master, referee, or single juror, whatever his name, would act under a *responsibility*, which would generally overrule any feeling of malice or friendship for the suitor, were the other checks wanting. It can scarcely be hoped that a majority of the lawyers will favor this plan, for it would diminish their income, as well as their chances for cultivating and displaying their eloquence; though, as a class, they are as patriotic and self-sacrificing as any other. Eloquence is a good thing, but should not cost too much. It, indeed, according to Tacitus, flourishes best where the machinery of Government is disordered, or imperfect, and needs much tinkering. Measures, then, that save wind, must be salutary.

Among the inconveniences to be obviated by the proposed substitute are the many days' attendance of witnesses before they can be examined in open court, the winnowing out of intelligent men, in order to procure the veriest chaff of humanity for jurors, the two to ten hour speeches addressed to jurors to penetrate their supposed stupidity or excite their prejudices, the feeling of but one-twelfth of a proper responsibility by the juror, and the non-existence of a record of the testimony.

G.

FINE ARTS.

WE have delayed noticing one of the finest local paintings which has been exhibited in New York, until the exhibition has closed in which it was offered to public view. We, however, seize this opportunity of putting our opinion upon record. This painting was "A View of New York from Hamilton Ferry, South Brooklyn," and was on exhibition at the Derby Gallery, with the paintings of the Philadelphia Sketch Club. The artist is C. G. Rosenberg, a gentleman well-known both in the literary and musical world; and although he has been for three or four years dealing with the pallet and maulstick, this is the first picture of so ambitious a class which he has painted. It is of very large size, and the drawing, both of the figures and shipping, throughout the canvas, is singularly true and powerful. The rising thunder-storm in the west is painted with marvelous truth, and the expanse of sunset-sky, in the left and centre of the canvas, has a recession which is admirably translated by the brush of the artist. Perhaps the composition of the figures and boats, in the fore-part of the picture, is too much scattered, but if so, the feeling of motion in the picture is benefited by this fault in the composition. Indeed, we have never seen the predominant feeling of action so thoroughly rendered upon any local landscape. If Mr. Rosenberg were to publish this picture as a chromo-lithograph, we feel convinced that he would have a very large sale for it; and we take the liberty of suggesting this, as feeling certain that it will be very valuable, pecuniarily, to him. As the production of one whose contributions to literature must be well-known to the generality of our readers, we feel additional pleasure in pointing out the merits of a work which has earned so large a share of justly eulogistic criticism from the daily and weekly press of this city, and which, in many respects, is a work of decided genius.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Probably the largest spring in the world is one in the centre of Huntsville, Ala., from which a stream of water flows sufficient to float a 30 ton batteau. It is an object of great interest to the people of the neighborhood and visitors. Another spring in Florence, in that State, throws out a body of water estimated at 17,000 cubic feet per minute.

—— A "Pony Express" has been started in New Orleans for the delivery of small packages with the greatest dispatch, and at low rates, to all parts of the city. Signs, bearing the words "Pony Express Wanted," will be distributed amongst the business houses of the city, and they have only to hang out the sign and up trots a pony driven by a boy in uniform.

—— Thieves have discovered a new use for chloroform. The porkers near Adrian, Mich., disappeared in a most unaccountable manner, and what was regarded as strangest, they were carried off without the sound of a single squeal. A gentleman, however, discovered the depredators operating one night, and going to the pig-pen, he found two fat hogs lying helpless and unconscious, having been drugged with chloroform.

—— About 1665 Hon. Theodore Atchison, of Portsmouth, N. H., had a legacy of £1,000, the income of which was directed to be distributed in loaves of bread to the poor of that town on Sundays. This has been done regularly for about a century; about £5,000 have been thus spent, and the fund has not been impaired.

—— In Louisiana and Texas over 20,000 colored Methodists have broken off their connection with the Southern Methodist Church, and joined the Northern Church. In Georgia, it is said, that the entire colored membership of the Southern Church will connect itself with Northern Methodism.

—— The 28 arsenals and armories in the North contain 4,025,175lb of powder, 401,026lb of shell, 233,818lb of cannon-balls, 84,300lb of grenades, 47,802 boxes of grape-shot, 21,355lb of bombs, 1,000,000 good Springfield muskets, and 500,000 captured and foreign muskets.

—— The Galveston (Texas) *News* calls attention to the condition of the cemeteries of Houston, in which "the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air make their wallowing-places and nests upon the resting-places of the dearly-loved, but departed friends."

—— In Memphis every hotel is crowded, and so is every boarding-house; and the rent in of a house, or even a suite of rooms, for a small family, is next to impossible. Small, unfurnished rooms, on the third floor, rent readily for $25 to $30 a month.

—— Sambo goes in for the Fenian fight. A colored youth was arrested in Albany, on Friday, for "loafing," when he made an earnest appeal to be sent to New York, that he might go to Ireland with the first regiment that started.

—— An Oregon paper says enough liquor has been sent across the mountains to keep every man in Montana drunk all winter.

—— There is a dried-up Indian women, near the head-waters of the St. Croix, in Wisconsin, who is the oldest person of modern times. Some say she is 300, and none guess less than 150.

—— Brigham Young has purchased two of the Sandwich Islands, to which he proposes to remove, bag and baggage.

—— Of the 9,000 post-offices in the disloyal States, about 2,000 have been reopened. Nearly 300 have received post-mistresses, because no man could be found who could take the oath that he had not borne arms against his country. The ladies, though rebellious enough in spirit, are able to take the prescribed oath.

"Handkerchief Preaching," is the appropriate term applied to a pulpit peculiarity, by the *Christian Reflector*: "I notice," says the writer, "a handkerchief habit in the pulpit, which has led me to inquire if the use of that very necessary article is a part of theological training. I notice some ministers take it out of their pockets as they do their sermons, and lay it on the pulpit. Some spread it out lengthwise through the middle of the Bible; some roll it up and tuck it under the Bible; some shake it over their heads; some clinch it in their hands, as if they were going to throw it at the audience; and some keep crowding it into their pockets and pulling it out again, with a nervous movement, as if they did not know what use to make of their hands. I went once to hear a popular young preacher, and as much as half his sermon was made up of pocket-handkerchief, and the most of the other half was gold watch and bits of poetry."

—— The negro who committed a diabolical murder of a white girl and boy in Union county, Arkansas, a few weeks since, was followed and arrested in Bradley county by negroes. After being brought back, he confessed his guilt, and went to the place where the murder was committed and got the knife which he had used, and afterward concealed under a log. After the proper examination, he was burned to death, old negroes and Federal soldiers assisting in bringing pine knots to make the fire. The negroes manifested the utmost anxiety to have him brought to justice.

—— The Treasury Department, in settling a balance of two cents, due to Erastus Foote, of Boston, sent a draft to him, worded and numbered as follows: "Draft 2,950 on Treasury warrant, Treasury of the United States. No. 1,954. Washington, Jan. 8, 1866. At sight pay to Erastus Foote, collector and disbursing agent, or order, two cents. F. E. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States. Recorded, Jan. 8, 1866. S. B. Colby, Register of the Treasury. Assistant Treasurer, U. S., Boston, Mass." On this important document there were seven signatures, and all for two cents. The gentleman who owned the draft was offered a dollar for it, but said he would not sell it for five dollars.

—— A couple in Litchfield, Conn., lately tried to get divorced, after ten years of wedded life, but in the course of the trial it appeared that they never had been legally married, and they gave up the idea of a divorce, and were married in due form.

—— Lewis Fisher, a fresco painter, fell a distance of twenty-five feet, in one of the Chelsea, Mass., churches, while at work, a few weeks ago, and received injuries which have disabled him for life. The trustees of the church lately sent him a bill of seven dollars and sixty cents for damage sustained by the pews on which he fell! So says the Springfield *Republican*.

—— The ancient custom of "crying the hour" by night watchmen has been kept up at Pittsburg, Pa., until recently.

—— A shoemaker in New Orleans was so overcome by the birth of a daughter, that he cut out sixteen pairs of Congress boots all for one foot, broke a temperance pledge, got into a street-fight with a sailor, and fell overboard.

—— A Mr. Dodd, at Warren, Ill., commenced on the 14th of January to starve himself to death, and he died on the 27th, accomplishing his object in 13 days. For nine days he took neither food nor water. After that he took a little rice-water daily, but he was so weak that he did not rally.

—— The sons of Mr. William Johnson, brother of the President, have published a letter confirming the reports that their father, who was accidentally injured by the discharge of his own gun, died for want of surgical treatment, the Confederate surgeons of the vicinity refusing to render any assistance, on the ground that Mr. Johnson was a brother of the President. The accident occurred at Velasco, Texas, and the family were obliged to send to Columbia, 100 miles distant, for a Federal surgeon. When applied to for their professional ministrations the medical faculty of Velasco, replied that there were too many Johnsons.

—— The editor of the Louisville *Journal*, alluding to a recent interview with the President says: "We expected to find the President weary and worn and haggard. Never were we so much mistaken. He was in the finest and most vigorous health, his face as fresh as in earliest manhood. It would have been evident to any one, seeing as we saw him, that he is a firm, resolute, self-poised man, confident, but not vainly nor arrogantly confident in his own strength. His will is like his frame, and that is of iron."

—— Complaints having been made of the "amusements" in Nashville, Tenn., a committee of the Common Council was appointed to examine them and report whether they were conducted in a "flagrantly lewd" manner, or were "detrimental to morals," and whether they violated any existing laws. The committee reported that they were alarmingly detrimental to morals, and also came within all the other points.

—— Not long since there was a dancing party at the house of Mr. Scott, near Avena, Lawrence County, Ala. The weather was very warm in the early part of the evening, but it had become exceedingly cold when the party broke up, heated and fatigued. The company went home: two of them died the next morning and seven have since died. Others are seriously ill, and none of the participants in the affair are well.

—— The Mobile *Register* says: "Counterfeit Government postal currency has been thickly scattered over this section, and at the present time there are thousands of dollars of the bogus trash circulating in our city. They are throwing it on the market too fast."

—— The Supreme Court of Massachusetts, some time ago, gave George W. Stone, of Swampscot, a verdict of $800 against parties who had tarred and feathered him for rejoicing over the death of President Lincoln. Emboldened at this, he has brought suit against a minister who looked through a window at the procession that tarred him.

—— Mrs. Stonewall Jackson has published a letter declining further contributions raised throughout the South for her benefit, deeming it inconsistent with her ideas of rectitude and honor to receive them.

—— There is a "sell" going the rounds, which has victimized, among others, two or three distinguished teachers in the public schools. The gist of it is that there is an old man now living in Biddeford, Me. [or in any other place], who will be 143 years old if he lives till the 30th of this month. Do you see it?

—— A literary society of young ladies, at Seneca Falls, N. Y., have styled themselves the "Go Home Alones," and altogether ignore the company of male attendants.

Foreign.—The European papers present terrible pictures of the mortality attending the new disease, called "trachina," in several parts of the Continent. The disease, as is well known, is engendered by eating pork, in which, though unseen, millions of animalculæ abound, that cannot be destroyed except by long and hard boiling. Those pass into the human system, and the person is eaten up alive by them, without being able to help himself. A German physician of Frankfort, who has given the subject much consideration, wrote on the 9th ult., that in a little place near Magdeburg, 100 children had been rendered orphans by the disease, and upward of 300 patients were then awaiting death, which they knew to be inevitable, from the same cause. The disease is reported to have appeared in some of the Western cities of the United States.

—— Prince Achille Murat has fallen under imperial displeasure for his duel with the editor of the *Figaro*, and has been ordered to join his regiment in Mexico. Jerome Bonaparte (Patterson), who was second to his cousin, is to go to Algeria.

—— The baboons of South Africa are so large and so numerous that they enter sheep-cotes and kill and eat young and old as their appetites need. They have to be trapped and shot to save the herds. They will face and fight women and children, and will barely run from men.

—— A shoemaker in Leeds, England, undertook, lately, for a wager, to eat an uncooked rabbit—fur, skin, and all. He succeeded, but immediately went into convulsions, which continued for an hour, when he died.

—— A widow in England, with two children, has recovered $35,000 from a railroad, for killing her husband.

—— Adalina Patti, the operatic artiste, receives $1,000 a night for her performances in London.

—— The city of Melbourne, in Australia, has a population of 120,000 inhabitants, and is increasing quite as rapidly as San Francisco. It has many of the aspects of an American city—American labor and American capital having added largely to its growth. American coaches, wagons, teamsters, pioneers, merchants, and American ships are so common that, although in a minority as regards population, as an influence in enterprise the Americans are the ruling people.

—— Tinsel is in vogue; in Paris every article of dress glitters. White tulles and tarlatans are gilded with gold spots or stars, or embroidered with birds or flies, in black and gold, blue and gold, red and silver, etc. The *bouillonnes* and flounces of the skirts are draped up with gold chains.

—— Among the causes of fires in London, last year, the following are reported: Airing linen, 11; children playing with fire, 33; "a dog," 1; fusées, 3; intoxication, 4; lightning, 2; lights thrown down the area, 8; lime-slacking, 9; and lucifers, 24.

—— An ingenious little machine has been put on some of the Parisian hacks. It indicates to the passenger who engages it, at once the time he is riding, the distance he has made, and the price he has to pay, according to the official regulations.

—— Complaint is made by the papers in York, Eng., that, at concerts given there, the ladies take their crochet and tatting-work with them, and the gentlemen read the newspapers throughout the performances.

—— A German surgeon, at Paris, was recently bereaved by the death of his wife. His friends assembled to condole with him, and found him engaged in dissecting her body!

—— In the small island of Iona, on the coast of Scotland, 61 kings lie buried—48 were Scotch, 8 Norwegian, 4 Irish, and 1 French.

A STATUE WEEPING BY STEAM.—A singular discovery has been made in a church in one of the faubourgs of Milan. A statue of St. Magdaleen, which has long been famous for weeping in the presence of unbelievers, was recently removed, in order to facilitate repairs for the church. It was found that the statue contained an arrangement for boiling water. The steam passed up into the head, and was then condensed. The water thus produced made its way by a couple of pipes to the eyes, and trickled down upon the cheeks of the image. So the wonderful miracle was performed.

THE PLEASURES OF ILLNESS.

DICKENS'S *All the Year Round*, in an article on the pleasures of illness, says:

"Nothing astonishes a weakly person who has been accustomed to illness so much as an unusually long period of good health. It is something he did not expect; it is like a gift to him. Robust persons who have never been accustomed to physical suffering will find it difficult to understand this feeling. Their wonder is that they should ever be ill at all. I have noticed that the moral effect of illness upon the strong man, is the moral effect of health upon the weak man. When a strong man is stricken down, he takes to his prayers. But the time when the weak man's thoughts are most elevated toward spiritual things is when he is well. The latter is too thankful to Heaven for its abundant mercies to begin whining the moment he is laid upon a bed of sickness. To my mind, that which induces a spirit of thankfulness is the best chastener of the heart. It is not a scourge, but a purifier. I have no belief in the rod, either moral or physical. When I am in health, and have the full enjoyment of all my faculties, and when the sun shines, and all nature is beautiful around me, then I am good. I cannot say that my heart is touched in the same way by affliction and gloom. It is not then in a spiritual way that I profit by illness, but simply because it enables me to throw off my cares as I throw off my clothes, and put my mind to rest with my body. To descend to some common-place particulars in illustration of the pleasures of illness, I will mention first of all the delight of being able to think without a purpose. When I am well, all my thinking must take a practical direction. I have no time to indulge in loose fancy. Whatever thoughts may enter my head, I must mold and shape them for use; I must parcel out and pigeon-hole them. And there is the involute process of thinking about thoughts, overhauling the aforesaid mental pigeon-holes to see that everything is ready to hand—a process which is very weary and painful. But sitting here by the fireside, utterly incapacitated, I give free rein to my fancy, and set myself to thinking about nothing. And when you don't try to think, what pleasant thoughts enter your head unbidden? You call upon the divine Nine, or any other source of inspiration, until you are hoarse, without bringing the pleasant fancy which pops upon you like a fairy's gift. You sit by the fire with your feet among the cinders, staring vacantly at the coals, and a vision of beauty reveals itself in the flame. These are the pleasant day-dreams which the mind enjoys when it has an opportunity of playing the idler.

A BLACKSMITH'S FORGE

And Goatskin Bellows in Zambesi.

LIVINGSTONE, in his late travels in Africa, on the Zambesi and its tributaries, gives many curious items, but none more curious than the description of an African blacksmith's shop:

Two workmen seated upon the ground, one as the working blacksmith, the other the bellows-blower. The forge is simply a few stones piled together and the charcoal-fire built up between them; while workman Number two works away upon a bellows of goatskin, constructed something on the plan of an accordeon.

With this primitive arrangement some really curious work is turned out; and knives and swords, with a really fine temper, are forged, and afterward engraved, with a skill that would do no discredit to a Damascus manufacturer.

FITCH'S HOME

For the Soldiers and Orphans of Soldiers who have Lost their Lives in Defense of their Country, Located at Darien, Conn.

THIS institution at Darien, Conn., is called "Fitch's Home for Disabled Soldiers and Orphans of Soldiers who have Lost their Lives in Defense of the Country." It is founded by a gentleman of that place, by the name of Fitch, out of his private fortune; and as in this country a person being his own executor, is rare—we had almost said unexampled; but the case of our own respected citizen, Peter Cooper, the founder of the Cooper Institute, being brought to our recollection, we will only say that this enterprise of Mr. Fitch has but few parallels with us. Thinking, therefore, that a further notice in the way of history and pictorial representations of the buildings occupied by the institution and its surroundings, would be interesting to the readers of this paper, we have had sketches taken by artists on the spot, and the present engravings made from them.

The buldings are situated on a beautiful eminence overlooking Long Island Sound and the surrounding country, and appear to be a refuge, indeed, for those they are intended to benefit.

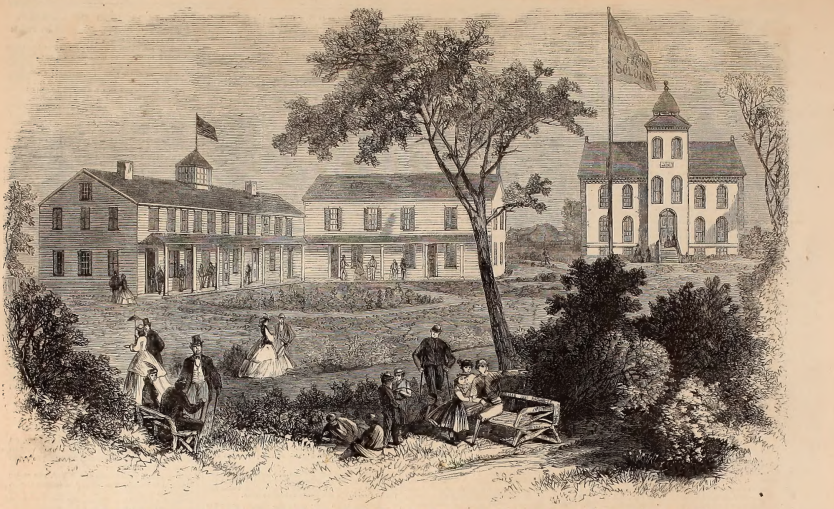
Mr. Benjamin Fitch, its founder, is a retired merchant, who has spent a large portion of a long life in active business pursuits, being well-known to many of our citizens, and also those of neighboring cities. Since retiring from business, he has passed the greater part of his time at Darien, Conn. (the place of his residence), and from this fact, the citizens of that section of country have been favored with the location of this patriotic asylum in their midst. Some of the citizens of that place have also shown their appreciation of the work, by assisting in its formation, and have aided it by their countenance, advice and means.

From the class of recipients it is intended to benefit (disabled soldiers and orphans of soldiers who have lost their lives in defense of the Nation), the institution must of necessity be of very recent origin.

Mr. Fitch, in the spring of 1864, foreseeing the number of disabled soldiers and orphans that would be made by the war; and also to incite volunteering and the recruiting of our armies, by removing from the soldier the natural anxiety and apprehension that in the event of his losing his life, or becoming disabled, he would thereby entail suffering and want on his family, purchased the property now occupied by the "Home;" and after arranging the buildings, repairing the original, and adding new ones, for school-room, hall, dining-room, &c., properly endowed it, and applied to the Legislature of Connecticut for a charter, which was granted and a board of trustees appointed to take charge of it.

Knowing that a proper recognition of the institution by the General Government would be advantageous to it, Mr. Fitch visited Washington, and laid before the late lamented President Lincoln the nature and intention of his work. Mr. Lincoln, with his usual kindness and warm feeling, addressed Mr. Fitch a letter of thanks, and recommended the institution to the good will of all our citizens.

The following spring Mr. Fitch visited Europe, and while there called upon many of our citizens and sympathizing foreigners, who, upon hearing the work he was engaged in, materially aided the institution by donations of books, money, &c., among whom we would mention the names of W. F. Whittemore, S. B. Guion, Daniel James, B. F. Babcock, Henry Nash, George Warren, James Spence, J. S. Morgan, Cyrus W. Field, Russel Sturgess, C. M. Sampson, James McHenry, Francis A. Hamilton, Rathbone, Bro. & Co., Longman & Co., Hamilton, Adams & Co., Henry G. Bohn, "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge," and others, both in England and on the Continent, to whom



A NOBLE CHARITY—FITCH'S HOME FOR THE SOLDIERS AND THEIR ORPHANS, AT DARIEN, CONN., FOUNDED BY BENJAMIN FITCH, ESQ., INAUGURATED JULY 4, 1864.

the trustees, in the following letter, have expressed the thanks of the institution:

THE LETTER.

DARIEN, August 3d, 1865.

DEAR SIR—The trustees of Fitch's Home for Disabled Soldiers and the Orphan Children of such as have died in support and defense of the government of our country, gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a choice, well-selected and expensive library of several thousand volumes for the use of the inmates of the Home. We find that your generous contribution materially aided the founder of the institution, Mr. Benjamin Fitch, in his efforts to furnish this valuable acquisition, so essential to the comfort and instruction of the inmates and the permanent prosperity of the Home.

We are the more grateful for your contribution to this object because we believe it has been prompted chiefly by your interest in the welfare of our country, and your generous sympathy for its brave and suffering defenders.

Please accept our thanks for your kind aid in this work, and the expression of our earnest wish that hereafter, England and America may ever be one in sympathy for the suffering and oppressed, one in design to the maintenance of justice, and the establishing of universal freedom, and one in earnest effort for permanent peace and harmony between the two nations.

(Signed) C. W. BALLARD, President.

TRUSTEES:

William A. Cummings, James B. Hoyt, Philander Button, Stephen Hoyt, E. C. Bissell, Charles Marvin, C. J. Starr, Charles Brown, M. B. Forbes, M. D.

(Attest) P. BUTTON, Secretary.

Italy, also, where Mr. Fitch spent the fall and winter of 1865, for the benefit of his health, among the sculptors and painters of that classic land, was not wanting in sympathies, friends, and offers of assistance. Our celebrated American artist, Powers, gave the institution a beautiful bust of Franklin, executed in marble, and also introduced him to another American sculptor of note, Mr. Larkin G. Mead, jun., who had just completed a group, called the "Returned Soldier," representing a returned cavalry officer, in a sitting posture, with a child on his knee, an orphan, to whom the soldier is lighting the battle-field, and apparently describing the scenes there witnessed—probably the death of her own father; and, it may be, bringing her a dying message from his comrade (her father).

The appropriateness of the group as an adornment for the grounds of the institution he had founded, was so striking to Mr. Fitch, that he at once contracted with Mr. Mesde for a copy, to be executed in white Carrara marble, of a size half larger than life, at a cost of 10,000 francs, Mr. Meade generously foregoing any profit to himself, on account of the object for which it was intended, as he says, the cost of the production of the group will hardly be repaid by the contract price. This group has not yet arrived in this country; when it does, it will prove an ornament to the institution, of which it may well be proud.

In addition to the statuary, Mr. Fitch also procured, by donations from friends of our country in Italy (among whom we would mention the celebrated artists, Messrs. Costa & Conti of Florence, Mrs. Austice, widow of a British officer, residing in Italy, and others), a very valuable painting; which, together with the bust of Franklin, mentioned before, arrived safely in this country, but were, unfortunately, destroyed by fire in a bonded warehouse, in New York, in September, last, a few days after their arrival; and as they were not insured, proves a great loss to the institution, which, it is hoped, will be replaced by our own countrymen.

On his return from Europe, Mr. Fitch, in addition to his other bequests, for the purpose of properly securing the works of art, books, paintings, statuary, etc., set aside $10,000 for the erection of a fireproof reading-room, library, chapel, etc., for the Home. This building is nearly completed, and is the one in our sketch, with a tower and cupola.

We have thus briefly given a sketch of Mr. Fitch and his generous and patriotic undertaking; and to show that he is not without countenance among our most noted countrymen, we copy an appeal that the trustees have made to citizens generally, to assist in this great work, as the amount of good to be performed, in its specialty, is without bound; and as Mr. Fitch, out of his comparatively moderate means (for he does not rank with our millionaires), has contributed from $30,000 to $40,000 in this work, and does not aspire to be the sole benefactor in this matter.

If the appeal should bring forth any contributions for the institution, we will feel that our labor and expense in making our readers acquainted with Mr. Fitch and the Home for Disabled Soldiers and Orphans of Soldiers have been well repaid.

IN GOD WE TRUST.

An Appeal to the Patriotic Citizens of this Republic.

Mr. Benj. Fitch, of Darien, Connecticut, in the beginning of the year 1864, as an inducement to soldiers to enlist in the service of the country, to put down the rebellion then existing for its overthrow and dismemberment, set apart and endowed lands and buildings for the formation of an institution as a home for disabled soldiers and orphans of soldiers who might lose their lives in their country's service.

The institution was dedicated on the 4th of July of that year, for the purposes specified, and Mr. Fitch has since conveyed by deed the same, without fee or reward, to the trustees appointed to take charge of the institution.

The principal object of the institution is to bring up and educate orphans of soldiers who have been killed in defence of the country. We also wish to take care of and provide for all disabled soldiers who are destitute. Also all widows of soldiers killed in putting down the late rebellion—if means can be obtained for that purpose.

We appeal to all patriotic citizens, in the name of the orphans of the nation, as they cannot be left to fill the Alms-House, nor want for shelter, education, and sustenance, while others have plenty and to spare; as the blood in their veins, made sacred by the sacrifice of their fathers' lives in our defence, and the perpetuation of this Government, should be cherished and protected by all who enjoy the blessings they died to procure.

In receiving and applying your charities for this object, we pledge ourselves to use all donations in the most economical manner, for the benefit of those concerned.

We have room for more; all we want is the means to take care of them, which, we hope, will be forthcoming, and for which we appeal to you, and all who take the



THE RETURNED SOLDIER.—A GROUP IN MARBLE, BY MEADE, FOR THE SOLDIERS' HOME, DARIEN, CONNECTICUT.



THE SCHOOL AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME, DARIEN, CONN., FOR CHILDREN OF VOLUNTEERS KILLED IN THE WAR.



THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. CURTIS.

cause of the orphan, connected with the salvation of our country, to heart.

We would refer you to the accompanying letters from Lieutenant-General Grant, and the endorsement of the same by our much-esteemed President and the gentlemen of his Cabinet.



DR. EDWIN HARWOOD, RECTOR, TRINITY CHURCH, NEW HAVEN.—PHOT. BY BEERS & MANSFIELD.

Metropolitan Hotel, New York, Nov. 17th, 1865.

MR. BENJ. FITCH:

Dear Sir—I heartily sympathize with you in your endeavors to assist those who have been disabled in the great struggle just past, and to give a home to the orphans of the soldiers who have lost their lives in defending the right; and I cheerfully recommend the institution you have founded to the good will and solid support of all our countrymen, as I know the sympathies and beneficence of all good men inust be given to so great and worthy a charity.

Wishing you all success in this laudable undertaking, and that you may find the hearts of all patriotic and benevolent citizens disposed to assist you in this worthy object, I am, yours truly,

U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen. U. S. A.

Washington, Nov. 25th, 1865.

We heartily endorse the opinions of Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, as expressed in his letter to Mr. B. Fitch, and dated at New York, November 17th, 1865, and would recommend the institution he has founded to the good will and solid support of all Americans who love their country and appreciate the services of those soldiers who spent their blood and sacrificed their lives in its defence.

ANDREW JOHNSON, Pres't.
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Sec. of State.
EDWIN M. STANTON, Sec. of War.
HUGH McCULLOCH, Sec. Treas.
GIDEON WELLES, Sec. Navy.
JAMES SPEED, Att'y Gen'l.

The institution is at present in charge of the following gentlemen as trustees, from whom any further information can be obtained:

TRUSTEES.

JOSEPH B. HOYT.	C. J. STARR.
WM. A. CUSHING.	CHARLES BROWN.
PHILANDER BUTTON.	M. B. PARDEE, M.D.
STEPHEN HOYT.	E. G. BEERS.
A. HILL.	

HON. C. W. BALLARD, President.
JOSEPH B. HOYT, Treasurer.
PHILANDER BUTTON, Secr'ary.

Communications, enclosing donations, may be addressed to Joseph B. Hoyt, Esq., Nos. 28 and 30 Spruce street, New York.



ANCIENT COUNTY HOUSE AND JAIL, AT NEW HAVEN, CONN.—SKETCHED BY H. C. CURTIS.

A "L'AFRICAINE."

LISTEN, Adelé, to the viols,
As they sigh through this nectar of sound,
To the flutes that murmur like sirens,
To angels who hover around,
Where flowers of exquisite perfume,
Bespread a paradise ground.

The clarionets bubble and ripple
Softly as nightingale's song,
Bearing in rapturous languor
Our dream-laden fancies along,
With their rare voluptuous measure,
Where pleasures ecstatic throng.

Bravura! Like screaming of eagles,
The trumpets are flooding the air—
The bugles shrill their fierce clamor,
Like tigers aroused from their lair,
Stinging our dreams with their tumult,
Wild crash, and resonant blare.

Ah, Adelé! my precious—my darling—
How it wakens from slumber again,
That which in sensuous fantasy
Wrapped in its folds my brain—
Stifled me as with perfumes
From the Orient's golden main

Darling! they tell me the story
The ocean used to sing,
As I tossed on its passionate bosom,
And watched the sea bird's wing—
Caressing it like a sunbeam
From the silvery throne of Spring.

Tinklings! They are the castanets,
Which the houries of Islaam
Shook as they danced in the moonlight
Under the feathery palm,
Shading their eyes by the crescent
Of an alabaster arm.

How the choruses glide together,
Like the white sails of a fleet,
Sailing away from an ice-bound coast,
To a land of fervor and heat—
A land of fair enchantment,
Pressed only by seraph's feet.

Ha! they are touched by a tempest,
Whose shadow blackened the moon,
And darkened my visions with phantoms,
Who the flowers of my dream have strewn
Like the blooms of India's jungles
When rages the dread cycloon.

Wind closer your arms my darling,
For I grope as through tangled flowers,
Whose odorous sighs are bearing me down
Into their bliss-laden bowers—
Into the arms of melodious Night,
Caressed by her passion-plumed hours.

* * * * * *

Ah, madam! I beg your pardon—
I admit—'tis hardly right—
To sleep through Meyerbeer's "Africaine,"
While *you* look so charming and bright—
And conclude I am deuçedly stupid—
Or perchance—up late last night.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SCHOOL DAYS.

THERE is, perhaps, hardly any class of light reading more fascinating to both old and young, than familiar recollections of school days, traits of character learned in all the early freedom of youth. If any who were my companions in my girlish days chance to see this little record of some of their sayings and doings, I am sure it will cause not one thought of mortification, but, perhaps, serve to while away pleasantly some idle minutes.

My own position in our little community was, perhaps, the least enviable one. I was half pupil, half teacher—a girl of sixteen, who, by her services in teaching the younger pupils, mending their clothes, and looking after them generally, paid for the completion of her own education in the points in which it was deficient. It was well for me I had a good resolute mind, and plenty of cheerfulness, for I had enough trials to endure. Not from our principal, Mrs. Howe, who was in heart and mind a true lady, and more, an earnestly good woman, and who did what depended on her to make my position a pleasant one; but among the score of boarders, and sixty odd day-scholars, there were not a few who were disposed to look down on "Susan Payson, who was only a charity scholar, working to pay for her schooling." There were also two resident teachers, who were very ready, by stretching the range of my duties to the uttermost, to save themselves all the trouble they could, and multifarious indeed were the duties considered mine.

It was not about myself, however, I meant to write, but I could hardly make clear all I wished to say without a few words about my own position. The little ones under my care soon learned to look on "Miss Susie" as their best friend, and often most amusing were the confidences reposed in me. I remember one day, Fanny S., a little black-eyed day-scholar, six years old, coming to me with a very affronted air, and asking:

"Miss Susie, are not *us*, though *we* are not so rich, just as much *raterisky* as Miss G. and the fine company she talks about?"

At first I could not quite make out what Fanny meant, but recollecting that Miss G., one of the elder girls, was rather given to boasting of her aristocratic connections and friends, I surmised that something on that point had wounded little Fanny's *amour propre;* and I assured her, in my opinion, "she was quite as 'raterisky' as any one else. I did not think her able to pronounce the word, so I did not try to correct her; but whether some flitting smile on my face, or an undue emphasis on the word made her suspicious, I cannot tell, but the next day, when she came into school, after kissing me, she burst out eagerly:

"Oh! Miss Susie, I asked papa about that big word, and I am sure I know it quite right *now*—it is *misticrat!*"

Far less acute than little Fanny was Sophie M., a girl three or four years older. I summoned her one day to take her place in a fancy dance the children were practicing. "I can't come," she said, "I do not know the beatitudes." "Indeed not, "said I; "get the Bible and I will teach you directly." Supposing it was her Sunday lesson for the following day. "Oh!" was the response, "I do not mean the Bible beatitudes, but my beatitudes in dancing."

Among the score of boarders, there was, for a short time, a Miss Lucinda Euphemia B., as she was duly introduced on her first arrival. She was the only child of a very worthy, but very ignorant and unpolished couple, who, when she was about fifteen, had acquired, by a lucky speculation, a very large fortune, and conscious of their own deficiencies, had brought her to Mrs. Howe to be educated, and above all, taught "how to behave fashionable." They told Mrs. Howe they wanted their daughter to learn *everything;* they had plenty of money, and did not mind expense. Mrs. Howe ventured to suggest, perhaps the young lady might not have capacity for every branch of study. "Oh," replied the satisfied mamma, "never mind *that*, just *buy* her a capacity, and anything else you want her to have; we won't mind what they cost!"

A more unfortunate subject on whom to graft fashionable manners, could hardly have been found. She was a stout, over-grown girl, with flat, homely features, and ungainly hands, and feet always in her way; her taste in dress—or rather that of her mother—led to the selection of glaring colors and flashy patterns, and before she had been at school two days, she had acquired the nickname of Blouselinda, speedily shortened into Blousy. Lucinda, with all her exterior disadvantages, had great good-nature, and took this in good part, even answering to the nickname when used by the more mischievous and less refined of her companions.

She chose for her bosom friend, Eunice P., a girl of very ordinary character, who, in consideration of sharing in the quite too abundant supply of cakes and sweets her fond mamma continually sent to Lucinda, was content to act as her confidant, to help her with her lessons, and share in her scrapes, till one of them led to the removal of both from the school.

One night we had all retired at ten, as usual, and had been asleep about two hours, when I was awakened by a subtle, but not unpleasant odor of something burning. I started up, and after hesitating a little, concluded to go and call Mrs. Howe. I did so; but it unluckily happened she stood in the greatest terror of house-breakers, and so soon as aroused, by some unknown process of mind, connected the unusual odor with the object of her fears, who, she supposed, must be below in the house. Whether it was thieves or not, however, it was essential for some one to go down and see what *was* the matter; and as our household was wholly of the feminine gender, it would have to be ourselves. Going as softly as we could, we awakened the two teachers, the old colored cook, and two other servants, and being also joined by three or four of the elder pupils, disturbed by our movements, we crept cautiously down the back stairs. Either because I had been the first to call them, or because they were disposed to give the post of honor and danger to me as the stoutest-hearted there, I led the van, holding aloft a tin candlestick with flaring candle. Old Judy followed me, armed with an ancient rusty gun she had caught up from the corner of the attic where she slept; then the other servants, one with a broom, the other a mop; the teachers carried respectively an umbrella and yard-stick; as for the rest, they seemed more prepared to run away at the first symptom of danger than to fight. In this order we advanced toward the kitchen, whence the suspicious smell appeared to proceed. As we neared the door, something fell in the kitchen with a sharp, rattling sound.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Howe, in a quivering whisper, "did you hear that? It must be robbers, and that was a pistol, or one of their tools they dropped. What shall we do? Had we not better go out by the front door, and summon some of the neighbors before we go further?"

"But p'raps," put in old Judy, "dare's some of do thieves in de front part of de house, an' de catch us and kill us fust?"

At this suggestion there was a general disposition shown to retreat up-stairs again, but as for me, thinking there was far more probability of fire than thieves, I urged an advance; and either inspired by my courage, or ashamed to desert me, they again slowly followed me toward the door.

I confess, in spite of my show of superior bravery, it was not without a tremor I softly lifted the latch and pushed the door open, but then!——— Before a good bright fire they had made up, and the kitchen further illuminated with two candles, knelt Blousy, who, as well as her companion, had a few odd articles of clothing huddled on over her night-dress; sitting close by, on Judy's old rush-seated low chair, was Eunice, who, just at the instant of our appearance, was prepared, with outstretched neck and open mouth, to receive a fine fat oyster on the shell, proffered to her by Blousy. It had evidently a moment before been taken from between the bars of the glowing grate, where sundry other bivalves were undergoing their fate; more were lying on the hearth waiting their turn, and a small heap of empty shells showed how the girls had already enjoyed themselves, and how the noise that alarmed us had been caused; and a good supply of crackers and butter was on a chair close by.

I do not know how to describe the ridiculous scene that ensued—the dismay of the detected culprits, the wrath of old Judy to find her kitchen thus profaned and "mussed up," the stately astonishment of Mrs. Howe, to whose dignified presence a night-coif of ample and lofty dimensions greatly added. It appeared that an occasional supper of roast oysters had been one of the special home luxuries Lucinda Euphemia was partial to; and possessed with the longing for it, she had obtained, over the fence of the backyard, the materials for her feast from an oyster-vender, and hid them till night, when she and Eunice had thought it safe to come down and have their frolic.

I think Mrs. Howe's dignity was much hurt, from her having been led to show so much fear from so ridiculous a cause; for, though usually very indulgent to the freaks of the pupils, when there was nothing more than youthful levity in them, she could not forgive this, and the next day the parents of both girls were notified that she requested their removal from her school.

The character that stands out most prominently in my recollection is that of Elenor Ray. Her father was the owner and captain of a fine merchant vessel, and her mother, who had been an early and dear friend of Mrs. Howe, was dead. Elenor was born at sea, in the South Pacific Ocean, during a long voyage to Australia, in which her mother had accompanied her husband. She only lived to lay her infant in the arms of its father, and to beg him, if it were possible, not to bury her in the ocean, but in the next land he came to. This was a lonely, uninhabited island, on a coral reef, that came in their course, about twenty-four hours after the death of the poor mother. Here they laid her, under a few palm trees, that grew in the centre of the isle, and left her alone with God.

It was a marvel how, under such circumstances, the delicate infant was kept alive; but Mrs. Ray had been accompanied by a devoted and experienced female attendant, who contrived, with the poor, unusual resources for such a case to be found on shipboard, to feed little Elenor and bring her safe home. The little girl was the youngest of three children, the other two, boys, some years older. She was the darling and treasure of father and brothers; and though, as they grew older, Captain Ray placed his sons first at school, and then to regular professions in life, he could not make up his mind to part with his little Elenor, and she accompanied him in all his voyages, till she was ten years old. Strange and varied was the experience of the little ocean-born girl in these ten years; many a beautiful land had she seen, and many an awful storm had she passed through. Her father traded to every part of the world, and in the various ports where they staid, Elenor had picked up words from an infinite variety of tongues, that made her language a most curious and amusing medley.

At last the death of her nurse compelled Captain Ray to make some other arrangement, especially as he felt he could not let his child grow up with the desultory education he was himself able to give her. She was accordingly confided to the care of Mrs. Howe, who treated her with the same tenderness she bestowed on her own two little girls, and Elenor remained with her the seven following years, seeing her father as often as his returns from his voyages permitted.

No words could describe the devoted attachment that existed between this father and daughter. I never saw anything like it—it only stopped short of idolatry. Elenor was not a girl of strong and quick mind; she made very little progress in her studies, not for want of application, for she was very docile and industrious, but she evidently had but small mental powers. What she lacked in mind, however, she made up in heart; the tenacity and strength of her affections were wonderful. It almost killed her to part with her father at first, and she lived only in the hopes of his return each time he left her. She remained, as I said, till she was seventeen years old with Mrs. Howe, who was deeply attached to her.

It may be imagined what a terrible task was imposed on Mrs. Howe, when, at last, it became necessary to break to Elenor the dreadful news of the loss of her father's ship, named after her, the Elenor Ray, and that he had perished, with nearly all his crew, only four having been preserved, after long exposure, in a small boat. Sometimes I start from a dream, imagining I hear again the cry of bitter agony that broke from poor Elenor, when, after the tenderest care and preparation, she heard the fearful truth. She was a girl of much religious feeling, full of simple, earnest faith in God, and of a submissive spirit, and I am sure she *tried* to bear her trial with resignation; but her mind had not strength to endure it. In a few days she sunk into a kind of low delirium. Most gentle, most touchingly sweet was she in her illness; no violence, no loud excitement; she seemed to know us all, to love us more than ever. The only hallucination she had, was, that her father was present, and standing in one particular spot in the room. She would speak of and address him continually, and sometimes, when I sat beside her, she would point over my shoulder to the spot, and speak to him, with such a vivid perception of his presence, I have involuntarily started and looked round to see him. Every care was taken of her, but she grew weaker day by day, and in a few weeks God's mercy took her to Himself.

Mrs. Howe at first thought of having her laid in her own family vault, with those of her own dear ones "gone before;" but—I know not from what feeling, yet one whose fitness we all perceived —it was decided to lay her by herself, in a lovely, secluded spot, in one of the most beautiful of our rural cemeteries.

Years after, I heard of the fate of her two brothers; they were a strangely adventurous family, and all met unusual ends. The elder of the two volunteered for one of the polar expeditions, and died in the frozen north. His bones are bleaching somewhere on a sterile shore, too inhospitable and iron-bound to afford even a grave. The younger brother, equally restless, joined an exploring party to the far South-West, and died and was buried in some wide, lone prairie, far beyond the Mississippi. I never read Mrs. Heman's exquisite "Graves of a Household," without thinking of the widely sundered resting-places of this family.

MISSED.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I MISS a voice whose tender tones
Rang through the house in echoes sweet,
And since its melody has flown,
My heart alone its sounds repeat.

I miss a face, a child's pure face,
Set in a frame of yellow hair,
While all a water-lily's grace
Seemed centred in the picture there.

I miss each day a child's glad kiss,
That used to greet me at the dawn,
And fill my heart with untold bliss;
Now all that blissfulness is gone.

I miss a little childish form,
That used to lie against my breast;
I cannot feel her breathing warm,
Or hush my little one to rest.

She does not kneel beside my knee,
And say her little prayers at night,
Or whisper good-night words to me—
A mist of tears *will* dim my sight!

I listen when the house is still,
To hear her footsteps in the hall,
And often feel my pulses thrill
At the remembrance of her call.

I see the things she used to love;
Each speaks so plainly to my heart
Of one who walks the fields above,
That, spite of all, the tears will start.

I linger in the silent room
Where long ago she said good-by,
And in the twilight's purple gloom
Her memory thrills me like a sigh.

Ah, me! the house is silent now,
Where long ago glad echoes rang,
And memory often tells me how
As sweet as any bird she sang.

Oh! childish face and tender voice—
Oh! kiss that haunts me like a pain—
Come back, and make my heart rejoice!
Come back, and glad my life again!

Some day I know that I shall meet
My darling in the land of rest,
And walk with her the golden street,
God's peaceful quiet in my breast.

Bagging a Burglar.

FRED WILLIAMS and I were chums, and roomed together. We boarded with a widow lady, in a most respectable neighborhood, where, if we did not have all the comforts of a home, we fared much better than many of our acquaintances who boasted of living in a more fashionable locality, and who certainly paid most extravagant prices for the privilege.

Mrs. Merton was our landlady's name, and a more good-hearted, amiable woman, never presided at a boarding-house table.

A young man, a friend of ours, nick-named "Short," on account of his small stature, but whose real name was William King, occupied a room immediately below that which Fred and I had possession of. He was a wild and noisy fellow, and frequent were the maledictions secretly launched at him for the racket he occasionally made at the most unseasonable hours of the night, by kicking anything that came in his way, from the stool to the cat, and a fondness he had of scraping on a violin, the noise from which he called music, but the other inmates of the house styled it abominable discord. But he was so good-natured and companionable, that all liked him in spite of these little peculiarities.

But enough of him for the present. We merely present him to your notice as one who acted a part in bagging a burglar, wherein he had abundant opportunity to exercise his peculiar abilities.

Our neighborhood had recently been infested with burglars. Scarcely a night passed but some house was visited, and they successfully escaped the man-traps and spring-guns that were constructed and set for their especial benefit.

We three—Fred, Short and I—had some serious and prolonged discussions on the subject, our object being to invent some sort of trap that would be so different from any that had been used or heard of, as to insure the capture of any of these daring fellows, who might pay us a visit.

After we had puzzled our noddles for a considerable time, as to what would be the best means to adopt, Fred seemed to be inspired with an idea.

"How would it do to bag them?" said he.

"Bag them!" Short and I exclaimed, simultaneously. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Oh, I have concocted a very simple plan for the capture of at least one of them."

"Pray, tell us your plan," I exclaimed; "I confess I can't see it."

"Why, you see the fireplace there? it is boarded, you know; take up that board—you can see right into Short's room. My plan is to get a strong canvas bag, and fasten it securely around the edges of the fireplace; then fix the board in such a manner that if any one treads upon it, down he goes into the bag. Short can then guard him below, and we in this room; then give a general alarm for police. What do you think of it?"

"Don't like the plan," said Short, dubiously "You leave me to face the most danger. Suppose he cuts his way out, and then cuts his way *in me?*"

"Oh, we'll fix that," said Fred, laughing, in which I joined; "you will have to have a revolver, and as soon as the burglar falls, you are to threaten him with instant death if he attempts to escape. It is all easy enough."

"But," said Short, still dissatisfied, "how are you going to make him walk into the bag? and who is to give the alarm after he is caught?"

"We'll try to bribe him on the trap," replied Fred. "I will place my pocket-book and watch on the the mantel over the trap. I think that will answer. As for the alarm, we can all raise a hue and cry. I guess, Short, you can help us some, can't you?"

"You better believe I can," replied Short, breaking into a laugh, the first he omitted since the commencement of our conference.

"Then it is all settled," said Fred; "we have nothing to do now but to set the trap, and wait for the burglars. We had better prepare everything at once."

"All right," said Short and I, entering in the full spirit of the affair at once.

We then, the next morning, went to a sail-makers, and ordered a large bag to be made of strong canvas; when it was sent around to us, we fastened it strongly according to the plan determined; and having fixed the board so that it would act properly, we had nothing else to do then but to await the course of events.

The reader will see that the entire success of our plan rested on the supposition that the burglar would enter the room that Fred and I occupied. To make this more certain, we resolved to leave our door unfastened, and our room being the first one at the head of the stairs, we supposed it would be the first one that would be attempted to enter. As no obstacle would prevent this, it was very probable that we would receive the first visit. A light was to be left burning, so that the pocket-book and watch would be seen at once. And now for the result.

Fred and I went to bed about eleven o'clock, and—we cannot account for it—we fell asleep. We were certain we would keep awake when we retired, but old Somnus thought otherwise, and we soon slept heavily.

About three o'clock we were roused out of our sleep by the wildest yells that we ever heard. At first we were so bewildered that we were half frightened out of our wits, but we soon recognized the voice to be Short's; and then we knew what was the matter.

We saw that the watch and pocket-book were gone, and, of course, concluded that a burglar was in the bag.

We ran to the window, and shouted police as loud as we could bellow—Short meanwhile kicking up the most infernal racket in the room below. We could hear him hollowing thieves and police one minute, and the next threatening to blow out the burglar's brains if he did not stay in the bag.

Presently, a crowd came running to the house, demanding admittance. Fred threw them his night-key, and told them to come in. Short's room and ours were soon filled with men, most of whom were neighbors. Three policemen also came.

As soon as quiet was restored, Fred informed them that a burglar was in the bag, and talked consequentially of the plan we had invented, and which seemed to have been eminently successful.

Meanwhile, the bag swung gracefully backward and forward, but the burglar made no attempt to escape.

We learned this afterward, as we could not see the bag from our room.

One of the policemen then suggested that the bag should be cut down. As we were all curious to see the exit of the burglar from his strange place of confinement, it was resolved that we should all assemble in Short's room for the purpose, having no fear of the burglar's escaping through the trap-door, as any movement in that direction could be checked from below.

A large and sharp knife was procured, and one of the policemen, getting upon a high chair, commenced cutting around the top of the bag. It shortly came down with a crash, and out rolled—our landlady.

She had swooned.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Short.

The rest were silent for a moment, but all soon burst into a loud roar of laughter, which must have penetrated to the brain of good Mrs. Merton, for she soon recovered; and stood upon her feet confronting the crowd in amazement. She looked around, and her eyes lighted upon the bag. You should have then seen the indignant look she cast upon Fred, Short, and I, as she knew we were the culprits.

She asked us what we meant by setting a trap in our rooms. Fred answered for all, and told her what was our design.

Soon as he concluded, a good-humored smile radiated over her features, and then she told us all how she came to get into the bag.

It appeared that being very restless, she could not sleep, and about three o'clock she thought she smelt something burning. She arose and came to our door, and perceiving a light in our room, she tried the door, and finding it unfastened, she entered. She saw that something was smoking on our mantel, which proved to have been one of Fred's best towels, it having ignited from the lamp near it, and in extinguishing it, she had stepped on the trap, and down she went, bearing Fred's watch and pocket-book with her, she having them in her left hand at the time; as they were near the burning towel, she had attempted to remove them from it, but fell before she had time to do it.

Short was awake, and as soon as she fell, he commenced his part. Mrs Merton screamed, too, but in the noise and confusion which immediately ensued, we did not hear her. She became so frightened she fainted. The rest we all knew.

We three poor unfortunates had to bear much ridicule before the crowd dispersed, and it was a long time before we heard the end of our attempt at bagging a burglar.

THE poet tells of "ships that never come to shore." Perhaps he meant courtships.

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF TRINITY CHURCH NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE semi-centennial anniversary of Trinity Church, New Haven—Rev. Dr. Harwood's—Wednesday, February 21st, was an affair of great interest to all surviving members of that flourishing branch of the great Episcopalian Gospel-tree. The day was a delightful one, all nature looking peculiarly inviting—a day indicative of the near approach of spring-time, with its bird-warbling and buds and leaflets. A large portion of the members of the church, and of admirers of Trinity, assembled within its walls to enjoy the jubilant occasion. In this assembling, a noteworthy fact was the number of venerable women and patriarchal men whom this half-century celebration and the balminess of the weather called out.

Trinity never looked better. Its beautiful new internal adornings never showed to better advantage than when the warm rays of the morning sun fell upon its ivied walls and streaked in at its diamond-paned windows.

At the hour of opening the services, and while the audience were all in expectation, the door opened, and an imposing body of bishops and clergymen, clad in the robes of the church, moved up the aisles, reading an appropriate selection from the service-book as they proceeded. Arrived at the chancel, these sons of the church took the places which had been assigned them, and the services were begun. These services, including the sermon and the communion, lasted about three hours. During their celebration, the most devout attention was evinced.

The discourse by the rector, Dr. Harwood, was one eminently scholarly. It was at once a history of Trinity Church and a defense of the Episcopal faith. The historical portion came first. We present the most interesting facts embodied in this division of the discourse to our readers. Episcopalians will find that these facts embrace much of the history of the development of their faith in this town within the last half century.

A retrospective view of 50 years made by a man could hardly fail to bring sombre feelings to his bosom. Not so with a prosperous church, however; to such a church such a view could but be inspiring. This was the view the Doctor took in penning his discourse, and this was still his feeling.

Fifty years ago, at the same hour in which the doctor was preaching, and on the same day of the week, Trinity Church was consecrated. Bishop Hobart, of New York, performed that ceremony. Nearly all the clergy of the diocese were present. Among them was the venerable Dr. Mansfield, then in the 93d year of his age. Dr. Croswell, the beloved, was installed rector. He had then been in the rectorship about a year. Among the vestrymen present then, who are to-day represented in Trinity, were Jonathan Ingersoll, senior warden, and vestrymen Denison, Collis, Hughes, Jacocks, Kidston, and Shipman—names of precious memory. That day marked an era in the history of Episcopacy in Connecticut. Trinity Church was then a church at whose size men wondered. It was then the largest Gothic church in New England. Doubters at that time said there never would be Episcopalians enough in New Haven to fill that church. How false were those prophets!

The dedication services occupied three days. Great crowds, for those days, gathered to attend the services. New Haven, at that time, numbered but about 7,000 inhabitants. Dedication being over, Rector Croswell was then left alone with his new parish. He was then in the prime of a vigorous manhood—a man distinguished for untiring labor and great love of the work.

Dr. Harwood here divided the history of Trinity into three parts, viz., the years between 1816 and 1829, when the rector counted no Episcopalians in the city but those in his flock; the years between 1829, when Trinity sent off a colony to found St. Paul's Chapel, now St. Paul's Church, and the year 1845; lastly, those between 1845 and the present time.

At the conclusion of this discourse, which was eminently scholarly and eloquent, the congregation raised among themselves, in a few minutes, the sum of $2,622, to purchase a stained-glass chancel-window for the church.

The celebration has been one of mark with the congregation and citizens of New Haven, and will not be soon forgotten.

NEW HAVEN COUNTY HOUSE AND JAIL.

WE perpetuate in our columns one of the old buildings of New Haven, Connecticut, around which hangs many associations, which, though possibly not pleasant, are part and parcel of the history of the place.

The Old County House and Jail was built in 1800, and was, consequently, at the time of its pulling down, in 1861, just 61 years of age. During these years it has seen its share of misery and crime; poverty and guilt have alike shared its walls—the poor debtor and perhaps the rich criminal. In its classic shades were once imprisoned the Armistead negroes, those blacks who so awakened the sympathies of the New England Abolitionists as to make the question of their confinement or liberty almost a political fact upon which the affairs of the nation hung.

But the old jail has passed away, and with it the memories of all the scenes that have transpired within its walls will die, only such as the historian may rescue from oblivion remaining as a record. We are sure that all the world is willing, save only such as love to gloat over the shame and misery inside of prison-walls.

PAINS, PERILS AND PENALTIES OF BROADWAY.

NEW YORK has a police force of about 2,000 men, and we think we can venture to call them as good a police organization as there is in the world. Night and day, summer and winter, they are omnipresent, and a citizen or stranger cannot cry aloud for the space of 15 seconds anywhere within the limits of this great metropolis, in distress, but he will have one of these guardians of the law with him in an instant. And yet, with all this never-tiring watchfulness, how many hundred things that trench powerfully on comfort, and the sovereignty and health of the individual, transpire daily under the very eyes and noses of the guardians, which they do not see, or are powerless to prevent. How many petty crimes are committed for which there is no law and no redress. How many outrages upon decency, cleanliness, and good-nature, and what an utter repudiation of all the rules that govern the association of mankind!

Broadway, for instance: Let us suppose ourselves out for a walk upon the most brilliant thoroughfare in the world. We start from the lower part, possibly from Wall street. We know all the perils of the carriage, but by not having to cross, and keeping strictly to the side-walk, we are, of course, supposed to be free from all annoyance and danger. The thought is no sooner through our brain-pan, than crash comes something across our path. The first idea is that an omnibus has upset over the pave and a score or two of passengers are smashed. No such thing! It is simply one of our merchant princes—perhaps in the dry-goods line—who is getting in or getting out stock. A score or two of huge boxes litter the pavement, and the small aperture that is left, scarce wide enough for a fearfully thin man to push through, is occupied by a cooper, grim and fierce, with an adze in one hand and a stout hickory pole in the other, and an Irish porter, with a defiant air and a dreadfully dirty suit of duds. In desperation you undertake to push by, and after a mighty struggle, and the reception of a few anathemas from these two gentlemen, you emerge beyond the boxes with one rent in the sleeve of your coat four inches angular, and about as much of mother-earth on your garments as will comfortably provide for half an hour's brushing. Bewailing the fortunes of war, you rush onward, to be caught under the chin by a peripatetic advertising gentleman, whose mission in life is to carry a board upon the end of a stick, which benevolently informs you that Dr. Sniggs will cure your corns for some ridiculously small sum of cash, and to always carry the said board sufficiently low to catch innocent pedestrians on some part of the countenance. No sooner are you released from the embraces of the board, than you are aware of considerable dust being raised, and before investigation can be made, you find your broadcloth suit, or velvet cloak, as the case may be, covered with coal ashes. An enterprising German gentleman, who is extensively engaged in the general chiffonier line, is stirring industriously in a box of ashes that has been set upon the sidewalk. With a delightful disregard of the passers-by, he, with the aid of the wind, very soon manages to cover every one that comes in that neighborhood with the exquisite powder. They may swear and cough and brush, but the old Teuton is impervious, and until he finds that bit of bone, and the rag scraps, value ¾ of one cent, he will scratch in those ashes, even though he scratches thunder out of them.

Then comes the score or two of minor evils, such as boot-blacks, who have such an inordinate passion for shining up your boots, as to throw themselves and their boxes before your progress, as victims fell before the car of Juggernaut, bringing you up all standing, or flooring you practically at once.

Then there is the couple, or the trio and more, who have a way of stopping for a gossip, and striking attitudes in the centre of the pave, stopping in one bold stroke the whole line of travel.

Then there are the one-horse gamblers, and ringers-in for gambling-houses, who stand upon the street-corners or hotel-stoops, and puff the smoke of bad cigars in your face, or make some impudent remark about your lady, if you happen to be walking with one.

Then comes the crash and turmoil at the crossings, the collision of omnibus and street car, the curses and lashings of drivers, the howling of dogs, the *insouciance* of policemen, and the general upsetting of events.

Ah! Broadway is a wonderful street, and an unwritten history. Broadway is a great poem, but will remain an unversified one, defying pen, ink and paper in its eccentric rhythm. In all the minutes, through all the day, there is an incident happening in Broadway that makes or mars a life, and in all the seconds an annoyance that disturbs a temper and spoils comfort. Oh! for that perfect promenade which we fear will only be found at the Millenum or in Heaven.

THE PAINS AND PERILS OF THE SEA.

THOSE who go down to the sea in ships can only know the perils of the great deep. Poets and painters have tried to make us believe that Jack becomes used to the winds and waves, and in moments of the most intense danger only looks upon it all as a mere matter of course, or that he says, as in the old song—

> "A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill—
> Lord! don't ye hear it roar now?
> Why, bless me, how I pities all
> Unhappy chaps ashore now!"

But we fail to see the matter in that light, and cannot but believe that the plowers of the mighty deep never do get used to the hardships and perils, any more than eels get used to skinning.

The storms of the summer-time are often fearful—an African norther, for instance, when the ship in the midst of it, if at night time, seems to plunge through one mass of living fire, but the real peril and hardship is in the winter, when ice forms upon rigging and deck, when snow falls in a blinding profusion, or the fearfully bitter north wind howls and shrieks through and about the ship like a legion of fiends. That is the time that tries the mariner and tries the ship, and if, under its terrible influence, the seaman's courage fails, and benumbed and sodden with wet, he gives up and sees the ship founder, no word of condemnation can be used. The struggle is one of life and death, and death has won.

The past winter—we think it can be called past by this time—has been one of especial peril and hardship on the sea. Fine ships have gone down by scores, and a hecatomb of lives have paid the forfeit of daring the great deep. Our along-shore commerce has especially suffered by the intense cold, and fishermen have secured their prizes only with great labor and danger.

The rivers have been choked with ice, and many a fine vessel has been cut through and sunk by the floating masses. The ice-boats, which in average years have found little difficulty in forcing their way to encompass their duty, this year find that it is a perilous and tedious business.

The pilots, who are never daunted by any weather or any danger, have faced the music all through, and in the very bitterest days their little craft may be found far outside of Sandy Hook, seeking—not whom they may devour, but—whom they may succor, a labor that can only be appreciated when it is understood that it is voluntary. The most notable instance that has occurred this winter, in which these noble men acted a noble part, was the rescue of the passengers of the steamer Mary Boardman, wrecked upon the Romer Shoals. This was done at great and imminent peril to the pilots, but was in the highest degree successful, every one of the passengers being rescued through a terrific sea and intense cold.

No description can recall the horrors of the wreck, the hardships and daily danger of those who go with their lives in their hands to navigate the sea. It is not a matter of an hour or a day, and a month's tranquility afterward, as in the life of a soldier, but a constant knowledge that but a single moment lies between the sailor and death. If, when coupled with this comes labor, hardship, deprivation of food, and exposure to the elements, it is hard to realize that any should choose a mariner's life as a profession, and not only choose it, but be sufficiently infatuated with it, to give up comfortable homes and profitable employment to follow it.

HERE IS AN ANECDOTE OF THE COURT OF SPAIN.—A short time before O'Donnell's departure for the scene of war, the queen gave a state dinner, when, with a low bow, she said the following words: "General! My heart is waiting impatiently for the news of the victories which thou wilt gain; thou soon, with fresh laurels, wilt return to us. How happy I should feel if I could command the valiant army that with so much impatience is awaiting thy arrival. Oh! how deeply *I regret that I am not a man!*" The queen was overcome by emotion. She was silent; and while all the others were waiting until she could recover and go on with her speech, the deep silence was suddenly broken by a soft, trembling voice, which cried: "Oh! I also!" It was the king who had spoken.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

ONE of the most conscientious Dutchmen ever known, was porter in a commission house in Cincinnati, and sometimes sold some of the merchandise when the proprietors were absent. He was a good salesman, and a pretty good judge of money, but in one of his sales he took in a very suspiciously-looking $5 bill, and when the book-keeper took it to the bank, the bank refused it, and pronounced it spurious, but said it was an excellent imitation. The book-keeper returned it to the porter, and told him to return it to the party of whom he received it. About a week afterward, the book-keeper, thinking he had time to see the party and get another note, asked the porter if he had returned the spurious "V."

"Well," he said, "dat man vot gave me dat bill, he didn't comed around already, and some days I tink de bill vas goot, and some days I tink de bill vas bad; so one of dem days vot I tink it vas good, I passed him out!"

A TRAVELER relates an incident which he witnessed recently while waiting in the cars near this city. In front of him was a gentleman who indulged in rhyming. He asked a young lady sitting near him, if she would like to read his last production. Replying in the affirmative, he pulled a paper from his pocket, and placed it in her hand. But the lady had scarcely commenced reading, when the poet exclaimed:

"Zounds, madam, I have given you the wrong manuscript. Here is the right one. That is a recipe for the cure of diarrhœa!"

The lady's embarrassment, and the mirth of the spectators may be more readily imagined than described.

ON one of the occasions when Lord Palmerston was returned as a member for Tiverton, a radical butcher, of the name of Rowcliffe, attracted the attention of the crowd at hustings, by calling out in stentorian tones:

"My Lord, I want to ask you a plain, straightforward question."

"My good friend Rowcliffe," was the reply, "I will give you a plain, straightforward answer."

Immense cheering.

"My Lord, will you, or will you not, vote for the £6 franchise?"

"Friend Rowcliffe, I—will—not—tell—you!"

Roars of laughter, and immediate collapse of the butcher.

LITTLE Ella is about four years old. One day she committed an act of disobedience, and her mother, in correcting her, spoke in no gentle tone of voice; the child threw her arms around her mother's neck and exclaimed:

"Dear mamma, pray forgive me! If I had known how spunky it would have made you, I wouldn't have done so."

"MAMMA, if I am good I shall go to heaven, shan't I?"

"Yes, love."

"And who will be there besides?"

"Angels—dear, beautiful, good angels."

"Ah," hesitated the boy, "all angels—all good, beautiful boys! Mamma dear, *do* you think if I am very good they will let me have just one little devil to play with?"

IF you make a perforation through a volume of Shakspeare, why is that a mathematical absurdity? Because the part is greater than the whole.

"How is your husband, dear?" asked one lady of another.

"Oh! he is in a very bad state," was the reply.

"And pray what kind of a state is he in?" persisted the other.

"In State Prison."

A SPIRITED young lady who was about to marry a man whose purse was longer than his head, said she preferred his dollars to his sense.

A BOY'S idea of having a tooth drawn may be summed up as follows: "The doctor hitched fast on to me, pulled his best, and just before it killed me, the tooth came out."

WHY does a chicken three weeks, three days and three hours old walk across the road? To get to the other side.

MRS. PARTINGTON says that the coal-porters may say what they like about religious tracks, but she thinks, in her opinion, that there's no tracks so suggestive of solemn thoughts as the railroad tracks.

A WESTERN soldier who had been through all the campaigns and shared in many of the fiercest battles of the war, writes from his home that "he never realized the horrors of war till he got home to Indiana, and found his gal married to a stay-at-home dry-goods clerk."

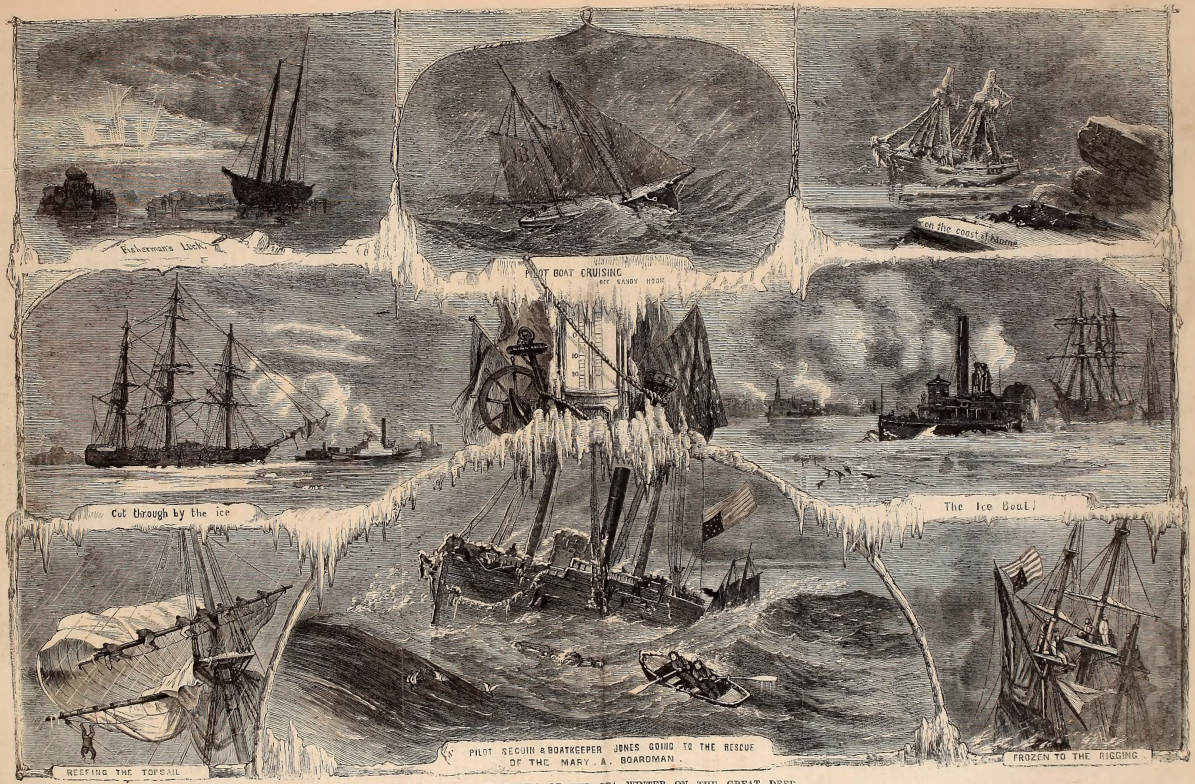
WONDERS OF THE OIL REGIONS.—A remarkable phenomena has appeared in the oil regions, at Pithole City, Pennsylvania. A fire broke out there on the 6th inst., in one of the wells, which has since been constantly burning. To quench it all the wells in the neighborhood were laid under contribution. These were quickly pumped out, and about 8 o'clock next morning, a man went to his pump for water, but imagine his surprise when he pumped up pure petroleum. The news quickly spread, and crowds collected, and all day long the process was kept up, the pump lifting out pure oil of a specific gravity of 42 degrees. An engineer who visited the spot, thought the oil came from a leak in the Miller Farm pipes, which pass but a few hundred feet from it, but this theory has been disproved by later developments. All the wells in the neighborhood were immediately pumped dry, when the precious liquid began to flow in each, which was carried away in bottles, buckets, and all sorts of articles, by the people. The first well "struck" belongs to a Mrs. Rickets, a widow woman, who has heretofore earned a living by washing. It is at the depth of 16 feet, and was only pumped at intervals, but the oil came freely in answer to the pumping, and would fill a barrel in ten minutes. It was not worked more on account of a difficulty in getting barrels to put the oil in. Mrs. Rickets was offered, at first, $1,000 for it, and then $2,000, until at last a gentleman secured the refusal at $5,000. Meanwhile, the well which is on fire can be seen at a great distance, the flame rising 60 feet high, and the crackling of it can be distinctly heard a mile off. At times it burns fiercer than usual, breaking, and roaring, and threatening to burst the earth and engulf all within its reach, and forming a scene beautifully grand and sublime. The ground around the well for nearly 500 feet, in every direction, has been thoroughly baked by the heat, and at a little distance the trees are budding, and some have actually put forth leaves. In some places, the grass has grown two inches high, forcibly reminding one of summer on a small scale. The well is owned by parties in Rochester, N. Y., and was struck some four weeks ago. It commenced flowing oil and water, with a very strong force of gas, and so continued until the fire.

A FRUITFUL VINE.—A remarkable instance of fecundity, which deserves to be recorded elsewhere than in the official journal of St. Petersburg has been published within the last few months. Twenty-two years ago a woman was married to a man named Moltchanow, and from this marriage there sprang six infants one after the other, six times twins, once there were three, and on the last occasion four, which entered the world in the following order: on the 8th of April, a boy (living), at midnight of the 9th and some time after, a boy (since dead), and a girl (living), and on the night of the 14th, a girl, also living. The strength of the poor woman was, however, exhausted, and she died, at the somewhat early age of 40. It will be seen, therefore, that she had bestowed on her husband in all 26 children, 16 boys and 10 girls. Of this number 19 have died. The place where this remarkable event, or rather series of events, occurred, was at a village named Tzvetow, in the government of Koursk.



1. Street Corner Gamblers, who will insult ladies. 2. Baggage Smashers, who will tear your clothes. 3. Loungers and Loafers, who will stare you out of countenance. 4. Dog Sellers, Toy Vendors and Bootblacks, who will get in your road. 5. Ash Emptyers, who will cover you with dust. 6. Placard men, who will smash your hat or bonnet. 7. Ill-bred men, who will smoke bad pipes. 8. Porters and Cartmen, who will put boxes on sidewalk. 9. Omnibus Drivers, who will crush people and street cars. 10. Everything on wheels or not on wheels, that will make a crash, a crush and confusion.

THE PAINS, PERILS, AND PENALTIES OF BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



THE PAINS AND PERILS OF THE SEA—WINTER ON THE GREAT DEEP.

PARTED.

BY J. B. SWETT.

I loved him well, but a lying tongue
 Hardened against him my heart;
And yet, worlds of suffering to me hung
 On the moment we came to part.

I sent him his letters, and asked for mine—
 (We were many miles apart),
And he sent them all, saying, "Dearest, thy shrine
 I leave with a broken heart."

Oh! could I have known then how guiltless his breast
 Was of charges of wrong he bore,
I soon would have placed his crushed heart at rest,
 And told him the whole thing o'er.

But no; he was proud, and he scorned to speak
 Of his innocence, even to me;
He thought 'twas enough, if my love was so weak
 As to doubt, he would let me go free.

And now I'm alone, and my heart's bereft;
 And I breathe with deep drawn sighs;
But the fiat's pass'd—my lover has left,
 And hot tears are filling my eyes.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXI.—LIFE IN ANOTHER'S HANDS.

It is an awful thing to feel one's life is in the hands of another. To Clarissa it was scarcely less awful to feel that another's life was probably in her hands. The thinking of it, while trying to shape out some practicable course for the talk that must presently begin, gave a sadder sweetness to her smile, a yearning, spiritual look to her eyes, a strange and delicious tenderness to her tones.

Sleuth reveled in all. He snatched a fearful joy out of his own danger. At times he seemed to start in his thought, as though an earthquake had caused the ground to yawn at his feet—but it was for a moment only: the gulf seemed somehow to disappear, the solid ground to re-appear, and to glow with flowers like a meadow in early June.

Never before had anything approaching to such intimate personal relations occurred between them. On the contrary, it was the sense of the contrast with the past that gave the present its most subtle charm. Clarissa had intentionally kept him at arm's length, not really treating him as a friend of her own, but only as a man whom her father received to his intimacy, and who was, therefore, entitled to her careful respect.

But it was not in Sleuth's nature to enjoy this position secretly, and make no outward sign. It stimulated his besetting vices—envy of Anthony, and conceit in himself to new and absurd ventures. And thus, before he had said a word, there appeared a something in his manner and countenance that gave Clarissa a most abrupt shock, and warned her that he evidently was not in the least understanding his own danger or the source of her interest.

The formal gravity of her demeanor from that moment drew Sleuth down from the air and from the castle-building in which he had indulged. Her words were equally menacing:

"I—I have something to say to you, which I hoped you would have anticipated. I wish now to show the friendship we spoke of—the gratitude for that which you have done. It is you who are in danger!" She put her hand on his and leaned a little forward as she said this, looking intently in his face.

Sleuth stared, smiled, and changed color.

"Miss Pompess! I? You jest!"

"Heed me! heed me! heed me! before it is too late. It is for this I have staid—for this only."

"But not for this you came?" demanded Sleuth, with a look Clarissa found it impossible to understand.

"Yes, for this, too, in part, I came!"

"Miss Pompess, you are truth itself, and cannot be untrue. Thank you. Since you acknowledge another reason, may I guess what it is?"

"Is it not obvious,?" asked Clarissa, fearlessly challenging his gaze.

"It is! You are right. So Phillis's release means not only Mr. Maude's safety, but my danger, does it?"

"I cannot answer questions except with my heart."

"Forgive me if I seem disturbed by your previous words, and unable for the instant (ungrateful man that I am) to respond to kind feelings. If your words mean anything—and I have ever found only too much meaning for my peace in all Miss Pompess says—you now mean that I am an object of suspicion in connection with—with the death of my uncle. I can smile even at that—ay, even while my heart bleeds to know who it is suggests the terrible thought. But I shall so act that the whole world may see and fear nothing but the concealment of the truth."

"Then we can have no quarrel."

"Quarrel! Oh, withdraw the word, Clarissa—may I not call you so?"

"If you please," said Clarissa, after a troubled pause.

Then he went on:

"Quarrel! Do you forgot so soon what I have so lately told you, that you already wonder that I desire to acquit myself in your eyes?"

Then there was a little pause, full, for both, of dreadful suspense—each waiting for the other to begin, and each shrinking from doing what each had to do, in the hope of some yet unknown solution being suddenly discovered.

"You must think me very inconsistent," Clarissa said, at last, pity for Sleuth once more nerving her to speak, "that I, who said just now what I did, should also say, 'Oh, that this trial might never, never take place!'"

"Perhaps I can echo that wish, in your own sense," said Sleuth, speaking very deliberately. "Mr. Maude will be examined for the last time to-morrow, and then be committed for trial, unless——"

Sleuth waited for the rest of the sentence, but as it did not come, he ventured to look at her.

"Unless," said she, in low, penetrating tones, her eye fixed on Sleuth's eye, and her hand firmly grasping his where it lay on the table, "unless you say that which you alone can say for him."

Sleuth started to his feet, half in emotion, half in anger, which he managed, however, to repress so strongly, that it only gave a peculiar ring to his voice.

"Miss Pompess, I would give every shilling I possess to be able to say one effectual word for my cousin, but I cannot. Am I too harsh if I say you must know I cannot?"

"I know you can," said Clarissa, also rising, and with a heightened color in her cheeks.

Sleuth gazed on her boldly and incredulously for an instant, then with a cry as of wonder or of outrage, shook his hand in the air, and began to pace excitedly to and fro.

Seeing this, Clarissa seated herself, and waited.

Recovering from his agitation, and aware Clarissa, though silent, was waiting and watching, Sleuth said suddenly to her, from the further end of the room:

"And may I ask how it is supposed I could aid my cousin Anthony?"

"Ah, yes! There is but one thing now." (Sleuth noticed the now, and thought to himself he understood its meaning: Phillis had cleared up all the rest.) "And that you alone can solve."

Sleuth would question no further. He dared not. He felt he was about to save or ruin all. And conscious he had to grope in the dark, knowing not where or in what shape his deadly enemy waited for him, he determined to be silent and to watch.

"The codicil!" said Clarissa. "How did that get into Anthony's desk? How did the writing get to the back of it?"

"You wish me to answer?"

"I do."

"Truly?"

"Truly as you must answer some day, if not now."

"Is this a threat?"

"Threat?" Clarissa could not control the tears that now rushed forth, to find him so persistently refuse to understand and respond to her secret hope.

"Oh, Miss Pompess, what am I to do—what say? If I speak as an innocent man must speak—even to the woman he adores, when she asks him such questions, he seems, even to his own eyes, brutish. If he forgets what she says, to think of her, of course he is at once proved guilty. Is this just?"

"I cannot reason with you; but I can feel. Oh, if you will but let me! This codicil! Anthony knew nothing of it till that day of its discovery. I know he did not. You know it, too. I know that you know it! I entreat you to believe me, and to shun questions and contests that both alike ought to desire should never be risked."

She knew! What could she mean? She was incapable of trickery. What did she know? Was Bob treacherous? Or had Sleuth's busy night in London—or at home, after his return—had that busy night of preparation for the concealment of the codicil been discovered? Or, again, was it Polly Garton who had told of the anonymous letter? Or was it the man who had made the drawer? No, no. It must be merely Anthony's own suspicion, arising out of his coming upon him at the close of that night's work, when he had solaced himself by a perusal of the codicil? Stay! there was yet another clue to her words: the burglars had told the governor of Hengsten Jail of the paper they had given to Bob, who said he had made light of it, but, nothwithstanding, the fact might have gone to Mr. Stamp. Oh, the whole thing was clear, and sufficiently dangerous! even though he was prepared, and could yet deal with the difficulty.

Yet mistakes would be perilous. If they had possession of some fact, which he supposed them to be ignorant of, it might be fatal to him not to own and explain it, before they could use it to his injury.

Besides, he saw, beyond all question, in Clarissa's attitude and words, a desire to avoid pain for him. It was as if she were putting herself mentally into his position; and, while unable to say so in plain words, yearning for him to understand it, and to help her to come to conclusions without seeming to recognize the intervening gulf.

Anyhow, he must break up this position of imbecility in which he found himself, by trying to make her shift the ground with him. So he said, abruptly, and yet with a tone that seemed to imply he was only responding to her appeal:

"Remember—and it is a thing I never for a moment forget—that if Anthony be found guilty, such a verdict not only does not make him guilty, but it does not prevent his friends from doing something effectual still to save him."

Clarissa looked at him with eyes so full of horror and suspicion, as she realized the entire force of his words, that he, with some tremulousness of voice, hastened to add:

"He will not be found guilty—he cannot. His assurances to me in the prison compel me to believe him innocent."

"Man, man, dare you tell me now you do not know he is innocent? Stay! Beware! There is a point you may go to, at which I cannot and will not follow you. Beware of that. Oh, I charge you, have pity on yourself ere it be too late!"

Sleuth tried to speak—tried to look, with earnest calmness, in her face, but the effort was beyond him. The something in those brilliant, sparkling, indignant, yet pleading eyes, seemed to act upon his faltering purposes, as the sudden, blinding lightning-flashes act upon a man, who, in a perilous pass, is at the very same moment made aware that there is scarcely a sound yard of ground to stand still upon or to advance over.

She saw her advantage, and pursued it. She went to the window, whither he had gone in a kind of affectation of curiosity that did not impose upon himself by the idea of its success, and she said to him:

"Once, again, I ask you to listen to me as to a friend. Oh, it may be—I fear it must be—for the last time. I think you still misunderstand, if not your danger, then me. You cannot believe in me, in my devotion, in my courage to go through with that which I might undertake. But you wrong me, I declare to you; and if my words do not convince you, let these foolish, foolish tears, which I would conceal from you, if I could, be my pledge. You are unhappy. Why refuse, then, a voice that offers comfort? You think I speak only for Anthony. Sleuth, if there be any form of language in which the true heart of a woman can speak to your heart, oh, find it for me, while I say I have now no fear for Anthony, my fear and my hope relate to you."

Sleuth leaned his arm upon the table, dropped his head, and felt he was dropping into ruin, but that, somehow, it was Clarissa who led him, and who would yet say sweet things to soothe the anguish of ruin; and, anyhow—ruin or salvation, contest or surrender—he must have one moment of abandonment to his miseries, with the conviction that Clarissa was by, and interested in his fate.

And then, again, the mad fancy possessed him that, after all, it was unlucky circumstance, not Anthony's merits or behavior, that had given him a kind of right to Clarissa's love. He seemed to understand that Clarissa's loyalty of character would then keep her, in her own belief, true to him; and yet, that if Sleuth dared all, and used his very danger, and Anthony's danger, as an instrument over her, there might be hope of a wonderful solution.

He lifted his head, and said:

"You wonder at me, perhaps, and even misconceive all this. It is because I cannot convince you. Let me try, then, whether you can convince me. I invite you to speak more freely. Think what you will of me, and, for the moment, at least, I will patiently bear, while I wait to hear your reply to my question. How will you prove this feeling for me. What will you do?"

"Do! I scarcely know the things I will not do, if I may save alike you and Anthony."

"It is easily said," observed Sleuth, with a melancholy gesture of his head.

"Try me. I do not fear to promise you, beforehand, I will do with all my heart, and soul, and strength, whatever you *can* now ask me!"

Sleuth gazed on her wonderingly, but dared not speak.

"Shall I speak to you, since you will not speak to me?" Clarissa asked, sinking her voice to a whisper.

Sleuth's lips moved, as if he said "Yes;" but she heard nothing, she only saw the movement of his thin, straight lips.

"Convert into money whatever you can of your present possessions. Write me a few words—I will not show them to one living person till the day and the hour you fix—then fly! There are other lands. There is a future yet in which to undo the past."

"You mean——"

"No; I do not mean all or half that my words imply. I cannot—will not try to estimate accurately the amount or character of your doings in that past. I only know that for you, of all the world, it is desirable that the past should sink into oblivion."

"Anthony thus repays me, I suppose, for my proposal to him?"

"I declare to you I never, till this moment, knew or suspected you had given him any such advice."

"Do you know what I should do had any other living person said this to me?"

"No; nor do I want to know. You have done one thing to-day—I own it to you—which will make me ever grateful. You have, I think, decided Anthony's safety. But now I plead to you for one whom misfortune makes dear to me: Sleuth, my dear friend, I plead to you for yourself."

"You advise me to go—to seek a foreign clime. I have not now one friend in the world—unless it be you. Will you go with me? Will you save Anthony at that price? Will you save me by promising to make me your life-long slave?"

It was out at last. Sleuth had rid himself of the perilous shaft he had secreted in his bosom, and that was always getting in his way, and pricking him with its point.

How did Clarissa receive it? He was compelled to face her face—to know the value, once for all, of the thought, and to deal with it as he might, if it failed. He there saw not only the dead, fixed look she gave him—the pallor, that swept, like a white morning mist over her countenance—the intense scorn, gradually again changing to an intense anguish in her eyes; then she rose, and without again speaking to him, walked slowly out of the room.

Not till he had lost sight of her could Sleuth recover himself sufficiently to make any attempt to arrest her departure. Then he hurried after her.

"Miss Pompess!" he called, in a tone not loud, for he dreaded listeners, but penetrating, from its very restraint and earnestness; "I beg you, not to forgive me, but to listen to me for one moment."

She moved on, taking not the slightest notice of him, till he succeeded in passing her, while she hesitated in doubt as to the way, when she got to the end of the beautiful corridor. Then he faced her, with both hands held up, barring her passage, but with an attitude and look of the deepest humility in other respects.

"Miss Pompess," said he, almost breathless with agitation, and the necessity for speaking low, as they were now so much nearer to the domestics, "I will order your carriage for you—do whatever you wish—delay you not one moment that can be possibly avoided! Let me, then, not have to say, after you have left me, that you have most strangely misunderstood me."

"Sir!" said Clarissa, looking sternly in his face, "have I, do you think, lost the right use of my senses!"

"Speak low, I entreat you! Not for the world would I have it known that you came here, and left thus. Oh, spare me—spare me that anguish! Will you return to the room you have just left for a single moment?"

"I will not."

"Will you hear me, then, where we are?"

Clarissa was silent. Sleuth then said, after a pause:

"Oh, Miss Pompess! is it possible that you did not understand that it was the cruel bitterness of your own proposal to me of flight that tempted me to the worse than cruel bitterness of my retort? Can you not see and understand that at the moment I thought only of making you feel the monstrous character of your own suggestion, by adding to it a suggestion of mine that you would think equally monstrous.

"Forgive me! forgive me! it was a mad, brutal thought, but you know—you must know, in your inmost heart—that not even Anthony Maude himself reverences you more highly than I do, or would have been more ready to avenge upon anybody else the faintest approach to that disrespect of which, in my anguish and despair, I was guilty."

They were interrupted. The doctor's footman stood there to say the carriage was waiting.

Clarissa motioned to him to precede her; then herself, still saying nothing to Sleuth, followed.

"You will honor me with your arm in token of forgiveness, will you not?"

Clarissa was silent, and still walked on. She knew he walked by her side, though so gently, his footsteps were scarcely heard, as though he tried to keep down the sound of their movement, that no attention might be attracted on the part of the household.

As they reached the vestibule, Sleuth made yet another attempt.

"Miss Pompess, if what you told me was true—I mean as regards yourself—and if you really still believe that misfortune threatens me, can you, for an unhappy error made by a most unhappy man, thus leave his house, and thus leave him a prey to a greater sorrow, even, than that with which you threatened him?"

"I can say no more to-day. Will you take me to the carriage?"

She then gave him her hand, and he placed it in his arm, and was trying to hold it with his fingers as it lay there; but she stopped so haughtily, that he needed no other reproof before the men-servants, but handed her into the carriage, which instantly drove off.

He kept bowing as she disappeared, and she seemed once—just once—to look at him, and answer him—then was gone.

"Idiot! thrice-accursed idiot that I am! I have lost my only friend—the only one who might, perhaps, help me in the worst extremity!"

CHAPTER LXXII.—WHAT A SINGLE DAY MAY BRING FORTH.

A carriage alights at the doctor's house, and two ladies, closely veiled, emerge from it. One stands on the gravel a moment, and glances timidly and anxiously round; but the other takes her arm, and leads her with an air of half command, but with marked gentleness, into the house.

They pass along the entrance hall, they ascend the stairs, and only stop when Clarissa pushes open the door of her bedroom, and says to her companion, as she imprints a kiss on her pale cheek:

"We are home at last. Let me welcome you. This is my bedroom; and there is yours."

She pointed to an inner room—Clarissa's own dressing-room—but which was large enough to hold a spare bed, and was so pretty a place that Phillis could not help expressing her pleasure and grateful feeling.

"Now, Phillis, I am a very candid sort of person, and I hope you won't like me any the worse for that. I have fulfilled my compact—have I not?—in releasing you. You will now, I am sure, honorably fulfill yours. Mr. Stamp advises that you shall be so situated that no person whatever can get to speak to you—to worry you at so anxious a time—except through me. Now when I say to you that, if you ask me to let you see any one—no matter whom—you shall, provided only you will let me first communicate with Mr. Stamp, or, if you prefer it, if you won't mind my being present at the interview—I say, if you won't mind considering yourself for a time an honorable prisoner, I will put you, as military men say, on your parole. That is, if you will give me your honest and frank promise not to leave this place under any circumstances unknown to me, not to communicate to any one, directly or indirectly, and not to allow yourself to be communicated with, without telling me promptly. If you will do all this—and you see that I tell you everything at once, and in the roughest way—then I will trust you entirely, treat you as if you were my own sister while you are with me, and be permanently your friend when all these sad things shall have come to their natural conclusion. What say you?"

"I agree, with all my heart; and you may trust me. Oh, heaven knows no one ever trusted me and was deceived? It is when——"

The voice changed, the sentence became inaudible, and soon ceased.

* * * * *

Sleuth sits in his easy chair in his study, and the butler has just reported to him how Phillis

had been removed to the doctor's, and how he had watched till he had discovered the very room where she was, up-stairs, and which was either the same as Miss Pompeo's bedroom, or one adjoining it—probably opening out of it.

"Very well. That must do for the present. Now for another matter. While I wish to save myself from the unpleasantness of a discussion about my private quarrel with this young lady, I am scarcely less anxious about the fate of my cousin. I am going to confide to you a secret. I advised him to fly, and offered my assistance, and said I would, if driven to do it, boldly avow my action. But he and I are not very good friends. He refuses to listen to me."

"A thousand pities, sir, ain't it?"

"I think so. I mention it to you in order that, if you saw a chance, you might offer your help. I will meddle no further than this. I have provided him like key at some risk and difficulty—a thing quite impracticable but for my position as a visiting justice of the prison. It is a recent pattern of the governor's own master-key, and opens every important door in the place. Now, if you were to consult with that fellow Bob, I think, perhaps, he'd manage somehow or other—in spite of his noisy chatter about the alderman's memory—to get the key into Mr. Anthony Maude's possession; and then I should wipe my hands of his fate, and say it all rested with himself. I know I ought not to do this; but humanity's love overpowers my material duty. I know he is in awful danger; I don't know he is guilty. And, as I said to him, were he to try to screen me for fresh discoveries to be made, the whole truth might yet be discovered, and he be completely exonerated. You see how I confide in you."

"You may, sir. I esteem myself very fortunate that you are inclined to do so. I will see Bob—"

"Ay, but you're to consult me!"

"Sir, I'll take care I won't even, to begin with, commit myself. And yet he shall have the key, with a hint or two."

"He'll need no more."

* * *

The discreet butler has left him, and Sleuth is reading his newspaper for the day, and trying to shut out for a few minutes the terrible mob of thoughts that oppress his brain, by a thundering criticism of Miss O'Neil's Juliet, when a word catches his eye in an adjoining column, and his brain starts into lively flame with the rolling beat, and to light up the page. This is what he reads:

"OUR HUSBAND FOUNDS REWARD is offered for the discovery of the murder (who is believed known to be innocent of any evil intention) of an anonymous letter, sent in 1856 to Dr. Pompeo, of Pendington Hall. Any person aiding and assisting to clear up this matter, will be well rewarded. Communications to be addressed to Messrs. Stamp & Co., Solicitors, Hengston."

Sleuth's first impulse on reading this was to run to a sideboard, where lay a bundle of other recent newspapers, to glance over them, and then to exclaim:

"Of course! of course! There it is a week ago, and I never saw it! Too late now, no doubt!"

Two things on the discovery of this document, Sleuth appears at Polly Garton's door, and asks the landlady if she is up-stairs.

"No, sir," she said, the old woman.

"Will she be long? Have you any idea where she is?"

She did say something—I didn't mind her much—something about a holiday—and she asked me the best way of going to Hengston."

"Ever been?"

"Oh, that was early this morning?"

"Then, perhaps, it is almost time for her to return?"

"Well, I don't know. Poor thing! She don't often take a holiday. So, perhaps, she may be late. Would you like to wait?"

"Yes, yes. I must see her to-night."

Sleuth looked at his watch. Five o'clock. He sat down, and quietly contemplated this new danger. Six o'clock came. He grew anxious, but comforted himself with the reflection that he could and would obtain greater influence over her than it was possible for Anthony's advisers to exercise. Seven o'clock! Would they——— He hardly dared to complete his fearful sentence. Twenty more minutes, each of fearful length and significance, passed, and then there was a knock that brought all the blood to Sleuth's cheeks and hope to his soul.

The door opened, and not Polly Garton, but a man entered. Sleuth started back incredulous, divining what was about to happen, and striving not to add new danger through his own visible presence of a moment.

"I come, if you please mem, from Hengston. A lady at Lawyer Stamp's sent me to say, as how she's a poor lone woman friendless, and she pray her lordship, and I'm to pay the rent: one shilling left on last week, and two shillings and sixpence for this week; and two shillings and sixpence for another week, as she sin't a given you proper notice."

"And will you take her things?"

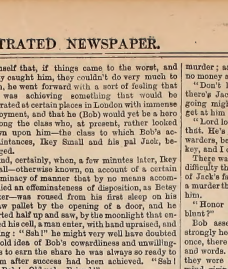
"Yes, if you please—that's what she said."

Sleuth waited to see the man off, in order to make sure that no questions were asked about himself, and then went out into the London streets —calm enough, as far as the exterior went, but enduring within tortures that no legal punishment could really enhance.

* * *

The moonlight was falling in soft splendor on the nigh walls and the iron *chevaux-de-frise* of Hengston Prison, thus making the latter give a kind of luminous and ornamental finish to the long, blank, and monotonous range of brickwork below, when a creaking and bulky-looking human figure slunk along the base, where there was a deep strip of shadow, caused by the position of a long brick-kiln opposite, which partly intercepted the moon's light.

He often paused and leaned his back, as if it



ached with the stooping posture, against the wall, and thus rested and listened. Then, after a time, he bent again to his task, and advanced, till he reached the furthest point at which the shadow cast by the brick-kiln extended. Then he made a longer pause, as if he did not wish to emerge into the full light, and even began to retrace his steps. Not far, however. He stopped, listened as before, but for a still longer time; then, as if satisfied, he drew from his pocket a tin can of wax, and wound it with great care, in a short circular heap, letting the twine drop as lightly as possible, so that it might not prepared to throw.

But he was too near. There was no help for it. He moved a yard or two out into the light, and then discharged the shot. It fell short, and dropped to the ground. Again he tried, and he heard the dull sound of the twine-covered stone against the face of the wall, and then the rattle of the cord. He pulled—the iron-work revolved, and the stone came back right upon his very head, and produced an exclamation that it was unnecessary for us to omit particularizing.

Made sure it was too rusty to serve a fellow like that? he muttered.

Winding up his string, to prevent its getting entangled, he moved a few yards further and repeated the experiment, and with entire success. The iron-work did not revolve when the string was pulled. Gently, then, he drew it away, till he felt the stone dangling close to the bar across which the string lay, then he let it suddenly down a foot or two, and the slackening of the string told him the stone was just where he did not want it—resting on the wall. Several attempts produced only the same result, till at last the string remained tight, the stone was sinking. Within or without? For a little time Bob could not discover. At last he found a way, till he felt the stone dangling close to the bar across which the string lay, then he let it suddenly down a foot or two, and the slackening of the string told him the stone was just where he did not want it—resting on the wall. Several attempts produced only the same result, till at last the string remained tight, the stone was sinking. Within or without? For a little time Bob could not discover. At last he found a way, but he now was aware that the stone was where he desired it, outside the wall, and presently came to his eager hand.

Putting it on the ground, after feeling carefully to be sure that the other end of the string was safe (and the buttoning of his jacket over it), he drew off a loose overcoat, and began to unwind from his body a seemingly tangled coil of knotted string, but which eventually proved to be a rope-ladder.

When he had arranged this to his mind, he drew forth another coil of string, much smaller than the former, and it was but the work of a minute to tie this to the end of the thin twine that he originally used, and presently began to gently to draw up across the *chevaux-de-frise* and down again a piece of cord capable of bearing the weight of the ladder, and of no use in the exposure, for there he was in the broad, full moonlight, a mark for every eye that might happen to look in his direction.

But Bob had not been paying a daily visit to his friend the porter, to chat over the progress of the great trial, for nothing. He had managed, during the gossip to learn, among other useful facts, that at the point where he was breaking into prison, there was no watch-tower, or any such kind, for the spot formed a little enclosed yard, with straggling grass, where the governor's pony was put to graze, and that two or two in alarm of Bob's proceedings, seemed to think better of it, and began to feed once more.

Bob took care to fix the ladder-cord to the ladder on the other side, to insure its safety on the iron-work, revolve or not revolve, and then slid lightly on to ground, and began to look around.

"Door on left out of this to gunner's back premises; door right of this door to wash-house; then 'wee' and 'wee' to right and left. Wishes I deciphere the way to the werry first corridor he walks into when he wisits his flock. Then second door on the left, and then you are! This is the lesson as Mr. Sleuth has made me learn so well, and so far I ain't no fault to find with his knowledge. Then you ain't, you ain't. I 'spose, looks on a prison as a sort of private game-preserve for his edification and amoosement. All right. Here goes for it!"

Thus ran the thoughts through Bob's mind, as he slowly searched for the door of this enclosure, which he found to be the left. He then found that the shift or knowledge that had been at work to supply him with the keys had not failed him. The bolt was instantly shot, and the door opened, and—

Instantly drawn back again—for Bob heard a laugh, and caught the gleam of a candle, and the opening or closing of a shutter. He hesitated, and felt strongly tempted to run back to his ladder while there might yet be time; but, while he hesitated, the sounds died away, the light disappeared, and Bob knew his movement of the door had not been noticed.

The scullery or wash-house was soon found; but the door was bolted inside, as well as locked, and the window—a narrow one—was the only available entrance. Bob climbed up and in, and then marveled a little at his own "check," as he called it—to stand there in the guvnor's own premises, "unknown" to anybody.

Bob was but a coward when really tested; but, like many cowards, was fond of persuading himself he had a good deal of pluck. So, reminding himself that, if things came to the worst, and they sought him, they couldn't do very much to him, he went forward with a sort of feeling that he was achieving something that would be narrated at certain places in London with immense enjoyment, and that he (Bob) would yet be a hero among the chaps at present, rather looked down upon him—the class to which Bob's acquaintances, Hey Small and his pal Jack, belonged.

And, certainly, when, a few minutes later, Hey Small—otherwise known, on account of a certain effeminacy of manner, as Sweet Hey, or means accompanied an effeminateness of disposition, as Bester Baker—was roused from his first sleep on his hard pallet by the opening of a door, and he started half up and saw, by the moonlight that entered his cell, a man enter, with hand upraised, and crying: "Sh!" he might very well have doubted his old idea of Bob's cowardliness and unwillingness to earn the share he was always so ready to claim after successes had been achieved. "Sh! It's Bob! Old pal. Friend!"

"Bob? Bob the Ostler?" whispered Hey, in fear and wonderment-stricken tones.

"All right. Which on you is it? Jack?"

"No." The convict got up and advanced.

"Ah! Sweet. Gives us your bunch o' fives, old fellow."

"What for?"

"For venturing in where so many 'od like to venture out, to tell you summut for your good."

"Ain't made much on you afore this," said Hey sullenly.

"More room for goodness now, as the parson says. Hey, listen. They're stirring in that ere business of the murder. And I wanted you to be up to what I was arter when I came to the guv'nor."

"How's that?"

"Why, o' course, my boy, I wouldn't have pesched on you about the robbery, and then axed you to own it, if I hadn't known you as we was. I meant. Take care, my bully boys, about the murder."

"Well, I guessed that, and answered the guvnor when he charged it upon me, just as I say."

"I know I know! But they're raking up every bit of stuff they can get hold of, and will have it you and Jack settled the halderman's death for 'em."

"It's a lie!"

"O' course it is. But you'll be axed about it, it's likely enough, in the court; and I say, Hey, I know noises—I must cut it short, or I'll get caught. This is what it comes to. Everybody knows it is Father Mr. Anthony Maude, who is now in this werry jail, or you. So if he's found hinnocent, I'm blessed if you and Jack won't have to look out."

Hey was evidently alarmed. His silence there, in the half light, half darkness of the midnight cell, was awful and threatening.

"Bob," he said, hoarsely, "is this on the square? May a fellow trust you?"

Bob's answer was a series of imprecations that seemed to blast him—sometime Hog, ——

"Bob, can't you put me on the right lay?"

"That's it. That's what I'm here for. You shouldn't be alarmed at what 've paper you for me. A paper has been diskivered in this Mr. Maude's own private hiding-place, which makes it look more as he was the only agent that werry night of the murder; but somehow he's got to know what you said to the guv'nor about the paper you gev me, and he's got it into his head that you was disinkered, and as you gut it to me, and I sold it to another gent,—Mr. Sleuth—and that he slyly dropped it in Mr. Anthony's desk."

"Then it's this Sleuth," said Hey, "as did the trick, was it?"

"He's hinnocent as a new-born baby! There couldn't be a thing agin him, but for your unfortunit remark about that 'ere paper."

"And is that all you've got to say to me?"

"Enough to hang a dozen men. But that isn't your biziness nor mine. But what is yours and mine is just what I've said. Don't chance Maude get a verdict of 'Not Guilty,' he won't be many days arter afore he's a tryin it on agin you to get a verdict of 'Guilty,' and can't help hisself. Every body says it's one of you."

"But I told the guvnor about the paper."

"Did you say it was signed?"

"No."

"Sure of Jack, too?"

"Yes. Jack and I got a word at chapel about it, and he hadn't said as much as me."

"All right. Let them get it out on ye quite unsuspected like, my boy, mind,—that's the time are quite sartin there were a name in the middle, but none at the bottom."

"I say I don't see in such a ——— fool," was Hey's response. "I know a trick worth two of that. I'll swear three was only the alderman's names in the middle. But then they must get it out of me; for I ain't lawyer enough to know—or, leastwise, to think about it—as wil-ness never ought to be asked such a question as to set the governor off a-looking after a unsigned cockil."

"All right! Mr. Sleuth's counsell'l manage to ax you the question. But Jack?"

"I'll prime him. You'd better be off."

"Hey, I shall get a lot o' blunt if this chap is convicted; not, mind you, that it's me or you as'll convict him. Now, don't you go for to run your head right down, Hey. I'll do it. I does get it, what can I do for you and Jack?"

"Send out to Botany Bay, fifty pounds apiece for us. That limb of the law who acted for us'll tell you how. He ain't a bad fellow. He'll send a ten-pound note out on each share; but he'll send the rest all on the square."

"I'll do it the werry instant I gets the chance. I'm off. Lot's of luck, if I never see you agin!"

"I 'spose you ain't game," suggested Hey, "to stay here and let me go."

"And then you'd be hunted like a rat for the murder; and if catched, there ain't no skill nor no money as 'ud get you off."

"Don't know about that," said Hey. "But there's risk, it might go hard with him. My going might fix the murder on him. Can't you get as him as you got us me?"

"Lord love you, no. The guv'nor took care o' that. He's got no end o' doors, and passages, and warders, between you and Jack. I ain't got the key, and I don't know the way."

There was a deep sigh, as if Hey resigned with difficulty the new chance opened. But his thought of Jack's fate, to be hung through the escape, for a murder they never committed, was too much for him.

"Honor bright! You'll send us out the blunt?"

"As asseverated, in his usual fashion, how strongly he felt on the subject, and no doubt, for once, there was a ring of truthfulness in his voice and words. He pitied his old pals, and he owned they were behaving very well, and so he didn't mind giving the promised slice out of his own abundance, when the reward should be obtained.

They shook hands in silence and parted—Bob, however, coming back on tip-toe to whisper, "if they catch you, don't you mind; stick to it you know nothing, heard nothing—didn't see me."

The prisoner had been dimly lighted as Bob entered the prison; but now were an utter darkness, except at certain points, which were intended to be kept in full display.

He passed all these, however, in safety, in spite of some alarming noises; then, when he had reached the last door—the one opening into the governor's private quarters—he found the key in the lock, turned as before, but the door would not open.

Bob's knees shook, and his fingers became suddenly unfit even to try the lock again. He stopped and wiped the cold sweat from his face with a rag that he carried in his pocket, and seemed to do it slowly, in order to keep or trying the key, from himself that he was thinking.

Then he tried it, and got open! That was the one and only thing that suppressed Bob's imagination when he planned at future contingencies. That was just the one thing he didn't feel he could do. Any yet expostulations might prove useless. He must try again.

While doing so, he hears footsteps behind him. They were slow and measured, and were not at all some distance. What should he do? To return would be useless. He had not noticed a single spot for concealment—not one, that even under the most favorable circumstances, could shelter him from the eye of the warder—of whom it was who came—like Bob's fate, nearer and nearer, with utter indifference alike of Bob's prayers and curses, which strangely alternated.

Then, in a paroxysm of desperate last attempt to open the door, he had an unexpected success, one that startled Bob more than he had been too easy; some one the other side of the door had been silently withdrawn the bolt and be wasting for him.

Never, we suppose, did anybody in Bob's position feel a more completely low-spirited coward at heart—felt this. He was evidently in a trap.

What should he say?

The door opened. The governor in person stood there, a candle in one hand, a sword in the other.

Bob dropped on his knees, and literally blubbered for pardon, while protesting he had meant no harm.

"What brought you here, you rascal? Tell me the truth, or I'll have you flogged this very minute."

"I—I——" and then, as Bob hesitated, a wonderful inspiration of lying came into him, and he gasped——

"Sir—sir—my poor dead father-in-law's never! I can't abide to have his blood on my shoulders. Aren't he the late Mr. Hensman's——sir?"

"Does he know of this desire of yours to help?"

"Does I as I do speak guv'nor, don't ax me now. It takes it on all myself."

"How did you get that key?"

"Sir, I found it. I tell you, I will, upon my soul, the blessed truth. I sneaked inside the gates merely to look at the lodging in an easy manner, and then I—I picked up the key among some rubbish in a corner."

The governor looked at the key; it was so like one he had lost a few months back, and been very uncomfortable about, that he could not suddenly say Bob was lying.

"And what could you came here to give the key to Mr. Maude?"

"No—no, at your pardon, guv'nor, I only thought o' that when I used the key, and thought as how he was always high, and mighty and respectable, a beggin, and a prayin, for somebody to come to be his savior. That's the whole truth, so help me——"

"Hush!"

Bob, who had been placed under the charge of a warder, the governor went to the convicts, both of whom denied, of course, anything but that they had seen anybody or anything, and went home. Bob was locked up in his own cell, examined against, and duly punished. And, then, that night he used against Anthony, in writing a desire to silence the chief prosecutor. Besides, he didn't like the question of the key as regards himself.

When he returned to the room where he had left it, he said to the butler:

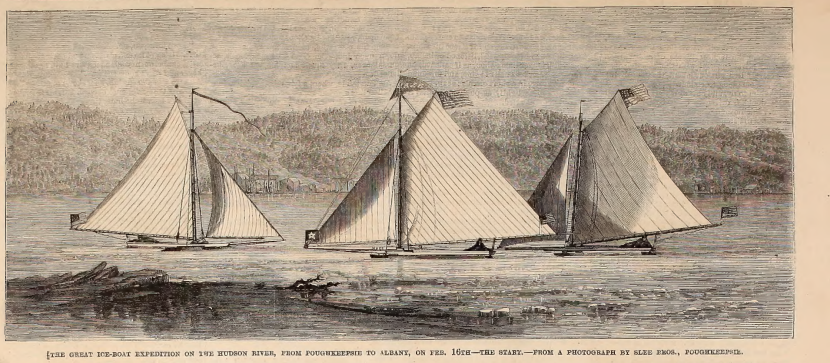
"So far as I can learn, you have done no actual harm."

"Lord bless you, sir, not a bit."

"You have been kept prisoner? You'll have me for it presently." Bob trembled at that. "I have now to choose whether I shall treat you as a mere idle vagabond, putting your nose into places where you have no business—here into my private apartments—or to have you up before the magistrates to-morrow, and let them decide on your case."

"Guv'nor, take pity on me, do, and settle it all yourself. I'll never come again. Never, never!"

"I believe that Jackson, like him, can give him a dozen lashes, as vigorously as you can, and then let him go."



[THE GREAT ICE-BOAT EXPEDITION ON THE HUDSON RIVER, FROM POUGHKEEPSIE TO ALBANY, ON FEB. 16TH.—THE START.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SLEE BROS., POUGHKEEPSIE.

ICE-BOAT EXPEDITION FROM POUGHKEEPSIE TO ALBANY.

THE long-talked-of and much-thought-of Ice-Boat Expedition from Albany to Poughkeepsie has been accomplished, and it was in every way a satisfactory one, if we may perhaps except speed. Ice-boats have of late years become numerous, there being over 100 of them on the Hudson River at the present time. The most of these are rough-ly-built, uncouth-looking crafts. At Poughkeepsie, however, can be seen ice-boats *par excellence*. Here over $10,000 have already been expended on these vessels in endeavoring to bring them to perfection, which feat has been nearly accomplished by Mr. Aaron Innis, in the construction of his new and beautiful ice-boat, the Haze.

The weather was all that could be desired, and the ice was in first-rate condition, inducing the Commodore of the Poughkeepsie Ice-Boat Squadron to signal to the vessels of the fleet to get up sail. Three vessels responded—the Minnehaha, Snow-Flake, and Haze—the owners of the other vessels being absent.

As soon as all sails were set the vessels were put head to the wind, their sails flapping vigorously, while the commanders went ashore for orders from the Commodore, which orders were to the effect that all should start immediately for Albany, stopping at Rhinebeck, Tivoli, Athens, and Hudson. At 10 A. M., the Minnehaha, owned and sailed by Mr. T. V. Johnson, carrying a few invited guests, bore away before the wind and took the advance. She was followed some time after by the Snow-Flake, owned and sailed by Mr. Thomas Parish. This vessel also carried a few invited guests, including the Commodore of the fleet, Mr. O. H. Booth, his vessel, the Resolute, being left behind. The Haze, owned and sailed by Mr. Aaron Innis, sailed last, also carrying invited guests.

The condition of the ice was all that could be desired, and had the wind been "on the beam" instead of "aft," the time made would have been glorious. All the way from Poughkeepsie to Hudson the river was covered with one continuous sheet of smooth, glassy ice, and as the trim little vessels ran before the wind, the crinkling sound of their runners and the whistling of Old Boreas through the cordage, mingled joyously with the shouts of the occupants. There was no need of a "look-out" man to shout, "bumps to the la'board" or "bumps to the starboard," the whole course, for 40 miles or more, was unobstructed.



THE HAZE, THE SWIFTEST CRAFT IN THE GREAT ICE-BOAT EXPEDITION FROM POUGHKEEPSIE, HUDSON RIVER, FEB. 16.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SLEE BROS.

The running time to Rhinebeck was not extraordinary, it occupying over half an hour, in consequence of the wind not being "on the beam," as stated above. At that place the excursionists went ashore and regaled themselves with refreshments, while the crowd about the depot and hotel talked "ice-boat" and lightning. Leaving Rhinebeck, not much time was consumed in getting to Tivoli, where another stop was made. From there it was resolved to go direct to Athens, opposite Hudson, all getting into that point in good season, the Minnehaha in advance.

They soon reached the head-quarters of the Athens Ice-Boat Association, and as the Poughkeepsie boats "hove to" the members of that organization came out and greeted the Poughkeepsians warmly, taking them ashore and refreshing them with all sorts of refreshments.

After the "ice-boat talk" was finished, the entire party crossed the river to Hudson, when the excursionists were provided with quarters at the Worth House, their vessels, in the meantime, lying on the ice, with sails down, there to remain until morning.

The next morning, Saturday, the fleet again got under way, and entered into a grand scrub-race for Albany, the Minnehaha leading off, followed closely by the Haze and Snow-Flake. The excitement on the three vessels was intense, each striving to reach the Sturgeon City first.

When within eight miles of Albany, the Snow-Flake ran on to some loose ice on the "Flats" and broke through, the concussion bringing her suddenly to a stand-still. A little further on the steering apparatus of the Haze became disarranged, and she, too, was compelled to stop.

The helmsman of the Minnehaha seeing the true state of affairs "put down stick," and running back, came up alongside of the disabled crafts, giving them all the assistance possible, after which they all got away again, the Minnehaha reaching Albany first, followed closely by the other two boats.

The speed obtained was not extraordinary, on account of the unfavorableness of the wind. The running time to Albany from Poughkeepsie was a little short of two and a half hours. The run from Athens to Coxsackie, nine miles, was made in seven minutes. The expedition was a novel one, and those who participated in it have something to talk about for a month.

The reception at Albany was all that could be desired. The members of the Beaverwyck Club took the Poughkeepsians in hand, and never were boys better received before. The President and Secretary of the Club, Messrs. Humphrey and Weed, did all in their power to render the brief stay of the voyagers a pleasant one.

The excursionists set out to return at 3 P. M. They were escorted to their boats by a large number of prominent Albanians, and after being towed about one mile over rough ice by horses, parting words were spoken, and, with a lively breeze, the vessels got away with lightning speed, and in a few moments Albany was invisible.

While the Haze was dashing along at the rate of more than a mile a minute, and when opposite Castleton, coming down, the gale was so heavy that her spar was carried away, completely disabling her, but not injuring any of the excursionists.

The Snow-Flake being about half a mile astern, sailed up alongside of the wreck, and taking the Haze in tow, proceeded to Stuyvesant, where the adventurers took the cars on the Hudson River Railroad for home, leaving the vessels to be brought down. The Minnehaha also met with an accident by the breaking of her runner-plank.

DRIVING BEARS TO MARKET.

A RECENT traveler in Russia gives us some strange sketches of places, character, and incidents on his route. He reaches the town of Berezov. The time is spring, and he looks upon it as an unlocking of a people from a prison-house of ice and snow. The whole town seemed to break out in one song of gladness, and the change within a week was so great as almost to make one doubt their senses. The sight of the first crow at Berezov is hailed with signs of the most extravagant demonstration; it tells of the coming warm weather, and is not doubted as are the swallows with us, when we feel that one does not make a summer.

The neighborhood of Berezov is famous for bears, and of them our traveler tells some queer stories. Of these brutes there are two kinds; the first a black bear, of which the people seem very much afraid, so much so that when one night the alarm was given that a black bear was in the neighborhood of the town, the population turned



DRIVING BEARS TO MARKET, AT BEREZOV, RUSSIA.



MONTCALM'S MONUMENT, ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC, CANADA.



PREPARING A BRIDEGROOM FOR THE WEDDING IN FERNANDO PO, AFRICAN COAST.

out *en masse* to hunt down the animal. With the white or polar bear it is different, and our author asserts that it is no uncommon sight to see a flock of these animals driven through the streets of Berezov, the same as a flock of sheep. Several men were necessary to drive them, not from any fear or safe-guard, but simply because of their pic-like stupidity. They are fat and lazy, and, like sheep, are driven to the slaughter that their skins may make furs, their flesh go to the pot, and their fat to cultivate the hirsute beauties of the people of all nations.

Under this relation it is plain to be seen that Mr. Bear does not understand his own power, or he would not tamely submit to be hustled and driven to his undoing.

THE JEWELRY OF ANCIENT ASSYRIA.

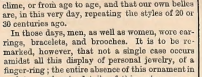
THE wonderful discoveries of Botta and Layard, in Nineveh, have brought the manners and customs of this extinct nation into such familiarity, that we can trace every step of their daily life, and by the same means bring Scriptural history to positive elucidation.



ASSYRIAN BROOCH.

We give some illustrations of the jewelry found in these excavations, that we may show how fashion simply travels from clime to clime, or from age to age, and that our own belles are, in this very day, repeating the styles of 20 or 30 centuries ago.

In those days, men, as well as women, wore earrings, bracelets, and brooches. It is to be remarked, however, that not a single case occurs amidst all this display of personal jewelry, of a finger-ring: the entire absence of this ornament in sculpture, wherein details of this nature are so elaborately and carefully attended to, leads to the conclusion that the finger-ring was unknown among them. Not so with the brooch or breast-



ASSYRIAN EAR-RINGS.

pin, many specimens having been found exquisitely and elaborately carved in ivory and mother-of-pearl, and mounted in gold. Gems are more rare, the diamond seldom found, but sapphire, amethyst, and beryl, often. The wire-work in gold is oftentimes fully equal to the best work of the present day, and notwithstanding the entombment of a few thousand years, is undecayed and brilliant.

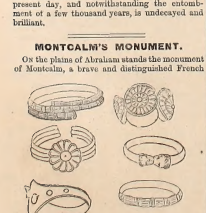
MONTCALM'S MONUMENT.

ON the plains of Abraham stands the monument of Montcalm, a brave and distinguished French general, who fell fighting under the walls of Quebec in 1759.

This monument, the first stone of which was laid on November 15th, 1827, was built chiefly through the liberality of the Earl of Dalhousie, who was then Governor-General of Canada. The design was made by Capt. Young, of the 79th regiment, English. The inscription on its front, is:

Mortem Virtus Communem
Famam Historia
Monumentum Posteritas
Dedit.

On the North side it reads only the word:
"Montcalm."



ASSYRIAN BRACELETS.

THE MAUVAISES TERRES, OR BAD LANDS.

THE northern route from Minnesota to Idaho leads through the ruggedest and most picturesque country ever viewed by human eyes.

Our illustration is one of the narrow passes through which the emigrant and army trains wend their way.

The bluffs and bates are formed of clay, coal, rock, and sand, so grotesquely shaped, that the traveler sometimes imagines himself in a large city, with mansions, hotels, palaces, &c., on every side, in some instances forming regular streets and squares.

One of the most curious features of the scene is, that nearly all the stumps, logs and trees are petrified, making as good a whetstone as can be wished for, and would also furnish Barnum with some beautiful specimens of petrifaction.

Minerals, such as coal and iron ore, are found in great quantities, and the clay furnishes the Missouri river with mud enough to color even the Mississippi to its terminus.

DIVING FOR LIFE.

MR. JAMES ADAIR, a traveler among the Indians on this continent, has, in a recent journal, given us many most interesting incidents of his adventures, among the best of which is the story of a gallant young savage of the Katahba tribe. A party of Seneca Indians came to war against the Katahbs, bitter enemies to each other. In the woods, the Senecas discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the Katahbas, busily hunting game; on his perceiving them, he sprung off for a hollow rock, four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift and skilful with the gun as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to overtake him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph; for though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during the long journey, with a great deal more civility than if he had acted the part of a coward. The women and children, when they met him at their several towns, beat and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice, and at last he was condemned to die by the fiery tortures.



DIVING FOR LIFE, AN INCIDENT OF INDIAN WARFARE IN THE CHOCTAW WAR.

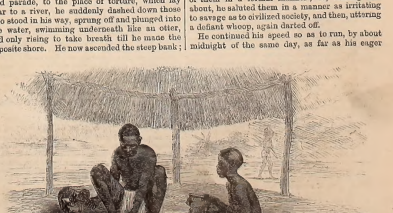


MAUVAISES TERRES (THE BAD LANDS), MINNESOTA—ARMY TRAIN ON THE MARCH.

It might be reasonably imagined that what he had for some time gone through, by being fed with a scanty hand, a tedious march, lying at night on the bare ground, exposed to the changes of the weather, with his arms extended in a pair of rough stocks, and suffering such punishments on his entering their hostile towns, as a prelude to those sharp torments for which he was destined, would have so impaired his health and affected his imagination as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings. For probably this would have been the case with the major part of white people under similar circumstances, but I never knew this with any of the Indians; and this cool-headed, brave warrior, did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies.

When they were taking him, unpinioned, in their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprung off and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, and only rising to take breath till he made the opposite shore. He now ascended the steep bank; but though he had reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running every way, like bloodhounds, in pursuit, and the bullets flying around him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly, without taking leave of them in a formal manner; so, turning him about, he saluted them in a manner as irritating to savage as to civilized society, and then, uttering a defiant whoop, again darted off.

He continued his speed so as to run, by about midnight of the same day, as far as his eager



BLACKSMITH'S FORGE AND BELLOWS OF GOATSKIN IN MANGANJA, AFRICA.

pursuers were about two days in reaching. There he rested, till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him, and lay a little way off their camp, hidden in the tall grass, till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism. He was naked, torn and hungry, and his enraged enemies had come up with him. But there was now everything to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honor and reward, by cutting them off. Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise, would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly crept toward them, took one of their tomahawks, and killed them all on the spot. He then took their scalps, clothed himself, took a double gun and a fine ammunition and provision as he could well carry on a running march.

He set off with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, except when he reclined, as usual, a little before day with his back to a tree. As it were by instinct, when he found that he was free of the pursuing enemy, he took directly up to the place where lay his seven slain of the preceding day, dug them up, scalped them, burned their bodies to ashes, and then turned his face to the camp of his tribe, which he reached in safety. Other surprising enterprises fell on the second day to the camp of their dead pooqua, and thus did Indore distinguish himself on a sudden chill. A council was held, and the decision was unanimous that, as he had done such surprising things in his defense before he was captured, and while he was without arms, and almost naked, it was only wise to conclude that he was a wizard, who, now that he had arms, would likely perform greater work of an opposite kind. After so they returned home, and related the doleful story to their friends.

PREPARING A BRIDECROOM FOR THE WEDDING.

From Abyssinia we are invited by Mr. Hutchinson, through his book lately published in England, "Ten Years in Ethiopia," to make ourselves acquainted with the ceremony of matrimony, as observed in Tigre Do.

Having had an intimation from Boobkas (the many-headed), who is Head King of Inampoo, that one of his daughters was about to be married, I took it for granted, and walked up to his town a few days before Christmas, to be present at the ceremonial. The first thing of which one is sensible, when approaching a Pernambuco village, is the odor of Tola pomatum, wafted by whatever little breeze may be able to find its way through the dense bushes. The next is the crowing of cocks. Domestic poultry tribes seem to be the only bipeds endowed with any activity in this island.

At St. Isabel, the capital, some of these, who may be considered the watchful sentinels, crow at 10 o'clock P. M., to retain a person at a window again at two o'clock in the morning, and at daybreak the whole host of cock-a-doodle-doodlers join in a universal chorus—perhaps to announce the coming on of the morning train.

On getting inside of the town, our first object of attraction was the cooking going on in his majesty's kitchen. Here a number of dirty, ragged pipe and gazelles were in readiness to be mingled up with jujubes, and several grubs without end, skewers, probably to add piquancy to the dishes. These are called Irchakes, being obtained from palm-trees, and look, at first sight, like Brobdingnagian maggots. Instead of waiting to describe the art of the Fernandian Soyer on this material, I congratulated myself on my ham sandwiches and brandy-and-water bottle, safely stowed in the portmanteau, which one of the Kroomen carried on his back, and sat on my camp-stool, awaiting the grateful abode of a palm-tree, to rest awhile.

Outside a small hut, belonging to the mother of the bride-expectant, I soon recognized the happy bridegroom, undergoing his toilet from the hands of his future wife's sister. A profusion of Tshabbu strings being fastened round his body, as well as his legs and arms, the anointing lady, having a short black pipe in her mouth, proceeded to puff him over with Tola paste. He seemed to enjoy together joyous at the anticipation of his approaching happiness; but turned a sulky eye now and then to a kidney-shaped piece of yam, which he held in his hand, and which had a parrot's red feather stuck on its convex side. This, I was informed, was called Ntshobu, and is regarded as a protection against evil influence during the important day. Two skewer-looking hair-pins with heads of red and white glass beads fastened his hat (which was nothing more than a dish of bamboo plaiting) to the hair of his head. When his toilet being complete, he and one of his grooms men, he elaborately dressed as himself, attacked a mess of cold flesh and pimento placed before each of them, as capacity as if they had not tasted food for a fortnight. In discussing this meal, they followed the primitive usage of "fingers before forks," and ate away now and then to a little bit of palm-wine out of a calabash, which was hard by, or to wipe their hands on napkins of plantain leaf, a process which, to say the least of it, added nothing to their washerwoman's bills at the end of the week.

But the bride; here she comes! led forth by her own and bridegroom-expectant's sister, each holding her by the hand, followed by two Nepoos (professional singers) and half-a-dozen bridesmaids. Nothing short of a correct photograph could convey an idea of her appearance. Borne down by the weight of rings and wreaths, and girdles of Tshabbu, the Tola pomatum gave her the appearance of an enhanced mummy. Her face, which was all white, not from excess of modesty (and how I may add, the latter quality is rarely allowed to blush here), but from being smeared over with a white paste, applied very liberally.

As soon as she was outside the paling, her bridal attire was proceeded with, and the whole body was plastered over with white stuff, a veil of strings of Tshabbu was then completely covering her face, and extending from the crown of her head to the ecia, as low as which each side from ear to ear was then thrown over her; over this was placed an enormous crown, made of cowrie shells, and studded with a spark of compassion in him, could not help pitying that poor creature, standing for more than an hour under the broiling sun, with much load on her, whilst the Nepoos were celebrating her praises in an extempore epithalamium, and the bridegroom was completing his fiery elsewhere. One of the Nepoos, who, for what I know, may have been the Grisi of Fernando Po, and who had walked eight miles that morning to assist professionally at the ceremony, commenced a solo celebration of the bride's virtues and perfections. Whether any person of musical taste who had listened to it would have entitled the chant to combination of original, grand and heroic harmony; but that it produced satisfaction amongst the native audience was evident from the fact of the energetic chorusing of several assistant minstrels, who yelled out—"Hee, hee, jee ah!" at the termination of any passage containing a sentiment that met with their approbation, the exclamation being synonymous with our brava.

The song, as translated to me, set forth the universality of nature as the festival which was approaching, amongst other matters recording the existence of a race of wicked amphibious people, who lived on the Akra Mountains, and who would doubtless attempt to come over to disturb the nuptial harmonies; but they knew if they went into the water on that day, would be all removed by the Ashantee Jack. The song concluded with a recapitulation of the bride's attractive qualities, and by the virtues, and, what was of more temper; the latter a quality which I had no reason to doubt, as I did not enjoy the pleasure of the lady's acquaintance. When the Nepoos were wound up her praises, by enumerating amongst her other accomplishments a circumstance which had proceeded from her, which was the cause of inducing a little more than a groan and a slight convulsion. I turned away with a shudder, of what kind you may form a correct opinion from my groaning, and said to myself: "If Nepoo only knew the truth!"

The candidates for marriage having taken their positions, side by side, in the centre of the ring, the little house from which the bride-elect had just come out, by the singers, and which, I was informed, she had been closely immured for 15 months previously, was simultaneously entered by mothers were the officiating priests, an institution of the country, the properties of two bunches of grass, which they presented to the bridegroom and one will dare to impugn. On these occasions the mother, bishops are popularistically entitled Boonbas, and are generally old women. After the bridesmaids marshaled themselves alongside the bride, each in rotation, more indeed than the other, the outside one being a mere infant in arms, and all vieing with bunches of parrot's feathers on their heads, as well as holding a wand in their right hands. These latter they presented to the happy pair, and folded an arm of each round the body of the other.—Nepoos my priest to catch the words by which they were addressed.

A string, of Tshibus, was fastened round both their necks, and the bridegroom's left leg and at the same time whispering to him advice to take care of his tender charge. The string was then loosed. It was again fastened on by the bride's mother, who whispered into her daughter's ear her duty to mind her husband's farm, tilling his rice and cassada, and the necessity of her being faithful to him.

The ratification of their promise to fulfill these duties was performed by both parties eating a palm-wine from mother to son (the bridegroom), from him to his bride, from her to her mother, and finishing a sip as it went round. Then an indiscriminate dance and chant commenced, and the whole scene—the bride, mute, and hiding faces to thickly, that one might imagine it was some sort of a funeral, with the Nepoos as mutes, it, the dangling monkey-tails, the dish-hats, and parrot's feathers, the Tshabbu belts, and the strings of Tshabbu shells, fastened, perhaps, as mosquyes to the ladies' persons—the white and red and yellow spots over the face and body, and on the shoulders, and in any place where they could be stuck on, altogether formed a picture of confusion contrasted with the lofty bombax, beautiful palm, and graceful cocoa-nut trees, which were waving around, presented a picture rarely witnessed by the European, and calculated to excite varied reflections. When fatigued with dancing, and when all the company, from the cracking of the fowls' throats, looked as if they required food, the into man's original element of clay, the Nepoos and the wives, holding each by the hand, led the bride and the bridesmaids after him, all marching in single file, and singing to the bridegroom's house.

Knowing the ceremonials were not yet finished, I declined the company for half a mile. As they went along, the former wives of the newly married man sang and jumped, and frequently stopped, beckoning to the bride to come on; who, poor creature, had enough to do—first with her mother's suelli—if nerves had been in fashion in Fernando Po, would have been trembling under a bumper of cold water, half-a-dozen times on her journey.

The outside paleading, in which was a faint attempt at a gate, was reached. Here I witnessed an act of natural politeness, which no disciples of Chesterfield could excel. The bride preceded the new bride on her way in through the outer enclosure, as a mark of her new home. Then, when they reached the inner paleading, they all sat down on their hams, to precede further. Within this the ceremony was proceed with, the bride standing with her back to the door, her husband's arm again round her, and his face resting his body likewise. One of his children presented his own brown parent with a calabash of water with a renewal of advice from her mother, to attend to her daughter's instructions. Each of his children fixed paulettes of Tshibus in their proper places; the bridegroom put four rings of the same round his wife's fingers, one of her paternal; another piece of advice, or lecture, was given to her son by the bride-groom's mother, and the ceremony was completed; the young couple were then congratulated by their relatives, and the feasting commenced.

All the friends from distant parts, who had come to be present, brought dishes with them; some poor women, who had nothing better to give, brought bundles of wood. Every one, in the present which might appear ridiculous to any one who did not remember the country's state, and its gracious acceptance; and so ended an Abyssinian wedding.

THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

An English paper tells a little story of the Princess Alexandra, which illustrates her love for domestic habits, her amiable disposition, and kindness of heart. Crossing the hall of Marlborough House the afternoon of the day before Christmas, Her Royal Highness observed a young girl of singularly delicate and interesting appearance, sitting on a bench, apparently though evidently fatigued and faint.

The Princess kindly told her to sit down, asked her errand, and discovered that she had brought home some little garment which had been to assist for the children, and which the Princess, who is much interested in Sewing Machines, and understands their merits, had deemed should be made upon the Grover & Baker Machine. Interested in the modest, intelligent appearance, and gentle manner of the girl, Her Royal Highness desired her to follow her to a room where she did, without the remotest idea who the beautiful considerate lady was.

After an examination of the articles, the Princess expressed her delight at the beauty of the work. The girl modestly confessed that she herself had done the most of it. The Princess said it was done very nicely, and finally drew from her *protégé* the simple facts of her condition: how she had an invalid mother, whom she was obliged to leave all alone while she went to the shop to work; how the fashionable rage for the Grover & Baker Sewing had suggested to her to purchase a second-hand operator on the Grover & Baker Machine, with the hope, oh! very, very far distant, that some time she might own a machine of her own, and be able to work at home, and earn something more than enough for her poor mother.

The Princess rang the bell, ordered a bottle of wine, some biscuits, and oranges to be served and placed to her. Meantime she had asked the wondering, bewildered child, for she was little more, where she lived, and took down the address upon her tablets with a gold pencil. Not long after the refreshments, which had been put into a neat little basket, and told her to take it to her mother.

On Christmas morning, into the clean apartment of the invalid widow came and her seamstress and delighted daughter, was borne a handsome Sewing Machine, with a sack of sugar, on which were the words: *"A Christmas Gift from Alexandra."*

COMPLIMENTARY TO A ROCHESTER LADY ARTIST.—*Walter's New York Art Journal* for last week has the following:

"A NEW ROCHESTER LADY ARTIST.—We take great pleasure and some pride on being the first to call public attention to the merits of a new lady artist of this city, who is now creating quite a sensation by her extraordinary skill in the art of painting. Some studies of hers we first noticed such decided talent that Mr. Charles Peirce was induced to visit her studio, and expressed himself not only surprised and delighted, but remarked that the delicate perfection of two bunches of grapes was, he considered, in conception, design, and coloring, worthy of Page. Miss Ellen Hall, for that is the lady's name, is only 23 years of age, is a native of Burlington, Vermont, and has devoted some time past in Boston to study, and we feel certain the brightest future and the highest honors await her."

To speak of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's books would be unnecessary, as they have long since a reputation for beauty of typography and taste in selection and binding. Of late we must speak of their "American Edition of Modern Letters." It is in two handsome volumes, and presents an interest not less as a musical record, than as a literary one. Every lover of poetry can read with profit and pleasure, for the end knowing more of the author than all the books put together that have been published can teach.

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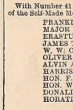
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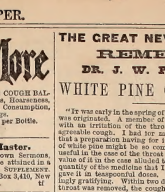
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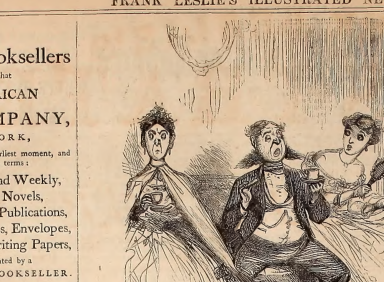
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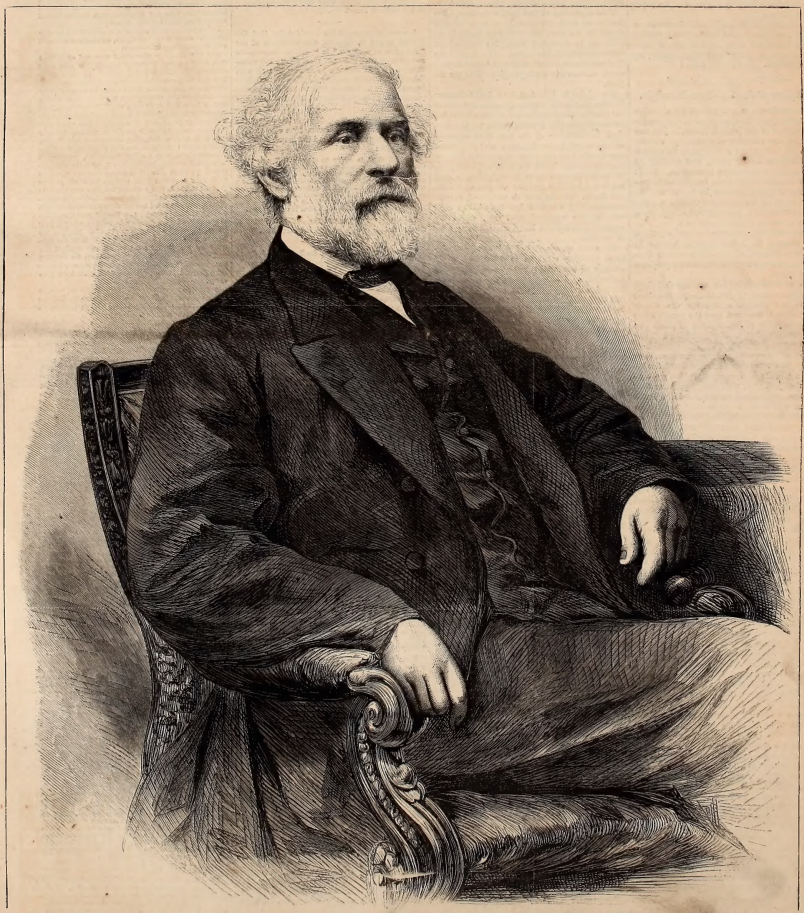
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

No. 547—Vol. XXII.] NEW YORK, MARCH 24, 1866. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 12 Weeks $1 00



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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 24, 1866.

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Our New Volume.

THE number commences our new volume, and we look for a renewal our readers and subscribers to call attention to the fact, and try to them, in as few words as possible, it will better their own interests to subscribe now. In the continued improvement we are making, every volume is so marked an advance upon the past, that it should be esteemed higher, in a money point of view: but, with a true regard for the fact that it is better to have a quarter of a million of subscribers than a hundred thousand, we intend going on in cutting and improvement, but keeping the price of the paper always the same.

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Agitation of the One-Term Principle.

AN amendment to that part of the Constitution which prescribes the terms of the election of President of the United States, is just now receiving the attention of Congress. Senator Wade has introduced a resolution for extending the term to six years, and making the President not eligible to re-election. In the House a measure has been introduced to provide for a direct election by ballot and the abolishment of the Electoral College, making the candidate who has received a majority of the popular vote the successful one.

Again, Mr. Sumner has introduced a petition from citizens of Massachusetts, headed by Governor Andrew, of that State, asking Congress to pass an amendment like that proposed in the House.

It is unfortunate for the country that these propositions come up just at the present time, and in the present shape, for the simple reason that they do not give the people a fair chance to judge of the motives of those who made them, and it is simply making a strong party question of what should be divested of all party bias, if the theory of the new party be good. The one-term principle has been for years a favorite with our people, but we contend that just now it has been introduced as has been engendered toward President Johnson, it would be a harsh and unpopular measure, and if submitted to the people, direct, would assuredly fail. The Radical publican party just now stands before the country as the accusers of Mr. Johnson. They contend that in his present course he is sheltering the party that elected him, and in doing that which is against the will of the majority of the people. In making this accusation they may be right, it is not that issue that we argue, but putting it entirely out of the case, ask the simple question whether it is justice to the people themselves to pronounce for them on so important a point, to take out of their hands the verdict upon the conduct of their first public servant, by depriving them of the privilege of going to the ballot-box with their verdict?

In this vein we are ignoring the question of its justness to Mr. Johnson; but looking upon it in that light, we would ask whether it is republican or democratic in its tone or tendencies to disqualify any man for the office of President of the United States, for any other cause than those distinctly set down—willful neglect and crime for crime? Mr. Johnson has never been elected President, has had no chance to submit his claims to the people, and it would be quite a question of simple justice to him and to the people, who wish directly to have a voice in the matter, to adjourn the decision of so weighty a question, until after this opportunity has been granted.

If such a measure were proposed to take effect upon some specified time in the future, when the claims of the present incumbent have been exhausted, providing they ever will be—for who can tell the future?—then it would be earnestly endorsed, all believe, by all parties, as good and decisive: but at present it simply shows a political move against Andrew Johnson, which is much more likely to end in the discomfiture of those who propose it than against the one at whom it is leveled.

The part proposing a direct vote from the people, we feel sure the present Congress will never adopt. It is too wise to commit so gross a blunder. Under its action, were the election to come off at this time, or as we predict, for many years to come, the result would be the almost unanimous vote of the Southern States for the Democratic candidate, which, coupled with the Northern vote, would surely elect him, even were the opposition stronger than it is now. We have only to turn to the vote of 1860, to know that fact.

The ultimate good working of the one-term principle is without doubt, but it would be a most injudicious, un-republican, and un-American principle to make it effective in less than ten years from this date, or until it has been submitted directly to the people.

Slaves of the Needle.

IT must be a gratifying fact to those who have observed that, within the past five years, female labor has advanced, in this city, to a more remunerative position than it held previous to the war.

In stores, manufactories, and workshops, many branches of labor that once were monopolized by men are now filled by females, and while it elevates female labor by giving it better remuneration, it pleases the manufacturer and storekeeper, by giving him a more tractable laborer, and one to whom he feels more instinct satisfaction in paying wages.

This extension of the field of woman labor has arisen from the scarcity of men brought about by the war; but now that there is no difficulty in obtaining men, the demand for women is steadily increasing, for the reason that employers are satisfied with their experiment, and are not willing to go back to the old plan.

We rejoice in this fact for a double reason: Firstly, that it will release an army of slaves of the needle, who have been for years following an occupation that has done more for the physical debility of our girls than any other employ ever invented by or for men, and filled more graveyards than any other of the grim Ring of Terrors' agents. There has been no exception to the rule, and a woman in indigence to earn her bread but that terrible weapon of disease and death. Be she ever so well-bred, ever so accomplished, ever so fitted to be wife and rule out with the wretched steel that, with every passage of its smooth body, carried away a bit of her life.

Secondly, we are glad of it because the ultimate tendency must be to drive back a percentage of our strong muscles and sinews to agriculture. For many years the country has flooded the city with trade labor, while plow and the spade have been deserted for the counting-house desk and the work-bench, while agriculture has suffered for the strength of the cultivator. Competition has gradually over laughed the power of the city laborer to pay. Farmers suffer for labor, skilled labor, and get as a consequence poor work done. The strapping mechanic or clerk in the city is obliged to pay so great a price that his life is a continual story of deprivation or semi-starvation.

The remedy is there in 99 per cent. of the male labor of our principal cities unoccupied, or simply getting a precarious living from day to day. Mechanics are struggling to prevent employers bringing down the wages of labor, the necessities of life are going up, and unskilled labor is offering at a price that will not find it in food and shelter. The whole of this question is a question of doubt, but that it must finally succumb and take to its legitimate sphere, agriculture, is certain. When the cause of labor is made plain to all, it will be still farther emancipated, and in thousands of workshops, where womanly labor is now wanted in place of thews and sinews, they will reign triumphant and free, with men at the plow and planting, who will send them cheap food to eat, and cheap dress to wear.

THE prosperity, the business, the very existence of England depends upon coal. It makes its cotton, builds its ships, lights and warms its houses, drives its manufactories and steamers. Without coal England would lose trade, manufactures, and three-fourths her population. It will not pay to carry coal from the great fields of America. It would be better to go to the coal-Veil, at the actual rate of using coal in England and the annual increase, the entire stock within 4,000 feet of the surface will last 70 years—he said it born whom will see it exhausted. Of course, as the stock diminishes, and the difficulty of getting it increases, the price rises, and the consumption gradually diminish, so that there will be a gradual decline, instead of a sudden annihilation. But of no other article can be found by coal, this decline of British industry, wealth and power will begin in about 50 years, and in 50 more will commence the work of ruin. The ruins of St. Paul's, a broken arch of London bridge, or any convenient place for such an inscription. England, with her stock of coal exhausted, will be a pleasant sort of watering-place, or summer resort for the rest of the world, covered with the ruins of iron foundries and cotton mills, a shabby-looking Fulmyra, or a grimy Thebes. Antiquarians will explore it, and a future Gibbon will write the decline and fall of the British Empire, and possibly quote this prediction in a foot-note.

MR. HENRY YATES THOMPSON, a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, England, has offered to endow a lectureship at Cambridge, for the purpose of having a course of lectures one term biennially on the history, literature, and institutions of the United States. The lecturer must be an American, and must be appointed biennially by the President and Fellows of Harvard College. The English journals say that some men object to the scheme, because they fear they should be treated by the lecturers to mere republican declamations. We would remind Mr. Yates that it might be well to have a preliminary course on the rudiments of the geography of this country, and that the editors of the London *Times* might well be invited to attend it.

How we are supplied with brandy, "pure French *cognine*," has come out in the evidence in a case recently tried in the U. S. District Court in Albany. Some casks were found to be smuggled, and, therefore, liable to be confiscated. But it appeared that they were not smuggled, but filled with an imitation article, simply manufactured from neutral spirits, flavored with oil of cognine, and colored with burnt sugar—in fact, miserable stuff. The casks were made in Cognac, by hands, and, in imitation of French casks, the hoops being rusted and the staves discolored with a solution of copperas, so as to give them the appearance of having suffered a sea voyage. A merchant testified that he sold thousands of gallons of this "brandy" yearly, and that there were many manufactories of the same in New York.

THE Senate of the United States has passed the following concurrent resolution by a vote of 29 to 8. It had previously passed the House by a vote of 119 to 40:

Resolved, That in order to close agitation upon a question which seems to threaten the action of the Government, as well as to quiet the uncertainty which exists in the minds of the people as to the States which have been declared in insurrection, no Senator or Representative shall be admitted into either branch of Congress from any of said States till Congress shall have declared such State entitled to representation.

This is meant to assert the exclusive power of Congress over questions of Reconstruction.

It would certainly be a droll thing if Great Britain, which has for so many years made music for Americans to dance by, should now, in her own turn, take to dancing. It looks wonderfully like it, in the fact that a late General of the United States army should be offering a new system of military tactics to the English Government, and has reached so far as to have a Board of Examination appointed to look into it.

The fortunate individual in this case is General Wm. H. Morris, a graduate of West Point, and an officer of ability, who served both in the field, and on the staff during the war, and is in an excellent position for the experiment.

The system has been introduced to the Horse Guards as tactics, and the military public and the hotels about the west side of the water are now earnestly discussing the subject. The *Army and Navy Journal*, which is the best authority there, says, in the issue of January 13th:

"It is, as the author states in the preface, an expedition of three movements—a numerical and tactical expedition. It is meant it advisable to substitute for the movements at present in use in the British army the system formerly prescribed for the United States army, and to substitute for our effective manœuvres, and unperceivable in the country. The study has been made in the forests of America, and in an excessive hole of infantry of the United States, but the system does not grow up and complicated by its nature from the results of the campaigns of the war. It unites a study of the systems of the English and French systems, proper to the one and to the other, the improvement of the military tactics employed in the Federal army was derived from the necessity of the circumstances. The differences to be observed between the tactics made use of here in the field and those in use in Europe are of no service, would tend to establish a slight increase of rapidity in movement, a higher regard for manœuvers, and a greater rapidity of manœuvres by the employment of a smaller or a small front. He also uses the same means for the facilities of passage of obstacles.

"On the whole, the system of tactics to which we allude, would be found more instructed suited to it by the great struggle, which was at the labor of it birth, but a deep interest in the welfare of every nation. It is the result of practical experience of a system generated in actual warfare, and of the most extensive and complicated character, and the highest theoretical authorities. The system is the result of experience, and is carefully compiled. It is evident to the reader that it is the labor of a studious and experienced officer."

We are glad to recommending to the Horse Guards, which is the governing power in England in all military matters, the same as in our War Department, that they may appreciate the system, and the adoption of it, if found suitable, without prejudice.

It would indeed be a droll thing, and a great triumph, if English armies, in the future, were moved by American tactics.

A BOOK of great interest, as well as accurate and appreciative, has recently been published in Paris, viz: "History of the Rise and Progress of the United States, since the Establishment of the First Colonies to the Election of President Lincoln, 1629-1861," by J. F. Astié, Professor of Philosophy at the Free Academy of Lausanne."

Professor Astié was for many years a resident of New York, and officiating clergyman of the Swiss Protestant Church. The energy, perseverance and talent with which, during the last four years he has defended the cause of the American Union, entitle him, though less known, to take rank with the DeSaussures, Laboulayes, Stuart Mills, Professor Cairnes, and others, composing that noble band of fearless defenders of constitution, order and liberty, who have endeared themselves to Americans.

TOWN GOSSIP.

CAN country people, or city people either, outside of New York, imagine what the March weather of this metropolis is? We either think not, for nothing short of actual experience can realize the dust and wind of March in New York. Of all dusty cities, except Gotham, of which we have any record, Washington is the worst, but Washington dust is clean dust, or rather the pure earth, as pure as anything can be in Washington. New York dust is dirt, and every man who passes the March month in the city will do more than exhibit pick animals in his back coat that soils the suits of the long-years clothes more than all the other 11 months of the year, for the dust "gets" into the skin, makes our faces look as with a vigorous application of the duster, to live in, and in one week, renders life unendurable. It, in addition to all this, the wind that raises it is cold and biting, then, indeed, is the scene reached, and in no way left to make properties of his bearable, and that is, to lay in a large stock of soap and towels, turn on the Croton, build great fires, call up all washerwomen, and cracks generally, and give way to not venturing out of the house and spending the time in abstinence.

Such weather as this last have we had every week, and the result has been a perfect desertion of the streets, for all souls of them are too weak for promenades and the use of the finer portion of creation. Ladies can bear the wind, rain, ice, snow and sleet; in fact, some of them weathers they rather prefer, if their understandings be of unobjectionable form; but dust they cannot stand. It does not acclimate with spring bonnets; it creates an unwholesome impression on dresses, especially if they be dark, and with chiffonier fringes, it is not safe to be kept from eyes and ears, even with the daintiest of veils and the most enticing of laces.

Let us put ourselves upon that Constitutional Amendment he made to abolish March, and make winter end with the beginning of summer.

The ball season is near about over, and as soon as this happens, supper-tendom immediately sets itself about thinking what it shall do in the summer. Why is it that in the summer we do not have the concerted entertainment that we have in winter? Why are not clubs and societies got up to make picnics as well as balls, and to do them well? Is not this a good suggestion for the Arions? The Germans are eminently a picnicing people, and if this association would give their whole energy and mind to it, *fêtes* in summer they gave to their great ball, what an immense success they could make it! Think of the fêtes of Saratoga or the summer months by the Rhine and preparing it for a grand pic-nic—making it in fact, by the expenditure of the same amount of money as on parts of one ball, a perfect little elysium for June, July or August; and to do this properly, the place would have to be laid out early in the season. Then a few steamboats would be wanted to start at various hours through the day, to bring passengers to the spot, and bring them to the city any time before midnight, or making it, if we please, an all night *fête*, so as to ball. Think of the bowers and arbors; the tents and rocky dells; the swaying trees and banners; the music and revelry; the opening of carriages and the quadrilles on the dancing floor of beer and sweet words and sounds; the moon upon the water, the 10,000 people, and the great time generally.

In the superabundance of our kindly nature, we only throw out the idea for the Arions, and say that for more ideas to make the matter a perfect success, we are ready to supply them.

Let the people have it.

We see that it is proposed to establish a "Morgue," or dead-house, in this city, similar to that in Paris, where the bodies of all persons found drowned, or otherwise deceased, can lie for identification; but the all propositions and arrangements upon record, and the question there must be a job about it somewhere. They have been talking and proposing the idea, or rather having it thrust upon them by the necessity of the occasion, taken it in hand, and the "Morgue" is to be built at Believue Hospital, on the river front. By the time it will soon be as utterly forgotten as though it did not exist.

An institution of this kind is intended not for the benefit of the living, but the dead. Not for the living, unless at a small amount of labor, but for the public, that the bodies of those found dead in the waters may be through it—perhaps as a matter of curiosity—and it is the misfortune of the unknown dead, that it is only when the body lies exposed to the examination of the public that any one can identify it. Then all will recognize the deceased? To accomplish this, a large building is to be erected on the central portion of Park, Union Square, or some point as easily accessible as these, and to it all bodies found in the waters, or under other accidental recognition, where, perhaps, a score of people will call to look at it.

While speaking about it our city government may their attention to the idea to mention that the Board of Councilmen have just appropriated $8,000 for the Central Park next year, and that it foots up to the sum of $8,666.13⅓, which is a round sum for the use to which the citizens require for county expenses. The entire amount of taxes to be paid by the people of this city, on the average of $30 for every man, woman and child on this island of a laboring man with a wife, and two children, will be $150 per annum to support him, and we will say, if exactly $150 per annum to support he can get, that exactly $150 per annum to pay into the city government, and that $8,666.13⅓ goes to make up the sum total of political thieves—men we elect to office from the worst of the old and new world, and who govern the country.

Among the items there is little that is doing new and little promise, for why should they go? always anything new, when the old ones will leave us anything?

Mr. Grau promises a new spectacular and musical piece that will astonish New York, and shows a line of effects quite new to the stage of this country. Manager Davis says that, in upholstery, young ladies (tips), and gentlemen (tops), he will surpass anything ever known out of England.

Mr. Wood promises Planche's play of the "Knights of the Round Table," a fine play, which we make no doubt will be well done.

The Olympic will soon produce "Doing for the Dead," a burlesque dramatic drama.

We see it announced in the London papers that Mr. J. Wood, the comedian, has made so great a sensation in August of last year at Drury Lane Theatre, in Rouen, that a new piece has been written for him, which is a Virginian by birth, but has resided in the city for many years, during which he served with a New York regiment, the 42d, and served faithfully in this rebellion. One year and a half he went to England, and made his debut at Drury Lane. We fear much his chance of success in this aggressive piece a new audience, in consequence of all our theatres being engaged to the end of the season, but we do not by any means be well pleased, as we judge of the critiques of the London press.

We will be gratified to the legion of friends who admire the talent of Mr. Charles Fredd, to know that he gives a concert at Irving Hall on the 30th inst., at which will appear all the leading musical talent of the day. It comes be other but a success.

HISTORY of the Plots and Crimes of the Great Conspiracy to Overthrow Liberty in America. 1 Vol. By John Smith Dye. Published by the Author, No. 110 Broadway. This book is a history, in a small compass of the political efforts to uproot slavery in this country.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Unitarian denomination of Christians, emanated by their success last year in raising $100,000 for missionary and other benevolent objects, have undertaken to endow Antioch College, Ohio, to the amount of $100,000. Ann Green consecrated by a long labors and death, with a grand equal to a quartet of a century. They have collected $50,000 of the amount and several considerable sums on subscription papers are not yet paid in, and hope to procure the remainder to complete the amount.

—Within a few years the restrictions on religious worship have been removed in Chile. In Santiago, the capital, Roger Williams, an American, has now been three years for several years held religious services in a private house. They have now fitted up a chapel at an expense of $600. It was opened with appropriate exercises the first Sabbath in January, by the Rev. D. T. Carmichael, of Valparaiso, who has been for 30 years in the country.

—The Boston Journal of Chemistry reports that 1,200,000 bushels of the mystic tie in the world, and 6,000 bushels, about all over the world—of Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, Oceanica and the Indian Archipelago.

—Gen. Fisk recently declared that in Tennessee he was not issuing a single license to preachers, there to about 100 organs children at Memphis, and about 60 orphan children and 25 old people at Nashville, which last year he was feeding about 17,000 white, and 7,000 colored persons—the relief is limited to the most needy such in excess of those supplied to the latter.

—The log-house of Lyman B. Lyon, at Lovely Falls, New York, has not been used for 30 years, and has a pound of ice been put into it. The building is constructed of unhewn logs, and was built in the style designed to fill it, a rose jet is placed upon the stove pipe, and in the course of some hours it is all melted and drops into the ice-house, where it forms in one solid mass.

—The New Jersey peach buds were killed by the severe cold of January. An examination of several hundred brought from a dozen counties, did not result in finding a single live bud.

—Chi Pak, late President of the Soo Yup Company of Soo Francisco, died a few days since. He was 70 years of age and very wealthy. His funeral was a splendid affair. Thirty-four ladies were present in one street, which were loaded with fruits, cooked food, a great deal of money and lots of wearing apparel. He moved; bees and sheep roasted whole, and decorated with flowers, feathers, and a hundred hundred other describable comments, while incense was burned, gongs sounded, and the Chinese band played. He was scattered on a verandah overhead, and dirges sung by the mourners.

—A son of Mr. Duncan, of Meadville, Pa., was presented with a pocket as lulled in the bank of that river. The body was brought home and buried. Afterward he returned to life, not dying on a farm in Georgia. This body was also brought home and buried. About a month since, the youth came home.

—It is said to have been the request of the late Bishop Pritchard, that he might be dead, that when he was buried he might be put around him. "Devote no flowers," he said, "to the sanctuary and to the altar; but let all their fragrance carry with the earth's corruption."

—C. W. Howard and Judge Shaffer, of California, have the largest dairy farm in the world. Their herd is on the ocean, 30 miles west of San Francisco, and covers 71,000 acres.

—A young German girl going to California to be married to her lover, had her nervous system so deranged by the rolling motion of that, that when she left San Francisco she was a raving maniac.

—The new steamer (N. H.) Mercury left of two men, who found a wallet with $600 in it, and papers showing who was the owner. The finders started after the owner and hunted him half over the city until they found and restored his property. His most generous gift to the men 26 cents in currency.

—The Niagara (Canada) Mail announces that "The American Government has taken the necessary precautions to put a stop to Fenian or other raids, should they be attempted, on the part of the Canadian line. It is stationed at Fort Niagara to be on the alert, and has received orders to make any attempt at a raid on that side of the river." The order came from Washington, and was carried by efficient guards, and the Mail says, should a raid be attempted from that quarter, the Americans would have a warm reception both back and front.

—A girl, named Mary Madeline Scout, has confessed that she produced the extraordinary manifestations in a house in Hydesville, which the newspapers and society attributed to "spirits." Mary Madeline was sent to the House of Refuge, where the following strange record was made by the officer in charge: "On the 14th of February, 1866, sent to the House of Refuge, Rose Scout, under 15 years of age, charged by her mother, Mary Ann Scout, with incorrigibly wicked conduct, pretending to be possessed of the devil, and assuming the voice and appearance of the ghost of Mr. Michael Weekstreet, above Carpenter street, thereby causing a great excitement in the neighborhood. She changed and giving rise to rumors of ghosts, etc., much to the annoyance of respectable persons."

—A proposition has been made to the Secretary of the Treasury for the loan, issued at par, of ten cents, in Europe, of land bonds or scrip of the United States, secured upon the unsurveyed land of the public land here, to be taken up by the holder of the bond upon his arrival in any part of the country. He states that the desire to possess land in this country is universal among the lower classes of Germany, and that these land scrip bonds would be largely bought up throughout the German States.

—A bottle filled with explosive fluid was thrown through the window of a house in Lafayette, near Rochester, N. Y., occupied by Capt. Jolleyn, constable of the 12th Ward. The Captain was sleeping in the room, which was suddenly enveloped in flames. He escaped with a rough somewhat hurt, but the house was quickly destroyed. The author of the outrage is unknown, though he is supposed to be some enemy of the constable.

—In the year 1858, a $1,000 bank note was found in a street, in Albany, by a colored woman named Mary Dolgely, and after considerable dispute concerning its ownership, the matter was brought before the Court of Appeals, which directed the note to be deposited in the city treasury, Mary Dolgely assigning her right and title to it in pendency of the annual payment to her of $50 by the city. The old colored woman died several years ago in the almshouse.

—The corner-stone for the establishment of an American college in China, now before Congress, proposes that the school shall be educated in Chinese the literature, mercial customs, and then be enabled to assume a business position to be requisite knowledge of the Chinese, thoroughly commercial matters with the merchants of that country, and the funds proposed to be established for the college are to be derived from the accumulation of commercial fees of the business belonging to the Government and now amounting to some $200,000.

—A member of the bar in Maine recently moved for a new trial on the ground "that the verdict was against the law and the evidence, and that the jury was unduly influenced by *the great beauty of the female plaintiff*." The motion would about lose her case after such a legal compliment.

Foreign.—The new kingdom of Italy has been hitherto very unequally towards its subjects. Much has been done and still more remains to be done. Taxation is now falling with an income of a few hundred francs, and Naples, the late minister of the Bourbon household, left so small a legacy that the latter are in doubt whether it is worth the trouble and expense of recovering it.

—The cattle disease has been fully expelled from the Danish Archipelago and Jutland by the Royal Danish Parks. Thirty-five animals have died of the disease. It appears from the observations and experiments made by medical men while the disease was in progress that the following are the symptoms of the disease: Zebra, the bullock, the gazelle, the goat, the stag, and the wild boar.

—In Ireland during the past year there has occurred a decrease in the number of inhabited houses to the extent of 16,377, and in the population of 91,846. There is every reason to believe that the decrease will proceed still more rapidly in the future.

—The Sultan of Turkey has conferred on Fowler, the Baritone of the Paradise Opera, the title of the Ulu Hundred Hell Moore—the first time, says the *Gentleman*, such a title has met with a favorable reception.

—Adelina Patti, when she sings in Paris, gets £125, or 12,000 francs, or $600 a night.

—The Academy of Fine Arts founded for the exhibition of "a Central Hall of Science and Art." The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that the Academy has a sound foundation and that it will receive the nominal annual support of the Government. The Academy already has comprises a long array of influential names, at the head of which are the Prince of Wales, Lord Derby, and Lord Granville. Most of those who have taken any prominent part either in the foundation or in the patronage of the arts and sciences will add their names to the list.

—Two Americans were on the steamer on Lake Lucerne, then which there is no more beautiful and interesting water in the world. "Yon is the line, sir," said the one. "Yes, I suppose so, but did you ever see Lake George?" said the other. "Lake George!" at first. "Like George is good, but Lake George is very far away. Are you from Saratoga, by the by?"

—A Frenchman on coming to America and finding himself utterly unacquainted with the English language, set to work to learn it. He got a book, and began to study it, and soon came to the word "bull." Not knowing what it was taken "no more notice of them if he was a bull dog?"

—A Paris paper states that a bevy of ladies, closely veiled, recently made their appearance at one of the principal pawnbrokers at the most modest dress and in a rather embarrassed manner. The pawnbroker having the articles carefully ascertained that the party included the Empress Eugenie, who was desirous of raising a few thousand of giving an impetus to the retail trade.

—A few days since some persons threw a lighted firework's squib into the cage of the lions in Regent's Gardens, in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. The lion reached the squib with his paw, and, finding it explode in an affrighting tank extinguished the flames, and with the assistance of his companions devoured the fire.

—Lord Edward Seymour, second son of the Duke of Somerset, while hunting in India, last November, encountered a tiger in the wood. "Fire at him," said following it up, the bear sprang upon him, and, seizing him by the left knee, bit through the bone, and amputation became necessary. This did not save his life, however, for he died the following day from the effects of the wound. The animal will remember that to visit this country with Lord Hardinge in 1846, when they spent several months in hunting on the plains of the Sutlej.

—The French Empress has announced her intention of building for the Paris Exhibition of 1867 a model lace-people. In one of the remote quarters of Paris, there are to be three classes of lodgers for eight persons, at £90 per annum; for two or three persons, at £70; and for families of four persons, at £50. They are to be abundantly supplied, and the autocratic institution of the establishment is the strictest. Precautions have lately been directing his attention to this class of dwellings, and at the last meeting of the Council there has been reserved for a number of models, to be constructed from the designs sent in by the competitors, ing all the requisites for health and comfort.

—An English judge, in summing up in a case of libel, recently, spoken of a defendant who had rendered a spiteful piece, said: "One of these defendants, Mr. Bridge, in it seems, a minister of religion. That religion does not appear; but, to judge by his conduct, it must be a religion of the Devil."

—A new and remarkable expensive fashion has been introduced in Paris. It is the custom to have Her Majesty attaches a diamond, to represent a decoration to a bouquet.

—Prince Esterhazy has realized a loan of £50,000, 000, to pay off his debts. His jewels are valued at $1,000,000.

GEN. ROBERT EDMUND LEE,

Late Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate army in Virginia, son of Gen. Henry Lee, the friend of Washington, and of Ann Hill Carter, was born, during a liberal education, he was admitted into West Point as a cadet, in 1825. He graduated in 1829, and was made a lieutenant of Second Lieutenant; in September, 1838, he was made First Lieutenant; and in July, 1838, Captain.

In 1855 he was appointed a member of the Board of Engineers, and in the following year Superintendent of the Military Academy, which he held till March, 1855, when he resigned his commission in the army. On the 16th of March, 1861, he was appointed Colonel of Cavalry, and on the 25th of April, in the same year, he was appointed Commander of the forces of Virginia, and offered his sword to Virginia, which State had just then seceded from the Union.

Gen. Lee's first appointment in his new sphere of action was that of Commander-in-Chief of the forces of his native State. In command of the force assembled by Jeff. Davis to conduct the military operations in Western Virginia, he was defeated, and Mr. Lee's service was accomplished by him, as he was thwarted at every step by a defective organization and the impracticable character of the men with whom he had to deal. He was then appointed to the command of the Department, and was occupied till June, 1862, with the general direction of the military operations in that campaign. But Joseph E. Johnston having been disabled, by a wound received at the battle of Seven Pines, in May, 1862, for the command of the army which was then in the vicinity of Richmond—at that time threatened by the approach of the Union forces under the command of McClellan—and found himself opposed to McClellan, his old companion in arms, and whose character and skill as a commander he well knew. The issue of these contests is to the withdrawal of McClellan from in front of Richmond, and the transfer of the army from Harrison's Landing to the neighborhood of Washington.

In August following occurred the disastrous campaign of Pope, and the entry of the Confederate army into Maryland and Pennsylvania, its defeat at Antietam, and consequent retreat into Virginia.

In December, 1862, Gen. Lee fought Burnside at Fredericksburg, and in May, 1863, Hooker at Chancellorsville; and in many memorable engagements in the course of the ensuing campaign his old wonderful skill in strategy and indomitable resolution were conspicuously displayed.

In person Gen. Lee is tall, his frame is well knit, his countenance pleasing, his manners gentle, and his habits singularly abstemious. In victory as in defeat he maintains the same equable, quiet demeanor; and his perfect self-command, humanity, devotion and courage have won for him the love of all among his troops and enemies as in the army that he commanded, and among the people who came him as their own.

A VISIT TO THE BONIN ISLANDS.

Our in the Eastern Seas, about 10 degrees due south of Japan, lie some from the great high-roads of commerce, and the waters of the Bonin Islands never broken into foam by the restless paddles of a steamer; where no sail, and newspapers a thing unthought of, there lies a group of islands, known by but few outside that hardly bend of mariners who, in charge of whaling ships, have set the Southern to the world's end, and brave alike the fiery calms of the equator, and the icy gales of the polar regions.

And yet there are reasons why one, at least, of this group, should be better known, for it is United States property, and, I believe, the only one outside of our continent, held by our Government.

I would not have the Government know that it owns it! The group consists of 6 or 10 mountains, that, upheaved by volcanic action, have broken their backs on the upper world, and around whose bases the coral insects, undisturbed, have built their wondrous structures.

"Once upon a time" a line of steamers was projected to ply the ports of Japan and Oregon, and was chosen these great marts of the West and East—San Francisco and Shanghai.

Coaling depots, *en route*, were necessary, and from their position, these islands were suitable.

It remained for the Government, in safe and good harbors, and other regulates, they were as well adopted. To this end Commodore Perry detailed the ship-of-war Supply, coal, crockery, and stores to the depot. Arriving one fine morning at the largest of the group, a cove was found, and there, on shore, and a cool-one pleasant fellow, dressed in a sailor's suit of duegree, claimed up the offered man-rope, and in fair English introduced himself as master of the Government Coal Second pilot, and through his good skill the ship soon lay over the coal-beds, and was soon snugly anchored in Port Loyd Harbor.

Here was found, shut in from the hundred seas, a little, land-locked bay, perhaps a hundred yards across, the males, mostly run-away sailors from whale ships; the females, from the neighboring inhabited islands, Kanakas predominating.

They had an elected Governor, formed a constitution, laws and Supreme Court, Secretary, an old New Englander, was Governor, and maintained the dignity of the office by wearing a white wiver; but, being at least one more than were owned by any of his people. The islanders seemed perfectly contented. They were in possession of a fine harbor, and some luxuries, in the lightful climate, neither hot nor cold; fertile land, that produced all the tropical fruits and grains—sweet potatoes, yams, corn, onions, bananas, oranges, shaddocks—in short, the fruits of the temperate zone beyond—and, in large quantities, to supply not only their own wants, but to enable them to carry on their trade with vessels touching with them, including wild hogs and goats, the progeny of some pairs of each let loose upon the island and sharps, which, increased, and are so eager to be caught that there is hardly any excitement in their capture. The Kanakas, too, were fine specimens of manhood, and would, in a few years, be a valuable people for the Empire.

The coloring were desirous that the United States depot should be located on their island, but the harbor was not well protected from the waves, particularly by a heavy typoon (from Chinese Ty-fung, great wind), that sprung up, I believe, annually, with some few days and tornado bound, was driven nearly an eighth of a light; the Supply was moved to Deep-Bay (which was found and borne by the waves well up ashore, and then, the Supply being hove down, was soon ready for sea.

This gale cost us heavily! Lieut. John Mathews, one of the officers, had gone ashore to spend the Sabbath, and the morning on a hunting excursion to a neighboring island. The gale came on, and prevented his boat from they left the ship, and, in high spirits, laughingly bid adieu to their companions. They did not know that they parted with the world for ever. The tempest came down on them with terrific force, and, with every means of search known, but no trace or sign of the boat but remains of the wreck, which floated through the bay, and her bones, with an hundred more eyes scanning the waters in a field, but not a trace of them could be found. Poor fellow, he was born and raised in Washington, and his father, a clerk in the Navy Department, received the dreadful intelligence of the loss of his son. The letter of the notice of breaches, while here and there a hide-bound trunk, with the name of the owner painted upon it, told of the dreadful fate of the loved ones.

On landing, we were surprised to find traces of Indian occupation. Here and there, beneath the trees, lowered in cross groves, and nestling sung in a little hollow, was a rude stone altar, moss-grown and ruined, and soon after their owners greeted us, and made us free of their homes. We encountered of "Tommy Ecoun," a rough, unlettered English sailor, whose hard features had been softened by the gentle influences of a dusky-clad that crossed his truculent face; and Robinson, a half-breed Kanaka, equally well-educated and polished in manner.

Tommy possessed one wife, and no children. Robinson, two wives (all Hyven Island Indians) and three children, Tommy's wife, according to Indian custom, for they had lived some 12 years on the island. Of their children, one was a boy of about 10 years of age, and a quaintance led us to presume that each had in some form or other undergone the ceremony of initiation into second-class privates. They made us very welcome, and, after a hearty meal of fish, fruit, and vegetables, the coco-nut cups, fried in turtle-oil, fish, sweet potatoes, and bread-fruit, and other good things, to a native fire, which our "salt horse" and pork were gladly bestowed and received.

After pitching our tents, exploration was the order of the first day, and while some took to the guns—on the highest of which "Jimmy Ecoun" planted our boundary—others resorted to the woods in search of game; others to the bay for fish; and some, yes, most of the Miss Jackets, by "George's" claim, where they found rum enough to give all hands a "jolly-tuck-in," and to remove the night-blooms. Fortunately for our future comfort, one night's drinking exhausted the stock on hand.

Vast piles of splendid fish of all sorts, size and shape, a pack of eager and decoy, a few ducks, and a kind

Boston of the well-known writer, who has already a reputation as a writer of a most enviable stamp. Lucy Aiken is a descendant, from Dr. Aiken, the literary, pleasantly told in natural language, and one of the books that is everywhere will read with satisfaction.

Or the 20th of January a trial of endurance, as well as of speed, with regard to the relative merits of the English and Hungarian horses in hot climates, took place in the desert between Cairo and Suez. The horses belonging to Prince Hohenlohe, and an English horse, the property of Mr. Sunet, started together from Cairo, and the distance, 134 miles, thirty seconds a. m., and at three hours eight minutes and 30 seconds p. m. the Hungarian horse had actually traversed the distance of 96 miles in seven hours, fifty-two minutes, and thirty seconds, while the English competitor broke down nearly 18 miles from the winning post.

POTATOES IN FRANCE.—It is related that one day, in the time of Louis XVI., a gentleman was put into Parmentier's hand for a chemical purpose. He examined it with care, and, suspecting its excellence, ordered it was employed as food. "For cattle, sir?" asked the servant. "No, for men," was the reply. He had judges—they discovered truffles; why not follow the hint which had been accepted by the cattle alone?" The professor assured him that the root was quite unfit for human food. The gentleman was not to be persuaded from making the investigation. Inviting two or three friends to dine with him, he served up potatoes, he boiled a pot of potatoes, and enjoyed them much, and they, too, and the next day had a dish of potatoes at table, and found them, as Parmentier had declared, a most delicious and wholesome food. He thoroughly upon him some angry criticisms from the "friends of the people," who considered that the proposed experiments —thanks to Parmentier—to be fed on food for swine. But the Parmentier's practical view of the question satisfied, and the potato became an "institution" of the house-hold of France, and of the world.

POSITION IS EVERYTHING.—We wish to call the attention of our readers to the curious picture on page 5 of this week's paper, entitled "Position is Everything." It is a wonderful instance of what position does. The picture is a most amusing one, and presents a completely unintelligible appearance; but, by lowering the eye of the picture, and looking at it from a certain point, you were seeing whether the lines were straight, words and letters. The principle of the picture is to have been discovered by the late Professor of England, Lord Stanhope, and is called anamorphosis. It is a very curious—and, indeed, quite clever—he had no doubt about it, which has appeared from time to time, and other ages had to be signalized. It will be observed that in forming the figure one portion is carried towards the left hand, and forming in the same manner, other words appear. This could be carried to almost an indefinite extent, and might form a valuable method of carrying on communications during a siege. It is not now principles—or, rather, an old principle newly applied—but it makes a peculiar and new application of some of the most difficult ideas with which artists have to engage. The removal of a picture from its proper point of view is the principle of anamorphosis. It is something different to what we have been in the habit of seeing.



SPRING FASHIONS FOR 1866.—DRAWN AND ENGRAVED FROM MODELS EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—*Walking Costume*—Empire Bonnet of shirred violet satin, trimmed with a scarf of tulle and white feathers. Gabrielle dress of violet silk, trimmed with bands of velvet, which simulate a tunic, cut in points. Coat-sleeves ornamented to match the skirt.

FIG. 2.—*Indoor Costume*—Venetian head-dress, composed of cluny guipure and blue velvet ribbon. Jacket of blue silk or thin blue cloth, with a basque, cut in points. The trimming consists of jet drop buttons.

FIG. 3.—*Afternoon Dress* of silver gray silk, looped up with tabs, trimmed with cherry velvet ribbon and mother-of-pearl buttons, depending from a belt similarly ornamented. Petticoat trimmed with a narrow ruffle, and two rows of cherry velvet, with a lattice-work between of narrow black velvet. High round waist. Coat-sleeves, trimmed the same as the skirt.

FIG. 4.—*Dinner Dress* of the Spring shade of green silk. High corsage, with a round basque and coat-sleeves, trimmed with cluny guipure, and ornamented with fancy buttons. The fall of cluny guipure, which ornaments the skirt, is put on high in front, but gradually, toward the back, reaches within a few inches from the bottom of the skirt.

CHURCH OF THE COVENANT,
Corner Park Avenue and 35th Street.
Rev. Dr. Prentiss.

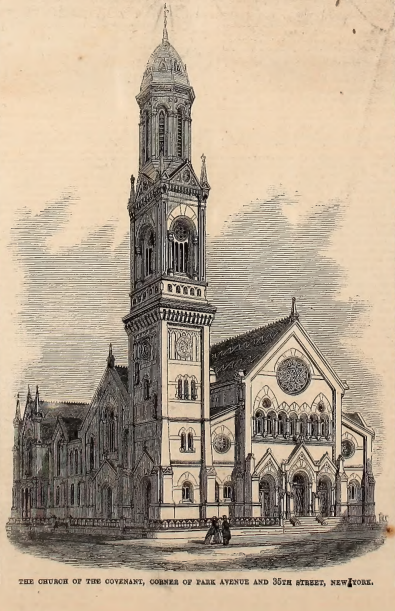
THE Church of the Covenant, just finished by the Presbyterian congregation, under the pastoral of the Rev. Dr. Prentiss, is second to none of the many churches erected during the last ten years in the metropolis, either in architectural design or substantial workmanship. It is modled from the round-arch churches of Italy, though the design itself is original.

The illustration is taken from a photograph, furnished by the architects, which, in its turn, was taken from a very artistically-executed water-color drawing, and represents the church as it was originally conceived, and is proposed to be completed, namely, with the campanile at the angle and almost detached from the church.

The church is situated on the corner of Park Avenue and 35th street, and is 92 feet long by 67 wide, inside measurement; and, with the assistance of galleries, provides sittings for 1,100 persons. The lecture-room and Sunday school-rooms—rooms for pastor and trustees, are in a building 26 by 85, occupying the lot in the rear of the church, and with its front on 35th street, and forming part of the church itself in its architectural treatment. The frescoes, of which the building is faced, is from the Belleville quarries of New Jersey, and arranged by the use of the two tints from the same quarries so as to enhance the general design, and throw into prominence the architectural details of the structure.

The interior of the building is simple and harmonious in the treatment, both of color and other details. Iron columns are employed to sustain both roof and galleries; and though columns of any kind are considered objectionable by the modern school of church-goers and church-builders, still there is no church yet built in New York, where the roof rests upon the side walls, which can be pronounced an architectural success, and indeed where it does not produce a positive baldness of effect, and which the prospective of a colonade does so far to obviate. Even enrichment and carefully studied details will not supply the loss. In the case of the Church of the Covenant the lightness of the columns are very little impediment to seeing and none at all to hearing the preacher distinctly.

They are treated honestly as iron should be, and no one can mistake the material, by graining in black walnut or veining like Siena marble. Color, decided but harmonious, is used, and designs in relief are cast solid upon the shafts. The joining is principally of black walnut, and where the white pine shows, it is simply stained and varnished. The mason is Mr. John J. Tucker. The carpenters, Messrs. J. and G. Van Nostrand. The stone-cutter and owner of the quarries, Mr. William Joyce. The color decorations were by Messrs. Lamb. The architects are Messrs. Renwick & Sands.



THE CHURCH OF THE COVENANT, CORNER OF PARK AVENUE AND 35TH STREET, NEW YORK.

A SINGULAR LUNATIC.

TRAVELERS on the East River and Sound steamboats, as they enter Hurl Gate on their passage from the metropolis, invariably have their attention drawn to a strange structure on the extremity of Blackwell's Island.

A fort there stands, such as the pupils of a military school might be imagined to have erected for amusement. Toy-like as it seems, it is rendered imposing by the mouths of several terrific-looking cannon which project from its sides. A nearer approach, and alarm departs; they are discovered to be merely wooden dummies; while an oddly-built shanty, submerged in foliage, attracts the gaze, and assures one of the peaceful nature of the proprietor.

Robinson Crusoe is forcibly presented to the mind by a close examination; the drawbridges, the moat, the ponderous mass of masonry supporting the back of the cottage, bring to the memory the old story of Crusoe's fear of the savages and preparations for defense. One expects each moment to see a goat dart out from the bushes, and when the odd figure of the owner of the habitation appears, swells also the arrival of "his man Friday."

But Mr. Thomas Maxey is his own man Friday. All the extensive work indicated in the engraving, is of his own doing. Unaided he has drained the marsh, dug turf for the embankment of his fort and the long avenue leading to it. Alone he has conveyed large blocks of stone to the interior of his edifice, and built of them a magazine or cellar. The masonry of the grand entrance is, as well as its design, solely of Tom's construction; so, too, are the queer architectural adornments in wood-work with which the establishment is filled. Continuous, persistent endeavor explains the accomplishment of so much in the space of three years, and the "improvements" are still progressing. Mr. Maxey's inventive skill is not yet exhausted.

A brother eccentric occupies the building seen on the left of the fort. It is merely a fisherman's hut, containing an oven—for Rudson's existence is devoted to depriving the piscatory tribe of theirs. Mr. Maxey considers him his tenant, and smiles benignly upon his ignoble, idle life.

One great reason of Thomas's activity in building and "improving," is the idea he entertains of the certainty of a vast fortune finally resulting from his efforts. The city authorities will, in due time, he considers, appreciate the nature of his achievement, its great value to the city, and purchase the whole at his valuation. All visitors, of course, humor him in this notion, which he inevitably broaches, for it is the idea uppermost in his mind. Tom will not, however, be the first victim of a senseless ambition.

Although he is always busily engaged either in digging, planting, plastering, brick-laying, building and designing, or taking an account of stock, he is of an extremely hospitable disposition, and delights in visitors.

Hospitable did I say? Hospitality in him is a virtue of value, and must be paid for. He will, indeed, stop working upon the entrance of a stranger into his territory, and point out to him all the points of greatest interest, but payment, he judges, is his due for his trouble. Not a few 10 cent stamps thus find their way into his purse, and occasionally some wall-to-do great presents him dollars. Tom may, perhaps, be worth, in ready money, full $30, though in real estate, as he himself says, his possessions are incalculable.

Unless the visitor be gifted with a fine fancy and is able to represent himself as being what he is not, it is always best to comply with Tom's demands for his fee for "showing the improvements." He will, otherwise, become abusive in the extreme, and his eloquence is of a most aggravating and persistent nature. The writer invariably declares himself an officer of state, a civil engineer, sent out by authorities at Washington to examine the colonel's fort and report thereupon. He thus receives double the amount of attention usually shown by the proprietor, and no charge is made.

If the non-paying visitor's dress be fashionable and elegant, Tom will content himself with expostulation, entreaty and threats; but should the apparel denote that his gues does not belong to the higher orders of society, Tom's indignation is duly shown by a shower of stones and earth. He not unfrequently in his rage drives his frightened debtors into the marsh, stands on the embanked road, and pelts them to his satisfaction, or until the officers of the asylum are obliged to go to the rescue. No trespassing is allowed on his grounds.

Illegi[illegible] at times appear. The oddity of the

structure causes small boats to stop at the fort during the summer; but did the owners know of the penalty to be exacted should they be discovered, they would be less eager to satisfy their curiosity respecting Fort Maxey. A fine of $50 hangs over their heads. To a more complete understanding of Tom's character and mental attributes, we must refer into conversation with him.

"Mr. Maxey, glad to see you again. The work goes bravely on, eh?"

"Yes; I'm finishing this addition to the house. Strong stone-work, you see. If I'm attacked, you know, I can retreat into my wooden house there; and if then the enemy follow, I can retire into this fortification and keep them all at bay. They'd have to come one by one, and I'm almost each one as he appeared."

"Oh! that's your ride, is it?"

"Yes; that's a first-rate gun; only wants a little cleaning."

He exhibits a rusty fire-lock of antediluvian date, of which the trigger is gone, and the stock is splintered.

"Pish—! that's not worth a cent for defense, Mr. Maxey."

"Oh, yes, it is—good gun. You see here is the barrel; put the powder in here, ram it down, then balls; but stones are good, too; then touch it off with a match!"

"And burst it and yourself?"

"You don't think it would, do you? Mr. —— gave it to me; said it belonged to his great grandfather, and was all through the Revolutionary war. Well, perhaps I shan't have to use it, but it's a nice thing to have in the magazine."

"Well, yes, it looks well there; fine relic of antiquity."

Tom deposits the ridiculous rubbish carefully in its corner. Since it has been in his possession, he not infrequently takes it out for an airing. Rip Van Winkle, on his return to his village after his sleep of years, is forcibly presented to the mind of one who sees him. A modern Don Quixote, he is well equipped for the wild-goose chases in which he continually participates.

Thus far Tom seems only a grown-up child. Like a boy, he delights in all the semblances of the appurtenances of manhood. He builds a toy fort, and, in imagination, bids defiance to all rebel rams and privateers; he constructs mimic drawbridges and triumphal arches, and in fancy is a distinguished engineer and architect; he attends about with an old musket (of which the condition would silence all alarm in the weak-minded of old Indies), and thinks himself the terror of all observers.

But there is another phase of Tom's character yet to be developed in our talk—it is his extraordinary conceit.

Tom seems to consider his intellectual faculties to be of the highest order. Nothing has been done that he cannot equal—nothing exists upon which he is not well-informed. His style of discourse, indeed, when a puzzling question is propounded to him, seems to imply his belief that his questioner must necessarily be much more ignorant than himself; and that, although he knows nothing of the point broached, he can still maintain this intellectual supremacy before others by talking in a learned manner, which they cannot comprehend. He will, on such occasions, deliver, with the utmost volubility, the most execrable nonsense. All his reminiscences of scientific words and mythological names, are jumbled together in hideous confusion, while he assumes the manner of an oracle. His eyes are fixed on vacancy, as though the words he utters were thoughts of the deepest and most valuable description. He emulates the Priestess of Delphi in his rapt and inspired air; foam gathers on his lips as he proceeds. If words could overwhelm an opponent, he would be annihilated; but Tom Maxey.

Declare to him that you have heard, on good authority, that the moon is made of green cheese, and ask his opinion concerning it, and he will address you with a flood of the most rare oratory.

But the subject on which his ideas are most valuable and entertaining is this:

"Where there is simple being, without state or existence, is it not better not to be than not?"

"I didn't quite catch your meaning. What did you say?"

The formula is repeated for his benefit with extreme rapidity, and apparent indignation.

"I'm sure it's plain enough, Mr. Maxey. Do you wish to shirk an answer?"

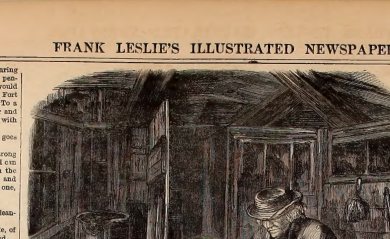
"Shirk! No! of course not. Where there is simple being—state—existence—not—not be. To be where you are, sir, is of just as much importance as the government will allow. Spaminondas was the author of a great nation; geology, too, is a good thing in its way; still, why will any government do so duty. My claims are to the amount of sixty thousand. I believe you are a government man, and I with——"

"Will you stick to the question? I asked you if——"

"Stick—existence—yes, yes. Caledonia and the Marquis of Westminster have a very—the Marquis of, West minster is the richest man in the world. I tell you, sir Apollo and Juno, in the mysterious doxology or cosmogony of the Eastern Hemisphere, ought not to have allowed the Siamese twins to lead a separate exist ence——"

"Mr. Maxey, again I ask you, 'Is it not better not to be than not?' Why will you not try to delude me?"

"Is it not to be—not—not—not?"



INTERIOR OF MAXEY'S QUARTERS, FORT MAXEY, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

Tom looks wearied, but plunges again, in *medias res*, like a man combating with an invisible spirit.

But the reader, not having Tom's expressive countenance before him, will grow weary of the verbiage sooner than did the writer.

Being desirous of taking his portrait, I showed Mr. Maxey the sketches I had made about his grounds, and asked him if he would be so kind as to allow me to add his likeness to the collection; and I expatiated at length upon the benefits that would accrue to him from an extension of his fame.

He examined the drawings with a curious eye, and finally consented, with a most condescending air.

As I proceeded, his vanity showed itself in new eagernesses and attitudes each moment; and when I was half through my task he suddenly turned away, rushed to a shelf in his habitation, donned an old straw hat instead of the cap he were when I commenced, and asked to be taken in that. It gave him a more industrious look, he said. It made him look like the originator of the great work on which we were—his fort, etc. He wore the gay cap he had on when I entered merely to please visitors; distinguished people came to see him, and should be received with honors.

This idea, however, did not continue long in his brain, for, as I brought my sketch to the finishing stroke, he asked, abruptly, if I could draw a horse?

I told him I thought I had that ability.

He then suggested that if I placed him on a fine prancing steed, and decorated his cap on his head, with a feather in it, and if I put epaulets on his shoulders and a sword in his hand, I would make a finer picture than the one I had completed.

It wouldn't, of course, be he, as he then was; but as he would look when he obtained his claims from Government, and traveled through Europe, living on his fortune.

I told him of Cincinnatus at his plow, and General Washington leading the retired life of a private gentleman, and left him delighted with the comparison, and perfectly willing I should submit to the public the likeness I had obtained.

WHAT is it we all say we frequently will do, and no one has ever yet do? Stop a minute.



MR. THOMAS MAXEY, PROPRIETOR OF FORT MAXEY, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

GREAT FANCY DRESS AND MASQUERADE BALL

At Minot Hall, Boston, Mass.

THE hub of the universe has been showing what it could do in the way of a little gathering, just to illustrate that it did not wish to be very far beyond New York, and one cannot help thinking that she has succeeded in showing that fact.

The ball came off on the evening of February 27th, and without being a crowd, was comfortably full.

The company began to assemble at about quarter-past eight o'clock, and there were constant acquisitions to the number until nearly midnight. Nearly all were masked before reaching the hall, to which they were conveyed in carriages. There was, of course, a curious crowd gathered upon the sidewalk in front of the entrance to get a glimpse of the parties as they alighted. After entering the hall the parties were conducted into a reception-room where conveniences for arranging the toilets were provided, and from thence they were taken separately before the Committee of Arrangements and unmasked, and their names and the character of their costumes recorded. After passing through this ceremony they proceeded to the ball-room, where the festivities of the evening commenced about half-past nine. The music was most excellent, consisting of the most fashionable waltzes, quadrilles, &c., for which the party are indebted to the superior talent and skill of the Germania Band, which was led by Mr. James White. After the opening march, as the multitude filed into the hall, the stated programme of the evening was commenced.

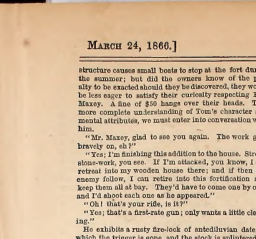
The party was the closing one of a series of four, which have been most admirably managed by Messrs. Charles D. Woodbury and Joseph S. Wall. These gentlemen, at the request of the subscribers, undertook to make the closing sociable attractive by giving to it the character of a fancy masquerade party. They discharged their duty most acceptably, for, of the many similar balls held in the same hall, none have surpassed it in the elegance of the costumes, the number present, or the excellence of the many minor details, which inured to every one present an evening of uninterrupted pleasure.

At midnight, when the motley party had enjoyed themselves with great satisfaction in promenading and dancing, the call for supper came with a welcome sound. The tables were set in the Hall above, under the management of Messrs. Charles D. Woodbury and Joseph S. Wall, and the caterer, Mr. J. Dowling, had arranged there everything which could please the taste or tempt the appetite. The boards were magnificently decorated with flowers and bouquets from the conservatory of Mr. James Murray.

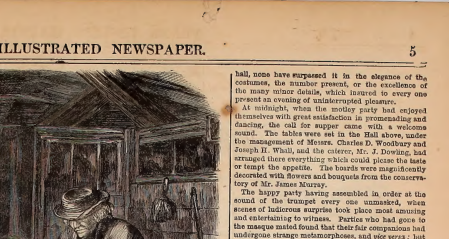
The happy party having assembled in order at the sound of the trumpet every one unmasked, when scenes of ludicrous surprise took place most amusing and entertaining to witness. Parties who had gone to the masque mated found that their fair companions had undergone strange metamorphoses, and vice versa; but all tended to pleasure and fun, which held high court with unquestioned regnant power.

After supper the ball been appeased, the dance was resumed with renewed vigor and enthusiasm, and continued until three o'clock in the morning, when the party dispersed to their homes, with many thoughts of the South End Sociable Masquerade, which certainly will bear many repetitions, and which was carefully and jealously divested of everything which could mar the chastest social pleasure.

As usual on such occasions, there were several amusing cases of mistaken identity, and at the unmasking hour great surprise was manifested by more than one gentleman, that his chosen partner for several dances was not the lady which he had flattered himself he knew. One singular instance took place which mystified all the participants. A gentleman and his lady had made arrangements to leave the couple at the door at the ball, and give them a description of the dominoes which they should wear. On entering the dressing-room the gentleman discovered an old friend, a perfect stranger to his promise, proposed to change their dominoes, and it was done, and the lady entered the hall under the escort of her supposed lord and master. After the usual promenade, the jersey left the lady, mumbling some excuses, and seeking the dressing-room, prevailed upon a third gentleman to exchange dominoes with him, and thus equipped, again entered the hall. The third gentleman was at once seized upon by the wife, who ruled him for leaving her alone. This surprise was great, but continuing it was part of the play, he said nothing, and danced several times with the lady, whom he fathered himself about have become peculiarly struck



GRAND ENTRANCE TO FORT MAXEY.



FORT MAXEY—UNWELCOME VISITORS.

with his appearance. The real husband would occasion ally appear, and urge No. 3 "to keep it up," which No. 3 did till the masks were removed, when he discovered that the lady was one who years ago had given him the mitten. The bona-fide husband was thunderstruck to see his wife arm-in-arm with her former gallant, while the mischief-maker of the quartet was looking in at the door to see the denouement of the affair. As the party came together and enjoyed a hearty laugh, it was only another illustration that "all's well that ends well."

The couple whom they had sought to mest had selected two others as their supposed friends, and they, too, enjoyed assistance when they discovered their mistake.

The renowned three-legged man, from the Morris Brothers' Opera House, was present, and created much merriment during the early part of the evening. He participated in a quadrille, collision and a waltz, and these probably fatigued him so much that he was obliged to withdraw. He was succeeded soon, however, by the dancing giraffe, who, with his head towering a dozen feet or less above the rest, danced in a lively manner all around the spacious hall. A great many tried in vain to establish the identity of those who operated these mysterious creatures.

Who are they? was a question often heard concerning four young gentlemen, all of about the same physical stature, and all arrayed in a uniform domino costume of a gray red, with a large red cross upon the capes. One would make an engagement with a lady to dance, another of these would find it out, and immediately pass himself as the party to whom the engagement was made, and in nine cases out of ten he succeeded in obtaining her as his partner for the next set—of course, much to the disappointment of the party whose first made the engagement. There were four or five ladies also, arrayed exclusively in beautiful pink dominoes, who were frequently taken one for the other, and constantly puzzling the gentlemen to whom they might be engaged for a dance. Much amusement flowed from these sources.

POWER OF THE MOON AT NIGHT.—The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night." Mr. Crane, in his lectures on the latter, observes that the effect of the moonlight upon the eyes, by night, is singularly injurious. The natives tell you, as I afterward found they did in Arabia, to always cover your eyes when you sleep in the open air. It is rather strange that the passage in the Psalms, "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night," should have been thus illustrated, as the allusion seems direct. The moon here really strikes and affects the sight when you sleep exposed to it, much more than the sun—a fact of which I had very unpleasant proofs one night, and took good care to guard against it afterward. Indeed, the sight of the person who should sleep with his face exposed at night would be impaired, or utterly destroyed.

THE ICE-KING'S MESSENGERS.

BY C. D. GARDETTE.

I.

THE Ice-King sits on his crystal throne,
In the Polar night of the frozen zone,
Sombre, and silent, and all alone.

The North-wind sweeps with a ghostly train,
Through wailing forest and shuddering plain
Into the Ice-King's dark domain.

To the Monarch's snow-wreathed feet it flies;
Bitter cold gleam the despot's eyes:
"How hath thy mission sped?" he cries.

"Full well!" saith the Blast, in a tempest tone;
"I have smitten the land from zone to zone,
And the streams in their frosty fetters groan.

"I have laughed me hoarse with a deadly mirth,
As I sat thy brand on the pauper's hearth;
And the dead lie stark on the frozen earth.

"The ghastly shrond that thou bad'st me fling,
Lies cold white on the soul, O King!
This is the carnival news I bring!"

The Blast dies out in a bitter moan:
The Ice-King sits on his crystal throne,
Sombre, and silent, and all alone.

II.

From swaying forest, and slumbering plain,
The South-wind sweeps with a merry train
Into the Ice-King's bleak domain.

To the Monarch's feet it hastens now:
The ice-crown shakes on the despot's brow:
"Malapert whistler, whence com'st thou?"

The South-wind sings, with a fearless glee:
"I have journeyed the land from sea to sea,
And spite of the fetters, the streams flow free.

"I laughed me wild with a jocund peal,
As I marked the skaters' glittering reel,
And the clear, blithe ring of the glancing steel.

"The earth hath a bridal robe of snow,
And the air is satin with a silver flow
Of sound, as the sleigh-chimes come and go.

"I heard, as I sped, a mother sing
Her babe to sleep with a song of spring!
This is the carnival news I bring!"

The South-wind's song in a whisper dies,
And up from the verge of the Polar skies
To the Ice-King's throne, the sunbeams rise!

Bernardo.

BY ALICE LOVELL.

IT was the close of an October day, cool and hazy, like many other autumn days. The frost had not colored his warpings to the forest, where he had undisputed sway, but had ventured in among the brick walls of the city. And now, when the autumn sun was setting, he saw a scene which almost rivaled his own splendor, the changed foliage of the trees. Still the shadows crept on apace, and silently the gold and crimson leaves drifted down, covering the sidewalk and the stone steps of the merchant's mansion, and they nestled around the form of a child who sat there, as if they would cover his rags. Now a gayly-dressed maple-leaf lit upon the little torn cap, and sat there mockingly, forming a beautiful contrast to the petty curls that clustered underneath. He looked a not. They might have covered him with their gorgeous colors, and he would not have known it; he was so busy thinking—strange occupation, for a child.

But he has made up his mind to something, for he gets up slowly and ascends the steps. At the last one he pauses. The closed door rises up forbiddingly before him, and the silver door-plate and bell-pull seem to gaze at him scornfully. He thinks he will turn around and go back; but just then the door opens, and the rooster of the mansion makes his appearance. Perhaps he came to the door to look for some one he was expecting, and perhaps he came, like we do sometimes, because he had nothing else to do; at any rate, he came, and there lay the boy, his eyes met, and the trembling form of the boy, with his dark, eloquent eyes raised imploringly, and the small, red lips trying to say something.

In the meantime, the gentleman, whom one would call about forty years of age, with gray eyes and brown hair, had been looking at the child with an amused expression, and at length said:

"Well, little boy, what'll you have?"

"Please, sir," he began, "could I—may I come and work?" I would do anything."

"You! You are not old enough to work."

"I am nine, sir," said the child, with a conscious pride, as if that were an age of maturity.

"Where is your mother and father?"

"Haven't got any, sir," this time with a quivering lip. "My mother died on the ship, coming over the ocean from Italy. Mamma never told much about papa, except that he went away off somewhere, when I was only a baby, and never came back. She said something about finding him when we left home, and went on the big boat."

The child was reassured by the gentleman's look of interest, and continued:

"When she ship stopped here, I was all alone; and every one said I was in the way, so I came off with the rest of the folks."

"But what did you do after you landed?"

"Oh, I had a little money that a kind gentleman, on the boat gave me, so I tried to sell papers; but the big boys knew how so much better than I, and sometimes, when they had sold all theirs, they used to snatch mine and run around the corner. But sometimes they were real good, and used to give me something to eat when I was hungry, and that is not to be a 'spooney.' I didn't know what they meant, though, when they said that."

The gentleman's gravity broke down toward the latter part of the story. The boy told it all with such childish earnestness.

"But why did you come here?" he said, kindly.

"I was hungry, sir, and I knew that you must be rich, you lived in such a nice house."

"Come in," he said, leading the way to a nicely furnished sitting-room, and ringing the bell at seeing. A bright-eyed little girl dropped the kitten which she was playing with, and sprang to the interior. She was the only child of Mr. Harrison, four years old, and the probable heiress to his property.

"Here, Nellie," he said, addressing his wife, "what do you think I found out at the door? A young chap trying to find a lucrative situation; or, in other words, asking me for work."

Here Mr. H. indulged in a good, hearty laugh, much to the discomfort of the boy, who stood in the middle of the floor, twisting his cap in the little thin fingers, too much embarrassed to look up. In a few words the gentleman had told the child's story to his wife; but he added, "He may be an impostor."

"He does not look like one—I am sure he is not," she said, softly. "Are you mamma, little boy?" she said, stooping down, and taking one of the little hands in her own.

"Bernardo Travetti."

"Oh, do let him stay?" broke in little Grace, who had crept up, shyly, by her mother. "He would play with me so nice. And hasn't he got pretty curls?"

Mrs. Harrison smiled at the child's eagerness, and, after considering a moment, she said:

"He is a little, homeless, ragged child; let us take him in, and save him from starvation or a fate's end? We have a home, and can afford it."

"Well, well," said the gentleman, "you and Grace are too much for me; you have my consent. Well, Pussy," and he took the child on his knee, what would you do if he should stay?"

"I would have him for my brother, oh! Well, we'll see about that, if he behaves himself."

"Oh, I know he will!" interposed, gravely.

From that day Bernardo became domiciled in Mr. Harrison's house. He soon won the good graces of the cook and housemaid by his ready obedience to all orders. He became Grace's fast friend, and many were the chats they had on the stairways and in the corners of the kitchen, while she listened, in open-mouthed wonder, to his stories of the "big ship," and adventures with the newsboys.

By-and-by they began to talk of adopting little Benny, as Grace had nicknamed him. They both loved the child already, and he had returned that by his love for Grace, and the fact of his being a little, homeless stranger, whose only friend slept at the bottom of the ocean, made their hearts bind to him, and they grew to consider as their own son the child, with his slight foreign accent and very Italian name.

Years glide on at the brown-stone house, and twelve autumns have scattered to the winds their gorgeous leaves, and have come to have crowns with their soft drifting snows, and covered the dead foliage with a pure white mantle. There is still a bright-eyed child at the brown-stone house, although Grace has "got big," as little Minnie says, and gone away to school. Bernardo has been through college, and graduated, too, with many honors. He is coming home to-morrow, and there is much bustle in the house. Some servants are busily at work fixing up those two little rooms upstairs. They were theirs before they were married, and Grace wished to have them as nice as fresh as if they had left them only yesterday. Mrs. Harrison oversees the work, happy in the thought that to-morrow her family will be reunited.

They came the next day. Grace, a sweet little maiden of sixteen, with golden curls, dark and gray eyes, like her father's, a guileless little school-girl, all dimples and blushes, but very pretty, withal. Bernardo, a tall, handsome young man, all and well formed. His dark curls and mellowing black eyes become him even better than when a child, and as Mr. Harrison declares, he looks every inch a man.

Grace's short vacation soon sped by, and she would go back to the seclusion more of school, only interspersed by short vacations.

Mr. Trevor was installed book-keeper in his kind benefactor's counting-room, and Grace wondered with that he should one day take his place. So, the young man came and went, day after day, and the brightness seemed to be often, merely varying his course from those two points; while Mr. H. was wont to declare that he was "terribly settled down, and getting old." Bernardo was waiting for the time when the "little school-girl," as he called her, should come home, and bring sunlight into the old brown house. Sometimes, in the quiet of the office, there would float out a little sigh, and before the columns of the ledger there would come a face with beautiful, soft gray eyes, and lips of melting tenderness, in spite of everything. He would go back and add the column over again, scolding himself for being so foolish.

Father Time is very kind to us sometimes, for he brings back to us those we love. And this is was that the June roses and buttercups brought back to the old homestead of Bernardo's boyish dreams. She had grown more womanly now, but time had only ripened her beauty.

Bernardo was passionately fond of music, as he was of everything beautiful; he had inherited it with his mother's impulsive nature. He would sit for hours listening to Grace's playing, for she knew how to bring out with expression those grand old Masses of Mozart and Handel. Once, particularly, when she had played one commonly used in the Catholic church, as she stopped, he beckoned for her to go on. When, at last, she stopped from sheer exhaustion, he spoke:

"I had very strange thoughts. They seemed more like a dream than a reverie; for there rose up distinctly before me the little chapel in Italy where I have been so many times with my mother. There was the grand entrance over the door, and clinging lovingly around the little marble image of the Virgin; and through the gothic windows came the sweet sounds of the organ. Of course it was all fancy, but it seemed very real, and never, since I left that dear little village on the Arno, had I had some back to me so distinctly as now. I suppose it was because you were playing that Mass, that I had been thinking of my mother, as I was a child. Oh, Grace, if I live I shall go back there some day, to see if it looks as it did when I left. When you go with me, little one" holding the tiny white hand in his own, and looking up in the downcast eyes. There was no answer. "Wouldn't you go to Italy with me, and come back with me, and always stay with me, and be mine for ever?" He drew the little hand up closer, and waited for an answer. Then softly there floated out on the stillness of the room the answer to his question:

"Yes, stay with you always." The dawn of their new life had come. The red-breast of love sang carolling on the flowers. And Grace had lain her head on Bernardo's shoulder, and wept happy tears, the baptismal dew of the opening bud.

* * * * * * *

Christmas Day; how, like a benediction, the snow lies on the earth, covering everything pure and white, and covering all dark and unsightly places. But the most beautiful feature of all was the holiday of the season, as the child knows. Now they rang-ont, clear, loud, and triumphant, filling the whole air with their volumes of sound, and so sing-ing as they have done since the days of the praises of the great Saviour of mankind. Now, the sounds became lower and more musical, as the angels sang to the shepherds, in days of old.

"Peace and good will toward men." Still it grew lower and sweeter, till we almost imagine we hear the lullaby of the mother, as she hushed to sleep the child Jesus. Such days purify us, for they raise our thoughts to higher and better things—things which we forget if it were not for such the calm and quiet of Christmas mornings and Sabbaths.

On that Christmas morning Bernardo and Grace stood by the window, listening to the chimes. They were very happy in each other. Bernardo had returned to bear their happiness since their engagement. And Mrs. Harrison were only too happy to see united the two beings whom they loved most on earth. Thus everything had glided on quietly and smoothly; they had both lived, like all true lovers, in delicious reveries, and as now we find them on their wedding morn.

"Benny," said Grace, looking steadfastly into the handsome face, "what was that little bead ornament you wear on your neck? I just discovered it yesterday, and I have thought I would ask you several times, and then something has prevented."

"It is a miniature of my mother," he said, reverently, drawing forth a small golden case attached to a silk cord. "She put it on my neck when she was dying, and I have kept it hidden, looking it to me. I had promised sir I would be sacrilege to have less fond eyes than mine look upon it. Perhaps it was foolish, but it was to me as the relics of the saints." Grace, I intended to have shown it to you before, but something has prevented," he said, echoing her words.

The face in the miniature was a perfect model of Italian beauty—dark, lustrous eyes, wavy masses of raven hair, and such a mouth as Titian drew, and which he immortalized in his canvas. Grace went into ecstasies over her beauty, and then said, as she looked up in the manly face:

"You are very much like her. You have her eyes and hair, but, it seems to me, your forehead is like your's."

"Little flatterer!" he said, drawing her near him.

She strolled his hair with her little plump hand, as if she would deny the accusation.

"But you have not told me about your father."

Crossing over to the other side of the room, where he sat reading, she put it in his hands, at the same time answering:

"I suppose you are very curious to see this beautiful woman, and Benny's mother, too?"

"Yes," he said, "I do not suppose to see a female beauty as I was twenty years ago and above all the one, in question."

As he looked, his face suddenly changed. He grasped the picture, as if he would crush it.

"Is this your mother?" he said, almost fiercely. The young man, who stood regarding him with some surprise.

"Of course it is," and he would have added to any one but Grace's father-in-law, "do you mean to insult me?"

He gave back the picture to Bernardo, and then strode across the room.

They both noticed his strange actions and were at a loss how to account for them; but their minds soon wandered to more pleasant thoughts. That night they were to be married, and, of course, they had enough to talk about.

About five hours had passed when Mr. H. returned to the library. He was very much excited, his eyes were sunken, and his face deadly pale. Bernardo was the only one in the apartment; and, glancing hastily round, he went to the table and poured out a glass of boil.

"Tell Mrs Harrison I wish to see her," he said to the servant, who answered his summons.

Grace soon appeared. She looked from one gentleman to the other, as if she would ask an explanation.

"Sit down, child," her father said; "I have something to say to both of you."

Grace sat down by Bernardo, like a child flies to its mother when any danger threatens.

At length he spoke, but every word was full of agony.

"My children, I have sinned, but God knows I have repented a thousand times; and if your hearts are filled with abhorrence of what I shall tell you, think of what I have suffered these last few hours. The memory of a whole life-time seems crowded into them. I cannot ask you to forgive me. I have struggled hard to force myself to make this confession, and I have still a duty to do. It will let it go. Then the second thought would be—that would be wicked. It would transgress one of the Creator's laws; and, though the cup be bitter, I must drink it, for truly, 'The wages of sin is death.'

"Do not say anything. You know not what I shall tell you," he said, as he saw that his daughter was about to speak. Then, pressing his hands to his forehead, as if he would still its throbbings, he began his story:

"I was a rich man's son, and was humored to everything I might fancy. Being very fond of literature and the fine arts, I conceived an unconquerable desire to go to Italy—that land of such glowing accounts of its beautiful scenery, and sunny skies, also those great master-pieces of art with which it is stored. Accordingly, when I was about twenty-three years of age, I sailed. My voyage was prosperous, and I arrived in Italy in the early part of summer, just when the flowers are thickest, and the air sweetest. I visited Venice, and glided through its streets in a gondola, and rested beneath its noble old palaces, where the waves plashed lazily all day long, and the sun-send clung to the walls. But I must hurry on. I next visited Florence, Naples, and Leghorn. I finally stopped at a little village on the Arno. I needed rest and time to think over what I had seen, so I resolved to stay there awhile. I took a great amount of reading matter, for that was my favorite pastime, and settled down in a little cottage near the river.

"The days glided by very quietly, till one night—it had been a fete day—and in the evening the villagers were out dancing on the green, about a little apart watching them. As I looked, I noticed on the other side of the group of dancers, leaning against a tree, a figure in ecstasies. She was the most beautiful woman that I ever saw. Once her eyes met mine, and she dropped her long fringed lashes, till it almost rested on her cheek. She probably noticed my prolonged gaze, for she moved away, and mingled with the dancers. I waited with anxiety until the music stopped, and then I begged an introduction from my housekeeper, who stood near.

"Oh! she said, laughingly, leading the way. "Think she's pretty, do you? She's all alone with her mother on the other side of the green."

"The evening all women evidently spent my impatience. However, I obtained the desired introduction. And it was not until the dances were dispersed, and I had her at her mother's gate, with the permission of seeing her again. And well did I avail myself of that permission, for scarcely a day passed that we were not together.

"I worshiped at the shrine of her beauty. I became perfectly infatuated with her, and at last asked her hand in marriage, regardless of all consequences. I know well what the answer would be, for I saw that she loved me with all the vehemence of her nature.

"We were married; and that little church had never seen a lovelier bride. She had dressed to please me, and wore a pure white muslin robe, with a single waxen lily in the dark rich masses of her hair.

"The old man paused here, as if there was something sweet in the remembrance of that wedding, something too sacred to be dragged to light.

"The village girls envied my fair young bride, for she had married, as they said, 'the handsome foreigner.' Alas! they did not know me, they did not know how base I was. I busied myself teaching her the English language, which she soon spoke very well. But after a time I began to see that she was very unlike me in everything, and that our thoughts and tastes were widely different. She had read none of the best English books, and when I offered to read to her, she would shrug her pretty shoulders, and say, 'Yes, if you wish, but I like Dante better.' Anything surprised and grieved at my short answer, and sat down and sang him softly to sleep. I longed for some one to whom I could talk of much which I had buried myself for the last year. I was conscious that I never had loved her. I was only infatuated with her beauty, and her fascinations; the blind passion that had led me into such an unhappy alliance.

"When a person is about to do wrong, he unusually makes some excuse in his own mind for so doing. So I said to myself, I will leave her, for I really think she loves that simple peasant-boy, Giovani, who comes and talks with her over the garden wall, and when she does that she does not heart told me better, for she had not changed to me.

"One day I made some pretense of leaving on business, and left the little cottage never to return. I left enough money to keep her the rest of her life, for in that quiet village one did not need much if they had a garden.

"I reached home safely, and was received with great joy by my friends. I went to parties, and plunged into every scene of gayety. But sometimes, in my quiet hours, there would rise up in my mind the remembrance of a little cottage

At length he spoke, but every word was full of agony.

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under the sunny skies of Italy, and within, a lonely, solitary woman and infant boy. I had brought nothing with me to remind me of Beatrice. I had left the miniature which I always wore, one that I had painted before we were married. Thus the recollection gradually were off and ceased to haunt the entirely. I married a woman not so beautiful, but more suited for my companion through life, one who could sympathize with my thoughts."

He hesitated, as if he would fain stop there. At length he spoke:

"Bernard, dost Italian woman was your mother? The miniature which you showed me was the one I left. You two are brother and sister. Now, forgive me, if you can," he almost shrieked. "But," he continued, in a milder tone, "think God, this is my own son, whom I have loved and nurtured through these years."

The young man had risen at the latter part of the recital. Every trace of color had fled from his face, and his eyes shone like a meteor. He took a hand back into his chair again, without speaking.

"Benny," said Grace, softly, lifting her heaming eyes to his, "I will be your sister, and love you just the same."

Those gentle, loving words, touched him, and burying his face in his hands, he wept like a child.

"I have saved him," she said gently. "I was afraid he was insane, Father," she said, "but not fool. We have all sinned—some greater than others, because their temptation has been greater. Let the dead past bury its dead, and know that I, at least, forgive you."

Grace sat down on a little ottoman by the side of Bernard. He took the tiny white hand that lay in his own, and pressing it to his lips, murmured, "Little sister, tell him that I forgive him."

"My children," said the father, placing his hands on their bowed heads, "God bless you; you have made the old man's life very bright." And turning, he left the apartment.

And there they sat in the gathering shadows of that Christmas Day, two young souls who, early in life had suddenly gone out, and left only the dim dawn of a stern reality. The suns last rays stole in gently, and lipped the dark and glossy brown hair with red, and at the same time shone on the snowy satin bridal-robe lying all untouched on the bed.

Years have passed on, and people wonder why the gentleman at the brown house never got married. Every one that the world calls an old bachelor perfectly wrapped up in brother Benny. But those who know her better, see that there has been a great sacrifice, and the one whom she called brother, should have been something nearer and dearer. And in those calm gray eyes there is a look of

"Passions long extinguished, and hopes
Long dead and abandoned."

WHAT WE RECEIVE FROM ENGLAND.—The *European Times* gives the following statistics of the trade between England and the United States: The trade and navigation accounts for the month of January her show what extraordinary activity has recently prevailed in the trade of this country with the United States. The value of the total imports from, and exports to the United States of cotton piece goods, the manufacture of the United Kingdom, has been as follows: November, 1865, 3,787,695 yards; November, 1864, 1,381,404 yards; November, 1865, 2,271,552 yards. Of our linen piece goods we sent to the United States 6,995,509 yards in November, 1865; 2,900,683 yards in November, 1864; and 15,427,623 yards in November, 1865. Of our woolen cloths, 480,653 yards in November, 1865; 99,648 yards in November, 1864; 650,451 yards in November, 1865. Carpets, 220,000 yards in November, 1865; 29,726 yards in November, 1864; 491,651 yards in November, 1865. Woolen yarns, 6,136,541 yards in November, 1865; 465,679 yards in November, 1864; 8,365,784 yards in November, 1865. Of our linen, pig, and pudding, we sent to the United States, in November of the last three years, 3,621 tons, 1,119 tons, and 2,170 tons, respectively. Of our railroad iron 8,716 tons, 97 tons, and 7,111 tons, respectively. Of cutlery the value only was given—$9,417, $6,195, $21,463, in November of the three years. Printed goods of Britannia metal and papier mache, $45,290, $24,965, $59,952. The export of steel manufactures does not show so remarkable an increase. Of haberdashery our November export to the States in 1865 was $11,349, and $114,068 in 1864. Of hats and caps, $7,313, respectively. Up to the end of January the value of our produce and manufactures to the United States in bond resided only to the value of $18,846, which was a considerable increase in the corresponding month of 1865. The November exports have made the difference for the better. Happily we have no fears. Of raw cotton we imported from the United States, 46,370 cwt. in the month of January, 119,295 cwt. in the corresponding period of 1864, 483,773 cwt. in that of 1865; the last an amount fully quantity compared with any year before the war. The great decrease in our import of grain from America this year has been recently mentioned.

ANCIENT LUXURY.—The excavations at Pompeii are going on with an activity stimulated by the important discoveries made at almost every step, and the quantities of gold and silver found, which more than exhibit the cost of the works. Not far from the Street of Fate, of which an account was recently given, has just been brought to light a house, no doubt belonging to some minister of the time, as the furniture of bronze, bronze, and marble. The couches of the triclinium, or dining-room, are especially remarkable for beauty. The flooring consists of an immense mosaic, well preserved in parts, and of which the design represents a table, laid out for a grand dinner. In the middle, on a large dish, may be seen a splendid peacock, with its tail spread out, and placed back to back with another bird, also of elegant plumage. Around them are arranged various dishes, one of which holds a lobster; a crawfish, a second an oyster, which appears to be fricasseed, and is quite real; and several other dishes, *pâtés*, and a fourth, a small vase filled with fried *grenadins*, or sweet cakes; a circle of plates, also, interspersed with others of partridges, hares, and quarters, which all have their heads placed between their fore-feet. This causes a row of oranges of all forms, supported by one of eggs, lemons, figs, and lots of all kinds, the whole interspersed with drawings, which lend a charm to the whole, and give to describe. On a table of rare wood, carved and inlaid with gold, marble, agate, and lapis lazuli, were found unbroken, still containing wine, and some goblets of onyx.

The Power of Music.

OLE *Bull* has been laying for many months in front of Peterburg. The mine had been fully and thoroughly completed, and every one of our boys were most anxious for the grand honor of exploding it, and of rushing through its terrible breaches upon the bewildered enemy. In front of the mine little commander, General Warren (God bless him), had most earnestly implored the privilege of touching the fatal match himself, saying: "If he did not accomplish the feat of getting into the stronghold we had been so long *keeping* at and holding, he was willing to be cashiered, and dismissed the service." But his superior officers had different plans, and that egregious blunder was made, of sending a young officer, who quailed under the first fire, created a panic, and ran back to the trenches, like a flock of wounded crows—hundreds of them—and the opportunity was missed. However, it was a sad *fiasco*, and obliged us to linger out many more months of hardship, until the final coil of the "anaconda" had been made complete.

The boys were very much dejected for some time afterward, but after awhile they recovered, and pursued the even tenor of camp life in the usual way. The explosion of this immense mine, and the awful scene which it must present of a crater, and had the effect of pretty nearly stopping the reprehensible practice of "picket firing," and we may now hold our entire line unmolested. The weather had been oppressively hot during the day, but the nights (as every soldier knows) are delightful, and the air has a touch of winter in the Southern climate. It was on one of these dreamy, beautiful nights, when everything was hushed and still, and not a movable figure could be seen except a scudding cloud that now and again moodily and languidly passed across the face of the shining moon. General Grandin had passed over an hour, and while here and there a picket kept vigil, and ever and anon cast an anxious, inquiring look through the darkness, the boys had given themselves upon the earth to while away the tedious hours.

The young fellow belonging to the 25th was a great favorite with his regiment; he was thefiddler, full of wit and humor, generous to a fault, and a most melodious voice. He was shown many favors by the officers; and in the midst of his double-like stillness, not a few were startled to find "Charlie" on picket that night. But he was there, and as he poured the rich fullness of his pathetic cords he drew forth sighs and sighs of "Do they miss me at home?" many a heavy sigh was disenthralled from brave and manly breasts. Many a tear-drop touched the bronzed cheeks, and the fireside thoughts it engendered. It set us all to thinking of home and friends, of caresses and comforts. The watchful eye of the picket was dead halt in his tracks—those nearer lay motionless. Charlie himself lay on his back, looking at the floating clouds, and not a sound was heard but his welcome voice.

As he was finishing the last verse, the quick report of a musket was heard, and the boy Charlie jumped to his feet in an instant, and was confronted by a stalwart rebel. The only words he uttered were:

"By heaven! I can't kill you," and with pistol leveled, he backed away from the dumbfounded rebel until within a safe distance of his lines.

The rebels had evidently been attracted to where our pickets were, from Charlie's voice, and had crept up, by degrees, to our lines, when lucidly Charlie's voice saved him, and probably us; for as he had been discovered from his hiding-place, he seized his carbine and quickly discharged it, which brought that line of pickets to their feet in an instant. Charlie was not hurt, and escaped to seem the manœuvre, and were trying to get up in "distance," but the savage breast had been disarmed, and he let him pass.

As Charlie never went on picket after that, the boys used to call the circumstance the "Last *Lay* of the Minstrel."

OPENING OF THE GREAT BRIDGE OVER THE HUDSON RIVER,
At Albany, N. Y.

THE Bridge was commenced in April, 1864, and has been constructed by the "Albany Bridge Company," the officers of which are well-known in the New York Central, Hudson River, and Western (or Albany and Boston) Railroad Companies.

The expense has been borne—one-half by the New York Central, and one-quarter each by the Hudson River and Albany and Boston Railroads.

At first the intention was to build the Bridge just south of where the railroad ferry-boats cross the river, but the approaches to a bridge at that point would have involved the purchase and destruction of so much property, that the location was fixed at the foot of Lumber street, nearly half a mile north of the ferries.

The Bridge was located and the plans for it matured by George E. Sage, Chief Engineer of the New York Central Railroad, and the work progressed under his personal supervision.

Col. Julius W. Adams was then appointed Engineer, and Mr. A. Bell, Assistant Engineer and General superintendent of the Bridge Company. The Bridge proper consists of the approaches, which in themselves are quite formidable, consisting of 3 abutments and 12 piers, the total length being 2,920 feet.

The deep portion of the river, nearest the Albany side, is crossed by 4 spans of 170 feet each between the centres of the piers, on the plan known as "Howe's," and by 2 spans of 150 feet each, on "Pratt's."

The remaining 14 spans are shorter, ranging from 73 to 96 feet each. The piers are 30 feet high above low water, and are all built of heavy cut limestone masonry, laid in cement.

They have a width at the bottom of 9 feet and at the top of 6½ feet, with a coping which projects 6 inches on all sides.

The width of the masonry is ample for a double-track bridge, though the present bridge has only a single track. It is destined in a nearly day to erect a double-track iron draw and iron bridge throughout.

The draw-bridge, including the iron turntable upon which it rests, is entirely novel, planned specially for the circumstances under which it has been built and will be operated.

The present draw is of timber, giving two clear openings of 112 feet 8 inches each.

The iron turntable was built at the Boston Machine Works, and by Messrs. Hogg & Co., Albany.

It will weigh 190 tons, and in point of workmanship is entirely unprecedented in this country.

The weight on this table will be some 320 tons; yet the draw can be opened in two minutes by four men, and closed in the same time, and close the draw for steam-power.

When the double iron draw is erected, the weight on the iron turntable will be over 700 tons.

The stone was brought from the quarries at Tribes Hill, Montgomery county, N. Y. Nearly 2,000,000 feet of timber have been used in constructing the bridge, and the character of the workmanship is, beyond question, of the first order of merit.

The first locomotive, the "Augustus Schell," of the Hudson River Railroad, crossed the bridge at 3.30 P. M. on Thursday, February 15, 1866, and the first train of passenger cars, with invited guests and several guests, on the afternoon of Thursday, the 22d of February.

AN ENGLISH GENERAL OF THE OLDEN STYLE.

HAVING left my cards at the mess of the regiment to which my friend belonged, I was elected the mess-house of the Dragoons, where another expenditure of cards was incurred; then, to the mess-house of the 44th, where I was introduced to the mess-house of the native cavalry regiment. I was then admitted at the house of Brigade Surgeon Sir Dodd, C.B., who commanded the division. The General was very old, close on 80; but he was "made up" to look younger, and was about 45. His chestnut wig fitted him to perfection, and his whiskers were dyed so naturally that they retained a medium tint of color and not color. The white teeth were all false—likewise the pink color in the cheeks and the ivory hue of the face. The figure was admirably padded; it fitted him like a glove, and his patent leather boots and his gold spurs took the eye immediately to the right point.

In early life, Sir Doodle had been a rival and an acquaintance of Beau Brummell. When a colonel in the Guards, and before he had succeeded to the command of a regiment of cavalry, he had been a "swell" of the first water, and had been the friend of Brummell, and had enjoyed his intimacy. He had been a constant guest at the table-at-dinner which had swept over the district, to which he had been successively applied.

"Yes, my good sir. I knew her in the zenith of her beauty, and I assure you she was a lady paramount. Alencia's and the chief favorite of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. Oh, yes! she is dead, I see by the last overland paper; but I don't think she was so old as they say she was—84. Only fancy, 84!"

Then shutting off the lamp, he continued:

"I see they give it out that I am to have the command of the Bombay Division. Well, I don't want Bombay, and am sorry for my friends at the Horse Guards at that a dozen times. I want the governorship of Gibraltar, or nothing else. Cape; but, by Jove, I'm not thinking upon me, I suppose I must take it. One can't always have good choice, and I fancy it is only right to oblige now and then.

"We shall be very sorry to lose you, General," said my friend, who appeared very indeed.

"So I have told his Excellency," exclaimed the General, who seemed to think my friend was now talking on an entirely different subject. "So I have told him. But he will not listen to me. He says that if he could accept such an offer as that, he would think she was not up to the duties of the command, and order the men to return to their quarters. I can't tell anybody the original reading for the court says, and I say, that a rival who has received a blow from a friend, and is relieved fire at and wounds a sergeant, cannot properly be considered to have committed a breach of discipline, I helped, I suppose. The fact is, the commander-in-chief is a civilian, and he has no idea, and he is always very obstinate and self-willed." And the General continued, "Now, I am very anxious to go to Bombay, for India, we want men who are not above listening to the opinions of others, and who are not by whims always surrounded!"

Before we were leaving the General, he mistook me for my friend, and my friend for me, and respectively addressed me as Captain Jones, and my friend as Captain Smith, and he was too vain to ever glasses. He was very kind to Jones, and very civil to me. I liked him, and assured my friend that it would afford him the greatest pleasure in the world if the acquaintance, that day made, should ripen into friendship.

"If he is appointed to Bombay, when we were driving away from the General's door,

"I shall not be there before the last or seven years," was the reply.

"You must be laboring under some delusion with respect to being appointed to the command-in-chief of the Bombay Division."

"Nothing of the kind. He is certain of it. He will go to Bombay, and I shall not see him for over, I should say, seven years."

The General went to Bombay, where he played such fantastic tricks before high heaven, that the angels could not have "wept" at them, and they would have done so, only they be instilled on the officers of the regiments buttoning their coats, and jackets up to the throat, to prevent the tears of the fiend! He would have nothing unmilitary in his dress. Always in full uniform, under the hot sun, and always indulged with the sheets, you bottle the rebel! The General's almost daily joke was to ask something from me.

I also heard the General say that Bleacher, having seen every thing in the country, was about to write his memoirs; "Give me Lodgate Hill!" and on being asked to explain, he said that he would write a book for young fowlers' and sirwormins' shops which, in that day would be the best seller.

"Mem Golly! What pillage!"

MR. JEFFERSON'S great height and slender figure excused him to such extents from the ungainly. His *contretemps* with them was "Long Tom;" and when his famous project of the substitution of *quahoggs* in place of a navy, was adopted by Congress, and the cheapness of the *quahoggs* was discovered, the disproportionately large, with such ill-constructed craft was pardoned, ridiculed, in contempt, the name of a "Long Jean."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

PADDY was asked: "Which is the most successful railway?"

He replied: "Sure, the real way to success."

"IF he never took too late to mend," as the old lady said, when she sat up until 2 P.M. to darn her husband's stockings.

A PERSON, who was told that bone-dust was used to cause unscrupulous bakers, remarked: "That's bred in the bone can't be helped; but bone in the baker's dust is quite another."

A GOODNATURED fellow, who was nearly eaten out of house and home by the visits of his numerous relations, said, one day complainingly of his numerous visitors.

"Never, and I'll tell you how to get rid of 'em," said an Irishman.

"How?" cried he.

"Find money to the poor ones, and borrow money of the rich ones, and neither sort will ever trouble ye again."

JOHNNY is just beginning to learn *geography*. He went home from his first quarterly report in high glee and parley at the other. He knows it is so, because they told him so at the time.

He has found out something else, too. Somebody told him that geography set him right every day. He knows a little bird, not so big as a pigeon, that takes a drink at every mouthful.

A HAND-UP portrait-painter complains that there is no chance for his craft, now that the sun is made to paint pictures. He says, however, that others may praise the invention of sun-pictures, he considers it as decidedly knocking the bottom falling. It is, in fact, he declares, the *fac-tographic* art!

IF your mother's sister were to run away and get married against the wish of your mother, what is suggested by such an act? Adjut-slopes, we suppose.

THE Petersburg (Va.) *Index* says a young person was found by the police in the streets. Miss Lincum had done kept his freedom. It's jes like Confederate money—more you got on it, the less 'count it is."

A LOCOMOTIVE on a Western railroad has been painted with the title, "Limited," to distinguish it from many of the passengers can say at the end of their journey.

ONE images of modern slang words turn up in unexpected quarters sometimes. Most of us think that the word *fun*, in the sense of *very, extremely*, is of recent date; but in a serious theological work of 200 years ago—"Calamy's Continuation of the Old and New Testament," (London, 1676-77)—we read: "At which they spent at least seventy pounds *in fun*." Indeed!

We have heard the same phrase, from a schoolboy's pocket-money, applied to pounds and sixpences.

A MAN, who was carried home from a Burns's supper, the other night, on a shutter, was said to be "knocked up by Burns," in response to an anxious enquiry from his wife.

THE Child question—"How is your cold?"

THE song of the billiard ball—"Oh, carom me back, pa!"

AN illiterate old lady residing in the vicinity of Cape Cod, desiring to dispose of her cottage, posted down a placard which attracted the notice of a land shark, who came to the house and on the door knocked. The lady put a bright face on. "Is he quite ready saleable?"

"Yes, marm, when will this house sell?"

"As soon as somebody comes along that can raise the cash," was the prompt reply.

AN old Methodist, very great at responses, which were not always appropriate, but always well meant, went one day to hear a popular preacher. The preacher, warmly heated, was rather perplexed, and felt at a loss, when he came to the words "Let us pray," when

"Brethren, I have reached the conclusion of my first head."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the old man, who sat behind him, and was so much relieved that he never once heard in every part of the old church. The last part of that sermon was thought to preach than the rest.

A GENTLEMAN, observing the boy in the Empire land, recently, blurted out:

"My lad, I never cared for anything but women and horses."

Mr. Jenkins quietly replied: "Then I advise you to get one and keep your wife, and you have made it, put a collar to it, and resort your exercise, and you will have no need, by-and-by, to consult a doctor for your health, whenever happens, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done your duty to your wife and constantly in contact with what, in life, were the dearest objects of your affections."

A STRANGER, of a newspaper out West, in the first issue of his journal, returns thanks to those who helped him find a printing office, and concludes by hoping that there is no law in that State enforcing imprisonment for debt.

THERE is no end to the stories about Dean Swift. One of the best things of his was, when a leg of mutton was brought to table, he would take the dish, ringing the bell, and directing the cook to take it away "and bring it back." The mingled fun and absurdity was admirable.

A STORY is told of a Federal soldier and a rebel chaplain. The latter was expressing his

"Can you inform me what is the state of your soul?"

Said the soldier, promptly:

"Oh, so many with the conundrums," groaned the chaplain. "I'll not waste my time on you."

WHY are young ladies like arrows? Because they never go out without a bow (beau), and they are very apt to be kept to the mark.

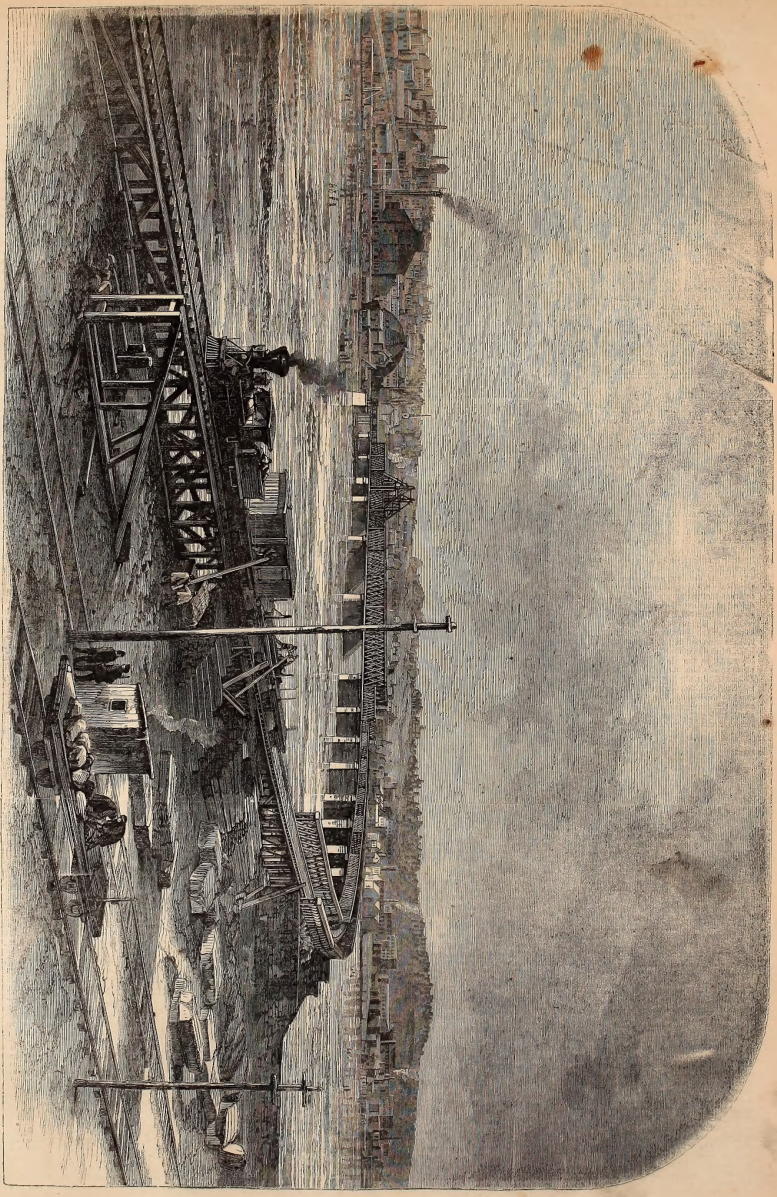
IT is said that a Yankee baker has invented a new kind of yeast, which makes bread so light that a piece of it blew off the other night.

A WRITER in a *Medical Gazette* gives the following neat explanation of the phenomenon of a boy's nose bleeding: "Immediately after the fall, excited ganglion; the latter, by undue action through the brain and nerves, causes the blood to flow from the nose, with which its branches communicate." The explanation is very satisfactory, but we should like a few reasons, "anything reticulated or dissimulated or equal diseases, with interlacings between the intersections."

TROPICAL NOTIONS.—Sir John Bowring was once asked to explain the cause of the cold in the first time in Java. "The people," he said, "looked at it as the heat of the sun at first time they would see it, but they soon similar masses of crystal. They touched it; the people knew it was ice. Then the ice was experienced, and the novel sensation filled them with awe and apprehension. But when it dissolved in their hands they fancied they had unknowingly worked a miracle, and that some demon must have been at the bottom of the mystery. Descriptions of snow, frost, ice and water scenery have a singular attraction to the inhabitants of the hot regions. These are to them the very romance of nature. In my travels in the interior of Java I met with a most accomplished lady, who was burning with a desire, since to be gratified, of visiting Europe. 'And now tell me, of all you hope to see, from what do you expect to receive the greatest pleasure?' 'Oh,' she answered, 'a forest without leaves!'"



GRAND FANCY DRESS BALL AT MINOT'S HALL, BOSTON, MASS., ON THE EVENING OF FEB. 27TH, 1866.—FROM A SKETCH BY ROBERT D. WELCH.



OPENING OF THE NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE HUDSON RIVER, AT ALBANY, N. Y., FEB. 22ND, 1866.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. S. HOUGHTY.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME.

BY HENRY E. EARLE.

Sprawling on the ground by the bright camp-fire,
The weary soldiers' sleeping;
While with watchful eye and steady tramp,
On his beat, in the midnight cold and damp,
The sentry, guard is keeping.

The night-dew falls on his manly cheek,
As seen by the ember's glow;
And the stars from their home of light on high,
Look down with loving, pitying eye,
On the sleeper who lies below.

As he sleeps, he dreams of his cottage home,
In the valley by the stream,
And a vision of beauty, wondrous fair,
With azure eyes and golden hair,
Floats through the soldier's dream.

Will it ever return to that home again?—
Shall he ever see *her* more,
Who with womanly pride in the soldier brave,
Her love to *God* and his *Country* gave
"Till the cruel war is o'er?

* * * * * * *

The soldier woke to a day of toil,
Of fierce, inhuman strife.
But with eye of fire, and arm of steel,
Like a hero he fought for his country's weal,
And gave to her his life.

Once more he sleeps—'tis the sleep of death—
In the twilight cold and grey;
No more will he heed the bugle's sound,
For his body lies in the "cold, cold ground,"
And his spirit has passed away.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY VATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUDEN'S WAD," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXIII.—TACTICS.

THE confidence Clarissa felt as to the acquittal of Anthony, after she had secured the aid of Phillis, was only partially shared by the acute Mr. Stamp. At the first glance of a narrative Clarissa laid before him, and which was founded word for word on Phillis's own statements, or on her answers to questions put to her, he was inclined to think and to say: "Our client is safe!"

But when she heard that by no art or entreaty could Phillis be persuaded to sign this document, and that she also resolutely declined to see him, Anthony's adviser, or to do anything more to marshal facts in Clarissa's favor, no one else was present, he began to have misgivings that there was far more striking in Phillis's manner than or desire that might yet wreck them all, if they did not exert themselves in every possible way to guard her from being interfered with, and to bring other and corroborative testimony that would compel her to speak the whole truth when she got into the witness-box.

Mr. Stamp saw that Sleuth, if inclined to use his power to the utmost, had advantages that would enable him to press with fearful power on Anthony. As the lawyer moved about in the neighborhood, not a day passed that did not bring home to him the evidence of Sleuth's popularity and of the wide-spread prejudice against his own client, arising from the discovery of the codicil. In fact, it was Anthony's evil character and conduct that were attributed generally to Sleuth; and Sleuth's character and doings that were, in popular notions, fastened with horrible odium on Anthony.

Part of this was no doubt owing to the general ignorance and misapprehension of the face, but part, also, to Sleuth's own personal behavior during the five eventful weeks that passed before the trial. Not one conceivable thing did the gentleman leave undone that could add, or promise to add, in the faintest degree to his popularity. His dinner parties were more frequent, more select, and more costly than ever before; and yet each of them was so managed that it seemed to be with no choice but to give it—that he was but obeying the exigencies of his social position, and, therefore, that he in fact did not entertain his friends or expressed reluctance to be thus engaged while his cousin was in such danger.

Local and metropolitan charities about this period saw in their list of benefactions quite brilliant-looking contributions from Richard Sleuth, Esq.; and, only seemingly, he answered all applications made to him as usual, but as if with a spirit more attuned to sympathy with misfortune, through his own domestic troubles, than he had previously experienced.

Large schemes for the erection of cottages on his estates, that had been slumbering, were given a sudden wakefulness and activity at this most fruitful period, and helped to diffuse among the working and laboring classes an enthusiastic belief that he, their benefactor, and, as they chose to think him, by birth almost one of themselves, would come out of the trial unimpeached.

And then, lastly, it was remarkable how often Sleuth had, of late, found occasion to make purchases, and these to no inconsiderable amount, in the shops of the publishers of the two chief county newspapers. Never once did he attempt to negotiate talk about the trial, but these visits always ended in his getting just that precise thing and in the forthcoming issue of the paper which it was most pleasant for him to have said, not because of any conscious bias on the part of the said gentlemen, but simply because they were interested in catering for the public on so interesting a topic, and they did not know, no he knew, how much was involved frequently in the most seemingly artless statement of an apparently insignificant fact. Or if he did bias them, it was only by making them believe honestly what it was so desirable for him they should believe, while leaving them unconscious that he had had anything to do with the matter.

It was while these things were pressing somewhat unpleasantly on Mr. Stamp's mind one morning, after reading a most annoying paragraph in the *Hengston Gazette*, that he had a brief interview with his chief clerk—the only one he had had at Clarissa's service; and as it reflects what was doing up to the very eve of the trial, we here reflect—

"Well?" said the lawyer, as he closely scanned his subordinate's face.

"Narrow escape, sir.

"We have escaped? Good. Push along."

"That butler of Mr. Sleuth's must have got a commission something like my own, sir.

"No doubt of that. Take it for granted."

"He's always hovering about outside the house, or in the adjoining lane, and once I caught him in the garden."

"What did you do?"

"Shouted at him to stop, as if he were an intruder or a thief."

"And did he stop?"

"He very fair indeed, sir, as if he were fancying I did not know him."

A grim smile passed over the lawyer's face.

"Well—but now?"

Mr. Gooden took a minute piece of paper from his pocket-book, and laid it before Mr. Stamp, doing his best to hold it open and stretch out the folds and wrinkles, so that it might be read. The lawyer saw written there in pencil—

"DEAREST PHILLIS—This is cruel of you not to seek me, to let me share the joy of your recovery, and to tell you how I propose to repair the past. Give me, I conjure you, an opportunity to see you—to speak to you—to feel your dear hand to look in your face, and to say, what I have said before, but never with so much feeling and truth as now. Your hand, by its cruel kindness, taught me what I needed to know—the knowledge of my own heart; and that heart is a better knowledge of yours. I cannot tell how this will reach you. My cruel position puts as regards Mr. Sleuth, forbids my making any public attempt to see or communicate with you. But you will be mine yet. Will and mention—tell you so—to have a word with me—one that may seriously affect our happiness in the future."

"Has she seen this?" asked the lawyer, with the nearest approach to excitement he had yet exhibited.

"She has. It was thrown from the garden into the window, during the two minutes I was off my guard, making a hasty communication to my family at home. Miss Pompess, fortunately, was deaf,—in fact, she and I have an understanding on that point,—and therefore she let both writ from the business of watching at the same time. She and Phillis came to unpleasantness about the paper; but the latter succeeded in getting both when reading it, and then by forwarding it to you before any answer was given."

"Good, Mr. Gooden. You had better not leave again, night or day, for any contingency whatever that does not, as this does, threaten life. Gooden, I have great reliance on you. I am sure you won't fail me; but if you did——"

"I will not, sir. I feel too much interested myself in the whole affair, sir, not to. This seems so important, I thought you would like to see me."

When he had gone, the lawyer recovered his measured gravity, and he was deeply engaged thoroughly he felt the force of the blow Sleuth had here struck at their strongest and most indispensable point.

He began to write;

"RICHARD SLEUTH, ESQ., J. P.:

"Sir—Your butler (whose name I have forgotten) has been forwarded to me by Miss Coyngham, and, although I have not yet received instructions to write from her, I beg to assure you, in my own name, that, apart from Mr. Maude's affairs, we shall be most happy to facilitate the interview you desire. We are aware—and I venture to include your niece in that word—that an interview of importance between yourself and Miss Coyngham would be liable to grave misconstruction were it to take place in the presence of some one in whom you would both have confidence, as regards secrecy, and willing to hear and say talk about your private affairs; and in whom we should have confidence that the interview would be kept secret, and that no false and unjust or injurious imputations against either you or Mr. Maude——

"Have I the good fortune to express views that meet your own approbation? If so, I shall be glad to mention the names of any lady or gentleman who might be present."

"Would Miss Pompess, in your view, be a suitable person?"

The lawyer could not help a certain rich smile passing over his features as he wrote and read a second time the concluding question; for he had heard enough from Miss Pompess of her womanly reticences, to know how Sleuth must receive the proposition to make love to Phillis in Clarissa's presence.

CHAPTER LXXIV.—OPPOSING CAMPS.

IT is the morning of the day of trial, but at the first glance of the court-house, and of the busy scene around it, one would not suppose the fate of Anthony Maude engaged anybody's attention. It is market-day, and the bustle is, as usual, very great, and it is not easy to tread one's way between the crowds outside and the broad display of earthenware upon the ground, or the hen-coops filled with cackling poultry, or the masses of potted meat and cheese, or the stalls of Mr. Sleuth Jack, who is amusing the youthful rustics from the country with his not-over-delicate jokes.

But when you do mingle among the people, and stop near any group that you see engaged in close discussion, you find that the trial and the question of Anthony's guilt or innocence, and his cousin's (Mr. Sleuth) character and behavior, are there breaking in every instant on the routine of business; and showing that though the minds of men are to some extent beat on their own affairs, their hearts are with the people concerned in the great trial.

There are two large hotels in Hengston, and these, of course, on market-days and assize-days, are great centres of attraction. But now there is no getting in or out of the crowded gateways without a push; for Dr. Hennessy has taken possession of a couple of the principal up-stair rooms in the one, as a waiting-place for himself, Mr. Stamp, and Anthony's friends; while Sleuth has, at the other, done the same thing for himself, Mr. Rollings, and persons engaged in the prosecution.

Although done on both sides merely for the convenience of being close to the court-house, the effect was considered by the contending two camps as when election committees hang out their flags in times of parliamentary contest. The one friendly or adverse to Anthony, gathered round the temporary headquarters of his friends, as the Sleuth adherents hung about his place; though there was a cordial interchange between the two—the men who had got well up on all that was to be said on the one side going to the enemy's camp to repeat what they had heard, and note what could be said in answer. These philosophical persons, however, continually got into hot water, and caused little bubbles of street-fight to be seen coming to the surface as the crowd opened to make a circle round the combatants.

Suddenly there is heard the first faint, distant notes of a trumpet, and all business stops, and all eyes and ears become alive to the Long Fitton rush, to prepare for the entrance of the judge.

The clear, thrilling trumpet-notes gradually merge into the loud roll of the drum, and the swelling, rich sounds of a military band; and then come the advance guard—some scores of ragged rascals, with circles and cartwheels of hoops, and an affectation of being a legitimate part of the procession by marching abreast, and beating time to the sounds of instruments, including the huge, popular marrow-bones and cleavers.

Then come the javelin men in their showy liveries, and some scores of regular accompaniment of a judge's entry into an assize town; queer, broken-down old men most of them are, whose antecedents and loveless morrows form a strange commentary on their semi-martial bearing and gaudy dress.

These are followed by a great number of gentlemen on horseback, and then by the high sheriff's magnificent equipage, in which, with the sheriff himself, sits the judge's chaplain, the judge. He seems inclined to repay the attention he excites, for his sharply-cut, intelligent features every now and then appear at the window just for a moment, and then there is probably a smile as he turns to his two companions, and a word or two is exchanged. Then the sheriff has been allowed for this once to accompany the judge; the idea of the interest of the trial having extended to the judge's breast.

During the excitement of the judge's progress to the court-house, but occasionally there are observations were taking place—the chant the "Fox and Grapes," the other at the "Rising Sun."

The "Fox and Grapes" and Gregory, now crowded with people, looks out into a dirty little back-yard, opening from the great stable-yard, and is approached through a gig factory into it during the present pressure upon space. It so happens that there is behind that gig just room to the judge's horses to stand, and he free the while from any observation.

His advantages have not been overlooked. Bob has been there for hours, and there he will be. He calls a "promising sort of way," that is, one went before the other; and while one went round the stable, which was the side next the yard, the other went direct from the "tap" and round by the tail of the gig. Once met, they lost no time.

"Here's a go!" he exclaimed the butler.

"In the middle on 'em all—up-stairs—great big room with gilt pillars."

"Bob," said the other, in a queer for you getting the thousand pounds reward."

"Common about that," said Bob; but his face showed that he fully realized the situation of butler's alarm.

"If he gets to her," continued the butler, "but for two minutes, unobserved, all's right; if not, all's wrong. That's my notion of things."

"And I'm not responsible to do it unbeknown?" demanded Bob, sullenly.

"Then it must be done, if necessary, in the very presence of the judge—or even when they are bringing her to the court," replied the butler.

"Will that do?" queried Bob.

"It's risky work, I can't tell. Don't humbug yourself, Bob. Mark my words, it'll all turn on a certain gentleman seeing a certain lady; and I'm certain in my own conscience that they must me—how me personally so well that I can do no good myself by hanging about her. Besides, if I was to be seen with him, or near him as his servant, going in and out so as to seem merely waiting upon him occasionally, he may be unable to have that chance for days or eight we'ks, when minutes and yards may be matters of life and death—meaning to you, Bob, you know, a thousand pounds reward."

"I see all that plain enough."

"Well, if you can find a chance, run to me. I'll never be off the watch for you, and I'll put him out of the court somehow. If you can't do this, then take care that, at the very instant you see them moving to take her to the court, get to me, and—"

"All right. Let me cut out of this first

* * * * * * *

"A little longer, a few hours more only, and your great trial, Phillis, will be over, and you will have your life through the heartfelt satisfaction of innocent blood, and made me your grateful, your true friend!"

So speaks Clarissa to Phillis, in the bed-room to which they have withdrawn from the magnificent apartment with the gilt pillars of which Bob spoke, and where Clarissa saw that the sight of the people in the market-place, and of the judge's procession, was either again unsettling her brain or stirring thoughts that did not, she feared, point to Anthony's welfare.

Phillis murmured in a vacant sort of way, "Yes—yes—yes!" each repetition growing fainter. Then Clarissa saw that the awful terror of the observation of that most watchful lady-jailer, and as she did so there ran over it, in strange and vivid succession, aspects of terror, suspicion, and sullen anger, that showed how little so harmony was to be expected from Clarissa's words.

While thus moving away in order to conceal the sense of relief she felt she must obtain by even a momentary expression of her true feelings, she saw at the end of the room and high wall opposite, a hand draw aside the low muslin blind to the right and above the latter only visible and make a movement so quick and peculiar before it was withdrawn, that Phillis said, instinctively:

"That is meant for me!"

Instantly she turned to Clarissa, who was then reading a letter that had arrived by the morning's post at Eddington, and been sent on here. Fortunate! She had not then noticed Phillis's intent look out.

"It is very close here," she said, after a pause.

"Yes," said Clarissa, raising her head from the letter—for she was keenly alive to the question of Phillis's health, and the danger of a relapse before her testimony might be given. She got up, walked to the window, saw it looked into a little garden, and immediately closed it. In this, that the window opposite was quite out of reach; so she said:

"I think we might as well have the window open."

So saying, she raised the sash, and a breeze came in, fresh and odorous from the field which they could see, covered with flowers and sunshine the left, in the distance.

"How refreshing! how sweet!" exclaimed Clarissa, with a sigh of relief. She seemed to feel the sweetness was for her, and of sympathetic expression, and she kindred with her and Anthony, in this fearful time.

"It is very refreshing," responded Phillis, but in a tone curiously unlike Clarissa's.

She then began to walk about, rather avoiding the side of the window, and expended a look to her easy chair by the bed-corner, and to the perusal of her long letter from a female friend, containing four pages of closely-written news, crossed and re-crossed. Even rich people in those days did not care to pay for double letters when a single sheet, as this did, covered them. The letter was about herself and Anthony, and full of comforting and wise things.

Phillis's walk was the hand again, and was made certain it was signaling, though with extreme caution, to her. Presently she saw there was something in the hand. She dared not see more till she had another walk.

Again returning, she found the window opposite had been opened, and a newly-printed book was in admirable pantomime—nature's own—

"Quick! quick!"

A little heart struck against her breast, was caught without falling, and then Phillis walked away to meet Clarissa, feeling her heart bound with a new and strange joy and violence. Clarissa came back, not having been away more than half a minute, she saw how ill and agitated the "prisoner on parole" looked.

"Are you ill?"

"I can't rest; everything agitates me so."

Clarissa put her arms round her, drew her head to her loving breast, and said:

"It is all for you, I am sure, dear. I think we won't go back to the great room, there's so many people in it. Would you like a little refreshment?"

"Yes; but it seems so strange to have it here."

Clarissa saw, she thought, a certain resentment in Phillis's tone, and the poor prisoner's pale face looked a little too strongly. Sympathizing with that feeling, and trying, at least, to save Phillis's position from any appearance of offense, she said:

"I'll go into the other room and get something, as if for myself, then bring it here, and we'll make out the wine. Should you like that?"

"Yes."

Again Phillis got a moment of solitude to unroll her little hand-written paper. It was a piece of paper wrapped round a penny-piece. With her back turned toward the door, but jealously guarding against Clarissa's sudden return, Phillis read, in a hand that she felt still so dear to her, that the poor, foolish woman actually kissed it, and even wept over it, shook as she was with her personal—but then she had seen a part of it, and divined all!

Why, my own dear, ever-to-be-cherished wife—cannot intend to make scandal of the pure scrpes of him whom she loves—he is sure of it—and whom she loves dearly, and now only. The special license is ready. *Take any friend with you give notice*, when we meet, to summon us to church; but do not let my wrong-doing as regards you be made the subject of gossip at all the fire-sides of the country—gossip which we cannot evade if you appear in the court.

With my wife, I care not where I go, or what I do! But she will not ask me before marriage, to *let her* be the instrument of injury to my character and position.

I will take care you *shall* get this. I will take care you shall not come into court without first seeing me, *to take my fate from your hands*—for what is the future to me if I lose you? But if,

dearest, you could contrive to meet me before then, not to wait till the time could be so tediously filled up, and in any way, the man who gives you this.

Phillis was about to read the paper a second time, but heard Clarissa approaching, so thrust it into her bosom, and waited eagerly for the refreshments, while she felt now she could take, while she pondered over the contents of this all-important paper.

Why had Stouth delayed so long to force his way, even publicly, to Phillis? We can only answer by one word—Clarissa. It was she who was in his path. Stouth had thought it vital to have to compromise with her, to avoid showing her him to compromise with her, to avoid showing her him to whom could be placed on his receipt per testation of love; but though he had no longer hope of winning her, he still held to a sense of belief that he would be more interesting in her eyes as a rejected but devoted lover than he could be if he had to speak to Phillis in Clarissa's presence. And in addition to all this, he had the quite hope of getting her secretly of Phillis before the day of trial, and it was only on the failure of that hope that he had entrusted to the butler the dangerous piece of paper that Phillis thus received.

* * * * *

Phillis has yet another opportunity afforded to her. There is a stir in the adjoining room—numerous feet begin to descend the staircase. Mrs. Clarissa's voice in the moment had come for the departure to the court.

She and Phillis are to be left behind—so it has been decided by Mr. Stamp. But suddenly there comes over Clarissa a rush of tumultuous emotion, that compels her, before she knows what she is doing, to hurry out, arrest the departing lawyer, and say to him:

"I cannot go, it is impossible—I cannot stay here, and lie there and not seeing me, and I ignorant of all that is befalling him. Quick! Some other plan. I shall, even, in my anxiety, forget her."

"Ah, that, indeed!" eagerly assented the lawyer, seeing in such the full force of her compassion when she touched on that theme. "Very well. Perhaps you are right. Gadden, then, shall stay, and bring her at the last moment, when I send him a message."

"And yet," faltered Clarissa, beginning then vaguely to fear the arrangement dangerous, as Mr. Gadden could not exercise the peculiar control over Phillis that she had found so necessary.

"I think you are right," said Mr. Stamp. "He will prevent her being tampered with secretly, and stick to her like a leech, and that is all we need try for now. We cannot not delay."

Clarissa ran back, kissed Phillis, told her what had been settled, and said a few words, of which the chief were:

"You make it your pride never to deceive those who trusted you. Have I not trusted you?"

"Yes—yes," hoarsely answered Phillis, and with a wild air of distraction as her gestures.

"Then trust me. I trust you. Stanton me, and these dear to me, after that, if you can. Good-by, for a little while. Phillis, dearest, *I trust you!*"

"Stop!" Phillis cried; but even as the word was uttered, repented of it, and added: "No—it must be so. I will—"

"What?"

"Nothing."

Then Clarissa left her in Gadden's care, and the whole party from the great room were presently heard descending.

Mr. Gadden's first operation was to go to the window, shut it down, as it happened to be open, and take a suspicious look at that other window opposite. Good heavens! He did not even suspect that during Clarissa's last absence Phillis had sent back the penny-piece with a scrap of paper bearing her brief farewell:

"As you say. If not before—HERE."

CHAPTER LXXV.—THE TRIAL.

THE court-house of Hengston is filled with two things that do not quite harmoniously agree—a vast crowd of people, sweltering in the midsummer heat, and a flood of the most brilliant sunshine, that glorifies every bit of architectural projection in the place, but makes sad havoc of the color and expression of the human face. This is remarkable, indeed, that this is almost the only thing in creation which does not seem beautified by the sun. Every young, under the blandest rays, show signs of approaching age—age becomes ugly—the beauty of woman seems to vanish in an instant, without a preliminary enjoyment of it by its owner which even the cruelest satirists cannot deny.

The Judge is on the bench, his boy not far from him, preserving a most judicious aspect of manly seriousness. On his left sits a magistrate next this boy, beyond him, on the Judge's right; while Mr. Macguire occupies a corresponding position on the left, having on his right Solicitor Norman and the Judge. Other magistrates fill up the bench.

Exactly opposite the bench, at the far end of the court, is a gallery for the general public; and it promises to be a noisy public, for the usher is continually calling to it, "Silence! silence!"

On the Judge's left hand, but advanced into the court, is the jury-box; and not far from the jury-box, near the centre, in the dock, yet vacant, though hundreds of eyes seem as it were eagerly ready to demand, "Where is he coming?" Close by is the witness-box, also, as yet, vacant.

On the Judge's extreme right, opposite the jury-box, is a corresponding box, where sits the majestic-looking, but melancholy and troubled Dr. Pompion, with a veiled lady by his side, about whom constant whisperscurrsicate in the court. That is Clarissa. She has with her two friends or relations, who have come from a distance, at the doctor's request, to be with her. Mr. Harris and Esau sit behind these—the former shrinking into a corner, the latter eying, with a bold look, every face in the court that at all strikes him, but never meeting the eye of the Judge's, as if there were concentrated all Esau's hopes and fears.

Lastly, low down in the body of the court, very huge enclosure holds the members of the bar, including the senior and junior counsel for the prisoner and for the prosecution, the latter counsel listening, with evening interest, to the occasional remarks of the two attorneys, Mr. Stamp and Mr. Hollins, while the former speak fully to the Judge, the jury—not noticing, apparently, Sloath's unobtrusive inclination of his head. Just does not answer that. He bows, also, with a smile on his face, to the doctor and that lady in black, who has, with an indecent curiosity, turned round to look at him, and is gazing at him, with her whole heart and soul and fully revealed on her noble features, that she has no mind of the words she utters to speak, for Anthony knows all, and feels master of fate. Just one terrible moment of chose after that very, perhaps, he guessing how he stood—a little, as if blinking, or uttering an inward prayer, but then he rises erect, his tall form standing out commandingly and charming almost, by the mere expression of manly dignity, the prejudices of many of the spectators. Again Sloath, when he opens his eyes, has his head at slightly that it might mean little or nothing to all but the prisoner. Anthony answered it this time, for an obedient nod, and then all was quiet.

The challenging of one of the jurymen by Anthony's counsel, Sir Norman Luke, brought out the first indication of being very excited in the neighborhood. The juryman answered unwillingly; but ultimately confessed he had once said, before he had any idea of being called upon, that he thought hanging was not good enough for that fellow Stoudo. Of course, he was at once set aside, and the Judge, addressing the jury, pointed out, in a few forcible words, the impropriety of any man sitting there who had any strong preconceived ideas of guilt or innocence. If he entertained more such persons, they would best satisfy their own conscience and the solemn interests of justice by not sitting to do that duty. Then the pleading out at once, like honest men. Two of the jury rose at once, and confessed they, too, had expressed opinions, but not in a positive manner, as the gentleman who had gone out—but—

"Gentlemen," interrupted the Judge, "we expect no impossibilities. It is for you, listen to the evidence you are about to hear, and judge only from that? If you can, his Majesty desires no more of you. Please, and I beg you to sit down again; if you cannot—"

The two jurymen sat down. A third was added in place of the one excluded, and the proceedings began.

We shall not tell the story twice over—first, because, however, we have followed them through the witnesses. The counsel, Mr. Martin, did his work skillfully. He sketched out the broad features of the case, dwelt with touching unkindly against the prisoner, and ended with a personal disclaimer of hostile feeling—evidently with the object of winning the opinion of Sloath's feelings and views—and with the hope that, though in the interests of justice this trial had been commenced, it would be the last heard of, of whatever of mystery hung about the affair, and in the reinstatement of Mr. Maude in the good opinion of his friends and neighbors.

"Not of his friends!" exclaimed some bursting and enthusiastic spirit in the gallery. "They know he is innocent!"

"Silence! silence in the court!"

"Have that person removed," said the Judge.

The person, however, was hushed by those around him, and, after some commotion, the business went on. It was noticeable, when men were opposite the witness-box, Mr. Martin's opening address, that though he had been so reticent and respectful, he had managed to suggest, by the cautious-worded but strong statement of his facts, a more serious view than had ever before been presented of Anthony's position. Anthony himself watched Mr. Martin during every word, as if curious to see how an innocent man's case might present itself to the acute and practiced mind of the prosecutor; but if this was his thought at the beginning, it was not so at the end, when he found drops of cold sweat on his face, and a sort of surge growing over him, while he, in an instinct of self-preservation, seemed half ready to rise.

Up, man, and confront your enemies. This is not the case that even your worst fears presented to you. You would not seriously believe it, but the fact is almost as bad.

His attention was drawn away from himself by a demand from Sir Norman Luke that all the witnesses should be ordered out of court. This being done, so far as regards the particular people of whom the counsel on either side were afraid, there was a call for

"Gilbert Dean!"

This was the doctor who, in company with Mr. Stamp, had seen the old man, and given him up, not long before his death, and then had been sent for, to make an examination after—and who had deposed that, beyond all question, the already dying man had not died in the course of nature, but been killed by a bullet, which he produced in court, as taken from his head.

"Esau Stonor!"

In his impatience to answer the demand, Esau seemed inclined at first to jump or to climb over all intervening obstacles, and make by the shortest route to the witness-box, and there was a laugh. But Esau himself stood a few seconds later in the witness-box, facing the Judge, and as imperturbably cool as even the great man himself.

He narrated his discovery of the burglars in the garden, his giving warning to the housekeeper and Phillis, and his subsequent discovery of the empty pistol and of the smoke from it. Mr. Martin managed to bring out into strong prominence the discovery of the smoke from, but happening to turn round to the gentlemen around him, while he waited for the one effect of a hit, he saw Mr. Stamp handling significantly a bulky bag, and thought it did not match his opponent. It a good deal unsettled the effect of his artifice on Sloath's mind, whose soul shrunk within him as he contemplated the danger of the probable contents of that bag—the light coat—being produced in the court while Phillis should be by to explain.

Esau himself had—though a witness for the prosecution—been carefully warned by Mr. Stamp not to volunteer explanations in his anxiety for the prisoner. He had, therefore, hoped his examination was over; and so unwilling were such rules to complicate matters unnecessarily, that probably nothing more would have been said, but for a seemingly accidental question by the Judge.

"What time was it by the garden that night?"

Esau's bright eyes glanced a moment at the Judge's, then turned down, and there was a pause.

"Why do you not answer?"

"Please sir—my lord, I mean—I'd rather not."

"You must answer, my Judge, severely.

"Esau," broke in Anthony, "whatever it be, speak it like a man. I have no hope now but in speaking the truth."

"Prisoner!" said the Judge, reprovingly.

"Pardon me, my lord: he is my relative! I will not speak further."

While an eager buzz ran through the court, and then was silenced, Esau said, in a whisper, but Robert Brande he used to say was his name; but his real name, I have found, is Robert Stonor."

"Stonor!" said Mr. Martin; "a word of explanation. Stonor or Brande may be said to be the real prosecutor in this case—"

A pretty sensation followed the Judge.

"Your lordship speaks very justly; but I am sure your lordship will see that the facts placed before Mr. Gilbert Dean by other magistrates compelled movement, and, once begun, it was, of course, the duty of the heir to guide the proceedings."

"No doubt. But who is this Stonor?"

"I beg your lordship's pardon, I thought I had mentioned his name in address, he was the aldermun's son-in-law; he had been his groom, and married his daughter—eloped with her, I believe. But he is dead, and my worthy friends on the other side will doubtless deal with him and his antecedents at their pleasure."

In truth, Mr. Martin intentionally so softened Bob's position that it had not struck any one as of particular importance. Esau's unexpected recollection scared Bob into a most flattering prominence, which he had himself the full benefit of. Sir Norman Luke was the victim of the witness-box, and, with not very cordial glances, passed each other.

Bob had watched him assiduously at everything and everybody, the Judge only excepted, before whose every glance he cringed apologetically, especially when he took a red pocket-handkerchief, which he had scarcely put by in his pocket before it was out again and in use as before.

Anthony looked at him with an expression of contempt and loathing that Bob saw and tried to laugh off; but he ceased to turn to the gallery and explode his laugh there in answer to some friendly solicitation—but in sound, he was in too much awe for the Judge to hear it.

It was not easy to decide on the precise object of the introduction of putting Bob into the witnessbox at all, except that they knew his absence would throw doubt on all the proceedings; so they put him forward to show, first, that the robbery had confessed to Mr. Stonor as soon after it occurred, and had then convinced him they were utterly guiltless of the murder. But Mr. Martin did not put Mr. Stonor to manage the witness. He managed, with admirable tact, to get out Bob's antecedents just as he had intended them to be, and was followed by a look at the Judge, and a look at the jury, managed to say without words:

"Don't suppose we have anything to conceal about so disreputable a witness. I wash my hands of him, I assure you."

By jumped Sir Norman Luke—a worthy, able, but rather impetuous man, no more honest than Mr. Martin, but far more skilful in playing with the passions of men. Mr. Stamp had been greatly chagrined when he found Sloath had been too much for him, and had sent for Gadden—Mr. Morton—thus leaving only Sir Norman Luke as the suitable man. When, however, Mr. Stamp had decided on the course to pursue, Anthony, the latter said at once: "I hope it is Sir Norman you have chosen."

And Sir Norman, for the present, seemed able to justify Anthony's faith.

"So," he began, "you go by different names at different times—quite a variety—Bob the Cadger, Robert Brande, Robert Stonor. Any more?"

"No," said Bob, a little sullenly, not liking the laugh against him.

"May I ask which of them, on the whole, you think you have the best claim to?" Again there was a laugh.

"Stonor's my name, and I ain't ashamed on it."

"So it appears!" said the counsel, quietly; and there ran a roar through the court.

"How happened it that the burglars—perhaps I ought to say, those gentlemen friends of yours under a cloud—how happened it that they consented to go on great a secret?"

"I spose 'cause they war friends!" said Bob, with great triumph; and the laugh, this time, was not altogether at Bob's expense.

"Very true. They war friends of yours, as you forcibly express it—perhaps partners?"

Bob said he was "raytlier deaf," and begged that the question might be repeated. Then he said, thoughtfully:

"No; partners goes snacks—I didn't."

Bob Stoner, remember your oath. Attend to me, will you? Did you not yourself suggest this very robbery to these very men?"

Bob burned very white in the face, and saw Anthony, who had risen once more from the dock box, and not feeling sure that Esau hadn't blabbed, made a clean breast of it, and did it with characteristic impudence.

"I didn't come here to tell lies. I ain't a goin' to deny as I 'ave done things as I'm sorry for; and—"

"You did suggest the robbery of the aldermun?"

"I did!"

There was a pause, and Bob found it hard to meet everywhere the faces upturned or downturned according as he stood or sat—everywhere but the real prosecutor of Anthony Maude forwarder, had himself suggested the robbery out of which the greater crime had arisen.

But if the feeling of the spectators was intense at this discovery, they were not allowed long to dwell on it, for Sir Norman Luke's next questions opened out new fields for speculation.

"You have been on a foreign tour like other gentlemen of fortune, I think, and once these events, have you not?" asked Sir Norman, in the blandest and most genial of accents, and with a marked emphasis on the word *fortune*.

"Call it so, if you like," said Bob.

"And the fortune, what might it amount to? Ten thousand pounds?"

Bob glared, and his face—never very lovely—became just now cadaverous, livid, demoniac, but he gave himself a savage pinch of the thigh with his nervous fingers, to help himself to self-possession and answered, with a forced, *forlorn*, sneer, of the probability that all was known about the money, and that he must seem most scrupulously truthful and accurate.

"That wasn't my fortin'."

"Not yours? Whose, then? Whose?"

"That blessed limb of the devil yonder there, in the gentleman's box; that's my son—nice son, too—it were his fortin', gur to me by Mr. Sloath."

"Stop, stop! You get so very interesting that I am sure I must not interrupt. Mr. Sloath, dear Sloath, is in full force! Esau first signification! introduction of his name; he then went on:"

"What was that very large sum paid for?"

"Didn't I tell yer? For him yender—the halderman's own grandchild, who ought to have been in his arms, and not here on the fate of his head, left me to look arter his interest, instead of Mister Sloath a gettin' on it all. Not that I mean to find fault with him. He behaved handsome, and I meant to go abroad with my son and give him a good education; but he gave me the slip just as I was planned, he, I were, and in my vexation, got wrong, and spent all the money."

Sloath revived again. Ugly as the case was as regards himself, he had managed to make the best of it, and Sloath, instead of being damaged, stood safer than before.

"Now you may go back to try your hand at a new game. Will you explain how it was that you had no suspicion against the prisoner, even when you found him out, you proceed against him the instant you return?"

"Of course I did will."

Here Bob turned pleadingly to the Judge, as if remonstrance on the treatment he was going to say.

"I wasn't agoin' to poach on my friends while they were safe; but when I comes back and hears o' their mischief, then I acts accordin'. I knows as Mr. Sloath knew as they didn't do the murder, I shan't hurt them by trying to find out them as did."

Bob stopped, for he saw Sloath's hand across his face, and he understood a certain motion that was to be thus administered at critical times.

Sir Norman Luke made a few more several of a thousand pounds, which Mr. Sloath offers, and which, if earned by the conviction of the prisoner, he will have to pay it?"

"I'm a poor man, and can't afford to do as a rich gentleman can," said Bob; "I'll do it as anybody to offer a reward. But the haldorman was my benefactor, and I'll do my best, and I can't to prosecute his murderer, because Mr. Sloath has given me, and given a thousand pounds to the man who discloses the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me—"

He stopped, forgetting he was not now required to repeat the oath.

Mr. Sloath sat down, and Mr. Martin got up again.

"I ask you ask Mr. Sloath for money before this reward was offered?"

"No," said Bob, as if with conscious effort to own the truth.

"You will confess absolutely to pay anything whatever, except through a most responsible gentleman and acquaintance, Dr. Pompion?"

"He did."

Mr. Martin sat down.

Bob went down triumphant, but heard, as he moved away from the witness-box, the clank of irons. He turned, and there was Hey Stoud, the convict, resting his handcuffed wrist on the edge of the dock, and working rapidly (while he tried to see) on account of the blinding sunshine, and the contrast it presented to the gloom of the jail, from which he had been just removed.

Bob and Sloath exchanged glances—one thought in both minds—would the real facts about the cudiel now come forth and ruin all?



ORDEAL OF THE VENOMOUS GLOVES, THE WARRIOR TEST OF THE AMAZONIAN INDIANS, SOUTH AMERICA.

MR. HENRY BERGH,

Founder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

By an invitation of the American Geographical and Statistical Society, a lecture was delivered before them on the 8th of February last, by Mr. Henry Bergh, late Secretary of Legation to Russia. This lecture and the subject having attracted great attention from the public and the press, we give, in this issue of our paper, an excellent portrait of the man who has already done excellent service, and seems determined not to falter in his exertions.

Mr. Bergh is a gentleman of property and high educational qualifications, being master of several languages, an author, and a traveler. His appointment to Russia was made under our present Minister, Mr. Cassius M. Clay, and during the time of his residence in St. Petersburg Mr. Bergh succeeded in winning a popularity and favor, from the very highest to the lowest, that few of our appointees abroad have ever enjoyed. So far was this favor carried by the Emperor, that he granted Mr. Bergh many attentions never before granted a foreigner; among which we may notice permission to visit the fortress of Cronstadt, and to place at his disposal the royal yacht and carriages.

Of Mr. Bergh's efforts in the present cause, the entire press of New York, on the morning after his fine lecture on cruelty to animals, testifies. The result of it has been the formation of a society, and the awakening of public sentiment, which, we trust, will be successfully carried out. Our columns have shown some of these atrocities by illustration, of which we will mention the carrying of cattle through the streets, and the cruelties to the horse. The field is wide, and we commend Mr. Bergh's efforts to till it to the aid of the general public. There are none so weak but can help in so good a work.

THE ORDEAL OF THE VENOMOUS GLOVES.

THE "warrior test" among our own Indians is of general usance in every tribe. It is simply a torture for the purpose of testing whether the would-be warrior is sufficiently brave to withstand pain.

The Amazonian Indians reckon among its numerous tribes the Mandrucus. Here we find the "warrior test" assuming an altogether different shape; but though a simple business, and devoid of the horrible parade that distinguishes the North American and other "tests," if these and the Mandrucu ordeal were offered for selection, one would hardly know how to decide. To look at, the Mandrucu instruments of torture are wonderfully innocent, being nothing more formidable than two cylindrical cases of palm-tree bark about a foot in length, and stopped at one end. Into these cases the candidate for manhood has to thrust both his hands, and accompanied by half the village, makes the circuit of the encampment, pausing at the door of every wigwam to dance and sing.

A very easy way to win one's laurels this seems, and so it would be but for one little circumstance: the bark gauntlets are filled with all sorts of biting and venomous ants and other terrible insects, with fangs like adders, and nippers like miniature lobsters. However, there is no help for the poor young Mandrucu; he must either wear the terrible gloves or for ever resign all thoughts not only of wearing the war-club and lance, but likewise of matrimonial bliss, for not a maiden in Mandrucu land will accept a suitor's hand that is not branded by the tiny demons of the bark gloves.

Bravely, therefore, the young fellow submits to the woeful mittens, and bravely he sets out. For a time, perhaps, the creeping things, busy devouring each other, take little or no heed of the intrusive hands, and their owner, thinking doubtless it is not so very dreadful after all, skips along, accompanied by his relations, and sings his funny songs, and trips it gingerly to the music of tom-tom and reed. Presently, however, the imprisoned hands, grown hot with the salutary exercise, invite the attention of the blood-suckers, and they begin to nibble; to clash their nippers and exercise their jaws. He dares not cry out; he dares not bite or compress his lips, or indulge in any other of the facial antics that generally attend helpless pain; the eyes of his father and his many uncles and cousins—of his affianced herself, maybe—are narrowly watching his countenance, and will note every spasm and twitch of it. If he could only clench his hand and crush a few dozen of his tormentors, it would be a relief, but this is impossible; he can't move so much as a single joint of a single finger encased in the unyielding wooden gloves. In no way can he ease his anguish but by stamping and grinding his heels at certain parts of the pleasant dance, or by introducing a woeful note among the high-pitched keys of his laughter.

The further he goes the worse he fares. The tribe is large and the village a mile or more in length, and at the end of it is the tent of the chief, at the door of which the last song must be sung and the last jig performed. What with the heat engendered within and the blazing sun playing without the bark gloves, the wretched hands seem literally in a furnace. Nor is the heat the worst part of it. Many of the dreadful ants have venomous fangs, and by the poor fellow's pallid face and staring eyes it is evident that the subtle poison is careering through his veins. Still on without a murmur, surrounded by the gay troop yelling, clapping their hands, and rending the sultry air with the screeching music of the reed flute and the banging of the tom-toms: on from tent to tent, till the song of the sufferer becomes a mere loud unintelligible noise and his dance the staggering of a drunken man. So the chief's tent is reached, and the chief, coming to the door, signs to the musicians to strike up briskly, the while regarding the dancer narrowly.

"Enough," says the chief, and reeling into the arms of his friends, the deadly gloves are torn off the young man's hands, and his mother and sisters cast their arms about him and weep.



MR. HENRY BERGH, FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

POLYNESIAN COCK-FIGHTING.

THERE are two things that every people, be they ever so enlightened or savage, will do. The first is the making and using of artificial stimulus, and thereby creating intoxication; and secondly, the excitement of gambling and betting. An instance of the latter we illustrate in the cock fighting of natives of Polynesia.

It is consolatory to know that our forefathers were not the only savages who were versed in the above-mentioned art. Throughout the entire Polynesian group the sport has been known and practiced from a very remote period. Whether the South Sea Islanders trained the birds as mediums of gambling, or whether, as some travelers—Ellis among the number—assert, they were content with the pleasure of seeing the birds murder each other, is not with certainty known. It is certain, however, that they were fed with the greatest care, and that finely-carved perches were prepared for them. Their food was chiefly bread-fruit rolled up in the hand like paste, and given in little bits. The bird was taught to open its mouth, and receive water from the hollow of its master's hand.

Frequently there would be a gathering of entire districts to test the superiority of two rival cocks. The birds were no artificial spurs, and were allowed to retain the whole of their natural plumage. These international cock-fights took place as soon after day-dawn as possible, that the pugilists might not be incommoded by the heat. As with their boxers, so with their chickens—as soon as one avoided the other there was a shout of «i (beaten) from the spectators, and the combatants were separated.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR AT ST. LOUIS.

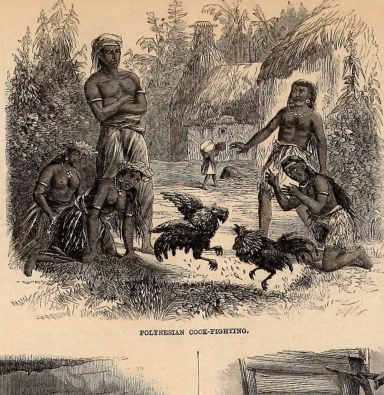
Battle between a Woman and a Raccoon.

THE lock-up, or night-prison, at St. Louis, has just been the scene of one of the most horrible affairs that has ever been our lot to record. The

locality and appearance of the scene is vividly given by our artist, and for the description of the horror we shall take the tale told by the St. Louis *Republican*. It says:

"The Stygian cave on Chesnut street was the scene of a most horrible affair on Thursday night. The night tyrannyof these infernal regions is a bluff Englishman named Tom Hanby, who appears to delight in horrible performances. When Dr. Eliot periled his life by descending, like Dantes into the bowels of this foul pit, he found a small rivulet coursing through the centre of the chamber. Hanby is the Charon who ferries lost souls across the diminutive Styx, and like the infernal ferryman, he has a bull-dog to assist him. This dog is of the feminine gender, and is blessed with a sprightly pup, that amuses the keeper by its gambols and pranks.

"On Thursday night Mr. Hanby received an addition to his 'happy family' of dogs and rats, in the shape of a savage raccoon, which had been kept by Charley at his dog arena in fighting bull-terriers. The calaboose dog and pup were delighted to make the acquaintance of the coon, the pup showing a decided fondness for the ring-tailed gentleman, and after taking a good smell, endeavored to get up a juvenile romp with his coonship. The coon's reminiscences of the canine fraternity were not of the most agreeable nature, and he resented the familiarity of the pup, and at once got his back up and showed fight. Seeing her offspring in danger, and being always ready for a muss, the mother of the pup bristled up and made a dive for the throat of the coon; but that wily animal had learned how to interpret the motions and language of dogs, and was not to be caught napping. He



POLYNESIAN COCK-FIGHTING.

He thought to give the men an agreeable surprise, and so kept the matter a secret until the arrival of his instruments. The surprise was on his side, however, when he found that the carpenters would not use one of the English tools, asserting most positively that they could not work with them.

The reverence with which a Hindu professes to regard the instruments he works with, very naturally assumes the color of his idolatrous religion, and, consequently, not only does he make offerings of rice, fruit and flowers to them, but actually prays to them, which seems almost too absurd for belief, and would be very laughable, if it were not for the pity we ought to feel for this blind superstition and ignorance of the true object of worship.

THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF THE ANCIENT ASSYRIANS.

EVERYTHING appertaining to this strange people of the olden time, who were so intimately connected with Biblical history, must be interesting. The recent excavations and discoveries of Layard have made us intimate with the domestic life of the people of Nineveh, and their customs are unfolded to us with as much certainty as are those of our own day. We give illustrations of their musical instruments, and the composition of a Ninevite band, to which no doubt many a fair belle of the wondrous old city tripped it on the light fantastic toe.

The instruments of Assyria, all of which are mentioned in sacred writ, were the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer.

Calmet says, "The musical instruments of the



WOMAN MUTILATED BY A RACCOON AT ST. LOUIS.



EAST INDIAN CARPENTERS AT WORK.

executed a masterly retreat, and concealed himself in the coil known as 'the dungeon,' a dark, filthy apartment into which consumptive rats retire to give up the ghost.

"In this dark dungeon lay a wretched woman named Mary Dugan, who had been placed there in a state of beastly intoxication. The coon, which was afraid of a sober bull-dog, had no hesitation in attacking a drunken woman. Springing upon her face, he fastened his teeth on her nose and tore away a large portion of that organ. The woman, thinking the leading spirit of the infernal regions had assailed her, screamed murder and called for help at the top of her voice, but no help came. The coon, after biting off the woman's nose, seized hold of her arm and mangled it in a shocking manner. Finding that no one came to her assistance, the woman became desperate, and seizing the 'devil' by the throat, held on with a determined grip. Under the pressure the coon was strangled, and the woman threw his dead body at her feet, and it was seized upon and half devoured by the rats.

"We saw the woman in the calaboose yesterday morning, lying upon a couch groaning and moaning with the pain of her frightful wounds. Instead of being sent immediately to the hospital, she was kept for several hours in the calaboose,



TIMBREL, PSALTERY, CYMBALS—PSALTERY WITH DANCING.

the most pitiable object that human eye could look upon.

"Our Government hung Capt. Wirz for cruelty to prisoners at Andersonville and for confining them in loathsome and unhealthy cells, but our city authorities, unmindful of the fate of the rebel captain, throw into a cave more horrible than the blackest spot of Andersonville, the poor unfortunate creatures who have merely violated an ordinance against drunkenness, or for a slight disturbance of the peace. If inhumanity is a crime, somebody is responsible for their daily repetition of an offense against a large class of our fellow beings."

DR. ABERNETHY used to tells his pupils that all human diseases sprung from two causes —stuffing and fretting.

INDIAN CARPENTERS.

AN American carpenter would smile if he saw the tools used by one of his own craft, a native of India, and still more so if he saw the native carpenter at work, performing the operations of planing, sawing, drilling, hammering, etc., seated on his haunches, as shown in the illustration.

His tools, which are always few in number, are of the rudest description, and appear quite past work, through age; indeed, they have probably descended from father to son for many generations, and are regarded with superstitious reverence. Their work is, however, performed with wonderful neatness, and, though not so durable as that done by an American carpenter or upholsterer, is quite equal in the matter of finish.

A person, who had a large number of Hindu carpenters at work, was desirous of having it done in the best possible way, and with this view, wrote to England for several complete sets of carpenter's tools of the first quality, naturally thinking that his work, already done well, would be so much better done with better instruments.



ANCIENT ASSYRIAN MUSIC—HARP, PSALTERY, SACKBUT AND FLUTE.



ASSYRIAN DRUM.

Hebrews are, perhaps, what has been hitherto least understood of anything in Scripture. The Rabbins themselves know no more of this matter than other commentators who are least acquainted with Jewish affairs."

Calmet had no means of assisting his speculations by examining any representations of the actual instruments, and, indeed, never till now have we had so good an opportunity of arriving at some definite knowledge of the form, and, consequently, of the structure and quality of sound emitted by the above-mentioned instruments.

In the engraving with six figures there are four performers, two men and two women; the two centre figures being two officers of the Assyrian court, designated as superintendents of the tribute of the provinces.

The first instrument mentioned in the list is the cornet (karna), from karn, the horn of an animal, of which this instrument was probably first made. The second instrument in the list, is the flute (masbrukita), from sbarak, to whistle, to shriek,



CHIEF OF THE MUSICIANS, WITH DULCIMER.

is very suggestive of the kind of sound that such short and thin tubes would make as those in the hands of the woman at the right hand. The next in order is the harp (kitras), from kush, to be curved or bent like a bow, from which, probably, the idea was taken, and of which structure, in fact, all ancient harps were, and some modern Indian harps still are, the strings being kept tight by the resistance of the back of the instrument, not by the support afforded by the column as in European harps. This instrument has 20 or 21 strings, and is played with a plectrum.

The next in order is the sackbut (shabkah), from shabak, to weave, applied to the lattice of a window, being the Arabic word shebbak, window; and hence, also, the name of the instrument, there being a window or some ornamented perforations in the sounding-board, as in the European guitar. This instrument is still in existence in the East. The ornamental perforations in this instance are at the sides. The instrument has double strings, and is played with a short plectrum.

The next in order is the psaltery (phsanneterin), from phsal, to carve, because the two columns which support the cross-bar of this instrument are carved into various devices; the shorter of the two columns in the ancient Egyptian examples is commonly carved in the shape of a horse's head. It has usually five or seven strings, but it may have ten; it is then called ashur, or the ten-stringed. Another variety of this instrument is seen in the hand of a man in the engraving of four figures.

The next in order is the dulcimer (sumphonia), from samak, to lean or lay, to impose, as the hand upon anything; which exactly corresponds to this idea, both because the instrument is supported by a belt over the the left shoulder, and because the left elbow and hand are imposed upon it to twang, or stop, or modify the sound of the strings, which are struck with a short stick held in the right hand.

It is to be remarked that this instrument is played by a person wearing a high cap, probably a chief musician.

We have now gone through the list of all those instruments which were employed to give notice to the different people, nations, and languages at what time they were to fall down and worship the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar had set up; and we have shown the true figures of them, taken from these most authentic coeval commentations on the Bible, as the sculptures from Nineveh may fairly be considered.

In the last Psalm (cl.), which was probably composed after the return of the Jews to Palestine, there is also mention of several musical instruments.

The trumpet in this text, as in that from Daniel, is placed first; but here it is called suphar, from saphar, to be bright, as the instrument would be if made of silver or brass.

The next in this series is the psaltery, here called nebel, from a bottle, a vessel, or jar, for the strings were fastened over a kind of box or bowl, like the instrument still in use in Nubia.

The next that occurs is translated harp (kinnor), imitating a tremulous and stridulous sound.

The next, timbrel (tuph), to strike, to beat the tabret. This word may be taken to signify any kind of drum or tympanum, and we have two specimens, one in the shape of a tambourine, the other like our drums, but played with the fingers, as the Indians do the small horizontal drum, or tom-tom, at this day.

The next, translated organ (huggab), is supposed to have been a wind instrument, perhaps a set of pipes of unequal length; but we have not seen anything of the kind represented in these sculptures.

The last instrument mentioned among those in Psalm cl., is translated cymbals (zalzelim), from zal, to tingle; or from zalzil, roundness. We have a representation of it in the hands of a man with a beard. They appear to be flat, circular pieces of brass, fastened one in each hand, and struck together, as are our instruments of the same name. All four of these musicians are at the same time dancing, as also it was the custom with the Jews, Psalm cl. 4. Religious dances are still practiced by the Mohammedans.

A MISSING MAN.

MR. WILLIAM PARDEE DAVIS left his home in Rice City, R. I., on the 14th of February, 1866. The following is his description: His height is five feet seven inches, about 35 years of age, 175 pounds weight, large black whiskers, top of his head bald, high forehead; was laboring under aberration of mind; had on four coats, two pair of pantaloons and black soft hat; was traced to Providence, R. I.; he was engaged for several years with Messrs. R. & C. Poillon, ship-builders, 224 South street. Any information where he may be found, given to his father, Mr. William Davis, Rice City, or to Mr. James M. Ford, 49 Concord street, Brooklyn, will be liberally rewarded, and receive the heartfelt thanks of his grieved parents and many friends.

THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF MODERN DRAMA.—There are, these days, three sorts of drama extant, to wit: The leg drama, the fire-proof safe drama, and the supernumerary drama. The former may be defined by the absence of essentials in it, such as skirts, arm and bosom draperies, and decent conversation. Its chief popularity is the plumpness of the actor who essays it. In this rôle our Westerns, Rushtons, and Reignoldses are "queens." Their "starry" splendors renews the sexagenarian heart, and makes opera-glasses rise to the highest premiums. The patent-safe drama was Tom Taylor's fee simple, but the cheaper dramatists have appropriated it with wonderful unanimity. Its personages revolve about a forged will or missing bond, and after a couple of hours badinage, the funny man of the play relieves the dramatist and marries all the virtuous couples in the cast—often not a numerous number either! The third and last species of ye modern drama is Boucicault's supernumerary; whose sole recommendation is in pleasant arrangements in stage furniture, fine dresses, dances, funerals, fun and frolic, forced upon the delighted audience as "drama!"

ENGLISH LADIES' BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

THE *Queen*, a London "lady's newspaper," has lately contained a number of letters from various correspondents, relative to corporal punishment in schools, the contents of which have completely disgusted the community at large, and made parents particularly anxious respecting their children at school. It appears from these letters that in most of the fashionable ladies' boarding-schools the system of corporal punishment is in vogue, and that marriageable young ladies are stripped, laid across a "horse" and then receive a castigation which is usually awarded to only the naughtiest of children. Besides the stripes of a birch, there are several other formalities to be gone through, very humbling to the pupil, and which one correspondent describes as follows: "For the first offense the delinquent is prepared for punishment, but generally pardoned; for the second, she is whipped privately; for all subsequent delinquencies the punishment takes place in the school-room, on the 'horse,' and in addition to the pain it inflicts it costs in money about 1s. in fees. This is the system: First, she proceeds to the housekeeper, to procure the rod—she pays 2d. for the use of it; secondly, she has to be partly undressed by the maid, and this costs 2d.; thirdly, she has then to walk barefooted to another part of the house, to be robed for punishment—a peculiar dressing to add to the disgrace. It is a long linen blouse, short cotton socks and slippers. The young lady thus dressed, now proceeds to the drawing-room to be exhibited to the lady superintendent. Having been approved, she is then conducted to the second room, when she has to pay 6d. to the governess who inflicts the punishment. A wooden horse, covered with soft leather, is the medium of castigation. The delinquent then thanks the governess, kisses the rod, and retires to her own room to appear no more until the next morning." One of the writers, an Irishman, says he has under his care a niece, 18 years old. Last summer, the young lady having finished her education, they went to live in a "pleasant village near the Thames." In the "village" was a very large ladies' school, and the young lady in question being particularly fond of study, made arrangements to attend twice a week, in order to add to her store of knowledge, if possible. One afternoon it appears she contradicted, or rather corrected a a teacher who had mis-quoted a line of poetry. To her surprise, when about to leave, after her lessons, she was ordered into the school-room. To her amazement and indignation, she was told that she was to be birched "for impudence to a teacher." She protested and implored, but in vain. Her resistance was useless against force; she was held across a desk, the clothing was completely removed from the lower part of her person, and the lady principal gave her 12 sharp cuts with a birch. The young lady went home, distracted in mind, and related the circumstances to her uncle. He was, of course, highly indignant, but he concluded to say nothing about it until the young lady had completed the term of her tuition. That time having arrived, he sent an invitation to the lady principal, asking her to lunch at his home and receive the amount of money due her. This the principal accepted, and on her arrival she was rather surprised at the warmth of the reception, which was as follows: Three lady acquaintances had been invited to act as a committee of reception, with a "birch," "horse," &c., along with them. On the appearance of the principal the gentleman lectured her as to her conduct to his neice, and told her to avoid exposure by legal proceedings he had concluded, with the aid of the ladies present, to punish her as she had done his niece. There being no other alternative, she consented, and was accordingly stripped by the ladies, drawn across the "horse," and the gentleman himself laid on the birch. He gave her 20 strokes, the severity of which the principal's flushed countenance attested to. She then departed. There are a number of other letters, all of which contain accounts similar to the above.

WITCHCRAFT.—We still see horse-shoes, owls, hawks, etc., nailed on the doors of old barns. These supposed charms against sorcery were used even in pagan times, and date back to the Romans. Persons accused of witchcraft have been subjected to the most barbarous and unrelenting punishments. In thousands of cases, the victims, often quite innocent, were burnt alive, while others were drowned by the test applied. If, on being thrown into a pond, they did not sink, they were pronounced witches, and either stoned on the spot, or reserved for the stake. Five hundred witches were burnt at Genoa, in three months, in 1515. One thousand in the diocese of Como, in a year. An incredible number in France, about 1520, when one sorcerer confessed to having 1,200 associates. More than 100,000 perished, mostly by the flames, in Germany. Grandeis, the parish priest of Loudan, in France, was burnt on a charge of having bewitched a whole convent of nuns, A. D. 1634. In Bretagne, 20 poor women were put to death as witches in 1654. Maria Renata was burnt at Wurtzburg, in 1749. At Kalisch, in Poland, nine old women were burnt in January, 1775. And so recently as 1802, five were condemned by the Bramins, in Patna, for sorcery, and executed. In England, under the reign of Henry the VIII., A. D. 1541, a statute was enacted declaring all witchcraft and sorcery to be felony, without benefit of clergy. Again, in the 5th of Elizabeth, and 1st of James. Barrington estimates the judicial murders for witchcraft in England, in 200 years, at 30,000. Sir Matthew Hale burnt two persons for witchcraft in 1664. Three thousand suffered for this imputed crime under the Long Parliament. Northamptonshire and Huntingdon preserved the superstition longer than any other counties. Two pretended witches were executed at Northampton, in 1705, and five others some years afterward. In 1716, Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, a child of nine years of age, were hanged as witches at Huntingdon. In Scotland thousands suffered. The last was at Dornoch, in 1722. The laws against witchcraft had lain dormant for many years, when an ignorant or malicious person attempting to revive them by finding a bill against a poor old woman in Surrey, they were formally repealed, A. D. 1736.

IMPERIAL TOKAY.—Tokay wine is much esteemed by wine drinkers, but as its high price excludes it from general use, the following notice from the *Moniteur Vinicole* may not be uninteresting: "The village of Tokay, which gives its name to the wine, is situated in Hungary, on the top of a hill near the meeting of the Rodrog with the Theiss. The vineyards are to the west of Rodrog, and they occupy a space of 10 square miles. The earth is of yellow chalk, mixed with large pebbles. The wine is white, and the vintage is commenced as late in the year as possible, but generally at the end of October. There are four different kinds of Tokay. The first is made by placing the grapes, when cleared of all rotten fruit, in a wooden vat, with a double bottom, of which the one on which the grapes rest is pierced with small holes. The vat is filled with grapes and covered with boards. After a few hours the grapes become heated to 80° Fah., and fermentation sets in. The fermentation destroys the tartaric acid, and the weight of the grapes forces the juice through the holes in the bottom. The grapes are then trodden under foot, and the wine is poured into small casks, where it remains exposed to the air a month after having fermented for two days. This is the wine which is generally exported. When of a good quality, it has a silvery, oily color, the taste sweet and mellow, with a peculiar earthy flavor, slightly astringent and aromatic, with good body. This wine may be preserved for an almost indefinite period, but is not drinkable until it is three years old. The ordinary price of Tokay wine of first quality purchased at the vineyard is from five shillings to six shillings the bottle. The Emperor of Russia keeps a commission agent at Tokay who purchases 40 or 50 casks of the best wine every year. Some wine-growers in the Ariège cultivate vineyards on the tops of the highest mountains in calcareous earth covered with stones similar to those found in the vineyards near Tokay, but they have not, as yet, succeeded in producing anything as good as the Hungarian wine."

HOME OF BARON JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD.—The estate of La Ferriere was purchased 30 years ago, by Rothschild, from the heirs of Fouche, Duke of Otranto, for the sum of 2,600,000 francs. It has since been considerably increased, and it now consists of 37,000 English acres. Like the great Frederick, who vainly tried to purchase the mill at Sans Souci, which came twixt the wind and his nobility, the Baron has vainly endeavored to buy a farm of 15 acres, which happens to be in the centre of his vast domain. The gold of the Rothschilds will not tempt the obdurate *payson* to part with his beloved heritage. Curious to say, the adjoining estates belong to the mighty Pereires, the only name in France, which, in point of financial power, can rival that of Rothschild. The Emperor's visit, in 1865, to La Ferriere, will be remembered. Every hour which his Majesty breathed in this superb mansion cost the host a million. Till that time no artist had been allowed to sketch the chateau, it being a hideous amalgamation of incorrect style, such as would give Mr. Ruskin a shiver even to contemplate in a photograph. The building is surrounded by exquisite grounds, in the designs of which Paxton had no inconsiderable part; there are, also, immense tanks, well stocked with fish, and an indescribable air of artificial ornament pervades the whole, which conveys to one the idea that one of the sumptuous palaces in the Champs Elysees has been transported to the flat plains of La Brie. The interior arrangements, however, are faultless; a double staircase leads to the hall, which is 85 feet in height, and lit from the roof by a dome of glass, illuminated at night by 1,150 gas-burners. The most comfortable chair in the *salon de famille* was once the throne of a Chinese Emperor, presented by that Celestial to a Rothschild. A sofa in this said room is covered by Oriental embroidery bearing the Imperial Dragon. The baron's private study is furnished with Gobelin tapestry worked from designs by Boucher. The walls of the smoking-room are entirely covered by Russia leather, exactly the tint of a cigar, and on this costly material Eugene Laury has painted exquisite frescoes. The family dining-room is decorated by sporting subjects, executed by Philippe Rousseau. It opens on a small and very plain synagogue. It was in the large dining-room that the Emperor and his suite partook of the celebrated luncheon in 1862, served on Bernard de Palissy china and plate chiseled by Goattieres.

RAILWAY SPEED ABROAD.—We are eternally told how much faster the English and French run their railroad trains than we do. Were it even so, they would not deserve much credit, as their roads are thoroughly constructed, and have a system that cannot be brought into use here, under which great speed is not incompatible with safety. We have been curious enough to compile from continental time-tables, the *through speed* of their travel, and our readers can compare it with the 8 A.M. and 7 P.M. trains from Jersey City to Philadelphia, which only stop thrice between the termini: Jersey City to Philadelphia, 8 A.M., 89 miles, in 3h. 09m., giving 28·25 miles per hour; 7 P.M. train, in 3h. 13m. or 27·66 miles per hour. Paris to Marseilles, 536 miles; evening express No. 3, in 16h. 15m., giving 35·05 miles per hour; express No. 5, in 19h. 40m., or 27·27 per hour; express No. 11, in 19h. 15m., or 27·86 per hour. Paris to Calais (mail to England), 203 miles, in 5h. 50m., or 34·08 miles per hour. Paris to Strasburg, 312 miles; express No. 1, in 10h. 10m., or 30·07 miles per hour; mail train, 10h. 45m., or 29·00 miles per hour. Paris to Cherburg, 230½ miles; express, in 10h. 5m., or 22·86 miles per hour. Paris to Brest, 387 miles; express, in 16h. 10m., or 23·94 miles per hour. Paris to Rennes [part of Brest line], 231½ miles; express, in 8h. 15m., or 28·06 per hour. Paris to Bordeaux, 361½ miles; express, in 11h. 30m., or 31·06 per hour; mail, in 10h. 50m., or 33·55 per hour. Paris to Frankfort, 438 miles; express, in 18h. 20m., or 24·88 per hour. "Through speeds" from London [including sea passage]: To Paris, 304 miles, in 10h. 35m., or 28·72 miles per hour. London to Bale, 635 miles, in 25h. 15m. [including two hours' rest in Paris], or 25·14 miles per hour. London to Frankfort [from 7·25 A.M. till 6.50 P.M. the "next" day], 765 miles, in 35h. 25m., or 21·05 miles per hour, including two hours' rest in Paris [from 6 to 8 P.M.]

WHERE RELICS GO.—The Richmond *Whig* says: "When the Federal army was advancing up the Peninsula, Dr. John Mayo, of this city, secured an old bell at Yorktown and delivered it for safe keeping to the officer in charge of the State Armory, corner of Seventh and Cary streets. The bell had engraved on it the words: 'York County, in Virginia, 1725.' This precious old relic, which had been cast in England, and whose peals had been heard at Yorktown long before the surrender of Cornwallis, was left in the armory on the night of the evacuation, and was seen there several weeks afterward by the officer above mentioned. In an interview which that officer had with Col. Kress, ordnance officer United States army, in this city, for the purpose of claiming some private property, the State officer drew the attention of the United States officer to the relic, and also to a copper vane which had hung for many years over the dome of the old armory on the basin bank, and the latter requested the former to say to the United States officer then in charge of the armory that he desired these relics to be sent his (Col. Kress's) office. They were never sent to that office. The attention of the present State authorities was also drawn to these relics by the State officer referred to. It turns out that the old bell is in possession of H. W. Hook, metal molder, in Philadelphia; for Vincent Bargamin, of this city, informs us that he recently saw it there broken into fragments."

THE Virginia spinsters complain that the few unmarried men left are all captured by the widows.

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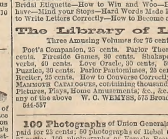
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No. 29,035	Prize	$100,000
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1 do	do	do	10,000
1 do	do	do	5,000
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1 do	do	do	3,000
1 do	do	do	2,000
25 do	do	$1,000 each	25,000
20 do	do	$900 each	18,000
20 do	do	$100 each	2,000
20 do	do	$50 each	1,000
1 do	Residence No. 832 Wabash avenue		10,000
1 do	do	981 Lake shore	8,000
1 do	do	37 Newberry street	5,000
8 do	Cottages, on Pullen, near Pullen Park		6,000
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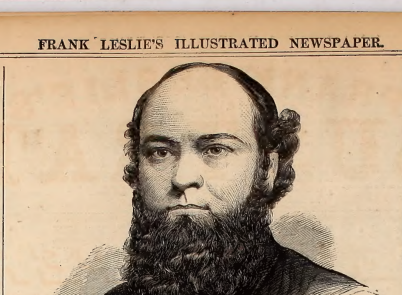
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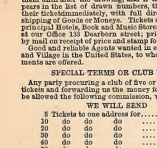
MISSING MAN.

MR. WILLIAM PARDEE DAVIS, LEFT HIS HOME IN RICE CITY, RHODE ISLAND, FEBRUARY 14, 1866.

SEE PAGE 14.

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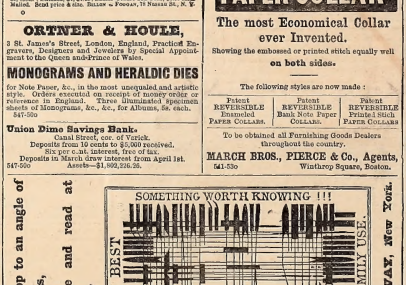
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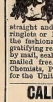
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Will cure the Itch in 48 hours; also cure Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chilblains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 Cents; by sending 60 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass., will be forwarded free by mail. For sale by all Druggists. 541-500



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B. T. BABBITT'S best Medicinal SALERATUS or Cooking Soda. Put up in one pound packages with this Saleratus contains, when baked, nothing but common flour bread. Nos. 64, 66, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, New York.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 186- by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 548 – VOL. XXII.] NEW YORK, MARCH 31, 1866. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 19 WEEKS $1 00.

The Paris Universal Exposition of 1867.

THE monotony of Congressional debate was very pleasantly and, it is to be hoped, usefully broken, on the 14th, by Gen. Banks, in a speech on the proposed great Exposition, or World's Fair, to be held in Paris next year. In his capacity as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the House of Representatives, Gen. Banks reported a series of joint resolutions to carry out the previous acceptance by Congress of the invitation of the French Government to the United States to take part in the Exposition. They provide for the appointment of 10 Commissioners to represent the United States, and appropriate $100,000 for their salaries and other necessary and incidental expenses. They also authorize the employment of one or more government vessels for the transportation, free, of the products and articles intended for exhibition.

Gen. Banks supported the resolutions in a speech, as already intimated, of great interest and eloquence, and which elicited the observation from Mr. Conkling that "it was one good to hear, and of a kind, unfortunately, not often heard in Congress now-a-days." The House paid the speaker the compliment of unanimously suspending its rules limiting the time in which a member may speak, to enable him to complete his remarks, which were listened to by a full house and crowded galleries with deepest attention. Gen. Banks pictured concisely but clearly the great resources of our country, and showed how their exhibition in Europe would necessarily react in our favor. React not precisely in the same direction with the exhibition of our strength and elasticity during the late civil war, but in showing to the world that we are as much to be respected for our industry, skill and intelligence, as for our power on land and sea. He showed that by placing before the people of Europe the varied products of our soil, and the appliances of our arts, we should attract more and more that emigration which has contributed so much to our wealth, not alone in the augmentation of our supply of labor and skill, but in actual capital, of which almost every continental emigrant is the possessor. Having shown our capacity as a great power, and our determination to be a great nation politically, with a firm and stable government, it only remains for us to show that we have the means and the purpose to be in the mechanic and fine arts, in the production of raw materials, in our mines and our commerce, not alone second to no country in the world, but in all these respects, and in all that goes to constitute a prosperous and civilized state, the very first.

It may at first seem, from the vote of 70 ayes to 65 noes by which the joint resolutions were carried, that the popular branch of the National Legislature did not adequately comprehend the advantages which would accrue to us from an a proper representation in the great Paris Fair. A few, perhaps, of those who voted in the negative may have been actuated by a kind of Chinese or Japanese exclusivism and conceit, and a few others by a sincere conviction that in the present condition of our finances, not even so small a sum as one hundred thousand dollars should be expended for any purpose, if it could be avoided. But the larger part of the dissentients were men who acted under a strong feeling of dissatisfaction with France, and of hostility to the offensive policy of the French Emperor in Mexico. They think that our dissatisfaction in this respect has not been adequately expressed, and would neglect no opportunity of signifying to the Tuileries that the American people are impatient spectators of European encroachments on this continent. So strong is this feeling in the House, that a motion that no part of the appropriation should be expended until after the evacuation of Mexico by the French came very near carrying, and probably would have carried, if the mover had succeeded in effecting a call of the roll. It is better as it is. The French people, and above all, the European people, whom we shall reach and whose attention we shall attract through the proposed Exhibition, have no interest in or sympathy with the dreams or purposes of the French Emperor. They will learn, from the proper display of our products and the results of our industry, that concerning us, which has been and is steadily disguised from them by the publicists who write in the interest of monarchy and imperialism. By such a display we shall challenge their admiration, earn their respect, and attract to our shores the very men who will be foremost to assist us, if the occasion should arise, to repel foreign aggression or chastise foreign insolence.

There is little doubt that the resolutions will pass the Senate, receive the Presidential sanction, and become a law. The appointment of Commissioners rests with the President and Senate, and it is to be hoped the power will be exercised irrespective of all partisan considerations. The salary of each Commissioner, $1,000, is happily so small, that it will not be likely to attract the spoilsmen. Indeed, it is simply nominal; for no person of requisite ability and position to adequately perform the duty of Commissioner could expect to spend less than four times this sum. We regard the appointment as simply honorary, and the honor should be conferred where it will be appreciated and likely to confer greatest benefit on the country.

It is to be regretted that this action of Congress comes so late, for according to the original programme, all applications for admission to the Exhibition were to be made before the 1st of March of this year, although the time for forwarding articles remains open until the 1st of December next. We presume, however, that the time within which applications may be admitted will be somewhat extended. This is desirable, so far as we are concerned, in order to have anything like an adequate representation on our part. The fact that articles may be sent out *free* in a



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Government vessel will stimulate many to become exhibitors who would not otherwise be desirable to be such. Information on all matters connected with the Exhibition may be obtained by addressing: *"United States Agent for the Paris Universal Exposition, No. 40 Park Row, New York."*

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 31, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be Addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

The Jury Question.

We recur to this subject, not alone because of its intrinsic importance, but because some of the views we expressed have been combated in quarters entitled to respect. In our number of the 17th inst., we published a letter from "G," and some of his strictures on our first article we proceed now to consider in the same spirit of courtesy which characterizes his letter, feeling sure that a candid examination of both sides of the question cannot fail to do good, even though a perfect agreement of opinion should not result from the discussion.

We may frankly concede to "G" that trial before a wise and impartial judge, under whatever form or name he may sit, would be preferred by many nations, and more than this, that justice would be as substantially administered, in most cases, by such a system, as by that now in vogue. The radical defects of trial by jury are palpable enough, and have long since engaged the attention of jurists. But we take it for granted that in a free country the right of a trial by jury can never be safely relinquished by the people, and the question we started with was not how juries may be superseded, but how their mode of action may be reformed. Let us come to this: is thus reduced to much narrower limits than a full consideration of all the points of his letter would have allowed, and we can this more fairly deal with his remarks on the ground that juries adopt to arrive at their decisions.

Juries are selected indiscriminately from all classes of our citizens. None are exempt except on the plea of age or infirmity. Does it not follow, therefore, that the objection to submitting complex or difficult cases to their decision, founded on the incapacity of the majority, is one "G" states it, of nine or ten out of twelve, to understand or appreciate the facts, strikes at the very foundation of the rule of the majority? If the majority of our citizens in the proportion of three to one, or four to one, or twenty to one, are "creatures of impulse, prejudice, or passion," incapable of reasoning correctly, how can the decisions of this country be safely entrusted to their judgments? Juries are restricted to judging of facts, and "G" thinks that their average capacity is unable to do this fairly with these. The use of this average capacity we commit the solution of the complex questions of finance, of political economy, of the relations of the States—in short, of the Government of the country, and on all these the grand jury of the people passes its verdict, and who will question that it is, in the main, right? We are far from wishing to advance any *ad captandum* argument, but we conceive that "G" proves too much, and in his condemnation of juries, places the intellect of the country too low.

"G" says that the decision by a majority would not work well. We reply that in Scotland it has and does work well, and as we stated before, the trial of a commission to be formed into this and kindred subjects was in favor of its introduction into English practice. We cannot for a moment suppose that "G" takes the accurate logical capacity of our jurymen below that of those countries, and though lawyers would, no doubt, prefer that their arguments should be weighed and sifted by a judicial mind, trained in the same groove as their own, "G" will not be able to persuade the public that questions of fact are not best left to the opinions of men taken from the ordinary affairs of life, and restrained neither by the technical rules of law nor official routine and prejudice.

We have not space here, neither is it necessary, to go into the details of the origin or history of jury trial in England and Scotland, differing as they do in the two countries. It is, however, to the point to state that, from many causes, the trial by jury in civil cases has never been popular in the latter country, while in criminal cases it has always prevailed there. In fact, so inconvenient was the practice of enforced unanimity found—in civil cases—that in 1854 a change was made, and a proviso was introduced that, after six hours' deliberation, a verdict returned by nine out of twelve jurymen should be effectual. This would, we think, do away with the objections fully stated by "G," but as for from obviating the force of his argument, drawn from the unsystematic and illogical debates carried on in the jury-room, we see in these only the honest and laborious efforts of untutored minds to do substantial justice between man and man. Where justice fails, it is "where the jury could not agree and were discharged," and although the heavy expense, delay and vexation of a new trial; and any attempts to remove this grievance, while preserving the safe-guard of the jury system itself, are worthy of the serious attention of every one. We are sure the people of this country will never consent to cut the tree down in order to prune it.

What is the meaning of so many fires in cotton warehouses, not only in this city but all over the country? During the last year cotton has been destroyed by fire to an immense extent, on a scale not in the least warranted by the experience of the past. In this city we have had several such fires, involving a loss of millions of money, and their origin is enveloped in a mystery that all the fire-marshals and detectives are unable to unravel. In one case the warehouse and the fire had been smoldering for days before it was discovered, and when first seen it was by the glare of the flames, which had burst into a vivid red hot. In some cases these great warehouses have not only been under the special surveillance of the police, but of private watchmen, who have failed to discover the danger until too late. Some theorists contend that it is spontaneous combustion, a theory that is unsupported by facts, as cotton has been known to take fire, not by itself alone, but when brought in contact with substances, in which, however, these circumstances are, science has not yet fully determined. It may occur through some peculiar condition of cotton; but if so, it is strange that no one has entered at once upon the subject, that we may guard ourselves against a perpetual recurrence of such disasters. Under the present mystery, there are the result of cotton speculations which nothing but a fire will set right—cotton speculators can understand it—that is doubly mysterious that an inquiry should be made. Let us have a searching investigation.

On an evening of last week, a meeting was called at the rooms of the Union League to which a large number came—a full house. The meeting drew about 30 of the members, who for a couple of hours did duty eloquently on their own behalf, and failed to do so much as touch the public ones. They admitted the subject of gas, as handled by the different companies in this city, to be a swindle, but would only, when the time came for action, refer it to a committee, who are to report at the next meeting what is to be done. There is no doubt this is a step in the right direction, and if the Loyal League Club will only take hold of the subject in earnest, they will do something that will entitle them to the gratitude of the whole city. There is a bill now before the Legislature to incorporate a new company, under the title of "The United Gas Company," the avowed object being to combine its profits so as to give the best possible light, and to the consumer to get all benefits over that. The plan sounds good, and if there is no job in it, we cannot see how it can fail to prove no better than help it along through the opposition of the old monopolists.

A PROPOSITION is now pending in the Legislature to incorporate the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The names of a large number of prominent citizens appear as corporators, and there is no doubt the Society would do a good work. The ingenuity of man is never sure to prevent the glaring acts of cruelty to animals that are now constantly seen in the city, so it appears to very properly that a legal alternative argument is needed. The unwarranted abuse of horses, the practice of driving butcher carts through the streets, the cruelties to calves and sheep hanging half unconscious from cart, and the many kindred acts of cruelty that now shock the sensibilities of humanity can no longer be tolerated. It is a relic of barbarism that ought not to disgrace the metropolis of an enlightened people. Societies similar to the proposed have long been in existence in London and other transAtlantic cities, and New York should not be behind its cosmopolitan in any humane movement.

THE city of Springfield, Ohio, is doing a rushing business in the Mayor line. The Common Council lately undertook to kick out their old Mayor, Snyder, and put one Zaymon in his place. Snyder, not intending they shall have a big thing on him, sticks fast to the emblems of authority and office, refusing to budge, and the papers have had advertise for business in the *Springfield Republic*:

"A NEW BROOM SWEEPS CLEAN."

JAMES TREMBLY, Mayor of the City of Springfield, O. Office in the basement of the City Council.

may be found at regular hours at the Council Room, in the City Hall building.

"Business is Business, and Must be Attended to."

Ear a new now dollar and Cay feed just received.

And then comes Snyder:

"NEW BEE, NONE HERDS, AND NOT ARE REMOVED."

A Session of the Common Council will be held at the old stand.

The occupant of the low-breaking portion of community is respectfully solicited.

Business done with the "old, original, reliable" City Docket and Seal

A BILL is under consideration at Albany, which proposes that any person, not a resident of our State, who shall sell anything in this city on account of a non-publish, shall take out a license—price $200—or be fined $300 for each offence. If anything can be more absurd than this, we would like at once to hear of it. New Jersey or Connecticut, in their worst days of endeavoring to make business cities from other States who stood their ground, could not pay their governmental expenses, never conceived anything quite as bad, for we will not see the citizens of New York so to believe that they have the hand in so gross a movement. If such a law is carried, we shall hope to see retaliation from other States, to demand passports from New Yorkers, and forbid them all rights of citizenship. This is State rights with a vengeance.

As some of the most fearful part of the Fenian agitation is progression on the other side of the water, we cut this from the London *Telegraph* of March 1. It is only an opening in the terrible hell that Fenians are inaugurating:

"There are two rather sad stories come out of the government action in the suppression. You remember a man named Clarke, a few weeks ago, in the street in this city, Two men, acquaintances of his, called for him, asked him to take a walk, and a shot him. He died the next day. (It reminds one of the Italian assassinations, mutatis mutandis, rather through Florence.) The true story of the tragedy is said to Clarke was a Fenian, and lived in Brooklyn. He lived in a street where the government discovered the cartridges, and shortly after he was noticed by his co-conspirators to have plenty of money. In this case one can see that it was supposed that the fire had been smoldering for days before it was discovered, and when first seen it was by the glare of the flames, which had burst into a vivid red hot. In some cases these great warehouses have not only been under the special surveillance of the police, but of private watchmen, who have failed to discover the danger until too late. Some theorists contend that it is spontaneous combustion, a theory that is unsupported by facts, as cotton has been known to take fire, not by itself alone, but when brought in contact with substances, in which, however, these circumstances are, science has not yet fully determined. It may occur through some peculiar condition of cotton; but if so, it is strange that no one has entered at once upon the subject, that we may guard ourselves against a perpetual recurrence of such disasters. Under the present mystery, there are the result of cotton speculations which nothing but a fire will set right—cotton speculators can understand it—that is doubly mysterious that an inquiry should be made. Let us have a searching investigation.

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WHEN we meet with such paragraphs as the following, which we cut from an Arkansas paper, we feel that there is somebody entitled to a police duty in that quarter, no matter whether it be United States soldiers or Confederates:

"We are informed by a military gentleman, one of whom served under Morgan, fought at Shiloh, and was in the Vicksburg campaign, that on the Arkansas river.' The weapons used were bowie-knives. Major Rowe's command, it is said, has constructed to cut off his opponent's (Colonel Zaymon's) nose, slash his face terribly, and finally put out one of his eyes. Then he was satisfied."

THE military bill, which went through the Senate on Wednesday, provides that the army of the United States is to consist, in time of peace, of 54,000 men, formed into 45 regiments of cavalry, and 50 regiments of infantry. Eight of the infantry regiments, and in accordance with an amendment moved by Mr. Wade, two of the cavalry regiments are to be composed of colored men. An infantry regiment has, besides the officers, 1,000 men. These may be increased, at the discretion of the President, to 1,000. Our peace establishment, therefore, would number from 95,000 to about 70,000 men.

THE War of the American Revolution closed about the middle of November, 1782, and of all the many thousands who once figured as Revolutionary soldiers on the pension rolls of the Government, but three remain—William Hutchins, of Penobscot, Me., and Samuel Cook, of Clarendon, Orleans County, N. Y. Several have died within the last year; and when the last one shall die closes the closing of the books. We trust the Government will promptly announce the fact by a proclamation of military honors to the last man. But the death of the last Revolutionary soldier will be fitly and generally commemorated.

THE Chilleans seem to be in high favor with English capitalists. The loan of $2,500,000 which was issued upon the Chilean credit was taken at a premium of four to two and a half per cent., and what is most significant, eight times the sum asked for was offered. As all know, Spain could not borrow a dollar in any money market in the world, on account of her practical repudiation of all the foreign loans she had formerly negotiated.

A FRENCH official return (unpublished) shows that the Mexican expedition has cost France, up to the 31st of December, 1865, no less a sum than 27,000,000 sterling. The losses in the French army during the same time have been 1,100, viz; killed, 2,819; died from wounds or effects of climate, &c., 4,028; disabled for life, 3,167; grand total, 11,444.

AMERICAN literature has sustained a severe loss in the death of Jared Sparks, LL.D., who died at Cambridge, Mass., on the 14th of March, of pneumonia. Mr. Sparks graduated from Harvard College in 1815, and was for a time a tutor in that institution from 1819 to 1823. His principal literary monument is the "Library of American Biography," of which he was the editor, and to which he was the principal contributor. His Lives of Washington and Franklin, accompanying editions of their works, are models of concise and appreciative biography. It has been stated that more than 600,000 copies of Mr. Sparks's books have been printed. A Boston contemporary remarks of him, with justice and discrimination:

"His industry was untiring; his intellect vigorous and active; his spared neither time nor labor in his researches, and gave the results of them to the public in a style of great clearness and accuracy of expression. He was governed by the highest principles. He was full of kindliest affections, and ever manifested in private the most genial qualities of a pure and good heart. He was loved as much as he was esteemed, and the respect felt for his abilities and his character was strengthened by a close intimacy during a long portion of his mortal nature. He has left the example of an unspotted character, the result of a cheerful Christian faith."

TOWN COSSIP.

WHAT is New York coming to?

This is a question to which citizens are beginning to ask in all seriousness, at least such of them as are capable of so consistent considering anything.

The great fault of the American people has always been want of thought, and, as a consequence, a rush into all difficulties heedlessly. By this means they lose their social and political rights, and even their business and financial castles are violated or swept away with a ruthless hand.

If this is true of the American people in general, it is especially true of New Yorkers, who are a concentrated type of their countrymen. They are so fast that they run over everything, missing, in their hurry, the most vital objects. We had hoped that the last year's terrible war we have just passed through would correct this, but the hope was fruitless, and on we go in the same way as before, if not a little worse. We are in too great a hurry to attend to our elections, and the result is that shysters and thieves slip into offices whose honest men are afraid to offer themselves. We are in too great a hurry, when these men are elected, to attend to what they are doing, and, as a consequence, we are elected to any swindling degree. Shysters have free and swindles built up in our midst that match the very brood out of the working-man's mouth.

At this moment half New York is unhoused, or in about the same condition. They are struggling under the rents which landlords will not abate, and secretly looking out for new houses, while they are afraid to move for fear of losses. They are pinching stomach and back to pay the capitalist and keep above their heads, hoping for an abatement of the evil at some not very distant day; but they are hoping against hope, there will be no relief until some radical action is taken by legislative bills that shall compel somebody outside of estate, but in all necessities of life and in legislation will not come in the present disposition of the people.

We are informed that a bill will soon be brought and have made rent to help poor men, but to assist capital and protect it from the purse of legislators.

Who will be the first rich man to originate a movement against his state, and either get up proper dwellings for the poor, or, what is more to the point, set on foot a movement against the evil? We propose him that does so, greatness which shall be lasting and remembered.

Another point that is just now agitating New York is its cleanliness. Although Fifth Avenue is splendid for us, and also an excellent—still we say—observation, we cannot help but keep up from being sick. The cholera scare of last fall has brought forth a host of sewage of laws that are intended to keep us clean, and, as a consequence, we have more filth than we ever had before. Each has yet to be seen. The Commissioners, like all new brooms, seem to wish to sweep clean, and as a consequence, the streets are filled with unsightly policemen pearing into area-ways, with a note-book in one hand and a pencil in the other, and chimney-sweeps looking up chimneys, advising sanitary measures with dirty-faced children, peering into dancer-pots, and in one case arrested for not having the proper quid of soap in the gutter. This is heralded as the first arrest—we have not yet seen the second—and we can imagine the excitement and disgust of Mrs. Loughlin, of Chelsea Place, who suddenly found herself locked up in the station house for the crime she had done all her life—washed a sweet spoken. Of this "first arrest" we have no comment to make. It was, without doubt, legal, and we submit to Messrs. Brown, Knapp and Devoe, whether it is a good idea to spring these kind of traps upon a people who have never before been subjected to laws on their domestic idea of getting rid of their filth? Now that it has been done, we presume the purposes of doing so, and then leave a card printed in English, German and French, telling the necessary sanitary rules for the future, and then give the law time to grow from fines and the station house, which card it should be the part of the Commissioners each beat to keep in the kitchen of the house and inspect every month, to see that it keeps in place? This is a simple thing, but may be more effective than a fresh arrest in a week than by any other mode.

Now that the law does anything, she generally does it on a large scale, no matter what it may be. Just now she is wondering over a robbery, a mere trifle—only a million and a half of dollars. A Mr. Jones is one of these rich men who are lost in the crowd of rich men of this city. Strong, hale and well to do in business, he had an iron safe in which he usually stowed a few millions in greenbacks and bonds. Mr. Lord was no old man, over sixty, but he began to feel himself on the down-hill, and also became looking over his worldly wealth, and what little else he can cut off his executors and collect interest upon them. Mr. Lord had so much money that a million or two, more or less, was of little consequence, and accordingly he made the escape of going away and leaving his safe unlocked and open, with a million and a half of money in it. This was very perhaps unwise, at least younger than Mr. Lord, happened along between two days, and finding these bonds and greenbacks lying around loose, took care of them and has, without doubt, by the time invested them for his own benefit. The Union Signal Asylum, or Foreign Missions, or some other benevolent object. Mr. Lord in the meantime takes it coolly, and continues to eat off his own table and sleep on his own, having entered a bank in the little transaction by simply offering a reward of $10,000 for the return of the money. The robber says by the deliverers, who we have no hesitation in saying are generally successful in any affair where a large reward is offered.

It seems just now as if all the South was let loose from New York. From unofficial letters we have seen from different Southern sections since the war, as well as from their newspapers, it would be supposed that all Yankeedom was overrunning the Southern country; but if that is so, we are satisfied there is no robbery about it, but a full exchange. Here we have Southern men in no unlimited extent, but we have no way, no Southern women. In fact, we candidly believe that the last one left here, and will leave only the unsightly memories of one war in their houses long after both

who went into the field and suffered from it will think of doing. Our hotels and boarding-houses are full of our reconstructed brethren, some of them, we are sorry to say, of a very bad class, and not calculated to do either this or any other community much service, they having "left their country for their country's good;" or, in other words, not being able to stay at home, have sought refuge in this great crowd. During the week, we remember to have met on Broadway three Confederate Brigadiers, one of whom was reduced to the ranks for cowardice, or something else; and another who was notably cruel and hated by his own people. We hope that our Southern brethren and sisteren will bear with the Yankee down there; for we assure them we have to bear with the blessed fire-eater—though he is not so hungry now—up here.

There is little doing that is new among the theatres; they all threaten something new, but, so far, the old attractions prevail. Wallack threatens to play, in a week or two, himself, and then to produce the new play of "Never Too Late to Mend." Lucy Rushton threatens a new spectacular musical burlesque, which shall surpass anything ever shown on the American stage. The Winter Garden threatens the last "Hamlet" matinée on the 21st inst.; and the Olympic threatens, also, a grand romantic spectacular drama.

Amid them all, it seems as if Barnum was carrying off the palm with his new play of "Israel in Egypt," and somewhat astonishing old play-goers of New York, who have been wont to look upon the Museum with indifferent eyes. They can do so no longer, for the scenery and general get-up of the new play has never been surpassed in New York. The panorama of the river Nile is grand, and the general public show their appreciation by crowding the house nightly. It is the critics we appeal to, that they may see and enjoy.

Last week we made notice of the departure from England of Mr. J. Newton Gotthold; from a letter just received we understand that Mr. Gotthold makes his first appearance in this country on the 28th inst. at Winter Garden, as Othello.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THE first number of FRANK LESLIE'S CHILDREN'S FRIEND has just been published from this office, and we call attention to its handsome typographical appearance, and pleasant contents.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND is a monthly magazine, and is intended to fill the void, so long existing in this country in child literature. It is made up of stories, poems, anecdotes, etc., adapted for the infant mind, and profusely illustrated with excellent engravings. The price is $1 per annum, and we think there is no way that a child could be so well pleased for a dollar as by a years' subscription to this magazine.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A gentleman, residing near Boston, drew the attention of the Town Council to a slough in the road as a nuisance, but no notice was taken of it. One day he found, to his amusement, that two Councilors had walked into it by accident, and were floundering about in the mire, when he addressed them thus: "Gentlemen of the Town Council of Boston—I have often petitioned to your honorable body against this slough, but I never had any attention paid to my petition. I now come forth to express my delight to see you at last moving in the matter."

—— A gentleman recently brought to the Treasury at Washington, a large bundle of partially-burned Treasury-notes for redemption. They were given to one of the lady clerks to separate and paste upon sheets, so as to determine their value. The lady reproduced nearly $2,000 more than the anxious owner had been able to do, who evinced his appreciation of her skillful dissection by the presentation of $100.

—— The Pithole (Pa.) *Record* states that an oil borer in that place, a few days since, struck a crevice in the rock, and, on using the sand pump, brought to the surface a live fish, about four inches long, of a brown color, and having no eyes. It was brought from a depth of 616 feet, and when placed in water and exposed to the atmosphere, expired in a few hours.

—— The San Antonio (Texas) *Herald* is charmed with the serene peace that prevails in that city; "With the exception of 15 or 20 fights, and the exchange of a few friendly shots, without any unfortunate results, nothing has happened of moment for two days."

—— A few days since, a farmer drove a span of horses to Schenectady, N. Y., and meeting a stranger, sold them to him for $600. The farmer took the money home, and made the unpleasant discovery two days afterward that it was all counterfeit.

—— A man, 62 years of age, while attending the funeral of his wife, at Cincinnati, who was murdered, near that city, one day last week, was arrested as the murderer. He denied all knowledge, and sought to throw the crime on some negroes, but it was pretty clearly fixed on himself.

—— A Western soldier, who has been through all the campaigns and shared in many of the fiercest battles of the war, writes from his home that "he never realized the horror of war till he got home to Indiana, and found his girl married to a stay-at-home dry-goods clerk.

—— An old gentleman was admitted to the almshouse, at Washington, who, five years ago, was a citizen of Fredericksburg, worth $10,000.

—— A girl, bound to a family at Litchfield, Montgomery county, Illinois, recently hung a little boy, in retaliation for a whipping his mother had given her.

—— Just as one John Elton had closed a most fervid exhortation for sinners to flee from the wrath to come, at one of the Baptist Churches, at New London, Conn., on Sunday night, the sheriff arrested him for stealing a minister's overcoat. After considerable lying, the overcoat was produced.

—— A lady in Pittsfield, Mass., recently brought suit against a doctor of that city for malpractice, and after six days' trial, the jury awarded her $3,000 damages.

—— There are now in the vaults of the United States Treasury about $141,000,000 in notes and coin, which is the largest sum they have ever before contained.

—— A young German girl, going to California to be married to her lover, had her nervous system so deranged by thinking about it, that when she landed at San Francisco she was a raving maniac.

—— A Connecticut Yankee is in Washington with a patent labor-saving Constitutional Amendment machine, for the use of Members of Congress, warranted to turn out 1,300 amendments per hour. He'll make a fortune.

—— There are 30,000 people in Tennessee who can neither read nor write. The Memphis *Bulletin* thinks that it would be well to teach them, rather than waste time in abusing the Yankees.

—— A colored militia company is being formed at Norwich, Conn.; 43 men have been enrolled, and the company will soon be full. It will be the first company of the kind in the State.

—— The floor of the Presbyterian Church, at Greenbush, N. Y., "settled" last Sunday, during a funeral service, and caused great consternation, but it was vacated before any damage resulted.

—— A little boy recently died at West Bethel, Maine, from playfully piling stones on his stomach while lying down.

—— During the last two years the Government has realized from sales of confiscated and abandoned cotton, sugar, etc., in the State of Mississippi, over $6,000,000.

—— James Gordon was lately conveyed to the Toronto (Canada) hospital, to have a surgical operation performed, but dreaded it so much that he cut his throat and died.

—— Amongst the prominent skaters at the reservoir pond, near Baltimore, this winter, was Mrs. Henry E. Johnson, late Miss Harriet Lane, niece of ex-President Buchanan.

—— The Tishomingo (Miss.) *Patriot* says it has had the melancholy pleasure of announcing the death of five newspapers in Corinth.

——The new town of Reno, Pa., is without a grog-shop, and by the terms of the contracts for the sale of lots and leases, the purchasers or lessees are prohibited from selling, or permitting the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage on the premises, and a violation of this clause of the contract works a forfeiture of the ownership or occupancy of the premises.

—— A lady in Cleveland, Ohio, the other day, was very affectionate to her husband, and at supper handed him a cup of tea, which he declined to drink, but handed it to one of his children. Thereupon the woman sprang forward and seized the cup, thus saving the child's life. The cup contained arsenic. An arrest and trial of course follows.

—— Of all the "smart" instances of Yankee ingenuity, perhaps the smartest is the trick played on the authorities of New Brunswick, after their recent offer of $3 for the snout of every bear killed in the colony. A large number of snouts were recently brought in, chiefly by Indians, but in the course of time it was discovered that most of the trophies were imitations only, cunningly manufactured of India-rubber and gutta-percha, by clever manipulators in the State of Maine, who sold them to the Indians at half a dollar each.

—— The oldest stove, probably, in the United States, is one which warms the hall of Virginia's Capitol in Richmond. It was made in England, and sent to Virginia in 1770, and warmed the House of Burgesses for 60 years before it was removed to its present location, where it has been for 30 years. It has survived three British monarchs; has been cotemporaneous with four kingly monarchies, two republics and two Imperial governments of France. The great Republic of America has been torn by internecine strife, the breaches partly healed, and still the old stove remains unmoved in the midst of all. *Esto perpetua!*

—— There is an old man, 77 years of age, a county pauper in Indianapolis, Ind., who a few years ago was the most popular preacher of the Baptist church in that locality, and was loved and respected for his piety. But he loved whisky, and drank it, and he is now preaching in his life a more powerful sermon to drunkards than he could ever preach verbally.

—— An effort is on foot in the Southern States to collect an endowment fund for the college of which Robert E. Lee is President, to enable the trustees to pay him such a salary as would be deemed a worthy equivalent for his pre-eminent services. Agents are at work collecting for that purpose.

Foreign.—In the cellars of Baron Rothchild's mansion, Rue Lafitte, Paris, are 24,000 bottles of every species of the wines existing at the commencement of this century, from the Lachryma Christi, which every visitor to Naples has tasted, to the purple-tinted sweet wines of the Cape; from the common wines of the Macon vineyards, to the rare vintages of Medoc. The value of this collection amounts to about $50,000.

—— Jerpoint Abbey, near Thomastown, County Kilkenny, is one of the oldest establishments in Ireland. It was founded in 1180, and richly endowed by Donagh, King of Ossory. The abbot was a Lord of Parliament. The Order of Cistercian Monks, to which it belonged, was dissolved in 1539.

—— Snowdrops and primroses had made their appearance in some parts of Dorsetshire, England, earlier this year than has been known for many years.

—— The following official telegram was only 21 hours in transmission from India to London: "Bhootan, Feb. 25.—The guns lost at Dewangiri have been restored to our officers by the Bhootan chief. The invading force will now return."

—— The correspondent of the *Temps*, writing from Naples, tells us that Queen Victoria has sent an autograph letter to the Pope, thanking His Holiness for the instructions he had given to his Irish clergy with regard to the Fenian insurrection.

—— The French Government, at the suggestion of the Empress, has ordered that a certain number of young girls educated at the Imperial School for Orphans of Military men at St. Denis shall be provided with places in the telegraph offices. From 25 to 30 pupils are now practicing daily on Morse's apparatus, with a view to qualify themselves.

—— Nine young Roman Catholic priests, educated at the College of the Foreign Missions in France, recently left Paris for Marseilles, whence they will proceed to Egypt, and thence to preach the Gospel in Japan, Cochin-China and Thibet.

—— A new and somewhat expensive fashion has latterly been introduced by the Empress of Austria. Her Majesty attaches a diamond to represent a dewdrop, to a natural flower, which is worn in the hair or borne in the hand as a bouquet.

—— A magnificent Hungarian mantle, trimmed and lined with ermine, is being made at Pesth, for the entry of the Empress of Austria into Hungary. It is to cost £400.

—— Green peas, asparagus, artichokes and new potatoes, such as are not often seen until a month later, have already appeared in the vegetable markets of Paris.

—— Mr. Justice Keogh and Mr. Justice Fitzgerald will receive £3,000 for their extra services as judges in the late Fenian trials by Special Commission in Ireland.

—— A private telegram from India repeats the statement that the new cotton crop is 400,000 bales less than last year, owing to injury by frost.

—— One person in every 166 in France is decorated with the Legion of Honor.

—— There is great excitement in English clerical circles in regard to the revision of the liturgy of the Established or Episcopal Church. A committee recently waited on the Archbishop of Canterbury, asking him to recommend the appointment of a Royal Commission for that purpose. He declined to interfere with it. The Establishment seems to be giving way before the charges and onslaughts of its younger and more vigorous non-conformist offspring.

—— A philosophical London cabman speaks thus of a section over which his wheels made their tracks: "If you run over a youngster down here, the folks don't say nothin', kase they have got more children and no wittles for 'em—but you just run over a goat or a kid, or a sow or a pig, and I'm blest if a mob ain't arter you in two minits!"

—— Two young English noblemen, sons of the Duke of Argyle and Earl of Belfer, have recently arrived at Port au Prince, and been presented to President Geffard. After stopping at the West India ports, they will visit this city, and make a tour through the United States.

—— A certain M. Frantz, metallurgist, and M. Henri Faure, editor of the *France Medicale*, have just startled the scientific world of Europe with the announcement that they have succeeded beyond all doubt in a plan of transmuting the baser metals into gold.

—— A new grand avenue is projected in London, from the Houses of Parliament to Eaton Square, 150 feet broad, at a cost of £7,000,000 sterling; but such schemes in London are not carried out as readily as in Paris.

—— Another revolt has begun in the Lebanon—this time, however, an armed opposition of the Christian tribes against the Turkish Government. The leader of the rebellion is a Maronite Christian, and the cause is said to be the imposition of heavy and unequal taxes on the mountaineers—chiefly on the tobacco plant.

—— The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* announces that, owing to the recent attacks made upon the police while in the discharge of their duty, and owing to the recent riot in Cuffee street, the police commissioners have issued orders for the swords recently distributed to the force to be sharpened.

—— A man named Clarke, who is supposed to have given information to the police, was entrapped by five supposed Fenians into a lonely place in Dublin, where he was ruthlessly attacked and shot in the shoulder. He died of his injuries on the following day.

—— Professor Wheatstone, of England, has made a great achievement in electro-telegraphing. With his automatic instrument he can transmit 600 distinctly legible signs or letters in a minute.

—— Slaves from Africa continue to be landed in Cuba, and one planter recently bought 100 for $80,000. The Mayor of Manzanilla, refusing to wink at the slave trade, has been assassinated.

—— The death of a Mormon Bishop is thus announced: He was 87 years old, and leaves an interesting family of 11 wives and 47 small children to mourn his death.

—— A monument is to be erected to the memory of John Brown, at Torrington, Conn. (his native place), provided funds enough can be raised for the purpose.

"PROCEED WITH THY ELEPHANT."

IN Columbiana County, Ohio, resides an old fellow renowned for his belligerent disposition, who is generally known as Friend Shavey. Born and bred a Quaker, he was long since read out of meeting on account of his quarrelsome propensities, but he still pertinaciously clings to the plain clothes and the plain language of his earlier days, possibly as a protection against the wrath which he is continually provoking by his overbearing and irritating demeanor. He is always the owner of the crossest dog in the neighborhood, the most troublesome, breachy steers, &c., and is continually in hot water with some of his neighbors in consequence of the depredations committed by his unruly live stock. A few weeks since Van Amburgh's Menagerie, traveling through Columbiana, was obliged to pass his residence. A little before daylight, Nash, the keeper of the elephant Tippoo Saib, as he was passing over the road with his elephant, discovered this pseudo-Quaker seated upon a fence by the road-side, watching a bull which he had turned out upon the road, and which was pawing, bellowing, and throwing up a tremendous dust generally. In fact, from the fury of the animal's demonstrations, one would readily have taken him for one of the identical breed that butted a locomotive off a bridge.

"Take that bull out of the way!" cried Nash, as he approached.

"Proceed with thy elephant," was the reply.

"If you don't take that bull away, he will get hurt," continued Nash, approaching, while the bull redoubled his belligerent demonstrations.

"Don't trouble thyself about the bull, but proceed with thy elephant," retorted Friend Shavey, rubbing his hands with delight at the prospect of an approaching scrimmage, the old fellow having great confidence in the invincibility of his bull, which was really the terror of the whole country around. Tippoo Saib came on with his uncouth, shambling gait; the bull lowered his head and made a charge directly upon the elephant. Old Tippoo, without even pausing in his march, gave his cow-catcher a sweep, catching the bull on the side, crushing in his ribs with his enormous tusks, and then raised him about 30 feet in the air, the bull striking upon his head as he came down, breaking his neck and killing him instantly.

"I'm afraid your bull has bent his neck a little," shouted Nash, as he passed on.

"Bent the devil," cried old Shavey, with a troubled look at his defunct bull; "thy elephant is too hefty for my beast, but thee will not make so much out of the operation as thee supposes. I was going to take my family to thy show, but I'll see thee and thy show blowed to blazes before I go one step; and now thee may proceed with thy elephant and be d——d—please," the "please" being added as Shavey took a second look at the proportions of the stalwart elephant-keeper.

THE AUTHOR OF RICHELIEU.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, the author of "Richelieu," chiefly resides now in Knebworth, the ancient and magnificent family seat in Hertfordshire, having in a great measure abandoned politics, and devoting himself as completely as his delicate health will permit to his literary works. He is physically a sad wreck, wan, wasted and broken. The eye alone retains its fire and brilliancy, and shines out like a diamond from a faded casket. He now needs the stimulus of opium to give him power of work, and through the night toils over some new tale in the room called "Mrs. Bulwer Lytton's," which was occupied by her in her lifetime, and which is hung round with her drawings and paintings, and other mementoes of a mother, from whom, he says, he inherited all his love of literature, and who was looked up to with the deepest love and reverence by all her children.

The feeling which dictated the character of this room is best told by the following inscription over the chimney-piece: "This room, long occupied by Elizabeth Bulwer Lytton, and containing the relics most associated with her memory, her son trusts that her descendants will preserve unaltered—*Liberis virtutis exemplar.*"

He has, in many pursuits, achieved, if not the highest, very nearly the highest eminency of any man of his time, As a statesman he has been a member of the Cabinet, and Secretary of State for the Colonies. As an orator he has on the copyright law, and on one or two other questions, delivered orations which will always be remembered as master-pieces of eloquence. As a novelist and poet he takes the highest rank, and in the Lady of Lyons and Richelieu he has written, if not the two best plays, certainly the most popular ones of his day. In connection with Richelieu, it is a singular fact that the family of Bulwer Lytton inherited Knebworth Manor and Fort from the family of Booth. On the ancient screen hall, which remains from the time of Henry VII, and which all Americans visiting Knebworth will remember, the arms of Sir Rowland Lytton are quartered on all the panels with those of Booth, of which family, through marriage with a daughter, he was heir; and all the upper compartments of the stone mullion windows are emblazoned with the arms of Booth.

SECRET OF MAGIC.—Robert Houdon concludes his memories with a chapter of Arab miracles, which he explained. The Aissaona eat pounded glass. Houdon powdered some for himself and ate it, and he avers that his appetite for dinner was improved by the same. They walk on red hot iron with bare feet, and pass their tongues over white-hot plates of iron. Prof. Sementrici discovered that by rubbing into the skin a solution of alum evaporated to a spongy state, it was rendered insensible to the action of red hot iron. He rubbed himself with soap, and found that even the hair did not burn. He rubbed the alum into his tongue, and lapped the glowing metallic surface without pain. Houdon himself then tried passing his hands, slightly dampened, through a stream of melted iron, and found, as others have done, that it left no scar on him. An English conjuror used to thrust a sword through his body, shove a knife up either nostril to the handle, and thus spitted, sing a song. Houdon bought the secret of the invulnerable, and now divulges it. The performer was very thin. With a waist-belt he strapped his tender paunch tight down upon the vertebral column, substituted a card-board stomach for the compressed part, covered all with flesh-colored tights; between the true and false abdomen he fastened a scabbard, covered the apertures on the sides with rosettes, placed a sponge filled with red liquid in the scabbard, and there thrust his sword, which came out covered with bogus blood, of course. The pug-nosed mountebank enjoyed a physical conformation which permitted the delicate and frightful performance.

PROBABLE CONDITION OF EARLY RACES.

THEY were ignorant of pottery, for the Esquimaux, the Polynesians, the Australians, some North and South American tribes, and many other savage races, have none even now, or at least had none until quite lately. They had no bows and arrows, for these weapons were unknown to the Australians and New Zealanders; their boats for the same reason must have been of the rudest possible character; they were naked, and ignorant of the art of spinning; they had no knowledge of agriculture, and probably no domestic animal but the dog, though here the argument is weaker, inasmuch as experience is more portable than property. It is, however, in my opinion, most probable that the dog was long the only domesticated animal. Of the more unusual weapons, such as the boomerang, blowpipe, bolas, etc., they were certainly ignorant. The sling and the throwing stick were doubtless unknown, and even the shield had probably not been invented. The spear, which is but a development of the knife point, and the club, which is but a long hammer, are the only things left by this line of argument. They seem to be the only natural and universal weapons of man.

We might be disposed to wonder how man was at first able to kill game; but we must remember that if man was unskillful, animals were unsuspicious. The tameness of the birds on uninhabited islands is well known; the wariness of animals and the skill of man must have increased almost *pari passu*. The same argument may be applied to the mental condition of savages. That our earliest ancestors could have counted to 10 is very improbable, and that man can have existed in a lower condition than that thus indicated. So long, indeed, as he was confined to the tropics, he may have found a succession of fruits, and have lived as the monkeys do now. Indeed, according to Bates, this is the case with some of the Brazilian Indians.

"The monkeys," he says, "lead in fact a life similar to that of the Pararauate Indians."

Directly, however, our ancestors spread in temperate climate, this mode of life would become impossible, and they would be compelled to seek their nourishment, in part, at least, from the animal kingdom. Then, if not before, the knife and the hammer would develop into the spear and the club.

CHILDREN'S HAIR.

THOUGH medical writers, in the part of their several works that relates to the nursery, are explicit enough with regard to the general physical management of children, it is remarkable that so little is said in regard to the course of treatment proper for the hair and scalp. Now, this reticence cannot be the result of indifference to the state of the hair, nor to the operation of physiological laws, with which every medical student is familiar. I can assign no more satisfactory reason for the fact above stated than this: The popular impression that the scalp is exempt from the operation of those laws of cleanliness, which everybody admits affects the rest of the body's surface, is entertained also by the learned; or else the latter believe that they have but a choice of evils—the least being to let the scalp alone, while the greater would be to keep that surface thoroughly clean, at the expense of constant trouble to the hair; so that old, bad custom of harsh combing and brushing, and the copious use of oil and grease, still constitute the practice of mothers and nurses, with the permission and implied approbation of the family physician.

How many cases of serious disease of the scalp in infancy and childhood are directly or indirectly the result of this objectionable treatment it would be impossible to decide; but from the marvelous delicacy of the integuments at that tender age, and the susceptibility of the constitution, ere its habits have become fixed and its processes part of a settled routine, we cannot but infer that disease of the scalp must often have been produced in this manner, and that, in a vast number of other instances, the disorder must have been terribly aggravated by the same malign influences. Does any sensible person, once fully satisfied of the infinite delicacy of the cuticle on the head of a child, imagine that so tender a surface may, with impunity, be daily raked and harrowed with fine-toothed combs and stiff-bristled brushes, and also inflamed and irritated with violent friction and stimulating application? No; every touch affecting so delicate a texture, should be soft and soothing—every application as mild as possible.

THE VAULTS OF THE BANK OF FRANCE.

THE walls of these vaults are of stupendous thickness. On descending the steps leading to their entrance, the first obstacle we find is an iron-door, locked with three keys, one of which is in the hands of the Governor of the Bank; the second is kept by the cashier, and the third by the censor; so that this door cannot be opened without the simultaneous consent of these three functionaries. We thus gain access to a first compartment, containing the funds for current use. The safe kept here is so curiously constructed, that if you do not know the secret of its construction the slightest touch anywhere will set a noisy alarm agoing, loud enough to startle all the inmates of the establishment. The next compartment is circular, and called the *Serre*; it cannot be entered without the same ceremonial, and it is fitted up with fire-proof shelves. It contains all the important deeds, notes and papers belonging to the bank, also deposits of private persons. Here the Duke of Brunswick used to leave his jewels, previous to going on a journey. Mademoiselle Mars used to send her diamonds there; the *lingot d'or* was deposited in the same place, &c. After the *Serre* come the vaults, properly so-called, the entrance to which is closed by an iron door, secured by several combination locks; it turns on central pivots, like Italian doors. It gives access to a well-hole, containing a winding staircase, admitting but one person at a time, and leading to subterranean galleries 420 metres in length. These are filled with iron casks, containing lingots and coin, and labeled according to their contents. By way of additional security, the well-hole might be filled up with clay, and the vaults with water, at a minute's notice, if the safety of the treasure were menaced in the slightest degree.

AN unlucky English traveler, dressed in the usual French garb, is thus dealt with: "He was madly in love with a Scotch vivandiere (petticoats leading M. Louis Noir astray), at Balaclava, and bored her with his addresses. The young woman, no longer able to endure the annoyance, forbade him the door. After many a vain attempt to overrule the objections, the tourist determined to commit suicide, but, in presence of the great events which were being played out, in no paltry manner. Having first bequeathed his fortune to the vivandiere, he caused a deep hole to be dug, in which he placed 20 pounds of powder; over this excavation a slab was laid, and upon it the rejected one, cigar in mouth, took his seat. He tranquilly finished his weed, which was no doubt a good one and not easily parted with, and then applied the expiring embers to the magazine below. '*L'explosion eut lieu,*' and two minutes later a charred mass, descending from the heavens, fell into the port—a mass which astonished British seamen recognized as a human body, and proceeded to fish from the water. There was a general cry of 'A man from heaven!' some declared that he had been kicked out of the sun; others, that he was an aeronaut come to grief. However, the man, whoever he was, came round, and the vivandiere, touched by this proof of affection, capitulated." The blowing-up is not so extraordinary as some may fancy; for, adds M. Louis Noir, Captain Pernier was blown-up with his battery, and was found sitting 500 yards off, wondering what the devil had happened, and not in the least hurt.



THE GREAT PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCH AT GREENVILLE, NEW JERSEY, BETWEEN MR. JOHN TAYLOR AND MR. WILLIAM SEEDS, FOR $1,000 A SIDE.

THE GREAT PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCH.

PURSUANT to announcement, the pigeon-shooting matches for the championship of America and $1,000 a side, between John Taylor and William Seeds, the "Jersey Boy," were shot at Greenville, a few miles distant from Jersey City, on the afternoon of Tuesday and Wednesday, the 6th and 7th inst. The superior skill displayed by the men in previous encounters, caused the present meeting to be regarded with much interest by the knights of the trigger in this vicinity, about 1,200 of whom mustered to witness the

FIRST DAY'S SHOOTING.

The weather was clear and cold, and the very high wind prevailing was anything but favorable to the exhibition of first-class marksmanship. The first match



MR. JOHN TAYLOR, OF JERSEY CITY, THE WINNER OF THE FIRST DAY'S PIGEON SHOOTING MATCH.

was to be shot on the following conditions: 50 double birds each, ounce and a half shot, 18 yards rise and 100 yards boundary, each to find and trap for the other, and each man to gather all doubtful birds himself. Very little speculation was indulged in, the "outsiders" being shy of investing, partly because of the adjudged equality of the men in point of expertness, but more particularly on account of the mysterious allusions to a "cross." Mr. Evans was chosen referee; Miles Johnson and John Midmer, judges; while Mr. Weeks pulled the string for Taylor, and Dickens for Seeds. At one o'clock P.M., the "Boy" drew a bead on his first pair, bringing them down in fine style—"killed dead." Seeds followed up this beginning until he had killed 71 birds, and missed 29. Taylor commenced by killing both his first pairs, and going on until he had killed 73 and missed 29. Taylor now missed three pair in succession, throwing him six behind; he, however, soon picked up, and ended off that day a winner by one bird.

SECOND DAY'S SHOOTING.

It was originally intended that the second match should be 100 single birds, but for some reason it was determined, after the first had been concluded, to change it to 50 double birds, with a single trap, the same conditions to govern it as in the previous contest. The attendance was scarcely one-third as large as on the preceding day—a circumstance mainly attributable to the suspicion with which the performances of the day before had constrained the match to be regarded, although the continued gusty, disagreeable state of the weather doubtless tended, to some extent, to produce this result. There was no betting at all, though it was



MR. WILLIAM SEEDS, OF BRIDGEBOROUGH, THE WINNER OF THE SECOND DAY'S GREAT PIGEON SHOOTING MATCH.

observed that those who were anxious to bet their "pile" on Taylor in the first match, were correspondingly desirous of risking it on "The Boy" now. About one o'clock P.M., Seeds again took the initiative, leading off by killing his first couple.

That day ended with Seeds winning by four birds, having killed 84 and missed 16; while Taylor killed 80 and missed 20.

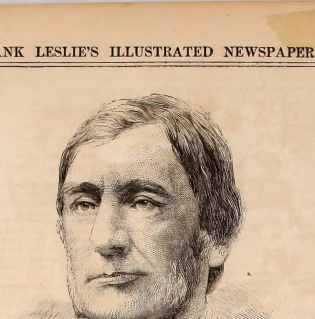
There can be little doubt that these two men are the best shots in the world; and, though Seeds be the victor in this match, it detracts nothing from the great skill of his antagonist. They have each met foemen worthy of their steel. The shooting of the two men presented some points of contrast in style, Taylor being generally slower to shoot, and more willing to trust to long shots, than his adversary. Many thousands of dollars were dependent on the result of this match, which is one of the most important ever contested. At least 10,000 spectators were on the ground; but, notwithstanding the general desire to get the best places for observation, the utmost order was preserved.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE eminent American essayist, the son of an Unitarian clergyman at Boston, was born about 1803 and graduated at Harvard College in 1821. Having turned his attention to theology, he was ordained minister of the second Unitarian Church of Boston; but embracing soon afterward peculiar views in regard to forms of worship, he abandoned his profession, and, retiring to the quiet village of Concord, devoted himself to his favorite study—the nature of man and his relation to the universe.

He delivered an oration, called "Man-Thinking," before the Phi-Beta-Kappa Society, in 1837; and an address to the senior class of the Divinity College, Cambridge in the following year. He did not pretend to reason, but to discover; he announced, not urged.

In 1836 Mr. Emerson published "Literary Ethics; an Oration;" and in the following year, "Nature: an Essay." In 1840 he announced the *Dial*, a magazine of literature, philosophy and history, which was continued four years. In 1841 he published "The Method of Nature," and "Man the Reformer;" three lectures on the times; and the first series of his "Essays." In 1844 he gave the first and second series of his "Essays;" and published lectures on the New England Reformers, the young American, and Negro Emancipation in the West Indies. He afterward delivered lectures on Swedenborg, Napoleon, and other subjects. In 1846 he published a volume of poems. In 1849 he visited England, and delivered the lectures which now form the volume called "Representative Men." In 1852, in connection with Mr. W. H. Channing, he published the "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller, Marchesa d'Ossoli." Mr. Emerson, in 1856, published a work entitled, "English Traits," and in 1860 "The Conduct of Life." He has also contributed largely to American periodicals.

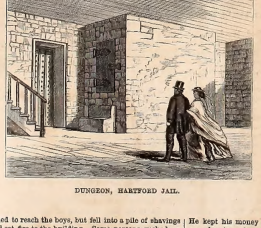


RALPH WALDO EMERSON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

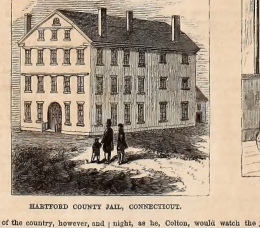
THE OLD JAIL AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

FOR many years past, probably very few persons have spent a day in the city of Hartford without noticing an old, white, brick building, which stands at the corner of Market and Trumbull streets. It is out of line with the buildings on either street, and seems to have pushed itself forward in disagreeable prominence into the middle of the roads. The building, at a distance, has a slightly tottering look, but near at hand is found to be solid and substantial. Modern residents think of it simply as a large printing establishment, but older inhabitants recollect it as, for many years, the county jail. This solid old building is vacated, and is soon to be demolished, and deserves an extended notice before it passes out of sight.

The jail was commenced, and in 1794 was so far completed as to be occupied. Among the first of those placed in it was an old, crazy woman named Betty Goodale, who had been picked up while wandering through the streets, and put in there for safe keeping. From her room in the upper story there was a water conductor, which led through the floor and into the street near the basement of the building. One Sunday, when the keeper had gone to church, with the keys of the jail in his pocket, some boys went to the mouth of the conductor, and called through the pipe to Betty. At first she took no notice of it, but they kept on calling her opprobrious names, until, in a rage, she seized a coal of fire, and dropped it through the conductor. It



DUNGEON, HARTFORD JAIL.



HARTFORD COUNTY JAIL, CONNECTICUT.



KITCHEN, HARTFORD JAIL.

has an occasional outbreak, and debtors walked their accustomed round, until they were able to "swear off," or until they had tired out their creditors.

About the year 1827, a certain John Smith was incarcerated for debt. John had been engaged in the slave trade very largely, and was supposed to be rich. He kept his money out of the country, however, and one day turned up insolvent, owing to the United States Government $400,000, and individuals some $200,000 or $300,000 more. John hadn't the face to "swear off" at first, but tried to break jail. He succeeded in getting some young men interested in releasing him. They obtained some false keys, let themselves into the jail, unlocked John's door, and had everything ready to rush or slip out. It happened, however, that one of the young men, named Colton, was a little intoxicated in the early part of the evening. While in this condition, he told the workman, who was named Hartshorn, that he might go to bed that night, as he, Colton, would watch the jail for him. This awakened Hartshorn's suspicions, and aroused him to greater watchfulness than usual. As a result, the young men had but just let themselves into Smith's room, when the door was shut upon them, and they found themselves locked in together. They all got a term in State Prison for their pains.



BAB-BOOM, HARTFORD JAIL, CONNECTICUT.—SKETCHED BY H. C. CURTIS.

In 1836 the new jail was finished and the old one cleared out. For about two years it was occupied as a tenant-house by a regular swarm of black and white families. It has been used as a printing-office and book-bindery ever since. The inside of the building has, of course, been greatly changed. The outside has been painted over white, and quite a part of the foundation exposed, by digging on the north side. The whole of the stone work was originally under ground. The outside walls show their original thickness, which is about three and a half feet in the west part. The walls of the front part are much less in thickness. The walls had the appearance of settling in some places, as many as 25 years ago, and some friends warned the occupants that they were in danger while occupying in the building. The old concern seems to be good for any ordinary breeze yet, however.

It is said that on one occasion it became necessary to cut a doorway through one of the inside partitions. A carpenter, who did not know anything about the interior uses of the building, nor the thickness of the walls, offered to do it by the job at about the usual rates. His offer was taken, and he went to work. He soon found that there was something to the wall besides lath and plaster, and has always considered since that he did not make much out of that job. Whoever undertakes to demolish the building may find some parts of it most unexpectedly and unreasonably tough. The old structure will not go down in a day, but it will not be many weeks before there is one less of the old city landmarks.

DISASTER AND SUFFERING IN DACOTAH TERRITORY.

THE route from Fort Wadsworth, Dacotah Territory, to Sank Centre, Minnesota, has just been the scene of a most fearful case of suffering and death. The writer, who describes the affair, says:

Company A, Second Minnesota Volunteer Cavalry, Captain A. R. Field, Jr., commanding, was ordered, a short time since, to march from Fort Wadsworth, D. T., (about 80 miles south-west of this post, Fort Abercrombie,) to Sauk Centre, Minn.

The company was divided into two detachments. One, of some 34 men, under Lieutenant William L. Briley, left Fort Wadsworth on Monday, the 30th ult., and the other detachment, comprising the balance of the company, under command of Captain Field, left on Tuesday morning.

The detachment under Lieutenant Briley arrived at Twin Lake Station on Monday afternoon, (40 miles distant from this post,) in good shape.

The captain, with the balance of his command, left Fort Wadsworth on Tuesday morning at three o'clock, and had very pleasant weather during the first part of the day.

They passed over the Coteau, and left it all in good condition, and, when about four miles this side of the Fort of the Coteau, they met the paymaster, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, who was on his way to Fort Wadsworth, with an escort consisting of Lieutenant Gerrish and of this command.

They stopped and chatted for a while, and each party passed on their way.

This meeting was at 11 A.M., and some 20 or 22 miles from Twin Lake Station, which point Captain Field expected to make that evening.

When within about 12 or 14 miles of the Station, Captain Field, with three of his men, left the balance of the command under Lieutenant Stevens, and went on ahead, intending to have fires and everything prepared for his men when they arrived.

It was blowing and snowing some when he left the command, but very soon after leaving it there came on one of those terrible winter-storms wherein it is unsafe for man or beast to be away from timber or shelter.

Lieutenant Stevens and his party faced it until the animals refused to go any further; they would not and could not be made to face it, and they were obliged to turn back and seek camping-ground at the foot of the Coteau. All but thirteen reached it, and they camped down in the snow, burying themselves in the snow as a shelter from the bitter blasts.

One poor fellow (a corporal of the 13, died about 12 o'clock at night, while the rest crept closer in to their cold bed, excepting one noble fellow, who, all the night long, stood his lonely watch endeavoring to keep up a camp-fire upon smoldering fire-wood, answer them that they might not smother, and to see how they fared, and would cover them that they might not freeze; and, when he found one that was stupid or cold, he made free use of his "black-snake wing" to bring back the freezing man to life. And once, too, on the march, he observed a mule teamster who was freezing, but still determined to ride his mule. Him he pulled from his mule, and gave a severe whipping with "his black-snake," until nature, under the lash, again took distance to the storm.

The next day this portion of the command returned to Fort Wadsworth; but numbers of them were badly frozen. The last seen of Captain Field and his men was when they left to go into Twin Lake Station in advance of the detachment.

Captain Field had with him five horses (one led), and two dogs, when he left his command. Three horses were found; two are missing, as well as the dogs.

The storm of Tuesday was awful. Ten cannot describe it. I have lived in Minnesota over nine years, and never, never have seen such weather as I have during the past winter.

The names of the soldiers with Captain Field I have not yet ascertained.

Since writing the above, I have learned that the name of the corporal who was frozen to death the night of the 30th was Harkness—I think, Lysander G.

CLIDING ALONG; OR, THE HEART AND THE STREAM.

BY MR. J. B. SWETT.

Gliding along,
The years went on like the flow of song;
And a free heart rode on the tide of years,
Unknown to sorrow, or sighs, or tears;
Till the current, at last, of the stream of life,
Cast the heart far out on the sea of strife.

Rushing along
On the foam-capped waves, in the tempest strong;
Where the shriek and roar of the mad sea broke;
And the wrath of God seemed suddenly woke;
The heart, appalled by the fearful scene,
Prayed to its home to its native green.

Rushing along
Through the spray of blood, and the winds of wrong,
'Twas borne at last, 'mid the sweep and shock,
And its frail bark wrecked on a hidden rock:
And the heart, at last, all shivering, cold,
Crept back to the scenes and the haunts of old.

Creeping along
It sought, bowed down by the weight of wrong,
The sympathy sweet of those known before;
But the love of those hearts, green in days of yore,
Had withered and died, and was green no more.
The stream, however, that ran through the glade,
Where the heart, in its young days, had often played,
With its ceaseless ripple, and murmuring song,
Heedless of time, went gliding along:
And the heart, so long and so often tried,
Would linger hours by its emerald side,
And listening long to its musical tide,
Found quiet, there, in the green stream alone,
That from all else in the world had flown.

CRUISING.

BY LIZZIE B. COOKE.

THE winter of 1864 was certainly one of the pleasantest of my life. At that time I was Lieutenant on one of those vessels sent to convey, and protect, if need was, steamers and merchantmen belonging to the loyal States, which were plying on Southern waters. Much of the time we were idle, but the possibility of a tiff with some saucy Confederate pirate kept us continually on the alert.

Sometimes our path left its foam-mark on warm Gulf Stream waters; sometimes lying becalmed for days on lone, infinite-reaching depths—no distant, purplish outline—no fringe of islands, breaking the monotony—we were lured to the belief that the world we had left, the world invisible by aid of instrument or keener vision, was but imaginary—that we had been the sole occupants of it. All that was real in life centred in ourselves, until some white sail, caught in rosy sunset folds, slipped along the circling rim of sky, when the hearing, restless, agonized world assumed its true place in our consciousness; as we pictured snowclad homes, as we seemed to clasp, shadowy-fancy like in the twilight, tenderly-loved friends; as we remembered our country, red-blossoming with the chain upon the altars of freedom.

Those were rare days, when, slipping between the frowning Morro and its grim companion, the Punta, we anchored in the harbor of Havana.

As I write the word, I remember quaint dwellings, whose barred windows revealed glimpses of soft-eyed Spanish girls, the shaded Paseo, with glittering volants—beautiful women, courtly men; cool sea airs, tangled with the breath of tropical blooms; rose-hewn baths, through whose perforations a tideless sea palpitated with musical beat. We landed our way in and out, between island ranges and coral reefs, cornering like a queen the Caribbean Sea, sometimes anchoring at one port, sometimes at another. Traversing the mountain roads of these sea-ringed isles, gorgeous tropic scenes, combining wealth of color, grace of outline, riotous luxuriance of foliage, were unfolded, and our enchanted gaze fell upon fields of sugar-cane, flooded in golden seas of light; avenued cafetals, whereon the spicy fragrance of coffee-plants, thick hung with crimson berries, mingled with the perfumes of the orange, the alspice, the mignonette; picturesque ocean wastes; groves of plantains, of "weeping, homesick cocoas;" solitary, regal palms softly limned against the sky; jungles interlaced with blossoming vines; pendulous mosses that swayed in the ambient air; birds, whose plumage seemed to have been dyed in sunset glories, and coal dulls lined with peacock, dropping fires. Roving amid such scenes, I learned to comprehend that infiltration of poesy—the result of the climate and dreamy landscapes of the Orient upon the minds of its children.

You are impatient? You wish I would relate my story? I have my to tell? I do not wonder. Yet I could linger over these reminiscences for hours—I am never wearied of the retrospect. Surely in the indolent, dreamy repose of the tropics, it should have been my fate to live and die.

Three or four of us one day explored the island of Nevazza, or Nevassa—I half forget the name—and returned to the Powhatan excessively fatigued. It had been no light exploit to clamber over its rocks—dazzlingly white in the fierce glare of the sun, owing to large deposits of phosphate or lime—and the whole place was riddled with pits concealed by treacherous, scintillating incrustations. David could never have desired a more satisfactory place wherein to bestow his enemies.

"Bert," said Nat Blauvelt, M.D., after our returns, as we sat on the deck, a phosphorescent sea glowing beneath, the Southern Cross gleaming above us, puffing the smoke of our cigarettes into blue rings, "remember one thing, you have reminded me all day of Captain Rogers—he is just such a dare-devil as you. You walked over those infernal pits as carelessly as though enjoying a sunshine along the Paseo. I expected every minute to see you take a short cut, at express speed, for Old Nick."

"Who and what was Captain Rogers, pray?"

"Who was he? An old chum of mine. What was he? A man with the strongest will God ever put in a human body!"

"Will?"

"I was thinking to-day that he might better have fallen into one of those abominable holes, than to have married as he did."

"Why?"

"Well," rolling another cigarette, "with all his will, he possessed an immense amount of conceit. Meeting him one day at the club, he entertained me with a long discourse upon the relative beauties and merits of three young ladies, to whom he was then paying court. One of these, suffering off with a puff, "I warn you"—puff—"no matter how great the temptation"—puff—"never have too many strings to your bow. It don't pay—I told him so. I said to him:

"Will, take my word for it, you'll never marry either of those young ladies.'

"He looked up, quite indignant; he had convinced himself, I presume, that his powers of fascination were so great, that he had but to take his pick, or establish a harem on a small scale, to suit his fancy. I was right, though. Some six months later he called on me with the most delirious human specimen I ever encountered.

"'What's the matter, Will?—have you been to the Tombs?' I quizzed.

"'No! confound it. It's no laughing matter; if you think it is, just try it on,' and he threw himself on the lounge, seeming to give Jack a hitch that sent him whining to me.

"'Miss M——— married?' I asked, coolly.

"'Yes,' he growled, savagely.

"'And Lizzie F——?'

"'Engaged to some country clown.'

"'Still, you have one chance left; don't get discouraged, my dear fellow,' I exclaimed, sympathizingly.

"'No a chance, Nat,' he solemnly replied, pacing the room in the deepest dejection.

"I laughed. 'Try again; better luck next time. You've smitten enough to set up a retail establishment—woolen goods are up.'

"It was too much. He flung himself out of the room. I didn't see him again, until one evening, while visiting some friends in Brooklyn, who should appear upon the scene but Will!

"There were two young ladies in the family we were calling upon; one, brilliant, accomplished, with an exquisite voice, which she used to advantage—while the other was as plain as—as she could be, and live through it. Quiet and reserved, too, she shrank into one corner, and I don't believe Rogers addressed ten words to her all the evening. You may judge of my surprise, when upon meeting, Will said:

"'Nat, I'm going to propose to Miss Martha De Puy. Don't you think she'll do?'

"'Do? I repeated; 'what in the name of Cupid do you mean?'

"'Mean?' said Will, 'I mean to ask her to marry me. I don't exactly fancy calling her at present by her Christian name, but when we are in Brooklyn, next Saturday, and will settle the matter.'

"Well," I solemnly protested, "for the love of decorum, if you're afraid or ashamed to see her at home, in order to prevent a scene, propose to her in the street—to your car. Why, man! you must have lost your senses.'

"'I won't dispute the point,' replied Will, coolly.

"Mother was away from home, so I ordered Bridget, on Saturday morning, to have the parlors in perfect order, and lighted early in the evening, as I expected company. She carefully obeyed; and when my two cronies, and I, De Puy would call an engagement, that detained me until ten, leaving, you see, a fair field for Will and Miss De Puy.

"'Done, old fellow,' he exclaimed, as he took me aside, for a moment, after we parted.

"I laughed.

"'It's no joke, I assure you,' he replied, firing up.

"'No! I shouldn't think it was,' I rejoined, dryly, I was vexed with him. Two people more diverse in every respect could scarcely be found.

"Two weeks later, I should think, I received a note from Rogers, inviting me, my family, nephew, and myself, to a tea-party at his house. His mother would expect us, and Miss De Puy would be there, and on no account must we fail them."

At this point, Dr. Blauvelt—having exhausted his stock of cigarettes—rose as well—perposed going down stairs, and having made ourselves comfortable in dressing-gowns and slippers, I impatiently awaited the *denouement*.

He continued:

"The evening waxed, several tedious games of whist had been played, and taking advantage of a break in the conversation, Will arose, and beckoned me to accompany him. Following him into the hall, he closed the door, and began in a whisper:

"'Nat, I'm going to be married to-night!'

"'Impossible,' I urged.

"'Not at all,' he replied. 'I repeat that I shall marry this evening—the thing has been definitely arranged.'

"'You have taken everything into consideration, Miss De Puy's sister?'

"'Yes!'

"He spoke with the air of a man who has fully made up his mind, and whose decision nothing earthly could change. I thought of that poor girl, dressed in black—pale and dejected she seemed to me—sitting quietly in the parlor, and my heart ached for her. I called my nephew, Dick Towers, out of the room. Mother looked surprised at the mysterious manner in which things in general were being conducted, and Father's mother. Miss De Puy's face was a shade paler than usual.

"'Dick,' said I, after I had succeeded, by various pantomimic efforts in getting him into the hall, and had fastened the door, 'are you willing to be groomsman for a happy couple? I presume the three elderly ladies will not object to assist at the ceremony?'

"'Dence!' was his only reply, as he gazed incredulously at Will, and then at me. I explained matters:

"'Will, here, says he'll certainly be married this evening, and you and I are to start, post-haste, for a minister.'

"'Gay old wedding party,' laughed Dick; 'three old women and two old bachelors—humph! Going to dance, Will? Les Lanciers—the German —which shall it be?'

"'Be serious,' demanded Will, commencing to fidget; 'it's eleven o'clock now.'

"We drew on our overcoats, listened to all directions, and opened the front door. A cold rain, dashed with snow and sleet, cut our faces.

"'Ugh!' shivered Dick; 'stand outside a few moments, and I guess your ardor will be somewhat cooled, Rogers; mine is below zero now.'

"I glanced at Rogers; every line of his face was set and determined. Evidently if we wouldn't go for the parson, he would, and that was something not to be thought of. We hired a carriage at the next street. Will had given ample directions; we were to drive to the corner of Broadway and —— street. There dwelt a divine well-known to Will, in having officiated on record, as far as practicable, under his ministrations. It was about midnight when we reached the residence indicated, and Dick and I, before the door, by the flickering rays of a street lamp, before ringing the bell, to see whether it would not be better to relinquish this crazy expedition, but the engineer and train of Jack's brilliant sent him whining to me.

"'Miss M——— married?' I asked, coolly.

"'Yes,' he growled, savagely.

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"Well," I solemnly protested, "for the love of decorum, if you're afraid or ashamed to see her at home, in order to prevent a scene, propose to her in the street—to your car. Why, man! you must have lost your senses.'

"'I won't dispute the point,' replied Will, coolly.

"Mother was away from home, so I ordered Bridget, on Saturday morning, to have the parlors in perfect order, and lighted early in the evening, as I expected company. She carefully obeyed; and when my two cronies, and I, De Puy would call an engagement, that detained me until ten, leaving, you see, a fair field for Will and Miss De Puy.

"'Done, old fellow,' he exclaimed, as he took me aside, for a moment, after we parted.

"I laughed.

"'It's no joke, I assure you,' he replied, firing up.

"'No! I shouldn't think it was,' I rejoined, dryly, I was vexed with him. Two people more diverse in every respect could scarcely be found.

"Two weeks later, I should think, I received a note from Rogers, inviting me, my family, nephew, and myself, to a tea-party at his house. His mother would expect us, and Miss De Puy would be there, and on no account must we fail them."

At this point, Dr. Blauvelt—having exhausted his stock of cigarettes—rose as well—perposed going down stairs, and having made ourselves comfortable in dressing-gowns and slippers, I impatiently awaited the *denouement*.

He continued:

"The evening waxed, several tedious games of whist had been played, and taking advantage of a break in the conversation, Will arose, and beckoned me to accompany him. Following him into the hall, he closed the door, and began in a whisper:

"'Nat, I'm going to be married to-night!'

"'Impossible,' I urged.

"'Not at all,' he replied. 'I repeat that I shall marry this evening—the thing has been definitely arranged.'

"'You have taken everything into consideration, Miss De Puy's sister?'

"'Yes!'

"He spoke with the air of a man who has fully made up his mind, and whose decision nothing earthly could change. I thought of that poor girl, dressed in black—pale and dejected she seemed to me—sitting quietly in the parlor, and my heart ached for her. I called my nephew, Dick Towers, out of the room. Mother looked surprised at the mysterious manner in which things in general were being conducted, and Father's mother. Miss De Puy's face was a shade paler than usual.

"'Dick,' said I, after I had succeeded, by various pantomimic efforts in getting him into the hall, and had fastened the door, 'are you willing to be groomsman for a happy couple? I presume the three elderly ladies will not object to assist at the ceremony?'

"'Dence!' was his only reply, as he gazed incredulously at Will, and then at me. I explained matters:

"'Will, here, says he'll certainly be married this evening, and you and I are to start, post-haste, for a minister.'

"'Gay old wedding party,' laughed Dick; 'three old women and two old bachelors—humph! Going to dance, Will? Les Lanciers—the German —which shall it be?'

"'Be serious,' demanded Will, commencing to fidget; 'it's eleven o'clock now.'

"We drew on our overcoats, listened to all directions, and opened the front door. A cold rain, dashed with snow and sleet, cut our faces.

"'Ugh!' shivered Dick; 'stand outside a few moments, and I guess your ardor will be somewhat cooled, Rogers; mine is below zero now.'

"I glanced at Rogers; every line of his face was set and determined. Evidently if we wouldn't go for the parson, he would, and that was something not to be thought of. We hired a carriage at the next street. Will had given ample directions; we were to drive to the corner of Broadway and —— street. There dwelt a divine well-known to Will, in having officiated on record, as far as practicable, under his ministrations. It was about midnight when we reached the residence indicated, and Dick and I, before the door, by the flickering rays of a street lamp, before ringing the bell, to see whether it would not be better to relinquish this crazy expedition, but the engineer and train; but while my hand was still on the bell-handle, our John started his horses, and deaf to all entreaties, was soon invisible. In a few moments the faint sound of distant wheels was all that indicated to us his existence.

Of course it was our bounden duty to investigate as many as possible in this wild scrape, so we rang the bell. There was no response. The occupants had probably gone to bed long before. However, as it wasn't the funniest thing in the world to stand, even on ministerial doorsteps, in a drenching rain, we rang again with a peal sufficiently loud to have awakened Rip Van Winkle himself, referring at the same time in no complimentary terms to the rain and the sacred order of matrimony.

"Bless me, Bert! your cigar is dead out; relight, and I'll proceed."

I relighted.

The door summons was effectual. We heard the fall of slippered feet proceeding cautiously toward the door, and the dominie, with dressing-gown thrown hastily over his shoulders and a fellow candle in his hand, confronted us, and frightened by the apparition at dead of night of two such dripping mortals as ourselves, regarded us with a fixed, incredulous stare.

"'Captain Rogers—you know him? his father was a distant connection of my family—some more or so—requires your immediate services,' I managed to say.

"'Certainly, I know any Captain Rogers—haven't any deacon,' stammered the reverend gentleman, slightly confused, and preparing to shut the door in our face.

"'Oh, yes! you must know him,' I gasped; 'deacon in your—church.'

"A dark look of suspicion clouded the light, the candlestick dropped from his hand, the same saucy whiff sent his *bonnet de nuit* into the street, and, overcome with fear, pain, and a sense of the laughter from Dick and me, the minister recovered his senses.

"'Ah! you mean the gentlemen—Deacon Rogers. Oh, yes, I know him well; step in—step in; and his son is dying?'

"'Yes,' I replied, faintly convulsed; 'about the same thing though—he wants to be married!'

"'Well, gentlemen, this is really extraordinary, very extraordinary, but if you will excuse me a few moments—my present toilet is not quite adapted to such an occasion—I will accompany you.'

"'A most remarkable thing,' he muttered, as, in advancing to find the balustrade, he gave the candlestick to Dick, and motioned it rudely to the elder cluster to the other end of the hall. The same thing though—he wants to be married!'

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"'The Rev. Mr. B——— soon made his appearance, in full, rustling official habiliments, and we proceeded. There was nothing to do but to walk; stages had stopped running for the night, and cars were not of that day; but we were determined to be jolly, and the jolliest of the trio was the minister.

"In the distance, after proceeding for some time, we saw a dimly burning light. Nearer and nearer it came; some carriage was out; perhaps we could secure it. We called; our faithless John stood still.

"'Why did you leave us?' I demanded.

"'Shure, an' I had another engagement, and I thought ye would n't be out of a spree.'

"He was quite ready to take us in, however, and we reached Will's about one. The knot was soon tied, I gave the bride away, and Dick looked as though she had entered the Vale of Sorrows. Then came another dilemma. Will and Dick had no clothes.

"'Now, you must find me a hotel'

"'Impossible, at this time.'

"'But you must,' Will urged; and *must* it was.

"'Beautiful time to look for hotels,' Dick growled, as we once more crossed the threshold into the storm. We had fortunately retained the carriage. And a beautiful time we had of it! We applied at every hotel up-town, and finally returned.

"'No go, Will,' said Dick.

"'But it must go!' answered Will.

"We returned to the Everett House, and finally, after long debate, secured a lodging somewhere on the top floor, took Will and his bride there, and then I saw mother home.

"One more task remained to me—to drive Mrs. De Puy over to Brooklyn. It was five in the morning when we reached her house, and the old lady begged me to remain and explain matters to Sue; so I dismissed the carriage, and resolved to brave it through.

"The very first question that Sue put to me when we had assembled in the breakfast-room, was:

"'Where's Mattie?'

"'Captain Rogers can tell you better than I. The last I saw of them, they were at the Everett House.'

"'You don't mean to say ——

"'I mean to say that Mat is now Mrs. Rogers; all further explanations must be applied for at headquarters.'

"But Sue was angry. I shielded her mother as much as possible; but I believe Sue owes me a grudge to this day for helping Will."

"And Will?" I asked, as Nat paused a moment.

"Ah, Bert! it has proved a sad thing—sad enough; but see here, Lieutenant Ormsbee, you and I have used up about a dozen of the best Havanas, and you don't marry in order to repent at leisure; and now, 'Good-night.'"

TO VICTORY.

THOU—struggled for, with bitter pain,
Through heaps of sacrificial slain.
And, when the toil of strife was hot,
Receding, but forgotten not,
Oh! Victory!—

Hast come at last, to end our pain,
And, smiling, bid us smile again;
While Peace, on her dove-pinions low hings,
And wanders o'er the land, and sings
Of Victory.

But ah! our eyes, dim with distress,
Can see but half the loveliness—
Yet feel the tears that overflow
Then, tearfully, but rapturously,
Hail, Victory!

May God, through all the bloody strife,
And bloodless, of a nationslife,
Through after, as through former night,
Give us, still battling for the right,
The Victory.

A Little Story.

BY J. EVELYN HUNT.

THERE was a pause succeeding it; it seemed very much like fighting against destiny. At least, so thought pretty little Kate Stetson; and, like a good philosopher, she resolved to yield without further parley.

I'm afraid she was not wholly indifferent about the matter, either; for, although she turned away her head, and answered, half-pettishly, "Well—there—yes, Will!"—still I caught a glimpse of a blush and a tear.

So, probably, did Will Kelso, for he bent his handsome head until his dark hair swept Kate's cheek, and I'm sure, pressed her to his heart.

But, if I had a doubt, it was answered by just looking at the doorway.

There she stood. Grim, gaunt, foreboding, with hands uplifted, and face expressive of the most horrified amazement.

"Ahem!"

A start, a shudder, a quick nestling of a little hand into the great brown palm, which opened to receive it.

"Ahem!" the second time.

Nestle a little closer, Kate, and trust the arm that holds so steadily that is now encircling you.

"Ahem!" again, and at last the astonished sun-flies cleared her throat and found her voice.

"Kate! Kate Stetson! is it possible! am I dreaming? or have I in reality obtruded upon a lover's conference?"

So answer, save a toss of the golden curls, and a look of defiance startling around the dainty mouth.

"And you, sir! whom I have forbidden the house more than once, how dare you, sir! As for you, Miss Kate, I am ashamed—ashamed"—repeated with a decided emphasis—"that for this boorish fellow, I am ashamed! How dare you, sir!" and her wrath having waxed greater and greater, Miss Stetson panted from sheer exhaustion.

"Why"—very coolly—"as I would dare enter any house to which you were one of those visitors."

"Stolen property! What do you mean?" the sallow face flushing red, and the eyes growing a little fiery.

"Mean? Why, nothing more, good madam, than that your fair niece, here, stole my heart some time ago, and though I could not live very comfortably without the article, I came to reclaim it, or to obtain another as its equivalent."

"And you have, sir?"

"Certainly, madam. I rarely fail in what I undertake, and we were just sealing the compact when you interrupted us."

"Out upon your impudent assurance! Do you dare to tell me that you have usurped upon this girl's affection, and made her believe she is in love with your worthless self?"

"I don't know about the impudition, Miss Stetson, though I might acknowledge the unworthiness," with a reverent look toward Kate. "It was a plain question, with some simple illustrations, to which this little lady has just now answered, 'I will.' If she has been deceived, she will learn to-day."

This was the climax, and the exasperated spinster was speechless.

A moment after the house clock struck ten, and

as the last stroke fell the aunt recovered her tongue and her accustomed calmness.

"You will allow me, sir, to inform you that the doors of my house are always locked at ten o'clock, and I never consent to Miss Kate's entertaining visitors after that hour. You will, therefore, oblige me by conforming with the regulation, and making your *adieux* at once."

There might have been a little satire concealed in the last request, but you would never have guessed it from the stately, indifferent expression which the injured lady had now assumed.

"Certainly, madam; I am most happy to conform to so wise a regulation. But your niece having promised to entrust herself and her happiness into my keeping, I feel in honor bound to assume the protection of her from this time forward; and I, therefore, have one request to make of you—that you will express no further indignation to her, but expend all your anger upon myself alone."

Without another word to Kate, the young man advanced to Miss Stetson, raised her thin hand to his lips, and, with a courtly bow, withdrew.

Now, Will Kelso knew perfectly well that this was the only outburst of which Miss Stetson would be guilty; for she prided herself upon her perfect composure, under all circumstances, it being extremely vulgar, according to her code, to give any outward expression to one's feelings. But the ungentlemanly fellow could not refrain from giving this last wound to her affronted dignity.

"Good-night, Aunt Minerva," and the little figure marched out of the room in a don't-care kind of a way, that tended but little to soothe the ruffled spirits of her relation.

"Verily, she is an apt scholar," and Miss Stetson curled her lip as she closed the parlor door.

Kate Stetson was as bewitching a piece of humanity as ever turned a man's heart and brain; and it was no wonder Will Kelso loved her, as love her he did, nobly and truly. He was by no means a bad fellow; a little too reckless and independent, perhaps, but he was fighting his own way through the world, and when a man buffets Fortune, he must needs wear a bold front.

He was the son of a farmer, an honest man, but who had left his boy but little more than his untarnished name. It had only been by hard labor, mental and physical, that the young man had gained the stand he had. Talents he had, and he was making the most of them; and already among the medical faculty of the country his name was gaining an honorable notice.

The Stetsons were of one of the oldest families in the State, and it seemed as if all the pride of half-a-dozen generations had descended upon and concentrated in the heart of Miss Minerva. The last of her family, it galled her not a little that her brother's child could think with any other feeling than disdain of that country fellow, Kelso. Why, for three of his college vacations he had worked upon her estate, the same as any farm hand! Kate marry him—impossible!

* * * * * *

"Indeed, indeed, you *must* come, doctor; they're hurt terribly, both of them—Miss Minerva is dying, they think."

He was a man of prompt, determined action, and ten minutes later Dr. Kelso stood within the quiet parlor, and stood there for the first time in five long, weary years.

"Where shall I find them?" he asked, in a quick, imperious tone.

"Here, doctor, in the library," and old Martha prepared, as quickly as her superabundant flesh would allow, to lead the way.

He sprang past her, and entered the room.

Two couches rolled upon the floor; two faces almost whiter than the pillows where they lay. And one—the younger and the fairer—bore on its snowy temple a horrible deep gash.

"Oh, God!" and with the groan his momentary weakness passed away, and tenderly, as one who had forgotten himself, and all else but the sufferers before him, the skillful physician began his work.

A careful examination told him that the wound upon the temple was not so dangerous as it seemed, and that the older woman lay nearest death.

"Should he save her if he could? that woman who had blasted all his life, and hers—his Katie's?"

A moment only, and the terrible temptation was conquered; and Dr. Kelso worked as a man will work who has all to lose with failure, and all to gain with success.

She gasped, she breathed, she opened her eyes, and fixed them upon him in a wild, uncertain way. It was long before they seemed to recognize him, but they did at length, and with a cry of half-pain, half-fear, she strove to raise her head, but could not. Quite at the mercy, then, of this man she so despised, lay poor Minerva Stetson. If only he would storm or rave, or be some other than this quiet, attentive physician, it seemed to her that she could gather strength to rise up and oppose him. But no; he watched her quietly, as he would have watched any one rescued, as she had been, from a sudden and terrible death. But the strong man shuddered, as he pictured the scene—the frightened horses tearing madly down the hill, the broken bridge, the sharp and fearful crash!

And if one of the two injured women must die, can you wonder he was glad it was this, and not the other—his love, his darling! And hopeless as the case might seem, he would do his best to save her, too, this woman whom he hated. But as he thought how small was her chance of life, Minerva Stetson looked up and met his earnest, commiserating gaze. I think it stung her, even then in her utter weakness, to be so pitied, and by *him*; for she looked away quickly, and noticed nothing more till he was gone.

* * * * * *

Two days later and Minerva Stetson knew her hours were numbered, and she signified her desire to speak with Dr. Kelso alone.

"I have done you and Kate a great and terrible wrong. But here on my death-bed I crave your pardon. Can you, will you grant it?"

Looking at the poor, weak woman before him, he was too noble to do other than assure her his forgiveness was complete.

"Then listen, and I'll tell what may partly cover and excuse my fault. Years ago, my brother died and left his little girl to me, binding her complete obedience to me till she should be twenty-one. Kate was gentle and yielding, and I never found occasion to enforce my authority until you came and wooed her. Come nearer. There was a reason, deeper than pride of birth or wealth, why I should bid the child forget you. Your father loved me once, and I loved him. Ay, loved him! though he was a common farmer lad. My father liked him, too, and made him welcome in the house, as became his daughter's choice. He was so strong and brave—Reuben Kelso! No matter—you are like him, somewhat. But there came one day a little thing to make him doubt me; and I, proud in my consciousness of perfect truth, flung back his doubt with scorn. We parted then, and lived the lives you know. But when, as the years went by, I saw your mother's fair young face shine out beside your father's, at his farm-house door, and watched your baby fingers clutching to pull her curls, I envied, and I hated him, and her, and you."

She paused there; and, in the silence, who knows how much she suffered?

Then, musingly, "And you've tried to save my life!"

She was failing very fast, and Dr. Kelso rose to summon in her few attendants.

The dying woman caught his motion, and, rousing, gasped:

"You're sure—you have forgiven—you—and Reuben?"

"We are sure."

She caught the answer—that was all. And so the once proud beauty died, and none but Reuben's child stood by to see the end.

"Six years ago, to-night, Miss Stetson, do you remember it?"

A little sigh, and then a clear—

"I do."

She was less fair, perhaps, that ugly scar upon the temple refusing to be hid, albeit the bright curls drooped to kiss it lovingly. More quiet, too, the face had grown, and gathered a certain, resolute tone, unlike the bonnie, playful Kate of yore. Nevertheless she seemed very beautiful to Dr. Kelso, as she stood there with the firelight falling on her pale and clear-cut features.

"Kate, I dreamed that night how I should make a little home, a happy home for you. I lost the dream a while, for years even. But it goes on to-night from where I lost it then. The house is ready—waiting. Will you come?"

What need had she of a home other than this? and richer she was a thousand times than this generous-hearted physician would ever be. She was not avaricious, surely. Perhaps she caught the yearning, waiting look in the dark eyes bent upon her. Whatever she thought, or whatever she guessed, I only know she laid her white hands quietly in those held out toward her, and answered simply:

"I will come."

FATE OF FAST MEN.—The vicious die early. They fall like shadows, or tumble wrecks and ruins into the grave—often while quite young, almost always before 40. "The wicked liveth not half his days." The world at once ratifies the truth and assigns the reason, by describing the dissolute life of "fast men;" that is, they live fast; they spend their 12 hours in six, getting through the whole before the meridian, and dropping into darkness while others are in the glory of light. "Their sun goeth down while it is day." And they might have helped it. Many a one dies before he need. Young men of genius like Burns and Byron, to whom, when dissipated and profligate, 37 is so fatal, and your obscure and nameless wandering stars, who waste their time in libertine indulgence—they cannot live, they must die early. They put on steam till they blow up the boiler. They run at such a rate that the fire goes out for want of fuel. The machinery is destroyed for want of fuel. The machinery is destroyed by rapid speed and reckless wear. Nothing can save them. Their physical system cannot stand the strain they put to it; while the state of their minds is often such that the soul would eat the substance of the most robust body and make for itself a way of escape from the incessant hell of its own thoughts.

ABOUT COMING TO BELIEVE ONE'S OWN LIE.—It has been remarked of Lady Morgan, as an autobiographer, that Irish in all things, she was pre-eminently Irish in her facts, for which she depended very little on her memory. Not that retaining one impression of a scene or incident, she deliberately stated or wrote down another; but that retaining none, or an imperfect one, she stated or wrote down what was best calculated for immediate effect, most pleasing to her public, or most flattering to herself. We are told that she once wrote to Lady Charleville from some town in Warwickshire, to say that she had settled down to finish one of her books in a charming country, in a pretty apartment opening on a conservatory, with a velvet lawn before her door; and that Lady Charleville, returning shortly afterward from London to Dublin, stopped at that place, hunted up the address, and found "Glorvina" in a small lodging in the suburbs, looking on a cabbage garden. "Paradoxical as it may seem, there was as much self-deception as vanity in this. She had fancied herself into the heroine of one of her own romances, with the accessories, and wrote accordingly. The real and the fictitious were so blended in her, that it gradually surpassed her power to separate them."

CORINTHIAN ORDER OF ARCHITECTURE.—The Corinthian order is supposed to be imitative of the proportions of a young virgin, as the Ionic and Doric were of those of man and woman. The invention or origin is thus related by Vitruvius: "A Corinthian virgin just marriageable died. After her interment, her nurse collected some vases and toys which had pleased her while living, put them into a basket, and placed it on her tomb, covering it that it might endure the longer, with a tile. The basket being placed on the roots of an acanthus, depressed it in the middle, causing the leaves and stems, which grew up in spring, to encircle and twine round the basket; but being resisted by the angles of the tile, they convolved at the extremities in the form of volutes. This was seen by Callimachus, who, delighted with it, formed from its model a new capital, the most elegant and beautiful of all the orders." Such is the account given by Vitruvius; but notwithstanding, all the three orders are generally supposed to be derived from the Egyptians, as Cecrops, the founder of Athens was an Egyptian; and it is well known that the Greeks borrowed their manners, customs and laws from that nation.

BRIGANDAGE IN ITALY.

BRIGANDAGE is the rule, not the exception, in Southern Italy. A recent traveler there tells the following story:

"We hear constant stories of the outrages perpetrated by the brigands of Southern Italy; all our friends returning from Naples whom we have met here being full of excitement over the perils they have successfully braved, or the misadventures of their less fortunate acquaintances. Dr. W. told us a good story the other day, which has the additional interest of being a true one.

"An Englishman, engaged in the superintendence of some mines belonging to the late Duke of Parma, was informed one morning by his servant that a man wished to see him, who declined mentioning his business to any one but himself. Being much engaged at the moment, he felt half unwilling to admit him, but at last concluded to do so.

"The Italian stated that he was in possession of information that would probably save him from being robbed, if not murdered, but that, before disclosing it, he required to be paid a certain sum, which he named.

"This proposition was at once declined, but Mr. M. told him he would give him some trifling gratuity, and if in the end his suspicions turned out to be well-founded, and his story proved to be correct, he should be rewarded liberally.

"To this the man assented, adding 'You are an Englishman, and I can trust your word; and now, listen, and judge whether I speak truly. You propose to visit the mines at ——, on the 8th of this month. You have engaged Beppo Quattrini's vettura and horses, and he himself is to drive you, and you will carry with you so many hundred scudi, for payment of wages now in arrears.'

"'It is true,' replied Mr. M., 'that I am going to the mines on the day you name, and also that I have engaged Beppo Quattrini and his carriage, and that I may possibly have some money with me, though what interest all this may have for you I cannot imagine.'

"'Listen, signor! On reaching a stone bridge, some distance from Parma, three men will attack the carriage, and Beppo will offer no resistance. You will be robbed, and probably murdered, for dead men tell no tales. And now, does the signor think my story worthy of credit?'

"'Not in the least;' the signor was not to be moved by such a *papera*; with an Englishman's cool disbelief in danger, and dislike of being forced into a ludicrous position, and swindled by an adventurer working on his fears through a clever story, he pooh-poohed the whole affair, and dismissed his informant.

"That night he dined with the Grand Duke, and mentioned casually his visitor of the morning. The Prefect of Police was at the table, and when dinner was over, he drew him aside, and assured him that such a warning was not to be lightly disregarded.

"'You may be satisfied every word the rascal said was true; but you need not trouble yourself about the matter. Continue your preparations as before; keep a silent tongue in your head; and leave everything to me.'

"The morning arrived, and Beppo drew up his horses at Mr. M.'s, where the prefect had previously called and given his instructions.

"'You will take a *gend'arme*, whom I shall send you, as your valet, and he will ride beside the coachman; at the nearest village two more will be in waiting, who will enter the carriage, and accompany you to the mines.'

"The start was made. Beppo dared not object to the companionship of the servant, who, as they approached the village indicated, drew a pistol, and placed it to his ear.

"'Listen, *briconne!* you are sold; you are a dead man! if you wink so much as an eyelid, I will blow your brains out, *maladetto!*'

"As they approached the fatal bridge, three men, armed to the teeth, rushed from their ambush; one of them seized the horses, but was fired at by the man on the box, and mortally wounded, though at the moment he succeeded in making good his escape. The two other miscreants made a dash at the doors of the carriage, and were instantly shot dead by the men inside. The coachman got off in the end more easily than he deserved; and it is to be hoped, for the good credit of Englishmen, that Mr. M. discovered and rewarded the man who had given the warning, and undoubtedly saved him from certain death."

A CHOLERA STORY.

A STORY is published in Paris confirming the fact of the immense influence of the nerves in cholera, as illustrated in the year 1832, by Professor Recamier. He was summoned to a bedside, where he found a dying man, the features rigid, cramp all over the body, the voice changed; in fact, all the most fatal symptoms strongly characterized. After an attentive diagnosis, the sagacious doctor snatched off the bed-clothes, and commenced flogging the patient with all the strength he possessed. The spectators—for an instant electrified—were naturally enraged. The dying man, by one expiring effort, started from his bed, threw himself on the doctor, who ran off, hotly pursued along passages and corridors by the cholera patient, till both reached the top of the hospital stairs, when the breathless professor stopped, and, looking at the ghastly pursuer, coolly asked:

"And how do you feel?"

"Feel!" said the astonished patient. "Feel, indeed! Why," after a pause, "I have no more cramps!"

"I believe you. But after this fine race you require rest."

Some cups of *tisane* and the the pseudo moribund was saved.

SPECIMEN OF NEGRO ADVERTISING SOUTH.

WE cut this from a paper published at Turnwold, near Eatonton, Georgia, called *The Countryman*. It tells its own story:

WORK WANTED.—We have established a shop at Turnwold, where we are prepared to do all manner of wood and iron work, wagon-making, and repairing included. We have not turned fools because we are free, but know we have to work for our living, and are determined to do it. We mean to be sober, industrious, honest, and respectful to white folks—and so we depend on them to give us work.

Jan. 30, 1866. WILLIAM & JIM.

A MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.—A lady advertised some time ago, in the Parisian journals, under the initials "A. C.," that she was young, handsome, and worth $2,000,000, and was anxious to get married, but did not care whether her husband was rich or poor. She invited the aspirants to her hand to send their photographs. A month afterward, having in the meantime received 1,500 applications, she started a journal, soliciting subscriptions from all her would-be husbands, and promising to publish her reply to the respective candidates in her new journal. She immediately received several thousand francs, the aggregate amount of the subscription money, and forthwith published all the letters. The journal ceasing to appear after that first, and it seemed last issue, the befooled parties now appealed to the court, where the trial of the ingenious lady has lately taken place. Among the most spicy letters is that of a drum-major, who declares himself ready for all sacrifices, including that of his post in his regiment, provided he can secure Mlle. A. C. and her 2,000,000. A cook writes to her: "My physique is admirable, mademoiselle, and my two sisters are milliners. Your 2,000,000 would make us the kings of France." Among the amateurs of this double-millioned woman are not a few persons occupying high stations, who thus find their matrimonial ambitions rather awkwardly exposed.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

IN a class in an Eastern college, there was a chap noted for his waggery. One day the professor of logic was endeavoring to substantiate that a thing remains the same, notwithstanding a substitution in some of its parts. Our wag, who had been exercising the Yankee art of whittling, at length held up his jack-knife, inquiring:

"Suppose that I should lose the blade of my knife, and should get another inserted in its place, would it be the same knife as it was before?"

"To be sure," replied the professor.

"Well, then," the wag continued, "suppose I should then lose the handle and get another, would it be the same still?"

"Of course," replied the professor.

"But if somebody should find the old blade and the old handle, and should put them together, what knife would that be?"

We never heard the professor's answer.

IF nobody's noticed you, you must be small:
If nobody's slighted you, you must be tall;
If nobody's bowed to you, you must be low;
If nobody's kissed you, you're ugly, we know;
If nobody's envied you, you're a poor elf;
If nobody's flattered you, flatter yourself;
If nobody's cheated you, you are a knave;
If nobody's hated you, you are a slave;
If nobody's called you a "fool" to your face,
Somebody's wished your back in its place;
If nobody's called you a "tyrant" or "scold,"
Somebody thinks you of spiritless mold;
If nobody knows of your faults but a friend,
Nobody'll miss them at the world's end;
If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,
Nobody'll run like a hound when it's gone;
If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,
Nobody'll call you "a miserly bore;"
If nobody's slandered you—here is our pen—
Sign yourself "Nobody" quick as you can.

"WHAR," asked a renowned stump orator, who was running for the office of constable, "whar, my enlightened friends of the 66th Militia District, was Andrew Jackson in the battle of New Orleans? Wur he thar? He wur. He wur a ridin' up and down on a bobtail Arabian, a wavin' of a crooked saber, and up to his armpits in blood and mud, and a givin' the British thunder; the genius of his country a holdin' of her ægis over his head, cotton bales paveneering in front to protect him from danger, and the American eagle, with the stars and stripes in its beak, a soarin' aloft in the blue empyrean, crying, 'Hail Columbia!'"

A POOR and simple old Frenchwoman, who had subsisted chiefly by begging cold victuals, died a few days ago in Waterville. On her deathbed, appearing restless, she was asked if she wanted anything? She replied, "Only one here—to be buried in a clean white dress." Her last words, when asked what she hoped for in the future, were, "Good warm breakfasts!" Mr. Percival kindly provided a "clean white dress," at the expense of the town, and the poor old beggar has gone to her "good warm breakfasts" with the Father of Mercies.

AT a Naval Court-Martial, lately held in Brooklyn, the following dialogue is said to have taken place between one of the witnesses and the court:

"Are you a Protestant?"

"No, sir."

"What are you, then?"

"Captain of the foretop."

A COUNTRY schoolmaster, happening to be reading of the curious skin of the elephant:

"Did you ever see an elephant's skin?" he asked.

"I have!" shouted a little six-year-old at the foot of the class.

"Where?" he asked, quite amused at the boy's earnestness.

"On the elephant!" said he, with a most provoking grin.

ONE very cold night, a jolly old fellow, who had partaken rather too freely of flip at a tavern, started for home in a sleigh, and on the way was upset, and left by the side of the road. Some persons passing the same way a short time after, discovered the old fellow, holding his feet up to the moon, ejaculating to some invisible person named John: "Pile on the wood; it's a thundering cold fire!"

THE following odd conversation took place during a petty trial in London lately:

At the magistrate's request the mother stepped forward.

Mr. Yardley—What is your husband?

The mother—He is a tailor.

Mr. Yardley—And I dare say earns good money?

The mother—No sir, not now.

Mr. Yardley—Why not?

The mother—Not in cucumber season. (Laughter.)

Mr. Yardley—Not when?

The Mother—Not in cucumber season.

Mr. Yardley—How is that?

The mother—Because when cucumbers are in, the gentry are out of town. (Laughter.)

Mr. Yardley—That is new to me.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD chap was assigned the duty of "rocking" his little brother to sleep. After a few minutes of fruitless effort to soothe the restless infant to slumber, he called his mother's attention to the state of the case, with this remark:

"Ma, this fellow won't go to sleep—I think he wants something."

All questions as to what the baby wanted were only answered by a blush and a downcast look, but in a few minutes after, while the infant was in the enjoyment of what he really did want, little five-year-old explained himself by the interrogation:

"Ha! didn't I know what he wanted?"

AN APT REPLY.—Sheridan once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with cries of "hear, hear." Richard Brinsley took an opportunity to allude to a well-known political character of the time, whom he represented as a person who wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool.

"Where," exclaimed Sheridan, in continuation, and with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than this?"

"Hear, hear!" was instantly bellowed from the accustomed bench.

The wicked wit bowed, thanked the gentleman for "his ready reply to the question," and sat down amid convulsions of laughter from all but their unfortunate subject.

WHEN Foote was once walking with his friend Guhagan, in Soho square, they met a most miserable object, who earnestly solicited their charity. Guhagan refused; and, on Foote giving a few pence, said:

"I believe you are imposed upon, for I am morally certain that fellow is an impostor."

"He is either the most distressed man or the best actor I ever saw in my life," replied the comedian; "and, as either one or the other, he *has a brotherly claim upon me*."

HERE is the characteristic English satire, half punning, half witty, by Theodore Hook, on Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound":

"Shelley styles his new poem 'Prometheus Unbound,'
And 'tis like to remain so while time circles round;
For surely an age would be spent in the finding
A reader so weak as to pay for the binding."

THE vessel that no woman objects to embark in.—A court-ship.

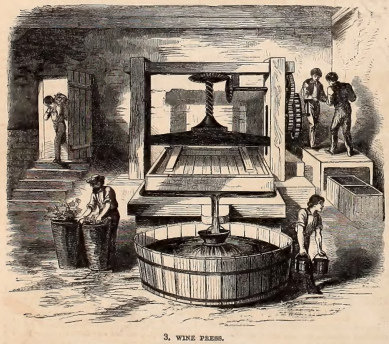
A STORY is told of a cool old sea-captain, with a virago of a wife, who met an artificial devil, such as larking boys contrive, in a lonely place. As the ghost obstructed his path, the old fellow remarked:

"If you are not the devil, get out! If you are, come along with me and get supper. I married your sister!"

THE GREAT WORKSHOPS OF AMERICA.



1. WINE CULTURE—VIEW OF ONE OF LONGWORTH'S VINEYARDS ON THE OHIO RIVER.



3. WINE PRESS.

A BOTTLE OF WINE.

How It Is Made.

TRAVELERS on our Western rivers oftentimes see spots that bear so different a hue and general appearance to what is about them, that they naturally excite the curiosity. To those who have traveled in Europe there is nothing novel in the sight; they only see reproduced the vineyards of the old country, and so perfectly reproduced as to carry the mind entirely away from the locality.

As we wanted, in illustrating this great branch of our native industry, a model vineyard, we have sent our Artist to that of N. T. and W. R. Anderson, in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, on the Ohio River, for our sketches.

Those vineyards are the ones which have already become famous as those of Nicholas Longworth, the great pioneer of wine-making in the West. They have for a quarter of a century upheld a reputation second to no European wines, and are every day improving by practice.

Our sketches are taken in the vintage season, which in this country is the latter part of October. Then the vineyard presents a busy scene, and all the poetry that artists and writers have told us from sunny Italy, France, Spain and Germany, is repeated in our very midst.

The vines are principally cultivated and the labor done by foreigners, and as a consequence, all the characteristics of old country labor are carried out, one of the strangest to American eyes being that of the working of women with the men, making no distinction in the employment, up to the time of the grape-gathering.

After that their work ceases, and men work alone. Up to this time it is not at all difficult for the visitor to the Longworth vineyard to imagine himself within the bounds of Louis Napoleon's dominions, and surrounded by the very originals of the country.

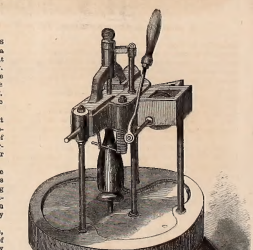
The process of manufacture is this:

The grapes are carefully picked, bruising being avoided, and brought in huge crates to the wine vaults (No. 2), for the press. This is only occasionally varied by pressing the grapes in the vineyard and bringing in the fresh juice, or *must*, as it is technically called, to the cellar in casks. All large establishments have their own presses, but the smaller growers are obliged to depend on the larger for the first process or making of must. This pressing is done by bruising the grapes—after they are brought in—and throwing them into the receptacle of the press, which is simply a square box with a perforated bottom, through which the juice flows into a tub beneath (No. 3). From this tub it is dipped in buckets or conducted by a hose into immense casks, where the first fermentation takes place, after which it is transferred, by the same process to the casks below, in the cellar (No. 4). Here the temperature is subjected to little or no variation through the year, on account of the depth and admirable construction of the cellars.

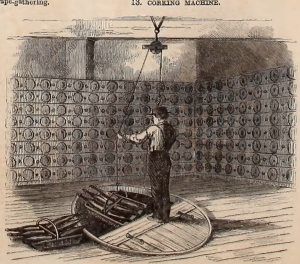
When the sparkling wine is to be made—that is, the champagne—late in the spring, the wine is forced or pumped up from the vaults into the work-room, where it is received into casks, and a solution of rock-candy added; after which the wine is immediately bottled. The effect of the rock-candy is, in a few days, to cause



2 ENTRANCE TO THE VAULT.



13. CORKING MACHINE.



7. LOWERING WINE INTO COLD VAULT, AFTER FERMENTATION.

LONGWORTH'S VINEYARD AND WINE HOUSE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.



12. FINISHING STAND AND CROCHET FOR CUTTING CLASP.



8. LOWER CELLAR—SPARKLING, AFTER FERMENTATION.

fermentation in the bottles. The work-room (No. 6) contains the machines for bottling, corking, and wiring. These machines, though not very complicated, require great dexterity in their management, as well as long practice, and are the most interesting features of the whole wine-making.

After this corking and wiring, the unaccustomed observer would think that the great point of the process was over; but not so, it has only just begun. The manipulation, causes it to disgorge the sediment (No. 12), or permits the gas to do it, after which the bottle is quickly passed to another, quite as dexterous in his line, who sweetens it, and, like a flash, hands it over to another at the corking-machine (No. 13), who, with a few blows of a mallet, a twist, a turn, and a magical movement of the fingers, sends forth the bottle corked, ready to be rewired and labeled, packed, and transported to the Cincinnati house, ready for the drinking of all the world; for the thing is a solemn fact, all the world do drink this Cincinnati wine.



4. INTERIOR OF DRY WINE VAULTS, 135 FEET LONG.



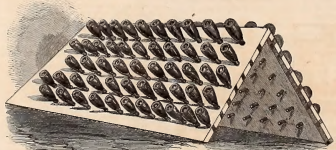
9. ON POINT.



5. HOSE FOR CONDUCTING WINE FROM VAULTS.

And this in the making of wine in a nutshell. The process is no mystery—only a question of delicacy and skill; and we make no doubt that the time is rapidly coming when American wines are to be the wines—or, at least, sufficiently appreciated by our own people to get us, by their use, out of our abominable habit of spirit-drinking.

bottle, now firmly closed, goes through another process. It is carefully watched for fermentation. When that commences, it is lowered into the vaults (No. 7)—this lowering depending entirely on the state of fermentation—where, the temperature being much cooler than above, the fermentation is of course immediately checked. Before lowering into these vaults comes the great trouble, that caused by the bursting of bottles—the second fermentation being the lottery of the whole manufacture.



10. ON POINT.



11. SECTION VIEW OF BOTTLES ON POINT.

Kill, of course, does much; but all the skill in the world will not provide for the contingencies of change of atmosphere. If the breakage in this state is under 10 per cent., the wine-makers deem themselves lucky; but sometimes it runs so much over that mark as to be ruinous.

On being lowered to these vaults, the bottles are stacked up, as represented in the engraving of the lower cellar (No. 8), where they remain until the sediment is deposited on the lower side of the bottle. Of these lower vaults there are four, each 135 feet in length and 30 feet in width.

The object now is to draw of the sediment, or impurities, without disturbing or injuring the effervescing qualities of the wine, or wasting it. To accomplish this, the bottles are put on point, as it is termed, and is represented in the three engravings (Nos. 9, 10 and 11); the sediment is by this process gradually collected at the neck of the bottle, and deposited on the cork.

The bottle in this state goes into the hands of a skillful workman, who, with wonderful rapidity, cuts the wire, frees the bottle from the cork, and, by one skilful



6. BOTTLING, CORKING AND WIRING SPARKLING WINE.

THE history of the invention of clocks is very imperfectly known. By some it has been ascribed to Pacificus, Archdeacon of Verona, in the ninth century, and by others to Boethius, in the early part of the sixth. The Saracens are supposed to have had clocks which were moved by weights, as early as the 11th century; and as the term is applied by Dante to a machine which struck the hours, clocks must have been known in Italy about the end of the 13th or beginning of the 14th century. It is said that the first clock made in England was furnished out of the proceeds of a fine imposed upon the Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, in 1368, and that it remained in its original situation, in Old Palace Yard, as late as the reign of Elizabeth. In the reign of Richard II. a large astronomical clock was made by Richard of Wallingford, Abbot of St. Albans, which was regulated by a fly. But the most ancient clock of which we possess any authentic account was erected in a tower of the palace of Charles V. of France, about the year 1364, by Henry de Wick, or de Vick, a German artist. A clock was erected at Strasburg about 1370, at Courtray about the same time, and at Spire in 1395. In the following century public clocks appear to have existed in all the principal towns of Europe, and private ones to have come into very general use.

THE LAY OF THE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

BY WALTER T. CONRAD.

All day long in the crowded street,
Where the sidewalks ring with the tread of feet,
And the banners float from the towering roofs,
Mid the rattle of wheels and the clatter of hoofs,
A flitting shape in the busy scene,
I labor to keep the crossings clean.

Hither and thither, from side to side
Of the crowded street with my broom I glide,
This way and that way, to and fro,
Forward and backward I come and go;
While the human throng, rushing, eager throng,
Jostle each other the whole day long.

Over my bridge, through all the day,
From sidewalk to sidewalk of bright Broadway,
In separate currents they pass me by;
Each face I can read by a glance of the eye—
By a glance of the eye have learned to know
The warmth of the heart that beats below.

Scattering mud with their iron hoofs,
That echo aloud to the distant roofs,
The mettled steeds, in their lofty pride
Go dashing past, and the coaches glide,
In gilded splendor adown the street
That rings with the tread of passing feet.

How grand it must seem to be seated there
In the place of that lady, proud and fair,
As she rides in her carriage, so costly and fine,
In her rich dress and jewels that shine;
What wouldn't I give to be her this day,
To ride in my carriage through bright Broadway!

Yonder comes one across the street
With a face so fair and smile so sweet,
That I sometimes think when I look in her eyes
Of the angels that dwell in the far blue skies,
But I know from her dress and her thin white hand
That she does not live on the fat of the land.

And here comes another who steps to one side,
As he passes me by, in his insolent pride;
Who steps aside in his dread of me—
Oh, the bitterest kind of a swell is he!
How I would like, from his head to his feet,
To spatter him well with the mud of the street!

They come and they go all the livelong day,
The old and the young, the sad and the gay,
Over my bridge, from side to side
Of the beautiful street, with its fashion and pride,
And its stately buildings, so grand and high,
That lift their forms to the far blue sky.

There's another crossing, both deep and wide,
From the corner of this world to the other side,
Where we all must pass on our homeward way,
The rich and the poor, the sad and the gay—
To the city eternal, whose streets, I've been told,
Are built of jasper and paved with gold.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MARK," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXVI.—THE VERDICT.

THE appearance of Roy Small in the witness-box—that is to say, of one of the two men whose doings on a particular midsummer night had led to the alderman's murder, and so to the events which make up all that is essential in our present story—told powerfully on the people present in the court-house. The occasional clank of his irons, the sight to those near of the handcuffs on his wrists, and a certain hardness of demeanor in the man that more than compensated for the small stature and womanly smoothness of countenance that had caused him to be ironically known as "Baby Roy," these things deepened in every breast the interest in the evidence he was about to give, for there were still people who would not believe but that the prisoner were themselves the murderers of Alderman Maude.

Roy's first use of the recovered power of his vision was to glance furtively about, till he caught sight of Bob, who had managed to slop for a moment, though ordered to withdraw. The two exchanged looks—perhaps other and more significant, though altogether unnoticed, signals, for Roy's face cleared as if he had become satisfied the position described to him by Bob in the midnight visit to the prison, was unaltered, and he knew what to do.

He turned his look at Anthony; but did not venture to confront, even for a single instant, the look in that face, so turned his side toward the prisoner.

When the acknowledged facts of the burglary had been elicited, Mr. Martin, on the part of the prosecution, began to approach closely the dangerous but all-important matter of the murder.

"What firearms had you?"

"Two pistols—I had one, and Jack one."

"Both loaded?"

"Yes."

"Both single-barreled?"

"Yes."

"And how and when were they fired off?"

"Jack didn't fire his at all, but threw his on the ground when he was getting through the window, and hadn't time to stop and look for it."

"Do you swear he did not fire it at the alderman before he threw it on the ground?"

"I do. He never saw the alderman. He came running in, and almost jumped through the window, while I watched the alderman and the t'other gentleman."

"You swear he did not fire at all?"

"I do. I'm quite sure o' that. He would have bit me if he had fired, for I was in the doorway loading into the alderman's bedroom."

Mr. Martin handed the pistol to the jury.

"Look at that."

"This is Jack's piece."

"How do you know?"

"Because the lock was broken, and I got it mended for this very job, and here's the mark in the metal."

"Do you know how this piece was fired?"

"I think I do."

"Well?"

"A gentleman in a light coat ran after us, and he fired at us, but missed; and I guess it was Jack's pistol he had, for I saw him come running round a corner as we were getting down from the window, and he stooped as if to pick up Jack's piece."

"Is it much true, my lord," said Anthony.

Sir Norman Lake rose in his place, and held up his hand in deprecation of hasty speech. Anthony bowed in apology.

"And now," continued Mr. Martin, "about your own piece. How was that fired?"

"I fired it at him," said Roy, doggedly, inclining Anthony; "leastwise, if it was him who followed us."

"Was that because you were in danger of being caught?"

"It was because somebody fired at us—not once, nor twice, but three times—and I couldn't stand it; and so, thinking it was him, let fly, that's all."

"Was that last shot after you had left the spot just below the window where you jumped out?"

"Yes; when we were running away. That shot flicked a piece out of my ear—here's the mark now for anybody to see as likes."

"And when the second one?"

"Directly after the first."

"Do you know who fired *that* shot?"

"I guess *him*."

"Are you sure it was aimed at you?"

"No, I can't say. I thought so; but it might has been that as killed the alderman."

"How long a time elapsed between the first shot, which you say the alderman himself fired at you, and that second shot which was fired after you?"

"Perhaps a minute—perhaps less. I wasn't very fit for calculating time just then."

"I should think not."

"Well, that's all I know about it. I know I didn't shoot him, and I know Jack didn't shoot him."

"Should you know your piece again?"

"There's a slice, as looks to be clean shaved off of the butt-end," said Roy, "if it's mine." The convict looked with interest at the weapon in Mr. Martin's hands.

"My lord and gentlemen of the jury," said that gentleman, "may I request you, in connection with the extreme importance of an identification of these weapons, to look at this piece?"

It was handed round, and the spectators saw pass over every face, as it glanced at it, that air of conviction which is so unmistakable.

"Take this piece into your hands, Roy, and, remembering your oath, tell me, is that your piece—the piece you fired off as you were running away?"

"I swear it. I'd know it among a thousand," said Roy. "I'd know it blindfold—by the feel."

"And what did you do with your piece after firing it?"

"Threw it at the head of the youngster over there, for meddling with Bloody as didn't concern him, and Jack Perry, with a scowl at Essn.

"Essn, my lord, you will remember," said Mr. Martin, "has testified that he picked up a pistol under the exact circumstances just narrated, and gave it to the prisoner some days later."

"Prisoner!" said Roy, as there was an almost awful silence in the court, as people waited to hear some indication of what the Judge himself thought of this evidence—"prisoner, I wish to give you a word of solemn warning. If you and your companion really did kill this aged gentleman, whatever chance there may be of your lives being spared by an honest confession, even at this late hour, would be forfeited by your present silence. Depend upon it, the truth will be made known, and if that condemns you, I shall be sorry to say, even till I have seen you stand where now stands the prisoner Anthony."

"My lord," said Roy," with some agitation, but with a certain eagerness and solemnity, "would I and Jack have owned to the business of the robbery, when the governor came to us and told us we hadn't known it was all right about the murder?"

"Where is the governor?" asked the Judge.

Mr. Governor was sworn, and testified that the two convicts had shown no hesitation—no unwillingness—to tell him the whole story just as it had been narrated, although he had said nothing to alarm them on the one hand, or to tempt them on the other.

"Witness," again said the Judge, "I have given you warning. Let me add, that if the evidence you have given, or shall give to-day, shall prove to have been honest evidence, I will take care the fact shall be made known in the proper quarter."

The Judge ceased, and bending himself with his papers, and the buzz of conviction running through the court told Roy he was safe, that his story was believed, and that he and his pal were not going to be suddenly put into Anthony's place, as he had had misgivings might happen.

During that buzz Mr. Martin sat down, and Sir Norman Lake rose to cross-examine.

"How were you dressed at the time you appeared in the alderman's bed-room, and kept guard while your companion was plundering the safe?"

"In a smock-frock."

"Light-colored?"

"Yes."

"Think again. Remember your oath, and answer me deliberately. Was it not your companion that wore the smock-frock?"

"I ought to know, I should think," said Roy. "It don't matter to me, as I know on, which of us it were; but, as it happens, I did wear a smock-frock, and Jack didn't."

"And did you, wearing that smock-frock, go along the corridor, followed by the housekeeper—"

"No," interrupted Roy.

"Stop—take time. Do you swear you did not, after the alderman must have been killed, go along the corridor; enter the safe-room; answer the housekeeper, who called after you, thinking it was her master, by saying the door, to let her in; and then leap out of the window?"

"Why, what a fool!" was Roy's answer, intended to be insolent; but which, as it happened, was the precise reply Sir Norman would have liked.

"You swear that nothing of the sort occurred, do you?"

"I do," said Roy.

"Is that your smock-frock?" demanded Sir Norman, causing a garment to be handed to Roy, who put his head into the hood, and produced a rag of a red handkerchief.

"This was mine."

There was a laugh as the article was displayed.

"My lord, may I ask permission to let that man put on the smock-frock, and that the housekeeper, before giving her own evidence, may see him?"

While Mrs. Milton was being sworn, Roy was invested with the smock-frock, and then Sir Norman said to her:

"Please to look at that man, first as you see him now, and then when he has turned his back—Roy, turn round!—and tell me, have you any reason to believe you have seen that man in that dress before?"

"Never, sir," was the housekeeper's unhesitating answer.

"You are quite sure?"

"Quite."

"That will do for the present."

Sir Norman paused, looked at the jury, and saw they understood precisely the character and boldness of his proceedings in taking up a question the prosecution had left alone—the question of the wearer of the coat. Curious eyes glanced at Sleuth, but saw nothing there to enlighten them. Sir Norman recommenced:

"Roy, what share did you give your accomplice, Bob, of that night's booty?"

"No share at all. He didn't care one. He pushed us on to the job, and then left us in the lurch."

"And was he content with nothing?"

"No."

"Well, then, what did you give him?"

"I told you above, nothing."

"What, not even a scrap of paper?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Roy, with a wonderful air of honesty-proving surprise, "I had quite forgot the Judge's adjuration. 'I thought you meant——'"

"Roy, it's what you mean that is of importance now. Be careful. You did give him a piece of paper. What was it?"

"A will, or a codicil, or a testament, or some thing of that kind."

"A will, or a codicil, or a testament? Very good. Where will, codicil, or testament was it?"

"The alderman's."

"The alderman's? Taken from the safe?"

"Yes."

"Signed?"

"Yes."

"What date?"

"Can't say."

"Try. Was it March 22, 1816?"

"Can't say that."

"Did you set so little value on a document that certain persons might have been willing to pay it any money?"

"We knew as we couldn't use it," said Roy, "and so, when he bothered us, we gave it to him."

"You say it was signed, and, no doubt, was also witnessed?"

"Eh?"

"The paper was witnessed?"

"Don't know, I'm sure."

"Look at that paper." There was a name at the bottom—the alderman's, you say. Were there not also two names by the side, of people who had been duly documented signed?"

"No. There was no names but one; Silas Maude, or some such name."

Sir Norman Lake called on the prosecution to produce the codicil in accordance with the notice he had given them that it would be required. It was handed to him instantly.

"Look at that document. Was that it?"

"No. It was like this, but there was only one name."

Vainly did Sir Norman put the question in a dozen different forms. Bob had done his work well, and Anthony's defenders were unable to wring out of the burglar anything but a statement exactly contradicting what they were desired to be the truth.

"Call the other man," said Sir Norman.

"Stop, Roy," said Mr. Martin, in his kindest and most paternal tones, "Have you any reason to believe that Bob ever really benefited by your gift?"

"I thought so when I heard of his fortin', and till quite lately; but I didn't know about Essn then, and I didn't know—leastwise, I didn't think—about witnesses."

"That will do."

Triumphant was the glance of Roy as, on leaving the dock, he met, in the regions below, his pal Jack, and signaled him all was right.

Jack's examination was soon over. Duly warned beforehand to stand to his breast of it, but to let them find out *no witnesses to the document*, he, too, passed through the trying ordeal in a satisfactory manner, and thus helped to leave in the court a strong belief the men had had no hand in the murder; and that Anthony's advisers were engaged to a forlorn hope if their cause depended on showing that Bob had sold Sleuth a codicil which had given him all the property.

Grooms, gardeners, household servants, and strangers passing by about the time of the murder, confirmed, substantially, the fact that only two shots had been heard in the house—the one fired by the alderman at the burglars, the other the one by which the alderman was killed; and the whole aim in the ground—the one supposed to be fired by Anthony with one of the burglar's own pistols, the other by the fugitive burglars.

Then the jury re-appointed in the box, and testified, in the clearest manner, to her having, immediately on the discovery of the murder, followed some one who evaded her whom she first addressed as Mr. Sleuth, and then, in the safe-room, where she saw he wore a light coat, as Mr. Anthony.

Jack was recalled, wearing the smock-frock, and Mrs. Milton was a little more dubious about his identity, for he was taller and bulkier than Roy; but, on the whole, she felt satisfied it was not the burglar she had seen that night.

"Did you see Mr. Sleuth soon after this incident?" she was asked by Mr. Martin.

"Yes; almost directly."

"Where?"

"He met me when I got back into the corridor."

"Wearing a light coat?"

"Oh, no."

"Could he easily have got there, after changing his dress?"

"Not easily, sir."

"Do you think he did?"

"I don't know what to think."

"What did you think at the time?"

"That it was Mr. Sleuth."

Mrs. Milton turned almost with an air of personal distress to Anthony, as she said this, as if entreating him to believe she had no choice but tell the truth. He smiled in answer.

"And did you then believe it was somebody else?"

"Yes. I thought it was Mr. Anthony."

"And did you ever tell him so?"

"Yes."

"And what did he say?"

"He denied it."

"And did you, after that, think you had erred?"

"Yes, by degrees."

"But never discovered any fresh facts to justify that change of belief?"

"Only this, sir. I have known Mr. Anthony since he was a boy. Many and many a time he has lain in my arms when he has been ill, and a more truthful, honorable lad never breathed—nor a more truthful, honorable man."

The buzz of acquiescence that ran through the auditory did not, as Mr. Stamp plainly saw, create a single doubt in the minds that the chain of circumstances against Anthony had received a second and powerful link. Mr. Martin perceived it, and exclaimed at it.

"You have told us how you met Mr. Sleuth after your vain pursuit of this person in the dark coat; please tell us how you found Mr. Anthony."

"At the murdered man's bed-side, kneeling, and in great trouble."

"Was he saying anything?"

"Yes. He was asking forgiveness."

"For what?"

"I didn't hear."

"You found him at the bed-side, kneeling, in great trouble, and asking forgiveness?"

"Yes."

"Was he still wearing a light coat?"

"Yes."

"Had he had time to get there, if it had been him you saw in the safe-room?"

"Yes, and more than time. Mr. Sleuth, as Mr. Sleuth would have had to pass by the same road, outside the bed-room where I found Mr. Anthony, and have gone through the length of the corridor, where he met me."

"Exactly. And that is in addition to the delay in the removal of the coat?"

"Yes, sir."

"And had Mr. Anthony anything in his hand as he knelt?"

"Yes, a pistol, which he told me, when we talked it over afterward, he had picked up and dried at the burglar's as he pursued them."

"His pistol, then, was empty at the time?"

"I supposed so."

"Did you previously been in the alderman's room, but after his death?"

"Yes; it was then I discovered his murder, and raised the alarm, and was calling for a doctor."

"Did you then discover anything in the room?"

"Yes; a piece of something burning on the bed."

"Not in a flame?"

"No; smoldering like."

"Look at that!" Something was handed to the housekeeper. "Look carefully before you open it—now open it. Do you recognize it?"

"Yes; this is the wadding I found on the bed."

"Do you read anything on the paper?"

"Yes; 'Kirkib, tobacconist, Oxford.'"

"Have you found or seen that piece before?"

"Yes; I had seen packets of tobacco lying about in Mr. Anthony's room, before he quarreled with the alderman, having the same name on the paper."

"Had you ever any conversation about this wadding with Mr. Anthony?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He couldn't understand how it should have happened that the burglars should have used for wadding a piece of paper that had come from his Oxford tradesman."

"Did he say anything else?"

"Another time he seemed troubled about it, and he asked me if remembered his uncle receiving a present of half a pound of tobacco from him at Oxford, and I told him I didn't; but, no doubt, he might, and I knew nothing of it."

"Such a present might have been sent, but you did not know of it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have told us about Mr. Anthony's pistol. Do you know anything about Mr. Sleath having one?"

"Yes; I saw Mr. Anthony and Mr. Sleath looking at their pistols together, and I was nervous because Mr. Sleath's was still loaded, he said."

"Was it a single-barreled pistol?"

"No; a double-barreled one—the alderman's own."

"Did Mr. Sleath make any remark about how one barrel had been fired?"

"Yes; he said the alderman had taught him how to fire it off, and wanted him to use it against the burglars, but he had been afraid to do so, never having handled a pistol before, and that then the alderman had fired."

"That disposed of one of the barrels. What became of the contents of the other?"

"Mr. Anthony fired it off just then."

"In your presence?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you aware of any other pistol or firearm having been in the possession of Mr. Sleath under any circumstances?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Martin sat down, convinced he had riveted a new link about the unfortunate prisoner, in showing that while *he* might have shot the alderman before opening the burglars, Sleath, on the other hand, could not seemingly have done so, as only one shot had been fired during the affray, from his weapon, the alderman's pistol—the shot fired by the brave old man himself.

Sir Norman Lake declined to cross-examine the housekeeper, and Mr. Martin called for George Slocum.

The witness, a respectable-looking tradesman, bowed respectfully to Anthony, who reciprocated, and then Mr. Martin began. The cedidil was put into Mr. Slocum's hands.

"Can you identify that writing?"

"Yes. 'Slocum—£73.8.10—June 10.'"

"In whose hand-writing is it?"

"I presume, Mr. Anthony Maude's."

"Why do you presume that?"

"Because it is so like his hand, and because the memorandum went to refer to a letter I wrote to him about the time."

"Was that letter a demand on the prisoner for the sum mentioned in the memorandum—£73.8.10, and did you threaten him with arrest if it were not paid on an early day—the very day of which you have spoken?"

"I did, because——"

"Never mind the because. You did write such a letter?"

"I did."

"And you were paid—when?"

"After the inquest came into the alderman's property."

"Your letter was before the murder—was it not?—and you were paid after?"

"Permit me——"

"Answer the question, sir."

"Yes."

"That will do. Call Mr. Knibb."

Mr. Knibb ascended as Mr. Slocum descended the steps of the witness-box.

"Did you have dealings with the prisoner at Oxford?"

"Yes; for some years."

"Do you recognize the writing on the back of the document now put into your hand?"

"It looks like Mr. Maude's."

"Have you any serious doubts about it?"

"I cannot be certain."

"But you incline to think it is his?"

"Yes."

"Was he in your debt in June, 1865, and did you press him about that time for payment?"

"Yes."

"Before or after you heard of his accession to the property?"

"A week or two before."

"And you were paid after?"

"Yes."

"Do you recognize the piece of burnt paper now shown to you?"

"No."

"Can you tell us anything about it?"

"I so happens that I can. There are figures here—very much new—2.10. I put such figures at times, when busy, upon packets of tobacco, to indicate to my young men they are sold on credit, and are to be debited before delivery."

"Two for February, the second month, and ten for the day before the month."

"Have you your day-book here?"

"Yes."

"Turn to the 23 of February, 1866. Do you find any entries?"

"Yes. I sold Mr. Anthony Maude that day a half pound of a choice kind of tobacco."

"And can you identify the paper as belonging to that packet?"

"Yes; because I use a different sort of paper for such packets, and I have no other entry of a similar kind on the 23 of February."

"Did I not tell you," asked Anthony, "that it was to send to my uncle?"

"It is very likely, sir; but I cannot, I am sorry to say, remember anything about the tobacco, beyond the fact I did supply you with such a packet."

"That will do, Mr. Knibb."

Then Mr. Martin, addressing himself to the Judge, said:

"It is, perhaps, hardly necessary, my lord, to take up time by the examination of more witnesses to prove that the prisoner was in very serious difficulty just before the murder, else I have five other witnesses waiting."

"I acknowledge it fully," said Anthony.

Dr. Pempess's name now resounded through the court, and that handsome and portly gentleman stood up, and was about to go to the witness-box, when Mr. Martin began to suggest the court would probably allow him to speak from where he was; but the doctor strode away sturdily—gold spectacles on nose, and a deep shade of sadness over his face—to the usual place, as if he did not choose to avail himself of any privilege which degraded on Mr. Martin's initiative.

The cedidil was at once placed in his hands.

"Do you recognize that?"

"Yes."

"When did you first see it?"

"On one day in August, 1865, when I happened to be at Mr. Hende's house, his desk was open, dreadfully knocked off the table, and a drawer came out; and in lifting the drawer up, the bottom hung partly loose, and this paper was discovered by Mr. Anthony and Mr. Sleath, I believe, almost simultaneously."

"It is in this document, is it not, Mr. Sleath now holds the property?"

"Yes."

"And you in a position to state whether or no he ever could have held it but for this sudden discovery?"

"I am satisfied, from my own knowledge, he could not."

"Was there anything in Mr. Sleath's behavior that led you to suppose he knew beforehand what was likely to happen?"

"I am bound to say there was not. He was greatly excited at the discovery, and astounded at one, when thrown down, to guard the paper."

"Thrown down! By whom?"

"By Mr. Maude, who, I thought, merely meant to look at the paper without interruption from Mr. Sleath."

With regard to this cedidil; has its genuineness ever been disputed?"

"Never, to my knowledge."

"Not by Mr. Maude?"

"No. He and his lawyer acknowledged it."

"Did you know anything of the alderman's intention to bequeath his property to Mr. Sleath?"

"Yes. He told me, when he brought Mr. Sleath to his house, he intended to do so."

Mr. Sleath bowed his thanks, and sat down. Then up rose Sir Norman Lake, and Sleath knew that the storm clouds were gathering at last.

"How long have you known what business took you to Mr. Maude's that day?"

"You may, sir," said the doctor, crossly, while a faint spot of red began to appear on his cheek, and grew and grew till the whole face was suffused with color. "I received an anonymous letter, in a lady's hand, telling me that Anthony Maude, my intended son-in-law, had spoken—spoken discreditably of me——"

"The particular language does not matter, doctor. I presume it was unpleasant to you?"

"Maude for yourself, sir. He called me—so I was told—a——"

Of course there was a roar of merriment through the court. But when that was over, the doctor added:

"I was angry at the time, but I am not sure but that he was right, for I have since learned what it was that made him give utterance to the phrase, and I publicly own I might do the same thing had I been in his place and had his provocation."

There was no laughing now, but one of those sudden bursts of feeling which, in such an instant overwhelm all laws of routine, and carry judge, jury, and spectators in one tumultuous emotion.

"Silence! Silence!"

It was with moist eyes and a swelling heart that Anthony saw his uncle's friend, his uncle's old man friend, as by a common instinct, to Clarissa, who blushed and trembled, and tried to shrink herself deeper and more profound into the recesses of her long, thick veil.

"RICHARD SLEUTH!" The utterance, by the usher, of this long-expected name roused, by a sudden commotion, followed by a sudden hush, the two top galleries. They were known by rank and rivals in their dead uncle's favor, were also generally believed to be rivals in love. Nothing persons looked, indeed, to find the whole solution of the mystery in that direction.

Sleuth, when called, was where he had been all through—on the bench, not far from the Judge. The colonel had taken care to leave him his seat, but of the witnesses for the prosecution; and as Sir Stamp had told Sir Norman that Sleuth would be more dangerous out of sight than in hearing of the witnesses for the defense, Sleuth was not excepted, in apparent respect to their position as magistrates, from the exclusion. Sleuth, indeed, had then secured one of his most coveted objects in the bad hazard all that it was possible to hear before himself being examined.

At first all was plain sailing. The general state of things before the arrival of Anthony at Mr. Hende's, who had been sent for by the alderman on Mr. Sleuth's aid, the discovery of the cedidil, the appearance of the man in the smock-frock at the door of the dressing-room, the young alderman's bold demeanor and action—all this he told in low, measured, agreeably-sounding tones, and with well-chosen but simple words. But when he came to the incidents of the murder itself, and of the first minutes immediately after it, he was remarkable with what deliberation he spoke, how he dwelled on his words, how he repeated by rote any previously planned narrative. He had, indeed, only too much reason to weigh in the balance the subtle differences of meaning between two words or two phrases, for he was now going over ground where, unfortunately for him, he could not repeat his old story without giving it some quite new glosh. Let us here take up his examination—a friendly one, be it remembered.

"When the alderman lived, on you say, and missed the burglar, where were you?"

"There was a pause, I think, with a not altogether unpraiseful embarrassment, in Sleuth's avail:

"I am here to tell the whole truth, pleasant or unpleasant. I must own, then, I had never handled a weapon—was afraid of such things—and I crouched down in a corner, as far away as I could get—I scarcely know where, I was so excited—and then the doorway into the dressing-room was full of smoke; and when the alderman called to me and put the weapon into my hands, and told me to pursue the villains, I hesitated, and then suddenly threw the weapon from me, and moved to another shot, and that made me think I should be shot at. I think, indeed, I was—yes—and as I had a loaded pistol, and thought most likely the burglars had fled, I made sure no one but myself and one of them men—had no other pistol loaded ready. I would not have had time to reload; and besides, I was stung by the alderman's reproaches, and so I made my way through the smoke to the window, and jumped out, and tried to overtake the man, but did not."

"How did you not know the alderman was killed by that shot?"

"No; I assumed as I hable to say now that he was. I had no idea the alderman was injured, till I met the housekeeper, and she told me."

"Did you wear a light coat that night?"

Sleuth's sky tongue compelled him to pause for an instant before he replied, quite aware of the fact that if Phillis were only kept out of the court, he was sufficiently safe; but he had himself discovered that the business of the man of whom he had purchased the coat had been established so long ago, and the people gone, no one knew whither.

"I did not!" he said with strong emphasis. As he said this, he saw Mr. Stamp handling a bulky bag, and he could well tell you, my lord, that it was some little portion of the truth. However, it was not his turn yet.

"Did you receive a paper from Bob, and which he professed to have obtained from the hands of burglars?"

"Yes; he brought me a paper, with a sort of wild notion that it was to make his and my fortune; but on looking at it, I found it was only a number of bills and receipts which my uncle was so fond of beginning, but which he never completed. He could tell you, my lord, if you don't think it necessary to examine him, that he found, in this scrawl, a list of the articles I have given a description."

And did you ever see the paper that has been produced to-day—the real cedidil—before it was discovered so unexpectedly in Mr. Maude's desk?"

"Never!"

"And you swear you did not therefore put the pencil memorandum on it?"

"I do."

"Had you any means, as by conversation with Mr. Maude or otherwise, of knowing the facts referred to in the memorandum?"

"Not the slightest, I beg pardon. My cousin told me, at times, of his previous embarrassments, but he never told me the details, never mentioned the name of Slocum to me."

"You are sure of that?"

"Quite sure. May I be permitted to add, that if I am to be cross-examined, I hope that it was Mr. Maude himself who first made known publicly the existence of that memorandum."

"Was he the first to discover it?"

"I—I believe so. Perhaps Mr. Stamp told him of its existence."

"Therefore, if it had not been then made known by somebody, there would have been a voluntary concealment?"

Sleuth was silent, and thus again won golden opinions from those who were already favorable witnesses.

He saw Mr. Martin sit down, and Sir Norman Lake, and he knew his cue; so, for an instant, for now he was aware it was to be a death struggle.

There was some bustle about the place where Sir Stamp was sitting, and not look, but the eyes anticipated the object they would presently see, and he was not deceived. A coat was handed up to him—it was light-colored—and he was asked:

"Is you recognize that coat?"

"No."

"You swear that?"

"I do."

"Do you know nothing about it?"

"Nothing whatever."

Sir Norman raised his eyebrows in wonder and beach for a minute in his own mind whether Stamp, Miss Pompess, and all of them had been in a delusion—knew him to be guilty, he would say.

"Can you enlighten us, Mr. Sleuth, as to the origin of that anonymous letter Dr. Pompess received?"

"I fear I can," said Sleuth, in an attitude and with a tone of the deepest humiliation. "It is for one very painful to my life that I could under circumstances of a nature that it is impossible to go into, in a court of justice, but which I have to mean who have themselves known what it is to encroach on the affection, the faith, and the sense leniency—I say, and I do so with the deepest sense of humiliation, that, wishing to break off the acquaintance between my cousin and Miss Pompess, I did use a fact that had come to my knowledge in a manner of cousin, injurious to the lady and her father, and I beg them now to forgive me."

"Hem!" whispered Mr. Stamp to Sir Norman. "That satisfies me, I think. It's for us two putting her up. Amuse the court while I now send for Phillis. We have to try on the attitude more harder conditions soon, and with somewhat less of success."

Sir Norman went back to his place, and there was so faint that his servant, the butler, brought him a glass of water, whispering, at the same time:

"She's coming, sir!"

Suddenly there was a rushdub in the court—Phillis had fainted away, and been removed by his servant.

Mr. Stamp saw the movement, and beckoned hastily to Clarissa.

She understood that he wished her to meet Phillis, and comfort her, and she rose and glided she had some suspicion as to Sleuth's illness and sympathized.

She instantly glided out, and there were people on the stairs, all bowing respectfully as she passed, whether, after all, Miss Pompess did not care more for Sleuth than for Anthony.

While the court waited for Phillis, and the Judge retired for a brief space, a low conversation went on between Mr. Stamp and one of the jurie clerks.

Gradden seems quite satisfied that there was no difficulty—no danger?"

"Quite, sir. He told me to say she seemed only anxious for the time to come when she might be sent for."

Mr. Stamp then began to hold serious converse with Sir Norman as to Phillis's probable evidence, and what might be done to counteract it, as conveyed—he arrest by order of the Judge—when the very hair of his head seemed to stir and rise in mute theirie horror as he caught Gradden's face who literally rushed into the court, and, though he strove to address the words to his employer, was unable to moderate his agitation, and was, therefore, heard by all those around him:

"She's gone, sir! Gone with Mr. Sleuth, in Mr. Sleuth's own carriage. He met us; hardly spoke to me; ordered my driver to stop. His servant got between us. They ran round the corner into Thames street, and went I reached the corner I saw nothing of them, only a carriage driven by Mr. Sleuth's servant at a gallop."

"Merciful heavens! Where is Miss Pompess?"

"Gone, sir. She came up just as Mr. Sleuth broke away from me, and then, as each were stopping just for an instant, Miss Pompess, half mad at first, thought either that I was in pursuit, and ran on after the carriage to follow it till she came up; then ordered her own carriage to stand prepared at a moment's notice. She went to it, got in, drove off, telling me to tell her father not to fear for her, that two men should not escape, and that you should soon hear from her."

"Worse and worse! Had she staid, she could, at least, have kept Sleuth quite safe, and hear something of what Phillis told her. Sir Norman, I am sure only one course—get out these facts as strongly as they will let us."

The Judge now returned, and was startled and angry at the confusion that prevailed; but when he heard, in low whispers, from the magistrates close by, Mr. Macguire, what had happened, he seemed himself to be greatly struck, and to be at a loss how to act in the coming agitation of the court, to take time for reflection.

Sir Norman Lake broke the silence.

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury," began the young baronet, his natural low manly tone and mind disturbed by what he had got to say, "I am sure you have prepared to receive with the true owner of that coat, who, in fact, gave it to us—who was prepared——"

"I object!" hastily interrupted Mr. Martin. "I cannot, with all respect to your lordship, avoid remonstrating against any course of procedure for the defense should think we are not only to hear the evidence for the prosecution fully by the court and jurie, perhaps compromise innocent men's lives and reputation, by listening to cock-and-bull stories of witnesses who might, should, should, or would appear before you. I protest indignantly against such an irregular proceeding to your lordship's authority to know whether I am not entitled to object to it?"

"Certainly, Sir Norman," said the judge. "I am sure we must not ask the jury to listen to *ex parte* statements."

"But, my lord—my lord!" cried out Sir Norman, passionately, "is innocent blood to be sacrificed in the very teeth of the evidence that, I assure you, will——"

"I cannot listen to this—I cannot, indeed, Sir Norman. I am afraid of the very worst of wrong if they listen to it. Do you not see that if the evidence your witness was to have given us is serious, it is also to make the general failure of that so slowly and deliberately, and so skillfully laid out? And it is indeed serious, for I know the witness herself—for I gather it is a woman you have in court—and I am afraid that the prisoner only the more scarching because of the drift of their testimony. Let us proceed."

With heavy hearts did Anthony's friends and advisers hear those fateful words. As to Anthony himself, he had already nothing left to stay the desk with both hands to steady himself and support his head, which seemed, now and then, too, of course, knew of what was, or was supposed to be the evidence—Phillis's evidence—how—forgetting the court, the spectators, the jury, the judge—remembering only Clarissa's presence, and that, by some strange chance, she bowed, his head upon his hands, and there, and there, in a kind of heavy sort of self-stupefying go as it would, without care for such pain.

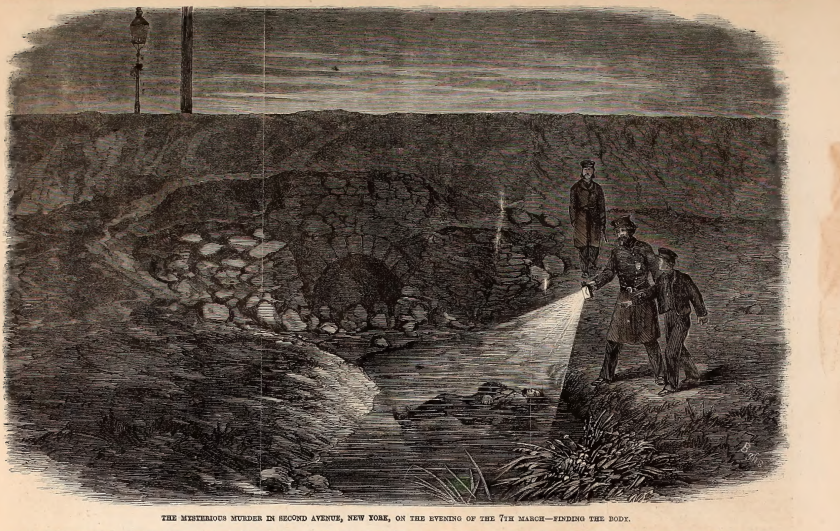
But this must not and did not last. Clarissa's devotion and courage made him ashamed of his own want of both qualities. Higher rose his stately head as he sat erect beside his lawyer and close observers declared that they saw him frequently, during the various awful hour, soon, as it moved by some inner sense of something that was unusually beautiful.

Why should we dwell on the rest of the trial? Its pieces embrace only a repetition of what Anthony's character for truthful and honorable dealing. His uncle's note was produced to show that it was not Anthony who had been deceived to be reinstated in the old man's favor, and, therefore, had not, as was asserted by some, had the suspicious circumstances affecting Sleuth were brought out by the prisoner's counsel, and the departure; but even that, the subtlety of Mr. Martin could not, in small measure, get by, he managed to show the peculiar nature of Sleuth and Phillis's relation—and, therefore, why Sleuth might be willing to get rid of any witness having an enemies in the court, not to be exposed before the world; but, on the other hand, that Phillis was that it did not concern the world to know of.

But there was one who feared for Anthony up to the time of the Judge's charge, they lost that hope as he proceeded. Again he warned the jurie, that they were not to listen to hearsay, the prisoner, in a case that made only the more weighty his previous character, in fact, bore the entire stress of proof sent to convict the prisoner. His burden of debt and fear of summary bankruptcy, the fact that Sleuth would inherit all if he did not do something decisive; his quarrel with Sleuth—of this, indeed, the cedicil, which was subsequently found in his desk, hidden away made it evident—and his presence at the spot certain that if the alderman died without further explanation, and the cedicil were produced, then all was his own; his denial that it was he who were the right coat; and then the final discovery that the coat was in the possession of Sleuth—was no option but accept the consequences, with that one single reservation—reservation on the back, evidently placed there about the time of the cedicil, and by which other circumstances circumstance, though not individually sufficient to convict, were, in their weight, as a whole, of the gravest character, and demanded from the jury a most conscientious consideration, as well as a firm purpose to fulfill their duties to God and to the laws of their country entrusted to their keeping, unmoved by those natural emotions which the many admirable qualities of the prisoner were so well calculated to excite.

Something in this strain the Judge spoke. The jury were dismissed to their discussions, and it was not till nearly three hours had expired, and the candles had been lighted, they returned with the fatal verdict of their souls—a verdict of—

"Guilty."



THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER IN SECOND AVENUE, NEW YORK, ON THE EVENING OF THE 7TH MARCH—FINDING THE BODY.

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER

And an Unidentified Body.

New York has its many mysteries, a large part of them unraveled ones. Within the past few years we have had in our midst several murders, strange and horrible ones, which have gone into the void of time, belying the old proverb, that "murder will out."

About seven o'clock on Wednesday evening, March 7th, the 23d Precinct Police found the body of an unknown man lying in a small creek, at 100th street, near 2d avenue. When discovered, life was quite extinct, and upon examination it was found that the deceased had been shot through the head with a pistol; but in what manner and by whom the unknown deceased was shot still remains a mystery. The corpse of the unfortunate man was conveyed to the station-house in 86th street, near 4th avenue, where they are kept awaiting identification.

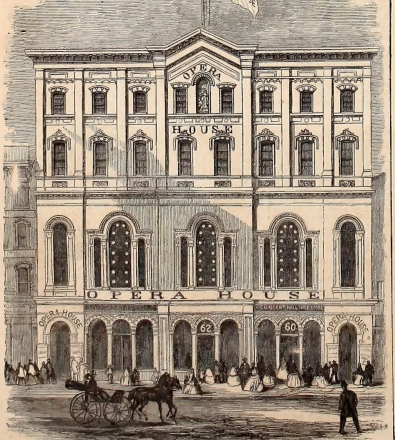
The coroner was notified, and proceeded to the spot, for the purpose of making an investigation, with the view of elucidating the mystery surrounding the finding of the body. During the examination, it was discovered that the portion of 2d avenue which intersects 100th street forms an embankment about eight feet in height, through which a small creek runs, along the low ground on either side, and empties into a culvert under the street. The body was found lying in the creek, and traces of wagon-wheels were discovered, parallel with the railroad track, where the vehicle had turned out when it neared the culvert. The footprints of two men were distinctly seen along one bank of the creek to the spot where the body was discovered, and thence back to the bank, about 100 yards above the culvert, from which place the wagon had evidently been driven on, after the men had returned, seated themselves, and drove off.

The deceased appeared to have been a very respectable man, and was well dressed. He was about five feet eight inches in height, apparently about 30 years of age, with short, sandy hair, and goatee. He was attired in a white knit undershirt, white linen overshirt, with turned down collar, and a silk necktie, with broad black and red stripe, and fine white counter stripe; a pair of black and white mixed woolen pantaloons and white suspenders, white knit drawers, a pair of fine calfskin boots, black woolen vest, ribbed, light mixed sack undercoat, fashionable style, and a dark blue sack overcoat. In the pocket of his overcoat was found the supplement to a morning journal, dated March 6, and in the outer pocket of his overcoat was found a box of Colt's pistol caps (London manufacture). In his pantaloons pocket were found two purses, one of black and the other of yellow buckskin. The first was empty, but the other contained 815 in United States Treasury notes. No hat or cap was found.

A *post-mortem* examination of the remains was made by Dr. Robinson, assisted by Dr. White, of 86th street, at the station-house. The body appeared to be fresh, and death had not occurred more than 24 hours previous to the autopsy. A large quantity of extravasated blood was found about the head and face; a large gunshot wound on the right temple, near the top of the right ear. The wound was made by a conical ball half an inch in diameter, the bullet passing directly through the brain and skull, coming out about two and a quarter inches from the corner of the left eye and top of the left ear. The wound had a very ragged appearance, the bone was fractured, and the flesh torn. On cutting up the scalp, the doctors discovered a large quantity of powder about the wound where the ball had entered. The entrance wound was much discolored by the burnt powder, showing conclusively that the pistol, or other weapon, must have been held quite close to the head when fired.

The bullet passed through both hemispheres of the brain, fracturing the right and left spheroid bones, and also the ethmoid bone, causing almost instant death.

A gang of men were employed in dragging the creek in search of a weapon, or anything that might be used as evidence to elucidate the mystery, and their search was rewarded by finding a Colt's navy revolver, with all its barrels loaded, showing clearly that no suicide had been committed. From the circumstances made apparent thus far, it is supposed that the unfortunate deceased was conveyed by his murderers in a wagon to the creek, and thrown in to avoid detection. The remains will be kept for several days at the station-house for identification. In the meantime, Captain Hutchins and Detective Robert Brown, of the 23d Precinct, are making every exertion to discover some clue that may lead to the clearing-up of the mystery.



THE OPERA HOUSE AT PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

THE OPERA HOUSE AT PITTSBURGH, PENN.

PITTSBURG, the iron city, has been treating herself to a new Opera House, a drawing of which we give.



SKETCH FROM THE HEAD OF THE MURDERED MAN.

The exterior of the house it is unnecessary to describe—it is faithfully portrayed. The interior is beautifully frescoed, and decorated in blue and gold, very artistic and effective. The dress-circle and parquette are furnished with chairs, cane-

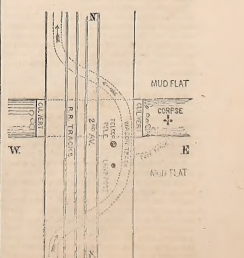


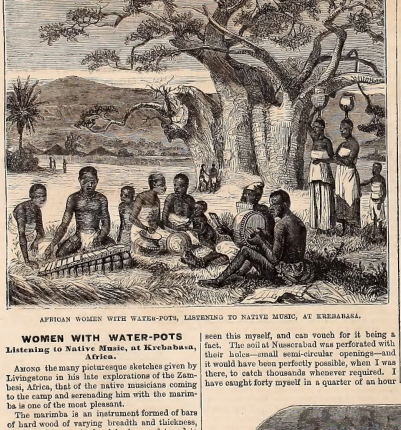
DIAGRAM OF THE PLACE OF MURDER.



GRAND MEDICINE AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

seated and comfortable, while the orchestra is got up in style, with 40 beautiful carved walnut chairs. The whole lower part of the house will seat 1,400 people, and the galleries will hold 1,100 more, in addition to which there are two private boxes, decorated in brocatel and white lace.

The house was built by Mr. Gardner, who, by his enterprise, has given Pittsburg a house that her citizens need not be ashamed of.



AFRICAN WOMEN WITH WATER-POTS, LISTENING TO NATIVE MUSIC, AT KUEBABASA.

WOMEN WITH WATER-POTS

Listening to Native Music, at Kuebabasa, Africa.

AMONG the many picturesque sketches given by Livingstone in his late explorations of the Zambesi, Africa, that of the native musicians coming to the camp and serenading him with the marimba is one of the most pleasant.

The marimba is an instrument formed of bars of hard wood of varying breadth and thickness, laid on different sized calabashes, and tuned to give the notes, somewhat on the same principle as the wood and straw instruments often exhibited in this country as curiosities.

The water-carriers (women) as an illustration of the power of music in every clime, halted on their labor and listened attentively to the sweet sounds, and as each piece ended, testified their pleasure by applause, and at the end of the concert the musicians were sent away, delighted by the present of a few pieces of cloth. "Music hath charms," etc.

AN EAST INDIAN EXPERIMENT

With Rats, Snakes, and Scorpions.

A CORRESPONDENT in India sends us some interesting matter connected with these reptiles, well worth giving to the world. The first is the record of a great battle between the three abovenamed:

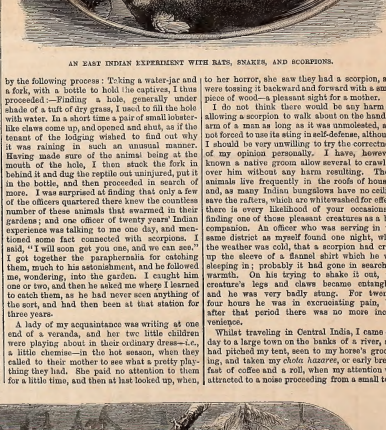
I saw a very curious experiment with a cobra, which was, however, rather cruel. All houses in India having a current of air continually passing through them, it is necessary to protect the candles by glass bell-shaped shades. Under one of these, inverted, was placed the snake, in company with three large black rats, a couple of scorpions, and a centipede. The centipede is about six inches long, and if it crawls over a man leaves the unpleasant feeling of very painful rheumatism for more than a year. I am unable to state the feelings of this happy family at being thus suddenly thrown together; I should judge, from their proceedings, that their ideas were, to say the least, antagonistic. The snake lay quiet; the scorpions ran races round the edge of the shade; the centipede rolled himself up. The rats were the only creatures which seemed alive to the unhappy state of their confinement, and showed it by a game of leap-frog over the venomous part of the family. By an unlucky trip on the head of the snake, one of the rats at last roused him from his insensibility, and expiated his offense on the spot, as he fell dead from a bite. The other rats instantly darted on the snake, who succumbed to their united attack; they hit him from head to tail, and he died, having, however, with the little poison left after killing the first rat, severely wounded the second. The scorpions now began their part of the entertainment, and, knowing that the drowsiness attendant on snake-bites must be kept off at all hazards, humanely forced the rats into activity by running under them and stinging them as they hopped about. Their mode of treatment proved, however, a failure, as the second rat who had been wounded, died. The two rats, however, had first put the scorpions *hors de combat*, so the last of this combative family were now the rat and the centipede; the last-named had no chance with the former, and speedily fell a victim, the rat coming off victor. As a tribute to his pluck and prowess, he was allowed to return to his native haunts, where he may probably be still enjoying perfect health.

Common scorpions are not generally deadly in their sting. They seldom are more than three or four inches in length, and are of a yellowish-brown, semi-transparent when young. Their holes are made in sandy soil, or also they lie *perdu* under stones. They run with their tails curled over their heads in a very stately manner. If placed within a ring of burning ashes they soon find their have no exit, and sting themselves between the joints of their back and die. I have seen this myself, and can vouch for it being a fact. The soil at Nusscrabad was perforated with their holes—small semi-circular openings—and it would have been perfectly possible, when I was there, to catch thousands whenever required. I have caught forty myself in a quarter of an hour by the following process: Taking a water-jar and a fork, with a bottle to hold the captives, I thus proceeded:—Finding a hole, generally under shade of a tuft of dry grass, I used to fill the hole with water. In a short time a pair of small lobster-like claws come up, and opened and shut, as if the tenant of the lodging wished to find out why it was raining in such an unusual manner. Having made sure of the animal being at the mouth of the hole, I then stuck the fork in behind it and dug the reptile out uninjured, put it in the bottle, and then proceeded in search of more. I was surprised at finding that only a few of the officers quartered there knew the countless number of these animals that swarmed in their gardens; and one officer of twenty years' Indian experience was talking to me one day, and mentioned some fact connected with scorpions. I said, "I will soon get you one, and we can see." I got together the paraphernalia for catching them, much to his astonishment, and he followed me, wondering, into the garden. I caught him one or two, and then he asked me where I learned to catch them, as he had never seen anything of the sort, and had then been at that station for three years.

A lady of my acquaintance was writing at one end of a veranda, and her two little children were playing about in their ordinary dress—*i.e.*, a little chemise—in the hot season, when they called to their mother to see what a pretty plaything they had. She paid no attention to them for a little time, and then at last looked up, when, to her horror, she saw they had a scorpion, and were tossing it backward and forward with a small piece of wood—a pleasant sight for a mother.

I do not think there would be any harm in allowing a scorpion to walk about on the hand or arm of a man as long as it was unmolested, and not forced to use its sting in self-defence, although I should be very unwilling to try the correctness of my opinion personally. I have, however, known a native groom allow several to crawl all over him without any harm resulting. These animals live frequently in the roofs of houses, and, as many Indian bungalows have no ceiling save the rafters, which are whitewashed for effect, there is every likelihood of your occasionally finding one of these pleasant creatures as a bed companion. An officer who was serving in the same district as myself found one night, when the weather was cold, that a scorpion had crept up the sleeve of a flannel shirt which he was sleeping in; probably it had gone in search of warmth. On his trying to shake it out, the creature's legs and claws became entangled, and he was very badly stung. For twenty-four hours he was in excruciating pain, but after that period there was no more inconvenience.

Whilst traveling in Central India, I came one day to a large town on the banks of a river, and had pitched my tent, seen to my horse's grooming, and taken my *chota hazeree*, or early breakfast of coffee and a roll, when my attention was attracted to a noise proceeding from a small tem-



AN EAST INDIAN EXPERIMENT WITH RATS, SNAKES, AND SCORPIONS.



AN ADVENTURE OF A LUMBERMAN WITH WOLVES, IN MACHIAS, MAINE.

Pie, or *sanpiá*, close by, with a few date palms and the spiked bushes of the shrub of the same round about it, and on going to the spot, I found a curious scene going on. A black cobra had taken up a station on the lower stone of a flight of steps leading to the bottom of a *bowrie*, i. e. a well of a peculiar sort, which is generally small, square, and from the water to the top is built a stone structure, down which the natives are in the habit of going to wash their *chutees*, i. e., clothes. The native women, who usually perform the heavy work of the establishment, were busy at the edge of their *chutees* and *ghurras*, that is, their earthenware pots and jars, with the water for home consumption. These, also, may be seen Brahmins and others washing themselves, and pouring water over their backs from their lotas, or brass cups, the water being kindly to stay to wet their oily hides. It may be imagined that a well of this description is one upon which a high value is set, and the perturbation at the sight of a snake, which had probably come from the date bushes, or else from a chink in the stones of the bushes, or else from a chink in the stones of the well, was very great. The community happened to be all Brahmins, and therefore were averse to any harsh measures. But they had been themselves in the animal would have been destroyed. I was intensely amused by their efforts to induce him to move. They threw down small pebbles, and each one was endeavoring to induce his neighbor to go down, assuring him there was no danger. One old man with a white beard went down with an earthen saucer of milk and a few grains of rice to propitiate the cobra, but making a false step, he nearly stumbled, and let the milk and rice fall out without disturbing the creature. He beat a hasty retreat, amid the laughs of those who did not venture. Others threw small prayers; and the female portion of the assembly kept up an incessant chattering, making a noise I defy to be equaled by the fishwives of Europe. All should have killed the snake, but was deterred by the natives assuring me they could not do it from the veneration they adored the body, and by their many arguments of its being God's creature, etc., and as I saw no reason for wantonly offending their simple prejudices, I refrained from it, and so got on my side, and quietly dropped a few stones on the venomous creature till it removed and came up the steps. A snake-charmer was present by this time, and begging my leave, captured it, and I conclude, added to his store of creeping things; at any rate, it escaped death, and I saw no more of it, but retired amid the thanks of the natives and remarks on my wisdom.

I have had opportunities of watching snakes catch their food, and once had the good fortune to see one of my hens captured by a snake, and a cobra, which I destroyed and killed. The poor hen seemed unable to avoid its enemy, and although it made one or two efforts to escape, it appeared magnetized by the snake's cool look. The forked tongue of the snake protruded and quivered rapidly as it approached its prey, and then, after lying at the hen for a minute or two, and in two or three seconds the fowl died. I could have saved it, but I was too interested in the snake, its legs, and a few days had the satisfaction of avenging its death by slaying its destroyer.

Serpents cause great havoc in a poultry-yard at times, and the small cobra, *bandicoodah*, i. e., enormous rats, the great enemies of the feathered inhabitants of the same. In most countries, a snake of an inch, that is to say, three half-pence, is given by government for each dead snake, and as the cobra is considered a benefactor to the government magistrate or other officer appointed, that functionary might, if he is pleased, have a pretty fair collection of snakes. I have, I think, said enough about snakes to convince any one who wishes to live in India, that he had better get over his dislike to them, and that a neighbor as much as a man can, and I will conclude with one fact for the comfort and benefit of my fair readers, which is, that the snakes do not go a-visiting or encamping with your bed, do not always stay where you are, if they leave a reminiscence to show your insecurity. A chestnut horse of my own laid with whom I was intimately acquainted, went to rest one night, and seeing, as also fancied, a snake, screamed, called her sister and me to help, but disappeared, not a snake, but merely his skin and bit it, his reason for not staying in it being probably the prejudices of the inhabitants of the house retiring to bed, or his natural bashfulness at the approach of so pretty a personage in such slight apparel.

GRAND MEDICINE AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

MR. KANE, a wandering artist, of whom we have before spoken, and gives his sketches in these columns, gives the most excellent descriptions of Indian character, from among which we select that of the Dacotah medicine-man. He says:

The legitimate modes of becoming Great Medicine are many—self-denial, patience, and humiliation being the most important of them.

Among the Dacotas and several other tribes of North American Indians, he who is not can be recognized as a Medicine has most publicity undergo a terrible ordeal, in order to convince his tribe that the Great Spirit has taken him under his special protection.

The ceremony is thus described by a modern traveler:

The patient is placed in the middle of the village, opposite a pole eight or ten feet high, which is planted in the ground, and accompanied by the doctors, who sing, and accompany themselves on the drum.

As a third or fourth day of the pole, the arms of the neophyte are attached to a little higher a buffalo head, and a little higher a cord to hang the victim.

Two large incisions are then made in the upper part of his breast, and two wooden skewers are passed through them; then, by pulling the cord which is attached to the skewers, the poor creature sinks in such a manner that when it springs up again the body of the sufferer is raised to such a height that the points of his toes barely touch the ground.

The medicine-man is to the fire or doctor and remains in this position from exercise to exercise, holding his medicine-bag in his hand, and going perpetually at his blazing sun.

During the time the crowd forms a circle round the actors in the ceremony, and throws down at the feet of him who endures the ordeal of the sun without a murmur all sorts of presents, such as axes, guns, spurs, moccasins, etc., which are given to him who he is taken down at the end of the day.

His claim to be considered a medicine-man being established, he immediately ceases to believe like his fellow-men. He lives alone and apart from his neighbors, and the limbs himself exclusively to his new occupation—divination, and the banishing of evil spirits from the bodies of the sick. A being of such importance cannot, of course, attire himself like an ordinary creature, so he contrives to make himself as hideous as possible. Here is his portrait:

"His tunic was made of the skin of a yellow bear. Whether the color was natural or artificial I could not, but the effect was most strange. The beast had been flayed with great care, so as not to spoil the fur of the head or the limbs; and the cavity of the skin in which the doctor ensconced himself altogether, so that he had nothing himself left to be seen or appeared. Probably with a view to make himself more frightful still, he wore about his neck, waist, and arms, a collection of reptiles, especially rattle-snakes, lizards, owls, ducks, and dried turtle-backs; he had birds' claws spiked on his chin, and a fine collection of quadrupeds' tails, mixed with teeth, claws, and talons. To believe in the presence of a man under this terrific investiture, it was necessary to look at his feet and hands, which last remained free, in order to see the human extremities. To be believed to have such an apparition for the first time, is naturally to fly from it; but this soon gives place to a feeling of pity or disgust."

This then is the sort of doctor who is "called in" when sickness comes on. Should the patient, however, refuses to be banished by such simple physics as the savage knows how to prepare. It is very seldom that a Dacotah has an opportunity of observing the medicine-man's treatment of a patient; for he is generally dismissed to the prairies to fast. At first Mr. Kane is the witness:

"About ten o'clock at night I strolled into the village, and on inquiring for the house in one of the lodges, I entered it, and found an old woman supporting one of her grandchildren, a young man, in a state of nudity. In a state of nudity. Cross-legged and naked, in the middle of the room sat the medicine-man, with a tremendous drum of water before him; 12 or 15 other men were sitting round the lodge. The object in view was to cure the young man of a wounding her side. As soon as my presence was noticed, a space was cleared for me to sit down. The medicine-man immediately resumed in a state of profuse perspiration, from the exertions he had used, and soon took his seat among the rest, or joined in the younger medicine-men then took his place in front of the bowl, and close beside the patient. Throwing off his blanket, he commenced singing and gesticulating in the most violent manner, whilst the others kept time by beating with their hands on the smoke-brown drum, which resounded continually. After exercising himself in this manner for about a few minutes, he plunged his head under his body, he darted suddenly upon the young woman, catching hold of her side with his teeth, and shaking her as a fox would a rabbit, he pulled violently to suffer great agony. He then relinquished his hold, and cried out he had got the bullet. Immediately he went to his mouth; after which he plunged them in the water, and pretended to hold down with great force the supposed bullet, that it might not escape, but it might spring out and return to its victim.

"He then commenced to suck, and spurt over it, he turned round to me in an exulting manner, and held something up between the finger and thumb of each hand, which I could not distinguish. I got nothing, whereupon one or the Indians sharpened his knife and cut off a piece of something which was bloody. One of the pieces he threw into the water, and the other into the fire, accompanying the action with a diabolical howl, which to me bore but a moderate share in it. After which he got up perfectly satisfied with himself, and walked out of the lodge, without saying but relieved by the violent treatment she had undergone."

Instance number two is furnished by Mr. Kohl, in his work on the Indians of the Lakes:

"The drum had been beaten two evenings to announce that the Great Spirit was angry with the sick, which a young couple lived. There was a sick and dying child there, which the doctors attended daily, and the evening passed in the usual way. It did not resist the temptation to peep in, and so lifted one of the lower pieces of bark from the right spot, opposite the doctor and his little patient.

"The poor little he beg lay in its father's arms, who looked anxiously at the proceedings of the doctor. He knelt the doctor, who gazed fixedly on the suffering child, muttering some low and angry words. It was much like a cat playing with a mouse, except that in this case the illness and not the child represented the animal to be captured.

"The doctor's chief instrument was a hollow bone, very white and carefully polished. This bone, which was about two feet and a half long, and from the thickness of a little finger, the doctor repeatedly swallowed, and then brought up again low on the other end of the bone tube, and then ejected the illness he had drawn out into a basin, with many strange and terrible convulsions. At this he was accustomed by incessant drumming, rattling and singing by an assistant of the doctor, and many sighs from the mother of the child. But for all that, the poor little thing was hurrying rapidly to the grave.

"The next morning, when I arrived at an early hour, and walked into the lodge as a sympathizing neighbor, the child was no more to be found, but in the arms of its father's lap, wrapped in a thick blanket. He held it closely to his breast, and seemed to be utterly exhausted by the exertions of the past night, and sat on the ground with her face concealed in skins. All the rest were asleep, and I left the house without one than on the previous evening. The suffering patient was at his last gasp.

"On the evening of the same day I again passed, but could not find the lodge. At length I conversed myself, at least, that I had found the right one. But the bark shelter had been utterly removed, the inhabitants had disappeared, and the fireplace, ashes, and all there presented carried away. The little thing was dead and already buried, and the mourning parents, after the Ojebway fashion, had broken up their lodge and gone to the wild region.

ADVENTURE OF A NEWSPAPER, IN MAINE, WITH WOLVES.

THE article, from which our sketch was taken, occurred a short time since near Machias, Maine.

That region of the country, as is well-known, is a great hunting-ground, the getting of the timber thousands of stalwart men are engaged, and subject not only to the perils of their employment by floods and falling trees, by freezing and sometimes obscure starvation, but a more terrible danger still, that of attack by wild beasts.

William Merrill, a lumberman, working on the Machias during the late intense cold weather, had pushed his camp far into the woods in his sled, after which he commenced shantering quietly toward the river. He was upon the ice, some two or three miles from his camp, when he was overtaken by a pack of wolves, apparently not more than seven or eight in number.

There was no time for thought, therefore away started our wood-cutter. He had not run far when he became aware that the enemy was upon him, and almost with the thought they rushed out from the low timber on every side and in front. He was without a weapon of any kind, and for an instant stood appalled. There was no time, however, for thought; it was a case of life and death, and quick as any lumberman caught up the only available article of defense, which was a stick of stout hackmatack timber. The instinct he grappled it as a weapon was upon him, upward of 20, he thinks, as near as he could count in the excitement of the moment.

Stoutly he held about him with his stick, and one after another of the wolves received his death-blow, or what answered as well by sending them howling back into the brush. In a few minutes he had cleared the ice in front of him, and immediately his retreat back ward, always facing the wolves, toward the village. One of the wolves, more daring than the rest, made several onsets from the stick, until only five were left, and these, learning by experience, kept well out of the reach of the terrible lumberman's weapon. Only once in a while would one jump in upon him, with a snap of the teeth and a growl, but a piece of his flesh, and then dash away before the tortured man could get a blow at him.

This running fight was kept up for over a mile, until the lumberman, emerging from the wood, came in sight of the village, when the angry beast had been into the recesses they came from, while the wood. cutter, tanning and bleeding from a score of wounds, marched in triumph.

In relating this circumstance we are only telling one of the many wild adventures that have happened in this wild region.

CURIOSITIES OF EATING.

THE following will be read with interest by those who are obliged to study close economy in their diet:

"An old bear, formerly well-known in Washington city, was accustomed to dine on one meal in 24 hours; if, after this, he had to go to a party and ate a second dinner, he ate nothing at all the next day. He died at the age of 26.

"A lady of culture, refinement and unusual powers of conversation, whose husband became a widower, reduced from affluence to poverty, with a large family of small children dependent on her manual labor for daily bread, was left to the necessity of devising some means what articles could be purchased for the least money, and made most palatable and nutritious food for keeping her children longest from crying for something to eat. She succeeded in proving that they can live upon cakes and molasses, they were quiet for a longer time than other diet; and spirits. It has since been observed.

"A Hindoostanee Fakir of the United States Court House, who lived upon the hackmatack cakes he broke fast, he could sit on the bench the whole day without any inconvenience whatever, but the class was so confined he felt obliged to take a lunch noon. Buckwheat cakes have also been observed to produce the same effect upon table, and scientific investigation and analysis has shown that the buckwheat cake is a remarkably penurious, being in nature takes away our appetite for them in summer.

"During the late war, when the sugar did not hunger, the poor were found spending their last shilling for the sweet article, and even in the Sandwich Islands in New York, by those connected with charitable institutions, it was observed that molasses gave out first, that often laid out every cent in tea or coffee, instead of procuring the more substantial articles, such as meat and flour and potatoes. On being reproved for their apparent extravagance, they answered that they was surrounded by in both cases identical; their own observation had convinced them that a pound-cake of tea, tobacco, or liquor would keep off the sense of hunger longer than a pound cake of meat. The Scientific men can express this idea by saying: 'Tea, like alcohol, retards the chemical changes of the system;' in other words, it gives a nod to the dance of life, and thus prevents it from consuming the flesh and muscles of the body.

"It's person gets into the habit of taking a lunch between the hours of dinner, he will soon find himself getting fatter about the region of the knee-bone-dame; but if he will abandon the habit, without engagements for several days in succession as to take nothing between meals, he will find that by before he can dispense with his lunch altogether. These things seem to show that, to a certain extent, we are a mere habit. While tribes of Indian hunters and trappers have been known to eat but once in 24 hours, and that at night."

Punch says that a Yankee baby will crawl out of his cradle, take a survey of it, invent an improvement, and apply for a patent before he is six months old.

A FRENCH bishop said, lately, in a sermon: "Let everybody economize, when putting on precious and expensive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

TOO TRUE.

"What, Tom, you feel lonely? well, get a young wife to keep you company." "Indeed I wouldn't your life." "No, no! Jack, I need no such advice as there; I always find my wife's company drive the cares away."

It has been discovered that Othello held a legal as well as a military office in Venice. He was a lawful captain.

A COUNTRYMAN in Savannah, Ga., observed that a gang of darkies were working on the streets, and asked them what they were doing. He asked one why that hod was climbed to his top. "To keep people from climbing it," said the darkey: "keep of three pence hear, Massa."

WHY is a counterfeit coin like a whisper? Because it is uttered, but not heard (uttered).

PHOTOGRAPHS

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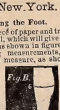
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NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 549—Vol. XXII.] NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1866. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00

Necessity of Harmony Between the Executive and Congress.

The country is glad to perceive that the acrimony between the President and Congress is sensibly abated. The differences between the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government do not appear, on reflection, to be as wide as the irritation and feeling created at the outset seemed to indicate, nor as great as the opponents both of Congress and the President sought to represent. Calm reflection has convinced high and low, and men of all parties and classes, that cordial co-operation between Congress and the Executive is essential to the speedy and complete pacification of the country. Separately, neither is powerful for good, and true statesmen will be loth to continue a state of affairs fraught with danger, but will seek earnestly and dispassionately to ascertain how differences, honestly entertained, as no one doubts they are, on both sides, can best and most speedily be harmonized. In doing this, they will not exaggerate the significance of words rashly spoken, or of criminations and recriminations lightly made. Human passions should subside in presence of the momentous problems presented by the condition of the country, as they should before the approach of the tempest and the rumble of the earthquake.

We think any calm observer of events, or who has carefully studied the uniformly expressed language of the President, to say nothing of his public conduct, will discover that there is really no difference between him and Congress in principle, and not a wide difference in policy. The President has declared himself in favor of granting suffrage to negroes who have fought in the Union armies, who have a property status, and who can read and write. He would vote for such a proposition were he in the Constitutional Convention or the Legislature of his own State. He may hesitate, perhaps, in attempting to deprive any State of its constitutional and hitherto sacredly respected right of deciding on the qualifications of its own voters, but at the same time he declares emphatically in favor of making representation dependent on the voting population—thus making the curtailment of political power in the lately rebel States the penalty of an undue limitation of the suffrage. In his letter to Gov. Sharkey, he urged the former of these propositions, not alone on the ground of right, but of expediency—as a means of speedily getting the Southern States out of their anomalous condition. In that letter, dated August 15, 1865, the President said:

"I hope that without delay your convention will amend your State constitution, abolishing slavery and denying to all future Legislatures the power to legislate that there is property in man; also, that they will adopt the amendment to the Constitution of the United States abolishing slavery. If you could extend the elective franchise to all persons of color who can read the Constitution of the United States in English, and the Constitution of the United States in English, and write their names, and to all persons of color who own real estate valued at not less than $250, and pay taxes thereon, you would completely disarm the adversary, and set an example the other States would follow. This and set an example the other States would follow. This you can do without perfect safety, and you thus place the Southern States, in reference to free people of color, upon the same basis with the free States."

There is no difference of opinion between the President and Congress on the important point of refusing men of rebel antecedents admission on the floors of the National Legislature. The President does not question the right of Congress to decide on the qualifications of its own members, nor does he recommend, as far as we understand his views, either the abolition or modification of the test oaths.

In all his communications with the Provisional Governors and the Conventions of the rebel States, he has steadily insisted on the abolition of slavery, as well as the acceptance of the constitutional amendment, and also, the



SCENE AT THE U. S. PENSION OFFICE, CUSTOM HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY—DISABLED SOLDIERS, WIDOWS AND RELATIVES, AWAITING THEIR TURN.

recognition of civil rights for the negro and a constitutional republican of the rebel debt, as indispensable preliminary conditions to the rehabilitation of those States.

Now, on all these great and vital points, which underlie the question of reconstruction, the President and Congress are agreed, and it seems to us the common platform is wide enough to admit of difference of opinion on questions of detail, which any large-minded statesman could harmonize, without, in any way, imperiling that grand organization which has carried the country safely through a great war, and to which only can we look for a wise and permanent restoration of the country.

It seems to us that Senator Stewart, of Nevada, has drawn a larger and juster appreciation of affairs than most of his compeers in the Senate. He has embodied the views and suggestions of the President in an admirable manner, and we think the epitome will be found to embrace most that the Unionists of the land seek to obtain. There is not a loyal man in Congress or the country who cannot assent to the proposition of Senator Stewart, and the alleged fact that it meets the views of several eminent Southerners, to our mind, is much in its favor. It is indifferent to us by whom it was suggested or drawn up. Our interest in it extends simply to this:—

Would its adoption secure practically the results for which the war was fought? Does it offer a fair and honorable ground of cooperation—we will not say compromise—between Congress and the Executive? If so, we hope all parties on whom the reorganization of the country depends will gather to its support, and that it may speedily be adopted, so as to quiet the distracted minds of our people and give the wearied country rest.

Mr. Stewart's proposition is embodied in the following resolutions, which were presented to the Senate, and referred to the Joint Committee on Reconstruction:

Resolved, etc. 1st. That each of said States, whose people were lately in insurrection as aforesaid, shall be entitled to have its having fully and validly resumed its former relations to the Federal Government, when a Senator or Representative shall be admitted in the two Houses of the National Legislature, whenever said State shall have modified its Constitution as to do away all existing distinctions as to civil rights and qualifications of electors on account of race or color of its population, by reason either of said State prohibiting the exercise of elective franchise to persons of color, or providing additional burdens and disabilities to which they may have become liable by reason of connection with the rebellion.

Resolved, That in view of the thorough assimilation of the basis of suffrage in the various States with the Union, all other States not above specified shall be respectfully requested to incorporate an assimilation in their State constitutions respectively corresponding with the one specified.

Resolved, That in the adoption of the aforesaid resolutions it is not intended to assert a control over or to ask the part of Congress in regard to the regulation of the right of suffrage in the different States of the Union, but only to make a respectful and earnest appeal to their own good sense and love of country with a view to the prevention of serious evils now threatened, and to the peaceful perpetuation of the system, the happiness, and true glory of the whole American people.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1866.

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A Timely Movement.

THE public, but especially posterity, will be thankful to Judge Lawrence, M. C. from Ohio, for the timely resolution introduced by him, and carried through the House of Representatives, "instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire as to the propriety of providing for the publication of a work giving topographical maps of the battle-fields of the rebellion, with roads, ravines, plans of the battle, position of troops, landscape, views of battle-fields, plans of forts, earth-works," etc.

Now is the time to collect, classify, and preserve the materials for the history of the most eventful period in our existence, and of the most widely extended and bloodiest struggle on record. It is not too late to make plans of every battle-field, every fort and earth-work, of every extemporized bridge or improvised railway, and obtain sketches and views of all the principal places and scenes which the war has made historical. An infinite amount of valuable historical material rests in the note-books of officers and men, which now can be easily called together, but which, in a few years, may be lost or destroyed. From the archives of a nation its people draw the justifications of their national pride, and on them they found their pretensions to greatness and dignity. In our own establishment and many hundreds of original sketches, besides the large number contributed to the Sanitary Fair (which, we learn, were largely purchased for Europe), drawn by our Special Artists in the field, which every day will be invested with new interest and value, and which, in less than half a century, will be invaluable. These alone would constitute the basis of an elaborate work like that proposed by Judge Lawrence.

We owe it to ourselves, and especially to the soldiers and sailors who participated in the late war, not less than to the patriot dead, to adequately preserve the facts and features of this gigantic contest for the appreciation and admiration of posterity. We owe it to the memories of the various Historical Societies of the country, and removable only by them? We throw out the hint without much reflection, and are but imperfectly informed as to the realization of the enlightened and patriotic purposes contemplated by the resolutions of Judge Lawrence.

"ALTHOUGH ye bray a fool in a mortar, yet will he not learn wisdom." A wonderful illustration of this saying is furnished in the recent action of the Legislature of Alabama. That State, as it seeks to override the Constitution, besides evincing a very mean and narrow spirit. It has passed a law, or rather attempted to pass one, of which the 12th and 13th sections are as follows:

12. To sell, or expose for sale, for one year, at any public place, or publish, or circulate, publish or cause to be monthly paper, periodical, or magazine, *published outside of the United States*, which contains any matter, article, or thing, calculated to create ill-will, hatred, or contempt, and to vend the same on the streets, or on boats or railroad cars, $25 dollars.

13. To keep a news depot for one year, in any city, town, or village, for the sale of any newspaper, periodical, or magazine, not including pictorials provided for in the last preceding section, $100 dollars.

The object of this is to exclude from Alabama precisely the kind of periodicals which that state cannot produce, and which are the subjects of terror of civilization. This is sectionalism and narrowness of these enactments become really pitiable, in view of their impotency, for the Constitution provides, that "no state shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any imposts or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing the inspection laws; and the net produce of all duties and imposts laid by any state on imports or exports shall be for the treasury of the United States; and all such laws shall be subject to the revision and control of Congress." The *New York Post* very justly remarks: "If the people of Alabama do not like Northern journals, they need not buy them; no one has compelled them to do that. But the passage of this tax law shows that there is a demand there for these journals, which these legislators weakly attempt to check. Of course the present act is only an entering wedge. It that holds, the legislature may tax a newspaper one thousand dollars for every dollar's worth selling any of the prohibited journals; if they may thus prohibit the sale of an illustrated journal, they may as similarly prohibit that of a daily; of all the dailies, printed out of the state, or in any particular state, and, if newspapers, then any other articles of merchandise may be thus kept out."

THE amount of fish consumed in the great cities of the world is something quite beyond what would be supposed. A recent British author tells us that in London, every year, there are supplied annually 500,000 cod-fish, 25,000,000 mackerel, 100,000,000 soles, 35,000,000 plaices, 200,000,000 smelts, 70,000,000 red herrings, and 1,000,000 dried cod. These, with the addition of molluscous shell-fish, to the amount of 920,000,000, and a daily demand for 10,000 lobsters during the fashionable or summer season.

THE proposal to found an American Lectureship at Cambridge, England, has been rejected. The proposal was somewhat new and daring; for not only were the subjects to be American history and literature, but the lecturers were also to be Americans. More, these lecturers were to have been nominated by Harvard College.

It is not to be presumed that Mr. Bancroft, in his oration on Mr. Lincoln, proposed to "insult" the representatives of foreign governments who happened to be present. Nor is it to be presumed that the incident of their presence could have prevented him from making such reflections pertinent to Mr. Lincoln's career as the occasion demanded. It was his duty that day to speak as if to the marble walls around him, with recognition only of truth and the justice due to his subject. Whether or not this Sir, or that Marquis, or the representative of Great Britain or of the Sandwich Islands, was likely to be pleased, was no business of his, and it is pure presumption, as well as assumption, on the part of the foreign press to assign latent or sinister purposes to the orator. We are not surprised that the "gilded jade" winces; but it was no part of Mr. Bancroft's intent to open its sores. If a faithful recital of events, and a just review of the course of foreign nations toward the United States during the hours of its greatest peril, can furnish cause of complaint, then the utterances of the French and English press on Mr. Bancroft have some excuse—not otherwise. We can only say that if Europe shakes under his impeachment, it will occur under the rigorous justice of the pages of history. Better to confute his statements, and show wherein his judgment erred, than call him "demagogue," and compare him to that British Thersites, the blackguard Roebuck! The criticisms of the British and French press are more searching than they have appeared to American apprehension, when we find our old and esteemed friend, the *Spectator*, loses its temper, and takes to scolding "like a very drab." From the rest of the London press, the *News* excepted, we never expect anything else.

A LITTLE book, entitled "Outcroppings; Selections of California Verse," has been published by Roman & Co., San Francisco. Among the poems is the following:

THE GOING OF MY BRIDE.

BY C. H. WEBB.

By the brink of the river our parting was fond,
And I kissed her, and kissed her, and still we kissed on;
For a band of bright angels were waiting beyond,
And my bride of a day was to go:

Was to go from our shore, with its headlands of years,
On a water whose depths were untold;
And the tears were to flow in the River of Tears,
Till it blent with an ocean of gold.

Our farewell was brief as the fall of a tear—
The wasting of words were a sin;
When my bride whispered low that a shallop drew near,
And the boatmen were waiting within.

Then I spoke, in one kiss, all the passion of years,
For I knew that our parting was nigh,
And I saw not the sails, for they were by tears,
And a light had gone out from the sky.

But I caught the faint gleam of an outdrifting sail,
And I knew by the bow curling sharp and curled oar,
That a bark was to bear her away.

All alone in my grief I now sit on the sand,
Where so often she sat by my side;
And I long for the moment I come to the strand,
That again I may sit by my bride.

In such lines as these there is something to touch the heart of every mourner. The book contains the names or initials of about 20 writers.

IF France a dead body must be buried within 24 hours of decease, and a petition has recently been presented to the Senate, praying that the interment may be delayed for 48 hours. Curtius met, who supported the petition, mentioned several cases of premature interment, and related a story which he had heard from a physician. A young priest, in the summer of 1826, fainted in the pulpit, and was given up for dead. He was laid out in his cassock, with a crucifix on the breast, and reciting the *De Profundis* while the coffin was preparing for the body. All this while, and long before the lid was fixed down, through motionless, heard all that was going on in an agony of mind impossible to describe. At last a friend, known to be a doctor, arrived, infancy came in; his voice aroused some dormant power, and next day the corpse was again preaching from the same pulpit. The Archbishop of Marseilles Cardinal then telling the tale, and in spite of official resistance the Senate voted the petition almost unanimously referred to the Minister of the Interior for action. The idea of the French authorities is, that as the living and the dead are, among the poor, forced to reside in the same room, interment cannot be delayed, but 24 hours is a horribly short space of time in a country where it is not sufficient to produce any symptom of corruption.

IN a discussion in the House of Representatives on the proposition that no portraits of living men should be put on Government notes or bonds, Mr. Thayer created some amusement by suggesting that we would soon be compelled to adopt a new mode of computing the value of money. Instead of the old-fashioned table, "10 mills make one cent, 10 cents one dime, 10 dimes one dollar," etc., we should be compelled to substitute something like the following—it being presumed that the head of Mr. S. M. Clarke is on the five cent fractional note, that of Washington on the one dollar note, and that of Mr. Fessenden on the 25 cent notice.

Two Clarkes make one Washington.
Two Washingtons make one Fessenden.
Two Fessendens make one Spinner.
Two Spinners make one Stanton.
Two Chases make one Hamilton.
Five Chases make one Baltimore.

THE exactions of the gas companies of London, although in no proportion to those of New York, are still intolerable, and have led to a proposition in Parliament similar to that pending in the Legislature of this State, namely, to take the monopoly of gas manufacture out of the hands of the companies, and vest it in the Municipality. Something ought to be done, and must be done, unless the public of the metropolis of Great Britain and the metropolis of the United States choose deliberately to consign themselves like geese to the felicities of being plucked without resistance.

A CURIOUS copy-right case was recently tried in London—the publishers of "The Post-Office London Directory" against the publishers of "The Imperial Directory of London." The ruling of the Judge covers and sufficiently explains all the points of law in which the public is likely to take interest.

"In the case of a dictionary, map, guide-book, or directory, where there were certain common objects which must, if correctly described, be described in the same words, a subsequent compiler could not fairly take the matter which had been gone through by the former compiler. In the case of a road-book, he must treat the distances for himself. In the case of a map, he must go through the same process of triangulation, and generally he could not take one word of the information previously published without independently working the matter out for himself, so as to arrive at the same result from the same common sources, unless, as might be, the previous publication for the purpose of saving it he had obtained the proper result, but no further."

AMONG the extraordinary facts brought out by the Commission now sitting in Jamaica, for the investigation of the late so-called insurrection, is this, that some of the "insurrectionists" (negroes of course), were executed by being set up as marks, and fired at from a distance of 40 yards. In view of the evidence, even the London *Times* is obliged to admit that "we cannot affect to doubt that acts more horrible than massacre have been committed by persons wearing the English uniform."

THERE will be a total eclipse of the moon on the night of March 30. It begins at 53 minutes past 9 o'clock, is at its total at 39 minutes past 11, and terminates at 25 minutes past 12. It is visible throughout the United States.

THE city of New York contains 311 churches, of which 61 are Protestant Episcopal, 45 Presbyterian, 35 Methodist Episcopal, 32 Roman Catholic, 29 Baptist, 20 Jewish synagogues, 17 Dutch Reformed, 9 Lutheran, 6 United Presbyterian, 5 Reformed Presbyterian, 5 Congregationalist, 4 Universalist, 4 African Methodist, 3 Methodist Protestant, and 18 which come under the heading of "miscellaneous."

TOWN GOSSIP.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY has come and gone, and once more all New York gave up its avocations for the day, to see "the finest pageantry in the world" amuse themselves as Saturday through the streets from daylight till dark, to the crash of martial music and the flaunting of gay green banners.

The march was the usual procession, five miles long, trailed its wandering way through a line of a quarter of a million of spectators; the small fights came off; the shamrock was drowned; and a few thousand beals were left to their accustomed lot, or floors, or anything else ready for their reception, and St. Patrick's Day was over. And then—the very next, the 18th day—we discover that there is a day which we hear so little, but which among the fair daughters of Erin is generally kept—Sheila's Day.

The derivation of Sheila's Day comes from this legend: St. Patrick, after his tour in which he made converts of the men, took, as was usual in Romanism, some in sight of the famous mountain of Reek, in the county of Mayo, to the women. And the beautiful girl, dressed as a peasant, approaching; and the saint spoke to her, and expressed his surprise at finding so much barbarism and so much barrenness of country. The girl modestly replied that she lived on the peak of yonder mountain, and that she had descended, as St. Patrick would come along that way, and on telling it to her father, he had sent her out to meet the approaching saint. With that the saint explained that he it was that she was seeking, adding, "I've been busy all day converting men and women, and I'm hungry and thirsty." "I'm glad to see you," says the maiden. "My name is Sheila; come with me to my father's house, and you shall have a drink." So to my father's house she went accordingly jogged along to their hut, where he found a venerable man, who gave him plenty to eat, and good water from the spring, and he had dessert, tea and tea, and gathering a great bunch of wild roses, she shook the dew from them, and made a cup of them for the saint, and then, and immediately fell away into a refreshing sleep, filled with delightful visions, from which he was refreshed and awakened, by the hungry and thirsty, bending kindly over him.

"Sheila, my daughter," he said, "what was that beautiful drink you gave me?"

"That," says Sheila, "was a drink that none but saints are permitted to take; and its name is mountain dew."

"Then," says St. Patrick, "let that restriction be removed; and henceforth, on the 18th of March, let your descendants, dear Sheila, take at least one cup of mountain dew." And such a treffle has been kept.

With that he knelt and blessed the well, and the flowers that grew around it; and the print of his knees remains to this day; and Sheila's Day has since been strictly kept by the ladies from the Emerald Isle; and in Dublin to be Irish, for the 18th was formerly—how kept open house, and were jolly.

Only four full occurrences of St. Patrick's Day, we are reminded of a little phase of New York life, an account of which we take from a daily paper, merely to show that we do not lack in the great city a variety of diversion:

"ONCE FIGHT.—At the place known by the initiated as the "Once Fight," the grand main commenced early on Saturday afternoon, and continued throughout the evening. At two o'clock a steady stream of sporting men, and many who are not so designated, began to pour through the narrow entrance, each man paying a preserving his card to the door-keeper. The pit was 12 in width, and 9 in depth. By five o'clock the amphitheatre was tolerably packed, and the betting began in earnest, and being the last day, quite brisk. The cocks were soon regarded to, and several fights, with long spurs, were decided. The short spurs were used as soon as the battle opened, betting commencing at once, and continuing with great spirit, and with others on single birds. During the progress of the battle, the excitement was intense, and the cheers for the victorious bird would reach the outer voices in the victorious bird would reach the outer voices in the celebrity made $5,000 during the match. The affair concluded without any human blood being shed."

In our issue of the 17th March, we made some remarks on the subject of Divorce, in which we merely stated facts. We said that those Divorce Brokers were sowing fearful domestic troubles among us, and should be stopped. We did not assert that their proceedings were legal, but that the thing was going on daily, legal

or not. Our remarks have brought forth this letter from an eminent member of the bar, who clips the article, and says:

"The above, which appears in your ILLUSTRATED of March 17, page 403, is a mistake, and one which is calculated to do much harm. I do not suppose the editor of the "Town Gossip" intended to advertise the Divorce Brokers, but he could not have done so more effectually than by that very article. It seems to be a prevalent idea that the Divorce Brokers who advertise to obtain divorces by attorney in Indiana, can do all they pretend to. A divorce obtained in Indiana, between parties residing in this or any other State, except Indiana, *is not worth the paper that it is written on*, and any misguided man or woman who, on the strength of such a divorce, marries again, renders himself or herself liable to indictment for bigamy, and State's prison for five years.

"It is a settled principle of law that, unless one of the parties to an action for divorce have a bona-fide domicil in the State where the suit is brought, the court has no jurisdiction. Therefore, a man residing in New York, has no more right to apply to an Indiana court for a divorce, than he has to commence a proceeding for that purpose before the Khan of Tartary. Besides this general principle, there is a statute of Indiana (see Laws of Indiana, 1859, page 108), which requires one of the parties to an action for divorce, to have a bona-fide residence of one year in that State, and also a bona-fide residence in the county where the suit is brought at the time when the petition is presented. Unless one of the parties to the action has actually resided for one year in the State of Indiana, a divorce obtained there is worth nothing *there*, and consequently is void everywhere. The court granting a divorce under such circumstances, has no more right to do so, than the devil in your printing-office; and a decree of divorce signed by the latter, is worth quite as much as if it were signed by Judge Brackenbridge, and sealed with the seal of the Court of Common Pleas of Allen County, Indiana.

"A person who has been swindled by these Divorce Brokers, does not care to make the matter public, otherwise we might get rid of these 'dragons' without legislation. It may be a somewhat startling statement, but there is a generation of illegitimate children growing up around us, the effect of the Divorce Brokerage system."

On the subject of rascalities, we are pleased to record a case where two guardians of the law became breakers of it, and met with the promptest of punishment. Two men, Donnelly and Stewart, members of the Third Precinct Police, were charged with stealing four revolvers from the fire that occurred at 262 Broadway. The property was found on them, and Judge Dowling, after a short lecture, exactly suiting their case, sent them for six months each to the Penitentiary.

Some one who has carefully reckoned it all up, has sent in a schedule of the Fifth avenue. By it we learn that this street, from its commencement to the Central Park, has 340 residences, and not one of them cost less than $30,000. The average cost is $40,000, and the rent from $4,000 to $12,000 per annum. With all this price, every one of them is occupied, and more are wanted. A. T. Stewart's heads the list, and will cost when finished a little over a million.

Among the theatres there is nothing new to chronicle, each having gone on through the week in the same old groove, with the same attractions.

The Winter Garden with Mr. Booth, who ends his engagement on the 27th of March, and is succeeded by Mr. J. N. Gotthold, the young American tragedian, who has just returned from Europe. We hope to chronicle his success.

At Woods' Theatre, Lucille Western is carrying everything by storm, and forcing the critics to admit her real talent.

At Lucy Rushton's, the new piece, so long in preparation, is to be produced on the 27th.

At Niblo's, Maggie Mitchell in the "Pearl of Savoy." Next week she does "Little Barefoot," which will be a sensation.

The week, in most of the houses, has been a week of benefits, substantial ones at that.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A young lady of Seymour, Maine, became warmly attached to a young man. Her love was not returned. She procured a preparation called "love powders," and with the assistance of another woman, mixed them with the young man's food. They poisoned and nearly killed him, and he is going to bring suit against the young lady for damages. Ungallant young man!—impressible young woman! But such is life.

—— A young man in Bridgeport, Conn., Robert Anderson by name, was engaged to a girl in that city, who would not name the day; so, getting desperate, he got up a surprise party one night at his lady-love's residence, and after a time proposed a tableau, with a mock marriage, in which he and Miss Bartlett (his betrothed) should be principals. A white dress and veil were procured, and a clergyman performed the ceremony, at the close of which the astonished bride was presented with a marriage certificate, and found herself a wife.

—— Harriet Pinckney, aged 90 years, daughter of General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of Revolutionary fame, died in Charleston, S. C., on the evening of the 15th. The deceased was everywhere known and beloved. Possessed of ample wealth, she bestowed it with an unsparing hand, and was thus the means of doing a vast amount of good to those who were in need of assistance.

—— In Missouri the planters are exhibiting great fairness in their labor contracts. Negro factory hands (men) are getting from $20 to $35 per month and board; small girls and boys, stemmers, from $5 to $10 per month and board; field hands (men), $20 to $25 per month and board. As a consequence the blacks are well disposed, there is less poverty, and the profits on capital invested largely increased.

—— Myriads of mice have made their appearance this spring in Ohio. The tall grass that covers the fields has given protection to them, and they have come forth increased in numbers a thousand fold. They have attacked the fruit-trees in some sections, and destroyed over 5,000 trees. They are so thick that in passing through the fields in some places they scatter before one in every direction.

—— During a recent fire at Jacksonville, Monmouth county, Pa., four children were burned to death. A boy of 12, by a floor giving way, was precipitated across a girder, where he hung roasting in the flames, in full view of the agonized spectators, without their being able to render any assistance.

—— An enterprising one-armed soldier has leased the Old Capitol prison for a brief period, and proposes to allow persons at 25 cents a piece to see the cells in which Wirz and other noted prisoners were confined.

—— The Galveston (Texas) *News* speaks of the arrival of about 30 French emigrants in that city, and says the gentleman who induced them to come out intends to try them in making cotton. They are from the Alpine regions, and possess all the qualifications to become good laborers in the field.

—— Three thieves were found dead behind the counter of a druggist in Charleston, S. C., one day last week. Poison had been put in some food, and placed in a convenient position, which the robbers had eaten of and died.

—— Polygamy is not very fruitful of revenue, whatever it may be in other respects. Utah, with 100,000 inhabitants, only pays $37,000 into the United States Treasury this year, whilst Colorado, with 80,000 inhabitants, contributes $100,000.

—— A couple in Oxford county, Maine, lived together until their family included 13 children. A libel for divorce was brought and granted, and the parties separated. After being apart two years they again met, and two weeks ago they were married again.

—— James Gordon was lately conveyed to the Toronto (Canada) Hospital to have a surgical operation performed, but dreaded it so much that he cut his throat and died.

—— Last year, Wm. B. Astor had the largest income of any person in the United States. The year before, Stewart had the largest.

—— Mrs. Elizabeth Ball, of North Carolina, has been sentenced, by a military commission in that State, to one year's imprisonment in the Penitentiary, for killing a negro.

—— The Governor of Montana, in a recent call for 500 volunteers to go against the Indians, requests them to arm and equip themselves, as he can only furnish 39 Springfield rifles.

—— The colleges of New England, 14 in number, contain this year about 2,500 under-graduates, of whom from one-third to one-half are professors of religion of different denominations.

—— In New Orleans, recently, two men engaged in carrying down a corpse, had each a leg broken by the stairs giving way.

—— The President having removed the editor of the Lafayette (Ind.) *Journal* from the Postmastership, and appointed the editor of the *Courier* in his stead, the friends of the former, on the 10th ult., held an indignation meeting on the subject.

—— A young lady in Florida, becoming insane, lately destroyed her ambrotypes and letters, set fire to her clothing in a wardrobe, and dressing herself in heavy woolen fabrics and a broadcloth cloak, set fire to her clothing and sprang into bed, where she was found enveloped in flames, with clasped hands, exclaiming, "Oh, ain't this glorious? Ain't I a martyr?" Though her limbs and the lower part of her body were baked, she did not appear to suffer pain.

—— It is a fact little known to general readers that mental occupations are preventative of insanity. From the report of the physicians of the State Lunatic Asylum of Pennsylvania, for the year 1865, the occupations of the unfortunates are classed as follows: Farmers, 373; laborers, 316; innkeepers, 376; blacksmiths, 18; miners, 21; merchants, 38; clerks, 32; lawyers, 12; clergymen, 6; students, 11; authors, 1.

—— A party of "Good Fellows," in Columbia, Ky., went to another "Good Fellow's" house to pull him out of bed, when one of the number was shot dead in the dark by the awakened man, who thought robbers were in his room.

—— In Sir Archibald Alison's "History of Europe," chap. 76, sec. 21, it is stated that the English navy, in the year 1813, "was manned by 140,000 seamen, and 18,000 marines, making a total, with the land forces, of 1,107,000 men in arms, all procured by voluntary enrollment."

—— A late writer defines Methodism to mean "Christianity in earnest."

—— A cat 23 years of age is living at Acushnet, Massachusetts.

—— The entire valuation of real and personal property in Illinois—$391,603,284—show an increase over last year of about 10 per cent.

—— The San Antonio (Texas) *Herald* is charmed with the serene peace that prevails in that city; "With the exception of 15 or 20 fights, and the exchange of a few friendly shots without any unfortunate results, nothing has happened of moment for two days."

—— An infant was lately found in a street car in Utica, having the following note pinned to its dress: "My name is Emma Holmes; my mother is too poor to provide for me, and I am left here to the mercy of some charitable friend, hoping that I may be taken by some family who will bring me up respectably."

—— There are already 43 papers in Tennessee, and the Nashville *Dispatch* says that in a few weeks this number will be increased to 50—10 more than in the best times before the war. Three new papers have also made their appearance in Georgia.

—— San Francisco statistics exhibit a very remarkable growth in population during the war. In 1860 there were 56,000 citizens; in 1865, 119,000. The *Bulletin* thinks that there will be a less rapid increase in the future. Its estimate for 1870 is 190,400.

—— A bill before Congress proposes the coinage of five-cent pieces, composed of copper and nickel, to take the place of the five-cent currency.

—— The letter-carrier's free delivery for the month of February in the city of New York, embraced the following numbers: Mail letters, 801,639; drop-letters, 404,230; newspapers delivered, 114,451; collected letters, 1,082,676.

—— Some of the admirers and personal friends of Gen. Sherman, in St. Louis, have recently purchased and furnished a house for him in that city, at a cost of $37,000.

—— As an illustration of the "ups and downs" of life, the St. Louis *News* mentions a former New Orleans district judge who is now a paper-carrier in that city.

—— Boston sells its house offal under a contract for $5,500 per annum, the ashes collected by the city at $8,000, and the street dirt and sweepings for $2,000.

Foreign.—Italy contains one-fourth of the total number of bishoprics in the whole world. There is, on the average, one bishop in that country for every 90,000 of the inhabitants. The dioceses vary in extent, some containing 500,000, others only 2,000 souls. The Archbishops of Pisa, Ferrara, Ravenna, Palermo, Cefalu, Girgenti, Mozzarra, and Catone, have salaries of upwards of £4,000 a year each.

—— Sir Morton Peto has recorded his experiences and observations in Canada and the United States, in a work, entitled "The Prospects and Resources of America, ascertained during a visit to the States in the autumn of 1865," just announced in London.

—— It is suggested in the London *Chemist and Druggist* that chloroform is an excellent medium for the removal of stains of paint from clothes, etc. It is found that portions of dry white paint, which resisted the action of ether, benzole and bisulphide of carbon, are at once dissolved by chloroform.

—— *Le Pays*, a French Canadian paper, says: "Canada, by not joining its interests to those of its rich and powerful neighbors, will be condemned to vegetate miserably under the tutelage of a foreign power, and be loaded with taxes, debts and beggars."

—— Mr. S. C. Hall's attempt to erect a monument over Leigh Hunt's grave in England has failed for want of funds.

—— In Belgium there are 18,000 persons who have a right to wear the order of King Leopold; and in France there are 64,000 with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. This makes one *decoré* in 66 of the population in Belgium; and one in 166 in France.

—— In the French Chamber there are 58 lawyers; 55 mayors; 32 officers of rank; 18 merchants; 17 literary men; 12 bankers; 9 magistrates; 69 physicians; 4 chamberlains; and 2 equerries to the Emperor; 84 only of the members are in the habit of addressing the house, and of these 13 only are good speakers.

—— According to the new "Newspaper Press Directory," there are now established in Great Britain 1,275 newspapers; an increase in 10 years of 523. In London there are now published 226 journals; in the provinces, 707; Wales, 43; Scotland, 139; Ireland, 128; British Isles, 14. Of these there are 52 daily papers published in England, 1 in Wales, 12 in Scotland, 12 in Ireland, and 1 in the British Isles; total 78. In 1856 there were only 35 daily papers: 15 in London, 1 in Birmingham, 3 in Liverpool, 3 in Manchester, 3 in Edinburgh, 4 in Glasgow, and 6 in Ireland. So that the increase has been much greater in daily papers than in any other class of periodicals. It is remarkable that Wales only produces one daily paper: and, curiously enough, the number in Scotland and Ireland is equal—12. Scotland has added five to her number of daily papers in 10 years; Ireland six.

—— The Mexicans are kept busy in devising means by which they may keep out of the two armies. One week they receive a notification from Maximilian's provost marshals that they are drafted into the imperial army, and straightway a substitute has to be procured. The next week they receive a similar notice from the republican officials. Many of the wealthy men of that country have a representative in each army. The price paid for a substitute is about $400.

—— Among a collection of autograph letters by Lord Byron, lately sold by auction in London, was one, unpublished, in which he says: "I hope you will find me an altered personage. I do not mean in body, but in manner, for I begin to find out that nothing but virtue will do in this damned world."

—— One Dr. Davis, of London, has devoted his industry to a singular collection of skulls, of which he has nearly 1,500. He is going to issue a catalogue of them, illustrated with wood-cuts. That document will have more heads than a Calvanistic sermon of the last century.

—— It is said that at Santiago, the other day, the authorities, who had long been asking the patron saint for rain, to no purpose, brought him out into the public square, lined with troops, and gave the saint a round dozen, to punish his obstinacy, or quicken his recollection.

—— At the present rate of reduction, says an English paper, the national debt of Great Britain will be extinguished in about 400 years. As the Fenians evidently mean business, it is problematical which will be extinguished first—the British nation or its debt.

—— The London *Spectator* makes a calculation that there are 4,000,000 of sermons delivered annually in Great Britain, and flippantly adds that altogether they do not have the effect of a song by Tennyson, or a speech by Gladstone.

—— Mr. Henri Martin, the historian, is a candidate for admission to the French Academy. It is urged against him that he wears his beard long, which no academician has ever ventured to do.

—— Some of the London merchants have instituted a custom of charging an admission fee to their stores. The lady sight-seers can enter by paying a small fee, and examine all the latest styles and costumes without making any purchases, unless disposed to do so.

—— A recent letter from Paris says that public opinion in France has received, with great horror, the particulars of the sale, by their fathers and mothers, of the unfortunate young girls of Massachusetts to the semi-barbarous settlers of the Territory of Washington.

—— The French Government has issued a circular to all the maritime powers of Europe, requesting their support of their exhibition of fishing-boats and implements, to be held near Bordeaux, next September.

—— The new Catholic cathedral in Pekin will be 300 feet long, and 150 in breadth. Its spire will be higher than any in the imperial city.

—— A French religious paper, speaking of Gladiator's success on the English turf, says: "We are delighted in our souls to see a Roman Catholic horse beating Protestant horses!"

SCENE AT THE UNITED STATES PENSION OFFICE,

Custom House, New York.

THE press of this city has very justly denounced within the past week the want of accommodation for the disabled soldiers, widows, and relatives of men and officers killed in our late war, who are applying for their pensions. In consequence of short clerical assistance, these people, who have already so suffered for their country, are obliged to submit to every description of petty annoyance. From early morning till late in the day, through cold and rain, they have to stand in line, waiting their turn to receive the pittance doled out by the United States, perhaps sometimes when actually suffering from sickness or hunger. There is the aged woman coming to get the paltry $8 per month which she receives for a son's life, or the widow for that of a husband's, with, perhaps, two or three young children clinging to her skirts, and waiting through the weary hours because the mother could not leave them at home. At another place in the line will be seen a one-legged or one-armed soldier, or one with pale face, denoting his broken health, and hardly able to stand and keep his place in line.

Day after day is this repeated, perhaps bringing the poor women or disabled men back, after waiting all day, to renew the same the next, realizing forcibly the saying that hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

We sincerely hope that before another time for the payment of these pensions comes round, some course will be adopted, by which these poor people will be served as fast as they present themselves. It is a disgrace to our Government that those who have given their blood and affections to uphold that Government, should for one moment be obliged to submit to so much pain in getting the trifle awarded for their service.

SCREW VERSUS PADDLE-SHIPS.

AN eminent engineer officer, of our late army, who went out a passenger in the Britannia, writes home of his experience in ocean steamships:

"We had every opportunity to test the qualities of the propeller, and make comparisons with the paddle-steamers. From personal experience on board of both, and from conversations with men of science, I am satisfied that the stern-wheels are safer and more comfortable, as well as a greater economy of room.

"Side-wheel steamers present a larger surface to the wind when it is ahead; one wheel is always deeper in the water than the other, making one often useless, while the other is with difficulty caused to revolve. When the vessel rolls from one side to the other, there is a strain on the machinery which gives an unpleasant motion to the hull. As it is necessary to keep her on an even keel as far as practicable, only a small spread of canvas is allowed, scarcely enough to navigate with, if the machinery should be stopped.

"These objections do not apply to propellers. The screw being submerged, and in the axis of lateral motion, almost as much canvas can be carried as in a clipper-ship; which steadies the vessel and prevents rolling. Should the machinery break, the screw can be unshipped in a few minutes and the sails relied upon. The weight of works being near the keel, and the motion uniform, the vibration is so slight as to be at times unnoticeable. The model of the vessel has a great deal to do with comfort and safety. In many of the lines the vessels are too narrow for their great length. They are regarded as dangerous, as they are liable to "strain their backs." They also roll more, and the waves break over the bows in rough weather with an unpleasant frequency, keeping the deck wet.

"That the propeller will, in time, entirely supersede the paddle-wheel, for ocean navigation, is certain, and the sooner the change takes place, the better it will be for everybody."

IN France much attention has recently been bestowed upon the production of heat by friction, the experiments being the same as those conducted by our American philosopher, Count Rumford, more than 66 years ago. Rumford constructed a hollow cylinder of iron, into which he fitted a solid plunger, which was caused to press against the bottom of the cylinder. The cylinder was placed in a box containing water at 60 degrees Fahrenheit, and was turned by horse power. Two hours and thirty minutes after the friction had commenced, the water boiled. In the present French experiments, a copper cylinder and plunger are used, and the proposition is made to warm railroad carriages by the hot water produced by attaching the plunger to the wheels, and placing the copper globe under the car. It is claimed that the additional fuel required to get up the extra steam, in order to overcome the friction and produce heat, is not so great as would be necessary if the cars were warmed in the usual way.

A NEGRO SCULPTRESS.

UNDER this heading the London *Athenæum* publishes a letter from Rome, dated February, and signed "H. W.," of which the following is a copy:

"An interesting novelty has sprung up amongst us, in a city where all our surroundings are of the olden time. Miss Edmonia Lewis, a lady of color, has taken a studio in Rome, and works as a sculptress in one of the rooms formerly occupied by the great master, Canova. She is the only lady of her race in the United States who has thus applied herself to the study and practice of sculptural art, and the fact is so remarkable and unique that a brief sketch of her life, given almost in her own words, will, I am sure, be acceptable to the wide circle of your readers. 'My mother,' she told me only last Monday, 'was a wild Indian, and was born in Albany, of copper color, and with straight, black hair. There she made and sold mocassins. My father, who was a negro, and a gentleman's servant, saw her and married her. I was born at Greenhigh, in Ohio. Mother often left her home, and wandered with her people, whose habits she could not forget, and thus we her children were brought up in the same wild manner. Until I was 12 years old I led this wandering life, fishing and swimming,' she added with great glee, 'and making mocassins. I was then sent to school for three years in M'Graw, but was declared to be wild—they could do nothing with me. Often they said to me: "Here is your book, the book of Nature; come and study it." From this school I was sent to another, at Oberlin, in Ohio, where I remained four years, and then I thought of returning to wild life again; but my love of sculpture forbade it. Some friends recommended me to go to England, but I thought it better first to study in Rome.' And here she is, the descendant and member of a much-injured race, struggling against ignorant prejudice, but with genius enough to prove that she bears the image of Him who made all nations under the sun. Whilst her youth and her color claim our warmest sympathies, Miss Edmonia Lewis has a very engaging appearance and manner. Her eyes and the upper part of her face are fine; the crisp hair and thick lips, on the other hand, bespeak her negro paternity. Naive in manner, happy and cheerful, and all-unconscious of difficulty, because obeying a great impulse, she prattles like a child, and with much simplicity and spirit pours forth all her aspirations. At present, she has little to show; she appeals to the patronage and protection of the civilized and the Christian world. There is the cast of a bust of Col. Shaw, who commanded the first colored regiment that was ever formed, and who died 'a leader for all time in Freedom's Chivalry.' The bust was executed from a photograph, and now, as a commission from the sister of Col. Shaw, is being transferred to marble. Another commission is a bust of Mr. Dio Lewis, I believe of New York. Her first ideal group was to be executed under promise for some gentleman in Boston, and, in the true spirit of a heroine, she has selected for her subject 'The Freedwoman on first hearing of her Liberty.' She has thrown herself on her knees, and, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, she blesses God for her redemption. Her boy, ignorant of the cause of her agitation, hangs over her knees and clings to her waist. She wears the turban which was used when at work. Around her wrists are the half-broken manacles, and the chain lies on the ground still attached to a large ball. 'Yes,' she observed, 'so was my race treated in the market and elsewhere.' It tells, with much eloquence, a painful story."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

"OLD FRITZ," who raises pigs and cabbages somewhere in Queens county, appeared before Judge H—— as witness:

Question by the Court: "Your name?"

Answer by Fritz: "Vell, I calls mineself Fritz. But may be so—I don't know—it is Yawcup. You see, Mr. Chudge, mine moder she have two little poys; one of them was me, and one was my proder, and t'oder was me; I ton't know which, and my moder she ton't know, and one of us was named Fritz and t'oder Yawcup—or one Yawcup and t'oder Fritz, I ton't know which; and one of us got died; but mine moder she never could tell which it was, me or mine proder who got died. So, Mr. Chudge, I does not know whether I am Fritz or Yawcup; and mine moder she ton't know."

THE late Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, mourned of many, who will laugh at his wit no more, has left behind him a memory that will be transmitted through successive generations. His wit was equal to his skill. It was hard to say which did his patient the most good, and as he gave his patient the best of both, at the same time they probably helped each other. Just as it happened, when one of his patients revolted at a monstrous dose of physic, and said:

"Why, doctor, you don't mean such a dose as this for gentlemen?"

"Oh, no," said the doctor, "it's for *working* men!"

AT the annual town meeting, held a few weeks since, in a New England village, the subject of a new town house was under discussion. The usual amount of buncombe was present on that occasion, and much of it "blown off" in the shape of "gas." One man advocated the erection of a new town house, in order, as he said, "that the young men of our town might have a suitable place to assemble, and be so imbued with the spirit of liberty and patriotism, that every hair of their head would be a liberty-pole, with the star-spangled banner floating from it!"

THE last bit of Parisian drollery is due to an organ-grinder. He has on his instrument an opera-score, on which he keeps his eyes, turning the page at the proper time, while with the other hand he grinds out music. He has made a good deal of money, for the spectacle is laughable. The organ-grinder has, perhaps, been beaten by a priest, in one of the chapels on the Norman coast. His organ was completely out of repair, nevertheless he could not allow Christmas to pass by unhonored; what should he do but borrow an immense speaking-trumpet from an old captain. He chanted the whole mass through the speaking-trumpet! It need not be said that nobody slept that day in church. His parishioners think seriously of suing him for damages; since Christmas Day all of them have been hard of hearing.

A SINGING-MASTER, while teaching his pupils, was visited by a brother of the tuneful art. The visitor observing that the chorister pitched the tune vocally, said:

"Sir, do you use a pipe?"

"No, sir," replied Semibreve, with admirable gravity; "I chew!"

THE question, Does getting drunk ever advance one's happiness? would seem to be put to rest by the Irishman who went courting when drunk, and was asked what pleasure he found in whisky:

"Oh, Nelly, it's a trate entirely, to see two of your swate purty faces instead of one!"

MRS. PARTINGTON asks, very indignantly, if the bills before Congress are not counterfeit, why there should be so much difficulty in passing them?

IT is a great comfort to a man, with but a dollar in his pocket, to know that if he cannot invest in 5-20s he can in 25s.

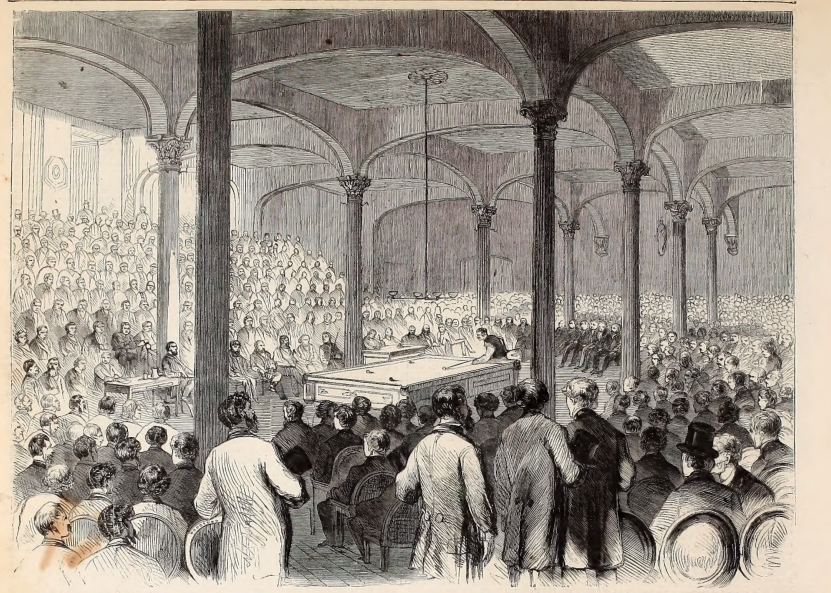
A WORTHY man, when told that he was about to die, said he was "Glad of it; he was tired of putting his shoes and stockings on and off." And this is about what life gets reduced to at about 70.

WHERE is paper-money first mentioned in the Bible? When the dove brought the green-back to Noah."

"Sir, you have broken your promise," said one gentleman to another.

"Oh, never mind, I can make another just as good."

GAIL HAMILTON says one can be daughter, sister, friend, without impeachment of one's sagacity; but it is a dreadful endorsement of a man to marry him.



THE GREAT NATIONAL BILLIARD MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, ON THE EVENING OF MARCH 13TH, BETWEEN MESSRS. JOHN DEERY AND JOHN MCDEVITT.

THE GREAT NATIONAL MATCH AT BILLIARDS,

On the Evening of Tuesday, the 13th inst.

THE great match for the billiard championship of America and $1,000, between John Deery, the present holder of the "Golden Cue," the sceptre of billiard sovereignty, and John McDevitt, who aspires to its possession, came off at the Cooper Institute. The "Hall of the Union" in that building had been specially fitted up for the occasion, the table (a magnificently ornamented standard American, of Phelan & Collender's manufacture), being placed in the centre of the hall, with the seats ranged amphitheatrically around it.

The large hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, every seat being occupied, and it was estimated that fully 2,500 persons were present, including many prominent municipal and Government officials.

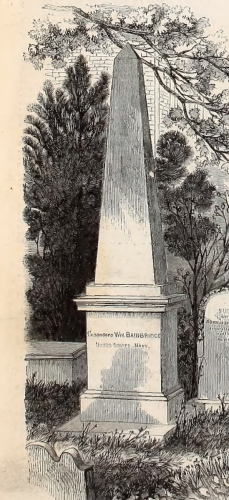
This is the ninth match for the championship which has been played since its institution, by the American Billiard Congress, held in this city in in 1863. Dudley Kavanagh held it successfully against all challengers for two years, when he was compelled by sickness to forfeit it to Louis Fox, of Rochester, who had challenged for its possession. The latter did not long retain the honorary title and position of champion, for in his first essay to maintain it, he was vanquished by John Deery, into whose custodianship the "Golden Cue," its substantial emblem, consequently passed. Three challengers now appeared in the field: John McDevitt, of New York; Joseph Dion, of Montreal; Louis Fox, of Rochester; who, undeterred by his former defeat, again seeks to regain his lost position.

The first named had the prior claim to the champion's notice, and the recent match was the consequence. John McDevitt first came into prominent notice in the billiard world by his defeat of the famous professional, William Goldthwait, in their great match for $2,000, played in Cincinnati last May, when the comparatively unknown expert, who then hailed from Indianapolis, electrified the billiard world by vanquishing the accomplished young Eastern professional by 30 points in the game of 1,500 up. He at once took high rank among his professional confreres, and his Western pretensions were so enthusiastic in their admiration that they offered to match him against Dudley Kavanagh for $10,000 a side, but the challenge was not accepted. Since that time McDevitt has become a resident of New York, and for his present match had no many sanguine friends that the betting before the day of the match was $100 to $50 on him, and one offer of $1,000 to $400 met with no takers. In fact, outside speculation was very quiet on the match, and we did not see or hear of a single bet being made in the ball previous to the commencement of the playing.

The match was the American carom game, 1,500 points up, and commenced about 7½ o'clock. Deery selected Mr. C. O'Connor as his umpire, and McDevitt Mr. G. B. Hubbell. Mr. James Palmer was selected as referee. At one-third the game Deery led 47 points, two hours having expired to that time, and 500 points played. On the ninth hundred he was 163 ahead. Presently McDevitt made a shot which was decided against him as foul, and this seemed to discourage him. From that time Deery crept up, and finally, on the finishing of the game, which run for five hours, Deery was proclaimed victor, having won by 364 points.

We hazard no opinion on the game or the skill of the combatants. It was a peculiar one, and without doubt will be fought again. McDevitt was unfortunate, and according to the opinion of his friends, did not come up to the standard of his playing.

The next match for the championship comes off between Deery and Joseph Dion, of Montreal, within a few weeks.



TOMB OF COMMODORE WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE, CHRIST CHURCHYARD, PHILADELPHIA.

THE TOMB OF BAINBRIDGE.

AMONG the heroes of this day, both dead and living, there is much danger that those of the past may be forgotten. Posterity is always ungrateful, but we cannot realize that Americans will ever forget those who conducted them safely, either by arms or statesmanship, through the perilous days when they first sought to become a nation.

Among those was Mr. Bainbridge, Commodore in the United States Navy. In Christ Churchyard in Philadelphia rises a white marble monument to outwardly perpetuate his memory.

On its north side, reads—Died in Philadelphia, 28th July, A.D., 1833.

On the west—Commodore William Bainbridge, United States Navy.

On the south—Born in Princeton, New Jersey, 7th May, A.D., 1774.

On the east—Patria Victisque Lupasus.

Beneath lie the remains of the gallant sailor and courteous gentleman of the old school, whose name is familiar to every schoolboy in the second struggle with Great Britain, and whose memory must last in the hearts of his countrymen until the crack of doom itself.

GEN. EPITASIO HUERTA.

GEN. EPITASIO HUERTA is one of the most popular of the leaders of the liberal Mexican party, rushing next after Gen. Ortega.

Gen. Huerta was born in the State of Michoacan, of which he was elected Governor. He strongly embraced the "plan of Ayutla," and so distinguished himself under the liberal flag, that he rose with that party to the very highest point of estimation. In one of the numerous battles growing from the struggle, Gen. Huerta lost his left arm, but gained a character for indomitable courage. He defended his own State against the usurping Government; and offered his sword for the defense of Puebla, without asking authority or power. On the surrender of that place he was captured, and sent to France as a prisoner of war, from which place he was finally released by the French Government, and is now once more among his countrymen.



GENERAL EPITASIO HUERTA, OF MEXICO.

SURF SWIMMING AT HAWAII, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

FARRER, or surf-swimming, is a favorite pastime with the natives of the Sandwich Islands. According to Ellis, a recent writer, "individuals of all ranks and ages, and both sexes, follow this sport with great avidity. They usually selected the openings in the reefs or entrances of some of the bays, where the long, heavy billows rolled in unbroken majesty upon the reef or the shore. They used a small board, which they called *papa farhee*—swam from the beach to a considerable distance, sometimes nearly a mile—watched the swell of the wave, and when it reached them, turning their bosoms on the short, flat-pointed board, they mounted on its summit, and, amid the foam and spray, rode on the crest of the wave to the shore; sometimes they halted among the coral rocks, over which the waves broke in splendid confusion. When they approached the shore, they slid off the board, which they grasped with the hand, and either left behind the wave or plunged toward the deep and allowed it to pass over their heads.

"Sometimes they were thrown with violence upon



SURF SWIMMING AT HAWAII, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

the beach, or among the rocks on the edges of the reef. So much at home, however, do they feel in the water, that it is seldom any accident occurs.

"I have often seen along the border of the reef, forming the boundary line to the harbor of Fare in Huahine, from 50 to 100 persons, of all ages, sporting like so many porpoises in the surf that has been rolling with foam and violence toward the land; sometimes mounted on the top of the wave, and almost enveloped in spray; at other times plunging beneath the mass of water that has swept like mountains over them, cheering and animating each other; and by the noise and shouting they made, rendering the roar of the sea and the dashing of the surf comparatively imperceptible."



THE OLD NORTH DUTCH CHURCH, CORNER OF FULTON AND WILLIAM STREETS, ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED.

THE NORTH DUTCH CHURCH, NEW YORK.

THIS building, situated on the corner of Fulton and William streets, is, with the exception of St. Paul's Chapel, the only church edifice now used for religious purposes in New York which dates back to a period prior to the Revolutionary war.

From the Rev. Dr. Dewitt's historical discourse, pronounced in this building on the last Lord's Day of August, 1856, we learn that measures were taken by the Consistory for the building of this house of worship early in 1767. In June of that year it was resolved, "That the church should be erected on the grounds of Mr. Harpending, that it should be 100 feet in length and 70 in breadth, that it should front on Horse and Cart Lane, and be placed in the middle of the lot." The grounds here referred to included not only the site of the church, but a number of lots in the vicinity, given to the Consistory by Mr. John Harpending.

In the summer of 1844, a portion of the vacant space, at the rear of the church, between Fulton and Ann streets, was filled by the erection of a plain brick building, fronting on Fulton street, three stories in height, for the accommodation of the Sabbath Schools, and for lectures and other services during the week.

This building, although a mere appendage to the North Church, yet as been the means of giving to t e main edifice its chief notoriety in later days.

This notoriety comes simply from the fact that the North Dutch Church attracted the attention of the public from the great success of the prayer meetings held there for the last several years. These meetings brought together the passers-by, the careless loungers, and the busy men of business. Within its walls conversions have been made that have snatched men from the very jaws of death and shame and restored them to society and to themselves.

After the demolition of the buildings on the same spot, a chapel is to be built, to commemorate the great successes that have been achieved in the cause of religion, and perpetuate, if perpetuation is necessary beyond the good done, the Fulton street Noon-Day Prayer Meeting.

MAGNESIUM.

THE metal magnesium is now extensively manufactured in this country and Europe. As we have large quantities of the native carbonate in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, we ought to be able to compete with England in this article. Various methods are used in its production: 600 parts chlorid of magnesium, 100 parts fused chlorid of sodium (or better, a mixture of 7 parts chlorid of sodium and 6 parts chlorid of potassium), 100 parts pure pulverized fluorspar are to be intimately mixed, and to the mass 100 parts sodium in fragments added, and the mixture projected into a hot crucible and covered. After the first energetic decomposition has passed, the fused mass must be stirred. The magnesium will be gathered in globules, and can easily be separated from the slag. It is afterward purified by downward distillation. The metal can be drawn into fine wire, and is now extensively used as a source of light in photography. Two ounces of magnesium will produce a light during 10 hours equal to that afforded by 74 stearine candles, or 3 to the pound, consuming 20 pounds of stearine.

The Boston Magnesium Company produce the metal in quantities, and some enterprising photographer ought to take pictures cheaply at night. By means of the magnesium light, the drawing-rooms of private houses, with the family sitting around the table reading or with their work, a family group can readily be taken. For microscopic photographs the magnesium wire is more available than the sun, inasmuch as it is always ready.



REMOVAL OF BODIES FROM THE VAULTS OF THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH, CORNER OF FULTON AND WILLIAM STREETS, NEW YORK.

THE GHOST ON THE RIVER.

I have just risen from a bed of sickness, and I take up my pen, as soon as I am able to hold it, to commit to writing the events of one afternoon, while they are still vividly impressed on my mind. Not that I think they will ever fade from my memory; but it is a relief to me to tell my story. I will tell it simply as it occurred to me, without comment; that I leave to those who may chance to read what I have written. And even if I tried, what comment could I make? What occurred is still to my mind unexplained—incapable of explanation. I have thought over it, I have caught eagerly at what I fondly hoped was a clue, but before I could follow it, it has broken and left me as lost as ever. I have tried to doubt the reality of my impressions, to persuade myself that I was the victim of some delusion. But as far as I can trust to my senses, what I saw, felt, and heard, was real—real to me, though concealed by a mysterious influence from some of those around me, and to others only partially revealed.

"Chelsea, and all the piers up," bawled the old man at the Temple Pier, as a steamer came up to the landing stage.

"At last!" exclaimed indignantly a voice near me; "I've been waiting for twenty minutes!"

"You can't expect always to be served first," said the old man, sarcastically adding as a vent for his feelings, "Temple Bar, Chelsea, and all the piers. Stand back, ladies, stand back; let the passengers land first, if you please," he went on, as a lady in black passed, and tried to get on board.

I was keeping close to this lady; she had walked down Essex street before me, and had passed the little hut where the man who gives the tickets sits, without stopping.

"Take your ticket here, ma'am. Hi! hi!" called the man, thrusting himself half through the window of his box, and trying to attract the attention of the lady who had passed. But she walked quietly on, and seemed not to hear him.

"Pimlico," I said, putting twopence on the sill.

"Would you tell that lady in black to come back and take her ticket?"

I promised I would do so, and followed the lady to the landing stage. I found her seated on the bench at the foot of the steps, her eyes fixed on the river, and her hands clasped. Her dress, a black merino, fitted her slight and singularly graceful figure to perfection. Her veil was up, and her face, which was rather pale, wore an expression of melancholy, which, in my eyes at least, did not detract from its exquisite beauty. I went up to her.

"I was asked to remind you," I said, "that you have neglected to take a ticket."

"You are mistaken," she said somewhat coldly; "I have one."

"Then I must apologize for troubling you," I replied, bowing; "but it is not my mistake, and you, I hope, will absolve me from all intention of rudeness?"

She bowed stiffly and said:

"Certainly; we will say no more about it."

Her eyes fell again on the river, as it swirled and foamed past the piles of the new embankment. I followed them. They were fixed on a piece of paper, which danced and tumbled on the muddy water. She stared after it till it was whirled out of sight. I remained still standing by her side; there was a strange fascination in her look and manner.

"Do you know what time it is?" she asked, turning to me. I was surprised at her addressing me of her own accord, after the cold manner in which she had repelled my previous attempts at explanation. I told her it was five-and-twenty minutes past three.

"Then I have five minutes to wait. The Chelsea boat will reach this pier at half-past three."

"You seem to be accurately informed," I said.

"Nine years ago," she said, in a weary voice, "the Chelsea boat passed this pier at that time."

"That's a long time to remember," I said, laughing.

She turned and laid her soft white hand upon my arm, as if to impress her words on me. "This very day, nine years ago, I left this pier by the boat, which started at half-past three."

"Nine years ago," I said, "you must have been a child."

She shook her head. "I was a woman, with a woman's thoughts, and more than a woman's troubles." Her cheeks were flushed, and her hands clenched tightly together. There was something very strange about her.

"Yes," she went on, excitedly, "we were together, I and he. He who was more than a husband to me—and less," she added in a low voice, glancing at her ungloved hand. There was no ring. She spoke more wildly now, and her voice was louder. "He had spoken words to me, such as I had never heard before, such as I could not bear. And I stood here under the bright heaven, with the merry earth all about me, and the golden river glistening in the afternoon sun, and one heart beating near me, which loved me more than all the world beside." She caught hold of my arm and clutched it. I had shrunk from her—the woman was mad. "I stood here," she continued, in a calmer tone, "and vowed a wicked vow: that I would shut myself out from the bright heaven and the merry earth, and would break the one heart which loved me more than all the world. I went and leaned on the bulwarks, and looked over into the river; he came and spoke to me, but my heart was hard and I would not hear him. I shuddered as we passed under Westminster Bridge, for it felt cold and dark there like the grave. And, as we shot out again into the bright sunlight, I jumped on to the bulwarks, and plunged into the river. I heard his cry of agony as I fell, and he jumped in after me. I soon felt his strong arms round me, but I clung about his neck and dragged him down. Twice he struggled to escape, but I pressed him close and closer. I could not die alone. We sank the last time. The tide washed us up and down, but my arms were still about his neck, and my face was close to his. They found us days afterward by the Erith marshes, locked in each other's arms."

I shrank from her. Her fingers relaxed their hold, and she released my arm.

"Days!" I murmured; "it could not be—you would have been drowned."

"We were drowned," she said, quietly. The woman was mad or I was dreaming. I looked round at the river, at the boats; I heard the thud of the hammers as they drove in the piles of the embankment; I bit my lips; I touched her dress to assure myself that I was awake. I looked at her—she was still there; she had relapsed into her old position. The color had faded from her cheeks, her eyes were fixed upon the river, and her hands were clasped.

"Chelsea, and all the piers," shouted the old man, and I turned to the boat. The lady in black was before me, and as I reached the deck of the steamer, and the clock on the Westminster tower boomed out the half-hour, she turned and looked at me. The boat was punctual to-day as it had been nine years before.

I followed her closely on board, impelled by a strange fascination I could not explain; which I struggled against, but was unable to overcome. The sun was shining brightly, and the river danced and sparkled in the afternoon light. There was the busy hum of life all around me. The splash of the paddles, the cries of the lightermen, the whistle of the engine as the train crossed over the new bridge at Hungerford—all the varied sights and noises of the river on a summer's day were present, to impress on me the reality of what was going on around me. But as I stood there on the deck of the steamer, I felt as one who has turned back the pages of his life, and sees and hears once more sights and sounds he dimly remembers to have seen and heard long ago. I felt as when, a child, I caught sight suddenly of my own reflection in the glass; and at that sight, the memory of what had been in times long passed seemed just about to return to me, till the very effort of thinking shattered the image which was being formed, and left me grasping the fragments of a memory.

I looked toward the shore. The old man was standing with his eyes fixed on his companion, an expression almost of terror on his face.

"She's on board," he whispered hoarsely to one of the crew, who was standing by the paddle-box, as he stooped and unhitched the rope from a hook on the landing-stage.

The man did not answer, but looked rapidly round the boat. At last his eye fell on my companion, and remained fixed on her with an earnest gaze, which showed she was the object of his search.

Once more I think over what I then saw, to try if a shade of doubt lurks in my mind as to the reality of what took place. No, I heard the words the old man uttered as distinctly as I now hear the scratching of my pen upon the paper. Nor did I merely passively receive their sense, I acted on them. I stepped toward the paddle-box to question him, but before I had time to reach it, the boat forged ahead and we were off. For a few moments, as the fresh breeze first cooled my temples, I seemed to shake off the spell which bound me to her who had confided to me that strange story. I walked forward, I struggled to get as far from her as I could. But then the thought of her delusion, of what she might attempt were there no one there to prevent her, came upon me with redoubled force. It was my duty to protect her, to see that she did not attempt to act in earnest the story she had told me.

I found her seated on one of the centre benches in her old position, looking dreamily at the river, never moving, never speaking. I stood near her. There were few passengers on board, and of them none seemed to notice the beautiful girl who was quietly sitting apart, apparently absorbed in thought. She walked to the side. I followed; I could not, I must not leave her. She leaned on the bulwarks, and watched the water foaming from the paddle-wheel.

She looked up into my face and spoke quickly:

"Would you try to save me if I fell into the river?"

"I cannot swim," I said, evading the question. I felt more convinced than ever that her mind was wandering; I must keep close to her. I could, at all events, prevent her jumping overboard; though if she once succeeded in that, I could be of no use. As I leaned there by her side looking down upon the water, it suddenly occurred to me that some of the crew of the steamer must know her. The words spoken by the old man at the Temple Pier evidently referred to my companion, and the man to whom he had spoken had asked no explanation of them. I had now a chance of leaving her without her incurring much danger—for she was seated again in the old place and the old position, absorbed in thought. I walked to the stern and spoke to the man who was steering.

"Do you know that lady in black?" I asked, pointing to the place where she was sitting. He looked at me rather strangely, I thought, but said nothing. I repeated my question.

"That lady in black with the red shawl?" he said; "no, I don't."

"No, no; the lady in black next to her, all in black."

He looked again, and then answered, sharply, "There ain't no lady in black there at all. Mustn't speak to me, sir—it's against the rules."

I had followed his eyes. He had looked straight to the place where she was sitting, but he had not seen her. Once again the veil seemed lifted from the past, and I saw what had happened long ago. The vision flashed across my brain and was gone; but so quickly that I could not retain it, and even the memory of what it was perished with it.

I was turning to find another of the crew, when I saw that the lady had left the seat where she had been sitting, and was again leaning over the bulwarks. It would not be safe, I felt, to leave her there alone, so I gave up my project for the present and joined her.

We were steaming close by the scaffolding of the new embankment, a strong tide was running out, and the yellow river foamed and splashed round the piles. My companion smiled as she watched it, a happy childish smile. The boat stopped at Westminster, she never moved, and I dared not leave her; she clung to the bulwarks, and gazed more earnestly than ever at the water. "You had better sit down," I said, wishing to get her away from the side.

"No—the time will soon come now."

"Do you get out at Lambeth?"

"Before."

"There is no pier between this and Lambeth."

She smiled a strange sweet smile. Her mind was running on that delusion of hers, that fantastic story of her suicide nine years ago. We were nearing the place where she said it had taken place; I must watch her closely. When we got to Lambeth I could appeal to the crew, to the passengers—would have her removed from the boat, and restored to the keeping from which she must have escaped.

The boat started; slowly it forged ahead under Westminster Bridge, and as the sunlight was shut out, and the dark cold arch stretched over us, I thought of her simile. It was like the grave, and I shuddered. I saw her shudder, too.

I tried to speak to her, but I could not; I went close to her, I almost held her. The boat shot out again into the sunlight; this was the time she had spoken of. I tried to grasp her dress, but my hand refused to move; I could not speak; I could not stir. With one bound she was on the bulwarks, and had plunged headlong into the river. I did not pause for one moment; without a thought I yielded to the irresistible impulse which seemed to force me to follow her. I dashed into the water after her—I sank—the water hissed and bubbled in my ears. I stretched out my hands vaguely, for I could not swim; they touched something; it was her dress. I drew her toward me. I felt her arms twine round me, and press me tight and tighter as we sank. Then for the first time the thought occurred to me of risk to myself. I should be drowned. I struggled to escape, but she held me firmly; I tried to push her from me, but she pressed me close and closer. I was being suffocated, her arms strangled me, and her weight dragged me down. We were still sinking, my strength was failing me, and I struggled more feebly. A rush of roaring, hissing water, a sense of utter darkness, and I remember no more.

* * * * * *

I was in bed when I woke again to consciousness; I felt weak and faint; I lay still with hardly the power of thought. Gradually the whole of what had taken place on that afternoon came back to me, clearly and distinctly as I remember it now.

"Is she saved?" I murmured, more as an echo to my own thoughts than as a question; for I did not know that there was any one in the room.

"Hush!" said a kind voice by my bedside, and a grave, middle-aged man took my hand. He felt my pulse: "Hush!" he said; "the fever has left you; you must not speak."

"Is she saved?" I asked again; "I must know."

He shook his head, but did not answer; he turned to a woman, who was sitting in the window

"The fever is gone," he whispered; "but he is wandering still. You must take great care of him."

"I am not wandering," I said, impatiently; "I only ask if the woman I jumped in after was saved?"

"She was not," said the doctor. "Now keep quiet; everything depends on that."

But as he looked to the nurse, I saw him shrug his shoulders. I was not satisfied. As I got gradually stronger, I tried to question the nurse as to the fate of the unfortunate woman, but I could get no information from her. She seemed almost frightened when I mentioned the subject; so I gave up asking her any questions, being determined that when I could get about, I would make inquiries for myself.

Many times, while I lay on my sofa, still weak from the effects of my illness, did I recall the incidents of that afternoon. Many times did the face of that poor girl return, haunting me with its exquisite beauty. I have tried to think how it was, that, knowing my own helplessness in the water, without one moment's hesitation I plunged in after her. The impulse on which I acted was sudden and irresistible; an impulse the effect of a cause unknown to me, and which, in all probability, I shall never know.

I was now nearly well, and was sitting up, turning lazily over some old volumes of the *Illustrated London News*. I was tired of the pictures, and was glancing through some short paragraphs of gossip, when the following lines caught my eye:

"Death on the River.—A few days ago two bodies, one of a lady and the other of a gentleman, were picked up by some lightermen off the Erith marshes. It appears that the deceased got on board a Chelsea steamboat on the 1st of this month. Soon after the boat had passed under Westminster Bridge the lady jumped overboard, and the gentleman immediately followed her. Neither of them ever rose again. Advertisements have been inserted in several papers, as the deceased were evidently in a respectable position in life, but the bodies have not yet been claimed. The lady was dressed altogether in black, and was of singular beauty."

I read it over again. I looked at the date of the paper. It was the very month, nine years ago. It was the very day—the 1st of the month. What strange fate was it that had thus thrown in my way a confirmation of that story which I had persuaded myself originated only in the brain of a mad-woman? Again I questioned the reality of what had happened—again I tried to think I had been the victim of some delusion. No; to me at least the events of the afternoon were real; my memory reproduced them all with minute particularity. How I had been saved, my kind doctor had told me; of the risk I had incurred there could be no doubt.

The first time I was able to leave my room, I hastened to make inquiries. I may say at once I met with no success. I questioned the crew of the steamer, and what passengers I could find, but to no purpose. They shook their heads; no lady had been seen to jump overboard. The old man at the Temple Pier was hardly more communicative; he had observed no lady particularly on that day; he did remember a lady jumping overboard, and a gentleman jumping in after her; he was then one of the crew of the steamer, it was a Chelsea boat. The gentleman and lady were both drowned, and their bodies were washed ashore, he believed, on the Erith marshes; but more than this he could not, or would not say. And with this I am obliged to rest satisfied.

LA SONNAMBULA.

The country between St. Nazaire and Vannes is neither beautiful nor interesting. Sombre forests of fir, stretching over mile after mile of undulating plain, and seldom varied by the appearance of a peasant's cottage or the mansion of a Breton noble, oppress the eye and fatigue the mind to such a degree that the wearied traveler is fain to turn his attention to the inside of the carriage, should he be unlucky enough to journey by the jog-trot railway that runs through this desert. There is not even excitement at the stations—in fact, excitement of any sort is discouraged by the paternal Government of France. It is unhealthy—it disturbs the mental equilibrium of the people; wherefore the utmost regularity of thought and action is produced by a discreet system of national education, which is just as visible at railway stations as elsewhere. You are not allowed, for instance, to walk up and down the platform—the impatience and suspense might produce agitation; you are, therefore, cooped up in an apartment according to the class whereby you travel; the train is placed so that its first-class, second-class, and third-class carriages are directly opposite these respective apartments, and at a given moment the doors are opened, and you are propelled into your proper place in the train, under the superintendence of several *sergents-de-ville*. So that in traveling through the country there is not even variety met with at these halting-places. You glide into the empty station, suddenly the doors are thrown open, in scramble a few Breton peasants, and away you go again, through the interminable forests of fir.

For fellow-travelers I had a lady and gentleman of uncertain age—the latter might be about 35; the former was good-looking, which ought to obviate all speculations as to years. They were not married, for he seemed particularly courteous and attentive to her; they were not brother and sister, for they were utterly unlike each other. I concluded them to be simply friends, or perhaps prospective husband and wife. The gentleman was somewhat reserved; answered her inquiries kindly but curtly; and seemed more amused than interested by her remarks. But how shall I describe the admirable manner—the ever-varying beauty, the brilliant, witty, bashful and simple conversation of his younger friend? The artless grace of her every movement was pretty and perplexing as the motions of a squirrel; she was constantly changing in her look, in her mood, even in the attitudes she formed; while in her casual observations there were such subtle drolleries, such unconscious shrewdness and humor, that the longer you listened the more you were charmed.

She dropped her glove.

I picked it up; and this little circumstance made us friends.

From a few words of thanks, she proceeded to remark upon the weather, then upon the country, upon the Breton populace, upon the French, upon the English, and their barbarous customs. She was indescribably engaging; she laughed and chatted, grew serious, and abruptly darted again into comedy; teased her companion for his austerity and reticent smiles; and gave herself such pretty airs and graces, that one could have fancied her a child of thirteen. She asked me if I had seen "Le Drac" when in Paris; if I had read the last new novel burlesquing the English; then hummed an air from the last page of the *Journal du Dimanche*—a very un-Sunday-like magazine which she held in her hand.

"It is a pretty air, is it not, Monsieur? The music is by Mme. Dentu, the words by Emile Cottenet. Listen:

'La coquette Micheline
Doit épouser mon cousin,
Aussi va-t-il ce matin
Jusqu'à la ville voisine
Acheter en magasin
Pour le grand jour, j'imagine
Le voile de mousseline
Avec les bijoux d'or fin.
Oh! oh! Michelette,
Est bien coquette.
Pauvre cousin,
Pauvre cousin,
Que je plains pas ton destin.'

"The poor lover, monsieur, returns with the jewels, and Michelinette runs off to the mirror, without even thanking him. She is so engaged in judging of their effect that she seems to forget even his presence, and in his eye there burns a tear—alas, monsieur, he weeps!—

'Mais elle a vu son chagrin,
Et remettant dans l'écrin
La parure qui la charme:
Ami, reprends ces bijoux,
Dignes, ma foi, d'une reine;
Et, puisque je t'ai fait peine
Le me mets à tes genoux.
Non, non, Michelinette,
N'est pas coquette,
Heureux cousin,
Heureux cousin,
Ne plains pas ton destin.'

So it is all over, and they are happy. You English

have no such little quarrels, such pleasant reconciliations; you are always the same—cold, formal, methodical. I think if I married an Englishman I should tease him to death."

"And who would not desire such a fascinating method of quitting life?"

"Ah, monsieur, you flatter me! But what I reverence in these English is their power, their grandeur, their great wealth. They are all rich—all very rich, are they not?"

Despite the charming simplicity with which the question was asked, I was obliged, in reply, to suggest that in England I knew of one or two people who might be richer, with no great detriment to themselves.

"Why, you can carry fortunes on your fingers, in your waistcoat-pockets, in your purses. Will monsieur think me rude if I ask to see his ring?"

At once the diamond was in her possession, and with quite an infantine curiosity did she examine it. She then passed it to her companion, whose attention had already been fixed upon it while it was yet on my finger.

"You will think us monsters of rudeness, monsieur," said he; "but English workmanship is quite a novelty to us. The quaint figuring around the stone, for example, is purely northern. I presume monsieur has also an English watch?"

"Of the eighteenth century," said I, "an heirloom in our family."

"What a treasure!" he replied, with more vivacity than he had hitherto revealed. "Would monsieur have the goodness—?"

They were no less delighted with the watch, and insisted on my opening it to show its internal construction and the jewels which it contained. The back of the watch was also admired, with its quaint carving, and likewise its precious stones, which were more readily visible than those beside. The gentleman leaned back in his seat, as though somewhat ashamed of having exhibited this curiosity, while the young lady remained as lively as ever, and continued her conversation during the rest of the journey.

Toward evening we entered the town of Vannes, the capital of the department of Morbihan. I pitched my traveling-case into the first omnibus that presented itself, which happened to be that belonging to "Hôtel du Dauphin;" and I observed that my lady friend was also about to enter the same vehicle, when her companion made a slight gesture, and continued the conversation.

"Which hotel?" he inquired of the conductor.

"Hôtel du Dauphin, monsieur."

He remained in the omnibus.

"There is the "Hôtel de la Croix Verte," he remarked to his companion, "and the 'Hôtel de France.'"

"*Le voiex—par ici, monsieur?*" cried another conductor, with an expressive motion of the hand, and courteous inclination of the body.

The lady terminated the little debate by a slight shrug of the shoulders at her companion's hesitation; then, giving the conductor her small quantity of luggage, stepped into the omnibus, and we were all driven off to the Hôtel du Dauphin. Having taken apartments, and ascertained that the *table-d'hôte* was fixed for half-past five, we took advantage of the intervening hour to ramble through the quaint old streets of the town, and admire its extraordinary domestic architecture.

All this time I had been unable to discover the names of my companions; she only called him Louis; he addressed her sometimes as Denise—oftener as mademoiselle. As our acquaintance had begun without the usual English preliminaries of formal introduction or card-presenting, they were no wiser as regarded myself: nevertheless, we were soon on the most amicable terms, and our walk through the town was rendered doubly agreeable by the casual observations with which we greeted every fresh object of interest.

And of these there were plenty. The uneven, narrow, straggling streets were full of an old-fashioned, picturesque beauty. The projecting second-stories of the houses, adorned with grotesque wooden carving and full-length figures of saints, the open casements of green glass covered into diamond panes, the ancient walls of the town, the grass-covered fosse of the Tour du Connétable, the venerable and stately proportions of the cathedral, altogether presented an admirable picture of a feudal town of the middle ages, and only required the introduction of a few long-haired, hollow-featured, and strangely-dressed peasants, to add to it a thorough Breton character. Mademoiselle Denise was enraptured with these quaint characteristics of a former age. She seemed to have little acquaintance with the manners or appearance of the Bretons; and from object was matter for fresh wonder, and our walk was incidentally delightful.

She was not quite so pleasant when we returned to dine. She was the only lady present at the *table-d'hôte*; but she conversed freely, even when the subject of conversation became general. In fact, at one point, she led the conversation to that which had begun our acquaintance—the subject of watches, and, in fact laughing way, said if the gentlemen who were present would produce their watches, there would no two of them be found to agree in time.

"And a gentleman always prides himself upon the correctness of his watch," she added, with a playful look.

"Ah, mademoiselle," said one gentleman, "you compel me to contradict you. My friend's watch is perceptibly the same as my own."

Her comparison laughed; but she insisted that she was right, and refused to believe it, until the gentleman politely handed her both watches.

"There is one second in difference, monsieur; I swear it!" she cried, with the greatest glee, "and I am right after all."

"You are rude, Denise," said her friend; "let me return these gentlemen their watches."

"He spoils me, monsieur," she said to me, "and then reproaches me. Is he not cruel, then—a savage? Behold, therefore, how he glares!"

The glaring savage was at that moment engaged in drying his mustache after having taken a draught of *vin rouge*, and neither in action or in manner did he seem very terrible.

After dinner, having some letters to write to England, I bade my new friends good-night, and left them to converse together. I could see that Mademoiselle Denise had been most particular in arranging, for the following day, an excursion to the Castle of Suscinio and to Sarzeau, the birthplace of the author of "Gil Blas." Considerably before midnight I was fast asleep beneath the soft, thick coverlets and large pillows, which form the upper clothing of a Breton bed.

It could have been but a short time thereafter that I was awakened by a slight noise; so very slight, in fact, that it still remains a mystery to me how I should have heard it. When I opened my eyes I found the room filled with bright moonlight, which was streaming in through the casement, and drawing shadows of the bars on the floor and bed. I was about to close my eyes again, and address myself to sleep, when my attention was arrested by the evident movement of the door, which stood open to the right of the bed. It was certainly no miracle that it should open—for I never built bedroom doors or shutters; but when travelling I like that it should be opened at that time of night was certainly surprising.

Gradually I perceived the distance between the door and the wall become less; and judge of my astonishment when I distinctly observed a white figure appear—the figure of a woman—the whole person, without even the power to look at me. I need not pretend to say I was not frightened; the lonely house, the stillness of the night, the moonlight falling through the window, combined to make this vision a horror which chilled the blood in my veins, and made my heart beat painfully. But how thoroughly wretched by the apparition, I shook aside the vague impressions produced on the mind when in a state of semi-consciousness, and as I sought with a severe scrutiny to fix my eyes upon the face of this woman, I recognized, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the features of Mademoiselle Denise.

Judge of my astonishment when I made the discovery! And there could be no details about it. As she turned her face to the moonlight, the clear definition of her outline was sufficient proof, had proof been required. There were the same well-cut lips, the straight nose, the high but narrow forehead, even the dark gray eyes, which had grown familiar to me during the comparative necessity of the previous dozen hours. She was dressed in white, as I said; but this loose outer garment seemed only to be thrown over a darker garment, and in fact I should have thought her dressed as usual, with the addition of this loose white robe. Her feet, as was afterward observed, were bare, and her long fair hair hung down behind, until it almost reached her waist. Perhaps it was the striking resemblance to the "Ondine" or heroine of "La Somnambule" that first suggested to me a solution of this seemingly inexplicable mystery; and as I drew nearer to the door, certainly, I was convinced of the correctness of my supposition. She was either an habitual somnambulist, or had been attacked by one of the fits of somnambulism. The more I became assured of this fact the greater became my desire to avert the awkwardness and unpleasantness of her being discovered in such a painful situation; but casting over the chances of the matter in my mind, I came to the resolution of allowing her to do as she pleased, thinking that she would in a few minutes return to her own room, and the whole affair remain unknown to every one but myself.

So far as I could observe, her eyes were open; and on her first entrance into the room she had fixed them upon me, with a vacant, glassy stare, utterly devoid of recognition or intelligence. In the pale, dim moonlight, this mechanical return of the eyes was exceedingly unpleasant; but I strove to look upon it simply as the result of a physical ailment. Slowly, noiselessly, she then stepped past the table on which I had approached the small dressing-table which stood at the window. Her back was thus turned toward me; and it was only at intervals that I could observe her motions. She seemed to be examining the various articles which were scattered about the table, or hanging from the sides of the mirror. Presently I heard her repeat, in a low clear voice, these lines from the Prayer-book, which the good landlord had left in the room:

"Qui dit au soleil cesse la terre,
D'éclairer tout homme et tout lieu?
Qui dit aux étoiles, versez votre clarté?
O mes enfants, c'est Dieu!

"Le bleuet et le ciel soupirent,
Pour savoir si la nuit ou bien le jour
Qui verdit l'émeraude et l'herbe?
O mes enfants, c'est Dieu!

"Qui donne au bosquet son embrage?
Et quand l'oiseau chantera matin,
Qui dit à l'aube, ouvre ton voile?
O mes enfants, c'est Dieu!"

She replaced the book on the table, and continued her investigations among the other articles lying about. She took a long blue scarf, which I had hung over the mirror, and, throwing it over her head in the form of a turban, stood to contemplate in the glass the picture she represented. A slight gesture was sufficient to show how easily it could be conceived. The moonlight lent a pallor to her face, which otherwise her healthy complexion would certainly have prevented; and the ghastly whiteness, coupled with the long white garment she wore, looked almost hideous as contrasted with the bold blue covering which she had assumed, and, as I supposed, placed it on the table.

Still retaining the novel head-dress she had so ingeniously constructed, she seemed to take an inventory of my jewelry, which was likewise placed in front of the mirror. My watch, which hung from one of the dangling knobs at the side of the glass, she detached, and held to her ear, with the manner of a child.

"Chick! chick!" I heard her murmur; "*mon Dieu, quelle vitesse!*"

I recognized in this exclamation the same artlessness which had characterized her conversation during the day, and it forcibly reminded of the schoolboy who boasted to his playmate that "he had got such a splendid watch;—such a magnificent watch! he would wager it would go faster than any watch, clock, or time-piece in the town!"

Mademoiselle Denise seemed to be in no hurry to depart, and my suspense was momentarily becoming greater. What the consequences might be of her suddenly awaking from this physical stupor I dared not imagine.

I had heard of cases in which the somnambulist had been wounded to consciousness only to fall dead on the spot.

And there were many reasons why this strange affair should be known; to the lady herself the mortification consequent upon her being told of it, would, I knew, be inexpressible.

In a few minutes, however, I was greatly relieved by observing her unwind from her head my scarf, which she hung over the mirror in the same way which she hung over the mirror in the same way. Then she looked once or twice at her watch, and laid it down with a slight shrug, as though the watch she demanded to see last night at table. He observes not this—he fails asleep—but, presuming he has examined my watch, but speaks not. Ah, well, monsieur, he expects to meet her, but she comes not; we go to awake them; they are gone, their apartments are empty; they have fled, monsieur!"

"Who is the gentleman who has thus been robbed?"

"I, monsieur," replied one of their number, stepping forward with a slight smile which was very appreciative.

"And I also," I said, endeavoring to look quite as unconcerned, "have the honor to be your fellow-sufferer."

"You, monsieur!" cried they all, having never imagined that besides the unlucky traveler and the landlord there was still another victim.

"Mademoiselle also carries off my watch, chain, ring, and some other little trifles. But what then? If myself, as lover? mademoiselle is pleased, and we are too gallant to refuse her any enjoyment."

"Mon Dieu, what strange!" exclaimed the gentleman, with much doubt, French, thus to smile in misfortune."

"I can assert thing possible," said another, with a shrug, "for mademoiselle and her friend seem to have had excellent plans, and by this time will be beyond all pursuit."

"With my plate," groaned the landlord, "and with the honor of my hotel. Monsieur, am I not a poor unfortunate?"

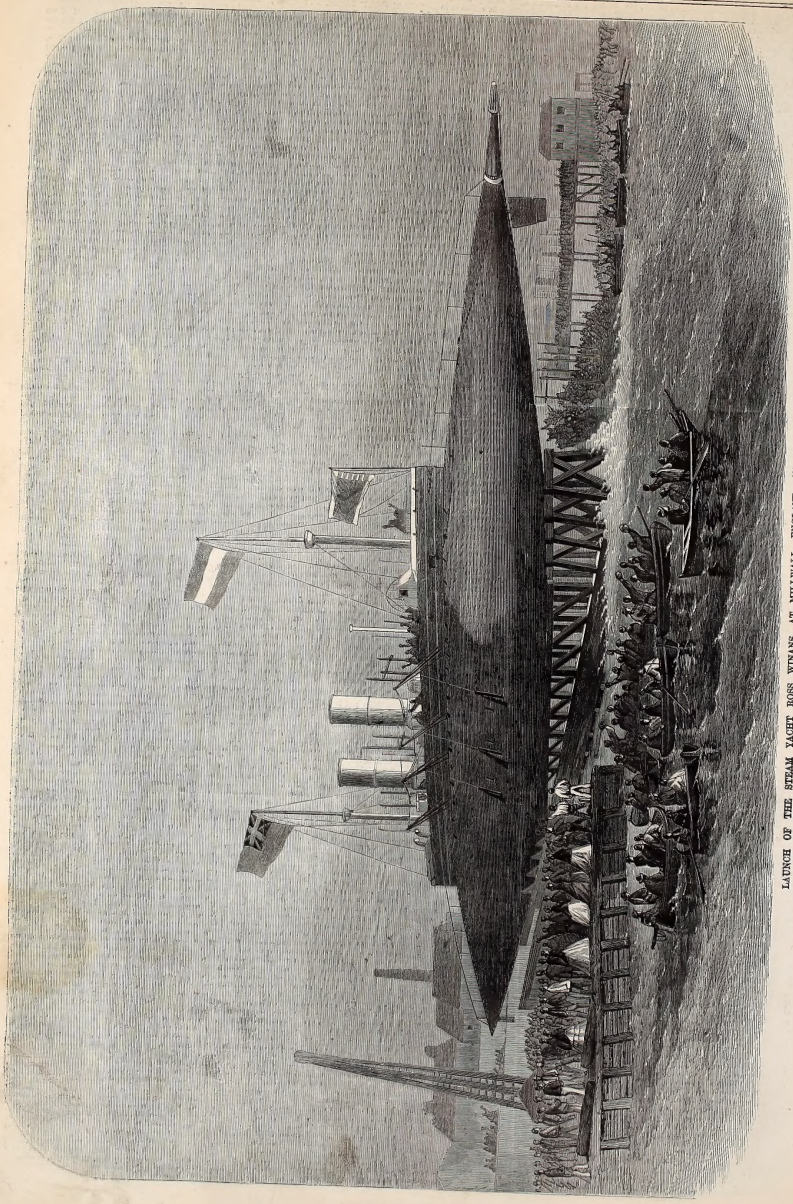
Certainly M. Dutoit looked sufficiently unhappy; nevertheless he at once prepared to rush off to the Prefet, and this commenced the search. For myself, I resigned myself to fate and a French breakfast; judging that I should hear but little further of Mademoiselle Denise or her friend Louis. My judgment was correct; in spite of the utmost official vigilance, nothing more was heard of the mysterious couple who thus suddenly from a painful habit which was even more awkward to others than to herself.

HIPPOPOTAMUS

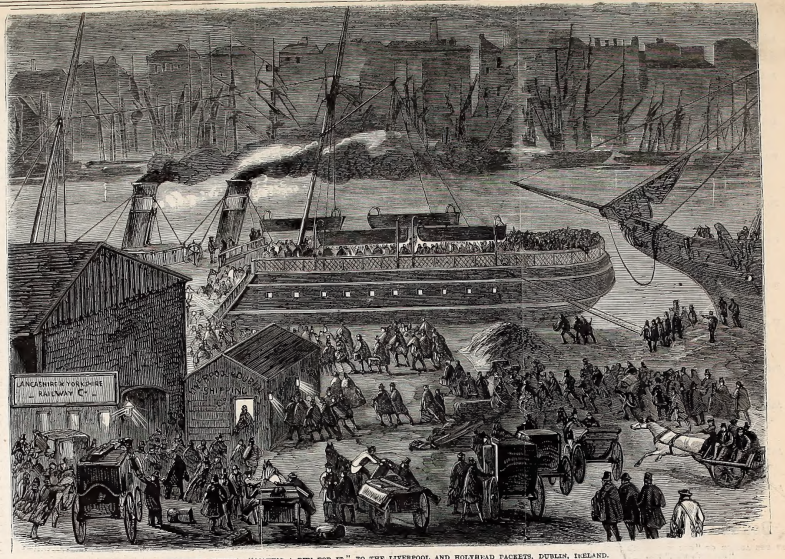
Washing Clothes on the Nile.

The Ethiopian Nile is very beautiful—its broad, clear current flowing between banks of the most brilliant green vegetation, backed by palm groves and fields of sugar-canes. These soon give way to graceful mountain ranges. Here, when the sun had gone down, and the wind fallen, leaving the glassy river to glisten with the perfume of the bean-blossom, the traveler would moor his boat to the luxuriant western shore, and choosing a sandy nook, would beach a kelp pot on the plains, spread his carpet and cushions on the fine soft warm sand of the shelving river bank. Here the evening would quietly wane away, the sun casting round a fire of withered palm-leaves and branches of mimoses, their white turbans and slender dark figures, and the sweet gossip of the boatmen, while into the willing ear of the traveler, his servant would, might utter night, pour long strings of Arabian Nights' and Arabian Nights' amusement stories; varying them by more solemn converse on religion, in which both Christian and Mohammedan would agree that there was but one God, and that He was a merciful Father to all His children.

On this part of the river the hippopotamus was seen for the first time, or rather the head of one, which was quite enough, seeing it was a frightful brute: the head some three feet long, huge ear holes, hallowing to it: "How's your wife, old boy?" "Is your son married yet?" and other inquiries of a similar nature. This shapeless monster of a beast has a great reputation among the Arabs for sagacity. In illustration of this, they told the traveler that a woman being engaged one day in washing clothes in the fashion of the country, that is, laying them on smooth stones and then beating them with her feet, saw a huge hippopotamus watching her from the river. Presently he made for the shore; upon which she fled in a fright, leaving the clothes behind her. The brute quietly walked up to them, and imitating what he had seen her doing, "pounded" them so heavily with his own ponderous feet, that in a very short time they were all stamped to bits.



LAUNCH OF THE STEAM YACHT ROSS WINANS, AT MILLWALL, ENGLAND, ON 31st OF FEBRUARY.



SUSPECTED FENIANS "MAKING A RUN FOR IT" TO THE LIVERPOOL AND HOLYHEAD PACKETS, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

THE FENIAN MOVEMENT IN IRELAND.

From the relations of the Irish and English press, and from the letters of correspondents, we give a condensed account of all the Fenian movements in Ireland, and the means taken for their suppression up to the date of the sailing of the last steamer.

The Dublin police, under the authority of a general warrant from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, began the arrest of persons suspected of taking part in the Fenian conspiracy, the day on which the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act was passed by the Imperial Parliament at Westminster, the law being so far anticipated by the Irish Administration. The first taken into custody were mostly strangers to Dublin, who had been there for some time passed without any apparent employment, but were never in want of money, and lived at respectable hotels and lodging-houses in excellent style. These persons had been kept since their arrival under the close observation of the police, as it was suspected that they had come from America for no good purpose, their dress and general appearance showing that they had been residents at the other side of the Atlantic. Although it was expected in Dublin that the Habeas Corpus Act would be suspended, these men evidently did not think that they would be interfered with for at least a week, which would give them sufficient time to make their arrangements for departure. Some of them were in bed, others were dressing, and some were at breakfast when the police came on them by surprise; and when they asked what charge was against them, in no instance did they receive any reply. No time was given for communication with friends or associates, and as fast as the arrests were made the prisoners were hurried off to the nearest station-houses, where they were locked up without being even told why they were taken into custody. The second class of prisoners taken up on Saturday week were principally those who had been residing in the streets adjoining the South Liberties and who, like their friends dwelling in various hotels and lodging-houses elsewhere in the city, had no occupation but walking about, and seemed to be waiting for some event, whilst they had money enough for their livelihood and did not inquire for work. As the day advanced the arrests became more frequent and general, and from every direction prisoners, most of them well-dressed and respectable-looking men, were to be seen going to the various station-houses, where large numbers of the police were kept on reserve duty in case their services should be required. Thirty-seven of the number arrested in the city on Saturday week acknowledged that they were American subjects of Irish descent, and that they had served in the American army during the late war. Eight men of

(Continued on page 43.)



THE POLICE ARRESTING THE FENIAN COUNCIL IN PILSWORTH'S TAVERN, JAMES STREET, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

BEREFT.

BY J. B. SWETT

BOUNDING Ocean, stretched before me,
Night has thrown her mantle o'er thee,
And I ponder as I wander on thy pebbly shore to-night:

For remembrance haunts me ever,
With the form now gone forever,
And they float in shadowy semblance o'er my spell-bound spirit-sight.

To thy billows, as they glisten
In the moonlight, do I listen,
And I fancy, in their plashing, as they dash against the shore,
That I hear the tones of voices,
Mingled with their varied noises—
Voices sounding like the ones I loved to hear in days of yore.

Is it real, or is it seeming?
Do I hear, and am I dreaming?
Do I hear the songs of loved ones floating o'er the moonlit sea?
Are they spirits of the cherished
Ones, who long ago have perished,
Coming to commune with my sad heart, and be again with me?

It is but the ceaseless plashing
Of the waters, shoreward dashing,
But my fancy tunes the ocean to a deeper, sadder measure;
My breast
And as thus I seem to hear it,
From the depth of my tried spirit
Flows a tide of wild emotion that will not allow me rest.

Once I wandered by thee, Ocean,
With a joyous heart emotion—
For a trusting heart was mine to love—a voice was mine to cheer;
But beneath thy stormy billow,
Has he found a coral pillow,
And, by fancy only, in thy voice *his* whispered voice I hear.

Roll ye on, O waters, ever!
This, my heart, is crushed for ever!
And as temperate o'er thy roamy face, in night's calm and peace,
Sing the requiem of my spirit,
That my loved and lost may hear it,
As he lies in death, low down within thy great, mysterious deep.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR WATERMAN'S WARD," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER LXVIII.—THE REWARD.

WHILE the newspapers are thousands of breakfast-tables are filled with the particulars of the great trial just ended, and while a certain vague sense of dissatisfaction with the issue spreads through the minds of readers, in spite of the soporific doses administered as usual in leaders in support of the verdict, by writers who recognize as their supreme political and social law "whatever is, is right," and who therefore do their best to allay all manifestations of independent judgment, or a desire to measure things by "abstract" moral law, or natural and instinctive standards of right—while this transpiring on the surface of society through the length and breadth of the land, as the news of the verdict and of the details spread, there is a man whom the proceedings have made famous or infamous—it's all the same to him—who is stoutly trudging away from the alehouse where he has lived in a kind of half-secrecy during the trial.

He goes toward Dr. Pompess's house at Petersham, on business that makes him, wherever he thinks of it at all excitedly, which is not unseldom—take a little run, and enjoy himself over a sly laugh. He remembers that he has an attitude to preserve, as the "halderman's son-in-law" and avenger, that does not at all comport with such behavior. Bob accordingly when he comes lugubrious as an undertaker who expects every instant to meet a mlember of the "bereaved family" on whom he depends for his remuneration.

But he dimly and slowly becomes conscious of something unexplained going on in the public mind. Even in the alehouse over-night he might easily have found insult below the banter or chaff that was so plentiful, had he cared to do so. But he didn't: he only cared to keep the people about him all in a good humor as he could by making them eat and drink freely at his expense.

But now, as he is leaving the town, people stare at him with no friendly looks, from the door-steps or windows; and if he comes upon any little knot of men, they seem to take an odd pleasure in standing just where they are, in the very centre of the path, and compelling him to go outside, even though they open spontaneously to let anybody else past.

Sneers, jests, and irritating questions, put in a loud voice, for the whole neighborhood to hear, presently merge into more practical hostilities. Boys begin to throw mud, and even stones, without rebuke, except when the stones happen to hit, not Bob, but one of his companions. "Informer —informer!" is a wordsoften shouted after him. But, on the whole, Bob thinks if any of the "blackguards" had to get a thousand pounds, as he has, they wouldn't mind this; and so he won't.

Once fairly out of Hengston, he is left to himself, and he begins to speculate on how he had best spend the thousand pounds. Bob feels he is very much wiser, whatever other folks may say, than when he threw all his former fortune to the dogs. No more of that game! Catch him, No. This thousand pounds he'll invest, and he'll take good advice. Perhaps even that 'cute gent, Mr. Stamp, might'n't mind looking to it for him, if he paid him his commission.

So thinking, he got to Petersham, where he was very much annoyed, and a little alarmed, to discover that the doctor declined to see him, but sent out a message—he could go to Mr. Stamp if he liked, to whom the money had been transferred all funds remaining out of the money received from Mr. Sleuth.

Bob didn't like that. He vehemently suspected the doctor was trying to shirk payment. A pretty game for a gentleman, if that one his game! Bob felt the perspiration coming out on his face, at the mere thought that any one could be mean enough—a gentleman and a J. P., too—to rob a poor man of the natural reward of his industry.

While he stood outside the doctor's porch, wondering whether anybody would, at all events, remember how many miles he had come, and whether, after a walk of so many miles, they'd offer him a glass of ale and something to eat—while he was speculating, and feeling very hungry, he saw the servants collecting about him—the butler in his plain livery, and the surgeon footman, the groom, the lad's helper or two from the stables—and they seemed to be forcing back the maid-servants out of the way. Somehow, he didn't like their looks at all. So he suddenly took himself off, and heard a general roar of derision sent after him, as part of the reward.

"Oh, he knows well enough what we were getting ready for him!"

Bob didn't know anything of the kind, and was much too angry, and faint, and depressed, not to say terrified, to inquire. There was nothing for it now, but to trudge back the seven miles to Hut, but not bright sun, and the dry, stifling roads, which were detestable with clouds of dust, raised very quite and then in a moment by a wind, as if on purpose to make him (Bob) more miserable.

However, he got back to Hengston, worn out and foot-sore; and, as he saw he was becoming more than ever an object of attention, he hurried along, thoroughly ashamed and cowed, but at every increasing tail, and a very noisy tail, behind him, till he got to the lawyer's, and there he had to make a kind of fight, in which another or three mischievous-looking porcos stopping him, and turning him back upon the mob.

He got inside the lawyer's hospitable-looking, wide-open doors, and he clammed them to after him, before he remembered he must not take liberties with Mr. Stamp's place of business, and then after a brief delay, and he saw thankfully the tail was dispersing.

A clerk came to him, and asked his business.

"Dr. Pompess sent me," Bob said, confidentially, in answer—"Dr. Pompess, of Petersham, Justice of the Peace—and I've come to—to—receive the reward. I think that's the word."

"I will tell Mr. Stamp what you say," observed the clerk; and Bob thought the expression of his face was like a cat's, and very clear—a something between a sneer and a threat.

Bob wiped his brow, and reminded himself how he had stuck to the burglars, and how that had ended—in his getting a thousand pounds! Wouldn't he stick, then, to Mr. Stamp? Just wouldn't he stick to him, and do as he said and as he liked, he (Bob) would stick! That was the game. Never mind words—never mind bits of unpleasantness and rudeness! Stick to Stamp!

"Mr. Stamp is quite ready to see you, but he wishes me to give you fair warning that he is very much surprised that you should want to see him."

The clerk gave Bob the full benefit of this mysterious warning, and saw Bob turning a little. No matter. He responds gallantly to the assault.

"O' course I shall see him. I've come to see him—ain't I? Why shouldn't I see him—eh?"

"As you like," said the clerk. "This way."

Bob followed the clerk along a narrow dark passage, at the end of which his conductor opened a door, and revealed a light, large, and cheerful room, and Mr. Stamp sitting writing with his back to the fire, while Mr. Goaden was at a table busily writing to his employer's dictation.

Eh, Bob? that you? Sit down."

Such was Mr. Stamp's salutation, and Bob obeyed, thinking how much wiser it always was for a man of business to be civil to himself to bring his business to a prompt conclusion.

"I'm busy just now, Bob; but if you won't mind Mr. Goaden and me going on with our business I have in hand, I can listen to you at the same time."

This was charming, Bob thought. Of course, law was law; and a lawyer like Mr. Stamp knew that when a reward was offered and earned, it must be paid.

Again Bob's thoughts reverted to the ideal public-house and pretty bar-maid that was growing up in his mind, and he addressed himself to bring his business to a prompt conclusion.

To make clear the two currents in Mr. Stamp's speech, one addressed to Mr. Goaden, the other to Bob, we shall mark the former in italics.

"Now then, Bob, what is it?"

"Only the reward, Mr. Stamp," said Bob.

"Only the reward? Ha! true. *You finished aboutthe costs in Jarvis's case? Yes? Very well. Next, a warrant to be prepared instanter—any magistrate must convenient will do—*for the apprehension of *Leave Monk for the name.* The reward, Bob?—let me see. What was the amount?"

"A thousand pounds, Mr. Stamp."

"Large sum! *For the apprehension of (leave o blank), as an accessory before the fact, in the robbery of (blank).* Do you, Bob, consider yourself, now, entitled to this reward?"

"Of course I do, Mr. Stamp. Who else?"

"Who else? Very true. *Let it be an instruction to take advice from counsel as to whether even a charge for murder might not be substituted for the lesser charge, or the lesser introduced in a separate count, supposing a failure of the principal.* You have then, Bob, no sort of doubt as to the propriety and justice of this verdict?"

"Not a bit on it, Mr. Stamp."

"Well, I have myself doubt myself. *Go on, Goaden. An additional count must be prepared for the charge of perjury; for if Mr. Monks should, after all, prove to be innocent*—Don't mind our business, Bob. Go on with your own."

Bob, however, is staring at Goaden, and his pen, and his ink, and the sudden access of enlightenment truly terrible; and he tries to fancy he hasn't rightly heard; or has in some way misconceived; or, lastly, they are amusing themselves at his expense.

Pooh! what an idiot he is. It must be Dry and his pal they are going to try again, in order to get fresh facts. Of course, of course! What a confounded ass he's made a fool of himself by showing his fright.

"*Have you done so far, Goaden? Go on, then, to the next. Your evidence will be required to prove the share in the robbery. The open confession in court of having instigated the whole business, and the recommendations of the convicts, will be nearly all that is required.*"

"Hem! As—as you seem worry busy to-day, Mr. Stamp, perhaps I had better come to-morrow, or the day after that," observed Bob, in a strangely altered tone.

"Well, I don't mind deal candidly with you. *By-the-by, Goaden, I think you had better run over to the 'Fox and Grapes,' and ask if they know anything of the two gentlemen.* I rather think *he was to be there this morning. If you catch him, don't let him go till all is arranged, and he has signed a receipt in full.* Good-day, quick back."

Goaden hurriedly took up his papers, and went out, leaving Bob in no enviable frame of mind, to finish the business as he could.

"As I was saying, Bob, I must deal candidly with you, and, therefore, I decline positively to pay him a penny, or to advance you a single half-penny on any plea whatever, until the next few days have passed; and in that time, if—hem!—he is not convenient to see me again, you are quite at liberty, so far as I am concerned—hem! I mean so far as my individual wishes are concerned—to come and claim the reward. I think you will got a reward—indeed, Goaden and I are moving zealously in what we think your true interests—"

Mr. Stamp stopped, turned to poke the fire, again turned to finish his sentence, when lo! the place was empty, and Bob, down, declining to wait the return of Mr. Goaden.

With a dry cough, followed by something that was almost a sob, Bob left the poor Alchemy's fate had not just then suggested a sigh instead, Mr. Stamp went out into the passage, and there saw, in the open space in front of his house, Bob completely surrounded by a mob of yelling men, women, and children—mostly, however, women, and all of them shaking their fists and showing the face with fingers and nails as venomous as the claws of a wild beast, or tearing great handfuls of hair out of their heads. And when began to haul him along—a fighting, cursing, screaming, heaving mass of fingers—toward a pump.

Seeing at a glance that the lawyer thought he would walk *slowly* toward them, and thus he became witness to a remarkable incident.

The fury of the mob, as the mob growing with its own excesses, they became quite ungovernable when they saw Bob bleeding from his head, having used his fists freely at first, and his clothes dripping all over like a drowned rat; and Mr. Stamp then shouted in real indignant earnest to them to stop.

They heeded him no more than a whirlwind would have heeded him. Bob was panting—now on the ground, now on his feet—now yelling with anguish—now emitting feeble and inarticulate cries for mercy, for they threw mud into his mouth every time he tried to use him open it; when suddenly a youth appeared among them, who called out:

"Father! father! defend yourself!"

The word "father" made every one turn; and the mob stood awed in an instant by the startling apparition of a young man's face and face gleaming with passion, and his arms wielding a most tremendous thing—a scythe, namely. The youth stood Esau, flourishing a scythe, which he had caught up from the door of an ironmonger's close by, and which he was using in his age-strength by decreasing the general sense of his emotion and fury. The apparition was so formidable that they fell back, and left a wide-open passage by where Esau and his father presently stood face to face.

"There! take that thing back," cried Esau, as he threw down the ugly weapon in a manner to make the mob again retreat. "I only wanted you to know who it was that stopped you at this pretty work. Fifty against one—a noble fight, isn't it!"

The people did not reply, except by indirect murmurs and hums. They were aware of the relationship and antagonism of the pair, and seemed to feel not only that Esau was doing a natural and right thing, but that the sooner now they got out of this unpleasant business the better.

And so presently Mr. Stamp saw Esau and Bob go down a quiet lane, where there were no houses. And then the very sight of Esau, so engaged, seemed to quicken the steps and the purposes of the lawyer, for he hurried back to his office.

* * * * * * *

"Pretty treatment, ain't it, boy! I'll serve 'em out; and that lawyer, too, a lookin' on. I need him—a varmint! Don't say I ain't revenged for you, Esau. I'm going to get a thousand pounds soon, and then——"

"You mean is the price of *his* blood!?" demanded Esau.

With a mocking oath Bob expressed his notion that this was a contemptible view of the case, but Esau gave him little time to talk.

"Father, to save your life I have given you a home to-day that is to me so truly horrible to repeat—"

"Oh, there ain't much love lost, if it comes to that," retorted Bob.

"Will you listen, when you know it is for the last time? I have but now again given you that name, in the hope to say that it may serve you. From standing-where you put *him*. Go away! I cannot bear to do while you can—for your hours are numbered."

"Will you make 'em pay me the money? and then I'll show you what wings is. Will you insinivate to 'em as I must have the blunt?"

"No."

"Then I stick like a leech to the last."

"Yes. This is but what I expected—was prepared for. I, too, have no time for talk. Help-less as I am, I must go on to watch, hour by hour, the progress of your villainous handiwork. Well, perhaps it is best. I used to find it hard to forget, at some chance times, who and what you were, and how different our relations might have been. I used to feel a coward in your presence, because I could not help thinking of such things. But all that is over now. Not because you are poor. I could kneel to you this moment and worship you, if you were my true father—I, however, know it were possible for me to either love you or respect you. Nay, I could almost feel myself one of the most fortunate of men if you were anything but what you are—one of the very basest creatures that ever walked this earth; so wicked, that I, too, grow wicked in my own thinking of you, and of our common blood. Oh, merciful Heaven! how am I to be forgiven while I know that I abhor you? I did not mean to say this. You make me. All your brutal treatment of me in my childhood—all the cruelty you showed to my mother, after running her—these things were so notorious. But now you finish well: you have driven my only friend, Simmons the headsman to the felon's dock, and you will drive him, if you can, to the gallows, and drink his very blood in the gold wrung from his own and other victims of your unparalleled infamy! I have no more words for you than to say—Beware! If I should live to see Anthony Sur— *Surrey* hang, you leave me! Will you go, before the temptation that I now feel coming strong upon me shall impel me to give you back the life that you got from you before the recollection of these things overpowers all my reason, all my sense, and makes me do things I shall never forgive myself for? Father, there was a time, for reasons you will never understand, have given their children to death by their own hands, and have called the world's sympathy for ever; is it quite impossible that there are children desperate enough, and fathers wicked enough to make a like unnatural crime?"

"That's your state of mind and 'art, is it? I said you were a jewel of a son, and so you are. Go a sovereign with a mad all ye sween ye!"

Esau threw the sovereign at him, and, turning, flew down the lane, unable to trust himself for another instant.

THE MAN-EATER OF CHUNDA.

THIS is the story told by an English officer in India of a tiger expedition:

One very sultry day in the month of May, 1850, I was encamped near the town of Chunda, on the banks of a tributary of the Nerbudda. Near by was a small village of huts called Chunda by the natives, and this which I can find no trace of in any map I have seen; it consisted of a few bouts only, and has probably ceased to exist. My duties as an officer in the revenue service carried me frequently to alternate work with pleasure; and the mornings being spent at one's office (N. B. A Punkah), the afternoons were generally passed in shooting large or small game, according to the opportunities of the locality and season. At the time referred to there was a fine fishing country, and it was the hot season, and thus I had every chance of indulging in the favorite recreation of Indian sportsmen.

The river on the banks of which occurred the events I wish to describe, was very narrow, its waters being but few distant, and in many places with its bed dry enough to allow a person to cross over from stone to stone. The banks were sandy and barren, with here and there a few large rocks and a green plant called "jon," with small sandy islands, round which flowed what water there was, covered with vegetation. In many places were deep pools teamed by alligators, which lay still basking on account of the shoal depth, for they do not dry up, as do the shallows of the river, from the heat of the sun.

My camp was stationed near the above-mentioned village, and was sheltered by the widespreading branches of an enormous banian-tree, whose branches, sending down their fibrous roots, formed a complete grove in itself. The pea-fowl roosted in the branches, and their discordant screams were my morning alarum at a little before daybreak, at which time I always rose and refreshed myself after a steaming night by a plunge in the river, the alligators were very tame, or else by making my water-carrier empty *mussucks*—i.e., leathern water-bags—over me until I had enough of it. I then proceeded to dress for a couple of hours before breakfast, and afterward settled to my daily work.

The forest around was base of leaves—for at the commencement of an Indian summer the leaves fall as in an English autumn—and, with the exception of a few evergreen bushes and evergreens, the jungle was but a collection of dried-up trunks of trees. Under any other conditions it would be

impossible to get at tigers and large game without great danger, and, as it was, a range of 20 or 30 yards was all that could be depended on.

But, as I have written, I was sitting in my tent, my *puttarvallas* (i.e., messengers, &c.; literally, fellows of the bells, from their insignia of office) probably dozing outside, when in rushed a barefooted native—in fact, bare all over, save the smallest of cloths suspended by a string round his loins—and, throwing himself at my feet, embraced them, informing me, in lamentable and pathetic terms, that a "*bachela*" (child) had been taken off by a "*sher*" (tiger), "*adini Mamsewalla*," a man-eater, and that I was his "*ma bap*," mother and father, and that my greatness should, out of pity, make the tiger, whose grave he declared, out of greatness's bullock. The *puttarvallas*, having come in, led the creature out re-echoing his complaints, and obtained the further information from him that his "*bachela*" was not his offspring, but merely his pet buffalo, whose neck had been twisted and blood-sucked by the tiger.

It was only an hour before dark, but the cloudless sky was favorable to the light of the moon.

I had made every preparation for the hunting of the "man-eater." I had been on the track of a man-eating tiger for some time, but lately he had been quiet, and I had no doubt it was my friend, emboldened by past successes; for he had committed in my neighborhood some half-dozen murders during the previous 12 months.

It may be well to explain that by a "man-eater" I do not mean a particular kind of tiger, but an old one which has, through some chance, killed a man, and, finding him easy eating for bad teeth, repeats the dose, taking "one at a time" as often as he can.

I lost no time in starting with my "*shikaree*" (Anglice, gamekeeper)in the scene of action, and then a dismounted trek and two deep wounds into throat, from which the tiger had taken a hearty drink, and then departed.

About this time (here being no twilight in India) I calculated we should have enough moonlight to see the animal if he came. I prepared my guns for moonlight shooting by sticking a little piece of white paper to each of the muzzle sights by means of a piece of cobbler's-wax, which I always had for such purposes.

Anxiously and patiently I waited for two or three hours, and the moon shone more brightly; when my shikaree, who had the eyes of a lynx, touched my arm. I was too old a sportsman to move, but, with unwonted stealthiness, saw something creep between two small bushes, and presently could clearly distinguish a tiger's head. My suspense was increased by its withdrawing, and I waited in silence, and my patience was rewarded by seeing the animal walk out into the open space by the dead bullock and proceed to the body.

First he sucked at the throat and seemed to lick his chops, then he familiarly put his paw on the carcass as much as to notify that possession for nine points of the law, and he certainly looked a very dangerous customer to quarrel with concerning his property. When thoroughly satisfied that he was alone with his prey, he began to tear it with his teeth and claws. I was on the point of firing, when, by my intense anxiety, the gun slipped a growl and sprang away. Two pariah dogs had approached, attracted by the smell of the dead body, and the latter made a rush after them, but bitterly regretted having spared him while I had the chance of killing him with ease; but my shikaree said to me:

"Never fear, sahib, the *jawoor* (animal) will come back; he has not gorged yet."

No one who has not been perched on a tree for a night can comprehend the utter discomfort of sitting astride a branch and not daring to move. Although I felt settled myself to the best advantage, I was in great pain from being unable to stir; and my attendant did not relieve me by whispering, as he did, "Sahib, yah bhalu bahut ghar hai; sarhe rat ithur baithenge" ("Sir, this is a very good tree; we can sit all night in it").

Whether I could sit all night or not was undecided. The tiger, having put the dogs to flight, returned to the carcass, and before, he had time to eat a mouthful, I fired a right and left from my rifle, and had the great satisfaction of seeing the mighty brute spring high in the air and roll over. Before I could re-load he had recovered his feet and rushed off uttering the most terrific roars, that made, I doubt not, many a quadruped and biped crouch closer to their nightly dwelling-place, and which certainly caused my heart to beat some pulsations quicker, for my sport was concluded for the night; I could not hope to see the tiger come again, and from the thud of the balls, I had little doubt they both had given him a permanent reminder of his dinner on buffalo lump. I waited till I fancied I could beat a retreat with safety and then descended from my elevation cold and cramped; and with both barrels of my gun cocked, and with my carbine in charge of my trusty shikaree,

I told my shikaree I would start at day-break and desired him to get the assistance of a very good puggree whom I knew in the village close by, and we would try for the buffalo-destroyer early. A "puggee" is a man who can track animals by their foot-prints, or pugs, and by other signs which escape the uninitiated. In Guzerat the puggees are so expert that they can tell the track of a tiger over hard, clean, black rock, where a European could discover no sign; and their experience was formerly—and, for all I know, may be at the present day—turned to good account. When a robbery took place, a couple of professional puggees were put on the track of the robbers' footmarks, and they followed the scent until they ran the thieves down into some village, and if the footmarks could not be further traced, the municipal authorities, such as they were, were called upon to produce the offenders. They either did so or "emulsified" with just under a contribution of such an extent as should punish them and also remunerate the robbed or their fellow-townsmen, who assigns the expenses incurred in replacing the missing goods and chattels.

One district that I knew in Guzerat was formerly independent, and had a treaty with the British Government for the protection of British travelers. On one occasion an English gentleman's cargo was robbed in transit through this province. Compensation was demanded and paid, and in addition to the money a present of clothes, among which was a basket-work hat of the kind worn by the native cartmen. The native prize it for various reasons. As a rule, the Europeans it is good for rheumatism and other complaints, and they fancy that certain doses put forcibly down the throats of their children by the native female which bestows on the fortunate swallower the quality of bravery. The clavs are much valued as charms and as medicine, and the lascar qualifies to those of the unguent. English ladies who have Indian connections frequently wear these clays, prettily set in gold or silver, as charms on their chatelaines and watch-guards.

THE FENIAN MOVEMENT IN IRELAND.

(Continued from page 41.)

this class were arrested in Marlborough street by the police of the Division and lodged in Sackville lane police station. Two men were arrested at Portobello, at Poilsborough street, Palmerston place, Dorset street, Townsend street, and other parts of the city, where the police had been watching their movements for some time. Altogether, before two o'clock in the afternoon, there were about 30 arrests, and nearly 250 by the close of that day. The arrests in each instance were cleverly made. A detective officer accompanied a body of police belonging to the different divisions. He then visited the houses where the suspected parties resided, and, in most instances, found them in bed.

Owners of the houses where they lodged were in some cases arrested, and were simultaneously made to search for other parties, who were found. The men in some instances protested and made fight into outside the door, but no charge against them, but subsequently at resistance in the outlying districts were not inactive, for at Dundrum, Rathmines, Rathgar, Donnybrook, and other places within the police division, arrests were made with considerable skill. The arrests in the city amounted to above 30; the prisoners were conveyed to Kilmainham Jail in cabs and police vans, and on evening the majority of the men arrested during the course of the day were conveyed in the police vans in the cabs to Kilmainham jail, under a strong escort of dragoons and police. About half-past seven o'clock the last batch of prisoners, consisting of 20 men, were put into cabs and the men in custody also shouted from the cabs. On the street was a large assemblage of one cabman, one subaltern, and 150 men of the first battalion of the 9th Foot, were drawn up in line, and when the cabs with the prisoners apprehended in various parts of the town left the station.

The effect of the prompt measures taken by Government was instantaneous. Mr. Head, for large numbers of men left the city by the different railways, and the police obtained the fullest assurance from the North Wall were unusually crowded. The police were quick to note the fact that a number of men were about to sailing in Dublin for some time had gone to England in the hope of evading the vigilance of the habeas corpus act. A number of strangers took their departure by the Liverpool steamers, and the Holyhead packet was very much pressed by the Great Southern and Western Railway in consequence of the Liverpool Channel steamers. The police made no attempt to prevent these persons leaving Dublin. Mr. Head, however, issued orders against a respectable locality, that outside the municipal boundaries persons who were arrested, we are told their names as Burke, Kirwan, and M'Donell, and stated that they had been engaged in the war of the United States. Among the Americans arrested is a gentleman named Burke, who was frequently referred to in the letters read during the special commission.

The presence of these individuals in Dublin had been the subject of their movements for months, and they were subjected to careful surveillance, but no special steps were taken to arrest them. Some days ago, however, the police sought to make them acquainted with the fact that they were identified as "an American citizen;" and "I have only returned to my country after a long absence." Other large parties of men who had labored as artisans in America have also left Dublin for Liverpool within the last six or eight months, and it was these persons, in all probability, who were found in the possession of gunpowder, cartridges, rifle bullets, and Orsini shells, but in consequence of their absence from the city no searches or operations were carried on at the period of seizure, to operate could be successfully made.

In several parts of the city the police made a search for arms, and in the house of Michael Dalton, Cabra Hill, Dunmark street. It was formerly a Roman Catholic chapel, and it is now used as a residence for the Rev. Young Men's Catholic Association, the lower part of the premises being used as a lecture and meeting room. It was the part that was searched by the police, but no arms were found. The police searched the premises of Mr. Collins in the neighborhood of Stonebyrne, Queen street, North Circular road, but found nothing of importance in the house. In the house of No. 15 Bow street, also, they found no old swords, or powder-horns, but they found a number of caps, a can and a wad for the illegal possession of the arms.

The premises of Mr. Cummins, a grocer, in the city, a blacksmith named James R. O'Gorman, in Brick lane, on the opposite portion of the premises, and on searching the premises they found a neatly-made box containing 12 rifles, a number of ground ball-cartridges, about a stone weight of gunpowder, and a quantity of percussion caps. The box was found in a shed which O'Gorman was at once conveyed to the police station. Numerous other searches in houses were made, but were found, were obliged to give bail. Under special search warrants by the Lord Mayor, 17 prisoners, a few of whom had been arrested the previous day, were brought from Kilmainham to Bridge street, and during the street, exhibit a good deal of interest.

The principal alarm, during the first two or three days, was heightened by one or two startling incidents, which, may not have been connected with the Fenian conspiracy.

On the 8th day morning, at five o'clock, an Hackett, the guard who arrived in charge of the mails at the King's Bridge Terminus, and Mr. Ardagh, clerk in the Post-office, were driving thence to the General Post-office, some one at the corner of Mary's lane fired at them. The car was going at a rapid pace, and the shot did not wound either Mr. Ardagh, the guard, or the driver, but it passed very near Hackett's head. The person who fired immediately decamped.

On another occasion, on the same evening, Mr. Byers, the owner of a public-house at Glasnevin, was sitting quietly in his parlor, talking to a policeman off duty, when a car came to the door; he heard the voice of a customer ask for a shilling to pay the fare, and in another minute or two a person well known to him (Mr. Joseph Sutcliffe) came into the room, pulled a revolver from his breast-pocket, shot him, holding the pistol within a few inches of his head.

Among those arrested was Patrick J. M'Donnell, who has 11 upper, been at the head of the movement since the arrest of Stephens, to whom he was next in command. Some months ago, it is said, the police learnt something about his position in the conspiracy from a man named Corridan, addressed to him, which was found in the goods' store of the City of Dublin Steam-Packet Company. Nothing could be elicited from Corridan till he was found concealed in a yard in the rear of No. 15 Bow street, As the depot of the Fenian chief, it is believed that he was in close communication with persons up to the moment of his arrest.

John Morris, boat centre for Carlow, and hourly as dangerous as Corridan and Stephens, was also arrested at Belfast. It was to him, as the recent trial proved, that the large number of arms manufactured by Moore in Dublin were consigned.

A body of police Fenians assembled for drill, on the night of Saturday week, in a house at Cullen, on the borders of Tipperary, Kilkenny, and Queen's county. A police, and shot one constable, who has since died of his wounds. Among the Fenians who arrived at the 17th Regiment, on furlough. The Fenians fled, but most of them, the police believe, have since been arrested.

A constable was stabbed at Carrick-on-Suir while arresting one of the Fenians.

At Ballinrobe, Connaught, a constable was fired at and wounded.

The terrors made at Twiss, in the county of Meath, on Monday week, included Mr. Malone, one of the wealthiest and most respectable farmers in the county. Mr. Sheridan, son to the postmaster; and Mr. Leonard, draper.

In Athlone, on the same day, Mr. J. P. Fitzgerald, Crane by a police, and Mr. Broadstone Railway Station was among the prisoners.

At Limerick, on Tuesday week, a number of Fenian prisoners, with a strong party of lancers in attendance, were conveyed from the county jail in the city. The cheering of the populace was immense, and taken up by the crowds who waved their hats in the streets, and appeared to be in excellent spirits.

The Fenians arrested in Cork, at one of the Liverpool steamers belonging to the Dundalk Steam-packet Company, by the police and constabulary, amount in case containing nine brass-pistols and twenty of musket rifles. They were also in the same consignment barrels of powder, together with a number of rifle bullets.

On another occasion the police found a box of arms addressed to Mr. Fleming, "Bailey's Harbour," on board the Liverpool steamer

At Kilkenny, on the police entered a house in St. Andrew's lane, Dublin, and found in an upper room 161 rifles, and in another concealed in the wooden flooring. An adjoining apartment seems to have been used as a drill-room. Below were found 20 rifles and a large quantity of bullets.

The police got powder, weighing 25 pounds each, and 1,000 rifle bullets, by the arrest of Mr. Dalton.

The first battalion of the Coldstream Guards arrived at Dublin, on Monday, by the steamer Ranger, with 34 officers and 713 rank and file and was accompanied by the second battalion of the Scots Fusilier Guards, 30 officers, 26 soldiers' children, and seven horses. The regiment was received by the constabulary in command.

A detachment of the Royal Artillery from Woolwich, consisting of 100 men, commanded by Major Lloyd, R.A., was sent to Ireland on Monday week, to be stationed at Kilmainham Jail, Dublin. A detachment of the Military Train Corps, in charge of a large amount of baggage, arrived at Dublin on the same day. They were awarded to Island last week, and a detachment of the Royal Horse Artillery arrived at Dublin on Monday. Another detachment of the regiments is under orders for Ireland. The arrivals have also included a body of artillery, composed chiefly of Englishmen and Scotchmen, who have volunteered for service in Ireland.

In various parts of the country—in Tipperary, Kilkenny, Cork, Limerick, Dublin, Belfast, and other places—searches for arms and arrests are going on, and numbers of the Fenians have been taken prisoners. The police have been active in Cork and Queenstown, and the Fenians who have left for America, one of whom, Fitzgerald, had £400 in his possession.

It has been deemed expedient to call Galway, King's County, Westmeath, Queen's County, Down, Longford, Fermanagh, to the list of proclaimed districts.

The Fenian movement has also had, on Monday week, and several following days in Cork barracks, to inquire into the conduct of certain officers of the 10th Regiment; Sergeant Darrah, 31 Regiment; Sergeant Mahon, 10th Regiment, and Private Cullen, 10th Regiment James Rose, of the 20th Regiment. Col. Nugent was the president of the court-martial. The court proceeded to prosecutor in the trial of Corporal Rose. The charge preferred against him was that he, in the presence of Constable Carson, of the Irish Constabulary Force, at Cork, on the 5th of March, did use language to the county Clare, and a Fenian. All the Irish soldiers who have been on trial have acted with the most severe fire on the people" being conduct prejudicial of good order and military discipline, and to the prejudice of the character of War. The prisoner, in his defense, denied absolutely the truth of the charge. The court-martial resulted in a verdict of guilty; the sentence is not yet known.

A military court of inquiry has been sitting likewise at Cork, to investigate the charges against the non-commissioned officers of the 33rd Regiment, who are accused of misconduct during the late Fenian riots.

Several soldiers belonging to the Dublin garrison have been tried by court-martial for disorderly and seditious conduct, which grows a pretty general feeling of disaffection to the Fenian cause. Whether the positive means taken by the English Government will be effectual to put down the movement, or the contrary, remains to be seen; the next two weeks must tell the story.

THE GREAT "SANCY" DIAMOND.—The history of this diamond (weighing 84 carats) is very curious. According to Tavernier, it was found by a peasant, who, trying to raise money upon it for the benefit of his friend, sold it for 3,000 francs to a merchant of Lisbon. The man was beset by robbers, who murdered him and took away the jewel, and subsequently, by his master's fidelity, got back the diamond. The merchant sold it to the King of Portugal, who lost treasure. He then carried out his fatal intention, and sold it to the Grand Seignior, who refused to redeem it. In 1640 it belonged to Mahomet IV., and remained in the Turkish Treasury, whom it passed to the Duke of York. After his abdication he carried it to France. The jewel was sold to Louis XIV. During the memorable days of September, 1792, it was stolen in Paris from the rest of the regalia; it reappeared in 1828, when the Princess Paul Demidoff bought it from an agent of the Bourbons for £75,000. Lost under it was on view at Messrs. Garrard's in London, and finally, it has returned to its native land, being purchased for £36,000 by Sir Samuelius Jeejeebhoy of Bombay.

A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.—Jones once discovered the respective interest of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes a great many enemies, while a little distinction" makes hosts or friends to the one on whom it is conferred.



A REMINISCENCE OF COUNTRY LIFE—SETTING THE FIGURE OF FOUR-TRAP.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AND IMPERIAL SHOOTING PARTY AT MARLY.

"THE SCOUT" has, as we have told our readers before, become a regular institution, and if our brave neighbors could only be induced to make it less theatrical, and not quite so much an occasion for costume, it might eventually be a really national institution. The Imperial party has just been distinguishing itself by a capital bout of partridge-shooting in the admirable little wood at Marly, between Versailles and Saint Germans; and could the shade of Egalité, or of either of the three Louises before the empire, have witnessed the hearty simplicity of the affair, it would have been a little surprised—if shades are ever surprised at anything—at the workwoman-like way in which the Empress Eugenie brought down her bird with the gun handed to her by her Imperial husband. But for the presence of one of those wonderful Dresden-china-looking, cocked-hatted keepers, with a tremendous hound tugging at a leash, and evidently anxious to distinguish himself in an elephantine but utterly disconcerting manner, the whole thing would have been eminently respectable, even though the coveys were beaten up to the shooting-ground; and in the matter of costume the Empress set as piquant and pretty a fashion as could possibly be desired for any English woman, keen in the shooting season.

SETTING THE FIGURE-OF-FOUR TRAP.

EVERY memory of our old country days, when we were boys and girls, comes most gratefully to our senses. The times when we thought nut-time so happy; when we counted upon the ripening of the apples; when every fruit and every season had its special delights, from the first gathering of the pinkster-apple, in March, to the bringing-in of the winter pears in November.

These are summer pleasures; but winter has its pleasures as well, and to the boy especially so. The tracking of rabbits, the snaring of partridges, the winter fishing through ice-holes, all have their charms; and of them we illustrate in our picture the setting of the figure-of-four trap. Every boy knows the figure-of-four trap. It is simply an arrangement of cross-sticks, that shall disconnect as soon as the bait is touched by animal or bird, and let down the weight that it upholds. The game bird is unlikely, but the hungry animal that is intended for a pie or a fricassee is there.

A FIGI ISLAND LIQUOR STILL, AND HEALTH DRINKING.

A VERY remarkable feature associated with Figian drinking customs is the *Vākaceivo*, a kind of toast or wish announced after the draught is swallowed. A man blows away the moisture that may remain about his mouth with a hissing noise, and then shouts aloud his toast, which is sometimes common-place, sometimes humorous, and sometimes sentimental.

Some of these wishes allude to the cannibal practices of the people: *e.g.*, a skull, a man's heart, or a human ham. Others indicate the profession of the drinker: thus, the fisherman asks for a report from the reef, a husbandman for propitious seasons, and the sailor for a brisk wind. The ruling passion is thus frequently manifested—the covetous man calls for wealth, plenty of tortoise-shell, or a whale's tooth; the epicure for boiled fish, rich puddings, or turtle-soup. A kind neighbor of mine used to ask for "pleasant conversation." A tasteful diner was accustomed to say, "There, yet is that is kept back." An ill-looking doctor was ever crying out for a good god; and a little priest always said of the gods, "They pull and I pull."

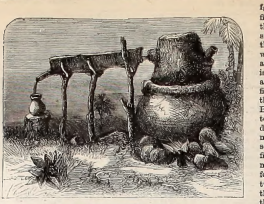
Many drinking wishes are expressed enigmatically: "a red string" means sinnet; "a path that resounds," a canoe; "a bamboo basket," food from Somosomo; "a long pig," a human body (to be eaten); sugar-cane is asked for as "water in dams," and the milk of the nut as "water that trembles in the breeze."

The origin of this custom may, perhaps, be traceable to the common practice of ending a report and many business transactions by a short wish or prayer.

One of the oldest established and most peculiar of Figian social ceremonies is the drinking of Yaqona.



PHEASANT SHOOTING IN THE WOOD OF MARLY, FRANCE, BY THE EMPRESS EUGENIE



A FIJI ISLAND LIQUOR STILL.

Early in the morning the king's herald stands in front of the royal abode, and shouts, at the top of his voice, "Yaqona!" Hereupon all within hearing respond, in a sort of scream, *Mamá*, "chew it."

At this signal the chiefs, priests, and leading men gather round the well-known bowl, and talk over public affairs, or state the work assigned for the day, while their favorite draught is being prepared.



HEAD OF MALAGASEY, AFRICA, BELLÆ.

The young men having finished chewing, each deposits his portion, in the form of a round dry ball, in the bowl, the inside of which thus becomes studded over with a large number of these separate little masses. The man who has to make the grog takes the bowl by the edge and tilts it toward the king, or, in his absence, to the chief appointed to preside. A herald calls the king's attention to the slanting bowl, saying, "Sir, with respects, the yaqona is collected."

If the king thinks it enough, he replies, in a low tone, "*Loba*" (wring it), an order which the herald communicates to the man at the bowl in a louder voice.

The water is then called for, and gradually poured in, a little at first, and then more until the bowl is full, or the master of the ceremony says "Stop," the operator in the meantime gathering up and compressing the chewed root.

Now follows the *science* of the process, which Mariner describes so accurately that I cannot do better than transcribe his account.

The strainer is composed of a quantity of the fine fibrous *vau* (hibiscus), which is spread over the surface of the infusion, on which it floats, and the man who manages the bowl now begins his difficult operation.

In the first place, he extends his left hand to the further side of the bowl; with his fingers pointing downward, and the palm toward himself, he sinks that hand carefully down the side of the bowl, carrying with it the edge of the *vau*; at the same time his right hand is performing a similar operation at the side next to him, the fingers pointing downward and the palm presuming outward. He does this slowly from side to side, gradually descending deeper and deeper till his fingers meet each other at the bottom, so that nearly the whole of the fibres of the root are by these means enclosed in the *vau*, forming as it were a roll of above two feet in length lying along the bottom from side to side, the edges of the *vau* meeting each other underneath.

He now carefully rolls it over, so that the edges overlapping each other, or rather intermeting, come uppermost. He next doubles in the two ends and rolls it carefully over again, endeavoring to reduce it to a narrower and firmer compass. He now brings it cautiously out of the fluid, taking firm hold of it by the two ends, one in each hand (the back of his hands being upward), and raising it breast high with his arms considerably extended, he brings his right hand toward his breast, moving it gradually onward; and whilst his left hand is coming round toward his right shoulder, his right hand partially twisting the *vau*, lays the end which it holds upon the left elbow, so that the coils thus extended upon that arm, one end being still grasped by the left hand. The right hand being now at liberty is brought under the left fore-arm (which still remains in the same situation), and carried outwardly toward the left elbow, that it may again seize in that situation the end of the *vau*. The right hand then describes a bold curve outwardly from the chest, whilst the left comes across the chest, describing a curve nearer to him and in the opposite direction, till at length the left hand is extended from him and the right hand approaches to the left shoulder, gradually twisting the *vau* by the turn and flexures principally of that wrist: this double motion is then retraced, but in such a way (the left wrist now principally acting) that the *vau* instead of being untwisted is still more twisted, and is again placed on the left arm, while he takes a new and less constrained hold. Thus the hands and arms perform a variety of curves of the most graceful description, the muscles both of the arms and chest are seen rising as they are called into action, displaying what would be a fine and uncommon subject of study for the painter; for no combination of animal action can develop the swell and play of the muscles with more grace and better effect. The degree of strength which he exerts when there is a large quantity is very great, and the dexterity with which he accomplishes the whole never fails to excite the attention and admiration of all present. Sometimes the fibres of the *vau* are heard to crack with the increasing tension, yet the mass is seen whole and entire, becoming more thin as it becomes more twisted, while the infusion drains from it in a regularly decreasing quantity, till at length it denies a single drop. The man now tosses the dregs behind him, or with a new lot of *vau* repeats the operation until the liquid is clear and fit for use.

The cup-bearer then presents the cup to the king, who sprinkles a few drops on to the ground, and then drinks; while his couriers chant a thanksgiving, winding up with a glad shout and a clapping of hands, which is caught up by people living at various distances—as is the crowing of cocks—till the whole town is shouting and clapping. After the king, the next in rank drinks. It is considered a high honor to drink after the king: so much so that on the occasion of a Tongan boatman saving the king's life and being requested to name his own reward, he eagerly replied:

"Let my name be announced in the Yaqona-circle next to the king's as long as I live."



LIFE IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. B. ROBERTS.



AN ABYSSINIAN OVEN.



HIPPOPOTAMUS WASHING CLOTHES—A NILE SKETCH.



THE CARPENTER OF SANGATANGO.

HEAD OF A MALAGASEY BELLE.

EVERYTHING connected with the toilet must of necessity be interesting to our fair readers, and



THE MAN EATER OF CHUNDA—WOUNDED AND VERY SICK.

if we can, by bringing forward the ideas of other nations, suggest anything to our own fair ones, we have certainly achieved a success. With this idea we give some little description of a Malagasey African woman's hair-dressing:

"Their hair," says Madam Pfeiffer, "is coal black, as woolly as the negro's, and much coarser and longer, sometimes attaining a length of two feet. When this hair is worn in all its native luxuriance, it has a horribly disfiguring effect. The face seems quite lost in a virgin forest of thick frizzled hair, standing out in all directions. Fortunately, few wear it in this way. The men often have their hair cut off quite short at the back of the head, and leave only a length of six or eight inches in front, which looks comical enough, as the hair stands upright, and forms a woolly top-knot, but it is not so bad as the virgin forest. The women, and some of the men, too, who are exceedingly proud of their hirsute ornaments, and cannot make up their minds to shorten them, plait them into a number of little tails. Some let these tails hang all about their heads, while others unite them into bands or bunches, so as to cover the whole head. This kind of head-dress takes a good deal of time in preparing, particularly in the cases of the richer Malagaseys, who have their hair plaited into an infinite number of these little tails. On the head of one of these native beauties I counted above sixty plaits, the front ones of which were fastened to a ring surrounding the face, and distant about six inches. The good lady's slaves must have had a good day's work in bringing them to the right pitch of perfection. On the other hand, it may be urged that such a head-dress does not require renewing continually, but will remain in all its pristine loveliness for several days."

LIFE IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

NICARAGUA is a country to which, since the raid of Walker and his couple of hundred brave but hair-brained adventurers, the American people have always looked toward with considerable interest. From the sketch of a correspondent domiciled there, we give a representation of the Central American mid-day joviality, called by themselves "Las Onie," or as we say, the "eleven o'clocker."

At that hour, whatever he may be doing, the Nicaraguan must break off for an hour for his bite and his little drops—sometimes two or three of them—of Aguerdiente, just to kill the animalculæ in the water.

There is something jovial in this unbending, where master and man, black and white, come together for the nonce, under the shelter of the thatched roof, with hot sun shut away, and the cool winds playing around them from off the rippling water.

There are worse places to live in than Central America.

AN ABYSSINIAN OVEN.

MR. ST. JOHN, a recent traveler in Abyssinia, gives us many very interesting reminiscences of that land, from which we select an account of an Abyssinian kitchen and oven, with something of the manner in which the palate is tickled in that far-off country.

Imagine a small room, about ten feet long, six broad, and eight high, with or without a window, according to circumstances, but more usually, as in mine, without one, and at all events without a chimney, so that the smoke, which is always kept going, and that vigorously, finds the door the nearest exit, and it may be easily conceived that the atmosphere is so dense as to render it difficult for any one but a native to remain long in the room. Even the cook-women, who pass the greater part of the day in this smoke, never think of standing up to do their work, but always remain squatted as low as possible, either near the door or fire. Every article the room contains becomes, like the apartment itself, of a pure soot black. The kitchen utensils are, the "magogo" or oven, if it may be so called, a few jars of different forms and sizes, according to the use they are intended to be put to—some with long necks and narrow mouths, for keeping water in; others with wide mouths and no necks at all, for holding the liquid dough of which the bread is formed—and the earthen dishes or saucers in which the meat and other catables are prepared and served up.

The "magogo" is an oblong building, three feet by four, and about a foot high. It is constructed of clay and small stones, with a place in the interior for a fire. The whole is covered with a circular slab of a sort of pottery-work, being nearly the same material as that of which the dishes are formed, nicely polished on the upper surface, which is slightly concave in order to receive more easily the liquid dough for the bread. At the back is a hole by which the smoke may escape, and in front a sort of doorway by which the fire is lighted, and which, being placed exactly opposite the kitchen door, has always a draught of air to keep up a good fire. The cover is made of clay, and is used to keep out the smoke and dirt, and to retain the heat.

THE CARPENTER OF SANGATANGO.

THERE is nothing so interesting as the adventures of travelers, and especially those through lands as yet unknown. From this class we select some of the experiences of Du Chaillu, who will be remembered as the first gorilla hunter, and who is now traveling again through Central Africa. This is his story of an African carpenter:

"One day, while walking down the village of Sangatango, I saw a negro carpenter fellow go into his private fetisch-house, and was lucky enough to be able to watch his motions without being discovered. He first built a little fire in the middle of the hut, then stripped and marked his body with white chalk, making very peculiar and careful stripes on one of his arms, and in the centre of his breast; whilst doing this, which took some time, he kept up a constant mumbling of words which I could not understand, but which were doubtless prayers addressed to his fetisch. Then the fire was extinguished, and the hut was shut. When he came out I laughed at him; but he took the whole matter very seriously, of course, and told me that the spirit *Numba*, which has its dwelling in the ocean, had gone into his chest, and would kill him if he had not exorcised it by the ceremony I had seen."

THE STEAM YACHT ROSS WINANS IN ENGLAND.

THE singularly-formed vessel which has been under construction during the past twelvemonth or more at Mr. Hepworth's works, Cubitt Town, Millwall, from the designs of the owners, Messrs. T. and W. L. Winans, American gentlemen, residing in London, who have obtained a patent for this principle of ship-building, was successfully launched on Monday, February 21st. An illustration of this event appears on another page.

This strange-looking vessel, which has been popularly called "The Cigar-Ship," is made somewhat in the shape of a cigar; or, to speak more accurately, of a tapering cylinder, each side being an arc of a circle, the chord of which, forming the screw-shaft, is 256 feet in length. The breadth and height of this cylinder are 16 feet, and at 18 feet from each end is a screw propeller 22 feet in diameter, the blades of which, nine in number, stretch into the water on each side, and below to a distance of 6 feet beyond the broadest part of the vessel. The 18 feet beyond the screws at each end forms a continuation of the screw-shaft, and revolves with it, being a sort of elongated "nut" of the screw. At each end, the shaft works in a bearing, which is so contrived as to form a species of universal joint, in order to guard against any strain at the extremities. Underneath the vessel, at about 6 feet distance from the screw, at each end, are placed the rudders, the posts of which rise through the bottom, and are worked by machinery on the deck, between the funnels. This machinery is so arranged that either or both of the rudders can be moved at a time. The deck is 130 feet long by 10½ feet broad, and from it rise two short funnels and two telescope masts, which latter are only intended to carry flags. The part below the water-line is built of the best Lowmoor and Staffordshire iron plates, ⅝ of an inch in thickness, while the upper part is of steel plates, of the thickness of 5-16th of an inch. The framing consists simply of the inner circular girders, and she is divided into 20 water-tight compartments. In the engine and boiler-rooms she is further strengthened by inner rings of angle iron 7 inches deep, which are riveted to the side, at a distance of 3 feet from each other. Every rivet-hole in the plates has been counter-sunk, so that the vessel is perfectly smooth from end to end. The screw-shaft is of steel, 7½ inches thick in the bearings, being 7½ inches thick for the greater part of its length, but becoming thicker at each end, where it is 15 inches in diameter.

The engine-room is in the centre of the vessel, on the lower deck, and is 20½ feet in length, occupying the whole breadth of 16 feet. Here are placed three cylinder-engines, made by Messrs. Jackson & Watkins, from designs by Messrs. Winans. The engines are upright-cylinder high-pressure condensing engines, calculated to be of an ultimate power of 2,000 horse, and it is intended to work them up to from 1,500 to 1,800, the nominal power being about 250. A fourth cylinder is also placed in the engine-room, to move a counterpoise or pendulum, consisting of 20 tuns of lead, for the purpose of counteracting the tendency to roll, which the motion of the engines engender. Beneath the engine-room are the four boilers, in a room 25 feet by about 16 feet. They are similar to locomotive boilers, and supply superheated steam, having an arrangement of pipes, round which the flame from the furnace may be sent when desired, instead of passing directly into the funnel. The boilers are calculated to bear a pressure of 200lb, and will probably be worked at about 150lb.

Behind the engine-room is the saloon, somewhat resembling in shape a railway tunnel, 25 feet in length, the entrances being at the after end, at each side of a table which extends the whole length of the cabin, and rests upon the casing that surrounds the screw-shaft. This saloon is tastefully painted in white and gold, and the seats are covered with blue variegated damask. Two lustres hang from the roof under the skylight, and a pair of fixed lamps are also placed at each side at the further extremity.

At each side of the saloon, and also astern of it, are small state-rooms, handsomely and tastefully fitted up with berths and closets, and decorated in the same style.

Astern of the saloon and bed-rooms is the sleeping-place for the crew, with berths on each side, and in the centre is the windlass, which may be described as a long crank, to be worked by the hands of the men. Here, too, are the chains of the anchors, not the least remarkable arrangement.

The anchors are simply large cylinders, of metal, weighing a tun each, and are suspended in two tubes, which rise from the bottom of the ship, through which they are dropped. When hauled up, they come up so that their lower extremities are flush with the bottom, and appear from below like the bottoms of two large plugs.

It is said that, from the peculiar shape of the ship, she will offer so little resistance to the water that these will fully suffice to hold her.

Returning on deck, and passing forward of the two funnels, you descend into a smaller cabin, the smoking-saloon, 12 feet in length, furnished with a table similar to that in the after-cabin, and with seats covered with deep maroon-colored morocco leather. From the skylight hangs a lustre, and two lamps like those before mentioned are at the end.

Similar sleeping-rooms to those in the after part of the ship are also here, accommodation being provided in all for 30 persons.

Ahead of the smoking-saloon is the galley, which is roomy and commodiously fitted up.

Still further on is the forecastle, where the engineers and firemen have their berths.

Previous to launching, the ship lay on the ways, not as ships generally lie, sloping downward toward the river, but the framing was so constructed as to have her water-line level. At its extremity abaft, the shaft was protected by a sort of movable wooden sheath, like a thimble, secured by a chain or cable, which is shown in our illustration.

At four o'clock the tide was found to serve—the last blow was struck—Mrs. W. L. Winans performed the act of christening her the Ross Winans—and the launch went off beautifully, the vessel carrying the flags of England, America, and Russia; hoisting also the ensign of the Imperial Yacht Club of St. Petersburg, to which she is destined to belong. Owing to the above-mentioned peculiar arrangement in her building, she came into the water all at once, being sustained by the framing until half the vessel was over the river; and when she had fairly found her place, which she did in a minute or two, it was seen that she floated—according to expectation—exactly half in and half out of the water, the extreme points just appearing on the water. Her displacement of water is about 400 tuns; but, when she has taken in her coal, &c., it is expected to be from 500 to 600.

As the ship has been launched "all standing," with engines and everything complete, she is expected to be ready for sea in a few days.

Messrs. Winans have already constructed and launched three vessels built on this principle. The first, launched several years since at Baltimore, is 230 feet in length and 16 feet in breadth. She has but one propeller, of the same size as those of the Ross Winans, and this is in the centre of the ship. It is obvious that with this arrangement there cannot be the same strength and stability as with those of the new vessel. The first ship is said to have been driven, with a smaller engine than those on board the new ship, at the rate of 15 knots an hour. A smaller boat, 70 feet by 8 feet, has also been launched at St. Petersburg; and a third, of similar dimensions, at Havre, a few weeks since.

BOY MISSING.

GUSTAVE FROHMAN, aged 11 years, left his home about 10 o'clock on Tuesday, 20th of Feb., since which time he has not been seen or heard from. He wore a fur cap, pants and jacket of grayish color; is about 3 feet 8 inches high; color of eyes, gray; color of hair, light and straight. When speaking rapidly, is inclined to stutter. Any information in reference to him will be thankfully received by his parents, H. FROHMAN, 395 Eighth street, New York.

THE year 1832 was sadly signalized in Paris by scenes of disorder, which were the effect of the unhappy revolution of 1830; but it was still more marked by the horrors of the cholera, which then made its first appearance in France. One day Sister St. Mary was going into the charity hospital, when she was rudely insulted by a working-man, who followed and abused her, and would even have struck her, if some one had not prevented him. The good sister knew only how to pardon and pray. Some days passed. In the beginning of the month of April hundreds of cholera patients were crowded into the wards of the hospital, mingled with the dead bodies of those who daily expired. One morning a new patient was brought in, whose condition appeared desperate. "No more room!" was the abrupt answer of the person charged with the reception of patients; "doctors and nurses can attend no more." But Sister St. Mary was there; she recognized the patient, and exclaimed: "I will take care of him—I will find him a corner somewhere. Do not refuse him; I will tend him myself." She immediately enters on her task, and, without neglecting the other patients, she attends to this one with the most assiduous care. At the end of eight days the man was in a state of convalescence; but one morning he missed from his bedside the good Sister St. Mary, his benefactress. "Alas!" he was told, "she took the cholera herself, and died during the night." In fact, my very dear friends, the good sister died attending the wretch who had insulted her some days before; she had recognized him, and revenged herself on him after the manner of the saints. She died on the 8th of April, 1832.

RETURN OF THE JEWS TO THE HOLY LAND.—We are assured on good authority that the Emperor Napoleon recently invited the principal Jews of France to a conference on the subject of the return of the Jews to the Holy Land, in the course of which he entered thoroughly into the whole subject, and intimated his disposition to use his great power and influence toward that end. Whatever the motive, the fact of such a conference is a remarkable sign of the times. What may not this mysterious man yet effect? We should be glad to know how his proposals were received by the Jews there assembled.

HARRY SANDERSON, whose name is, perhaps, better known than any pianist of this country, has been tendered a concert by his friends, both personal and professional, before leaving this country for Europe. The tender has been made in a way that any artist may feel really proud of, and is to come off at Irving Hall on the evening of the 31st of March. Mr. Sanderson is going to Europe for a triple purpose—for his health, his study, and to show Europeans what an American has achieved. When we remember how kind he has always been in his efforts for others, we are sure that this concert must be a great success.

IN Ball & Black's window, corner of Prince street and Broadway, a picture exhibited is by Granville Perkins, a young artist, who is fast rising into a real excellence. The subject is "Cape Cruise, on the Southern Coast of Cuba," and the treatment is worthy of the rising fame of the artist.

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DR. J. W. POLAND'S
WHITE PINE COMPOUND.
"It was early in the spring of 1858 that this compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with a severe cough, in the throat, attended with a distressible cough. I had for months previous thought that a preparation could be got from the White Pine bark of white pine, might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat I had hung. To test the value of it in the case alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the medicine that I had hung. Tasted and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Since that time I have sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, accompanied by a sudden cold, and had raised mucous streaked with blood. She received instant relief, and by the use of some three ounces, or 10 ounces of it, and got well. J. B. Clark, Esq., editor of the Manchester *Daily Mirror*, made a trial of the same preparation in the case of a severe cold, and was very complimentary. He was so highly pleased with its results, and so confident of success attending its sales if placed before the public, that he finally persuaded me to give it a name, and send it abroad to benefit the suffering. In November, 1859, I first advertised it under the name of White Pine Compound. In two years from that time my hand was scheduled in Manchester alone $100 worth, where it took the lead of all the cough remedies in the market, and it still maintains that position. There is good reason for all this; it is very pleasant to the taste, healing in its nature, is warming to the stomach, and pleasant withal to the taste, and is exceedingly cheap.
"As a remedy for kidney complaints, the White Pine Compound stands unrivalled. It was originally prepared for that purpose; but a person, in using it for a cough, was not a day cured of the cough, but was also cured of a kidney difficulty of 10 years' standing. Since that a substantial document has been issued by Messrs. Read & Co. the same compound, and have been completely cured."
The above was written by Dr. J. W. Poland, Since then, as in Manchester, the White Pine Compound has taken the lead in all St. Cough remedies, and the preparations for the cure of Kidney difficulties, in every State, has given universal satisfaction throughout the New England States.
In the past year has given great opportunity to test the virtues of the White Pine Compound. It has been an efficient cure for this, for that, and for every large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the medicine, and the people where it is prepared are high in the praise.
One bottle of this Compound is generally sufficient to remove a bad cough, and frequently I have known persons to have a cold entirely removed in two days by taking one bottle. The White Pine Compound is compounds la a large dose. I sometimes put a little white sugar to sweeten up with it, when taken as syrup to bed.
The limits to which I purposely confine myself in this circular will not allow me to say more concerning which I would like to give in favor of the White Pine Compound. It is universally acknowledged by all who use it to be unfailed to such a popularity among those whose opinion is valuable that it needs only to be seen, possibly, in part, prompt me to record more here than hurried people will have patience to read; so I will close, hereby recommending to all who need a Cough or Kidney remedy to test the virtues of the White Pine Compound.
TESTIMONIALS.
A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and, indeed, from all classes of society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.
Augusta, Kennebec County, Me., says:
"I find the White Pine Compound to be very effective for Coughs, Colds, and other pulmonary complaints, but also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach, and general kidneyd organs."
Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes:
"I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as a valuable remedy. Indeed, I have found it regard it as even more efficacious and valuable than ever. I have used it in my own personal for a cold, and it works charmingly."
Rev. H. D. Dober,
of West Randolph, Vt., who is a practicing physician, and Clergyman, in a letter to Dr. Poland, dated May 1, 1863, says: "I find it an excellent medicine in kidney disease."
The White Pine Compound, advertise at length in our columns, is not only as to its name inviting, but is a highly appreciated remedy. Dr. Poland, the inventor, has the confidence of the many who know him, a confidence that has grown with that laboring for nearly many years as a Baptist minister. His experience as a minister has led him to study especially subjects related to his medical discovery."—*Boston Watchman and Reflector.*
Any difficulty that the public may find in the White Pine Compound, in a leader of the daily, thus speaks of the Compound: "The White Pine Compound is advertised at length in our columns, and we are happy to learn that the demand for it is increasing beyond all former expectations. It is the very best medicine for coughs and colds we have ever known, and no family for one week will ever be without it. We speak from our own knowledge; it is sure to kill a cold, and almost as sure to cure. The greatest inventions come by accident, and its singular that the White Pine Compound, for colds and coughs, should prove to be the greatest remedy for kidney difficulties in the world. But so it is. We cannot tell it, so many testimonials come to us from well-known men, besides the thousands of cases we know from that we know he will not countenance that what is Wrong. Dr. Poland is a practicing physician, and prescribes roots and remedies for his ailments, with a delicate, consumptive look, almost as much as any one could desire. He made the discovery which has saved himself, and called out from hundreds of others the strongest testimonials possible. We have known Dr. Poland for years, and have seen his remarkable cures in others, spiritual men, and we are glad to state that we believe whatever he says about his White Pine Compound."
Should you think favorably of this medicine, be careful, when purchasing, that it is the WHITE PINE COMPOUND that you send to you, as we know that other preparations have been palmed off for it by unprincipled dealers.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
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NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 550 — Vol. XXII.] NEW YORK, APRIL 14, 1866. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

The Loan Bill—Specie Payments.

NOTWITHSTANDING the favorable revenue returns for the current year, which promise to be greatly in excess of the most sanguine anticipations of the Government, and which will cover all demands on the Treasury for the annual expenses of the nation and payment of interest on the national debt, besides yielding a surplus for the reduction of the same, still there must be some anxiety for the future of our finances, resulting from the fact that a very large proportion of our short date obligations must fall due within the next two years, and must either be paid or substituted by securities having longer to run. The amounts falling due semi-annually (apart from the regular expenditures of Government) between this date and the 1st of January, 1869, are as follows:

On or before	June 30, 1866	$138,674,874
"	December 31, 1866	47,685,000
"	June 30, 1867	8,471,000
"	December 31, 1867	310,960,000
"	June 30, 1868	369,415,350
"	December 31, 1868	297,364,482
Total		$1,201,680,606

It is not to be supposed for a moment that the revenues of the country will admit of the liquidation of these large sums as they fall due; although, from present indications, it is believed that at least $200,000,000 a year may be available to that end. If so, half of these obligations may be paid off and canceled by the 1st of January, 1869. For the remaining six hundred and odd millions, we must substitute other obligations, as we have already said, of longer date. In other words—postpone payment.

To enable him to do so with greatest ease and advantage, the Secretary of the Treasury submitted to Congress the plan or draft of a law, giving him certain powers additional to those conferred on him by existing laws, to be used in his discretion for our best financial interests. This plan has been before Congress, reported substantially, we believe, as it was submitted, by the Committee on Finance, under the name of "The Loan Bill." In general, the bill authorized the Secretary to retire Treasury notes or any other obligations of the Government, including, of course, legal tenders or "greenbacks," in exchange for any description of bonds previously authorized, "to such an amount, in such manner, and at such rate as he may think advisable." It authorized him, also, to issue bonds to be made payable, principal and interest, in any country and in the coin of the same outside of the United States—such bonds, however, not to bear more than five per cent. interest.

When the bill came before Congress, an opposition developed itself among a class of men who may be called "inflationists," and who believe that the prosperity of the country is really promoted by a redundant currency, and that the nominal values of things in depreciated and irredeemable paper are real and substantial, instead of false and deceptive. Knowing the views of the Secretary as to the



THE BOARD OF HEALTH IN SESSION—RECEIVING REPORTS OF THE INSPECTORS, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK.

importance and necessity of as speedily as possible bringing the currency of the country back to the specie standard, they saw that the power conferred by the bill would enable him to put his financial views in practice, and there were enough of them influenced, in various ways and by various considerations, to so limit that power, as to prohibit the withdrawal and funding of more than $10,000,000 of "greenbacks" or United States notes, during the first six months from the passage of the act, and restricting subsequent withdrawals to $4,000,000 a month.

In this way, they contended, "the shock" of a return to specie payments would be prevented. They might have said, with much truth, that in this way the fool's paradise of an irredeemable paper currency would be continued for a dozen years—for, we are told, it would fully take that time to withdraw the Government notes, under the slow operations of the law. That is to say, unreflecting people in refusing to accept them except at large premiums, in exchange for buns! For confectioner, in our little game of mutual deception, read "the rest of mankind."

Only last night was the action of the House in refusing power to the Secretary, who has so judiciously conducted our finances, of placing our bonds abroad, in the currency of the various countries where our securities are popular, and paying the interest in the financial centres of those countries, at a maximum rate of five per cent. It is a mere expression of opinion on our part, but based upon some direct knowledge of European markets, that they would absorb, *at lower rates*, double the amount of any given issue of bonds, if loans were put in, to them, an intelligible currency, with the interest payable at some accessible point. Every man who has had the placing of American securities, such as railway or mining shares, or bonds, in any continental country, knows that it is indispensable to have them expressed in the currency of the country where they are sought to be sold. Our national securities have been more in demand in Germany than in any other country; but that demand has been so much with small and denominated capitalists, as among the middling classes and people of moderate means, who believe in the United States, and sympathize with its institutions.

We are not discussing the advantages or disadvantages, the desirableness or otherwise, of having our securities held abroad; but it is very certain that the foreign demand for them prevented our markets from being choked during the war, and has contributed, in a degree, to keeping up their value here. It is questionable whether our people, who can lend their money at so much higher rates, will care to take five per cent. for it; and yet we doubt if they would feel satisfied if the Government were to tax them in order to pay six or seven per cent. on its heavy obligations, when that Government could place them at five per cent., no matter whether here or abroad. This is the simple question: Can the Government place a greater amount of its obligations on the continent of Europe at five per cent. by the simple expedient proposed by the Secretary, than it could at six per cent. without it?

We will venture to say that every one qualified by experience to speak on the matter, will answer, "It can." At any rate the Government could only fail, and then we have would be done. We have never seen nor heard any valid reason for denying the Secretary this option, and we hope the bill will yet be so amended as to restore the provision to which we refer.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 14, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

NOTICE—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Uniform Bankrupt Law.

We believe the United States is the only great commercial nation which has no uniform or general bankrupt law. This is the more surprising from the fact that our people are more enterprising and active in business, more adventurous, reckless if you will, and consequently standing in greater need of such a law. An unfortunate merchant, inventor, or manufacturer, failing in business, has no resource, unless he may be able to compound with his creditors, except to break up all his relations and recommence life in a distant State or Territory, where his accumulations are not liable to be swept away by insatiable creditors. Hardly any of our readers can fail to recall some instance of a really honorable and useful man being totally crushed, and society deprived of the advantages of his energy and powers, under the plight of obligations which it would be utterly hopeless for him to attempt to meet, but which, if a chance of success were open to him, he might ultimately be able to pay.

The founders of our Government knew the necessity for some such law, and provided for its enactment. The Constitution expressly says: "The Congress shall have the power to establish uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcy throughout the United States."

The authority for such a law is complete, and it seems strange that it has not been exercised. For two sessions one of the ablest commercial lawyers of America, Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, has directed his attention to the framing of such a law—one which, in all its essential provisions has met the approval of our leading business men. This has been under consideration in Congress for three years, and its provisions have been amply discussed and vindicated. The constitutionality of it and the expediency of its adoption have been refuted and silenced. Yet when it came up in the House, on the 23th of March, it was defeated by a majority of 11 in refusing to close the vote, by laying the motion to reconsider it failed, and so it may be reconsidered, and possibly passed. Should be succeed in securing a sufficient number of votes to this end by accepting amendments not fatal to the principle and practical operations of the law we hope Mr. Jenckes will accept them. The vote may be corrected by subsequent legislation. Let the first step toward a general bankrupt law be taken, in any event.

Collectorship of the Port.

THE delay in reference to the appointment of Collector of the Port of New York is something of an enigma.

It is now two months since the place became vacant, through the death of Mr. King, and the business of this department, we should suppose, would suffer more or less in consequence of the vacancy. Except there, the appointment is delayed not certainly for the want of candidates, for their name is legion, though the prominent ones may be reduced to half a dozen or less.

Among the most prominent, and from all accounts, the one who is likely to be the successful applicant, is Henry A. Smythe, President of the Central National Bank.

Mr. Smythe is one of our most popular and successful merchants, possessed of wonderful business energy and talent, and always has, just in the prime of life, and capable of sustaining any amount of physical or mental application. We believe in politics he is a democrat, conservative in his views, and bound to no particular clique or interest. He is one of those who seem to have friends everywhere, and belonging, as he does, to the most mercantile interests of the city and country, his appointment would gratify that and other influential classes, while it could offend no person or party.

His selection for the place would not only be a popular and judicious movement, but exceedingly gratifying to hosts of personal friends of all parties.

AMONG the simplest, most objectionable, and seditious plans of Confederate organization designed to meet the exigencies of the times, and enter into a permanent "reconstruction" of the Union, is that proposed by Jefferson Davis, of Geneva. It provides that every male citizen of every State of the United States, who is 21 years of age, of sound mind, and not a pauper, nor convicted of any infamous crime, and who can read the Constitution of the United States in the English language, and write his name, and shall have resided in the State of which he is a citizen for one year immediately preceding any election in such State, shall be an elector of all elective officers or legislators chosen at such election; and that after the census to be taken in the year 1870, and each succeeding census, representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included in the United States of America, according to the number in each State of electors qualified as declared in the preceding Article II., and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States according to the value of the real and personal taxable property situate in each State, not belonging to the State or to the United States.

THE republic of Bolivia has joined the South American alliance against Spain. This alliance represents the following territory and population:

	Area in square miles.	Population.
Bolivia	274,000	1,987,000
Chile	175,000	1,819,000
Ecuador	210,000	1,040,000
Peru	276,000	2,500,000
Total	1,621,000	6,346,000

As the area of Spain is estimated at 170,000 square miles, and the population at 16,000,000, the united Republics contain about two-fifths of the population of Spain, but exceed that power in territory more than five times. Bolivia, like Ecuador, cannot furnish, for the present, any considerable addition to the allied fleet; but the formal alliance greatly adds to the power of resistance thus far displayed by Chile, and is a new guarantee for the final success of the republican institutions of South America and their struggle with Europe.

SECRETARY MCCULLOCH announces that the May interest due on five-twenties would be paid early in April. The amount of gold required is about $22,000,000.

THE entire military force of the rebel "Confederacy," on the 4th of February, 1865, was 152,000 effective men, distributed as follows:

Under Lee, in Virginia	64,000
Command of Hood and Hicks, North Carolina	9,000
Command of Beauregard and Hardee, Savannah	22,000
Command of Dick Taylor, E. K. Hill and Howell Cobb, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi	7,000
Forces here west of the Mississippi, under Kirby Smith, Magruder and Price	50,000
Total	152,000

THE expression "white livered," had its origin in the auspices taken by the Greeks and Romans before battle, in which the examination of the pleura, that is white and thin, formed an essential part. If the liver were the usual shape, and of a blood-red color, the omen was favorable; if pale or livid, it was an augury of defeat. The transition from the victim to the inquirer was easy, and a coward was held to sustain that omen, was called "a man of a white liver."

A NEW "Reform Bill" is before the British House of Commons. It proposes to reduce the qualification of county voters from £50 to £14 occupancy. This will add a large rental, and to lodgers paying £10 or upward for apartments. The measure will add about 400,000 to the number of actual voters. It also proposes to disfranchise the electors of Sandwich, in the south of the island, for the great abuses; Tavistock has 453 electors, and two members; Totnes, 350 electors, and two members; Honiton 380 electors, and two members.

THE evidence of Gen. Lee before the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, of Congress has been published. In the generality of his replies to order, "I don't know" is the sum of most of his answers. The impression to be derived from the whole testimony is that Gen. Lee knows less about the condition of things and the state of public feeling in Virginia than any other man in it. He is not even sure of the question whether it would be possible to convict Jeff. Davis of treason before a Virginia jury, even if called on to do so by the force of the facts adducing his acts to be treasonable. He maintains still the doctrine of primary State alliance, and that the duty of the citizen is "to follow his State." He knows of no outrages committed on Union prisoners in Libby or elsewhere. He does not say human nature is the doctrine, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise!" When examined last winter before the committee of fifteen Congress, Gen. Lee was more decided in his opinions, and more emphatic in his statements. He then testified that the proposed employment of negroes came too late, and when asked if he would take command of the rebel forces, "with unlimited powers," he replied that he could not say that he would, because he could save the Confederacy." Yet, with this conviction he went into the field and fought a series of bloody battles, at a cost of at least 25,000 lives. Gen. Lee will require to explain this conduct, or his reputation must remain for ever under a cloud.

GREAT BRITAIN has really something to do to keep pace with the ambitious offspring of its "royal house." The heir apparent has been properly pensioned. So has his sister, married to the heir presumptive of Prussia. Now it is asked by "her Majesty's advisers" that the second prince, Helena, who is to marry a Danish Lackland, shall have the handsome annuity of £30,000 a year. Prince Alfred, the sailor-boy, who used to thrash the rather weak-headed Prince of Wales, at school, comes of age, and wants the nation to give him £75,000 a year, or three times as much as we give our President! We hope it will pay.

LABOR IN THE SOUTH.

WILKINSON COUNTY, MISS., March 13, 1866.

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Newspaper:

In your Illustrated Weekly of March 24th, under the head of "Events," I find the following: "We could suggest a locality in the great city, where some thousands of hard-working, sober emigrant and laborers, with large families, can be found, * * inhabiting dark, unwholesome tenant-houses, paying heavy rents for such stifled room for sweep. And you would these over-worked and ill-housed people to be get away from their present misery?" etc., etc. Now allow me to suggest to them to come South. We need them. In the late war we staked our labor upon the sword, and lost. We accept the issue, however; we have made up our minds to abide by it; and now we want labor. You may ask where are our former slaves? Ah! where? Thousands are dead, large numbers are in the cities, towns, and villages, throughout the Atlantic North and South. At a low estimate, the South is short 1,000,000 laborers for the fields. Those we have left are not industrious, do not like to work, and therefore we want more in numbers. But do not think because we ask for laborers, that we wish to crowd the negro out. It is not so. He is now free, and we are willing for him to be so, and to take him and do for him what we can. Not take away who preach freedom on one hand with the Bible, and with the other hand holding by the hilt the sword of extermination or colonization. We are not able to afford such charity if we would. I have talked with a large number of planters, and the large majority are in favor of extending to the negroes every right except suffrage. Religion, education, labor and pay, all will be afforded them; homes and comfort for themselves and families; but it will take a little time to accomplish all this. We have to organize a little of our lost strength, and the more readily to do this, we must have labor.

Thousands of acres of rich lands are lying idle for want of it. I formerly employed two hundred hands, besides hands. This year I have started a colored land to laborers, free of rent, to put up fences and give them proper tillage. To the laborer I have, I furnish everything, and give them one-third of the crops of cotton, corn, etc. My calculations are to make six bales of cotton, with a sufficiency of corn, to each laborer. If they remain, and are faithful, they will, at the end of the year, possess $300, cash, and have their corn, potatoes, etc., for an other year. I have them bound in a contract expressly binding on myself as on them. They work five days in the week—ten hours each day.

If we succeed this year, we will know better how to manage hereafter; for, mind you, this is with me an experiment to all of us—I mean, by us, Southerners. I have, myself, but a few tried free labor, and did not succeed. They were mostly Northern men. The freedmen complained greatly of being swindled by their employers. But if we succeed or not, we can take a few laborers that will work. We are getting ridder our premises of the "lazy, worthless," and if I can come here and work, he can easily make from $1 to $3 per day at farming, or in any other employment he chooses. A good carpenter, or blacksmith, is welcome in this country, makes his $2 50 to $5 per day. Then let your benevolent men, for charitably, contribute a few cents funds to ship off the surplus poor, whom you say would be "glad to leave their prison-homes." Instead of spending your money on deaf and dumb heroes, let them give it to the lowly and the humble poor. Organize societies, and encourage the poor to go to laborers. Have agencies North, South and West, throughout the land. Let the poor that desire to be free go free to a home where they can earn a good living and breathe pure air, and make themselves a home for their old age and their children.

MISSISSIPPIAN.

FRANK LESLIE'S "ILLUSTRACION AMERICANA."

AMONG the many evidences of the rapidity with which New York is becoming the intellectual as well as financial metropolis of the continent, none * will be more striking than the publication of the first * * an Illustrated Newspaper in the Spanish language for the Spanish-American States. Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper is before us, and is without exception the most beautiful illustrated periodical of the day. We make no exception in favor of those published in London or Paris. Hitherto the Spanish American States have received their illustrated papers almost exclusively from Europe—not so much from choice as from their inability to obtain them elsewhere. This deficiency will now be supplied, and a large and important population supplied to them, thus binding closer and closer the American Continental States. Spain is pygmy compared to France and Paris as a resort for Cubans, Mexicans, Peruvians, and our other continental neighbors and friends; and the publication of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of the "ILLUSTRACION AMERICANA." It is published at $12 a year.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THERE is one terrible nuisance through all the streets and public places of New York that is unchecked by the police, and which is a disgrace to ever by the authorities, and yet in one of the most fearful sores on the body politic.

We allude to the hordes of beggar *girls* in every street and place of public resort in the city. One cannot move about without a gang crowding about him, thrusting before the perpetual song of "Please, give me a penny!" and "Please, give me bread, see perhaps a wretched, ragged, shocking girl, ranging from 4 years to 12, whining out the words with a half impudent, half appealing look that is perfectly sickening. In many cases the appeal is answered, sometimes from pity, but oftener to get rid of the annoyance, and another step taken in the downward career of these inevitable children of sin.

It seems wonderful that in a great Christian community like this such terrible misery can be viewed by the people with careless eyes, and in the midst of the whirl of fashion and excitement can absolve them from the fearful responsibility of the soul and body being lost.

Of all the poor children are speculations in the hands of grown people, who watch them warily from some side street, and in proportion to the cause they suppose the amounts they get by their efforts, punishing or rewarding them according to their success. Some of these begging children are the gain of stockkeepers, some peddlers of ballads, tooth-picks, and small wares, but by with all, the money is the same. "Please give me a penny!" Have we no remedy for this? Have we no means, in this great and wealthy city, to deal with this infliction, of converting the evil that is growing every day, adding fair to fill our streets with women of the most degraded description, and, in time, our prisons and poorhouses with thieves and drunkards, before they reach the age when they might be wives and mothers? They are the children of the lowest and worst, who have witnessed more than once some half intoxicated object, in the appearance of a well-dressed man, offer a penny for a kiss, scarce higher than his hip, a glass of ale, or it may be something stronger, in response to her appeal for a penny for bread, which was greedily swallowed. As time goes on she will know how to buy the poison for herself, and complete the ruin that began in the first instance has been forced on her.

It is a question that the enlightened and Christian people we claim to be, we must have some public institution, not one supported by private charity, where all such children may be taken by force if they will not by persuasion, and brought up in the ways of industry and morality. We want legislation that will allow us to take the child from its drunken parent, or from the street when vagrant, begging or stealing, and whether it will or not, (drive it shelter and warmth, teaching and, motherly care. Will not this enlightened age?

It is a favorite theme with the country press to discuss the fashionable extravagance of New York, especially as applying to its women. To a great extent this is true, but we cannot help thinking that this hostility has, as applied to dress and display, has the redemption

of keeping them out of more serious mischief. Either women or men must have some occupation, or they fall as naturally into evil ways as a duck runs to water. Among the poorer or middle class of our women, they find plenty of occupation in getting a fine, or taking care of their families; but with the rich, they have only the adornment of their persons for an occupation, and the study of how to make a display. This keeps them out of more serious evil, and has only this bad effect, that it incites their poorer sisters to attempt the same foolish extravagance, which is but apt either to end in the ruin of their husbands, fathers, or themselves.

With common men this is different. Their field for extravagance and display is small, and if enlarged much, creates envy and, unless the parties are very wealthy, to be intrinsically able to bear the pressure—loss of credit. To counter-balance this quietness of dress, they must have some other vice, and as a consequence in N. C. we find more drinking, which are very apt to end badly. There is, then, a question, that in all small villages, there is a larger proportion of real vice, according to population, than in large cities. It is well for country people to fear the wickedness of New York, but it is well known that country people suppose it. It puts the keepers of our gambling-houses and concert-saloons, of low haunts of every kind, who it is forms the large majority of their customers, and they will tell you, strangers from the country, or boys brought up by those who have come to New York, and now do business in this city. We do not mean that the rural districts shall plume themselves on their morality without listening to the truth.

We are pleased to announce the effect of a good work. Since the Working Women's Protective Union opened the rooms for the benefit of the seamstresses and needlewomen of this city, it has sent 7,309 persons to employment; 1,728 persons have called for information on different subjects connected with their various trades and callings; 187 persons have given orders for work; the numbers varying from one to 100; 247 complaints of bad work or of employers' employees have been duly investigated, and 124 cases of extreme distress have been relieved by ascertaining the sufferers with appropriate aid. The field of usefulness which the Union has undertaken to occupy is a very large one, and it is to be hoped that the public will award it a generous support. The officers of the Association are: Hon. G. F. Daly, President; Wm. R. Roberts, Secretary; Moses S. Beach, Treasurer; Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, Superintendent; Charles E. Sprague, Attorney. Donations may be sent to the Treasurer, Moses S. Beach, Esq., Sun office, or to the rooms of the Union, No. 80 White street.

Among the sad facts of the day, we notice that the Empress Carlotta, the fair spouse of Maximilian, of Mexico, has sent to pawn, to Messrs. George Stock & Co., her piano, and has had forwarded a grand instrument, which shows plainly that her necessity is no way pressing, against Yankee music.

The session of the week, in a dramatic way, has been the debut of Mr. J. Newton Gotthold, as Othello, at Winter Garden. He is the brother of Mr. Andrew H. Gotthold, Treasurer, and his plainly the same character on two subsequent nights.

For any new actor to get three nights from a New York manager, at the time, shows that there must be something in him that has attracted somebody. Mr. Gotthold could not be unheralded, therefore, appear at Drury Lane Theatre, London, and from under the hands of Mr. Wallack as an instructor. He is an American, Virginian born, and went to Europe for study.

The house, on the night of the 28th, was densely packed, \$1,000 having been taken at the box-office, which, in itself, is an atom wonderfully worth recording, when it is remembered that it was the second night, as he did, before an audience, a large part of whom were present to see, not so much whatever claim there say to the contrary, the worst and most exacting of all audiences. The first was whether it was from the stage created or ebb-cause, we know not, retained them to the very last. The curtain, instead of rising upon Othello like a covey of frightened partridges, five minutes before the appointed time of the play.

Mr. Gotthold is a fine reader, his voice is clear, and his articulation is good. He has a talent, also, for acting, an excellent figure, and his make-up is deserving of all commendation. There is but one thing wanting to make him a great actor, and that can only come with time: we mean confidence. With his physique, he possesses the requisites.

We look upon the debut of Mr. Gotthold as the best that has been given by any actor in the New York stage for many years, and we will be mistaken if he is not to be heard of yet in an emphatic way.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The friends of the Mexican Republic in Washington, have printed a statement of the comparative finances of Mexico and Maximilian during 1865 and 1***achral rule. It shows that the total foreign debt of Mexico, on the 1st of January, 1862, was \$70,000,000; which is due from Maximilian's government to Spain, \$9,500,000 to France, and \$3,000,000 to England—\$82,500,000. While the annual expenditures of the Republic, as established by Congress in 1861, is stated at \$17,000,000, those of the so-called Empire are said to be nearly \$50,-000,000. It is also asserted that, in addition to the \$130,000,000 as the amount of the public loans put out for Maximilian by France and Spain, by Forced Loans there have been expended from the public revenues of France up to the close of the year 1865, in the vain effort to propagate monarchial institutions on the American continent, \$1,000,000 more.

The *Planter's Banner*, published in St. Mary's Parish, Louisiana, says: "Spring has commenced opening in good earnest. Blue-birds, mock-up-birds, martins and numerous other birds, are so busy as to make us feel drowsy. But, alligators, lizards and frogs are making, if possible, more spring displays. Indeed, we are though they would waver if they felt sure the cold weather was over. Leaves, buds, blossoms, flowers and green cover salute our eyes in all directions. Irish potatoes, young onions, celery, lettuce, beets, radishes and other green vegetables, appear in the gardens, and are gathered for special tables."

The Salt Lake Pilotte says: "We have information from good sources, that Brigham Young has secretly announced, in grand council, his unalterable determination to have no fall polygamy. He now declares that all church officials should forthwith be instructed to proselyte among the old and sear by every means in their embrace in plurality at once all persons who desired to hold good positions in the church. Immediate compliance was to be required, and those who failed or refused were to be informed that the church disowned them—all must become polygamists, or be no longer recognized as among the faithful."

The Richmond (Va.) *Republic*, is exceedingly indignant that the father of that city, after parting with jewelry, clothing, etc., in order to buy bread, should now be forced to labor 12 hours a day to earn 50 or 60 cents. It adds: "If the ladies will furnish us with the names of these ghouls, and a list of the prices they pay, we promise to so brand them with their infamy that they shall be known and despised throughout the land."

The Memphis (Tenn.) *Post*, asserts that, at the New Theatre in that city, the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle" were recently hissed, and Southern airs applauded. It also says: "Yesterday two men were scrupping through the streets in Confederate gray, with bells having on the old 'C. S.' buckle, and they actually sang a song to the tune of Dixie. The citizens did not remonstrate. No one of them spoke in disapprobation."

New England papers represent a great scarcity of horses in every town and village, without any reasonable diligence of New York. Hotels and boarding-places are crowded with the overflow from New Yorkers, who have fled or intend to flee from the threatened cholera visitation. The fact is, that all London, Conn., there is not a place to be had. The same is true of Hartford and New Haven.

The North Carolina papers are full of statements going to show that plantations in that State are being rapidly bought up by Northerners. A Jerseyman recently purchased a plantation in Halifax county, N. C., \$11 per acre. A New York Company are on the point of taking 50,000 acres in Granville county, where they will settle English emigrants.

About 1,000 rebels have been decreed in Mississippi to the pain of, which 656 were for desertion; 187 for criminality; 113 for cowardly, and 43 from disease. The case of Col. Wirz, the rebel prison keeper at Andersonville, has been referred back to the court during the last 11 months, it may be assumed that the grand total is not far from 1,000.

The new and large manufacturing establishments in Pittsburg suburbs, among which are 26 glass factories, 45 rolling mills, 21 nail mills, 40 iron foundries, 33 machine shops, 12 boiler works, 6 steel steel works, 10 brass foundries, 3 copper and tin mills, 9 glow works, 10 establishments for heavy chemicals, 4 white lead works, 4 oil refineries, 3 saw mills, 3 planing mills, 3 paper mills, 2 starch, glue, chemical works, saw, axe, copper and other manufactories, and 3 large gas works, employ, it is estimated, nearly \$100,000,000 in value of her own manufactures—a fact which is not generally known, even in New York.

The New Albany (Ind.) *Commercial* remarks, that houses are so scarce in that city that persons living in the lower part of the town are building flat-boat houses, and moving them into the upper part of the city to remove their families into them. Several of these mansions are now afloat in the city, and attracting much public notice.

The *Loyal Georgian*, published at Atlanta in the interests of the Union men of Georgia, says that the colonies regular readers and subscribers to the extent of 1,000.

The West Baton Rouge (La.) *Sugar Planter* says: "It is a fact that the sugar crop cannot be completed by the Freedmen or of the freedmen. Employer and employed are mutually dependent on each other. The freedmen seem disposed to carry out the contracts they have made, working with a diligence and energy unaccustomed of by-gone days.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* calculates the probable expenditure of the city for the year, to be nearly more than \$5,000,000.

A new line of steamers is announced to run between this port and the ports of Laguyra and Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, and Curacoa, Dutch West Indies, first vessel of the line, the Vicksburg, is expected to sail from New York on the 15th of April.

The state treasurer of Indiana recently received, in one package of money from the treasurer of Iowa County, \$1,000 in gold, the contribution of the Hoosier States, made payable in Heaven, and with the Angel Gabriel as its present agent. The money was received by the National Bank of Jeffersonville, and is printed from a newspaper of that city. The package was sent to Boston it, and a sent will be brought by Mr. Morrison to Indiana.

According to official report, there are in Alabama 6,793,000 acres of land, of which 1,000,000 are in cultivation, 4,926,182 acres; in Florida, 1,932,796 acres; in Mississippi, 4,000,000 acres; in Texas, 9,000,000 acres.

An old colored preacher at Port Gibson, Miss., recently held 39 colored persons under water, and baptized a piece. On the following Sunday he succeeded in baptizing 39 people in the same place, and 39 more to pay. Becoming indignant at the parsimony of his congregation, he exclaimed: "I'll be dog-gone to baptize for glory, saying," he wasn't gwine to slosh himself up for nothing."

A gentleman, living about 10 miles from Wilmington, N. C., recently lost a bear with 12 negroes that they should have the use of his horses and carriages on Sunday to attend said implements, provided they brought him a nice one-horse wagon load of wood. He has been in the habit of getting four bushels and three pecks of corn, 373lb of fodder, 12lb of bacon, three chickens and a quart of molasses.

Gen. Sheridan, writing about Vicksburg, both in Mississippi and Louisiana, 8 Union Generals, between 20 and 30 of the colonels and majors, 50 captains, 100 lieutenants and non-commissioned officers, discharged at the close of the war from the Union army, are now engaged in that region, engaged in various occupations, many of them in partnership with their late foes in the late rebel army.

Spangler, Mudd and O'Laughlin, at last accounts from the Dry Tortugas, are taking their imprisonment very much philosophically. The former of the trio seems to be so get released from the busy irons they have been wearing.

Little Bee, one of the chiefs of the Chippewa Indians, at Leech Lake, of whom is now in Washington to see their Great Father, died on the 20th ult. of chronic bronchitis, aged 70 winters. His remains were interred, with Christian rites, in the Congressional Burying Ground.

A detachment of regulars passed through Circleville on Friday night, on their way to the lake cities, for the purpose of arresting deserters. The "Circleville Herald" says: "Two of the number were captured in this county."

The family of Mr. Uriah Tompkins, of Greensburg, Westchester county, consisting of six persons, were poisoned last week, by eating what was supposed to be food; but how it got there is a mystery. Some of the family were dead, and others were not likely to live.

A letter from Florence Nightingale, dated at London, Feb. 23d, speaks of her health as even more feeble than it was in 1859, and says, "I am always entirely a prisoner to my room."

The proposition of the British Government as to the real sovereignty of the Fenian Republic, arises evidently from a misunderstanding of their cousin.

The innocent inventor of a contrivance for charging soda water bottles, with a sample in his possession, was arrested in 1861, through the agency of "internal machine," and arrested in Hamilton, Canada, the other day.

THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' EMPLOYMENT AND RELIEF AGENCY.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Employment and Relief Agency, established in the last 10 months procured, free of charge, suitable employment for 2,000 discharged veterans, and relief for the disabled men, as well as for the families of soldiers and sailors. It has been originated by Col. J. B. Herman, supported by citizens of this and other cities and metropolis. The Employment Bureau has provided over 1,200 situations, and the Select Bureau is now distributing relief each week to about 200 families. It has already distributed over 300 individuals have, on the 23d of last month, been supplied with one or more articles, including coffee, sugar, tea, flour, smoking-tobacco, and some pocket-money.

The excellent engraving we give to-day will give an idea of the distribution of relief at the office of the agency. Mr. Herman, under the direction of the Manager, Col. Herman, assisted by the Chairman, Supervisor Willaman, the Secretary, William H. Field, and a number of volunteer gentlemen and ladies. It will be certainly gratifying to the charitable persons who are contributing to the relief fund, to see how judiciously their donations are distributed among the late defenders of the Union, and the families of those who have fallen in the defence of the nation's liberty. There is no subject that addresses itself with more force and sweetness to the hearts of our people; and such an institution honors certainly this community, as well as its originator, and those who have contributed to its support. The next distribution of relief will take place on the 20th inst. Donations in provisions can be sent direct to Col. Herman, and money to the Treasurer, Thos. Genlul (of Genlul & Phipps), 13 Broad street, or to Major-Gen. John A. Dix, who has kindly consented to attend in person the next distribution.

SOME ZOOLOGICAL STORIES.

Not long ago, a man too tipsy to be cautious was poking up with a stick the cobra di capello in one of the cages in the serpent room at the Zoological Gardens, London. The serpent was excited and bruised the man, who died in exactly 10 minutes. The wound was on his finger, and no one can say he might not have saved by the touch of a needle. The snake was killed—why I know not—and Mr. Frank Buckland, the naturalist, who had charge of the serpents, was dissecting it. While doing so he felt a strange sensation coming over him, and he went out of doors and fainted. He is nowhere near by, asking him to drag him to a chemist's shop, and just then he death rather than his last full relief. Mr. Buckland pumped immediately and drug him to an apothecary shop, where he gasped out "Ammonia!" They plied him with ammonia and water, and he recovered. He does not know how the poison was communicated, but thinks it might have been through a scratch on a knife he had used in dissection. It is a curious problem for an optimist to consider why such a mechanism of destruction as the cobra exists. Is it a server to drain off the poison of a whole tribe of other animals who are thereby rendered harmless? It is the favorite snake with the Eastern snake-charmers.

A specimen of the "Tasmanian devil" (*Diabolus Ursinus*) has recently arrived at the Cape per steamer by Wanwell's menagerie, also of London. Few animals have a more ugly look than this latter class of beasts. The innate and apparently incurable ferocity of the creature can hardly be overcome, even when it is born and has been in captivity. Its habits are solitary and purposeless anger is continually manifested. An animal of this kind is to recognize its keeper, and welcome the hand that supplies it with food, but this is apparently the result of a slavishly devotional gratitude, and attacks indiscriminately every one else. Its ferocious is to be the less cause it will fly at the bars of the cage, and endeavor, by a blind effort to get at the object of its rage, to reach the keeper, while it gives vent to its passionate feelings in the most horrible yells of rage.

The coat of the Tasmanian devil is very appropriately black, with a white spot on the breast. It is of a deep, dead black, and utterly devoid of that rich, silky appearance which belongs to the coats of animals also usual so pleasing an effect. The great power of the animal's jaws, which are of enormous strength, renders it extremely formidable when attacked.

In two cages, opposite to those the other, of a caravan at Mander's Menagerie, now exhibiting at Liverpool, is another Tasmanian devil, recently received—the former in the lower and the latter in the upper compartment. Every time the one sees the other, the hyena tore up the floor of its cage so as to be able to get at his enemy. It would then appear that the leopard beneath seized it by the throat, and a terrific struggle ensued. The noise was such that the watchman, and Mr. Manders and others came to the spot. When they arrived the leopard had dragged the hyena through the floor, and so tenacious was its hold that, although Mr. Manders freely used a newly-bolted riding-whip on his head and shoulders, the hyena was held down and at last the leopard was beaten off.

THE ALDEN TYPE-SETTING MACHINE.

For the last four or five years our readers have, doubtless, heard of this machine, but heard little of its progress. It is a fact that, while the law can see growing in strength, and emerging from infancy, the demand, instead of being on the increase, is clearly that scarce any but those vitally interested in its growth knew the fact. It has now reached that point when in the hands of skilful operators it can vie with rapidity and precision. The physical work is so multiplied by three and fingers of the hand that it almost persuades the looker-on that it is brain in action, and that human agency in the form of manipulation is unnecessary. Even the intensified public will understand the principle of such an invention, and its effect upon the education and intellect of the whole world. It will, by cheapening the price of literature in the number of printers, but will increase the quantity of printing. Authors will increase the size of the work they make them, and the result will be four times the quantity performed. We pray for the hastening of that day.

Victor Hugo's new work, "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," or the Workmen of the Sea, can be had at the office of The Round Table, 39 Nassau street, for a dime. It appears that a Paris newspaper proprietor offered the author half a million francs for the privilege of publishing the book serially—in the columns of his journal. The money is refused by Victor Hugo, because, on the ground that such a publication of his novel would injure the sale of the book. Victor Hugo does not exert strength on a man to resist a pecuniary temptation of such vast amount. We understand that the Harpers are publishing an excellent translation of the same work.

The March number of the *Art Journal* is a magnificent specimen of this elaborate and admirable publication, and is worthy of the work. Two of the three plates are exquisite, and their subjects of a most charming character. Indeed, in point of merit, each beautiful engravings could not be purchased for the usual price of the series of the year. The text, as the next numbers, among much valuable information, a very intelligent description of the Art exhibition, and selection on late surfaces, etc., etc., which certainly commands universal attention.

Loring, of Boston, has just published his second edition of "Broken to Harness," a story of English country life, by Edmund Kirke. It is a capital novel, and every class of readers will find in it a choice adapted to their peculiar tastes. Indeed, this book will be a sensitive ear. The sketches of club-life of Americans abroad, and the interesting sketches as a sporting sound about "Broken to Harness," nevertheless, too book will be relished by readers, for its unobtrusive recognition of feminine goodness.

"St. Mabyn's Summer," by Mrs. Anne H. M. Bradford, published by Loring, of Boston, is a charming book of Travels through Italy. The author's historical recollections are full of interest, and the descriptive interesting incidents of rest spice is eminently characteristic of the American lady. Mrs. Bradford's scholarly accomplishments are of a pre-eminent order, and her style is graceful and natural appreciation, and find its way in every library.

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D. Appleton & Co., have published the "Life of Abraham Lincoln," in Spanish. The appearance of this interesting work, expressly got up for the library, will be hailed with gratification throughout the American continent. The book is introduced to the reader by an elaborate preface, from the pen of Senor D. F. Sarmiento, whose talent and literary merit probably recommend the work. Dominie Mosen, Appleton's discriminate attention to the memory of the lamented President will be much appreciated by the Spanish people of America, and insure a rapid succession of orders from all parts.

SENOR DON DOMINCO DULCE,

Captain-General of Cuba.

DON DOMINGO DULCE y DAVILA, Lieutenant-General of the Spanish forces and Captain-General of the Island of Cuba, was born in the city of Soria, Spain, in the year 1808, and is consequently 58 years old. Descended from a titled family, he took up the career of arms, and took an active part against the Carlists in the Spanish Civil Wars. For personal bravery in defending the palace of the Queen, he was made Gentleman of Bed-Chamber in 1843, and Brigadier-General of Cavalry in 1847. For further services against the Carlists he was made Field-Marshal in 1848, holding subsequently the post of Commandant of the Provinces of Seville, Zaragoza, etc., together with other offices of trust and responsibility, until named to the distinguished position he now holds.



SENOR DON DOMINGO DULCE, MARQUES DE CASTELL FLORITE, CAPTAIN GENERAL OF CUBA.

PERUVIAN IRON-CLAD

Turret-Ship Huascar.

MESSRS. LAIRD BROS., of Birkenhead—whose names have a familiar sound to American ears—have lately completed for the Peruvian Government an armor-clad sea-going turret-ship, of 1,100 tons and 300 horse-power, with a speed of more than 12 knots an hour, on a draught of water of 16 feet, throwing a weight of broadside of 600lb from her turret, besides carrying two 40-pounder rifled guns on the quarter-deck. The dimensions are about 200 feet extreme length; 35 feet breadth; 20 feet deep; and 1,100 tons measurement. The hull is of iron of great strength, and is divided internally by bulkheads into water-tight compartments, so as to enclose her turret, engines, boilers—all, her vital points, in fact—in separate compartments. In addition to this provision for the ship's security, there is a double bottom under the engines, boilers, turrets and magazines, extending up to the lower deck. The armor-plating is 4½ inches thick, extending from her upper deck to 3½ feet below the load water-line, slightly tapering toward the bow and stern, to lessen the tendency to pitch in a seaway, and rests on teak backing 10 inches thick.

The accommodation for the officers and crew is of a very superior description; well ventilated, by means of skylights and side scuttles; and there is free communication from one end of the ship to the other by iron sliding-doors on all the water-tight bulkheads.

The spaces in the store-room and magazines are ample for the stowage of six months' provisions and ammunition. The turret is cylindrical in shape, covered with armor-plates 9½ inches thick, and is placed before the engine-room, and is fitted with slides and carriages for two 12½ ton 300-pounder guns, on the system of Captain Cowper P. Coles, R. N. The rig is that of a brig, the foremast being fitted as a tripod, on Captain Coles's patent, to give greater range of training to the guns in the turret.

The engines are 300 horse-power, nominal; having cylinders 64 inches in diameter, 3 feet stroke, driving a four-bladed screw-propeller 14 feet 9 inches in diameter, 17 feet 9 inches pitch. The cylinders have steam-jackets and improved expansion valves.

The trials of speed made at the measured mile gave as the result of four runs a speed of 12·27 knots an hour. At the time of these trials the vessel was completed in every way, except guns and sea-stores, and had 100 tons of coal in the bunkers. The mean draught of water was 14 feet 3 inches; the engines made 78 revolutions; pressure of steam 13lb, vacuum, 26 inches; indicated horse-power, 1,650. The engines worked very well, and the boilers gave an abundant supply of steam. The ship was quick in answering her helm, and her steering arrangements are "excellent, having one wheel in front of the poop, and the second under the pilot-tower, forward. The Huascar has since been sent to sea, with her guns and all stores, and has behaved very well.

MOSES;

Or, Israel in Egypt, at Barnum's.

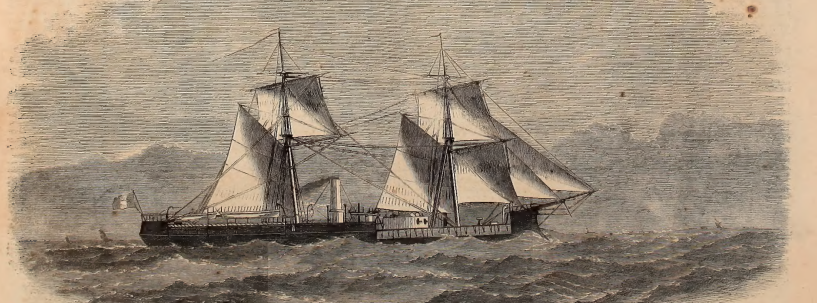
IN accordance with our desire to give our readers illustrations of everything worthy of notice in the different theatres, we offer this week an excellent representation of a scene in Barnum's new play of "Moses; or Israel in Egypt."

We have been too long accustomed to associate the idea in our minds of lightness and want of care in the getting-up of plays for the Museum; but if ever it was deserved, and we are among the doubters, it certainly is so no longer.

The present play is elegantly done, and for scenery and costumes puts to shame the best efforts of our large theatres. The moving panoramas of the Nile is superb as a work of art, and truthful to the letter. The light is charmingly managed, and that dim, hazy atmosphere, which Nile travelers know so well, is produced beautifully.

Altogether the play has been a success, and among the crowds that go to see it, we are glad that we can count artists and amateurs of note, and a class that heretofore have chosen to think that the Museum was a very good place to send their children, but too childish for themselves.

In fact, "Moses; or, Israel in Egypt" has been a *great* success, and has rewarded the manager with interest. How long it will run it is impossible to say, judging by present appearances — perhaps for a year; but whenever it does run out, it is hoped that the Museum, having shown its capability of doing something great, in style, will follow it up. The scene we illustrate is in the last act, where Moses, denouncing Pharaoh and his idols, is set upon by the soldiers, putting a play upon the stage.



THE PERUVIAN IRON-CLAD TURRET SHIP HUASCAR, BUILT IN THE MERSEY, ENGLAND.



SCENE FROM "MOSES; OR ISRAEL IN EGYPT," THE NEW PLAY, NOW BEING PERFORMED AT BARNUM'S MUSEUM, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE CLAQUE IN PARIS.—Every theatre in Paris has its own *claque*, and every *claque* has its own leader, who is practically as much a leader as the leader of the orchestra, and is professionally designated *le chef de la claque*. The management deals with the *chef* only, who employs his own assistants, and is responsible for them. These assistants are continually changed and badly paid, and vigorous measures are adopted to secure their diligence and punctuality. The *chef*, who is permanent, makes a large income, and his cachet at the stage-door indicates the position he has acquired in the theatre. His sources of income are numerous and elastic. He is paid a regular salary by the manager, and in addition he levies black mail on the *artistes*. Every *artiste* must pay him. No pay, no applause; and as the actor cannot live without applause, pay is inevitable. The usual mode is to enter into a contract for a month. The minimum fee for a month, from the poorest and most obscure person in the theatre, may be set down at 50 francs. The maximum has no limit. It mounts according to the ambition or the means of the actor. As much as 500 francs have been known to be paid for a single night's applause. The ordinary month's contract does not cover all occasions. When a new play is brought out, or a stock play is reproduced, each of the actors is personally waited upon for instructions as to the particular passages at which they desire applause, and fees are charged accordingly.



GIVING RELIEF TO DISABLED SOLDIERS AND THEIR FAMILIES, AT THE SOLDIERS' EMPLOYMENT AGENCY, NEW CANAL STREET, NEAR THE BOWERY, NEW YORK.

DEAF AND DUMB.

BY MISS R. V. ROBERTS.

I murmured sorely at my cross, it rent my heart to see
My darling's questioning, earnest eyes, so often fixed on me,
Watching the movement of my lips, the words she could not hear,
With such a wistful, eager look, was more than I could bear.
I yearned, with passionate desire, to see *her* sweet lips frame,
And hear a laughing, childish voice utter its mother's name;
But never yet my craving heart has heard that lisping tone—
Spell-bound the lips and sealed the ears—and she our only one!
Her face so fair; the violet eyes, the brow so full of mind,
And surely that soft, gentle smile tell heart and soul refined;
And sweet emotions, loving thoughts, her mute lips cannot speak,
Are told by dewy glance, or varying color in her cheek.
My heart was sad with longing vain, as I sat in thought one day,
Watching my little five-year girl at placid, silent play,
When to my soul some angel-voice spake words ne'er heard before,
And since I heard those spirit-tones I mourn my cross no more:

"Grieve not because she cannot hear
The melody of earth;
The unseen world to her is near,
The music of a better sphere,
Notes of a loftier mirth,
And angel messages to her are brought,
And angels guard her from each evil thought.

"Grieve not because she cannot hear:
For many an evil word
At which the pure soul shrinks, I fear
Would fall upon her startled ear
And grieve as soon as heard;
And make her wish again this silence sweet,
And long once more these Sabbath hours to greet.

"Grieve not because she cannot hear:
No inharmonious sound,
No cruel word can start the tear;
And is she not more fondly dear
To all who circle round?
And heart to heart, and soul to soul can speak,
Even though no voice the outward silence break.

"Grieve not because she cannot hear:
She hears the still small voice
That speaketh to the spirit's ear—
'If thou with me the cross wilt bear,
With me shalt thou rejoice.'
Oh, blessed! thus God's chastening to receive,
Who with it such sweet comforting doth give.

"Grieve not because she cannot hear:
The everlasting chime
Shall break upon her raptured ear—
Christ's 'Ephphatha' her heart shall cheer,
With heaven-harps keeping time;
Her well-tuned lips shall to that Saviour sing,
Who folds her evermore beneath his wing.

"Grieve not because she cannot hear:
Oh, heaven's choral strain—
That heaven which she dwells so near—
Will deeper sound, more sweet, more clear,
Her loss is her best gain;
'Unspotted from the world,' pure, undefiled.
God's jealous guard is round his favored child."

THAT KITTEN.

My name is Cressingham Cressingham, a name fit for an English baronet at least, but which, I regret to say, for years only had an opportunity of airing its splendor in cheap newspapers. I am a penny-a-liner, who, on his twenty-fifth birthday, found himself reduced to a fourth floor, back room, in a mechanics' boarding-house, and no change in his pocket to speak of.

To say that I was resigned to this state of affairs would be a slight exaggeration. On the contrary, I rebelled against it most energetically. I wrote heart-rending tales, wherein the talented hero became, through the justice of his fellow-men, a desperate criminal.

I had thoughts of becoming one myself; and to that end turned over in my mind a thousand projects for reclaiming my share of the world's goods from those who were the possessors of their own and mine, too. But as they all had a strong suspicion of the Tombs or Blackwell's Island about them, I abandoned them all in disgust.

I was handsome, and as stylish as a threadbare coat, antidiluvian hat, and heavy shoes, would admit.

"If some heiress would only become enamored of my charms," I groaned, in tribulation of spirit, one afternoon, as I walked down —— avenue. I should make a faultless spouse. What a pity I did not know some wealthy young lady who thought so, too. I had dropped all my acquaintances purposely, as I grew poorer and poorer, and could not now boast of one.

On I went, oblivious of everything except my own half comic, half gloomy fancies, down the avenue. It was growing rapidly dark, and as I was quite a distance from my own palatial abode, I was under the impression that I should be minus my supper if I loitered.

Suddenly a little white ball rolled, rather than ran, under my feet, a piteous, long-drawn "me-e-w" fell upon my ears, followed by an indignant exclamation in a female voice.

I looked up in bewilderment, and in a minute understood it all. I stood directly under the window of a handsome house; at that window, which was open, sat a gentleman and a young girl. Miss Pussy had made her advent from that particular portion of space, and, I rightly judged, through the active instrumentality of the aforesaid gentleman.

"Wretch!" cried the young lady, indignantly, and disappeared from the window.

I stooped and rescued Miss Pussy from her ignominious position. Truly she was a dainty little creature, white as a ball of new-fallen snow, and yet a kitten. With a mixture of real feeling and diplomatic acting, I pressed it to my cheek, muttering tenderly, "Poor kitty!—poor little pussy!" At that instant the door of the house opened, and a slender figure ran down the steps, pausing before Cressingham Cressingham, Esq.

"Give her to me, quick!" cried the young lady, imperiously; then, as I delivered the kitten into her arms, she went on:

"Thank you! thank you! that wretch threw her out of the window because she climbed upon his shoulder. I'll make him suffer for it!"

It was almost dark, but as she stood there before me, I could see that she was very pretty, with dark hair and a slight, delicate figure.

Calling the gods to my aid, I made a low bow, and said, coolly:

"No thanks! I am very happy to have been of any service. The man is a brute!" and passed on, leaving my young lady to her reflections, and the offending gentleman to his, as well. I did not cease congratulating myself on this incident for weeks afterward. I amused myself highly by picturing some future encounter, when the kitten episode should prove a foundation upon which to build an edifice of love. In fact, I dreamed of her night and day, and finally decided that none other than she should be my wife.

Two months went by. My coat was seedier than ever, and I was growing misanthropic.

One warm afternoon in September I sat at my open window surveying—not the landscape, for there wasn't any to survey—but gazing at the glowing sky and the back yards of my neighbors. The house wherein I abode was the second from the corner, and of course the backs of the houses fronting on the other street were at right angles with it. Nothing was easier than to look into those windows which were curtainless, and certainly very few of them were anything else.

For some reason, I know not why, my eyes were suddenly and mysteriously attracted to the fourth floor window of the second house opposite. At that window sat a young girl, so beautiful that I fairly started with amazement. A girl with an oval face, a low, broad forehead, crowned with hair blacker than midnight.

No flush of rose stained the dusky cheek, but the full lips were deepest crimson; and then her eyes! large, languid, velvet-dark and shaded by thick, long lashes. How came such a patrician face in such a street, in such a place? I was struck dumb with amazement as I saw the ugly calico dress, in which she was attired, the coarse brown cloth upon which she worked, the bare walls of the room in which she sat. She should have been in a palace; she no more belonged there than I.

At last she raised her eyes, not to meet mine, but to rest upon the roof over my head. Evidently she saw there an unwelcome sight, for she gave a little cry and started to her feet. I leaned out of the window and looked up, and a desire to laugh almost overcame me as I saw the smutched and blackened face of a forlorn-looking kitten peering over the edge of the roof at me. It was plainly that sight which had caused the cry.

For a moment I hesitated, regarding her evident distress, and also deliberating, was I to be a kitten knight-errant? So it seemed, at all events, and making a sign to her that I would rescue the little animal, I left the window and started for the scuttle. Once upon the roof, I found that it was no easy matter to capture my prize, who scampered hither and thither over the tin in terror at my advances. Half a dozen times I determined to leave the wretch to its fate, but the black eyes, watching so appealingly from below, animated my sinking courage. At last, by dint of coaxing and patience, I secured the creature, and descended with it. A moment after, I appeared at my own window, kitten in arms, and made signs to its fair owner that I would come to her with it if she would allow me.

Even at that distance I saw her blush deeply and hesitate, but it was only for a moment. The kitten conquered, and its mistress disappeared from the window. I snatched my hat, dashed down the stairs, out at the street door, round the corner, ran up the steps of the second house, pulled the bell, and was admitted to a shabby parlor and the presence of my beauty. Quietly she stood before me, much smaller than I had thought her, more beautiful and not at all discomposed. In one minute I was desperately, madly in love with this girl in an ugly calico dress, who lived in a cheap boarding-house, and was evidently as poor as myself. My voice even trembled as I presented the forlorn little cat, and received her earnest thanks.

"Poor pet!" she murmured, with tears in her eyes. "Did I almost lose you, my only friend? and how wretched you look, Kitty, dear. I must wash you, and make you pretty. I've got one ribbon left——"

She paused abruptly, biting her lip with vexation, glancing furtively at me from beneath those midnight lashes. But I had heard, observed nothing, apparently. Twenty minutes after I left her, having secured the blessed privilege of calling again. Never was mortal man more in love. I forgot my dreams of the avenue damsel, and all other heiresses in general.

Violet—that was her name—completely absorbed me. I lived in heaven; my desolate life suddenly became beautiful; she was my sun and my star. I saw her almost daily for weeks, but strange to say, I learned no more of her than in that first meeting, except, indeed, as regards mind, heart and inner life. I found that her name was Violet Wraxall; that she lived alone, and that she sewed for her daily bread. I never saw her go out in the street unless closely veiled, and even then not until dusk. In spite of all this mystery, my faith in her was implicit, my reverence unbounded.

Never before had I so madly longed for, not wealth, but enough money to lift me above abject poverty. How I hated my mean attire, since *she* saw it daily.

At last came a stroke of good luck. I secured a position on a city paper, as sub-editor, on a salary of fifteen dollars a week! Small! you say; to me it was princely, magnificent. I acted more like an inmate of a lunatic asylum, upon receiving the news, than a sensible individual. I laughed, and cried, and sung for an hour, then put on my hat, and called upon Violet.

She came down in wonder, for my call came at an unusual time—in the morning.

"What is it?" she questioned, wonderingly.

"This!" I cried; "that I have secured a position at fifteen dollars a week, and that I can now ask you to love me—to become my wife."

For a moment, my darling gazed earnestly in my face, a strange, bright color coming and going on her cheek.

"I love you now," she said.

"And will marry me—"

The beauteous face became visibly pale.

"I cannot even answer that question until to-morrow. Go now, dear—I want to be alone. Come in the morning at eleven, and I will give you your answer."

"If that answer is 'yes' will you be ready to go to the church with me then?"

"I will."

I was in the seventh heaven, and doubted not what that decision would be. That night I spent in picturing to myself the dear home where she should reign. I thought of that beautiful form, in velvets and satins, doubting not but some day I should be able to procure them for her.

I was very sanguine you see.

The next morning I sallied forth, arrayed in unwonted splendor—for I had received a month's salary in advance—and twenty dollars in my pocket. I had even been reckless enough to hire a carriage. How proudly I rang that bell. How anxiously I waited *her* coming. At last she came, lovely in a violet dress and a dainty hat, and radiant with delight.

"Yes, yes!" she cried, swiftly. "Come! let us go. You see that I am dressed. I pawned my mother's diamond ring to get it. Am I not lovely. Come!"

Through all my happiness I was amazed at her strange manner, but I could not stop to think of that. In fifteen minutes we were at the church, but my wife gave her name as Violet David, and when the last word of the ceremony was pronounced, she turned to me and said:

"Blessed be kitten!"

This was extraordinary language, to say the least, but Mrs. Cressingham Cressingham would give no explanation, and seated herself in the carriage with a triumphant little smile.

"Drive to No. 15 —— street," she said to the coachman.

No. 15 was her former abiding place. I could not get her to speak until she arrived there, when, stepping from the carriage she commanded me to remain.

In two minutes she had flown into the house and out again, bearing the kitten in her arms. I could but welcome the little creature, for had she not been the means of my knowing *her*. I didn't know yet, however, how much I owed to that kitten, bless it! Still Violet was mute. She would only kiss me, and laugh when I asked the very natural question of "where were we going?"

At last, obedient to her orders, the carriage drew up before that identical house in the —— avenue which I remembered so well.

"We stop here a few moments," said Mrs. Cressingham, with a delightful smile, and a servant ran down the marble steps.

"Is Mr. David at home?" asked Violet, eagerly.

"Yes, miss."

"*Mrs.*, John!"

The servant stared, looked at me, smiled, and followed us up the steps, and into the magnificent parlors.

I stared at Violet in hopeless perplexity.

"What does this mean?" I faltered.

The slender figure at my side drew itself up with mock hauteur.

"That this is your future home. This *was*, until this morning, the property of my father; it is now yours. *Voila tout!*"

A very pretty ending to a very pretty farce. I drew myself up with real hauteur.

"And you mean——"

"That I love you."

"Violet, for God's sake, what does this mean?—who are you? Have you been deceiving me?"

Her arms were around me, her kisses stifling the angry words.

"Hush, impertinent! Read this," and she put a letter into my hands.

I stared for a moment stupidly, then read the following, in Violet's handwriting, and dated the preceding day:

"Father—A month ago I left home, vowing never to return, and leaving word that if you attempted to discover me I should destroy myself. You wisely desisted from so doing, for I believe that you love me. To-morrow I marry a man whom I love devotedly, an utter stranger to you, but one whom you may be proud to own as the husband of your only child. I now ask you if you will receive us? If so, the love of two devoted hearts shall reward you; if not, you will never see your daughter again. Violet."

"The other letter, Violet?"

For she held another. She gave it to me. It said:

"My Child—Come home, and bring your husband; you will meet a loving welcome. Come, my darling. Everything shall be yours and his.
"Your Father."

"And I have come," murmured my wife, and turning, she threw herself into the arms of a gray-headed old man, who had entered the room unperceived.

"You see," said my wife, laughingly, "you have married an heiress, after all, dear, as you used to tell me you intended to do, but forgot all about it when you saw me. It is all this blessed kitten's doing, though. Kiss her, you ungrateful man! I'll tell you all about it. Mamma died two years ago, and I was installed at the head of the household. But I was first as willful and pettish as when I was five years old. Papa has an awful temper—*so* passionate; but he forgets it all in an hour, and he made me very happy. Well, he was very proud of me, and wanted me to make a splendid match. In the end he singled out Gilbert Wrain, and told me that I must love and marry him, because he was a great catch. I didn't love anybody except papa, and this dear pussy, so I didn't mind very much what he said at first; but pretty soon I began to dislike Mr. Wrain. One evening, as I was sitting by this very window, and he was sitting beside me, Kitty came in and climbed up on his shoulder. It seems he hates cats; at any rate, he threw my poor little darling into the street. I was *so* angry, and rushed out to get her. A strange gentleman had picked her up, and was soothing her——"

"That was me, wifie."

"You!" and her black eyes opened incredulously; then the little witch broke into a peal of laughter, like joy-bells. "How comical! Dear me! Isn't it! What did you think of me?"

"I thought you were a darling."

"And to think we never recognized each other! But, to go on: I went back in the house, and spoke so sharply to him that he got very angry. After that, for about a month, we quarreled incessantly; and one day I told papa that I would never marry him. He got in such a passion, and said that I should either be that man's wife or leave the house. I left him without a word, went up-stairs, put on that purple dress I had on this morning, put my pocket-book in my pocket—it had twenty dollars in it—took Kitty, and left the house. That was a month ago. I got board in that house you found me in, found sewing to do, and should have staid there forever, if Kitty hadn't gone up on the roof to promenade."

I kissed my bride, blessed the cat, thanked Providence, and was happy.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH IN SESSION.

The new Board hold its sessions semi-weekly at No. 301 Mott street, and before it comes everything affecting the health of the great city of New York.

There can be no more interesting way of spending an hour, and understanding the herculean task they have taken on their shoulders, than attending one of these meetings. Every one comes in with his complaint, and each inspector makes his report. One speaks of the streets of Brooklyn, and suggests modes for their cleaning, another has something to say practically on the removal of night soil, while still another has been looking into the condition of the dumping-grounds or places where the street-cleaning is deposited. Then comes a report about Washington Market, especially concerning the stands which girdle the market, and of which so much complaint has recently been made, Inspector Emerson reports that they extend 13 feet beyond the curb on West street, bridging the gutter, preventing the flow of water, allowing the collection of filth of all sorts, and interfering with the proper cleaning of the streets, and for these reasons endanger the public health, and should be removed as nuisances. A report similar to this was made in regard to each stand—more than 70 in number; and upon these reports the Board determined to issue its orders for their removal, which it is earnestly hoped will be carried out.

Then comes a debate on stables, and a declaration that they will not be permitted to put straw or litter upon the pavement. Then comes the fat and bone-boiling establishments, those pestilent nuisances that should be swept at least a score of miles from the city.

Then came the rag shops, and several complaints were entered against places in different parts of the city, which have on hand European rags in a filthy condition, from which it was feared infectious diseases would arise.

Then comes a complaint against a brewery—that in Pacific street, Brooklyn—and the fiat went forth that it must be suspended and cleaned.

Then came a talk about ship fever, and typhus fever, and about filthy piers, and one about an offensive lime-kiln, which was ordered to be cleaned, and another about a tenement-house which was ordered to be cleaned, all at the expense of the owners thereof.

After which, to close the day's business, came a Committee to the office of the President of the Board, and had a long conference in regard to Fulton Market. Their business had a ventilation a few days before through the press, and has been improved. It has been discovered that three-fourths of all the lobsters eaten in the city are unfit for food. As this statement was made by a fishmonger, in the presence of a dozen of his *confrères* in business without dissent or denial, we presume it may be relied upon as substantially correct. The question of a removal of the fish-market to the foot of Gansevoort street, at which point Washington Market will doubtless eventually be located, was discussed at considerable length.

The fishermen say it will be ruinous to their business, because the water in that vicinity is too fresh and would destroy the fish. The slip they now use at the foot of Fulton street, East River, is in an exceedingly filthy condition and should be cleaned; but while the sewer disembogues its contents into the slip, it is also imperfect and broken, which makes the matter ineffably worse. They have made vast improvements in the manner of conducting their business during the past week, and contemplate further beneficial changes.

After all this, the Board adjourns to meet again and go over the same ground, all of which tends to that time when the warm weather shall scatter contagion among us, perhaps cholera. If they succeed in reaching the point of cleanliness, for which they are striving, they will deserve the thanks of all the community, and will do for New York more than has ever been done for her before.

THE MAIDEN TO THE SEA.

Wilt thou, wilt thou tell it me,
Gentle Sea?
Come, thy waves are soft to-day,
Tuned with all their wicked play—
Wilt thou, gentle Sea?
Ah! I know you know it well—
Has he told you not to tell?
Say, sweet Sea.
Don't pretend to be asleep,
Tell me, I'll the secret keep,
Love be me?
Does he love as I love him?
Nay, his not a foolish whim—
Do not tease me so.
What!—I do not understand;
Come again to where I stand;
Whisper soft and low;
Whisper up the silver sand,
But do not whisper "No."
That I could not bear, sweet Sea,
That I could not bear;
So, tell me what he says to thee,
And if he thinks me fair.
Here, I know he loves to walk—
Tell! Might, does he never talk,
Never name my name?
Or does he say he loves me more
Than mine o'er loved a maid before?
Loves me by night and day?
And that he'll ever love me still,
Though things go well or things go ill,
Together or away?
Let's see! no, sweet Sea?
Come, roll me up a tiny wave,
A little, harmless, willing wave,
To whisper "Yes" to me.

The Debt Paid.

No freeborn native citizens of the United States been accosted of making Canada their home, while laboring under pecuniary liabilities, that that country has grown to be considered an asylum for indigent Americans. In fact, it may be considered the counterpart of France, as far as that country bears its relations to English debtors. An illustration of this truth may be found in the following romantic story, which we do not precisely wish our readers to believe in all its details, though there is nothing very improbable in any part thereof.

Sir George Hanford was a young baronet of good English family, who arrived at Boulogne some years ago under very peculiar circumstances. He had lived a very merry life, consumed of a very good patrimonial estate, but had given way so far to the fashionable follies of the young in high life, as to allow nearly the whole of it to fly away on the turf as fast as race-horses could carry it.

He had still good expectations, however. A maternal grandfather, a merchant, and one of the richest in the metropolis, was likely, in due course of things, to leave Sir George his fortune, as his nearest heir. He was fond of the young man, who had been greatly and perilously alienated by the conduct and reverses of the latter. It was while meditating on this subject, and on his own shortly nearly ruined baronet. "How successful," thought he, "my uncle has been by his speculations, in his family! Might not I have a chance that way also? might not I cast in my poor remnant of means into that great lottery, and pull out a prize? I may as well try it; at that I have now is scarcely worth thinking twice about. I shall try, at least."

Poor Sir George! He forgot that though some sens may be deep, there are others which cannot be sounded at all; that however deep one may be in the mire, there is a chance of getting deeper. He did venture in all the shocks. He was successful once, and even twice. Getting imprinted by his good fortune, he thought he had to venture further and win more. Alas! he was a novice merely in the hands of veteran gamblers. Some of the very worst members of the body who operate in these matters, got him into their hands, and knowing well what his expectations were, and where they lay, they led him on by a million of ties, until, by a series of *ruses*, considered not infamous only on such a field of transactions, they at length got him placed under a load of debt which even all his uncle's wealth would with difficulty lighten. Holding him bound by signatures and bonds, then waited coolly for the old gentleman to his prospective inheritance, knowing well that the same prospect would keep their victim within reach of their grasp at any time.

Sir George wandered about town for some months after these mishaps, like a man with a rope around his neck. During that time he had many reasonings with himself on an important point. This point affected his whole prospective fortunes. The young baronet was naturally possessed of sense; he was well educated, and it may be said that his heart was good, and his intentions fair toward all, under ordinary circumstances; but his course of life, and the associations he had, relaxed his moral principles. This acquired defect came now into play. The point which he canvassed with himself was, whether or not, after having most distinctly ascertained that he had been the dupe of fraudulent, his engagements with them were binding upon him. His good sense said yes; for they had acted within the law; his sense of honor said the same, for they had his bonds: "But then," said other internal arguers, "they got these by base means, and they have not lost a shilling by me. The article experience was what my folly bought from them at the price of a fair fortune, and with it came not a penny out of their pockets. Besides, if I pay these harpies, I shall be beggared."

The end of the whole was, that the uncle of Sir George died; the young baronet was left heir; and within a few hours almost, after being put in possession of his fortune, which was the portable one of an old money-hoarder, the young baronet was on his way to Boulogne. The creditors stormed, and vowed revenge; but they at first knew not whither he would fly; and there are great difficulties attending the recovery of money from creditors on the continent in any case. Sir George fixed himself in a small countryseat near Boulogne. He had been able to carry hither a sufficiency for certain maintenance above £20,000, nearly the amount of his landed embarrassments, after what he called "fair debts" were privately settled. He lived for some time in great seclusion, only occasionally appearing in public. The society which he there met was not of a character to trouble itself much about what he had done, or was doing, or was about to do, so long as he maintained a fashionable appearance and a gentlemanly deportment. So Sir George led a very quiet and undisturbed existence for a time, always excepting some little twinges from a sense of violated honor, until love, the universal busy-body, came in the way to overthrow the runaway's peace. A lady and her daughter arrived in Boulogne, bearing the name and style of the Baroness d'Estaing. Report said that she was an Englishwoman married to a Frenchman of foreign noble; and she was young, beautiful, and reputed rich. Ere long, such attractions brought all the dangling of dangling London into subjection to the baroness, and among the rest, our baronet saw and admired the lady.

For a time, however, he was undistinguished by her, nor did he make any advance on his own part. An accident brought round an *eclaircissement*. By a succession of awkwardnesses, as it seemed, on the part of her servant, the *calache* of the baroness was nearly overturned near Sir George's door. The young woman sprang out, and the young lady appearing faint and terrified, he entreated her to alight for a few moments.

She complied. It was the hour of lunch, and they lunched together; he then begged her to view his gardens, and they walked together. When the lady was about to depart, Sir George begged leave to take the reins out of the hands of the awkward servant, and escort her home in person. The result of the whole was, that the baronet became an established visitant of the baroness, and having declared his passion, received for answer what left him no hope, while at the same time it promised him nothing positive.

Sir George could not help his conduct with the fair baroness without discovering that she had one remarkable and somewhat eccentric taste; she was vehemently fond of extremely perfect female Vulcan. She had hired for the season a large yacht, something between a fishing-boat and a hulk, and every morning, in all weather and in good, she rose with the sun to amuse herself off the coast with the rod.

"I really cannot comprehend the pleasure you take in this occupation," said Sir George to her one day.

"It is a charming recreation," answered she, gayly; "and besides, my physicians have recommended me to take as much air and exercise as I can as medicine. I should die early through this cause. It is sometimes dull, to be sure, for the sailors and my servants are no company. But if I have been present, the gallant pelican major and a certain warlike colonel to permit them to have an occasional day's fishing which was shown by the lady. The water was not favorable, she said, at one place, and then she declared that she had no fancy on this morning for exercise.

Sir George was rather pleased with this disinclination, which, however, was rather flattering to her being absorbed by his conversation, and she, on her part, seemed only to think of charming him by every discourse.

At length a slight shower fell, and the baroness asked her lover to enter a small cabin, where a glass of wine and cakes were served by him. Here they sat hour after hour, the lady enchanting her lover with talk that should him to forget all but her present self. At length she pulled out his watch and started up.

"What! Actually, this day is far advanced, and I don't think they have ever put about. The wind, too, was blowing directly from the coast. Come, madam, if you fish at all to-day, it is surely time to begin."

The answer startled the poor baronet.

"I have caught my penalty," and what is more, I have caught my fish."

"What do you mean?" cried Sir George; "what fish have you caught?"

"Twenty thousand pounds!" answered the lady with coolness.

Sir George stepped hurriedly on deck.

"Distraction!" cried he, as soon as he had looked around. Put about instantly, pilot. That is Margate in sight, I believe."

Exactly so, Sir George," said the lady at his back.

He turned round and looked at her.

"Your purpose, then, is to take me—"

"To London, Sir George," interrupted the lady with calmness, and she nodded flush was upon her cheek.

"Barbarous, treacherous woman!" cried the infuriated baronet, as he looked around with an eye that threatened peril to all, if he had but had the means to inflict it; but the baroness gave a signal, and in instant his arms were pinioned to his side by two pairs of brawny arms. The baronet struggled, but in vain; a cord was produced, and he was only saved from the ignominy of being bound, by giving his assurance that he would remain in quiet durance in the cabin. It seemed to him that he had nothing for it but to submit.

Sir George, reduced to this condition, looked with indignation at his captor.

She had clinched the matters for harshness in their usage of him, but otherwise she expressed no visible emotion.

"Betrayed by you!" said the captive; "you whom I loved so much!"

"You loved me?"

"You! what else knew it," answered Sir George. "Since you are an adventuress, cruel woman, would not my whole fortune, with my hand, have been paid upon the smallest invitation?"

The lady spoke not in reply, and Sir George held a scornful silence from that moment until he landed in the Thames. He was here put into the hands of the sailors, and conducted to a hotel, on giving his solemn promise that he would not attempt to escape.

Believing all to be lost in any case, he was glad to be released from the confinement of a jail, though it might be but till his creditors were warned of his capture.

It was night when his landing in the Thames took place. Sir George spent a wretched night, mourning over the fate which his conciseness told him was inevitable; and in the morning he drew up an oath, briefly giving up all to his creditors. He had scarcely finished this when a visitor was announced. It was the solicitor, the baroness had sent.

"Wretched woman! what seek you?" said he, sternly. "Is not your task done? I have now to do with others."

"With none but me," said the lady, in a low voice, and with a timidity of manner most unlike her previous demeanor.

"What do you mean, madam?" asked Sir George.

"I am your sole creditor," said the lady; and she placed in his hands some papers, which he at once saw to be his own redeemed bonds. He looked up in astonishment. "I had a design, Sir George?" said the lady, with her eyes on the floor,

"I had—Anne Fulton," said Sir George; "we were playmates in childhood."

"She went abroad when a mere child, with her family"—continued the lady.

"She did," said the baronet, "and I have heard was married to a very wealthy planter in the island of Jamaica, where she died. I have no more heard, since, than that she left a daughter."

"She wedded against her will," continued the lady, "for she, too, remembered old days. She is now a widow.

A light had been gradually breaking upon Sir George's mind, and he now forward and eagerly took hold of the lady's hand, almost throwing himself at her foot.

"You, you—"

"I am your cousin Anne," said the lady.

It is needless to carry our tale beyond the point where the baronet's explanation to the reader can do all that remains to be done.

The lady had returned to England a rich widow and learned the situation and embarrassments of her well-remembered cousin; had seen him at Boulogne; had received the overture at his door, and made his acquaintance. She had only thought of the fishing.

THE BUTCHERS CONSULTING WITH

The Board of Health.

About 2 o'clock, on the 12th of March, the "Trial Room" in the Metropolitan Police Building was crowded with butchers, who had assembled at the request of the Board of Health, to consult together for the purpose of having a conference with the Board, found a meeting ten times as large as that which appeared. Mr. Alderman S. Schultz, upon taking the chair, was thus addressed by Mr. George Shaw, Chairman of the previous meeting, and a member of the Committee:

"By an advertisement published in the daily papers, you butchers were called upon to attend this afternoon, for the purposes of consulting with you concerning the sanitary condition of the market in which you carry on the health, and they have responded to the call. I am happy to inform you and you to know, that you have no doubt you will find them a body of gentlemen who will be disposed to meet you in a fair and liberal manner. Gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce to you the Chairman of the Board of Health."

To which Mr. Schultz responded by saying, that the Board had been called by the butchers, that they might consult on the following questions:

"*First*—As a temporary expedient, can the premises now in process of erection for the purpose be modified, altered and cleansed, as to be unobjectionable, having sufficient accommodation for the trade?"

"*Second*—In removing from the present densely populated portions of the city, what is the best locality for the business?

"*Third*—What are the advantages and disadvantages of the French system of abattoirs? Can such a system be adopted here with advantage?

"*Fourth*—If abattoirs are to be constructed, should they be built by the Corporation, under the control of the public authorities, or should they be built by private enterprise?

From this arose a long discussion, in which the butchers were the principal speakers, and comprised in the remarks of Captain Phillips. He said:

"The butchers are willing to admit, if you please, that the market is bad. The mass of them are not anxious that their business should be conducted in a decent and cleanly manner. Slaughter-houses can be kept clean, and should be. There are some, however, I am sorry to say, that are actually filthy, that it is impossible for a man to pass them some mornings without the use of a handkerchief to his nose. Some should be abated. I am sorry that the Board has determined the butchers must be removed. I do not think they understor dresses; indeed, I am sure they do not; for I have had sick persons often come into my slaughter-house and sit over the beef while it was being drawn, that they might inhale the steam and so be cured. The mass of the butchers will go any length to keep their places clean, and will assist the Board in any reasonable manner in performing that duty. I repeat, there are many places, particularly in East Avenue, between Third and Fourth streets, that should be shut up as abominable nuisances to the neighborhood; but to make all the butchers suffer for the sins of a very small portion of their number, is to inflict the greatest injustice upon them that was ever contemplated in any community. We have the right to pursue our legitimate business in common with other citizens, and have no objection to the infliction of the penalty of the law when we violate it; but we will not submit to being driven from our property and our premises. In your removing cattle through the streets, if it were unlawful to drive more than twelve over a block, and the law enforced by putting a larger drove than that in the pound, that immense would very soon be stopped."

And that of the Board of Health in the remarks of Mr. Schultz. He said:

"Gentlemen—Mr. Dalton and myself are here merely as agents of the Board, for the purpose of conferring with you in relation to the manner in which your business affects the general health. It is useless to disguise the fact that many persons regard your occupation as the populous part of the city. The public health and public welfare require that a demand that change should be made, shall it be made in accordance with good sense, in a manner to cause the least injury. It will not state, as I had at first intended, a plan in regard to the location to which you might go, and the manner in which your business might be conducted with less detriment than now to the public health, for that that should come from you. I start from this point: the business must leave the populous part of the city. That conceded, it only remains to discuss the reasonableness as to when and where it shall go to."

A Committee of Butchers was formed, and after a statement from Mr. Eaton, the Attorney of the Board, and a remarks from Mr. Peter Cooper about the slaughters of Paris, the meeting adjourned, to meet again for positive action.

THE GREAT FIRE IN CINCINNATI.

At half-past 11 o'clock, on the evening of Thursday, the 22d March, the City of Cincinnati was startled from repose by an alarm of fire.

Fed on gas-pipes, oil, rosin, and "Uncle's Opera House burning," was the cry. It was half-past 11 or 5 or 10 minutes earlier. Fortunately, very fortunately, the immense audience gathered within to witness the various beauties of "Midsummer Night's Dream," had all dispersed some twenty-five minutes before.

The first spark of fire which presaged the terrible catastrophe we are about to chronicle, the first destructive particle that was witnessed in the city, was first communicated to the scenery back of the stage, the immediate cause of which, it seems, was the fall of a mass of flames in two or three minutes.

In five minutes the flames had wrapped the whole magnificent structure of stage and auditorium, and burst through the rear portion of the roof. On the wings of this death-dart they spread forward and up to a great height, and lapped over upon adjoining buildings. The night darkness was illuminated with the immense sheets of flame, and the bells hung over the first element of the city—the palatial seat of the drama and of music.

At a quarter of 12 the scene was exciting in the extreme. The hall square bounded by Fourth, Vine, Baker and Walnut streets, with a number of building of masses, through which columns of smoke shot up, and from which sparks of flame and bunches of flame floated upward, and then descended upon the burning mass below, and upon the brightly illuminated streets, ghare and red. Crowds were congregating, and rushing up and down the terrible work of the destroying element.

Shortly the entire roof of the building on the first floor of Fourth street, into the wealth of literature, the tens of thousands of volumes of books of Casserly's store, the wide stock of Sumner's sewing-machines, the fine music store of W. C. Peters, and Philip Phillips' jewelry store, and the printing establishment in the Adams Express rooms, the college rooms of Bryant, Stratton & Do Han's Commercial College, and the rooms of the Ohio Mutual Union. Harper's job printing establishment, with its valuable machinery, and all the down stairs rooms, fell a total part to the destruction was complete. The masses of flame had entirely replaced the noble edifice—all that remained of Uncle's Opera House was the grand front, or rather half of it, which stubbornly stood erect as of old, while the spirited fire wrestled and struggled to destroy its windows and hugged the stones as though grappling with them to wrench them from place. The entire block mentioned was enclosed by the wall, and through it could be seen immense piles of burning timbers and valuable goods.

Many of a large mass of wall upon the rear of the *Enquirer* building insured its partial destruction, and the fire had communicated to the upper part of the first and second floors, and rushing onward, crept through the front windows, and told the story of their power to the fabrics, who crept up to grapple with them. But with the same power already so terribly felt, the flames rushed onward, and the interior of their embrace, and the work of destruction was soon far advanced through the job printing rooms of the second, 100,000 worth of cuts; through job presses, and composing rooms and editorial rooms; through the engraving rooms of Gazlay & Hart—all destroyed.

The men stopping in the office of the Adams Express Company were startled from sleep, and hurriedly aroused by the alarm, secured the treasure in the money packages and valuable papers. The books and papers in the safes of the same were also hurriedly. We are informed that, early in the course of the fire, a red hot bolt like that of lightning fell through the ceiling and struck the floor. This portion of the Opera House was the last to yield to complete destruction.

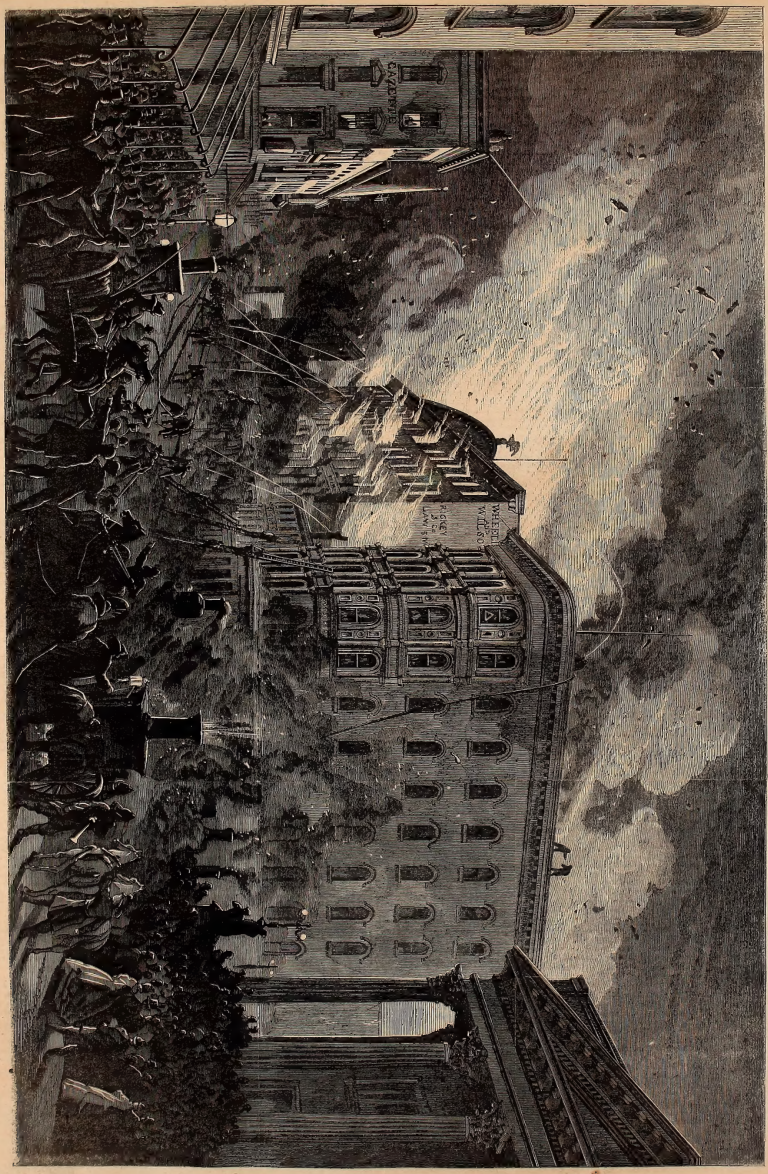
Mr. Peters loses in sewing machines, $30,000, there is insurance of not over $40,000. Nothing is left to him, of all that magnificent property, save the smoking ruins and his overwhelming grief.

When Mr. Pike heard the alarm, he was in his room in the Burnet House, reading of the War-cloud. Looking out, he saw the flames rush in a flood through the roof, in the neighborhood of the Adams Express office. In a few minutes, for a few minutes, some scoundrel picked his pocket, taking his watch. The Mr. Pike referred to was evidently meant to speak of the tremendous scene, in which a million of his property was vanishing, for it was not his watch, but the watch of numerous than the majority of the multitude of spectators.

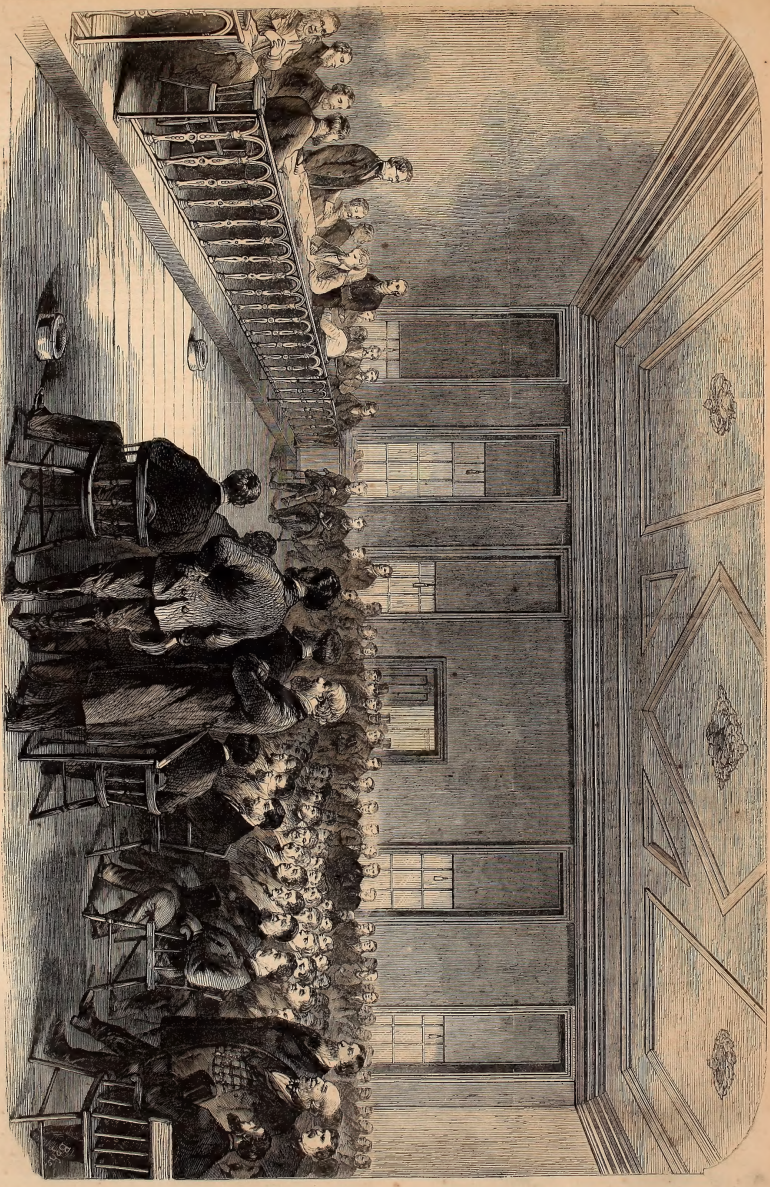
Milton's Daughters.—After the poet was afflicted with blindness, he depended greatly on his daughters for assistance in literary pursuits. Two of these young ladies could read to their blind father in eight different languages, though they understood only their own, it being a usual saying with Milton that one tongue was enough for a woman.

"Pray, sir," said a judge angrily, to a blunt old Quaker from whom no direct answer could be obtained, "do you know what an oath is?"

"Yes, verily, I do," said the Quaker; "three of you for four colliers each day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousand a year."



BURNING OF PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE, AND OTHER BUILDINGS, AT CINCINNATI, OHIO, ON THE EVENING OF MARCH 22



THE BOARD OF HEALTH IN CONSULTATION WITH THE BUTCHERS, ON MONDAY, THE 12TH MARCH, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY ELEANORE PERCY.

Rain! rain! rain
And my heart is as dark as the day;
For the love that came with the summer-time,
With the summer has died away.

O winds of the Southern lands,
Blow up from the battle-plain,
And tell me the place where in my darling lies
In the ghastly heaps of slain.

Rain! rain! rain
On the field and its thousand dead;
But drift, ye leaves, from the forest-paths,
And cover his golden head.

Oh! cover it from the light,
Lest the angel of dying die,
Should see the smile on his death-white face,
And bear it with her away.

I know that he called my name,
When he fell in the fragrant South,
For he left his ring on my willing hand,
And his kisses upon my mouth.

O stars of the purple skies,
Watch tenderly through the night!
My darling has gone from this lower world,
To your radiant homes of light.

Rain! rain! rain!
And my heart is as sad as the day;
For the rose that bloomed with the summer-time,
With the summer has died away.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MARE," "BEDDER'S WAY," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXVII.—ESAU'S FAREWELL.

Esau fled—fled from his own terrible thoughts, which every moment that he staid to see and think of his father, became more dangerous and uncontrollable.

But as he went on into the country, gradually he relapsed into the state in which he had been before the unexpected meeting with his father, and the change was such a change of torture, not a relief. He forgot Bob. He managed, for a time, to stunt out, as by a severe effort, the thought of Anthony and of the vague plan he had matured during the night, as involving action at all events, however hopeless. He got rid of those things by a powerful effort of the will, in order that he might dwell on a work to be done as a mere episode of the day, but an episode in which Esau's past and future seemed all bound up. Worse, even, in some senses, than his interview with Bob was the interview yet to come, because more full of real pain for him. To explain this, we must first recall to the reader's mind certain passages of conversation between Harris and Anthony, when they were last alone about Esau's conduct, and when they saw, as they thought, a new influence beginning to work upon him. Let us, then, go back, in point of time, to recall a couple of incidents, before we again deal with Esau and his doings of to-day.

Esau had not long been at the Harrises before he became a universal favorite. As to Mrs. Harris, she almost seemed to get fonder of him than of her own gawky, red-haired son, Tom, who stumbled every time he went up-stairs, as if he always forgot to allow for the last inch his legs had grown. Indeed, Tom often had Esau's virtues flung at him when he had offended his mother, and was told that the latter had once arms in his little finger than Tom had in all his long body and great head. Much of the affection the Harris family had begun to feel toward Anthony, and which they could not show him, was lavished upon Esau. All his little fancies in eating were studied by Mrs. Harris, and woe betide Tom if he cut Esau's side of the loaf, or sprawled his long legs in front of the fire if Esau were cold, or looked at the clock if Esau were late. Yet, though the boy occasionally had a round in the work-yards to keep their friendship warm, Esau and Tom agreed better than might have been expected. Esau made up to Tom for his mother's injustice by his cleverness in getting him out of the mire unseen. The children were all fond of him, and looked on him as a sort of magician, for he could turn a couch and six out of an old cop-cake, and erect invisible swings, and set the most successful bird-traps in the world.

There was but one face that did not brighten when Esau came in—that did not smile at the impudence of his make-believe apologies for his indolent and ire-gular habits. Sometimes, when they had all sat up for him, Anthony would begin a lecture when he came in, and was sure to be interrupted by the laughter Esau did not by his affectation of contrition or surprise, or by murmurs of pity for the look of wretchedness and depression which the lad's face occasionally wore. But Anthony always noticed that one voice was silent and one face serious at such times, and he thought Esau noticed it, too, and that he watched it furtively, with a strange expression, half-amused, half-satisfied. It was the impression Esau had cared for the dusty road-side one summer's day, belonging to a small, prim maiden, sitting on a box, and waiting patiently for the London coach. That day was longer ago than Harris had said, for it was full two years now since Mrs. Harris, in the absence of her husband and Anthony, had sent Esau to meet her daughter and come home with her by the London coach. A carrier's cart was to leave her and her box at the corner of a certain road, and there Esau, who ought to have been on the spot before her, found her waiting.

Kitty had been staying for the last two years or more as an attendant on two invalid ladies, who had been so loth to part with her that Harris wished to have her home, after the change in his circumstances, that they had promised, if she might stay with them, they would do their best to forward her education; in fulfilment of which promise, Miss Olivia had taught her her dancing steps, and to play two long pieces on the piano, and to say, "When will you take your gruel, ma'am?" in three languages; and Miss Frances had instructed her in needlework, and had just completed with her a portrait of the little Princess Charlotte in Berlin wool.

This was the little maiden who now met Esau's eyes, as she sat, unconscious of his neighborhood, on her box, with an enormous country nosegay, of triangular shape, held across her lap, and was dressed in the neatest, prim-est manner possible. Her fine brown merino dress was made in the fashion, with the short outside waist and skirt, beneath which appeared her slender little feet in snowy stockings and low, black shoes. Her bonnet —with its airy bows, grey ribbons, and great brim —turned back from the face—was trimmed with nothing but one ring-shaped curl of bright hair that, turn which way it would, appeared from under it.

The ugly crown was turned toward Esau as he approached; and not feeling inclined to introduce himself formally, he climbed over the orchard wall, at the corner of which she was sitting, picked a handful of hard green gooseberries, mounted the wall again, and prepared to attract her attention by degrees. He was amused with the demureness and primness of the little figure and its attire, and felt curious to see the face that still looked down the road, along which the coach was due to come. To make her turn, he aimed one of his smallest gooseberries at the centre of her bonnet. It missed aim, and only hit her shoulder, and fell on the foot. She turned, and looked down at her flowers and felt their fastening, as if she thought one had dropped.

"She's got white eye-lashes," said Esau to himself; "and I hate white eye-lashes."

But he did not cease to look at her, and found that the pale lashes, when they rose, revealed such pretty eyes—so blue, and humid, and bright and tender, that Esau felt as if he could not accurately pare and fresh, that he was fain to forget what a blemish they were. He looked still, and liked the face better and better. Finally, she elbows crushing down the snap-dragons on the old wall, and his chin in his hands, and the dry, rich rustling of the summer trees around, he gave himself up to the pleasure which, he thought, had come to him as a reward for patience and skill in watching the stare from his bed, in some quiet bay-field, or the daybreak on the hills.

The beauty of Kitty's face lay all in its sweet tints, none of which were more exquisite than the first pink-tipped buds of the hawthorn. Its very freckles—which lay so light and fresh on it as to be scarcely visible—had a look less flesh than the first pink-tipped buds of the hawthorn. Its very freckles—which lay so light and fresh on it as to be scarcely visible—had a look less flesh than the specks of gold-dust from a lily—were a charm. Esau, with a touch of country homeliness in him, Esau watched her, he could see that her eyes were lit with delicious thoughts of home, and that the sensitive, pretty little mouth twitched, as if pulled by invisible smiles.

Gentle and calm as she seemed by nature to be, her happiness knew no bounds whatever. She tapped her box with her heel, she pulled out the heads of small flowers, which had got hidden by the larger ones in your bosom, and when she dropped it once by a hasty movement of her arms, as if she were fancying she had reached home, and the time had come to throw them round her mother's neck.

Esau was in no hurry for the coach to come. It was so pleasant leaning there, and looking on with all the road, as far as he could see, to their two selves, and with that fair little freckled face opposite him, uncovered and unconscious. As yet no one had yet taught him, or he cared to learn—the meaning of the word, Home!

She smiled, and laid down on her flowers; she sighed; she fell into a listening attitude, as if she were hearing all the home news—and a charming picture she made then, Esau felt sure. Then, on one side, her lips set in sweet attentiveness, her eyes full of light and vivacity. She had tits of impatience sometimes, and jumped off the old box, to get a better view of the road she expected her father to come by, and of the road going down by her cottage, which she knew he would not come. Then she would take little walks round her box, and make efforts to stroke herself down and keep herself quiet. Those sweet thoughts that had not come before, falling into her already brimful little cup of happiness, caused its overflow, and she became quite excited. Finally, she gave a bright look through them, upward, and a smile and a half shake of the head, denying their apparent meaning to the Giver of her happiness, and then wiped them away, and grew quiet again.

A LONDON correspondent describes the manners and customs of fashionable society at the opera in London: "Dress and manners at the London Italian Opera prices are very much higher here than in America, and in the London season ladies in full dress would never robed in breadcloth, with a dress-coat and white neckcloth. This is supposed to be the dress of the male performers, like your correspondent, for instance, pose yet, considerable, whose love for music entirely counteracts his manners for gratifying that love. In the fall, however, where 'my lords' and 'ladies' are not attracted to the city, one may hear the opera in any respectable clothes he may happen to have on, and even in the full season, unless he is desirous of learning how inappropriate an educated Englishman can be. In all only hear one or two strange remarks, and be the conscious target of a score of eyes all the evening, but even that is unpleasant when one is supposed to be among gentlemen. In most parts of the theatre hats are not taken off until the curtain rises, and a people never will wear anything but stove-pipes, and they are modern to put their hats on the floor, or on the seats on every possible opportunity, and those in the back seats were often all the evening."

A Chapter on Shopping.

"*He* that goeth a shopping for a *she*, meeteth a mult of it."—CICERO.

I, ADOLPHUS SNIPP, JUN., can't swear that Cicero ever uttered the above quotation; but if he did, it was only because dry-goods stores were not in vogue in the early days when he perambulated this mundane sphere, or because his wife never asked him to go shopping for her. Reader, did your wife ever request you to go on a shopping expedition? If she did, and you consented, allow me to condole with you—allow me to sympathize with and for you.

One day last week—the day shall be nameless—my wife said to me, as I was about to depart from domicile:

"Dolly"—she always calls us "Dolly" when in good-humor—"I want you to do a little shopping for me."

"Well, what is it, my dear?"

"I wish you would go into Hogg, Brown & Taylor's."

"Oh, the devil!—has got into my corns," said I.

My wife looked hard at me at the mention of his Satanic majesty, evidently thought, after the completion of the sentence, that my words might have been put nearer together, or that the last part of it couldn't have been uttered only for that look of reproach. The mention of his sulphuric highness in connection with my corns, possibly would not, to the gentler look now word from her, but she no doubt thought it was uttered in a spirit of veneration at the mention of H. B. & T.'s. I have nothing to say as there is the sentence, and you can interpret it according to the best of your knowledge and belief.

Talk about the counsellors at Butler, Banks, and other heroes! why, they sink into insignificance when compared to a raid on a dry-goods establishment by a masculine, to accommodate a feminine.

"Well, my dear, what shall I procure for you?"

"You know I don't feel very well, and don't want to go out; and I should think you might just go in and get these few things I want."

Certainly we will, my dear," I replied; "I will get anything you wish. Now, what is it?"

"Well, you go into Hogg, Brown & Taylor's—" I inwardly repeated my previous exclamation, which, of course, was unheard by my better half—"and look over the list while I put on a shawl."

"What colors do you want the figures?" I inquired.

"Don't want any colors, you foolish man. Blue silk, figured, not plain. I shall leave it to your taste to select the pattern; and four yards of black lace trimming. Four inches wide; and six skeins of scarlet floss, and—let me see, is there anything else?—yes, get three yards of green ribbon, about three inches wide; and three skeins of blue and green silk—"

"Three skeins each?" I ventured to ask.

"Why, of course not. Let me see—that's all—oh, get me, while you are about it, two pairs of light kid gloves, number six and a half—that's all. Now do you think you can remember all these?"

Hadn't you better set them down? Now see if you can say over the things."

My memory is tolerable, so I "said over the things."

"That's right," was the approving remark from my wife. "Now you mustn't forget the floss. I'm so afraid you'll forget some of them—you better set them down."

"Oh, no; I shall remember," I said, and prepared to leave.

"Now remember—and don't forget," she said, as my hand was on the handle of the door. "Oh, Dolly, stop a minute—I forgot; just go into Tuttle's, and get me a pair of Jouvin-calf-skin boots, size two, number three and a half."

"All right," I said, and left.

"G' last," she sung out.

"Don't forget!" for about the seventy-fourth time came floating after me as I went along the street, "saying over the things," like the boy who was sent for salt, pepper and mustard, and who forgot pepper, but got to the store, where he sung out for "fur, pitch and rosin—tar, pitch and rosin." The "things" that I was to purchase were not so much varied, and I resolved to go in somewhere and make a memorandum of them, for I didn't want to make a "mull of it;" I was anxious to get it done and over—returned to write down the articles, but I never meant to tell my wife that I did so.

Over yard of lace trimming; four yards of black silk, figured, four inches wide; six yards scarlet ribbon, three inches wide; three skeins of green floss; three skeins of black and scarlet silk; one pair light colored gloves, number three and a half, and—let me see—oh, two pairs boots, patent leather, number six and a half—see the last. There, now I was all right, and I made for Hogg, Brown & Taylor's, whose store I passed and repassed seven times before I dared to attempt an entrance, on account of the crowd of ladies going in and coming out. Bless me, how they do like to go shopping!

At length a favorable opportunity occurred, and screwing my courage to the sticking point, I essayed the entrance, but not before three ladies got the lead on the steps. However, I went forward, but unfortunately stepped on one of the ladies' dresses, and something gave way—I heard a tear of dry-goods. The lady looked round—and such a look. She might possibly have been an "angel in disguise," but certainly her face was decidedly the reverse of the angelic at that moment. I don't generally apologize in such cases, as I think if the dresses were not too long they couldn't be stepped on; but in this case I thought I would, and raised my hat, and was about to make the apology in my best manner, when some one from behind—there were at least ten women in the rear of me at this time, and as many more in front, some of them trying to get out—stepped on my cane, which fell from my hand. In stooping to pick it up, I replaced my hat, and had just got hold of the cane, when a violent push from behind sent me to my knees, and my hat over my head. It was a happy situation for a moment, I assure you; but I got to my feet, and my hat was passed to me by a lady, with a smile—they were all smiling, and some giggling at *my fawx pas*. What a situation for a bashful, sensitive man, in a struggling crowd of women, hemmed in on all sides, and the laughing-stock of the crowd.

Inwardly I was profane, outwardly I was confused; I would have given seven dollars to have been out of the scrape. I felt that I was in a much worse position than A. Ward when surrounded by the seventeen widows, who asked him to marry "them." My face was burning, and I knew it was as red as a boiled lobster, while the perspiration cascaded over my brow, down my cheeks and nose, in streams.

But the writhing mass of female humanity, with myself in its midst dressed, finally passed the rubicon of the doorway by dint of struggling and pushing, and I took a breathing spell. I stood back out of the crowd gathered about the counters, and wiped my weeping face, and endeavored to get myself into a calm and was collected a state as possible before prescribing myself at the counter to make my purchases. I think I obtained two more or less pats on the job, but the thought of the disquisition my wife would favor me with in case of non-fulfillment of the commission she entrusted me with, made me firm to "do or die." Oh, if I had only known what I knew two hours afterward—but never mind—I won't anticipate. I at last found the counter I had got myself into pretty "good order and condition," as the bills of lading say, and made my way to a young man, and found a chance to sandwich in between two ladies.

The clerk was busy with lady customers, and I had time to notice one with a baby. I took out my memorandum, and asked the clerk, who happened at that moment to favor me with a look, if he had any of the articles mentioned.

He smiled slightly, and said:

"In a moment, sir."

I don't think he understood me. He knew I had asked for something, and so gave me this encouragement. I pulled my hand out of the woman's, the memorandum in it, and made up my mind to patiently wait my chance of being waited upon.

The woman, satisfied with goods, and I was considerably amused by the manner of a little old woman, on my right, who looked at this piece of stuff, and then another and another, comparing the price of everything she looked at this over and again, and would now talk to a young woman on her right—probably her daughter—and then to herself.

"Hannah, what do you think of this? Handsome, how do you like it? Rather high, I think it is too much, Hannah?" and a hundred other questions and remarks. She couldn't stand still, and was continually moving backward and forward at the counter. Finally, she asked the clerk to show her some kind of stuff or other, I don't know what, but I noticed the little dame's foot and ankle was silent, when all at once I was startled by an exclamation from her:

"Oh, don't! where is my portemonnaie? Oh, dear! somebody has picked my pocket! Oh, dear! it's you, sir. Oh, dear! I recollect now, I had pulled my purse out to look at some goods on the counter. I'm sure you've got it, sir!"

All this was uttered in a rapid and excited manner, and the shocked my meek and mild, as I unconscious a grasp as that of a drowning man catching at a straw.

"You've got it, sir! I'm sure you must have it!" she cried.

Well, here was a situation, most decidedly. All eyes were fixed upon me. I heard a lady's remarks, and I felt the perspiration again coursing over my face. For a moment I was thunderstruck and speechless; but at length my tongue found utterance.

"My dear madam—"

"I'm not your dear!" me, sir," said the woman, interrupting me, and still clinging to my coat-sleeve.

"Madam," said I, "I have not got your portemonnaie. I am no thief. Look among the goods on the counter."

"I'm not going to look; you can't get away from me in that manner."

At this moment a policeman came up who was passing by the store, and then the old lady told the story of her loss, and charged me with being the guilty party of the theft, but never let go her hold. A great crowd gathered round to gaze on a pickpocket, as they evidently set me down to be.

It was an interesting moment for me! cheerful to a high degree. The policeman tried to pacify the excited old lady in a manner of gentleness, while she was sure she had her money when she came in, and so forth, and advised her to be a little more calm, and look over her goods, and see if among the goods on the counter. Of course she was sure she had the money; sure it was on the counter, and sure she hadn't sure that I must have taken it. She hunted her dress all over, and the goods on the counter were overhauled, but no portemonnaie came to light.

"He's got it—I know he's got it. Why don't you make him give it up?" she said to the policeman.

He didn't hardly know what to do; he evidently didn't believe me a thief.

"I am willing to be searched," I said to him. "I am no pickpocket or thief."

"You don't look like one, that's a fact," said he; "but I fear we must search you."

All my pockets were turned inside out, but of course the old lady's portemonnaie didn't turn up.

"This is an awkward position," says I, "to be placed in. An intensely happy moment, to be

charged with being a thief, and searched in presence of a hundred ladies."

I felt as though I could have looked calmly on and seen a band of constables manhandle that old woman. Imagine the position, my Christian friends, and pity me. I wished the earth would open and swallow me alive, with my merchandise, open and swallow me alive, with my merchandise, which was in my pocket, and which my wife often said I thought more of than I did of her. I wanted to be swallowed by something, I didn't care what. How I envied, at that moment, the position of Jonah. There he had room enough, and wasn't confronted by an old woman who called him a thief, nor stared at by a hundred others who probably believed it. It might have smelt a trifle fishy, but it had been somewhat dark, but if he had been a Yankee, he would have dipped his handkerchief in it and improvised a lamp. What was his position to mine?

I wished I was a sardine—yes, the centre sardine in a box—for there is oblivion. Here, I was a sort of exhibition to be sure, being packed in about as close as one of these diminutive specimens of fish; but I should have infinitely preferred being packed in a box to the pickle I was now in, being a dead sardine to the pickle I was now in. But if "wishes were horses, beggars might ride." Here I was, and must see the end of it. The policeman felt satisfied, I was sure, that I had not taken the money, and that I was no thief; no one else did; but the old lady was certain she felt my hand fumbling about on the counter, and nothing would satisfy her that I was innocent. All at once, she exclaimed:

"Oh, dear! where's Hannah? Hannah! Hannah!"

"Here I am, mother. Why, what's the matter?"

Her daughter had left her just before the loss of the money was discovered by the old lady, and gone to the further part of the store, and was returning when her name was called out by her mother.

"What is the matter, mother?"

"Oh, dear! my portemonnaie is gone, and I'm sure that man has got it," said the old lady, eyeing me in a savage manner.

"Why, no he hasn't, mother. I took the portemonnaie when I went to the other end of the store, and told you I'd take it; you probably did not hear me. Here it is?" and the daughter passed the missing article to her mother, who clutched at it as nervously as she had at my counterclever, will the exclamation:

"Oh, dear! well I declare, that's funny! I knew it was on the counter. Well, I declare!"

There was a laugh among the crowd of a sickening thing. I don't know what; perhaps they were gratified at my innocence being so clearly established, perhaps they were disappointed: I don't know. I felt better decidedly, but mad still. As for the old woman, she turned away as soon as she got the money, seeming afraid that I might yet get hold of it.

"You owe this gentleman an apology, mother," said her daughter.

"Oh, don't apologize," said I; "it was very pleasant;" and turned on my heel to the counter, and proceeded to the check of my memorandum, saying:

"Put those things up the best you can; I don't know anything about them."

He read it over, and said they didn't have any blue lace trimming, but had white.

"Well, take that, and put up the others, and never as you can."

"Boots we haven't got," said he, laughing.

"Oh, no, of course not," I said. I had forgotten all about the boots. He handed me a parcel in a few moments, and told me the amount of the bill was $3 50, I said, and left the store comparatively happy. "Now for Tuttle's," says I. I didn't anticipate much trouble in the purchase of the boots, as I went boldly in and called for ladies' boots, patent leather, size six and a half, and required no toe the last. The shopkeeper looked at me for a moment rather vacantly.

"I think you mean 'C' last—boots made on 'C' last," he said, and smiled.

"Pon, that's it, probably."

"Patent leather, did you say? We have no ladies' patent leather boots—have glove leather tipped with patent leather."

"I believe that is the kind after all," said I.

They were done up, and paying the bill, I left with increased happiness and a feeling of great relief, so much so, indeed, that I dropped into Tuttle's for a glass of lime, and imbibed glasses of lager, and became crapsal as a summer morn. On arriving at my domicile, I handed my bundle of hat and boots to the waiting wife, with an air of satisfaction, and she appeared pleased also, as she prepared to open them.

"I've been worrying so, Dolly—I didn't believe you would get them. Ain't you a real good Dolly?"

"What under the light of the sun and moon, have you got here?" she suddenly exclaimed, in a tone rather different from the first welcome.

"Well, what's broke now?" I asked.

"Broke! that's a pretty question!" she replied, in a rising voice.

There was a breeze coming, and I mistrusted from what quarter. Whenever she raved of a number of articles from the regular course of domestic felicity, her voice kept rising till it reached a very high pitch, and then culminated in a hysterical shower of eye-brine.

"Don't get into a fret, my dear," said I.

"Fret! Who wouldn't fret, I should like to know? I told these boots; big enough for old Zeph Spunt! Who did you buy them for—you or me? Who told you to get two pair? I declare you are the greatest numbskull I ever saw—just like all the men. You—

"Look here, my dear Angelina, if there is any mistake, it was made by the clerk; for let me tell you, what I did not intend to, that, as soon as I left the house, I made a memorandum of the things you wanted—"

"I don't care if you did; look at these boots! I suppose all the other things are just the same."

"I think it very likely," said I, coolly.

The other parcel was tore open in a jiffy—the things pulled over in what I call rather a spiteful manner.

"Oh, dear me! Look at these things, will you? Not a single thing in the lot that I told you to get! I declare, you are enough to wear out the patience of a stone; I believe you did it on purpose!"

She fairly screamed at me, and threw the mess of stuff into a chair. Then came the bursting of the briny fountains, as she flung herself into a rocking chair, and rocked violently backward and forward.

There was no me trying to pacify her—as well try to pacify a volcano in eruption—or the rage of an opera-ticket; so I quietly lit my pipe and sat down to await the subsiding of the waters and the return of the ebb tide.

I had evidently "made a mull of it"—though how, I couldn't imagine; it was no fault of mine, I felt convinced, for what fiend or fatal attraction I had been buoyed on my way home at the thoughts of how pleased my wife would be with the result of my anticipated shopping of my mishaps, over which I calculated we would have a merry laugh. Alas! all my pleasant dreams were to end in real; regular storm and hysterics, instead.

In about half an hour my wife began to show symptoms of an organization more sane than she had exhibited for the thirty minutes previous. She got up and once more examined the parcel of thirty-cent trash a word. At length she took up the gloves, and holding them out to me, said, quite calmly:

"Pon, for mercy's sake, did you suppose could wear these things? they are about a fit for a gal of fourteen. Oh, dear! what did I do to deserve this!" holding up some scarlet ribbon, green floss, and so forth. I kept mum. "Not a thing here I can use, single thing. Why, it's a complete joke, are." Her voice began to rise again, and was evidently pitched in the key of "C."

"Don't be excited, my dear," I again called me Snipp when ruffled, never Dolly—"you can just pack these things back, quick as your legs can carry them, back to the store. What did they cost, for pity's sake? Enough, I suppose, in all conscience. There, take them back, and don't excite yourself about it." At this juncture she subsided again to the rocking-chair.

Taking the things back was the last feather that broke the camel's back. I wouldn't have carried them back for ten times the cost.

"Mrs. Snipp," said I, "when I take those things back, you'll know it."

"You won't take them back?" she screamed.

"I will not," I replied, in the tone of a Senator. "I'd see them in Tophet first, and—"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Snipp, and me, too! and me, send you were in Tophet first, and me, too—just like all the men, to treat their poor wives in this manner."

Hysterics No. 2, with a copious, heavy wet now supervened, in the midst of which agonies exhibition I retired from her presence—from the house and its sweet influence—for the rest of the day.

Now, my dear readers, you have the experience of a Mr who went shopping for a she, and if Cicero didn't utter the adage, "*He* that goeth shopping for a she, maketh a mull of it," I claim the origin of it.

COLD BEATING.

A SINGLE grain of gold may be beaten by the hammer so as to cover 75 square inches, which would form it into leaves not more than 1-200,000 of an inch in thickness, or requiring more than 1,000,000 sheets of the leaf to make a pile three inches high. This would be a piece of gold-beating which would astonish the London printing-paper, and is owing to the extreme tenacity of gold. A single grain of gold may be drawn into a wire that would reach round the globe. A silver wire, coated with the thinnest wash of gold, may be drawn out so as to make a wire, whose thickness no coating so much that a defect could be discovered, even with a microscope. Forged notes have been detected by means of a slight wash with silver and copper, unless the leaf is to be exposed to the weather, when pure gold is used. In the finest gold-beating, a piece of gold scarcely, which, on being cooled, is passed through polished steel rollers, until it becomes a narrow ribbon, about 1-1000th part of an inch in thickness. It then passes into the hands of the "cutter," who, with shears, cuts it into square and oblong pieces, and 150 of these are placed between as many leaves of vellum, which are bound in a book, and given on with his heaviest hammer, beating the pile about an inch square. The "cutter" then takes the gold, shifting the hammer without any pause, and very deftly turning the leaves, which are now gold to gold. In this operation, by this time the pieces of gold will have expanded to the size of the vellum leaves, which are then cut and each one is again cut into four. They are again placed between four dozen vellum leaves, and beaten by means of the original piece, which are bebatered for another hour with a hammer weighing seven pounds in the first. The force of all the hammers are slightly convex, to cause the gold to spread.

When this beating is completed, the gold is found to be about 1-250,000 of an inch, and making 3,600 in all, and are put into thinner parts of the vellum, and carefully packed to another hammer, and finally submitted to the last and most extreme thinness of the metal. The hammer-man is worth eight or ten pounds per week. Beating lasts for five or six hours, at the close of which the edges of the leaves, which are always uneven, are cut with a sharp reed, as the gold adheres to a metal knife. The leaves are then put into a "shoder," or mould, in which it is sold, each leaf of gold being about three inches square, and 25 making a book. They are very seldom torn or cracked.

THE CAP.—The Romans went for many ages without any covering for the head, and their statues or busts of all the ancient statues appear bare. But at length, indeed, the cap was a symbol or liberty; and when the Romans gave it to their slaves, it entitled them to freedom. The cap was sometimes used as a mark of infamy; and in Italy the Jews were distinguished by a yellow cap; and in France, those to whom pardons or rapts were for ever after obliged to wear green caps. The general use of caps in these parts of the world being in 1440; the first seen in France was worn by the Duke of Alençon, who took the plaque of elegance or haste. He never they took the plaque of elegance or haste. He never cap was called sorte'n; the wool cap, bonnet. The clerical or university square cap was invented by Patrouillet.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT OF SIAM.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, in the *Fortnightly Review*, gives these elephantine items:

"Elephants, especially white elephants, are all important personages in Siam. In the multitudinous incarnations of Buddha, it is believed that the white elephant is one of his successive forms; and the possession of a specimen of a white elephant is the duty, the pride, the happiness of the fortunate potentate of state in the domicile of the white elephant. Once, when death, not long ago, filled the court and nation with mourning. The first king, in the early years of the reign of Chulalongkorn reward was paid to the fortunate discoverer, and the white elephant was shown, with much solemnity and ostentatious welcome and reverence, the newly-acquired treasure.

"In Siamese history there are many chapters giving magnificent and elaborate accounts of the wars waged solely for the acquisition of some white elephant in the possession of the neighboring princes. There are instances where two existed in the same capital, and the unsuccessful monarch on the acquisition of one by friendly surrender, the territory of the doubly-blessed monarch, in token of gratitude for the acquisition, immediately demanded *et si avenit*.

"The court of Siam had been for some time unhonored by the presence and patronage of a white elephant. Slightly brown in red with dark brown or pale black, with pendant ears of a lighter color and eyes of bright blue. Such a specimen of nature's prodigal and diviner race. These were adorned with rich jewels, and by lineal anticipation the heir-apparent to the throne when they left their stalls; but they became as nothing when the delighted and fortunate sovereign, or rather of celestial genealogy, appeared.

"The King of Siam, in announcement of his capture, wrote to me in terms of high satisfaction at the acquisition, and invited me to be present at his capital I was conducted to the palace of the heir-apparent, to say the least of it, a very splendid but copper; and there I found the white elephant, which looked like what a red Indian. His stable was palatial platform, of Persian design, covered with a roof of rich embroidery on whose adjacent walls handsome women were in attendance, and who, with fans and chowries, kept the sacred beast cool. who took care he should be supplied with his favorite food. The elephant was fed with sugar-cane. When the white elephant went to bathe, the procession was splendid. Every courtiers, and was received by the people with prostrations and reverence.

"On my departure from Bangkok, after the signature of the treaties, when the ratifications were delivered, engraved on golden slabs, to the great Queen of England, the King of Siam, in a letter inscribed with a gold key, though many handsome presents accompanied the royal missive. the most precious offering was the most precious of the assurance that it was of the invaluable offering was a gift to be conveyed by me to the white elephant's fat, tied together with a golden thread.

THE HEART AND BRAIN.

FOR the purpose of showing that the heart could continue to beat in the absence of the brain, Brodie employed artificial respiration on animals who had been decapitated. Another brain had by robed of the blood was destroyed. By the regular action of a pair of bellows attached to a tube introduced into the windpipe, air could be forced in or out of the chest in a way simulating ordinary respiration. When this was done, the heart continued to beat, the muscles of the limbs had tonical contract when stimulated, the blood to be changed from a venous to an arterial color in the passage through the lungs, except that there was no consciousness, no voluntary movement, and apparently no sensation. In other words, the heart and the lungs retained the same functions as during life. According to the theory of Brunn, Brodie explained the change of the blood from a venous to arterial character in the lungs, being due to the fact that the carbonic acid, which is formed in it, have been generated, and, consequently, the insufficient stimulus of the blood in the pulmonary capillaries was as long as artificial respiration was continued, to produce the change of color. Any more, when two pieces of bowels of ox, sheep, or calf were taken and the one left untouched, while the other was carefully stretched, the latter was found to be more easily digested by the fact that in its case a certain amount of cold air was at the same time brought in contact with the warm interior of the animal. He however obtained the same results when he had been mechanically destroying the brain, and merely substituting chloroform or narcotic poisons, with which a dog of Brande, he demonstrated that not only did the blood appear to the eye to undergo the change from dark crimson from the venous to the arterial condition, but also that the amount of carbonic acid evolved by the animal during the artificial respiration, to be actually greater than that proper to life and health. From his experiments the conclusion that animal heat is not dependent on the nervous system, but that by respiration no (be afterward changed into heat). Brodie found that when guinea-pigs, in a state of sole condition and source of the elevated temperature of warm-blooded animals, had been deprived of the functional activity of the brain and nervous system.

THE HAIRDRESSER'S DAUGHTER.—"Know then, fair sir," the barber's daughter, drawing a deep sigh, "that I am cursed with a luxuriant head of hair, wicked enough to drive a dozen others."

"Shame," I muttered, "would call it blessed to be thus endowed. Is it not beautiful, then?"

"Worse luck," said the maiden, in tones of despair. "It is the curse of my profession. The curse of my profession. My paternally kind but professionally cruel father has made me in the kind of sight and sense not by bald headed men."

"Say, sir, to dress my head *à la* something; a new form of coiffure, and I'll make your fortune while I sleep. When I have been coming to the most deeply interesting part of the story, he has actually fallen asleep. room and insisted on my trying on a elegant bonnet, which from my long hair, I could not possibly on me. When I am ready dressed to go to bed, he will not hear of it, and I am obliged to sit up with him all hours of the day and night I am liable to be disturbed and in health, in joy and in sorrow, I must yield my hair to the curling-irons of my father's customers. I have no rest. For months I have slept with my eyes open.

"With my eyes open," I said, the consequence of having to study that I could not shut them. It was very hard to study with them open, and that the muscles relaxed. Ah, sir, you know not what I have suffered—what I am sacrificed to."

THREE CENTURIES AND A HALF AGO.—"I have seen a man conversed with a man who fought at Flodden field," may be said by a venerable octogenarian gentleman to whom we are indebted for the following circumstance. The writer of this, when an infant, was carried in the arms of Mr. Ogle, of Eglingham, Northumberland, who died in the age of 116. Mr. Ogle, 70 years old, on a journey to London about the year 1670, in the capacity of page in the family of the Duke of Trompe, by become acquainted with the venerable Henry Jenkins, and heard him give evidence in a court of justice at York, that he "perfectly remembered being employed, when a boy, in carrying arrows on the hill at the battle of Flodden."

	A. D. 1513
Add Henry Jenkin's age	169
Less	114
Enter Garden	1738
Less his age when at York	12
	114
The writer on this in 1865, aged	80
	A. D. 1865

FEMALE CRIMINALS.

THE October number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains some interesting statistics relative to "Life in the Criminal Class." In regard to female criminals it says:

"In the report of last year's prisoners, we are told that women, when criminal, are worse than the men. For this, while female convicts are little more than a third of the whole number, 42 per cent. of the women in jail last year had been convicted before, to 32 per cent. of the men; and again, that of convicts who had been in prison above 10 times before, there were 3,778 women to 1,171 men. Nobody could be surprised at this who had learned anything of the life led in our female prisons, either by observation or from reports and books. One of the worst results of such mistakes as are at first sight most to their advantage is, that a general impression has been created, that women once bad, are utterly hopeless; and that the only alternative for them is to be shut up in prison with beasts in cages, incessantly terrifying their keepers, and to be turned loose among society, like escaped animals of prey, which are the curse of all who live within the range of their haunts. Much of this impression is due to those very weaknesses and wild acts of criminality which have been provoked by injudicious management in prisons; and when they are taken aside from before any judgment can be formed at all, it has come to be a fixed idea, that the fate of the reviewer and restoration of a hopeful woman to England, and of a very large proportion of women in England, is a thing only recognized, if at all, as the most remote chance of redemption. It must be acknowledged that the efforts made to rescue the fallen, and to restore them to society, absorb a large portion of our criminal funds. Many women are driven for the most part to crime, sometimes or ruined by betrayal, poverty, weakness, and perversion, and they are but bright and passionate animal and affectional; and with the exception of a few of the most perplexing combination, duplicity and power of intrigue beyond all fathoming. If we may generalize from the cases of inmates with us before their companions in crime and their selfish lovers, they are more tractable, decent women uncivilized than otherwise than by long and hard experience; and hence the difficulty of their case. Neither judge nor jury, neither chaplain nor matron, neither doctor nor warder, prison at all can understand and feel for a being who seems to be made up of the idiot and the intriguer, the infant and the woman, the helpless victim and the fiendish idolater, the bedlam empress and the victim under the wheels of the Juggernaut car."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A YOUNG lady in Louisville, while on her way to be married, was run over and killed. A confirmed old maid accosted the remains: "She avoided a most lingering and horrible death."

An ancient maiden in Newark, after reading in a newspaper that a man in Anglesea had cruelly beaten his wife, exclaimed:

"Is there such a thing as a virgin?"

Her brother's wife, a woman of 22, overheard the remark, and replied:

"Oh, yes, 'a virgin' on 40, I think."

LILLE L——, with her little brother called at a house in Jersey City, and while her cold morning, to warm. Some doubts were expressed as to her brother being more than two years old.

"Oh, yes!" says Lille, "he is naix, and mother says he will be naix year, but he would have been as much as seven or eight!"

A CONTRIBUTOR says, "My name is Somerset. I am a miserable bachelor. I cannot marry—for how could I hope to prevent on a young lady's mind of the feathers were plucked, must have been Elite ducks.

On the edge of a small river, in the county of Cornwall, there is a stone with the following inscription: "N. B.—When this stone is cast of sight, it is not far off from the sea."

"FATHER," said a cobbler's boy, as he was peeping away at an old shoe, "they say the front bits new."

"Well, well," replied the old gentleman, "you stick to your work, and you won't like your trade."

FOND reply that of Quilp to his wife, who asked him what was an artificial eye.

"A new eyelash."

THERE is danger in being too neat. An old lady in Holland scrubbed her sitting-room floor until she fell through the hole she had made.

AN agricultural society recently offered a premium for the best method of thinning out a too crowded plantation by mistake; whereupon a wag sent his wife to claim the prize. He took care to be out of the way when she returned.

A SLEEPY fellow was reproved for lying in bed so late in the morning, when he replied he was obliged to do it to invent excuses for not getting up.

WHY is a man taking a nap like a read-reading paper? Because he is employed in dozing.

How does the hairdresser end his days? He curls up and dyes.

A bandbox man—letter did write.

The thanks belated word for world.

It was read by one who had his sight.

And deaf one who had listened and heard.

It was nought that the bandbox man did send.

It was nought that struck on the brain's drum;

It was nought that struck on the brain's drum;

And nought that struck on the man's ear;

As nought that struck on the man's ear.

For one and the same, as we all well know,

Is a sight, and sound, and the letter O.

WHY are the makers of the Parrott gun the greatest thieves in the world? Because they rifle all the guns, forge all the materials, and steal (steel) all the gun barrels.

WHY is a carriage there three objections to a glass of brandy?—There are three scruples to a dram.

WHY was Cranmer's death preferable to Charles the First's? Because it was less (stake) is better than a cold chop.

"I SAY, Brown, what a close shaver Jones is—why, he'll shave a dollar about a penny!"

"Well, what if he does?" said Brown; "the less one squanders about the better."

He the contented man desires:
The poor man has, the rich requires;
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves;
And all sum carry to their graves—nothing.

WHEN may a man be said to sit down to a melancholy dessert?—When he sits down to wine (whine) and pine.

WHAT are the degrees of comparison for a lawyer?—First he has to get on, then to get honor, then to get honest.

WHY should there be no free seats in a church?—Because you ought not to be made good for nothing.

A COMPETENCY.—A little more than you have.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—Justice without mercy.

HON. SOLOMON FOOT,

United States Senator from Vermont.

THIS distinguished man died on the 28th ult., at nine o'clock in the morning, in Washington City, D. C., in the midst of his family, and possessing consciousness to the last.

It is related that, taking leave of all in the room, including his wife, brother and nephew, and Dr. Baxter, of Vermont, Mr. Foot expressed a desire to take a last look at the Capitol, and requested to be raised in his bed that he might do so. His wishes were at once complied with, and just as they had raised him so that his eyes rested on the building he expired.

Both Houses of Congress adjourned to attend the funeral, after the funeral services which were held in the Senate Chamber. The body, in charge of friends, left Washington for Vermont next day. After the death of Senator Foot became known at the White House, the President and several members of the Cabinet called on Mrs. Foot, and offered condolence and sympathy in her affliction.

Senator Foot was born in Cornwall, Addison County, Vt., November 19, 1802. His father, Dr. Solomon Foot, was a practicing physician in the town of Cornwall, whence he removed to Rutland, in 1804, where he died. The son went through the usual preparatory studies at the academies at Shoreham and Castleton, and entered Middlebury College in August, 1822, whence he graduated with high honors in 1826. Having graduated, he immediately became the principal of the Castleton Academy, where his own preliminary studies had been pursued, which charge he resigned at the end of a year, to become tutor in the University of Vermont, at Burlington.

In 1826 he again became principal of the Castleton Academy, and held, in conjunction therewith, the post of professor of natural philosophy in the Vermont Academy of Medicine, then located at Castleton, which position, he held until 1831. While faithfully discharging the duties of these combined positions he had also been pursuing the study of law. In pursuance of his plan to pursue the practice of this profession, he removed to Rutland in April, 1831, and was admitted to the bar at the September term of that year, and immediately entered upon the practice of it in Rutland.

In 1833 he was elected a member of the House of Representatives of the Vermont Legislature, and was again re-elected in 1836, '37, '38, and '47. He was not only a member of the House, but also held the responsible position of Speaker during the sessions of 1836, '38, and '47. He was also a delegate from Rutland to the Constitutional Assembly at Montpelier in 1836, as well as State Attorney from that year until 1842. He was elected to the House of Representatives in Congress, from the First Congressional District in Vermont in 1842, and again in 1844. Declining another election, he resumed the practice of his profession in 1847, and continued in it until 1851, in which year he took his seat in the Senate of the United States, having been elected thereto by the Legislature of Vermont, in October, 1850.



THE LATE HON. SOLOMON FOOT, U. S. SENATOR FROM VERMONT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON.

At the close of his term in 1856 he was re-elected in October of that year to the same position. During those two terms he served on the Committees on Foreign Affairs and the Pacific Railroad, and as chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds. During a part of the 36th, the whole of the 37th, and a part of the 38th Congresses, he was President (*pro tem.*) of the Senate. He was re-elected to the Senate in 863 for the term ending in 1869. By his death and that of his colleague (Jacob Collamer) Vermont has two vacancies to fill in the Senate.

Mr. Foot, was a large, handsome, intellectual-looking man, of about 50 years of age in appearance, though considerably older in fact.



SPRING FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN, FROM MODELS EXECUTED FOR THIS PAPER.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

THE front view of the Chesterfield overcoat which is presented to our view on Fig. 1, has no features of a novel or striking character which call for particular observation or remark. Its form is somewhat inelegant, as it does not sufficiently define the figure for a rather close-fitting over-garment, and consequently produces that straight and meagre appearance which is contrary to good taste.

Fig. 2. This figure displays a frock coat with a broad turn, collar and lappels; it rolls well open, and has silk breast facings advancing to the back end of the button-holes; the vest buttons two holes higher than the turn of the coat. Although this is the prevailing style of Parisian costume, we do not consider it appropriate to the style of coat depicted on this figure.

Fig. 3 shows an ordinary morning coat with a rolling collar, and flaps on the hips. Our readers will no doubt have already observed the extreme degree of narrowness which characterizes the present style of trowsers. We are informed by a Parisian foreman that he cannot cut his trowsers sufficiently tight to gratify his clients. We are sorry to say that the desire to rush to the opposite extreme to the peg-top style seems here also to be the prevailing wish of the young dandies.

AN UNPLEASANT PREDICAMENT.

A SINGULAR fact mentioned in Mr. Gosse's charming work, "A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica," illustrates the predaceous vehemence and lurking patience of the alligator. In Spanish Haiti, the large savanna rivers flow through wide, gently descending borders, carpeted with grass, having all the clean verdure of a lawn, and interspersed with clumps of beautiful flowering shrubs and trees. A Spanish priest, with three friends, had gone for a day's sporting to these grounds and had divided themselves. The three assembled at sunset, but the priest did not make his appearance. They sought him through the darkening thickets, and at last found him seated in a tree, into which he had been obliged to betake himself to escape an alligator that had pursued him by a succession of leaps. It had run in pursuit of him, as he said, jumping rapidly after him, with its back crooked like a frightened cat. He had taken refuge in the tree, whilst the reptile crouched in a thicket close by, quietly watching and waiting for his descent.

THE SLEICH PEDDLER.

OUR sketch was taken in the neighborhood of Bangor, Maine, and represents an actual character as well known through all that section of country, and as certain in his coming, as the snow.

As soon as the season opens, the sleigh peddler starts from Bangor with his long string of vans trailing behind him—Portland-made sleighs of every shape, size, hue and workmanship—and makes his way northward. As he goes, he trades, sells, exchanges, and sometimes rents out his properties, fetching up finally, if no nearer market is found, among the blue-noses in New Brunswick.

The sleigh peddler is generally a decided character; at home in every house, with a word for every one, he is hospitably hailed wherever he goes, and is a full type of American character.

AN ELEPHANT RIDE.

IN captivity elephants seldom lie down; indeed the keepers are accustomed to regard a beast found prostrate as one smitten with some disorder, and at once place him on the sick list, regulating his diet and putting him to no kind of labor for a while. An elephant that belonged to Louis XIV. never assumed any other position than a standing one through five years, though at the same time it was evident it was reduced to adopt that course from other than natural causes; for with the points of its tusks it had scooped two holes in the stone walls of its den, and into these holes it was



THE DEATH OF THE COMTE.

accustomed to hitch its ivory appendages when inclined for a nap.

In one respect do the hind-legs of the elephant differ in their formation from those of any other quadruped. Instead of bringing them under him when he lies down, he extends them behind him, as does a human being. The struggle which horses and oxen experience in rising from the ground is, by this providential arrangement of the hind legs of the elephant avoided. He simply



AN ELEPHANT RIDE—GOING DOWN HILL.

drawe his hind feet gradually under him, and his enormous weight is levered up without a perceptible effort.

Owing to this beautiful arrangement of the bones and muscles, the elephant is rendered one of the most sure-footed of animals. Carrying on his back a heavily-laden *howdah*, he will descend precipitous slopes with the most perfect ease. He manages it in this way: kneeling down at the commencement of the declivity, he puts out one fore-leg and feels cautiously for a safe footing; if he does not find it naturally, he sets about making it artificially by hammering in the soil an indentation with his broad and heavy foot. One foot thus accommodated, the other one is drawn out with equal care, and provided for in the same fashion as the first. Then one of the hind-legs is cautiously drawn forward, and one of the fore-feet being released from the foot-hole, it is inserted in its place. It might be imagined that, to afford time to the cunning elephant to go through these performances with the careful deliberation necessary to their perfection, travelling through a hilly country must be tedious work; this is, however, far from being the case: so rapidly does the sagacious animal perform the manœuvres above described, that in as little time as it has taken me to write this paragraph, the *howdah* and its occupants would have reached from the top to the bottom of a considerable hill.

MADRID STREET CHARACTERS.

MADRID and its people have lately become of interest, since it is suddenly agitated with one of those threatenings of revolution, called by the Spaniards *pronunciamentos*, of which few people know the actual origin, and fewer still can see the end. The population of the Spanish capital cannot be said to represent the usually-received opinions as to the national appearance and character, but they are, perhaps, the most difficult to deal with of all Spaniards; they have, for the most part, abandoned the national costume, which is still retained in the provinces and in many of the principal towns. They have adopted semi-French manners, and even their physical appearance differs considerably from that of the true Spanish people of remoter cities. Even those lower orders of Madrid, the itinerant vendors, the water-carriers, the beggars, and the strange idlers who once made the streets so picturesque, are gradually abandoning those gaudy and often graceful costumes which made a visit to Madrid so suggestive and its pleasure so piquant. The *manola*, even, is fond of French fashions, instead of retaining that wonderful black silk mantilla, which fell so gracefully from the comb to the shoulders, and was both cloak and veil; her skirts have descended farther towards those well-turned ankles which were once so freely exhibited, and it may be doubted whether she now carries that concealed dagger (the *navaja*) which she was traditionally believed to be ready to use either for her own defense, or to avenge an injury to her friend of the circus and the bull-ring.

It is to the Puerta del Sol that the visitor must repair for almost everything he is likely to want, and here it is that he will see most of the people of Madrid, of which it is, in fact, the Alpha and the Omega. There are to be found the omnibusses, the hackney-coaches, the news-venders, the post-office; and even the time of the city is regulated by the clock there. If a Madrilenian is directing you to any part of the city, the chances are he will begin with: "Go to the Puerta del Sol, and turn so and so;" or if you lose yourself in Madrid, and find that you are in a broad, handsome street, be sure that it will conduct you to the famous gate of the sun, for all the principal avenues lead thither: the Calle Mayor, leading to the palace and the Royal Quarter; the Carrera de San Geronimo, leading to the museum; and the Calle de Alcala, which is the finest street in Madrid, the grand approach to the principal promenade, and which might almost be called the most beautiful in the world, the palaces and houses are so handsome, ending with the splendid building where Espartero once lived, now used for the artillery and the fashionable Prado.

For those who care more for the people than the architecture, La Puerta del Sol is still more interesting. It is the resort of all the beggars in Madrid; of the picturesque Maragotos, and other strangers from the provinces; of all, indeed, who have found their way to the capital seeking for fortune, many of whom have little other clothing than the Spanish cloak, which they wear in all weathers. The eastern side of the square, or the one opposite the Gubernacion, is usually the most crowded part of this sunny locality, the favorite lounge of all the idlers about town.



SPANISH STREET CHARACTERS—THE FIEMAN OF MADRID.



SPANISH STREET CHARACTERS—ORANGE GIRL OF MADAID.

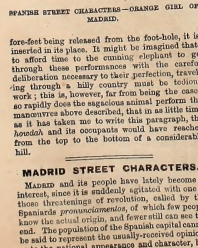


AN UNPLEASANT PREDICAMENT.

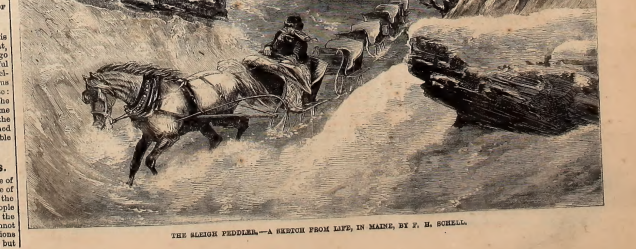
There the itinerant venders of all sorts of merchandise ply their trade; not, however, without a smoldering expression of gloomy interest in probable events. In regarding some of these people, one cannot help noticing, with surprise, the similarity of their features to those of the Irish; and, but for the extreme difference of climate and complexion, the resemblance would be still more remarkable. Notwithstanding the queer make of his foot and head gear, the former being something between a slipper and a cricketing-shoe, and the latter the sombrero over the usual silk handkerchief, the seller of hat-boxes, of whom we publish an engraving, has a face which might pubiish an engraving, has a face which might Spaniard, who regards his Paris silk hat with veneration and respect, could possibly submit to—one may see such occupying the luggage-vans of railway trains; and it is a certain conclusion that, wherever they are met with in such circumstances, there is a sallow, sententious, and yet keen-eyed gipsy countenance, and yet keen-eyed and lively group somewhere near, deftly making paper cigarettes, the smoke from which they blow through their nostrils in supreme enjoyment, or lunching amicably from roast pork, fruit, and some of that rich pastry of which they are mostly so fond.

The mention of pastry reminds one of the pastry-vender, be-capped, be-aproned, and carrying a whisk, with which to keep his sweet merchandise from the greedy flies of Madrid, which, like other insects in that favored capital, are a "caution." Custard and rataña are the great charms of all pastry to a Spaniard, but they have also a way of cooking fritters which is in itself a high art; and yet they have a proverb which says: "Never call a man a fritter-maker." They have also a saying that "eggs make a thousand dishes," and they have learned to put these most useful of all culinary adjuncts to capital account, as our pastry-vender of the Puerta del Sol well knows.

Oranges! There is nothing very picturesque in this poor drudge-like wench, who comes shambling past with her rich, sonorous cry and her heavy baskets; but the baskets themselves are laden with such ripe, luscious, golden fruit as might tempt a Greculander, to say nothing of a hot stranger gasping at the sun's own gate. Off with a strip of moist, pulpy rind, and then, with the great globe of wiry juice pressed to your



SPANISH STREET CHARACTERS—THE VENDER OF HAT BOXES OF MADRID.



THE SLEIGH PEDDLER.—A SKETCH FROM LIFE, IN MAINE, BY F. H. SCHELL.

lips, lean well back, and squeeze and suck in ecstasy. Or would you have green figs, some that granates, grapes of that rich dull-green hue that is so suggestive of food and drink at once, and both others? These you will eat out of a cool fruit-vendor; but you may look out for a melon, cool, fresh and fragrant, or the reverse; but it is to the real, melting, juicy melon that the Spaniards feel. It is a thing of beauty and a joy for three minutes. There is many a sturdy muleteer who carries his dinner from the neighborhood of the cathedral, dines from a coarse bread dipped in oil and vinegar, with perhaps a shred of garlic, makes a meal which, at all events, enables him to do more than most tourists could manage.

THE DEATH OF THE CORILLA.

The capture of an infant gorilla is thus graphically described by Du Chaillu:

"On the 4th of May, I had one of the greatest pleasures of my whole life. Some hunters who had been out on the previous day returned to my camp and told me they had found a young gorilla. I cannot describe the emotions with which I saw the struggling little brute dragged into the village; all the hardships I had endured into the village; all the hardships I had endured in Africa were rewarded in that moment. It was a little fellow of between two and three years old, two feet six inches in length, and as fierce and stubborn as a grown animal could have been.

"By the hunters' account, they were going, five in number, to a village near the coast, and were walking very slowly through the forest, when they heard what they immediately recognized as the cry of a young gorilla for its mother. The cry of a young gorilla for its mother. The cry of a young gorilla for its mother. The forest was silent. It was about noon, and they immediately determined to follow the cry. They easily got heard it again. On hand, the brave fellows crept noiselessly toward a clump of wood, where the baby gorilla evidently was. They knew the mother would be near; and there was a likelihood that the male, the most dreaded of all, might be there, too. But they determined to get it, and, at all possible, to take the young one alive, knowing what a joy it would be for me. Presently they perceived the bush moving, and, crawling a little farther on in dead silence, scarce breathing with excitement, they beheld what has seldom been seen, even by the negroes, a young gorilla, seated on the ground, eating some berries that grew close to the earth. A few feet further on sat the mother, also eating of the same fruit.

"Instantly they made ready to fire; and none too soon, for the old female saw them as they raised their guns, and they had a very full discharge without effect. Happily, they wounded her mortally, and she fell. The young one, hearing the noise of the gun, ran to his mother, and clung to her, kissing her face, and embracing her body. The hunters immediately rushed toward the tree, hallooing with joy as they ran on. But the young gorilla, now, who instantly let go his mother, and ran to a small tree, which he climbed with agility, where he sat and roared at them savagely. They were now perplexed how to get at him; no one cared to run the chance of being bitten by the savage little beast, and shoot it they would not. At last they cut down the tree, and, as it fell, dexterously threw a cloth over the head of the young monster, and thus gained time to secure it while it was blinded. With all these precautions, one of the men received a severe bite on the hand, and another had a piece taken out of his leg.

"As the little brute, though so diminutive, and the merest baby for age, was astonishingly strong, and he had his brains good-tempered, they could not lead him. He constantly rushed at them, so they were obliged to get a forked stick, in which his neck was inserted in such a way that he could not escape, and yet could be kept at a safe distance. In this unmanageable way he was brought into the village, where the excitement was intense. As the animal was lifted out of the canoe in which he had come a little way down the river, he roared, and bellowed, and looked round wildly with his wicked little eyes, giving fair warning that if he could only get at some of us, he would take his revenge.

"I saw that the stick-hurt his neck, and I immediately set about having a cage made for him. In two hours we built a strong bamboo house, with the slats securely tied at such a distance apart that we could see the gorilla, and it could see out. Here the thing was immediately deposited; and now, for the first time, I had a fine chance to examine my prize. It was a youngmale gorilla, evidently not yet three years old, fully able to walk alone, and possessed, for its age, of great extraordinary strength and muscular development. Its greatest length proved afterward to be two feet six inches. Its face and hands were very black, and not much sunken as in the adult's. The hair began first at the eyebrows and rose to the crown, where it was a reddish-brown. It came down in a ridge of the face in lines to the lower jaw—such as our beards grow. The upper lip was covered with short, coarse hair; but the lower had none. The eyelids were very slight and thin; eyebrows straight, and three-quarters of an inch long."

Du Chaillu, having caged his prisoner, sought to make friends with it. This, however, the captive seemed to regard as adding insult to injury. It retreated sullenly, roaring, to the furthermost corner of its prison, and, when its amicable jailer approached to measure it, darted at his hand, and, despite a nimble retreat, succeeded in catching Du Chaillu's trowsers in his terrible grip, and tearing a piece out.

A cup of water and some forest berries were procured for the prisoner, and when the company had retired out of sight he condescended to take his dinner. On the second day, however, he was even more vindictive and outrageous than the first. No one could go near his cage without he roared, and leapt, and mounted, as though nothing short of rending his enemies to fatal bits would ever pacify him. Food was thrust between the bars of his cage to no purpose; he would neither eat nor drink, and met all advances with the most obstinate contempt.

On the fourth day he managed to gnaw his bars asunder, and the prison was discovered empty. The utmost consternation prevailed in the camp; the hunter were called together, and the whole expedition resolved on. However the cunning Joe (so Du Chaillu christened him) had not forgotten his tricks of escape. Instead of making a gun, a terrible, yet to the explorer's sore delicious, growling emanated from beneath the bolstered, and there was Master Joe Gorilla crouched down and regarding his master with an unmistakable "touch-me-if-you-dare" expression.

How to take him was a puzzling question. He had shown such strength and such rage already, that not even I cared to run the chance of being badly bitten in a handling match. Meantime Joe stood in the middle of the room, looking about for his enemies. I dispatched some fellows about for his enemies. I dispatched some fellows to the village, telling till he became quiet; opened the door quickly and threw the net over his head; fortunately we succeeded at the first throw in entangling the young monster, who roared frightfully, and struck and kicked in every direction, under the net. With a hold of the back of the neck, two men seized his arms and another the legs; and thus held by four men, this extraordinary little creature proved most troublesome scene. We carried him as quickly as we could to the cage, which had been repaired, and locked him in."

Poor Joe, however, died soon after, and this first attempt to bring a living gorilla to Europe or this country failed.

AMERICAN MACHINERY IN ENGLAND.

The London *Times* and the largest English newspapers of every class, Engineers, American reapers, and other agricultural implements, take the lead in England; and our Sewing-Machines are in use in every well-ordered English household. The *Cunt Journal*, in a recent issue, describes a handsome sewing-machine, which has just been sent to an English lady of high rank. We quote the paragraph:

"At the Sewing-Machine has been advanced gradually from the manufacturing stage to that of household furniture, and thence to an adjunct of the duties of a refined home, Messrs. Greene, Bacon & Baker, of England street, have wisely catered for the supply in a more elegant form, and the machines last week forwarded to them for the public present the appearance of cabinets and are fitted accordingly. The top of each is surmounted by a machine, designed and ornamented expressly for a style of work, which requires the greatest delicacy of the kind ever seen: The table and stand are of satin wood, inlaid with ebony, and finished in the most delicate style. The machine itself is silver-plated, inlaid with pearl, and most delicately chased. It is beautifully mounted, by all who have seen it, as perfection."

There is quite a controversy going on in the London Periodicals, with regard to the qualities and advantages of the different American Sewing Machines. A correspondent of the last-mentioned paper writes:

"I am happy to inform 'Perplexity' that I have been using one of Lever & Bacon's machines for the last six months. I cannot speak too highly of the beauty of the work, nor of the perfection of the stitch, which is quite as hard as the puckie of the harp; a child of two years can work it. Perhaps 'Perplexity' will write to the editress of *The Queen*, I will have much pleasure in letting her try my machine. GERALDINE."

GRIEVANCES OF AUTHORS.

The treaties recently concluded between France and several other countries for better protection of literary and dramatic property, has called forth several severe articles in the newspapers here complaining of the shameful state of the law and also of concerning dramatic copyright as exemplified by the dramatic authors of France and England, says our writer, is a mockery and a farce—a farce which the English playwright and author has a right to demand that we are compelled to sit still and be despoiled without the power of bridging ourselves." Even the popular French author, Dumas, asserts that his work has been produced in London with great success, writes to the foreign manager, pointing out that he is entitled to receive from the two countries, is it honest, asks a French writer, that such a thing as dramatic copyright should exist? Is there a single line in all the code. Some time ago, a piece was produced at the Adelphi, which created a most enormous success—so great a success, that a Persian Prince, with a determination to rival the magnificence of D'Ennery, one of the most eminent of French dramatic authors, immediately sent a special agent to the piece for a French audience, but with the understanding that the piece should be produced in a manner far more profound, ran the 50 nights or so, and was but moderately applauded. Everybody will remember the piece, and how the returns—complained that the piece had been spoilt by the D'Ennery. It was called *Le Roi des Montagnes*, or *L'Opinion National*, took up the cudgels, and M. D'Ennery wrote a letter, in which, among other things, he reminded the indignant author that he had paid for the piece as might have done any manager, and that the pieces which had been taken from him without such remuneration, and which had in every case created the reputation of the author by whom he was abused. Surely such facts as these should be an answer.

A QUIET HOAX.—A St. Petersburg letter, dated February 19, says: "The carnival is now brought to a close yesterday. Some ingenious native Russian performed a rather clever hoax. The notice outside its show in the fair held on the Admiralty square announced an 'Exhibition of the winter palace in its natural size.' The spectators on paying their three rouge were gravely taken to a rear-place at the further end of the wooden booth, and gratified with a sight of the building itself in the distance. Many seemed inclined to get angry, but the coolness, humor and originality of the exhibitor, as the showman soon restored it to equanimity, and on leaving into the open air they all pronounced those outside not to miss the sight for the world."

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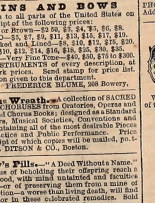
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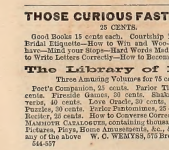
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"It was early in the spring of 1855, that this compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a distressable cough, and for months previous thought that a preparation, having for its basis the tinctic bark of white pine, would be accompanied with the very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in the case mentioned, I compounded a small quantity of the medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was relieved. The cough subsided, and in a very few days entirely ceased. Soon after they I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been afflicted with a severe bowel complaint, accompanied by a sudden cold, and had raised much blood. In a few days she wrote me she was cured. I sent for more—took about 10 ounces of it, and got well. J. B. Clark, Esq., editor of the Manchester *Daily and Weekly Mirror*, gave a full of the same preparation in the case of a severe cold, and was cured immediately. He was so highly pleased with the results, and so confident of success attending the sales of placed before the public, that he finally persuaded me to give it a name, and assist it abroad to benefit the suffering. In November, 1856, I first advertised it under the name of White Pine Compound. In two years from that time there had been established in Manchester alone $150 worth, where it took the lead of all the cough remedies in the market, and it still maintained that position. There is good reason for all this; it is very pleasant to the taste, healing in its nature, yet acting to the stomach, and pleasant without to the taste, and is exceedingly cheap.

"As a remedy for kidney complaints, the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled. It was not originated for that purpose; but a person, to using it for a cough, was not only cured of the cough, but was also cured of a kidney difficulty of 10 years' standing. Since that accidental discovery many others have used it for the same complaint, and have been completely cured."

The above was written, in 1865, by Dr. Poland the. Since then, as in Manchester, the White Pine Compound has taken the lead in all kidney remedies, as well as preparations for the cure of Kidney difficulties, in every city, town, village and hamlet throughout the New England States.

The Proprietor has given great opportunity to test the virtues of the White Pine Compound. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been sold and used with the greatest effect. Many have called for the medicine, and the people where it is prepared are high in its praise.

One bottle of this Compound is generally sufficient to remove a bad cough or cold. Nearly half the entire population is a large dose. Sometimes put a little white sugar in the bottle after it is filled, to make it more pleasant.

The limit to which I purposely confine myself in this circular will not allow me that full expression which I would like to give in favor of the White Pine Compound. It is universally liked where it is used, and it has attained to such a popularity among those whose opinion is valuable to others, that it is rapidly spreading, in part, prompt me to record more here this hurried people will have proved to be worthy of it. I will only say that I so commending to all who need a Cough or Kidney remedy to test the virtues of the WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

TESTIMONIALS.

A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and, from all classes of society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

DR. NICOLS, of Northfield, Vt., says:

"I find the White Pine Compound to be very effective in relieving the severe coughs and other affections, but also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the system, and in female weakness."

REV. J. K. CHASE, of Nunsery, N. H., writes:

"I have used and recommended your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as the most valuable medicine I ever used. ever. I have just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

REV. H. D. DOBOR,

of West Bindrdgh, Vt., who is a practising physician as well as minister, in a letter to Dr. J. W. Poland, May 31, 1865, says: "I find it an excellent medicine in kidney diseases."

The White Pine Compound, advertised at length in our columns, is not put forward as its name would lead to suppose, as a secret medicine. Dr. J. W. Poland, the inventor, has the formula of the mixture known to many physicians which he enjoyed while laboring soulfully many years as a Physician. Having had experience as a physician, led him to make experiments, which issued in his medical discovery. "A cough is a cough, and a cold a cold."

The editor of the Manchester *Daily and Weekly Mirror*, in a leader of the daily, thus speaks of the Compound:

"The White Pine Compound is advertised at much length in our columns, and we are happy to learn that the demand for it is rapidly increasing beyond the expectations. It is the very best medicine for coughs and colds we ever used in our family that has come, and it will ever be without it. We speak from our own knowledge; it is sure to kill a cold, and prevent a sore. The greater it remains over its accident, and it is singular that it is not more generally used for colds and coughs, should prove to be the greatest remedy for kidney difficulties. We have known Dr. Poland for years, and never knew a more conscientious man. Hundreds may, and we are glad to state that we believe whatever he says about his White Pine Compound."

Should you think favorably of this medicine, be careful in purchasing, for there is a FALSE PINE COMPOUND that is offered to you, as we know that other proprietors have been palmed off for it by unprincipled dealers.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND
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NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT,
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GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor,
Assisted by
REV. J. W. POLAND, M.D.

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1 do. Residence, No. 882 Wabash avenue	- - - -	10,000
1 do. do. No. 961 Lake street	- - - -	6,000
1 do. do. No. 87 Cranberry street	- - - -	5,000
1 do. Cottage, on 9th Avenue, near Pavilion street	- - - -	10,000
1 do. do. No. 16 Liberty and 317 W. Indiana streets	- - - -	6,000
1 do. do. in the locality	- - - -	3,000
10 do. City Lots, $500 each	- - - -	5,000

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Good and Reliable Agents wanted in every city, town and village in the United States, to whom great inducements will be offered. References required.

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5 Tickets to one address for	- - $4 50	60 Tickets to one address for	- - $36 00
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In every case send the Name and Post Office address of each Subscriber. Money by Draft, P. O. Order, Express, or Registered Letters, may be at your risk.

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The Proprietors will donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Fund $2,000; also there will be $2,000 reserved from the person drawing the $30,000 prize for the same purpose.

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From Report of EDSON ROBINSON, Agricultural Editor of the *Tribune*

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, to an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies."

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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 551—Vol. XXII.] NEW YORK, APRIL 21, 1866. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00

Slayers of Men.

A few days only have elapsed since a gentleman of high social and artistic position and reputation was shot instantly dead, in a place of public resort in this city, by a person who was described in the reports of the circumstance as "a sporting character," and as being "somewhat the worse for liquor." In his own examination he described himself as having "no occupation."

It seems this "sporting character," in a state of semi-intoxication (it was only ten o'clock in the forenoon), came into the room where the unfortunate gentleman to whom we have referred was sitting, engaged in reading, and producing a pistol, began to flourish it in a "promiscuous" manner, and finally suggested that he could put a bullet through the gentleman's hat—which he certainly did, and also through his brain. We believe it is not pretended there was any intent to wound or murder, and we have no doubt the report speaks true, and that the slayer was "overwhelmed with grief," notwithstanding he was "the worse for liquor." Technically and legally, we presume, he is not liable to a charge of murder, but the fact remains that a respected and widely-known citizen was killed in the very prime of manhood, by a man "without occupation" (we all know what that means in New York), who goes about in the morning "worse for liquor," and carrying fire-arms, contrary to law. To say that this man is not guilty of a crime and is not amenable to law, is to say that society does not protect its members and that our laws are burlesques—mere waste paper, failing to realize the very first purpose of their enactment, security to human life.

Of course the slayer in this case is proved, in the most startling and shocking manner, to have violated the statute against carrying concealed weapons, and it is possible that he may escape with only the trifling punishment set down against that offense. We are not prepared to say that, under existing laws, any other punishment could be inflicted. But we do say that the public sense of justice in this case would be very imperfectly met by such punishment. The example would fail to have a beneficial or restraining effect on that large class "without occupation," who are notoriously those who habitually carry concealed arms and get drunk in the morning.

In Scotland, if we remember rightly, the accidental killing of a man, in which carelessness or wantonness enters as a circumstance, is defined as a degree of murder, and severely punished by imprisonment and by a fine which inures to the heirs of the slain. The case under notice shows the importance of a similar enactment, in a striking manner. But it is far from being an exceptional or unfrequent case. Not a week before this affair, a mother was shot dead by her son, another playful rough; and since then, a gentleman was shot in the leg and seriously wounded while walking up Broadway at noon-tide.

The coroner's inquest has sent the case of the killing of Mr. Oddie by Mr. La Due to the Grand Jury, and meantime the latter is at large on bail of a thousand dollars. We cannot be supposed to attempt to dictate to the Grand Jury, but we hesitate not in saying that, if they find the laws bearing upon this case do not meet the first object and end of government—the protection of the public against the vagaries of drunken men carrying concealed weapons—that then it will be their clear duty to so represent the facts, and join in an application to the Legislature for further legislation. This is the least they can do. Of course La Due will be presented for his violation of the law, in carrying concealed arms; and, equally of course, it will be the duty of the Judge, before he will stand self-condemned, to visit on him the full penalty of the law.

POLICE COURT—EARLY MORNING.

Discharge of the Watch.

People come to New York, go to the theatres, opera, and concerts; walk Broadway and explore the Central Park, and return to their rural homes declaring that they have seen the town.

New York is not to be seen in a day, a week, or a month, but sight-seeing begets sight-seeing, and each new scene is suggestive of what can be seen when an effort is made to explore New York underground, or New York in its garrets and cellars, in its palace-homes and its hovels, its gambling-halls and its drinking-houses.

From a night's work of over 2,600 policemen in this



NEW YORK POLICE COURTS—THE TOMBS, EARLY MORNING—DISCHARGE OF THE WATCH.

great city, it is impossible to estimate the results in round numbers, for many arrests are made by many respectable citizens and disrespectable ones sleep in the station-house, because they were just a little foggy or out too late, it is impossible to say. The city is so divided into districts, each of which has its own separate jurisdiction, that the grand total is only known by the quarterly reports from the Police Headquarters in Mulberry street.

Our business is with that regular old-standing establishment, "The Tombs," a legitimate business place, famous as the classic "Old Bailey" of London, and as redolent of story as any locality of the old world.

The Tombs Police Court serves as the point for the discharge of the watch, as it is professionally called, or a discharge of the prisoners gathered in by the police through the previous night from Precincts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 14, 24, 25, 26 and 27.

These prisoners vary according to circumstances, running from 60 per night up to 130, and at the early hour of 6 A.M. are marched from the different station-houses to the Tombs, and there cooped in an enclosure made by an iron rail, until they are called forth by name to receive their committal for trial at the Sessions, their fine or their discharge. A fearful-looking heap of humanity they are—black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray; men, women and children; the flashy-dressed buck and belle, the poor woe-begone wretch who has just struggled into consciousness from an attack of bad whisky, or perhaps a young aspirant for the honors of spitting pockets.

Before Justices Dowling and Hogan the trembling wretches are brought one by one, these gentlemen taking it alternately, week by week, each attended by his own clerk; the first, Mr. Wm. J. A. McGraw, the last, by clerk Mr. Bell. Summer and winter, through storm and sunshine, these conservators of public peace have to turn out from their comfortable beds, and for several hours sit in judgment over the mass of rejected humanity that is brought before them, adjudicating over petitions pleas, where it seems as though something more was necessary than mere human reason and instinct to evolve the truth; and yet it is rarely they make a mistake, except for what anything else but equal and exact justice metes out to the hundreds who are thrown in his way at once for it.

The gross amount of business done at this tribunal averages 250 cases per day, or more than one case, from the mere case of drunkenness to the committal for murder. Every phase of character comes to its bar, and over the stylish, pickpocket or sporting man, the equally-dressed fallen woman, or the poor drunkard, the inevitable young grads slowly, but, like the mills of the gods, surely.

In all New York there is no place for the study of human character like the Police Court in the early morning, and the veriest sluggard cannot do better than turn out an hour before daylight, just for once, and spend an hour or two with Judges Dowling or Hogan.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 21, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

The War in the South Pacific.

THE accession of the republics of Ecuador and Bolivia to the alliance between Chile and Peru, in their contest with Spain, may not add much to the strength of the latter on the sea, where the war must be fought, but it will give them a strong moral and perhaps a considerable financial support. The whole power of Spain is totally inadequate to the blockade of any considerable part of the coast from Arequil to Chiloe, an extent of 4,000 miles, and her ability of aggression is really limited to a blockade. She could not expect, under any circumstances, to effect a lodgment on land, and if she were to do so, the incident would have no weight in deciding the issue of the war. A destruction of the Peruvian and Chilean ports might count for something, but this is no easy matter. Spain has already lost two of her vessels: the "Triunfo," flag-ship, and the most powerful of her frigates, by fire, and the "Covadonga," her fleetest ship in the Pacific, by capture. Late accounts represent that two more of her vessels, the "Villa de Madrid" and "Blanca," have been seriously if not fatally damaged in an encounter with some Peruvian and Chilean war vessels, in the Archipelago of Chiloe, in the extreme southern waters of Chile. The Spanish vessels carried 86 guns, the allied squadron, 57, and the former were compelled to give up the contest, victory, if not decisive, was nevertheless, in favor of the allies.

Among the Spanish vessels on the coast of Chile, the most formidable is the "Numancia," an iron-clad, built on the French system, in Toulon, carrying 40 guns. She seems to be regarded as the most powerful vessel in the Pacific, and the United States dockyard reported Monitor "Monadnock," which lately reached Callao, and is presumed to be a match for all the fleets to be found in that ocean. The "Numancia" has the distinction of being the first iron-clad that ever passed Cape Horn, and has been the principal reliance of the Spaniards in their attempt to intimidate Peru and Chile. But the Peruvian iron-clads sometime ago left England for the theatre of war, which, it is probable, will more than neutralize the "Numancia." One of these is the "Independencia," built on the English mode of the "Warrior" and others, carrying a heavy battery, and the other is the "Huascar," built substantially on the plan of our Monitors, and carrying two heavy guns in her turret. It seems not unlikely, therefore, that the first practical competitive trial of the various kinds of iron-clads—English, French and American—will be made off the coast of Chile. We ascertained something of the capacities of our Monitors in the fight with the "Merrimac" and "Atlanta," and in the attacks on the defenses of Charleston and Mobile, but the result of a deadly issue between the Monitors and the English or French iron-clads is still a matter of conjecture. We will, however, venture the prediction, that, in case of an encounter, if the "Huascar" be handled with ordinary skill, she will sink or disable the "Numancia" in 30 minutes. Such a result would demonstrate to the Emperor of France that the hundreds of millions of francs which he has expended in building up an immense iron-clad navy have been utterly wasted.

The Peruvian iron-clads left Brest a month and a half ago, and ought now to be not far from the theatre of action. They will give the allies a considerable preponderance of force, and if they strike swiftly, may annihilate the Spanish squadron before reinforcements can reach it. Much stirring news is to come forward from the South-Pacific within a very short period.

"Unfriendly Legislation."

A FEW weeks ago we published, with some comments of our own, two sections from the "New Revenue Law" of Alabama, as follows:

"SEC. 70. Every person who shall, for pay, at any one place, any pictorial or illustrated weekly, or any other illustrated periodical, or book containing *obscene like kinds of this State, and not in a foreign country*, and to vend the same on the streets, or in any one place, road cars, *fifty dollars.*

"SEC. 71. To the license depot for one year, in any city, town or village, for the sale of any newspaper, periodical or magazine, not including pictorials provided for in the preceding paragraph, ten dollars."

The animus of this legislation is obvious enough, and we do not need the information on this point furnished by the Mobile Montgomery *Mail*, which says: "There can be no doubt that the Legislature *intended* unfriendly legislation to the pictorial papers published in the North." It will no doubt please us to see and liberal (shall we add *loyal?*) legislators of Alabama to know how their enactments succeed, and we accordingly publish the following letter from Alabama, directed to the "American News Company," of this city:

"———, Ala., March 26, 1866.

"Gentlemen—You will please not send us no more periodicals of any kind. Our State Legislature has passed such laws in regard to them as amount to a prohibition. As I have received no magazines for April, I trust they will not be sent. Yours respectfully,

"———.

"———, Ala., March 26, 1866.

"American News Co.—Please to have the enclosed (extract from the laws of Alabama, etc.), and let me know if you and others are disposed to test the legality of these enactments, and oblige an old newsman."

Among all the classes of men who make profit out of periodicals, the newsdealers, in proportion to capital invested and labor employed, make by far the largest profits. The "unfriendly legislation" of Alabama, therefore, will be more unfriendly to this class of its citizens than to the publishers and vendors of periodicals on the coast. It will very effectually break up their business, for the sale of the very wretched periodical literature of Alabama would hardly keep a single newsdealer alive.

Besides, the class who have sufficient cultivation to desire to read something better than the vapid, snarling literature of the Southrons, unable to obtain their periodicals from the newsdealers, will obtain them, direct, through the mail, by subscription. We hardly think Alabama will long endure, for some months to come, to attempt to legislate on the contents of the mail-bags, and revive the good old practice of exercising censorship on what passengers may have in their trunks. We fancy ourselves "we have changed all that."

We have said nothing on the constitutionality of these enactments, although believing that the enactments to which we refer would be set aside by any competent tribunal. We regard them as principally damaging to the people of Alabama, and as very unlikely to sensibly affect the sale of Northern periodicals in the State. For, as we have said, the hitherto purchasers from dealers will be the supporters of the journals, and these, before went to the local newsdealers, will go direct into the pockets of the publishers.

In his speech on the veto of the Civil Rights bill, Mr. Trumbull, the framer of the bill, made the statement that it was prepared after consultation with Mr. Johnson, a copy of it was furnished him while it was pending, and he was solicited to make known his objections, if any he had, that the bill might be amended and made acceptable to him. "He never," says Mr. Trumbull, "indicated to me, nor, so far as I know, to any of his friends, the least objection to any of the provisions of the bill till after its passage."

THE subject of extension of the suffrage, as we have already had occasion to say, is up in the British Parliament. Among other propositions, is one of Mr. Clay, M.P. from Hull, proposing to confer the franchise on any man who could pass a brief and simple examination in writing, spelling, and the first four rules of arithmetic.

PROF. TAYLOR LEWIS, in a recent essay, thus vindicates and defines the right of suffrage:

"There is a miserable fallacy contained in the oft-repeated assertion that voting is not a natural right. Such a sophism is swept away immediately by the natural and the universal in the issue. No man has a natural right to be a voter without qualifications or conditions. But every man in a Republican State has a natural right to become a voter on the same terms by which all men, in every state, derive from the law of humanity. This is the true 'natural right' and the proposition, we may perceive, to defend against all Deniers. The conditions may be high, and a wise State will make them so; but the absolute exclusion in law, ever reaching the ballot, or any representation in the law of the State, of any one man not voting by reason of the family relations of marriage, sex and minority, is simply a shutting out from the community of human beings."

A YEAR ago the war against the Union was practically brought to a defeat and surrender of Lee. The rebellious States have, however, since remained, to a considerable extent, under military occupation, and the writ of habeas corpus has remained suspended in them. The President, having satisfied himself that the military arm of the State was well centered with regard to safety, has issued his Proclamation declaring the insurrection at an end, and the civil authority restored in the falsely rebel States. It is to be hoped their conduct will justify the President's judgment, and not confirm the fears of the more timid and less loyal of our statesmen.

THE "Opera Ball," at the Academy of Music, on the night of the 5th, was one of the most successful ever known in the metropolis. The request was made by the managers, that

> "Fancy dress alone for each one wishes scope:
> That the rapt millinor should be
> Let loose from all the fetters of gravity,
> The tailor in inventive trance,
> Up to the mark in every fine cue slandher,
> And all the region of romance
> Be ransacked for *Dress-de-chambre.*"

Accordingly, the room was decked with hundreds arrayed in the most brilliant and becoming costumes, intermingled with others in military and naval uniforms:

> "Sultans, Turks, with gay Sultanas,
> Bedouins, Arnauts, Kurdistanas,
> Circassian sisters, whom Love would pay
> Half his ransom to purchase to-day,
> Young nuns, whose chief religion lay
> In looking most profanely handsome;
> Misses in muslin, pastoral maids,
> Dominos, hats from all trades,
> And *fresh-as shades.*"

With these and other female groups, consisting of Polish dames, Mary Queen of Scots, the four seasons, Highland lassies, Swiss peasants, ladies of the Court of Louis XV., vivandières, Floras, were mixed the lords of the creation, equipped as Turks, Greek, Spaniards, Portuguese, South Americans, Malteze, and English of the day—time-in short,

> "The male exhibitors, all willing
> To look as fierce as real killing;
> Beau tyrants, smooth-faced braggadocios,
> And brigands, abominably romantic."

MR. LOWE, one of the editors of the London *Times*, is a member of the British House of Commons. In a recent speech on the Reform Bill, he says this country has a very flattering notice:

"Is it the result of our experience, looking at America and at the democratic institutions there, whatever merits they may have, that people are jealous of the moral character of their representatives? Did you ever hear of a man in public life in America? Public life in America in consequence of his having committed a murder, a larceny, or anything of that kind? (Hear, hear,' and laughter.) Things which would not be tolerated for an instant in England are passed over without notice in America. For however impetuous and impassioned the American politician may be of his acts of their members, in matters where their prejudices are affected, they are singularly loose in their conduct in other respects."

WASHINGTON seems to have thought it wise, in some cases, to try to regulate and control evil habits, when it was impossible to eradicate them. Thus, in a contract with his gardener, Philip Bater, made in 1787, who, it seems, had a *tendency* to get drunk, it was stipulated that Bater should "faithfully and industriously perform the business of a farmer in a garden, to the best of his knowledge and abilities, and that he will not at any time suffer himself to be disquieted with liquor, except on holidays hereinafter mentioned." His times were on Christmas, when he was to have four dollars, "with which he may get drunk three times and no more;" two dollars at Easter, to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitesuntide, to be drunk two days; a dram in the morning, and a drink of grog at dinner, at noon."

AMONG the features at the proposed Great World's Fair in Paris, is to be a grand restaurant, or rather series of restaurants, each one to represent the *cuisine* of a different nationality, and in which the servants shall have the distinct costume of the country represented. The Yankee will be expected to serve up "pork and beans, hoecake, wheat cakes and green corn;" the Englishman, his "roast beef and kale;" the Dutchman, his *sauerkraut*; the Spaniard, his *olla, cocido* and *dulces*; the Italian, his *maccaroni*; the Esquimaux his blubber, and the Chinaman, his rice and bird's nest soup, in a word, all that is rat or so. We are not informed if roast missionary is to be furnished to the deputation from Dahomey. That the American section will be well attended to, is certain, from the fact, that it will be under the direction of that eminent caterer and sound gastronomist, Col. J. M. Sanderson.

THE London *Saturday Review* is at last compelled to admit that, "Much as many English people dislike the idea, it is as well frankly to confess at once that America and American institutions exercise some little, and are likely yet to exercise a greater, influence on the manners and habits and tone of mind in this country. The Americans often pretend to imitate the French; the French, in some respects, imitate the English; and in order to complete the cycle of imitation, many Englishmen are inclined to imitate the Americans."

MR. BERNEBEITTE DARLING, of this city, has introduced a very important bill in Congress, regulating the carriage of passengers in steamships and other vessels. It prescribes the number of passengers which may be lawfully taken on board any such ship or vessel, exclusive of the crew, and fixes the cabin passenger space, allowing to each passenger in the upper between-decks, 110 cubic feet of space, in lower between-decks, 120 cubic feet. The cabin passenger assigned to a place, or brought therein, in excess of the proper number, the master or other person in command of the vessel, to be subject, on conviction, to the fines and penalties provided, viz: $50, and may, also, at the discretion of the Judge, be imprisoned for a period not exceeding six months.

A JURY in London has given a verdict for £22,500 to Rev. Mr. Bland and wife, who were severely injured in the recent railroad accident at Staplehurst. A jury of Long Island has also given a verdict of $5,000 to a gentleman who was lately injured in a collision on the Long Island road. The Christian is more respectful than we should be was standing outside the car, on the platform when the "accident" occurred, against the rules of the road. He should, however, know that he was compelled to stand there for want of room inside.

AN Anti-Slavery Society has been organized in Cuba, entitled an "Association Against the Slave Trade, under the sanction of the superior government of the Island of Cuba, dated the 30th of October, 1865."

A STORY is told of a rather loud applauder of the President's veto of Mr. Freedman's Bureau Bill, who, when asked for the reasons of his approval, replied:

"Cause Congress wanted to give every damn nigger down South a farm, one while half the white folks hasn't got none."

THE *Times*, in an article on "Restaurant Life in New York," estimates that one month short of 200,000 people (35 per cent. of them of the male sex) eat daily in our city dining-saloons—100,000 taking one meal each per day in these gregarious resorts, and 100,000 living (in this sense) in them entirely.

TOWN COSSIP.

LAST week we made some remarks upon the subject of street-beggars and crossing-sweepers. We are not aware that we then supposed that any could have said has brought forth the order, but it is certainly a remarkable coincidence that Mr. Kennedy has issued a most admirable order for the suppression of the annoyance. The police have received instructions to arrest all persons found begging, also children sweeping the crossings. At first glance this may seem hard, when the fact that there are times when these little crossing-sweepers are a real convenience; but when we take the whole matter, and really consider it, the result we arrive at is, that it is an annoyance of the worst kind, and that we would rather submit to dirty shoes than have them kept clean at the expense of being subject to effort of a horde of little blackists, who expect to tax us in all weathers and at all times, especially at the most inconvenient times, and from an amount of money, insignificant in itself, but important from the inconvenience of its giving, and from the fact that it is encouraging a class of people to be abuse and disgrace.

In these columns we have two or three times discussed the subject of high rents and the over-crowding of the city. It is an inexhaustible subject, and every hour there is something to turn up in connection with the matter. The first phase of it, is the great immigration now going on at this port. The city is being crowded with new people from the other side of the water. There is agitation going on in Ireland that drives out a large part of the population, and as a result, they come here; and this, coupled with the desire of the people of other countries to better themselves by the advantages of coming to this country, acts as a serious detriment to New York, by over-crowding it, and thereby assisting to produce something not at all desirable.

The immigration returns show that 15,010 immigrants landed at this port in the month of March, 1865, as against 7,105 in excess of the same time in 1864, when there was considerable delay in steam communication, and 8,698 more than arrived last year in March. The total for the three months of 1865 was 31,479; for the same months of 1866 it was 13,956, and for 1864, 25,478. And this is but a small portion of what may be expected during the ensuing spring and summer months, if the press reports from the other side of the water be correctly recredited. Of this number (15,010), 7,623, or more than one half, emanated in the city of Ireland, and the balance were distributed throughout the country, Germany alone sends 1,481; Holland, 1,134; Scandinavia, 1,076; and Ohio, 720, while Georgia sank only 8; Kentucky, the Carolinas, 12, and Louisiana, 17. Canada, South Carolina took two each, and of those—showing the utter prostrate condition of the Southern States—Maine sent 1,000 more than all.

The rich, as a matter of course, account for the fact of the city being over-crowded, by saying that the poor are to blame for the cupidity of those who own property and exact such exorbitant rents for it, but the poor have not much to say in the matter. They must have a home, and must pay the rent demanded, or be crowded out of it as the whole concern cost. There is no doubt but that the poor feel very much as a gross is heaped, but all without effect. We cut, from the daily Herald of the 21st, a little paragraph, simply showing in what way the wind blows:

"THE RAPACITY OF LANDLORDS.—There is no limit to the rapacity of the owners of the so-called model houses on this island. A person of the name of Walker bought the house No. 2 Cherry street, of which a gentleman well known to us has a lease, and in which he lives. Failing to obtain the rent demanded of the lessee, the new purchaser in question commenced on Tuesday to pull down the back kitchen to make room for a stable! We know nothing of Walker, but we do know that he woke up the wrong customer on that occasion."

And we have still another case to relate. In the Bowery, just alongside of the old "College," which, for half a century, has been a landmark, there is a bookstore, kept by the Burtons. For 27 years this store has gone steadily on, not making its proprietors rich, but giving them a decent living, and establishing its place as a necessity for the public. From a few hundred dollars, the rent has risen as much the store originally was taken, the rent has been advanced to $4,000 per annum.

This year, somebody who has, perhaps, made up his mind that a fortune is being made there, has decided to buy out the good-will of the business, not from Mr. Burnton, but from the landlord, and has offered him $3,300 per annum for five years, for the store, intending to carry on the same business there. The landlord, like a noble fellow, offers the place to the original tenants at the same rate, but they, feeling that they can't make it pay, are obliged to decline, and content themselves by taking a place half the size in the neighborhood, in the faint hope of being able to save some little part of the business they have been 27 years in building up.

All this is a fact, and simply shows our business men that when they establish a business, they do not do it for their own profit, but that of their landlord.

There is one thing for which we are thankful, in connection with this, which is, that people who own vacant lots are waking up, and, whatever may be the motive, are building houses rapidly; so that it may be possible before the 1st of May arrives, or certainly through the summer, what with new buildings and the egress from the city, there will be enough room to bring down exorbitant rents, and give the poorer part of our population breathing-room. All that we can say to our German population—who are just agitating the matter, and holding public meetings—is, that all agitation is useless, and time thrown away. The trouble is a want of buildings; and until that is rectified it will be useless to agitate or denounce landlords.

Though perhaps not a subject for discussion in this column, yet we are glad to congratulate all those who have been injured in our country's service on the framing of a bill, which will give all those who shall have lost the sight of both eyes, or who shall have lost both hands, or been permanently and totally disabled in the same, in the military or naval service, and in the line of duty, shall be entitled to a pension of $25 per month; and all persons who, under like circumstances, shall have lost both feet, or one hand and one foot, or been totally and permanently disabled in the same, shall be entitled to a pension of $20 a month; and all persons who, under like circumstances, shall have lost one hand, or one foot, or been totally and permanently disabled in the same, shall be entitled to a pension of $15 per month. This is only justice, and will be hailed by a good many thousand heroes through the land as a salvation.

Among the things we desire to notice this week are two balls, each a fancy dress and masquerade. The first —we give it only pre-eminence by courtesy—was the Opera Ball, held on the evening of Thursday, the 5th inst., at the Academy of Music. For a long time it was talked of and expected, and the gentle and genial Maretzek put names before the public to endorse (?) his efforts that were enough to frighten any one away from the slightest hopes of enjoyment—for how can anything be enjoyable when it is so confoundedly genteel?—a suspicion that was certainly carried out; for, as it turned out, it was only a gathering of fashionable people—ultra-fashionable—who came beautifully dressed, gorgeous in diamonds, silks and laces, but lacking the first element that makes the Arion or its fellow balls the jolly places they are. The tickets were said to be limited, and we believe were so, as the crowd was not uncomfortable, and there was moving room. The boxes were filled, but the floor gave room for dancing. The music was fine, the masks were few, the fun not *few*-rious, the costumes not original, but good; and last, though not least, the decorations, or caricatures, by Nast, were good. Altogether it was far from a failure; and saying that, after all the brilliant affairs of this season, is saying as much as the most unreasonable person can expect.

And then there is the masquerade and fancy ball given by Harrison to his friends, on the evening of the 2d inst., at Irving Hall. It is perhaps hardly necessary to speak of anything that Harrison would do in that way especially; we all know that his experience and taste must make a success, and a success it was unequivocally. There were just enough people there to comfortably fill the hall without crowding; and the regulations, as printed on the invitations, kept the affair from being a mere surplus of men who do not dance, but content themselves, as in the case of most balls, with coming, minus ladies, and standing about the rooms, taking out the value of their tickets in staring.

A third ball, though not a local one, worth mention, was at Baltimore, on Wednesday, the 4th. It was announced as "A Brilliant Carnival, imitative of a *Bal Masque* at the Grand Opera House in Paris," and was given at the Front Street Theatre. The thing was a novelty for Baltimore, and, as a matter of course, brought together all the *elite*, as well as the *demi-monde*, and was a decided success.

Among the places worth visiting just now, we desire to notice the Fair being held by the ladies of St. Ann's Church, at the Cooper Institute. It commenced on the 2d inst., and is to continue till the 15th. The management is under the direction of Mrs. Mortimer Livingstone.

As an art item worthy of mention, Constant Meyer has finished his two portraits of the Lieutenant-Generals, Scott and Grant, and they are open for exhibition at Gurney's Gallery, No. 707 Broadway. They are life-size, and, as works of art, highly commendable, though showing through that art, the unmistakable stamp of the photograph. That of Grant conveys the best idea of the man we have yet seen, though all portraits give but a cast-iron idea of the original.

At the theatres this week, there have been some novelties. At the Olympic, Dumas' "Three Guardsmen," has been very beautifully produced, with Madame Methua Scheller, a very charming lady and a good actress, as Anne of Austria, and Mrs. Wood as Constance, in which she sings a romanza composed by herself, entitled, "I loved him at First Sight."

At Lucy Rushton's, "Valiant Valentine" is making rather more of a success than it promised at first. The last scene is beautiful and worth going to see, even if the piece had no other merit.

This week we shall lose Lucille Western, who has so won her way to the favor of New York, that she will be really missed. She deserts Wood's Theatre on the 14th, and on the 16th appears at Boston in "East Lynne."

And last, though not least, we must speak of the Academy of Music and its presiding genius, Maretzek. So steadily has he gone on in his successes, that, like a well-dressed man, while there is everything to commend, there is nothing obtrusive to be noticed. Maretzek has shown by the success of this season, that he is dependent on no outside influences for his power to please, but depends solely on the merits of what he offers. The season closes with this week, and can be securely counted as the most satisfying ever known in New York—both to the public and the management. The week will close with "Norma" and "Martha," two operas that never grow old or pall upon the music-loving appetite.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Wheeling (W. V.) *Intelligencer* relates a story of a young woman, who followed her betrayer all over the United States for nine years, only meeting him once, in California, when he escaped her. Believing her dead, the young man recently returned to his native place, where he was at once confronted with the supposed dead woman and a bright-eyed girl of nine years, and the strong arm of the law having been invoked, the betrayer was compelled to make restitution as much as possible by marrying the girl whom he had so terribly wronged, and who had followed him half across a continent.

—— The local of the Mississippi *Index* says he never had the spirit of the age more forcibly forced on his mind than the other day, when, walking along the street, waiting for something to turn up, a robustious little freedboy, of 12 or 13 summers, halted about 10 paces before him, and bawled out, at the top of his lungs; "B-a-(ba)-k-e-r-(ker) Baker!" The attitude—the tone of voice—the expression of the eye, with which the thing was done, was too ridiculous to make it a matter of offense so, responding with an admiring smile, we passed on—in wonderment over the change of times, and the revolution of events!

—— There was quite an angry discussion in the Pennsylvania lower House on Wednesday, on a bill disfranchising deserters. One member calls another member "a liar!" and the other member calls him, in return, "a scoundrel!" Another cries out, "You can't better it!" and this produced yells for "Order! order!" The Speaker raps and raps, until, finally, order is partially restored. "Nobody hurt."

—— A young girl, in returning home, on horseback, from a St. Louis (Mo.) church, lately, was halted by four ruffians, a mile out of Belleville road, one of whom caught hold of the horse's bits. The girl whipped up her horse, and he broke away from her captors with the speed of lightning. She, having got out of the clutches of the fiends, informed the inhabitants, who immediately armed themselves with guns, and, coming to the place described, captured the whole party, and jugged them in the East St. Louis calaboose.

—— A newspaper correspondent says that in Georgia, where Sherman's army made a sweep of all the carriages, the ladies now go visiting in carts. They call them *cartes de visite*, and console themselves with the thought that they are in the height of fashion.

—— The Grand Rapids (Mich.) *Gazette* reports that 18 lumbermen were recently poisoned to death in the town of Lisbon, by their cook mistaking a paper of strychnine for saleratus, and mixing up some bread with it, of which they ate, and were killed. The strychnine was brought to their camp by a trapper, who designed it to poison the meat with which he baited his traps for wild animals. It had been carelessly placed upon a shelf.

—— The hospital records just footed up, show the enormous aggregate of 253,000 Union soldiers to have died on battle-fields and in hospitals, during the war to suppress the rebellion, not including those who died at their homes of lingering disease contracted in the service. Add the rebels killed, and the amount would more than double those figures.

—— A remarkable tree was brought to New York in the month of January, 1866, from a Western State. It was a black walnut, 70 feet long, measuring 4,500 feet, board measure; but when cut into veneers, it would be thirty times that, making 135,000 feet, which at 20 cents would be worth $27,000. The cost of cutting and placing it in store for sale, would be about $700. Black walnut for the last six years has been gradually taking the lead of mahogany, and is worth as much now as mahogany was formerly.

—— The Provincetown (Mass.) fishermen are hesitating about refitting for the next season. They held their last season's catch of codfish over the winter, and have now $100,000 worth of fish in store. With the repeal of the reciprocity treaty, and the probable loss of the bounty, they find their business seriously crippled.

—— A gentleman from the oil regions reports that such was the abundance of the paper of the defunct banks in that locality that five out of every six men had nothing else. The result is that everybody is a loser, from the lucky oil man to the poorer teamster and common laborer. The feeling of indignation is general, and threats of mischief are uttered freely.

—— A band of 100 gipsies, with a regularly appointed queen, who was appointed two years ago to serve for seven years, are located on the dividing line between East Cambridge and Somerville, Mass. They get their living by horse-trading and fortune-telling. They came from Canada six months ago. The queen has a beautiful chariot for traveling, with apartments for her husband and child as well as for herself.

—— The New Orleans *Star* describes a ball given in that city by the milliners and modistes, during which the dress of one of the dancers caught fire. The *Star* adds: "Some idea of her style of dancing may be gathered, when it is further stated that the dress caught fire from one of the chandeliers overhead."

—— A wretch belonging to a circus in Richmond, Va., last Thursday stuck a needle in a little boy's eye who was peeping in, depriving him of sight and causing intense suffering.

—— A Philadelphia writer says that Mr. J. Cooke's new house "will contain fifty bed-chambers, a chapel, a gymnasium, a library, and all the accessories to the palatial home of a Christian banker."

—— The Auburn (N. Y.) *Advertiser* says that a son of Brigham Young, formerly a resident of that village, was in town last week, looking up sundry debts of his father which he was anxious to liquidate, with the interest which had accrued during 35 years.

—— The great Sangerbund—German musical festival —for New England, New York, New Jersey and Philadelphia, will take place this year at Providence, R. I., June 26—28th. The orchestra will comprise the best New York and Boston talent, and the number of singers will be legion.

—— Two little children, a boy and a girl, belonging to Henry Bishop, a resident of Chicago, Ill., while playing with photographs, recently, were seen to have them in their mouths. By sucking poison from the cards they were so injured that the boy died, and the girl's life is despaired of.

—— The North Carolina papers are full of statements going to show that plantations in that section are being rapidly bought up by Northerners. A Jersey-man recently purchased 1,200 acres in Wadesboro', N. C., at $11 per acre. A New York company are on the point of taking 10,000 acres in the same State, on which they will settle English Emigrants.

—— There are 1,100 blacks attending school in Richmond, and in the largest the teacher reads the proceedings of Congress every night, thus keeping the school fully informed on the news of the day.

—— The Cincinnati *Price Current* foots up the pork packing in the West for the season at 1,830,474 hogs, being 768,145 less than last year. The hogs this year average 36 pounds heavier than last, reducing the deficit 301,236 hogs.

—— Emigration is largely on the increase. The number of arrivals at this port for March was 31,673, being an increase of 17,717 over the corresponding month of last year.

Foreign.—English engineers have recently been in Paris to obtain the authorization of the French Government to have soundings and measurements made on the French coast, with reference to the construction of a tunnel from Calais to Dover. The distance would be at least 30 miles. It appears to be an impossible engineering problem; but the Mont Cenis tunnel is cited in support of the feasibility of the scheme.

—— In the cafés and other houses of entertainment in Paris there are 27,711 public billiard-tables, some single houses having as many as 30 tables. The estimated annual receipts from these is $20,000,000.

—— The Swiss Government has just decided that throughout the whole federation the free exercise of their religion shall be granted to all Chrisitian bodies.

—— Late foreign advices give the information that the Pope of Rome is about to appoint two cardinals for the New World, the first, we believe ever given to America. As these officers are princes in the temporal Government of the Pope, as well as bishops of the church, great importance is attached to the transaction, and many are looking to see to what it will tend. One of the two is understood to be Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, who went to Europe to aid in securing a national recognition for the late Confederacy. The other is the Archbishop of Mexico, on whose application the French invasion was undertaken, and Maximilian was chosen Emperor.

—— In time, Paris will be the most beautiful city in the world; but its adornment is a heavy expense. The improvements made by Napoleon in the Rue de Rivoli cost, up to the year 1863, $20,000,000; that of the Boulevard Sebastopol, $11,000,000; and those of the Halles Centrales, or great market, $6,000,000—while the total return was but little over one-half the amount expended. Other great works have been in progress during the past year, and others still are projected, each adding to the beauties of the capital, or obliterating some of the old and shabby quarters.

—— A blacksmith in London lately performed a perilous feat. A child, aged seven years, while playing with his brother, aged 12 months, placed over his head an iron band similar to that used for the hubs of cart-wheels. The child's neck began to swell, and when the parents discovered it, they were horrified to find that it was impossible to remove the band, and that suffocation was imminent. A blacksmith named Coles was called in, and suggested the desperate idea of hammering off the iron with a sledge, and he successfully completed his task. While one person held the legs and another the head of the little one, as it lay upon its back, with the lower portion of the iron band resting upon a log, Coles fearlessly struck at the ring, from the front, and severed it. A false blow of half an inch would have caused instant death.

—— A grand excursion on the ice in sledges took place recently at Uhiksdal, in Sweden, the *cortege*, being led by the King and Queen in person. The royal sledge was followed by 50 other sledges, occupied by gentlemen and ladies of the court, diplomatists and high functionaries.

—— The candle fish—a most curious specimen of the finny tribe—is caught on the coast of British Columbia. It is of marvelous fatness, and the natives use it as a lamp by drawing a rush pith through it, when it will burn steadily until consumed, and give a good clear light for reading or other purposes.

NEW MUSIC.

The latest "novelty" in music is a "Fenian Song," modelled on the late rebel *caucion*, "My Maryland," and entitled "Ireland, my Ireland." The music, we take it, is the same, but what the country parsons call "the words of the psalm" are not all the same. They run in this wise:

I.

"Thy sons arise to break thy chain,
Ireland, my Ireland!
To free thee from the tyrant's claim,
Ireland, my Ireland!
Avenge proud England's selfish aim,
To add thy hist'ry to her fame,
Oh, Liberty this land reclaim,
Ireland, my Ireland!

II.

"Go drive the lion to his lair!
Ireland, my Ireland!
Crouched long upon thy breast most fair
Ireland, my Ireland!
Behold! the Eagle cleaves the air
With Liberty, that thou shouldst share;
Take courage now! God hears thy prayer!
Ireland, my Ireland!

III.

"No more shall foes thy shamrock tread,
Ireland, my Ireland!
Thy Harp shall wake her tones now dead,
Ireland, my Ireland!
Thy sons will own the land they tread,
Or else be numbered with the dead—
Oh! Erin, now lift up thy head!
Ireland, my Ireland!

The music, with the rhymes, such as they are, is published by Pond, 547 Broadway, and ought to be in the hands of the wearers of "the Green."

MEXICAN AND FRENCH GUERRILLAS.

A Mexican correspondent of the *Tribune* tells us the following stirring story, which proves horribly the deadly animosity of the Mexican masses against their French invaders, and, if it proves anything, proves the utter hopelessness of the attempt to impose a foreign and detested government on the Mexican people. The Mexican guerrillas are no more brutal or cruel than the savage Turcos who form part of the French forces in Mexico, and this is to be said in their favor, they have under their barbarism, if we so choose to call it, the redeeming element of patriotism. The murderers of Artiaga and open violators of the rules of civilized war will get little sympathy when their own inventions return to plague them.

"Among my newly formed acquaintances, the one I appreciated most was a rich baker, called Camaro, living between Medellin and Vera Cruz, and supplying both cities with bread and crackers. He had four daughters, Rosita, Pepita, Josephine, and Almancia, highly renowned for their beauty and graces. A man of refined tastes might have objected to some of their habits, such as smoking *cigarettos* in company of men, drinking *aguardiente*, and abstaining from wearing stockings, which are superceded among the people of the middle classes by a sort of loose pantaloon, tied above the ankle, and not always very graceful. But aside from these little eccentricities, Rosita, Pepita, Josephine and Almancia were really attractive. They danced, sang, quoted verses, played on the guitar, and did a thousand little things highly appreciated by men of taste, and especially by the French, whose proverbial gallantry found there a noble field. Camaro, the baker, proud of seeing his daughters thus admired and courted, sacrificed himself to his pride. Contrary to the general conduct of his countrymen, exceedingly distrustful and intensely hostile to the people of that nation, he received them with open arms, invited them to his house, and showed himself as Frenchy in his feelings as the French themselves.

"In the minds of the enemies of the Empire, the Mexican partisans of that system of government are hated more deeply than its foreign supporters. This feeling is peculiarly noticeable in the low classes, among politicians and partisans, and above all, among those who make professed banditti. No hate so strong or so durable has existed since the Middle Ages, when Italian families, arrayed against one another, never met without attacking each other.

"Camaro had everything in the world a man could desire—good health, family, a large fortune, the esteem of the French. Marshal Forey had written him a flattering letter. A French officer of distinction had respectfully asked the hand of one of his daughters; he possessed all that could flatter the sentiments of a father and the ambition of a man, when suddenly he was struck down in the midst of his prosperity. It was certainly a curious sight, at the balls which my friend gave, to see the Mexicans of both sexes—the men with *calzoneras* and a kind of black astrakan plaid on their shoulders; the women in short petticoats, floating trowsers, and the national *rebozo* or silk scarf around their neck—carried away by the impetuous music of a dance unknown to our frost-bitten land, and comprehensible only in the country of volcanoes and earthquakes. Here and there were seen the red jackets of the French, many of which were sparkling with medals and crosses—honorably won, no doubt, in the rude and perilous trade of war.

"On one evening the dance was more animated than usual. It seemed to me as if the eyes of the ladies were brighter and their lips of a deeper purple; their long black hair, falling upon their shoulders, seemed impregnated with intoxicating perfume; the magic prestige of their beauty appeared to fascinate all the strangers present in the room; in short, we were all under an inexpressible seduction. However, among this array of Mexican beauties, none shone with a brighter lustre than the four daughters of the wealthy baker. They had come to the ball leaving their father at home with his assistants, consisting of four men and a boy.

"It seemed also to me as if the faces of the natives wore an unusually perfidious look. Many times I saw indignation and hatred flash through their most pleasant smile. Most surprising still, I detected my correspondent in the act of exchanging mysterious signs with other persons in the room.

"The clock had just struck twelve when a new comer, a man apparently unknown to all, entered the room. He shook hands with my correspondent, and then going to a lady, he politely invited her to dance. He had made only a few turns, when every French officer began to shy away silently, one after the other. The new-comer had nothing remarkable on his person; he was dressed as a civilian, in a black suit, and wore at his button-hole the cross of the Legion of Honor. The dance being over, he politely led the lady back to her place. But his appearance had chilled the pleasures of the night. Many guests withdrew, but the stranger, seemingly unmoved at the sensation he had produced, remarked with a smile that they would soon come back. They came indeed, but with changed countenances, and with fear in their eyes. The French, however, did not return, which seemed to increase the anxiety of all, even of my host.

"Seeing in my face that I was largely interested—that I was, perhaps, the only person in the room to be trusted—the stranger came to me, and after a polite bow, said, in a low voice:

"'I have not the honor of knowing you, sir; but your manners and accent show me that you are a stranger in this country—an American, perhaps?' I nodded. 'Well, sir, I then require of you,' said he, 'a small service. You know Camaro's daughters; you are also acquainted, I learn, with their aunt, an old lady, living in this town. Now please go to her house, awake her, and beg her to come in all haste and take her nieces; come with her, if you can; I shall need you the whole evening,' added he, with an air of authority he had not yet assumed. 'Ask no questions until I see you again; on your return you will know everything.'

"The air and manners of this man were altogether so distinguished and so impressive, there was such an earnestness in his language and look, that I was about to leave the room, when he added: 'Take this with you, or you will be arrested,' (putting in my hand a small card, written with red ink, but perfectly unintelligible to me); 'show this to the men who will ask you questions, for you will need it, I am sure.'

"Hardly had I stepped into the street before a man, hidden behind a tree, arrested me. 'No one is allowed to go out from this house without an order,' said he. 'Very well,' said I, 'here is mine.' The sentinel looked at the card by the light of the moon, which in this country is as bright as the sun in ours, and, handing me back my card, said, politely: 'You can go on, sir.' I hurried to the house of the lady, and in half an hour came back with her.

"The ball was at an end. The four girls, duly warned, were waiting in a corner. 'Madam,' said the stranger, 'take along your nieces, and keep them in your house till I see you again.' Then turning toward the other persons in the room, he said: 'The ball is at an end, ladies and gentlemen; you are at liberty to go if you like. This gentleman' (pointing to my correspondent), 'authorizes me to put an end to the festivities of the evening; at the same time he advises the men to remain until a certain business, implicating the life of several persons, be unraveled.' Ten minutes after all the ladies had left, the men remaining in the room, guarded by a sentinel placed at the door.

"We went down into the street. Two horses, held by two French chasseurs were in readiness for us. 'Now, sir,' said the stranger, 'do me the favor to take one of these horses and ride with me down to Camaro's bakery. I desire you to be the witness of a spectacle so shocking, so atrociously cruel, so extraordinary in its cruelty that I did not believe men could be capable of such abominations. The invitation, I know, is not pleasant. But you are here, you told me, for your instruction. You wish to know the manners, habits and civilization of this people. Here is an admirable opportunity for you to satisfy your taste. Beside, I am a little egotistical, I confess, in asking you. I am a Frenchman, and as such, I labor under the disadvantage of seeing all my reports distrusted by the native Mexicans. You, as an American and a friend, have a double right to their confidence. Please, then, favor me with your company; I will detain you but a couple of hours, after which you will be free to go where you please.'

"We galloped off, attended by the two chasseurs, over the embankment, along which the railroad is constructed. So luxuriant is the vegetation in this country, that the road is covered over with foliage, and looks like an immense bower. Nothing would have been easier than to fire unseen through the dense shade of green which concealed us from the light of the world. I communicated this apprehension to my new acquaintance, who told me that there was no danger of that kind for the present. 'The *colorado*,' said he, 'are around watching the road and protecting us.' As we were galloping at all speed, we saw sliding gently along the edges, or gliding through the branches, huge shadows, which I judged to be these *colorado*. An hour afterward, during which we exchanged but a few words, we reached the baker's establishment, a large square building, newly whitewashed, and occupying a conspicuous position upon the road.

"When we alighted, the room was full of men, whom, from their costume, I recognized as soldiers of the counter-guerrillas, commanded by Col. Dupin. Some of them I had met a couple of hours ago in the ball-room; others were unknown to me. They had all gathered around a large bread-pan, to which, on my entrance, I was hurried by my companion, who was holding me by the arm. But by what horror I was struck when approaching nearer, I saw, lying on the floor, the headless bodies of the baker and his four assistants and boy. 'This is not all,' said my companion; and taking me to the pan, he showed me the blood of the victims mixed with flour into four loaves, with the name of Rosita, Pepita, Josephine and Almanica, written on each one with the point of a knife. The heads were hung up in the rooms by the hair, and most horrible to look at.

"Abhorrence, indignation and anger seized me at this fearful spectacle. I immediately offered my services to help to capture the assassins. Leading me to the door, my companion showed me, dangling from the next tree, the bodies of three fellows, accomplices of the crime, who had just been caught. 'The guerrillas,' said he, 'were at least 50 strong; but my men came too late, and 47 of them have escaped. Neither were we unprepared for their coming. True, I was ignorant of the way they would take this evening, but I knew enough to convince me that the baker was exposed to their hate. I would never have, however, imagined them capable of so brutal a cruelty, of so monstrous a crime. The sentinel who occupies the post near this building was stabbed by the guerrillas before he could give the alarm, a fatality which allowed these scoundrels to come in and perpetrate leisurely their atrocities. When you saw me enter in the ball-room, I had just been informed of this by a servant who had hidden himself behind a pile of kindling wood, and who rushed over to Medellin as soon as the banditti had left. He told me also that he heard them say they had received information, forwarded from the house of your host and correspondent, that the officers of the *colorados* were then dancing, and that the opportunity to strike a blow had come. This is the reason why you saw me come to the ball-room and forbid every man to go out; this is also the reason why I begged to have Camaro's daughters brought to their aunts. Now, sir, you have seen what kind of warfare these men are waging; they not only kill us when they can—a right which I do not contest—but kill also any man showing us the least favor, and degrade themselves in the sight of the civilized world by deeds such as you have just witnessed. To talk of humanity to such men and such a race is like preaching the Gospel to the Turks. They will laugh in your face; will grow bolder and more impudent at every token of kindness, which they will construe as weakness, and persevere more than ever in their daring adventures and atrocious deeds. My name is Col. Dupin, known in this country under the soubriquet of red man; you will, no doubt, hear Mexicans represent me as a butcher, a monster of cruelty, reeking with blood, and implacable in his vengeance. I have no answer to give to such calumnies. I hang men only when I know them to be really guilty, and if I burn ranches and villages, it is in self-defense, and because I do not want my enemies too near me. We are, remember, only 300 in number, half on foot, half on horseback, and we have to exercise the greatest vigilance to avoid surprises and to free the highways of robbers and assassins."

Poetry, Lyrical, Narrative and Satirical of the Civil War, by Richard Grant White, is just published by the American News Company. This is an admirable collection, in which every home will find leisure to gleam some favorite recollection. It is full of life, and characteristic of the excitement of the times, and is, moreover, a book which stands as an interesting monument by itself.



HOBOKEN RIDING CLUB, RIDING THE "JEU DE BARRE," OR CATCH PLAY, AT THEIR ANNUAL EXHIBITION, MARCH 24.

RIDING THE "JEU DE BARRE"

At the Hoboken Riding Club.

SATURDAY, the 24th of March, was the anniversary of the Hoboken Riding Club, an association formed from the *elite* of our German society about 16 years since, and composed of about 30 members.

This club is the parent of all—or nearly all—the riding clubs in this vicinity, and has done more to disseminate and cultivate the taste equestrian than all the schools of the country. Their place of meeting is at the riding-school of Hermann A Walter, in Hoboken, who are celebrated not only as teachers of riding, but as trainers and keepers of saddle-horses.

The point we illustrate is the "Jeu de Barre;" or, properly translated, "Catch Play." It is ridden by three gentlemen, each having a bow of ribbon on his left shoulder. The point is for two of the riders to capture the bow from the shoulder of the third, after an understood signal is given. This must be done only with the right hand reaching to the left. For the accomplishment of this end two minutes is allowed; and if, at the end of that time, it is not done, the rider that still possesses his bow is proclaimed victor.

To ride this successfully requires an amount of equestrian dexterity that cannot be well understood until tried.

The festival of the 24th was ridden by 16 members, dressed in dark frock coats, white buckskin pants, and cavalier boots. They went through all the exercises of the *menage*, quadrilles, waltzes, *gallops*, *jumping hurdles*, etc.; the crowning act being that of the "Jeu de Barre," that being the first time of its doing in this country. In it the good rider, as in the jousts of old, shows his nerve, his youth and his skill. It was well done.

These clubs should be extended; and we can only recommend our readers to see the riding of the Hoboken Riding Club, and build on its model.

MISS LUCILLE WESTERN.

AMONG the most notable instances of self-made women, we know of none who have a more legitimate claim to the title than Miss Lucille Western, the popular actress—of whom we present our readers a fine portrait—now on the topmost wave of popular favor, and whose career has been marked, in a wonderful degree, by those qualities, which command, as well as deserve success.

She has risen to her present position by dint of her own exertion. Without powerful friends; with little or no encouragement in her early career; blessed with no fostering and guiding hand to direct her steps, and unaided, even, by what has ever been considered an essential prerequisite to the difficult and arduous profession she has followed—a thorough education—she has gone on, step by step—her motto, "*Excelsior!*"—until to-day she finds herself a recognized artiste, a popular favorite, and a woman of large intellectuality, capable of grasping the most difficult characters in dramatic art, and of comprehending



LUCILLE WESTERN, IN HER GREAT CHARACTER OF CYNTHIA, IN "THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST."

with subtle instinct, and portraying with wondrous power, every passion which can move the human soul.

Miss Western was born in the city of New Orleans, La., on the "glorious" 8th of January, 1845, so that she is at this time about 23 years of age.

Her father was a well-known comedian, Mr. George Western, a capital delineator of "Yankee" and eccentric characters, and who was at one time exceedingly popular with the habitués of Barnum's Museum, in this city. He died several years ago, while still a young man, and in the height of his popularity, leaving his children to the care of their mother, who was also an actress of considerable celebrity—Mrs. Jane Western—and who still lives, and is now one of the favorites of the Boston Museum, where she has been engaged since the death of her second husband, Mr. Wm. B. English.

The subject of our sketch, Lucille, faced the footlights early in life as Cora's Child, in "Pizarro," and occasionally played children's parts at the Boston Museum. Her first regular engagement was with the Ravels, as a dancer and singer; and her first essay in more important business was made at the National Theatre, in Boston, at the time when her stepfather, Wm. B. English, became manager of that establishment. Here she remained for two seasons, playing a succession of highly "sensational" parts; and, through the attractions of her youth, beauty, nerve and dash, and the strong evidences she gave of that latent talent, which has since been so remarkably developed, became a great local favorite.

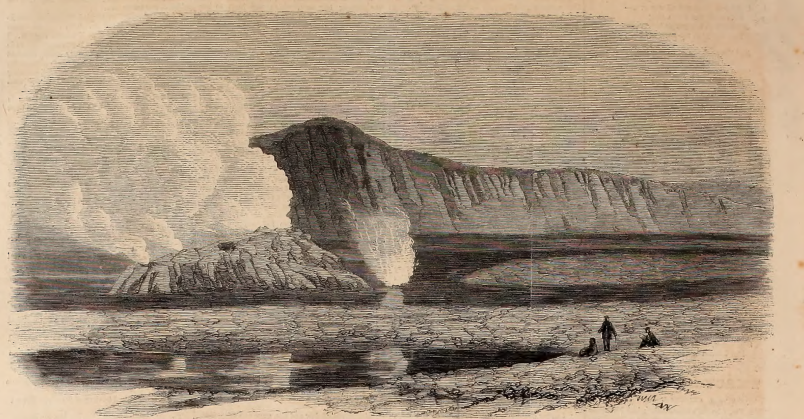
When the National Theatre passed into other hands, Mr. English made a tour through the principal cities of the United States, accompanied by Lucille, who played the same "sensational" parts which had made her so great a favorite in Boston. The tour was eminently successful; the youthful comedienne became the pet of the public wherever she appeared. But she soon began to display a marked degree of dissatisfaction with the line of parts and the character of the pieces in which she had till then exclusively appeared.

About this time Mr. English died, and in 1861 Lucille was engaged for a short period at the Holliday Street Theatre, in Baltimore. Here, for the first time, her talents had full scope. No longer trammelled by the light and frivolous parts in which she had been compelled to appear, her remarkable genius took a higher flight.

She made her first appearance as Cynthia, in Buckstone's melo-drama of the "Flowers of the Forest," and created a decided sensation by her forcible and artistic representation of the wild, loving, yet revengeful gipsy girl. Those who had seen her as the gay, frolicsome, and thoughtless *soubrette*, or romp, were surprised to see her evince the power of portraying the deepest emotions of the heart: and those to whom she had proved but a pretty toy in her lighter rôles, now gazed upon her with admiration, and found that she could make them weep as well as wreathe their cheeks with smiles.

To follow Miss Western through her different triumphs in each character, as she has taken it up, would be simply repeating a history that all

SCENES IN ICELAND.



ISLAND OF BOILING SPRINGS IN THE RIVER HVITA, NEAR REYKHOLT, ICELAND.

the world knows. It is enough to say that upon each she has stamped her individuality, and that thousands every night endorse her great talent.

Lucille Western is at present performing "East Lynne" at Wood's New Theatre in Broadway, and will shortly appear at another west-side house in a new piece, written expressly for her by John Brougham, which is said to be the master-piece of that popular dramatist, the dresses and decorations of which are now being manufactured in Paris.

A HISTORICAL MYSTERY.

We translate the following from the French of Mumier Deschessaux, editor of the "Memoirs of the Count de Real":

Not long after the peace of Tilsit, Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, was dispatched as the French Ambassador to the court of Russia. The Emperor Napoleon, who lost no means of rendering the establishments of his diplomatic corps as complete as possible, gave Mlle. Bourgoin, one of the most handsome and talented actresses of the Paris stage, a year's leave of absence, with permission to go to St. Petersburg and play at the French theatre built there by the Emperor Paul.

Mlle. Bourgoin left France with warm recommendations to several of the Russian nobility, and an especial introduction to the French Ambassador.

She made her *debut* at the court theatre; her beauty attracted the notice of the Emperor Alexander, who already knew of her by hearsay. She wished nothing better. She was sent for to the palace, but before going thither she had a private conversation with Caulaincourt, who gave her an idea of the part she was to enact before Alexander; but it is seldom that a pretty woman, and, above all, when she is going to have an interview with a prince, can understand her part, and the sequel will prove that the Duke of Vicenza had not foreseen all that might occur.

After a few words of commonplace, the Emperor continued, in a more serious tone:

"Is the Emperor Napoleon popular in France?" said he.



BASIN OF THE GREAT GEYSER, THE PRINCIPAL ONE IN ICELAND.

"Oh, yes! but there is one thing which has cost him the good-will of a number, and that was the assassination of the Duc d'Enghien."

The word assassination always produced an ill effect upon Alexander. Mademoiselle Bourgoin noticed him change color suddenly, and then frown, and wishing to repair her error, she continued:

"But it was not his fault, but the work of a lot of wretches who continually surrounded him, and from whose influence he is every day endeavoring to free himself."

The uneasiness of the Emperor could no longer be concealed; his bad humor showed itself so forcibly, that the young lady could do no more than bow herself out of the presence.

The Duke of Vicenza had stipulated that she should call upon him immediately after her visit to Alexander, and there she went.

"How did the Emperor receive you?" asked the Duke.

"Very kindly at first, afterward not so well," she replied.

"Ah! What did you say to him?"

"He wanted to know if the Emperor Napoleon was well liked in France."

"And you answered affirmatively?"

"Oh, yes! I said that they liked the Emperor Napoleon very much, but that the assassination of the Duc d'Enghien had alienated the good-will of many people."

"You said that when—?"

"Oh, yes! and right away he changed color, but I fixed it all right."

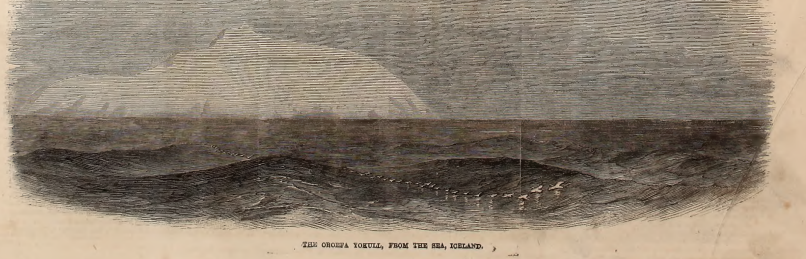
"And how?"

"I said it was not the Emperor's fault, but that of a lot of scoundrels who continually surrounded him."

Caulaincourt reflected. Then he replied:

"Mademoiselle Bourgoin, your stay here will not be as long as you had supposed; your leave of absence is revoked, and you will arrange matters for your departure, which takes place to-morrow. You may go."

Mademoiselle Bourgoin waited a long time for an explanation of the affair, as she dared not relate the circumstances to any one. Alexander saw her again at Paris in 1814, and perhaps he gave her the solution of the mystery.



THE ORCHFA YOKULL, FROM THE SEA, ICELAND.

AFTER.

BY ELEANOR PERCY.

Ope knee pang and all was over—
Just hear that robin sing
Out there in the purple clover—
Yes, she gave me back my ring,

And the package of my letters,
While her lip put on a sneer,
"She was weary of her fetters,"
And the rest I did not hear.

Well—'tis better I should know it—
I have dreamed but idle dreams,
For the years to come would show it,
And she is not what she seems.

Stranger! the sunlight is as shaded,
And its life and warmth are gone;
But the flowers are still unfaded,
And the summer birds sing on.

And what is it that I miss so?
I can scarcely understand.
Why weep over that I kiss so,
Lying golden in my hand?

And what is it that is paining
All my being through and through,
As if autumn rains were raining,
Where should fall the summer dew?

I shall miss her sweet voice ringing
In the ballads quaint and gay,
That she was so fond of singing,
When the gloaming folded gray.

Well—the thrush may deep but rapid,
And the keenest pain is past.
She is fair, and false, and vapid—
But I loved her to the last.

THROUGH A VEIL.

CHAPTER I.

"No, Em, I haven't a headache; but I suppose I am tired out, and that makes me a little low-spirited."

"Sophie Daniels staid too long."

"She had so much to say. Ours are gossiping times just now. The tableaux have brought so many people together, that it seems like living in one house. I must say I shall be glad when it is all over, and we can go back to our quiet way of life."

Here the trembled, lovely face was hidden, and it seemed as if Daisy had begun to cry. Em did not ask a question, but busied herself with folding up pasts of a festal dress, scattered about the room, and while passing Daisy, to put them in the basket waiting to receive them, stooped and kissed her.

"That isn't all, I'm sure; is it?"

"Oh, Em," said Daisy, raising her head, "you will have it. Sophie told me she had seen Basil Cousin in New York. He has returned to America, and is about to enter the service. Isn't it silly in me to care?" exclaimed Daisy, with a clumsy change in her tone. "Shouldn't you think these two silent years would have conquered away regret, if not remembrance? Of what wonderful stuff are we made, Em!"

"We live by admiration, hope and love," answered the other. "I never rightly understood this matter—of courses I could never ask you; but, now you have spoken of it, will it be too hard?"

"It will cure you what a baby I am, Em, to care about anybody who cares plainly nothing for me. And why know he *did* care for me once, or else the past would not have such power over me. But it was only an emotion in him. Before you came here, we were constantly together. I thought of nothing else then; but he had not declared himself a lover in those terms accepted by the world. We were kept to each other, and events hastened. He used to seem under a spell—so was I, but managed to hide my feelings better than he. It was just before tea-time, one night—I was going to a party, where I expected to meet him—and was sitting in a dressing-gown for convenience. And Basil was just then receiving the attentions of Dr. Lodlow—who didn't propose after all, as it proved—and was in the drawing-room, entertaining her admirer. She told my visitor that I was engaged, when he sent up his card by the servant, to be at home in half-an-hour's time. Then Darrow, give me a moment; I cannot go away for months and not see you. My father died last night. Daisy! I went down. He met me there, and as trembled as possible. He seemed to think and act as if in great pain. He would not sit down, but told me a few words of his father.

"'I believe,' said he, slowly letting his eyes rest on me in a dreamy sort of way, 'that I have been to the last of the lotus-eaters with you. As soon as I can write, you will hear from me. Trust me till then, Daisy.'

"He had never called me 'Daisy' before—he seemed to forget himself now. He said 'Good-by!' in the same dreamy way, then turned back to ask for the geranium-leaf I twisted in my fingers. That was two years ago. After his father's funeral was over and the affairs arranged, he went abroad. Now he is home."

"And you never had a letter from him?"

"I never received the least sign. I used to think and think, until every feeling died out in me. Then the occupations of this war-time came between my useless fancies out of sight. It was nothing I could help, you know. To-night—just to-night—I feel indeed like 'taking the veil,' but I shall get over it."

Here Daisy took the comb from her beautiful hair, bring the heavy braids fall, and began to thread them with her fingers.

Aunt Deborah highly disapproved of this slow of young and pretty girls in tableaux. Daisy, her namesake, whose grace and dimples seemed to shake off the stiff title, and who as a baby called herself by the flowery name, defended her corps.

They were well chaperoned, and in most excellent company, working for an excellent cause.

"A great deal better to give the money directly, without all this fuss."

"Few people are, like you, Aunt Deborah, willing to give, without getting anything in return, but the consciousness of a good action. We are basely appealing to lower motives, but we are going to get a pocket-full of money for the soldiers."

Aunt Deb never gave a penny in charity if she could help it, and never had on old clothes. She was going to the tableaux because she had a deal of curiosity. She had been presented with a ticket by Mr. Blanchard, and it was likely that a ponderous railroad president would accompany the party. Railroad president had come from New York in order to be present at this exhibition. Daisy had teased him. Mr. Blanchard was a bachelor; Miss Deborah never saw a bachelor but she began to contemplate the possibility of his offering himself to her. Many a courtship had she evolved, while the unsuspecting victim of prospect was reading the paper and thinking of stocks. Her fertile fancy had imagined every species of declaration, but the most amusing device was the wedding outfit. Miss Deborah often spent weeks of reverie, arranging the various points of costume. The showing of pin-quancy, and her walks an object. The clerks would pull down, by her direction, pale lavenders, silvery grays, delicate fawn tints in rich silks, and Miss Deborah Darrow would play she was going to buy them for reception dresses. Of course this sort of thing could be prolonged indefinitely. Just now Miss Deborah was mentally deciding on the pattern of lace for the edging of a pocket-handkerchief.

Mr. Blanchard startled her by saying:

"Come, Miss Daisy, are you ready?"

"Dear me, sir," exclaimed Aunt Deborah, "is it time to go?"

"Not for us, I hope," answered Mr. Blanchard, waving his paper contemptuously. "It's but half-past six; but the carriage has come for the little nun."

"I never could conceive," murmured the lady, subsiding, vexed at having made a mistake, "why a good-natured person like Blanchard must be nicknamed Daisy, which is no name at all."

CHAPTER II.

A KNIGHT in armor of silver paper came out from the side door under the stage boxes, and threaded his way through the crowded aisles of the densely packed hall. He stopped two or three times to exchange compliments with some fair friends, but at last reached a young man, whose total shaven face formed a fine contrast to the mustached and bearded men around him.

"Champion, look here, I want you!"

"What's going on?" answered the lazily turning a pair of magnificent eyes on the Saxon countenance of his friend; "you look like a knight of the Round Table. A Guy you've made of yourself, Don Quixote."

"We are in an ocean of difficulty," whispered his friend. "Come out here, where I can explain—there's a good fellow."

Champion followed the narrow waiting-room, crowded with kings, beggars and imps, to a great under-room, on common days the guard-room of the regiment, but now, what? it would puzzle any one to say.

There stood a row of beings enveloped in white cloth, with faces painted to the color of chalk, and no statuary. Here were eight of Blue-Beard's dead wives, with their hair done in tails, ready to be dragged by the long, flowing gash in their throats. One horrible young woman had managed to cover herself with blue mold.

The knight was making the unfeeling manager of the sixth tableau, surrounded by her company. She was almost in tears; her fat face quite wasted with vexation, and the red bows on her fine cap standing straight up, like the tuft of a Polish rooster.

"Don't feel so cut up, Mrs. Tweed," said the consoling knight, bringing his face to the floor; "it's only a matter of explanation. Champion, the priest, but he's got a sudden fit of indigestion. They are giving him brandy up-stairs. The whole scene is upset, and it's one of the very prettiest."

"Taking the Veil,"—you've seen it on the bills. How those girls have worked, embroidering the white satin! Champion, you're a sensible man. Where, I'll settle this with you, considerate young man," and turned to Mrs. Tweed with a bewitching smile.

"You must give me full instructions, madam, for I haven't the most remote idea what it is all about. I haven't been in America but two days."

"Oh, Mr. Champion, you know a priest's dress—you've been in Italy, I'm sure."

Champion pressed himself in the garments, submitted to have a tonsure, and was presently ushered on the glittering stage, where the black-robed nuns were standing, and the censer-boy was burning bits of incense to pass away the time. He stood where he was told, held his book open, then watched the ranging of the nuns—six on each side. Some dove-like faces, but all their virgin eyes bent on him, the splendid young stranger who had dropped at their need from the skies.

The Lady Abbess stood in rigid calmness; the Bride of Heaven was kneeling before her, dressed in her shimmering satin, with tissued fall of costly lace hiding her face, which was bent to her breast. Something in the air of this exquisite recumbent figure gave Champion a curious twinge. The sun's prayer swelled as the curtain rose. He knew the thousand up-turned faces within the darkened amphitheatre, the stage light bisely shining on them, and thought of condemned spirits in a bottomless pit. Such wild, sad faces—such expressions of horror, and crime and care, as Champion thought he saw by the weird reflex. Then the thrilling applause drowned the chant and his thought. The curtain fell on the first scene. Now the attendant nuns removed the veil, the vestal clasps her crucifix, and as the abbess lifts a tress of the superb black hair, she raises her eyes and meets those of the priest full in her face. Flushed before from excitement, she was now pale as snow.

"Are you faint, Daisy?" whispered the Lady Abbess. "Don't spoil all now, for pity's sake; let me give you a pinch. That is perfect—don't move on any account—only don't faint till the curtain drops, or there'll be a scene truly."

"Beautiful! beautiful!" was the cry. A dead silence for a second or two followed the chant, and then the house shook from floor to ceiling. "Nothing could be better than her expression. She is agonized, yet how lovely."

"She is magnificent," said the young men; for all eyes sought the novice, the chief figure in the scene. The knight in armor fell at that moment in love. The priest put down his book, when the curtain shut them in, and coming to the trembling girl, who, gathering up her dress, is trying to look composed, says:

"How do you do, Miss Darrow?"

She smiled faintly, and held out her hand. The stage was almost cleared; Daisy moved slowly to a side scene, and the priest as slowly kept pace with her.

"Will Miss Darrow allow me a fair question?"

Daisy turned her face to him; the curved, dark lashes veiled her eyes.

"Two years ago, I wrote you an earnest and honorable letter."

Daisy's eyes all dew and fire, gave one surprised, sorrowful, loving glance, and met his own.

His compound character dropped like a mask. "You never got it, Daisy?" was hardly the question he intended.

"I never did, Mr. Champion."

"May I write it over again? I have never changed, except to grow stronger in the old feeling for you."

There was such a pretty shyness about Daisy, as she half turned away, and said, in a low, crooning voice:

"How long you have been away?"

"It has been long, Daisy," answered he.

"Look!" said one of Bluebeard's wives, from a distance, "there's a priest making love to a nun; isn't it disgraceful?"

"But natural."

The statuary began to come on—a long sepulchral procession, headed after them lengths of white sheeting. A fairy, with a harp and spangled wings, was looking in anxiously to note their arrangement.

Bo-hooded and be-cloaked, little Daisy found a happy man with an umbrella waiting by the door of a carriage, which she made her exit. He put her in the carriage and jumped in after her.

"How early will you admit me to-morrow?" said he, as he drew her cloak carefully under the swinging globe in the hall. "You know I have two years to make up." He drew an envelope, well worn, from his pocket-book, took out one of the enclosures and gave it to his companion.

"Read that to-night, Daisy; to-morrow will give me and take explanations."

Sober-faced Em was sitting by the fire in Daisy's room. She had a hot cup of tea ready for her when she came, opened and a sparkling face showed itself.

"You dear old thing, are you waiting for me?"

"Of course I am. Daisy, is it possible! What has happened to you?"

"Daisy kissed her, and sat down in a low chair, and cry in her voice. "Guess."

"He has come?"

"He has come."

When Daisy met Champion the next day, it was with a curious feeling of baseful dread, born since last night.

"Shall we begin with explanations?" asked the young gentleman, after a few preliminaries. "How can you answer my letter? I am not a sympathetic, Daisy?"

"Silence, now," said she, turning away the face that was answer completely.

Champion laughed a low, happy laugh.

"Let me show you the answer I did get," putting a note in her hand, and Daisy read:

"Miss Darrow encloses his note to Mr. Champion, feeling sure that, on mature consideration, he would wish to see the production in his own possession. With many thanks for the compliments opinion the writer has expressed of her, Miss Darrow must beg leave to decline his overtures."

Daisy's eyes were as big as they could be.

"You didn't write that, it is evident."

"Oh," she exclaimed, in a pitying, caressing, sorrowful way, that brought Champion close to her.

"Think what I've been enduring. Trying to forget you, and always being able to get those strange words out of my brain. I always thought of your sweet face, as I say it last. I remember you were going out that night, and wore a white woolen dressing-gown, and your hair tumbled in rings. Oh, if I had spoken then!"

They were fast growing sentimental, when Daisy, giving another glance at the mysterious note, began to laugh violently.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"You hard-hearted little thing. It is cruel to laugh at such a severe letting down. Who did write it, Daisy? What is it?"

"Oh, Aunt Deborah!" exclaimed Daisy, in the midst of her paroxysm.

"Aunt Deborah?" reiterated Champion, snatching the note from the floor. "To be sure—what a stupid blockhead I am. Aunt Deborah Darrow. I never thought—I never have thought of but one in the world. And your auntie very kindly rejected me. Well, that I can endure."

"That accounts for the compassionate, knowing way in which she has always spoken of you," said Daisy, out of the window.

"I'll tell you what," said Champion, "she is your nearest relation, isn't she? let us go and ask her blessing."

"So we will," said Daisy.

JOY OF THE NIGHT.

BY EMMA ALICE HUNT.

AH, the sweet night that is faded and gone,
From the blush of the eve till the break of the dawn,
In a garden, with odors, and blossoms divine,
We met in a vision, lost Angel of mine!

Around us the night lay, starry and lone,
With the breath of the sorrowful Autumn o'er-blown—
But, Love, in our hearts bloomed a beautiful May,
No wind of the Autumn could wither away!

Softly the Dream-Beauty covered thy face,
As I leaned on thy breast in a thrilling embrace,
And my own bosom blushed, like a dawn-tinted snow,
In the flame of the wild heart that trembled below!

Ah! the sweet light in thy sweetest of eyes!
Ah! the wild blisses, and kisses, and sighs!
And the red lips that blazed, like the hues of the wine,
In a rose-wreathed beaker of Bacchus divine!

The starlight is faded—the garden o'erblown,
With the wind of the morning—*and I am alone;*
But thy kisses are burned on my heart and my brain,
And I drink their wild rapture again—and again!

BLIND FOR LIFE.

BY S. EVELYN HUNT.

"Ir is then wholly incurable;" I said the words over slowly after Dr. Willis, half-doubting if I had heard aright.

"Wholly incurable," repeated the oculist, the undisguised pity in his tone making the knowledge seem heavier and harder to bear.

There was no need for further talking; indeed I had no heart even to thank my friend for his patient and kindness in examination of my sightless eyes.

Groping for my brother's arm, I took it, and went out upon the street. I knew the sun was shining, for I felt its warmth upon my face; and I knew the month was June, for I caught the smell of roses as I brushed past them at my house-door. Even to this day the peculiar perfumes of fresh roses will recall that darkest day of all my life with a vividness most distinct.

As I entered the familiar porch, it seemed as if I were returning to a prison; for the bars of memory could I look out again upon the glad and beautiful earth. I bent a moment for my mother's kiss, and then groped my way fast for the staircase, and guided myself through the well-known passage to my own room.

That night, the bright summer day wore on, and I heeded not its beauty; and the night came down, but it was all the same to me whether it was dark or bright.

Every life has its dark hour, passing which, it goes on, heeping for ever one sad and bitter memory. I am sure that day from the fierce struggle I went on to my new life, my blind life, a saddened, silent man.

That day's struggle and rarer than light of sun passed from my heart, and left a midnight gloom. For how exceedingly, it may be, I was made the love of all my life, my promised bride, sweet Ona Miller.

Ona was a romantic story. Two children growing side by side; living the same life, with its miniature joys and sorrows; studying from the same books; reciting in the same society—companions always; and learning life's one sweet lesson as the years went on with no shadow of shame to mar the same society.

Then came my brief absence from home, and the accident causing a partial blindness, which had grown deeper and deeper, until from the most hopeful lost courage, and finally the decision of the most skilful oculist whom I could consult. So was blind for life.

It seemed to me that day that death would be the greatest boon which heaven could grant me. The strong young life which coursed through all my veins was hateful to me, and every beautiful heart-throb sounded defiance to my pain, and kept up its pitiless beat, its measured dirge of "life"—"life." Ay, life—a miserable existence that I must drag out to the end, and then, at last, release. Does this all seem cowardly? Afterward by bitter experience I learned that cowardice brings its sure punishment.

But my first agony seemed past, and a dull torpor of indifference setting on heart and mind, when a low sob stole upward to my window, so low, another could scarce hear it; but loud enough for my quick ear, powerful enough to bring me back to a full consciousness of all my suffering. I knew the time had come when I must make my decision, and I crept down into the little parlor,

chiding the weakness which at the last made the strong limbs totter and the voice to fail. I should have found her in my blindness, my poor darling; I should have known the soft rustle of her garments among a thousand others; but she did not wait to see me groping toward her, for with a quick spring, her arms were around my neck, and her wet face was lying on my shoulder. For a moment I held her there, and then I put her from me with a sternness which frightened her more than the knowledge of my blindness had done.

"Ona," I said, and my voice grew strong again, "I release you from your engagement with me. I dare not keep your love, now that my life has grown so dark. I cannot make you happy. My mother has told you all, I know. Forget me, and when one asks you to gladden another home than mine, love him and be happy."

For a moment she did not speak; then came a timid remonstrance, just betraying a sudden woe:

"But, Walter, I love you!"

"Then I would save you from yourself," I said; and, oh, how hard my words were. I've wondered since, my tongue did not refuse to utter them; but they rang out clearly in the night, and Ona waited for no others.

Swiftly she stepped out upon the path, and I heard the gate swing lightly behind her as she passed through. I knew then that it would open to her touch no more, and that I need never listen again for her soft footfall on my garden-walk.

But it was over now—I had done my duty. I said that over and over again, as if it were something hard to be believed. I tried to think I had not saddened my darling's life; that her laugh was as merry, her songs as gladsome, as in the old days before my trouble. I knew that Will Harding loved her almost as well as I had, and I tried to picture the two together. Will was a brave, great-hearted fellow, working hard in the profession which he had adopted. We had been lads together, and friends always, but I had not known his attachment to the good clergyman's pretty daughter, until that happy day when, flushed with success, I had hastened to inform him how sure I was of that love, which, indeed, I had hardly ever doubted was my own. Now all was changed—the field was clear to him; and by-and-by I felt quite sure Ona would listen to his pleading, and crown his patient waiting as it well deserved.

To me there was nothing left but memory, and all the days were reminders of others brighter and happier—of careless strolling through lanes and fields—anywhere that we two might be under the sunny sky and with each other. And when I slept, my dreams framed just one picture—a merry face, whose great blue eyes and dainty mouth were set off by a crown of the softest, brightest hair. Little Ona was very lovely and very childlike, and I reasoned that her sorrow, like the grief of a child, would soon be over.

But after that sad night, when I shut her out from me, she might have been dead, for all the sign she gave me of her life. Her father came, with earnest voice and patient teaching, to guide me to a light which could lessen my darkness and gild even my future with hope. But I listened so indifferently that I must have grieved the faithful minister sorely, for after a while his visits ceased altogether. How selfish I was in those days. Fortunately I possessed sufficient wealth to prevent my ever becoming a burden to my friends in a pecuniary way; so, without thinking much further, I settled down into my own life, neither seeking amusement or even accepting such variety as was proffered by my surroundings. Slowly the weeks rolled into months, the months to years, and to our little household came no change, save when my brothers married and made themselves other homes. But they still kept close to the old house where we had grown to manhood, and where the mother yet lived, but moving quietly, though surely, to her old age.

My talent for music had been thoroughly cultivated before my misfortune, and even after my blindness the little congregation were glad to retain my voluntary services as organist in the little village church. Little Ona had once been accustomed to sit in the choir, and her voice had added not a little to the singing, but she had long since given up her place, and it was only at rare intervals that I could now distinguish her voice among the others in the body of the church. And even when she did sing, one almost wished she had not, for the sweet notes left an echo, which sounded sadly in the heart long after the voice was silent. At least it was so with me, and why, I who was so sure of being right and dealing honestly, never cared to question. But I question now whether any dealing can be honorable which results from the judgment of only one view. But *then* I never stopped to think I should have given poor Ona a hearing, before I disposed so arbitrarily of her future.

By-and-by the rumors grew how Ona Miller's cheeks were growing paler and thinner; but, then, it might be only her keeping so closely at home with her invalid mother.

Will Harding's spinster aunt grew particularly spiteful, and said, "The girl wouldn't have much beauty left in a year, if she kept on like that; and there was poor Will, as fine a lad as ever walked, who loved her to distraction, and she wouldn't even look at him!" Was this true? I wondered, but kept my wonder to myself. And as the months dragged on, the wonder grew to fear, the fear to torture. Was it possible I had wronged her when I sought to do her good? She was so young, so much a child in those years, I was sure she could not love as I did, and that, after a while she would thank me for what I did. I had a memory now—fool that I did not keep it then—of something about her, even in her lightest, gayest moments, which told of hidden strength, of undeveloped power, setting my judgment entirely wrong. Had I made her suffer all these years as I had suffered? No, no; that was impossible. And yet what was it that made her so changed—so old beyond her years? Then I heard again that one surprised remonstrance:

"But, Walter, I *love you.*"

Stung by my fear, tortured by my doubt, I had wandered one afternoon out into the garden, and thrown myself down upon the grass, to sleep, if it were possible. Again the month was June, and again that hateful scent of fresh roses. Memory—my one persistent companion—clung closely to me on that June day, and carried me back, whether I would or no, over all the years of my life. How long I lay there, half-dreaming, I cannot tell, but I was roused at length by an old servant bringing a message from Will Harding. He had been thrown from a carriage a few days since, and so seriously injured that his physician despaired of his life, and to-day they thought him dying. Would I go to him at once? I rose up quickly, and suffered the old man to lead me down the street, and up into the room where the sick man lay.

As I entered, Will spoke my name, and asked the attendant to leave us for awhile. As soon as we were alone, he asked me to come nearer him, for he was failing, and what he did do, he must do quickly.

"Walter," he began, "we have both been wrong; it has been our fate to love one woman, and neither of us have been brave enough or unselfish enough to make her happy."

He faltered here, but gaining strength went on:

"You were wrong to break off your engagement with Ona Miller; I have been wrong in suffering you to suppose her love for you was dead, and that, as the wife of a blind man, she could not be happy. But Ona loves you still—would forgive you all. Bring her to me, and let my dying blessing atone for my lack of friendship while I lived."

There was no time to lose; the last words had been broken and imperfect, spoken only by a strong effort. Quickly I found my guide, and before many minutes passed I was at the door of the quiet parsonage. It was Ona's step along the passage, and my heart smote me remorsefully as I noticed it was slower and less buoyant than when I had heard it before. I did not notice her apparent surprise and confusion upon ascertaining who her visitor was, but as quickly as I could control my voice gave her Will Harding's message. Hastily tying on hat and cloak, she joined me at the door, and we went out together on our strange errand.

A few simple words told all the story, and happier than we had been for years, but awed by the strange occasion of our reunion, we reached the chamber of death.

We were none too soon; the dying man was too far gone to speak, but Ona told how a quiet, contented look came over his face when we laid our hands in his. Then quietly as he had blessed us, he died, and we went out again into the open air, with our new-found joy hushed and tempered by this communion with the last mysterious visitant.

Need I write any more, save that shortly afterward my darling came to take her old place, her rightful place, in all our hearts, and at my hearthstone; and that, cheered by her love, so tender and brave, I scarcely can regret that I am blind for life—no need; but I must tell how, when the flowers are in bloom, Ona will tie a garland and lead her little child—our child—to lay it reverently on the grave of that dear, noble friend who brought our hearts to understand each other, as the crowning work of his own unhappy life.

ICELAND.

The strange and romantic scenery of this singular island possesses great attractions for the genuine lovers of the picturesque, and might be deemed worth a special visit by some one of our leading professional artists. We are indebted to Capt. J. R. Campbell for the opportunity of engraving a few sketches, selected from his portfolio, illustrative of some of the remarkable sights of Iceland.

One of our engravings is a view of Orœfa Yökull, from the sea. This is the first view of Iceland, as we approach from the south-east. Orœfa Yökull is the highest mountain in the island, having an elevation of between 6,000 feet and 7,000 feet. It is characterized by the term "Yökull," owing to the upper portion being perpetually clothed with fields of snow and ice, from which glaciers descend. As it first rises into sight, on a clear day, its appearance is that of a crisp white cloud resting on the horizon.

We will next direct attention to a view of the Basin of the Great Geyser. The principal Geyser in Iceland has the form of a truncated cone, reared against the slope of a hill, overlooking a large tract of bog land, with a river at its base. On the hillside, the height of this mound may be 15 feet or 20 feet, the sides having a slope of some 20 degrees with the horizon. It is formed of silicious incrustation of a dirty white color, resulting from the deposit from the water. Hence it is probably constantly increasing in size. If we examine it, we find it built up of horizontal laminæ, rather reminding one of those of an oyster-shell magnified. The basin forms the top, and in its normal state—*i.e.*, between eruptions—resembles simply a boiling pond, of circular shape, about 56 paces in circumference, and 6½ feet deep in the middle. The interior is as smooth as asphalt, and singularly regular in shape. A circular well descends vertically from the centre of the basin; and it is from this well or pipe that the water is supplied, keeping the basin full to the lip (which has a fretted appearance, resembling coral), over which a small steaming rill continually flows. In the depths of this well is, doubtless, seated the motive power, producing an eruption, when the water is projected from the surface of the basin in the form of a column, more or less defined, sometimes to the height of 90 feet or 100 feet. The action continues for several minutes, probably seldom exceeding six or eight. The intervals elapsing between eruptions vary from hours to days; the eruptions being most frequent, and also grandest, after heavy rains. The sketch was taken just after an eruption, during a short time succeeding which the basin remained empty, and could be explored. The Great Geyser forms one of a group of boiling springs, the others being much less remarkable both in size and character.

The island of boiling springs, in the river Hvitá, near Reykholt, is probably one of the most curious things in a land of wonders. Let the reader picture to himself a river 80 yards wide, somewhat shallow in summer, and divided by sandbanks, having an island rising from the water, in the shape of an oblong mound, 6 feet high, above the stream, and having on its ridge three fountains of boiling water. The island, which is dappled in color, with various tints of reddish brown, black, and white, etc., has probably been formed from the deposits of the water ejected. The wells are, as usual in Iceland, circular basins, supplied from a hole, or pipe, in the centre; and the force of the blast sends the water up in a constant succession of "jerks," to the height of 2 feet or more, from the surface immediately over the hole.

There is a line of little boiling springs, whose orifices lie in the bed of the river, extending some 70 yards from this island. These send up streams of *hot* water through the *cold*, heating that of the river in their neighborhood.

The wonders of Iceland have been heretofore only given us in a disconnected way, and the strange natural beauties of this island have almost been a sealed book. We shall endeavor, in a series of engravings, from the same source, which we shall give from time to time, to unlock some of these treasures.

HOWARD MISSION AND HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS.

New York City is not only the metropolis of the continent, but is in a peculiar sense the "Almshouse for the poor of all nations."

At least two-thirds of its population are of foreign birth, or of foreign parentage, who furnish quite 75 per cent. of its paupers and criminals.

The tenant-house population of this city would make a city almost as large as Philadelphia, or two larger than Baltimore and Washington, or Boston and Chicago.

It has been ascertained by those who have searched out this matter, that over four-fifths of the poverty and crime in the city are due to drunkenness.

Were the victims of this vice—the ruined in fortune and character—the ill-clad, cold, hungry, sick, crushed wives and children—the friendless widows and orphans—the homeless and perishing young girls—to come down from their garrets, or up from their basements and cellars, and out of their burrowing places where a ray of sunlight never enters—where pure air is never breathed—the sad procession would reach from the Battery to Harlem. Whose sympathy would not be moved to its depths at such a sight? yet these unfortunate creatures are here all around us, packed in their miserable abodes in a manner which surpasses belief.

There are blocks not over 400 feet square that contain about twice as many people as the whole of Fifth avenue. The Fourth Ward, in which this Mission is located, contains only about 50 acres (35 to 40 small blocks), yet its population would make a larger city than Utica, N. Y., or three such cities as Saratoga Springs.

One tenant-house in it (Gotham Court) often contains over 1,000 of these poor creatures. On one little spot near the Mission, 240 feet by 150, there are 20 tenant-houses, 111 families, 5 stables, a soap and candle factory, and a tan-yard. There are less than two dwelling-houses in the ward for each rum-hole.

In the very midst of this "valley and shadow of death" stands the Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers, whose workings are illustrated in this paper.

It was opened June 10th, 1861, by the Rev. W. C. Van Meter, who, for 10 or 12 years, has been engaged in rescuing the "children of the street" and placing them in carefully selected homes, chiefly in the country. As, in the prosecution of his beneficent work, he walked through the purlieus of the city, he met with children who were homeless, or who needed temporary shelter and protection—"cinder wenches," "gutter snipes," "wharf rats," and beggars of cold victuals—others whose parents were worthy but very poor. Many were sick and dying from want and neglect. Many mothers who would gladly earn their living were compelled to remain at home without employment because there was no place where they could leave their little children during the day while they should go out to work. He found others who would gladly work if they could obtain employment; feeling that it was degrading to them to be supported wholly by charity when they might earn at least a portion of their subsistence. The greater part of these unfortunate people were indifferent to, or deprived of religious privileges. This was a sad state of things, and Mr. Van Meter resolved to try to remedy it.

He knew from long experience in the work that the task would be a heavy one, but his experience had also taught him the best method to grapple with it. He had learned that when the perishing stretch out their hands for the "bread" of help, it will not do to turn them off with the "stone" of advice. To the hungry, bread first, then preaching; or rather, let both go together, or in Mr. Van Meter's words: "My object was to the utmost of my ability to do good to the souls and bodies of these sorrowing and perishing ones, and as I thought it not necessary to 'stamp a particular creed upon a loaf of bread,' I invited to an earnest co-operation with me all who sympathized in such a work."

His plan, though so comprehensive as to meet all these wants, was very simple. For the homeless, shelter, food, clothes, and kind, intelligent, Christian homes, were to be provided. In their new homes they were to have a seat at the table with the family, and move in the same social circle. They were to be tenderly cared for in sickness and in health, receive at least an ordinary common school education, go to Sunday-school and church, and be trained to habits of active industry; and that he might not lose his power to protect them, he would not bind them, but retained the power to remove them if they were not properly treated.

Another class of children who needed a temporary shelter, but whom Mr. Van Meter was not authorized to provide with homes, were to be kept in the Mission until their friends should provide for them. A third, and by far the most numerous class, who attended no school, and were not engaged in any employment, might come in the morning, enjoy the benefits of the bath, wardrobe, dining and school-rooms, and return to their places or homes in the evening. The schools were to be conducted by the best and kindest teachers he could obtain.

The sick were to be visited, encouraged, and according to his means supplied with food, clothes, medicine and medical attendance.

A Day Nursery was to be provided, in which mothers could leave their small children while they should be out at work, and employment was to be sought for those who wished to earn their living as far as possible.

In addition to these, families whose children should be connected with the Mission, and who on personal visitation and investigation were found to be deserving of assistance, were to be supplied, according to the necessities of the case, with bread, shoes and coal, at less than cost, the price being varied according to their abilities to pay. Mr. Van Meter's theory being that true charity consists in helping a man to do only what he cannot do without assistance.

This was his plan, and he at once put it into execution, and the unprecedented success which has attended his work, shows the wisdom of it. The Rev. R. G. Toles, now Superintendent of the House for Little Wanderers in Boston, said: "I will stand by you and assist you;" which he did, until he took charge of the institution in Boston.

The premises No. 37 New Bowery were rented and fitted up, and the day the Mission was opened 183 children were received. Last year the number received was 1,543. During the last four years over 5,000 children have been received, hundreds of whom have been placed in good homes all over the country. The last four months 1,237 of these little wanderers have come under the protecting roof of this Home. Daily 400 to 550 are at its table. Frequently more than 100 baskets of provisions a day are distributed among the sick and destitute.

Though the cost of this work is about $25,000 a year, it has neither asked nor received an appropriation of a dollar from the School Fund, City nor State. It has not turned from its door a homeless child nor gone in debt a dollar. It is sustained entirely by the free-will offerings of those who take pleasure in placing their benefactions for the poor in its hands.

It is regularly incorporated, and is conducted by a Board of well-known, successful business gentlemen, of whom Hon. Joseph Hoxie is President. The building now occupied for the wants of the Mission being too small to meet the demands upon them, these gentlemen are taking steps to purchase ground and erect a building adapted to their work, at a cost of $150,000. It will be as complete in all its parts as modern architectural skill can make it. It will furnish good lodging for at least 200 girls, who, though homeless and unprotected, are trying to earn their living in shops and factories. It will have a large Day Nursery, besides accommodations for the hundreds of others placed under its care. School-rooms will be provided for 1,000 children. In short, the Board is determined to make it a model institution of its kind and an honor to the city and country. To what nobler purpose can some wealthy gentleman put his money than the erection of such a building?

ENGLAND IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S DAY.

So rapidly were the English growing in the luxuries and vices of other lands, while they retained their native vigor and coarse habits, that the playwrights constantly alluded to the incongruity of the fashions displayed in the dress of dandies, to their language, mixed of all the dialects in Europe, to their aptitude for every kind of dissipation, to their skill in the sports of all nations, and to the decay of antique severity. "We have robbed Greece of gluttony," says Stephen Gasson, "Spain of pride, France of deceit, and Dutchland of quaffing." But these affections were only a kind of varnish on the surface of society. The incidents of court gossip show how savage was the life beneath. Queen Elizabeth spat one day, in the midst of her nobles, at a gentleman who displeased her. She struck Lord Essex on the cheek. Burleigh often cried at her ill-treatment. The lords wrangled and even drew swords in her presence. Once Leicester took her handkerchief from her lap to wipe his face, at tennis. Lady Jane Grey was starved and beaten by her parents, and exposed to such indignities that she wearied of life; yet they made her one of the best Greek scholars of the day. Heretics were burned in every town. Sir Henry Sidney, as we learn from a paper recently published by Mr. Froude, when sent to quell the Irish rebels, first proclaimed the Queen's sovereignty and then allowed no mercy to the recusants. He "put man, woman and child to the sword," while his sergeant-majors balanced the advantages of pillaging or "having some killing," with a preference for the latter when they felt themselves in humor for the chase.

The belief in witches everywhere prevailed, nor was it an uncommon village sport to drown old women in the ponds, and to rack suspected wizards till for very anguish they confessed fictitious crimes. Country-folks conducted their revels with a license that would shock our modern ears. The lord of misrule led out his motley train, and ladies went a-maying with their lovers to the woods. The feasts of asses and fools profaned the sanctuaries; nor were the sports of Christmas so well suited to celebrate a Christian festival as to recall the rites of Woden and Freya. Men and women who read Plato and discussed the beauties of Petrarch's poetry, allowed the coarsest practical jokes and used the grossest language. They sold farms and forests, and wore their acres in the form of gems and gold lace on their backs. But their splendid clothes and jewels did not prevent them from indulging in the most untidy habits. They would lie upon the rushes which concealed the fragments of old feasts; and they burned perfumes to sweeten chambers musty with bad air. The church itself was not respected. The nave of St. Paul's became a rendezvous of thieves and prostitutes. Fine gentlemen paid sums of money for the privilege of clanking up and down its aisles in service time; dancers and masquers crowded from the square outside in all their finery, often took the sacrament, and then ran out to recommence their sports. Men were Papists and Protestants according to the time of day; hearing mass in the morning and sermon in the afternoon.

There was no end to the extravagance and incongruity of elements which then prevailed in England. Yet in the midst of this confusion rose cavaliers like Sidney, philosophers like Bacon, poets like Spenser; in whom all that is pure, elevated, subtle, tender, wise, delicate and learned in our modern civilization displayed itself.

The Bourbons of France.—The history of these Bourbons show that they had but little claim to any of the glorious additions to their baptismal names. If he only is great who can conquer himself, then the Bearnais has no claim to the suffix to his Christian name. Louis the Just was the betrayer of some of his best friends. Louis Le Grand lived to see himself stripped of all acquisitions that had purchased for him the distinction; and Louis the Well-beloved was execrated by every man and woman in France who respected morality, decency and truth. Taken altogether, these Bourbons are not of sweet odor. The ambition, reckless extravagance and horrible vices of the worst among them were visited upon the heads of perhaps the best, though not the strongest in intellect. The family has not only lost its "coign of vantage" in France, but a younger branch has been driven from Naples, and another sits uneasily on a rocking throne in old Iberia. For more than a generation the childless "Henri the Fifth" has been waiting the good pleasure of the French to call him to the throne of his grandsire and his cousin of Orleans, the not childless "Duc de Chartres," waits the same caprice, or any advantage he may derive from being the next heir to the crownless Henri. The Bourbons are politically dead, but their hopes are not unlively. Their expectations would seem to be of the gloomiest, but for that proverbial and perhaps politically mischievous phrase, "*Tout arrive en France.*" (All things come round in France.)

Something New—An Ink Mine.—The San Francisco *Mining Press* says a party has recently arrived at Los Angelos, from the vicinity of Buena Vista Lake and the oil springs there, having in his possession a bottle containing "a mineral substance very much resembling crude petroleum, but without any smell, and possessing all the qualities of fine writing fluid. Several experiments were made by different persons, and all pronounced it as a good quality of ink, or fluid for writing. We dipped our pen in the fluid and wrote several lines, and could not distinguish the difference between it and the best writing fluid now in use. When first used, the color is a deep, rich black, but after exposure to the air, the color moderates a little, still retaining a good, and to all appearances, durable color. A company is being formed for the purpose of testing the above discovery.

Uses of Glycerin.—The uses of glycerin are daily extending; and as it is now a commercial article, as easily obtained as alcohol, there is one application which ought to become popularly known. This is the property it possesses of dissolving out the odorous principles of flowers. The leaves of roses, of hyacinth, jasamin, geranium, &c., are to be put into a stoppered bottle and glycerin left in contact with them for three or four weeks. All of the perfume will be extracted, and as the glycerin will mix readily with water, a scented wash can be prepared for the hands, as well as an extract made for use in the preparation of perfumery. If the glycerin be left in contact with red pepper balls, it will extract a principle very strengthening to the hair, and less dangerous than the preparations of cantharides now often used.



1. Outside View of the House. 2. Receiving the Children. 3. The Cleansing Operation. 4. Clothing the New Comers. 5. Combing and Polishing. 6. Putting to Bed. 7. The Dining Hall. 8. Stove for Outsiders. 9. The Kitchen—Cutting Bread. 10. The School-room—Singing. 11. Mother Reclaiming her Children.

HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS—THE HOWARD MISSION HOUSE, 37 NEW BOWERY, NEW YORK.



o Bed. 7. The Dining Hall. 8. Stove for Outsiders. 9. The Kitchen—Cutting Bread. 10. The School-room—Singing. 11. Mother Reclaiming her Children.

MISSION HOUSE, 37 NEW BOWERY, NEW YORK.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

BY R. V. ROBERTS.

I had such a pleasant dream, sister,
Such a pleasant dream last night;
So take your work and sit by my side,
And patiently listen to what did befall,
In this vision glad and bright.

I dreamed 'twas the sunset time,
The close of a summer day,
And the cool west wind was blowing free
Over my hated face as I stood 'neath a tree,
To wait for the sun's last ray.

'Twas a pleasant scene around,
A pleasant, home-like scene:
With its white walls bathed in golden light,
A farm-house stood, half hid from sight
By trees and creepers green.

And everywhere around
Waved fields of half-grown grain,
And the fragrant scent of new-made hay,
Was borne on the wings of the breeze away
From a home-bound, loaded wain.

And sparkling in the distance,
With white sails studded o'er,
The waves of a noble river rolled,
And shone in the setting sun like gold,
As they laved the pebbly shore.

In circles wheeling low,
A wild bird sought its nest,
The lowing kine in the barn-yard stood,
And o'er field and meadow, stream and wood,
Dwelt a peaceful air of rest.

Within the farm-house porch,
'Neath the clustering leaves of the vine,
Sat a form I knew and loved right well,
And whom at a scarce need tell;
(Ah! you're blushing, sister mine.)

The maiden's bashful air
Had not yet given place—
For the honest farmer was scarcely o'er,
And the bridal blush her cheek still wore—
To the matron's sober grace.

And ever and anon,
With her needle in her hand,
And shading her eyes from the dazzling rays,
Watching the road with an eager gaze,
She would take her patient stand.

Soon her eye and cheek grew bright;
She watched not long in vain,
For the well-known farmer's stalwart form,
His brow with the honest toil still warm,
Came driving his loaded wain.

My eyes with glad tears filled,
But the tears with smiles were blent,
As I looked on my young wife's happy face,
And knew that her heart was the dwelling-place
Of peace and deep content.

And a prayer rose to my lips,
A prayer from my heart's warm core,
For a long, long life of days like this,
Of calm content, and quiet bliss;
Then I woke—my dream was o'er.

But what do you think of it all, sister?
Is meaning you see?
But I will not ask you to interpret,
For I hope to wake some bright day yet,
And find it—reality.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "BEURNE'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXIX.—KITTY'S SORROW.

KITTY had been standing directly on her hot for some time after that—how long Esau could not tell, for the trees, with their deep mysterious murmur, kept no count of seconds or minutes—but long enough for the idling butterflies and bees to have got scent of her flowers and come brooding over her, and for her brown frock and shining shoes to be covered with dust, when the coach was heard.

By the time Esau had dropped from the wall and introduced himself, it seemed to him that another being stood there. The great bonnet was quite awful in its power, and the little face inside so shy and prim, he dazed look at it only out of the corners of his eyes. Only three words—two Noes and one Yes—had got during the journey, and those were aimed straight down at the mangy coach-mat rather than at him. Of his little dusty eyed companions the caravans and roads, the boldest and wittiest had always been his favorites. For these he had made willow wands, and gathered rushes, or flogged lethargic donkeys. Yet Kitty's shyness took his attention, and amused him, and made him wonder.

But if Kitty were prim and shy that day, how much more so was she when she had heard all about him! Even the partial account her mother gave her of him made her feel perfectly horrified at the idea of his living with them, and contaminating the children with his vagabond notions. On the whole, Esau's life at the Harrices had not been happier since Kitty's arrival. Anthony, who liked her very much, and used to promise her she should be Clarissa's bridesmaid, was often unjust to his kinsman on her account, taking Tom's part in all their quarrels, and abusing Esau for his indolence in worms the lad would laugh at good humorously when they were spoken, but ponder over bitterly long afterward. Harris was kind always, but weakly indulgent, and Esau felt that he was so. He had sudden fits of impatience with himself. Once he took it into his head that it was impossible for him to be what Anthony wished him, and that he was more fitted for a workman's life; and one fine frosty morning Harris was awakened early by unusual sounds in the yard, snatches of part-singing and bursts of laughter, and looking out, beheld Esau among the carpenters, in a white fresco jacket and paper cap, looking ruddy and handsome and full of triumphant happiness, as if he had for a certainty discovered his true calling at last. The fit lasted three days, then ended, and so it was with the shipping he attempted. This was the state of things for some time, during which Esau made fewer efforts to work, and had tried desperately to forget Anthony's anger, Kitty's silent contempt, and Harris's unanswering disapprobation, in the amusements of the play-houses and tavern music-rooms.

That exception was noticeable. One night he came home in one of his miserable moods. He had walked from London through the snow, and as he reached Harris's house, the sound of the church-clock telling one came to him on the wind like a reproachful sigh of time. The sleepy servant maid, who had been sitting up to let him in, yawned wearily in his face as she opened the door. He staggered into the quiet house, his head burning, his teeth chattering with the cold, and laid his hand on the banisters, intending to steal up to the room he shared with Anthony; but-but he set his foot on the first step, saw a light under the door of the long parlor. Was it Anthony or Harris sitting up for him? he wondered, in some alarm, and then went to the door, opened it, and looked in, fearing, yet hoping to see one of them.

It was Kitty. Esau stared, scarcely believing his eyes.

She was wrapped in a great shawl, as if she had got up hurriedly, and was before the fire, her fire with her little sister (the queen) on her lap. Her majesty had been with the boys to the sliding, and was well home with the cold and wet of snow and her fat fingers dead, and in the night Kitty was awakened by her butting at her with her head, that seemed like fire. She had been downstairs nursing and soothing her for more than an hour, and by this time the round eyes and cheeks had lost some of their fierce heat. Kitty looked round as the door opened, and saw Esau standing there, shivering, and looking at her with a surprised and stupefied gaze.

"The child is ailing," she said; "she's got snow in her shoes at the sliding, and has been in a sort of fever. She's asleep now, and I'm going to lay her down again, and you can come to the fire."

She rose slowly, for the child was a great weight in her little arms.

"Let me carry her up the stairs for you, Kitty."

The tired arms seemed half inclined to yield their burden to him, but as he stooped down to take it, his breath smelt strong of wine, and Kitty suddenly tightened her hold of the child, and drew back, looking at him with her eyes full of disgust and pain.

"No, thank you, Esau; I can carry her," she said.

Esau burst out laughing.

"Has it come to that, Kitty?" he asked, half bantteringly, half sadly. "Have I grown too bad to touch her little majesty?"

Kitty turned away, and went to the flight of stairs that led from this room to the upper floor. As the light of her candle went into the little recess where the stairs were, and the room was left in partial darkness, Esau called after her by her name.

He could have bitten his lip through with vexation the moment after. The light flickered and came back. He knew she stood there, touched by his cry of her name, and was ready to laugh again at her gentle pity. He stood looking into the fire with wet eyes, and leaning his head on his arm against the mantelpiece.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the child's voice, sad and sufficient.

"I am hungry," said Esau. "Hungry and cold, Kitty. The snow got into my shoes, and my head burns, and I am as sick of myself as ever you are of me."

He could not help glancing at her, hiding his admiration by sullen looks at the great misery.

She had not set down her candle, and resting her burdened arms on the table-edge by the chair she had left, looked at him, looking straight at him—a pure, grave look, that had no manner of coquetry in it; but she had much ado to keep her mouth from quivering with joy at finding whom her eyes evidently regarded as so great a young stranger. What with her mother's anxiety and sweet pity, the face was irresistible. Esau went and knelt in the chair by which she stood, with one of those sudden impulses of affection and yearning which had taken possession of him once or twice before in his strange life, threw his arms round her and the child, and laid his head on her shoulder.

She did not throw him off at once—Kitty was not so severe in her ways as you such things as you do before them all, and to tell you I say, not have them said any more—those things you said once."

"You won't, Kitty?"

"I will not."

"Then once you shall," said Esau—"this once, and never any more, if you like. I will tell you I care for you more than any one in the world. Kitty, you should be very, very good to bear it, if you won't be a little kinder to me, and perhaps love me, too, a little—a very little."

He listened as he stood outside, leaning in at the door toward her. It was too dark to see her face; he could only listen. And not a single word came.

"Kitty, I am going away on a strange journey—I don't know how it may end, or where. I may never come back, if—even if you were a little kind to me to-night; but if you are not, I never shall. Won't you speak to me, Kitty—won't you speak a word?"

Not a word came.

"Kitty, dear, I am holding out my hand. I want to be gentle and not frighten you, as I have before; so if you feel you ever wish to see me again, put your hand in it."

He leaned against the lintel of the door, growing sick of the silence and the darkness.

"Kitty, one minute more and I am going."

But nearly three passed before the hand closed—still empty—and was withdrawn; and in two more Harris came, and found Kitty with her head on the porch-seat, crying as if her heart would break.

CHAPTER LXXX.—TOO LATE.

LET us for a brief space go back to Bob, who was returning to his lone lodging in a very savage temper—savage with Esau, savage with Dr. Pompeus, savage with Mr. Stamp, and wonderful to say, most savage of all with himself—when he was suddenly touched in a manner more familiar than respectful by some hands, which caused Bob to turn in angry alarm, and meet the cool looks of two men, who did not stop to mention their names, and who hastily condescended to explain they had a warrant for his apprehension, but took advantage of his sudden collapse at their appearance to clap a pair of handcuffs on his struggling wrists; and by the time he had recovered voice and spirit enough to remonstrate, were hurrying him along through the streets of Hengston, once more a spectacle to gods and men, in their most pitiless of moods.

To all his cries of fury and vengeance, his imprecations, his inarticulate rage, his gushing appeals for mercy, his undisguised agonies of fear, they answered not a word, but let him run through the whole diapason of human emotion, from cowardly pitiful at the bottom of the scale, through many and differing varieties, till they reached to correctly affright again, at heaven knows how many octaves higher.

But their silence was better than their speech, when at last they did speak.

"Now, just you be quiet quietly, and without raising the whole town about our ears? If they fall foul of you again, wish yourself good-by, for they'll finish the job. Whereas, if you go as a decent man should, quietly into prison, you'll be put on your trial to-morrow, the judge'll be very glad to see you, and no doubt will get out of hand, and before you know where you are, you'll be dancing on the broad seas; but not, old fellow, as you might have been dancing, if you'd played at their rights, without a bit of timber below your feet."

Bob began then vehemently to suspect that Mr. Stamp had not been jesting with him, but really giving him a chance, which he had been too great a fool to take.

And with that comforting thought, Bob found himself that night in Hengston Jail—where the governor accordingly informed about his appearance, and where Bob's fond dreams of the future were brought to their end at last.

Let us leave him to study, like a good many more of his class, that most interesting of problems—how a man may manage to set himself and his fortunes to rights after he whisper in his ear has been heard of—"Too late!"

CHAPTER LXXXI.—CLARISSA'S PURSUITS.

A CARRIAGE, with two gray horses, has stopped at a little roadside public-house, situated at the point where the one road the carriage has traversed divides into two branches; and the footman in plain, dark clothes, has run round to speak to the landlord; while the horses, almost enveloped in their own dense sides, are shaking foam from their mouths and rattling their harness, in the hope of relief to the skin from the profuse sweat, and from the gallop of particular pains during the severe run they have had—fifteen miles without a single stoppage, and done in less than an hour and a half.

The seeming footman—who is, in fact, no other than our old acquaintance, the discreet butler—first asks what is the two ways lead to the London and Dover Road, six miles distant, and finds it is the right-hand one; then he gets a boy sent out to give the horses water; and lastly asks for a glass of the best ale, which he soon discovers is home-brewed, and so good that the landlord and his wife are quite pleased with his commendation of it, and altogether with his behavior, on unlike some of the other gentlemen-servants who occasionally call there. Presently he gets interesting as to the lady and gentleman outside. In low and confidential tones, he proceeds then to understand that the affair is one of love, and of running away to be married, and that though there is not really objection to the match, there are people—one of them a young and handsome lady, who ought to know better—people who are likely to use compulsion if they have over the lady in the carriage to prevent the marriage, if they can overtake them.

"And if so, what good? They are both determined not to go back. They can only make bad blood in the future. So, though I haven't the smallest interest in the business, I do hope they won't overtake us."

"I hope so too," said the landlady, as she looked at her husband. Then added, "Which way are you going?"

"The London road."

"Well," said the landlady, with a laugh, "don't say I told you, but if you go to the left, we'll say you went to the left; and then about a mile and a half off—the second turning, mind, not the first one, on the right—you'll see a sort of lane, grown all over with grass. It's a road as nobody would suspect, but you go down there, and it'll take you a good many odd turns, but you'll come out at last into the very road you want."

"Capital! capital! Let a woman alone for the wit to help another woman out of difficulty—eh, landlord? By George, it's capital, I declare!"

A word whispered at the opened carriage-door

—for the windows were up, and the blinds were down—was followed by the order to proceed, and off went the carriage at the old pace.

They found the lane, and, on their way to it, did not meet a single person with the exception of a young farmer on horseback, who seemed to wonder about the closed blinds. Sleuth, as they turned the corner, looked through the little window at the back, and observed the horseman stopping, as if still more puzzled to guess why they should choose that road. As soon as the carriage was beyond the scope of the spectator's eye, Sleuth stopped the vehicle, called the butler, and they held counsel whether it would not be better to pursue the road they had just quitted, and so go by some lengthened route into the road they sought, than venture by the road they were on, now that there was one person who had seen their exact course, and who would, if asked, guide the pursuit. On the whole, they agreed it was most likely, first, that Clarissa and the farmer would never meet, or that, if they did, it would be supposed that they had turned down that unlikely-looking lane in ignorance of its connection with the other road, and merely as a feint to throw the farmer off the scent; consequently she would follow the road indicated to her at the public-house—the left one—thus leaving Sleuth exactly what he wanted—the other and nearer route open and free. So on they went, jolting over the grassy track, and losing much time, to Sleuth's intense vexation, who dreaded the sight of Clarissa almost as much as he dreaded some possible minister of justice, venturing beyond the law to arrest him, and take him back before the termination of Anthony's trial.

At last they got into the road, and the horses were put to their utmost speed, and for a few minutes there was deep silence, for neither Sleuth nor Phillis had ventured to hold any conversation beyond that relating to their place of destination—Paris—and their object—immediate marriage. That was enough for Phillis for the present moment, and she dwelt on it with as much of satisfaction as she could.

Suddenly the carriage stopped. The butler came to the door—

"Beg pardon, sir, there's a carriage in advance; I saw it only a moment, then it turned out of sight."

"Going our way?" said Sleuth.

"Yes, sir."

"Go on, first to the spot where it disappeared, then move cautiously. There! break this window at the back—it won't open. We must communicate without losing all this time for stoppage."

The butler got inside, smashed the window clean away with blows of his elbow, jumped out, and they were off. Presently he put down his head to the broken window, and said:

"It's the doctor's carriage, sir, I am almost sure; and—yes! they have stopped! They are waiting for us!"

A pause—and then Sleuth said, savagely:

"No matter. Go on!" And then to Phillis he added: "She'd better be cautious. I'm in no mood to——" His voice died away.

In two or three minutes the carriages were side by side, Sleuth stopping, for the servants on the doctor's carriage had both been signaling for some time with vigorous personal demonstration for the new comer to stop.

In an instant Clarissa descended from the already open doorway of her own carriage, and seeing her do so, Sleuth also descended, hat in hand, and with a show of a smile on his face.

Sleuth stood, hat in hand, between the two carriages, confronting Clarissa, as if it could only be him she wished to address. But she said, hastily:

"Mr. Sleuth, I will speak to you presently; it is your companion—it is Phillis—I wish to speak to first."

"Phillis, Miss Pompess, as you call her, will be my wife, and——"

"I am glad to hear it. Do not be offended at my familiarity. I have treated her as a friend. I intend still to do so, if she will let me."

Then, seeing Sleuth never offered to get out of the way, and that Phillis, who sat trembling within, did not attempt to second her efforts, Clarissa said:

"Mr. Sleuth, I *will* pass—*will* speak to your future wife. I leave you, *as a gentleman*, to determine *how*."

Sleuth found it impossible to determine the *how*, by suddenly sacrificing all the character he had so long and laboriously built up—of being a true gentleman in externals—by offering violence. Perhaps, even, he found it impossible to resist the moral influence Clarissa's face, tones and attitude exercised over him. Sleuth had two affections—one of his heart, so far as he had a really human heart at all, for Phillis; one of his fancy, for Clarissa.

"I wish only to spare you and Miss Conyngham unnecessary pain; but be it as you will."

He then, with a low bow, made room for her to pass, and seemed as if he would, in his great courtesy, give them speech with each other, unheard by him. But if he thought the thought, he took care not to act upon it, but stood just within ear-shot.

"Phillis, do you intentionally betray me?"

"No," was the slow and hesitating answer; then, after a pause, she drew from her breast the paper which Sleuth had sent to her while she was at the hotel, and which began by calling her his wife; this she put into Clarissa's hand, with a glance toward Sleuth that seemed to imply *he* was not to know.

Clarissa read it through, and, it may be said, deliberately, considering how full of hurry and excitement was her position. Then she said:

"Yes, I understand. I could almost pity and sympathize with you—that is, if you are not utterly different from all I have esteemed you."

"You have—you have thought too well of me," murmured Phillis, who seemed moved by some internal cause of agitation, even stronger than those which affected her from without.

"Do you mean to say you *can* literally murder me, through him, in return for all I have done for, or professed toward you?"

"Murder! You!"

"It is that, and nothing less. If Anthony dies, it is you who kill him; if he dies, you kill me, too."

"I cannot—cannot now answer you," said Phillis, catching hold of Clarissa's hand, and looking, with an unmistakable expression of alarm toward the listening Sleuth, who stood with his back toward them, apparently contemplating the landscape.

"Phillis, if there be one grain of true honesty—true womanhood in you—if you ever meant that I should have faith in you, and in your professions——"

"I did! I do! Ay, even now!"

"You say so?" asked Clarissa, sinking her tones, as she noticed how full of alarm were Phillis's glances and broken, abrupt, low speech, and releasing her own hand from Phillis, only that she might herself clutch the loosened fingers.

"I do! As I may be judged at my last hour, I do!" This was said with so much of tremulous earnestness and desire for secrecy, that Sleuth was hardly able to hear her, and so he moved nearer.

"What do you wish me to do, if I put myself again into your hands?" demanded Clarissa, whose eager, brilliant eyes, never for an instant relaxed their powerful sway over Phillis's eyes, or their incessant query, "Can I—can I trust you?"

Phillis pointed, after a significant look at Sleuth's back, at that line in his note which said, "*Bring any friend with you you please.*"

"You wish me to be that friend?"

"If you could, I would, indeed, repay you—ay, at *any* cost!"

"Phillis, I am mad, I think, or bewitched. But there is no time to hesitate. You ought not thus to go alone with him. If you now swear to me you will guard me while I stay with you, and send me back, should Anthony be found guilty, in a condition to save him—"

"I will! On my knees I swear it to you. I desire—I mean no other!"

Phillis had, in fact, dropped to the bottom of the carriage, half unintentionally, on her knees, and the unconsciously taken attitude had suggested the words.

"Then I trust all in your hands."

"Ah, you did not do so before. You wished to do it, I know, but you did not. You were my jailer—a kind one, but still my jailer. Now—"

"You are mine! I understand! Phillis, I thank you. Your last words give me fresh hope. If I see you married, will you, till then, let me share your bed, as you shared mine?"

Phillis threw her arms about her neck, kissed Clarissa, with streaming eyes, and then murmured:

"How strange! I dreamed all this, but only as a thing impossible to be. Quick! Go to him. Say I have asked you, and you have promised. Say, if necessary, some one ought to be with me. Trust all the rest to me."

What could Sleuth do or say in answer to such a proposition—so exactly what he had himself suggested, and coming from such a woman as Clarissa, so difficult to set aside—but consent? He consented, cursing in his heart the very woman whose beauty and fascination never seemed stronger to him than now, when she was going to be their companion for at least a day or two.

Clarissa lost no time in dismissing her own carriage and servants with the words:

"Tell my father I think it right to go with Mr. Sleuth and his affianced bride. They both"—here she smiled a little, with a wistful, pathetic, yet penetrating look at Sleuth, as if to put him, as far as she could, in the mood to accept some honorable and manly responsibility—"they both promise to be very careful of me, and to let me return very speedily. Ask him instantly to see Mr. Maude in the prison, and tell him the same—I shall soon be back."

A curious glance on Clarissa's part at this moment struck Sleuth. It was a glance that, in one rapid sweep, took in himself, his two servants, and her two servants, and the fancy crossed his mind:

"Is she wild enough to meditate force of any kind?"

The doctor's carriage drove off, both the men looking a good deal alarmed over the whole business; but seeing no opportunity to remonstrate, as their young mistress was so decided. And then, while Clarissa watched the retreating vehicle and the dubious, half-sidelong looks of her servants, she wiped hastily a tear or two from her face, and stifled in her throat an hysterical cry of alarm and anguish, that threatened her with a sudden break-down if she gave way at all; and then she turned, and Sleuth having got in to snatch a hurried bit of talk with Phillis, she was politely handed in to the seat beside Phillis by the discreet butler. That worthy person had not even a look on his face to express his secret wonder and misgiving, as he shut the door.

The O'Mahony Bonds Sold in Ireland.—We understand that a considerable quantity of the Fenian bonds of the Irish republic have been transmitted to Ireland on speculation. There is a curious peculiarity about many of these bonds. The estates of the nobility and gentry form the security, and the names of parks, demesnes, and townlands figure in the body of the bonds. The ordnance maps of Ireland have been carefully studied, and the various properties have been divided, on paper, to head centres and others, except those portions which were supposed to be reserved for the necessities of the Irish republic. It is not improbable that agents have been sent to Ireland well acquainted with the different localities, and that the bonds intrusted to each are prepared for the district in which he is to carry on his scheme. The object is to extract from the small farmer as much money as possible, under the idea that after "the rising" takes place he will be the owner of that portion of his landlord's estate to which the bond refers.

A LEGEND OF ICELAND.

As an accompaniment to the views of Iceland we have given on another page of this paper, we now give one of the numerous legends of these singular people, entitled "Túngustapi."

In the olden times, many years ago, a rich farmer lived at Sœlingsdalstúnga. Of his children, two were sons, by name Arnór and Sveinn. These brothers were both full of promise, though as different in character from one another as day and night. Arnór was a brave, stirring, and active youth; Sveinn, a quiet, gentle, and timid one.

Arnór, who was full of life and spirits, spent all his time in out-door sports and games, in company with the other young men who lived in that valley, and who used to meet together at a rocky hill standing near the farm Túnga, which was called Túngustapi. Their favorite amusement in the winter was to slide in sleighs down the snowy sides of the hill, and in the evenings the rocks used to echo again with their shouts and merriment, Arnór always being ringleader.

Sveinn scarcely ever took part in their sports, but was wont generally to pass his time in the church, and to wander alone about the foot of the hill, when the rest were not playing there. People used to point at him, and to say that he had to do with the elves who dwelt in the mountain.

Certain it was that, without fail, every new year's night, he used to disappear, and nobody knew where he went to. He often warned his brother not to make such riot on the hill, but Arnór always laughed at him for his pains, and said that "no doubt the elves were none the worse for it. As for stopping their sports on the hill, he saw no fun in that, and go on he would." And go on he did, just the same as ever, though Sveinn assured him, over and over again, that harm would come of his folly.

One new year's night Sveinn had disappeared as usual, but staid much longer away from home than was his custom. Arnór offered to go and look for him, saying in a joke:

"He is certainly enjoying the company of his friends the elves."

So starting out, he took his way to the mountain.

The night was dark and stormy. When he had arrived at that side of the hill which faced the farm, the rock opened suddenly before him of its own accord, and he saw, within, endless rows of the brightest lamps. At the same time he heard the sound of music, and bethought himself that this must surely be the time for the elves' public worship. And drawing nearer, he came to an open door, through which he looked, and saw vast crowds of people assembled within. One, who seemed to be a priest, stood dressed in splendid robes, by an altar, round which were placed numberless burning candles. Arnór then went further in still, and saw his brother Sveinn kneeling before the altar, while the priest, laying his hands on his head, was speaking some words over him. Round about him stood many others, all in sacred robes, so that Arnór guessed at once that they were making his brother an elfin-priest.

Then he cried aloud:

"Sveinn! Come! Come with me! You are running the risk of death!"

Whereupon Sveinn started up, and turning toward the door near which his brother stood, made as if he would hurry to him. But the priest, who stood before the altar, said:

"Shut instantly the door! and let us wreak vengeance upon the man who has dared to place his feet within our holy place. But thou, Sveinn, must go from among us for thy brother's fault; and, inasmuch as thou wert willing to go to him, and loved more his shameless call than these our sacred rites, thou shalt fall down dead whenever thine eyes again see me standing in my robes before this altar."

Arnór now saw those who had been standing round the altar lift his brother in their arms and vanish with him through a distant arch of rock. At the same moment the sound of a bell rang out above him, and all the assembled crowd rushed with one accord to the doorway. He himself ran through it first, back into the outer night, and sped toward his home. But soon he heard behind him the sound of following feet, and the weird tramp of fleet elfin horses. And one of the foremost riders cried with a loud voice:

> "Ride! Ride! Ride on!
> For the slopes are dark and the path is dim;
> He flees before, ride after him!
> Let us, with fell enchantment, spread
> Confusion o'er his feet and head,
> In order that he
> May never see
> To-morrow's sun! Ride! Ride! Ride on!"

Then the whole troop rode between Arnór and the farm and drove him back. On they went over hill and rock and morass, Arnór whose dread clogged his feet, knowing not whither he fled. At last he came to some slopes far east of his home, and there, his strength forsaking him, he fell down fainting, and the whole elfin-troop rode over him, bruising him with hoofs of their goblin-horses, till he was more dead than alive.

As to Sveinn, he came home, just when the household, tired of waiting, were going to bed. He did not utter a word about himself or his own long absence, but bade them at once make search for his brother Arnór. All the servants, therefore, went out and spent the rest of the night in vainly trying to find him. But he was found at last by a farmer who lived to the eastward, and who, as he rode to early worship, at Túnga, next morning, stumbled across him, lying at the foot of the slopes. Arnór was sensible, but dying, and so weak that he only found strength and words to tell the farmer what had happened, and to beg him not to take him home again, but leave him, before he fell back dead.

Ever since that those mounds have been called "the slopes of death!"

Sveinn was never himself again, but became more sullen, silent, and strange than he had been before. And it was noticed from that time forth he neither went near nor looked toward the rocky mountain, Túngustapi. He seemed to care no more for worldly things, and at last gave them up with their interests for ever, by becoming a monk, and shutting himself up in the monastery of Helgafell. He was so learned that none of the brethren were by any means a match for him, and he sang the mass so sweetly that the like of it—they said—had never been heard before. So they looked on him with awe, and as on one who is not of this world, and he was, as it were, head over them all.

Now, after a while, his father, at Túnga, being far on in years, fell sick for the last time, and yearning to see his son before he died, sent for Sveinn to come to him. Sveinn at once obeyed the bidding, but, as he departed, said sadly to the monks who had assembled to wish him God-speed:

"May it fare well with you all for ever, for perchance I may never come back with life again."

He arrived at Túnga the Saturday before Easter, and found his father so void of strength as to be scarcely able to speak. But the old man made it understood that he wished his son to sing the mass on Easter day in the church, whither he himself would be carried to die. Sveinn, strangely loth, consented, but only on condition that the church door should be kept firmly shut during the whole service, for upon the fulfillment of this something told him that his life depended.

Easter morning has arrived, and the dying man is borne by his servants into the church. Then Sveinn, attired in his priestly robes, stands upon the steps of the altar and sweetly sings the mass. So sweetly, that all there present think that never before have they heard a voice like this, and they kneel with the very breath hushed upon their lips to listen to him the better.

But when, at the close of the service, the priest turns from the altar, and with outstretched hands pronounces solemnly the blessing, suddenly a strong wind from the west strikes the church, and the door, bursting from its fastenings, falls heavily inward. All turn to look, and they see through the empty frame that the rocky hill near at hand yawns open, and that within it gleam countless rows of burning lamps. And when they turn again toward the altar, Sveinn has fallen down and lies dead where he has just pronounced the blessing. And his father has fallen also from his couch, his face likewise white with death.

Then the people knew whence the west wind came, and how Sveinn has been slain by the revengeful elves.

For the farmer, who had found Arnór at the foot of the slopes, has long ago told them the story; and they whisper to one another that Sveinn has seen the elfin-priest standing robed at his altar.

So the father and son were buried on the same day.

But the church at Túnga now stands elsewhere, that it may be out of sight of the elfin temple, whose altar is to the west and whose door to the east.

BLANCHING OF THE HAIR.

In speaking of unusual occurrences, it is interesting to mention the instance of sudden blanching of the hair from violent emotional changes. There can be no questioning the fact of such an occurrence; it is supposed to be due to an alteration in the electrical condition of the hair. Many instances of this kind are recorded as having occurred during the French revolution. Bichat mentions five or six cases (and his authority is perfectly trustworthy) in which the grayness came on within eight days—in one of the cases in a single night. Every one remembers the hackneyed lines of Byron;

> My hair is gray, though not with years,
> Nor grew it white
> In a single night,
> As men's have grown from sudden fears.
> *Prisoner of Chillon.*

A Spanish noble, being in love with one of the fair ones of the Court of Spain, had made an engagement to meet within the precincts of the Royal Palace, and the motto, "Faint heart never won fair lady," seemed not unlikely to miscarry for the nonce, for a little dog by his barking discovered the rendezvous to the guards. The young fellow was seized for what was a capital offense, and, of course, condemned to die. On hearing his sentence, the terror inspired in him was so awful, that in one night alone he was completely altered from a young to an old man, with pure white hair. This fact astonished the jailer, who related the matter to King Ferdinand, who pardoned the noble, remarking that he had been sufficiently punished already for his fault, and the truthful motto was abundantly vindicated. Cæsar pardoned a man under similar circumstances. Mary, Queen of Scots, and Marie Antoinette, with Sir Thomas Moore, exhibited the same occurrence in different degrees of intensity. Medical men in practice constantly see examples of a less decided kind. Trouble and sorrow work out their effects too surely, and no one can look around amid his friends without noticing how quickly some heads are tinting gray before their time. The struggle for existence in this age of driving competition tells tremendously upon us all. This change from a darker to a grayer aspect is often quite a normal and healthy but *temporary* occurrence in some animals. In northern climates the hares get quite white, and the foxes, too, alter their color very much.

Riches of Victoria.—It is believed that the Queen is one of the richest sovereigns in Europe. The Duchess of Kent, who had saved no inconsiderable sum, bequeathed property to Her Majesty. The Prince Consort, who had been saving from the day of his marriage, died worth a very large amount, all of which, it is believed, he willed to the Queen; and a wealthy old man, who thought more of loyalty than his poor relations, left her nearly half a million. As the Queen cannot be accused of any very lavish expenditure in her Court arrangements, there can be no doubt that she must have a very respectable balance at her banker's. Her Majesty banks with Coutts, as did also the Prince Consort. A separate set of books is kept in that establishment for the Royal accounts, and these are written by clerks specially appointed for the purpose. The property purchased by the Prince Consort at Kensington is sure to become more and more valuable every year, though up to this time the fine houses built upon portions of it have scarcely let so well as had been expected. They are very large, and the rents put them beyond the reach of any but the "upper ten."



SCENE IN THE FRESNO GROVE OF MAMMOTH TREES, CALIFORNIA.



DESCENDING TO THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

As a subject of always abiding interest, we give this week five illustrations of this wonderful spot, and at the same time we know that we are only skimming the surface of the wonders of this lately opened world.

The Yo-Semite was first brought to the notice of the civilized world by a party of explorers, in the summer of 1850, under a Captain Boling and Lieutenant Chandler, who penetrated that region not only for purposes of discovery, but to put an end to Indian outrages upon the whites, who were anxious to settle thereabout. We shall take a few points of illustration from it, without attempting to follow out any succint description of its beauties, commencing with a description of the descent into the valley from the mountain. The traveler says:

"About a mile farther on, we reached that point where the descent of the mountain commences, and where our guide requires us to dismount, while he arranges the saddle-blankets and cruppers, and tightens the saddle-girths. Some persons, perhaps, are for walking down this precipitous trail to the valley, but the guide informs us that it is nearly seven miles to the foot of the mountain; when such a desire, for the time being, is overcome.

"Yet, in some of the steepest places of the trail, one or two of the most timid of the party will be disposed to dismount and walk, as at some points the descent is certainly very trying to the nerves.

"We will here remark that there are but three localities by which this valley can be safely entered—two at the lower or western end, on which the Coulterville and Mariposa trails are laid; and one at the upper or eastern end, by a tributary of the river which makes in from the main ridge of the Sierras, and which is traveled mostly by persons going and returning to and from the Walker's River mines."

The next remarkable spot is the South Dome, and our engraving represents it as seen from the cañon of the South Fork. This Dome is known by the Indian name of Tis-sa-sack, and from that point of view presents a most singular, conical shape, unlike any other mountain in the world.

The South Dome is so named to distinguish it from the To-coy-as, or North Dome, a still more remarkable mountain, the ascent of which we illustrate. Our traveler says:

"On, on, we march, in Indian file, until we are nearly on the margin of the river. When we reach it, we find that a small yet tall tree has fallen across to form a bridge, over which we walk, while the thundering water splashes, and surges, and eddies, as it sweeps against the rocks, much to the discomposure of the nervous system of some, knowing that we have to follow suit or stay behind.

"This accomplished, we soon begin the ascent of the mountain, over loose fragments of *debris* and among huge masses of fallen rocks, lying at the side of the mountain, and in the bed of a small but very deep cañon; but these are soon left behind, and we have to commence climbing around and over points of rocks, walking on narrow edges, or feeling our way past some projecting point, or tree, or shrub; steadying ourselves by a twig, or crevice, or jutting rock; or holding on with our feet, as well as our hands, knowing that a slip will send us down several hundred feet into the deep abyss that yawns beneath.

"In some places, where the ledges of rock are high and smooth, broken branches of trees have been placed, so as to enable the Indians to climb above them; and then, by removing the means of their ascent, cut off the pursuit of any advancing foe. These, although risky places to travel over, and in no way invited by a nervous man, are of considerable assistance in the accomplishment of our task.

"After an exciting and fatiguing exercise of about three hours, we reach a large projecting rock, that forms a cave. Here we take a rest of a few minutes, and then renew our efforts to reach the top of the mountain. A little before noon this is accomplished.

"To our great comfort and satisfaction, a cool and refreshing breeze is blowing upon us as soon as we reach the summit; and this is especially welcome, as the heat, on the sheltered side, by which we have ascended, has been very oppressive, pouring down upon us from a hot sun, without the slightest breeze to fan, or shadow to shelter us, as we climbed.

"The reader must not anticipate our narrative, by supposing that the difficult task of ascending the Great Dome is now accomplished; far from it; for, although we have reached the top of the elevated plateau, or mountain ridge, to the height of about 3,700 feet above the valley, the great, bald-headed object of our aspirations is still lifting its proud summit more than a thousand feet above us.

"An abundance of good water being found issuing from a crevice in the rock, a short distance down the mountain, we repair thither to finish our repast, and take a good, hearty draught, before attempting the ascent. Here we find several new varieties of flowering shrubs, in addition to some bulbous roots, and very pretty grasses.

"The inner man being satisfied, the rapidly descending sun admonishes us to make the best of daylight to accomplish the task we have set ourselves. Accordingly, we repair to the Lower Dome, which is one immense spur of granite, belonging to the Great Dome; and, as its surface, by time and the elements, is made tolerably rough, there is found comparatively but little difficulty in climbing it, especially with a little assistance.

"In some of the fissures or seams of this rock, some low, stunted shrubs are growing. When we reach the top of the Lower Dome, which is, perhaps, about 450 feet above the average level of the main ridge, to our dismay and disappointment we find that not only is the gently rounding surface of the Great Dome itself at an angle of about 68 or 70 degrees, but it is overlaid and overlapped, so to speak, with vast circular granite slumps—as smooth as glass—about 18 inches in thickness, and extending around the Dome as far as our eyes can reach. These put every hope to flight, of our feet, or those of any other visitors, ever treading upon the lofty crown of this Dome, without extensive artificial adjuncts to aid in its accomplishment. On the top of this immense mountain of smooth rock, one solitary pine is growing; and although it is barely discernible from the valley (and not at all from the Lower Dome, where we are standing), by the aid of the telescope, it is seen to be a tree of goodly size.



ASCENDING THE LOWER DOME OF THE YO-SEMITE.

"Much disappointed at the failure of the principal object of the enterprise, we will place our national banner upon the highest point attainable, in the hope that the day is not far distant when the number of visitors who shall annually come to worship at this sublime temple of nature, may create the necessity for the construction of a strong iron staircase to the very summit of Mount Tis-sa-sack; and, that from the top-most crown of her noble head, the Stars and Stripes may wave triumphantly—as from this elevation the whole surrounding country can be seen afar off—and a thousand times fully reward the perseverance and fatigue of the ascent."

From the valley of the Yo-Semite we will transport our traveler to the Fresno Grove, that



THE SOUTH DOME OF THE YO-SEMITE, AS SEEN FROM THE CANON OF THE SOUTH FORK.



AMONG THE TARTARS—THE WOLVES ATTACKING A CHIEF.

famous place of giant trees, of which we shall have more to say in a future number of this paper.

"About six P.M., we arrived at some of the mammoth trees, that stood on the ridge, like



SPANISH CHARACTER—GAME SELLER OF MADRID.

sentinel guards to the grove. These were from 50 to 60 feet, only, in circumference.

"As the sun was fast sinking, we deemed it the most prudent course to look out for a good camping-ground. Fortunately, we discovered at first the only patch of grass to be found for several miles; and, as we were making our way through



THE COMPASSIONATE RAVEN.

the forest, feeling that most probably we were the first whites who had ever broken its profound solitudes, we heard a splashing sound, proceeding from the direction of the bright green we had seen. This, with the rustling of bushes, reminded us that we were invading the secluded home of the grizzly bear, and that good sport, or danger would soon give variety to our employments.

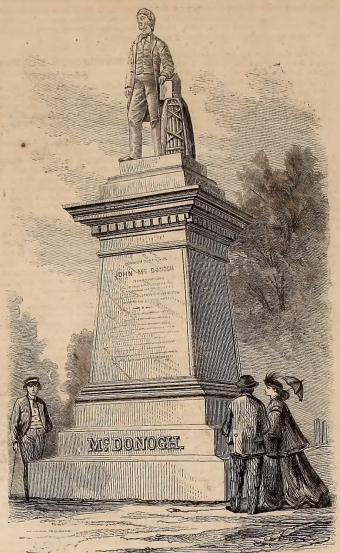
"Hastily dismounting, and unsaddling our animals, we picketed them in the swampy grass-plat, still wet with the recent spirtings of several bears' feet that had hurriedly left it; then kindling a fire, to indicate by its smoke the direction of our camp, we started quietly out on a bear-hunt.

"Cautiously peering over a low ridge but a few yards from camp, we saw two large bears slowly moving away, when a slight sound from us arrested their attention and progress. Mr. Clark was about raising his rifle to fire, when we whispered: 'Hold, Mr. C., if you please—let us have the first shot at that immense fellow there.' 'With pleasure,' was the prompt response, and at a distance of 25 yards, a heavy charge of pistol-balls, from an excellent shot-gun, was poured into his body just behind the shoulder, when he made a plunge a few feet, and, wheeling round, stood for a few moments as though debating in his own mind whether he should return the attack or retreat; but a ball from the unerring rifle of our obliging guide determined him upon the latter course. The other had preceded him.

"We immediately started in pursuit; and although their course could readily be followed by blood dropping from the wounds, a dense mass of chaparal prevented us from getting sight of either again, although we walked around upon the look-out until the darkness compelled us to return to camp, where, after supper, we were soon soundly sleeping. Early the next morning we followed up the divertisement, for a few hours; but meeting with no game larger than grouse, we commenced the exploration of the grove."

THE KAFFIR CHIEF ATTACK D BY WOLVES.

IN a journey on the borders of the Himalayas, Captain Desmond, a British officer, his son Hector, a sergeant, and Jack, his servant, were taken prisoners by a troop of Kaffirs, who suspecting that the former carried with them much treasure, prepared to march them over the mountains. Their chief, Nasrilah, who was a man of wavering and fickle disposition, had promised from the outset to take them to Bokhara, where a ransom would have been paid him. But, influenced by



MONUMENT TO JOHN M'DONOUGH, ERECTED AT BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WEAVER AND BACHARACH.

the suggestions of his followers, he forfeited his word, and led them on in a different direction.

One morning an early snow-storm detained them half the day in their comfortless shelter, and when the snow ceased, and they set out to proceed on the tedious ascent, they found their way doubly perilous, from the sun having melted the fallen snow, and thus rendered the rocky path slippery and difficult for the horses.

They toiled upward till night fell on them in a narrow defile, beyond which lay the caves in which they had proposed to rest; and in his rage and disappointment Nasrilah cursed alike the vexatious storm, the wearied animals, and his discontented followers. Although the prisoners were placed next to him in the line, they kept at some distance, to avoid his angry and offensive abuse, till Desmond was startled by a loud cry and howlings; while, by the dim light in the narrow path, he saw, to his horror, a pack of wolves surrounding the



A LEGEND OF ICELAND.

chief, some of them already fastening on the frantic horse, which reared in its agony and terror, and, Desmond momentarily expected, would fling its rider into the midst of the hungry animals.

Crying out aloud for the Kaffirs to follow him, Desmond drew a pistol and galloped up, not daring to fire at a distance lest his shot should unhappily strike the unfortunate man. By this time one fierce brute had sprung to the shoulder of Nasrulah, and at this animal he aimed. Unluckily his pistol missed fire; but Hector, urging his own trembling horse past that of his father into the very midst of the pack, plunged his dagger to the hilt into the fierce wolf, which fell down amidst its companions.

In the meantime, some of the wolves turned to assail new victims; but the sergeant and Jack, who carried the loaded muskets, fired amongst them, and at once put the pack to flight, leaving two of their number dead or dying, the horse of Nasrulah in the agonies of death, and he himself fearfully torn by the beast. Hector's horse was likewise wounded; but at that moment the chief was the first care, and all dismounted to raise and assist him.

The man felt he was dying; he muttered:

"Brave boy! he would have saved me: I cannot save him."

Then, sending off his men to collect the horses, he whispered to Hector, who supported him:

"Try to escape; they hate you; they will slay you or sell you for slaves. Tell them not of your treasure: they know not that you have it. Avoid Bokhara; flee among the mountains to the northeast. I will see you no more."

The two prayed and wept; and Desmond endeavored to turn the mind of the unhappy man from worldly cares to the consideration of eternity, that he might snatch in the brief moment left to him a hope in the mercy of the God of all created.

Brief indeed was the moment; the dying man turned his eyes wistfully and gratefully on his prisoners, muttered some inarticulate words, and passed to the judgment-seat of God, and Desmond bent over him and devoutly said:

"May He whose justice is ever mingled with mercy extend that gracious mercy to this ignorant and unfortunate man! for we are taught that where little is given much will not be required."

On the following night the prisoners were enabled to make their escape.

THE GAME-SELLER OF MADRID.

Among the most picturesque of Spanish street characters—some of which we have already given in former numbers—is the game-seller, or itinerant vender of partridges, quail, rabbits, etc.

This peripatetic genius comes from the provinces with his edibles, and carries his provender, consisting of grapes, brown bread, salt fish and cigarettes, in the rim of his round black hat, a head-covering constructed on the principle of the pork-pie hat. From beneath this hat depends a dirty wisp of a handkerchief, intended to act as a havelock in protecting the back of his neck from the sun.

Wonderful are the partridges, the wild-ducks and pheasants of a Spanish dinner at a first-class hotel; more wonderful still the intensity of that divet flavor which distinguishes the more debatable composition in which the hare and the rabbit is steeped.

There is a strong question whether this flavor does not arise from the effect of a Spanish sun, combined with the futile efforts of the game-seller to dispose of his wares.

THE COMPASSIONATE RAVEN;

Or, Sympathy of Suffering.

This feeling, so highly characteristic of benevolence and of kindness of heart in the human race, is most powerfully felt in the animal world. It is less surprising when extended from one to another by those of the same species, but is particularly so when exercised between those of different habits and orders. There must exist a fellow-feeling, a knowledge of the suffering felt, and a desire to alleviate it—faculties so far exceeding the highest degrees of intelligence ordinarily ascribed to the brute creation, that it must be acknowledged that they are endowed with powers in which instinct takes no share. A wounded crow, left in a field, is soon surrounded by its fellows, seeking to assist it; a swallow entangled in its nest by a bit of thread, was immediately aided by many other swallows, which flew violently against the thread with a view of breaking it.

There is an anecdote told at the Red Lion Inn, Hungerford, England, of a circumstance which occurred there some years ago. A traveler, coming into the inn-yard with his chaise, ran over and bruised the leg of a Newfoundland dog, and while the injury was being examined, a raven stood by as a concerned spectator; for as soon as the dog was tied up under the manger, the raven not only visited him, but brought him bones, and attended him with particular and repeated marks of kindness. Besides the sympathy in the bird, there was also a remarkable instance of recollection and of association of ideas, for the bird had been brought up with a dog, between whom the affection was mutual; and this dog having broken its leg, the raven attended it constantly while it was confined, waiting on it, carrying it provisions, and never scarcely leaving it. On one occasion, when the stable-door had been shut, and the raven had been deprived of the company of its friend all night, the hostler found in the morning the door so pecked away, that, had it not been opened, the raven would have made its entrance in another hour. Several other acts of kindness to dogs had been noticed, and particularly to maimed or wounded ones.

We illustrate this fact to show that there is something a little more than instinct in beasts and birds, and that reason is as definite in the higher order of animal as in the lower order of the human.

THE MCDONOUGH MONUMENT AT BALTIMORE.

The dedication of the McDonough monument and statue, which took place in Greenmount Cemetery, at Baltimore, lately, was an event of great interest to the citizens of Baltimore and New Orleans, and of pleasure to those who witnessed it.

The location (a gift from the Cemetery Company) is surrounded by a thick grove, on a commanding eminence, in the south-eastern part of the cemetery. The beautiful monument and statue, of which we present an engraving, are, both in design and execution, the production of Baltimore skill, the architect being Mr. E. G. Lind; Mr. D. Maxwell is the constructor of the monument, and J. T. Randolph the sculptor of the statue.

The monument is of white marble, on a granite base, the whole being 14 feet 4 inches high, exclusive of the statue, which is 7 feet 8 inches, and contains the following inscription:

"Erected by the Constituted Authorities of the Cities
of Baltimore and New Orleans,
In Memory
of
John McDonough,
and as a Testimonial of their Appreciation of his Character, and his Munificent Liberality for the Promotion
of a
Great Public Enterprise, the
Education of Orphans.
Here lieth his Remains.
Committee.
John Lee Chapman, Mayor.
James Young, President First Branch.
Samuel Duer, President Second Branch."

And numerous others, written, with the exception of the dates, by himself; containing salutary advice, the places and time of his birth and death, the rules which guided his life, and the conclusions to which he had arrived, viz.: That without temperance was no health; without virtue, no order; without religion, no happiness.

It may be proper to state here, that the likeness of Mr. McDonough, which is highly spoken of by many who have often seen him, was taken from a painting on ivory, in possession of his relatives, and which he preserved, perhaps to guard against the caricaturing which his age, exclusive habits, and efforts for the freedom of blacks had begun to subject him.

Mr. McDonough was born at Baltimore, in August, 1779, and died at his residence, opposite New Orleans, October 26, 1850, in his seventy-first year.

He came to New Orleans soon after its cession in 1803, and engaged successfully in mercantile business, which he abandoned for a season to take part in the defense of his country. The war being ended, he resumed his former business. He represents himself truly as a man devoted to his country and its institutions, and who ardently desired to do good, much good, great good, to his fellow men.

The Supreme Court of Louisiana, with the consent of parties, distributed his assets, and after paying the Colonization Society nearly $99,000, and an equal sum to the Society for the Relief of Indigent Orphans, the share of the city of Baltimore is $500,000, which is in the hands of the Trustees of the McDonough Educational Fund.

A Nut for Burglars to Crack.—A strong room recently constructed for a London bank is thus described: The walls, two feet thick, are formed of hard bricks laid in cement, and with hoop iron worked in. The room is lined throughout with wrought iron half an inch thick. There are two doors, the outer a strong iron one with two locks, and the inner one of combined steel and iron of extraordinary strength, with two locks throwing 10 bolts. A safe placed inside, weighing eight tuns and throwing 20 bolts, contains the cash and securities. An alarum in the resident clerk's bed-room is attached to the inside of the strong room, so that if the outer door is opened a gong is set going. A porter sleeps on a bed in front of the outer door, and by pulling a handle he can set the alarum off if necessary, and there is a watchman always on duty.

The artificial production of gems is a subject of fascinating interest. A new method of making rubies has been discovered. A mixture of fluorid of aluminum with a little fluorid of chromium is placed in a Hessian crucible lined with calcined alumina. In the midst of the mixture of fluorids is placed a small platinum crucible containing boracic acid. The outer crucible is well covered, and the whole exposed to a temperature sufficiently high to volatilize both the boracic acid and the fluorids. The vapor of the acid decomposes that of the fluorids, fluorid of boron is formed, and crystals of the mixed oxyds of aluminum and chromium are deposited. If the mixture of the fluorids be made in the right proportions, these crystals will have exactly the same composition, specific color, lustre and other properties as the most perfect natural rubies.

THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for APRIL contains: Thomas Cook, the Excursionist; Dr. Nott; W. V. Wallace; J. Carhart; Alex. Campbell; Miss Carmichael; with Portraits, Character and Biography. Causes of Suicide—Temperament—Marriage—Idiocy; Mirthfulness, Modesty, Order; Signs of Character—How to Observe; Physiognomy—Primary Rules; Inquisitive Nose. Our Social Relations—To the Girls, by Mrs. Wyllys; Teaching by Love; How to be Happy; a Dead Man. Visiting America—How to See It. A Negro Baptizing; Music as a Moral and Physical Agent; Frogs, Fish and Roads. Religious—a Discourse by Rev. H. W. Beecher, on Self-Esteem; Faith; Self-Improvement; Benevolence; Ethnology, Physiology, etc.; only 20 cents, or $2 a year. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.
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The above was written by Dr. Poland in 1860. Since that time, in November, the White Pine Compound has taken the lead of all Cough remedies, as well as preparations for the blood, and is now known in every city, town, village and hamlet throughout the New England States.

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The facts to which I have referred to above in this circular will not allow of that full expression which I would like to give to the power of the White Pine Compound. It is universally admired by all who use it; it has attained the very highest position among those whose opinion is valuable indeed, that VANITY may possibly, in part, prompt me to receive. I am sure here that many people will have patience to read; so I will stop, by merely recommending a trial of Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound to test the virtues of the WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

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The Civil Rights Law.

THE President, in the exercise of his Constitutional prerogative, some time ago vetoed a bill known as "The Freedman's Bureau Bill," which had passed both Houses of Congress by very heavy majorities. On the question in the Senate, "Shall the bill pass, the President's objections notwithstanding?" it did not receive the vote of two-thirds of the Senators, as required by the Constitution, and consequently failed to become a law.

More recently the President vetoed "The Civil Rights Bill," which had also passed both Houses of Congress by very heavy majorities; but on the question arising, "Shall the bill become a law, nothwithstanding the objections of the President?" it was so passed by the Constitutional vote of two-thirds in both Houses—that is to say, by 33 to 15 in the Senate, and 122 to 41 in the House—and is consequently the law of the land.

Regarded in every light, this law is one of the most important that ever received the sanction of the National Legislature. It was framed to conform to the general conviction among loyal men, that the abolition of slavery would be little more than nominal, and the freedmen would be debarred from all civil rights, unless the legislation of the States was overruled by the legislative of Congress, which predicates its authority in the case on that clause of the last Constitutional Amendment which conveys it the power to give effect to the provision abolishing slavery, by all necessary legislation. Congress, also, claims the right to guarantee to the people of all the States a republican form of government, and affirms that no government is republican, in form or essence, which deprives any portion of its people of civil rights.

The opponents of the law have mainly objected to it as supererogatory, or, at least, unnecessary, since some of the States have made concessions in the direction required, and that all would ultimately do so. The answer to this has been, that the expectations of the country have not been met by the temper and scope of Southern legislation, and that it would be unsafe to trust to its reformation, and that the whole matter should be set at rest by national laws.

The details of the law are various, to our mind needlessly complex, and perhaps, in some respects, unwise. If so found in practice, they may easily be altered. But the purpose and essential object of the law must meet the approval of every loyal American and of the civilized world. This is set forth with sufficient clearness in the first section. Leaving out the technical phraseology, we may epitomize the law as follows:

SEC. 1 provides, that all persons born in the United States, not subjects of foreign powers, or untaxed Indians, "shall have the same right in every State and Territory to make and enforce contracts, to sue, to be sued, be parties and give evidence, to inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold and convey real and personal property, and to full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of person and property as are enjoyed by white citizens; and shall be subject to like punishment, pains and penalties, and to none other; any law, statute, ordinance, regulation or custom to the contrary notwithstanding."

SEC. 2 prescribes punishment by fine and imprisonment against any one who shall deprive any citizen of the United States, as defined in Section 1, of his rights therein set forth, or who shall prescribe any special or exceptional punishment on account of color or previous condition.

SECS. 3, 4, 5, and 6 prescribe what courts and officers shall have cognizance of cases of violation of the enactments of the law, and their duties.

SEC. 7 prescribes the nature and extent of punishment for such persons as may "knowingly and wrongfully" resist, or aid and abet in resisting the officers acting under the law.

SEC. 8 provides for the payment of officers appointed or acting under the law.

SEC. 9 authorizes the President to direct certain officers in special cases, for the more speedy arrest and punishment of offenders against the law.

SEC. 10 is textually as follows: "That it shall be lawful for the President of the United States, or such persons as he may empower for that purpose, to employ such part of the land or naval forces of the United States, or of the militia, as shall be necessary to prevent the violation and enforce the due execution of this act.

SEC. 11 provides for appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States on all questions of law arising under the act.

It has been suggested that the President will decline to enforce the law, and we are sorry to see, in some directions, advice to him to nullify it by non-action. Such advice is insulting, and the suggestion is not to be entertained. We have yet to discover in the conduct or policy of the President any disposition to set up his single judgment against that of the people with whom he has struggled, through four years of conflict, in sustaining the Government and in eradicating the cancer



BATTLE DRIVING IN THE STREETS—WHO CARES FOR OLD WOMEN AND SMALL CHILDREN?

that was consuming the vitals of the Republic A wanton disregard of his obligations to execute the laws of the country would not alone be a violation of his oath, but lay him open to impeachment.

If, as it is said, the lately rebellious States intend action equivalent in purport to the provisions of the bill, then the most that can be said against it is, that it is anticipatory—a very trivial objection. If, on the other hand, they did not intend such action, it was time for the country to take the inactive, through its representatives. If, as also alleged, the law is crude, let it be amended. The principle it embodies is logically born of the war, and its adoption a necessary consequence of the great Constitutional Amendment.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1866.

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Drifting.

THE steady yet unseen flow of the currents of the ocean has, of late years, been closely studied by the votaries of science. From the North and South Poles Arctic and Antarctic explorers found a constant "set" of water toward the equator, and near the equator itself the meetings of these immense aqueous masses cause other and minor currents, flowing some toward the east, others toward the west. These movements are independent of the tides, and superior to storms, which may indeed ruffle their surface, but cannot affect their depths. Their existence comes from time to time before the public in a startling manner. A ship, deserted by her crew and left imbedded in the ice in Polar solitudes, is floated on the bosom of this drift for thousands of miles, into the easy grasp of civilization, and is made an olive branch of peace from one family of nations to another. Bottles cast into the ocean in one hemisphere, float and are picked up in another, and their contents are the sole evidences of disaster or death. Mariners, when their ship is becalmed in low latitudes, apparently motionless is

"A speck upon a painted ocean"—

find by their observations that the surface which bears them, has a motion of its own, imperceptible, though not slow, and are happy to escape the shipwreck toward which they were borne.

Such phenomena are not without parallel or analogy in our body politic, and it is often useful to abstract our minds from the storms which surround us, and from the perils of daily occurrence, which ordinary vigilance enables us to meet and overcome, and taking, sailor-like, our compass and observations from principles which are as immutable as the heavenly bodies themselves, ascertain if we are really proceeding in the direction we think we are, or whether some secret and unseen influence be not bearing us out of our course; in short, if we are drifting, and if so, whither?

The drift may be said to embrace the entire social organization, and municipal liberties those of the State itself. Our form of government is republican, and our institutions are democratic, and to fulfil both in the ability of these to promote "the greatest happiness of the greater number," and having a practically unlimited extent of country in which to prove the truth of these theories, our fathers fought, and we carry on the Government of the country. The same forms and principles that were used for the latter were applied essentially to the parts, and the general features of the Federal administration at Washington repeated themselves in the municipalities of the cities. Time rolled on, and, independently of its government, this city grew and prospered, till it became the second commercial centre of the world. The enjoyment of wealth and the enjoyment of the power it conferred, our intelligence grew indifferent to the way in which laws were made and the mode in which they were administered, leaving such matters to those who chose to make politics their trade and the spoils of office their reward. It is an old story—nearly threadbare, and not worth repetition—that one knows how all departments of our city government were tainted with corruption; and though every one longed for a change, none knew what was best to do, or how to do it. It came, however, at length—slowly, like all great movements. The Central Park Commission first showed how an enormous sum of the public money might be spent honestly, and the purpose for which it was laid out be successfully achieved.

The Police Commission followed next; and by its means a department, notorious for its subserviency to party politics and party uses, became at once, when cut loose from such associations, a model of efficiency.

Then came the reorganization of the Fire Department—degraded, as the police had been, by its association with professional politicians. It was handed over to Fire Commissioners, and the approbation of the public ratifies the change that has been made.

The most recent reform has been in substituting a Health Commission for the proved incapable city officials. The public was tired and disgusted with the constant squabbles of inspectors, deputy inspectors, supervisors, and the whole tribe of officials whose chief aim seemed to be depleting the treasury and doing as little work as possible, and seen with the greatest gratification that the whole was to be set aside, and the inauguration of a system which gives us clean streets, suppresses nuisances, and, in short, does the work well it is paid for doing.

A Board of Revision and a Board of Public Works are next promised us; and, if these Commissions work well, as they doubtless will, it is probable that, before long, we may see the entire of the city government, including the administration of justice, carried on by such means.

The public satisfaction with the changes hitherto made is unmistakable. While the city is emboldened, property and life more fully secured, the law more rigidly enforced, our citizens cannot but applaud the means by which these changes are wrought; and if the city municipality was, by reason of its political corruption, unable to make these reforms, they do not repine at the State Government taking its place, and the Legislature at Albany appointing Commissioners to rule this city.

This general public satisfaction we cannot but agree, and nothing is further from our wishes than to express the faintest dissent from it. But, dismissing for a moment consideration of the means of these reforms, their pleasure, let us see where we have drifted to—where this mighty wave of popular sentiment is gradually floating us. Till within a recent period, every one of our citizens had a say in the election of our municipal rulers. Now, as regards many of the most important offices, our voice is not asked for, simply because there are no elections. We are ruled by the nominees of the Governor and the Senate, and it is not improbable that before long an election will consist of the choice of two candidates in civic affairs, to distract the attention of our citizens from their engrossing and more weighty personal matters. We may be quite content with this; but what becomes of our municipal liberties? We may be satisfied to receive our rulers by the divine right at Albany: but where are the democratic institutions which were formerly our boast? We accept a pure, honest and capable city government in exchange for privileges theoretically most dear to us. Abstract principles are glad to be exchanged for the practical and appreciable benefits. We have got our mess of pottage, but where is our birthright?

So far as we can read the law, there is nothing to hinder the appointment of the same Commissioners to act on different Boards at the same time. The Mayor is ex-officio, member of all. This may be a wise change in store for us, at no very distant time, a consolidation of the various Commissions. An united commission would be no violation of the principle that the people rule, and it may be found in practice much more efficient. The name of this form of government would sound ugly to American ears, and we leave it unwritten, because, while we have adopted the substance, we would not quarrel with the sound, nor refuse to worship a new idol, because at other times, and in other countries, its votaries have debased themselves.

But beyond and above these shifting, surface changes, we see a mighty principle at work, which will, we are confident, be found right in the end. Our citizens will learn that in the proper equilibrium of a State, there are more sacred duties than the mere pursuit of wealth: That if rights are to be preserved, they must be exercised. That the franchise of a city like this, is not a privilege to be used or not, at the caprice of the owner, but a duty to be performed on all occasions. If the practical deprivation of it for a while can teach us its inestimable value—if the punishment we suffer for our political sins of omission can instruct us to place hereafter a higher value on the privileges we have lost, the lessons of the age will not have been taught in vain.

Extraordinary Collocations.

THE general observer of matters and things cannot fail to be struck by the "extraordinary collocations" that are going on in the political world. We have had sent to us the prospectus of the "*Southern Vindicator*," to be published at Pine Bluff, Arkansas. We cannot print it entire, but will insert two paragraphs, which are not conspicuous, but in which is very nearly realized the difficult feat of "carrying water on both shoulders:"

"It will strenuously oppose all attempts made to impose negro suffrage upon the State; will defend the people against attempts made by that God-forsaken set of fanatics called 'Radicals,' who are now trampling the Constitution under their impious feet, and by their insane acts endangering the present security of the land. * * * Now is the time to have the country properly represented by fine journals that will, by their eloquence at the bar, and by the weight of that section that the 'rebellion' has created, the 'gurt' that have left their hands in the woods are peaceful pursuits in the cotton-field, and the country, generally, has been relieved from the state of 'civilization.' No danger' need be apprehended by those who wish to leave their Northern homes to locate in our sunny clime."

A correspondent of the *Daily Times*, writing from Mobile, gives a still more remarkable illustration of the effects we have alluded to, and in which the bad sailor's alternative adjuration, "Good Lord!—Good Devil!" is very well emphasized. It was at the grand anniversary celebration of the Fire Department of Mobile, on the 9th of April. According to the *Times*, the following were among the toasts drunk on the occasion:

"The President of the United States—the first fearless patriot; the friend of those who support his policy, the enemy of those who oppose it.

"Jefferson Davis—soldier, statesman, patriot, prisoner; our tongues may be mute, but our hearts are with him."

Comment is unnecessary. We have only to say that this meeting was held in the State, on the narrow and malignant legislation of which we had last week occasion to remark. We cannot expect doves from buzzards'

S.

Swill Milk.—The Board of Health.

THE Board of Health, in wholesome dread of a possible pestilence, is active up to this summer, and in pursuance of their duties, have taken cognizance, among other nuisances, of that frightful evil, the swill milk traffic, which desolate and corrupt the neighborhoods where they exist, spreading disease and death among thousands of our helpless, innocent children yearly.

Eight years ago we took this matter in hand, and thoroughly exposed it. Before we spread the sickening details before the public, we instituted close and searching inquiries. Accompanied by our artists, we went personally, some of the worst dens of filth and disease, and gathered together sufficient data and ample sketches to warrant us in publishing the hydra-headed monster of corruption and inhumanity, which dealt out liquid poison through every avenue of our city.

It must not be supposed that we gained this information easily and without risk. On the contrary, we were beset with danger, threatened with terrible consequences, obstructed at every step, even before our designs were known or our intentions suspected. But we were undeterred by trouble, and pursued the matter with our first project against the further existence of the evil in our ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of May 8th, 1858. The facts we furnished were practically placed before the public eye, both by narrative and pictorial illustrations, created a profound sensation, from the details which we gave, fairly staggered the public belief, and raised up a host of assailants, who maligned our motives, traduced our character, and proclaimed the whole a sensation swindle, got up to sell our paper and increase our circulation. Thus, in our endeavor to achieve a great public reform, we raised about our heads a nest of hornets, ready to sting us to the death. Conscious of the integrity of our motives and of our singleness of purpose, we concluded to meet and overwhelm these deadly aspersions was to vindicate the truth of our assertions by corroborative evidence, and the fullest and most complete exposure of the nefarious traffic in the breadth of its villainy and in the minutest details of its horrors.

To do this, we were obliged to storm the strongholds of a wily and wealthy enemy, now fully prepared and on the defensive. Regardless of personal risk or danger, we penetrated, disguised, into their rotten, pestiferous premises; our artists mingled with their employés, and gathered the most startling facts; we organized a corps of detectives, who tracked the swill milk wagons from the depots of the poisonous stuff to the stables of the manufacturers, published the names of the drivers and the numbers of the houses where the fetid milk was delivered; we hired men to go through the streets of the city, Brooklyn and its surroundings, to hunt up the smaller dens of filth, and make minute memoranda, describing the locations, and branding them before the public. We procured specimens of the milk, and spent large sums in having them thoroughly analyzed, giving the startling results to the public, and reproduced the painted evidence of former investigations, which were published in every particular the truth of our charges and the unexaggerated facts of our illustrations. Had the Press of the city been unanimous in its aid at that time, we should have crushed out the infamous traffic, and have left nothing in that line for the Board of Health to do now. But we were, with few exceptions, reluctant to follow the movement which we led, and the opposition made by corruption, sustained by illegal wealth, involved the fight so unequal and desperate, that, despite of almost super-human exertions, our battle, in results, was but half gained.

Still we persisted in our exposure, although our detectives were discovered, shot at, maltreated and their wagons broken, which we had to replace; our artists were stoned, and threatened with summary punishment, while we, ourself, constantly received messages and letters, threatening our life if the matter was pushed to an extremity. Having thoroughly aroused the public mind, and at last gained full credence, we demanded an inquiry from the municipal authorities. There we found the interest not most determined opposition. At the examinations, we were told, and not the wholesale dealers in poisoned milk and murder. No such infamous transactions ever disgraced a municipal body before. All that could be, was devised to shield the criminals, to shelter them under the cloak of respectability which their ill-gotten blood-money was supposed to confer, and to whitewash them instead of the swill-milk stables. But the damning facts, unwillingly elicited, compelled the Aldermen, in deference to public indignation, to some show of action. The Street Inspectors were compelled to examine and report, and a day was appointed for the corrupt Aldermen to visit the reeking cow-stables.

But neither the Street Inspectors nor the Aldermen saw what we saw. Before the appointed day, which was known to public hawks, many of wretched animals, with stump tails, rotten horns and hoofs, and poisoned udders, were driven from the pest-houses into the by-ways of the country, and were seen, by the hundred, on the roads of Westchester and Long Island, grazing, in wondering astonishment, upon the wholesome food that the poor wretches had tasted for years. The stables were white-washed and pretty thoroughly cleansed; some of the empirics were washed until their foul smell was nearly obliterated, but bequeathing their ill-odor to the investigating Aldermen; fresh and healthy cows replaced the dying of their kind; and the Committee really found but very little to complain of.

The City Inspector's report substantially confirmed all that we had asserted, and the testimony of the most eminent physicians corroborated it—not only by facts occurring in their daily practice, but by careful analyses and thorough test. But what the Aldermen had to see seen, they did not believe—for the reasons why they did not see were sufficiently weighty and substantial to blunt their perception; so, after pocketing some ahem estimates for the future regulation of these pious distilleries, the public terror was quieted, and the matter was dropped, to the infinite delight of the Aldermen and their clients; the diseased cows returned to their stables, and the work that we strove to accomplish was left unperformed, to be consummated, we trust, by the present Board of Health.

For our honest and earnest endeavor to do a public good, in suppressing a most monstrous public evil, we were dragged through civil and criminal courts—insulted and bullied by hired ruffian perjury, maligned, assailed by libel suits and practice, by corrupt elective justices—our life and property endangered—our character blackened and our motives basely misjudged. But by this must be added the sacrifice of our time and health, and the expenditure of many thousands of dollars, necessitated by the complicated and extensive machinery we had to put in motion, to gather together the mass of facts to support our charges, and to defend the suits instituted against us.

Still we had the proud satisfaction of feeling that we had done our duty; that we had, at least, partially achieved a reform, and had thereby saved the country from a sense of fatal security to a state of searching inquiry and active suppression. The great public interest which we had originally aroused ourselves and endeavors, and acknowledged the justice and disinterestedness of our course.

The Board of Health, if they desire to effect anything, must make a clean sweep of these pestiferous nuisances. They must not allow the respectability (?) of the wealthy owners of the swill cow-stables to defeat the ends of justice. These depots of poisoned food should be extirpated root and branch, and not merely removed from one locality to corrupt another. They should be suppressed utterly and forever. The sentiment of the people demands it—the health of the city demands it; and the Board of Health will be held responsible if this act of solemn performance and simple justice is not fully accomplished, and at once.

TWO WEEKS ago we had occasion to make some observations on "The Loan Bill," which had previously passed the House, and was then pending in the Senate. It has now become a law. It authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to fund the various obligations of the Government as they fall due, at such rates as he may deem advisable. This is a novelty, but the great feature of the law is the limitation which it imposes on the Secretary, in providing that he shall not retire over $10,000,000 of "greenbacks" within six months, nor more than $4,000,000 a month thereafter. Under the law, therefore, only $18,000,000 can be retired before the meeting of Congress in December—less than 2½ per cent. of the whole amount. The government bonds, however, can only be indicating the acceptance of the policy of contraction of the currency. This limited contraction, which will, of course, be made, will, probably, and unhappily, be more than made up by increased issues of paper money under the National Banking Law. Still, considered as a signal, although somewhat fettered, is nevertheless vindicated, and the probabilities are strong that Congress, at its next session, will take the Sherman-Sedulloh matter, and reduce the outstanding "greenbacks" *à la direction*. As the colored divine is reported to have said, "Be patient it is."

Meantime we have to note that Senator Sherman has introduced a bill to equalize the amount of currency authorized to be issued by the National Banks, so that each State, North and South, shall have a just proportion. Only $300,000,000 can be issued, which not far from $250,000,000 are already absorbed.

THE rumors of coming war between Prussia and Austria grow every day more alarming, so much so, that trade in Vienna has received a serious check. On the one hand, it appears certain that the Austrian Emperor, whether to indicate his resolution or really to fight, has put his army in motion northward, has withdrawn furloughs, rescinded leaves, and made just those preparations on which Governments not in earnest are unwilling to waste money. On the other hand, the

Prussian Government, though aware that Austria is armed, still threatens, and the peace party of which the Queen and the Prince Royal were the heads, have, it is said, given way. The Italian Government evidently believes that war is at hand. The Prussian Court has given a grand reception to General Govone, the Italian Military Envoy, and has named Prince Frederick Charles Commander of the Army. The main hope of peace in both countries is the extreme uncertainty of the course which the Emperor of the French would see fit to take when hostilities had once commenced.

The New York *Times* announced, about a week ago, as a new mode of treatment of the cattle-plague, the vigorous rubbing of the skin of the infected animals, and the covering of their bodies with clothes dipped in cold water, over which dry clothes be spread. Of 22 cases treated in this manner, only one was lost. But already in 1838 George Kalmar, of Oldenburg, described the successful treatment which had been recommended by Prussians. The infected animals were at once to be covered with clothes wetted in cold water and then wrung out; these, compressed, were to be closely covered by dry cloths, and to be renewed about every half hour. At the same time cold water injections were repeatedly applied; the stables kept scrupulously clean, pure much, but pure food given; three times a day a large quantity of water was poured into their mouths, and the hair of every sick animal thoroughly brushed and rubbed with cold water morning and evening. The cold water was spread upon the back and belly of the animal, and then thickly covered with dry woolen cloths. This generally produced a strong perspiration, and the animal soon recovered. In some very bad cases, injections of water of a very low temperature were added to the eye, ears, nose, and into the mouth and throat, with great effect.

The London *Times*, which was inclined to discredit the reported atrocities of the Fenian troops in Jamaica, is at last compelled to admit that "There is no longer any reasonable doubt that cruelties, of which it is impossible to think without shuddering, were perpetrated in the suppression of the Jamaica insurrection. It is now certain that scores, and perhaps hundreds of persons, were dragged before being hung, and often before being tried."

The passage of the Civil Rights Bill is the sixth instance in the history of our government wherein a bill, after being vetoed by the President, has become a law. The following is a list of vetoes issued since the formation of the government:

By George Washington	2
By James Madison	6
By James Monroe	1
By Andrew Jackson	9
By John Tyler	6
By James K. Polk	3
By James Buchanan	2
By Andrew Johnson	2

Con chivalrous friends in Dixie have unhappy feelings among themselves, and are prone to criminations and recriminations. The latest, and by no means small, illustration is of the manner in which they love each other, is afforded by Ex-Governor Allen, of Louisiana, who disavows of Pollard, the author of the "Southern History of the War," in the following pungent strain. He says, and answers:

"Why is it that A. Pollard? He is a Virginian, the editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, and the author of the "Southern History of the War." We have grief for the first, bruises for the second, and contempt for the last."

The proximate cause of this criticism is that "Mr. Pollard denounces Ex-President Davis, General Beauregard, and Beauregard, and declares "The Southern people disgraced themselves for ever when the refused to fight to exterminate; that the latter is courage and endurance—statesmanship and intelligence."

WOOD-PAPER.

Application on Important Invention.

The demand for paper seems to be increasing in to a geometrical rather than an arithmetical ratio. In conjunction with the heavy taxes imposed on many of the materials that enter into its manufacture, it has been found that the supply of rags, Manilla rope, and such other articles of fabric gathered into the old composition, is by no means adequate to meet the requirements of the manufacturers. For some years the producers, as a substitute of paper, have directed much attention to the discovery of new and cheaper paper stock, and to meet increased consumption, and to keep down prices. Without this, it became obvious that printing and publishing would be checked, and the cost of books and newspapers greatly enhanced to the public. The question thus became one not alone of class or professional interest, but of general and popular concern.

It has long been known that a great variety of materials can be converted into paper. Straw has been used for coarser varieties for many years, and within a few years has been extensively made into very fair printing paper. Corn husks and leaves have also been very successfully converted into paper in Austria. But even these new sources of supply proved inadequate to fill the widening channel of demand. It still continued a great desideratum to find a still cheaper and greater, as well as if possible, authentication supply of raw material. To this end, enterprising, patient, and capable men have long directed their exertions, and we have now to record their triumph.

Paper has been made before now, in small quantities, through tedious and costly processes, from wood; but it was reserved for an American company to perfect, cheapen, and extend the process, so as to make it of real manufacturing and commercial importance. This company has built most extensive works at Manayunk, on the Schuylkill, a few miles from Philadelphia, where the manufacture of wood into paper pulp is carried on, on a large scale. The works cover nearly 10 acres of ground, and are provided with extensive water and steam power, powerful machinery, and all the substantial adjuncts for carrying on the manufacture—the whole costing little less than a million of dollars. It would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of the works and machinery, without the aid of a series of plans and sketches, the production of which we must defer to a future day.

The first thing that strikes the attention of the visitor is a vast store of timber, poplar, hemlock and pine logs —15,000 cords—which is constantly kept up by wagons, cars and canal boats. These logs are thrown into the cutters, which slice and chip them up as readily and rapidly as if they were radishes. The chips are thence carried to the reducing vats, where they are boiled with strong alkalies, until reduced to pulp, and subsequently washed and bleached, and run off in the form of great sheets of paper, ready for market. It is found best to use the pulp in a damp state, which runs to 50 or 60 per cent. of rag stock, in the production of paper for printing. It can be, and has been, kept and, however, without intermixture. Nearly 600 reams of the were sent by this establishment for printing our great gift picture of "Grand Review."

The formal opening of these works, which are capable of producing 90,000 lbs of pulp daily, took place on the 15th of April, in the presence of an invited gathering of about 500 gentlemen from all parts of the Union, directly or indirectly connected with the press and publication of paper. There were papermakers and printers, lawyers and editors, authors and engravers, and quite an assemblage which, in public reputation, established capacity, and copyright would, may have been equaled, but never surpassed in this or any other country.

The inspection of the works in the afternoon was pleasantly conducted by Mr. Charles Ellet, engineer at the Continental Hotel, of Philadelphia, in the evening; and the company then sat down to speeches some of the latter of which were sufficiently interactive to be wholly appropriate to the occasion. Mayor McMichael presided, supported by Mr. Ellet, Mr. Rice, Jr., of Boston, Rev. Mr. Jencken, of Rhode Island, President of the "American Wood Paper Company."

Among the guests were the well-known political economist, H. C. Carey, and Messrs. Bayard Taylor, Baker, and Squire, editors, etc., and many of the great paper manufacturers and dealers—Messrs. Hall, Buchanan, Smith, Kilmer, and scores of others.

The whole affair was originated and carried out by Messrs. Jessup & Moore, the lessees of the great works who have established them, and who have been the first to discover, appreciate and adopt the great and useful invention of "Alexander Mitscherlich's Pulp Company," which owes its existence and the perfection of its processes mainly to Mr. Hugh Burgess.

FOR CHILDREN.

The second number of "Frank Leslie's Children's Friend," for May, is just issued, and is a great improvement on the first. It has not less than 16 more pages, engravings, etc., etc. It is called "Taking it Easy," being alone worth the cost of a number. We have also a pleasant and very instructive story for children than that of "Peter and his Goose." There is only one of three, besides Anecdotes and Adventures, Facetiæ, etc. Parents will thank us for calling attention to this novel and beautiful publication. It is only 10 cents a month, or $1 a year.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Ir is strange how small a thing will agitate a great city. The breaking down of a milk-train, by which half a million of people are deprived of their morning milk is one of the most trifling events of more than once, and is of the most vital importance. The stoppage of omnibus fares from 6 to 10 cents, brought all New York in arms, and evoked unanimity of the stages, though they afterward gained their point instantly. Now we have a new excitement, and one affecting over a period of several days, in the strike of the city car-drivers, and the consequent stopping of those necessary articles of locomotion.

The story is simply in a nut-shell. These drivers get $2 50 per day, and have had for some time the impression as \$1 would have been five years ago. They naturally think, and with reason, that a rise in existence on this pittance, to say nothing of keeping a family, and, consequently, ask for more, which the poor railroad directors have refused; if they did, their only method of paying 75 per cent. per annum, as it now does, would be poor hoop-poles indeed. The driver has to find his own food for the directors, who are all to be pitied, as rich men should be, and want to make all the money they can.

Now, it is within the memory of men—and women, for the latter have been conductors on the cars—that our railroads did raise their fares, illegally, one cent on every passenger. By the average, which is taken of the passage of each car, this would amount to 50 or 60 passengers, at 6 cents each, the amount would be \$24,16, and the conductor, who had to account for no less than seven at present given to conductor and driver. Now, the conductor has this advantage over the driver: he receives the money, and, if he is not a conscientious man, can stick to his fingers, but the poor driver has no such opportunity, and, if he were to do so, he would be obliged to starve. They ask an advance of 50 cents per day, which is refused, and they have gone legally to work to obtain it, by stopping the cars and underdriving who have not a license, and having them fined. This appears to be the only way they can get at it, short of the police, and some of the principal officers have expressed their sympathy by personally driving the cars, for which they have been arrested, and fined. As the matter now stands, it is a mighty pretty quarrel; for no one can say that the public is in the right, for it is to the company, it is death to the public and to them the consequences of a refusal to accede to their just demands. These companies know well, long before this strike occurred, that it was to happen, and they knew that it would stop their cars. Why is it that they did not provide against it by consultation with their workmen? and if they knew that their claim was just, accede to it? If not, to provide, at whatever cost, for their safety, and that the public, who have borne their petty swindles and outrages, should not have their business thus interrupted? Where is the starting the past few days? There is a time of retribution coming for these railroad men, and they will get it sooner or later. The people is a patient donkey, but there is a limit to the load it will bear.

Coupled with car matters, we are desirous of denouncing the infamous manner in which the care of the Fulton Ferry and Brooklyn street line dash down and up the Fulton Ferry and Wall Street Roads at each. On the Fulton Ferry Road street, just beneath our office windows, within the past week, there has been one of these cars, filled to the very brim, and are striving daily to kill more with every hope of success. They dash down the slope with the horses at full gallop, so that they may rise the hill by their impetus, and which is done frequently to the danger of the lives of those who are waiting in the hollow to assist in dragging the overloaded car to the top. What is the use of this? Human life compared to the time of one man and a horse?

The Legislature has at least the bill concerning the safety of policemen has passed both Houses of the Legislature, and that by a majority of two-thirds, and because we think the men deserve it, and we favor the increase for a like reason to either of the police or the individual.

Having alluded to this column the subject of homesteads in every phase, we are happy to announce anything that looks like the accomplishment of the evil. The Common Council has initiated a plan for erecting temporary buildings on the public ground, to accommodate poor families who will be ejected on the 1st of May. The project will be in lieu of some one had it here. The buildings are to be of the most simple and inexpensive character, and will be erected in rear of the Governor's mansion. If the Common Council really means what it says it will have taken other ways of doing it than waiting to petition the Legislature, and making a job—for a job it would be—of house-building by contract.

Of the theatres this week we have little to say. They have offered nothing new.

Maggie Mitchell has closed at Niblo's, and we are happy to announce the retirement of Miss Bateman.

At Winter Garden, the Williams' in their regular round of Irish characters, will be the only novelty for a day. They fill the house every night.

Mr. Jarrett has had a success of the "Three Guardsmen."

At Wood's Theatre Miss Western has closed, and during this week we have Mr. Chas. Barras, with his specialty, of the "Forty Thieves," and Burlesque, in which he manages to keep his audience on the continual grin. Next week, Mr. Barras will come his Wood's Museum, three charming girls, who sing, dance, play, and, in fact, do everything except talk. The programme is a great success.

Nothing is done—the opera is begun. Under Maretzek, it departed on the 14th; and under Leonard Grover, the first grand concert occurred in the Academy on the 17th, with "Faust." We have only to say, as to efficiency of the company's rendering of "Faust," that we like it better than the Italian. There is a freshness and vigor in the singing and performance of the realities of the story and the music. In all the principal parts, the company is essentially superior, and in all orchestral matter, equal. The season will continue for a month, and we become popular among us, as well as some to which we are almost strangers. Mr. Wallace's new opera, from Bernard Shaw's "William Tell," which has been a stranger to New York for a year, is announced.

At Wallack's, we have had a sensation, and a consequent crowd, in the appearance of Lester Wallack, after his return from the stage of a year. Mr. Wallack should be good, and he is good. But it was admitted by all that he was not in vigor, and the recipient showed his appreciation by giving us a taste of his quality. He will have no great comedian on the stage of this country who surpasses Lester Wallack.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic—There is a peculiar people at Wallingford, Conn., who call themselves Consecrated Communists. They ignore rum, tobacco, tea, coffee, pork, swearing, backbiting, and quarreling. Their motto appears to be "Love one another," being as far as it goes. Unlike the Mormons, they have but one husband or wife. Their leader, with whom they "live" so long as both can agree—when they are married, which is not by a minister, but by mutual consent.

—Gov. Evans, of Colorado, has written a letter to Chief Justice Hall, which appears in the Auburn *Advertiser*. He says that the Territory is in a prosperous way, being "perpetually obscured by infusions of old Europe—people of all nations, Germany and many, exiles, races, colors, luxuries, vices and manners."

—Miss Jenny Lind and John Bell are really both alive. The former appeared in the Park as a Democratic meeting in the Academy of Music Tuesday evening, though not to speak, on naval affairs, and the latter has written a letter to the London *Journal*, to prove that slavery has been a blessing to the negro. We heard that slavery is abolished in Tennessee.

—The origin of the name Fenian, which has puzzled the savans, has at last been discovered. In a note to his "Tale of a Tub," Swift says: "Fenian was a race of Kings in France, whom they called *les rois Fainéans*," or the Kings Do-Nothing. We will keep quiet for a little while longer, they will fully vindicate their claim to the name of Fenian. We have no doubt that Swift forgot them as a legitimate counterpart to the Know-Nothings, says the London *Saturday Review*.

—A descent was made on a body of smugglers at Bristol, England, who had a pack-mules in a barn, where the officers found 28 barrels of spirits, 1,000 pounds of tobacco, 500 pounds of sugar, 50 dozens about the size of a sugar-box, and 16 demijohns of liquor.

—Brigham Young raised in his garden of two and half acres, last year, 1,200 bushels of potatoes, 1,000 bushels apples, 22 dollar plums, 25 dollar strawberries, 4 dollar pears, 25 gooseberries, 10 dollar bushels of grapes, with peaches, raspberries, and currants in abundance.

—The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* says the bakers of that city have reduced the number of bread so much that a loaf is now only 12 ounces for 10 cents each check, and a 10 cent loaf in the intervening days. Many bakers have also reduced the size of their loaves. Last month, he can whistle "Yankee Doodle" with thrilling effect to the tune.

—An infant was found in a street car in Utica, N. Y., on the 16th inst. The mother was gone, but gave birth to a dress: "My name is Emma Holmes; my mother is too poor to support me, and I have no kind friends to take care of some charitable friend, hoping that I may be taken care of." Emma is a fine, healthy, and pretty child.

—The Methodist revival reports from all parts of the country show an average list of conversions of between 5,000 and 6,000 per week. The Rev. Dr. Newman, who is now at the Missionary—which have thus for been taken up in the Methodist Episcopal Church, some \$600,000 per cent. over previous years.

—Capt. Smith, of Lowell, Mass., has accidentally dropped a coal of fire into a package of damp powder in the hold of his vessel, and, in order to blow the coal away, lost the sight of both his eyes by the explosion.

—The Fenian Brotherhood has broken up in Texas, for a magnificent opera-house. It is to be built of blue limestone, quarried from the basement of the building. When completed it will be a first-class opera-house in all its appointments.

—A cavalry regiment for Fenian service is being recruited at Boston. The enlistment is for one year, and privates will be paid at the rate of \$100 per month, and officers two.

—Lincoln, Mass., has no poor-house, liquor shop, or lawyer's office, and has no war debt, having paid each year's expenses as they occurred.

—Postmaster-General Dennison, the Postmaster-General caused the following Post-Offices to be reopened: In Alabama, 1; in Georgia, 2; in Florida, 1; in Mississippi, 8; in Georgia, 20; in Tennessee, 22; in Mississippi, 6; in Louisiana, 1; in Arkansas, 11; in Texas, 26; in South Carolina, 4; and in Louisiana, 9; total, 247.

—The Providence musical people are preparing for the great "Sangerbund" of the New England States and the States of New York and New Jersey, and city of Philadelphia, which is to take place in the capital of Rhode Island on the 30th, 31st and 2nd of June next. Some 800 singers will take part in the festival. The *Providence Lockwood* have engaged an orchestra of about 50 of the best performers in New York and Boston.

—The New Jersey mint bed comprehends a belt running across the State from north-east to south-west, a distance of 100 miles long and embracing some 500,000 acres. The quality is inexhaustible, and the yield per acre is very much greater than the quality is unequaled. It is spread under the soil, at a moderate depth, and cannot be killed out by the most severe and the expense of transporting it to various places. The annual consumption of this valuable plant 500,000 tons, which might easily be increased 10 or 50 fold, and no diffused to meet the demand. Of the crop of 1865, the majority of New Jersey only had a system of railroads devised and planned for the transportation of the meat of the people.

—The Chinese, when brought into court as witnesses, are sworn by breaking a saucer, or some article to their own country. An oath, written in Chinese characters, upon tissue paper, is subscribed, with their names, and burned to ashes. The purport of the oath is, that if the witness does not tell the truth his house that his soul may be burned and destroyed, as is the paper which he holds in his hands.

—The following statement exhibits the amount of tax paid by the United States Government below, under the act of August 2, 1861, for the quarter ending the 1st of January of the present year:

Virginia	$22,272 17
North Carolina	37,110 65
South Carolina	16,197 46
Tennessee	28,859 60
Arkansas	15,336 00
Total	$119,776 62

—Mr. Rice, who has just lost $1,000,000 by fire in Cincinnati, will, it is said, devote to new buildings a million, which will exceed in elegance the opera-house just destroyed.

—Postmaster-General Dennison is having printed a postage-stamp of the denomination of 15 cents, which will soon be ready for issue. A stamp of this price, it is said, has long been needed for the payment of postage on quarter-ounce letters for France. On the face of the stamp will be the profile head of Abraham Lincoln.

—The excavation of the lake tunnel at Chicago has been pushed to a distance of 2,802 feet from shore and, since March 1st, has been at the rate of about 1,416 feet, and leaving 4,113 yet to be run. The work is going forward with the two recess cutters and the tunnel is but temporary; and the clay is in as good condition as ever.

—Capt. Raphael Semmes was released on his original parole under the Johnson-Sherman Convention, under an order issued by the Attorney-General.

—The Legislature of California, on the 16th of February last, passed a resolution almost unanimously calling on the United States Government to interfere and overthrow the Imperial power of the French forces in Mexico.

Foreign—A genuine case of trance is reported from Guilford, England. An old lady, after being for a long time in a state of insensibility, was supposed dead and was pronounced by a surgeon to be dead. The coffin was procured and the body put into it, but it is said that just as the undertakers were about to screw down the lid, the supposed corpse started up and gave such a great terror of the bystanders, and getting out of the coffin walked quietly into the room. It added that the "old lady is now hale and strong."

—There is to be a gigantic squarium among the wonders of the International Exhibition. The front alone is to measure 100 feet; every sort of fish is to be collected from the rivers and seas of the world, and even sharks, cod and porpoises are to exhibit their peculiar habits and customs in portions of the caves, which are to be excavated in the floor of the building, and filled with water.

—Miss Torrone, an American young lady, at one of the masked balls given in honor of the Greek American Indian princess in a fashion dress, with a train a yard long, which she wore in the style which was drawn up in genuine Indian style, and a great ring of which her dress.

—Out of 300,000 persons married in England in 1865, only 1,400 were able to sign their names.

—A coal bed has been found in the classic shade of Mount Olympus, in Greece. There are three beds yielding coal which contains 70 per cent. of it. A railroad has been constructed to the mines, and the Mediterranean will soon draw its supply of fuel from them.

—Two scientific gentlemen of Prague recently analyzed a green dress, and discovered no less than seven ounces of arsenic in it. It follows, then, that green dresses, which are now becoming "all the rage," are absolutely poisonous.

—A murderer named Philippe has just been tried in Paris. Before he came to have been a mesmerizer with him, and inquiry has brought to light not less than 10 persons mesmerized by him. Among these, five were in Algeria, three in Italy and eight in Sweden, and all in a state that their breath is a razor. He displayed a remarkable cynicism, and on entering the office of the examining judge he made a present to each sent that he should not be permitted to smoke there.

—According to official returns the total length of railways in France on the 31st of December, 1865, was 8,471 miles, against 8,151 miles at the end of 1864. The total income for the year 1865 amounted to 267,000,000 francs, against 240,000,000 francs in 1864, an increase of 26,415,398 francs. The average profit per mile in 1865 was 31,500 francs, against 29,400 francs.

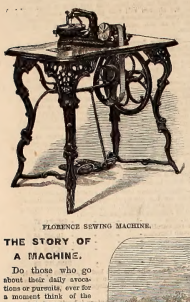
—Austria and Prussia are arming, and a war in Germany is deemed most imminent. Prussia has appealed to the Diet, and Austria, Bavaria, Saxony to abandon the idea of neutrality, and pending to the inefficiency of the Diet to the Federal Diet, the result of settling the question. The London *Times* deplores the war idea, and expresses the hope that England will hold aloof from the contest.

—A correspondent of the London *Examiner* writes that an interactive discovery has just been made in an ancient and long-neglected Library in Cambridge, England. It is a fragmentary manuscript of great age, and contains a few lines or nonsense verses, which prove that on the occasion of some early and destructive inundation, a man, with his domestic animals, took refuge in a boat, and, in the midst of the flood, sang a song, which proves that the plague was not the punishment for national sins, many attributed it especially to the sin of free quality.

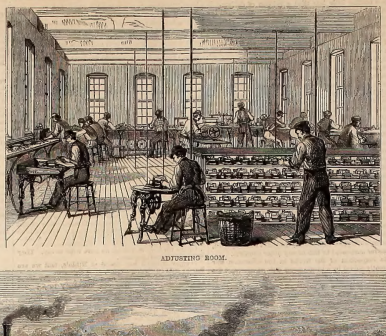
TICKNOR & FIELDS have just published two highly attractive books by the author of the celebrated "Leighton Court," by Henry Ringgley, in a style to correspond with the better reputation earned for the author's name. "Honor May," the other volume of these popular writers, proves the correctness of the opinion without name of author, but to very likely to make a name for herself.

The *Home Journal* of last week announces the departure of Mr. Wm. Jay Barker, the celebrated coiffeur of New York. Mr. Barker has been recently married, and his trip across the ocean combines the bridal with the commercial. As a fashionable contemporary observes, Mr. Barker will embrace the opportunity, during his visits in Europe, of noticing all that is new and beautiful in his special business, and will return laden with the latest Parisian and London modes, and the head that prevail in the court and other fashionable circles of the Old World. Success to you, Mr. Barker, and do on the qui vive for Mr. Barker's return.

THE GREAT WORKSHOPS OF AMERICA—THE FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY'S WORKS.



FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE.



ADJUSTING ROOM.



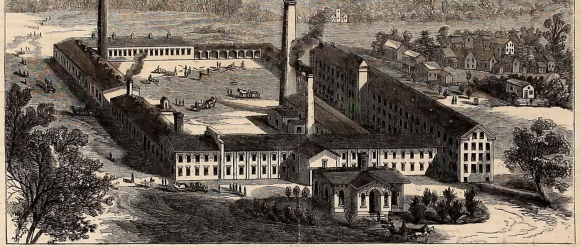
WORKMAN FINISHING MACHINE.

THE STORY OF A MACHINE.

Do those who go about their daily avocations or pursuits, ever for a moment think of the brain-work that has been necessary to enable them to more effectually do what they do?

Are we not every day passing through a world where the meanest object we see should remind us of the great mechanical skill of the age? Every hour of the day we are indebted to a pin for aid, and yet how few of us know anything about a pin! How little do we think of the great minds that have been brought to bear upon the making of that simple bit of pointed brass—of the brains that have plodded over the machine—of the skillful men who have worked beside it, year after year, bringing forth daily new thoughts, all of which should tend to its perfection.

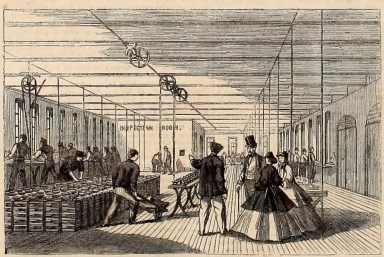
All this went through our head as we stood and viewed the almost human working of a machine—a



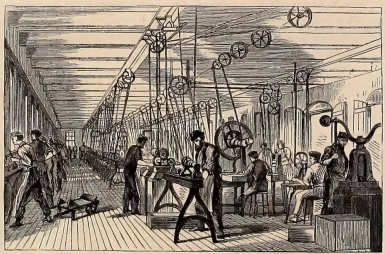
BIRDSEYE VIEW OF FACTORY, FLORENCE, MASS.

of excellence claimed for the machine, and the points wherein it differs from all other sewing machines; and having stated these, we will give a short history of the machine itself, and the place of its manufacture.

The original idea of the Florence Sewing Machine came from Leander W. Langdon, an inventive genius, who was always about machine shops, and always making something after his own ideas. Finally, after a variety of singular mechanical successes, he took it into his head to make a sewing machine, and did so. This was in Rochester, and the same machine is now in the possession of the present Florence Company. After various efforts to bring his machine into notice, he came to Florence, Massachusetts, a village within a short distance of Northampton, Hampshire county, so near as almost to be considered a suburb, and brought it before Mr. S. L. Hill, then a manufacturer of sewing machines, and Mr. D. G. Littlefield. They saw its



ASSEMBLY ROOM.



SECOND FLOOR.

sewing machine. We remember the day, not so many years ago, when the idea of a machine to sew would have been scouted; but at last came a whisper, and then a rumor, and, finally, an announcement that something of the kind was upon the *tapis*, and at last the machine of Howe was announced. This was barely 20 years ago, and from that time till now we do not intend to follow the improvements, but simply to speak of the march of the sewing machine as one of those wonderful things that are occuring about us every day, which we do not stop to wonder at until our attention is absolutely arrested.

We select the Florence Sewing Machine for our illustration, for the simple reason that we cannot help endorsing it as the greatest of all machines calculated to do that style of labor. What it claims for itself is, that it makes four different stitches—the lock, knot, double-lock, and double-knot, each stitch being alike on both sides of the fabric—and that each machine has the reversible feed motion, enabling the operator, by turning a screw, to run the work either to the left or right. The next point is the self-adjusting tension, that tension being always in proportion to the size of the bobbin. These are the main points

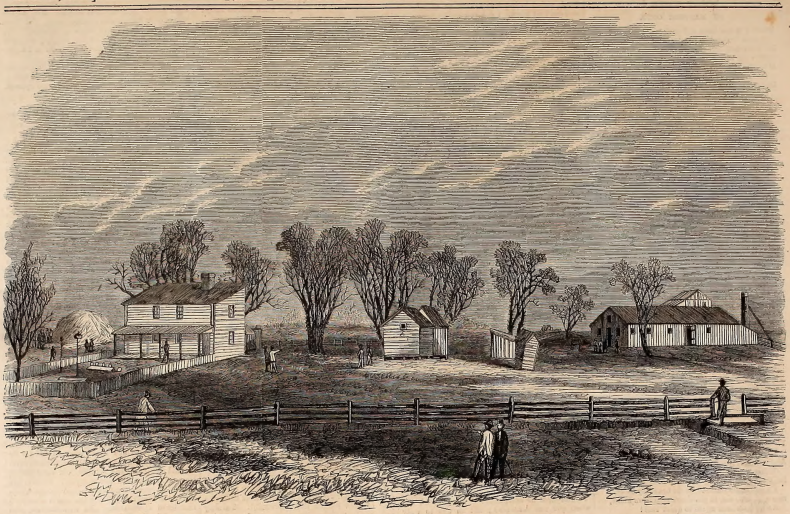


SALES ROOM, NO. 505 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

merit, and the final result was the formation of a company, with a capital of $200,000, to manufacture. The fame of the machine spread rapidly, and it became necessary to increase its production. This increase will be understood when it is known that in 1861 only 80 machines were sold; in 1863, 1,100; in 1865, 3,000; and in 1866, 6,000; while now, with a sale of 1,500 per month, the company are putting $300,000 more capital, and the facilities will be so increased that the production will be doubled.

The buildings of the company cover three acres of ground, and the work employs 250 men. In the increase of manufacture, it will not be necessary to increase the number of men in the same ratio as the manufactured machines come out, the present machinery being capable of doing twice the work, with a small addition of force; and yet the company are just about to embark the sum of $300,000 more for the purpose of extending their manufacture, from the fact that they are not able now to supply the demand.

The process of manufacture is simply this: Upon the first, or ground-floor of this immense factory, is the foundry. There all the castings are made, and the finishing



SCENE OF THE RECENT MURDER OF EIGHT PERSONS IN PHILADELPHIA, ON THE 11TH OF APRIL.—THE HOUSE OF MR. DEEKING, ON JAMES'S LANE.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. BAUM.

and on the same floor the japanning is done. This is a most important branch of the manufacture, and, though apparently the rough part only, by comparison, is capable of the highest degree of attention.

From the finishing and japanning rooms of the first floor we go to those of the second, where all the small parts of the machine are made. There is a nicety of workmanship necessary here, that must be seen to be understood. Every part of this beautiful machine must be accurate as those of a watch; and to see that this end is reached, and no machine goes from the factory without this accuracy and finish, is the especial labor of the company. Every one of these many parts, upon being finished, goes to the Assembly-room upon the third floor, where it is put together and set running by power. It runs for one or two days, until the fact of its workmanship is made satisfactory and all is smooth, after which it is removed to the Adjusting-room, on the same floor. In this room it is tried in every way upon both cotton and silk, from No. 11 to No. 300, and if found to work with accuracy and decision, is re-moved to the Inspecting-room. Here it undergoes another thorough examination in all its parts, and if finally pronounced fit and a perfect machine, it is lowered to the first floor and there receives its table.

These tables are made of different material—walnut, mahogany or rosewood, according to the taste of those who will become the owners, and are not made in the main building, but form a separate manufacture in another place.

We have here endeavored to give a clear and unvarnished account of what we must term a wonderful machine. That it has been appreciated quietly by the public is manifest from the steady increase in its sales. It has not been forced on the public, but has worked its own way. It is not a cheap machine in the common acceptation of the word, but it is still a cheap machine in fact. The cheapest of the Florence Machines costs $50, while the same grade of other first-class machines costs $55; but at the same time, the Florence Machine charges nothing for all the extras, while the others do. This is the secret of its cheapness, to say nothing of its capability to do work of every kind. We are not disposed in this summary to over-commend anything placed before the public for its suffrage, but when we know an article to be good, we think we are only doing our duty as public journalists to say so emphatically.

A PETRIFIED AUSTRALIAN.—The London *Daily News* says that a petrified Australian male aboriginal has just arrived in England. This singular specimen of petrification was found in one of the stone caverns which abound at Murquilo Falns, South Australia. It was lying in a natural position, as if having fallen asleep; and a Mr. Craig, who was in the colony at the time in search of curiosities, got possession of the "black fellow" for the purpose of adding him to his collection. Traveling with this singular burden wrapped in a blanket, for nearly 100 miles, he reached Mount Cambia, where his movements attracted suspicion; and the Crown Lands Ranger ascertaining that his bargain was a human being, sought the advice of a higher power, and relieved him of his prize. An action of trover was immediately commenced, and Mr. Craig succeeded in obtaining a verdict, with damages one farthing. The government, however, refused to give up the "stone or other material," which was again placed in the cave. Mr. Craig, however, again went to work, and despite the heavy iron bars with which it was guarded and the hardships he endured, he managed to regain it, and brought it in safety to England.



VIEW OF EASTPORT BAY AND CAMPOBELLO ISLAND, THE SCENE OF THE LATE FENIAN DEMONSTRATION, FROM THE FORT AT EASTPORT, MAINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. C. WARREN.

WHAT THEN?

BY MARYELE CONO.

WHAT if it had been different?—what then?
If now, instead of bare, dead land, untilled,
My little field had yielded golden grain?—
My cup, with blessings had been filled?—
If sunlight sifted through the leafless trees,
And gilded all my weary, dusty road,
Instead of deadness and this chilling breeze,
Instead of grayness and a heavy load?

What if my soul had been the one that found
Its wealth of happiness in love, God-given—
Instead of this bleak, barren waste of ground,
And this distracted heart, grief-riven?
What if my eyes were radiant still for me?
My children those that cluster round his knees?
And he the refuge where my heart might flee?—
What if my soul had known such joys as these?

What if the love I now must trample down
And so destroy, in me, but was not denied?
And that *his* fame had been, in part, *my* crown—
His heart, the pillow for my aching head?
What if in loving him I'd cease to feel
The aching longing of a buried past?
What if in meeting him my lips I seal,
Lest they should say, "I love you," to the last?

What if I said, "My husband!"—saw him gaze
With eyes whose depths I fathom—I alone?
And living for him, bless his later days,
And die if need be, all my love unknown?
I can but wonder—would this had been my lot!
My sack, the Benjamin's of all the rest!
What then? Alas! it sure is well for me
I'll bear it meekly—tis God's trial test!

If this had been, no fullness then would spring
From knowing God to be the only true:
Then I'd not known my humble offering
Was blessed by Him—by Him was accepted, too.
Now, I have strength to patient bear my pain,
My God has sent it, and I ask not why;
He'll join the broken links of this life's chain,
I'll bear the burden calmly till I die!

I'll feel what love can be that Jesus gives,
I'll prove Him as the truest friend of all,
And stronger grown for knowing Him, I'll live
Content, since He doth note a sparrow's fall!
So, from this life-long disappointing woe
I'll rise more purified, more heavenly blest,
Since oft in sorrow, in pathways rough we know,
He leadeth back again to quiet rest!

I shall not mourn—the sending He has given
Shall be with very willingness my own,
Since that the path that seemed best to me to leave
Is offensive to one we tread alone!
So, I can see him happy, and not burn
With hopes that fade but to come back again,
And calmly from these broken idols turn,
And say, *If this had been not—what then?*

NEW YORK, *April 5th*, 1865.

Then and Now.

BY HAL JONES.

CHAPTER I.

MISS LAURA WELLS,

AT HOME.

Thursday Evening, 9 o'clock.

FRANK RUTLEDGE sat twirling the card in his fingers. Memory was roaming down the avenue of the past, as our feet sometimes tread old familiar walks with lingering steps. Five years before he had loved Laura Wells—had sworn to love her through life, and this maiden in her girlish pride had listened and believed. But he had laid aside that love, as we all sometimes lay aside an affection which is wholly their own. Through the misty shadows of five years he now looked, and saw the rich curls and amber tresses that profiled the young face of his first love. He saw, too, that fair face, pale in its tearless agony, when, with sworn vows, they parted; and where he turned from Widow Wells's cottage in the gay sunlight of that summer morning, he thought their ways were destined to lie widely apart, and the promised friendship would only be a memory laid up in closed walls to be opened never more. But circumstances had changed the thread of their lives, and they now ran nearer than either had deemed they would. She had been left an orphan, and adopted by an aunt, a childless widow. Recently they had moved to the city to obtain medical attention for the aunt. They had taken one of the handsomest houses in the most fashionable neighborhoods, but had hitherto preserved the strictest seclusion, until encouraging hopes of the restoration of Mrs. Fairleigh's health admitted the propriety of receiving company. This much was known in fashionable society, for it was rumored that the widow was rich and Miss Wells to be her heiress.

For several weeks Frank Rutledge had intended calling, but he feared—shall I write it?—absolutely feared to meet the woman he had slighted, lest her pale face would reproach him. He was even now hesitating about accepting the invitation to her first general reception; for the very act of her soliciting his attendance proved he was not forgotten. There is a vanity within us which pleases the fancy by making us believe we are tenderly remembered, and Frank Rutledge smiled as he thought, after the embarrassment of the first meeting was over, all would be well. Just then he heard heavy footsteps approaching the door, and he threw down the card before Mark Webster entered.

"Going to the Fairleigh's to-night, Rutledge? I only called to inquire; I have an engagement, and can't sit down. I got you an invitation, notwithstanding you haven't called." He picked up the card, and curved his handsome mouth mischievously as he went on: "Miss Wells—ha! Mrs. Fairleigh's compliments were on mine. Gotten up expressly for you, I suppose. I was sounding your praises in a high key when Miss Wells told me very quietly you were old friends, and she was not aware you were in town. Now, boy, I want you to keep that handsome face of yours out of the way, for I intend to carry off the prize myself. She is positively charming! La belle Laura will undoubtedly be the agony this season. Don't presume on your old acquaintance, for I tell you I was never more in earnest in my life. You don't believe me, I see, by that smile; but time will prove it;" and laughing lightly, the young man left the apartment as he entered.

Left alone again, Frank Rutledge fell to musing. So, after all, it was owing to Mark Webster the invitation was sent. A slender thread to one, might she not have let him pass from her memory? No; he had heard woman never forgets her first love; and then she had put her own name on that card; that was a reminder of the past. He would go; that was settled; and if possible he would again regain a place in the heart of Laura Wells. He would be in earnest this time. Her position was equal to his own now; she adopted daughter of the rich Mrs. Fairleigh, and not the shy, simple-hearted little girl in Widow Wells's cottage. Nine o'clock sounded, and it was only when he heard the hall door close that he sighed as he sprang up from his reverie and began his toilet.

"Do be quick," began Webster, as he threw himself indolently on a luxurious sofa. "The queen will be surrounded before the Honorables Rutledge and Webster do homage to her majesty." After a few minutes silence, he added, carelessly regarding his friend: "Rutledge, you used to know Miss Wells, I believe; have you left page in her history? I don't know that the thought would have occurred to me if Harry Beaufort had not called my attention to a 'beautiful auburn in the face,' as he calls it. I was thinking of this after I left you this evening, and, somehow, I thought I caught the expression when she spoke of you; and by this chain of sequence, I brought myself to interpreting your visage from it. Am I right? Do you know any sad era in her life?"

His companion turned almost fiercely upon him, as he responded:

"You must be silly, man! I knew Miss Wells when she was seventeen; not an age to wear sorrow, I think."

What pang was it that struck him as he spoke? What voice said, "Beware of a slighted woman?" Was it presentiment? Was it the first or the first time since the card was laid on his table. Frank Rutledge thought *all might not be well.*

CHAPTER II.—THE MEETING.

MRS. FAIRLEIGH'S parlors were filled with the *élite* of the city. Laura Wells was beautiful as a dream in her festive robe of white tulle, sprayed with violets; and in the cluster that bound her amber braids sparkled a single diamond, the only gem she wore. She was absorbed listening to a group gathered around her, when Mr. Rutledge came forward, and was presented by Mr. Webster. Extending her hand, with frank cordiality, she said:

"We parted as friends years ago, Mr. Rutledge; I trust we meet as such now."

"Years need not sever the links of friendship, Miss Wells."

He bent a searching look upon her. She was arranging a bud in her bouquet, and a slight smile quivered her lips. Lifting her eyes, she met his look steadily, and replied:

"Years bring many changes, sir."

"Yes; but more in your sex than mine. You do change much more than we do, Laura."

He was probing her heart keenly, and with a skilful hand.

"How? for better or worse?" and she smiled.

"For better; you are more beautiful than then."

"Thank you; but I was not seeking flattery. I believe I am changed, Mr. Rutledge, in heart as well as person."

She answered safely; it stung the man's vanity.

"Does she mean to let me know, in the beginning, that she has forgotten?" flashed through his mind.

"I once thought you needed no change of heart."

It was a bold stroke, but she did not flinch under it.

"Oh, that was because you did not know me. I was a silly child then, sir. Reminiscences of girlhood are fraught with regretful memories, and we profit by them in later years."

She answered safely; it stung the man's vanity.

"Does she mean to let me know, in the beginning, that she has forgotten?" flashed through his mind.

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"Oh, that was because you did not know me. I was a silly child then, sir. Reminiscences of girlhood are fraught with regretful memories, and we profit by them in later years."

She laughed now a low, listless, musical bubble of sound, pleasing to the listener, and radiating the lovely face with rippling waves of animation.

"I do not think you have, Miss Wells?" said Harry Beaufort, who came up in time to catch the remark, addressed to Mr. Rutledge. "I do not often acknowledge the experience of years."

"I am an exception, then. I number two and twenty, my Mr. Rutledge has added to it some me five years ago. I was just telling him that, by the light of the present, the past seems very fanciful. As my mother used to remember to read, and we laugh over the follies of seventeen."

"But isn't the experience of seventeen the brightest? Isn't the fanciful more pleasant than the real?" asked Mr. Beauford, innocently.

"By no means, sir. Give me the awakening, with all its dull realities; it is better for us, in the working-day world. We all must, at some period of our lives, find cares and disappointments, and it is better for us if they fall in our early days, when our elastic spirits rebound from the pressure, and grow stronger by the exertion of relieving ourselves from the burden."

"Must we infer that you know sorrow early?" asked Mr. Beauford.

"Yes, sir; a child's sorrows. I shed bitter tears over a dead dove, that I had nurtured for months; I stamped in a passion of grief when I awoke one morning to find a doll's house, which I had erected, demolished by some mischievous hands; and, later, I bent in agony over a lost lover, and believed, for a season, I was the most miserable of beings. These seem foolish sorrows now, but they were bitter then, and they were the strengthening hands to lift my nature from its weakness. I suppose my history is akin to most others. That is more enlivening than our conversation," she added, as the music from the drawing-room was borne in, and her head swayed lightly to the time.

"I came to ask the fulfillment of your promise, Miss Wells," said Mr. Beauford.

As she took his arm, Mr. Rutledge spoke:

"Will you honor me in the next set?"

"With pleasure," and the dance once to-night. I have transgressed etiquette by the request of my guests to go through a new figure with Mr. Beauford."

As she passed on, Frank Rutledge watched her lend her ear in pleased attention to her partner, and her soft laugh came back to where he stood, pensive and alone. Ah! how we reach out after the unattainable. How eagerly we hover around the honeysuckle, as it attempts to catch the humming-bird which has just escaped from our fingers. How much more beautiful and attractive it is as it flits from flower to flower, in its gorgeous colors and winning motions; and we feel, if we could grasp it, the rarest prize were more dearly the little winning creature. Thus did Frank Rutledge feel, as he saw her go from him in her new beauty. He would give the best years of his life now to have the power over the heart of Laura Wells he once possessed.

Later in the evening, he found beside the piano, watching her white fingers moving over the ivory keys, speaking melody to the eye and ear.

Sing like a bird," he begged, as he placed a sheet of music before her. "It is a favorite of mine, and I think the pathetic strain will suit your voice."

She bowed, and began the "The Broken Spell." Her voice poured out the notes in thrilling pathos:

"There are feelings that no words cannot measure,
There are things which we cannot forget."

Her voice lingered, hovered tenderly over the concluding lines of the song, and more than one pair of eyes sought the instrument. Turning suddenly upon the petitioner, she said:

"I would not have supposed your selection so sentimental, Mr. Rutledge. Now listen to mine;" and she dashed into the "Conqueror's Triumph." Loud triumphal notes of a new joy, melting into the subdued thankfulness and steady purpose, thrilled the listeners. As the notes died away, Frank Rutledge turned and left the room. A pallor crept over his face as she saw her vacant place, but it passed as suddenly. This woman of strong will had played her part well.

CHAPTER III.—THE INTERVIEW.

THEY stood face to face in Mrs. Fairleigh's parlor—Frank Rutledge and Laura Wells. It was a spring morning; the sun shone bright in the open casements fluttered the pink muslin robe, and fingered the glittering braids which bounded the pale face of the woman. He was handsome in his manly dignity. His arms were folded across his breast, and a firm resolve was written on each feature. He was looking steadily upon the fair woman before him, and she was bearing the gaze with composed mein. At last he spoke low and plain:

"I came to you to-day, Laura Wells, as the penitent does to the presiding absolver—to confess, for the past. I was mad when I flung away your priceless love. Now I would give my all of life to know that I had it. I have sinned in the past, and let me hope that the future may be its atonement?"

"As I hope for forgiveness, Frank Rutledge, so I forgive you the wrong you did me. I was trusting and guileless, and I gave you the whole love of my soul. You spurned it, and gave it back to me. I then learned to know I had rested on a slender reed, and I turned to Him who never fails us, and found peace. Forgive me, if I pain you, but I can never again trust you as I once did. There would not be happiness without perfect confidence. In the future we can only be friends."

"Try me—try me by any test you desire, before you decide."

"Could I try you better than I have done? No, Frank, I could not risk my happiness again. God knows I would not willingly pass through the ordeal the second time!"

She paled, and he saw her shiver in the warm sunlight.

"One question more, Laura; do you love another?"

"I do not; henceforth my love is locked in my own soul, to go forth only to God and His suffering children."

"There is no hope, then?"

"None. We part now, Frank Rutledge. May God's blessing rest with you in the battle of life. Write 'Excelsior' on your banner, and bear it upward upon every breeze. Be a hero, and do not fail to strive for the land where all our frailties are laid down, and 'we will know, even as we are known.' If our paths ever cross, let me know that you have kept steadily in yours, as I hope to walk mine with fearless step."

"The way is dark—black as yonder coming cloud. Go out with me to meet the contest, and together we can lighten the future!"

"I may not—I cannot. Farewell!" She waved her hand as she spoke, and glided out. He looked after her. She faltered, turned, looked back upon him as an angel might upon a mortal's love, and then went on, and he was alone. Alone with his keen sorrow and hopeless despair, even as she was once in her humble cottage home. The cloud had spread, and heavy drops of rain and rumbling thunder proclaimed the coming summer. He passed out into the storm, reckless in his disappointed hopes.

And she sought her chamber, and falling on her knees, the woman of strong will melted into a helpless child. Throwing her white arms upward, she cried:

"My God! my God!"

No mortal could penetrate the hidden soul, and its burden was only cast on God.

CHAPTER IV.—THE FUTURE.

DEAD and dying were heaped upon the red sands of the Potomac's shores. The first great battle of 1861 was fought, and God's rain was washing up the human blood that had been spilled that day. A pale woman was moving among the suffering thousands, lending aid to many piteous sufferers, when the sound of music, borne of a Federal soldier arrested her steps. Stooping to put a canteen of water to his lips, she started back with a low exclamation.

"Water, for God's sake, or I die!" wailed out the pleader, and she gave it to him. Their paths had crossed. Frank Rutledge and Laura Wells were again face to face. Procuring an ambulance, she had him removed to the Confederate hospital, and through the days and nights she watched beside him until he was restored.

Seven years from their parting, the war-storm broke over the United States, and Frank Rutledge, brave and patriotic, joined the Federal army in defense of the Union he loved. He commanded a company from his native city, and none was more loved or honored than the young captain.

Laura Wells had gone to a Southern State with her aunt, who had been recommended by the physicians to try its balmy air. Two years Mrs. Fairleigh lingered there, and then died, leaving her niece, who had been her companion and nurse. Two years' residence had endeared the noble, warm-hearted Southern people to her, and Laura determined to make her home among them. When the war began, she espoused the Southern cause, and her whole heart was enlisted for its people. She gave the bulk of her fortune to arming and equipping the soldiers, and establishing hospitals for the sick and wounded. Her zeal, her patriotism became enthusiasm, and she went herself to the hospitals. When the storm of conflict thundered at Manassas, she went thither, and many a friend and foe learned to bless the palefaced woman, and none more gratefully than Captain Rutledge. When he was sufficiently recovered, she sought a parole for him, and the grateful parole was forthcoming. But all knew Miss Wells to be true to her espoused cause.

He called at her boarding-house a few evenings after his parole was granted, and found she had endeavored to break her resolution, once again sought the boon of her love.

"No, Captain Rutledge," she replied; "we are further apart than ever. While I can honor your patriotism, I am a rebel, and as such, cannot give you my heart, even when I otherwise inclined. Each of us believe we are right; we cannot say now which will be successful—the future will tell. God will give the victory to the right. He sees best. Go back to your duty, and I will as faithfully abide by mine. We need not be enemies, though we may differ in political sentiment."

"Enemies, Laura, never! I have no individual hatred, though I cannot love your section. If my cause be triumphant, as the Union will, at least, be indebted to a rebel woman for one brave soldier; for, God helping me, I mean to give arm, fortune, and soul to the cause of my country, and to you will be the honor, if any I achieve."

"Which God forbid. Do not wish your side success, Frank Rutledge, I honor your determination to do your duty in that you deem right. Though we be enemies to each other, you are the only son my country and its bleeding sufferers, that binds me here, and I can but rejoice in your personal success."

"If, when the contest is over, Laura, I come back to you with my name untarnished, and by my own efforts, have won such heads only they and you, will you accept the offering? Or, if I fall, will you believe the past was stoned?"

"Frank, I will not answer. Should you fall, perhaps, their last earthly meeting, send him forth hopeless again. It was a stern battle between duty and love that the human conscience fought.

"If, when it is over, Frank Rutledge, you come forth with firm principles and a true heart, I will be yours. And if you fall"—she shivered at the thought—"I hope we may meet in the hereafter."

He started to raise her hand to his lips, but she drew it from him.

"Not now. I cannot let your lips press my cold ones while you stand before me the recognized enemy of my country. When it is over, we will either be one or forgive each other; and then—Fare, thee well, we part here again over cross."

Year after year wore on, until four had passed—those four years of carnage that stain the memories of our country's fame, whose history was written in blood. Capt. Rutledge passed through unscathed. Honors were showered upon him for valor, and though he brought them out oftentimes lessened in numbers, yet it was with gallant tread. He was promoted to colonel, and all his earnest hope was to win the object of his love through devotion to his duty.

And when it was over, and the fate of war was decided in behalf of the Union; when the worn-out remnant of the Confederate army had surrendered, and Richmond was occupied, Colonel Rutledge, flushed with victory and fame, sought her, and found only a grave. Laura Wells was sleeping her last sleep in the city cemetery, sur-

rounded by the mounds of her fallen countrymen. Standing over the grave, with bowed head and aching heart, Colonel Rutledge resolved anew to press onward in his noble career, and that grave, with its pale sleeper, should be his talisman.

A Confederate soldier, who was removing the remains of a comrade, turned to him and asked:

"Did you know the lady who lies there?"

The officer bowed.

"Well, sir, she did more for the Confederate cause than many a soldier. Had our boys all been as true as she was, *you* would not have been our conquerers."

He did not notice the boastful tone as he would have done on any other occasion, for it was a tribute to her, and the soldier went on:

"She contracted the fever, nursing in the hospitals after the battles around the city last summer. She labored day and night for our wounded boys, and it ended as we all feared—she was laid there."

"Though I fought on the other side, sir, I honor that woman's grave;" and he turned from it with bared head.

"WHY doesn't Colonel Rutledge propose to some of us?" laughingly asked one of a group of young ladies in a Northern city. "He is handsome and fascinating, and then, he was such a gallant officer."

"I can tell you," answered Mark, now Captain Webster. "A sorrow has fallen on his life; he will never marry. He loved and lost the noblest woman—pardon me, ladies—I ever knew. But for the knowledge that he loved her, I would have tried to induce her to become Mrs. Webster. She died in Richmond during the war, a rebel to the last."

"A rebel! Oh, horrors!" exclaimed each voice, "Colonel Rutledge love a rebel woman."

"Yes, with his whole soul, as only Rutledge can love with his brave heart; and what he is to-day is through her influence; for when he was a young man, he was the fairest sample of an indolent scamp I ever saw."

"And you think he will never love again?" questioned one.

"Never. He will go on unmoved in spite of your fascinations, ladies; rise to eminence, and, mayhaps one day will keep bachelor's hall in the White House; and I advise you, if you wish for peace of mind only to look and admire. He is not one to wear sorrow lightly."

Truly did Laura Wells say, "It is easier to bear grief at seventeen than later."

Reader, we are done. If Colonel Rutledge should ever keep bachelor's hall in the White House, you may see him.

A BOLD SPORTSMAN.

THERE was a bright light (the one that guided me) shining through the window, through which I ventured to look, and saw a fine, burly, King-Henry-the-Eighth-looking man, with an enormous red beard, and shaggy hair hanging over his shoulders, sitting at his ease in an Indian reclining chair, with his heels cocked up Yankee fashion. His solar topee was on the table beside him, as also several bottles of wine, or liquor apparently, and a goblet of water. He was smoking a hubbul-hubbul hookah, with great seeming gusto, and solacing himself with occasional draughts of brandy-pawnee. He wore the orthodox white hunting or jungle costume of India, and was a rough, but fine, gentlemanly-looking man withal. I could see at a glance he was an Englishman; and I knew my toils were over for that day. I rapped at the shutters.

"Holloa! Who the devil are you?" cried my red-bearded friend.

"I am a traveler, and a Yankee."

"Quite enough. Come in, old fellow."

I was welcomed with all the warmth of Indian hospitality. I found this gentleman, who had lived for above three years in this wild jungle abode, had once been an officer in the Bombay artillery. He had got into some scrape and was tried by a court-martial and dismissed the service. Determined never to return to England, he betook himself to the Wynaud jungle. He had been a very expert and keen sportsman when in the service; above all, he was a crack elephant-slayer.

Now, to kill elephants (where they abound as they do in Wynaud,) although a very profitable, is a very dangerous occupation. In fact, it is seldom done for pecuniary profit, although frequently by officers for sport. My host, being without other means of living, determined upon "doing the great Shikar," as the natives call it, for profit; and he killed a fabulous amount of elephants during his long sojourn in Wynaud.

We passed a very jolly evening, and in the morning I had an opportunity of witnessing the prowess of my host.

* * * * * *

After twenty minutes' struggling through undertangle, we came upon an open glade of the most beautiful turf I ever beheld. My companion dismounted. The Moplas gave him the rifles, which he carefully loaded in succession and returned to their bearers, except one, which he retained himself. Presently I heard a loud crashing among the trees, and, looking in the direction from which it came, for the first time saw a herd of wild elephants trooping through the jungle, putting aside the boughs and breaking down great arms of trees with the greatest ease.

"Now," said my friend, "you must look to yourself. I shall stand right in the path of the leading tusker. Keep with the Moplahs and watch me. When I jump on my tattoo and go, gallop after me for your life."

Before I had time to digest this advice, my companion had placed himself right in the track of the leading elephant, and there, with admirable coolness, he waited until the giant lord of the jungle was within twenty yards of him. He raised the rifle deliberately to his shoulder, pulled, and down fell the huge beast stone dead, shot through the brain. The remainder of the herd stood still as if paralyzed. Then a Moplah crept up to the daring sportsman and gave him another loaded rifle, taking the one discharged. Again the rifle went to the shoulder with the same deliberation, and the flash and the report were attended with the same result—a second elephant fell dead without a struggle, but a slight quivering of the muscles. This was repeated until every rifle was discharged, and twelve elephants lay dead before my daring companion. Meanwhile, as before, the remainder of the herd remained still, silent and motionless, as though petrified. Then a Moplah approached the hunter with a tattoo. He turned his back to the herd, sprang on the pony, and rode for his life. I was not slow to follow his example.

No sooner had he jumped on the tattoo's back than a roar I shall never forget came from the before silent denizens of the forest. Loud as the report of a great gun, it seemed like the prolonged sound of many thousand trumpets, and had barely ceased when, in military parlance, the elephants broke, and, dispersing in all directions, started in pursuit of us.

"Stick to me," said my friend. "Don't let the tangle get you down, or you're a dead man;" and away, tearing through the undergrowth, rushed our ponies, apparently as anxious to quit the vicinity of their gigantic pursuers as we were.

If danger is the great element of excellence in hunting, commend me to elephant-shooting; before it fox-hunting, even over the biggest country, pales into child's play. The enraged brutes pursued us, with terrible impetuosity crashing through the forest and sometimes gaining a fearful proximity to us. But my friend's eye for the country beat their superior force and great strength when I thought once or twice it was a "gone coon" with me. He dodged through openings in the jungle, making sharp turns and baffling his pursuers, until we were quite out of sight or hearing of them, when he pulled up in an open glade, took out his brandy flask, and handed it to me, laughing.

"Which part of the performance do you like best," he said, "the first or the last?"

"Well, as Paddy said," I replied, "if there is any difference, it's all the same as to danger and excitement. But what use are the elephants where they are?"

"I shall go back with my men to-morrow evening," he said, "and cut off the tusks; most of them are worth 300 rupees the pair, besides a hundred rupees for killing each one."

I passed another evening with the elephant-slayer, and resumed my journey next morning.

SEPULCHRE,

Or Sacred Bush, devoted to Sepulture in New Caledonia.

IN the vicinity of the residence of Aliki-Kaki, the chief of one of the principal tribes of New Caledonia, and in the midst of a forest peopled with immense trees, is found one of those mysterious thickets consecrated to sepulture. These thickets are called "The Sacred Bush," and it is not without danger and difficulty that the stranger in New Caledonia can approach such spots. The dead, as represented in our engraving, wrapped up in bundlets and stretched upon a hammock, is suspended from the branches of a lofty tree. Among certain tribes of the south-east, they place the corpse against the trunk of a tree, which is adorned with sculptures, and to which it is fastened with ligaments.

When the head of the deceased has become reduced to a skeleton, the relations carry it to the foot of an immense tree selected for an idol, in the centre of the "Sacred Bush," and which is supposed to protect the funeral abode. Here is also the spot where the offerings are deposited. This ceremony the aborigines perform at night. They bring fruits of various kinds in vases, and cook them for the dead. When the cooking is over, the relations deposit the offering by the side of the remains, and no one ever touches that which has then become sacred.

THE FEARFUL MURDERS IN PHILADELPHIA.

ON Wednesday afternoon, the 11th of April, between two and three o'clock, the city of Philadelphia was startled by the intelligence that an entire family had been slaughtered by a German laborer engaged in the service of the murdered man. The news spread rapidly, and the detectives were soon upon the ground. The following are the details of the horrible massacre, as ascertained and reported by the *Evening Telegraph*:

Mr. Christopher Deering resided about one-half mile from the old Point House road, and within 500 yards of the site of the well-remembered Point House, about three miles below the Navy Yard, on what is termed the "Neck."

The dwelling-house, a two story frame, is located on Jones's lane, the barn and stable being a short distance off. Mr. Deering was a cattle-dealer, and a quiet, unostentatious man. He attended strictly to his own business, and thus won the esteem of all who knew him. He occupied the farm for five or six years, having rented it from the owner, Mr. James Mitchell. Besides his own family, he had a hired man living with him, a German, whose name none of the residents thereabouts could give; also a lad, named Cornelius Carey, 17 years old, who was bound to Mr. Deering, and had been with him seven or eight years.

On Wednesday afternoon the fearful discovery was made that the entire family, with the exception of the eldest child, a boy named William, 10 years of age, who happened to be paying a visit to a relative, named Duffy, in West Philadelphia, were brutally murdered, and their bodies thrown together in the barn, a short distance from the dwelling-house. In each instance the heads were knocked in and the throats cut, in some cases to such an extent that they were nearly decapitated. There they lay, a mangled mass of humanity, piled one on top of the other. The father of the family and Mrs. Dolan were found lying side by side in the barn, terribly disfigured, and covered with hay; and in an adjoining sort of corn-crib was found the body of Mrs. Deering, surrounded by four of her children, all so terribly mutilated that identification was almost impossible; the ages of the children ranging from eight years to an innocent of fourteen months. The names of the persons murdered are as follows:

Mr. Christopher Deering, aged 37 years.
Mrs. Julia Deering, aged 44 years.
John Deering, aged 8 years.
Thomas Deering, aged 6 years.
Annie Deering, aged 4 years.
Emma Deering, aged 14 months.
Mrs. Elizabeth Dolan, aged 45 years.
Cornelius Carey, aged 17.

The last seen of any members of the family was last Friday morning, when some of the neighbors observed two of the children going over the meadow, near the house, apparently chasing up some ducks.

Instantly, on the discovery of the murder, all the resources of the police were brought to bear, and on the 13th the suspected person was found.

The man arrested is named Antoine Ganther. He formerly belonged to the 5th Pennsylvania cavalry.

The prisoner states that on Saturday, about 12 o'clock, he killed the boy, Cornelius Carey, while he was on the hay-stack; but that another man, by the name of Jacob Youder, formerly of the 11th Pennsylvania cavalry, killed the rest of the family.

The announcement of the arrest of Antoine Ganter created the most intense excitement throughout the city. The news spread like wildfire, and vengeance against the prisoner was uttered on every side. An immense crowd collected around the police-station, at the State House, and threatened to lynch the prisoner. A cousin of the murdered family wanted to take summary vengeance upon him. The prisoner was finally removed in safety to the Moyamensing prison.

Taking it altogether, it is one of the most terrible murders on record, and all its details the most mercenary and sickening.

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION AT SANTORINO.

IN this week's number we publish a sketch of the singular phenomena which have recently occurred at the island of Santorino, off the Greek coast, showing the sinking of one island and the upheaving of another, from the action of the volcanic influences at work. Her Britannic Majesty's ship Surprise was for a time anchored close to the scene of these strange occurrences.

We now possess accurate accounts of the volcanic phenomena in the Bay of Santorino. Mr. Erskine, who visited the spot in Her Majesty's ship Phœbe, saw the second volcanic island rise out of the sea, like a fountain of lava, and as it rose high above the surface of the water, fragments of rock fell from its sides, when they cooled and cracked at angles, which left the masses without support. The first island of lava has now connected itself at both its ends with the island of Nea Kaïmenê, and the enclosed space forms a crater like the Solfatara, and is called the Volcano, being the centre of the volcanic action. Since Mr. Erskine's return, Dr. Julius Schmidt, an able observer, and the other members of the scientific commission sent by the Greek Government, have transmitted regular and detailed reports of the various phenomena that have occurred.

On the 20th of February, while the members of the commission were at the old crater of Nea Kaïmenê with their instruments, making observations on the volcano below, a fearful explosion arrested their attention, and, when they advanced to see the effect, a terrific eruption of flames, ashes and red-hot stones burst from the volcano. They had just time to spring for shelter under the overhanging lava of the old crater, but not until they had received a few burns on their skin and a few holes in their clothes. The fury of the eruption lasted only a few minutes, and when the wind had cleared away the smoke and ashes, they hastened to re-embark in the schooner at their disposal. The schooner, though moored between Nea and Mikrê Kaïmenê, at a much greater distance, was in considerable danger. The deck was set on fire in several places by the red-hot stones, and the men engaged in cutting the moorings and getting the vessel out of danger, received several burns. A Greek vessel, which was taking in pozzolana, nearer the volcano, was set on fire and the captain killed on the spot by a falling stone. During the rest of the day only slight explosions occurred, but smoke and flames were seen to issue from the volcano, and during the night, on one occasion, flames made their appearance over the old craters, both in Nea and Mikrê Kaïmenê, and around the new island that continues to grow out of the sea.

On the 22d, a curious phenomenon, which has generally accompanied this eruption, displayed itself with singular majesty. A dense column, which had its form as clearly defined as if it had been a mass of dark purple basalt, rose slowly out of the volcano in the air. It was about 600 feet in diameter, and ascended to a height of 4,000 feet. It apppeared as if a central column of fire glowed with a lurid coloring through a dense covering of ashes, mingled with smoke. For some time it preserved its columnar structure without yielding to the wind, but as the heavy matter fell, the smoke began gradually to disperse. It is interesting to compare this phenomenon with the description which Pliny gives (Epist. vi., xvi.) the cloud that issued from Vesuvius in the form of an immense pine-tree—*longissimo velut trunco elata in altum*—when Pompeii was destroyed and his uncle perished.

The inhabitants of Thera are greatly alarmed, and ships have been sent to enable those to escape who desire to quit the island. The danger, if not really great, is magnified by its uncertainty. The force that casts up islands of lava from the depths of the sea may topple down the town of Thera from the summit of the precipice where it stands, 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, into the gulf below. Our view is taken from a drawing made by Mr. T. Baines, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, Great Britain.

CATTLE DRIVING IN THE STREETS.

WE look back upon the persecution of the early Christians, and later upon that of the Jews, with wonder and abhorrence, and cannot frame any reasonable theory in our own minds for such cruelty and supineness in the minds of the many to the acts of the few, and yet every day in our own persons we are witnesses to acts as bad, and these we shall in the future think of with just as much abhorrence.

We cite one of these in our engraving of cattle-driving. It is an example of what can be done to outrage a million of people living in a great city, by a few wealthy men engaged in the business of buying and selling cattle. These individuals control the trade, control the streets, buy up our law-makers, ride rough-shod over the ordinances, and laugh outright when some over-goaded beast breaks away in its desperation from its persecutors, and runs *amok* through the streets, crushing and maiming, upsetting side-walk merchants, butting through shop-windows, destroying property generally, and throwing a quiet part of the city into distress and confusion.

To see this thing in its perfection we will issue to sight-seekers a few instructions. The best location is on some street leading up from a ferry—say Christopher, which leads up from the Hoboken Ferry. There, at almost any hour of the day, the scene we have depicted is acted. A drove of what Solon Shingle calls "cat-tail," are hustled, shouted at, beaten with a long piece of sapling, heavy enough to fell a bullock, until their tongues loll from their mouths, and their eyes are filled with bloodshot and madness. Then their drivers, partaking of the very lunacy of the beasts, scream and shout, lay on the goads until the poor beasts have welts across their backs two inches in breadth, and dash onward through the crowded street, mad with terror and blinded with the cloud of foul dust they raise about them. Then are the drivers delighted, and fat butchers stand in entranced admiration to see the scores of crazy beasts and men—we give the beast preference—tearing along, monopolizing the sidewalk as well as the highway, and making the able-bodied to fly before them, or trampling the old and infirm, the little one or the unwary, under foot. Through the very busiest part of the town they go, stopping business, frightening horses, filling eyes, mouths and clothes with dust, stopping travel, getting even into Broadway, and at last reaching the pens or the slaughter-houses on the east side of the town, there to be turned into beef to feed the epicurean citizens of New York and vicinity and breed disease, both from their filthy keeping and unwholesome carcasses.

"Dost like the picture," good people? And yet it is simple truth.

The New Board of Health promise us reform on this point, and we shall have it, provided they can withstand the butcherly influence, and for a few weeks the cattle-drivers will keep quiet and not kill anybody of consequence—a few old women and small children are not of consequence; but if, on the contrary, the Moloch should devour one or two wealthy citizens, a prominent politician or so, a leading editor, or Gen. Grant, there will be some hope that it will meet with a violent reform.

EASTPORT, MAINE, AND THE FENIAN DEMONSTRATION.

THE country has been thrown into a state of excitement during the week by the story of a Fenian raid upon Canada, by the way of Eastport, Maine. This raid has been long threatened by the Roberts-Sweeny wing of the organization, but as there seemed no show of it, little attention was paid to the idea, until now it seems to have burst upon our north-eastern border with some earnestness. To give a clear idea of what is doing we will give one day's telegraphing from Eastport:

The Fenians are quiet to-day.

The British steamer Rossini has sailed for St. Andrew. The steamer Pylades lies off Campo Bello Island.

Two large English war vessels are here now, with steam constantly kept up, port-holes open and everything ready. The Americans are wild, and consider it a challenge.

American veterans are joining the Circles of Fenians. The Fenians are in convention.

Both the English vessels are on the wrong track.

Deserters from the English troops are joining the Circles, and active recruiting of volunteers is going on.

The Fenians have hired the Town Hall for three days, to hold meetings. There is an open session to-night.

There is another large British steamer off Campo Bello, with a large force of men ashore at work.

A number of Fenians left on a sailing vessel last night, secretly.

A large steamer, with the American flag and private signal, has just gone up the river toward St. Andrews.

SECOND DISPATCH.

The excitement continues. The Fenian's public convention is in session.

British war steamers are continually arriving, and patrolling the harbor and St. Croix River.

Fifty Fenians have left in a schooner—destination unknown.

A suspicious steamer, showing the American colors, has just passed into St. Croix River.

There are Fenian arrivals continually.

There has been a mysterious appearance of several cannon bought here by unknown parties. Cartridges are being manufactured here.

There is tremendous excitement at St. Andrews, and volunteers are deserting, while numerous mysterious disappearances of numbers of Irishmen in the frontier towns are rumored. They are supposed to have joined the Fenians.

Whole families are flying from the border.

The simple fact is that the Fenians have made some demonstration in that quarter, though to what effect time only will show. Another week will unravel the affair. We have an artist on the spot, and shall pictorially report progress.

A YEAR AGO—AND TO-DAY.

NEVER a nation since the world began that has had such violent changes, within the shortest possible space of time, as has this universal Yankee nation. We jumped in a month from a state of peace to an army of a proffered million. We jumped in three years to a national debt equal to what Great Britain has taken a couple of centuries to make. We jumped into battles, such as the world has never known, and fought them, day after day, so joined to each other, that it became hard to tell where one ended and the other began. And just as rapidly as we rushed into these things, so rapidly did we rush out.

O land, through years of shrouded nights
  In triple blackness groping
Toward the far prophetic lights
  That beacon the world's hoping—
Behold! no tittle shalt thou miss
  Of that transforming given
To all who, dragged through hell's abyss,
  Hold fast their grip on heaven.

Little more than one year ago, the crack of the rifle and the clatter of armed men could be heard through all the land. The musket was held warily in hand, and the sword rested not in the scabbard. Dead men lay unburied beneath the Southern sun, and a million of our fellows were full in the avocations of war.

To-day the clang and clatter is hushed. The soldier is honorably mustered out. He has exchanged the McClellan cap for the soft or the stove-pipe hat, and has embraced the employments of peace. His musket or sword has literally been beaten into a plow-share; and he has gone back to all the quiet ways of citizenship, not to again don the garb of war until a stern alarum shall call him to the defense of his native land. For the long deferrence of which time, let us pray.

Therefore, oh, ransomed people shout!
  Oh, banners, wave in glory!
Oh, bugles, blow the triumph out!
  Oh, drums, strike up the story!
Clang, broken fetters, idle swords!
  Clap hands, oh, States, together
And let all praises be the Lord's,
  Our Saviour and our Father.



THE NEW SUBMARINE VOLCANO AT SANTORINO, GREEK ARCHIPELAGO—APPEARANCE OF A NEW ISLAND AND DISAPPEARANCE OF AN OLD ONE.


A YEAR AGO.
AND
TO-DAY.

AWAKENING.

BY MISS E. V. ROBERTS.

Look how she sits! the shadowy lids half close,
Yet do not hide the dark eyes' lustrous beaming,
The long brown tresses o'er her shoulders streaming,
The fair cheek, deep'ning in its tint of rose;
With airy visions doth her young heart teem
And bright sweet fancies haunt her waking dream;

Sweet fancies that she scarcely understands,
In all her slender grace of sixteen years;
Half shrinking from her thoughts with childlike fears—
Half grasping at her hopes with eager hands—
Too guileless yet for aught like passion's glow—
Her thoughts are pure as those which angels know.

She dreams of something that shall stir her heart,
And wake it from its calm, unruffled sleep;
A spirit brooding o'er the unfathomed deep,
Summoning into being life's best part:
Heaven's sweetest gift, yet oft earth's saddest woe,
The mystery half she craves, half dreads to know.

Wishes, for what she cannot comprehend,
Vague yearnings, for some good as yet unknown,
Some hidden treasure, to be hers alone—
With maidenhood's sweet bashful shrinking blend;
And under all, one deep, pure, earnest thought,
Life's holiest duties thus she shall be taught.

A strain of far-off music meets her ear,
A plenitude—it seemeth to beseech
Some longed for gift—it scarcely needeth speech;
But now the singer's voice is drawing near,
A rich, full, deep-toned voice, sings words which wake
Now half to break, now mingle with her dream.

The tender song that surely first was sung
In Paradise ere evil entered there,
And all was bright and holy, pure and fair,
And heaven was near—" and happy earth was young"—
And since, how many thousand years have rolled
How many wooings thus in song been told?

She waketh from her dream with sudden start:
Upon her brow and in her earnest eyes
A world of deeper thought and meaning lies;
The mystery hath risen from her heart,
She seeth now the thought with which she strove
Knowledge of woman's destiny—to love.

And to each woman's heart there comes this hour
Sooner or later, when she yearns to cling
Around some stronger spirit, and doth bring
Her treasures, affections, all to pour
Into one being—which, with wayward sway,
Perchance casts gift and giver both away.

But thou, sweet dreamer, wilt not know *this* fate;
To thee will many cares and griefs be given,
But all will only lead thee nearer heaven,
And draw thee closer to thy heart's true mate;
While thou, a gentle wife, wise, tender—sweet,
Shalt all his life's high purpose complete.

Bound to the Wheel

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR WATERMAN'S MATE," "BERESFORD'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXII.—BROUGHT TO BAY.

TERRIBLE was the silence of that journey to Dover—a silence that no one of the three persons attempted to break. Stage after stage the post-horses were exchanged without either of the inmates of the carriage venturing to leave it; for there was not one of the three that would not have been a mortal fear as to what the other two might say during an absence, however brief.

On arriving at the hotel at Dover, Clarissa's first inquiry was if she would be able to obtain a London evening paper, in which she expected and dreaded to find a verdict. She learned she would not be able to get one till about eight o'clock next morning, but that then the latest edition of the *Globe* always reached the hotel.

"And what to-morrow morning's London paper?"

"Not till the afternoon, about five," was the answer.

Both question and answer were heard by Sleuth and Clarissa with equal comment.

They took supper together, as silent, and almost as wan as a party of ghosts; and then, with a few and formal words, separated—Sleuth to go to his chamber, which was on the same (an upper) floor, and the two ladies to a room just over his.

Clarissa had waited for this time to speak out, but found Phillis so overwhelmed by sleep, fatigue, and depression of spirits, that she judged it wisest to let her recruit her strength; and so they held no serious talk, and Phillis was, or appeared to be, almost immediately deep in slumber.

As to Clarissa, she pondered hour after hour on Anthony's position—on what had happened in the court; what he would think of or fear for her; and then, when she became too excited to dwell on such themes, she turned to the morrow, and to the dreadful ordeal before her, in which appeared, veiled and dim, all ideas of duty, all prospects of success.

But she, too, at last slept.

* * * * *

It is ruddy morning, and the long-looked-for paper—the *Globe* it is Clarissa's hands; but, to her intense disappointment, the report of the trial broke off just where it had been made known that the chief witness, Phillis, had absconded.

Then, finding Sleuth and Phillis still in their bed-rooms (the latter she had left asleep, after a night of secret struggles and anguish, of which Clarissa knew nothing), Clarissa went out, and was absent for nearly an hour, on business of a nature that seemed to have greatly disturbed her: for when she returned and saw her face in the glass of the sitting-room, where breakfast was getting ready, she stood literally appalled at the change of a few hours, and still more at the danger that he would suspect something if he saw her as she then saw herself.

Running up to Phillis, she did not meet him, for which she had not sent any message or call, so she bathed her face for some time, and thus brought back the blood to it a little, before she ventured to converse with Phillis.

Phillis was dressing, and something in the manner of her doing so—a certain shy carefulness—struck Clarissa, but she could come to no definite conclusion, and therefore was silent.

After breakfast—during which she noticed an equally strange reticence in Sleuth—she heard in Phillis's face—she heard, while writing a letter to her father, a whisper exchanged as Sleuth passed out of the room; and then, five minutes later, she saw Phillis also open the door, and go out, professedly to her bedroom, to arrange her dress for the marriage, which was to take place at noon on the day following, in an exceedingly quiet manner. Clarissa accepted the appearance of things just for a moment—for a moment only—for the next thought was one that sent her like a wild creature to the door to listen, and then up the first stairs, where she found Phillis dressed, bonnet on, just going forth.

Ashamed of her deception, and yet blushing a little at it, Phillis forgot how to frame her, for it meant no harm, but that Sleuth had suggested that it was not pleasant for any of them to have Clarissa at the marriage, and—

"And therefore," suddenly interrupted Clarissa, "he thinks he will deceive him into doing as not to create even the hopeless cry of hearsay mercy—"

"What—what do you mean?" faltered Phillis.

"Only this: he knows—oh, most far-sighted, most honorable of men!—he knows that if you are his wife, and Anthony is injured through you or your evidence—no, not even if Anthony were on the scaffold before you both!"

Phillis tore off the garments she were to have been her wedding garments, and said, with a fierce light in her eyes:

"What I may say or do now, as regards myself and him, I know not. Heaven help me! I am reckless. But as regards you and Anthony, you shall see that I do not ever intend to be a spare instant to be capable, or allow Ann to be capable, through me, of so frightful a crime as—as you have at times thought of with me. Remember all. Bad—bad as I have been—how evil I dare not yet realize to myself—but it is not too late: no. Come!"

"My own dear Phillis! I am not deceived, then! Doubting you a hundred times, as I have, in thought, always ending in the word, 'She is true to you! she will be true to you!'"

"I will; try me! But stay! Let me not overrate my powers. It may be very difficult; but I am only strong with him when he wrongs me. It were dangerous for you to expect too much. I wish—from my soul I do—that my cause is right. But now—when he is behaving so well to me—even if I confront him with this new lie—this new and most horrible fraud upon me (for he knows—he knows, what I could not tell you before—that it is not his only that I seek to save, but Ann Maude, and Mr. Maude's rights as well)—I fear if you exact too much from me—"

"Phillis, I speak—if I dare speak him—if I do what, three days ago, I did not think God had given me the power even to dare to contemplate as a possible reality—I do that, I say, for you and me? Will you, then, support me? Will you abide, word by word, act by act, before his very face, by your confession?"

"*That* is what I am cowardly enough to wish you to ask me to do. *That* I can do, at any cost to myself, if you will only support me. I am not that, if Mr. Maude be found 'Not Guilty,' you will not, directly or indirectly use, or allow to be used, my evidence. I put that to you, as the woman who—do not despise me—I believe, even yet, will be my husband."

"I trust myself and Mr. Maude to that, but on the preliminary condition that I may use every power that I can bring to bear upon him now, before the actual force of the trial, to obtain from him all we both wish and need."

"Oh, yes!" said Phillis. "Now, then, it is I who ask you to trust! I feel I shall not fail you."

* * * * *

The wretched luncheon—following on the course of time the wretched breakfast—is over, scarcely touched by either of the persons present. Sleuth has announced that he will take his usual siesta, even while he persuades himself that Clarissa does mean merely anxiety for the upshot of the trial, and for whose sake he is doing so.

But when the luncheon things are taken away, and the room is all their own, Clarissa, often murmuring in alarm and agitated gesture, now pacing and light, rises, walks to the window, then goes to the door, locks it, and returns half-way, facing Sleuth, who has leaped to his feet.

"Mr. Sleuth," said Clarissa, her voice trembling and yet filled with a kind of ringing energy and piercing quality of tone, "will you look to the window? The two men who stand there, they wait for you and are under the direction of a magistrate who knows my failure and trusts me!"

Sleuth went—how, he knew not—and there saw two unmistakable officers of justice. Near them —but not seemingly belonging to them, appearing as a mere looker-on—stood Esau. Then he seemed about to rush at or past Clarissa.

"Stop!" she cried. "Two others are on the stairs, watching this very door."

"Miss Pompess, this—this outrage—" Sleuth began.

"Depends on your for all its meaning. I will be very frank with you. I hold here—say, keep from me, or I open the door and call, and *then* I cannot save you!—I hold here a warrant for your apprehension for murder, issued by my father, on evidence laid before him by me. And my witness is now prepared to put before you, unless even at this late and dreadful hour you will be wise, and silence her and me by your own confession of the truth!"

Sleuth's livid face showed how accurately he estimated his danger.

"Will you tell me you tell me this? Have you heard anything? Is—is Anthony found 'Not Guilty?'"

"If he were, and you were once arrested, and through me, I could not, as a magistrate's daughter, help you, but must let you go to your fate. I do not yet know the verdict, and there is time for you, time for truth, time for restitution, time for repentance, perhaps—oh, with my whole heart do I wish it!—time for heaven's forgiveness, and such use and enjoyment of life in another country as this true-hearted, however erring woman, can help to give you. But, Sleuth, we waste time. There are before you all the materials you want. It is your life that is oibing, like the sands in an hour-glass, which I can read there, gazing idly on me. Write!"

Sleuth dropped down into a chair, took pen and paper, and waited, not again raising his face. Phillis had risen and gone near to Clarissa, and stood further off from him than Clarissa herself. He was not understood that movement. Clarissa began to dictate, and drew with her left hand, by a series of nervous and most fortunate instinct, Phillis toward her as she spoke, who leaned against her as if she were a child protected by its mother.

"*I, Richard Sleuth, am the real murderer of my uncle, Silas Maude.*"

"Who dictates to whom so?" asked Sleuth.

"Richard, I have said so. I, who feel I have been, by my guilty connivance in many things, responsible for all, am."

So said Phillis, drawing courage from Clarissa's behavior and success.

"Mr. Sleuth, will you write?" demanded Clarissa, again. "Use what phraseology you please, excuse yourself as you can, but oh, beware of trifling here as regards your own conscience, the value of this to you in the future day!"

"I will not write blindly to any woman's dictation. Tell me, come of all, what is charged against me, and I will answer you."

"Phillis, I ask you to speak. Did this man west for you the value of the—the coat in which he went to examine the safe?"

"He did."

"Did he secretly reload his pistol?"

"He did."

"Did he change the burning wadding?"

"I believe he did."

"Did he tell you he had then, that night, obtained the codicil?"

"Yes. He said he had it in his hands before the murder, but it was taken away by the burglars."

"Did that wretch Bob come to you as a peddler, evidently looking for Sleuth, and did you or your godmother tell him facts that now make it clear he was seeking for one of the value of the codicil?"

"Yes."

"Anthony could not, then, have hidden it where it was found?"

"No."

"Mr. Sleuth *will you write all that?* Stay! You ask for all. Phillis, brave girl, one word more, and then I hope one day to show you and him how I can reward you for the part you who now destroy him. Did you, or did you not, when you came to the door of the bedroom, hearing the burglars inside, and were about to enter, did you then see through the key-hole, in addition to all you have told me before, this man reading a paper, which you now know proved to be a will or codicil in Anthony's favor, as the alderman had told you, when he sent you off with the letter to fetch the lawyer, that he intended to draw it, so as to be prepared against accident?"

Phillis hesitated—just a little; but Clarissa gave her a look so fiercely reproachful, and at the same time tenderly with her encircling arm; and although Sleuth, in one wild look, endeavored to stem that look, and to prevent Phillis from speaking, it was away all he possessed, Phillis did not venture to meet his gaze, but said faintly:

"I—I have already said so. I cannot now deny my words."

"Will," said Sleuth, after a pause, and with a deep mechanism of feeling that boded ill for Phillis's future—"if you—my wife that is to be—care so little for ruin, I will see why I should."

At these bitter words, Phillis, leaving Clarissa, tottered to Sleuth, and fell on her knees before him, crying:

"Richard! Richard! it is my own guilt I confess, as well as yours. After the alderman's death, I encouraged you in your doing. I would have been silent, but for reasons you know, I am and have been in the deepest wretchedness ever since. I implore you, Richard, dear Richard, to throw it off; obtain this noble lady's forgiveness, and then I will—oh, believe me, I will be true to you, and devote myself to you, more than ever, ever more, as my dear and honored husband!"

Sleuth seemed moved a little at this. He kissed her, and took her up, saying:

"Stand here, and see what I shall write. Will you excuse me, Miss Pompess?"

Sleuth began to write, and presently read aloud —strange to say, in a sonorous tone, not devoid of a certain sense of self-satisfaction

"I, Richard Sleuth, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, now tender my voluntary declaration that it was not my cousin, but I, who killed Alderman Maude, the old man having greatly provoked me by insulting words, while I was doing my best to smooth his last hours, and having, in addition, confessed that he meant to break faith with me, and give the property already promised to me, when he took me from my humble but happy home, to Anthony Maude.

"I also declare that I destroyed an unwitnessed paper, drawn up by my uncle in Anthony's favor, and condemning the will of May 2, 1811, but which, I presume, would have been witnessed had the unfortunate gentleman lived.

"I have only to add he was dying at the time, and had been kept alive for many hours, perhaps days, beyond the natural term of his existence, by the use, in the absence of him who, in a moment of temptation, through the extraordinary nature of the opportunity, through great insults and provocation, committed an act for which he trusts to receive the pardon of God and of his country-men, but which he cannot—wherever he may be, however long he may live—hope to forgive himself."

"Will that do, Miss Pompess?"

"Let me read it," she said, approaching and taking the paper. She found it was what he had professed it to be.

"Mr. Sleuth, the codicil, if you please."

"I—I have it not here."

"Then, I fear, we cannot bring this business to a satisfactory end, after all."

"I will look, if—if you please, in my trunk in the bedroom."

"Perhaps your pocket-book?"

"My pocket-book? I—I think not. Strange! Here it is! Take it, and welcome!"

He is in Anthony's people, of course the previous will gives him his right without further question?"

Sleuth's face was a sufficient answer.

Clarissa glanced at that infernal memorandum on the back, which, more than anything else, had injured Anthony, and she was about to show Sleuth that Phillis had made even that mystery clear by confessing Sleuth had spoken to her privately about Anthony's debts, and mentioning these very particulars about Slocum—how learned she knew not—long before the discovery of the codicil.

But when she saw how the court creature trembled as she contemplated the future, she felt she should do wrong to inflict any fresh pangs on her, now that she had achieved full success. So Phillis was spared that weapon to be added to Sleuth's terrible assembly of evil recollections and moods.

"Do not fear, Mr. Sleuth—I open the door only for witnesses. Please to ring while I stand here."

Sleuth did so.

In the presence of two witnesses—hotel servants to be called—Clarissa and Phillis, Sleuth—all standing around him in deep silence—and then all signed after him.

But when the witnesses had withdrawn, Clarissa went to him, now more agitated than ever, put the warrant into his hand, said, "I do believe you had provocation—Heaven has convinced me of that," and then—how shall we record it?—she kissed him on the cheek, and Sleuth dropped his head on the table and wept. And both the women wept with him.

* * * * *

The marriage has been too long delayed by these events to take place to-day, so it is settled for to-morrow, and Clarissa, in her uncertainty about Anthony's acquittal or condemnation, her feeling for Phillis, and her dread lest Sleuth might even yet turn upon her, agrees to wait and stay with them over that day. And then the name of the boys are heard crying in the street:

"The Great Trial! Verdict! Prisoner Guilty!"

"No one!" Thank God he is safe!" murmurs Clarissa.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.—HIMSELF TO THE LAST.

It is night. Sleuth is tossing in his bed in all the throes of mortal passion—a prey by turns to hate, fear, jealous remorse, thirst for vengeance, and the blackest despair.

That two women should have ruined all at last! How could he imagine they have done nothing to save Anthony, if they had given him time, while, to some degree, saving himself!

Time! Time! That was now the last and most maddening of Sleuth's secret tortures. Had he but kept the codicil, he might, in all probability, defied the attack against him, and at last at defiance—live in another country for safety and comfort, but draw his funds from this one. Fool! Madman! Idiot! Dolt!

But must he even now submit? The codicil was useless unless the confession were also got from him. Anthony would contest, of course. He might carry out, even now, his own original purpose of a modified confession, to save Anthony. Could he? Was he not defending himself?

Could it be true? Did he sleep and dream that he was letting pass away from him a superb fortune, escaping a dim indulgence, ease, tranquility, and fame?

Yes, could not lie there, at all events. He would get up. He would most likely have no choice but submit; still, it was worth thinking about, and being prepared for.

He partly dressed himself, stopping, at intervals, a long time in intense silent thoughtfulness, and sometimes on the edge of the bed, now standing in the room just where he had brought himself to a pause, now drawing cautiously aside the blinds to look out upon the night.

No life need be lost. Of course not.

"As to injury to property, I can remedy that easily, and will."

"If I am injured myself, just a little—unluckily, I can't bear much pain—who shall dare to hint—?" No. But how?

"She put both papers—Isaw her—into a pocket-book, and that she put into the pocket of her dress. What would she do with them when she undressed? Put them under the pillow, most likely. She could not—would not have thrust them further away. How then?"

Sleuth sat down, and began to write with the materials he had in a small writing-case close by,

but after two or three lines he stopped, impatiently murmuring:

"Act first, and then talk! I *can* be in no danger, except that which I voluntarily incur. And I can trust myself *that* way. Indeed, I must venture further than my own shrinking will warrant, just because I know my weakness will keep me back—must venture a little more than I like, remembering it is to regain all.

"Phillis? Well, if she likes the bed she has made, let her lie on it, but without me! She has settled me, quite. In fact, the whole scheme becomes only the more attractive if I can punish her.

"Stay! No mistakes. I AM SAFE, as things are, but ruined, hopelessly ruined in character and estate. Still I AM SAFE; and Phillis is pretty, and will be fond enough, poor fool; and I dare say I might forget all, and work myself up some-how, after many years of toil, and disgust, and obloquy.

"Yes! and all the while I shall have to think of Anthony, the grand gentleman, with his beautiful wife, and the contrast he and I will be supposed, of course, to present, when I am nothing, he all! May all infernal— I think, once, if he would have been quiet about the past, I could have liked him, even while I envied him. Now I hate him as never, I think, before, did one man hate another. I wish, if I did venture anything, he were here to—

"Pooh! This is the very way to endanger yourself, madman!

"Do you, or do you not intend to act?"

He went to his portmanteau, took out a pistol-case, from which he drew a pistol, and carefully removed the charge.

"I won't trust myself at that game again, any-how. I'm not bad enough for that. But if I cannot manage one way, I must try another. If chance does not aid me—in her absence from the room—I must get Phillis away from her, and then frighten her! Unless, indeed—thus armed—I faced them both. Why not?"

Again he stood paralyzed by doubt—whether to take the assured safety he had secured, with the beggary he so much dreaded; or risk he hardly knew what, but as he thought, a risk that might be prudently incurred, if only he were satisfied it was best.

Anthony's image—as a prosperous gentleman, overwhelmed with congratulations on his escape from so great a "rascal's schemes" as his (Sleuth's)—decided him. He was in his trowsers, and he would put on nothing more. He took off his socks, and threw aside his braces, and ran his fingers through his hair to scatter it with wild disorder.

Then he collected his treasures—gold, bank-notes, and small matters of value—put them into his trousers' pockets with the paper he had begun to write, saying:

"All else must go."

He fetched from a dressing-room an extremely thick overcoat and put it on, to see how it would protect him; then took it off for a time. He now drew the long white dimity curtains of his bed across a chair to support them, and fasten them so that he made them reach the window blinds, which were near—the top curtains to one window, the bottom ones to the other window. He put a chair by the bedside, and a candle on it, just as if he had been using it to read by, under the over-hanging curtain, but too low as yet to set it on fire.

He saw the furniture, like the house itself, was old, handsome, but worm-eaten, and extraordi-narily dry, and that it must burn, if once that single curtain by the bed's head took light. The bedstead itself was an incipient and certain bon-fire.

The women slept over him. He breathed hard through his nostrils as he thought of them; then, in a sort of realistic spirit, he put a news-paper on the table by the candle, and got on to the bed, and began to read it, or try to read it, while reserving yet one moment as his own before making a new and dreadful venture. But he had thought it well out. No life would be in danger, no property sacrificed but what he could repay.

The newspaper catches fire, and Sleuth seems half-inclined, by his theatrical start, to try to cheat himself into the belief it was accident after all that set the fire going.

He leaps from the bed, for he is startled by the suddenness and the gigantic instantaneous growth of the fire.

He opens the door, and shouts to the whole household:

"Fire! fire! fire!"

He puts on his coat, dips a towel in the water-jug to carry in his hand, and then, after such a delay as he thinks gives time for him to seem to have put on his trowsers after being roused from sleep by the fire, runs down to the floor below, shouting as he goes—and meeting people who take up the cry:

"Fire! fire! fire!"

He hammers at the door of the two women, and is answered by a shriek from within.

"Phillis! Clarissa! the house is on fire! The staircase will be impassable in an instant! Open! open!"

The door is opened, and both the women stand there in their night-gowns, but wrapped in their traveling cloaks.

"Quick! wait for nothing! or your lives are not worth two seconds' purchase!"

Out they came, and were met in the corridors by other guests; some shrieking, some urging calmness, all rushing down the stairs in a flock.

They got safely to the bottom, and into a coffee-room on the ground story; and there, the first feeling of terror over, they are all about—under the guidance of a thoughtful head-waiter—to go to an adjoining house, when Clarissa suddenly exclaims in a low tone to Phillis:

"My papers! I must get them first!"

"I will fetch them!" cries Sleuth, who had only been waiting for some such excuse, and away he runs, hearing but not heeding—not believing—Clarissa's call to him to stop, who is in anguish about his danger, for the papers are not in the bedroom, but in the landlady's charge, to whom Clarissa—ever thoughtful where such interests were at stake—had confided them.

Sleuth flies up, leaps over two or three stairs at a time, blinded, almost suffocated, but sure now of success. He pins the wet towel round his neck, so as to cover at pleasure the lower part of his face, drops to his knees to pass along the corridor; gets confused as to the room; goes crawling first into one, then into another; grows frantic with the delay, is tempted on by the cooler air he finds as he advances, and by the fact that he *is* just able to bear it; but when at last he reaches the room, and knows it by things belong-ing to Phillis on the ground—a slipper and a head dress—he is scarcely able to rise to the pillow, the smoke is so dense, the heat so fearful, the flame outside the window so vivid, in spite of the inter-vening smoke.

"Not there!" He runs to the dressing-table. "Not there! Merciful heaven! is all this for nothing?" Again he hunts, but feels nowhere that which he seeks—the pocket-book with those damnatory papers inside.

He must give it up while he is safe. Yes; he has failed—that is all, and must now make the best of things. 'Tis a pity! He has failed, but he is safe. But he must hurry. The fire is fear-ful. Again, on hands and knees, he seeks his way back. As he approaches the staircase, he sees it suddenly all aglow—one rail of the banisters after another answering to the call of the flames, and laughing out, as in demoniac frenzy. That very staircase down which he must pass!

"Perhaps the stairs are burnt through!" cries the miserable man, in his first paralysis of terror.

He reaches them, turns to descend on hands and knees, lest they may be too weak otherwise to bear him, and also in the hope to shelter his face, and thus he moves—his hands in torture, burning at every touch of the floor; his knees and naked feet the same. Thus he descends back-ward, tremblingly setting his feet on the stairs in succession; each step growing hotter—more un-endurable. His shrieks for help now are heard, through all the roar and crackling of the fire, and through the confused hubbub of the people below and outside. He cannot descend! Again more and more harrowing are his cries, which are answered from below, though he is too confused to know or distinguish what is said.

He turns to face the seething, roaring gulf.

And then in that awful moment there comes back to Sleuth the remembrance of his dream on the night of the day when Anthony, sitting on the bed of the murdered man, after nailing up the room, had given him the house and land which formed the scene of his crime. Now, as then, his foot seemed glued in blood to a spot from which he could not move it, either to go back or to go down, only now he had what he had not then felt—the unendurable bodily anguish of the fire. There was before him the very gulf he had then seen. And as he thought of it all, in that won-drous swiftness of soul which enables it to concen-trate almost any amount of thought and emotion into a space so brief as hardly to be calculable—Sleuth saw in the raging gulf of smoke and flame beneath him the picture of his dream—the alder-man, with his white head thrown back, and his arms outstretched—but no longer toward his un-happy and forgiven daughter, but toward him (Sleuth), as if waiting for him, and beckoning to him by a look and gesture that Sleuth's rocking brain could no longer resist.

A hopeless glance backward, another still more hopeless downward in front, and then there is a leap, as of despair, into that awful caldron, which seems to Sleuth as if hell itself were opened for him in anticipation. He leaps madly forward, as if with one last despairing thought that he may land somewhere in sufficient safety, again to make fresh efforts. He leaps, and alights almost at the bottom of the staircase, but the weight of the falling body carries with it masses of the burning wood-work, no longer able to bear him. A great roar, as of a giant's exultation—a great, upward-shooting light—and all is over!

* * * * * *

Sleuth's danger had kept Clarissa rooted to the spot where he had left her, till she was borne fur-ther off by the seething, swaying crowd, who shifted nearer and further off, just as the fire waxed or waned.

In one of these excited movements, before the fall of the staircase with Sleuth, Clarissa got hold of the landlady and asked for her papers.

"Oh, my dear young lady, they are gone!"

The look in Clarissa's face, and then the deadly whiteness, warned the landlady, and she was just in time to receive Clarissa into her arms, and lead her away into a neighboring house.

* * * * * *

When Sleuth's dead body was found, after the fire had been partially got under, there was, also, found in his pocket, sheltered by the purse, a piece of paper, on which was written, in a blurred, indistinct, hesitating kind of hand, these words:

"Moved by the tears of these two women, both dear to me, and by my cousin's fate, I have con-sented temporarily to take on myself the burden of Anthony's crime, so far as——"

There ended the document.

A Speculative Cure.—One of the physicians of the Emperor Napoleon, M. Jobert de Lamballe, has recently become a lunatic and has in consequence been placed in a *maison de santé*. Three or four days before this took place, he went to call on a friend, and suddenly in the middle of the conversation he broke out into a sort of lecture on mental diseases, tracing out with vigor and brilliancy the causes, symptoms, and various characteristics of these terrible complaints. The friend listened for more than half an hour, but he was not very comfortable at seeing the then excited state of M. Jobert. Three or four days afterward he was not sur-prised to hear of the state in which his visitor was, and he then began to recall the treatment suggested by the patient himself. As M. Jobert was one of the ablest physicians in Paris, it is possible that he may be cured with his own remedies.

ROMANTIC.

One of the most beautiful actresses of the Boulevards, Paris, received daily, for about a month, a little penny bouquet of violets. She found the bouquet in the box or with the door-keeper every evening as the play was about to begin, and this simple offering of an unknown love affected her, in spite of herself.

While acting, she looked carefully around—at the boxes, the parquet, and even behind the scenes—but to no purpose; she saw nothing by which to recognize the man of bouquets. And thereupon she gave her imagination free rein, and the imagination of an actress is very similar to that of other folks.

Was he a foreign prince, who wished to captivate her heart before placing at her feet his crown and treasures? Or was he an artist, too bashful to declare his passion?

She interrogated the box-keeper, the tire-woman—in short, everybody employed in the theatre, but nobody knew anything about it. Still the bouquets came.

"Do they tell us that constancy is a chimera?" mur-mured she.

One evening, as she entered the theatre, she received a fresh bouquet of violets, and this time the flowers were accompanied by a letter. "At last?" she said, and opening it by the light of a reflector, she read as follows:

"Mademoiselle: I have loved you for a long time, for is not beholding and loving you the same thing? Every day I come to admire you, to applaud you, to delight myself with the brightness of your eyes and the charm of your voice—"

"He must be in the house," thought the actress, and she peeped through a hole in the curtain. The audi-ence had just commenced to assemble. She resumed the reading:

"Of your voice. You are indeed beautiful and charm-ing, and happy are they who may approach you. What would I not give to be near you always? Would the treasures of all the world be worth one of your smiles? No."

"Ah, that is nice!" she sighed; and turning the page she continued:

"No! And yet I dare to love you—to tell you that I love you still more. I venture to beg you not to reject my homage."

"He begins to explain himself," said she to herself, "and I shall know"—and she continued—"my homage. If this expression of my love does not offend you, place this bouquet of violets in your bosom. Oh! then I shall be the happiest of men!"

"Well," said she, "no signature, no name given; but let us see—here is a postscript."

"P. S.—If you are curious to know who writes to you, look up to the fourth tier; my legs will hang over!"

The note dropped from the hand of the actress, and her arms nearly dropped from her shoulders.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

These two monarchs, a few years ago, so cordially united in the struggle to maintain the integ-rity of the Ottoman Empire, are both descendants of American ladies; the one a grandson and the other a great-grandson. The ladies were born in the same neighborhood, on the Island of Martinique, one of the West Indies. They were of French origin, and com-panions and intimate friends in childhood and youth. They were Josephine de Tascher and Miss S——. The history of Josephine is generally known. She went to France and was married to M. de Beauharnais, by whom she had one son, Eugene, and a daughter, Hor-tense. Some time after the death of Beauharnais, Jose-phine was married to Napoleon Bonaparte, and became Empress of France. Her daughter, Hortense, was mar-ried to Louis Bonaparte, then King of Holland, and the present Emperor of France is her son by this marriage. But now for the romance of the affair: Josephine's bosom-friend quitted the island of Martinique some time before she did. But the vessel that was carrying her to France was attacked and taken by Algerine cor-sairs, and the crew and passengers made prisoners; but the corsair ship was, in turn, attacked and pil-laged by Tunis pirates, and Miss S. was carried by them to Constantinople and offered for sale as a slave. Her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments found her a purchaser in the Sultan himself, and she soon became the chief lady in his seraglio, and Sultana of Turkey. Mahmoud II. was her son; Abdul Medjid was the son of Mahmoud; and the present Sultan, Abdul Aziz Khan, is the grandson of Mahmoud. Thus, the two sovereigns, who occupy so large a space in the world's eye, are de-scended from two American Creole girls, who were playmates in their youth, and as remarkable for their beauty and excellent dispositions as for their varied and singular fortunes. Both these women, in the height of their power, remembered the friends of their youth, and provided munificently for their welfare. Many of the relatives of the Sultaness left the Island of Martinique and settled in Constantinople, where their descendants still reside and enjoy the favor of the Sultan. The Sultaness died in 1811, the Empress Jose-phine in 1814.

A Self-Loading Ship.—M. De Coraux, of Lyons, France, has invented and constructed a ship, which he claims can load or unload itself automatically in 40 minutes. The captain and the mechanician are the only crew on board, the working and the manipula-tion of the vessel and cargo being all performed by steam applied to the ingenious machinery. The loading is carried on by trucks and wagons, which can contain corn, flour, bales, cattle, horses, etc. The vessel is, as may be expected, of a peculiar character, but its exterior bears all the signs of sea-worthiness. The great changes are on deck and the interior. The former is covered with lines of rail, reaching from one extremity to the other, while at midships there are two turn-tables. In front and rear there are two or more immense cages, containing 8, 12, or 16 wagons, and the rails on which the wagons rest are adapted exactly to the rails of the deck. A cable is hooked to the wagons, which traverse the deck throughout its length, and the stern of the boat having been previously placed on a level with the quay, which is also furnished with rails, or may be, perhaps, a portion of a terminus, the wagons glide without the least interruption from the vessel to the land, and *vice versa*.

The London Times.—The "Lounger in the Clubs" of an illustrated contemporary, says: "If you have studied the *Times* lately, you will have seen that it has, in many instances, been so utterly wrong in its political vaticinations as to bring you to the conclusion that it must of late have been smitten with blindness. Indeed, rumor says that its proprietors have been quite alarmed by its vacillating conduct, the want of fore-sight of its conductors, its egregious mistakes, and its consequent loss of influence. The profits of the paper are as large as ever—perhaps larger — but the pro-prietors see and regret that its influence is decreasing every day; and it is confidently asserted that the chief proprietor, whom I need not name, has decided, and made known his decision, that unless more caution be observed some change in the staff must be made. The rumor is current at the Clubs and in the House, and is generally believed. Some indeed say that a political censor either is, or is to be, appointed to overlook all articles before they are printed."

Value of Land in London.—Another illus-tration of the value of land in the city is afforded by the history of a little piece at the corner of Lombard street, formerly the site of Spooner & Co.'s banking-house. When these premises were pulled down, the ground was let to the Agra and Masterman's Bank for 99 years, at £6,000 a year. Owing to a change in the arrangements of that bank, it was next sold to the City Offices Company, at a premium of £70,000, and a build-ing is now being erected upon it, at a cost of £70,000, the gross rental of which is estimated at £22,000, the London and County Bank paying £12,000 for the ground floor and basement.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY

An American gentleman traveling in Ireland hired a pure native as a servant, who he thought could give him information about the country. Observing a beautiful residence at some distance, the following colloquy ensued:

Gent.—"Patrick, who lives there?"

Servt.—"It's Mr. Fitzgerald that's dead, sir."

Gent.—"What did he die of?"

Servt.—"He died of a Thursday, sir."

Gent.—"How long has he been dead, Patrick?"

Servt.—"If he had lived till next Thursday, sir, he'd be dead a year."

Gent.—"Have you taken anything to drink to-day, Patrick?"

Servt.—"I wull, sir."

Gent.—"Well, what shall it be? will you take raw liquor, or will you have grog, or shall I make you a toddy?"

Servt.—"If your honor please, I will take raw liquor first, thin I can be drinking the grog while you are making the toddy."

A waggish cobbler, once in Rome, put forth a proclamation, that he'd be willing to disclose, for a due consideration, a secret which the cobbling world could ill afford to lose—the way to make, in one short day, a hundred pair of shoes. From every quarter, to the sight, there ran a thousand fellows; tanners, cobblers, boot-men, shoe-men, jolly leather-sellers—all redolent of beer and smoke, and cobbler's wax and hides; each fellow pays his thirty pence, and calls it cheap besides. Silence! The cobbler enters, and casts around his eyes, then curls his lip—the rogue!—then frowns, and then looks wondrous wise. "My friends," he says, "'tis simple quite, the plan that I propose; and every one of you, I think, might learn it if you chose. A good sharp knife is all you need, in carrying out my plan; so easy is it, none can fail, let him be child or man: to make a hundred pair of shoes, just go back to your shops, and take a hundred pair of boots and cut off all the tops!"

The New York *Herald* had the following startling caption to a long editorial:

"Shall we have the cholera or some other dreadful disease in New York?"

To which the Louisville *Journal* replied:

"You pays your money and you has your choice."

A would-be agreeable, taking his seat be-tween Madame de Stael and the reigning beauty of the day, said:

"How happy I am to be thus seated between a wit and a beauty!"

"Yes," replied Madame de Stael, "and without pos-sessing either."

A lady was told, the other day, by a travel-ing gentleman, that every lady who had a small mouth was provided with a husband by Government.

"Ith it pothibul?" said the lady, making her mouth as little as she could.

The gentleman added: "That if she had a large mouth she was provided with two husbands."

"My gracious!" exclaimed the lady, at the same time throwing her mouth open to its full extent.

The gentleman became alarmed, made his escape, and has not been heard of since.

Woman (says the London *Spectator*), by a beneficent provision of nature, is exempt from the temptations to gourmandise. Few women worth a straw care a straw what they eat (?) and as few men do not care. To the last day of their lives the best and cleverest women will eat the horrid imitation of sponge called buns, and for those who can eat buns with a relish, gastronomy is an impertinence.

The Rockland *Gazette*, in announcing the receipt of a new work, speaks thus briefly and to the point: "We have received a book, entitled 'Arabella: a Tale of Tenderness.' The author is a fool."

Boileau being frequently called upon by an idle, ignorant person, who complained to him that he did not return his visits. "Sir," said the French satirist, "we are not upon equal terms; you call upon me merely to get rid of your time; when I call upon you, I lose mine."

The past fall, as a lady, modestly attired, was on her way to the city of New York, on board one of the Hudson River night boats, she sat quietly reading in the lady's cabin, when a flashily-dressed dame, mis-taking her for a servant, rather rudely accosted her with:

"Do you know this cabin is for the ladies?"

"Certainly I do," was the answer; "and have been wondering for some time why you are here!"

"I don't want mother to marry again," said a little boy, one morning, at the breakfast-table.

"Why not?" was asked, with some surprise.

"Because," said he, "I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting acquainted with another."

An elderly lady, telling her age, remarked that she was born on the 23d of April. Her husband, who was present, observed:

"I always thought you were born on the 1st of April?"

"People well might think so," replied the lady, "in the choice I made of a husband."

There is much wisdom in a few words spoken by an English farmer, who advised "to feed land before it is hungry, to rest it before it is weary, and to weed it before it is foul."

"Mother, did you hear sissy swear?"

"No, my dear; what did she say?"

"Why, she said she wasn't going to wear her darned stockings to church!"

A young lady, whose father is improving the family mansion, insists upon having a *beau* window put in for her benefit.

With what letters should poets and historians write? With E E (ease).

"You labor too hard on your composition, doctor," said a flippant clergyman to a venerable divine; I write a sermon in two hours, and think no-thing of it.

"So do your congregation," quoth the doctor.

The tears we shed for those we love are the streams which water the garden of the heart, and with-out them it would be dry and barren, and the gentle flowers of affection would perish.

A newspaper editor says he felt called upon to publish Father Lewis's sermon on the "Locality of Hell," as it was a question in which nearly all his read-ers were deeply interested.

"Johnny, how many cakes did you have on Christmas day?"

"Five: first a sponge cake, than an almond cake, then a currant cake, then a sweet cake, and then a stoma-cake!"

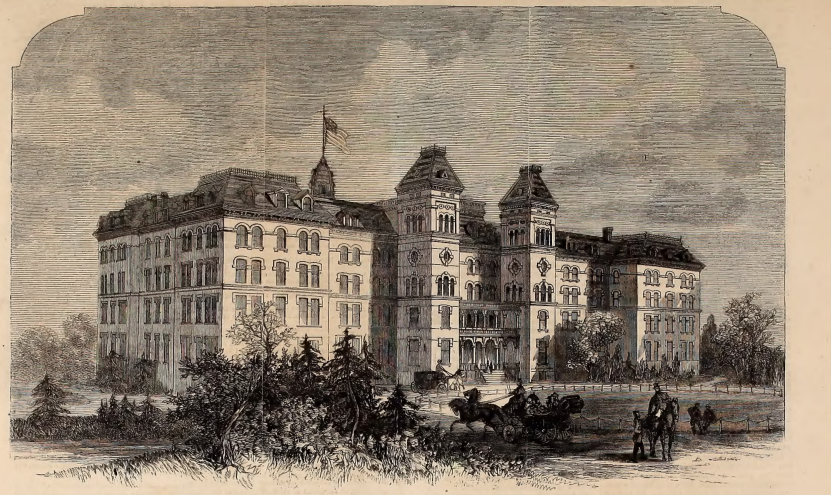
Henry Ward Beecher says, that he would as soon go a courting with his father's old love-letters, as go to church and carry a book to pray out of.

"I have not loved lightly," as the man said when he married a widow weighing 300 pounds.

An advertiser in one of the papers says he has a cottage to let containing eight rooms, *and an acre of land.*

"I haae the best wife in the world," re-marked an ill-used husband; "she always strikes me with the soft end of the broom."

"It is a great misfortune," says La Bruyere, "not to have mind enough to talk well, nor judgment enough to be silent."



VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES COLLEGE OF BUSINESS AND FINANCE, AT NEW HAVEN, CONN.

U. S. COLLEGE OF BUSINESS AND FINANCE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

"Educational Union of Business Men."

A MEETING of merchants, bankers and friends of education was held at the St. Nicholas Hotel on Saturday evening, 7th of April, to give expression and aid to the laudable efforts of the board of managers and executive officers of the "United States College of Business and Finance," New Haven, Conn., in founding an institution, whose course of study and business operations so worthily represents the needs of the mercantile and business professions. A number of those present were once students of Profs. Thomas H. Stevens and C. B. Wells, now the executive officers of the College.

The meeting passed resolutions highly complimentary to these gentlemen, Ex-Governor Holley, and other managers, and pledged themselves to use their influence to increase the endowments for the erection of new college buildings, the establishing of additional professorships, and to cooperate together, as an association, to advance the cause of education and increase the character of the business community.

We present in this issue a sketch of the meeting, the new college building, and the resolutions adopted—believing that the public, and friends of education everywhere, will rejoice over the union of those two grand interests of our country—educationand business:

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That the mercantile and business community of New York City have long felt the want of an institution of practical education, that should thoroughly fit the merchant, accountant and banker to worthily fill their respective stations.

Resolved, That the mercantile profession of New York recognize in the "United States College of Business and Finance" at New Haven, Conn., an institution justly calculated to meet this want, increase the character and wisdom of the body collectively, and through its graduates, its members individually.

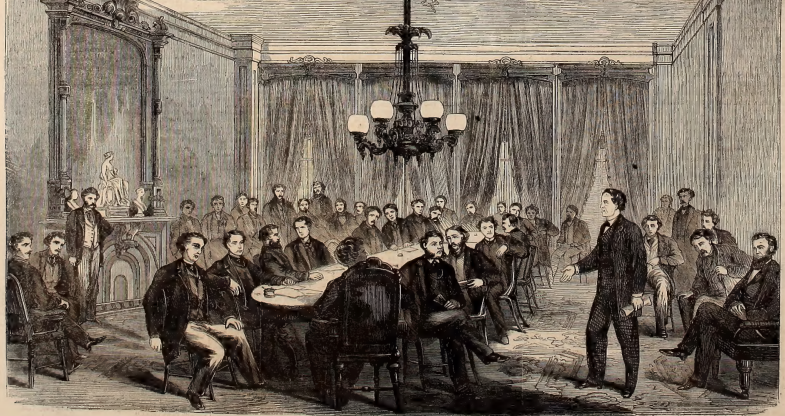
Resolved, That in Ex-Governor A. H. Holley, Hon. H. M. Welch, Wm. Williams, Darius Wells, Amos F. Barnes and R. C. Talbott, we recognize experienced business men—and talent worthy of entire confidence in them as a Board of Managers of a business and financial institution of practical education.

Resolved, That in the persons of Thomas H. Stevens, President, and Charles B. Wells, Secretary, and executive officers of the said "United States College of Business and Finance," New Haven, Conn., we see men eminently adapted by education, experience, moral worth and executive ability, for their respective positions of trust and responsibility.

Resolved, That in the hundreds of young men who have graduated under their guardianship and teachings, now filling stations of trust and profit in this city, and in the several departments under the General Government, we find unmistakable evidence of careful training in all the complicated details of trade, justly objecting none of us, and endearing Professors Stevens and Wells to all, for their special efforts in our behalf.

Resolved, That we commend their patriotism in behalf of *disabled soldiers*, in admitting them to the institution at *half the regular rates*, and that we shall co-operate in giving preference and employment to those who bear the honorable scars of war.

Resolved, That it is our duty, in consideration of the foregoing, and we hereby do form ourselves into an association under the name of "Educational Union of Business Men," under which we mutually pledge ourselves to give such assistance, and use such influence as may be in our power, to aid the graduates of said college in procuring positions and employment, and to



MEETING OF MERCHANTS, BANKERS, AND FRIENDS OF EDUCATION, AT THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, NEW YORK, ON SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 7.



A CHINOOK HEAD FLATTENING MACHINE.

protect them and each other in their and our legitimate rights in the profession.

Resolved, That we, as members of the various business professions, shall labor jointly, and individually—faithfully by word and act—ever using such influence as we may possess—to increase the endowments already so nobly begun, for the erection and completion of the new college buildings, the establishing of such professorships, libraries, &c., as shall best aid the true culture for business men.

Resolved, That Henry R. Heath, of No. 354 Broadway, be hereby appointed receiver and depository for such subscriptions and endowments—to make a report of progress at the next meeting of the association.

Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions and the minutes of this meeting be published in each of the New York papers as the President shall select, and a copy of the same be mailed to Thomas H. Stevens, President of the "United States College of Business and Finance," New Haven, Conn.

The conditions upon which business men and graduates of the college can become members and avail themselves of the benefits of this Association, can be obtained by addressing Charles S. Goodwin, Corresponding Secretary, 328 Broadway, New York.



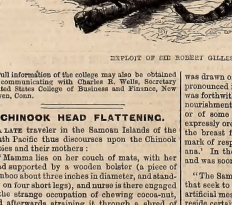
EXPLOIT OF SIR ROBERT GILLESPIE.

Full information of the college may also be obtained by communicating with Charles E. Wells, Secretary United States College of Business and Finance, New Haven, Conn.

CHINOOK HEAD FLATTENING.

A LATE traveler in the Samoan Islands of the South Pacific thus discourses upon the Chinook babies and their mothers:

"Mamma lies on her couch of mats, with her head supported by a wooden bolster (a piece of bamboo about three inches in diameter, and standing on four short legs), and nurse is there engaged in the strange occupation of chewing cocoa-nut, and afterwards straining it through a shred of rag. But where is baby? Guided by its mother's eyes, you discover, lying by the wall, three smooth, flat stones, arranged something like the brick-bat trap contrived by European juveniles for the snaring of birds, and beyond this your astonished eyes are greeted by the sight of a naked little black body and a pair of chubby legs, quite hearty



BUSHUKULOMPO HAIRDRESSING.

and promising, and much more lively than one might expect of legs belonging to a head hidden under a heap of stones.

"It is, however, not a case of infanticide; the stones form but the customary cap worn for a season by the Samoan baby, and to the end that its head may be of a 'good shape.' It may suit some folks very well to be content with just whatever shaped cranium nature may please to assign them, but the Samoan is not so easily pleased; his notion of a perfect head is one that is flat from the forehead to the crown, and straight from the chin to the temples. Such heads are not commonly produced by nature, but that is no bar to the realization of the Samoan's desire; therefore, as soon as the child is born, it is at once laid flat on its back, and the top and sides of its head are walled in with flat stones, heavy enough to impede the natural development of the skull.

"This lying apart from the mother necessitates the adoption of some other mode than the natural one of feeding, and so we come at the mystery of the nurse and the cocoa-nut chewing. For the first three days the infant was fed with the juice of the chewed kernel of the cocoa-nut, expressed through a piece of native cloth, and dropped into the mouth. On the third day a woman of the sacred craft was sent for to examine the mother's milk. A little was put into a cup with water and two heated stones, and then examined. If it had the slightest curdled appearance, she pronounced it bitter and poisonous. This process she repeated two or three times a day for several days, until it was drawn off free from coagulation, and then she pronounced it sweet and wholesome, and the child was forthwith permitted to partake of its proper nourishment. Occasionally the god of the father, or of some member of the family, spoke, and expressly ordered that the child have nothing but the breast for an indefinite time. This was a mark of respect to the god, and called his 'banana.' In these cases the child grew amazingly, and was soon literally as plump as a banana.

"The Samoans are not the only savage nation that seek to improve the shape of their heads by artificial means. Near the river Columbia there reside certain Indians, who are distinguished from other tribes by the appellation of "flat-heads." In reality, however, it is only a section of the tribe—they who are called 'Chinooks'—that constantly resort to this singular custom of distorting the skull. As in the case of the Samoan, it is effected while the child is very young, and the bones are soft and cartilaginous. The child is placed in a kind of cradle, with its back lying on a board, to which it is lashed with strong thongs. The back of the head is supported by a pillow of moss or rabbit-skins, and an inclined piece of wood is so placed over the forehead that, being fastened with cords and tightly pressed down, it gradually flattens the head to the required shape. This bandage is so fastened that it is attended with very little torture to the unconscious infant—the pressure being very slight at first, but it is gradually increased. The length of time required to complete the flattening operation is from five to eight months. During this time the infant is never taken out; the bandages are repeatedly removed for the purpose of cleansing, but the head and the shoulders are carefully kept in one position. When the infant requires the breast, the outer end of the lever that comes over the nose is loosed, and the cradle, occupant and all, is lifted up and turned aside, so that the infant



SEPULCHRE, OR SACRED BUSH, OF KALALAS, NEW CALEDONIA.

may come to the breast without disengaging itself, or disturbing the arrangement.'

We are not so sure but some American mothers do about as foolish things with their babes as do the Samoan mothers.

AN EXPLOIT OF SIR ROBERT CILLESPIE.

A REMARKABLE instance of the confidence of a horse in a firm rider, and his own courage, has been lately conspicuously evinced in the case of an Arab, mentioned by Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton Smith. General Sir Robert Gillespie happened, when mounted on this animal, to be present on the race-course of Calcutta, during one of the great Hindoo festivals, when several hundred thousand people had assembled. On a sudden, an alarm was given that a tiger had escaped from his keepers. Sir Robert immediately snatched a boar-spear, and rode to attack this formidable enemy. The tiger was probably confounded by the crowd, but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched to spring at him. At that instant, the gallant soldier on his gallant steed leapt right over the tiger, Sir Robert striking the spear through the animal's spine!

This horse was a small gray, but he possessed another which has become almost historical. It was a favorite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Hope, and carried with him to India. When the noble soldier fell at the storming of Kalunga, his charger was put up for sale, and after great competition, was knocked down to the privates of the 8th Dragoons, who actually contributed their prize-money, to the amount of £500, to retain this memorial of their beloved commander. The beautiful charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march, and at the station at Cawnpore took his ancient post, at the colorstand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drill and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought by a gentleman, who provided a paddock for him, where he might pass the remainder of his days in comfort; but when the corps had departed, and the sound of the trumpet was heard no more, the gallant steed pined, refused his food, and on the first opportunity, being led out for exercise, he broke from his groom, galloped to his ancient station on parade, neighed loudly again and again; and there, on the spot where he had so often proudly borne his beloved master, he dropped down and died!

HAIRDRESSING IN AFRICA.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, who touches a little on everything in his travels, from the discovery of a new river, to the fashion of an African belle's necklace, gives us a description of the modes of hair-



LUNDA LADY.

dressing upon and about the Zambesi. Its publication may give some hints to our own Fifth Avenue for next season.

"The hair is gathered in plaits, close over the whole surface of the head, the lines running fore and aft, and the ends hanging down in ringlets over the neck. In both sexes the patterns chosen are various. Some will have only five or seven plaits, while others will prefer as many as 30 or more. Some again have the whole of the head dressed backward; others wear the front part plaited toward the sides, with the ends hanging over the temples. Formerly young soldiers were not allowed to trees their hair until they had killed a man, when they shaved the whole of the head, leaving only a single plait. Another was added for each man killed, till they had reached the fifth, when they were privileged to wear a whole head of hair. Now-a-days, excepting in some of the remote Galla districts, the number of tresses depends on the age of the wearer, rather than on his prowess. Youths and young women usually



HANNO APPROACHING THE ISLAND OF WILD MEN OR GORILLAS.]

shave the crown like a priest, while mothers and full-grown men treat the whole. Some ladies have their butter dashed on quickly, and then some scant; but the great go among the dandies to appear in the morning with a huge pat of butter (about two ounces) placed on the top of the head, which, as it gradually melts in the sun, runs over the hair, down the neck, over the forehead, and often into the eyes, thereby causing much smarting.

"They came frequently and asked for the looking-glass, and the remarks they made—while it was carefully in reading, and apparently not attending to them—on first seeing themselves therein, were exceedingly ridiculous: 'Is this me?' 'What a big mouth I have!' 'My ears are as big as pumpkin leaves!' 'I have no chin at all!' Or, 'I would have been pretty, but am spoiled by these high cheek-bones!' 'See how my head shoots up in the middle!' laughing vociferously all the time at their own jokes. They readily perceive any defect in each other, and give nicknames accordingly. One man came alone to have a quiet glass at his own features once, when he thought I was asleep; after twisting his mouth about in various directions, he remarked to himself, 'People say I am ugly, and how very ugly I am, indeed!'

"The man of a village came to our encampment, and as they followed the Bushmanlong mode of dressing their hair, we had an opportunity of examining it for the first time. A circle of bald at the top of the head, eight inches or more in diameter, is woven into a cone, eight or ten inches high, with an obtuse apex bent in front as sea a shepherd's crook, giving it somewhat the appearance of a helmet. Some have only a cone four or five inches in diameter at the base. It is said that the hair of animals is added; but the sides of the cone are woven something like basket-work. The head man of this village, instead of having his brought to a point, had it prolonged into a wand, which extended a full yard from the crown of the head. The hair on the forehead, above the ears, and behind, is all shaven off, so they appear somewhat as if a cap of liberty were cocked upon the top of the head. After the weaving is performed, it is said to be painful, as the scalp is drawn tightly up, but they become used to it. Some proved me that all the people were formerly ornamented in this way, but be discouraged it. I rubbed him to discourage the practices of knocking out the front teeth, but he smiled, as if in that case the fashion would be too strong for him, as it was for Solitaire.

"All the Batoka tribes follow the odious custom. This is done by both sexes, and though the under-teeth, being relieved from the attrition of the upper, grow long and somewhat bent out, and thereby cause the under-lip to protrude in a most unsightly way, no young woman thinks herself accomplished until she has got rid of the upper incisors. This custom gives all the Batoka an uncouth, old-man-like appearance. They are so attached to a practice that even Sebituane was unable to eradicate it. He issued orders that none of the children living under him should undergo the operation, but when their parents, and disobedience to his mandates was usually punished with severity; but, notwithstanding this, the children would appear in the streets without their incisors, and no one would confess to the deed. When questioned respecting the origin of this practice, the Batoka reply that their object is to be like oxen; and those who retain their teeth they consider to resemble zebras. Whether this is the true reason or not is difficult to say, but it is noticeable that the veneration for oxen which prevails in many tribes should have been adopted with hatred of the zebra, as among the Bakwains, that this operation is performed at the same age that circumcision is in other tribes, and that in that ceremony is unknown. The custom is so universal, that a person who has his teeth is considered ugly, and occasionally when the Batoka borrowed my looking-glass the disparaging remark would be made respecting boys or girls who still retained their teeth: 'Look at their great teeth!' Some of the Makololo give a more facetious explanation of the custom. They say that the wife of a chief, having in a quarrel bitten her husband's hand, he in revenge ordered her front teeth to be knocked out, and all the men in the tribe followed his example; but this does not explain why they afterward knocked out their own."

CORILLAS.

For nearly 200 years naturalists have been vaguely acquainted of the existence of a certain species of ape, of a physiognomy milder and more human-like than the ordinary race of monkeys. One of these, "a small ape, hideous, without cheek-pouches, and without the ischial callosities, clothed with black hair, and with a facial angle of about 60 degrees," was brought from the western coast of Africa and anatomized by Tyson. This interesting little monkey was christened *Homo Sylvestris*, or, as we should say, a wood-man. Tyson in 1699, entitled "The Anatomie of a Pigmie compared with that of a Monkey, an Ape, and a Man," the main features of his newly-discovered animal's organization are discussed.

This, however, by no means the earliest record we have of the existence of man-like apes. More than 2,000 years ago, Hanno, a Carthaginian, was sent out by his Government to circumnavigate the African continent. In the "Periplus," a sort of log of his marvelous voyage kept by the ancient sea-dog, we read, at starting, "it was decreed by the Carthaginians that Hanno should undertake a voyage beyond the pillars of Hercules and found Lybo-Phœnician cities. He accordingly sailed with 60 ships of 50 oars each, and a body of men and women to the number of 30,000, with provisions and other necessaries . . . On the other day, passing the streams of fire, we came to a bay called the Horn of the South. In the recess there was an island like the first, having a lake, and in this there was another island full of wild men. But much the greater part of them there were women with hairy bodies, whom the interpreters called 'gorillas.' But pursuing them, we were not able to take the men: they all escaped, being able to climb the precipices, and defended themselves with pieces of rock. But three females, and not unwilling to those who led them, were not willing to follow. However, having killed them, we flayed them and conveyed them to Carthage for we did not sail any further, as provisions began to fail."

Professor Owen expresses it as highly probable that the creature recorded on the western coast of Africa is identical with that seen by Hanno and named "Gorilla, however, whose opportunities of observation could make him the most reliable authority on all matters connected with the gorilla, differs in his report from Owen. Du Chaillu says: "The huge gorilla consumes so great an amount of vegetable food, that the considerable number could have found sustenance on such an island as Hanno mentions. Moreover, unless its habits have undergone a very great change, it is not likely that the males would have retreated and left their females in the lurch. In my experience the male invariably advances toward the foe and secures the safe retreat of its female, and on such occasions acts with ferocious courage. Again, to capture even a single gorilla by force would be impossible, as I think, impossible. None who has seen the animal in its native forests, and watched the exhibition of its enormous strength, will take such into account. It scorns prostrate, therefore, that Hanno met only the *troglodytes niger*, or chimpanzee, which is common in the mountainous forests of Senegambia, and which does not attack man.

So much of public attention has been drawn within a few years past to these wonderful animals, that everything bearing on their history is of interest. At present they are simply famous for though a few years ago we had an opportunity of seeing the skeleton of Dr. Wyman's fine collection of gorilla skins and bones—he opened a box which contained one, Dr. Brady—Yes, so far, we have not had the living animal—a hint that we give to Barnum.

We think it will be an interesting communication to all those who have magic-lanterns and stereoscopes, to learn that Mr. Edward Anthony, of the firm of E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., has invented, and will shortly bring to this country, after securing all Europe, and bringing away the whole of every important city there, the art of reciprocity views without number, and of every spot under the sun to which the camera penetrated. The event will form a new era in the parlor art of this country.

The name of Union Adams has become so much of a household word, that the following communication seems thrown away. The name is an index recollection of the man who has done more to create generation about them, and the secret is simply this: they have made it a point to do what they advertise, and the principle of "not for a day, but for all time," and his motto, "Live and let live," has made him a good friend always, for all buyers of shirts, hosiery and gloves.

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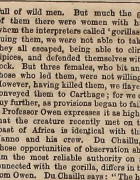
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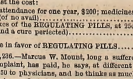
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Now Balance the Account.

Physician's bill, $6; prescriptions (utterly useless) $1 75.....$7 75
Bottle of Ready Relief (which effects a cure, with three-fourths of the bottle spared for other exigencies).....50
Balance in favor of READY RELIEF.....$7 25

Case 1,103.—Freeman L. Forsyth, Brooklyn, is attacked with chills and fever. Medical man called in; charge $5 per visit. Looks in daily for a fortnight. Prescribes quinine, arsenic, morphine, &c. Prescriptions costly, averaging $1 per day. No perceptible improvement in patient. Advised to try READY RELIEF and REGULATING PILLS. Relief, 50 cents per bottle; Pills, 25 cents per box. Half-a-dozen doses of the Relief, diluted according to directions, break up the fits, and two or three doses of the Pills remove the malarious virus of the disease entirely from the system.

Post the books again:

Physician's bill, 14 visits, at $3 each, $42;
prescriptions, $10 (and no benefit).....$52 00
Relief, 50 cents; Pills, 25 cents (a portion of which effect a cure, being a surplus for future use).....75

Balance in favor of READY RELIEF.....$51 25

Case 2,631.—James B. Hendrick, New York City, night attack of violent Bilious Colic. Doctor called in. Visit, $3. Recent visit to the country. Sick. Third, in the afternoon, $3. Prescriptions, $4. Patient still in agony and pulse and strength failing. At this stage the RELIEF is administered, a generous dose of pain-arrested, and cure perfected by the assistance of a few doses of the REGULATING PILLS, in the country of the corrupt and acrid humors that caused the attack.

Compare again:

Physician's charges, $9; Prescriptions, $4.....$13 00
RELIEF and PILLS (with more than a dozen doses per day).....75

Balance in favor of the RELIEF.....$12 25

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a household medicine which no prudent family that understands its value will ever be without. It instantly arrests pain, and its effects are magical in subduing, soothing and nerving in cholera, cholera morbus, bilious colic, pneumonia, malarious diseases, etc., transcend those of any other preparation. It is the only antidote in existence for burns, wounds, scalds, bruises, etc., it has no equal.

Pass on to

Radway's Regulating Pills.

Case 892.—W. A. Stuart, New York City, a martyr to chronic dyspepsia, complicated with liver complaint. Has tried a bill for one month after attendance, $200. Prescriptions, $100. No improvement. Appetite gone, tongue at the stomach, terrible oppression after eating, bowels irregular, complexion cadaverous, body emaciated, pain between the shoulders and in the right breast, great debility, spirits depressed. In this condition patient resorts to a course of the REGULATING PILLS. Before the first box is done, the distressing symptoms suddenly abate, and the patient, persevering in the use of the remedy, (and adopting such rules in regard to diet, etc., as common sense suggests,) is soon perfectly well. Four boxes, 25 cents each, suffice to banish every relic of the complaint.

Contrast the cost:

Medical attendance for one year, $200; medicines, $100; (or no avail).....$300
Four boxes of the REGULATING PILLS, at 25c. each (and a cure).....$1 00

Balance in favor of REGULATING PILLS.....$299

Case 1,126.—Marcus W. Mound, long a sufferer from liver complaint, has come to say, at different times, about $250 to physicians, and he thinks as much more for medicines. Is induced to try the REGULATING PILLS, with occasional doses of the RENOVATING RESOLVENT, to assist in removing from his system the effects of the mercurial treatment to which he has been subjected. Soon feels the benefit of the change. Takes, in all, five boxes of the Pills and three bottles of the Resolvent, and at the end of the course is "as well as he ever was in his life."

Glance at the account current below:

Bills for medical attendance, $350; outlay for prescriptions, $250 (so much money thrown away).....$600 00
Five boxes of REGULATING PILLS, $1 25; three bottles of RESOLVENT at $1 each, $3 25. Disease removed.....4 25

Balance in favor of REGULATING PILLS and RESOLVENT.....$595 75

The REGULATING PILLS possess the alterative, antibilious and disinfectant properties of mercury, without any of its pernicious attributes. They are manufactured in vacuo from concentrated vegetable extracts, and are an absolute specific for all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys and kidney. They tone the system while relieving the bowels from vacuid humors, and control the liver more speedily than bile or any preparation of quicksilver, or its salts or oxyds.

And now a few words about the effects of the

Renovating Resolvent.

Case 1,959.—Zachary N. Lathrop, New York City, a sufferer from chronic scrofula—had been long under physician's hands; has twice had the disease suppressed with bone and lint, and mercurial ointment, but only to reappear in another and more malignant form; has been repeatedly salivated, and suffers from mercurial disease complicated with the original disorder. Supposes he has paid for medical attendance and costly drugs, such as iodine, hyd. potash, corrosive sublimate, extracts of sarsaparilla, various acids, &c., over $350. Is recommended to give the RENOVATING RESOLVENT a trial. Before the first bottle is finished there is a manifest change in the appearance of the sores with which he is afflicted. As the medicine is continued they begin to heal, and after a course of six bottles is a perfect cure. The mercury is out of his system, and the disease is not suppressed, but eradicated. Once more pure, uncontaminated blood runs in his veins, and his health is restored by natural restoratives.

Strike the balance:

Medical attendance and medication (more than useless).....$350
To six bottles of RENOVATING RESOLVENT, at $1 per bottle, by which the priceless blessing of health is restored.....6

Balance in favor of the RESOLVENT.....$344

Case 1,064.—Sergt. B. A. Coles, of New York City, a returned volunteer. Complaint, chronic rheumatism, produced by exposure during the war. Was one month under treatment, since his discharge. Received, during that time 20 visits from his physician. Visits $3 each. Cost of medicines prescribed, consisting of colchicum, gum guaiac, quinine, morphine, hyoscyamus, &c.—all expensive—and various embrocations $1 50 per week. Total cost to date. Without count pay prescriptions, $45. Not the slightest change for the better produced. RENOVATING RESOLVENT and READY RELIEF (as an external application) recommended by physicians as a dernier resort. Result immediately beneficial. Patient convalescent in three days. Within four weeks, pains, swellings, contractions and all other symptoms removed. A radical cure. Number of bottles of RESOLVENT taken, four, and half a dozen bottles of RELIEF, used as an external application.

Look again at the comparative expense:

Physicians' fees, $60; medication, $45—all to no purpose.....$105
Four bottles of the RESOLVENT, at $1 each, and six bottles of RELIEF, at 50 cents (every trace of the disease eradicated).....6

Balance in favor of the RESOLVENT and RELIEF.....$98

RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT is the most perfect depurative, and the most powerful restorative that has ever been derived from the vegetable kingdom. It eliminates from the blood every trace of scrofulous or syphilitic virus, eradicates mercurial disease, and is the only preparation which can be depended upon for a thorough cure in tumorous, cancerous, and other consuming diseases of the flesh, bones, &c. Rheumatism, Erysipelas, and all cutaneous eruptions; it is equally efficacious as its effect is not merely to suppress symptoms, but to remove their morbid causes; the cures it effects are always permanent, one bottle of it containing more of the active medicinal and purifying principle of Sarsaparilla than is diffused through one gallon of the ordinary extracts of that root.

The above comparative view of the nuisance of ordinary medication and of the cost of cure through the agency of RADWAY'S REMEDIES, is not in the slightest degree overdrawn. It is founded on testimony in the possession of the public, and accessible to all who desire to examine it. The sole object of the ILLUSTRATE FACTS, in a familiar way, by exhibiting an

Account Current

between disease and the stereotyped practice on the one hand, and DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES on the other. If, however, the balance is several thousand per cent. in favor of the latter, as an economic point of view, it is infinitely greater in a sanitary sense. To escape a cost a comparison may be instituted, but not as regards *remedial results*, in superiority of the READY RELIEF, REGULATING PILLS and RENOVATING RESOLVENT, over all combinations of the disease to which they belong has been made too manifold to be successfully disputed in any quarter, and is too great to admit of computation.

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NUMBER OF TICKETS ISSUED, 500,000. PRICE, $1 EACH.

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Fine 18 Karat Gold-Plated Watches	$15, $18, $20.
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All kinds of Good Watches, low.	

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CURE
Cholera Morbus?
DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER
Yes, and all similar diseases of the bowels. o

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Stereoscopicons, Magic Lanterns and Dissolving Views; with pictures from all parts, and on every interesting subject, made by JAMES W. QUEEN & CO., 924 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.
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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Frank Leslie, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York

No. 553—Vol. XXII.] NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1866. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 12 Weeks $1 00

Eight Hour Labor Movement.

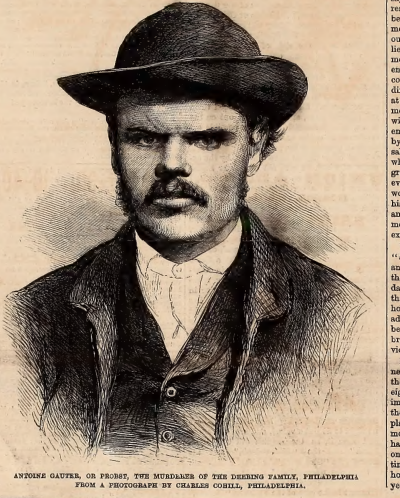
We don't envy the inhabitants of Union Square, and any invalid living in its classic precincts has our sincerest pity. What with the noisy and frequent jubilees of the Loyal League Club, and military demonstrations at the Fenian palace during the day, with torch-light processions by night, their nervous systems must be sadly deranged; and though their loyalty may be proof against mere annoyance, it is at the expense of their peace and comfort. It is a characteristic of certain classes of our citizens, that if they have any grievance, real or imaginary, they must bring it before the public by a procession, the more noisy the better; and if they can drive quiet people half crazy by midnight uproar, the nearer success they fancy themselves. They make, literally, a parade of their wrongs, as well as of their numbers, and if they do not advertise their proceedings in the newspapers, they take care to do so in the streets.

Now, as regards such demonstrations in themselves, we have not a word of objection to make. They are the inalienable right of a free people, and as such, are entitled to indulgence. It is only when they are evidently the expressions of pernicious doctrines and impracticable designs that we become annoyed with the interruptions to our quiet, and ask, To what good end is all this smoke, clamor and confusion?

One of the latest of such gatherings in Union Square was the torch-light procession of working men in favor of a Legislative enactment that eight hours shall constitute a day's labor, instead of ten hours, as heretofore. It is not stated, but of course it is meant, that no proportionate reduction of pay is to take place, so that for eight hours' work it is intended that employers are to pay as much as for ten. Would it not be just as reasonable, and far more honest, to demand at once 20 per cent. higher wages? We laugh at the story of the Dutchman, who, finding his blanket too short, cut a piece off the top and sewed it to the bottom, but is this a greater absurdity than to shorten the hours of labor instead of increasing the wages? But the advocates of this measure say, by way of argument, that if labor were restricted to eight hours, as much work would be done in the shorter time as in the longer, meaning that men would work more vigorously if they did not work so long. We believe this is untrue in fact, while as an argument it proves too much. For, as to indoor employments, most of them are carried on in connection with machinery, and are either directly or indirectly dependent on the speed at which it is driven, and this speed, as every mechanic knows, cannot be materially varied without great risk. Again, as to out-door employments, independently of the fact that, by division of labor, men work almost universally in groups, and the progress of the whole is consequently measured by the progress of the slowest, it is well known that every laborer, in learning his trade, learns to work at a certain fixed speed. To this speed his muscles become, as it were, hardened, and any attempt to increase this, even within moderate limits, leads to fatigue and rapid exhaustion.

We say, also, the argument proves too much. "A fair day's wages, for a fair day's work," is an idea that every one approves. But, is not the converse equally respectable?—"A fair day's work for a fair day's wages?" To say that you are able to do as much work in eight hours as you have hitherto done in ten, is to admit that you have not hitherto done your best, and that you have eaten your employer's bread while rendering him one-fifth less service than you could have done.

In whatever way it is looked at, the hollowness of this pretext is apparent. It is not that the physical energies of men are exhausted by eight hours' work, for if the restriction were imposed, those most clamorous for it would be the first to demand "over-time," showing plainly that the demand was really for more money, not less work. As to physical exhaustion by an ordinary day's labor, does any one pretend that the work performed in over-time is worse done than that during regular hours? More complete evidence than we have yet heard, or than our experience teaches us,



ANTOINE GAUTER, OR PROBST, THE MURDERER OF THE DEERING FAMILY, PHILADELPHIA
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES COBILL, PHILADELPHIA.



THE INTERIOR OF THE BARN AND CORN CRIB, WHERE THE BODIES OF MR. DEERING, MISS BOLAN, AND THE CHILDREN WERE FOUND.



THE HAYSTACK NEAR THE HOUSE, WHERE THE BODY OF THE BOY, CORNELIUS CAREY, WAS FOUND.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. BAUM.

must be brought forward before such a plea can be admitted.

Supposing that the promoters of this change are sincere in their assertions as to eight hours being the limit of physical exertion, we cannot compliment them on their manhood, however we may applaud their benevolence. Porters in warehouses, clerks in our large stores, laborers in our fields, with numberless other classes of workers, would disdain the plea of being tired out by eight hours' application to their duties. Millions of our blood in other countries would smile with derision when they heard how we shirked work, and hint at the deterioration of our race. With every sympathy for the rank and file of our industrial population, we hail with pleasure every endeavor to improve their condition and lighten their toil; but this eight hour movement seems to us a step in the wrong direction, neither wisely planned nor honestly carried out.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

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OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

WE commence this week a story of rare power and absorbing interest, "THE SPECTRE OF CLIFFE," which will be sure to engage and fix the attention of every reader. It is complete in plot, full of incident, and throughout healthy in tone. We have great satisfaction in presenting this story to the American public, and call attention to it here, so that persons desiring it may make their subscriptions to our paper for this number.

How Far we May Help our Friends.

IN the contest now going on between France and Spain on the one hand, and the South American Republics and Mexico on the other, our sympathies and interests are wholly with the latter. The assault of Europe on the integrity and independence of these States was as much a part and incident of the late war as the march of Lee into Pennsylvania or the St. Alban's raid. France would never have gone to Mexico, or Spain to Santo Domingo or Peru, had it not been for that war; and the movements of both were made in ostentatious disregard of principles of policy long ago clearly enunciated by us, but with the avowed purpose, as expressed in Napoleon's letter to Marshel Forey, of crippling our power and destroying our legitimate influence in America. The prosecution of the war in Mexico and the South Pacific is, in fact, therefore, a continuation of the war against this country and the institutions of which it is the founder and exponent. Nominally and technically we are at peace with both France and Spain, and we are called on to sustain a position of neutrality as respects them, while they continue their efforts to destroy Republicanism and circumscribe our power. While we do so, we are in a false position, and it may be imprudent for us to try to right ourselves by the bold and manly course of insisting by force on the observance of the Monroe Doctrine. At the close of the war, while our victorious armies were in the field and our fleet in full strength on the ocean, we might have done so with success, and finished up the rebellion in all its parts. But the sublime Optimist of the State Department let slip the golden opportunity, and we now find ourselves in the false position to which we have alluded—involved in the meshes of "neutrality." We must either fight or observe the laws of neutrality. It is, therefore, interesting to know what these are. It is our duty to observe them fairly and fully, but not to go one tittle beyond them to the prejudice of our interests, or the interests of the struggling States which command our sympathies, and who are involved in wars, the consequences of ours, and who are fighting out the fight, begun on our soil, of Republicanism against Oligarchy and Monarchy. We are called on to stand straight between the belligerents—but not so straight as to lean the wrong way.

It is our duty to do all we can for our Republican sisters, "to aid, comfort and support" them, so far as compatible with our own and international laws, and so long as we profess to be neutral. Now what can we do?

In the first place, we can sell them freely, and we like openly, arms, and all kinds of munitions of war. Mr. Jefferson, when Secretary of State under Washington, asserted, in reply to the complaints of the French Minister on this point:

"Our citizens have always been free to make, vend and export arms. It is the constant occupation and livelihood of some of them. To suppress their calling because a war exists in foreign and distant countries in which we have no concern would scarcely be expected. It would be hard in principle and impossible in practice. The law of nations, therefore, respecting the rights of those at peace, has not required from them such an internal derangement of their occupations. It is satisfied with the external penalty pronounced in the President's proclamation—that of confiscation of such portion of those arms as shall fall into the hands of the belligerent Powers."

This doctrine of the Administration of Washington has been repeatedly and uniformly asserted by our Government, and as late as the 7th of August last year, Mr. Seward said, in reply to an official letter of Mr. Romero, the Mexican Minister:

"I am not aware of any law or executive order which, at present, prohibits the exportation of arms or of money from the United States to Mexico by either of the parties at war in that country, or by the individual citizens or subjects of the respective parties. Any proceedings for that purpose must, however, not be connected with proceedings which tend to infringe the impartial neutrality which this Government has hitherto in every instance maintained. The neutrality is really the effect of existing municipal laws as well as of international law. It could, therefore, be deviated from by the Executive Government only when Congress should have directed it. To Congress alone belongs the constitutional power to declare war."

For commercial or speculative, or for that matter, any other purpose, we may sell cannon, shot, shell, and all articles of war usually called "contraband," to Mexico or Chile, without let or hindrance. They will be, of course, liable to capture by the Spaniards or French; but that is at the risk of those who buy them or send them out. Our complaint against England during the late war was not that she sold contraband of war to the rebels, as she did to us, but because she permitted armaments to be made in her ports to war on our commerce. She built ships, armed them and manned them, and sent them out on the ocean, wholly English, with the possible exception of an officer or two, and possibly a few yards of bunting at the mast-head.

What other rights have we got, by the exercise of which we may aid our sister States without infringing on the laws of neutrality? Among them is certainly the right of any citizen to leave the country and take service with Mexico and Peru. The right of one involves the right of many. If one may go alone, he may go in company with another, and if two may go, two hundred may. But no foreign officer may recruit on our soil, or give commissions, or in any way organize a force. Nothing, however, in our laws, or in international law, prevents men emigrating *spontaneously* to any country, whether singly or in groups, great or small. And as every man has a right to carry arms openly, they have a right to take their muskets with them.

Ships are legitimate articles of sale to foreigners as barrels, and we have a right to build them and send them out to the ports of a country at war (not blockaded), as to those of any other country, and sell them if we can. We have nothing to do with the purposes of the purchaser. He may convert them into war vessels, with no more concern to us than if they used the staves we sold him to make torpedoes instead of hogsheads. But we have no right to fit out a vessel, and arm and equip and man it, as the English did the "Alabama" and the "Shenandoah," and the French, the "Stonewall," for either belligerent.

Such are unquestioned rights, and we are therefore astounded at the conduct of the Government in the case of the steamer "Meteor," which has been seized and detained since January, and refused permission to be bonded, on the allegation that she was to be converted into a Chilean privateer. An attempt is making before the courts to condemn her for violation of our neutrality acts, which we are confident will fail. We regret, however, the pertinacity of the Government against her, and cannot too strongly condemn the unnecessary and hostile intervention of the Secretary of State in the matter. Whatever we may be called on to do to conform to the provisions of the neutrality act, we are certainly in no way obliged to stretch the interpretation of its provisions in favor of the enemies of our sister republics, who are equally our enemies, covert if not open. The denial of permission to bond the "Meteor," is confessedly an "inspiration" of the State Department, acting on a demand from the Spanish Minister. The lame "opinion" in which Judge Betts couches his denial, it is painfully apparent, is less a deduction from law or precedent than an attempt to sustain a predecision, made without the slightest reference to the law or facts of the case.

It is possible that the purchasers of the "Meteor" were Chileans, and intended to use her against Spain. The sellers perhaps agreed to put her in some neutral port, as a condition of sale, as they had a right to do. But she was not armed here, or manned here, nor is there the slightest pretense that she would have gone out of the port of New York in the precise character she purported to bear—that of an unarmed merchant ship, bound to the port of Panama. The court, whether inspired from Washington or Madrid, has no business to go beyond these facts. If it does so, it will be *extra officially*, and in a spirit of unseemly hostility to our friends and allies, and in outrage of the generous sentiments of the American people.

Another War!!

Bazaine and the "Budget."

WE have received the following declaration of war, which we insert *pro bono publico*. We shall watch the progress of the contest with breathless interest. The trouble between Austria and Prussia is now quite a secondary matter. Bets are open—"ten to one on the *Budget*":

A Proclamation.

"The fate of the two Emperors is sealed—Louis Napoleon and Maximilian have met their fate. Their Waterloo is at hand. The cause of all this anguish to them is a corpulent old gentleman called Bazaine, or Benzine, who is a marshal, and commands that worthy squad, called the French army. The facts are briefly these: Not having the fear of *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun* and the American eagle before his eyes, this unhappy Bazaine, or Benzine—both fat and French—drew his sword on the 2d of April, in the town of Vera Cruz, and having exasperated his valor to the height of Malakoff madness by two glasses of *Eau de Sacre*, he made an assault upon the newsboy who was selling *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*, and he has, moreover, issued a *pronunciamento*, declaring war against *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*. Now, we take this opportunity of announcing that we shall carry on the war with the greatest vigor, and shall enforce the Monroe doctrine by driving Marshal Bazaine and all his mercenaries out of American Territory—North, South and Central; and therefore our respected President and Mr. Seward need not trouble themselves any more on the point; we relieve them of all further responsibility in the matter. Shall the French drive out the *Budget*, or the *Budget* drive out the French? That is the question—who can doubt the result? God, Union and Liberty!"

THE BUDGET.

IN answer to the inquiry of Gen. Tilson, in Alabama, "If the President's Proclamation removed Martial Law in that State?" the Secretary of War replies:

"*The President's Proclamation does not remove Martial Law*, or operate in any way upon the Freedmen's Bureau in the exercise of its legitimate jurisdiction. It is not expedient, however, to resort to military tribunals in any case where justice can be obtained through the medium of civil authority."

A MOBILE newspaper testifies to the moderation of the Northern officers and soldiers who have been retained on duty in that State:

"The sway of martial law over the State of Alabama has been as mild and as gentle as was at all compatible with the nature of that iron rule. In Major-General Woods, who has commanded this department, this people have recognized a soldier who, faithfully performing his duty to the Government whose uniform he wears, has yet not stepped out of its sphere to harass and annoy in so many ways within his power the citizens who were made the subjects of his will. The soldiers, too, under his command, have deported themselves in a manner to mark the strictest discipline, with no instance that can be recalled of unpleasant collision either with the civil authorities or the citizens. It is to the honor of the Federal army that, with some exceptions, which we care not now to notice, it has been generous to the brave foe that was forced to succumb to its power."

THE following letter is among the papers drawn forth by the Commission now investigating the Jamaica massacres. It was written by the Deputy Adjutant-General of Jamaica to Col. Hobbs, who had been sent to what were called the "insurgent districts," for the purpose of restoring order, and evinces in a striking, and we may add, a disgusting way, the spirit of the British authorities in the island:

"October 18, 11 A. M.

"Dear Colonel—I send you an order to push on at once to Stoney Gut, but I trust you are there already. Hole is doing splendid service with his men about Manchioneal, and *shooting every black man who cannot give an account of himself*. Nelson at Port Antonia is *hanging like fun* by court martial. *I hope you will not send us any prisoners*; civil law can do nothing. * * Do punish the blackguards well. Yours in haste,

JOHN ELKINGTON, D. A. G."

"TRUBNER'S (London) American and Oriental Literary Record" pays the following deserved compliment to Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia:

"To him the literary public are indebted for the most useful literary paper in America, the *American Publisher's Circular and Literary Gazette*, issued twice every month, and containing a thoroughly reliable record and occasional criticisms of the current literature of the United States. Its Paris correspondence, too, presents the best account of literary life in the French capital that we know of. The labor incidental to one journal is generally considered enough for one man in England; but Mr. Childs not long since courageously purchased and undertook the entire management of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, a daily paper circulating largely, but by his judicious arrangements increased to such an extent as to stand now in circulation almost at the head of the American press—only, indeed, having one competitor, the New York *Herald*, superior to it. A daily and fortnightly paper would seem to take the utmost powers of mortal man, but the publisher in question has recently added the Philadelphia *Home Weekly* to his other ventures. It seems almost incredible that one man could undertake such an accumulation of labor."

ONE of the curiosities of the British metropolis is the names of its streets, which are as disorderly and absurd as the no-government and mismanagement generally. For example: There are in London 36 King streets, 34 Charles streets, 32 John streets, 26 High streets, 25 Queen streets, 25 Church streets, 20 George streets, 18 Duke streets, 21 New streets, and so on that way. One would suppose that certain names had been the fashion, and were given to every street made until they came upon another favorite. Of late years they run hard upon Victoria and Albert streets, of which there must be a dozen of each, besides places, courts, squares, etc.

A LONDON letter-writer speaks thus of the mystical poet, Robert Browning: "Browning may be a poet for anything I can say to the contrary; but he has either got a different dictionary from mine or uses it in a different manner. People should not criticise what they cannot understand, and I do not understand a word of Browning. If there is such a thing as a St. Vitus dance of language, Mr. Browning has got that disorder."

THERE is now a pretty little steamer on the River Thames, in England, which runs 10 miles an hour without paddle-wheel or screw. She takes in water well forward, and expels it aft under each quarter, and can steer without her rudder, and can stop in less than her length when going at full speed. As all of this machinery may be below the water-line, and not liable to injury, it is worth trying.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE car strike is over, and over, we are sorry to say, badly for the poor drivers. They have been *forced* by their wants back to their work. The companies would not yield to their just demands, and sent into the country to hire new drivers. The old hands knowing this, and feeling that they could not starve any longer, gave in, and are back at their work for $2 per day.

The next thing that occupies public attention is the Board of Health, and what they are doing. We think we see their movements in many little ways; such, for instance, as some activity in street-cleaning and in garbage removal—though, on both these points, if we were asked on our veracity, we could not say but what we could point out spots for the display of their talent. Occasionally, on our accustomed haunts, we miss an old familiar line of tabbies that used, after their decease, to occupy prominent positions beside the curb for a week; now they seem to disappear on the first or second day. Again, on our daily walk, there were certain areas into which we used to gaze and calculate exactly the sum total of typhoid there was in the accumulated filth of that spot. Whether it be the individual work of the Board of Health—and we never will believe that the Commissioners did it themselves—or the moral effect of their institution, which has frightened the owner or tenant into cleanliness, we do not know; but the fact is ocularly apparent to us that the spot is comparatively clean, and that the carcasses of three deceased rats, and a bushel or two of ancient cabbage, to say nothing of other trifles, have disappeared.

But there is one other thing we would like to say to the Board of Health, and we do hope they will pay attention to it. It is about green apples and other combustibles. This very day we saw a wagon peddling bananas from a street corner that were enough to breed a pestilence. They were green, hard, and astringent; and just now, with the spring weather and the yearning of every one for a dietary change, we would not be surprised but they found buyers, and we do protest that no more fearful poison could be introduced into the human stomach than this so-called fruit. We would rather have seen a wagon load of strychnine retailed in the street; and yet this licensed vendor—so his wagon said—was allowed to proceed in his traffic undisturbed. In a few weeks there will be other poisons in that way. Old women will sit on corners peddling out the green poisons to children, and the markets will be full of them. With their advent comes cholera and summer complaints, indigestion, cramps, disease and death.

Preserve us, good Board of Health, from the green fruit, and Providence will reward you with a better stock of ripe, further in the season!

What a pleasant thing it is to read that letter from the Queen of England to George Peabody. Though Mr. Peabody is not a New Yorker, yet we do feel a local interest in the man, and a strong predisposition to do him honor when he comes this way, which will be in a few days.

We haven't the letter by us just now, but the purport of it is this: Victoria, knowing how much George has done for the good of her subjects, and feeling that she can do nothing for him in return, writes him a letter, the subject matter of which is this, though not in these words: "George," she says, "you're an honest man, and have done some noble things. I hear you're going to America; and I hope you'll hurry back, for I don't really know how to spare you. I think quite as much of you as though you were an Englishman, and I would like to do something handsome for you; but as you've got more money now than you want, I can only offer you the Order of the Bath or a title of nobility—any one you like—but I know you won't have it. So, as I must relieve my mind by giving you something, I'll give you my own miniature, set in diamonds; and so God bless you, old fellow. Your affectionate friend,

"VICTORIA."

Mr. Peabody will be here in a few days, and though we hate hero-worship, we hope that something quiet will be done to show him that we feel a little proud of him.

From white respectability to black—and we are about to speak of the passing away of one who, with all the disadvantages of his color—for he was a black man—commanded the highest respect of the first of our citizens. There is hardly one New Yorker of 40 years but will pleasantly remember Thomas Downing, of Broad street, and the good lunches and dinners he has had in that famous old cellar, where all our old school of merchants—they are few and far between now—once went. Well, Thomas Downing is dead, aged 75 years, and full of honors, as well as comfortably off in a worldly way. Downing never presumed upon his successes in life, or believed that it added any to his consequence or respectability to make money, and as a result, he always commanded the respect of every white man, though he was an earnest advocate of the rights of his own color. At his funeral many of our first merchants assisted, and in the impressiveness of the occasion, one forgot that he was assisting in the last rites to the member of a heretofore despised race, and only remembered the fellow-man. Peace to his ashes!

New York progresses rapidly in the brilliancy of its *salons*. Billiards have become so essentially a necessity, that style is positively demanded, as well as solid comfort. Both these requisites have been met by a new suite of rooms opened at No. 9 Carroll place, Bleecker street, by Mr. Henry English. Ten thousand dollars have been spent in fitting up these rooms, which have six of Kavanagh & Decker's tables, with every belonging that luxury can suggest. Such establishments mark our progress as a people.

And now of the theatres:

We always mention the sensation of the week first, and upon that idea we make no doubt that the public would say that we ought to speak of Miss Bateman; but in that we differ. Miss Bateman is no longer a *sensation*, though she is undoubtedly great in her profession; her future is settled, and all we can say or not say will have no effect whatever. Her houses are sure, and that tells the whole story.

The Winter Garden wants no words from us. They are crowding the house every night with the attractions offered by Barney Williams and wife, and will continue to do so as long as these parties choose to stay.

We cannot help thinking that the only real sensation of the week has been Mr. Charles Barras, at Wood's Theatre. Mr. Barras professed nothing, but has done a great deal; he has made his audiences laugh a good honest laugh. Mr. Barras is good as the "Hypocondriac;" how he will be in other things we do not know, but we fancy that the man who can do that, can do more.

The Broadway is about to produce the Menken. We all object to the production; but we will all go and see it, nevertheless, especially when it is produced at a cost of about $500 per night. When it is produced, we shall enter into an elaborate criticism of it.

Barnum is having a great success. The "Sphinx" puzzles all kinds of people; one says it is one thing, and one says it is another, and they are all mistaken.

At the Academy, Grover's Opera Troupe have had a triumph. The secret is that *the people* have come

to them. They have had crowded houses, and we don't know that any criticism can be offered better than that.

Every day in New York there are little private reunions, concerts, etc., which are well worth bringing before the public, but that the public might be suspected of not feeling an interest in them. But notwithstanding this suspicion, we will record a "Musical Reunion," as the title is, given by Mr. J. J. Watson, at the house of the Hon. Le Grand G. Capers, on the evening of the 18th. The performance of his pupils ought to be a pleasant thing to Mr. Watson; and were we to judge by the applause, the whole affair was a great success.

CANADIAN CONFEDERATION.

One of the striking characteristics of our age is a violent mutual distrust; it is the child of avarice and commercial speculation, and has influenced all classes of society. The greatest intellects are governed by the prevailing tone of the public with which they are surrounded, however much they may pretend to be free from exterior influences of a corrupting nature. Cabinets, Governments, and Ministers are not free from suspicion, and having themselves introduced hypocrisy as a leading qualification for political preferment, the imputation of deceit nestles more closely on the threshold of *their* actions than it can possibly at the door of private intercourse.

If ever a scheme exhibited its own inherent absurdity and the motives in which it was cradled, certainly Confederation does so. It seems, too, to have survived the fervor which gave it birth; for, save and except the fathers of the scheme, the general concurrence of opinion is, that due weight was not given to the considerations which were opposed to its inception; that influences and causes were overlooked and disregarded which admonish them of the fatal consequences likely to flow from its establishment as a system of government. Everywhere it is met with opposition, virtual or declared. Nova Scotia, with folded arms, complacently intrenches herself behind New Brunswick, glad to view the opposition of the Brunswickers; the Nova Scotians pursue a *neutral* policy, which now means giving all the secret aid possible, but doing nothing openly. And wherefore all this opposition? Simply because the scheme of Confederation, from the beginning, was a mere pretense—a mean pretext, to cover the most shameful political truculency which was ever recorded. It was the plank of safety simultaneously grasped by two drowning parties; the wreck of the old and honorable Conservative party, degraded by the servility of its recent leaders and the fanatical Grits of Upper Canada. Both of these parties were tried and found wanting; and the fear of a common fate, at the hands of a liberal party, induced the former to coalesce; and to cement the bond of union, and cover a shameful deceit, Confederation was raked up and brought from the condemned records of past speculation, and put upon the *tapis*.

It originated many years ago in the mind of Lord Durham, who thought that it might be made the means of consolidating the races holding the soil of Canada in common; but that sagacious statesman, perceiving that it was only calculated to foster those sectarian antipathies, which are inimical to national greatness, condemned it, and showed that the only hope of ever becoming a united people in Canada rested upon a "Legislative Union;" and truly, until the Canadians have arrived at that point of confidence in one another, which leads them simultaneously to desire a Legislative Union, they are unfit for any other existence than as mere dependents of a superior power.

The tendency for federalizing their constitution has been going on since 1848, from which period dates the strange anomaly of two Attorneys-General for the same country; Federal*ism*, taking root in that and such like anomalies, has branched out into the present scheme. Beyond the circle of politicians and railway jobbers, this scheme is not popular, as shall be seen from the manner in which it was carried through. The American Government are abused as positively tyrannical for suspending the *habeas corpus*, for political reasons, at a time when decimation was threatened by the internecine war, which devastated the country. But what rights were violated to foist Confederation upon Canada? The representatives of the people were gagged, and forbidden the rights guaranteed by the constitution. The scheme of Federation was brought down to the Canadian Parliament, and the delegates of the people were told by the Cabinet Ministers (it is on record) you must accept this scheme as it is, good or bad; you *shall* not be permitted to suggest any amendments to it; it must pass as it is, or not at all. Thus, on the highest question of national importance, were the constituencies of Canada virtually disfranchised. The recent fusion of parties made the Ministers strong, and the few remaining oppositionists were borne down by the force of numbers, for they had never anticipated so shameful or general a betrayal as they witnessed on the votes of the coalition; and this faithlessness is but another confirmation of the severe adage, that "every man has his price."

The adoption of the scheme by the Canadian Parliament was the only step forward it ever made; for the people of the Lower Provinces, indignant, no doubt, at the attempt made by a few self-constituted agents to barter away their rights and liberties, rejected the "Quebec scheme," and in the recent speech from the throne, in the Parliament of Nova Scotia, Confederation is not mentioned at all. Every prejudice was pandered to, to make it agreeable to the popular palaté, and every avenue to popular instruction corrupted, that it might not be understood or explained; but for all that, it is daily looked upon with greater distrust—the objections to it are growing. People say: It is calculated to keep alive religious and natural antipathies; it was not the fruit of mature deliberation; and the best interests of the country were sacrificed for party purposes; there is great peril of a constant conflict of authority between the general and local Parliaments, as was hinted by Mr. Cardwell, in the dispatches from England; the resources of the country are not adequate to keep up such a cumbersome system. But of all these objections, that one which made a Legislative Union an impossibility is felt to be the interior dissolvent of the scheme of federation. A war of races is inevitable. The French-Canadians would not hear of a Legislative Union, for fear of being swamped, from the fewness of their representatives, as compared with the English representatives of the United Provinces. And the same result has been obtained against them by Federation—less directly, it is true, because they are given some shadow of authority by the distribution of local Parliaments; but in the general Parliament, French representatives will not number a corporal's guard, and if their distrust of the English portion of the community has any grounds in reason, the general Parliament can do with them as it pleases, having the power to annul the acts of local Parliaments within ten years after their passage. Moreover, no person in the general Parliament will be understood who does not speak English; it is clear that the French influence, in the affairs of the country, entirely depends upon the Canadians keeping themselves a united body before the public, the system of representation being based upon the population.

The practical wisdom of Canadian statesmen may be seen in the fact, that representation by population is diametrically opposed to what is known as the property qualification; how the distinction will be made, it is impossible to conjecture. Throughout the scheme of Federation, it will be perceived that in the selections from republican and monarchical principles, the Canadians have introduced as much of either as will corrupt the other, or to use a practical illustration, the elements of both, as illustrated in the proposed scheme, are like two drunken men essaying to support one another, the falling of both being in the end the result of the effort; and the fact of all emigration to Canada concentrating on the West, will give such a preponderance to Anglo-Canadians, that in a few years, perhaps, in the measure as the number of French representatives diminish in comparison with those of other nationalities, their rights may be lost sight of only as they fall into the principal design. In this scheme no portion of the population has been more cajoled than the French-Canadians; they have been caught by the local Parliament, never dreaming that the central government exercises a supervisory power, reserved seemingly for very questionable motives. In the American system the local governments are mainly invested with the right of working out the arithmetical rule laid down for the decimal revisions, but under the proposed system, the general Parliament is alone to do the work of these re-divisions of the constituencies throughout the Province. These things, and many others which appear at present but mere trifles, will ultimately be exaggerated into grievances, by classes who feel them such under the new state of things. Under Confederation, Canada will either be the theatre of an internal revolution when separated from England, or the federal system will lead to its absorption by the United States. For though the present scheme be but a botched imitation of the American system, Canadian legislators may find that they have pushed too far the doctrine of republicanism, and what with the admiration that perfect republicanism excites in the bosoms of some—for it must be remembered that emigrants from Europe are all more or less inclined that way—and the discontents which the violation of imagined right may create in the breast of others, republicanism may be a more interesting topic at no distant day than Ministers now imagine. It is singular enough that those who are now the strongest advocates for Federation, were nearly all Annexationists a few years ago, and it would appear that their earlier yearnings are, unconsciously to themselves, developing more practically now. Whatever fate may befall the British provinces in the next 20 years, the men now in power will be its authors, and many of them will live to see bloom the fruit of the seeds now sown.

Timor.

AMERICAN ART.

There are no branches of our intellectual life that have made so rapid an advance in positive excellence and in material value as those beautiful sisters of the group of fine arts—painting and sculpture. The growth of their importance seems but the work of today; for they have spread their influence and asserted their position within our own knowledge. Isolated excellence of a brilliant and special character we have always had; but the genius which has kindled into a glowing flame, whose rays have penetrated far into other lands, has had its birth in the present generation.

Twenty-five years ago art culture was at a very low ebb; we could have counted the really great names upon our fingers, and the list would have been exhausted. Two or three years later a group of young artists met in this city for pleasant intercourse; they sustained their organization for several years, constantly adding to their numbers, and gradually spreading a strong art influence. They drew around them some of the best minds of the day, poets, musicians, lawyers, literateurs and amateurs, forming a social and intellectual *bund*, whose influence in pleasant personal relations is acknowledged even to this day.

From out of this unpretending "sketch club" have arisen most of the names which are famous either as artists on canvass or in stone.

Great as our progress in art has been, what it might have achieved, both rapidly and permanently, had the National Academy of Design fulfilled its mission, can hardly be calculated. The material on hand was brilliant and malleable, but there was no outstretched hand from that powerful but narrow corporation to mould, direct, encourage or assist. Sheltered behind the mystic letters, "N. A.," they fervently prayed long life to the then members of that organization, so that no vacancy might occur in their ranks, which might compel them to admit some daring young outsider. Vacancies, however, did occur, but they were filled, not by the best talent, but by the most available man who would rest content with things as they were, without breathing in the august assembly the dreaded word—"progress." So they added fossil unto fossil, until the antiquity of the present N. A. has become a matter of historic doubt.

Genius, however, strong in its vitality, hopeful and determined to win, could not be repressed, and one by one we have seen our friends of long ago emerge from obscurity into the sunlight of success, with reputations not merely local but world-wide.

The oppressive action of the N. A.'s, excluding the best pictures of outsiders from the sight line, and hanging them as near heaven as possible, was unintentionally beneficent in its results. It disgusted the prominent artists, drove them from the Academy exhibitions, and prompted them, in self-defense, to exhibit on their own account. This was a move in direction of fortune; for, exhibited alone, each picture attracted general attention and individual criticism; there was no glaring daub beside it to mar its effect by distracting the eye, but it stood on its own merits, and challenged examination. Thus not only were large sums made for the artists by exhibition here and in other cities, but the painter's name became widely known, and the sale of the work at an enormous price was almost invariably the result. So the Academy's loss has been the artist's gain, and oppression has been the means of throwing large fortunes into the hands of our painters.

American art is best represented to the world by its landscape painting. In this branch, the world has acknowledged our greatness, if not our complete supremacy. Our facilities for observation embrace a wider field, and take a grander scope than can be found in any other country in the world. Whatever individual, physical, or material characteristics other nations possess, whether of form, costume, climate, color, earth, water, or air, we have them all combined in our vast continent, and all within reach of our net-work of railroads or navy of fleet boats. Our artists have not been slow to take advantage of these great natural facilities; they have sought out nature in all her haunts—in her valleys, in her mountains, in her deserts, and in her pleasant places, in all her moods and seasons, and have inscribed them on their canvas, that the world may see and know them.

To foreign people, the stupendous forms, the luxuriant growth, and the rich, bright coloring exhibited in our landscapes are matters of unqualified astonishment. But they feel the truth of the delineation, and do homage to the genius which created it. The London *Art Journal*, writing of a picture called "The Land of the Lotus-Eaters," by R. S. Duncanson, an American artist, makes the following remarks:

"America has long maintained supremacy in landscape art; perhaps, indeed, its landscape artists surpass those of England; certainly we have no painter who can equal the works of Church; and we are not exaggerating if we affirm that the production under notice may compete with any of the modern British school. Mr. Duncanson has established high fame in the United States and Canada. He is a native of the States, and received his art-education there; but it has been 'finished' by a course of study in Italy, by earnest thought at the feet of the great masters, and by a continual contemplation of nature under southern skies. * * * * * We may, therefore, add this picture to the many works of rare value supplied to us by the landscape artists of America. They have in their richly-gifted 'world' natural objects in such incalculable variety, that every student may be made a painter who looks on Nature with an eye ever so little educated by art. Go where they will over their boundless forests and 'everlasting prairies,' they find themes for the pencil. It is not, therefore, surprising that we find the artists of America contending successfully in a special department of art with those of Europe; nor that recent 'importations' from that country into this have raised our expectations very high as to their future."

Still we are not altogether satisfied with the direction which that branch of art has taken in America. It is too dependent upon mere form. Take, for instance, three-fourths of the landscapes now on the walls of the Academy, and they will seem, to the observant eye, like square bits cut out of an actual landscape—real forms, perhaps, but utterly devoid of that great, yet tender sentiment, which nature presents to all who study her with a loving heart, and in broad and generous appreciation. A true landscape must convey to every spectator that he is a part of it, or, at least, a distinct sense that, somewhere, there is a sentient being who mingles his nature with the unseen but deeply-felt sympathy that for ever springs from out the exquisite forms of harmony which make a landscape a perpetual hymn to the glory of the great Architect, whose forms of beauty are for ever and for ever renewed.

In the study of atmospheric effects our landscape artists have made daring strides. They have seized hold of conditions which, until lately, have seemed too *outré* to be grappled with, when in fact it was only the genius which was wanting to harmonize them with the accompanying forms, by the simple but unfailing rules which Nature exemplifies and teaches.

There is much more left to be said, which we shall possibly scatter through the sketches of the studios and the masters whose handicraft suggests so many prints, which can hardly be expressed without illustration.

National Academy of Design. We have taken a cursory glance at the main hall and the pigeon-holes which contain the annual exhibition of pictures at that institution, and find, amid a host of poor things, many pictures of high merit, which we shall discuss in our next. There is always one work which is *the* picture of the exhibition, and this year we think it will be found to be, Wier's painting of Parrott's Great Cannon Foundry in "casting" time. It is a difficult subject, broadly and strikingly treated, and is certain to attract universal attention. We shall give it the consideration it so justly merits.

CHARITABLE SOIREE AT DR. WARD'S MANSION.

When fashion holds out its hand to charity, the act is not only grateful, but it is certain to yield the happy result of a large and bountiful offering, from which no deduction in the way of expenses is permitted.

Dr. Ward's Mansion in 47th street, has long been celebrated for its beautiful picture gallery and concert-room, into which the four splendid parlors and the grand hall open, but its celebrity is better based upon the fact that its doors are always open for purposes of charity, many, many thousands of dollars having been contributed to benevolent institutions by amateur entertainments given within its walls.

The institution for which the *soiree* was given is the Evening School for Italian Adults. A most praiseworthy and benevolent object. The elegant concert-room was crowded with the beauty and the *élite* of the city. The toilets where unexceptionable, and the wearers worthy of worship, presenting a *coup d'œil* both brilliant and fascinating. Many distinguished characters of the sterner sex were present—among them the great sea hero, Admiral Farragut, who seemed to enjoy the fascinations of the vocal Lurlines on the stage most keenly.

The *soiree* was of a miscellaneous operatic character, whole scenes being given, and most of them in costume. The idea of the programme is due to the taste and experienced judgment of Wynandt Van Zandt, Esq., to whose control all the arrangements were intrusted.

Dr. Ward's Song and Chorus is a spirited composition, with a broad, telling melody and effective chorus. Mr. Whiting sung it well, needing only a little more animation and dash. Signor Fossati's grand cavatina was finely rendered, a combination of taste, spirit and force. Signor Fossati is one of our best *salon* singers, and is everywhere popular. Stigellis's pleasing song, Brightest Eyes, was tastefully and expressively sung by Mr. Romeyn, whose tenor voice is of sweet quality. The performance of the quartet from "Rigoletto," would have been acceptable on the operatic stage. In it we must notice the fine, rich contralto voice of Mrs. Charles Gilbert; also her rich and telling manner, which gave such color to the composition.

Mrs. Charles Farnham is really an accomplished vocalist. Her voice has been well-trained, its flexibility properly directed, and she has learned the Italian manner, which is of all others the only effective method. Her singing of the *Ombra Leggera*, from "Dinorah," one of the most difficult of show pieces, was excellent and effective. The execution was neat, and at the same time brilliant, and the spirit and character were well preserved.

The *Ballata Quintetto e finale*, from "Marie de Rohan," with chorus, was well and effectively sung. Miss Eloise Allen is a singer of great promise; her voice has splendid points, deficient only in the production of the middle register. A little careful study will remedy this, giving equality to a really fine organ.

A scene from Dr. Thomas Ward's English village opera, "Gipsey Frolic," the music of which is very quaint and pretty, was most effectively rendered. Mrs. Farnham, singing and acting with grace and spirit, and Miss Totten by her *naive* acting, charming voice, and sweet singing, winning a hearty and persistent *encore*. Mr. Farley ably assisted. Signor Archille Magni, made an effective and well-considered address.

The scene from Antonio Barili's opera, "Una Noche en Sevilla," was brilliantly effective. The ladies, Miss Totten and Miss Allen, sang charmingly and spiritedly, and, most ably assisted by Mr. Farley and Signor Fossati, won for the scene a unanimous *encore*. Signor Barili has written much charming music in his opera, "A Night in Grenada." We cannot, of course, judge of it as a whole, but we have from time to time heard isolated portions of it, and have found them melodious and brilliant, dramatic in form and full of character. We hope as our opera facilities expand—and they will be greatly enlarged before long—to hear this opera of Barili's in its entirety, for it has high merits that should no longer be hidden.

The violin and piano duet between Signor G. Sconcia and A. Barili was a very brilliant and effective performance. Signor Sconcia has a large, broad style, and a rich true tone, and a fine, nervous bow-arm. His execution is rapid and distinct, and he plays with fire and expression. He is an amateur, who, if in better practice could outrank nine-tenths of the professional players.

The concluding gerzetto, from Balfe's "Falstaff," was one of the most brilliant things of the evening. Most charming the ladies looked in their quaint costumes, and most charmingly they sung. Late as it occurred in the evening, this gerzetto was the theme of especial admiration.

The toilets of all the lady singers were tasteful, elegant, and well contrasted. No special mention can be made, where all were so worthy of admiration.

Thanks to the able direction of Mr. Van Zandt and the conducting of Signor Barili, the concert was a perfect success. The chorus, pupils of Barili's class, was well-trained and efficient, and the accompaniments played by Signor A. Barili and Mr. A. A. During, upon two of Chickering's most magnificent grand pianos, were both brilliant and orchestral in their effect. The Society must have gained a large addition to its funds by the results of this concert.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Federal dead at Fort Pillow are being re-interred in a neat cemetery, over which a monument is to be raised. The Confederate dead remain neglected by both friends and foes. The work of disinterring the Confederate dead, buried upon private property in the Shenandoah Valley, to be re-interred at Winchester, is now being prosecuted. The graves of the National Cemetery at Andersonville are to be planted with flowers.

—— The Davenport (Iowa) *Gazette* says that at least 12,000,000 acres of arable land yet lie untouched by spade or plow, within the boundaries of Iowa.

—— The accredited correspondent of the *Nation* says that in Mississippi the 70 teachers in the colored schools are required to report monthly to the Freedmen's Bureau, specifying among other things the number of pupils of mixed blood. In the 12 schools which happened to stand at the head of the list, there are returned 287 children of pure African blood, and 777 of mixed blood.

—— The various Commanders at the South have been notified that the President's proclamation does not do away with martial law in the lately rebellious districts, and that troops will be kept at all points where they may be needed.

—— The Boston city government has appropriated $10,000 for the establishment of free salt-water bathing places for use this summer.

—— Strong proofs are adduced of the existence of a vast though unexplored cavern beneath the City of Lancaster, Penn. In sinking wells, the bottom crust, which is limestone, breaks through before reaching water, and the pumps are suspended from above by chains.

—— A white stole a chicken, and a black a hog, in Goldsboro', N. C., recently. They were each tied to the whipping-post, and subjected to 40 lashes, save one, on the bare back.

—— Florida papers and letters say that thousands of colored children are now being educated by former slaveholders of that State.

—— Mr. Winans, of Baltimore, has presented $25,000 to the managers of the Southern Relief Fair in that city.

—— The Ohio *Farmer* says: "To start a balky horse, fill his mouth with dirt or gravel from the road, and he'll go. Now the philosophy of the thing is, it gives him something else to think about. We have seen it tried 100 times, and it has never failed."

—— William Croft, famous in Boston some years since as a fugitive slave, is reported to be laboring successfully in Africa, both commercially and philanthropically. He has established lawful commerce and a large school at Whydan; and the King of Dahomey testifies his appreciation of him by sending him a present of six slaves.

—— A farmer in Susquehanna County recently had a suit brought against him for eight days' service in the hay-field, by a young man who voluntarily assisted the old man's daughter in raking hay as a convenient chance for sparking. The lass having discarded him and married another, the swain claimed wages of the old gentleman.

—— The following estimate, founded upon the United States census, has been made of the probable annual amount which it costs the individual members of the different churches in the country to sustain them: "A Baptist or Methodist, $3 40; a Presbyterian, $6; a Congregationalist, $10; a Roman Catholic, $14; an Episcopalian, $10; a Reformed Dutch, $22; a Unitarian, $23.

—— Miss Ann R. Adams, an ancient maiden, 68 years of age, residing at Danville, Va., is cutting a fourth set of teeth and growing a new crop of dark hair. Mrs. Elizabeth Coristy, a widow lady, 65 years of age, living in Winchester, is cutting a new set of teeth, after being toothless for years. Verily, nature abhors a vacuum!

—— A newly arrived John Chinaman in California purchased some ice, and finding it very wet, laid it out to dry in the sun. On going to look for it again, he found it had disappeared, and forthwith charged the whole Chinese neighborhood with larceny. A general riot was the consequence.

—— Bostonians are preparing for a general immersion all around through the coming season. The City Fathers have just appropriated $10,000 for baths, and men, women and children are expected to betake themselves forthwith to the aqueous element, and there remain until the work of purification is complete.

Foreign.—Prince Satsuma, of Japan, is turning his attention to the manufacture of silks for the English and American markets. The English language is now being taught publicly in Japan, under the sanction of the Government.

—— The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* states that emigration to North America is daily assuming greater proportions. Up to the end of May 10,000 persons have already engaged to leave, *via* Hamburg and Bremen. The emigrants are nearly all northerners and Protestants, whereas 10 years ago, the vast majority consisted of southerners, many of them Roman Catholics.

—— At a newspaper office in Sydney, Australia, is a tablet informing visitors that the editor cannot be spoken to unless paid for his time. Persons desiring an audience are invited to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting-room—one hour costing ten shillings; half an hour, six shillings; fifteen minutes, three shillings, and so on.

—— By the raising of the sunken ships in the harbor of Sebastopol, Russia, 36 tuns of copper, 90 tuns of iron 1,200 cannon, 4,000 balls, 12,000 cast-iron ballast pigs, 100 chain cables, and a large quantity of miscellaneous stores were recovered.

—— When the sewerage of Paris is complete, the canals will contain not only the water and gas pipes of the city, but also the telegraph wires of the city companies.

—— A bark named the Truelove, which was lately sent from England to the Davis Straits' whale fisheries, is probably the oldest vessel now afloat and in service. It was built in Philadelphia in 1764, and is consequently now 102 years old.

—— Spanish ship-owners are transferring their vessels to other nationalities to avoid seizure by Chilean and other privateers.

—— A blushing bride of 60 married to a gay young fellow of 64, committed suicide from jealousy, in Stamford, England.

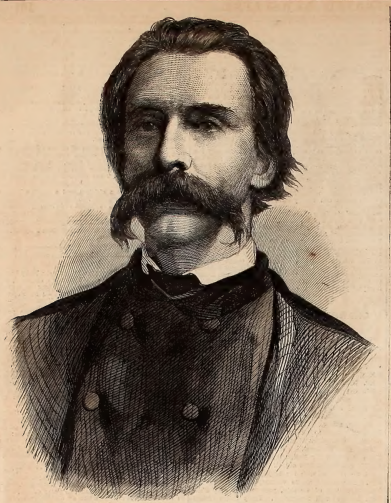
—— A "noble lord" was recently fined 10 shillings, in Liverpool, for smoking in a railway carriage *with* the consent of the passengers.

—— A real estate suit, which has been in the Prussian courts 300 years, was lately decided.

—— The London *Owl* publishes the following, under the heading of "Who's Who in 1866:" "Lord Russell is a Prime Minister with a divided Cabinet, and without a party; a chief without authority, an authority with no subjects."

"Asphodel," a charming novel, with an anonymous author, has just made its appearance in Boston, published by Ticknor & Fields. It is a sweetly toned work, unexceptionably characteristic, and of uncommon literary accomplishment. It is also a book of the class which it is desirable to see more frequently in the boudoir and on the drawing-room table; for, independent of its romantic attractions, it carries with it many elements of refinement. However, works of this kind speak for themselves, and usually find their way in the right direction.

Two plates by Gustave Doré, taken from the series of his biblical illustrations, have found their way by special permission into the April number of the *Art Journal*, and give it additional interest. Besides these, there is a magnificent engraving of "The Trooper," from Herring, Bright & Baxter's painting, worth a whole volume. "New Shoes," by W. F. Fritts, is another charming plate, from H. Bourne's graver. The "Historic Devices and Badges," an interesting branch of heraldry, are beautifully executed, and in the "Memories of the Authors of the Age" (illustrated), is a highly interesting biographical sketch of Mary Russell Mitford. The *Art Journal* is such a magnificent publication that it will soon be found on the drawing-room table of every family of refinement and good taste.



MR. FREDERICK HUDSON, ACTING EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.



HENRY A. SMYTHE, ESQ., THE NEWLY APPOINTED COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

FREDERICK HUDSON, ESQ.,
Of the New York Herald.

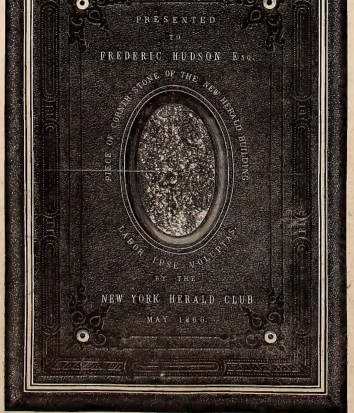
FEW people, out of the profession of letters, have any clear notion of what constitutes editorship. The general belief is that the newspaper is made up by a single person, "the Editor," who reads all that is sent to him, and writes all that is printed—an Argus-eyed and Briareus-handed being—thoroughly acquainted with all that has happened and is occurring, and personally responsible for all the opinions and statements that appear in the columns under his control, down to the very typographical errors. This impression is mainly founded on what are known to be the experiences of some country editors, who write their own editorials, put them in type, work their own presses, and distribute their own papers, besides, as pathetically said by one of them, "attending the baby." The vast machinery of metropolitan journals, with their army of correspondents, reporters, and writers, cannot be comprehended, except by those who have had experimental relations with them, and these alone appreciate what is implied in "editorship."

To write steadily and well for any journal is a task or duty far different from that of editing it. An editor must be a man keenly alive to all that is going on around him—capable of appreciating facts and the tendencies of the times, judicial in his estimates of men and things, cool, temperate and conciliatory, never dazzled by rhetoric in whatever is submitted for the press, stern in striking out the immaterial, ready to respond to every class of inquiries; and, above all, able to discern promptly the capabilities of the hundreds who seek the doubtful honors, and still more uncertain rewards of the publicist.

Among the very few men in America who possess, in the highest degree, these varied and valuable qualifications, is Mr. Frederick Hudson, of the New York *Herald*, whose temporary, and possibly permanent separation from the editorial department of that journal, affords an opportunity for referring to him and his services to American Journalism without risk of being suspected of flattery or of a desire to further ulterior purposes. It is no disparagement to the man who founded the New York *Herald* on no capital but his indomitable will, unwearied energy, faithful industry, and active intelligence, to say that the success which has carried that journal from a bare cellar in Wall street to a palatial establishment in Broadway, and its author from being the struggling youth, living on his two dollars a week, to be the wielder of his hundreds of thousands, is in great part due to the undogging zeal, patient and careful labor, clear intelligence, unruffled temper, precise business habits, prompt executive ability of Mr. Hudson, who for 30 years has held the post of confidence and responsibility in the establishment of the New York *Herald*. Modest to a fault, retiring, yet firm, with thousands of men to deal with in every relation, and some relations most trying to patience and temper, it is something wonderful to say that here is a man who never which seeks for awhile—perhaps forever—the shaded, quiet pools of private life, there to reflect the sun and the stars, the rainbow, the flowers, and the bending trees, happy to have leaped the cataracts and passed the whirling eddies and the rough and narrow channels through which it has been forced in the years that have gone.

Mr. Hudson was born in Quincy, Mass., April 26, 1819, in which vicinity his ancestors, emigrating from England, settled as early as 1636. It may be said to the pride of Boston, that he was educated in the public schools of that city, which have been recently characterized by the highly civilized legislature of Texas as "a miserable failure." He commenced active life as an accountant in the warehouse of a Boston merchant, where, no doubt, he acquired some part of the method and system, as well as promptitude, which have been through his subsequent life among his leading characteristics. In the spring of 1838 he came to New York, where he was employed for some months in the Merchants' News Room—then recently established—where he attracted the attention of Mr. Bennett, then struggling to found the New York *Herald*, and who, in the autumn of the same year, engaged him in his then infant establishment, where he has remained to this date, with only an interval of a few weeks, giving to it the very best years of an active and well-ordered life. During this long period, as we have said, he has been the confidential and esteemed assistant of its founder, whose confidence he has repaid by a faithfulness, unselfishness, and earnestness as admirable as exceptional.

By reference to foregoing dates, it will be seen that Mr. Hudson is still a young man; but the wear and tear of 30 years of journalism are more than enough for the strongest constitution, even when, as in his case, fortified by temperance, frugality, and the utmost regularity of life. He consequently finds it prudent, if not abso-



BOOK OF AUTOGRAPHS AND RESOLUTIONS, PRESENTED BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CLUB TO MR. FREDERICK HUDSON.



WATCH AND CHAIN PRESENTED TO MR. FREDERICK HUDSON, OF THE NEW YORK HERALD, BY THE HERALD ASSOCIATION.

was betrayed into an injudicious act or expression, and who, probably, has no enemy in the world. It would require more time and space than we have at our disposal to attempt to analyze a mind and character so evenly—we had almost said so perfectly—balanced. Besides, we know that the subject of our observations would shrink from the limited notoriety which we might give to him through any such attempt. Content to discharge faithfully the duties of his arduous profession, he has sought none of the noisy honors which are too often the ambition of the slaves of the quill; and it would ill become us to ruffle the surface of a stream



THE STRIKE OF THE CAR DRIVERS—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK.—A CAR, MODERATELY FULL, ESCORTED OFF BY THE DRIVERS.

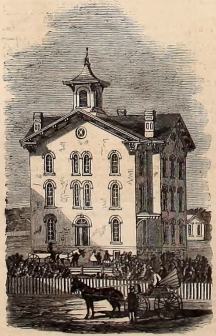
lutely necessary, to seek relief from his duties, for a time, at least, and will retire to a tasteful residence near Concord, Mass., where, it is to be hoped, he will be able to recuperate his energies and recruit his powers, so as to return again to the fraternity of New York journalists, of whom he has been one of the best and most respected mbers.

In consequence of his departure, Mr. Hudson has resigned his position as member of the Executive Committee of the Associated Press, with which he has been connected for 12 years. In doing so, he was presented with a most flattering testimonial from the remaining members, elegantly engraved and framed. A testimonial was also presented to him from the members of the "*New York Herald* Club," through Mr. Ryan, its Vice-President, consisting of a valuable gold chronometer, bearing the inscription:

PRESENTED TO
FREDERIC HUDSON, ESQ.,
BY THE
NEW YORK HERALD CLUB,
May, 1866.

And also with an elegantly bound book, consisting of six large pages of vellum, with appropriate illuminations, and bound in a heavy brown morocco cover, richly ornamented and paneled. In the centre of the front cover is a good-sized piece of the corner-stone of the new *Herald* building, worked into the form of an oval, and finely polished; and around this, in gilt letters, are the words:

PIECE OF THE CORNER STONE
OF THE
NEW HERALD BUILDING.
"*Labor Ipse Voluptas.*"



UNION SCHOOL HOUSE, CEDAR FALLS, IOWA.

REST AFTER DINNER.—The natural time for dinner would appear to vary with the habits of life between the hours of 12 and 3. As was urged in the case of children, plenty of time should be given to this meal; the food taken slowly, in small morsels, and ample use made of the teeth before swallowing; and, if practicable, a considerable period for rest of body and mind should be secured between dining and returning to the ordinary duties and labors of the day. The almost invariable habit of the lower animals to remain quiet, and generally asleep, after a full meal, is some evidence in favor of this recommendation. The dyspeptic condition of many of our operatives in town and country is clearly traceable to the necessity of hurrying to and from dinner, and from dinner to work, in consequence of living at a considerable distance from the place of employment.



THE GRAVE OF ROBERT MORRIS, THE GREAT FINANCIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

I HEAR THE BLUEBIRD SING.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Now glows the reddened maple,
And shrewd the wood-sprouts spring,
And feathers out the beech-tree,
And I hear the bluebird sing:
The bluebird! the bluebird!
The bluebird of the spring!

Now dance the lake in azure,
Its waves their silver fling;
And the wood-duck shows his plumage,
And I hear the bluebird sing:
The bluebird! the bluebird!
I hear his carols ring!

From far within the forest
Soft winds sweet odors bring,
Of the tender birch and sassafras,
And I hear the bluebird sing:
The bluebird! the bluebird!
Bright crest and azure wing!

The butterfly is floating
With the darning-needle's wing;
And hums the golden honey-bee,
And I hear the bluebird sing:
The bluebird! the bluebird!
How swift his circles swing!

I see the little tom-tit,
And he hops and says "Ching-ching!"
And the squirrel chirps and sapers,
And I hear the bluebird sing:
The bluebird! the bluebird!
What joys his descants bring!

The robin warbles sweetly,
And the swamp's keen voices ring,
And the lily globes the shallow,
And I hear the bluebird sing:
The bluebird! the bluebird!
Oh, rich and radiant thing!

Around the pine-tree pillar
The mercury-vine will cling,
And the grass will grow yet greener,
And I hear the bluebird sing:
The bluebird! the bluebird!
What gleams his pinions fling!

The moss will swell up plumper,
And the ground pine twine its string,
Through the flowers of all the wilderness
And I hear the bluebird sing:
The bluebird! the bluebird!
'Mid all this blossoming!

The eagle wide is launching
The vulture's haughty king;
And the fish-hawk swift is sailing,
And I hear the bluebird sing:
The bluebird! the bluebird!
Bound everywhere his wing!

The oriole is coming,
And his cradle soon will sling;
And the meek bird pours the music,
And I hear the bluebird sing:
The bluebird! the bluebird!
His merry carols ring!

The aspen's leaflets quiver,
On high hints tassels swing,
Soon, soon will come the bob-o-link!
And I hear the bluebird sing:
The bluebird! the bluebird!
Sweet Hesper of the spring!

LOST.

BY VIRGINIA R. RHODES.

I stood at the window of the W—— House at ——, and looked down at the two as they passed each other with a cold salutation, and then resumed their careless walk among the tide of promenaders that traversed the sea-coast.

I could trace the thoughts in the mind of each, as, with a mocking smile on his handsome lips, Le Roy Pemberton just touched his hat with the fingers of a white aristocratic hand, on which a flashing diamond glowed and scintillated; and Walter Noyce, his blue eyes flashing proudly, inclined his head with a haughty acknowledgment as he passed. I knew that they were thinking of the night before, and of me; and my heart did not beat with the fervor to know that the two attentions I had accepted with unusual graciousness throughout the evening had sent that triumphant smile to the face of Le Roy; nor the knowledge that my refusal to dance with Walter, though my hand was given to Pemberton in the next set, had made his eyes cool ashen. No, I felt neither pain nor pleasure at the thought; my heart seemed so cold and dead that morning; and though it was the month of July, I turned away from the window with a little nervous shiver. It may have been the sway of heavy crape as we good angel left my side, or a chilly breath of presentiment that swept through my frame—I know not. I only turned away in my pride, and refused to think tenderly of the man who had withdrawn his hopes and love, and stepped aside that another might fill his place.

That Walter Noyce once loved me I knew; that he had not been repulsed, I also knew; therefore when Le Roy Pemberton, with his great wealth and old ancestral name, that made him courted and honored, sought me out and offered me a devotion that made me envied by all; and I, with love's perversity sometimes encouraged it for the sake of seeing Walter's sad look of reproach and hearing his gentle rebuke—the first reiterations of love and forgiveness were so sweet after our recent coldness—I could not understand why, because I could not always escape the attentions I sometimes permitted, he should gradually withdraw himself from my society and love, until we met at last as strangers. And now I flirted and laughed so as not to let him see how weary life had grown. Proud as himself, I determined to teach him that I would not be won unsought, and if gratification then was in the thought, it was mine to know that he suffered.

Tired of these reflections, I threw a light scarf round my shoulders, and passing down stairs, joined the group below. A merry voice hailed me. "Ah! there you are Adelle!" and Maggie Hayne's bright face danced before me. "We were all wondering what had become of you, and the rest of us girls have been doing our best to console the gents for your absence; but we haven't succeeded very well, for one long visage just passed, its owner whistling dolefully, 'She has gone from my gaze,' and I positively had to call three times before he heard me. I tried my best to amuse him for five whole minutes, and my exertions were at last rewarded by hearing him mutter assent that he hadn't seen the sunshine this morning, for absence of your smile. 'There he is!' and her rosy lips pouted saucily as she pointed to Le Roy, who was hastening toward me. He took my hands in each of his, while his eyes lighted with what appeared to be pleasure, that my own, ashamed of their poor return, insensibly fell beneath them. I blushed deeply; I knew not unless it was because I saw Walter Noyce regarding me earnestly. I well knew what construction he would place upon my deepening color, but with restless pride I turned on my arm to Le Roy without seeming to notice him, and ten minutes afterward, I saw him traversing the veranda with Miss Lyons on his arm.

Days passed, bringing to me the same round of unchanging events. No one ever thought now of associating my name with that of Walter Noyce, but each and all united on giving me to Le Roy Pemberton. I, myself, began to think that fate had willed it so to be, and strove to think of her princess as his wife. I did not stop to question the dead weight at my heart when the prospect rose before me of the cold barrier that would stand between the then and the now—Walter's wife or Le Roy's, darted swiftly through my brain.

It was a lovely night. The full moon was rising slowly toward the zenith, draping the earth in folds of shimmering light, and throwing a silly gleam on the vast bosom of the waters, that scarcely palsated beneath its tender glow.

The jeweled lamps were hung in the vault above to light the passage of the gay throng who for one earth hold off her weeds of mourning for the last day, and welcomed her with silvery robes, sprinkling diamonds in her path. It was a night to lure you to gentle thoughts and good resolves. I did not care to join the merry groups below; their light laughter and hum of conversation seemed to dull and senseless as it floated through the open window to my ear. The parlors were partially darkened, and the pale moonlight seemed to linger in the rooms, deserted by all save myself and a young girl who sat listlessly playing over, "Thou Hast Learned to Love Another." I always thought its exquisitely touching, but to-night it seemed to have a sadder refrain.

It may have been that I felt unusually sensitive, or that the words found an echo in my heart. No longer able to restrain my feelings, I passed out on the veranda, and seating myself in a secluded corner, my over-wrought feelings gave way, and I wept long and silently. I was so lost to all around, that I did not hear any one approaching, until a step sounded close beside me. I raised my head quickly, made a vain effort to appear composed, and met the calm eyes of Walter Noyce fixed with questioning pity upon me.

At any other time my pride would have cried out at being discovered unbidden in weeping; but pride had vanished to-night, and in its place was a something else that made me feel as though sweet sympathy from him would be worth more than aught else, and my voice was tremulous as I returned his greeting:

"Adelle," and his voice was low and tender, "you are in tears—may I not know the cause? If there is aught I can do to make you happy, call on me as you would on—a brother."

My heart bounded at the slight hesitation before he pronounced the last word, but it fell again as the cold title passed his lips. I gently shook my head, telling him that it was nothing but childish weakness. I saw his disappointed look, noted his quick movement toward me—and I might yet have been happy. But at that moment the notes of the piano ceased sounding, footsteps were heard on the gravel walk, and the next moment Le Roy stepped through the open window and stood beside me.

"They told me I should find you here," were his first words; and then, catching sight of Walter, he nonchalantly saluted, as he said coldly, "Ah, beg pardon; I did not know that I was interrupting so pleasant a *tête-a-tête*. I will not intrude a third upon you."

At any other time I would have resented his scornful words, but knowing how much cause I had given him to address me thus, I hastened to answer:

"No; do not leave us. Mr. Noyce has just finished me, although not better than life, by his quiet and enchanting view. Make one of us, and we will enjoy it together."

Walter answered, and I could see the pain struggling in his face, though his voice was firm as he spoke:

"Miss Winthrop will find in Mr. Pemberton a much more interesting, if not more appreciative companion than myself; and, therefore, if she does not forbid it, I will leave her with him, and join those below."

I inclined my head in token of assent, not seeking to detain him, for a quick pain, to see how calmly he left me, kept me silent.

"I am glad he has gone, Adelle," Le Roy whispered, bending over me. "I wanted you to walk on the beach with me, there is such a delightful breeze from the water. Do say 'Yes.' Such a night as this ought to be sufficient inducement of itself."

I rose, and tossing to the wind the white rose-bud I had been feverishly tearing to pieces, I threw away my last dream of happiness, and gave him my arm without a word.

He led me out through the throng of lifters, almost touching Walter as we passed, I knew it was him, but I dared not raise my eyes to his face, lest my courage should forsake me. We walked on in silence till we stood close by the sea. We could hear the quiet dip of the waves as they touched the sand almost at my feet; and a strange calm, like a spell, breathed from them, while the full moon shining down upon my ocean-grave, took possession of me. But his words broke the spell, and brought me back to the life I had wished was mine no longer.

But why repeat all? Why tell of the love he offered and received, and with such impassioned earnestness? Is it not enough to know that, beneath the pure, truthful stars, I dared to raise my eyes to his and give him, in return for his deep devotion, the ashes of a dead love that had been—was another's—pledged myself to be his.

I may have been a little heartless, when everybody either knew or guessed at our engagement—I cared little which—the diamond ring which Le Roy placed upon my finger soon flashed on the forefinger of my left hand, might have told them that—a week afterward, that I stood on the beach, leaning on the arm of Le Roy and the other pointing to a distant line of cliffs far beyond.

"That is the vessel that sails this day before, a small party of us, and passes directly under the spot, my eyes had been attracted by a clump of bushes, that, from the distant vessel, I had of them, appeared to be covered with heavy clusters of small snow-white blossoms, growing pure and wax-like in the shadow of the grim height. An unaccountable desire to have a spray of them seized me from the first. I said nothing at the time, however, though I carefully noted the spot where they grew, and resolved in my mind to possess them.

I waited for a day; but the next, unable to restrain my impatience longer, I made Le Roy go down to the beach with me, and, pointing to the tiny speck, in the distance that could scarcely discern it, I told of the blossoms I had seen there—how much I wanted them—and ended by asking him to get some for me. He looked at me a moment, as though to assure himself that I was in earnest, and then, measuring with his eye the dizzy height, he turned to me:

"Why, Adelie, what can have prompted you to want them? It would be sheer madness for me to undertake this proposition. I am not a fair gallery flowers, when prettier can be had at any time with far less trouble."

"That is the very reason I would have them," I replied. "Those that can be had for the simple asking, I do not crave. It is because they are almost unattainable that I wish them."

"Yes! but, Adelie, would you have me peril my life for a few simple flowers, that you would tire of almost as soon as received?"

"No! not that. But I do not think there is any danger. I noticed that the rocks were jagged, and in many ways so that is afforde every facility for climbing. Besides, the flowers are little more than half way up."

"What folly!" he exclaimed, half angrily. "You are as persistent as a spoiled child, and quite as unreasonable;" and then, probably noticing that his tone was rather harsh, he added, more gently, "Come, Adelie, do be reasonable, and give up this fancy"; and he half attempted to draw me away. I do not know what made me so perverse, but I would not give up, and some evil demon prompted me to say, as I looked straight into his eyes:

"I do believe you are afraid to go, Le Roy Pemberton."

I could see the flush mount to his brows, as he made an effort to suppress the angry words that rose to his lips, and I could not quite control himself, and the hurt I had given him quivered through his voice, as he answered, bitterly,

"Perhaps I am afraid to go, now you think I am not a coward, Adelie, and the evening tide should leave me a corpse at your feet, you would be happy!"

My face glowed, as I answered: "I don't know, that would be little worse than being tied to a wizard for life."

His face was white with agony as he answered, hoarsely:

"Heaven forgive you those cruel words, Adelie; and leaving my side, he disappeared.

All that I had said, I thought and yet I did not weep, but stood there, half frightened at the results of my rash words. I was turning to leave, when the thought, as what Noyce looked earnestly, lovingly, into mine, as he stood before me, and his low voice said:

"I have loved you, Adelie, and if it is in the power of man, the flowers shall be yours."

One pressure of the hand, and he was gone.

Like one in a dream I waited all day—for what? The return of the man I loved, and the coming of the one to whom my hand was pledged. He came at last, but not with my better than life.

It was twilight. I had not seen Le Roy since I parted from him in the morning, and as I sat there waiting for his return, I heard a rush of many feet in the hall, a suppressed murmur of voices, and passing out into the passage-way, I beheld two rough men I saw—Heaven have mercy—the fair locks of Walter Noyce, dank and dripping, the blue eyes sealed for ever, and the pour hands bruised and bleeding, holding in their death clasp a few white flowers, crushed and broken. I took it all in at one glance, and with a piercing shriek fell fainting to the floor.

I am Le Roy's wife now. He knows all, and often speaks of those dark hours after that fearful swoon, when he never hoped to claim me on earth again—the hours when the one who died for me was put out of my sight for ever. I try to be a dutiful wife, and he never knows how often I gaze on the withered flowers he keeps for me, locked up in them the death of all life's hopes.

Perhaps, in the far beyond, he is waiting for me; there, there is neither marrying, nor giving in marriage.

ANTOINE CAUTER, OR PROBST, THE MURDERER.

IMMEDIATELY after the Deering murders, perhaps the most fearful on record in Philadelphia and the neighboring cities were alive for the arrest of the perpetrators of the crime. On the evening of the 18th of April, Officer Dorsey and another were on duty in Market street, near 23d, when a man passed. Officer Dorsey said: "That man looks like the German murderer is described to be, and I will see who he is." He then walked after him, and on coming alongside of him: "Are you a German?" "No," was the reply. "I am a Frenchman." The answer was given in broken English. "Where are you going?" the officer then asked. "In the country," was the reply. "I should like you to take a walk with me," said Officer Dorsey, and the man at once assented, and went quietly with the policeman down Market street, Officers Atkinson and Walden following. He made no objection to going into the station house, but when questioned, at first was not disposed to talk. Information of the arrest was sent to the Chief of Police, but it was kept from the knowledge of the reporters for several reasons, the principal one being that there might have been an accomplice. The prisoner was searched, and two rings were found on his fingers, and a purse in one of his pockets. This was afterward identified as one that had belonged to Mrs. Deering. The news of the arrest having been quickly circulated by the police officers of the district, several hundred persons gathered around the station house, most of whom were in a state of great excitement.

Frequent calls were made to bring the prisoner out. Between eight and nine o'clock, Mrs. Mary, having reached the station house, Antoine was conducted by officers Brennan and Walden to her presence. As soon as the eyes of the old lady fell upon him, she exclaimed, in a voice tremulous with emotion: "Oh, you murderer!" The prisoner hung down his head and was silent. Mrs. Dolan then stepped up to him and removed a brush from his back—it was the one she had herself made for him to please Deering.

At the same time she remarked that some of the clothes he had on were Deering's. Antoine did not make any remark at that time about the murder, but when the officers took him down stairs and were again searching him, he, in reply to a question, remarked that he had killed the boy Cornelius, but did not kill the family of Mr. Deering; that a German, whom he afterward described, had done it all.

About nine o'clock Antoine was removed in a carriage to the Central Station, Chief Ruggles and Lieutenant Patton having him in charge. The crowd about the station was very numerous as he was being led away, and the prisoner was shown up, much to the gratification of the assembly. The news of his arrest was widely circulated after the prisoner's removal from the Fifteen street station, and a large crowd soon gathered around the Central Station. From 10 to 11 o'clock there must have been from 4,000 to 5,000 persons about Fifth and Chestnut streets.

The removal of Antoine to a photograph gallery in the neighborhood for an ante-room exhibition, that would, no doubt, have resulted in the death of the prisoner had not a large police force accompanied him. Five exhibitions of the prisoner were held, and the interest manifested by the public was shown in the great desire to obtain a copy of the picture. As soon as ready to follow the prisoner as he was being driven off, but the officers resolutely kept the crowd back.

The prisoner was held in full confession, and since, on being arranged, refused counsel, but it was assigned by the court.

The life of this one man is small reparation for his crimes, but we hope that he will soon be tried, and punishment awarded, so that the public attention may not be too long allowed to dwell on his terrible crime.

MR. HENRY A. SMYTHE,

The New Collector of New York.

THIS gentleman, who has just been appointed to one of the most important offices in the gift of the Administration, is a native of New York, and hails from one of the oldest families in the State. He was born in 1819 in Hobart, Delaware Co. His father was a prominent farmer of that place, an effort was made to the Hon. Andrew Marvine, represented that district in Congress.

Mr. Smythe, after receiving a good academic education, came, in 1836, to this city, commencing his business life as clerk in one of the leading dry-goods importing houses, but subsequently entered an extensive importing establishment in the same capacity. In 1844 he formed a partnership with the house of Francis Skinner & Co., opening the first branch in this city of that numerous Eastern manufacturing company's agencies.

In 1857 he entered the house of Smythe, Sparrow & Co., commencing it successfully through all the business perils profitably till 1864, when he retired and was appointed Assistant Treasurer of the United States, an institution wrought into being by himself, and of which he still remains at the head. In this capacity Mr. Smythe engineered the affairs of the bank in the strongest evidence that could be given of Mr. Smythe's business ability and executive capacity, as well as conservative ability, which constitutes the very qualifications requisite for the Collector of the Port of New York. Prompt even in his actions and dealings, he demands the standard of excellence from others, and can never be swerved from his own sense of duty, however great the temptation or specious the devices. Socially he is one of the most genial of men, and a warm friend, as he proved in the true Christian spirit of benevolence; frank and gentlemanly in his intercourse with his fellows, he rarely forgets a slight, and is a warm and earnest friend and supporter of President Johnson.

In appointing Mr. Smythe to this important post, the President has inaugurated an entirely new system in making selection for office. There is no political party or clique that can say "I did it." Belonging to the great commercial class of the country, all interests, commercial and political, conservative and radical, democratic and republican, have joined in the support

of his claims for the place. The President has, furthermore paid a high compliment to our mechanics, with whom Mr. Smythe is popular. This class, after performing much of the labor for political moves, and furnishing a large share of the money, are seldom considered in the distribution of office. The promotion places, and especially the collectorships, are too generally given to a lawyer or some tricky politician; seldom to one of our honorable mechanics. But two of our Collectors, who can now be recalled, were selected from among the commercial men. Three—John Jonathan Thomson and Cornelius W. Lawrence, also were, without doubt, two of the most popular and efficient ones we have ever had in this city. It is believed that Mr. Smythe will follow closely their example.

THE CHOLERA TRACEABLE TO ELECTRIC INFLUENCES.

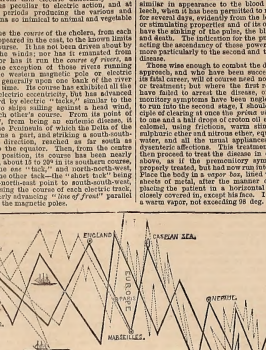
THE French press and the *savans* are just now making a great glorification over the discovery that the Asiatic cholera is traceable to certain electric influences, and that its movements can be marked by science and studied. Having had our attention called to the French claim of discovery, we reproduce, from the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, of November 29, 1848, an article by A. C. Gatch, M.D., having document emphatically, with diagrams, the same discovery. As this is a matter of national as well as of humanitarian importance, and as the article is understandable to everybody, we reproduce it as originally printed, dedicating for our country the credit of a discovery that will some day arouse as much importance as that of vaccination or the use of chloroform. We believe that Dr. Castle is still alive, and reading in this city:

The startling admonitions which every arrival from Europe conveys to us of the approach of that most terrible pestilence of modern times—the Asiatic cholera —have naturally attracted the attention of physicians and the public in general to its cause, nature and treatment. Much is first united there shown, the intelligent way of such sudden and appalling violence that professional and non-professional men seemed to be alike stunned and rendered incapable of investigating it with any degree of care or success. The time for inquiry has since elapsed has not been unimproved by medical observers, and a large and valuable collection of facts with regard to this disease has been accumulated. We are thus provided, to a considerable extent, with the means of substituting for mere theory the sober deductions of reason. I have myself devoted some time and labor to the collection of facts on this subject, and the result of my investigations has forced upon my mind, which I am at length encouraged to present to you, for the consideration of the profession, as the most philosophical basis for the concentration and more favorable opportunities than I had encountered for the prosecution of this most important inquiry. Strongly impressed with my theory of the origin and nature of Asiatic cholera was suggested and enforced by the facts which presented themselves as I proceeded in my investigations, and that I did not set out with it, seeking only for facts to sustain a preconceived opinion, I shall at once give you, as concisely as possible, the views which I entertain of this disease, and the grounds on which they are supported.

The dreadful influence that this mysterious agent, as an epidemic in the form of malignant cholera, has produced upon the human family, and its great fatality, carrying off 10 per cent. in numbers more than the population of the United States, need not be dwelt upon here. The cholera had been generally known in Europe previous to 1817 as occurring sporadically, and in the most aggravated and malignant form, as the "spasmodic cholera," when it burst forth and spread its desolating fury, and it made the circuit of the world in its destructive progress, whether by municipal laws, quarantine or military cordon, has ever failed for a single instant able to stay its onward course. Reason is beginning to give way to the non-contagionist of this character, but still is medical as well as non-medical science amazed, and a loss to account for the strange and irresistible waywardness of a disease which has baffled them in all its attempts or successful efforts to stay it. It has been suggested that atmospheric influences superadded and propagate the disease, and that it has its origin in animalcule floating in and filling the atmosphere, which, by their irritating effects upon the system, produce the disease. But were *these* the causes of malignant cholera, we should behold the disease tossed upon the winds with atmospheric caprices, borne, from point to point, in search, were to exist, of special points of the divinities and sub-divisions of the compass. This, however, is not the case, although, unfortunately, little is known of the laws governing atmospheric changes and their variations. We know, it is true, Professor Espy's ingenious theory on severe storms, and also those of others. We know, from well-demonstrated proofs, that changes are constantly occurring in the influences of atmospheric phenomena; that cold, expansion, contraction, condensation, irrespective of seasons, and but these, in an eminent degree, will, in altogether, are caused by solar heat, or, in other words, solar electricity.

It is evident that the earth was not made or created to be stationary, but that the atmosphere as an appendage of this planet, engendered within and exhaled from its body by solar and thermal electricity, or atmospheres are naturally formed and exhaled from other bodies. These subtle, ever-changing and ever-active agents, are all subject to that most powerful and subtle of all agents, electricity, which, we suppose, and we suppose, that by its subtle chemical and occult influences will be often exerted on the crust of the earth as to unfit certain portions of the surface of the globe for the healthy existence, or even continuance, of vegetable and animal life? May not various poisonous and destructive gases be engendered in the earth, during the hopes of the husbandman, and sending forth poisonous to the life and vitality of thousands in order to confound all the theories and wisdom of chemists and philosophers? Suppose, for the moment, that a superabundance of nitrogen gas were exhaled into the atmosphere. Might we not find in that phenomena a rational explanation of the excitement in certain nerves, hallucinations, pains, and the like experienced in others, and the certain effects they produce upon their system, and of long continuance? Would not a differently constituted, might exclaim to the "how dye do" of their friends, that they "never felt so well in their lives." So with a superabundance of oxygen and other gases, inflammatory and nervous fevers would be produced in peculiar temperaments obnoxious to such influences, as well as hurricanes, thunder-storms, and such like phenomena, so beautifully described by Beaver as existing in the atmosphere and influencing the surrounding population and the brute creation immediately preceding an irruption of the Mount Etna. Atmospheres thus locally affected, either by solar attraction, or by electrical-magnetic action, might produce only endemic disease, or disease from "miasmatic poisons" of the locality. Typhus, or ship fevers," and such like infections, may be accounted adequate causes, emanating from animal matter affecting the immediately adjacent portion of local atmosphere, but we cannot conceive that in the case of malignant cholera that the opposition that as the earth performs its revolutions it may be subject to such influences, now exhaling it to a more than usual amount of electric influence, and now to a more ascendant than usual? We may rationally suppose such phenomena to take place, and the influence they may exert upon human and terrestrial electricity affords abundant room for speculation. We have, for example, as an evidence for terrestro-electric force, the magnetic needle, &c., and science has discovered four magnetic poles, two of weak and two of strong magnetic power, or electric intensity—the most powerful of the magnetic poles being on the American Continent, and the weakest in Asia—the dip of the magnetic needle exhibiting the intensity. May not such phenomena as are here indicated produce, or be the exciting cause of the internal generation of the gaseous atmospheric agent, steam, which as of great electric intensity, and caloric, so as to account for disruptions of fire, through the earth's crust; the up-heaving of mountains and high lands, and the extraordinary effects of electric action, often being about a synchronous with these data as the destruction of portions of the earth's crust, or of its usually uniform level appearance, in the form of the volcanic eruptions or by earthquakes, &c., &c.? Now when phenomena, as the above, are supposed to be produced by this sub-terrestro-electric action upon the system of the earth, we may reasonably expect to see changes in the gaseous and vaporous generations of the earth's crust, which would exhibit new poles on the atmosphere of general electric uniformity, the latter deviating from certain points in the earth's eccentric stream peculiar to electric action, as all these influences are governed by magnetic laws, and the direct phenomena so inimical to animal and vegetable life.

Let us examine the course of the cholera for the short period that it appeared in each of the known lands of its western course. It has not been my object to trace the course of the disease as it emanated from the centre of its birth-place, but to ascertain, as I asserted, with the exception of those rivers running parallel with the meridian north pole or electric route, and then generally upon one bank of the river only, if in the same manner, the disease followed the phenomena of electric eccentricity, but has advanced steadily westward by what is termed "leaps," or that of "ticking" of two ships sailing against a head wind, and crossing each other's course. From its point of starting in 1817, from being an endemic disease, it rolled over the Jhumnah, of which the Delta of the Ganges, &c., forms a part, and striking a south-southeast element in direction, reached as far south as *Malacca*, near to the equator. Then, from the centre of its endemic position, it commenced its career in south-south-east, about 15 to 20° in its southern course, as it was on the west, and in a direction, perhaps, of about 30°, on the other tack—the "short tack" being that in which the magnetic needle pole or electric route, and by thus crossing the course of each electric track, forming the westerly movement or "*leap of Fear*" parallel with the base of the magnetic poles.



JESSORE AND VICINITY, the starting point of the Asiatic cholera south-westward and north-westward beyond Nepaul. Calcutta, the starting point to Malacca, and also similar to that of *Bessore*, but more westward in its course. Madras, from which it advanced, from the observations that I have made upon the peculiar approach of this epidemic from west to east, in a westerly course, the various eccentric angles of which the annexed diagram so clearly and satisfactorily illustrates, is meant. Its then, these "short tacks" in marine parlance, of the electric fluid, with the crust of the earth, affected and affect the exhalants forming the atmosphere in the various bays along the coast, from which arises the healthfulness and vitality of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. I believe it to be, as it were, a solar and terrestrial combat for the balance of power of the electric force, between the sun and the earth, and of the universe, until the equilibrium, from the natural laws governing them, be brought about and maintained. And that during such a period, *thereto*-electricity is evolved within the body of the earth, and consequently there must suffer more or less, according to their several peculiarities and susceptibilities, the animal life, and in several of the inferior races, the blood has in an incipient stage of cholera been found to be void of all the nervous power or animal electricity to overcome the non-coagulating force of the atmospheric agents. If in immaterial whether the atmosphere be filled with animalcule or with gases, as I believe, it is a well-established fact that venomous reptiles and animalcule are more numerous during the cholera season.

The production of locusts, the plagues of the east, the myriads of insects, are evidences of the same electric causes. Thus I conceive the "potato rot" to have been produced by electric causes, of which, I opine, will yet be proved to have aided as a powerful auxiliary in the cause of the late war. The current degrees modify the action of the atmosphere, as the tide-flood in the river, and the ebb, as the vital blood in the system, and to change the position of the electric fluid, as to change the position of dysentery which has afflicted our country as an epidemic, and which, in my opinion, is of the same has been exceedingly fatal as a dysentery, but, it will be seen, is not the same as the cholera.

The "black death" of the 14th century commenced in China, and, as it advanced westward, it came with a roots as has the cholera; during which period, making all due allowance for the want of the knowledge of the consequent exaggerations, undoubted testimony, that of the Arabian historian, Abulfeda, concerning changes, from sub-terrestrial agencies, occurred.

At all events, whether my theory be correct of the phenomena to which the origin of this terrible pestilence is to be traced, I have endeavored to present the statement in. I am not without confidence that it merits, and will receive, candid consideration. Medical investigation will discloss the merits of the theory; and, I trust, will result in a more successful treatment. It is not my view of the cause of the disease sustained by the facts which it presents, and the deductions which flow, and often almost instantaneous and total prostration of the vital powers, as exhibited in the case of those in the British army in India fell dead, "as if struck by lightning," and the rapidity with which the blood changes in the secretories and excretories—the state of the bloodvessels, and the appearance of the blood, and the progress of the disease, disclose to the presence and action of the electric fluid, and the consequent decomposing agency, very different from, and infinitely more powerful than, that of the decomposing agency of the human body, in this disease, so instantly affected by the poisonous gases or atmosphere, related in consequence of the subtle phenomena which I have attempted to describe, that the blood becomes to a greater or less extent decomposed, and the nervous system is affected just as improperly prepared solutions would act upon a galvanic battery—by producing corresponding changes in, and action of, the nervous system. In the study of the phenomena of this disease, as it yet internally, one great oversight has evidently been made. The total paralysis of the *absorbents, secretories* and *excretories*, which is general, and almost the first, and which is indeed the most alarming symptom, and which I believe to be the consecutive cause of the utter prostration of the entire system, has been overlooked; and classing this disease with the ordinary dynamatic affections, physiologists have conducted their investigations with a pre-conception that it was to be known, and seem to be desirous rather of reconciling the appearances which present themselves to their notice with that opinion, than of collecting facts on which to frame sound deductions. Hence the purple face, the pulse full and bounding, clammy sweat exudes upon the surface, the body, the seat of the stomach, and along the whole course of the intestinal canal, and passed off by the bowels in profuse discharges. The bile secretes, and bile principle in small quantities is discharged, and the blood is found to contain a thick unctuous matter, and the serum of the blood expressed from such a mass, when it has been permitted to remain in its body for a few days, evidently from the loss of its electric or stimulating properties and of its oxygen. Then we have the sinking of the pulse, the cold stage, asphyxia and death. The indication for the purpose of counteracting the anomalous symptoms are obvious to me, before particularly to the second and third stages of this disease.

Those wise enough to combat the disease on its first approach, and who treat the disease successful in arresting its fatal career, will of course need no further attention to the treatment; but those who have unfortunately delayed have failed to arrest the disease, or where the preventory symptoms have been neglected, and allowed to run into the second stage, I should adopt the principle which experience has taught me to be the best, and to use and a half drops of croton oil and five grains of calomel, using friction, warm stimulating drinks, sulphuric ether and nitrous ether, equal parts, in warm water, and all the usual appliances in the collapse and dysenteric affections. This treatment failing, I should then proceed to treat the disease in connexion with the above, as if the premonitory symptoms had been properly treated, but had now run into the second stage. Place the body in a *vapor box*, lined with two extended sheets of lead, after the manner of a shower bath, placing the patient in a horizontal position, keeping the head only exposed to the face. I would then throw a warm vapor, not exceeding 98 deg. into the box, previously placing in the box a vessel with the proper materials to generate and let free a portion of oxygen gas. Then pass an electric stream through the box, and the patient, the poles being applied to the head and feet. Bring care that the electricity was equal to that of the blood. The box of course should be placed on non-conductors with glass legs, and the top of glass also. The internal remedies would be diuretics, and the most soothing and mild, with strengthening syringes, and such as would most readily yield oxygen. I consider it of the first importance to act upon the skin and bring them to their healthy functions, as well as the skin and the liver, and by all possible means to arrest the evacuations. When the dejections are free from bile, I would recommend to be administered *one dose of iodine's bile* in port wine, on account of its astringent properties, as well as stimulating the absorbents and excretories of the intestines. By these means, I think, hope to bring the lacteals and excretories under the nervous influence, thus reproducing health to the system, and by the action of the skin and kidneys attract the evacuations from the excretories of the intestinal canal. In these cases, very little remains to overcome this dire disease.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25, 1848.

STRIKE OF THE CAR-DRIVERS.

LAST week our "Gossip" had something to say about the car-drivers' strike. Up to the present writing the affair stands pretty much as it did, and no compromise has been made between the employing and striking number of cars. Meanwhile the public are the sufferers.

The car-drivers receive the munificent sum of $2 per day for 16 hours' work, and are rashly demanding an advance of 50 cents per day on this pay. The ordinary hours of service are 12 to 12 or 13 to 13 hours' work, and it does seem rather hard that a man who has to be on duty for so long a time in the day should not be allotted in the handling of horses, and must have a license to practice his employment, should not have better remuneration. The companies opposing he should be paid only laborer's wages of 17½ cents per hour, or $3 for a day's work. He would be for 16 hours $2 80; whence he now asks only $2 30.

At all events, the strike must soon have, without exception, espoused the cause of the strikers—a singular fact in the history of strikes—and there is a general sympathy for the men who are now trying for.

So far they have been entirely peaceable, and have made no demonstration, save gathering about the cars and chaffing the green drivers that have been put on, or paying compliments to the kid-gloved swell-mobsmen officials, who have volunteered to drive the cars, according to each side's partisanship.

It has been a queer sight to see the cars starting from the Park or the Astor House, at each time of the day or night that they are running, and they are coming up most plentifully, and mark the good-humored eagerness with which the officials of the extreme upper parts of the city accommodate themselves to the crowded state of the interior cars.

We shall say nothing about inside; that, of course, was packed like a barrel of herrings; but on the outside they hung, they clung, they stood, they sat, they held by their teeth, and by every other mode ever invented since the world began. The top was full, the platforms more than full; some one sat in each window, and stood on the outside ledges, hanging fast to the legs of those who had seats in the windows. A conductor—upon whose veracity we can depend—told us that he had solicited, on one up trip, 107 fares, and we do not doubt it. This is pretty good for a vehicle only made to hold 24.

So far there has been no breach of the peace, the drivers contenting themselves with holding meetings, and calling upon their fellow-citizens for sympathy, which we think they have. We think they must finally gain their point, if it were for no other reason than the unpopularity of the railroad companies.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL-HOUSE AT CEDAR FALLS, IOWA.

AT Cedar Falls, Iowa, they have just completed a new school-house, and as the fact is marked one in the history of that place and that section of country, we illustrate it as we would any one public building in the commerce of our country in education and enlightenment.

The foundations for the building was built in the fall of 1863, and in the summer and fall of 1864 the brick was mostly laid. In 1865 the work was resumed, and so far completed as to fit the building for occupancy the first of this week. During the most of this time the school has been without public schools, much to the annoyance of parents and greatly to the detriment of children. The house is located in a central portion of the city, on a full block of ground, bounded by Clay street on the east and Franklin street on the west, Eighth street on the south and Seventh street on the north. It is purposed to fence the ground, seed it down, and ornament it with trees and shrubbery. The building is 61½ by 64 feet in size, and three stories and a basement in height. (The cost of the property to the district, it is now stands, is $31,815.65, and about $3,000 unpaid.)

There are five school-rooms in the building, in which it is possible to accommodate 425 pupils, but which should not be crowded more than 400. The basement is not furnished, and it is fully realized that it should be made available at once. It would provide two good rooms, capable of seating 100 pupils each. The importance of this may be seen from the fact that the present attendance of the Primary and Grammar Schools estimates that the number will be increased to 550, if it can be rendered possible to receive all applicants. (It may be a surprise to some to learn that the total number of children in the district entitled to school privileges, according to the census taken in '73—not '74—is 819 females.)

The 1st Primary Department is in charge of Miss S. V. Hatcher, the 2d, of Miss E. A. Moulton; while the 1st Intermediate Department is presided over by Miss R. C. Goodnow; the 2d by Miss S. E. Hatch. The Grammar School is in charge of Prof. G. A. Graves and Miss I. H. Harris.

We are glad to record any educational step that is of positive interest to the people at large, or to an ambitious locality.

ROBERT MORRIS, THE FINANCIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE name of Robert Morris is as familiar to the tongue of every republican as the name of the financial basis of our first war for independence as is that of Washington, as a military leader and statesman.

Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, was born in Lancashire, England, in January, O. S., 1733. His father was a Liverpool merchant, and was largely engaged in the American trade, and when Robert was but 13 years of age, he came to America and entered the counting-house of Charles Willing, for a period of two years.

An event occurred at this period which caused him to be left an orphan in a foreign land. His father was killed by an accidental discharge of a gun from a ship which he boarded.

In 1754 was formed the partnership of Robert Morris and Charles Willing, which soon commanded merchant, and it soon became the most extensive importing house in Philadelphia. Mr. Morris made several voyages to the West Indies and Europe—and, in the course of one of these voyages, he was taken prisoner by a French man-of-war, and was for some time kept in close confinement. He was, however, liberated, and being a good mechanic, he directed his attention to building and repairing vessels, and by this means, obtained money to return to Philadelphia, and to enter upon his career.

At the opening of the Revolution, Robert Morris became strongly identified with the interests of the patriot party, and in every financial movement of the time he was self-secrificing and saving of the cause he supported. He was a member of the council that was opened in Robert Morris in the most stormy days of the Revolution, and on this committee with a wealthy Quaker, John Morton, first President of the Bank of North America, and he tells how he wasted money for the cause. He says, "I asked him what money he could give; he replied:

"Robert Morris, I am a Quaker.

The Quaker promptly replied: "Robert, thou shalt have it."

Mr. Morris supplied the money on credit; and without deception from the merit of the assistance rendered by this Quaker patriot, it was by means of that his financial means furnished by him were the munificent springs of Inexpressible comfort and supplies to the commissariat with which effectually secured our independence and furnished the foundation of the prosperous and happy condition of our nation. He owed notes for $1,600,000. They passed freely and at the value of specie, and were in time all redeemed.

In conclusion, we will only give the date and place of the death of this man, having but touched on the most salient points which within the space of three columns could be written.

This great and good man died, not on the 8th day of May, as has been stated by many, but on the 19th.

We append Dr. Brysick's certificate:

I, Frederick Brysick, do hereby certify that Robert Morris, Senior, Esq., aged 73 years, died last night of a fever."

THE Parisians are now drinking water drawn from the celebrated champagne country of Aisne. The river Dhuis has been brought through an aqueduct 85 miles in length, 74 miles of which are solid masonry work, with an incination of about six inches to the mile. A little over nine miles are in cast iron conduits across valleys, the inclination of which is about 16 inches to the mile. The water works commenced on the 1st of June, 1865, and finished in September last. They cost 16,000,000 francs.



TERRIFIC EXPLOSION OF NITRO-GLYCERINE ON BOARD OF THE STEAMER "EUROPEAN," AT ASPINWALL, NEW GRANADA, ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 3RD, 1866.—FROM A SKETCH BY GUSTAVE KRATZ.



LL, NEW GRANADA, ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 3RD, 1866.—FROM A SKETCH BY GUSTAVE KRATE.

A LESSON OF SPRING.

BY C. D. GARDETTE.

Turn shrill-voiced herald of the spring
Speeds northward in his gusty mirth,
And softer zephyrs sigh and sing
Above the slowly quickening earth.

You say you know the seasons' course,
The changes of their separate span:
But did you ever feel their force,
In looking on your fellow-man?

Come, walk the streets with me to-day;
Not those bright thoroughfares of pride
Where Fashion sets her idle sway
And damask'd draperied Wealth doth ride;

But let us seek the devious ways
Where Poverty keeps boitless door;
And, as each humble latch we raise,
Mark well the force of the spur.

Still somewhat dark they well may seem,
Scarce leavened from the winter's gloom;
But in their eyes a kindling gleam,
And on their cheeks a nascent bloom!

No more upon their shivering forms
The filthy hearth its glimmer sheds;
But God's own fire each bosom warms,
And Spring's free sunshine gilds their heads.

The grandam crones a cheerier song,
The mother's needles brisker fly,
The father's arm seems doubly strong,
And hope relights the sufferer's eye.

The merry urchins—they who wear
The motley patchwork of the poor—
Mark how their very rags look gay,
Around each sun-engirdled door!

Yes, to these toiling ones, who drift
Through dark and devious by-ways here,
Spring hath a life-renewing gift—
A quickening promise, yea! by year.

Yet, hold! Though vernal air and sun
Be each a gay and goodly thing,
Of four full seasons, 'tis but one,
And Summer cometh after Spring.

The Spectre of Cliffe;

OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.—IN CRAVEN.

"Who travels by Donnerbleck Scars takes a bad road," runs a local proverb in Craven; and, like most proverbs, it contains a deal of truth.

The cart-track is, in fact, so wretched, that it has no right to the name of road, especially, too, since in the winter season it is not used by any at all, but is in the sole occupation of a mountain torrent.

Such being the case even at this present, when Craven (from *Craigvan*, "District of Rocks") is the summer haunt of tourists, demanding to be *carried* everywhere in wheeled conveyances, we may imagine it was no better in the year of grace 1830.

At that very date, however, and somewhere about midnight in September, two travelers might have been seen toiling (for them there was a moon) essaying that ill-reputed way in a gig.

Western Yorkshire, as many people are aware, does not fringe the sea-coast, and yet upon the left hand of the wayfarers arose a wall of cliff, as sheer and massive as any which opposes itself to ocean-tossed fragments of rock, too, similar to those which are found on the sea-beach, strewed the track, and in such numbers as to be unavoidable. What lack of water of roadway, independent of these, was a natural limestone pavement, with fissures in it at unequal intervals.

The vehicle was a dog-cart, though, must have been made of boxwood at least, to have resisted such continuous shocks; and how the springs stood, would have been a marvel to such as were unacquainted with the fact that the gig had no springs.

"Stay, Cator, pull up, and let me out," cried one of the inmates, after a concussion which made every timber in the homely conveyance rattle and creak. "I'd rather go along upon all-fours, if that be necessary, than sit through another jolt like that. Let me out, I say."

The tone was that of would-be determination, the mixture of peremptoriness and conciliation which is the certain index of a dependent mind. The reply was equally significant of a disposition dogged and obstinate, not easily molded to another's purpose, but once hedged up, fitted to be its instrument for bad or good, without much scruple.

"Sir, where ye be, I say. My orders were, I was not to stop for love or, for that ye were unfitted to walk alone."

"Back you, sirrah—— Thunder! What a bump! I protest I thought my collar-bone was broken. How dare you talk to me in that fashion? Am I not your master, sir?"

"Ay, sir, that's like enough; but my orders come from the master of both of us. Sit you down, I say;" and the driver seized the other's wrist, as he strove to rise, and forced him down with iron grip on the seat again.

"Well, upon my word, this is pretty treatment," observed the victim, querulously; "it really is, Cator. Why, you couldn't treat me much worse if I was one of the patients."

"Well!" cried the driver, slapping his thigh, "but that is a good one. "*Ah, Mr. Clement Carr, but I think I could.*"

"This is truly horrible," observed Mr. Clement Carr, as he clung in an agony of terror to the side-rail of the gig, which was now descending a sort of precipice, "to travel such a road as this in company with such a man!"

"Ay, hearkting it is," rejoined the driver, looking over his shoulder grimly at his unconscious companion, a short but corpulent man of middle age, who might be termed "gentleman," or for a new suit of black broadcloth and a decent hatband could carry him toward that social elevation.

"you cannot hear worse than what I say, Mr. Clement. Have you not heard strange sounds ever since we passed the Kirkstane, like the rushing and rolling of waters?"

"What is it, my good friend?—what on earth is it?"

"It is nothing on earth, Mr. Clement," responded the other, gravely; "it's the waters underneath us on their way to Hell Gates."

"I trust the ground may not open," ejaculated the stout man, piously—"I only trust the ground doesn't open with using such wicked words."

"But that's nothing to a-going to," re-turned the other, with a sneer; "so what's the use of troubling? Here we are, look, at the very edge of Boden Pot—otherwise called Hell Gates—and it's a sight to be seen. Ain't the ground just opened with a wengeance, eh, Mr. Clement?"

Upon the right-hand side of the cart-track, and separated from it by no fence of any kind, gaped a large circular chasm, the bed down in which the unseen water was bubbling and simmering as though it indeed did boil.

If Mr. Clement was a part proprietor of that famous private asylum for the nobility and gentry of aberrated intellect called the Dene, Yorkshire, was he such upon the present occasion his countenance exhibited no vulgar triumph, or even complacency. In fact,if we had not had the word of the vencular Mr. Cator to the contrary, one would have pronounced him to have been in the worst fright of his life, so abject was his appearance, as, clinging to his favorite rail, and bowing his whole weight on the side of the gig most remote from the object of his terrors, he regarded the curious natural phenomenon thus presented to his notice.

"I was born and bred in Craven myself," continued the keeper—for such was the position which the driver of the vehicle occupied when at the Dene—"and yet I have never seen this sight but once before."

"I have quite satisfied my curiosity, Cator," observed Mr. Carr, in a hollow voice, and attempting with no little difficulty, on account of a tendency of his tongue to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

"Very good, sir," replied the other, with mock respect. "I am sure your wish is my law; only, Mr. Gloster said I was to take the greatest care of this here mare: and,she's come a long way, and wants rest; and here's a nice bit of level ground to rest upon, and it is the best place, you see, to be put a-purpose for her to rest upon. I'm sure you wouldn't be cruel to animals, Mr. Clement; and despite of anything as I may say, it is my nature 'our system is opposed to violence of all descriptions,' as Mr. Gloster says, so let us bide a bit, and wait for the Boggart."

"The Boggart!" whispered Mr. Clement, horror-struck at the unaccountable name he heard him for an instant, and then redxing his gaze upon the chasm, as though fascinated by its fearful depths, as it was down upon it.

"The Boggart," commenced Mr. William Cator, calmly, "is what is more generally known as the Devil, though he is in Heaven, and not here, for the former name, as a sort of territorial title. When he is not elsewhere, hereabouts—at Staypy-the-brig, Wharfedale; at Ingleborough, Ingleby-the-by), or Withgill Wells, all country-seats of his in these parts—he is sure to be in Boden Pot. See how quite like down yonder—why, there is just where the moon catches it, like the froth on a madman's lips! One hundred and eighty feet short, I may say, Mr. Clement, and you'll see a rank grass ceases to grow: and there, at the very edge, do you see a footprint deep in the stone, what the long-legged shepherds say?"

Following the direction of the speaker's finger, his companion could just discover a bare spot upon the verge of the abyss—a spot which, at just where the moon catches it, like the froth on a madman's lips! One hundred and eighty feet short, I may say, Mr. Clement, and you'll see a rank grass ceases to grow: and there, at the very edge, do you see a footprint deep in the stone, what the long-legged shepherds say?"

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"I should think it did," remarked Mr. Cator dryly; "and it would have been death, too, if the man had not been dead already."

"Dead already?" echoed the other. "How could a dead man plant a footstep like that?"

"Ah, how indeed, Mr. Clement? You must ask the judge before whom the case was tried a century and half ago. Now, think of your not knowing that, and you a relation by marriage of the party in question! I don't mean the Boggart—although I have seen you under circumstances when you might not have stood for own brother as much—but Guy Clifford of Cliffe, an ancestor of the very man whose sudden and deplorable death——"

"Hold your witness, man; you could not be helped," interrupted his companion, earnestly. "I thought it upon himself Cator. It was a question of his life or ours. Don't you think the mare is sufficiently rested, my good friend? The sooner we're under way the sooner safely darker."

"Did not I *say* 'sudden and deplorable' Mr. Clement? Why, you could not have caught me up more sharply, if I had hinted at a crowner's 'quest. Guy Clifford, then, was a far-away ancestor, although in the direction, of our late lamented friend and patient; and if there had been such an establishment as the Dene in those days, ought most certainly to have been placed there under—what is our phrase?—judicious moral restraint. But there was no benevolent institution of the kind then extant, and so this mad fellow went at large. I can't tell you what he did, or rather what he did not do, to make Satan his friend, but certain he brought the curse upon the Cliffords. There's no surly storey about his having left a mother and child in the caves, under Hebble Forest, yonder, to find their way out by themselves; but, at all events, he was not a moral character, like you and me. He married a quiet wife, too. The Cliffords have often done that, although it is only of late years that they have married beneath them—nay, don't be angry, Mr. Clement; I mean no offense to Miss Grace as was that was a truer word than that, Mr. Clement. Have you not heard strange sounds ever since we passed the Kirkstane, like the rushing and rolling of waters?"

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"'These be well-winded,' said Howarth to his huntsman; 'never did I see men run so fast before.'

"'Why, Heaven save us! the one in gray is Squire Guy Clifford,'replied the huntsman. 'And he is he as is after, I reckon, him so close.'

"But nobody answered that, although all the hunt had got their eyes fixed upon the advancing pair. They ran on, the headlong speed, right toward the Pot (it was not called Hell Gates *then*), and Guy's face looked like a hunted bear's, they said, as it drew near to knee who was behind him; then he fled down the cleft, though all cried out to him to stop, and into the yawning gulf, as if for shelter, and that was the last footstep which is printed there. There was no other mark or sign. Although the man in black took the same road, Clifford's Leap they sometimes call it. There was no more otter-hunting after that; but Howarth and his friends stayed by the wife he is said the squire is dead, for he has just seen him chased by the devil into Boden Pot. And, sure enough, he was dead and buried he had been Hell at that very time. You may suppose how this was talked of over all the Fell-side; so much so, that Madam Clifford, the widow, brought her action against Mr. Howarth for publishing the scandal, that he had seen her deceased husband driven into hell; and the defense set up was this, *that he had so seen him.* She laid the damages at five thousand pounds. It was tried before Judge Bolby at York Assizes. The witnesses for Madam were the doctor and other two, who had been with the squire when he died. He had refused to go to bed, and insisted upon being carried to a new grey hunting-suit, in which to take the field the moment he felt better. But Howarth, on his part, had his four-and-twenty witnesses, of whom all declared that as sure as they swore to the very buttons on the said suit, which they had observed were covered with the same sort of cloth whereof the coat was made. It was impossible to resist such testimony; and the judge left it down to the jury, who said, 'Lord have mercy upon me!' said he, 'and grant I may never see what you have seen: one or two may be mistaken, but five-and-twenty cannot be mistaken.' So Madam Clifford lost her cause."

"But the Boggart!" exclaimed Mr. Clement, excited, despite his terrors, by this singular narrative.

"Well, the Boggart has haunted Boden ever since. I have seen him myself, as large as eggs, which he has cast up from the water in his rage; and listen! you will hear him cursing to himself as he down in the bowels of Hell Gates."

The bubbling and boiling had by this time subsided, but as the pair listened attentively, a dull sub-terraneous sound like the plutting of the swollen Pool against the rock—could be distinctly heard. The two men listened for a little in total silence, then Mr. Carr, in a querulous tone, ejaculated Mr. William Cator; "master has had enough of the Boggart."

Master had had so much of him, that he never spoke a word until the dark and perilous way lay well behind them, and they were moving swiftly upon that open wide of country—a common a level road.

"Are there no more boulders or underground rivers to cross?" inquired Mr. Clement Carr, with assumed carelessness.

"Nothing more, sir," replied his companion, with respect which was unmistakable apparent in his tones for the first time. "I thought you would think it rather a wild journey over them Fells."

"If I ever come that accursed road again," exclaimed Mr. Clement, breathing very hard, and wiping his face from the perspiration from which they came, "may the fiend in truth fly away with me, as these otter-hunting fools fancied they saw him——"

"I say," interrupted Mr. William Cator, checking his steed for the second time; "just you take care of what you say about the devil."

"Why? where? what? interrogated the other, apprehensively. "You told me that there was nothing more to be alarmed at."

"Don't you go making a jest in the place we're coming to, for what happened to Guy Clifford, Mr. Clement. The Cliffords are an old family, and hug their traditions after a fashion which you wouldn't understand. They're particular proud, I believe, of the ancestor as brought the curse upon them. If he didn't go downward by way of Boden Pot, it is certain that he took some other road to the same place; but it was a fine thing, and a compliment to the Cliffords to be fetched by the Prince of Darkness."

"I am sure they are welcome to any superstitions they please," observed the other, with a grating laugh. "Folly of that sort is always a step in the right direction, and I trust that one member of the family, at least, may always qualify himself for a residence at the Dene."

"Ay, you may call it superstition, Mr. Clement Carr; but if you had lived boy and man for a quarter of a century within a mile of Cliffe Hall, you would not be so glib with your tongue."

You are an ignorant and uneducated man Cator," returned the other, loftily, "and therefore such credulity, fostered by local prejudice, is in your case only natural."

"Very good, Mr. Clement," answered the other, dryly. "Perhaps we shall differ less about that matter to-morrow morning."

"Why to-morrow morning less than now, my good Cator?" inquired the other, with an air of careless patronage.

"Because you will have slept upon it, sir, which is said to often alter a man's opinion, and more especially as you will have done so in Cliffe Hall."

"But there's nothing against the Hall, my good Cator,'a there? Mrs. Clifford has never breathed a syllable of anything unpleasant?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing, except those tales which 'credulity, fostered by local prejudice,' is so apt to invent, and which 'ignorant and uneducated' folks are so ready to believe. But yonder is Cliffe Hall itself; we shall have a couple of hours' sleep before daybreak yet, if we push on."

"I shall not go to bed to-night," said Mr. Clement Carr, decisively; "it will scarcely be worth while."

Mr. William Cator chuckled aloud.

"And look you, Cator, perhaps our staying in the house may be looked upon as an intrusion at this period of family affliction. To-morrow night we will sleep at the Hall."

"There is no inn, Mr. Clement," returned the driver, maliciously. "Here are the Lodge gates; please to hold the reins, while I get out and ring the bell."

CHAPTER II.—BROTHER AND SISTER.

It was the quietest hour of the twenty-four. The high harvest-moon at full was flooding the silent woods with mellow light, and crowning the eternal hills with a diadem opaline. Through the iron gates, the avenue stretched fair and wide, and the broad oaks threw each a shadow of itself on the eastern sward as perfect as though it were a cast mantle. At the end of the long vista rose the midmost tower of Cliffe Hall; and on both sides, beyond the wide lawn, vast masses of stately mansion, or at least of its girdling terrace, could be seen, sleeping in the moonbeams like some enchanted pile of fairyland. Around it sped wood the park, wooded and knowled, the ferny coachings-place of many a noble herd; and where faded it, as far as eye could range, rose the dark back-ground of Bolkie Forest and Fell.

Fat and lazy, the porter-lodge and cruel, Clement Carr sat in the springless gig looking like a vulgar Vitellius. The countenance of Mr. William Cator, also who did not deign to have awaken the lodge-keeper (although he hung on to the bell as though he were taking part in a bob major) with his first, nor yet his second summons, wore such evil grim as the stone deer-hounds that sat on either side the portal.

When the gates were opened at last, he lashed the mare into a gallop, as though she had been the cause of their long detention. Still, even these men, as they emerged from the double line of oaks, standing like sentinels whose officer of the watch was time itself, and beheld the various proportions of the castle (for such in truth it was), each significant of its epoch, but harmonized one with the other by the revolving years—even these men, I say, could not restrain a characteristic outburst of admiration.

It was not, indeed, the picturesqueness of this edifice, girt by the moat, built by the hanging moat, and far less any of the historical associations which might have hallowed it from turret to basement-stone, that the gig-load claimed their regard, but the more practical consideration of how considerable an income the proprietor of such a domain must necessarily possess, who could keep it in such due order and repair; for, old as Cliffe Hall was, there was not a vestige of decay about it; the lawns that sloped down to the moat-side where smoothly shorn, and set with banks of flowers; from the stone terrace which, gray-walled, and with fruit-trees, came news of a trim rose-garden, in every odorous breath of the cool autumn air.

"Fine place, Cator!" observed Mr. Carr, as they drove over the stone bridge, but thinly clothed with ivy, the work only of late years, and replaced the less convenient drawbridge. He spoke not only approvingly, but with a certain air of part proprietorship, which did not escape his companion's attention."

"Very true, Mr. Clement," returned he. "It's been in the family for one shape or another, more than five hundred years. They say it growed to this, bit by bit, from a single tower—that to the west, I think it was, where the walls are sixteen feet thick, and the windows mere holes with bars to them. Wonderful old-fashioned, our little business is, Mr. Clement? But these great places don't change hands very readily. You may smile in your noble-born way, sir, but Miss Grace as was is doubtless a very clever woman; but the Cliffords of Cliffe—— Strike me blind, but that's the lodge-keeper's bull-dog, as made my heart go pit-a-pat. Did you ever hear such a howling in your life? It really seems as though they had overheard us, and guessed what we were thinking of. Them very blood-hounds, or pastrywas their fathers before them, have been here these three hundred years."

Not even a puppy, they say, has ever been parted with by the family; only a full-grown one was killed by the king's order, or something like it, for eating the gate-keeper's child in Squire Guy's time. He swore it was such a piece of tyranny as he would never put up with; but the dog was hung for all that; and the story goes, that his master buried him in the chapel yonder, and got excommunicated by his priests for so doing. Hang the dogs; I hope their chains are

strong! Well, it's one way of rousing the house, at all events."

The feelings of Mr. Clement Carr (who sat on the side next the kennel) did not admit of articulate speech; but he got down with much more agility than could have been expected of a gentleman of his proportions, and running round the back of the gig, applied himself to the iron knocker of the nail-studded front-door with a will. The courtyard in which they now were was formed by three sides of the castle, which stared upon them from a score of curtained windows, as from sightless eyes; but through both shutter and curtain of one of them gleamed a pale and sickly light, telling of wakefulness and watching even at that slumberous hour.

"That is Squire Ralph's own chamber," observed Mr. Cator, nodding cautiously in the direction in question; "and if you'll take the advice of so humble an individual as myself, you will not make such a dreadful noise."

The shocks which Mr. Carr was administering to the oaken door did indeed reverberate over the whole building; and the baying of the bloodhounds, mixed with the rattle of chains as they strained to break their bonds, made up a hideous clamor. The latter noise, however, only incited Mr. Clement to fresh exertions; and when the door was suddenly opened in front of him, he rushed frantically in, crying:

"The dogs, the dogs! Shut it, lock it; never mind Cator," without casting a glance at the person who had admitted him. If his alarm had permitted him to do so, it would probably have taken another direction.

He who stood in the doorway, glancing in speechless indignation from the intruder in the gig to him who had made so unceremonius an entrance, was evidently no serving-man. His face, though haggard and, at the moment, puckered with rage, wore an air of conscious superiority very different from the well-weighed supercilicusness of a hall-porter; while his apparel, although disheveled, as though he had sought repose (as indeed he had) without undressing, was rich and even elegant. But what rendered him most peculiar, and put it out of the question that he could be merely a retainer of the of the establishment, was that he wore his hair, of which he had an enormous quantity, notwithstanding that he was far advanced in years, in plaits, as race-horses do in these days, and from out of them his gray face peered inquiringly, as a river-god's is sometimes pictured to do from his fell of bulrushes.

"How dare you make this clamor at my door?" he broke forth after a little. "Who are you, fellow, in the gig, and who is this cur, whom you have brought with you?"

His inquiry was addressed to Mr. William Cator, but referred to Mr. Clement Carr, who, having climbed up to the huge marble mantelpiece of the hall by means of a chair, had cleverly kicked it over, so as to isolate himself from all attacks of blood-hounds or others; and there he sat, with his legs swinging from the impetus of his exertions, but by no means from the careless confidence which sometimes begets that motion in persons similarly circumstanced.

"My name is Cator, sir," returned the driver, baring his head, and speaking with unwonted humility. "We have just come over from the Dene."

"I might have known it," muttered Ralph Clifford, gravely, for it was the Squire of Cliffe Hall himself who stood before them. "Have I not been forewarned these three times?"—Then he added aloud, "Come in, sirrah; a groom will take your horse. When did my poor brother Cyril die?"

"We regret to say, sir" quoth Mr. Clement Carr from the mantel-piece—"I speak for Gideon and myself—that the sudden and deplorable demise of Cyril Clifford, Esq., took place yesterday afternoon, at twenty-seven minutes and a half exactly to four o'clock."

"Come down, sir, and tell your tidings in a fitting manner!" cried Ralph Clifford, in a terrible voice. "Could no messenger be found to bring such evil news to Cliffe Hall less like an ape than thou?"

Thus adjured, but by no means displaying the nimbleness of the animal to which he had been likened, Mr. Clement descended from his post of vantage.

"The poor gentleman had bad paroxysms for nearly a week, sir; his unhappy malady——"

"Stop!" thundered the master of the house; "not another word, if you value your life. Rupert, my son, what is it?"

The change in Ralph Clifford's tone as he spoke the last few words was like a summer south wind after a tornado. He addressed them to a youth of about eighteen, who had just entered the hall with a lamp in his hand; he had a dressing-gown loosely cast about him, as though he had just left his couch, and his large blue eyes wandered wildly and inquiringly from his father to the strangers. Accompanying him was another lad, about a year his junior, whose appearance afforded a singular cantrast to that of the former. They were both well-favored; but whereas the elder was a true young Saxon, auburn-haired and ruddy, with the silver down upon his cheek, already turning to golden, the younger might have been born under an Italian sky, so dark and passionful his eyes, so bronzed his face from brow to pointed chin.

"I was waked by the knocking, father," replied the youth who was called Rupert; "and Ray said he was sure he heard voices in the hall; and so Ray and I——"

"Will go quietly to bed again," interrupted a woman's voice with quiet decision. The speaker had entered noiselessly by some door in that part of the great hall which lay in shadow, so that it was impossible to say how long she might have been there. But she now glided forward into the full light of the moonbeams—really a wonderful vision. She was a blonde, such as might well have been Rupert's mother, but that she was much too young—about eight-and-twenty at most—yet she had no likeness to the boy beyond that of complexion, while her expression was singularly different. In Rupert's eyes, there was a look of indecision, of vacillation, almost painful to contemplate; while those of the lady shone clear and steadfast as a star. Her mouth, too, was firm and resolute, although, when she smiled, this did not mar its sweetness; and her voice, though somewhat incisive, was clear and musical as a struck stalactite.

"Both to bed, my good lads," continued she; "these persons are not robbers, that your assistance is needed; while whatever news they bring will keep till breakfast time."

The lads retired, although reluctantly, with their faces to their inexorable stepmother (for such she was); and not until their footsteps had died away along the vaulted stone passage, did she again break silence.

"Cyril is dead, I conclude," said she.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.—ANTHONY'S COMFORTER.

It would be wrong to say the doctor did not feel acutely the position he was in before the world, in connection with Anthony's supposed guilt and actual condemnation. He, a magistrate—a distinguished "scholar," as he was pleased to think himself, and a gentleman of unblemished reputation—to be thus shown in friendly alliance with a convicted murderer! But, whatever he thought or felt, he acted nobly, and with a kind of chivalrous devotion, to the unhappy prisoner, during the absence of Clarissa. Having convinced himself that his daughter was substantially in the right, both as to her belief in Anthony's innocence and her consequent attitude toward him, he accepted the inevitable annoyances very much as he accepted a violent storm when he happened to be exposed to it abroad—that is, he looked round on things in general with a more than ordinarily stern front, as if there were in his breast a kind of latent protest, suggestive at once of his entire comprehension of the case, and of his perfect magnanimity of non-interference in being willing to be silent.

Life to Dr. Pompess was just now somewhat like the Roman general's field of campaign; and if he did not come, see, and conquer, he felt habitually that he did a grander, because less showy thing—he came, saw, and said nothing. If no one else felt the sublimity of this, no matter; the doctor did, and was content. And yet, during the three eventful days following the verdict, people noticed how irritable he was—how short and explosive in his speech—how deep in the gloom of the shadow that had fallen upon his house and fortunes.

But immediately after post-time each morning, he went off to Anthony, staid with him a considerable time, did his best to allay Anthony's increasing alarm about Clarissa's own safety, and only left him when he found they were both mentally exhausted, and had not a single idea left untried for the business of comforting each other.

During these meetings, the two men were not personally demonstrative in their mutual relation. Their talk was not of that, but of Clarissa; of Sleuth's schemes; of Esau's inexplicable absence, which troubled Anthony; of the movement that was going on with regard to a deputation of influential persons to the Home Secretary, to ask for a reprieve, so that there might be time to investigate the mysterious questions that all confessed were involved in the affair. It was of these things they talked, and not of what each felt toward the other, though the doctor's heart always warmed a little, on entering the cell, to see how Anthony's face lighted up, and to feel how his hand clung at the grasp of meeting.

The trial had begun on Monday and ended on Tuesday. On Tuesday, therefore, Phillis and Sleuth had gone off, and Clarissa after them in pursuit. It was now Friday, and the two men were again together, and waiting evidently in deep anxiety for some one—an anxiety so deep, indeed, that they could scarcely speak to each other, but only thought, "When will that door open?—when will she appear?"

Again and again does Anthony ask for a certain letter, which the doctor had received the day before, and then brought to him. Anthony now read it once more through, as if to try to obtain from it an answer to some new mental speculation. This was the letter:

Dover, Wednesday Afternoon.

MY DEAR PAPA—All goes well. If I do not deceive myself as to the decisive character of what has been accomplished here this morning (but only, dear papa, through that warrant you gave me), you will see me on Friday; at what hour, I am quite unable now to say. Please, dear papa, to go off with this instantly to Anthony. I shall have much to tell you both when we do meet, but am at present too deeply agitated to write more.—Ever your affectionate and devoted daughter, CLARISSA POMPESS.

P.S.—Dear papa, would you mind, for Anthony's sake, being early and near to the prison—say at the hotel—when not with him, so that he might be spared the anguish of the delay in my coming first to you at Petersham, and then our going off to him? I am sure I may answer my own question with Yes. So, if I don't find you at the hotel, I shall seek you at the jail.

The doctor came at eleven; it is now twelve; and every minute of that hour has seemed to both, an evidence—fearful as is the accumulation of the whole—that Clarissa is not succeeding,; for both have thought and said that, in spite of her words as to her own period of arrival, she had intended to be with them early, or she would scarcely have asked the doctor to be so.

The prison clock has scarcely finished the delivery of the last stroke of twelve—and Anthony has a horror of that clock, its sound is so monotonous and slow, as if always remembering, and oppressed by its occasional duty to count the last minutes of the condemned—when the door opens, and a warder, not Clarissa, meets the expectant eyes.

He hands a letter in silence to the doctor, and then goes out.

The doctor looks at it, looks at Anthony, and then, as if to get nearer the light, goes away from the prisoner toward the window, and there reads. There was no "dear," or "dearest papa," at the beginning—no, not even though Clarissa knew the doctor liked to see all formalties carefully observed, even in time of distress; for, as he was accustomed impressively to say, "That's when character shows itself."

However, he was now as little inclined as his daughter to think of formalities; and as he happened unthinkingly to turn his head a little round toward the cell, so as to have the light from behind him upon the paper, Anthony was able to see expressed on his face, in the strong light from the window, the emotions that letter called forth.

DOVER, Thursday Morning.

I am almost out of my senses; but I try to be calm. I pray to God to keep me calm. I think he will to the end, which cannot now be far off. Come to me as quickly as you possibly can. Say nothing to Anthony. I thought to have done without you—to have surprised you. Oh! God help me! But I am punished. Father, Anthony's fate now depends on the sense or humanity of the Home Secretary. He *must* listen to us. Do come to me without a moment's delay. I have lost my great reliance. Sleuth is dead. The horrible particulars will be in the papers. Look for the name of Richards, his traveling name.

I am now just leaving Dover with Phillis. The post-chaise waits me at the door, and I shall be at the hotel at Charing Cross—the one nearest to the Government Offices—by evening. Stamp I have written to, and he will, I doubt not, be waiting for me.

Fresh misery! I was deceived about the posts. You cannot, I find, get this to-night, as I had supposed, nor before the morning of to-morrow, Friday; and we *must* have this night for counsel and preparation for to-morrow. What shall I do? What shall I do?

I am so confused myself, I dread to confuse you; and the slightest error may now be fatal.

There is but one plan. I must go on as fast as it is possible to go, to London, take this with me, and send it by special messenger the instant I arrive. Yes, that I think, will do.

The position is dreadful, but not hopeless—oh, not hopeless! God would not see so great an iniquity perpetrated. If I were not so utterly broken down, mind and body, I should not have been so wicked, so mad as ever for a moment to doubt it.

FRIDAY, Early Morning.

I am better—better, thank God! Don't be frightened, dearest papa, when I tell you that somewhere on the road I fainted away, and there was a good deal of time lost in going to bed, but Phillis was kind; *that* moved her—and—and that is all. I am better, and write this within two stages of London.

London at last! and waiting, dearest papa, for you. I will not again frighten myself—though it is now eight o'clock! Stamp, I hear, is in the coffee-room at breakfast. They promise me a messenger and a gig in a few minutes, and seem anxious for me. Haste! haste! dearest father.

CLARISSA.

The doctor guessed how the four hours that had elapsed had been expended; first, in delays as to the messenger, then in the long drive to Petersham, and then in the equally long drive to the jail.

The doctor's first movement is to stalk across the cell, and to strike with his gold-headed cane loudly on the door, shouting:

"Warder!"

The warder was waiting outside, as if prepared.

"Where is the man who brought this?"

"In a gig, your worship, at the gates."

"Tell him to order round my carriage without a moment's delay, and never mind his own vehicle till he has seen me off."

The warder gone, how was the doctor to deal with Anthony? Tell him the truth. Impossible. Tell him a lie? Impossible. He must tell him nothing. He must smile it off, and get away as he could.

"Anthony, my—my dear boy——"

Anthony heard and noticed the unusual affectionateness of the words, and there was something in his face that the doctor found he could not look on without a rising in the throat and a swelling about the eyes that it would be preposterous—shocking—to give way to; so he tried again to speak in a rapid, cheerful tone.

"Well, Anthony, she's in London, and wanting me, and there's business to be done; and I needn't tell you we shan't be long before we are both back with you."

Anthony caught the doctor's hand—held it fast, immovable—and gazed in the doctor's face with so earnest, searching, and pleading a look, that the doctor began to lose his mental balance and feel dizzy.

"It's all right, Anthony—that is—I mean, it will be—must be. Good-bye!"

"Doctor," said Anthony, in tones so low, so thrilling, and so strangely quiet, that the doctor could not understand them, and he looked at Anthony, and was then more puzzled than ever to see a smile—sad enough, no doubt—but still a smile—on his face. "Doctor, you won't forget your own teaching, will you, in past times?"

"My teaching, Anthony?"

"Yes, about truth under all circumstances."

The doctor colored a little, as if caught, and Anthony went on:

"Oh, doctor, don't be afraid of me! Only tell me all, and you shall not be ashamed of me. You shall not, indeed. Try me!"

"Ashamed!" echoed the doctor, and then his breast heaved with emotion. The sonorous voice, as it struggled to speak, became broken and rugged. He strove manfully to restrain those unmanly demonstrations; but at last the nature within was too much for the convention without, and he suddenly cried out:

"Oh, Anthony! my son! my son!" and threw himself upon the breast of the hapless prisoner.

If aught could have assuaged the bitterness of Anthony's spirit after he had read Clarissa's letter and hurried her father off, it would have been this first burst of genuine affection on the part of the doctor, and the cruel devotion of that letter.

FEARFUL EXPLOSION AND DISASTER AT ASPINWALL,

Isthmus of Panama.

ONE of the most fearful disasters that has ever occurred, happened on the 3d of April, on board the steamer European, then lying at the wharf at Aspinwall. We will tell the story from the letter of a correspondent who saw the affair:

"The European, an iron Clyde-built propeller, of 1,634 tuns, is one of a line of a Liverpool company, who own about 25 steam sea-going vessels.

"The European left Liverpool on the 1st day of March, touched at Port-au-Prince, Kingston and Carthagena, and arrived at Aspinwall on the 1st day of April. She landed goods at all the ports named above, and took in some freight at Carthagena for the return voyage. She hauled into her wharf at Aspinwall on the 2d, in the afternoon, and when the explosion took place, a gang of laborers stood on the wharf ready to receive and take away cargo, while a dozen or so of blacks from the shore were between decks, ready to take it out. They were only waiting for the clerks of the Panama Railroad Company to check the goods, who were, fortunately, that morning a little late, as they were gathered around and dispatching the Panama train, which should have gone at 6:30 o'clock. Had the train gone on time, a dozen or more American clerks must have been killed, and probably many merchants and others, who were also waiting for the train to start. The explosion took place in the after between-decks. A volume of fire and white smoke ascended high in the air, carrying up with it 20 or 30 men from the hold and vessel's decks, spars, bales of goods, portions of the upper deck, etc., etc., the goods unrolling as they went up and descended in the red flames, forming, as described by those who were at a sufficient distance to take in the effect, one of the most terribly magnificent spectacles ever witnessed. Almost simultaneously with the explosion the great iron and slated roof of the railway company's stone freight house was seen to lift itself a little from its walls and then dropped down inside of them, smashing the lighter goods piled in the house, and killing several persons upon whom it fell.

"Capt. Coale, who was on deck, was so blown to pieces as to be scarcely recognizable. Mr. Swainson, clerk of the Steamship Company, was blown on the wharf and killed. Mr. Glass, Chief Officer; Mr. Parson, Second Officer; Dr. Burrows, Surgeon; Mr. Nisbet, Engineer; Edward Davis, Carpenter; and about a dozen firemen and sailors were instantly killed. The whole of the gang of 10 or 12 laborers who were in the after between-decks, as well as most of those waiting on the wharf to go to work, were killed. Altogether not less than 60 persons, probably more, lost their lives. Out of about 20 wounded, taken to the Panama Railroad Company's hospital, seven or eight died. During the next two days after the accident, six bodies were washed on shore.

"The Caribbean, a fine new steamer of the same company, occupied a space on the opposite side of the wharf from the European, and received great damage from the explosion. As soon as possible she left the wharf and anchored at a safe distance. I went on board of her, and found her spar and main decks covered with *debris* of the wharf, and the exploded ship, as well as shreds and broken packages of linens, calicoes and half-burned cloths, as also with the ruins of her own cabins and houses, which in many places were shattered to atoms. All the boats of the Caribbean on deck and at her davits were broken into thousands of pieces. Both her main and spar decks were sprung; and 13 of the iron girders, 12 inches deep, of the spar deck, were broken off near the sides of the ship. The damage to the Caribbean cannot be less than $50,000. Strange to say, not a person was injured on the Caribbean.

"The fluid known by the name of nitro-glycerine, is the same that exploded in Greenwich street, New York, last November, wounding several persons and blowing out the front of the Wyoming Hotel. The compound was first made about 15 years since by M. Pelouze, of Paris, who thought it too dangerous for practicable use. A short time since, Mr. Alfred Nabel, a Swedish chemist and engineer, thought he had so improved upon M. Pelouze's receipt as to avoid this difficulty, and established a house for its manufacture, at the head of which he placed a younger brother. Mr. Nabel claimed that the compound was insoluble in water, that it cannot be ignited by simple contact with fire, "thus removing all risk of accidental explosion in store. The discharge can only be effected under certain circumstances, indicated in the directions for using the article. On applying a lucifer match to the oil, the latter decomposes without explosion, and on removing the match, the fire immediately extinguishes. It can bear without danger, 212 degrees of heat (Fahrenheit), but explodes at about 360 degrees." But notwithstanding the claim which Mr. Nabel made, that the oil could be manufactured and used with so much safety, one day in January, 1865, Mr. Nabel's factory, together with his brother and workmen, were blown into such little particles, that no trace of building or workmen was ever after discovered. Of course the cause of the explosion, as was that of the Wyoming Hotel, and now of the European, is wrapped in mystery. This oil is described as being in color of a light yellow—a compound of glycerine (the sweet principle of oils) and nitric acid, its chemical formula giving 18 parts of oxygen; and Mr. Nabel claims that as by combustion, the carbon takes 12 atoms of oxygen and the hydrogen 5, it complete combustion leaves a surplus 0 only. He states that each 100 parts of exploded blasting oil leaves a residue of: carbonic acid 58; water 20; oxygen 3½; nitrogen 18½=100; and that as the specific weight of the oil is 1.6, one volume produces 1,298 volumes of gas—that is to say steam 554; carbonic acid 469; oxygen 39, and nitrogen 236. 'Weight for weight the blasting oil bears very favorable comparison with gunpowder, which is calculated ordinarily to produce about 250 volumes of cold gas only; the nitro-glycerine would consequently appear to be, other things being equal, about five times as effective as gunpowder.' Mr. Nabel claims more than this, for he says it is difficult to determine the degree of heat produced by an exploding substance, and that, according to theory, the blasting oil on account of its complete combustion, ought to develop a more intense heat than gunpowder, and thus the heat developed by the explosion of nitro-glycerine is twice that generated by gunpowder, and from this calculates that nitro-glycerine compared with gunpowder, possesses about 13 times its power, when volumes are considered, and eight times its power for equal weight.

"The invoice in question consisted of 70 cases (one case produced all the damage in Greenwich street), and was shipped by Guion & Co., European Express Agents, to Bandmann, Neilson & Co., San Francisco. On the same invoice was one box percussion caps, marked to go on deck as 'dangerous,' but no mark was made against the oil.

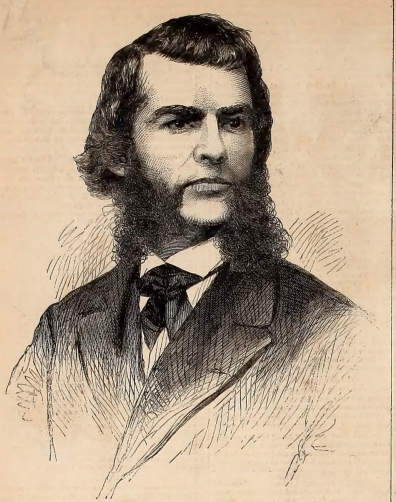
"The latest reports from Aspinwall gives the following as the number of killed and wounded:

There have been buried up to the present time	26
Missing from the ship	12
Missing from the shore	8
Seriously wounded in hospital, of whom five will probably die	17

Besides these there are a number at their own homes slightly wounded."

A MAN who had a case in court said, "That if he lost in the Court of Common Pleas, he would appeal to the Supreme Court, and from thence to Heaven."

"And there," replied a gentleman, "you will be sure to lose, for you will not be present to answer for yourself, and no attorney is ever admitted there."



MR. T. H. STEVENS, PRESIDENT OF THE U. S. COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

PROFESSOR THOMAS H. STEVENS,

President U. S. College, New Haven, Connecticut.

In this week's issue, the reader will find sketches of two men who are peculiarly adapted for their places. And the recent meeting of merchants, bankers, and business men, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, very properly recognized that fact, by passing resolutions highly complimentary to them as true workers in their professions —giving character to the business community.

Professor Thomas H. Stevens is President of the United States College of Business and Finance, New Haven, Conn., an institution recently founded, and under the direction of a board of managers, among whom we notice some leading New York merchants, Ex-Governor Holley, and other well-known men. It has a three years' course of study, and owing to the many entering, steps are now being taken by our merchants to erect new buildings, at a cost of not less than $200,000, with every facility for turning out first-class business men. Mr. Stevens is one of those few men who combine great talent as an executive and organizer of intellectual and manual labor. He possesses great power of government, and scarcely ever fails to secure, and always retains the entire confidence of those committed to his care, by presenting principles and truths so clearly and forcibly, as to at once convict and convince. Of calm demeanor and pleasing address, he possesses much force of character, and once undertaking anything, makes every circumstance yield to its accomplishment. Though a native of Virginia, most of his youthful life was spent in Ohio, where his parents removed when he was quite young. Thrown by necessity upon his own resources, when not eight years of age, by the death of his father, he passed several years upon his uncle's farm in the West—afterward served an apprenticeship at the cabinet business—then a close military and literary student for some four years, following which he became the founder and chief military instructor of one of the most prominent New York State chartered institutions; an academy second only to West Point. Many of his pupils held high commissions in the army, during the late war, and yielded no little strength and service to the Union cause. He subsequently spent some seven years as a commercial student, while in business in the cities of New York, Baltimore and Cincinnati.

Seeing the great need of education and reform in these great centres of commerce, among their merchants, bankers and business men generally, he has thrown his whole energies toward the founding of an institution that shall, by a three years' course of study and severe discipline in all the minutiæ and details of trade, turn out young merchants and bankers, who shall give more character and dignity to the business and the dignity he awards to labor, his sympathy and appreciation for those who are struggling for light, endear him to thousands. Being yet in the prime of life, the future opens to him a wide field for usefulness and honor.



MR. C. R. WELLS, SECRETARY OF THE U. S. COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Mr. C. R. Wells, Secretary of U. S. College, New Haven, Connecticut.

The subject of the other sketch, Mr. C. R. Wells, the Secretary of the same Institution, is also well and favorably known to the mercantile and business profession; and, although still a young man, has, by his long and varied experience in that branch of education, clearly proven his right to the important position he holds.

financial interest of the who's country. "Heaven helps those who help themselves," has been he's motto from the outset. Self-centure, the study of books, but more the study of men and things, have given him enlarged views and liberal ideas. Of general impulses, naturally benevolent, his action in favor of disabled soldiers,

He possesses a naturally energetic nature and an active mind, is an able correspondent, and an earnest and forcible lecturer on all topics connected with his profession.

Mr. Wells is a native of New York, and early in life gave evidence of his adaptation for and attachment to the cause of education.



THE RECENT NAVAL ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE ALLIED FLEET OF PERU AND CHILE AND THE SPANISH FLEET ON THE 7TH OF FEBRUARY, AT CHAYANUE.—SKETCHED BY PEDRO C. RODRIGUES.

Having received a thorough preparation at the Franklin Collegiate Institute, he spent some time in the City of Rochester, studying for his chosen calling, then entered upon the responsible and arduous duties of a teacher's life. Since that time he has given his whole attention and devoted his entire energies toward the development of that practical and popular system of commercial training which has gained for the institution he represents so universal a reputation.

The Board of Managers, therefore, have much reason to congratulate themselves upon having in the United States College of Business and Finance, New Haven, Connecticut, the right men in the right place. Every merchant in this city should co-operate with the "Educational Union of Business Men" in raising the required endowments for the new building, shown in our last week's issue.

Mr. H. R. Heath, 354 Broadway, has been appointed receiver and depository for that purpose.

THIEF SMELLING IN ABYSSINIA.

In Abyssinia they have a delightful mode of finding out a thief; a mode, which, in spite of its



THIEF SMELLING IN ABYSSINIA.



THE MADRID BROOM MERCHANT.

simplicity, we should hate to see transferred to this country. Our own detectives are smart, and, give them but the slightest clue, they are supposed to be able to unravel the most intricate affairs; but they are nothing to the Lebashi of Abyssinia, for they know not of the mode by which they shall track out a thief by the smell.

Dr. Krapf, a late traveler in Abyssinia, gives us information on this point. He says:

"It is very noticeable the mode adopted in Ghos for the detection of thieves. The Lebashi (thief-catcher) is much feared, and belongs to the servants of the State. When a theft has been committed, the sufferer gives information to this official, upon which he sends his servant a certain dose of black meal compounded with milk, on which he makes him smoke tobacco. The servant is thrown into a state of frenzy, in which state he goes from house to house, crawling on his hands and feet like one out of his mind. After he has smelt about a number of houses—the Lebashi all the time holding him tight by a cord fastened round the body—he goes at last into a house, lays on its owner's bed and sleeps for some time. His master then arouses him with blows,



THE TRAVELLING TINKER OF MADRID.

and he awakes and arrests the owner of the house; who is forthwith dragged before the priests, and they make the victim of the robbery swear that he will not assess more than the real value of the articles stolen. The person on whose house the entry is made is regarded as the thief, and is forced to pay, whether he be innocent or guilty. No wonder that the population trembles when the Lebashi is seen in the streets, and that everybody tries to be on good terms with him, as there is no saying when he will make his appearance in the house."

We do not know, though, after all, but that the Abyssinian mode may be just about as certain in detecting the thief as our method.

VICTOR HUGO AND DUMAS.—A close observer, writing from Paris, draws these physiognomical sketches of the two great authors. In it he describes Hugo thus: A magnificent head—the brow piled up square and compact, where all the intellectual organs seem well and evenly developed. Immense ideality, above which the moral faculties arch the head into a well-rounded dome. The hair grey, and cut close to the head. Eyes not large, but deep and intense, with a soft fire. Large ears. Nose in harmony with the rest of the face, which inclines to squareness. Mouth expressive of determination, yet full of feeling. Thick moustache, and very short, grey beard. Of Alexander Dumas he says he has a face whose features have an unmistakable look of the negro about them. Bald, bright, jovial, somewhat coarse, and decidedly earthy. Indicative of a tough epidermis and strong constitution. Plenty of self-esteem and vanity.

DEATH AND THE COMPADRE.

MR. WALLACE, a late traveler on the Rio Negro, tells many stories and legends of the people, from which we select one, of Mr. Death and the *Compadre*:

"A man and his wife were conversing together, and discussing the unpleasantness of being subject to death.

"'I should like to make friends with Death somehow,' said the man; 'then, perhaps, he will not trouble me.'

"'That you may easily do,' replied his wife; 'invite him to be god-father to our little boy, who is to be baptized next week. You will then be able to talk to him on the subject, and he surely will not be able to deny so small a favor to his *compadre*.'

"So Death was invited accordingly, and came; and after the ceremony and the feast were over, as he was going away, the man said to him:

"'*Compadre* Death, as there are many people in the world for you to take, I hope you will never come for me.'

"'Really, *compadre*,' replied Death, 'I cannot promise that; for when God sends for any one, I must go. However, I will do all I can; and I will, at all events, promise you a week's notice, that you may have time to prepare yourself.'

"Several years passed on, and Death at last came to pay them a visit.

"'Good evening, *compadre*,' said he. 'I have come on a disagreeable business; I have received orders to fetch you this day week—so I'm come to give you the notice I promised you.'

"'Oh, *compadre*,' said the man, 'you have come very soon; it is exceedingly inconvenient for me to go just now; I am getting on very nicely, and shall be a rich man in a few years, if you will but let me alone. It is very unkind in you, *compadre*; I am sure you can arrange it if you like, and take some one else instead of me.'

GROUP OF DAMARA, AFRICA, PIPES.

"'Very sorry,' replied Death; 'but it can't be done anyhow. I've got my orders, and I must obey them. Nobody ever gets off when the order is once given, and very few get so long a notice as I have been able to give you. However, I will try and if I succeed, you won't see me this day week; but I don't think there is any hope. Good-by!' When the day came, the man was in a great fright, for he did not expect to escape. His wife, however, hit on a plan, which they resolved to try. They had an old negro man in the house, who generally used to be employed in the kitchen. They made him exchange clothes with his master, and sent him away out of the house; the master then blacked his face, and made himself as much like the old negro as he could.

"On the evening appointed, Death came.

"'Good evening,' said he; 'where is my *compadre*?' I'm obliged to take him with me.'

"'Oh, *compadre*,' said she, 'he didn't at all expect you; and has gone on some business into the village, and won't be home till late.'

"'Now, I am in a pretty mess,' said Death 'I didn't think my *compadre* would have served me so; it is very ungentlemanly of him to get me into such a scrape, after all I have done for him. However, I must take somebody—who have you in the house?'

"The woman was rather alarmed at this question, for she expected he would have started off immediately to the village to find her husband; however, she considered it best to be civil, and so replied:

"'There's only our old nigger, that's in the kitchen, getting supper ready. Sit down, *compadre*, and take a bit, and then, perhaps, my husband will be in; I'm sorry he should have given you so much trouble.'

"'No, I can't stay,' said Death. 'I have a long way to go, and must take somebody; so let us see if your old negro will do.' And he walked into the kitchen, where the old man was pretending to be busy over the fire. 'Well, if *compadre* won't come, we must make the nigger do.'

"So saying, Death stretched forth his finger,



THE MADRID PIPE SELLER.

and the man fell dead. So you see, when a man's time has come, go he must; the cunning of ten thousand cunning men will not save one."

STREET CHARACTERS OF MADRID.

In former numbers of this paper we have given sketches of street character in Madrid, Spain, and to-day we take from the portfolio of our artist four more of these specialities for illustration. Our own streets display every phase of the peddler, but not of that marked national character found in cities of the old world. With us the larger portion of street peddlers are foreigners, but not so with them; in the streets of Madrid the native is seen in his full bloom, and the vendor of any description of truck may boast, possibly, the pure Castilian blood.

Everything under the sun is hawked through the streets of Madrid, from a penny-whistle up to a gold watch, and the hawker is of a like character with his goods.

First on our list comes the seller of brooms, with his stock, manufactured, perhaps, by his own family, in their wretched hut in the suburbs.



THE FRUIT SELLER OF MADRID.

While he is peddling his assortment, the dirty tribe at home are drowsing lazily over their work, to provide him with goods for the morrow. When his day's trading is over, his earnings will be spent in a mess of fruit, some meal, an onion or two, a bit of cheese, and, perhaps, if he is very successful, a bottle or two of sour red wine, enough to set the teeth on edge.

The pipe-seller or the fruit-peddler is but a repetition of the other. The first is ready always for business, either a sale or a trade; occasionally, perhaps, to pick a pocket, or appropriate any inconsidered trifle that lays in his way.

The traveling tinker, like our own tramp of that species, does not confine himself to cities alone, but extends his travels to any part of the kingdom where pots are bottomless and pans want mending. The clink of his hammer is heard among the vine-clad hills, as well as in the streets of Madrid, and when he cannot get coin as a reward for his exertion, a few grapes or a bit of black bread will answer as well.



DEATH AND THE COMPADRE.

THE NAVAL FIGHT AT CHAYANNE.

We regard all the movements of Chile and Peru at this moment as of equal importance with our own, and in that light we record the late naval engagement between the allied Chilean and Peruvian fleets and the Spanish men-of-war as a matter of the highest consequence.

The affair came off on the 7th of February, and the vessels engaged were the Peruvian frigate Apurima, 450 guns, and the corvette America, of 12 guns, the Chilean schooners Covadonga, of 6 guns, and the corvette Union, 12 guns, against the Spanish frigate Blanco, of 40 guns, and the frigate Villa de Madrid, of 60 guns—being 97 guns against 100.

The result was a brilliant engagement of two hours' duration, in which each were badly damaged, and in which the gunners of the allied squadron showed consummate skill in gunnery. They pulled the Villa de Madrid 17 times, and struck the Blanco once before the water line. The Spanish ships finally drew off in distress, returning to Valparaiso.

This is the second Chilean victory; and though they did not this time capture the Spanish ships, yet the thing is quite as great, as it displays the weakness of their opponents.

A few more such blows to Spanish arrogance in South America, and we will have another backing down similar to that at St. Domingo.

DAMARA, SOUTH AFRICA.

Smoking.

"A QUIET pipe" would seem to be unappreciated among the chief of the savage tribes inhabiting South Africa; indeed, if the natives of Great Britain could see how pipes as a fair sample of South African smokers, the custom there may be said to take the maddest and most fanatical form it is possible to conceive, and one that more nearly than anything else approaches—shall the humiliating thing be said?—the deliberate drinking-bouts common to "young bucks," and even elderly gentlemen of a quadrupedal turn, in civilized England in the past century.

"A small quantity of water is put into a large horn—usually of a koodo—three or four feet long. A short clay pipe, filled either with tobacco or hashish, is introduced, and fixed vertically into the side near the extremity of the narrow end, communicating with the interior by means of a small aperture. This being done, the party present place themselves in a circle, observing deep silence, and with open mouth, and eyes beginning with delight, they anxiously abide their turn. The chief man has usually the honour of applying the lighted coal of the pipe. From the moment that the orifice of the horn is applied to his lips, he seems to lose all consciousness of everything around him, and becomes entirely absorbed in the enjoyment. As little or no smoke escapes from his mouth, the effect is soon manifested by the parent. His features become contorted, his eyes glassy and vacant, his mouth covered with froth, his whole body convulsed, and in a few seconds he is prostrate on the ground. A little water is then thrown over his body, proceeding not unfrequently from the mouth of a friend; his hair is plentifully dried; or his head unceremoniously thumped with the hand. These somewhat disagreeable applications usually have the effect of restoring him to himself in a few minutes. Cases, however, have been known where people have died on the spot, from over-charging their stomachs with the poisonous fumes."

BODY SNATCHING.

ONE of the ablest professors of his time was Joshua Toole, who had created a fine museum of preparations at his house in Blenheim street, where he taught the more important branches of his profession. One day a man might there see a ring at the bell; the house paid recognizing the summons, proceeded to the door, and admitted, as usual, the following men bearing a heavy burden in a sack. Not a word passed, the sack was put down, some money laid in the hands of the bearers, and they, with rather more than their accustomed alacrity, were preparing to depart, when the doctor, by the dim light he carried, noticed a movement in the sack.

"Hullo" he cried, "this subject's not dead."

"Then kill him when you want him," was the laughing reply, and both men rapidly disappeared into the dark street.

Pursuit was out of the question, so the house pupil with the mortifying conviction that he had been the victim of a hoax, lost no time in untying the sack, determined to have a reckoning with at least one of the confederates. A stalwart Irishman stepped out at the first summons, but he swore so loudly that he had not got come to life, and second so certain that the man was bound to provide for him for the rest of his existence, that the greatly embarrassed pupil, as a last resource, sent for his professor. Brookes heard the story with undisturbed countenance, and at the end seemed to sympathize with the man's extravagant ideas.

"My good fellow," he answered with a grim smile, "nothing can be more natural. Counsel for murder will arrange everything. To-night you must be content with such accommodation as I have at my disposition. Mr. Watkins, show him into the theatre."

"Oh, it's nothing fond of theatres, is he," exclaimed his visitor, following, well pleased, the steps of his conductor. He saw the light the latter carried hastily enabling the Irishman to see two or three figures of birds of prey, and he hardly knew what, in the dusk, as he passed rapidly through a large room, when he stepped hastily on the threshold. This was a strong floor, in a large place, and every object could be distinctly seen in it.

Brookes made a sudden stop, his hair stood upright on his shock head, his eyes started from their sockets, his knees knocked together in a quiverquee of fright. He stood for a moment with open mouth, white face, and staring eyes, then, with a yell loud enough to have awakened the dead (he beheld there in horrible states of preparation) from their long sleep, he sprang back into the yard, dashed past a wolf that leapt at him as far as his chain would permit, fell by a venture that with outstretched wings was about to make a grab at him as he advanced, rushed through a street door that had been conveniently left open for him by the grimly grinning professor, at the top of his speed fled up Blenheim Steps into Oxford street, and then ran in the direction of Seven Dials, as if pursued by the terrific inmates of the anatomical theatre with whom he had been expected to pass the night.

REMARKABLE HISTORY OF A TORPEDO BOAT.

A SECRET report of the defenses of Mobile, Alabama, narrates the eventful history of a torpedo boat, as follows:

It was built of boiler iron, was about 36 feet long, and was manned by a crew of seven, eight of whom worked the propeller by hand. The skulls steered the boat and regulated the depth below the surface of the water. She could be submerged at pleasure to any depth desired, or could be worked upon the surface. In smooth, still water her movements were exactly controlled, and her speed was about eight knots. It was intended that she should approach any vessel lying at anchor, push under her keel, and drag after her a floating torpedo, which would explode on striking the bottom or sides of the ship attacked.

She could remain submerged more than half an hour without inconvenience to the crew.

Soon after her arrival in Charleston, Lieut. Payne, of the Confederate navy, with eight others, volunteered to attack the Federal fleet with her. While preparing for their expedition, the steamer, a passing steamer caused the boat to sink suddenly, and all hands, except Lieut. Payne, who was at that moment standing in the open hatchway, perished. She was soon raised, and again manned by volunteers, Lieut. Payne being appointed to command her. While lying near Fort Sumter she was capsized and again sunk in deep water, drowning all hands except her commander and two others.

Being again raised and prepared for action, Mr. Ansley, one of the constructors, made an experimental cruise in her in Cooper river. While engaged in a great depth, from some unknown cause, she became unmanageable, and remained at the bottom of the river for nearly the whole crew of nine died men.

She was then raised by Lieut. Dixon, of the navy of Mobile, Capts. Hobart and Brewer, with eight others, and towed to the city and harbor by steamers, and docked with a floating wooden vessel over her.

Her mission at last accomplished, she disappeared from sight, her crew, "doubting in their own fate, but it is believed they went down with the enemy.

MADAME DROUYN DE L'HUYS' GREAT BALL.

A LADY correspondent of the London *Guardian*, writing from Paris, gives the following account of this splendid affair:

Nearly 5,000 persons were present, and notwithstanding the immense number of rooms which were appropriated to such official receptions, the crush was very great. The Emperor and Empress were both present, though masked and in dominoes, as were the Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern. The latter presented were a Pompadour toilet of great richness and elegance, and a Watteau dress of white muslin. In the course of the evening, a Chinese procession passed through the rooms, the principal figures in which were tons and conveying on a gorgeous car the Empress of China, surrounded by her attendants, and followed by a lively, magnificently attired. One of the chief attractions of the entertainment was the ball-room, which was one in which the Baron Gros made his public entry into Pekin. The accoutrements, dresses, &c., were all specially made, concealed, and sent to Paris in the train of the French army, brought over after the expedition. The ball-room was decorated with the flags of the nations represented, with receive flowers and with Pekin lanterns. The supper-room was decorated so that were by which the Empress received on the top of the grand staircase. A train of green velvet of several yards in dimensions, and embroidered with golden dragons, on the body and lower part of the skirt being trimmed with the finest and most precious Chinese furs. She wore a head-dress of the same fur was literally one mass of diamonds, and necklace, bracelets, and ear-rings to the amount of 2,000,000 of francs, ($400,000) No dress in the silent could compete with that Empress, for the richness and taste of the toilets, and the amount of diamonds and precious stones, especially among the married Russian ladies. Such is the importance now-days attached to these kind of entertainments, and to the fact that the Duke and Madame de Metternich, the Countess de Pourtales, and several other fashionables, appeared in simple dominoes.

ONLY A LITTLE BROOK.—A simple but very touching incident has been related to us, says the *Maine Farm*, in connection with the last words of a beautiful little girl in Bath, who lately died at the age of nine years and eleven days. She was very feeble before she died, as the sorrowing friends stood around her bed, watching for the moment when the gentle breath, the last faint fluttering of the little pulse, they measure from her lovely form, would be at an end, with natural dread from the unknown way that was so speedily before her. Her father spoke of the beauties of the mysterious river which separates us from the bright heavenly land, and of the angels who beckon and fear to stem the flood. But after a time her fears subsided, she grew calm, and seemed to forget her long, dark way, till at the very last she brightened suddenly, and with a countenance radiant with joy, cried her sweet face, "Oh, it is only a little brook!" she cried, and so passed over to the heavenly shore.

[We clip the following from the Chicago *Sunday Times* of April 22:

UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT.—OFFER OF $100,000 to Subscribers.—The liberality and boldness of Messrs. Wiggins, Bradford & Co., ought to be of themselves sufficient guarantee to the reliability of the rare inducements which they are offering to subscribers of their great prize concert, on May 18, of this year. It is a proposition to distribute among the holders of a few high hopes on drawing the big prizes to cast suspicion against enterprises of this character when they have failed to strike the lucky numbers. Where tickets have had ever been given unreliable, they could not militate in any degree to the honest enterprise which now solicits these gentlemen after the gifts are fairly distributed, for not less than a thousand dollars each, to be awarded to the fortunate, including one gift of $30,000, and one gift of $20,000, and a number of others of $5,000, $4,000, $3,000, $2,000, and other high figures all in good currency. In addition to this, 25 houses and lots, and a number of pianos, will be awarded to another to the holders of successful numbers. Besides all this, there will be 11,000 gifts, ranging from silver watches to a costly family Bible, making altogether one chance out of every four that a rich prize may be won.

The drawing will be done openly, in the grove board at Crosby's Opera House, in the presence of thousands, and under the supervision of gentlemen selected by a committee whom the audience itself will select. Order and fair dealing, under the circumstances, are unavoidable. At least 100 subscribers will be made independently rich by the gifts they will get, and the rest of those who hold the successful numbers will receive handsome and valuable gifts.

The number and undoubted character of the references of Messrs. Wiggins, Bradford & Co., give stability and reliability to their enterprise, and this prize concert is commended as a means of safe investment to those who desire an interest in any enterprise involving a small risk for the prospect of great gain. The projectors promise also to donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument funds $3,000. Further details of this great enterprise may be found in an advertisement in another column.



FASHION.

We desire to call the attention of our rural subscribers to a book published in this city by Messrs. George E. & F. W. Woodward, No. 37 Park Row, an old established and reliable firm. The book is called "Woodward's Country Homes," and is a practical teacher to enable every one to erect a home. It is what every country house should have, and is illustrated with 822 designs, all for $1.50. And when we are talking of these publishers, we feel a wish to mention their paper, *The Horticulturist*, a sturdy, sensible monthly magazine, based upon practice and study. There is no paper of its kind in the country that can compare with it.

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The limits to which I purposely confine myself in this circular will not allow of that full expression which I would like to give in favor of the White Pine Compound. It is universally admired by all who use it; it has attained to such a popularity among those whose opinion is valuable indeed, that VANITY may possibly, in part, prompt me to record more here than hurried people will have patience to read; so I will stop, by merely recommending to all who need a Cough or Kidney remedy to test the virtues of the WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

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of West Randolph, Vt., who is a practicing physician, as well as preacher, in a letter to Dr. P., dated May 21, 1863, says: "I find it an excellent medicine in kidney disease."

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The editor of the Manchester *Daily and Weekly Mirror*, in a leader of the daily, thus speaks of the Compound:

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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866 . by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 554 VOL. XXII.] NEW YORK MAY 12, 1866. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4.00 YEARLY. 10 WEEKS $1.00.

Withdrawal of the French from Mexico —Austria Warned.

We cannot agree in the interpretation put on the recent correspondence between the American and French Governments concerning Mexico, which has been accepted by a large part of the press, as telegraphed from Washington. "Official announcement of the evacuation of Mexico by the French" is a rather strong way of stating that the French Government has assured our own as Mr. Drouyn de Lhuys does in a letter of the date of April 5th, that "The Emperor has decided that the French troops shall evacuate Mexico in three detachments, the first being intended to depart in the month of November, 1866; the second, in March, 1867, and the third, in November, 1867"—*a year and a half from this time.*

Whatever pretext may be assigned for this protraction of the French occupation, no one can be deceived as to what it means. It is clear to the meanest apprehension that it is



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THE PANAMA RAILROAD FREIGHT DEPOT, ASPINWALL.—WORKMEN REMOVING THE DEBRIS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. MARTINEZ, ASPINWALL.—SEE PAGE 116

thus designed to give time for Maximilian to obtain men from other sources to replace the French troops, while France may continue, as heretofore, to supply the means, quite as important as men, to keep up the so-called empire.

It would have been interesting if the French Minister, in announcing the proposed evacuation, had told us frankly what "arrangements" have been made between his master and Maximilian, in view of the contemplated withdrawal. It is not to be supposed that France has given up the "indemnities" so ostentatiously put forward as one of the grounds of her intervention in Mexico; nor is it to be supposed that she has failed to secure some material and ample guarantee for the money she has spent and the loans to Maximilian which the Government has guaranteed. It is not improbable that rumor speaks true, when it says that France has obtained a mortgage on some portions of Mexican territory, and a lien upon the revenues of certain ports, where her agents will remain, supported by the French Foreign Legion, which is under a contract with Maximilian for six years. If so, the evacuation is an empty term—a trick to quiet the people of the United States. And that it is so, appears from facts not to be overlooked.

Simultaneously with the settlement of the arrangement between France and Maximilian, another arrangement, taking the name of treaty or convention, was made between Maximilian and his brother of Austria, which was signed on the 15th of March. Under it, 6,000 Austrian troops are to be supplied to the so-called Mexican Emperor this year. The money for fitting out and dispatching these troops, the Vienna papers tell us openly, had been secured, in *Paris*, two months before. Now, as Mexico notoriously could not raise a cent on her own responsibility, it follows that this money has been advanced by France, or under her guarantee!

The evacuation, then, amounts to this: the substitution by France of Austrian troops in Mexico instead of her own—France, as before, sustaining, at last, for the purpose of carrying out her original intent of obtaining "indemnities" through a mortgage on the country, and of founding an Empire as a counterpoise to the United States and as a check on Republicanism.

In the dispatch from Washington, we are told, in capital letters, that "France accepts the principle of neutrality as defined by the United States." It should have said, As defined by Mr. Seward, in the letter to which that of the French Minister, conveying the terms of the evacuation, is a reply. This letter has all the prolixity of Mr. Seward's dispatches, and loses much of its force by the way in which the points are pen-downed and elaborated. It is nevertheless, the ablest document that has thus far appeared from his pen, and as it is the "principle of non-intervention," as defined in this letter, that the French Government has accepted, or appeared to accept, it is important to ascertain what it is, and how far it has, in reality, been accepted.

In the first place, in a previous letter of the French Minister, he says that the Emperor is striving to make with Maximilian "arrangements which, by satisfying our [French] *hopes* and interests, will permit us to consider at an end the service of our army in Mexico. We fall back on that moment upon the principle of non-intervention, and from that moment accept it as a rule of conduct. Our interest, no less than our honor, commands us to claim from all, the uniform application of it. Trusting the speech of royalty which animates the Cabinet at Washington, we expect from it the assurance that the American people will themselves conform to the law which they invoke by observing in *regard to Mexico a strict neutrality.*"

In reply to this particular passage, Mr. Seward writes:

"*The United States have not claimed, and they do not desire to insist, what arrangements the Emperor may make for the establishment of a system of institutions for Mexico.* It would be on our part an act of intervention to take cognizance of them. We adhere to our position that the war in question has become a political war between France and the Republic of Mexico, injurious and dangerous to the United States, and to the republican cause in Mexico. We ask only that in this sense and character it may be brought to an end. It would be unfriendly on the part of the United States to suppose that, in desiring or pursuing preliminary arrangements, the Emperor contemplates the establishment in Mexico, before withdrawing his forces, of the very institutions which are against the material prosperity of France, and which against his intervention by the United States. It would be still more unfriendly to suppose that the Emperor that he accepts the United States' principle of non-intervention only as a means to overthrow republican institutions. On the contrary, we understand him to be accepting it as the immediate means of withdrawing from and the service of the republic of Mexico, to which that service is justly due, and will look without stipulation or condition on each act upon the ground of non-intervention, on which he is henceforth agreed with the United States. We cannot understand his right of the United States that we ourselves will abide by our own principles of non-intervention in any other sense than as the expression the people of Mexico shall have reached that, in the operation, effects and from but should be free from the operation, effects and consequences of any political and military interference. We will ourselves respect their self-established sovereignty and independence. In this view of the subject, we can consider his appeal pertinent to our case, and we are willing to rely in this respect, we may, upon the Emperor frankly. He knows the form and character of this Government. The nation can be found only by treating which have the concurrence of the President and two-thirds of the Senate. A formal treaty would be objectionable, as unnecessary, except as a disavowal of bad faith on our part, to disarm suspicion in regard to a matter concerning which we have given no cause for questioning our loyalty, or rise such a treaty would be refused upon the ground that the application for it by the Emperor of France was unhappily a suggestion of unfriendliness or unfriendly reservation, or purpose on his part, in withdrawing from Mexico. Diplomatic assurances, given by the President in behalf of the nation, can at best be but the expressions of confident expectations on his part, and the personal administration, ever changing in consequence and adaptation to the national will, does not misunderstand the settled principles and policy of the Government. Explicit assurances, therefore, are made by the President in any case wherein it would be useful for any reason, speculative, political, or of public policy by the treaty-making power of the Government, to declare or announce negotiations.

"With these explanations I proceed to say that, in the opinion of the President, France need not the moment delay her promised withdrawal of military forces from Mexico, and her practical adoption of non-intervention into full and complete practice in regard to Mexico, through any apprehension that the United States will prove unfaithful to the principles and policy of non-intervention which they have long been and duty to maintain in this now very heightened controversy. The power of this Government, from the beginning, is a guarantee to all nations of the respect of American people for the sovereignty of the people in every other state. We received the instruction from Washington to act against slavery in our early intercourse even with France. The same principle and practice has been adhered to throughout all our own statesmen, interpreted by all our jurists, maintained by all our Governments, and sustained by every practical dissent, on all occasions, by the American people. It is, in reality, the chief element of foreign intercourse in our history."

To all this M. Drouyn de L'huys answers briefly:

"We never hesitate to offer to our friends the explanation they ask from us, and we hasten to give to the Government of Washington all those which may enlighten it on the purposes we have in view. We have said to it at the same time that the certainty of seeing, at the end of a short and determined delay, the question of Mexico settled by the country, after our departure, a prey to a new intervention, would hasten the moment when it would be possible for us, without compromising the interests which we have to defend, to withdraw our troops, and put an end to an occupation the duration of which we are anxious to shorten as much as possible. In his dispatch of the 11th of February last, Mr. Seward has insisted on his part on the principle that out of the United States has contracted, during the whole course of its history, and the present moment which it receives from Washington, by practicing invariably the principle of non-intervention. It is, then, with pleasure that I mention the appreciation that it should show itself under the head in which may concern the United States, we have the assurance with entire confidence. We find therein a new motive to hasten sooner or later the execution of measures intended to prepare for the return of our troops."

To know whether the tardy withdrawal of French troops from Mexico means anything practically, we must know what the arrangements of the French Government with Maximilian are. If France is to acquire territory in certain contingencies, or is empowered to send troops to Mexico, or occupy ports, or collect revenues in certain contingencies, while the United States is bound to look on, *in observance of its pledge of neutrality* (after having disclaimed even the right to know what the aforesaid arrangements are), then we are bound ourselves and left France free. If the "arrangement" binds France to pay, transport, or support other mercenaries than her own are withdrawn (and of an "arrangement" unknown to us), then our pledge of neutrality is a self-imposed fetter, while France is free to follow the dictates of "her *interests* and honor."

Does Louis Napoleon think, when he binds us to observe "strict neutrality," as a condition to his abandoning an established line of invasion, that it becomes a part of our duty to passively permit him to replace his troops with Austrians, paid out of his exchequer or otherwise? If so, this is a still deadlier blow. The principal robber cannot delegate to a subordinate the consummation of a burglary, while giving to the policeman on his beat the right to steal an more, on condition that the policeman will maintain strict neutrality between the accomplice and the victim! Mr. Seward is not to be caught in a worldling, and has given the world to understand that our "neutrality" as between France and Mexico, or between the big ruffian and his victim, is not to be understood to be a concession to all little villains to come in and do their will on Mexico. That France intended to bind us up in such a manner, is clear enough from the terms of the dispatch, and by nothing of the deductions to be drawn from Napoleonic antecedents.

But, as we have said, if France intended to have us thus tricked, we have no doubt she will find out her error in the dispatches to our Minister in Austria, wherein he is told that he "cannot be too earnest or emphatic in expressing to the Court of Mexico, that troops from Austria to Mexico, inasmuch as "the United States cannot regard with unconcern a proceeding which is in effect to reinforce the military power with the invaders of Mexico to subvert the domestic Government of the Republic, and build up foreign imperial institutions."

In a later dispatch Mr. Seward instructs Mr. Motley to represent to Austria "that in the event of hostilities being carried on hereafter in Mexico by the troops of Austria, under the command or with the sanction of the Government of Vienna, the United States will feel themselves at liberty to regard those hostilities as constituting a state of war by Austria against the Republic of Mexico. *And in regard to such a war, waged at this time, and under existing circumstances, the United States could not engage to remain as silent or* NEUTRAL *spectators.*"

This is explicit. Austria is warned that if she attempts to interfere in Mexico, or send more troops there, the United States will not remain neutral, but will interfere in behalf of Mexico. Austrian troops cannot come in as the French troops go out, except at hazard of war with the United States. Nor can Austria be allowed to be the cat's-paw of Louis Napoleon, for the purpose of pulling his chestnuts out of the Mexican fire. That master of the art of deception will now perceive that he has met a tougher set than the United States in a one-sided neutrality, and that he cannot do indirectly that which he has disclaimed the intention of doing directly.

We shall not be surprised to learn, when Mr. Seward's dispatches to Austria reach Paris, that the Emperor will regard them as incompatible with the position of neutrality, and revoke his order for the evacuation of Mexico. Nothing but the obvious hopelessness of the success of his Mexican scheme will induce him to submit to the humiliation of a diplomatic defeat.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 12, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

We congratulate our readers upon the passage of the bill establishing the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. That such an association of humane individuals was necessary to give energy and vitality to laws long since enacted, but which slumbered on the statute book, no one could deny whose eyes and ears were not closed to the distressing scenes of cruelty daily disheartening our streets. By this Act, the powers of the police are placed at the disposal of the society, and a summary jurisdiction of any police magistrate is therefore prompt justice to offenders. We take a pride in believing that by our frequent exposures of the wanton cruelties inflicted on the dumb animals that contribute to our comfort and necessities, we have in some measure been instrumental in awakening attention to this great evil, and we are sure the public will learn with pleasure that now the means of its suppression are simple and within the reach of every one.

The names of the gentlemen who are incorporated by the Act are a sufficient guarantee that the rights of the poor will be preserved, while the strictest justice is measured out to those who have with impunity so long brought disgrace on our civilization. The by-laws of the society will shortly be published, and be put in the hands of all who choose to aid in the good work. No new laws are needed. Those at present in existence are ample enough, if the will power to enforce them is given. So let the outragers of horses look to themselves. There are those now to watch you, who do not want your money, and are independent of your censures. You shall not, under penalty of fine or imprisonment, force your horses to drag one passenger more than your vehicles have been for. You shall not load your street-cars with 60 passengers, when 30 are as many as your poor beasts can draw with any regard to mercy. You shall not overcrowd, for profit, your coal trucks to within the bounds of moderation. Look to it, drivers of carriages, public or private, that your cruel bushes be less seldom heard. There are those around you now who have the means of summarily teaching you the mercy which hitherto you have not known, or have despised.

We trust the power of the society will not stop at the repression of these too common cruelties. There are others, more difficult to reach, which are not less abhorrent to all right feeling. If any future attempts are made to drive a horse 20 miles within an hour, we invoke the assistance of the society to punish all concerned in so brutal a sport. Let the driver of Dexter, who of late has perished miserably in the trial. The sports by which a debased portion of our population amuse themselves, carried on in obscure haunts and hidden from the light of day—cock-fighting, dog-fighting, bear-baiting, and others of like character—will, we earnestly hope, be crushed by the strong hand of the law, and no longer will be called to attack in the Roas pavement in Broadway, the cause of so much suffering to horse-flesh. It may be a forced construction of powers to punish cruelty that they may be used to abolish the causes that lead to it. It is one thing to fine a man for inhuman use of a whip, but a totally different thing to deprive him of his whip altogether. Cruelty is one result of deficient education, or of indifference, or misdirected keenness of disposition. This society has to deal with facts or results as it finds them, but the function of education, or prevention of wrong by instilling right principles, is a different part of the social system, and the two must not be confounded. Both work to obtain the same end, but begin at opposite sides, and use essentially different tools. We wish the society every success, and would aid it by all the means in our power; and if we venture a doubt whether its "prevention of cruelty to animals" will bear so wide a construction as to authorize their putting an end to every means or instrument of suffering, it is not from any desire to limit their sphere of usefulness, but rather from a fear that they may undertake too wide a range, and seek to achieve undeniable good by undesirable means.

In another column we give the text of the Act, and the laws which it will rewivify, and our country readers will not fail to observe that the provisions of the Act extend over the whole State.

The society was organized on the 26th of April, by the appointment of the following officers: President, Henry Bergh; Vice-Presidents, Hon. J. T. Hoffman, Rev. H. W. Bellows, Peter Cooper, George Bancroft, Hon. C. P. Daly, G. T. Trimble, W. H. Aspinwall, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, and A. T. Stewart; Secretary, W. C. H. Waddell; Treasurer, W. McMurray; Executive Committee, James T. Brady, R. B. Ruggles, J. D. Wolfe, H. Grinnell, Ang. Belmont, J. J. Cisco, Simeon Draper, Gen. D. Butterfield, Frank Leslie, T. C. Acton, John A. Kensing, W. M. Webb, W. H. C. Waddell, C. Addonis, and Joseph F. Beach.

The position taken in our article of last week as to the right of our people to sell arms and munitions of war to belligerents, has been sustained by the Attorney-General of the United States, in a decision under an order from Gen. McDowell, commanding the Military Department of California. In this order Gen. McDowell prohibited the exportation of arms and munitions of war, by way of the frontier, into Mexico. On remonstrance from the Mexican Minister, the order was brought before Attorney-General Speed, who pronounces that the General had no right to issue such an order, and that it is a principle that merchants may lawfully sell at home to belligerent purchasers, or carry themselves to the belligerent power, contraband articles, subject to the rights of seizure in *transitu*. The right of the neutral to transport, and the hostile power to seize, are existing rights, and neither party can be arrested on the other with a criminal act. This is the view taken by Chancellor Kent.

THE spring has come, and the eagles in the Central Park are as noisy as ever, and a part of them in good condition and thoroughly independent. They are fellows, however, we fear, unable to go upon their perch, and covered with all manner of unclean things. The house, as the French say, for whose health our climate is unfavorable. Indeed, it is said, that as far south as Mexico on this continent, the bald eagle abounds. French eagle has been a failure. The American eagle also is subject to sickness in this climate. Matters are now improving, and with them at first they eat and drink well, and begin to scream as if to the manor born. This, it is said, attracts the attention of every passing bird to the locality of scent, and the result of this discovery is, that the stranger "gets fits," and has to be sent home; or dies, being buried with the usual ceremony. The three birds in the Central Park merit your sympathy and a passport.

SIR MORTON PETO is about to publish a book in London on the "Resources and Prospects of America, ascertained during a visit to the United States in the Autumn." There is no doubt that Sir Morton will do ample justice to his subject and to those who have so kindly entertained him during their country. He was a great favorite with the people here, and though his visit was brief, he accumulated a very extensive stock of knowledge.

GOV. SHARKEY, of Mississippi, in his examination before the Reconstruction Committee of Congress, gave it as his opinion that the negroes of that State would only largely decrease during the war, but have decreased since, and that they will continue to decrease to extinction. He thinks that there are not more than as many blacks now in the State as there were slaves before the war. The census of 1860 shows there were then 436,000 slaves in Mississippi, and it is hard to believe that 218,000 have disappeared, even including the considerable number who left the State during the war. We cannot assign no reason for this decrease, but merely aware the fact. If it be one, it furnishes a subject for the philosophers. The negroes of Peru have rapidly decreased since their emancipation, but the causes are there obvious, and are such as do not exist with us.

A BILL has passed the House of Representatives directing the issue of five cent pieces, to be composed of copper and nickle, and prohibiting the issue of any more "fractional currency" under the denomination of ten cents. This new coin will be just twice the amount of one dollar. The penalties against counterfeiting it are the same as against counterfeiting other Government coin.

A MEMPHIS paper recently expressed itself very violently against an article in a New York magazine on Jeff. Davis. It declares itself unable to express its indignation at the author, who "flaunts his dirty hoofs in the face" of the great state

prisoner, and who is a "hired scribbler" and "penny-a-liner." The "wretched author," it turns out, is Gen. Jordan, who was connected with the Secret War Department, and Beauregard's Chief of Staff!

The following table exhibits the deaths from cholera in the city of New York, during what are known as "the cholera years":

	Deaths.	Native.	Foreign.
1832	3,515	1,027	2,488
1834	971	393	578
1849	5,071	1,627	3,444
1854	2,509	946	1,563
Total	12,064	3,561	8,093

The subjoined lament of the London *Spectator* might be taken up by some American *Jeremiah*. It says:

"What with authors, publishers, and the kind of guild into which literary men have a tendency to form themselves, existing men have quite enough to look after than too severe. There ought to be theatrical criticism left to London, very judicial criticism, and, but for the fight soldiers are now making, there would soon be no critique at all to make. A nation, it appears, may not to be fed, nor to be entertained, and prose literature is to be analyzed, but we shall want an *Index Expurgatorius* merely to keep out rubbish."

Prof. Joseph Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, and Vice-President of the "National Academy of Sciences" (if anybody knows what both of that is), has transmitted to Congress a report on "weights, measures and coinage," in which it is admitted that a reform in our present system is found to be "exceedingly desirable." The conclusion thus far is worthy of the classic Bunsby. We quite agree with Prof. Henry, that the entire adoption of "the French metrical system" would neither be desirable or easy, and that England and the United States, being by nature far more to do with matters of this kind than the "regenerators" of Mexico, might readily agree upon a system which should recommend itself to common unit, and a system, which "in time would probably become universal."

The Government on the subject of the "National Academy of Sciences"—illustrious corporation!—nevertheless, "go in" for the Gallic arrangement "grammes, milligrammes, centigrammes, and "centos" and "kilos," and all that outlandish sort of stuff. But then what could be expected from the "Smithsonian Academy of Sciences?" Some such insignificant affair as the "Franklin Institute" might produce a rational and practical suggestion, but the "*National* Academy of Sciences!" Never!

We do not look to Texas any more than to Alabama for political wisdom among its legislators. Just imagine a law-giver asserting (whether with quid in cheek and bowie-knife in hand, we are not informed) that "the school system of New England is a magnificent failure!" And that, too, with George W. Kendall, the most enterprising citizen, the most active, and most successful journalist of Texas—a graduate of a common school in Vermont!

BOOK NOTICES.

The American News Company have just published "The Naval Lieutenant," a charming nautical romance. The author is one of F. S. Arundel's best productions, and is full of romantic sensations.

The *Chicago Illustrated*—a very promising publication, before us—has some excellent illustrations of that city. The whole appearance of the journal is very creditable to the Western artist.

A good portrait of Daniel S. Dickinson is found in the December number of the *American Phrenological Journal*. The number is one of uncommon interest, and replete with instructive information.

The *Illustrated Monthly*, for May, is an interesting number, and contains, among several other articles of average merit, a poetical elucidation in the yellow-plush style.

AUSTRIA AND MEXICO.

Letter from Mr. Seward to Mr. Motley.

Department of State, }
Washington, April 16, 1866. }

SIR—I have had the honor to receive your despatch of the 27th of March (No. 158), which brings the important announcement that a treaty called a "Mutual Supplementary Convention" was ratified on the 15th of that month by the Emperor of Austria and Prince Maximilian, who claims to be an Emperor in Mexico. You inform me that it is expected that about 1,000 volunteers will be shipped under the treaty from Trieste to Vera Cruz in June, and that at least as many more will be shipped in the autumn. I have heretofore given you the instruction to ask for explanations, frank and candid, calculated to inform the Government of Austria that the levying of military expeditions to be sent under such an arrangement as the one which seems now to have been consummated would be regarded with serious concern by the United States. The subject has now been further considered in connection with the official information thus recently received.

The time seems to be arrived when the attitude of this Government in relation to Mexican affairs should be more clearly defined and distinctly made known to the Emperor of Austria and all other Powers whom it may directly concern. The United States, for reasons which seem to them to be just, and to have their foundations in the laws of nations, maintain that the domestic Republican Government with which they are on relations of friendly communication, is the only legitimate Government existing in Mexico; that a war has for a period of several years been waged against that Republic by the Government of France, which was begun with a disclaimer of all political or dynastic designs; that that war has subsequently taken upon itself and now distinctly wears the character of an armed intervention to overthrow that domestic Government, and to erect on its ruins a European dependency, to be occupied by military force. The United States, in view of the character of their own political institutions, their proximity and intimate relations toward Mexico, and their just influence in the political affairs of the American continent, cannot consent to the accomplishment of that purpose by the means employed. The United States have, therefore, addressed themselves, as you know, to the Government of the Emperor of France, and have asked that its military forces engaged in that unjustifiable political invasion may decide to withdraw from it, and be withdrawn from the country.

It is not necessary to enter into details on this subject, which was fully considered by the Congress of the Government of France, in herewith transmitted for your special information. These views have not induced the true situation of the question. It will also enable you to satisfy the Government of Austria that the United States must be no less opposed to military intervention for political objects hereafter to be made by the Government of Austria than they are opposed to any further intervention of the same character by the country to which France. You will, therefore, act as an early a day as may be convenient, first in the case in the foregoing manner to the attention of the Imperial Royal Government of Austria.

You are authorized to state that the United States distinctly desire that Austria, Prussia and Russia expedient to come up on the same ground of non-intervention in the affairs of Mexico which is taken by the United States, and to which they have invited France. You will communicate a copy of this despatch to the Government to this proposition. This Government could not but regard as a matter of serious concern the despatch of any troops from Austria for Mexico, while the subject which you are thus directed to bring before the Austrian Government remains under consideration. I am, sir, your obedient servant, WM. H. SEWARD.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The following are the Laws, already enacted, as well as

THE ACT

To Incorporate the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals:

Section 1. That Hamilton Fish, Henry Grinnell, J. J. Astor, jr., George Bancroft, Shepherd Knapp, Prof. Howard Potter, Wm. A. Duer, Marshall O. Roberts, Brown, Horatio Potter, Thomas H. Taylor, Erastus Corning, Peter Cooper, Dr. Henry W. Bellows, Dr. Wm. Trimble, John D. Wolfe, Henry W. Bellows, Peter Cooper, Robert L. Stuart, Charles Lanman, John Jay, Isaac Bell, Joseph Lapsley, John Van Buren, Hamilton Fish, Daniel Parish, John J. Cisco, Oakley Hall, Rob. McCloskey, Wm. Curtis Noyes, Edward G. Stock, Horace Greeley, Samuel B. Ruggles, Wm. Kent, Samuel Osgood, Theodore Roosevelt, Richmond, Wm. H. Webb, James Gallatin, Harper Brothers, James Lenox, Frederick A. Y. T. Schuyler, Henry Ward Beecher, D. C. Kingsland, James W. Gerard, Joseph F. Beach, Geo. T. Strong, Robert Ray, Wm. Cullen Bryant, Archibald Russell, Benj. R. Winthrop, John A. Kennedy, Thomas Kinnicutt, Geo. W. Blunt, Horace Anderson, Jos. Griswold, Simeon Draper, Robert L. Stuart, Andrew Warner, Wm. Allen Butler, Jas. M. Halsted, Lemuel Bangs, Jas. Lenox, Robert Lenox Kennedy, A. C. Kingsland, E. A. Washburn, M. S. Beach, John D. Jones, Peter Leslie, Wm. Leggett, Wm. H. Aspinwall, Chas. A. Bristed, Thos. C. Acton, Wm. McMurray, James Roosevelt, Geo. W. Ruggles, Wm. Curtis, all of the city of New York, and such other persons as may be associated with them, in conformity with this act, and their successors, are hereby constituted and created a body corporate, by the name of "The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

Section 2. The said corporation shall consist of a President, ten Vice-Presidents, one Secretary, one Treasurer, an Executive Committee of fifteen members, and such officers as shall from time to time seem necessary to the society.

3. The foregoing officers shall be chosen among the members of the said society.

4. A library may be created for the use of the society.

5. The said society shall have power to make rules of its members, for the government of the same, for the collecting and disbursing and keeping of the moneys, and for the general regulation and management of its affairs, provided the same shall not be contrary to nor inconsistent with the laws of the State or of the United States, and the same when made and adopted at a regular meeting, shall, until modified or rescinded, be equally binding as the act upon the society and its officers and members.

6. The said society shall not, in its corporate capacity, hold real estate exceeding in value, at any one time, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

7. The police force of the city of New York, as well as of all other towns, villages and municipalities in the state, shall, on occasion may require, aid the society, its members or officers, in the enforcement of the laws now in force or may hereafter be enacted for the protection of dumb animals.

8. One half of the fines collected through the instrumentality of the said society, in the county of New York, shall be paid over, when collected, to the said society, for the use of the same.

9. The powers of the said corporation shall cease and determine if the same shall not be organized within two years from the passage of this act.

10. This act shall take effect immediately.

Transportation of Animals by Railroads.

1. No railroad company in this State, in the carrying and transportation of cattle, sheep, or swine, shall confine the same in one car for a longer period than *twenty-four consecutive hours* without supplying food, water or other causes, without unloading for rest, water and feeding, for a period of at least five consecutive hours, and shall not receive or reload cattle, sheep, or swine from other railroads or other cars for a longer period of time than consecutive hours immediately preceding such loading or reloading, without unloading the same for rest for the ten hours.

2. Any railroad company which shall violate any provision of this act shall, for each and every such violation, forfeit and pay a penalty of not less than *one* nor more than *one hundred dollars*, to be sued for and collected in any court of competent jurisdiction in any county in which any of the people of the State of New York, one-half of the penalty when collected, to be for the use of the people, and the balance to the county in which the penalty shall be collected.

3. This act shall take effect immediately.

Cruel Treatment of Animals.

Every person who shall, by his act or neglect, willfully and cruelly beat, wound, torture, mutilate, or cruelly treat any horse, mule, ox, cattle, sheep, or other animal, whether belonging to himself or to another person, shall be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor; and every owner, driver, or keeper of any such horse, mule, ox, cattle, sheep, or other animal, who shall cruelly overdrive, overload, overwork, or unnecessarily torture, or deprive of necessary food or drink, or shall unnecessarily fail to provide proper shelter for any such animal, or cruelly abandon any such animal, or cause the same to be done, shall be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor; and every person who shall be convicted of any misdemeanor, for a second offense committed within one year after the first conviction, shall be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary, or county jail, or by fine not exceeding two hundred and fifty dollars, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Cock-Fighting.

Every person who shall set on foot, or instigate, or encourage, or promote, or be connected directly as a witness, principal, or judge, or do any act toward the furtherance of any cock-fighting, bull-baiting, or fighting between persons with their fists commonly called a prize fight, or fighting between animals of any description, as dogs, or bulls, or bears, or between dogs and rats, or dogs and badgers, or any other animals, or shall be present as a spectator at any such fighting, baiting, or combat, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary, or county jail, for a term not less than ten days, nor exceeding one year, or by fine not exceeding one thousand dollars.

Duty of Magistrates.

Section 58. Upon complaint under oath that any offense is about being committed, shall issue warrant to any officer of the county, to proceed and prevent the same; and in case of a breach of the civil peace of the county, and arrest the persons, who shall give bond in $1,000 that he will not for one year offend in like manner.

The Health Board.

Section 44. Cattle shall not be bound or tied by their legs when carried, nor shall fluid freely within the vehicle which carries them.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic—The Columbus (Miss.) *Index* complains that recently in that city "several freedwomen, dressed in the latest style, walked up to their carriages before some of our principal stores, and called the clerks to bring out goods for their inspection."

—A recent issue of the *Mendota Post* has the following: "Last week, in counting the beans of the rising sun fell upon the inflated corpse of Tommy Cooke, a thief and burglar, who escaped from the jail. He was taken off the vengeance of the Vigilantes around his head, and bearing on a label the single legend, 'Pickpocket.'"

—It is related by the Carson *Appeal* that the Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada is in jail as an inmate of the Prison, having received a lot of new uniform clothing for the convicts, and tried it on with their duds. He was immediately apprehended, taken before a justice of the peace, and sent to prison on an escaped convict.

—On Virginia River, Arizona, 20 miles above the mouth of the Colorado, is a belt of grape rock all, but feet high, sparkling and clear as crystal.

—The Sacramento *Union* has a report of deaths in San Francisco, accordion to the *Bulletin* of that city, exhibits a smaller rate of mortality than can be shown by any other city in the United States.

—A letter from Montana, in the Walla Walla *Statesman*, says that the Indians are likely to join the meeting of treaties sold, and for the next month, by keeping a good look out, the settlers will be able to prevent any of them from getting away.

—The number of rations issued to Arkansas by the Freedmen's Bureau to Whites and Blacks, respectively, during the first quarter of the current year, was as follows:

Month.	To Whites.	To Blacks.
January, 1866	47,920	11,696
February	44,033	9,817
March	103,291	31,445
Total	195,243	52,958

—A correspondent writes from Nebraska, advises for a "first-rate, up-to, A No. 1 housemaid," and adds the following: "Nebraska is a good place for young ladies, like needle-work, visiting and entertaining company will be done by the lady of the house."

—The San Francisco (Cal.) *Scientific Press* says the rain fall on that city from September 1, 1865, to March 1, 1866, was 19.64 inches. The fall in Nevada for the same period was 39.92 inches. This is about the usual proportion. Nevada is situated on the east side of Sierra Nevada, and the middle western slope of the Sierra Nevada.

—On Saturday, the 3d of June, the Central Park will become open for the first entertainments will be given by order of the Park Commissioners, under the charge of Mr. Ullmann.

—A recent issue of the Montana *Radicator* has an account of the most extensive mercury mine in that section. It says: "The evidence adduced two weeks ago as to the existence of a vein of period of the right kind, in an extraordinary issue of monstrous proportions, by the Messrs. Hamilton, who have sold to the claim of Dr. Parks in East Chance Gulch, opposite the end of Broad street. The vein is now developed to a depth of 30 feet, a discovery of as very rich, in a somewhat decomposed state, from 12 to 18 inches in width, and can be traced for measures 19 inches; and in a distance of 6 inches it widens to 3 feet. The ore is of the character of the Almaden *Rory*. This rust, which must have belonged to the Spanish Government, and was adopted at the Spanish up the gulch than where the mine lay, and some a foot in width, the red rock, and 17 feet from the surface of the ground."

—The shipments of cotton from this port, exclusively of those to Mexico, ending April 14th, were to the unusually heavy amount of 11,150 bales, of the cotton 1,000 bales were sent to Liverpool, 10,150 to Havre, 486 bales, valued at $9,210,472; to Hamburg, 1,101 bales, valued at $20,919; to Bremen, 1,000 bales, valued at $120,360; to Havre, 485 bales, valued at $9,210; and to Bremen, 1,000 bales, valued at $19,000. The total of the preceding week's exports was 20,110 bales, or a total for the season of 1,000,000 bales. Of the average of 3,507 bales per week. The total number of bales, or an average of 3,507 bales per week. The total number of bales, or an average of 3,507 bales per week. Sept. 1, 1865, there have been received at this port 1,491 bales, or a total for the season of 21,571 bales; and exported from the port, 1,000 bales, or an average of 1,000 bales a week for the season. On the basis of even the reduced average value of 400 bales exported during the week, the shipments of cotton from this port in the 28 weeks since September 1, 1865, have been equal to nearly $10,000,000.

—About a month ago a lady named Davis died in Killingly, Conn., and was buried. The body was not buried, and the next day it was ascertained that the coffin had been opened and the corpse carried off. Last week the body was returned in a new coffin; and the remains of the lady who had been buried in the old coffin were found to be those of a man, who was originally interred. Upon examination, the body was found to be that of a man, and covered with a thin coating of ice. The diseased limb had been cut several inches above the knee, and the stump was bandaged. The body was simply wrapped in a sheet. During the week Mr. Jesse Davis, husband, visited and superintended the burial. Mr. Davis, who is a well-to-do farmer, stoutly maintains that the body was that of his wife, and that she died of a very unusual and complicated disease, he had deemed it best not to submit the remains for medical science to justify the disinterment of the body and the examination of the remains. The theory of the writer says that having made the examination, he had learned the body was not that of Mrs. Davis, and that not intering it, on the ground that the earth was frozen so deep as to render it impossible.

—The Sussex (N. J.) *Register* relates a singular piece of natural history which is at this date. It is of a Mr. Lorenzo Demarest, who summoned his partner to his house, and after a few preliminary remarks, opened with the further statement that the night previous his house, with the exception of himself and family, was fired and burned him, and drew his cold hand over his breast and face, and then exclaimed, "Thank God, I have saved his father's hand not taken). "That," said he, "means that I have saved my property." He then said that he wanted his body conveyed to a certain place for interment. He also directed that a coroner be not summoned after his decease, and that great care should be taken that he be buried. At midnight of the same day the aging he was found dead in his bed.

—The Leavenworth (Kansas, Kansas, spread to their seat for all to build a church, promising to soon as he gets to found a home for their benefit in a few years. The appeal says: "One hundred dollars may be a large sum to you, but in the population of our side is very great, for; for it takes one priest of such things as we have to offer the obligation. The settlers will be gainers, as they will have the largest to call masses or any other service by paying only one the sum of $100."

—A letter from San Antonio, Texas, says the Government cousels, the descendants of the herd imported some 10 years ago from Egypt, excite the curiosity of strangers. They number about 90, are all mules and asses, some still unweaned. Only seven of the males are alive.

—At a dancing match in Chicago, recently, a burnt black girl danced after hours consecutively, when her partner acknowledged himself fairly beaten and very much used up. Another took six hours, and the prize was quietly won to breakfast.

—The boys of Norfolk are stimulated into the Cross Topping in that city at the price of one ham-cut a piece. The animals are said to be the highly relished food of the locus.

—The editor of a paper published in the mountains of California tells of gathering wild flowers in the morning and washing them soon in the evening.

—The Paris (California) *Times* says that the great last silver mine of Monterey has been discovered. It is a wide belt or rich ore, 12 miles long!

—A secret was threw a piece of railroad iron into the window of a passenger train, near Mobile, a few days ago, by which means he stole the pocketbooks, captured, and dragged after the most approved patriarchal fashion.

—It is estimated that the whole oil territory of Pennsylvania will produce 10,000,000 barrels of crude ago for $200,000, and now it is held to be worth $20,000,000 at the wells.

—The people of East Tennessee, disgusted by the conduct of the "bolting" members of the State Convention, and balancing that United and Western Tennessee have interests totally distinct from each other, are advocating the separation of a division of the State.

—A girl, not 14 years of age, died recently in Smithfield, R. I., from an overdose of opium, which she had been taking in large quantities for a series of weeks to stop the pain of consumption.

—The death of a Mormon bishop is thus announced in a Salt Lake paper: "He was 97 years old, leaves an interesting family of 11 wives and 47 small children to mourn his death."

—Quartermaster-General Meigs is contemplating the removal of the remains of Union soldiers from the battlefields of Virginia, Maryland, and other battlefields of the rebellion, along the line of fields re-conferences of the rebellion, along the line of the Potomac, from Washington to Alexandria to the Rappahannock Crossing. The remains will be disinterred, placed in metallic cemetery, and buried in stone vaults, under ground, over which cairns or pyramids of stone are to be erected.

—Of 9,247 places where interesting inquires and bear are sold in the city and suburbs of London up to the last report of the Metropolitan Police Board, only 1,344 were licensed. The sale of beer and spirits goes without license from the city through the internal revenue collectors of the United States, who have all to pay the tax due the general government. There remains unaccounted for 7,903 establishments. The revenue desires who honestly pay their license fee.

Foreign.—A recent letter from Rome states: "The winter has been very mild and agreeable. Hitherto still the weather. Rome was never so crowded as at present. Every hotel is full, and many are come here from the United States."

—The following table corrected to the present date) gives, in square feet, the amount of space allotted to each nation in the Paris Parisian Wyatt's Fair:

France and French Colonies	459,432
Great Britain and Dependencies	325,781
Prussia	81,013
States of the Zollverein	81,963
Austria	80,077
Belgium	41,830
Italy	41,830
Russia	31,916
United States of America	31,916
Switzerland	23,937
Sweden and Norway	23,937
Holland and the Dutch Colonies	23,937
Spain and Colonies	15,958
Turkey	13,965
Portugal and her Colonies	13,965
Brazil	8,373
States of South America	8,373
China, Japan and South Asia	8,373
Africa and Oceanica	8,373
Denmark	6,979
Greece	6,979
Brazilian Principalities	6,979
Mexico	6,979
Persia and Central Asia	6,979
Mexico and Central America	5,585

—In England, the summary of British exhibitors and their allotments of space in the Paris Exhibition of 1867 has just been made up, and shows the following results: The total number of proposed exhibitors exclusive of fine arts, is 2,280; in 1855 the number was 4,041. Total space demanded, 260,000 feet; space allotted in section exceeds 300,000 square feet, exclusive of space devoted to machinery.

—The Duke of Northumberland has petitioned the House of Lords to grant to him the right to which he bore his name, and which has for more than two centuries been borne by the Percy family, and which is of the true ground. To secure a new approach from Charing Cross to the Northumberland House, Northumberland 24 Yorks with to demolish Northumberland House.

—In Melbourne, Australia, a new style of house-cleaning is now working up 300 tons a week, has been constructed, which is capable of cleaning at one operation. It is expected to do the work at a cost of 7s. 6d. about 34 cents for each ton, which is about one-half the cost of cleaning 2,000 tons per week is calculated at 6d. 12½ cents in each ton. The bed of the river is composed of 1,000 cubic contains about 40 cents' worth of gold per ton, could be worked at these rates.

—Recent Atlantic Cable has ten shedding wires galvanized instead of plain. With this exception, it is the precise counterpart of that it landed last fall. Galvanizing is usually considered to weaken iron wire about 10 per cent. The breaking of the wire in submarine strength is given: the wires stretch a little, so that the heavy cable to bear the shock of waves, and the breaking strain is really increased to nine tons.

—While the daughter of a wealthy farmer at old curiosity shop in the city was displaying a Malay dagger to a purchaser, recently, the weapon fell from the handle and struck the floor, when the blade limb began to swell immediately, and had to be amputated at the knee. On testing the weapon, it was found that the point had been dipped in poison.

—We have heretofore made mention of the fact that the English military authorities have given attention to Gen. Pickett, the rebel commander, and the last advices from over the water tell us that the Emperor Napoleon has done the same. From a telegraphic letter, saying that he means to look into his affairs and "do the business interest." Gen. Morris formerly commanded a regiment of Zouaves.

—The year 1867 is fixed as the centenary year of all lovers of music, when a grand festival is to be observed at Rome with great pomp, and other celebrations are to be held in Paris, Vienna, Naples and the city blindly attractive, both to the religious of the Catholic world and to the curious of every grade. A grand Ecumenical Council is to be held, a coronation of the Emperor and Empress, and numerous events of a kind. The idea of the centenary originated, it is said, with Pius IX., who was struck with the idea while meeting the last year to celebrate the centenary of Dante. It has been adopted and applied it to mother and a higher subject.

MR. E. E. ALISON, in a contribution to the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture* on the Tenerife, says that the canary bird—"When I saw it first in its native country, was scarcely recognize it was the same species as our domestic yellow warbler, so much is the latter altered by domestication and repeated crossing. The native bird is grey on the wings, the body is green and the back a very dark gray. It builds on bushy trees or high shrubs, lays from four to six pale-blue eggs, and sometimes hatches six times in a season. I was surprised to find that each flock has a different song. The note is between that of a skylark and a goldfinch, but more musical than that of the latter. It is very tame, and generally dies in a couple of years if kept in a cage.



EXTERIOR OF THEATRE, MACAO, CHINA.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. HILDEBRANDT.

EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF THE THEATRE AT MACAO, CHINA.

Our readers who are accustomed to the scenic excellence of the New York Theatres, more especially the Winter Garden, Wallack's and Niblo's, will be, doubtless, amused by comparing them with those of a nation which boasts a stereotyped civilization of 4,000 years—and it will be interesting to them to learn how the Celestials manage their entertainments.

A Chinese theatrical entertainment is, we believe, rather disrespectfully, termed "sing-song,"—why, we are at a loss to imagine, unless it be that the words are intoned or sung, as in a French vaudeville, or at the opera. But here all resemblance ends between the Celestial theatricals at Macao and the gayety, and *eclat* of the Parisian vaudevilles.

Messrs. John Chinaman & Co., the proprietors and managers, have certainly been at no great expense in the construction and decoration of "the house;" or, it it be owned and conducted by a company, it is one formed on the strictly "limited liability" principle. It seems to be nothing more than a vast barnlike structure of bamboos, thatched with straw and laced with calico or skins. Perhaps the funds are all realized up in payment of the strong cast or great "stars" engaged. Into the quality of the acting or singing, however, Herr Hildebrandt gives us no insight; and probably, if we actually witnessed the performance, we should only be in the position of a French friend of ours, who, though he rather prided himself upon not understanding a word of English, insisted upon accompanying us to hear "Brother Sam," and whose visage—we mean that of our French friend—was the picture of melancholy during the whole evening.

The acting or singing can hardly be bad; for, judging by the "queue" outside and the crowd inside, it draws good houses. But whatever its relative merits, there is one arrangement from which even the manager of the perennial Barnum's might take a hint. His Chinese brother keeps open all day long; the single performances of two hours' duration immediately succeeding one another! Hence, however, sometimes arises a little difficulty: the Macaoese (is that the proper adjective?) are so passionately fond of the drama or sing-song, that they will not retire on the conclusion of the performance for which they have paid. Yet to this emergency the manager is quite equal —and here is another valuable hint for Mr. Barnum. It appears that a sort of fire-engine, or hydraulic force part of the properties of a Chinese theatre, and the machine supernumeraries bring to play vigorously on the laggards, the result generally being to effectually damp their enthusiasm and drive them out. But should this fail, resort is had to stronger measures—water is exchanged for fire. Fusees, hand-grenades, or some such projectiles—in reality, we suppose, a virulent sort of the pretty Chinese toy fireworks —are discharged at or among refractory lingerers, who, we have little doubt, rush out from this final assault, some of them in a burst of fiery indignation.

We do not know that we have any further recommendations, suggested by these drawings, to make either to theatrical managers or others. The stage, we see, is lighted from the sky above, and the body of the house kept in darkness—an excellent arrangement for a daylight representation. The interior of the Macao Theatre resembles, it must be confessed, an immense cage more than anything else. As regards the auditorium, there is a pit, promenade, or "arena," but there appear to be no boxes, stalls or reserved seats of any kind—at least, those who want such luxuries must climb for them and perch upon the bamboo framework of this very queer theatre.

THE FREIGHT DEPOT OF THE PANAMA RAILROAD.

THE illustrations on our front page tell the story of the late explosion and its terrific effects, of which we gave an account last week, better than words. The freight depot of the Panama Railroad was one of the finest structures of the kind on the continent, composed wholly of stone, iron and glass, and apparently proof against anything less destructive than a thunderbolt or an earthquake. It was 300 feet long, 80 feet wide, well lighted from the roof, conveniently located, and arranged for the reception and delivery of goods, having a long wharf extending from its side, at which the largest vessels could be moored, and admitting trains of cars into which merchandise could be transferred directly from the ships, and in turn from the cars to the vessels. The Artist has given an excellent sketch of the depot as it was, and as it is; while the group of workmen removing the debris, promise the speedy restoration of a building so necessary to the convenience of the Railroad Company and the interests of commerce.

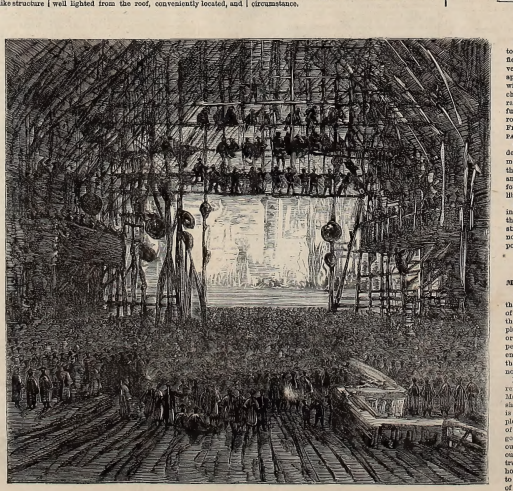
On the right is seen the wharf, some 400 feet in length, on each side of which vessels discharged their cargo, and which was also destroyed.

In front is a lagoon, or small bay, the native market place, where fish, fruits and vegetables are brought for sale by dusky hucksters, whose costume and manners are not very well adapted to the requirements of modern society. Between the depot and the wharf were the offices, where the books were kept, and the business of the company done. The clerks were fortunately absent at the time of the explosion, and owe their lives to this circumstance.

On the left, the railroad track passes, for the purpose of switching off trains, as the requirements of business may demand. In front everything was admirably arranged for convenience and durability, while architectural propriety was duly regarded.

Aside from the destruction of property, the company will suffer great inconvenience from the want of a suitable and safe place for the storage of the immense amount of freight passing through their hands, but their well-known energy will soon restore what has been so suddenly destroyed, while there will remain only the regret that so many lives have been prematurely sacrificed. The material for rebuilding can be readily obtained along the line of the railroad, from quarries that have supplied stone for all the uses of the company, while the iron girders supporting the roof will be forged at the shops in Aspinwall, or sent on from New York.

In a short period few traces of the present ruin will be seen, and a new structure, as massive and imposing as the former one, will be erected in its place, the busy scene of trade from all parts of the world.



INTERIOR OF THEATRE AT MACAO, CHINA, DURING A PERFORMANCE.

GETTYSBURG CEMETERY, PENN.

ONE of our Artists, now on a tour of inspection over the old battle-fields of the late war, has sent us some very interesting sketches of the present appearance of Gettysburg. Our readers will doubtless recollect that this sepulchre of departed heroism was inaugurated on the 4th of July, 1865, and for full particulars of the spot and its surroundings we refer them to No. 512 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Our sketches are so graphic that no description is needed. Such a memorial is the most eloquent discourse that can be uttered against the folly and wickedness of all wars, save those founded on national honor and the liberty of the people.

In after years many a mournful actor in the past struggle will come to drop the tear of regret over a fratricidal strife, never, we trust, to be renewed, not even in the windy warfare of politicians.

MAY DAY.

Moving In and Moving Out.

OF all the villainous customs that have ever afflicted a people, that of making a single day in all the year the one upon which one dwelling or place of business must be occupied, or delivered up, is the worst. It is peculiar to New York, and for its exemption all other cities may be truly thankful, even though they have nothing else to be thankful for.

Bright and early the day that is rendered poetical by May Queens and May Queens; by the rich warm sunshine of spring, and the singing of birds, is turned into a pandemonium by the plotting of landlords and the weakness of tenants. On that day our household gods are rudely torn from their shrines, our hearthstones are deserted, and with our worldly property mounted on a truck, hired at the small price of $5 per hour, breakage included, we start out to find a new resting-place for the sole of our feet.

But the mere act of moving



THE ENTRANCE TO GETTYSBURG CEMETERY, PENNSYLVANIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY SIR. E. TAYLOR.

nothing. It is like the criminal who is to be executed. There is nothing in the dying—it is the preparing to die. So it is with moving. It is the preparation, the hunting of all household rubbish from the spots where it has lain concealed and dusty for years. The packing! In boxes, in baskets, in bags and jars! How the mahogany is wrapped in swaddling clothes, and the china in straw! Alas! to no effect, for the first is bruised and the last broken. How everything is piled so carefully, to be ready for the hoarses on the eventful morning, and how all the family sleep the night before—and a good many nights after, for the matter of that—on the floor, because the bedsteads are all taken down, so as to be ready.

And at last comes the fatal day. Three men, an Irishman, a Dutchman, and a negro, are engaged to assist the carman. The Irishman makes his appearance at such an unpleasantly early hour as to lead to the surmise that he has not been to bed at all, and with such an unpleasantly unsteady gait as to suggest fearful visions of his unfitness; visions which are presently illustrated by his missing step and bringing up in a sitting position in the area, from which he cannot be got to budge until he is assisted by the police an hour or two later, when he is found in a solidly somnolent condition. The Dutchman and negro arrive about eight o'clock, an hour after the carman, and then comes the tug of war. The negro never does anything without noise, the Dutchman, on the contrary is quiet, sleepy, and stolid, disappearing every half hour, and coming back round the corner wiping his mouth and smelling strongly of beer.

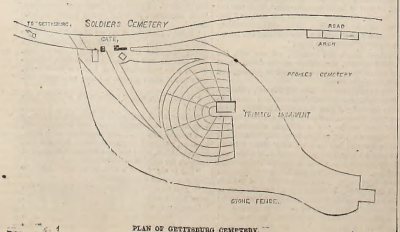


SOLDIERS' GRAVES AT GETTYSBURG CEMETERY. (3,555 UNION SOLDIERS BURIED HERE).

Chairs and tables are ruthlessly seized and hurried on stairs. Boxes are dragged with a heavy thump on step to step, and looking-glasses are rushed through space at a rate that forbids collisions with safety. Before you have had time to breathe, "the other family," shows itself, and crowds the hall, the stairs, and the stoop with their own traps. A piano is trotted into the hall, and set up in such a way as to monopolize that thoroughfare, and cause a collision between the rival helps, to your damage—one mirror and a full chamber set goes to the dem bow-wows, and making it necessary that you should personally throw yourself into the breach, to put a stop to threatened bloodshed.

And still the crash goes on. People slip down-stairs with heavy loads, and land at the bottom a total wreck; and people slip up-stairs and pick up unconsidered trifles, which they throw out of the window to waiting pals below, while still other people do other things quite as unpleasant and unprofitable, but which it is impossible to help on this day; perhaps they even can't help it themselves.

And this is the way a May day goes. Noise, dust, crash, and confusion. Broken furniture, smashed china, punched pictures and muddy beds mark its career, until at night you gather the family chickens together to consider supper and a spot to roost. In this moment it is found that the basket in which Cæsar and his fortunes were, or Cæsar's bread and butter, which is all the same, is missing. Not a bit of cold meat or a slice of the staff of life is to be found, and there is nothing for it but that Paterfamilias must go out foraging; and go out he does—though by this time it is raining quite smartly—and after an hour returns soaked, with some bread, butter, smoked beef, cheese, and stich other comfortaris as can be found in the usual round of Dutch grocerydom. In due time the supper is devoured, hunger supplying the sauce, and amid the *debris* of furniture and mixed up generalities, one after the other of the family are stowed away, so ending May day, though not to ending their troubles. Next comes cleaning, putting down carpets, putting up bedsteads and hanging curtains, until at last if the family is *settled* and over the fatigues of May day on the 1st of June, they have done well, and should congratulate themselves.



PLAN OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.



BATTLEFIELD HOUSE, GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

CHANGES.

BY EDWARD C. BIGG

WHEREVER mortal man may move
Where'er his restless feet may rove,
Or his inquiring mind may range,
He finds inscribed on all things—"CHANGE."
No man, no work, e'er yet had birth,
Nought so substantial on the earth,
But Time's rude touches soon will show
That all is fleeting here below.

Where once I hunted 'mid deep woods,
Or fished in Oulcoat's cooling floods,
And heard the partridge drumming near,
Luxuriant meadows now appear.
The plain old Manse, where I was born
Has been of former covering shorn,
And now enlarged and painted new,
Presents its richer walls to view.

Another, where I long have lived,
Has through its storms of years survived,
But like old garments, patched and rent,
A mournful sight its walls present.
Though from beneath its roof I've moved,
I'll ne'er forget the home I loved,
Made sacred by the life of those
Whose lovely forms in death repose.

Where once no house appeared in sight,
And thieving wolves howled through the night,
Kind neighbors came and settled nigh,
Who love to talk of days gone by.
Those grey-haired, toil-worn pioneers
Did much that now the valley cheers;
And when their friends shall be bereft
Of them, their hikers will be left.

No scene on tell what changes lie
Within the future. Ev'n to-day
This little hamlet may become
To scores of strangers now a home.
Where now the farmer plows his fields,
Or counts the sheaves that harvest yields,
A goodly village may arise,
With steeples pointing to the skies.

Where now we hear the city's hum,
Some traveler in the years to come—
Some Layard of that distant day—
May, with wondering eye, survey
The moldering heaps of ruins vast,
The buried glory of the past;
And stand on his own foothills
Resounding through deserted halls.

Of all the changes Time may bring,
I will not now attempt to sing;
Of this I'm sure—that God is just;
He changeth not—in Him I'll trust;
For when I read aright His laws,
I see for every change a cause;
And while I do my duty here,
No change of time can make me fear.

The Spectre of Cliffe;

OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

RALPH loved his head, overcome with sorrowful thought; but when she rose close to him, and placed her fragile hand in his, he carried it to his lips, and kissed it tenderly. As he did so, she, with the air of one to whom sovereign power is nothing new, inclined graciously toward the messenger.

"How did it happen? Tell me, Clement."

"For these three days past" (the husband and wife exchanged a meaning glance) "the poor gentleman has been getting worse and worse; at last he grew very violent. Gideon visited him at most yesterday afternoon, and Mr. Clifford seized the opportunity of the open door to push out, and cast himself over the well-staircase. He was killed upon the spot."

Ralph shuddered, and shuddered.

"That will do," said he; "I will hear more at another time. The servants are now aroused, and will see that you want for nothing. I am sorry that I spoke to you so roughly, sir;" and with a stately inclination of his head, Ralph Clifford moved thoughtfully away.

"Why is not Gideon here?" inquired Mrs. Clifford, when the door shutting close together, as soon as she had spoken, left a pause with a cord clasp.

"He is hurt," answered Clement, shortly. "They had a struggle for it, he and the other."

"I thought so," answered the woman, quietly. "He must have been hurt, indeed, not to have come himself. It is very unfortunate."

"Well, I am sure I had rather he had come than I," answered Clement, sullenly. "Such a dreadful road as we had to travel, and not much of a welcome at the end of it from one's own sister. Why, I believe your husband thought at first that I was no more a gentleman than Cator here."

"I dare say he did," returned Mrs. Clifford, dryly. "My husband is very peculiar."

"Peculiar!" echoed Mr. Carr. "I think so indeed. Why, his hair alone is enough to frighten one. He ought to be at the Dene himself; I'm sure he is make enough."

"Hush!" returned the lady, imperatively. "You will have an excellent breakfast, Clement, and whatever you please to call for in Cliffe Hall is at your service; see, then, that you make yourself at home—so well, that you need not remember that you have any other home. Speak not one word about the Dene. You will find attendance yonder."

She shot one look of intelligence toward Cator, which was returned swifter than shuttlecock, and followed her husband to his chamber.

"That's pretty treatment of a brother," ejaculated Clement, but not until she was well out of earshot. He is to be disappointed on the coming of it all at last, for I'm sure we've had enough to put up with."

"You had every revenge, too, Mr. Clement," observed the other, grimly.

"*One* has paid for it," answered Vitellius, with an ugly look; "but the husband is not the wrong side still. I am longing for the day when we shall cry quits."

"The road there is in good hands," returned the keeper of luxuries; "Miss Grace as was, is a clever woman; and in the meantime let us punish the larder."

The morning that witnessed the arrival of the messengers from the Dene was many hours older when Mrs. Clifford sat down to breakfast in her own boudoir, attired in deepest black, and wearing an air, if not of respectful sorrow, at least of serious thought. Through the bay window opposite she could mark from where she sat the golden ruinous of the autumn woods of Cliffe and the windings of its well-loved stream, that, at the beginning the thread of pearl, which, like a long necklace, gem laid, now seen, now in maiden's bosom, decked the swelling hill, down to the far distance, where, a river broad and shining, it yet was lost in haze and mist. The table was spread before her, and all its course was fair; whether with the moorcock and ptarmigan upon the heathery hill, or in the well-stocked Park, where the gentle does strayed down to know their beauty, or in the broad rich level beyond, while with farms, and with yellow with ripe corn. It was the plain which pleased her best, because it was the richest; for it was greed that kindled in Grace Clifford's eyes as she gazed upon that lordly scene. All was hers as far as those eyes could range, to live in and be mistress of; but if the proud dowagers of Cliffe had possessed a throne so far, she would have hungered still for more. All was hers, but for her life only—to enjoy, but not to possess. True, she could remain there all this life-long, credited at alone, never hoped or thought (although she sometimes dreamed, in spite of herself) of anything better; it mattered, she only loved herself, and therefore it could matter nothing into whose hands this wealth should pour, when her own life-tenure is over. Nevertheless, it was that thought which darkened her fair face, and marred her brow, as she gazed forth upon that scene, whose peaceful beauty should have found its own reflection there—To enjoy, but not to possess. "Nay," answered those tight, short lips, "but that cannot be. I must possess before I can enjoy it." She beat her little foot against the floor, once, twice, and yet again, but not in passion; rather, indeed, the depths of her subtle heart, rarely indeed was evidenced upon the surface. There was one answering rap from beneath, and after an interval, a side-door opened behind her, and a young girl entered the room. Mrs. Clifford did not even turn her head, but sat with her rapt gaze still fixed upon the view without.

"Breakfast waits, Mildred," said she, thoughtfully. "You are late this morning. Have you heard the news from the Dene?"

"Yes, papa," replied the girl. "Mr. Cyril Clifford is dead."

"Ay, child; the ground behind us then at least is safe. Mothers are said to become sane once sometimes, and stretch their fettered hands again for what was once their own; but the dead lay claim to nothing—not even to the lord of Cliffe at last. I place my feet firm on the second step—but it is still far to climb. Do you feel strong, Ethelred?"

She did not speak these words as a mother to address her niece at all, and she seemed well now mechanically, when no contempt was meant.

"I am strong enough, aunt—for a child," replied Mildred Leigh, coldly. "What would you have me do?"

Swift as a snake, the lady of Cliffe turned round and placed her hand upon the shoulder of her niece, as she sat at table, so near that not a quiver of the lip, not a trembling of an eyelid could escape her gaze.

"Listen, Mildred; you are no fool, although you would fain that I should take you for one. You are not a baby, either. Girls have been wooed and won, ay, and been widowed, too, before they have reached your age. You know for what those years have been given you—and how to use them. You do not plait that raven hair so unstrungly to please yourself alone. Boys like that color always"—she glanced aside to the mirror, glistening in the cabon panel like floating ice on a dark sea, at her own unctuous tresses—"but 'tis the blonde that lasts. You will be gray, child, before me. Your time is short, young as you think yourself—for you are not minus it. Look you, because Ralph Clifford wears his hair like you, and having collars filled with goodly wine, persists in drinking—because he is young, and lives in a half-dream, through poring on his ancestors, and looking for their curse to fall on him and his, you think perhaps that he himself is mad."

"I, aunt? Nay, not I?"

"Who, then, child? Who has dared to think my husband mad? Your face does not pay compliments. Was he mad to marry me?" A twinkling at the corner of the girl's mouth—the hint of the beginning of a smile—had brought this question swift as the quivering wire upon a tower draws the lightning. "Well, and what then? Are not all men mad to marry? By heaven, if I were maid, I'd call no man my own, my purse my own; nor would I have children praying for my death, or heirs of any kind. I would not buy the best of wives at such a price. And yet, I suppose, you think there is no man so rich but that he might give both land and gold to make you his, and yet be no ayendthrift."

"I have never thought about it, aunt," replied Mildred Leigh, colorless as virgin marble, and some sculptor whose name she knew by it to his purpose. Not a muscle moved, and the long lashes that were drooped beneath them were as if in slumber.

"You lie—you lie!" returned Mrs. Clifford, slowly. "Not thought about it, and a girl! Why, girls think of nothing else. Why not confess it, Mildred? You have some right to value yourself highly. Are you not my niece—the nearest to the mistress of Cliffe Hall? Are you not a lady born? Can you not paint? Can you not play? Ah, what a lure is there—the rounded arm upon the harp, the sloping hand, the fingers twinkling on the jet-black keys! Can you not sing as any siren can? What would a man have more? But, Mildred, I am the born sone of these fine things, but scarcely could read a line out of a book; or if you could, would have had none to listen to you, since all were rude and outlurebes about you; your father a boor, dead in a drunken brawl; your mother a evil memory; your brothers hated by all who knew them, and most hated by those who knew them best—driving a base trade basely! You had been your fortune —as it was *mine*, child—you might have said indeed: 'Should any man of rank and wealth—let alone a Clifford—be attracted and the richest in all the country-side—propose to marry me, and take me from this sordid roof, and make me mistress of his ancestral home, he surely must be mad.' So, niece, when I saw you smile, or thinking of a smile just now, when I said: 'Was he mad to marry me?' I was neither angered nor surprised."

"Nay, aunt," answered the girl, in a depressed tone, "I was thinking like that indeed. But having heard you say yourself that Uncle Ralph was likely some day to——"

"Never, Mildred!" interrupted Mrs. Clifford—"never, never! You are mistaken. You never heard me say so; and if you dreamed you heard me, you were mistaken. Ralph Clifford is sane enough, but he will not live long."—Mildred pushed aside her plate, its contents almost untasted, and leaned back in her chair with her hand pressed to her brow.—"Nay, I wish I could think otherwise, child," continued her aunt, softly; "but I cannot. Gideon or Gideon's —which I can afford so ill to lose just now as his. But he has not many years, perhaps months, to pass before the Dene. When I am widowed here—well-dowered though I be, and free to live my life out at the Hall—things will be altered; I shall not be free from cares then. Ralph Clifford at Hall for some still more hateful mate—a gipsy from the forest, like as not, some large-limbed wench that knows how to poison." Her hands closed tightly as she spoke, so that the pink nails of her fingers stabbed her delicate flesh, and she opened them again hastily as if for air. But for that, she must need have seen Mildred's tell-tale cheek pale, and the color rush impetuously over cheek and brow. But the lady of Cliffe had passions of her own to hide, and her face averted, though she, spoke on. "Where I have ruled, I will rule still to the end; and it is you who must help me to do so, as the mouse helped the lion in the fable." She paused, as if waiting for a reply, but no answer coming save in the quick throbbings or the girl's heart, inaudible to her own ears, but to the more terrified ears they seemed to fill the room with sound, Mrs. Clifford added: "Do you know *how* you must help me, Mildred?"

"No, aunt."

"By being a dutiful and faithful daughter-in-law. You must marry Rupert Clifford, and that soon."

"But I do not love him, aunt."

"So much the better for you. Your judgment, when you come to rule him, will be the less likely to be blinded."

"But he does not love me," faltered the girl.

"Even if such were the case," answered Mrs. Clifford, coldly, "there are means to make him without much trouble. But he does love you, and you know it, Mildred; for *I* know it, and you must need have learned it before me. When he was your boy-lover, he was a mere baby but yesterday, and strove to kiss it—pshaw, never blush for that; it was only I who witnessed it—you were right not to suffer him. You did very well; but do not say that Rupert is indifferent to you. That was not the first love-passage between you two, as I presume. Ay, so I thought. Why, what a trembling dove is this, that the very mention of her future master should set all her feathers in flutter!"

Mildred Leigh did tremble, yet not with the timidity of love, but rather as the dove, whose wings are spread when the hawk is poising, and threatening to stoop.

"By my faith!" as the Clifords say, although I doubt whether one of them ever had enough to swear by, but you play the maiden prettily, Only, look you, Mildred," added her aunt, changing her tone of tolerant but unexpected contempt, "do not over-act it; or, rather, keep your more frigid moods for me, but to your lover thaw a little. You may let him kiss your hand next time—not snatch your fingers away, as though his lips were springes. I thought to have had a very different role to support, girl, when I brought you to Cliffe Hall last year; I deemed you would want a duenna or Mistress Prudence to say, 'Hang back! hang back!' Why there is not a handsomer lad than Rupert Clifford betwixt this and Cavel, and fitted with all the graces that are dear to fools of your age; while as for those matters to which a woman, if a wise one, sets her mind, there is scarcely a better match in all the north. 'That luck was mine,' say all folks here, yet yours is twice as good. Ralph Clifford was neither young nor fair to look upon; and he had even another woman's sons, and Cyril was alive; while you—you moping, milk-faced fool, beware how you anger me with tears! I have not got that far upon my way to be balked by a girl's mad fancy. Mad! There never was a Clifford half so mad as you would be if you said 'No' to Rupert; for if you lose him, Mildred—who are as poor as any beggar, dependent on my bounty for your very garments —you lose all you see from yonder casement—wealth; and station, that makes the proudest smile upon you; and power, that bends the stiff neck of the poor; and you gain—Mildred, be sure of this—a life-long enemy in one who never yet has failed to work her will!"

"I know it well," answered Mildred, hopelessly; I will endeavor not to shrink; I will strive to love your strange Rupert."

"I care not for that, girl; strive you to marry him. Now, get you gone, for I have wbis to weave that demand my most deliberate thought. This Carr, here, he is your uncle, child, but not your equal. Give him your finger-tips, but not to kiss. Be cold and stately to him, and especially in the presence of Ralph Clifford. Do not fear less this should anger him; it will be easy enough to be affable when you have become great; for a smooth word from one who is in honor heals all.

CHAPTER III.

CLIFFE HALL, like every building of that age, had a gloomy look. There was an air of solemn repose about it which hushed the careless voice. The ground-floor was shrouded in gloom. Either the windows were recesses, broad within, but narrowing in the thickness of the wall to the merest slits, or they were hidden by the terrace parapet. Moreover, where the panes were moderately large, many of them were of stained glass, and blushed with the knights and dames of the house of Clifford. The library, in particular, which should have been the best lighten room of all, was the one that was hemmed in by the roof of the terrace, and entered from within by a descent; the sun even at noonday only made a sort of splendid gloom there. The walls were completely through the painted shields of Sir John and Sir Gwinnet, of Sir Bevis and Sir Mark, before they passed the window. This window had once been the chief armory, and still bore traces of the use to which it had been put, before the mighty tomes, standing shoulder to shoulder, had enough room left to be taken down alone and read, garrisoned the room. Above the shelves glanced many a fair device, deserving to be the cognizance of mace and spear, of axe and harquebuse; and upon the oaken panels, between the shelves, shone whole sheaves of ancient weapons, the gleanings of many a harvest-field of war.

Upon the morning of the interview between Mildred Leigh and her aunt, that excitement was occupied, as it usually was at that period of the day, by Rupert and Raymond Clifford. They were sitting within the same arched window, and close to the casement, in order to get as much light as possible for the occupations in which they were engaged. The elder was poring over an old ill-printed volume of romances, the younger was engaged in making a fish-hook attractive for trout.

"I wish you wouldn't whistle so, Ray," observed the former, lazily; "how is one to read?"

"I didn't know you were reading, Jue; you seemed to me to be only thinking."

"*Only* thinking," sighed Rupert; "but that is much harder work than reading."

"Is it?" replied the other, carelessly. "I never do either, and therefore am no judge. What are the important matters which demand your attention so urgently this morning, that my whistling Charles le Maine's hunting' would interfere thus? I was doing it solely out of compliment to your Jacobite tendencies."

The elder did not reply, but sat with downcast eyes fixed on the floor, on which the rich heraldic blazons were thrown, tracing idly with his foot the fantastic course of brief bend and riding, scrange and fret. After a little, he broke silence, with:

"I wish I was you, Raymond."

"That is an old wish," returned the other, laughing. "Do you, who know so much, then, desire to be ignorant? Or, being heir of Cliffe, would you exchange it for a younger brother portion?"

"There are worse things than being poor," returned the young man, gravely; "but it was not of mere station I was thinking. I envy you your happy disposition, your never-dagging spirits, and those pleasures which the simplest poverty never fail to afford. I envy you your very strength of limb, Raymond, and the manly beauty of your face."

"Really, Jue, you make me blush," replied the other, laughing; "but as I am accustomed to such pretty speeches from the ladies, I assure you, Mrs. Clifford was so good as to tell me, in confidence, only three days ago, that I was a fool, and I wonder if there is such a thing as a white sandal?"

"Hush, Ray, hush! The walls of Cliffe have ears!"

"Their talent for hearing, Jue, is, however, a very modern accomplishment; just two years old, as I reckon, this day. You may shake your head, brother, but until our good father brought that woman hither, what things we spoke only reached the ears for which they were intended."

"She is our father's wife, Ray, and—and——" Rupert stopped and stammered.

"And we should respect her for his sake, you were about to add," observed Raymond coolly. "Upon the contrary, I protest. It is mainly with his account that I hold her so vile. He is a changed man since he married her; he loves not

as his boys as he used to do; and as for poor me, it is well if he does not end by hating me. Do you remember telling me that ancient story of the Greek creature, half woman, half serpent, fair without, but foul within, with whom men fell enamored, and so perished? There must be some glamour about this woman, or our father could never be so enmeshed."

"I have read, Raymond, that men, when old, are more liable to the enchantments of love than even in youth."

"I can scarcely believe that, Rupert," exclaimed the younger, gravely, after a little pause.

"And scarcely can *I*, brother; yet a wise man has written it, who had himself been young. It is certain that Mrs. Clifford is gentle and comely; and there lies magic enough in that without sorcery."

"Comely!" echoed Raymond, with abhorrence. "I could as easily admire the comeliness of a viper. Gentle! ay, the stealthy gentleness of a tigeress, as she creeps upon her unconscious victim. You smile incredulously, Rue; you have only seen her velvet foot—but I have seen its claws."

"She has, I do think, been cruel to you, Raymond."

"Nay, brother, say rather she has been herself to me; to my father and to you she has never revealed her true character. How strange it is, Rue, with all your brains and book-learning, that you cannot read a wicked woman! You see how our father's melancholy deepens daily—how his mind withdraws itself more and more from all wholesome matters, to brood over the sad fortunes of our house; and yet you cannot see who casts the shadow, and ever thrusts herself between him and the fostering sun."

"It needs no woman to make a Clifford sad," returned Rupert, gloomily; "to blacken the annals of our race would indeed be a superfluous task. There is scarcely a chamber in this house which is not eloquent of our crimes or shame: and if we go out of doors, there is no tongue but wags to the same tune."

"They wag not so to me, brother; never, at least, since I pitched Gawain Harrison into Nettle Hole for prating to me about Guy Clifford. It is understood now, when I go a-fishing, that I want a man to carry my basket, not to tell foolish stories against my ancestors. Why, half a century hence, that righteous chastisement of Gawain at my hands will have swollen into an attempt to murder a vassal. Does heaven set its face against us, think you, more than against other folk, or is it not rather that we have rejected its alliance? You might just as well complain that we do not sit here in the pure sunlight, when we have shut it out ourselves with yon painted pride. I swear that I would rather be that peasant-boy, keeping sheep upon Ribble Fell-side, than be cursed with ancestors whose memory so dispirited me. If Guy Clifford did leap into Boden Pot, what then? Are you and I, and all his descendants, obliged to jump after him? Come, sweep these cobwebs from your mind, Rue, or one day they will do you a mischief?"

"What mean you by that, sir?" cried Rupert, starting to his feet, his blue eyes gleaming with rage. "How dare you say such things? You call others cruel, but none have ventured to wound me thus far."

"My dear Rue," returned the other with astonishment, and a pity that he strove in vain to conceal, "what have I said to anger you? I declare upon my honor, that I meant nothing more than such morbid thoughts were bad for anybody. Have we not now the saddest proof of it in our poor——"

"Be silent; do not mention him," interrupted Rupert, menacingly. "I tell you, I will not hear his name."

"What! not my father's?" returned Raymond. "I was merely about to repeat that his melancholy arises mainly from encouraging such fancies."

"Perhaps," answered Rupert, with an effort after self-control—"perhaps it does. I misunderstand you, Raymond; I did not mean——"

"I am sure you meant me no harm," replied the other, laying his hand kindly on Rupert's shoulder. "Come now with me a-fishing in Ribble Beck."

"I will join you there, Ray, presently; but I have something else to do first, I have indeed. I would rather be alone for a little." Rupert said this walking hastily toward the door, as though afraid lest his brother's importunity should overcome his own resolution.

Raymond's eyes followed him with genuine sympathy until the door had closed behind him. "Poor Rue, poor Rue!" he murmured. "God grant that thou mayst not bring the curse down on thine own head. It is no wonder that such prophecies work out their own fulfillment, when they have minds like thine to deal with. I wish with thee that thou and I could but change places. Rubbish of that sort might be shot *here*, I fancy," striking his broad chest a sounding blow, "without much damage. I am none of your dreamy ones, thank God! It is eleven o'clock. There are one, two, three good hours of fishing before me; and then, ah! then, for my sweet Mildred!"

The dark face lightened as he spoke, and the eyes, somewhat too stern for boyhood, softened like the black waters of a mountain-tarn touched by the moon, as he strode gayly from the sunken chamber, and through vaulted passages to the hall, whistling his merry tune. So blithe he shone amid the general gloom, it seemed as though the haunting shadows of the place fled at his sprightly step, and gathered together after him more darkly than before, like clouds behind the sun.

Ralph Clifford was no bookworm like his elder son, and yet no sportsman like his younger. Now, for a man of fortune to live in the country and be happy, it is almost essential that he should be one of these two things. If he took to reading, it was a portent, a course of proceeding so altogether abnormal and uncanny, that it was not much spoken about; but if he was neither sportsman nor scholar, people set him down as mad. Ralph Clifford was not mad, but he was possessed with a devil—the fiend of family pride; not a reasonable sort of disease with any folks, but in his case unaccountable in the highest degree; for there never had been a Clifford, from Bryan the Founder—a freebooter—to Cyril, the shell of whose rayless mind had not been yet put underground, of whom their descendants had any cause to be proud; on the contrary, that generation was an exceptional one the record of which was unstained by gross vices.

The Cliffords had plenty of timber, and all things fitting beside; that jewel of fancy price, their ancestry, was splendidly set, and had a gorgeous casket. It had never, in the most perilous times, been stripped of its surroundings, or even forced for a season to conceal its far-darting lustre. The sort of chivalry that had animated Norman Bryan had been transmitted through all his line; "the good old rule, the simple plan, that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can," had been preserved in its integrity. The Cliffords had had no need to marry heiresses; their shields bore no escutcheons of pretence; their prosperity had grown like a river, but, unlike it, had needed, no foreign feeders to sustain it. There had been dry seasons, when it had fallen a little, and there had been times of civil commotion, when it had even been dammed up; but the obstacle removed, the broad stream of prosperity had only poured forth in the greater volume. They had cared nothing for Roses, Red or White; but each had smelled the sweeter in the nostrils of wise Sir Mark, as it had prevailed over the other. They had loved King Charles and monarchy, but not with such a perfect love that it had cast out the fear of Cromwell and his Ironsides. Sir John, indeed, had made a wrong cast in that matter, and defended Cliffe against Lambert. The blood of Cavalier and Roundhead had not refused to mix in the castle-moat, for four long weeks of siege. The west wing had sorely suffered. You might see even now the scars upon the stubborn stone. Many a shock of battle had that front withstood, and often listened to the roar of culverin and ring of steel, which now regarded the trim garden only, and the sleeping waters, and listened to the mowing of the scythe and the leap of fish. It had done with war for ever; and swallow-haunted, ivy-clad, it looked like one who, having had his days of trouble, henceforth spends a life of leisure among friends. Even the trouble had been short-lived. Without storming and without surrender, the banner of the Parliament had been quietly substituted for that of the king upon the round tower of Cliffe Hall, and General Lambert had dined with Sir John at the same table, in the banqueting-room, under which the royal legs of the Stuart had condescended to place themselves only a few months before.

It was of such ancestors as these that Ralph Clifford was proud; and of far worse than these. He was by no means a bad man himself; there was not one of his long line, perhaps, who, being compared with him, would not, upon the whole, have suffered by the contrast.

Looking upon Ralph Clifford's haggard but not ill-favored face, and the plaited hair that fringed it, one could not but wonder what he could have been in his youth. Could he ever have been a trustful child, saying his prayers at a mother's knee? A light-hearted boy, enjoying the sports of the hour with all a boy's capacity for enjoyment? A young man courting the smiles of beauty, his pulses throbbing with the fullness of the spring, had he ever experienced those palmy days which, long or short, fall to the lot of almost all mortals? Most of us have met such men, and tried to picture them in the cradle, in the playground, or at the altar with their brides—and failed. Their past is not to be imagined; and even those who witnessed it, can tell us little. Of Ralph Clifford, men knew only that he had been a dutiful son under circumstances when it was not easy to be dutiful; that a kind heart lay somewhere within him, notwithstanding his haughty and austere behavior; and that in his first marriage he had pleased his father, and in his second pleased himself. He had been brought up at Cliffe from his infancy, but not, of course, as its heir. He had never desired to be so; and had driven the very thought of it away from him as far as possible. Not only did his childless uncle Roderick look like to live for a score of years to come, but his own father Arthur, the younger brother, was alive, a stout man, too; and what was still more to the purpose, there was Cyril, a hale boy, but a twelvemonth older than himself. Yet even then Ralph was fully persuaded that he would be master of Cliffe, for that the curse of the Cliffords must needs fall.

THE WRECK OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

For more than half a century the wreck of the Royal George, sunk at Spithead, off Portsmouth, England, in 1782, with all her guns, stores, and crew, had baffled all attempts to raise or remove it, when in 1839 Colonel Pasley undertook the task of blowing it up with gunpowder, a plan hitherto unknown in such operations. The story of this famous wreck has long been familiar but the chief facts may be recapitulated here.

The Royal George had long been an object of pride, not only to the navy, but to the English public. She was the oldest first-rate in the service. She carried 108 guns, and it was said had borne more Admirals' flags than any other ship in the British navy. She carried the tallest masts and the squarest canvas of any English built man-of-war, and may have been considered as the embodiment of the naval glory of England, then at its height. At the period of her disastrous end she had just returned from a cruise off Spithead, where Lord Howe's fleet of between 30 and 40 sail of the line, many frigates, and 200 or 300 merchant vessels were riding at anchor. It was on the 20th of August, 1782, as she lay here quietly, that the carpenter discovered that the pipe which admitted the water to cleanse the ship was out of repair. As the orifice of this pipe was about three feet below the surface of the water, it was necessary to heel the vessel slightly over, so that the pipe could be raised and examined. This simple operation, which had frequently been performed in the navy with impunity, was the chief cause of the terrible disaster which followed. To accomplish it, the guns on the larboard side of the ship were run out of the portholes as far as they could go, and those on the starboard side removed to the middle of the decks. This brought the port-hole sills of the vessel on the lower side nearly even with the water. Unfortunately a lighter, laden with rum, soon afterward arrived, and placed her cargo aboard on the lower side. This, with the additional weight of the men, caused the water to enter at the ports, but so gradually that it was long before any one perceived the danger.

Meanwhile, the smiths and braisiers had almost completed their work, when a sudden breeze blew upon her raised side, forcing her still further down, while the water began to rush with terrible force into her ports. The lieutenant of the watch now ordered the drum to beat to right the ship—but too late. As the vessel heeled over, guns, shot, and everything movable rolled with it to the lower side, and accelerated her descent, and the enormous vessel fell on her broadside flat, with all her masts in the water. Then was seen a confused multitude of men and women scrambling to the side still left out of the water, and uttering heart-rending lamentation. So sudden was the accident from the time it had become sufficiently alarming to arouse general attention, that scarcely any succor could be rendered even by the multitude of vessels which lay at anchor near. Signals of distress were fired for help from Spithead, but the unfortunate vessel finally sank. Of the 1,200 persons on board, including 250 women and children belonging to the seamen, nearly 900 perished. The rest escaped by mounting to the rigging or clinging to floating timber. With those lost was Admiral Kempenfeldt, who at the moment of the occurrence was writing in his cabin, whence his captain had in vain endeavored to extricate him. Among the numerous affecting episodes of this historical shipwreck, was the saving of a little child who was miraculously preserved by holding on to the fleece of a sheep, which swam in the water, where the child was picked up by a gentleman in a boat. Both the father and mother of the child had perished, and the gentleman who rescued him humanely undertook to provide for him.

In the year 1834, Mr. Dean, an engineer, with the authority of the government, descended by means of a ladder to the wreck, being attired in apparatus of his own invention, which has since become better known to the public. His dress, composed of india-rubber, made perfectly water-tight, having a helmet of metal on his head extending to his shoulders, large enough to allow him to turn his head round at pleasure, having three glass lenses to admit the light, and a tube of the same flexible material on the top to supply air by means of an air-pump, worked by men in attendance above. Mr. Dean found the unfortunate vessel a huge mass of old timber, stores, and materials mixed with mud, clay, and sand. In his dress, though he had attached to him nearly 90 pounds' weight to make him sink, he easily walked about the ruins of the ship, using his hatchet freely, and remaining down more than an hour each time. In this way he succeeded in recovering a number of valuable brass and iron guns in a high state of preservation, besides a number of interesting articles of less importance.

No further attempts were made to remove any portion of the Royal George, until 1839, when it occurred to the ingenious mind of Colonel Pasley that gunpowder, so commonly applied by miners in blowing up solid rocks as well as in military operations, might be successfully employed for the purpose of breaking up the wreck, by which some of its valuables might be recovered, while a dangerous obstruction would be removed. Two divers and two sets of workmen were employed in different lighters moored near enough to be within hail. The divers were attired in Mr. Dean's apparatus. The first experiment proved a failure, owing to an accident in the cylinders and other causes. Other huge cylinders filled with gunpowder were then sunk, and on the 29th of August, the anniversary of the sinking of the Royal George, five small charges were exploded. The explosions were effected by the fusees, being fired by the wires of the voltaic battery—an entirely new application of that wonderful instrument. On the 23d of September a large cylinder, charged with 2,400 pounds of gunpowder, was lowered and carefully placed by the divers, and all being ready, Colonel Pasley directed it to be fired. Instantly, before the eyes of thousands of spectators from Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, a kind of water spout of immense magnitude was seen to rise into the air, and the surface of the water was found strewed with pieces of the wreck as well as with large fish which had been stunned by the shock. In this and the following year numerous cylinders of a similar kind were sunk and fired, the divers each time reporting successful results, while gradually the guns and other valuable articles were recovered. The list of some of these is curious. Seven pieces of brass cannon brought up were valued, as old metal, at upward of $6,500. A piece of red sealing-wax, and the handle of a penknife, found near the stern, are supposed to have belonged to the unfortunate Kempenfeldt. Some chinaware in perfect preservation, and several dozen of wine are also in the list. Articles of a mournful interest were also among these curious relics. Of these were the remains of a woman's gipsy hat of the style of 1782, composed of chip, covered with silk, and trimmed with gauze; the crown of this was gone, but in other respects, even to the head lining, it was complete. Some weeks after this hat was brought up, the hoods and collars of two silk cloaks were found—one of a woman's size, trimmed with lace, the other (evidently that of a child) without trimming. These cloaks being interwoven, it was thought probable that their wearers, perhaps a mother and daughter, had perished at the same moment in each other's arms. With these came torn fragments of clothing, such as arms and breasts of jackets, coats, silk handkerchiefs, shoes, shoe-buckles, skulls, human bones, surgeon's instruments, old quadrants, a pair of black satin breeches, and a large satin waistcoat with flaps, of which the satin was perfect, although the lining was entirely gone. Finally came an interesting relic of the great shipwreck, being one of the identical pipes with the brass work attached to it, in perfect condition, the repairing of which had led to all the disasters of that fatal day.

CANNON AND CANNON BALLS.

We find an allusion to cannon as early as the Spanish Chronicle of Alfonso VI., written by Pepro, Bishop of Leon. In describing a sea-fight in the 11th century, between the Emirs of Seville and Tunis, he says: "The vessels of the King of Tunis had on board a number of iron pipes, out of which volumes of thundering fire (*tonenos de fuego*) were discharged." The first cannon cast in England are said to have been made by John Owen, in 1521; but the art appears to have been introduced in a high state of perfection. Two large brass guns, recovered in 1835 from the Mary Rose, which were sunk at Spithead in 1545—one a 68-pounder, and the other a 24-pounder—in beauty of design and workmanship are equal to anything produced in the present day. The largest gun ever made in England, up to 1843, was one weighing 18 tuns, cast in that year for Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt. The bore of the gun was within one-tenth of an inch of 16 inches (15 9-10 inches). The weight of its solid shot was 455 pounds, and of its shell, 300 pounds. This gun was 12 feet long, and had an immense quantity of metal at the breech.

A story is told of a cannon in Bejapoor, India, which weighs 40 tuns. A seat in the interior accommodates five persons, without much crowding. It is formed of mixed metal, of which there is said to be some portions of gold and a considerable quantity of silver, and is very sonorous. It was the work of Chuteby Coomy Khan, an officer in the service of Hoosseim Nizam Shah, Ahmudnugger. In giving a description of it, Col. Sykes says:

"On the visit of Sir John Malcolm during a period of his Viceroyship at Bombay, the Sattorah Rajah, who holds the surrounding territories under the British Government, directed that this gun should be fired off as an appropriate salute. Though not charged with more than half the weight of powder which its chamber could contain, the concussion was awful; it shook many of the buildings to their foundations, and the terrified inhabitants, as the reverberations rolled along, expected to see the domes and towers, survivors of the former shocks, come tumbling about their ears."

At the siege of Antwerp, in 1830, Gen. Paixhans, of the French artillery, proposed to King Leopold to shorten the siege by means of a mortar, the shells of which would weigh 1,000 pounds, and contain each 100 pounds of powder. The proposal was thought to be inhuman, and it was not until after 50,000 cannon-balls and shells had been spent in a vain bombardment, that the monster mortar, a charcoal casting made at Leige, was brought out. Nine shells were fired, huge flying masses, one of which burst in the air, and eight descended into the citadel. Two days after the first shell was fired the Dutch surrendered.

The artillery used at the siege of Baza, in the war of Granada, during the siege of Ferdinand and Isabella, were called bombards. They are still to be seen in that city, where they long served as columns in the public market-place. The largest are of about 12 feet in length, consisting of iron bars two inches in breadth, held together by bolts and rings of the same metal. These were firmly attached to their carriages, incapable of either vertical or horizontal movement. The balls thrown from these engines were sometimes of iron, but more usually of marble. Several hundred of the latter have been picked up on the hills around Baza, many of which are 14 inches in diameter, and weigh 175 pounds. At the siege of Balagner at the beginning of the 15th century, according to Zurita, stone balls were discovered which weighed not less than 550 pounds. A gun recovered from one of the Turkish ships destroyed at Tchesme in 1770 was 14 feet 2 inches in length, 9 feet in circumference, 20 inches bore, and 210 cwt., or 23,526 pounds weight.

The first instance of horizontal shell-firing on record is that at the siege of Gibraltar, in 1779, where Capt. Mercier, of the 39th regiment, suggested that five-and-a-half-inch shells, with short-calculated fuses, should be fired from guns. This practice answered so well that it became general. Red-hot balls were first used by Stephen Bathor, King of Poland, at the siege of Dantzig, 1576.

Pistols were first used by the Germans; Bellay mentions them in the year 1544. In the time of Francis I. and under Henry II. the German horsemen, *des roiters*, were called *pistoliers*.

Women's Names.—Mary, the commonest of all names given to woman, is yet one of the sweetest. Byron assures us that he had an absolute passion for it. It signifies "exalted."

Maria and Marie—the latter French—are only other forms of Mary, and have the same meaning.

Martha signifies "bitterness."

Anne, Anna, Hannah, and probably Nancy, are from the same source, and signify "kind" or "gracious."

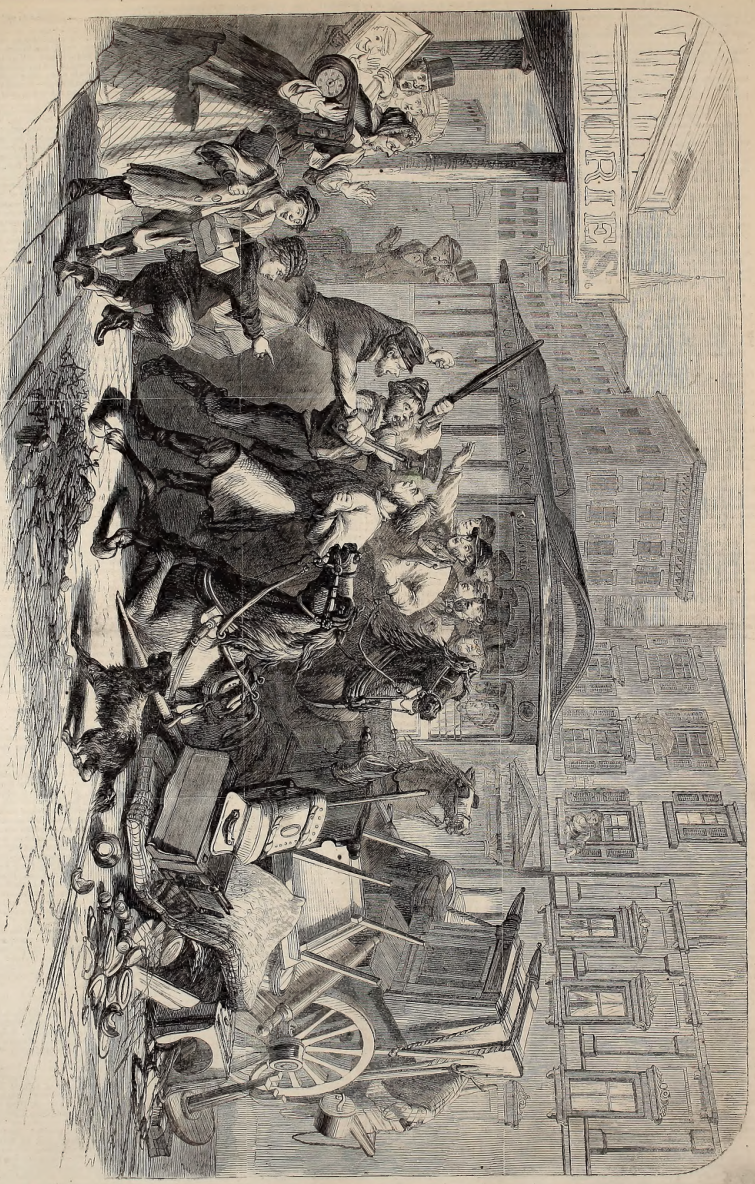
Ellen was originally Helen, the Latin being Helena, and the French Helene; the meaning being, according to some, "alluring," and according to others, "one who pities."

Jane signifies same as Anna. Sarah or Sally, a princess, and the morning star. Susan, a lily. Rebecca, plump. Lucy, brightness of aspect. Louisa or Louise, one who protects. Frances or Fanny, frank or free. Catherine, pure or chaste. Caroline and Charlotte, queens. Sophia, wisdom. Emma, tender. Margaret, a pearl or a daisy. Elizabeth or Eliza, true. Julia, Juliette and Julietta, soft-haired. Agnes, chaste. Amelia and Amy, beloved. Clara, clear or bright. Eleanor, all fruitful. Gertrude, all truth. Grace, favor. Laura, a laurel. Matilda, a noble or brave maid. Phœbe, light of life. Amanda, amiable. Isabel, true and lovely. Pauline, little one. Olive, peace—Edith, happy.

Siamese Twins Rivaled.—Two negro children are now on exhibition at Raleigh, North Carolina, that excite much curiosity. They are 14 years of age, and were born of slave parents in Anson county. The *Standard* speaks of them as follows: "The connection between these girls is closer than in the Siamese twins, there being more of the physical and mental organs common to each. The connection begins below the neck and terminates at the extremity of the spine. To touch one at any point of her body below the connection sends a sensation to the brains of each; while a touch of either above the connection is felt by that only. They can talk to different persons at the same time on entirely different subjects; and one can engage in a game of whist while the other reads or sings. The lady who has them in charge was their former mistress, and is now commencing a tour with them under a contract with their parents, who are both living.



THE FIRST OF MAY IN NEW YORK CITY—MOVING IN.—SEE PAGE 116.



THE FIRST OF MAY IN NEW YORK CITY—MOVING OUT

LOST!

I AM thinking to-night of the true, earnest heart
That was mine, long time ago,
And the years that go on leave a fierce burning smart,
And I weep that we met, thus forever to part,
And life seems all winter and snow!

Once he was manly, honest and true,
And loved with affection untold,
But with wealth he has cast off the friends that he had,
And now, among many, he has only a few,
And he cares but to count up his gold.

Oh! I cannot forget how happy and proud
He carried his youthful heart!
Yet now, as he rides at his ease in the crowd,
His riches and power seem only a shroud
To hide a heart that is dead!

Although he has honors, money and lands,
Mortgages, shrewd deeds,
Yet his shrunken form, his trembling hands,
And failing strength, proclaim life's sands
Fast running; though little he heeds.

Men flatter and fawn, and bow to his wealth,
And kneel at his golden shrine,
But gladly he'd barter his pitiful self
For the frank, open face, and the blessings of health
That were his in manhood's rich prime.

Yet he loved me so fondly, so truly, so well,
And told what our future should be,
But when I was poor, and orphans he fell,
And offered his *hand* to a rich worldly belle,
While his *heart* was given to me!

I'm thinking to-night of the beautiful girl
I loved so deep and wild,
Lost! lost in the splendor of fashion's mad whirl,
Lost! lost in a shimmer of opals and pearl,
Lost! the sweet innocent child!

It may have been best, but I'm dreary to-night
With thoughts that I cannot control;
The old, old love that I quenched burns bright,
And her face is a star in a halo of light,
Is shining within my soul!

I see him so eagerly heaping up gold,
But to leave it when comes the last sigh;
I see him bend low and the heart never cold,
But he's cast off the love and the heart never sold,
And now he weeds them, he's growing so old,
Their returning no money can buy.

The years coming on bring but sorrow and care,
Eternity's shadows appear,
And lonely he'll dream in his quaint easy-chair
Of the sight of a face, of a smile, the light golden hair,
And the love-words he no more shall hear.

The welcoming kiss, the clasping of hands,
The radiant, love-lighted face—
More welcome are these than houses or lands;
For gold is a god that will have its demands—
An idol it fills the heart's place.

I know it is best, but I'm saddened to-night
With feelings I cannot control,
I think of his young heart, so buoyant and light!
And weep for the spectre that rises to-night
With sun-crusted, greed-loving soul!

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAY," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXV.—THE HOME SECRETARY.

Now often, even in *his* routine, so fruitful of positions, had an English Home Secretary looked on a more melancholy group than the one that at about three in the afternoon of *Friday evening* next itself before him! Just before the two other gentlemen who were by his side—an under-secretary and a high legal functionary. The portly, bald, somewhat pompous-proposed gentleman, every inch a magistrate, who was in advance: the two indies, both in deep black and deeply veiled, who followed him into the room; and then the sharp, shrewd-faced, but anxious lawyer who brought up the rear, and whose list of witnesses entitled these might not of themselves have suggested the terrible story; but when the doctor had said a few words of introduction, and when Mr. Stamp had explained, tersely and formally, Anthony's position. Sleuth's horrible and sudden fate, Sir—'s relation to him, just about to be married, and lastly, had indicated rather than expressed the nature of the connection between Anthony and these his friends here, then indeed the listeners understood how tragic the question to be decided was, and how fearful the responsibility laid upon Sir—for the exercise, whichever of the two alternatives they might have to adopt —Sleuth's guilt or Anthony's.

The secretary having, in courteous but grave tones, requested all to be seated, the legal functionary observed that, before the matter went further, it, might, perhaps, be advisable for them to hear from the young lady's mouth—Miss Conyngham—the evidence she had been prepared (according to the statement Mr. Stamp had put into his hand early that morning) to prove in the open court, had she not gone away with Mr. Sleuth.

Phillis—who looked as though she might have been laid out as dead in some strange trance that had been mistaken for death, and been cunyreversed sufficiently to appear here to-day—was then examined; and as it was impossible to get her to tell any continuous story, so quickly did she break down whenever she attempted it, the whole was drawn from her by questions, mostly springing from the legal functionary, but occasionally suggested, very delicately indeed, and as afar off, by Mr. Stamp to that gentleman. She thus explained how, while only a young, humble girl at the alderman's, Sleuth had begun to pay attention to her, and suggested the idea of future marriage; how then he had sent her to get a key to the safe, on the understanding he was seeking nothing but his own; how, having been alarmed during the night of the murder, she had returned to the alderman's bed chamber, but that some inexplicable thought or fear, suggested to her own mind by Mr. Sleuth's previous behavior, caused her to pause at the door, and that then she had seen him mid the burning wedding on the bed, and change it, reload his double-barrel pistol, and fill a paper, which he was reading, when, in her agitation, she felt about to fall, and put out her hand suddenly to save herself against the door, and that he had heard the movement, for the light instantly disappeared.

Then she further related how, soon after Sleuth's first meeting with Anthony at the bed-side of the murdered man she had found a light cast on the ground, in a narrow passage where she had just been and parted with Sleuth—found it exactly where he had been standing while he talked to her, and how, as she had entered it secretly away, she heard him return as if seeking it. She spoke also of several efforts she had made, while secretly in the house, watched by Sleuth, to get the coat out of the house, and at last succeeded; and the man, a distant relative, who received it, was one of the witnesses who had all along been ready to testify to his having, at her wish, and in the "interests of justice," so she had said to him, kept it ever since.

It was evident, from the tone of the Home Secretary, when he had finished asking her this, to question her, that he had not been very favorably impressed with the truthfulness of Phillis's statement.

"Do I understand you wish me to believe that, supposing your statement to be correct, and that Sleuth to have been the murderer, that you now know nothing of his guilt—suspected nothing?"

Phillis's white lips moved inarticulately—inarticulately, at least, to all but Clarissa, who observed:

"She says, Sir——"

"If you please, Miss Pompees, I would rather myself hear what she says."

Poor Clarissa shrank back reproved.

Then repeated, Phillis, with a frightful shudder convulsing her whole frame, murmured:

"No, no; I did suspect——"

"And you did not at the time say so?"

"Because, sir, I was a wicked, mad creature, who could think only of her things to be had for the asking; and the future, he—he made me believe—about—becoming his wife."

Clarissa brushed away as she heard this, tor she saw it was the first sentence Phillis had uttered that had in the slightest degree affected the man who was the sole subject of discussion.

"And why, some years later, did you commit that assault upon him, for which, as I understand, you were for some time in confinement?"

"Because, sir, because, sir, he had deceived me, and told me he was not going to marry me."

"And how was it that, after you had been released, and all understood, through the interposition of this young lady, and on the direct plea that you wanted to tell your story, to protect Mr. Meade from the charge brought against him—how was it that you treated a court of justice with such shameless contempt as to demand at the very instant your evidence was required?"

Phillis did not answer to that, but drew from her pocket, with trembling fingers, the very same paper she had received from Sleuth at the critical moment, and which addressed her as his wife. With this she tottered rather than walked forward to put it on the Home Secretary's table.

He read it, and paused a little after reading.

"Then you were willing, Miss Pompees, still to speak merely as accepting for the moment the theory proffered one—were you willing, at the price of marriage—with Mr. Sleuth, to have consented to an assent man to the scaffold?"

"No—no—!" murmured Phillis, clasping her hands, as if she thought it was being done before the judge's own face, and soul and body were alike at stake. "I—I wanted to save them both; and I wanted to save *his* wife; and I thought that if he made me feel guilty, he would have time to escape; but, sir—believe me! oh, believe me—I wicked as I have been, and mad, I would not have let him live, I had no other thought but to confess the whole myself after marriage, if I could not, as I hoped I should, persuade him to flight. Believe me, sir, my husband, to tell the truth, while leaving the country forever. On my knees, and in the presence of God, I swear to you, sir, this is true!"

Clarissa raised her, after a moment's pause, and then the Home Secretary drew the legal functionary apart, and they had a few words together in a low tone.

On returning to his seat, the Secretary said to Mr. Stamp:

"What witnesses have you to confirm this extraordinary statement, since you say Mr. Sleuth's confession is lost—destroyed in the fire?"

"We have, Sir——, the two witnesses from the hotel, who saw the signature given."

"Is that proof the signature of the document?"

"I fear not, Sir——"

"Then, in fact, the only evidence you offer us as to this confession having existed——"

"I beg pardon, Sir——. The landlady is also here, who received it from Miss Pompees the night before the fire."

"Did she read it?"

"I believe not, Sir——," Mr. Stamp was constrained to reply.

"And, supposing it to have existed—on which I express no opinion—we can only judge of its nature from the evidence of these two ladies?"

"That is so, Sir——."

"And these ladies both deeply, vitally interested! Miss Pompees naturally desires, at any sacrifice——"

"Rem! No, Sir——," broke in the doctor, grandly, "not at any sacrifice. She is my daughter, Sir——, and I wish you plainly to understand that neither she nor I come here to tell you, as a distinguished member of Her Majesty's Government, anything but the truth, absolute truth."

"You will pardon me, Dr. Pompees; it was not my intention to offend you or Miss Pompees, but I am bound to remember this is not a meeting for either gossip or ceremony, but to promote the interests of justice. I trust I shall not again be interrupted."

The doctor bowed, but did not benefit his and his daughter's cause by the manner and look of cold hate which almost drove the Secretary the idea that the doctor must think he had received an apology, instead of being in a position properly to offer one.

"Miss Pompees's position in the affair, to say the least of it, is not one that can be called disinterested. Her motives may be most admirable. But what of her companion, this Phillis Conyngham? This woman who, on her own confession, allowed herself to become a kind of moral accessory after the murder; who stabbed this most unfortunate gentleman because he would not marry her; who even now may, for aught we know, have used the aldermen's mysterious death to her own purposes with respect to this marriage? and who may still have secret motives of her own, inclining her, when disappointed by Mr. Sleuth's sudden exit, to bring his suspicious death, to revenge herself on his memory."

"Sir——, Sir——," pleaded Clarissa, stepping forward a step, "you don't know me, if you know my father, and if only you knew that unhappy gentleman whose fate is in your hands, you would not—could not—harbor these dreadful thoughts. Phillis has done grievous wrong, but what she has been punished for in unwilling witness? She wants to tell the truth, wants to have an innocent and noble man acquitted innocent; but did kind, dear Mr. Meade die to-day, it is I—I say it boldly, Sir——, and offer you my resignation if you think, in so doing, I am trespassing beyond my province, Sir——, that it is I who will have to pay the bribe."

"Your warmth, Miss Pompees, is natural, and I should be sorry indeed for you to draw from my words any—the least—impeachment of your honor. Pray accept that assurance. I ask you now, Mr. Stamp, formally, the question, Have you any hope of proving to me the real nature of this confession?"

"None whatever, Sir——, if the testimony I now offer you—so exact, so complete—of these two ladies, is not sufficient to satisfy you."

"And you are quite clear that this confession, were it forthcoming, would prove all you say?"

"Quite clear, Sir——, beyond a doubt."

"Very good. Then I desire, to read that paper, placed in our hands this morning by Mr. Sleuth's confidential servant, and who is ready to swear, beyond all question, as to the paper itself, and the writing upon that paper, that it is and can be only his master's."

Mr. Stamp, astonishment and dismay, took the offered paper, and read it. It was then handed in succession to the doctor, Clarissa, and Phillis. It ran, and will be remembered, thus:

Moved by the tears of two women, both dear to me, and by my cousin's fate, I have consented hereby to relieve myself on myself the burden of Anthony's crime, so far as——

We must not dwell on the remainder of that sad scene. Phillis was taken up; and the last words of the Secretary were:

"I shall again reconsider the whole matter. Your evidence will be kept open. Short of a second occasion, I will communicate instantly with the governor of the jail, and also, Dr. Pompees, with you. But bear this in mind, I am bound to add that I can hold out no hope to you, and, therefore, it would be most unwise for you to count on it. Good-day to you, sir, in the mind of the prisoner. I regret we have met on so sad a business and that we must part with so little of hope. Good-day to you, Miss Pompees, and a quick movement of Phillis's soon roused him, and made him see that truth. The prisoner's brave defender had given up the fight at last, and had sunk as prostrate as if she had given up her life at the same time.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.—THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

The mortal anguish endured by Anthony in the few hours that elapsed between the departure and the return of Dr. Pompees, what pen might hope to describe?

It was evening when the fearful oppressiveness of the solitude of his cell was broken by the appearance of Dr. Pompees, and alone.

In the gentlest and most tender spirit the doctor began to narrate what had happened, but soon began to show the irritation he had felt at the Home Secretary's supposed implication of himself and Clarissa, in a conspiracy with Phillis, to defraud justice of its rightful victim.

Anthony by that time was ceasing to listen. His eyes and ears strained incessantly to see or hear anything of the one form which now enshrined all the world held for him, and which almost seemed to rise in beauty and sublimity, and every kind of preciousness, rapidly and in such marvellous proportions, that it seemed as if all the happiness and contentment of each her love was capable of giving to him in a long life, was even yet to be yielded up in the few days—he might almost say hours—that he alone saw in most real relation to.

But the doctor soon began to change his theme. He said he and Stamp, the instant they left the Home Secretary, had gone to three or four of the principal newspapers, and been so far successful as to interest the editors deeply, who had promised that the very next day the full attention of the public should be drawn to the case, and an urgent appeal for time made.

Anthony looked at, and seemed to listen to, the doctor, and was grateful; but he had no thought of anything but Clarissa, about whom a sudden, almost superstitious feeling made him unwilling to speak. It was of such infinite importance to him to see Clarissa to-night, that he dreaded to ask the doctor when he should see her, lest he might hear what he was totally unprepared for—that she was too ill to come.

But the instant the doctor's continuous and kindly hum ceased, he seemed to remember something, and gave a loud, clear "Rem! hem!"

The door is unlocked—is opened. Anthony has a glimpse of something—*what*, his eyes have no time distinctly to see, for his soul has anticipated all. She is in his arms, sobbing, panting, and he holds her with hands that clasp her to his breast, hands that drop over her shoulders, and his head drops on her neck; and there they stand, while the doctor reverently turns away, and wipes off the big drops that course down his face.

How long they thus stood it would be difficult to estimate; but at last Clarissa began to breathe in deep silence.

"We will save you yet. There are many things yet to be done, and we will exhaust all."

"And if all fail?" asked Anthony, as he fondly and almost smilingly gazed into her face. "Do you think I could do so bear as a man should that which is inevitable? Oh, my soul's treasure, do you not know and see that I have so much happiness in you, my heart is so filled with exultation to think of what you are, and to know how you have given all to me, that I cannot, not now, feel even my own misery? Nay, I cannot so even that were I offered life without you, or *this* with you, I would not—unless, darling, for your sweet sake—hesitate a moment; but cheerfully, gladly my bitter lot, and go to the scaffold itself, as the patriots and martyrs have gone, knowing that what I feel in the conquer of cause will be reckoned against me; that meh, when they know the truth—as they will know it sooner or later—will murder me as they feel that I, at least, had no part in the degradation and the infamy. That is a consolation of which no earthly influence can ever deprive me. I may not have lived—I own that—till you came; but you are here, and I see all things rightly, hopefully, and in my soul I believe truthfully and with wondrous clearness.

"Doctor."

"Hem!"

The doctor turned at this unexpected appeal, and Anthony went on:

"Doctor! I do not know, my dear sir, how I can be sufficiently grateful to you for——"

"Pooh—pooh—nonsense!" interrupted the doctor; and then his emotion becoming too great to increase that it might hastened to say what he wanted of him.

"Doctor, I do not ask you to do whatever you can to save me, because I know you will outstrip my utmost wishes in that respect. But I do ask, this, even it, as I fear, you will think it selfish, I have a great deal on me, which you may, perhaps, remove. If I rightly understand the result of to-day's efforts, I may average more hearing—perhaps obtain a fair hearing—that which will cause him to put in force all the usual and cruel restrictions belonging to the case of a murderer. He is illness itself, and he strains all his power to benefit me, trusting a little to you, I dare say, for shelter. And I fear that he will over do. Doctor, I am a long time, for I almost dread to speak of it. But Clarissa; will you—dare I ask it—will you see what you can do to cause me to see her, if possible, each day, and for as long a time as she will allow me?"

Even as he spoke the door opened and the warder entered, and intimated to Anthony (who had been partially prepared for such a communication by the governor) that he was ordered to remove him to another cell.

All knew what cell. Again for all was there a moment of the intensest anguish.

"Give us a few minutes more," said the doctor, and the warder went out.

Anthony knelt before the doctor, and the doctor looked at him, and the two men suddenly grasped hands, and not a word more was spoken. Anthony knew that what could be obtained of indulgence should be for the solace of the brief period of life that remained to him.

The doctor now withdrew as far as he could from the lovers, and they stood in the opening of the window, where the last rays of twilight came through the bars, their faces, and even they could draw breath more easily, for a breeze, laden with the scents of a bean-field, came there in frequent puffs.

Hark! What noise is that outside? The three hear it at the same moment, and all, without movement or word, intently listen. Shouts are now distinctly heard. There is great commotion in the prison itself—the sound of rushing feet. The clamor swells. Still, no cry—no word—such as "Reprieve!" is heard; and all three listen, hope-

less of its concerning them but only too eager to know what it means.

The door is thrown open, not, as before, with extreme precaution, but widely, and form after form comes in. The half frantic gaze of Clarissa recognizes the governor, Mr. Stamp, and, lastly, Esau, whose first movement is to leap on Anthony's neck and cry and sob over him, as if he were some wild animal exulting over its recovered young.

Mr. Stamp tries to explain, but Anthony, with a kind of stately sweetness, now moves Esau a little off, and then, still holding his hand, says, interruptingly:

"Esau, my own dear, true kinsman, if Nature has indeed favored you and us, speak out like a man, calmly, what it is. We can afford no mistakes now; and, if there be no mistake, we cannot afford to hear the story from any but you."

Thus admonished, Esau paused for an instant, and then said, with simplicity and controlled feeling:

"I have found the confession."

"Found! Esau?" was Anthony's loud and tartled cry of passionate emotion.

"Yes—yes. But let me tell you all. When I left Hengston after the verdict, I had no hope of helping you, except in discovering Mr. Sleuth and Miss Phillis, in case Miss Pompess had lost them. I found them all at Dover. I saw Miss Pompess just for a moment. I hung about the hotel as a stranger, thinking possibly to hear something, and I saw the fire break out; heard of the death of Mr. Sleuth and of the loss of the confession. I did not want to say anything to Miss Pompess, I had no little hope for that; but as soon as she had gone I went to the hotel, told them who I was, found that the paper had been put in a cash-box, with some money—not much; so little, indeed, that I saw no one cared to make any particular search in the ruins. All persisted the box must be destroyed, as it was in the very heart of the fire. I got permission to remain and hunt for myself. I never left the place for a single instant, for the workmen were constantly about, and I dreaded that if the cash-box were not destroyed, it might be found by some one who would instantly make off with it, and conceal the paper in order to conceal the theft. It was about daybreak this morning, that, as I returned, for the twentieth time, to the one spot where I fancied the cash-box had been, the laborers shifted a half-consumed heavy beam of wood. Then I saw something. Instantly I plunged my hands into the hot, moist ground beneath, and drew forth in a few minutes my treasure. I came by post to London, found Mr. Stamp, who has seen the landlady, who confirms everything—the identity of the box, of the paper—and—and——"

"And," said Mr. Stamp, "I beg to say that no earthly doubt remains on my mind that Mr. Maude will be released to-morrow, or, at the latest, on Monday. So all honor to our enterprising young friend."

But what is the enterprising young friend doing? Why, forgetting for a moment—poor fellow! he will not forget it long—the secret trouble of his own breast, and Clarissa having advanced toward him, her face glowing, her eyes transported with happiness and joy, Esau has been so moved by the sight, that he throws his arms round her neck and kisses her, and even the very doctor says no more than "Hem!"

* * * * * *

The governor now made a scarcely less interesting communication. Bob had just been tried and condemned to transportation for life; and on the trial, through some previous manœuvering of the governor, who had been very much disturbed by the finding of Bob's rope-ladder on the wall, after his visit to Ikey at night—an incident which had been carefully hushed up—on the trial Bob and the burglars had made a clean breast of it about the codicil, and thus the last stain on Anthony's name was cleared away.

THE CAUSES OF CHOLERA.

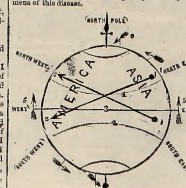
In our issue of last week we gave an article written in this city in 1848, giving the same theories in reference to electric influences on cholera as those just now agitating the European *savans*. That article when first published here, elicited a reply from some one signing himself W. S., which was answered by Dr. Castle in the paper we publish this week.

We hold these articles to be of deep interest, not only to the general public but to the scientific man, and they should, just now, when we are so sensibly threatened with this dread disease, attract universal attention:

I beg to make a few remarks in reply to the elaborate article, over the signature of "W. S.," upon the contagiousness of Asiatic cholera, published in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, December 27th, 1848. Among the singular proofs of its contagious character offered by W. S., is the fact, as he states, of his being a traveler with the disease "up the Hudson River, along the western canal, and upon the borders of Lake Erie, into the State of Ohio." We may, therefore, surmise that to the confidence placed in the friendship of his contagious majesty, and the pleasure derived from the society of W. S., is to be attributed *his* exemption from *infection*.

W. S. positively asserts that the rule of its contagiousness was invariably "*importation*." With every respect for this opinion, I must be permitted to deny this rule, and offer my reasons for doing so. Until the discovery of a specific is made, which will at once reach and arrest the loss of electro-vital power, and the resolving of the blood from its natural combination into its several constituents by the action upon it of a specific poison, and which is the remote and exciting cause of the other phenomena characteristic of this disease, the same results must ensue "upon what Hunter calls the nerve-power of the body"—and the disease will continue to be treated with the same sort of empirical stereotyped process, with the same preponderance of deaths over cures! and "cases remaining under treatment."

W. S. continues: "As it will be seen, the first case of Asiatic cholera which occurred in Canada *was mistaken* (!) for the disease of the country;" and he goes on to say, "that the disease appeared in the shape of a doubtful case at Gross Island on the 8th of June" (1832), and a ship "had 39 deaths on board during the first four weeks of her passage to Quebec;" but "no cases or deaths for a month previous to her arrival. On the 9th of June the second case appeared at the wharf at Quebec, and the same evening four others sickened and died." W. S. does not state if either of these cases were the one "which occurred in Canada and was mistaken for the disease of the country." With a few additional remarks, W. S. says: "This, then, is the history of the first appearance of the disease on this Continent." Imperfect, every one who reads it must admit, and throwing very little light upon the contagiousness of a disease spreading so far and wide, and committing such havoc as did the Asiatic cholera of '32. W. S. asks: "Can any one suppose that on the 8th of June the sun was so powerful as to excite miasma sufficiently malignant to have generated so fatal a disease?" "Was there anything in the circumstances of Canada, as to climate or soil or season in 1832, which so much resembled Bengal in 1818?" I may also include the climate, soil, etc., etc., of the United States, in this question, and the answer must be that climate and soil have nothing to do with the epidemic, only in their respective qualities and properties as *electric conductors—it being altogether produced by an electro-magnetic action and thermo-electrical or telluric influences within and upon the crust of the earth, engendering a poisonous atmosphere in particular polar-electro-magnetic lines*, which, according to *spots* favoring their intensity of action, produces a more concentrated poisonous atmosphere, and greater malignancy in the phenomena of this disease.



The circle represents the Globe, with the cardinal points North, South, East and West.

No. 3. The Equator.

4-4. The Tropics of Cancer and Capricorn.

5-5. Represents the needle of the compass parallel with the plane of the earth's surface.

6. Represents the extreme *dip* of the needle or the magnetic attraction, graduating from the equator.

7. Represents the extreme *repulsion* of the magnetic needle, graduated as it reaches the South Pole.

1-1. Represents the Eastern Magnetic Poles of the earth.

2-2. The Western or Positive Poles of the terresto-magnetic route of electro-magnetic influence.

Our knowledge of these *telluric* phenomena, it is true, is for the present very limited; yet they are not to be so readily disposed of, by a dash of the pen, as is attempted by W. S. "As to *telluric* influence, as it is not easy to understand what else than *miasma* is intended by the term * * * * passing it by as one of the resorts of that philosophy, which prefers, rather than acknowledge ignorance, to retreat behind a hard name." It is true that telluric influence is a hard name, but, it will be confessed, not so hard as its nature, if we may judge from the "violent convulsions of the earth and attending unnatural condition of the atmosphere, parching droughts, heavy rains, thunder-storms, upheaving of mountains," &c., which have taken place at different periods. The graphic description of the ruins which mark these devastations on this Continent, recently given by our indefatigable and learned countryman, Stephens, will be familiar to the reader. Nature thus convulsed—can pigmy man escape?

Along the route of the Asiatic cholera, by contagion, as given by W. S., it is not necessary for me to accompany him, which is less to be regretted as it is one series of errors. He accounts for its "non-visitation of Albany and other great towns," previous to its arrival at New York, to the "strict quarantines!" of these places. There were no quarantines whatever at these places; and when the cholera did make its appearance in the City of New York, its citizens fled by thousands and tens of thousands to every hovel that could be obtained in any and in every part of the State, and adjacent regions. Now with regard to American quarantines, they are about as complete a farce as the clown's notion of "the height of nonsense." One illustration will cover the whole system. I was a passenger in an emigrant ship, from Liverpool to New York, with 250 steerage passengers on board. From the closeness of the temporary "bunks," head winds, and rough weather, the "hatches" were kept down. From the confined, impure air, boils and fever broke out amongst the passengers. From this detestable sink of human effluvia, the stench was intolerable. There was no medicine-chest on board. In this emergency the captain accepted my advice, and had the ship by sections thoroughly cleaned. Water was pumped into the hold and pumped out again, till the fetor and impurities were entirely removed.

Several "wind sails" were constructed, and notwithstanding the weather, were passed into the steerage, which caused a mutiny amongst the male portion of the passengers, so that half the crew were employed, under arms, to guard the mutineers, aft, on the quarter-deck. I caused those affected to be placed under the deck pump, and pumped upon until they complained of chills. Portions of the cargo being Scotch ale, London porter and oatmeal, a diluted porridge was furnished them, and in the absence of medicine, a table-spoonful of gunpowder in a half pint of sea water was given every 24 hours. Under this treatment they rapidly recovered, so that when we arrived at quarantine, in the Bay of New York, only four cases were under treatment, very severe and very disgusting to look upon. The vessel was placed in quarantine for 48 hours! and those passengers having the means, landed, took the quarantine steamer, and proceeded at once to the City of New York.

If a despotic police and equally arbitrary military cordons, the jealous passport of suspicious monarchies, were singly and combined unable to stop the onward course of the Asiatic cholera through their territories, the unprejudiced mind must admit that the great *moral* force of an American quarantine is not all-sufficient to disarm and arrest the career of a most fatal epidemic, which despotisms with all their powers and terrors could not reach, or for an instant stay its progress.

That the progress of the Asiatic cholera is peculiar, cannot be doubted, as it is one of its characteristics; and there can exist little doubt that it is under the government of an arbitrary law, which I believe to be connected with electro-magnetic phenomena both in the organic and inorganic kingdoms. That it is in part a perversion of a subdivision of the grand link connecting the several functions of "nature" with the fiat of the Creator, which

> "Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

To this magnetic phenomenon, which, acting upon the compass, has so perplexed navigators, and which throws its greatest magnetic influence upon this hemisphere, we may—without drawing upon the imagination—attribute the nervous energy of the American Indian, as well as the mental and physical energy characterizing the American people above those of the inhabitants of India and China, as well as the people of Europe. Statistics show that notwithstanding the malignancy of the Asiatic cholera, it does not prove so virulent *numerically* upon the masses at the western, or *plus* (positive), as it has stricken the people *numerically* of the eastern terresto-magnetic poles.

Of the influence of the electro-magnetic currents upon atmospheric phenomena, the researches of students of natural philosophy superintending our own observatories, and those of Greenwich, England; and on the Continent of Europe, daily demonstrate the important part electricity plays in the economy of the universe, and its influences upon the atmosphere of the earth. The diagram above illustrates the four magnetic poles, north-east and south-east negative poles. From the earliest Biblical records, easterly winds have ever been pestilential, bringing ills to the human race, murrain to cattle, and devastation to vegetation. From the east has emanated the malignant eruptive diseases, small-pox, scarlet-fever, measles, plagues, cholera, etc., etc., etc., whilst from the north-west and south-west positive electro-magnetic poles emanate pure atmosphere, bringing nervous, vigorous breathing atmospheres; into the nostrils they breathe the breath of life. If all be true that is said of St. Paul, Minnesota, that this place is the El Dorado for consumptive people, may not this be attributed to the north-west magnetic pole being near this locality?

Who of our New York citizens cannot at once realize the following illustration? We speak of the summer period now: The chilly discomfort of a north-east wind and rain-storm; the warm, murky east and south-east atmospheres, with their clammy dampness, producing the physical lassitude, the miserable mental depression, and all those indescribable feelings of mind and body arising from nervous exhaustion, contra-distinguished by the glorious exhilaration of the spirit, the vigor of the nervous force, the lightness and freedom of the mind, after an electro-terresto-magnetic storm shoots up from the *north-west* or south-west, from behind the Jersey hills, stopping for the nonce the action of the telegraphic-wires, and discharging the magnetic-electric fluid into the very offices of the operators. Who does not feel the immediate effects of the purified, rarified, renewed, oxygenated (polarized) atmosphere?—the breast enlarges with the full inspiration, so refreshing to the lungs and vivified blood. Men and boys shout forth their delight with instinctive shrieks, as many New Yorkers have heard on clear, frosty nights, when the north-west atmosphere fills the lungs with exhilarated blood, to be carried to the heart, and thence to an excited brain. It needs no ghost to confirm what New York constantly experiences. Such atmospheres kill pestilence, come from whence they may.

What is that which is most inimical to the tenacity of life? Want of nervo-electrical power. We have it illustrated daily in cases of extreme fright. We not only have loss of animal-electrical power, but also of animal heat. Sir Benjamin Brodie's experiments have proved that animal temperature is altogether dependent upon the nervous system; and we know from experience, particularly in women and children, that extreme fear is fraught with loss of animal heat, and an erectile state of the hair, more particularly observed to act upon the pilous fibres covering the arms and face.

To study man aright, he must be considered, not as a machine, complete and perfect in itself, but as being connected with external objects, and influenced by external causes. Thus, then, electro-nervous influence depends upon the *quality* and the *quantity* of the blood. "The blood charged with oxygen, and the several tissues undergoing changes by contact with this fluid, form the elements of a galvanic pile, and are equivalent to the liquid acid and zinc." If this fluid, then, be destroyed or affected by external agents, either miasmata or gaseous poisons passing through the crust of the earth and exhaling into its atmosphere, the results must be the same—disease and death.

I have, in addition to my notes of the period alluded to, authentic information from those who were actively engaged on the spot. In Quebec, the disease appeared simultaneously in all parts of the city, and the deaths were one in seven of the population—a most extraordinary fatality. Contagion had not sufficient time to infect so many in so short a period. The disease rapidly advanced along the north, or right bank of the St. Lawrence, which gave rise to the opinion there that it progressed in "particular lines." At this time the citizens of New York became alarmed, and were *talking* about the quarantine modes to be adopted for preventing its being brought into the city and State from Quebec, when, to their horror, it suddenly made its appearance and carried off thousands. From the city of New York it radiated over the State, far in advance of the citizens running from it. When it reached Kingston, Upper Canada, so sudden and fatal was its visit, that the service of Rev. Thos. Hancock, of H. B. M. service, posted in the garrison, in the absence of the fleeing ministers, was early one morning required to bury four bodies; and before he left the burial-ground he had performed the burial-service over 128 bodies. In this manner, in three weeks, he had buried several thousands, being on the ground as early as sunrise, and in several instances after sunset. Ultimately he was taken down with the disease himself, in its worst form, from which he happily recovered. During this dreadful period the garrison, situated on an eminence, with one or two exceptions, was entirely free, *although a free communication took place with the citizens*.

In 1832, several physicians and students, including myself, attendants of the City Hospital, made a thorough *post-mortem* examination—so far as an August day would permit, with the temperature at 94 degrees, and a close, murky atmosphere—of a malignant case of Asiatic cholera, which had run its course in seven hours. On that day there were 126 deaths and 224 new cases. We were enclosed in a shed ("dead-house"), about 12 feet square, with no other ventilation than a small sky-light aperture, about 2 feet by 18 inches, occupied in this research, in an atmosphere of the most intensely pungent odor, and were compelled, after five hours moral fighting of who should *first* propose to make a retreat, to refrain from further investigation. For myself, I can answer, that people avoided me in the streets, in consequence of the odor from my clothes; and the servant-maid, inhaling my breath when she opened the door to admit me, was so overcome that sickness confined her to her room for several hours. These gentlemen were in no way affected, and, so far as I know, with the exception of Dr. Hare, who is since deceased by the absorption of matter received in a wound, whilst engaged in dressing an erysipelatous patient, they are all living.

At this period I was engaged in preparing and making a set of artificial teeth for Jarvis, the celebrated painter. Whilst gossiping with him in his studio, Dr. Francis, the present head of the Academy of Medicine, came in. "Ah, Jarvis, my dear friend, how *do* you do? Here, Jarvis, just paint this for me, my dear fellow; I've got a cholera stomach in my pocket, and I just want you to daub off a *fac simile* on a board, a piece of canvas, or anything." And the doctor proceeded slowly to unfold the delectable specimen from a piece of cloth, as if he were about presenting and tantalizing some fair recipient with an elegant Cashmere shawl, or some magnificent *bijouterie*. Jarvis handled the stomach, stretching and tacking it flat on a board, and neither he nor the doctor were affected by the "contagion."

Three columns of 10,000 men each, with 45,000 camp followers, were encamped in India, equi-distant from each other. The centre division was afflicted with the cholera. "Nothing was to be seen but individuals anxiously hurrying from one division of the camp to the other, to inquire after the fate of their dead or dying companions, and melancholy groups of natives bearing upon biers their departed relatives to the river." The division was removed to an elevated position in the rear of the other divisions, strewing their line of march with the dead and dying, when the disease disappeared. "It has occurred more than once that two battalions on a march together have encamped for the night on separate ground. The one has been severely attacked with the disease; the other has not presented a single case. Observing this, the infected battalion changes its encampment, *and takes up a position alongside* of the other. The malady immediately ceases; neither is it communicated to the uninfected division, although the intercourse has been unrestricted, not only between the healthy of the two corps, *but also between the healthy and the sick*." On the line of route of the disease, towns and bodies of troops, with no apparent circumstances, in other respects, to afford reasonable cause for security, entirely escaped; and a few months after, it would again start from a point heretofore entirely free from its influence, and seize upon those spots which had previously escaped, and avoid its former routes.

H. B. M. ship, "Undaunted," left Canton for the purpose of conveying the Governor-General of India to England. On her passage, a number of her crew were attacked with cholera asphyxia. This continued for several days. The surgeon recommended the captain to change the vessel's course into another latitude, which, being done, the malady immediately ceased. It is here worthy of remark, that the ship was, previous to this, perfectly healthy—nor had the disease been in that part of the world for a considerable period previous to the "Undaunted's" visit. The ship "Anne," of New Haven, crossed the same line of latitude, when the cholera appeared on board. The captain immediately bore away to a more southern latitude, and it immediately disappeared.

That an endemic disease may become contagious, I can readily comprehend; but cannot conceive how a disease, traveling in accordance with an arbitrary law, of which it is the result, round the world with a constant westward course, in the lines of the magnetic poles, and with very little deviation keeping north of the magnetic equator, can be considered a contagious disease. To me it is self-evident that it is the result of a specific poison, destroying both vegetable and animal life, where the constitutions of either are obnoxious to its presence. The potato disease is one illustration of its action upon vegetable life. As I stated in a former article on "Asiatic Cholera *being traceable* to certain electric phenomena, I conceive the 'potato rot' to be accounted for from these occult causes, and that this phenomenon will yet be proved to have acted as a sort of *inoculating virus*, as modifying the action of the atmosphere to such an extent as to change the peculiar character of *Asiatic* cholera into the form of the fatal dysentery, which has afflicted our country during the last summer months."

So far the mildness of the visitation of cholera in those parts of Germany, England, Scotland, Ireland, France and the United States, fortifies the views I have taken. The recent cholera was not "imported" into New Orleans; and in our own harbor, 80 inmates escaped from the cholera hospital, and have spread themselves, heaven knows where, without a case of contagion attending their steps. As well might the escape of steam, destroying hundreds of lives, be termed a contagious scalding, or those suffocated in the "black hole" of Calcutta be represented as having died of contagious asphyxia. But had the fever and boils afflicting those who survived the horrors of the "black hole" spread abroad and destroyed those who came within *its* atmosphere, with propriety it might be termed a contagious infection.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A newly-arrived boarder at one of our fashionable boarding-houses thought he had not sufficient bolstering for his head, and accordingly carried the pillows down to the landlady's room, who inquired what he desired. The gentleman wanted to know what she called the articles he held in his hands.

"Pillows, you impudent fellow!" screamed the outraged woman.

"Oh! I thought they were pin-cushions!" replied the disconsolate boarder.

A paper tells the following anecdote of a college student who was distinguished for his address in evading the writing of themes, and palming of the currency of others as his "legal tender." One evening he read a theme of unusual merit; but the professor, as he sat down in the pride of conscious excellence, asked:

"Is that original?"

"Yes, sir," said the student.

"Are you sure of it?" queried the professor, doubtingly.

"Why, yes, sir," replied the student, with imperturbable gravity; "it had 'original' over it in the paper I took it from.

The *Journal de Rouen* killed a lady recently, and the Radacteur had a visit from the bereaved husband.

"Villain," cried the bereaved husband, "you have killed my wife?"

Editor, with dignity:

"Monsieur, I am an editor, not a doctor."

"That's just it," cried the bereaved husband, "you've killed her on paper, and she is alive."

"If she is not dead I congratulate you sincerely.

"Congratulate! I demand damages *for disappointment!*"

The *Maine Farmer* tells a story of a man whom it calls Neverbeat. Somebody having boasted of the speed of his horse, Neverbeat rejoined:

"Why, the other day I was up to S——, 16 miles distant. Just as I started for home a shower came sweeping on. The rain struck in the back part of the wagon, and the moment it struck, I hit old Kate a cut with the whip. Away she trotted, scarcely touching her forefeet to the ground; she kept just nip and nip with the shower. The wagon was filled with water, but not a drop fell on me!"

At a concert which took place lately, a gentleman in the audience rose up, just as the third piece in the programme had been performed, and said: "Mr. Conductor, will you oblige me, sir, by requesting your vocalists to sing louder, or else sing in a whisper, as there is conversation going on close by where I sit, that is conducted in such a loud tone as to hinder my enjoyment of the music. I prefer, certainly, to hear the concert; but, if I cannot be so privileged, I desire to hear the conversation." There was an extremely quiet and attentive audience during the rest of the evening.

A dubious landlord, a short time since, was complaining that his sugar-drawer was over-run with ants. A "setter," ever present, proposed that, if Boniface would treat, he would inform him how to get rid of the ants in a very short time. The landlord accepted the proposition, when the "setter" coolly advised Boniface to "kill an ant every time he took a drink."

"Does your officiating clergyman preach the gospel, and is his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?" was a circular from a bishop to a church-warden of his diocese. A veteran near replied: "He preaches the gospel, but does not keep a carriage."

Little Freddie was told one day that he mustn't eat raw dried apples without chewing them up very fine, or they would swell in him, and make him very big. Two or three days afterward he ran home in a great hurry, to tell that he had seen a "great big man, more'n so big!" stretching his little arms at full length; "and I guess he'd been eating dried apples without chewin' 'em!"

Mr. Kingsley tells of some one who complimented Thackeray on parts of "Vanity Fair," but thought Sir Pitt Crawley impossible. The author replied that amongst the characters cited, Sir Pitt was the only one taken from life.

A lady wrote some verses upon a window, intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath:

> "The lady whose resolve these words betoken,
> Wrote them on glass to show it may be broken."

A boy's idea of having a tooth drawn may be summed up as follows: "The doctor hitched fast on to me, pulled his best, and, just before it killed me, the tooth came out."

One of those bores who are always suggesting disagreeable things, says: "Great eaters never live long." That may be, but they have a good time while it lasts, they think.

"Pa," said a little seven-year fellow, "I guess our man Ralph is a good Christian."

"How so, my boy?" queried the parent.

"Why, pa, I read in the Bible that the wicked shall not live out half their days; and Ralph says he has lived out ever since he was a boy."

Mrs. Partington at Harrisburg.—"There he goes again," said Mrs. P., in the Legislature, as a member stood up for the fifth time to speak on the same question. "There he goes like a soda fountain, and just as fluid as water. Now, Isaac, mind him, and see if you can't become a speaker of the house of reprehensibles some time. I declare!" continued she, as a new burst of eloquence reached her ear, "it does seem as if the mantelpiece of Danial Webster had fell onto him, he is so bright."

THE HOMES OF THE POOR.

Few persons outside the city of New York have any idea of the privations and wretchedness to which multitudes of our citizens are subjected. The stranger passing along our splendid streets and avenues, and looking at the palatial structures which are erected to the requirements of business, or consecrated as the homes of the wealthy and refined, would hardly believe that there are other structures, in which the poor are herded, and that afford little more than a shelter to the destitute. And yet in every part of this busy, crowded city can be found these dens more crowded and busy, which human beings are forced to call *home*, and which give to the philanthropist the gravest apprehensions; especially in view of the fact that the cholera is hastening to our shores, and, in all probability, will soon begin its high carnival of death and sorrow, are these apprehensions deepened and quickened, and the attention of all who regard the public welfare turned to these local causes of disease, separate, and always aggravate and sustain, disease.

The illustrations on this page suggest two of these causes, viz., tenement-houses and slaughter and fat-boiling establishments. Very appropriately has the artist termed the first of these "*fever nests*," and in the juxtaposition of the second, shows how little mammon cares for decency, health, or morality, when these are counterbalanced by gain.

To give our readers, many of whom have but a vague notion of what a tenement-house is, some conception of its horrors, we add a description recently appearing in one of the daily papers: "It is commonly a brick structure, standing upon a lot 25 by 100 feet; it is from four to six stories high, and so divided internally as to contain four families on each floor—each family eating, drinking, sleeping, cooking, washing, and fighting in a room eight feet by ten, and a bedroom six feet by ten—unless, indeed, which very frequently happens, the family renting these two rooms takes in another family to board, or sublets one room to one, or even two other families! One of the largest of these houses has apartments for 126 families. It stands on a lot 50 by 250 feet; is entered at the side from alleys eight feet wide; and, by reason of another house of equal height, the rooms are so darkened that, on a cloudy day, it is impossible to read or sew in them without artificial light. It has not a single room that can in any way be throughly ventilated. The vaults and sewers, which are to carry off the filth of the 126 families, have grated openings in the alleys and door-ways in the cellars, through which the noisome and deadly miasmata penetrate and poison the dank air of the house and the courts. The water-closets for the whole establishment are a range of stalls without doors, and accessible, not only from the building but even from the street. Comfort is here out of the question; common decency has been rendered impossible; and the horrid brutalities of the passenger-ship are day after day repeated, only on a larger scale."

And such, with slight variation of detail, is every tenement-house in this city; and yet the most houses are the abode of at least half a million of our citizens. Vice, crime, filth, and all the evils that degrade humanity, combine to render these houses hot-beds of disease and suffering, and when any epidemic prevails, it finds among the miserable inmates of such tenements ample material for its riot and ravage. The press has repeatedly called the attention of the authorities and the public to the abuses of the tenant-house system, and the Citizen's Association have published an exhaustive report, embracing facts and statistics of the most startling character, but the evil is by no means abated; landlords pocket their gains without compunction, and the poor wretches, immured in these living graves, suffer and wait until life's fitful fever expires, and others, equally wretched, suffer and pine away in their stead. It is on account of these "*institutions*" that the rate of mortality in New York so greatly exceeds that of other cities, and that diseases so generally within the control of ordinary treatment rage unabated, and number their victims by thousands. There are probably not less than 500 "fever nests," similar to our illustration, now existing in our city, while the number of insalubrious quarters peculiarly *liable* to an outbreak of disease would reach several thousands.

The Commission recently appointed by the Legislature is giving especial attention to these pest-houses and other nuisances, and we may venture the hope that such measures will soon be taken as will both elevate the condition of a large portion of our population, and free our city from the reproach these establishments have so long brought upon its good name. We have the promise of a good time coming; the work of reform has already commenced; and we trust the day is not far distant when such a scene as our picture presents will be found only among those sad memories that are the reflection of our errors and the echoes of our regrets.



THE FEVER NESTS IN THIRTY SECOND STREET, NEW YORK.

The Dead Child in the Tenement-House.

Whether we live in palaces or hovels, whether we are rich or poor, sickness, sorrow and death will sooner or later invade our homes and grieve our hearts. Neither our nobility nor our degradation shall exempt us from the sqyfsach of the destroyer; but there may be circumstances that render that approach especially sad and terrible. The scene depicted on this page is particularly touching and suggestive, though we naturally rather envy the dead child, in its bare crib, than the wretched survivor who are left for more sorrow. The story is a short one, like the short life it chronicles: Poverty drives the parents to the tenement-house; poor food, bad air, foul and deadly surroundings, soon generate disease, and disease quickly runs its course, and gives its victim over to death. The poor mother has still another demanding her care and calling forth her sympathy, *for it*, too, is gasping in its last agony, while the other children look on in mingled curiosity and grief, and the father sits aside, a silent, but not unconcerned spectator of the scene. The room is destitute of conveniences and comforts; yet affection, not crushed out by the desolation, has given the tribute of a flower to the little sleeper that will know no waking. We must not judge people by their surroundings entirely; many tender hearts and gentle affections may be found in just such a room as this, and the blow that falls on such a family fails just as heavy as if it had descended in the splendid abode of wealth and taste.

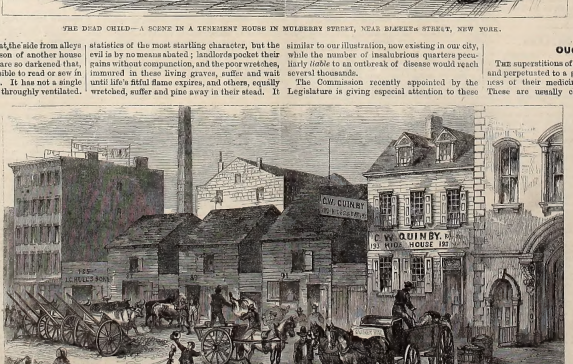


THE DEAD CHILD—A SCENE IN A TENEMENT HOUSE IN MULBERRY STREET, NEAR BLEEKER STREET, NEW YORK.

OUGANCA.

THE superstitions of savage nations are fostered and perpetuated to a great extent by the shrewdness of their medicine-men and witch-doctors. These are usually chosen for their personal ugliness, combined with inherent cunning and deception. As they live secluded in a hut by themselves, their impostures are not readily discovered, and they soon exercise a very extensive influence over the people. One of these witch-doctors, called Ouganga, is represented in our cut, and it would be difficult to conceive of a more revolting object. Du Chaillu thus describes his appearance and incantations:

"I never saw a more ghastly object. He had on a high head-dress of black feathers. His eyelids were painted red, and a red stripe from the nose upward divided his forehead in two parts. Another red stripe passed round his head. The face was painted white, and on each side of the mouth were two round red spots. About his neck hung a necklace of grass, and also a cord, which held a box against his breast. This little box is sacred, and contains spirits. A number of strips of leopard and other skins crossed



SLAUGHTER AND FAT HOUSES IN ELIZABETH STREET, IN THE REAR OF WARD SCHOOL NO. 5, NEW YORK.



OUGANGA.

h s breast, and were exposed about his person, and all these were charmed and had charms attached to them. From each shoulder down to his hands was a white stripe, and one hand was painted quite white. To complete this horrible array, he wore a string of little bells round his body.

"He sat on a box or stool, before which stood another box containing charms. On this stood a looking-glass, beside which lay a buffalo-horn containing some black powder, and said, in addition, to be the refuge of many spirits. He had a little basket of snake-bones, which he shook frequently during his incantations, as also several skins, to which little bells were attached. Near by stood a *talipot* beating a board with two sticks. All the people of the village gathered about this couple, who, after continuing their incantations for a while, at last came to the climax. Jonibuli was told to call over the names of persons in the village, in order that the doctor might ascertain if any one of those named did the sorcery. As each named was called, the old cheat looked in the glass to see the result."

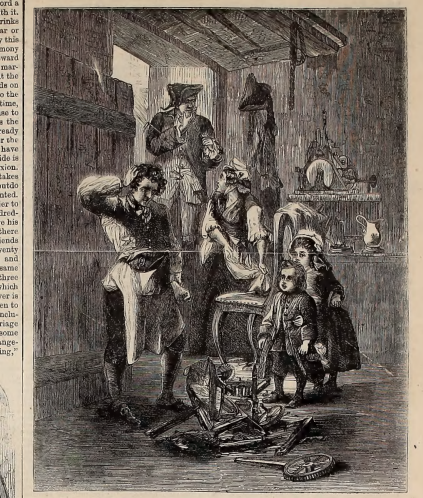


HOW THE KING OF FIJI RULES HIS WIVES.

HOW THE KING OF FIJI RULES HIS WIVES.

A FIJI wedding is a serious business, taking it all in all. The *veidomoni* or "mutual affection" is the first step. In this the young man asks the girl of her parents, taking a present, or not, as he judges best. When anything is given, it is not considered in the light of a price paid, but merely as a matter of form. Should the request meet with a favorable reply, the girl's friends take her to the house of her intended husband's parents, presenting at the same time property—teeth, cloth, or mats. A custom which is certainly pretty is there observed. Not even a heathen can leave the scenes of her childhood and careless joy without tears. The friends of the bridegroom endeavor to solace her by presenting trinkets as expressions of their regard. This is called the *vakamasmaka*, or "the drying up of tears." Then follows the *vakatakata*, or "warning." This is food made by the man, and taken to the friends of the bride, who still remains where her friends left her. In some parts she enjoys a holiday for four days, sitting in her new home, oiled and covered with tumeric powder. At the end of four days she bathes, accompanied by a number of women —generally married women—who help her to fish.

On returning home one fish is cooked, and when ready, an intimation to that effect is sent to the young man, who dresses himself in style, and, accompanied by a number of his companions, oiled and dressed, directs his steps to the house in which his betrothed awaits his arrival. The bridegroom and his companions take off their new dresses, which are given to the relatives of the bride. The fish-soup is then served with good yam, the prospective wife commencing her duties by pouring out and handing to her future lord a dish of soup, which he drinks, eating yam with it. A part of the yam he gives to his wife, who drinks with him. Probably they never were so near or spoke to each other before, and very likely this their first meal passes in silence. This ceremony is called *na sili*, "the bathing." In the leeward islands this generally concludes the form of marriage. To windward such is not the case; but the girl goes back to her parents, and the friends on both sides make cloth and mats to present to the young people on the wedding-day. Meantime, the young man is expected to build a house to which to take his wife, who now undergoes the painful process of tattooing, if it has not already been done. Some chief ladies, however, defer the performance of this operation until they have become mothers. During this period the bride is kept from the sun, to improve her complexion. These preliminaries over, the grand feast takes place, when the friends of each party try to outdo the others in the food and property presented. As in other native feasts, so here, it is easier to specify the good cheer by yards and hundredweights than by dishes. When Tanoa gave his daughter to Agavindi, the Lakesaan chief, there was provided for the entertainment of the friends assembled, a wall of fish five feet high and twenty yards in length, besides turtle, and pigs, and venison in proportion. One dish at the same feast was ten feet long, four feet wide, and three deep, spread over with green leaves, on which were placed roast pigs and turtles. Whatever is prepared by the friends of the man are given to those of the woman, and *vice versa*. The conclusion of this day is the *vaqasea*, when the marriage is complete, the announcement of which, in some tribes, is by tremendous shoutings; and arrangements are made for the *veitaso*, or "clipping," which, to windward, consists of clipping off a bunch of long hair worn over the temples by the woman while a spinster. To leeward, however, the woman is deprived of all her hair, and thus made sufficiently ugly to startle the most ardent admirer.

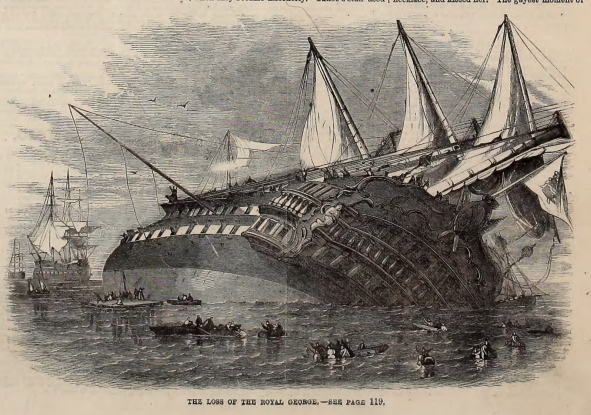


ARKWRIGHT'S WIFE DESTROYING HIS MODELS.—SEE PAGE 126.

This is the conclusion of the Fiji wedding. It is merely a civil contract, and the services of a priest are not at all necessary to its celebration. Then begins the woman's misery. If she be young and pretty, the old, big-fisted wives turn their venom against her, and do all they can, by mauling and ill-treatment, to render her as unsightly as themselves. If she be of the brawny sort, and as well able to give as to take a thrashing, then she is hated, and all sorts of secret means are used to work her ruin. As may be easily imagined, these domestic brawls occasionally interfere with the peace of the lord of the establishment. What does the despotic husband do on such emergencies? Does he go out and reason with the brawlers? does he use gentle persuasion to make them desist from their biting and scratching? No; he has by him a stout stick, kept for the purpose, and, rushing among his women, he lays about him till order is restored. Royalty itself in Fiji finds it necessary to retain such a "persuader." Williams, a late traveler, says: "Near to the King of Lakemba, and afterward to the King of Mbua, I saw lying a stick of heavy wood, about the size of a broom-handle. On inquiry, I found that the free use of this truncheon was very effective in subduing the wayward wills of the women when they became disorderly. Tanoe's staff used for this purpose was inlaid with ivory, but did not, on that account give less pain.

"I once saw a young girl of good family, who was given to the daughter of Tuikilakila, brought in form to that chief. As she was presented in the way usually observed in giving a bride, I will describe the ceremony:

"She was brought in at the principal entrance by the king's aunt and a few matrons, and then, led only by the old lady, approached the king. She was an interesting girl of 15, glistening with oil, wearing a new liku, and a necklace of carved ivory points, radiating from her neck, and turned upwards. The king then received from his aunt the girl, with two whale's teeth she carried in her hand. When she was seated at his feet, his majesty repeated a list of their gods, and finished by praying that the girl might live and bring forth male children. To her friends—two men who had come in at the back-door—he gave a musket, begging them not to think hardly of his having taken their child, as the step was connected with the good of the land, in which their interests, as well as his own, were involved. The musket, which was about equivalent to the necklace, the men received with bent heads, muttering a short prayer. Tuikilakila then took off the girl's necklace, and kissed her. The gayest moment of



THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.—SEE PAGE 119.

her life, as far as dress was concerned, was past; and I felt that the untying of that polished ornament from her neck was the first downward step to a dreary future. Perhaps her forebodings were like mine, for she wept, and the tears which glanced off her bosom, and rested in distinct drops on her oily legs, were seen by the king, who said: 'Do not weep. Are you going to leave your own land? You are but going a voyage, soon to return. Do not think it a hardship to go to Mbua; here you have to work hard—there you will rest; here you fare indifferently—there you will eat the best of food. Only do not weep to spoil yourself.' She reminded him of a sister of hers, who had been taken to Mbua in years past, and the mention of whose name seemed to have a talismanic effect on the aged aunt. * * Just then the king's women appeared with their nets, and he ordered the poor girl to go and try her hand at fishing."

We hardly think any of our New York belles would be content to share a throne on such terms as these.

ARKWRIGHT'S WIFE DESTROYING THE MODELS.

It is well known that Sir Richard Arkwright—to whose ingenuity and perseverance, more than to any other cause, we are indebted for the marvelous growth of our cotton manufactures—began life as a poor barber. It is now more than 100 years since he occupied a kind of underground kitchen in the town of Bolton, in Lancashire, to which he endeavored to attract customers by exhibiting a board with the facetious inscription, "Come to the Subterranean Barber: he Shaves for a Penny." Whether the barbers of the town really dreaded this announcement, or merely felt the customary jealousy toward an interloper—for Arkwright was a native, not of Bolton, but of Preston—does not appear; but a fierce opposition is said to have been at once commenced between them. The Bolton barbers reduced their prices; but the man whose inventive genius was destined to create a revolution in British industry was not likely to be beaten when fairly roused. Arkwright took down his board, and painted out the offensive inscription; but it was only to substitute the still more alarming words—Richard Arkwright, Subterranean Barber: a Clean Shave for a Half-penny!" We may assume that the Bolton barbers after this left their underground rival to shave the town in peace.

Where Arkwright's cellar was, is not exactly known—indeed, the facts relative to his early life are somewhat obscure; but Mr. French, in his Biography of Crompton, informs us that a gentleman in Bolton still preserves, as a relic of Arkwright, the leaden vessel in which his customers were accustomed to wash after being shaved. Like most handicraftsmen, whose business leaves them much spare time, barbers are frequently ingenious men—a truth which appears to be as old as the Arabian Nights' Tales; most readers of which will remember the barber who left his half-shaven customers, to take astronomical observations in an adjoining garden. Arkwright appears to have corresponded in many ways with that ancient prototype of Oriental humor. His mind was always filled with schemes of ingenious mechanism for shortening labor, and appears, like many other uneducated men, to have long dreamed of discovering that philosopher's stone of mechanics—perpetual motion. Like the wife of the potter, Bernard Palissy, Mrs. Arkwright was not unnaturally impatient of his neglect of the customers, who now began, we may suppose, to be more numerous in the barber's kitchen. Convinced that he would starve his family by scheming when he ought to be shaving, Mrs. Arkwright one day, in a fit of anger, destroyed some of his cherished models of machinery, and in a moment the unfortunate barber saw the fruit of his labor and ingenuity, and all the prospective wealth that they were to bring him, gone, as he thought, for ever. Arkwright never forgave this act. He separated from her immediately, nor would anything induce him ever to live with her again.

ENGLISH VOTERS.

The investigations by the Election Committee of the House of Commons are bringing to light gross cases of bribery at the recent elections, and several members had in consequence been unseated.

At Nottingham, a mob in the pay of one of the candidates broke up meetings, drove voters from the polls, and rioted all night. There were mobs, and violent mobs, with destruction of property in many places. In others there was only quiet bribery. In Totnes, single votes commanded from $250 to $1,000. It was sworn that not 40 votes were given in the borough that were not paid for. Of these, a virtuous cab proprietor, who was offered $750 to vote for the Liberals, refused it, and voted for the Conservatives.

At Great Yarmouth the prices were not so high. A dentist swore that the Conservatives offered him $60, but as the Liberals offered $77 50, he gave back the smaller bribe and voted for the larger. But all were not so scrupulous. A man received $75 from one party, put it in his pocket, and then for $50 voted for the others. The astonished chairman of the committee asked him,

"Is it consistant with your notions of morality to take £15 from one side and £10 from the other?"

"Well, sir," the independent voter replied, "I took the money, but, I always vote on the Liberal side."

"Robert Nobbs deposed that he received £15 from William Blyth, and promised to vote for the Conservatives. Afterward got £15 from a stranger, and voted for the Liberals. Pocketed £30 in all."

Bickus, a shoemaker, was apparently a different case. He took £15 to vote for the Conservatives, and voted the other way. When asked why, he said:

"Because my principles were that way."

"But your principles did not prevent you taking £15?"

"My principles were wavering, but they tended that way."

"At all events, according to your own story, you took £15 to go one way and went another."

This rather posed the witness, but he scratched his head and said:

"Well, I'm no scholar."

It is perfectly evident that a large proportion of the voters are bribed by one side or the other, or both, and an increase in the number of such voters, or those of a more ignorant and needy class, will either lower the price of votes or make elections more expensive. Doubtless there are men whom $1,000 will not buy, but one who refused that sum confessed that had a situation of $1,500 or $2,000 a year been offered him, he might have considered it, showing that even a British Cato must not be tempted too severely.

AN INNOCENT MAN IN THE STATE PRISON.

About the spring of the year 1850, a Mr. Garnet, living near Auburn, N. Y., was arrested for forgery. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to three years imprisonment in the State Prison at Auburn. He denied his guilt to the end, and being of very sensitive feelings, and having a wife and family, it bore quite heavily upon him.

He served his time and was released, a mere wreck of his former self, despised by his once loving wife, who refused to live with him and shunned him as a guilty culprit. Sad and broken-hearted, he disposed of his property and went to Central Pennsylvania, where he married a beautiful and excellent young lady.

They lived happily and prospered. Several years after his departure, the first wife became fully convinced that he was innocent and had been wronged. This conviction proved true by the death-bed confession of a man who acknowledged the commission of the crime of which Mr. Garnet had been convicted. The sorrowing woman repented her former act, and with a friend went in pursuit of her discarded husband, whom she seemed to expect to find somewhere in Pennsylvania.

After a search of several weeks, they at length arrived in the neighborhood of the object of their search. Just at dark they drove up to the door of a snug and pleasant little cottage, when Mrs. Garnet entered the house, and there beheld the once beloved husband apparently happy in the society of the second wife. She rushed up to him, and throwing her arms about his neck, wept bitterly. Soon the scene became affecting, the two wives clinging to him, each claiming him as her husband.

After calming their feelings and candidly considering the case, the second wife decided to give up the husband, believing that the first had the lawful claim. After a few days Mr. Garnet and his first wife removed to the vicinity of Rochester, N. Y., where they now reside. The second wife makes them an annual visit, and Mr. G. keeps her supplied with all the necessaries of life.

Jenny Lind and the German Students.—At a certain German town, in the summer of 1846, there was a tremendous *furore* about Jenny Lind, who, after driving the whole place mad, left it on her travels early one morning. The moment her carriage was outside the gates, a pack of rampant students, who had escorted it, rushed back to the inn, demanded to be shown Jenny's bedroom, and swept like a whirlwind up-stairs into the room indicated to them, tore up the sheets, and wore them in strips as decorations. An hour or two afterward, a bald old gentleman of amiable appearance, an Englishman, who was staying in the hotel, came to breakfast at the table—*d'hote*—and was observed to be very much disturbed in mind, and to show great terror whenever a student came near him. At last he said to some one who came near him at table: "You are an English gentleman, I observe? Most extraordinary people these German students; as a body, raving mad, gentlemen." "Oh, no," said somebody, "only excitable but very good fellows, and very sensible." "By ——, sir," returned the old man, still more disturbed, "there's something political in it, and I am a marked man. I went out for a little walk this morning, after shaving, and while I was gone"—he fell in a perspiration as he told it—"they burst into my bedroom, tore up my sheets, and are now patrolling the town in all directions with bits of 'em in their buttonholes." In the confusion, the students had gone into the wrong room.

How the Western Indians Fight.—A correspondent, describing a recent attack on a Government train, on the Western plains, has the following as to the Indian method of fighting: "They rarely, if ever, attack except on horseback, and each man keeps his horse on the run, riding generally in a circle, so as to avoid shots, discharging, in the meantime, showers of bullets and arrows, and shouting, to stampede the animals. When a weapon is pointed at one of them, he shelters himself almost entirely by hanging over the side of his horse, and from this position continues firing. Dashing suddenly upon a train in this manner, they can discharge a great number of shots before the teamsters, taken by surprise, and encumbered by the care of their teams, can make any organized or effective resistence; and if unsuccessful in their attempts to shoot the drivers or stampede the animals, they are often able to make good their retreat without loss. The principal defense against an attack of a formidable nature, is to form a corral, which furnishes considerable protection; and cases have occurred where corrals have been besieged for several days by large bodies of Indians, too numerous to be encountered on the other plan. Although arrows are still much used, many of thr Indians are well armed with rifles and revolvers, though some of them, at least, do not understand the use of the breach-loading guns, and they have been known to leave captured weapons of that description, after breaking, so as to render them useless."

Of all the queer stories about morbid scrupulosity, the queerest is told of a certain Spanish abbess and one of her nuns, when proceeding on a journey which it was a matter of life and death to complete with the utmost speed. The man who drove the mules of their carriage was urging his beasts to speed with the usual profuse oaths and blasphemies which are in vogue with Spanish muleteers in general, and the pious ears of the two nuns were so shocked at what they heard, that they insisted upon the man's abstaining from the offensive words. The mules, not hearing the accustomed objurgations, speedily slackened their pace, and the driver informed the ladies that nothing but strong swearing would make them move quickly. The nuns were at their wits' end. Every half-hour was most precious, but, on the other hand, their consciences revolted at the idea of authorizing such blasphemies as they had been hearing. At length a happy thought struck them. The most odiously profane phrase is, of course, made up of words which, if taken singly, may be of a perfectly innocent description. They, therefore, agreed to divide the muleteer's cursings into their component parts, and so, by assigning one word to the abbess, another to the sister, and a third to the muleteer, and pronouncing their series in their proper order, the complete anathemas were made to reach the ears of the mules, while not one of the speakers could be considered guilty of uttering anything wrong.

The Culture of Fish in England.—A writer in the London *Field*, in treating the subject of the culture of fish at Stormontfield, a fish-breeding establishment in England, on the river Tay, gives the following details in relation to the capacities of the establishment and of the breeding process: "The establishment of Stormontfield, with 300,000 ova each, has increased the rental of the Tay 10 per cent. Before the experiment, the average annual take of salmon and grilse was 70,000; it is now 80,000, and is still on the increase; 10,000 fish—the increase—are worth £3,000. But when we come to consider the very small number of fish from which this great increase is derived, the result can be considered nothing short of wonderful. The number allowed to escape for reproduction in the Tay is 40,000. Of these only about 25 females are required to stock the Stormontfield breeding boxes; a proportion so small that were they destroyed, or even 10 times their number, they would not be missed. It must indeed be a small salmon river in which you cannot capture 25 female salmon; and these, if properly managed, can be made to produce 10,000. This gives us some idea of the dormant wealth of our salmon fisheries. I am aware there are many difficulties in the way, but these may be overcome when the subject comes to be thoroughly ventilated and understood. It is erroneously supposed that the great destruction of fry takes place in the sea; the destruction which takes place there is undoubtedly great—perhaps 90 to 95 per cent. of the smelts which are bred in the river; but this is as nothing when compared with that which takes place while in the river, where from each thousand ova not more than *ten fry* are reared to the migrating stage. By cultivation 800 smelts can be raised from 1,000 ova. A salmon of 10lb. weight produces in its wild and uncultivated state *five* grilse or salmon; in its domestic or cultivated state it will produce 200 or 250.

An anecdote of Victor Hugo and his son appears in the continental journals. The son, M. Charles Hugo, one day heard Mlle. Le Hoene spoken of in the most flattering manner, begged to be introduced to her, and a short time afterward asked her hand; but her grandmother (the young lady was an orphan) refused, on account of her poverty. To this the lover replied, "My father will think that a matter of no importance when he knows my wishes." He told Hugo his desire to marry Mlle. Le Hoene. The father replied, "Very well, but don't mention the subject to me again until I get my book out." The proof-sheets of his "Song of the Streets and the Woods" were then engaging his full attention, and when he is preparing a work for the press, or seeing it through the printer's hands, he will hear of nothing else. After the appearance of the volume, he arranged the marriage, gave his son a sum of money equal to $25,000, married them, and promised them that they should live with him as soon as he had completed the mansion he is now building.

A China paper speaks of the execution of a small military official who had the impudence to expostulate first with the magistrate and afterward with the executioner, stating that he had an aged mother dependent on him for support. Just as he had clinched the argument a dexterous flourish of the sword took off his head. The large crowd assembled to witness the spectacle are said to have been "convulsed with laughter" at the sudden pause produced by the skillful blow.

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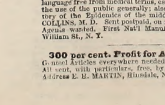
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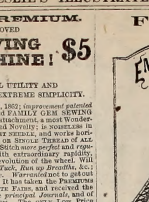


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Photograph Albums, great assortment; Cartes de Visite of Noted Persons, &c., &c. tfo
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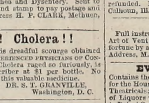
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$10,000 in Greenbacks—First Gift.

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Gifts of Gold and Silver Watches, Diamond Rings and Pins, Gold Chains, Ladies' Amethysts, Topaz, Pearl and 18 Karat Gold Enamel Sets, Ladies' and Gents' Rings, Ear Rings, Sleeve Buttons, Solid Silver Ware, French and American Clocks. A large stock of Rogers, Smith & Co.'s Silver Plated Goods, and thousands of other articles too numerous to mention.

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Salt Rheum. (OINTMENT / Salt Rheum.

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A NEW PRACTICAL WORK,

With 122 Designs and Plans of Houses of moderate cost.

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Children's Carriages every variety. L. F. TIBBALL, 810 Broadway, Opposite St. Nicholas. 549-56o*o

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LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES.

Highest Premium Gold Medal.

FAIR AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 1865.

The best in the World. They have the Reversible Feed Motion. They have a perfect Self-Adjusting shuttle Tension. They make four separate and distinct Stitches on one and the same machine. They have many attachment over all others.

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MAGIC LANTERN

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We are now receiving the most comprehensive and finest importation of glass views ever made to America, representing scenes and objects in nearly all European cities and countries. These views are specially selected abroad by our Mr. Edward Anthony, and are adapted for the uses of either the Stereoscope or the Stereoscope.

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523-53o Three doors south of the St. Nicholas Hotel.

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Diseases of the STOMACH and KIDNEYS, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, GOUT, GRAVEL and Disorders arising from excesses, use

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Extract Buchu.

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CEDAR CAMPHOR

should be packed away with Furs and Woolens to avoid injury by MOTHS. Sold by druggists everywhere. HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Boston. o

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If you want the best fitting, strongest, and most serviceable paper collar ever offered to the public, don't fail to purchase the

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The Most Economical Collar Ever Invented.

Showing the embossed or printed stitch equally well on both sides.

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Is made of the best Spring Wire, and is just the thing to wear with Paper Collars, being far superior to elastic cord for holding "Butterflies," "Tidguns," "Bows," &c., in place on the shirt button. Also,

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All kinds of Good Watches, low.

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BEAUTY.—Although Curls, Switches, Frizettes, and Hair Jewelry produced by the use of Professor DE MARCHANT'S FRISEUR LE CHEVEUX, One application warrants all to curl the most straight and stubborn hair or mane into wavy ringlets of heavy, massive curls. Has been used by the fashionable Paris and London ladies with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price, sealed and postpaid, $1. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address BERGER, SHUTTS, & CO., Chemists, 285 Bowery, Cor. Second, Troy, N. Y., sole Agents for the United States. 552-54o



$200 PER MONTH and Expenses Paid. Agents Wanted, Male and Female, to introduce a new and useful Patented Invention. For further information, address, with stamp,

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For Public Exhibition.

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SHIRT MAKER,

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!!!

THE

UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT

WILL POSITIVELY BE GIVEN AT

Crosby's Opera House,

ON MAY 28, 1866.

Only Four Weeks to Time of Drawing.

NO POSTPONEMENT!!

125,000 Valuable Prizes, Worth $492,575 25, will be Presented to Ticket-Holders, including $100,000 in Greenbacks.

Over 250,000 Tickets are already Sold!

AND WITH THE HELP OF OUR

FIVE THOUSAND AGENTS,

(Located in nearly every town and city of importance throughout the country), we have NO DOUBT EVERY TICKET WILL BE SOLD before the day designated. Local agents in every town will please MAKE A NOTE of the above facts and "govern themselves accordingly." They can easily see the necessity of making returns promptly each week. Parties ordering Tickets by mail should send along the order immediately, as the Tickets are all sold the money will be returned.

The Drawing will take place after the Concert, on the Stage of the Opera House, where 10,000 persons can witness it. A Committee will be appointed by the audience to superintend the same. All Purchasers and Agents will be supplied with correct lists of drawing as soon as published. Parties holding tickets will retain them until after the drawing, and if their number appears in the list of drawn numbers, they will forward their ticket immediately, with full directions as to the shipping of goods or moneys. Tickets are for sale at the principal Hotels, Book and Music Stores in the city, and at our Office, 133 Dearborn street, price $1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage.

☞ Good and Reliable Agents wanted in every city, town and village in the United States, to whom great inducements are offered. References required.

SPECIAL TERMS, OR CLUB RATES.—Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and forwarding us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission viz.: We will send—

5 Tickets to one address for	- $4 50	40 Tickets to one address for	- $35 00
10 Tickets to one address for	- 9 00	50 Tickets to one address for	- 42 50
20 Tickets to one address for	- 17 00	AND	
30 Tickets to one address for	- 25 50	100 Tickets to one address for	- 85 00

In every case send the Name and Post Office address of each separate Subscriber. Money by Draft, P. O. Order, Express, or in Registered Letters, may be sent at our risk.

All communications should be addressed to

WIGGINS, BRADFORD & CO.,

133 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill. Post-office Drawer 5915.

The Proprietors will donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Funds $3,000; also there will be $2,000 reserved from the proceeds of the drawing the $10,000 prize for the same purpose.

REFERENCES.—Hon. M. S. Wilkinson, ex-Senator of Minn.; Hon. Geo. Y. Lawrence, M. C. of Penn.; Hon. Alex. Randall, ex-Governor of Wis.; Hon. Wm. Montgomery, ex-M. C. of Penn.; Hon. Major Dan Peters, ex-M. C. of Ind.; Hon. Ira J. Laycock, of Kansas; Hon. Wm. Lottingwell, Lyons, Iowa; Hon. Joseph Knox, of Chicago; Hon. G. Graves Smith, of Minn.; Jacob Forsyth, Agent, M. S. R. R., Chicago, Ill.; M. Newberry & Co., importers of Watches, Chicago; Mansell, White & Co., New Orleans, La.

N.B.—Editors of country papers are authorized to act as our Agents, and they will be allowed full commission on all tickets ordered, whether for themselves or other parties who may order through them. Proposals for inserting this advertisement requested.

Vineland Lands.

Large and thriving settlement, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Sun, twenty and fifty acre tracts at from $25 to $40 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. Present population, 7,000. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Papers giving full information will be sent free, address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Vineland Township, New Jersey.

From Report of Seaton Robinson, Agricultural Editor of the *Tribune*

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, to an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies."

To all wanting Farms.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 555—Vol. XXII.] NEW YORK, MAY 19, 1866. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly, 10 Weeks $1 00

Compounding Felony.

"Set a thief to catch a thief" is a maxim, of which the apparent common sense commends it instinctively to popular approbation; and if the restitution of stolen property to its owners were the chief or only object, such method of proceeding might be the most effectual. But society has its rights as well as its duties, and one of its rights is the punishment of criminals. In a well-organized community, the machinery for the detection of felony ought to be as complete as that for the punishment of it after detection, and to substitute, or allow to be substituted, in any way, a reward for successful crime, instead of its due punishment, is a complete subversion of the safeguards which, by common consent, surround us. A felon of whatever rank, from the chimney under-graduate pickpocket to the accomplished professor of burglary, is the enemy, not only of his victim, but of the society of which that victim is a member. Probably, when your plate and valuables are missing in the morning, your first idea is that the loss is yours alone. It may be so in money value; but what your neighbor loses at the same time is his sense of security—itself of no small value: for this security is the compact of society itself, and cannot be tampered with or le sened without great danger to what is most dear to us all.

It seems strange that we should thus insist on the simplest and most obvious of the laws of an organized community; but recent occurrences lead us to think that they have been grievously neglected. Scarcely can the advertising columns of a morning paper be opened without seeing some such notice as the following: "$100 reward for the return of the property, and no questions asked;" or, "the finder (meaning thief) may keep the money, if he will return the papers." Now all this proffered immunity to crime is in the highest degree reprehensible, but with such small fry it is scarcely worth while for our detective police to interfere. It is when rewards of tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars, as in recent cases, are offered that the energies of our guardians are aroused. In such cases there are three parties to the transaction. The thief, whose object is the maximum of plunder and minimum of punishment—that is, of restitution; his victim, who desires to get back his property with the smallest possible fine; and the police, a sort of middle term, who stimulate the offers of the highest rewards to obtain the largest results for both parties, not forgetting themselves. It is almost a pity, while military forms are so fresh in our recollections, that in dealing with criminals, the police did not, in granting immunity from punishment, on condition of restoring part of their plunder, attach a further condition in the shape of a parole, that they should abstain from further depredations for a certain fixed time; not to serve again until duly exchanged, to be varied by, not to steal again till they had spent the proceeds of their last robbery. We make the Police Commissioners a present of the suggestion. As it appears that criminals may escape the terrors of the law by making partial amends, may not the same power that absolves them, impose a penance of temporary abstinence from their favorite pursuits?

There is a grave and increasing suspicion in the public mind that too close a connection exists between crime and the rewards offered for its detection—not alone that offenders are left "unwhipt of justice," in consideration of the surrender of part of their booty, but, what is just as bad, that the best efforts of the detective police are not put forth till stimulated by rewards proportionate to the value of the property stolen. We are far from condemning the propriety, in the abstract, of offering the inducements of a pecuniary reward for more strenuous and determined efforts to recover stolen property, for such rewards may stimulate others besides the police to give information that may lead to detection; and may, besides, induce some of the accomplices to betray their comrades. But what we do most loudly condemn is the wait on the part of the police for a reward to be offered before making the exertions they are bound, in virtue of their office, to make without any such incentive. No terms, however, which we can employ, would be too strong in reprobating the practice of condoning offenses on surrender of part of their fruits. No practice could lead more directly to the encouragement of crime when its proper punishment can be thereby easily evaded, and nothing can be more injurious to public morality. It may be a simpler and easier way to recover your property by negotiating direct with the thief, and consenting to give him one-quarter of it, in order to save the remaining three-quarters, than to refuse to treat with him, and leave to the police to fulfill their duty toward both the felon and your property. It would also be very convenient if you could seize your goods wherever you found them, and thrash, to your heart's content, the rascal who had annoyed and injured you so much. But society exacts from its members something more than the promotion of their own convenience, and deputes the execution of justice to its own officers. It may seem hard that we cannot obtain the restitution of our property without invasion of the rights, or interference with the duties of others; but even this we might submit to with resignation if we



ANDREW JOHNSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON.—SEE PAGE 131.

were convinced that the efforts of those others would be as effective as our own. And herein, it appears to us, lies the whole difficulty. People do not trust the detective police, and do not believe that they are earnestly bending their best energies to discover and punish the numerous felonies that are committed; and how, on the other hand, can the police ask for the confidence of the public in the face of such developments as the Rufus Lord, Concord Bank, and Brown and Ross robberies have brought to light?

Robbery is an art—or, if you will, a science —requiring many years of diligent study to become an adept in it, and such *artist* has his distinct method of work, easily comprehended by those who are in the secrets of the craft. We doubt if any great robbery could take place without the distinguishing mark of the style of perpetrators being visible to the police; and if arrests do not follow, it is either because, in official eyes, some link in the chain of evidence is wanting, or some ulterior purpose is to be answered—and it is just this ulterior purpose that the public distrusts. They see that discovery is never, or rarely, made till a reward is offered, and that, on the reward being offered, discovery is made. To make matters worse, it is also announced that immunity must be promised to the criminal. The conclusion is obvious: that the police, if not inefficient, is corrupt; and the distrust of their ability or honesty tempts the public to do itself a rude sort of justice by encouraging felonies, instead of endeavoring to punish them.

We are glad to see that this evil is engaging the attention of our authorities, with a view to its repression, and we think we have pointed out the true direction which this should take. Give us confidence that, if we are deprived of our spoons, an honest effort will be made by the police to restore them, and at the same time to punish the invaders of our domestic peace, and then we shall no longer think it necessary to offer half a dozen as a present to the thief, if he will kindly return the other half.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 19, 1866.

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The Basis of Representation in Congress.

THE Amendment of the Constitution so as to abolish slavery must logically be followed by other amendments, so as to extirpate from that instrument all clauses and provisions connected with the defunct institution. Having cut down the Upas tree, it would not be wise or safe to leave its stump and roots remain to corrode and fester where it grew. The concession made to slavery when it was strong and powerful, should disappear with their cause. One of the most obnoxious of these concessions was that which allowed "property" to be directly represented in Congress—in other words, that which allowed three-fifths of the slaves, who, it was insisted, were property, to be counted in the apportionment of representation. This gave the whites of the slave States from fifteen to eighteen members of Congress more than was given to a corresponding number of white men in the free States, and a consequent proportionally greater influence in the National Council. Now that the war has resulted in abolishing slavery, two-fifths of the late slaves have been added to the basis of representation, and as long as the negroes are debarred from voting, the whites of the South will have their political influence enhanced in that proportion! That is to say, they will have not far from twenty-five more representatives in Congress than an equal number of white men in the free States!

To correct this injustice, equalize representation, and prevent the suppression of the rebellion and the destruction of its cause from resulting in the augmentation of the political power of those who were rebels, the "Reconstruction Committee" of Congress has reported the following amendment to the Constitution, which, as it embodies substantially the expressed views of the President, we hope will be adopted without delay. It is as follows:

> "Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. But whenever in any State the elective franchise shall be denied to any portion of its male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age, or in any way abridged, except for participation in the rebellion, or other crime, the basis of representation in such State shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age."

This does not touch the vexed question of negro suffrage, but leaves each State free to concede or deny it; but it does provide that one man or any class of men shall not say who shall represent another man or class of men. It does not provide that twenty-five men shall present themselves in Congress as representatives of people who have had no voice in their election.

A daily contemporary which is properly strong in its statistics, has published an elaborate table, showing what would be the effect of the adoption of the amendment on the aggregate of Congressional representation. The table assumes the census of 1860 as its basis, and does not undertake to make any modification on account of the losses which the population of the South, white or black, has suffered during the war.

States	Present Representatives	Representatives Under Amendment
Alabama	7	1
Arkansas	3	1
Delaware	1	1
Florida	1	1
Georgia	7	1
Louisiana	4	1
Maryland	5	3
Mississippi	5	1
Missouri	9	3
North Carolina	7	1
South Carolina	6	1
Tennessee	8	3
Texas	4	1
Virginia	8	1
Total	72	59

The net loss of Members of Congress from the lately slave States would therefore be twenty-five.

"Singed Paws."

COM. RODGERS, commanding the American squadron in the harbor of Valparaiso, let slip the golden opportunity of gaining honor, fame and fortune for himself, and glory and gratitude for his country, when he failed to punish the senseless and spiteful bombardment of the commercial metropolis of the South Pacific by the Spaniards. His reasons for doing so, given at length in a dispatch to the Secretary of the Navy, are singularly weak and unsatisfactory. He was satisfied that the contemplated act of the Spaniards was contrary to all the usages of civilized warfare, directed to no legitimate end, and which ought to be and "might be resisted." He did not think "that neutrality among nations provided well-directed efforts to keep the peace among them;" and he did think "that a peaceable citizen is not obliged to stand by inert while another is suffering from the unlawful violence of a third person, but may justly interfere with force to prevent an infraction of the laws—a murder for example; so a nation, witnessing the like disturbance among her sister nations, need not rest absolutely impassive, but, with sincere neutrality, might interpose with force, if necessary, to keep the operations of belligerents at least within the law, for the protection of neutral persons and neutral property."

These are sound views, and well put; and would have been accepted by the people of the United States, and by the world, as justifying his interposition against the outrage meditated and afterward consummated.

But Com. Rodgers did not interfere. With a force so far superior to that of the Spaniards as to justify him in believing he could have destroyed their squadron in from "thirty seconds to half an hour," persuaded the Spaniards to bombard an undefended town, and to destroy property estimated at from eight to twenty-two millions in value, all, or nearly all of it, neutral, and considerably part American!

Why, it will be asked, with surprise, did Com. Rodgers refrain from enforcing what he so clearly regarded as his right, and discharging, as he says, his solemn duty, he believed to be his duty? How came it about that the Commodore's logical mountain brought forth—not even a mouse? Let every American's cheek burn with shame as we record his answer!

It was because the English Admiral would not join him in interfering! The British officer, through cowardice or weakness, would not open his ports to protect British interests, which "rose to thousands, while ours (American) were only hundreds!" *Therefore*, the American hundreds were allowed to be destroyed, while abstract right and duty, apart from all considerations of interest, called for interference! The fact that such interference could have *incidentally* saved British interests "amounting to thousands," was sufficient to prevent an American Commodore from performing a noble and generous action, which would have vindicated the principles of legitimate war, while showing to the world that the United States could act on lofty and unselfish impulses! The fact that American interests were relatively small, while those of other neutral nations were large, would have relieved the interference from all improper imputations.

The Commodore puts his reason for not acting in a very familiar, not to say undignified form:

> "The English Admiral said at first that he would go with me, for I plainly declared that I would not take a step without him. I said that I had no intention of becoming a cat's paw to pull his chestnuts out of the fire and then have the Power I served laughing at my reward, and he then enjoyed the luxury of insecurity."

We strongly believe that the British, French and German subjects residing in Chile or doing business there, would have been very far from laughing at Com. Rodgers' "singed paws," had he, in discharge of his duty and on high grounds, saved their property and interests. And if the British commander should have been inclined to laugh at Com. Rodgers for having done what his own cowardice, imbecility, or inability prevented him from doing, we will venture to say his cachinnations would not have been performed in the presence of any English gentlemen—certainly not in the presence of any of those who, by Com. Rodgers's interference, had been saved from ruin. No man need fear to be laughed at for anything he may do in the line of his duty.

A daily contemporary asks the pertinent question, "What are the thunderous sent out for to all parts of the world—to the Gulf, the Mediterranean, and the South Pacific? Ostensibly to protect American interests. We should like to know, in view of this Valparaiso affair, if there is a graduated scale of interests, and at what point the protection comes in? Taking hundreds for units, how many hundreds justify protective interference? How many thousands? And must our interests be greater than any other nation's interests, before we get to protection? Or if any other nation's interests be greater than ours, must ours be abandoned, lest some commodore should be laughed at by somebody?

Seriously, it is a question of American squadrons is to lie still and see such acts as the bombardment of Valparaiso accomplished, all we have to say is, let our vessels, sustained at enormous cost in every sea, be recalled and anchored, to rot quietly in the Wallabout. Or if a narrow-minded Secretary of the Navy so binds up our commanders that they are unable to do that which gives us the only justification for having a navy at all, then in Heaven's name let the Executive get rid of him, and put some man in his place who belongs, if not to this generation, at least to that last preceding! We have had enough of Cabinet officers whose friends forgot to put pennies on their eyes when they left their countries ago, and who in consequence wander about the capital, and work the treadmill of official routine in a somnambulic way, complacently ignorant of the requirements of the times, and heedless of the responsibilities devolved on a virile and growing nationality.

Bombardment of Valparaiso.

THE world is mistaken! Spain has proved it possible to add to contempt and defeat, action in which she has so long been held by Christendom. It was only necessary for her, after having been beaten in two naval engagements, in a war provoked by her own insolence, to vent her impotent wrath on an undefended city, and satisfy her spite by the destruction of property belonging to her opponents! The bombardment of Valparaiso by Admiral Mendez Nuñez, considered as an act of war, deserves only to rank with the courageous exploit of the redoubted braggart Hollins, in bombarding San Juan de Nicaragua. It is true it has not quite so ridiculous a side as the San Juan affair. The brave Hollins, it will be remembered, after firing deliberately at one hute of *his* Valparaiso, bravely sent half a dozen middies ashore with as many boxes of Lucifer matches, who soon made ashes of the offending village. Hollins and Nuñez, *pour encourager les autres!* There are none so mean as to envy them their bloodless laurels!

Except as a disgraceful violation of all the usages of war, which the world should prohibit from passing into a precedent (if it be possible anything Spain can do, can rise to the dignity of being regarded as a precedent), it would be difficult to speak seriously of the outrage on Valparaiso. All the antecedents of the act show that it was an abolition of sacrificed victim, and other spite, and not performed as an act of war directed to any of the objects for which resort to war is considered justifiable. It was an act without an element of dignity. Admiral Nuñez cannot justify it on any ground; but in trying to do so he naively confesses to its wantonness and purposelessness. He complains that he could not get at the allied Chilean and Peruvian fleet, because they would sail into intricate bays and insist on fighting him at an advantage. They had the audacity to hover about places where there were fogs, and, in fact, avail themselves of every circumstance favorable to themselves. They would not quietly come alongside his ironclad, and permit themselves to be pounded to pieces at his pleasure. They were not only cautious and cunning, ready to sum up any of his ships they might catch, but were so abandoned as to fight only when there was a chance in their favor. When, however, they offered to come out on the high seas, and vessel to vessel, gun to gun, as did the Alabama to meet the Kearsarge, he declined the combat. When Nuñez fights, he wants the advantage; yet he blames them for taking it when they can! Chivalrous Nuñez! You will never attain the glories of a Lawrence, nor even the doubtful laurels of a Semmes!

There was one way, however, to command all the chances, without the slightest risk. To attack a seaport which had no defenses, and burn warehouses filled with goods belonging to foreigners, was a deed every way worthy of Spain and her Admiral. And he did it! Three hours he valiantly fired shot and shell into a deserted town, and then retired to reflect comfortably on his exploit. The result was that the destruction of some millions of dollars' worth of English, French, and German goods, for which we consider it not unlikely Spain will have to pay, and the burning of a few blocks of private houses. The powers of Chile for offense or defense are in no degree impaired, and so far as she is concerned, she has won in the more active and persistent hostility of her people to Spain, and in obtaining the open co-operation of the foreigners whose Spain has injured, as well as the sympathies of the world. Spain has lost—we were about saying her honor, but that was gone long ago!—her last chance to be regarded as a civilized nation, and has raised herself beyond international sympathy. The people scoff at her, and "will laugh when her tribulation comes." She has confessed her impotence against the South American coalition, which her impudent pretensions have created, and practically admitted that she cannot carry on a war against them, in any sense that war is admissable.

We lay special stress on this point, for here lies the gravamen of Spain's offense against the committee of nations for its wantonness, and which have become both law and usage. Neither England nor France felt themselves sanctioned in attacking Odessa, in their war with Russia, although well knowing that it was her most vulnerable point. A belligerent aims at destroying or crippling the armies and navies of his opponent, chiefly for his supplies when he can, and destroying them if possible. But he can go no further. Valparaiso was already blockaded. Chile drew the strength from that direction. To destroy the town, and turn out 80,000 unresisting inhabitants shelterless and without food, on a comparatively barren coast, was only to inflict suffering without legitimate result. It was barbarism; not war. We bombarded Vera Cruz, but it was to compel, as it did compel, the surrender of San Juan de Ulloa, the possession of which was the key to our future military operations. Charleston was bombarded, but only as an alternative to the surrender of Sumter, Moultrie and fortifications around it. There is no parallel in these acts of legitimate war to the savagery of Spain.

The bombardment of Valparaiso will stand in history an eternal stigma on its perpetrators; a blot on the age; a wanton, pointless act of Vandalism; a cowardly piece of spite, which could never have been perpetrated by any country except Spain, or perpetrated by any except Spaniards. Chile can well afford to be cheerful in view of a deed which in no way cripples her, while it attaches Christendom to her cause.

We publish in another column some account of the New Granadian Barbacoas district, with sketches by a gentleman, who made a personal survey of the district. His account of it is not by any means encouraged, but, under more favorable experiences, we should be failing in our duty if we did not yarn our people against accepting at least more than one-half of what comes to this country from speculators in the distant regions of South America, between the tropics. The American Consul at Panama furnished the following good advice to all who propose going to the Barbacoas mines:

> "Great sickness always exists at the mines, and my advice to all miners in California and Nevada is—Do not come unless you have at least $500 in your pockets, above the expense of getting to the mines, as a capital to start with, or as a means of returning, if sick or disatisfied."

The special correspondent of the Panama *Star and Herald*, writing from the mines themselves, says:

> "Only four mines are in active operation. The workings of the mines above a considerable depth can only be successfully carried out under considerable difficulties. The diggings are all in very steep banks, and must be worked horizontally, for which purpose long horizontal tunnels are the only available ones. All the country round Barbacoas is private property, and although in the washing of gold out of the sand, shores is open to all, the river is seldom low enough to allow of that operation. An experienced miner has told me that the bed-rock is much below the level of the river, and therefore the water has to be bailed out by women, with a good deal of trouble and expense, as there is not full enough for it to flow out of the sluices. It seems to be perfectly true that the country higher up the River Telembi is not only richer in gold, but that there is a large back land of fertile and healthy mountains; but as yet I have not been able to gather any information from the natives which I would implicitly believe; and the Americans who had started from Barbacoas for the head of the river had not yet returned."

As indignant gentleman speaking of an eminent foreigner who built the most desirable residences in the United States, and when he re-

turned, wrote about the most conspicuous Americans: "He staid with my friend X, and in his book he spoke of his personal habits. I should like to speak of *his* personal habits, and I would inform the world that this prodigious critic allowed himself one shirt a week. On Sunday morning it was clean. Then his coat and waistcoat were thrown open. On Monday the waistcoat was closed a little. Tuesday a little more. On Wednesday the ends of the cravat were suffered to appear over the bosom. On Thursday they quite overspread it. On Friday the waistcoat closed up entirely. On Saturday there was nothing but cravat to be seen. On Sunday there was the full effulgence of the clean shirt again, coat and waistcoat generously thrown open, and n imperceptible cravat."

Trbüner's (London) *American and Oriental Literary Record*, has the following paragraphs on the question of international copyright:

"To American authors an international copyright arrangement strongly commends itself as a measure calculated to strengthen and consolidate American literature. At present the facilities offered to publishers to reproduce English books, and the attention directed toward them by rival publishers has caused American literature to be to a certain extent overshadowed by its English rival; remove some of this competition, and the field will be left more open for American original works, and publishers will be more and more disposed to negotiate for native literature. The clear stage, which will thus be given, and the wider field opened up to American authors, will tend to improve the character of American literature, cause increased care and attention on the part of authors, and will do away with the slovenly feeling engendered by the idea that the rivalry and competition, to which American authors are subjected, prevents their receiving a fair share of public attention.

"To American publishers it offers these advantages: it gives them, after arrangement with English authors, a secure property in their productions; it opens up a new field of enterprise, for it cannot be denied that numerous English authors will be found disposed to negotiate for the sale of the copyrights to American publishers and allow the first production of their works in America; it will cultivate a friendly feeling between English and American publishers, and encourage joint enterprise in literary matters.

"The American nation will by this measure reap the advantage of an improved tone and character in their literature, a wider diffusion of their national views, and a more thorough appreciation of their literature abroad, for though the best English books are republished in America, it is only an inferior class of American books that are at present reproduced here, and it is by these only that the majority of Englishmen judge of American literature. It cannot be too widely known that in England as well as in America numerous projected literary enterprises fall through because the probable demand from the public of England or the public of America, taken separately, would not justify the enterprise. The two combined, however, would insure success. The old standard writers of England, too—it is the general complaint—cannot now be produced in their entirety, because the demand is so limited that English and American publishers do not see a sufficiently rapid return for their outlay. Combine the two nations in enterprises of this kind, and the result will be a revival of the circulation of the best English classics, and a consequent improvement in national tastes. We think, nay, we are sure, we see a way to this desirable end in a wise International Copyright Act."

Sir Morton Peto has published a book on the "Resources and Prospects of the United States." He regards the strength, constancy, vigor and resources of the country, as displayed in the late war, as beyond all precedent. He looks upon the disappearance of slavery as an unspeakable blessing, and adds:

"All that is now needed to give reality to so vast an empire is that development of intercommunication which I have recommended. When such communications are completed, when the South is effectually united with the North, and when the whole continent is traversed by one great trunk railway, worked as a united whole from the Atlantic to San Francisco, we shall be called upon to regard America as the greatest nation of the world. She will be entitled to take that rank by reason of her extent, her diversity of soil and climate, the character of her communications, the variety of her resources, her vast mineral riches, and the abundant field which she presents for labor and for the employment of capital and enterprise."

Nitro-Glycerin, is from 10 to 100 times more powerful than gunpowder, and is liable to explode from various causes, one of which is, that when sulphuric acid is an ingredient, or when, that being absent, the mixture is placed in tin cases, by the decomposition of whose inner lining, sulphurous products are disengaged, the addition to the mass of a few drops of any essential oil, such as turpentine, will cause a terrible explosion. But the great cause of explosion, and the one which presents an almost insuperable obstacle to the use of this article, is the fact that glycerin absorbs water in large quantities. When not in air-tight cases, it takes this water from the air. The oxygen, which forms half of the water, unites with the nitrous acid, and the result is the formation of a fulminating powder, possessing great force—all compounds of nitrogen and oxygen possessing that quality, and which a slight shock is sufficient to explode. In a moist climate, therefore, where the air contains large quantities of water, the risk from the presence of nitro-glycerin is very great; and in whatever climate it may be, the longer it is kept unused the greater becomes the danger, as it absorbs more and more water.

The old charge about the lack of appreciation of the Fine Arts in America, is receiving constant and emphatic contradiction every year. It is estimated that not less than $200,000 were paid for pictures at public sales in this city during the month of February. In the winters of 1863-64, notwithstanding the war was at its height, the aggregate sales were $605,000. One sale alone produced $114,000, the highest prices paid being $5,000 for a Couture, and $3,550 for a Koek-Koek. During the same season, Leutze received $6,000 for his "Venice Victorious;" Gignoux $6,000 for his "Half-Way up Mount Washington;" Bierstadt $10,000 for two pictures. Mr. Bierstadt has recently sold his "Rocky Mountains" to an English collector (Mr. McHenry), for $25,000, and his "Storm in the Rocky Mountains" to another Englishman (Mr. Kinnaird) for $20,000. After this latter picture had been engaged, the artist was offered $30,000 for it by a New York merchant, but it went to the foreign purchaser. Mr. Huntington subsequently sold his "Republican Court" for $20,000.

TOWN GOSSIP.

For the past week New York has not enjoyed any *great sensation*, and paterfamilias has sipped his morning Mocha, and glanced at his morning paper, with the comfortable assurance that the world, or at least that portion of it in which he is directly interested, revolves in its usual orbit, and has been put on its good behavior. Moving day has come and gone, with perhaps less than its usual amount of ludicrousness and discomfort. The flurry about high rents and unfeeling landlords has in a measure abated, and tenants have submitted with as good a grace as possible to what they termed extortion, and endeavor to make themselves comfortable in the houses they had previously occupied, or in others to which necessity compelled them to repair. The good people of this city may not believe in the transmigration of souls, but it is evident that they are quite unanimous in their practice of certain other transmigrations, which make one day annually memorable, involving a general breaking up of those little domestic arrangements which add so much to the enjoyment of life. Seriously, this yearly change of quarters, so characteristic of our city, should be discontinued, on account of its baneful influence upon the tone and morals of metropolitan society. People who expect to occupy their dwelling no longer than a few months, do not care to form those social ties and cultivate those friendships which elevate and ennoble both the family and community; they live too much within themselves and for themselves, and seek in questionable ways what ought to spring spontaneously from their own hearts and be found in their own homes.

Those pleasant spring days attract to the streets in large numbers those fair ones, who toil not and spin not; and our avenues are gay with the throngs of promenaders, who gladly escape the dreary confinement of a long winter, and devote the few weeks before the summer campaign at the watering-places to a saunter down Broadway or an airing in the Park, which just now is putting on its new dress, and promises more than ever to be the pride and boast of New York, and a perpetual beauty and joy.

Wall street has been somewhat excited by the disclosure of another stupendous and successful forgery, far more daring and adroit than the almost forgotten Ketchum frauds; the amount of money involved is only the bagatelle of between three and four hundred thousand dollars, but that the shrewd financiers of the Stock Exchange should allow themselves to be repeatedly victimized by rogues, is a tribute to the skill of the rogues, however the financiers may regard the operation.

The energetic and almost despotic measures of the Board of Health inspire the confidence that, should the dreaded cholera visit our city, it may not prove so severe a scourge as on previous occasions. There is nothing like panic, which is always more fatal than disease; and while we can hardly hope to escape entirely, we can mitigate and control the power of the pestilence. There is a general removal of nuisances, low haunts of dissipation are closed, the tenants of cellars transferred to airy and healthful quarters, provision made to bestow proper care and attention upon any cases that may arise, so that we all feel everything is done that can be done to avert the dreaded visitant.

The new excise regulations meet with less opposition than was expected, and when they are in full operation we may look for a decided diminution of vice and crime. Inasmuch as we are not able properly to govern ourselves, it is fortunate that we are to be controlled by powers so generally acceptable as the Commissioners to whom the Legislature has delegated the management of our city; and so long as they give us clean streets, healthful homes, and general order and quiet, we will not be too critical as to the means employed, and to a little overstepping the modesty of the law.

There is very little to chronicle in the theatrical world. Mr. Barney Williams and his wife are the dual attractions at the Winter Garden, being really two head-centres who have no enemies. At the Olympic, the "Three Guardsmen" still rule with undiminished might; but despite their popularity, a new sensational drama is to be produced in a few days. It is rumored that Mr. Wood retires from the management at the close of the season.

The chief interest of the week has centred in Wallack's—where Lester Wallack, the gentleman *par excellence* of the American stage, has been performing some of his favorite characters to crowded, and we were almost on the point of adding, "affectionate" audiences. It is pleasant, in these too fast and modern days, when parents are considered *passé*—dead—and buried, the very minute the incipient mustache ruffles the face of that inspired infant, a son of 17—it is pleasantly retributive, we repeat, to be able to say to a son, that in his best efforts he reminds us of his father. We give the author of "Rosedale" credit for being capable of appreciating the compliment we now pay him, that, being an *artiste*, every year will make him "a wiser and a better" actor. Among the many claims of Mr. Lester Wallack to the public respect, not the least is the gentlemanly repose which presides over his establishment. It is truly the Parlor Theatre, where the best bred and quietest people in the city meet in silent *incognito*. A sort of suppressed emotion even presides over their most enthusiastic applause.

Miss Bateman's careful rendition of Juliet and Parthenia have filled Niblo's every night, while Barnum presents, as usual, an unrivaled selection of amusements.

At the Broadway, the daring and *outré* performance of Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, as "Mazeppa," has drawn crowded houses. We must not forget to commend the lessee's common sense and common honesty in abandoning the system of charging extra for booking places. When managers content themselves with filling every seat, they will draw a superior class more frequently to their entertainments.

Those very clever and well-trained girls, the Worrell Sisters, with a tolerable company to support them, have been performing at Wood's Theatre, in "The Elves; or, The Statue Bride."

Brooklyn, once only celebrated for its churches, is fast becoming famous for its gayeties. Robert Heller, who combines more varied accomplishments than any other *artiste* of the day, has been performing to splendid and fashionable audiences at the Brooklyn Athenæum. A most finished and effective pianist, he is one of the expertest of prestidigitateurs; added to which, his charm of manner gives to every word he utters a peculiar significance. These merits render an evening with him not soon forgotten.

After a very successful season, Conway is about closing his theatre. Mr. Davidge, one of the best comedians on the stage, and who has been Conway's leading card, is about starting on a summer tour, in conjunction with several others.

Apropos, we are glad to notice that the theatrical secessionists have discontinued that absurd standing item in their announcement, which informed the public that they did "not advertise in the New York *Herald*," which, being translated into plain Saxon, meant, that although the *Herald* did not advertise them, they advertised the *Herald*.

Mr. J. S. Thomson has been giving a series of popular concerts at Dodworth Hall, and his efforts have been remunerated by a fair success.

BOOK NOTICES.

"Jargal," by Victor Hugo, is one of the early productions of the eminent French poet, and the volume before us, published by Carleton, is an excellent translation. "Bug-Jargal," which preceded "Hans of Iceland," was written when Victor Hugo was but 16 years of age. It is a novel rendered interesting to the American reader, from its historical references to the revolt of the blacks of San Domingo in 1791.

The *American Art Journal* has entered upon its fifth volume, and continues to improve. In many respects it is the only periodical published here that is devoted to music in purely an artistic spirit, since the editor and proprietor, Mr. Henry C. Watson, is himself a most charming composer, as well as an accomplished musician and agreeable writer. Belonging to no particular clique, he has no special interest to serve, and hence his criticisms demand a respect seldom deserved by musical critics. The paper contains, in addition to a large mass of musical intelligence, a very pleasant melange of varied reading, selected with great taste and discretion.

Private Miles O'Reilly's "Baked Meats," is another neat volume, just published by Carleton, and a very healthy look of humor there is about it. The Private's "Baked Meats" are of the kind which ever enlist public favor.

F. A. Brady has just published "Fanny Hervey," a work of interest, which recommends itself by its purity of style and the delicate features of its characters. "Fanny Hervey" is catalogued in Brady's first-class novel series.

From Dinsmoore & Co., of Boston, two books have come to our notice: "The Physiology of Marriage" and "Moral Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage," by William A. Alcott, M. D. Both works embody much that will repay the trouble of perusing.

For notice of "Exhibition of the National Academy," see page 139.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Dr. Draper's recent work "On the Future Civil Policy of America" has been translated into German and published at Leipsic. His forthcoming "History of the American Civil War," will be published in America, England, France and Germany simultaneously.

—— The Hon. Henry Barnard, LL.D., an indefatigable advocate of education, and editor of the admirable *American Journal of Education*, has recently been appointed head of St. John's College, Annapolis, Md.; and the Legislature of the State have appropriated $85,000, to be paid in yearly sums of $15,000, to aid in reorganizing that institution.

—— The Rev. John Kelly, of Jersey City, who recently died quite suddenly at the Church of St. Peter's, where he had ministered so long as to be known far and wide, was a man deserving a more than passing notice. He was born in Ireland, in 1801, but came early in life to America, and pursued his theological studies, if we mistake not, at Mount St. Mary's. While pastor of St. Mary's Church, New York, an appeal was made for Catholic clergymen to establish a mission at Liberia, not only to minister to the colored Catholic emigrants from Maryland and Louisiana, but also to extend Christianity among the barbarous tribes. After a few years he returned in shattered health, the only survivor of the missionaries. He then undertook to erect a church in Jersey City, and collect the scattered members of his faith. He not only succeeded in his attempt, but before his death saw several other churches, schools, asylums and sisterhoods carrying out his plans of educational and beneficent progress. He was a genial, cultivated man, ever ready and generous to the poor, a lover of books and study, and the possessor of a large and well-selected library.

—— It is said that there are about 150 organ-grinders now in New York, who decide each week the musical routes they shall take, in order to avoid any possible interference with each other. But few of these own their own organs; they are generally rented at $2 to $3 per week by a joint stock company, who have made a large fortune by the business. They live economically—their earnings, about $10 or $12 a week, requiring them to do so. They have adopted a peculiar mode of avoiding high rents, for several families occupy one room, undivided by a partition, the bounds of each room being so distinctly understood as to avoid all possibility of trespass on another's section. Gen. Jackson never hated paper-money more than these self-same organ-grinders; they love pennies and silver and gold. In many instances their children have been taught to play the violin and sing in the streets, a calling which brings them $3 a week. Living exclusively on maccaroni, their board costs them but a trifle, and they are accordingly enabled to hoard up riches for old age. Although they carefully avoid burdening themselves with the privilege of citizenship, they give the law but little trouble, an arrest among them taking place about once a year.

—— Work on the lake tunnel at Chicago has been delayed by an accumulation of gas. An unusually large amount recently collected and exploded, the flames extending along the ceiling for over 100 feet. By the explosion several of the miners were knocked down and others slightly burned

—— A gentleman from Alabama has furnished a tabular statement, by counties, showing the number of men belonging to the Union Leagues, which have been organized in that State since the close of the war. The aggregate is 18,000 and upward, of whom it is said two-thirds can take the test oath.

—— Hon. Anson Burlingame, American Minister to China, had a narrow escape from death lately. He was standing within 40 feet of the scene of the recent nitro-glycerin explosion in San Francisco. He has since embarked for China, *via* the Sandwich Islands and Japan.

—— The Southern Methodist Conference at New Orleans has voted to change the name of the church from "Methodist Episcopal Church" to simply the "Methodist Church."

—— The Treasury Department has received, through the United States Consul at Birmingham, England, $2,500 in gold, which was subscribed by the citizens of that place for the benefit of the freed race of this country.

—— A destructive fire occurred in Detroit, Mich., last week, which destroyed the depot of the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad, a ferry-boat belonging to the company, and property to the value of $1,000,000. The fire was caused by the bursting of a barrel of kerosene oil, to which flame was communicated from a passing light. An explosion at once followed, by which the burning oil was thrown in all directions, setting on fire other barrels of oil, and extending the flames to the depot and ferry-boat, and at once enveloping them. A number of men at work on the boat lost their lives, in consequence of the panic which ensued. The boat floated out into the stream, communicating flames to several buildings along the docks, but was finally secured and removed to a distance from the shore. The mails in the depot at the time of the fire were destroyed, likewise a considerable quantity of baggage, together with many valuable papers belonging to the company.

—— One day last week a torpedo, which had been sunk for three years and one month in Charleston harbor, exploded off the beach of Sullivan's Island, in about eight fathoms of water. It is supposed to have been exploded by the dragging of a vessel's cable. It lifted an immense volume of water, and presented quite a grand appearance.

—— The Denver (Colorado) *News*, states that Raphael Grandjean, who has a large plantation in New Mexico, brought a train to that city, consisting in part of six full-grown camels, which were well loaded with wool. These camels have made six trips across the continent, from Fort Stanton to San Diego, California.

—— The cholera is gradually abating on the vessels at quarantine below our harbor. Most of the cases now under treatment will recover, and measures have been taken, which will doubtless confine the disease to the ships on which it originated.

—— The entire left bank of the Mississippi below New Orleans is inundated, an acre and a half of the levee having given way. This district is planted with sugar cane.

—— The Perry Monument on Gibraltar Rock, Lake Erie, the foundation-stone of which was dedicated with imposing ceremonies, in the presence of a vast crowd from the lake cities and towns, on the 10th of September, 1858, and the second stone of which was never laid, is at last to be built. The Sandusky *Register* says that Mr. Thomas Lawrence, of that city, is engaged in erecting the monument, at the expense of Jay Cooke, who has purchased the island.

—— It is proposed by the Quartermaster-General to establish three national cemeteries in the Department of Georgia, to which will be removed all the bodies of Union soldiers which do not now rest in graveyards or other permanent and decent grounds, viz.: At Atlanta, Andersonville, and either Savannah or Milton. There are supposed to be about 30,000 bodies of Union soldiers in the Department of Georgia.

Foreign.—The "Easter Banquet" at the Mansion House, London, was unusually elegant and animated. The Lord Mayor presided. The Duke of Cambridge represented the Crown and army. Mr. Adams, Minister of the United States, appeared as a most honored guest. The Duke of Cambridge denied that Fenianism had tainted the British army to any great extent.

—— The German question experiences little change. Ministerial notes were freely exchanged between Austria and Prussia, but in the correspondence the future of the Duchies is not mentioned. Austria now appears as the more firm belligerent, insisting that Prussia shall disarm before pacific measures are spoken of. The London *Times* still holds out the idea of a peaceful issue. The Frankfort money market was very much unsettled. The London *Times* endorses President Johnson's veto of the Civil Rights bill. The writer asserts that the negro, just emancipated by war, is entirely unfit to exercise the franchise, which the radicals seek to thrust upon him.

—— A singular incident has just taken place at Neufchatel, in Switzerland. At the death of a merchant in that city, on the credit side of his books the name of "God" was found to be inscribed for a considerable sum. No one knew of such a creditor, and on investigation, evidence was obtained that deceased, who was a man of great piety, had opened an account to the Father of All, and entered to it each year a share of his profits. The clergy have claimed the sum, on the ground that they represent God upon earth, while their demand is opposed by the authorities of the canton. The affair will probably be brought before the tribunals.

—— By the recent statistics of the kingdom of Italy, it has been proved that no less than 534,485 of its inhabitants are artists, of whom 407,722 are men, and 126,763 women. In explanation of this immense number, it must be remembered that all trades people whose occupations tend to the adorning and embellishing of either a house or an individual do not scruple to class their trade with this comprehensive title—thus gilders and jewelers call themselves artists.

—— At Salon, a little town in Provence, France, there is a pneumato-electric organ. The electric fluid has no influence either on the intensity, note or pitch of the sound of the instrument. It only replaces a system of complicated levers by one of insulated wires, instantaneous in their action. The current proceeding from the electric battery is conducted by metallic wires under the keys, by the action of which it is placed in communication with the valves of the organ.

—— On the 16th ult., an abortive attempt was made against the life of the Emperor of Russia. As the Czar was entering his carriage after a promenade in the summer garden, a pistol was fired at him by a stranger, but the shot did not take effect. The intended assassin was immediately arrested and taken before the tribunal of police.

—— The other day a man got entangled in the crinoline of a woman who was walking along Ludgate Hill, London, and was thrown to the ground, and so severely injured that death ensued from effusion of blood on the brain.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

The Chief Magistrate of a great and free nation must ever be an object of especial interest, and the American people cannot become too familiar with the character, the antecedents, and even the personal appearance of the men, whom, from time to time, their suffrages place in the highest position attainable to human ambition.

The public is already familiar with the chief incidents in the life of the present occupant of that exalted post, and they need not now be repeated.

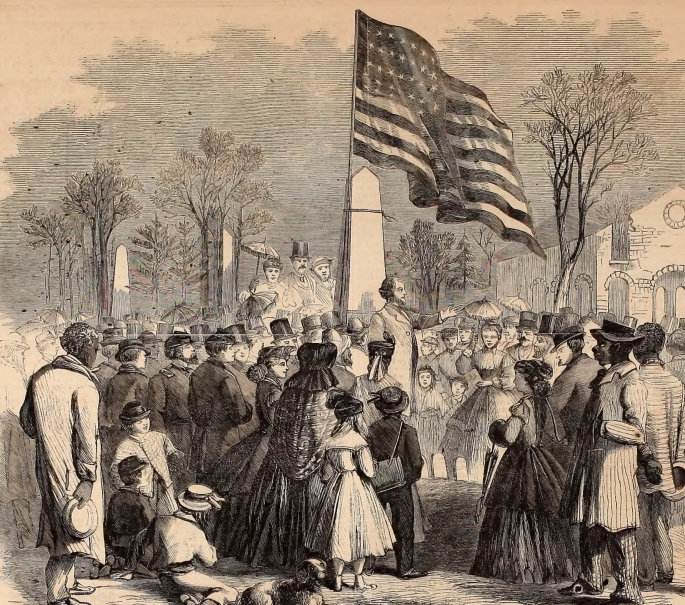
Mr. Johnson is, in the strictest sense of the common, but oft misapplied term, a self-made man. He has grappled with difficulty after difficulty, gaining new strength and courage from each struggle, and, in the spirit of Longfellow's Alpine hero, preparing himself, on the attainment of every fresh foothold, for the duties, the responsibilities, and the rewards before him, until, in spite of obstacles that would appall most men, he has achieved honor and greatness, and the respect of a great nation.

As President, Mr. Johnson's record has been a marked and peculiar one. He began his administration under circumstances especially difficult and embarrassing; questions of the gravest importance, and fraught with issues the wisest men could neither foresee nor control have pressed themselves upon him; but he has constantly been actuated by one motive—obedience to the Constitution; and steadily and sincerely pursued one object—the supremacy and restoration of that Constitution in all parts of our country.

Mr. Johnson was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, December 29, 1808. He removed to Tennessee in 1826, and was soon afterward elected to his first office, as Alderman of the village in which he lived. In 1835 he took his seat in the State Legislature, and served in both its branches. In 1843 he was sent to Congress, where he remained ten years. His next position was that of Governor of Tennessee, which office he held two terms, when he was returned to the United States Senate, where he continued until the outbreak of the rebellion. He was appointed Military Governor of Tennessee in 1864, and elected Vice-President of the United States in the same year. By the death of President Lincoln, Mr. Johnson became his successor, and is now our Chief Magistrate.

The likeness of Mr. Johnson on the first page is an accurate and spirited one, from an excellent photograph recently taken. The artist has succeeded admirably in catching the expression, and making the picture life-like and truthful, one that will bear study and scrutiny, and please more highly as it is more closely examined. These portraits of our prominent public men that we give from time to time, if retained, would form an admirable and valuable portfolio for preservation and reference. In addition to marked intrinsic merit, they possess an importance from this fact, and, as their cost is insignificant, every family should possess a collection that, years hence, will be invaluable.

Among the "Free Exhibitions" of indigenous American Art, the first in rank are those which find a place in the windows of Messrs. Ball & Black, jewelers, corner of Broadway and Prince street. The gems of native painting, few and select, may be seen in their palatial establishment. The latest on exhibition, and which attracts the admiration of thronging thousands, is an original, by one of our most promising artists, Granville Perkins, Esq., "Planting Shad Poles in the Lower Bay." It is a characteristic marine view, worthy of the rising fame of the artist.



DEDICATION OF A MONUMENT TO THE FALLEN HEROES OF THE 14TH NEW HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT VOLUNTEERS, AT WINCHESTER, VA., APRIL 10TH, 1866.—[FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.]

DEDICATION OF A MONUMENT

To the Fallen Heroes of the 14th New Hampshire Regiment.

THE Soldiers' Cemetery at Winchester, Virginia, was the scene of an interesting ceremony on the 10th of April last. This was the erection of a monument to the memory of the New Hampshire soldiers who were killed in the battle of Winchester, in 1864. The occasion called together a large crowd of people, who listened, with earnest attention, to an appropriate oration by Col. L. D. Mason, State Agent of New Hampshire, for the care of her dead, and an eloquent discourse by Rev. W. F. Ward.

The monument is a plain marble shaft, with the following epitaph on its eastern face:

"NEW HAMPSHIRE
Erects this Monument to the Memory of her
BRAVE SONS OF HER 14TH REGIMENT,
Who fell in battle,
SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1864,
Upon this field, and are here buried in one common grave."

Thirty-seven bodies are buried beneath this tombstone, and thirteen more are scattered through the cemetery, making in all 50 souls from this one regiment. The arrangements of this ceremony were superintended by Messrs. Wood & Taylor, embalmers, and were so managed as to render the services especially solemn and impressive.

Thus is our country manifesting a just and deserved respect to the memory of those who have fallen in her defence, and we are glad to record the fact that measures have been taken to preserve from desecration the remains of the multitudes that now lie scattered on many battle-fields, until they can be collected and deposited in honored graves.

GENERAL DON J. G. DE LAS HERAS.

GEN. DON JUAN GREGORIO DE LAS HERAS died in Santiago de Chile on the 6th of February last, at the venerable age of 86 years. With him disappears the last representative of that great generation which revolutionized South America. After Bolivar and San Martin, no soldier did South America owe greater services than to General Las Heras.

In 1817 he saved the united army of Chile and La Plata in the disaster of Cancharayada, and prefaced thus the victory of Maipu, which decided the fate of Spanish America in the Southern Hemisphere, as that of Carabobo, its twin in importance and in glory, decided it in the North.

Gen. Las Heras was Commander-in-Chief of the First Auxiliary Expedition which went to Chile in 1813; was the second of San Martin in the liberating campaign of Peru in 1820. In 1826 he was elected President of Buenos Ayres, his native country, and in 1829, he returned to Chile, his adopted country, to live honorably and quietly, and in complete retirement from political discords.

In this way Gen. Las Heras did not belong exclusively to any Southern Republic, and all claimed him as their own glory. For that reason he united the highest military titles of each one of them. He was Grand Marshal in Peru, Division-General in Chile, Brigadier-General in La Plata.

Gen. Las Heras always be onged to the Liberal party. He lived in the spirit of the age; he understood its infinite progress, and tried to follow it in all its paths. It was a touching sight to see how this old soldier occupied himself with that which was new, impulsive and daring. But one thing he seemed to look upon with indifference—the pomp of his own glory—because he saw in it only the effect of the past, and his ambition was to live for the future.



THE LATE GENERAL DON J. G. DE LAS HERAS, CHILE.

REV. JOSEPH RICE, D.D.,

Rector of St. Stephen's Church, New York.

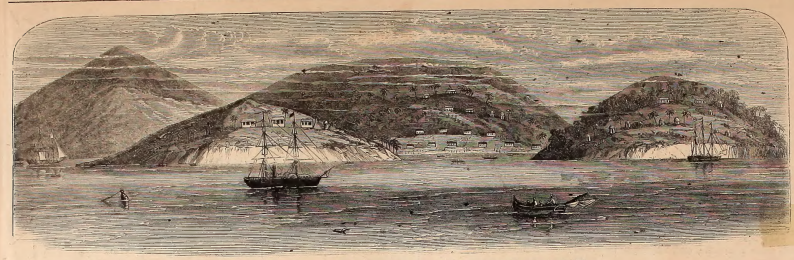
DR. PRICE was born in Boston, and educated at Brown University, Providence, R. I. His degree was from Columbia College, N. Y. He was ordained by Bishop Griswold in 1829. In 1834 he was Assistant to Dr. Hawks, then Rector of St. Thomas's, in this city. He was then Rector of St. Paul's, Albany; and in July, 1837, accepted a unanimous invitation to St. Stephen's, where he is now. His reputation, both as a reader and preacher, has been of the highest character. Till within a few years the church was crowded, but removals from the neighborhood, and the increasing difficulty of the railroad travel, have compelled the vestry to sell the property, and locate up town. Dr. Price has reluctantly consented to the removal, and his former parishioners are prepared to rally around him as in days of yore. Dr. Price is on the shady side of 50, but yet asks no relief from any amount of duty. His elocution is the result of long and close study, but yet has the art to conceal art. He was pronounced by an English traveler the best reader of the church service on either side of the Atlantic, and his preaching powers are hardly inferior. He is very averse to all publicity, and has labored as hard to avoid honors as most men do to obtain them. He has, however, had some forced upon him, by his zealous friends.

He is among the few men who can fearlessly assert his opinions, and yet so charitably, kindly, and with such philosophic coolness, as to give no offense. He has now been Rector nearly one-half of the whole term of the existence of the church. He often unites parties in marriage whom he baptized in their infancy. He has a reasonable prospect of what he has richly earned, a tranquil and honored old age.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.

ONE after another the old church buildings, which have for decades of years past been landmarks in our city, and around which cluster memories and associations of the most sacred and interesting character, are giving way to the demands of our commercial civilization. The New Yorker of to-day who reflects at all on the matters connected with his religious nature, can experience no feeling other than of sorrow when he witnesses the old church—in which he was baptized, where he learned the first truths of Christian doctrine, where he stood before the altar and vowed to "love, cherish, and protect" the then blushing maidens of his affections, now the long-time partner of his joys and sorrows—passing away forever, in order that its site may be devoted to trade and traffic. Where once stood the grand old church, whose history is fairly interwoven with his own, men now ply their business-tact and drive hard bargains one with another.

The vestry of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, on the corner of Broome and Christie streets, are about to dis



THE PORT OF BONAVENTURA, AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER DAGUA, NEW GRENADA.—SEE PAGE 135.

pose of that edifice, and build in a more aristocratic quarter of the city, a structure that shall be more in keeping with the financial status of the present congregation. This church, which is shown in the illustration,



REV. JOSEPH H. PRICE, RECTOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.

was built and opened for divine service in 1805. Since that period it has undergone many changes and improvements; till now, for a church of its class (for it is unpretending) it is considered quite beautiful.

Among the first worshipers at St. Stephen's, as appears by the family vaults now connected with the church, were many whose names in their day and generation were prominent in both political and social circles, and whose children are now among our most respected citizens. The ministers who have occupied the rectorship of this church are Rev. Mr. Stroebeck, Rev. Dr. Moore, afterward Bishop of Virginia; Rev. Dr. Feltis, Rev. Dr. Anthon, Rev. Dr. Hawks, Rev. Wm. Jackson, and the present incumbent, Rev. Dr. Price.

There is something solemn in the reflection that these old time-honored memorials of past men and past days are going from our vision and our remembrance; but the demands of business are inexorable, while the gradual advance of our population toward the upper portions of the city renders the removal of the churches both expedient and inevitable.

THE MANUFACTURE OF EYES.—A French paper gives some curious details of the manufacture of false eyes in Paris. The average sale per week of eyes intended for the human head amounts to 400. One of the leading "oculariste" receives one to a magnificent saloon, resplendent with gilding and mirrors. His servant has but one eye, and if you want to see the effect of one of the eyes, he wrings the bell and fixes the eye in the wretched servant's head, so that you may judge of the effect it will produce in your own or that of your friend. He charges 40f. to 50f. per eye. For the poor there are second-hand visual organs, which have been worn for a year by some eyeless duke or baron, and exchanged for a new one after 12 months' service. These are then sold to the poorer classes at reduced prices, or sent off to America, India, or the Sandwich Islands, where the colored races are not fastidious as regards the match. One of the Emperor Soloogne's generals heard of these artificial eyes, and wrote in Paris to order one. The oculariste, fluttering himself that a successful one would secure for him one of the Haytien crosses, devoted his utmost intelligence to the production of a *chef d'œuvre*. Six months elapsed; a small box reached him from Hayti. Across glittered in his imagination, when, lo! to his horror, within the folds of the cotton, lay his original eye, accompanied by the following note: "Sir, the eye you forwarded to me is of a tint that resembles the Spanish flag, and I am too patriotic to wear any but the color of my country." The oculariste proceeded at once to the Admiralty, there ascertained the color of the Haytien flag, and then manufactured a scarlet and green eye, which he forwarded by the earliest opportunity.



ST. STEPHEN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CORNER OF CHRISTIE AND BROOME STREETS, NEW YORK.



THE PORT OF TUMACO, NEW GRANADA.—SEE PAGE 135.

THE COUNTRY PARSON'S WIFE.

Who a Parson's wife would be?
From such a fate deliver me;
Careworn, haggard, faded and lean,
Such a poor forlorn woman never was seen!
Poor Parson's wife. Heigho!

She always comes out in the self same gown,
Dust-every youngster knows in the town,
With an old black bonnet she has worn for years,
And a faded old shawl, 'mid mirth or 'mid tears,
Poor Parson's wife. Heigho!

At story society, prayer-meeting, fair,
She is always expected to be the first there—
If some of her children are ailing in bed,
If husband has a sad, aching head—
Poor Parson's wife. Heigho!

Her husband is always sickly and lean,
Choked up in white necktie, spotless and clean,
And all the old maids pity him for her sake,
And think what a good Parson's wife they would make,
Poor Parson's wife. Heigho!

There's always some "brother," with buggy and horse,
There's always some caller, when baby's quite cross—
Some gossiping dames, come in to drink tea,
And peep round the house, "so shiftless," dear me!
Poor Parson's wife. Heigho!

She must know all the scandal, yet silently hear,
She must know all reproofs, nor murmur nor fear
But One whom she serves, at the last shall reward,
And welcome her into the joy of the Lord,
Glad Parson's wife, we know!

The Spectre of Cliffe;

OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER IV.—HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"HAS Cyril's death made you so very sad, Ralph, that not even I can comfort you?" said Mrs. Clifford of her husband, as he sat in a small chamber communicating with his dressing-room, and in which he was accustomed to transact his business affairs. He smiled, not sadly, but gratefully, lovingly, in her false face, yet gravely shook his head.

"You always comfort me, dear one. If I were dejected on my own account only, you would soon cheer me. But it is not so, Grace, although many would be sad who knew their doom had been spoken, who felt as I feel"—he laid his hand upon his heart—"that I have had my warning, and must soon go; yet I do not repine for that matter."

"I will not combat your opinion, love," answered she, "fallacious and ill-grounded though I believe it to be: with me, whatever you think is sacred."

"Sweet Grace, how I love you!" returned the old man. It is only for your sake that I regret to go. I have reigned here my allotted time; you gladly would I leave all to my successor, heaven knows, if I might only think he would hold it. Poor Grace, poor Ilse!"

Ralph Clifford bent his head and hid his face. His wife's sun still encircled his neck; her voice was low and soft, and seemed to tremble with love and pity; but her eyes looked down upon him with contemptuous scorn.

"And what is to prevent Rupert from holding his own, husband? Nothing, save a dark legend of your house—a morbid fantasy of your own—a——"

"Did you never read my uncle Roderick's will, Grace?" interrupted Ralph.

"His *will*?" cried Mrs. Clifford, involuntarily withdrawing her caressing hand. "I never even heard that he had made a will. I did not know that he could have made a will. Is not the land entailed? Father to son, uncle to nephew; has it not ever been so with your ancient race?"

"It has ever been so," returned her husband, gloomily. "Father to son, but never to son's son, since Cyril's time."

"Ay, ay," exclaimed Mrs. Clifford, impatiently; but masking her apprehensions with great effort, she added, in a soothing tone: "Let us not talk of that, Ralph; let us not think of it, if possible." Then, with affected carelessness, she added: "Do wonder dusty parchment at your elbow and said will?"

She reached her hand toward it, but he was beforehand with her, and gently, but firmly, he retained his hold upon it. "Nay, do not open it, Grace, for mere curiosity's sake."

"If he could but have seen her face in its rapacious earnestness—the intense longing of her greedy eyes; if he could but have known what a cost her to restrain the nervous twitching of those taper fingers, he could scarcely have talked of Curiosity!—his Cupidity aghast with Fear.

"I will tell you all that Roderick would have me tell, wife, if he were alive. I hide nothing from you—nothing."

"Nothing, Ralph," returned she, tenderly, her mind straining after the precious parchment like a greyhound in the leash. "If I thought you kept a secret from me, it would kill me."

"Would it so, dear one? Then, since I would have you live, you shall hear my uncle Roderick's will. He herein leaves Cliffe to Arthur his son, and to Cyril after him, for thirty years, and then——"

"But he could not leave it, Ralph. How mean you, then, he left it?"

"He thought he could. He was mad—the second son, and yet mad; think of that, Grace! No lawyer has ever seen this writing; it would count as nothing in his eyes; he would smile at the dead Clifford's ravings, and I do not choose that any man should do that. For thirty years he willed Cliffe to my father and my brother, after which he shall return—so it was—and resume his own again. I have seen his coffin in the chapel vault closed on a mighty pile—like enough dust, and the key is buried with him, that he may arise and let himself out when the time comes. The thirty years will very soon be ended."

"I trust Ralph, that you do not believe——"

"Your son, Grace, your husband, my husband, quietly; "I keep my own wits still, although they are sorely tried. I almost wish it was not so, and that I could deem that Roderick might come to life again. It is worse to think that ice was mad, having no right to be so; and rather than seem wrong—for this one will, I would lose many a fair acre of those which it so strangely devises. It was the mere reading of it which set me scorning. How goes it with you, Ralph, think you, Grace?"

He looks bravely, husband. He will fitly wear your honors after you, though not, I trust, for long, long years to come."

"He has heard the news, I suppose?"

"I told him myself, Ralph, lest some vulgar tongue should wound him with the rough delivery of it; and I charged the household not to speak of it within his hearing."

"You should have charged them not to speak at all," returned her husband, coldly. "Cruel heaven, are the misfortunes of our house to be the talk of grooms?"

"We cannot shun the tongue, Ralph; and since the law forbids to cut it out, as your high-handed race were wont to do when a menial's speech displeased them, the next best way is to direct its course."

"As wise as Ilse!" repeated Ralph, in a low tone. "You have done right, Grace, as you always do."

"Nay, husband, I have only done my best. Little, indeed, is the best I can do, in return for what I have received at your hands. I was low, and you lifted me up; I was lost, and you set me in honor." A shadow flitted over her husband's brow. "Not," she continued, "that I ever think of these things save when I am alone with you, as now. I have left the past behind me altogether. Connected with your race, although by marriage only, I feel that I am one of them."

"That is rightly said, Grace. The Cliffords, like the king, confer nobility itself. Never speak, then, of what was your father's lot, even to me. You are mistress of Cliffe; you will be so after I am gone—that is, until—" Ralph Clifford paused and the frown of thought overtaken by another ere it could break in speech. "And what did Rupert say when you told him of your cyril?"

"He said he was grieved to hear it, but scarcely surprised. He hoped Uncle Cyril would be buried at the Hall, and not in the family vault, which stood there. Then he seemed lost in thought, and answered me at random; but presently, during some trifling interruption—it was the organ in the gallery, played by Mildred Leigh, I think—he brightened up at once. Mildred is a favorite of his, and the companionship of the young. It is but a dull life he leads here, and fit to make a young man sad."

"Raymond is not sad," returned her husband, like one who, to gain time, urges something which he knows but little heed to hear.

"That is true," answered Mrs. Clifford, coldly. "To chase the stag, the fox, the otter, is happiness enough for him. Mildred Leigh is indeed a huntsman born, for any instinct of gentle birth that he possesses. Nay, even a huntsman would have some reverence for the race which he served, whereas Raymond—"

"Well, wife, what of Raymond?"

"Nothing, Ralph—nothing. You are grave enough already, without my saddening you further. And, after all, Raymond is not akin to me. Does he grudge an old man that which renders the last few years of his life less lonely, less drear? Even had we children, I trust that I am a mother in portion; they would not rob him of a silver-piece. Nay, I have left him thrice as much besides. Unnatural, unkindly, indeed, were he!"

"Hush, Ralph—hush. Be calm. Do nothing in anger. Let poor me, at least, be not the means of sowing dissension between father and son; for he is your son, you know, after all. What I was about to say was only this: that knowing how dear to me is the honor of your house, and with what worship I look upon the Cliffords, alien though I be, he scoffs and sneers at what should be held most reverend, at least, by one of their own blood; nay, he says 'blood' is nothing. Why Bone—a dog—is better! He did Blood is so precious, why, then, are old Bones so cheap? But I fear I vex you, husband."

Ralph Clifford's eyes were flashing fire. One hand clung to the table, grasping it like a vice; the other pressed against his heart. His white lips moved as with a spasm twice and thrice before they could shape "Go on."

"There is little more to say, Ralph; I have said already more than I intended. You must please hold this a secret; you must understand it is to me alone he thus speaks out. He flings his gifts about to all, 'tis true, making a mock of necessity; but he keeps his worst for me, because, as I have said, he knows the barb goes home. His aim at me is surest when he strikes through you and yours. For instance—"

"Ay, for instance," gasped Ralph Clifford; "give me that."

"He says 'the Fair Woman,' for whose sake Bertram killed his brother, and whom you yourself——"

Ralph uttered a cry of horror.

"I see her now!" cried he. "Some death is coming, and the Curse is falling! Look—look! *There—there!*"

"Dear husband, you are pointing to the mirror; you behold only the reflection of myself." She spoke as lightly as she could, but her voice trembled with genuine terror. "Dear Ralph, 'tis I. Do you not know your Grace?"

He shrank from her caress with almost loathing.

"Touch me not!" cried he, repelling her with one hand, while he shaded his eyes with the other. "I cannot bear it; so like—so like! Was it indeed the mirror?"

"Look for yourself," said she, 'and at the original."

She smiled her sunniest smile, and, with her head aslant, shook her fair locks about her in a shower of gold. A doubt underlaid that from that rigid form which, with menacing finger, had just glassed itself before Ralph Clifford's gaze, as Rebe from Mirzpah.

"Fair Grace!" cried he, enraptured, "how beautiful you are; it makes me young to look at you. How could I ever have come you for another, far less for that dread spectre—harbinger of ill! Thrice have I seen it. Was it not thrice, Grace? I can think of nothing but of thee."

"You told me thrice, Ralph, and that it boded death, or worse, to see the fifth day those messengers arrive, telling of Cyril's end. This must be more than chance."

"Ay, more than chance, indeed."

"Yet Raymond says there is no 'Fair Woman' at Cliffe save me—a cruel saying, when we think of what she was."

"Does he dare say that much?" exclaimed Ralph fiercely. "Does he think I am befooled, then?"

"Nay, he knows nothing of what you have seen. How should he, husband, save through me alone?"

"True—true; but he makes light of the legends of our house."

"Makes more than light, sir—makes merry with them, as with a churchyard tale told by a sexton to keep boys from leap-frog on the tombs. I am no more afraid of her by day of them than 'hobgoblin,' 'bogie,' and no more courteous term than 'dope' and 'fool' for those who have cause to know better."

She waited, looking for a storm of wrath, but this time it did not come. Ralph's mind had been working in a direction far away with all her skill, she could not follow. Like some out-mourned grief, which, suddenly finds its long-buried fe ast large, having emerged behind him, underground, by sap, so she stared, foiled, in her husband's quiet face, and listened to his measured tones.

"This may be, as you say, Grace; nay, if you say so, it must be so; but it must be hasty. He was my late wife's favorite son."

"Parents should have no favorites, Ralph. It is expected that is no reason why you should complete his ruin."

"You say well, Grace—parents should have no favorites. Cyril was the one whom work and such ill as undue partiality in father or mother toward any of their offspring."

"Where is the blame in the woman.

"And if, in spite of duty, such a feeling creeps into a father's heart, not only should he not express it, but every effort in his means to make up to the less beloved child for the injury he has involuntarily done him. At times, I fear, upon the contrary, I have been harsh to Raymond, vexed with him, because I am vexed with my own heart on his account. But he is so different from me—from that of all our race."

"Ay, it is indeed."

"And he will be a rough in manner, he has a feeling heart."

"He went a fishing this morning, though his uncle Cyril lay but two days cold," remarked Mrs. Clifford. "I saw him by the Beck's side myself. A feeling heart, forsooth! Nay, even if he has, what matter? Why should that poor excuse be taken for grave derelict of duty, for vice, for disrespect?"

"What would you have me do with Raymond, Grace?" asked her husband, thoughtfully.

"*I*, Ralph? Nay, it is no concern of mine. It is your great pleasure to pass over faults that are patent to the world, by all means do so; but seeing your solicitude upon poor Rupert's account——"

"Well, Grace?"

"I wonder at your blindness—that is all. Seeing aside the ill effect that Raymond's example might have upon his brother—for he has the strongest will, although he is the younger—it is strange to me you do not mark his assumption, his arrogance. Not only does he show respect for none, but lords it as though he knew he were the heir of all."

"Ah, does he so?" cried Ralph.

"He does not know his brother were already doomed. This very morning, in the library, he dared to twit him with his morbid feelings, his faithful dog, and angered him with hints at what might happen."

"Are you sure, wife?" inquired Ralph Clifford, greatly moved. "How know you this? Beware how you advance this thing, if you have no certain knowledge."

"I am no tale-bearer," returned Mrs. Clifford, haughtily. "I know it myself that so it was. Believe me, it is best that these boys were apart."

"But Rupert would be more dull than ever, Grace."

"Then give him meet and gay companions; set the old hall doors wide, and bid your neighbors come to friends with the heir of Cliffe."

"I cannot do it, Grace—you know I cannot do it; and if I could, there is no neighbor's son that is his equal. They would be flatterers all."

"Then listen, Ralph—I speak this, once for all—the curse will fall, and it is you who will have called it down. Some companionship Rue must have, or he will mope—some one that will cheer him and will sympathize with him—some one with the same tastes, but with a healthier spirit—one he can love, and who will return his love—and, above all, one who will render Cliffe, which is now hateful to him, familiar and beloved, as you have made its frowning walls to me, Ralph, and all beneath the eye of you, his father, who thus need never lose sight of your beloved son, but will be gladdened day by day to see this blessing work."

"And in whom is such a paragon—such a flower of friendship to be found?" asked Ralph Clifford, gloomily.

"Where you have found some comfort, or have told me to, dear husband—in Ilse."

Ralph stared in silence, then—she silent, too—observed:

"But Rue is a mere boy—a child."

"Then let him wait—if you think there is no danger in his waiting. In the meantime, let him engage himself, let the girl reside here—here with me—and her good influence begin at once."

"But her mother, this lone Grace? Who would consent to do it? Would it not arouse suspicion, too—the misfortune of our house being known at all—of the very last one dear? What girl of fitting birth and station would thus be wooed, or rather, would thus woo? You would not have her for a month or so——"

Ralph stopped and stammered.

"You are thinking of *me*, husband. I am not thinking of myself, but of you and yours. I answer what you are going to say with your own words: 'The Cliffords, like the king, confer nobility itself.' However, it is to me no more of this at present: only think upon it; there may be no occasion for the remedies you seem to think so desperate. There is no hurry for a month or so——"

"A *month*!" cried Ralph, with agitation.

"Well, a week, then, for two months. But, remember this: once let the mischief go too far, and although your race were twice as ancient as it is, and your revolt-ful ties times as long—an acorn, gentle or simple, pure or frail, would consent to link her fate with that of Rupert Clifford."

He will listen, if, I," groaned the master of Cliffe. "Leave me now, Grace; I cannot bear even your sweet company."

She stooped, meeting with her lips his stern, unconscious brow, and left the chamber without a word; but on the other side of the closed door she paused, and, with upraised to her forehead face, reflected in the dark and polished oak: "The doting fool is mine; I have thus sown the seed of much, and it will grow!"

CHAPTER V.—MR. CLEMENT CARR DINES WITH THE RAMBLE.

It has been well said with respect to early rising, that the morning song and the evening song of most human creatures are very different; persons of being up with the lark, of seeing the sun rise, of having a bathe in the river before breakfast, being often in a state overcharged with an enthusiasm in strange contrast with the loathing with which they are fulfilled. We draw the bill with the utmost readiness even in the hour of the morning so far away; but in the dark dawn of acceptance and liquidation, how we curse our former facility for autograph-writing! Similar, although in inverse proportion, are the alternations of the human mind before and after food. No man, save a fire-eater, can fight well fasting; and even on a plentiful repast, if a man is afraid of anything, it is the cook's flattery to call him courage.

Thus, Mr. Clement Carr, whose conduct on his arrival at Cliffe Hall before breakfast we have seen to have been somewhat pusillanimous, on breakfast, in a condition to bid defiance to the powers of at least the supernatural. He had consented to have been left to himself in the morning, kickshaws as trout and marmalade; while in place of tea, he had imbibed the whole of a flagon of old ale, as well as a large glass of brandy "to top up with," which is termed by would-be dyspeptic persons "a constable:" and he wanted to know about the ghost. He was now putting that in the housekeeper's room, and why the devil he had not been asked to breakfast with the family, and how the devil it is that he is to train dirt Mr. William Carter endeavor to persuade him that no personal slight had been intentionally put upon him; that it was not the conduct of the host, nor, at all events, of Cliffe, for the gentlefolk to take their morning meal together, and that the master of the house had broke his fast some hours, and even dined alone.

"I shall dine in his dining-room, however," he concluded Mr. Clement, with resolution. "I am not going to be fobbed off with accommodation of this sort *twice*; not going to be sat down at the same table again with a scarecrow like you. Fire and furies! am I not own brother to the mistress of the house, and uncle to wash-her-name, the other young woman? *O cob*, I dine with the family!"

When Mr. Gideon is here, he does not do so," suggested Clarke.

"Well, and what then? Hoosh Gideon? I suppose I can do as I think proper? Ain't I a—" Here Mr. Clement Carr had to contend with these sworn foes of all eloquence, and especially of the eloquence of indignation, called hiccups. "Ain't I a—Trout and marmalade always give them me; it's most astronery; nothing but brandy stops them. Wash was I going to say? Ain't I a gentleman bred? Wash the dush do you mean by my sleeping at the village inn? Don't interrupt, sir. *O cob*, there's no village inn. I shall sheep in the lesh room in this houssh."

"That's the Blue Room, where the ghost is, Mr. Clement."

"Who kairsh for the ghost? I shall shleep in the besh room, whether it's blue, or green, or yellow, or whatever colorish it is."

"Well, I dare say Miss Grace herself, as was, will be here presently," observed Mr. William Cator; "you had better tackle *her* about it; it's no use bragging to me."

Accordingly, when the mistress of Cliffe did pay the housekeeper's room a visit, not, however, until the morning had so far advanced that Mr. Clement Carr had seen fit to refresh himself with a second meal, and had thereby kept up his courage, he at once "tackled" that lady upon the lack of personal respect that had been paid to him, Clement Carr, Esquire."

"I am sure I am very sorry, brother," returned she, gravely; "you have had enough, however, I trust, to eat. I need not ask as to your drinking."

"What can one do *but* drinkish?" inquired her relative, in a tone half apologetic, half defiant, "shut up with a serving-man without any conversationish?"

"What does he want, Cator?" inquired Mrs. Clifford, contemptuously.

"He wants to dine in the dining-room, and sleep in the Blue Chamber, ma'am."

"Besh room in the housh," muttered Mr. Clement.

"You are very easily satisfied, brother; and so it shall be; only, before you dine, you must get sober. The young gentlemen of this family do not drink to excess, and what is more, there will be a young lady at table."

"Only Mildred Leigh, I supposh."

"*Only* Mildred Leigh, sir! May I ask by what right you take upon yourself to speak in that manner of a gentlewoman whom you have never even seen? If this is a specimen of your best manners, you are not fit for the dining-room of Cliffe Hall."

"But is she not my own neesh, Grace?"

"A misfortune of birth, sir, should not expose any person to rudeness. If you are determined to play the gentleman to-day, see you do not forget your part. Dine with us, sir, and welcome; but keep you away in the meantime from the ale-flagon and the brandy-flask, for—mark me—it would be better for you to drown yourself this day in yonder moat, than to disgrace me and mine at the table of the Cliffords!"

With this unceremonious and conditional invitation to dinner, Mr. Clement Carr was fain to put up, although, when he had obtained it, he did not feel by any means comfortable. The social distinctions after which we strain and strive, with a devotion that would win us heaven, if an attempt were directed to that end, are often very disappointing: placed among the gold fish in a sphere far removed from our own, we do not feel at ease; they are only common carp like ourselves, it is true, but we are conscious of the absence of the auriferous scales from our own backs. They are not lively fish, these gold ones, but their dull, steady stare is extremely disconcerting; and if it were not for the after-pleasures of boasting of our experiences in the crystal bowl, we should generally wish ourselves back in our native pond. The fox who observed that the grapes that hung out of the reach of his moderate exertions were sour, made a very just remark, and one which, in my opinion, by no means deserves the ridicule it has universally met with.

Mr. Clement Carr made every attempt of which he was capable to persuade the dinner-party at Cliffe that he was born with the auriferous scales, but therein signally failed, for he had not a characteristic in common with gold-fish, except their stupidity. He had determined to establish his character as one of the family by kissing his niece, upon his introduction to Miss Mildred Leigh in the drawing-room; but that young lady met him with so dignified and elaborate a courtesy, that he dared not venture upon such an act of violence. Mr. Rupert Clifford gave him his hand, and uttered a few words of polite welcome in his character of host; but Mr. Raymond drew himself up, and bowed, with no more evidence in that cold and stately curve of a desire to shake hands than is exhibited by the crescent moon. Dinner *à la Russe* was at that time unknown, but for frigidity and silence the meal might have been served upon a steppe of Tartary.

At first, Mr. Clement racked his brains for a topic of conversation, but finding nothing but a dissertation upon the treatment of the insane, which it fortunately struck him would be inopportune, he confined himself to asking everybody, one after another, to take wine; a ceremony which in each case froze him to the marrow. From a scarcity of cutlery, or some other sufficient cause, it was the custom at the Dene to retain one's knife and fork throughout the repast, and Clement stuck to his upon the present occasion, notwithstanding the reiterated efforts of the servants to remove them, with the tenacity of an ensign defending his colors. Upon the other hand, being unaccustomed to a napkin, and imagining it to be the property of the attendant, he pressed it upon his acceptance whenever he came near him; finally, on becoming conscious of both errors, he essayed the first few notes of a whistle, which elsewhere had often stood him in good stead in moments of embarrassment, but catching his sister's basilisk glance fixed sternly upon him, the tune quavered into silence, and he broke out into a profuse perspiration.

With much greater equanimity, as she had already hinted, could Mrs. Clifford have borne to see her brother taken out dead and dripping by the heels from the castle-moat, than thus misbehave himself. She dreaded to leave him alone with those young gentlemen (one of them, too, her sworn foe) when his tongue should be loosened by wine; and yet she could scarcely suffer him to leave with the ladies, as though he were a little boy. Nor, indeed, would he have obeyed her. He looked for the departure of the hostess and her niece as the period when he should begin to recompense himself for past restraint, as a gentleman attached to strong liquors, who has taken the temperance pledge for a limited time, regards the date of his enfranchisement. Nor, when the opportunity arrived, did Mr. Clement Carr throw away his chance. Bumper after bumper, bottle after bottle did he drink, and still did his youthful host and Mr. Raymond keep him company, as in duty bound. He had now not the slightest difficulty in selecting a topic of conversation, nor in illustrating the same when found, with much inappropriate grimace and gesticulation. He had really some talent for imitating the lower animals, and by the exercise of this accomplishment, he transformed the stately dining-chamber of Cliffe Hall into a dog-kennel, a nursery for kittens, and a sty tenanted by a sow with a young family. Later in the evening he arose and caught an imaginary bumble-bee in the red damask curtains, and pursued a fictitious mouse upon all-fours, till it found shelter under the sideboard. Never did performer, bent upon making himself agreeable, exhibit before so undemonstrative an audience. Mr. Rupert smiled, but it was with polite amazement. Mr. Raymond smiled, but it was with something like gratified revenge. Yet there was a reason common to both, though unconfessed by either, which made them regret that their guest's vulgarity was of so very pronounced a type: and it was this same reason which caused the young men to look at one another with their eyebrows raised, when Mr. Clement Carr expressed his opinion (somewhat tardily) that he had had enough of liquor, and that it was time to join the ladies.

"I think it is too late," observed Rupert, quietly, "to rejoin the ladies to-night; indeed, they have probably left the drawing-room."

"Stuff a nonshensh!" returned Mr. Carr; "musht 'av a song. I musht get a song out of Mish Mildred—shmack her shouldersh elsh!"

"What!" exclaimed the brothers, starting up with a single impulse, and regarding their guest with flashing eyes.

"My neesh," exclaimed Mr. Carr, apologetically, "my own neesh, you know. Now which of you young vaga—that is, young gentlemen—are sweet upon her? You, Mr. Rupert, ish it? or ish it you, Mr. Raymond? Ha, ha! I've foundsh you out. Leave me alone for seeing into a——"

"Sir," interrupted Rupert, with dignity, "these remarks are most offensive, and must not be repeated. You are not in a fit state to enter a drawing-room."

"Whash a matter with me?" inquired Mr. Carr, with virtuous warmth.

"You are drunk," observed Raymond, impetuously. "Do not venture to utter that lady's—any lady's name again within my hearing."

"Hoity-toity!" replied the guest; "so it's you who are her sweetheart, is it? Shly dog!"

"What my brother has said," observed Rupert, hastily, "is what I feel myself, and what every *gentleman* must feel." He laid a stress upon the word, such as could not escape the observation even of one less sober than the person he addressed.

"Take you care, Rupert Clifford," answered Clement, stung for the nonce into sober rage. "I have clipped the wings of as fierce bantams as you; you may come some day into my—"

"Your what?" asked a womanish voice, low and clear as the song of a snake-charmer. "What folly is this you talk, Clement? I am afraid you have been setting these young gentlemen but a bad example. How late you sit over your wine. Mildred has retired to her room, and I should have done likewise, had I not been attracted on my way by what sounded almost like a broil."

"There was no broil, madam," observed Raymond, haughtily; "there was only Mr. Clement Carr."

"Whash a matter now?" inquired the latter gentleman, awakened by the mention of his name from a slumber (induced by his sister's harangue) of the probable duration of two seconds, but which had left his mind a blank as to all past transactions. "Whash a matter, Grace?"

"Follow me, sir, and I will show you your room," observed Mrs. Clifford, icily; "it is the Blue Room, is it not?"

"The besh room in the housh," returned Clement, triumphantly, "whatever colorish it is."

She led him up the grand old staircase, ample enough for a hearse-and-four to pass its fellow—along the picture-gallery, silent, but all eyes, and through an echoing passage, where, from out the dim obscure, four footfalls seemed to come forth to meet their own.

"What a long way to come to bed!" observed Clement, greatly sobered by their cold and lonely travel, as well as by certain apprehensions which were gradually making themselves apparent, pushing their heads up like coral-islands above the ocean of wine which he had swallowed. "And whash my room got three doors for?" Mr. Carr was in a condition when objects are apt to multiply themselves to human vision, but he had not seen treble; there really were three doors to his room, although, when he had previously visited it, to make his toilet before dining with the family, he had not observed them. "Whash the baize-door for?"

"To shut out sound," returned the lady of Cliffe, in the same sort of tone that the wolf used when he made the opposite remark to Red Riding-hood—"The better to hear with, my dear. You should not object to that, brother. There are a good many baize-doors at the Dene."

If the object of this observation was to console, it certainly failed in its effect. With terror-stricken visage, Clement watched his sister light the huge wax-candles upon the dressing-table, and likewise those upon the lofty mantel-piece, until, what with that stately lustre and the huge wood-fire upon the hearth, the whole apartment looked designed for some dead Clifford to lie in state in.

"Where do you and your husband sleep, Grace?" inquired he, retaining the cold white hand, which would have bidden him adieu, within his own.

"In the east wing, at the other end of the castle."

"Oh, indeed; and by-the-by, if I should be ill in the night—I don't feel very well now—and should want Cator, where does *he* sleep, Grace?"

"I cannot tell, Clement; but probably over the stable with the grooms. You *would* be lodged in the best bedroom, you know, so you must put up with its little disadvantages. The great folks who have slept here have always had their own attendants about them in the ante-room yonder and in the page's chamber. There is not even a bell except the alarm bell"—she pointed to a massive silken cord hanging through a round hole in the ceiling, close to the bed-head—"which, should you ring, it will arouse half Craven. Yet even that did not save Sir Thomas. He was found lying stark and stiff here, stabbed to the heart, with his hand outstretched in vain for yonder rope, though ten score of men-at-arms would have answered his summons. Good-night, brother!"

She spoke in a harsh and grating voice, but Clement was very loth to lose the sound of it. He accompanied her through the triple door with officious courtesy.

"I suppose I shall be called in time, Grace?"

"Yes, you will be called—soon enough, doubtless. You had better not come with me any further, or you will lose your way back to your chamber."

She waved her hand, and left him with a firm, unfaltering step, which evoked its answering footfall from the other end of the passage—that nearest to the Blue Chamber—as before.

"Good-night!" cried he, his teeth chattering with fear, as he listened with positive anxiety to hear once more her familiar accents.

"Good-night," answered she, sardonically, as she opened the great door which led into the picture-gallery—"Good-night, and pleasant dreams." The quilted door shut behind her with little noise, but her words were repeated by the mocking echoes quite close, as it seemed, to his own ears—"Good-night, and pleasant dreams."

THE BARBACOAS MINES.

EVERY arrival from the Isthmus of Panama brings us further news touching the development of a very remarkable mineral district, which is thought by those familiar with the country to vie in richness with the modern El Dorados of California and Australia. This district lies between the Isthmus of Panama and the Equator, hemmed in on the one side by the mountain range generally known to us as the Andes, and washed on the other by the Pacific Ocean; this region is called by the natives *Choco*, and is as little known to the outside world as the country which Dr. Livingstone and Capt. Speke have recently had so much difficulty in penetrating; but, unlike that country, it is rich in all that tempts human avarice, its vegetable productions being the most valuable known to commerce, while its mineral wealth seems as great, as its placers are vast in extent, and its emeralds and pearls have no peers in the realm of precious stones.

Choco is penetrated by vast and magnificent rivers, capable of bearing large ships on their bosom, and the Atrato and San Juan vie with the Ohio and Mississippi in length and commercial importance, while the Patia, Mira and Telembi, though they have not the length, are equally important for commercial purposes.

These rivers all take their rise in the Antioquian range of mountains, a very lofty and important spur of the Andes, and drain a huge basin of alluvial land between the Antioquian and Coast range. This basin appears to have served as the deposit for the mineral riches swept down by constantly occurring inundations, which transform every mountain gulch into an impetuous torrent, bearing with it tuns of soil and rock which the action of time and the atmosphere had crumbled into dust, and all of which, being seemingly auriferous, have permeated these river banks and bottom lands from their source to their very mouth; indeed, it is almost impossible to select any point and subject a panful of soil to even a superficial analysis, without finding strong traces of gold; and the investigations of the writer of this article led him to believe that there are but few points on the Patia, Mira or Telembi, where gold-washing, systematically carried on by experts, would not prove unprecedentedly rich.

The town of Barbacoa, which has lent a name to these places, is situated in the southern part of Choco, and is the place of deposit for the rich mercantile productions of the district, of which the cities of Pasto and Tuqueres are the chief towns; here all the Peruvian bark, hides, tobacco and rubber are sent for shipment, by canoe, to the coast, and it is also the centre of a very rich mining district, whose inhabitants, principally emancipated negroes, know no other occupation than gold-washing. This gold is found near the surface, and is washed out in the rudest and most primitive way, the use of quicksilver being unknown, or deemed superfluous. The gold is of the finest quality, averaging 23 carats, and is largely mixed with platina, which metal, until a few years ago, was thrown away as dross.

Barbacoas and the gold placers contiguous are approached from the sea by canoes, forced up against the currents of the rivers Patia, Mira and Telembi; and the traveler wastes, by this wretched mode of conveyance, according to the state of the river, from 5 to 10 days, exposed to furious rains and clouds of musquitoes, while from the small place allotted to passengers, he is obliged, almost invariably, to be in a recumbent position. This, however, will be soon remedied by American enterprise, and commodious steamboats will shortly navigate these deep though turbid streams.

This district of country can be approached from Panama by a steamer leaving that point once every month, and touching at the ports of Buenaventura and Tumaco, from either of which points ready access may be gained to the gold placers by bungos, which being chartered there, proceed a few miles up or down the coast, and then strike into one of the many mouths of the afore-named rivers. The town of Buenaventura, of which a sketch accompanies this, is a place of very considerable commercial importance, being the outlet for the productions of all of Northern Choco, and is situated at the mouth of the River Dagua, which, flowing through a break in the Cordillera, is but a succession of frightful rapids; nevertheless, down this miniature Niagara millions of dollars worth of property are yearly carried in canoes, so small that the unfortunate passenger scarcely dares breathe as it shoots past the dangerous falls; but there is *really* little danger, such is the dexterity of the negroes who manage them, the one with nervous arm guiding with his paddle in the stern, while, standing erect in the bow, one foot firmly planted on the gunwale and the other on the thwart, the other, with eye intent, poises his long pole, ready, by dexterous touch, to swerve the frail boat from impending danger. In ascending this stream, the boatmen, wading *waist*, and frequently *neck*-deep, shove their canoes against the raging torrent.

Between Buenaventura and Tumaco, there are two small ports, supported entirely by gold-washing—Iscuande and Guapi—and which afford easy access to the placers; but their entrance is difficult and dangerous, on account of a heavy surf.

Tumaco, on the contrary—a sketch of whose harbor we offer—is always approachable by steamer, and the last starting-point for the mines, and is a lovely spot. It is built on an islet, about a mile around, and embowered in fruit trees, and it is only by seeing here and there a house peeping through the foliage, that one lying in the harbor realizes that a town of 1,500 people lies nestling within a few hundred yards of him.

The trees are all fruit-bearing, and the green and ripe fruit often may be seen side by side with the blossom, while magnificent flowers light up the dense shade like sylvan chandeliers.

Although it rains, as the natives say, 366 days in the year, yet, as the soil is sandy, and covered with a light turf, it is never too moist or muddy.

The houses are built like Indian bungalows, the inhabited part being on the second story, windowless, with no other furniture than hammocks, which answer the purpose of chair and couch.

From Tumaco—there being a large trade with the interior—access may be daily had with the mines; the *conveyance*, a bungo; *time*, from a week to a fortnight, and 20 miles of sea navigation *at that!*

From many explorers and surveys of this district, the writer is confident that even the most *exaggerated accounts* of its mineral wealth are founded *on facts;* but he is in duty bound to say that the climate is *execrable*, and where great care is not taken, it is apt to be *deadly;* and he would earnestly recommend any emigrant whose attention may be directed to this article before going, to provide himself with flannels to be worn next to the person, and never taken off, and with *white* India-rubber coat and blanket, and above all, to abstain as much as possible from water unmixed with spirit, and to keep both head and feet *dry and warm.*

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE Universal Exposition Building in Paris.

THE "Champ de Mars," Paris, upon which the immense palace for the Universal Exhibition of 1867 is being erected, presents, at this moment, an aspect which it is impossible to describe. Without a sketch, one cannot form a precise idea of the works now being erected on this vast plain. From week to week the physiognomy of the building, unique in the annals of architecture, assume such dissimilar effect, that they are rendered completely unrecognizable.

We will not allude to the appearance of the palace of the Exhibition when completed. The ground upon which the army of Paris has frequently stood on parade, and displayed its columns of 50,000 to 60,000 men, is now furrowed with deep ditches and trenches, which remind one of a stronghold in time of war. The puffing of the steam-engines, the loud grating and gnashing of the stampers, the vehicles crossing in all directions, the calls of the workmen, the heavy sound of the unloading and reloading carts, the trowels of the stone-masons chinking upon the bricks, all this noisy bustle gives an incomparable idea of the power and genius of man.

The foundations of the colossal palace on which upward of 1,500 workmen are engaged, are just now on a level with the surface line, and the labyrinth of vaults and bases of pillars destined to support the building, will extend over 32 acres of ground.

On the 5th of March last, the cubic measurement of stone blocks and concrete used, amounted to about 80,000 cubic feet, and by this time the foundations are doubtless completed.

The vaults of the lower part of the palace are progressing without interruption. The vaults of the great ventilating gallery have already attained a length of 690 feet. As regards the transverse vaults, of 18 feet wide, they are completed upon a length of 330 feet. Among the works already accomplished, should also be mentioned 350 pillars standing erect, 9,900 feet of aqueduct, and 600 feet of gathering sewers.

At the factories appointed to contribute to the erecting of the Palace of Industry, the greatest activity also prevails. Several have anticipated the period of installation, and thousands of tuns of iron are awaiting transportation. The washing of the metallic stock to be used in the building, began on the 15th of April.

ORIGIN OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

COLUMBUS was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself.

Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook.

Cervantes was a common soldier.

Homer was the son of a small farmer.

Moliere was the son of a tapestry maker.

Desmosthenes was the son of a cutler.

Terence was a slave.

Oliver Cromwell was the son of a London brewer.

Franklin was a journeyman printer, and son of a tallow chandler and soap boiler.

Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, was the son of a linen draper.

Daniel Defoe was a hostler, and a son of a butcher.

Whitfield was the son of an innkeeper at Gloucester.

Sir Cloudely Shovel, Rear Admiral of England, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and afterward a cabin boy.

Bishop Pridaux worked in the kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford.

Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a poor butcher.

Ferguson was a shepherd.

Dean Tucker was the son of a small farmer in Cardiganshire, and performed his journey to Oxford on foot.

Edmund Hailey was the son of a soap-boiler at Shoreditch.

Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, was the son of a farmer.

Virgil was the son of a porter.

Horace was the son of a shopkeeper.

Shakspeare was the son of a wool stapler.

Milton was the son of a money scrivener.

Robert Burns was a plowman in Ayrshire.

Confucius was a carpenter.

Mahommed, called the prophet, was a driver of asses.

Mohamet Ali was a barber.

Madam Bernadotte was a washerwoman of Paris.

Napoleon a descendant of an obscure family of Corsica, was Major when he married Josephine, the daughter of a tobacconist Creole of Martinique.

General Escartero was a vestry clerk.

Bolivar was a druggist.

Vasco de Gama was a sailor.

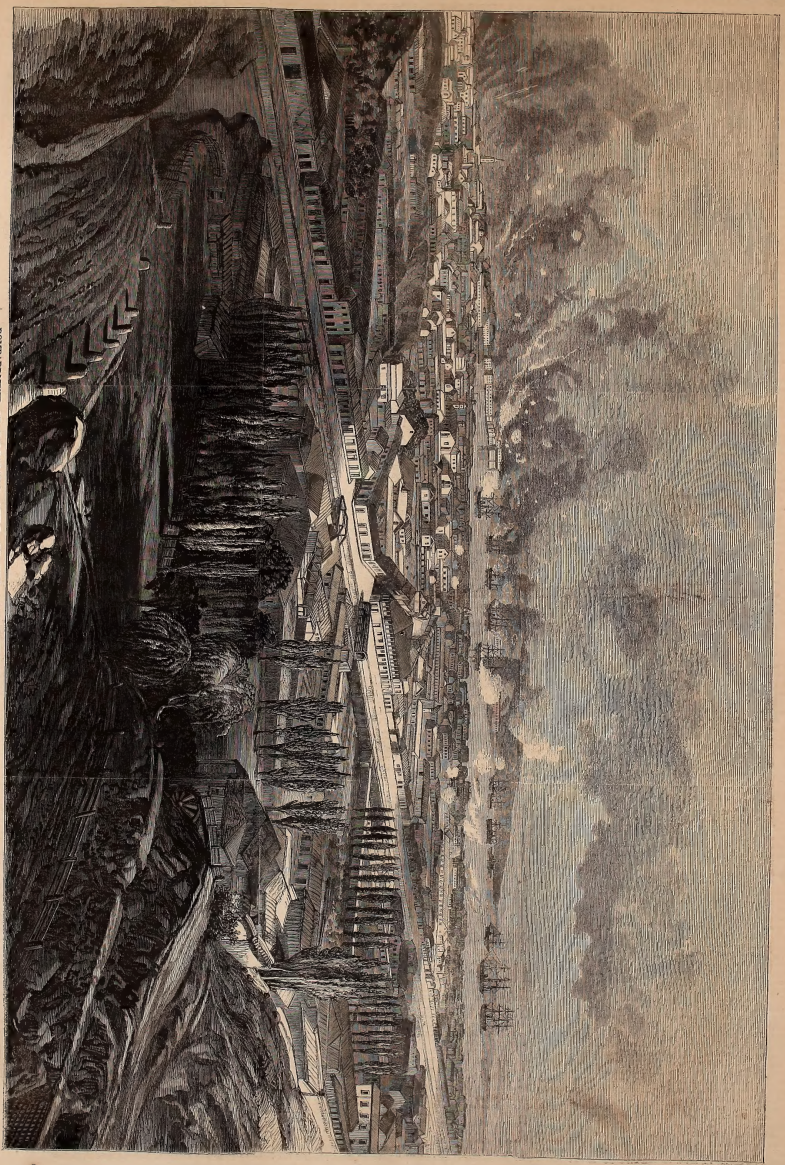
John Jacob Astor once sold apples on the streets of New York.

Catharine, Empress of Russia, was a camp grisette.

Cincinnatus was plowing his vineyard when the Dictatorship of Rome was offered to him.



PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE BUILDING FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION, OR WORLD'S FAIR, TO BE HELD IN PARIS, FRANCE, 1867.—See Page 135.



BOMBARDMENT OF VALPARAISO, CHILE, BY THE SPANISH FLEET, MARCH 31st, 1866.—SEE PAGE 139.

LITTLE HARRY IS DEAD.

BY MISS E. V. ROBERTS.

Just when bird, and bee, and blossom, with innocent joy are rife,
Just when all bright young creatures when anew to life,
Just when the green earth rejoices,
With its thousand gladsome voices,
In wintry death hath fled,
On this sunny April morning—little Harry is dead.

Oh, the strange and mournful silence! Oh, the gloom on our dwelling cast!
Of gleeful play and laughter we have seen and heard the last.
The sunlight never more will beam,
Glinting in merry, joyful prism,
In the golden curls of his head,
Nor the sweet lips offer their innocent kiss—little Harry is dead.

But the heavenly benedictions that with little children dwell,
Are lingering around us still; for a holy, peaceful spell
Is mingled with the bitterness
And the agony of wild distress,
For all our hopes fled—
The fond, fond hopes that centred in little Harry—dead.

"Be meek as the little children," were words from lips divine;
"And ye shall with these simple-hearted ones in my Father's kingdom shine;"
Perhaps we needed in grief to learn
How the holy precept to discern,
And the lowly path to tread,
And our Father sent to teach us our little Harry—dead.

What have we left to comfort us, and tell of our darling gone?
A pictured face and a little grave is left for us alone—
A little grave, in a sunny nook, where there was not one before,
For the daisies and the clover blooms to come slowly creeping o'er—
A little jewel set in a hillock face,
Unchanging and calm in its childish grace,
In the home whence he hath sped,
Is all that is left for our craving hearts of little Harry—dead.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S BEQUEST," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXVI.—BLUID IS BLUID.

It was Sunday morning, and Mrs. Anne Milton sat at one of the bedroom windows at the "Magrel," watching the people going by to church.

Her godly daughter lay on the bed, staring with great, vacant eyes at the quaint little open window, with the pigeons flapping past it, and listening drearily to the bells.

Mrs. Milton had her Bible before her, and now and then read a passage from it aloud. Sometimes she would look up, with both her hands to her head, trying to give all her attention to it, and sometimes would toss up her thin arms, and moan:

"Oh, hush—hush—hush!"

After such a cry, the old lady would gaze out into the street with a stern and terrible look. And, indeed, her charge was growing a very serious and perplexing one. It had come upon her thus:

Phillis, after going through, with a sort of death-in-life apathy, all that Clarissa had demanded of her, had broken down suddenly—fearfully.

In order to go through with what she felt her solemn duty to Clarissa and the man he had so injured, she had bent every thought and every nerve to that end, and now, when it was all over, and she was free to think of herself and her poor, ruined life, her reason had once more nearly deserted her. She could not endure the sight of Clarissa's face or the sound of her voice, for each time she saw the one or heard the other, came the vision of some terrible scene of the last few days, and made her shriek and writhe with agony. She clung to her godmother, whose not unkind tyranny she had been used to as a child. From her she took food, and childings, and scraps of bitter comfort, almost patiently. Bitter comfort indeed! for Anne Milton was a righteous woman, who thought and said hard things of Phillis herself.

Clarissa, Phillis knew, would have been all tenderness, and would have poured him out on her bosom, and soothed her godmother supine to lean the poison out with caustic, and to heal with salt; and the poor girl had a homely, touching faith in the caustic and the salt, and accepted it shuddering but unresisting.

Clarissa had written at Phillis's request, and before the trial, to her father, the Cumberland shepherd, and only yesterday had received an answer dictated by himself and written by the parish schoolmaster—a few stern, respectful words, requesting her, as she called herself a friend of his daughter's, to tell her that she must never cross the threshold of his door again. There came one, also, to Anne—devote the encl osed twenty pounds (his savings of almost as many years) to her use, and tell her his purse, such as it was, should be always open to her—Milton, which she did not hesitate to show to Phillis. It was written by himself, and was harsher and more emphatic than the other, and contained some stinging, bitter words of blame for Anne Milton herself for giving Phillis the opportunities at his house of pursuance of practicing the fine lady, and said he knew now where the money came from, and he hoped they were not ill-gotten gains that had brought.

Phillis bore the blow meekly—indeed, she had all along expected it.

If anything, the letter did her some good. It turned her thoughts homeward, and filled her heart with a healthful and natural grief. All that Sunday morning she lay recalling sweet home pictures, and crying quietly at the thought of her babes-in-arms.

Her godmother was, in truth, almost more unhappy than herself, being utterly at a loss to know in what manner her duty lay with regard to Phillis. But she had a notion it was wicked to think and to plan on a Sunday, and so stuck bravely to her Bible, trusting to find light, sooner or later, in its pages. She relieved herself occasionally by hurling at Phillis any passages of Scripture that had a denunciatory ring in them, and the poor girl would either listen quietly and say as she ceased, "That's right, godmother;" or, she would knock home too nearly, would bury her face in the pillow, or moan out entreatingly, "Oh, hush—hush—hush!"

She lay, with her father's cruel letter on her breast, all church-time; and the summer morning seemed a year. But at noon, when the first noisy hurry of feet was heard on the street-stones again, and the knocking at doors began, and the smell of dinners going home from the bakers' ovens was on the hot air over the stocks and musks at the window.

Their own dinner was sent up, and Phillis cried out, piteously:

"Oh, godmother, I cannot eat!"

But her godmother made her eat a plate of rice, standing over her and feeding her; and she swallowed it somehow, and a tear with every grain.

Then began the long afternoon—with the prospect of lying there watching that stern old face over the Bible, and the light breeze coming in at the fly-darkened blind flapping in heat, and the smell of tobacco from the benches below, and the lazy hum of talking and cooing of pigeons.

"Oh, godmother, I wish I might die—I wish I might die!" she said.

Then her godmother began to scold her, and then to read to her, and with the familiar voice a blessed drowsiness at last stole over her, and she slept.

Anne Milton laid down her glasses, and looked at her as she slept with her hands clasped behind her head, and the tears standing in the folds of her closed eyes; and lifted her sprom to her own eyes as the thought came to her that the poor soul, by the look of her, would never wake for prayer granted.

She leaned back in her chair, and must assuredly have dozed for some minutes herself, and have dreamed of her own home, for when she opened her eyes she could still almost hear and smell the familiar noise and scent mingling with the hum below the window, the cooing of the pigeons, and the cackling of the hens.

She rubbed her eyes, and erected herself, and took a pinch of snuff.

Phillis was in the same voice, she was sure now, speaking on the stairs—a heavy footstep accompanying. Then she put down her snuff-box with a shaking hand, and rose to her feet as the door stood a gray-bearded, wild-eyed, rough-clad man. She gave a cry of joy under her breath, then sank exhausted with sudden alarm, and caught his hands, and said:

"David, David! mind, man, mind, or you'll kill her!"

With tremulous, joyful tugs, pushes, and whispered ejaculations of thankfulness, she dragged him into the room, and shut the door behind him with his grizzled head bent down, so that the sleeper might not see him immediately she woke.

But the sleeper was not lost in him, for the noise had disturbed her, and when Mrs. Milton looked at her, her eyes were open.

"Godmother," she cried.

"Phillis, lass!"

And to him her agitation, she went and sat down at the bedside, and kissed her. The girl seemed surprised and grateful.

"Oh, godmother, I was going to sleep while you were reading, godmother."

"There, tut, tut! never mind," answered Mrs. Milton, yielding stiffly to the embrace of the slim arms.

"I've had such a pleasant bit of sleep," said Phillis, looking round at the room with a sigh; "and I dreamed about home, and that lambing season that was so warm, and turned to frost in a night, and—and—and—I remember!"

"Yes, yes, I remember. Why, how rough you've got your hair; you're not fit to be seen."

"Oh, godmother, I dreamed about the birthday that came then. I was six years old, you know, and you brought the little red shoes, and I wore them. And don't you remember the sheep that let me ride on her back, and how I rode down the hill and through the beck? And how mother was fast, and I made her so fine, with daisy reins? And oft we went; her little lamb, tricked out with daisies, too, skipping at the side of us, and jumping up at us quite jealous o' me. No, don't mind me crying, godmother, dear; it's not wicked sort of crying."

Wicked or not, the sound of it made the grizzled head that listened sink lower and lower, and sway from side to side in the great rough hands.

"And I remember so well, dear godmother, how I broke into the thick of the lambing at the bottom of the field, and father came through the gate, and the schoolmaster pointed to my lamb, and says: 'Is this the pet o' the fold?' and father laid his hand on my head, and says: 'Nay, schoolmaster, this is—this is the poor man's ane ewe lamb.' And—oh! oh!" burst out the sweet voice, jarred with anguish, "to think that now he says, his ewe lamb's away, godmother, to die in strange fields!—to die in strange fields!"

The grizzled head rises and comes to the bedside, the horny hands are on the fair, wasted arms, gripping them tight, and drawing them round the bending neck.

"Ay, lassie, I should has cast you away; but I shall in future, I shall, lassie, bluid is bluid! Come hame! come hame!"

CHAPTER LXXVII.—KITTY'S COMPROMISE.

The grand day on which was to have been celebrated Mr. and Mrs. Sleuth's twentieth wedding anniversary, and which had been made such a day of trouble through Anthony Maude's arrest, was, in the meantime, hurried over, not sacrificed, but only put off to be kept at a happier period. The importance of the promised festivity was increased by several circumstances, which, instead of being celebrated when they came to pass, were, by family consent, carried on to the account of that day.

This gathering-clerk lay heavy on poor Harris's shoulders during the trial, and kept on increasing and still increasing, as, with the failure of Anthony's counsel to get a verdict, or paying it grew less and less; and on the day when the trial ended, and Harris had come home with the awful sentence resounding in his ears, the children, seeing him lay his head down on the table, and push the little majestic bowl of punch to the far end, with real significance, for they felt their debtor was bankrupt, and each tried to swallow his or her share of the beverage before they knew might, touching with sympathizing hands the chair on which he sat, and the table on which he hid his face from them.

But when the news of Sleuth's confession and Anthony's pardon reached them, Harris was beset more than ever with the grand day, and was greatly puzzled as to what to do, for everything he proposed was cried down as being many degrees worse than the proposition before.

At last, however, one morning, when he got up with a headache, through having racked his brains all night, he hit upon a happy plan that, as he had yet proposed, sudden light and relief came in the shape of a letter from Anthony, bidding all the family to dine with him at Kingston.

Not only on the day itself, but on the three days before it, was the dull-looking house at Long Wickham in a state of excitement, deranged, disorderly, happiest, busiest house in all the town. What preparations had to be made. What a frying on and dressing of fowls there was. What a cobbling and fattening of the horse, and tender anxieties as to his probable state of health on the day. What embellishments of the carriage, to the beauties of which they had scarcely done justice by the gaze they had given it on the day. What made-mends for their neglect by spending whole hours in it—to air the cushions, they said—and Harris's coachman, who was proud of his charge, was driven to distraction by the little gray pensioners of the stables.

During those days of bustle, and noise, and irregular meals; of wild, disorderly preparation, and vague, delightful anticipations, Harris and his wife had one resource of comfort, and could shut them steady, and keep them from going wild and running riot with the children. This trouble was Kitty. They could not leave her there, since to be parted from Kitty a night or two before the fire, and both Harris and his wife longed to see him, and speculated on his thinking and remembering about him. They watched Kitty with much curiosity and anxiety, but it was hard to tell what her feelings were respecting him. She cried with pleasure when she heard what he had done for Anthony—but so did they all. Her father and mother, into the bargain, heaped a dozen times a day that they might find him with Anthony, but Kitty never said a word about it.

On the eve of the grand day, as the two lay awake, thinking about them each, Harris said, suddenly, as if the idea just occurred to him:

"I say, Betsy, you must stop that now."

"Stop what?"

"Thinking of anything about Kitty. Mr. Anthony might have took it all very well when he was what he was, but now it's very different; he's got his rights, and he's going to set up to 'em. Now, I dare say it's all our own conceit in the girl made us think what we did. At any rate, it's our deuced luck if it that light under the present circumstances."

The next morning was bright enough to nearly blind the zealous little eyes that opened so early to look at it—cloudless, blue, warm, hazy—in fact, the very perfection of a summer's morning. The ground, young and fresh, pronounced so terribly fresh, it took Mr. Gibson, the foreman, and the blacksmith from over the way to hold him in. He stamped, pawed the ground, and snorted, and stiffened his ears, and seemed mad to see what lay behind the colored mist that hung in the distance across the road, from tree to tree, like triumphal flags, and canopies, and fantastic aerial arches for a royal party to pass under.

"Here's a wedding-day, old girl!" whispered Harris, handing in his wife in her silver-gray satin. "Mind, Betsy, I never saw you look better in my life."

Tom had insisted on driving, and the two boys were to squeeze in beside him. The mason's sons, Dan's two rivals, came to pass the carriage. There was a stool to get for Elizabeth Jane's feet, as she sat between her father and mother on one seat; and there was to be arranged two small children on the other, so as to leave room for Kitty. They had to wait a few minutes for her, and then the carriage began to hum, tackle and cut, like a beehive, as she came down the garden; and indeed, never was there a more charming queen of the merry party than Miss Kitty in her white muslin slip, silk bodice of Pomona green, and hat of satin straw, its bread brim looped up on one side with damask roses.

She smiled at the mason's sons as she gave them her long blue gloves and parasol to hold at the carriage door, but because she felt more pleased with them than usual, but from being so confused by the cries of "Oh, Kitty!" that she could scarcely tell one person from another. Her mother and father, as she sat down, looked at one another with eyes in whose joyful pride was mingled a sort of apologetic expression, as if the two thought of their talk of the night before, and said silently to each other, "Well, we cannot help it, you know."

Tom sprang to his seat. The blacksmith and Gibson pulled the horse's head round to one side, one to another. Harris put out his long face and implored Tom to start carefully; the stout little horse bounded and reared, and then, with a treacherous weight behind him, then darted off as if he had nothing at all. Then came the exclamations and cheering of the boys, and the delight of seeing well-known things it had taken so long to toil past before, fly, as it seemed, to meet them.

But it is impossible for words to express what a journey, what a day it was; how everything was praised—the fields, the breeze, the sun itself—till the mere mention of it in a hushed tone made their own cheeks burn. And then, the reception of the party by Anthony and his friends! How difficult it would be to say which, for any of them to describe! is afterward, and do injustice to everybody's feelings on the occasion! They could tell, of course, the how facile—how Anthony stood outside his door—the door of the house Harris had visited on the day—bareheaded to receive them; how awfully nervous Mrs. Harris got as she thought of little Ellis who had had with him on the subject of Anthony Jane's right to make his designs with greasy mufin and bread-and-butter. How Harris wished, for the moment, he was not such a hypocritical common-looking man as he felt sure he was, and then how he forgot all about it with his hand in Anthony's grasp, and words of congratulation on Anthony's good fortune on his lips. How Clarissa, the lady whom they all knew so well, and honored so much, stooped and kissed the children, one very one, and how she took both their mother's hands, and said something so charming to her about her care of Anthony, and how gratefully she turned and thanked Harris for finding her such a bridesmaid as Kitty. How Anthony introduced them to Dr. Pompess, and how gallantly, overflowing, superabundantly Pompess descending to was.

But still no Esau appeared, and at first Anthony turned off all inquiries concerning him by saying he was in London; and it was not till the feast on the lawn was over and Dr. Pompess had drank everybody's health, how Clarissa's to little Elizabeth Jane's, and Harris had enjoyed a "here we go round the mulberry bush" with his children, that a piece of news came out which made "the grand day" as suddenly gloomy as if some dark cloud had suddenly covered the sun.

Anthony first took them all in-doors, and read them a deed of gift he had had prepared, giving to himself Harris's farm, in trust for Esau, in case they were now in, and the surrounding land, and also Anthony's share in the business of John Harris & Co., on condition he had back the name and arms of Maude with as little delay as possible.

That his partner would do this had been poor Harris's hope for some days past, and when Anthony told him that the lad had flatly refused to accept the deed, and had declared his intention of going abroad for a long, long time, Harris's anger, and the pale eye gave one look of the greatest reproach and grief at a certain little fair, drooping head in a state of distress, and then it was swept his partner and the lad he had begun to look upon as one of his own sons, was a blow that struck him to the heart. But he nobly stifled every thing he was concerned in. He stood looking down on the floor for some time after Anthony had ceased speaking, twirling his two thumbs round and round one another, and it was not until the doctor gave one of his impressive coughs that he was roused to recollect himself, and reddened up at the thought of his having so far forgot his manners as to have thinked of his own private feelings than the good company in whose presence he was. He, therefore, rallied as much as he could, and remarked to Anthony that Mrs. Harris, who was blubbering in her handkerchief, and crying out emphatically against the poor lad's being sent to foreign parts to be skinned alive and "tommy-hooked."

In spite of Harris's spasmodic efforts to restore cheerfulness to the party, his wife's low spirits were rapidly becoming contagious, when the door was thrown open, and who should stand before him but the object of their grief.

He stood with the door in his hand, looking at them first with amazement, then gloomy annoyance.

"Esau, let me explain," said Anthony, going toward him.

Esau looked at him like a young savage.

"Upon my word, Tony, this is kind. I thank you for this." And he looked as if he should like to fly at him. "I arrange a meeting with you alone, to say good-by to you, and this is how you do it. I thank you."

He was for dashing out again; but Clarissa went and took hold of his hand, and said:

"Esau, you'll never grieve them so deeply as not to speak to them?"

And feeling very ridiculous in his passion, with a moaning woman on each side of him—for Mrs. Harris had taken his other hand—and perhaps seeing, with half an eye, that a certain little girlish face had, since his entrance, vanished from the room, he allowed himself, with an ill-grace, to be led to Hazza, whose warm grasp and moist eyes reproached him more than words could have done for his ungrateful intention of going away without seeing him.

A look from Clarissa drew Anthony's attention to the vacant chair, and, after a whispered word with her, he, too, was missing from the room.

The room through which Kitty had gone led into a little room with long windows opening to the garden. Anthony, when he first went in, thought nobody was there, for it was twilight by this time, and he could only see straight from the door to the window, but a voice cried out to him instantly:

"Oh, Mr. Anthony, what shall I do? Let me go back to the Miss Pattisons, Pray—pray ask father to let me go back, so as he may stay. I'm making mischief with everybody, and I'm sure it's not my fault. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

She came forward a little in the moonlight, her rosy hands clasped on her green bodice, her face drooping low over them, the prettiest picture of distress imaginable.

"Now, Kitty," said Anthony, assuming a very grave and paternal tone and manner, as he placed her a chair, on which she dropped, tremblingly, "I have long wished to have a little talk with you. Do you know, Kitty, I don't think you have behaved altogether fairly to me?"

The tearful little face looked up and assumed a surprised and retrospective air.

"Here have I," went on Anthony, "always made you my confidante, and told you my many troubles and hopes, which I would not have done to any one in the world but yourself."

"And, oh, sir," interrupted Kitty, "I do so like you! She no more likes you now you told me; and what a sweet dress she has on! Is it the same both sides, or, do think?—and will it wash?—and don't you like mother's, Mr. Anthony?"

Kitty bit her lips, and was much ashamed of this bit of gossip the instant it was uttered, but Anthony knew it was said in that guile which belongs only to the purest simplicity of heart; and he smiled, to remember that he himself in his rhapsodies about Clarissa, had often talked to Kitty about the colors that became her best, and both had even gone so far as to wonder whether Kitty would first see her in. And it was her mother's *first* satin gown that was being worn on this grand day; *that*, too, he knew; for it had been consulted during the inspection of numberless patterns? So his only amused and said on:

"My dear Kitty, you are still a child to me. Your mother looks charming; and Clarissa says we shall wan no roses in the church to-morrow if you are there. But to return to what I was saying. Do you think, now, you have used me well, Kitty, in listening to all my confidences, and never telling me one word about yourself?"

Kitty looked down, guiltily silent.

"And yet you must know well enough," continued Anthony, "that one subject on which you have never breathed a word, I must, just now, especially, have the deepest interest in. Now, mind, Kitty, do not mistake me. I am not the only one in the world, influence you in the matter, one way or the other; but I do think it is natural that I should wish to lose the only relative I have that I care for, on your account, as it seems, without hearing from your own lips whether it is absolutely necessary."

"I could go back to the Miss Pattisons," sobbed Kitty, "and then it wouldn't be necessary—would it?"

"I don't think it would make any difference, Kitty. I believe that if you were there for three years, it would be the same with Esau when you came back. No; I think decidedly it is better for him to go, if you are sure there is no hope for your ever caring for him. But, Kitty, what I want to say to you is, be very sure in your own mind, and let your father and myself be sure, that this separation—which we shall both feel keenly—is best for your happiness. It is not only my unwillingness to lose Esau makes me anxious to keep this from you, but my fear that he will never do any good away from us all."

"Oh, no!" sobbed Kitty, with her head almost in her lap, "has he done any good with us?"

"If you know what he was when he first came to me," answered Anthony, "I think you must say that he had; but you must remember, Kitty, that Esau's life has been a very strange one. I do believe—and you know me well enough, I trust, to feel sure that I would not deceive you on such a matter—but I do believe that he only wants some good and strong motive in life, and he would be as steadfast as a rock. He won't do his duty because it is his duty. I have spoken roughly for him, Kitty, from the first, and he turned his back upon it and hated it. I'm afraid he won't find it any more tempting when he comes to know one who would have made it attractive for him over whatever thorns and stones he had to follow it; but she knows best whom she will entrust her not to make mistakes. Don't do, for my sake, Kitty, and your father's, what you would not do for your own, through fear of mistake, and would bring trouble, as nearly all mistakes do. Don't think you will try and care for Esau if you do not already do so. You never will. You have seen enough of him, in all conscience; but now I am going to ask you, Kitty, to be as kind and faithful a little friend as you have always been to me, and to tell me frankly—"

Anthony paused an instant, and the fair, bowed-down head little dreamed what had made him do so—namely, the sight of a dark face at the window, vehemently signing to him to take no notice.

"To tell me frankly," continued Anthony, "do you now love him?"

There was a stinging noise in Kitty's ears, and she almost wished the floor would open and swallow her up, to save her answering Mr. Anthony's question. He had bent lower and lower. She felt a hand on one of hers. How kind Mr. Anthony was—how very kind; but, how *true*, *should she tell the truth and answer?* She had gave here such a friendly and assuring grasp, she felt she must speak.

"But, sir," she sobbed, without looking up, but pressing the hand timidly and gratefully, "wouldn't it do if—if—if you told him I was only going home for a little time—that is, I mean, if I tell you I—I love him?"

And she pressed the hand again, as, overcome by emotion, Mr. Anthony rose in the capricious and troublesome, and lifted up a tearful little face.

"Kitty, my darling, that will do," said Esau, whose hand he held, and whose face here touched as it looked up.

THE END.

EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

As usual on the evening previous to the opening, the National Academy of Design invited their friends to a private view of their pictures. We regret that the Academy had the bad taste to repeat an offense which was very freely commented upon last winter. The Council have again publicly offered their invitations for sale. There is no need to comment upon such a course of conduct—the very mention of the fact should be sufficient condemnation. If the two or three gentlemen who have the management and control of the Academy showed less desire to turn an honest penny on every occasion, they would be more likely to command the full respect and the generous support and courtesy which it formerly enjoyed.

The first feature which strikes one on entering the Academy galleries should naturally be the pictures on the walls. In the present case, however, the first thing one sees is the wall itself, which has been so ill selected to hang the pictures against is a very beautiful delicate shade of green, which is in itself very fine, and contrasts admirably with the deep red tone employed for the base and cornice, but is unfortunately the most damaging that could possibly have been selected as a back-ground for an oil painting or any description whatever. The consequence is that the well-known property of forcing all pure colors to an unnatural degree of intensity, and at the same time of rendering more or less indistinct all that is near, is in this instance Mr. Gignoux's large landscape, in which the beautiful aerial tones of the middle distance and the opposition of the gray wall into painfully crude blues, reds, on the contrary, the corresponding tint of the large upright picture is forced by the same unfortunate gray wall into hot and artificial-looking tints, which the painter never put into it. It is a wonder that some of the managers of the Academy, who, after so many years' experience of hanging their exhibitions, ought to be supposed to have some practical knowledge of the subject, should have committed a blunder which any reasonable house decorator would have avoided. It is a simple test which can be safely used to hang all classes of pictures upon any wall, to choose a background of a color which, give equally a glow to warm pictures, and a silvery quality to cool ones.

A certain class of artists seem fit to class as disappointed painters, Bohemians, and leger-beer drinking artists, all who have reached a point of success from a point of view, that is, the living credit where it has been due, and consequently, the corresponding contempt for any duty of the critic to view everything with a lenient eye, and that for mere pointing out of faults, which, if they do not be bad—entitles a man to the respect and admiration of the public. Now, this is wrong, and if sometimes persevered in, will do more to ruin the prospects of art in this country than all the contempt that is showered on foreign pictures. Young painters will become intimidated with mingled praise and blame, and will settle down dull into the same error, and all because there is a certain class of men who are afraid to praise, and afraid to speak the truth. We should not have spoken as we do, were it not that we have the opinion appear to be gradually shaping itself to this style, and we consider it the duty of every one who has the love of art and the true interests of Art at heart, to raise up their voices in solemn protestation against it, and show that, long before long, bring down American Art to a level of mediocrity.

The best portraits exhibited are, as usual, those of Mr. Elliott and Mr. Baker. Mr. Elliott's heads are always very fine, and are characterized this year by unusual force of drawing. Mr. Baker's full length portrait of a boy, in the south room, has hardly any of this quality, and is the finest production of his brush, perhaps than that we have ever seen. Mr. Baker's heads seem to be only portraits of the clothes which are worn, and the shadows are correct in color. His portrait of Mr. Elliott is particularly noticeable for the head, which gets to make up a fine portrait.

There are other portraits, good, bad and indifferent; of some of these we may speak by-and-by; of the rest, the less said the better.

It seems to us, looking at the subject from a merely common-sense point of view, that it would be highly desirable necessary in painting a picture. In the first place, color is the distinctive quality which gives the representation of form, without color, becomes merely a flat and shadow picture, and has no business in the parlament of art; consequently, if a painting fails in color, it fails in the most important element, and that artist should have made, not a painting, but a drawing in black and white, which is the true field for form. Therefore, is the first requisite in painting. The second requisite is perspective, and this is so much a matter of fact to this, that it should look like the thing it is intended to represent. We think we have stated these two simple canons in criticism in noticing the pictures in the Academy, and we trust they will be borne in mind by the Council.

Nos. 2 and 129, "Designs for Fans on Kid," by Mr. Hoppner, are beautiful examples of color, strong in color, free in design, and altogether admirable.

No. 3, "Sketch for Ornamental Drawings, by Mr. A. Hunt, although somewhat tricky in execution, we may pass in an effigy.

Not. 13 and 73, Portraits, by Miss Harriet E. Cheney, appear to us very much alike, and are both pleasing heads of the late Mr. Seth Cheney.

No. 19, "A Rocky Suspension Bridge," by G. W. Flagg, possesses scarcely a redeeming point. It may well be asked why so many such, and worse pictures in the National Academy, when paint really fine pictures, have been hung over doors and in dark corners, when such things as this, painted by Academicians, are hung on the eyelines and in prominent places? The preceding remark might be equally applied to—

No. 115, "Portrait of an Equitarian Dog," by Mr. W. S. Hoaut, which is simply, curious.

No. 110, "Sketch from Nature," by Mr. John Pope, is a most excellent piece of drawing, and particularly good in expression.

No. 81, "A Stall in the Arms Bazaar at Constantinople," Walter Gould. In this the contrast of color is good, also the details of arms. The attitudes are easy, thoroughly natural, and the flesh is good throughout.

No. 82, "View on Wappinger's Creek, near Poughkeepsie, N. Y.," Jerome Thompkins. A broad, free, landscape in the very well characterized and painted; shadows cool, and reflections good, and the whole picture has a good, and true effect.

Nos. 44 and 65. A. H. Wyant and J. B. Bristed. Two little pictures of color—dull, cold, gray and dismal, but full of feeling; the other warm and rich in the last. Both of a promising kind.

There are some good architectural designs in this the first room.

SOUTH ROOM.

No. 136, "The Cactus Pitaha," by Mr. W. J. Hays, is finished with the minutest detail truth; and the hum-ming-bird, which he has introduced, is very brilliant in color.

No. 140, "Cloud Towers," by Mr. E. Benson. Mr. Benson is one of the few landscapists, in his pictures one can only look for a truthful representation of nature. There are two clouds painted in this picture; a gorm of rand running out into the sea, and a pile of cumulus, clouds in the sky. The first point of sand Mr. Benson has drawn a scabby figure; but as he has failed to make any thing of it, we will not say a word to it. It must necessarily be supposed that the unfortunate artist was driven to this figure by every way, by the rushes over, which argues a great want of prudence on the part of the painter, and a great want of prudence on the part of Mr. Benson.

No. 105, "Autumn Afternoon, Hurez," by Mr. T. A. Richards. Mr. Richards exhibits five pictures, all of which are good, but this one is the best, and is much better than the pictures he usually exhibits.

No. 106, "Lake Scene in the Shadow," by Mr. M. Oliver, Jr. A badly drawn figure, with an opposite effect.

No. 175, "The Mill in the Dingle," by Mr. A. F. Bellows, is a picture full of feeling of nature and greens, and fine in handling. It is altogether one of the best pictures in the exhibition.

No. 180, "Pond Lilies," by Mrs. Jane Hunt, is a most delightful picture, full of feeling.

No. 190, "Still Life," by Mr. J. C. Dolph, is very strongly and truthfully painted, and very fine in color.

BOMBARDMENT OF VALPARAISO.

THE last mail from South America brings us the intelligence, of the bombardment of Valparaiso by the Spanish fleet, which for some time has blockaded the harbor of that city. On the 27th March, Admiral Pareja delivered the authorities on the 31st he should bombard the city, unless the terms of the Government were complied with, and gave four days' notice, in order that women, children and non-combatants might escape from danger. The Chilean Minister of Foreign Affairs decided that the terms proposed by the Spanish Admiral could not be complied with, and it was known, consequently, that a terrible alarm was manifested in the city, and many of the inhabitants began transferring their goods and furniture to places of safety.

In the meantime, strenuous efforts were made by the representatives of foreign powers, more especially by the United States Minister, Gen. Kilpatrick, and Commodore Rogers, to avert the threatened storm and save the city. Commodore Rogers, in command of the United States Admiral Nunez would forego his determination and leave the harbor. But all these negotiations and all difficulties could be made, and all foreign opposition to the Spanish bombardment was overruled, and the fleet came into city. Early on the morning of the 31st (the four days' grace having elapsed), he noticed the foreign squadron in the harbor getting under way. The flagfish squadron first complied with this notification. Admiral soon after, the whole of the Spanish fleet, which dropped into line a mile and a half from the shore. The morning was one of the most beautiful of the season, and the sea, for the bay, smooth as mirror, reflected the outline of every vessel, while thousands of spectators thronged the adjacent hills in anxiety the impending attack. shortly before eight o'clock the enemy's vessels began to manoeuvre, the fire of their batteries was opened, and the bombardment in front of the Mole, and about a mile from the shore, was in full progress. At 8:30 A. M. the first few shells shots as a warning to the non-combatants of the city, that the attack was about to commence.

A few minutes after, the Mole de Madrid, followed by the Blanca and the Vencedora, started in. The leading frigate was followed by four Mole, and the twelve minutes past nine, opened from her starboard with a single 32-pounder, at a distance of 300 yards, the signal for the fire of the whole squadron. The Custom House. A cheer of defiance from the hill above was answered by a cheer of defiance, and the Blanca joining in the fire, both vessels thundered at the Custom House. Immense clouds of red dust rolled up, like columns of smoke, from the walls, as the shot struck them, and the reverberations from the surrounding hills added to the terrific effect of the guns and the devilish scream of the shells. As the frigates followed the arc of the beach, and lost the range of the Custom House, they directed their opening spun to the opposite the Roles (or Exchange) and the palace of the Governor. Several shells struck the latter, and when the frigates, turning their heads outward, moved into position with their port guns bearing on the Custom House, and commenced firing.

In the meantime, the Resolucion had dropped astern of the Esmeralda, and opened fire on the Custom House. The Vencedora coming in more rapidly, sent a few her rifled 68-pound shells into the Custom House; and, passing the Esmeralda, the Blanca turned and took a position from which she could fire through the Mole, and also at the Custom House, the Governor's Palace and the Custom House.

At this time, half-past nine, the frigates commenced a steady fire, the Mole de Madrid and Blanca firing rapidly, their shots going in and through the Custom House. The Vencedora, Esmeralda and Resolucion not averaging more than one every five minutes, and doing much damage to private buildings. The Blanca's fire kept up with a constant fire on the depot, in which the Vencedores occasionally joined from her starboard guns. The shells from the Spanish fleet were very well, most of them passing up on the hills 200 feet high. There being little or no wind, the smoke settled down heavily, and drifted off toward the eastern part of the city, so slowly that its movement was scarcely perceptible, the blue-ringe from the mouth of the guns rising up and preserving their symmetry for many minutes. A spanker-gaff on board the Esmeralda caused great, back astern of the Villa de Madrid and remained silent for some time. Ten minutes after the bombardment opened her fire on the depot and moved up near the Numancia, the other two vessels continuing the bombardment.

The shots of the Vencedora crashed through the Exchange, and then struck the palace, knocking the mortar in all directions. Many of her shells passed through rows of houses several squares from the public buildings, setting them on fire, and threatening the destruction of large portions of the city.

The bombardment continued with great severity for three hours, when, having thrown between 2,000 and 3,000 shot and shell, the Admiral gave the signal to withdraw, and the bombardment ceased.

The destruction of property was very great. The warehouses, containing several millions of dollars' worth of merchandise, were burned down, and many. The Hotel de la Union, and all that portion of the city in the immediate vicinity, were consumed.

Numerous fires broke out during the night, the people on the heights rushed into the city and strove to check the conflagration, but in vain; the city partially burned. Owing to the fact that most of the inhabitants had left the place, the number of killed and wounded was comparatively small.

Notwithstanding the promises of Admiral Nuñez to respect the church and the hospitals, numerous religious and charitable institution was shelled, as well as a portion of the city composed alone of private residences. The churches are all situated in localities remote from the public buildings, and were designated by large white flags. They could not have been struck by shot unless the Spaniards had intentionally fired at them. None of the churches or hospitals were struck less than two shots and the Convent of the Barron, on the hills, which was occupied by women and children, was struck 31 times. Many of the women and children in the convent are ladies whose every one supposed they would have been secure. And a number of children are reported to have been killed in other localities distant from the objects threatened by the Spanish fleet in his manifesto. Shots were also fired at the groups of spectators on the hills from the business part of the city, rendering it necessary for the authorities to station a force of soldiers upon the ridges back of the town, so as to prevent the people from collecting in large numbers and thus drawing the enemy's fire.

It is understood that Coquimbo, Calders, Callao, and all accessible points on the coast are to be occupied in a similar manner, and that the orders of the Spanish commander are, to do all the damage he can, with the force at his disposal.

Our illustration of it's affair shows the position of the attacking fleet, and the portions of the city that were the especial objects of vengeance. The Custom House stands at the end of the Mole, and near it are the warehouses that were burned. The palace is back from the Custom House a short distance, and is marked by the flying flags. The entire view is taken from the palace of the attack, and will convey to our readers a vivid conception of the outrage upon a defenseless and unresisting city.

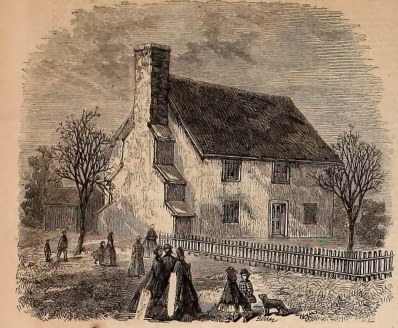
A KING'S FUNERAL.

PROBABLY no greater, possibly no less amount of show and pageantry were ever crowded into human day than at the funeral of the late King of Belgium. Some months since we described that in which the intellect checks failures, and whose when checks were successful and panicked in the style of the latest and costliest Spanish idea. We wrote in *Temple Bar* describes the scenes and incidents of the funeral of the King, giving the place of honor to the "Car," which we have parked through the streets, and with the construction of which every one was familiar with some familiarity."

"We walked slowly around the gigantic shell. Despite its air of sculidity, the vast mass tottered treemblingly when touched by the hand. Underneath was the frame at its foot, and looking up, at the request of our friend, we saw that it was made of iron bolts and fragile that we asked how much the coffin it was to support would be likely to weigh. 'Not more than an English fowl.' How, then, will it be raised to the bier in the vaults of the church, and how will the final structure support its weight? 'Oh, you don't understand. The bier is only ornamental, and will be left there.' And the diminished interest in the subject talked of was very apparent in the tone of the answer to our remark—'we observe in here, between the wheels, so that it will be easily the wheels will be taken off, and the hearse will be will touch their hearts to see the crown and sceptre and the cloak upon it, as it is drawn slowly through the streets to-morrow. No one will suspect that it is not there.' 'Not even here, a few feet from the ground; and the heavy gold fringe will hide his insect.' The practical difficulties of the arrangement have to be corrected. Quickly resting in a sort of boot, and unsupported by the wheels, it has been proposed that the hearse should be stopped at Laeken, the Belgians, were accustomed to the sight of the coffin, and that the ceremonial there should be performed. This was considered on the property-bier high in the air, and of such a weight as to admit of going upon the portion of the car where it really is."

TO LADIES ANYWARDLY SITUATED. — The editor of the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* warrants the efficacy of the use of the following recipe for applying to a gentleman when they pop the question: it is highly recommended by a lady who has tried it, and very often upon your eyes with a good deal of weather and cheese, and you will find it very easy to say, "Will you have me?" Should he not hear you distinctly, what do you mean, dear Alfred?" If the lawyers are very slow, you can sprinkle, or sneeze, or cough and Very suitable for brunettes: Give a start, flash a glance at the gentleman you intend to bid—with rising color your reaction; one hand pressed high on your bosom will express fear; both hands, joy. Should he speak to anybody, and generally considered a clincher. Burst into tears, and exclaim, "Oh, you have killed me!" If he can't cry, drop your head upon the inquisitor's shoulder, and murmur, "Yours, Willy!" Should he "cave," and nice little style, it is enough to say, "No!" pout, and shake your head, and look pretty.

SINGULAR CASE.—One of our exchanges says there is a young man in a town in Vermont who cannot speak to his wife without a fight. Their differences arose between his mother and her husband, and for a time their love was almost destroyed by them. This difficulty was subsequently healed—the child was born, and all was fine—until he left home to settle within a mile his father was invariably silent. It continued so till it was five years, when the fathers, being somewhat exhausted his powers of persuasion, threatened it with imprisonment in the county jail. Still, no improvement was inflicted, it clouded nothing but sighs and groans. Finally, the son, in a fit of anger, struck his father was calmly endeavoring to speak. All who were present stood in blank astonishment, and the assailant left the child to speak to his father; and the injured there to speak to his son. Neither was able to converse with his parent could only produce the most inarticulate sighs and groans. A similar case, to the latter, which occurred when the son was about 20 years of age. Many a time he has tried to induce him to speak to his father; and although he has succeeded in getting his associates about other matters, immediately upon the mention of his father's name he would refuse to converse. We have no doubt that the difficulty in both cases arose from a trifling matter, but which is now almost beyond the power of healing upon the parties of the fearful breach.



FRONT VIEW OF THE OLD STONE HOUSE, GUILFORD, CONN.



REAR VIEW OF THE OLD STONE HOUSE, GUILFORD.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. C. CURTIS.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE

In Guilford, Conn., the Oldest Building in this Country.

THOSE fond of cherishing relics of the past, will be pleased with the sketch of the old stone house in Guilford. The spirit of the American people inclines to the practical, rather than the venerable, yet few will contemplate this token of a former generation without deep interest. It is one of the old landmarks, rapidly giving place to the requirements of the day, but around which many tender associations still cluster, and which might furnish the theme for an instructive homily.

This building was erected by the company who first settled the town, about the year 1640. The leader, or head of the company, was Henry Whitfield, a minister of the Church of England, and one of the number of those who were called Non-Conformists.

This house was built for him. The stone of which the building is constructed was brought on hand-barrows from a ledge some considerable distance from the place where the house stands. The cement used in building the walls is said now to be harder than the stone itself. The walls, which are about two feet in thickness, were plastered 15 or 20 years since.

Mr. Whitfield, and several others of the company who came to this place in 1639, returned to England in 1649. This house was used by the first settlers as a kind of fort for some time, to defend themselves against the hostile savages, and afterward by the inhabitants of the town as a place of refuge from the shot and shells of the British men-of-war that passed up and down the sound during the war of the Revolution. The first marriage which took place in this town was solemnized in this building. The supper which was provided for the occasion consisted of pork and peas. This house is now occupied, and in good repair.

OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

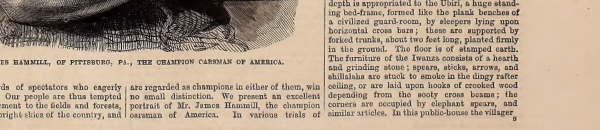
THE increasing attention devoted to out-door sports, ball-playing, rowing, etc., is especially commendable, and everything that will foster these innocent, healthful and invigorating pastimes should be encouraged. We have heard much of the physical degeneracy of the American people, who have often been represented as becoming effeminate, and receding from the standards of manly development recognized in other countries, and we have been ready to admit that, in some respects, the charge is well founded. Our system of education, our modes of business, our social habits, all tend to excite the intellectual powers at the expense of the physical; and so we have gained mental activity and acuteness by sacrificing bodily vigor and endurance.

The old epigram, "a sound mind in a healthful body," has been too much overlooked; but the day of such folly is past, and we are now beginning a course of education that makes good health and muscular energy paramount. In all our cities and large towns, ball and boating, riding and other sporting clubs are organized, and have their regular times for exercise, and their diversions are not less advantageous to themselves than interesting to crowds of spectators who eagerly watch the games. Our people are thus tempted from their confinement to the fields and forests, the pure air and bright skies of the country, and benefited incalculably, both in a physical and moral point of view.

Ball playing and rowing are perhaps the most popular sports at the present time, and those who are regarded as champions in either of them, win no small distinction. We present an excellent portrait of Mr. James Hammill, the champion oarsman of America. In various trials of skill and speed, he has almost uniformly been successful, and in contests with the most accomplished oarsmen of our country was declared the victor. On the 21st of April he sailed for England, for the purpose of testing the abilities of Harry Kelly, the acknowledged champion of that country, and should he succeed in making arrangements for a race, he will doubtless prove that American boats, like American yachts, are always the winning craft. Mr. Hammill took with him a boat built expressly for his use, which is 33 feet long, and weighs only 28 pounds. With this boat he is confident he can maintain his reputation as a successful rower. Mr. Hammill is still a young man, being only 29 years of age, and is a resident of Pittsburg, Pa.



MR. JAMES HAMMILL, OF PITTSBURG, PA., THE CHAMPION OARSMAN OF AMERICA.



THE NEW SHELL-BOAT BUILT FOR JAMES HAMMILL BY JAMES M'KAY, HARLEM, N. Y., FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SCULLING MATCH.

AN AFRICAN VILLAGE TAVERN.

THOSE familiar with the elegancies and comforts of modern hotels, would find themselves sadly out of place in an African public-house. But as our ideas of comfort and luxury are relative, possibly the savage enjoys himself as much, in his own estimation, with his boon companions, as the frequenters of the Metropolitan or Fifth Avenue Hotels in New York. A late traveler in Eastern Africa thus describes the village "public-house," called in that country the Iwanza:

"Of these buildings there are two in every settlement, generally built at opposite sides, fronting the normal Mremba tree, which sheds its filmy shade over the public court-yard. That of the women, being a species of harem, was not visited; as travelers and strangers are always admitted into the male Iwanza, it is more readily described. This public-house is a large hut, somewhat more substantial than those adjoining, often smeared with smooth clay, and decorated here and there with broad columns of the ovals before described, and the prints of palms dipped in ashes and placed flat like the hands in ancient Egyptian buildings. The roof is generally a thatch raised a foot above the walls, an excellent plan for ventilation in these regions. Outside, the Iwanza is defended against the incursions of cattle by roughly barked trunks of trees resting upon stout uprights; in this space men sit, converse, and smoke. The two doorways are protected by rude charms suspended from the lintel, hares' tails, zebras' manes, goats' horns, and other articles of prophylactic virtue. Inside, half the depth is appropriated to the Ubiri, a long standing bed-frame, formed like the plank benches of a civilized guard-room, by sleepers lying upon horizontal cross bars; these are supported by forked trunks, about two feet long, planted firmly in the ground. The floor is of stamped earth. The furniture of the Iwanza consists of a hearth and grinding stone; spears, sticks, arrows, and shillalahs are stuck to smoke in the dingy rafter ceiling, or are laid upon hooks of crooked wood depending from the sooty cross beams; the corners are occupied by elephant spears, and similar articles. In this public-house the villager



SPEARING TURTLE BY THE MOSQUITO INDIANS.—SEE PAGE 142.

spend their days, and often, even though married, their nights, gambling, eating, drinking, smoking, chatting, and sleeping, like a litter of puppies, destitute of clothing, and using one other's backs, breasts, and stomachs as pillows."

THE ORIGIN OF CAST IRON.

THE cast iron which comes from the blast furnace may, from its useful quality of fusibility, be immediately used, as every one knows, for manufacturing purposes, by re-melting it and pouring it into molds of any required shape, this being the business of the iron-founder. Simple as this appears, the use of cast iron is only of modern date compared with that of its purer rival. It may be obscurely traced to the fifteenth century, if not earlier; but the process of casting was beset with many mechanical difficulties, which were not thoroughly vanquished till about 1700, when Abraham Darby, an intelligent mechanic, who had him with four of the sheep which he had saved. He sold their wool in order to buy better clothing for himself, and afterward disposed of the sheep, so that he might obtain money to travel to Bristol and seek his fortune. Afraid of being pressed for a soldier if found in Bristol out of place, he requested his master to recommend him as an apprentice to a relative, who was one of the partners of the celebrated Abraham Darby of the Baptist Mills. The boy was accordingly sent into the brass works until he should procure employment. As he was looking on during the trials of Dutch workmen to cast iron, he said to Abraham Darby that he thought he saw how they had missed it. He begged to be allowed to try, and he and Abraham Darby remained alone in the workshop the same night for the purpose. Before morning they had cast an iron pot. The boy Thomas entered into an agreement to serve Abraham Darby and keep the secret. He was enticed by the offer of double wages to leave his master, but

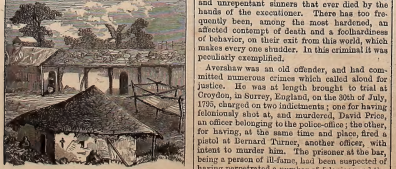


ORIGIN OF CAST IRON.



AN INGENIOUS THIEF—AN AUSTRALIAN STEALING BLACKSMITH'S TOOLS.

brought some Dutch workmen to establish a brass foundry at Bristol, conceived that cast iron might be substituted for brass, and prevailed upon his workmen to make the experiment, but without success, until a happy incident occurred, in connection with which the following interesting anecdote is related: About this period a Welsh shepherd-boy, named John Thomas, succeeded in rescuing a flock of his master's sheep from a snow-drift, and later in the spring of the same year, during heavy rain and the melting of the snow, he swam a river to fetch home a herd of mountain cattle. These he collected and drove to the river, but the ford had now become a boiling torrent. He nevertheless crossed it on the back of an ox, and brought home the whole herd in safety. As a reward for his courage, his master presented



AFRICAN PUBLIC HOUSE OR VILLAGE TAVERN.

he continued nobly faithful, and afterward showed his fidelity to his master's widow and children in their evil days. From 1709 to 1828 the family of Thomas were confidential and much valued agents to the descendants of Abraham Darby. For more than 100 years after the night on which Thomas and his master made their successful experiment of producing an iron casting in a mold of fine sand, with its two wooden frames and its air-holes, the same process was practiced and kept secret at Coalbrookdale with plugged keyholes and barred doors.

NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

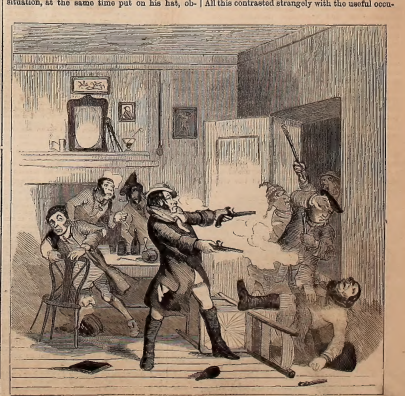
Lewis Jeremiah Avershaw.

THIS criminal was one of the most daring and unrepentant sinners that ever died by the hands of the executioner. There has too frequently been, among the most hardened, an affected contempt of death and a foolhardiness of behavior, on their exit from this world, which makes every one shudder. In this criminal it was peculiarly exemplified.

Avershaw was an old offender, and had committed numerous crimes which called aloud for justice. He was at length brought to trial at Croydon, in Surrey, England, on the 30th of July, 1795, charged on two indictments; one for having feloniously shot at, and murdered, David Price, an officer belonging to the police-office; the other, for having, at the same time and place, fired a pistol at Bernard Turner, another officer, with intent to murder him. The prisoner at the bar, being a person of ill-fame, had been suspected of having perpetrated a number of felonies; and the magistrates having received information against him, sent, as was their duty, an order for his apprehension. To execute the warrant, the deceased, Price, and another officer, went to the Three Brewers, a public-house, where they understood he was drinking in company with some other persons. At the entrance of a parlor in the house the prisoner appeared in a posture of resistance; and holding a loaded pistol in each of his hands he, with threats and imprecations, desired the officers to stand off, as he would discharge fire at them. The officers, however, attempted to rush in and seize him; on which he discharged both the pistols at the same instant, lodging the contents of one in the body of Price, and with the other wounding Turner very severely in the head. Price, after languishing a few hours, died of the wound.

He was accordingly tried; and, upon the testimony of one witness, found guilty on a second capital indictment. The prisoner, who, contrary to general expectation, had in a great measure hitherto refrained from his usual audacity, now began, with unparalleled insolence of expression and gesture, to ask his lordship if he "was to be murdered by the evidence of one witness?" several times repeating the question, till the jury returned him—guilty. When the black cap was put on, the prisoner regardless of his dreadful situation, at the same time put on his hat, observing the judge with contemptuous looks while he was passing the sentence.

At the place of execution, he appeared entirely unconcerned. He had a flower in his mouth, his bosom was thrown open, and he kept up an incessant conversation with the persons who rode beside the cart; frequently laughing and nodding to others of his acquaintance whom he perceived in the crowd.



NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS—THE CAPTURE OF JESSE AVERSHAW, AT CROYDON, ENGLAND.

AN INGENIOUS THIEF.

CIVILIZED rogues, however dexterous, cannot claim a monopoly of skill in their nefarious provocations, and they might even learn some new tricks by studying the secrets of the "profession" in other lands. The illustration shows how Australian savages manage to increase their possessions by other means than honest toil.

Sir Thomas Mitchell, an English traveler among these aborigines, thus relates his experience with a fierce tribe, which he met in the course of his explorations:

"When the blacksmith of the party rigged up his forge for the purpose of making some smithy repairs, and arranged his tools and began to ply his bellows, their amusement reached a climax. All this contrasted strangely with the useful occu-

pation of honest Vulcan, whom I had positively enjoined not to laugh or stop working. At length I prevailed on an old man to sit down by me, and gave him a clasp-knife in order to check the search he was disposed to make through my pockets. Meanwhile the others came around the forge and immediately began to pilfer whatever they could lay either hand or foot upon. While one was detected making off with a file, another seized something else, until the poor blacksmith could no longer proceed with his work. One set his foot on an ax, and thus, all the while staring the overseer (who eyed him) in the face; he quickly receded several yards, jumping backward to another, who stood ready behind him to take it. Some jogged others at the moments most opportune for seizing something, and an old man made some amusing attempts to fish up a horse-shoe into the hollow of a tree. The best of this part of the scene was that they did not so much mind being observed by any one, except the blacksmith, supposing they were robbing him only. He was at last tempted to give one of them a push from him, when a scene of chanting, spitting and throwing dust commenced on the part of the thief, a stout fellow, who carried a spear, and which he made something like a motion to use. Notwithstanding all the vigilance of several men appointed to watch the articles about the forge, they carried off an excellent rasp or file at last. They left our party, however, in a perfectly civil way, and we were right glad to feel at peace with them on any terms."

SPEARING TURTLE.

A CAPITAL description of hunting the turtle is given by Bard, a celebrated English traveler, who witnessed it.

"I became eager," says he, "to witness the sport of turtle-hunting, which is regarded by the Musquitos as their noblest art, and in which they have acquired proverbial expertness. I was quite concerned on finding how little provisions were taken in the boats, since bad weather often keeps the fishermen out two or three weeks. But Drumer (the head man of the tribe) insisted that we should find plenty to eat, and we embarked. We caught the land-breeze as soon as we got from under the lee of the shore, and drove rapidly on our course. Although the sea was comparatively smooth, yet the boats all carried such an amount of sail as to keep me in a state of constant nervousness. One would scarcely believe that the Musquito men venture out in their pitpans, in the roughest weather, with impunity, riding the waves like sea-gulls. If upset, they right their boats in a moment, and with their broad paddles clear them of water in an incredibly short space of time.

"We went literally with the wind; and in four hours after leaving the shore were among the cays. These are very numerous, surrounded by reefs through which wind intricate channels, all well known to the fishers. Some of the cays are mere heaps of sand and half-disintegrated coral-rocks; others are larger; and a few have bushes and an occasional palm-tree upon them. It was one of the latter, where there were the ruins of a rude hut and a place scooped in the sand containing brackish water, that we landed and made our encampment."

But Mr. Bard, eager for the sport, accompanies a native of the name of Harris, and two men to paddle the boat, and starts alone. The apparatus used for striking the turtle consists of a long hollow staff, and the spear-head is fastened to a line which passes through rings by the side of the shaft, and is wound to a piece of light wood which acts as a float. When this is thrown, the line remains, and the float rises to the surface, which is seized by the fisherman, who then leisurely hauls in his fish. The spear-head being ground down very sharp, makes but a small hole in the shell of the turtle, and does not greatly damage its commercial value.

MR. JAMES STEPHENS.

THIS gentleman, about whom so many contradictory reports have been circulated, is said positively to be on his way to this country for the purpose of correcting some irregularities connected with the Fenian cause, and giving a new impetus and vigor to its waning fortunes.

In view of the palpable blunders the leaders here have made, and the existing dissensions among them, it remains to be seen whether the original *Head Centre* can inspire his adherents with sufficient prudence and determination to insure success. He, undoubtedly, possesses their unbounded confidence, and will do more than any other man to retrieve the errors of the past, and give a proper direction to the efforts of the future.

SOME years ago, in a *fracas* which occurred not a thousand miles from Vincennes, Indiana, a man accidentally present was severely wounded with a knife by one of the belligerents. Much alarm was excited, and doctors were hastily sent for, and one Esculapian came "armed and equipped," as he thought was exactly right; at any rate, he went to work upon the case as if *he* was going to do something. Rolling up his sleeves, and "diving into it," he said to the horror-stricken bystanders:

"Bad case—incised cut of the prineum membranus—and—through the umbilicus misintary to the lineralbum. The viscus and the signum are incised—and the piluric orifice of the hepatic ductus, is lacerated to the anterior spinus of the attachment of the fifth gang."

It was too much for a particular friend of the poor sufferer. He gave up, and hastened out into the fresh air to revive his fainting faculties. While walking up and down, painfully and despairingly wringing his hands, in front of the saloon where the mischief had been done, an acquaintance came hurriedly up and said to him:

"How is Sam?"

He replied:

"There is no chance in the world for him; he must die, poor fellow! *The Latin parts of his bowels are all cut to pieces!*"

Is it any wonder that Sam died?

THE "CLAQUE" IN PARIS.

IN many parts of the East, and in barbarous countries generally, not excepting England, there are professional mourners, who attend funerals, and either howl or cry, or else wear sombre habiliments and affect great grief, "for a consideration." Something similar is the rule in French theatres, where applause is given by persons hired for the purpose, there called "the *claque*." A recent letter-writer tells us something about the Parisian *claque*:

"Although many Americans know what the term *claque* means, it may be well to mention that it is an institution peculiar to Parisian theatres, a certain portion of whom (the *parterre*) being set apart for the occupancy of a band of men, under the leadership of a chief, whose sole business it is to applaud, as their leader may direct. Those of us in Paris who have no knowledge of the *claque* except through remarking that the noisy clapping of hands during a performance all proceeds from one spot, can form no idea of the extent to which this disreputable trade is carried, and the large sums of money which the 'directors of theatrical successes' amass by their strange industry. There are several of these *chefs de claque* who are landed porprietors, and some of them are known to retire after a few years, to enjoy the competency they have earned by the sweat of their—hands. Others, again, lend money at usurious interest to managers in distress; for, though the impresario does not often grow rich, the *claqueur* always does, selling at a high price applause which costs him nothing, and profiting daily by the absurd variety of actors, who eagerly pay a round sum to be 'called before the curtain,' at the end of the piece.

It sometimes happens that a *claque* leader sells his 'enthusiastic approbation' in three or four different theatres, in which case he superintends in person the most important establishment, and confides the others to experienced lieutenants, grown gray beneath the chandelier. The great man, in these cases, never appears at the branch concerns, except at the dress rehearsals, which take place just before a new piece is brought out. His object then is to listen to the play, and to select the portions to be applauded, giving his orders accordingly to his aides-de-camp.

"In act 1, scene 4, for example, Mlle. X. is to have a 'Bravo!' When the low comedian enters, there is to be a loud pounding on the floor with canes and umbrellas. Act 2, scene 1, is perhaps rather feeble, not to say stupid; enthusiastic applause, to cover up the defects. And so on, for all the world like the disposition of a General on the evening of a battle. Everything is arranged in advance, and nothing left to accident, the lieutenant rigorously executing his superior's directions. This system has its merits, certainly, but it is not without some disadvantages, one of which is, that the aforesaid lieutenant may give the signal to applaud a particular scene which may have made a great impression on the *chef de claque*, but fails to strike the general public in the same favorable manner—whereupon there naturally arises a conflict of opinion, which, in the minor theatres, now and then leads to discolored optics and sanguinary noses, and results ordinarily in a night spent in the station-house and a fine in the morning, the sufferers being mostly inoffensive people, who, excited thereto by sudden choler, have assaulted the *claquers* in the exercise of their profession.

"I am afraid that M. Emile Augier's experiment of suppressing the *claque* will not be a permanent success, for it has often been attempted, and in each instance the *claque* has soon returned with flying colors. The fact is, the general public—that is to say, the paying public—has always been accustomed to hearing the applause of hirelings, and where there is no *claque*, there is no applause."

THE SKILL OF CHINESE LABORERS.—The scaffolding for the purpose of covering the court is proceeding rapidly, the chief supports being now completed, and the upper part in process of being covered with light bamboos, placed about two feet apart. These act as supports for the matting, which is all double, having lining formed of the millet stalk. Some of these sheets of matting are fitted on bamboo frames, which are not intended to be moved; while others are so arranged that by halliards they can be pulled open or shut, like window-blinds, thus enabling the court to be covered or uncovered according to temperature, rain, or other circumstances. The skill and ingenuity which the men display are remarkable. They move about on the top of this work, some 40 feet from the ground, with the agility of monkeys, and run up and down the straight poles like squirrels, using only their hands and the soles of their feet. A leg of mutton on the top of a greased pole would stand a poor chance of remaining long an object of competition among Pekin scaffold constructors. The framework is secured only by ropes and twine, and great economy is exercised in picking up and removing the portions that are in excess, several little boys going round in the evening, before the men leave, and picking up all the scraps that have been cut off and thrown down. The Chinese workmen display great expertness in throwing materials from one to the other to a considerable height. I noticed this today amongst the scaffold men, and it recalled to my memory having seen one of the mason's laborers taking a spade full of morter, and throw it, spade and all, to a man on the roof of a house, who caught it without dislodging a particle of the mortar. The paper-hangers, also, are very expert in throwing up sheets of paper, with one side covered with paste, ready for being put on the wall. Their paper for room purposes is very good, the "satin pattern" being that most commonly used. Paper of this kind is not kept in rolls, as with us, but in squares of about 12 inches by 10 inches. One man stands by the table and applies the paste, and then adroitly throws the sheet up to another one, who fixes it on the wall.

A TEXAN correspondent of *Wilke's Spirit of the Times*, tells us the following story of his stallion "John": "Our saddle ponies turned loose in the pasture, preferring liberty and grass to the saddle and the spur, were often very hard to drive into the corral, and at length became so cunning in secreting themselves among the thick chapparel, that it was quite a labor to get them up, and almost impossible to effect it on foot. John had been taken up to recruit him on corn after his season's labors, and was the only horse on hand, and John was put in requisition. A young lad rode him down to where the ponies were concealed, and attempted to drive them up; but they ran and dodged until the horse suddenly seemed to become aware of what was wanted, when he rushed at them in wild excitement, leaving his rider hung in a wide-spreading mezquit, and taking the affair into his own charge, he brought the whole bunch of recusant ponies flying into the pen, right glad by any means to escape the formidable teeth and the heels of their pursuer. After this, if John was in the stable, we had no difficulty in penning our saddle stock. One of our young men, between whom and the horse there was a warm and mutual attachment, would leap on his bare back, and often without a bridle would gallop off down the pasture. "Will," making the horse fling out and nicker in his play, and guiding his course by a slap on the neck, would ride at the ponies to be penned; then leaping off his horse, he would dismiss him with a slap on the flank, confident that John knew his work and would do it; and the ponies soon learned that all attempts at evasion were vain, and made at once for the corral. That no one may be received by the belief that stock-raising in Texas is all profit and pleasure, it is just that the end of poor John be recorded; he fell a victim to his zeal in this very vocation of penning ponies. One unlucky brute had, contrary to rule, been turned loose, with some 30 feet of stake-rope dragging behind him; upon the end of this rope it was John's fate to tread, while running at full-speed; the end of the rope coiled around his leg and threw him violently. Some vital organ was ruptured, and he never moved again.

A GENTLEMAN talking to another on the subject of marriage, made the following observation: "I first saw my wife in a storm; courted her in a storm; was betrothed to her in a storm; married her in a storm; lived with her in a storm all her life; but, thank heaven, I buried her in pleasant weather."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

JOHN BROUGHAM'S "Tread Light, for my heart is under your feet, love," is more than equaled by a lover who thus goes skating on his lady's heart—

Thy heart is like a frozen lake,
On whose cold brink I stand;
Oh, buckle on my spirit's skate,
And take me by the hand,
And lead, thou loving saint, the way,
To where the ice is thin,
That it may break beneath my feet,
And let a lover in.

ONE very cold night D. was roused from his slumbers by a very loud knocking at his door. After some hesitation he arose and went to the window and asked:

"Who's there?"

"A friend."

"What do you want?"

"I want to stay here all night."

"S'ay there, then," was the benevolent reply.

A STOICAL Scotchman was addressed by his sick wife:

"Oh! John, I shan't leave this bed alive."

"Please thyself, Betty, and thee'll please me," returned John, with great equanimity.

"I have been a good wife to you, John," persisted the dying woman.

"Middlin', Betty, middlin'," responded the matter-of-fact husband.

A WESTERN paper suggests, as an improvement in Bibles, the preparation of a leaf or two in the "family record" for divorces.

MRS. PARTINGTON asks, very indignantly, if the bills before Congress are not counterfeit, why there should be so much difficulty in passing them?

A SAN FRANCISCO editor says that when he thinks of Ireland's woes his heart "goes pity Pat."

WHAT is a patriot?—A fellow that loves his country and wants to make as much out of it as possible.

WHAT stone should have been placed at the gate of Eden after the expulsion? Adamantine—(Adam ain't in.)

WHEN is a blacksmith in danger of raising a row in the alphabet? When he makes A poke R and shove L.

LIKE cures like. Sulphur comes from Vesuvius; therefore it is good for eruptions.

"How do you define 'black as your hat?'" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils.

"Darkness that may be *felt*," replied the youthful wit.

A FRIEND was lately asked the question: "What is your fighting weight?"

"I will wait a long while before I do any fighting," was the response.

AN Irishman in describing America, said: "You might roll England thru it, an' it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh water oceans inside that ye might droun Ould Ireland in; and as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner, and ye'd never be able to find it out, except it might be by the smell of the whisky."

"CALL that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance; "a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a penny. Call that kindness?"

"Yes, unremitting kindness," Jerrold replied.

☞
WHAT
U O.

The above enigma, which should be studied and practiced by all, we saw posted in one of the windows of a store the other day. That no one may lose the meaning of it, we give the explanation, "Hand over what you owe."

PARIS gossips let off a rich joke on the distinguished Frenchman, M. Emile de Girardin, who recently gave a dinner in Paris to Abd-el-Kader, and during the conversation said: "I shall be happy to present you with my 'Two Sisters,'" meaning his new play. In translating, the explanation that it was M. Girardin's play was left out, and the Emir politely replied that "he would be very happy to accept the ladies, although his harem was quite full."

THE following is the conclusion of an epitaph on a tombstone in East Tennessee: "She lived a life of virtue, and died of cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit in the full hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years, 7 months and 16 days. Reader, go thou and do likewise."

WHILE urging the united efforts of Christians of every name to reach and rescue the neglected masses of our country, one of the speakers at the convention in Cleveland, related an anecdote that showed that the word "denomination" was not restricted to its theological meaning. A Western farmer, who wished to invest the accumulations of his industry in United States securities, went to Jay Cooke's office to procure the Treasury notes. The clerk inquired "What denomination he would have them in?" Having never heard that word used except to distinguish the religious sects, he, after a little deliberation, replied:

"Well, you may give me part in Old School Presbyterian to please the old lady, but give me the heft on't in Free-will Baptist."

THE rather architectural expression is used in Paris to express that a lady is powdered in the face, "She has renewed her façade."

WHICH are the two smallest insects mentioned in the Bible? "The wicked flee," and "the widow's mite."

WE do not know a pleasanter gift that a gentleman can give to a lady, be she mother, sister, wife or friend, than a Musical Box. In the household where there is no piano, it is indispensable, since without any solicitation it dissolves into beautiful music. Paillard, of No. 21 Maiden Lane, New York, has a very large assortment of these beautiful boxes.

HIGH SALARIES.—The salaries of the Lords of Admiralty are set forth in a parliamentary paper just published. The Duke of Somerset receives £4,666 a year; Sir F. W. Grey, £1,876 10s.; Rear Admiral Eden, £1,566 5s.; Rear Admiral Fanshawe, £1,566 5s.; Rear Admiral Drummond, £1,566 5s.; and Mr. Fenwick, M. P., £1,000. Lord C. E. Paget gets £2,482 10s., and Mr. Romain £1,537, as secretaries. Mr. Briggs, the chief clerk, gets a salary of £1,000 a year, and altogether the salaries of the clerks amount to £21,302. In France the grand marshal of the palace, grand almoner, grand chamberlain, master of the horse, grand master of the hounds, and principal master of the ceremonies, receive 60,000 francs a year each. The Emperor's secretary receives 40,000 francs, the principal secretary 12,000 francs, and the police inspector of the imperial residence 20,000 francs. The Secretaries of State and the President of the Council of State have each 100,000 francs, and the principal secretaries to the ministers from 18,000 to 25,000 francs each. There are seven privy councilors having the rank of ministers, who are each paid 100,000 francs a year.

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American Art Journal.

THE FIFTH VOLUME, No. 104, WILL COMMENCE ON SATURDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1866.

IT contains Reviews and Criticisms upon Music, Art, Literature and the Drama. Correspondence, Novelettes, Poetry, Valuable Information, and News and Gossip from all parts of the World. The AMERICAN ART JOURNAL is recognized as the standard of judgment and taste in all Art matters, and its circulation is widely extended through intelligent and refined circles.

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The lady directors of the NATIONAL SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' ORPHAN HOME, will commence to hold a PUBLIC FAIR in the City of Washington, on the 15th of MAY NEXT, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the support and maintenance of the Orphans of National Soldiers and Sailors not otherwise provided for in their respective States and Territories.

The ladies invite all who can to contribute toward representing their State by a table at the Fair.

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All contributions should be addressed—"NATIONAL SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' ORPHAN HOME, Washington, D. C.," and forwarded, if possible, 10 days before the opening of the Fair.

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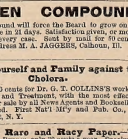
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The Drawing will take place after the Concert, on the Stage of the Opera House, where 10,000 persons can witness it. A Committee will be appointed by the audience to superintend the same. All Purchasers and Agents will be supplied with correct lists of drawing as soon as published. Parties holding tickets will receive their unit after the drawing, and if their number appears in the list of drawn numbers, they will forward their ticket immediately, with full directions as to the shipping of goods or money. Tickets are now for sale at the principal Hotels, Book and Music Stores in the city, and at our Office, 193 Dearborn street, price $1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage.

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SPECIAL TERMS, OR CLUB RATES.—Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and forwarding us the money for the same, will be allowed a commission of 10 per cent.—that is,

5 Tickets to one address for	-	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address for - $36 00
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WIGGINS, BRADFORD & CO.,

133 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill. Post-office Drawer 5910.

The Proprietors will donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Funds $3,000; also there will be $3,000 reserved from the person drawing the $30,000 prize for the Lincoln Monument.

REFERENCES.—Hon. M. S. Wilkinson, ex-Senator of Minn., Washington, D. C. of Penn.; Hon. Alex. Randall, ex-Governor of Wis., Washington, D. C.; Hon. Wm. Kent, ex-Lieut.-Governor of Ind.; Hon. Ira J. Laycock, of Kansas; Hon. Wm. Lethington, Lyons, Iowa; Hon. Wm. Bross, of Chicago, Ill.; Hon. H. C. Graves Smith, of Marsh Forster, Lyons, Iowa; Hon. Wm. Bross, of Chicago, Ill.; M. Kronberg & Co., Importers of Watches, Chicago; Mansell, White & Co., New Orleans, La.

Subscriptions of country papers are solicited to act as Agents, and they will be allowed full commission on all tickets ordered, whether for themselves or other parties who may order through them. Proposals for inserting the above advertisement solicited.

Vineland Lands. To all wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Tax, insurance and title are trace trade at from $25 to $35 per acre, payable within four years. Good business opportunity for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place in the State. Manufactories are settling and building. Present population, 7,000. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Send for descriptive pamphlet, giving full information, will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Landis Township, New Jersey.

From Report of Horace Greeley, Agricultural Editor of the *Tribune*.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile fronts, in an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 186 · by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 556 Vol. XXII.] NEW YORK MAY 26, 1866. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

A Specific against Epidemic Fraud.

We have become accustomed to deal with large sums. The enormous appropriations of the war have familiarized us with amounts which before would have appalled us from their magnitude. A special appropriation of a million of dollars six years ago, would have startled the financial public, and given a touch of gravity to the faces of the reckless Congressmen who might have taken the responsibility of voting it. A robbery of ten thousand dollars, or a "breach of trust," or genteel "defalcation" of fifty thousand, would have furnished many columns of detail and comment for the daily press. Now such petty villainies are dismissed with a paragraph. Scoundrelism of the *genus* financial was never so flourishing as now, and never took such large proportions. The *Tribune* figures up the total of forgeries, robberies, etc., of amounts over $25,000, and finds that for the year ending May 1st they reach the sum of $12,536,000! This includes, of course the "Ketchum forgeries," amounting to a quarter of the whole, and the Brown & Co. robbery of a million and a half. Our contemporary seems disposed to regard swindling as a moral epidemic, and if such, may we not regard its late extraordinary manifestations as comets and other phenomena were regarded in the olden time—as portents and precursors of other perturbations, visitations or calamities, such, for instance, as the cholera?

We fancy this financial epidemic is amenable to treatment, and have little faith in the regimen that gives the criminal afflicted a large proportion of his gains, and immunity from punishment as a condition precedent of restitution. A few years in the State Prison is not a specific cure, nor a successful preventative. Unfortunately a lucky swindler, even after he is condemned as a felon, is regarded with a certain sort of admiration. If Ross, the latest operator, chances to be caught, there will be hundreds, including probably some of his victims, who will be ready to ejaculate, "clever dog!" Suppose he happens to be "sent up," ten to one if his punishment prove to be much more than nominal. He can probably afford, in a money sense, to serve out a few years in the well-regulated and healthful establishment at Sing-Sing, and regard the restraint cheerfully, as likely to give him a keener zest for the enjoyment of his snug fortune of a quarter of a million in Paris. How many of us spend years on years of toil, exercising all our powers and prudences, under no higher stimulus than the hope of acquiring a quarter of the sum which he may secure through no greater risk than of obtaining free lodgings and thorough sanitary treatment, with benefit of clergy, in the State Hotel?

As President Johnson said of treason in his callow days, and when traitors were not quite so good as loyal men, robbery, forgery, "defalcation" and their affiliated crimes "must be made odious." We propose that their perpetrators be publicly flogged. It was quite a fashion in England for knaves and fools to shoot at the queen, until flogging was substituted for the "drawing and quartering"



RECEPTION OF MR. JAMES STEPHENS, FENIAN HEAD-CENTRE, AT THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, NEW YORK, THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 10.—SEE PAGE 151.

prescribed by law. The astute Ross, whom we have no doubt is "of pleasing address and gentlemanly exterior," would hardly like to figure in Paris, even with his quarter of a million, when a well-scarred back or the brand of "F" on his shoulder might, at any moment, equally reveal his humiliation and punishment. He would be careful not to commit himself to the arms of Aspasia, or even those of her more debased sisters, with the palpable "odiousness" of his crimes well writ in his flesh.

It is said that the French, Italians, Spaniards, and Irish are given to crimes against the person; the English, to crimes against property, and the Americans, to feats financial —frauds and forgeries. Unfortunately, these do not carry the odium attaching to burglary and assaults "with intent to kill." They seem to be regarded as evidence of that shrewdness or "cuteness" which is a national boast, and is, more or less, venial. They ought to be made "odious," and what is called punishment in the penitentiary (where the culprit is always employed as an assistant or in the dispensary), does not make them so, in a preventative sense. A well-veiled back, however, might be a specific. At any rate, it would make peculation and fraud "odious."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 26, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl street, New York.

Authors are requested to designate their manuscripts distinctly, and in communicating with us, to retain the original title.

NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

A National Constitutional Convention.

SINCE the first of December upward of one hundred propositions have been offered for amending the Constitution of the United States, in order to meet the altered circumstances of the nation, and to secure, fundamentally, the results determined by the late war. These numerous propositions are only natural expressions of the general and deep-seated conviction that the Constitution, framed under conditions so different from those which now exist, moral, political, mental and physical, does not meet the requirements of the age, and is only imperfectly adapted to our present needs. The tree of Liberty was but a feeble plant when our Constitution was formed; it is now a giant tree, and has sent off its shoots over a continent. The country was then made up of a few feeble colonies, sparse in population, poor in resources, and limited in territory. It now covers ten times its original area, has more than ten times its original population, is powerful on land and sea, and possessed of resources scarcely computable. When the Constitution was framed, steam were unknown; the telegraph was not dreamed of; railways did not exist, and the press was weak and limited equally in scope and influence. The country was then held by the dependencies of powerful, monarchial nations. None of the duties and responsibilities which have devolved on us, as the head of a free Union can nations, existed. Our limited commerce brought us little in contact with other countries, and in the great family of nations our obligations were few and simple. We had the element of slavery within us, incompatible with democracy or republicanism, which ran through and controlled as well constitutional provisions as legislative enactments.

The highest devices of patriotism and intelligence, matured under circumstances so different from ours, could never meet present requirements. The wisdom of other ages of fancy are not fit garments for the man. No one denies in heart that the Constitution requires great, not to say radical changes. The cry of suspiciousness against those who openly propose a change, is the cry of the demagogue. It has been violated to conform to public requirements in more than one instance, and only with tacit consent, and will be violated again, whenever any great necessity arises, with equal consent. Is it not better to change it than firing it into contempt by abuse, or to seek to accomplish the object of required changes by doubtful legislation, incompatible with its provisions?

A decent respect for the patriotism and wisdom of our fathers demands that we should approach their work reverently, and in remodeling the edifice they raised, to preserve every stone and column not incompatible with the grandeur and strength of the new and grander structure which we propose to build. We do not believe that all patriotism, wisdom, foresight or principle died out with the framers of the Constitution. We do not believe that it is a new Constitutional Convention we need, its work would be less perfect than that of the first assemblage, and we are confident it would be acquiesced in with even greater unanimity than that was.

A series of Constitutional Amendments have just passed the House of Representatives by the requisite two-thirds vote. They contain articles guaranteeing personal rights to life, liberty and property to all citizens of the United States; apportioning representation in Congress according to voters, and not according to population; disfranchising a segment of the rebel debt; and depriving all persons who voluntarily took part in the late rebellion of the right to vote for members of the General Government until July 4, 1870.

It is not our purpose to discuss these amendments; but to declare for a Constitutional Convention as preferable to such a miscellany of additions. We go for rebuilding, instead of patching. The Constitution, to be clear, intelligible, and logical, must be recast. Some things which, like slavery, were incorporated in its very texture, cannot otherwise be got rid of. Besides, the constant harrassment, turmoil, and bitter discussion on every proposed change in Congress and in State Legislatures, go far to prevent the restoration of that peace and quiet for which the nation is longing.

Let every State, loyal and rebel, be represented in that Convention. The triumph won through superior numbers and greater resources in the field, will be equally assured in the Constitutional Council. The great moral results of the war would be far better secured under a single act, which should be the new nation's new charter, than by amendments intruded here and there into the existing venerable but battered instrument.

Conflicting Reports.

THE official report of the Spanish Admiral Mendez Nuñez, giving the particulars of the recent bombardment of Valparaiso, has been published. In some points it is in flat contradiction of the report of Commodore Rodgers to the Secretary of the Navy, to which we unwadvertted in our last issue. False and humiliating as was the position in which Commodore Rodgers put himself, according to his own report, it was still much worse by the report of Admiral Nuñez. If the latter be true, Commodore Rodgers has no alternative except to resign a post which he has dishonored, and retire from a profession of which he is unworthy.

Commodore Rodgers told us, in his report, that, although he considered it his interest to prevent the bombardment, and that he had the right to do so, and believed it to be his duty, yet he refrained because, at the last moment, an imbecile and cowardly spirit declined to join him in the work, and because he was determined not to "singe his pans" in "pulling chestnuts out of the fire," at the risk of being laughed at for his pains. The "pulling chestnuts out of the fire" is Capt. Rodgers's mode of designating the noble act of saving an undefended city from bombardment, and of protecting many millions of foreign and neutral property, including much that was American!

Poor and humiliating as is this explanation, or excuse, it is less discreditable than that which Admiral Nuñez avers was given by Commodore Rodgers to him. He tells us that when the latter informed him that he should probably be "compelled to resist the bombardment by force," he (Nuñez), replied that "such considerations should prevent him from executing the orders of the Government,"—thus implying that it was fear of Spanish prowess, and not dread of being laughed at, that led Capt. Rodgers to reconsider his purpose. Of course this is only Spanish self-complacency, for Commodore Rodgers had declared that he "doubted" Admiral Nuñez and his fleet in "from thirty seconds to thirty minutes."

What, however, is most pertinent, and in many respects less discreditable, than the reports of the two commanders, is the statement of Admiral Nuñez that, on the 29th of March, he was called on by Commodore Rodgers, who informed him that he had intended to oppose the bombardment of Valparaiso by force, because he was at the time convinced that the object of the attack was not, as said that Chile was in the right; *but that subsequently he had arrived at the conclusion that right, moderation, and dignity, were on the side of Spain; wherefore, he not only should not oppose anything, but that his ships would move out of the way at eight o'clock in the morning of the 31st.*"

Now, as we have said, Com. Rodgers testifies that he considered the bombardment, when proposed, as contrary to public law, violative of legitimate war, and might be resisted; that he did not resist it because the British Admiral failed to join him; and because he might "singe his pans," and get laughed at. Nuñez tells us, on the other hand, that Com. Rodgers informed him that he had abandoned his intention of interfering, because he had "arrived at the conclusion that right, moderation and dignity were on the side of Spain!" Now, according to Nuñez, was on the 29th of March. On the 31st of the same month Com. Rodgers wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, severely censuring the conduct of Spain, denying her right, which Nuñez says he admitted two days before, expressing the belief that she was acting on a point of etiquette rather than for the accomplishment of any great political end, and that her conduct was in violation of the rules of legitimate war. To leave no room for misapprehension, we quote from Com. Rodgers's report:

> "At last Chile had reached the goal in human progress marked by the establishment of religious toleration, and that Spain, on a point of etiquette rather than from any great political end, as I believe, proposes to burn the defenceless city of Valparaiso, would not be seen so far as she does fit. Is it right that she should thus destroy the lives and properties unconnected with the silence of the Continent?
>
> "Let the blame be where it may, Spain provokes a retaliation which seems to me such as will provoke universal condemnation before the civilized world; and therefore that it is not directed to its legitimate end, and, consequently, that no future plea might be sustained."

As the matter stands, Com. Rodgers thought Spain so far wrong *before* the 29th of March, that he was prepared to forcibly interfere against her; that on the 29th of March she was "right, moderate and dignified;" and that on the 31st of March she was wholly wrong again, acting without just motives, cruelly, and in violation of legitimate warfare. The countrymen of Com. Rodgers do not believe the representations of the Spanish Admiral. They regard his report of the interview of March 29th as untrue, and they expect Com. Rodgers to take means for relieving himself from the false position in which this official publication places him. They feel sufficient regret that he did not prevent the bombardment of Valparaiso; but they do not wish him to appear as having finally approved it as a vindication of "the right, moderation and dignity" of Spain.

THE army raised in the Revolution, from 1775 to 1783, amounted to 231,791, the militia adding one half of that force, and the latter consisted of four vessels. In 1812 the regulars numbered 32,360, the volunteers 6,000, the militia 20,000, and the navy consisted of 19 frigates and 12 gun-boat boats. In 1815 we had 276 vessels, with 1,636 guns. In March, 1865, we had 624 ships-of-war, with 5,477 guns; and the aggregate number of men raised for the Union armies to put down the rebellion was 2,688,000. If to the above be added the quite equal number of the Confederate armies, it will be found that the grand aggregate reached 4,000,000 of men at arms, the largest force ever called out on a footing in any one country, in any age of the world.

JOSEPH BARNARD DAVIS, M. D., announces for publication in England "Thesaurus Craniorum," or catalogue of skulls of the various races of man in the collection of the author, the result of many years' research and labor; and containing between fourteen and fifteen hundred specimens of skulls and skeletons drawn from every division of the globe, and embracing representatives of the human races of most attainable countries, as well as many of the islands of the Indian and Pacific Oceans.

ONE day at the Casino Cadet, in Paris, a fine lady with whom a gentleman was dancing reminded him that he had no gloves on. "It doesn't matter," he replied, "I'll wash my hands after the quadrille."

THE following recipe for cholera has proved effectual in Paris, France, beyond any other:

1 part of laudanum.
1 part of camphorated spirit.
2 parts of tincture of ginger.
3 parts fresh peppermint.

Dose for an Adult: One teaspoonful in a wineglass full of water. If the case be obstinate, repeat it in three or four hours.

THE stringency of the Massachusetts liquor law has stirred up "Quilp," of the Boston *Post*, into the subjoined effusion:

> "SHOT" AT THE SUN.
>
> Says Hot, the Professor, "*Parbleu!*
> How hard it is to get cold it is!—
> For how will I cook
> If to rule is to rule
> Yis no vote for ze gravy!—*Mein Dieu!*"

MR. BENJO GOULD has lately published "The Book of Were-Wolves," in which he recounts a great number of instances, ancient and modern, of persons consumed with a passion for murder, and whose thirst for blood knew no limit. The latest of these monsters, whose name he had intended to oppose the bombardment of Valparaiso by force, because he was at the time convinced that the object of the attack was not, as said that Chile was in the right; *but that subsequently he had arrived at the conclusion that right, moderation, and dignity, were on the side of Spain; wherefore, he not only should not oppose anything, but that his ships would move out of the way at eight o'clock in the morning of the 31st.*"

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OBSERVATIONS from high elevations in southern latitudes has long been a desideratum in astronomical science. Lieut. Ashe, Director of the Quebec Observatory, has suggested to the President of the Astronomical Society of London that a first-class telescope should be placed on one of the higher Llanos of the Andes, where, free from the effects of a moist atmosphere, a series of observations of the sun and planets might be carried out. Being himself acquainted with the country, he recommends that the application should travel by way of Panama to Arica, in Peru, and thence to the gentle town of Tacna, whence the ascent of the mountains to the selected site would begin. In three days the Pass of Tacora at the height of 14,000 feet—could be reached. Lieut. Ashe intimates that he would be willing to conduct such an expedition, and that the Government of Chile stands would gratuitously grant leave of absence and the use of the Quebec telescope of eight inches' aperture.

THE attempt to assassinate the Emperor of Russia failed through the interposition of Ossip Komissaroff, a lately emancipated serf, a tailor. He has been raised to the nobility. The life of the benefactor of the serfs was saved by one of their number.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Tribune*, writing of Acapulco, the principal port of Southern Mexico on the Pacific, says:

> "In its best estate Acapulco contains 4,000 people, but the starting slavery consequent upon the entry to the Republican cause to withdraw, and only 400 remain. Before the thousand Imperialists, all, officers and men, native Mexicans, took possession with 150 camp followers, they had to land the rest of the guns, three feet, half a mile from the water; but, though aided by the French more or less, they are not strong enough to dislodge Alvarez, whose flag, in full view, then distant about three miles, only three hills in between. With good artillery he could shell them out of the fort and the harbor in less than an hour."

THE London *Athenæum*, noticing Goodrich's "Tribute Book," and referring to the enormous contributions made by our people in support of the late war, charitably and otherwise, goes on to say:

> "The great amount of national devotion is now poured into the New World; made out of such a grand full ought to be—not with greedy care for paltry items, but with a generous anxiety to avoid the total to the uttermost farthing, but with the generous moderation of a munificent man, who, having given to the full measure of his greatness, is careful not to over-estimate his liberality. Such was the spirit of the people of Britain that whilst the Americans were paying in taxes $3,000,000 for 1865 as the proportion of the war, they voluntarily contributed $70,000,000 to promote enlistments, to procure hospitals, to succour the sick and wounded, to succour the families of volunteers, to sustain the efforts of the Freedmen's Bureau for the sick and wounded, to send aid to the distressed Unionist within the rebel lines, to feed the famishing Southern people, and to build soldiers' rests, to endow orphan asylums, to give pensions to those disabled, and every other claim to dead ness. Seventy millions of dollars! Let the ladies who have had to do their collecting speak of it. Let the article 'Half-a-million of Money,' think what these words must make the downtown merchant feel, and peer over the account at their clubs, and mutter something about 'Paid in greenbacks, by Jove!' Seventy millions, boys, burn these $70,000,000 into English sovereigns; and what making the shoulders of Britannia bear, they will have a rather heavy load of pestiferous gold on them."

THE Court of Chancery of England has recently reaffirmed its previous holding, that the *illustrations* of the letter-press of a book form part of such book, and are covered by its copyright.

TOWN COSSIP.

ANOTHER burn of the kaleidoscope, and the brilliant colors of our New York life assume fresh and fashion forms. For once our country cousins, who always come up to their annual inspection, have not brought gloomy skies with them. The lights of the most susquehanna, and the sunlight to the various societies, have found no use for their gingham umbrellas, and as they stalk in groups up and down Broadway with their pantaloons and wide-checked shirts, it is certainly not against our weather that they can be called to shelter their heads from the scorching noon. Will they choose rather to invigh a stunt the crowds which seem every year to grow more and more per? or will they allow their wrath to be kindled against the hats which each year grow more bewitching, or the pretty faces under them which become each year more seductive? What can make our reversed and reversed friends look at Broadway as they look at the animals? Have they no sympathies with the life, health, vigor and beauty they see around them, or do their repulsive visions see but terrible wonderments over us?

But having quitted his wholesale storms-already alluded to in the "Gossip" of last week, according to particulars, attracts attention by the grotesqueness (if we may be allowed the term) of his traffic. Flies have been found in amber, but who would have expected to hear of a man being smothered in sawdust? Not the least from whatever fate like that which overtook by the family of Patrick O'Rourke, thus as surely and as fatally as if their head as if he had helplessly fallen into fire or water.

With death naturally is associated destruction; and among other destructive agencies, this season has had an amount of piles of bricks, torn-up sidewalks, and cloaks of dust from Central Avenue. With extensive repairs in Broadway we can part without regret, for we have assurance that their successors will be more worthy of the capital. But what sacrilegious hand has given a temple consecrated by every pomp of religion to the service of the Most High, round which centuries so many memories of what is at once most tender and most excellent in the lives of thousands of this and past generations, to be the prey of the spoiler? Our affection greatly wounded. What has become, we ask ourselves, of the old Brick Church? Is it to fall into the church of St. Thomas? Wait I carted off with the old stones, or does it lie in the basement of the new street? Is consecration hereditary?

The week winds up by a pleasant dinner on board the magnificent screw steamer Queen, belonging to the National Line of Steamers between Liverpool and this port. A company representing the wealth and importance of commerce, the dignity and decorum of the bench, the eloquence of the bar, the popularity of the press, assembled to do honor to the recently appointed Agent to the Company, Mr. F. W. J. Hurst, and every one must certainly echo the sentiment with which the prosperity of the line was drank, as that of a Company "whose ships united two countries, separated only by the sea!"

Mr. Gough never delivered a more persuasive temperance lecture than one announced for last Sunday by certain benevolent and dignified gentlemen whom the powers at Albany have selected to watch over the morals and manners of our wicked city. Mr. Gough has drawn large crowds, but our lecturers had larger; Mr. Gough has depicted most glowingly the evils of intemperance and urged reform most eloquently, but the speakers on this occasion condensed their discourse into a single utterance, "Touch not, taste not," and a hundred thousand eager listeners gave them their undivided attention.

The bibulous portion of our citizens, from the Battery to King's Bridge, sought their accustomed haunts only to hear the ominous words, like the shrill notes of alarm an old prophet once shouted in the streets of Nineveh, "Touch not, taste not;" for *lager* had ceased to flow, and the fountains of the more exciting *ardent* were dry, and every saloon, and bar, and groggery, was locked and sealed, and the irrepressible conflict between law and license, between order and wassail, had come. Treats were at a discount, and many feverish lips were constrained perforce to sing—

"Water, cold water's the drink for me,"

while others found

"Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop of drink;"

and others, still more fervent than pious, gave expression to their feelings in unrestrained vituperation. A temperance movement is a novelty in this latitude, but the experiment proved more successful than was anticipated, and will be repeated next week.

At Wallack's, on Monday, there was performed a dramatic version of Charles Reade's novel, "It is Never Too Late to Mend." It has been adapted by the author, and very clumsily has he done it. It has been for some time quite the rage in London, and hence its inevitable resurrection on this side of the Atlantic. We do not like these reality plays, which are to us as distasteful in the drama as the pre-Raphaelistic sketches are in art. The novel has been pretty well followed, and some of the scenes are effective. The greatest attraction in the piece is the scenery, which is positively worth a visit on its own account alone. The acting is what might be expected from so admirably trained a company as Wallack's; but, as there is really no great character in the drama, the actors have no opportunity for displaying their individual merits.

At the Academy of Music, Mr. Grau opened a short season on Monday, with "La Traviata," which was quite favorably received, the new *artistes* introduced making a good impression. On Wednesday "Il Trovatore was produced; followed on Thursday by "Faust." The performances have been excellent, but the audiences were not as large as the character of the operas and the merit of the *artistes* deserved. What was deficient in numbers, however, was made up in enthusiasm, which certainly was well merited.

Barnum's has been crowded during the week, and no wonder, since it appeals to so many classes.

A lively musical comicality has been produced at the Olympic, and has attracted large audiences.

Barney Williams and his wife continue their campaign at the Winter Garden.

Mr. Charles Dillon commences on the 16th a short engagement, and will appear in his favorite character of "Belphegor; or, the Mountebank."

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

CONTINUING our exploration of the North Room, we come upon

No. 226, "Saranac Woods," by Mr. J. A. Hows, which is good in color, very fine in drawing, and faithfully renders the characteristics of the Adirondack country, with which his drawings have made us all familiar. This is one of the few good pictures which are very badly hung.

No. 208. "The Frost King," by Mr. C. V. Cranch. This picture is obviously bad, and strongly reminds us of some of Thomas Hood's caricatures. Mr. Cranch is an Academician.

No. 195. "The Story of Mobile Bay," by Mr. A. W Warren. The story is pleasantly told, and the picture is very good in color.

Nos. 216, 217, 218, 219. Landscapes, by the late Mr. J. A. Suydam. Among these are some of the best specimens of Mr. Suydam's pictures, which are always pleasant, and very truthfully painted.

No. 171. "The Gun Foundry." Mr. J. F. Weir. This picture seems, by general consent, to be the leading work of the present exhibition. It attracts more general attention, and has excited more critical comment, than any other picture on the walls. There is good reason for this, independent of its intrinsic merits as a composition and as a painting. The subject chosen is a bold one, and hard to handle; the danger being that, in giving sufficient strength of contrast, an appearance of exaggeration might prevail. There are elements of power in the subject: the cavernous workshop, with its dim distances; the brawny, spectral figure in the intense light of the molten iron; and the countless details, minute but important, all calculated to add a certain weird grandeur to the scene.

The subject of this picture is the great West Point Gun Foundry, and the time chosen is the casting of one of the huge Parrott guns. In the centre is the vast mould sunk deep into the earth; high above it the ponderous crane, bearing the caldron which the athletic hands, shielded from the intensified heat, are just emptying of its seething contents into the upright flask, which shall give it back cooled, a potent instrument of deadly warfare.

The characteristic of the picture is vivid action. The work itself admits of no delay—the iron must not cool. The figures to the right and left of the caldren, tilting it over by main strength, are drawn with great spirit. Every muscle is at work, and it is evident that the labor is not light. The figure in front of the flask, holding the rope which guides the motion of the crane or derrick, is admirable, from the air of caution, forethought, and control which is stamped on face and form. The group at the windlass is also full of action, and so of the solitary figure at a distant furnace—the departing point which rests the eye and harmonizes the whole. Mr. Weir has seized a moment of action, and every living thing present is emotionally absorbed in that period. The silent group of spectators on the right, by the fixed, wondering interest they exhibit, intensifies the action of the whole. The entire action of this picture is masterly in its conception and execution.

The picture is honestly painted; no trickery is used. The effect is legitimate, and within the bounds of reality. The glare of the molten iron, without the brightness of fire, is faithfully rendered, and the reflection, which, in less careful hands, might have been merely bright light, is only glare, finely graduated and diffused. The individuals in the group of spectators on the right, are, we understand, portraits of distinguished persons invited to witness the casting of a gun.

All the details of the picture are elaborately worked up to a point of finish, but without deteriorating from the broad and grand effect of the whole.

Mr. Weir has made a marked success by the picture, and has won for himself an individuality by his strong and bold treatment of a common-place yet difficult subject.

EAST ROOM.

No. 227. "Tasting the Broth," by Mr. C. F. Blauvelt, is in that gentleman's usual happy manner.

No. 233. "Love Me, Love My Dog," by Mr. Alfred Jones. Evidently a study from nature, spirited and correct. The expression of the child's face is admirable.

No. 238. "Monk in Tuscany," by Mr. Elihu Vedder. The same monk, the same cypress trees, and the same dreary landscape that Mr. Vedder has been painting for years. This gentleman has given us many good pictures; we need only mention his "Lair of the Serpent," a fine conception and very original, and a small picture of the "Genii Escaping from the Bottle," which, although, perhaps, suggested by a little drawing by Mr. Harvey, in a head-piece to the notes on one of the chapters in Lane's "Arabian Nights," was very cleverly painted. But for two years past Mr. Vedder appears to have assumed the privilege of successful painters, and gives us a great many very poor pictures.

No. 245. "Study on Will's Creek," by Mr. A. H. Wynant. Truthful and rich in color.

No. 234. "Lake George," by Mr. J. F. Kensett. One of his gray pictures, and beautifully modulated in tone throughout.

No. 247. "Sunday Morning," by Mr. Eastman Johnson. A very fine picture, and what faults it has are merely technical. In the first place, there is a want of relief in the shelf over the chimney. Mr. Johnson himself evidently felt this, and has attempted to produce the proper effect by placing strongly colored objects on the shelf itself, but without success. There is also a confusion between the light coming from the window and that which comes down the open mouth of the chimney. There also seems to be a fault in drawing, in the left side of the woman nursing the child—an incident not pleasant in a picture.

No. 248. "Autumn Woods," by Mr. W. Whittredge. Although having some fine qualities, it is not as good as Mr. Whittredge's pictures usually are.

No. 250. "October," by Mr. M. Waterman. Original in composition and good in color. The cattle are, by all odds, the most carefully and truthfully drawn in the exhibition. Another example of a most excellent picture badly hung.

No. 251. "Fiddling His Way," by Mr. Eastman Johnson. A most beautiful and glowing piece of color. The incident rendered with great feeling.

No. 256. "Dog and Game," by Mr. E. Terry. As good as it is possible for any still life to be in which such extreme finish is attempted. We notice that Mr. Terry, in his foreshortening, always exaggerates his drawing.

No. 261. "The Studio," by Mr. J. B. Stearns. Bad in color, inexcusable in drawing, and trashy in composition. In fact, any attempt to be specifically critical upon this picture would be simply absurd. A competent and independent tribunal would have excluded it from any exhibition.

No. 265. "The Brunette," by Mr. J. G. Brown. Not so successful as Mr. Brown's pictures usually are. It tells no story, although there is evidently some action intended, which the artist has failed to impart.

No. 267. "The Discarded," by Mr. W. R. Freeman. Full of useful and delicate drawing; the flesh color is particularly good.

No. 285. "Sparking in the Old Times," by Mr. L. E. Wilmarth. The most noticeable thing about this picture is the monumental brass upon the frame, setting forth that Mr. Wilmarth is a pupil of Gerome. Not much the better for Mr. Wilmarth, and much the worse for Mr. Gerome.

No. 287. "A Glimpse of the Caribbean Sea," by Mr. F. E. Church. It is with great regret that we notice that Mr. Church paints many pictures which fall far below the great reputation he has achieved. Here now is a picture which, like many of Mr. Church's recent efforts, has nothing to recommend it but its oddity. Of late, Mr Church, judging by his exhibited pictures, seems to see nothing in Nature but her vagaries—what the public call "striking effects," but what we are inclined to call "clap-trap."

In this picture he has probably attempted to express some peculiar modification of the surface of the sea, caused by a long point of land running out from the shore. After patient study, this is all we can comprehend of the intention of the painter; but whatever Mr. Church's intention, he has failed in attaining any fact which ever did exist in nature. His "Caribbean Sea" seems to be suspended in mid-air, and his point of land suggests the side of a mountain cliff, and nothing else whatever. On the whole, without the assistance of the catalogue, this picture would seem to be intended as a pendant to the gentleman's "Star of Bethlehem," and to represent Mount Ararat after the flood, before the waters were drained off. The foreground is petty, and the color is not good.

No. 299. "In the Woods," by Miss M. S. Barston, contains some very careful detail, patiently studied.

No. 300. "Cherries," by Miss V. Granbery. Well arranged and carefully painted.

No. 305. "In Memoriam," by Mr. W. J. Hennessy, falls far below the gentleman's best picture. We notice in Mr. Hennessy's pictures this year that he is beginning to ignore the existence of eyes in the human head, a practice which has become quite common with some figure-painters of late, and of which we shall have more to say presently.

No. 309. "Portrait," by Mr. F. Angero. A very fine portrait, good both in drawing and color.

No. 312. "The last of the Ice," by Mr. C. G. Griswold. We should not have noticed this picture, had not our attention been particularly called to it by many very favorable comments. We are always sorry to disparage the works of a young artist, but it would, perhaps, be better for Mr. Griswold if some of the faults of this picture were presented to his notice. In the first place, it shows a great want of patient study and labor; it does not represent truthfully either fog, rain, mist, or any other known condition of the atmosphere; it contains no color whatever, and impresses us with no sentiment whatever—it is simply gray paint. Mr. Griswold might study with advantage Mr. Kensett's picture of "Lake George" (234), which has been hung as a pendant to his own, and in which he will see what may be done with gray tones by the hand of a master.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE March number of *Chicago Illustrated* is a successful continuation of that publication. "Crosby's Opera House" and the "Jesuit Church," the two foremost Illustrations contained in this number, are handsomely executed.

"DOCTOR KEMP," just published by the American News Company, is a very clever novel. It is full of original humor, and tells exceedingly well "The Story of a Life with a Blemish." The Company also publishes Dr. C. C. Schieferdecker's pamphlet on "the Nature, Prevention and Cure of Cholera."

Two new books appear from Carleton's: "Recommended to Mercy," an interesting English novel; and "Adrift in Dixie," by a Yankee officer; a book which will be read with gratification by every man who has aided in effecting the work of Emancipation.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A private letter from Newbern, N. C., says that at the United States District Court, now in session in that city, a white man has just been convicted of passing counterfeit national currency, a black man having been the principal, if not the only witness against him. The writer, speaking of such testimony, says: "This marks a new era in the history of North Carolina, under the Civil Rights principle."

—— A large eagle having for some time annoyed the people of Atlantic county, New Jersey, by killing their lambs, it was shot by Hope W. Gandy, Jr., in the vicinity of Tuckahoe, one day last week. It measured seven feet seven inches between the tips of the wings.

—— The editor of a new paper in Nebraska begins his introductory article with the following sentence: "The object in view in the establishment of this paper, is the procuring of means wherewith to buy bread and butter and good clothes."

—— The Fall River (Mass.) *News* says: "Mr. Isaac Barker, of Tiverton, R. I., was in town lately, wearing clothing with silver buttons over 200 years old. In company with his brother, Peleg Barker, he owns a house in Pembroke, 12 miles from Plymouth, which is 299 years old. It is still inhabited, has always been in their family, and is believed to be the oldest house in the United States."

—— The oldest church now existing in this country, is situated near Smithfield, Isle of Wight County, Va. It was built in the reign of Charles I., between the years 1630 and 1635. The brick and lime and timber were imported from England. The timber is English oak, and was framed in England. The structure is of brick, erected in the most substantial manner. The mortar has become so hardened that it will strike fire in collision with steel.

—— A widow lady of Danville, Ky., took an orphan boy to raise, quite small, and when he arrived at the age of 18 she married him, she then being in her 50th year. They lived many years together, happy as any couple. Ten years ago they took an orphan girl to raise. Last fall the old lady died, being 96 years of age, and in seven weeks after the old man married the girl they had raised, he being 65 years old, and she 18.

—— The battle-field of Franklin, Tenn., where Hood's men fell by hundreds and were buried, has been rented by the proprietor to freedmen, and is about to be given to the plow. Every Southern State has its representative on this field, and their friends are endeavoring to secure means to remove the bodies before the traces of the graves are trampled out.

—— A correspondent, writing from Ballston, N. Y., thinks that mineral water may be obtained there equal in every respect to the Springs of Sarotoga. He states that the "stratum of lime rock which outcrops at Saratoga, and above which the mineral waters are found, has been discovered to lay embedded at the depth of about 600 feet in Ballston."

—— The Culpepper (Virginia) *Observer* says: "Mrs James Keith Taylor, the sister of Chief Justice Marshall, at a very advanced age, beloved and venerated by all around, is still living, and resides in Fauquier County."

—— A large cotton factory, called the "Manassas" manufactory, has been built at Carrollton, Miss. It contains 180,000 spindles, 1,300 looms, and will go into operation July 1st. The company owns 1,700 acres of land contiguous to the factory, all well wooded.

—— Governor Orr, of South Carolina, has expressed his opinion regarding the teaching of freed people. He believes it is good for them and good for the State. He says the teachers shall be protected in their duties, and that the prejudice against them and their occupation is disappearing.

—— A plan for the vault of the Washington Cemetery, intended for the reception of the Union dead who fell on the battle-fields of Virginia, has been approved by the Quartermaster-General. It will be circular in shape, with an interior diameter of 20 feet, and covered with a hemispherical arch or dome. In the top of this dome will be an elliptical opening, covered with a stone tablet, on which proper inscriptions may be made. The vault will be divided into four compartments by two cross walls intersecting at right angles. The remains of Union soldiers are generally distinguished from those of the rebels by the buttons on their uniforms, and sometimes by the descriptions of the deceased enclosed in sealed bottles, which, toward the close of the war, were interred with the bodies of our dead heroes for subsequent identification by their friends or relatives.

—— Col. J. W. Burke, of the 10th Ohio, has published a statement of the sufferings of the people for food in North Alabama. He says the destitution extends through all those counties lying south of the Tennessee River, and constituting what is called the mountain region of Alabama. The close of the war found the people destitute even of the necessaries of life, and last year, no rain falling throughout that region, their slender crops were burnt to a crisp by the fierce rays of the sun. Without money, crops, or any resources whatever, the people have been reduced to a state of suffering which equals in ghastliness the horrid scenes of the Irish famine years.

—— There is on exhibition at Baltimore a model, some 12 feet in diameter, of a revolving vessel, the invention of Mr. George T. Snyder, of Lancaster, Penn. The great novelty embraced in the construction of this vessel consists in a very simple application of the motive power, by which the vessel is made to roll over the water instead of running through it, and so completely arranged that passengers and freight remain stationary, while the hull of the vessel is rapidly revolving.

—— The ladies of Columbus, Miss., recently decorated the graves of the Confederate dead in the cemetery of that city. They also paid the same mark of respect to the memory of some 40 Federal soldiers buried near by. This act elicits the approval of the press of that city, which claims that, the war being over, no distinction should be made between the departed heroes of opposite sides.

—— There are 16 iron-clads now in process of construction, three of them in New York, three at Cincinnati, two each at St. Louis and Pittsburgh, and one each at Boston, Portsmouth, Philadelphia, Brownsville, Pa., and Kensington, Pa.

—— In 1860 the commercial railroads within the United States had a total length of 30,793 miles, and cost $1,151,530,820, and the city railroads had a length of 402 miles, and cost $14,862,840. The latter depend no more completely upon the home travel of Americans for their passenger receipts than do the former upon American home labor for their freight receipts. The earnings of both come almost wholly from home support. And the stockholders who have invested $2,000,000,000 in these roads have, for every dollar they have put in, a direct personal interest in building up American manufactures into a permanent and prosperous system.

—— A case involving the legal and constitutional right of polygamy is in process in Salt Lake City. A Gentile married a lady who was claimed as the wife in polygamy of one of the Mormon leaders. The lady, fearing that her children would be claimed by the Mormon, brought the case directly before the United States Court. It was postponed, and in the interim her new husband was shot dead while in the company of the United States Marshal, and in open daylight.

—— A bill has been brought into the Legislature of California to make an annual appropriation of $5,000 to the Bay View Stock Association, in consideration of their having established a race-course near San Francisco, and thus done their utmost toward the improvement of the horses there. The $5,000 in question is to be distributed in racing premiums; and the San Francisco *Bulletin* thinks that such a disposition of the money will do more good than is effected by $5,000 to the State Fair, at which it says faro, monte, and rouge et noir are as prominent as the mammoth pumpkins and gigantic beets.

—— The Rome (Ala.) *Courier* says that a meeting of the planters was called at Centre, Cherokee County, a few days since, for the purpose of ascertaining the actual wants of the people. About 100 men were present, five-sixths of whom before the war had been thrifty farmers. Of this number only seven reported that they had corn enough to do them until the wheat harvest; for a bushel of corn they now offer a bushel of wheat after harvest, or 10 pounds of cotton next Christmas. It is the impression of the editor that 50,000 bushels of corn could be disposed of in Rome on these terms in two weeks.

—— The electric telegraph is to be introduced into China, and Dr. MacGowan has been appointed to proceed forth, as its commissioner and engineer, to connect Pekin and Canton. He will be accompanied by a staff of telegraphers, and will employ a system which he long ago devised, by which messages can be transmitted in hieroglyphic characters.

—— A criminal, confined in the jail at Ravenna, Ohio, recently becoming obstreperous and unmanageable, was effectually quieted by the injection into his cell of two pounds of chloroform. He was then pinioned, and within 18 minutes of the time the experiment began, he was fully restored to consciousness.

—— A tragedy, rendered especially shocking by the attendant circumstances, occurred last week in Hawkins county, Tenn. Rev. R. M. Hickey was preaching the funeral sermon of a rebel soldier. While the sermon was progressing, two brothers, named Walters, manifested a disposition to disturb the audience. Eldridge Hand, a citizen of that neighborhood, remonstrated with them, and an angry quarrel ensued. In the midst of it, one of the brothers drew a pistol on Hand, wounding him severely in the thigh. Upon this Sam Smith, a soldier, killed Walters upon the spot. The other brother then opened fire upon Smith, slightly wounding him. Smith returned the fire, and the second brother fell mortally wounded.

Foreign.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Telegraph* writes: "The one great object of my admiration in Paris is the bonnet—its ever-changing shape, its splendor, its disappearance, and its 'dark days of nothingness.' What do you think bonnets were yesterday? Not crepe, nor tulle, nor silk, nor satin, nor velvet, nor straw. No, nothing but flowers. I saw one lady with a bonnet of daisies, and another who had on her head a handful of lilies of the valley, festooned with green ribbon. If it really is anything, a bonnet can scarcely be less than a few lilies of the valley, which at Florence would cost half a Paul. Another lady had a wreath of wallflowers."

—— During the last six months of 1865, there were killed in the southern provinces of India the following wild animals: tigers, 359; leopards, 516; bears, 293; wolves, 99; hyenas, 286; making in all 1,553, for which 23,551 rupees have been expended. The number of animals killed is larger than the number killed during the preceding year, the rainy season of 1864, but it is somewhat less than the results attained in the corresponding half year of 1864.

—— A curious family has just been established in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris. In an iron cage have been placed a young lioness, an Algerian wild boar, and a little dog. The last is quite the master, the lioness generally amusing herself with teasing the boar. When, however, the lioness goes too far, the dog interferes and re-establishes order.

—— The Sultan of Turkey has directed the translation of the Koran to be made, so that every educated Turk may read it for himself in his own language. The Koran has never before been put into the hands of its believers in any other form than its native Arabic, and strict Mohammedans regard the translation as impious. When remonstrated with, the Minister of the Sultan replied that Christians are translating their sacred books and placing them in the hands of the Turks, and that he is doing this as a means of self-defense.

—— Money is very scarce in Russia, and 72 per cent. is frequently charged for money loaned. Immense numbers of estates are announced for sale, but no purchasers present themselves. The most important commerce of the Russian empire, that of cereals, is at a complete stand still, there being no demand for exportation.

—— At a recent great steeple-chase, near Liverpool, 30 horses started; all the favorites were beaten, and the winner was a gaunt outsider, whose owner quietly pocketed $135,000 by the race.

—— A well educated man—a student of medicine—died a miserable death in London recently, from habitually eating opium and drinking as a regular beverage a mixture of spirits of wine, 5½ per cent. over proof, and wood naptha.

—— There has just died at Preston, England, a man named George Ward, who was said to be the oldest Oddfellow in the world. He was born in 1789, and for 60 years worked for the principal manufacturing firm in Preston. The period of his initiation as an Oddfellow was September 25th, 1815. He was the first Prov. G.M. of the Preston district, and was one of those who signed the first "dispensation" that went to America. In the early days of the Oddfellowship he was in the habit every quarter of walking from Preston to Manchester and back again—a distance of about 60 miles—for the purpose of obtaining the password, which he delivered to the districts on his route when returning. Since his initiation there have been 5,383 Oddfellows' lodges opened.

—— In Berlin, Prussia, there were in the year 1865 no less than 285,000 executions levied by the constables on the goods of poor debtors, whereby their furniture and other trifles were seized and sold for the benefit of their creditors. Eight hundred of such procedures a day, and that in the capital where the king, the aristocracy and officers are spending their money! Oh, there is something more than rotten in Europe; and who wonders that millions are looking for rescue from their misery, for help, and a brighter future to the blessed shores of our country?

—— Mr. S. Millbank has published some reminiscences of Gibson, the sculptor. He says: "Gibson told me that at the first sitting her Majesty gave him for the great statue in Westminster Hall, she hardly spoke at all, evidently desirous to know what sort of a man he was. Upon all future occasions he said the Queen was extremely affable, and deigned to laugh heartily at some of his stories. One day he said to her, with his peculiar naiveness: 'Madam, I was born a thief.' 'A thief, Mr. Gibson?' 'Yes, madam; for, when a child, I stole an apple from the stall of an old woman with a wooden leg. My mother found me out, took me back to the old woman, and begged her to beat me with her crutch, which she did lustily. I never stole more.' 'Ah!' replied her Majesty, 'a great deal of sorrow was brought into the world by the apple.'"

—— The first meeting of the new society, recently formed in Paris, for the purpose of undertaking a new translation of the Bible, took place in the large hall of the Sorbonne, M. Amedee Thierry, senator and member of the Institute, in the chair. Among the speakers there were, in addition to the chairman, a Catholic curé, a Jewish rabbi, and a Protestant pastor. The utmost harmony prevailed, and everything calculated to lead to differences of opinion was carefully avoided.

—— At Salon, a little town in Provence, France, there is a pneumato-electric organ. The electric fluid has no influence either on the intensity, note or pitch of the sound of the instrument. It only replaces a system of complicated levers by one of insulated wires, instantaneous in their action. The current proceeding from the electric battery is conducted by metallic wires under the keys, by the action of which it is placed in communication with the valves of the organ.

—— The Paris *Moniteur* contains a list of 300 medals, namely, 18 in gold, 178 in silver, 112 in bronze, given by the Emperor, at the suggestion of the Minister of Agriculture, to the physicians who proved during the late visitation of cholera their zeal and devotedness in the care of the sick. The *Moniteur* points out 122 instances of private heroism on that occasion, which proves that, notwithstanding the silence observed by the official papers during the visitation, it was of a sufficiently serious nature to justify the public alarm.

—— The following anecdote is told in Berlin: At a ball given recently, on the 17th birthday of the daughter of one of the noblest families, a mysterious figure—a monk mask—entered the saloon precisely at midnight, and disappeared after having presented the young lady with a basket of flowers. On examining the contents, an ebony coffin was found, inlaid with silver, containing a bridal wreath, an arrow piercing a lily, and paper on which was written, "A greeting from the world of shadows." It should be added that, though the mother became insensible, the young Countess did not lose her presence of mind, but continued dancing, and betrayed no emotion whatever.

PROF. TYNDALL ON HEAT.—At the London Royal Institution, Prof. Tyndall has been delivering a course of lectures on "Heat," to large audiences. He states that, as heat is simply the vibration of the ultimate particles of all bodies, the less that vibration, the greater the sensation of cold. Ice contains much heat, and will liquify and boil solid carbonic acid. There is no evidence that any substance on this earth has ever been deprived of all its heat, but the point at which that result is obtained is believed to be 273 degrees below the zero of the centigrade scale. The professor charged the lecture-room largely with moisture, and in the course of his experiments formed clouds, snow, ice, and hoar frost. By artificial means he imitated the geysers of Iceland, a great flood of hot water and steam shooting up through a hole in the middle of a large iron basin. Finally, he reproduced, on a large scale, the Strokr, an irritable boiling spring, which exerts its powers whenever lumps of dirt or large stones are dropped into its mouth.



THE CONFEDERATE CEMETERY UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT WINCHESTER, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.

CONFEDERATE CEMETERY AT WINCHESTER.

Now that the war is ended, and the fierce storms engendered by the conflict have subsided and



STOVE PRESENTED BY GEORGE III. TO THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES, AT WILLIAMSBURG, VA., IN 1787, AND STILL IN USE AT RICHMOND.—SEE PAGE 151.

are forgotten, a common humanity directs universal attention to the remains of those who fell in the struggle, and were, for a time, neglected. Adjoining the people's cemetery at Winchester, a lot of five acres has been secured as a burial place for Southern soldiers who were killed in the various battles near that place. In the centre of the lot is an Oblong, divided into four angles, in which the unknown dead will be deposited. A monument is to be erected at the intersection of these angles. The different States are to be represented by the squares into which the remainder of the lot is divided. Already 750 bodies are interred, and within a year it is expected that 3,000 will here find a resting-place.

The scheme of establishing this Cemetery originated with the ladies of the South, who are making active exertions to complete it and collect and bury within it the bodies of their soldiers, and, they hope within a year, to have their noble work accomplished.

DRAG-HUNT IN IRELAND.

THE practice is adopted in Ireland, and perhaps elsewhere, of dragging a red-herring along a particular line of country, in order to get up a mock chase when reynard or other subjects of sport cannot be got to rise. A hunt of this description, which is portrayed in our engraving, took place recently in the county of Dublin, and excited a very large amount of interest. It was expected to produce considerable sport, and those who drove to Ashbourne on the occasion were by no means disappointed. The day was clear, and the sun shone brightly; but there was a bitter wind from the north, and all the wrappers and overcoats of the sight-seers were called into requisition. There was no lack of excitements, nor were any of the amusing accessories of a great sporting event wanting. There was a large muster of turtles and betting-men; and the race of the day caused considerable speculation although, from the immense number of entries, the issue was more than doubtful.

The arrangements made by the stewards were admirable. A fine course of nearly four miles was chosen, commencing at the eight-mile stone, on the Ashbourne road, and terminating at the Fairy House, which commanded a fine view of the finish of the race. As this was the first drag-hunt held under the auspices of the gentlemen of the Ward Hunt, it would have been rather injudicious that all the fences should have been up to the standard. But there were some very difficult leaps, and not a few of the starters came to grief before they had completed the first mile. The course was nearly straight, and there were some capital adjacent standpoints, from which the spectators saw the running to great advantage.

Half-past two arrived, and every one stood on tiptoe and strained the eyes to ward Ashbourne, but for ten minutes or a quarter o. an hour there was no sign of the red-coats. Then the cry of the hounds was heard at a distance, and presently a man was seen running through the field, trailing something covered up in canvas at the end of a long string. There were the herrings; but where were the hounds? The scarlet coats were seen in less than a minute, and a long string of riders descended a little eminence about half a mile away, led by ten lengths or so by some one on a chestnut horse. The crowd scattered away, and about 40 horses, separated by long intervals, crossed Morrin's field as a pace by no means rapid. The ditch brought one or two to grief; but the chestnut was still leading, and his rider took matters exceedingly cool, as he well might, for his seemed about the freshest and best horse in the field. At length two or three couple of hounds, completely puzzled, showed among the last horses; but by this time the hunt was over and the prizes were won.



A DRAG HUNT IN IRELAND.

CROSSING THE LAVA FIELDS IN ICELAND.

It is only within a few years that Iceland has become a point of interest to travelers, and its wondrous scenery introduced to the lovers of the picturesque. No portion of the world possesses greater attraction to the visitor, while its volcano, its geysers, and the quaint and simple manners of its people, are a constant source of amusement and instruction to the tourist.

Our illustration presents a view of the desolating effects of a volcanic eruption, and shows a party of travelers crossing the lava-fields extending around the base of the mountain. To one who has never traversed such a district, it would be difficult to convey a just idea of the scene presented by the chaos of ridges and pinnacles, and wave-like swells of lava, which, torn and separated by cavernous rents, cover an area of many miles. Perhaps one may liken it to a sea of breakers, that, during the raging of a hurricane, has been suddenly turned to stone, or, as regards outline and form, to a glacier, in a part where it is most crevassed. The lava is of a brownish purple tint, and covered, to a great extent, with a carpeting of hoary moss, thick and soft as a cushion. Nature has left a serpentine track, or route, by which the clever Icelandic ponies cross from side to side of the field, bearing their riders safely over apparently impassable barriers.

MAJ.-GEN. NATHANIEL P. BANKS.

THIS gentleman, who occupies, at this moment the distinguished and responsible position of Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the House of Representatives, is no exception to the rule

that our most eminent men are the creations of our institutions, and spring from what in other countries are called "the humble classes." The exceptional public character of eminence is he who has sprung from any other sphere; and partial biographers, if they would seek to deduce anything from such ventitious circumstances of birth or fortune, would be obliged to say, "*although* born of an old and wealthy family, etc., he *nevertheless* rose to be, etc., etc." There would be something singular and novel in this; but to say of the hero that he carried grain to the mill, like Clay, or mowed grass, like Webster, or split rails, like Lincoln, or wound "bobbins," like Banks, would be only to repeat, with trifling variations, the story of nearly every public man, or, for that matter, of every author, artist, or merchant of distinction in America.

With the remark, then, that Gen. Banks was born in Waltham, Mass., in 1816, and that he became an editor in Lowell, and after six ineffectual efforts was elected a member of the lower branch of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1849, of which he became Speaker in 1850, we come to his real entry into public life in 1853.

In December of that year he took his seat in the national Capitol as a Representative from Massachusetts in the Thirty-third Congress, to which he had been elected on the joint nomination of the Democratic and of the American parties. In the debate on the Kansas-Nebraska Bill he took high rank as a forcible speaker, commanding the attention of the House, and demonstrated that the Federal Government was changed from its original purposes, not merely to a recognition but to a propagandism of slavery. He also advocated in an able speech the abolition of military supervision of the National armories, because hey were not military, but mechanical departments. He did not see any more connection between the manufacture of arms and the military departments of Government, than between the manufactures of cloth for uniforms, or of the paper on which bulletins were printed, and the same departments.

Mr. Banks was re-elected to the Thirty-fourth Congress which commenced its first session amid scenes of unprecedented excitement attending the election of a Speaker. For nine weeks the organization of the House was protracted by the dogged obstinacy of party men, the complications of party views, and the manœuvering of party leaders. At last—on the 133d ballot—Mr. Banks was elected by a plurality of three votes, and was escorted to the chair by his opponent, Mr. Aiken, of South Carolina. After thanking the House for the honor conferred upon him, the newly-elected Speaker said: "I have no personal objects to accomplish. I am animated by the single desire that I may in some degree aid in maintaining the well-established principles of our Government in their original and American signification; in developing the material interests of that portion of the continent we occupy, so far as we may do so within the limited and legitimate powers conferred upon us."

Mr. Banks was re-elected to the Thirty-fifth Congress, but resigned at the first month of the first session, having been chosen Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts by a plurality of 34,000 votes. This position he filled with such honor and ability, that he was re-elected in 1858 and again in 1859. While he occupied the gubernatorial chair, he did much to improve the educational and philanthropic institutions of Massachusetts, and—in view of the coming conflict which he saw was impending—he re-organized the volunteer militia of the State. The regiments of Massachusetts volunteers which hastened to the Capital in April, 1861, had been organized, equipped, and drilled under the direction of Nathaniel P. Banks as commander-in-chief. In 1859 he assembled all the volunteer militia of the State at an encampment on the historical fields of Concord, and of the 7,000 or 8,000 men there engaged in mimic warfare for three days, over 5,000 afterward rallied around the flag of our Union, and over 2,000 fell in its defense.

In 1860 Gen. Banks accepted an offer from the Illinois Central Railroad to become its principal executive officer, and he removed to Chicago, but when the war broke out, he was one of the first to take the field. His record as Maj. Gen. of Volunteers has yet to be written, when the obstacles which he had to encounter from subordinates "educated at West Point" can be stated, and when the political jealousies of the times can be made known. President Lincoln always used to call him his "general who made no trouble," so just were his actions, and so impartial was he in his treatment of civilians. At Baltimore in the Shenandoah Valley—or while in command of Louisiana—Gen. Banks displayed the same ability which had marked the previous stages of his career. Fortune did not always favor him, but he won the affection of the troops who served under him, and commanded the respect of his enemies.

Returning to Massachusetts from Louisiana in the fall of 1862, Gen. Banks was unexpectedly and immediately re-nominated for the House of Representatives, to the disgust of several politicians who were scrambling for the place. The people elected him as they had before, by a triumphant majority, and on taking his seat in the House he was placed at the head of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. His first speech, on his return to the congressional arena, was in favor of having the United States properly represented at the International Exposition in 1867 and thus enabled to honor ably compete for the palm of invention in all those industrial arts which contribute most essentially to the glory of our race. They confer more substantial glory on individuals and on nations than the trophies of unnecessary warfare, which are always bedewed with tears and stained with blood.

Gen. Banks is a grave and earnest speaker, who never fails to command attention, and to interest while he instructs. He is of middle-size, rather spare in form, with features which indicate power of will. When he speaks, there is no attempt at display, no apparent labor, but as he progresses, the ignorant are astonished that what seemed unintelligible has become suddenly self-evident, and the stupid are charmed with the consciousness of their awakened powers of perception.



LEADERS IN CONGRESS—HON. N. P. BANKS, CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.



CROSSING THE LAVA FIELD OF THE RAPELLA RAVEN, ICELAND

THE HANGBIRD'S NEST.

BY ALFRED B. SWEET.

Oh! the hangbird hangs his hammock high
On the top of the sapple dome!
The nearer the hangbird climbs the sky
The better he is at home.
He whistles and whistles as he works,
And his hammock is presently hung;
And then how he flutters and blinks and jerks!
For his thoughts are full of his young.
Oh! the hangbird, the hangbird!
When his hammock well is hung,
How he prides his feathers and winds his head!
For his thoughts are full of his young!

Oh! the hangbird comes with the summer bine,
For his is a tender frame!
And his plumage is steeped in the glowing hue,
Where the sun gleams ever in flame.
He comes when only the dogwood flowers,
In the beautiful month of June,
Then, then, in the depth of the wild-wood bowers
You list his melodious tune!
Oh! the hangbird, the hangbird!
He comes with the soft warm moon
With the rose of the garden and sunlight shower,
To sing his melodious tune.

All through the summer the hangbird stays,
In his yellow and satin dress;
And by-and-by, faint, through the lovely days
Chirpings are heard in the nest.
Oh! then how the hangbird flutters and sings,
And launches abroad for food!
Oh! then how the hangbird quivers his wings
For joy in the loneliest wood.
Oh! the hangbird, the hangbird!
When chirps his little brood,
How proudly he flutters and merrily sings,
And away to the loneliest wood.

Oh! the hangbird, he waits not for winter to frown,
Nor the hasty little flurry of snow;
When the feddlings are reared, then away, away down
The warm South his wings blithesomely go.
Away, away down, where the summer's bright crown
Is never displaced by the cold;
Where the blossoms bloom ever and winter comes never,
And all smiles in green and in gold.
Oh! the hangbird, the hangbird!
When the clouds from the North are rolled,
Then comes he with strain, hangs his hammock
again,
As June smiles in green and in gold.

ROSENTHAL.

BY M. ELIZABETH PERRY.

SALOME BROCKE stood on the steps of the orphan asylum which had sheltered her young head since her father died, looking at the long rows of windows, the slope of lawn straying above the white palings, and then with a dry sob turned to the matron.

"Good-by, ma'am," she said; "you've been very kind to me, and I thank you!"

"Good-by, my poor child! Be a good girl and God will take care of you."

"Indeed, Mrs. Mason, I'll try to be good," sobbed the orphan, and went her way, leaving behind her the only friend, almost the only acquaintance she had in the world.

It was a sweet, bright, windy, shrill-sighing day in late-June, and looked out of the deep-set, solemn eyes. Her mother had only kissed her baby, and then died; her father had been a talented pianist, with all the deep pathos, the dreamy passion, of Germany, and all its inclination to skeptical mysticism and reckless dissipation. He loved his daughter, and left her as an inheritance a musical genius equal to his, and a knowledge of the piano, to a total exclusion of every other branch of education. By dint of studying the titles of books and street placards, between her music lessons, Salome had first learned to read. A lodger in the opposite garret had taught her to write and spell; then her father suddenly died, and the thirteen years' old waif, quick refuge in the asylum, till a home could be found for her. She was just going to the place procured.

Gravely she traversed the pavements where the autumn sunlight lay in mottled shine and shadow, till she reached a handsome part of the city; tall houses, with hanging cornices and rich carving, and a quaint air of old-fashioned aristocracy, rose a little back from the street, and shielded their windows and piazzas with clusters of late flowering cereals, Cherokee roses and the stately splendor of blossoming oleanders.

Before one of them, the oldest and handsomest of all, Salome paused an instant before ringing the bell. Then with nervous fingers she seized the silver knob, and trembled when the great door opened in answer to her summons.

A dark-faced man, followed by three others, came into the hall.

"Well, child, what do you want?" he asked, almost gruffly.

"I am come to live with Mrs. Liscombe, sir. Will you tell me where to find her?" Salome's full, rich voice and earnest eyes demanded a considerate answer.

"You rang the wrong bell!" then turning to the others, "excuse me, gentlemen, while I show this young lady to the housekeeper's room."

They went through the hall in silence. Stopping at a closed door—

"What is your name?" the gentleman asked, abruptly.

"Salome Brocke, sir."

"And what, pray, is Mrs. Liscombe going to do with you?"

"I am to help her, and look after Miss Elise."

"And who is going to look after you?"

"I always take care of myself, sir."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, bowing with mock deference. "Lot me advise you, however, to let Miss Elise learn to do the same. Mary"—he added, opening the door—"this Liscombe, allow me to present Miss Brocke."

With a quizzical laugh, he gently pushed the girl into a large, and comfortable room, where a matron of forty-five years, with an ample, comely person, came forward to greet the stranger.

"Come in, my dear; I've been expecting you," she said, "but where did Mr. Rosenthal pick you up?"

"I met him and others in the hall, ma'am."

"Ah! you should have rung the servants' bell." Then the lady went on, in a pleasant, gossipy way.

"Well, child, I hope you will be very happy and comfortable with us; there are two servants, but you may, if you like, assist Hannah with Miss Elise. Miss dines here, except when she can coax her uncle to let her sit at table with his friends. She generally breakfast with him; you must not mind eating one meal alone. Here comes Elise. This is Salome, my dear," she said to a girl who came into the room, a song trilling from her red lips, the long feathery curls of her golden hair making an aureole of radiance round her head which sprang and clipped to the tune she sang; and then, seeing Salome stand waiting before her, she sprang forward, and slipping her little hand in hers, said:

"How do you do, Salome? Mrs. Liscombe says you are an orphan, and I am one, too; so I mean to love you dearly. Come, kiss me, will you?"

Salome wrapped her arms around the slender child, and as she kissed the laid on those upturned lips, she sealed a love pact of unlooked-for kindness, and tender as her own sensitive heart.

Of nearly the same age, the contrast between them could hardly have been greater. Elise small and delicately formed, but all aglow with vivid, living color and motion unrestrained, Salome was tall, bending a little for shame, as though her young shoulders felt their burden; her hair black as ink, without ripple or gloss, folded smoothly back from a forehead massive in its proportions, and almost too broad and high for the temples; across it the black brows almost met in a straight line above the deep-set eyes, dark, thoughtful, almost to sombreness. Her dress was as different as their persons; the one robed in floating muslins looped with delicate ribbons, her white throat and shoulders partially bare and dimpled; the other clad in dull black; not an atom of complexion visible, save her colorless face and large, dark hands.

Mrs. Liscombe's heart went out in motherly sympathy to the quiet girl who had come among them to be a servant, but whose beauty was likely to be a favorite; and she resolved to speak to Mr. Rosenthal concerning her; indifferent and haughty as he was, he might object to this new inmate of his house.

While she was thinking, Elise was talking to and addressing Salome.

"Come with me and I will show you the rooms and the garden," she said; "that is, if you would like it—shall you?"

"Perhaps I ought not," Salome answered, looking toward the housekeeper.

"Yes, go! do what I tell you. Miss Elise like to-day," was the reply; and the two went hand in hand through a glass door into a long terrace, where the scent of heliotrope and dying roses breathed the faint odor of bloom and decay; down below the broad steps were bordered by clear waters into a marble basin, and kept up a perpetual music of gush and ripple.

Salome sat down on the steps, and taking a cluster of flowers which Elise gave her, pressed them to her lips to hide their quivering; the sense of pleasure she felt in this beautiful spot was so exquisite, it was almost pain.

She questioned Elise about the books she studied, and decided to her how intense was her own wish to be educated.

"Yes, it is nice to go to school," Elise assented, "if I do get awful tired sometimes; and when Uncle Maurice doesn't pity me a bit; and when I tell him I hate music-lessons, his eyes blaze like fire, and I run to Mrs. Liscombe."

"But you can't dislike music!" cried Salome.

"Oh! how I love it! The beautiful melodious tunes! Poor papa, if I could only hear you sing and play for me again!"

All her delicate orphanhood came over her, and her whole figure bent and swayed under the storm of sobs her recollections excited. Salome, pale and wondering, tried to soothe her; she headed nothing until a strong hand raised her to her feet, and a voice, gentle but authoritative, commanded:

"Hush! Salome, hush! You must not cry that way, let what will be the matter."

It was Rosenthal who struggled with her wild emotion a moment; then, shutting her white lips together, stood before him.

"Come with me, child," he said, and taking a hand of each, led them into a room, whose book-shelves, paper-strewn tables, and antique chairs betokened a place devoted to study and ease.

Mrs. Liscombe so used to come wine, filled," said Rosenthal, putting Salome in a great, gulf of a chair which swallowed the dark little figure, all save the pallid face, with its sombre eyes.

When she was comfortable he left her, and pressing the room, opened a sudden, stirring first a firm chord here and there; then his fingers moved gently, along the key-board, as though they were touching some living, sentient thing, which pulsed and quivered like a heart in pain; then, when Salome's tirst lips relaxed and her sombre eyes grew soft, the full swell of harmony swept up from the instrument, caressing and enfolding the desolate soul of the orphan. Rosenthal played upon that melodious just as he did everything else—to perfection; just as he had always played on women's hearts and men's passions, making their chords and strings answer at his will.

Every nerve in Salome Brocke's body was alive to her touch; it clutched and embraced her in a dream of wondrous peace.

Elise came in with the wine, and Rosenthal went to her, with a tenderness and solicitude in the stress dropped from her fingers, while she scrambled herself to the instrument, and then the delicious accompaniment of voice mounted aloft in that sweetest, saddest chant that ever was uttered in words—"By the Rivers of Babylon."

All the longing, the heart-sickness, the tenderness of memory, and hopelessness of despair, which throughout the entire glance of the eternal love of the Father prophesied a long delayed peace—all this sobbed, and panted, and prayed in that utterance of a burdened soul.

Wonder and admiration kept her auditors silent, till the last notes pulsed through the room, and then Rosenthal, with his rare sweet smile on the cold mouth, looked at Salome without a word for many minutes. Elise threw her arms round the child's neck and caressed and cried out with a flood of childlike praises; but the man, with a wondrous light in his dusky eyes, led Salome from the instrument to a sofa, and standing near her, asked gently:

"Who taught you to play like that, child?"

"My father, sir."

"And who was he—a musician?"

"Yes; he played the piano for concerts."

"And who was your father intended to do—play for concerts, too, perhaps?"

"I am to be Mrs. Liscombe's servant, I suppose, sir."

"Rather a doubtful supposition that, Miss Salome," said Rosenthal. "Have you ever been to school?"

"No; I used to go to Miss Richard's room and hear her read poetry, though. I like that," she said, decidedly.

"Oh, you do! Will you tell me which of the poets you like best—your favorite preference?"

Salome noted the irony in his voice, and a look in her sombre eyes warned him not to go too far.

"I like all the poetry I understand, for that is nothing that he or Elise could say overcame the cold reticence with which she surrounded herself.

Long after the two children had gone to the housekeeper's room, Rosenthal sat there, all the while pondering over the dark, clear-cut face; a shadow of grave thoughtfulness brought out the latent tenderness of a countenance which expression, in its usual nature, half concealed. Beyond most men, Rosenthal's stern forehead and cynical mouth told of a thousand battles in which honor and manhood had been set against lust and passion. Looking at him, you knew he had been no near the fires of hell that its flames scorched and blistered whatever they touched. Even the remembrances of places that had sullied his life like plague-spots; days and nights at the fevered gaming-table, where the cold brain grew haggard, and hot with wine and excitement; hours in drinking-saloons, where the fetid breath of iniquity mingled with the sickening perfume of crushed flowers, where the chandeliers glanced with the diamonds and the eyes of bold-browed women, and beauty, wine, and music were poured out as incense unto strange gods.

All these memories had stamped his face with the thoughts in his heart—that made him doubt and smile with sardonic grimness as the chivalry of youth and the romance of manhood sprang up in young women. He looked at human nature through the lens of his own passions and the work the they had wrought, the estimate of mankind brought its own punishment; for what other thing can so set into and canker the soul as that eternal doubt of humanity which fosters envy and evil, turning over, with infidel and sacrilegious fingers, all that is lovely and holy, to find, if possible, the worm that is in the bud of every life? Heaven keep me from looking on the world through such spectacles!

Rosenthal's memory went out to Salome as he thought of her in lone orphanage—friendless, homeless, but for him. Under it all he saw the warm, passionate woman nature, strong and capable, he knew; but he asked himself, again and again, if the incongruities would not develop with all the rest? Should he take her into his care, shew her the fresh, sweet side of life, nature in its beauty and truth, and then know, as he must, it gave her the power, if she chose to use it, of singing him with ingratitude, and make of him a twofold traitor? Under it all he cursed as he thought. At last he strode across the room, and looking at his face in the mirror—

"Confound it, will you be a cursed fool once more?" he asked himself fiercely; then, with a pleasant laugh—

"Thank I will, your excellency," he answered.

In a moment his clanging bell brought Mrs. Liscombe to the library.

"Is there a spare room in order, madam?" he asked.

Questingly."

"Be kind enough to conduct Miss Salome Brocke to it; give her possession, and order the servants to serve her as they do Miss Elise!"

"S—i—r?" stammered the astonished housekeeper.

"You will not question, but attend to my request," he went on, coldly. "In the meantime, send the girl to me."

"What does the man mean?" she muttered; but knowing from experience it was useless to ask an explanation until her master chose to give it, she had nothing to do but obey.

Almost before she knew it, Salome's grave face looked up into his; he held a hand toward her, which her shrinking palm touched like a bird, a sweet look stole into his eyes and was reflected in her upturned countenance.

"Do you think you can believe in and trust me, child?" he asked.

It was a long, searching gaze which dived down to the very depths of his thoughts.

"I am sure I can, sir," she answered, gravely.

"Then listen to me. From this time you will share with Elise the privilege that I promised you long for an education, it shall be yours. Whatever you want that is unprovided you will ask for without hesitation. In return, I shall require your confidence, and submission to the control I may choose to exercise over you. What have you to say, Salome?"

"Oh, sir, I am grateful—I can never tell how much I am!" she cried, with a sob of joy, and, like a father, in all possible thankfulness, cried the orphan, laying her cheek on the hand she held.

"I am glad you are tremulously child," said Rosenthal, smiling at her earnestness. "But come! We have had events enough for one day. My first command is that you go to the room Mrs. Liscombe will shew you, and rest two hours at least; then you may come to this room for the evening, if you like. I shall not be here; but remember, you are to use everything in it, at all times that it may please you to do so. And now, good-by, until tea-time!"

So saying he led her to the door, where she raised her eyes, thick with tears, to his, and the words of thanks that she tried to utter hung into gasping sobs. Poor Salome! It was so new a thing to be cared for like this!

CHAPTER II.

ONE—two—three—four—five! How the years drop away! Glad and sad—sorrow and mirth! Eternity gathers them all in her lap, and the evolutions of the universe mark the record of human destinies. Memorable years over their lessons, and forever go on their way, forgetting what they have taught. But, for a little time, would span the years, and a compassionate hand should grasp their secrets! That is what Maurice Rosenthal thought, as he stood gazing out at the moonless midnight, the same handsome gentleman he was five years agone—the same, save that his face was more set, more crossed in lines, and the cynical sneer of his lip seemed carving into sadness. His life, gay to the outside world, had been one succession of gentlemen and wine since Salome Brocke found her way to his heart—a tender heart, by the way, when once its crust of carelessness and suspicion was broken through. Salome repaid his affection with a reverential love and a respect that was almost fear. She studied his moods, and the beauty which, as colors melted into moonless midnight, the same handsome gentleman he was five years agone—the same, save that his face was more set, more crossed in lines, and the cynical sneer of his lip seemed carving into sadness. His life, gay to the outside world, had been one succession of gentlemen and wine since Salome Brocke found her way to his heart—a tender heart, by the way, when once its crust of carelessness and suspicion was broken through. Salome repaid his affection with a reverential love and a respect that was almost fear. She studied his moods, and the beauty which, as colors melted into moonless midnight, the same handsome gentleman he was five years agone—the same, save that his face was more set, more crossed in lines, and the cynical sneer of his lip seemed carving into sadness. His life, gay to the outside world, had been one succession of gentlemen and wine since Salome Brocke found her way to his heart—a tender heart, by the way, when once its crust of carelessness and suspicion was broken through. Salome repaid his affection with a reverential love and a respect that was almost fear. She studied his moods, and the beauty which, as colors melted into moonless midnight, the same handsome gentleman he was five years agone—the same, save that his face was more set, more crossed in lines, and the cynical sneer of his lip seemed carving into sadness. His life, gay to the outside world, had been one succession of gentlemen and wine since Salome Brocke found her way to his heart—a tender heart, by the way, when once its crust of carelessness and suspicion was broken through. Salome repaid his affection with a reverential love and a respect that was almost fear. She studied his moods, and the beauty which, as colors melted into

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Rosenthal set his white teeth together, and with a definite purpose in his eyes, strode into the house, up stairs to the door of Salome's chamber; it was partially unclosed, and he paused to note the occupant. Absorbed in her reading, his light step had not disturbed her, and the intense, bewildered excitement she was undergoing, showed itself in the tightly clenched hand and painfully drawn lips. Suddenly dropping her face on the book with a low cry, she sobbed rather than spoke the words:

"Oh, Jean Paul! was your vision real—did you dream a truth? Is there, indeed, no law, no father, no God, but only chance? Who can tell—who can help me?"

There was a panting despair in voice and words, which smote Rosenthal like a dagger-thrust of accusation; the stern rebuke he had meditated melted into sympathy. Going forward and laying his hand on her shoulder:

"Salome!" he said; "Salome, my poor child! what is it?"

At the soft tones, she raised her eyes to his a moment, then:

"Oh, sir!" she began, "I am blinded and lost in interminable shadows! Mr. Rosenthal, you are years and years older than I—a thousand-fold wiser! I know you cast the Bible aside as unworthy belief. The system taught by the fishermen of Galilee is to you an absurdity. In God's name, tell me what *you do* believe! Where have your feet found a resting-place?"

"Hush! child, calm yourself!" said Rosenthal, in awful doubt how to answer this outburst. "Not by such visionary guides as this have I found safety. Salome, in Nature, in her sublime, unchanging laws and the never-failing accomplishment of their purposes, do I place my faith, such as it is. That there is something Infinite beyond her finite, I believe. But what it is, Infinity alone can comprehend; nor is it necessary. We suffer, we enjoy; we live and die; every son and daughter of earth shares the universal destiny. Why trouble ourselves to find the hand which impels it? The blows will be just as hard; the caresses just as sweet, if they come to us in ignorance, as though our aspirations were answered and the statue of truth stood unvailed before us!"

The girl looked at his troubled face, long and wistfully. He had evaded her appeal, and felt that she knew it, but what could he do?

"Sir," she said, "you yourself are not satisfied with this limited knowledge. You speak of visionary guides; true, they may be; the blind doubt and ignorance of human nature makes them so. But where shall I find anything more reliable? If revealed religion contradicts and condemns itself, how equally so do the systems of philosophy taught by the wisest, the noblest of men and sages, who have lived in all times since those primeval ages when men 'walked with God!'"

"Salome, I will tell you the truth. I am not satisfied; I do not know what I believe—I'm afraid not much of anything." He went on, with a regretful smile; "Your feet are as firm as mine; it took years of an experience, such as you can never have, to bring mine to these slippery places. In the study of my demi-goddess, Nature, I have sounded inexhaustible treasures of delight: they are alike open to you. Come, look at one of them."

Gently he led her to the window. Silently both gazed into the blue-black depths of the summer night. The stars, a million deep, seemed gathering their hosts and making ready to "sing together" in the morning. The breath of the south wind awoke, rustling the dark fringes of acacia trees, and wafting a subtle perfume of indescribable sweetness, fanned the hot cheek of the girl, and lifted the locks from the grave brow of the man. Suddenly a lurid, baleful light hovered over them, as though shaken from the wings of a spirit of evil. Bewildered, they stood a moment; then Salome, pointing upward, uttered a wild cry of terror—the building was on fire!

"Come!" Rosenthal cried; and winding his arms round Salome, he bore her swiftly down the broad stairs; in the hall he released her, but drawing her to him again, a strange light flooded his passionate eyes, and with a faint smile:

"My darling!" he whispered, and pressed his lips just once to her smooth white forehead.

In a moment the alarm spread through the house; servants, half-clothed, rushed shrieking and terror-stricken to the spot where Salome still stood. At last:

"Elisé! Elisé!" she cried, and sprang toward the stairs. A strong arm thrust her back.

"I will save her!"

And Rosenthal bounded up the stairway, into a corridor, where even then the hungry flames roared and lapped their hissing tongues around him.

Salome, white as the dead, kneeled on the wet grass where they had carried her, and the first prayer she had uttered for years parted her dry lips:

"Save him! save him, Almighty God!"

She moaned again and again. The crash of falling walls, the fierce rush and roar of smoke and flames answered her. She knew no more.

CHAPTER III.

TICK! tick! tick! With slow steps Time dragged into Eternity. Ever and anon hoarse mutterings came from the curtained bed, and a pair of swathed hands were tossed wildly upward in the mad pain of delirium.

Blanched and quivering, Salome Brocke's face bent over the restless, fever-streaked one on the pillow, and her hand wandered softly through the damp hair tossed above it. Days and nights of fearful waiting had passed since Rosenthal, scathed and shriveled by the flames, had lain there, shorn of his strength, the pride of intellect conquered by the fetid hand of fever.

Then his soul bared many things to the knowledge of others, which had sat behind his closed lips for years; the names of persons and places, unknown to those about him, mingled with wild expressions of love an hate, of memory and repentance; then songs, sweet and deadly as those of the serpent charmer, plunged the hearer in a sea of sensuous delight, calling back dreams of the passion-plumed East, such as Heine's, when he wrote his sweet fanciful poem of the date-palm sighing and wasting for its hotter climed love.

This night Rosenthal's ravings were interrupted by long periods of almost breathless repose. Then the solitary watcher would hold her own breath, and count the weakening pulse-beats, a terrible fear contracting her heart-strings.

"Must he die thus?"

Unconsciously, in her agony, she spoke the words aloud.

"God forbid!" said a calm, strong voice beside her.

Startled, she turned toward it; then, with a sigh of relief:

"Thank God! you are come, Dr. King!" she exclaimed, giving him her place by the bedside.

He bent over Rosenthal. Never was a stronger contrast between two faces than those thus nearing each other. Rosenthal's pallid, sunken, half-opened, black-rimmed eyes, full of smoldering fire; his dark hair tossed in plumes of sable over the pillow, and the purple mouth muttering vaguely. Dr. King's, red and white, with his Saxon blood in his blue eye, tender as a woman's now, had yet a glint through which looked a healthy, steadfast soul; his yellow hair waved and drooped at will over a noble head; even his voice had in it the strength and repose which spoke from every joint and curve of his giant figure; limbed like a new Hercules, a manly grace, the outward symbol of the inner man, covered the whole with a mantle of gentle dignity.

"He is worse, is he not?" asked Salome.

"He will soon be better than we are, Miss Brocke. Nothing can save him," he added.

Shivering, Salome sank down on her knees.

"Must he die, like that?" she moaned. "Oh! God! Must he die?"

Dr. King looked at her with pitiful eyes; then, as though she were a child, he lifted her into the deep chair, and resting his hand on her bowed head:

"Salome—Miss Brocke!" he said, "listen to me. It is true, Rosenthal, your friend and guardian, will die—but rouse yourself! Where is the fortitude, the Christian faith, that looks beyond a gap of earth and sees the lost, immortal? You believe this; surely you believe this, Miss Brocke."

"No!" she cried, "I do not believe it! I believe nothing—know nothing—save that his body will go down into the grave and the clods of the valley will cover it! desolation will be written above it!"

Softly the voice from the bed repeated the words.

"For here we have no continuous city, but seek one to come," and then died out in a low whisper of death and weakness.

"And they that seek, shall surely find it!" said King, solemnly.

"Yes!" answered Salome, her tones full of bitterness. "Yes! and when they have found it, they shall read the name engraved over the gates, and it will be—Necropolis—the House of Silence—the City of the Dead!"

"Not so, Salome! Rather, Jerusalem—the Place of Safety—the City of the Great King!"

While he yet spoke, the chamber door opened, and a small figure glided in; it was Elisé, pale, fragile, her blue eyes wide and heavy with anxious grief. Instantly Salome was on her feet, all the weakness gone from her face, as she met the girl and said:

"Elisé! you should not be here, dear. I thought you asleep, long ago."

No, I wanted to come; I want to see Uncle Maurice," she said, going to the bed and gazing into his face with a strange, weird look in her own.

"I think he will die," she spoke at last, looking at the others with cold, unmeaning eyes. "Yes," she went on, "I think he will die soon. I am not sorry, because I shall go with him. I've a great pain here, Salome"—laying her hand on her heart—"a great pain, but it will not last long. I am so young, am I not? But, Uncle Maurice will be young there; so beautiful he is, too. Well, I'll just kiss him, and say, 'Good night!' I'm very tired. Good-by, uncle! Good night, Salome!" she said, slipping past them like a spirit.

"Let her go," whispered King, preventing Salome from touching her. "She is asleep."

"But I must send Mrs. Liscombe to her."

She did so, and that lady found Elisé lying in a deep slumber, pale as a snow-wreath—her hand still pressing her heart. Dr. King prepared a potion.

"Give her this when she wakes," he said; adding, under his breath, "If she ever does wake!"

Silently they watched out the heavy hours of the night. Salome sat with her face buried in her hands, listening to the short, fitful breathing of the dying man, while Dr. King noted every shade that crossed his features, and counted the failing pulse-beats; hours passed in monotonous stillness, broken only by the doctor, when he moistened the shrinking lips of his patient; then his eyes unclosed; at last the gleam of intelligence lighted them; but it was also the gleam of death.

Feebly motioning for King to draw nearer, he whispered words, of which Salome only heard the last; they were:

"Elisé—my daughter—tell her after it is over! I can trust you, King?"—he rested an instant. "Salome!" he called, softly.

Springing toward him, she covered his hand with kisses: and hard, dry sobs, shook her like a tempest.

"Salome—my darling!" he whispered. "Hush, child! You love me, Salome—you love me! And I—oh! God! Do I lose you thus, for ever? Oh! Eternity! I would give ages of thee for years of Time!"

Again he panted for breath—it was minutes before his whitening lips moved again.

"How is it with you, my friend?" asked King, wetting his mouth with a cordial. A wan, sweet smile, crossed Rosenthal's face.

"Once more I'll quote the books I have loved," he answered, and in a whisper, he continued:

"I am at the goal, at the goal! and feel, where I am,
In my whole soul a trembling! so will it be (I speak
Humanly of heavenly thing) with us, in presence
of Him,
Who died! and arose! at the coming in heaven!

"You believe in *Him*, King?" he asked; then, without waiting for answer, went on:

"Who dares express Him?
And who confess Him,
Saying, I do believe?"

He ceased, and King, taking up the quotation, said:

"A man's heart bearing,
What man has the daring
To say: I acknowledge Him not?"

Again Rosenthal's eyes and words wandered; suddenly he drew Salome's face to his. "Acknowledge Him, Salome; try to believe!" he said. "Now, one kiss, one more, my darling—the last—the last! Oh! Death! thou art close!"—he panted fearfully for breath.

"Courage, dear Rosenthal! the worst is past," as King's tears dripped on his friend's forehead.

"Yes—yes! I know"—his breathing grew soft again; lying thus, death chisled his face into godlike beauty; once more his eyelids fluttered open—

"God!" he gasped. "Darkness—everlasting silence—they are come!"

And Maurice Rosenthal's soul was—where? Let chaos, and the "everlasting midnight," answer!

Another soul went forth with his. Elisé, his unowned daughter, never woke from the trance into which a heart disease had plunged her.

Above the two graves snows had drifted, and the spring sun had again melted them; all the glory, the hush, the softness of the young season, lay about them like a mantle of peace.

Salome Brocke stood beside the tall marble shaft that marked Rosenthal's sleep, and her tears dripped thick and fast as she read its one single word of inscription—"Silentio." How significant of the man, and of his end!

She was not alone. Philip King's face, grave and handsome, was full of sympathy, and the pitying tenderness such loyal-hearted ones know. After the fever of passion and a mad battle with dispair, on the rock of this steadfast soul Saloma found rest—as yet weak in faith, blind and stumbling, the billows of doubt and bitterness still swept over her. But, the storm past, she even nestled closer to that haven of woman's rest, the heart of an upright man.

RECEPTION OF HEAD CENTRE STEPHENS.

THE distinguished Fenian leader arrived in our city last Thursday, and was received by the Brotherhood in the most enthusiastic manner. An immense crowd assembled at the wharf to welcome, or at least get a glimpse of him, and it was with difficulty he could reach his hotel, on account of the throng surrounding the carriage and blockading the streets. He stated that he visited this country by invitation, for the purpose of reconciling the difficulties that have arisen among the order here, and inducing harmony of counsel and unity of action. Late in the evening he was serenaded by the band of the 99th regiment, and made a short address from the balcony of the hotel, amid the most enthusiastic cheers from the crowd below. Our illustration represents this exciting scene. Other demonstrations of respect are to be made at a future day. In the meantime Mr. Stephens will devote himself earnestly to settling the differences that now exist among the Fenian Brotherhood.

OLD STOVE IN THE CAPITOL AT RICHMOND, VA.

THOSE who recall the insane effort of Pollard, last winter, to convert the Rotunda of the Richmond capitol into a shooting-gallery, will remember that he was cautious enough to enterpose the *stove* between himself and his living target, and that his gyrations around that convenient barricade, were chivalric in the extreme.

We give a correct illustration of that stove on the 148th page, and there is a historic interest connected with it worthy of note. It was designed and cast in London, in 1770, by order of George III., and by him presented to the House of Burgesses of Williamsburg, Va. In 1787 it was conveyed to the State Capitol, at Richmond, and has been in service there ever since. It is eight and a half feet high, and covered with ingenious carvings and Latin inscriptions, some of which are obliterated by the rust of a century. Virginia claimed of old to be a kingdom, and was recognized as such by Charles II. To some Virginians, at least, the title Old Dominion was no mere fancy. This was one great source of the pride of the First Families.

This old stove was cast at a time when these pretensions were rife. English monarchs then styled themselves Kings of England, Ireland, Scotland and France. On this stove, besides these four quarterings, the royal arms of Virginia were added, with this motto, "*En dat Virginia quintam.*" The old stove has, consequently, the force of a title-deed, which is frequently invoked by Virginia to sustain her royal claims.

WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK.

THE question, What shall we eat? suggests another equally important, viz.: *Where* shall we obtain a supply for our larder? A savage would answer this inquiry—by taking his weapons and scouring the forest for what he could convert into a savory stew or an inviting roast. But the denizens of a large city cannot resort to so primitive a mode of catering, and must have regular sources of supply, whither they may repair at all times, to obtain what is necessary for their wants, or craved by their tastes. Hence the origin of markets, with which every city is now provided, and which contribute so largely to the convenience, and we might almost add *existence*, of townspeople.

The Washington Market dates back to the days of our grandfathers, and was then called the Old Bear Market. The original building can be seen in the centre of our view of the Washington street front, with a cupola surmounting it, and all the surrounding buildings have since been added—squatter fashion—piece by piece. Within the past five years this squatterism has spread until all the docks and piers of the neighborhood are covered with these traders, who style themselves commission dealers, and who stand between the farmer and the public consumers.

These men have gradually established themselves as a strong community; they have had laws passed to protect them in their traffic, and the result is that a farmer, after having grown his fruit, or vegetables, is not allowed to come into the market and sell them, but must turn them over to these commission dealers, or hucksters, at such price as they see fit to give. The end of this is, that the public pay just about double for everything in that line that they consume, to what they would if the farmer could come into open market and compete.

These sheds cover some acres of ground, and harbor filth to a degree that is beyond description. In summer, fruit and vegetables lie in decaying heaps, enough to knock a strong man down with their stench, and the police have favorite hunting-ground there for stale meats and ancient fish. The scavenger rats run foot-races in the light of the day over every inch of the foulness, and hold high jubilee at night, making the air resonant with their squeaking jollities and battles.

All this the Board of Health has ordered down, and if it never does aught else during its existence, that act alone should endear it to the public heart. This place has been an eye-sore for years, and though a well-supplied market, it has been almost as much as a decent person's health or clothes were worth to venture within its precincts.

But while thus externally repulsive, this market has much to recommend it to the purveyor, and in its ample store of good things, will compensate him for any personal inconvenience he may endure.

On any morning of our weekly calendar, Washington Market represents a lap of luxury, the gleaning of a bountifully supplied and plenteous land. Here are gorgeous avenues of flesh, all garnished with quarters, and ribs and loins, of the finest beef; in steaks of tender meat, imbedded in layers of golden fat. Interspersed are columns of tempting mutton, in just such proportions of fat and lean as please the epicure. Carcasses of veal and the porcine tribe fill up the intervals, with flowers and greens of the forest and garden, all so pure and inviting, that the poor man sighs as he wonders why so much plenty persistently hangs beyond his reach, and the rich man's eyes feed with delight on these inviting vistas of animal food as he contemplates them in connection with the culinary department of his own household. Other avenues are graced with pendent lines of well-dressed turkeys, inviting ducks, plump and succulent chickens, and fowls of every form, and size, and name, with quarters of game, all gracefully arranged and temptingly presented.

Again are offered to the view rich displays of the finny tribe, the contribution of the waters—fish with scales and without scales, large and small, shell-fish, and the traditional turtle that Aldermen are said to affect. Here, too, are the products of the dairy—rich golden butter, diffusing the very odor of the meadows, and cheese so yellow, and tempting, and delicious, that an ascetic could not refuse it, with fresh, dainty eggs and their concomitants, luscious hams, the very savor of which incites the appetite. The earth, the air, and the waters under the earth, all pour their contributions into this great receptacle of metropolitan comfort, and he must be a monster misanthrope who can resist the appeal here made to his senses by this cornucopia of the meats, the fruits, and the granaries of a teeming land.

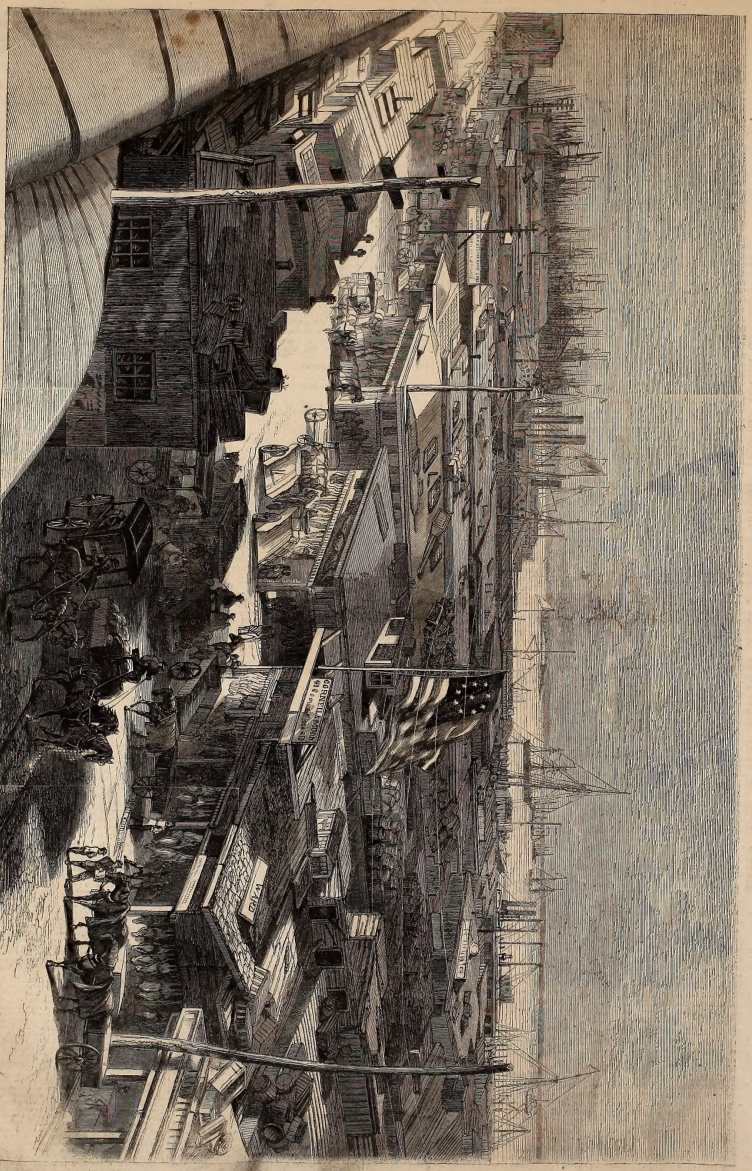
The Board of Health has ordered the rickety sheds that have gradually sprung up around the original building to be removed, and we hope the good work thus begun will continue, until the whole unsightly pile gives place to a structure that will really be an honor to the city.

RELIGIOUS ORGIES IN ROME.

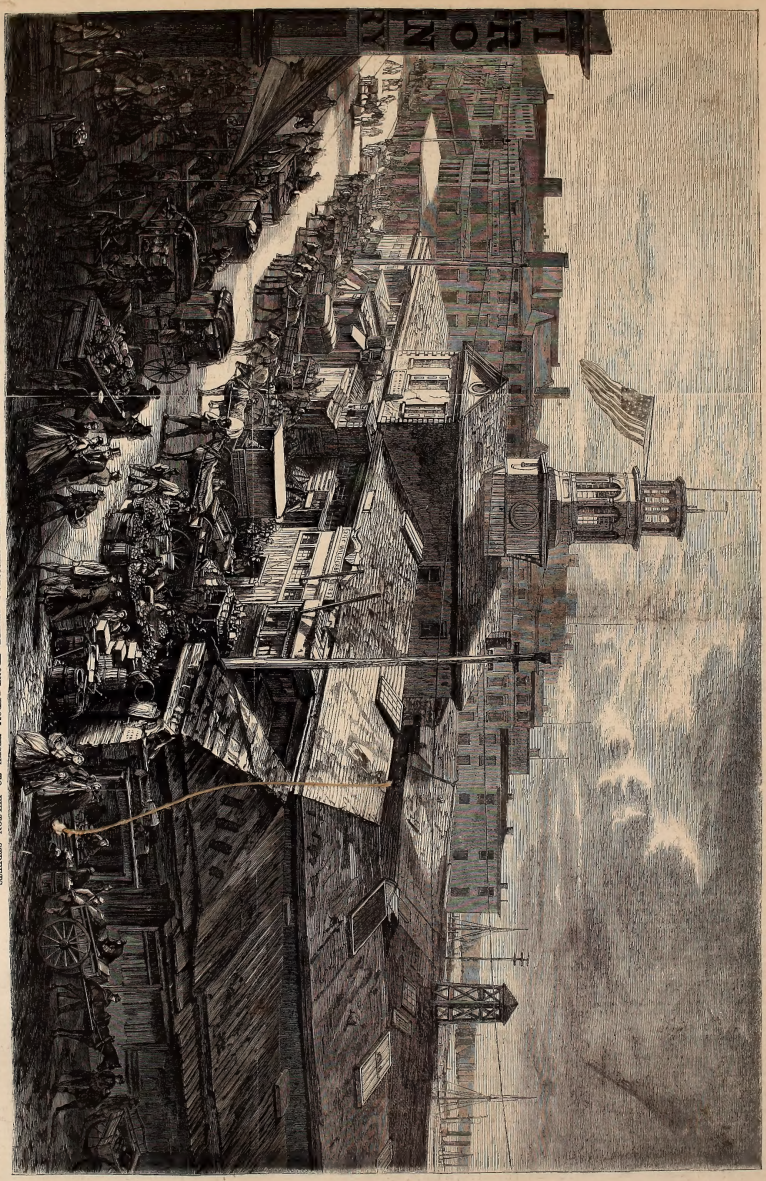
IT is said that the Jesuits are obtaining a great ascendancy in Rome, and a strong influence over the Pope. During the latter part of Lent he was induced to allow them to preach in the open streets, on the ground that the evil infection of the times made it incumbent to stir up the people, to implore that the intervention of Heaven might avert the scourge impending. The sight to be beheld, day after day, as the shades of night began to fall on public localities, was truly painful, from its grotesque caricature. Long files of cowled and fantastically-dressed devotees, in gloomy robes, their heads and faces covered with sacks, slits which let the gleam of two eyes flash through, preceded by monster crucifixes, borne aloft, and chanting, at tip-top voices, lugubrious hymns, were to be seen marching along the streets in every direction, escorting preachers to the temporary stages, from which they delivered frantic harangues to the mob by the light of torches, flickering upon the convulsive gesticulations of the ranting friars, who were flanked by a spectral array of mutes, glaring without emotion, like spell-bound figures, through the holes of their horridly shapeless masks.

Of the preachers who thus performed in the streets and squares religious burlesques of the most spasmodic convulsiveness, all, with hardly an exception, were members of the Society of Jesus, or of some body directly affiliated, such as Passionists and Lazarists. But the crowning spectacle of the last night of these missions threw all the former exhibitions into the shade. Then the flames of twelve burning heaps cast their lurid light over Rome, at dusk, on the twelve different sites of missionary preaching, and, to the amazement of the bystanders, the preachers, with the wild action of men possessed by raving spirits, pitched vehemently on these heaps the incarnations of wickedness, the books condemned by the *Index*.

On the steps of San Carlo, in the Corso, the fashionable church of Rome, the Bishop of Aquile, in the spasmodic attitude of a frantic St. Michael combating the Devil, before the eyes of the astounded *élite*, thronging home at twilight on that spring Sunday afternoon, from the Pincian, flung into the fire the literary productions of impiety, to the grotesque accompaniment of furiously gesticulated anathemas. But even this strange scene was outdone by the performance got up at two of the preaching sites, at St. Maria Maggiore, and at the Church of the Consolazione, on the Forum. Here, as a Passionist—one of those weird-like figures, clothed in black, with a wounded heart in glaring white worked on the breast—after working himself into a semblance of delirious paroxysm, was devoting the Scriptures of wickedness to destruction by fire, there appeared of a sudden person who professed to have been moved to remorse by his appeals, and who bore aloft daggers and other weapons, which they declared to have been given them by Free Masons and other secret sectarians, wherewith to work out their impious ends. And then the Passionist man of God felt transported with heavenly joy at the blessing so visibly attending his spasmodic eloquence; and calling upon a smith, who happily found himself amongst the loiterers, and was recognized as such, and who as happily had both hammers and anvil ready with him, caused at once these weapons of the devil to be broken to pieces, to the edification of the staring mob.



WEST WASHINGTON MARKET—WHOLESALE MEAT AND PROVISION DEALERS' STANDS, EXTENDING FROM BARCLAY TO FULTON STREETS.—From a Photograph by Gurr & Co., New York City.—See Page 151.



WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW-YORK CITY—THE WASHINGTON STREET FRONT, FROM VESEY TO FULTON STREETS.

FACES IN THE GLOOM.

BY THOMAS FOWELL.

I OFTEN in the twilight sit
Beside my silent fire,
And muse upon the sacred dead—
On sister, son and sire.
Until methinks I see them peer
From out the dusky gloom,
Although I know their bodies rest
Far off within the tomb.

And slowly rising from the past
Scenes of a by-gone day,
Fast mastly before my soul,
And gently fade away.
Then coming from my grief reverie,
Tears full of anguish start,
As the hoarded weight of memory,
Falls down upon my heart.

The Spectre of Cliffe;

OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER VI.—MR. CLEMENT CARR HAS A BAD NIGHT.

THE chamber in which Clement had been placed was large and warm, but he shivered like an aspen.

It was not the daytime now, nor was 11 P.M. an hour for resting. At 11 o'clock A.M. he had replied, as we know, to Catot, speaking about the very apartment he was now occupying: "Who hairsh for the ghost? I shall sholeep in the best room." To what a different frame of mind had twelve hours brought him!

Besides the triple door by which he had entered, there were two other doors, and when he opened these, he exchanged one of the candles for a poker: the first led into an antechamber as large as any ordinary bedroom, but totally unfurnished, save for some things which looked uncommonly like coffin trestles, but which were only made of the material of trestle-beds, to be used by the attendants of the great man who reposed in the Blue Chamber; quite door lodged from that room, he knew not whither, but he did not at all concentrate his wits by kick and bolt. The second door opened upon a very small room, almost a recess, the purpose of which he could not guess; if it was for the accommodation of a page, it must have been a very dandiacine one that ever slept there. It would have served rather as a wardrobe for cloaks and such, only there were no pegs; the shining floor was uncarpeted, and in the corner was a square, looking suspiciously like a trapdoor. Guessing the purpose which we had guessed, Sir Thomas had come up that way, while his servants guarded the ante-room in vain. Again Mr. Clement Carr piled look and key, and leaving in the same manner made his triple door secure. Felt even then no safer than Robinson Crusoe with his ladder on up, upon the day when he first saw the footprint on the sand.

How was it possible he should be comfortable with that terrible hole staring at him through the ceiling? Moreover, the fire was dying out, and there was no fresh fuel. Mr. Clement looked at the four candles, wishing them four-and-twenty, and proceeded to put two of them out, for it was necessary to husband his resources, lest the night should be rendered still more hideous by darkness. Mr. Clement Carr then pursued his nightly toilet with not a few uncomfortable looks-back over over his shoulder; and after having wrapped his dressing-gown around him, took a chair by the enormous fireplace, and proceeded to warm his stockinged feet at the dying wood-embers, before he got into bed.

This is a moment in which nobody has ever yet indulged without falling into what is called a "brown study." As the wood-fire glows and pales, as the sparks come forth and vanish, as the memories of the Past, now distinct, now dim, follow one another without our guidance, or schemes the like Future shape themselves as the clouds before the wind. There are none of us but have a history, more deeply interesting to ourselves than all the scrolls of Fame, and we love to linger over the pictures it presents, "roling the sweet morsel under the tongue"—even when we are well aware that it would have been better for us had some of them remained unpainted. It would have been well for Clement Carr had the long canvas of his past been white and colourless as the minds of those poor wretches whom it was his calling to tend, so ugly were the scenes displayed vividly from first to last on its surface, and yet it gave him pleasure to review them—although not all. He remembered with gloomy satisfaction the circumstances under which their first patient had been confided to their care, how the six-and-a-half-hundred grew larger every year—only a little at a time—with money, and almost as ill-earned; and how, having thus discovered a short way to wealth, they had stuck to it, Gideon and he, though the road was dark and foul, and in places perilous: very dangerous, indeed, when Gilbert Lee, their mad idea that he was sane had been so shared in by Mildred's mother, that she plotted his escape from the Dene, and afterward married him. Perhaps, after all, that marriage saved the Carr system from unpleasant publicity; but how he hated his dead sister, and her dead husband, and the living offspring of the two, who had treated him so superciliously that very evening! She should smart for that yet, if opportunity occurred, which it generally does, when we have our revenges to gratify. Then, on the other hand, what a match had Grace made! He loved her, it is true, no better than her elder sister, but he could fully help seeing that she had well contrived must have been all those pretended attentions to mad Cyril, directed in reality at Ralph himself, to have so bewitched the Clifford, even at a spot so hateful to him by association as the Dene. How many women in other days, as beautiful as she and better born, had ruled at Cliffe by a far different title.

There was the "fair lady," for instance, for whose sake Bertram slew his brother. Cater had pointed out to him that the very oak that had been laid on the great staircase to hide the bloodstained spot was modern. Grace could fall: and yet, enchantress as she was, she had been the wife of neither. It was she who was said to "walk," combing her long tresses as she went, upon any great calamity threatened the family; and it had been even whispered that the master of Cliffe had himself seen the night-hag, forewarned by her appearance of his brother Cyril's death.

Here an incident occurred which put a stop to Mr. Clement Carr's sad thoughts, and made him very wide awake indeed to the fact that he was in the Blue Chamber at Cliffe Hall. It was simply a sigh, it was true, but a sigh of the profoundest sort, such as is produced only by the most heartfelt sorrow, or the most complicated troubles of the digestion—a sigh that filled the room with its melancholy monotone, and was uttered, as it seemed, by some invisible being close beside him, who might have been warning Ralph by the self-same decaying fire, preparatory to retiring to the self-same bed. So certain was Mr. Clement Carr of the proximity of this mysterious one did not even cast a glance up at the hole in the ceiling, from whence it might probably have been expected to proceed, but sat glued to his chair, with his hair on end, carrying, *nem. con.*, in his mouth, all scent of the perfumed soap, and all spotless life for the remainder of his days. He had no more reason to doubt of this thing having occurred than he had of his existence; and that he was sitting by the mere remnants of a wood-fire, and that the oak floor had no carpet, and would presently grow cold, and that Cliffe Hall is the marvelous elasticity of the human mind, that when the sound was not repeated, the idea began to grow upon him that it had not been almost as near. After an hour or so of a frightful series of anticipations, he ventured to put his stiffened limbs by lying down; then, still listening, and with the engine still beating within, but with his nerves more steadily under him, he rose, and presently blessed sleep, that falls, like the rain of heaven, even upon the most unjust, and holds a mirror up to nature to the most false of all.

When he awoke, which he did suddenly, and to the consciousness of all the horrors of his situation, the room was no longer illumined by artificial light, but dimly by the cold, pale day-light, of course, gone out, but the two candles which had been left to burn themselves down, although no longer lit, had certainly not burned out, for there they stood as high, it seemed, as when he had gone to bed, and he wondered very much at this phenomenon. Mr. Clement's attention was called to the dressing-table by a third sigh, quite equal to the melancholy breath of Feeling. Before the glass sat a female form, in a loose black robe, engaged upon some article of needle-work. Her features were concealed from his view, but her figure was youthful, and her auburn hair flowed over her shoulders like a river of gold. Was Ralph also sighing, and was she the woman engaged upon. An enormous piece of linen lay upon her lap, its whiteness contrasting forcibly with her black dress: he could not see what it was, but a few moments ere thick darkness closed the scene yet even in that scanty time Clement Carr knew that he had seen the Shroud of the Fair Lady sewing a shroud. To be alone with this spectre, without light, without knowing how near it might be to him, and to know that also this was there, he felt to be absolutely intolerable, and the wretched man gathered himself up with the courage of despair for a leap to the floor and to put just as he was in the act to spring, the whole drive of the room seemed to be in one weighty crash, to give way together, and, shrinking from what he known alyss, Clement Carr fell back upon his pillow, and found himself in possession only of horror.

When Mr. Clement Carr "came to himself," he came to himself alone; it was broad daylight, too, and cheerful enough to hear the distant champing of horses and the cleaking of milk-pails, came up from some region beneath. But the shock had been too severe for his nerves to be at once restored, to give way together, and, shrinking from what he known alyss, Clement Carr fell back upon his pillow, and found himself in possession only of horror.

When Mr. Clement Carr "came to himself," he came to himself alone; it was broad daylight, too, and cheerful enough to hear the distant champing of horses and the cleaking of milk-pails, came up from some region beneath. But the shock had been too severe for his nerves to be at once restored from Clement's system by any ordinary means. All he saw only reminded him of what he had witnessed. There were the candles as he had left them, the fire was dead, the trapdoor was open, and the spectre was gone. Then he had shuddered at the mysterious sigh; the empty chair on which the Fair Lady had sat made the blood curdle, engaged in her ghastly occupation; the polished floor, apparently as safe and solid as ice after three weeks' frost, seemed to threaten the same fate to him, upon, after the proof he had so lately experienced of its instability. All the doors were locked just as he had left them, with their keys inside, and yet he had seen what he had seen.

Shaving was a terrible matter with Mr. Carr that morning, and a very woe-begone countenance he presented to the looking-glass. I do not say that his appearance was at all the worse for wear—although I have known such an occurrence to happen in the case of a gentleman who unexpectedly left off wearing a wig—but he unquestionably looked like one who had passed a very bad night indeed. Mr. Carr concealed his features from the servant who called him that morning by means of a pocket-handkerchief, but he could not be making a profusion of blowing his nose the whole day long. That happening, soon after the arrival of Catot, with orders to prepare for their immediate departure from that accursed roof, to meet Mr. Raymond Clifford at the library door, that gentleman, after a stiff greeting, could not but remark—

"I fear, sir, you have slept but ill."

"Ill is no word for it, Mr. Raymond; I've—But, perhaps, it is not agreeable to the family to talk about such things."

"Come, come, Mr. Carr," said the young man, tashering him into the common home of arms and hospitality, "pray, sit you there, and tell me what has disturbed you."

He pointed to a high-backed chair, carved thick with the heraldic bunters, in which poor Clement looked like the sham Governor of Barataria; while he himself, toying with an antique goblet of very curious workmanship, looked like a personage of mighty tome of black-letter—such as Don Quixote would have loved—and listened.

"Mr. Raymond Clifford," returned Clement, with that unmistakably earnest air with which a man tells a story, a cultural truth-teller narrates a genuine fact, "I saw the Fair Lady of your house of Cliffe last night, and no sooner was that in a drinking-cup which you are holding in your hand, and nothing else."

"Truly," replied Raymond, smiling, "but not more so. Mark, now, how the eye may be deceived. I, too, saw the goblet, in a word, but see, I tilt it ever so little, and the trigger lets loose a pistol-ball, which you see the darker dead. This is the stirrup-cup of the good old times, in which no host would think of parting with you to offend him grievously. And yet, it is a mere toy of wickedness. There is no more sin in a thing like this than in the bullet aped at all, I wager it would fly asbut. But the common mind delights to think of the worst; and because we have possession of such weapons, and because the house is old, and has many dark and unused their parts in it, as needs must be in any house of any size, horror-stricken by the force of apparitions, noises—things you think you see or hear."

"I do not think I heard them," answered Clement, obstinately; "there was no think about it."

"Then let there be no talking about it, either, sir," said Raymond, sternly. "We have had too much of such folly. It is to your pleasure to leave Cliffe Hall so soon—"

"Immediately, immediately," quoth Clement, resolutely "Then let me beg of you, in courtesy, not to mention the matter within these walls—what you have just told to me. I will do what I can to fathom the mystery, and be sure, if I discover anything, I will not smile the darker dead.

Clement gave the required promise with some little reluctance, left the room, observing that he had business with his servant, and must therefore request to be left alone for a few when his horse fared, which had shown signs of suffering from his master.

"A liar to the backbone," muttered Raymond Clifford, "and I, a fool, to appeal to the honor of a scoundrel! And yet he seemed to speak the truth a while ago—ah, Mildred, dearest!"

They were the words of a young girl as youthful and girl could be! The one swarthy as Night, and these contrasted, they, the other as fair as the mellow eve, what time the nightingale begins his melody, and the glow-worm trims her lamp to light her love.

"Hush!" she said, closing the door behind her softly, and laying her finger on her lips; "in this room, Raymond, never speak so loud. Nay, no more of that kiss—another time."

"Let us go to Ribble, then."

"Ah, I wish I could," she said. "I sought you here to warn you—I wish I could say aid you—my own Raymond."

She lingered on her words as the lark lingers over her own sweet song, and gazed upon him, and then cast down her eyes, like one who, looking at the sun, is blinded with excessive light, yet loves to look upon it.

"What is it, Mildred, dear? More schemes, more conspiracies? Why, this good woman, your aunt, is busier than a spider."

"Ay, and as busy," she said. "When she works me harm, I fear her—ah, how I fear her—but when she is plotting against you, Raymond, I seem to fear her no more; *hate* her. She has poisoned your poor father's mind against you, she and that Mr. Carr, Mildred," replied the young man.

"I do not to the bitter end, as now. She aims at nothing less than to get you expelled from this place by force, and then, here she more supreme. She sewing her first mesh across but yesterday—and by the way, Raymond, I will tell her not will grow, I know; and Raymond—I also—"

Mildred paused, and as the glory of the fruit of Tangiers shows through its scented rind, so did her blushes.

"She is not going to send you away, Mildred?" exclaimed Raymond, starting up. "I shall not believe, indeed, that the Fair Lady prognosticates misfortune?"

"What mean you? Have you seen her?"

"Nay, not I, I faith; but this man Cary, your uncle—Carr, I mean—has seen her, or so he says, the Warning but last night in the Blue Chamber. He says there were candles, and a lady with long auburn hair, and in a black dress. Long gown, perhaps, and she was sewing plain needle-work. This he will carry to his sister, she my father, and—and—Mildred, dearest, you will deem it bodes another death—"

"Oh, Raymond!" exclaimed the missed Mildred, "Light!" with auburn hair; and in the state-room, too. Did Mr. Carr say anything had happened to the floor?"

"Ay, the fool swore that all the floor fell in. Mildred, dearest, you grow pale, you tremble, you—"

"I see some sunlight where I looked not for it; and I must not stay longer with you now, Raymond. I am not mistaken, Aunt Grace is playing a very dangerous game, and I will not be her victim, even if she has no mercy for *thee*, so help me heaven, I will show none to *her*. She gave me this; it is true, a priceless gift, but never meant to give it and now—"

"Now what, dear Mildred? What is it that threatens you, and therefore me? And how can anything that happened in the Blue Chamber help us?"

"It is a long story, Ray, and this is neither the time nor the place to tell it. There is darkest plotting, and—and—Raymond, at seven o'clock, meet me at the mouth of Bibble Cave—then—"

"I hear the cat," exclaimed Raymond, softly, "Fuse, puss, puss!"

The door opened Mrs. Clifford entered, and darting a suspicious glance from one to the other, inquired, coldly: "Mildred, the breakfast waits: go make the tea, child." The young girl left the room.

"Mr. Raymond Clifford, I am directed by your father—"

"Nay, madam," interrupted he, with mock politeness: "my father has been directed by you. I have been directed by no one. I will have it so," continued his step-mother, carelessly waving her hand, as her superior ingenuity will permit of it, that you will partake his evening-meal with him."

"My father is very kind," said Raymond, frankly; he had not had such an invitation for many years, and he was highly pleased at it.

"Very kind," repeated Mrs. Clifford, icily, "and how do you find yourself after your ill-luck?"

"We shall be alone, I conclude, Mrs. Clifford?" inquired Raymond, his suspicions roused by the mysterious hint of his step-mother.

"Oh, quite alone, sir; and I thank you for the implied compliment. No curious eye will disease my interesting interview; no alien ear will overhear your generous confidence."

"Then we shall meet in some room which has no key-hole," remarked Raymond, scornfully, and with the hand upon the door. "If you have any other commands, madam, will rid you of my unwelcome?"

In silence they interchanged one look of mutual hatred, then the man's eye flashed upon the woman's, hatred, and then the coal closed between them.

"Listen, do I?" muttered the woman to herself. "You have found out so much, have you? Ay, he can be artful, and that by nature, when were they here together at all? She dare not love him—that, for the sake of her child, I know that I would kill her if she did. And yet they were together at the Fair, and Mildred and Mrs. Cave, at three." The cat caught that at last."

CHAPTER VII.—SUTZEN'S WOOING.

WERE Mildred reached the chamber where Mrs. Clifford and herself were accustomed to take their meals, she found Sutzen, the Swiss, patiently awaiting her. It was strange enough to see him there, for the last time that he had set foot within that room three times since she had been at Cliffe; but it was worse than strange, since her aunt must hardly have left her father's chamber. How different he looked from his brother, whom she had left but a few hours before! Sutzen had grown, the other skrieked over with the pale cast of thought, and he was full of the strength that wealth of light-brown hair crowned a noble forehead, and his features, though full, had the stamp birth; while the deep-sunk eyes he fixed upon her with melancholy longing eyes were very soft and kind.

"Mildred," said he, frankly, "your aunt has bid me take my meal with you, and it will be hard for you to guess, remembering what has passed between us in this room, how I would fain have deferred to press a suit which has so lately met with your refusal, if I could not say it is not know the way to a maiden's heart. My wooing, mayhap, has been unpolished and rude, but I am sincere; you have been courteous and gentle in your love, as in all else. Never was there a better heart than yours, my well-beloved. No girl could hope to have a wooer more—"

"Stop, Sutzen, stop!" exclaimed Mildred, wearily, "all ending in a 'but,' as at the bottom of the confectioner's bill. Spare me, I pray you, that 'but,' it was she who bade me think—that this time something else than pity, Mildred—"

"Pity, Rupert?"

"Ay, for you must pity me, since I think you do not love me, and that you do not give back love for love. You see me—what I am: a youth, not very old, and yet not old enough to boast, perhaps, of a handsome face, since you refuse to share it with me. And yet you are not half my equal, and know not half what it is in your power to confer upon me. I am rich, and I am the highest rank that is marriage, and you loved him not, yet if, besides he lay in peril of his life, and could only by your wedding him be saved, would you wed him, with, for pity's sake, it not for love's, hoping that love would follow?"

"Such a thing could not be, Rupert. It is idle to speak of it."

"But if it were, I say. What then?"

"Then I would do it, and pray for love."

"You *would*!" cried Rupert, joyfully. "God bless you for those words! One kind word like that does a say, pardon me, I had forgotten: my soul is drunk with love. How my heart beats—how my head throbs! Let me drink my wine while I suffocate. How cool and calm you must look upon me! Mildred, I speak with my feet but now round the castle-walls, as I have often done before, and I thought of you, and I listened to so many tales of mine, but none so pitiful as this, the telling of love to say!"

Never was man so changed in such brief space as Rupert while he spoke these words: his pale cheeks glowed with pleasure; his deep eyes beamed with hope; his head, which thought and spoke so well, was full of love and joy.

It pained Mildred to the core to say: "You are changing to a stranger, Rupert. Your kind rule is unutterably to me, I feel you are encouraging a baseless fabric of hope. Yet she did not say it.

"But you *will* come?" cried he, no whit disheartened by her silence. "You will, I am quite ready to bear what you have to say, although I am sure it will be all in vain."

They wound down a private stair to a low arched door below ground, and the cadet ushered her betwixt the grey wall, to among with fruit, and the flowers—orange-trees, oleanders, and the princess strutted and fluted her feathers in the sun, they looked side by side: the one broad shouldered, bordered with scarlet flowers in mossy urns, on to the shaven lawn, and so to the brink of the black mouth of the cave, and the other to the foot-bath, and Rupert cared them to the middle of the fragrant shade, and there they sat down, and broke the autumn silence.

"Dear Mildred," he began: looked forward to this hour for many and many a day. *Here*, I have often thought, and *now*, I have said, I shall see her, but as boy and girl, brother and sister, not as now—I will one day tell her all; here, where we have passed whole summer days, and she has seen me at my best and merriest (I, indeed, I have been ever merry), seems the fittest place. Nor are nor stream can ever be dear to me as this same brook; since I have learned love for hours to the crash of the slow-lapping rook, and the crow, and melancholy, had clear, from the shadows, and never wished for better music. But that was before I heard your voice, sweet Mildred!" Here

he paused a moment, then resumed, reflectively: "How slowly the waters creep, as though they loved to linger about this ancient place, and were loth to leave it for the hurrying river; and yet, see, they are as dark as death, and the bottom is choked with trailing weed. So has it been with the Cliffords themselves, Mildred. We have kept ourselves so long from the great tide of life, that we have grown stagnant, and—and—what is stagnant is unhealthy. Where there is nothing to hasten the pulse, to stir the blood, the mind itself will sooner or later grow"—he was looking at her, she felt, so fixedly, that she dared not raise her eyes to meet his gaze—"will grow—lethargic."

"You are not lethargic, Rupert."

"Not yet," said he; "I trust not yet."

There was a pathos in his low, earnest tone that might have almost moved a slighted woman; no wonder, then, that it pierced Mildred's heart.

"Dear Rue," she murmured, "it is not well to speak of such things as these."

"But how much worse," sighed he, "to think of them and not to speak. Oh, do not think that I am hoodwinked, Mildred, by aught that men can say or leave unsaid about poor me. I know the falseness of their assuring speech, as I know the reason of their silence—their 'Hush! Rupert is coming; not one word about the curse.'"

"Rue, Rue, dear Rue," sobbed Mildred tenderly, "this is the very thing you should not do, the very talk——"

"Nay, Mildred, hear me out. Oh, do not—do not join them in that cuckoo-note. Oh, do not thou turn against me, my own hope."

"Against you, Rupert? *I—I?* When there is not a groom in Cliffe that does not love you."

"Ay, but not as I would have *thee* love. And if thou turnst not to me, Mildred, thou wilt work more against me than if all the world besides had sworn my ruin. Oh, how to tell thee—how to let thee know what hangs upon thy answer, and yet not fright thee, Mildred! Nay, tremble not, sweetest; thou hast naught to fear, whether thy 'yes' shall bathe my life in sunshine, or thy 'no' provoke the threatening moon to swift eclipse!"

His tones were earnest, but not wild; and though far from mechanically, he spoke as one who has well conned beforehand the substance of what he has to say.

"You are very young," said Mildred, after a little, "and yet have lived your life here amid the moldering past, afar from all things that befit the young. Your childhood, soon deprived of a mother's care—like mine, Rupert—has been passed among menials, who, flattering themselves they were pleasing you, pleased their own vulgar natures by feeding an imagination, hungry as flame, with stories of your ancient house—exaggerated, false and monstrous histories, but which, since they were about the Cliffords, seemed in some sort real. They sowed an evil seed in a soil fertile enough in fancies of its own, but rich and ready to the hand of the true husbandman, had such there been. How soon would yonder well-trimmed garden, left to itself, become mere wilderness, and how much sooner if you planted it with docks and darnels?"

"Go on, sweet Mildred; these are Raymond's words, but in thy mouth how welcome—welcome as the dawn—welcome as the soft-falling summer rain upon the aching head and stretched-out hands."

"Raymond is wise, Rupert, although he has little book-learning."

"I know it, girl, yet he cannot comfort me as thou canst. The uneasy pillow of the sick man cannot be smoothed save by one loving hand; and royal Edward's wound, be sure, would not have healed so swiftly had any lips sucked forth the poison save those of his true wife." Then pausing for a moment, he added, in an earnest whisper: "There is poison in *my* blood, Mildred, and you must be my Eleanor."

"Nay, Rupert, there is no poison in your blood, but as you said yourself, it flows too sluggishly; you need employment, action—you should leave home a while."

"What!" he broke forth, "without *thee?* Never—no, never, Mildred! Be mine, and I will go with thee whither thou wilt, and do thy bidding, whatsoever it be. But I will never leave thee, be sure of that, my girl; thou shalt escape me never, no, not in death itself; for if thou diest, then will I die too, and climb up after thee to highest heaven, though it were from the abyss of hell. *Then* surely, being a blessed spirit crowned and palmed, thou wouldst reach out a saintly hand to lift me into bliss, and save my soul; and therefore, *now*, being an earthly angel, wilt thou not give me that same hand, and save—oh, save *my Reason?*"

The dews of terror stood upon Mildred's brow, for wild and vehement as was Rupert's speech, his eyes spoke things more terrible. All of a sudden she knew that that which she had been combating for his sake as a mere shadow, was a substantial evil which had already fallen upon him. Poor Rupert had all along been right—she was talking to a madman! And yet she pitied him far more than feared him even now. The passionate yearning of his last appeal melted her heart within her.

"The case I put in yonder room," he continued, "was my own—for is not madness Death?—and hence my soul was glad as yonder bird's what time thou saidst: 'I would do my very best to save him.' Come, Mildred, say thou wilt once more."

The feathered thief, in view of the fruit upon the terrace-wall, was caroling his blithest; note on note he poured forth his melodious joy a while, then bringing his last harmonies together, like a hasty grace, he flew down to the ripening pears. Then, in the songless silence, Mildred answered Rupert:

"So help me Heaven, I will do my very best to save thee."

She spoke not without thought—for while a blackbird sings is time enough to serve a nimble brain—and while she spoke she watched him narrowly.

"My life, my love, my all!" murmured he, in a hushed rapture.

"But, Rupert——"

"Nay," he interrupted; "mar not the music of your last rich words. I guess what you would say, and therefore there is no need to speak. You do not love me yet—I know it, but in time 'tis possible—— There, there, I give you time—I can keep my soul in patience, being sure of you; hopeful that the bud of Pity may flower into something sweeter, and being sure that when it does so bloom, it blows for *me*—for *me*."

Across his voice, faint and aswoon with love, came Mrs. Clifford's clear and peremptory tones from the balcony outside her breakfast-room:

"Mildred, the breakfast waits, dear child. Good Rupert, put her ashore."

The young man obeyed at once, and as he took Mildred's fingers in his own to hand her to the bank, gave them a significant squeeze. Far from returning this, she bowed to him haughtily, and walked hastily away.

"Ungenerous," murmured she to herself, almost in tears, "and unlike a gentleman! I could not have believed it of a Clifford. Not mad, indeed—but cunning as the maddest. Had love been mine to give, I verily believe he would have won it. False and unfair! Does he suppose I took his dropped kerchief for a water-lily, or that I was blind to her answering signal. And did she ever speak to us like that before—'*dear* Mildred,' and '*good* Rupert'? My loving aunt must take me for a fool indeed."

A Bad Case of Buttons—and its Cure.

"ANOTHER button off, Carrie! This is a little too much; yesterday morning the same thing happened; and now I am all dressed, ready for my collar; it's outrageous!"

Mrs. Appleton sat dressing her baby, a little, puny, fretful girl of about six months, and looked up at her husband despairingly, as she realized the awful state of the case; for a missing button, or a soiled napkin, were much more flagrant offenses in James Appleton's eyes than any amount of wifely dereliction in other respects.

"You have other shirts in your drawer!" Mrs. Appleton ventured to remark, meekly.

"What if I have? Isn't this one *in?* and I'm in a hurry; and you know that deuced well."

"Stoop down, James, and I will sew it on. It won't take but a moment."

"No, I suppose not. If that's the case, why hadn't you spent a moment securing it, before you put it away?" and he seized a darning-needle, and made frantic pushes at the little pearl button, which, after one or two attacks, was split quite in two.

Mrs. Appleton laid the screaming infant on the bed, and without a word fastened on another tiny mischief-maker. She was a pretty woman, and a glance at her face would satisfy a physiognomist that she was not deficient in spirit, albeit she detested quarrels and fault-findings. They had been married only two years, and Carrie was not quite twenty-one. Her husband was thirty, considered fine-looking, an excellent business-man, and a perfect terror to delinquent clerks and careless book-keepers. He exercised the same espionage at home, and criticised Carrie's domestic arrangements unsparingly. To tell the truth, she did not understand very much about the details of housekeeping; her mother had never learned her; but she loved her husband deeply, and for love's sake tried in every possible way to please him. Since the birth of the baby, she had rarely succeeded, for the cares of maternity occupied the greater part of her time, and the child was so feeble that it was but seldom she dared trust it to the nurse.

Mr. Appleton finished his toilet in silence; and as he was leaving the room, remarked:

"What shall I send home for dinner?"

"We have sufficient, I think, for to-day. There is plenty of cold turkey—and oysters."

"Yes, but I intend bringing Mr. Lee home to dine with me, and I should like to have something half-way decent."

"Anything you please, then," replied his wife; "but, I wish you would invite company any day but Monday. Cook is always so cross; and neither nurse nor I can get near the range on *Mondays*."

"Well, then, get another cook, if she's got to be mistress," and off he went, never stopping to kiss or caress his wife, who looked up at him beseechingly, as he slammed the door.

Generally, if everything had pleased him at breakfast, and there had been no sins of omission or commission, on those occasions he would appear very loving, and gladden his wife's heart by a few words of commendation and a parting kiss; but *this* morning there had been a button off, and Carrie knew too well that her punishment would be heart-starvation, until she had redeemed herself by some extraordinary culinary preparation, which would tickle her master's palate and cause him to forget, for a brief period, past offenses. Don't any one dare look at the above picture and say it is overdrawn. I could point you to hundreds of such cases, where women, for the sake of a morsel of love and sympathy, will transform themselves into slaves, and in some cases never recognize the bondage, to minister to a husband's physical wants—while he, with niggardly hand, pushes her a few soul-crumbs when he feels disposed.

Carrie had a trying time that day. Baby never was so fretful; and cook never so ugly. Mr. Appleton sent home chickens—and beef to roast—and salad—and celery—and a little note asking that Carrie would please have a plum pudding made, and pies—and not furnish dessert from the baker's or restaurant. Carrie sent for a woman to come in and wash, so that cook could give her attention to the dinner. She stoned raisins—picked over currants—made blancmange, and so forth—and it was after five o'clock before she dared leave the kitchen and dress for dinner. She was quite sure her husband would find no fault with anything, and, fatigued as she was, she nevertheless made a very elaborate toilet, and descended to the parlor to wait for Mr. Appleton and his friend. She wore her husband's favorite dress—a rich garnet silk; her luxuriant light-brown hair was brushed plainly back from the ears, and wound in a natural coil at the back of her finely-shaped head. Her complexion was delicate; her eyes, a fine expressive gray; form rather *petite*, but in symmetrical proportion faultless.

She heard her husband's step, and fancied he was alone, but was not quite sure, until he entered the parlor.

"But, James, where is Mr. Lee?"

"I don't know; I waited for him until an hour past the time, then came without him: detained by business, I suppose. How *finely* you are looking, Carrie, my darling. Now, why can't you fix yourself up every night like this? It is so refreshing, after a poor man has worked like a dog all day, to come home and find his wife so radiantly beautiful. Come here, pet."

But just then the dinner-bell rang, and Mr. Appleton's heart leaped into his stomach, and the caress was forgotten. He enjoyed his dinner as only an epicure can. Carrie was too fatigued and disappointed to eat, for she well knew that the whole tedious performance would perhaps have to be gone over again in a day or two. Every article was pronounced excellent.

"You are improving very fast, Carrie. I shall not be afraid to invite company home with me often after this. Mother couldn't have had things more to my taste—though I think, Carrie, she *does* put a trifle more seasoning in the salad."

"Mother" had always been held up to her as a paragon of everything excellent in disposition, housekeeping, management of servants, and so forth—in fact, according to her son's account, she had not one vulnerable point; and it was with a sinking heart she listened to a letter announcing her arrival the next morning. Carrie knew that her husband had invited his mother to spend the winter with them, but very much hoped she would decline.

"You don't appear pleased, Carrie?"

"Do I not?" said she, trying to force a smile. "I never have seen your mother, James; and it is but natural that I should feel a little timidity in regard to her first visit. You consider me such a poor housekeeper, in comparison with her, that I scarcely know whether she will make all necessary allowances for my youth and inexperience."

"Oh, pshaw! If you always do as well as this, you needn't be afraid of any one's criticisms."

"But I cannot always, James. This whole day have I given up, body and soul, to the preparation of this elaborate dinner; and it would be an utter impossibility to do so, only semi-occasionally. The baby takes up most of my time night and day, and the poor little thing has been sadly neglected to-day."

"What in the world did our grandmothers do with a *dozen* children, and *no* servants?"

"Then, *style* was *nothing*, James; and children wore stuff dresses and calico aprons. Husbands, then, didn't bring home company to dinner, and expect a hotel bill of fare."

Carrie was *tired* out; and the total absence of the *right kind* of sympathy made her feel like indulging in a good hearty cry; but she restrained herself, and after another sleepless night with baby, arose to superintend breakfast, that all might be unexceptionable when her husband returned from the steamer with his mother.

Carrie looked very lovely that beautiful winter morning, but she was pale and sad, and there was a strange quiver of the lip as she watched the carriage stop, and her husband tenderly assist a fine matronly-looking woman to alight.

"Oh, if she would only love me!" moaned Carrie. "If we could only take some comfort together! I begin to think my life is a mistake."

She forced a pleasant smile, and advanced to meet her mother-in-law; but was in no way prepared for the tender, motherly greeting she received.

"Why, James, you did not tell me your wife was *sick?*"

"She's not sick," laughed James. "You are not accustomed to delicate complexions like Carrie's."

"I am only a little tired, mother," replied Carrie, feeling quite sure she might use that sweetest word in the language with perfect propriety.

"Do you nurse your baby, dear?"

"Oh, yes; it is a little, feeble thing, and is dreadfully troublesome—especially nights."

"I suppose, James, you take your turn cheerfully in getting up and waiting upon her?"

"Why, no; I never wake up nights at all. Carrie has never called me but once since baby was born, and then it had a convulsion, and she was frightened most into spasms herself."

"I should not suppose a *true* husband and father would wait to be called," said his mother, almost sternly. "It is just as much your business, James, to relieve your wife in her exhausting duties, as it is hers to see that your wardrobe is in order and your meals well prepared."

Carrie's spirits rose at once; and when at breakfast Mrs. Appleton praised the coffee, and the rolls, and the broiled steak, the tears filled her eyes, for she saw that this woman of long married experience would show her where her duty commenced and where it ended, for she had got sadly befogged.

James went to business, and Carrie took her mother-in-law on an exploring expedition all over the house; and as they seated themselves in Carrie's room—baby asleep in Mrs. Appleton, senior's arms—the latter remarked:

"Now, Carrie, I know when I was your age the idea of my mother-in-law visiting me was perfectly *killing*, and I was quite sure that you felt the same in regard to me. But you need not. While I remain here, I desire to be of all the service to you I can. You are sadly in need of rest; and if you continue in this style, your health will be permanently injured. You must be governed by me a little, and I will relieve you in your household superintendence and mending, so that you may give yourself a few necessary hours for sleep, out-door exercise and reading—neither of which a woman should wholly neglect—if she desires to retain her health and beauty."

Carrie improved under the sunny influence; and grandma understood so well what babies needed, that the delicate little plant began to thrive and grow, very much to Carrie's delight. James seemed to be on his good behavior, too, until one unlucky morning he pulled a button the least bit too hard, and off it rolled on to the floor, taking a piece of the band with it.

Mrs. Appleton, senior, was in the room adjoining her son's, and when he commenced to storm so violently, she stepped to the door to see what was the cause of such an outburst. She heard him say:

"You are lazier, lazier now since mother came, than you were before, and that is *entirely* unnecessary. You had better spend a little more time attending to your husband's shirts, and less in the street!"

In his fury and haste to remove the offending article, he tore it about half off him, and surveyed the ruin with evident satisfaction.

"I never tried that before, but I give you fair warning, that, if I ever find another button off, I'll tear the shirt into pieces—that's the way Skinner says he always does."

"Is it possible that *my son* has such an ungovernable temper and is so unjust to his wife? I can account now for her pale face and sad expression."

"You need not wait dinner for me, as I dine with Fred Cary and his wife, and go to Wallack's with them this evening," said her amiable spouse as he left the room. Several times recently had he done the same thing, leaving Carrie at home, never seeming to think that her pleasures were few, and that she might enjoy mingling with the outside world a little. His mother was deeply incensed, and now, said she:

"Carrie, if you don't cure him of this fault-finding and roving, you are not the woman I take you for. Can't you get some friend, or relative, to take you to the theatre this evening?"

"Oh, no!" said Carrie. "I never would lower myself so in my *own* estimation, to say nothing of my husband's."

"Don't be foolish, Carrie. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies."

In the course of the day Carrie's uncle called, a returned Californian, one whom her husband had never seen. He was a man about forty years of age; extremely handsome, and unexceptionable in dress and manners. To him Carrie confided her little plot. He entered into it with a good deal of feeling—for his niece had always been very dear to him.

Carrie arrayed herself in her most elegant style, and it was with no little pride that Uncle Frank escorted her to a conspicious seat in the dress circle. Carrie looked around, and lo! directly opposite sat Fred Cary, his wife and sister, and her recreant lord, playing the agreeable to the young lady after the most approved style, and no one would ever have supposed, from his present cavalier manner, that he ever swore about his shirt buttons.

"How much that lady, just over there, in the first tier, resembles your wife, Mr. Appleton?" said Mrs. Cary, passing him her opera-glass.

"She does indeed!" and he secretly believed it was Carrie, but could hardly credit the evidence of his own senses. He was acquainted with all his wife's friends, and who *could* her escort be? Surely he must be mistaken; and yet that was her hat, with its delicate face trimmings, and velvet cloak, and the new set of ermine he gave her at Christmas. She did not *seem* to notice him, yet I doubt if look or gesture escaped her. Carrie managed adroitly so they should not meet in the lobby; and she and Uncle Frank were home, and the latter had just time to exchange a few words with the elder Mrs. Appleton and reach his chamber, when James came rushing in, a perfect picture of vexation and bewilderment.

Carrie had only removed her hat, and that lay on the table beside her, while she leaned back in the comfortable Turkish chair, describing the play to her mother-in-law with an independent, nonchalant manner which her husband had never before dreamed her capable of.

"Well, then," said he, slowly, "I was *not* mistaken. It really *was* my wife that I saw at Wallack's, enjoying herself with another man than her husband. I *could* not believe the evidence of my senses"—and James actually looked distressed.

"It strikes me that I saw another woman's husband paying quite devoted attention to a very sweet young lady," said Carrie, with a curious air. "Won't you please unbutton my gaiter?" lifting her little foot to his knee. "I fear these boots are a trifle too small. But, nonsense, James; we won't have any difficulty in regard to little things like these. Save all your tragical airs for shirt-buttons, dear. I find that it is entirely unfashionable for husbands and wives to be devoted to each other in these days; so, hereafter, let's both feel a perfect freedom to do exactly as we please. You devote one evening each week to lodge; one to club; one or two more to dining out with a friend and attending places of amusement; and the time you spend at home, we all know, is anything but pleasant! so, as we haven't but one life to live, let us extract as much comfort as we can from it. I intend that shall be my course in future. The play was excellent; don't you think so, James?" but James only groaned.

Carrie didn't notice him, but kept right on with her description of the performance to her mother-in-law, as if she had not been interrupted.

"Mother, is it possible that you uphold my wife in this behavior?"

"Your wife, my dear son, is under no more obligations to *you*, than *you* are to her. Your right is hers, if she feels disposed to use it; and my only wonder is, that she has not taken advantage of her privileges before this."

"Oh! dear, I am so sleepy! How has baby been, mother?"

"Slept all the evening, my dear!" and Carrie bade her mother-in-law "good-night," and went to her room. James soon followed. Carrie chatted away pleasantly about this new style and that, and the appointments and scenery, but her irate lord never vouchsafed a word.

Carrie's breathing soon became very profound; and her husband, satisfied that she was asleep, dressed himself, and went to his mother's room.

Carrie knew right well what that movement was for, and laughed in her sleeve as she quietly waited for him to return.

Mrs. Appleton could not remember the gentleman's name, and so the poor fellow laid himself down again, but not to sleep. In the morning, buttons were all right; eggs boiled *just three* minutes; muffins, as light as a feather; the coffee, clear and yellow as gold. His wife, in her most bewitching morning-dress, as chatty and attentive as little wife could be. After vainly trying to find something to scold about, he kicked the cat across the room, and started to business. The ladies had a good laugh. Everything had acted to a charm.

Carrie, with the sanction of her mother-in-law, had attempted a lesson which, without it, she never would have dared *thought* of, much less inculcate. James was home in good season. Mrs. Appleton was seated at the parlor window, amusing baby.

"Where's Carrie, mother?"

"She went to ride. I am expecting her home every moment."

He did not hear the carriage-wheels, but seeing baby clap her little hands in delight, he sprang to the window, just in time to see Mr. Stylish Whiskerands drive off with his magnificent team.

"Why, James, are you home before me? I hope you didn't wait for me? Frank and I stopped at the Fifth Avenue, on our way back, to see Katie Beers and her husband, and they insisted upon our dining with them."

"For God's sake, you haven't disgraced both yourself and husband by showing yourself at the Fifth Avenue Hotel with that scoundrel, have you? Oh, Carrie, we shall have to come to some terms and separate. It seems to me I must be dreaming."

"Well, I declare, James," said Carrie, laughing heartily, "you are making *quite* a time because I—late in the day, it is true—follow your example, and take a little comfort on my own responsibility. I tell you it is *the mode*, dear!"

"D—— the *mode!* If I catch the villain that's making himself so fresh round my wife, I'll hang him to the nearest lamp-post."

"*Catch* him first, and then do whatever you please with him," said Carrie, tantalizingly.

Affairs continued in this state for several days, until James was almost distracted. Carrie played her cards so skillfully that he could do nothing but rave, and that she enjoyed wonderfully.

One afternoon, just after lunch, Carrie was playing and singing some old favorite songs for Uncle Frank, when the parlor door opened softly, and in walked Mr. James Appleton.

"Ah!" said he, sarcastically. "Pardon me for interrupting so confidential a *tête-à-tête*, but I have private business with you, sir; and you, madam, I will settle with afterward."

"So do, dear," replied his wife, making a mock courtesy. "This, Mr. James Appleton," taking the gentleman by the hand, "is the individual of whom you have daily heard me speak—Mr. Frank Sherwood, from California—my *uncle*."

It is needless to say that James immediately saw the point; and, though he occasionally forgets himself, and storms a little about things undone and things overdone, yet he learned the valuable lesson that it would be as well for a few other married men to understand—that buttons will, once in a while, drop off, steak be overdone, muffins sometimes heavy, in the best regulated families, and especially when, with a young wife's incompetency, the husband adds (without sharing) the double burden of a large family.

Pity there are not more mothers-in-law of the above stamp!



THE LATE WILLIAM HUTCHINGS, OF PENOBSCOT, MAINE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. E. COLLINS, OF BUCKSPORT, MAINE.

WILLIAM HUTCHINGS.

THE heroes of our Revolutionary struggle, which gave us a country to fight for again, and a Union to preserve, may be overshadowed by the splendid achievements of our late conflict, but they will not be forgotten, though they may have fallen into comparative obscurity.

On the 3d inst., William Hutchings, who was one of the four still on the official pension roll, died in Penobscot, Maine, at the great age of 102 years. He was born in Maine, when it was a colony of Massachusetts, in 1764, and at the age of 12 took part in the battle of Lexington, as drummer boy. He continued in the service of his country during the war, and then retired to his former home. A year or two since he was made the recipient of a bounty of $300, in addition to his pension. His funeral was attended with special honors, on the Monday following his death.

Our engraving is made from a photograph, and is a good likeness.

No token of respect to these veterans can be too marked, and as links uniting us to a past generation, while they live we will delight to honor them, and when they die, we will embalm their memory.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

FIG. 1. *Promenade Costume.* — Single-breasted morning coat of any suitable material, the lapel and collar being covered with rich black ribbed silk. Vest of the double-breasted form, without collar, and opening low.

FIG. 3. *Lady's Riding-Dress.* — Habit of fine black cloth; the train long, and full at the bottom, but having the breadths gored, so as to sit with less fullness below the waist. Basquine body, without collar, fastening at the neck only, and having the front edge cut away, with the corners rounded off. The skirt of the basquine is rather long, and the back is made with plaits like those of a coat. It is trimmed with fine black silk braid.

FIGS. 2 and 4. *Lounging Costume.* — Single-breasted jacket of the paletot form, cut to hang perfectly square, with the corner of the skirts rounded off. It fastens at the neck by a single button, and has the collar, of the shawl form, covered with velvet. The back is without seam in the middle, and the openings of the pockets are placed at the tops of large welts, stitched round to imitate flaps. Underneath is worn a vest, without collar, double-breasted, and opening rather low.

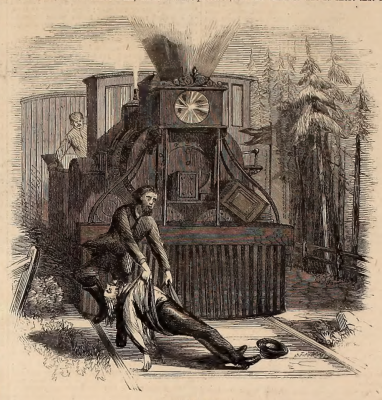
FIG. 5. *Visiting Costume,* for visits of ceremony, weddings, etc.—The dress coat is of superfine black cloth, the collar of the shawl form, and covered with rich silk to match. The fronts are cut so that the coat may be worn buttoned or unbuttoned.

A DARING FEAT.

RAILROAD men are often considered reckless and unfeeling, but instances frequently occur that exhibit, on their part, the noblest feelings, and a willingness to sacrifice themselves for the safety of others.

The incident shown in the illustration recently took place on the Grand Trunk (Canada) Railroad, and is thus described by the Montreal *Gazette*:

"Mr. T. Laughland, driver of Engine No. 73, was coming down the line on the 28th ult., with No. 7 freight train, when, on passing round the curve, two miles west of Cornwall, he saw a drunken man sleeping on the track. He immediately whistled down the brakes, which the conductor and brakesman applied as quickly as possible; but the distance was so short that it was impossible to pull up in time. Laughland immediately ran out on the cow-catcher, and as the locomotive came up, he stooped forward and seized the man by the neck and endeavored to pull him on to the cow-catcher; but being unable to do so, he jumped off with the man, and succeeded in throwing him clear of the train. The whole train of 17 cars passed the place before it could be stopped. On learning the facts, the authorities ordered that two days' pay should be handed over



A DARING FEAT.



WALKING, RIDING AND VISITING MODES FOR 1866, FROM MODELS PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.



AN ADVENTURE WITH A SEA LION.

to Laughland, as a slight reward for his gallant conduct."

The high appreciation of this noble conduct on the part of the authorities is especially worthy of note; and in future, engineers who peril their lives to save a stranger's, may expect a slight increase of pay as the reward for their heroic endeavor.

TRACEDY.

THE illustration with this title proves that the face is a good index to the feelings, and the picture is an excellent study. One can readily imagine how, as the scenes of the drama succeed each other these spectators are swayed with con-



TRAGEDY—HOW A PART OF THE AUDIENCE WAS AFFECTED BY THE PLAY.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A SEA-LION.

On the rocky islands off the coast of California, thousands of sea-lions may often be seen reposing in easy indifference, and forming an immense menagerie. At the approach of a stranger they generally take to the water, unless they are watching over their young, when, with open mouths and protruding tusks, they warn the intruder against too near an approach.

A recent visitor to the haunts of these animals thus relates his experience: "My companion and myself had spent some time watching the young seals at play with each other, and listening to the low moaning of the older ones, that sounded very like the braying of a mule. Occasionally, as we threw a stone among them, the majority hastened off to the water and disappeared beneath the surface. Desirous of bringing away a trophy, my friend caught a young calf, and was carrying it off in triumph, when an old warrior, evidently a patriarch of the tribe, suddenly advanced upon him, seized the skirt of his coat, and with one angry shake and a loud and fearful roar, tore it from his body. This part of the programme had not been anticipated, and we gladly relinquished our booty and made good our escape, not deeming a repetition of the experiment in the least desirable."

flicting emotions of wonder, sorrow, indignation and surprise, unconscious that they themselves are performing a side-play not in the bills. We can conjecture the character of the play from the effect it produces on these personages, and as it is not often that such marked results are manifested, the actors must be highly gratified with the evident appreciation of their impersonations.

THE DOG DIANA NURSING LIONS.

THIS is one of those occasional incidents that show how natural instincts are sometimes extended to embrace objects beyond their ordinary exercise. The dam of these young lions having died, they were adopted and nursed by Diana, a favorite dog in the menagerie, which watched over them as tenderly as if they had been her own litter, until they had grown sufficiently not to need her care. The evident pride the dog takes in her strange family, and the devotion she manifests toward them, are worthy of note, while she seems wholly unconscious of the peculiar relation she is sustaining to her dependents, and the singular attachment she has formed.

MACARONI-MAKING.

IT was toward the afternoon that we got into Amalfi. A host of touters besieged us in vain; and as Domenico, the driver of the coach that brought us, usually gets a fee from the padrone of the inn for every guest he brings, he was eloquent in its praise. An army of loungers surrounded us, shouting for a "bottiglia;" and, thus accompanied, we arrived at the doors of the Locanda del Cappuccini, where the Don Matthieo is something of a magnifico, and seems to think it somewhat of a condescension to play the host. The fare and treatment are very good.

I had a special object in view, which was to describe the great branch of industry by which Amalfi and the neighborhood subsist.

"Where will you take us, Luigi," said I to my cicerone, "to see macaroni made?"

"Well, sir, Gambardella is the largest maker," was the reply.

Off we went to the great flour prince of Amalfi. A stream of water rushing down from the mountains in front of a great factory, marked the place we were in search of; but, before entering, I stopped to purify my shoes from dirt acquired in the way. One rushed to get water, another straw, and another a brush.

"I'll skin this stranger!" said the first of my eager assistants. "If I don't get half a piastre out of him—may I be hanged!"

"You have made a mistake," I replied, in Italian. On which the whole party laughed heartily.

The scene within the fabrica was comical enough. A crowd of men and boys, half blind with flour, and as white as cauliflowers, set on a fever, bumping up and down; and making it describe the arc of a circle. Grinding, sifting, mixing, kneading and pressing, were all going on in the same place; the manufactured article being taken to another place to dry. With pencil in hand and book on a sack, I began to take notes.

"He is going to make a story about us," said some of the men who had mustered around us.

"No, he is not," said others; "he is going to set up a macaroni fabrica in England."

"Signor! will you take me with you?" said a sharp-looking, fair-complexioned young man. "Fifteen hundred ducats only will set it going."

The poor fellow was really in earnest, I believe, and was somewhat disappointed when I assured him of his mistake.

The grain used for making macaroni is of the very hardest quality, is grown principally in Puglia, and is known as Saragalla. It is washed in the mountain stream which flows down from behind the city, and woe to the wearied traveler who is awakened at the dawn of day by the numerous grain-washers. The operation is cleverly and rapidly done, and amusing enough it is to watch it. When ground—which it is by the action of water-mills—the flour is sifted into five different qualities. The first is called Farina, which, being sifted, is divided into Fiore and Brenna. The fiore is used for making the ordinary macaroni, whilst the brenna is used as food for the horses and pigs. The fiore is itself again sifted



THE DOG DIANA NURSING SIX YOUNG LIONS, AT THE MENAGERIE DU CIRQUE NAPOLEON, PARIS, FRANCE.

until a yet finer quality, called azemmattass, is formed. This is used to make a superior kind of macaroni. A last sifting produces semolina, the finest kind which can be formed.

The flour is well mixed in a large tub, in the proportion of 24 carats of water (a carafla being about a pint and a half), to 150 Neapolitan pounds of flour. The quantity thus used, goes by the name of a Pasta, and is put on a large kneading board. At the further end of the board a long lever surmounted by a swivel; and there is no other extremity of it sit three or four half-naked, girdled men, who, for three-quarters of an hour, move backward and forward on a kind of horizontal see-saw, describing diminutive arcs of circles. In this way the lever is brought to bear upon the dough, its mixing and cutting it till all is ready for pressing. The men remind one of figures in Egyptian drawings—stiff and unnatural. The hard work, however, and there is always a relief party to take the place of the exhausted men. The last operation is most important, as it gives its character and form to the macaroni.

There are various kinds of macaroni, or pasta, rejoicing in different names, as vermicelli stellata (starred), acine, depepe, riccioli tali (flowing rocks), mezzani de, mezzani (meon seed), cochi di perroni (partridge eye), capelluti (little hats), strozzapreti tion (small bowels), punti del ago (needle points). The first is that long sort which we English use as a dole or necessity. All the others are used to thicken soup, like barley.

First, let me speak of the vermicelli: When kneaded, the dough is put into a large brass cylindrical vessel, hollow above and below, but at the lower extremity is fixed a movable plate, perforated with holes. When held up to the light it looks like the section of a honeycomb, being circular. On the top of the cylinder is a block, corresponding to its size, and the whole is then exposed to the action of a press. Screw goes the press, and far below, from out of the holes of the cylinder, a series of white worms protruded their heads. Screw, screw again, and out they come—longer and longer; until, having arrived at the legitimate length, they are cut off; and so the operation of screwing and cutting is continued until the whole quantity of dough is exhausted. The vermicelli is then hung upon poles for drying, which requires usually about eight days, under favorable circumstances, a north wind being always preferred, as a sirocco wind is preferred for the kneading.

With regard to the smaller kinds of paste, they are made by a mixture of machinery and handwork. Thus, the cylinder being placed horizontally, is filled with a razor standing by its side, and, as the dough protrudes through the holes, he cuts it off immediately into small bits—a simple and primitive method enough.

The smallest kinds of all are made, however, by hand, and principally at Minori and Majuri, two small villages which we passed *en route* for Amalfi. In fact, the whole coast lives by making and eating macaroni; and one probable reason of this is, that thing, as the whole of that district, lives under lofty mountains, which are intersected by deep ravines, down which pour mighty torrents, there is an unlimited supply of water power. It was informed that in Amalfi alone about 80,000 tonnoli of flour are consumed annually for all purposes; a very small proportion for bread, for your macaroni-eater is not a great bread-eater. Altogether, there are about 20 fabriche of macaroni in the city, which fabriche employ, in the simple manufacture of the article, about 15 hands. There is a much larger number of persons are employed in the washing, and preparation, and carriage of grain; for everything is done by hand, and great numbers prepare the macaroni on a small scale, without dreaming how their more limited enterprises with the title of fabriche. Gambardella is evidently the great man of the place, for he imports his own grain; has four brigantini of 250 tons each, which bring up grain from Manfredona and Sicily; and what Gambardella does not consume, he sells amongst his neighbors.

Let me now put on a paper cap and a white apron, and describe combining this article, for some experienced hints on the cooking of macaroni: In England, it is boiled to a pulp—ercr be first. Others take your water—At Naples might say—let it boil well, and then put in your macaroni. The finger will soon ascertain whether the macaroni is softening; and before it loses the consistency, you must take it up. Now then for your sauces. You may mix with it either a good tomata sauce, or a rich meat gravy, and a pile of grated cheese must be placed on the table, out of which you must perforce sprinkle your macaroni. There are many other more complicated and more luxurious ways of dressing the article, which are beyond the reach of my science. With the smaller kinds you will stir with your soup, and some of them you may convert into a really delicious dish, called Pricat Strangolapreti, so fond are the reverend gentlemen said to be of it.

When we had finished our survey, we found the horses at the door, and so was Domenico, Il Matthen, from a window at the prime minister was making divers elegant and condescending bows to us. We responded with a host of graceful ones, beset the path, and away we dashed through Atrani, Majuri, and all the other places which we traversed on our before. There was much to admire in the heavens, and the heat was all too powerful; yet it was the middle of November. What a climate! what a country! and yet what a government!

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.

A CALIFORNIA correspondent of the *Times* gives the following racy illustration of life in Sacramento city, the Capital of California:

"If asked to define Sacramento, I should say it is a place where everybody shoots at everybody and nobody. They call it a dull place. Perhaps it is, but it is quite lively enough for me. Each man that I have visited Sacramento it has been my fortune to have bullets singing about my ears, without anybody having injured in the row, or even knowing what it was all about. The last time it was a genuine case of crowding the mourners.

"In company with three or four friends last Sunday afternoon, I stood in front of the Orioma Hotel. A gentlemen of my acquaintance was coming toward the group, and I halloed to him to know when he had arrived from Collinsville. He saw me, but what people would scarcely understand, even though I explained it to them. He was looking intently down the street, past us, as though he saw a ghost, and made no reply; the movement he declined to make was to shake hands. Thinking that he saw some one he didn't wish to see—a sheriff, perhaps—I turned around, was pointing 'suspects' at him, we all turned round, just in time to see a man run out into the street before me with a revolver in either hand, who, as soon as he saw me, threw up his left hand and fired on the run. At first it was quite amusing to see the crowd of men that looked on to see the fellow fall' but so knew a trick worth two of that, and suddenly the man with the revolver backed in an swing-post, and then he began to shoot up-street at a fellow named Blue at a distance of about fifteen paces. Blue's whistling around my ears yet. Such a rudder as that is not a record you want to make. There probably not less than 150 people on the sidewalk when the shooting began, but that number seconds isn't a sou was to be seen. Lest. Ellis suddenly remembered that his wife was waiting for him across the street, and though he saw a gentleman beckoning to him down in the next block, Assemblyman Billy Stevenson called him in express-office, under the impression that a package had been left for him; and Superintendent Crocker in a painting on the rear of a hack that stood close by, which I occupied myself. A new broadwork could not be wished for nor found, but imagine my disgust when the hackman suddenly whoa'd his box and drove off at a 2:40 gait, leaving me exposed to the fire of the belligerents. Curiously enough, they both carefully emptied their pistols at each other, without any regard to the outsiders that happened to be within pistol-shot range, no one was hurt.

"My very bad shooting for Sunday. The belligerents were two 'short-eared sharps.' A difficulty occurred between them in the Congress, the evening and one of them told the other to be 'fixed' when he should see him next. Then, as now, the street was a favorite phrase with our people. It has many and various meanings. Sometimes it is said to mean if he has a brace of derringers or a six-shooter slung to him he is ready for a fight at $100,000 apiece. If he is on bad relations with any member of the opposite sex are such that he is ready to 'shoot on sight.' But in all these things—in short, to be fixed is to be very comfortably provided for—whatever the occasion may happen to be. The synonymous phrase about being 'heeled,' is of lower origin, evidently derived from the cock fighting pit. As I was saying, the party who was requested to fix himself, came down town a little while after, and the moment he saw the other party he pulled and banged away at him, shooting from the hip, and without taking his head most unconcernedly, a few of those who happened to be standing by him. Then he walked deliberately around, around, but if so, I didn't see them. But I did see three persons leaving hacks and run into the nearest stores, and I will venture to say that upon the cost-and grocery one of them a game of cards could have been played."

THE NEW METHOD OF SHOEING HORSES.

A PARIS blacksmith has claimed, as his own invention, what he terms a new method of preparing the foot of the horse for shoeing. It consists in first upon leaving the frogs and sole uncut to rest upon the ground, cutting only the wall of the hoof half an inch in depth, then placing the shoe in position, and, instead of driving the nails in the usual manner, he makes a Goodenough Horse Shoe proceeds from the manner in which the nail is prepared to receive the shoe, and that the shoe itself receives the nail so perfectly at each, and another of every description, that they are pressed tightly in the Goodenough patent is, that no nail shall be driven in and its point broken off in the interior of the hoof, as it does not require such heavy nails to fasten on, there is, therefore, no danger of injuring the sensitive portion of the hoof—the great cause of lameness in horses. Every nail is driven through the same shoe which makes them as superior to all other horse shoes, as the Standard shoe of Broadway is to the wooden shoes of the French peasant.

CONGRESS WATER AND CHOLERA.

IF credence can be given to a tithe of the *experiences* that find a place in the papers, none of the risks that there is better to be run with Congress water and need cause so little apprehension as cholera. And such there is great faith in the curative powers of the article, was a sure preventive of the disease. Savings will be made, crowded hotels will be relieved, people can secure exemption from the dreaded pestilence, in addition to all the other benefits of Congress water, while the demand for the water, on the part of those who are compelled to remain at home will, doubtless, be largely increased. The specific is a cheap and agreeable one; let all try it.

PETRIFIED BUFFALO.—A St. Louis paper publishes the following paragraph: This extraordinary petrifying has discovered about two years since by some trappers belonging to Capt. Bent's company, lying on the side of the Rocky Mountains, in the Big Grande of the North is stream emptying itself into the Gulf of Mexico. Whether the water, or the mineral possessing petrifying qualities to an eminent degree, its absorbed. Not in specimens of various kinds in the petrified state, but productions in a petrified state. The petrified buffalo is described by those who have seen it as being perfect in its petrification as when living, with the exception of a small part of the skin on the head, which has fallen away, around which the hair has been worn off, probably by the rubbing against the trees, by which it may have lain for ages past to have produced such a phenomenon. The horns, and the hump and back, from the shoulder to the tail, though converted into almost a smooth surface, are plain to be seen. The horns, eyes, nose, mouth, mouth and legs, are as perfect in their stone as in their natural state. The country in which this curiosity was found is inhabited by the Kutenai, a roving band of Indians, who have never been known to kill bison, deer, or insects, snakes, toads, roots, &c. This tribe are particularly hostile to the whites, and the recent acquisition of this curiosity an undertaking not a little hazardous, notwithstanding this, and many other difficulties to be surmounted, such as distance, expense, &c., our enterprising citizens, Messrs. Charles Bent & Co., completes procuring and bringing it to the United States, with this, on his return from Santa Fe, during the ensuing autumn.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.—A treasure of a husband—sometimes the baby. A treasure of a wife—never asks for money. A treasure of a sun—has money in the bank. A treasure of a boarder—always pays his bill. A treasure of a lawyer—has a fine office. A treasure of a doctor—has a fine practice. A treasure of a minister—has a fine salary. A treasure of a cook—is not hysterical whenever company comes. A treasure of a mother-in-law—shuts the door's distant its door pegs to the middle of the night.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHEN are soldiers like blacksmiths? When they are drilling and filing.

WHAT plaything is above every other? The top.

AT what time should an innkeeper visit an insurance? When he wants a bar-gain.

A CROTTY old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because, when she appeared, man's day of single blessedness was at a close.

"GUILTY or not guilty?" sharply said a judge, the other day, to an inattentive female prisoner in the dock.

"Just to your home pleases: it's not for the likes of me to dictate to your honor's worship," was the reply.

WHY is the letter Y like an extravagant son? It makes a fool of U.

WHEN a bear enters a dry-goods store, what does he want? Muslin (muslin).

WHAT two fish should be tied together on a frosty day? Skates and soles.

WHEN is money damp? When it becomes due in the morning and mist in the afternoon.

WHEN did Moses sleep five in a bed? When he slept with his four fathers (forefathers).

WHAT is that which people wish to have, and when to get rid of? A good appetite.

WHY has a dandy a doleful appearance? Because it keeps its hands before its face.

WHAT do we often drop and never stop to pick up? Stitches.

WHO is the lady whose visits nobody wishes though her mother is welcomed by all parties? Miss(s).

WHY is a forged bank-note like a whisper? Because it is uttered, but not allowed (aloud).

BRILLIANCE says: "I could never find the meaning of the word 'collar' in Webster. But riding one day on the New York railway I saw it all. It was the sitting of a gentleman who was trying to pass each other on a single track. If I remember correctly, it was a shocking failure.

An indignant lady describes metaphysics as "two men talking together; one of them trying to explain something to the other saying about, and the other unable to understand him."

"FATHER, what is meant by reading to-day about illuminated manuscripts; what were they lit with?"

"With the light of the sun, my son."

JONES says a person's character depends a good deal upon his bringing up; for instance (says he), a man who has been brought up by the police seldom turns out respectable.

"I THINK," said a fellow the other day, "I should make a good editor of Congress, for I use their language. I received two bills a short time since, by way of which to remit payment; the one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read the first six months."

THE WAY OF LIFE.—Broadway.

NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.—"A chieftain to the Highlands bound"—Promethus.

AN ARCHAEOLOGIST.—Solomon speaks of the "angel of the rainbow." That must be an archangel.

A WINE.—Why talk about not sleeping a wink, when people in their sleep never wink.

THE LAZIEST MAN.—Why is Chang the laziest man in the world?

Because, on account of his height, he is the longest to bed.

FELT.—A hatter advertises that his hats fit so easily on the head that the wearers scarcely feel them. Impossible, unless they are felt hats.

PROFESSIONS.—Why are lawyers and doctors safe people by whom to take examples?

Because they are always safe in their professions.

On being told of a surgeon who amputated a lady's arm, and afterward married her, Nix wondered how she could have got around him so.

THE FIRST LOVE KISS.—A young lady's first love kiss has the same effect on her as being electrified. It gives a shock to the system.

THE COWKEEPER'S PARADISE.—The Milky Way.

"YOU cruel man, my tears have no effect on you at all."

"No, I drop them, dear."

POOR consolation for us survivors that "the good die first."

BEN JOHNSON said of a certain lawyer who died, "he was good to stay with but bad client."

THE TWO KINGS.—The two kings that rule in America—Ice-king and smo-king.

WHY are strikes unscriptural?

Because they are not to be found in the kiv law.

"MENTAL ABSTRACTION."—Stealing the ideas of others, and fancying them your own.

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A COUNTER ATTRACTIVE.—Shall I, (writes a fair correspondent), take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical *Discovery* which we are periodically feed for the amusement of the Patients? The scene is a barber's shop. Enter a lord, carrying a little black bag; he takes out a guinea—where did he find it?—and a pair of pistols. "Barber," says the customer, "my face is very much troubled by the growth of hair; I want it off." "Certainly, my lord, a glance, a glance, and you see those." "Stop!" cries the pistols. "Good," says the barber, and leaves him and his razor, and returns with a bowl. "Now please shoot my pistols, they?" asked my lord. "Not least to be sure," and he pointed the article." "If by accident I had scraped you, I should just have cut your throat with the razor, you know, gentlemen!" My lord retires all the *sacoir faire* of the Frenchman.

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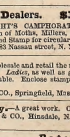
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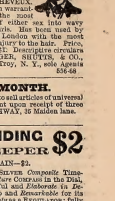
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Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 557—Vol. XXII.] NEW YORK, JUNE 2, 1866. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00.

Spies and Informers.

Every medal has its reverse, and the benefits of civilization are not without this counterpoise. Society insists upon the defense of its rights, and in the instruments which it employs for that purpose we see its darkest side. People submit to a great deal from the police simply in their office of custodians of our lives and property. Occasional acts of tyranny, of overstretch of authority, even of inquisitorial interferences, are leniently regarded, because a few questionable proceedings are vastly overweighed by the general good. But below the police proper, there is a lower power, bearing to it the relation that the jackal does to the lion, or the pilot-fish to the shark. That it is unseen before it strikes, that its chief element is mystery and concealment, make it all the more detested: yet it performs a function, which, though base, is of no small importance, and however much we may shrink from it, we must acknowledge its utility—it is that of the informer.

Perhaps our recent experiences of war and its usages—experiences which crop up constantly in strange and unexpected places in our social system—may have made us less intolerant than formerly of the presence of this excrescence. We have learnt what part spies play in the art of war: how useful—nay, oftimes how absolutely indispensable—they are to the General in command, and we no longer shrink with disgust from intercourse, more or less intimate, with those who have so served their country. Various are the motives that have led men to hazard their lives in such a pursuit. With some it has been the natural development of a love of intrigue and mystification; others have followed it for the gains which it brought, large in proportion to the risk run; while others again, we doubt not, acted from a pure and intense devotion to the cause they thought right, and as they could not serve it in any other way, they did so in this. But even at his best, useful as the spy might be, still he was a spy. Fidelity and integrity could not invest his calling with honor. He might hold his life more cheaply, risk it more freely, and exhibit more heroism than the soldier; but the rewards of a soldier—promotion, medals, the thanks of a grateful country—were denied him in life, as in death was a soldier's grave. And for the reason of this we have not to seek far. Wherever candor, honesty, and fair-dealing are esteemed and held honorable among men, there must treachery, dissimulation, and deceit be the objects of scorn and detestation. Yet the more perfect the spy is in these vices, the more accomplished he is in his profession, still he is only redeemed from our utter abhorrence by the belief that he will practice his gifts only against a common enemy, and that when he retires to private life the arts he has acquired will be laid aside.

What spies are in war, the services they perform, the estimation in which they are held, will apply pretty accurately to informers in civil life. Very odious are they, yet very necessary; and theirs is, we confess, rather a hard lot, when the sense of the utility of their labor does not diminish its infamy. Somebody must do our dirty work, and why should they be degraded by it? There must be night scavengers, some one must clear away the carbureted hydrogen, there must be hangmen; and if these classes must exist, why should they be less honored than others who are not so repulsive to our senses? In like manner, informers being necessary, or thought to be so, a plea is put forward against the disfavor with which the public is naturally inclined to regard them. As prejudices cannot be removed by logic, or social distinction be attained by labored arguments to prove that it is deserved, we are not disposed to take up the cause of these outcasts with an idea of showing they are treated with injustice. We would rather accept the facts as we find them, and content ourselves with pointing out one or two considerations in relation to the system itself, which may place it in a truer position before our readers.

Any infraction of the laws, either Federal, State, or Civic, brought to the knowledge of the authorities within whose jurisdiction it occurs, by any other than their regularly appointed officers, constitutes the person so bringing the offense to their notice an informer. It cannot be said that the officers of Government are not frequently, in the dis-



THE PERILS OF FERRY CROSSING—SCENE AT THE HOBOKEN FERRY, BARCLAY STREET, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 167.

charge of their duties, informers; but in their case the odium that attaches to the name ceases, and for most obvious reason. It is on private individuals, or amateurs, as it were, that the term, as one of reproach, falls heaviest; but even here, again, there are limitations. When the service is rendered to the authorities disinterestedly and without desire for reward, we hold that, in most instances, the sense of public duty, the public spirit, honorable and praiseworthy, which impelled his action, removes the stigma that attaches to the informer in the case which we now come to consider. And this is the case of the informer by trade—of the man who lies in wait for his neighbor, denounces him for some offense which can only be expiated by a fine, and then, as his own pay, pockets half the penalty. It is not wonderful that such a mode of livelihood possesses irresistible attractions to some minds. It has all the excitement of the chase, without the danger, and the reward for the capture is sure. Neither are we prepared to say that the system which has opened this field of operations is altogether wrong. In our complex fiscal arrangements, where fraud is so easy and so profitable; in our new endeavors after better city government, where evasions are so tempting, it would be difficult to find a more effectual check than that of making it the interest of some persons to point out violations of the laws, by giving them a share of the penalties the delinquents incur. Of course it is a question of taste with any one if he chooses to go into the business. He may be useful, but he is despised; he is rich, but his name is tainted; he has protected the laws of his country, but his assistance was voluntary, and his motives the most base. We are told on the highest authority, that "offenses must needs come," but surely no obligation is thereby imposed on us to extenuate the conduct of those on whom rests the malediction of "woe unto that man by whom the offense cometh."

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 2, 1866.

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The Veto and Colorado.

THE interposition of the veto power, or of the judgment of one man against that of many, and those the chosen representatives of the people, should never be lightly made—certainly never in any partisan interest, or to gratify personal pique or pride. It should not be often made, otherwise it will lose the respect with which it has hitherto been regarded as a power exercised only on extraordinary and important occasions. The Constitution and its framers never contemplated that the President should use the veto on all occasions where his individual opinion on public measures does not wholly coincide with that of the Legislative department of Government. The President is not the sole responsible branch of the nation. The responsibility of government does not rest on him alone. If it did, we might as well call him Dictator and abolish Congress. Measures that may appear to be of doubtful character to a man engrossed with Executive duties, and with scarce an hour to give to consecutive thoughts, may not be so in fact. If wrong, the people will not fail to know whom to hold amenable. Acts decisively passed by Congress will be judged of, approved of, or condemned, as Congressional acts, even if the President, doubtful of their utility, should waive his objections and allow them to go into force. It may be said broadly, that the President is never held responsible for legislation, unless it be suggested or advised by himself.

The manner in which the veto power, only to be resorted to, according to the theory and practice of our Government, in extreme cases, is praised by partisans when it happens to accord with party views or purposes, is reprehensible and occasionally disgusting. It is a power, we repeat, which may be dangerously exercised, and of the exercise of which we should be as jealous as the President should be careful. It is not too much to say, that, of all our Presidents, there have been few of much more than the average capacity of native born American citizens or whose opinions, as individuals, would or should command more weight than those of any other individual of the vast body of their peers. Those opinions do not become immaculate through any accident of position, nor are they to be set up, without grave cause, against the matured results of the deliberations of the people's representatives.

President Johnson should remember in time, and before his acts pass into history, that those Presidents who have been most prodigal of vetoes are not those whose memory the people most delight to honor. The one man power may, to use a vulgarism, be very readily "run into the ground," and sink into contempt.

The last veto by President Johnson is of the bill admitting Colorado as a State, and we quite agree with the President that the practice of admitting States inadequately qualified has got to be an abuse. In most cases the movements to advance fledgling Territories are purely those of politicians, spoilsmen and adventurers, who seek to be Senators, or Representatives, or Governors, or in some way to obtain place and patronage. It is rare that they are spontaneous or popular. In the case of Colorado, with all the exertions of the classes of men we have designated, the project of a State organization was carried, on a total vote not larger than that of a single ward of the city of New York, by the insignificant majority of 155 votes! On a previous occasion and on a larger aggregate of votes, a majority of 3,152 was given against the project. As set forth forcibly by the President, in the recent election, on the question of becoming a State, the aggregate vote was only 5,905; while in a legislative election in 1861 there were cast 10,580 votes, whence the President naturally infers that the population of the Territory has decreased, and falls far short of the number entitled by law to qualify the Territory to become a State. The action of the President will commend itself to the good sense of the country, and meet public approval.

Still, we cannot resist the humiliating conviction that, as the bill for the admission of Colorado would not have passed Congress except to accomplish partisan ends, so it would not have met executive disapproval except to defeat and embarrass partisan ends. But for the split between the Executive and Congress, the bill would not have passed on the one hand, nor would it have failed on the other. This is not a lofty view of the course of practical statesmanship in Washington, but it is, we fear, the only one that can be taken.

We sincerely trust that the President may not be betrayed, through any excited spirit of antagonism, to make use of his veto in cases less dubious than this of Colorado, and in which it cannot be so easily justified. The veto may be made an instrument of good; it may be made a nuisance and a curse, subversive of the fundamental principle of republican government.

Reaction of America on Europe.

THE late war has been, in many of its results, the greatest blessing conferred on the country. It has intensified and strengthened American character. It has given consistence, solidity and manhood to the nation. It has effected not alone a political and social regeneration, but given the country a material impulse and *status*, such as could not have been reached through decades of peace. It has begotten intellectual activity, and an elevation of tone, feeling and spirit, which only comes with a consciousness of wealth and power. If we were all-unconscious of it ourselves; if, as the change from boyhood to adolescence is scarcely comprehended by the individual, we have grown from gristle to bone without ourselves observing the change, yet we could not be long in ascertaining the fact through the altered and more deferential manner toward us of our national compeers.

The tone which is held to us by foreign nations and their rulers is in sharp contrast with that which prevailed five years ago. The Emperor of the French is glad to please and pacify his people by telling them how much his system of government resembles ours—paying unwilling homage to institutions which he detests and a power which he fears. In that stronghold of traditions and mossy prescriptions, the British Parliament, the example, progress, strength and future of the United States come in to lend new interest and illustration to debates hitherto commonplace and drowsy, and our institutions and the capacities developed under them are freely quoted as proofs of the necessity and advantages of changes in a system of government hitherto claimed as perfect, but which it is now considered ought to be assimilated to ours.

A Ministry which once pronounced the United States moribund under the effects of a false and exploded political and social system, now seeks to retain power and influence by adaptations of principles and institutions from our governmental organization. The masters of finance, who predicted the monetary collapse of the United States within the Gothic—we mean the Sewardian—period of "sixty days," now study, respectfully and attentively, the financial machinery which carried us through, and the nature and extent of the resources on which it was founded. The prophets of bankruptcy, repudiation and ruin—the Jeremiahs of European Bourses—now eagerly buy American securities on the slightest decline, and affirm by deeds, as well as asseverations bordering on the profane, that they never doubted the financial strength and solvency of the "Great Republic."

Among the statesmen of England is a man of great erudition, who knew, some years ago, more of ancient than modern republics, and who purchased some crape for his left arm, and some for his hat, and also a pocket-handkerchief, and otherwise prepared to sorrow, in the fashion said to be practiced by crocodiles, over the "late Union." Mr. Gladstone has exchanged these unnecessary articles with his dealer, and has come out with a gay set of ribbons—"red, white, and blue"—as the admirer and always friend, even as the copyist of the United States—that epitome of national wisdom and virtue! See what universal franchise (for all except "niggers") has achieved! Therefore let us extend the franchise! And the Commons says, "Of course!" See how people act who know how to pay their debts, and are willing to do it! And if the Americans can lift the load of debt and taxes from the shoulders of future generations, why may not we? And the Commons look wise and ponder, no doubt thinking it can and should be done. How Mr. Gladstone conjures with the American name and American facts, let his recent speech on the English Budget, extracts from which we publish elsewhere, answer.

If our example or our deeds can in any way react beneficially on the country to whose kindness, favor, and courtesy we owe so much as we owe to Great Britain (including, we believe, Shakspeare, the Alabama, and the English language), we shall be happy indeed! Filial gratitude is strong within us. The child never forgets its beneficent mother.

THE assassination of President Lincoln has been made the subject of a most extraordinary European melo-drama. The piece is entitled "*La Vie et la Mort d'Abraham Lincoln*," and is divided into seven *tableaux*. The author, M. Reuben, has sketched the early days of the President's humble life in the first act, and as a lawyer in the second. In the third, he has attained the rank of President, and Booth appears as a suitor for the hand of his niece, which proposal being rejected, rankles in the breast of the lover, who becomes his mortal enemy. In the fourth act, Surrattville is depicted, and Mr. and Mrs. Surratt appear on the scene, as well as Jefferson Davis, who gives it as his opinion that as long as Lincoln is permitted to live the cause of the South is lost, and exclaims: "Who will get rid of this man for us?" "I," replies the future murderer. The fatal 14th of April furnishes the material of the fifth and sixth acts. Abraham Lincoln, aged and worn by the tremendous responsibilities of the war, grants an audience to a mother, who frantically calls on him in the name of her dead sons, killed in the war, to make peace on any terms. Lincoln, exhausted by the scene, has, however, sufficient command of his feelings to promise his wife that he will accompany her to see "King Lear." The whole of the death-scene is then represented. The President, his wife and Miss Harris take their places in a front box in the midst of the theatre. On the stage the actors perform a portion of "King Lear." A pistol-shot, the screams of women and the death-groan of the dying President, are melo-dramatically given; and while the audience are absorbed in the horror of the moment, Wilkes Booth jumps from a box on to the stage, brandishing a poniard, and uttering the well-known words, "*Sic semper tyrannis*."

AMERICANS have long ceased to feel or evince the slightest sensitiveness under foreign criticism, and chiefly because it has been marked neither by truth nor that brilliancy which disposes us to accept it in place of truth. We can laugh, as well as the best, at the extraordinary, *bizarre*, and never-to-be-found-in-real-life character, the stage Yankee; and we have equal amusement in reading the portraiture of America and Americans in books written by literary Bohemians, mountebanks, fiddlers, dancing-masters, and barbers, pretending to unvail American society and criticise American manners. A man named Herz, who, we believe, played on the piano, and obtained some "greenbacks" by astounding country villages with his performances, has undertaken to write about America—a task for which he is quite as capable as a pig for polka. He writes himself down fool on every page, and a knave and falsifier in many. It will not be difficult to decide in which category he places himself in the paragraph which follows:

"At Baltimore I had the rare advantage of being introduced into a club certainly more curious than delicate. I speak of the 'Spitting Club.' Spitting is a continual necessity in certain parts of the Union. It is a habit, an amusement, and for some a game of skill. I saw the members of the 'Spitting Club' in all their glory. They were seated around a chimney, the fireplace of which was masked by a sheet of iron pierced with half a dozen holes, about the size of a half-franc piece. It was into these holes that these *virtuosos* launched their projectiles with a grace and facility which cannot be too much admired."

A WRITER on bees and honey, estimates that for every 1,000 pounds *surplus* of honey collected by bees, the total collection must be 7,000 pounds, or about three and a half tuns. He concludes that there are few sections of our State, in which the flowers produce more than 2,100 pounds of honey to the square mile, equal to about 75,000 pounds, or 38 tons to a township six miles square. This amount would require about 1,080 colonies or swarms of bees to collect.

TOWN GOSSIP.

IT bodes ominously for England that, even as the stars once fought against Sisera, Nature is now doing the same thing against the arrogant "Mistress of the Seas;" for she has turned Fenian—that is to say, if "Wearing of the Green" be any sign, for during the past week every shrub, flower and plant, has displayed the Emerald flag at its mast-head. And this reminds us of a joke which the Head *Dis*-Organizer of the Irish Republic made to Mr. Greeley, when the latter was introduced to him last Tuesday: "Although I am green all over, do you see anything *green in my eye?*" which drew from the philosopher of the *Tribune* the placid remark: "No; for it seems only to be looking out for gold, for it is all yellow!"

But we will dismiss the heroes of Erin and Slievegammon by observing that the Irish Republic may be considered as established, since the gallant little republic of Chile, so far as it is represented in the person of Mr. McKenna, has recognized her sister of the Atlantic.

Our Artist, on the last page of our paper, has given a faithful sketch of a provident Teuton family on their Sunday ramble: which reminds us that *our* sister republics of Jersey City and Hoboken are in a state of intense indignation at the hebdomadal invasion perpetrated every Sabbath on their unoffending shores by the famished hordes of thirsty barbarians from New York. It may be sport for the rowdies of Gotham, but it is death to the pacific New Jerseyites. Last Sunday not a native-born Dutchman of Hoboken could get a drop of lager for their supper; every keg had been stormed by the bibulous New Yorkers; and who can relish Leimberger kaese with only *aquam Passaicam*, the only liquor New Jersey now has after eight o'clock P.M. every Sunday night? The popular proverb is for once reversed: instead of New Jersey living on the stranger, the stranger eats New Jersey out of house and home, the only party benefiting being the keepers of those numerous basements which are the architectural ornaments of Hoboken. The new liquor law sets Hamlet's advice to Polonius at defiance. When a man wishes to make a fool of himself, it will not let him do it in his own house, but sends him abroad to Harlem, Westchester, and New Jersey to do it, to the great scandal of the Empire City.

The recent election for officers of the Mercantile Library, which, of course, resulted in the triumph of the regular ticket, reminds us that Mr. Thomas Hastings Grant, who had been for over 18 years librarian of this admirable institution, resigned about two months ago, and has been succeeded by Mr. A. W. Green, who is eminently qualified for the position. A catalogue of this excellent collection of books has just been published, and it forms a goodly octavo.

One of the topics of the week is the Buisley Pantomimic Troupe, now daily expected in this city from San Francisco. Their agent, Mr. S. Corbyn, arrived by the last steamer, and has engaged the Academy of Music for a series of performances, to continue for about six weeks. They commence on the 11th of June. The California papers pronounce them far superior to either the Ravels or the Hanlons.

In the late robbery of the Adams Express Co. on the New Haven Railroad, one Grady, a brakeman on the line, was, it appears, one of the chief conspirators; but—as the statement goes—"the testimony against him was not deemed sufficient to hold him, until about one week ago, when he was caught in the act of robbing a passenger in his train, and it was then deemed time to arrest him, charged also with participation in the Express robbery." We should like to know what missing link of the first robbery was supplied by the second? If the evidence as to the first was not so complete as to warrant Grady's arrest, how did the second robbery cast any light upon it, except as to the character of the man? Supposing Grady had never committed the second robbery, would he have ever been arrested for the first? And if he might have been, why was he left in a position to commit a second felony? And lastly, for which offense is he now to be tried? Is the first proved by the second, or the second by the first? Is it an injudicious question, whether the second affair was not arranged as a trap to catch a man against whom there was only a suspicion of a prior and greater crime?

If the origin of the use of bells in churches was that of exorcism, if by their din the devil be scared away from the souls of the dying and the habitations of the living—we fear the "spirits of the power of the air" are going to have a good time in our city. The Board of Health ordains "that no large or church bell shall be rung or tolled at any funeral in either of said cities, without a permit therefor from this Board, nor shall any such bell be rung or tolled at any other time, to the prejudice or peril of the life or health of any human being." No doubt it was in the mind of the framer of this ordinance that, in one of the towns of England, during the prevalence of the cholera, the sound of the "passing bell" had a depressing influence on the minds of people, and tended to aggravate the disease. But if all noises are nuisances to the sick, the hammering at a good many boiler works might be suppressed by the Board; and if the knowledge of the progress of an epidemic causes panic and simulates the disease, it might be wise to conceal from the public the daily or weekly lists of deaths.

There has been quite a lull in the theatrical world. Mr. Dillon has been performing at Niblo's to good houses, and Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams have been starring, in Gaylor's clever "Connie Soogah" at the Winter Garden. But the star system is so deleterious to the real interests of the drama, that it must, with the advancement of art, disappear. That very unpleasant reality-melodrama, "It is Never Too Late to Mend," still maintains its ground at Wallack's. We really pity that most admirable and artistic actor, Mr. Young, for being compelled to enact such a trashy part as the Savage. We hope, if he ever meets Mr. Reade, he will insist upon satisfaction on the spot. Even the charming Miss Henriques loses somewhat of her fascination in this most sad and lugubrious drama.

At Barnum's, the drama now performing is, "Bendito; or, the Children of Zingali." The scenery is excellent; indeed, we must compliment Mr. Barnum upon the success which has lately attended this department of his Lecture-Room. The principal characters are performed by that estimable and clever actress, Mrs. J. J. Prior, and by Miss Jenny Cleaver. Mr. Daly, Mr. Hadaway and Mr. Bridgeman are, as usual, very effective.

As for the Menken, we shall content ourself by observing what the Editor of the *Independent* says: "That her 'Mazeppa' has not enough dress for a lady, and a trifle too much for a model artist." After all, it requires a theologian to be a good dramatic critic.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

SOUTH ROOM.

No. 329. "The Physician — Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter," by Mr. Oliver J. Lay. A good and characteristic figure, and well painted. Mr. Lay has caught the spirit of the written sketch, and has transferred it to the canvas in faithful reality.

No. 530. "The Mountain Side," by Mr. George H. Smillie. Sky very luminous; the distances good, and the sense of looking off from the mountain finely rendered. The foreground detail is not so successful.

No. 335. "King Lear," by Mr. Ed. H. May. The scene is, we suppose, intended to represent the interview between Lear and his daughter Cordelia. Although a very pretentious, this cannot be said to be a good picture. It is tricky, and not always correct in drawing. The color is hardly worthy of Mr. May. There are, however, some good points in the grouping, and there is fair vitality in the action.

No. 342. "Portrait," by Mr. W. M. Hunt. A well-arranged group, and very pleasant in color.

No. 346. "Love's Melancholy," by Mr. Constant Mayer. Very fine in expression, but perhaps a little forced. In attempting to give a tearful expression to the eyes, the painter has made them too liquid, so that they seem to be dissolving in tears, and actually running out of the young lady's head. The effect is a little overdone, and yet it may be allowed on the plea of a sudden suffusion springing up from a momentary bitter thought. The hands are beautifully painted and very expressive, and Mr. Mayer cannot receive too much praise for his arrangement of the drapery.

The conception of this picture is exquisitely poetic, and the feeling is tender and beautiful. The girl is no idealized beauty, but a lovely specimen of simple womanhood, in the freshness and delicate roundness of youth. The whole figure, in its graceful lassitude, faithfully and charmingly expresses the sentiment of the picture.

No. 354. "November Morning," by Mr. Gilbert Burling. Good in drawing, but a little artificial in color. Mr. Burling has evidently studied the habits of game birds very carefully.

No. 356. "Woods of Asshokan," by Mr. J. E. McEntee. Beautiful in color and exquisite in detail. The white shirt of the figure, however, is out of tone with the rest of the picture. With this exception, it is one of the finest landscapes in the exhibition in point of truthfulness to nature, feeling and general effect.

No. 358. "Fruit," by Mr. Paul Lacroix. An excellent study of fruit, both as to arrangement, form and color.

No. 360. "Hunter Mountain—Twilight," by Mr. S. R. Gifford. Painted in Mr. Gifford's happiest style. The subdued glow of the twilight is remarkably rendered, even for Mr. Gifford.

No. 363. "Portrait," by Mr. George A. Baker. This is, upon the whole, the best portrait on the walls of the Academy. The upper part of the figure is very luminous in color, and the hands are the best specimen of flesh in half light that we have ever seen. Mr. Baker is nearly the only great colorist that we have among our portrait-painters. Such pictures as this are refreshing, after being wearied by the portraits painted year after year by men who hold high positions in the National Academy.

No. 365. "Waiting for a Pilot," by Mr. M. F. N. De Haas. One of Mr. De Haas's best pictures; very fresh and pleasing in color, with spirited action.

No. 371. "Death of Tybalt," by Mr. Alfred Fredericks. By far the best picture that Mr. Fredericks has yet painted. This picture, differently hung, would appear to be, what it really is, a very good piece of color; but, unfortunately, the gray tone throughout the shadows is almost identical in color with the wall which the Academy have so ingeniously painted, to the utter ruin of many excellent pictures.

No. 372. "Shakspeare Arraigned before Sir Thomas Lucy for Deer-Stealing," by Mr. J. W. Ehninger. There is in this picture some very good painting. Mr. Ehninger, perhaps, has not sufficiently considered the perspective of the figures; those in the foreground are somewhat too large to be correct, and the group wants compactness. The costumes are generally well painted.

No. 375. "Drifting," by Mr. W. J. Hennessy. This is a picture strikingly unpleasant in color, and suggests too strongly other compositions of the same subject by eminent foreign artists. The treatment of accessories is in some respects excellent, but the faces are too vague in drawing to be expressive. The eyes, as in the gentleman's picture, "In Memorium," seem to be omitted.

No. 377. "Returning from a Raid," by Mr. J. A. Oertel. It would, perhaps, be better for Mr. Oertel's reputation were he to confine himself to crayon drawings, in which he is remarkably successful; and still more should he abstain from animal subjects, in which his slight knowledge of comparative anatomy often leads him astray. The color of this picture, both in light and shadow, is very injudicious; the chiara-oscura is also incorrect. There is no difference indicated, either in outline or intensity, between the general shadow thrown across the group by some object out of the picture, and the cast shadows directly under the feet of the animals. This is an inexcusable error. Among the errors in drawing, we notice all the legs of the animals, the chest and shoulders of the led horse, the arms and shoulders of the negro on horseback, the neck and head of the horse upon which he is riding, and especially the two oxen chained together, who could not possibly take the relative positions in which they are drawn, on account of the well known law of physics that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. These faults stand out glaringly, and are apparent to the least observant eye.

No. 380. "Valley of the Androscoggin," by Mr. James Fairmean. This would have been a fine picture in effect, had not the yellow tints been so injudiciously chosen. In other respects it commands attention.

No. 388. "Compensation," by Mr. George C. Lambdin. The subject is very good, being much pleasanter than Mr. Lambdin's sick people usually are. The treatment is good and effective.

No. 390. "The Last Touch," by Mr. W. D. Washington, is so full of merit, that it deserves a much better space than has been allotted it.

No. 392. "October in the Kaatskills," by Mr. Jervis E. McEntee. Too violent in color, and is much below Mr. McEntee's usual stand. Some of the detail in the foreground is, however, very fine.

No. 397. "First Printing of the Bible, 1450," by Mr. Edwin White. There is room for improvement, in every respect, in this picture. It is indifferent in design and color. It gives evidence of carelessness, which should never appear in the works of an artist of reputation. Had Mr. White been more earnest, he could have done more justice to the subject.

No. 399. "Morning Glories," by Mr. W. T. Matthews. A clever picture. The subject well treated and very carefully painted.

No. 409. "Gettysburg," by Mr. J. F. Cropsey. This is a vast extent of landscape, which from the total absence of feeling and the lack of any one point of interest or visible effect, amounts really to nothing as a work of art. It might be characterized as a portrait of the American flag and the flagstaff on which it is hung; and its value might be appraised by the fact that the subject, being upon a large scale, necessarily required a correspondingly large canvas.

No. 415. "At the Front," by Mr. George C. Lambdin. A pleasing picture, were it not for the painful fact that the principal figure, like some others of which we have already spoken, is eyeless. Whether this is occasioned by some wound which he has received, but of which there is no outward indication, or is owing to some absence of mind on the part of the painter, we do not know. But the fact remains that the unfortunate hero is as utterly and hopelessly blind as the fishes in the Mammoth Cave. At the next Academy Exhibition, we expect to see a number of figures painted without noses, which would make an agreeable variety. Apart from this, there is really striking merit in the picture, both as to color and character.

We must defer our notice of the West Room and the Sculpture Room, and also a retrospect of the other rooms, until our next issue. We have made after-notes of several pictures of merit, which must not be passed over without mention.

MR. GLADSTONE ON NATIONAL DEBTS.

MR. GLADSTONE'S speech on the English Budget, alluded to elsewhere, contained the following interesting passages in relation to the gradual increase of the national debt of Great Britain and the capacity of the United States to carry a heavy financial burden:

How the English Debt Increased.

The total of the national debt, which is commonly supposed at the close of the great war to have been £900,000,000, though not including all these items, had turned £900,000,000 of money, the actual figures being £902,264,000. Of course I do not include in that any allowance for the sinking fund, which I exclude altogether, as I speak only of the real obligations of the country. In 1830 that total had been brought down to £842,405,000. A good deal had been done in that interval, as will be seen, for the reduction of the debt, but little had been done for the liberation of the industry of the country. A beginning might have been made, but if it was commenced, it was a commencement only. In 1840 the debt had fallen to £837,648,000, or by a very small sum—namely, £4,500,000; but it must be recollected that during that interval a loan of £20,000,000 had been contracted for the emancipation of the negroes in the West Indies. Virtually, therefore, the reduction in that period amounted to nearly £25,000,000. The lowest point was reached on the 5th of January, 1854. It then stood at £800,515,000. Then came the Russian war, and Parliament resolved to meet the expenses of that war in great part by taxes immediately imposed on the people; consequently the increase of debt was much less rapid than it would otherwise have been, and much less rapid than it must undoubtedly be if ever unfortunately this country should become involved in a prolonged war.

On the 31st of March, 1857, the debt had risen to £831,722,000; on the 31st of March, 1859, it was £828,934,000; and on the 31st of March, 1866, it was £798,909,000. [Cheers.] That is nominally a point somewhat lower than it has stood at before; but it must be remembered that we have canceled two minor sinking fund stocks, which formerly formed part of the nominal capital, so that, in fact, we may say with substantial accuracy, for it is not necessary to be particular to a million or a million and a half, it has now just reached the point at which we have effaced the results of the Crimean war, and the debt thus stands at the very place which it occupied at the commencement of the year 1854.

Debts of Different Countries.

I have here the national debts of nine countries in Europe, estimated from the most trustworthy data I could obtain. I find that, with the exception of Holland's, there is not one of these that has not been virtually contracted in the last half century, and by far the larger part of them have been contracted during the last twenty years—a time of peace; for if there has been any war expenditure added to them during that time, it is insignificant in amount. Holland, I find, acts prudently, and reduces her debt, while the finances of Prussia are a model of good administration; for Prussia's debt stands at £43,000,000, and Holland's at £85,000,000. Russia's debt is estimated at £279,000,000, and Austria's at £316,000,000. The debt of France is not a capital debt, and it is difficult to estimate it with accuracy. It is made up of rentes of twenty-three years' purchase, and, as nearly as possible, it amounts to nearly £400,000,000. It is the largest of these debts, yet, because of the immense resources of the country, and the energy and wonderful thriftiness of its people, one need, perhaps, feel less anxiety for its future security and strength than for the stability of any other European government.

Italy's debt stands at £152,000,000, and it is increasing with portentous strides. The debt of Spain amounts to £145,000,000; Portugal's is estimated at £83,000,000: and the debt of Turkey, which I believe to be entirely a modern institution, principally created since the Crimean war, amounts to £51,000,000. The great bulk of these debts, amounting altogether to £1,500,000,000, have accumulated in a time of peace, and have not been thrown upon the several countries during a struggle for life. I will not trouble the committee with details of their rate of increase; but, omitting Holland, which has decreased its debt, and omitting Prussia, which does not habitually increase it, and omitting Spain, also, which keeps its debt nearly at an equilibrium [laughter], we have six of the nine countries who have managed to increase their debts during a time of peace at the annual rate of £61,000,000 sterling. And this is growing; for, like other bad habits, debt-making has a tendency to spread. Europe should, therefore, know the increase, and look at it from a right point of view. It is spending in a time of peace the resources of war; it is exactly as if, in a year of good harvest, the country spent the whole of that good harvest, and half another harvest besides; and it should be remembered that if peace be preserved in Europe for the rest of the century, the debts of those nine countries, at the present rates of increase, would amount to nearly £4,000,000,000.

Debt of the United States.

The debt of the United States is in itself something wonderful—wonderful as the creation of four years, strictly of four years, and no more, and yet amounting to nearly $3,000,000,000, or £600,000,000, and the rate of growth of the debt in the last year exceeded, I think, £200,000,000. That is a wonderful debt, and its charge is enormous. It is not possible in the present state of the financial arrangements of that country to ascertain with precision, but I believe I am not wrong in saying that the charge of that debt is considerably heavier than ours, though the capital is less. [Hear, hear.] The smallest sum at which I can estimate the charge, is 31,000,000 to 32,000,000 sterling; and if upon the back of this sum we lay the necessary cost of raising the revenue—which in America is much heavier than it is here—I do not think the effective amount of taxation incumbent upon the nation at this time in consequence of the Northern debt (I do not include one farthing of the Southern debt), cannot be taken at less than nearly 35,000,000 sterling per annum.

Well, now, looking at these figures, a man would be struck with something like despair; but if we look at the position of the country which has to bear the burden, I must confess that I think the future of America, as far as finance is concerned—political problems are not now in question—will not be attended with any embarrassment. I do not believe that that debt will constitute any difficulty for the American people. [Cheers]. I am confident that if they show with respect to finance any portion of that extraordinary resolution which on both sides alike they manifested during the war, and of that equally remarkable resolution with which, on the return of peace, they have brought their monstrous and gigantic establishments within moderate bounds, [Hear, hear], I won't say that this debt, according to an expression which was once fashionable in this country, will be a flea-bite [a laugh], but that in a moderate time it will be brought within very small limits, and may, even within the life-time of persons now living, be effaced altogether. [Hear, hear].

At this moment America is, I believe, paying war taxes, and the amount of the revenue of the United States is not less, I apprehend, than 80,000,000 of money, the largest sum ever raised in any country for the purposes of a central government. The estimated surplus is from 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 sterling a year, and I believe at present only about 10,000,000 of their taxation are menaced by the natural impatience of the people with respect to some of the taxes that have been imposed. Mr. McCulloch, the Finance Minister of that country, strongly urges the policy of reducing the debt, and I am quite certain that from this side of the water we shall send him a hearty expression of good wishes for his success, both on account of our interest in the well-being of a friendly nation, and because it may be hoped that the example of America will react beneficially on this country. [Cheers].

LOWERING BOATS AT SEA.

WE have received, with the subjoined communication a pamphlet, entitled, "Davidson's Boat-Lowering, Detaching and Attaching Apparatus," published by Van Nostrand, which will probably prove useful to those specially interested in the matter to which it refers. It is known that, in nine cases out of ten, boats lowered at sea, on occasions of accidents, are "swamped," occasioning great loss of life. Any contrivance to avoid this risk and danger is a boon to the voyaging public. We are more interested in the efficiency of such contrivances than in the question of priority in invention:

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 8, 1866.

Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

In the number of your valuable paper, dated February 24th, you gave illustrations of Messrs. "Brown & Level's New Life-Saving Tackle," accompanied with a brief and complimentary editorial notice of the same. In this you exhibited a proper appreciation of whatever will tend to secure life or property at sea; but you will please allow me to correct a partial error into which you were led.

You say, in your remarks upon this tackle, that "we are actuated by two motives: one, as a matter of humanity; and the other, a patriotic pride that an American has been the *first* to promulgate it." Without desiring to disparage the apparatus to which you make reference, and which I have not seen, I beg to call your attention to the fact that Lieut. Hunter Davidson is the inventor and patentee of a "Boat Lowering, Detaching and Attaching Apparatus," a full description of which I herewith enclose you, which was adopted by the U. S. Navy in 1861, under a special act of Congress, after thorough tests made by several different boards of officers. You will perceive that by Davidson's apparatus boats at sea are not only detached from vessels while under full headway, but are *lowered by one man* with perfect ease, thus avoiding the danger, in moments of excitement, of lowering one end of a boat faster than the other, which would result in the loss of the boat's crew.

By Captain Hazard's experiments on board the U. S. steamer Pocahontas, it was ascertained that a boat could be released from its gripings and placed in the water, ready for use, in *thirty-one seconds*. He dropped his "gig" in the water frequently with the crew inside and his vessel steaming seven knots through a rough sea.

But, in addition to the fact that the boat is lowered by one man, and detached at any moment and at any distance from the water, the apparatus of Lieut. Davidson includes also a most ingenious attaching apparatus, believed to be the first improvement on the old plan ever invented.

Nor is the apparatus of Lieut. Davidson the first invention for "detaching boats at sea," though it was pronounced the *best* by a board of officers ordered by the Secretary of the Navy to test it, in competition with the several inventions of Messrs. Blount, Bishop, Brooke, Mealy, Tucker, and Lieut. Kynaston, of the British Navy.

Davidson's Boat Apparatus is now used on board the U. S. Practice-Ship of the Naval Academy. In her cruise during the summer of 1860, while running eight knots through a rough sea, she cut away the life buoy. The boat was manned, cleared away, lowered and detached in *twenty-five seconds* from the first alarm. In seven minutes and twenty seconds the boat was again in its place, the ship "filled away" and "courses set."

Very truly yours,

A. H. EVANS.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Memphis *Post* of the 2d inst. says: "An officer of the regular service, coming North from New Orleans, learned, in passing Grenada, that Lieut. J. B. Blanding, of the Veteran Reserve Corps, on duty at Grenada in conection with the Freedmen's Bureau, was shot three times on Monday night, while passing a ten-pin alley in that place. He was not expected to survive. He was a quiet, gentlemanly officer, and was apparently on the best of terms with the citizens. Lieut. Blanding had had one arm disabled at Fort Pulaski. He had also been wounded in the side."

—— The following public journals are edited by colored men: The *Colored Tennesseean*, Nashville; the *Communicator*, Baltimore, Maryland; *Christian Recorder*, Philadelphia; *Anglo-African*, New York; *Pacific Appeal*, San Francisco, California; *Elevator*, San Francisco, California; *Colored Citizen*, Cincinnati; New Orleans *Tribune*; *Nationalist*, Mobile, Alabama; *Loyal Georgian*, Augusta, Georgia.

—— The Memphis *Argus* proposes making a new State out of West Tennessee and North Mississippi, to be called the State of Jackson, with Memphis for its capital.

—— Gov. Orr, of South Carolina, has expressed his opinion regarding the teaching of freed people. He believes it is good for them and good for the State. He says the teachers shall be protected in their duties, and that the prejudice against them and their occupation is disappearing.

—— A dispatch from Nashville says that, on the 4th inst., a mob broke into and sacked a building occupied by the Freedmen's Bureau, at Meridian, Miss., and then set fire to and burned the building. It is also stated that on the 30th ult. the General Agent of the Bureau, at Grenada, Miss., was foully murdered. Gen. J. S. Wood, commanding that department, is making vigorous efforts to ferret out the perpetrators.

—— A letter in the Alton *Democrat* gives the particulars of the hanging of five men by the people of Jersey county, Illinois, for horse-stealing. The slack administration of justice against this class of offenders, and the persistent refusal of grand juries to indict them, appears to have infuriated the people and determined them to take the matter into their own hands.

—— Louisville is suffering from a visitation of rats, and a city ordinance is proposed giving a premium of a cent a head for every Norway rodent that shall be duly produced before the city treasurer. It is said that a man of ordinary industry, working eight hours daily, may earn from $5 to $15 per day by killing rats, even at this low rate.

—— Judge Abell, of the First District Court of Louisiana, has decided the Civil Rights Bill to be unconstitutional, and not binding on the Court. He argues that the present Congress is unconstitutionally constituted.

—— A late dispatch from Arizona conveys the startling intelligence that Fort Goodwin had been taken by the Indians, and the garrison, numbering 124 men, massacred and the fort burned.

—— Three hundred and fifty-five men are still employed at the Watertown, Mass., arsenal, in the manufacture of heavy iron gun-carriages for the forts of our extensive sea-coast, the orders for which still continue unabated.

—— Robert Tyler, son of the late John Tyler, writes to an Alabama paper that Maury's estimate of Southern losses during the war, at $7,000,000,000, is too high; the real loss not exceeding $3,500,000,000. Tyler's estimate is as follows: By emancipation, $1,700,000,000; expenses of the war, $600,000,000; destruction of private property, $700,000,000; additional federal taxation, $500,000,000; total, $3,500,000,000.

—— The Boston *Traveler* says that, within a circle of 20 miles of Boston, there now live nearly one-third of the population of Massachusetts, or considerably over 400,000 souls.

—— The Attorney-General of Wisconsin recently delivered an opinion in the case of a man who had served in the rebel army, and was afterward elected town-clerk in Red River, in that State, to the effect that his past disloyalty irrevocably unfitted him for office.

—— The President has signed the bill amending the *Habeas Corpus* act, protecting military officers from prosecutions for acts performed while in the execution of their official duties.

—— A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* writes from San Antonio, Texas, as follows: "General James Longstreet, late of the rebel army, has been in San Antonio this week. The most remarkable circumstance connected with his visit was a serenade tendered to him by the band of the Fourth United States cavalry. He is now the president of an insurance company."

—— The Bangor (Me.) *Whig* says that in a pond near that city there is an island, of about half an acre in extent, which for many years has literally floated upon the water, having no hold upon the ground save what was afforded by the roots of some of the trees upon it, which had grown through the island into the bottom of the pond. The surface of the island is sufficiently strong to sustain the weight of a loaded team. Recently, however, a freshet in the pond raised the water to such a height that these roots were broken, and the island, impelled by the force of the wind, slowly drifted across the pond. It now remains near the shore, which the intervening logs prevented it from entirely reaching.

—— The Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada recently went on a little frolic and came to grief. Being *ex-officio* Warden of the State Prison, and in that capacity having received a lot of new uniform clothing for the convicts, he put on a suit and went into town. But he was immediately apprehended, taken before a justice of the peace, and sent to the prison as an escaped convict.

—— The Natchitoches (Louisiana) *Times*, of the 21st of April, says: "Both cotton and corn are growing beautifully, and freedmen working well." The *North Louisianian* says: "The freedmen are working, in most instances, much better than was anticipated at the beginning of the year, and our planters are as far advanced in their planting operations as is usual for this season."

—— There are in the United States—clergymen, 57,529; teachers, 110,469; professional authors, only 216; editors, 2,934; publishers, 917; printers, 23,106; booksellers, only 1,861; physicians, 54,543; lawyers, 33,193; judges, 787; nuns, 114; and sisters of charity, 1,379. Astronomy only figures with 2 professors, while astrology has 8, geology, 3.

—— The Canton (Miss.) *Citizen* says: "The freedmen are working up to their contracts, as a general thing. On the whole, the planters seem cheerful and hopeful."

—— By a Dublin letter it appears that the Fenian movement is as much a game of cross-purposes in the old country as in America. Instead of the Irish taking Ireland, as was intended, the Irish are leaving Ireland more eagerly than ever before. Never were they so void of hope as to the future of their country. The writer says: "A single arrest is made in a townland, and straightway a general exodus of the young men of the district takes place; a search for arms is made in a farmer's house, and immediately the able-bodied men living in the neighborhood prepare to fly to America. 'Westward, ho!' is the cry, and from every hillside and valley in Ireland the stream of emigration is pouring forth. Instead of a Fenian invasion, the finest army that the Fenians could by any possibility bring into Ireland would not equal in numbers and physical power the force of emigrants who have quitted the Irish shore since the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act."

Foreign.—In 1864 every inhabitant of the British Isles received 23 letters, while in 1863 the proportion was 22. The total postal delivery in 1864 was upward of 170,000,000 letters.

—— Of 6,336,000 souls, composing the population of Poland, the Jews are above 700,000; 11 per cent. of the whole. In many of the towns the Jewish population preponderates, but few Jews are found in the rural districts.

—— The cholera has again made its appearance in France. Cases have occurred at Guérande, Bourg-le-Ratz and La Croisic.

—— A novel apparatus for propelling balloons through the air has been devised by Mr. Butler, one of the members of the council of the new Aeronautical Society in London. It consists of a pair of wings, operated from the car of the balloon, whose downward blow is calculated to strike with a force exceeding 40 pounds, a power equivalent to an ascensive force of 1,000 cubic feet of carbureted hydrogen. The action required is somewhat similar to that of rowing.

—— It is stated that the defense of the Nottingham election petition, in England, cost Mr. Morley, ex-M.P., a round sum of £13,000, while his share of the election expenses amounted to £3,000. His colleague, Mr. Paget, who was the petitioner against Sir Robert Clifton, paid £3,000 during the election and several thousands in support of the petition.

—— It would appear as if something were to be done at last toward the better preservation of the valuable records and manuscripts contained in the monastic libraries of Spain. In conformity with a report of the minister of the Interior, the Queen has ordered a collection of them to be made, and to be called the "National Historical Archives." They are to be under the care of the royal commissioner.

—— The Spanish authorities have sentenced Gen. Prim, the leader of the late revolt, to be shot. But here they are met by a difficulty, as Prim is in London, and has not signified his intention of returning soon to Spain; and as his presence is indispensable to the carrying out of the sentence, this last is considered, even by the vain-glorious Hidalgos, as a matter of considerable doubt.

—— In *Blackwood's Magazine* is an article on "Demonology at Home and Abroad," in which the writer states that, as late as August, 1863, a man 80 years of age was flung into a mill-stream in the parish of Sible Hedingham, and "swam for a wizard," and died of his maltreatment, in Christian England.

—— The inhabitants of Taschkent have voluntarily resolved to set free their Persian slaves, as a compliment to the Czar, having learned that the Russians had emancipated their serfs in deference to his wishes. The Russian papers cite this as a proof of the civilizing influence of Russia in the East.

—— The Panama (New Granada) *Star* laments that that city, with a population supposed to be nearly 10,000 (for there is no census to judge by), possesses neither a public school nor a public hospital.

THE OFFICIAL LADIES AT WASHINGTON.

LOOK at the ladies of the White House. They are condemned to four years' imprisonment. During all that time they must not pay a visit or attend an evening entertainment. Miss Lane occasionally went out to a ball or party, but very seldom; Mrs. Lincoln, never; and it has gradually come to be considered undignified for "the first ladies in the land" to mingle freely in the gayeties of the season. Then, as for visiting at home, twice a week they must stand up and receive for many hours the herds that flock to see them, mostly from the merest curiosity, while at all times they are liable to the visits of the importunate or impertinent people, who will intrude upon their privacy. The very house they live in is not their own; it is a "furnished house" of the usual description, without comforts, dreary, dirty, and just now dilapidated. If, perchance, any member of the family appears at a window, there are eager eyes to watch every movement, and perhaps a scribbler to chronicle the operations of the toilet, as Mr. Willis did for Mrs. Lincoln.

The grounds around the house itself are not more sacred. The ladies cannot take a step outside without being watched and every feature noticed by people who expect to see something very extraordinary in the appearance of those temporarily "wearing the purple." "If," one of the ladies said to me the other day, "I could only walk about a little with my children sometimes in the grounds without being stared at, and really enjoy the comfort of an old dress and a little privacy, it would be very pleasant." And if they go out to drive or enter a shop, nods and muttered words indicate that they are the "observed of all observers." Mrs. Patterson has two little ones, and Mrs. Stover three bright-eyed, pretty children, who doubtless make these cheerless walls ring with their gay laughter and merry shouts.

The ladies of the Cabinet suffer in a less degree than those of the White House. They visit and go out as much as they please—indeed, with them an enormous amount of visiting becomes a positive affliction. Daily they are inundated with cards. Every week at their receptions strangers are presented, and all these people must be called upon. I met one of the Cabinet ladies the other day at Willard's Hotel. "I am here," said she, "for the purpose of leaving 60 cards." I was somewhat appalled at the number, and then went on to ask if I might inquire how large was her visiting list? "There are over 1,500 names in it."

I shrank in some horror from this specimen of the "duties of office." Too much is required of them, too. Not only must these visits be returned, but an enormous amount of entertaining must be done. There must be two receptions a week—one day and one full evening dress affair. Then there must be innumerable dinners, suppers and small companies. Besides all this, they must all go at least once to each of the receptions and balls given by other members of the Cabinet and Senate. You may then form some idea of the onerous character of this "gayety." All day visiting—all evening going from one house to another. No wonder they look jaded and worn.



THE LATE THOMAS J. (STONEWALL) JACKSON.



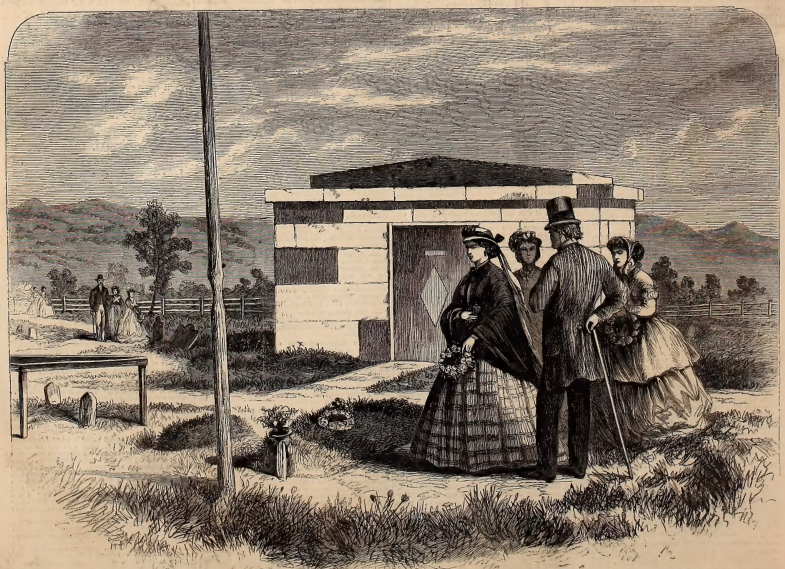
GENERAL DON ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COURRET HERMANOS, LIMA.—SEE PAGE 165.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

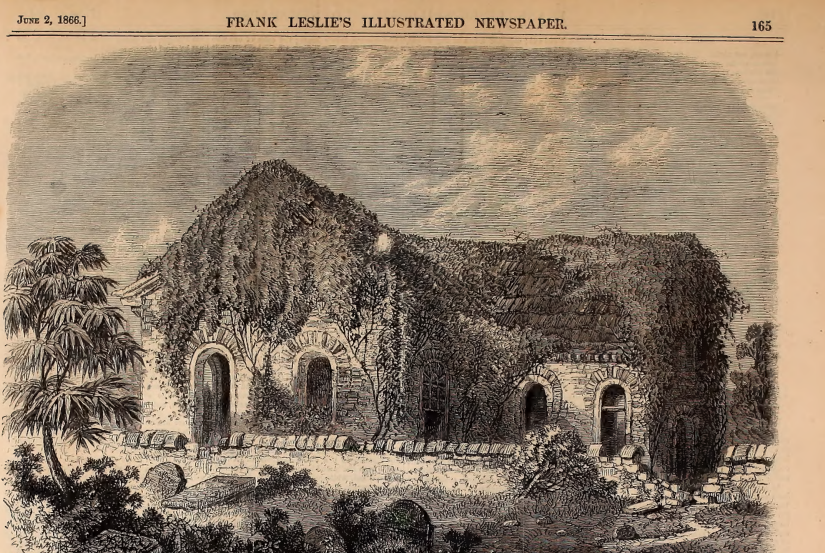
Few men were brought into greater prominence during the late war than Gen. T. J. Jackson, better known as Stonewall Jackson. He possessed in an eminent degree, those qualities that secure the devotion of friends, and the admiration of foes, and in his brief but brilliant career, proved himself a brave soldier and successful leader. In many respects he was without a peer, and no man could surpass the earnestness and spirit with which he consecrated himself to the cause of the Confederacy.

Firmly convinced, as we are bound to believe, that the cause was right, he brought to its support all the resources of an ardent temperament, an untiring energy, a practiced skill, and an eager, rapid intuition, that instantly took in all possible combinations and proved itself equal to any emergency. He was deeply in earnest, and his earnestness incited to action so prompt, so unexpected, so suited to the occasion, that he accomplished more than any other man in the Southern service. In coolness, dash and celerity of movement, he was unequaled, and almost invariably successful. While we regard his views as mistaken, we cannot withhold from him the tribute due to an accomplished soldier and a dauntless leader.

Gen. Jackson was born in Virginia, and graduated at West Point in 1846. His first military services were in the Mexican war. At the siege of Vera Cruz he commanded a battery, and for the coolness and judgment with which he worked his guns, was promoted to a first lieutenantcy. He was in all Scott's battles to the City of Mexico, and behaved so well that he was breveted major for his services. At the close of the Mexican



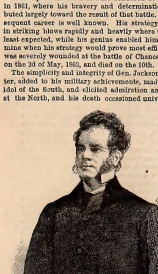
THE GRAVE OF THOMAS J. (STONEWALL) JACKSON, AT LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.



OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH, PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

war, Jackson resigned his position in the army, and obtained a professorship in the Virginia Military Institute, where he remained until the breaking out of the rebellion. He then promptly offered his services, and was soon commissioned colonel by the governor. His first conspicuous services were rendered at Manassas, in 1861, where his bravery and determination contributed largely toward the result of that battle. His subsequent career is well known. His strategy consisted in striking blows rapidly and heavily where they were least expected, while his genius enabled him to determine when his strategy would prove most efficient. He was severely wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, on the 2d of May, 1863, and died on the 10th.

The simplicity and integrity of Gen. Jackson's character, added to his military achievements, made him the idol of the South, and elicited admiration and respect at the North, and his death occasioned universal sor-



REV. DR. MORGAN, RECTOR OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH.

row, as the fall of a brave and virtuous man, great though misguided. His remains were taken to Richmond, and lay in state in the capitol, amid every demonstration of public sorrow, and thence were transferred to Lexington, and deposited in the cemetery of that place. Our illustration on page 164, gives a view of his resting-place, a simple unadorned grave. By his side lies one of his children. It is proposed to erect a suitable monument to his memory at some future day. His friends now show their regard by covering his grave with wreaths of rare and beautiful flowers.

THE OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH, PETERSBURG, VA.

In a country like ours, where everything is subject to constant changes, there are few objects that become venerable from their antiquity and cherished as the relics of a past age. Here and there, however, may be found a monument of other days, around which the moss of many years has grown, and which, dilapidated and ruined, is still crowned with picturesque beauty, and boasts an unequaled glory.

Such is "The Old Brick Church," as it is commonly called, or the Blandford Church, of Petersburg, Va., of which we give an illustration in this paper. It dates back to the year 1735, and was contracted for at a cost of £465 current money of Virginia. The edifice was not finished until 1754. The aisles were six feet in width, and laid with white Bristol stone. The pews, of which no trace now remains, were frames, with raised panels in front; the pulpit stood on the left of the southern entrance. The altar-place was between the two windows in the gable end, and the intermediate space on the wall was occupied by two arched tablets in gilt frames, on which the Commandments were painted in golden letters, relieved by a black ground. There was a gallery at the north end of the chancel, and another one opposite the altar-place, but the only trace of either now remaining is the bar across the second window, as shown in the sketch on the right.

One fond of ruins will find himself irresistibly drawn to this interesting and venerable memorial, and in contemplating its crumbling walls and the neglect and decay that reign around it, may find ample scope for reflection, and an ample reward for any time he may spend at this shrine of the dead.

REV. WILLIAM F. MORGAN, D. D.

REV. DR. MORGAN was born in Hartford, Conn., December 21, 1818. He graduated at Union College, in 1837, and at the Episcopal General Theological Seminary, New York, in 1840. After spending some time with Dr. Berrian, of Trinity Church, he accepted the rectorship of a church in Connecticut, and continued his labors in that State until his call to his present parish of St. Thomas, New York, in 1857. In person, Dr. Morgan is tall, erect and well proportioned; in manner, dignified and graceful; in his intercourse with society, possessed and gentlemanly. As a public speaker, Dr. Morgan has the most acceptable qualifications; his presence is commanding, his voice clear, and mellow; his delivery, composed and earnest, and his words possess the elements of oratorical effectiveness, sincerity of heart and grasp of thought. The present flourishing condition of his parish is the best evidence of his earnest devotion and faithful service.

ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

We give a fine picture of this church, which has long been one of the landmarks of our city, but is now to give way to the demands of business and be converted into a temple of Mammon. Verily our enterprising merchants are the most remorseless Iconoclasts the world ever saw, pulling so venerable, so sacred, or so endeared, that does not, sooner or later, become a prize to their vaulting ambition only to be numbered with the things that have been. We would have spared this appropriate and beautiful temple a little longer; for many long years it has invited the wayfarer on our principal street to turn aside and join in solemn worship; and it is with a feeling of regret and sorrow that we make this record—*it is a sanctuary no longer!* Services were held in it for the last time on the 6th of May. The congregation have made arrangements for the erection of a new church in a more eligible situation on the Fifth avenue.

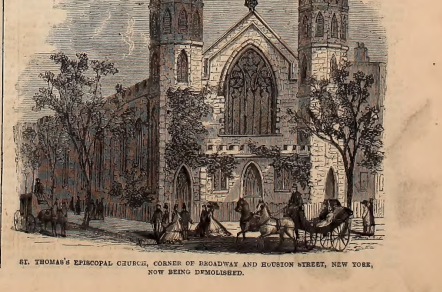
St. Thomas's Church was founded and built in 1823, under the rectorship of the Rev. Cornelius R. Duffie, with a vestry comprising some of the most eminent names in the history of the city of New York. Mr. Duffie was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Upfold, now Bishop of Indiana. Dr. Hawley was the next rector, and did much to build up the parish. The present incumbent, Dr. Morgan, has officiated since 1857. The congregation is large and active, maintaining a flourishing Mission Chapel and Sunday School, and contributing liberally for religious and benevolent purposes. The noble Gothic features of this church are familiar to all our old citizens, who will miss its majestic presence from our great thoroughfare.

GEN. ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA,

Ex-President of the Republic of Mexico.

THIS eminent soldier and statesman, now on a visit to this country, was born in Mexico, in the City of Xalapo, February 21, 1798, and commenced his public career in 1821, when he was appointed Governor of Vera Cruz upon the expulsion of the Royalists. Owing to some dispute with the authorities, he declared war against Iturbide, whom he overthrew. In 1833 Santa Anna was chosen President. In 1838, when defending Vera Cruz against the French, he lost his leg. In 1841 he was once more made President; but a revolution hurled him from power in 1845. Regaining his lost power next year, he commanded the Mexican armies at Buena Vista, where he was defeated by Gen. Taylor, the American commander. He was afterward defeated again at Cerro Gordo, his antagonist then being Gen. Winfield Scott. On the 2d of February, 1848, peace was made with us, by which we gained California and other parts. In 1855 he resigned the Government of his country, and retired with an immense fortune to the Island of St. Thomas, where he resided till 1864, when he paid a short visit to Vera Cruz; but the French regarded him with much jealousy, that he returned to St. Thomas. He is now on a visit to the United States.

A SECOND MEZZOFANTI.—The Bohemian papers give an astonishing account of the facility for learning languages possessed by a Herr Szerzeal, a young Bohemian, only 19 years old. He is said to speak 30 languages, and to be not only thoroughly conversant with all the languages of Europe, but also with those of China, Japan, and Malacca. At a meeting lately held of the most celebrated linguists of Prague, Herr Szerzeal proved, to the satisfaction of his hearers, that he possessed a most intimate knowledge of these languages, especially the Asiatic.



ST. THOMAS'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CORNER OF BROADWAY AND HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, NOW BEING DEMOLISHED.

RELICS.

A WILD, wet night! The driving sleet
Blurs all the lamps along the quay;
The windows shake; the busy street
Is yet alive with hurrying feet.
The wind raves from the sea!

So let it rave! My lamp burns bright;
My long day's work is almost done;
I curtain out each sound and sight—
Of all the nights in the year, to-night
I choose to be alone.

Alone, with doors and windows fast,
Before my open desk I stand. . . . .
Alas! can twelve long months be past,
My hidden, hidden wealth, since last
I held thee in my hand?

So there it lies! From year to year
I see the ribbon change; the page
Turn yellower; and the very tear
That blots the writing disappear
And fade away with age!

Mine eyes grow dim when they behold
The precious trifles hoarded there—
A ring of battered Indian gold,
A withered harebell, and a fold
Of sunny chestnut hair.

Not all the riches of the earth,
Not all the treasures of the sea,
Could buy these house-gods from my hearth;
And yet the secret of their worth
Must live and die with me.

THE INNOCENT FOR THE GUILTY.

BY FAITH JARVIS.

I THINK the sun looked wistfully through the open chamber window before he dropped into the sea. The young girl sitting in the amber glow was unaware of the charm around her; and so he loitered but a moment, as if to make sure that he could not help her, before he finished his record for the day.

As for her, she seemed to be looking beyond both sun and sea through that long perspective which once in our lives stretches on and on before us. The whole air was sweet with opening apple-blooms, that delicious, wondrous fragrance which makes the soul of the aged homesick for the days so hoary now—the fairy days when the well-sweep by the garden fence, the barns, the sheds, the low-eaved red house in the orchard, were all transfigured in the glorious light that floods us once only, king and beggar alike.

And while the young girl with blue eyes and brown hair watched a lessening sail upon the distant sea as if her heart had gone upon a long, long journey, the light faded, and the room grew dim, and then dark. Still, with tired hands folded in her lap, she sat motionless; and the mother in the twilight shadows, herself unseen, watched and waited for a breath, a sigh even, to break the spell. Very long she waited, but she had much to accomplish; and silence might do more for her than speech.

No sound disturbed the deep quiet of the house. The summer breezes, which all day long feasted on the sweets of the apple-orchard, had sighed themselves to sleep in pleasant places. There was no footfall in garden or street. A very ghostly silence brooded over the old house, broken at last by a low, clear tone:

"My child!"

The young girl started as from sleep, but made no reply. The lone sail had long since faded from sight, but her eyes still rested vacantly on the spot where it disappeared.

"My child"—again the mother's voice, subdued by a mighty effort, broke the stillness, but waited no longer for a reply—"if you knew the depths of a mother's heart," the voice said, "if you knew what I have suffered, and what I still suffer for you, you could not turn from me now, your truest, best friend. For you are all I have—my very life, Alice."

The clasped hands moved nervously, but in he growing darkness the mother could not read her child's face.

"But I would dig your grave to-night, and lay you in it gladly, if I thought your life must be what mine has been. You have the power to make it what you will, Alice, and I must wait and pray."

It was not a voice to pray—not a heart to endure in silence that spoke now. And the young girl felt in her heart what she had never had courage to think.

"This Yorke, who has just gone from here—will he come again?"

"Mother, I do not know."

"Do you care?"

"I do not."

"His face and form are very noble—as noble as his name. His home is by the sea you love so well—a castle, a palace, everything that is grand and beautiful in memory. I have had my shadowy day-dream, Alice; I have seen my child a very princess among his people, with not one unsatisfied desire; with books, and music, and gems; with rare pictures for a perpetual delight to your art-loving eye; with treasures of every age and nation to make your home a palace of art. The years would touch you very lightly there. There is another picture that forces itself upon me. I cannot turn it to the wall. I see *that other one* working for bread for a starving wife; a poor, pale, sickly creature, with the light faded from her eyes, the hope dead in her heart. I speak of realities, Alice. God knows how hard it is for me to recall the past. I see the discord that must come to that wretched spot—not home; that name was never meant for such a place. I see famishing children crying for bread and dying for want, and the love that was such a passion in youth, burnt out; only the ashes of regret left, and a wild cry for death."

"Oh! mother, mother!"

It was scarcely a breath, but the mother heard.

"If I could tell you of my own life; but you cannot know. No mortal tongue has power to tell you what my life has been—the happy, innocent days at first, in a lowly, happy home, the one joy, like yourself, of faithful hearts. How brightly the pictured days dawn before me now, when I was free as a bird to come and go, loved and loving, never knowing the shadow of a care. This ancestral home of Yorke's was the one great delight of my childhood. Its doors were always open to me; and when I had wandered through its galleries till their wealth of beauty made even my childish heart sad with longing, I climbed to the high tower, and looked out on the sea, as you look now, only with a grand and ever-changing scene before me. Then the garden and woodland tempted me in the summer time; the garden, with its fountain and flowers; the woodland, with its rippling river, turning here and there, falling in silver cascades, gliding under double arches and fairy bridges, around tiny green islands, bright with flowers, and then spreading, fair and broad, a gem-like lake, before it fell into the sea. Oh, grand and beautiful English home! where I dreamed my first dreams of heaven, likening this green woodland to the earthly Eden where Eve walked in her innocence! Oh, the life that I would save you from, my child! I left my home and the faithful hearts that would have shielded me forever, and crossed the sea that I so often longed to venture on when, a child, I watched the white sails outward bound, and dreamed, as we all dream once. With him, your father, I left my home, and a curse followed me. They are dead now, father and mother, and I never saw them again. I have never spoken of your father, because it is better to leave his name unspoken: there is that connected with his life that I cannot tell you now. I loved him then, as I hate his memory now; and I know he loved me at first. But, as I have told you, I never knew the shadow of a care; here they fell darkly around me—not shadows now, but something heavier. It was not home alone that we both left, but all means of living. Poor fools! We thought our love could be food and shelter for us; but both food and shelter failed. The struggle was pitiful for a time, and then the end came.

"The love that grew in the sunshine was beaten down in the storm and trampled under foot. One night, when you, my darling—you, my innocent, blue-eyed baby, cried for food, he left me to my terrible fate. I wish I could forget the agony of that night, but it follows me wherever I go. Through the long, dark hours I walked the hateful room, soothing the tender burden—my rosy child grown white and wan with hunger, while my tormented heart throbbed as if it would wear my life away. Death would have been very sweet but for you. If I had dared to kill you then! but I could not take you with me; and so I clung to life more for your sake than for fear of the awful hereafter. Well, it is a long story, that I cannot tell you to-night. Only to save you would I have told this, which never passed my lips before. Keep it safe in your heart, child, as I have kept it all these years. I command you, and you will obey."

"Yes, mother. But how did you live?"

"I cannot tell you. I only know that help came, and still comes—doubtless from *him*. I do not care to know. But if it fail us, what then? In the happy home you might be mistress of it would make no difference. In the other place, the care-worn wife of a man struggling with want, and never able to stand against a jealous, crowding world, my poor help might keep you from starvation."

"Oh, mother, mother! He is gone!"

It was a feeble, despairing cry, but the strong heart of the mother took courage. The moon looked in now through the open window, and glancing past the half-hidden, girlish face, shone full on the firm mouth and fiery eyes of the mother. Triumph was written on every feature, the strong will was asserting itself, and the weaker bowed in a mute, stricken way before it.

Then the low, soft voice spoke in tones of long-suffering, unrewarded love.

"Choose your own course, my child—choose your own course; not for my life would I make you unhappy."

And the gentle heart answered:

"Mother, I have chosen."

* * * * * *

Silence brooded over the house among the apple-trees no more. All day long forms and faces flitted to and fro, and far into the night the hurried preparations for a coming bridal granted little time to silence or sleep. It was over at last, and the sweet, sad face was kissed again and again, as the mother held her child for one brief moment at parting.

"If you would only go with me! but next year you will come; remember the promise."

"My child, do I ever forget?"

And then the gentle, girlish face and form were gone, and a ghostly silence settled down in the places her light feet had haunted. The apple-blooms had fallen, and the August sun touched the fruit with crimson and gold, when Alice went down the path to the gate, and saw the old home for the last time. And in that brief period the child had grown a woman in soul. If the gentle face kept a shade of sadness, there was no gloom there; for in that solemn hour, when the vows were uttered at the altar, she buried the old love, and God helping her, she prayed that she might be, in her inmost soul, a faithful wife to him who so lovingly cherished her.

The calm of summer was on the ocean, and Alice hoped it might prove a joyous omen; and as Philip Yorke stood in the sunset glow, clasping her hand in his own, how reverently did he thank his Maker for the great blessing that was his at last, after so much doubt and fear. And calm was in sweet Alice's heart; the calm of one who has faced terrible danger and conquered. For it was right, she thought, to give her poor life for the mother who had suffered so much for her; and so this simple child-heart vowed that its love should be recalled from that other, and given fully and freely to him who claimed it as his right. I think she felt how hard the task was, but in her little innocent heart it never seemed hopeless.

To her it was simply right, and she never wittingly did wrong in all her life. And God blessed the endeavor, and thus calm came instead of the wild tumult she had known, and after calm, peace.

Day by day she looked downward into the infinite depths of the sea, and upward into the infinite depths of heaven, and gathered courage and strength from the power beneath and the glory above, and trusted that out of all that had been dark in her life, God would bring forth light to His praise.

The voyage was ended at last. Miles and miles away they sped, across a country beautiful as strange; and at evening on the second day they longed for the home they neared. A moment of confusion and haste, and they were in their own carriage, quietly cared for by the old servant who had served three generations of Yorkes. Too weary for speech, Alice slept through the ten miles journey, and only woke when Philip whispered "Home!"

The grand old house was all alight and aglow, as if a queen had come to honor it with her presence. Well could Alice understand the charm that years of suffering could not break, for in some few points the child's nature was akin to the mother's.

How she longed to climb to the tower this very night and look out upon the sea! And in the fullness of her heart she told her husband again, as she had told him before, the stories she had heard from her mother's lips, making each room familiar as a remembered picture. This before the grate in the drawing-room, where the fire-light threw its fitful glare and shade across her face—for the summer evening was chill, and the sea moaned as if a storm approached. A little apart from Philip and his wife sat Philip's father, a stern, sad, white-haired man, with furrows of care or sorrow, perhaps something more, marking his handsome face. And as Alice, her hand in her husband's, recounted these old tales, the fitful fire-light threw its glare across the father's face. There was something fearful in its expression, as with straining sight he leaned forward, drinking in every syllable that fell from the unconscious lips. Then, like one upon whom a terrible blow has fallen swift and sudden, he bowed his head, and slid heavily to the floor.

Day after day he lay alone in his room, unattended save by old Austin, his own faithful serving man. Even Philip was forbidden to see his father, and Alice could only tap softly at the door each morning, and beg to know if he had passed a comfortable night, and sent her love to the sufferer. The house was very gloomy now, because it held a mystery which even Philip could not solve. For he had been for years the one idol of his father's life, and in return had reverenced and loved him as few children love and reverence.

Alice sat in the high tower day after day and longed, oh! how ardently, for the sight of her mother's face, as she looked across the tossing waters, and thought how cruelly they divided them. Ah! the year seemed very long then, with this mystery in the house. True, Philip wandered with her through the woodland and beside the river, but lingered longest at the little chapel where they daily knelt and prayed together. At last he was summoned to his father's room, and Alice watched and waited alone for hours—there was something so fearful in this mystery; and as she waited, she prayed that she might know the worst. So, when at last her husband unlocked the heavy door, she put her hand in his and led him to the tower, where they could be quite alone, away from any sound of life and stir below.

If she had been sad before, she was shocked now at the change in Philip's face, but he could not satisfy her.

"Do not ask me, my darling," he cried. "It is something I would keep from you for ever—something that should never touch you!"

Poor, trembling Alice saw, with a woman's intuition, that it was a life-wound, without hope; and the mystery made it terrible.

So the days grew into weeks, and Philip watched, and Alice prayed, and the light was all gone from earth and heaven.

Then Alice, when she could no longer live in this awful way, left her weeping and praying, resolved on action.

On and on through the long hall and up the winding stairways she glided, a pale shadow of her former self, and trusting in her own integrity, knocked firmly at the long-forbidden door.

In a moment old Austin appeared, and raising a warning finger, would have led her away, but she refused to go.

"I have a right to suffer with my husband," she cried; "and no one shall send me from here." So she put the warning hand aside, and entered. By the bedside sat Philip, his face hidden in his hands; and on the pillow, whose whiteness made the pallid face more ghastly, lay the father, asleep from exhaustion following long delirium. Patiently Alice knelt beside her husband, waiting while he watched. It was not wrong, she was sure, to be here, and so he would not send her away. Perhaps she might bring some comfort or peace to these two, as she had all along prayed she might. Why not? But while she knelt, the sick man moaned in his sleep:

"Oh! Alice, Alice! My punishment is greater than I can bear!"

The words awoke him; and starting, he saw the young girl beside him. Silently he laid his hand on her bright head, as if he would bless her.

"Oh! my father!" she cried, "tell me all! I am Philip's, and being Philip's, I am yours; do not be cruel to your child."

For a moment there was deathly silence in the room, and then the father spoke:

"My poor, innocent lamb, you will have me cruel to you. Would to God I had died before I brought such anguish on my children; but my doom is just. On that awful night when you came here a happy bride, you named a name that I never dreamed my Philip's wife could bear. It was your mother, my poor child, who brought this ruin on us all. Your mother aiding the hidden devil in my nature. My Philip's mother was all purity, and gentleness; and I left her to die of shame for the coward who broke her heart; left her with this baby-boy; but I never knew one moment's peace, till, forced by an avenging conscience to leave your mother and her babe, I made what reparation I could by a life of devotion to this poor motherless child. I cursed your mother when I forsook her—cursed her when I knew that mine was the greater sin. She left father and mother—I left wife, and child, and hope of heaven! God may forgive her, but I am accursed for ever!"

The face of the sick man was terrible in its agony. And Alice? She heard without hearing, praying God that she might never comprehend it all. For we know that, like a lightning-flash showing a whole summer's landscape set in the blackness of darkness, she saw the whole of that mother's guilt, even to the last fearful act, when, to shield her child, she bound her to this wretched fate. So, still praying God that she might not hear, might not know, might not understand, she kissed the white hand on the counterpane and passed swiftly out. Down the stairs she went, heavily now, but swiftly, on and on through the long halls, and out at the door; but before she reached the avenue, a heavy hand fell on her shoulder, and turning, she stood face to face with Philip.

There was no uttered word; but, gathering her to his heart in one long embrace, he turned her face homeward, and disappeared among the trees. Too well did Alice know his meaning. For herself, she longed to go anywhere—anywhere from this place; but he—what could she henceforth call him!—*he* would have her stay while he himself became an outcast from his home; and his wish was law, though her heart must break.

A year went by. Death had been in the grand old house, and a burial in the woodland, and the beauty was marred for ever. And one wild night, when the sea moaned like a human thing, and the storm drove madly in upon the coast, a ship far out of her course went down in sight of land; and one poor body, drawn thither even in death, floated homeward with the rank seaweed, in sight of the watcher in the tower.

Thus came the mother to see the child whose life she would shield from the shadow of a care! And ever after, in the watcher's ears, the sea moaned this solemn prophecy—

"Visiting the iniquity of the father upon the children."

The lady in the grand Yorke house lived many a year to comfort the sick, to cheer the broken-hearted, to lead the wandering to God. And when the angels came for her, the little chapel was draped in purest white, and there was no solemn burial service for the dead, but glad songs and triumphant psalms of praise for her who was ascended, to know death no more.

Then Philip Yorke came to his home again. The simple country-folk passed him by with awe, and said it was his ghost haunting the old place; but it was only because of the uplifted look of one who communes with angels.

AUTO DE FE IN ROME.—The ceremony of burning condemned books and newspapers is kept up with as much form in Rome as the roasting of heretics used to be in the palmy days of the Inquisition. On a late ceremonial of the kind, the Pope did not preach the expected sermon, pleading as excuse his advanced age and the danger of exhausting himself before he officiated in the ceremonies of the Holy Week. But vehement sermons were preached by the missionaries, and their fiery words were emphasized by real flames blazing before a dozen churches, into which they cast the books proscribed by the "Index." The great *auto de fe* was in Piazza San Carlo in the Corso, and attracted an immense crowd. The folding-doors of the church were thrown open after the sermon and afforded egress to the priest, followed by stalwart men bending under the weight of baskets, crammed with books and journals, which they heaped up at the base of the church steps. The condemned journals included the *Opinione*, the *Nazione*, the *Siècle*, the *Presse*, the *Constitutionnel*, and other well-known organs. These were blended with more than 400 volumes, and a profusion of pamphlets, old and new, of all degrees of talent, "The Pope and the Congress," being placed by the side of Voltaire, and exciting the mirth of the profane. When all was arranged, the priest signaled a sacristan in a surplice, who, advancing with a lighted torch, set fire to the heap. Up sprang the flames, and the smoke filled the Corso. Pontifical gens-d'armes were present, to prevent any one snatching a brand from the burning, and the fire was encircled by a legion of devout men, smiting their breasts, and crying, "Miserere." Around stood a gaping crowd, largely composed of foreigners, whose looks betokened mingled disgust and amazement. At the fires in other quarters of Rome women threw into the flames their amorous correspondence, tresses of hair, ribbons, bouquets and photographs. The spectacle was one without parallel, and I was astonished that even the Pontifical Government could sanction such excess, and authorize the burning of a whole library in the most public place of Rome, with accompaniments borrowed from the darkest of the middle ages.

TAKING GEOMETRIC PLANS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.—It is announced in Paris that M. Chevalier, the optician, has succeeded in arranging an apparatus for taking geometric plans by photography. According to the *Journal of the Society of Arts* the instrument is provided with a meridional telescope and a compass, in order to set it to any given point. A circular collodionized glass is placed at the bottom of a camera-obscura formed of copper, and moved by clockwork, so as to describe within a given time the outer circle, of which the station chosen is the centre, and the various objects as they are received in turn by the lens are photographed on the circular plate through an exceedingly narrow slit in the side of the copper box. The operation is repeated at their stations, in order to avoid error, and the result is said to be highly satisfactory. The thin circular plates are used to lay down on paper all the points of the plan described.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY R. C. SPENCER.

"The poem, you remember,
That his lady's eyes are praised in as the sweetest ever seen."—*E. B. Browning.*

You may take her features rigidly,
Shade her tresses, tint the skin,
Make the dark eyes glisten brightly,
Yet you lose the light within!

Lose the young, bewitching sweetness,
Miss the girlish air of trust—
Art will live when copied neatness
Long has crumbled into dust.

You should catch her when the modest
Eyes a moment chose to rove
To their neighbor's—to the oddest
Look of hesitating love—

For they have a certain melting
Candor, sweetness, all their own;
E'en the chapel that we knelt in
Darker grew when they were gone!

You, who calm truth, ever shining
Mong'st her actions, and in her eyes—
As the lovely silver lining
Keste majestic in the skies—

Settles where the dark glance, peeping,
Looks for stillest shade,
As a sword, in scabbard sleeping,
Hides the brightness of its blade.

I have gazed upon such features,
Clear their surface as the sea;
But the soul—no, can reach us—
It has sweetly spoke to me!

Would you take her truly? Well, then,
Whisper gentle memories:
You must watch ere eyes have fell—then
Take her as the glances rise!

The Trapper's Adventure.

BY HARRY E. REMICK.

IT was upon the close of a clear March evening, just such as this, fifty-five years ago, that the following scene of remarkable adventure befell me, and one of many which tinge with excitement the otherwise monotonous life of a hunter. My camp, as was usual during eight resemblance to the modern contrivance of the day so much in vogue with amateur sportsmen, was composed simply of a few pliant stakes, driven hastily but securely into the ground, in the form of an ellipsis. This, with plenty of boughs heaped closely up and against the frame, blankets and other paraphernalia of trapper-life, constituted my camp.

But the beauty of situation usually selected amply compensated for the lack of the picturesque so necessarily attendant upon a habitation so constructed. At the time I mention, I had established myself and camp upon one of the many tributaries which run open from the Kennebec, in the then almost unknown wilds which encompassed nearly its entire course. Sometimes, and, stretching for the unknown distances, was the dense, heavily wooded landscape, until it seemed blending in nature's curious scheme, the above, extending above me a few yards, terminated abruptly into a bold rocky eminence, interspersed with lofty pines, rearing their grand branches over the smooth expanse of waters, which, gleaming in the misty moon's light, reflected, in a thousand fantastic forms, their many shadows.

Gazing from my camp, I beheld the glorious Kennebec receding for miles away, like a vista of the sheeny silver in the far distance, ever and anon disappearing behind the luxuriant foliage, only to appear again in splendor as it burst from its variety concealment. Upon a calm evening I could plainly distinguish, above the murmur of the pines, the low, pendulant thunder of some distant cataract. I had many times determined to investigate the nature of the falls, but as often had I been turned from my purpose. My camp was always, heretofore, been westward from the point in question; but now I was situated in proximity, and it was the conviction of duty to me that I should visit them within the allotted interval of my stay in their vicinity.

In my hunting excursions to and from my camp, and which sometimes extended for miles along the banks of the river, I had for convenience a rude canoe, which I had constructed from the butt of a huge monarch of the forest, felled within a stone's throw of my habitations. This was but a primitive affair, but it served me equally well for two purposes: when out for days, roaming the wilderness in search, I had but to draw the canoe from its element, on the approach of evening, and, by simply inverting it, served the place of a camp, and effectually excluded all nocturnal marauders.

I had been off upon one of the above "excursions," and had been absent away for several consecutive weeks, the season being favorable for my game. I was now upon my return, and distant from camp but a few days' drift, when, being unusually fatigued with my arduous day's hunting for my canoe, I made evident use of my skill and perseverance in that line, being heavily laden—I concluded to land, and, after reloading my immediate purpose. Having finished my task, I turned, with the intention of securing my blankets and gun. I had traversed perhaps half the distance, when I was startled by the appearance of a second canoe (as I then supposed) rounding the bend. It being now dusk, I could not readily distinguish objects, but, upon approaching the spot, where an hour before I had landed, what was my horror and dismay on finding my canoe had disappeared! The truth flashed upon me with startling effect. I had landed below the mound of bend to evade the current, which was here quite rapid, not caring to stem it in my exhausted state—for I well knew that with the rising sun the stream would abate in violence—until fully refreshed. I could easily overcome its remaining power. So completely engrossed was I with fatigue, that I had neglected to securely confine the canoe. This, then, was the inevitable consequence.

The rise of tide, combined with the reaction of the current from the point, had, by degrees, drawn my craft so far from the shore, that, feeling its influence, she had rounded the bend, and was now gliding rapidly away in the approaching darkness. How I cursed my folly I shall never forget, nor the consequences entailed upon me by it.

Long did I endeavor to devise means or method by which I could remedy the fault—a fault which in the whole course of my trapper existence I had never before committed. I was in a dilemma, that was palpable, for my canoe contained all my effects, and I had not the wherewithal to construct its successor, or even what was necessary to procure sustenance for my life. True, I was separated from my destination but a short journey over the smooth, rapidly gliding surface of the river. But I could not estimate the distance which would inevitably occur, should I travel overland, without food or shelter, through trackless wilds, and often interrupted by streams which would tend to divert me from my course. It was plainly impracticable. Thus I had no other resource left, at present, than distance other than by water.

With these and I lament my stupidity in allowing my physical wants to overreach all other faculties. Through the remainder of the night I slept but little, the repose I had enjoyed served to refresh me for my labors of the coming day. I was forced to forego from mental anxiety. My situation was peculiar—a lonely one, indeed, with no method of propelling. Then, too, the river was increasing in violence from late freshets, and I should have to trust to the current, which was very rapid.

With the above considerations in mind, I was early astir. The view now set in. With this conclusion I selected some logs, and after placing others of smaller dimensions transversely upon them, to prevent their separation, I bound the whole firmly together with withes, and, having hastily fitted up to displace their burden, with all in readiness and a heavy heart, I committed myself to the waters and the guidance of my frail craft.

With serious misgivings my voyage had commenced. The current, though rapid, was not overfurnished with the remaining power to overcome the velocity of the stream—and on the following morning I found myself in the midst of the full strength. As yet I had suffered little with hunger, the excitement of my situation serving to keep fully exercised my mind, and to prevent any sensation. While drifting, I had been drawn imperceptibly in approximation to the opposite bank of the river. This was my opportunity, as I knew that to pass it was fatal to me. At dusk I again effected a landing, and passed the night as I had the preceding. My anxiety for the following morning's drift no longer induced me to start before the break of morning, and when the rosy god of day again gilded the tops of the mountains, I was upon the full tide of my burnished gold, they beheld me far distant from the place, and many places, similar to that on my way. Indeed it had alarmed me as I felt myself borne irresistibly along with the strong tide, that I should never be able to effect a landing upon the shore. It was now but a few hours before I should be in its vicinity, and unless some friendly object should present itself to my view, I should be across the channel, which here began to narrow, my chances were frail.

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If I should unfortunately take this stream, and it assumed considerable, I should be carried out to sea; coupled with this circumstance, this branch of the river was totally unknown to me, as always my course had been directly westward, and parallel to course, never diverging. In vain did I struggle to direct the course of my frail support; it soon became apparent that all exertion in that particular was unavailing, and only tended to exhaust my little remaining strength. I was in my increasing discomfort, the pangs of hunger which began to assail me were excruciating, and I suffered the direst misery imaginable. I had now reached the perception that I was drifting more speedily than at any time before, and made renewed efforts to fully propel myself to the shore—but with the conviction forced itself upon me that I should be at the mercy or fury of the waters for the night. I began to converge, with precipitant cliffs upon either shore, sometimes far overhanging their base, which, together with the rapidity of the stream, a heavy growth of stunted oakwood. Occasionally a huge pine would rear its branches over the seething waters, in some places nearly blocking its surface: here, too, the frantic waves, lashing against their cragged rocky limits, were thrown back in crystaline spray, only to rush with increased fury to the assault.

Borne rapidly onward, every passing moment I was encompassed with renewed dangers, which threatened the utter demolition of my frail raft, and in the case of this event, certain destruction. How fervently I prayed for the first ray of sunshine which should herald the coming morn, and mayhaps the harbinger of delivery. Alas! with the rising sun my hopes fell, which had been in the ascendant, were hurled at once into darkness and despair, for above all surrounding chaos I could plainly distinguish the terrible thunder of the "cataract" toward which I was hastening, borne along with a lightning rapidity which no human agency could prevent.

Oh, God! the agony of the moment! I was first made aware of the awful calamity which awaited inevitably the approach. I perceive my course, and then the sudden spasm which enveloped me like a funeral pall, as I drank in the appalling truth. I could see no hope—I now futile any attempt on my part would be to extricate myself from the fearful, appalling fate of being dashed over the rocks or impaled upon their serrated points.

The solemn roar of the waters augmented, and soon their lashing surfaces would expend themselves before my distracted gaze, while I helpless, could only place my reliance in Him, and shudderingly await my fate. It seemed in the few moments of agonized suspense, when almost within the grasp of the relentless, raging vortex, that every portion of my past life, however minute, from childhood to the present, passed with vivid, startling distinctness before my vision, immediately succeeded by a dull stupor. I was quickly aroused from the feeling, which was engendered by my critical situation, combined with the rapid motion of the waters, by the loosed timber and hither by the action of the turbulent waters in their maddening gyre, and it required the most unbounded exertion to prevent myself from being precipitated into the seething element. Repeatedly did I cry out, and vainly, forcetting in the terrible anguish of the moment, was drowned in the surrounding elements, or that I was past human assistance. Again I would I hope. But a few moments—ages they seemed to me—would intervene before I should be hurled into eternity over the black water-rive-rocks whose edges it seemed to me were even now dashed with the crimson current of life which was surging in my veins.

At this moment, when the whole soul was engrossed with the fearful death before me, I was conscious of a sudden change in my raft, it being caught as it were by a steady current of wind, no time with a rough, jarring sensation—a bound—and it was again on its way.

I glanced back, but it is impossible for me to depict the feeling of despair, utter despair, which enthralled me. I had passed directly over the whirlpool, and the frail craft had been torn from its resting-place, the lowermost branches of which had been submerged, and might have aforded an opportunity for escape. I had decided had served to divert my attention from the fate before me, and I now beheld with feelings of intense joy that my course, which was directly, would bring me directly beneath one of the larger limbs. Instantly I seemed to be endowed with new life; my latent energy was fully aroused by this new source of delivery, and I determined to make one last strong effort for life. Ere the time required reached, I had gained the point in question, —one moment, and I was directly under, and passing speedily beyond.

With a last prayer upon my livid lips, I leaped, and grasped wildly, but desperately, the bough as it came within my reach. Involuntarily I closed my eyes to the fearful alternative which would await me should I fail in the attempt; but I was successful, and, with feelings of partial security, I glanced around at my perilous situation. My garments were completely saturated, and, with the exception of my additional weight, were slowly sinking to a level with the boiling rapids. The moment they should feel its influence, I was inevitably lost! Had I been snatched from the jaws of death, to acquire fresh love of life, only to be clasped again in his cold embrace? Such was death within itself, and with hardly power of motion, I began to work my way slowly shoreward.

I have not a distinct recollection of hearing voices above—a realization of human aid in my dire extremity—when a stupor, induced by the re-action of fearful excitement from death, made me insensible, and I was again precipitated into the stream. From this period until weeks after, I was approached only at death's appearance. When I awoke to know life, I found myself surrounded by kindly faces and willing hands.

In a few weeks I was enabled to visit the place of my delivery, having become thoroughly convalescent, and there beheld, with emotions of awe, the Herculean vortex from which I so narrowly escaped. After losing my hold upon the tree, in my downward descent my garments had been caught upon a limb, and relieving me from the opportune arrival of one of the number above, who were camping in the vicinity. But I never could ascertain the mode of repugnance which would ever after occur when near the locality.

PERILS OF THE FERRY CROSSINGS.

WHEN NEW YORK was in its infancy, a mere handful of inhabitants, on the present grants, the good Knickerbockers, when we are proud to claim as our forefathers, were accustomed to vote their wills and settle all their business concerns before making a trip to Albany, or a visit to Philadelphia, lest they might not return in time for the next meeting, or their affairs in confusion. We smile at this over-caution, but it was probably the best precaution to prevent disappointment, and is practiced by many persons even in our day. We are exposed to more danger, and meet with more narrow escapes in crossing the river at almost any of our ferries than ever disturbed the dreams even of our doughty ancestors. The scene depicted on the front page may be witnessed almost any morning, while, with a few variations, it is a constant picture of the rush and confusion, and apparently inextricable dead-lock that reigns along the Hudson River side of the metropolis. Suppose you wish to enter or leave the city by way of the Jersey ferries, a hundred or even a thousand other people are striving to perform the same feat simultaneously with yourself. The crossing drover has a herd of cattle he is hurrying to the shambles; the street cars are anxious to make time by the shortest route of days and other vehicles claim their portion of the common highway, while carts and carts, and cattle, and teams, urged on by reckless and impatient drivers, are all striving to disprove the old axiom, that "two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time," you will be a lucky night if you extricate yourself from this maelstrom without a broken head or a dismembered costume. Perhaps a kind-hearted policeman will intervene and lay hands and taxi aside for a moment the living threatening mass, but before checking this more imperious brute, and calling forth the anathemas of the driver, he can do little. Meantime the cattle, dazed and infuriated by the screams and shouts and oath, and wild with fright, rush about in all directions. A sensible man would rather be run over by a locomotive than attempt to pass these barriers, for in that case he would stand a chance of being killed decently, while here he gets no credit for his risks. Sometimes the unrecorded heroes of the day should be ranked the multitudes who are compelled daily to cross the New York ferries.

THE BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT NEWARK, N. J.

THE bi-centennial anniversary of the settlement of the city of Newark, N. J., was celebrated on the 19th of May, with much public enthusiasm, by the inhabitants of that now important city. The preparations made by the committee of arrangements were completed, and the festival arrangements were of a comprehensive character, and did honor to their liberality.

The city was founded in the year 1666, Capt. Robert Treat, at the head of some 30 families from Milford and New Haven, Conn., settled on the west bank of the Passaic river. In the following year the little colony was incorporated as a town, and became a part of the government of Connecticut, under the guidance of Rev. Abraham Pierson. This clergyman, having in early life preached in the town of Newark, in England, and being a scholarly, pleasant memories of that time, used the influence of his position to induce the colonists to name their new home after that of his early youth. Philip Carteret was their Proprietary Governor; from him a license was obtained to purchase land in quantity from the Indians. Treaties with this object were entered into with the aborigines, and the new town was soon extensively covered by Newark, Clinton, Orange, Bloomfield and Belleville, for 4,110 (New England money), 12 Indian blankets and 12 coats. The town was also provided over 100,000 souls, a population which gives evidences of prosperity and many remarkable in point of character and all-important to the general comfort and well-being.

An historical memoir of considerable interest was read by the Secretary of the Historical Society, in the evening, by Mr. William E. Whitehead, and a poem by Mr. Halsey Wood. An oration was delivered by Mr. William B. Kenny.

RECEPTION OF THE GREAT IRISH ORGANIZER, JAS. STEPHENS,

By the Fenian Brotherhood, at Jones's Wood, May 15, 1866.

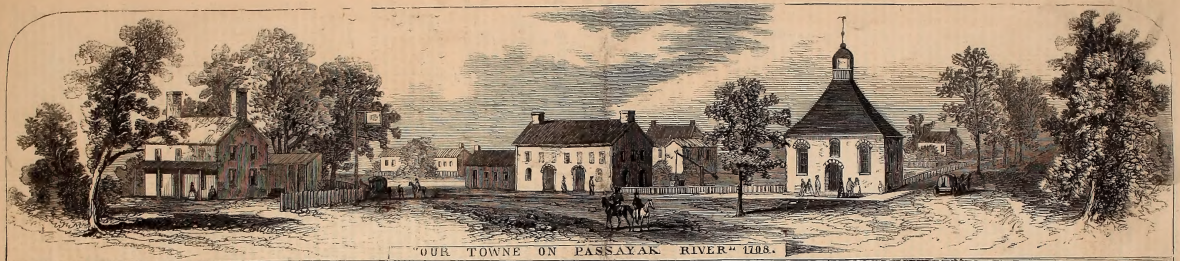
THERE heroes have come from beyond the sea, and show themselves to the audience of the New World—the Americans. Now, we have seen that the greater diversity he imagined than between the deeds by which each man won his fame, or than between the characters of the people by whom each is honored? Space into a word to expand upon so inviting a theme: and rhetoric might exhaust itself in full delineation of the contrasts of their careers. Yet, as chroniclers of the times, we must show the arrival, at least, of two of such other, of these personages, so well known: to fame, and so remarkable for the qualities which they possess. As, however, only one has received a public ovation, we confine ourselves to the great demonstration made by the Fenian Brotherhood to the Irish Organizer, which address Mr. Stephens. The gathering was held in Jones's Wood, on Tuesday, the 15th, and was attended by about 10,000 persons—a small concourse compared to the number of Feinians—but their ardor was damped by the heavy rain which fell under the order of the card qualification, which is equivalent to ten drinks. Mr. Stephens was received with cheers, and in a few days a very stirring speech. As Demosthenes defined the three requisites for oratory to be action, action, action, so Stephens defines the three corner-stones of the Irish question to be Organization, organization, organization. A compliment to Mr. Chase's famous invention the Irish people may grow fond of copying.

CURSES TURNED INTO SPERMACETI.—Mr. ATKIN, the Recorder of Ashtabula, Ohio, states that a remarkable fact in natural history was discovered by the cemetery of Hartgrove Centre. On opening a number of graves the bodies were found to be in a soapy, pasty form, but changed in substance to a material in appearance and texture like the finest and purest quality of spermaceti. Mr. Winslow, who was present at the time, says most of the bodies were those of persons who had died of consumption. Some of the graves were only in part. The bodies of old and decrepit persons were found either in the natural state of decay, or mixed with the body, to the substance. Many very interesting facts of this kind have been discovered, to which we hope to obtain. It may be well here to remark that the fact of the change of the substance of the bodies of men and animals to this material, known as spermaceti, has long been known to science, and in the century ago, in some of the cemeteries of Paris, where the bodies were buried in the ordinary manner, after many thousands, the entire mass was found converted to spermaceti. Many recorded discoveries of this kind have been frequently made since, always with water in the soil. The above was told us by Mr. Winslow himself. It may be counted upon with some certainty that this will be the case with all cemeteries where graves fill with fresh water, and remain filled, especially if the ground be of a clayey nature.

THE MOON'S SEAS.—The seas are the only part of the moon which can be seen by the naked eye, and that from very partially. The telescope those come into sight a much more remarkable view of its surface, and amidst the fine objects which unveil the eye are the remarkable mountainous formations. Their similarity to the great volcanoes of the seas, extinct or otherwise, has often been remarked. The maps of the environs of Naples, of Vesuvius, of the volcanoes Auvergne and Teneriffe, present the same features, and those who have studied them will recognize with the vast surface of the lunar volcanoes, and could almost imagine the presence of sacred fire, and the whole of these known on the earth might be placed within one of the lunar mountains.



THE FENIAN DEMONSTRATION AT JONES'S WOOD, EAST RIVER, N. Y. ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 16.—THE ARRIVAL OF MR. JAMES STEPHENS ON THE GROUND.—SEE PAGE 167.



"OUR TOWNE ON PASSAYAK RIVER" 1708.



THE BI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF THE CITY OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, ON THURSDAY, MAY 17TH.—SEE PAGE 167.

SWALLOW SONG.

I.

Welcome, wanderer to the valley!
Welcome to my garden's bound!
Gayly sweep adown each alley,
Gayly flit the walks around!
All things brighten as thy wing
Lends its final charm to Spring;
Brooks flow clearer, kinects sing,
May's glad bird has come!

II.

Leavest thou far-stretching sandstrips
Where the Gulf reigns, lord of all?
Or art thou, from fertile landscapes,
Isles of palm and coccas tall?
Little care I, so thou be
Summer guest of mine and me,
Twittering from my old roof-tree,
Cheering, blessing home!

III.

Yester morn the marties glistened
Sun-flecked during dawn in shine;
Yester eve at dusk I listened,
Sudden heard thy gentle scream:
Heard, and fixed a rush: "twas gone!
Then I spake in happy tone,
"Welcome, Spring, now Winter's flown!
Spring comes with the Swallow!"

IV.

Years ago thy first dash fluttered
Two beside their trysting tree;
Thou might'st hear the words one uttered,
Loving words that gladdened me.
So I took thee for a sign,
Bird of Hope, that long sunshine,
Wedded peace, bliss hair divine,
Should our union hallow.

V.

Welcome for thy mad careering
Round the spire when we were wed,
Welcome for thy gay flights, veering
Hither, thither, arrow-speed!
Most I love thee though for days,
Long since dead, when old-world lays
Sang we, children, to thy praise,
"Welcome, birdie, dear!"

VI.

Spring by Spring I'll gladly proffer
Welcome to thy dancing flight!
Here no human hands shall offer
To thy "pendent bed" despite!
Softer breathes the air with thee;
Trust, sweet bird, thy life to me,
Trust thy callow cares, and be
Doubly dear next year!

The Spectre of Cliffe.

OR,

THE FAIRY LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.&c.

CHAPTER VIII.—RIDDLE CAVE.

THE hills about Craven, if they are not mountains in the eyes of members of the Alpine Club, are believed to be such by the inhabitants of the district, who (one would think) ought to know. At all events, they are very high hills indeed for poor England, which has of late years been accustomed to be a flat country. The boastful local proverb—

Pendgrast, Pendle, and Ingleborough,
Are the highest hills the country thorough—

is not, indeed, quite correct. Mr. Hurtler's "Craven," the study of Ingleborough, as measured by "a famous pedestrian"—we should imagine Mr. Walker—is given at five thousand two hundred and forty feet, or about two thousand feet higher than Helvellyn; but this is a slight exaggeration. Unless country magnates have given place to the Lord Lieutenant, the Craven Hills are limited by the neighborhood of their High Mightinesses the Lords of Lakeland, by many of which they are overtopped. Still, as I have said, they are very lofty, and command a great range of view. From the crest of Riddle, for instance, three was (and is) a splendid view. To westward lay the unchanged sea, flecked by many a sail as now, although the smack-genius flew from steamship; while over the perilous sand-road athwart Morecambe Bay you might see, when the tide was low, processions of people, bent on going back and in wheeled conveyances, where now there are but a very few.

How picturesque those little caravans must have looked as they crossed the waste of sand, which in a few hours the swirling sea would devour, alive and swift; how lovely that level view, from which every trace of man's travel was swept away every day! Then the crescent bay, broken at the shore, with the boats lying high and dry in them; the belts of woodland descending to the very water's edge; and Kent and Leven swarming with the rich green hills in many a shining curve! The top of Riddle was also a sight in itself, having a shaven crown, where a Druidical circle once had stood—a very priest of hills; and yet were none of those glories to be compared with the wondrous wealth which lay within him. I do not speak of the gold and silver coins—centuries old—which in flood-time one of his streams would cast out (as it does with the same far-hidden treasury, that of the glittering palace, built, doubtless, for the king of the fairies, but which had lapsed for many a year into mortal hands, and was termed by them Bibble Cave.

Surely, of all discoveries which have power to charm the human soul, that of a stalactite cavern must be the chiefest. To be the first to descry a new continent, or even an island unnoticed in any chart, must be a striking sensation; the watcher of the skies, too, when a new planet "swims into his ken," must enjoy a great experience; but neither of these sensations seems so overwhelming as that which I have in my mind. For suppose—and I am only supposing what has happened—that I have lived within the shadow of a great hill all my life, which the learned inform me is of time-honored, and that my forefathers for many generations have lived by the same hill without further information about it, if so much; and suppose there is a cavern in this hill, of no very interesting character, described by the authorities to be mainly "calcareous secretion," which has been used by myself and my forefathers as a stabling for cattle in bad weather—well, during an autumn thunder-storm, I take shelter in this spot since, and with it, which happens to be there, I amuse or warm myself by picking into the hill. What follows? Why, a mighty stream of water, from which I escape with difficulty, and which takes a quarter of an hour to rush away, and renders the neighboring stream too big for its banks. Never since the Rock of Horeb was there surely such a miracle.

Awe-stricken, and yet delighted, I approach the aperture, which is now a yawning gap, and behold—a gloom profound, a depth of darkness, I do not know how deep, but at all events space where heretofore had been thought to be solidity. Columbus, it is true, discovered solidity where there was thought to be space, but the wonder is no less because the conditions happen to be reversed. Thus far, then, Columbus and I are equal, but from this point he ought hold a candle to me. If he could, and brought it to my newly discovered cavern, what a treasure-house of fairyland would he reveal! Its roof, its pillars and stalagmite," observes the geologist, pompously. Preposterous fool! what thy dull science teaches these is but the dust of the mine.

For how many thousand years have these columns of crystal, these sparkling and pendulous transparencies, full of hidden music, had their glorious being? For whom were these stately halls devised in darkness, and for whom furnished with such unutterly gaudy show? Surely fairies or spirits have threaded these winding passages, carpeted with silver sand, upon which no mortal foot since man was made has trodden save mine own? Whence springs, and whither leads this sunless stream, whose murmur, pregnant with mystery almost divine, has never fallen upon human ear before? Why should these wonders have been locked so fast, that no grateful tongue—at least of man—has ever given to God the glory of them? And was it chance that laid the secret bare at last, through me; and but for me, for thousands of years to come, would still these unimaginable splendors have been veiled from human eyes and hills full more than the hills other hills? Somewhat after this fashion, surely, might say man speak who has made a discovery such as that which we are considering.

Now, this very thing had happened in Bibble Fell, and not so very many years before the period of which we write, as to rob it of romance. But people in those days—as we have had occasion to observe before—were not so enamored of natural wonders, and listened to what superficially to say secret she might have to tell them. The glories of earth, and sea, and sky, were for the most part but upon them; with such conventional veneration and superstition, they were terribly at ease in the true Zion, and regarded all natural phenomena with the eye of familiarity. Two or three hundred folks had visited Bibble Cave upon its first discovery; but by this time visitors had become few.

A professed guide to underground Ribble did indeed reside in the hamlet of Cliffe; but if he had not followed some other calling in addition, he would have made but an indifferent livelihood. Not above a dozen times that summer had he been in requisition to conduct parties to the torch upon their way to the cave. The entrance to it was just beyond the farm-house, where the visitor was summoned; a wild and desolate spot, where a stream ran down a deep and woodless ravine, which terminated in a sort of natural amphitheatre palace, and on the other a still loftier hill, whose "pastures," separated by natural walls of limestone, presented the appearance of a gigantic fortification.

Here, at the hour appointed, Mildred and Raymond met the lad of the place, and visited the cave in company with members of the family, while he was familiar with every part of it, with every curiosity in the shape of rock and formations—if such they can be called—were far more extensive than those chambers, lofty and fantastic though at their widest, which visitors could explore. The stream which accompanied their steps wherever they went had its exit at the other extremity of the hill, and there it did not flow; and there he heard, by laying the ear to the ground, flowing in places where it was known that the frequenters of the subterranean hall did not go. Before the pickax had let the light into Ribble, such sounds had, of course, been unheard; but now that he was known, now lost all the credit of them. From the main passage there forked short bays, right and left, which ended in caverns of less absurdity in some hall or grotto, so provided, that if you kept your torch alight, there was little danger of losing your way. The visitor who wished to penetrate to the extremity had only to follow the windings of the stream, between which and the shining wall of rock there was room for him, and he could not fail to reach his goal—a splendid chamber, domed with glittering spars, in one dark corner of which, from a hole, the stream sped away under a low-browed arch, beyond which no man, save one, had ever followed it. Raymond Clifford alone had ventured once, with a lighted candle fastened to his forehead, to trust himself to the mysterious stream. Deep and dark it ran for a short distance, with only a few inches between the rock and it, and then emerged into a still more splendid and beautiful—as the adventurer declared—than any it had yet visited. From hence, as it seemed to him, the stream dipped suddenly, forming a sort of cataract in a tunnel, down which, if a man should go, it was certain he would never return. It was fast enough to have visited Finis Hall, as Raymond had entitled it, and that experiment had never been repeated.

Familiar, however, as both he and Mildred were with the subterranean wonders of Bibble, they could not repress exclamations of delight as each, with torch in hand—the materials for exploration being always in the hall for the external cave of cattle-stable—came suddenly upon some crystal wonder, which flashed into being at their sight as by wizard's touch. By tacit consent to have postponed the talk, which they had come thither to hold without interruption, until they had reached the cave, but, as the domed chamber was not inaptly termed; moreover, sustained conversation was rendered difficult by the nature of the place. The echoes there were so narrow that it necessitated their walking one behind the other, and sometimes was so low that they had to creep with their hands bent. It was from a sort of tunnel of this kind that they emerged at last, after a quarter of a mile of fairyland, into a stately hall, that was fitted for the suit of royal apartments which (I fear without King Oberon's permission) had been thrown open to the public. The two torches were not sufficient to evoke the splendors of the lofty roof: properly illuminated from below, as it should be by a magnificent mass of candelabra, but now it only twinkled here and there, like stars out of the darkness. It enlarged the effect of the huge rent made some two pillars for its support, and the fairy architect, as if in anticipation of such an idea, had mocked the idea of human assistance by making it, as second at first, by violence in the centre, but which had in truth never been joined; the one-half rising from the silver floor, the other pendant from the crystal ceiling. From the ceiling, too, hung mighty icicles, like the pipes of an organ, which, being struck, would have produced melancholy music, that went wailing through chamber after chamber, although in sorrow for their departed tenants. Here and there the stalagmites took forms very similar to the human, though generally with the head or arms missing, like torsos in a sculptor's gallery; but there was in the centre of the place there was a natural statue—for it really might be called so, so perfect were its proportions—of a woman with a child in her arms, a very Lot to look at (of crystal, not of salt), and the child of fretted gold.

"That is certainly very like," observed Mildred with a shudder, as they came upon this wonder of the hall, there really any truth in the story which it is said to tell?"

"A woman and her child were lost here; that was all I ever heard," answered the lad, as he turned Raymond. "How they got here, without light or guide (if they did go), is strange enough, but having once got here, it is no wonder that they were lost here. Although *I* could find my way hence, blindfold, to the outer air, almost as readily as though I were in such a torch, yet one unaccustomed to the place might easily fail to do so. The very narrowness of the way, and the constant repetition of the same rock, might ought reality to insure escape, would confuse the wits of a poor terrified creature, with a little one in her arms, too."

"Then Guy, you think, was not to blame?"

"I do not know, Mildred. He had enough to answer for in his life, and this tale about him be true—without this double murder. At all events, as the bodies were found and buried, it is impossible that he could have told any that this is the petrifaction of them, even if it were a petrifaction at all, as it manifestly is not."

"It was an unpardonable crime, however, that is said to have brought the curse upon the Cliffords. is it not so?"

"My dearest Mildred, why be so solicitous about those *It is saids?*"

"Why, I really have a reason for my question, Raymond."

"Well, then, it is true that from the period of the discovery of Bibble Cave, five generations back—for we are but a short-lived amily—the eldest son of our race has never inherited Cliffe Place, in a word, been made Mad. But we came here to talk of a worse thing than madness, Mildred—of the wicked conduct of one that is in her right mind, such as it is."

"I fear so, Raymond. Nay, since I saw you, I—I cannot help it—I have been haunted by him."

"Nay, impossible," exclaimed the young man, vehemently. "A more noble heart than Rupert's never beat in human breast, simple, guileless"—

"And therefore," interrupted Mildred, earnestly, "one only too easily made prey of. Rupert and he have been together between them, ever now—of that I am certain. She will send brother against brother, if she have not done so."

"Never will, Mildred. Let her hoodwink him ever so much, one word from his old playmate, his friend, his brother, and he will be as he has only me to lean on; he comes to me as the very physician of his being; while I live, he shall have his faithful friend, his love for foe, and even if not so required, faithful still."

"I kind, generous Raymond, I am sure of that! Yet, how should you two be linked together but that a false tongue can cut them asunder?"

"Cure, Mildred, cure," he whispered, pressing his lips to her hand, as always now, and now again, with loving gratitude.

"You make me happy, credulously happy, Raymond, but I am not sure. Nothing, indeed, can come between such love as ours; the very hint would make a foe of him that spoke it. But friendship, however close, and though cemented by one blood, is not so firm—even a tale-bearer, a mere malicious fool can loosen it; while little by little the serpent tongue can always sap it with its poisoned lies. A while ago, did not your father love you? Did it then seem possible that a day would come when you would welcome a summons to his private chamber merely to take the evening meal with him with a great leap of joy, as a rare favor, as you did this very morning? And if a father's heart can be so estranged, why not a brother's?"

"Its justly argued, Mildred," answered the young man, coldly; "and what you say is dear to me, being the logic of love; but your sweet solicitude for me makes you blind as Cupid himself. My father is an old man—alas! that I should have to say it—disturbed, by a younger wife. But what hold can Mrs. Clifford have on Rupert, that he should believe her, speaking lies against his own brother?"

"She may make him jealous, Raymond."

"Jealous!" echoed the young man, turning pale as the marble of Cliffe, of whom such terrible things are told, at whose name your father's melancholy deepens and your brother shudders, has only a too real existence."

"What! my Mildred superstitious? This is sad indeed."

"Nay, I do not speak of spirits, Raymond. This 'Fair Lady' is Aunt Grace herself, and bodes more harm to you and yours than ever did Ward or banshee."

"What mean you, Mildred?"

"I mean what my words I say. Mrs. Clifford is trading on the foolish superstitions of your house. She has tricked your father—Heaven grant it may not be so fatally!—and she may be tricking Rupert—not only by fostering within him the credulity that is his base, but by masquerading, acting the very part of her whom he stands in fear of. She appears to him as that very spectre; ay, indeed she does. When she heard from her own people—and of my visit to Bibble Cave that—for I was greatly worse, and like to die, she played the ghost to her own husband. I suspected this before; but until I saw her in the character, could not feel assured in the Blue Chamber, I could not be quite sure."

"And how should that make you sure, Mildred?"

"Because that room is the fittest of all for such a trick. Your father is so ready to believe the thing, and the appearance of the only person who could, or would, so credibly deceive him, that any place or time would serve her turn but that. For, Clement, who believes nothing, but only fears, and who has good cause besides for mistrust of his actions, would be fooled at no time. Now, listen, Ray. When first I came to Cliffe, my aunt, meaning, perhaps, to make me wholly hers, recommended to me many of all her plans and ideas, partly perhaps in boast, to show how she was all in all with your poor father, disclosed to me several things that were perhaps she now wishes had been sealed to her by your father. Let not that fret you, Ray; he doubtless kept them from you, well judging that you too much respect toward that place already. However, so it was that, while the household and yourselves knew where the priests' holes were, and at all times, between the floor and ceiling of the bed-room in the North Tower, and how the panel in the Long Gallery slides aside which gives Sir Bevis Angevyn, it is related, the master and his wife knew of the Priests' Chamber within the chimney of the Blue Room, a way of ingress and egress, and, betwixt all the doors, and think himself secure from interlopers, and yet his enemy may be in hiding within the very room, step by the inhospitable hearth. Sir William, who was wont to lie with pistols beneath his pillow, was found one day slain, she told me, by these means; and thereby, I am right sure, did Aunt Grace gain access to the Blue Room last night, and, with the same means, make her wonder that her brother took for a shroud. As for the falling of the floor, Clement doubtless spoke truth when he said that, seated where he was, with attentive eyes, runs across the polished planks; nay, more, the floors of the two disused rooms beneath are similarly cut, and by now that Guy Clifford would kill his guest, he had only to withdraw a bolt or two, and the victim fell a sheer thirty feet upon the stone flags of the kitchen-hearth. Aunt Grace knew that Clement would never have the courage to leave his bed, or she would assuredly, ere this, have met with a knight with him. She holds my memory as cheaply as my mind, else it is scarce credible that, being my enemy and traducer, she could feel sure of my patroness, and condescended to let me know so much."

"Yet Aunt Grace could have made this girl as her bosom rose and fell with indignant passion, and her form trembled, but not with fear, she would have been capable of, since no longer than she took shield as well as spear. Thalestris herself was defied by the sex obedient Lampeto, when that brave dame's hand was held, nor threatened by the imperious queen.

"Dear Ray, there is no time to lose," continued Mildred; "Aunt Grace designs to strike a blow to-night, which it behooves us to anticipate. She will repeat her stage-play this very night, as I believe; and, if we do, we must take your father behind the scenes. At supper, strive to move him all you can with the story of your adventure in the cave, and how his mind is warped by evil influence from—— Hush! quiet! Heaven help us, some one has entered the cave. I saw a gleam of light yonder."

"Not so, Mildred; you are excited, and imagine things that have no existence. I told old Angus that no visitors were to be shown the place this afternoon, under any circumstances. Well, and when I have warned my father—all in vain, I fear —what then?"

"When you hear the great organ of the gallery play" Achieved is the Glorious Work," but him

follow you through the turret-door and out upon the roof. Tell him that if you fail to prove your words by what he shall there behold with his own eyes, that you are content to fall without the pale of his good favor for the future. Trust to me, Ray: he shall see that which will wreck his confidence in this false woman who makes so certain of thy ruin, dear one, at once and for ever. *Then* tell him— By heaven, there is the light again! I see your brother's shadow. If he finds us here together, all is lost—all, all! She overheard our tryst, and has betrayed us."

"I know not the reason of your sudden terror, Mildred; but I know you are wise and true to me," whispered Raymond, in hurried but earnest accents. "All shall not be lost, love; nor shall I be lost——"

"What! you would not tempt that dreadful passage twice? moreover, he would see the glimmer of thy torch."

"Ay, but not thus;" he cast the flaming pine-branch into the dark stream, which quenched it on the instant, and plunging in himself, followed the blackened wood as it was sucked beneath the frowning arch.

Mildred uttered one sharp scream; for her lover was gone from her, without even a farewell kiss, and now, may be, was battling with black death; but the next instant, with a mighty effort, she decked her ghastly face with a set smile, like a counterfeit wreath upon a tombstone, and turned it to meet Rupert Clifford.

CHAPTER IX.—THE HEIR'S SECRET.

RUPERT entered "The Cathedral" running, although necessarily at a stoop, by reason of the lowness of the adit, and casting one hasty glance at Mildred, began, without speaking, to search the vast apartment, torch in hand. There was the same restless expression in his eyes which had struck a momentary terror in the girl that very morning, combined with a passion such as she had never seen in him before. But she was not frightened now. What fear was in her was for Raymond. Was he safe in the spacious gloom of Finis Hall? or was the relentless stream carrying his beloved form, inanimate, bruised, disfigured, into the recesses of the hill? For the moment she intensely hated his brother, who had thus driven him to take so perilous a step; and perfect hate, like love, casteth out fear. Moreover, fully convinced that, in concert with her wily aunt, Rupert had basely tricked her in their previous conversation, she was inclined to imagine that he was still playing a part. Although, therefore, he ran to and fro about the chamber in a strange, wild way, and muttered to himself in anger, she stood firm, watching him in contemptuous silence, and when he came close to her, having thoroughly explored the place, and menacingly shaking his torch in her very face, exclaimed: "Where is he? Where is he hiding his false face?" she returned his eager look with one of scorn.

"Who is it you seek?" said she. "Whose face is it that Rupert Clifford ventures to call 'false?' He who in league with a heartless woman plotted against an unprotected girl, to steal her heart with lies. Nay, you waste your fierce looks upon me, sir; I am not your vassal—your gentle blood I hold as nothing without gentle deeds. Why do you track me hither, and force your company upon me when I need it not; nay, more, sir, when I loathe it."

He looked at her with suspicious cunning, and uttered but a single word:

"Raymond."

"He is not here," returned she, coldly. "You have seen for yourself, have you not?"

Like one upon whom conviction is forced against his will, Rupert answered, peevishly:

"And yet she told me he was here."

"Have you never known her tell a falsehood?" returned Mildred, disdainfully. "When you dropped your kerchief in the moat to-day——"

"Ay," interrupted Rupert, simply, and passing his hand across his forehead, "I remember that. That was the signal we agreed upon—your aunt and I; so soon as you had given your promise to be mine I was to drop the kerchief. Sweet Mildred—and you gave it."

"*I*, Rupert? Never! No, and I never will! How dare you tell me to my face I did! I do confess you fooled me with your dishonest, artful talk of 'Save my reason,' so that I threw away some pity; but my love, sir—be sure of this—will never be so wasted!"

"'Dishonest—artful—talk,'" repeated Rupert, slowly. "Do you think I made a mock of being mad?"

"I do; and that Aunt Grace set you on to do it."

"She? Why, Mildred, think a little: would she not lock me up, as she did Uncle Cyril, so that, after murdering Raymond, all would be hers? No; she must never know what you shall know, love, and that now. Nobody must know, Mildred—promise me that much, sweetheart; but Mistress Clifford and that Clement—he with the cruel eyes—those must know least of all. Sit you down here, and listen to me a little."

He pointed to two slabs of glittering spar, like thrones of frosted silver, and she sat down on one and he upon the other, close beside her. She obeyed him involuntarily; but if she had given herself time to think, she would have obeyed him still; the same idea had now seized upon her respecting Rupert's sanity as had taken possession of her before; she acquitted him of having previously deceived her; and once more, though her heart was by no means free from fear, it had room for tenderest pity. But what made her more compliant than all was this, that while he last was speaking, she had heard a certain far-off sound which convinced her of the safety of her lover. The swooning note of an Æolian harp could not have been fainter; but she knew that signal well, and her attentive ear had drunk it in—the sweetest music it had ever listened to—while Rupert, rapt in earnest speech, had not observed it.

"I will listen to you, Rupert," said she, kindly; "but speak like your honest self, and not what another has bidden you to say."

"Mildred," commenced the young man, slowly and sorrowfully, "I had hoped that what passed this morning between us two, would have spared me the confession I have now to make. I think it must have done so, had you loved me. You would then have credited what I said, and have known that there was more—and worse to say. The dark cloud that I told you seemed about to fall upon my being—soul, heart, and brain—has fallen already. It is not even in *your* power to avert it; but you may lift it up, Mildred. I am prison-bound, but you have the master-key—you have indeed—that can undo my fetters, and set wide the door. Shake not your beauteous head, but look upon me tenderly—ay, so, and listen to my woe, if not my love. Dear Mildred, I am mad. Start not, nor tremble, sweet heart; I am not so mad, nor ever shall be, that I should injure *you*. Not one shining hair but being yours is sacred to me as sacramental wafer to the priest; and as he worships it, and treats it reverently, so that all men should bow before it likewise, so do I worship you. Nay, you need not grudge me that poor favor, girl; it can harm you not, and I worship nothing else—not I, i' faith. I am like Guy in that—I love not chapel-going. While the priest is droning, droning, my fingers itch to strangle his fair throat; all chanting-time, I sing my maddest songs; and when they kneel, I plant my face in the soft cushions, and make mocking mouths. Do not look so, Mildred; I can bear the pity of your eyes, but not the terror. It was for fear of this that I did not tell you all long, long ago, and only hinted at the horrid thing this morning. You believe me *now*, girl; that is well. I feared that I should have to laugh out loud; then nobody could doubt.

"I was not born a mad child. There was no band about my forehead, tight and hard as now, when I was very young; but gradually the thing has stolen on me, day by day, or rather night by night, as I should reckon, for it is at night, like a baleful flower, that madness grows. Ah! what nights I passed. Alone in the large bed-chamber above the hall I used to lie—a ghastly nursery, Mildred, for a child like me. The woman that was my nurse, instead of tales of fairies and magicians, told me of Guy and of that dread shape—the statue yonder—which I had seen a thousand times before I beheld it here. Every night she promised to sit beside me to keep off the dreadful things, and every night she would put the candle to my face, and seeing me, as she thought, asleep, would leave me in the dark: then came the whispering voices, the soft rustling sounds, the stealthy footsteps round my little bed. Ah! what misery, Mildred, from the time of closing doors and loud good-nights, when my father and the rest retired, until the blessed morning dawn! Above my room was one which no one occupied, as it was thought; but I knew better. All night, one gibbered and moaned there, warming himself in the moonbeams as best he could, and shaking his chain for company. Once in the daytime I ventured thither, and though he was not there, I saw his chain fastened to the wall by a strong staple, as madmen always are by their sane brethren. This made me very cunning from the first. Only my father knew, and what he knew I think he has now forgotten. On a day when I thought myself unwatched, I had climbed up the winding stair of the West Tower—a weary way for my young limbs to go—and peering above the battlement, was about to execute a plan, long and fondly cherished, of leaping off into the air, when a strong arm was suddenly put around my waist, and I heard my father's voice. He was not angry, as I feared he might be; he spoke me fair and very kindly, and carried me down stairs to save my little limbs; and while he did so, upon my face I felt his burning tears fall fast, which frightened me, not knowing why he wept. But I know now—"

"Alas! poor child," murmured Mildred, tenderly. "My heart bleeds for thee, Rupert."

"She pities me, and does not fear!" he cried. "There is hope yet, then. The red-hot pain already hurts less keenly. I thank thee, blessed balm. Mildred, I have told you that the night is terrible to such as I am; but the morn is very sweet. My comfort comes with the first gray light that steals into my chamber, at which the phantoms vanish, and the mocking faces cease their gibes. A bird that loves the tree beneath my window, presently begins to sing—a rain of melody upon my parched-up soul. Then at the open window do I sit for hours, quite happy. The morning winds are ever blithe and joyous; out from the purple light they come that crowns this very hill. The pine-groves beckon them toward me; the cornfield, with ten thousand tossing ears, motions them on; and on they drive in music, and shed by my hair, and calm my throbbing pulse, and cool my fevered brain. Then mine eyes, looking on the dewy fields, themselves have dew in them—a something loosens at my heart, and then the dew—the sleeping farms, the river's stately flow, the wonder and the glory of the earth, sink deep into my soul."

"It cannot be," said Mildred, scarce knowing that she spoke aloud, "that such a mind as this has suffered total wreck."

"Ay, but it hath, it hath," returned he, earnestly. "I have only told thee what I suffered as a boy—enough, as I see, for conviction, and yet not too much, as I hope, for loving pity. "Let it suffice to say, that with every year the evil spirit has grown within me, and must one day gain the mastery altogether, if thou not cast it out. There is but one physician in all this world with power to heal me, Mildred. Thou art even as the morning dawn to me; and if thou wilt but smile a little on me, the darkness will presently dissolve, and all will yet be day. I feel, I *know* it. See, I kneel before thee, and entreat thee—brave, kind heart—to give me thy true love! Men often boast such love is life to them; but to me more than life; and if refused, a thing more bitter far than death awaits me."

He knelt before her on the silver sand, his fair face gentle and sad as the dewy eve, his thin white hands clasped close as anchorite's, his eyes fixed hungrily on hers. What *could* she tell him?—for the truth she dared not tell—what answer could she give that neither would deceive him with false hopes, nor smite him where a blow would worse than slay?

"Rupert," said she, "you say that I am fair, and therein, as I believe, you tell me truth. A woman loves her loveliness very dearly; and yet I swear to you that I would straightway become misshapen and uncomely as yonder seeming statue, if by so doing I could lift the burden which you speak of from your troubled mind, or help the grievous loss which time and loving hearts may still, through God's sweet mercy, remedy. You are yet very young. At present, be content with my best sympathy: having confided to me this great grief, let me bear something of it; make me your priest, and I will do my best to shrive you, keeping your secret safe. Beware of evil counsels, and all evil; the Cliffords are not born mad more than other folks; but unbridled vice and wickedness made them what they were. Be good, be temperate, be honest—for by such means it is that men keep sane."

"And that is all the comfort you can give me now," said Rupert, sighing and rising from his seat. "God bless thee, Mildred, for that much. Let us go home. I am far better for this talk; thy very voice, though speaking not the words which I would hear, is soothing as the harp which David played to pacify mad Saul."

As they moved slowly homeward, and before the glimmer of their torches had quite left the vaulted chamber, Raymond emerged dripping from the subterranean stream.

"What could Rupert have had to tell her," murmured he, "that he should follow her to Ribble Cave, and keep me dripping in the dark so long? A man less accustomed to otter-hunting and fishing in mid-stream would have run the risk of—taking cold."

An Adventure with a Monomaniac.

ABOUT a year ago I had occasion to visit the remote village of R—— on business. While there, I became the recipient of a cordial invitation to attend a reception at the house of Mrs. S——.

My first impulse was to decline; but on mature deliberation, I decided to attend; and I did not regret it, for it was a brilliant affair.

Among the many to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced during the evening, was a certain Mr. Morrill. He was a noble-looking man. Dark complexion, finely-molded features, rather tall, and altogether just such a person as was my *beau-ideal* of what nature intended man to be. I found him elegant and witty in the extreme, and we had not conversed long ere I mentally pronounced him the most gifted conversationalist I had ever met.

I was strangely interested in Mr. Morrill, and when opportunity offered, I asked Dr. C——, with whom I was on terms of intimacy, who the gentleman was. In answer to my inquiries, he told me that Mr. Morrill was a lawyer, who stood very high in his profession, and had been elected to the Legislature about a month previous.

"You would not think," continued the doctor, "that he had ever been a monomaniac?"

"A monomaniac! No."

"Well, he has been. Come out on the balcony, and I'll tell you all about it. Two years ago," he resumed, when we were out of hearing, "Mr. Morrill was prostrated with brain fever; he was just beginning to recover, when we discovered that his mind was affected. He imagined himself deaf and dumb, but in every other respect he was perfectly sane. When he was sufficiently recovered to admit of his going out, he went to his office, and attended to his business as well as a deaf and dumb man could. He would converse with his partner on paper, but all our plans to induce him to speak proved ineffectual. His wife was in the greatest distress. I called one morning and found her weeping sadly on account of her husband. I resolved once more to try and compel him to speak, and before leaving, had arranged a plan with her which we hoped would prove successful. Although simple, you will see how effectual it proved.

"On the succeeding day I repaired to his house about the time I supposed he would be home to dinner. He was seated at the dinner-table when I arrived. I bowed to him and passed into the adjoining room. His wife soon followed. We had purposely left the door ajar, in order that he might hear us.

"'Mary,' said I, to his wife, 'I wish you would leave Morrill, and marry me. He's a mean, stingy old rascal. If I—'

"'I'm a mean, stingy old rascal, am I?' said he, rushing in with a pair of tongs, which he had picked up.

"Springing through the open window, I rushed up the street, running at the top of my speed. He followed close after me. At first I rather enjoyed the excitement, but it was fast becoming serious. I was getting tired, but dared not stop. He pursued me so closely that I had no opportunity to enter a house; and soon there were no houses to enter, for we had left the village far in the distance.

"On, on we sped, pursuer and pursued. As you may well imagine, by this time I was greatly exhausted, and knowing if I continued my flight much longer I must surely be overtaken, I determined to turn about and face my pursuer. Suiting the action to the thought, I turned, and in a second he was up with me.

"He immediately aimed a blow at me with the tongs, which he had retained during the pursuit.

"I stepped to one side and received the blow on my left arm, unfortunately shattering the bone. We then clutched, and immediately commenced a desperate struggle, lasting several minutes. In the disabled condition in which the blow of the tongs had placed me, I felt I was slowly but surely being overcome, and began to be seriously alarmed for my safety, when suddenly his hold on me relaxed, and he lay motionless before me on the grass. It was too much for human nature, and in the critical moment he had succumbed to exhaustion.

"In my disabled condition, I could do very little for him but sit down and wait for some one to pass that way. Ere long, a farmer with an ox-team came along the road. With the assistance of a laborer, the farmer got us both into the wagon, and bore us back to the house we had left so suddenly.

"Mrs. Morrill was, of course, much alarmed at beholding her husband in an insensible condition; but I quieted her by saying that when he came to, his cure would probably be effected. A brother professional was called, who dressed my arm. Mr. Morrill was immediately put to bed, and before I left I had the pleasure of seeing him in a peaceful sleep.

"The rest is soon told. He slept through all the afternoon and night, and into the next day; and awoke with his mind as clear as it is now. He now stands an honored legislator and an ornament to his profession. I recovered entirely from my injuries in the course of a few weeks, and I often think of, but do not regret, my Adventure with a Monomaniac!"

THE GAINS OF AUTHORS.

THE contrast between the sums paid for Milton's "Paradise Lost," and Byron's "Childe Harold," or any other great modern work, is a standing source of popular astonishment; though, when taken in connection with the other great changes which the world has seen, there is really nothing exceptional about the case. The same has happened in France, which also goes to prove that the change is the result of a general progression, and not of accident. Certain facts of this kind have been published of late, and have attracted attention. For instance, we are told that in the 17th century Chapelain received 3,000 francs ($600) for his first and second editions of "La Pucelle," and that great indignation was then expressed that certain popular authors should receive such *large* sums, while poor writers were compelled to write verses by the bushel to get a crust. It is said that in Chapelain's time verses were paid for at the rate of four francs (80 cents a hundred for long, and two francs (40 cents) a hundred for shorts—not a grand rate certainly; but then, be it remembered, the poor writer could live for a week on four francs; and his verses were, to tell the truth, frequently quite as poor as himself. Boileau is said to have sold "Le Lutrin" for 600 francs ($120); Racine to have received only 200 for the MS. of "Andromaque;" Diderot, 600 for his "Pensees Philosophiques," while Letourneur got only 400 francs for his translation of Young's "Night Thoughts," which made the publisher's fortune, and Rousseau got 6,000 francs for the manuscript of "Emile," really a large sum for the period; but Delille received only 400 francs for his translation of the "Georgics." Bernardin de Saint-Pierre sold his first work, the "Voyage à l'Ile de France" for 1,000 francs, about the same time that Goldsmith got half as much again for one of the first romances ever penned in any country.

Coming down to more recent days, it appears that the *Constitutionnel* newspaper paid Eugene Sue 100,000 francs for the "Juif Errant," in 10 volumes, and the *Débats* 160,000 francs for the "Mystères de Paris;" and it was thought marvelous that Dumas, Sue, and others should obtain 25 cents a line for their contributions to the *feuilletons* of the journals.

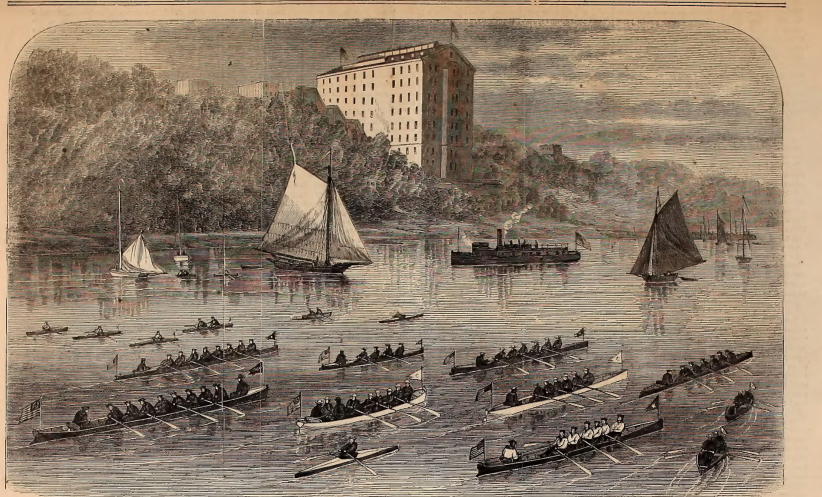
The other day a new system of payment was hit upon, Alexandre Dumas receiving two centimes per letter for his "San Felice," published in *La Presse*, or about 14 cents a line. Frederic Soulié, for the "Memoires du Diable," which made his reputation, received 50,000 francs. George Sand wrote her first novel, in conjunction with Jules Sandeau, and the two received 400 francs between them for their work; "Indiana," by the lady alone, was sold for 1,000 francs; now, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* pays her 500 francs a sheet for her contributions.

In 1823 Victor Hugo's romance of "Hans d'Islande" only gained him 300 francs; "Les Misérables" has already produced him more than a thousand times that sum. It is said that the publisher of the "Mémoires de Therese" has made about 20,000 francs by that very popular and refined production! The position of a popular dramatic author in France is regal; his rights, established in 1653, bear magnificent fruit. Scribe left a fortune of 4,000,000 francs, having commenced by making just $25 by his first work. At the Grand Opera a sum of 500 francs is divided nightly between the composer and the librettist; at the Opera Comique, the author receives one-eighth and a half of the gross receipts for a piece of three acts, one-sixth and a half for two, and one-sixth for one act; at the Française he receives 15 per cent. of the proceeds when his piece occupies the whole evening, and so on in proportion; the Odeon allots 12 per cent.. in like manner. The principal minor theatres give 10 per cent., and at the Châtelot, which makes the largest receipts, the author's portion has often amounted to 1,000 francs a night; the little theatres in the outskirts of Paris pay 12, 22, and 30 francs each evening for pieces of one, two, or three acts respectively; lastly, the provincial theatres are divided into five classes, the first paying 40 or 50 francs, and the last 3 or 4 francs per night.

There are in Paris, at the present moment, 4 operas 2 imperial theatres, 7 vaudeville and *genre* theatres, 12 minor houses of all kinds, 3 equestrian theatres, and 6 or 7 small theatres in the *banlieue*, making in all 35, so that dramatic authors have a wide field, and they do not neglect its cultivation.

Authors of reputation obtain premiums in addition to the above *droits d'auteur*; and, moreover, often make a considerable sum by the sale of the manuscript to a publisher. Alexandre Dumas is said to have received 11,000 francs for his "Marriage sous Louis XV." in premiums alone; and each piece of M. Sardon is said to produce him on an average, all included, about 80,000 francs. Some fairy pieces have produced sums almost as fabulous as their plots; "Rothomago" is said to have yielded its author nearly 100,000 francs, and the "Pied de Mouton" more than that amount. Corneille received 4,000 francs for "Attila" and "Berenice," and was thought to have discovered a mine of wealth. It is quite evident that it is not want of patronage that prevents the French dramatists of the present time from rivaling Racine, Corneille, Molière, and Beaumarchais; but they doubtless know the measure of their patrons' tastes, and are too cautious to break the golden thread that binds them, and fly, like Pegasus, to the region of the gods.

LEMON JUICE IN DIPHTHERIA.—Dr. Revillout in a paper presented last summer to the French Academy of Medicine, asserts that lemon-juice is one of the most efficacious medicines which can be applied in diphtheria and he relates that, when a dresser in the hospital, his own life was saved by this timely application. He got three dozen lemons and gargled his throat with the juice, swallowing a little at the same time, in order to ct on the more deep-seated parts. The doctor has noted 1 cases of complete success obtained by this method of treatment.



REGATTA OF THE ATALANTA AND COLUMBIA BOAT CLUBS, WEDNESDAY, MAY 16TH, FROM HOBOKEN TO GUTTENBERG, N. J., ON THE HUDSON.

"SPRING."

Come hither, fair Spring! Hither turn thy steps from the "green islands of eternal youth"—tripping more softly than Aurora from the land of black and grizzly Night. Hither come, gentle and beneficent daughter of a rough and cruel sire! Revisit us once more; for among the waving, tendril play of the virgin-gold light of thy bright young hair, thou wreathest a coronal of fragrance; and 'neath and round thy fairy steps rise, spirit-like, the rose, the lily, and the thousand flowers which, for a little while, make the emerald earth beautiful as the sapphire vault of heaven. Hither come; for before thee "sky, earth, and sea breathe like a bright-eyed face, and laugh out openly." With thee Life again goes a-maying—gathering nosegays from nature of Hope and Poesy. Come! oh, come! for the simplest promise of thy appearing more delights than all the assured riches of summer or the garnered wealth of autumn. Thou fillest the heart with new-born hopes and fond, vague longings—which who would forfeit? for are they not our most precious mortal heritage? do they not, sweet siren, ever prove more delicious than the bliss of fruition or the joy of attainment? But if "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view" of all else, are not Spring and Hope levelled when they steal upon us unobserved? Again, then, welcome, glorious Spring! Lead, oh, lead forth all the loves and graces! Revivify all the latent germs of nature's beauteousness and bounty. Wake, oh, wake our great Mother Earth, that, rejuvenescent, she may vail her naked form, Eve-like but aimlessly, with the purity of lilies and the innocent blush of roses. Bring thy sweet time, O Spring, the "merry Spring time," and with thee the warm, effusive influence that swells the buds and quick evolves the many-twinkling leaves, sparkling in the shower or whispering to the breeze; that warms the life-blood and quickens the pulse; that lightens the step and decks the path; charms the eye and spell-binds the ear; that attunes every sense and every heart to joy and thanksgiving. Let the woods once more resound with the thousand jubilate voices of birds; and let poetry and art lead the universal responsive chorus of praise from men. For is not the lovely path of Spring the flowery part of Virtue's own narrow road leading from Nature up to Nature's God, and terminating at the gate of heaven?

Such, we think, is the train of thought and a few of the images suggested by the beautiful statue we have engraved—its characteristic and lovely form, its appropriate gesture, expression, action, and emblems. We need, perhaps, only add that it is as creditable in execution as conception, and that it received one of the gold medals of the first Great Italian National Exhibition at Florence.



"SPRING," THE CELEBRATED STATUE BY PELA, OF TURIN, ITALY.

WHITE DEER IN LOGAN SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

IT is an amiable feeling that selects for a favorite an animal so gentle and beautiful as the deer, so graceful in all its movements, and retaining just enough of its natural timidity to link it with its forest life. Such a pet we have shown in the illustration, a beautiful white deer, a most rare acquisition, the envy of thousands, who would fain possess a plaything so attractive and at the same time so intelligent. To the children it was always an object of admiration, and many of larger growth were not ashamed to confess their delight as they watched its gambols.

REGATTA ON THE HUDSON.

THE organized boat clubs of New York celebrated the opening of the boating season, on the 17th of May, with considerable *eclat*.

The Atalanta and Columbia Clubs met at their boat-house, foot of Christopher street, about nine o'clock in the morning, and manning their boats, pulled over to the Hoboken shore, where they were to have been met by the Atlantic Boat Club, of Hoboken. The latter club was not in readiness, however, at that time, but arranged to meet the other organizations at Guttenburg, in the afternoon. They then proceeded to select a commodore to conduct the movements of the squadron during the day. Mr. Simpson, of the Columbia, and George Roahr, of the Atalanta Club, were nominated, but the former gentleman declining in favor of the latter, Mr. Roahr was selected for that position by acclamation.

The boats were then manned, pushed off and pulled up the river. The weather was all that could be desired by the most sanguine anticipant among the members of these popular health-creating organizations, the light breeze which prevailed being just sufficient to gently ruffle the waters and fan the athletes, who plied well their oars as they joined in many friendly little contests in their allocate endeavors to distance each other. Their appearance was certainly very attractive, both as regards their regalia and their boats, the latter having undergone considerable improvements. Passing the steam-yacht Wave and other vessels, the neat little squadron was the recipient of frequent salutations, which were gracefully acknowledged by the peaking of their oars, the usual salute of the boat clubs.



WHITE DEER IN LOGAN SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RIDGWAY GLOVER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

On their arrival at Guttenburg they disembarked, and, after partaking of some refreshments, re-embarked. Pleasant Valley, Bull's Ferry and Fort Lee were also visited, and a short stay made at each landing.

In the evening, after their return to the city, they repaired to the Park Hotel, Hoboken, where the various clubs of amateur oarsmen partook of a dinner.

We need hardly add that Mr. Vollman's entertainment was worthy of his reputation of being the Delmonico of the Jerseys.



OUASSENGO, A WEALTHY MERCHANT ON THE RIVER BAMBOE, AFRICA, SURROUNDED BY HIS WIVES.

LIFE IN GABOON.

Ouassengo, a Rich Trader on the River Rambo, Surrounded by his Wives.

THE recent English explorations in Africa have stimulated French investigation, and Du Chaillu is not alone in developing mysteries. Since 1845 France has had a small colony at the mouth of the Gaboon, a river in West Africa, which enters the Atlantic by a wide estuary near the equator. The result of recent publications has been greatly to increase our knowledge of the Pahouins, Fans, and other strangely barbarous tribes on that coast. Most of the kings and some of the wealthier chiefs, not a few of whom are merchants now-a-days, have assumed European costume, but to no great extent. European civilization or Christianity. A Mormon merchant might make before a photographer a display like that of Mr. Ouassengo, but it is not the style of the Eastern coast. Seated in his arm-chair, with his colossal ivory tusks as supporters, he looks like one of our better-to-do colored men, but his harem smacks, in number, dress and mien, of savage life and female degradation.

THE CHETAH AND ANTELOPE.

THE Chetah, or hunting leopard, is frequently tamed in India, and used in the chase of antelopes. It is carried in a small wagon, chained and hooded, lest, on approaching the herd, it should be too precipitate or not make choice of a proper animal. It does not immediately spring toward its prey, but winds with the utmost caution along the ground, stopping at intervals and carefully concealing itself till a favorable opportunity offers; it then darts on the herd with astonishing swiftness, and overtakes them by the rapidity of its bounds. If, however, in its first attempt, which consists of five or six amazing leaps, it does not succeed, it loses breath, and giving up the point at once, returns sullkily to its cart.

The following description of a hunt will explain the mode of procedure:

On this occasion we had three chetahs in the field, and proceeded to the spot where a herd had been seen.

On emerging from a cotton-field, we came in sight of four antelopes, and my driver managed to get within 100 yards of them ere they took the alarm.

The chetah was quickly loosed, and as soon as he viewed the deer, he dropped quietly off the the cart, and approached them at a slow, crouching canter, masking himself by every bush and inequality that lay in his way. He singled out a doe, and ran it close for about 200 yards, when he reached it with a blow of his paw, rolled it over, and in an instant was sucking the life's blood from its throat. As soon as the deer is pulled down, a keeper runs up, hoods the chetah, cuts the victim's throat, after which it is dragged away and placed in the cart, while the chetah is rewarded with a leg for his pains.



A CHETAH HUNTING THE ANTELOPE.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

THE influence of music upon the feelings and passions of both men and brutes is proverbial, and of many illustrations given of its power, the following will not prove destitute of interest. It is related by Haydn: In my early youth, I went with some other young people, one summer day, to seek coolness and fresh air on one of the lofty mountains which surround the Lago Maggiore, in Lombardy. Having reached the middle of the ascent, we were surrounded by a large flock of sheep which were leaving the fold to go to their pasture. One of our party took a flute from his pocket, and said: "I am going to turn Corydon; let us see whether Virgil's sheep will recognize their pastor." He began to play; the sheep, which were following one another toward the mountain, with their heads hanging down, raised them at the first sound of the flute, and with a hasty movement, turned to the side whence the agreeable sound proceeded. Gradually they flocked around the musician, and listened with motionless attention. He ceased playing; still the sheep did not stir. The shepherd with his staff obliged those nearest him to move on, but no sooner did the flute begin to play again, than his auditors again returned to him. The shepherd, out of patience, pelted them with clods, but not one would move; such as were hit by them began to march, but the others refused to stir. At last the shepherd entreated the musician to stop his magic sounds, when the sheep moved off, but continued to stand, at a distance, as often as our friend resumed the agreeable instrument. The tune played was only a favorite air of the opera familiar at that time, but its influence in developing a passion in the flock was most marked, and afforded the subject of repeated reasonings.



THE POWER OF MUSIC OVER ANIMALS.

LIFE IN TEXAS.

A YOUNG lady who is now engaged as a teacher among the freedmen in Texas, gives the following graphic account of her situation:

"I left Galveston Tuesday morning, and reached Houston about noon, where we found that, as the cars did not connect, we must remain until the next morning; so we went to the Old Capitol House for the night. The next morning it was raining, not raining, but pouring down buckets-full—and the roof of the passenger accomodation leaked like a skimmer, so we soaked and rode all day over the 'lovely' prairie, and arrived, just before dark in the midst of an unusually copious deluge, at Beaumont station. There we were carried three miles further in an open lumber wagon, and at last brought up before a low, old, shaggy brown house, which, as best we could, the affectionate (and other

wise) caresses of an indefinite number of the canine species, we found ourselves glowing and steaming before a huge fire of logs in an open mud fire-place. I was a little tired, and even hungry, but the simple salt junk and half-cooked corn dodgers were not appetizing, and there was the question of how all of us were to pass the night; for I noted that there were but three rooms, and the family in the residence numbered seven before the accession of sister and myself.

"My conjectures were unnecessary, as I soon discovered; we were allotted an airy corner in an apartment which had the recommendation of thorough ventilation. An opening had been cut in the side of the house for a window, but financial or other embarrassments had delayed the complete realization of the architectural idea, and the opening remained in innocent integrity. The door was swollen with rain, and declined the embrace of its frame; while yawning seams in the floor and walls admitted the 'native air,' with a true Southern hospitality.

"But I slept soundly, soothed by the treble of the wolves and the melodious basso profunde of the nearer dogs.

"Our host is the only Union man in the place. He is a native of the township, and has been content to look no farther than its borders for each of the four wives who have successively ruled his heart and home. His plantation, the title of which is his own, and is unencumbered, covers 5,000 acres of land. Wild cattle and horses roam over his prairies, and the deer bound away unmolested.

"There is not a church of any description in the place. There was formerly a Methodist church, but it was blown down last fall, and the minister said that, after inquiring of the oldest inhabitants, he failed to learn that there had been a single conversion in the place since more than twenty-five years; whence both he and his people deduced the logical inference that the institution didn't pay its way, and had better stay blown down. The members divided the timber, and ecclesiastical discussions were indefinitely postponed.

"We use the court-house for a school-house, having only Hobson's choice. The more chivalrous of our neighbors announce an intention to indefinitely postpone African education by the prompt annihilation of the Yankee school-ma'ams, and descend kindly to ample specifications. I do not learn of entire agreement as to the better method, however. Some think it better to poison us; but to this it is objected that the food might be mishanded by some stupid servant, and more innocent victims suffer in our stead. Others contend that nothing is so neat as a clean bullet-hole in the skull, and to this the majority seem to agree. A respectable minority deprecate personal violence, but think there could be no objection to the deflagration of the court-house, of the value of which, for any ordinary uses, only a moderate estimate is entertained; and it is somewhat cogently argued that as there is no other shelter for the school possible or conceivable, the desideratum can be reached without bloodshed—which, although not seriously objectionable, may as well be avoided, out of æsthetic considerations, when it is entirely convenient.

"The shooting could be very easily done by a practiced hand, as I go more than a mile across the prairie to my daily evening-school, and return at ten o'clock.

"I am growing accustomed to my somewhat novel surroundings, and have already discovered that corn-bread and salt pork constitute excellent diet, despite the flavor of monotony. It is, or was at first, something of a drawback that there was no other light than firelight in the evening; but since the night-school was established, I am not at home until bed-time, and have learned to grope like an adept. If I had not known something of privation before, I should say—as I suppose you would—that we have not one of the common comforts of life."

ROMANTIC INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF GOTFRIED KINKEL.

A Paris correspondent of a daily contemporary takes the occasion of the arrival of the German poet, philosopher and patriot, Gotfried Kinkel, in that city, to indulge in the following reminiscences, *apropos* of his eventful history, in which are brought out some strange and interesting facts concerning Gen. Carl Schurz. No romance could be more "thrilling" or interesting.

When the Revolution of 1848 broke out, Kinkel was a Professor at the University of Bonn, and his strong democratic opinions induced him to take a prominent part in the struggle. He fought, was made prisoner by the royal authorities, was tried for treason, and was sentenced to many years' imprisonment at hard labor.

Among Kinkel's companions at this time was a young student, not yet 20 years of age, named Carl Schurz, who was also captured, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot. Schurz, however, more fortunate than his Professor, succeeded in escaping across the French frontier, and was safe. Kinkel was sent to a common prison, placed among criminals of the vilest sort, and set to work making shoes. Young Germany, still trembling with the excitements of the recent Revolution, learned with indignation the treatment inflicted upon the eminent poet and scholar, and numerous petitions were sent to the Prussian Government, praying that his situation might be ameliorated. To all this the authorities paid no attention whatever, the protestations ceased, and Kinkel seemed likely to be abandoned by his friends.

There was one, however, who did not desert him. Carl Schurz left Paris, disguised himself in rags, and, defying the scaffold, re-entered Prussia, with an organ on his back. In the day, he begged his bread on the high road; at night, he laid aside his organ, and visited the abodes of his former companions and the friends of German liberty, to endeavor to reawaken their interest in the fate of the imprisoned patriot. In this way he traveled 300 leagues on foot, playing the organ through many towns and villages, carefully maturing his plans, and sleeping in barns or under hedges. On one occasion he was stopped by two Prussian gens-d'armes, who inquired where he was going.

"To the neighboring town," replied Schurz.

"Would you like to earn a handful of pfennings?" asked the others.

"Certainly."

"Very well; come with us to our barracks. We intend to give a dance this evening, and the airs of your organ will suit our purpose exactly."

It was impossible to decline the offer of the soldiers without exciting suspicion; so Schurz accepted, with a great show of gratitude, and during the whole night ground out waltzes and quadrilles for a battalion of gens-d'armes. Leaving, undiscovered, the dangerous society of the military police, young Schurz continued his journey, and a short time subsequently information reached him that Kinkel's prison had been changed. He was now incarcerated at Spandau, and placed under the personal supervision of the prison director.

Late one night, when the streets had become deserted, a post-chaise, escorted by a guard of four dragoons, drove rapidly through the town of Spandau, and halted before the prison. An officer in the uniform of a Colonel of the Royal Guard alighted from the vehicle, and was soon in the presence of the director, into whose hands he placed a letter from the Minister of the Interior at Berlin, and bearing the official seal. Receiving the packet with the respect due to a communication from the King's Minister, the director opened the important missive, and read as follows:

"A deep-laid plot has been organized at Berlin, the object of which is to effect the forcible release of the convict Kinkel from the hands of the authorities. We are now watching the movements of the conspirators, and are preparing to arrest them. In order, however, to prevent the possibility of a surprise, the bearer of the present letter, Colonel ——, is commanded to take charge of your prisoner, whom he will immediately conduct to the citadel of Magdebourg, and place him in the hands of the governor of that fortress."

Upon reading this ministerial injunction, the director of the Spandau prison at once had the unfortunate Kinkel awakened, caused him to be securely ironed and placed in the post-chaise, which set off on the road to Magdebourg, accompanied by the Colonel and the four dragoons, who rode with drawn sabres. All night long they traveled at rapid speed; fresh horses were instantly furnished at each relay, the Colonel's demand being accompanied by the magical expression, "the King's service." The unhappy prisoner, crouched in a corner of the vehicle, cared not what might be his fate—Germany had forgotten him, and nothing could be worse than the noisome dungeon at Spandau. Morning came at last, a gray winter's dawn, and the carriage stopped. The Colonel himself opened the door, and bade the prisoner alight. Without a word, poor Kinkel obeyed, and found himself standing on the sea-shore, a boat awaiting a few feet from the spot where he stood, and a ship with the English flag at her mast-head lying-to within sight. The prisoner uttered a cry of mingled hope and despair.

"Do you not know me, my dear old master?" sobbed the pseudo Colonel, tearing off his false mustache, and clasping Kinkel in his arms. "I am your friend and pupil, Carl Schurz. Let us embrace each other once more on German soil, and then away for England!"

Kinkel could not reply, but burst into tears. In a few moments more they were in the boat, and rowing lustily toward the vessel in the offing, which had now hoisted the German Republican flag, in token of recognition and welcome. As they reached the ship's side, Kinkel, pale and trembling, leaned upon Schurz' shoulder, and murmured, "My wife, my children—where are they?"

He had time to say no more, for in another moment, Mme. Kinkel was in her husband's arms, and his children were clinging about his knees.

"My mission is accomplished," said young Schurz. "I had sworn, dear master, to restore you to liberty and to your family. My duty is done."

Upon their arrival in London, the patriots were received with transports of enthusiasm. The rich German residents of the British metropolis took upon themselves to provide for the brave young fellows who, in the disguise of Prussian dragoons, had aided Schurz in successfully carrying out his noble project, and Professor Kinkel himself commenced giving lectures on German literature, which met with immense success. Carl Schurz soon afterward parted from his old preceptor, and set out to seek his fortune in the promised land across the broad Atlantic. His career in the United States is well known. He had left in Germany an aged father, who longed to see again his favorite son; but it is not easy for a man to visit a country where certain death awaits him if detected. Still, fortune smiled on Schurz. Risen high in favor with President Lincoln, the German-American General was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Madrid, and 15 years after his flight with Kinkel, he quietly revisited his birthplace. No Prussian gen-d'arme dared to lay a finger upon the condemned felon, now a diplomatic representative of one of the most powerful nations on the globe.

THE CARNIVAL IN MONTEVIDEO.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Herald* has been roaming through South America and taking notes, and thus records what he saw in Montevideo. In many Catholic countries the carnival (which immediately precedes the season of Lent) is the grand festive season of the year, and great license is tolerated, as if to compensate, in some measure, for the austerities pertaining to the six weeks' fast the church imposes:

"Last night, or this morning rather, closed the feast of carnival. The opera, the theatre, the circus, the concert-hall, the arena, the cockpit, and every other sort and place of public amusement conceivable, were all in full blast during the carnival, and balls and masquerades, public and private, were very numerous.

"At this season a heavy business is done in perfumeries, Cologne, Florida, and other scented waters being spirted around with perfect recklessness. Everybody is armed with a small vial of tinfoil, much resembling the tubes in which an artist purchases his paints. These are filled with such waters. A small opening at the top ejects, in answer to a little pressure, a fine stream, which is aimed at the passers-by, usually of the opposite sex. As the weeks of carnival wear on, these sprinkling machines gradually increase in size and power, until the fourth day before the close, when large gutta-percha bottles, each holding about a pint, and having an ivory nozzle of proportionate size, are most in vogue. Every conceivable contrivance is resorted to for ducking everybody, and this ducking is a truly democratic affair. All are on a level here, except those at the upper story windows and on the housetops, from which heights every passer-by is doused. Pails and tubs are brought into requisition to keep up the supply. Immense waterproof paper-bags, strongly made, holding about two quarts each, are filled as required, and so thrown as to burst on the head, against the back, or at the feet of the pedestrians, making a report not unlike a mountain howitzer, and drenching completely the unfortunate victims. The meat is blown out of egg-shells, the shells filled with water, the ends closed up with tallow, and these are thrown by thousands everywhere, by everybody, and at everybody. Bruised limbs, bloody noses, and black eyes are given and taken as good jokes and matters of course. Men go along the streets having boys or servants following with boxes of these watered eggs, which are thrown numerously and furiously into every window, from which bevies of beauties challenge to combat by throwing bags of water or like water-eggs. The whole city is given up to this from 12 o'clock each day until sunset, and the limits of the water frolic are marked by the firing of guns for the purpose by the authorities. One has his choice these three days—either to keep hidden, if he can, or don his worn-out duds, sally forth, and pitch in. What a providential thing that it rained last week! There had not been a drop of rain for three months, and fresh water was selling throughout the city for 16 cents a pail, or two cents a quart.

"The people seem really to wake up once a year—in carnival season. Few people in the world have more beautiful young ladies than are found on the banks of the Rio de la Plata; their figures, dress, gait, hair and eyes being their strong points. Their eyes are usually described as 'stunning,' and it must be confessed they have much of the electric fire. But to see them sparkle and dazzle with their greatest brilliancy, you must see them in carnival time.

"In some Spanish countries, especially the Island of Cuba, this season is embraced by doth men and women for less innocent purposes. Where rivals meet, who are jealous of each other, aqua fortis, aqua regia, green and blue vitriols, sulphuric acid, etc., are sometimes substituted for these innocent perfumed waters, and spirted upon the face of the rival to destroy beauty. Sometimes others are hired to do this devilish work, so as to conceal both motive and actor; and where a man or woman is so spirted upon a score or two of times within a few minutes, it is, of course, difficult to identify the foe."

FEMININE LIFE IN AFRICA.

TAKEN generally, woman has no ill time of it in the districts of interior Africa which Dr. Livingstone's party traversed, though, if she and the village to which she belongs, happens to be captured by slave-dealers, she suffers, besides the common misery, the humiliation of being estimated as less valuable than her fellow captive, man, by a yard of cotton cloth. Four yards are given for a male; the market price of a woman is three. In their free homes Dinah is mistress, and master, too. At Killimanjaro, the women are the traders, and will not admit a man to make sales in the market-place. In some districts, where the husband is permitted to sell, he is only the good lady's factor. We found one who, having sold a goat without referring to his wife, was soundly rated by the business-like woman, who felt herself insulted. "Do you think you are unmarried?" asked the irate lady; "why, what sort of a man are you?" These strong-minded women are not Penelopes. Husbands too long absent at the chase or in war, are sometimes too hastily pronounced dead, and their dignities given to a successor. Polygamous husbands, of course, are the most respected, for they are the richest in cattle, and can not only support the greatest number of wives, but the oldest and richest of such wooers obtain the youngest and prettiest for wives. A smart, honest lover, with one cow, has little chance of winning the dusky young girl of his affections. When he counts his head of cattle by thousands, he can procure more young wives than he wants. These ladies do not comprehend how England can be happy and powerful, seeing that no man can keep more than one wife, which to them has a mean and shabby aspect. Notwithstanding all this, there are true hearts beneath some of these dark and homely bosoms. We read of one girl who, rather than marry as her chief would have her, and her inclinations would not, slew herself, and escaped what to her was degradation.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

ONE ought to have dates at one's fingers ends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

THE gentleman whose lips pressed a lady's "snowy brow," did not catch cold.

"So far, so good," as the boy said when he finished the first pot of his mother's jam.

SEEING a cellar nearly finished, a waggish fellow remarked that it was an excellent foundation for a story.

"WHO is that with Miss Flint?" said a wag to his companion. "Oh, that is a spark which she has struck."

GENTLEMEN who smoke allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they fume the less they fret.

A DOCTOR detained in court as a witness, complained to the judge that if he was kept from his patients they might recover in his absence.

"DOES my son William, that's a soldier in the army, get plenty to eat?" asked an old lady of a recruiting sergeant, the other day.

"He sees plenty," was the laconic reply.

"Bless his heart, then, I know he'll have it if he can see it; he always would at home."

A WRITER says that "fathers, remembering their own boyhood, should make some little allowance for their children. But the trouble is that many of our children, after spending their "allowance," go in debt for double the amount.

AN Irishman being asked whether he did not frequently converse with a friend in Irish, replied:

"No, indeed; Jemmy often speaks to me in Irish, but I always answer him in English."

"Why so?"

"Because, you see, I don't want Jemmy to know that I understand Irish."

"JOHN, I saw your cousin Isaac a few weeks ago, and he has just received a fall, which cut a most horrible gash in his arm."

"Ah, poor fellow; what did he fall on?"

"Well, really, I forget now; but it rather strikes me he fell on Tuesday morning."

"JACK," said a father, "yesterday I forbade you associating with the neighboring children any more, and to-day you have disobeyed me. The next time I catch you there, I shall be obliged to punish you." The next day Jack was there again, totally oblivious of the interdiction, until he saw his father entering the neighbor's yard with a rod in his hand. Jack made for the fence, over which he leaped, pursued by his father, and ran into the barn; there he was caught.

"Now, my son," said the irritated father, "what did I tell you I would do yesterday?"

"You told me, father, that if you caught me there again, you would punish me."

"Well?" said the father.

"Hold on, father!" said the little reprobate, who knew that if he could make his father laugh, the matter would be all right: "you didn't catch me *there*,—you caught me *here!*"

The desired effect was produced, and the rod was dropped; but the interdiction was renewed.

BEFORE a Court of Common Pleas, a case of breach of promise was recently under consideration. The breach between the parties was apparent enough, but as to the promise, there existed a slight shade of doubt, until the plaintiff set the matter right, as follows:

Question by the defendant's counsel—"Did my client enter into a positive agreement to marry you?"

Answer—"Not exactly, but he courted me a good deal, and he telled my sister Jane that he intended to marry in our family."

"MAMMA," said a little fellow, whose mother had forbidden him to draw horses and ships on the mahogany sideboard with a sharp nail—"mamma, this ain't a nice house. At Sam Rackett's we can cut the sofa and pull out the hair, and ride the shovel and tongs over the carpet; but here we can't get any fun at all."

A PUBLICAN blowing the froth from a pot of porter which he was bringing to a customer, the gentleman struck him. Boniface eagerly asked why he struck him? "Why," replied the gentleman, "I only returned blow for blow."

AN instance of the ruling passion strong in death, is thus related of old Cook, who was known as a miser, and had amassed a large fortune. On his death-bed, when the gasp was approaching, a tallow candle was burning upon the stand, a flickering flame in the fire-place. Suddenly he called to his son, saying:

"Woodbury, come here."

The son approached his bedside, when the old man whispered—

"Woodbury, blow out that candle; tallow's most as dear as butter."

A MILLINER'S CARD.

When lovely woman longs to marry,
 And snatch a victim from the beaux,
What charm the soft design will carry?
 What art will make the men propose?
The only art her schemes to cover,
 To give her wishes sure success,
To gain, to fix a captive lover,
 And "wring his bosom," is—to dress.

"IS YOUR horse gentle, Mr. Dabster?"

"Perfectly gentle, sir; the only fault he has got (if that be a fault), is a playful habit of extending his hinder hoofs now and then."

"By extending his hinder hoofs you don't mean kicking, I hope?"

"Some people call it kicking, Mr. Green; but it's only a slight reaction of the muscles; a disease rather than a vice."

AN inquisitive caulker wants to know if we shall have any more *pitched* battles at sea, when they have covered up all our ships with iron plates? *O come* (oakum) Mr. Caulker, it *seams*, is *dished!* Tah!

WHAT living creature has a beard without a chin? An oyster.

A QUAKER'S ADVICE.—Don't scold a woman least she scold better than thee.

WHEN is the weather most like a crockery shop? When it is muggy. (Oh!)

ARE the minutes relating to an affair of honor always drawn up by the seconds?

OFTENTIMES a girl says "No" to an offer, when it is as plain as the nose on her face that she means "Yes." The best way to judge whether she is in earnest or not, is to look straight into her eyes, and never mind her nose.

GROUND RENTS.—The effects of an earthquake.

A SPIRITUAL INQUIRY.—Is it likely that ghosts talk in the dead languages?

COUSINS' TALK.—"No, Amy, you're quite wrong. I never was refused in all my life."

"Oh, Tom, how can you say so? Why, there was Louie Simpson ——"

"I tell you again, you're wrong, completely wrong. It's true I was 'declined with thanks' once, but I never was refused."

TRUEFITT, the fashionable hairdresser, upon being asked what hair was the richest, replied quite in an off-hand manner, "The plain golden, sir; in every sense, sir, there's none so rich as the plain golden." His inquirer nodded assent, and said, "Perhaps you're right, Truefitt. It stands to reason, you know, that hair which is plain gold, must be richer than any hair which is simply *plaited*." Truefitt acquiesced, but was evidently puzzled with the abstruseness of the proposition. He retired into his studio to ponder over it.

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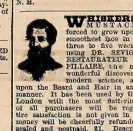
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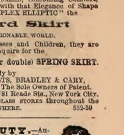
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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The Peruvian Victory.

THE war between Spain and the allied South American republics has taken proportions little anticipated by the former when she sent her fleets against Peru and Chile, and it promises to result in a serious weakening of her power, as it already has in her defeat and humiliation. Up to this time she has not gained a single political advantage or material trophy. On the contrary, she has lost the Covadonga, by capture, and her fleet has sustained two repulses in the waters of Chilco. She has lost what little respect the world entertained for her—small, indeed, but her all—by a cruel and cowardly bombardment of an undefended city. And now she has suffered the disgrace of defeat, in a contest of her own provoking, at the hands of Peru, in the harbor of Callao. The particulars of that contest, so glorious for Peru, will be found in another column, together with an accurate illustration of the event.

The consequences of this defeat promise to be serious. To carry on even a small war, as that between Spain and the allied republics, at so great a distance, from home and supplies, and without a single friendly or even neutral port within thousands of miles, would be no easy task for a strong and solvent power. How much more difficult, then, for a relatively weak and utterly bankrupt State like Spain? She has sent the flower of her fleet to the Pacific, where she has no depot of supplies, no harbor for refuge or repair, and where the whole coast bristles with foes, from the Isthmus to Cape Horn. Her enemies can afford to laugh at any attempt at landing, and the permanent occupation of any portion of their territories is impossible. With the exception of Valparaiso, Callao and Guayaquil, there is not a single port worth the shot to destroy it. The allied fleet will not fight, naturally enough, except at an advantage, or until it receives the powerful reinforcements which are on the way to join it. After such junction, the advantage of superiority would probably be with the allies. To blockade four thousand miles of coast is hopeless.

In view of these difficulties and dangers, we can quite conceive that the report reaching us from Madrid is true, and the recent operations of the Spanish fleet confirm it. This report is to the effect that the Spanish Government, satisfied of its inability to compel the submission of the allied States, and conscious of its financial weakness, long since determined to visit on each of these States some signal act of vengeance and then withdraw from the contest, before its naval superiority in the Pacific should be endangered. It proposed to attack Valparaiso, the metropolitan port of Chile; next, Callao, the principal port of Peru; then Guayaquil, the ever important port of Ecuador, and finally burn the squalid little port of Cobija, the only one which is possessed by Bolivia. We know how the first part of this spiteful plan was carried out, and the Spanish name is welcome to all the lustre it has gained from the transaction. The second part has been attempted, and with such ill success as will probably prevent the realization of the entire scheme. If our information be correct,



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which there is no reason to doubt, the Spanish squadron, reinforced so as to reach 275 guns, was so much crippled as to make impossible the completion of the programme. Two of the ships, the Villa de Madrid, the largest frigate in the world, carrying 56 guns, and the Berenguela, of 36 guns, were thoroughly disabled. As there is no port to which they can go for repairs, it may be assumed that the effective force of the squadron is reduced by 92 guns, or quite one-third. In such case, although possessing one iron-clad, it will evidently be no match for the allied Chilean and Peruvian squadron, which, by this time certainly, has been augmented by two new and heavily armed iron-clads, the Huascar and Independencia.

The victory of the Peruvians in Callao may, therefore, result in the complete annihilation of the Spanish fleet, which, as we have said, constitutes the flower of its navy. This effected, it may be safely assumed that the allies will not be slow to take the offensive, and it is quite possible that Spain may ultimately be astounded by the apparition of a formidable hostile fleet on the coast of Cuba—especially if, as is almost certain, New Granada and Venezuela join the alliance, offensive and defensive, which now exists between Peru, Chile, Bolivia and Ecuador. There is a Nemesis in all evil deeds, and the conspiracy against republicanism in America may so react as to destroy utterly the conspirators. The independence of Cuba is not only a possible but a probable result of this remote South American war, which cannot fail, also, to react favorably for the Liberal cause in Mexico.

Under every view, the Peruvian victory is invested with interest and importance—not alone as it may give lustre to Peru, but in its ultimate results on this continent and in Europe. O'Donnell holds his position by an uncertain tenure, and the Bourbons are not the choice of the people of Spain, among whom there is a strong republican party, which such events as are occurring in the Pacific may suddenly place in power—a result, too, likely to be favored by the political complications of the Continent.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 9, 1866.

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Incorruptibility of Marshals.

As we read the reports of Rynders *vs.* Burton in the daily papers, the memories of the palmy days of Democracy in New York crowded upon us. The glories of the old wigwam revived, and the long lists of the worthy Sachems who did their country, their party and themselves such lasting good, rose before us. Chief among them, the leader of their politest assemblies, and hero of their love-feasts, was the individual whose name figures most prominently in the above case—his name, but apparently not his pecuniary interests. For aught that appears in the report, this bright exemplar of all Democratic virtues might have gone to the happy hunting-grounds of his fathers, leaving us to deplore his loss, if not to follow his footsteps. But we find, after diligent inquiry, that he is still among us, and as we are not yet called on to write his epitaph, he has furnished us with the latest illustrations of the virtues which are to adorn his tomb.

Far be it from us to deny to the ex-United States Marshal the merit of zeal in his late office. We can all remember the humanity with which unfortunate negroes, unable to appreciate the delights of perpetual bondage and escaping from their happy homes, were conducted by him back to the tender mercies of their masters; and also the energy, tempered with courtesy, with which he ushered himself on the platforms of public meetings, to check by his mild persuasions the too exuberant expressions of opinions which it was then the fashion of his party to oppose.

Stripped of legal verbiage, the case lately tried before the Court of Common Pleas is this: The late Mr. Burton was desirous of disposing of his theatre in Chambers street to the United States Government, by either leasing or selling it, to be used as courts or offices for United States Marshals or for other official purposes. How Mr. Isaiah Rynders, then holding the position of United States Marshal, came to be the medium through which Mr. Burton's wishes were made known to the Government does not clearly appear; but it is certain that about this time two promissory notes for $2,000 each were drawn by Mr. Burton in favor of Mrs. Rynders, and it was for non-payment of these notes that the exec[utors] of the late Mr. Burton were sued. Th[e d]efendants alleged that these notes were given as consideration for services rendered, or to be rendered by Isaiah Rynders, in procuring the leasing or purchase of Mr. Burton's building by the United States Government, and in support of their defense, they produced a contract, whereby it was stipulated that if the theatre building were purchased by the Government within three years for $215,000, Isaiah should receive $15,000, on his canceling the two notes, and crediting this unique account, $5,000, making his total perquisite in the transaction $10,000. Whether this part of the contract was performed does not appear, but the holder of the notes claims that they were given for money loaned, and that the meaning of the contract was, that if the property was sold as stated, Mr. Burton would then be able to pay the notes immediately, which, no doubt, he would, and the only wonder is, that the executors should ever have placed any other construction on it. The jury decided, on the evidence, that the notes were given for money loaned, and, under instructions from the Court that the subsequent contract, although immoral and illegal, did not affect the right of recovering payment, they gave a verdict for the holder for $5,101.62.

Of the dead it is becoming to speak well, and in an age when compounding felonies is common, Mr. Burton may have thought that he was doing no immoral act in agreeing to pay the moderate commission of five per cent. for the lease or sale of his property; and it was only his misfortune if the receiver happened to be already an official of the Government, and was precluded by his oath of office from being also a real estate broker. Besides, the compensation was moderate—and we have already described modesty and moderation as characteristics of the ex-Marshal. But the claim that the notes, maturing some years after date (principal and interest curiously amounting to even sums), were given for money loaned, being supported by the verdict of the jury, it follows that the stipulations of the contract have not been fulfilled; and although the United States Government has leased the theatre building, the reward to the ex-Marshal, for exerting his influence to procure this has not been paid. Surely the laborer is worthy of his hire. Can it be that the innate modesty of Mr. Rynders, or some new-born sense of propriety, prevents his claiming it from the executors? We can easily understand why these gentlemen should refrain from tendering the amount of this claim on the estate to its deserving recipient; but why is it not as boldly demanded as it was deliberately concocted?

To "kill two birds with one stone" is commonly said to be a good shot, and by making his wife a present of these two notes—for it is in her name the suit is brought—Mr. Rynders displays at once the tenderness of his domestic affections and the incorruptibility of his public virtue. The world is called upon from time to time to admire the workings of conscience in cases of restitution to the public treasury of sums of money of which it had been defrauded; and if it were the misfortune of the position of an United States Marshal that the trickling of such streams of money toward his private treasury, though only the natural perquisites of his office, might excite a base suspicion of his integrity, he disarms such hostile criticism by passing them over to the partner of his domestic joys.

Mr. Rynders has, as we before stated, in his time rendered his employers some good service, and the crowning glory of his career ought to be in this public vindication of his honor and honesty; and if we congratulate him on his success, it is with the hope that this is not the last of his illustrations of Democratic administrations.

Mr. Gladstone, in his recent speech in the British Parliament, on the future of England and the United States, is reported to have said:

"There is another country not only as rich in mineral wealth as ourselves, but with a coal surface 37 times greater than the coal surface of this country. I allude to the United States of America, and though most of the coal there contains so large an amount of anthracite that it is not fit for steam or for smelting purposes, yet to domestic purposes it is capable of being adapted."

Mr. Gladstone clearly does not know that our navy uses anthracite coal, and that our steamers can make longer trips without coaling than those of England. Has he never heard that our steamers emit no smoke, because they burn anthracite coal, and, but for this, blockade-running would have been ten times more successful than it was during the war? Could England have furnished to the rebels anthracite coal to make steam for the steamers she built for them, the war would, perhaps, have been much prolonged. If Mr. Gladstone will visit New England, he will find that nearly every spindle of her factories is driven by steam generated by anthracite coal, and when he rides on railroads located within 200 or 300 miles of anthracite coal-fields, he will be drawn by a locomotive fed by anthracite coal. So much for "steam purposes." The same is substantially true as regards smelting. Anthracite is extensively used for this purpose, and produces a superior iron.

The following anecdote is told of Victor Hugo: An artist of Paris having lately finished an etching after Gericault's picture of the head of a *supplicié* (a legally murdered man), sent a proof with a request that he would give an appropriate line to be engraved beneath it. Hugo replied: "Since you ask a line from me, inscribe beneath your beautiful engraving these closing words of my '*Claude Gueux*,' 'This head of a man of the masses, enlighten it, educate it, moralize it—you will not need to cut it off.'"

There were 84 deaths by lightning in France in 1864, of which 64 were masculine victims, and only 26 of the better sex. Striking and curious. In 1863, the number was 103. The average yearly deaths for the last past 30 years have been 81. The number of persons more or less hurt by lightning-strokes is represented as four times greater than the killed. It appears that these numbers, both for killed and injured, is proportionally less for the whole population in France than in Sweden, Saxony and Prussia. The Prussian proportion is more than two-thirds greater than the French. What seems to make this fact the more remarkable is, that the French departmental statistics in the case show that the hilly and mountainous departments furnish the greatest number of victims.

A Mr. Curling, who has been for 17 years agent on the Devon estate in Ireland, makes the following statement *apropos* of the question, "Is animal food necessary?" He says: "There are 6,680 persons on the estate. They are energetic, moral and well-behaved. I do not remember a crime in 17 years, not even so much as stealing a chicken. They are a contented, grateful people—grateful even for fair play. Out of 600 farmers, deduct 50, and the rest do not see a wheaten loaf, or smell meat, except at Christmas and Easter. They have been brought up to this custom. One tenant on the Devon estate I have seen sit down to potatoes, buttermilk and Indian meal, who purchased at a recent sale £10,000 worth of property, and did not have to borrow a shilling to pay for it. I believe this to be the usual mode of living in Limerick."

Our Government, we are told, having received information that the French Government is not carrying out their agreement in regard to the withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico, but have dispatched additional troops since the Emperor's letter, giving his adhesion to their gradual withdrawal, has notified him that we expect a strict observance of said understanding, and that no more French troops must be dispatched to that country.

The whole number of persons pardoned by the President under the thirteenth exception of the amnesty proclamation, up to the 4th instant, was 7,172. The following official statements are taken from the documents submitted to Congress by the President. There were pardoned of "$20,000" men, in

Virginia	2,070
Georgia	1,228
North Carolina	482
Texas	269
Mississippi	765
Louisiana	142
Tennessee	93
Alabama	1,361
South Carolina	638
Arkansas	41
Missouri	10
Kentucky	11
Florida	23
West Virginia	39
New Mexico	1
Total	7,172

A correspondent of the daily *Times* writing from the City of Mexico, April 29, informs us that "It makes little difference on which side the correspondent in Mexico leans—whether he be eager to tell of imperial victories or republican successes—unless he willfully perverts the truth, he can but acknowledge that, as far as territory and order are concerned, the empire is steadily passing from a government of disfavor to an object of pity."

Some of the Italian journals state that after a ball lately given to the King of Italy by the city of Milan, he said to the members of the municipality: "Gentlemen, you have given me a ball at Milan; next year I will return the compliment by giving you a supper at Venice."

One of the organs of the Methodist Episcopal Church gives us the returns of the membership of that church for quadrennial periods, since 1784, as follows:

1784	18,000	1828	421,156
1792	65,980	1832	548,593
1796	56,664	1836	650,103
1800	64,894	1840	852,918
1804	113,134	1844	1,171,356
1808	151,995	1848	636,066
1812	195,357	1852	728,700
1816	214,235	1856	800,327
1820	256,881	1860	994,447
1824	328,523	1864	728,320

The great apparent falling off from 1844 to 1848 is accounted for by the division of the church North and South in that period.

Though the size of material particles cannot be presumed, it is easy enough to separate some substances to the last degree of fineness. A drop of water containing one-millionth of a grain of indigo turns a blue color; the bulk of this particle, even if it were all in one mass in the drop, which it is not, would be only one five-hundred billionth of a cubic inch. The separation of silver in sea-water is still more remarkable, for one hundred million parts of liquid contain only one part of the metal, and though this cannot be seen, its presence can be proved by chemical tests. And yet this is not the last degree of division, for the gold in gilt wire is so thin that a grain of the metal may be divided into ninety-five thousand million *visible* parts; that is to say visible under a microscope.

"Admiral" Semmes, as he is called in "Dixie," the notorious commander of the pirate ship Alabama, was unanimously elected Judge of Probate in Mobile, on the 7th of May. An order from the General commanding the department forbids him from entering on the duties of the office.

The whole number of snow-storms in Boston during the past 23 years is 667; depth of snow during the same period, 94 feet 10½ inches. The average number of snow-storms during the same period (23 years), 29; and the average depth of snow is a fraction over four feet and two inches.

The Memphis *Avalanche*, referring to the recent riot in that city and the general want of order, says:

"We have heard many ex-soldiers of the South declare that they would prefer a military administration of municipal authority to that which disgraces the City and State, and by its utter incapacity, gross mismanagement and the prejudices of its agents, has brought upon Memphis lasting evils. The true remedy for all misfortunes, now contemplated, consists in the reformation of the city charter."

According to Mr. Gladstone, Prussia owes $215,000,000; Holland, $425,000,000; Russia, $1,385,000,000; Austria, $1,580,000,000; France, $2,000,000,000; Italy, $760,000,000; Portugal, $165,000,000; Turkey, $255,000,000. From the latest census, Prussia has 18,500,000 people; Holland, 3,500,000; Russia, 59,250,000; Austria, 35,000,000; France, 37,333,000; Italy, 21,750,000; Portugal, 3,666,000; Turkey, 2,500,000. That is to say, the Prussians owe nearly $12 per head; the Hollanders, $121 per head; the Russians, over $23; the Austrians, over $45; the French, over $53; the Italians, about $34; the Portuguese, nearly $40; and the Turks, $115 per head of the entire population. The English owe $125 per head, and we owe about $100.

TOWN GOSSIP.

And so the Academy of Music is no more! St. Cecelia has been carried off, like a second Elijah, in a chariot of fire to the realms above. The dead echoes of Grisi, Mario, Gazzaniga, Brignoli, Bosio, and the seraphic hosts have passed through the purifying process of flame. "The Catacombs," of the facetious ogre of the *Herald*, the *fidus Achates* of the "good, gracious Max," after becoming as warm as purgatory, have ascended to the seventh heaven of Urania. As we illustrate this lamentable event on another page, we shall content ourself here by saying that we most sympathize with the musical critics. When oysters were cheap they were called the Bivalve Brigade, but since the invention of greenbacks, oysters have declined, and green seal and canvas-back duck, with green turtle, have ruled the gold pens of the musical and theatrical Solons. There is something very remarkable in this select band, which tells the ignorant public who are and who are not great actors, actresses, singers, pianists, etc., etc. They are composed of two classes—feeble and febrile dandies and the raw and gushing neophytes. They have a traditionary vocabulary of slang terms; we will, in humble imitation of the glossary of Mariner's "Tonga Islands," give a few of them: If a man performs the chief part in a play, they call it the "*title rôle.*" It is amusing to observe how one of these "inspired men" will splurge upon a newly-found term. Another favorite word is "*rendition.*" Then these semi-inspired demigods take a Havre steamer, and rush off to *la belle France.* If they like the manner in which the hero of the paint-pot has daubed his canvas, and made a pig look like an elephant, or six feet of green like a meadow, they call it "*mise en scene.*" We will not dilate upon their rhapsodies over the Irish Italian of vocal nomenclature, for since two out of three of these erudite critics confound the *mezzo-soprani* with *mezzotinto*, and *basso-profundo* with *basso-relievo*, we leave them to obfuscate an enlightened and gullable public, meekly contenting ourself by observing that, although the Academy of Music is burnt down, there is still the other and more congenial catacombs of Pfaff's left, where the more understandable condiments of Limberger kaese, Welsh-rarebit, lager and half-and-half supply the place of Donizetti, Mozart, Bellini, Verdi and Meyerbeer to these not frozen-out gardeners, but burnt-out critics.

We are glad to find that the new act for the prevention of cruelty to animals is producing the most beneficial results. A man now thinks twice before he beats his wife; and, wonder of wonders, there is a chance of even compelling those irresponsible monsters, the managers of the railroads from ill-using the cattle which draw the cars for the cattle which ride in their miserable vehicles. We have no wish to be alarmists, but we are convinced that if that terrible but well-invited and well-deserved scourge and guest, the Cholera, ever comes here, it will be in consequence of the joint importunities of the tenement-houses and those still more disgracefully over-crowded tenements, the railroad cars—which, as conducted now, are sarcasms upon the forbearance of that soulless epicene, the public of New York. Indeed, the meekness with which we put up with the grossest frauds is something wonderful, and makes us doubt whether we are not Chinese instead of Anglo-Norman Americans. The ferries of Hoboken and Williamsburg are really facetiously bad—more especially the former. There is more regard paid to the calves and pigs in London and Paris than there is to corresponding animals of the human species in Hoboken. There is a lively mixture of octogenarian imbecility and brutal indifference in its management, which is rapidly making a visit to one of the sweetest spots around New York akin to what running a muck was in the days of the Mohawks.

Belligerency has now reached the churches, and owing to the "evil doers," it is a moot question whether the congregation meet for fighting or prayers, and whether Bibles are as liberally thrown at one another's head as texts used to be in the days of Luther and Calvin. If, however, other congregations acted with the same spirit that was displayed lately in one of the churches, where the brawlers were driven out, an end would be put to the career of these ecclesiastical rowdies, who, if they cannot rule, wish to ruin.

The news from Europe is received with much more placidity than could have been expected; but the days are past when we were part of a circumference whose centre was London. The great rebellion has trained us; the growing youth has become the giant, both financially and politically. The gristle of 1860 has become the bone of 1866. We have just outgrown our provincialism, and now really are, what we have long been called, the New World. We have, in fact, thrown off *two* slaveries at once. Let us be thankful that 3,000 miles of ocean breezes separate us from the leprosy of European decrepitude. The commercial selfishness of England, for once, is likely to be beneficial to mankind. She now loves monopoly better than balance of power or divine right; but, for all that, her prudence is fatal to her prestige, and may inaugurate a saturnalia in which many of the thrones, principalities and powers will disappear.

The theatrical world deserves only a word, and a very short one at that. Niblo's, where the spectators are so

highly packed that they resemble more the teeth in a harmonium than those human beings conspicuously absent, and which seems to require a good deal to dislocate you from your position, or make you leave the inspiring music of the orchestra. The new piece has been devoted to Dulcie's [illegible] and is most admirable and graceful performance. The Misses Sisters have been equally successful at Wood's little theatre. While that dreary really, Sing-Sing drama, "Never Too Late to Mend," has drawn large audiences at Wallack's. The purely musical Monken has closed his peculiar equestrianism at the Broadway, much to the regret of Broadway and all silvery-headed men, who delight in symmetry. The great feature just now is Carlotta de Bay, the most wonderful leap through the drum we illustrate on another page. Said lively bantling, the De Bays, has gravely declare her to be half-sister to Queen Elizabeth, on the ground that Carlotta is a woman, and "good Queen Bess is a Tudor." Barnum's, as usual, is the favorite resort of all who love to combine instruction with amusement.

The leverets of sports, notwithstanding the destruction of the Academy, had a fine treat at the new French Theatre, which opened, on Monday night. The performers troupe, under the direction of Mr. Richfeey, rendered the comedy of "Doctor of Alcantara" in a most pleasing manner. Miss Richings, Miss Harris-son and Miss Bennett appearing in their various parts and sustaining themselves finely. Messrs. Castle, Campbell and Meeker received with decision at their first phase. Altogether the effort was a decided success, and we congratulate the lovers of classic music on the opportunity of rational enjoyment.

The lovers of letters have had their attention excited by an exceedingly interesting match for the championship between Mr. John Dewey, of Troy, and Joseph Dion, of Montreal. Dewy is well-known as a practical and easy writer, who, in several years past, has gained the reputation of an accomplished knight of the pen. He is more familiar to the public as the keenest great skill, which on this occasion made him the winner. Dion, on the contrary, is known to the public leaders by 134 points, though he made some larger scores than his conclusion.

BOOK NOTICES.

LOSSING'S CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA. G. W. Childs, Philadelphia, Publisher. The first volume of this work has just been issued, and embraces a period from the Union Convention to the end of the first Bull Run. In many respects this will form the most interesting and valuable history of the war. Mr. Lossing has brought all his well-known patient research, accurate observation, careful analysis and earnest spirit to bear in collecting and arranging the material for his work, while at the same time he is simple, graceful, manner, that coarse and enchants the reader. Mr. Lossing has brought to the many incidents and events connected with the rebellion and its progress that are not generally known, and that disclose many freely the malevolent spirit that inaugurated the contest, while there is nothing in any regard to partisan feeling to bring into proper prominence every person and event connected with it, thus rendering the work in time as a record and admirable as a history. The illustrations are numerous and well executed, and the photographical character of the book corresponds with its general excellence. It will be completed in four volumes, and as it is published by subscription, those who desire to possess it will do well to forward their orders at an early day.

PERUVIAN MAIZE.

Something for Farmers.

In the June number of the *American Agriculturalist* there is an article from Mr. E. G. Squier, the Peruvian traveller, on a very remarkable and valuable kind of maize, or Indian corn, which he found on the head-waters of the Amazon, in Peru, and which he has endeavored to introduce in this country, but which could not fail to be a real boon. We reproduce the article entire for the benefit of our agricultural readers:

I have made some effort, necessarily in a small way, to introduce into the United States some varieties of what I regard as the first in value of all the grains of the world, and which I found growing, in great luxuriance, in the valley of the Huallaga, or Huallaga River of Peru, about 16 miles to the westward of the city of Cuzco, the capital of the Inca Empire. This valley, Cumayo, which, lower down, takes the name of Urayal, is the true source of the Amazon, its valley is rich throughout, often no more than a mile cabin, but in others having by high and sometimes precipitous banks; there, there are sections where it wide-as out to the width of three or four miles, or a mile to a mile, affording room for cultivation, which is often much extended by an elaborate system of terracing up the hills and mountains to great heights. The particular intervale to which I refer is a comparatively level one for 15 miles, where they had a palace and extensive "hanging gardens," which are nearly as perfect to-day as when first built. The place then, as now, was called Tunay, and was celebrated in the *yaravies* or songs as the "Seat of Delights."

The mountains skirting in the charming vale of Tunay are of a shining, slaty limestone, and they are nearly destitute of soil, and irrigated through deepest, dating from the time of the Incas. The principal crop of maize in the valley is white, of which there are three varieties, white yellow and black, the latter being The white (Fig. 3) is the largest in grain and cost valued; the yellow (Fig. 2) is smallest, more compact and the baby hardier; while the black (Fig. 2) is sweetest, and most in demand for fermented drinks. Each of these give herewith accurate drawings of average kernels of three kinds.



Fig. 1.

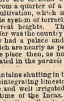


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

The maize blanco, or white variety, is that which most impressed me. The ear is rather short and thick, the cob small, and the stem and interstices with kernels leaves than our varieties of maize throw out, and the roots start out in rings, two inches or more apart, the height of from 12 to 20 inches from the top roll. It ripens, therefore, a deep soil, and is planted in deep mold. The native plant it in rows, in rather deep furrows, and plow between the rows twice in the season. The number and group of the roots give the stalk, as I have said, an appearance of vigor and strength which I have seen nowhere else. Each stalk sends out from six to eight, and often more ears. The kernels are large, prolific, and are excellently farinaceous, so sweet and pleasant to the taste as to be rather agreeable than not when eaten raw, and absolutely delicious when boiled or made into cakes. In the most of these it is as much delicate as that of wheat.

The weight of Mays is about 10,000 feet above the sea, and produces wheat and barley. The peach and apple grow in it, and the red and black cherry is indigenous. There is one small, in our sense of the word; but there is the tuny, cold season, which pretty much suppresses vegetation, and gives the fields the aspect of early December. Regarding these circumstances, I thought it not impossible that this maize, as well as the yellow and black, might be acclimated in some parts of our own country, and I accordingly brought home some ears, and last spring distributed them as seeds, in small quantities, widely. I have not heard the result in all cases. Some planted in light soil, rather late in the season for the ordinary way, in Schenectady county, in this State, grew to the height of 14 feet, matured, but only sent out rudimentary ears, and were much afflicted with the smut. Others sent out their root rings for a foot or more above the kernels. Some planted in Virginia, and in Westchester county, also rather late, have grown vigorously to the height of from 10 to 12 feet, developed a few ears, but these small, but few kernels, and was cut off by the frost. Altogether, the experiments have been unsatisfactory, but sufficient to leading to the conclusion that our season is not long enough to enable it to ripen. Dr. Seiss Rehlman, who planted a few grains, says: "It grew immense stalks, without ears. I suppose that it would not get out every year it would be very valuable here for fodder." A list of grains, from Peru, which I sent to Dr. Seiss Oelpihs, but would succeed in South Carolina. Some have also been planted in Florida and Texas, but the soil is in each with air roots three feet above the ground. The seeds sown in Washington, by Mr. Wilson, Mr. Bayard Taylor, on his farm, not far from Lancaster, Pa., "grew splendidly."

"My Dear Sir—These are the facts of my experiment with the Peruvian maize: The grain was sown in a small pole, about the middle of April, and set in a hotbed. There were fifteen plants. They were planted in four or five inches high, they were planted in the open ground. The growth of the plants was very rapid indeed, and they attained the height of 12 to 15 feet before there was any sign of tassel. They were then taken canes, two or three weeks more elapsed without the appearance of a single ear. I began to fear from this that eight or ten small ears made their appearance. About the middle of September, when the cool weather of fall of these are ripening sufficiently to furnish seed, I gathered them. There are not usually two or three scattered grains; the others were tolerably well set, the ears hanging down. I think, from present appearance, I could, we found their flavor far beyond that of any sweet corn we had ever tasted, extremely delicate and delicious.

"I was struck with the growth of circles of roots from each joint to the cane, to the height of 12 or 18 inches from the soil; and, as the plants were in the open, the period to make any change, that the plants should have been sent in thinner, and their roots encouraged with earth as far as they were thrown out.

"This is about all I have to communicate. I shall be very glad to try again, because my climate is a little more favorable. I think, that, if I had had the seed, I would have had a plentiful crop. The flavor of the cob is so delicious that I would like a pig if it were not somewhat how saturate it."

I think the introduction of this maize would be a real boon to the country, and I am sure it would prove good in the Southern States, and that the seed could be got four bushels of this maize over the Andes at this port. I proposed that the Government should send it to the editor of the paper for this purpose, so that the experiment might be extensively tried, but we tried on a adequate scale. I will undertake the correspondence and arrangements to get the seed here.

E. G. S.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The 350th anniversary of the settlement of the City of Saint Augustine, Florida, was celebrated at that place by the Historical Society, and a book by the Rev. Dr. Abbott, containing the papers available in the occasion were delivered in the First Presbyterian church, was published. The city is illuminated by a procession of fire and military companies paraded through the principal streets of the city.

The drouth in many portions of New-England is causing much anxiety and discouragement among the farmers. Vegetation has made but little progress for the last week, destroying much woodland and several fires. About 4,000 acres in Plymouth county, in the towns of Sandwich and Monument have been burned, including large stocks of valuable wood.

—Within the past few weeks seven men have been killed by wheels in the Pennsylvania coal region in Clair County, No. The men were robbers and horse thieves. The slightest effort to capture any one of the parties engaged in the lynching, but it is known that they were principally from the lower and middle districts of the State.

The Fenian emigration to the port, which was very heavy in 1864 (numbering 20,918 persons), and 1865 (numbering 16,349), has fallen off this year to still greater the year, if the arrivals up to the time in which we write may be taken as a fair indication of the year's movement. In four and a half months, from the 1st January, 1866, there have arrived 1,000 persons here. In the four months from January to April, inclusive, in 1865, the number was 5,000, while the corresponding period of 1864 the number was 41,950.

The commerce of Chicago is increasing. It employs 910 steamers, with a capacity of 373,154 tons, valued at $12,000,000, and 1,000 sailing vessels, with a capacity of 110,000 tons, valued at $8,800,000. The receipts of grain for the year 1865 were 29,000,000 bushels, and shipments 26 steamers and 31 tugs. Louisville, 66; Memphis, 60; Wheeling, 46; St. Paul, 30.

A new city ambulance has been erected at Bridgeport, near Chicago, intended for the entire transport of the sick and wounded. It is 20 feet long, 175 wide, and three stories high. It has a daily capacity for sending off 1,000 persons, and will be ready for service on May 30th.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* announces that "pure essence of coffee" is now made in that city out of the cheapest, dirtiest materials. The coffee is first burned, cooled, and when hard, is broken and pulverized. Then it is put into a large kettle, and water added to the mixture, labeled "Pure Essence of Coffee," is sold by the gallon.

The Richmond *Examiner*, accused at the remains of Senator Douglas, of Illinois, and those of Wade Hampton, which Rev. Dr. Johnson introduced in the Senate the other day, bids Mr. Andrew President Preston Brooks, and wearer of Southern vengeance.

—In August, 1864, George S. Peck, of Providence, obtained a bet of $1,000 on the Presidential election, and put the stakes in the hands of John N. Perkin. A few days before the election he reported a difficulty about paying the money to the winner. The money was paid, and Peck has just received a letter from Perkin, asking the stakeholder.

—A party of workmen are preparing a portion of the Seven Pines battle-field with a view of its conversion into a National Cemetery. Colonel Woodbury Federal Head who fell on the fields of Seven Pines, Savage Station, Fraser's Farm and Malvern Hill, in this Cemetery contains two or more acres. About 1,100 bodies have been disinterred, placed in coffins, and reinterred Christian burial.

—A Kentucky paper tells of May recently demolished the freedmen's village on Port Royal Island, S. C. Forty cabins were destroyed, and many others were more or less injured—two mortally. The damage on St. Helena Island was considerable. The Baptist church was nearly destroyed, with several lives lost and many injured.

—The hail-storm which occurred at Rochester and vicinity on Saturday, 26, proved very destructive to the young vegetation as well as to buildings, and it is said that several persons were killed. The storm also across the chapel in Mount Hope Cemetery, where a large congregation had assembled, but no one was seriously injured.

—Great distress is said to prevail in many parts of Louisiana overflowed by the recent floods. The Acadians in the noted Grand Coteau district, in St. Landry parish, lay upon the crops last year from the same cause. This year they were struggling hard to make up for the miscarriages of the previous season, but another flood has swept everything away.

—The Grant House, at Franklin, Penn., was destroyed by fire on the 19th of May. One of the waiters-girls, in her flight, leaped from the fourth story of the house, and was killed. Two or three others were badly injured, and it is feared have perished in the flames.

—The cottage at Newport, Rhode Island, which Fisher have rented to hold the annual fair at Brattleboro, Vt., on the 5th and 6th of June, in connection with the Vermont State Agricultural Society.

—Mrs. Susan King, wife of Thomas F. King, ex-member of the late New-Jersey State King, died in Charleston, Mass., on Saturday, May 19, at the age of 70. She was respected for her sterling character and her devotion to the duties of wife and mother.

—The Harvard College Base Ball Club will soon make a grand tour. They will play match games with the Atlantic Excelsior and Eureka Clubs, and on their return will play with the Unions of Oak on Hartford, June 21.

—Time Ball Tower experiments occasionally furnish items from as fanfare. Lately 87 cases of arms belonging to the Fenians were seized in Dublin. They were marked "Hardware and Agricultural Implements."

A cotton factory in Macon, Ga., is turning out 20,000 yards of cotton cloth per week. It is stated that two new cotton factories will be built at West Point, Ga., during the coming summer.

—An advertisement in Texas, named Ludlow, from Winchester, Ky., attempted to cross the Covington and Cincinnati Bridge on the 21st of May. When about half way across, he fell into the river.

—The Cincinnati *Commercial* notes the arrival in that city of Gen. C. C. Andrews, who, it says, is collecting statistics for the history of the campaign which ended in the capture of Mobile.

—The Newport (Ky.) *South-western* announces that a telegraph cable was recently successfully laid across the river at that point.

—Right Rev. Thomas Atkinson, Bishop of the Diocese of North Carolina, is about to leave for Europe for the benefit of his health.

—The Cold Harbour National Cemetery has been completed and dedicated. It contains upward of 7,000 dead, 800 of whom are known.

Foreign.—While the annual ratio of mortality for the whole of England is 22 per 1,000 of the population, it is, taking 10 years' average, 31, and in 1865 was 32·6. Death's dark shadow, in a second paper on Life Insurance, enters fully into the subject of the causes of death, and the effects of disease in that city. He divides the atmospheric impurities of towns into two classes, the solid matters which float in the air, which occupy the lower stratum, act as irritants to the lungs, and are the cause of bronchitis and consumption; from the medium, are direct exciters of many types of disease, and the second, the invisible enemy the epidemic, and resident in our sewer gas. "Of the solid impurities," says Mr. Hyde Clarke, "the most active is soot, which forms a continual dark and dense canopy over Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, and in the streets, from which they are never free."

The sewerage system in England has increased the making of steel pens. In 24 years 120 tons have been made. Of this quantity 100 tons were found to be unserviceable. Now there are a number of houses which make 100,000 pens a week, and 5,000,000 pens a year, at such cheap rates that a gross may be sold for four pence.

There is much talk at Rome of astounding cases of exorcism said to have occurred in the Papal States. Among the most famous, named Maciangoy, is every day exercised by monks, who say that she is possessed of seven devils. She has been a cottage near the monastery, and is taken to the church of the Gesu for the exorcism. On April 8 the Francisco Superior brother-hood delivered a sermon, in which he solemnly proclaimed the power of the devils who had that day been cast out of the woman. The Pope would not receive the Archbishop of Lamps, Faustino Declamator, etc. The Pope would not give religious credence to the absurdity of this superstition, for he has sent a physician to examine the ecclesiastic girl.

A London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes: "We have, as you know, been getting on rapidly of late in the matter of the Volunteers, but the present season has witnessed a further development of military enthusiasm. The Rifle Clubs' Gazette is the 'go' in the most fashionable circles. The young gentlemen have taken to it as a new toy, and at the breakfast, the 'frisky matrons' the reign supreme. Amongst the latest fashionable novelties are rifle jackets, rifle in the sleeves, at the bosom, and rifle caps. A fashionable tailor in Regent-street has a rifle range in the rear of his premises, and the other day one of the most fashionable—a gentleman and a lady—had the only fun obtained by those who are in high favor with presiding authorities, and the Queen herself, to the most eminent persons. The amusement consists at covering with a rifle a number of pictures of public men, especially with their cigarettes. To give some idea of the interest which this novel amusement has already given to promote, I may state that the 'Scuffers' are so called from the fact that the rifle balls and tubes are launched from the room, and the members sit or lounge on the floor to avoid the balls."

Soon after the death of the celebrated French actress Rachel (nee the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, her sister, Mme. Dicker, married a Jew, and converted herself to oyster-breeding, on the shores of Mount St. Michael's Bay, in Normandy. Her success for many years past she has successfully directed an extensive trade in oysters. It is said that the widow of Mme. Cascade distrust has been attacked has depopulated her bed, and that she is about to sell her property, and retire to obtain a livelihood, so she has obtained a license to sell oysters in the streets of Paris. It is said that the Emperor of Russia has given orders that the Russian ships propose to acclimatize the American oyster, a delicacy therefore unknown to European gourmands.

The Emperor of Russia has given 4,000 francs for the American freedmen.

—The Ionian Islands, which upheaved a new island in the Grecian Archipelago, also brought up a fully-rigged ship, with all her crew on board.

—At the World's Fair, in Paris, it appears that America is to be glorified by a plan of the city of New York, and a model of the Capitol at Washington in their real colors. The space set apart for this topographical display is 100 square feet. Of course, all New York house-owners are bound to visit Paris and see that their mansions are not shorn of any splendor.

SLAUGHTER-HOUSES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THE correspondent of one of the daily papers gives a detailed account of his visit to an immense slaughter-house, near the city of Montevideo, from which it will appear that New York cannot boast of any very extraordinary degree of cruelty in the mode of supplying animal food. In fact, the method of slaughtering here described is probably less revolting than that practiced among ourselves; while the removal of the cattle-pens and all their appurtenances to a distance from the town would be a more revolting spectacles and disgraceful nuisances that are so common in this city:

"The saladero is truly a feature of this country. Let me describe one which I visited in South America. It is that of Sellor Le Fonds, across the cove or inner harbor of Montevideo, and is a large, low, brick, tile, tallow-boilers and the bone-mine can be smelled while you are yet a mile distant. Before the establishment, at 11 o'clock the head of the cove, I saw an enclosure, about 200 yards square, with a low, broad, low, thick building of corrugated iron, in the centre, of which stood a tall brick chimney, from which rolled the only black smoke of the township.

"The cattle-pen covers a circular area of two or three acres, surrounded by a fence about nine feet high, very strongly built. From its gate, on the side next me, two broad passages, also fenced in, like the very jaws of death, as they are, the distance between these constantly narrowing as they approach the slaughter-house. Opposite this gate is another, which opens into a lane about 100 yards long, 10 feet wide, and 15 or 16 feet in head, and 80 at the foot. Into the cattle are driven lots of 80, more or less, at once. At the further end of this is the slaughter-house, a building several hundred feet in length and about 60 wide, sloped toward either side from a railway track in the centre, running its entire length. On either side, on the outer border of the slope, is a deep gutter for carrying off the blood. The floor of the lane slopes referred to be plank, and the ground has sufficient fall from the pen to the slaughter-house to carry off the blood of animals let to the floor at its lower end. Into this, and forming a part of it, a door opens from each of the passages from the cattle-pen, the door opening into the cross as may have been described, and fitting so closely as to prevent the escape of cattle. Each door is provided, and fitting against the fence, is a gate, which, when open, forms a wing to the passage, and when closed stands the middle with it. Each gate is provided with a bolt, which, when shot, fastens it to the fence. Again he sings out 'Este bois!' the barrier turn about, the gate is passed into the next wing, and the animal is dumped off. One matador was sitting, while I looked on, with his knife ready to hand, and as each animal was to the slaughter-house, while it, upon at the sides. I had no idea that it was so simple a matter to wield a butcher-knife. The bullock is caused with his head toward the matador, who, with a blow of his knife, on the forehead, has lost half his blood. One man alone takes his hide off, and he performs the task in a manner that I can vouch in 15 minutes—some even go in less minutes! Boys are employed to carry off the offal to the boiling spot. Another bullock drops down at the right, in place of the first, and the matador, without moving, cuts off one of his hide and disposes in like manner. She hide of each animal is then thrown into a pit, where, by a succession of shifts in three different vats, into a base liquor, it is cured in 20 days. The hide is then in a condition manufactured, and from which it rules out to get the best hides in the market, and smallest. The flesh, as it is cut, with thousands of others, it goes into the market for the use of the poor.

"Throughout the most of the butcher has quitted the scene in the rear of the cattle-pen, where the blood, the offal, the hide and sleeping in a mob bed, or a series of mob beds rolling in the sun. Here, in the shade, from 11 o'clock to 3, the men sleep, about 25 feet wide, 60 feet long, and 15 feet high. The floor of the slaughter-pile is of stone, and the whole is of the most dramatic press, by which the entire stock is pressed into bales of 300 lbs. each. Each bale is covered with a piece of hide. This is done on two rail fences, about seven feet high. The rails are made of the trunks of trees, and are round and smooth. The sides of trees are hung across these rails, closely together, and the meat is left to dry in the sun day in the fresh air and sunshine before being offered for sale. The bones are shipped to England and the Continent likewise. I saw many such stacks, and several acres of ground covered with the bones awaiting sale. The well-known jerked beef, and from this place and Buenos Ayres. The hoofs, horns and feathers are also shipped. Some of it is cast of with coarse and some fine wool. The latter is used for making the best quality beds, each depending upon the market for which it is being baled. The bales was being loaded on a steamer for shipment on a correspondingly large scale. About 1,000 cattle are killed here every morning."

LOVE, CARTERS, AND SAUSAGES.

ABOUT 100 years ago, a young lady of Amsterdam, named Wilhelmina Terschelling, was riding in a carriage with her father, when the horses of the horse-b came frightened, and ran away with her. The young man who accompanied her, and to whom she was introduced, offered to get out and stop the horses, but desire to say one that would stop the horses.

The young man, however playing ball upon the green near by, seeing a woman in danger, threw themselves before the runaway horses. One of them was thrown down and wounded; two others received contusions; the horse fell, and the beautiful Wilhelmina rolled in the dust. The young man who had so gallantly interposed threw his cloak over the lady before any one else had time to perceive it, and thereby secured her good name.

Mademoiselle Terschelling, on being carried home, had time to reflect; and the result of her reflections was that she resolved that she would be too much grateful to had seen her glorier. She sent for her betrothed, and said:

"Now tell me, that the man who threw his cloak over me?"

"Who! I? What an enormity!"

"I thought you would refuse. Then I shall marry him. When my life was in danger, you offered one thousand florins to any one who would save me. You are upon my hand. Here are twenty-five hundred. You have made a good bargain."

She sent for the stranger.

"Monsieur," she said, "I am rich and young. (She blushed prodigiously while adding one of those hypocritical observations which are the common sense of their beauty.) I am not considered repulsive. I wish to marry you. Here are twenty-five hundred florins that will be frank with you. I have a set to you because you have saved my life, and I am grateful for it in a legal service, moreover. Without you, all the young men of the Amsterdam would have run away. If, said, I could have married them all, I should have killed myself. But if you refuse my offer, I am not so happy to be grateful. I shall give my hand and fortune to a man who will kill me. Do you accept? Yes or no?"

"Yes, a thousand times yes."

The marriage took place, and was like all other marriages, probably; we have no particulars on the subject. The husband and Baroness were invited to the baptisms and subsequently toasted.

Their death, which took place in the course of time, the following ordinal was found in her will:

"My husband, Baron Carter, has been for me Moses, will remain for ever, whoever may be the proprietor of it, bears to this name and arms. I leave my property, under penalty of forfeiture, on the 15th day of May, ladies will of the Amsterdam Society of the Orphans Free Church Schools, to the sum of 25,000 florins. The young men who assemble on the 15th day of May did not fail to pay perfect the 15th day of May, 1866."

Until the present time—that is, during a hundred and one years—this bequest has been paid with punctuality executed. But the present heir, on the 15th of May, 1865, refused to pay the legacy. Hence the lawsuit of conforming to the declared system, he gave twenty-five florins to each of the heads of the school of the children of the youth of Zaandam.

The Court of Appeal confirmed the twenty orders refused protest," but this year they have brought a suit against the heir, and it is said the case be decided before the 15th day of May next.

MR. C. JEROME HOPKINS announces his First Springside Singing Festival, for Sunday Schools and Charity Children from the public institutions of this city, to take places Friday and Saturday at one o'clock p.m., at the Cooper Institute. Mr. Theodore Thomas, with his efficient orchestra, will assist on both occasions. The proceeds are to be divided between the Orphan Asylums and the Orphans Free Church Schools.

A WITHEMICAL mistake was made by a country schoolmaster, who was employed to pen a preliminary notice of the death of a pupil. The notice commences the at least six feet seven inches in the girth. The mistake was made by the school man addressed: "To the mare and bobby corpus."

MDLLE. CARLOTTA DE BERG,

The Celebrated Equestrienne.

THIS charming and wonderful *artiste*, whose performances are now delighting crowded and fashionable audiences at the New York Circus, was born some 22 years ago in the gay capital of France—Paris. So early did she develop her marvelous aptitude for horsemanship, that she made her first appearance at the Paris Circus when only four years old, and ever since she has been, as child, girl and woman, the bright particular equestrienne star of Paris. With the exception of the time taken up in her professional tours, she has been engaged since 1851 at the Cirque Imperial, and occasionally at the Cirque Napoleon. During the vacations in Paris, she has visited all the principal European capitals, where she was received with the greatest enthusiasm. She has also been introduced to most of the crowned heads of Europe, who testified their admiration of her admirable and dashing feats, so far superior to anything they had ever seen, by handsome compliments, and still more handsome gifts.

Having entered into an engagement with L. B. Lent, she arrived in New York a short time ago, and made her first appearance at the New York Circus, Fourteenth street, on the 23d of April, where she created a perfect *furor* of applause. Our engraving represents one of those daring and yet graceful feats, to which no description can do justice—they must be seen to be understood and appreciated.



MDLLE. CARLOTTA DE BERG, AT THE NEW YORK CIRCUS, FOURTEENTH STREET.

THE MODERN DIOGENES

Or, The Hermit in a Tub.

HUMANITY has many phases; some love elegance, and some are not less attached to dirt. A singular being has just been unearthed by the Sanitary Inspectors, who thus reports of a remarkable hermit squatter, whose hermitage is situated on three lots on the southerly side of 85th street, between 6th and 7th avenues. We give the Inspector's own words, simply omitting a few which describe culinary peculiarities, eminently Chinese, albeit super-eminently unsavory:

"The squatter's name is John Krauchi. His abode is a barrel, around which he spreads several filthy old carpets on the bare rock. On these he lies, and there he takes excitement weather he chooses the hard shoulders into the barrel. Adjacent to his abode is a pile of old bones, evidently elevated from the rock to allow his dogs to crawl underneath. He has no protection. All this is surrounded by baskets, barrels, pans and boxes, containing decomposing bones, lobster-shells, fish-heads and tails, dead cats, rotten grease, and every conceivable kitchen refuse, swill and garbage fished out of gutters and scrolled all over garbage boxes, all of which mixture, or part thereof, is stewed or cooked in a mixed state by said Krauchi, and fed upon any, amid a shanty population, and when stewed or cooked, is eaten by Krauchi and his numerous dogs. Evidence is not wanting to prove that he has eaten the dead rats and cats found on the public highways, and that he kills his own dogs for their meat as food when no other nourishment is at hand."



THE MODERN DIOGENES, JOHN KRANCHI, OF FIFTY-FIFTH STREET, BETWEEN SIXTH AND SEVENTH AVENUES, NEW YORK.

BOMBARDMENT OF CALLAO.

On the 2d of May the city of Callao, Peru, was bombarded by the Spanish fleet, but as the place was vigorously defended, it received but little damage. After the affair at Valparaiso, the fleet proceeded northward to Callao, arriving there on the 24th of April. On the 26th, Admiral Nuñez issued his notice that he had come to operate against the city and its fortifications, and gave foreigners and non-combatants four days' notice to remove from the scene of action. Immediately all was bustle and excitement, and in a short time the city gave every evidence of being deserted, except by those destined to take part in the affray. At 11 A. M., on the 2d of May, the signal was made from the flag-ship to get under weigh. Soon after the six frigates formed a line of battle in two columns.

At ten minutes past 12 the first shot was fired from battery No. 2, at the Numancia, and was replied to at once by that ship. Not more than five minutes elapsed before the action became general with both divisions of the fleet, that to the northward rising so as to be behind the western column. The firing from the ships was very rapid, too much so, indeed, for it was wild, and gave evident proof that the captains of the guns were not as deliberate in their aim as they might be. The fire from the batteries was at first slow and inaccurate, but they soon began to get the range, and their heavy shot was soon to tell on more than one ship. It was thus half an hour after the action commenced, the Villa de Madrid made a signal, evidently asking for assistance the little Vencedora went in and towed her out of the fire, and as she came in plain view, it was evident that her motive power had been damaged, for the steam was seen issuing in clouds from every part of the vessel.

The next ship to retire was the Berenguela. She moved out slowly, about 30 minutes after the Villa de Madrid. This ship had been receiving a heavy fire from Batteries 8, 9 and 10, and a cross fire from battery No. 5. As she passed the United States ships, it was noticed that she had received a heavy rifled shot on the portside, near the water line, which had passed completely through her, coming out at or under the water line on the starboard side, rendering it necessary to caream her to prevent sinking. As it was, she had taken in a vast quantity of water, so that when out of range and anchored, not only were the pumps necessary to keep her free, but the crew were employed in bailing with buckets. She did not go into action again.

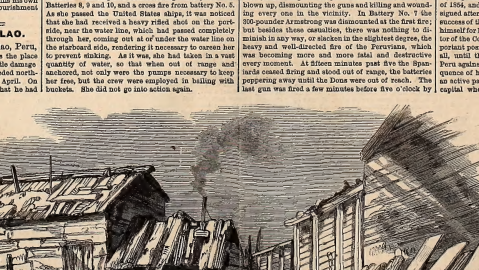
The action continued with great spirit by both the batteries and remaining ships. At half-past two the Blanca and Resolucion retired to repair some injuries, but soon returned to their positions, when all remained until the fight was over, except the two first-mentioned.

Soon after the commencement of the fight, Battery No. 3, containing two 300-pounder Armstrong rifles, was blown up, dismounting the guns and killing and wounding every one in the vicinity. In Battery No. 7 the 300-pounder Armstrong was dismounted at the first fire; but besides these casualties, there was nothing to diminish in any way, or slacken in the slightest degree, the heavy and well-directed fire of the Peruvians, which was becoming more and more fatal and destructive every moment. At fifteen minutes past five the Spaniards ceased firing and stood out of range, the batteries peppering away until the Dons were out of reach. The last gun was fired a few minutes before five o'clock by the monitor Victoria, thus ending [an action totalling a disgrace upon Spain greater, if possible, than her defeat at San Domingo.

Nothing reliable is known of the exact number of killed and wounded on either side. The Peruvian Secretary of War, Senor Galvez, was killed in Battery No. 3, when it was blown up. Admiral Nuñez is reported to have received no less than eight wounds and contusions; one in the head pronounced severe. By the shot that disabled the steam pipe of the Villa de Madrid, 18 men were killed, and 21 wounded; so, taking the disabled done by one projectile we may be safe in judging the Spanish loss as far in excess of that of the Peruvians.

THE INNER PORT OF CALLAO.

THE harbor of Callao is a broad sheet of water, crescent-shaped, and protected from the prevailing winds and currents, which here are from the south, by a tongue of land two miles in length, projecting at right angle from the shore, and by two island (the principal one called San Lorenzo) lying at a distance of four and a half miles. Notwithstanding these protections, the great Pacific swell is to heavily in the harbor, necessitating in construction of a sort of inner harbor or dock, within which passengers and freight may be readily embarked and disembarked. Our engraving repre sents this inner harbor, with the accumulations of merchandise awaiting movement, as also the station building of the Callao and Lima railway. The scene is a busy one. Most of the articles represented as accumulated on the wharves are bags of flour from Chile and jars or *amphoræ* of the Peruvian liquor called *Italia* or *Pisco*. As it never rains in Callao, the troubles and costs of storage are very much lightened. Articles of the most perishable character may be safely left in the open air, with no protection except against robbery. Callao, we need not say, is the port of Lima its—" down-town"—and is only 10 minutes distant by rail from the capital.



THE INNER PORT OF CALLAO.

SENOR DON JOSE CALVEZ,

Late Minister of War of Peru.

SENOR DON JOSE GALVEZ, late Minister of War of Peru, was killed by the accidental explosion of a shell during the late fight between the Spanish and Peruvian fleets, off the port of Callao, on the 2d of May, was born in the most important province of Peru. He was among the most ardent and advanced of the Liberals of his country, a thorough American, and at the time of his glorious death, but in the prime of age.

Educated to the profession of the law, he nevertheless took up arms against Gen. Echenique, in the revolution of 1854, and obtained the rank of colonel, which he resigned after the battle of La Palma, which secured the success of the revolution, and in which he distinguished himself for his bravery. He next held the position of Rector of the College of San Carlos, and afterward filled important positions under the Government, declined them all, until the unanimous revolution in favor of Prim against the administration of Gen. Pezet (in consequence of his concessions to Spain), in which he took an active part, and was one of the three who left the capital when that traitor absconded. He was named Minister of War, not alone on account of his military aptitudes, but mostly on account of his known integrity, and died in one of the very batteries which he had ordered erected, and where he was foremost in resisting the aggressions on his country. He died as all patriots might wish to die with the glory of victory lighting up the folds of his country's flag. We learn there is a movement on foot among the South American republicans in New York to raise a statue to this martyr to the grand doctrine of Monroe.

THE oldest republic in existence is that of San Marino, in Italy, between the Apennines, the Po and the Adriatic. The territory of this State is only 40 miles in circumference, and its population about 7,000. The republic was founded more than 1,40 years ago, on moral principles, industry and equity, and has preserved its liberty and indep-ndence amid all the wars and discords which have raged around it. Bonaparte respected it, and sent an embassy to express his sentiments of friendship and fraternity. His government has a captain-regent, chosen every six months by th. representatives of the people (the number), who are elected every six months by the people. The taxes are light, the farm-houses are neat, the fields well cultivated, and on all sides are seen comfort and plenty, the happy effect of morality, simplicity and frugality.



INNER PORT OR LANDING PLACE, CALLAO, PERU.—SEE PAGE 180.

BURNING OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, N. Y.

THE famous Opera House of the Empire City has not long survived its sister of the Chicago, for on Monday night, the 21st of May, between 11 and 12 o'clock, the two employés, whose duty it it was to see that all was safe before locking the doors for the night, discovered smoke forcing its way from beneath the stage. An alarm was immediately given, and although the fire companies were promptly on the spot, and everything done that human exertion could perform, the entire block on 14th street, of which the Academy formed part, was totally destroyed, leaving only blackened walls. In addition to the Opera House, the Medical College, a church, and several houses were involved in one common ruin. Not content with this devastation, the high wind then raging carried the flames across the Third Avenue, and destroyed Worcester's Pianoforte Factory, as well as a house adjoining it. The damage is estimated at about $1,000,000, but we regret to add that two gallant firemen lost their lives in the heroic discharge of their duty.

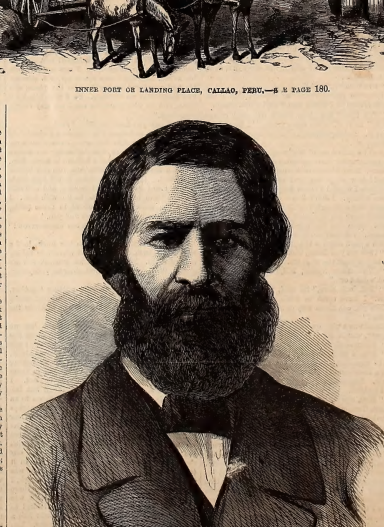
The Gran Troupe singers, as well as musicians, have lost all their wardrobes and instruments, and Max Maretzek is a loser to the extent of nearly $20,000. It is also a great detriment to the Buisley Troupe, who had engaged the Academy for their performances, commencing on the 11th of June. The prevalent belief is that it was the work of an incendiary, and Fire Marshal Baker is now busy in investigating the affair. It certainly seems strange that Barnum's, Butler's, and the Academy should all be consumed by fire in the course only a few months. The last fire will prove a very heavy blow to the Insurance Companies, already severely suffering from previous conflagrations.

It is appalling to contemplate the fearful loss of life that would have ensued had the fire broken out half an hour earlier, for the opera of "Le Juive," had only just been concluded, and Madame Garzanigo had not left the house five minutes, when the fire burst out. The janitor's family, which slept on the premises, had a very narrow escape of their lives, having gone to bed; but they were fortunately aroused, and were thus enabled to escape.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest".—Matt. xi. 28.

AFTER sentence of death had been passed on Charles, I. he had an affecting interview with his children. The Prince of Wales and James, Duke of York, were out of England at the time; Prince Henry, a child eight years old, and a daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, were all who could be presented to the condemned king. Charles was executed on the 30th of January, 1649, after which his daughter was removed to Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight. Charles himself had once escaped to this castle, and his daughter, being thoughtful beyond her years, often called to mind the misfortunes of her royal father. Henrietta Maria, the mother of Elizabeth, seemed to have forgotten both her husband and her children; the princes were scattered here and there; no friend or companion cheered the solitary hours of this interesting child. Deprived of earthly comforts, she took special delight in studying the word of God. Day by day she was found with the sacred volume open before her, and day by day attended on entering her room, found her dead, her head leaning on the Bible, which was open at the words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She was buried in Newport Church in the Isle of Wight. When Queen Victoria selected the Isle of Wight as a residence, she remembered the history of the little captive, and she had a marble monument erected to her memory. The monument consists of a female figure reclining her head on a marble book, with the text already quoted engraven on the book.



SENOR GALVEZ, LATE PERUVIAN SECRETARY OF WAR.—SEE PAGE 180.

THE POPULACE OF NAPLES.—Early day in the Bay of Naples! Have any of our readers seen it? Do they remember it? Can they forget it? Did the seeing of it seem to justify the boastful national saying, "See Naples and then die?" The brightness of land and water; the beauty of outline, and of the vegetation that fills up those outlines; the glitter of white, green, scarlet, purple, and blue; villas and palaces; gay vestments; snowy lateen sails, shooting like sudden smiles across the face of the sea; all the glory of nature that hides, as with a bright screen, dirt, ignorance, poverty, misgovernment, and whatever else is faulty or painful in the condition of that careless people, for whom brave hearts have struggled and suffered, and are yet struggling; but who, in their whole nature, resemble ill brought-up children more than any other peasantry on the face of the globe. Even in their bursts of daring effort to right themselves politically, this may be seen. Wat Tyler—the "Jack of the Coverse," as he is styled in old-fashioned accounts of that rebellion, and William Tell, the hero of Helvetian romance—rose, with men's hearts, to do men's work, with a steady purpose, and, as far as possible in ambitious human nature, with a certain abnegation of self in behalf of the general good. But Masaniello's revolt, laughable as is his story, was the burning-out of a school-boy sick of a tyrannical master; tyrannical in his turn, and rebelled against in his turn, by companions yet more reckless and short-sighted than himself. Even in their daily occupations—their slack, uncertain industry, easily interrupted for any show or procession; their coarse, destructive gabble; their vehement disputes about trifles, when they should be seriously talking of their business—we have a childishness unsurpassed. Life, with them, becomes a filling up of some irregular, ill-passed holiday—a holiday that has been too long even for their own comfort, as we often see with children. There is no evidence of reality in what they do. They seem playing at everything; playing at buying and selling; playing at mending nets; playing at cookery in one corner, and at building or carpenter's work in another. Even the women seem at playing at washing, as they chase each other laughingly, or come carelessly along, swinging a basket of wet linen between them, passing barefooted over the bright sands, whose moist gleaming surface on a sunny day often reflects, as in a mirror, the feet and limbs and colored raiment of the burden-carriers

IN THE COUNTRY.

BY WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

I.

The winds odorous
That wander o'er us;
The apple-blossoms
With scented bosoms:
(What perfume sweeter doth mortal ken?)
The soft caresses
Of air that blesses;
The warmth all balm
In the mid-day calm,
Tell how the May-time is come again,

II.

The corn-lands plowing;
The grass-lands sowing;
The time is nearing
The sheep for shearing;
The cattle feed in the pastures late;
The village rouses;
In all its houses
New life is springing;
The wife is singing;
The maiden bareheaded comes to the gate.

III.

By singing waters
The schoolboy loiters,
And loudly hollows.
The busy swallows
Squeak and chatter about the barn.
The bee is humming;
The partridge drumming;
The night is falling;
The cuckoo's calling;
The hylas sings by the sedgy tarn.

IV.

Lamps are alight
In the balmy night;
Twos lovingly
Come strolling by,
And sweet old tales are softly said.
No need to borrow
A care for the morrow;
It will be fair
The signs declare:
The winds from the north—the sun-set red.

Madman's Gully:

AN ADVENTURE IN AUSTRALIA.

When the Victoria gold fever was at its height the people were literally mad with excitement. Lord! lord! the queer sights I have seen, and the queer stories I could tell would fill a dozen books. I have worked with all sorts of mates, and lived all sorts of lives. The strangest mate I ever worked with was a man who went by the name of Cranky Bill. He was as thin as a lath and as tall as a May-pole, and he would talk—Lord! he would talk, I believe, for days and nights without stopping, if he could only get some one to listen to him. He had come out to the colony under a cloud. When I say under a cloud, I don't mean that he had done anything wrong; but he was obliged to run away from England for a reason I didn't know then, but which I learned afterward. He had brought his wife out with him, a poor, weak, delicate creature, who died soon after he landed, leaving behind her a little girl. This little girl Cranky Bill left with some people in Melbourne, and came to the diggings to try his luck. I was working in Dead Dog Gully, near Forest Creek, which was just discovered, and Cranky Bill and me had somehow or another come together as mates. A better one I never wish for. Barring his gift of the gab, which was an awful nuisance, to be sure, I never had anything to complain of. He never shirked his work; and once, when I was laid up with low fever, he nursed me like a woman, and worked the claim without a murmur. Soon after I got well our claim was worked out, and we had to look elsewhere for another, for every inch of the gully was taken up. I remember the night we parted. We were sitting in the tent, with the gold before us and our revolvers on the table—for we had to look out pretty sharp, those days, mates. Many's the man who has been robbed and murdered without any one being the wiser; strange things have been done at the diggings which man's tongue will never speak of. I've seen some sights which make me shiver when I think of them; just the same as Cranky Bill—but I mustn't spoil my story.

Well, we were sitting there, with the gold before us. Our claim had been a rich one, and we had over three hundred ounces to divide, after all our sprees.

"Tom," said Cranky Bill, as he sat looking at the gold, "if I had had my share of that gold at home, I should never have come out to the gold-fields, and my wife would not have died."

"How can you tell that, Bill?" I asked.

"Ah, but I know," he said. "You see, ours was a love match. We lived at Birkenhead. There was an old hunks of a money-lender wanted to marry my Lizzie; but although her father tried to force her to the match, she would not consent, and we were married one morning, quietly, and without their knowing. We were very happy—she was a good girl, was my Liz—and we could have got along very well if it had not been for that money-lending miser. To spite me for marrying the girl, he bought up all my debts—they were not much, about four hundred pounds—and almost worried me mad. And, do you know, one morning I caught the villain in the act of insulting my wife, and learned that this was not the first time he had done so, threatening that, if she mentioned it, he would sell me up and put me in prison. I didn't show him any mercy, you may be sure; I beat him till he was sore, and kicked him out of the house, and the next morning I had to fly, for his bailiffs were on the look-out to arrest me for debt. He sold me up, and turned my wife into the streets, and we came to Liverpool in a sad plight. However, I shipped before the mast, and a friend assisted me to pay for my wife's passage. It was not until we had been at sea a week that she told me the doctor had said if she left England she would not live a twelvemonth. She died within the year. So, you see, if I had had my share of that gold at home, I could have paid that old scoundrel's debt, and my wife would not have died. If I can ever get enough money to go home and ruin him, I shall die contented."

And he broke out into a storm of oaths and curses.

"I tell you what, Tom," he said, after a bit, "I shall go down to Melbourne, and see my little daughter, and then I'll go prospecting. I know that there are places where the gold can be got in lumps, and I mean to find them out. I dreamed the other night that I came upon it in the rock, and that I had to cut it out with a chisel."

I tried to persuade him from this, for I did not like the idea of losing my mate; but I might as well have talked to a mile-post. So we divided the gold, and that very night he started on the tramp to Melbourne.

I did not see or hear anything of Cranky Bill for some months after this; and somehow or other, luck was against me—every hole I bottomed turned out a duffer. I went to every little rush, had half-a-dozen different mates in as many months, and didn't earn tucker any week during that time. I wonder where all the names they give to the gullies come from? I've worked in Jackass Gully, Starvation Gully, Donkey-Woman's Gully, Peleg Gully, Chok'em Gully, Dead-Horse Gully, and lots of others; I've sunk holes in them all. But no place is so strong in my mind as Madman's Gully, and I shall never forget the way I came across it.

I had been at work for nearly three weeks on Murdering Flat—nice sociable names, ain't they?—and was pretty well down on my luck. I remember that I had made about seven pennyweights in those three weeks, and I also remember that I hadn't an ounce of gold left in my bag. I was working as a "hatter," and I had been particularly unlucky that day, having got about three grains, which I flung away in a rage. I was just thinking whether I might not as well go to the grog shanty for a nobbler or two—it was nine o'clock at night—when who should walk in but Cranky Bill. I did not know him at first, for he had let the hair grow all over his face, and he was covered with it up to his eyes and down to his breast; but I wasn't long in the dark, for I recognized his voice directly he spoke.

"All alone, Tom?" he asked.

I nodded; and without saying another word he went out, and brought in in his arms a beautiful little girl, asleep. She wasn't above six years old, but she was so pretty, and looked so like a little angel, that I fell in love with her at once. Of course I was a bit surprised when he brought her in, and he could see this as he laid her down upon my stretcher.

"This is my daughter, Tom," he said, answering my look; "if ever I go to heaven, I shall have her to thank for it. She is my good angel."

"Where are you come from, Bill?" I asked, after we had covered her up with the blankets.

He looked cautiously round, and then taking a seat close to me at the end of the stretcher, said, in a whisper:

"I've found it, Tom!"

His eyes glared round so awfully, that I felt quite scared as I asked him what he had found.

"I've found the place where the gold comes from," he said, in the same voice; "I know I am near it. I always thought I should find it at last. Look here!"

And he pulled out of his breast-pocket a nugget weighing nearly seventy ounces, and half-a-dozen others, from fifteen to twenty-five ounces each. Lord! how my heart beat as I looked at them, and how I wished I could drop across some of the same kidney. I don't know how it is with you, mates, but although I don't value the gold much when I have got it, I can't express the eager delight which fills me when I come across a rich pocket. I think the sight of bright shining gold down a dark claim is the prettiest in the world.

"How are you doing, Tom?" Cranky Bill asked, as he put back the nuggets.

"Can't make tucker, Bill," I answered; "my luck's dead out."

"Well, look here," he said, "you're all right, now. I have come to fetch you, to show you where you can make fifty ounces a day. Will you come?"

That was a nice question to put to a hard-up digger, wasn't it?

"When shall we start, old fellow?" I said.

"Stop a minute, Tom," he said, gravely. "I have something to say to you first. I want you for a mate again; but we've got to make a bargain. You see my little girl there?"

I nodded.

"Well, she is the blood of my heart. I am like a plant, Tom, which would wither, if deprived of God Almighty's blessed dew. She is my dew. And if anything was to happen to her, I should wither, and rot, and die. I want you for my mate, because I believe you to be honest and true. And I am going to show you a place which, of my own free will, I would not show to another man in the world. But do you know, Tom, that since I have had my little pet with me"—and he laid his hand, oh! so gently against her cheek—"all my recklessness and courage seem to have gone clean out of me. For, I think, What will become of her if I should die—if I should slip down a shaft, or the claim should tumble in upon me, or I should fall ill of a fever, or anything of that sort? These thoughts haunt me day and night, and I have a presentiment of something I cannot express. Now, Tom, listen to me. The place I am going to take you to will make you rich—if we can keep it to ourselves for two or three months (although there *is* another in the secret, but he won't peach for his own sake), we'll get five thousand ounces, and perhaps more. Now, lay your hand upon your heart, and swear that if anything happens to me, you will take care of my pet, and be a second father to her, when I am gone."

I rose and bent over the dear little one's face—I can feel her sweet breath again upon my cheek—and kissed her. Then I said:

"That kiss is a sacrament, Bill. By all that's holy, I will be a second father to your little girl. So help me God!"

He took my hand and the big tears rolled down his beard. We neither of us spoke for five minutes, and then he commenced again.

"Now, I will tell you all about it. You remember my leaving you to go to Melbourne, after we had worked out our claim in Dead Dog? Well, I went down and found that my little girl was not being well treated. The people she was living with had taken to drink, and had neglected her. And my heart so grew to her—her face is the picture of my Lizzie's—that I made up my mind never to leave her again. We've traveled together, since that time, I don't know how many hundreds of miles."

"How did you manage that?" I asked; the little thing could not walk.

"Sometimes I carried her," he answered; "and I got her odd lifts, now and then, upon the drays and wagons. There was never a drayman or a wagoner who refused to give my little girl a ride, if he was going our way. Why, do you know," he said, laughing, "once she saved me from the bushrangers. They were upon me in the Black Forest, before I knew where I was, and called out to me to stand. We had just been having tea, and I was stooping over the log fire to get a light for my pipe. I jumped up, and saw them before me. There were three of them. They were splendidly mounted, and were dressed in red serge shirts and silk sashes. Well, my girl runs up to my side, and stands looking at the three men. They were dumfoundered. 'Is that yours, mate? they asked. 'Yes,' I answered; and then one of them got off his horse, and asked my little girl to give him a kiss, which she did; and he knelt down before her, and put her two hands on his eyes, and kissed them over again. 'If every man had a little angel like that by his side,' he said, 'it would be the better for him.' And then, taking off his silk sash, he put it round my girl's waist; and they all wished me good-night, and rode off. That was a lucky escape, was it not? However, while on the road, I could not get along as quickly as I wanted to, so I bought a wheelbarrow."

"A wheelbarrow!" I exclaimed, surprised.

"Yes, a wheelbarrow," he said, with a comical look; "and I put my little girl in it, and wheel her wherever I want to go. Well, to get along with my story, I came upon the gully where I am working now. Directly I saw it, I knew that it was right for gold. I went to a station, about twelve miles off, and laid up a stock of provisions. Then I set to work. Oh, Tom! it *is* a gully; and rising up steeply on one side of it is a rocky range, with great masses of quartz sticking out. I've broken up a lot of it, and have got plenty of little nuggets out of the stone; and I know that if we could get a shaft down, we should find the gold in lumps. I worked by myself in this gully for two months, and got over four hundred ounces; but one day, when I was cradling, I saw a man looking at me. My mind was made up in a minute. He had wandered by accident to the place, and had discovered me working. So I took him for a mate, and we were together until the day before yesterday."

"And now you have parted," I said.

"Yes. My pet don't like him, and I absolutely think he doesn't like my pet. Then there's my dog Whisky snarls at him whenever he comes within chain-length; and I believe in dogs, Tom. I had a stand-up fight with him the day before yesterday. He said something to Liz that made her cry; so I gave him a thrashing, and told him I would have nothing more to do with him. I knew you were knocking about in these parts, and I determined to come and find you."

"Did you bring the child in the wheelbarrow?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "it is in the bush, half a mile away, with my swag, and Whisky is taking care of them. No one must know where you are going. What do you say to packing up your swag, and starting right off?"

My swag did not take long putting together, and Bill, taking the little girl, who was half asleep and half awake, in his arms, led the way into the bush.

We traveled the whole of that night, lest we should be tracked, taking it in turns to wheel the little girl, who slept soundly all the time. It was a beautiful starlight night, and as we went along, Cranky Bill pointed out lots of likely-looking places, that had never had a pick put in them to prove if there was gold there or not. I wanted to stop and try some of them, but Bill kept urging me on, and would not listen to an hour's delay. We lay quiet, and slept by snatches during the next day, and at night we pursued our journey. Well, about midnight, we came to the gully. We had been traveling for two or three hours over a heavy rocky range, and what with the steepness of the hill, and the weight of our swags, and the wheelbarrow with little Liz in it (although she often got out and walked, or was carried in our arms a bit), it was awful work, I can tell you. At last we got to the top, and there beneath us, some five hundred yards down, was the gully. It was scarcely a gully: it looked to me, when I first saw it, for all the world like a large basin, shut in by the steep ranges. You would have thought there was no outlet from it, unless you climbed over the hills; but when you got down, you discovered two or three artful little turns, which took you to other gullies and basins, almost as queer-looking as this. As we walked down, Bill showed me his tent, and said that he should not wonder if his mate was sleeping in it. Sure enough, as we came near out he rushed with a revolver in his hand, and he let one barrel fly at Whisky, who had sprung at him the moment he made his appearance.

"Lie down, Whisky," said Cranky Bill, seizing the dog by the collar: "and you, Ted, put down that revolver, or I'll wring your neck for you."

And, almost on the words, Bill let go the dog, and jumped on the fellow, wrested the revolver from his hands, and sent him spinning a dozen yards away. It was not too soon done, for I believe he would have shot us in another minute. He was a desperate-looking fellow, was Teddy the Tyler. I heard some queer stories about him afterward.

"You murdering villain, you," said Bill, as Teddy the Tyler rose from the ground, with an evil look, and shook himself; "what do you mean by pointing your pistol at me like that? Do you know you might have shot my little girl?"

She was standing at his side, and clinging to him, trembling with fear.

"A good job if I had," muttered Teddy the Tyler, vindictively.

Cranky Bill strode quickly up, and seizing him by the shirt-collar, forced him to the ground by dint of sheer muscular strength.

"Now, just you listen to me," he said, as Teddy lay helpless at his feet. "If ever you raise your hand against me, or my little girl, or my mate, or my dog, or anything that belongs to me, I'll break your infernal back for you; I will, by the Lord!"

"What do you bring loafers into the gully for?" growled Teddy.

"That's my business," answered Bill; "this is my mate now, and if you call him a loafer again, I'll knock your ugly teeth down your throat. But I'm not going to have anything more to do with you. I make you a present of the gully; I know a better one—ah! you may stare, but you'll not put your foot into it, my lad. To-morrow morning I shall take my tent away, and you can work here by yourself till you rot, if you like. I don't think you are fool enough to get the place rushed, for that would put an end to your little game. Pick up that revolver, Tom, and stick it in your belt. Throw out of the tent everything that belongs to the thief."

I carried his blankets and some clothes out to him, and threw them down, while he stood scowling.

"There's another thing in there," he said; "there's my neckerchief."

And I flung him a bright-colored handkerchief which he wore round his neck. As he slung it carelessly over his shoulders the light of the moon caught it, and I noticed particularly the combination of bright colors in which it was woven.

"Ain't you going to give me my revolver?" he asked, sulkily.

"Not likely, my lad," replied Cranky Bill; "you might find too much use for it."

"All right," he said. "But just you look out, Bill; I'll make this the worst night's work for you that you have ever done. If I don't make you smart for this, may I be——"

We did not take any more notice of him, but, putting the chain on Whisky, we went into the tent, and lay down till morning.

We were up with the lark, and out. As we passed along the gully, I noticed that Teddy the Tyler had put up a sort of mimi, and was asleep under it.

"Now, then, Tom," said my mate, "I'll show you a place that will open your eyes. That fool there doesn't know anything about it. You remember the old school-boy maxim, that 'cheating never thrives.' Upon my word, I believe it to be true; for if I had not found out that he was a cheat and a thief, I would have shown him a better gully than this one."

Coming to the end of a gully, we walked over a little bit of a rise, Bill leading the way, through a heavy clump of timber on the other side. We might have gone half a mile, when Bill clapped his hands before my eyes, and told me not to look. We might have walked a hundred yards further, when he took his hand away, and told me to open my eyes. It was a strange-looking spot, to be sure. It was a steep gully, that seemed to have been scooped out of the range, and it was just the shape of a saddle.

"Look here, Tom," said Cranky Bill, stooping down before the stump of what had been a large tree, and scraping up the earth from the roots; "here's a couple of pennyweights," and he held up a little nugget he found in the dirt. "We shall get some heavy nuggets in the saddle."

Well, to cut a long story short, we removed the tent here, and commenced sinking. Talk of jewelers' shops! One of our claims took the shine out of all of them. And as day after day went, and our bags got heavier and heavier, I began to talk to Bill about going home, and buying a farm, and settling down. It was all settled. We were to live together, and the girl was to grow up into a beautiful young woman, and get married, and then we were to take care of the children—and she used to listen to us, and laugh, and clap her little hands—lord! when I think of those five weeks we worked together, I can scarcely believe that what took place afterward was real. How I loved that dear little angel! She called me Father Tom; and every night, as she knelt by the crib we had made for her, she used to wind up her prayers with "God bless dear papa and Father Tom, and make me a good child!" Then, on Sundays, we would take a walk and gather wild flowers; and Bill, in the evening, would read a chapter out of the Bible. Do you know, mates, that I don't think Sunday on the diggings is at all properly spent. I know lots of diggers who make a practice of spending it in sly grog-shanties and nobblerizing. I don't know where the fault lies; but it's true enough there's something wrong. Those Sundays with Bill and his little girl are never out of my thoughts. I wish I could spend my Sundays now as I did then.

During this time we had only seen Teddy the

Tyler once. About a fortnight after we started working, he came strolling upon us in the after part of the day. A tin dish, with nearly a pound of gold in it, was lying by the claim, and as he came up, he threw a woefully covetous look at it. I should tell you that the little girl was asleep in the tent.

"What do you want here?" asked my mate. We were both at the top of the claim.

"Nothing particular," he said. "I came to see how you're getting on."

He had his pick and shovel hanging over his shoulder, and, walking past the claim we were working, he stuck his pick in the ground, and began tucking up his shirt-sleeves.

Cranky Bill went up to him, and, taking the pick and shovel, pitched them a dozen yards off.

"Do you remember me telling you that you shouldn't come into this gully?" he asked.

"You might say what you pleased," said Teddy the Tyler. "It is as much mine as your's. I mean to fight for it, mate, at all events."

"That's fair," said Cranky Bill. "If you lick me, we'll give you our claim, and get another. Tom, come and see fair play."

And to it they went. But Teddy the Tyler might as well have stood up against a rock as against my mate. Bill was the strongest man I ever saw, and he gave Teddy such an awful thrashing that he threw up his arms in less than a quarter of an hour.

"Had enough, mate?" asked Bill, coolly.

Teddy did not reply, but shouldering his pick and shovel, he walked away without a word, throwing a devil's look behind him, though, as he went.

"He'd murder us, if he could," I said.

"I dare say," said Bill; "but we won't give him the chance."

You would hardly believe, would you, that in five weeks we got eleven hundred ounces of gold? We did, though; and then something happened that makes my blood shiver to think of. I had started the night before to get some provisions; we used to start off in the night, so that we should not be discovered, and when we went to the station early in the morning for meat and flour, the people did not suspect we had been walking all the previous night. I was the whole day getting back, for I took my time, and kept my eyes well about me, to see that I was not followed. I was within half a mile of our gully, when who should I meet but Cranky Bill, looking like a madman. Running up to me, he said, wildly:

"Tom, for God's sake, answer me quickly; have you seen Lizzie?"

"No," I said, while an uncomfortable feeling rose at my throat.

"She's lost! She's lost!" he screamed. "Oh, my pet, my darling! if I don't find you, may the world be burned, and all that's in it!"

I really thought he was going mad. I had a deal to do to keep myself cool, for I was full of fears, and you know I loved the little thing as if she were my own daughter. When I got him a bit calm, I said, as quietly as I could:

"Let us be cool, Bill, and we shall have a chance of finding her. If we don't keep our wits together, we might be her death."

"I know! I know!" he said, repressing his agitation. "What are we to do?"

"First, when did you miss her?"

"This morning," he replied. "I got up at daylight, and left her sleeping in her crib. I kissed her before I went out. I shall never kiss her again! I shall never kiss her again!" And he broke out into a passionate fit of sobbing.

I waited quietly until this was over, and then I told him to go on.

"I came back to breakfast, and she was gone; and the dog had been taken off his chain, and was gone, too. I've been looking for her all day, and I shall never see her any more!"

"I am glad the dog was with her," I said. "How long is it since you were at the tent?"

"I was there an hour ago; but all this talking will not bring her back. Let's search for her. Perhaps she has climbed over the range, and is lost in the bush."

"She could never do it—she hasn't strength enough, the dear little thing, to get to the top. Now, Bill, listen to me. I am cooler than you are, and I intend to keep cool; although I'd give my legs and arms rather than any hurt should come to her, I am not going to let my feelings run away with me. If I am to assist you, I must know everything. Let us go back at once to the tent, and start from there. Here's my hand, Bill, and I'll search till I drop before I give her up."

He took my hand, and we went back to the tent. The first thing I did was to look at the dog's chain. It had been unlocked in the usual manner, and the key was lying on the table.

"That's plain proof," I said, "that Lizzy herself let him loose, and took him out with her. Had she all her things on?"

Yes, her hat and mantle were gone, and also a little basket which she used to take with her sometimes, and fill with wild flowers.

"You see," I said, "she went out flower-gathering. Now, which way did she go?"

I was puzzled for a few moments, and then I thought she would probably take the road she knew best; and that was the one that led to the gully, Cranky Bill had first worked. There was a creek on the road, pretty deep in some parts, and I jumped at the idea at once that she might have fallen in. All this time Bill was behaving in a most dreadful manner. He took up the little things that belonged to her, and kissed them over and over again. He called her by name, as if she could hear him; spoke of his dead wife, as if she were standing before him; and, altogether, he was about as useless as a man well could be. Then, taking a match-box, half filled with gold, he threw it on the ground, shouting—

"To the devil with all the gold! Devil gold! Devil gold! Why did I come here and lose my pet for you? Oh, Lord! take all the gold, and give me back my daughter."

"Come along, Bill," I said, without appearing to pay any heed to his ravings, for I knew that was best; "I am going to the creek to look for her."

"She hasn't fallen in!" he cried. "How do you know she has fallen in? It's not true! My little pet is not drowned! No! No!"

"I don't say she is drowned," said I. "God forbid that she is! Behave like a man, Bill, and keep your senses about you, or we may as well give her up altogether."

You see, I could not help speaking so to him, and after a time I got him to be a little more reasonable. Then we started to walk to the creek. I searched carefully all the way, but could see nothing that would give me the slightest clue. When we got to the creek, Bill absolutely shook with fear. We tracked it up and down for a long way without any success, and then we sat on the bank, looking at each other.

"Don't be cast down, Bill," I said, after a little consideration; "she can't be drowned."

"How do you know that?" he asked, moodily.

"Why, the dog can swim," I answered, "and if he could not have saved her, he would be somewhere about." And then, as a sudden thought came into my mind, I said, "Bill, have you been to Teddy the Tyler?"

He gave a sudden jump, and turning quite white, he whispered:

"Why, do you think—"

"I don't think anything," I interrupted, decidedly. "Let us go and see him."

So we walked in silence to Teddy the Tyler's tent. It was late in the evening now, and Teddy was sitting by a log fire, smoking his pipe. He barely looked up as we approached, but I noticed that he drew near to him with his foot an ax that was lying on the ground.

"Good evening, mate," I said, by way of commencement, although I felt more inclined to throttle him than be civil to him. As for Bill, he was trembling with excitement. There was a gleam in his eyes I did not like, and I knew that I must keep myself cool for his sake.

Teddy did not reply to my good evening, but still sat smoking. He had one eye on the ax, though; I didn't miss that.

"Are you deaf?" I asked.

"No," he snapped. "Are you?"

"Look here, mate," I said—

"And look you here, mate," he interrupted, "I don't want any of your good evenings, or any of your company. What are you loafing about my gully for? I'll split your skull open if you stop here much longer."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, mate," said I. "We've come here especially to see you, and I am going to ask you a question or two. You will have to answer them, my lad, or you will never answer another."

"You can ask a thousand questions, if you like," said Teddy; "you won't get me to answer one."

"We shall see," I replied. "We are in search of little Lizzie. She has not been home all day. Have you seen her?"

Cranky Bill had been quiet all this time, but had never moved his eyes off Teddy. He did not seem to like this, didn't Teddy, and he shifted his position more than once. When I put the question to him, he gave us both a sharp, quick look, but made no answer.

"Have you seen Lizzie?" I repeated. "Has she been here to-day?"

Still no answer.

Suddenly, Bill made a spring at him, but Teddy was on his legs in an instant, brandishing the ax over his head. Bill avoided the blow, catching the handle on his arm, and, closing with Teddy, had him on the ground in no time, with his knee on his chest, and his hand at his throat.

"Hold off, Bill!" Teddy choked out. "Take the madman off, or he'll throttle me!"

"Answer that question," shouted Bill, loosing his grasp a little; "if you don't, I'll kill you!"

"She hasn't been here to-day," the fellow gasped.

"Have you seen her anywhere, you devil?" said Bill.

"No," was the sullen reply.

"You may get up," said Bill, rising; "I believe you are lying, you thieving knave. If I find that you are, I'll tear your heart out. Mark me, Teddy the Tyler, if I discover that you have seen my girl to-day, and have been telling us lies, you shall cry blood. Come away, Tom—the sight of him turns me sick."

We had a weary night of it. We searched in every likely place: we lighted fires on every little rise, so that they might catch the child's eye if she was anywhere near; but when the morning came, we were as far off finding her as ever. What puzzled me most, was the absence of the dog. We could find no trace of him. If anything had happened to the child, I thought, his instinct would surely have led him back to the tent. We came home tired and disheartened. We had not eaten a morsel the whole night. Bill, I don't believe, had tasted food since he first missed her. He had not even smoked a pipe. I was thinking to myself what we should do next, when my mate, who had thrown himself upon the ground, said in a low voice, as if he was frightened that any one should hear him, "Tom, we have not looked down the claims."

The idea that our little girl might be lying at the bottom of one of the holes, dying, turned me quite faint.

I jumped up without a word, and we recommenced our search. Bill was terribly shaky, every fresh hole we came to. I went down myself, so as to save him the shock; and I cannot tell you the relief I felt when I came up from the last hole, without finding her.

"Let's go to the old gully, and look there," said Bill.

And we went in silence. The sun was just rising over the hills, and the laughing cockatoo was waking everything up with its gurgling laughter. Teddy the Tyler was not out of bed, so I first went down the claim he was then working. I suppose the noise disturbed him, for he came presently, half undressed, and looked over the claim. Bill was standing at the top, and Teddy had just come as I climbed out of the hole. He began cursing, and asked what we wanted now.

"It's only fair to tell him," said Bill. "We're looking for my Liz. She might have tumbled down one of the claims, you know."

I noticed Teddy's lips turn white. But he commenced again grumbling and swearing, and we left him. We searched every hole in the gully, but found nothing; and then we went away. I noticed that Teddy was watching us all the time.

And now, mates, something happened that I have thought of a hundred times since with wonder. I was a better man then than I am now, for you see I had the impression of those Sundays, with the chapters out of the Bible, and the quiet walks with little Lizzie full upon me. And I thought at that time that God Almighty had assisted us to the end of our search. We had got out of Teddy the Tyler's gully, and were passing a gum-tree, upon which half a dozen laughing cockatoos were perched. As we passed, they all set up a laugh, which, somehow or other, so grated upon me, that I threw my stick at them and sent them flying away. I went to pick up my stick, which had fallen to the ground a good distance off, when I noticed an abrupt turn in the range, leading to a gully. Knowing we had not searched there, I called out to Bill, and we walked down the declivity.

"Look, Bill," I said, "some one has been prospecting. Here's a six-foot hole."

And I put my feet at the side to go down. Before I reached the bottom, I saw that our search was over. There lay our little girl, with her face turned upward, as if she were asleep. I could not distinguish the expression of her features, and, indeed, I did not stop time enough, for directly I saw what was below, I came out of the hole again.

"Well, Tom?" said Bill; and then seeing something in my face, for I was awfully white and fear-struck, he added, "for God's sake, speak, Tom, is she there?"

"She is, Bill," I said, as quietly as I could, "but be steady, lad, be steady; let us get her up first. Don't give way, Bill, as you love your dear little one; don't give way yet a while."

And all the time I was speaking, I was getting the rope ready to raise her. Bill was shaking and quivering all over, but he stopped himself and gave me what assistance he could, and in a very short time she was lying at the top of the claim. As she lay with her eyes turned blindly to the sun, I could scarcely believe she was dead. In her innocent young face the roses were still blooming, and my eyes brimmed over as I saw grasped in her pretty little hands the remains of a few wild flowers she had been gathering. I stooped and kissed her pure fresh lips. Then I turned away, for my emotion was overcoming me.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" I heard Bill say. "You are not dead. Look at me—speak to me, my pet. Throw your arms round my neck!" and he pressed her to his breast, with a fierce eagerness, and kissed her a thousand times. "She can't be dead, Tom. Feel her heart—is it not beating? Feel, feel, I say!"

I placed my hand upon her heart to please him, but its pulse was stilled for ever.

"Bill," I said, solemnly, for it was an awful thing, was the sight of that dear angel, lying dead upon the grass, "she's dead. She has gone to a better world than this."

"Dead!" he cried, springing to his feet, and throwing his arms wildly about him. "Then strike me dead, too!"

And he looked up, as if expecting a thunderbolt to fall upon him.

"Hush, Bill," I said; "do not blaspheme at such a time as this. It is God's will, and she has gone to Him."

He threw himself upon her body again. He clasped her in his arms—he nursed and rocked her, as if she were asleep—he called her by every endearing name; and then, as if awaking to the fact that she was dead, he sprang up and screamed wildly:

"How did she die, Tom? Who killed her? Do you hear me? Who killed her?"

I was hurrying away, when he seized my arm.

"Where is the dog, Tom?" he cried. "Where is the dog?"

And he tore about like a madman in search of the dog. I looked for it, too, for the absence of that dog was a thing I could not understand. I heard Bill's voice, calling out that he had got it from a clump of bush hard by; and presently he came up to me, and laid poor Whisky dead at my feet. The dog had been shot through the heart.

"Who shot him?" he asked, a little more quietly. "You see he's been shot. Who did it? Whoever killed the dog, killed my child!"

I knelt down and examined the dog's body. It was quite stiff, and had something in its mouth. Forcing the jaws apart, I took it out, and recognized it immediately. It was a piece of the colored silk handkerchief I had thrown out of the tent to Teddy the Tyler, the first night we came to the gully. The dog had evidently torn it away savagely, for shreds of it were sticking in its teeth.

"There has been foul play here, Bill," I said.

"I know, I know!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "Whose handkerchief is that off, Tom? I want to hear you say the name. Out with it, man!"

"That is a piece of Teddy the Tyler's handkerchief," I said.

But I could say no more, for Crankey Bill had dashed off like a madman in the direction of Teddy's tent. Although I followed him at once, I could not keep pace with him, and when I got to the gully, I saw Teddy flying up the range, with Cranky Bill tearing after him. Teddy, who had a revolver in his hand, turned round twice and fired at Bill. The last time he did so Bill staggered, but recovered himself in an instant. The range, as I told you, was very steep, and as they scrambled up, Bill gained ground rapidly. Just before they got to the top, my mate seized Teddy and grappled with him. Then commenced such a struggle as I never wish to see again; and, presently, down they dashed, one over another, locked in each other's arms. I ran up to the spot where I knew they must fall; and although they came down with a crash, they were not separated. They were both dead. Bill had been mortally wounded by the pistol-shot, but he had such a grasp on Teddy's neck that I could not loosen his fingers. And that was the end of Cranky Bill and poor little Lizzie. I did not stop any longer by myself in the place, you may be sure; but I went and told the story, and in twenty-four hours five hundred men were working in what was called—how it got the name or who bestowed it, I can't tell—Madman's Gully from that time.

I buried little Lizzie and Cranky Bill in one grave, and the miners helped me to put a fence round it; and that is the end of my story.

SOME SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

On the 4th of January Dr. L. Tietjen, of the Observatory of Berlin, whilst observing the 85th small ultra-zodiacal planet, which was discovered in September last by Mr. Dolman, made the discovery of another, the 86th, belonging to this remarkable series of planets, which have been found during the present century between Mars and Jupiter.

A crystalized mass of gold, weighing 201 ounces, has recently engaged the attention of mineralogists in this city, to which it was sent from El Dorado county, California. The crystals, mostly imperfect, are strangely grouped, and have some peculiarities which are worth studying. The value is $4,000.

Students interested in the geology of California will be glad to learn that a thick octavo volume has been published by authority of the Californian Legislature, containing a report of progress and synopsis of field work in the Geological Survey of the State, from 1860 to 1864. It purports to be the first volume of a series; and, judging from its contents, geologists will have no reason to complain that they cannot get full particulars of the interesting subject on which it treats.

Some readers will remember that, during the laying of the Atlantic Cable last year, a number of suggestions and speculations were offered as to the cause of failure. One of the most plausible was a magnetic storm; and this is now supported by an American telegraphist, who, having made observations on the effect of the aurora on 100 miles of wire, is led to the conclusion that, on some occasions, the "auroral energy" is equal to more than 32,000,000 horse-power for each cubic mile of space. In communicating his observations to the *American Journal of Sciences and Arts*, he remarks:

"When we remember that the effects of this aurora, or magnetic storm, were felt in England, as noticed by Mr. Airy, and probably upon the Atlantic Cable then being laid, we can, in some degree, realize what mighty energies may be at play around us, and yet their effects be as harmless as the silvery moonbeams."

A remarkable instance of the conversion of mechanical motion into heat is recorded in the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (Boston). A turbine working in a race led from the Merrimac river, and supplying the motive power to one of the Lowell cotton factories, was observed to be irregular in its motion. On examination, it appeared that the "steady-pin," at the lower end of the shaft, made of steel, two and a half inches diameter, and working in a box of case-hardened iron, was actually fused, although it had been constantly plunged in the race, through which 75 cubic feet of water rushed every second—4,500 feet per minute. The pin and portions of the iron box were exhibited at a meeting of the Academy, and on each the signs of fusion were clearly apparent. The moving power of a turbine is known to be great; but here we see it converted into heat, which, in defiance of the rapid stream of water, rose to the temperature of the welding point of iron. That heat is but a mode of motion is a question that has worthily occupied the attention of Dr. Joule and other mechanical philosophers, and to them we commend this new and striking illustration.

At a recent meeting of the American Philosophical Society, it was stated that the native Flora of Pennsylvania was rapidly yielding to the inroads of a foreign Flora. Plants which one of the leading botanists in the United States had described as rare, were becoming plentiful, and had taken possession of the valley of the Susquehanna. Numerous plants, not indigenous, had appeared in the yard of the convict prison at Philadelphia. In this instance, the strangers were supposed to have been introduced in the wool brought in for manufacture by the convicts; but the change of the Flora on the large scale was attributed to the spread of railways; and some of the botanists present at the meeting expressed their opinion that the "foreign" Flora would supplant the native in a comparatively short period.

Congelation of Animals.—We some time ago gave an account of a series of curious experiments instituted by M. Pouchet, the learned physiologist of Rouen, France, with a view to determine the real effects of intense cold on the animal frame. The same author has now communicated to the Academy of Sciences another series of experiments intended to show the peculiar effects of cold on the blood. As it had hitherto been held that congelation did not necessarily cause death, it became important to prove that death was inevitable by the complete disorganization of the globules of the blood. M. Pouchet remarks that if this proposition be true, then, if half the body of an animal be congealed, its life will not be in danger so long as the state of congelation exsits, because the blood remains stagnant in the congealed part, and does not mix with that which occupies the part still in motion; and that on the other hand, death will take place as soon as the congealed part is thawed and the vitiated blood can mingle with the other. To demonstrate this, M. Pouchet introduced an eel, three decimetres long, into a tube, leaving one-third of the body free, and exposing the rest to a cold of 15 degrees centigrade below freezing point. After a lapse of two hours the eel was taken out perfectly alive, its posterior portion alone being thoroughly congealed and as hard as a stone. This eel died half an hour after having regained its normal temperature. Another eel, on the contrary, treated as before, was left in the apparatus, and continued to live in it for six hours. The blood of a third eel was examined after one half of it had been congealed as before, and then thawed, and it was found that its blood contained an enormous quantity of nuclei and disorganized globules. A fourth eel was completely congealed for the space of two hours, and the heart being afterward examined, was found to contain nothing but nuclei, save a very small proportion of nuclei that had escaped disorganization. M. Pouchet sums up his results as follows: 1. The first effect of congelation is to contract the capillary vessels. 2. The second effect is to disorganize the blood in three ways: either the nucleus breaks from its envelope and floats freely in the plasma; or, though still in its envelope, it is opaque and in an eccentric position; or, lastly, the globule is only more or less serrated on the border, and of a darker hue, the latter case being chiefly that of mammalia. 3. Every animal that has been thoroughly congealed is absolutely dead and cannot be revived. 4. When the congelation is but partial, the organ that has been exposed to it is attacked with gangrene and destroyed. 5. If the congelation is of small extent, life is not in imminent danger.



BOMBARDMENT OF CALLAO BY THE SPANISH FLEET UNDER COMMODORE MENDEZ NUÑEZ, MAY 2d, 1866—THE BERENGUELA AND VILLA DE MADRID, RETIRING DISABLED.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. SQUADRON.—SEE PAGE 180.



BERENGUELA AND VILLA DE MADRID, RETIRING DISABLED.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. SQUADRON.—SEE PAGE 180.

BEATING THE BARS.

O MORNING air! O pale, pure dirt!
Wing and consume my bonds away!
This stifling stench of sordid flesh
Shuts in my spirit from the Day!

Through sudden chinks the radiance blinks,
And drives the winged creature wild;
She hears rejoice each ringing voice,
She guesses at each happy child.

In fleeting glints are shining hints
Of freer beings, good and glad,
Her dream can trace each lovely face,
Each form in lofty beauty clad.

She hears the beat of joyous feet
That have no fetters; fear no thorn
And almost feels the breeze that steals
From out the ever-growing morn.

She hears the flow of voices low,
And strains to catch the half-known tongue;
She hears the gush of streams that rush
Their thrilling waters into one.

With longing sighs, her baffled eyes
She sets to turn the cruel bars to stars
With frantic heats her wings she beats,
And breaks them on the stubborn bars.

"O Light!" she cries, "unseal mine eyes,
Or blind me in thine ardent glow!
O Life and Death! O Life in Death!
O bonds! dissolve and let me go.

'Let drop this cruel of cankering rust.
The only crown my brow hath won;
Shake off the sears of briny tears,
And dry my pinions in the sun!"

The Spectre of Cliffe;

OR,

"THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD."

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.—THE SCENE THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT.

THERE are some men, whom one cannot help envying, that wit as readily execute a duty as confer a benefit or a pleasure; who feel no embarrassment whatever in having to say a disagreeable thing, and whose facility for managing unpleasant matters with a high hand should commend itself (and yet somehow fail to do so) to public admiration. There are others, again, who shrink from giving pain to their fellow-creatures, as from a surgical operation, or homicide, and unreservedly from high, or even benevolent motives, but because their natures are sensitive, delicate and selfish—what you will—epicurean.

Although Ralph Clifford was a good man (as good men went in those days), he was one of these. Such a kind heart, and withal such a wounded nobody's feelings, if he could have helped it; but if somebody must needs be offered the cold shoulder, it was not likely to be that person upon whom his own happiness and comfort principally depended: it was likely to be that person least of all. Expediency and convenience, as well as doting fondness, all combined together to make his wife's will a law unto him, and to cause him to look coldly upon the nonsuccour she had cut off from her good graces. But, at the same time, he would never knowingly have committed an injustice to please her; and it was very possible that even to do what was harsh. Thus, when he invited his second son to sup with him in his own turret-chamber, with the object of telling him that he was not wanted at home, the Master of Cliffe did look forward to a pleasant evening. His conscience pricked him, and the milk of human kindness flowed forth from the wound toward poor Raymond. Nevertheless the interview, he was patient in listening to what the young man had to say for himself; and even when that defense took something of the form of accusation of Mrs. Clifford herself, he suffered him to say on.

"I do not deny, son Raymond," rejoined the old man, pacing the little chamber to and fro with his hands behind him, "that you have something to complain of. Your stepmother has, I fear, been somewhat remiss; while you, Ray, on the other hand, are not of a conciliatory disposition. There are troubles enough threatening this house without the accession of this unnatural dissension—I cannot bear it. I have come to the conclusion that, for the present at least, it will be better that you should absent yourself; there is an excellent thing for a young man of your age, I spend, therefore, the next few months or a year abroad. When you have quite a lesson need to be very ambitious of military honors—what say you to a commission in his majesty's Foot Guards? Money, dear Ray, you may be sure, will never be a subject upon which we shall disagree. At my death, you will at once succeed to your mother's little private, but by no means small, again. I have not forgotten you in my will, Ray; and in the meantime—I wish you to want for nothing—here are notes to a considerable amount—"

"What! father; am I to leave Cliffe at once? Even a servant is not thus turned out of doors without warning!"

"Nay, lad; I mean not that: a week hence, nay, a month, if you will have it so; there shall be no haste, no harshness. There are arrangements to be made, of course, friends to be written to, interest to be made."

Raymond looked at his father with a sad and pitying smile; he was not angry, though deeply grieved; he will knew that the old man was mentally contending, not with *him*, but with another not then present.

Ralph mistook his glance. "Is the money not enough, good lad? Then let me double it. Heaven knows I have grudged thee nothing."

"Nothing but your love, father," returned the young man, reproachfully: "and now you have it not to give me. I trust that she who has won it all away from me, may not require you ill for so much good fortune."

"Raymond, you do me wrong; I love you, boy; how should I not have love for my own son?"

"Ay, how should you not?" returned the young man, bitterly. "The babe you danced upon your knee so often—your black birdie! The child you took before you upon your pommel for many a breezy ride? The boy whose light-hearted laugh, you said, was the only music you cared to listen to? How should you not, indeed? And yet you have forgotten all these things?"

"No, Ray, no—I have not forgotten them," answered the old man, hurriedly, patting the stripling's head with his great hand. "No one will ever love you so, Ray, as I love you. Ray—dear Ray! Never weep, lad; that is not like a Clifford."

"Who can see me weep, save thee?" returned the young man, passionately. "But I have a heart, which some have not, believe me, who can weep when they please."

Ralph Clifford knit his brows.

"Hush!" said he. "That is Mildred playing in the organ gallery, is she not? How strangely it swells forth into the summer night; something divine seems gathering in my soul, but without power to put out."

He placed his hand upon his heart and sighed, then listened in silence, with his eyes turned to the unrelieved wood and stone ceiling.

"Father, since I am to leave you," continued Raymond, earnestly, "I trust that you will listen to a last few words, which may be the very last that will ever pass between us."

They may be, indeed," returned the old man, still gazing into the night. "Some day a crowing near when I shall be but a memory to thee, Raymond; then think upon me as tenderly as thou canst."

"Say not so, father: you are yet strong and hale; I trust there are many happy years——"

"Stay!" interrupted the Master of Cliffe, with quick scorn. "How should a Clifford having a son be happy? I speak not of thee, Ray; thy light and wayward nature may be somewhat out of tune with mine, and may vex and anger others; but there is nothing in thee to cause the current of a father's blood to freeze."

Nor in Rupert, neither," answered the young man, resolutely. "The organ pealed and thundered; "although it may be some one's interest to make his father think so. What I would say to you, father, has nothing to do with my interests, and are words of warning, not of hate, upon mine honor."

"Being thus pressed, I cannot refuse thee, Raymond; yet remember that it is the last draught which leaves its flavor on the palate, and men are not to be enjoined for the sins which they do not their friends its lees at parting. My heart is toward thee, Raymond; it is, indeed. I pray thee then to hear me well and as we shortly separate."

"That must be light love, father, which is so lightly left," returned the young man, bitterly—"and though I prize it—being all that I may claim, it seems—yet I will not be forbidden. If I tell you lies, I will give you leave to hate me, nay, if I do not prove that I speak truth, then you shall hate me still."

"Prove what,, Raymond?" asked the old man, with kindling eyes. "Trust me, having said so much, you cannot go to sleep to midnight, and need my rest, you shall say all."

Above his hoarse deep tones, the organ, "yearning like a god in pain," thundered and thundered.

"I will prove then, father, that the sad story of our race, and of its curse, has been made the handle of deadly and damning wrong; or perhaps you have seen so often is no illusion indeed, but verse—the cruel trick of a guileful woman; that the Fair Lady of the Shroud—the spectre of the Glorious Work" here broke forth jubilant and full, and stormed about their ears in wild acclaim —"that the haunting fear of Cliffe is not a bad blood—nay, is the woman whom you have made your wife, to dupe and fool you— Strike, father, strike me, I say, but hear me, then, do but me thine eyes!"

Raymond opened a little door in the Turret Chamber, which gained upon the castle leads, and flung it wide.

"Follow me," cried he, "and cast me down upon the stones of yonder court-yard if I do not prove my words!"

With hasty and uneven steps, his hair streaming in the autumn wind, his bronzed face pale with rage and expectation of he knew not what, the Master of Cliffe followed upon his younger son. The moon was small, and hidden at times by the flying clouds; but there was light enough to show the dark outline of the vast and vast expanse of roofing, diverse in form as any frozen sea—here level—there ridged; here rising to peep down at them, and there with pinnacles and gables. The various periods of the stately place were pictured there to the antiquarian eye in horizontal section; not a ray from within was to be seen save in one spot, to which they were rapidly directing near; this shone through a small, unstained-glass light, and was illuminated by the junction of two towers. Three hideous gargoyles leaned from their stone bases, as though to peep down at the scene below, and grinned approval.

"One moment, father," cried Raymond, laying his hand upon his arm; "I have staked all on this, and must go through with it; but it is for your sake I have done it—as much, ay, more than for my own. You have a right to look there; but though she was Jezebel herself, I would not play the spy without her husband's leave. That is Mrs. Clifford's private chamber, sir."

"She is not up," returned the old man, hoarsely; "she bade me 'good-night,' ere you joined me at the supper-table."

"She is up, father: that is her light, burning as bright and purely as though it were an altar-candle in the chapel yonder. She is dressing for her part to-night. Look! look!"

For an instant the Master of Cliffe leaned heavily upon the shoulder of his son; then with a great effort he strode forward rapidly, but firmly, and looked through the sky-light upon what was passing in the room beneath. For a few moments there he stood, unmoving, with his head thrust through the sky; then over his face a shadow fell, as falls on him, who, at the crater's mouth, looks his very last upon the wife he loves most utterly—the great eye of anguish, he pressed his hand against his broken heart and fell backward.

Raymond sprang toward him, and, as he did so, could not but see that which had so moved his father. In a small room, and windowless save for the sky-light which he had surveyed her, stood Mrs. Clifford, with her eyes cast upward in terror and despair, while her hand met her husband's downward gaze at the very moment when she, in the quaint black robe in which she was wont to play her youthful part, leaned over her back-hair loose and fallen to her waist, was practicing her *rôle* before the tire-glass. The shroud was in one hand, and needle and thread in the other, while her face wore a look of triumphant malice, which would have unmasked the foul fiend himself, though safe in sacred precincts. One instant, she stared upward as though spell-bound, and then quenched the light.

Mrs. Clifford had not seen her husband fall: but there were some precious minutes before her yet, she knew. Swiftly she entered the next chamber, which was but a closet containing a large jewel-case from the dressing-table, emptied its glittering contents into her pocket: from a small locked drawer in the same table she took a leathern purse, filled tightly with bank-notes.

"All but—and dream, when I began the board," she muttered, "that I may wherrom to use it was so near, or it would have been thrice as large."

Had the day ended? Was the game quite lost? She paused upon the threshold of her chamber, and worried her own fair lips with her sharp teeth, till they ached. The expression of her husband's face had been unmistakable—a fish shattered, love misplaced, unutterable pain and woe, had been the shadow entered there. He had been undeceived with a vengeance. That other form, too, she had seen was Raymond's—her husband's favorite son—and, doubtless, that she was indebted for this evil turn. She had been baffled, beaten by that hateful boy. That was the bitterest drop in the cup. How came he wandering on the leads at midnight in that fashion? So doubtless, however, it had happened, by some chance, that he had brought his father to look likewise. Curse the cunning boy! And yet, was she not herself to blame, running such a risk at all? Patience—small, of such unmitigable ruin. Why had she not put up a blind? Why use a light at all? Could Mildred have betrayed her? Her face blackened at the thought. No, she dared not have done it. Her trembling fingers, had she been privy to the treason, would have broken out these organ thunders, which even now were swelling through the house, as if in mad playing, and therefore her aunt could not make out, as she had meant to do, through the great gallery. She opened another drawer, and took out letters. She did not wish to meet a human being; she would leave Cliffe and all it held, and begin life again elsewhere. She had gone through a bad post, and had had been at first, but, alas! here was Rupert coming, and at speed, in the narrow passage; there was no time for escape after him.

"Make haste!" cried he—"quick—quick!"

He spoke impatiently, and seemed scarce to comprehend his own speech and motion seemed to fall him all upon a sudden: with mouth agape with terror, and eyes starting from their sockets in a stood dumb, looking from below to Ray, with fear and loathing, as from some terrible and unclean thing, he turned and fled.

For a moment Mrs. Clifford watched him with irresolute eyes.

"I forget my strange attire," she muttered; "the fool takes me for the Fair Lady; he thinks I am the harbinger of death. How were it if I really be so, Ray? Nay, nay, sighing," said he. Perhaps his heart has killed him, as he always thought it would. If so, all may yet be well. My son is not a man to betray me. Who will believe an idle tale like this, vouched for but by a dead man and a boy? I will put by this masquerading gear, and return to the arms of a tender wife once more. If I have the smoothing of Ralph Clifford's pillow, another dawn shall never trouble his vexed soul again."

Hastily she put away her black garment in a safe and secret place, and seized herself in the dress she had worn that evening; then, stepping forth into the now vacant gallery, took the way that led to the chamber where her husband had stepped, and where a crowd of many voices and the tramp of many feet could now be heard.

CHAPTER XI.—OVER THE BODY.

In the same room where father and son had talked together of parting but a few minutes back, Ralph Clifford lay upon a little couch, with Raymond kneeling by his side. Another sort of parting than that of which they had spoken was taking place, and the stiffening fingers could not even return the lad's mute pressure in token of farewell. The mighty chest of the Master of Cliffe still rose and fell, but in uneven spasms, as though his gloomy soul was struggling to flit away. Around stood many a serving man and maid, summoned by those mysterious messengers, Misfortune, that flies so swift and far, and to whom the fleet is but the day. Scarce one of them had ever before ventured to intrude upon his privacy, but now they watched him with reverence, but without fear, setting forth upon that journey which rich and poor must alike make. One groom had already been dispatched for a doctor, another for a priest; but somehow it was known to all that their lord would never open his proud eyes again. They had been kind eyes, for all their pride—the voice, now hushed, had been a voice to speak a precious one to all his household. Some honest tears were falling. There had never, at least, been so good a Clifford as this lad.

"Where is my brother Rupert?" asked Raymond, huskily.

"I told him what had happened, sir," returned a domestic, respectfully, "and he threw on his dressing-gown and started hither as soon as I. He took the passage by my lady's room, meaning to call her by the way——. But here is my lady, sir."

Mrs. Clifford entered very swiftly, with her dress only half fastened, and her hair disheveled, like one suddenly aroused in her preparations for retiring to bed.

"What is the matter?" cried she.

No one answered, but all were sorry for her, and it was strange to see how all became conscious at once of their relative positions, now that the mistress had come. Some even left the room, awakened to the consciousness of having no business there, and fearing sharp rebuke. Quite a great space was left between the little circle of curious domestics and the couch where the young man was still kneeling by his father's side. Had Raymond spoken, he must yet, of course, to her husband had voice to speak? Had the servants withdrawn thus suddenly at her approach from loathing or from pity?

"What has happened to my own dear husband?" murmured she, falling upon her knees beside his head.

"Murder!" returned Raymond, under his breath.

She did not hear him so much as see the movement of his lips, but even without that his stern reproachful eyes would have given her the like answer.

"My poor, poor Ralph!" exclaimed the widow—a widow already setting that mask, which in its signature to our release from all worldly cares, upon the slowly stiffening face—" and am I not to be allowed to share this grief?"

"Touch him not!" hissed Raymond, fiercely. "Have you not heard that when a murdered man approaches the body he kind that slew him, his blood will flow afresh from his drained wounds? Beware, I say! Lay but a finger on his sacred cover, which his son has helped to spread, and I will take thee by the throat and proclaim thy crime!"

He had not, then, at present proclaimed it: the precious time this fool had wasted were golden moments to her indeed. An accusation thus delayed was a confession of half its danger. Why had Raymond spared her?

"For my father's sake," said the young man, answering to her look as it were his own question, "I have spared you hitherto, not because I love you—you fair devil—but that I would not the world should know that my father's and noble heart was cooled. Where is Rupert, madam?"

For the first time in her life, Grace Clifford quailed and shuddered; the concentrated passion with which the young man spoke was terrible to listen to. She was afraid at all events to put on Hats and Gods with their own weapons, but not the plowshare which was revealed in the hand of her stepson. She knew that she stood in danger of that awful Something whose shadow was the shadow of a face—that if she refused to, suit that forehead—already losing its pained look, and growing calm and cold, with her false lips, and her false hair, and her false rings, and her false heart, she would not mind what things he might say against her—her chief peril in that respect was past. She had spoken his powerful brain. Once round her throat, they might not part with it again; it may be that she judged him by herself in that hour, and thought that Raymond's heart took she well might fear. She had once seen Cyril at the Dene look at her brother Gideon much like this lad, just as he drove to cut him down from limb. She had no leaded weapon, as Gideon had, to beat such an assailant back.

"Where is Rupert?" muttered her stepson, furiously; "your presence is pollution—your work is done here. That poor abused fool ear can drink in like no more. Away, I say!"

Mrs. Clifford arose from her knees with as little haste as she dared to use. As she did so, a female servant came over on the outskirts:

"Mr. Rupert is taken very ill, madam. Miss Mildred is with him, and they help, but she bid me tell you as soon as possible. He was coming hither herself, and came upon him lying upon the floor in a swoon, close by his own door, in a fit or something."

"Do you hear this new misfortune, Raymond?" cried Mrs. Clifford.

"Ay, go you to my brother," returned the young man, sternly.

And as she turned away with anguished but fearless eyes, and firm, swift tread, the bystanders murmured to one another: "How wise and strong she is in all this trouble! How dutifully she leaves the beloved dead, for whom she can do no more, to tend the son who was so dear to him."

"In a fit or something," soliloquized the Lady of Cliffe, as she hurried to Rupert's room. "Heaven foresend that I should have frightened the fool to death! My tenure of Cliffe is valueless indeed if it has to be shared by that dark boy you have driven to his death. I will be revenged upon him. He has missed his turn; but when my

turn comes round, look to thyself, Raymond Clifford! No man shall make me pale as thou hast done, and live to boast of it. I would that Gideon were here, or Cator, or even the poor coward Clement. This Mildred is scarce safe; she serves me, but it is with grudging. If Rupert lives this bout, he must be married to her, mad or sane. If she denies him—let her, too, look to herself. I have not gone so far to turn back now; and though I be alone, I am yet a match for all of them!"

CHAPTER XII.—THE EXTORTED PROMISE.

Rupert Clifford was very ill, and near to death; but for his stepmother's cunning hand, which bled him ere the leech could reach the castle, Raymond would surely have been heir of Cliffe; while afterward the sick man would have sunk had it not been for her niece. Long weeks elapsed before his head could leave the pillow, where it lay calm and patient while Mildred was in his chamber, and restless, with roving eyes, when she was absent. Her voice revived his failing strength like wine; her hand upon his brow was as the magnetic charm which beckons away all pain, and as the precious drug which dowers the dullest with delicious dreams. It pleased her well to be of service to him; she gave up rest and exercise, and pleasure beyond words to tell (for might not Raymond now have borne her company all day), with cheerful readiness. She was glad at heart that she had such opportunities of proving her good will toward him; she tended him like his own sister; and since she was not his sister, the Lady of Cliffe approved and smiled upon her. Such gentle ministering must, in her aunt's opinion, have, as her own had had, some selfish end; and what end could this be, save one alone? She never called her "Child" now; it was "Mildred, love," or at least "My pretty Mildred," whenever she addressed her niece in Rupert's hearing, as though she would have suggested to his mind the very words which he himself should use.

So helpless and enfeebled was poor Rupert at first, that the young girl thought of nothing but his weakness, and how she might conduce to his recovery. But when the color came back to his cheeks and some vigor to his limbs, and he could sit up and talk to her, Mildred almost regretted her past kindness. He was grateful to her, of course, but with his expressions of gratitude was mingled something warmer, which she could not affect not to understand, and yet which, in Mrs. Clifford's presence, she dared not utterly reject. Though her aunt felt satisfaction at present with her conduct, the girl well knew that only so much the greater would be her hate and fury when she came to learn the truth; nor was Mildred to blame for this dissimulation. It was not a matter with which "moral courage" had anything to do. To have confessed: "I cannot wed Rupert, since I have pledged my faith to Raymond," would have been to produce a catastrophe such as she dared not even picture to herself, since its consequences would certainly have extended to her lover. She feared, with reason, for his very life; and so the poor girl temporized, only too well aware of the passion with which Rupert was consumed; yet trusting that the flame would never gain such head but that her "No" at last might quench it, or at all events procrastinate, as before, the evil day.

The young man's illness, while it weakened his physical strength, seemed to have healed his mental malady. There was nothing now to inspire her with apprehension of his look *beside* its love, and if returning reason had been indeed vouchsafed him, surely, with his natural generosity to second it, he would withdraw—when her dread hour of confession came—from his unwelcome suit.

Something like this she framed to comfort herself with; but it scarcely fulfilled its office. She could not always forget how insecure was the foundation of this hopeful faith; for not only might Rupert's seeming calmness be untrustworthy, even as matters were, but a revelation was at present withheld from him, which was likely to try it sorely. He had not as yet been told of his father's death. When given to understand that he was ill, he had received the information with quiet sorrow, but without surprise. "I know it," said he, calmly, evidently with reference to the immediate cause of his own ailment, all allusion to which was of course avoided. He meant to say that he had seen the Herald of Calamity in the Fair Lady of Cliffe, and was prepared for domestic misfortune. Still, it was strange that he never asked after his father—laid long since by the side of the Cliffords, mad and sane, in the chapel vault—nor remarked upon the sable suits of all around him. This was not, however, because he had not examined them. One morning, Mrs. Clifford, doubtless by design, having left the room, and the sick man and Mildred being alone together, he addressed her thus. It was the first day he was well enough to leave his bed, and that only for a sofa:

"How soon, think you, after a man has died, may his son marry, Mildred?"

She was in the act of handing him a cup of broth, and her tremulous fingers almost refused their office, as she listened to his words.

"How soon, Mildred?" said he again.

"That is a question, Rupert, which I cannot answer. It depends upon the love that the son bore his father."

"I am thinking of one who would have loved his father well, if there had been room within his heart; but there was no room. There was space for nothing there but love for the girl who was to be his wife. You tremble, dearest, pretty fluttering dove. How soon, how soon, sweet heart?" His languid eyes looked on her earnestly, but without a trace of doubt, as one who in an orchard watches for the ripe fruit to fall between his palms while another shakes the tree. "What sweet revenge thou hast taken on thyself, for thy pretense of cruel hardness, in this long, kind tendance: to be my nurse before thou art my bride—that is rare indeed. I will not think that pain itself could shadow that fair brow, or shrink that dimpled cheek; but if it ever doth, my Mildred, I will wait upon thee, day and night, counting all toil as pleasure, all weariness as blissful rest; and while though hast strength to smile, be overpaid indeed. Smile on me now, and seat thee by my side; for as some Eastern king delights in hearing his own greatness proclaimed to his own ear, so yearn I, Mildred, to hear thee say: 'I love thee,' although none knows thou dost so well as I."

His nerveless hand closed on one glossy curl, and carried it to his lips; while, lapped no less in the sweet assurance of reciprocated love than in the calm content that comes to the recovering frame long racked by sickness, he waited for her answer.

"Rupert," said she, "I thought that the last time we spoke of—the last time, that is, this subject was touched upon by you, we agreed to wait a while before it was resumed. When I then said: 'You are still very young, Rupert,' I did not mean too young by weeks, or even months, but years."

"Am I so young, dear girl?" said he, with a tender smile. "I thank heaven for it. There will be then more time in which to show my love to thee. How happy shall we be together, and how long! Youth is sweet—ah, me, how sweet it is; and after youth, there is the prime; and then beyond the prime is that which I have read is best of all—the calm content of tried and faithful love; two hearts bound up in one, with joys, regrets, and memories in common. My bud—my full-bloomed flower—my rose, whose faded leaves (if thou *canst* fade) shall be odorous and precious to the end, ah, how I love thee!"

Mildred's heart sank within her. If she had been his wedded wife already, the young man could scarcely have uttered these words with a more settled faith.

"Why speak of this, which we were not to speak of, Rupert?"

"Because, sweet, there is no longer any reason for keeping silence. I am the Master of Cliffe now, and there is none to say me 'nay,' when I say 'yea.' Moreover, I have learned that my good father gave his consent in private to our union, so the very dead will smile upon our nuptials; while your Aunt Grace— Nay, then, I will not mention her, since you mislike her, but she has been a trusty friend to me, Mildred. When the light of love was low within my cheerless heart, she fanned its embers with encouragement; not that she knew why they were so faint and pale; not that she guessed the secret. Ah, *you* have not forgotten it, I see. I hoped you had, Mildred. There is no need to remember it any more. By thee, fair saint, that demon has been exorcised, I hope."

His voice, so confident hitherto, though low and weak, here wavered and broke off. His hand, which he would have carried to his forehead, failed by the way, and sank down, as it happened, upon hers: then straightway, as though revived, Antæus-like, by that sweet contact, he spoke again.

"She bade me woo thee, since I loved thee so—that surely was no evil counsel, Mildred? and when I found thee cold, she bade me press my suit—did she not do well? 'Twas she that sent thee to me on that morning to her private chamber—"

"I knew it," interrupted the girl, gravely; "and sent thee, too, to Ribble Cave to spy upon thy brother."

"Mildred!"

"Ay, Rupert: she came between Raymond and his own father, and now she would come between Raymond and you. She is the go-between of hate, and not of love; her offices are evil, and not good. The tender mercies of the wicked, Rue, are cruel."

"She is not cruel to me, Mildred, but kind," returned the young man; "and strange it is that, though she stands not in thy favor, it is for thy sake only that she stands in mine. For *her* I have no more liking than the sailor hath for the biting north wind, whose favoring gale is bearing him to the wished-for haven. She would wreck me, if it suited her purpose, I doubt not; but since her interest and my happiness are fellow-passengers——"

"Be not so sure of that, Rupert Clifford," broke in Mildred, earnestly. "Beware lest there is no pleasant shore awaiting you, no isles of Paradise; beware rather lest she is driving you on the rocks. If she has represented what poor tendance I have paid you in this sickness in any other light than that of sisterly affection and good-will—if she has dared, whether by hint or by outspoken word, to plight my troth to yours, to proxy-wed me, then has she deceived both me and you—nay, more, if she has ever told you that I love you, she has *lied!*" Her tone, which had been vehement and almost fierce, here melted into pity, as she added, "Rupert, I love you not!"

Stupefied amazement, wretchedness, despair, took each the other's place on Rupert's features as the girl went on; when she had finished, he lay with his white face blank, as though life and passion had left it together. Seriously alarmed, Mildred seized his cold hand, and strove to warm it in her palms; the charm of her touch still worked; the life-blood which had ebbed from his very lips flowed slowly back; and in the rayless eyes a fierce and lurid light began to kindle. Twice his parched tongue essayed to utter something, but she could not catch its meaning; the third time he spoke plain. "Send me the traitress hither. Let her take thy place, and lean above me with her lying smile. I want to whisper something in her ear. Send me that woman hither."

"Hush, hush! I hear her coming, Rue; be calm."

"Calm! with those words of doom still ringing in my ears? Calm—ay; as the tropic sea is calm, beneath whose waveless face the shark awaits the swimmer. Give her thy chair, Mildred—thou who lovest me not."

"You will not tell her, Rupert—that would be base indeed."

"Tell her—ay; just one whisper in her ear. Then, afterward, you may tell her what you like. I have got some news for her to take to Pluto."

"Dear Rupert, for my sake, do her no harm," pleaded Mildred, in an agony of terror. "When I said I loved you not, I meant not *yet*."

Revenge and cunning, which had held divided sway in the sick man's face, here abdicated together; hope for one moment sat there like a sun, and then was succeeded by suspicion.

"I do not believe thee, Mildred Leigh," answered he, fiercely; "nor will, unless thou swear'st it!"

"Swear'st it!" echoed Mrs. Clifford, entering the room. "Heyday, but I must look to this! My Mildred put upon her oath! When *I* was young, it was the man who swore, whereby, if troth was broken, *he* was perjured, but the lady was held blameless. There is no such courtesy in these days. Shame upon you, Rue!"

She stood beside the two, with one small hand on either's shoulder.

"It is not I who am to blame," said Rupert, hoarsely. "Fair mother, wilt thou not sit?"

"Nay," returned Mildred, hastily, "you have not taken your broth yet. Let me tend you a little longer. Mrs. Clifford has been your nurse all day."

"So, so," said the lady of Cliffe, with a silver laugh, "this is pushing us from our stools indeed! You tell me frankly what I am to expect when Cliffe shall change its mistress. It was not troth that you were plighting, then? The question was, 'How soon?' Am I not right, dear Rupert?"

"Ay, I asked her that."

"And what was the reply?" quoth Mrs. Clifford, pressing her hand with meaning against Mildred's shuddering flesh. "A month? I guessed it was a month. Come, since my modest Mildred will not answer thee, I will answer for her. In a month she shall be thine, Rupert."

"I must hear it from her own lips, good mother; you prophesy too smoothly."

Mrs. Clifford's fair face darkened; matters were not, then, as they had seemed. Mildred had refused him, or procrastinated at least. The young girl's face was buried in her hands, but not to hide its blushes; it was as pale as marble.

Grace Clifford's soft voice hardened; it was music still, but clear, incisive, as the clash of cymbals.

"I do not pretend to be a prophet, Rupert; you wrong me there; but what I *promise*, that will come to pass. My niece shall be your wife; and as for her scruples about time, that is a maiden's way."

"From her own lips, I say," repeated Rupert, hoarsely.

"Swear, then, niece Mildred—I pray thee find thy voice—to wed the Clifford within thirty days."

Never was deadly menace clothed so fair; never did spoken words convey more cruel meaning than was shot from those azure eyes.

Fear for Raymond's safety threatened, as it seemed to her, in every tone of her aunt's voice; fear on her own account, which always overwhelmed her when brought face to face with Mrs. Clifford; pity for Rupert, and terror as to what violence he might commit upon the instant, if she should answer "No"—for she had read murder in his eyes a while ago—overcame the resolution which had hitherto supported Mildred. Keeping her face still covered, and murmuring a "God forgive me" to herself, she answered, solemnly:

"I swear."

"Swear what?" asked Mrs. Clifford, pitilessly.

"I swear to marry your step-son within thirty days."

CHARLES THE ELEVENTH'S EXTRAORDINARY VISION.

Charles XI., father of the celebrated Charles XII., was one of the wisest kings who sat on the throne of Sweden. He put a check on the many privileges usurped by the nobles, diminished the power of the senate, and promulgated on his own authority several important laws; in a word, he altered the form of government, which until now had been oligarchical, and forced the States to acknowledge him as absolute ruler. The Lutheran religion found in this monarch a sincere adherent. He was brave and enlightened, but cold and precise in character, holding the imaginative powers under constant check and control. The death of his wife, Ulrica Eleanor, whom he treated harshly during her lifetime, made, however, a greater impression than could have been supposed on so rough and demonstrative a nature.

Becoming more and more morose after this event, Charles XI. gave himself up wholly to the management and affairs of his kingdom, thus betraying a mind ill at ease, which sought distraction from its own depressing thoughts in the toil and cares of government.

One autumn evening he sat, in company with Count Brahe and Dr. Baumgarten, opposite a bright fire, his head resting on his breast and his eyes fixed on the grate, in profound silence. The Count Brahe, finding that his presence was unheeded by the King, tried to make some excuse for withdrawing from the apartment, and suggested that his Majesty stood in need of repose; but a sign from the latter held him to his seat. The doctor in his turn spoke of the injurious effects of late hours upon the health. The King then replied, in a suppressed tone, "I have no wish to sleep at present." They attempted various subjects of conversation, but after a sentence or two their efforts fell to the ground. His Majesty was passing through a phase of profound melancholy, which rendered the position of the two courtiers somewhat delicate. One of them, looking toward the portrait of the late Queen, said, with a deep sigh: "How striking is the resemblance! what a sweet and dignified expression." The King, who seemed to consider every allusion to the Queen as a personal reproach, replied that the artist had flattered her, and rising from his chair, took one or two turns up and down the room to calm the agitation of his feelings. He stood for a moment at a window that looked upon the courtyard; the night was very dark.

The palace inhabited by the present Kings of Sweden was then in an unfinished state, and Charles XI., who had commenced its construction, occupied the old palace, which lay open to the sea. The King's private cabinet was situated at one of the extremities of the building, almost facing the large hall where the States met. The windows of this saloon appeared on a sudden to be brilliantly illuminated, a phenomenon which excited the greatest astonishment in the King. At first he made various conjectures as to the cause, but finally rejected them, one by one. After remaining for some minutes gazing on the windows, and just as the Count was about to call a page, the King held him back, and announced his intention to go himself and inquire into the singular circumstance.

The attendant, in whose charge were the several keys of the apartments, was immediately aroused from his bed, and the King entered the gallery which served as a sort of vestibule to the above-mentioned hall. What was his astonishment at finding the walls completely draped with black! He inquired by whose order this alteration had been made. The seneschal answered that this gallery had always been paneled with oak, and that he had never seen it otherwise. The King was advancing to enter the large saloon, when the old man exclaimed:

"Sire, do not go further; there is some magic influence at work here. Since her death, your august spouse visits the palace every night, and walks in the large saloon."

"Heaven preserve us!" rejoined the Count; "go no further; you know not to what danger you may be exposing yourself."

"At all events," added Baumgarten, whose light had been extinguished by a gust of wind, "wait until I call a score of halberdiers."

After much opposition on the part of his attendants, the King himself took the key, and before he could be prevented, entered the large hall, and this is the spectacle that presented itself to the wondering eyes of the monarch.

The saloon was illuminated with innumerable wax lights; black hangings had replaced the figured tapestry; along the walls were placed methodically German, Danish and Muscovite flags, trophies of the army of Gustavus Adolphus. In the centre were Swedish banners, wrapt in black crape. The various sections of the states were arranged according to precedence. Every individual was in mourning; and among them all, not one was personally known to the witnesses of this extraordinary scene. On the throne from which the King usually addressed his Court, a bloody corpse was lying, covered with the insignia of royalty. On the right stood a child, with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand. On the left leaned an aged man. This figure was enveloped in a cloak of ceremony, such as was worn by the former administrators of Sweden, before Gustavus Vasa had made one united kingdom of his country. In front of the throne sat several persons, grave and formal in their demeanor, and clothed in the black legal robes of judges. Before them was a table covered with books and papers. Between the throne and the corresponding side of the room stood a block, with a black vail thrown over it, and near to it lay an ax. No one in all this assembly seemed to take any notice of the presence of Charles and his companions, who, on their entrance, heard a low murmur of voices. Then the oldest among the judges, who appeared to fill the functions of president, arose, and struck three times on a book placed before him. A deep silence followed, and the door facing Charles being opened, the monarch saw several fine-looking young men enter the saloon, richly dressed, but with their hands tied behind their backs. They carried themselves haughtily and with firm countenances. Behind them walked a large muscular man clothed in a coat of brown leather, and in his hands he held the ends of the cord which bound the young men. The one who led the way, and who seemed to be of the most consequence among the prisoners, stopped when he reached the middle of the saloon, and gave a proud look at the block. The corpse then appeared to become agitated, as if in pain, and some light-colored blood issued from a wound. The young man bent his knee and bowed his head; the ax flashed in the air, and fell with a heavy sound. The head rolled on the ground until it reached the feet of Charles, whose shoes were sprinkled with the blood. The King until then had stood in dumb amazement, but this ghastly spectacle unloosed his tongue, and advancing a few steps towards the phantom in the official cloak of an administrator, he exclaimed: "If you come from God, speak; but if from hell, depart, and leave us in peace." The phantom replied, with slow emphasis: "King Charles, it is not in thy reign that this blood shall flow; but after five successive reigns, woe shall follow upon woe to the blood of Vasa."

The members of this numerous assembly then faded into pale tinted shadows; these again gradually disappeared; the lights went out, and the lanterns of the King and his attendants alone remained, casting a dim reflection on the old tapestry gently stirring in the wind. After a while melodious sounds were heard. The apparition had lasted about ten minutes. The black draperies, the severed head, the flowing blood, had all vanished with the phantoms; but on the King's slipper a dry stain remained, as if in souvenir of the extraordinary scene.

Charles, on retiring to his cabinet, caused the whole of the circumstances to be immediately written down, and added his own signature to that of his attendants. This document still exists, and its authenticity has never been disputed. Its conclusion is especially remarkable:

"And if that which I have stated," says the King, "be not the exact truth, I renounce all hope of a better life to come, which I may have merited in virtue of some few good deeds; but above all, for my zeal in advancing the happiness of my people and defending the interests of religion."

If we turn to the life of Gustavus Vasa, and to the condemnation of Ankarstroem, his assassin, we shall find more than one coinciding link between these facts and this singular prophecy. The young man beheaded was Ankerstroem; the corpse crowned represented Gustavus III.; the child is his son Gustavus Adolphus IV. The old man must be the Duc de Sudermanie, the uncle of Gustavus IV., who was Regent of the kingdom, and then King, after the deposition of his nephew.

Lately, at the London Royal Institute, Sir John Lubbock delivered a lecture on the "Metamorphoses of Insects." After clearly defining the position which insects occupy in the animal kingdom, and their distinguishing characteristic of possessing six legs, he described the changes they undergo in various stages of their existence. He quoted Darwin largely, and toward the close of the lecture gave some remarkable facts about the instinct of insects. The gnat, for instance, which feeds on blood, deposits its eggs in water, where the young can alone be developed. The solitary wasp fills its nest with the larvæ of other insects, after stinging them in their nervous system, which renders them helpless but does not destroy life, so that they keep without putrefying till they are required to be eaten. He spoke also of the instinct of ants, which are alleged, he said, in some cases to till the ground, and in America to have tunneled under a river as broad as the Thames. He was of opinion, from long observation, that external influences have much power over the changes of an insect after it emerges from the egg, and that the great changes it undergoes are necessary, because the muscles are attached to the thick skin and not to bones, so the animal can undergo no change without casting its former skin.

The correspondent of an English paper writes: "I had given to me the other day the translation of a funeral notice in the Hungarian language of such a touching simplicity and patriarchal character as cannot fail to interest even perfect strangers. The bereaved gentleman, moreover, is one of the noblest veterans among Magyar patriots. Here is his card of sorrow:

"'I had to bury the partner of my life,
My own Catharine Bay,
on the 28th of this February,
in the 65th year of her life, in the 44th
of our very, very happy union.
Four daughters, two sons, and eleven grandchildren
are weeping with me over the ruin of my house,
but we must be silent because it was
the will of God.
"'Sigismund Bernath.

"'Tarnocz, March 2, 1866.'"

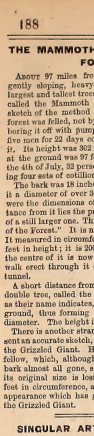
THE MAMMOTH TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

ABOUT 97 miles from Sacramento City, in a gently sloping, heavy-timbered valley, are the largest and tallest trees in the world. It is rightly called the Mammoth Tree Grove. We give a sketch of the method by which this giant of the forest was felled, not by chopping it down, but by boring it off with pump augers, and it employed five men for 22 days constantly at work to effect it. Its height was 302 feet, and its circumference at the ground was 97 feet. Upon the stump, on the 4th of July, 32 persons were engaged in dancing four sets of cotillions at one time.

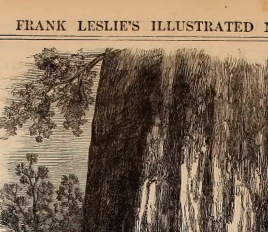
The bark was 18 inches in thickness, which gave it a diameter of over 30 feet. But monstrous as were the dimensions of this tree, at a short distance from it lies the prostrate and majestic body of a still larger one. This is known as the "Father of the Forest." It is now half buried in the soil. It measured in circumference 110 feet; it was 435 feet in height; it is 200 feet to the first branch; the centre of it is now hollow, and a person can walk erect through it as though it were a large tunnel.

A short distance from these immense trees is a double tree, called the "Siamese Twins," which, as their name indicates, has one large stem at the ground, thus forming a double tree 41 feet in diameter. The height is about 300 feet.

There is another strange tree, of which we present an accurate sketch, which has been christened the Grizzled Giant. He is a sturdy, gnarled fellow, which, although badly bruised, and the bark almost all gone, so that a large portion of its original size is lost, nevertheless is still 39 feet in circumference, and presents that curious appearance which has gained for it the name of the Grizzled Giant.



THE GRIZZLED GIANT, CALIFORNIA.



WORKMEN FELLING MAMMOTH TREE, CALIFORNIA.

SINGULAR ARTIFICE OF THE TURKEYS

On Discovering a Bird of Prey in the Air.

MR. THOMPSON, in his admirable and most interesting work on the passions of animals, has given several remarkable instances of that almost miraculous instinct which the Creator has implanted in the animal world for the purpose of self-preservation. We illustrate a very curious one, showing the "exceeding artfulness" of a bird sacred in the annals of Thanksgiving—the turkey. We quote from Mr. Thompson's words:

"Many animals are so extremely timid that they are alarmed at the slightest cause, and this occurs especially with birds: the pewit shrieks even at the rustle or passing flight of another bird, and all birds crouch and attempt to conceal themselves on the appearance of those of prey. The turkey, as well in the wild as in the tame state, utters on such occasions a peculiar note, and its whole brood disperses and conceals itself among the long grass and leaves. They even stretch themselves at full length upon the ground, and continue motionless, as if dead; and in the meantime the mother, with her eye directed upward, continues crying. On looking up in the direction in which she seemed to gaze, the author had discovered a black spot just under the clouds, but was unable at first to determine what it was; however, it soon appeared to be a bird of prey, though at first at too great a distance to be distinguished. He has seen one of these animals continue in this agitated state, and her whole brood pinned down, as it were, to the ground for an hour together, whilst their formidable foe had taken its circuits, has mounted, and hovered directly over their heads; at last, upon his disappearing, the parent changed her note, and sprang forth another cry, which in an instant gave life to the whole trembling tribe, and they all flocked around her with expressions of pleasure, as if conscious of their happy escape from danger."

BUFFALO ATTACKING A HORSE.

THE ferocity of a buffalo when thoroughly aroused is really appalling. Professor Thunberg, when he was traveling in Caffraria, Cape of Good Hope, Africa, witnessed a scene which he says left a profound impression upon him, accustomed as he was to adventure.

He and his companions had just entered a wood, when they discovered a large old male buffalo, lying quite alone, in a spot that for the space of a few square yards was free from bushes. The animal no sooner saw the guide, who went first, than, with a terrible roar, he rushed upon him. The fellow turned his horse short round behind a large tree, and the buffalo rushed forward to the next man, and gored his horse so dreadfully in the belly, that it died soon after. These two climbed into trees, and the furious animal made his way toward the rest, of whom the professor was one, who were approaching, but at some distance. A horse without a rider was in the front; as soon as the buffalo saw him, he become more outrageous than before, and attacked him with such fury, that he not only drove his horns into the horse's breast, but even out again through the very saddle. The horse was thrown to the ground with such excessive violence that he instantly died, and many of his bones were found broken. Just at this moment the professor happened to come up, but from the narrowness of the path, having no room to turn round, he was glad to abandon his horse and take refuge in a tree. The buffalo had, however, finished for after the destruction of the second horse, he turned suddenly round, and galloped away.

MELODRAMA AND OPERA.

IT would be difficult to find in an American audience the counterpart of the characters represented in the illustration of scenes at the play. These characters are essentially English, and are designed to show the power of emotion over the features of the countenance.

We can readily infer the feelings of these personages from the expression of their faces, and can take almost as much satisfaction in the analysis of their peculiarities, as in witnessing the performance ourselves.

To the physiognomist they are an interesting study; in fact, any one fond of observing the outward expression of inward feeling, will note with interest these marked exhibitions.

A Perilous Combat in the Woods.

Few things stir the heart more than adventures, in which the courage and skill of man are pitted against the strength and instinct of the brute creation—when man measures his power with the lion, the bear, or the buffalo—the sympathies of the least adventurous are roused, and the struggle becomes almost our own. The family history of many of those who settled sixty years ago in the western parts of Maine is full of these perilous incidents. Among the most exciting is one that was related to us by the grandson of the hero of one of these dangerous episodes in border life. We will give it as nearly as possible in his own words:

One bright and frosty morning in November, Phil Hibbard, with his trusty dog and gun, started for a few days' hunting, leaving his two boys, Charlie and Sam, at home with their mother. He spent the first day along the banks of a pretty little stream, and at night pitched his tent in a pleasant little patch of forest land, which seemed made on purpose for seclusion from the busy world. Selecting a spot where the trunks of several immense trees grew so closely together as to form almost a wall, he made a kind of shelter of cedar and pine boughs, placed in the form of a hut; and then, collecting a goodly quantity of dry leaves, which lay around in profusion, he made them his bed, throwing his heavy cloak over him. He had, however, previously kindled a fire, on which he had broiled a venison steak; this, with a good pull at his brandy flask, made him a very substantial supper. After smoking his pipe, he laid down for the night, with his dog and gun close by his side. There being no moon, and the woods thick and heavy, it was very dark; but the light from his fire penetrated to a considerable extent into the surrounding gloom, clothing the trees and everything near him in weird shapes and habiliments.

Like every individual whose mind is unassisted by the facts and principles of science, Phil was superstitious. He had no sooner cast his eyes about him after darkness set in, than he began to imagine strange things. He was not a coward in any sense of the word, but there came a mysterious feeling over him, which, despite every effort to drive it away, would intrude upon his mind.

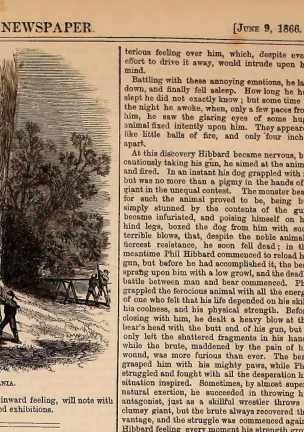
Battling with these annoying emotions, he laid down, and finally fell asleep. How long he had slept he did not exactly know; but some time in the night he awoke, when, only a few paces from him, he saw the glaring eyes of some huge animal fixed intently upon him. They appeared like little balls of fire, and only four inches apart.

At this discovery Hibbard became nervous, but cautiously taking his gun, he stood at the animal and fired. In an instant his dog grappled with it, but was no more than a pigmy in the hands of a giant in the unequal contest. The monster bear, for such the animal proved to be, being but simply stunned by the contents of the gun became infuriated, and poising himself on his hind legs, boxed the dog from him with such terrible blows, that, despite the noble animal's fiercest resistance, he soon fell dead; in the meantime Phil Hibbard commenced to reload his gun, but before he had accomplished it, the bear sprang upon him with a low growl, and the deadly battle between man and bear commenced. Phil grappled the ferocious animal with all the energy of one who felt that his life depended on his skill, his coolness, and his physical strength. Before closing with him, he dealt a heavy blow at the bear's head with the butt end of his gun, but it only left the shattered fragments in his hand, while the brute, maddened by the pain of his wound, was more furious than ever. The bear grasped him with his mighty paws, while Phil struggled and fought with all the desperation his situation inspired. Sometimes, by almost supernatural exercise, he succeeded in throwing his antagonist, just as a skilful wrestler throws a clumsy giant, but the brute always recovered the vantage, and the struggle was commenced again. Hibbard feeling every moment his strength grow fainter and fainter. As the combat progressed, the two combatants had worked themselves up to the fire, which had partially burned out, when, as though inspired by the extremity of the danger, Hibbard suddenly seized a brand from the ashes, and as the maddened beast opened his mouth in the fury of its rage, he thrust a burning mass down its throat. Instantly it relaxed its hold, and with an unearthly yell, which reverberated through the woods, leaped into the thicket.

Hibbard, fearing a return of his enemy, armed himself with another brand of fire, and stood ready for an attack, should the beast renew the conflict. The bear, however, did not return. Hibbard was stripped almost completely of clothing in this fearful encounter; his flesh was terribly lacerated, and his strength nearly exhausted. Rekindling his fire as well as he could, he drank a little brandy from his flask, and then sat down, hoping to rest, but not daring to sleep. The struggle, however, had been too much for him, and in his weakness he unconsciously fell into a sound slumber. When he awoke the sun was high up in the heavens, and a burning fever had seized his frame. He could not rise; the flesh on his limbs was swollen by the dreadful wounds he had received, and being far from any human assistance, he began to feel that his last days were approaching. Fortunately, as the day advanced he began to grow stronger; his fever left him, and he attended to his wounds as best he could.

He remained at the same place that night; and the next day, feeling much refreshed, he started for home. He could travel but slowly—for he was in no condition for such a task. On, on he patiently plodded his way, and when he supposed himself near his cabin, he was astonished to find himself at the very place where he had staid the two previous nights, and where he had encountered the bear.

This was a strange circumstance, but resting awhile, he started off once more, and in the course of a few hours found himself back to his old quarters again! He now made up his mind that he was emphatically lost; yet he resolved to make another effort, and again started forward. Night came, and he knew not where he was; everything was strange—for he had never been in these parts—



THE "TWINS," MARIPOSA, CALIFORNIA.

and tired, feeble and sick, he almost gave up in despair.

In this condition he wandered about from day to day, camping wherever night overtook him, and subsisting on whatever he could find suitable to eat. Exhaustion at length overcame him, and he was compelled to be quiet. He made himself a little "bough-house," and prepared to rest.

In this a week was passed, but he was still unable to venture on his journey. He thought of his home, his wife, and his children—how they would miss him and wonder at his absence. He felt that if they knew his condition—how he was "lost in the pine"—how much he had suffered—they would at once fly to his rescue. But they could not know; and as each day's sun went down, they gazed into each other's faces with silent sorrow at the failure of his return. But his wife and children had not been idle in searching for him, and many were the days he traveled over on this mission.

One day, as Phil entered his little "bough house," unusually weak and heart-broken, feeling that he might never again leave it alive, his thoughts went back to the various scenes in his life. His had been a hard lot. His face and hands were sun-browned and hardened with toil, but his heart had always been generous, warm and kind. Now, to suffer so much—to die alone, in the midst of a wild desert—it might be within a few miles of his own home, where his little world existed—was too much for him to bear, and in the midst of these reflections he fell asleep.

It was a refreshing slumber, in which he realized that deliverance had come, and so overjoyed was he that he awoke. His awaking was more joyful than his dream had been; for there, bending over him, as he opened his eyes, he saw his two sons and heard them softly whisper:

"Father, is it you?"

Deliverance had come. With a thrill of electric joy he bounded to his feet, and, weakened as he was, he clasped them in his arms, and in a strain of wild delight, cried:

"My children!"

He was carried to his home, where open arms and tender hearts were ready to receive him, and where, with careful attention and nursing, he gradually recovered strength and spirits.

THE WEDDING EVE.

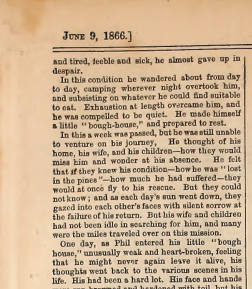
THE eve of Dick's wedding was a wild December night. He was to be married next morning; but, in the meantime, he and the men were all out upon the beach, drawing up their boats, and hitching of a ship seen before dark, and holding, as they thought, a dangerous course.

While they spoke of it, a flash, like lightning, sprang out of the darkness, and in an instant more a message of distress and danger boomed across the sea. Another flash! and again the imploring gun echoed, like a hundred waves in one, among the rocks. The storm was increasing fearfully. A rocket, fired from the coast-guard station, rushed into the air, the strong wind carrying it far inland, but was answered by the harsh quick rolling of the life-boat's bell, calling the crew hastily together.

Dick Hazen had left the service, but the man to replace him had not arrived, and he remained on duty as before. He was the first to spring into the life-boat. She was quickly manned, and, in a few minutes, was gliding down the beach, and tossing like a cork upon the crest of the waves. A long cheer broke from the assembled crowd as the brave crew, bending to their oars, shot out into the darkness on their perilous voyage.

For a long while the lantern on the stern was seen at intervals above the waves, but at last the keenest sight failed to detect it, and silence and anxious waiting succeeded to the noise and hurry of the launch.

Come out with the life-boat! Come away into the storm and darkness. It is better than gnawing one's heart sobore there with Bessie and the rest. To be still to torture when dear lives are staked. See how the muscles start from the strong arms bared to the shoulder! The parted lips and heaving chests have no breath to spend in words. The strong excitement gives



MELODRAMA.—SEE PAGE 188.



TURKEYS DISCOVERING A HAWK.—SEE PAGE 188.

unnatural strength, and the force of their united *will* carries them, like an arrow, on their dangerous way.

Brave hearts, thinking only of the perishing ship. In their generous haste the men had forgotten their lifebelts. They didn't think they would be drowned; or if they did, they would not return.

The firing has ceased; the moon is up, misty and pale, behind swift flying clouds; a dark object, still far off, is discerned in the direction of the dangerous reef. The life-boat is flying on, often full of water, but as quickly emptying again; the men, drenched to the skin, have found breath enough to send a cheer forward to the sinking ship, and a faint cry has come to them from her crowded decks. They are in time to save!

Oh! that I could end here! But joy and rest have scant place in this disguised world, and I can speak of neither here, except as represented by the grave. Let me hasten to the end, the end that has no end—sorrow upon sorrow, like the rolling waves. The life-boat neared the wreck, when a wave, fiercer than the rest, dashing over the reef, filled her and flung her off; but, drawing her furiously back, hurled her so violently against the wreck, that the side was stove in, and she became unmanageable. Some of the men escaped by clinging to the vessel they had risked so much to save, and afterward, with the cold sea, were washed off and stranded on the shore. But two of the gallant lifeboat's crew were lost. *Dick Harris and Jonker.*

I thought these eyes of mine, so old now, could weep no more. I thought the old man had outlived his heart, but I see and feel the terrible cheering scene again. How Bess ran into the water to meet the lifeboat, crowded with the saved; but missed her love! She never spoke nor wept, but her face turned white as death, and changed no more, and day and night she waited by the sea, until at last he came. The villagers bell of it still. How with a wild shriek she threw up her arms to heaven, claiming her dead, and, plunging waist-deep into the waves, fought with them for possession of her own. Her wild shrieks rang out his death-knell in the night. Nay, always near her, helped her to carry him to a quiet spot, and, covering him reverently with her shawl, ran for help to the village, leaving Bess to watch him. When they came, but found poor Bessie lying beside her lover, a stream of blood flowing from her lips. She did not die at once, but her white scarred face grew thinner day by day. And Dick's grave was opened to receive her, according to her wish, long before there were any flowers to lay upon it.

THE EXTRA TICKET.

WHEN the opera of the "Prophet" was first brought out in Paris, so great was the demand for seats that tickets were sold at a most extravagant premium. One night a young military officer, who had just made an unsuccessful application for a ticket at the office-box, and was about to fall back in despair, was dexterously relieved of his watch by a pickpocket. Detecting the thief before he had time to escape, he recovered the stolen time-piece without the interposition of a policeman. Then, taking the culprit aside, he entered into conversation with him:

"You are an expert in your profession," said he, "and I desire now to avail myself of your skill."

"*Monsieur le Capitaine* may command me to the utmost of my abilities," said the sharper.

"Then," whispered the officer, "go immediately and relieve some gentleman of his opera-ticket, and I will pay you one hundred ounces for it. No hesitation—be quick—the money is ready."

"It shall be done," was the sharper's business-like answer.

In three minutes the adroit rascal returned with an elegant card-case, containing four opera tickets, together with a number of cards having the name of Mademoiselle Solange Dudevant engraved upon them.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the captain, "you have been robbing a lady."

"No, indeed, sir," replied the thief. "There is my victim."

As the sharper made this nonchalant reply, he pointed to a rosy-cheeked young gentleman in a black dress-coat, black tights and white vest, with plain flat buttons and white kid gloves, who was engaged in an animated conversation with a couple of young ladies just within the vestibule.

"Doh!" exclaimed the captain, "that is a lady dressed en cavalier. It is Mademoiselle Solange Dudevant herself. Return the article immediately."

"Monsieur is right," said the pickpocket. "No one but a brute would knowingly rob a lady, especially when the lady is the daughter of George Sand, whom we all love so well. Excuse me, monsieur; rely upon it, I will yet succeed in procuring you a ticket."

In an instant the sharper placed himself before Mlle. Solange, with a profound bow.

"Begging mademoiselle's pardon," he said. "She has the misfortune to drop her card-case."

"Thank you most kindly," replied Mademoiselle Solange, taking the card-case into her hand. "Allow me to reward you for returning it."

"As to that, mademoiselle," said the sharper, "permit me humbly to suggest that you have four tickets for the grand entertainment in your case, whereas the party consists of only three persons."

"You, then, would like to have the extra ticket?" asked the lady.

"Exactly so, mademoiselle," blandly replied the prince of sharpers.

"You are quite welcome to it," returned Mademoiselle Solange Dudevant.

The sharper took the ticket to the young officer, who, having treated the matter in which it was obtained, did not hesitate to receive it, and handed him over the promised 100 francs.

On taking his seat in the opera-house, the captain found himself either to elbow with Mademoiselle Dudevant, with whom he was well acquainted. He frankly explained to her the equivocal process by which he had procured his ticket, and the lady laughed at the trick of which she was the unconscious victim.

WHAT length ought a lady's crinoline to be? A little above two feet.

THE REGALIA OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE coronation and other jewels of the British crown are kept in a room constantly open to inspection, in the Tower of London. The leading pieces are as follows:

1. St. Edward's Crown, made for the coronation of the second Charles, to replace the one broken up and sold during the Civil Wars, which was said to have been worn by Edward the Confessor. It is used in the coronation of all the sovereigns. This is the crown placed by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the head of the sovereign at the altar.

2. The New State Crown, made for the coronation of Queen Victoria. It is composed of a cap of purple velvet, inclosed by hoops of silver, and studded with a profusion of diamonds; it weighs one pound and three quarters. The large unpolished ruby is said to have been worn at Cressy and Azincourt by Edward the Black Prince and Henry V. The front cross is adorned with an unique sapphire of the purest and deepest azure, more than two inches long and one inch broad. The diamond cross is estimated to be worth £30,000. It was placed from the one constructed for the coronation of George IV.

3. The Prince of Wales's Crown is of gold, and unadorned with jewels. On occasions of state it is placed before the seat occupied by the full-apparent to the throne, in the House of Lords.

4. The Queen Consort's Crown is of gold, set with diamonds, pearls, etc.

5. The Queen's Diadem, or circlet of gold, was made for the coronation of Marie d'Este, Queen of James II. It is adorned with large diamonds, and the upper edge of the circlet is bordered with magnificent pearls.

6. St. Edward's Staff is of beaten gold, four feet seven inches in length, surmounted by an orb and cross, and ball with a steel spike. The staff is asserted to contain a fragment of the true cross. It weighs eight pounds nine ounces. It is carried before the sovereign at the coronation.

7. The Royal Sceptre, or Sceptre with the Cross, is of gold, two feet nine inches in length. The staff is plain, and the pommel is ornamented with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. The *fleur-de-lis*, with which the sceptre was once adorned, have been removed, and replaced by golden leaves, bearing the rose, shamrock and thistle. The cross is covered with rose of brilliants, and the orb has in the centre a large table diamond.

8. The Rod of Equity, or Sceptre with the Dove, is of gold, three feet seven inches in length, set with dia-

monds, etc. At the top is an orb, banded with rose diamonds, and surmounted with a cross, on which is the figure of a dove—the emblem of peace—with expanded wings.

9. The Queen's Sceptre, with the Cross, is smaller in size than the preceding, but of exquisite workmanship, and set with precious stones of great value.

10. The Queen's Ivory Sceptre was made for Marie d'Este, and is mounted in gold, and terminated by a golden cross, bearing a dove of white ivory.

11. A Sceptre, found behind a part of the old wainscoting of the sacred jewel-house, in 1814. It is supposed to have been made for Queen Mary, consort of William III.

12. The Orb is of gold, six inches in diameter, banded with a fillet of the same precious metal, set with pearls, and surmounted by a remarkably fine amethyst, nearly an inch and a half high, supporting a cross of gold 32 inches in height. The orb, we need scarcely, is the emblem of sovereignty, though it have been derived from Imperial Rome, and to have been first adorned with the cross by Constantine on his conversion to Christianity. It first appears among the royal insignia of England on the coins of Edward the Confessor.

13. The Queen's Orb is of smaller dimensions, but of similar fashion and materials.

13. The Sword of Mercy, or Curtana, is of steel, ornamented with gold, and pointless.

15. The Swords of Justice, ecclesiastical and temporal.

16. The Armille, or Coronation Bracelets, are of gold, plain and large, and edged with pearls.

17. The Royal Spurs are of gold. They are carried in the coronation procession by the representative of the Earls of Hastings.

18. The Ampulla is an antique vessel of gold, used for containing the consecrated oil used at coronations, resembling an eagle with outstretched wings, standing on a pedestal. The head screws off at the middle of the neck, for the purpose of pouring in the oil; and the back being hollow to the beak, the latter serves as a spout through which the oil is poured.

19. The Gold Coronation Spoon is used for receiving the sacred oil from the Ampulla, at the anointing of the sovereign. It is supposed to be the sole relic of the ancient regalia. It has four pearls in the broadest part of the handle, and the bowl is richly chased within and without.

20. The Golden Salt-Cellar of State is formed a

chased with the rose, *fleur-de-lis*, and shamrock.

THE OPERA.—SEE PAGE 188.

"Model of the White Tower;" but it has scarcely any other resemblance to that old keep than from the body of it being castellated and of a square form. It is of gold, adorned with jewelry, and ornamented at its base with mimic cannon, serpents, and grotesque figures. The receptacles for the salt are formed by the removal of the tops of the turrets.

21. Baptismal Font, of silver gilt, tastefully chased; was formerly used at the christening of the royal children, but a new font, of more picturesque design, has been recently manufactured for Queen Victoria.

22. A large and beautiful Silver Wine Fountain, which was presented to Charles II. by the corporation of Plymouth.

Such is a brief list of the treasures contained in the Jewel-House, which, while they attract the attention of sight-seers, contrast with the homely virtues and distinguishing characteristics which—"gems beyond price"—adorn the present illustrious ruler of Great Britain.

SCENES IN CENTRAL ASIA.

AFTER a short halt we again started, passing by a hill higher than the rest of the sand hills; upon the former we saw two empty kedjeve. I was told that the travelers who had been seated therein had perished in the desert, and that everything that had held men was respected among the Turkomans, and its destruction regarded as a sin. Singular superstition! Men sold to slavery and lands laid waste regarded as acts of virtue, and a wooden basket held in honor because men have once been seated in it! The desert and its inhabitants are really singular and extraordinary. The reader will be still more surprised when I relate to him what we witnessed this same evening. When it became cooler, I dismounted with the kervanbashi and some other Turkomans in search of some rain-water that we hoped to find. We were all armed, and each went in a different direction. I followed the kervanbashi; and we had advanced perhaps 40 steps, when the latter observed some traces in the sand, and in great astonishment exclaimed: "Here there must be men." We got our muskets ready, and guided by the track that became clearer and clearer, we at last reached the mouth of a cave. As from the prints in the sand we could infer that there was but a single man, we soon penetrated into the place, and I saw, with indescribable horror, a man—half a savage, with long hair and beard, clad in the skin of a gazelle—who, no less astonished, sprang up, and with leveled lance rushed upon us.

While I was contemplating the whole scene with the greatest impatience, the features of my guide showed the most imperturbable composure. When he distinguished the half-savage man he dropped the end of his weapon, and murmuring in a low voice "Amanbol," (Peace be unto thee), he quitted the horrible place. "Kanli dir, he is one who has blood upon his head," exclaimed the kervanbashi, without my having ventured to question him. It was not till later that I learned that this unhappy man, fleeing from a righteous vendetta, had been for years and years, summer and winter, wandering round the desert; man's face he must not, dares not behold!

The "vendetta" is here even tolerated by religion! and I was an eye-witness in Etrek to an occurrence where a son, in the presence of his mother, avenged the death of his father, that had taken place eight years before, by shooting his step-father, who had married her, and who, it appeared, had been an accomplice. It was very characteristic that the people who were present at his interment condoled with the mother and at the same time felicitated the son on the act of piety which he had accomplished.

In the last court I found about 300 Tchaudors, prisoners of war, covered with rags; they were so tormented by the dread of their approaching fate, and by the hunger which they had endured for several days, that they looked as if they had just risen from their graves. They were separated into two divisions, namely, such as had not yet reached their fortieth year, and were to be sold as slaves, or to be made use of as presents, and such as from their rank or age were regarded as ak-akals (graybeards) or leaders, and who were to suffer the punishment imposed by the khan. The former, chained together by their iron collars in numbers of 10 to 15, were led away; the latter submissively awaited the punishment awarded. They looked like lambs in the hands of their executioners. While several were led to the gallows or the block, I saw how, at a sign from the executioner, eight aged men placed themselves down on their backs upon the earth. They were then bound hand and foot, and the executioner gouged out their eyes in turn, kneeling to do so on the breast of each poor wretch; and after every operation he wiped his knife, dripping with blood, upon the white beard of the hoary unfortunate. As each fearful act was completed, the victim, liberated from his bonds, grasping around with his hands, sought to gain his feet! Some fell against each other, head against head; others sank powerless to the earth again, uttering low groans; the memory will make me shudder as long as I live.

I had almost forgotten to mention that the yasaul led me to the treasurer to receive the sum for my daily board. This personage was engaged in so singular an occupation, that I must not omit to particularize it. He was assorting the khilat (robes of honor) which were to be sent to the camp to reward those who had distinguished themselves. They consisted of about four kinds of silken coats with staring colors, and large flowers worked in them in gold. I heard them styled four-headed, twelve-headed, twenty-headed and forty-headed coats. As I could see upon them no heads at all, in painting or embroidery, I demanded the reason of the appellation, and was told that the most simple coats were a reward for having cut off four heads of enemies, and the most beautiful a recompense for forty heads, and that they were now being forwarded to the camp. Some one proceeded to tell me, "that if this was not a usage in Roum, I ought to go next morning to the principal square, where I should be a witness of this distribution." Accordingly, the next morning I did really see about 100 horsemen arrive from the camp covered with dust. Each of them brought at least one prisoner with him, and among the number, women and children also, bound either to the tail of the horse, or to the pommel of the saddle; besides all of which, he had buckled behind him a large sack, containing the heads of his enemies, the evidence of his heroic exploits. On coming up he handed over the prisoners as presents to the khan, or some other great personage, then loosened his sack, seized it by the two lower corners, as if he were about to empty potatoes, and there rolled the bearded or beardless heads before the accountant, who kicked them together with his feet until a large heap was composed, consisting of several hundreds. Each hero had a receipt given to him for the number of heads delivered, and a few days later came the day of payment.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHEN poor Curran was in his last illness, the doctor remarked one morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty. "That is rather surprising," the patient gasped out, "for I have been practicing all night!"

A FRENCHMAN, on arriving in New York, and finding himself utterly unobserved, no official asking his passport, no policeman dogging his steps, no mayor demanding his business, felt sad and lonely, and exclaimed that he was taken no more notice of than if he was a little dog.

A TRAVELER stopped at an inn to breakfast, and having drank a cup of what was given to him, the servant asked:

"What will you take, sir—tea or coffee?"

"That depends upon circumstances," was the reply. "If what you gave me last was tea, I want coffee; if it was coffee, I want tea. I want hange."

WHY is a neat housekeeper like the sea? Because she is tide-y.

MR. QUILP (the brute) thinks the reason why so many young women are obliged to support themselves, is because the young men find them insupportable.

THE BOYS OF PASSAMAQUODDY

Here we are—a host
 Of the Fenian body,
Gathered on thy coast,
 Bay of Passamaquoddy,
Boys that Glory calls,
 Heroes of a million,
Looking out for squalls,
 Under Doran Killian.

If New Brunswick cries
 "No Confederation!"
With her sons we'll rise,
 In a botheration.
Should the Fishery fix
 Issue in hot water,
With the Yankees mix,
 And the British slaughter.

Britain's foes we'll aid,
 At the call of Glory:
But we won't invade
 British territory
Lest we and the Chief
 Of our numerous body,
Go from thee to grief,
 Bay of Passamaquoddy!

A CURIOSITY FOR THE LADIES.

THERE is on exhibition at the salesroom of Messrs. WHEELER & WILSON, No. 625 Broadway, the first Sewing Machine (No. 1) made by that Company, the present number being 220,000. Let the interested compare the Machine sold in 1851 for $125 with those now offered for $55. The former owner of this Machine gives its history as follows:

"This Machine was finished early in 1851, and I learned its use from Mr. WILSON himself. I was thus, you see, the first to work the Wheeler & Wilson Machine, and learned on the first Machine they ever manufactured.

"In 1854 I earned with the Machine $295, besides doing my own housework and taking care of my baby. In 1856 we came to Davenport, and brought the Machine with us. I believe it is the first Machine ever brought to Iowa.

"I run that Machine almost constantly for more than 14 years, on all sorts of work, from the finest dress-making to heaviest tailoring. I quilted a full-sized white bed-spread with it which has been exhibited three times at the Fair. It took me three weeks to do it, with my other work; but it could not have been done by hand in as many years. I have even stitched leather with it, and at the time I exchanged it (in 1865), for No. 193,320, it worked just as well as when made.

"It is perhaps unnecessary for me to add that I believe the Wheeler & Wilson to be vastly superior to any other machine made.

"Yours, respectfully,
"P. E. B."

Time tries all things. USE only furnishes the final test. Opinions of the skillful may be of value, but time is needed to confirm them. All failures have had their advocates. It is noteworthy that the Sewing Machine for which the highest premium was awarded at the World's Fair here in 1853 long since sunk into merited oblivion. The past 15 years have seen numerous Machines, with high-sounding pretensions, rise with a flourish, confound the simple, and vanish. So will it be while credulity lasts.

The Wheeler & Wilson Company fixed upon the "Lock Stitch" as the one best suited to the general purposes of sewing, for beauty, permanence, elasticity, and economy of thread, and experience has confirmed the preference. It was at liberty, then as now, to make a chain-stitch machine; and even now, at a cost of less than 10 cents each, can adapt its Lock-Stitch Machine to make the chain-stitch as well as the lock-stitch; but, not believing in the stitch, has steadily refused to give it any kind of endorsement.

While this Company has given to the public the best fruits of inventive genius, it has guarded it from a multitude of traps. Attachments have been added for various purposes, as hemming, braiding, binding, cording, &c., but it has been kept free of all useless complications. *Simplicity of parts*, and adaptation to the widest range of work, has been the constant aim. Instead of boasting of a variety of useless stitches and movements, it claims to make but *one kind of stitch*, and that with the *fewest movements possible*. Hence the Machine may run constantly for 14 years, like the No. 1 above-mentioned, or a life-time, even, and work just as well as when new. With a complication of parts and movements, it would require monthly repairs and adjustments. As the purchase of a Sewing-Machine is, or may be, an act for a life-time, care should be had in getting what *time* and *use* have approved.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Multitudes of People require an Alterative, to restore the healthy action of their systems and correct the derangements that creep into it. Sarsaparillas were used and valued, until several impositions were palmed off upon the public under this name. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is no imposition. o

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English Comic Opera, "THE DOCTOR OF ALCANTARA," by J. EICHBERG, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday Evenings. Mr. Eichberg, conducter H. Draper, director.

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The merit of this plan is two-fold. First, each subscriber to a $5 share becomes a stockholder in the Company, and entitled to the benefits of its success. Second, every person who purchases stock has a chance to receive a valuable present—*a small fortune.*

One quarter of the entire amount received from sales of certificates will be paid into the treasury of the Company, thus placing $50,000 in cash as its working capital, in which sum the stockholders will be mutually interested. This sum will erect 200 retorts (as the oil is produced by distillation), which will yield by actual demonstration on the lands of an adjoining Company whose works are now in operation, 60 barrels of oil per day, of a lubricating quality—worth $25 per barrel, or a NET PROFIT OF $400,000 per annum.

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10	" Gold Watches " 100 "	1,000
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10	" " " " 25 "	250
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3,000	" " " 5 "	15,000
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5,000	" Gold Pens 3 "	15,000
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THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.—SEE PAGE 190.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 16, 1866.

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Gen. Grant on the Situation.

There is no man in America whose opinions command more interest and possess more weight than those of Gen. Grant. The recognized military leader of any country is an important personage, especially during periods of unquiet, and when sections, parties or factions contemplate a resort to arms as among their expedients. But when that leader is known for clearness of political perception, and possesses a personal knowledge and appreciation of the people of the country, their condition and requirements, he becomes an authority as well as a power, and his views of public affairs become entitled to exceptional weight—especially when he happens to be proverbial for reticence, and is never known to speak except with deep significance.

It is, therefore, with no small degree of interest, and, we may add, with considerable satisfaction, that we read the report given in the Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* of a conversation, between Gen. Grant and its editor, which seems to have been less reserved on the part of the former than usual. It appears to be becoming the fashion for public men, not excepting Presidents, to take editors into their confidence, and make them their mediums of communication with the public. If less dignified and satisfactory than the traditional modes of communication between men in position and the world, namely, through speeches or letters, it may commend itself from the ease with which any ideas or expressions, deemed impolitic on second thought, may be repudiated: it is only necessary to say that the great man was not correctly reported!

What is especially interesting in the reported conversation is the view taken by Gen. Grant of what is called the "political situation." It seems that the General, although thoroughly satisfied of the ultimate suppression of the rebellion, nevertheless thought it would hold out another season; and he is by no means sure it would not have been better if it had, for reasons which we present in his own words:

"There were some parts of the country where our armies had never trod, particularly Texas, which needed to feel the blighting effects of war to bring their people to a realizing sense of the enormity of their crime, and the necessity of a thorough repentance. I find that those parts of the South which have not felt the war, and particularly those which have been within our lines and have therefore escaped the rebel conscription and taxes, are much less disposed to accept the situation in good faith than those portions which have been literally overrun with fire and sword."

Gen. Grant, in common with all really loyal men, is by no means satisfied with the temper of the lately rebellious States:

"A year ago, they were willing to do anything; now they regard themselves as masters of the situation. Some of the rebel Generals are behaving nobly, and doing all they can to induce the people to throw aside their old prejudices, and to conform their course to the changed condition of things. Johnson and Dick Taylor, particularly, are exercising a good influence; but Lee is behaving badly; he is conducting himself very differently from what I had reason, from what he said at the time of the surrender, to suppose he would. No man at the South is capable of exercising a tenth part of the influence for good that he is; but, instead of using it, he is setting an example of forced acquiescence, so grudging and pernicious in its effects as to be hardly realized. The men who were in the rebel armies acquiesce in the result much better than those who staid at home. The women are particularly bitter against the Union and Union men. Of course there is some bitterness of feeling among all classes; but I am satisfied it would soon die out if their leading men had not, somehow, got the idea that treason, after all, was not very bad, and that the 'Southern cause,' as they phrase it, will yet triumph—not in war, but in politics. In my judgment, the tone of certain men and certain papers in the North is such as to do incalculable mischief, in making the late rebels believe that they are just as much entitled to rule as ever, and that if they will only stand by what they are pleased to call their 'rights,' they will have help from the North. This is only playing over again the incipient stages of the rebellion."

The weight of these opinions is not to be lessened by the allegation of coming from a "radical." They come from a man of the utmost coolness and moderation, and who, perhaps, is in a better position than any man in the country to form just conclusions. He regards the notions that are taking new root in the Southern mind, and which are leading to "incipient rebellion," as in great degree fostered by Northern demagogues—the very same men who before betrayed the South into the fatal error of believing that its sympathizers in the North were strong enough to control the policy of the country.

"I am confident that the large majority of the Southern people would smother their resentments and become good citizens if these mischief-makers at the North would only let them alone. For myself, if I had the power, the first thing I would do would be to seize the New York *News*, and kindred sheets, which are giving the South so dangerous an idea of their own position and 'rights.' Dick Taylor told me that the great body of the South would settle down quietly and be satisfied with anything if it was not for the false idea of 'their rights' and so-called ill-treatment fostered by such sheets."

Here lies the real difficulty of "reconstruction," and hence follows the necessity, offensive, if you like, but real, of keeping an armed force in the Southern States. It is to keep in check that "incipient rebellion," which, although not general, still exists, and may become dangerous. On this point Gen. Grant says:

"Troops must be kept in all the principal points in the South for some time to come. This will be necessary to repress the turbulence of a class of the South very dangerous to all well-disposed persons, and also to protect the rights of the freedmen, who are looked upon with deep hatred by a very large proportion of the people."

These are the views of the first and most influential man in the nation, and as such, merit the highest consideration.

Closing the Bar-rooms on Sunday.

It appears, from the old records, that this city was much given to drink from the earliest period of its existence.

Old Peter Stuyvesant, the last of the Dutch Governors, soon after he was sworn in, in 1647, sallied forth, one fine Sunday morning, from Fort Amsterdam, to take a walk up the island. He found a great number of drunken men haunting the various taverns, some of whom, in his very presence, fell to fighting. Swords were drawn and blood was shed, he tells us, before the riot could be suppressed. Full of indignation at this affront, and scandalized at the disgrace thus put upon a Dutch province, he went back to Fort Amsterdam, and set about framing a decree, or ordinance, designed to prevent such abominable doings for the future. He ordained that, henceforth, no tavern should be open on Sunday until two o'clock in the afternoon; or, in case there was preaching, not until preaching was over; and that, on week-day evenings, every tavern should be closed at nine o'clock.

Here we have the action of our new Excise Commissioners anticipated. Good old Peter Stuyvesant gave them the hint at least. They have gone beyond him, in closing the drinking-places altogether on Sundays, but they come short of his system, in permitting them to remain open on week-nights until twelve o'clock.

Precisely 100 years after Governor Stuyvesant took that Sunday morning walk, a scene transpired in New York, which shows us that drinking was still one of the besetting sins of the town. It was in 1747, when France and England were at war, and the colonies were arming in self-defense, that Benj. Franklin, printer, came on from Philadelphia, to ask the Governor of New York to lend Pennsylvania a few of his superfluous cannon. "At first," says Franklin, "he refused us peremptorily; but at a dinner with his council, when there was great drinking of Madeira wine, *as the custom of that place then was*, he softened by degrees, until he said he would lend us six. After a few more bumpers, he advanced to 10; and at length he very good-naturedly conceded us 18."

Those words, so quietly thrown in by Franklin, "as the custom of that place then was," are full of meaning to those who know a little of the life led in America by the royal Governors sent over to us in colonial times. But the drinking of Madeira wine was far from being confined to them. The early commerce of this port made the Madeira bottle a familiar object upon the tables of merchants; while New England rum, distilled from West India molasses, furnished to the less opulent, the means of muddling their intellect. Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," mentions, that in the province of New York, in 1770, "ship-carpenters earned six shillings sterling a day, with a pint of rum worth sixpence."

Another century has rolled away, and still New York maintains a bad pre-eminence in drinking. It has grown to be an evil so great as to overwhelm the mind that attempts to grasp the facts. The mind, indeed, cannot grasp them. It is easy to say that there are ten thousand five hundred drinking places in the city of New York; that each of those sells, on an average, 120 drinks a day; that New York spends every week more money for liquor than for bread; and that fully seven-tenths of all the poverty and crime of the city are apparently traceable to this single cause. These would be appalling truths if the human mind was so constituted as to be able to comprehend at one view all the sorrow, the anguish and the shame which they include.

The only people who can be truly said to *know* anything about the evils of drinking are those who have had, in their own inner circle of relations and most intimate friends, a family, the father of which was a drunkard. It is not within the power of mortal pen to express this evil—the gradual descent, the brief reforms, the sure relapses, the growing hopelessness of the wife, her racking anxiety when he is absent, her alarm at his approach, her agony while he stays, the bitter, burning shame which she and her children feel, until in the callousness of habitual despair they are sensible only to physical pain—the pain of hunger, cold, and blows. There was never but one man who could bring all this home to the imagination of those who have never witnessed it. Nothing short of the splendid histrionic genius of Mr. Gough is equal to the task of making men and women feel and see what it is to *have*, and what it is to *be*, a drunken father, husband, brother or son.

It is known, probably, to all the readers of this paper, that a serious and resolute effort is now making in this city to lessen the evils of excessive drinking. The 1,200 lowest drinking places which have been selling liquor without any license have been closed. Those cellars of abomination in Broadway, and all other places where intoxicating drinks are sold, are to be shut at midnight. On Sundays nothing intoxicating is to be sold at all, except upon the prescription of a physician. For the space of four weeks these regulations have actually been enforced.

The opposition to these measures concentrates itself upon the Sunday prohibition. Many thousands of our German fellow-citizens, who have been accustomed to spend part of every Sunday in the beer gardens in the outskirts of the city, resent the prohibition as an infraction of the natural rights of man. On the other hand, a large number of dissolute men are prevented by this regulation from spending the Sunday in drinking, unless they invade adjacent villages and fill the neighborhood of the city with riot.

Our main objection to the Sunday rule is, that it cannot, in a city like this, be permanently enforced. The pressure of the opposition to it will be constant and strong; the means of evading it will multiply; the rigor of the official enforcers of the law will be insensibly relaxed; and long before this year closes, we shall probably see all the bar-rooms open again on Sunday. We question if there now is upon earth, or has ever been, a government powerful enough to enforce such a law in a community where there are sold every twenty-four hours in the year a million and a quarter of drinks.

There is more in this horrid and wide-spread propensity to drink stimulating liquors than we are apt to think. It is the symptom of deep disease in the body politic, as well as in the constitutions of the individuals addicted to the practice. There are some sores which, if you were to heal them up suddenly, would kill the patient; the sore, bad as it is, being a mitigating and relieving symptom of an internal disorder, which would be instantly fatal if it could not break its way to the surface. We are fully convinced that if, by the working of a miracle, the imbibing of intoxicating drinks in this city could be totally stopped, our most zealous tee-totalers would soon be in favor of reopening the bar-rooms. We should otherwise become a community of opium-eaters and tobacco sots.

We honor the motives of the humane and patriotic gentlemen who have been instrumental in setting on foot the new system. We wish them success in their endeavors to check an enormous evil which is but the outward sign of evil still more enormous. We only fear that, in this single feature of their plan, they are attempting something which is both impossible, not to say undesirable. Bad food, bad air, loathsome lodgings, excessive labor, vacancy of mind, despair—these are the real drunkard-makers.

We hope to live to see the day when the force of whatever benevolence there may be in New York will be chiefly expended in extirpating the causes, rather than legislating against the effects, of a morbid craving for strong drink.

There is a paper published daily in London, during the sessions of Parliament, called the *Owl*, conducted by a club of young men of good position and education, which takes off the follies and criticises the vices of the higher classes, social and political. It has no known publisher, and communications for it are received by an ordinary news-vender at the West End. Its squibs and parodies have gained for it a circulation of upward of 7,000. Like the *Punch* men, the *Owls* dine together once a week, when the contents of the forthcoming number are submitted and approved of, and when Parliament breaks up the profits are divided among the Birds, who disperse themselves until the ensuing February.

The Female Medical College of Pennsylvania has held its seventeenth annual session. When organized it was the only one in the world. Seventy-one students have received the diploma of the institution, and about four times that number have attended its lectures. Of the graduates, the larger number are in successful practice.

During the late grand Fenian invasion of Canada, *via* Eastport and the classic island of Campo Bello, some one stole an English flag that happened to be exposed somewhere, whether on a clothes-line or from a flag-staff we are uninformed. Whereupon the London *Saturday Review* waxes wroth, pronounces "the violation of neutrality undeniable," and characteristically pronounces that "no civilized government but that of America would tolerate such a proceeding." Yet this journal saw nothing censurable in the invasion of the United States from Canada, the robbery of banks, and the assassination of unarmed citizens, by men who were held guiltless by British courts, and *fêted* as heroes by British citizens!

TOWN GOSSIP.

Every one who has read the story of the heroic young Casabianca, has thrilled with admiration at the daring conduct and filial obedience of that noble boy, who could die, but not leave his post. A similar act of heroism was performed at the recent burning of the Academy of Music in this city. Last week we referred to the destruction of that edifice (of which, with all its faults, we were rather proud); but we did not tell how bravely those noble firemen who perished in the flames rushed to certain destruction in obedience to orders.

A regiment of veterans will charge a frowning battery though certain that numbers must fall before its murderous fire; discipline, the excitement of the hour, the spirit of the service, will move men to any pitch of daring, when the danger is equally shared; while, perhaps, not one in a hundred of those same veterans would face that battery individually and unsupported. But here we learn that these brave firemen, in simple obedience to orders, rushed into the burning building, and, though blinded and stifled with smoke, and stunned with falling fragments, heroically fought the mad and raging element until called away. Two, alas! could hear no call. They could die, but could not retreat, and only their charred remains told the tale of their nobility. All honor to the brave martyrs, and all honor to the heroic men of the department who are willing to interpose the shield of their own lives for our protection.

New York is not wholly given to gain; art has its admirers and patrons, and many of our citizens are disposed to consecrate their means for the promotion of the general good. We are led to this remark by an occurrence the other day, in which the Messrs. Steinway were the chief actors. They have begun the erection of a musical hall for oratorios, concerts, etc. Now, all large edifices have a firm corner-stone, and corner-stones must be properly laid, or they are worthless—at least the Messrs. Steinway are of this opinion—for they invited his Honor the Mayor and a number of musical and literary gentlemen to be present and witness the ceremony. The stone was properly adjusted, the Mayor made his little speech, and the company then separated—no, retired to a large hall in the warerooms, and were there provided with a collation. An hour was spent in discussing the good things, while speeches, toasts and songs enlivened the occasion. Altogether the affair was in the highest degree enjoyable.

The death of Gen. Scott has thrown a gloom over the public mind. Born as it were amid the birth-pangs of the republic, he lived to be a brilliant actor in its first two wars, and passed through a rebellion which has consolidated the nation. Let us be thankful that he lived long enough to see the great principles of liberty and Union triumphant. As we have treated this event in another column, and illustrated the last scene of his career, we refer our readers to those memorials of our respect and regard for the great soldier of the republic.

Head Centre Stephens, having confirmed the faithful here, has commenced a tour of the country in the hope of retrieving the waning fortunes of Fenianism; but they seem past resurrection; not even the grand C.O.I.R., charm he ever so wisely, can infuse life and vigor into this tottering, moribund giant. Amid the various excitements of the day, we have, in a measure, lost sight of another Head Centre, who is the *Jupiter Tonans* of a world by no means unimportant, and whose nod excites the highest hopes and the gravest fears; we refer to the quiet and amiable gentleman who presides at the Custom House. The demonstrations toward him were less marked, perhaps, but not less earnest, and as his functions were real, and not merely advisory, no inconsiderable number of people suddenly became hero-worshipers. The *ins* and *outs* are gradually exchanging places, and in a little while the whole machinery of the establishment will be so lubricated as to work smoothly.

For the last two or three Sundays the clerk of the weather has co-operated with the Excise Board in enforcing the anti-liquor law. With nothing to drink in New York, and no reaching New Jersey except through a drenching rain, the devotees of Bacchus have come to grief. Some solace their sorrows by providing an extra flask on Saturday, but the great mass are compelled, as never before, to observe at least a portion of the fourth command, though, doubtless, the rigor of Mr. Shultz is more potent than the authority of Moses.

The Sunday exodus of New York rowdies from New York to New Jersey has roused a strong feeling of indignation in that foreign State against "Whine and Water Acton," as one of their brightest orators, James Harvey Lyons, called him, the other night. A meeting was held on Tuesday in Odd Fellow's Hall, Hoboken, to urge the necessity of closing all the drinking-saloons on Sunday. It was attended by the leading respectabilities of the place, chief among whom was Mr. Charles Graham, the well-known banker of Wall street, who took the novel ground that a man has no more inherent right to sell liquor than he has to sell poison, the individual right of every citizen being subject to the general welfare. He put the principle so strongly, that it penetrated even the obtuse skulls of the Jerseymen. It is, however, pretty evident that the fear of losing "the rum and rowdy votes" will deter the Democratic Mayor and Council from putting in force any stringent Sunday law to protect the shores of Jersey from the hebdomadal and abominable invasion of the thirsty Gothamites.

The season of our out-door sports has fully commenced, and almost daily we have base-ball, boating, etc. The players are not the only ones benefited by these sports, for they attract thousands of spectators away from the dusty, festering city, to get a new lease of life and health in the pure air and invigorating breezes of the surburbs.

New England has contributed considerably during the week to the entertainment of Gothamites. The Harvard College Base Ball Club have played some handsome games at Brooklyn and Newark, and established their reputation as skillful, gentlemanly players. Their matches were closely contested, and with a little more practice the Harvard boys would prove formidable rivals.

The Beethoven Society of Yale College, numbering some 50 performers, gave a concert at Irving Hall, on Wednesday night, with great *eclat*. They sang a number of pieces with accuracy and spirit, and were heartily applauded. Their college songs were the grand feature of the occasion, and were repeatedly *encored*. If all Yankee boys can do as well, we shall welcome them to the metropolis most heartily.

Mr. Eichberg's opera has been presented at the French Theatre during the week, and, nothwithstanding some defects, has called out large and fashionable audiences. The "Doctor of Alcantara" is just light and pleasant enough for these summer evenings, and Miss Richings's reputation as a graceful *artiste*, sustained as she is by the other members of the troupe, is sufficient to draw good houses.

Barnum's has been crowded during the last week to witness the revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which Mrs. Howard assumes her original character of Topsy. She does it so well, that we "'spect it's growed with her." That excellent *artiste*, Mrs. Prior, also took her original character of Eliza Harris. The part of the Slave, George Harris, was filled by Daly very carefully and naturally. We do not like to advise one of the tender gender, but, if Mrs. Jameson would flavor her dialogue with a little more Yankee twang, and wear spectacles, it would vastly improve her "rendition" of the part she plays. Jameson's Uncle Tom is very good. Miss Prior does the part of Eva very well, and sings very sweetly and effectively.

We must not forget to mention that Mr. Frost, from Boston, has succeeded Mr. Hurd in the general management of the Museum. A somewhat difficult task, considering how popular the "son-in-law" was.

Mr. Brougham has commenced a brilliant engagement at the Winter Garden, substituting his own clever comedies for the whisky and shillalah dramas which have so long reigned there.

At Wallack's "Never Too Late to Mend" is the at-

traction. That most popular of amateur managers, Mr. Moss, has completed his arrangements for his summer campaign, and promises many novelties.

Miss Helen Western is at the Broadway, charming the lovers of the sensational drama by her beautiful *physique*.

Mr. Hopkins's Festival of the Orpheon Choral Schools was held on Friday and Saturday at the Cooper Institute, and was largely attended. The singing of the children was very good, while the assistance of the orchestra, conducted by Mr. Thomas, added to the attraction of the occasion. Every effort to cultivate a taste for music deserves encouragement, and Mr. Hopkins's laudable efforts to train the children will certainly meet its adequate reward.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

WEST ROOM.

No. 426. "Genesee Flats," by Mr. J. W. Casilear. This picture is very noticeable for the clever handling of the foliage, in which Mr. Casilear excels. It is also excellent in feeling.

No. 443. "Near Great Barrington, Mass.," by Mr A. D. Shattuck. There is some very sweet color in this picture; the trees on the left are particularly good. The effect of shadow among them is pleasant, but the foreground is weak.

No. 448. "Tortoise," by Mr. R. J. Pattison. Mr. Pattison sends several pictures to the Academy this year, which are, perhaps, unfortunate efforts, and the less said about them the better.

No. 449. "The Flight of the Birds," by Mr. J. E. McEntee, is fine in color, although in a very different key from that which Mr. McEntee usually affects. An ornithologist might possibly object to the birds he has introduced on more grounds than one.

No. 463. "A Summer Picture," by Mr. C. C. Griswold. A very careful and accurate study from nature, excellent in every point, and highly creditable to Mr. Griswold's skill.

No. 486. "Three Peaches," by Mr. W. T. Matthews. A very faithful study, and good in color.

No. 487. "Cordova, Spain," by Mr. S. Coleman. Mr. Coleman has become one of our best colorists, and this picture excels in that quality. No. 494, by the same artist, is noticeable for the same excellence.

No. 490. "Prisoners from the Front," by Mr. Winslow Homer. Mr. Homer's color is still immature. The figures in this picture are good in drawing and excellent in the rendering of expression. In the indication of character, Mr. Homer promises to stand very high among American artists.

No. 491. "In the Catskills—Portraits," by Mr. Geo. H. Hall. This picture is remarkable—containing one of the best portraits of an artist painted by himself that we have ever seen. It also has less of that obscurity of color which Mr. Hall has lately introduced in his pictures.

No. 504. "Saranac River," by Mr. Homer Martin. A very charming picture, in subject, handling and color.

There are a few pictures in the several rooms which we noted, but failed to include according to rotation of numbers. We notice them now, without reference to position.

No. 224. "The Bouquet Range of the Adirondacks." A Lawrie. The leaves in the foreground are like cakes of foliage—undergrowth on the rocks coarse and indefinite. The general effect is telling, but the color is raw.

No. 438. "St. Erasmé Gaeta." Mr. Edward L. Henry. This is good in all points. The architecture is sharp and well defined—groupings of character full of spirit and indicative of every-day life. The atmosphere is intensely southern, and the manifold details, which are very minute, are broadly touched in, with not too high a finish.

No. 424. "Roman Campagna," by Mr. W. W. Witherspoon. Well drawn, effectively colored, and fine in feeling.

No. 511. "Flowers." Miss S. W. Wenzler. A good study; colors strongly but, perhaps, hardly sufficiently blended. Form and texture well preserved.

No. 504. "Saranac River," by Mr. H. D. Martin. Misty effect, good and truthful. The shadows and reflections are clear, and the foliage details and character are excellent.

No. 480. This fruit is fine in color and texture; ripe, luscious and ready for eating.

No. 223. "Sunset," by Mr. S. P. Hodgdon. Landscape well drawn and composed. The sky is gorgeous in color, but the general color overhead is too darkly tinted for that hour. The road on the right, in half light, is an effective point.

No. 376. "Glimpse of Mount Blanc," by Mr. Regis Ginoux. As we remarked in the commencement of these articles, Mr. Ginoux's picture is unquestionably the finest landscape in the exhibition. The subject chosen is grand in itself, and is grandly treated. The glimpse of Mount Blanc is had through a vast and deep gorge in the lower mountains, and the effects aimed at and obtained are those of vast height without great distance and utter solitude. The contrasted misty depths, with the sun-tipped mountain snow peaks, conveys the artist's thought vividly to the spectators' eye, and that occult feeling which only the touch of a great artist can convey, gives even to that utter solitude a sentiment which connects it with humanity—with our sentient being. That sentiment which prompted the desire of the poet—

> To mingle with the universe, and feel
> What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

The forms of the bold rocky outlines are boldly drawn, and even in the smaller details the marked character of the scene is perfectly preserved. In color it is fine, and the eye does not tire with gazing on this admirable transcription of nature.

No. 357. "Charcoal Wagon in the Alleghanies," by Mr. Peter Moran. The wagon overtaken by a sudden storm, just on the point of a descending road. The action of the wagoner and the horses is excellent. The whole group is boldly sketched in, and is well drawn.

No. 260. "Study of a Quail," by Mr. J. H. Cafferty. An excellent study, and handled freely and effectively.

No. 207, by the same artist, is equally faithful and excellent.

No. 306. "Moonlight," by Mr. Hermann Fuechsal, is a pleasant landscape, with a good diffused moonlight effect.

No. 222. "Little Ones in Trouble," by Mr. D. C. Fabrionnius. A winter scene, with a group of children in trouble about their sleds. The subject is effectively treated, the expression of the faces good, and the details well painted.

THE SCULPTURE ROOM.

The sculpture room is very meagre in subjects, but some few are well worthy of notice. A group of horses by Mr. W. M. Hunt, wonderfully spirited, although the drawing is not always correct. "The Falling Gladiator," by Mr. W. Rimmer, is remarkable for the boldness of its conception, and for its very careful anatomy. Mr. John Rogers has a most excellent characteristic group of intelligent contraband's, called "Uncle Ned's School." The grouping is good, the expression admirable; the drapery and, indeed, all the details are carefully and artistically designed and executed. It is one of Mr. Rogers's most characteristic groups. There are some very excellent busts, and two or three allegorical figures, which are worthy of much praise. Mr. Salathiel Ellis has several capital medallion portraits, which are faithful and well modeled. The Vanderbilt medal, presented by the Government of the United States to Commodore Vanderbilt, in acknowledgment for his princely liberality to his country during the war, and executed by Mr. Ellis, is also exhibited. It is a creditable work of art.

It is impossible, in a necessarily brief notice, to mention any great number of the pictures in the Academy Exhibition. Among those we have passed over, there are many which no man need be ashamed to buy and hang on his library walls, and there are very few that are entirely bad; in fact, the number of painters who show no talent whatever is very small, and does not constitute above 30 per cent. of the artists here represented. The exhibition, upon the whole, is neither better nor worse than those of the last three or four years; but when we remember the really great pictures that used to draw us to the Academy galleries eight or ten years ago, it becomes evident that this is not what an exhibition of the Academy of Design should be. The pictures, almost as a whole, fail in the matter of color; but this is to be expected so long as the American public, which seems to be color blind, will insist upon wagging its foolish head in an ecstasy of admiration over every fool's paradise of a landscape and leather-colored portrait that the Academy sees fit to hang in prominent places.

There seems also to be a great lack of earnestness on the part of our painters. In place of patient, honest and laborious study of nature, they depend for success, in very many instances, upon mere tricks and eccentricities. They are not trying to paint good pictures, but odd pictures; not to please the public, but to astonish it. And this is the more unfortunate, as many of these very pictures would have been really good if they had not been ruined by affectation. The general critics are very much to blame for this, because, instead of saying honestly and directly what is good or bad in a picture, they excuse the bad qualities with timid circumlocution, and obscure the good with transcendental vagueness, thus mystifying the public and misleading the painter. The elements of a picture are very simple and very few. If we say composition, drawing, light and shade and color, we exhaust the list. Every competent critic knows whether a picture is good or otherwise in either of these respects, and if he would frankly state the fact, it might result in doing much good. It is time that this course was adopted in art criticism.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Portland *Argus* says that Capt. J. J. Boyd secured a patent which will make a complete revolution in applying buttons to garments. By this invention buttons can be attached to any part of wearing apparel without the use of thread. The invention consists solely in making the button with a spiral wire to be inserted into the cloth like a corkscrew, and then pressed down flat so as to form a ring to hold the button in place.

—— Mr. Disman, of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, has discovered the process of hardening copper, and has secured a patent for it. The art is supposed to have been lost since the days of King Solomon. The material is properly called silicated copper, and can be worked without friction. All necessity for oiling machinery made from it is obviated.

—— It is projected in California to supply San Francisco and a dozen interior towns with water from Lake Tahoe, which lies in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and is by 1,500 feet the highest body of water ever navigated by a steamboat. The length of the aqueduct, if it is extended to San Francisco, will be 200 miles.

—— A gigantic cotton factory, called the Manasses Manufactory, has been built at Carrollton, Miss. It contains 180,000 spindles, 1,300 looms, and goes into operation July 1. The stock now stands 15 per cent. above par. The company own 1,800 acres of land contiguous to the factory, all well wooded.

—— It is proposed in Charleston, S. C., to convert the square of the burnt district into a public garden. This will be inclosed by a fire-proof block of buildings, the lower stories to be used as stores, while the upper will contain *cafés*, an opera house, &c.

—— The San Jose (Cal.) *Mercury* reports that a great number of flowing artesian wells in and about San Jose have completely dried and rendered worthless hundreds of acres of laguna in the southern portion of the country.

—— It is the fashion with boys in the country to make collections of birds' eggs, and thousands of nests are robbed yearly and tens of thousands of birds are thus destroyed. The Legislature should amend the act for the preservation of birds, and include nests of said birds, with the same penalty for taking an egg or disturbing the nest as for killing the bird. The canker-worm is out in full force and is ready to destroy the first leaf. The birds are our only hope against these pests.

—— A writer in the New Orleans *Christian Advocate* says that, so far as he has ascertained, between 1,000 and 1,200 church-houses were burned during the war. These churches, he thinks, had cost the people not less than $5,000,000. In the loss the Methodists were the greatest sufferers, the Baptists next, then the Presbyterians, the Catholics least.

—— Gen. Van Cleve has just returned to St. Paul, Minn., from a tour of inspection through the Upper Minnesota Valley. He reports that the sufferings of the Indians during the last winter from cold and hunger, have taught them the extent of their dependence on the Government, and will tend to keep them on friendly terms with us.

—— The House of Representatives have passed a bill for the government of the Territories, of which one section, the ninth, secures equal rights in every respect, including the suffrage, to all citizens of the United States in every Territory. The section is in these words: "And be it further enacted, That within the Territories aforesaid there shall be no denial of the elective franchise to citizens of the United States because of race or color, and all persons shall be equal before the law; and all acts or parts of acts, either of Congress or of the Legislative Assemblies of the Territories aforesaid, inconsistent with the provisions of this act, are hereby declared null and void."

—— Mr. Brown, for many years interpreter to the American Embassy at Constantinople, and well-known to all English-speaking visitors to that port, has written "A History of Dervishes," which will shortly be published by Trübner, in London.

—— Samuel Downing, of Edinburgh, Saratoga county, is said to be the last of the Revolutionary soldiers belonging to this State. He was a private in the 2d New Hampshire, and served in the army under Generals Schuyler and Gates against Burgoyne.

—— It is an agreeable novelty to see in our city streets commodious drays loaded, not as once with heaps of prostrate, agonized calves, on their way to slaughter, but with the animals all standing and, as far as may be, enjoying themselves. The change, as every one knows, is due to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose very existence guarantees greater humanity in the transportation of stock.

—— Freedmen's schools are in successful operation in 15 large cities of Alabama, and in them more than 10,500 pupils are taught. In some of the white churches colored children are taught under the superintendency of the pastors. At Demopolis the citizens have contributed of their funds to aid in the erection of a school-house for colored people. At Tuskegee the Mayor has charge of a large colored Sunday-school.

—— At Newport, R. I., a few days ago, a soldier from the fort, about two-thirds drunk, was playing on the wharf with a large Newfoundland dog, noted for his sagacity and good nature. The animal seemed to like the sport as much as the man; but finally the contest became warm, and the dog, raising upon his hind legs, placed his fore paws upon the breast of the soldier. This threw the man off his balance, and the two fell into the dock together. The soldier, too much intoxicated to swim, was in danger of drowning, when the dog seized him, and keeping his head above water, paddled off with him to a boat near by, when both were rescued.

—— The Baptists of New Jersey are erecting a building to be used as a classical and scientific institute at Hightstown. It is to be 243 feet long, the main building 60 feet square, four stories high. The corner-stone of the building will be laid, with appropriate services on Thursday, the 14th of June. The building stands in the midst of a compass of eight acres, which is washed by a beautiful body of water.

—— Petroleum lubrications do not seem to be the right thing. It is said that a Massachusetts Company have had 6,000 cases of calicoes thrown back on their hands, damaged by petroleum oil, which was used as a lubricator on the looms and spattered on the cloth.

—— The editor of the *Houma Guard*, Louisiana, in a recent look along Bayou du Large, saw but few negroes. "We walked out into the fields and saw no laborers but the planters themselves, their sons, or, in a few instances, white assistants. All were in the fields plowing, hoeing, harrowing or planting—men, women and children. They are mostly educated gentlemen." The crops were generally in fine order.

—— At the time of the explosion of the nitro-glycerine in the yard of Wells, Fargo & Co., in San Francisco, a lad was sitting at his desk writing, while plastering and timber fell around, without so much as hurting a hair on his head. The same boy was sitting on the paddle-box of the steamer Yosemite, when she was blown up, on a trip to Sacramento, and was blown entirly across the river, when he coolly swam back to the wreck to offer assistance to the less fortunate passengers.

—— The Portland *Argus* says, that Capt. J. J. Boyd has secured a patent which will make a complete revolution in applying buttons to garments. By this invention, buttons can be attached to any part of wearing apparel without the use of thread. The invention consists solely in making the button with a spiral wire to be inserted into the cloth like a cork-screw, and then pressed down flat so as to form a ring to hold the button in place.

—— It is proposed in Charleston, S. C., to convert the square of the burnt district into a public garden. This will be inclosed by a fire-proof block of buildings, the lower stories to be used as stores, while the upper will contain cafés, an opera house, etc.

Foreign.—The British authorities in Calcutta have just completed a census of the city. The whole population, including the suburbs, is 1,000,000 souls.

—— A Chinese mission, numbering 15 persons, has arrived in Paris. They are said to be superior to any Chinamen ever before seen in France.

—— When on a full war footing, the Austrian army consists of 579,000; the Prussian army, including the Landwehr, or militia, is composed of 566,150 men. In case of extreme need, Bavaria can have an army of 90,000 men, but at present her whole available force is 59,948 men. The Hanoverian army is about 25,500 strong; and the Saxon is of the same strength. Wurtemburg can bring 28,800 men into the field, and Baden about 18,700. Hesse-Darmstadt and Hesse-Cassel have together about 24,000 men under their command,

—— The loss in England by the cattle plague is estimated at $15,000,000. The cotton famine, in three years, caused a loss in the manufacturing districts to the employers of labor of $200,000,000, and the laborers suffered a loss of $165,000,000 of wages, to say nothing of the losses of shopkeepers and other classes.

—— France owes $2,000,000,000; Spain owes $725,000,000; Italy owes somewhat more, and is fast increasing her liability; Austria owes $1,580,000,000; Russia, $1,395,000,000, and smaller powers, in some cases, in proportion, in others out of all proportion. Nearly all these debts have been contracted within 20 years, and Holland is the only power in Europe, though one of the smallest and weakest, which has done anything within that period to diminish hers.

—— The present King of Bavaria, anxious to become a citizen of the Swiss republic, has presented his demand in due form to the councils of Schwytz, Uri and Unterwalden. But it seems that the laws of Switzerland do not permit the reception of a foreigner as a citizen without naturalization, to which King Louis could not submit without renouncing his public duties in Bavaria, and his demand is therefore withdrawn.

—— The value of London sewage is computed at one to two pence per tun. Compared with guano, it takes from 828 to 1,250 tuns to equal in fertilizing value one tun of guano.

—— The population of the chief cities of England is as follows: London, 3,067,536; Liverpool, 484,337; Manchester, 358,855; Salford, 112,904; Birmingham, 335,798; Leeds, 228,187; Sheffield, 218,257; Bristol, 163,680; Newcastle-on-Tyne, 122,277; Hull, 105,233. The estimate for Edinburgh is 175,128; for Glasgow, 432,265; for Dublin, the city and suburbs, 318,137.

—— In 1864 every inhabitant of the British Isles received 23 letters, while in 1863 the proportion was 22. The total postal delivery in 1864 was upward of 170,000,000.

—— The following are the places where the remains of the deceased members of the family of Bonaparte are deposited: The Emperor Napoleon, his eldest brother, Joseph, and his youngest brother, Jerome, are buried at the Invalides, in Paris; Julia, widow of Joseph, is buried with her daughter Charlotte, in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence; Pauline, Napoleon's sister, is buried in the Borghese Chapel, Rome; Zanaidee is buried with her son, in the Church of Santa Maria, Rome; Lucien is buried with Alexandrine, at Canino, Italy; Paul is buried near Athens; the mother of Napoleon (Mme. Mere), Cardinal Fesche, and Prince Charles Bonaparte, are buried at Ajaccio, Corsica.

—— A German professor has been trying to measure the "ultimate atoms." From certain theoretical data he finds the thickness of an atom of atmospheric air to be 3,937-100,000,000,000ths of an inch. In a cubic foot of air he calculates there are 216,000,000,000,000,000,000 atoms. This confident arithmetician also says that an atom of air weighs 15-10,000ths of a grain. This is the last degree of science.

—— A fashionable London paper says the female head has become a sort of museum for gold bands, cameos, butterflies and pendulous wreaths which hang under the chin.

—— A French professor has discovered that the earth does not move so fast as it did 2,000 years ago. The learned man computes that in 1,600,000,000 of years hence it will come to a stand-still.

—— There are eight portraits of Queen Elizabeth in the London National Picture Gallery. These represent her at all ages, from rosy maidenhood to shriveled age. They all represent her as blonde, slight, with a light shade of red hair, blue eyes, thin and finely set mouth, and nose somewhat aquiline. One of them, a Flemish portrait, depicts her in a black, jeweled and quilted gown, with the partlet shown at the throat. Another, painted after death, shows us the Queen seated at a table, her head upon one hand, the other holding a book; she is very old now, and she wears a sad, thoughtful expression. Allegorical figures surround her, and Death is whispering in her ear.

AN INVISIBLE PRINCE.

IT was one of the fancies of Joseph the II., Emperor of Austria, to travel about his dominions, as well as into foreign countries, in the garb of a private citizen, unattended by any suite. By so doing, he arrived at many facts regarding the condition of his subjects which otherwise might never have fallen under his observation. His love for adventure was also gratified, and he enjoyed greatly the luxury for doing good by surprise—an eccentricity of his out of which many anecdotes have arisen.

While traveling through a remote district, in the year 1781, he heard sounds of festivity proceeding from a roadside inn, entering which, he inquired of the landlord what the occasion of the revels might be?

"There is a wedding-party in the house, sir," replied the host.

"May I take the liberty of joining them?" asked the Emperor, whose personal appearance was unknown to the inhabitants of the place—for the modern *carte de visite* had not yet been dreamed of, and engravings but seldom found their way to the remoter villages.

The landlord obtained the necessary permission, and the distinguished stranger was introduced to the bridal party. Being a man of great social gifts, he quickly made himself very popular with them, drank the health of the happy couple in a bumper of wine, and made what the reporters call a "neat and appropriate speech" on the occasion. After some time he took leave of his new acquaintances, whose astonishment may be guessed at when they found, under a bottle on the table, a check for 600 florins, payable at sight, signed by the Emperor Joseph II., and endorsed, "A dower for the bride."

Traveling in a plain carriage on one occasion, upon the good old-fashioned principle called "posting"—that is, hiring fresh horses at certain stages by the way—the Emperor arrived at a station where no horses were to be had. The innkeeper excused himself by saying that his wife had lately presented him with a son, and that all the horses were employed in fetching friends and relatives of the family from all quarters to assist at the christening, which was to take place that afternoon. The royal visitor at once tendered his services to hold the infant at the sacred font, an offer which was gladly accepted by the innkeeper, who was quite flattered at the idea of a fine gentleman acting in that capacity for him, instead of a burly bumkin—a relative of the family—who had been already engaged to do so. When the proper time arrived, the priest asked the sponsor to state his name.

"Joseph," replied the Emperor.

"And your family name?"

"Well," said the Emperor, "you write me down Joseph Second."

"But it will be necessary to add your station in life and occupation."

"Ah, yes! my trade, you mean—say I am an Emperor, then."

There was instantly a sensation among the guests, and the poor innkeeper nearly went into a fit through fright; but the Emperor quickly reassured him, and left some substantial tokens of good will for his little godson before taking leave.

Once he was expected to pass through a small town in France, and the good people were on tiptoe to see the Emperor. It so happened that he arrived there alone, and before any of his suite. The landlady of the little hostelry where he put up, being a gossiping sort of old body, put all sorts of questions to him to find out whether he belonged to the Emperor's suite, and the way in which he parried convinced her that he did.

At last, she brought him some hot water for shaving; unable to control her curiosity any longer, she asked the stranger, boldly, what kind of situation he held about the Emperor.

"I sometimes shave him," he replied, lathering his chin with great composure.

When at Paris he once hired a carriage to take him to the Luxembourg Gardens. As he was on his way the driver expressed much satisfaction at being engaged to go there, saying that Emperor Joseph was expected to be at the gardens that very day, and that he should like, above all things, to see him, hoping that they might arrive in time. The stranger assured him that there was no fear of the Emperor arriving there before they did, and, on being set down at the gate, handed him a piece of money wrapped up in paper. On opening the wrapper the driver found that he had received a double louis, and running after the stranger, showed it to him, saying that he must have made a mistake. Pleased with this proof of honesty in a man whose calling is not usually named in connection with that of virtue, the Emperor desired him to keep the golden coin, and the man, struck with surprise, for many of the passers-by now recognized and saluted the stranger, went back to his carriage exclaiming:

"It's the Emperor himself—I have seen the Emperor!"

Wandering in the neighborhood of Rome, once, the Emperor stopped to refresh himself at an inn, and asked the landlord whether there was any traveler staying there at that time who would give him the pleasure of his company. There was a reverend bishop there, the landlord said, but he was fatigued with his journey, and had retired to rest. The secretary of the bishop was, however, awake. Would his company be acceptable to the stranger? Certainly it would; and so the secretary was introduced—a clever, witty man, who partook of a bottle of wine with the lonely stranger, and entertained him greatly with his talk. The Emperor, still preserving his incognito, sounded the good priest with regard to the object of the bishop's visit to the Holy See.

"He went there," said the secretary, "to apply for a vacant benefice, although a very aged man, and already in possession of numerous church preferments."

This gift he hoped soon to obtain through the good offices of the Austrian Ambassador, to whom he had letters of recommendation. The Emperor was so much pleased with the manners and conversation of the secretary, that he gave him a letter of introduction to the same Ambassador, who, he said, might be able to serve him one way or another.

Shortly after his arrival at Rome, the secretary bethought him of his letter, and presented it, without imagining, however, that it would be of immediate service to him. Great was his surprise, then, when informed by the Ambassador that the letter was an autograph one of Joseph II., desiring him to obtain for the secretary the benefice sought for by the avaricious bishop.

A rebuff, at which the Emperor was much amused, was once experienced by him in Holland. Having heard much of the extreme cleanliness of the villages in that country, he wished to see the interior of one of their houses, at the doors of several of which he knocked without seeming to arouse any of the inmates. At last a door was opened to him, and he requested permission of the master of the house to enter.

"I hear the Emperor Joseph is expected in town today," said the Dutchman, "but were you the Emperor himself, I could not let you inside this house without first obtaining leave from my wife."

"I am the Emperor, then," said the stranger, displaying the diamond star on the breast of his inner coat.

Thereupon the Dutchman went in great haste to his wife, and begged of her to admit the royal stranger to a view of the premises, but she only said:

"Being an Emperor as he is, we could not expect him to take off his shoes at the door, and into this house he doesn't come one step with them on, Emperor or not;" and the door was shut in his face.

LIFE AT HOME *VS.* LIFE IN HOTELS.

AMONG the novelties which have grown up of late years—and grown up very tall, too—are the great hotels. These places of residence, where you are undertaken—if the phrase may be allowed—on such a large scale, where everything is done for you, and all trouble taken off your hands, surely ought to meet the requirements of a great number of persons. The advantages of the system seem, at first sight, enormous. You pay no rent, you sign no leases or agreements, you have nothing to do with taxes, no servants' wages, no butcher's bills. You have no trouble in engaging servants, in drilling servants, in getting rid of servants. If the pipes be frozen in the course of a hard winter, or if they happen to burst when the said winter breaks up, they are no business of yours. The young man does not call to speak to you about the new kitchen range, nor does the gas man wish to see you in the hall "relative to the state of the meter." Then, what you want is always to be had. You want a bottle of soda water the last thing at night, you are not told there happens to be none in the house. You want a sandwich in the middle of the day; no uncompromising servant informs you that "there is no cold meat in the house." You want a basin of broth, and are not obliged to wait till the next day for it. You want to know where somebody lives. there is the last Directory to refer to; you want a messenger, he is ready in the hall; you have a telegram to send off, here is a form, and in another moment it is dispatched. For all these advantages you pay one weekly bill. When you think of the number of bills to be considered once a week by any ordinary housekeeper, the file of little red books to be gone through by some trustworthy person or other, this seems something more than a small advantage. A check is drawn once a week, and all is over. Rent, taxes, wages, housekeeping, are disposed of in five minutes. If the check in question do sometimes strike one as rather large, it is fair to consider how very much it represents.

GROTESQUE scarf pins are the "rage" for gentleman abroad. Dandies parade the street with a wonderfully life-like representation, in enamel, of a human eye an inch or two below the chin, or in place thereof a lighted cigar with a ruby at the end to indicate the fire or lucifer match, of precious metal, closely resembling the real article.

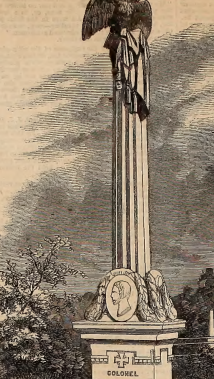
GEN. SCOTT.

A NATION mourns the death of a great man and honored son, and the pall of sadness has fallen upon us with the announcement that Winfield Scott has gone to his rest. True, he has been gathered, like a shock of corn, fully ripe, but we would fain have retained him a little longer, and cherished him as the man the people delighted to honor. To give more than a meagre sketch of Gen. Scott's career, would require a complete history of our country, for he has been so intimately identified with our national progress for half a century, and with all the great eras in our growth, that his life has been, in a sense, the nation's career, and filled up the measure of the nation's greatness.

Gen. Scott was born near Petersburg, Va., in 1786, was educated for the profession of the law, and admitted to the bar at the age of 20. About this time, however, political events were rapidly culminating in the dates of 1812, and blazing largely in the indignation which certain acts of Great Britain had created, and animated by a fervent patriotism, he applied for a commission in the army, and was appointed Captain of Artillery, thus beginning a military career unparalleled in brilliancy and success. When the war of 1812 was formally declared, Scott received the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel, and was sent to the Niagara frontier. His bravery and admirable conduct of the campaign are a part of history. Here he acquired the title of "The Hero of Lundy's Lane," by which he was afterward known to the civilized world, and for his gallant services was promoted to the rank of Major-General, the highest then known in the American army. Gen. Scott likewise rendered important services to his country as a diplomatist, maintaining the dignity of his Government in several delicate and difficult complications. His relations to Mexico, in our war with that country, are too familiar to need repetition. He marched triumphantly from the sea-coast, to the capital, and in six months ended his campaign and the war, eliciting from the veteran Wellington the declaration that this campaign was unsurpassed in military annals.

Gen. Scott's career during the recent rebellion was fully in keeping with his previous career. He recognized the great fact that his allegiance was due to his country, and that it could be neither a true patriot nor an honest man, should he allow any merely local considerations to divert his loyalty or weaken his devotion. He resisted all appeals of State pride, and gave his entire energies to the support of the Government in the hour of peril.

As director of military affairs, Gen. Scott first secured the protection of Washington, and next collected the men and materials necessary to put the success of the national arms beyond a doubt. During the whole summer of 1861, as Commander-in-Chief of the army, Gen. Scott continued at his post, consulting with the Executive and Cabinet, and forming the general plans of the campaign; and not till he saw the Border States firmly bound to the Union, the capital of the nation safe, and the immense army of the North formed and ready to take the field, did he feel that the duty of retirement had become imperative. Accordingly, in October, he addressed a letter to the Secretary of War, conveying his desire to be relieved from active service on account of his increasing infirmities. This request was granted, and the next day the President and Cabinet, in a body, waited on the veteran General to express their sympathy in his personal afflictions, and their profound sense of the important public services rendered by him to his country during his long and brilliant career. Since that occasion Gen. Scott has spent his winters in New York and his summers at West Point. For several weeks his health has been poor, but he was not considered in any immediate danger. Only two days before his death he rode out, but the next day he was confined to his bed; and at length, calmly and serenely, full of honors and full of years, he passed



MONUMENT TO COL. VOSBURGH, LATE OF THE 71ST REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M., AT GREENWOOD CEMETERY, LONG ISLAND, ERECTED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT.

wrapped a sword, belt and sash. On the front of the shield a wreath of laurel encircles an oval-shaped portrait of Col. Vosburgh, while on either side are the State and National coats-of-arms. The front tablet bears the following inscription:

COL. ABRAHAM S. VOSBURGH.
Died in the service of
his country.

On the reverse side are recorded the place and date of his birth and death.

The monument is very neat and chaste, and was erected by the members of the 71st Regiment at a cost of $6,000.



REV. M. J. RAPHALL, RABBI OF THE SYNAGOGUE, THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.

away, without a fear and without a struggle, leaving a record, both personal and professional, which no man need be ashamed to own.

THE VOSBURCH MONUMENT.

On Wednesday last a monument, erected to the memory of Col. Abraham S. Vosburgh, was inaugurated with imposing ceremonies at Greenwood Cemetery. The 71st Regiment, formerly under Col. Vosburgh's command, paraded on the occasion, the remains of their late commander were deposited in their final resting-place with military honors, and an address was delivered by Mayor Hoffman, commemorative of the virtues and character of the deceased. In obedience to orders, Col. Vosburgh accompanied the regiment to Washington in April, 1861, for the defense of the capital, and gave himself up with all the ardor of his nature to the discharge of his responsible duties. Being in very feeble health, his labors were too severe, and on the 30th May he died from hemorrhage of the lungs.

The monument stands on Battle Hill, near the main entrance of the cemetery, and consists of a Corinthian column broken at the summit. At the top of the shaft stands an eagle with out-spread wings, clasping in its talons the American colors, in the folds of which are

RABBI MORRIS JACOB RAPHALL.

DR. RAPHALL, whose portrait we give this week, occupies a prominent position among American Jews, and is well-known throughout our country as a gentleman of literary culture and attainments, liberal views and persuasive eloquence. He was born at Stockholm, Sweden, in 1798, and at an early age destined by his father for the Jewish ministry. He received his education at the Jewish College of Copenhagen, and was so precocious, that at the early age of 18 he was entitled to the honorable designation of Rabbi. He came to this country in 1849, and was immediately installed as Rabbi of the congregation Beal Jeshurun, with which he is still connected. Dr. Raphall has published several works of a devotional character, that possess great merit. He has likewise addressed himself as lecturer, orator and author to the Christian population of our land, and done much to remove the absurd prejudices that too long separated the believers in a common Bible. Dr. Raphall is a pleasing, forcible speaker, who always commands the attention of an audience, and instructs as well as pleases his hearers. Without being a bigoted sectarian, Rabbi Raphall devotes himself earnestly to the interests of his own people, while at the same time he commands the confidence and respect of other religious denominations. At the present time he is relieved from full service in his own synagogue, but retains his official connection with it. Dr. Raphall is an example of that liberality of feeling and courtesy of conduct that should ever mark the public teacher, and his influence will long be felt as salutary and well directed.

THE JEWISH SYNAGOGUE,

34th Street, N. Y.

WE give this week a fine view of the Synagogue of the Congregation Beal Jeshurun, situated on 34th street, in this city. The structure is an imposing one, in the Romanesque style of architecture. The front, which is built of light freestone, with granite dressings, consists of a central portion of two stories flanked at the angles by turreted buttresses. A court along each side of the building affords access to the basement, and insures ample light and air. The auditory is reached from the street by a flight of stone steps, through a vestibule with three large entrance doors. The auditory is divided into nave and aisles by columns with circular shafts, octagonal bases and enriched capitals, bronzed and embellished with high colors and gold. The entire interior of the auditory is decorated in polychrome, and the ornamentation of the clerestory and ark is particularly rich and elaborate. The building will accommodate about 800 persons, and its entire cost was $70,000. It is a beautiful structure, and in every way highly creditable to the taste and liberality of the congregation and the committee under whose supervision it has been erected. Rev. Dr. MORRIS J. Raphall is Rabbi, whose eloquence and devotion attract large crowds to his ministrations.

ST. PAUL'S BAY.

SUMMER tourists, who have traversed the great lakes, and their grand outlet, the St. Lawrence, have always been charmed with the variety and beauty of the scenery that invited every footstep of their progress and passed in review like a gorgeous panorama. The lower portions of the St. Lawrence are, however, comparatively unknown; yet few places possess more general interest and pleasing variety. Here, the picturesque, the beautiful, the wild and grand, present themselves at every point, in every possible combination. Here the invalid can find a safe retreat from chilling blasts, and in pure air and mineral springs find a specific for many human ills. Here the devotee of science may push his favorite researches among the mines that abound, and the sportsman can follow his game, with no fear of legislative enactments and no risk of failing to get on the scent.

St Paul's Bay, a sketch of which we give on page 197, is situated on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, about 60 miles from Quebec, and from the river presents a remarkable opening in the romantic chain of mountains that rise precipitously from the water. The mountain shown on the right of the sketch is particularly grand, its summit being clothed with pine, fir and pines, and its slopes variegated with rich cereal productions and white farm-houses, with graceful clumps of maple and elm.

The village seen in the distance contains a church, a nunnery, a school-house, a few stores, and the dwellings of the principal inhabitants. In front of the church there is a large number of short posts, placed in rows to which those who come in vehicles fasten their horses during the hours of divine service. These horses are the short, shaggy, but spirited and serviceable Canadian ponies, and as they are all tethered to the posts, to the number of a hundred or more, they present a unique appearance.

The people of this region are antiquated in their dress and primitive in their habits; the men wearing the huge collars of the last century, and braiding their hair in cues, and the women not considering modern fashion-plates for the style of their apparel.

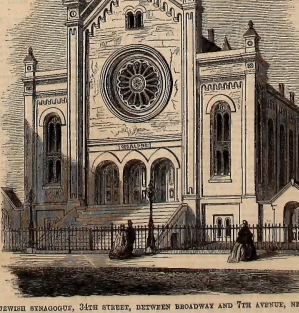
The commerce of the village is conducted on the ancient and honorable principle of barter—eggs and other articles representing pennies; and it is not unusual for a dame, in purchasing a piece of tape or some trifle, to put down an egg or two in payment, as deliberately as we would a cent. Altogether, this is a delightful region for a brief visit, and tourists might safely put it down in their note-books as likely to repay exploration.

LEMUEL COOK.

IN our paper of the 26th May we gave the portrait and recorded the death of William Hutchings, one of the few surviving patriots of the Revolution. Since then another of those old heroes has slept his last sleep and gone to his reward. LEMUEL COOK, whose portrait, drawn from a photograph, is on page 197, was born in Northbury, Conn., in 1761. He entered the patriot army in 1777, served through the whole war, and at its close was honorably discharged. Some years since he removed to Western New York, and spent the last years of his life in a quiet, unostentatious manner, surrounded by his children and grandchildren to the fifth generation. He was lively and frugal in his habits, and, possessing an iron constitution, enjoyed good health until within a few months of his death, when he declined into helpless dotage. He died at Clarendon N. Y., on Monday, May 30, at the great age of 104 years

GEN. SCOTT'S REMAINS IN THE CHAPEL AT WEST POINT.

THE funeral of Gen. Scott was observed in a manner becoming the distinguished character and services of a nation's noble and honored son. The day was most propitious, and from an early hour in the morning large crowds from all directions poured into West Point, to witness the solemn rites testify their respect to the deceased. Gen. Cullum, the Superintendent of the Academy, was entrusted with the arduous task of carrying out the entire proceedings, and he succeeded in accomplishing the work, with the exception of a few subordinate officers, in the most prompt and satisfactory manner. At an early hour the remains of the departed hero were taken from the hotel, where they had lain since his death, to the chapel, accompanied by a guard of honor. Here it was placed on a catafalque, draped in black and white, and covered with blossoms of the lily of the valley. The lid of the coffin was then thrown open, and His pallid countenance of carrying out the entire proceedings, and he head was pure and free from wrinkles, the eyes seemed full, the mouth was natural, and the color that peculiar pale which, during the latter years of the General's life, characterized his face in repose. A large number of persons were availed themselves of the opportunity of gazing for the last time upon the calm features of the deceased, and among them several old soldiers who had



JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, 34TH STREET, BETWEEN BROADWAY AND 7TH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



ST. PAUL'S BAY, LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. C. GIBSON.

erved under Gen. Scott years and years ago and who, as they stood by the side of their great leader, wiped away the tears that blinded their aged eyes and coursed down their furrowed cheeks. Afterward, the Cadet Corps entered at a quickstep in double file, marched up the broad slate, looked at the face of their late friend and general, and then dividing into two ranks, marched out, the one at the right side, the other at the left.

The chapel was neatly and appropriately adorned. Our engraving shows its appearance, with the coffin placed in position, and the crowd passing in and out to view the dead. The draperies consisted mainly of trophy flags. Over the chancel the United States flags, put up on the occasion of Mr. Lincoln's visit, surmounted with a blue silk pinion, richly trimmed, bearing the words, "God and Our Country," still remain. In a semicircular enclosure, near the ceiling, is the excellent fresco painting, by Weir, representing War and Peace, by a male and female figure, with the implements of war and the olive branch. The figures are leaning upon a monument, upon which are inscribed the words: "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." The pillars of the chapel were handsomely twined with the Mexican flags captured by Gen. Scott during the war. Similar trophies were hung from the front of the choir gallery. At the left side is a large glass case, containing several Mexican standards, too much worn to be displayed. At the right side of the church stands another case, enclosing flags taken from the English and the Hessians during the Revolution, together with some mountain howitzers. Trophies of various kinds adorn the walls between the black marble tablets, on which are inscribed the names of distinguished officers now deceased. All these trophies and decorations were draped in crape, the bases of the pillars being covered with black silk. Black and white ribbons were hung on each pew in the centre isle. The second pew from the chancel, on the right of the chapel, was the General's, and has his name on a silver plate. It is the only pew thus distinguished, and was draped with black.

At half-past twelve P.M. a procession was formed in front of the hotel, in the following order:

Mourners and Intimate Friends of the Deceased and Servants of the Family.
The Congressional Delegation, President of the Senate, and Speaker of the House of Representatives.
Officers of the Military Academy.
Officers of Volunteers and Militia.
Officers of the Regular Army.
Officers of the Navy and Marine Corps.
Officers of the General Staff of the Army.
His Honor Mayor Hoffman and the Committee of the Common Council of the City of New York.
Governors of the several States and their Staffs.
General-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States and Staff.
Veterans of the War of 1812.
Societies and Fraternities.
Citizens.

The line of march having been taken up, the mourners, pall-bearers and escort of honor marched in silence to the church, where the funeral services were to be held. Rev. Dr. French, Chaplain of the post, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Warren, of Elizabeth, N. J., and Rev. Mr. Hoffman, of Garrison, N. Y., met the procession at the door, and the services commenced with a solemn dirge from the organ.

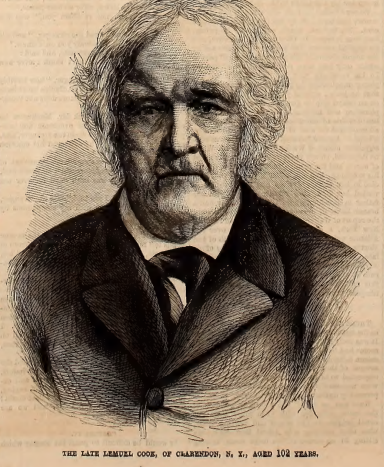
In the meantime Bishop Potter entered and assisted Chaplain French in the service. Gen. Grant took a place in the fourth pew from the front, on the right side of the centre aisle, and leaned against a pillar draped in one of the captured Mexican flags. To the right and rear of him sat the Congressional delegations. The army officers and representatives of the National Guard sat further back. The committees of the Common Council, with Mayor Hoffman, occupied seats at the left side. The veterans of 1812, who numbered only a few venerable officers, entered the church late, and sat in the rear of the Common Council. The pall-bearers were placed to the right and left of the chancel, and the guard of honor stood at either side of the coffin, upon which was placed a beautiful laurel wreath, while the catafalque, the railings of the chancel and the baptismal font were profusely covered with hawthorn and lily of the valley. The coffin was a splendid piece of workmanship. It was built of solid mahogany, covered with fine black cloth, trimmed with silver fringe. Six silver handles—with appropriate designs on the plate, including cannon, flags, guns, bayonets, drums and swords, indicative of the military profession—were on the sides. But the simplest ornament of all was the inscription on the lid. A small silver plate of oval shape contained the words:

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT,
and no more—no date, no age, no record—and yet it tells all the story that the grave cares to know of the inmate consigned to its keeping. All that lives of Winfield Scott will find a befitting shrine in the memory of the American people. The service was conducted strictly according to the ritual of the Episcopal Church, commencing with a hymn by the choir, which was composed mostly of ladies, including Mrs. Col. Black and Mrs. Grebel. Dr. French then read a portion of the first Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, commencing at the 15th chapter, verse 20, and read to the end. After the first half of the service was through, Bishop Potter authorized Dr. French to read a prayer for the President, Congress and people of the United States—a most impressive part of the service as read by the venerable chaplain in a clear and musical voice. The 140th hymn was then sung by the choir, the Lord's Prayer was recited by Dr. French—the responses being made by the Rev. Messrs. Warren and Hoffman, who knelt at the side of the sanctuary in full canonicals, as were also Dr. French and Bishop Potter. The ceremonies concluded by the celebrated soprano solo, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," by a lady in the choir, during the rendering of which the coffin was removed on the shoulders of the escort detailed for that purpose. The clergy preceded the coffin, the congregation slowly following, and the brief but solemn ceremony was at an end.

The coffin was then conveyed to the hearse, which was a gun-carriage, draped with black, and festooned with evergreens and flowers, and garnished with the American flag. It was drawn by six artillery horses, and so constructed that the coffin would be in view of all.

As the procession moved toward the cemetery minute guns were fired and the Dead March played. Here an open grave, near the resting-place of Gen. Buford, was ready to receive all that was mortal of Gen. Scott. As the coffin was conveyed from the hearse and placed in the box prepared for it, Bishop Potter read the first portion of the grave-service, and Chaplain French conducted the exercises at the close. The box was then lowered into the ground, a little earth thrown upon it, three volleys fired by the Cadets, detailed for that purpose, and the sad ceremonies of the day were ended. Thus simply and fittingly, amid scenes and associations he loved in life, Gen. Scott was peacefully laid to rest.

Our illustration shows the fine monument to Gen Buford, Cozzens's Hotel in the distance, the noble trees and grassy watch and ward over the graves of heroes, and gives a distinct view of the scenes at the burial.



THE LATE LEMUEL COOK, OF CLARENDON, N. Y., AGED 102 YEARS.

FEMALE FASHIONS AMONG THE HINDOOS.

THE female dress, too, has undergone some slight change. In addition to the wrapper, it is not unusual in the present day for Hindoo women of the higher ranks to wear a petticoat and bodice, in imitation of the Mahomedan female dress. These form no part of the ancient Hindoo costume.

Hindoo parents take a foolish pride in loading their children with ornaments. You will often see a young boy with massive silver rings round his ankles, so heavy that he can scarcely walk. When they grow, these ornaments are generally laid aside. But it is not so with the females. Hindoo women wear massive rings on their fingers, arms and ankles. Rings on the toes are not uncommon, and gold coins worn in the hair, or round the waist. And more remarkable still, almost every woman, rich or poor, has a gold ring in her nose. It is a much prized ornament. To be without it is regarded by some castes as a sign of widowhood; and married women, it is said, have a superstitious dread of removing it from its place, even for a single instant.

The proverb holds good in India, that "all is not gold that glitters." Not a strapwork brass and pewter are made to do duty for gold and silver, and glass for precious stones. There is an odd kind of ornament which many of the poorest women wear on their wrists, consisting of a number of painted rings, made of a resinous substance, called shellac, which in appearance resembles sealing-wax. These ornaments bear about the same relation to gold bracelets that paste diamonds do to real diamonds. They are, however, showy, and please the wearers.

Shells and flowers are also worn as ornaments. You sometimes see young Hindoo women wear sweet-scented flowers (such as the Indian jessamine) as an ornament in the hair. I am told that flowers which have been presented to an offering to some deity, are most prized for this purpose.

It is a common practice for Hindoo women to paint the eyelids and round the eyes, with lamp-black, and the tips of the fingers and nails with the red henna plant. You frequently see young children also, both boys and girls, painted in this fashion.

A SINGLE grain of barley was planted by an agriculturist in the Isle of Man in 1872, and the same year produced 300 grains. These were sown, and the second year's produce was about half a peck. These were again sown, and the third year's produce was 14 pounds, which being again sown, have realized this year about seven bushels, covering a space of one hundred yards by five. Thus there have been produced in four years seven bushels of barley from a single grain.

THE LOON.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

On! the lonely loon, how he peals his tune
As he rides on the lovely lake!
He rides all day, and the ripples play
And sparkle around him and break;
Oh, he rides all day, and none says nay—
Not even the hunter's bold!
For "Ah!" says he, "you and I don't agree!"
And pealeth the louder his call.
Oh! the lonely loon! oh! the dreary old loon!
He rideth and pealeth his quavering croon.

Not only all day, but he's up and away
When the night comes frowning amain,
For his deep sea nook, and he's over a rover
From daybreak to daybreak again.
He chooses some isle where the broad waves smile,
Where his mate lays her eggs of green,
And he watches the while around many a mile,
That no foe should break in on the scene!
Oh! the mated loon! oh! the watchful loon!
He watcheth and watcheth in closest commune.

And when the young into life have sprung,
Like little round balls in the nest,
More closely he watcheles, all danger he catches,
And he meets it with dauntless breast.
Oh! all danger he scorns, and full loudly he warns,
For a loving old size is he!
The hunter he flouts, with ironical shouts,
For you know that they cannot agree!
Oh! the old size loon! oh! the doting old loon!
He would rule full well his young callow boon.

But when they are grown, once more he's alone;
And he calls up the echoes again;
And his kindled breast finds but little rest,
As he once more resumes his reign.
Round points all is one he roves and he roves,
And dives and darts up with a gleam;
He loves his broad lake, where the broad swells shake,
But he holds in disdain the stream.
Oh! the wild loon! oh! the sly old loon!
With his feathers of mail and his wide-webbed shoon.

Oh! the bullet it bites, but it harmless smites
On his feathers of armor-proof;
Oh! how he chuckles! how the hunter he foutls!
Nor deigns he to keep far aloof;
He dives at the shot, and it is not forgot
That he's a most genius hurtleseary!
And "Ah!" sounds his strain; "now try it again!"
And he's off like the dart of a ray!
Oh! the brave old loon! oh! the daring old loon!
He's at us as the fisher, and cute as the 'coon!

But sometimes the ball makes a deadly call,
And his quaver is choked in death;
Oh! the hunter he laughs, and a dram he quaffs
As he sees the striking breath;
For no more will he warn the deer with his horn
And he nails him, with joyful blow,
On the weather-beat hull of his rough log-hut
With the father and hawk in a row.
Oh! the sly old loon! oh! the cute old loon!
There he is now in the sunshine and blinks in the moon!

Oh! he comrades the deer, and his note of fear
Makes his comrade look up with a start!
The hunter he sees in runaway trees,
And is aware of a foe at a dart.
And "Aha!" says he, and he quavers in glee,
"I have spoiled this one your sport!
Brother hunter he off! don't you hear me scoff!
Be off to some other resort!"
Oh! the scornful old loon! the sneering old loon!
How he scorns and sneers like a shrill bassoon.

In the earliest spring are the wild birds sing,
And the lake from the ice is set free,
For will ever his throat in its sauey note,
And he rides and he dives in his glee.
In the latest fall, when the wild winds call,
And the anchor-ice skims the lake,
You will still see him there, but at morn he is—
where?
No more the totes echo and shake!
Oh! the weather-wise loon! oh! the fore-thoughtful loon!
He is shouting far south, under skies of June.

The Mortimores.

CHAPTER I.

"BUT if Walter Stanley should return?"

"What nonsense you talk, Mr. Mortimore," replied the handsome woman, somewhere over the middle age. "If Walter Stanley should return? Why, my dear husband, you are growing positively childish! Poor Walter has been in his grave these ten years!"

"We cannot be sure of that, my love," replied her husband; "he was always of an adventurous nature, and although we saw his name as having been killed by the Indians, on his way across the plains, he many one of these days, come back and claim his own. Heaven knows how my son should be to see him again; but it would beggar us all if a long lost beggar as all!"

A deep sigh escaped from Mrs. Mortimore, as she replied:

"That is true, Mr. Mortimore; and so true, that it is impossible ever to happen!"

"Rather a paradox," said her husband, with a sigh; "and I must say, although I ought not to avow it, I hope Walter Stanley never will return: it would make one man rich, and all of us wretched and ruined. And yet my heart often rebukes me for having touched his money."

"Nonsense," replied his wife; "it was to save yourself from ruin, and there is not a merchant living but would have done the same! But, really," she continued, after a pause, "is all your own capital gone? Is there none of my fortune left?"

Mr. Mortimore shook his head mournfully, and said, with a sigh:

"Not a dollar. I tell you, that, if I had to refund Walter's trust-money, I should not have a dollar left, and that leaves no margin for interest."

"Well," said the lady, "I have no new gowns over imaginary troubles; Walter has long been in his quiet grave. Poor fellow! He was a noble boy, too fond of reading Robinson Crusoe and adventures, which really was the cause of his death. The idea of traveling in the far West to hunt the buffalo! Well, we have the consolation, we both did our best to prevent his going; but he would, and he was of age and his own master. I had hoped to have seen him Mrs. Lucy's bonnet; but we cannot have everything our own way, and God's will be done!"

For a few minutes Mr. and Mrs. Mortimore sat with downcast eyes in a perfect silence. The lady was, after all a woman's prerogative, the first to break it:

"You sent the order to Delmonico's?"

"I did, my dear wife."

"You must not begrudge the cost," observed his wife. "No; you do not often give a reception. Mortimore," said the lady, "don't you think that Alfred Berthesan would be a good match for our Lucy?"

Mr. Mortimore raised his eyes, as he said:

"Yes; but do you think he inclines toward our daughter?"

"He comes very often; he invariably manages to find us when driving in the Park; he seems always to know when we are going to the opera; and, in a word, if that will be encouraged prosperity, it may be brought about."

"Has he said anything to Lucy?"

"I rather think he has; but, you know, she is a very reticent girl."

"Well, we shall see."

Let us pause a few minutes to inform the reader that the gentlemen belonged to the upper ten. The family consisted of the two whose conversation we have already narrated and Lucy, their only child. At the minute our story opens, there was also a niece, Kate, a brilliant Boston belle, was on a visit, and, by her sprightly manners, varied accomplishments, and dashing conversation, quite threw her sedate cousin Lucy into the shade. Indeed, judging from the commanding role she played while on her occasional visits to the mansion, she naturally have concluded she was the mistress of the establishment, and that her uncle, aunt and cousin occupied the position of butler, housekeeper and humble companion. And yet the interpretation so charming that the whole household, including her relatives, were in love with the brilliant and wealthy Kate Mortimore, of Boston. The death of her parents, and a large fortune, had left her entirely her own mistress and in possession of a very handsome fortune.

She had come for many days to get of her uncle and aunt, for while they loved their daughter Lucy fondly, they looked with proud and admiring eyes on their brilliant and fascinating niece. She was well-deserving all they felt for her, being at once refined, affable and good-tempered, with a dash of that imperiousness which is so fascinating in a lovely and virtuous girl. Although a universal favorite, she had a few detractors; but the bitterest criticisms they could make on her was that she was a girl, which in her case meant that she was perfection. Such was the case with men, and that she treated all with that *empressement* so inexpressibly attractive to the sterner sex.

Walter Stanley, who alluded to by Mr. Mortimores, had been left by his dying father to their care. His fortune, which was a very large one, had been invested in Government securities, and his original amount had been greatly increased by the accumulation of the dividends, a small part of which only had been required to his education. In his twentieth year he had so inflamed his young imagination by reading prairie adventures that he joined several young gentlemen's parties on an inland trip to Oregon, for purposes of exploration and hunting. The last account ever heard of this adventurous youth was that every all murdered far west of the Rocky Mountains by a band of Indians. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimore consequently mourned Walter Stanley as dead, when he departed, seven years before, Lucy was a girl of seven, and the recollections of one who, during his vacations, had made her a kind of pet, soon died in her memory. Kate had not at that time visited her New York relatives, living with her father in London, where the Mortimores had a branch house of business. About five years after the report of Walter's melancholy fate had reached New York, a commercial crisis swept over the Atlantic cities, and with it went the wealth of the Mortimores. It was then, in the midst of their ruin, that Mr. Mortimore, who considered his fortune forfeit, because his own, saved himself from utter ruin by appropriating it to his own use. Indeed, this enabled him to ride through the financial tempest, which had overwhelmed so many others.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was a gay and brilliant throng assembled in the spacious drawing-rooms of Mr. Mortimore. It was truly a splendid sight. The entire suite of rooms had been thrown open, and in the middle saloon dancing was kept up with great spirit. As several of their most intimate friends had been requested to bring any friend they chose, there were necessarily many guests there who were personally unknown to the Mortimores.

Kate was, as usual, the presiding goddess of the scene, eclipsing with even more than her usual brightness the placid and retiring Lucy, who, after waltzing with Alfred Berthesan, was sitting in an alcove of the large room, talking with him those sender nothings which pave the way for more passionate outpourings, which culminate in that frantic leap in the dark—*Popping the question.*

It was at this minute, when Lucy and Alfred were talking over the last new opera, that Kate, who had been receiving the homage of the guests, approached where the two lovers were seated, and said:

"Lucy, who is that pale, oarworn gentleman, now looking at the pictures?"

"Well," said the lady, "I do not know. I have also noticed him. I do not like him, he seems so gloomy."

"He is!" observed Lucy's lover, "he puts me in mind of the skeleton at the Egyptian feast; there is not one bit of gayety in his whole being."

"At all events," said Kate, "I will engage my new ear-rings against Lucy's brooch that he is a gentleman. I can don't like his looks, Lucy: now, I'll be equally candid—I do."

Alfred gave a merry laugh, and Lucy smiled with her usual placid composure.

"Why," said Alfred, "I declare the mysterious stranger is really coming this way."

"Lucy, and all!" said Kate; "Suppose, Alfred, we leave Kate to entertain him, since she is so favorably impressed with his appearance?"

As Alfred and Lucy arose from the alcove, the stranger came up, and bowing to Kate, said:

"A pleasant sight, Miss Mortimore."

"What is?" said Kate, with one of her sweetest smiles.

"To see such a goodly collection of happy faces."

"Are happy faces such a rare thing, then?"

"To me, Miss Mortimore."

Kate gave another of her beaming looks, as she said:

"Oh, then's always happiness to be found even in this world if we only seek it, and in the world to come without seeking."

As she said this, she gave the stranger one of her most winning looks, and advanced to her cousin and aunt, who were seated on the other side of the room.

"My dear uncle, as I am a woman, I have, of course, no curiosity," said Kate; "but still I must say that I should like a little of information, who is that gentleman with the long beard, now leaning against the pillar?"

Mr. Mortimore looked as his lively niece had directed, and said:

"I cannot tell you, dearest Kate. I have never seen him before. He has come, I presume, with some of our friends."

Kate took her seat close to Mr. and Mrs. Mortimore, and began to talk to herself: "I am strangely interested in that pale gentleman; what a very noble figure! and his face is the saddest, and yet the handsomest I ever saw."

As these thoughts were passing through her mind, the stranger advanced to where they were seated, and, bowing to Mr. Mortimore, said:

"May I venture to ask the favor of one minute's conversation in your library?"

Mr. Mortimore looked gravely, as he rose, and left the room with the gentleman.

"Very strange," said Mrs. Mortimore. "What can he have to say to you uncle? I do not like his manners or his looks."

"Nor I, aunt," said Kate. "Don't be alarmed, aunt—he'll not eat my uncle!"

CHAPTER III.

WITH his usual composure, Mr. Mortimore led the stranger across the hall to what was termed the library, and, motioning him to a chair, took one opposite to that which he had pointed out for his unknown guest.

"You seem to have forgotten me, Mr. Mortimore?" said the latter, after a short pause.

"I certainly do not recollect you," was the others reply.

"Look again," observed the stranger, "and see if you cannot recall somebody you once knew."

Mr. Mortimore looked earnestly, and said:

"I must confess that I don't think I ever saw your face before."

"Alas!" continued the stranger, "how terribly a few years' misfortunes and hardships must have changed me, when Mr. Mortimore does not recognize Walter Stanley!"

Had a thunderbolt struck Mr. Mortimore he could not have been more overcome and surprised. He fell back upon the stranger, and, after an eager scrutiny, he mastered his emotion sufficiently to articulate:

"Your voice and eyes remind me somewhat of Walter; but the resemblance must be accidental, since Walter Stanley has been dead for over ten years."

"It was reported, I am told," said the stranger, "but I was murdered with my companions by the Indians."

"It was."

"I was the only one who escaped; the savage fiends left me for dead. Next morning, a train of emigrants, on their way to the mines, found me, and acted toward me the part of the good Samaritan."

"Rather a strange story," observed Mr. Mortimore.

"True for all that," said the other, his face flushing with suppressed indignation at the implied suspicion. "But I must crave your pardon for interrupting you at such an unseemly time. I will now leave these papers with you, and call on you to-morrow." So saying, the stranger rose, bowed, and left the library.

As he closed the door Mr. Mortimore opened the packet that the stranger had placed in his hands, and after perusing them with eagerness and excitement, threw himself back in the chair, saying, in a voice tremulous with anguish, "Past doubt! past doubt, it is Walter Stanley, and we are beggars!"

CHAPTER IV.

It would be difficult to paint the dismay which fell upon them, when Mrs. Mortimore announced next morning to Lucy and Kate the reappearance of Walter Stanley, and that his coming had rendered her husband to poverty. It was while the family were seated, discussing their unwelcome position, that a servant announced this unwelcome stranger.

"Show him into the library," said Mr. Mortimore, "and I will go to him immediately."

When the gentleman had closed the door, he rose, with a heavy sigh, and, kissing his wife with a grave tenderness, murmured, "Now to the most painful duty of my life."

On entering the library where Walter Stanley was seated, Mr. Mortimore advanced toward him with great cordiality, and, taking his hand, exclaimed: "My dear Walter, you must excuse my want of reception last night, but the news was so startling, and so unexpected, that I could not realize the fact. Now, indeed, I am angry with myself that I did not at once recognize you."

Walter returned his guardian's warmth with equal cordiality, and then, after some interesting conversation, Mr. Mortimore informed him that in a few days he would be prepared to give him an account of his stewardship and pay over to him the full amount of his fortune.

Walter begged Mr. Mortimore to consult his own convenience in the matter, and, after an apology for the suddenness of his arrival, in a few manly words expressed his admiration of his daughter; and, after ascertaining from her father that her affections were not engaged, he proposed for her hand.

As a drowning man catches at a straw, Mr. Mortimore grasped this proposition, and promised to consult his wife and daughter without delay. Walter postponed being formally introduced to his wife and family till the next day, when he should learn how his proposal had been received by Lucy.

Mrs. Mortimore, who was far more worldly-minded than her husband, was delighted at the favorable impression presented thus providentially to them, and after urging upon Lucy that her duty demanded her acquiescence, wrung from her husband a very reluctant assent to receive Walter as her future husband.

Kate's surprise and indignation at Walter's proposals were unbounded, for, knowing the attachment existing between Lucy and Alfred, she saw that she was sacrificing herself for the sake of her family. But Lucy's despondency in the matter was too rooted to allow her to follow her brilliant cousin's advice, and assert her own dignity and independence.

Next morning, as Lucy was sitting alone in the music-room, Mr. Mortimore suddenly entered, leading Walter.

"Now, Walter, there is Lucy, and I leave you to plead your own cause. It was always your father's wish that your two families should be united, and I need not add it is also mine."

With these words Mr. Mortimore left the room, not observing Walter's look of wild astonishment as he gazed upon the fair girl before him. Bowing to Lucy, he commenced a desultory conversation, asking, among other questions, if the lady was whom he had conversed with the previous evening, at the steamer.

"That, Mr. Stanley, is my cousin Kate."

Walter bit his lips; and having thanked Lucy for the honor she had done in entertaining his suit, took his leave, observing that, as he was engaged to dine there that day, he should have the pleasure of seeing her again. Scarcely had he gone, Lucy rushed to Kate's room and confided to her sympathizing bosom all her sorrow.

"Do you love him?" said Kate, "that is a very wicked thing to! one man and marry another?"

"I know it, dearest Kate," was Lucy's heartbroken response; "but what can I do? Can I see my dear parents beggared? No; I will do a daughter's duty, and I hope that death will soon release me from the trouble of life."

"You talk like a silly child," returned her cousin, "and not as a woman. If I had a hundred fathers and mothers they never should make me the base bale of cotton to any man breathing! Why don't you frankly inform Mr. Stanley that your heart is another?" Throw yourself upon his generosity; and if there is any truth in the human countenance, I will forfeit my diamonds that he'll not only release you, but help your father to extricate himself from his painful dilemma."

The two cousins were discussing the subject, Lucy's maid announced that Mr. Stanley was in the drawing-room, and that her mother wished her to entertain him till she was ready to receive him.

"Lucy," said Kate, "I will go. Leave the matter in my hands, and I shall make either marry the man myself than see you sacrifice your happiness. Now, can a woman do more for a friend than that?"

With one of her merry laughs, Kate left her sorrowful cousin, and went to the drawing-room. Her face was beamed with pleasure as he advanced to meet her.

"Mr. Stanley," commenced Kate, "I have come, on behalf of a lady, to appeal to your magnanimity."

"If I never possessed that virtue before," was Walter's gallant reply, "your voice would call it into life."

Kate gave him one of her archest looks, as she answered:

"Don't be too sure of that; the most generous of men do not find it an easy thing to give up a charming girl."

"You puzzle me," said Walter, taking her hand.

"I will be plain, then. My cousin has yielded to the importunities of her parents, and promised to receive you as her affianced husband?"

"She has done me that honor."

"Now, Mr. Stanley, I want you to release her from that promise."

"Indeed!" observed Walter, his face assuming a serious aspect.

"Oh, please don't look so despairing about it; you can't be so desperately in love with her, after only one short meeting—oh, I beg pardon, two You saw my cousin last night, but did not speak a word to her, for I watched you."

"You watched me!" replied Walter, with a pleasant smile.

"Yes—that is it is for a lady to be a spy, I confess you raised my curiosity, and I watched you; but, oh! I see it required no words—it was love at first sight. You think with Marlowe, 'He never loved who loved not at first sight.'"

"Indeed you are wrong," observed Walter, still holding Kate's hand, which, strange to say, she made no effort to withdraw; "but it is not so light a thing to relinquish so charming a person as your cousin."

"You think her charming?" asked Kate.

"Well, do not you?—does not everybody?"

"Oh, certainly; but she would not suit everybody, and, if I have any skill in judging character, she would not suit you."

"Why?" said Walter, with a smile.

"Because she loves another," answered Kate, seriously.

"Well, I will relinquish her on one condition."

"What is that?" eagerly asked Kate.

"That you will find me another wife!"

"Oh! you are asking too much now, really, Why don't you advertise in the *Herald*?"

"Well, I will also do more, if you accept my commission," resumed Walter; "I will take upon myself the responsibility of declining Miss Lindy's and."

"Good gracious, Mr. Stanley," replied Kate, with much theatrical gravity: "find you a wife! Why, I shall have enough to do, in these degenerate days, to find myself a husband."

"Perhaps," remarked Walter, "the same task might accomplish both objects."

"Oh, dear!" laughed Kate, "what a saving of trouble that would be. But, really, I am wasting time. I now candidly tell you that, although my poor, sensible, weak-minded cousin cannot succeed to marry you, the consent has been wrung from her by her parents, who have a special reason for it. Now, Lucy loves another, and, although she may marry you, she can never love you."

Walter pondered for a few moments, and said: "I strongly suspect, Miss Morbrissac, that you know more than I was dead, my dear old guardian has considered, very naturally, I admit, that my name was his. In short, it would be difficult to refund it."

Kate pressed Walter's hand, as she said, "Now you want to marry me, if I tell you a secret—you have guessed the truth."

"And," returned Walter, "you won't betray me if I know another secret? When I proposed for Mr. Mortimore's daughter, I made a slight mistake. I was under the full belief that you were the lady I was proposing for."

Kate's eyes fairly gleamed with pleasure, but her natural vivacity came to her rescue, and she said:

"What a very slight mistake, to ask for one lady, and get another; and the bashful gentleman feared to correct the mistake, that he never said anything about it!"

Kate gave one of her merry laughs as she said this.

"Pray, be serious," said Walter, "and listen with patience to what I have to say. I believe in love at first sight, for I felt last night, when I saw you, that on you my future welfare depended. I have made a fortune in Australia and California, but far away than the one entrusted to your uncle. I now honestly and frankly tell you that, if you reject me, I shall at once return to Australia, and endeavor to forget, in that rich and new land, the great disappointment of my life. I implore you to pardon the apparent haste of my declaration. Will you accept the hand and life-long love of Walter Stanley?"

"Well," said Kate, with a very grave air, "and you will then relinquish all right and title to my cousin Lucy?"

Walter laughed as he replied: "Of course; I thought you would take that for granted."

"Well, Mr. Stanley, I will not say no to such a request, but to oblige my cousin Lucy, who hasn't the courage to say her soul's her own, I hereby accept your proposal; and, now you are, I should like to see you hasty in giving my answer, I wish you most distinctly to understand that it is entirely to oblige my cousin Lucy."

Kate said this with so mischievous an air, that Walter raised her hand to his lips and kissed it with a fervent gallantry which Kate could not help feeling was natural in so serious a man. We need not linger over the *dénouement*. In less than a month there was a double wedding in the house of Mr. Mortimore; the result of that trifling ceremony being, that Kate became Mrs. Walter Stanley, and Lucy, Mrs. Alfred Berthesen.

Dr. Darwin, in his "Zoonomia," relates an anecdote of apparent ratiocination in a wasp, which has sagnish a fly nearly as big as itself. Soon after, the doctor saw the wasp discover the head and tail from the trunk of the fly, and attempt to soar with the latter; but finding, when about two feet from the ground, that the wings of the fly carried too much salt, and crossed its paths and would be wrested above its head, a circle that had arisen, it dropped upon the ground with the prey, and so calmly sawed off with its sharp jaws the one wing and then the other. Having thus removed those impediments to its progress, the insect flew away with its booty and experienced no further molestation from the wind.

Christian Names.—We give the following lists of girls' names that have been sent by various correspondents:—Coca, Clio, Cicely, Dora, Daisy, Daphne, Eva, Eve, Edith, Ethel, Zoda, Ella, Elsie' Effie, Edna, Elise, Enid, Emilie, Rita, Flora, Gertrude' Guinevere, Hilda, Hildegarde, Helen, Ione, Iona, Irene, Inez, Ina, Justice, Lily, Lila, Lillian, Leila, Mabel, Maud, May, Male, Myrie, Myra, Mona, Medea, Norah, Nellie, Nina, Nona, Oona, Olga, Ora, Phœbe, Phœna, Phyllis, Phyllida, Queta, Ruth, Sybil, Olive, Stella, Tina, Tessa, Undine, Una, Violet, Stella, Vesta, Viola, Winifred, Zuleika, Zaidee, Zara, Zora, Zara.

IN MEMORIAM OF WINFIELD SCOTT.

MAY 29, 1866.

BY ERNEST TRYFON.

Let the bell toll.
The warrior's gone to rest,
For Death has touched,
What fear ne'er did, his breast.
Let the bell toll.

Let the bell toll.
The war of life is o'er,
He hears the welcome
Of the other shore.
Let the bell toll.

Let the bell toll.
He on our glory rise,
Joyed at its noon, and
Died 'mid sunny skies.
Let the bell toll.

Let the bell toll.
We give him to the earth—
A sacred trust—to wait
The second birth.
Let the bell toll.

The Zingari.

A strange nomadic race, scattered up and down throughout the world—wandering, ever wandering to and fro, from place to place—homeless, if not homeless—surely descendants of him of old, of whom it was said: "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him:" even so is it with the Zingari and gipsies of the present day as with Ishmael of old. Possessing a language peculiar to themselves, in whatever part of Europe or the East you may find them (and they are to be found throughout the continent of the Old World), if you know this strange dialect, you can make your way among them and receive proof of it in the most generous of hospitality rarely found among civilized brethren of mankind. I have seen them over and again in the great streets of Paris, and in the Italian army south of France, the little-known and seldom-traveled provinces of Spain, which border the Bay of Biscay; up the far-off regions of the muddy Nile—in the jungles of India and the sandy deserts of Africa, again and again have I found them. Their encampments, all holding the same customs, speaking the same language, and having almost the same morals and observances.

In the course of my many travels I have been more or less thrown amongst them, and ever received at their hands the most cheerful kindness and the best hospitality their means could afford. To one of them I owe my life, and that merely from being able to speak a few of their language, called Romny.

Any one who has traveled in Portugal and visited Lisbon—that city of palaces and poverty; fine squares and pragas, and narrow, garbage-filled streets; churches and monasteries and buildings still unfinished; a city many a crack and rent of the noted earthquake of well-nigh a hundred years ago—such an one will be landed in the Quay and made his way up the street leading to Black Horse Square, would see at the corners of the streets several groups of men, standing idly, awaiting any chance job that might offer; speaking a strange jargon of their own in an excited, eager manner; making remarks on each passer-by, and very ready in their proffers of assistance, very apt to avail themselves of any and every opportunity to cheat you. Such is not place impolicit confidence in them and rely on their word if once fairly given to you—these men, with a strange, wild cast of features, are clearly marked as the Jewish type is, are Zingari—cosmopolitans.

I had come to Lisbon from Madeira on board one of Her British Majesty's men-of-war, which happened to touch at Funchal whilst the vessel I had taken my passage in for Lisbon, who asked me to take a cruise with him, I went on board, and, after touching at Magador, the Canary Isles, the Vagus, and arrived in eight days at Lisbon.

I had with me several letters of introduction to families in that city from their friends in Funchal. On my arrival at Lisbon, as I was quietly sauntering along the Rua do Ouro (a large street the centre above-mentioned), one of these men I have described accosted me and asked me if I had any luggage. I wished certainly to have a boat to him to go on board the ship and take my portmanteau thence to the Braganza Hotel, and there wait until I came. He said he knew the captain, and as I saw his eyes glisten and heard his answer in the same language, I knew he was to be trusted, and this hereafter he might be, as he eventually proved to be, of service to me.

After walking an hour or two with a friend (one of the officers of the ship I had just left), up and down the Praça, we made our way to the hotel, and there I found the man waiting and quietly waiting for me with the portmanteau. It was with no small difficulty I prevailed on him to accept something for the trouble he had had; and before leaving me, he asked permission to come every morning to see whether I wanted anything he could do for me during my stay in Lisbon.

Among my letters was one of introduction (as I had unsecreted in Madeira), to a young lady in the neighborhood of Mafra, some thirty or forty miles from Lisbon. As I found I could not leave Lisbon so soon as I at first intended, and deemed personally this letter, which contained some important political news as well, I resolved at length to send it with José. He took it and delivered it safely, bringing me back an answer that it had been received, and that the Senora de Oliveira would be glad to see me whenever I could make it convenient to visit her.

A week passed over in Lisbon before I could do so; at the end of the week I found I should be able to start for Mafra the beginning of the following one, and I asked José if he would accompany me. To this he readily agreed, and accordingly, the next week, providing two mules, we both started, I resigning myself entirely to José's care and guidance.

After the first four hours' pleasant ride, during which I noticed that José was in a constant state of excitement, and which could not account, beyond his delight at leaving the town and getting into the country, we arrived at Cintra. I would fain linger here for a few hours there amidst its world-famed scenery and old Moorish remains of castles and towers, but José would not hear of it, and urged me most piteously to hasten on to Mafra as fast as we could. Not understanding the need of such haste, I nevertheless yielded to his solicitations and pushed on. It was nearly nightfall before we reached our destination—a beautiful Quinta—not very far from the King of Portugal's palace at Mafra.

We met with but one incident on our journey, and that was from meeting three wolves on a hillside. I had discontinued to walk, as the path was both narrow and steep, and my legs were tired. Just as I had half mounted the ascent, on rounding a corner, I came suddenly—all unprepared as I was, having left my pistols on the mule José was leading some way behind me—upon three wolves: a she-wolf and two dog-wolves behind her. There was no room to spare on the path for turning them, and they rose almost perpendicularly above me, whilst below was a precipice far too deep to descend, or rather leap down with safety. Over the edge I sprang, as I had not yet come round the sharp turn of the hill, and there I was, all unarmed, and the three wolves in front of me. I turned round involuntarily in my pocket for my pocket-knife, too small, however, to be of much use, even if I could get at it but one of the brutes dashed by which I much doubted. I looked up the side of the hill to see if there were any bush growing, or tree, but I could spring up, and cling until the wolves had passed me, which I thought they seemed inclined to do without attacking me. Nothing but a few patches of stunted growing out of a crevice of the rocks over my head. I made a spring and caught hold of it; it was strong enough, though I was saved; the wolves came straight on, seemingly inclined to proceed quietly on their way without attempting, unprovoked, any violence within six feet of them where I was clinging to the shrub, when suddenly it gave way, and with a shower of small stones and broken fragments of rocks, I, the bush with the debris, rolled down to the very feet of the foremost wolf—the she-wolf. With an angry growl she turned, and, with her hideous fangs and teeth, while its hot breath came over my face. I held up my hands before my eyes, and thought I succeeded with the bush, and I have a faint recollection of hearing the report of a pistol just as all seemed to swim darkly from me, and I lost all consciousness of what followed.

I had fainted away.

Slowly consciousness returned to me, and as it came back, the last few moments seemed to me a hideous dream. I found myself seated on a stone by the roadside, and José standing over me, attempting to pour a little wine down my throat from a bottle held in his hand.

"Do not be alarmed," the first words I could understand. "I have killed two of the wolves, and the third one turned and fled. You have had a narrow escape, but you are as good as a mule. I would recommend you, however, for the future, to keep your pistols about your person."

After a few moments' rest I once more mounted, and we proceeded on our journey, and without any more adventures reached the Quinta long before night.

The señora was at home, and gave me a hearty welcome. She was a fine specimen of a Portuguese lady, about forty years old, and somewhat inclined to obesity; a fine figure, however, and dark, liquid eyes, full of kind passion, and very handsome, but for her countenance. I spent a very pleasant evening, and enjoyed it all the more from my recent narrow escape, for which I gave her a history of my adventure as we had dinner. She invited me to stay some days with her, and I agreed to do so.

In the middle of the night, after I had retired to bed, I was awoke from my sleep by hearing a stealthy footstep near me. Starting up I saw a great affright, I seized my pistol, which I had taken the precaution of placing under my pillow, and said in a low voice:

"It is I, señor," answered the voice of José. "You must get up immediately. The police are after you. The Senora de Oliveira and her brother are well-known Carlists, and your letter for them has been discovered, as well as your intended visit to Madeira. How it has been found out I do not know; but I feared so before we left Lisbon, which made me uneasy on our journey here.

I hesitated for a moment, and tried my best to think what was best to do.

"You are not all thought on the matter. Seizing hold of me, he pulled me out of bed, and then hurriedly helped me to dress, and before I had gathered together my wandering senses, he had me out of doors, where I found the two mules already saddled. Making me mount, he quickly did the same, and then starting first, bade me follow him, and galloped off toward a forest some short distance behind the Quinta. It all seemed a dream to me, so quickly had it all passed. We had scarcely reached the edge of the forest when, looking around, I saw lights flashing about from window to window of the Quinta behind us.

"We were just in time," said José. "I do not think you would have much liked the interior of a Portuguese prison. They cannot find you now, for in an hour or two I hope to place you beyond all fear of pursuit."

Exceedingly perplexed at all that had taken place, and cursing my friends in Madeira for the predicament they had placed me in, I unhesitatingly followed José. After two or three hours' hard riding, we came to some rocks piled up in a wild spot on the edge of the forest. Making out of these with his heavy whip, the echo of the stroke had scarce died away when I saw other two mules from another open space coming forward. José bade me dismount and follow them, whilst he himself went off with the mules to a place of safety. I did so, and they led me into a sort of cave, partly natural, and evidently enlarged by human means. Here I found a warm fire and breakfast awaiting me.

José soon rejoined us, and there, in the heart of a cork forest, well cared for, well fed, and safely housed among a half civilized tribe of these outcast, wandering Zingari, for a fortnight I dwelt safely and securely.

At the end of that time José, after staining my skin with walnut juice, and dressing me in one of their gipsy dresses, carried me safely to Lisbon, whence, embarking on an English steamer, I arrived—thankful for my escape, and ever grateful for the kindness of a gipsy's heart and fidelity—after a few days' steaming, safe on English ground at Gibraltar.

SNIPE SHOOTING.

This *summum bonum* of aiming in a cross shot like this is "the sight covering the tip of the bird's bill." If you can do that, you will hear of your bird as sure as eye of your gun, but of course, practice makes perfect. A bird flying straight away from you is comparatively dead, but may be missed by one of the rules in snipe shooting, viz., long aiming. There must be a good deal of lead, or fall over the bird, no wobbling from side to side, no attempts, in fact, to make sure of him, as snipe jink under a hedge in the first dozen of times to fix your eye on the bird, give him his time to get well ahead, and then fire. Snipe are fond of getting cover and fire. It should be done as quickly as possible, but not hurriedly, and precisely in fact the raising of the gun and the aiming becomes the classical moment, as it is the assistance, and the judgment of distance and flight which do the business. Many people shoot at snipe as if they had no chance to drop your birds; nothing less than fifteen are certain to fall, and if you are hurried, but remember to fire at thirty or forty; for a single grain will bring a snipe down, and a snipe hedge under a thousand shot at forty yards, is one of the prettiest sights in nature. These birds are not to be taken unawares, but during their flight; in fact, though they appear to a novice to disappear for miles, they are not, but merely fly a zeal-low, yet, in fact, their fly consists entirely of a straight-forward flight, with this trick of the zigzag. In the turn they afford the fairest mark possible, and a very little practice soon enables you to hit the moment to fire. Five or ten yards after rising, they are certain to descend. Once a bird has got all his speed, his flight becomes regular, and that the opportunity should be taken. A bird flying straight away requires time for firing too soon; next to that, delay in aiming. I have heard of the best shots being confounded, if not nonplussed, by shooting a bird, used to take a pinch of snuff with much nonchalance, and then fire at it as it flew away at a long distance afterward. I cannot vouch for this, but would say the best shots were those who fired the least as a rule, and were when the birds rose unexpectedly, and the gun had to be cocked previous to aiming and firing.

SCARCITY OF MONEY IN UTAH.

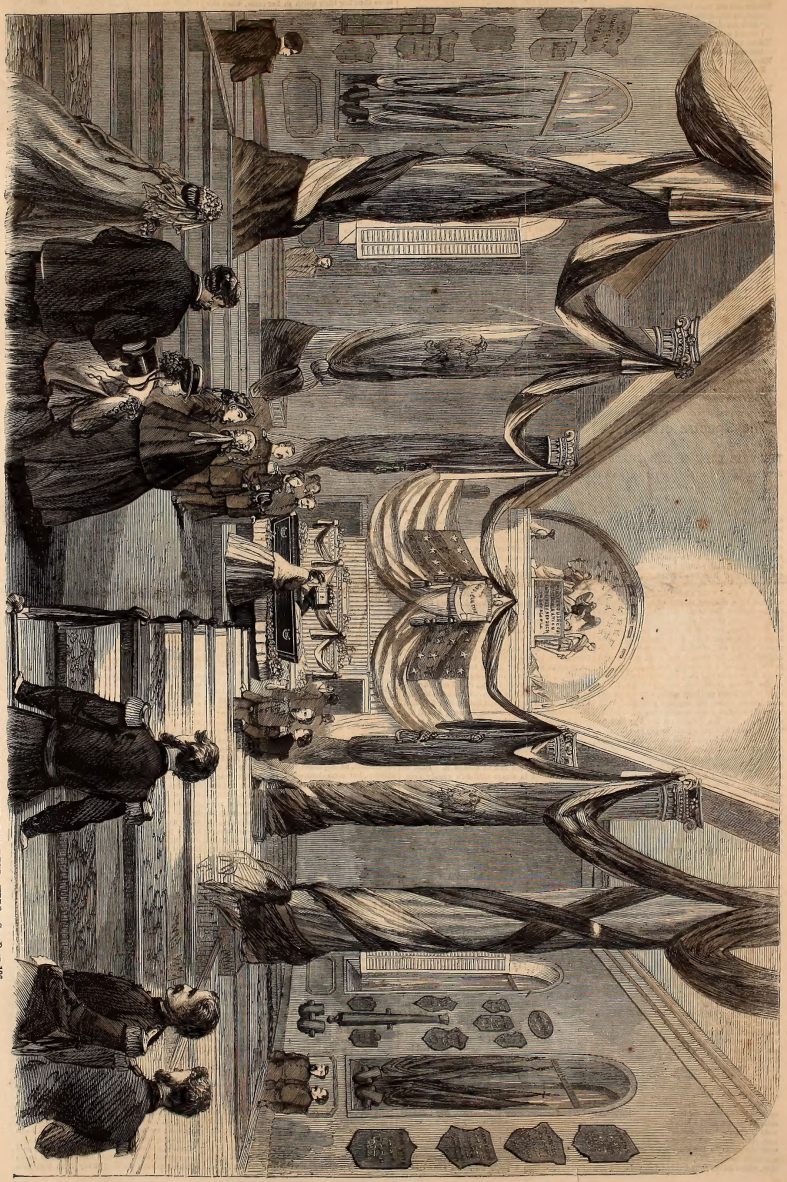
A correspondent from Salt Lake City, Utah, says:

"You have tight money markets sometimes in the East, but I have read of no more semi-annual crash than I saw it cited, as a curious fact, in the newspapers, that the Mormons had a surplus of specie. Such a thing as that I see around me a people, a prosperous people, doing business on a specie basis, and that basis is gold. In Salt Lake City itself, right in the line of travel, there is no paper money. The only currency is coin, and the rattle thence into every valley and by every water course for miles in the mountains. There is no bank, no circulating medium. What is the usual legal tender? Gold dust, bullion, Mexican dollars, Spanish doubloons and bar, ore cash; eggs, butter, pistols, knives, stockings, and every article of merchandise, potatoes, wheat, bran, molasses and calves are 'shinplasters,' which are taken in exchange for goods, but with the salute that is to pay their debts if it is ever a delight to pay debts. Everything is transacted on a cash basis, and that is very curious and amusing pastime. A peddler, for instance, will drive his pack mule from door to door. He would need a 'bull' train to freight back his money if he took it in exchange for goods. If a pair of boots sell at $20 a month, because he would need to pay $20 in gold for them, and he can't get more than one week's wages to the whisky shop, theatre, or to the grocery. And yet the farmers in the country towns are not poor. They have their farms, their cattle, their horses. They cannot keep their big sons from sneaking into the grocery, or the whisky shop, or the theatre, or the gambling hell, preferring it to the drowsy shop and having a 'high' time of it, and they cannot keep their daughters from the finery of vanity fair. Whether a man is rich or poor, he has to economize to get money. Every man, rich or poor, has to work. The rich man first came into the valley, had no intention of settling more than a short time, but soon got so enamored that he could never get away without making a fortune. Then he settled down to the business of money getting. He must continue to grip firmly, notwithstanding his immense wealth, until he has got a few millions more—how you have him as a fine horse and carriage, a splendid team of oxen, and lots of land, and thus is he about to slip from you at last in the form of bad debts."

Messages are transmitted by telegraph between London and Paris in two minutes. The post is, however, the only little used by commercial men, except to follow an order. Telegrams have been generally of full 2½ air a tube is made to carry a slow current of hydrogen. This tube enters at the bottom, and is carried nearly to the cone of the bell glass. Electric sparks are passed through the glass at the end of the tube. The hydrogen immediately ignites, and in the bell glass a continuous sphere darts all about the bell glass. In a short time the electric sparks are discontinued, and the air is forced into the inside of the jar, but without ever coming in contact with each other.



THE CLOSING SCENE OF THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT, AT THE CEMETERY AT WEST POINT—BEARING THE BODY TO THE GRAVE.—See Page 198.



THE CHAPEL AT WEST POINT—THE FRIENDS AND VISITORS TAKING A LAST VIEW OF THE REMAINS OF THE DEPARTED HERO.—See Page 196.

THE OLD VAGRANT.

WEARY and old, here let me die—
Here, in this ditch—I care not how.
"He's drunk!" the passing crowd may cry;
I do not want their pity now.

'Tis so, save when, with shudd'ring glance
And scarce a pause, their sons are thrown.
Why stop to lose the play, the dance?
Pass on! for I can die alone.

Yes, here to Time I yield at last,
Since hunger can no longer kill.
I once did hope, when youth was past,
My age some shelter'd nook might fill;
But in no Refuge was there room,
So many wretches homeless roam!
The streets through life have been my doom;
So, after all, I die at home.

When young, to those who earned their bread
"Throw your own trade," I used to say.
"We cannot find work ourselves," they said;
"Go beg, my lad,"—and turned away.
Yet rich, who found the work, nor saw
How hard I strove, ye gave, 'tis true,
My crust of bread, my couch of straw:
I dare not lay my curse on you.

I might have robbed—I begged instead:
The generous theft I can recall
Was but an apple o'er my head
That overhung some garden wall.
Yet want has made an evil look,
That into jail I oft was thrown;
The only wealth I had they took:
At least the sunshine was my own.

If we, indeed, were vermin are,
'Twere wise to crush us ere we sting:
If men, oh! teach us—wiser far—
How from our lives some good may spring.
Worm that I am, and human aid
Or guidance reached me, even I
Might here have labored, loved, and prayed,
Where now I leave my curse, and die.

The Spectre of Cliffe;

OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CLOUD IN THE SUNSHINE.

Two years have passed since the events recorded in the last chapter. Our scene is no longer laid at Cliffe Hall, but far away in the south country; while the change which is occupied by our *dramatis personæ* is very unpretending. A little low-roofed cottage, set in a garden growing early spring flowers, such as only flourish so early in a genial climate. The two French windows open on a tiny verandah, on which a boy's cricket bat, a belt of finches, beyond which lies the garden, not for show alone, but rich in vegetables and savory herbs; while beyond all this fairy demesne there runs a waving wall of odorous tamarisk. A waving wall, I say, for though the cottage is nestled in the hollow of a chalk-hill, and the boisterous winds from north and east, which roar and revel on the Downs above, can never reach it, it lies open to the south and west winds, whose soothing song scarce ceases the summer through. With them the swallow comes to nestle neath the eaves, with them the rose (whom on the tiny lattice to their violence will not permit to ply this thievish trade) to rob the flowers; but on a ledge of chalk, full in the noonday sun, stand three stout hives, for which the rent is paid in glittering comb, so that the winged thief is rifled in his turn—as the frail trees, warped by the windy years to grow askant, keep off the westering sun; but all the south is open. To those who sit within, the cottage, the sloping garden, and the sloping down beyond, are seen, and then the sea; but to one who, from the window, withdraws a pace or two, or lies upon his bed up-stairs, the eye looks straight down on the boundless blue of ocean. All, precious to sickness, to watch the ever changing shadows of the clouds, the swirling eddies, the daily battles of the wind and tide; to mark the sea-gull or heron about her fishing or her quests; to see the glorious company of white-robed ships, which this or that fair wind has just set free, pass in their due distant order, and to gaze upon the more homely toil which, in the little bay, the fishermen are plying; to contemplate the great waters, and those who make their business thereon. Then at night, how the sharp pain is lulled by the sea's monotonous undertone, that lullaby of unending roar, or overwhelmed and deadened by the majestic music of the storm!

But there is more sickness in this story now; the tall man sitting in the little balcony above the doorway, whose uncovered head almost touches the green roof, is not bowed by it; nor is the graceful form of his young wife, although a year ago or so she blessed the sea, slept time, after her blissful trouble, she lay awake long at night with her sweet babe beside her, sleepless, but in rest unspeakable. The baby-girl, too, clinging to her mother's skirt, is well and blooming, and yet there is a shadow upon the young wife's brow, which even the sunshine of that tiny presence cannot erase, nor the blithe and ringing tones of her husband's voice.

"What, my pretty one!" quoth he, "a cloud upon thy brow upon our marriage morning? Fie, shame! Come, let me kiss it away, love. Not a word of quarrel have we had yet, though we be such old married folks; but I *shall* quarrel, and spoil our claim to the Dunmow flitch, if you do not smile to-day. No, not an April shower is what that, which leaves your heaven the darker, but a July brightness, that must last all day. Come, smile like my own Mildred."

"My dear, dear husband," answered Mildred, tenderly, "I know I am very foolish, very wrong. There cannot be, of course—there cannot be any real danger to us. Has stooped down to the child, and drew her to her bosom, and held her there, and kissed and rocked her to and fro. "I is so long ago, and as he says, we have braved it yet, and we have taken no one into our confidence, so that neither by design nor carelessness can we ever be betrayed; and then, I am so far away from her, and under another name, we cannot but be safe—I have said to myself all this a dozen times, and yet, and yet, I fear."

"Yet *what*, Mildred?"

"Well, nothing; you would only laugh at me. But to-day, of all the days in the year—the day when I would wish to feel no touch of gloom—a sickening, supreme presentiment of evil seems to cast its threatening shadow upon my soul. She will never cease to seek us out, Raymond, while life is in the power of either of us. A selfish blood-hound could not be more staunch, more persistent for ill. When I think of her, I always think of her as that creature, Mary Clare's foe, which pursues the helpless hare whole days and nights, and at the last—no matter when that is—"

"My dear wife," interrupted Raymond, impatiently, "you are not complimentary to your aunt Grace at all! She is only your foe because I am a creature of evil odor called a stout; moreover, you do not take a high view of my own courage and ability to defend you and little Milly is called me a helpless hare. If I be so, and this vermin comes within kicking distance, I know that I will find me uncommonly strong in the hinder-legs."

"Nay, dearest, while you are with us, I rarely have any fear, but when you leave the cottage even for an hour; and now you are going away tomorrow for two whole nights—ah, me, that will be terrible!"

"Why, what a coward has my Mildred become, who used to be so brave."

"That was when I had only myself to take care of; but this little one, Raymond—what would my aunt say if I were to get her poor child into a baby-heiress of Cliffe! I would that we were what we seem to be here, and she but Milly Heyburn, with nothing to inherit save a little cottage and ground. We have been happier here than ever we were elsewhere."

"That very true, love; and I for my part should be well content to pass all my days here. But if poor Rupert dies—or—or, worse, I will not even say it—but that would be very right, that I, as my child's. No, that I will not. I know, love, why you shudder. You deem that she would murder me, and then, in time, marry Rupert's widow, and gain the golden piece. But this poisoning is not so easy as one reads of in the story-books. Mary Clare, indeed, she would, for she is a wicked will without much hindrance, or perhaps encouragement, but not she. Rupert, if he lives over, she is not above the law. Her unscrupulous fingers cannot clutch what that bids her to deliver it, and would tell me with his own mouth to betake myself, thy child, nor me. I tell you we are safe, Mildred; and if there is a fear on either side, it should be upon Grace Clifford's. She is stormy and rave forever, and we to listen, shuddering, because we two have chosen to marry? Have I not the curse to call me to my duties? Here is my home, and forced to keep in-doors, like one escaped from prison? I think that I am doing ill in this, wife. If there were any danger, I swear there would be no tyrants in the world. The sum my poor father gave me is nigh spent; I need the skill to toil me with the sun, and I will be no more in his will. Why should I not claim my own?"

"Raymond, Raymond!" cried the young wife, passionately, "I am wearying you with my fancies. Let us not bring the thunderbolt upon ourselves, even if we are fated to be its victims. Gold is indeed precious in Grace Clifford's greedy eyes, and power and the pride of station; but revenge is sweeter than all. Think of the day and the hour when we fled from Cliffe together; upon its very marriage morn, she registered a vow to pay us back."

"I should have thought my lady would have had enough of vows," returned Raymond, grimly, "for the first upon kept that she herself had contorted to the letter—married her stepson within thirty days! Sweet perjurer! I can forgive poor Rupert's wrath at being cheated of his bride so narrowly, since he was but her tool, and never knew how cruelly she urged you; but as for myself—well, let her do her worst. She will find I think that, after two long years of absence, the memory of this kite should still flutter over dove, through us by very arms! Your dread is chill, Mildred; are you cold?"

"Yes, a little cold, dear husband. The wind is rising in the west, as though for tempest. We shall have rough weather to-night."

"Ha! that is the sickness in that weather sole in after this long calm, it will last, I fear. Come, let my love a walk together, while walk we may. Upon over a wedding-day, as upon the eve of the Derby and Joan-like, is only fitting. Let us pay a visit to the good lieutenant and his wife."

"Ay, and take the dear child with us; to see her good-parents," exclaimed Mildred, joyfully.

"You—deceitful—wicked—gipsy," returned her husband, shaking her by the ear, "to pretend to love her god-parents, indeed! You want to have her with us—that is all. I do believe you never feel your little treasure is safe unless beneath our eye. However, just as you like, love; tell Jane, then, to put her bonnet on."

"I had rather carry Milly myself, Ray; Jane is rather busy, and it's such a very little way to the coast-guard station."

"Another white one! It is three miles, if it is a yard! But, then, the walk is upon the cliff-top, is it not? A most delightful walk, by the way in and Jane is such a giddy girl, and can never be brought to understand that she carries so much more than her life's worth in her arms, when she has the baby precious child."

"Nay, Raymond, dear, I know you love it just as much as I do. How thankful you seemed to be when you were told it was a girl!"

"Ay, true," interrupted Raymond, hastily; "but that was very foolish of me. If he had chanced to be a boy, would you have thought me? He would have had a very different bringing-up to that which has ruined so many a Clifford. He would have been sent to Eton and Oxford, and so on, down the eldest-born of us for so many generations."

"And how glad you were that it was a girl, Raymond."

"Was I? Well, perhaps I was; at all events, I love our Milly. Come, button-mouth, give papa a kiss. Don't you get your own way, and your mother, too, and wrap yourselves up warm, lest the rain should catch us before we can get home again."

With which words, he dismissed them both; then, left alone in the verandah, he leaned upon the rail, and looked that down the lawn, and drew a letter from his pocket. The address ran thus: "Hy. J. Hepburn, Pumps Cottage, by Westportwell, Kent," and was written a cramped and vulgar hand, and in one corner was scrawled "Immediate," underlined three times.

"How fortunate I was," soliloquized Raymond, "that I chanced to meet the postman in my walk this morning; otherwise this letter would have perhaps lain there many days. She would neither have eaten nor slept till she had compelled me to flee once more from the wrath of this she-devil to the Continent, and Mildred, poor wife, have got reconciled to our little cottage here, and have begun to feel at home. I will burrow no more, but will turn this love-affair over. The threatened peril is mysterious enough, but the warning puzzles me even more. What a hand my anonymous friend writes! Certainly all these wrong way, like those blown-backward saplings yonder. It may be disguised, of course; but, at the best, I should say that writing was not much of a critic, but the spelling, too, let alone the composition, appears rather faulty:

"'Pumps, Raymond Clifford. The cat's eyes have found you out at last; find another local for a little, and at once. There is danger lurking at your very door.'

"It is certainly very strange, and stranger that it comes when my poor wife has this nameless dread upon her. 'It can be only,' for nobody save those we have most cause to fear, could have supplied the materials for it. The postmark is Westportwell, therefore Mary Clare's retainer cannot be very far off. But, except the simple folks whom we are about to visit, what 'Well-wisher' have I about me, Milly, Jane, Mildred? We are compelled to impose even upon these good people; to lead a life of deception, to exist humbly, furtively, that we may be safe—and we need to Mildred this! It should always be so until Rupert—"

Here, Milly, who had been quiet, said he. "What, Milly want a toss before she starts? Give her to me, then, mamma. Nay, now I've got her, I shall keep her myself. Her daughter are fair in love, as in war—she is my lawful prize."

"It was a fair picture, that stalwart father with his child in his arms, and the young mother near, and the other thrown around his wife protectingly; and yet there was something in his eyes beside love and pride, as he looked, like the eagle's or orbs that time she sees the fowler, inch by inch descending from the crag upon her eyrie, ay in hand, to bear away her young."

CHAPTER XIV.—THE PREVENTIVE STATION.

Pumps Cottage and Pumps Coastguard station lay westward along the shore, and for a little distance after passing by the fishermen's cottages, a path, which ran at the foot of the cliff-top, but soon descended, not to the beach, but through the intermediate belt of rock and undergrowth, which lay between it and the sea. Here, sheltered from the rising wind, and amid a verdant wilderness of thorn and hazel, it was easy to walk in single file, and Jane, with the baby-girl, ran on before, the children from the cliff; the wood-lark hanging in the sheltered air poured forth his love; the sea-gull, from upon kept the wing above the warm bank, and flitting from shrub to shrub, the tiny wren twittered his note of thanks in God's own air. At length Jane's mirth at being her self free, and in a trance, stood out from the white cliff, a hawk would shoot forth, noiseless and swift as light, and pass above the heads of the scout like flash, watching our blameless parents in their sleep; then, descending upon them, would glide and pass again opposite the wind, and yet again would rise for broader view, to fall—a malignant star—upon the innocent prey in some seeming sheltered homestead.

No homestead is, however, visible to human eye in this region of desolation of man. The broken rocks, indeed, resemble ten human architecture—here a fluted shaft, and there a column with its capital—but they are natural—but some great throe of nature has so strewed them there, who, in her young, can fashion things more beautiful than art can mould in years of patient toil. The sea is sullen, save for one speck of white, which, like a pure soul passing to eternity, goes suddenly out into the boundless blue of heaven.

"Is not this a very paradise, my Mildred?" exclaimed Raymond, enthusiastically.

"It is indeed, dear Ray. May heaven's angels guard us while we tarry in it."

"Amen," answered Raymond, gravely. "Not, however," added he, more cheerfully, "that I am aware of our needing any special guardian, other than what all mortals need against their spiritual foe. As for mortal enemies, never, surely, was a little household so set about with defenders as is this. Not a cottage in the village would fight for you as resolutely as ever they fought for an anker of rum; while the good lieutenant and his twenty men here would draw their cutlasses in your defense as gallantly as though you were the Island Empress herself. What a simple home they have yonder! Of all the comfortable-looking, shipshape, spick-and-span residences and nests to dwell in, I do think the preventive Station is the most enviable.

The path has gradually risen until it brought them in sight of the tenement in question, a long low line of building, with a veranda in front of it, and a flagstaff, from which extended the nearer bay, with the coast-guard boat high on the shining sand, but ready to be launched at a minute's notice; while the open sea could be seen for scores of miles. But by far the most noticeable feature of the Look-out were certain carved wooden images stuck up on end, which gave to it the appearance of a spot dedicated to heathen rites. The figures, though representing the softer sex as often as the masculine, were by no means remarkable for personal beauty. Not one had been completed with the entire complement of limbs, and if a lady had managed to preserve the squillinky of her nose, she might consider herself a fortunate creature. These wooden effigies, many of vessels which the cruel waves had mutilated, when they cast the ships to which they belonged upon the rocks, had long lost every vestige of anything far out to sea. Already, with the growing wind, the waters churned and foamed there in white horses, and in that which comprised all that was possible to picture what wild work they made there during a storm. What hours of human agony had been caused by those grinning figures, when, scudding before the gale, the helpless ships came on to their doom among the hissing breakers! What vain resolutions of repentance had they beheld in the white scared faces to which they were opposed—what dumb resolve to meet the worst like men!

From Deadman's Reef no living man or woman had ever escaped with a hand; nay, bodies of the drowned which strewed the coast for days after a wreck could scarcely be called human, so bruised and mauled were they by the sharp and jagged rocks; but at very low tide the Reef was not without its attractions. Gold had been found there, and doubtless there still existed crowds of alien coins, guineas, moidores, dollars, and doubloons; while it was even said that on a time when the Spanish Armada was first descried, the silver sand of Lucky Bay (so called in consequence) had been mingled with sparkling gold, and that the ivory keel of the Invincible glistened upon the bare brown beach. The little churchyard, some four miles away, was three parts filled with the bones found on the shore where most of them nameless and unknown, and buried, as a matter of charity, in consecrated ground.

"Sacred to the Memory of the Crew of this or that vessel, who perished in a storm off Deadman's Reef." Then the date, and the inscription the very ship was nameless; her home-port and her destination alike unknown; and the part of the Book of Judgment which was opened to her scattered and ownerless cargo. And yet those who perished in her had relatives, and friends, and kindred, and the hearts of us, all of whom were watched for, doubtless, and heaven importuned for them—not altogether, let us hope, in vain.

But it is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and the coast population thereabouts were by no means averse to a south-west gale, and what it brought them. "Death is king, and vicar and lord," was their motto; and many a cottage in the neighborhood of Lucky Bay was indebted for its most ambitious piece of furniture to the fury of the Atlantic waves. Even those were reckoned as the gifts of Providence, and accepted by the simple folk with genuine thankfulness, which the rich and harvest might be considered by the pious elsewhere. In old times, there had been ugly stories afloat of ships having been lured to their destruction by false lights, proving to be safety-beacons; but whether true or false, such matters belonged to the past only, and the Preventive Watch looked down on the reef there was now a little light-house, which shot a fiery warning far out to sea; and this was served by a keeper and his wife, who resided in it with the coast-guard, there being only room for one lodger in the Look-out House. Thus, Lucky Bay was dedicated, as it were, to the protection of life as well as property, and seemed, at least to one of the living persons who now looked down upon it, as the most desirable of human homes.

If how I wished that we lived here, dear Raymond, wish Dan and Carey, who are delightful and day by trusty guardians, instead of in our lonely cottage, where, whenever you are absent, I feel such a terrible responsibility!" said Jane, as the lieutenant himself, and with a stranger, too, as it seems; at least, I never saw him about the station before.

"Perhaps he is some official visitor or superintendent," Carey told me the other day that he was very much interested in the Look-out. Look how he is pointing out to him the vegetable-locks! I think I can hear him telling about those potatoes having been dibbled in by old Jacob, the lantern-keeper, with his own wooden leg; that's one of the old gentleman's stock stories. Ah, now he sees us. Look how he interrupts his talk, and breaks away from his visitor at once to come and bid you welcome; we may be sure, therefore, that he is not the inspector."

Certainly, if such he was, Lieutenant Carey paid no attention to the fact, but, on the arrival of the official superior, striding away from him with

rapid steps to meet the new-comers, and pouring forth a rain of welcomes as he came, in a rich and powerful voice.

"This is charming, of you, Mrs. Hepburn; this is very friendly to walk so far to our poor home: and to bring your treasure with you, too—my little godchild. Marion, Marion!" (here he raised his voice, as through contending with some fancied strife of the elements;) "come out, wife, here are the Hepburns." Then, as he and his visitors approached one another, he went on in what he honestly considered to be confidential tones, but which could be heard in a favorable wind about half a mile.

"I am so delighted to see you, Hepburn; always delighted, of course, but particularly so to-day. Here's a strange lubber come to stay with me from the 'Queen' of Westporton, recommended by the landlord as a man whom one respects, and to whom I am under obligations, but—just as though I knew whom like himself." My friend, Mr. Stevens,' writes he, 'is exceedingly anxious to see the coast near Lucky Bay, and especially the Mermaid Cavern, during those spring-tides, and there being no accommodation for himself nearer than this, and much more for his man (who remains below), I have ventured to ask you to give him a shake-down for a night or two.' That's just what the fellow writes, and here is this Mr. Stevens—a stranger, a lubber—upon my hands. I have not an hour's time to spare, in expectation of this inspection. You must show him the Mermaid Cavern, Hepburn; you must show him the coast."

A stout, florid, and notwithstanding his present trouble, a very cheerful-looking man, was Lieutenant Carey, though he had been pitted by the smoke-box in a manner which he was wont himself to say, when severe steaming. Though it was his way to be eloquent upon whatever annoyed him, he was the reverse of a repining character; otherwise finding himself a lieutenant still, after some forty years of sea-service, he might, perhaps, have considered his own case a hard one, and Lucky Bay, rather a misnomer as his place of residence. But, on the contrary, not only did he make the best of his position, but extracted from the visionary idea that it would be improved some day; that to have a post in the coast-guard was not another name for being put on the shelf, and that a day would come when he would sniff the incense of official favor, and be rear-admiral of half the colors of the rainbow before he died. It was a happy faith, and must have been shared in those early days of favoritism by many another gallant seaman, or surely the Lords of Admiralty would have all met their doom at the hands of naval Brutus's; gray-headed mates must have hung themselves from the yard-arm, and captains commanders taken to fresh water in despair from the top of Waterloo Bridge. It was Lieutenant Carey's belief, in spite of some adverse criticism, that the Admiralty kept a favorable eye upon him. It was true, indeed, that there had been no decent haste in promoting their protegé, but what they had said to themselves, was this: 'Whatever happens, we have John Carey to marry—we know where to find him—we know where to lay our hand upon him; and by——' (here they swore a little, as is the fashion to do in those days, particularly when under the influence of friendly emotion,) 'and by the Lord Harry, but some day we'll do it." That day was still distant, and is being so, why it might be any day. Therefore, Lieutenant Carey held himself constantly in readiness for promotion, kept his preventive station on an absolutely flawless state of discipline and perfection; and would have exchanged his post of stern-cabin of any vessel suitable for a young commander of four-and-fifty at a moment's notice, and with a good conscience. In the meantime, he indulged his imagination by putting much superior ships in commission than were likely to fall to his share at first, and in reading the daily appointment thereto upon the quarter-deck to a crew that had flocked in hundreds to serve under his supposed command. He had even composed a little speech, very short, and very pithy, to deliver under those precise circumstances; and pending their occurrence, had repeated it to Marion, his wife, about one hundred and forty times.

"Don't you think it will be the right sort of thing to say, Marion?" he would inquire, after every repetition. Mrs. Carey would gravely reply: "I think it will be better, John." She took an immense interest in the alterations which he had determined to make in the cabin arrangements, which was the less to be wondered at since they had nothing but her wife convenience and comfort in view—for in those days a woman in his Majesty's service was not permitted to have his wife on board with him—and had it not been so, good John Carey's dream would have been robbed of half its charm. Marion had been the only daughter of his friend and co-religionist—for Carey was a Catholic, a circumstance which perhaps did not militate in professional prospects in those days—Lieutenant Henry Lisle Lisgar, who was struck down by his side at the battle of Aboukir, by a spar from the French ship L'Orient, when that great vessel was blown to fragments with a thousand men in her, and with his last words he had recommended the friendless girl to Carey's protection. No bequest, made up and sealed with whatever formalities, could have been obeyed with more dutcous care; the idea of failing in such a sacred duty never entered into his thoughts; and that the execution of it was not easy. Little Marion, at a girls' school at Hammersmith, had first to be written to by the bluff sailor, who was hopefully put to it how to break such bad news by letter; then the scanty pension the child received from Government had to be supplemented from the lieutenant's own purse, in order that the substantial advantages should be still continued to her, and this necessitated a different system in his own expenditure, which for his means had been hitherto profuse, and to say prodigal. Then, when on shore, those interviews with Miss Blackboard, the schoolmistress—who nearly had a fit upon his happening, in the ordinary course of conversation, to mention the Lord Harry—were very trying; and more embarrassing yet did matters become, when Miss Marion, grown to womanhood, seemed to have a difficulty in calling him papa, which she had done for the last half-dozen years, and could not kiss his weather-beaten cheek as usual without a blush upon her own pretty face.

Then with a delicacy of expression such as my Lord Chesterfield could not have achieved, although he had sat up half the night racking his brain for exactly the right phrase, the lieutenant, just appointed to Lucky Bay, had offered his horny hand to the friendless girl, to have and to hold in honorable wedlock—an unequal match could really be contemplated by her with few; in truth, indeed, the hand was here still, so long as life was in him, dedicated to her service by her defences and succor always. But Marion Linton accepted her benefactor as her husband, and had never had any serious cause to regret having done so. No kinder heart ever beat beneath a blue jacket, nor were its noble simplicity and unselfishness lost upon her. Each, as they journeyed on the great debt of gratitude to the other, and every day, strange as it sounds, that debt increased by mutual repayment. Without consciousness, which was foreign to his bluff and healthy nature, he was as devoted to her as he had promised to be if he had not become her husband; and her defences and anchored to him fast by that trustiest cable whose strands are reverence and esteem as well as love. Had Mrs. Carey had a child of her own, she could no way at last, and, as it was his delight to boast, with small thanks to the Admiralty. Their fear had not been groundless, and a child was expected to come; and how so likely to come as through the fair or official visitor, at present expected? This it was that had put the finishing touches to charity of his hospitality at this particular juncture, and so anxious to shirk the burden of entertaining his strange guest upon Mermaid's shoulders.

CHAPTER IV.—MR. STEVENS.

"Mr. Stevens," said the lieutenant, as he and the visitors from Pampas Cottage came up with the final gentleman, "I've the pleasure to make you and Mrs. Hepburn. Although a comparative newcomer into the neighborhood, Mr. Hepburn knows more about the Mermaid Cavern than the mermaids themselves. There could not have been a more fortunate meeting for those who desire to see it. I could not have found you so good a guide had I pounded half the county. Sandy—smugglers, mostly, by-the-by, whom that Cavern was a harbor-mess, and encouragee by every means in her power; but Sandy's wife and his dog, Hepburn. No inspection to attend to, no superior to stand in awe of."

"With the exception, I am sure our gallant friend will except me, Hepburn," said the stranger, with a smileless bow.

"Very good; very true; bravo!" responded the lieutenant, with the same gravity. "Mrs. Hepburn, Marion, you should have been here to have heard what Mr. Stevens says."

"Oh, my dear John, I am here now. Perhaps Mr. Stevens will be kind enough to say it again," said the lady in question, emerging from the little garden porch, almost hidden by decorations, by which the lieutenant's residence was distinguished from those of the men under his command. Then, instead waiting to listen to Mr. Stevens' quotation, she greeted Raymond and his wife, and began to earnestly inquire, with much more fervor of affection than is usual with women who are not kin but mothers. Mrs. Carey was very comely, and very motherly. But then, she was June, indeed, which does not lose its youth even amid grief, care, and wrinkles, and both these were a score of years ahead of her. Her voice was sweet, and her voice, so gentle, so tender, so confidence-inviting in all who seemed to be worthy of her esteem, and she seemed to esteem almost everybody with the gentleness, and yet so dignified, so calmly courteous, distant as a star when addressing those who repelled the trusty nobility of her nature, and made a flock of rough fellows beneath the lieutenant's command, most of them would have laid down their lives for her cheerfully, as for her black sheep, conscious that she knew their characters far better than the simple lieutenant did, heartily loved him nevertheless.

"Now, pray come within doors, my dear Mrs. Hepburn," cried she; "and if you and your husband will share with us our mid-day meal, it will be very kind of you."

"Well, the fact is, I am afraid of a storm," replied Raymond. "I observe that my wife and child to be caught in one of your sou'westers. Perhaps you say, oh most weather-wise mariner? Come, tell us the truth; though I am very brave I would give us greater pleasure than to dine with you and friends, and especially to-day."

"There, if we didn't clean forget it, Marion!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "Upon my word, this will be bad. And to call ourselves old friends, too!"

"Nay, Mr. Carey, your wife didn't forget it," observed Mrs. Hepburn, reproachfully; while she peered to me her congratulations when she kissed me.

"I assure you, my dear Carey, nothing of that sort happened to me," remarked Raymond with mock gravity. I have received no congratulations; but brought it in a piece of great unfriendliness and neglect on your part."

"Pooh, pooh!" observed the lieutenant merrily. "I don't care about you at all; I was only thinking of your dear wife."

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Raymond; "but this is very pretty."

"She is not only very pretty, but very good," continued the lieutenant, enthusiastically; "and I was a stupid old sea-monster not to remember it. My dear Mrs. Hepburn, I wish you many happy returns of the day."

"You hear that, Mrs. Carey?" cried Raymond d. "He wishes my wife a widow, and more than once. Because he is married himself, and cannot have her, he maliciously desires the death, not only of myself, but of any person who may happen to take Mrs. Hepburn's fancy after my decease."

"Is it possible?" asked Mr. Stevens, blandly, while the laughter still rang from the running fire from Raymond and the two ladies: and the lieutenant stood smiling, but shaking his head, as though he disapproved of such hard upon him. "Is it possible that Mr. Carey has wished this lady many happy returns of her wedding-day?"

"That's the worst of it, Mr. Lieutenant; but then, I own always to forgetting that Mrs. Hepburn is married at all. I thought that I was speaking to the good-girl like Marion who used to be, and wishing her joy of her birthday. They do like more like boy and girl, the pair of them, do they not?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Hepburn are very young," returned the stranger, coldly; "the happy day, of which this is the anniversary, cannot have been very far distant. Two years ago, I should say, at least."

"By the Lord Harry!" cried the lieutenant, slapping his leg, "but Mr. Stevens has guessed it—guessed the very time that you two were made one. Now, I should never have guessed it—never. Indeed, my private opinion is, that it's all nonsense still. Come, Mrs. Hepburn, bless you, they're only children playing at being married—although, jo be sure, there's Milly—"

Mr. Lieutenant!" having said something indecorous, here struck the lieutenant dumb; like the statue-head of the good ship Fame, which reposed in the hall, which, his shades grew pale and swollen, while, for want of a trumpet to blow, stood mute for a loud and prolonged whistle.

"Milly is rather an uncommon name," observed the stranger, breaking the somewhat embarrassing silence: "it is the short, I conclude, for Melissa."

"For Mildred, sir," replied Mrs. Hepburn, curtly. "Miss is the usual abbreviation for Miss Mildred Hepburn here set up such a wall of dissatisfaction as caused her removal within doors, which, of course, completely changed the subject of conversation.

"I am extremely sorry, Mr. Hepburn," observed the stranger, apologetically: "I ought to have remembered that wives and children are sacred things, although within, I trust, I am not less well-meaning than other people."

"Mr. Stevens," replied Raymond, much distressed, "there is no need for such contrition. No one is responsible upon a baby's whims and fancies. Carey was saying you wished to see the coast-line hereabouts. Now, if you are going to that direction, I shall be delighted to be your guide. But, the fact is, I shall be from home the next two days; I have to go to Marchmont Bay about engaging a sailing-boat for the summer."

"And those are the only two days I have at my disposal," replied the stranger, impressively.

"I tell you what," exclaimed the lieutenant; "you could walk with Hepburn as far as you please upon his way, and see along the most magnificent part of the coast, over the East Cliffs, and round. And then—if you didn't mind—you could walk back again."

"Thank you," returned Mr. Stevens, dryly; "and perhaps I should be an encumbrance to Mr. Hepburn."

"Far from it, my dear sir," returned Raymond, politely; "I shall be delighted to have such good company. I am quite grieved that you have come at so unpropitious a time; for the fact is, I have business which I must do; and, indeed, I am your friend here—when he does not happen to be expecting a visit from his superior—is not overwhelmed with visitors."

"Don't say that, Hepburn—don't say that," broke in the lieutenant; "I have plenty to do, and I'm glad of it, although it is a bore; but it's agreeable to me as that which would fall to my lot if I were afloat. Ahem! ahem!"

"What on earth Carey mean?" thought Raymond. "Why does the good soul boast himself after this fashion, and then cough as if he was ashamed of it? It is evident, however, that he wants to get this follow off his hands. With regard to the lieutenant's hint," added he, aloud, "I have thought how an opportunity may be afforded, Mr. Stevens of seeing that. Is it not the fact that a steamer passes your promontory-head comes in from Marmouth? Well, why should it not drop this gentleman at the cavern on its return-voyage?"

"A capital idea!" quoth the lieutenant, thoughtfully. "But, then, it's a weary way round the cliff after the cavern, and there is somebody to show him the short cut over the Downs."

"Well, I dare say my wife will show him," answered Raymond, good-naturedly. "I am sure enough to think that time will hang heavy on her hands in my absence. She and the nurse might just as well walk to the Mermaid's Cavern as anywhere else; while I know little Milly will be delighted with the sea-excursion."

"I cannot venture to ask such a favor as that," observed Mr. Stevens, gravely.

"I will ask it myself, my dear sir," returned Raymond, with cheerfulness, "and let you know to-morrow."

"Thank you very much," cried the stranger.

"And I thank you, too," quoth the lieutenant, slapping his young friend on the back. "But let's have you one night more, Hepburn, although it may seem somewhat inhospitable: you have only half an hour or so to get home with a dry jacket. The storm is brewing space yonder. One of my men shall go with you with a couple of boat-cloaks, and an umbrella also, if you please; although I doubt whether an umbrella can live in such weather as is promised by those clouds."

"Permit me to carry the boat-cloaks," entreated the stranger, earnestly: "let me do something in return for the trouble I am about to give, and in reparation for the mischief I have involuntarily committed. Moreover, by that means I shall learn to have your house is, at which I conclude I am to call to-morrow morning, in order to accompany you in your journey."

"I am sure you are very polite," returned Raymond, frigidly, not altogether relishing perhaps, the addition of the self-invited stranger to their quiet party for a day, but that particular day.

"Here is my wife, I see, all ready, instead of her danger by prudent Mrs. Carey, I do not doubt."

Right enough she was out of course, looking very good lady, as she followed her guest into the garden; "for it is not right that either she or the child should be caught in the coming storm. If she could have dined and slept here—and we have such bed and board to spare, although of the humblest—that would have been an excellent plan; but she said, very rudely, that she would rather be at home, alone with you."

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," is a motto that we think highly of in the days of Queen Anne. Mr. Stevens, gathering the boat-cloaks, which the lieutenant had brought out in the meantime, under his arm, "I believe that Hepburn is a northern name, by-the-by, is it not?"

"I dare say it is," answered Raymond, dryly; "but as Hepburn's ancestors folks cannot know, Mr. Mrs. Carey; good-by, my dear lieutenant."

"Good-by, Hepburn; and God bless you," whispered the kind-hearted fellow, as he turned to that lubber. He has taken quite a fancy to you, it seems, and declines to let me accompany you with the boat-cloaks. Mrs. Carey, I wish you would give a man a round dozen on board ship. Good-bye—that's a matter of opinion. When the Admiralty has one good lie after another, they by him in all sorts of ways, to be quite sure that it is good, and there is certainly something underhand in this Stevens's looks. Carey will only struck me for the first time when I introduced him to myself. I am pretty confident he is the Inspector."

Without much belief in the surmise of the good lieutenant, the suspicion of his wish was quite sufficient to make Raymond more than commonly attentive to his new companion. He walked a little in advance of him, and had Mr. Stevens, as he was carried in his arms was still curiously impatient of the latter's presence; but while he did so, he observed him with more than usual heed. And his wonders in manner that seemed to interest the stranger chiefly—so much so, indeed, that he rarely interrupted him, except with a quick dejection of admiration or agreement; nay, even when he commented upon some object of interest within view, Mr. Stevens would bend a keen searching glance upon it, and then his keen gray eyes would turn upon the speaker, and be riveted upon him as fixedly as before. When he parted, it was quite settled by the two gentlemen that Raymond was calling for them before Marmouth the next morning was to hold good, no matter what should be the weather; while Mildred, upon the same occasion, was to take her walk on the day after in the direction of the Mermaid's Cavern, if the expected storm should abate sufficiently to make such an expedition feasible.

"I suppose Mr. Stevens knows," said she to her husband, "that the cavern is only open for two hours, even in the calmest day, spring tide."

"Yes, I have been informed of that," returned the stranger. "The tide will leave it free on Thursday morning at nine, and by that time I shall be fine, I shall stay there to the last moment, in order to avoid the coming; so I hope she will not leave me to drown."

"I am afraid you will be well-nigh drowned this afternoon, before you get home to the station," observed Raymond. "The rain is coming already; see how the mist comes on like a wall. Here are the little cottages. Well, good-night, sir, quite safe now; but you, sir—will you not step in and rest a little?"

But the invitation was not given very sordially; at all events, the reply was in the negative.

"Not to-day, Mr. Hepburn. I will do myself the pleasure of calling for you to-morrow, however, at the hour you mentioned. I wish you a very good evening, sir, and adieu."

He did not offer to shake hands, and as if to prevent their doing so, stepped backward as he spoke, and turned away.

"Good-by, sir," replied the Hepburns, bowing in their turn; "good-by, until to-morrow."

At, good-by, until to-morrow," they said, muttered the stranger, as he set his face against the pitiless storm, "good-by, until the day after, for the other. If this be not killing my two birds with one shot, it is bringing them down with a double barrel."

A young fellow of our acquaintance, whose better half had just presented him with a pair of bouncing twins, attended Rev. Mr. ——'s church lately. During the discourse, the clergyman looked right at the unexpectant father, and in a tone of thrilling solemnness, "Young man, you have an important responsibility resting upon you." The new father, supposing that the preacher alluded to his peculiar home circumstances, electrified the audience by replying, "Yes, I have two of them."



THE MATATA PAH, NEW ZEALAND, THE REFUGE OF THE MURDERERS OF THE REV. MR. VOLKNER.

THE MATATA PAH.

LAST September we published an account of the murder of Rev. Mr. Volkner, a missionary in New Zealand, by one of the wild tribes of the island, and gave an illustration of the bloody and fearful orgies the wretches indulged in when the fearful tragedy was over. Not content with one victim, and, like wild beasts, infuriated by the taste of blood, they shortly afterward killed Mr. Fulicon, the interpreter, and the crew of a coasting vessel. It became necessary for the Government to adopt prompt measures for bringing these cannibals to justice; so, having subsidized some friendly Maoris, a pursuit of the murderers was at once commenced. They were driven from shelter to shelter, until they were finally surrounded and captured in a pah, or native fort, the interior of which is shown in our illustration. The flagstaff is surmounted with a dove, and around this staff they performed their bloody cannibal rites. The large part, ornamented with a carved idol, belonged to the ring leader of the outrage, who formerly owned a coasting-vessel, and held the office of assessor under the Government. He and 17 of his companions have been tried and convicted, and are now awaiting the execution of their sentence in expiation of their unnatural crimes.

GRAVE OF JOHN. C. CALHOUN.

NO MAN was ever more successful in shaping the course and molding the opinions of a large portion of the American people, on important political subjects, than John C. Calhoun. His connection with nullification was consummated in secession; his views of State rights culminated in the attempt to dissever the Union, and the various theories he cherished and opinions he entertained were put into practical form and carried to their logical sequence in the late movement of the cotton States to establish an independent government.

Aside from these peculiarities, Mr. Calhoun was a great statesman and a great man. He was born in South Carolina in 1782. He graduated with distinction at Yale College, and received his legal education in Connecticut, when he returned to his native State, and shortly after commenced his political career as a member of the Legislature. In 1811 he was elected to Congress; served as Secretary of War under President Monroe, and was chosen Vice-President in 1825. Mr. Calhoun spent most of his life at Washington, in the service of his State and country, after his first election to Congress, and in the various positions he occupied, left the imprint of his master mind and inflexible will. He died at Washington, in 1850, leaving behind him the reputation of one of the greatest and purest American statesmen. His remains were subsequently taken to Charleston, and deposited in the graveyard of St. Philip's church.

His grave is simple and unadorned. It consists simply of an oblong pile of coarse brick, surmounted by two broad slabs of white marble, the upper one of which bears the brief inscription—

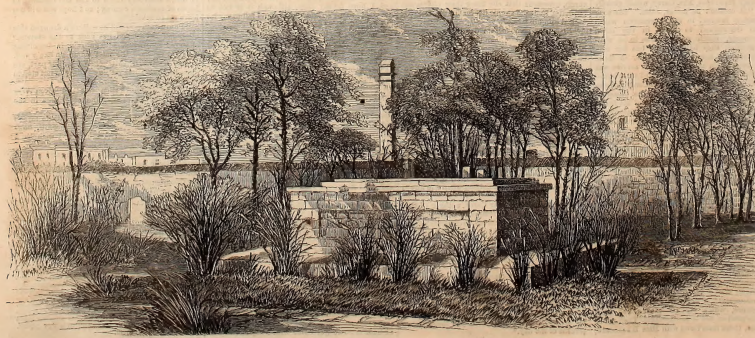
CALHOUN.

The grave is surrounded by shrubs and a few flowers, with no attempt at ornamentation, and little to distinguish it from the resting-place of many others, who, while living, were comparatively obscure and unknown.

Our illustration gives a correct view of the grave and its surroundings.

DRIVING HORSES OUT OF A LEECH SWAMP.

A CURIOUS branch of industry is followed by certain inhabitants of the marsh lands in the neighborhood of Bordeaux, France. Some years ago a farmer observed that the leeches native to these marshes attained a great size where cattle were turned out to pasture, and this suggested to him the idea of making leech-culture a speciality. He therefore rented a tract of marsh, which he divided into ponds, with the water sufficiently deep, so that the mud at the bottom might afford safe winter quarters for the leeches. To supply their natural aliment—blood—he purchased a drove of old horses, which he drove into the ponds, and which were instantly fastened upon by the leeches, whose voracious instincts were aroused the moment the water became agitated. But the poor horse is not allowed to become a victim to his tormentors at once. The affair is so managed as to furnish three repasts to the leeches, which are too fastidious to draw blood from the same spot a second time. On his first introduction, the horse is driven in only to his girth. The venom-



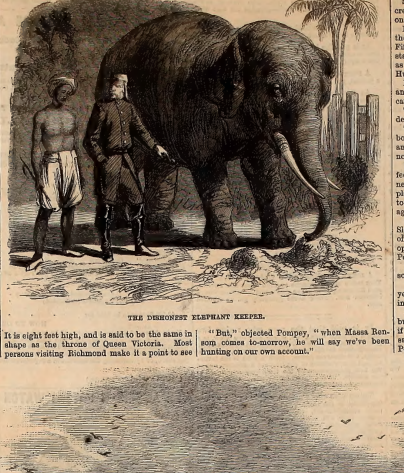
THE GRAVE OF JOHN C. CALHOUN, IN THE GRAVEYARD OF ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON, S. C.

ons leeches fasten themselves on their prey instantly, and the poor animal is so covered that his strength soon fails from loss of blood. Before he is entirely exhausted, however, he is driven from the marsh by dint of blows, and food placed before him to restore his failing powers.

When he is somewhat recruited, he is again driven into the marsh, until his back is covered. The hungry leeches now fasten themselves on every part of his body not previously touched, and when they are gorged, or the horse nearly exhausted, he is a second time driven out and put into good pasturage, to recover his vitality. After a time he is once more forced into the marsh being allowed to have only his nostrils out of the water. The leeches now prey upon him until the last drop of blood is drawn and the poor victim expires in fearful agony. Our illustration shows the manner of driving the wretched, half-dead creatures out of the swamp, that, with a refinement of cruelty, they may again be subjected to torture. It may be that the interests of the healing art require such appliances, but one could hardly look upon a leech without abhorrence if aware that it had been grown by this process.

THE DISHONEST ELEPHANT KEEPER.

THE instincts of some animals seem so nearly allied to reason, that we could accord to them almost a human intelligence; in fact, without exaggeration, we may say, in a modified sense *they do reason*. The following anecdote told of an elephant, illustrates this point quite forcibly: An officer in the Bengal army had a favorite elephant, which was supplied daily in his presence with a certain amount of food, but being compelled to absent himself on a journey, the keeper of the beast diminished the ration, and the animal became daily thinner and weaker. When its master returned, the elephant exhibited the greatest signs of pleasure: the feeding-time came, and the keeper laid before it the former full allowance of food, which it divided into two parts, consuming one immediately, and leaving the other untouched. The officer, knowing the sagacity of his favorite, saw immediately the fraud that had been practiced, and made the man confess his crime.



THE DISHONEST ELEPHANT KEEPER.

It is eight feet high, and is said to be the same in shape as the throne of Queen Victoria. Most persons visiting Richmond make it a point to see

"But," objected Pompey, "when Massa Benson comes to-morrow, he will say we've been hunting on our own account."

fine chance lost. However, we'll see if that fellow hadn't a companion."

Silence was resumed, and the two continued creeping along the bean-field as quietly as possible on all-fours.

Presently the overseer jogged the black upon the shoulder with his heel, and both stopped still. Fifty paces off, in the full light of the fire, was a stag quite as big as the other, standing as still as Albert Durer's stag in "The Vision of St. Hubert."

It would have been highly imprudent to advance another step, so Slouch raised his rifle, and, taking careful aim, pulled the trigger.

The stag gave a tremendous bound, and fell dead.

The report woke up all the echoes of the neighborhood, and the owls which were perched up among the trees fled, alarmed at the unaccustomed noise.

To disembowel the creature, fasten it by the four feet, and throw it over the cropper, was the business of a quarter of an hour. This operation took place in silence, and when it was finished, Pompey took the horse by the bridle, and led the way back again to the house.

Suddenly a noise made them both stop, and Slouch, who had reloaded his rifle, saw the form of an animal and two bright eyes running from the opposite direction. He presented and fired, when Pompey, rushing forward, exclaimed:

"Oh! what hab you done? You shot Mr. Benson's pet colt."

"In fact, Slouch had killed a magnificent two-year-old stone dead. The ball had struck it full in the middle of the neck.

"What shall we do?" cried Slouch. "If we bury the brute, the smell will soon betray us, and if we throw it in the pond, it will be exactly the same thing. Ah! I know. You lend me a hand, Pompey, and no one will be a bit the wiser."

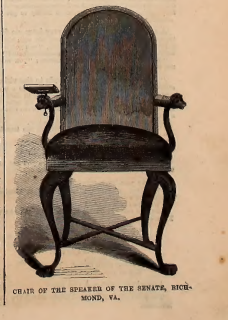
The two poachers dragged the carcass toward a dense thicket, and hoisted the colt upon it, impaling it by the wound which the ball had made upon a sharp spike of wood.

"To-morrow," said Slouch, "the eagles and buzzards will have had their share, and by night no one will be a bit the wiser how the colt died. Everybody will think that he was staked in trying to jump the hedge. Now you take the deer to Jack the coachman, and tell him to hook it on to Charleston, to the address you know of. Be off with you: there'll be a dollar and two pound of 'bacca for your share. Take Mr. Benson's mare with you, and then she can't go hunting after her colt."

The two poachers separated, and whilst Slouch, the dishonest overseer, was sleeping quietly, Pompey, obeying orders, was mounted on the mare, taking the venison on its way to Charleston Market. That done, Pompey was on his way back again toward his master's house, when, suddenly, the mare shied and threw him. There was an explosion of a gun, and then fearful groans disturbed the stillness of the night.

To jump upon his feet, and run in the direction of the noise, was immediately the instinct of Pompey.

There, before him, at the foot of a tree, lay a man on the point of death, and in him Pompey recognized his brother Cæsar, mortally wounded



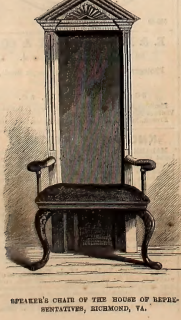
CHAIR OF THE SPEAKER OF THE SENATE, RICHMOND, VA.

CHAIRS OF THE SPEAKERS,

In the Capitol at Richmond.

IN No. 555 we gave an illustration and history of the stove now in use in the capitol at Richmond; in this week we append a sketch of the chairs used by the Speakers of the two Houses of the Virginia Legislature. These chairs were made in England, and sent over, with the stove, as a present to the House of Burgesses at Williamsburg. They are made of mahogany, the arms terminating in a lion's head, and the feet resembling the feet of that animal. The seat and back are lined with red. In 1787 they were conveyed to Richmond, and have been in constant use ever since.

When the ordinance of secession was passed by the Virginia Convention, the chair in the House was occupied by the presiding officer of that body.



SPEAKER'S CHAIR OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, RICHMOND, VA.

these relics, which possess the double interest of antiquity and association.

A Deer Hunt.

THE following story of forest sports carries us back to the old plantation times when Southern life abounded in such incidents as are here related. It is told by one of large experience in the woods, and savors of the sportsman's spirit:

One autumn evening, about ten years ago, the air was fresh even to coldness, and although the stars were shining brightly enough, there was a penetrating dampness which condensed into fog, and fell in thick drops upon the trees which were planted thickly around the country mansion of my friend Benson, the richest planter in South Carolina, and who is well known to all this company. My friend's overseer was talking in the front of the house to a black who had just brought a letter.

"So you've come from Charleston, and went to see the massa. Why did you tell him, you little rascal, that it was the deer that came every night to eat his beans?"

"Massa Slouch," cried the young rogue, showing his teeth, "I no tell massa dat."

"Don't you tell a lie, Cæsar. You wanted to get a shilling, although I told you not to tell anybody. I'll make you pay for it. Be off and send Pompey here."

The fellow did not wait to be ordered off a second time, but bounded off toward the cottages of the blacks, built at the upper end of a green meadow toward the north of the plantation.

A few minutes afterward Pompey appeared before the overseer, who ordered him to go and pick up some fir-cones, and prepare everything for hunting deer by torchlight that night.

"What's that to you? You say you know nothing about it. If you don't, I'll tell the master of those four deer you killed and sold at Charleston. So you just hold your tongue, my lad."

Pompey hadn't a word to say to that, for he was an arrant poacher, and he very soon promised to have everything ready for the evening's sport.

An hour after sunset the overseer, accompanied by his sable henchman (who carried a sack of fir-cones and a small store), rode off, mounted on a horse, caparisoned with a large sheep-skin under the saddle. He had a rope with a large hook attached to it, which was intended to drag the game after it had been captured.

"Here we are," cried old Pompey; "it will soon be dark, and in less than half an hour the stags will be here."

Whilst the overseer was looking to his rifle, Pompey suspended the stove from a tree, and filling it full of fir-cones, set fire to them.

"Now gib me de gun, Massa Slouch, and I'll show you how kill de stag."

"No, I shan't," replied the overseer; "I shall shoot the deer myself. I can't trust you."

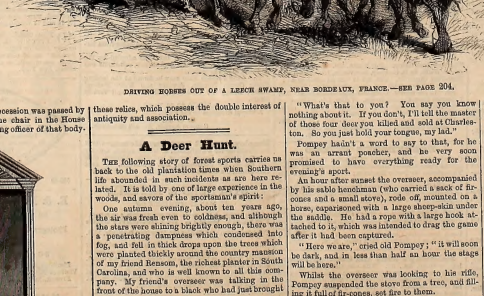
"As you please, massa; only Pompey clubberer dan you tink for. However, let us keep quiet, or we shall frighten de deer."

Without further delay, the two poachers concealed themselves in the shade, carefully keeping out of the bright rays which the fire in the stove threw around.

Presently, at about fifty paces off, they could see a fine stag quietly browsing among Mr. Benson's beans.

Slouch had, however, no time to take aim, before the animal made a tremendous bound, and disappeared.

"Turnation!" roared the overseer, "There's a



DRIVING HORSES OUT OF A LEECH SWAMP, NEAR BORDEAUX, FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 204.

by a rifle ball, and bathed in his own blood. In broken words, Cæsar told his brother that, having occasion to seek the aid of a doctor for his wife, he had started off for that purpose. On arriving close to the bean-field, he had found the fire still burning. Curiously had attracted him toward the spot, and when, in spite of the resistance of his horse, he got up to the hedge, a gun went off, and he felt that he was hit by a bullet. In reply to his cry of agony, a poacher rushed forward to help him, and entreated him, on his knees, to pardon the fatal mistake. He had taken the mule for a stag; but, as he was in the midst of his explanations, Pompey and his mare came up, and the poacher had fled.

The accident proved fatal to Cæsar, and it had such an effect upon Pompey, that he made a full confession to Mr. Benson, when that gentleman arrived next day, of everything that had happened.

Slouch was dismissed, and as he could get no satisfactory character, soon embarked for California. Pompey promoted to succeed him, by no means to Mr. Benson's disadvantage.

COING! COING!! GONE!!!

A FRIEND of ours, under the impression that it was a good time to get rid of real estate, sold his residence recently, but on looking about for a place to store his household fixings, furniture and mummies, made the perplexing discovery that no such place was to be found. In this dilemma, he decided to obtain a temporary place for himself and family, and did so—when he made another discovery, almost as perplexing, that his furniture was in a row, and to settle that difficulty, he decided to have an auction sale, and thus get rid of it.

What is the solution of such a sale?

We can understand the presence of the beetle-browed, shabby-dressed and coarse-looking dealers in second-hand furniture. We suppose that here are some ironcast people, who fancy they can secure an economical purchase of what would be handy to have in the new house—for the Mrs. Toodles are not all dead yet. We know that a few, understanding what they are about, go in for the chances that an auction sale might offer; but what brings together so many really decent-looking individuals, male and female, who are to be found on such occasions, it is difficult to conjecture.

There were present at the sale of our friend's effects the representatives of all these classes, and by special invitations we joined them, and, being in no hurry, enjoyed the contests between rival bidders for the possession of the various articles that were put up regardless of the risk of being fleeced—hence the performance was both animated and comic.

The auctioneer was a sharp-looking, elderly individual, whose supercilious frankness of manner had its effect upon most of his miscellaneous audience, but it did not seem to have the slightest in second-hand babies, beds and kitchen utensils—for he was an old acquaintance of theirs, and they understood that, as he was working for his per-centage, they were not to take all he said personal truth.

The sale commenced on the third floor. A feather mattress, after a fierce struggle between two bids, was knocked down at just $18 50 cents excess over its original cost. A bedstead followed, that had been given away the day previous, but not taken away, was unwillingly sold, it brought $4 50. An enamelled cradle went, that cost seven years previously $25, and the heroes of which had been irretrievably destroyed by a burglar's "jimmy," was knocked down for $21. An armchair, that had done out-lived the days of romance, cost its purchaser $15, and the poor fellow who was engaged in rocking it a broken arm, as he left the room carrying it down stairs.

There was a persistent bidder. He had purchased the house, and wanted most of the furniture. He would have succeeded in all by his audacious—who would circulary and energetically bid against everybody, but he bought so much that he really ceased to be a customer. A bedstead was sold. It was a fruit piece—peaches and pears—and enclosed in a handsome frame. Similar articles are frequently offered in the vicinity of the Fulton Ferry, and in public bar-rooms, at about $10 a piece. This human lover bought it, but he was sold, as well as the picture, for he paid for it just $30 per cent. advance on its original cost.

A handsome parlor-suit, and stagers of black walnut, a half-length cheval-glass, lounges, ottomans, rose curtains, mantel-ornaments, etc., all actually brought more than the furniture-dealer was paid for them, which convince us that this auction sale did not prove a bad thing for our friend. We don't wonder at the financial success of such swindlers as Zeno Burnham, whom so legitimate a sale thus proves so profitable in its results; but we learned this lesson: that those in want of cheap furniture should not seek for it at this season of the year at an auction sale.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A GENTLEMAN, speaking of the married state before his daughter, whom he wished to dissuade from matrimony, said: "Those who marries, does well; those who does not marry, does better."

"Well," said the young lady, "I will do well; but those who choose do better."

MRS. PARTINGTON remarked the other day that "she had a presentiment that she should eventually die in a prance," adding "that the resentment troubled her a good deal, but she expected finally to get used to it."

A LADY who laid claim to very humane feelings went to the butcher to remonstrate with him on his cruel practices. "How," said she, "can you be so barbarous as to put little innocent lambs to death?"

"Why not, ma'am?" said the butcher; "you would not eat them alive, would you?"

"WHICH of these roads leads to the village of W——?" inquired a traveler, as he came to a place where the road in front of him was traveling from different directions, of an urchin who sat upon a log near by, and whose appearance indicated that he was evidently a specimen.

"Any one on 'em, sir," answered the boy.

"Which is the best, my lad?" inquired the traveler.

"I don't only see one 'em the best."

"Which is the nearest?"

"Don't know nothin' about it."

"Which of them is the best better like?"

"You may take any one 'em and store you get half-way that you'll, unless you had took t'other one."

"Have you been to church at sea?"

"Why, no, not exactly; but my brother married a commodore's daughter."

"How are you over aloyed?"

"No, not exactly; but my mother's maiden name was French."

But, since life at most a jest is,
As philosophers allow,
Still to laugh by far the best is;
Then laugh on as I do now.
Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, at sea or shore,

ALCOHOLIC TEST.—A red nose.

TENANTS of the deep—People who have very big harbors.

A NON-NATURALIST on game writes; "Fine Members do not make fine birds. The plumage of the partridge is particularly plain—the nuts are hard without the feathers!"

ONE of the readiest ways of contracting loose habits is to put a belt around your dressing-gown.

IT is not the height to which men are raised that so often makes them giddy; but it is the looking down upon those below them.

A DOCTOR who stammers says, that to cheer his patients he should try a hem-hem.

As the quickest way to make a fortune, a contemporary suggests marrying a fashionable young lady and selling her clothes.

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IF was one of the famous Six Boyle Rocks," saying, that "single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater."

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"Then, mother," replied the youth, "let's eat the rest of the plum-pudding to-night."

IF fellows break into a house,
To take the cash they can,
And gain off easily with the swag,
'Tis call'd burglarious crime;
If bankers do the self-same thing,
Upon a large scale,
And they get safely all the swag,
Why, 'tis called business.

A JOKER, alluding to the statement that New York ladies use champagne to color their hair saturn, says that he will lower the price, and give rose a crimson hue. Their noses generally get to Auburn also.

IT is said that the man who makes two blades of grass spring up, where but one grew before, is a public benefactor. We would add, that the man who manufactures a good lawn-mower, deserves as much, and deserves praise. Such a man is the inventor of Ball's Lawn-Mower, which combines many of the best preparations for the teeth ever introduced to the market. It is in universal favorite. Once, tried it becomes indispensable.

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THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY

DR. J. W POLAND'S

WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

"It was early in the spring of 1858 that the compound was originated. A number of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for the first time become thought that a preparation, having for its basis the inside bark of white pine, might be used successfully. It was my usual custom to make use of the throat and lungs. To test the matter, I made a decoction of it. Contemporaneously a small quantity of the medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough ceased, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Massachusetts. A few days afterwards I received some weeks from a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden change in the temperature. I sent her some extract, the soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about one pint and a half, and was cured. Dr. Child, formerly of the Manchester *Daily Mirror*, made a trial of the same preparation in the case of a severe cold, and was cured immediately. He was so highly pleased with the preparation that he wished me to manufacture it. Seeing it placed before the public, that he finally persuaded me to give it a name, and used it abroad to effect the same thing. In November, 1858, I first advertised it under the name of White Pine Compound. It has continued to the present time, and thousands have been cured by the same compound, and have been completely cured."

The above is written by Dr. Poland, of Poland, Maine Oxen, as in Manchester, the White Pine Compound has been the test of all Cough remedies, and the preparations for the cure of Kidney difficulties, in every city, town, village and hamlet throughout the New England States.

The past year has given great opportunity to test the virtues of the White Pine Compound. It has been an active, faithful friend in the midst of the many large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been sold during the past year. Its wonderful virtues in all the medicines and the people where it is prepared are high in its praise.

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The limits to which I purposely confine myself in this advertisement will not allow of that full explanation which I would like to give in favor of the White Pine Compound. Its wonderful properties will be manifested by all who are induced to such a popularity among those whose opinion is worthy of regard. It will warrant and possibly, in part, prompt me to record more here than hurried people will have patience to read in a first notice. Persons recommending to all who need a Cough or Kidney remedy to test the virtues of the WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

TESTIMONIALS.

A very large number of unquestioned testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Merchants, Lawyers, Mechanics, and all classes of society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Smith, of Northfield, Vt., says:

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Rev. J. E. Chase, of Bunney, N. H., writes:

"I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an excellent remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as the most efficacious and valuable I have ever. I have given it in numerous instances, and in it works charmingly."

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of West Bandolph, Vt., who is a practicing physician, also highly recommends it in a letter to Dr. Poland, Jan. 1863, says: "I find it an excellent medicine in kidney disease."

The White Pine Compound, advertised at length in our columns, is not only as to its name inviting, but is a most valuable remedy, as Dr. J. W. Poland, the inventor, has the confidence of the many who know him, and the success of his medicine. It has been for nearly many years as a highly popular. His experience as a physician has led him to the expectation of its value in his medical discovery.—*Boston Methodist and Religion.*

Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, advertised at length in a leader of the daily, thus speaks of the Compound: "Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, advertised at length in our columns, and we are happy to learn that the sales of this valuable remedy are far beyond our expectations. It is the very best medicine for coughs and colds we ever used, and we have used them since we can remember. We speak from our own knowledge; it is a sure remedy, and we know it from sure. The greatest inventions come by accident, and it is singular that Dr. Poland should discover this cough and cough, should prove to be the greatest remedy for kidney disease ever known. But so it is. We cannot doubt it, so many testimonials come to us from well-known men. Dr. Poland, the character of his medicine is such that we know he will not countenance that what is wrong. We have used it ourselves, and we know it to be what it is represented. We know Dr. Poland for years, and have known a more conscientious, honest, upright man, and we are sure he will not believe whatever he says about his White Pine Compound."

Should you think favorably of this medicine, be careful, when purchasing, that it is the WHITE PINE COMPOUND that is offered to you, as we know that other worthless articles have been palmed off for it by unprincipled dealers.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND

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which has become a staple of the

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we see is endorsed by many eminent dentists and physicians. Besides, the unprecedented success it has met with in this as well as foreign countries, stamps it as an article of merit.

$45 Will buy a No. 4 Zoro Refrigerator the best in the world.

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HOSIER, GLOVER,

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SHIRT MAKER,

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Diseases of the STOMACH and KIDNEYS, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, GOUT, GRAVEL and Disorders arising from excesses, use

SWOLANDER'S

Extract Buchu.

Price ONE DOLLAR. Agents for the South and West, D. BARNES & CO., New York; and BARNES, WARD & CO., New Orleans. BURLEIGH & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., General Agents. 548-560

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Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents. BURLEIGH & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., Proprietors. 549-610

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Have removed from their old store to No. 713 BROADWAY, Corner below New York Hotel. A large and complete assortment of VULCANITE JEWELRY, INDIA RUBBER and Fancy Goods, o 713 BROADWAY.

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DEAFNESS,

Discharges from the Ear, and Noises in the Head, Radically Cured

By the use of the recently discovered Vegetable Extract,

OTITINE.

Price $2 a bottle. For sale by all Druggists. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., No. 36 Hanover Street, Boston. Wholesale Agents. 9-30o

THE

UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT

TO HAVE BEEN GIVEN AT

Crosby's Opera House,

On MONDAY, MAY 28th, 1866, will be postponed until MONDAY, JULY 9th, 1866, on which occasion HALF A MILLION DOLLARS IN PRIZES will be presented to the ticket-holders, including

$100,000 IN GREENBACKS.

The postponement is an unavoidable necessity, not so much in consequence of the number of tickets yet unsold, as the positive assurance there is for a proper repetition of those already disposed of, which has been delayed in consequence of the negligence and carelessness of a portion of our Agents in making their proper returns. We advise all parties wanting tickets to send for them without delay, as we have but a limited number yet on hand. We wish most particularly to impress upon the minds of our Agents the importance of their making their returns at once, and of reciting whatever errors may have crept into their former returns. We will say to those sending for tickets, that if they should not be sold at the time their orders are received, the money will be returned, or the tickets applied on any other Concert they may order, as we have no more than sufficient tickets for those Agents who have already applied. Tickets are for sale at the principal Music Book and Music Store in the city, at the Office, 439 Dearborn street; price $1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage. We invite the particular attention of persons wishing to order tickets by mail to the following

SPECIAL TERMS, OR CLUB RATES.—Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and forwarding us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission viz.: We will send—

5 Tickets to one address for	- - $4 50	40 Tickets to one address for	- - $35 00
10 Tickets to one address for	- - 9 00	50 Tickets to one address for	- - 43 50
20 Tickets to one address for	- - 17 00	AND	SO ON
30 Tickets to one address for	- - 26 00	100 Tickets to one address for	- - 86 00

In every case send the Name and Post Office address of each separate Subscriber. Money by Draft, P. O. Order, Express, or in Registered Letters, may be sent at our risk.

All communications should be addressed to

WIGGINS, BRADFORD & CO.,

(Post-office Drawer 5913.) 439 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

The Proprietors will donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Funds $2,000; also there will be $2,000 reserved from the above Grand Gift for the same purpose.

REFERENCES.—Hon. Major Dan. Mace, Ex-M. C., of Ind.; Hon. Ira J. Laycock, of Kansas; Hon. William Lathgewell, Lyons, Iowa; Hon. Joseph Knox, of Chicago; Hon. L. Greve Smith, of Minn.; Jacob Forsyth, Agt. M. B. R. R., Chicago, Ill.; M. Kronberg & Co., importers of watches, Chicago.

Proposals for inserting this advertisement are requested. o

Vineland Lands. To all wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Ten, twenty and fifty acre tracts at from $30 to $50 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. Present population, 7,000. The handy way with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Landis Township, New Jersey.

From Report of SOLON ROBINSON, Agricultural Editor of the *Tribune*

"It is one of the most extensive fruit farms in the world, on almost level portions and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies."

$5 FIVE DOLLARS. $5 WATCHES. WATCHES. $5

A Beautiful ENGLISH SILVER *Double-Case Watch, fine movement,* JEWELED, Steel Hands, *Small Size,* warranted CORRECT, with an *Elegant* FANCY CHAIN, only FIVE DOLLARS. *Same* or *silver,* GOLD-PLATED and HANDSOMELY ENGRAVED, only $7. 18-Karat GOLD-PLATED HUNTING, $15. $20. *Chronometer Watches,* $25, $30. *Lever Watches,* $35, $40. *Ladies' Watches,* $30 to $75. All kinds of Good Watches, Low.

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Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or Mustache? We will send, free by mail, a recipe, which will force them to grow on the smoothest face, or hair on bald heads, in six weeks. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau Street, N. Y. 559-62o

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Morison's Pills.

Prepared only at the British College of Health, Euston Road, London, England.

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N. B.—Read the biographical sketch of James Morison, the Hygeist. o

THE HYDROKONION

or new treatment for Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases. The most unique medical apparatus ever seen, and the only method ever discovered that destroys Catarrh. By sending through the nostrils, no injecting solutions, no inhaling process and no expectorant, but a treatment all its own, original, safe and effectual, adapted to all cases and at a price within the reach of all. THE HYDROKONION, complete in case, medicine, directions, &c., is sent by express to any address, upon receipt of price, $10 (ten dollars). Address or apply to C. M. BROCKWAY, No. 478 Broadway, New York.

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GOLD MEDAL

SEWING MACHINE

AN ENTIRELY NEW and *serviceable* Sewing Machine, Class L. *Especially adapted to Family use, with Palmer Improvement, warranted.*

WILL NOT RIP OR RAVEL A STICH.

MAKES THE STITCH THE SAME ON BOTH SIDES.

WILL NEVER BE OUT OF ORDER.

SEWS STRONG, ELEGANT, AND RAPID.

IS A SECRET FEED.

STRENGTH, ELEGANCE, SPEED, SIMPLICITY, AND CHEAPNESS is our. THE NEW FAMILY MACHINE does its work with easy, giving *perfect satisfaction* wherever introduced. One of these beautiful Machines, Size L, for Family use, forwarded per express, on receipt of price, $5. Address

GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE CO.,

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MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists, and by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, N. Y. Price $2. 559-840

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$2,000 A YEAR PAID AGENTS.

We want a Man in every County in the United States to ADDRESS W. C. WILSON CLEVELAND, O.

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MAMMARIAL BALM

For Enlarging and Beautifying the BUEAST. Mentioned Approbation used when necessary. Madame Jumel's WRINKLE OBLITERATOR.

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☞ Send for Circular, giving full particulars. 559-71o

Self Control.—To conquer Habit, to attain health, and strength, and mental vigor; a better life. Young men interested can address, with postage, L. C. W., in care of 5,845 P. O., New York. 559-60o

MERCHANTS, BANKERS,

and others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 59 Broadway. tfo

ROGER'S FRAGRANT ODONTOLINE FOR THE TEETH.

For Sale by Druggists, Fancy Goods Dealers and Perfumers.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 560—VOL. XXII.] NEW YORK, JUNE 23, 1866. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00

Retributive Justice.

Two years have not yet passed since Prussia and Austria combined to rob Denmark of a portion of her territory. They are now in arms, and ready to fly at each other's throats, on the question of what shall be done with their spoil! Their quarrel seems likely to involve all Europe and lead to a general war, which can only result in the spoiling of the spoilers. Austria can hardly fail to lose Venetia to Italy, and Prussia her provinces this side the Rhine to France; while it is more than likely that Schleswig-Holstein, which Austria and Prussia wrested from Denmark, will be permitted to determine its own political relationship through the suffrage of its people. This means reannexation to Denmark.



THE FENIAN DEMONSTRATION—"EMIGRANTS FOR THE CANADIAN FRONTIER" ARRANGING FOR THEIR DEPARTURE, AT TAMMANY HALL, NEW YORK CITY.

Such can scarcely fail to be the direct result of the impending European war; but there are possible and incidental results of equal, if not greater moment, and which will punish Great Britain for her sins of omission and commission. She had it in her power, and it was her duty, under treaty stipulations—in fact, her word and honor were plighted — to protect Denmark from dismemberment. Had she done so, the war which now threatens to desolate the Continent would have been averted, and the opportunity which it will be sure to give to Russia to plant her power in Constantinople would not have been afforded. The disturbances in the Principalities have already brought about a joint occupation of Moldavia by the Russians and Turks. How long before that occu-



THE CAPTURE OF THE FENIANS BY THE U. S. STEAMER MICHIGAN, WHILE ENDEAVORING TO RETREAT ACROSS THE NIAGARA RIVER, ON THE MORNING O JUNE 3.—SKETCHED BY MR. W. H. HARVEY.

(SEE PAGE 213.)

pation will change into an exclusively Russian one will depend precisely on the time that may elapse before the exchange of blows between Prussia and Austria. Russia once on the Bosphorus, and what becomes of the blood and treasure, and exertions in cabinet and field, which Great Britain has expended to keep open her passage to the Indies? She will be called on to protect this passage, or meekly give up her traditional policy—to go to ruin, or surrender all that she fought for on the Nile, in Syria, and in the Crimea. Nemesis is on her track as surely as on that of the despoilers of Denmark. Punishment and treachery, as well as robbery, will meet a just retribution.

Completely master of the situation, able and ready to act as the arbiter of Europe on the banks of the Seine. Out of all these complications will come to him expansion and aggrandizement on the south and north. Italy will join Venetia at the cost of another body; Belgium will become a department of France, whose boundaries will be pushed to the Rhine. The treaty of 1815, through which it was sought to direct and control the destinies of Providence, and drive posterity through grooves ordained in Vienna, will disappear and become obsolete in name as it already is in fact, and the traditional and constant enemy of Great Britain, reinforced in power and wealth, will throw off his dissembling smile and hypocritical alliance, and drag down that power, which has now no friend on earth, to the very dust of humiliation. Waterloo will be avenged, England's boasted power disappear amid the jeers of Italy and Denmark betrayed, and under the pity and contempt of that other power in America which she so cruelly wronged, and which alone could have saved her from disgrace and ruin.

These are not fanciful speculations, but possibilities obvious and near. As humanitarians, we may shrink from the contemplation of the waste and bloodshed which a general European war must involve; but in its political results we have little interest. Regarding with European powers as individuals, we know well enough that they are either open enemies, like England, France, Austria, and Spain, or mere negative entities, like Italy and Russia. We may cut and carve their territories, "adjust boundaries," and "amend the map of Europe" to their liking, and imagine they are molding the destinies to their will. The doctrine of Republicanism, the believers in the rights and capacities of man, will and in all this turmoil, and the struggle of petty ambitions, have another motive for abandoning the irreclaimable Old World for the free soil and stimulating atmosphere of the New, where the great problem of human freedom is working out, under God's guidance, its own happy solution. The complications to which we refer will send to us unemployed accumulated wealth, industry and skill capable of creating wealth, but the best blood and brains of Europe. They may create some financial fluctuations in our capitals among foreign Jews and gambling brokers, but they will also create an increased demand for our products, and in every sense enhance our interests.

We await the coming storm, therefore, under easy sail and with perfect composure, and shall witness the humiliation of Great Britain, and the dismemberment of Austria and Prussia, with complete satisfaction, as the just punishment of crime.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 23, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

All Orders are requested to designate their number, if possible, and in communicating with us, to retain the original bills.

NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Appointments to Office.

THE President lately issued the following circular to heads of departments in reference to appointments to office:

"It is eminently right and proper that the Government of the United States should give assistance and substantial evidence of its just appreciation of the services of the patriotic men, who, when the life of the nation was imperiled, entered the army and navy to preserve the integrity of the Union, defend the Government and maintain and perpetuate unimpaired its free institutions.

"It is therefore directed: First, That in appointments to office in the several executive departments of the General Government and the various branches of the public service connected with and dependent upon preference shall be given to such meritorious and honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, particularly those who have been disabled by wounds received or diseases contracted in the line of duty, as may possess the proper qualifications.

"Second—That in all promotions in said departments and the several branches of the public service connected therewith, such persons shall have preference, when equally suitable and qualified, over those who have not faithfully and honorably served in the land or naval forces of the United States.

"ANDREW JOHNSON."

It is nothing new in ethics for overstrained virtues to become vices. "Extremes meet;" and while we are practicing our greatest benevolence, there is often only a thin crust separating us from gross injustice. It is in legislation especially that this antagonism of principles is most apt to arise. Let it be proved by every form of logic, and confirmed by appeal to the highest impulses of our nature, that a class is oppressed, or that some principle ought to be enforced, and straightway men will be found to clamor for the strict and instant enforcement of their so-called right. It seems to be forgotten that this right cannot be carried out without some accompanying wrong; that Government is the balancing of the interests of classes; and that though it is right one should be elevated, it is wrong another should be depressed. That principle is liable, also, to be carried to extreme lengths, and to take no account of the influences which ought to modify its application. Many perhaps from the inevitable accompaniments of times of great political excitement, like the present, but this is no reason why we should not endeavor to guard against the pernicious effects.

It is because we are so well aware of the abuse to which the recommendations contained in the circular of President Johnson of April 7th is liable, that we think a few thought careless of the claims which it was the object of the circular to enforce, we venture to comment upon the limitations which ought obviously to attend it. One of these limitations is stated in express terms, "that in all promotions in said departments, . . . preference," meaning by this word the service of the army or navy during the war, "shall have preference, when equally eligible and qualified, over those who have not faithfully and honorably served in the land or naval forces of the United States." It might be presumed that those who had not served "faithfully and honorably" ought to be discharged, rather than in any manner promoted; but passing by the ambiguity of the phrase, we come to the limitation, "when equally eligible and qualified." One would think that imagine that there existed in the departments of Government a system of competitive examination, and that, all other things being equal, those who had served their country in the field of office, especially if wounded or diseased, should be preferred over those who had not so served, just as sound in mind, limb or eyesight. Now it is plain that this is very far from being the case. Appointment to office, even to exoneration of a good principle shows itself, and almost neutralizes the benevolent intention of the President. It may be argued, if preference to office is to be given to the wounded, and so on, those now in office ought to be displaced, to make room for more worthy even if less able men. Such an opinion not in the least warranted by the terms of the circular itself. Again, how easy it is, in finding that wounds and diseases contracted in the service of your country, to make the sufferers to a preference, to slide into the belief that these disabilities, in spite of which appointments are made, are in themselves, incompetencies. Now it is not meant that, having lost your arm, you are therefore entitled to a clerkship, but only that, if you are as honest, sober, and capable as others who are seeking an appointment, you will be entitled to a preference by reason of your wounds, and otherwise not.

There is, besides, in this circular, an assumption which we think not only dangerous and false: It is that none have served their country except those who were in actual conflict. Far be it from us to dim for one instant the lustre of the deeds of those who fought and bled; but as there were strong men before Agamemnon, so there were other patriots besides those who entered the field, and who have deserved well of the flag of the country. Another assumption is, and though not so apparent, has been more practically acted upon: that a man entering as a warrior must be equally successful in all other positions. It is but the counterpart of the error with which we began the war. Then, any bawling lawyer or loud-mouthed politician was thought to put on an uniform, and it was supposed his energy would supply the place of talent, and his patriotism compensate for the absence of military knowledge. Are we much wiser now that all that is over? Is there not a lingering belief that a gallant *cabreur* must make a good Minister-Plenipotentiary? That a wounded general is necessarily our best representative abroad? How many more failures like that of Kilpatrick in Chile are we to have before we learn the true qualifications of our public men?

But the fact is, that the circular of the President we have alluded to is so full of kind and humane feeling, and struck so tender a chord of deep public gratitude, that we have not been content to have allowed the errors it by implication sanctioned to have passed without comment, only that we see in many quarters the gross injustice which a strict application of its doctrine involves. "In the meantime we may depend upon it for our comfort," said my Uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one."

Close of the War in the South Pacific.

THE full details of the recent attempt on Callao by the Spanish fleet show that the repulse of the latter was a signal defeat. Several vessels of the squadron were completely disabled, and had the attack been renewed with a crippled force, a number of vessels would inevitably have been sacrificed. Instead of renewing the attack, however, the Spanish Admiral was obliged to take his departure from the bay blowing up by torpedoes. In his note to the British Minister announcing his departure, and the raising of the blockade (which had lasted a week), he could not, being a Spaniard, refrain from indulging in a little of what the English call "bounce." Having "chastised" Peru, he says, he takes his leave. We reproduce his manifesto as a laughable curiosity:

FRIGATE NUMANCIA, BAY OF CALLAO, May 5, 1866.

The naval forces under my command having chastised the unjust provocation of the Government of Peru by the bombardment of Callao and an attack upon their fortifications, of whose numerous and heavy guns I have destroyed a large number; and as for the rest at the time of its withdrawal to the anchorage, the undersigned has no longer to announce that the blockade of Callao is raised, the squadron leaving the waters of Peru. And, consequently, that of the Government of the Republic evacuates or tolerates outrages against the persons and property within it, the naval force of her Catholic Majesty will return to avenge them.

MANUEL PAREJA Y SERRADA, MEDIZ CAMPO.

In response to the threat contained in the last paragraph, the Peruvian Government two days after, issued a decree prohibiting all Spanish subjects from residing in the country under penalty of being treated as spies, and obliging all those who have come into the country since 1850, or who have ever made reclamations against it, to leave within twenty days, while those who entered before 1850 have the alternative of becoming naturalized or leaving. So Admiral Nunez, if he ever again acts as a "conqueror," is loudly called on to again "face the music" of the Callao batteries.

It is said by the organ of the French Government in this country that Spain is equally a Spanish stipendiary, that the Spanish squadron will undertake no more this season, but separate, one part going to the Philippines and the other to Mexico—from which, the view, after repairing and receiving reinforcements, of renewing the "chastisement" of the allies at some future day. This is interpreted in English, means that Spain has given up the contest in the Pacific. Her vessels, when they leave the coasts of Peru and Chile, will do so never to return.

But the war is not over, nor can if be closed by being abandoned by Spain. The probable speedy admission of Venezuela and New Granada to the existing alliance, will transfer the theatre of operations to the Atlantic; and in spite of Mr. Seward's post-prandial aspiration at Havana, that Spain might maintain her "American possessions," this transfer can hardly fail of securing the independence of Cuba. There would be a stern justice in this retribution which would at last restore the waning belief that Heaven interferes among nations now, as of old, to protect the injured and punish the guilty. At any rate, Spain will only have to reproach herself, if, by her own conduct, she has called into existence those "heaviest battalions" which Bonaparte averred always received the support of the supernal powers.

THE wisdom of Rowland Hill's system of cheap postage, and the largest accommodation for the largest number, is receiving a fuller realization in England every year. The revenue from the post-office is increasing so rapidly, as to give reason for believing that it will soon overthe country from that most offensive of all imposts, the income tax. The surplus revenue, last year, from this source, was $7,500,000. The previous surplus increase at the rate of $1,500,000. The secret of the profit has been discovered. It lies in the establishment of frequent deliveries of letters in large towns, with no extra charge for delivery. Two cents will send a letter to all parts of the United Kingdom, and put it in the hands of its correspondent as it is addressed. Nobody thinks much of two cents, and will pay it on a letter containing the most trivial inquiry, when he knows that it will bring him an answer in less than two hours. People invite each other to dinner in London by the penny post, and send for whatever comes uppermost, by letter. The transaction costs the Government less than half a cent, leaving three hundred per cent. profit.

PRECISELY the oldest of living travelers is Frederick Waldeck, author of "Picturesque and Archeological Travels in Yucatan," and "Ancient Monuments of Mexico and Yucatan," the latter lately published by the Peabody Institute. Dr. Melchoir Vischer's Palenque and Mexico long before Stephens and Catherwood, and made numerous and elaborate drawings of the interesting ruins and objects of interest. Although now over one hundred years old, he proposes to bring out, in London, another book, entitled "Archeological Encyclopedia," in which he will give plates of "more than two thousand subjects," illustrating the monuments of America and its early history. It will be published by subscription—a volume of text and another of plates—price ten pounds sterling, payable on delivery. Mr. R. A. Henwood, 99 Engifield road, West, London, is agent to receive subscriptions.

We hope the venerable traveler may secure good encouragement from this people of the continent he has done so much to illustrate.

The London *Spectator* ventures to tell the truth of those great gambling matches, "The Races." Of the last "Derby," the greatest of the turf demonstrations and the most respectable, it says:

"The truth is, that the crowd on Epsom Downs is a crowd of gamblers, and has the code, the manners, the dress, the expressions, and the self-control of gamblers. Of the twenty thousand people who it is calculated, were present on Epsom Downs, we should say that at least nineteen thousand bet the course more or less the worse for liquor. According to a phrase much affected by policemen who have to give evidence in court, the majority of the people present 'had been drinking, but had been drinking.' To this state of well-nigh universal semi-drunkenness the crowd owed the almost entirely coarseness of language and gesture which characterized it. The dresses, the cries, the jokes, the very horses' character were stung before the carriages of the 'aristocracy and gentry' were pelted and mobbed with coarse jokes, whose humor, if humor there was, was entirely Bacchanalian. Never was a crowded treety to such an one the occupants of draws and mud-splashes and the tramps and gipsies who swarmed around it within the enclosure proved to be set apart for the Upper Ten Thousand, and the great amusement of the day consisted of an interchange of chaff and a volley of dried peas fired from pop-guns and tubes. The fast men of both town and the Anonymous Mangoritics, who formed the greater portion of the intimate spectators."

MR. LAYARD made himself absurd on the interpellation about the Valparaiso bombardment. In excusing the British Admiral for not co-operating with Commodore Rodgers, he declared that it makes the silly observation that the Spaniards could have destroyed the combined English and American squadrons. Nothing of the Spanish articles on the allied Chilean and Peruvian fleets, and on Callao, have probably disturbed the mind of the Archæological Diplomatist more than this. We are no admirers of Commodore Rodgers, but we believe him when he says he could have destroyed the Spanish fleet with the Wampanoag. The attack of the Spanish fleet, in from thirty seconds to thirty minutes. That gone, the remaining vessels would have been quickly drenched in red-hot eggshells. If the stupidity of the British Government is fairly reflected by Mr. Layard, it would "pay" it to make a friendly match between the Monadnock, or any of her class, and the most powerful of the European armored ships. The result might open the eyes of Great Britain to facts, upon which her naval existence—not her supremacy, that is gone—may depend. "Destroyed by the Spaniards!" Why, if Spain had fired a shot against Commodore Rodgers, her only answer, by a shrug, nothing of the sort, would have been worth to her an hour's purchase!

At the outbreak of the war, there were 169 free negroes in South Carolina, owning among them 278 slaves.

The battle of Stone River, fought and won by Gen. Rosecrans, was very bloody. The national loss was one-fifth of the force engaged. Here a cemetery for the Union dead has been laid out. It covers sixteen acres, and is to be enclosed with a substantial wall, 42 feet high. Over 5,000 are now interred there, of whom the largest number from any one State, over 1,200, are Ohioans. But three or four are from Massachusetts. Where the friends do not furnish a stone, the Government will erect one of Georgia white marble, 3 feet high (one-half the length being above ground), 1 foot wide, 5 inches thick, rounded at the top, with the name and regiment of the soldier on the face.

Two hundred and ninety-seven thousand five hundred watches, under the value of $100 each, paid taxes last year, and 43,800 of higher value paid $3 each. In 1865, 317,957 paid taxes, amounting in the aggregate to $367,770. New Jersey returns more watches in proportion to her population than any other State, with the single exception of Massachusetts, having a gold watch for every 35 of her people—no record being made of silver watches. In pianos and other parlor musical instruments, Massachusetts ranks first in proportion to population, New York second, and New Jersey third—possessing an instrument for almost each 180 of her inhabitants. The Territories are quite destitute of these bulky evidences of civilization and refinement—Nevada returning but 9, Dakota but 20, Arizona but 36, New Mexico, 14; Nebraska, 45; Washington, 55; and Arizona, Dakota and Montana, none. No returns have been made of slaves or watches in the States of South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas and Arkansas, but one of each from Georgia, have been returned.

TOWN COSSIP.

WE really wish that superb specimen of a Cockney, the author of "Mutual Friend," now performing at the Olympic, would revisit the Rialto. He wrote in his slip-slop style so pleasantly about Broadway as it appeared in 1851, that we should like to read what he would say about its appearance in 1866. We remember that it was fine, and could not be more so; but like all gradual changes, however rapidly made when they take place before our daily eyes, we are not so impressed by them as we could be by a view of the progress across by quicken every day. The avenues of Continental cities, from Broadway, the most central little interior to those of the fashionable promenade of the Empire city. In a word, the metropolis of America is tropical in its growth. The vertical sun is stimulative and the equinoctial drenches are equally lost in nourishment when they fall. Look up a street in New York and contrast its condition in 1866 with its appearance in 1855. Only twenty years! and yet, abundant as many sound, two decades of the most splendid thoroughfares of wealth and glorious city have been rebuilt. Where is there another place in the world, from the day when Adam founded Eden to the present time, of which the same thing can be said? Our readers may perhaps expect a moral to this very ultra comparative exordium, and we cheerfully give it—architectural rapidity reaches its ultimate in a republic.

The conversational epidemic of the past week has been the sayings and doings of Fenianism.

Some very critical native-born citizens shake their heads, and say that in a few years we shall have as much

trouble with the Irish element as the English have; while others spitefully declare that nothing can more thoroughly demonstrate the utter unfitness of the Celtic race to make good citizens than their disobedience to the laws of a country which has so nobly sheltered them. The fact is, that an Irishman seldom can become a safe member of our Republic for, to carry out his insane hatred of England, he would sacrifice the best interests of the United States. Col. O'Neil, the hero of the Fort Erie fiasco, is aided by the New York Irish Times to be one of the wise men, and the identical rebel who last filled seven hundred Irishmen, imprisoned in Andersonville, with, he knows, their allegiance to the Republic as familiar in the rebel army. If this be true, he ought to be tried for rebellion, and if guilty, as I believe, he should be associated with him again. President Johnson has ordered the arrest of the leading wearers of the Green, whose treason is thus disproved beyond a shadow of doubt, by the dignity of his brother President, Drypoodle Nicholson.

But however the bigoted and malignant Brithers may wish the fact, the patriotic movement is here. No doubt that it is the shorting question of the day, and our shoulders can pay 50 per ct. for the privilege of it. Although two wrongs never make a right, it is impossible not to look at an American, half pity, half scorn, as he and we speak as antichrism, two-thirds amusement—at the very name of the Fenian or the Orangeman, and when the latter chalks out to his own lips, and forced to swallow a little of the pepper so plentifully mixed in it.

As the English pretend greatly to admire their hero-worship, Sunday, we remark in passing, is their only sensible passage in his writings which addresses our sympathies. It is then proper being indulged with some recreation. Nevertheless, despite our sympathy with their revenge, we think it ought to be postponed upon that day, for, as a correspondent justly tells Lucy, Verdict, of England and Sunday Observance.

As we are not Irish by our birth, the rank and freely democrats of New Jersey have refused to close the drinking-saloons on the Sunday. We must admit that the house has not been broken—as the rowdies of New York have a whole week—but New Jersey has, nevertheless, severely lashed disgraced towards the ruffians who assaulted Mr. Bird. Here and the indictment is found, rifle, has had a good effect. The miscreants who get drunk and raise a row on the Sunday do not last for a week years' hard labor in jail, which they may be sure they will get if they use their practical jokes on the Republic. The only result is that somewhere about a hundred special policemen are sworn in and armed—not to fire, but to keep the peace, and the ruffians know that these vigilant gentlemen of the peace do not go to bed with a head when it runs assist his club, visits at every saloon-house in the city, and Shillelaghanism kills itself in fine and impotent, as the police hand them over to their tender mercies.

The theatres present merely the unnatural attractions of the summer state. Wheatley has the Varieties, who are performing in the very same pieces that delighted our grandfathers.

Dickens, like every one else, is growing obtuse in his old age, and unfortunately Mr. Howe, with all his second-hand cleverness, has not been able to make anything out of the last of several novels by "Boz's Best Friend." It was a most miserable failure, and could only be excused in the fag-end of a season. We are glad that Mrs. Wood's poky reign is approaching its end, and we can say of it, as we do of the last of Dickens's able things, that we are sorry for it.

Although it is not opened, the American Museum remains under the influences of Frost, which, tempered by the cooling season, makes very pleasant visiting.

Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the attraction.

More has occurred in this summer campaign in his natual gallant manner, Dan Bryant and Miss Cooke being his chief attractions. As a general thing, we prefer the whisky and shillelah dramas, but Dan Bryant is the best solution of that terrible form of sensation, and as such, can be tolerated.

Miss Cooke has been making a very profitable tour in the Jerseys, Carlotta de Barge's reputation performing much personal interest. Long may she be spared to the stage, and to her admirers. Let us hope that the plates or a piece of mourners on the part of the management, which we wish to see in the future, will be the performance begun, a scene of mind busy part of the last drama, and a lighted scene and a wife, mother and children, that they ran out. When the damage was repaired, the audience per very unduly refused to let them in, although they had paid only a few minutes previously.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Department of State learns from the United States Minister at Paris, that if naturalized citizens of the United States, take to emigration to France but for their naturalization, will go at once upon their arrival in France, and report at the office of the district in which their names are enrolled, produce their evidence of naturalization as citizens of the United States, and ask to have their names erased from the conscription list, they will probably be relieved from all difficulties or apprehensions in that respect.

—The horse of commerce has hitherto been mostly manufactured from bones acid, obtained by boiling. The acid and soda, congealed and crystallized, has been found in the form of deposits in Tahiti and Java, and in the deposit at Clear Lake, in California, is much more abundant, and of remarkable purity. It is taken direct from the earth, it is pronounced superior to the best English muriatic acid." Borax Lake," as the deposit is about two miles in circumference, surrounded by high hills, and in winter is a reservoir for the surplus water of the rainy season. In summer the lake is quite shallow, and lumps of soda and borax are taken out of the mud and, after the crystals are extracted, the mud itself is found, on analysis, to be rich in soda, and is therefore given per cent. of borax. It is also said that experiment, that when all articles are boiled in the water of Clear Lake, the wash will remain in the mud even at that depth.

—The size of the present piece to be of the same size as the three-dollar gold coin. Fifty pieces, laid in a straight line, will make a foot in length," or nails of forty-penny. It will also be so near eight-tenths of an inch, that no ordinary person would detect the difference between a piece of these coins will weigh a half-ounce, and be convenient for a pocket weight.

—A party of twenty-four gentlemen, in Caldwell County, North Carolina, have just returned from a great squirrel hunt, in which the number exhibited, 1,000, and the others exhibited 1,960. The largest number killed by any one man was 87.

—The lovers of "remarkable coincidences" will not fail to note the fact that the Fenian invasion of Canada occurred in the same region where the Indian Mutiny broke out, and on the day when he remains were consigned to the grave.

—According to Gen. Stoneman's report of the Memphis riots, the investigation shows that not less than twenty-four negroes were brutally murdered. Eight of the number the United States soldiers, who were acting under the orders of the Provost-Marshal, and, therefore, in conflict with the civil authorities. No report is before upon the conduct of the people of Memphis.

—Consumption and fevers carry off nearly one quarter of the human race; so all who die in the United States. Of course, consumption is more active in the Northern and Middle than in the Western and Southern States, while fevers prevail South and West. The following is the exact ratio as regards the former diseases:

Eastern States	6.5
Middle States	10.4
Western States	11.4
Southern States	4.5

As regards fevers, the following is the ratio:

Eastern States	1.5
Middle States	2.3
Western States	4.5
Southern States	10.4

—Seventy men are now employed on the Hoosic Tunnel, and the work is being carried forward successfully. Two engines are at work, one of forty and one of one hundred horse-power. They have already gone over eight hundred feet into the mountain. The workmen use the drill in getting out the rock. They sometimes send up from twenty-five to one hundred pounds. The tunnel is seven feet wide, and seven feet high. Thirty feet have been made on both sides of the mountain, it will take eight years to complete the tunnel.

—The Richmond (Va.) *Advocate* says: "A great change in the opinions of the (Southern) people has taken place, and we are glad to see the evidence of it being made from all quarters to come among us to help to build up our waste places, and make give us again a prosperous state. Population is wealth; population is energy; population is power. Let us welcome it in any tendency; population will settle the waste question in this region."

—The suspension bridge across the Cumberland, at Nashville, was opened on the 20th ult. It is a structure of remarkable strength and beauty.

—Shad were never more numerous in Connecticut River than at present. They are selling at two cents each, and were caught in one day, last week, over eight hundred. Shipping agents have taken all of the net. The price on the river is 25 per hundred.

—Advices from Fort Laramie say that the Indians are concentrating in large numbers around that point, the pending treaty at that place. About twenty thousand are there, chiefly Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Crows and Sioux. Their destitution makes them anxious for peace, but the treaty commissioners think the terms demanding the Smoky Hill route must be left to them for consideration before they can be concluded. This is done, they will continue to be troublesome. Their condition at this point is said to be very destitute.

—A reception was given to Gen. T. W. Sherman at St. Paul, on the 13th ult., by the citizens, which was very numerously present. Gen. Sherman, in reply to a complimentary address, said he considered the immigration to the Southern coast. He said Fort Royal had been decreased as a depot, and that Port Pulaski, which was fortified, he would say it was not a failure. No expedition, he said, was ever planned by the War Department one-half the results.

—Arrangements are being made to hold a grand convention of soldiers and their friends at Indianapolis, on the 4th of July next, at which the soldiers' orphans' and the various regiments will be formally presented to Gov. Morton, as the representative of the State. Suitable arrangements will be made with the various railroads centering in the city.

—It is boring for coal at St. Joseph, Mo., a depth of 360 feet has been reached. Two veins of coal have been passed through, measuring three feet and four feet. Below the second vein a brine has been reached. It is said to yield water, when boiled down, as fine as the very best manufactured in the city as if oil had been struck.

—Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was on the 11th ult. elected President and General Manager of the Alabama and Tennessee River Railroad. There was no opposed on to his election, and the unanimous vote was complimentary. He was elected not less than six thousand dollars a year. The board of Trustees of the road have also decided that he will accept the position.

—The Democrats at Nashville that the body of a noted guerilla, named Tom Morrow, a leading member of the Ku Klux organization, was found in the woods, by a road in the woods near Gallatin, Tenn. His bones were found galloping over the country. It is unknown who killed him.

—Miss Evans, the authoress, has purchased a marble monument to be erected in the cemetery of the whole soldiers who fell in the war.

—Gov. Brownlow writes to the Nashville Press the people have determined to have no more war, but the question of a few brawlers, are quiet and peaceable. In some localities there are a few disturbances, caused by the bushwhackers, who are believed to be returned rebel soldiers. Gov. Brownlow says that the number of murders done by them have been exaggerated, and that the reports have been sent to Washington are not according to the facts. Among these reports is one that the Governor of the State says that nine-tenths of the people are for the Franchise law, and will see that it is enforced.

—Napoleon's proposition for a congress of the European Powers was to meet in Paris on the 5th of June; but, growing from the debates in the British Parliament, that much reliance was placed on its being able to arrange the differences between Austria and Prussia, the rest of Europe. England had plainly declared the, although she was willing to see the Congress meet this year, yet she would not be bound to observe any conclusion the Congress might come to. The Emperor Napoleon, in a usual agrandizement, as well as the safety of his dynasty, regard the proposed congress as a favorable event to favor peace, but it is a foregone conclusion with all that it is a delay at its call for the 5th of June. Hence, Napoleon will yet compel the Great Powers to form a coalition, and compel them to fight for the Congress.

—Those miserable men called Sports are very indignant in England, in consequence of the fight for the championship of the world not having come to an issue. The men spared no expense, and each engaged to bleed the other for eight hours, and during that time declared a draw. As the public were to pound one another to death, their cowardly patrons were disappointed at not having to stand the brunt of the manly art of fighting for money.

—An English writer, well-known for the accuracy of his statistics, has published, in one of the London papers the amount of the private property left by Queen Victoria, whom he declares to be the richest sovereign in the world. He says that the Queen has made the exclusive of this fact to reflect upon the Queen's meanness in begging Parliament to give her children something to live on, and when any of the royal brats are married, a fresh donation is asked for, besides the money for the purchase of cradles, etc.

—Baron Rothschild, City of Cambridge is, at last, going to be married to a Prince Tuck, a Colonel in the Austrian Service.

—The Princess Helena is to be married on the 5th of July, to Prince Christian, of Holstein. The Princess has an admirable mother for marrying off her girls. She seems to consider a husband as necessary to a young lady as a new hat and an opera box.

THE HORSE AT HOME.

FROM the earliest ages of civilization the horse has received the pride and attention of the race. Possessing strength, fleetness and courage, no domestic animal has shared so much with man, and no animal can expect a master given to a favorite, and none has been more closely identified with all our ideas of nobility and heroism. Even in the present day, when some of the sublimest strains of both prophet and poet, and the most noble and heroic sentiments are found in connection with the noblest of the brute creation. To understand the true character of the horse, we must look upon him not in this pampered, perverted condition to which civilization subjects him, but in his own domain—in his native prairies and plains, where alone he develops and exhibits his best traits. This unrestrained life is the surest remedy for the evils of confinement, and the highly-trained steeds would speedily return if the opportunity offered.

The horse, in his wild state, is eminently a domestic animal, somewhat lordly in his tastes, and fond of a large establishment. He has his harem, over which he watches with as much zeal and vigor as a Turkish pasha. True, his chosen beauties are not so scrupulously concealed from the public gaze, but they are as jealously guarded from all outside approaches, and woe to the interloper who would venture upon any intimacy with the inmates of the seraglio.

When the young horse attains sufficient maturity, his next object is to make a settlement in life, to set up an establishment of his own, and attain the importance and the responsibilities of domestic happiness. Selecting from the droves of mares some such beauties as he may consider worthy of the honor, he commences to build his home; and guided by an unerring instinct, he never makes a mistake in the unconscionable mate. Being a polygamist, our hero horse does not restrict himself to one wife, but generally has from two to a dozen, and thirty or more equine fair ones are the sharers of his home and the objects of his love. But the cares of true love does not always run smooth in horse cases, for he has to fight many battles and overcome many rivalries, ending often in fierce battles and bloody encounters, before he can win the day, and when the noble stallion has routed his rivals, and secured his prize, he has to maintain his claim to it by force, before his pre-emption claim is generally admitted, and everything settled down to quiet possession.

He now becomes the most gallant of lovers, the most devoted of husbands, and the most vigilant of guardians. All his energies and efforts are concentrated upon the object of his affections, and from danger, he leads them to the cooling stream and the tender pasturage; from the scorching sun, to the shade. He warns them of danger. If any are sluggish and straggling, he menaces them with the point of his martial authority, trotting around, now in front, again in the rear, but keeping his whole body guard together. He leads them to the best food or gambols.

Sometimes several families, or "bunches," as they are called on the plains, meet together at some favorite watering place, and then a general carnival is indulged. Mares in a manner that seems inextricable, and to human beings, most unnatural to be a proper bench would appear an impossibility. But the partners of the dance seem to enjoy it, and after every change time to drink and digest themselves in the cool, fresh water. The stallion, however, becomes less encouraging—now driving out an alien mare, now leading back his own wife, now with his head erect and teeth and heel the invasion of a rival, reminding one of the old knights of chivalry—now raising his spirited form after a disorderly charge—and now, with his leaders proudly survey their forces; and prancing gracefully around, with head erect and flashing eyes, they seem to begin sinful defiance to their equally gallant opponents.

But the stallion's duties are not always so friendly, as love loving and faithful, confining his attentions to his own family circle, sometimes and compelling him to remain with him. He is with his wives in summer and winter, in cold and storm, with plenty, and when the burning suns and protracted drouth have parched and withered everything around, he will dig down to the roots of grass conceal in in the thick chaparral his sagacity will find it, and, with many delicate signs, call the mares proudly survey their forces; and prancing gracefully around, with head erect and flashing eyes, they seem to begin sinful defiance to their equally gallant opponents.

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There are always some stallions that have not courage enough to maintain their position, and become the objects of their choice. These form a distinct class in the pasture of the herd, and seem to lead a life of misery bloodshed, and spend the weary days of horse life in solitude and sadness. Many days they will stand in the unhappy collapse room about from close to place, wherever they are driven, dejected, dispirited and subdued.

We have thus briefly sketched the history of the horse at home, where he follows his native instincts and develops his character, and we find him here the same noble, deserving animal that we are accustomed to see him when he is the servant and pet of humanity.

THE GREAT PARIS EXHIBITION.

WITHIN rather less than a twelvemonth from this date, that is, on the 1st of April of next year, the French Government stands pledged before the world to have the great Paris Exhibition Universelle of 1867 which has ever yet taken place thrown open to the visitants from the four quarters of the globe, and expected to be crowned by a great triumph of modern civilization. Long before that period, probably, the usual anarchical reaction against the present state of enmity and industry ever brought together in one spot, will have been passed over in France, and have identified, according to the various classification, within the construction just beginning to rear itself above ground on the Champ de Mars, the order by which the public cannot further details of the contemplated Exhibition—some of which, indeed, are already to some extent determined, and some of these are of so novel a character as to promise gratification to all tastes and to the most varied curiosities.

At present all is a mass of inextricable bewilderment and confusion—as it was in the Champ de Mars, from the soil of which the looker-on can gather little idea of future plans; and yet much progress has actually been made. The basement of the structure has, indeed, been, whose structure is about to be raised on it, and vast iron piles are to be driven into the ground to support enormous arches, or rather sections of arches, to be reared on these.

The structure itself is to cover thirty-six acres of ground, and is elliptical, a form eminently suited to the accommodation of spectators, although offering some serious disadvantage as far as a general *coup d'œil* is concerned. Indeed, although on a superficial survey of the present scene of industry the building will stand unrivaled in point of effect, it is admitted that it will be very much inferior in appearance to the Universal Exhibition of 1851, or indeed, of the still existing palace of Sydenham. The interior exhibits are also classified in ten leading divisions, which again are subdivided into ninety-five classes. The ten divisions comprise:—Works of art; mines and applications of labor to art; furniture and household articles; clothing and personal equipments; raw materials; food products; implements and machines; food, fresh and prepared; living agricultural products and specimens of practical horticultural skill; and lastly, model objects adapted to the amelioration of the physical and moral condition of the laboring classes of the earth. The exhibition groups will occupy one of the elliptical concentric galleries, the remaining one being reserved for a road; each nation will be allotted a section of the ground-floor, running from centre to circumference. This arrangement will enable any one moving from the outside to the centre by a transverse passage, to see everything produced by each several nation, while, on the contrary, by moving round the building, such an one can inspect successively all the articles of the same sort which the world produces. The circular galleries, as well as the sectional passages, will be spacious and airy, and every facility for communicating to and out of the building will be afforded by means of numerous outlets.

In all inner arrangements, the Exhibition of 1867, it is said, will differ from those of its predecessors in the ameliorations which have been suggested by former experiences, and in the greater extension afforded where exhibitors are expected to be more numerous, and to more varied portions of the world. It is in the outward surroundings of the palace, therefore, that great alterations are to be look of for; and if everything is accomplished which is talked of, the Paris Exhibition will stand alone of its kind, at least in our generation. There, in the grounds now being laid out, all sorts of constructions are to be raised. Some of these are to consist of the various portions of the edifice—among the several nations of the world, containing, of course, the articles of furniture, clothing, etc., of every day life among them. Thus, the hut of the Esquimaux will be set up with its mat on the floor and its fire in the window, by the way, it is filled of importing a "real Esquimaux" family to live in it, and to be the living exhibition of the dwellers on the banks of the Greenland fiords. Then the restaurants or cafés of the respective wines and requirements of time and season, and the cuisine of the country, will be the common delight of this country, so that you may "eat" at the Exhibition of 1867 as you "drink" at the Jubilee (of course, we mean the Jubilee of 1867), dine in the open air, food and refreshment, which may be required by travelers, and, finally, there is to be a Grand Hotel provided for their departure again without incurring the expense of a night's lodging in Paris, at the end of the day. The upper story is exclusively reserved for the exhibitors, and the entrance-money will be fixed at one shilling o'clock in the evening; but all games of chance or of skill are to be excluded.

On the other side, it is asserted that the Grand Hotel will be a failure, and which we trust will be the case (if the same company), have been literally besieged by the hotel-keepers and agriculture and the different band by associations already formed in the United Kingdom, for the accommodation of visitors to the Exhibition. Should the Government, however, give the assurance, suggesting that they could not suggest the Exhibition, that for their own sakes the Grand Hotel would be first served; but that previous to April 1st, 1867, the Champ de Mars would be the scene of preparations of accommodation for the period of the Exhibition of the world. In fact, if the Exhibition of 1867 is not to be beneficial to the advantages offered by this Great Exhibition, it will be a failure, and not to the host or keeper, furnished-house-letter, or shopkeeper of any kind.

HOW SHE LOST A HUSBAND.

A VERY select party congregated at the house of Mrr. Bolvile to celebrate the birthday of her daughter, the youngest of four, the fair Henriette, who had just reached her sixteenth year, and entered on her sixteenth year. She was beautiful, accomplished, and, of course, fascinating, although she had no fortune, she was a jewel in herself.

But to return to the birthday party:

Guests arrived, the piano divinely. Mr. William Forrest, the younger son of a country banker, looked over the music, and selected a waltz. Mrs. Bolvile noticed the gravity of the young gentleman, and, doubtless to divert it, desired Henriette to play. Mr. Forrest was delighted, and placed in the finest possible taste. Had she been wound up for the occasion, like a musical box, she could not have played more correctly, without precision, or with less vulgar impulse. Every note fell from her fingers as if it were a pearl from the mouth of nature. Poor William! his heart was dragged up and down the gamut until exhausted, when, at the last three-minute waltz, he approached her, and in the most delicate of places. There was a general burst of applause, followed by a deep blush and profound silence. Mrs. Bolvile looked proudly at the young bachelors, but favored the young lady, as if to say, "Encourage him, if he is sentirely for himself. In this pause a voice cried out, and it sounded like accompanying the glances of Mrs. Bolvile:

"Where's nobody offer?"

A titter, deepening into a laugh, ran round the room, and Mrs. Bolvile, with a smile, answered:

"Oh! ha, ha!" observed the mamma, evidently restored to her composure, "Henriette is engaged to Mr. Eddie's grandma-or bought him. How came it never to be known?" she added immediately after, to check the intruder.

But the parrot was a social bird, and resolved not to leave the party; hence, though weak, had been bound by some Samaritan to the bird cage. Hearing himself addressed, he replied gruffly to ask, but—thus spoke the banker's son—"Good Mrs Forrest, you are a fool, you know—ha! ha!"

Mrs. Bolvile answered Mrs. Belvile, for her daughter; and the favorite song—we forget its title—was exchanged for another selection.

"Your only unmarried daughter?" observed William Forrest to Mrs. Bolvile, as to the mother.

"All married except my dear Henrietta, and I believe it would have been married long ago, but for Mr. Eddie and the mother, affected even by the probability of a separation from the boys, etc., etc., etc.

"The last lot, gentlemen, the last lot!" cried the parrot, and was answered by a general laughter, except by Henriette, with fine presence of mind, struck the keys of the piano forte, and through good management of the interruption, in a minute or two was in the midst of a most delightful waltz.

"If I might aspire to the notice of Miss Bolvile," said William Forrest, as he took to the music—"

"Going for an old song, gentlemen!" cried the parrot, and again its words were greeted with a shout.

But the charm of the evening was gone. Mrs. Bolvile was invited to dinner, and William Forrest—well! whether the last declaration of the bird had "given him away," or whether he was afraid of the consequences of the evening, ventured to speak of Henriette. She died a martyr to the cause of disease. What would become of the world if truth interfered in every marriage?

As old London paper published in 1680 seriously recommended that an act should be passed in Parliament "that all women, of whatever age, rank, condition, or degree, whether virgins, maids, or widows, that shall, from and after such act, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony any of his Majesty's subjects, by the use of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, wires, stays, or high heels, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft, sorcery, and such like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand and void."

THERE is a regular trade carried on in Paris of picking up cigar ends in the cafés, which furnish a thick and unwholesome smoke for the beggars and sweep-men of the capital. The cigar-ends are picked up in the streets, also, when lodge, clothe and feed a flaring establishment for the reception of a certain number of old men, who, on account of their old age, are unable to work. The aged pensioners, as they cannot afford to give them the luxury of a whole cigar,



LIZARDO MONTERO, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE PERUVIAN NAVAL FORCES.



MENDEZ NUNEZ, ADMIRAL OF THE SPANISH FLEET IN THE PACIFIC.

LIZARDO MONTERO.

THE war against the South American Republics has made the prominent men of those countries objects of especial interest to our people, who naturally sympathize with the efforts of other free governments to maintain their liberties. We need not apologize, therefore, for presenting the portrait of the Commander-in-Chief of the Peruvian Navy, who so gallantly and successfully resisted the late attack by the Spanish fleet. Mr. Montero arrived at Callao the night previous to the bombardment, and at once assumed command of the men-of-war in that harbor. He is quite a young man, and distinguished himself greatly in the revolution of Prado, to overthrow the traitor Pezet, on which account he was elevated to his present position.

ADMIRAL NUNEZ.

THIS gentleman has gained an unenviable notoriety on account of his connection with recent events on the Pacific coast. As the orders of his Government were imperative, he was compelled to carry them out or resign, and should not be blamed for the faithful discharge of his duty. He has rapidly risen from the rank of lieutenant to his present grade, and is a brave and able officer. In the recent attack upon Callao, he was severely, and it is reported, fatally wounded.

THE COTTA HOUSE.

MARTIN LUTHER, the great Reformer, was born of poor and humble parents, who were barely able to support their family. They sent their children to school, however, giving them all the advantages within their reach. At the age of fifteen, Martin was sent away from home to Eisenach, where some of his relations resided, in the hope that from them he might derive some assistance; but these relations either could not or would not render any aid, and the young student was compelled to depend upon himself. It was the custom in those days, as it is still in many German cities, for scholars to go around the streets, singing carols and songs before the various houses, begging a morsel of bread as the reward of the entertainment. Sometimes a generous supply was given them, and sometimes they received nothing but hard words. One day, in particular, young Luther had been repulsed at three different houses, and was preparing to return fasting to his lodgings, when, plunged in melancholy reflections, he stopped before the house of a worthy citizen. Suddenly the door opened—a woman appeared on the threshold; it was the wife of Conrad Cotta, who had often remarked the youthful Martin, and been affected by the sweetness of his voice. She had also heard the harsh words just addressed to the poor scholar, and, seeing him stand sadly before the door, she came to his aid, and gave him food to appease his hunger. Cotta liked the boy so well, that, a few days after, he gave him a permanent abode in his house, where, thenceforward, free from want and care, he pursued his studies eagerly and successfully.



THE COTTA HOUSE, A MEMORIAL OF THE EARLY LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER, THE GREAT GERMAN REFORMER.

Years afterward, when the poor scholar of Eisenach had become the first doctor of his age, a son of this same Conrad Cotta came to Wittenberg, and was received with joy at his table and under his roof; he thus repaying the kindness he had experienced in his struggling days.

The Cotta House is still standing, scarcely changed in appearance from the days of Luther. Our engraving gives a front view of it; and, while antiquated in its style, it is venerable both from age and association.

RUINS OF THE WAREHOUSES AT VALPARAISO.

IT will be remembered that in the recent cowardly bombardment of Valparaiso by the Spanish fleet, greater destruction was caused by the fires which raged uncontrolled during the attack than by the shot of the enemy. The custom-house and adjacent warehouses, filled with merchandise, were made the special target by the gallant and chivalrous Spanish Admiral, and were wholly destroyed. Our illustration gives a correct view of the present appearance of the ruins.

CRUELTY TO THE MUTE CREATION.

Carrying Fowls to Market.

ALTHOUGH some of the hard-hearted and practical people consider that Mr. Bergh carries his sympathy for animals a little beyond the absolute necessity of the case, all who know anything of the matter are aware that already a great good has been effected. We are no longer pained by such outrageous spectacles as were constantly seen at the Hoboken

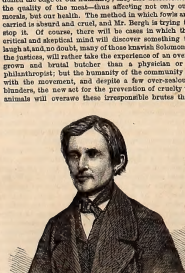


RUINS OF THE WAREHOUSES, VALPARAISO, CHILE, DESTROYED BY THE SPANISH FLEET IN THE BOMBARDMENT OF MARCH 31.



THE CRUEL METHOD IN WHICH FOWLS ARE CARRIED ABOUT THE STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY.

Fuzzy, Barclay street, where calves were tied by the legs and thrown into carts, being piled up one upon another, like so many sand-bags in a fortification. This brutal indifference to animal suffering has been stopped, and the poor creatures, on their way to be slaughtered for man's nourishment, are not subjected to physical pain. These gratuitous cruelties were a double evil—they familiarized us with sights of suffering, and dulled the edge of our humanity; they also debarbarized the quality of the meat—fibres affecting not only our morals, but our health. The method in which fowls are carried is absurd and cruel, and Mr. Bergh is trying to stop it. Of course, there will be cases in which the critical and skeptical mind will discover something to laugh at, and, no doubt, many of those knavish Solomons, the justices, will rather take the experience of an overgrown and brutal butcher than a physician or a philanthropist; but the humanity of the community is with the movement, and despite a few over-zealous blunders, the new act for the prevention of cruelty to animals will overawe these irresponsible brutes that



OSSIP IVANOFF KOMMISSAROFF, THE ENNOBLED PEASANT WHO SAVED CZAR ALEXANDER'S LIFE.

have hitherto tortured unoffending animals on the now obsolete principle that a man may do what he likes with his own.

OSSIP IVANOFF KOMMISSAROFF.

Some men acquire distinction by patient effort, some are born to greatness, and others have it thrust upon them. Such a man is Ossip Ivanoff, who recently saved the Czar's life at St. Petersburg, and finds himself suddenly enriched and ennobled. A peasant in one of the provinces, he went to the capital to prosecute his trade of a batter. By his diligence and industry he rose to the position of foreman, and married a peasant girl. On his birthday he went to say his prayers in the chapel near the house of Peter the Great, and on his return, by way of the summer garden, saw a crowd assembling around the imperial equipage. Desirous of beholding his majesty, he joined the crowd, when a young man, who was standing behind Kommissaroff, tried to push him aside. This individual had repeatedly attempted to penetrate through the surrounding crowd and get nearer the carriage; but Kommissaroff, wishing to see the Emperor, would not suffer him to squeeze through and plant himself before him.

At the moment when the Emperor was putting on his cloak, the young man, pushing Kommissaroff forcibly aside, broke through the front ranks, and drawing a pistol, leveled it at the Czar. Kommissaroff, who had followed him and noticed the movement, instantly caught him by the arm, and, diverting the pistol from its aim, caused it to discharge in the air.

The favor of the grateful Czar has invested him with nobility, and he is the object of a romantic enthusiasm on the part of the people of the Russian capital. In addition to grants of money and estates from the imperial purse, presents of all kinds pour in upon the late humble batter, now one of the most distinguished personages in the empire. Gen. Todleben has been selected as a tutor to advise and educate the almost bewildered young man, and fit him for the high sphere in which he is placed. It remains to be seen how he will wear his unexpected honors; but the recognition of his services by a grateful sovereign is not the least noteworthy feature of this romantic history.

BALDWIN PLACE CHURCH, BOSTON.

THE elegant house of worship, now in process of erection on the corner of Warren avenue and Canton street, Boston, is from plans of S. S. Woodcock Esq., and will cost something over $100,000 when complete. The corner-stone was laid in May, 1865, and the edifice will be dedicated during the coming summer. It will be one of the most spacious and elegant churches in the city. The style is called by the architect Victoria Gothic. The front will face on Canton street, and will consist of a small tower on the east side 75 feet high; a gable 60 feet high, surmounted by a cross 5 feet 6 inches in height. The whole height of the principal tower and spire is to be 148 feet above the sidewalk. Including buttresses, the length of the building is to be 113 feet; width, 77 feet 10 inches; length of transept, 110 feet; width of transept, 35 feet 2 inches. The exterior walls are to be of face brick; weatherings, moldings, steps and angles of buttresses, towers, &c., of sandstone; window and door dressings, of brown stone; and the spires and roof are to be slated with dark slates laid in ornamental patterns.

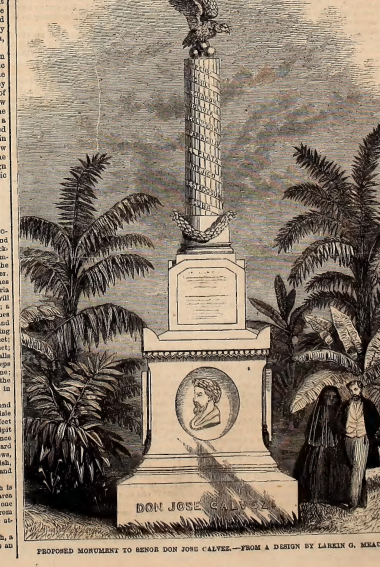
The main auditorium is 82 feet long, 68 feet wide, and 50 feet high to the ceiling of the clear-story; the aisle walls 20 feet high at the angle of the ceiling and 16 feet at the bottom of the clear-story moldings. The pulpit platform is to be raised 4 feet above the main audience floor, which inclines 1 foot in the whole length toward the pulpit. The pulpit and chancel furniture, pews, gallery fronts, organ-case, doors and other inside finish, are to be of black walnut and chestnut combined, and varnished with panels and moldings.

The main feature of this edifice is the roof, which is self-supporting, there being no pillar in the whole area of the main audience-room. Of the 200 pews, not one will be ineligible, nor will the voice be interrupted from any part of the house. A large organ will form an attractive feature of the internal arrangement.

Rev. D. C. Eddy, D.D., is the pastor of this church, a gentleman well known throughout the country as an earnest, attractive speaker and interesting writer.

PROPOSED MONUMENT TO SENOR DON JOSE CALVEZ.

THE South American patriots have determined to erect a monument to the memory of the Peruvian statesman and soldier, Senor Don José Galvez, who fell while gallantly defending his country from the inexcusable and barbarous attack of the Spanish fleet. His name was known throughout the South American Republics, and he was distinguished for the comprehensive views which he took of republican liberty in all parts of the world, so that, though he was the Minister of War of Peru, he was also the chieftain of every government of equal rights. This characteristic will be signalized on his monument by simple and expressive legends, made up of the names of all the republics of the New World. There is a sympathy between kindred governments which makes the triumph of one the triumph of all, and prompts all to mourn for the heroic dead of each. It is fitting, therefore, that, far below the equator, on friendly soil, the United States should be introduced as adding a flower to the wreath which garlands the sepulchre of Galvez; that his own bust should individualize the homage that is so justly his due, and that the conduct, the powerful and national emblem of Peru, should surmount the shaft that marks the place of his repose. It is also meet that Galvez, though dead, should still speak. By the introduction of Cuba among the republics recorded upon his tomb, the dead patriot flings his defiance at Spain, and prophesies from his grave the sure vengeance that awaits her. By reference to the engraving on this page, it will be seen that all these ideas are embodied in the general plan. The monument was designed by the distinguished artist, L. G. Mead, Jr., who has received the commission for its construction. It will be composed of bronze, upon a granite base, and its cost defrayed by contributions from the friends of republican liberty.



PROPOSED MONUMENT TO SENOR DON JOSE CALVEZ.—FROM A DESIGN BY LARKIN G. MEAD.

THE FENIANS.

WE give some sketches to-day, which cannot fail to be deeply interesting at the present time, when the conflicting reports from the Canadian borders render it doubtful whether President Roberts, or Queen Victoria rules on the other side of the St. Lawrence. We are well aWare that a great nation should never allow any particular past wrongs to influence its statesmanship, and belittle its national policy. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to feel a little grim satisfaction at the annoyance and losses now endured by the same people who aided and abetted George Sanders and his fellow rebels to concoct the St. Albans raid.

The public is so familiar with all the particulars of the campaign in Canada, that our sketches need little, if indeed any, description. We, therefore, content ourself by giving part of our Artist's letter, written immediately after the events he has so ably drawn.

DEAR SIR—The enclosed sketches were taken upon the spot on the days of Saturday and Sunday, by Mr. C. E. Hardy, city editor of the Erie *Dispatch*, and are thoroughly correct—as all who know the localities will admit.

The first sketch gives a view of old Fort Erie, now a mass of ruins. Here the Fenian flag was first raised, and it was from this point the invading force reembarked for Buffalo after the failure of their plans.

The second gives a general view of Waterloo village, which comprises the larger portion of the settlement known under the general name of Fort Erie. In the distance can be seen the ruins of the old fort, and nearer are the ruins of the Michigan railroad depot, burned by the mob some years ago. The building bearing the United States flag is the house of the American Consul. Many exciting scenes occurred here during the invasion. It was continually thronged with the people of the vicinity seeking protection. The British camp was pitched on Sunday in the fields in the rear of the village.

[This sketch we had not room for in the present number.—ED.]

Sketch the third gives a view of the lower portion of Waterloo village, with the action in progress between the Fenian force of some 700 and the Canadian volunteers 80 in number. The Canadians came from Fort Colburn with



BALDWIN PLACE CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS.

70 Fenians, captured there in a skirmish, bringing them on the tug Robb. Finding the coast clear, the most of the party, after reaching the dock, went on shore, when they were suddenly surprised by the Fenians, who were returning from Limestone Ridge. Part of them regained the tug and escaped, while some 40 took refuge in the old tavern to the right of the dock, and were subsequently made prisoners. Over the woods to the right was the Fenian camp.

The fourth gives an idea of the country and disposition of the forces on the two sides at the opening of the battle of Limestone Ridge. There was a change in the ground before the close of the fight.

No. five I sketched from the face of a dead Fenian, found in a secluded place near the battlefield. He was said by some of the prisoners to be a New Yorker, and very prominent in the movement.]

[For this we have no room.—ED.]

THE WIFE TO HER ABSENT HUSBAND.

LINGER not long! Home is not home without
thee;
Its dearest tokens only make me mourn;
Oh! let thy mem'ry, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return.
Linger not long!

Linger not long! Though crowds should woo
thy staying,
Bethink thee, can the mirth of friends, though
dear,
Assuage the pain, the grief, the long delaying,
Costs the fond heart, that sighs to have thee
here?
Linger not long!

Linger not long! How I shall watch thy coming!
As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell,
When the wild bee has ceased its busy humming,
And silence hangs on all things, like a spell?
Linger not long!

How I shall watch for thee! when fears grow
stronger,
As night grows dark and darker on the hill;
How I shall weep! when I can watch no longer—
Oh! art thou absent—art thou absent still?
Linger not long!

Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that
seeth thee
Gazeth through tears that make its lustre dull;
For ah! I sometimes fear when thou art near me
My cup of happiness is all too full!
Linger not long!

Haste, then, oh! haste unto thy peaceful dwelling,
Haste, as a bird unto its own loved nest—
Haste, as the bark, when tempests wild are
swelling,
Flies to its haven of securest rest!
Linger not long!

Behind the Scenes.

THE last scene of the last act had closed, and the brilliant *tragedienne*, Miss Eleanor Orme, had won to herself all that enthusiastic admiration which an American audience is so ready to accord.

It was her first appearance, after an absence from the stage of some six or seven years, and with most of the men and women who crowded the little theatre she had been an old favorite.

A half-dozen different stories of some domestic unhappiness had aroused the sympathy of hundreds, who could evince it in no other way than by this one spontaneous outburst of welcome back to her old life. Few actors, fewer actresses, had ever received such an ovation—if we may be allowed the term—as was our heroine's that winter night, ten years ago. No marvel, then, that her cheek glowed and her eyes flashed, as she received, again and again, a tribute of praise so justly her own. Wrong, injury, shame, might have been her lot in those past silent years. No matter; here, certainly, she was *at home*, beloved and welcome.

Once, only, as the curtain fell and hid her from all curious eyes, she curled her lip in a bitter smile, and muttered, hoarsely: "Unwomanly, immodest! Let them taunt me so! They forced me to it."

Then, a few moments later, she had summoned her carriage, and entered it. There was a trifling delay, during which a gentleman followed her, and closed the door behind him. Miss Orme was no coward; but a companion in her drive to her hotel she had neither expected nor desired. Leaning forward, as the carriage passed under the light of a street lamp, she scrutinized the face of the intruder. With a stifled groan, she sank back. The gentleman, if we are to call him such, coolly offered her a smelling-bottle. She noticed neither him nor his attention.

At last, the man broke silence.

"So, I have found you, after all, Ruth Fenton, and in the last place I had expected. 'Time goes by turns.' I'll have my triumph yet, as you have had yours to-night."

He paused a moment, but she did not answer; then, laughing derisively, went on:

"You have been studying of late, I see, my dear. You are quite perfect in your art."

His cool, contemptuous manner stung the woman into answering:

"Be careful! Ruth *Blount* has the right upon her side, and will make you rue this heartily."

"Aha! so it's that which rankles. Let me see. Eleanor Orme, Ruth Fenton, Ruth Blount. The first is too sentimental; the last, too matter-of-fact. I rather like *Ruth Fenton* best; and so Ruth Fenton it *must be*—ay, till your *death-day*."

He bent over her, and laid a heavy hand upon her arm. She flung it from her as if it burned into her flesh. The carriage stopped before the private entrance of the ——— Hotel. The woman was the quicker of the two; she was out upon the landing before her companion could prevent her; the door opened and closed upon her as if by magic; and the man was left to recover from his surprise alone. He stared at the tightly-closed door, gave a long, low whistle, and strode rapidly down the street.

The next night, and for many nights following, Eleanor Orme kept her engagement punctually. She had never played so well; her impersonation was faultless, and each appearance but added another laurel to those already her own. And each night, also, from behind the curtains of his private box, a dark-browed man kept watch. Never once did his eyes wander from the *tragedienne* to any other one upon the stage. If she were out of sight, he leaned back and closed his eyes; the moment she reappeared they opened and fastened upon her. If he charmed her into looking that way, the man's dark face lit up with a triumphant smile; the smile deepened into a sardonic grin if ever she faltered or changed color beneath his steady gaze.

By-and-by, rumors of this little by-play began to float about, mingled with strange stories of Miss Orme's difficulty in entering and leaving the theatre; how her steps were continually followed and dogged by a brutish fellow, in a policeman's dress; how she changed hotels and boarding-places almost daily. The occupant of the private box began to attract almost as much attention as the "tragedy queen" herself; conjectures as to whom he might or might not be were frequent and various. The manager—who professed to know all about it, but kept a mysterious silence—rubbed his hands and thought how fine a thing it was to have a little real tragedy mixed with the imitation.

One night, however, he was forced to change his opinion rather suddenly. The orchestra had gone through the overture an unusual number of times; the audience were getting noisely impatient; still no Miss Orme appeared. There was nothing left for the poor gentleman but to explain matters as best he could; as he ended his little speech he glanced significantly toward the *empty box* on his left. Instantly every eye and every glass in the house was leveled in the same direction. The effect was just what the manager desired, and he congratulated himself on his lucky escape from public disapprobation. Possibly there were a few who left the theatre that night who did not feel as if they had been looking into a neighbor's private parlor, and had had the door shut in their faces.

Where was the actress, and where was the man who watched her? The morning papers were out with a pretty little fiction, under the head of "Strange Disappearance," and working on, from the fact that Miss Orme had left her rooms at her usual hour of going to the theatre, and had been seen within a dozen blocks of that building, substituted a "brutal murder" as a conclusion of the tale. No trace of a murder, however, could be found; and the public were left with the mystery unsolved, mourning, perhaps, the requisite "nine days" over the wonder and the loss of their pet actress.

"WILL she live through the night, doctor?" The woman asked the question, wearily, pushing away the heavy hair from her temples as if its weight oppressed her.

The kind old man hesitated a little before answering, looking pityingly down upon the little sufferer.

"It is hardly possible, madam; but if she lives through this night, the immediate danger will have passed.

The woman lifted the covering, and looked tenderly upon the tiny, broken, bandaged limbs; looked—until the tenderness faded away, and a glowering, bitter hate settled in her great eyes. "Curse him! *curse him!*" Dr. Wall shuddered, and buttoned his coat. This was no ordinary woman, who had summoned him the day before; her child's death would would have no ordinary grief for her. There was something more; something fierce, and dark, and dread, that lurked behind her manner; something within her past, which had made her strange as she seemed.

"Are you going so soon?" She sprang up and touched his shoulder, pointing anxiously to the little bed.

"I can do nothing more, and there are others who need me."

"But, Lulu may die! I should be alone—afraid!"

"*Afraid!* madam, of your own child?"

"Yes, yes, my own child—my Lulu, my baby!"

All the mother's agony of grief burst out in that one despairing cry. She sank down by her child, and buried her face in the pillow. Dr. Wall had stood by many a death-bed; he had never witnessed pain so fierce, so life-absorbing, as this. And he pitied her so—not the injured little one, whose life was ebbing surely away, but that young mother, so alone in the desolation of her sorrow. That she should have had husband, brother or friend to stand by her now, he did not stop to think. He bent over the poor, bowed head, and stroked it softly, tenderly, as a father would his child's.

"My poor sufferer, take courage; I will send you some one, that you shall not be alone. And you are not alone now. *One* is with you who knows all your grief; think that, and trust *Him*."

She looked up thankfully, took the kind hand between her own, and kissed it reverently. "Bless you," she said; then fixed her eyes with a patient look upon her baby's face, and took up her silent watch.

The little child, whose faint breath scarcely stirred the shining curls which clustered about its face, was not more motionless than she. The old man saw this and went out. Half an hour later, there was a slight tap at the door, and without waiting for a bidding to enter, a woman opened it and came in. "Nurse Miller," she said, by way of explanation. With a quiet look at mother and child she crossed the room, and sat down at some distance from them. The watcher at the bedside bowed, and tried to smile; then turned her face away, jealous of anything which kept her gaze from her Lulu.

The night wore on; the clock of a neighboring church-tower tolled out the hours—"Eleven, twelve;" the nurse sat nodding in her chair, the candle flickered, and the fire burned low; still the mother never moved. "One, two;" there came a change. The dainty eye-lids quivered, opened, and a pair of blue eyes looked out. A sudden upflinging of the little arms, a strange contortion of the baby-face, a broken cry: "Mamma—Pedro—Mamma!" and all was over. One moan, and the mother's forced strength and calmness gave way; she sank down, unconscious, where she had kept her faithful watch. Nurse Miller sprang to raise her, but was pushed aside, and a man stooped over the unconscious form, raised it in his arms, and carrying it into an inner room, laid it upon a couch.

"Her, first," he said, fiercely, coming back, and pointing to the mother.

The nurse had needed no second bidding; to recover life was better than to care for the dead, and scarcely she noticed, as she entered the inner chamber, that the man, whoever he might be, followed and closed the door upon her. She remembered it, when, having seen her patient restored to apparent consciousness, she came out to perform the accustomed offices for the dead child; she remembered it, when, coming to the little bed, she found only the *impress* of a baby form. The man was gone, and he had carried away the corpse!

How long she stood wondering, in her surprise, she never knew, but a touch upon her shoulder roused her. She turned her head, to encounter the frightened, searching look of the poor mother's eyes—those "awful eyes," she called them afterward. The two women confronted each other; question and answer hung between them, unspoken, with a tragedy written in that short, fearful gaze.

The touch upon Nurse Miller's shoulder tightened to a clutch; and to the hoarse whisper, "Where?" she faltered out: "The dark-faced man has taken it."

The mother heard the answer; perhaps she knew it before it came. She neither "moaned nor uttered cry;" only the face grew white and rigid, the teeth set, the eye glittering. Then she moved away. Quietly, as if she were preparing for a pleasant walk, she tied on her hat and cloak; quietly she went about the room, and gathered a few trinkets, which had been the child's; with a smile as quiet as it was despairing and unnatural, she bade the nurse good-by. The latter, poor soul, was too bewildered to offer any expostulation. Indeed, she scarcely knew what was done, until she found herself alone, and realized how the mother had gone out in the early morning, half-crazed and unprotected.

Shall I go on and tell you of the wearying search, the fruitless journeys, here and there, which that determined and half-frantic mother made before she gained her object, or with one single picture close a life so dark and sad?

The spring flowers had begun to blossom, when, late one afternoon, a woman, travel-soiled and foot-weary, plodded along the highway toward the little village of Norfolk, M——. Between her and the hamlet she was approaching, a country graveyard lay. Pausing to rest for a moment, her eyes fell upon the simple monuments, gleaming in the light of the setting sun. She grew strong again, as she gazed upon it, and passed on rapidly and eagerly. She gained the place, entered it, and began searching, here and there, among the trees, stooping low to read the inscription over each little mound. A sudden turn revealed a spot which had been hidden from her sight before by the thick-growing trees. Back flashed the light to her eye, the color to her cheek, the smile to her lip, as she gazed. There, beside a tiny grave, with his face hidden in his hands, knelt a dark-haired man; sob after sob shook his strong frame, and died off in a wail upon the cool spring air. There was a rustle of a woman's dress, a whisper in his ear. He sprang up and faced the intruder. Ay, face to face, life to life, they had met at last—man and woman, husband and wife. Only a child's grave lay between them.

Slowly the woman's hand upraised.

"A life for a life—the father for his child!"

A flash, a quick report, and Robert Fenton sank lifeless at her feet.

"So am I revenged."

They found her there, the officers of law, beside her dead, quiet and impassive. To their demand she surrendered herself without a murmur. Tried, found guilty by her own confession, and sentenced to death, she lay in her cell waiting execution.

The chaplain came to prepare her as best he could for the solemn fate before her; to him she told a little of her story.

Trained for theatrical life, she had been loved and wooed by a young aristocrat; him she married, and entered his proud family only to be treated with distrust and indignity by all its members. Her child was born, her Lulu; and at last, fearing it would be taken from her, she had deserted her husband and fled with it. He followed, overtook her, and reclaimed the child. Helpless she was, and poor. Money was all-powerful, money would place her beyond her persecutor's reach. So she went upon the stage again.

As a lover, Robert Fenton had not been too proud to woo the beautiful actress, but as his wife, even though she had renounced his name, he vowed she should never live that life. So he followed and tormented her. One night there came a message that the child, whom he had sent into the country with its nurse, for safe hiding, had been fatally injured. "A carriage accident," was all the message explained.

Perhaps a father's love for his child made him thoughtful of the mother, or he might have known her little one's danger was the only thing which could divert Ruth Fenton from her purpose. So he met her with tidings of the accident.

The rest is told—save how the law was cheated of its victim. The morning sun struggled through the prison bars, and they came to make her ready for death. Lo! Death whom they thought to herald, was before them; and only there was left to place the poor worn body in its humble coffin, and to give it the few rites allowed a criminal.

Among the papers of the murdered man was found a marriage certificate, bearing the signatures, "Robert Fenton" and "Ruth Blount;" also a few business letters addressed to Miss Eleanor Orme. So the mystery was solved.

MR. A. J. DAVIS, the voluminous writer on Spiritualism, says that "the spiritual world is made from life-points sent out from the chemical coalition of the planets."

"LET HER RIP!"

A BABY swaddled in Old-World menace,
Rocked on the crossing of old feudal steel,
She spurned the bauble of the despot's mace,
And through stern epochs teethed in war or weal.
"Let her rip!"

She grew to nationhood, and dared to blunt
The lion's claws, and spat upon his lust;
She bore no Old-World type, no borrowed front,
She stirred no lumber from its noxious dust.
"Let her rip!"

There came a time when Harlots clapped their
hands,
When, fever-pulsed with war, and sick with slain,
O'er blasted fields and peace-deserted strands,
The shadow of her fall grew big amain.
"Let her rip!"

They howled their scorn, they bastardized her
birth,
And all their hate flashed forth from its eclipse;
She smote them dumb, and shook the blood-
stained earth
With mighty thunders from her grand young lips.
"Let her rip!"

There came a time when Mercy blanched her
brow,
Erst passion-knit with war, and black with ire,
And earth stood still, and nations stopped to bow
Before the art that tempered Right with fire.
"Let her rip!"

Ay! "Let her rip!" She needs no swaddling
bands,
No kingly craft, no diplomatic swathe:
The might of Right is sceptered in her hands,
Her heart is throbbing with the pulse of faith.
"Let her rip!"

Ay! "Let her rip!" No Old-World lore she needs;
She made her bosom, when her tongue was
dumb,
An arsenal of truths, that, wrought to deeds,
Shall shatter kingdoms in the time to come!
"Let her rip!"

Ay! "Let her rip!" Beneath her tongue of brag
Enough of strength her mighty muscle finds
To split the bosom of the Old-World crag,
And toss its fragments to the quartered winds.
"Let her rip!"

Ay! "Let her rip!" Her freedom-welded car
Before the Future's golden portal waits;
Lo, velvet-chested Peace, rough-shod for war,
Her God-sped courser stamps without the gates.
"Let her rip!"

Ay! "Let her rip!"—with iron sandal'd foot
Tread out the leaven of the Old-World scorn—
Plow deep, with war-tired wheel, a bloody rut
From ice-bound pole to desolate Cape Horn.
"Let her rip!"

Ay! "Let her rip!" When battle-cries shall cease
To galvanize the corpse of Old-World might,
That home-made cry shall flood the earth with
peace,
And surge a torrent from the rock of Right.
"Let her rip!"

Maggie's Beau.

"IT is bitter cold to-night, with sitch a cuttin' wind blowin and drivin' in a body's face," said Farmer Mayfield, coming into the large kitchen, taking off his great coat, and shaking the flakes of snow therefrom. "'Pears to me I'm getting the rheumatiz, or it is awfully cold in here."

The farmer walked slowly to the old fire-place, piled the logs, covered with tufts of gray and emerald moss, together, while the red flames went crackling and roaring up the great chimney. A smile went flickering over the good-natured face, as he spread out his sun-burnt hands to catch the genial warmth. It was a cozy-looking apartment, for all its plainness: a strip of gayly-colored rag-carpet lying before the fire-place; two large rocking-chairs, in one of which his better-half sat, busily engaged in knitting; in the other end of the room a large cupboard, while beside it was a little table, on which was piled a few dainty books, their bright bindings in odd contrast to the plainness of the apartment, the fire casting golden rings of light around the room, tinging it, as the sun does an olden picture.

At last his wife broke the silence; raising her brown eyes to her husband's face, she said:

"Well, Reuben, I suppose Maggie's enjoying herself fine to-night among those grand city folks?"

A smile came into the lips, and danced in the farmer's eyes, as he rubbed his hands gleefully together and replied, quietly:

"Yes, I s'pose so."

"Were you at the post-office, Reuben?"

This time the knitting ceased. There was no reply, only that same quizzical look in the dark eyes.

"Reuben, I say," almost shouted the dame, "were *you* at the post-office?"

The farmer could restrain himself no longer, and throwing himself back in his chair, burst into a hearty laugh.

"I'd like to know what this means?" said the lady, her voice waxing louder. "But I'll see, sir, I'll see;" suiting the action to the word, she went to the chair where her husband's coat was drying, thrust one hand into a deep pocket, eager to grasp its contents.

The sly farmer was there before her, saying:

"Softly, dear," holding up to her angry gaze a dainty white letter.

"To think, Reuben, that *you* would treat me so; git a letter from Maggie and never tell me, when I have been almost dyin' to know about that 'ere weddin'."

"Just wanted to tease you, mother, a little, that is all," growing quite repentant as he saw her damp eyes, while he patted the still rounded and rosy cheek.

It seemed as if he never would get to that letter; first he drew a table near him, put the large brass candlestick thereon, snuffed the candle, put on his spectacles, warmed his hands, and then rubbed them together, looked at the letter, took his knife out of his pocket, cut it very carefully—for it was a principle of his never to tear a letter open—as he observed to Mrs. Mayfield, "It looked kind of wasteful-like."

All this was very provoking to his good wife, who looked ready to cry, but the brave little woman went quietly on with her knitting. It was evident to her dyed teasing her, for around the good-humored mouth was lurking a provoking smile.

"Comin', Tabithy, comin'!"

So a small sheet of paper was slowly unfolded. The wife kept herself in a listening attitude, laid her knitting down, and was all expectancy.

The farmer coughed, glanced upon the paper as though he was going to read, then, with letter in hand, walked to the fire-place and commenced poking the huge logs that were crackling and blazing there.

"Well, if you sin't the most *provokingest* man I ever see!" burst from her lips.

Which seemingly gravelly, he began reading:

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"Boston, Dec. 1863.

"Hum! hum!" went the wife, rocking back and forth. "Maggie was always good at composition"—that is a very beautiful letter."

"It were," repeated the farmer, solemnly, after a pause, folding up the letter and placing it in the envelope. "I s'pose Maggie will be thinking home a city beau."

"Some city fool!" responded his wife, indignantly, "with tassly-touches, a cane, and paler'd kid gloves, like the feller that was at Deacon Jayne's last summer."

Maggie Mayfield was the only child; strangely graceful for a girl that had never been ten miles from home until she went to Boston to see cousin Grace married. A merry, laughing girl, superior in intellect and ability to say about her; the favorite of all the young men for miles around who admired, and in their admiration did see forget her father's brood acres and waving fields of grain. The village idolized their lovely daughter; and truly she was a sweet flower.

Well, Maggie came home. It was a bitter cold day—the ground covered with crisp snow—the biting wind blowing and whistling around the old house—the leafless trees, with their bleak branches waving to and fro. Desolate and chill looked the world that day. The old stage stopped; the driver reined up his horses, clambered down from his seat, dropped his chilled hands together, drew the red comforter closer to his blue nose, then, with a low bow, extended his hand to Maggie, who, gathering up her bundles, was quickly over the crisped snow into the great kitchen, and was soon clasped in the arms of her parents.

"To think I should her mother, kissing the cold cheek—"to think of your comin' home this cold day! why, child, how could you look?" taking the warm ermine hood, edged with snowy fur, from off the fair oval face, and the warm cloak from off the slight shoulders, and stowing them carefully away in the spare room.

"Maggie can't get warm, mother," spoke the jolly old farmer; "you're in the way."

"Sure enough, Reuben, so I am; why, what can I be thinkin' about?"

"Absent city bean, I guess," a twinkle in the great laughing eyes.

A scarlet blush overspread the girl's face, flashing even to her hair, and dying away in a crimson spot on either cheek.

"Why, has anybody been here?" was the eager question.

"No, no, Maggie—only old Mrs. Flinn, come for some of these yellow-streaked apples."

The girl laughed—a rippling, musical laugh, like water-drops as they fall over golden-tinted shells. A weak later, one beautiful star-lit night, when the skies, like so many spirit-pearls, looked down upon the old homestead, sheltered by the quaint, leafless trees, Maggie bustled to and fro in the spare room, building a fire in the dark fireplace, making the red flames cast fantastic shadows on the white wall, while her hands were busy fixing two large yellow candlesticks on the mantel-piece—an old heir-loom, highly prized by its prudent owner; then two curiously-carved shells were brought from their hiding-place and laid on a mat of strangely-wrought wool, a relic of her Boston visit; then she pulled the stiff-starched cane-bottomed chairs away from the wall; placed a large tidy of snowy-white over the back of the wooden rocker; put some twining sprays of green over the looking-glass; then stepped back pulled a pleased expression, as she surveyed the neatly-arranged apartment, and hastened away to array herself. She looked exceedingly pretty as, half an hour later, she came into the kitchen, her neatly-fitting crimson merino displaying the fine figure, the dark wavy hair rolled off the white forehead, and some scarlet flowers twined with the curls. Certainly very pretty she was, "looking just like a picture," as the farmer said, approvingly, to his wife, who nodded assent, while she went on paring the great red apples, the pride of Reuben Mayfield's orchard.

It may be that you wonder what was on the pipin. Nothing more than, upon this Thursday night, Mr. John Charles Simonton, her particular escort while in Boston—at least so she perfumed note he had sent her said—was going to call. An event of great importance in the eyes of its young mistress.

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Maggie Mayfield was the only child; strangely graceful for a girl that had never been ten miles from home until she went to Boston to see cousin Grace married. A merry, laughing girl, superior in intellect and ability to say about her; the favorite of all the young men for miles around who admired, and in their admiration did see forget her father's brood acres and waving fields of grain. The village idolized their lovely daughter; and truly she was a sweet flower.

Well, Maggie came home. It was a bitter cold day—the ground covered with crisp-snow—the biting wind blowing and whistling around the old house—the leafless trees, with their bleak branches waving to and fro. Desolate and chill looked the world that day. The old stage stopped; the driver reined up his horses, clambered down from his seat, dropped his chilled hands together, drew the red comforter closer to his blue nose, then, with a low bow, extended his hand to Maggie, who, gathering up her bundles, was quickly over the crisped snow into the great kitchen, and was soon clasped in the arms of her parents.

"To think I should her mother, kissing the cold cheek—"to think of your comin' home this cold day! why, child, how could you look?" taking the warm ermine hood, edged with snowy fur, from off the fair oval face, and the warm cloak from off the slight shoulders, and stowing them carefully away in the spare room.

"Maggie can't get warm, mother," spoke the jolly old farmer; "you're in the way."

"Sure enough, Reuben, so I am; why, what can I be thinkin' about?"

"Absent city bean, I guess," a twinkle in the great laughing eyes.

A scarlet blush overspread the girl's face, flashing even to her hair, and dying away in a crimson spot on either cheek.

"Why, has anybody been here?" was the eager question.

"No, no, Maggie—only old Mrs. Flinn, come for some of these yellow-streaked apples."

The girl laughed—a rippling, musical laugh, like water-drops as they fall over golden-tinted shells. A week later, one beautiful star-lit night, when the skies, like so many spirit-pearls, looked down upon the old homestead, sheltered by the quaint, leafless trees, Maggie bustled to and fro in the spare room, building a fire in the dark fireplace, making the red flames cast fantastic shadows on the white wall, while her hands were busy fixing two large yellow candlesticks on the mantel-piece—an old heir-loom, highly prized by its prudent owner; then two curiously-carved shells were brought from their hiding-place and laid on a mat of strangely-wrought wool, a relic of her Boston visit; then she pulled the stiff-starched cane-bottomed chairs away from the wall; placed a large tidy of snowy-white over the back of the wooden rocker; put some twining sprays of green over the looking-glass; then stepped back pulled a pleased expression, as she surveyed the neatly-arranged apartment, and hastened away to array herself. She looked exceedingly pretty as, half an hour later, she came into the kitchen, her neatly-fitting crimson merino displaying the fine figure, the dark wavy hair rolled off the white forehead, and some scarlet flowers twined with the curls. Certainly very pretty she was, "looking just like a picture," as the farmer said, approvingly, to his wife, who nodded assent, while she

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

THE BRIDE'S DEATH.

THERE is a little flower which grows wild, or with little care, in the gardens of southern France, which the country folks call by a name which is best interpreted, "The Bride's Death."

It is a little, blue, frail innocent thing. Yet, if you ask the reason of its name, any peasant girl in Languedoc will tell you the same story.

There dwelt, within sight of the Rhone, years ago, an old chemist and his daughter. He was a German by birth, but had married a French woman, and since that day dwelt in her native land. His name was Werner. His daughter's, Antoinette.

She was a very handsome girl, and since her mother's early death had been the ministering spirit of her old father's humble dwelling, and was beloved by all the village.

She had a singular disposition, generally merry and good-humored, but when aroused to anger utterly ungovernable, until she had in some way punished the offender, and with her a quarrel was never made up with tears and kisses, as with other girls. It was a lucky thing she was provoked very rarely.

Being beautiful, and, in peasant's eyes, an heiress of some importance, even the dread which was generally entertained of old Werner, on account of his mysterious chemist lore, did not keep suitors from the door.

But Antoinette looked coldly on all the sterner sex, until one summer evening the young magistrate of Grenoble was brought by fate to break his arm at Chemist Werner's door, and to be nursed back to health and strength by the old man, who was as cunning a leech as any in all Languedoc.

It had been a dangerous illness, owing partly to the heat of summer and the fever that the young marquis had been drinking much more wine than was good for him, and the recovery was quite a marvel.

The youth was properly grateful, and would have rewarded the old man with money and costly gifts.

These being declined, he bestowed upon the chemist and his daughter his friendship, and became a frequent guest at their little home.

Soon he declared to Antoinette that he was miserable save in her presence, and that she possessed the power to make happy his heart.

She was a warm-hearted, passionate creature, and after his several of love, every day found the handsome marquis nearer to her.

For his sake she decked herself in holiday attire, for his sake her dark and beautiful black hair that glittered like jet in the sunshine.

Nothing she did but was done with a thought of him, and he, with his high position as her wife, she foresook her old companions, and took to studying the speech and manners of those above her, until the village gay vigorettes into which she had fallen were quite unlearnt.

The girls of her village were sorely vexed by this, and many a scandal-monger would whisper many a taunting glance given toward the chemist's beautiful daughter as she passed the cottage doors.

Antoinette knew of them all, but she thought of her triumph when she should be at last *Madame la Marquise*, and bore the grace.

It was enough for her that young Grenoble held her brown head so tenderly in their secret rambles by moonlight, and that each flattering thought of her beauty and her goodness.

She trusted him as she would have trusted an angel, but, alas! the handsome youth was only a very faulty mortal.

At last his visits to the cottage became rarer; finally they ceased; and Antoinette, horror-stricken, heard a rumor that he was about to marry a beautiful young lady of his own rank within the next month.

She wept and trembled, but refused to believe, and finally sought an interview with the young marquis.

She met him on the road near his chateau, and he paused, and seemed to confront her.

"This is not true they tell me?" panted Antoinette. "You are not betrothed to that blue-eyed baby? You love me, you love me, and love so often told me? They are slandering you—are they not, Grenoble?"

And she looked up into his eyes lovingly.

The youth put his arm round her waist.

"If they are, Antoinette, they are true, my life," he said. "To be sure, my family insist that I shall marry Mademoiselle Amande; but what of that? I have another chateau, and you and I may yet be friends."

And he kissed her.

Antoinette looked to it; she made no indignant protests, only from her black eyes glittered sheathing lightning.

In a moment more she made him a courtesy and turned from him. What she thought he could not guess.

She said not one word. Perhaps he thought little of her, for his wedding-day drew near, and his young bride engrossed his thoughts.

He came at last, and was beautiful a morning as ever smiled on France, and every one in the village crowded toward the church to witness the ceremony, and the women all wondered maliciously what Antoinette would do now.

For the girl had disappeared at dawn, dressed herself in her scarlet bodice and gold cross and ear-rings, and went out beside the river.

It was said by many that on that same pale, blue, tiny flowers were yet in bloom. Of these she plucked a fragrant handful, and carried them into her father's laboratory.

She remained there an hour; then, with her bouquet, took her place at the church porch, to await the coming of the bridal party.

They came at last. And when the bride, in her white veil, crossed the porch, Antoinette stepped forward:

"Wear these, gentle lady," she said. "One bestows them who has loved also."

And she put the flowers into the bride's fingers.

The lady received them with a smile, and they were in her bosom when she knelt at the altar. She had never heard of Antoinette, and the gift and the speech pleased her. Besides, at that day the flowers had never been called "Bride's Death," but only "Bride's Beauty."

The ceremony went on—the holy words were uttered. It was time for the bride to rise, but she did not move.

They spoke to her in vain. The bride-groom bent over her.

"She has fainted!" he cried, and the group of friends pressed about the beautiful girl.

They lifted her and bore her to the air. Alas! she had not fainted. She was dead!

The consternation that was given, the excitement spread to the peasants at the porch. They who knew the story of Antoinette's slighted love began to speak of the flowers. Until then they had lain in the dead bride's bosom.

Now a celebrated Italian physician stepped forward to remove them. As he did so, a strange, subtle aroma struck his senses, and he flung them from him.

"They are poisoned!" he cried. "The bouquet has murdered her! It is an art the Germans understand. Arrest the woman who gave them to her!"

Search was made for Antoinette, but she had vanished; and when the gens-d'armes sought her cottage, it was empty.

The chemist and his daughter were never seen again, but from that hour the pale blue flower, which is the first to bloom beside the Rhone, was called no longer "Bride's Beauty," but "Bride's Death;" and it would be a hard matter if one of greatest ill should the least bud or blossom be found among the flowers bestowed upon a bride in Languedoc.

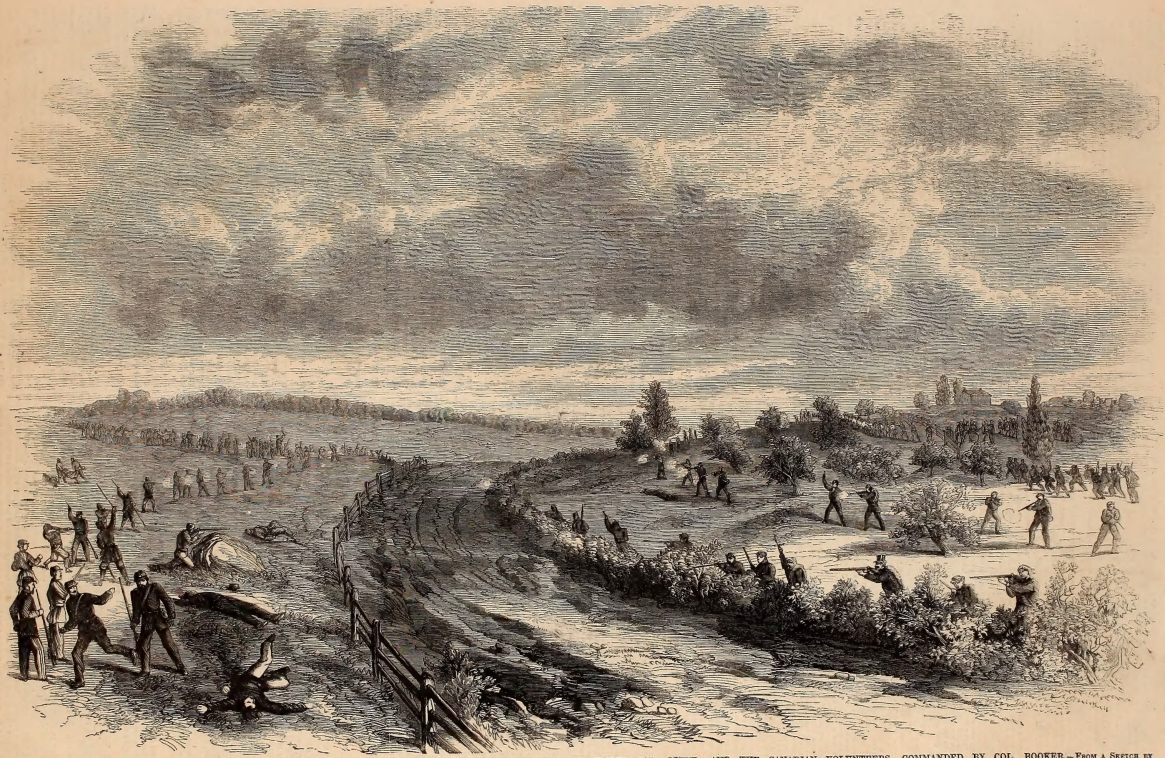
THE PAINTER'S DREAM.

"I DREAMT," said Sir Godfrey Keeller to Pope, "that I was dead, and soon after found myself taken into a narrow hall by two men very like Silk, smug pretty equally on each side of it. Before me I saw three, at a great distance, a band of people coming round it, I walked on toward them. As I drew nearer, I could distinguish St. Peter by his keys, with some others of the apostles. I observed him studying the people as they reached the door. When I had joined the company I could see several were left behind, and took my station with the entrance. As the first person approached for admittance, St. Peter asked him his name, and then his religion. 'I am a Roman Catholic, quoth the spirit. 'Go in, then,' said St. Peter, 'and sit down on those seats there on the right hand.' The next was a Presbyterian. He was admitted, too, after the usual questions, and ordered to take up upon the left. A Quaker came next, and as I appreciated, St. Peter very civilly asked him to walk in. 'Friend,' said the Quaker, 'excuse me, I will not.' Like, who was standing by, turned round to me, and exclaimed, 'Now, Sir Godfrey, what the famous Sir Godfrey Keeller, from England?' 'The same,' I replied. 'Let your quality in,' said Like. So Like immediately drew near to me, embraced me, and conducted me with much ceremony through the gate, as followed in his wake. He ordered so far on the subject, that he seemed almost to have forgotten the business for which I came thither. At last, however, he recollected himself, and said: 'I beg your pardon, Sir Godfrey; I was so taken up with the pleasure of conversing with you, that I forgot the object of coming into my you be at?' 'Why, truly, sir,' says I, 'I am of no particular religion.' 'Oh, sir,' says he, 'that will be no good, then, as to walk in and take your seat where you please.'" The dream here terminated, as I had been fathered on David Hume and others who came within the same category of unbelievers, and—Like me—believe the above to be the original version.

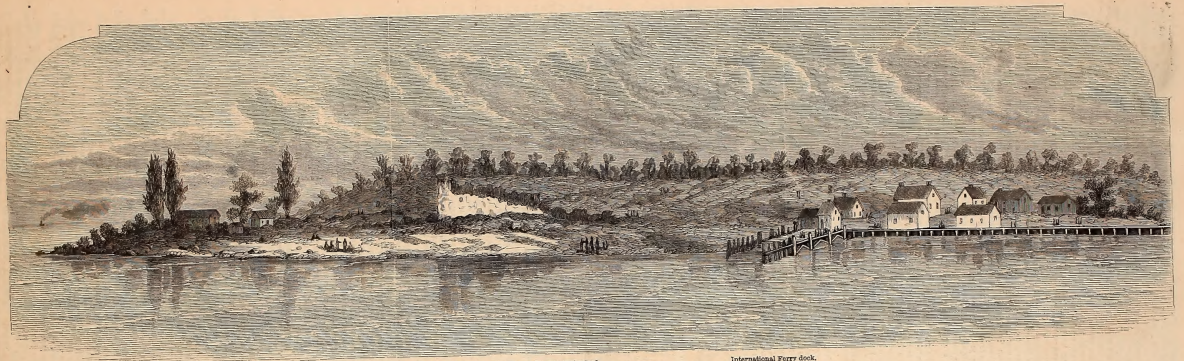
RESULTS OF MODERATION IN DIET.—Health and longevity are said to be the only results of moderation in diet. His patience is far from being limited to the body's best effect on the mind is still more valuable. Julius Cæsar, constitutionally addicted to excess, when relieved on some great exploit, was accustomed to maintain his diet to an extent truly marvelous, and to this diminution he ascribed the clearness and energy of mind which distinguished him in the field of battle. When extraordinary mental vigor was desired by the great Napoleon, he used the same means to keep it. To his rarely-equaled moderation in diet Dr. Franklin ascribed the "calmness of ideas" and "clearness of perception," and considered his progress in study proportionable to the degree of temperance he used in his food. While Sir Isaac Newton was composing his "Principia Mathematica" he lived on water and bread and a little cask and water. Scarcely less rigid was the abstinence of Leibnitz, when pursuing the principle of his "Universal Language." D'Aubigne relates of Luther, on the authority of Melancthon, that "a little bread and a single herring were often his only food for days." Abstinence has sometimes been recommended as even after he had found out that heaven was not to be purchased by penance, he often entertained himself with the poorest food, and would continue for a considerable time together drinking no other than water. Charles, a celebrated physician, reduced himself from the exorbitant weight of 345 to 140 lb. by confining himself to a limited quantity of vegetables, milk, and water, as his daily food and drink. Dr. Cheyne writes forcibly on the health and of mental vigor, and, small professional task, himself experimentalized and recommended abstinence. An eminent man once made the remark, "that nobody ever repented of eating too little for his health."

COLONEL STANCE is the latest and greatest novelty of the season. It is made in pink, buff, the new green, slate, and other colors, and is the most pretty produced. Any article stanched with the new preparation will immediately be changed into the style we allude, but as it washes out, and the garment that was pink to-day will be white to-morrow, it is not to be recommended. It hardly say "dyed." It is intended especially for those who have been accustomed before using it to carefully wash out, and perpetrate their owners. If the pattern has been worn, they only wear the more conspicuous for the green stains; and they can be rendered one even and entire shade, thus becoming not unlike Joseph's coat, but very stylish.

THE latest "sensation" in England is the *Rana Esculenta*, a gigantic radish, from Java, and which is found to grow well in the insular gardens. Its roots are gigantic carrots, and the plants produce a profusion of blossom in short eight weeks, often making a growth of five or six inches in a single day. It is of a red color, only the pods, which often attain a length of seven inches, are green. It would be tied upright, as they produce from 12 to 20 pods each, growing in fantastic and irregular shapes. Eaten raw, the radishes has much the flavor of the most delicate radish, and is a great addition to a salad. When boiled, it is served up as a vegetable, and is equally delicious. Some have put forth a claim of the taste of early green pea added, but this is considered a good puffer. Seeds are sold at the rate of three for half-a-guinea, and seven for a guinea.

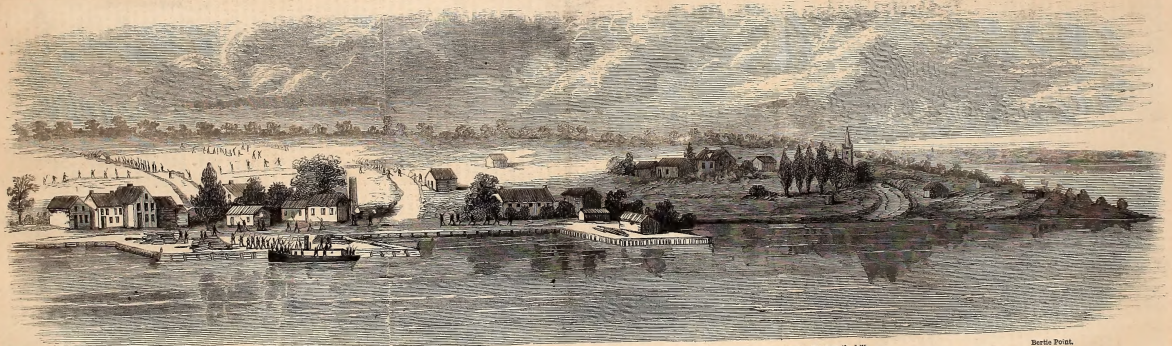


THE FENIAN INVASION—THE BATTLE OF LIMESTONE RIDGE, FOUGHT JUNE 3, BETWEEN THE FENIANS, UNDER COL. O'NEIL, AND THE CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS, COMMANDED BY COL. BOOKER.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. E. HOBD.—SEE PAGE 219.



Ruins of old Fort Erie, where the Fenian flag was first raised. International Ferry dock.

A PORTION OF THE VILLIAGE OF FORT ERIE, CANADA.—Sketched by Charles E. Hurd.



Fenian force from Bidgway. Canadian Volunteers. Tug "Robb." Old Tavern, used as prison and hospital. Fenian Camp on the hill. Bertie Point.

BATTLE AT WATERLOO FERRY, BETWEEN A FENIAN FORCE AND A COMPANY OF CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS LANDED FROM THE TUG "ROBB."—Sketched by Charles E. Hurd.

THE LAST MEETING.

On the topmost branch of a blasted pine
A raven sits in the dusk alone,
With eye intent on the tossing brine
And something white by the wave upthrown.

The tide comes creeping along the strand—
The raven croaks through the shadowy night—
While higher it drifts on the silvery sand,
And stonier gleams in the pale moonlight.

There's a shimmer of golden hair, and a face
That seems, 'neath the passing ripples to smile,
The white hand stirs with a tremulous grace,
And the calm eyes open and shut the while.

Time whirls away; 'tis the noon of night—
A wanderer roams on the lonely strand—
He pauses and looks; 'tis a fearsome sight;
Then he touches the brow and the snow-white hair.

That face, he knew it—that delicate form
He had known and loved when his life was blest;
Like a thief he had rifled its virgin charm,
Then flung it away like a worthless pest.

From the blasted pine hath the raven gone,
No more by the waves is that white hand tost;
But a grave was made at the morning's dawn,
And tears were shed for the loved and lost.

The Spectre of Cliffe;

OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE MARSH.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XVI.—A NIGHT OF STORM.

"RAYMOND, dear, do you know I don't like that man?" said Mildred, earnestly, as they sought the shelter of the little cottage.

"Yes, I do know it, my love," returned her husband, laughing. "You looked at him, when he thanked Mary Hill with his ugly face, very much as you would look at an ogre sharpening his teeth to devour a baby-feast. He is, however, only one of those unconfortable persons who take even their pleasures sadly. It is only charitable to suppose that he is something really estimable lying deep bid within such undemonstrative folds, which would exhibit itself, if an opportunity of sufficient value should occur to him. Under ordinary circumstances, they certainly appear more and disagreeable enough. But it is the poor lieutenant who is in trouble in earnest more than we. A couple of walks with this Mr. Stevens is the limit of our self-sacrifice; but to have such a vet blanket for a guest in one's own house, in weather like this, with the idea, too, which Carey has got hold of, that he is a coast-guard inspector in disguise—why, that is season's superstition, indeed, should think he would consider Friday next, which rids him of his guest, a lucky day."

"But Mrs. Carey don't think he is an inspector," observed Mildred, thoughtfully.

"Well, I hope not," laughed Raymond, "for I never saw her behave so frightful to anybody since that scoundrel, Lieutenant Topsell, threw the poor, half-drowned Newfoundland back into the surf last winter, and she declined to sit down to dinner with him. What does she think about this Stevens?"

"She scarcely knows what to think; but she has a half-suspicion that, instead of his being a coast-guard man, he is upon quite the other side. The landlord of the Crown is an obliging person, and stands very well with the lieutenant, but, as she thinks, without much reason, he has also endeavored to show himself a friend to the revenue upon more than one occasion; but his information has not led to a little luck. At the present time, it seems the Lucky Bay people have received a hint from other quarters that 'a run' is to be soon expected, upon a large scale, and, of course, if this be so, a spy such as Stevens in the enemy's camp would be invaluable."

"I should think so, indeed. But, Carey was too sensible a woman to entertain such far-fetched apprehensions," observed Raymond, carelessly; "but whether this gentleman be coast-guardsman or smuggler is no concern of ours, but of the revenue. We have nothing to do with these parts, I believe, up my mind to mix myself up with neither side. We have never bought a yard of lace or a bottle of brandy since we came to live in this part of Cliffe. If those commodities are to be got anywhere so cheap as in this hamlet of Sandby; upon the other hand, we have no business to look for them, that Simon Reeves has got a cellar under his hearthstone, or that Walter Dickson's boat has a false bottom. I think the new lieutenant made a mistake here, and which has entirely destroyed his usefulness. A priest of our religion would have been more welcome. And yet, to find himself blocked out of his own pulpit, on the very first Sunday, by *negs of one sister!* Can't you fancy old Reeves explaining in a whisper, from his clerk's desk beneath, that there was really no where else to put them for a day or two, and requesting his reverence to preach from where he was, instead of shifting?" Raymond roared with laughter at the idea; he was thus drawing, of a circumstance that had actually occurred but lately in the parish church; but Mildred scarcely smiled. Again and again her husband rallied her upon her silence and melancholy; and at dinner, when he toasted her lovingly in a full bumper, and made her drink a glass herself to the health of little Milly, she did contrive to call them off for a while; but afterward, as the evening drew on, and the storm increased, her vague forebodings once more seemed to take possession of her, and after one or two attempts to win her to cheerful talk, Raymond himself grew silent.

Conversation, however, was by that time rendered almost impossible by the violence of the rain, pattering against the windows, and beating with tremendous thuds upon the straw-thatched roof. After they had retired to rest, and Raymond had fallen asleep, and the waken lids of the little child in the cot by her side were closed in slumber, Mildred lay wide awake, consumed with shadowy fears. To be in the same room with one who could do some reapers to be more lonely than if quite companionless. There is something awful in the thought, that though the body is there, the soul for some compassion is probably far away; that the reins of that own being are out of his control; that he is separated from us, even from himself, as thoroughly, for the time, as though he were dead. The quiet breathing may indeed assure us that he lives: but the still, motionless, unconscious limbs irresistibly remind us of that time when those eyes will never open to gladden us more, or those lips bless us with gracious speech, when we shall be alone indeed, and all the sympathy that man can heap upon us will not avail to fill up the aching void in our hearts by ever so little, and when the best comfort that God himself can give us—or as it seems to us—is not even welcome—is to let us die, too. I doubt if it is usual for even the most-worldly-minded—the merest slave of scrip and share—to weep, under such circumstances, the same gross sob of contrivance that solely usurps his thought by day. He does not surely lie on his sleepless pillow with the true wife slumbers by his side, calculating still, like some horizontal triumph of Professor Babbage, without one thought of her who sleeps near, and the hushed world rotating without, and the stars with no accountant can number.

At all events, such was always a solemn time to Mildred Clifford, and would have been seldom more than it was, had it been terrible. The world was far from hushed, nor were the stars shining. The elements were at deadly strife, as we usually say, when the howling wind are only fulfilling His word; and except that the forces employed were far more prodigious, it resembled a battle between living men. There were pauses when the powers of the storm seemed gathering themselves together as after a repulse, and then with a more tremendous onset. Then the skirmishers—the sharp, thin, driving rain—were pushed forward in countless thousands, and the solemn artillery thundered from the heavens upon column, while the heavy guns thundered ceaselessly—the awful diapason of the sea! Then, in the midst, would blaze out a sheet of light which might well be taken for a trumpet sounding the overall, the legions of the air would grudgingly retire, and again there was a lull.

Mildred was no coward; but oppressed as she was by premonitions of evil, the viewless war that was raging without seemed to have a mortal affinity with the vague dangers that seemed to threaten within. Mechanically she stretched her arm over her unconscious child, as though to protect her from some imaginary foe. If heaven should send a fiery bolt, would it fall where it was committed to her; but how should she be able to fulfil it? It was not the apprehension of poverty, for she knew that she was well able to work and support the child, which struck a chill to her mother-heart; but the sense, should Raymond be removed, of the utter defencelessness of their position, and of the unswerving resolution of their moral enemy.

During the first year of her marriage, and while her husband was all in all to her, she was not thus haunted. Whatever else she knew, indeed, of the implacable disposition of Mr. Carey, she was well aware that the endeavors to discover their whereabouts were dogged, and that when found, some terrible vengeance would be immediately perpetrated. Still—suppose the very worst that could happen—Raymond, if they slew her Raymond—well, let them slay her also. It would not be difficult for one like her to die, having nothing left to live for. But now that little Milly, although Raymond was no dearer to her than he was, and that he could not be—yet how infinitely more precious was his life to her! How the sleep of her child filled with the sense of separation. How would she feel, then, when he should in reality leave his life for hers? Or, if he should survive the loss of him, though a sudden shrinking of the heart told her that such a thought had passed unbidden athwart it—how could she ever *look to him*, when he would in reality be absent? How could she ever seek another night of storm, when there should be no breast to receive her, whom she could wake with a touch, as now, and cry: "Raymond, I fear;" and straight be comforted?

Her husband had never left her for a single night before, and though the present absence beyond measure, although she could not explain it even to herself. The expectation of it had thrown a shadow upon her heart which had not heard of his intention of going to Marmouth, and had even saddened, as we have seen, the anniversary of their marriage. Yet, for more than two years since she had escaped from that dread slavery—from the woman who had claimed her very heart to dispose of as her own—she had learnt to breathe an atmosphere of liberty and love. For two years, her former taskmistress had been dead in her solemn grave—beyond the reach of schemes she had had was so certain as that the thunder-cloud should not lightning. But was it always to be so? Was not this present happiness too great to be enjoyed, notwithstanding that it was thus marred by her fears? Would not those fears be one day realized? And at what time was this more likely to take place than when Raymond and she were temporarily separated? Upon whom would the blow first fall?

An intermission longer than usual was taking place in the elemental war without; mutterings only were to be heard, as though the powers of the air were counseling together as to the point against which they should next direct their fury.

Suddenly, and yet with the naturalness peculiar to the situation—for nothing that occurs to our minds at such a time seems strange or to demand inquiry as to how it got there—suddenly, Mildred's thoughts reverted to Mr. Stevens. Why did Mrs. Carey dislike him so? A good woman, if ever there was one, was the lieutenant's wife, sincere and pure; and with a marvelous faculty of discrimination of character, which the poor sometimes possess—and which the rich and even children—as though the crystal soul shrank from the impure touch. Venice glass shrinks and proclaims the presence of the poison. As for herself, Mildred was aware of the want of foundation in her own suspicions, unexpected every stranger of boding them no good. That very Lieutenant Topsell, whom Raymond had spoken of that afternoon, she had disliked in some manner with their enemies; and indeed his merciless and cynical character seemed to have fitted him for the ally of her she feared.

But she had been mistaken in that case, and had done him a terrible wrong, who had since then met with his evil, and not discreditably for that matter, fighting against overwhelming odds in his lawful calling. But this Stevens, who had given no evidence of his evil disposition, why did she shrink from *him*, in spite of herself? Why had she shuddered to see his cold gray eyes riveted upon Raymond, and why did the thread-like sense of her husband on the morrow seem more and more unmeaningly, because he was to be accompanied by this same new portion of the way? She had no fear but that her Raymond would come back to her a match, for him, but his very strength and courage made him careless and unsuspicious; and, besides, what could the strongest arm avail against a deadly weapon?

While her mind indulged itself with this ghastly supposition—which by no means insensible of the extreme improbability of the event upon the fancy—the storm rose to a line-of-battle, and no matter how imminent it might seem, rather than let her suffer the heartpang of the meeting Mr. Stevens herself in the Mermaid Cave, on the morning afternoon, that might be considered afterward; sufficient for the day was the evil thereof, she well thereof. In the meantime, she had mentally arranged for Raymond's safety. Thus relieved from her more selfish anxiety, she lay still and wind keeping an armed truce, if not subsiding, tardy sleep touched her eyelids, as it had long ago seated itself upon those of her husband and child in the room. Mildred's spirit, too, was freed from the trammels of the flesh, and roamed, only God knows how far, among the stars, while her body she slept, a minute or an hour, she could not tell, but was awoke with a spasm of terror, amid the raging of such a storm as she had never before decided it seem but as the light winds that diversify the calm of summer. Were her companions dragged, that day through it? She took up the child into bed with her, and hugged it close, thundered down the chimney, and made the nightlamp flicker and flare, should snatch her from her arms, burst open the balcony outside—close outside their very chamber-room window? or a falling brick? or a—— "Raymond, Raymond, they are coming! Is the house-door?" at the top of her voice, she shrieked, while the shock her husband by the shoulder. The next moment he had started from his bed, and snatched something from beneath his pillow.

"Let them beware," he cried; "their blood be upon their own heads!" and he turned his head to his forehead, he added, more calmly: "I am not myself, Mildred. Did you call?"

"They are coming," said she; "do you not hear them? They have torn the door off its hinges."

I hear the rain beating and the wind roaring, Mildred. The door must have been blown in. I must get it shut, and put up the bar, or we shall be all wet through and drowned."

Putting on some garments hastily, he was about to leave the room, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder. Mildred, pale, and in dressing-gown, with the still sleeping child clutched in her arms, was standing beside him, making signs that she would go, too. Terror had deprived her of the power to raise her voice to the pitch necessary to make herself heard in that great tempest.

"I am not going to take the lamp with me," cried he, as she perceived he was obliged to use. "Never fear, love; I shall not leave you in the dark."

But she, like one stone deaf, only shook her head, and followed him down stairs to the little passage where the wind was pouring in like a flooded tide-race. The whole of the cottage rocked like a tree. It was not so dark but that they could see what had happened—the door of the little sitting-room had been driven in by the wrong side against the wall. Through the gap could be seen the steady light from the little Pharos above Lucky Bay: a cheering sight to Mildred, glad to feel that there were fellow-creatures there, up and about these usual task, and even countenancing to some extent the awful effects of the storm; perhaps, too, it reminded her of that Eye which, although we may not care to look for it in fair weather, watches us always, and in the storms of life, becomes as to heaven, and in the night of death is a star of hope.

"Hold this, dear Mildred; nay, your hand shakes; let me have it on this step."

Raymond put down the lamp he carried, and offering the wainscot, while his wife watched him from behind the angle, advanced step by step. Twice he essayed to leave the house-door in its proper position, and twice was borne back with it against the wall and brulled. The third time, taking advantage of a moment's lull, a lucid interval in the war of the storm, he managed to close the door, and put the bar up. Then they went over the little house, seeing that all was safe. The cook and housemaid were sitting up in their respective beds, with night-caps tucked behind their ears, as though the storm was an outrage of which they would not have missed a note upon any account, but both in tears. Mildred affected to laugh at their fears, and endeavored to reassure them; but when she once sought her own couch it was not to sleep. A new and totally unexpected cause of apprehension had now taken possession of her mind.

Why, for the first time during their married life, did her husband sleep with a loaded pistol under his pillow? What, too, had been the presentiment of imminent peril, or was he cognizant of some real danger, the nature of which he was concealing from her? Mildred did not dare to ask him the reply.

CHAPTER XVII.—INTERCEPTED.

PALE and haggard from her almost sleepless night across Mildred Hepburn, and wrote her note in secret and hastily snatched it to the appointed station by a trusty hand. The elements which had denied her rest were now at amity. The rain was over and gone, the winds were whispering already enough their favorite tune, "Over the Hills and Far Away," and the dark clouds, scattered and thinned, were carrying over a bright blue sky. Even she sea wore a smile upon its lips, still white and harsh, and strove to look as though its great green waves were only at play, without losing about for leagues upon their crests the fragments of men's fleeting homes, and not far down their drowned and mangled limbs. Those storms of course in day-time, but the Wind loves the night, and loves her black wing more often works its malice than in the day. The weather is like a healthy public opinion among men, seems sometimes unreasonable, but in the April morning, at all events, it showed no trace of malign fury, but seemed to delight in practical jokes, such as whisking the petticoats from the faces of farm (which considered itself inland) in twices as many places as their own spiral habits would have suggested, and then whistling them with the utmost gravity that they scarcely knew themselves from gulls; also, meeting with the round hat of Mr. Walter Topsell, and making so much merry at his expense by capillary attraction to the extreme back of his head, it tossed it hither and thither, and "skied" it, and whirled it "shrieval" in the broadcasted mob at a fair, and not like a blood-thirsty rabble present at the rapine and murder, as had been its behavior but a few hours before.

Nevertheless, these high-spirited proceedings of the zephyrs were far from relished by Mr. Dickson, and he was pleased, in the course of with his appointment of special messenger to Mrs. Hepburn, since it involved his visiting the coast-guard station. He would have done anything in the world for her, and indeed he was doing even now it is impossible for any gentleman who trades in lace and brandy—with a false bottom to perform service with cheerfulness when on his own personal contest with the guardians of the revenue. No one with any feeling would select from among all his acquaintances a mysterious pedagogue, even a receiver of stolen goods, to go on an errand for him to the sitting magistrates at Bow street; nor would Miss Hepburn have employed Peter Dickson on this particular mission if she could have helped it. But, in the first place, he was her nearest neighbor, and there was no time to spare, since Mr. Stevens was expected very early; and in the next place, the objection of being connected, openly or secretly, with the contraband trade, by against every man, woman and child in Sandby, who looked upon French brandy and Brussels lace as productions of their own island, and upon a coast-guardsman as the interloping foreigner. The high tariffs and prohibitories in those days was certainly an example of a law against which many men would have been free from sin; like the gamekeeper of to-day, it made of the innocuous effects, truncheons, blood-shedding, murders, as well as indirectly producing a general demoralization of all laws as a consequence. The ill-feeling thus engendered between the governed and their governors manifested itself with great promptitude, of course, in the latter, that is, between the actual violators of the obnoxious law and the parties whose duty it was to uphold it. A man who had served in a coast-guard-man as he would behave to nobody else who was his enemy. Sandby, even had wives and children of their own, to whom they longed that would be merciful, by preserving to them their breadwinner, had made several rescues of unknown orphans in that small colony at Lucky Bay before now with but small scruple. Even on a windy night, when the probable haul is considerable, so used to the cliff as Robert Deans, for instance, should have been blown over *it*, which happened to Farmer Giles, during a dead calm, and by a curious coincidence, on the very night when a large cargo was known to have been run within half a mile of the spot; or, even granting so much, out of an abundant charity, William Boyce, another guardian of the revenue, could scarcely have dogged him out on the seashore for *himself*, in which he was found dead one winter's morning, with only his hand above the snow.

Nor is it to be supposed that all the cruelty was exercised upon one side. There were men at Lucky Bay ready to stash with their cutlasses upon very

slight provocation, and who looked upon a Guernsey shirt as a very pretty mark for a pistol-bullet. Worst of all, perhaps, informers insinuated the neighborhood, and sowed suspicion everywhere, making bad blood, even, where it should have flowed most purely in the veins of freemen. Writers who are not practically acquainted with troubles of this sort, generally fall into the error, when describing them, that, notwithstanding all crime or vices which may be generated by such a state of things, the courtesies of life, the ordinary relations of man and man, go on pretty much the same as under more favorable circumstances. But this is far from being the case. No war is carried on with that distinguished politeness which it presents in the cream-laid pages of the historian, and civil war least of all. When coast-guardsmen and smugglers met one another in the neighborhood, incidentally and during what I may call the intervals of business, they did not give one another "good day," if they spoke at all, they consigned each other's eyes and limbs to everlasting perdition. Even when engaged upon a lawful calling like the present Mr. Walter Dickson fully expected the roughest of receptions at Lucky Bay. A perceptible difference exists the most affable of medical practitioners, when a homœopathist enters the same room; a country magistrate addresses a poacher, even more cordially, in tones which he generally uses toward the cantos world rather than the human; and I think I have seen a clergyman of the Established Church look almost livid when brought into connection with Baptists. Similarly, Lieutenant Carey, although a most polite naval officer, was by no means favorable to the enemies of the Revenue. Moreover, as I have said, there was just now a rumor afloat of some proposal to that effect having been, or being currently committed upon his Majesty's customs in those parts, and it was not wholly out of the range of probability that he might suspect Mr. Dickson of having lent his lug to the Tempter on this occasion, as he had often been known to lend his ligs.

Altogether, if commissionaires had been an institution of Britain times, and Mr. Dickson had happened to find one waiting for an errand on so unpromising a thoroughfare as that between Sandby and Lucky, he would have preferred to send a message over the handsome guardon which Mrs. Hepburn had given him for his trouble, as well as something out of his own pocket, to get that letter taken to Mrs. Carey by other hands. He did not, indeed, find a commissionaire, but he found Mr. Stevens, who had started out with a cigar (and a good one) but before breakfast, a quarter of a mile or so on the Sandby side of the Look-out Station. Perhaps we shall not go far wrong in supposing that the object of his post of espial he had sent Mr. Dickson coming, and had purposely gone to meet him.

"A fine fresh morning, my good fellow," observed this gentleman, carelessly. "Was there much damage done at your place by last night's storm?"

"Not as I knows on," replied the messenger, gruffly; "but the fact is, I came away before my eyes were open; for the wind whipped my cabin with blowing the shingle off my roof, and when I should have had my snooze that's considered by me this to many to the preventive station;" and he held out the letter to Mr. Carey, at arm's-length, as a man does who has got a material grievance to expatiate upon.

"Well, as far as that goes," rejoined the stranger, "I can save you the rest of the trouble and welcome, as I am the guest of Lieutenant Carey at present, and I am going back to his house at once to breakfast."

"Well, you see, it's got 'private' written upon it," observed Mr. Walter Dickson, indecisively; "and you'll have to scratched his head with a tracedinary vehemence—" I have no great fancy for putting my head into that there hive yonder; even to deliver a letter, and that's the truth on it. I ask your pardon, sir; perhaps you may belong to them beamed 'Bluebottles'?"

"Not by friend," rejoined the stranger, laughing; "the very cigar I am smoking came to my lips free of the Custom-house. I am only here to look at some of your sea-sights—the Devil's Cavern, and so on. I came, too, recommended by mine host of the Crown"—here he ended his cigar, and looked cautiously about him—"which should be a passport—should it not?—to all free-traders."

"Perhaps it should, and perhaps it should not," returned the other, warily. "The coast-guard station is a queer place for an honest man to put up at: he don't trust the dog, you know, that lies in the same basket with the cat."

"And, yet, if he offered the no of his teeth to carry a letter," laughed the stranger, "I should think even the most cautious of rats might accept *that* service. By all means, carry it yourself, however, if you think it right to do so, and you should have thought that the word 'private' referred rather to the contents of the letter than to any partiality I had by which it was to be delivered."

"Ay, that's true enough, master, surely; and if you're going to breakfast with the lieutenant and his wife, it's like you'll have an earlier opportunity of getting her this here than, if, for them, the bottle's as ratin to keep me hanging about, and listening to their sauce, instead of taking in the best liquor."

"Very good," observed Mr. Stevens, quietly pocketing the note; "I will see that Mrs. Carey gets it at once."

He nodded carelessly, and, turning upon his heel, sauntered back in the direction of the preventive station; while Mr. Dickson, not displeased at having been spared the most unpleasant portion of his errand, walked lustily Sandy-ways, without once looking behind him. If he had entertained any suspicion of Mr. Stevens as a letter-carrier, and had kept his eyes turned westward for a few minutes, he would have remarked that that gentleman was a considerable time emerging from the little thicket which lay between him and the Look-out; this interval was spent in a manner which (besides the late Sir James Graham could have conscientiously commended. Nothing was easier than to untwist the little note, which had neither seal nor fastening of any kind, except that mould one conveyed by its superscription, "private," and the contents were his own (by appropriation) in half a minute.

"DEAREST MRS. CAREY: Pray beseech the lieutenant to accompany Mr. Stevens and myself in their walk this morning. This is a very silly request, I know; and yet I think you will grant it me, without further entreaty, if you respect the yours affectionately, MILDRED HEPBURN."

Mr. Stevens folded up the letter before and placed it in his waistcoat-pocket, with an unpleasant smile.

"No, Mrs. Raymond—Hepburn," soliloquized he, slowly, "I don't think that plan will suit me. Two in company—for a little way—but three is strong. Such a very fortunate chance that I was at the Look-out, and thereby able to anticipate that new arrangement!"

Mr. Stevens had not been the only person among the figure-heads that morning. Early as it was, Mrs. Carey had stepped out there with the intention of making her guest that the tea was "made," and had been an unseen witness to the interview between him and Dickson. This so greatly strengthened her suspicions of his connection with the smuggling interest, that she ventured to confide them to her husband. But from an inspection of coast-guard stations to the court of pills 'Will Watch, was too many points for the opinion of the lieutenant to veer round to. Mr. Carey, for his part, only began to admit the possibility of Mr. Stevens not being a direct emissary of the Admiralty, when the object of their discussion appeared coming up the little garden.

"Let us see whether he mentions having seen Dickson," said Mrs. Carey, in a low voice, at the moment their guest was seated at the breakfast-table.

Not a word did he utter about any such meeting, and very little about anything else. Ever and anon Mrs. Carey shot a glance of significance at her husband, as much as to say: "Did I not tell you so?" but the conversation languished. It was felt a relief by everybody when the meal was over, although the cause of that relief was of embarrassment to endure still, when Mr. Stevens observed:

"Carey, lieutenant, if you cannot be my companion for a longer walk, you will, at least accompany me half way to Sandby."

"I have Mr. Walter Dickson not say "No," albeit he was burning to have his talk out with his spouse concerning the character and intentions of their unbidden guest; but as Mr. Stevens satisfied with even dragging him half way, but compelled him to accompany him in the height corresponding to the Look-out, upon the Sandby side of the bay. There, in sight of Pampas Cottage, the stranger struck his forehead theatrically:

"Upon my life, Mr. Carey," cried he, "I believe I have left my cigar-case at home! I had a fine one mine: I have clean forgotten a letter which the messenger from Mrs. Hepburn entrusted to me in the first moment: pray, will you excuse me? But stay—I don't think you must open it, for you see it is marked 'Private.' I won't detain you another moment: pray, pray, do not open and make my humblest apologies; pray, do—pray, do!"

Mrs. Hepburn, watching in the little garden, had beheld, with a grateful heart, the appearance of the lieutenant with his guest upon the western bill-top; and her disappointment was extreme when she now saw the former shake hands with his companion, and, turning, commence his return journey. She even beckoned to him with her hand to come on; and although he took off his hat, when that had no effect on her, he only shook his head emphatically, and walked rapidly away homeward.

CHAPTER XVIII.—BESIDE THE BEACON.

MRS. STEVENS pursued his way to Pampas Cottage, and as he waited for the servant to answer the bell could not but be struck with her appearance by, as though he would observe: "I am a punctual man, you perceive. Not five minutes have elapsed, therefore, before Raymond and the stranger were climbing together the Down behind the Look-out, and Mildred Hepburn, alone in her room, was watching them, and fashioning with dumb white lips a prayer for her husband's safe return. At the top of the Down they paused and turned, standing up against the horizon very distinctly, and Raymond appeared to be earnestly kissing his hand twice, once for her, and once for little Milly, as she well understood it, then vanished over the brow of the hill, while her own fingers were yet upon her lips. Mr. Stevens lingered an instant behind him, and seemed to imitate her gesture mockingly, as if in some strange spectre of the Brocken. She had promised to meet this man on the morrow at the Mermaid's Cavern, and to his guide honoured; yet now fear was upon her, and his hand for herself, but everything for Raymond, and although she knew it not, she had good cause for fear.

The two men pushed swiftly on their way. There was not enough sympathy between them to make them slacken their pace for the convenience of conversation. They walked, rather, like the Alpine travellers who have hired a guide for sale, and about whom the professional guides they employ would, I should think, be very unwilling to express their own private opinion. When, however, they came to any remarkable spot, Raymond would pause, and courteously explain to his companion whatever of interest belonged to it. Their path lay almost always close to the verge of the chalk cliffs; but every now and then a huge cleft, riven by some convulsion of nature, or worn away by the constant action of some little river, would compel a detour. These sheltered spots, wooded for the most part to the very edge, with their green, sea-sod, were very lovely, but in the eyes of an inhabitant of the locality, their picturesqueness had but little claim upon his attention. They were all more or less used for smuggling purposes: not a boat lying up high and dry on the shore that tempestuous morning but had had, or was to have, a share in the foreign cargo—and about each there was a tale of adventure, and peril, and blood to be told, to which Mr. Stevens was not listening an attentive ear. The Downs themselves, with many a velvet hollow, met for the noiseless passage of the cloud-shadows, with their sheep feeding with peace, and shaggy with thorn, were by no means without their story. More than one of these green mounds could open the "barrows," or burial-places of the long-forgotten dead—some rifled of their contents by brutal curiosity, but others still intact, with the same earth upon the moldering bones which Briton or Saxon, centuries ago, had placed with pious hands above the dead. Many of these tumuli were invariably upon some lofty ridge, as though the closer wish of those beneath them had been to be laid within the sight and hearing of their homes, and fields, and the little world which they had known in life, could best be seen.

Some description of this sort Raymond made; but his companion only shrugged his shoulders, not seeming to appreciate antiquities, or the reflections awakened by them, so much as the tales about "Will Watch."

"What does it matter, when a man is dead," observed he, roughly, "where his bones are put to?"

"Salvage, true," replied Raymond. "Still, one has a fancy in these matters. One would not like to lie unburied, for instance, with one's bones picked whitened by the sun, and burning on a desert; or in the depths of ocean, tossing about with shell and sea-weed, and sucked by the cold lips of tooth less fish."

"You are fastidious, Mr. Hepburn," responded the stranger, hammering at the rounded turf with his walking-stick.

"If it be so to prefer land to water for a last resting-place, I am," returned Raymond. "It is a fancy, I believe, of my wife's. Still, I would like to be laid where my wife and child could come to look upon the earth which to them at least would be sacred; and, as I have told them, and as I confess I would rather find my last home where all the scenes around had been familiar to me during life."

"We have not all that choice," observed Mr. Stevens, coldly.

"Nor, I agreeable, cheerful companion this," said Raymond to himself. "I hope he is not going to be a dismal fellow during the time we live."

Almost immediately, and as though in answer to the unexpressed thought, Mr. Stevens stopped; and, with a countenance in which there was no good-by; he pointed with it to a dark object looming upon a crest of Down far in advance.

"What is that?" he inquired. "It looks like a—like a gallows!"

So haggard, so wild, and yet so menacing was the appearance of the object to which he made this inquiry, that Raymond might aptly have retorted, "And you look like a gallows-bird." But he only answered, quietly:

"For one who has no foolish fancies such as we were speaking of but now, you seem strangely moved by that object. It is genuinely black, and it is made of timber, but I never knew it taken for a gallows before. A beacon has stood in some shape or other there, on that promontory, which is one of the highest cliffs in the south country, for perhaps a thousand years. In the noble ages it dedicated to the warning fir and now whenever an invader threatened; it did good service. Now it is a mere mark for sea-boys to have sport with, and told with a tongue of flame when his great Armada made the deep yonder white with sunshine—but never before mistaken."

"Ay, he would have brought back the old faith," said Mr. Stevens, carelessly, but with a stealthy glance at his companion.

"I am a Catholic myself," answered Raymond, simply, "but I would not force my creed down a single throat, even at the point of the sword. In these times, as during the late war, the beacon is only used as a telegraph. Those wooden arms, which you see by it, as you say, so ghastly an appearance, have a vocabulary, when made to speak, of many hundred words, which, on a fine day, can be read from point to point, and miles away."

"Are there any people stationed there to work it?" inquired the stranger.

"No, not at present, but is pulled down where the semaphore men used to live, and at intervals," he suppose, by one of the most lonely places here about. From the sea it is totally inaccessible; the cliffs everywhere are sheer; and, except by clambering down their sides, I should doubt whether it is visited once a week by any human creature. If you would like to pass by it, however, it will not take us much out of our way."

"I should like to do so much," replied Mr. Stevens, briefly; "I have not been quite favored a beacon, nor even seen one before."

"Yet henceforth they call them 'Seesaws' force," observed Hepburn, laughing.

The fresh, clear air, the rapid walk, had worked with Raymond's naturally healthy anomalies, and put him in high spirits, which even the companionship of the sombre Mr. Stevens could not damp.

"You are pleased to be jocular, sir," responded that worthy. "In our north country such mirth is held to be a bad sign. 'Against ill-chance,' is said, 'men are ever merry.' We call it 'fey.'"

"Indeed!" responded Raymond, laughing still. "I never knew that a poor pun was held to bring bad luck; and yet I know the north country well, too."

"If thought you told me yesterday you were from the south," observed the stranger, gravely.

"I have lived in both north and south," answered Raymond, in some confusion. "Now, look at that beacon, and that chalk which runs to and from the beacon, like the outlines of a gigantic skeleton. game. Without them the coast-guardsman would have a dull time way at night; and, unless some cowardly scoundrel, for whom smuggler was far too good a name, arranged them after dark so that the passers-by thinking that he was only upon his usual beat, fell over the cliff-top."

"And was killed, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Stevens.

"Killed! Ay; if he had had nine lives he must have lost all before he reached the bottom. Whether a man fell from precipice upon sea or shingle, it would matter nothing: to him by the time he reached either. Sect the very rabbits in the warren there below left a space between their burrows and the hideous steep, and squat at a respectful distance, the poor victim's name is carved somewhere upon the cliff-top itself; yet here it is—a more fitting record of his fate, perhaps, in such a place, than any other mode of memorial:

ABRAHAM PRICE—*peril*——

The date is already erased by the wind and weather, but the rising took place but a very few years ago."

"But why *peril*?" inquired Mr. Stevens, with unwonted interest. "That is not the Latin for 'murdered,' is it?"

"Why, no—exactly, I believe," laughed Raymond; "but the fact is, the crime was never brought legally home to the wretch, although the whole country seemed to point him out as clearly as yonder arm is pointing to Calais."

The stranger looked up in the direction indicated by Raymond's cane, then staggered back, with his face pale as ashes. The grim black arm of the telegraph was grimly covering him, as a monster covers its mark.

"Well, for a gentleman who entertains no silly fancies, I must say you are easily frightened," observed Raymond, with some contempt. "Why, Marmouth Beacon is quite a scarecrow to you. I should have thought you were the murderer himself, instead of his victim, but that I happen to know he has paid the forfeit of his crime. He was the very man I was telling you of who was shot through the heart by Mr. Forrest in the second 'chine' we came to. His name was Peter Elliot. Take care where you are going to, sir, for heaven's sake. You are standing too near the edge, unless you have a very steady eye."

"I am never giddy from physical causes," returned Mr. Stevens, coolly, "although, as you have been good enough to remark, some things make me nervous. Do you mean to say that a man would have no chance of his life if he fell from into deep water, when the tide was well in?" "Not in the least instance."

"Not the very slightest," returned Raymond, confidently. "Where we are now, and for two miles, or more, and we can see nothing beneath us but a sheer descent, a few feet westward, and you may see in yonder precipice a considerable cleft, the sheer edge upon whose beetling edge we stand, in early days the haunt of the smuggler, sycophant-like, licks the huge white wall it slowly undermines. Beneath that cleft are caves, and there is scarce a foothold sure upon the ledges where the sea-birds breed, and the boldest gentlemen stand in ordered line, by scores and scores."

"Still, this very scoundrel must have fallen on the poor wretch you spoke of a greater chance; he would not, at least, have been dashed from the cliff-top to the shingle, as I see the depth there is said, I see."

"Nay," returned Raymond, "but you see no sand, and your mistake is a proof of the great danger which we stand. When the tide flows from here, so brown and small, is a beach of shingle, which would afford no more hope to a man, though he fell but one quarter of this distance, than the most ebb-tide would bear him out, to see; and yet——"

"Ay, what? You were going to say something. You think it was even in such a case magic yet be saved?"

"Not at all; I was calling to mind how, in this very spot, I saw the bird-catcher at work last spring. No less than five hundred feet in the face of that same precipice, with nothing but a rope of their own twisting to assist them, I saw one being drawn up with a young fulmar—the only gull—in either hand, striking his feet against the ancient wall, and bounding from it in the very air, as though he scorned even a foothold; and all that time he was having police to his mate upon the edge here, who merely *held* the kids with a firm grip, and waited for the birds to fix their feet upon their rope. The only difficulty that seem to find in the matter is at the last part of the ascent, when, the wretch, afraid, when I have by for themselves from the face of the precipice, in order to escape the beak of the bird, he has made this cliff-edge. No accident, indeed, happens, I believe, after the catching or snatching-point, but well has Shakspeare called it "dreadful trade."

"You interest me immensely," said Mr. Stevens; "I must have, then, these men's half-a-dozen folks beneath us, whose presence we know not of, above?"

"Not so to-day," returned Raymond; "the wind is far too strong for—— Lord have mercy upon us!" Shall I believe my eyes? Shall I be cursed with murder?"

With one strong push between the shoulders, the treacherous stranger had thrust his companion over the cliff.

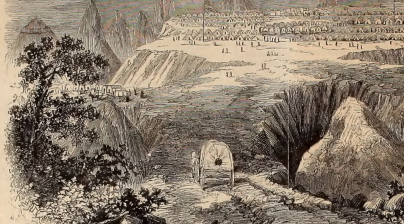
He had fallen, of course, but not sheer; the wondrous instinct of his fall had somehow caused him, even in that instant, to twist round with his face, and not his side, toward the precipice; and in so doing, a few feet down, he had found, with his nails dug into the soft chalk, and his feet preserving for, and even contributing toward with them.

CAMP NO. 38, MINNESOTA.

THE recent outrages of the Indians in our Northern and Western States have compelled the formation of numerous camps in those portions of the Union. These are useful on many accounts, since they exercise a wholesome terror over the Red Skins, and are places of refuge and assistance to the emigrant trains. Our sketch represents one of these camps in what is termed he Bad Lands of Minnesota. Some of these taole-lands are two thousand feet above the evel of the Gulf of Mexico, and serve natural fortifications.

On the left is a train of emigrants on their way to the Far West, resting for a while before they resume their tortuous march to Montana or Idaho.

Our correspondent describes the scenery as being very sublime as well as peculiar, the plateau being surrounded by mountain peaks, which rise everywhere like church spires. The air is very bleak, the cold in winter being so intense as to freeze the quicksilver.



CAMP NO. 38, IDAHO TRAIN IN THE BAD LANDS, MINNESOTA TERRITORY.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. A. BRANDT.

GENERAL MANUEL QUESADA.

THE Mexican Republic, in its present struggle for national independence, like that of the United States in the late civil war, has developed the noblest traits of character in some of her soldiers, and brought to light the rarest qualities of head and heart. There, as well as with us in our terrible conflict for national life, we have seen men, before unknown to fame, rising from subordinate positions in the army, suddenly become leaders of singular merit, of great tact and valor. Sword in hand, they have thrown themselves in the midst of danger, leading successfully thousands of soldiers to victory, and in a comparatively short period achieving a reputation and a place among the world's bravest warriors. Today we present our readers a portrait of Gen. Manuel Quesada, one of the most active, successful and prominent generals of the republican army of Mexico.

Gen. Quesada was born in the city of Puerto Principe, in the Island of Cuba, on the 29th of March, 1833. At an early age he left his native isle to seek a livelihood, and try his fortune in Mexico. He took no part in political movements in that republic until the year 1858, when he espoused the liberal cause of his adopted country, and has proved to be one of its most faithful, valiant, and successful champions and defenders, defeating the French invaders at Tepeji del Rio, Fortin Arroyo Sarco, Calpulalpan, San Martin, Tesmelucam, &c.

The frequent dissensions between the invaders, and the church party or imperialists, and the liberals, afforded him vast opportunities to display his activity, intrepidity and capacity as a soldier, and he was promoted for gallantry to the rank of Colonel at the well-contested and hard-fought battle of Calpulalpan, and shortly afterward to that of General for his invincible valor in his brilliant and vigorous attack on Puebla. One of the actions that sheds most lustre on his military career is that of Palo Gacho, in the State of Vera Cruz, where the Mexican army for the first time met the French troops, and a few days later at Cruz Blanca fought against the invaders.

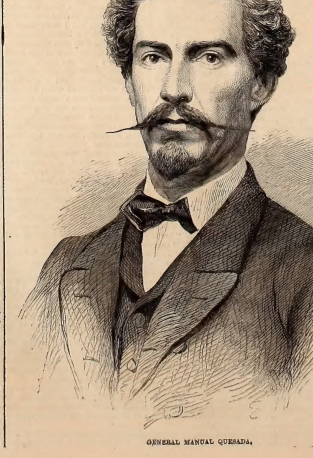
Gen. Quesada is extensively known in the republican army as a kind friend and excellent officer. He has been favored with the honorable medal of Zaragoza, and with that of the ever-memorable 5th of May, for the defeat of the French forces at Puebla, in 1863, and he has subsequently held with great credit the office of Governor *ad interim* of the several States of Tlascala, Coahuila and Durango. He is at present in this city, on a mission of great importance to the cause of Mexican independence and the welfare of a sister republic.

SHOOTING A GHOST.

IT is not very long since a belief in ghosts was quite prevalent even among educated people, and it is well known that the Puritans of New-England once thought it right and necessary to burn and exterminate witches and other disorderly characters. Of course the pranks and appearance of ghosts were due to the mischievous vagaries of ill-disposed persons, who thus imposed upon the credulity of the public, and sometimes involved themselves and others in very serious consequences. The occurrence referred to in our illustration took place in England in the last century, and resulted in the death of one person and the condemnation of another, who was afterward pardoned.

It appears that some one personating a ghost had for some time been frightening the people by appearing in the churchyard and pursuing those who passed by. Francis Smith, the subject of this sketch, doubtless incensed at the unknown person who was in the habit of assuming this supernatural character, and thus frightening the superstitious inhabitants of the village, rashly determined on watching for, and shooting the ghost; when unfortunately he shot a poor man, named Thomas Milward, a bricklayer, who was in a white dress, the usual habiliment of his occupation. This rash act having been judged willful murder by the coroner's inquest, Smith was committed to jail, and took his trial at the ensuing sessions at the Old Bailey, on the 11th of January.

The evidence adduced was, that the unfortunate deceased had quitted the residence of his father and mother only five minutes before he was killed; and that, as he was passing along Black Lion lane, the prisoner saw him and called out: "Who are you? I'll shoot you, if you don't speak." No answer was returned, and the prisoner then fired, and the contents of his gun struck the deceased on the jaw, and he fell down dead. The prisoner immediately went in search of assistance, but it was found to be too late, and he then surrendered himself into custody. It afterward proved that he had agreed with a watchman to go in search of the ghost; and that his only object was to rid the neighborhood of the visitor who had occasioned so much mischievous alarm.



GENERAL MANUEL QUESADA.

MONKEYS ATTACKING TRAVELERS

SOME of the larger species of the monkey tribe are rather formidable antagonists when enraged. Their affection for their young and for each other is well known; and instances are fully authenticated in which they have fearfully avenged insult and injury. The engraving on this page illustrates this trait quite clearly. A traveler in the East Indies tells us that, as he was passing through the country on one occasion, in company with the English President, several apes were observed on the trees around them. The President was so much amused that he ordered the carriage to be stopped, and desired his companion to shoot one of them. The attendants, who were principally natives, and well acquainted with the habits of the animals, begged him to desist, lest those that escaped might do them some injury, in revenge for the death of a companion. Being, however, still requested, he killed a female, which fell among the branches; letting her little ones, that clung to her neck, drop to the ground. In an instant all the remaining apes, to the number of sixty or more, descended in fury, and as many as could leaped upon the President's coach, where they would soon have strangled him, had not the blinds been immediately closed, and the number o attendants so great as, though not without difficulty, to drive them off. As it was, they continued to run after the servants for at least three miles from the place where their companion was slain!

COCO DE MER,

A Ceylonese Product

WHAT the bread-fruit-tree is to the Pacific Islanders the palm tree is to many Eastern nations, more especially the inhabitants of the beautiful island of Ceylon, where the cocoa-nut tree flourishes in the richest luxuriance. There are five varieties of the nut. The one called the king cocoanut is generally planted near the temples. The color of this is a bright orange. The other four vary from light yellow to dark green. The wonderful double cocoa-nut, from the Seychelles, has been introduced into Ceylon. In size, it exceeds greatly the common cocoa-nut, with the added peculiarity of presenting a double form. In the annexed sketch an orange is introduced to exhibit the extraordinary size of these singular cocoa-nuts, even after being deprived of the outward husk. Drifted by the waves from some unknown shore, this mysterious fruit was at one time believed to grow beneath the sea, hence its name of *Coco de Mer*.

A CINCALESE WITH HIS COMBS.

ONE peculiar custom of the Cingalese not only attracts the eyes of every stranger by its singularity, but presents a remarkable instance of the unchanging habits of an Eastern race. Seventeen hundred years ago, Ptolemy, speaking of them, alluded to the length of their hair, and a contemporary writer describes with minuteness their mode of dressing it: "Men," says he, "who inhabit Ceylon, allow their hair an unlimited growth, and bind it on the crown of their heads after the manner of women." Dr. Davenport, who has recently published a most interesting map of Ceylon, and whose sketch we reproduce, says: "So closely do the low-country Cingalese follow the manners of women in their toilet, that their back hair is first rolled into a coil, called a knot, which is fixed at the top of the head by a large tortoise-shell comb, whilst the hair is drawn back from the forehead *à l'impératrice*, and secured by another circular com

TOMBSTONE OF THOMA , LORD FAIRFAX,

In Episcopal Church, Winchester.

In the Episcopal Church at Winchester is a tablet to the memory of a nobleman, whose princely domains extended far and wide in the Old Dominion, comprising nearly six millions of a - ca.

Though a personal friend of Washington, and his early patron, the hero's first employment, at the age of sixteen, being that of surveyor on Lord Fairfax's lands, the nobleman, for adhering to the crown, was attainted, and all his lands confiscated.

He was born about 1695, and was the sixth Baron Fairfax of Cameron. Educated at Oxford, he chose a military career, and held a commission in the Horse Guards. He was, too, a man of letters and a wit, contributing several papers to the *Spectator*. Disappointed in love, he came to America to look after his estates which he inherited from his mother, the daughter of Lord Culpepper. He erected a beautiful seat—Belvoir—near Mount Vernon, and lived the life of an English country gentleman, doing, perhaps, more than any other to give that peculiar tone to Virginian society. He afterward removed to Greenway Court, near Winchester, where he pursued his fox-hunting and other field sports with unabated ardor, dispensing a generous hospitality, and spending half his time with his friends and horses.

When the news of the surrender of Cornwallis reached him, he called his body-servant, and said: "Here, take me to bed, I will die now!" and, in fact, he expired soon after. The tablet erected to his memory, with his name in a few places, are all that is left to remind us of America's greatest nobleman. A few score such as he might have changed entirely the character of American society and institutions. The inscription on his tablet is beneath his arms, and is as follows:

In Memory of
THOMAS, LORD FAIRFAX,
Who died 1782,
And whose ashes repose underneath this church.
His motto was
"*Je le feray durrend ma vie.*"
"I will do it during my life."

FROG EATING.—Frogs, at Vienna, are a great delicacy. Both the edible and the common frog are eaten; but the latter is much less esteemed, as the flesh is not so white. The hind-legs are in most request, two pairs of them coming about three coals. The fore-legs and livers are mostly used for soup. These poor animals are brought from the country, 30,000 or 40,000 at a time, and sold to the great dealers, who have conservatories of them. These are large holes four or five feet deep, dug in the ground, the mouth of which is covered with a board, and with straw, in severe weather. In the winter, during the frost, they never become quite torpid when in these conservatories.

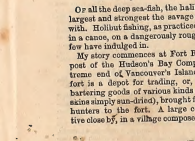


SHOOTING A GROUSE.

A Day with Halibut.

Or all the deep sea-fish, the halibut is by far the largest and strongest the savage has to grapple with. Holibut fishing, as practiced by the Indians, in a canoe, on a dangerously rough sea, is a sport few have indulged in.

My story commences at Fort Rupert, a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, at the extreme end of Vancouver's Island; this so-called fort is a depot for trading, or, in other words, bartering goods of various kinds for peltries (fur skins simply sun-dried), brought for sale by Indian hunters to the fort. A large colony of Indians itive close by, in a village composed of wood-sheds,



COCO DE MER.

situated on a level plateau overlooking a bay, or, more correctly, a sheltered roadstead, named Beaver Harbor. A regular fleet of canoes are generally to be seen on the beach, of all sizes, from the war canoe, capable of carrying thirty fighting men, down to the sheil, paddled by girls and boys.

I was the guest of the chief trader, and having expressed a desire to witness halibut fishing, it was arranged that my wishes should be gratified, as soon as the requisite negotiations could be carried out with the chiefs. The morning of departure arrived, and as I left the fort, and strolled down the slanting beach toward the sea, a quaint assemblage of disagreeable specimens of humanity preceded me, in novel procession—savages of every age and size, from the stalwart chief to the waddling brat, all eyes and stomach.

A chief, particularly a white one, in savagedom is great or little in an exact ratio to the amount of pat-a-lech (a word equivalent to the bak-shish of Eastern) he pays or gives for service rendered; being the trader's guest, and the presents being deemed highly satisfactory, of course the "Long Beard"—so they styled me—was on the topmost pinnacle of popularity.

A large canoe, manned by four savages, awaited my arrival, and this being a special occasion, they were more elaborately painted than is usual. A brief description of one will serve to portray the other three. Tailors are entirely unknown in the land of the red skin. A small piece of blanket, or fur, tied round the waist, constitutes the court, evening and morning costume of both chief and subject. My crew were *kitted* with pieces of scarlet blanket. Imagine, if you can, a dark, swarthy, copper-colored figure leaning on a canoe paddle, his jet black hair hanging down nearly to the middle of his back, the front hair being clipped close in a straight line across the forehead. Neither beard, whiskers or moustache ever adorns the face of the red-skin, the hair being tweezered out by squaws in early life, and thus destroyed. A line of vermilion extends from the centre of the forehead to the tip of the nose, and from this trunk-line others radiate, over and under the eyes arms and back, the remaining being artistically arranged to give apparent width to the chest; the legs and feet being naked. A fine bag made from the skin of the medicine otter, elaborately decorated with beads, scarlet cloth, bells and brass buttons, slung round the neck by a broad belt of wampum, completed the costume of my coxswain.

The canoe was what is commonly called a dugout, that is, made from a solid log of wood. The cedar (*thuya gigantea*) is always used by coast Indians for canoe-making. The process of hollowing out a long and tedious, but when complete, the requisite bulge at the sides is accomplished by a very ingenious method. The canoe being filled with water, red hot stones are continually plunged into it until nearly boiling, then pieces of wood of various lengths are jammed athwart the canoe, and thus the sides are pressed out, and when cold retain the shape given to them. Nothing can be more graceful than the lines of the canoes used by the Fort Rupert Indians. Coiled round the sharp bow of the canoe like a huge snake was a strong line about sixty fathoms in length, made from the inner bark of the cypress, neatly twisted. Laying along each side extending far beyond both bow and stern, were two light spear hafts about sixty feet long, whilst stowed away in the bow were a dozen shorter spears, one end being barbed, the other constructed to fit on to the longer spear, but so contrived that the spearsman can readily detach it by a skilful jerk. Tied lightly to the centre of each of the smaller spears was a bladder, made from sealskin blown full of air, the line attaching it being about three fathoms in length.

I had hardly completed my investigation of the canoe, its crew and contents, when, to my intense astonishment, the chief trader was about to accompany me lifted me, as they would a bale of fur or a barrel of pork, and without a word deposited me in the bottom of the canoe, where I was enjoined to sit much in the same position enforced on a culprit in the parish stocks. I may mention, incidentally, that a canoe is not half as enjoyable as poets and novelists, who are prone to draw imaginary sketches, would lead the uninitiated to believe. It would be impossible to trust oneself in a more uncomfortable, dangerous, damp, disagreeable kind of boat—generally designated a "Fairy Bark"—that "rides, dances, glides, threads its silvery course, over seas, and lakes, or arrow-like shoots foaming rapids." All a miserable delusion and a myth. Getting in, unless lifted as I was, bodily, like baggage, is to say but an Indian is dangerous and difficult process; the least preponderance of weight to either side, and out you tumble into the water to a certainty. Again, lowering oneself into the bottom is quite as bad, if not worse, requiring extreme care to keep an even balance, and a flexibility of back and limb seldom possessed by any save tumblers and tight-rope dancers. Down safely, then, as I have said, you are compelled to sit in a most painful position, and the least attempt to alter it generally results in a sudden heeling over of the canoe, when you find yourself sitting in a foot of cold water.

We are off, and swiftly crossing Beaver Harbor, the beach grows indistinct in the distance; still the dusky forms of the Indians, the rough, gaudily-painted huts, the gleam of many lodge-fires, and streaks of white smoke slowly ascending through the still air, the square substantial pickets shutting in the trade fort, its roof and chimneys just peeping above all, backed by the sombre green of the pine trees, together presented a picture novel in all its details, wild and grand as a whole, such as Turner would have loved to paint.

A few minutes and we round the jutting headland, keeping close along the rocky shore of the island, glide past snug bays and cozy little landlocked harbors, the homes and haunts of roundface wild-fowl; soon we leave the shore and stand away to sea. The breeze is fresher here, and a ripple that would be nothing in a boat, makes the flat-bottomed canoe what a sailor would call unpleasantly lively. Save a wetting from the spray and an occasional surge of water over the gunwale, all goes pleasantly. The far-away land is barely distinguishable in the gray haze. No canoes are to be seen in the dark blue water, the only sign of living things—a flock of sea-gulls waging war on a shoal of fish, the distant spouting of a whale, and the glossy backs of the black fish as they roll lazily through the ripple. The line at the bow is uncoiled, a heavy stone enclosed in a net is attached as a sinker, a large hook made of bone and hardwood, baited with a piece of the octopus, a species of cuttle-fish, is made fast to the long line by a piece of hemp cord; then comes the heavy plunge of the sinker, and the rattle of the line as it runs over the side of the canoe, and we wait in silence for the expected bite. While so waiting, it may be as well briefly to explain, for the benefit of such as are not familiar with fish, what a holibut is.

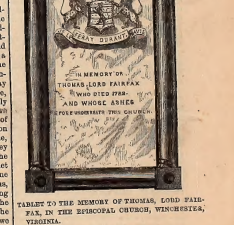
The holibut is a flat fish, belonging to the genus pleuronectide of naturalists; it attains a very large size on these seas, from three to five hundred weight. Halibuts are common on the banks of Newfoundland, and are frequently taken by the cod-fishers; they are also found on the west coasts of Norway and Greenland, and it is



A CINGALESE WITH HIS COMBS.

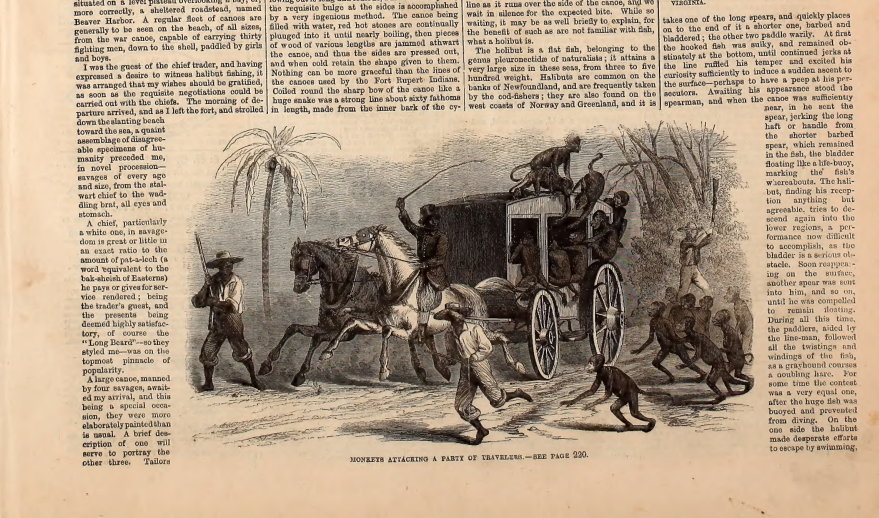
stated are common around the coast of Ireland and Cornwall. In 1828, a holibut, seven feet six inches in length, three feet six inches in breadth, and weighing three hundred and twenty pounds, was taken off the Isle of Man. The halibut is a ground feeder; its favorite diet, small fish, crustaceans, and cuttle-fish. It spawns early in the summer.

A tug that came unpleasantly near to upsetting us all, let us know that a halibut was biting in the tempting morsel, hook and all. A few minutes to give him time to fairly swallow it, and now a sudden twich buries the hook deeply in the fleshy throat, the huge flat fish finds to his cost that his dinner is likely to seriously disagree with him, whilst in the canoe all are in full employ. The bowman, kneeling, holds on tightly with both hands to the line; the savage next him



TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS, LORD FAIRFAX, IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

takes one of the long spears, and quickly places on to the end of it a shorter one, barbed and bladdered; the other two paddle warily. At first the hooked fish was sulky, and remained obstinately at the bottom, until continued jerks at the line ruffled his temper and excited his curiosity sufficiently to induce a sudden ascent to the surface—perhaps to have a peep at his progenitors. Awaiting his appearance stood the spearman, and when the canoe was sufficiently near, in he sent the spear, jerking the long haft or handle from the shorter barbed spear, which remained in the fish, the bladder floating like a life-buoy, marking the fish's whereabouts. The halibut, finding his reception anything but agreeable, tries to descend again into the lower regions, a performance now difficult to accomplish, as the bladder is a serious obstacle. Soon reappearing on the surface, another spear was sent into him, and so on, until he was compelled to remain floating. During all this time, the paddlers, aided by the line-man, followed all the twistings and windings of the fish, as a greyhound courses a coubting hare. For some time the contest was a very equal one, after the huge fish was buoyed and prevented from diving. On the one side the halibut made desperate efforts to escape by swimming,



MONKEYS ATTACKING A PARTY OF TRAVELERS.—SEE PAGE 220.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

WHEN the Empress Josephine was yet a child in the West Indian island in which she was born (Martinique or St. Domingo), an old negro sorceress, or Obi woman, predicted to her that she would take her first husband, undergo extreme misfortunes and trials, but would afterwards be greater than a queen, and yet outlive her dignity. Her prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. Her first husband, Count Alexander de Beauharnais, a general in the army of the Rhine, was guillotined during the Reign of Terror. She herself was in the greatest danger of the same fate, and escaped almost how the scene ends. Even then she mentioned the prediction to her fellow-prisoners, and was told by a female companion that she had gained some of them as ladies of the bedchamber—a post which the aforesaid Creole tried to confer on Mme. Lavalette. Sir Archibald Alison, when relating the story, says that the Obi woman's second prophecy in 1801, long previous to the divorce, was made known, from the lips of Countess of Bath and the late Countess of Avesmore, who were educated in the same convent at Bourgtheroude, and had repeatedly heard her mention the circumstance in early youth. According to some she had also told the prophecy was that she should die in a hospital. This was the word misinterpreted to signify Malmaison, where she breathed her last—a palace which, like our own St. James's, had once been an hospital.

Truly, says Shakespeare, "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges," and never was this more strikingly illustrated than in the fortunes of the Napoleonic dynasty. The first Napoleon repudiated the wife of his choice, in the hope of leaving his crown in the direct line to a son of his flesh. A son was born to him; that son, however, died and disinherited, and the grandson of Josephine sits finally on the throne of France.

A SILENCED CITY.—A correspondent gives the following description of the capital of the empire of Japan: "Yeddo, without exception, is one of the most odious in the world; streets broad and good, and the canals which intersect them in every direction, are bordered with stone quays. Two-thirds of the immense city are covered with ground like gardens. Within the inner enclosure the houses are of wood, and generally of one story. The palaces of the princes and nobles are palaces; and you may walk for hours, when once you are in the enclosure, for leagues. They are built in regular order, forming streets of palaces, every one of which is a palace. An immense courtyard, with trees and gardens, forms the entrance to each palace, and the dwelling is built in the house of the owner. The houses containing the followers, or guards, etc., form the outer enclosure. The streets leading to the courtyard are exceedingly handsome, of immense width, ornamented with copper and other devices. From the road that leads by the moat to the castle you see one of the finest views in the world, unrivalled seeing. On one side is the Gulf of Jeddo, with the trees and villages of picturesque beauty, and the more extended streets, extending as far as the eye can reach toward the mountains. The gardens of the princes, from one to five miles in the distance, far away beyond a thickly-built palace, are the most striking part of all, as that closer by the well-kept green banks of the second defense, with their several towers and gateways, and the moat, with grand old cedars, over a hundred years of age, shading the roadway, and the castle, with its high and ground, the water-lilies in the moat, the grandeur, good taste, and magnificence of the whole, form a scene that for some ways far surpass, anything I have seen in Europe or any other part of the world. Not a mendicant is to be in the country. The cottages were surrounded by neatness and beauty. The people are healthy, fine, well clothed and kept as any place in England. The same complaining and trouble exist in every land."

IT now appears that our iron-clads were provided with what are called "deck scrapers." These are made of steel, projecting sufficiently to clear away the nine-inch percussion shells, which are then exploded, without damaging the engines. Such was the case in the Dictator with wooden mos, and the force of explosion destroyed everything on deck, but left only a fragment of a shell out the chain-cable to run. This is the method which our engineers have proposed to capture our iron-clads by boarding them.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHY would a robber prefer robbing an old man's house to any other?—Because his gait (gate) is the least and his locks are few.

WHY is Gillot, the penmaker, the most wicked of men?—Because he makes men steal (steel) pens and then persuades them to forge (forge) (write).

WHY are cowardly soldiers like butter?—Because when they are exposed to fire, they run.

WHAT metamorphosis does a washerwoman undergo when her husband goes to bed a washerwoman, and gets up fine linen.

WHAT do you suppose led Alexander Selkirk to believe that Juan Fernandez was inhabited?—He saw, on reaching the island, a heavy cannon on the shore, and a ship-of-the-line lying off.

WHAT wind would a hungry sailor wish for as sea?—A wind which blows foul (fowl) and then drops.

WHY might sailors be naturally supposed to be little men?—Because they can sleep in their watch.

WHAT gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor?—A draft.

WHICH is the most indigestible supper you can eat?—The bolt the street door the last thing before you go to bed.

HOW can a boy make his jacket last?—By making his waistcoat and trousers first.

WHY is a roguish lawyer like a man who cannot sleep?—Because he turns on his side and then turns round and lies on the other, and is wide awake to the whole time, and even when dead he lies still.

WHAT is the difference between a spendthrift and a feather-bed?—One is hard up and the other soft down.

WHO was Jonah's tutor?—The whale who brought him up.

WHERE was beef-tea introduced into England in the Norman scale?—When Harry VIII. dissolved the Pope's bull.

WHAT fruit does a newly-married couple most resemble?—A green pear.

AT what time of life may a man be said to begin on the vegetable kingdom?—When long experience has made him sage.

WHEN may two people be said to be half-brothers?—When they have an understanding between them.

WHAT two counties in Ireland would you suppose to be lighter in weight than the rest?—Cork and Down.

WHEN rain falls, does it ever get up again?—Of course it does, in dew time.

WHAT stone should have been placed at the gate of Eden after the expulsion?—Adamantine—(Adam stin'd).

RED ROSES are like tight-houses, to ward voyagers on the sea of life, of the coast of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Cruz and Holland.

FASHIONS FOR 1866.

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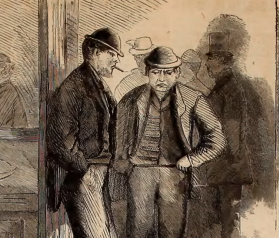
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Do You Want Luxuriat Whiskers or Mustaches? We will send, free by mail, a recipe, which will force them to grow on the smoothest face, or bald on bald heads, in six weeks. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau Street, N. Y. 550-52o

$45 Will buy a No. 4 Zero Refrigerator the best in the world.

ALBX. M. LESLEY,

1,310 Broadway & 605 Sixth Avenue.

100 Photographs OF FEMALE BEAUTIES sent, securely packed, for 25 cents. Address B. L. FOX, 34 Varick street, New York city. 557-60o

EMPLOYMENT.
$2,000 A YEAR PAID AGENTS.
WANTED FOR PARTICULARS
ADDRESS W. C. WILSON CLEVELAND, O.

559-62o

Self Control.—To conquer *habits*, to attain health, and strength, and mental vigor; a better life. Young men interested can address, with postage, L. C. W., in care of 8,943 P. O., New York. 559-60o

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.'S CIRCULAR.

As many parties throughout the country wish to avail themselves of the advantages of obtaining their teas at WHOLESALE RATES, we have made extensive arrangements for supplying that demand. Our profits are based upon the sale of

ONE THOUSAND CHESTS PER WEEK.

☞ All the goods we sell are warranted to give perfect satisfaction, or they can be returned at our expense and have the money refunded. This makes it perfectly safe to parties ordering, as no one can have any doubt of our responsibility.

Parties will see by the examination of the following price-list that we are selling very much below any regular country dealer.

RETAIL PRICE-LIST:

OOLONG, 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 per pound.

MIXED, 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 per pound.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1.10, best $1.25 per pound.

GREEN TEAS, 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1.10, best $1.25 per pound.

YOUNG HYSON, 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1.10, best $1.25 per pound.

UNCOLORED JAPAN, $1, $1.10, best $1.25 per pound.

IMPERIAL and GUNPOWDER, best $1.25 per pound.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c.—best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our SERVICE BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 20c. to $1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST., corner Church st.
No. 59 BROADWAY, cor. Cortlandt st.
No. 303 EIGHTH AVE., near Thirty-seventh st.
No. 149 FULTON ST., BROOKLYN, cor. Concord st.

N. B.—Parties should be careful to observe our numbers, to address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey street, P. O. Box, 5,643—in full.

Country Clubs, Hotel and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands), of which are doing well, can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of clubs, can have each party's name marked on their packages as directed, by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey st.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars, had better send Post-Office drafts, or money will be necessary to save large per cent collection by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, for collection and delivery.

Our friends are getting up Clubs in most towns throughout the country, and for which we feel very grateful. Some of our Clubs send orders weekly, some not so often, but the latest keep a standing order to be supplied with a given quantity each week, or at stated periods. And in all cases (where a sufficient time has elapsed) Clubs have repeated their orders.

Commissions will be allowed each order from Washington Treasury Department Club:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., March 2, 1866.

Great American Tea Company:

NOS. 31 AND 33 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

I send you herein a small list, which you will please fill up and forward to my address by the "National Express and Transportation Company." No. 42 Broadway:

L. Cass Carpenter, 3 lb F. B. and Dinner Coffee, ... $9 60
J. G. Chamberlain, 4 lb Java Coffee, Green, 40c..... 1 60
J. G. Chamberlain, 4 lb Java Coffee Roasted, (no ground), 40c..... 1 60
J. E. Chamberlain, 4 lb Imperial Tea, $1.25..... 5 00
William H. Fry, 6 lb Japan Tea, $1..... 6 00
William H. Fry, 4 lb Gunpowder Tea, $1..... 4 00
Samuel Wise, 12 lb Java Coffee, Green, 40c..... 4 80
S. B. Parkman, 12 lb Java Coffee, Green, 40c..... 4 80
C. B. Parkman, 2 lb English Breakfast Tea, $1.25. 2 50
C. B. Parkman, 10 lb Java Coffee (ground), 40c..... 4 00
S. J. Goss, 1 lb Uncolored Japan Tea..... 1 00
S. J. Goss, 2 lb Dinner Coffee, $1..... 2 00
Wm. Mathews, 1 lb Colong Tea, $1..... 1 00
Wm. Mathews, 1 lb Colong Tea, $1..... 1 00
W. H. West, 2 lb English Breakfast Tea, at $1.25.. 2 50
W. H. West, 2 lb Dinner Coffee, $1..... 2 00
Mrs. Putney, 5 lb Young Hyson Tea, at $1..... 5 00
E. R. Wade & Co., 10 Mixed Tea, at $1, package..... 10 00
Wm. M. Clark, 32 lb Best Burned Coffee (unground) 16 00
Wm. M. Clark, 2 lb Imperial Tea, at $1.25..... 2 50
W. M. Clark, 2 lb Gunpowder Tea, at $1.25—best. 2 50
A. Hall, 5 lb Oolong, at $1—best..... 5 00
Theodore J. B Oolong, at $1—best..... 5 00
Charles J. B Oolong, at $1—best..... 5 00
Dooley, 5 lb Oolong, at $1—best..... 5 00
Dooley, 5 lb Young Hyson Tea, at $1 25—best.. 7 50
E. Kenny, 1 lb F. B. and Dinner Coffee, at 30c..... 30
E. Kenny, 1 lb Uncolored Japan, at $1 25..... 1 25

Total..... $97 00

Enclosed please find certificate of deposit on First National Bank, Washington, for the $97, for package you will please put in one box it possible, and direct to me at the office of my respectfully, yours, &c.

L. CASS CARPENTER,

Fourth Auditor's Office, Treasury Department.

MEADVILLE, Pa., March 6, 1866.

DEAR SIRS—Your Tea is received. All right. All perfectly satisfied with the article, and would say to all in want of Tea, Coffee, Gunpowder, or Japan, to send you from 75 to 100 per cent. Yours truly,

E. H. BRIGGS.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., March 8, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.—GENTLEMEN—I have the pleasure to inform you that I got the Tea and Receipt all right, and I have made inquiries from all that sent, and I find that I have got the best satisfaction in every case. It just cost us 2½ cents per pound to get it here; so I am satisfied it is a great saving to me, and get a better article. I have had many inquiries about it, and they all say I must let them have those who send again. I am sure we shall have a very large Club next time. I remain yours, truly, JAMES WOODBURNE.

LITTLE PRAIRIE, WIS., March 4, 1865.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., N. Y. CITY:

I have noticed your advertisements frequently in the papers, but seeing you advertises in the *American Agriculturist*, GIVES ME AN ASSURANCE THAT YOU ARE JUST WHAT YOU PRETEND TO BE. * * * I want a Club of Tea and Coffee started in this place, and I will send a Club of Uncolored Japan at $1 10, nop 15 to 20 lb. Send them by Express. Yours, truly,

M. F. BISHOP, P. M.

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O'BRIEN'S NATIONAL PRIZE CONCERT

Will be held at the "RINK," Thursday, July 5th, 1866.

This Hall being the largest in the city, will accommodate all who wish to attend. Immediately after the Concert the Drawing will take place, when

One Hundred Thousand Dollars in Valuable Prizes, including Twenty-Three Thousand Dollars in Money, will be given to the Ticket-holders.

☞ Only 100,000 Tickets and 25,000 Prizes, being One Chance in Four.☜

The First Prize is Ten Thousand Dollars in Cash.

The Drawing will positively take place at the time mentioned. The Prizes are all purchased, and will be delivered immediately after the Concert; and a full statement of the drawing and list of the winning numbers will be sent to every Ticket-holder. Parties whose numbers appear on the list, will forward their tickets at once, with full directions for shipping goods or moneys, I have published A NEW BOOK, containing a full list of prizes, describing how the prizes will be drawn, and how parties, not in the city, are to send for them, and, indeed, answering every question about the Concert, besides containing much other valuable information, which I will send, FREE OF CHARGE, to every one buying a ticket and enclosing 25 cents to pay postage.

Beware of Imitations.

INDUCEMENTS TO CLUBS:

I WILL SEND

For	$ 4 50	5 Tickets	For	$36 00	20 Tickets
"	7 00	8 "	"	72 00	40 "
"	13 50	15 "	"	63 00	70 "
"	27 50	30 "	"	126 00	150 "
"	31 50	35 "	"	180 00	200 "

Money can be sent at my risk by Draft, Post-Office Order, or Registered Letter. Always send your full Name, State, County and Post-Office.

ORDER TICKETS EARLY.

At this time, June 1st, not over Fifteen Thousand Tickets remain unsold, and this number will soon be exhausted. Money received after the tickets are all sold will be promptly returned.

M. O'BRIEN, 122 Dearborn-st., Chicago.

REFERENCES.—William Schaus, New York City; L. Prang & Co., Boston, Mass.; C. Tuber & Co., New Bedford, Mass.; Sumner & Turpin, Rochester, N. Y.; J. M. Bradstreet & Son, Chicago and New York; Gempil & Co., New York City; L. A. Elliot & Co., Boston, Mass.; Butler, Purtgo & Way, Baltimore, Md.; William E. Ball, Cincinnati, O.; Rice & Allen, Chicago and Kalamazoo; William B. Keen & Co., Chicago; and every Editor, Banker and Merchant in the City of Chicago.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 561—VOL. XXII.] NEW YORK, JUNE 30, 1866. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 10 WEEKS $1 00.

The Fenian Lesson.

THE Fenian experiment of liberating Ireland through an assault on Canada has proved, for the present at least, a wretched failure. The probabilities are strong that the attempt will cost more lives at the hands of the executioner than did the late formidable Southern rebellion. The grand humanitarians who shudder with well affected horror at the remote possibility of hanging Davis, and were sensibly affected when Wirz was swung off, will string up the hundred or two enthusiastic Irish boys of whom they have got possession, with no more mercy or compunction than if they were so many rabid dogs.

We shall have no reason to complain. The men and boys who went to Canada took their lives in their hands. They played for a stake, grand in their eyes, and lost. They will probably die with the ecstasies of martyrs, and as such, will, no doubt, be regarded, in that near or remote future day when the aspirations of Irish nationality shall have been realized. It would be wise on the part of the British in Canada—for it was against *them* alone that the Fenians made war—to turn their prisoners free. But no such prescience, no such sublimity of mercy is to be expected of them," and by the probable exercise of a blind severity, they will provoke and precipitate their own ruin.

For, if this movement of not over one-half of the Fenians—this badly planned, headlong, blundering, and thoroughly Celtic onslaught of a distracted organization had not been checked by the interposition of the President and the authorities of the United States, it is as certain as the existence of the sun in the heavens that, at the moment we write, Canada would have been lost now nd forever to the British Crown. Had an effective lodgment been made when O'Neill first crossed the Niagara river—and it might have been made if any but an Irishman had been the leader—the forces of the United States, available for any such purpose, would have been insufficient to check the pressure of Irish reinforcements. Had the United States troops been called on to fire on the thronging invaders, nothing is more certain than that the balls from their muskets would have whizzed harmlessly in mid air. Not because they love the Irish, but because they have cause to hate England.

It is safe to say, and we know we are within bounds when we say it, that, had it not been for the President, Mr. Seward, Gen. Meade, the District Attorneys, and other Federal officers, and had it not been for extra-official and legally unwarranted arrests, and interferences with public carriers, and seizures of property without authority—we say, had it not been for these things, and notwithstanding Fenian disorganization, there would have been fifty thousand Irish soldiers in Canada at this hour. The Fenians were beaten this side the border.

Chile and Peru have survived our system of neutrality, which is sublime in theory, and only damaging to ourselves and our friends in practice. Mexico has been able to live in spite of it. But Feninism has succumbed. Its field of battle has been transferred from the shores of the St. Lawrence to the voting booths of our great cities.

We doubt if there is any great sympathy with the Irish in this country *per se*. The native American barely tolerates them; the demagogue wheedles them; the priests fleece them; the Germans, now dominating in the statistics of emigration, hate them, and between them and the negroes there is a deadly feud. If there is any general sympathy for them, it is a cross between that felt for Poland or "any other" oppressed nationality, and dislike, not to say detestation, of England. No one except the most unmitigated of demagogues pretends to any special admiration or regard for Ireland or Irishmen, except in the sense of opposition to England. Five years ago Fenianism could not have taken root in the United States, even among Irishmen. If tolerated now, in any degree, it is in view of the posture of Great Britain during the late war, and especially in view of the infamous conduct of Canada during the same struggle. The people of the United States are not so short of memory as to forget the ovation given to the pirates of the Chesapeake in New Brunswick; the immunity accorded to the incendiaries and murderers of St. Albans, and the toleration and sympathy openly and ostentatiously extended to the horde of assassins and conspirators who made Canada the base of their operations against the United States.

Canada is at this hour a dependency of the British Crown only and solely through the favor of the American Government. But for that the Fenians would have been before this in occupation of the country, and that, too, with the acquiescence of a large, if not the larger part of its population.

Let us suppose for an instant that, some time or another, through some infatuation of our people or Government, it should become an object of ambition to occupy Canada, or, in the course of events, an object of importance—how long a time, in the light of recent events, does any one suppose it would require to reduce the provinces, or, to use a euphemism, "reannex" them? If recent events have not shown that a mere suspension of the neutrality laws would accomplish the result, then facts have no significance!



MR. GEORGE PEABODY, THE DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN BANKER, OF LONDON, ENGLAND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

MR. GEORGE PEABODY.

We embellish our front page with a fine portrait of Mr. Peabody, from a photograph taken in London just before he left for this country. Mr. Peabody went to England in 1837, and established himself as a merchant and banker. His career has been a remarkably successful one, but he is mainly distinguished for his extensive charities, which

have been so numerous and judicious as to make him one of the marked men of the age. His first large gift was a benevolent of nearly $100,000 to his native town of Danvers, for the purpose of founding a town library and institute. He likewise contributed largely to the first Grinnell expedition under Dr. Kane. In 1859 he gave $150,000 to found a scientific and literary institute at Baltimore, where at one time he resided. His largest benefactions, however, have been to the poor of London, in which city the most of his fortune has been made. These benefactions amounted in all to over $3,000,000, and Peabody's liberality has received the special acknowledgment of Queen Victoria in a graceful letter of thanks, enclosing her portrait. To elevate the condition of the poor by providing for them comfortable houses and rational pleasures, is his grand purpose, and he has inaugurated a system which, when extended and consummated, will revolutionize the social life of thousands who are now destitute and degraded. Mr. Peabody presents to the world the noble example of a man who accumulates wealth for the good of his race, and of himself he chooses of his own bounty, imparting his gifts with a prudence and discrimination that will make them a blessing to the world. Though past seventy years of age, he is still an active, vigorous man, with the promise of long years of usefulness and honor.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 30, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

Authority is required to designate Traveling Correspondents, and in communicating with us, to retain the original bills.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

An Evening with the Roughs.

BY JAMES PARTON.

STROLLING up Broadway the other evening, we were roused from our reverie by the unusual appearance of things in front of Hope Chapel. That edifice was built, we believe, for a chapel, and is still occasionally used as such by some eccentric body of religious people on Sunday evenings. On week days, however, it is abandoned to the uses of the world, and any one may hire it, for any lawful exhibition, at reasonable rates. On the evening to which we allude there was a large gaslight about the entrance of more than ordinary brilliancy, and a large number of men and boys lounging near the door. At first sight it was that it was a political meeting; for the men evidently belonged to our Ruling Class—such as we see hanging about the City Hall when the Aldermen and Councilmen are in session, and such as do duty in torch-light processions at twenty-five cents a night, torches found, or fifty cents and find your own torch.

But, no; this could not be a political meeting. We were in the strawberry season, and politics do not come in until the fall. A person opposite the door informed the inquirer that the object of this gathering in Hope Chapel was to witness an exhibition of the Noble Art of Self-Defence. An eminent professor of the Noble Art was about to leave the Metropolis for Baltimore, where he was to meet in battle another distinguished professor of the same, and contend for a prize of a thousand dollars. The "sporting fraternity" were, therefore, invited to come and witness a specimen of his skill, and give him a good "send off" on the great mission. A long list of other eminent boxers had volunteered, and the occasion was to be one which no sporting man could be absent from without doing himself an irreparable wrong. In short—having never seen anything of the kind—we paid our fifty cents and entered.

The Sporting Fraternity does not appear to be very numerous. About two hundred persons were present, who half filled the pews of the chapel. They were diligent in the use of tobacco. Clouds of smoke ascended to the ceiling, and showers of expectoration descended to the floor. We noticed several long-haired, bull-necked men, who sat upright and silent, in pew-corners, and gave up their whole minds to smoking their short, black pipes. There were a good many young gentlemen who looked like upper clerks in dry-goods stores; these conversed knowingly upon the merits of illustrious prize-fighters, leaned forward to blow aloft coolest of segar-smoke. The company was better dressed than we had expected, and much more respectable-looking; and there was nothing but the smoking to indicate that the performance about to take place was one upon which a ban of disapproval is supposed to rest. In London, it is said, such exhibitions are attended by young noblemen, students of the universities, and rich old *roués*. There did not appear to be present on this occasion any such individuals. The spectators seemed to be about one-third of the barkeeper-politician class, one-third merchants' clerks, and one-third short-haired, bull-necked, red-faced men, who came to the surface in some mysterious way when there is a prospect of a riot.

The Sporting Fraternity, we fear, are not punctual. The performance, announced for eight, did not begin until nearly nine; nor did the company manifest any particular impatience. One young gentleman who stood near the door kindly volunteered to break the monotony of waiting. Assuming the authoritative tone of a policeman, he cried out: "Come, clear out of here! There was a general stir; and a few of the more nervous rose to their feet. But the joke was immediately perceived, a languid laugh ensued, and smoking was resumed. We judged from the murmurs of surprise present at the interruption of this nature, both real and sham, were something they were used to.

Toward nine, the whistlings and yells were beginning to be slightly imperative, a gray-haired man came forward upon the stage to the footlights, and bowed to the company. He was, perhaps, not a man of more than the slimmer of his own bounty, imparting his gifts with a prudence and discrimination that will make them a blessing to the world. Though past seventy years of age, he is still an active, vigorous man, with the promise of long years of usefulness and honor.

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"Gentlemen, we shall begin the performance this evening as we begin life—with two minors."

Having said these words, he withdrew. Two newsboys entered, about eleven years of age, dressed in shirt and trousers, with their suspenders strapped around their hips, and wearing brown gloves. They were placed at bowing to the spectators, but it was too evident that their trainer had neglected this part of their education. The voice of the venerable sire, behind the scenes, was heard: "Time!" "Time!" The boys then advanced to the middle of the stage, shook hands, grinned, and "squared off."

In our total ignorance of the Noble Art, we are unable to say with what degree of skill these young gentlemen knocked one another about the head. We can only report that they threw themselves into the combat with very great energy, and bore their "punishment" with praiseworthy firmness. As they grew warm, they struck out wildly, and sometimes seemed disposed to clinch, and make a rough-and-tumble fight of it; but when this was the case a signal from behind the scenes terminated the "round," and they separated, and went off to the right and the other to the left. By way of acknowledging the laughter and applause which rewarded their efforts, one of the boys, a saucy, red-haired urchin, played the very same trick upon the imitation of the walk of Mr. Chanfrau in "Mose." At the end of the usual half-minute, the voice of the invisible Master of the Revels was heard calling: "Time!" The combat was renewed with tremendous vigor; the spectators shouting approbation, and, again, the combatants left their ring in possession, and the round was brought to an end. When next the ancient voice was heard, it said: "Time, gentlemen, for the last." It was well; for, by the time these pugnacious youths had once more got entangled, they were about the hottest, reddest, fiercest pair of boys on Manhattan Island. Not long, however, did he of the red-hair make his exit in the Mosic style—meaning to show the company that he was good for something yet, although a little the worse.

Two young men next presented themselves, and were introduced to the spectators by the Venerable Sire. This he did by waving his hand toward each of them, and solemnly announcing his name without prefix or appendage, thus: "John Smith. That done, he uttered the word, "Time!" for the eighth time. It immediately appeared that these young men were tyros. Their boxing consisted chiefly of feints, which the company encouraged, as they were unable to form any active contest by such remarks as these: "Come, warm up!" "Go in!" "Why don't you strike out?" "Say, when are you going to begin?" "Though a little—can't you?" with many more observations of the same purport. Stimulated by these enlivening expressions, they did "warm up," and kept on so well that, when they retired, at the end of the third round, they were honored with considerable applause.

But all this was preliminary to the real performance. The men who next advanced to the footlights—naked to the waist—were evidently persons of high rank in their vocation. One was a sailor, named Sullivan; a pale, carefully developed everywhere, except above the eyebrows. The other was lighter in weight, but exceedingly muscular, and he was famed over his shoulder for his name, like a South Sea Islander. The boxing of these men gave the company the highest satisfaction, and we must confess that we beheld their science, courage and endurance with real admiration. We cannot understand how a man can learn to take a blow that might knock down an ox without wincing. The glove, no doubt, mitigates the smart pain of the blow, but not its force. These men gave one another some tremendous blows, any one of which would have knocked the breath out of an ordinary man, or, as one of the company observed, "would have sent him to far beyond the middle of next week that he never would have found his way back again." We were surprised, too, at the rapidity with which a boxer expends his strength. These men, after three rounds, of about three minutes each, were so thoroughly blown, that they were still but sent heaving half an hour after.

The Sporting Fraternity are not skillful in the art of conducting an exhibition. There was such an exceedingly long interval between the performances of these two athletes and the one announced to follow it, that we concluded we had seen enough of the Noble Art for a beginning, and so resumed our homeward walk.

Missing none that we had seen, we were ordered why so harmless, so useful, so proper an exhibition should be accounted disreputable and wicked. Was not the Greeks the highest honors of the State were bestowed upon excellence in such exercises as these. Why should we abandon them to the class whom we stigmatize as Roughs, and in many a young Sunday-school scholar who is perishing for want of a little of such bold, free, honest exercise as those newsboys daily enjoy. There are a thousand students in our colleges who could better give an hour or two a day to boxing and fencing, then spoil their eyes and narrow their chests over an extra lesson in Greek. Charles Wesley said he could see no reason why the devil should have all the good tunes, nor can we see why the sinner should monopolize all the robust fun.

What we saw that evening in Hope Chapel threw some light upon the puzzling question, why so many bad men (so-called), are strong, and so many good men (so-called), are weak. We do not mean weak merely in bone and muscle, in breathing and digestion; but weak in character, intent, purpose, without courage, fortitude, or perseverance; abounding in good desires and schemes, but destitute of the force to carry them out. Positively we are afraid of bodies left in their training, and see whether we, too, can bear to take those thundering knocks on the nose with sweet serenity.

The Legal Results.

THE amendment of the Constitution of the United States, abolishing slavery and prohibiting it for ever, was the first great result of the war. It has amended the Constitution with many provisions growing out of the recognition and protection of slavery in the original instrument, and further amendments become requisite as logical sequences to the first. For instance: the provision which permitted slaves, claimed to be simply property, to enter in a single proportion to the basis of representation, to the political aggrandizement of the slaveholder, and a corresponding detraction from the just political weight of the white man in the free States. Again, under the old slave code, the negro had few rights; consistently with the theory and practice of slavery, he could have none; and notwithstanding the abolition of slavery, some of the lately rebellious States have undertaken to retain him in substantially the same condition that he was in before, denying the rights that have accrued to him in virtue of the Constitutional amendment.

For these and many other reasons, there are few people who have not recognized the necessity of further amendments of the Constitution, so as to make the fundamental amendment, which has wrought so profound a change in our system, effective and permanent. Differences of opinion have existed as to the character and extent of these supplementary amendments, but Congress, after long and deliberation and exhaustive debate, has fixed upon a series, which, in view of their importance, we refer our readers to another column. They have received the requisite vote of two-thirds in both Houses of Congress, and now require to be adopted by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States.

These resolutions do not involve the sanction of the President; but we believe they embody his views, and will receive his support in such ways as he can legitimately exercised. He has repeatedly declared himself in favor of granting to the negro the fullest protection in the exercise of civil rights, or, as the Spaniards say, "*equitided 'ante la Ley.*" He has gone further, and expressed his willingness to invest him with the franchise under certain conditions. He has also more emphatically declared in favor of making the voting population the basis of representation. He sees no justice in perpetuating, in the form of slave compromises, which gives two white voters in South Carolina a political power equal to five voters in New York. He has often, and with patriotic pathos, declared that the negro, as he is, cannot and ought to be made "odious," and it cannot be made so better than by excluding the fomenters of the present rebellion and their dupes from office from the privileges of citizens. The perjurer may not be trusted a second time. That the people of the United States should never be called on to pay a debt contracted by those who sought to subvert the country, and for the purpose of such subversion, seems to be too obvious a proposition to require a prohibition. Mr. Johnson, in permitting the Southern States to exercise any of the functions of Government, made this prohibition a condition precedent, and will, no doubt, be glad to have it made imperative under the Constitution.

We may, therefore, congratulate the country on the great fact that Congress and the President are in accord on the only really vital issues before the country. The precise time when the lately rebellious States shall be permitted to resume their place in Congress, and be freed from military surveillance, are questions of expediency, on which co-ordinate branches of the Government may honestly differ. No great harm can come from delay; some is possible from precipitation.

The proposed amendments of the Constitution, if speedily acted on, will facilitate "reconstruction," and settle in advance many disturbing questions. There is no reason why, if these amendments be acted on without delay, Congress may not meet in December with complete delegations from all the States. We are prepared to say, therefore, that Gov. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, one of the most patriotic and efficient, as well as one of the most conservative of all our State Chief Magistrates, has suggested the convocation of all the State legislatures, for the special purpose of acting on the Amendments of the Constitution now before Congress. All desire to have the matters they pertain to definitely settled. It is equally important for the South and North, and if settled now, will remove many difficult and perplexing questions forever from the political arena.

SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN.—Every one must admit that a very large number of women possess all the mental qualifications necessary to the exercise of the franchise, did it belong to them. A woman who is capable at all of forming opinions on those matters of interest which occupy a nation, is perfectly competent to the act of determining whether she will favor the Democratic or the Republican side. The great difficulty about the matter appears to be, that, practically, women do not much interest themselves in politics. The great mass of women do not turn, first of all, to the political page of the morning paper, but eagerly to devour the columns which record the proceedings of Congress. They are glad to know that the duty of tea, or pepper, or salt, or fine combing has taken place which will, by-and-by, affect the details of their housekeeping. But to say that this proves that they are deficient in political tendencies, or a desire to rush into the arena of public discussion, is to assume for them a much more vivid interest in matters of fact in the great world than they, as a rule, possess. That there are women who do care about the possession of the suffrage we do not for a moment doubt, any more than we deny their perfect capacity to exercise it in a high judgment in the days of their vote. But these are women who are distinguished above the majority of their sex; and we believe that, if the suffrage were to be granted to-morrow, the ballot, the whole tendency of the average feminine mind must be changed, and the education of women would have to be admitted into elements of thought not existing in the present programme of things considered essential.

NEW BLOOD.—It is a remarkable fact that the population of large cities exists in very great part of immigrants from the healthy country districts. In the agricultural counties, as in nurseries, where trees are raised for transplanting, large numbers of persons who afterward spend the prime of their days in the great industrial centres, are born, and there actually pass their early population, but serve to supply the waste caused by the comparatively early deaths of the inhabitants of cities. Even in this way it may be observed that the death-rates of New York, Philadelphia, etc., though no high, by no means represent the actual unhealthiness of those cities. Many a New York population have come into them after having passed safely through the dangers of childhood—perils more incurred in the country, and whose graves are reckoned there, and not in the towns. It is almost universally the case that the families are the descendants of actual born and bred dwellers in the town. Indeed, a rapid survey of one's acquaintance will bring before us many middle aged gentlemen else the fact of the very large number of persons who are either themselves actual immigrants, or whose immediate ancestors have been so.

THE average position of women in Europe is something pitiable. Between the extravagance of the cities and the equalidoes of the country, there is no class of women in the world so to shrink with horror and disgust from the tales which reach us of the depravity and misery in which the women of Europe are living as mistress and drudge. No one cannot travel through any European country without finding their counterparts. The writer has seen Germans and a donkey jointly drawing a plow in French Brittany; and throughout every department of their country which arrogates to itself the duty of "civilising Mexico" the traveller will find the mass of women doing the work of beasts of burden. Even in France, you cannot go through a single village where you will not find at least thirty-five who suffer from some deformity, caused by the carrying of fuel, water, and other heavy burdens on their heads. They are prematurely old, almost before they are young. At twenty-five they are old women. In peace time it is not much better than in war; they slave from morning till night in the fields, to the neglect of their persons, their children and the interior management of their homes. They are, in fact, born to a pair with squaws of the untamed, uncultured red men of the prairie, and this in one of the most civilized of nations, one of the great powers of Europe. Look to it, we say, ye who are placed

in authority amongst men; look to it, ye who live but for the hour and the day. Human nature is sometimes long-suffering; but she often turns round, as the wild beast baited to madness, crushing her tormentors in her fury. It is difficult for a moment to imagine the stage of ignorance which also exists amongst them; they have as much idea of saving for a rainy day as they have of making a fortune; if they are well off, they eat white bread and drink wine; if badly off, they eat black bread and drink water, with the same amount of contentment. We are wont to commiserate the poverty and ignorance of the Irish cabin, and the influence which is so easily obtained over unlettered minds by a crafty priesthood. Alas! this is not the only spot. Would that something could be done to make woman take her proper position in Europe, nor permit herself to sink to a level with a common beast of burden.

THE amount of alcohol developed in grape juice by the process of fermentation varies, the average quantity being about 20 per cent. It very rarely indeed exceeds 26, and never 28 per cent. Hence, speaking roughly, it is fair to infer that all wines having a higher alcoholic strength than 26 per cent. are artificially raised to this by the addition of spirit. Now, sherry, as sold in the United States, generally ranges from 30 to 40, and port from 30 to 42. The inference from the fact is easy, if not gratifying.

MR. LAYARD, speaking on behalf of the British Government, when questioned in the House of Commons relative to the bombardment of Valparaiso, tells a very different story from that officially given by Com. Rogers. He asserts, roundly, that the Commodore never offered to join the British Admiral to prevent the bombardment. In his own language, "The statement that the American commander offered, if the British admiral would join him to stop the bombardment, *is utterly untrue.*" Verily, "some one has blundered!" But this is not the worst of it. Mr. Layard continues:

"On the contrary, the American commander admitted the right of the Spanish commander to bombard Valparaiso, although he went to Santiago to remonstrate against such a course. Nor was there any truth in the statement that the American admiral, if he had had sufficient force, would himself have interposed. He never said so. Had his force been ten times greater than that of the Spaniards, he could not have interposed, seeing that it would have been an act of war against Spain. He was informed by the Spanish minister that day that when the American commander went on board the Spanish flagship to remonstrate with the Spanish commander, he said, doubtless as a joke: 'Suppose I put my ship between you and the town, what would happen?' The officer replied: 'You are a sailor, and I am a sailor. You know what your duty would be under those circumstances, and you know how I should fulfill my duty under similar circumstances. If you put yourself between me and the town, it will be my duty to sink you.' Upon this, the American commander shook the Spanish officer warmly by the hand, remarking that he perfectly understood him."

We cannot see how Com. Rogers can remain silent under these imputations on the veracity of his report.

TOWN GOSSIP.

JUPITER PLUVIUS was a propitious deity last Sunday, withholding his hebdomadal frowns and affording bright skies, greatly to the satisfaction of the multitudes who gladly escape from the murky city once a week and enjoy a ramble in the suburbs, and vastly to the delight of other multitudes whose opinions and practice come in collision with the regulations of the Excise Board. Many of these latter, however, believing that they had been put on their good behavior long enough, determined to restore the former order of things, and finding parties willing to satisfy their cravings and brave the terrors of the law, opened anew the fountains of lager and other beverages, and re-enacted the scenes which our good law-makers at Albany complacently flattered themselves would be forever banished from view. But since our worthy Mayor has denounced the Sunday law as possessing "a spirit of intolerance, and striking at the life-long habits and customs of a large class of our people, which are as harmless as they are universal," it is not a matter of surprise that a mere statute is insufficient to curb the propensities and restrain the license, that for years have been gratified with impunity. If our chief executive officer encourages remonstrance to the law, multitudes, with less virtue and acumen, will readily persuade themselves that the violation of the law is in nowise reprehensible.

The signal failure of the Canada invasion has brought Fenian matters into disrepute, and chilled the ardor of the sanguine would-be liberators of Ireland. President Roberts, who was arrested and confined for a short period, has been discharged. With his opportunities of ruminating on the uncertainty of all human (and Fenian) plans, he ought to be a wiser, if not a sadder man. In the meantime the decided falling off in the receipt of funds forebodes anything but promise to the success of a movement that most people regard as both a blunder and a crime.

The usual summer pastimes of the metropolis have occupied a considerable share of attention during the week, and presented a sufficient variety to gratify every taste. Those fond of witnessing the development of sociability and muscle at the same time, wended their way to the Turners' Festival, where agile Teutons performed on ropes, and swings, and wooden horses, and all sorts of gymnasium trappings, until the eye of the spectator was bewildered, and an immense festive throng, with song and waltz, found the hours too short for their hilarity.

The annual regattas of the Brooklyn and New York Yacht Clubs were another feature in the sports of the week, that afforded gratification to admiring thousands.

The Hoboken regatta was held on the 15th, and passed off very well, although, of course, it was a very inferior affair to those already named.

The turf has contributed its share toward the sports of the week, and in some of the best races on record given its patrons an additional cause of pride.

There have likewise been some fine base-ball matches, in which the skill of the defeated parties made almost full amends for the loss of victory.

The "Hub" and the Metropolis, had a friendly contest, through representatives, on Friday night, for superiority in billiard playing. In a skillful and well-contested game, the "Hub" came off victorious. But we shall not envy the fortune of our Boston friends; we know they can do many things well, and are therefore cheerfully disposed to accord the meed of praise whenever and wherever it is due.

Apropos of billiards, we would mention that Mr. Carland has opened an elegant room on 14th street, and placed it under the direction of Melvin Foster. There are seven of Kavanagh & Decker's tables, and all the appointments of the establishment are such as to render it a most desirable resort for gentlemen of taste, who would enjoy a quiet game free from any annoyance.

The appearance of the cholera in Cherry street has set the people to scrubbing, ventilating and fumigating, instead of creating a panic; the improvement in the public *morale* since its last appearance is very significant, and evinces considerable progress in civilization.

The theatres present little novelty. Brougham is playing in his own pieces to very good houses. It is quite a treat to see him again in "Pocahontas"—he is really the *beau-ideal* of Powhatan. He looks so real a savage, that his performance alone of that part, would justify his wife in applying for a divorce.

Moss is doing well in his summer campaign, and Barnum, is crowded, as usual.

CONGRESSIONAL PUGILISM.

IT is not very long since every member of Congress was liable to be called to account, outside the House, for any sentiments uttered in debate which were not satisfactory to the Hotspurs who disgraced themselves and their country, by their lawlessness and disregard of common propriety. It was a simple logic and an easy method of gaining notoriety to fire upon an unarmed and unsuspecting opponent, or steal upon him unawares and strike him down with a cane. The course of events for the last few years changed this order of things, and members have been allowed to say what they pleased with impunity, provided they observed the rules of the House, without fearing a battered head or disfigured face the first time they ventured to leave their seats.

During the past week, however, this fancied security proved fallacious, and the old spectacle of answering an opponent in debate by brutally pounding his head was presented at the national capital, with all the old-time accompaniments. A few days ago Mr. Grinnell, of Iowa, and Mr. Rousseau, of Kentucky (between whom a bitterness of feeling had existed for some time), indulged in some severe strictures upon each other, Mr. Grinnell being especially intemperate and ungentlemanly. In fact, his manner and language were grossly abusive, and it is unfortunate that the House allowed itself to listen to his tirade without promptly calling him to order and requiring an apology.

Mr. Rousseau comported himself on this occasion with great forbearance and dignity, and the hope was very generally indulged that he would take no further notice of charges that were really more damaging to his opponent, who so unwisely preferred them, than to himself. But Mr. Rousseau did not let the matter rest thus; and meeting his accuser outside of the hall a few days subsequently, he demanded a prompt apology for what he regarded as an unwarrantable insult. The apology being refused, he immediately struck Mr. Grinnell a number of blows with his cane, at the same time loudly declaring the intention of thus disgracing him. No serious injury was inflicted before the parties were separated, but an injury has been inflicted upon the privileges of the House and the good sense of the people at large that cannot be readily repaired. Our representatives are not sent to Washington to establish the prize ring and become proficients with the shillelah. We do not want our national legislature turned into a bear-garden; and when members cannot refrain from the barbarities and puerilities of personal encounters, they should promptly resign, and give place to others who know how to act as gentlemen, and appreciate properly the dignity of their position. Truth cannot be contradicted by caning; a castigation is no legitimate answer to an argument, and any man who resorts to such expedients, proves both the weakness of his cause and his own ignoble nature.

Mr. Rousseau has made a great mistake if he supposes the use of a bludgeon will vindicate either his honor or his character. We have reconstructed the former habits of our representatives, and will no longer tolerate the blackguardism of former days. The sooner Mr. Rousseau, and all others, who like him, may feel disposed to resent their injuries by a resort to violent lawlessness, understand this fact, the sooner will they have a claim to the respect and confidence of their countrymen.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

THE following amendments of the Constitution have passed both Houses of Congress by the requisite two-thirds vote, and now require the concurrence of the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States to become integral parts of the Constitution:

Resolved—By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled (two-thirds of both Houses concurring), That the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States, as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid as part of the Constitution, namely:

ARTICLE ——.

SECTION 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and the States wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or happiness without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

SEC. 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons, excluding Indians not taxed. But whenever the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President, Representatives in Congress, executive and judicial officers, or the members of the Legislatures thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

SEC. 3. That no person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or elector of President and Vice-President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid and comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disabilities.

SEC. 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned. But neither the United States nor any State shall assume to pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations and claims shall be held illegal and void.

SEC. 5. The Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 4 of this popular and admirably conducted periodical is just out, sustaining, in every respect, the high character of the previous issues. It is so well suited to the tastes of the little folks, and affords such a variety of interesting reading matter, that it is just the thing for every household, in which instruction and entertainment are happily combined. Parents who wish to put into the hands of their children unexceptionable reading matter, will find the *Children's Friend* just what they need.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from Horace Waters, the well-known publisher of popular and sterling music, the following pieces: "Gen. Scott's Funeral March," which the admirers of the old hero will appreciate; "Sunlight," a sparkling Polka, together with the following Songs, viz: "Looking Forward;" "Don't Marry a Man if he Drinks," and "I'll Marry no Man if he Drinks." The music of all these pieces is by Mrs. Parkhurst, and the publisher has spared no pains to bring them before the public, as usual, in a neat and attractive form.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The American Bible Society was organized in 1816. It has printed 21,409,966 Bibles in the half century of its existence, and received contributions during the same period to the amount of $10,434,953. The receipts for the year closing March 31, 1866, exceed those of 1861 by $253,084.12. It has issued during the past five years 6,555,231 books.

—— One of the most valuable collections of natural history in the United States was destroyed at the recent burning of the Academy of Sciences in Chicago. The ornithological collection had been gathered with great care by the Smithsonian Institute and by Mr. Robert Kinnecutt, the Arctic explorer. The museum was valued at $30,000, and was totally destroyed.

—— The number of pardons issued by the President up to date: Political pardons, 12,381; criminal pardons, 164. The President has ordered that hereafter no pardon shall be issued to a second party, but must be given to the individual, or sent to the Governor of the State, with the view of breaking-up the pardon-broker nuisance.

—— The amount of mutilated and redeemed paper-money which the Treasury Department has been daily destroying of late is so great, that the department has determined hereafter to make it into pulp, and estimates that it can thus supply itself with envelopes, saving $12,000 per annum.

—— The yield of petroleum in Pennsylvania has fallen off fully one-half since the first of January. The immediate abolition of the tax on crude will revive operations somewhat.

—— The following are the aggregate products of manufacturers in the three great cities of the West:

Cincinnati - - - -	$46,995,062
St. Louis - - - -	27,619,070
Chicago - - - -	18,555,671

Cincinnati produces $212 94 in manufactures for each one of the population; St. Louis produces $145 30 to each one; Chicago produces $94 10 to each.

—— Throughout the valley of Oil Creek in Pennsylvania are many traces of ancient workings to obtain oil. Over sections embracing hundreds of acres in extent, the surface of the land has at some remote period of time, been excavated in the form of oblong pits, from four by six, to six by eight feet in size. These pits are often from four to six feet still in depth, notwithstanding the action of rain and frost for so many years. Some of these pits appear to have been of a circular or oval form, but all to have been excavated with care, and with reference to one design. They are found in the oil region, and over the oil deposits, and in no other place; affording unmistakable evidence of their design and use. The deeper and larger pits appear to have been cribbed up with timber at the sides, in order to preserve their form, and better to adapt them to the end in view.

—— The largest amount of revenue paid by the British people in any one year was $370,000,000. The amount which the people of the United States will pay this year will be $540,000,000.

—— The State Agricultural Society of Illinois has offered premiums to persons who plant the greatest number of deciduous trees in artificial groves this spring, the same to be counted in the fall and the premiums to be paid in January, 1867. This is a movement of peculiar value to the West, where the boundless prairies are without shade, and where the value and beauty of every homestead would be so much increased by trees.

—— Of the loyal States. New England lost the heaviest proportion of killed and wounded, in the men it contributed to the national army—nearly 45 per 1,000; the Western States next, 37 per 1,000; the Middle States about 32 per 1,000; and the Border States 25 per 1,000. Kansas heads the list of States—more than half the able-bodied men there entered the army, and 61 of every 1,000 of them were killed or died of wounds. Vermont stands next on the list—her losses in killed and those who died of wounds amounted to upward of 58 per 1,000. Massachusetts lost nearly 48 per 1,000: New Hampshire over 47.

—— The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations proposes a substitute for the House resolution in respect to the Paris Exposition, by which the sum of $131,400 is appropriated, to enable American exhibitors to participate in the great show. Mr. Grimes offered an amendment that no money should be paid nor any officers appointed until we are sure that the French troops are to be taken out of Mexico.

—— The Fenian excitement has died out. The United States Government, however, appears resolved on prosecuting the leaders in the late aggressive movement, and with the close of these trials, probably, the end of Fenianism, for the present, will come.

—— Judge Underwood has refused to admit Jefferson Davis to bail, on the ground of non-jurisdiction, the defendant being held by the military power of the Government.

—— A tornado destroyed an old building at Bambery, S. C., a few days ago, killing seven children, who were playing inside.

—— Recently conventions of the various religious denominations have been held in the various Southern States. At nearly all of these steps were taken for the education of the freedmen, each sect providing for the religious and secular instruction of the colored members of the church. Among the zealous leaders in this movement is Bishop Quintard, of the Episcopal Diocese of Tennessee.

—— An experiment was made last week in this city, with Marshall's Fire Annihilator. This consists of a number of pipes leading through the building and attached to the ceiling. These pipes are perforated, so that, on a steam fire-engine being attached to the street pipe, a very heavy shower of rain was thrown into the building. No fire could have withstood such a deluge. There were many spectators present, all of whom were satisfied of its great utility.

—— Cotton in Georgia has commenced to blossom. The recent rains have overwhelmed the crop in many places with grass. Wheat throughout the State is harvested, and although the crop turns out better than was feared some time ago, it is by no means excellent.

—— The American and Western Union Telegraph Companies are about forming a union of interests, which will control and operate all the territory and connect all points of importance from Newfoundland to San Francisco and Vancouver's Island. From the latter point a line to St. Petersburg will be done within a year, and Cuba and the West Indies will be connected.

—— The Italian ship Napoleon Canevero, which sailed from Macao for Callao on the 8th of March, with 600 coolies on board, was burned on the second day out, and all on board are supposed to have perished. The coolies revolted early in the day, and when ordered to surrender, threw some burning material into the hold of the vessel. The crew managed to lower a boat and escape in it; but there being 8,000 boxes of Chinese fire-crackers in the hold, an explosion took place before the coolies could escape.

—— The Nebraska newspapers announce that the new State organization has been carried by the Union party, with a Union majority in both branches of the Legislature.

Foreign.—A discovery, of at least as vital importance for Egyptology as the celebrated Rosetta Stone itself, was lately made in Egypt by a party of four German explorers—Reinisch, Rösler, Lepsius and Weidenbach—at a place called Sane, the whilom Tanis, the principal scene of Rameses II.'s enormous architectural undertakings. A stone, with Greek characters upon it, was found protruding from the ground, and when fully excavated, proved to contain a bilingual inscription, in no less than thirty-seven lines of hieroglyphics and seventy-six lines of Greek, in the most perfect state of preservation, and dating from the time of the third Ptolemy, Euergetes I., in 238 B. C. The stone measures two metres twenty-two centimetres in length and seventy-eight centimetres in width, and is completely covered by the inscriptions. Their first attempts at editing this important inscription having failed, the travelers returned to the spot, and, during a stay of two days (the 22d and 23d of April), copied the inscription most carefully, and photographed it three times.

—— A clever bit of roguery has just been stopped by the police of Paris, who have caught the authors at their work. A well-dressed man has been in the habit of going into a shop, buying a trifling article, and giving a ten-franc gold piece. On receiving his change, he declares it was a twenty-franc piece; and, when the dispute becomes warm, says it is very easy to prove it: "My piece of twenty francs is a very old one of the reign of Louis Philippe, and has a scratch across it." Sure enough, it is found, and the change for twenty francs must be given. But some time before his accomplice has been to the same house, bought a trifle, and given this marked twenty-franc piece, and the game is continued till the harvest is sufficient.

—— The *Vossische Zeitung*, a moderate Liberal paper of Berlin, states that the exasperation against the Prussian Government is unbounded in Wurtemberg, and that deep hatred of Count Bismarck fills all hearts. Among the soldiers in the South an uncontrollable spirit manifests itself, and fears are expressed lest the Cabinet war meditated by Bismarck should end in a German civil war. "The photograph of Ferdinand Blind," says the letter in the *Vossische*, "is exhibited in all the shop-windows of Stuttgart, wreathed with *immortelles;* and people loudly declare him to be a second William Tell." From another source it is stated that the Landwehr men of Sigmaringen, who are called out for service in the Prussian army, kissed the portrait when marching the streets, and gave enthusiastic cheers, amid tears, in honor of the deceased.

—— There is a variety of good stories told at the London clubs with reference to the late panic, for men will have their joke even upon serious subjects. A celebrated barrister, who had invested a small sum in Overend & Gurney's Company, met a friend to whom he communicated his loss. "Five hundred," said the latter, "that must have quite *upset* you." "Not at all," responded the wit, "I only *lost my balance.*"

—— An extraordinary accident occurred to a little girl living at Southsea, on the 22d ult. It appears that she had been sent out to a neighboring public-house with a glass bottle for some stout, and on her return she fell and broke the neck off the bottle. In falling, however, her neck came upon the jagged ends of the broken glass, which penetrated one of the main arteries, and the flow of blood was so profuse that death ensued almost immediately afterward.

—— Prussia, as is well known, possesses a special manufacture, from which she draws considerable profits—that of cannon and materials connected with artillery. Several large factories of great renown have, for many years, with the consent of the Government, supplied pieces of cannon to a number of States. The export of these arms has now been forbidden, the only exceptions being those which have been purchased for the United States of America, Asia or Africa, and the destination of which shall be well authenticated.

—— From the summary of the number of exhibitors, and the demands for space in the Paris Exhibition of 1867, which has just been made up, it appears that the number of proposing-exhibitors, exclusive of the fine arts, is 2,280. In 1855 the number was 1,541. The total nett space demanded in the forthcoming Exhibition exceeds 305,000 square feet (exclusive of space demanded in the park). The nett space at the disposal of the British executive is 93,000 square feet, or considerably less than one-third of the space asked for. In 1855 the nett space filled was 65,000 square feet.

—— There is a colliery shaft in Belgium 932 yards in depth. In Saxony there is another upward of 800 yards; and in the Dukinfield Colliery the black mine has been followed to the depth of 940 yards from the surface.

—— Mr. Francis Mahony, for several years past the Parisian correspondent of the London *Globe*, died at Paris a few days ago. Mr. Mahony, who was a native of Cork, was at one time well known in London literary circles as "Father Prout," under which designation he published some thirty years ago a series of most amusing articles: "The Prout Papers," in *Fraser's Magazine*. To this periodical he, as well as the late Dr. Maginn and Serjeant Murphy, both Cork men, were frequent contributors. His translation into Greek and Latin of some of Moore's melodies, and of some well-known Irish slang songs, such as "The Groves of Blarney" and "The Night before Larry was Stretched," showed considerable power of language and of humor. "The Prout Papers" were collected and published in one volume, and passed through several editions.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—The *habitues* and visitors to Saratoga Springs will be much pleased to learn that Mr. Edwin A. Brooks, the popular proprietor of the great New York Boot and Shoe Emporium, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, has opened a large branch store at Saratoga Springs. Mr. Brooks is so well-known and so much respected by all who know him, both in and out of business, that, in addition to the pleasure it will give his old New York customers to see his pleasant face, combining the *utile cum dulci* and improving his fortune and health at the same time, there will be the convenience of not having to send for their boots and shoes to the Empire City. The ladies will be especially gratified, as we all know how pretty ankles are improved when their shoes and gaiters are made by so accomplished an *artiste* as Mr. Brooks, who may be said to have carried his science to its utmost limit.

"THE Princess Helena of England," says the *Gazette de France*, "by her marriage with Prince Christian of Augustenburg, will become the niece of a New York lady named Lee. The family of this latter, some years ago, established themselves at Paris, hoping, as it is not unusual with rich Americans, to form an alliance with some noble European family. There were two young ladies, both of whom attained their wish, as one married Baron Wachter, Minister of Wurtenburg at Paris, and the other some time after inspired with the warmest love Prince Frederick, brother of the late Sovereign Duke of Augustenburg, and uncle of the present Princess. The marriage took place at the United States Embassy at Paris, and the bride and bridegroom started for the East on a wedding tour. They had reached Beyrout in Syria, when the Prince was taken ill and died. His widow returned to Paris, to the house of her sister, the Baroness Wachter, and now becomes aunt of an English Princess."

THE comparative magnitude of the planets is as follows: Supposing the earth to be 12in. in diameter, then Herschel is 4ft. 5in., Saturn 10ft., Jupiter 11ft. 3in., Venus 11¼in., Mars 6¼in., Mercury 4¾in., Pallas 3¾in., Juno 2¾in., Ceres 1¼in., and Vesta only one-third of an inch. The sun is 111ft. 8in., and the moon 3¾in.



GAINES'S MILL, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. E. TAYLOR.

GAINES'S MILL, VA.

IT is just four years since the splendid army of the Potomac ended the celebrated Peninsular campaign in disappointment and disaster. After seven days of as brave fighting as the world ever witnessed the army, defeated, though not disgraced, gladly sought the protection of the gunboats, and made its escape from the fatal swamps of the Chickahominy, leaving thousands of its brave men a sacrifice to the Moloch of war, and barely forcing its way against the almost irresistible masses of the enemy to a place of security. The battle of Gaines's Mill, the second in the seven days' series, was the most bloody, obstinate, and disastrous of the whole, the losses on each side being fearful, and the combat ending only with the day. The mill from which the battle derived its name was burned during the engagement, and has not been rebuilt.

Our Artist has sketched the ruins as they now appear, and we reproduce them on this page, together with a view of Glendale Church and the cemetery for Union soldiers adjacent to it. The battle of Glendale has sometimes been called the battle of Frazier's Farm, but it is more generally known by the former name. The church is four miles from Malvern Hill, another memorable point in the famous retreat of the Peninsular army. The cemetery embraces an enclosure of about two acres, and in it are interred all the bodies of our soldiers who fell at Glendale, White Oak Swamp, and Malvern Hill that could be identified. About 3,000 patriots have found a resting-place within this simple enclosure. These places will ever have a historic interest, and as this week is the anniversary of the terrible battles near Richmond, it seems a fitting time to call attention to scenes and localities that were so prominent in our great national struggle.



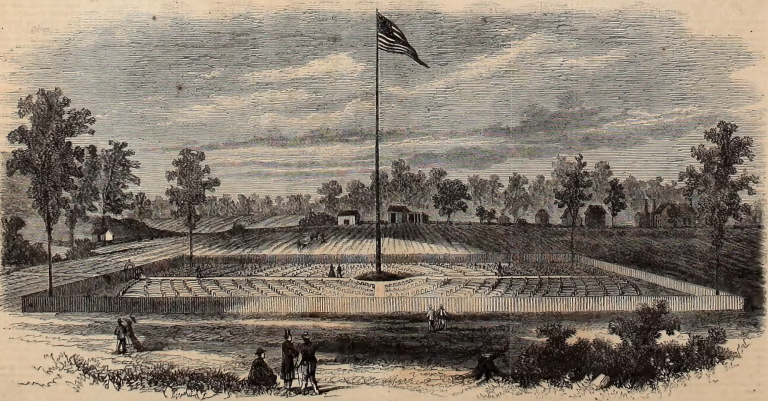
GLENDALE CHURCH, VA., THE LOCALITY OF ONE OF THE "SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES."

ROBERT DENISON HOLMES,

Most Worshipful Grand Master of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York.

THE subject of this sketch was born at East Haddam, Conn., on the 12th June, 1822. His parents soon afterward removed to this city, and here his school-boy days were passed. At the age of thirteen he entered the law-office of Horace Holden Esq.; but soon after, craving a more exciting life, engaged in an importing house as custom-house and shipping clerk. From the force of association, he was led to the sea, and at sixteen shipped before the mast, from whence, in four years, he had risen to be chief mate of a ship in the European trade.

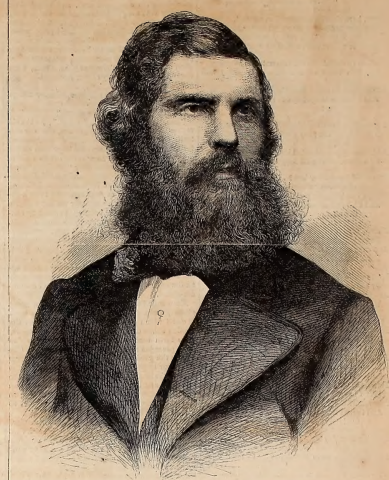
His father died in 1841, and this sad event determined him to settle in New York, where he could be near his



UNION SOLDIERS' CEMETERY AT GLENDALE, VA., OR FRAZIER'S FARM.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.



ROBERT D. HOLMES, ESQ., GRAND MASTER OF THE GRAND LODGE OF FREE MASONS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEWIS.



SAMUEL SINCLAIR, ESQ., PUBLISHER OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

mother, and cherish her in her declining years. In casting about for the means of employment, the idea of the law again suggested itself, and he therefore placed himself under the care of John W. Mulligan, Esq., at the same time supporting himself and mother by his pen, contributing to the *Knickerbocker Magazine* and other periodicals of the day.

In 1846 Mr. Holmes was admitted to the bar, and, by his industry and ability, has secured an extensive and lucrative practice, in both the civil and criminal courts.

In 1859 Mr. Holmes was initiated in the Ancient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons. Within a brief period he was one of a number of applicants to form Mystic-Tie Lodge, and was unanimously chosen Master, to which position he was annually re-elected for eleven years.

In 1860 he received appointment as District Deputy Grand Master for the Third Masonic District, and in 1864 he received the highest vote for Deputy Grand Master, and the following year was unanimously elected Grand Master of Free and Accepted Masons, to which position he was again elected, at the late annual communication, a compliment well-deserved by his careful attention to the onerous duties of the office, and his studious endeavor to promote the welfare of the Craft. He was for six years Masonic editor of the New York *Dispatch*, and is now connected with the musical and dramatic department of that journal.

In person, Mr. Holmes is about of the medium height, with a slight tendency to *embonpoint*. He is a ready and forcible speaker, and, in the very prime of his days and faculties, may reasonably look forward to a career of usefulness and success. His position is a proof that honest and well-sustained endeavor must, sooner or later, meet its reward.

SAMUEL SINCLAIR, ESQ.

SAMUEL SINCLAIR, whose portrait we give on this page, is a native of this State, having been born in Chautauqua county, in 1825. He can boast a patriotic ancestry; His grandfather, Major Samuel Sinclair, distinguished himself in the war of 1812. His father was a worthy mechanic being a good carpen ter and especially skilled and celebrated as a millwright. He also had a taste for military life, and passed through the various grades of office, up to that of colonel, with marked distinction. He died in 1848.

Mr. Sinclair's mother, who is still living, is a native of Vermont, and at an early age emigrated with her parents to Chautauqua county, being among the first settlers of that region.

The subject of this sketch came to this city in 1841, and entered the *Tribune* establishment as cashier, bookkeeper, subscription and mail clerk. He filled all these positions up to about 1848, when, the labor becoming altogether too burdensome, he was obliged to relinquish the different positions one by one, except cashier and book-keeper, which he continued to fill till 1856, when he was appointed publisher of the *Tribune*, which position he has held since then, except during 1864. By his energy and dogged perseverance, and faith in the principles of the *Tribune*, he aided materially in putting the circulation of that paper to the enormous number of 280,000 copies; a much larger circulation than ever before obtained by any newspaper, which comparative circulation we believe it still holds.

He was married in Amherst, N. H., in 1848, to Charlotte A. Perry, a niece of Mr. Greeley, and an estimable woman, by whom he has three children, a son and two daughters. Having been constantly engaged in the business department of the *Tribune*, he has not taken much public part in politics out of his own Ward, but he has been earnest and radical in his opinions. The best evidence of Mr. Sinclair's ability and faithfulness is his long connection with the *Tribune*, and its prosperity under his management.

DEDICATION OF THE ITALIAN CHURCH

Of St. Anthony of Padua.

ON the 10th of June, 1866, a neat but modest structure in Sullivan street, New York, was solemnly dedicated by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of the diocese, Dr. McCloskey, as the Church of St. Anthony of Padua, intended as a place of worship for the Italians residing in New York. Some of these are wealthy merchants and well-to-do traders, but the mass are of the humble class: workers in marble, painters, and itinerant musicians. These will now have the gospel preached to them in their own liquid tongue. The church will be under the direction of the Franciscan friars, an order which began missions in Canada as early as 1615. On the occasion of the dedication, the church was filled to its utmost capacity. Before the solemn High Mass, the Archbishop moved around the new church in procession, according to the rite prescribed by the Roman Pontifical, and with prayer and incense and sprinkling, dedicated it to the worship of Almighty God.

Then followed the solemn High Mass, sung by the Provincial of the Order in this country, the very Rev. Pantilo da Magliano, assisted by Rev. F. Leo da Sarzana, O. S. F., of Winstead, Conn., as Deacon, and Rev. A. Pfeifer, O. S. F., as Sub-deacon. The Archbishop delivered an impressive sermon in English, and after Post Communion, the Father, the Rev. Leone Pacifico, returned thanks in Italian in a short address to the Archbishop, expressing to him the gratitude of his flock, and their endeavor to render their church such, by their zeal and Christian virtues, as best to testify to the sincerity of their gratitude.

The music on the occasion, directed by Mr. William Berge, was especially fine and appropriate.



THE DEDICATION OF THE ITALIAN CHURCH OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA, IN SULLIVAN STREET, N. Y., BY THE MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP M'CLOSKEY, ON SUNDAY, JUNE 10TH.

THE DOUBTFUL TOMB OF VIRGIL.—The locality of the grave of many a genius is now lost to the world. Even the tomb of Virgil, near Naples which has been for so many centuries visited by travelers, and regarded by them with veneration, as having once retained the ashes of the great poet, cannot be pronounced with confidence genuine. It is a small square building with a rounded roof, and stands on the very brink of a precipice immediately above the entrance to the subterranean tunnel of Posillippo, a beautiful, and we learn, faithful view of which was given in Waugh's "Italy." The old entrance to the tomb has been enlarged, and a modern window cut through the wall. The interior is a vaulted cell about twelve feet square, having many small recesses for urns. The urns, if ever any filled these recesses are now wanting; and with them, of course, the one containing the ashes of the great

MET AT LAST.

BY E. S. SPENCER.

"Yes, and a deager can
Yet, than all other."

Look, here she lies now, dead as my feet,
With the death-dew scarce yet dried on her brow;
It is thus, then, O God, that at last we meet,
And the waters have ended a broken vow!

Look at her silk! Is the tale not told?
See, the braid of her tresses is glossy and smooth!
I remember her neat little dresses of old,
And the eyes laughing out through the curls—
all truth!

I remember the days when a clear voice rang,
Man and child, by gray church, with a tottering tower,
And I fancy the notes fell low as they sang
Of a place we should long for in that hour.

When did I meet her last? On the night
When she swore to be mine, my lov'd one alone,
Well, I look'd in her passionate eyes so bright,
And I kiss'd her—and then at the dawn she was flown!

Flown, with the lie on her red rose lips—
Gone, with my kiss yet warm on her!—gone!
And over my heart fell a deadly eclipse:
For a sun set then that has never since shone.

Little white feet, was your tread too light,
Or sad and weary, to end like this?
Ah, you walked in a dream to a bridge one night,
While he bought of the waves with a fearful bliss.

Poor little soft hand, clammy and thin,
Many longed for you once—you are changed since then!
Round, pinkish white throat, dimple-arched chin,
You are cold, and those eyes cannot open again!

Yet, 'tis hard, too, to meet just as we have met,
(For I loved her so dearly, so purely, so well)—
To walk by a bank, see a dead woman, wet,
And to find that the features are those you can tell!

To know that the body borne down by the stream,
And the dark hair drenched by the waves below,
Are those you have worshiped! It must be a dream,
To fancy that face is the same face!—No—

'Tis the same sweet mouth, and the same little nose;
And the lashes lie near where the light once shone;
The cheek is *her* cheek, though the roses have fled—
I have kiss'd these lips in the days long gone!

Close wrap her gay clothes over her form,
And my cloak—I had rather *her face* were not seen—
Lay her there. She is cold, but her grave will be warm!

After all, death is better than *life* has been!

She will be nearer the new-mown grass,
Nearer the scent of the flowers He gave;
Pure stars will light her instead of the gas,
Angels of eve may pass over her grave.

I leave her. Our meeting is all too late.
If prayers would avail, how I'd pray for her now!
I take a last look at my life's one fate,
And I plant my last pitying kiss on her brow.

I leave her, my lov'd one, faded and wan;
No sun in the morning can open her eyes;
Now I know how it is, when all hope is gone,
That they look on the river and long for the skies.

Poisoned by Mistake.

THE MORAY OF THE STORM.

TOWARDS the close of the sixteenth century, when the belief in sorcherers and sorceresses (a belief so common amongst the uneducated and ignorant of of all classes and all ages) had as yet by no means begun to die out, there resided in the fine old city of Antwerp one of those arch-impostors and charlatans, by name Leopold Hoffner. The man was precisely of the Cagliostro stamp—that is to say, his character was a mixture of genius, impudence and artful imposture. Such men, however, we will know, did not want for credulous followers.

It was the evening of a fine summer day, between seven and eight o'clock, and the red rays of the setting sun threw a gleam on the antiquated gables of the old mercenary's dwelling, at the door of which he sat upon an old oaken stool, according to the fashion of the day, taking the evening air previous to his retirement for the night, and after the close of his day's labors. He was past eighty years of age now, and unable to devote half the night to secret calculations, as was his wont in the junior members of his craft. Before the old man stood, on a low bench, a black jack of Rhine beer and a loaf of coarse brown bread, with a piece of Gruyère cheese. Rich though he certainly was, yet he was, like most of his profession, miserly to a degree. Crouched at his feet, playing with making faces, was an enormous black ape of frightful visage, regarded by the superstitious patrons of the old wizard as his familiar spirit. The animal, however, in spite of his ill-omened looks, was in truth most good-tempered and amusing, and extremely attached to his master. This uncouth attendant and an old shriveled crone (if possible still uglier), formed the whole of this curious household. It is only due, however, to the poor old lady to state that her looks, like those of the monkey, belied her heart, for she was of a most gentle and amiable disposition.

Old Wintzer sat musingly at his supper, now throwing a morsel of cheese to his monkey (and quite unconscious that the ingrateful rascal was thereby exhibiting every gesture), and now looking absently at the sky, over the face of which darkness was fast gathering. Dame Charlot, the housekeeper, sat just behind her master in the curious old-fashioned doorway, turning her spinning-wheel with a nimbleness of finger that might have been profitably imitated by many a busy milliner of the good old city. A few minutes passed thus, when the old woman suddenly raised her head.

"Master."

"Ay, Dame." (For so Master Wintzer always styled Charlot.)

"Yon clouds, sure, bode a storm."

"Yes, yes; trust Bertram for that." As the old man said this, he glanced knowingly at his ape, contorting his features with most frightful vehemence; for it is a most curious fact that impostors of the stamp of Wintzer have always professed to bear of the supernatural powers of their "familiars" from the tongues of their thousand and one deluded disciples, that they ended by themselves believing that which they had at first intended to be a diabolical *ruse*, just as a slanderer will set afloat a malicious story on his own account, and end by convincing himself he is speaking the simple truth.

"Sure, sure," muttered the old lady, trembling, for she was a devoted believer in the supernatural powers of both man and monkey. "Quiet, quiet, good Bertie." And the animal, pulled on hood to her; indeed, the poor creature was simply excited by that vague terror which possesses nearly all the animal creation at the approach of a thunder-storm.

Meanwhile the sun had just sunk, like a great globe of burnished gold, behind the black bank of cloud which now enveloped the sky; and the swollen waves of the Scheldt, turgid and restless, gave forth that peculiar moaning sound which often presages a hurricane of no slight force. One by one the good people of Antwerp withdrew from their door-steps to the more secure accommodation of their chambers. Lights began to appear at the windows, and the big drops of rain which began sullenly to fall, uttered, as it were, a warning to the last lingerers to withdraw from the street to the shelter of their homes.

Dame Charlot glanced anxiously at her master, awaiting the signal to withdraw; for, with that reverence which at the period of which we write was toward their employers, she would not have ventured to rise without his example. The old necromancer, however, appeared still lost in thought, when suddenly the attention of both master and housekeeper was drawn to an object proceeding at a rapid rate down the narrow street. This was an old and heavy traveling-carriage, drawn by six mules, adorned with feathers and bells, and advancing with a celerity quite astonishing, considering the ponderous nature of the vehicle. The old man and the dame gazed on in open-mouthed astonishment until the carriage was opposite to the street. Struck speechless with surprise at the unlooked-for visitation, the old couple, accompanied round from his reverie, could only stare in silence, and Dame Charlot was quite overcome with awe at the grandeur of this apparition, though both ape and mules uncertain how to act, a young man, of very handsome aspect, showing his head through the aperture of the vehicle (for the carriage was not known), inquired, with a strong Spanish accent:

"Can I have accommodation here for the night for a young lady who is very ill?"

"I do not keep a hostelry," said the old necromancer, bluntly, and somewhat angrily, for he was averse to strangers, and especially to foreigners.

"Pardon, my stranger," but I had thought by the sign which hangs over—"

"The Herr need not mind that; it is usual in this country for all trades to hang out their signs—even doctors and lawyers," said the old gentleman, that is all, and if the Herr needs accommodation, why the Golden Fleece, yonder, there are good apartments and—"

"But," broke in Dame Charlot, timidly, for she was afraid of no one where sex and a woman's sympathy with her sex, "is the lady so very ill?"

The young man uttered a deep sigh.

"Very; and I would pay—pay well, so that we could be sheltered."

"A—h, ah!" said Wintzer, sharply, "that alters the whole case. Pay well, indeed! Why the old man was rich as a Jew), "and if the Herr does not mind paying—"

"Pay!" broke in a gruff voice burst from the carriage.

"No, no, I do not mind paying," said the stranger, hastily; "but let us make haste."

"Yes, yes," said Dame Charlot; "and besides, poor thing, the noise of an inn would do her no good; and here am I, a skilled nurse, to look to her dear. And you will not mind paying me, too?" she added, aside.

"I pay all—everything, so that you make haste," returned the young man, impatiently, from the vehicle, and immediately bearing a young lady in his arms into the old necromancer's dwelling, where she was speedily placed upon a couch in a half-fainting state. "Oh!" exclaimed he, "is there no skilled leech at hand that can assist for, or my wife will die!"

"There is Master Hans Frischen, over the way, a very skilled man," said Dame Charlot, "whom I will speedily fetch if your lordship desire it."

"Fetch him, then; and for heaven's sake be quick!"

Dame Charlot needed no second bidding, for the occasion offered a favorable opportunity for gossip (of which she did not get much in her dull life); besides, she plainly saw, she should now be a person of considerable importance, which is a reflection especially dear to the hearts of all women. Nothing does a woman so like as to appear, even if she is not of importance to somebody. It is her "chief vitæ." All women, even the very best, like to be of consequence. They must be general over some small army, or some individual, or else at once surrender at discretion. So thought the worthy housekeeper, and donning her scarlet woolen hood, and slipping her feet into her slobots, she was speedily on her way to the town Galen. But two minutes had elapsed ere she returned, bringing with her a mild, pleasant-looking man, of middle age, of grave yet attractive demeanor, on whose face the word "Doctor" was as legibly inscribed as if it had been branded there in actual letters. Without a single unnecessary word he saluted all in the room, and then, with the quiet confidence of his profession, advanced toward the patient's sofa. Still silently he felt her pulse, looked at her attentively for a moment, and then turning to her husband, said, gravely:

"An accident to madame?"

"My wife has been shaken by the overturn of our carriage some six hours back," was the reply.

"Ah! and madame's present condition is—"

"You are right," hastily interrupted the young man; "she is within a few weeks of her confinement."

"Oh! oh!" interposed old Wintzer; "I did not bargain for—"

"Silence, pray silence, monsieur," said the doctor, quietly, but authoritatively.

"A baby! oh, dear!" gasped poor Dame Charlot, ready to herself.

"Monsieur," said the doctor, addressing himself to the lady's husband, "I do not apprehend serious consequences, but for the present I prescribe utter and entire quiet. Let madame be at once removed to bed in that room of the house least exposed to noise. Give her presently some white wine, and a morsel of something nourishing, such as a fowl, for example, and let her endeavor to sleep. I will send over some necessary soothing draughts, and will myself come over in the morning. One question, monsieur, that I may know whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"I am Don Carlos Estevan, and a grandee of Spain. Don Carlos, of course, my wife."

The doctor bowed low.

"On whom may I depend to see my orders carried out? much depends upon nursing and—"

Dame Charlot came forward, and making a low reverence, said:

"You may depend on me, Herr Doctor."

The doctor looked at her in some doubt, not unmixed with surprise.

"You? I know you well, my worthy neighbor; you are most excellent, most trustworthy, but this is a case where—"

"I am equal to it, my Herr, if it would please you to try me." And something in the good old lady's look resolved the doctor, for he immediately returned, with some show of confidence:

"Well, be it so, friend Charlot; we will try." And he took his departure with that noiseless and easy gait so peculiar to the distinguished of his profession.

The young wife lay on the sofa in a state half-swoon, half-sleeping, the immediate effects of her fall having departed, and a still languor succeeded the shock. Her husband sat by her side, with one of her hands clasped in his own, and regarded her from time to time with looks of anxious foreboding beyond description.

She was a most beautiful young woman, not, perhaps, of the highest type of beauty, although many would aware it is quite *comme il faut* that all heroines of romance should be "exquisitely" lovely. Such epithets, however, could not be applied here. Donna Estevan was a true Andalusian, with the large dark eye and black hair peculiar to the ladies of that province. Such ladies are generally somewhat marked by the dark—not to say swarthy—complexion which unusually accompanies them. Moreover, the women of Andalusia are famous chiefly for their arch sprightliness and vivacity, such as it could not be expected the poor listless patient could exhibit under the circumstances. The young pair sat thus alone, for the old man had retired to his laboratory, since, feeling disinclined (from the excitement of the day) for much conversation, he went to rest, he purposed to devote some hours to the composition of certain of his mystic chemical preparations, which, according to the high authority of her appointment to the combined offices of head nurse and cook, had withdrawn to the kitchen in a state of much importance and officiousness.

"Ah!" she said, apostrophizing a fat fowl which she had caught in the yard, and chosen for the basting before a bright fire—"ah, what a night! Only think that ever I should be roasting a fowl for a Spanish grandee! A good twenty pence in the market come Thursday. Ah! master'll make a fine thing of it."

Here there came a loud knock at the door, which made the old woman start prodigiously, the cover, by which she dredged the bird with the draughts; so the dame gave him a couple of apples (a most unusual piece of liberality) and sent him off to some child in the street, about his business. Then she proceeded to lay the cloth for supper, which she served up in the room where the sick lady lay.

"Madame will eat some of this beautiful bird, I know," crooked worthy Charlot, as she removed the covers. "Only see a fine pullet, to be sure, comes expensive; but then, monsieur—"

"Pray have the kindness to leave us in quiet. We are much obliged to you for your attention," interrupted Donna Estevan; "but we would prefer not being waited upon."

"Oh, certainly, if madame wishes it," said the good-natured housekeeper, rather gratified than otherwise, indeed, it was impossible to take offense at the soft, melodious tones of the beautiful speaker; and hastily courtesying, she withdrew.

"Try to take a morsel, Maria, dearest," said the young Don, placing before his wife a small portion of the white meat of the fowl; "just one morsel, for my sake."

"Oh, I cannot, Carlos; I feel oppressed by I know not what foreboding. Can we not leave this dreary place presently?"

"To-night? Impossible, love; but, for my part, I think I shall sleep soundly upon it."

"Kind, yes; but the place is so gloomy, and that old woman so chattering, and that horrible ape—oh!" shuddered the poor lady shivered.

"Maria, dearest, illness makes you petulant. The good people have been in this tempest; besides, the old woman is very kind. It is not normal for people in your condition to have these gloomy fancies, I believe. To-morrow, if you wish it, and the good physician permits, we will remove to another lodging. Come, eat a little, dear wife."

Donna Estevan tried to smile and, to quiet, solicitude of so loving a husband, ate a few morsels of the bird and drank a glass of the wine. Then they engaged in a little conversation, and by the time supper had concluded, both were in a cheerful frame of mind. Thus an hour passed, when Dame Charlot knocked at the door.

"Will madame please to retire to bed?" said she.

"You must go, dearest," said the young man; "the physician ordered it so."

The wife signified her acquiescence; and taking her in his arms, he carried her to an upper room prepared for her. He himself was to rest on the sofa in the room they had just left, from which Dame Charlot would, presently, by the aid of blankets and cushions, manufacture into a couch. Then he kissed his wife and retired, to below leaving the assiduous Dame Charlot to set the affair of her patient to Donna Estevan.

Dame Charlot carried a bottle in each hand.

"See, madame, you are to take one draught before sleeping, and a small sip during the night. Shall I, after having undressed her patient and safely placed her in bed. "Shall I give madame the first, now?"

"No, not yet, thank you, madame," uttered the soft, silvery voice of the Spanish lady. "See first to make monsieur comfortable, and bring it presently. I am not sleep as yet. It is now ten. Return, pray, at midnight, if you have not retired."

"Oh, I shall be all stir and bustle for midnight. I be a first-rate nurse, I. As madame pleases; I will look back at twelve." And she withdrew with the bottles.

Outside the door she carefully set the phials down on a wooden bracket on the landing, to be conveniently at hand on her return. Then she opened the door of an opposite chamber, which was her own, her master's laboratory, and looked in. The old man sat absorbed in some chemical operation, whilst at his feet, intently watching him, crouched Bertram the ape, his inseparable companion.

"Master," said Charlot, "it is time to retire."

"Ah! time, is it, so—I forgot—time in hand," replied the necromancer, without looking round.

"And I also," said Dame Charlot. "I shall sit up for my patient, master."

"As you will."

"Good-night, master."

"Good-night."

And she closed the door and went down to prepare the young Don's bed. Then she took up her watch until midnight in the old arm-chair by the kitchen fire. In half an hour all was still, and the household apparently hushed in repose.

AQUAFORTIS.

THE old necromancer sat in his laboratory with his whole mind engrossed by the operation he was performing, and quite unconscious in which aquafortis played the principal part.

It was a curious old room; and though its chief occupant (which would have been the case passed by visitors as merely an old curiosity shop, and nothing more, yet in those days of thick ignorance and superstition, it was crowded, and well calculated, to impress with mysterious awe such of the credulous public as found their way into its precincts. Indeed, the old man had studiously completed its arrangements with a design to produce this effect. It had but one small window, and was set in a gloomy, somber-work and draped with sombre-looking curtains of dark-colored material, giving it a most lugubrious effect. On a long oak table, before the embrasure, were set out in grim array a variety of chemical preparations, with here and there human skulls were prominent subjects of research. Along the walls of the room were draped with black, on which were figured in white woolen work the signs of the zodiac, and other mystic and cabalistic emblems of mortality. There were a few hangings elsewhere on which were various bottles of chemical preparations, with here and there lizards, adders, and other reptiles preserved in spirits.

The principal table, at which the old man sat, was covered with many bottles and saucers, containing various chemical principals (principally such as nightshade (*belladonna*), aquafortis, and others, many of which were so powerful as to oblige the necromancer to wear a mask while experimenting with them. On this table were also crucibles, small furnaces, and many steel and iron instruments, forceps, pincers, metal-stirrers, and the like; and in the middle stood a small furnace, filled with burning charcoal. The venerable old man, as he sat at work, looked like some veritable wizard; and, to complete, the picture, the grinning black ape, with his sharp, white

teeth, and eyes like coals of fire, seemed a most fitting representative of the evil genii of the gloomy chamber.

Winter lent over a small basin in which he was mixing several metallic substances in a state of fusion, occasionally testing the crystals as they cooled, with the aquafortis.

"Ah," he murmured, greedily, "I shall succeed —I know I shall succeed. I can decipher and unravel this stupendous secret: gold, gold—bright, precious gold! To turn everything into gold! It is worth nights of care and days of toil. Hundreds have failed, but I shall not fail—no, no!"

Thus speaking, he applied the acid to one of the globular crystals which had formed on the side of the vessel. It immediately dissolved, while a look of intense, bitter disappointment stole over the necromancer's face.

"Not yet—not yet," he ejaculated; and with eager haste began, with his shriveled hands trembling with age, to pour and repour some of the liquids before him from one phial into another. All this while the ape Bertram sat regarding him with a peering, inquisitive glance, strangely similar to that of a human being.

The old man, however, heeded not: he was too wrapped up in his dreams of inexhaustible wealth, although his countenance had all the appearance of more than half a century. Why could he not rest contented with the large fortune which he had accumulated by practice on the superstitious purblinds of mankind? Ah, why, indeed, save that the besetting sin of riches is ever craving after more? "*Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit*" is a pithy saying, applicable to nine out of ten of us, unfortunately. So he worked on and on in his madness, caused by the gaseous escapes from his crucible, rendered the room insupportable.

"Where?" he said, wiping his forehead, "it is unbearable."

Then he arose and half-opened the door.

Time sped rapidly, and the clock sounded half-past eleven, when the old man, who had hitherto worked with unrelaxing zeal, was suddenly oppressed with an overwhelming sense of weariness.

"Oh, he muttered, "I must rest, I must rest!" And he collected his phials, locking them in a drawer. In a few moments his head sank forward on his breast, and he slept. But he left the phial containing the aquafortis on the table.

Onward still went the moments, and nothing was heard save the tread of the big ape, who, with restless activity, moved around the room, through the open door and back, staying now a few minutes beside, now a few minutes in the laboratory. The animal was strangely excited, but no one marked him. There was no sound, except the dull, regular breathing of the aged necromancer, to disturb the stillness of the night.

Heavily strokes of the town-clock beat midnight, but all remained still, till in a few moments Dame Charlot appeared with a tray, slowly ascending the stairs.

"Ah! it is time for the draught," said she, "and I am not sorry, for my old bones need rest."

Then she paused at the door of the laboratory and looked in. The old man, unconscious of her presence, and exclusive and excitement of the day, sat in his chair, with head reclined upon his breast, sleeping the tranquil sleep of childhood and old age.

"Ah, my poor old master, so you, too, are tired, are you? Well, you are not much older than I," said the dame to herself.

Then she gently closed the door behind her, took up the draught for her patient from the bracket on the landing, and entered the opposite chamber.

Dame Estevan was not asleep. She lay with her head reclining upon one arm, and a strange look of depression upon her beautiful face, which she slightly raised as the old woman entered.

"How does madame feel now?" asked Dame Charlot, with a look of genuine solicitude upon her honest, exceedingly ugly, features.

"Why madame take her composing draught? It is time."

"You are very kind. I have not the least inclination to sleep; I am wakeful with many thoughts."

"But madame must go to sleep—the Hon Doctor said so; she will rest soundly after this medicine."

And so, indeed, she did.

"Well, good dame, place it on this little table, at the head of my couch; I will take it in a few moments when I shall have commended myself to God and the Holy Virgin."

And she crossed herself.

"But, madame——"

"Pray do as I request you," gently repeated Dame Estevan, "and retire to your own room, for I am sure you must be worn out. Shame on me to keep the aged out of bed till midnight—I will continue, as of the idle and not occurred to her before, that the old housekeeper really was acting a kind part to an entire stranger.

"Madame is considerate, and I am tired," owned Dame Charlot.

And without the sick lady good-night, she placed the bottle on the table indicated, and withdrew, with an exclamation of relief, for, with all her good will, she was old to sit without some repose. Then unbroken stillness reigned throughout the house.

* * * * * * *

It was yet early in the morning, about half-past five o'clock, when the necromancer, with a sudden start, woke up from his sleep very much bewildered, but, nevertheless, very much refreshed. He could not, at first, recollect how he came to be in his laboratory, but gradually the facts of the preceding day dawned one by one upon his memory.

"Ay," he said, "I remember now; I became drowsy, and——" Here he broke off with a start of astonishment. "But my phials—where are they? Oh, I remember; I locked them up." And he eagerly opened the drawer.

"Ah, the phials were there, and he counted them.

"Beladonna, aqua sophans, sulphate of mercury: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. But the ninth! Where is the ninth? he exclaimed, in great excitement. "Stay! Ah! I left it on the table. No, it is not there." He looked round. The phial was gone.

The necromancer sank in his chair, utterly confounded. What could it mean?

No one had been there, he thought. Dame Charlot would not dare to meddle with his bottles; and if she had taken the phial, why should she want it to be to her, an old, ignorant fool? The very idea was absurd. And the strangers? No, *that* was even absurd in the highest degree. Some accident —the phial could not be found; and the old necromancer sat down again, stupefied with amazement and consternation.

He had sat thus but a few minutes when he was roused by a most appalling shriek from the room opposite; rapid, piercing, and full of the direst woe, it rang through the house. The hem et the young Spanish gentleman, half-dressed and in a state of the most frantic excitement.

"My wife! my wife! my dear wife! The wretches have poisoned her. She is dead! Oh, heaven! she is dead!" And the distracted husband seized the old man by the throat, and would have strangled him on the spot in the sudden access of his frenzied woe, but, who, attracted by the noise, had hurried from her own chamber, and held back Don Estevan by his shirts.

"Master! master! What is all this clamor?"

"He has murdered my wife! She is dead—dead, do you hear me?" he shrieked, in the fury of frenzy.

"Great God! what do I hear?" wailed out the frightened old woman, while Winter stood aghast, and utterly without power to utter a syllable. Then Don Estevan, seeing an arm of cash, plunged it into the chamber where his wife lay.

She was dead, and dead beyond all doubt. She had been one of the most beautiful of the beautiful sex livid and disfigured: her arms and breast were covered with large blue blotches. That there had been foul play no one could question. The small hands were stiff, and clutched the coverlid with convulsive agony; and in the repulsive corpse before them, not one of the spectators but would have recognized the beautiful invalid of the previous evening.

"Murderer! poisoners! infamous hag! accursed sorcerer! you have killed her with your devilish arts; killed her, and you would have killed me, too, but for my absence. But I will be avenged," said Don Estevan. And with the rage of a madman he grasped them both, but the excited cries of the household soon drew around all the neighborhood, and people poured in from every quarter.

The consternation was indescribable. Folks questioned and questioned without waiting to be answered. There was the wildest confusion, and tumult. Some scoured the raving husband, some appeared inclined to secure (but without daring to do so yet) the old necromancer, while others endeavored to console the pitiable grief of poor Dame Charlot, who was much more liked than feared, and consequently met with the least shade of consideration.

"How did it happen? Who is she? When did she come? Dame Charlot, tell us." Such was the burden of the mob who filled every room and passage of the house, while the dead lay unheeded, and could only sit and wring her hands.

In the midst of the hubbub and clamor, a voice said: "Send for the Hon' Doctor Frichon."

"Ay, and for Hans Frischer."

He was sent for and he came.

In a moment he was surrounded by a clamorous crowd, through whom he walked to the death-chamber.

"Is she dead, Herr Doctor?" "Poor dear, is she *quite* dead?" rose from a score of voices, and he gave forth a decided answer.

"She is dead," were the words which broke this solemn silence, and a wail of woe from the crowd was this reverence for the dead. It was contagious. Even the grave and lawyerly Jacob Frischer joined in the silence. Then Dr. Frichen spoke.

"She has died by some mineral poison. It will be my duty to send for the police."

A still more ominous silence followed. No one had thought of that, and many remained for a time in consternation.

"Let no one go, all of you," continued the doctor, "except you, Monsieur D'Estevan, and you, Winter, and you, Dame Charlot. The crowd left the dressed the old woman, he accompanied his words with a look of suspicion. Aside for those on whom the woman trembled, she knew not why.

Notwithstanding the natural curiosity of the crowd to see what would further happened, the doctor's words, though quietly spoken, were so authoritative, that they speedily caused them some volunteering to go for the police.

The news had already spread. All Antwerp was in an uproar; and whilst people were on their way to the house, the police, with the chief of them himself arrived, accompanied by the head of the police, and Hans Frischer, the coroner.

The doctor, who was the only calm person in the room, stated what he knew. He had hurried to the house on being summoned hastily, early from the bystanders.

Don Estevan had awakened early, and being anxious to hear of the state of his wife, and finding her still shivering, like a person in her chamber, the situation of which he knew, because he had himself carried her up-stairs on his arrival. There he had rushed out and collared the necromancer. This is all he knew.

"Did you use any last night?"

Again the poor old man admitted the fact.

"Well, where is the remainder of it?"

"Alas! alas! gentlemen, it is most strange; but I fell asleep whilst using it, and when I woke the bottle was no longer to be found."

The mayor and doctor exchanged glances.

"No! he declared he had not moved it.

"Why not?" Did say one, then, rob you?"

"Alas! I cannot comprehend it. No one has access to that room but Dame Charlot."

The doctor and mayor exchanged a second glance, and the latter spoke.

"Who administered the draught to this unfortunate lady?"

"Dame Charlot," said the necromancer.

"Ah!"

"Poor groaned Dame Charlot. "I took it in, gentlemen, to the dear lady, but she would not let me give it to her; she had said her devotions, and I left it on the table by her bed."

The spectators looked at these words in great distress, but Dr. Frichen put on a stern look.

"I remember now," he said, "that I, myself, inquired for the draught, but was told by this unhappy lady, you, Dame Charlot, were particularly anxious I should rely on you alone. And I respected the reason. Your master's love of gold is well known; you have always been in league with them. Poison was at hand, and the Schelcit flows near. I alone left the phial of aquafortis. Ah! you have, you have been disposed of. The case, to me, is clear. You are the murderess of Estevan."

"Oh!" shrieked poor Charlot, "I declare, by my hopes of heaven, I am innocent."

"It is for others to decide," coldly replied the doctor.

"Yes, yes," said the mayor, who began to think it was time to assert his dignity; "the case is clear, and——" Here, interrupting himself, "it is one of grave suspicion. You will both be detained in custody."

And hither, in spite of their cries and protestations, the necromancer and old woman were forthwith conveyed.

The populace had by this time gathered in large numbers, and having (as most often do), changed their opinion, received the unfortunate prisoners with loud hootings and shoutings: cries of "Down with the witch!" "Burn the accursed sorceress!" and the like.

In the midst of the tumult a great commotion was perceived at the outer gate of the city. The unfortunate Don Estevan, bursting from those who held him back, had left the house, leaped, and started through the crowd at a furious rate, and precipitated himself on the prisoners.

It was some moments before the storm of the past night, and the luckless husband sank at once beneath his blows.

His body was never recovered.

* * * * * * *

DISCOVERED TOO LATE.

Among six weeks have elapsed, and it is a fine day early in September.

Groups of citizens are standing together in the market-place, and around a large building which appears to possess for them some extraordinary interest. Inside, however, in the Town Hall, such the day is the day of the trial of Leopold Winter and Dame Charlot, for the murder of Marie, Countess Estevan, by poison.

"It will go hard with the miscreants, I warrant me," says a stout burgher, in the centre of a group, to which the reader reckoned a personage. "I was impromptue; "and rightly enough, too, I say, for we want no poisoning conjurors in this good city of Antwerp."

"You are in the right of it, Master Van Noordert," replies another personage; "and the more easily swayed, murmur their assent.

"I said I would have nothing of that old witch," shrilly exclaimed a stout, rosy-cheeked dame, with a pair of arms which were simply disgraceful.

"I would not let the roast jack basting, I know."

A sally of laughter followed this sally of the housewife's arms, and a loud, hearty voice cried out:

"Ay, trust a woman to run a woman down if she has the chance. You're wild, as I was wounded comrade; but for my part, I think the spite of Dame Charlot against the old lady was the cause against woman."

The dame who had spoken turned angrily toward the last bold speaker, and he would mayhap have come off worse than the first, but for a loud shout from that part of the crowd nearest the hall, which signified that the trial was over.

"The miscreant!—the sentence!—are they guilty?" cried a thousand voices.

"Ay, guilty."

"And the sentence?"

"The man to be burned alive; the woman to be confined for life!"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" And the air rang with a cheer from the whole of the vast multitude, which speedily spread to the outskirts of the city, as the first unfortunate condemned issued from the door of the judgment-hall, strongly guarded.

The trial had been short, but the evidence supposed conclusive.

The whole day had passed.

The respected Doctor Frichen had testified that he had been called in early on the last day of July to attend a lady who had been taken ill, and was a stranger to all of the male practice. He had inquired for a suitable nurse for her, and was exceedingly struck by the male present, which the strange prisoner volunteered to fill that situation. He had sent in two draughts, being ample medicine for a day. A murmur ! affecting some faint recollection of this, for she sat sorrowfully with her head bent down. Then the prisoner was found with but a few drops left in the bottle, which he tested himself (Herr Frichen), were found to contain aquafortis. The symptoms of the deceased were unmistakable. He also found to contain some of the same poison. From this it was inferred that the fatal draught had been given by the murderess intended to administer a second dose. "Perhaps," added the doctor, "by their counsel he could doubt that the first draught would prove fatal, the second might have been administered to insure it."

It was distinctly proved that the sole inhabitants of the house, except the servants, were Mr. Leopold Winter and Christ Latvee; and the latter was found secreted in the widow of both the unfortunate lady and gentleman supplied ample motive for their murder by man as well as woman, and was duly passed as Winter.

On the night of the murder the necromancer had, by his own confession, aquafortis in his possession. Further, he confessed that, contrary to his instructions, he had left the night. In the morning the aquafortis was missing, and both the bottles (one containing the draught) were found to have contained it. Then the female prisoner stated that, whilst sleeping during the night she went into the laboratory to her master (although she averred that the last time he was a servant, prepared the poison, and then left it to the old woman to administer it for a consideration of part of the gold to be acquired. Thus she became an accomplice. This evidence was deemed conclusive, and the judges were unanimous in condemning the male prisoner to be burned alive, a sentence to be burned alive in the market-place, and his ashes to be scattered to the four winds; and the old woman, in consideration of her sex and age, being, however, in a state of pregnancy, to some extent made a tool of, was awarded the mitigated punishment of imprisonment for life.

Within a week the horrible sentence on the poor old man was carried out in all its awful details, to the last protesting his innocence. Indeed, from the time of the murder until he was actually in the flames, he never ceased to call on Heaven under the influence of a dream. But the populace were under no impression. They had believed him guilty, and when he was brought out to die, they received his protestations of innocence with the aged victim to tears. He died confessing that he had been the victim of many wicked deceptive impostures, but solemnly called heaven to witness that he was guiltless of the foul crime of murder.

Dame Charlot, as soon as she heard that her poor old master was actually dead, fell into a severe, and, indeed, lingering illness, which left her upon her recovery from it, it was found that the mayor and doctor had given, when her sentence was then partially revoked, and as the old woman's character had left her no friends, she was confiscated to the State, the town council allowed the poor old creature (who was humanity to some of her late master's house, under the care of a middle-aged female as her attendant. In this house, then, about three months from the beginning of our story, the two women repaired.

On the very first night of their occupation of the old dwelling, the old dame and her attendant sat in the kitchen before three minutes had the worthy housekeeper had so consequentially boasted of, when, to the surprise of both, the Donna Estevan's last meal on earth. Perhaps the presence of her husband intellect from some faint recollection of this, for she sat sorrowfully with her head bent down. Then the prisoner was fire and watching the smoke curl slowly up the broad old-fashioned chimney. Her friendly attendant was also gazing upon the flames for their early tea, and stole now and then a glance at the poor creature's sadness. At last Dame Charlot broke the silence.

"Gretchen, are you here before?"

Willing to soothe her, Gretchen replied readily: "Yes, dame, I have; why should you think?"

"Because I remember to have seen you there. This is the house given you by the good council, you know."

"Council, council!" repeated Charlot, vacantly.

"Ay, dame; but come, draw up and drink this hot cup of coffee, it will cheer you there, I warrant me." And worthy Gretchen commenced pouring out the beverage. She had nearly finished their meal, when a sudden noise caused both the dame and Gretchen to start violently. Not so the elder woman; she looked on as if body and soul were about to part; with her faculties such as they were fixed on object in an obscure corner of the old kitchen.

There, in the dark corner, was busily engaged in *pouring the contents of one phial into another!* The old woman's eyes were fixed on the intruder with a devilish satisfaction, quite appalling.

The blood of Dame Charlot curdled in the veins of the unfortunate Dame Charlot. She sprang from her seat, and cried out:

"Bertram! Oh, the monkey!—the monkey! My poor unfortunate master. Thou art the murderer—the murderer!" And pouring out incoherently sentence after sentence, fell senseless on the floor.

The true murderer was found.

The excitement and tumult on the night of Donna Estevan's death, nobody had thought of the ape, who had been left to his own devices. The wily beast remembered that as the chatelain had left many the door on account of the heat, and was away, and the ape accomplished his design.

Hans Frischer, the coroner and son of the laboratory, as we described in our second part.

He was succeeded by Bertram, with the sagacity which distinguishes his tribe when they have been perpetrating mischief, left the bottles he had emptied of their contents where he had found them, and secreted the unlucky phial which had been the cause of all the mischief.

Dame Charlot at midnight found the bottles apparently untouched as she had left them, and unconsciously was the agent of destruction to the poor Spaniard and his wife. What was left of this tragedy.

Still, unfortunately, the second act of this tragedy, in which poor old Winter had played chief part, could not be recalled. The curtain fell on the first act.

Happily the third act was never performed.

Gretchen gave way for the time, and the house was soon full of sympathizing townspeople. The whole of the circumstances found that one of the two phials which he held when he swung round upon the ape was the identical one which had held the aquafortis.

For the second time Antwerp was in an uproar, and the upshot may be easily guessed. The old friend, Dame Charlot, recovered her reason (which, indeed, in most distressing cases are not rare), and she lived to see a hundred years. Gretchen married a young man who became a famous jeweler, to come and set up his trade in Antwerp. Gretchen, by dint of her industry and thrift, and diligence, and so: lived with her worthy young partner, till she died in her hundredth year, when it was found she had left all to him. He, grateful for many years—a misery grouping as empty pixel, with the motto, "Out of mischief seek fortune."

Thus was a monkey the cause of the death of eight human people, and the founder of a whole family's prosperity.

Truly out of evil often comes good.



MAIN FALL ENFIELD CREEK.



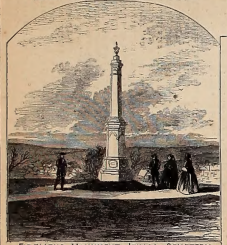
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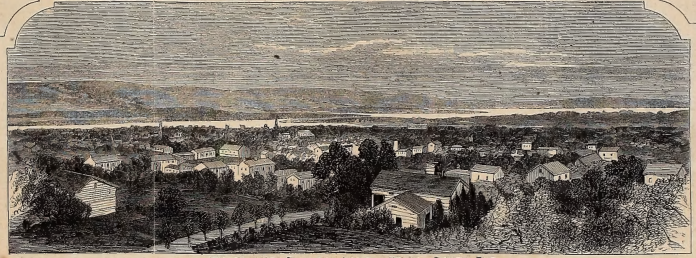
CLINTON HALL CAYUGA STREET.



TAGHCANIC OR GOODWINS FALL



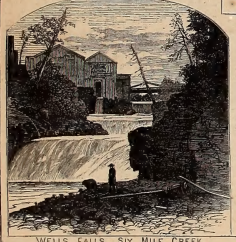
FIREMENS MONUMENT ITHACA CEMETERY.



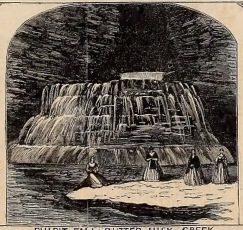
ITHACA AND CAYUGA LAKE FROM SOUTH END



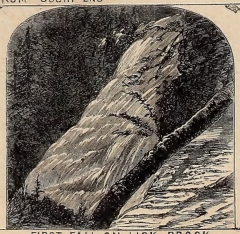
ENFIELD RAVINE ABOVE FALLS



WELLS FALLS SIX MILE CREEK.



PULPIT FALL BUTTER MILK CREEK.



FIRST FALL ON LICK BROOK.



SIXTH FALL FALL CREEK.

THE TOWN OF ITHACA, NEW YORK, AND ITS CELEBRATED WATERFALLS.—From Photographs by J. C. Bennett, Ithaca.—See Page 238.



THE MEETING OF THE PASSAIC COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, AT PATERSON, N. J., JUNE 5TH, 6TH, AND 7TH—THE THIRD DAY—HURDLE RACE—ZIGZAG AND NANNIE CRADDOCK CLEARING THE HURDLE ON THE HOME STRETCH.—SEE PAGE 238.



THE WINNER OF THE STEEPLE-CHASE, NANNIE CRADDOCK, CLEARING THE HURDLE AND DITCH IN FRONT OF THE GRAND STAND.



THE SALE OF THE POOLS.



THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN KENTUCKY AND RICHMOND IN THE THREE-MILE RACE—THIRD DAY—KENTUCKY WINNING.

WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

Come down! those shadowed sands invite,
And that soft glory on the Deep;
We breathe an atmosphere of light
Subtle as dew, and calm as sleep.

See, here and there, beyond the foam,
A sail is shining like a gem;
I think the boats are coming home—
Well linger down and look at them.

Not yet; the tide is shy, and stays
Just a few steps out of your feet;
It doubts, it trembles, it delays,
Yet all the while is stealing near.

The boats and we must wait its will;
Oh! please at patience! they to make
(While we look them and lie still)
A hundred pictures for our sake.

Oh! happy patience! Not a hue
Can flutter through the changing air,
Or mold its cloud, or touch the blue,
That is not meant for them to wear.

And as they watch the glimmering sand
That warms the film within the foam,
They know the certain wave at hand—
The tender wave that lifts them home.

It comes—they pass—each turning sail
Is first a hope and then a blaze;
Come back, and dream a fairy tale
That hath a close as sweet as this!

The Spectre of Cliffe;

OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XIX.—OVER THE CLIFF.

RAYMOND was well aware that the period of his existence must now be numbered by seconds, unless the heart of this treacherous ruffian should relent, whose sullen face was looking down from the cliff above on the flying spectres.

"There is still time, man," he gasped, "to reach down your arm, and save a fellow-creature from death, who is not fit to die. So help me, Heaven, I will forgive, nay, bless you, if you will!"

"Forgive me, Raymond Clifford!" replied the stranger, scornfully. "Nay, the debt is even still upon your side, and be sure I will exact it to the uttermost. You found a resting-place for me, which, perhaps, will last you (although, I am afraid, the nature of chalk is friable), while you listen to what I have to say."

Hideous: was Raymond's position, closely as the mysteries of futurity were grasping upon him, yet he could not but inquire of that watching, gloating face: "What devil, then, art thou?"

"My name, Gideon Carr," returned the stranger, hoarsely. Then Raymond's face grew white as the cliff to which he clung, and as damp with the dews of the terror of death, for he knew that he could expect no mercy.

"Ay, well may'st thou groan, young Raymond. It was your turn to think what you should say, Mildred Leigh from your brother's arms——"

"He never set you to do this," interrupted the doomed man, passionately. "I am sure He never did."

"You are right, sir. Your brother, being a lunatic, has no power to give away to plot revenge. But when you revenged Alice, you crossed the path of my sister Grace, and you had better have balked a tigress of her meat."

"But would you do murder for her sake, man? My arms are getting still, my fingers ache. God save us from murder heaven. Ah, save me, and yourself, too, by one good deed."

"Ay, it is but natural for one in your position to raise that cry of supreme," returned Gideon, coolly. "But for me, who am safe on the top here, I prefer to take a practical view of matters. You ask me why I would commit what you are pleased to describe as a murder, although nobody else will take that view of it. I parted from you a yonder "barrow," where you so impressed your intention of going by the Beacon for the sake of Grace. I was curious to watch this little story as we came along from that very place, and I think it will do capitally. My last words, as you see there, were: 'I pray, be careful of the cliff; you do walk so very near the edge, my dear Hepburn.' If your body is never found again, as you have now guaranteed it will in the case, when you little thought you were talking of yourself, then I need say nothing; and I am afraid you will suffer the inconvenience of being hinted at as we came along, which result from being denied the rights of sepulture. But if your body is found, then there is my little story to explain your latest mischance. But I am digressing, and you have no time to spare, I'm sure. You would say: 'Why slay me for your sister's sake, since I have not injured you?' But you have, Raymond Clifford; and, like Grace, I never forgive. Long ago, she and I together made up our minds that we would have Cliffe Hall; that the Cliffords of Cliffe should die out, and the Carrs rule there in their stead. Once get you out of the way, and marry Mildred to that poor fool, your brother, and we should have him, through that girl's influence, under our thumb; he would leave his lands to the proper persons; and having done so, would evince—but after a decent interval, so that there might be no dispute about his testament—such evident symptoms of lunacy as to cause him to be shut up—say at the Dune, in custody of his loving relatives. A nice plan, was it not, and yet you and this mine, my niece, chose to thwart it! Ah! if you had heard the vow Grace Clifford made upon that day you fled, it would have made your heart sink, and your cheek grow cold, even when you looked your bride. I always hated you; but when that pink-spoken, honest lad, forsooth, turned out a plotter, and a successful one, too, I thought mischief had come. I do believe, although she loves her wealth, she would give ten thousand golden pieces to stand where I do now, and know that both were slipping on the verge of death. 'Kill him!' cried she, on the very day when we found out your whereabouts, but a few weeks ago I am sure you did, Miss Gideon; and if it can be done, let him die some dreadful death! First take her protector from me——"

An involuntary shudder passed through Raymond's frame, and his face, wrinkled and wan as though with age, entered a new agony.

"Ho, ho! what! that pricks you, does it?" grinned the fiend. "Well, I tremble for your dainty, fair, young wife. You may safely leave her to her relatives young sir. Is she not our niece? Does not even her mother's name bear her mother's account? Did not *she*, like herself, run away from our good care, and marry in spite of us? Mrs. Hepburn is content to let Gideon's Cave to-morrow, she and the child, too. The spring-tide rises fast, you tell me, in these parts —ay! but that a stranger like myself might very well be caught by it. Nothing, indeed, could be more likely. Well, the tide does catch us; and after a resolute but unsuccessful attempt to rescue them—this is my second little story—I am compelled to swim away in order to save my own life. *They*, unfortunately, cannot swim. Now, you see, I have confided to you my whole programme, feeling confident that your sense of honor will prevent your revealing the particulars to any human creature. How surprisingly strong you must be in the arms, Raymond Clifford! I had no idea that I should have a listener so long; however, you are perceptibly slipping now. There is a deep sea-pool below you right, down which you will probably glide to your destination. It almost looks like a path, from here." She paused to gloat upon the man's hopeless victim, then continued: "Now, what would you not give, if I reached down my arms to you, and helped you to ascend once more? Is this a practical joke? What would you not give, I say, to grasp the hand of Gideon Carr, the lunch of whose wealth at this moment is more grateful than that of any other hand in Christendom—nay, almost any other in the world, for that matter? Come, what will you bid? Will you give Cliffe? Will you make over all that would be yours, by your brother dying without a will?"

"I will give you all I have," gasped Raymond, "but cliffe is not mine to give—it is my child's."

"Your child's! Is it not your own, remember!" cried Gideon, scornfully. "Listen to this most foolish gulliblenes; rabbits of like warren, prick their ears and run to their holes at the slightest sound. What a hand at bargaining is this unhappy gentleman, who has about a second or so to live! He will give anything, in fact, for the next piece of which I have already in my pocket! The door standing wide open, he wants to haggle with one about getting in at all. Well, Raymond Clifford, one can treat with a person of this character. You say generously, then, Raymond Clifford—you seem to me to be *ex extremis*. Your last words will be interesting. Have you got any bequest to make, or any message to send by word to one person—namely, my sister Grace. I will send them to her by to-night's post, I promise you, with the details of your decease added."

"Tell her, then," said Raymond, speaking with labored breath, "that I bequeath to her the punishment of her own conscience. You smile; but the hour will come when it will take effect. I know it as surely as I know what fate awaits me when I relax my grasp upon this rock. May that hour, that ancient race, of whom she has been the evil star, cling to *her* as it has clung to us! May she inherit what we have left! May the curse has pursued us through so many generations!"

"Your good wishes shall be faithfully transmitted," returned Gideon, mockingly. "I will be own to you they are unlikely to bear fruit. My sister Grace is the wisest woman I know, and the last to be affected by the curses of the ancient Cliffords. Why, look you, the Cliffords were always boastful of their genealogy, yet not one of them ever thought of the curse which you are now awaiting you! I do not often joke; but upon occasions of this sort, *dulce est desipere in loco*; that is to say, it is well to be merry on the brink of a precipice."

"Thou art *he*, Gideon Carr," replied Raymond, solemnly, though speaking with great effort, "from whom I was warned, of the precipice of Death. Well mayst thou shrink and grow pale. I tell thee, I myself, a dying man, can mark the terrible change which is coming over thee, the token of Black Doom that stands behind thee—close."

Involuntarily, and with a face almost as white as that of his victim, Gideon Carr glanced over his shoulder.

The next moment he was gone.

Beneath him were the marks in the wet cliff where the poor man had struggled and clung, and the falling lumps had given way during that instant, and the body had slipped down the slope to the verge of the waters. Hence a hound had until now been heard save the voices of the two men, in that unequal talk; but now, as though, released from some horrible spell, the thousand sea-birds which had been sitting upon the ledges or hovering above the nests seemed to send forth one great cry of horror and alarm, and up they came swirling from the abyss below, with scream on scream, and circled round in the clear blue like wreaths of snow, as though appealing to high heaven for murder done. The silent warren shone with timorous eyes; from every burrow stared a harmless face, which ne'er till now had looked upon a crime: and what seemed worst of all, the rusty semaphore, noiseless heretofore, began to shake and creak, as if the accusing winds swept by, and bade it point them out the murderer.

Gideon Carr, to do him justice, was not one to shrink from such a conflict, man to man, or even against odds; but he was by nature like his brother, superstitious. Of religion he had none, and was the last man to sigh (if one may say so) of the worst part of religion, which finds divinity in hate instead of love, and clasps pale Fear in its arms instead of Hope. He looked to right, and worse, instead of the dawning of the eternal day. He feared, as Clement said, neither God nor man. But his mind, which could see nothing in the firmament or in the ocean to suggest a Creator, was nevertheless filled with a sense of power and of unlearned. The sight of the dead man, even after the shape of "a coal out of the fire;" the touch of a corpse, would fill him with fore-boding, and the chatter of a jay, with joy; secretly I say, for he was ashamed of these weaknesses of his, and it was only very rarely that he betrayed to others the fact of their existence. It is also fair to add, that, like most people similarly circumstanced, he had been prevented by any portent from committing a bad action, or constrained by any omen to perform a good one. When that stranger was committed, however—as now—which he happened to have in hand, Gideon Carr's face was grey to his superstition; and moved by he knew not what, except that it was no sting of remorse or touch of compassion, he fled precipitately from strange sights and sounds that filled earth and air about Harmouth Beacon, and which his own act seemed to have evoked, with a fleet foot and a wet brow.

CHAPTER XX.—A SECOND WARNING.

NOTHING, except seeing her husband return safe and sound, could have been a gladder sight to Mildred Hepburn on that fatal morning than what she did see within an hour or so of Raymond's departure—namely, the lonely, sympathizing face of Mrs. Carey. The lieutenant accompanied her from the cottage in the slender hope that the two pedestrians might not have started; but finding that they had gone, he returned to the presence of Mildred, whose grief, growing his pains, although not without a good-humored laugh at Mildred's foolish fears. He left a little portmanteau behind him, and said: "Good-by, Mildred," "please to let me put in your room, Mildred."

"What!" replied that poor lady, attempting to be peculiar, "I am not going so valuable that you dare not leave it at home, but have brought it to the fastness of Pampas Cottage, garrisoned so strongly by myself and little Jane the nurse-maid!"

"Well," returned Mrs. Carey, kissing her, "the fact is, it's your husband's wish, and just a few things for a couple of nights, which I have invited myself to pass with you, my dear, until Mr. Hepburn returns. I'm sure you'll be glad to have in such a fright about nothing."

"Oh, I am glad, Mrs. Carey," cried Mildred, "this is more than kind indeed. And, ah! me," she involuntarily added, "how little have I deserved it at your hands."

"Bless us, and save us!" exclaimed the honest lady, "one would think you had done me and the lieutenant some injury, child."

"And so we have," exclaimed Mildred, passionately; "for to mistrust the honest, and to deceive the trusting, is to do both wrongfully. I feel as I have never felt before—so lonely, desolate, friendless—I must tell you all about it, or I shall go out of my mind."

"Stay, my dear," said Mrs. Carey, kindly, but placing a finger upon her friend's eager lips; "you must not tell me anything in a hurry, and particularly when your husband is not here. I have long known—although I do not know if others suspect it—that you have some burden about with you, deep in your loving heart. But I do not blame you for it, and unless I can help you to carry it, I do not wish to know its nature."

"But you can help me, my dear friend, and you alone," returned Mildred, looking before you scores and scores of times. Ah, what have I not suffered from your love and kindness! Like some imprisoned bird, seeing through glass the same shine and the trees, but feels that between him and them an invisible wall of cryptal intervenes. Such has been to me a secret between loving hearts. And yet—although I know my husband would not mind, for he has read so much, I seem to feel that I have told it to him and so much, I seem to wish I had never spoken. Things are better as they are, perhaps. It is such a sad, sad story."

"Nay, then, Mildred, I must hear; come out into the cool fresh air. The open air is best for sorrow, for Dame Nature's hand, though rough, is kindly Mildred, and will soothe it to rest."

"You! dear Mrs. Carey—well, dear Marion, if you will have it so—why, what can you know of sorrow?"

"Not much, thank God, my friend," replied Mrs. Carey, gravely, "and if He seems to you to have been good to me, who know not what He has done for a poor orphaned, friendless girl, how much more gracious and benign should He seem to me? No, dear, as you say, I have no sorrow; there is no room within my heart for sough but thankfulness."

"And, Love. I am sure that there is room for Love," said Mildred, tenderly.

"Yes, dear. It would be strange, indeed, if He, who is Love's self, should have withheld that precious gift." And yet Mrs. Carey sighed. "You know, I hope, that John is dearer to me far than life—my father, husband, benefactor, friend—my all in all; a blessing for which I bless God every day. But we were never boy and girl together like Mr. Hepburn and yourself, and when I marry a child I must be a child myself, I suppose, dear."

"Marry, you," she interrupted herself, smiling, "I am like yonder Pampas grass, that has everything comfortable and sunny about it, with an attendant in white mantle to keep it moist and green, but which has but little or no bud in spring-time."

"Ay, but in autumn, when the flowers fade and die," cried Mildred, "it blossoms in a hundred feathery sprays, and none of them will perish, even though they be gathered from the stalk."

"Yes, dear, I know," said Mrs. Carey, quietly; "they are the memories we have about the house (then, as you say, there are no flowers to be got), although their blossom is gray."

The two women did not speak for a little, but each held the other's hand. Then Mildred led her guest to a sheltered corner, where a seat was cut out in the cliff.

"I think I will tell you my story now," whispered she.

So hand in hand they sat, with their fair faces first in shadow, then in sunshine, then in shade again, as the storm grew to afternoon. Mildred Clifford told her tale from first to last.

"I am anxious, fearful, without reason!" ended she. "Have we not been so full, with a few such as this sunt of mine?"

"Many cases," returned Mrs. Carey, gravely, "and much need for friends. No harm is done at present, but I wish you had told us this before. You hesitate?"

"What! You will not tell *him*?" cried Mildred, starting from her seat. "Oh, what will Raymond say?"

"He will say I should have no secrets from my husband," replied the other, firmly. "No, sone, Mildred, never. Your secret is not one which you can trust now, and which should have been his and mine alone, but that I say you needed some great confidence to draw forth your own hidden fears. John would have given you helpful counsel, for, though he is trusting and simple about his own affairs, he is both wise and keen when acting for others."

"He could not picture to woman like my sister," said Mildred, with a shudder; "no one else who does not know her—so relentless of purpose, so unscrupulous in means, and actuated by such deadly hate."

"Ay," returned Mrs. Carey, musing, "to be foiled by a child, and she half through a new instrument—that must have been worrying to such a one as you describe. A woman that knows no law nor fear is dangerous indeed. Yet—you seem to dread some physical harm—is it possible that she would incur the risk of——"

"To slay her end," interrupted Mildred, solemnly, "Grace Clifford would dare the gallows."

"Nevertheless, you have done wrong, and very wrong," pursued Mrs. Carey, "to hide yourselves away, and so let her know you fear her."

"It was not I, Mildred, in low and broken tones. "My husband would have defied her to the last. But I—I know her so well."

"And your own child!" cried Mrs. Carey, tenderly. "This woman has done you harm enough already, but to endanger your unborn should be a sufficient triumph to the revengeful. And yet, if you lived under your own roof, you would have to fear it always, and if your aunt was known to wish you ill, it would not be risk she would be running, did she work it out with all the certainty of design. But the blow she aimed at you would scarcely fall before the arm would be pointed out that struck it. But now, if you had told me all this before, Mildred," your husband, your child, yourself might be involved in some sudden catastrophe, the cine of which you would be responsible for so to discover. I do not wish to terrify you, Mildred, but I do think you have taken the very means——" Hark! did you not hear the garden wicket go?"

"I did," gasped Mildred, starting up, and running into the cottage, at the back of which was the garden, in which they had been sitting. I did; and little Milly is playing in the garden all alone!"

Mrs. Carey followed, not without some undefined misgiving, although she noticed nothing beating thick and fast. The visitor, however, was no one more formidable than a curly-headed boy with a basket containing a few fresh eggs and Lucky Bay, bringing with him fresh eggs and other delicacies from Westportown. This after, Mrs. Carey's boy was without the basket, and bore in its place a large leathern bag, suspended from his shoulder.

"Please, ma'am, the letter-carrier have been took ill this morning," observed he, grinning, "and I'm a-doing the postman for him: only, what with driving here and there, and then back again, because of missing somebody out, and likewise the bags being heavy, I'm afeard I'm rather late. Here's a letter for Mr. Hepburn, ma'am, and that's all."

And off trotted the deputy deliverer of his Majesty's mails.

A bill from Westportown, I suppose," said Mildred, carelessly, recognizing the somewhat typographical address; "and yet does not this word in the corner look to you like 'immediate,' Mrs. Carey?"

"It is as like as the writer can make it," returned that lady, confidently. "How unfortunate that your husband did not get it before his departure."

"Perhaps I had better open it," said Mildred; "something may have to be done at once. I hope it is not from Harmouth about the boat, or he may have taken his journey for—no Great Britain, you say?"

"Bavair of the man calling him Stevens, who loges, I believe, with the coast-guard."

"York Well-street—Stevens at Bayeux."

"And Raymond has gone with him alone!" cried Mildred, passionately. "I shall never see his bright and glorious face again!"

It was terrible to see how the light faded out of her own features as she spoke, and how the large and lustrous eyes lost all their light, as the note fell from her nerveless hand, and fluttered to the ground."

Mrs. Carey picked it up, and scanned it closely. "Never be frightened by an anonymous letter, Mildred; it is almost always the weapon of the base and cowardly. Suppose this Stevens is an honest man, after all?"

"No," replied Mildred, with a shudder, "I will not suppose that. Dame Nature, whom you praised just now, has told me otherwise too plainly."

"Still, man to man, your husband is more than a match for him."

"Yes, but unsuspecting——"

"Nay, not so, Mildred," interrupted the other; "look you, your well-wisher, *as before*. This is not, then, the first warning that your husband has received."

"True, true; and that explains why he now sleeps with a loaded pistol beneath his pillow. I would that he had taken his weapon with him that unhappy day."

"Stay, Mildred; there is need of judgment here; there must be no rash leaping to conclusions. You do not know what schemes, what treacheries are ever working about us, base and wretched designing. I do not think it, of course—let me not offend you by what I say—but has your husband any connection with those who call themselves Freetraders? I do not ask you to betray confidence—ah! John, else." I am not blind to your own anxieties, child, if we have Milly with us, I shall take one of our men from Lucky Bay to help to carry her, if we——"

"Is my friend in danger, Mary, Mildred," my mind seems feeble as my limbs. I cannot think at all, but only suffer. Oh, my husband, my little one, too; yes, you are right, she shall not go with us to-morrow."

"That's a wise woman! Now Mildred is like herself again. But one whole day, and you will have your husband back, I promise you; and in the meantime, fear not for your child. The lieutenant has had a word from me, and will watch the man as a cat watches a mouse. A hundred brave heart-strings will be ever near to him, and

"Then I go with you, Mildred, that is certain; nay, but I do. You are rather obstinate, my dear, sometimes, and you must contend with me, now. I have made up my mind to anything, you are Doolity personified—sah John, else." I am not blind to your own anxieties, child, if we have Milly with us, I shall take one of our men from Lucky Bay to help to carry her, if we——"

"Is my friend in danger, Mary, Mildred," my mind seems feeble as my limbs. I cannot think at all, but only suffer. Oh, my husband, my little one, too; yes, you are right, she shall not go with us to-morrow."

"That's a wise woman! Now Mildred is like herself again. But one whole day, and you will have your husband back, I promise you; and in the meantime, fear not for your child. The lieutenant has had a word from me, and will watch the man as a cat watches a mouse. A hundred brave heart-strings will be ever near to him, and no one knows better than you, Mildred, that they are not know for good: but, being warned, his hand is like a vice to grip the wicked. Woe, therefore, to the wicked woman and her child beneath John Carey's eyes! This Stevens is a very wicked, crafty villain, you may depend on it, and whom he has now to deal is keen, although not cunning; and as for boldness, I do indeed believe my husband would, if need be, go to heaven—in the cause of honor or duty—defy a lion."

Mrs. Carey laughed, but, while she spoke, the fire of honest pride gave place to tears in her eyes, and made her pleasant face one glory.

"So, Mildred, without being very brave ourselves, we have brave men to protect fear. Come, you must have some tea, and then to bed; and this young lady, too, must be persuaded to rest. Yes, since such late hours are bad for her complexion."

I think unto the house of sorrow there is no human blessing equal to a breezy-minded woman, tender at heart, but chary of her tears, ready to listen to woe, but not to indulge it, and therefore careful to fulfill the ordinary duties of the house, whatever earthquake may have shaken the pillars of its peace.

The night passed, thanks to Mrs. Carey, without alarms; and when, the next day at noon, the two friends in question met the man who was sent for by a short cut to the cliffs above the Mermaid Cavern, the clouds of evil foreboding had thinned, and but a little sunshine struggled through to flood its way to Mildred's heart. It was a lovely day, for the sea-birds were out in numbers, and were welcoming everywhere the presence of the Spring; the wild flowers had thrown off their winter robes, and all the incense-breathing earth was bright and glad. Now their road lay through lanes with fir-trees, whose branches were already thick with flowers, and where, overhead, the pale tendrils of hawthorn and wild rose were twining to kiss; and now it climbed some hill-top, from whose summit the sea, the cliffs, and the moors, with hail and hamlet, church-tower and low white farmhouse, wood lined with green, were seen.

"This is the third time," said Mildred, appreciatively, when they had reached a considerable height, "that, looking back, I have perceived this man yonder. He pretends to be gathering wild flowers sometimes, but I do not like his following us in this manner. When we pass Mr. Jasper's farm, we must tell him that he must recede more."

"Fool, good, my dear. Do not flatter yourself that the gentleman is so interested in our proceedings," said Mrs. Carey, laughing. "He has been escorted us already, and has taken that path across the hills."

"I am heartily glad of it, Marion; for now that you have put me in better hope about dear Ray-mond, I am ashamed to have given to be alarmed about ourselves. I almost wish that we had got the gentleman to come with us, for then he could have brought little Milly."

The hours, however, more beauties on all sides; and now the banks decrease and become green and rounded as the road diverges from the turf track, and presently is lost upon the boundless down. It was, by-and-by, the music of the unseen sea, breaks in upon the inland harmonies, and the scented air grows fresh.

"Now, my dear, dear Mildred; we must not tarry now; it is long past three."

These words of Mrs. Carey's startled a disinclination evinced by her companion to arrive at their destination; a scared and hare-like look had once more taken possession of her, as though she beheld some object of fear behind her about her.

"Did you not hear some sound like a human voice, Marion?"

"Yes, love; our west winds are full of such cries," returned Mrs. Carey, coolly. "Wave I first came to live in these parts, I used often to open the bedroom window, both before and after the gales, under the impression that some one lay outside in pain. The sea, too, is getting very loud: I think it must be very near high tide."

"Then we ought to be at the cavern long before that, were we not?"

"Yes, if we took Milly to see it; but not otherwise. Why should we trouble to descend the cliff, with this child to carry. We have only to guide Mr. Stevens home. He cannot mistake the only path that leads from the moors, and when he has got up, he cannot fall——"

"There he is, then," replied Mildred, hastily. "How my heart beats—how my knees tremble! But what is he trying down to?"

"That is not he," returned Mrs. Carey, confidently; "it is a larger man than even he."

"Yes, certainly, I can discern it now. It is the very person who has been tracking us all the way, and who has been lurking across the hedges and fields. Marion, my friend, we are betrayed, and it is I who have betrayed you. Save me, Mary Carey, and you forgive me; your husband never will, I know."

"I think he will," rejoined the lieutenant's wife, laughing, "for I have known Andrew, one day for his man. I did not feel so brave as you did about this expedition at starting, so I begged to have a companion, and he volunteered one. It was I who beckoned him, behind your back, to take the fieldpath, but now I do not believe that he saw me. Be vexed, are you, Mildred?"

"No, my friend, my beyond all words can say," answered Mildred, fervently.

So, as a matter of fact, they were now at the cavern, and came forward to meet them.

"Have you seen anything of Mr. Stevens?" inquired Mrs. Carey. "Is it possible that he could have missed us after coming up the cliff?"

"I have seen nothing of him. If your head can stand looking over here, you will see that yonder boat is from Lucky Bay, and, except at low tide, one cannot get round either point. The man must have come overland. He was to have come up here on the Down, we must have seen him. There is no shelter except that way that he can come by."

"But it is now nearly high tide, Robert, and he cannot possibly be in the cavern."

"Not unless he be a merman, ma'am," assented Andrew, touching his hat, and trying, by his air, though in apology for joking before his superior. "My own belief is that he has returned over the cliff, and was landed a good way short of this. He will be down to-morrow or even Lucky Bay by that time."

"Back at Sandsby!" cried Mildred, with clasped hands; "then he may even now be at the cottage! Home, home, for Heaven's sake! Why did I ever leave my child?"

With that she turned, and began to retrace her steps, impatient to hear with comfort the lieutenant's wife was endeavoring to find for her. Andrew, with a look of wonder, from observing words; it was pale and full of apprehension; and they had gone but a very little distance, when, sure enough, they perceived the accursed sea, rising fast, and already devoured the shore, and was sucking, with greedy lips, the very cliff, she hastened after her friend.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE EMPTY HOME.

THE road which the two ladies had taken from Sandby to the Down, above the Mermaid's Cavern, was, for the most part, in companionship with that along the cliff top, was several miles in length, and as Mildred, now, in her anxiety, walked on, as though it would never end. Her eyes were blind to its beauties, or, if they were conscious of them, it was only to calculate how much of the tedious way still stretched before her. She was not long in discovering another object of fear. Carey, or the honest sympathy of Robert Andrews, accomplished her fears. Her maid had parted with her heart before her to the cottage and its precious occupant, and left unguarded, it seemed, seeming that she herself was standing between it and the blessed child. She felt like some unmanned mother, who, having set forth with his forces to offer battle, learns that the foe has got between him and his defenseless town, where the women and children have been left, and, by forced marches, is returning unutterable things; and as, to his anxious eyes, it is something to see the very hedges running, so not a mere heap of smoking ruins, so, when she first caught sight of the little white cottage and fair as ever, with the blue smoke from the kitchen chimney streaming in the wind (the pensive fancy shown that Gooseberry Comfort is aboard), and all its windows open to the sun, her wild lips moved, as though in prayer, to speak to another ear, and with one long sigh she dismissed half her terrors.

"I suppose Milly is in the kitchen, begging for scones," said Mildred, in a low voice, for her own thoughts need endorsement; "cook always spoils the darling. Why do you not speak, Marion?"

"I was looking at that white thing on the roof, in the window at the attic; there is somebody waving a handkerchief.

"Yes, I see it. That is Jane's bedroom; she is dressing, and the child is with her, doubtless; she is always in a hurry when she goes out, that is all."

The mother's tremulous words sorted ill with her confident words, and Mrs. Carey did not reply. As they drew nearer, they heard Jane singing:

"Let me out—let me out, ma'am; he has locked me in."

Without interrogating her further, the two ladies ran forward, and found the attic door closed against them. "He has taken the key with him," said Mrs. Carey, "and locked us out, and you must bust it in."

"Stand back, Mrs. Robert Andrews," cried the lieutenant's wife. "Can you break this door open at once, without a moment's delay?"

"I can, ma'am, I rather think I can;" returned the coast-guardsman, with a twinkle in his eyes, "if you'll please to stand back from them, at any phase."

Then, raising his foot—the earliest battering-ram in the long roll of warlike instruments—he brought the sole of his boot down upon the simple lock. Away flew staple and screw-heads, as though impelled by a charge of powder, and the door flew in. Little Jane, sitting on her own bed, in stays, with bare-pence-halfpenny tight boots on, and all her pocket-handkerchief in the other!

"I couldn't clip it, ma'am," sobbed she; "indeed, indeed, I could not. Who would have thought of my harm in a horgan-grinder, with money hanging all round and round, and one of 'em a playing on the piano!) And poor dear little Milly so pleased—I felt quite obliged to give him what I could spare; and I ran up here for the money having first promised something amazing with children, and he pretending to be so kind; and he must have followed me with me, unless I'm in a dreadful notion' till he locked the door upon me, and then went down and carried off that beautifullest child! Oh! 'ere you seen anything of her, and where is the wicked villain, though, my family, ma'am? It ain't, it ain't, indeed!"

"What! the man take my child away, girl?" asked Mrs. Hepburn, hoarsely.

"Oh, missis, two hours ago, ma'am. You see, cook she went down to Sandby after some shrimps for, leastwise, after George Brown, for it's no use telling lies in a time like this, and I must tell 'em. Milly were left quite alone; and while we was a-talking in the garden she should come and tell him Lucky Bay but this here man with the money, and offered a sight of it—such a sight as I never before seed! And when he had shown it to me and made me look at it, I watched him with the little darling on his shoulder, and he gave me a sixpence, telling the road across the Downs to Westportown; but though I screamed and hollered, and acquire my head out at the hill and shouted, this answer my questions truthfully and sensibly; thereby you will be doing what you can to regain the child as has been happened, and if you ever, to your recollection, see this organ-man again——"

"Never, never, never!" answered the girl, hysterically.

"You do not think it possible that it could even be anybody you have seen before, in disguise; now, for instance, to me upon the terrace a while ago, and spoke to me upon the lawn—that Mr. Stevens, for——"

"I did not see the gentleman not to remember him, ma'am; but he was a tall, fair man, with a cruel face (though I didn't think so at the time), and he had gray eyes and grizzled hair."

"That is Stevens," said Mrs. Carey, thoughtfully.

"Ay, and more than enough," groaned the wretched mother. "My Milly has been in his power these two hours."

"Ay, but he has the organ to carry and the child to carry," reasoned the lieutenant's wife. "Do you, Robert, take the road to Westportown, and make inquiries; but first, Jane, tell us, briefly, no matter whither he has gone. Give my husband's card to the chief constable, and tell him to spare no expense. Be off, my lad, at express. Your mates have been lost already."

"Ay, ay," the coast-guard replied, and the willing giant was upon his way.

Mildred sank down on the floor, and, huddled together like some poor wretch who feels the teeth of the frost, there she sat, shivering. Her own sorrow was so great that she knew not what had happened the corroboration of her worst forebodings, or the particular direction which the hawk is in the air, so she shrank beneath this unmistakable sign of the displeasure of her Aunt Grace. Mrs. Carey dared not leave her in this condition (since the nurse-girl was more than useless), nor, had she done so, could help have been rendered to the child. Mrs. Robert Andrews at Sandby would have done the bidding of the lieutenant's wife, or even listened to her, so bitter was the grief of the poor mother; but Jane—Jane, or some messenger of his, upon the westward road, would have found nothing but a few silver birches, thin and bowed, and the wild waste of down, and around, that wailing sea, ever moaning more. Once only she whispered to the girl: "Did Milly go with this man willingly?"

"Yes, ma'am, she did so, and though of course it was the dancing figures which mainly pleased her, the pretty little dear child seemed sorry to say to him from the first."

"Sorry to say farewell," mused Mrs. Carey.

After many a weary hour, the coast-guardsman returned. He had seen figures in the distance like child-stealer; but the constables were on the alert and the alarm had been given far and wide, and he had seen the figures in a cart, in which had been so fatally attractive to the stolen girl, and had been forced to a dirty scare half a mile away.

Mildred listened to what he had to say, without the blank despair upon her face taking any impress. She knew that, by the time the police-force could scarce have been brought to her. Later in the evening, as they sat in the little parlor with the door open, Mrs. Carey observed that she could knit without them, and the gloom was dear to Mildred's eyes, and Jane ordered the truant cook. "Having a few hours," exclaimed she, "Your mistress thought you had a walk with Mr. Brown in the Good Intent, and the wind, having carried you down in quite good time is contrary when coming back, that they had been delayed three long; also, when they did land, and had recovered your senses, you were hurried her," and she had been obliged to——

"We know all," interrupted Mrs. Carey, sharply, and making an imperious sign that she should leave the room. Jane, after a few minutes, she herself arose, and going into the kitchen, said: "Your mistress thought you were about to speak just now of her poor child's being stolen; but if there is any new misfortune, tell it to me between here and the door, my bad things about Mr. Hepburn."

"Nothing, ma'am, not about *him*."

With a great sigh of relief, Mrs. Carey listened to the narration of the unfortunate, impetuous, egotistical, didactic, as it is the manner of her class to be, poor Jane, whose errors were any conscious of being in disgrace, as though they were the highest virtues in a nurse-girl.

Having heard all, she returned to her childless friend.

"Am I not right, dear Mildred, in supposing that of the bitter draught you have to drain, the bitterest drop is that which you have poured upon whom you have been warned, and against whom you have been armed? Is it not so, Mildred?"

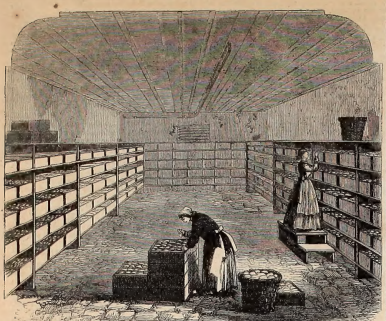
"Yes, that my Milly should be in his clutches shows all too clearly how weak are we and the hapless mother. "No other could be half so cruel; no other ever frightened my lost darling by his very looks before."

"Ay, so I thought, my love. Now, Milly was not frightened at this man, who seemed to have a kind way with him, according to Jane's story. I thought that this had in it some seed of hope; and now I have just heard——"

"Just what?" cried Mildred, clasping her feverish hand.

"Something that makes it quite impossible that the man who stole your Milly could be Stevens."

AN ENGLISH METHOD OF RAISING POULTRY.



1. THE EGG-ROOM.

HOW THE ENGLISH RAISE POULTRY.

We travel by steam, cook and wash by steam, do almost everything that comes within the range of human effort by steam: why not eat by steam likewise? We have almost reached that point; at least we provide for our tables by steam, and are only awaiting some new development of ingenuity to enable us to dispense entirely with the necessity of getting dinner, the expense of marketing, and the sundry inconveniences of boarding-houses.

Even the process of poultry-raising is in some places carried on by steam, and so definite are the results, that the old adage, "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," has lost all its force. In England the business has been reduced to a perfect system, and large establishments are devoted to it as a special and profitable branch of industry. In this country we still leave these matters to the fowls themselves, allowing each hen to determine the size of her own family, where she shall make her nest, etc. On this page we give illustrations showing the interior arrangement of one of these establishments, in which everything is done by rule and is reduced to system. Let us glance at the various apartments as they are here presented.

1. *The Egg-room.*—The eggs keep best when deposited in a dry, clean place, equally sheltered against extremes of heat and cold.

Perfect order reigns in this department in the arrangement of the boxes, each of which bears the date of its arrival in the room, so that the age of any box of eggs can always be accurately ascertained. An account is also kept of the delivery of each box disposed of; and by a simple, series of entries in a book kept for that purpose, the transactions of this department may at any moment be ascertained at a glance.

A corner is reserved for eggs selected for hatching, and means are provided for preserving them until the season arrives when they become scarce and dear.

2. *The Seed-room.*—The arrangements of this room demand much care and foresight, so as to secure the preservation of grain and meal, &c., from the various sources of injury to which they are liable, and the depredations of vermin.

The bins for keeping a small stock of bran and meal in are double compartments. They present some peculiarities of construction. Each compartment has two distinct covers—one, of wire gauze, which may be locked, while the wooden one is left open, thus affording ventilation and security at the same time.

3. *The Kitchen.*—The kitchen adjoins the seed-room, for convenience, and is appropriated to cooking the various articles of food given to the poultry. It contains a furnace, boating two coppers, and the cooking is performed by steam, and hot air from the furnace is conveyed by pipes to other parts of the building where it may be required, such as the hatching-room, the hen-house, etc.

4. *The Hatching-room.*—On one side of the room, and partly at one end, the nests are arranged upon a double dresser placed against the wall, near together, but not touching each other.

The nest-baskets are of osier, measuring on the inside, in length, fifteen inches; breadth, twelve inches at top, and nine inches and a half at bottom; depth, ten inches. They have each a cover, and are accompanied by a piece of flannel of the same size as the cover.

A table with drawer, a thermometer, a register-book and writing materials, and a little cupboard, completes the furniture of this room, which can be warmed and darkened to any degree required. Its position secures the necessary quietude.

On the outside of the hatching-room, in the southern face of the building, and protected from the weather by an overhanging gallery, two rows of twelve coops each are inserted in the wall, in which the sitting hens are placed to be fed.

The arrangement is shown in the engraving of the hatching-room, where the coops are on the left wall. By this plan, the persons charged with the care of the sitting hens have no need of going out of the hatching-room to take the birds to be fed, or to fetch them in when their repast is concluded. Each coop affords a space of sixteen inches in height by fifteen inches in breadth.

During incubation, a screen divides the hatching-room into two parts, so that the going and returning, while conveying the sitting hens to the coop and returning them to their nests, are not a source of disturbance or annoyance to the others.



2. THE SEED-ROOM.

In this room every operation is carried on with the utmost quietness.

The food is all prepared for the hens before they are put into the coops; these must be kept scrupulously clean.

The system is said to prove successful in every respect, so far as a constant supply of chickens and pecuniary results are concerned, and doubtless some enterprising Yankee will soon introduce an improved method in this country.

THE CAT IN A WATER PIPE.

ANIMAL instincts and passions oftentimes closely resemble human traits intensified. In adapting means to ends in the display of cunning and shrewdness, the animal frequently exhibits a remarkable facility, imitating very closely the reason and skill of man himself. The following incident illustrates this fact quite distinctly: The association of dogs together for the purpose of hunting is by no means an unusual occurrence, so that, by combining their efforts, they are more certain of their prey than if each one pursued it alone. In many towns of Southern Europe there is an immense number of dogs wandering about without owners, greatly to the annoyance of strangers who have occasion to visit those localities. At Palermo, among these idle wanderers, were two particularly distinguished for their animosity to cats.

One day they were in pursuit of a cat, which, seeing no other place of refuge near, made her escape into a long earthen water-pipe, which was lying on the ground. These two inseparable companions, who always supported each other, pursued the cat to the pipe, where they halted and consulted what was to be done to deceive and get possession of their enemy. After they had stood a short time, they divided, took post at each end of the pipe, and began to bark alternately, to give the cat reason to suppose they were both at one end, and to induce her to come out. This really astonishing cunning soon had a successful result, and the cheated cat left her hiding-place. Scarcely had she ventured out, when she was seized by one of the dogs; the other hastened to his assistance, and in a few moments deprived her of life.



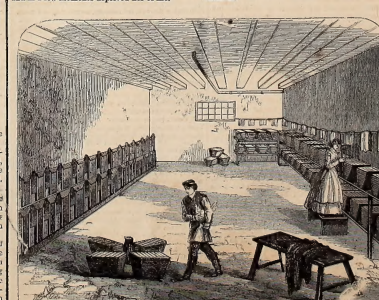
3. THE KITCHEN.

CANNIBAL FORKS AND COOKING POTS.

THE practice of cannibalism, so frequent fifty years ago, is gradually disappearing before the progress of civilization and Christianity, and is now rarely known. It seemed to arise from a savage instinct that delighted in thus taking revenge upon an enemy, and it was often attended by wild orgies too gross for description. The vessels used in the preparation of a cannibal's feast were not employed for any other purposes, being strictly *tabu*. Our illustration on page 237, shows some of the cooking-pots and forks of the Fijis, as described by Mr. Williams, a missionary among those people. They are simple and rude in their construction, the pots being made of clay, hardened by baking, and the forks of wood and bone.

A CEYLON OIL MILL.

HUMAN ingenuity always keeps pace with man's necessities, and the more numerous our wants, the more readily we devise means of satisfying them. The contrast between the rude and simple contrivances of barbarous nations, and the almost intelligent devices of modern civilization, indicates this progress the race has made; and as we look at the implements used by uncultivated nations, we can hardly believe them sufficient for the ordinary purposes of life. Our illustration shows a mill used in Ceylon for expressing the oil of the cocoa-nut, a flourishing branch of trade in that country. It consists of the trunk of a tree, hollowed into a mortar, in which a heavy, upright pestle is worked round by oxen, yoked to a transverse beam. The natives erect these mills under the shade of the palm groves, near their houses, and though they are rickety, creaking affairs, they serve their purpose quite effectually. Of course they would not comport with Yankee notions of thrift, but the Cejlonese, being less progressive, are quite content with this approximation to machinery.



4. THE HATCHING-ROOM.

WHY is a stock gambler like a railroad train? Because he may be expected to smash up at any moment.

Mrs. Castleton's First Quarrel.

"DEAR me, how stupid you are, Philip!" said the elegant Mrs. Castleton pushed back her untasted cup of coffee with most unladylike emphasis. "Do you suppose anything would tempt me to disgrace both you and myself by attending Julia Winter's party in a dress I have ever worn before? *No, sir:* you can go if you see fit, and dance attendance upon ladies whose husbands are not too parsimonious to allow them the privilege of being well dressed."

Philip Castleton passed his hand wearily across his brow, and, with a look full of grief and tenderness, replied:

"As you please, Anna; but if you only knew how complicated my affairs are, and how many distracting losses we have had, you would not think of another moire-antique, or a new set of jewelry. Diamonds would become you, darling; and nothing would please me more than to purchase Ball & Black's most elegant set, but it would be at the cost of my reputation and my honor. Surely my wife would not advise such reckless extravagance as *that!*"

"Don't let's talk any more about it, Philip; I shall not attend. And now I must go to the nursery."

She was gone in a moment, seemingly unconscious that her husband lingered for the usual parting kiss and caress.

"Parsimonious!" he whispered to himself, on his way to the office. "Another word for stingy! What has come between us? A dreadful something, which bids fair to blight both our lives."

Anna Castleton had been married seven years and up to this time had discharged, faithfully and conscientiously, the duties of a wife. Her love for her husband was unbounded; yet the mysterious something, which Philip endeavored to penetrate, and which threatened to destroy their domestic happiness, was a dark cloud in the shape of "bad advice."

"You can go to breakfast, Lida; baby and I will have a romp. Oh, dear, dear! why have I allowed myself to go so far with Philip? He does really look careworn; and from the bottom of my heart I wish there was never such a thing got up as a fashionable party. Don't you, baby? How ridiculous in me to care about it! Surely my husband's love and respect are more to me than all the world beside."

Ah, good angel, why did you not remain to strengthen and bless the repentant woman?

"Lida said you were in the nursery, so I ran right up. What is the matter with you? had a quarrel with your husband? Of course you have. Not grieving over that, I hope? Why, Frank and I have a row regularly every day. I tell you, it is the spice of life. Now, what was it about?—do tell me. 'Can't afford it?' That's all in your eye! *Are* you foolish enough to believe such nonsense as *that?* It seems to me the men are all getting as mean as s——. Why, Frank actually had the impudence to tell me this morning—just because he couldn't find the hair-brush—that if I couldn't have things in better order, he would dismiss Mary, and make me do my own sewing."

"What did you do?"

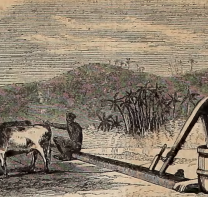
"Why, I snapped my fingers in his face; and told him, that, for every servant he dismissed, I should get two more. He'll be pleased enough to-night. Come, now, dress yourself, and go take a ride with me."

While Mrs. Castleton is making her toilet, let us glance at her visitor. A little woman, of sprightly, fascinating appearance, very engaging in manner, dressed in exquisite taste, and a leader in the *beat (!)* society. It is little wonder that she dazzled and blinded Mrs. Castleton.

"Ain't this a beautiful shade, Anna? I think it will light up splendidly; and then, trimmed with point lace!—oh, I shall take it by all means! and the little fingers moved caressingly over the imported fabric. "Fifteen yards! That won't be so expensive, after all. Why not have one like it? Oh! I forgot, your husband can't afford it." And the merry laugh had just enough of mockery in it to drive her sensitive companion desperate.

"Measure off eighteen yards, and send the bill to Castleton Brothers," impulsively said the victim.

Mrs. Reid endeavored to persuade her to select her lace and trimmings, but in vain; she had gone just far enough, she thought, to convince Philip that she was not a child, and would not be treated like one.



A CEYLON OIL MILL.—SEE PAGE 236.

"Here's a bill for you, Phil, I guess," said Castleton, senior. "Moire-antique! It is but just, Philip, that you should tell your wife to hold up a little now. I have no doubt but we shall pull through with careful management; but we must be economical at present."

"I know it," replied Philip, sternly, "and this is the *last* time such a thing shall happen."

Evening came, and, at the usual hour, Philip stepped into the dining-room; but with no word of tender greeting for her who stood with averted eyes before the fire. Every article around them gave evidence of elegance and refinement; the beautifully set dining-table, perfect in all its appointments, with its sparkling glass and shining silver, was pleasant to look upon, for Mrs. Castleton was the very essence of neatness and good taste. Everything looked warm and genial except the lord and lady. They ate in silence.

"Stop one moment, Anna," said Philip, as she prepared to leave the room. "Look at this bill, and see if it is correct."

"*Perfectly so,*" she replied, with affected nonchalance.

"Very well; it is receipted, you see." And he put the bill into her hand. Not a word more, for Philip was not only sensitive, but proud, and his heart-strings might have snapped before he would have uttered one reproachful word. 'Twas dreadfully hard work for Anna to keep the tears back—for, remember, this was her *first* attempt at rebellion. That evening was one long to be remembered; for never before, during their seven years of married life, had they spent an evening at home without doing all in their power to amuse and entertain each other.

Mrs. Reid had at last succeeded in sowing the seeds of discord; and no fault of hers if they did not bring forth rank and abundant fruit.

Oh! how such women are to be detested, and low carefully avoided. It really *does* seem incomprehensible how ladies of good common sense can be imposed upon by little mischief-making butterflies of Mrs. Reid's stamp. But this is no fiction, dear reader, for the events actually happened as narrated.



THE CAT IN THE WATER PIPE.—SEE PAGE 236.

Anna waited until ten o'clock for Philip to join her in her room, and finally retired. About an hour after, she heard his step on the stairs; but he passed the door, and went into the spare chamber. If Philip was proud, so was his wife, and thus the shadows deepened.

Weary and unrefreshed, Mrs. Castleton sat down to breakfast, but no Philip.

"Mary, call Mr. Castleton."

"Sure, marm, he is not in his room, and cook says he was just going out as she opened the basement blinds."

Mrs. Castleton's cup of coffee was again taken away untouched. Oh! the long, weary day—*would it never end?* Mrs. Reid rolled up to the door in her luxurious carriage: "Would Mrs. Castleton take a ride, and do a little shopping?" but Mrs. Castleton was *out*. She had had all night and day to reflect; and her native good sense was triumphant. She could now see plainly where she had grieved and insulted her husband; and, vowing to confess her fault and beg him to forgive her, she fell asleep.

"Phil, one of us must go to Chicago, and stay a few weeks," said Castleton, senior, "and I think it had better be you. You understand that branch better, and if you can get ready, start this afternoon."

"The sooner the better," thought Philip. He went home, ran up to the room, and there, on the bed, lay his wife, fast asleep. Oh! how sorrowfully he looked at her, and how he longed to take her in his arms and love her as of old; but pride conquered. He wrote a line and pinned it to the cushion. It ran thus: "Mrs. Castleton. I start for Chicago immediately; shall be gone a few weeks.—Philip." He packed some necessary articles in a portmanteau, and with one long, lingering look, he tore himself away. Up to the nursery he flew, kissed Baby Philip good-by, down stairs and off across the river to Jersey City, into the car, and never stopped to reflect upon what he had done, until steam and rail had carried him miles away from his home.

It was almost dark when Anna awoke. "Ah!" she said to herself, "it is most time for Philip, and this dreadful affair will soon be settled; but what is *this?*" as her eye rested on the little note. "How could he be so cruel? It must be a wicked joke! What shall I do first? write to him? *No.* I should never live to get the answer. I will send for John" (that was Castleton, senior). Accordingly, a dainty little note was dispatched, begging John to come up, without fail, in the evening. John came, and marveled much what had come over his dignified sister-in-law. Her eyes were red, and her whole appearance indicated a severe mental struggle of some kind.

"Now, John, tell me, quick," said she, grasping both his hands, "has Philip gone to Chicago on business? and did you know he was going?"

"Why, certainly, Anna. I sent him off in a hurry; but what is the matter? It can't be possible that you and Philip have quarreled?"

"Yes, we have," the heart-broken woman related the whole story, never sparing herself in the least. "And now, John, what shall I do? I shall go crazy if this is not settled immediately. Will you let me go to Chicago? Now do; that's a dear brother."

He looked at her attentively a moment, and decided that it was the only proper course to be pursued; for he saw that such an intense mental strain must produce fatal consequences, if not soon relieved.

"Certainly, Anna, you shall go; and Phil was a brute to leave you in such a shabby style. I'm ashamed of him. You are not afraid to trave alone?"

"No; not to the antipodes, if I could be sure Phil still loved me."

"Phil stops at the S——n House; and I will give you a letter of introduction to the proprietor."

It was all arranged, and the next day, at the same hour precisely, Anna Castleton started. It seemed to her she could not go fast enough; but Chicago was reached at last, and when the carriage drew up before the principal entrance, Anna's heart was in her mouth. What if she should meet him at the entrance? She went to the parlor, sent for the gentlemanly proprietor, gave her letter, and in a moment more was seated in her husband's room. There, on the floor, lay his portmanteau, shirts and collars, brushes and combs, crammed together in true masculine style.

"Poor fellow!" whispered she. "What if he will not forgive me?"

She arranged everything in perfect order, then made her own toilet. She had little to do with, for her baggage had not arrived; but she dressed her beautiful hair with most exquisite taste. Every footfall made her start, but, finally, the gong sounded for dinner. In a moment more she heard the well-known step. Standing behind the door, Anna waited. In walked Philip, took off his overcoat, threw himself into a chair, without once glancing round. In a second more two little white hands covered his eyes, and two dear, rosy lips were pressed to his own.

"Philip, will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, darling? Yes; a thousand times."

And, close pressed to her husband's bosom, Anna explained all. We might as well come away now, dear reader, for 'tis hardly fair to listen to all they said; but one thing is certain: no mischief-maker will ever again have the power to make trouble between Philip Castleton and his wife. Married ladies take warning.



CANNIBAL COOKING POTS.—SEE PAGE 236.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A GORILLA.

The following story is told by an African traveler:

"I had often heard marvelous accounts of an animal said to bear a close resemblance to man, and I naturally



CANNIBAL FORKS OF THE FEJIS.—SEE PAGE 236.

felt a hunter's desire to see with my own eyes, and, if possible, add the skin of it to my collection of curiosities; and for this purpose had made up my mind to go forward through the thicket, even if I went alone. Ordering my guide, in a tone that admitted of no question, to keep at my heels, as he valued his life, I resolutely advanced a few paces, though, if truth must be told, not half so courageous in feeling as I seemed in action.

"But at the end of those few paces I came to a sudden stand, for I saw a dense thicket, some fifteen or twenty yards ahead, agitated by the moving of some heavy body within it, while almost immediately there appeared, in plain view, a monster of such hideous appearance, that I felt the blood freeze through my veins and gather about my heart, as if appalled by some horrible visitant from the other world.

"In shape he was like a man, but like a man deformed; with a monstrous big chest and body, small head, planted down between his shoulders, large, long arms and huge hands, and short, thick bow-legs, terminating in hands instead of feet. He stood erect, like a man, was nearly six feet in height, and was covered all over, face and all, with short, black hair. His head was small in proportion to his body, and had a human conformation. Fierce, glittering gray eyes, set deep in the hollow, cavernous sockets, rolled and glared demoniacally. The forehead was low, and retreated sharply. There was but little nose, with high, prominent cheek-bones. The mouth was immense, with huge massive jaws and short, thin lips, that parted angrily only to display a formidable and ferocious set of teeth, the canine being long and sharp-pointed.

"I stood on the defensive, wisely determined to reserve my fire for the approaching crisis of my fate, hoping and praying I might be successful in putting an end to the monster.

"'No run now, master!' said the African, in low, thick, almost inarticulate tones; 'no 'scape him debil by run. Him swift as tiger—strong as elephant. Must kill!'

"'Shall I fire now, Mocha?'

"'No fire him come nigh; den fire through heart.'

"'Mocha, be ready!' I said, when the monster had stopped to roar and beat his breast within ten paces. 'I am about to end this suspense—I am about to fire.'

"I took deliberate aim; but, in spite of all I could do, my arms shook so that I was afraid to pull the trigger, and twice I lowered the weapon to get more steadiness of nerve. It was as if some fearful spell were on me; and at the third trial it seemed as if the fingers of my right hand were paralyzed and would not obey my will—a fact for which I have never been able to account.

"The monster again advanced, and now not more then five or six paces divided us, and he appeared as if about to make his final desperate rush. Delay now would be death—an awful death—and summoning all my will, I pulled both triggers in succession.

"Only one barrel was discharged by the act, the other missing fire; but one ball went straight to its mark, and lodged in the breast of the gorilla. It did not bring him to the earth, however, but made him wildly furious; and, gnashing his teeth, and uttering most unearthly shrieks and yells, he bounded forward for his revenge. Quick as lightning the gallant Mocha threw himself before me, and struck with his spear—but it might as well have been a reed. One blow of the ponderous arm of the brute turned it aside all shivered, while the hand of the other stretched the poor fellow bleeding and senseless on the earth. In his fall he came back against me with such force that I went down also. At that moment I had not a single hope of life, and knowing myself utterly defenseless, despair took complete possession of me, and I made no effort to rise.

"This, and I believe this alone, was my salvation—for seeing us both still, and probably thinking us both dead, the furious brute seized my gun, and, first fairly denting the barrels with his teeth, he struck it against a tree with a force that shivered the stock and bent the iron nearly double. Then, throwing it down, putting his hands over his breast, and uttering the most infernal howlings and shriekings of rage and pain, he hastily disappeared in the dense jungle, leaving me to thank God that I had so miraculously escaped unharmed."

PASSAIC COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S RACES,

At Paterson, New Jersey.

THE meeting of this society was held at Paterson on the 5th of June, for the purpose of inaugurating the spring races, or American Derby. The weather proved favorable, and immense crowds of people witnessed the exciting contests of speed between some of the finest horses in the country. On the first day three races were run, the most important one being the Jersey Derby, a race for three-year olds, carrying one hundred pounds. There were forty-five entries for this race, only nine of which came to the post.

The race was won by Mr. Alexander's Kentucky horse, Merrill, in 2:55.

The main feature of the second day was the steeple-chase of about three miles, two of which were over a fair hunting country, with thirty-two jumps. Four horses contended in this race, only one of which succeeded in clearing all the obstructions, and, of course, winning the race in 8:18½. The race was a very exciting one, and the manner in which Nannie Craddock, the winner, leaped over ditches and walls elicited unbounded applause and admiration.

On the third day the opening sport was a hurdle race of two miles, over eight hurdles, for which there were five starters, the winning horse on the previous day and Zigzag, the second best, being among them. In this race Zigzag was the winner in 4:13¾.

These races were conducted with great order and propriety, and a freedom from those disgraceful scenes of drunkenness and shameful excess which often characterize the English Derby, and which have brought the pastime into disrepute in this country. As we improve our stock, racing will become more and more a permanent institution; and everything that can elevate its character and make it unobjectionable is a step in the right direction.

Our illustration shows some of the prominent features of these races.

The manner in which Zigzag and Nannie Craddock leared the hurdles on the home-stretch is distinctly shown; but it is impossible to convey by a picture any adequate idea of the enthusiasm with which the thousands of spectators watched the contest between the noble thoroughbreds that were striving for victory.

The hurdle was some three feet high and the ditch by its side six feet wide and four feet deep, over both of which the mare bounded in a single graceful and successful leap.

The contest between Kentucky and Richmond in the three mile race on the last day was one of the brilliant features of the sport, and elicited unbounded applause.

The sale of the pools at these races was active and spirited; and, as several of the horses had strong backers, large prices were realized.

Altogether the races were exceedingly satisfactory to the lovers of the turf, and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion.

SOUND travels at the rate of 1,142 feet per second in the air, 4,960 in the water, 11,000 in cast iron, 17,000 in steel, 18,000 in glass, and from 4,636 to 17,000 in wood.

ITHACA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

THE traveler in search of natural beauty, attractive scenery, and wild solitude, need not hesitate long as to the direction in which he shall turn his steps. Every portion of our country, every county of our State, possesses natural beauties and salient features of surpassing excellence, that are unappreciated because they are not distant, and are often overlooked for the simple reason that Fashion has not stamped them with her exclusive seal. From time to time we have given illustrations of our home scenery, and this week we present a view of Ithaca, and some of the objects of interest near it, that ought to be more widely known. Ithaca is a beautiful town of some 8,000 inhabitants, situated at the foot of Cayuga Lake, in Central New York, and has long been noted for its natural attractions and the refinement and enterprise of its people. From the number of shade trees with which the streets are adorned, it is frequently called the Forest City. It is regularly laid out, and contains a large number of elegant private residences, while its churches and public edifices bear witness to the good taste and spirit of its citizens.

The Cornell Library, recently chartered by the Legislature, and erected and endowed by the munificence of Mr. Ezra Cornell, at an expense of $100,000, is situated here. It is a splendid building, containing a large Free Library, a Hall for Public Assemblies, a Farmer's Club-Room; Historical Society Room, etc. The engraving shows a front view of this building.

The Firemen's Monument is a handsome marble structure, erected by the firemen of Ithaca, on an elevation in the cemetery, commanding one of the best views of the town and lake. It stands on a lot set apart as a free burial-place for the brave men who peril their lives to protect the property of their fellow-citizens.

In the immediate vicinity of Ithaca there is a series of water-falls, unequaled in wild beauty and romantic grandeur, which words cannot adequately describe, and which would amply repay any trouble and expense in visiting them.

Well's Falls, a beautiful cascade, is only one mile distant from the city, and is a favorite resort in the summer season, inviting by its cool retreats to relaxation and rest. Fall Creek has likewise a series of six romantic water-falls, one of which is given in our sketch.

A little further out, we find Enfield Creek, with its ravine and main fall. The lovers of nature could not find a more charming resort; nothing can exceed the exquisite beauty and wildness of these scenes, and many travelers have pronounced them the most charming in the State. Nature is seen here in her own mood, and the same unadorned grandeur upon which the savage gazed a century ago exists to-day, untrammeled and unpolluted by the encroachments of art. The Pulpit Fall is a wonderful conformation, resembling, as its name implies, a pulpit, over which the water rolls with an indescribably fine effect.

Taghcani is a perpendicular fall, of 215 feet, and is much frequented. It would be difficult to find a spot having more attractions, or one more worthy the tourist's attention. The lover of solitude can find here all the charms of retirement; those who admire the picturesque will here see it presented in every possible phase; while those who wish to escape from the heat-burdened city could not select a point possessing so much to please and invigorate. We need not go abroad in search of novelty or interest; there are localities at home, accessible in a few hours, that combine all the elements of natural beauty, but that remain neglected and unappreciated. We believe, however, that the day is not far distant when Americans will give to American scenery the attention and prominence it so well deserves, and will be as proud of the natural beauties of their country as they now are of its political advantages.

BURIAL OF AN INDIAN PRINCESS.

A DAUGHTER of Spotted Tail, one of the chiefs among the Sioux, died recently at their rendezvous, on Powder River, some 260 miles from Fort Laramie, Dakotah Territory. She was an interesting girl, eighteen years of age. She always had been friendly toward the whites, and being often at the garrison with her band, became warmly attached to them. After the recent outbreak between her people and the United States Government, and she had been obliged to isolate herself with her people from her former friends, she began to decline in health, and gradually pined away, until she died of a broken heart. She declared she could never enjoy life if she was to be deprived of the opportunity of seeing her white friends—many of whom had known her from infancy—and remained a prey to melancholy until she died. As her people, numbering several thousands, were soon to start on a journey to the fort, to hold a council with the United States officers in reference to a treaty of peace, she requested that her body might be taken to the garrison, and be deposited in its final resting-place near the fort. This was done accordingly. The colonel, with his staff, rode out to meet the chief, who is a noble specimen of an Indian warrior, and the funeral took place at sunset.

"Colonel Maynadier," says the army chaplain, "informed the chief that I would perform the burial service, in accordance with the Christian usage, if he desired it. After a few moments, he assented. According to their custom, four posts, about twelve feet long, were inserted in the ground, on the top of which a scaffold was laid, on which the coffin was to be placed. Four Indian women laid her in, covering her with a buffalo robe, and depositing her wearing apparel, with all the treasure she possessed. The colonel deposited a beautiful pair of gauntlets, to keep her hands warm during her journey. I then proceeded with the burial service, which was interpreted faithfully, and the expressive 'Ugh!' uttered by the dusky warriors expressed their approval of the sentiments. The coffin closed, and, a beautiful red blanket covering it, it was raised to the scaffold. The heads and tails of her two white ponies, which had been killed immediately after her death, were nailed to the posts, and the idolized daughter was prepared, according to their faith, to ride through those fair hunting-grounds to which she had gone, appareled as she had been on earth. It was an affecting sight."

A SAD story is connected with the name of the writer of the beautiful song, "Ever of Thee," which has been sung and admired by so many in this country and in Europe. Foley Hall was a gentleman by birth and education. Wealthy in his own right, with large expectations, he led a heedless life, not choosing his associates, but allowing himself to be drawn into the society of the vicious. His property soon disappeared, and he was left without resources sufficient to buy his daily bread. His musical talents had been highly cultivated, but, as he never heeded them, he scarcely knew to what degree they could be made available. In his distress, however, he wrote the charming song. "Ever of Thee." A London publisher gave twenty pounds for it; that amount, with such a spendthrift, would not last long. He wrote other songs, but the money not coming in as fast as he wished, in a weak moment he forged the name of his publisher, and although every effort was made (even by the publisher) to save him, it was all of no use, and poor Foley Hall went to Newgate, and died broken-hearted before his trial came on.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

"IF I am not at home from the party to-night, at ten o'clock," said a husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me."

"That I won't," said the lady, significantly; "I won't wait, but I'll come for you."

He returned at ten precisely.

AN excited father called in haste on Dr. Abernethy, and exclaimed, in an excited manner:

"Doctor! doctor! my boy has swallowed a mouse!"

"Then go home," quietly replied the doctor, "and tell him to swallow a cat."

THE late Mr. Thackeray had a nose of a most peculiar shape, as may be seen by his portrait. The bridge was very low, and the nostrils extremely well-developed. On one occasion, at a party where Douglas Jerrold was present, it was mentioned that Mr. Thackeray's religious opinions were unsettled, and that a lady of his acquaintance was doing her best to convert him to Romanism.

"To Romanism!" exclaimed Jerrold. "Let us hope she'll begin with his nose."

THE *American Union* says, that in a certain school, "away down South in Dixie," a young lady of Philadelphia has been appointed schoolmistress. She sends the following "rules," provided her by the trustees, for the government of the school:

"No Swearin
"fitin
"quarelin
"nicknamin
"goin inter the water
"reslin and jumpin
"pinchin
"stickin of pins inter each other
"pullin of hair durin books
"courtin in school
"writin of loveletters in school
"crackin of walnuts, unless dried
"whisperin

"Those rules must be observed, for a violation of those rules will be punished with the lash, accordin to the verdic of the trusties."

A PARADOX.

As William drew his Susan near,
He whispered to his bride:
"Though queer it sounds, I love, my dear,
To live by *Suey's-side.*"

THE clergyman in a certain town, as the custom is, having published the banns of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerk's reading the hymn, beginning with these words: "Mistaken souls, who dream of heaven!"

"JEFF, why am you like de gum-tree?"

"I guve it up, Sam; I can't tell you."

"'Case you stays green both summer and winter."

WITH what letters should poets and historians write?—*EE* (ease).

WHAT letter is more than a yard long?—An *L* (ell).

WHAT letter sometimes goes before a king or queen?—An *X* (ex-king).

WHAT letters are most sensible?—*YY's* (wise).

WHAT letters name a foreign watering place?—*M's* (Ems).

WHAT letters are most important to ourselves?—U and I.

TO WHAT letter are we indebted for our coats and petticoats?—An *U* (ewe).

WHAT letter is frequently drunk?—T.

WHICH is the most inquisitive letter?—*Y* (why?).

WHAT letter has wings?—A *J* (jay).

WHAT letter has most legs?—A *B* (bee).

WHAT letter is attached to episcopacy?—A *C* (see).

WHAT letters are found in a garden?—*P's* (peas).

WHAT letter is uttered with pain?—O.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.—My *first* is truth, my *second* is the reverse, and my *whole* is yourself,—Love-ly.

ADAM SHOEMAKER a number of years ago came to Huntington Furnace, and seeing there for the first time a pair of snuffers, he asked:

"What's them for?"

"To snuff the candle."

The candle just then needed attention, and Adam, with his thumb and finger, pinched off the snuff, and carefully poked it into the snuffers, saying:

"Well, now, them's handy."

WHY is it probable that Moses wore a wig?—Because he was sometimes seen with Aaron (*hair on*) and sometimes without.

WHY is Martin Luther like a dyspeptic blackbird?—Because the Diet of Worms disagrees with him.

WHY is the treadmill like a true convert?—Because its turning is the result of the man's conviction.

WHY are women extravagant in clothes?—Because when they buy a new dress they wear it out on the first day.

A MAN who has been traveling in the "Far West," says—but he probably misrepresents the matter—that when an Idaho girl is kissed, she indignantly exclaims: "Now, put that right back where you took it from!"

"THEY say cotton is declining," exclaimed an old lady, as she removed her spectacles, and laid down her paper. "I thought so," she continued, "for the last thread I used was very feeble."

"NOTHING can be done well that is done in a hurry," oracularly declared a certain pompous politician of New York, one day lately, on the steps of the City Hall.

"How about catching fleas?" asked a wag at his elbow. The politician was floored.

WHEN should an innkeeper visit a forge? When he wants a bar made (barmaid).

A VENGEFUL individual in the exuberance of his rage at some one who offended him, said:

"I'll have revenge! By Jove, I'll give his little boy a tin horn."

MOST ennyboddy can write poor sense, says Josh Billings, but thare ain't but few that kan write good nonsense—and it almos takes an eddykated man tew appreciate it after it iz writ.

WHAT are you always to-morrow you can't be to-day? Older.

WHY does a lady's gown become longer when she puts it into a carpet bag? Because, when it is pulled out she will find it in creases.

IT was observed of a gentleman who possessed great learning, but was extremely silent in company, that his mind was a library of the most valuable information; upon which a lively female wittily remarked, that if it was a library, it was not a circulating one.

A REAL ESTATE STORY.

A GENTLEMAN of Boston, who had determined to retire from the cares of business and indulge himself in a mania for amateur farming, had a very attractive estate (on paper) presented to his notice by a broker. There was the usual "substantial dwelling-house, large barn and outbuildings, unfailing spring of water, thirty fruit trees, rich pasture and arable land," etc.; situated, of course, "in the immediate vicinity of school-houses, churches, and all the advantages of civilization."

The merchant was charmed with the description, and was on the point of purchasing, when he happened to meet an old farmer acquaintance, who, he suddenly remembered, lived in the neighborhood of his contemplated investment. After the usual inquiries on the merchant's part in regard to weather, prospect of crops, etc., and on the farmer's as to the proper method of disposing of the "coopeons" on some Government bonds, the former asked:

"Do you know G——'s place, up your way?"

"Know it! Yaas; guess I do; lives 'thin two mile o' my place. Dreffle shif'less critter, tho'; hadn't got much of anything on his farm, except a heavy mortgage. Goin' to sell him out putty soon, I guess."

"Indeed!" said the merchant, thoughtfully: "mismanaged, I suppose—don't attend to his business. Splendid piece of land, though, is it not?"

"Waal, might be for *some purposes*; our s'lectmen *did* think of buying it once for a cemetery, but the sile was so orful poor and sandy that nothing ever came up that was planted in it, and they were afraid there'd never be any resurrection there!"

The broker lost his sale of *that* farm.

EXECUTIONS AMONG THE JEWS.

THE Hebrews had no executioner. When a man was guilty of homicide the execution devolved on the next of kin, by the right of blood-revenge; in other cases, criminals were stoned by the people, the witnesses setting the example; and when the king or chief ordered a person to be put to death, the office was performed by the person to whom the order was given, and this was generally a person whose consideration in life bore some proportion to that of the person to be slain. Thus Solomon gave the commission to kill Joab, the commander-in-chief, to Beniah, a person of so much distinction as to be himself immediately promoted to the command which the death of Joab left vacant. In fact, the office, even of a regular executioner, is not by any means dishonorable in the East. The post of chief executioner is, in most Oriental courts, one of honor and distinction. Thus, when there was no regular executioner, it came to be considered a post of honor to put a distinguished person to death; and, on the other hand, the death itself was honorable in proportion to the rank of the person by whom the blow was inflicted. It was the greatest dishonor to perish by the hands of a woman or a slave. We see this feeling distinctly in the narrative where the two princes much prefer to die by Gideon's own hand than that of a youth who had obtained no personal distinction. As to the hero commissioning his son to perform this office, it was, perhaps, partly to honor him with the distinction of having slain two chief enemies of Israel, as well as because the rules of blood-revenge made it necessary that the execution of those who had slain his own brethren should either be performed by himself or a member of his own family. It seems very probable, from all that transpired, that Oreb and Zeeb had slain the brethren of Gideon, after they had taken them captive, in the same way that they were themselves slain.

A NOTABLE PEDESTRIAN.—A St. Louis paper, referring to the expected arrival of Mr. Fr. Schaefer, a noted German foot-traveler, in that city, from La Crosse, Wisconsin, says; "He is now about thirty years of age, considerably deformed, but of an enthusiastic mind. He was born in Carlshafen, in Kurhessen, and at the age of nine years became so interested in the study of history that he determined to see the world himself. He was poor, but this did not deter him. His first trip on foot and alone, with no money and no baggage, save what his knapsack contained, was in 1847, when he was very young, and continued through the German States and Russia. Afterward he continued on through Europe and Great Britain, and thence into and through Africa. Then he took up Asia, going through that country. Not long since he came to the United States, landing in Boston, traveling on foot to Washington, and from that city, West. He goes from St. Louis, across the country, through Utah, to California. Schaefer is feeling good, and enjoys his migratory habits exceedingly well. His ambition appears to be to travel over every part of the globe on foot, and he bids fair to accomplish that object now. His expenses are very small, and these are made up to him by friends whom he makes wherever he goes. His portfolio contains, among other things, the autographs of crowned heads, distinguished literary, political and scientific men wherever he has been, and is a curiosity, with sketches and testimonials, which have been given him by all he has met. The energy of the man entitles him to success in his travels."

PERILS BY THE WAY.—A writer in the London *Reader* says, that in that city the population is indefinitely augmented by hourly arrivals from all parts of the world. The metropolis is clasped, intersected and undermined by railroads. Broad streets are building for the reception of the swaying multitude, the river is made to yield up a portion of its bed for the construction of a new highway, and gigantic hotels, springing up in all quarters, are unable to supply accommodation; for the increasing crowd is daily becoming more perilous to human life. Last year 140 persons were killed in the streets.

HOW MANY INCHES IN A BUSHEL.—The standard bushel of the United States contains 2,150·4 cubic inches. The "Imperial bushel" is about 68 cubic inches larger, being 2,218.192 cubic inches. Any box or measure, the contents of which are equal to 2,150·4 cubic inches, will hold a bushel of grain. In measuring fruit, vegetables, coal and other similar substances, one-fifth must be added. In other words, a peck measure five times even full makes one bushel. The usual practice is to "heap the measure." In order to get on the fifth peck, measures must be heaped as long as what is to be measured will lie on.

Ye Pimpled, Blotched and Ulcerated Victims of scrofulous diseases, who drag your unclean persons into the company of better men, take AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and purge out the foul corruption from your blood. Restore your health, and you will not only enjoy life better, but make your company more tolerable to those who must keep it.

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100 Silver Pencils, Extension Case, $5 each.....500
Also, other minor Gifts too numerous to mention, amounting to.....16,450

$100,000

Each Ticket insures the purchaser a Gift, and the Gifts will be distributed within 10 days. Photographic views of the BONTA HOUSE can be seen with each Gift. By remitting ONE DOLLAR to the BONTA HOUSE, Pithole, Pa., a Ticket will be sent by return mail.

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The following shows what will be made to parties forming Ten Dollars, I will send by return mail 11 tickets.

Twenty	"	"	25 "
Thirty	"	"	38 "
Fifty	"	"	65 "

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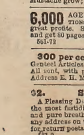
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By having several different sets, ladies can change them in a moment, thus altering the appearance of the garment to suit taste or occasion. CLOAK AND SACK BUTTONS, per dozen, new Medallion, $2; new brilliant Ivory, $3; Pearl, white or dark, $1.50; extra large and fine, $3; Rubber, $1; plain black, 80c.; Brocade, $1; Persian Gilt, $1; Ivory (black, drab, tan, gray, or two colors, for sacks), 90c. DRESS BUTTONS, per dozen, Pearl, white or dark, $1; Ivory, any color, 90c.; new style Medallion, $1.50; brilliant Ivory, $1.50; Gilt Persian Pattern, $1; Chased Gilt Ball, 75c., 90c., $1, and $1.50; Rubber, $1. PLAIN SILK DRESS BUTTONS, any color, made to order, $1.25 per dozen.

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For this purpose they are invaluable, as they can in an instant be exchanged for a new set, removed for cleaning, or changed for plain covered buttons when desired. United States Staff Coat, per dozen, Extra, $4; Fine, $3.50; Middling Fine, $2. Vest, Extra, $2; Fine, $1.75; Middling Fine, $1. Infantry, Cavalry, or Artillery, Extra Coat, $3; Fine, $2; Extra Vest, $1.50; Fine, $1. Common Regulation, for Rank and File Coat, 50c.; Vest, 45c. Navy Extra Coat, $5; Fine, $2.50; Extra Vest, $2.50; Fine, $1.25; Jacket, $1.50. New York State Coat, $2.50; same quality Vest, $1.25 per dozen. Orders executed for any State Regiment on short notice. SLEEVE BUTTONS for Ladies and Gents; Plain, 40c. Fancy, 50c. per set. THE FRENCH SELF-FASTENING BUTTON COMPANY are sole manufacturers of these goods, under Letters Patent granted to P. W. Gengembre. In ordering, please state the color of garment, and whether thick, medium thickness, or thin; also where you saw the advertisement. Call, or address, W. B. WATKINS, Sole Agent, 416 Broadway, cor. Canal-st., New York. Show this to your friends.

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PUPIL (stammeringly)—"*It is to do unto oth-ers as I would have them to do un-to me.*"
PROF.—"*Good—now go and study those telegrams on the wall, and then tell me which of us have stuck to it the best.*"

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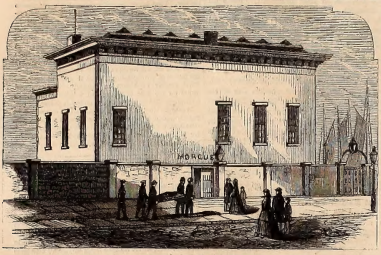
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THE MORGUE, TWENTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK, NEAR THE EAST RIVER.



VISITORS' ROOM IN THE MORGUE, FROM WHICH THE BODIES OF DECEASED PERSONS ARE VIEWED.



THE MORGUE.—ROOM IN WHICH THE BODIES ARE PLACED FOR RECOGNITION.—SEE PAGE 245.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

Authors are requested to designate their communications distinctly, and in communicating with us, to retain the original title.

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Woman's Dress.

LIKE diseases, there are some public dissensions which at times become epidemic. The time for the reappearance of the sea-serpent question, or doubts as to which century the year 1800 belongs to, can be calculated with almost the precision of the orbit of a comet. It appears as if the puzzles of one generation were transmitted, like other hereditary characteristics, to the next, which again agitates the questions already solved, till they, with many perplexities, have to be laid at the door of another period of gestation. Among these periodical visitations may be reckoned that of the most proper attire for the fair sex. For some years past this matter has come before the public at times and in a manner equally surprising and amusing. It has popped up and been conducted for a time with all the skill and acrimony of a religious conflict, not alone when there was a lack of excitement in public matters, but while the nation was deep in the most death-struggle for existence. Then it has faded away, only, however, to be revived, after a decent interval, in some new form or under some new aspect.

The origin of this dress-reform, however, have had this singular advantage in conducting their quarrel with mankind: that, whereas other whimsical questions have been confined to the columns of the newspapers, they have been able to bring their cause before the courts of justice, plead their case fully, and obtain a decision, to a certain extent, in their favor. It happened in this wise: One day last week, Police Officer Pickett saw a crowd of people in front of a shop in Canal street. Instead of advising the crowd to "move on" and not obstruct the sidewalk, as it was his duty to do, he proceeded to examine into the cause of the collection of the crowd, and finding it arose from curiosity to see a lady in Bloomer costume, who was inside the shop, he entered her, and conducted her to the station-house, as was not his duty to do.

After release from that hospitable spot, which did not, however, take place without some indignities of treatment, for which he thinks the officers ought to have been censured, a second arrest of the peculiarly dressed lady was made, in another part of the town, and it was for these unwarrantable arrests that complaint was made before the Police Commissioners. The fair complainant was Mrs. Dr. Mary E. Walker, well-known as a surgeon and nurse in the army, and the wearer of a medal testifying to her eminent services during the war. She pleaded her own cause, and, we must say, disproved the universal truth of the proverb which applies to those who are their own clients. We may as well here state that Mrs. Walker's application was refused, and the Commissioners ordered the policeman to refrain in future from molesting her, "because she was not a weak woman needing protection" (we should rather think not), while Mr. Acton seemed to have supposed was the reason for the policeman "taking care of her."

What we are most concerned here with, however, is the voluble defense which Mrs. Dr. Mary E. Walker made on her own behalf. The report omits to say whether it was made under oath, but it appears probable that it could be said on behalf a "Bloomer costume was there and then said by its advocate and, almost, martyr. Our readers are, no doubt, fully acquainted with the general peculiarities of this dress, and it is needless for us to give a description of the one worn by Mrs. Dr. Mary E. Walker on this memorable occasion, further than to say that though the trowsers were of the masculine, the coat or frock of the epicene, and the head-dress of the feminine gender, the general aspect of the dress was undoubtedly feminine, and the attempt to show that the case was one of a "woman dressing in man's clothes" was a total failure.

We frankly concede the decorations of the female head as absolutely beyond the control of man; as to the "coat or frock reaching a little below the knees," it might be worn to retain a neutral position; but when, together with the assumption of trowsers, a new code of ethics is introduced, we demur at once to the positions assumed by the fair wearers. As a mere harmless eccentricity, the dress might have been allowed to pass without remark; but when we are told that grave questions of modesty, decency and morality are depending upon its adoption, it may be worth while to examine the ground for so extraordinary a claim. Up to the external aspect, we are told "that long dresses are inconvenient for walking in, as they collect dirt, etc.; that they are unfit to ascend Bunker Hill monument or the dome of the Capitol with;" and that the weight of the dress causes a drag on the body, prejudicial to health. It is quite true that good taste in dress is not universal, and that some of our fair friends will not adapt their dress to the occasion. There is certainly nothing in the fashions of the present day more ungainly than the charming creatures to wear trailing dresses in the streets, or "going up and down dirty stairs." Judging from our own observation, we should think the tendency was rather in the opposite direction. Again, there are certain costumes which are properly adapted by modest women for particular occasions. Thus, the ball-room full dress for a morning walk in the country, or to go to church at Newport in a riding-habit or bathing-dress, would be intolerably bad taste and very inconvenient to the wearers. If Mrs. Dr. Mary E. Walker has invented a dress in which, without shocking her notions of propriety, she can walk the streets—always supposing some of those horrid men to be present—or descend a coal-mine, or ride on horseback, we are disposed to bear all the merit she deserves, while condemning the taste which leads her to display herself in such a dress in our crowded streets. As to the dreadful accidents which have happened to ladies in hoop skirts, if caught in a gale of wind, the active imagination of Mrs. Dr. Mary E. Walker leads her to contemplate a terrible exposure of an ankle with an act of wilful immorality; but as we have never heard of any virture having been betrayed through the pranks of a gusty day, we shall continue to think that modesty and chastity are virtues dwelling in the mind, and not dependent upon dress, they will be found flourishing with sweet fragrance even when not obscured by the vulgar and gaping curiosity of a crowd.

There is yet another merit claimed for this new dress, which, we suppose, should receive the attention of our readers. It is a "protector of moral reputation"—whatever that may mean —and Mrs. Dr. Mary E. Walker assures the world, in her own words, from daily practice, "that many reputations would have been morally saved" if the assailed parties would only have stood in the dress she and she gives one notable instance "where a lady, whose moral reputation was so assailed that she could scarcely sit up in bed, and who was saved by adopting the dress, which she has worn ever since happy ever after. We scarcely like to call this pure cant, but it is something very like it. What is a "moral reputation" in a woman so distinguished for modesty that it might have supposed that the gallant doctress meant to hint that her costume was the only one to defy calumny and scandal? We are not, but in that case we are staggered by the strange refuge which her patient took, till, we presume, an armor of proof could be welded for her. But if Mrs. Dr. Mary E. Walker means to assert that female virtue and honor are only safe in proportion to the length or impregnability of the dress, she libels pretty nearly every woman her; and if she does not mean that, what does she mean? According to this doctrine, our grandmothers, whose pride was to show a handsome petticoat when the dress had been grossly immoral, and Turkish women, who are so bundled up that only their eyes can be seen by strangers, must be the most moral of their sex.

"After all," as a recent writer has well observed, "propriety of dress is only valuable because it is the outward sign of propriety of mind," and this incessant gabbling about the danger of exposing the ankles is an indication rather of such mental disease in connection than of that purity of mind without which the fairest of her sex is but as "empty brass and as a tinkling cymbal."

The Height of Impudence!

We have had rare occasions for commending the discrimination or wisdom of the Austrian adventurer, and his wet-nurse, Marshal Bazaine, in Mexico. But they showed both taste and discrimination in once-and-forever expelling that political harlequin, Gen. Santa Ana, when, a year or two ago, he presented himself at Vera Cruz, with many fawning and obsequious protestations of devotion to Maximilian personally, his empire, his principles, and, in short, all that was his. Every thing by turns and nothing long, attaching himself to parties only to betray them, professing principles one day only to deny and flout them the next, Gen. Santa Ana has become the very type and embodiment of all that is false in public conduct and all that is heartless in public character.

Maximilian did well to turn this harlot of politics, without ceremony, from the shores of his ephemeral empire. He probably had heard how the Dissembler betrayed the Government of the United States, which, in a moment of weakness, and without a full appreciation of his character, during the late war with Mexico, permitted him to return to that country, with the assurance that he would dedicate himself to the task of effecting a peace! Instead of which, he appeared at the head of a superior force before Gen. Taylor, at Buena Vista, where he was ignominiously beaten. Yet, we believe that Gen. Santa Ana was in earnest when he prostrated himself at the feet of Maximilian, and avowed that the aim of his life and the height of his ambition was the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico, with a prince of one of the royal houses of Europe on the throne. In the whole of his public career, tortuous, contradictory and crowded with political targiversation and villainies, there is only one consistent purpose—we cannot dignify it as a principle—apparent: and that is the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico.

Of Republicanism, Santa Ana never had the slightest infusion or remotest conception. The pomp and glitter of courts, and ambition of irresponsible power, absorbed his soul, and even when the so-called head of the republic, his administration, in all its circumstances, was only a servile copy of that of the Viceroys.

There is something exceptionally consistent in the fact that in 1854 he sought to unite all the Spanish American States, under the protection and influence of Spain, which, ultimately organize a great Latin empire in America, as a counterpoise to Republicanism and the Anglo Saxons. Napoleon only echoed Santa Ana when he clap-trap expression of "Latin race." How this man labored and intrigued to effect his unholy end, as we may add, has been proved by a coup de main against the centre of American politics. He failed then in his plans of monarchy, as he will fail now in his hypocritical attempts to gain power in Mexico by professing to be what a whole life has shown him not to be—that is to say, if we may deduce any settled purpose from the history of a life so erratic, and marked by so conspicuous a disregard of political integrity and true statesmanship.

The recent manifesto of Gen. Santa Ana against Maximilian is but a coup de main of pique, and an impotent attempt at revenge. His affectation of attachment to liberal principles is the very height of impudence!

The Science of Pictorial Journalism.

WE very seldom, as our readers well know, dwell upon our own efforts to produce the best illustrated periodicals in the country, but the article we republish from the *New York Evening Post* has been called forth from the best motive relating to our establishment. We give it as showing the enormous labor, perseverance, enterprise, tact and capital required to conceive and carry on a first-class Illustrated Newspaper, without any reference to the numerous other serials which emanate from our office. It is evident this is the view taken of it by many of our contemporaries, who have republished the article in question, accompanying it with commendatory remarks, expressing surprise that so many and so diverse illustrated publications should be issued from one establishment.

HOW SHALL WE SPEND OUR LEISURE HOURS?

THE old saw with which our spelling-books made us familiar, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," contained a great deal of sound philosophy, and possessed a practical truth which is as true in the entire satisfaction. The necessity of healthful and agreeable recreation, especially to those who, during the business hours, are closely confined in the counting-rooms and workshops of our large cities, is universally admitted; but the question arises, how shall this recreation we may allow without injury to character and morality.

The out-door sports, such as boating, ball-playing, etc., so popular and beneficial, do not meet all the requirements of the case. Business hours are vastly too much for them, and when, by the force of circumstances, we are compelled to engage in them. Let us instance a single example, the type of bachelordom, and closely examine some of the conditions of its existence.

A young man has completed the labors of the day, and looks about for some pleasant manner of passing the hours before it is time to retire to rest. Libraries are open by night, books are readily obtained, but he is neither mentally nor physically in a condition to enjoy or be profited by reading; he needs relaxation, and to fascinate and entertain his senses and will have it. He is a craving of his nature, and he would not be true to the best instincts if he resisted it. If he have refined tastes and sensitive feelings, he may be at a loss which way to turn. Attractions of some character, he knows, will meet him on every side; the gilded saloon will offer him a welcome, and vicious haunts of every grade will open their doors to him in every way; but, as yet, he has no relish for such indulgences, and instinct from them his disgust. He is ignorant of the character of the delight and what he seeks; but he cannot enter these without compromising himself in the estimation of many good people, whose opinion he is unwilling to slight—not that playing billiards or bowling is in itself reprehensible, but the association of society which he can upon it, and denounce it as vicious.

While we respect the motives of such persons, we believe they are mistaken. Men become vicious from two causes, viz., the natural tendency of the passions to transgress propriety, and the allurements vice holds out to indulgence. What is needed, therefore, is a healthful, proper entertainment toward these to themselves harmless, the removal of all gross and objectionable features from these sports and games; and amusements that might pleasantly and profitably occupy the leisure hours, that now are either spent listlessly or injuriously.

The case is not a hopeless one. A little time direction will prevent one of the first of our public benefactors, and do more to elevate the tone of morality and improve the physical condition of our citizens than any agency now in existence.

Some of our prominent clergymen, who dare look things in the face, and who are willing to grapple with our social difficulties as they find them, well knowing that any valuable and permanent reform must begin at the bottom of the system, and not on its surface, have freely recommended what it sometimes termed "Muscular Christianity," or the full development of all our bodily capabilities, as the best and most fitting preparation for any moral and spiritual reformation. They would drive a fine and fast horse, take a turn at the oar, bat a ball, etc., for the exhilaration of the exercise most lightly, and then go before their people and preach all the better for the physical good been brought in close accord with their fellow-men.

We would combine the amusements of which we speak with instruction; would have reading and lecture-rooms connected with our places of recreation; would establish cheap concerts, and make them available media. The children of evil are wiser in their generation than the children of light. Our harmless amusements are too often fitted out most attractively, that the sense may feel at home in them, and there is no reason why other people may not be established, where the attractions would be open and the danger less.

We need not dilate upon this view of its own weapons, and recognizing the great cravings of our being, must greatly them temporarily or they will gratify themselves in their own fashion. That straight-laced feeling that would frown upon our recreations, because they are sometimes perverted, is unworthy of a society like ours, and a nation of reform. We cannot elevate the degraded strata of our society by preaching to them, but by showing them a better way than their own, and aiding them in following it; and we cannot save our young men from evils by simply denouncing evil, but by furnishing them with such diversions as will effectually overcome the desire of wrong-doing. What is right in itself, we must render expedient in general estimation, and enlist on the side of virtue and manliness all those associations in our power to veil as much power.

It may be that, in doing so, we shall be compelled to abandon long-cherished ideas of our profession, and entertain wider and more liberal views, but it would be far better to sacrifice our dogmas and creeds than, by retaining them, ruin our friends.

A WASHINGTON correspondent, signing himself "Citizen Hayseed," is aggrieved on account of our republication of certain observations on the "The Situation," attributed to Gen. Grant, and not published by him. The opinions of so important a personage as Gen. Grant, are certainly of great interest to his countrymen and the world; and nothing can be more creditable than that any criticism of Gen. Grant on the conduct and attitude of Gen. Lee, must be free from anything like personal unkindness or hostility. Our correspondent will find few, besides himself, to regard the cold-blooded and negative Lee, as "the eminent rival and superior of Gen. Grant." Such a parallel may seem to be anybody's rival, but the matter of superiority is quite another question.

WHAT is a bale of cotton? is frequently asked, and the answer is not a simple one. Bales of cotton vary in their weight considerably, and the estimate in pounds depends on the source whence it comes. Thus (says the *Times of Ardr Journal*) the average weight of the Egyptian bales, the largest of all, is 402 lbs.; American, 423 lbs.; Surat, 300 lbs.; Smyrna, 350 lbs.; Madras, 300 lbs.; Bengal, 300 lbs.; China, 240 lbs.; West Indian, 200 lbs.; Brazilian, 160 lbs. Now, the variable amount of a bale of cotton has often led to very erroneous estimates with regard to supply and stocks, and it is time to be regretted that some permanent decision on the matter should not, long before this, have been arrived at by those nations, the interests of whose consumers require them, ought to give them, a legitimate and preponderating influence in settling trade customs.

THE coal-fields of the countries possessing coal will be recognized if we consider them by some simple unit of measure. Let this be 100 square miles. In this case, Russia will be represented by 1; Spain, 2; Australia and Tasmania, 3; Westphalia and Bohemia, 4; Belgium, 5; France, 10; Rhenish Prussia, 10; British Provinces of North America, 17; British Islands, 40; Europe, 75; Pennsylvania, 126; Appalachian coal-field, 656: the entire coal-field of the United States, 2,200. Whichever way the figures are taken, they clearly represent the enormous coal-producing power of North America.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS's medical attendant has published an account of the ex-President's "Prison-Life," in which he gives us reports of many of the sayings of that personage. He reports that, although to some of the Southern visitors Davis had fled to Mexico, Mr. Davis said their flight was "an absurd conception—a evasion of duty only to be excelled by suicide. They had been instrumental in bringing the evils of military subjugation on the people, and should remain to share their sufferings. * * * The scheme of a political settlement in Mexico was preposterous in practice. * * * No sensible people will be imagined that all the requirements of a new colony than a body of interested politicians, still sore and smarting from a defeat which they had incurred defeat."

GRAPES IN CALIFORNIA.—A correspondent of the *Tribune* tells us that within a few years the vineyards of California will yield a greater value than its gold mines. The latter give about $50,000,000 annually. This prediction is the effect that the grapes will rise to $150,000,000 in annual value. The writer refers to the product of vine growing near Santa Barbara, planted twenty-four years ago by Gen. Vallejo:

"It matures over three feet in diameter, and it has been trained over an immense arbor so as to give full expansion to its vigorous growth. In favorable seasons, incredible as it may seem, it has been known to bear over 16,000 lb of grapes, and its yield is always large enough to give comfortable subsistence to the family in whose possession it has remained for a number of years."

THERE is an impression abroad that the graduates of West Point, in the army of 1865, from the

Southern States, went almost solidly for the republican. This is an error. The total number of graduates in service on the breaking out of the war was 820. Of these, 485 were from the North and 335 from the South. On the latter, 197 resigned to join the rebellion, and 138 remained faithful to their flag.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests the following programme of music for Barnum's next dog show:

Overture ..... "The Dog(e) of Venice."
Barkarolle ..... "Spain for Land! The New-found Land."
Waltz ..... "*Quel chien de maître.*"
Song ..... "Poor Dog Tray."
Scena ..... "Tobi fur low tobin."
Quadrille ..... "Tail Piece."
Song ..... "Oh! I'm not I's Cur'r."
Finale ..... "Our Native Boys."
Symphony ..... "The Strange Bark."

BARON LIEBIG, in his "Familiar Letters on Chemistry," says of wine:

"As a nourisher," says he, "or means of refreshment when the powers of life are exhausted—of giving animation and energy where man has to struggle with days of sorrow—as a means of correction and compensation when superannuation arises in carnivora and the organism is deranged in its operations, and as a means of protection against transient organic disturbances, wine is surpassed by no product of nature or art."

TOWN COSSIP.

THE "dog-days" have come—not the period of burning ardor and sweltering heat, but the time when every rugged urchin and merciless biped may make a raid upon the unprotected canines, and, in accordance with the due forms of law, consign them to the hands of the executioner. This St. Bartholomew's massacre of the canine race of the institutions of the metropolis; and for the next ninety days every unlucky Blanche, Tray, or Sweetheart must restrain its promenades to very narrow limits, or be hurried remorselessly *to the pound*, whence it will not be likely to return. If the love of the poodle "poor Indian" is still bewailed, and some of the faithful dogs could enter the expected hunting-ground, the slaughter notice at this late, "before or not the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals will interpose their good offices remains to be seen.

Professor Agassiz presents a good opportunity of viewing mundane scenes from the regions of the clouds, in the ascension he has made by the balloon constructed during the season. Under the Professor's skilful guidance, one can enjoy all the novelty and grandeur of an aërial voyage without the apprehensions of danger which to *terra firma* more informally than he would choose; and if the scientific aeronaut be to be called upon in addition with these entertainments, their expectations are not likely to be realized.

The week is affording more than the ordinary variety of sports and diversions. On Tuesday the grand excursion of the squadron of the New York Yacht Club took place, and was a very elegant affair, resulting in the entire satisfaction of all concerned. Unfortunately, Neptune was in one of his angry moods, and seemed inclined to resent the trespass upon his domain, more than to the discomfiture of the fleet who desired to witness the ceremony. But good sailors care not for stiff breezes and a rough sea; and, despite wind and waves, the review came off finely, while good music and a fine entertainment rendered the festivities of the day in the highest degree enjoyable.

The Rokoken races stretched a large share of attention during the four days of their continuance, and afforded fine sport. The favorite horses were not always the winners, and good points were shown that animals not suspected of possessing great merit.

A most delightful and enjoyable affair was the annual picnic of the Caledonian Club, which was held on Friday. These Caledonians know how to enjoy themselves immensely and impart pleasure to their friends and guests, and on this occasion came up fully to their previous reputation of good fellows, for the good things said and the agreeable things done; of the genial, hospitable host that actuated every member of the club; of the festivities that graced the day, only those present and participating can form any adequate conception; and, to say, the picnic was highly successful, is to afford national enjoyment, and in every sense it was a success.

And thus our summer days glide cheerily by, leaving pleasant memories in their course, bringing with their burdens they impose the light and happy hours that break up the dreary of life and enable us to bear the bondage of constant anxiety and labor. And besides, these delights are accessible to all. They require no time and incur no tedious witness them, thus maintaining the grand democratic feature of American society and institutions, that makes *the people* both the source and the object of power, in whatever direction they may put forth.

We are reminded by the constant cries under our windows that the season of berries and early fruits has come. Where can these tender fruits be had? Let the speaker only possessed such powers of articulation (barring the lisping, screaming, hissing and gurgling), as high keys and low keys, and all other keys that measure the compass of the human voice, be united in one of the pestiferous peddlers, brunchetis would be unknown, and doctors might starve. And yet a cheery voice is not the same street-cry, pealing along patiently from early morn to late at even there is not much for it to do, except the due to landlords and other impecunious commonalty, because of their wares, performed in their mechanical jobs, yet ever tramp, tramping, except when compensation comes in their course. It would be cruel to treat the history of these people—to learn how they live, and what are their means—without some such an inquiry as this; but, then, the recollection of many sweet morning slumbers, and the consequent disappointment, the horrid din and unearthly yells, powwow nothing but regard, and we would not be guilty in contact with any of Comanche savages as these civilized barbarians.

The fancy of the country fire such a country resorts have not as yet grown away many of the peculiarities of our native soil, who are still thronged with youth, beauty and fashion—if the persons who compose the gilded throng can be called fashion. Their every prevailing style of head-dress, especially, seems just now to be the beauty the prettiest women will be the last of the fashionable absurdities that give to a lady some resemblance to the fabled guardian of Tartarus, where, by the way, we would contain them—the waterfalls, not the ladies.

Mr. Quarantine Geary and his accomplished daughter, Miss, have returned to this city, after a very successful tour through the principal Southern cities, having been five months. They will spend the summer at home, and resume their popular ballad concerts early in the fall, attending their travels throughout the Southern States.

The weather is beginning to tell upon the theatres. Broadway is plagued by good houses at the Winter Garden, the very name of which is part of the attraction this warm weather.

Wallack's always has a fashionable and good attendance, it being as pleasant as a drawing-room, with the additional charm of dramatic sensation.

The great excitement of the week, however, is the Barnay Brothers, whose performances exceed anything we have seen for years. They are performing at the *New Bowery*, where they are drawing—*no other description*—fashionable audiences. Some of their acrobatic feats are really terrific. We confess that we do not like this style of performance, as it tends to unstrung nerves and strengthening a craving for horrors, which in time will be satisfied with nothing less than murder. We ask to the severity of pulling vitriol and camphene into your eyes, and other similar diversions. Nevertheless, so far as the Barnay Brothers are concerned, their feats are not dangerous, and we would advise every show to what an appalling extent skilful and daring may will sport with their own life and limb.

BOOK NOTICES.

We have received from Messrs. Thekker & Fields the first No. of the *Children's Friend and Young Folks*, both of which, as usual, are filled with a variety of pleasing and entertaining matter. As everybody reads these publications, it is quite unnecessary for us to say that the illustrations are very superior. Some of the engravings in *Our Young Folks* are particularly excellent, while the whole work is certainly a pleasing young folks. When we state that Bayard Taylor, H. W. Longfellow, Whittier, Lucy Larcom, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Stone, and other writers of note, are contributors to this number, it will be unnecessary to assure assurance that it is interesting, and fully maintains its previous reputation.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHILDRENS' FRIEND for July is very profusely illustrated, and full of most interesting matter for children, as distinguished from "Young Folks."

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—In excavating the lot in rear of No. 16 Centre street, a few days since, the workmen came upon two skeletons, placed only a little under the surface. One of the skeletons was that of a man, surrounded by with its head toward the North, upon its face, and the arms crossed in front of the breast. The other, but seventeen inches below the surface of the ground, was that of a woman, extended upon its back. The body had been plentifully sprinkled with lime, in order to hasten decay. There was the appearance of great decay. This skeleton was that of a very tall, strong person, as shown by the large bone, which is considerably above the usual measurement. About six years ago, the graveyard was disturbed, and the bodies No. 13 Carmine street, as they then were, caused an exhumation from the rear of the lot, where the first skeleton was found, and it is now quite a tall, strong person. The people are interested to know the age of the skeleton, so that the former cannot be removed from the premises. The Board of Health are also very interested as a protection against discovery or not, cannot now be determined. The fact is, that the most singular circumstance that the tree should have been so intelligently found exactly over the head of the skeleton, that, one dark night, three distinct cries of murder were heard by persons living in No. 16 Centre. The other skeleton, buried near by, is that of a male, between six and seven years of age. The skeleton of a child is now above ground, and exhibits within a neat, white coffin. The child was buried about two years ago, and even by the lime with which the body was also plentifully covered, the flesh is not consumed. The body was only twelve inches below the surface, and lies in a natural position. The former is about two feet, and the child only four years. The frame house on the rear of the lot, fronting on No. 16 Centre street, was built by Lorenzo Carmine, and has a garden. It was occupied for some time as a boarding-house, but is now vacant. The lot is 25 feet by 100. The former owner, who died about nine years since. His widow continued the boarding-house business for a short time, and then removed. Since it has been given to a merchant doing business in the vicinity of Carmine and Centre streets, who has since died. Of course there is no little speculation going on in regard to the mysterious circumstances of the recent discovery. It is well known that no graveyard was ever known to be at this spot, and that the bodies, in former days, only an old stage barn for horses was ever known to be on the premises. The inhabitants of the house at the having been injured in life, and as the location is in the heart of the city, it is supposed that the murderers of the murderers would have assumed the risk of carrying their victims to the nearest cemetery.

—Several meteoric stones fell at Nashville, recently, near the railroad depot. They were of a bluish gray, and were about the size of a hickory nut. Geologists say that nothing similar has been found in any part of the world. They specimens have been sent to the East for further examination.

—Secretary Seward has made to establish a "Reperatory" in Germany to spread "light and knowledge" among the people. There are to be seven officers, the President at $2,500; an Assistant at $1,000; Janitor at $1,000; and a Messenger and Porter at $1,000 each.

—One of the Methodist ministers at the Boston Conference took occasion to announce from the pulpit first year's preaching consisted of a new hat and a bonnet of his wife. Rather a fair record, fortunate, having received about twenty-five dollars annually.

—At a baby convention in Massachusetts fifteen mothers were present, and the prize of $5 for the finest each baby got one vote.

—Literary promises to become quite a literary city; its excellent State library, its famous Female Academy (the Falmyra Female Seminary), its several attractive institutions; but, in addition thereto, and a circle of memorable institutions, there is to be a monument to the memories of letters—Alfred B. Street, our Flemish poet of the Mohawk Valley; Fenimore Cooper, the novelist; student, and author of the new and interesting "Life of Literary Bachelor." Fenimore Cooper, the novelist; humorous poems are so much relished in the locality that they are preserved in the State library.

—One of the Fenians captured by the United States steamer Michigan, on Lake Erie, proved to be very desperado, known as "Stonebouse Jack," and the Governor of Canada has offered a reward for his apprehension, charging him with murder and robbery at Pittsoie, on the 1st of May last.

—The disaster which occurred on the Norwich Railroad, Monday morning, resulting in one being blown from one track to another by a heavy wind, causing a collision with a freight train. A fireman was killed and another employe of the road badly injured.

—The Jacinto *Portal* says that one hundred acres of good land, lying within three miles of Cornith, Miss., were sold a few days since at auction, for the trifling sum of $1,000. Here we come per acre.

—The cemetery at Greenwoodville—the charnel-house of the South—is the largest in the country; it contains 15,000 graves.

—The Chapel Hill (N. C.) University celebrated its eighty-ninth Commencement on the 6th inst. Hon. Alexander Vance was present, and addressed the literary societies, the degree of Master of Arts was given to Gov. Vance's son, and the Supreme Court of the North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Church. The degree of LL.D. was conferred on Judge Reade, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and on Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

—David Adams and his son, a lad of eighteen, were indicted for assault and battery at the recent term of the Court of Common Pleas of Wood county, Ohio. After the finding of the bill, the father and son started went to the neighboring woods, and a neighbor, accidentally passing, found them engaged in a fight, the bodies down, and, after much effort, brought the boy to his feet. The father was dead. The arrest and indictment had so preyed on their minds that they received upon suicide.

—It is understood that the Canadian Government will shortly make a demand on our own for the extradition of Gens. Sweeney, Spear and other Fenian officers. Canadian spies are reported to be busily engaged collecting information against Americans who aided the Fenians in getting *status*, etc., across the border.

—A contract has been entered into by parties in Savannah with the United States Government to raise the old Confederate steamer Yadkin, sunk in the Ogeechee River in 1862, after being fired into while flying from the Monitors, and planting with what few guns she had on board. The sunken steamer Water Witch captured from the Confederates on Vernon River, and subsequently scuttled, is under contract to be raised by the same parties.

—The Boston public library contains 123,000 volumes. Its largest contributors are the Government, which gives large $100,000 worth of books, and Theodore Parker, who left 11,000 at his death. Since the year 1862 nearly 70,000 books were lent, or an average of 700 per day. The greatest number taken out in a single day was 1,046. The Superintendent reports a constantly increasing demand for books, and that they are called for strongly to the more substantial and useful class of works.

—The guerrilla Harper and his gang have resumed their old tricks in the mountains of Kentucky. On the 18th inst. a detachment of Federal troops left Franklin for Hardin County, with the purpose of recovering the Harper place Capt. Mey and two other guerrillas. While on the way they were attacked by the rebels under lead and forty men, who succeeded in summarily rescuing their prisoners. Information was also received that the rebels sacked part of the town of Bowling Green, broke open the jail and liberated the prisoners.

—A dispatch from Little Rock, Arkansas, states that it is believed that John H. Surratt, one of the Lincoln assassins, is in that State. He has been there for some time past.

—The Legislature of Massachusetts has passed a law giving the right of suffrage to every male person who, not having visible means of support, live without work and support by the contributions of others, or by visiting stop shops or houses of ill-repute, or lodging or grocery, or who shall be convicted of being a common or in the open air, and not giving a good account of themselves, or who shall have been receiving alms. A person known to be a pickpocket, thief, burglar, sutler or bawd, common prostitute, or who shall have become a lawful employment, is declared a vagrant, and arrested accordingly.

Foreign—The Fenian movement appears to have had some effect in obtaining a concession, if not justice, from the British Cabinet. They have introduced a bill for the relief of the Irish peasantry, the terms of which are that they shall be exempted from the rents for a year. Formerly a landlord could summarily dispossess a tenant who refused to pay rent. By the new enactment which the poor fellow might have been behind in his rent, but he could not be turned out, and the tenant would have a lien on the estate for the value of the improvements. Should the rents not be obtained by foreclosure, the bill makes any distress for rent, unless the tenant is in fault, illegal, and subjects the landlord to fine. The object of legislation as this reflects no credit on the conduct of the English in the past. But if it be carried into future, more will be done to quiet the malcontent Celts than all the coercive measures ever passed, or all the years of imprisonment.

—Englishmen in Canada patriotically would plainly green spectacles on their nose lest it be construed into shaking "their sympathies for the Fenians."

—It is said that Victor Hugo lost $75,000 by the financial panic in London, and that cash out to make so rich a man as Hugo one of the "Miserables."

—Hungary is in a state of revolution. Servia was in the gig-place society, and late a rebel General—has been restored from exile to his former position. Kossuth and Deak appeals to the Texans for aid to support his family.

—An order has been received in England for twenty thousand rifles for the Canadian militia.

—A fatal duel was recently fought in the environs of Paris between two students, in which one of them was killed on the spot; the other had his breast pierced by a bullet. The doctor's horror, when he saw the wounded, took fright, threw him into a ditch, and left him for dead.

—Borings for copper near Frankenhausen, in Central Germany, have struck a reserve of the largest and most beautiful caverns in all Germany. Two are 800 ft. and 900 ft. long, 300 ft. wide, and 150 ft. high. Three caverns have nine pounds of water, and several horses were found there.

—The sepias which surmount the colors of the French army, formerly made of copper, gilt by galvanism, are now made of aluminium, thus lightening the weight of the flag by nearly 2½ pounds.

—Dore has completed one of his pictures refused by the jury of the Paris Salon has led an artist named Bonfils to blow out his brains with a pistol. He wrote to his brother: "The members of the jury do not know me; I have suffered from the most cruel misery for years. I live no but, and when a man hasn't talent at forty, it is time to die."

—The London *Spectator* notices the formation of a company called the "Cash Payment Association," intended to do away with the evil of difference between the cash and credit prices. Every person who pays ten shillings becomes a member, and receives a ticket entitling him to buy ready money, he may obtain goods from seven to ten per cent. cheaper than he could otherwise purchase them. Tradesmen give the pledge to the association, being themselves members, and the benefits to customers are obvious.

—The Berlin newspapers have the following curious paragraph: "A Hungarian girl, born at Oedenburg, officiates as Minister to the Court of Persia, and is giving some curious representations in the Prussian capital. She is a Hungarian by birth, and a Jewess by hands. She sews, embroiders, executes the most delicate needle-work, and is a perfect mistress of the art of shakes knots, all with the tongue, apparently without the aid of the fingers, which are employed only as one. Part of the works thus executed are destined for Persian ministers, and the Queen of Persia hesitate to leave such marvels until they witness them.

WHY DOES ITALY DESIRE VENICE?

THE quarrel between Austria and Prussia over the province which they forcibly wrested from Denmark, has brought another ardent combatant in the field, Italy, who has openly determined to fan the embers of discord and bring on war; not that the Italian people have any love for the original grounds of quarrel between the German States. It has, however, a "cause" or its own, and the present scene a fitting opportunity for pressing it.

There is an ardent, longing desire in the new Italian Kingdom to possess themselves of the Austrian province of Venetia, and this desire is shared by equally sovereign, statesmen, and people. So strong is this longing for the possession of Venice, that we have seen Italy almost willingly engage in, or, perhaps, even provoke a war with Austria, for the sole purpose of gaining it. Hence there be this wish and determination to secure it at any cost? Why does Italy covet Venice?

There are two principle reasons to which the answer may be found. The first is derived from the geographical position, and the second from the past history of the Venetian people. We will endeavor to explain both as briefly as possible.

Italy is a peninsula, projecting into the Mediterranean at any map of Italy, and this will almost explain the reason why Austria cannot consent to cede Venetia, over which it will be forced to very much reconsider on the map. At one time the kingdom of Piedmont had very little to do with this boot—it was only, as it were, locking in at the top. But since the year 1859, it has, to continue the figure, thrust its foot down; it is now in possession of almost the entire boot, and the little area remaining to Piedmont has become the important kingdom of Italy.

If our reader will again look at the map, he will see that the top of the Italian boot is still divided. Only a portion of the territory belongs to King Victor Emanuel, the other portion consists of the province of Venetia, still in possession of Austria. The cession of this province would complete the natural geographical boundaries of Italy. Without it, Italy would seem like the extremity of the country from sea to sea—from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic. Thus, Venetia would be a standing danger from Italy as a state; for Austria, pre-wing upon all the forces of Italy, would have, in a moment's notice for attack, than if compelled to leave the Italian plains to defend her own soil in Venetia.

Probably our readers will think there is good reason, in the view for the Italian desire to possess Venice, but there remains the additional incentives of past associations. Venice is historic ground. Besides its strategical connection; its people are Italian, and their sympathies are all upon the side of Italy. Rather than Austrians will employ to which they are forced to believe. Their nationality is a thing of the past, but their patriotism is in its origin. We need not here revert to the ancient and glorious history of the Venetian republic, which lasted from the close of the 122 Degree, extending from the 5th century to the 18th. In other years Venice was once constituted, under the presidency of Daniel Manin. Venice was at last betrayed by the Austrian power, but for four months its brave people and their leader kept the Emperor's troops at bay. They were finally compelled to capitulate in August, 1849.

We have given the reasons to show that the sympathies of the Italian people must, naturally, be with their brethren in Venetia, and that Italy must have a strong determination to retain its hold. Venetia is a valuable province in itself, and with the cities of its capital, and the port of Venice is, besides, invaluable to an inland state. The population of Venetia numbers over five millions by immense fortresses, four in number, and known as the Quadrilateral; but of these we shall speak in a future number.

CANNIBALISM.

In a book recently published by Mr. Baker, in London, giving an account of his expedition to the sources of the Nile, he relates the following story of the Makkraka tribe, who live in the mountains of a black named Denkumores, who had been in Paris and London, and who, on his return, introduce knives and forks. He had visited them with a trading party and found them cannibals of the worst sort:

"They had a very good people, but possessing a peculiar taste for dogs and human flesh. They accompanied the Europeans to the mountains, and assisted to eat the bodies of the slain. The traders complained that the Makkrakas, in their skirmishes, not satisfied upon killing and eating the children which the party wished to purchase, but would actually cut up the dead bodies by its ankles and dash its head against the ground; and, after having killed the children, would eat the stomach and intestines, and trying the two ankles to the two hands, and the head to the breast, and the body to the shoulder, and then returned to camp, where they divided the flesh among themselves, and feasted on it.

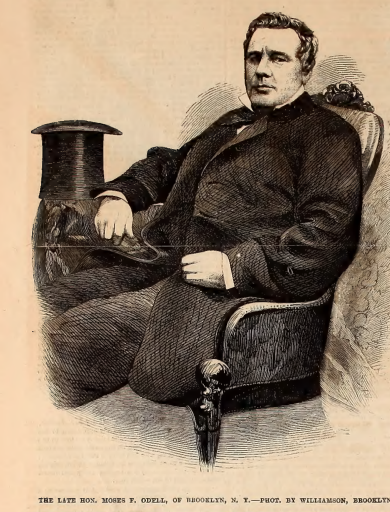
"Mr. Baker states in my own service had been a witness to a horrible scene between two of the natives. The natives had been in a battle, and every from the West, together with a great number of Dinka prisoners, who were taken to the camp of Makkraka. One of the slave girls attempted to escape, and her pursuer, a native of Makkraka, overtook her, and killed her. She fell wounded; the ball had struck her in the side. The girl was unable to rise, and lay on the ground with the point of yellow fat exuded. No sooner had she fallen, than the Makkraka commenced to cut her up by the shoulder, and the fat they tore it from the wound in handfuls, the girl all the while crying out for mercy, and begging for the disgusting prize. Others killed her with a spear, and cut her up by the shoulder, and tore the flesh, and splitting the body with their knives, used a scissor, and tore the intestines from between the ribs, and the spine to the neck. Many slave women and their children were killed during the battle, and each plunderer from the spot and took refuge in the trees. The Makkrakas seeing them in the trees, ran after them, and pulling the children from their refuge among the branches, dragged them down, and in a short time a great feast was prepared for the whole party.

"It was a lingering distress of that paragraph, but the statements were true, as Mr. Baker, by Dinkas, and by several men in the employ of a friendly Turkish officer, who had been present at his own camp, entirely believed by the narrator, by no means one of the most credulous of mankind.

WEIGHT OF PEOPLE.

WHAT is the average weight of a man? At what age does he attain his greatest weight? How much more does a woman weigh than women? What would be the weight of fat people—and what of very fat people? M. Quetelet, of Brussels, some years ago, deemed such questions worthy of study, and made a number of researches of man. He got hold of everybody he could, measured them, and weighed them—the babies; he weighed the boys and girls; he weighed the youths and maidens, he weighed men and women; he weighed old men and old women—in short, he omitted nobody. He had no particular theory to disturb his facts, he had no axe to grind, and he ground it not with. All the infants in the Foundling Hospital in Brussels were weighed every month. Similarly, all the recruits were compared with others obtained at random from conscription lists. The results of the average returns show that a citizen of the world, on the day of his birth, is supposed to weigh, about 7½ pounds and a half—a boy baby a little more, a girl baby a little less. At the end of a month, the baby has gained a pound and a half, while other proportions of weight are added to the sum of the whole. Between the ages of one and ten the pounds of people according to age, and found that the typical man at twenty years of age is about 140 pounds, and that the typical woman of twenty has one pound less. At the age of twenty-five the man has reached their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five, when they begin to decrease in weight until they are sixty. Then the women slowly fattened on until fifty, when their average weight is about hundred and one pounds each. Men and women together, the weight, at full growth, averaged almost exactly one hundred and forty pounds.

CAN SNAKES POISON ONE ANOTHER?—It is generally believed that when one venomous snake bites another, the poison is just as fatal as it is to a human being. M. Guyon, a member of the Paris Academy of Medicine, however, denies this. He says that his attention was first directed to this subject in 1853, and that since that time he has made a number of experiments with serpents, and found that, when they bite one another, the venomous properties are not fatal, as previous have. He asserts that travelers who have resided in the tropics are to the contrary of this, have either been mistaken or have related myths.



THE LATE HON. MOSES F. ODELL, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.—PHOT. BY WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN.

MOSES F. ODELL.

THE harvest of death gathered from our prominent public men has of late been unusually abundant. Of the number who have gone, few were more esteemed than the subject of this sketch.

Moses F. Odell was born in Tarrytown, N. Y., in 1818, but his family soon afterward removing to this city, he received his education here.

Early in life he received an appointment in the Custom House, where he soon proved himself a peculiarly valuable public servant, and for merit was promoted step by step, until he was made Assistant Collector, which post he held during the administration of President Polk. Being a Democrat, when the Taylor administration came in, Mr. Odell was removed from his post and put to another desk. He was, however, shortly replaced, notwithstanding his politics, the Collector finding him indispensable. He continued to hold his place under Collectors Bronson and Redfield, until he resigned under the latter. During this long tenure of a responsible, laborious and often irksome office, he gained and retained the esteem of the merchants of this city, and achieved a reputation for clear-headedness and the ability to transact a great amount of business in a manner satisfactory to all with whom he came in contact, and which has made him a great favorite with the business community of New York. Under the administration of Mr. Buchanan he held the post of Public Appraiser in this city.

When the war broke out Mr. Odell warmly supported the policy of the Government. When others of his own party scouted the idea that the war could be prosecuted to a successful termination, he stood firm. He never wavered. He never had a doubt as to the result. When others faltered, he looked forward with a hopeful mind, and the end has proved that his judgment was correct. In 1862, he was renominated for Congress in the Third District, and triumphantly elected.

While in Washington, a warm personal attachment existed between Mr. Odell and President Lincoln. No visitor at the White House was more welcome than Mr. Odell. He sought no political preferment at Mr. Lincoln's hands. When Mr. Johnson succeeded to the office of President, Mr. Odell was appointed Naval Officer of the port of New York, which position he held up to the time of his death.

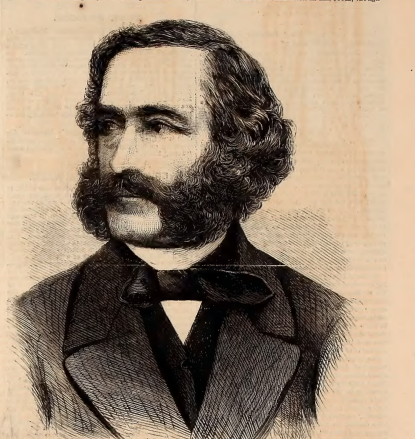
In his social intercourse, Mr. Odell was known as a Christian gentleman, who took a lively interest in all benevolent enterprises. He was especially partial to Sunday Schools, and while actively engaged with public duties, both here and at Washington, found time to take part in their exercises.

At the late annual Sunday School parade, the dying man had himself carried to the window, so that he might look for the last time upon the little friends in whose welfare he always found time to interest himself.

He had been prostrated with illness for some months, his disease being cancer in the throat, which gradually ate his life away, and on the 19th ult. he breathed his last.

HON. JAMES HUMPHREY.

WE give this week the portrait of another prominent man who has fallen a prey to the great destroyer in the full vigor of his days. The Hon. James Humphrey died at his residence in Brooklyn on the 15th ult., after a very brief illness, respected by the community in which he resided, and lamented by all who had made his acquaintance. Mr. Humphrey, who was fifty-four years of age, was born in Fairfield, Conn., and was the son of the late Heman Humphrey, D. D., President of Amherst College, where Mr. James Humphrey graduated with honor and distinction. He removed to Brooklyn in 1839, and became a prominent member of the bar. He was for some time associated with the firm of Butler & Barney of New York, and about the same time he took up his residence in the Fourth Ward of the City of Brooklyn. In 1840 he was elected Alderman of the ward; was reelected in 1842. In 1850 and 1851 he served as Corporation Counsel. In 1858 he was urged to accept the nomination for Congress, and was at that time regarded as the leading man of the party. He accepted the nomination, and was elected by a plurality vote. In 1860 he was renominated, but the district being largely Democratic, he was defeated by Moses F. Odell. In 1862 he was again beaten by Mr. Odell. In 1864 Mr. Humphrey was the Republican candidate, and was elected by a handsome majority. He was regarded as a most useful and hard-working man in Congress. He was a good scholar, a genial companion and amiable gentleman. Mr. Humphrey was a member of the Church of the Pilgrims, of which the Rev. Dr. Storrs is pastor.



THE LATE HON. JAMES HUMPHREY, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.—PHOT. BY WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN.

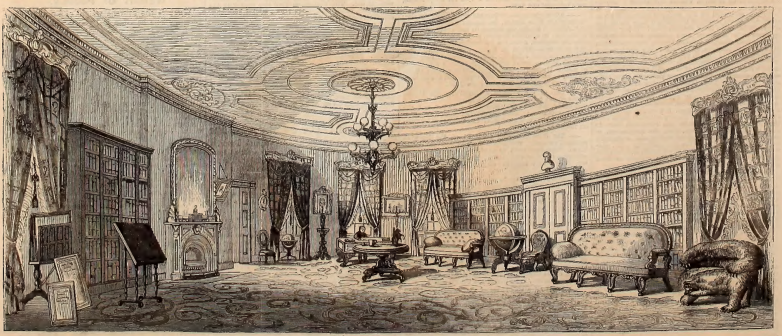
THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE AND LIBRARY.

WHILE in a certain sense the President belongs to the people, and is their servant, he is not always accessible to every person whose interest or curiosity might prompt him to seek an interview with the chief of the nation. He may or may not deny himself to visitors; and those who are favored with an audience, will find themselves ushered into the President's private office—a sketch of which we present on this page.

There is nothing remarkable about this apartment, so far as its size, furniture, etc., are concerned; but if we could illustrate the aspirations, the hopes, the ambitions, and all the varied feelings that have been carried into it by the multitudes who have gone there to solicit favors, we would furnish a picture of surpassing interest.

Adjoining the office is the Library, a still more private apartment, to which but few gain access. Here is the desk of the private secretary, and here the President confers with those whose business is sufficiently important to demand especial consideration. The collection of books is not very large, but well selected, containing such works as are suitable for consultation. There is not much ornamentation in this room, though the walls are graced with portraits of Mr. Lincoln, Gen. Grant, and others; and on the mantel and other places, are various articles and curiosities, that, from time to time, have been presented to the President.

The Library is a pleasant, cheerful room, overlooking the Potomac and a considerable region beyond, and those who have never seen it can form a correct idea of its appearance from the illustration.

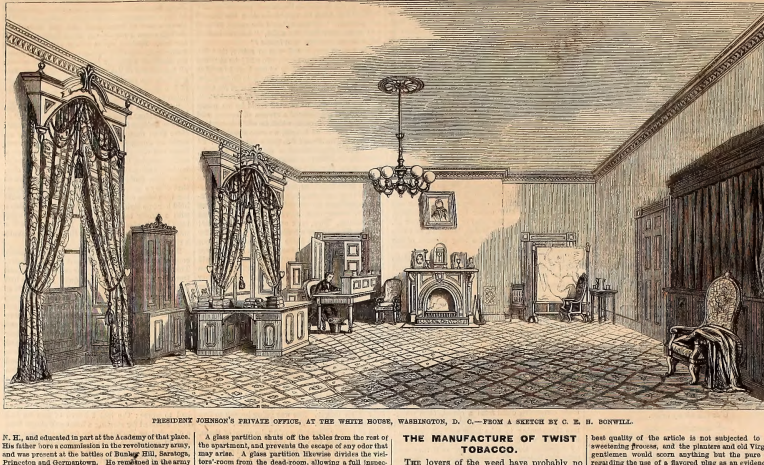


THE PRESIDENT'S LIBRARY AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

HON. LEWIS CASS.

ANOTHER of the prominent men of our country has passed away at a ripe old age, leaving a record of no mean proportions.

Gen. Cass died in Detroit on the 17th ult., at the almost patriarchal age of eighty-four. He was born in Exeter,



PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE, AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. E. H. BONWILL.

N. H., and educated in part at the Academy of that place. His father bore a commission in the revolutionary army, and was present at the battles of Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Princeton and Germantown. He remained in the army for a number of years after the war, and resigned in 1801, when he removed to Ohio. Here young Lewis commenced the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1802, and immediately commenced practice with marked success. His political life commenced in 1806 with his election to the Legislature of Ohio, when the schemes of Aaron Burr began to culminate in open treason.

Mr. Cass was one of the committee to which the matter was referred, and drafted the letter that enabled the local authorities to arrest the men engaged in the plot, while on their way down the river.

In 1813 he volunteered his services in the force which was called out to join the army under General Hull, and marched to Detroit, where he was elected Colonel of the Third Regiment of Ohio Volunteers. He was the first man, with his detachment, to invade Canada. Being promoted to a Brigadier-General, he joined Gen. Harrison, and was present in the pursuit of Proctor. After the campaign terminated, Gen. Cass was left in command of Michigan, and soon after he was appointed Civil Governor of the Territory, and from this time Detroit became his permanent residence. In 1831 Mr. Cass was appointed Secretary of War by President Jackson, which position he held some five years, when he resigned on account of ill health, much to the regret of Gen. Jackson, who tendered him the mission to France, where he added to his fame by adjusting some complicated questions that for some time had disturbed our diplomatic intercourse with that country. His celebrated protest against the "Quintuple Treaty," which provided for the indiscriminate right of search on the high seas, had the effect of preventing the final ratification of that treaty by France, and thus rendered its provisions inoperative. On his return to the United States, he was put in nomination for the Presidency, receiving a large number of votes in the Convention, which finally fixed upon Mr. Polk. In 1845 he was elected to the Senate of the United States, which place he resigned on his nomination to the Presidency in 1848. When Mr. Buchanan came into office, Mr. Cass was appointed Secretary of State, and continued in that capacity until 1860, when he resigned in disgust at the lack of energy displayed by the President, retiring to Detroit, where he has ever since remained. Gen. Cass was possessed of great wealth, having purchased a large amount of real estate when he first went to Detroit, which has since become immensely valuable. In manners he was simple, and in his intercourse with society frank and affable. He was remarkably temperate in his habits, and doubtless owed his long years and good health to this fact. His private character was above reproach, while, as a statesman, he ranked among the first in our country.

THE MORGUE.

Our authorities have supplied a want long felt, by opening a Morgue, or receptacle for the unknown dead, and those who are killed by accident, and are subject to the coroner's control. On our front page there is a view of the building itself, and also of the visitors'-room, and the room in which the bodies of the dead are placed for recognition. The Morgue is in charge of the Medical Board of Bellevue Hospital, and is modeled after *La Morgue* of Paris.

The principal room is a large square apartment, well lighted from two sides, having stone walls, and a tile floor, some three feet beneath the ground level. On one side are arranged four marble slabs, or sloping tables, elevated about three feet from the floor, upon which the corpses, dressed simply in underclothes, are intended to be placed. Four pendent india-rubber water-pipes, descending from the ceiling above these tables, keep up a constant flow of water upon the bodies beneath, preserving and disinfecting them. Upon hooks overhand, immediately in rear of the tables, the outer clothing of the deceased will be hung conspicuously. If any friends of the missing person desire a nearer inspection, they can be admitted, on making proper application, into the inner room. Next the ceiling, above the door of communication between the two rooms, a patent lamp, over which is a flue leading to a chimney, will be kept burning day and night, and is warranted by its inventor to completely disinfect both apartments by creating a draft and carrying out the foul air.

A glass partition shuts off the tables from the rest of the apartment, and prevents the escape of any odor that may arise. A glass partition likewise divides the visitors'-room from the dead-room, allowing a full inspection of the bodies, without the necessity of entering the apartment. As soon as a corpse is brought to the Morgue, it is stripped and carefully washed and examined. The clothes are also washed and put aside. If the deceased be known, the body will be held inspected until friends can be notified to present themselves and fulfill the formalities of law. In the case of the unknown dead, the bodies will be exposed from two to four days, when, if they remain unrecognized, they will be buried. After the burial of the corpse, the clothes will still remain on exhibition for fifteen days. They will then be done up in packages and put away for preservation.

An exact record of the number of bodies received, the circumstances attending death, and the disposition made of them, will be kept, and always be open for the inspection of parties interested. The Morgue is under the charge of Mr. John H. Manahan, the gentlemanly Warden of Bellevue Hospital, who will afford every facility to all classes concerning friends whom they may miss, and hope to identify.



THE LATE GENERAL LEWIS CASS.

THE MANUFACTURE OF TWIST TOBACCO.

THE lovers of the weed have probably no idea of the various manipulations necessary to produce the article suited to their taste. After the growth of the plant and its preparation for market, an expensive and tedious process, the manufacturer takes it in hand, and subjects it to such manipulations as fit it for the consumer's use. After the leaves are stripped from the stalks, they are tied in small parcels, and usually packed in hogsheads on the plantation. The first process in the factory is the careful separation, leaf by leaf, of the parcels as they are taken from the hogsheads for the purpose of securing uniformity of color and quality. This process is called *sorting the leaf*, and is performed by boys and girls. In the right of our sketch we have shown the original pressed mass, as it appears when the hogshead is removed, and likewise a pile of leaves that have been assorted. The tobacco, being carefully separated and assorted, is put into a large vat, and steamed to render it pliable and uniform in quality, after which it is moistened with a decoction of liquorice, sugar and other ingredients, that improve the flavor and increase the value of the lower grades. The heat quality of the article is not subjected to this sweetening Process, and the planters and old Virginia gentlemen would scorn anything but the pure leaf, regarding the use of a flavored plug as an evidence of a depraved taste.

After the tobacco has been thus prepared, it is passed to the stemming and twisting-room. Here the stem is quickly and dexterously removed, and the leaves are then formed into rolls, resembling large cigars. The manipulation of the rolls requires more labor and skill than any other part of the manufacture, and none but the most experienced workmen are thus employed. Each hand is expected to roll from a hundred to one hundred and twenty pounds per day, and he receives extra pay for all he puts up in addition to his allotted task. Good workmen often make fair wages by their extra labor. When the rolls have been made, they are placed in the pots and pressed. After pressing, the twist is conveyed to the sweat-room, and placed in rows on shelves, where it undergoes a moistening process. It is there dried by artificial heat, after which it is ready for packing, which is done in cases resembling cheese boxes, with the exception of being higher and larger. The packing is done very carefully, each layer containing the same number of pieces.

The process of making the common plug varies but little, and is as follows: The rolls are laid on an iron frame, divided into grooves by thin strips of metal, like a grating, each groove having the size of the plug that is to be formed. Over this frame, containing the rolls, another one of wood, so constructed as to fit into the grooves, is placed. Several frames thus arranged, with sheets of sheet-zinc or iron between them, are then put into a strong iron box or pot, and subjected to powerful pressure, which flattens the roll into its final shape. The rolls, now converted into plugs, are immediately taken to the drying-room and arranged on shelves, and, when sufficiently dried, are again pressed.

The excellence of any brand of tobacco depends greatly upon the skill in flavoring and the care in drying; and the proper attention to each of these processes is a secret that every manufacturer carefully guards.

The final operation is the packing into boxes or cases. The plugs are carefully laid in the bottom of the box in regular layers, and when the box is partially filled, a pressure of several tons is exerted upon it; then a few more layers are put in, when the pressure is repeated, and so on, until the box is entirely filled and closed.

The stems that have been removed from the leaves are also packed into large bulls, and shipped to Germany, to be used in making snuff and smoking-tobacco.

The hands employed in the tobacco factories are all negroes, and they have a habit, which has descended from generations, of singing dirges and melodies in a peculiar tone, which both impresses and amuses the listner. Many of them have fine voices, and their simple, fervent songs are a marked feature of the operation, which no visitor can ever forget.

Before the war, Lynchburg contained some seventy tobacco factories, which were noted for the superior quality of their products; but, owing to the high tax and other causes, there is but one in operation at the present time, of which Mr. Geo. A. Burks is the proprietor. Our illustration gives a view of the different parts of the process, and will convey a clear idea of the manner in which the weed is prepared for use.

These sketches, showing the process of manufacturing tobacco, are from the pencil of one of our corps of Artists, now traveling in the South, and obtaining material for future illustrations.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN RAILROADS.—For the ten years 1855-6, the average cost of operating the railroads of Great Britain, was $3,926 per mile, and the average earnings, $11,990. These figures show, when compared with the same statistics, covering the same ground, a very economical management. The average earnings per mile of the railroads of New York, in the same period, were $9,327 per mile, and the average cost of operating, $6,078. We thus have in the one case an average cost of 32 per cent, and in the other of 50 per cent. The United Kingdom has one mile of road to every 11-9 square miles of territory; New York one mile to every 3-4 square miles. But New York has a far greater number of miles of the iron track in proportion to population. The United Kingdom has 564 inhabitants to the square mile; New York, 84. The cost per mile of the English roads has been three times greater than the cost of our own.

O'ER THE BONNY BRINE.

BY HAROLD HENGE.

Eu! but thy passion is
Rarely barbaric,
Maiden, whose fashion is
Greek as Alaric.
Saintly the Southern Cross
Shines through the lattice,
Valling the bridal hue
Thee and the dais,—

O'er birtle of beryl,
Whose undulous fold
Is samite with bezants,
And flashing with gold;
Over breasts swart and full,
With crescents of sheen
Slashed round the sides of them,
On bodice of green;

Purpled sleeves crimson dashed,
Heavy with tissue
Of treasures that all are
The town of the lion;
Vainly they sparkle, though—
O'er the bonny brine
Copnes a fond remembrance,
Lady-love, of thine.

As a sword well-tempered
In a braid flood,
Circles from the muscles
Keen, and true, and good,
So my soul, attempered
In that love of thine,
Bears thy lover harmless
O'er the bonny brine.

MY NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR.

I HAVE not forgotten my dear mother's early lessons of wisdom when I was a little child at her knee. One wholesome piece of advice she gave me made a wonderful impression upon my tender mind. It was this: "Never talk about your neighbors." But since I have grown older, and I hope somewhat wiser, I do not consider the admonition to mean exactly what I thought it did when a child. I did not dare then to tell my mother what my little friend Nellie Mason carried in her bright tin pail for her school dinner, though I was sadly tempted to do so sometimes; nor even how her wicked brother Joe, when drawing us home in his sled, would upset in a huge snowbank, and run away laughing, leaving us to pick up our pails, our books, and ourselves, as we best could. Now, I can better understand that the homely maxim is only intended to correct all improper meddling with other people's affairs when they do not in any wise concern ourselves. So I think, kind reader, you will excuse the prep I now take at my next-door neighbor, as I am quite sure you will agree with me that in some of her affairs at least *I had considerable concern.*

Mrs. Smith rented the house on my right, and immediately moved into it with her husband and six children. A little black-eyed girl of five or six summers was at once at my door with the request:

"Please, ma'am, will you lend us your broom and mop, and mother would like a drawing of tea for supper."

"Oh, certainly," I said; "your mother is tired with her journey, I know, and cannot unpack much to-night. Tell her I am glad to oblige her in any way in my power;" and smiling the action to the words, accompanied the tea with a plate of warm biscuit, Bridget had just taken out of the oven. Little Susie lingered there all alone with one of the happiest faces in the world, but Bridget shook her head wisely as she said:

"Indade, ma'am, it's none of my business, but I'm after thinking you'll be just getting into a fine scrape with them children."

In the course my husband said to me:

"I hope you will go in soon and see our new neighbor. We have hired Mr. Smith to work for us. He seems like a clever man, though a little down-hearted. 'I know the heart of a stranger,' and any little kindness you can show them now will be most welcome.

Accordingly, the next day I made a friendly call. Mrs. Smith gave a cordial greeting. She had made many apologies for her own *dishabille* as well as the disorder of her house. She was a comfortable-looking woman, masculine in appearance, with a keen black eye, and her voice was loud and shrill. Mr. Smith was a meek, patient-looking man. He had a stoop with his shoulders, as if some heavy weight was upon them, and his eyes were always cast down. Joseph, the eldest child, of twelve years, was sickly and timid like his father, while the next was the exact counterpart of his mother. The three little girls were made my acquaintance, asking all manner of questions, the mother at the same time looking unconcerned, so that in one call I learned more of their family matters than under ordinary circumstances I could have found out in many months. Mr. Smith, she said, was a very bashful man. She had to do all the talking, and indeed all the managing, too.

"You will not believe me, Mrs. Morris," she added, "but I really think if it was not for me that man would be cheated out of his eye-teeth. As sure as I live, I have saved dollars and dollars for that man, just as good as thrown into the fire if it had not been for me. Susie, hold your tongue this minute, I say!) I make it a point to pay just about half that a man asks, to begin with, but, dear me! Mr. Smith would buy near one flat down without counting. The fact is, he never stands up for his rights; works early and late. You see he is poor as a crow. I really believe he would wear the skin off his hands to help other folks, instead of helping himself. (Stop asking your questions, I say!) Dear Mr. Smith has his own way about one thing. He will go to church on Sunday. Now I like to go to church. It's pleasant, after being shut up all the week, and then it's comforting, too. But I can't always go. I often tell Mr. Smith I do not see the need for him, for if them that preaches did as well as he, they'd be better off without their preaching, than they are now. (Susie, I'm saying, stop, or I shall drive me crazy!) There's Joseph now. I tell him not to let the other boys tread on him. What if he can't play ball with them? He knows it's times as much as Bill Shearer, whose father is as rich as Croesus, and has sent him to the academy these three years. No, Joseph, you need not run; tell the boys you don't want their pity. They're just imposing on you because you're poor and sick. Keep your head upper lip, and Joseph, maybe, you'll be at the head of the heap after all. Do be naughty, Mrs. Morris,' she said, as I rose to leave, in the midst of a long account of her old home and neighbors.

"What's the use, I say to Mr. Smith, of neighbors, if we don't use them. I make it a point always to be neighborly, and now, if there's anything in the world that you want, just send in."

To Bridget's inquiry, "How I would be after liking the new neighbors?" I only replied:

"They seem friendly and sociable."

But I must confess I could not forget her prediction, for help fearing that in the end it might prove too true.

The next morning Mrs. Smith returned my call, accompanied by the five children, and most of the others were over before she left. Their curiosity knew no bounds. Not a room was unvisited. Not a drawer or cupboard neglected. Mrs. Smith talked all the time, now dragging some seemingly child from a closet, then pronising candies or sugar as a reward for obedience, now threatening to take their ears off, declaring their noise would drive her crazy, and then flattering by repeating their little sayings, as if they were prodigies indeed. Nor were Bridget's quarters by any means unmolested. Her kitchen door, as white as sand and soap could make it, her pantry, her basket, and her knitting-work, all bore sad marks of the intruders. Bridget looked grim at this time she set her face as a flint against them. Woe to the luckless one who ventured upon her forbidden ground! Not a crumb, not a drop of dipper of water, anything she could lay hands on, was sent after them *sans ceremonie*. The screaming of five children mingled with the baby's crying, foaming with rage, and then the war of words would suggest to my mind the apocalyptic vision at the sounding of the seventh trumpet.

No argument of mine had power thereafter to mend Bridget a hair's-breadth from the stand she had taken.

"Indade, ma'am," she would reply, "I'll have nothing to do with them, nor any of their kin or kin."

Did I speak of Mr. Smith, of his meek and patient ways, she would only add with a significant shake of the head:

"The more's the pity; the more's the pity, ma'am."

At times I secretly questioned whether her course would not be the wiser one for me, but not being old in connection with it, the children were in and out at the door of my room instead of hers; and thus in trying to keep the peace, my time had been lost, and my whole heart faint. To confess the truth, there were times when I envied a mother her innocence. I had a choice house-plant, which after much careful nurture, repaid me with a blossom of rarest beauty. I placed it where the sun occasionally kissed its fair petals, and the passing breeze stole fragrance from its dainty cells. What was my astonishment, when looking for the sun, to meet some yeast for her mother's bread, to see the flower in her hand, which she had ruthlessly plucked at the door. Then I was in the midst of giving the trespassing hand a smart blow. Her screams ring in my ears now! Mrs. Smith was at once on the scene, and I, who had been so humane at first sight, she pounced upon Susie like a tiger on its prey, while Bridget, with her arms akimbo, made the whole house ring with her bright peals of laughter. Altogether, I think, upon the stage it would be called a very funny scene. Mrs. Smith dragged the screaming child home, but with a flashing eye, and a voice above the din, exclaimed:

"I'm glad she's hurt, for it's time she got a great fuss over a little, good-for-nothing posy."

Mrs. Smith was an inveterate borrower. What she was prompted to borrow, on the day of her arrival, was scarcely intermitted for a single day in the year: "Ma wants to borrow your castor oil and mustard," or "Ma is out of starch, will you lend her a patch ?" "Ma wants your umbrella, one's in broke"—these and similar items were the burden of every call. Mrs. Smith's own resources arose from her former home call to see her, she was ever a-coming and a-going. Her chief word set. "Well," said Bridget, "I've been tell of the patience of Job, but bliss from head to foot wouldn't begin to be much a-peeler!"

At times Mrs. Smith was highly and fashionably dressed, when her *tout ensemble* would impress a stranger as dignified and distinguished. But she was usually careless about her personal appearance. I remember one time, as she stood at her door, directing her boys who were at work in the yard, Harry Sears, a young relative and member of our family, would have mistaken her for some time. Her black hair hung about her face, loose and dishevelled; her forefinger gesticulating with great effect, as she laid down the rules of proceeding, her manner and tone of voice indicating the highest excitement. "I declare," said the young man, as he turned away from the sight, "I never look at her without thinking of *a hyena!*"

The second boy, Frank, was so active, that Mr. Morris often employed him to do odd jobs at "The Works." Having occasion at one time to send in haste for some tools, he told Frank to go for them, and ask the master to send a charge for them to him. This was the beginning of Frank's fall. Finding that a boy of his years could be so easily obtained, he commenced a system of buying and charging to Mr. Morris, which he adroitly kept up for some time. At length, one day, he went for a party, and for Frank this was a rare chance. At one store he purchased a cheese, at another, crackers, and at still another, nuts and candies, all upon the strength of Mr. Morris's party! Suspicion was at last excited, and the truth came to light. But Frank, poor, utterly refused to believe it; but upon Frank's confession, her impetuous anger knew no bounds. "So, you have come to this, young man, after all my teaching and painstaking. Now, look out for your head, sir! I shall not have a hatter round your name for this, or send you to State prison for life! Poor boy! I don't suppose, after all, you knew where this harm was; but look out, sir! They will after such a rascal as you. Haven't I told you a hundred times never to tell a lie? Your father will whip you within an inch of your life!" After berating him in this fashion for a time, she broke into hysterical sobs, wringing her hands and calling herself the most miserable of all beings on the face of the earth. Frank, now thoroughly alarmed, made his way to the depot. With tears, he told the story of his poor mother, sick and dying at a distant city, and that she longed to see him once more. The kind conductor took him on board, with a promise to find him through ——— Early the next morning, Mrs. Smith came over with her baby in her arms. She had started Mr. Smith late in the evening in search of Frank. She had walked the house all night, she said, and could bear it no longer. She was going herself to find her dear boy. Would we look after the children at home? Joseph could take care of them, and we could then we would see that no harm came to them. She had told them to be good and make no trouble. Here was a dilemma! I knew well enough those children were in the house to eat; Besides, it was a mid-winter, and the children might burn the house down in trying to take care of themselves, so I would be done! Mr. Morris proposed that I should ask the children to take dinner with us, and at night he would go over and watch with them. This in my private reviews would be quite out of the question. It was with something of the martyr spirit that we entered upon the proposed plan. We, however, did Susan, for once, did nobly. A terror had come over them on account of Frank, which awed them into submission and kept all our wishes. When Bridget brought in the dessert for dinner, a favorite pudding upon which she prided herself, there were no plates for the children. "There wasn't crame enough to make pudkin' for the children," she said. They were Mrs. Smith came home, and, sure enough, Frank was with her. She was in raptures that she had found her lost boy again. Mr. Smith was very glad, she said, couldn't bear to have him come away. They wanted him to live with them always; but she couldn't think of that, and he must go home without him. He had promised to be a very good boy, and never do anything wrong again. She didn't think he would. He was a child that never lied, never better.

One morning soon after this, the omnibus stopped at Mrs. Smith's door, and a fair young girl alighted, who proved to be a niece of Mr. Smith, from a distant part of the country. She had not seen her uncle for years, and never before had been in the city.

"Well, well," said Bridget, "I pity her; it was near broke my heart to see a sad house among wolves. An' shure, she'll not stay there long."

But she did stay, and, like David's harp, her presence had a magic power over the evil spirit to drive it away. She was very lovely in appearance, kind, sunny-tempered, and friends, seemed like some tender exotic transplanted to the bleak regions of the north. Her words were always low and sweet, her face always bright, her home lessons, uncriticised, shining or striving to please her; they were so happy to be with her, and their love so unbounded, that they would have become to them a law. Joseph, under her gentle instruction, was soon able to read and write. He would sit beside her by the hour together, conning his lessons without a thought of weariness, if now and then she could assist a word, or help him over a hard place.

But more affecting than all else was it to see her with her uncle on Sabbath mornings, as they walked quietly to the house of God. I could never look at her then without thinking of those words of Jesus: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you." Never they appeared to my heart.

To Mr. Smith her face was as the face of an angel. A beam of its glad sunshine rested upon his; he walked more erect; he ventured to speak a little of his past and his earthly trial had taught to cast his anchor within the vail, while with good words of cheer she helped him onward. As for Bridget, "Shure, the heart was worn side of her heart; she sought out and brought to light whatever was good there, and, with pitying kindness, covered or excused its defects. I cannot tell how it was, but a wondrous change came over the entire household. The influence was like the dew upon the tender herb, noiseless but all-pervading. Not only in Mrs. Smith's family, but to their next-door neighbors, Miss Gresham was an angel of light.

In the transparent light of her example I could better discover the incongruities of my own character. Humiliating lessons she gave me, in regard to the management of my own family, as well as the manner of intercourse with my neighbors, though never a word upon these subjects passed her lips. Bridget would sit by the window and watch her, as she told stories to the children under the shade of a tree, or joined in their sports with all the delight of the youngest among them. Now and then she would wipe her eyes with the corner of her apron, till, at last, breaking out in a convulsive sob, she would exclaim:

"Oh, ma'am! I'm so bad. It's no for the like of Bridget to be seeing and good as Mary."

Poor Bridget! I think she need not despair. More than once afterward, I saw her giving an apple or doughnut to the children; and when Susie was very sick, she watched with her many a night, carrying to her the most delicate morsels more tenderly than any one else could. Above all else, when Mrs. Smith would overleap the restraint that Mary's presence imposed, and retort upon her with some unjust or biting sarcasm, she would hold her lips tightly together, plant her foot down with a firmer tread, and with newfound energy busy herself about her work. Is she not in a fair way to be adjudged "greater than he that taketh a city?"

But Mary's visit came to an end, and the family soon after moved to another part of the country. This was their holiday every year or two. Relieved from the control that Mary's quiet goodness had inspired, Mrs. Smith again found her own batch of her tongue and temper. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" But with the children the effect of Mary's example and instruction was more lasting. They were far more affectionate to each other, more respectful and obedient to their father; Smith was a happier man; he enjoyed the society of his children. After Mary had gone they transferred much of the warm love they had lavished upon her to their father, and from yielding all the management of them to their mother, he no had before, he took his proper place as head and responsible guardian, and the relation ever had imposed. Frank went on from bad to worse; the last I heard of him he had left home, and was leading a fearful and aleigh from a church door, during service, on the Sabbath, and had in prospect a term of service in the State prison.

The coat of mail in which our friend Harry had encountered himself in regard to neighbors, had one vulnerable point, and, if I mistake not, Cupid's dart discovered it. I suspect he will soon be asking for the hand of absence from home a while, and that when he returns it will not be alone. Bridget, still blunt and outspoken, though much more guarded in her tongue, has made the mastery, declares that Mary will have to say to Harry, what a shrewd Irishman did in the old country to the wife of his choice:

"But I," said the humble girl, "once had a relative hunge."

"Ah!" says the lover's reply, "I don't know as I ever had a relative hung; but I have some that *ought to be!*"

"There is a moral to every human tale."

Mrs. Smith was left an orphan at an early age. She grew up uncared for and unloved, ignorant and self-reliant, for years, a wanderer among the narrow gangway, on the wharves, and in the streets of New York, the mother of invention. The drummers used to cover their drums, and the fifers their fifes were concealed in them, when they were not in full use. When regiments marched no music was played, but on the occasion the Colonel determined to have a band to his regiment. He drums were covered and drums to take the head of the column and to go a little ahead. The face of the drummer was one of whom had a dog in his drum—may be conceived. The Colonel's dog in the drums were heard to howl. The Colonel got angry, and bowed to know why the drums of his regiment howled. The drummer said the dog was to beat. The moment the drums began to beat, immediately the dog began to howl and to bay, to the astonishment of everybody but the Zouaves. Everybody looked at the drummer, who, looking—no sign of a dog anywhere; and yet, the more the drummers beat, the more the dog howled. At last a squeak, first of a whine, rolled over and over on the ground, got up and took to his heels, howling louder than ever. Roars of laughter greeted this explanation of the mysterious howls. The Colonel ordered the drummers to march off the ground, one by one, and to roll his drum as he came. If a barking dog followed, he was to consider himself as the dog put on shore. Only one dog got on board, the whole regiment kept quiet all the rolling. The dog could not be saw the Third Zouaves shore Toulon. He made his entry into Paris at their head.

WHEN Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor in the reign of Henry VIII. he ordered a gentleman to pay a sum of money to a poor woman, whom he had wronged. The gentleman said: "Then I hope your lordship will grant a long day to pay it." "I will grant your request," said Sir Thomas, "and that long day shall be Doomsday, which is the longest day in the year; you shall be the widow that day, or I will commit you to the Fleet Prison."

THEY SHALL RETURN.

Break, break upon my breaking heart, O Sea,
My woeful heart, that beats upon thy shore,
Break, break and crumble, to depart with thee,
My freighted shallops that return no more.
Nay, saith Time's monotone,
Nay, saith Time's rolling drone,
Bear thou thy sorrow still,
Whether for good or ill:
They shall return.

Roar, roar upon my rueful heart, O Sea,
My rueful heart, that groans upon thy shore,
Fain to forget, and to depart with thee,
Like my lost shallops, to return no more.
Nay, saith Time's monotone,
Nay, saith Time's dreary drone,
Wait thou thy Maker's will,
Whether for good or ill:
They shall return.

Wait, wait upon my woeful heart, O Sea,
My writhing heart, that may not yield nor flee,
My dearest hopes shall not depart with thee:
Return—return—give up mine own, O Sea!
Nay, saith Time's monotone,
Nay, saith Time's weary drone,
Wait thou His day, until,
Whether for good or ill:
They shall return.

META.

Francis Dunbar lay in the shadows of the great maples, watching the little figure wending its way across the field. It came nearer, and closing the book he had been reading, he half raised himself from his recumbent position to get a better view of her.

Short brown curls gave a piquant expression to the fresh, sparkling face, whose red lips softly caroled little snatches of song; while one round, dimpled arm and hand curved themselves upward, and balanced on the curly head a shining tin pail filled with sparkling water fram the spring below.

He knew that she was a sort of upper-servant in Squire Oldfield's family, where she had been brought up from a little girl, being himself betrothed to Margaret Oldfield, the squire's only daughter; he knew, too, that his admiration for the artless little Meta was wrong, very wrong, and stately Margaret would open wide her proud black eyes did she even dream of it. At the thought he darted a stealthy, searching look toward the windows of the great white house that overlooked the tall trees in whose shadow he lay concealed, as he called out:

"Come here, Meta; I must have a drink of that nice fresh water."

She turned at the sound of his voice, and the blushes came and went as she advanced shyly toward him, and with a quick, graceful movement, swung the pail downward, and placed it beside him.

One more rapid glance toward the house, and his eyes looked admiringly into her own as he said, laughingly:

"Here is the water, Miss Meta, but how am I to drink it?"

The blushes were yet more vivid as she murmured a half apology, and started off for the required article.

"You need not take the trouble, little one; I can find something here that will do just as well," and drawing her back, he fashioned an odd-looking cup out of the hanging maple leaves, making comical efforts to procure a drink, for the sake of listening to the arch, rippling laugh that lighted up the nut-brown eyes and purled from between the parted lips at his repeated failures.

She thought him very handsome as he stood there, his hair falling in clustering rings on his white forhead as he bent over the pail, his blue eyes glancing every moment into hers with a merry affectation of dismay at his poor success. He at last assured her that he had had sufficient, and when she would have raised the pail to return to the house, he determined to brave even Margaret's pride, and carry it himself; for he had grown strangely careful of those little brown hands of late.

But the girl had a finer and truer sense of their respective positions than himself; for she shrank from his out-stretched hand with a low-murmured, "If you please, Mr. Dunbar, I would rather carry it myself."

He took no notice of the timid words, nor the questioning eyes raised to his, but lifted the pail from her hand without a word, wondering, as the sharp handle lined itself on his white aristocratic palm, how that little figure could support the heavy weight.

She made no motion to follow him, but stood still and silent; returning to her side, he said, looking down into her face:

"Meta, why do you not wish me to carry it? Are you afraid that I will do too much for you? If so, see! I will take my payment now;" and bending down, he pressed a daring kiss on her lips.

She drew her little figure up proudly, and the look of scorn she bent upon him was worthy of even the squire's stately daughter, as she moved away, leaving the mortified young man standing there, more humiliated by that silent rebuke than he could have been by the most passionate expressions of anger. He raised the pail and followed her, feeling that nothing would be too mortifying, if it would only assure her of his heart-felt contrition. A colored domestic was the only personage that greeted him as he opened the kitchen-door, and he had the full benefit of her surprised glances as he deposited his burden without a word. A half hour afterward he saw Meta pass the door, and though he felt assured that she must know of his close vicinity, she did not even deign to glance toward him.

As he sat there, almost hating himself for his blind folly, a white arm stole round his neck, and Margaret Oldfield's love-lit face looked into his own. He pressed a tender kiss on her fair brows and drew her to a seat beside him. Sitting there in the summer twilight, with Margaret's hand clasped in his and Margaret's eyes looking into his own, he forgot his interest in the little girl who had so unexpectedly resented his audacity.

He had met Margaret in the city the year previous, and charmed by her grace and beauty, he had solicited her to become his wife; and obtaining the assurance of her love, he had followed her to her country home to gain the sanction of her father. The squire, who placed entire confidence in his daughter's judgment, and who was from the first prepossessed in her lover's favor, readily gave his consent to the union, and since then affairs had glided smoothly on, save when an occasional lover's quarrel marred their even harmony.

The disposition of Francis was haughty and unyielding, but Margaret's was equally so; and it chafed him to think that he was sometimes compelled to subjugate his will to another, even though that other was the woman whom he had asked to be his wife.

In the days of estrangement Margaret would realize with aching heart that her disposition was totally unfitted to mate with his; he needed a gentle, yielding wife, who would rely on his judgment unquestioningly, and such she could never be. But a loving reconciliation would banish all such unpleasant misgivings; and every week saw a couple of its days spent by Francis at the squire's old farm-house, where pretty Meta, with her bright, winning face, always crossed his path.

Since that little episode in the maple grove Meta had avoided him, and he missed her bright face even more than he cared to acknowledge to himself.

It was then that Margaret's cause suffered most; for in his anxiety to express his sorrow and implore her forgiveness for his fault, Meta was almost constantly in his thoughts, and it irritated him to see how persistently she shunned him. But he would not be deceived by her seeming coldness; for he could not blind himself to the deepening flush in the rosy cheek, as she caught his eyes fixed earnestly upon her, nor fail to catch the trembling light in her own, as they met his for one brief instant, reading the interest he had created far better than she did herself; and in the exultation of the thought, he, wealthy and high-born, realized that the squire's brown-eyed little servant-maid held a place in his heart that the squire's beautiful daughter had never filled.

With an ardent, impulsive temperament, he was thoroughly selfish; and stifling all manly pleadings for the fair girl whom he had wooed and won, he determined to disregard the sneers of his aristocratic relatives, and win little Meta for his wife.

The opportunity he had so long sought at last presented itself. He came face to face with her as she was flying across the lawn, intercepting her quick passage as he placed himself directly in her path.

"Meta," he spoke low and hurriedly, "there is something I wish to say to you. Wait till your mistress has retired to-night, and then go to the willows, at the back of the house, and you will find me waiting for you there. Will you promise?"

He was looking at her with eyes that said not, "Will you?" but, "You will;" and, like a bird charmed by a serpent, she stood trembling and uncertain, till his passionate reiteration compelled her assent.

That night, when most of the old squire's household had sought their respective apartments, and unsuspecting Margaret, with a heart full of happiness, had parted from her lover at the foot of the stairs, a little figure, wrapped in a large mantle, stole cautiously out of the back door, and glided swiftly and silently down the path that led to the foot of the old willow. She did not shrink when a tall figure came toward her out of the thick darkness, for the brave little heart would not fear anything from Miss Margaret's betrothed, who must be, like her, good and honorable.

The pure, upturned face, with the light of the stars falling soft upon it, possessed, in its perfect trustfulness, a talisman that was its surest safeguard; and Francis Dunbar, with all his faults, would never have brought a blush of shame to a face like that.

There was reassurance in the low tones that spoke her name, and tender respect in the voice that plead forgiveness for the past, and the little heart fluttered wildly as, taking her hand in both his, he asked her to be his wife. It was so sudden, so unexpected, she could not at first understand; but when he drew her close to him, and looked down into her face, waiting for her answer, she did not think of Margaret or the great wrong she was doing her, but let her head rest just where he had placed it, with a feeling of perfect happiness stealing over her. He had said he loved her, and that thought was sufficient to make her forget that she was nothing but Meta Gray, a poor little servant, and he one of fortune's favorites, as far above her as society ever places wealth above poverty. But her love spanned the distance, immeasurable as it seemed, and her first thought was not for that, but for Margaret; and with a quick, frightened movement, she drew herself away. He quieted her with loving words, telling her how wrong it would be to marry one he did not love—and Margaret would not wish it: she would readily give him up when she saw how it was; and trusting little Meta again suffered her head to droop on his shoulder as she listened, thinking all the time how different must be her love from that of her young mistress: she would not want to give him up, not if fifty Miss Margarets stood in the way; and she clung closer to him at the bare thought.

A sudden flash of light gleamed across the path, and, looking up, they saw that it proceeded from Margaret's chamber.

"Oh, let me go!" Meta hurriedly exclaimed. "What if she should want me, and I not there!" and, breaking from his hold, she almost flew up the garden path.

He was at her side as she reached the door, and, opening it softly, the two stood in the wide, old-fashioned kitchen. They did not see the white, shrinking figure that, at the sound of the opening door, crouched, affrighted, into a shadowed recess; so he drew her closely to him, murmuring, tenderly:

"Give me my good-night kiss, Meta, before you go. You forgot that when you ran away so fast."

He bent his head, and she put her two arms round his neck, drawing his face down to hers, as she whispered, earnestly:

"You will not tire of me when I am your wife, Francis?"—love had so soon made the term familiar—"when you see how ignorant I am, and Miss Margaret so much above me?"

He saw her fear, and his tones throbbed with feeling as he answered:

"Never, darling! You have a true, loving heart, that is more to me than learning. Be always as you are now, little Meta, and you will hold me forever."

The boon he craved was not denied him then, and her lips murmured a low good-night, as she stole softly away. He followed her a moment after, and when the ticking of the old clock was the only sound that broke the silence, another figure glided across the oaken floor, and reached its room just behind the others.

Poor Margaret! The light revealed an ashen face as she sank powerless into a chair. Her head had ached badly; she remembered seeing some camphor in the kitchen closet, and knowing just where to seek it, she had gone for it without a light, and in the quiet darkness had come upon a deeper, life-long pain.

Ah, well! She had been dreaming a beautiful dream, and fate had showed her the awakening. It was cruel; but better now than later. And the wretched girl bowed her head in anguish.

That night, when the hours had sped far into the morning, and pretty Meta lay buried in happy, dreamful sleep, there was a noise of hurrying feet, and anxious faces flitted through the great house, for its master was dying.

Young Dr. Fredericks hastened over at the imperative summons, to find a score of frightened watchers gathered round the old squire's bedside. At the first entrance of the physician, he desired that all should leave the room save his daughter and Francis.

"Doctor, I know that I have but a little while to live;" and the feeble eyes searched the physician's shadowed face, and then rested, with a look of fond affection, on the kneeling figure of his daughter. "My child, tell Meta I wish to see her; what I have to say is for her as well."

The pallid face was lifted as Margaret rose to do her father's bidding.

She stood at Meta's door, waiting for her to appear.

A frightened voice had answered the sharp call, and Meta, with clothes loosely thrown on and a startled look in her brown eyes, stood in the open door-way. She shrank back guiltily when she saw Margaret's pale face confronting her; for in her half-awakened state she imagined that Francis had told her all, and that she had now come to upbraid her.

Margaret read something of her thoughts, and despite her deep pain, she looked scornfully down on the timid, shrinking girl that followed in her footsteps. A moment more, and Margaret knelt in her old place, the squire's withered hand on the head of his motherless, and soon to be fatherless, child; and little Meta, left alone, standing in the furthest corner of the room, half-blinded by the light and the unexpected scene, where nothing seemed familiar.

The old squire's voice, cheated into momentary strength, rose clear and distinct:

"I need not speak of the years of my life, made wretched through one base act of the past. I need only tell of one innocent girl dishonored, a happy home made wretched, and you know my crime. Yonder poor girl has been a living reminder of that one fatal misstep. I speak of this, so that you may know her even at this late day as my child. Margaret," and his hand strayed tenderly over the bowed head, "forgive your poor father for the weakness that has kept back this confession till the last moment, leaving you to bear the disgrace alone, when he is at rest for ever. I know you are good and upright, my daughter, and I trust to you to see that she shares the fortune I leave to both."

Thus far Francis had been a silent listener; but roused into anger by the squire's devoted love for one child, that refused to speak a single kindly word of sympathy to the one he had brought to a life of shame, he could no longer control his feelings; and, without a thought of the shock his words might produce, the rash, impulsive young man strode across the room, and twining one arm around the shrinking figure of Meta, he hotly exclaimed:

"You have denied her a place in your affections, and your fortune she does not need. I love her, and shall make her my wife, giving her an honorable name, and helping her to bear the shame you have heaped upon her."

The old squire raised himself with an expiring effort, and glaring wildly upon the two, he shrieked out:

"My child! my Margaret! thou, too, art forsaken. God forgive me!" and falling back with a low moan, he was dead.

The first streaks of approaching dawn came dimly into that solemn room, falling with a sickly light on the pale, stiffened form of an old man and the kneeling figure of a young girl, crushed and heart-broken beneath the weight of a double woe.

Verily "the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children."

I'LL CALL TO-MORROW.

It is never quite safe to be churlish or impolite. A Boston manufacturer once lost some extensive orders from Russia by want of attention to visitors; and the following incident, said to be literally true, is told of a Philadelphia trader, who subjected himself to great mortification by impoliteness to Washington Irving. He had been much annoyed by many idle calls, and became a little crusty.

About this time the owner was one day standing in his door, when up came a rough-looking man, in a well bundled overcoat, wearing coarse, unpolished boots, and carrying in his hand a whip, who thus accosted him:

"Good-day, sir. Are you the owner of this establishment?"

"Well, I am," replied the other, with a look which seemed to say, "now you want to try it, don't you?"

"Have you any fine carriages for sale?" inquired the stranger, apparently not heeding the boorishness of the other.

"Well, I have."

"At what prices?"

"Rather cheap!"

"Ah! yes? Can I look at them?"

"You can do as you please, stranger. They are in there."

The stranger bowed politely, and passed in, examined the vehicles for a few minutes, returned, and said:

"There is one, I think, will answer my purpose," pointing toward one; "what is the price?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Is that the lowest?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, I will call and give you my decision to-morrow."

And the stranger walked away.

"Yes, you'll call to-morrow! Oh, yes, certainly," replied the owner, in a tone of irony, not so low but the stranger heard him; but he kept on his way, taking no outward notice of it. "Fool me, will you?" and the owner commenced whistling.

The next day came, and with it the stranger also.

"I have come, according to promise," said he.

"I see you have, sir," replied the owner, a little abashed.

"I will take the carriage, sir," and to the astonishment of the other, he pulled out an old wallet, well filled with bills, and deliberately counted out two hundred dollars.

The owner was completely staggered. Here was something new. A cabman with so much money! He took the money, looked at it and at the stranger, eyed him from head to foot, and even examined his boots attentively. Then he counted his money over and held up each bill to the light, to see if it was counterfeit. No, all was good. A thought struck him—he would find out the man's name.

"I suppose you would like a receipt?" said he to the stranger.

"It may be as well."

"Yes, sir; what name?"

"Washington Irving."

"Sir!" said the other, actually starting back with amazement, "did I understand your name was ——"

"Washington Irving," replied the other, an almost imperceptible smile hovering around his lips.

"Washington Irving—sir—my dear sir," the owner stammered, confusedly, "I—I—I really, sir, beg ten thousand pardons, sir; but I mistook you for a cabman sir, I did, indeed."

"No excuse, my friend," replied Irving. "I am no better than you took me for. You did perfectly right;" and having at length succeeded in getting his receipt, amid a host of apologies, he politely bade the humble carriage-maker good-day, and left him to the chagrin that he had mistaken for a cabman the man whose lofty genius had commanded the admiration of the world.

The friend who related the anecdote, asserted that it was a fact, and was told by the veritable owner himself. It doubtless proved a lesson to him not to judge men by their dress.

One Generation of Men Wiser than Another.—One day the Caliph Almansor, one of the vainest of Arabian monarchs, was conversing familiarly with the famous poet Fazelli, with whom he delighted to talk when retired from the cares of his empire.

"Thou thinkest," said he to Fazelli, "that I am not wiser than my father. Why is it so? Doth not every succeeding generation add to the wisdom of that which precedeth it?"

"Dost thou think thyself wiser than the Prophet?" answered the poet, bowing his head reverentially.

"Assuredly not," answered the Caliph.

"Dost thou think thyself wiser than Solomon?" asked the poet, bowing still lower.

"Assuredly not," again answered the Caliph.

"Dost thou think thyself wiser than Moses, who communed with Allah himself?" a third time asked the poet, bowing to the ground.

Almansor was for a moment thoughtful, and held down his head.

"Assuredly not," replied he at length; "I were foolishly presumptuous to think so."

"Then how," resumed Fazelli, "canst thou prove that each succeeding generation is wiser than another that is past?"

"The aggregate of knowledge is certainly increased," replied the Caliph.

"True, O my King," replied Fazelli; "but knowledge is not wisdom. Wisdom points out the road to happiness and virtue; knowledge is only an acquaintance with a mass of facts, which are not necessarily connected with either wisdom, virtue, or happiness, the only objects worthy the pursuit of a wise man. The knowledge of things has certainly increased; but, O King, remember that wisdom is always the same—as much so as the Great Power by whom it is dispensed. Thou mayest, perhaps, know more of the moon, the stars, the earth, and the sea, than thy father; but of thy organization, thy soul, thy passions, appetites, the power to direct them, and the Being who bestowed them upon thee, thou knowest no more than the meanest of thy father's slaves."

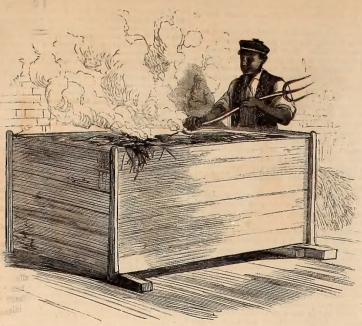
"Thou sayest true," replied the Caliph, bowing his head, reverently. "Allah, teach me humility!"

"Great King," said Fazelli, "lament not thine ignorance. Everything we cannot comprehend furnishes proof of the existence of a Being wiser than ourselves."

A Jew had ordered a French merchant in Morocco to furnish him with a considerable quantity of black hats, green shawls and red silk stockings. When the articles were ready for delivery, the Jew refused to receive them. Being brought before the emperor, who administers justice himself, he denied having given him the order, and maintained that he did not even know the French merchant. "Have you any witness?" said the emperor to the Frenchman. "No." "So much the worse for you; you should have taken care to have had witnesses; you may retire." The poor merchant, completely ruined, returned home in despair. He was, however, soon alarmed by a noise in the street; he ran to see what it was. A numerous multitude were following one of the emperor's officers, who was making the following proclamation at all the cross roads: "Every Jew, who, within four-and-twenty hours after this proclamation, shall be found in the streets without a black beaver hat on his head, a green shawl round his neck, and red silk stockings on his legs, shall be immediately seized, and conveyed to the first court of our palace, to be there flogged to death. The children of Israel all thronged to the French merchant, and before evening, the articles were purchased at any price he chose to demand for them.

The name *Milicent* means a "violent striker." The first syllable of the word is the same as our word *mill* (a fight), *milice* (militia); Latin, *miles* (a soldier); old Norse, *melia*. The words *mall* and *maul* belong to the same family. The last syllable, *cent*, is the Teutonic *sent*; High German, *sind* (violent, vehement); so that the two words signify a violent *miller* or *fighter*—in fact, an Amazon.

THE GREAT WORKSHOPS OF AMERICA.—THE TOBACCO MANUFACTORY OF



THE STEAM VAT.



THE TOBACCO STEAMER.



ASSORTING THE LEAF.

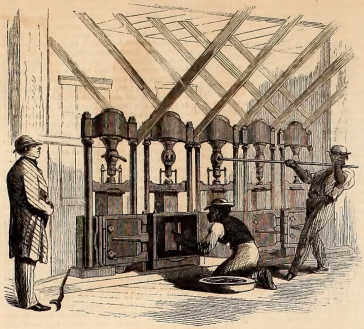


THE LIQUORICE BOILER.



THE SWEAT ROOM.

GEO. A. BURKS, LYNCHBURG, VA.—From Sketches by Our Special Artist, Jas. E. Taylor.



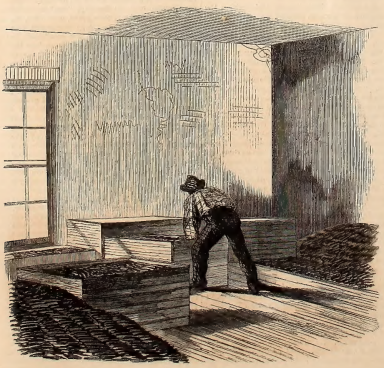
POTS FOR PRESSING AND PACKING.



PACKING THE STEMS.



STEMMING AND TWISTING.



THE DRYING ROOM.



FINAL PACKING AND PRESSING THE TWIST.

DARKNESS.

BY METELEE CONO.

Nor a star hangs out in silence,
Guiding us to-night;
O'er the wild and cruel ocean
Gloams no beacon light;
Close and threatening howl the surges,
Singing melancholy dirges,
Death's pale hand our frail bark urges
O'er the breakers white.

Larboard foam Temptation's billows
Howling from the shore,
And we hear Despair's wild surges
Breaking starboard more.
Cold and gray the heavens o'er us,
And the melancholy chorus
Of the storm that howls before us
Mingles with the roar.

Soon for us the wailing night wind
May be sighing, too,
And the billows kiss our faces,
Staining ruddy brown.
Will no ear of mercy hear us?
Will no beacon-light now cheer us?
Gleaming through the darkness near us,
Still Death's hand we view.

The Spectre of Cliffe;

OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.—IN THE CUTTER.

UPON the same morning that the two ladies created the sensation above described, Mr. Stevens took his departure for the same spot, the coast-guard cutter, but several hours earlier. The cutter was on its return to Marmouth, and it was arranged by the lieutenant that his guest should be disembarked in Mermaid Bay, where the Cavern was situated, as near the time of low tide as might be, there to remain until Mrs. Hayburn, or some other person in default of her, acquainted with the short-cut homeward, should join him.

To return to Lucky Bay, or even Sandby, by the cliff-top, was a very long round (including the whole of the walk taken by Mr. Stevens on his victim the previous day); and the sea-passage, of course, was longer still. Moreover, the boat could seldom come near the shore in consequence of the reefs and rocks. The cutter, however, had a fair wind for her voyage, and sped along at a great pace, all on board, as is the manner of such fast-sailing craft, and showing her very best to the sun, as a fine day shone her sailors. Not, I regret to say, Mr. Stevens sea-sick. Upon that churning sea, with its patent double action of wave and wind, the most landsman, and the most lost both heart and stomach, this gentleman sat as unmoved as though he possessed neither, and swept the land with a telescope lent him by the boatswain.

Was it not well understood that he was there to see the beauties of nature, the conformation of the chalk-cliffs, and the interesting habits of the sea-fowl? The crew had orders to give him the fullest information, and to afford him the best opportunities of observing whatever was most curious. Under these circumstances, they were rather surprised, as they approached the cliffs beneath Marmouth Beacon, which are notoriously the finest on the south coast, that Mr. Stevens seemed to take but little interest in them, and, on the contrary, expressed a wish that the cutter should at that very point make a circuit round the Dutchwoman, an isolated rock of considerable size, but no great beauty.

True, it was peopled by legions of sea-birds, whose proceedings were most varied and extraordinary; some of the whitest, like undergraduates in their corpses, just returned from church to an untinished wine-party, seemed never to be able sufficiently to express their satisfaction as Mr. Stevens and his friend drew near; others, on the contrary, with uplifted beak and wing, gave utterance to the most vigorous protests against such an infringement of the laws of property. The island was theirs, they contended, "theirs, theirs, theirs," and even the water within forty fathoms of the place was private property; "it was all theirs ful, it was diagraceful, and no bird worthy of the name of Larus Marinus should put up with it for a moment." Some of these feathered sticklers for their rights so grievously exhausted themselves by their degressive stairs-and-graces, that and in the meantime confined themselves to scrutinizing the strangers with suspicion, and shaking their heads. The young people, who presented the appearance of solid tinsiledown—little round balls of feathers—exhibited in their transitious figures all the their straining necks, and their gaping mouths, such astonishment as only the young are capable of. The solemn gulfmotes sat all of a row upon the ledges, coming to no decision upon the matter whatever, but, like the noblesse in revolution time, gradually increased by new accession to their number, until the space grew insufficient for them, and the original members were tipped off, croaking feebly, as for the sacrements, they never ceased to take their "sensation headers," one after the other, like patriots who, perceiving their native soil is about to be violated by the foot of the foe, determine that there is nothing for it but suicide.

The fool of no fee, however—not even that of a bird-catcher—had ever been placed upon the brawny shoulders of the Dutchwoman. Steep and smooth she rose for many a yard from the deep blue sea, before the jutting ledges commenced which led, like inverted stairs to the crown of the rock, upon which grew some scanty herbage. Ages ago, perhaps, ere the island had been divorced from the land, some four-footed creature might have pastured on it; but henceforward, while the world lasted, neither sheep nor kine would crop a mouthful there. Any cliffs, too, were green with samphire, doomed to grow there unpicked to the end of time; otherwise, the mighty rock was without a trace of vegetation, and, in its inaccessible isolation, looked unspeakably stern and lone.

"There's just as many birds, sir, in those cliffs yonder, and they are as steep as this, and three times as high," observed the cockswain, who had been engaged in the boat-hook, and did not much relish the voyage home being lengthened by any more circuits or examine islands, of which there was quite an archipelago yet to come.

"I know it," replied Mr. Stevens, quietly; "we will keep in shore for the present. I can see with the Beacon cliffs very well from here through your telescope."

"Do you see a very steep place, just under the Beacon, sir—for I can't myself without the glass—where the chalk projects all the way down so as to form a sort of step or ledge?"

Mr. Stevens, as it so happened, was attentively regarding the very spot thus indicated, but he replied, carelessly, that all the cliffs seemed much alike to him.

"Nay, but the place that's steeper than most," insisted the cockswain, "and so I desired to me, who lost a friend there, like one great gravestone. He was pushed over by a lady in a smuggler's murdered man, sir. If you'll hand me my glass, I'll find the place out for you in a minnit——" Why, bless me, there's a boat dropped it in the water; it's one of Dollard's best on a fifteen guinea one. Who the devil am I to talk to for making it goods?

"To me," returned Mr. Stevens, coolly, producing a well-stuffed leather purse. It was exceedingly necessary of me; but I have sometimes come up so close to me from his long dive, that he startled me out of my senses. You shall bone them, my lads, and while I'm about it, sir, let me add a couple of sovereigns, that my friends here may have the wherewithal to drink my health in Marmouth. I can scarcely have deserved a friend that an infernal noise and cisager these birds do make!"

"Yes, sir; I am sure, if we could have made them quiet, we should have done it for you, a most liberal gentleman, I'm sure. But they do say the living-gulls only give a hundred per hour's rest in the twenty-four, and, for my part, I've always found it so, for they're very apt just as nosy on the main land as they are here."

"Well, then, let us give 'em a wide berth for the present, for here's one that's making for the other glance," replied the stranger; "the colony does not extend much beyond the Beacon Head, I believe?"

"No, sir; they are very partial in their breeding haunts. If I steer out to sea for the next five minutes, and keep well off the Beacon, we shall be no more annoyed with their chattering. If it wasn't for their young uns, one would think that all quite was females."

Whether the ear of Mr. Stevens was really so delicate as to suffer from the dissonance of neighbor, or not, it was clear that he was annoyed by something. He lay back in the stern-sheets, drawing heavily, and breathing spasmodically, and ever and anon he shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked back through his fingers, as through a closed shutter, upon the white line of cliffs the cutter was fast leaving behind it.

Thus he remained, lost in his own meditations, and only fitfully conscious of what was going on, or what people about him were saying, when suddenly the cockswain nudged him:

"Do you see that speck of a boat, sir, yonder?"

"No, no!" cried Mr. Stevens, leaping to his feet as though he were on dry land, and thereby nearly falling overboard; "I see nothing. Stop her out, I say! I beg your pardon," said he, perceiving that they were by this time far out to sea; "I only startled me from my dream. What was it you were saying?"

"I merely wanted to draw your attention, sir, to that white thing yonder, gliding under the white cliff; you would scarcely think it to be a boat, I dare say, but it is one of Dollard's fifteen guinea craft, the cunning thief; it is almost impossible to see her, painted white as she is, when she's moving between us and the cliffs; and, since we've caught sight of us, look you how she hugs the land! I'll wager she has been to Marmouth for no good. Nobody but that rascal Dollard Dick, you would venture so close in shore, with such a sea on. You may take your oath he has contraband goods on board."

"Fire on her! Sink her! Run her down!" exclaimed Mr. Stevens, excitedly. "Why do you let the fellow escape?"

"Well, we must keep on the right side of the law, you see, sir, and Dollard's not the man to run than you, sir, I fancy—asking your pardon for the liberty—for it strikes me you have worn the anchor bottom: one of us should go, sir, and I'm getting up the tree," added the cockswain, touching his cap.

"I'll bear you harmless if you will stop that boat," replied the stranger, passionately. "I will give you fifty pounds if you catch her before she passes the Beacon Head. Do you hear me, I say, and cut her off."

But the cockswain made no inclination to obey.

"Lor bless you, sir, we'd be glad to do it for half the money, and, indeed for nothing at all, since you would take the risk. But it ain't no manner of use; the Saucy Sall runs three feet to our two. She'll be at Sandby, with the wind against her, a'most as quick as we were coming with the ebb and all. And, by-the-by, the tide is on the turn by this, and you will have less time, because we have steered out so far, before the Mermaid's Cavern than you had calculated upon. However, we'll land you just below the point there, and we shall come in view of the bay in a very few minutes. 'Tis the prettiest sight to be seen in all these parts, to my mind."

CHAPTER XXIV.—WAITING FOR THE PREY.

THE cockswain was right, although not particularly happy in his allusion, for there is not a more glorious sight in all the coast-scenery of Britain than Mermaid Bay. There are grander scenes, more picturesque scenes, but no one excels it for a combination of the beautiful and the grand. It cannot be viewed from above to any advantage, because the cliffs are there, except in one spot, where a zigzag path leads to the lofty Down; but from the sea and from the beach it is beheld under the most favorable aspect. It is enough totally different in character. Approaching the bay from the north, as in the present case, a crescent of chalk cliffs formed the background of a picture in which everything for that reason stood out as if in relief. Immense masses of outlying fragments still bid defiance to the waves, which furiously beat against them, and then, as if maddened by their resistance, thundered, white-tipped, on, and were the cliff itself into a hundred caverns. At one point in particular, it seemed as though the charging sea had made a regular battering-ram strategy, whereby the precipice had been pierced in more than one place, and a junction of its watery foes had been effected far within it. Sooner or later, the high cliff, for many a yard, was doomed, thus undermined, to fall; and on its face, the oblique layers of white flint—that grim own hieroglyphics—showed, like Belshazzar's warning. Small use it was to set those mighty warders, clothed in white, as if for their funeral column, when with every wave the precipice had been pierced in more than one place, and a junction of its watery foes had been effected far within it. Sooner or later, the high cliff, for many a yard, was doomed, thus undermined, to fall; and on its face, the oblique layers of white flint—that grim own hieroglyphics—showed, like Belshazzar's warning. Small use it was to set those mighty warders, clothed in white, as if for their funeral column, when with every wave the precipice had been pierced in more than one place, and a junction of its watery foes had been effected far within it. Sooner or later, the high cliff, for many a yard, was doomed, thus undermined, to fall; and on its face, the oblique layers of white flint—that grim own hieroglyphics—showed, like Belshazzar's warning. Small use it was to set those mighty warders, clothed in white, as if for their funeral column, when with every wave

The outlook from the extremity of this natural excavation was indeed exceeding fine. Left and right the light streamed in under rugged archways, each making a framework for the picture of the sparkling bay, the deep-blue mass of waters stretched unbroken till it met the sky; in the other, a line of jagged cliffs, about two furlongs distant, broke the monotony of the scene, and pencilled, it in weird and fantastic forms. But what was to be seen within the Mermaid's Cavern was still more exceeding beautiful, for the arches, broken and intersected by a thousand shadows, whose open walls of rainbow hues, such as no artist could ever hope to compass of the brown barnacle, 'picked out' with scarlet and yellow sponges, and dotted as the firmament with stars by the glittering specimens of ruddiest tint. Amethyst and ruby, garnet and emerald, all were there, standing out like bosses on a shield; and indeed the floor, a stone, which was a soft gold yielding substance, fresh as a flower, and bright as the glittering sands of a fifth island can yield. The ceiling of this treasure-house of nature was equally gorgeous; but the floor was of softest sand, which was only disturbed by the twinkling feet of the sea-fairies, after whom the place was named the "Mermaid's Cavern."

The tide was now at its ebb, at very low spring tides, were mortals admitted within this exquisite chamber, and then only for a very little while. Immediately after the turn of the tide, its beauties were hidden beneath the unconscious wave, to which, nevertheless, they owed their brightness and their bloom, but gladdening who shall say what eye?

Even on this occasion, the most opportune in all the year, there existed but two hours between the time that the last reluctant wave left the silver fringe of the floor of the cave and when the first wave of the flood-tide began silently to creep, to begin to haunt its echoing walls; and as the keel of the cutter clove the yielding sand to land its passenger——

"If you stay with the mermaids, sir, beyond an hour, you will be cut off from the land," were the man's warning, "you will not leave their company without wet feet."

He then leaped into the sea, and pushing the boat into deep water, climbed himself within it, and the sail filled once more, and lessened, and was lost, as the man Stevens watched it from the land.

With an evil glance up at the zigzag path, and a shrinking from the steep's tardiness, he sat down on the narrow beach, and drawing a letter from his pocket, read the contents slowly to himself: "Shall see me to-day, and perhaps may see with his hand—" she's quite wrong there. *When you have made sure of it.* Well, I have done that. "Will be at the Cavern at low tide." I myself am his dying look; an ugly sight, that haunts me still. It was a fool just now for shoving——. It must have been what had that conscience, I suppose; but I did see it—saw it as plain as I see this letter. Well, the end of all such nonsense, for I have a worse job in hand than that of yesterday. *When you have made sure of it, do not risk more than is necessary.* That's good to say, and, indeed, almost indispensable. *I can only calm R. C. by promising that she shall still be his; as, indeed, she will be, if he has proofs. He is obstinate as a mule, and mad as the maddest, unless this lure is dangled before his eyes. Again, I say, do not risk more with M., and as for the child, it will be invaluable. We will find means to bring it hither, and then to foolish mother will follow, I warrant, as a matter of course.* Well, I do not think me a milksop, nor that I forget my debts and yours: they will be paid all in time. *But again, I say, when you have made sure of R., risk nothing more at present.* I do risk nothing," soliloquized Gideon Carr, impatiently. "This business I have now in hand is certainly. Never again is it possible that such an opportunity will occur for killing both birds with one stone. Rupert Clifford will then be left without birth or kin. *Mad as the maddest*, she says—I doubt it not; but I think I know a way to circumvent even madness. As for what I will. If his fingers have joints in them, they shall write the words I dictate; and, at all events, sign his name in the right place on the parchment. How strange it seems that Grace and I, who have made so many sane folks appear mad, should now be striving to show this madman sane! I daresay Clement takes credit to himself for this, and calls it reparation. Poor creature—poor fool! However, most of us have our hours of weakness, or at least our moments—as I had mine a while ago. It must have been some touch of—what do they call it? Remorse; ay, some mawkishness which I myself know not to whom me, that caused me to think I saw through that man's glass—what? —pshaw! the thing must be a score of miles away by this time—half-way between the shingle and the foam; just as he said he would not have it be; of all fates, that the worst, he said—to welter on, shipwrecked, in the boundless main. I am sorry that I dropped that telescope. If the man had looked, what then? There was nothing for him to see; and nothing for that Dickens, either. I was a fool! and now am I a fool to stand here on the open beach, and let you fellows see that I care nothing for this Mermaid's Cavern, which I have come so far to explore."

He walked to the nearest opening, and looked in. "A dainty place for any lot of the land, and being a mermaid," muttered he, with a grim smile, "to die in. What a soft silver couch! What splendid hangings, and how rich the roof! Somewhat low, it's faith, but else how could one see the jewels? And they were precious stones indeed, and that I alone knew of this Aladdin's cave! Why, I would almost be worth while to adopt Clement's profession, if I could see, when he gets rich enough, to become pious, good—to make investments in the way of charity which may repay him in the other world. Methinks my own world should be high indeed, where the security is so problematical. Why does not this woman come? She will come, I feel certain, that confounded weapon from her husband, reminding her not to fail, was an excellent thought; she is a good wife, and she will come. Then, afterwards a little, that boon for, as if in a passion: "Why should she have thrust herself between my ends and me? Why have removed that man my victim? Why, as it turned him, of all men in the world most hateful to us? True, she is our niece; but, for that very reason, most unfitted for such bidding. No, curse her, she shall die! Will she bring the child herself, or will she leave it here to be the nursemaid? Or will that woman, the lieutenant's wife, who is now staying at her house, come with her?—that slowwitted fool, with a sentence of twice as much sense, entertains no favor for Mr. Stevens. I trust she may. There is room for all three to drown in this cavern, and it looks a dozen of years the same. It is a question of five minutes, more or less, with anybody; that is all. Mildred is tallest, and will be the first to reach her child and Grace. Ah! what fine crabs are here. Why, there's not a stone but roofs its tenant. That's what they talked of in the outlook, I suppose, along: but I was thinking of—I mean I was playing the fool. Well, these sidelong gaulty will have some pretty pickings on the day to come, late their guests are, who will also be their suppers! They will scarcely arrive before daybreak. If they see me standing without, that will be an excuse for them not to enter. They will merely beckon me up the cliff, and beckoning will be answer enough; therefore, I shall stand within here, Come, Mr. Crab, thou art so very large, that I have a desire to kill thee."

This he said as one of the monsters stretched a mailed arm from under a huge rock (for with great rocks, bearded, with trailing weed, the sand was studded), and then, with a terrified scream, made its hard projecting eye had seen some danger. "Come, friend, come out of thy hole."

But the crab, drawing back its claws and strove with might and main to turn it over; but it did but move in its damp setting a hair's-breadth. Then the fool, in his fiery pain, and angry at his failed, Gideon Carr made another attempt to gain his end. He knelt down, and scratched the sand away with both hands, as a terrier-animal at the burrow of a rabbit; but when he had made a considerable hole, he desisted. "I am a coward, he, "she will take it for a grave, perchance, as, indeed, it looks like one. But, nevertheless, this sand will fall in. The hole was not made, but bared his brawny arm, and, lying down into the hollow he had made, thrust it into the very recesses of the burrow reached the crab's weight, but, as he grasped it, the crab, in its turn, with its toothed claw, seized them like a rack and vice in one, and extracted the man his left hand. Angry, but rage soon conquered pain. "When I get out, my friend in armor," muttered he, "although I shall be obliged to make you know me, I will drive wedges into these claws of yours (a thing which I am told you do not like), and leave you to die where you found me. Ah! you are very certain dainty fare. Yes, you will come, notwithstanding that you struggle, and are very large and strong, and have a terrible claw. Ah! you are a brave, the giant strength of Gideon Carr was dragging it from its hole. He brought it down to the very mouth of its dwelling, when suddenly the huge stone itself, undermined by the previous digging, was shaken by the present contest, toppled and fell forward—only a few inches, but within them was included Gideon's naked wrist, on which it pressed like a new world on Atlas. Taken even at this frightful disadvantage, the man could still, perhaps, have wrenched out his maimed limb, but for the sudden flash of terror which shot into his mind recently that ever; his closed fist forming with the creature itself a sort of solid wedge, it was impossible to withdraw through the now narrowed aperture.

For the first time in his long life—in view, at least, of any material danger—the damps of fear gathered upon the brow of Gideon Carr. The frightful thought. What if this creature holds me till the tide comes up and drowns me? sped with a sharp agony through his brain. But, straightway, his mind was himself again—tenacious, indomitable, calm. Without motion—for was not every moment

now a loss of priceless strength?—he lay, calculating his chances. She would surely come, this Mildred for whom he had been waiting long, but not until now, impatiently. He had felt quite certain of her coming, a minute ago, or so, when he was free and out of all danger; then, why should he doubt now? His own misadventure could not have altered *her* plans. No; she must needs come. He would set her to dig at the sand about his wrist, and then, when he was loose—yes, he would drown her still. He was not like Clement to cry: "Ye powers of good, if ye will help me now, I will henceforth serve you." Why, was it not through this woman's tardiness—curse her!—that he was now lying humbled and racked with pain. There was no bone, however, broken—he knew that; nothing to prevent his swimming away when the time came. But suppose she could not free him with all her efforts. Then he would hold her there, and they should drown together. Ay, but they should. There should be no lying stories of righteous retribution, forsooth, told about Gideon Carr. As he had lived, implacable, unbelieving, defiant, so would he —— But, pshaw! why think of death? He should not, *could* not die! Were all his mighty plans for the future to be shattered by a paltry creature that was sold in the market for sixpence! Was Cliffe Hall to be plucked from his grasp for ever, and tens of thousands of pounds to be lost—for if he did not get them, were they not lost?—and thirst for vengeance not to be slaked, after all, but only whetted? For what was Raymond's death? He had written to Grace last night: *The first step of the road you think so perilous has been taken. R. C. is gone.* The first step! And was it, could it be fated that he was not to take a second? Fated? that word, though unformed by his lips, sent a tremor throughout his frame. What had the fool Raymond meant in his last agony by saying that he saw the winding-sheet bound high about him, the token of black doom immediately impending? Doubtless, a last malicious effort to give him discomfort—that was all. Ha! the rustling of a dress, and that of more than one! They are coming at last; the more the better, for the time is getting short, and the —— Gideon Carr did not conclude the thought, but, groaning, passed his disengaged arm for the second time across his forehead. It was no rustle of a dress which he had heard, but the echo of the first sibilating wave as it swept the sandy threshold of the Mermaid's Cavern; yes, that herald of the rising spring-tide had given its fatal warning. By that he knew, although he could not turn to see it, that the rim of beach was now no longer visible. Then, for a moment, his iron heart gave way, and a shrill scream of terror broke from his laboring lungs. Such a sound—the inarticulate confession of defeat—they had never sent forth before, and even now he did not appeal to heaven, nor yet to man.

The coast-guardsmen, sitting lazily upon the cliff above, were startled by it, and looked out sharply for the strange sea-bird who had uttered so harsh a note; and Mrs. Hepburn heard it on the Down beyond, and asked her friend what sound it was, who told her it was but the west wind. If he had repeated it—but no voice could have framed a second time a cry so terrible, the concentrated anguish of a hopeless heart—perhaps help might have come. No woman could possibly have released him from his position, but the strong arm of Robert Andrews might have done it. Even as it was, unaided, this imprisoned wretch, made frenzied by his peril, heaved up the rock by a tremendous effort some quarter of an inch, so that he saw the creature that was his jailer. Then back the mighty mass sunk down, and pinioned him as closely as before.

And now, when he knew that his own efforts must be unavailing, a curious change came over him; he had never—that is to say, within the last ten minutes, in which his whole life seemed to have been comprised—he had never felt so confident of rescue. Mildred would come, of course, and seeing the tide up, would conclude that an accident had occurred—that he had had a fit, or sprained an ankle, and would hasten down at once, for what was getting her feet wet in comparison with saving a fellow-creature's life? That was the way the woman would reason; doubtless, she must be positively certain he was *there*. She must have seen the cutter that brought him pass by Sandby. Where else *could* he be? And had not her husband told her—— Once more the guilty wretch shuddered from head to heel, for as his thoughts touched on Raymond, an icy hand was laid upon his limbs, as though a corpse had clasped them. Up, up it crept, and with it a stealthy sound. The tide had reached his feet, and higher yet. Though the floor of the cavern sloped upward, his very mouth was only a little higher than his feet, as there he lay; nay, the hollow of the sand which his own hands had dug, would cause him to drown more quickly. He had said that it looked like a grave, but never dreamed that his own form would fill it. He had jested of a few inches more or less making all the difference as to the survivorship in such a case as this, and now thus prostrate, he was doomed to drown sooner than any child of one year old. He remarked for the first time that the cavern was growing dark, and that a greenish tinge was mixed with what light there was; and turning as well as he could, he saw the two approaches to the place half filled with the rising tide, and only a jagged crescent of blue sky above it. Even while he looked, a tall, white-crested wave hissed in, and swept him to the very neck, and dashed his face with spray. The freshness of the foam seemed to revive him; and with a gleam of hope in his worn and anguished face, but with a cruel look upon it, too, even though the coming pain was to be his own, he drew forth a clasp-knife from his pocket; then dragging it open with his teeth, he began to saw the blade against the sinews of his captive wrist. He would escape still, ay, that he would. What was a hand more or less compared with life? If he had but thought of this a little earlier; but even now it was not too late. A mighty wave here whelmed him from foot to head. "Too late, too late!" it echoed, thundering in. "Too late, too late!" the screaming beach replied, dragged down by its return. Blinded by the salt water, Gideon could not find the place to aim at, but like an inexperienced woodman, cut and hacked the limb at random. Then another wave swept in, and roamed about the cave at leisure, and fell back upon him from the splendid roof and wall; and then another, and another, thundering Doom!

CHAPTER XXV.—DESOLATE.

"How shall I tell Raymond, when he comes home?" was the thought which now occupied poor Mildred's mind, whenever it was not dwelling upon her lost Millie's fate. "How shall I find words to let him know that we are desolate, nay, worse than desolate, for that is what we say when Death has snatched our darlings only to give them to God!"

The agony of the mother was the more insupportable, since she was forced to remain inactive—since nothing could be done, save what already had been done. She could not take coach to Cliffe, and cry to the wolfish woman there:

"You have stolen my lamb."

Well convinced as she was that such was the case, she had not a particle of proof to support the accusation. It was useless to inform the police of the true state of the case, since that would enable them to take no further steps at present. When the actual stealer of the child should be tracked and secured, then, indeed, some blow might be struck at her who had set him on. But, at present, there was nothing for it but to wait and weep. Perhaps, when Raymond came, he might suggest some course of action, and yet the terror of having to tell him, "Our Milly is stolen," so weighed down her soul, that she scarce wished him back. It would have almost been a relief to her, in her lonely anguish, if he had sent a messenger from Marmouth to say: "My business keeps me here awhile." In the interim, perhaps, the robber might be captured, the child restored; or Aunt Grace herself might relent. No, that was impossible. Even if she could have heard of her niece's agony, of the desolation she had wrought in hearth and heart, of the utter wreck of that humble little household, which she had effected as by the lightning's stroke, no touch of pity would have moved her; of that Mildred was sure as of her loss itself. Hope she felt still; on which, indeed, alone she fed, through which alone she lived, and did not wither suddenly, like a flower beneath the pall of the first snow—but not in her aunt's mercy. No, it was the thought of that hard, vengeful woman, which, more than all, made her dread her husband's coming. But when Raymond did not come, nor any messenger to tell her wherefore, and the third evening of his absence was thickening into night, then she began to feel that the uttermost depths of wretchedness had not been sounded even yet.

Terrible, indeed, are the weapons which God sometimes uses, or, in His inexplicable wisdom, suffers to be used against His creatures for their good. Inexhaustible is the armory of His tremendous will. "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be His name," is a wise saying; but let no human mourner venture to add—He can now take away no more; He has done His worst, or what seems to be His worst, when in truth all is good.

The arrows of His wrath have darkened our sun, but the night of our sorrow has still, perhaps, some moon of comfort. What, then, if the flight of His chastening darts continue yet, and darken *it* also, until all indeed is night! The shield of Resignation is sometimes raised in vain—or what seems in vain, to our poor, impatient, ignorant, fretful spirit, with its "How long, how long?"—and, smitten through and through, we lie prostrate in the dust, and still are smitten. Then, what was sorrow before becomes almost joy by contrast with the more dismal present, as one who, from inner gloom, looks forth on some late-traversed dusky way, and wonders how, with those glimmering stars above it, it ever could have seemed so dark.

Thus, no sooner did the shadow of her coming widowhood begin to steal over poor child-bereft Mildred, than all her former woe seemed almost light; she no longer feared her husband's arrival, but waited for it eagerly, and at first hopefully; then yearned for it as never bride longed for bridegroom; then prayed for it, as for some blessed boon, almost beyond the power of Heaven to grant; and still her husband came not. Mildred had heard from Mrs. Carey of the frightful fate of the man Stevens; of how one of the Sandby fishermen had gone to the Mermaid's Cave for crabs at the next low tide, and found the drowned man still imprisoned, like another Milo, by the pitiless stone, with his wrist half cut through, and the knife still clasped in his other hand. Directly she heard the news, a shudder had run through her frame, not upon his account alone who had thus perished, but because she also seemed to see a retribution in it, for some crime at present undivulged—the finger of the Avenger pointing to another fatal catastrophe, in which Raymond's own life might be involved. And when, after a little, news arrived that he had never reached Marmouth, never got to the end of the journey begun with his dread companion, then, indeed—her husband murdered and her helpless child in the power of her bitterest foe—it seemed that there was no new sorrow, as no joy, left in the world for Mildred. In vain Mrs. Carey besought her to leave her own desolate home and remove to "Lucky Bay," out of reach of further hurt.

"No," answered she, with bitterness, "lest my slain Raymond's spirit, wandering hither, should seek for me in vain; or lest, when Grace deems it time to smite, that of my murdered Millie should return, and wail for me about the desolate home, which is the only one she knew. While, as to further hurt, my friend," continued she, "I would thank this aunt of mine to send and slay me, as the most welcome revenge she can take."

If friendship and genuine sympathy could have mitigated such woes as Mildred's, there were many who would have gladly helped to bear them. Coast-guard and smugglers, for the first time, united in a common object—in striving to bring her comfort. If the stealer of her child had fallen into the hands of either party, it would have gone hard with him, indeed. The lieutenant was quite a changed man; all merriment and good-nature had left his eyes. Like a knight-errant under a vow of vengeance, who abjures feast and tourney, and even puts in abeyance his fealty to his own sovereign lady, so did Lieutenant Carey forsake pipe and glass, and even his duty to his fair mistress, the Revenue, and scoured the country night and day, and by land and sea, in Mrs. Hepburn's cause. Every yard of cliff, and particularly the Beacon Cliff, about which suspicions had been excited by Stevens's behavior in the cutter, was examined by his own eyes, from his own boat. Every foot of ground traversed by Raymond along the down-land on that fatal day was gone over with the carefulness of a sleuth-hound. His men, too, whose hearts had been won by Raymond's generosity and friendly bearing, worked in the same cause with a will. Nor, as I have said, were the free-traders backward in showing their sympathy for the widowed and childless lady, although they evinced it in a very strange manner.

They would not permit the body of Stevens to lie by the side of their own dead in the little churchyard. In vain were they told that they had no right to charge the poor wretch with a crime which it was not even proved had been committed at all. In vain was the drowned man interred with all decency by clergyman and clerk. They dug him up, again and again, and cast his dishonored limbs upon the wayside stones, until it was found necessary to remove them to a distant locality. Walter Dickson, whose boat had visited the Beacon Cliffs so immediately after Stevens had exhibited such an inexplicable dread of them, had come up himself to Pampas Cottage, and assured poor Mildred, with a profusion of the strongest expressions in his vocabulary, that it was out of possibility that any person could have been pushed over the cliff in that part, without leaving, to a practiced eye like his (to which, moreover, the place was known as well as the palm of his own hand), some traces of his fall. The evident desire of the man to give some comfort, so moved Mrs. Carey, who was present, that she rose up and shook both the freetrader's hands. "But you see it is no use, my man," she whispered, pointing to Mildred's hopeless face; "and even if you could give her hope, it would be a mistaken kindness. Nevertheless, I owe you a good turn for this, Walter Dickson, and will repay it you, if it should ever be in my power."

"Bless your kind, honest face," returned the smuggler, with a curious sort of struggle in his own weather-beaten features. "If ever a coast-guardsman does go to heaven, it will be your husband, who has got an angel for his wife, to show him the way. Perhaps it is as you say, and nothing as I can tell this poor lady can do her good; but if she was to take the good Book to my old woman this evening, as she has often done afore, who is down and abed with the rheumatics, and nothing to think upon except the boys we lost at sea, older than this poor child (whom, please God, we shall see again), and, therefore, worse to part with, she might, maybe, forget for a little this sad trouble of her own in —— There, if she ain't gone to put on her bonnet and shawl already! We won't keep her from your company—that is, my old woman won't—not half an hour. She'll read, it is likely, just a chapter out of Job—something as teaches folk to put up with everything; although Job, I warrant—and saving your presence, Mrs. Carey—never knew what it was to be troubled with the Excise."

Whether it was the act of a good Catholic to read the sacred volume in the vulgar tongue to a female heretic, deservedly suffering from the rheumatics, was a question with which, I fear, Mildred Clifford did not concern herself, although she was, probably, the first of her name who had ever committed mortal sin in that particular. Perhaps the Church forgave her, in consideration of her ignorance and her good intentions; but, certainly, upon her return—which did not take place nearly so soon as Mr. Walter Dickson had specified—she did not present the appearance of one who had incurred grave spiritual penalties. On the contrary, the consolation which she had administered she also seemed to have partaken of, and that so largely that Mrs. Carey could not restrain an ejaculation of joyful surprise. "You have heard some good news, dear Mildred; I am sure you have," exclaimed she, excitedly.

"I have nothing new to tell you, Marion, but only the corroboration of something you said the other day, but which I, Heaven forgive me! was too hard of heart to acknowledge. You told me then that God was never thanked in vain. Within these few minutes I have found, my friend, that that is a true saying; but please do not ask me any questions."

SEA-BIRDS.—The question is often asked, Where do sea-birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst? but we have never seen it satisfactorily answered till a few days ago. An old skipper, with whom we were conversing on the subject, said that he had frequently seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them with water, hovering round and under a storm-cloud, chattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain-squall a hundred miles, or even further off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness. How long sea-birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture; but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and, possibly, they can go without it for many days, if not for several weeks.

HOW AN ILLUSTRATED PAPER IS MADE.

(*From the Evening Post.*)

AMONG the marvelous developments of American skill and enterprise during the past decade, none has been more notable than that exemplified in the history and growth of illustrated papers and periodicals. Among the enterprises of this nature we have chosen to-day to allude especially to that which has grown into mammoth proportions under the sole direction of Mr. Frank Leslie, whose various publications are known throughout the land. Their readers will be interested to know how the great events and minor incidents of the past war have been made familiar and real to them, and now, in these peace times, all remarkable occurrences, distinguished or notorious personages and notable places, are so promptly and vividly portrayed for them.

For this purpose we have recently visited the large establishment which has subsidized so much and such a variety of talent, and which in itself is such an illustration of American enterprise. Commencing at the private office of Mr. Leslie, we are shown specimens of the pictorial papers of ten or twelve years ago, when—with excellent plates—the processes of printing were crude and defective compared with those at present in use. Mr. Leslie, it should be said, has been a pioneer in the business, and has been among the foremost in introducing the various improvements which have been made in it.

After examining the successive improvements made by Mr. Leslie, as shown by his files, we took a look at the sketches from which the cuts are engraved. These were from all parts of the country, some from well-known artists, and many by amateurs of more than ordinary skill.

During the war more than fifteen artists were continuously employed, whose sketches were received regularly every morning, Five hundred of these sketches were presented by Mr. Leslie to the Sanitary Fair.

Passing to the department where the engravers work, we first noticed the manner in which the blocks were engraved. Formerly a single block of wood was used; but this was a slow process, and entirely unsuited for the demands of a pictorial that would represent current events promptly. Instead of this, several small blocks are now skillfully joined together, upon which the drawing is made. They are then taken apart and each piece is given to a different engraver. We saw one block made of thirty-six pieces, and which cost $130. The wood is procured from Philadelphia.

Besides the large number of artists whose sketches are occasionally received, Mr. Leslie employs regularly over forty engravers and twelve artists to put the sketches on the blocks. His weekly bill for engraving alone amounts to over two thousand dollars. His establishment has, in fact, been a sort of school for artists. Many who have now a national reputation were once employed by him in subordinate situations.

There are some now in the establishment who have gradually risen from humble positions to occupy the first and best paid places. The sketches of some of these, published in the *Chimney Corner*, show a great degree of perfection.

After the drawings are finished they are taken to the superintendent of this department, who decides which shall be engraved in the establishment. At first the rejected ones were very numerous, as there were but a few good artists in the city. Now, however, the establishment of Mr. Leslie alone has at its service a large corps of able artists. The excellence of their work is not fully realized by the public, however, as the present exorbitant prices of paper preclude the use of the quality Mr. Leslie would desire to have for his publications. One secret of his success in securing subordinates is due to the fact that he makes few changes in his establishment. We saw many persons who had been with him for twelve years. He had formerly to give the strictest personal attention to all the details of his business, but by the introduction of numerous improvements, and by the training of competent subordinates, he has in a measure freed himself from this degree of care.

One of the most interesting features of the establishment is the room where photographs are taken on wood. The difficulties to be overcome in doing this were very great, as the boxwood used absorbs like a sponge, and it was seemingly impossible to wash off the silver without warping the wood. There were other equally serious obstacles, which have been all overcome, so that now we have wood-cuts from photographs which are remarkable for their life-like fidelity.

Descending to the press-room, which is unusually large, light and pleasant, we are shown the various kinds of presses used in the printing of Mr. Leslie's numerous publications. These have been all made under his express direction, one of them—just imported from London—having the capacity to print three thousand copies per hour. There are four double and twelve single presses, and forty thousand dollars' worth of paper in this room. In the folding-room is a machine that folds three thousand papers per hour.

One of the greatest difficulties Mr. Leslie had to contend with arose from the fact that he could not procure the right quality of printing ink. At first he tried imported inks, but these failed. He then energetically set to work to manufacture for himself, and was rewarded by success in making an article of the required quality.

In so extensive an establishment, where so many different papers are prepared and published, there must, of course, be the utmost degree of order and system, and this we found in a remarkable degree. In each of the several editorial departments, and in the various business and mechanical departments, we found admirable organization and subdivision of labor, the head of each being responsible for his special work. The amount of business transacted can be estimated when we say that the receipts of the establishment are nearly one million dollars a year. The circulation of Leslie's papers and periodicals is enormous. If they were cut in strips one yard wide—according to his estimate—one issue of them would reach from New York, by way of Philadelphia and Baltimore, to Fredricksburgh, Virginia. Mr. Leslie is the publisher and proprietor of eight illustrated periodicals, viz.: *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, *Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrirte Zeitung* (German), *Frank Leslie's Illustracion Americana* (Spanish), *Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine*, *Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours*, *Frank Leslie's Children's Friend*, *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*, together with the following four almanacs: *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Almanac*, *Frank Leslie's Lady's Almanac*, *Frank Leslie's Comic Almanac*, *Frank Leslie's New England Almanac*. These are all conducted by one man, who has never had a partner, and has gradually risen from being the possessor of a thousand dollars capital to the exclusive control and ownership of this great publishing establishment, a deserved reward of unfaltering enterprise, skill and good management. Among the publications we have named, the *Illustrated News* has been the longest and most extensively known, but others bid fair to equal it in popularity. The *Chimney Corner*, especially, has been a great success. On the thirty-ninth week of its publication it reached the unprecedented circulation of one hundred and sixty thousand copies. The other publications have been also, without exception, very successful.

It has been a mystery to some how Mr. Leslie supplies the great Western demand. He has established a branch house in Chicago, where the *Chimney Corner* is printed from duplicate plates, under the superintendence of his son, from paper manufactured in that vicinity.

The secret of Mr. Leslie's success may be summed up in a single line—he understands every branch of his business—being at once artist and engraver, and the first who has brought to perfection the art of printing wood-cuts by steam-power in this country.



NATURAL BRIDGE OVER CAYOTE CREEK, CALAVERAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

NATURAL BRIDGE IN CALIFORNIA.

NATURE has shown her most sportive moods in the land of gold. Such variety and supplies of minerals, such gigantic trees, such stupendous waterfalls, such sublime scenery, are found in no other part of the world. Verily, it is a land of wonders. On this page we give two illustrations of a remarkable natural bridge over the Cayote Creek, in Calaveras county. Approaching it from the east, along the stream, the entrance beneath presents the appearance of a noble Gothic arch of massive stone-work, thirty-two feet in height above the water, and twenty-five feet in width at the abutments; while the rock and earth above, supported by the arch, are thirty or more feet in thickness, and overgrown to some extent with trees and shrubbery.

Passing under the bridge, the walls extend upward to an almost perfectly-formed and pointed arch, and maintaining their width and elevation, but with here and there an irregularity, serving to heighten the interest of the beautiful scene presented. Along the roof hang innumerable stalactites, like opaque icicles, but solid as the marble of which they are formed. As we advance, the width of the arch increases to forty feet, and its height to fifty feet, and the spacious cave resembles an immense cathedral, with its vaulted arches and numberless columns, with here and there a jutting portion, as though an attempt had been made to rough-hew an altar and corridor, with massive steps; while stalactites, springing from the bottom and sides, appear like waxen candles ready to be lighted. Approaching the lower side of this immense arch, its form becomes materially changed, increasing in width; while the roof, becoming more flattened, is brought down to within five feet of the water of the creek. The entire distance through the vast natural bridge is about three hundred feet.

MESSRS. BLUNT & NICHOLS'S

Nautical Instrument Establishment.

THERE are many places of interest in this city which, making little show or pretension, are passed by without notice, though they contribute largely to the importance of the metropolis. We were forcibly reminded of this fact the other day by a call at the Nautical Instrument Establishment of Messrs. Blunt & Nichols, the salesroom of which we illustrate on this page. It was commenced by Mr. Blunt's grandfather, in 1797, and located in its present position in 1838, where it has grown into one of the largest and most perfect of the kind in the country.

As we entered the large salesroom, we were struck with the variety and perfection of the instruments displayed. Night and field-glasses, of exquisite finish and unerring accuracy, were temptingly arranged in handsome cases, awaiting the inspection of visitors and purchasers; while the array of marine chronometers and fine watches strongly inclined us to turn burglar and become the possessor of an unvarying timepiece. And these are not imported, but manufactured in the establishment, and, in point of beauty and accuracy, are unsurpassed. No "Jurgensen," or "Cooper," or "Tobias" watch can excel those turned out here; while those who pride themselves on encouraging home manufactures can have their wants supplied by Messrs. Blunt & Nichols with an American article that will never fail to give entire satisfaction, for every instrument is inspected by one of the firm, and warranted perfect.

The graduation of instruments was formerly a most difficult process, which could be done only in Europe. To overcome this difficulty, Mr. Blunt constructed a most ingenious and complete dividing engine, the largest in the country, except the one in the United States Coast Survey Office, by which scales and verniers are marked with the nicest accuracy. This machine is automatic, thus avoiding all possibility of mistake.

The firm likewise manufacture every description of astronomical and surveying instruments, together with drafting-tools and everything used by the surveyor. Their marine charts have gained so high a reputation for neatness and accuracy, and are printed with so much care, that they have become as familiar with navigators as household words, and their facilities for furnishing them are unsurpassed. As to the "Coast Pilot" and "Bowditch," comment is unnecessary.

Every instrument and article offered for sale by Messrs. Blunt & Nichols is manufactured in their own establishment and under their direct supervision; and while they maintain the reputation for good workmanship which the house has long enjoyed, by availing themselves of all modern improvements, they are able to meet the demands of the public and to extend their business and fame. As a gratifying evidence of the magnitude of their operations, we may state that they employ about fifty men in the various branches of their manufacture.



THE SALESROOM OF MESSRS. BLUNT & NICHOLS, THE WELL-KNOWN NAUTICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS, 179 WATER STREET, NEW YORK.

THE GALLERY OF A LONDON THEATRE.

A WRITER on London life thus describes his youthful experience at the theatre, when his limited funds would afford him admission only to the gallery:

"When I first entered, I found men and boys lying at full length on the front seats, and displaying the selfishness of human nature in the most violent manner. When, however, the excitement had subsided, and the whole mass had settled down into something like order, a little play was given to more generous feelings. I was invited into a good seat, and offered cakes and mutton pies. The place was intensely hot, but in spite of many discomforts, the gallery folks contrived to get more enjoyment for their sixpences than most of the box visitors did for their half-crowns. The appearance of this motley crew is well depicted in the illustration, and with slight variations, similar scenes are constantly presented in American places of amusement."



UPPER SIDE OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE OVER CAYOTE CREEK, CALAVERAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

AN ORISSA BRAHMIN.

THE Brahmin priests of India embrace the highest caste, and consider themselves a superior race of beings. The undisputed exercise of authority, and the respect shown to their official character, have rendered them exceedingly arrogant and bigoted. The illustration shows one of these Brahmins offering his devotion to the sun, which, in India, is an object of worship. Many of these men are well educated, and being fond of disputation, they hold long and able arguments with the missionaries, who have endeavored to teach them the truths of Christianity. As a class, they are superstitious, and generally averse to any changes in their belief and forms of worship, though the influence of European civilization is gradually molding their social and religious system into a modern type.

THE DOG AND THE PIES.

THE almost marvelous extent to which the sagacity of the dog can be cultivated, and the affection he shows to his master, render that animal a universal favorite, and make him the chosen companion of man.

The illustration on the next page, shows the result of careful training, and how the sagacity of the brute was put to practical uses.

The dog was trained by his master to execute various commissions. When he wanted him to go to market, he made certain signs which the dog understood, and immediately set off to bring home whatever was put into the basket intended for his master.

He went on in this manner without accident, when, one evening, as he was returning with some hot pies, two dogs, attracted by the smell of the pastry, attacked the faithful messenger. The dog instantly dropped the basket, and placing himself before it, flew with determined courage at the first that advanced; but, while thus engaged, the other dog ran to the basket, and began to devour the pies. After a moment's hesitation, seeing that it was impossible to preserve the pies for his master, he determined, at least, to have them for himself, and accordingly darted upon them and dispatched all that remained.

A RUSSIAN CAKE-SELLER.

WITH a slight variation of costume, New York could afford almost the exact counterpart of the Russian cake-seller. At the corners of our streets, venders of small wares, and especially of such things as the children like, station themselves to supply the wants and receive the pennies of the passing crowds. And so, the world over, the hope of gain will induce men to follow any calling that promises compensation. Though engaged in an humble pursuit, many of these cake-sellers manage to make a very comfortable livelihood.

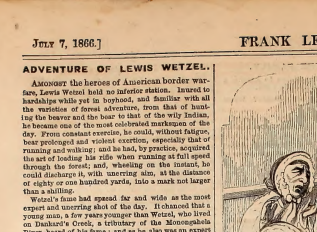
The one shown in our picture seems to be a good-natured fellow; just such an one as would please the little folks and dispose of his stock rapidly. Contented with his lot, he wishes his patrons to be satisfied with their purchases, and when one cake is sold, he is ready to offer another to the next comer.

MODERN ROYAL AUTHORS.—At the present moment, authorship seems to be the fashionable pastime of the Courts of Europe. The Crown Prince of Prussia is engaged upon a history of the Electoral Princes of Brandenburg. The ex-King of Greece (Otho of Bavaria) is translating the "Iliad" of Homer; and his father, Louis, ex-King of Bavaria, is at Nice, giving the last touches to a new volume of poems. King John of Saxony has just issued the third and last volume of Dante's "Divina Commedia," translated by himself into German. The literary labors of the Emperor and Empress of the French have been subjects for conversation and criticism for a long time; while it is said that Omar Pasha is busy writing a "Life of Alexander the Great."

ADVENTURE OF LEWIS WETZEL.

AMONGST the heroes of American border warfare, Lewis Wetzel held no inferior station. Inured to hardships while yet in boyhood, and familiar with all the varieties of forest adventure, from that of hunting the beaver and the bear to that of the wily Indian, he became one of the most celebrated marksmen of the day. From constant exercise, he could, without fatigue, bear prolonged and violent exertion, especially that of running and wading; and he had, by practice, acquired the art of loading his rifle when running at full speed through the forest; and, wheeling on the instant, he could discharge it, with unerring aim, at the distance of eighty or one hundred yards, into a mark not larger than a shilling.

Wetzel's fame had spread far and wide as the most expert and unerring shot of the day. It chanced that a young man, a few years younger than Wetzel, who lived on Dunkard's Creek, a tributary of the Monongahela River, heard of his fame; and as he also was an expert woodsman, and a first-rate shot—the best in his settlement—he became very desirous of an opportunity for a trial of skill. So great was his desire, that he one day shouldered his rifle, and whistling his faithful dog to his side, started for the neighborhood of Wetzel, who, at that time, lived on Wheeling Creek, distant about twenty miles from the settlement on Dunkard's Creek. When about halfway on his journey, a fine buck sprang up just before him. He levelled his gun with his usual precision, but the deer, though badly wounded, did not fall dead in his tracks. His faithful dog soon seized him and brought him to the ground; but while in the act of doing this, another dog sprang from the forest upon the same deer, and his master, marking the appearance at the same time from behind a tree, with a loud voice claimed the buck as his property, because he had been wounded by his shot and seized by his dog. It so happened that they had both fired at once at this deer, a fact which may very well happen when two active men are hunting on the same ground, although one may fire at the distance of fifty yards and the other at one hundred. The dogs felt the same spirit of rivalry with their masters, and quitting the deer, which was already dead, fell to worrying and tearing each other. In separating the dogs, the stranger hunter happened to strike that of the young man. The old adage, "strike my dog, strike myself," arose in full force, and without further ceremony, except a few angry words, he fell upon the hunter and hurled him to the ground. This was no sooner done than he found himself turned, and under his stronger and more powerful antagonist. Discovering that he was no match at this play, the young man appealed to the trial by rifles, saying it was too much like dogs for men and hunters to fight in this



AN ONEIDA BRAMMIN.

way. The stranger assented to the trial, but told his antagonist that before he put it fairly to the test, he had better see what he was able to do with the rifle, saying that he was as much superior, he thought, with that weapon as he was in bodily strength. He bade him place a mark, the size of a shilling, on the side of a huge poplar that stood beside them, from which he would start with his rifle unloaded, and running one hundred yards at full speed, he would load it as he ran, and wheeling, would discharge it instantly to the centre of the mark.

The feat was no sooner proposed than performed; the ball entered the centre of the diminutive mark. Astonished at his activity and skill, his antagonist instantly inquired his name. "Lewis Wetzel, at your service," answered the stranger. The young hunter seized him by the hand with all the ardor of youthful admiration, and at once acknowledged his own inferiority. So charmed was he with Wetzel's frankness, skill and fine personal appearance, that he insisted upon his returning with him to the settlement on Dunkard's Creek, that he might exhibit his talents to his own family, and to the hardy backwoodsmen, his neighbors. Nothing loth to such an exhibition, and pleased with the energy of his new acquaintance, Wetzel consented to accompany him, shortening the way with their mutual tales of hunting excursions and hazardous contests with the common enemies of the country. Amongst other things, Wetzel stated his manner of distinguishing the footsteps of a white man from those of an Indian, although covered with moccasins and intermixed with the tracks of savages. He had acquired this last from closely examining the manner of placing the feet; the Indian stepping with his feet in parallel lines, and first bringing the toe to the ground; while the white man almost invariably places his feet at an angle with the line of march. An opportunity they little expected soon gave room to put his skill to the trial. On reaching the young man's home, which they did that day, they found the dwelling a smoking ruin, and all the family lying murdered and scalped, except a young woman who had been brought up in the family, and to whom the young man was ardently attached. She had been taken away alive, as was ascertained by examining the trail of the savages. Wetzel soon discovered that the party consisted of three Indians and a renegade white man—a fact not uncommon in those early days, when, for crime, or the love of revenge, the white outlaw fled to the savages, and was adopted on trial into their tribe.

As it was past the middle of the day, and the nearest ambuscade and from some considerable distance, that there were only four to contend with, they decided on instant pursuit. As the dead had very recently been slain, they hoped to overtake them in their camp that night, and, perhaps, before they could cross the Ohio River, to which the Indians always retreated after a successful incursion, considering them also in a manner safe when they had crossed to the right bank, at that time occupied wholly by the Indian tribes.

Ardent and unwearied was the pursuit by the youthful huntsmen; the one, excited to recover his lost mistress; the other, to assist his new friend and to take revenge for the slaughter of his countrymen—slaughter and revenge being the daily business of the borderers at this period. Wetzel followed the trail with the unerring sagacity of a bloodhound, and just at dusk traced the fugitives to a noted war-path, nearly opposite to the mouth of Captina Creek, emptying into the Ohio, which, much to their disappointment, they found the Indians had crossed, by forming a raft of logs and brush, their usual manner when at a distance from their villages. By examining carefully the appearances on the opposite shore, they soon discovered the fire of the Indian camp in a hollow way, a few yards from the river. Lest the noise of constructing a raft should alarm the Indians and give notice of the pursuit, the two hardy adventurers determined to swim the stream a few rods below. This they easily accomplished, being both of them excellent swimmers. Fastening their clothes and ammunition in a bundle on the top of their heads, with their rifles resting on the left hip, they reached the opposite shore in safety. After carefully examining their arms, and putting every article of attack or defence in its proper place, they crawled very cautiously to a position which gave them a fair view of their enemies, who, thinking themselves safe from pursuit, were carelessly reposing around their fire, thoughtless of the fate that awaited them. They instantly discovered the young woman, apparently unhurt, but making much moaning and lamentation, while the white man was trying to pacify and console her with the promise of kind usage and an adoption into the tribe. The young man, hardly able to restrain his rage, was for firing and rushing instantly upon them. Wetzel, more cautious, told him to wait until daylight appeared, when they could make the attack with a better chance of success, and of also killing the whole party; but if they attacked in the dark, a part of them would certainly escape.

As soon as daylight dawned, the Indians arose and prepared to depart. The young man selecting the white renegade and Wetzel an Indian, they both fired at the same time, each killing his man. The young man rushed forward, knife in hand, to relieve the young woman, while Wetzel loaded his gun and yielded it up to one of the two surviving Indians, who had taken to the woods until they could ascertain the number of their enemies. Wetzel, as soon as he saw that he was discovered, discharged his rifle at random, in order to draw them from their covert. Hearing the report and finding themselves unhurt, the Indians rushed upon him before he could again reload. This was as he wished. Taking to his heels, Wetzel loaded as he ran, and, suddenly wheeling about, discharged his rifle through the body of his nearest, but unsuspecting enemy. The remaining Indian, seeing the fate of his companion and that his enemy's rifle was unloaded, rushed forward with all energy, the prospect of speedy revenge being fairly before him. Wetzel led him on, dodging from tree to tree, until his rifle was again ready, when, suddenly turning, he shot his remaining enemy, who fell dead at his feet. After taking their scalps, Wetzel and his friend, with their rescued captive, returned in safety to the settlement.



THE GALLERY OF A LONDON THEATRE.



THE DOG AND THE FIRE.

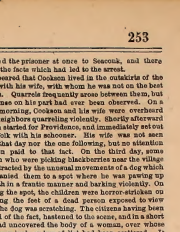
A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

AMONG the many cases of mistaken identity known in the records of the law, few are more curious than the following:

Several years ago, Inspector Leonard, then a Captain of Police, received a telegraphic dispatch from the police authorities at Providence, R. I., requesting him to arrest John M. Cookson, master of a small coasting schooner plying between Providence and Norfolk, Va. The accused was charged with having murdered his wife at the little town of Sconcoh, near Providence. Capt. Leonard at once set about the task required of him, and in a very short time ascertained that Capt. Cookson's schooner was then lying in the harbor of New York. He at once boarded the vessel, and, on inquiring for the master, Capt. Cookson appeared in person. The officer notified him of the charges against him and of his purpose to arrest him. Cookson turned pale, stammered, was confused, and, in fact, showed all those signs of embarrassment which are generally interpreted as evidences of guilt, but may also be the effect of surprise and virtuous indignation. He, however, submitted quietly to the arrest, protesting, in the most solemn manner, his innocence, and declaring that he knew nothing of the whereabouts of his wife, if she were not at home. The officer conveyed the prisoner at once to Sconcoh, and there learned the facts which had led to the arrest.

It appeared that Cookson lived in the outskirts of the village with his wife, with whom he was not on the best of terms. Quarrels frequently arose between them, but no violence on his part had ever been observed. On a certain morning, Cookson and his wife were overheard by the neighbors quarreling violently. Shortly afterward Cookson started for Providence, and immediately set out for Norfolk with his schooner. His wife was not seen during that day nor the one following, but no attention had been paid to that fact. On the third day, some children who were picking blackberries near the village were attracted by the unusual movements of a dog which accompanied them to a spot where he was pawing up the earth in a frantic manner and barking violently. On reaching the spot, the children were horror-stricken at beholding the feet of a dead person exposed to view where the dog was scratching. The citizens having been notified of the fact, hastened to the scene, and in a short time had uncovered the body of a woman, over whose remains an inch or two of dirt had been scattered. It was found that the body was frightfully mutilated, and had been pounded with some quick-lime to aid in its decomposition previous to being covered with earth. The body was conveyed to the village, and there identified as the remains of Mrs. Cookson. The mother and sister of that lady positively identified the body, not only by the general appearance, but by certain marks. Mrs. Cookson's hair was somewhat singular in its color, and her manner of wearing it was peculiar. She had lost one of her front teeth and another had been filled with composition. These marks all appeared on the body of the dead person, and the mother and sister were not only positive on these points, but also identified the clothing with which the corpse was covered. The fact of no quarrel between Cookson and his wife became known, and the dead body of the woman found in the woods being recognized as that of Mrs. Cookson, led to the belief that the latter had fallen a victim to her husband's violence. The dispatch to Capt. Leonard was of a character to excite the deepest interest.

When the prisoner arrived at Sconcoh the indignation of the citizens against him was most intense, and for a short time it was feared that lynch law would be called into requisition. Good sense, however, guided the citizens, and the prisoner was confined in jail to await the action of the Grand Jury. This body soon met, and with little delay found an indictment against John M. Cookson for the murder of his wife. Additional evidence of a circumstantial nature was adduced calculated to remove all shadow of doubt as to the guilt of the accused. It was shown that after the quarrel with his wife, the accused had come down to Providence and there purchased a barrel of lime, which had been sent on board his schooner. From this time he was lost sight of for several hours, and the next that was known he had boarded his schooner at an unreasonable hour and suddenly put to sea. The prisoner explained that he certainly did quarrel with his wife, and, leaving her in anger, had determined to start upon his voyage as



A MEXICAN CAKE SELLER.

speedily as possible. As he was going to a southern climate, in hot weather, he had purchased a little lime to be used as a disinfectant on board his schooner. He could suggest no possible place where his wife could have concealed herself, and, indeed, had no doubt but that the body found was her remains. His explanations, of course, were disbelieved, and his fate was considered settled. The prisoner himself thought that there was no possible way to establish his innocence; the evidence against him appeared conclusive, and the only opposition to it he could interpose was his unsupported statement. He abandoned himself to despair, and as the day for his trial approached, all hope had fled from his bosom. Arrangements for his trial were completed, the day was fixed, counsel had volunteered to defend to the extent of their ability the seemingly doomed man, when, the day before the trial was to commence, Mrs. Cookson, alive and well, appeared upon the scene and claimed her husband! Of course the prison-doors were opened, and he who had so long shed beneath the shadows of the gallows was restored to society with an unstained reputation.

Mrs. Cookson accounted for her absence by stating that, after the quarrel with her husband and his departure for Norfolk, she had departed quite as hastily for New Hampshire, where she had been visiting some friends. Being an uneducated woman, she had held no communication with her relatives, and they had been in utter ignorance of her whereabouts. She returned on the critical time she did, supposing her husband would have completed his voyage, not knowing that he was imprisoned on charge of having murdered her.

The question then arose, "Who was the woman who had been thus murdered?" but no satisfactory answer could be given; and, although the police long devoted their energies to unraveling the mystery, no solution to it could be obtained, and the affair was forgotten. The unfortunate woman slept in the graveyard at Sconcoh—no friend visited her grave, and no one could tell her story. Her sad fate, with her remarkable resemblance to another, had secured for her Christian burial, and that was all that was known of her.

A short time since Inspector Leonard had in custody a noted burglar, who had long been known to the authorities as being one of the most skilful of his class. This man gave to the Inspector a solution of the Sconcoh mystery, which has never been printed. He said the the murdered woman was the wife of an expert English

burglar sam-d Collins, who is now dead. Collins had long followed his nefarious profession, from the proceeds of which his wife had endeavored to wean him. She was aware of many of the secrets of the gang to which Collins belonged, and particularly of all the facts connected with a burglary perpetrated at Providence shortly previous to her death. The gang had become suspicious of her, and, fearing that she might expose them, had resolved upon her death. She was accordingly most brutally murdered by her husband and his associates, and her body disposed of in the manner described, Collins immediately left the scene and shortly afterward died in prison. The burglar who related these facts knew nothing regarding the history of the unfortunate woman, save that she was born in England, and was Collins's wife. The old adage that "Murder will out" seldom fails, although the development may sometimes be delayed until the perpetrator has answered the charge before a Court from which there is no appeal.

WANTED—A MINISTER.

We have been without a pastor
Some eighteen months or more,
And though candidates are plenty—
We've had at least a score,
All of them "up-top" preachers—
Or so their letters ran—
We're just as far as ever
From settling on the man.

The first who came among us
By no means was the worst,
But then we didn't think of him,
Because he was the first;
It being quite the custom
To sacrifice a few
Before the church in earnest
Determines what to do.

There was a smart young fellow,
With serious, earnest way,
Who, but for one serious blunder
Had surely won the day,
Who left so good impression,
On Sunday one or two
Went round among the people
To see if he would do.

The pious, godly portion
Had not a fault to find;
His clear and searching preaching
They thought the very kind;
And all went smooth and pleasant
Until they heard the views
Of some influential sinners
Who rent the highest pews.

On these his pungent dealing
Made but a sorry hit;
The coat of Gospel teaching
Was quite too tight a fit.
Of course his fate was settled;
Attend, ye parsons all!
And preach to please the sinners
If you would get a call.

Next came a spruce young dandy;
He wore his hair too long;
Another's coat was stoudy,
And his voice not over strong;
And one New Haven student
Was worse than all of those—
We couldn't heed the sermon
For thinking of his nose.

Then, wearying of cobdidates,
We looked the country through,
Mid doctors and professors,
To find one that would do;
And after much discussion
On what should bear the ark,
With tolerable agreement
We fixed on Dr. Parke.

Here, then, we thought it settled,
But were amazed to find
Our distant invitation
Respectfully declined.
We turned to Dr. Hopkins
To help us in the lurch,
Who strangely thought that college
Had claims above our church.

Next we dispatched committees
By twos and threes, to urge
The labors for a Sabbath,
Of the Rev. Shallow Splurge.
He came: a marked sensation—
So wonderful his style—
Followed the creaking of his boots
As he passed up the aisle.

His tones were so affecting,
His gestures so divine,
A lady joined in the hymn
Before the second line;
And on that day he gave us,
In accents clear and loud,
The greatest prayer ever addressed
To an enlightening crowd!

He preached a double sermon,
And gave us each by God
On such a lovely topic—
"The joys of solitude."
All full of vivid descriptions
Of flowers and pearly streams,
Of warbling birds, and moonlit groves,
And golden sunset beams.

Of faith and true repentance
He had not a word to say;
He rounded all the corners,
And smoothed the rugged way;
Managed with great adroitness
To entertain, and please,
And keep the sinner's conscience
Completely at its ease.

Six hundred is the salary
We gave in former days;
We thought it very liberal,
And found it hard to raise;
But when we took the paper
We had no need to urge
To raise a cool two thousand
For the Rev. Shallow Splurge.

In vain were all the efforts—
We had no chance at all—
We found ten city churches
Had given him a call;
And he, in prayerful waiting,
Was keeping all in tow;
But where they'd get the highest
It was whispered he would go.

And now, good Christian brothers,
We ask your earnest prayers
That God would send a shepherd
To guide our church and ours,
With this clear understanding—
A man, to meet our views,
Must preach to please the sinners,
And fill the vacant pews.

BENHASSAN.

A WORD spoken at random has often proved of more utility than the best concerted plans; and it happens that fools often prosper when men of talent fail. Here is an illustration:

A poor, simple peasant, of the name of Benhassan, being heartily tired of his daily fare of brown bread and water, resolved, whatever might be the consequence, to procure to himself, by hook or by crook, even at the expense of a broken head, three sumptuous meals. Having taken this courageous and noble resolution, the next thing was to devise a plan to put it into execution; and here his good fortune befriended him. The wife of a rich ivory merchant in the neighborhood of his cottage had, unknown to her husband, lost a very valuable diamond ring; she offered great rewards to any person who could recover it, or give any tidings of the jewel. But no one was likely to succeed in the keen eyes, of whose fidelity she had not the smallest doubt, had stolen it. The loss soon reached our gallant's ears.

"I'll go," cries he; "I'll say I am a conjurer, and that I will discover where the gem is hidden, on condition of first receiving three splendid meals. I shall fail, 'tis true. What then? I shall only be left in my poverty; my bars and soles may say 'How d'ye do?' to the bastinado, but my hungry stomach will be filled!"

To conceal his scheme and put it in practice was but the work of a moment. The merchant's still was absent. The lady, anxious for the recovery of her ring, accepted the offered terms. A sumptuous feast was prepared; the table was covered with rich viands; expensive juices of every sort were poured out. "Come aboard, Allah! how he eats! An attentive footman, one of the servants, filled him shortest; our conjurer, gorged, exclaimed:

"'Tis well; I have the first!"

The servant trembled at the ambiguous words, and left the apartment.

He has found us out, dear friends," he cried. "He is a conjurer, and he knows all. Let us fly, for he could be sorcerer enough to—"

"It looks a little like it," replied the second thief. "I'll wait and see how daylight is but you may have mistaken his meaning. Should he speak to us, we can then fly."

At night a supper fit for the caliph was set before the greedy Benhassan, who held until it was quite dark out. The second footman watched him all the while. When satisfied, he rose, exclaiming:

"The second's in my sack, and cannot escape me." Away flew the slightest wishes.

"We are lost!" he cried. "Our heels alone can save us!"

"Not so," answered the third. "If we fly and are caught, we are hanged. I'll wait and see what he knows" mean; and should he then speak as before, I'll win the theft to him, and offer some great reward to screen us from punishment, and that he may deliver the jewel to the lady without betraying us."

They all agreed. On the morrow Benhassan's appetite was that of a savage. Again he rose, and thus exclaimed:

"My sack is done; the third, thank Allah, is here!"

"Oh," said the trembling culprit, "behold the ring; but hide our shame, and you shall never repent the fair gain."

"Be silent!" exclaimed the astonished Benhassan, who little thought that what he had spoken of his meals could have made the plunderers fancy themselves in his sack. "Be silent! I have it."

Some crowns were pressing before the windows; he went out, and having seized the largest, forced the ring down the pipes, then returned, and told the lady where she had lowed the jewel. The goose was killed, the diamond found in the crop, and the fortune of Benhassan was made.

"Some crowns, I know, O wife," said he: "either the third listened, or his sleep was light, for with a well-concerted scheme, wrought on our own ears that we might not betray the secrets of divination. I'll provide him with a meal likewise.

No second thief was done; between two dishes the mysterious fare was hidden. The false conjurer was told to descend, that his counsels might cheer, on pain of being well beaten should he fail.

"Alas!" he muttered not," Benhassan, the cunning pig; thou art dead," referring to himself, and quitting the apartment.

"He's right," the merchant cried. "Give him a purse of gold: I fancy him capable of such a thing."

It was pork in the dish. Thus our glutton, by four successive impositions, gained three hearty meals, a purse, comfort for life, and a most brilliant reputation as a cunning man.

MY COURTSHIP.—When I was sixteen, I fell

in love. There was nothing remarkable in that, for most all people do at the same age do the same thing. But what I am going to tell you is how my courtship terminated. It was at a party I saw Ella Brown, who was one of the sweetest girls in all Dicktown; and, I tell you, she looked sweet in her white muslin ball-dress, with her hair jauntily over her shoulders, and her face (in contradiction) danced with her ones, twice, thrice, and I was just the happiest man that ever lived. I had just the party broke up; but I had an invitation to call on Miss Brown. That was all I wanted, and I called pretty much before Sunday—for that was the time I'd promised to call—and, being invited, I went to make her home; and, when I left, I had a pressing invitation to call again—and I did not forget it, I can assure you. At the end of the month, I was completely gone. After I resolved to "pop the question," and fixed on my next visit for the time, studied "Courtship Made Easy" thoroughly, and concluded I was ready for the task. The time arrived. Here I was sitting by the side of my beloved, with my arm around her waist. I took her hand in mine, and screwed my courage up to say: "Dear Ella, do you love me?" She made no answer, but her eyes were cast down, and I hoped. Yes, I was certain she loved me. I put both my arms around her neck, and pressed one, two, three kisses on her rosy lips. She did not resist, but raised her head and said: "Don't be so bad as Sam Simmons!" I took my hat—haven't been back since.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A FACETIOUS individual wishes to know if a "hoe-line" must necessarily have a wee end.

WHEN is a wave like an army doctor? When it is a-surgin'.

"I NEVER was ruined but twice," said a wit; "once when I lost my law-suit, and once when I gained one."

THE following list of refreshments includes many individual drinks not found on the wine lists of the popular hotels:

For Bankers—Current Wine.
For Stockbrokers—Bull's Wine.
For Shipmasters—The Old Port.
For Mechanics—A Square Meal—Mixed Water.
For Octogenarians—Elder Wine.
For Businessmen—Any Water.

"VEGETABLE pills!" exclaimed an old lady. "Don't talk to me of such stuff. The best vegetable pill ever made is a triple dumpling; for destroying a gnawing in the stomach there is nothing like it; it can always be relied on."

THE old gentleman who undertook to take the twist out of the Maelstrom, has gone out West to whittwash the Rocky Mountains. He goes in for big jobs.

A RECENT criminal trial at New Orleans had an unexpected catastrophe; the prisoner was acquitted, and his counsel and the counsel for the prosecution were committed to jail for contempt of court.

YOUNG is a very hard case, as the monkey remarked to the organ.

INDULGE in humor just as much as you please, so it isn't ill-humor.

THE only bluebeard from whom a brave man will run is a turnip.

FEW of our ladies have traveled much, yet all of them have taken tea in china.

"WHAT is the matter?" is not governed by his mate, but a married landsman generally is.

IT is always excusable to "put the cart before the horse" if you can trace travels backward.

PRESENT your wife with everything she wants, and perhaps she will be quiet for the present.

WHAT is that which every man can divide, every man can see, but no subject can see?—Science.

"MY son, you must start up from this lethargy."

"Would you have me an upstart, dear father?"

INFANTS are sometimes tongue-tied; what a pity that a large proportion of our adults are not so likewise.

IF a ship is of the feminine gender, why are not flagship vessels called women-of-war, instead of men-of-war?

AN absent man lately put his dog to bed and took supper himself. He did not discover his mistake until the next morning.

OLD Bogg was a miserly old fellow, who had accumulated a fortune by life-long parsimonies. But even misers have to die some time, and Old Bogg was at length called upon to yield debt where all must pay, and which is paid as easily by the man who hasn't a cent as by him who has millions.

Old Bogg was sick unto death, finding a partial recognizance in the fact that he was refreshed by what he could not eat anything, something was being saved. His physician, called in from time and was used, and he felt within himself that he was rapidly approaching his family reunion. Said he to Old Bogg, as he stood near the latter's very soon:

"Well, how have I to live?" asked Old Bogg, in a despairing half an hour," said the physician, taking out his watch to see how many minutes, and adding, "there may one you would like to send for—a clergyman, for instance?"

Old Bogg mused in a lethargic way for a moment, and then said to his wife, in a feeble voice, as he laid feeble hand and fist of his emaciated chin, upon which two weeks' growth of gray and stubbed beard had grown, then whispered, pursuedly:

"Catch-and-run parson, Sally."

The barber came with his kit, and Old Bogg said, in a voice that was rapidly growing weaker:

"You—charge—ten cents—to shave—live men?"

"Yes, that is the regular price," said the barber.

"What—you charge—to shave—dead men?"

"One dollar," said the barber, wondering what he meant.

"Then—shave me—quick," said Old Bogg, nervously eying the watch which the doctor held in his hand. He was too weak to speak further, but the doctor interpreted aright the question that was in his eyes.

Fifteen minutes later Old Bogg died.

Old Bogg made a feeble motion as with a letherbrush, and the doctor saw that his work in a jiffy. He performed his task with dispatch, and although the job was done in several minutes quite of an amazing nature, yet he bore up to the end. When the last stroke of the razor was given, Old Bogg whispered, in tones of satisfaction:

"That'll do—uncle—cents—saved!" and immediately expired.

A WITTY young lady who has broken a score of hearts in her time, married lately. She sent to a young gentleman, who had been very devoted to her before they had reached the altar, a piece of a bell wedding cake, a second string, accompanied with the following verses:

DEAR STEPHEN:
I do not wish to consider what you lose,
And for the bridal knot, accept this noose;
This bridal cake, which I've enclosed for you,
Will help you bear the loss of such a bride.
STEPHON.

He returned the noose to her with the following reply:

DEAR CHLOE:
Your gist as a symbol with candor you chose;
My narrow escape is most every one knows;
As a gift from a lady, I ought not to refuse it,
But your cake, you know, may soon want to use it.

And so, by the bearer, your gift I restore,
For your bridegroom will want it ere the honeymoon's o'er.
STEPHON.

A PROVOST marshal writes: One of the provost guard brought a colored man into the office charged with stealing water-melons. As he was being examined, Tom, that I may never see you here again."

He turned to me with a peculiar, shrivel expression, and said:

"You wouldn't 'a' seen me dis time, cap'n, if de negro hadn't rotten on."

"DOCTOR, do you think that tight-lacing is bad for the consumption?"

"Not at all—it is what it lives on."

"DID your fall hurt you?" said one Fenian to another who had fallen from the top of a two-story house.

"Not in the least, honey; 'twas stoppin' so quick that hurt me."

"WHY, Tom, my dear fellow, how old you look."

"Dare say, Bob, for the fact is, I never was so old before in my life."

INFLUENCE OF LICHT ON PLANTS.

THE Academy of Sciences has received from M. Duchartre a highly interesting communication on certain well-known plants called creepers, because their stalks, too weak to support themselves, tend to twine round the nearest objects. They generally do this from left to right—that is, inversely to the motion of the sun —but some species turn in the contrary direction, and it is impossible to make either one or the other change its direction.

Palms, Van Mohl, Dutrochet, and, latterly, Ch. Darwin have successively expressed the opinion that light was the cause of this irregularity; but Duchartre, after long wasting to confirm this theory, M. Duchartre, who had previously stated that the Chinese yam would turn to the left only, resolved to try the effect of absence of light upon it.

At the end of May last he placed one in a pot, and, as soon as it showed its stem above the surface, put it down in a cellar, where it received no light. On the 1st of August following, the stem, in the course of seven weeks, grew to the height of seven and a half. It looked withered and whitish, and bent upon the whole, strong, and even still perfectly straight, showing nowhere a tendency to twine itself round the stick which had been placed there for its support.

Another yam was planted nearly a month later, and left, opposed to daylight, until it had twined itself twice round the stick. It was then taken and placed in the cellar, where its stem, still obeying its natural tendency, went round one leaves only, but in a more restricted direction than before; after which it grew straight up along its stick, to which it was fastened as it grew. It was now again taken up into the garden, where it immediately began to twine round again, making its close turns; and when it was once more taken down into the cellar, it continued its growth in a straight line and upright position, according as it was alternately in the light or in the dark.

The same phenomena was observed, not only in the bean, or *Dolichos Soja*, but also in the *Ipomea coccinea* and *Ipomea purpurea*; but, on the other hand, the bean and the *Ipomea purpurea* continue to twine round their supports in the dark.

A SHREWD DETECTIVE.—A Paris letter of a recent date contains the following amusing anecdote, illustrating the astuteness of an American detective:

"A fast young nobleman of Vienna, over head and ears in debt, and desperate for his success in the last sex, received, recently, a perfumed rose-colored note, whose contents ran: 'If you have your pocket-book figure have made such an impression upon me, I earnestly desire to make your further acquaintance. Come this evening to the Vienna Theatre. I have taken stall 79 in the parquet.' He added the fashionable number to 79 for a gentleman who would ask for it, saying, No. 79 for ever. I trust you will have the pleasure of seeing you.—EMMA.' The dandy dressed himself in a most elegant style, and as soon as the door was opened he applied for 'No. 79 for ever,' and received it. As the curtain rose the gentleman came into the theatre and took the seat. As soon as he was at his ease, he bent his head forward to look for the lady's face in a consetable—I have been hunting for you these fifteen days' time, sometimes in vain. Don't make a scandalous scene here, for I tell you I have the warrant for your arrest in my pocket.' The fast man stared wildly enough for a moment, but, seeing no means of escape, quietly hopeless, he remained quiet until the end of the opera, when he followed the officer to the police station.

QUEEN MAB, until her marriage with Philip the Second, is said to have been mistress of the robes for Hollandsd says, that, when she appointed Sir Thomas Parry to that office, the queen's physician, she told him, "that notwithstanding the *old error* which did not allow any women to profess the art or other matter to be heard, (her majesty being party), that her pleasure was that he should come to her chamber for cure of the subject, should be admitted to be heard: and moreover, that his patience should not trouble himself to put in judgment, otherwises for her highness pleasure he should not."

A MOTHER'S DUTY to her child is, first of all, to watch over its health. Among children, in nine cases out of ten, sickness commences with a disordered state of the bowels. This is invariably counteracted by the use of Dr. Spring's Carminative Syrup. No family should be without it; its general use would save thousands of lives. It is the best cure for cholera among children, which form such a startling item in the weekly reports of the City Inspectors.

A CONVENIENT REMEDY.—Persons liable to the disorders of the season, will find Needler's Camphor Cordial a most convenient and reliable preventative. A box, carried in the pocket, would enable any one to check the approach of disease. In the case of a sudden attack of Cholera and kindred diseases, the Cordial is the best article needed.

To Pimpled, Blotched and Ulcerated

Victims of Scrofulous Diseases, who dread to unclean persons into the company of better men, take AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and get rid of the foul corruption from your blood. Restore your health, and you will not only escape the loathing, but make your company more tolerable to those who must keep it.

Barnum's New American Museum.

Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets. Extraordinary Attraction! The Great Sensation Drama Revived! The popular American Actor, MR. C. W. CLARKE, has been expressly engaged to perform his original character of Edward Middleton. Afternoon at 2. Evening at 7½. Concluding with the Drama, entitled with all its Original and Admirable Effects. To be seen at all hours. THE GREAT ALBINO FAMILY, the Infant Drummer, four years old. The AUSTRALIAN LIVING MIND READER. The Wonderful Double Performing Lady-match Pet Infant, only three years old, and weighing 10lbs. The Performing Dog: Gustavus, the Educated Giel; Three-Horned Bull; Five Dwarfs; Giles Blowpipe, the Nyiam-Nyiam Cannibal from South Africa; Living Wax Statues of Noted Personages; Lesot-Gen. Grant's Look-Out Tower, built in his native town Richard Lord, Cosmoramas, Learned Seal, Happy Family, Grand Aquaria, 300,000 Curiosities.

Admission, 30 cents, children under ten, 15 cents.

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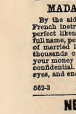
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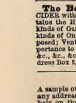
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BONTA HOUSE GIFT ENTERPRISE!

THE BONTA HOUSE, in Pithole, Pa., is situated within two minutes' walk of the famous "United States" Well. It was built at a cost of

Sixty Thousand Dollars,

and is the best built and the finest finished and furnished Hotel in the State of Pennsylvania. The Proprietor offers it as one of

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND GIFTS.

A GRAND CONCERT

WILL BE GIVEN AT

Pithole, Sept. 5, 1866.

At which time the Ticket-holders will appoint a Committee of disinterested parties to distribute among the ticket-holders

One Hundred Thousand Dollars' worth of Valuable Property,

among which will be found the following:

The Bonta House and Furniture.....	$60,000
1,000 Interest in the Eureka Well on Pithole, flowing 300 Bbls. Oil daily, valued at.....	10,000
1 Business Lot in Chicago, cash value.....	1,500
3 Steinway's Pianos, cash value $600.....	1,800
4 Billiard Tables (new), cash value $300.....	1,400
3 Fine Saddle Horses, cash value $500.....	1,500
1 Silver Dinner Set, cash value $600.....	600
1 Chas. Frodsham Gold Watch.....	500
9 Fine Lumber Top Buggies, $400 each.....	800
6 Breach-loading Rifles, $60 each.....	360
13 Gold Watches, $125 each.....	1,625
10 Silver Watches (American), $40 each.....	400
1 Bed-room Set of Furniture (Black Walnut).....	150
100 Gold Pencils, Extension Case, $10 each.....	1,000
200 Silver Pencils, Extension Case, $5 each.....	1,000
Also, other minor Gifts too numerous to mention, amounting to.....	18,565
	$100,600

Each Ticket insures the purchaser a Gift, and the Gifts will be distributed without fail. Photographic views of the BONTA HOUSE can be seen with each Agent. By remitting ONE DOLLAR to C. W. BONTA, Pithole, Pa., a Ticket will be sent by return mail.

The Proprietor assures the public that this enterprise will be conducted in the square; and is permitted to use the names of the following gentlemen as references:

J. Edgar Thomson, Pres't Pa. R. R. Comp., Philadelphia, Pa.
T. E. Sumner, F. M. Pratt, Buffalo. Foot & Herrick, Tobacconists, Austin & Dickinson, Globe Hotel, Midnon M. Price, Merchant, Syracuse, N. Y. M. Augustus Perry, Banker, Perry & Bond, Attorney, Mooney & Rowe, Tobacconists, Utica, N. Y. Samuel J. Walker; H. H. Moore, Banker, Chicago. E. L. Jones, Banker & Co., 317 Canal street; R. S. Bloomm, Washington street; Joseph Hoxsie, Banker and Ind Broker, National Tobacco Works; Alex. Ross, of A. Ross & Co., 103 and 105 Fulton street; Blanchard House, Newburgh, New York City; Saggett & Kimball, Rochester. G. W. Hamilton, Harrisburg, Pa.

The following allowance will be made to parties forming Clubs and remitting as follows:

Ten Dollars,	I will send by return mail	11 tickets.
Twenty	" " "	25 "
Thirty	" " "	35 "
Fifty	" " "	65 "

All persons desirous of acting as agents will apply by mail for a Photograph of the BONTA HOUSE. The Tickets are invited to form Clubs and call for tickets, for all of the property would be as useful to them as to the gentlemen.

A Diamond Ring worth $100

Will be given the lady who forms the largest Club for tickets. Ladies forming Clubs will remember and give the name and Post Office address of each, to avoid mistakes.

"Ladies, make every gentleman of your acquaintance take a ticket to help you get the Diamond Ring."

The Proprietor is aware that many humbugs have been passed upon the public, and it is his special desire that all parties make inquiries of the references, relative to the property up and the business character he bears.

The above property is all new, and owned by myself, and will be given away without fail. Given at Pithole for sixty thousand.

☞ Newspapers wishing to advertise will make application, giving rates.

JAMES W. BONTA, Proprietor,

PITHOLE, Pa.

5,000 Agents Wanted,

Local and traveling. Send stamp and receive sample. No humbug. Salary or any other business. With a new, fair and square business, paying Agents $10 a day, clear.
J. WILHELM STEPHENS,
o No. 37 Park Row, N. Y.



PAIN KILLER.

PAIN IMPERVIOUS should be administered with milk or water and sweetened with sugar or molasses. For a Cough, a few drops taken on sugar will be more effective than spoon medicine. For Sore Throat, gargle with water and a mixture of Pain Killer and water, and the relief is immediate and cure positive.

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

Contains the Lady's Guide to Beauty; Parlor Theatricals; the Married Man's Guide; How to Make all Liquors without the use of poisonous articles; How to make all kinds of Wines; Cooking Receipts; Fluids, Hair Dyes, etc.; How to make the Whiskers and Mustache grow; Fortune Teller. Price 25 cents.

Short-Hand Without a Master, by which the nature of taking down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches, Trials, etc., can be obtained in a few hours. Fifty-second edition, WITH SUPPLEMENT. Price 25 cents.

Joe Miller's Jest—A book crammed full of Jokes, Comical Stories, Witty Sayings, Funny Puns, Laughable Conundrums, Humorous Poetry. Price 25 cents.

Ventriloquism Made Easy, and the Second Sight Mystery, as practiced by Robert Heller and others, fully explained. Price 25 cents.

Either of the above will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price, by
o T. O. A. BOORACH, 120 Nassau St., N. Y.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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Marshaling the Hosts.

In the marshaling of the nations for the coming great continental war, which is sure to leave indelible marks on the map of Europe, it will not be uninteresting to have presented a statement of the military force, disposable for the struggle, on the part of the principal combatants. There are, of course, other considerations besides heavy "battalions" which go to decide victory in the great game of war. These, apart from moral and physical stamina, may be summed up in the comprehensive word, "resources"—money, credit, supplies, arms. But we must remember that European armies are not paid as ours were; often not paid at all; and that European rations are not, nor were they ever, more than a poor approximation, whether as regards quality or quantity, to ours. The country occupied by a European army is literally eaten out, and the poor producers are not paid, nor do they even receive promises to pay, for what they lose. War in Europe is a *real* scourge, a devastation, to which our war affords no parallel, except, in a mild way, in "Sherman's march to the sea."

A European army of one hundred thousand men may, therefore, be raised (by conscription, and with no expense for bounties), for one-twentieth what a corresponding army cost us; be kept in the field and fed (after a fashion) for one-tenth, and so on. Consequently, the bankruptcy of Austria and the poverty of Italy may not be such weighty drawbacks to their efficient action as our people might, at first, suppose.

Returning, then, to the numerical forces of Austria, Prussia, Italy, and the possible participator in the *mêlé*, France:

At latest accounts Prussia had under arms 647,000 men, exclusive of the municipal guards. This force is to be reinforced by another *corps d'armée* of 64,000 men. The Prussians had also in the field, at last accounts, 132,000 horses and 1,008 guns, one-half rifled.

Austria had, as nearly as can be computed, and in round numbers, 800,000 men in the field, including the levies from Venetia, which serve under duress, and those from Hungary, which will fight only under compulsion.

Italy has at least 400,000 men in regular service, and it is safe to assume that they will be reinforced by from 100,000 to 200,000 volunteers under Garibaldi and other republican leaders, who will make up in enthusiasm what they may lack in drill and experience.

Italy will, of course, co-operate with Prussia; and the opening of the war will show Prussia and Italy with 1,200,000 men in arms, against Austria with 800,000. But Austria, geographically and strategically, occupies a central position, while Prussia and Italy must attack from the outside. To this advantage—which is a great one, considering that her possession of "the Quadrilateral," the four famous fortresses of Venetia, will enable her to hold in check, with a vastly inferior force, the whole Italian army, and before which Louis Napoleon shrank back—we say, to this advantage, she may count upon the support of nine out of fifteen of the minor German States. On the presentation of the issue between Austria and Prussia before the Federal Diet, the vote for mobilizing the Federal armies was passed by nine to six, notwithstanding Prussia declared, in advance, that she should regard all the States voting for the measure as enemies. We do not yet know what States sided with the respective disputants; but we may assume that Austria will obtain the principal part of the Federal soldiery, numbering about 300,000 men.

The advantage thus accruing to Austria may, however, be regarded as considerably more than compensated for by the unquestioned naval superiority of Italy in the Mediterranean, which may enable her to turn the famous "Quadrilateral," and operate from Trieste, or Venice itself, against the Austrians.

As a possible participant in the quarrel, we may observe of France, that her army in 1865 mustered upward of 400,000 men, which may easily and rapidly be run up to 800,000. Her navy, of course infinitely superior to that of all the other combatants, is, however, likely to be of little account as against Austria—in case the greed or policy of the Emperor should lead him to interfere as against that power. We are inclined to doubt the probability of such an intervention, since it is discernible that Russia, with its army of 1,000,000 of men, is not disposed to permit Austria to be humbled (notwithstanding her unfriendly conduct during the Crimean war), nor sensibly curtailed in territory.

It is safe to say, that at this moment, there are in Europe not far from 4,000,000 of soldiers under arms, and directly opposed to each other, or who may become so within the next twelve months. The shock of such an encounter cannot fail to effect changes, impossible to foresee, but which must be great, if not radical—involving not limits alone, but the forms and very principles of government. The spirit of '48 is not dead in Europe; and if roused again, it will leave no room for constitutional perjuries, nor will it listen, with a faith once so bitterly betrayed, to the protestations and oaths of kings, and the lesser spawn, which impiously assume their rights to be "divine."

OUT ALL NIGHT.

THE illustration on this first page, from the picture by J. T. Beard, seems in itself a very simple matter, but we suspect the artist intended it to tell a most instructive story, and in the sad plight in which he has represented the unlucky dog, whose roving propensities tempted him to leave his kennel and risk forbidden pleasures, has leveled his shafts at those of the human species, who, in their quest of enjoyment, often involve themselves in difficulty and disgrace. It is not our purpose, however, to trace out the moral suggested by the subject; our readers can do that for themselves, according to their various tastes and experiences; we would rather call attention to the ex-



"OUT ALL NIGHT."—FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY J. T. BEARD, ESQ.

pression and attitude of this brute family, so finely depicted. The "Head of the House," wearying of home comforts, has gone out "to see the sights," and being somewhat unsophisticated, has fallen among tormentors, and met with very shabby treatment. Ill-used and disgraced, he gladly seeks the quiet and protection of home, but *madame*, his companion, extends to him anything but a cordial welcome, and appears disposed to dispute his right to a place in the hitherto well-ordered and happy kennel. Weary, wounded, ashamed and repentant, he *looks* the promise of reform, and doubtless has come to the conclusion, from the experience of one night, that "there is no place like home." The picture will bear study, and the more we extend and apply its lessons to the habits of society, the more we will see in it a rebuke to folly and a warning against excess.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 14, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

Authors are requested to designate their manuscripts distinctly, and in communicating with us, to retain the original title.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Is this the Nineteenth Century?

Is this the first decade of the last half of the nineteenth century? Is this the eighteen hundred and sixty-sixth anniversary of the inauguration of the Christian era, and of the birth of Him who was to bring "peace on earth and good will toward men"? Has our boasted civilization and our religion, after all, resulted in what we see around us?—Nine-tenths of the Christian world in open war, or breathlessly awaiting the dread moment when "Red Battle" shall stamp his foot? Have all our improvements in locomotion, in transmission of intelligence, production and exchange of commodities, only resulted in giving concentration, strength, and deadly effect to the worst and most malignant passions and faults of our nature?

So it would seem! We repeat, nine-tenths of the so-called Christian world are in arms, or may, at any moment, be engaged in deadly strife. Not two years have elapsed since the dominating nation of the Western World closed the most terrific and bloody contest known in the annals of mankind. How stand her neighbors on this continent now? Canada feverish and unsettled, after the first onset of a subtle and persistent foe; Mexico, the theatre of a prolonged and implacable struggle; Chile, Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador struggling against a monarchical enemy; Brazil, with the Argentine Republic and Buenos Ayres in an unequal contest against Paraguay; Jamaica still smelling of slaughter; the embers of revolution not yet cold in Hayti and San Domingo!

In Europe, Austria, with all her dependencies and her sympathizers in the Germanic Confederation, arrayed against Prussia and Italy; France silently arming in view of eventualities apparent to every mind; Russia and Turkey confronting each other in the Principalities, and threatening a conflict that must drag England into another war, which may relight the fires of insurrection in India; Ireland under military rule, and heaving with revolution; Spain involved in a struggle in South America and racked by dissensions at home!

Are all these omens, these throes, these prospective and actual conflicts, portents of "Armageddon"? Can Christian, philosopher, or statesman reconcile all these conditions and fearful actualities with the theory or principles of religion and civilization? Are these terms only empty and cant phrases for bad men and charlatans to play and juggle with? Can this really be the nineteenth century? Is this the fruition of the gospel preached on the Mount? Or are we, in spite of its instructions and injunctions, savages as before, with only improved facilities for murder?

IN view of the impending European war, it will be interesting to know the relative strength of the two principal combatants. The following table shows the area, population, etc., etc., of Austria and Prussia:

	Area, sq. miles.	Population.	Army, men.	Navy, vessels.	Debt.
Austria..	236,311	37,000,000	800,000	59	$1,500,000,000
Prussia..	108,212	19,304,843	700,000	85	None.

The number of fighting men stated for Prussia probably comes very near the limit of popular fighting capacity, although no allusion is made to the landwehr or militia reserve, amounting to 2,000,000 men, who are ultimately available for strictly defensive purposes. On the other hand, Austria can draw from those recondite regions of Croatia, Tyrol, Carniola, Hungary, Transylvania, no end of the best fighting material in the world; men of the utmost endurance and courage, and used to the exactest discipline. We must, however, remember that Italy will act with Prussia. The out-look for Austria is not brilliant. The device of the house of the Emperor of Austria is the five vowels, A E I O U; which the Emperor Frederick III. chose to interpret: "*Austria Erit Imperatrix Omnis Universi.*" If the rendering was intended as a prophecy, events thus far have sadly belied it; for besides losing the imperial sceptre, the Hapsburgs, as a correspondent of the *Journal des Débats* reminds us, have lost Lorraine, Belgium, the Netherlands, Alsace, Tuscany, the Two Sicilies, Silesia, Lombardy, and a host of minor holdings in Italy. Her next loss will be Venetia.

WE must not flatter ourselves, because we have a territory as large as Europe, the biggest debt and highest taxes of any nation on earth, and because our "bright home is in the setting sun," that we are ahead of all the world in all things. The boy Ketchum, who swindled Wall street out of three or four millions, was certainly a promising youth, and the late bogus bank (and Government depository) in Washington was a rather successful establishment in its way. But they do these things better in Engand. The Agra and Masterman's Bank has just failed—"gone up"—in London, for the highly respectable sum of from seventy-five million to one hundred million dollars. Its shares, which were at one hundred and ten dollars, or ten per cent. above par, are now selling at three dollars. This is a great country, but there is a "greater!"

A PLAN has been adopted at Liverpool to prevent "attacks" upon the banks in order to depreciate their shares, which will probably be followed in London. The Exchange there has prohibited the sale of shares unless the numbers of such shares are inscribed upon the contract; that is, has prohibited fictitious sales. As it is not worth a seller's while to run down his own property, this rule, which will not hamper business, will prevent combinations to "bear" the market, and the various frauds which, comparatively unimportant when directed against foreign stocks, are so fatal as against banks.

PRINCESS MARY of England has married a gentleman by the name of Teck—a "Prince" Teck, one of the multitude of titled German adventurers. The people of England have been called on, through their Commons, to give him ten thousand dollars a year to live on, because he is "a good fellow" and short of "shiners." The Princess Mary is also a pauper—we mean to say a pensioner, as well as princess, and gets fifteen thousand dollars a year from the same people of England, because she is *Princess* Mary. "Simply this, and nothing more!" Otherwise, she is a buxom lass, and capable, so the will were not wanting, of doing as good a day's work as any Biddy in the land.

A CORRESPONDENT of a daily contemporary, of an economical turn of mind, advocates utilizing the carcasses of the dogs sacrificed to the popular fear of hydrophobia. He says a "very good article of oil may be extracted from their bodies; their hides may be converted into leather and glue; and their bones into bone-black. Supposing that from 15,000 to 20,000 dogs will suffer death at the pound this and every succeeding year, could not their carcasses be made a source of profit and use? I found a medium-sized, tolerably fat dog to yield a quart of oil, which was superior to any other for tanners' purposes in its crude state, and when refined and deodorized made a very superior hair-oil. In its crude state the smell is very pungent, and its appearance something like crude whale oil. The leather made from the hide varies with the breed of the dog. The bull, Newfoundland, large curs, and, in fact, all heavy coarser breeds make a tough, durable and pliant shoe-leather. While the finer grades of animals give a leather equal to any kid. I have seen boots made of well-tanned dog-hide, which could not be told from the finest calf-skin. The glue made is as good as that from the clipping, etc., of any other hide. The amount of oil, leather and glue varies in proportion to the size and fatness of the dog, some yielding as high as half a gallon of oil. The improved quality of the hide will, in almost every case, make up for the smallness of size. With the value of the bones for bone-black, or the manufacture of phosphates, there are many around New York who are acquainted. My opinion is, that even the waste of flesh might be turned to account in the manufacture of some character of compost manure. I know that it has been used in the generation of saltpetre. From my own observation and experience, my opinion is, that an enterprising man might make the dog carcasses of New York and Brooklyn produce twenty thousand dollars, of which at least ten thousand dollars would be profit."

THE *Kladderadatsh*, or *German Punch*, has a splendid and significant wood-cut. It represents a mighty big spider, adorned with the Emperor Napoleon's head, waiting quietly in its large web, while all kinds of insects, representing the other European States, are flying and caught in it, to be devoured in time by the Imperial spider. Beneath are Rouher's words in the Corps Legislatif: "Honest Neutrality and Liberty of Action."

BEGGARS.—We all have read the mode described in "Gil Blas" of a beggar holding out one hand for money and presenting a gun with the other. A still more ingenious method of soliciting charity was lately adopted by a beggar in the south of France. This man was in the habit of prowling about the country with a very savage wolf. The wolf was muzzled, but if the beggar happened to hit upon an uncharitable person in any house where he presented himself, he threatened to unmuzzle the animal. Generally speaking this threat produced the desired effect, and a little money was given to the mendicant to get rid of him. The nuisance, however, became so intolerable that information was given to the police. The wolf was summarily killed and its owner is in prison. Neither of these accounts is exaggerated. A correspondent of the *Anglo-American Times* relates a correspondent story. "Some years ago, while I was riding over a solitary mountainous district, on my way from Burgos to Madrid, two men rushed down from the side of the mountain, and, each presenting a musket, asked for charity. This persuasive style, of course, induced me to give a trifle without delay. I rode off with courteous salute from the men, of '*Vá usted con Dios*' (God go with you),"

THE State census of New Jersey for 1865 shows a population of 672,035, being a net increase of 101,665 from 1860, or about one-sixth.

THE Papal Government has just appointed a banking-house in this city its agent for the negotiation in this country of a loan of $4,000,000. The proceeds of this loan, it is understood, are to be appropriated to the purpose of defraying the necessities of the Papal Government during the pendency of the negotiations now going on between France and the Government of Victor Emanuel, for the liquidation of the debt of the Roman States. What between the Fenians and the Pope, Biddy's fractional currency stands but a poor chance.

IN Switzerland the telegraph is the property of the state. An office is established in almost every village, and the charge is uniform—one franc for twenty-five words, irrespective of distance. The dispatches are printed, and the establishment yields a large revenue to Government.

THE EXCISE LAW.

A LATE decision of one of our judges pronounced the Excise Law unconstitutional and void, and thereby declared all the proceedings of the Excise Board irregular and reversible. The reasons upon which this decision is based are very plausible, and to all who are interested in its terms, quite conclusive; and it is barely possible that in a technical sense the dictum of the Court is correct—for all the enactments of legislative bodies seem to possess the permeability and elasticity of the acts of the English Parliment—through any of which, it has been said, a coach and six may be driven. In regard to the Excise Law, there are in the main but two opinions: the friends of virtue, order and decency, deeming it wise and necessary, and the lovers of self-indulgence denouncing it as arbitrary, unjust and impracticable; and all these latter hail Judge Cardozo's decision with delight. The principal argument of the judge was, that the new law requiring all bars to be closed on Sunday contravened the provisions of the previous law, under which licenses were granted without any restriction as to the time when sales should be made, and therefore, being a violation of a contract, proved unconstitutional and void. If we mistake not, there is an unrepealed statute forbidding the prosecution of ordinary business on Sunday, by the provisions of which, the farmer who plows his lands, the mechanic who plies his trade, the merchant who opens his warerooms and offers his goods for sale, may be arrested upon complaint, and become liable to a severe penalty. Why the business of liquor-selling should be more important than any other, and therefore prove an exception, is certainly not very clear; and it is believed that, were the statute referred to strictly enforced, there could arise no collision between the Excise Board and the Courts.

But there are other considerations connected with this question worthy of attention. The most forcible objection against the law is, that it is sumptuary, interfering with the social habits and rights of a large class of our citizens, and so opposed to public opinion, that it must soon become a dead letter. A fundamental principle entering into the constitution of all society is the surrender of individual interests for the common and general welfare. What promotes this welfare is right; what interferes with it may properly become the subject of legal restriction and enactment. Apply this obvious principle to liquor-selling and Sunday observance, all the time taking into account the nature and character of free and republican institutions, and you can hardly escape the conclusion that it is both proper and just to set certain bounds to all practices that tend to excess and lawlessness.

The safeguard of our institutions is the virtue, intelligence and uprightness of our people. We do not want, because we dare not tolerate, the customs and habits that are fostered by monarchical governments, which resort to every expedient for amusing and diverting the people that will prevent the assertion of natural right, and maintain a spirit of contentedness with the existing order of things. If the sports and customs of the Old World become the established order of things with us, and if the preferences and inclinations of our adopted citizens be paramount to the honored practices of our forefathers and the founders of our political system, we shall be in danger of falling away from the high standard we have hitherto maintained, and reaching the level of the *effete* and corrupt dynasties of Europe. We need not be puritanical, but we must be virtuous, and foster everything that tends to promote and encourage virtue, or we cannot long remain free and independent. It is in view of these facts that the Excise Law becomes a measure of so much importance. The great question is not whether a few hundred men shall be restricted in the questionable pursuit of gain, and a few thousand others prevented from encroaching upon the long-cherished privileges of the great mass of our people, and offending their honest and reasonable convictions, but whether we shall quietly and deliberately tolerate the introduction of customs that corrupt the public sense and imperil the public security. Our civilization is gained at too great a price if it involve the destruction of that simplicity of character and earnestness of purpose that gave it birth. Beside, our spirit and institutions are essentially American, noble, grand, and far-stretching as our forests and mountains and slopes, that inspired and brought them into being, and to retain them in their purity and power, we must carefully guard against the infusion of any element of weakness and disturbance. It must be remembered, too, that the men and presses that clamor most loudly against the operation of a law that confessedly has resulted in good and greatly diminished the labors of our police, are not the representatives of the virtue and learning, and intelligence and worth of our community, but rather those who would pander to low passions, and operate upon the under-strata of our society by an appeal to their appetite in preference to their reason. This fact is a suspicious one, and pregnant with very serious considerations. As all power is from the people, and in the people, and for the people, it is indispensable that the people should be wise and elevated, and reasonable and far-seeing, or power will rapidly degenerate into oppression, mere demagogues become our rulers, and our boasted freedom be turned into a mockery and a lie.

It is to check such a tendency that the Excise Law was enacted. We were insensibly drifting toward corruption and anarchy. Our municipal officers could not be trusted, a large portion of our population had little or no sympathy with our national ideas, and brought with them the spirit and the habits of their native lands, and we were rapidly resolving the anomaly of a European metropolis in an American and antagonistic government. The danger was foreseen, and an attempt made to guard against it; and it is especially unfortunate that our Courts should lend their influence to a cause that must depend for its support upon mere technicalities, and that is reprobated by our best and most reliable citizens.

TOWN GOSSIP.

GOLD has gone up again to figures we had hoped it could never reach, and the speculators of Wall street are more jubilant than a young Miss preparing for her first party. If our good friends at Washington would only fix upon some decided policy, and let the country know whether Pompey or Protection is to be king—whether reconstruction or destruction awaits us—whether an inflated currency or a contracted currency shall be our dependence—whether North and South are to continue sulking like spoiled children, or to unite in a loving embrace as fond members of the same household, our monetary skies would become much brighter, and *somebody's* occupation would be gone. We do not know that the advance in gold has had any effect on old Sol, but during the week he has given us some evidence of his sway, and with the thermometer at ninety degrees and upward, breathing becomes a very serious matter, and active exertion almost an impossibility. Some few, overpowered by the intensity of the heat, have died, thus showing the fearful temperature we have experienced. Picnics, excursions and various sports attracted multitudes away from our burning streets to the refreshing green of the suburbs and the savory breezes of the bay, while others strove to counteract the effects of the hot air by the liberal use of various beverages, many of which rather increased than diminished the discomfort.

Speaking of beverages suggests the difficulties thrown in the way of the Excise Board by one of our city judges, whose ermine may not be quite immaculate, and who is the creation of that abominable caricature of decency and impartiality—an Elective Judiciary. This Bunsby has decided that the Excise Law is wholly void, and invited every dealer in liquors to disregard it, assuring him of the protection of an injunction, and even threatening to arrest and confine the Superintendent of Police, should he interfere with this decision. In the meantime the Board continues to arrest all persons violating the law, and the judge endeavors to screen his friends by his fulminations, doubtless in the hope of being remembered by them when his present term of office expires.

Were it not that the great principles of justice and right are too sacred for such trifling, we might find our quantum of amusement in this embroglio of the functionaries.

In fact, recrimination and cross-purposes seem in vogue just now. Fenianism, which many supposed dead, without hope of resurrection, has been showing some evidences of vitality, in presenting two factions of the order, not, however, a Siamese twins arrangement, in which both feel and act in harmony, but rather a dog and cat affair, each cherishing a bitter hatred of the other, denouncing and abusing without stint. But if the Fenians can endure this process without injury, outsiders will not trouble themselves very much with the dissensions of these fanatics, who have long since rendered themselves ridiculous.

The annual hegira to the watering-places and pleasure resorts has commenced, and the *season* promises to be an immensely gay one. Fashion and custom both combine to induce a visit to the noted centres of attraction with which our country abounds. Saratoga retains its pristine fame, and will so long as its sparkling health-giving waters continue to flow, and though some of its best hotels have been destroyed, Col. Leland, of the Union, is still there; and since a watering-place hotel, like a street car, is never full, ample provision will be found for the suitable accommodation of the tens of thousands who, during the summer, will crowd to their favorite resort. The Union, however, can receive twelve hundred guests and make them comfortable, so none need be deterred from going to Saratoga by the fear of not finding suitable quarters.

Of our sea-side watering-places, Long Branch holds the first rank, and is always popular. There is something about the ocean breezes and surf-bathing especially invigorating, while the constant blending of sea and sky, and the occasional variation of a storm, form views of which one never wearies. Here, too, the hotel men have made extensive preparation for the reception of visitors, and the new Continental will compare favorably with any establishment of the kind in the country. Elegant and commodious in all its arrangements, its spacious colonnades, ample dining-room, well-furnished guest-rooms—all lighted with gas—will render the Continental a favorite with visitors, while the politeness of its experienced hosts gives the sojourner a home-like feeling he cannot always entertain.

This hotel also has connected with it a fine shooting-gallery, together with a bowling-saloon and billiard-room, amply provided with Kavanagh & Decker's splendid tables, which are becoming so popular. These features will add to the attractions of the house, besides furnishing pleasing exercise to the lovers of active sports. Commend us to the Continental and its gentlemanly proprietors.

Pleasant as these topics are, they are *terra incognita* to multitudes, who must toil through the heat of summer and the cold of winter without any hope of a respite. To such, the excursions to places around the city afford the relaxation others, more favored, seek at the springs and the seaside, and, with a little stretch of fancy, they can, for a time, convert these haunts into others of much greater pretension—though some are churlish enough to affirm that, barring the pretension, there is little or nothing left of Saratoga, Newport, etc.

The theatres have not brought out any striking novelties during the week, and are confining themselves to the usual summer adaptations.

At Niblo's, the Ravels continue the attraction, and, notwithstanding the heat, draw good houses. People do not readily tire of witnessing their feats of agility and gracefulness, and the theatre is so cool and comfortable that, aside from the performance, it is an actual treat to spend an hour or two there for the sake of escaping suffocation.

Mr. Dan Bryant has been—to speak *à la Fenian*—the C.O.I.R. at Wallack's; and while he does not propose to found an Irish Republic, he does intend to present Irish characters in such a manner as to please his patrons and crowd the theatre.

The Worrell Sisters have brought out a sufficient variety of entertainments at Wood's New Theatre to render that pretty place quite a family resort.

Mr. Brougham, at the Winter Garden, has made a decided hit with his burlesque "Pocahontas." The play has been re-written and interspersed with allusions to the topics of the day, is full of fun without vulgarity, and will prove immensely popular.

Barnum's, despite the heat, despite almost everything, is constantly thronged: and combining as it does both theatre and museum, is one of the great attractions of the metropolis.

The opera, at the French Theatre, grows in popularity, each week increasing the number of its admirers. With some defects, it still possesses many merits, and the effort to provide such entertainment as it affords is very generally appreciated; and Mr. Eichberg has the thanks of the lovers of music for his sparkling presentations.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE well-known firm of Blunt, Nichols & Co. have published a very useful and comprehensive volume, called "The Coast Pilot," with maps, charts, and soundings. The importance of this work cannot be overrated, and the care bestowed upon it in every particular renders it, in swelling it to the above recommendation. It is, indeed, indispensable to every mariner, whether he belongs to the commercial or the more elegant service of the yacht club. Blunt & Co. have also issued a list of all the lighthouses on the coasts of the United States. This is published by order of Congress.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A convention of Texas planters has been held at Austin, and organized a local stock company with a capital of a million dollars, having for its object the improvement of labor, and the sale of it to parties of emigrants. The plan of operations reported is to employ agents to induce European laborers to emigrate to Texas. The Tennessee Colonial and Immigration Society met a meeting and took at Nashville. Over $30,000 were subscribed, and the society will furnish colonists "with any number of hands that are required.

The Fort Scott (Kansas) *Monitor* asserts that not less than twenty-five thousand people have passed through Bourbon county, in that State, during the past up to the first of June.

—A telegram from Mobile announces that an Austrian officer has arrived at that city empowered to offer protection to the Austrian army of occupation. It is thought that quite a number will avail themselves of the opportunity to plunge again into the maelstrom scenes of war.

—A roof is in process of construction in Detroit over the Michigan Central depot, which will cover three hundred thousand square feet, or over seven acres.

—The Brownsville (Texas) *Ranchero* says that an accident recently happened to a train on the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad. The baggage-master set in his car, reading, at the time, but perceiving by the motion of the train that a great change was about to occur, he attempted to jump out, when he was unfortunately caught between the doors and badly pinched. He was taken out in an insensible condition, and being laid upon the ground, an attempt was made to restore him to which proved successful. As he opened his eyes to a consciousness of things, a clergyman stepped out from the circle which surrounded him, to offer prayer for his unexpected restoration. He immediately on his side of the victim, but, before proceeding with his work of mercy, he inquired, "Are you a Catholic?" "No, sir!" as emphatically as his weak condition would allow. "Then," the baggage-master at once left the Great Western Railroad."

—The new baths established by the city authorities of Boston are patronized by about ten thousand persons daily, men, women and children of all ages are all well arranged, and have from thirteen to thirty-five dressing-rooms. The water flows constantly through openings at the sides, making it always clean and cool.

—Cornell University, at Ithaca, N. Y., is well under way. It will be remembered that Ezra Cornell gave $500,000 for founding this University, and the State has also made a grant of land which are likely to prove valuable. The hope is expressed that this institution will eventually be the endowment of the value of $2,000,000.

—The Post-Office Department have issued an order against selling boxes to policy dealers, bogus lottery ticket swindlers, faro-cheats bookmakers, and all other swindlers, so far as can be ascertained, after the expiration of the present quarter.

—A person who has recently visited the Shenandoah Valley, says it is wonderful to see the progress of cattle and poultry in this "denuded" valley, after the devastations of war. It was said to have been before the absence of fences in some places, now and then a farmhouse or a barn had been, no one would suppose an army had been in the valley.

—Bonanza, Parola, of Auburn, Ohio, recently lifted a dead weight of 2,731¼ pounds, which is the greatest lifting ever known. He has been exercising at intervals during the last six years. Dr. Winship, for seven years past considered the strongest man in the world, at last accounts had lifted only 2,600 pounds.

—The four hundred cadets of the Annapolis Naval Academy are about starting on a long summer cruise. They will be four weeks at sea, giving them an opportunity to practice gunnery and seamanship, and all the vessels will be fitted with best sea outfits. Furthermore a short stay will be made. Halifax. Every precaution will will also be visited, and on the return of the fleet, in the latter part of September, the cadets will be given an opportunity for recreation at Newport, R. I.

—Brooklyn has a Mayor who is one of a thousand. The City Government having passed a resolution to fill his salary from $5,000 to $5,000, the Mayor—the Hon. Samuel Booth—has vetoed it!

—There were 7,202 deaths, and 4,460 marriages and 10,702 births in Connecticut during the year ending leaving the population of the State 3,251 greater than in 1865. At Bridgeport, in Stratford, 117 years old, was the oldest person who died. Four hundred and four divorces were granted during the year.

—One of the most valuable collections of natural history in the United States was destroyed at the recent burning of the Academy of Sciences in Chicago. The ornithological collection had been gathered with great care by the Smithsonian Institute, and by Mr. Robert Kennicott, the curator of the Academy. The collection at $30,000, and was totally destroyed.

—A cave has been discovered near Nashville, in which were some human bones, supposed to have been those of Indians. Bows, arrows and other rude Indian weapons were found among them; also, several beads, the value of which is estimated at $200. Also several reels of wampum were found.

—The total revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1866, is estimated at $500,000,000 four hundred millions and $165,000,000 from tariffs.

—The Philadelphia *Bulletin* makes the startling statement that five hundred indictments for murder have been made in that city while citizens of it, since the collapse of the rebellion, without the possibility of being convicted of treason; while every one of them would have been convicted and punished, some on the most frivolous charges. The *Bulletin* regards this fact, not as saying that he had just pardoned two, one of whom, a lad of fifteen, had been proven guilty of the cowardly offence of stoning a ginger cake woth a dime, and sentenced to three years in the Penitentiary, and another who had stolen a basket of potatoes, was sent for five years to the same place.

—In 1795, when we first established a national government, the American shipping engaged in foreign trade was 127,329 tons. In twelve years it increased to 849,360 tons, and in 1807 it was 1,116,548 tons. From the last year of the war of 1812, it sank to 69,786 tons, and it took fifty years to come up to what it had been at the highest. In 1861 our registered sail tonnage was 2,546,630, having doubled in fifty years. The returns in 1861 show a diminution in tonnage of upward of a million, owing to the partial destruction and decline of British neutrality during the rebellion.

—A Milwaukee newspaper relates the following rather startling incident. It says: "On Thursday night a lame boat, which is kept by the proprietor of the Cambria House, got loose from his kennel, and started on an exploring expedition through the premises. Finding a door open, Rover entered, and made his way through the house. In passing through the hall he came in contact with one of the servingirls, an Irishlady, who, supposing that the bear was bent on mischief, began screaming with all her might. Rover, a bear-lamb, seem no to appreciate the joke, pursued her with all his might, and made a dash at the door. The poor servant could not get under the bed to hide from the monster. She therefore ran to the bed, and, in her excitement, in the presence of the girl, and a dog from making his way down stairs. Rover, on the contrary, compliments the servant girl on her good looks, and ventures to say, than she had no cause to be a bit lonely, and added her presence to the general fright. The bear commenced a charge upon the fair ones, being evidently in a sportive mood, but his unwelcome attentions movement he converted them both, and, raising himself on his hind legs, he began to dance with them as much as it to say, 'What do you think now, my dears?' By this time the whole house was in an uproar, and some came to the rescue of the besieged. Brain was seized by the collar, and dragged unceremoniously to his kennel, while the frightened women were taken care of by their parents or some of the house. They leisurely having been seen in no scent an apparel, and afterward laughed at the preposterous fears of Rover."

Foreign.—Another new fashion has originated among the eccentric nabobs of London and Paris—that of wearing a wedding ring on the thumb instead. For example, a white rose, without the slightest leaves or thorns, is worn on the left hand on the first joint of the thumb; the edges of the snowy leaves overlapping each other. Sometimes it is also done in colors, grouping dead violets, lilies, and pansies, and the like. The effect, it may be, yet after decisions recorded to be "quite too sweet for anything." The sentiment and the poetry in the memory of the dead lilies grouping emblems of the departed may or life and death and resurrection, all in black white however, with their glittering jet accompaniments.

—The London *Saturday Review* states that about 4,000,000 persons are now entitled to vote in the United Kingdom, of which number not more than one in a hundred avail themselves of the privilege. Bills introduce any effect upon the understandings of the multitude. Parliamentary debates are unintelligible to the ordinary hearer, more or less grammatical, which either never reach or are passed in the House, or are left to the bare side of the question. Assuming, then, that one fifth of the adult population is capable of half an intelligent vote," it is easy to discover how many years of agitation will be required to add a million more electors to the United Kingdom."

—The Emperor Napoleon, at last session of the British Parliament, a bill was introduced for clearing the statute book of all useless enactments, which have ceased to have become inoperative from various causes. The period covered by the bill extends from the 31st December of 1865 to the tenth of George III. One bill marked for repeal was passed in the reign of Queen Anne, and is entitled "For the preservation of white and black herring." Another was passed in the reign of Queen Anne, and is entitled "For the preservation of white and black herring." Another was passed in the reign of Edward III. and entitled "For the Regulation of Salmon." It is easy to discover how many years of agitation will be required to add a million more electors to the United Kingdom."

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—The substitution of ocean penny postage, instead of the present rate, is now under discussion in some of the English press. It is argued that the goods can carried from Liverpool to New York for the rate of $3.35 to $50 per ton of forty cubic feet; a bale of dry goods can be sent weighing 400 pounds, and of the same ground, by the same ship, costs $8,000. The postage of letters between England and the United States $17,000 per ton; and yet the freight on the letters is more than twice as much as that on a bale worth $16 per ton. It is said that the cheap ocean postage would increase correspondence to such an extent from, in the increased correspondence.

—A letter from Jerusalem says that a proof of the good feeling which prevails among the different religious communities in the Holy City is found in the celebration of the Jewish festival, a few days back, at Maggiore, which is sacred in Jew and Christian eyes, was richly decorated by a number of Christian fellow-townsmen, who during the ceremony, which lasted for hours, were persons of divers religious forms of worship, was present.

—Gustave Doré, the wonderful illustrator of classical tales, is a native of Strasburg, and now only 34 years old. He was born in Strasburg in 1832, and so may be regarded as half German and half French. His parents were laborious idlers when only sixteen, on the Journal pour rire, which was published weekly, and of which the chief weighing, having arrived from Switzerland, it was found to be impossible to publish the paper, and that they were studied full of cigars of the finest brands.

—In a lecture on the Amazon, delivered in Rio Janeiro, Professor Agassiz said: "The most important fact in regard to the Amazon River was very erroneous, not to say wrong. It was supposed to be unhealthy. It had been informed me unhealthy, but also as to its fertility, and climate very healthy. It was his opinion that it would one day become the granary of the world, supporting in comfort twenty millions of inhabitants.

AMERICAN FEMALE SCULPTORS.

THE London *Art Journal* has a double claim to commendation; its numerous illustrations are in the characteristically high style of the art, and its articles are most diversified, instructive and interesting. There is much in a recent number on "Rome," from which we take an extract or two, hoping it may induce our female readers to peruse the whole:

"Mrs. Browning's reasons for obvious reasons we give precedence, as an English lady by birth, an American by marriage, and a resident for many years, and probably in Rome, eight or nine of which have been devoted to sculpture. Her first work was a bust of her husband (children), and, as if to suppy the want of that which has been denied to her by the fates, she has modelled her woman nature into the pretty marble statuettes and bas-reliefs which she executes. Who that has seen in forget her 'Sleeping Nelly,' as idea taken from that inimitable production of Hiram Powers, 'The Greek Slave Shop.' Poor, deserted N—y, deserted by all but Providence, and her mother, Mrs. Browning's two beautiful guardian angels are watching at her pillow. This, one may suppose, was the first work of the modeller's art. Very similar in character are the 'Princes Sleeping in the Tower,' a composition which is to be cast in bronze. In twenty-four figures in relief she describes a Brazilian feast, all of them children, and all indicative of the gayety of youth, some dancing, some playing on musical instruments. Vine leaves and grapes fill the borders of the group, which is completed by a bold medallion of the appear to have yielded to the soporific influences of the jolly god.

Again:

"Of Miss Hosmer, an American lady, it is unnecessary to say that she is well known in this country and to the British as well as to the American public. She arrived in Rome about twelve or thirteen years since, and studied for some time under the great master; Gibson, of whom she was a favorite pupil. One of the first, if not the first, of her sex who adopted the profession of sculptor in the Eternal City. Miss Hosmer excited not a little curiosity, and later a much attention, by the singular character of her studio. Instead of the usual block of marble, a rock on a mushroom, which has been described as the model of her earliest works, was to be seen. Then came her reputation; but, to our regret, her 'sleeping works' have not been executed in marble. The perfection of form, the graceful position, the perfect repose of the figure, are wonderful in the art, and we are half disposed to think that the sleeping figure is the position in which it is philosophically described. At present Miss Hosmer is modelling, as a companion to the 'Waking Puck,' the youngster of the right family is seated on the ground by his side, and apparently absorbed in the recovery of his parrot, has managed to bind him; but the Fates suddenly awake, bearing the shears with which they are about being quent by the hair. Another work now nearly completed is the sister group to the Puck, a composition for both of Marianne Alford, who was one of the first to appreciate the interesting subject. The figure of the sleeping Puck is formed of a series of large shells, from the centre of which rises a pedestal bearing on the summit a scroll. Round the base of the pedestal are three water-sprites, two of them dolphins, each little chubby face turned upward, or in a listening attitude, to catch a glimpse of the sleeping Puck, and commencing such sweet melody. Graceful in design, the entire group, so far as we can judge of it in the unfinished state, bids fair to be one of the most finished works of the fair artist.

From the studio of Miss Emma Hosmer is Miss Edmonia Lewis, a colored lady, whose sex, extreme youth and color justify our most sympathetic regard. She is an Indian mother and a negro father, she passed the first twelve years of her life in the wilds, fishing, hunting, swimming and making moccasins. Her love of sculpture first manifested itself in modelling animals. The 'Lion' made something like that," she said to a benevolent gentleman who was visiting her studio, "and he took it to persuade her to visit his studio. Then she had some day given her her self-confidence, and, with a mind thus unfettered so well as to merit praise and encouragement. Her first sculpture she calls 'Old Sally,' being a bust of a negro woman, the 'Sally' and here she is simple and natural. Her next work was a bust of Colonel Shaw, a subject which must have been a difficult one, competing with the finished masters of the art. As she has finished her last work, a bust of Lincoln, she modelled a bust of Col. Shaw, who commanded the first colored regiment that was raised in the free States, and who has been ordered by the family of the brave colonel, who fell leading his men to victory. Another bust, of Mr. Dionysius Lewis, of New York, is nearly completed as a companion. Miss Lewis is a member of the Catholic Church, a broad woman falling on her knees, and, with clasped hands and upturned face, thanking God for the blessings of liberty. She has not forgotten her people, and this early dedication of her genius to their cause is honorable to her feelings. Two other groups, the designs of which are taken from Longfellow's 'Hiawatha,' are nearly modeled. They represent, first, Hiawatha coming to the wigwam of his love to claim her as his bride, and the last, on token of an offer of marriage; and secondly, Hiawatha leading Minnehaha home from the land of the Dakotahs."

This interesting article furnishes other illustrations of the fact that, among the lady artists in Rome, the American element is very prominent.

Bread Upon the Waters.

WHEN I was at college I chanced to be returning to my quarters one late hour one night, when I stumbled over something lying on the sidewalk. As I was just beginning my junior year, and had consequently some little knowledge of human life, and swearing was a mark of superior manhood, without so much as a blessing upon careless watchmen I bent it down, and after a little examination found that I had stumbled over one of the city nowsboys. He was almost frozen; so wrapping him up in my overcoat, I carried him with some difficulty up the long hill, and soon had him in quarters something warmer than those in which he had found him.

It was a long time before the boy became conscious of his whereabouts; but when his delirium was over, and I found that before my wrapped in my warm dressing-gown, I ascertained how it happened that I found him asleep on the sidewalk.

He told his story in a few words. He was alone in the world—his father and mother were dead—and he was shifting for himself. He had been unsuccessful in the sale of his papers that day, was hungry and cold, and, as he said, he was disloving very cold, he had crouched down a moment at the corner to shield himself from the cutting blast, had fallen asleep, and in that state I had found him.

I thought the little sinner was lying to me when he began to tell me his story and made up my mind that I watched to see if he didn't bring himself out some way before he finished. He was a bright little fellow, full of fun, sure, and very jolly, but he did have a keen, black eye, and no mistake. His story, plain as it was, was not added to much. I feeling sure he was not lying to me, had decided what to do.

The next morning, measuring the length, breadth and thickness of my nowsboy, I went down street to my tailor's, obtained a suit of clothes which, after some fitting on the boy, of which, with a few changes, proved to be just the thing, purchased a pair of shoes which exactly suited the measure I had in my pocket, and returned to my room before the lad was awake

You ought to have seen how he opened those eyes and stared when he entered the room, at everything, and have watched the shadow of perplexity, accumulating on his face when I told him that, at the recollections of the last few hours came back.

"Well, my man," said I, "how do you feel? Have you any recollection of these large sets of anywhere near the size of that body of yours?"

He was out of bed in a flash, and in a very short time was dressed in the new suit. Ah! but he did look well, as he stood there so neat and trim, and so thankful withal, that I felt as the schoolmaster did when he gave the boy a flogging, "I was more blessed to give than to receive."

I had made the boy with me till he was well and strong, and one morning called him to me, and in a set speech, à la junior exhibition, said:

"Mr. Newsboy, it is high time that you should begin again the voyage of active life, and this morning I am going to cut you adrift. Here's a little desk to help you along in your travels at first, and do you be careful that you don't make a bad use of it. Before you go I want you to promise me that you will preserve yourself, by temperance to society, and all that sort of thing, will you?"

He said yes, of course, a dozen times, and after a hearty shake of the hand and a hasty "Good-by, Sam," he disappeared down the college stairs.

Time passed along. I graduated, settled in business, married; but still never once heard of my boy, and at last he and the occurrence were forgotten.

Five years ago this winter my business called me to the West. It proved a sorry journey to me. I lost my traveling-sack, containing valuables to a considerable amount; my baggage was lost a wild goose chase without the least shadow of success, and just about discouraged, I left Chicago.

Misfortune did not desert me here. On seeking my wallet, I found that it had been stolen, and what I had cash in my pocket. I was in a faint recollection of not feeling particularly amiable just at that time. Out West, in those days, was something that it is not now, and it is now, where you roll over the ground at the rate of forty miles an hour, and out West, with not a dollar, and no means of communication but a line of small-paced stage-coaches, was anything but delightful.

The coach for the East was just starting, and having watched it out of sight, I went back to the tavern and sat down to think how I should get out of my difficulty. I had been sitting there for some little time, when a man who had been warning himself with his back to the fire drew his chair nearer to mine, and, after a little chat at the weather, surprised me by asking if I wasn't Mr. ——, of Providence, Rhode Island. I told him I was, and before he could return the compliment of asking his name, he said:

"Do you remember the boy whom, when you were a student in the university, you found almost frozen in the streets of Providence? Do you remember that I promised you (I was that boy), to be a honest, industrious man, to behave myself, and become an ornament to society? Well, sir, I have kept my word, and I have without fear of denial, that I am an honest and successful man, and that whatever I am, morally, socially, I am indebted for every bit of it, and he shook my hand as only a grateful man can.

Then he told me what he had been about all these years; by industry and economy since he had won the confidence of his employer, had in time been admitted by him as a partner, had married his partner's daughter, and was, in fact, a happy man.

My surprise at the appearance of "my boy," had evidently pleasure in meeting me, his earnest inquiries after my welfare—all these things at the time highly appreciated, and I shall never forget him how it was strained. He laughed at my misfortunes, hoped I "wouldn't lie awake o' nights grieving about it," and then quietly turned me away. He took me to his office, told me of his extensive business, made me snake hands with his fellow-clerks, he introduced me to his lovely mistress, his wife.

I passed a pleasant week under that friendly roof, and more than once thought, as I left my native homeward, how many more such grateful harvests might be garnered if men would be less miserly of the proper seed.

POISONS OF HUMAN DISEASES.

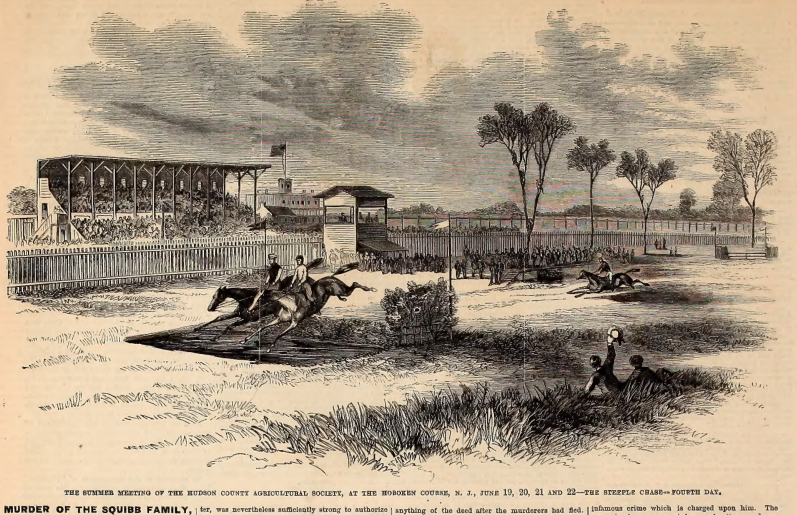
THE poison of scarlet fever, although it has not yet been a parsed and carried on in ivory point or in bone, like that of small-pox, is nevertheless a solid poison. It appears to be thrown off with the epithelial covering of the skin and mucous surfaces. It travels very short distances by the air, but it holds tenaciously to solid articles. We have direct evidence, which we have communicated elsewhere, to show that this poison may be carried by a letter, by a slipper, and by a large piece of clothing. The unwashed clothes of the poor in the agricultural districts it is retained in the fabric, which forms too often the ceiling of the bedroom. In one case we have communicated the disease by inoculation although the evidence on this point is doubtful, and we have also, by bags or morsels of flannel, it impregnates the susceptible body, and gives rise to further disease. The poison of small-pox, it is destroyed at 212 deg. Fahr.

The poison of measles is carried with even more difficulty than that of whooping-cough. It is form it in the breath, and it is destroyed by a temperature of 212 deg. Fahr.

The poison of diphtheria is conveyed with even more difficulty than that of whooping-cough. It is form it in the breath, and it is destroyed by a temperature of 212 deg. Fahr.

Poverty and pride are combined in the most unnatural union with ignorance and with idleness, the depth or wretchedness is attained.

If you would enjoy your meals, be good-natured, and make others so; and cannot tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas.



THE SUMMER MEETING OF THE HUDSON COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, AT THE HOBOKEN COURSE, N. J., JUNE 19, 20, 21 AND 22—THE STEEPLE CHASE—FOURTH DAY.

MURDER OF THE SQUIBB FAMILY,

In York County, Pa.

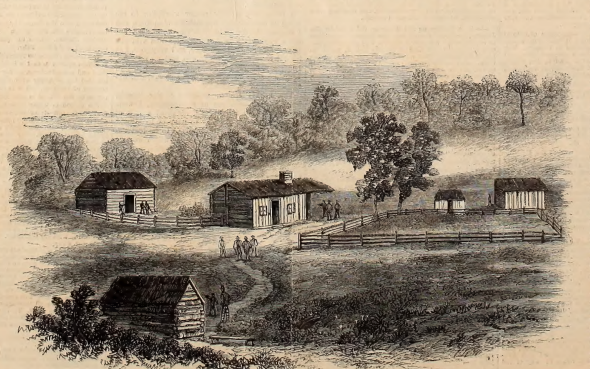
THE spirit of Cain seems to be let loose upon the land, and scarcely a day passes without the record of some frightful and successful attempt to destroy human life. A few weeks since, the incarnate fiend, Probst, murdered the whole Deering family, and just as he had exploited his aggravated crimes on the gallows, the soil of the Keystone State was stained with the blood of another innocent household, who fell victims to the wanton cruelty or malicious hate of the assassin.

George Squibb, a respectable and inoffensive old man of Quaker descent, was living, with his wife and grand-daughter, on a small farm situated in a quiet and secluded spot, at the foot of Dare's Hill, in Warrington Township. He had owned it for many years, and by strict economy and industry had succeeded in accumulating a small sum of money, which he kept in the house, and was in the habit of loaning out to his friends and neighbors as their necessities required. He was seventy-one years old at the time of his assassination, and his wife, who is still living, was aged sixty-seven. The little granddaughter was between eleven and twelve. On the evening of Sunday, the 17th ult., as appearances indicated, about the time they were preparing to retire to bed, the murderer or murderers entered his humble dwelling, and commenced their bloody work. The house is situated about 150 yards from a public road, leading from the Lisbon road to the road going to Lewisberry, and is distant from the nearest dwelling about five or six hundred yards. It is an old dilapidated building, constructed of rough logs, is but one story high, and no one who was not acquainted with the character and habits of its inmates would have thought for a moment that they were in the possession of any money whatever. It would be the last place to which a stranger would have resorted for robbery or gain. It has but two rooms on the ground floor, the one used as a kitchen and sitting-room, and the other as a bed-chamber. It was, therefore, pretty strongly suspected that some one residing in the neighborhood, and who was acquainted with the family, was connected with the dark crime. It is stated that two suspicious-looking strangers were seen in the neighborhood on Sunday, but while the investigations were going on, a man by the name of William Donavan, familiarly known as Irish Bill, who resides about a mile from the house where the murder was committed, was arrested and brought before the coroner's jury, and subjected to a close and telling examination. The evidence against him, independent of a circumstantial character, was nevertheless sufficiently strong to authorize the jury in committing him for trial at the August term of the Court.

It seems that Donavan, about five years ago, in a wanton and cruel manner, beat one of Mr. Squibb's cows so that it died, and Squibb brought a suit against him to recover the price of the animal. It was decided in his favor, and when, Donavan was obliged to pay the money, he made threats that he would have revenge on Squibb if it were twenty years afterward. Donavan is an ill-tempered, desperate character, and is the terror of the neighborhood, particularly when under the influence of liquor, which is often the case. Ostensibly, at least, he is the owner of a small property on the north side of Dare's Hill, and it is said that several executions are pending against him which he is unable to satisfy. He knew that the Squibbs had money in the house, and probably availed himself of the opportunity to gratify his revenge and supply himself with the money to settle his liabilities at the same time. The wounds upon the heads of the victims are all on the right side, showing pretty conclusively that they were inflicted by a left-handed person, and Donavan is a left-handed man.

The murder was discovered on Monday morning, about ten o'clock, and the victims of the brutal outrage, both the living and the dead, must have lain where they were found, during the whole of Sunday night, up to the hour mentioned. George Smilbaker, a grandson of Mr. Squibb, came to the house about ten o'clock to borrow an auger, and was the first person who knew anything of the deed after the murderers had fled. The alarm was immediately given, and the neighbors collected from far and near to witness the awful spectacle and to devise some means of bringing the guilty parties to justice. George Squibb was found lying face downward, upon the porch, with a pool of coagulated blood around him, and his features covered beyond recognition with the same. He was insensible but not dead. He lived until half-past twelve o'clock on Monday night. There were fourteen wounds on the right side of his head, thirteen of which had penetrated to the brain, and, of course, he remained perfectly unconscious to the time of his death. The little granddaughter was lying dead in the kitchen, with the back part of her head crushed in, showing that the hand who robbed her of her innocent life must have accomplished his purpose by using a heavy hammer or some similar instrument. Close beside the corpse of the child, Mrs. Mary Squibb was lying in a state of insensibility and covered with blood. She had three wounds on the right side of the head, one of which produced a slight fracture of the skull. Although at the present writing very feeble and greatly prostrated by the terrible shock her nervous system has sustained, there are slight hopes of her recovery entertained by her attending physician. Should she survive, she unquestionably will be able to identify the persons who committed the murder, or should she ever be so far restored as to be able to state what might be received as her dying testimony, it will either tend to convict the party now accused, or relieve him entirely from the infamous crime which is charged upon him. The amount of money carried away by the murderers cannot be ascertained. It is supposed, however, to be some three or four hundred dollars. About the same amount was left in one of the bureau drawers untouched, having escaped the search of the plunderers. There was nothing left or found on the premises to indicate what kind of an instrument had been used by the assassin, but it would seem from the appearance of the wounds that they were inflicted with a blunt piece of wood or iron. The awful deed has thrown a gloom over the community, and the surviving relatives of the murdered family are receiving the warmest and most heartfelt expressions of sympathy.

The illustration on this page shows a view of the house where the horrible tragedy was enacted. The spot is an isolated, lonely one, and the frequent occurrence of such crimes will break in upon the feeling of security, which heretofore has pervaded the rural districts of our happy country.



THE SCENE OF THE LATE BUTCHERY OF THE SQUIBB FAMILY, WARRINGTON TOWNSHIP, YORK COUNTY, PENN.—SKETCHED BY GEO. W. M'ELROY.

THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

THE spring meeting of the Hudson County Agricultural Society was held at Hoboken, N. J., on the 19th ult., and continued four days. It proved to be one of the most brilliant and successful affairs of the kind ever held in America. The weather was magnificent, the attendance unprecedentedly large, and the trials of speed between the various horses brought upon the course most satisfactory. One of the most interesting features of the meeting was the steeple-chase on the last day, which we illustrate on this page.

This was a race of three miles over the rough ground inside the track, with twenty-seven jumps. There is an irresistible attraction for sight-seers and curiosity-seekers to any place where anybody runs a risk of life or limb, or where it is expected that anybody will break his neck or put it in imminent jeopardy. The running horses seem to be gaining popularity over the trotting horse for the very insufficient reason that they go swifter, and steeple-chasing draws more spectators than mere running for the reason that people love excitement and relish anything that thrills the nerves.

The route for the steeple-chase, commencing on the regular track over one hurdle, passed thence into the field over two or three rail fences, about four feet high; at the opposite side led over a fourteen feet field ditch, thence around on the inside, over several rail fences to the brush and water-jump. The horses

were to go three times around, coming on to the regular track at the last round, and making in all twenty-seven jumps.

Of the four horses starting in this chase, only two succeeded in completing the rounds. The winner at the Paterson steeple-chase the week before, fell, throwing the rider and injuring him fatally.

The particular feature of the race, shown in the picture, is the vaulting over several hurdles in succession by two of the horses simultaneously.

Much of the satisfaction afforded by these races was due to the good management of the lease of the grounds, Colonel McDaniel, assisted by the efficient and energetic Secretary and Superintendent of the Association, Messrs. J. Harvey Lyons and John M. Francis.

The popular Caterer, Mr. Charles F. Lotman, contributed greatly to the comfort of the crowd of spectators, by providing an abundance of such good things as their wants craved, no unimportant matter on such an occasion.

THE CAROLINA TWINS,

Now on Exhibition at Barnum's Museum.

THE strange freak of nature is the blending together of two colored girls in a manner more thorough than the linking of the Siamese Twins. In the case of the latter, a ligament about two inches and a half in diameter binds the twain together at the region of the stomach, and this ligament being the only point of connection between the two brothers, the individuality of each is distinct, except in respect to this link. The Carolina Twins, as this latter wonder is styled, are placed together, back to back, and instead of a mere ligament, the bodies are actually blended into one from the bottom of the trunk to a short distance above the lower ribs. Throughout the point of contact there is but a single spinal column. Above the connecting point the spine branches off, forming two distinct human beings, with separate stomachs, two hearts, two heads, the regular allowance of arms, etc. Below the point of contact there is the proper supply of legs for two persons; but in each, the nerves of sensation, which centre in the spinal column, affect both girls in precisely the same degree, while there is independent action above the point of contact. To explain our meaning better, we would say, that if a visitor were to touch Millie upon the toe, Christina would immediately turn her head in response to the touch; while pinches upon the arm, or a touch upon any part of the body above the point of contact, would only be felt by the person touched.

Except at the part of the body where the twins are blended into one, and where one set of functions serve the purposes of both, there are but few points of difference between these strange children and ordinary humanity. Most curious among the exceptions is the fact, that, while the heart of one of the girls is in its proper place, that organ is upon the right side of the other. Their pulses never beat in common, there being a complete alternation in the beatings, and both working with the regularity of a pendulum. The girls are bright and intelligent for their condition in life. They sing, play, dance, read, write and converse, and do all with sprightliness and good humor. They chat with each other almost incessantly when not otherwise occupied, and the two talk with different persons upon different subjects at the same moment. They seem perfectly cheerful in their strangely blended condition, declare that they know of no inconvenience resulting from it, and protest that they would be unhappy if they were separated, were such a thing possible.

The twins are about fourteen years old. They were born in Columbus County, North Carolina. Their father and mother were healthy, well-formed persons, and the mother gave birth to sixteen children, besides the strange pair whom we have attempted to describe. All their brothers and sisters were properly formed boys and girls. North Carolina, which was the birth-place of these twins, seems to enjoy a sort of monopoly of such strange natural productions. It will be remembered that the Siamese Twins have made their home in that State.



THE "CAROLINA TWINS," MILLIE AND CHRISTINA, NOW ON EXHIBITION AT BARNUM'S MUSEUM, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

ENGLISH OPERA.

THE establishment of English Opera in this city has been an achievement long desired and frequently attempted, but with such varied success as to dishearten nearly every manager who has undertaken the enterprise.

It has been reserved for Mr. Julius Eichberg to attain a triumph that others have sought in vain. For some weeks he has produced, at the French Theatre, his sparkling and graceful "Doctor of Alcantara," and other operas, that have been received with great favor by crowded and appreciative audiences.

The acting and singing have been excellent; and while there are, doubtless, defects, we are disposed to overlook them, in the desire to foster and encourage an effort that promises so much and has succeeded so well. The introduction of Mr. Eichberg's operas may properly be regarded as inaugurating a new era in the history of musical enterprise in this city. By sustaining home talent, we shall have better performances, and a more improved musical taste, while by trusting to our own resources we can at all times, provide such entertainments as will please and profit.

We have selected for illustration the scene in the second act. The "Good night, Señor Balthasar!" is one of the best things in the opera, the rendition of which by the artists is extremely happy. Mr. Fetchum, as Señor Balthasar, convulses the audience with his varied manifestations and agitation at being left alone; terror indescribable is depicted on every feature, but he is at length relieved from his fears on the assemblage of the family, and all ends happily.

CONTRASTS IN NEW YORK.

A LARGE city is an epitome of the world, comprising every condition of social existence, and presenting all the phases of human life. Wealth, and all it commands of comfort, influence and enjoyment; Poverty, and all it suffers of sorrow, and wretchedness, and despair; Refinement, springing from virtue and intelligence; Coarseness, growing out of vice and depravity; Taste, the result of high culture and enlarged ideas; Vulgarity, the resultant of ignorance: all these exist side by side, and make up the variety or city life. And in no city these differences more marked than in New York. Our population represents almost every nationality, forming a kind of social conglomerate, in which the various individual peculiarities are retained, giving character to the whole mass, while all is crystallized into a distinct form, unlike any other, and possessing its own generic distinctions. It is a common but mistaken notion that, because the metropolis is the centre of enterprise, and capital, and influence, it must likewise be the concentration of all comfort, and wealth, and domestic enjoyment. These do exist here in their most attractive forms, but they exist in juxtaposition with all that is sad, and miserable, and repulsive in life.

On our outside pages we present some of the contrasts that exist in our city, and make up its distinctive character. And these, so far from being exaggerations or caricatures, barely afford an idea of what would strike even the casual observer. The quiet, orderly, virtuous citizen, while on his way to church with his family, will be almost deafened with the hoarse cries of newsboys, or shocked by the brutal cursings of the rabble, who defy law and outrage decency. The millionaire, whose costly mansion contains every luxury and convenience and comfort that money can command, may look from his lordly windows upon the rude hovel of the miserable squatter, who gladly calls some squalid shanty his home. The successful merchant, whose business is summed up by scores of millions, has an earnest competitor in the street vender of nuts, and candies, and toys.

Each thoroughfare presents its own type of fashion and social standing and exclusiveness; and the frequenters of our various promenades are as different in their appearance and character as if they lived on opposite sides of the globe. The daughters of fortune amuse themselves in viewing the costly fabrics and rich products that our fashionable stores offer for their inspection and purchase; the daughters of perdition pass a few gay hours heading the siren song of forbidden pleasure that leads to ruin and shame.

Central Park is enlivened with gay equipages and joyous ramblers, proving a fruitful delight; while a few squares away are the filthy offal wharves, the repulsive receptacles of what is cast away in all our homes and streets. And so we might proceed: but the picture explains itself, and gives, at a single view, a glance at life as it is. Its lessons are obvious, and each reader can form his own conclusions.

VICE should excite shame for its own sake, and not for the censure which it may incur from others. The virtue of him who is guarded from temptation only by the fear of the world, and the probability of detection, is certainly fortified by feeble defenses.



SCENE FROM THE OPERA OF "THE DOCTOR OF ALCANTARA," BY JULIUS EICHBERG, AT THE FRENCH THEATRE, FOURTEENTH STREET, N. Y., BY THE ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE NOW PERFORMING THERE.

THE EMPTY NEST.

Yor ask my Annie for a wife, my sweetest and my best,
The last of all the darlings that once filled the dear-home nest,
And with kindly care and tenderness you pray I, too, will come,
To live a loved and honored guest within your pleasant home;
You say that, for the share in that poor child's heart you have won,
You'll render back to me the love and duty of a son.

Yes; I will come; my children all are scattered far and wide,
My sons and daughters each have found their own warm fireside;
My own would seem too desolate, too dreary, and too lone
When this, my last sweet birdie, from my shelter-ing wing is gone;
But, oh, 'tis not without a pang, I bid my home farewell,
And go—beneath another roof, in other walls, to dwell.

My life has been a peaceful life—few trials in the past,
And I still can keep a cheerful heart, chastened, but not o'ercast;
I would not have been spared one cross, one sweet that which left
My life of its far dearer part forsaken and bereft,
For if no trial had been sent, nor any grief been given,
I might have doubted of my hope for happiness in heaven.

Yes, all has been as it should be; and in the days to come
I may live in pleasant usefulness in your bright, cheerful home;
But none can ever be as dear, or seem so fair and good,
As where I came a bride, and knew the grief of widowhood;
I hardly think that sanctifies and gives the highest worth—
That here I've known my deepest joy and heaviest grief on earth.

My dear old home! how fair it stands amid its wide green lawn—
Its trees, grand in their stately growth, the grass so smooth shorn!
The rose-trees round the porch will still grow taller day by day,
And the lindens be just as thick and trim when I am far away:
The garden borders, here and there, bright as they were before—
But I must not call it now my home—it will know me soon no more.

The wide, high hall will be as cool in summer's sultry days,
The parlor just as bright and warm in the clear Christmas blaze,
And around the hospitable hearth, perhaps, just as of old,
Friends gather close, and songs be sung, and many tales be told;
And like my own dear parents, in reverend age be seen
Some grandpapa and gran1mama, to keep their memory green.

Twill always warm my heart to turn in fancy back again
To where I've felt the most I'll know of this world's pain;
Its walls are precious to my heart, 'tis sanctified to me
As none, however bright or glad, again can ever be;
'Tis grown like a forsaken nest with all the young birds flown;
I love it still, but cannot dwell here desolate and lone.

COUSIN KATE.

BY G. CLIFFORD.

"WELL, Miss Blonde, of all the stupid wills in the world, I think the will your father made was the stupidest. I wouldn't love such a father a bit —although he is dead and gone."

"You must bear in mind, Madge, that my father's sister married against her father's consent, and when her husband secured her money, all he cared for was to waste it. This must be some excuse for my poor father, who, I am told, cried with vexation when he was told I was a girl, and not a boy, as he had hoped."

"Do you remember your father, Miss Blonde?"

"Well, I have a faint recollection of a very grave man, who would come up now and then into my nursery and pat me on my head; but I was only six when he died, and as I lost my mother when I was quite an infant, I, of course, was not the slightest recollection of her. Since then I have lived with my old bachelor uncle, Mr. Egerton, the only one of my guardians I like."

"To think that you cannot marry without the consent of four musty old fellows, who never knew what love was in all their lives! And if you do marry without their consent, you only have two thousand dollars a year for your life, while your splendid fortune goes to found an institute for lunatics—I declare it is enough to drive any young lady mad, and make her one of the first patients for her father's brilliant idea. Oh, if I were you, Miss Blonde, I'd outwit those old rascals, your guardians, that I would!"

Our readers will gather from this brief dialogue that Madge was Blonde's waiting-maid, and that Blonde was an orphan and an heiress. Her father, Mr. Delmar, had been a Boston merchant, but eventually settled in New York, where he made a large fortune, which he left to his only child, under such stringent conditions, that her marriage became almost an impossibility, unless she chose to sacrifice her wealth, and contest herself with the mere pittance of two thousand dollars a year. Mr. Delmar had been induced to this step from a profound disgust of the marriage state.

He had, when quite an elderly man, married one of those detestable things called belles, whose only pursuit was dress, pleasure and frivolity. Being a reserved man, he took his bride (unlucky!) but it gave him such a distaste for marriage, that when he heard his wife had given him a daughter instead of a son, he declared that if he could help it, she should never make a man miserable, as her mother had done. He therefore selected from his nearest kinsmen acquaintance for his child, people—four of the most opposite characters to each find, and left them guardians to his daughter. Let us in a few words describe them.

Mr. Lucre was a mean, miserly man, who never had a thought beyond money. With the usual reckless ness of Providence, his son, Thomas Lucre, was one of those insufferable exquisites who make Bond Street miserable. He was a complete copy of Lord Dundreary. He cultivated the same inane whiskers, imitated the same style of pronouncing, and occasionally had an almost supernatural concentration of his mental energies, produce a conundrum. This effort, however, generally produced a severe mental prostration, and required several bottles of eau-de-Cologne to restore him to his former condition. In a word, Mr. Thomas Lucre was a very fine young gentleman who come out of their bandboxes every afternoon for the special admiration of the ladies. He did not speak—he drawled over his words—his most eloquent speeches being, "Distinctually so!" "Pawsitively no!" "By Jauve, you pawfectly astawnish me!"

His notions of a lady's food were ice-cream, ratafia cakes, and a very small glass of green stuff. He once sat a lady's acquaintance because at a supper she took *two* sardines, which he declared were sufficient for the army of Xerxes. He avoided a meal-table as he did a pestilence, always speaking himself in so low and languid a tone that it was inaudible a yard off. His habits of dress were equally fastidious—one of his spotlessness being that it took six *artistes* to make a glove, one for each finger and two for the thumb. Such was old Lucre's only son and heir, and the one whom his father had determined should marry the wholehearted and lively Blonde. Mr. Egerton, who had the personal care of her, was of a very different stock: he was a retired merchant, very fond of his garden, his house, his grounds and his library. He was a gentleman and a man of the strictest honor. Owing to a disappointment in early life, he remained a bachelor, and his days, finding more consolation in his quiet pursuits than in the decisive snares of wife and children, this malapropant stupidity of his friend Delmar's will was a great source of annoyance to him, and if he could do anything to modify its selfish severity, he would most cordially do it.

Mr. Solomon Grabham was another of her guardians, and belonged to the same class as old Lucre; he was a wealthy city goods merchant, and dearly loved his money. His only child Mr. Barnabas Grabham was just the reverse of his father, being extravagant and always hard up, partly the result of his own improvidence and partly the result of Mr. Father's parsimony. Despite all his father's lecturings nothing would induce Barnabas to attend to business, and when he did he made such alarming blunders, that at last his father was reconciled to his absence from the store, and allowed him a certain sum for his private expenses. This, however, was a very little way with a man or his prodigal habits. The last of this singular band of guardians was Mr. Bletchy: he was an Englishman, who, having visited this country as a managing partner of a Liverpool house, married an American lady, and settled down in his home. Ephraim was one of those sneaking and cowardly young men who now and then shame the human shape. His father was pompous and conceited, and despite his reverence for riches, really considered it a great honor for his son to marry an American lady.

As Mr. Egerton lived in the country, and as there was no opportunity for him and his brother guardians, Blonde had never seen any of these aspirants to her hand, or rather, to her money, for her personal attractions were only some once a year, and sometimes not even so often. By her father's will she was not to enter on her rights until her twenty-second birthday, and that eventful period was on the very point of arrival. She was then to accept a husband at the hands of her guardians, or remain for all her life, unless she chose to marry whom she pleased on the love-in-a-cottage stripend of two thousand dollars a year. Such was Mr. Delmar's fallacy in love, and not with any of the suitors whom she had never seen, but with a very handsome, serious, learned, and accomplished young friend Claude Vesey, who had been for the last two years a resident in the Egerton household. Mr. Egerton received that his ward, for whom he cherished a fond affection, should have an education worthy of her position and wealth.

The all-important day arrived when Blonde was to test her fate. Madge informed her the first she would have to encounter would be old Lucre. Blonde received him with great cordiality, and in reply to his question, as to whether she had ever seen his son, replied that she had seen his photograph, which, if it was anything like him, was enough of itself to fascinate any woman.

"You are still a very handsome man yourself, Mr. Lucre. Now, from what I hear of your son, he is just the man I have long wished, I may make this bargain with you: I engage to give the preference to your son, if you will give me your promise, in writing, not to withhold your consent from any one I may choose, in the event of your son rejecting me."

"Reject you! Why, he must be mad to reject you; he is coming to-morrow for that very purpose."

"Then you agree to my terms?".

"Certainly," replied old Lucre, and begged Blonde to give him pen and materials.

Blonde called Madge to bring the necessary articles in, and was told to wait to witness the memorandum.

"Madge," said her mistress, "you know what I think of Mr. Lucre, and that it is my intention to give him the preference, if he will accept me. In consideration of this promise, Mr. Lucre consents to give his power in the will he refuses to marry me."

"Certainly," said Mr. Lucre; "and here is the same in black and white; but promise of Miss Lucre is as good as gold. Now, young woman, witness this."

Madge did as requested; and after warmly applauding Blonde's taste in selecting his son, old Lucre took his departure, actually slipping into Madge's hand a dollar as a douceur.

When left to themselves, Blonde and her adviser, Madge, had a quiet talk.

"Leave a woman alone," said the latter, "if, when she tries, she cannot outwit all the men in this world."

When old Grabham was introduced, Blonde told Madge she need not leave the room, as what she had to say was addressed to her.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Grabham," was Blonde's welcome to the old miser, "I congratulate you on having such a son. I am positively in love from merely seeing his photograph. What a charming expression of countenance! I can, however, read character in you. He has dotted his face and fortune from you."

Old Grabham, pleased with this, felt the fascination of such words from such a pretty mouth as Blonde's, and he assured her how delighted he was to have such a daughter.

"Now, Mr. Grabham," said Blonde, in her most winning manner, "can you keep a secret?"

Old Grabham vowed he could, but pointed at Madge.

"Oh," said Blonde, "it's no secret to her; I tell her when I like, and she comes into my head. I am afraid, from your nice sense of honor, you will think I am not treating the other suitors fairly; but as woman's happiness is her all in all—"

"The secret, my dear lady!—the secret!" said old Grabham, "I am sure you wouldn't act unfairly for all the young men in the United States."

"You only do me justice," observed Blonde, "and I thank you. Now, I am a proud woman, and do not like to be dictated to; so I have resolved to choose my husband, and not have my husband, on one condition, which is, that if he should reject me, you will make no opposition to my choice."

"But I know he will not reject you, my dear girl."

"Well, then, if you are sure he won't, we are sure to be married, and you can have no hesitation in giving me your written promise, as I have requested."

The old miser sat for a few moments, as though in doubt.

"I know it is a whim; but you should remember I am but one of the witnesses, as women ought to be of Miss Harvey Blonde, carelessly. "Yes or no, Mr. Grabham? I am a very self-willed and obstinate girl, despite my amiability."

Old Grabham, who loved the large, honest eyes of the fair heiress, and said:

"Honor bright, Miss Delmar, you solemnly promise to marry me?"

"That's if he does not reject me. I suppose you do not want me to drag him to the altar, and shoot him if he refuses?"

"I will do it now. Where is pen, ink and paper?"

Madge witnessed the old man's signature, and Grabham took his departure.

"Remember, Mr. Grabham, this is a secret, known to you and me only. I quite right for a young lady to confess as much as I have to you; but I know your son will make an excellent husband."

When old Grabham had left the room, Blonde shrugged her lovely shoulders, and said:

"Heaven pardon me for this trick, and you, dear Madge, for suggesting it—I don't know which is the worst!"

Madge looked quite arch!

"For mercy's sake! I would tell a bushel of fibs, and play a hundred tricks, innocent as this, to secure the man I love, and the girl that wouldn't, cannot care a fig whether she marries the right or the wrong man, so long as she gets a husband!"

Blonde succeeded equally well with Mr. Stately, and Mr. Solomon Bletchy. Mr. Egerton had no son, and wanted only that she should entirely consult her own taste in the matter, there was no need to tell a falsehood to him; and so, however, much as she loved him, let him into her ingenious but daring plot to get rid of the necessity of consulting the prejudices of those whom she had resolved, by appealing to their selfishness, for not one of them, of course, for a moment thought that one of their number would refuse her hand.

In order to carry out, with the greatest probability if success, the erratic scheme proposed by Madge, Blonde had arranged that an hour should elapse between the visit of each suitor, and that they should come in a certain order, so that she might deal with them to the most advantage. The first that arrived was that prince of exquisites, Mr. Tenuel Lucre. He came in his elegant little brougham, closely covered from the wind and dust, lest, as Shakspeare says, "They should visit the face of heaven too roughly."

When Mr. Egerton's butler ushered him into

raving-room, where Blonde was to see her suitors, Mr. Tenuel threw himself into an easy-chair, and taking a small smelling-bottle from his pocket, said, in a low tone to himself:

"What fearful roads there are in these *haunted pawts*. How a lady of Miss Delmar's delicacy and refinement can bury herself in such a *bucolawcous* place is to me *distinctually* and *pawsitively* astonishing!"

He was interrupted in his soliloquy by hearing a female voice shouting in a loud tone:

"Coats my pony, you old fool, or I'll break every bone in your ugly skin!"

The next moment and the owner of the loud voice stood before him. It was Miss Lucre, the lively heiress of the Cedars. In one hand she held a large carrot, from which she had just taken a good bite.

"How are you, my boy? I know you by the description, but I'm darned if I thought to see such a swell. Why, where's the horse you came in? Oh! hull What a stench! Oh! I dare say it's what you call the perfumery! Here, Madge, you have been; bring me a little chloride of lime. Here's young Lucre got his pockets stuffed with all the trash of a perfumer's shop."

As she said this, she went up to the astonished exquisite, and giving him a slap on the back, which nearly broke it and disturbed the arrangement of his immaculate tie and collar, saying nothing of his symmetrical curls, every separate hair of his mustache quivered, and the soul of young Tinsel was shaken to its centres. When Madge entered with a small fumigating vessel, Blonde said:

"Did you ever smell a fellow like that? Fumigate him!"

Young Lucre sat in a stupor of astonishment, as though paralyzed; but when Blonde advanced to where he sat, and after having taken an enormous bite of the carrot which she carried in her hand, as though it had been a broomstick, and thrust it within an inch of his mouth, exclaimed, "Take a bite, Thomas!" he could only wave it away with his hands, and commend himself to the protection of heaven.

"And so, young Bandbox, you and I are going to be married? I'm agreeable. You're rather goodlooking, and have taken off a hundred and perfumery out of you. I'll make a decent chap of you, I'll warrant. I hope you are fond of pork and beans, boiled beef and cabbage and such things? I mean to live off them. Come, stir your stumps, young Bandbox, I want to take you to see my stables; and, Madge, you hussey, get a couple of horses as he shall help me sweep the stalls of my favorite ponies. It's a fancy of mine, and I always do it; but when I am married I mean to make my husband do it for me."

Madge ran out, and before Tinsel Lucre could get a word edgeways, or instead, incapable of speech, of dirty brooms, one of which Blonde forced into the hands of the utterly bewildered dandy, Blonde took hold of his arm, putting aside with the free wrong way, knocked it on with such violence that young Lucre's politeness completely gave way, and, shaking his arm free, roared out, he called to his groom in as loud a voice as he could command:

"Fergyson, take me away before I am *pawsitively* murdered."

Then, dropping the broom, he walked down toward his carriage, closely followed by Blonde and Madge.

"Come, look here, young Bandbox—do you mean to say that you don't marry me? I thought you came on purpose. I'm willing to say 'Snip,' if you'll say 'Snap.'"

As young Lucre was about to escape into his carriage, Blonde caught hold of him, saying, "Now, you are not going to sneak off without saying 'Yes' or 'No.' You are in a row till you say one."

"No! distinctually and pawsitively, No!" said young Lucre.

"Very well, that, Madge? And you, young man, you hear it, too?" The last words were addressed to Ephraim, who said, "I do, marm, distinctually."

Blonde and Madge then ran up the steps of the porch, while the terror-stricken exquisite was driven away to recover his serenity at his club in New York.

Solomon Grabham was, as we have already said, very extravagant, and, consequently, always hard up. The consequence was, that a dollar today looked larger than ten dimes to-morrow. Blonde had ascertained from her guardian, Mr. Egerton, a few particulars about his colleagues and fellow-guardians, which she set down to good account. When Mr. Barnabas Grabham was announced, she received him with a forbidding countenance and great gravity, which impressed him with a great idea of her firmness of character and her strength of will. After the interchange of the usual civilities of the day, he had taught to himself, "That lady, if she says *I will*, means it, and also keeps to her *Yes* or *No*." She had also changed her dress, and made herself look as forbidding and unattractive as possible.

After a few words, she said:

"Mr. Barnabas Grabham, I have heard a great deal of your excellent common sense, and I am about to propose a matter to you, which will not also know that you are a man of honor, and when a lady makes you her *confidant*, nothing can ever induce you to betray it. Am I right?"

Young Grabham shrugged his shoulders, as he replied:

"Upon my Miss Delmar, I won't say anything about my common sense—there I have strong doubts; but I will endorse the good opinion you express of my being a man of honor, and that nothing would ever make me betray any confidence a lady might do me the honor to repose in me."

"I was sure of it," was Blonde's reply. "Now, I am going to confide to you a great secret. Three of my guardians wish me to marry their sons. Now, if my heart were not already engaged, I would not, on any choice; but my faith is plighted to another. As I told you, I am a very straight-

forward person, so you must pardon my direct way of going to work. If you will write me a few lines, declining my hand, I will give you two thousand dollars down this very minute, and another two thousand the day I am married. Is it a bargain? Four thousand dollars are better than nothing; and I tell you candidly, much as I am impressed with your appearance, nothing will ever induce me to marry any but the man to whom my faith is pledged."

The lingering manhood in the young man's nature was stirred and roused into life; there was an evident struggle in his breast, as he rose and said:

"Miss Delmar, I perceive there are pens, ink and paper here. So here is my answer." He went to the table and wrote a positive refusal of Blonde's hand. Giving it to her, he said: "Miss Delmar, I have done what you wished. I can guess your purpose. Although overwhelmed with debt, I am an American gentleman, and need no bribery to fulfill a lady's request."

He was about leaving the room, when Blonde detained him.

"Mr. Grabham, I decline being outdone in generosity, even by one of your noble nature; if you wish to make me your friend and debtor for life, you will not refuse this little testimony of my gratitude—if only as a loan. Pray do not wound my feelings by rejecting it."

The young man closed his eyes as though fighting with himself, then, taking it, he said:

"You will not think meanly of me, if I take this as a loan for a short time?"

Bowing to her, he left the room.

Blonde's heart gave a bound. "Only one more experiment, and I am safe."

When Madge came to inquire the result, she found her mistress resting her head on her hand and buried in thought.

"Ah, Madge, if my heart were not Claude's, I have seen the man who should have had it. But now, Madge," continued Blonde, "prepare for your part in this most absurd, and—if it were not for the magnitude of the stake I play for—most humiliating farce."

Madge went up to her mistress, and, kissing her forehead, left the room. Blonde paused for a minute or two, and followed her faithful attendant. When Mr. Ephraim Stately was announced, Blonde told the servant to inform him that she would be with him in a few minutes. When she entered the room where her suitor was seated, she was accompanied by two enormous dogs, of which she heard young Stately had a perfectly childish terror. In her hand she brandished a large whip, and every now and then she made the thong resound like a small clap of thunder. The dogs leapt up around her, while she encouraged them in the roughest style. Ephraim looked at her all eyes, as though he was perfectly astonished.

"What are you staring at, you young noodle?" said Blonde.

"I wish to see Miss Delmar," said young Stately, in a half-frightened voice.

"And who in the name of thunder am I? Do I look like her Biddy?"

"Excuse me," replied her suitor; "then I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Delmar!"

"Allow me the honor of saying that if you had one grain of sense, either common or uncommon, you need not have asked such a question! "'Pon my honor, I am so provoked I've half a mind to set these dogs at you! That I have!"

The young man looked as though he would like to sink into his boots, if his boots had only been a trifle larger.

Blonde now began to play with her dogs, whose delight and vivacity displayed itself by springing about, sometimes almost over the head of Blonde. These gambols made her suitor evidently feel very uncomfortable.

Madge at this minute entered, saying:

"Oh, Miss Blonde, here's Major Rupert Bounce, come! he looks handsomer and fiercer than ever."

Turning to young Stately, Madge said:

"Major Bounce is my young lady's favorite young man; he's such a spirit, he has killed more men about here than all the doctors put together. If you go to our churchyard, you will see on half the tombstones there the saying: 'Killed in single combat by Major Rupert Bounce.'"

"What do you mean, you impudent hussy, by talking to Mr. Stately in my presence? but I'll teach you manners!"

As she said this Blonde began to cut Madge about the head and shoulders with the whip, and when young Stately, alarmed by the pretended cries of Madge, said:

"Pray, Miss Blonde, don't strike the poor girl so hard."

Blonde furiously turned upon him and slashed him about the legs with some real blows, while those, of course, she dealt upon Madge were all feigned.

Poor young Stately hopped and danced about the room, while Blonde indulged in the fiercest vituperation, and lashed him with all her vigor.

While Blonde was thus employed, Madge took the opportunity to escape.

"'Pon my honor," said Blonde, "I'm out of breath, so I'll let you off this time; but when we are married, if you dare ever to contradict or oppose me, disobey me, or in any way to say your soul's your own, I'll cut you into strips with my whip, and then set my dogs on you. Do you know, Mr. Stately, that these dogs are so fond of me, that if I were but to say the word, they would devour you alive!"

The poor young man shuddered, as well he might.

"Don't be afraid," said Blonde; "my rage is all over now; so let us sit down, and I'll hear what you have to say."

Young Stately took a chair at some little distance from the bouncing heiress of the Cedars, and sat as though he were on *nitro-glycerine*.

"Don't be afraid of me," said Blonde, moving her chair nearer to her terrified suitor; "I'm perfectly harmless when my rage is over, but I will own that when the fit is on me, I am doubly dangerous, as the fire insurance fellows call it; and no wonder: four of my grandmothers all died raving mad, and it required strait-waistcoats instead of shrouds to hold them in their coffins. I only hope they will behave themselves at the Resurrection."

A shudder, like a strong case of chills and fever, shook the entire frame of the unhappy Stately.

"Now, youthful Stately," cried Blonde, "are you, or are you not, going to pop the question, or are you a born idiot?"

"Miss Blonde, I hardly know what I ought to say; but—I can assure you that you must not be angry with me—but in obedience to my father's command, I have come to-day to offer you my 'and *hand* 'art."

"Then, sir," replied Blonde, flourishing her whip in the air, as though she was horse-whipping some imaginary person, "since you have come here to make love to me in obedience to your father's will, I command you to go down on your knees to me, the only proper position for a man to assume when he offers a lady his 'and hand 'art!"

As Blonde called to her dogs and brandished her whip as she spoke, young Stately sank on his knees before the lovely termagant, and was about to speak, when the door opened, and an officer in the Zouave uniform entered the room.

"Why, Major Bounce!" said Blonde, "how glad I am to see you!"

"Madam," roared the young officer, drawing his sword, "who is this man who has dared to insult you?—he must die!"

"Spare him, dear major; I know that killing a man is nothing to you, but for the sake of my new carpet, allow me to plead in extenuation of his crime—for it is a crime to aspire to the hand you have won, whether the presumptuous individual knows it or not; but his father is the cause of all his anguish."

"Then," said the young officer, "his father shall die as well—let that console the wretched son!"

Young Stately was utterly bewildered, and remained on his knees, looking first at one and then at the other.

"Presumptuous man!" said the young officer, "a man can only die once, and as he must die once, it cannot possibly matter to him when; for if a man must pay his tailor, and he has the spondulics in his pocket, he cannot be called upon at a better time to step up to the captain's office and settle. Now, you have life: that is just the exact amount sufficient to discharge your debt to nature—so die!"

As he said this, he brandished his sabre over him, and flourished his legs in true Zouave and acrobatic style.

"What am I to be killed for?" inquired the unfortunate youth.

"For daring to love the idol of my heart!"

"But I don't love her."

"Then how dare you to offer to marry her?"

"Because my father told me."

"Then you have to thank your father for being killed," cried the young officer, in stentorian voice. Then, after a short pause, he said: "On second thoughts, if you really don't want to marry this young personage, I may be induced to let you off, although I haven't killed a man for nearly a month, and my average is one a week. *Apropos*, my young enemy, I will make your mind easy on one point. I'll have you buried in a nice, healthy, gravelly soil, and I'll kill you without any unnecessary pain. If you decide in favor of swords, I'll only pass my weapon once through your body, and after carefully wiping the blood-stained blade on your cravat, I'll tenderly insinuate it once more through your heart, in order that you may avoid the horrors of being buried alive; and then I will pay for a first-rate obituary in the New York *Times*, and endorse you as a gentleman."

Like Bob Acres, the valor of Ephraim Stately oozed out at his fingers' ends.

At last he mustered up courage sufficient to say:

"Mr. Soldier, if you are spoiling for a fight, I am willing to oblige you, but I must go to New York first, for I want to read the conclusion of that capital story in the "CHIMNEY CORNER.'"

"No you don't," said Major Bounce; "you can't fool this chicken that way; but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll kill somebody else instead of you, on one condition"—and here the major flourished his sword about the young poltroon's head.

"What's the condition?" asked young Stately.

"You say you don't want to marry Miss Delmar?"

"No, I don't."

"Then, if you will write her a letter declining the honor of her fair hand, I won't kill you."

Young Stately cheerfully complied with the request, and when all was signed and sealed, Major Bounce gave him his hand, saying:

"Sir, I have never seen a man so providentially saved from an early grave as you have been. I came here on purpose to kill you, and I must say I feel horribly disappointed."

The young man then made good his escape, leaving the valiant major and Blonde nearly convulsed with laughter.

When young Stately had gone, the Major took off the whiskers, mustache and military cap, and untying the long hair which had been curled up beneath it, revealed the merry face of the ingenious Madge.

When Blonde told Mr. Egerton the manner in which she had gained her point, he looked exceedingly grave for a minute, and felt inclined to blame her, but when she told him that the prize was her happiness, he took her in his arms and agreed that the justification was ample.

Blonde and Claude did not spend all their time in reading the classics, after their marriage, for when we met them at Saratoga, last year, they seemed to enjoy their rides as much as though there had never been such a thing as philosophy in the world, but only love.

TRACKING.

THE patience and skill with which Indians follow a trail have always excited the astonishment of civilized nations. In tracking game or pursuing an enemy, their precision is unerring, and tracks that would entirely escape ordinary observation are perfectly clear to the denizens of the forest. Col. Marcy, in his recently published work, gives the following account of the aptness of the Indians in this respect:

Almost all the Indians I have met with are proficient in this species of knowledge, the faculty for acquiring which appears to be innate with them. Exigencies of woodland and prairie life stimulate the savage from childhood to develop faculties so important in the arts of war and of the chase.

I have seen very few white men who were good trailers, and practice did not seem very materially to improve their faculties in this regard; they have not the same acute perceptions for these things as the Indian or the Mexican.

A party of Indians, for example, starting out upon a war excursion, leave their families behind, and never transport their lodges; whereas, when they move with their families, they carry their lodges and other effects. If, therefore, an Indian trail is discovered with the marks of the lodge-poles upon it, it has certainly not been made by a war-party; but if the track do not show the trace of lodge-poles, it will be equally certain that a war or hunting party has passed that way, and if it is not desired to come in conflict with them, their direction may be avoided. Mustangs or wild horses, when moving from place to place, leave a trail which is sometimes difficult to distinguish from that made by a mounted party of Indians, especially if the mustangs do not stop to graze. This may be determined by following upon the trail until some dung is found, and, if this should lie in a single pile, it is a sure indication that a herd of mustangs has passed, as they always stop to relieve themselves, while a party of Indians would keep their horses in motion, and the ordure would be scattered along the road. If the trail pass through woodland, the mustang will occasionally go under the limbs of trees too low to admit the passage of a man on horseback.

An Indian, on coming to a trail, will generally tell at a glance its age, by what particular tribe it was made, the number of the party, and many other things connected with it astounding to the uninitiated.

I remember, upon one occasion, as I was riding with a Delaware, upon the prairies, we crossed the trail of a large party of Indians traveling with lodges. The tracks appeared to me quite fresh, and I remarked to the Indian that we must be near the party. "Oh, no," said he, "the trail was made two days before, in the morning," at the same time pointing with his finger to where the sun would be at about eight o'clock. Then, seeing that my curiosity was excited to know by what means he arrived at this conclusion, he called my attention to the fact that there had been no dew for the last two nights, but that on the previous morning it had been heavy. He then pointed out to me some spears of grass that had been pressed down into the earth by the horses' hoofs, upon which the sand still adhered, having dried on, thus clearly showing that the grass was wet when the tracks were made.

At another time, as I was traveling with the same Indian, I discovered upon the ground what I took to be a bear track, with a distinctly-marked impression of the heel and all the toes. I immediately called the Indian's attention to it, at the same time flattering myself that I had made quite an important discovery, which had escaped his observation. The fellow remarked, with a smile, "Oh, no, captain; maybe so he not bear-track." He then pointed with his gun-rod to some spears of grass that grew near the impression, but I did not comprehend the mystery until he dismounted and explained to me that, when the wind was blowing the spears of grass would be bent over toward the ground, and the oscillating motion thereby produced would scoop out the loose sand into the shape I have described. The truth of this explanation was apparent, yet it occurred to me that its solution would have baffled the wits of most white men.

Fresh tracks generally show moisture where the earth has been turned up, but after a short exposure to the sun they become dry. If the tracks be very recent, the sand may sometimes, where it is very loose and dry, be seen running back into the tracks, and, by following them to a place where they cross water, the earth will be wet for some distance after they leave it. It is well to remember whether there have been any rains within a few days, as the age of a trail may sometimes be conjectured in this way. It is very easy to tell whether tracks have been made before or after a rain, as the water washes off the sharp edges.

In trailing horses, there will be no trouble while the ground is soft, as the impressions they leave will then be deep and distinct; but when they pass over hard or rocky ground, it is sometimes a very slow or troublesome process to follow them. Where there is grass, the trace can be seen for a considerable time, as the grass will be trodden down and bent in the direction the party has moved; should the grass have returned to its upright condition, the trail can often be distinguished by standing upon it, and looking ahead for some distance in the direction it has been pursuing; the grass that has been turned over will show a different shade of green from that around it, and this often marks a trail for a long time.

Should all traces of the track be obliterated in certain localities, it is customary with the Indians to follow on in the direction it has been pursuing for a time, and it is quite probable that in some place where the ground is more favorable it will show itself again. Should the trail not be recovered in this way, they search for a place where the earth is soft, and make a careful examination, embracing the entire area where it is likely to run.

Indians who find themselves pursued and wish to escape, scatter as much as possible, with an understanding that they are to meet again at some point in advance, so that, if the pursuing party follows any one of the tracks, it will invariably lead to the place of rendezvous. If, for example, the trail points in the direction of a mountain-pass, or toward any other place which affords the only passage through a particular section of country, it would not be worth while to spend much time in hunting it, as it would probably be regained at the pass.

EXPERIMENTS WITH FOOD.—From experiments made by celebrated chemists, we find that in bread, every 100 pounds' weight is found to contain 80 pounds of nutritious matter; butcher meat, averaging the various sorts, contains only 31 pounds in the 100 pounds; French beans, 80 pounds; peas, 23 pounds, greens and turnips, which are the most aqueous of all vegetables used for domestic purposes, furnish only 8 pounds of solid nutritious substance in 100 pounds; carrots, 14 pounds; and what is very remarkable, as being in opposition to the hitherto acknowledged theory, 100 pounds of potatoes only yield 25 pounds of substance valuable as nutritious. According to this estimate, 1 pound of good bread is equal to 3 pounds of potatoes; and 75 pounds of bread, and 30 pounds of butcher meat, are equal to 300 pounds of potatoes. Or, again, 1 pound of rice, or of broad beans, is equal to 4 pounds of cabbage and 3 pounds of turnips. This calculation is considered correct, and may be useful to families, where the best mode of supporting nature should be adopted at the least expense.

THE LANGUAGE OF YOUNG LADIES.—One cannot inveigh too much against the use of exaggerated, extravagant forms of speech by young ladies—saying splendid for pretty, magnificent for handsome, horrid or horrible for unpleasant, immense for large, thousands or myriads for any number more than two. "Were I," says a clever writer, "to write down for one day the conversation of some young ladies of my acquaintance, and then to interpret it literally, it would imply that, within twelve or fourteen hours, they had met with more marvelous adventures and hair-breadth escapes, had passed through more distressing experiences, had seen more imposing spectacles, had endured more fright, had enjoyed more rapture, than would suffice for a dozen common lives."

GIPSIES IN ENGLAND.

A MAN whom I knew happened to lose his way one dark night in Cambridgeshire. After wandering up and down for some time, he observed a light, at a considerable distance from him, within the skirts of a wood, and, being overjoyed at the discovery, he directed his course toward it; but before reaching the fire, he was surprised at hearing a man, a little way in advance, call out to him, in a loud voice:

"Peace, or not peace?"

The benighted traveler, glad at hearing the sound of a human voice, immediately answered:

"Peace; I am a poor Scotchman, and have lost my way in the dark."

"You can come forward, then" rejoined the sentinel.

When the Scotchman advanced, he found a family of gipsies, with only one tent; but, on being conducted further into the wood, he was introduced to a great company of gipsies. They were busily employed in roasting several whole sheep—turning their carcasses before large fires, on long wooden poles, instead of iron spits. The racks on which the spits turned were also made of wood, driven into the ground crossways, like the letter X. The gipsies were exceedingly kind to the stranger, causing him to partake of the victuals which they had prepared for their feast. He remained with them the whole night, eating and drinking, and dancing with his merry entertainers, as if he had been one of themselves. When day dawned, the Scotchman counted twelve tents within a short distance of each other. On examining his position, he found himself a long way out of his road, but a party of the gipsies voluntarily offered their services, and went with him for several miles, and, with great kindness, conducted him to the road from which he had wandered.

The gipsies, in cooking, make use of neither pot, pan, spit, nor oven. They twist a strong rope of straw, which they wind very tightly around the fowl, just as it is killed, with the whole of its feathers on, and its entrails untouched. It is then covered with hot peat ashes, and a slow fire is kept up around and about the ashes till the fowl is sufficiently done. When taken out from beneath the fire, it is stripped of its hull, or shell of half-burned straw rope and feathers, and presents a very fine appearance. Those who have tasted poultry cooked by the gipsies in this manner say that it is very palatable and good. In this invisible way these ingenious people could cook stolen poultry, at the very moment, and in the very place, that a search was going on for the pilfered article.

The art of cooking butcher-meat among the gipsies is similar to that of making ready fowls, except that linen and clay are substituted for feathers and straw. The piece of flesh to be cooked is first carefully wrapped up in a covering of cloth or linen rags, and covered over with well-wrought clay, and either frequently turned before a strong fire or covered over with hot ashes till it is roasted, or rather, stewed. The covering or crust, of the shape of the article inclosed, and hard with the fire, is broken, and the meat separated from its inner covering of burned rags, which, with the juice of the meat, are reduced to a thick sauce or gravy. Sometimes a little vinegar is poured upon the meat. The tribe are high in their praise of flesh cooked in this manner, declaring that it has a particularly fine flavor. These singular people, I am informed, also boiled the flesh of sheep in the skins of the animals, like the Scottish soldiers in their wars with the English nation, when their camp-kettles were nothing but the hides of the oxen, suspended from poles driven into the ground.

The only mode of cooking butcher-meat bearing any resemblance to that of the gipsies is practiced by some of the tribes of South America, who wrap flesh in leaves, and, covering it over with clay, cook it like the gipsies. Some of the Indians of North America roast deer of a small size in their skins among hot ashes. An individual of great respectability, who had tasted venison cooked in this fashion, said that it was extremely juicy and finely flavored. In the Sandwich Islands, pigs are baked on hot stones, in pits, or in the leaves of the bread-fruit tree, on hot stones, covered over with earth during the operation of cooking. It is probable that the gipsy art of cooking would be among the first modes of making ready animal food, in the first stage of human society, in Asia—the cradle of the human race. Substitute the leaves of trees for linen rags, and what method of cooking can be more primitive than that of our Scottish gipsies.—*Simson's History of the Gipsies.*

THE GLACIAL PERIOD.—At first it seems evident that toward the close of the tertiary period the climate of a large portion of the northern hemisphere was gradually growing colder and colder. In all likelihood the land was somewhat higher than it is now, and as this cold increased, the loftier mountains would become perennially enveloped with snow and glacier, and the surrounding seas with an annual covering of ice. Under this increasing rigor all the more delicate tertiary plants and animals would succumb, and those endowed with greater elasticity of constitution would shift ground to lower and more southern situations. As the cold still increased, the ice-sheet seems to have spread itself even over the lower grounds, to have pushed its way out to sea, and during the thaw and currents of a brief summer to have been drifted off in floes and bergs, as the ice is now, from the coasts of the arctic and antarctic regions. At this stage the terrestrial flora and fauna would be at their minimum, and paralleled, perhaps, by what we now find in Greenland and the islands of the Arctic Ocean. During this setting-in of the glacial epoch, the land, as we shall shortly see, seems to have been gradually subsiding, and this subsidence went on to the extent of 1,800 or 2,000 feet below the existing sea-level, converting a large portion of what is now Europe and America into series of frozen straits and ice-clad islands. When the land seems to have been at its greatest depression the cold appears to have attained its greatest intensity, and at this stage we have the zenith and turning-point of the glacial period. After the lapse, perhaps, of ages, a reverse action sets in; the land begins to be re-elevated; a new cycle of temperature commences; and the cold, though still clinging in snow and glacier to the higher hills, is less felt along the lower grounds and neighboring seashores. By and by, as the elevation continues, the glaciers melt away from the hill-sides; the icebergs and ice-packs disappear from the seas; the general climate improves; plants and land animals in newer species gradually take possession of the land and the existing order of things is imperceptibly established. Such seems to have been the setting in, the creeping on, the culmination, and the departure of the glacial epoch.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. SCOTT.—The New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, relates the following: "The term 'Fuss and Feathers,' applied to the old chief, grew out of nothing personal, for he was a man whose personal tastes were very simple. But he was very exact in his discipline, and he required every officer while on duty to be dressed according to his rank in the minutest thing. Gen. Hamilton, who was on his staff, related to me the other day a very characteristic anecdote. The general's head-quarters in Mexico comprised two rooms, one opening into the other. In the rear room Gen. Scott slept. One night after the general had retired, one of the staff wanted some water. It was in the front room. The evening was warm and the hour late, being near midnight. The officer started to go in in his shirt sleeves. He was cautioned against the experiment as a dangerous one, for if the general caught him in his quarters with his coat off he would punish him. The officer said he would risk it; that the general was asleep, and he would make no noise. He opened the door softly, and went on tip-toe to the water pitcher. He had no time to drink before he heard the tinkle of the bell, and the sentinel outside of the door entered. 'Take this man to the guard-house,' was the brief order, and the coatless officer spent the night on a hard plank under guard."



THE MORAL, SOCIAL, ARCHITECTURAL, AND BUSINESS CONTRASTS OF NEW YORK CITY.—See Page 261.



USINESS CONTRASTS OF NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 261.

LORD CUILTE'S REVERIE.

"Slow steal the shadows round the hall,
The sunrays slowly fade,
Adown the heavy curtains fall
Of purple and brocade.

"The faces of my lordly race
Are pictured on the wall;
In lip and eye the serpent trace
Of sin is over all.

"As false as fair those dainty dames,
As false those knights of old,
Than loose from out their massive frames
Of lustrous white and gold.

"There is an atmosphere of doubt
Hangs over house and race,
A subtle film that steals about
The glory of the face.

"And yet 'tis love alone forefend
Thine absolute repose,
Ah! love alone so sweetly blends
The lily and the rose.

"All modestly those fringes fall
Adown thy blissful cheek,
O'er berald eyes that blazon all
The love, love may not speak.

"Oh, modestly their sister stars
Wheel up the steep of night
Their troop of pale adscript cars,
And trembie out of sight,

"If mortal gaze be too intense
On night's star-jeweled mine;
More exquisite that subtle sense
Of purity in thine.

"And never lord of lordly Guilte
Brought home a fairer bride,
Oh, never graced with lordlier hilt
The rapier of his pride!

"Yet, oh! the brides to Guilteford Hall
Have brought their share of shame.
I wot the fairest on the wall
Was but a worthless dame.

"The fairest, save thyself, of all
The ladies of my name:
Of all the beauties of Whitehall
Amid their scarlet shame—

"Her legal lord was twice forsworn
On his false gartered knee:
She fell between her love and scorn;
A gallant, faith, and free.

"His ire was that he might not speak:
He smote—and I wot
The bloody gash across her cheek
Was not a beauty spot."

The Spectre of Cliffe:

OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XVI.—AN UNEXPECTED INVITATION.

I CANNOT think that the postman, in this my district, W., ever deals out Birth and Death, or Happiness and Misery, and Ruin and Competence to every morning of his life, save Sundays, to one or other of his fellow-creatures, those ever twinkled receive a letter; otherwise, he could not surely go about his work with such methodical impassibility. I have watched him taking his morning round—the one which is the most big with fate, says Cocker, comes by the afternoon post except bills and invitations—I have often watched him, I say, distributing his momentous missives, and not a letter there, whether he hands in the black-bordered envelope, which the fingers of the recipient do not venture to open, but hold in their trembling grasp, while the lips murmur a silent prayer: or the scented *billet-doux*, which the lover tears asunder in his haste, but the maiden hides in her bosom, that she shall be alone. Nothing interests him except a registered letter, at which the understanding that he must know it brings its welcome with it; he grumbles and repines, because he has to wait while we sign our name. And, by-the-bye, he must know that those enormous oblongs he brings are bills, he has not so much as an "I'm sorry for you;" and as unfeelingly as possible, he will ask, which sets tingling all the blood in one's body, which sets affect him nearly so much as a trifle of munificent generosity, which, if unburned for which, he is quite prepared to take the urgent document away again unopened: he doesn't care happence—yet, he does care sadly happence, and that's all. Upon Valentine's Day, indeed, he may show some signs of human sympathy, but that is a mere conventional and passing enthusiasm, and one which is incidental to his profession.

Now, the country postman is a very different person from this red and blue automaton of the town, and does not hold himself so high above human affairs. *Homo sum*. He is a letter-carrier, and he considers nothing which letters contain to be beyond his sympathy, or out of his best. If you want to get acquainted with a country neighborhood, I know of no better plan than that of accompanying the postman in one of his morning rounds. What an interest he takes in the letter for Widow Clearall, the hard-working, honest soul, who comes out of the cottage and down to the garden gate with her bare arms damp from the washing-tub, and her three chubby children hanging round her skirts, and who thinks it must be a mistake, for who, alas! is there left to write to her *now*, and, indeed, for the matter of that, whoever *did* write, for her poor dear John was no scholar. But the postman assures her that for her it is, and for no other, and lingers whilst she breaks the seal, and learns with genuine pleasure that a bit of money, it seems, is coming to her, about which John always used to talk with a certain vagueness.

Then away by the short-cut through the park, where the deer do not raise their heads at the sound of the well-known footfall on the path, nor the hares at their morning toilet misstrike for a moment his letter-wallet for a game-bag; and so by the range of stables to the back-door of the Hall, where, if the footman is not in the way, the cook relieves him of the Hall-bag, which she unlocks with her fleury fingers, and then calls master, those for missus, and that on foreign paper for the absent young lady with a grin, which our peripatetic friend recognizes, for does he not know all about her engagement to the young soldier-officer in the Indies?

At the Manor Farm, again, he has a friendly chat with the goodwife, whose husband is away at the market in town, and who takes counsel with him as to the propriety of opening that letter with the Westportown postmark, which she finds among the rest on the heifer, and ought to be seen to at once; but finally decides to abide by his advice, and to "let it be," particularly since Mr. Leasehold is so very sanguine in the respect of "never thinking anything can be properly seen to except by himself." He is not in such a hurry at a poverty-pinched cottage, but delivers his stoppage, mind you, he steps out with each vigor that conversation is rendered well-nigh impossible—but that he has a cheery word for all he meets; and when he approaches the house of Farmer Grimes, the Pampas Cottage, he finds time to remember to omit to wind his horn; and when the lady of the house, in deepest mourning, herself steps forth to meet him, his voice has something in it which expresses his sympathy.

Thus it happened, at least, with the postman from Westportown—and Westportown has its late ailment, and therefore perhaps more full of the talk of human kindness than usual, upon a certain morning in autumn, as he was making his accustomed burn bad stood by him upon a certain occasion when he had been wrongfully accused to his superiors by Old Granny, Mr. Absentee's agent and bailiff, of having kept back some letter for twenty-four hours, in order to save himself trouble in the delivery, and who were consequently much neglected at Pampas Cottage, nor was the offer of a glass of ale in inclement weather altogether unprecedented at that hospitable little house.

"Any letters for you, ma'am, this morning," observed he, respectfully—"one on 'em franked." And if ever a face was wiked, it was that it may bring you some comfort in your trouble, dear lady," it was the face of that genial postman.

This good fellow was well aware that he was speaking to one whose husband had been mysteriously snatched away but a few days before, and whose child had been as strangely stolen from her; yet he deemed that a letter which was franked by a nobleman, and came to her in a large coat of arms upon it, must needs contain consolation. The other person he had by no means an aristocratic appearance. In the postman's speech, it was not so easy to turn out a neatlooking note to order, and the individual who had folded this particular document had either possessed a very indifferent eye for rectangles, or was unacquainted with the mathematical fact that still not well with his feet instead of his hand; for in a number of those dirty creases upon it, each of which, like a crocodile, is a monument of a day of failure and disappointment; and when all had been smoothed out, undone of which foolscap is capable, the wafer had been swelled with the moisture employed, and then hammered down with a penny. And yet, without any further clinging of paper to moping companion, it was a glance at its more modest companion, that was the first to attract the eye of Mrs. Hepburn rested with anxious suspense.

"Thank you," said she, and while the man still lingered—"thank you, and good-day;" but she was not quite sure that it was a suggestive appreciation, which might easily have been misinterpreted like the folding, by a tolerably plastic foot, and which was apparently not to be taken to an extent inconceivable by those who have not witnessed the modern method of transferring forme to dimensions.

"It is the same handwriting," murmured she, "which warned me truly that—of my poor husband's fate. And I have no correspondent save him now. What, then, if it offer some crumb of comfort—perhaps about my Milly?"

Reader, have you ever had a letter in your hand directed to yourself, and only waiting the touch of your scissors, or the quick rush of paper, to open it? Have you ever had a letter in your hand with a little writing within it, which you have no doubt contained the whole world about some preparation, thought or spoken, of the heart, and which the Wandering Jiace would have ventured to irrupt—perhaps to rend—with fell Holies. If so, you may remember that, notwithstanding your curiosity and heaven's mercy, you delayed that supreme moment again and again, and even wished, perhaps, meanwhile to interest yourself in matters of no concern—as in the children playing in the street, or in sparrows fighting for a straw. Thus was it with Mildred Hepburn as, with that prepossessing letter in hand, she turned her attention to its fellow-writer, expecting to find in it, she knew not, cared not what, but something that might help her to put off for a few moments longer the plucking of the fruit of that dread knowledge-tree. But no sooner had her eyes lit upon the handwriting, than, with an inarticulate cry of hate and pain, she ran toward the house, exclaiming:

"Marion! Marion!"

Mrs. Carey, who had been watching her from the window, was by her side in a moment.

"S :!" exclaimed the wretched woman, "this is the writing of Grace Clifford! Not content with gloating over the ruin she has wrought, she must needs write to tell me that it is her work. Yes—I tell you, yes; you do not know her yet, nor what her remorseless hate is. It would not seem to her to be complete unless she wrote: 'Niece Mildred, I am even with you now. That was my hand which struck you through those you loved.'"

"If she writes that," said Mrs. Carey, gravely, "she confesses her villainous crime, and incurs the punishment."

"Ay, true," granted Mildred. "Her cunning is as great as her hate, Marion, let me know it by them, by some less direct means—that is all. Take the letter. It chills my blood to touch the paper over which the fiend has wrestled! What is it that she says? What cruel gibes? What subtle stabs? What lies, if I am so, I care not what she says. She cannot harm me now. Open and read it, then, should I not her wound my care with her barbed weapon?"

Mrs. Carey took the letter, opened it, and read it slowly to herself.

"It is full of malicious, barbarous and base," groaned she. "She hints, I fear, that Milly at his Clifford——"

"Then let me hear," interrupted Mildred, passionately. "Nay. I will be calm, dear Marion. Please to read it out. One likes to know about one's dear ones—even if they die. What news is there of my little unprotected darling in the hands of that woman?"

"Even she-wolves, as one reads, have sometimes been kind to babes," returned Mrs. Carey, hopefully. "I cannot think that any bearing the name of woman would harm a child like yours."

But Mildred only shook her head, and signed that she should read the letter out:

"NIECE MILDRED—I think that I have now no cause to owe you any grudge. However great may have been my wrongs in the first place, when the duel has been fought, the combatants, although in sorrow, must be friends, not deadly enemies. They may even act together when their interests happen to be in common, which chances to be our own case. It is of importance to both that you should come at once to Cliffe. You will have nothing to fear in so doing, either from hate or love. My wrath is quite burned out; while as for Rupert, he is at present so busy in making a nurse more than ever. If the ties of relationship which bind you to me are inconvenience do not move you to accept this invitation, we are not without another little attraction to offer. I what I believe to be such. But this shall be a secret 'til you come."

"Ay, she holds my child," groaned Mildred, as Marion ended—"she, as I have seen boys who have robbed an ouzel's nest carry home its young, and place them where the mother may hear their cries, and so bemad it. She gathered through her own loving instincts, so does the soul of mine but her fell trap for me with my very flesh and blood. Well, well, I will go—I care not for myself what happens to me; and if I see my Milly once again——"

"Mildred Clifford," interrupted Mrs. Carey, solemnly, "the thing which we do in our despair is rarely right. Moreover, there is scarcely anything that does not more affects ourselves only, and no other. While you live and are free, your child has a friend to avenge, if not to protect her. Think not of yourself in the case of avenging. This woman feels this, and therefore desires to get you into her power. She has made a mistake, and I think, by your letter, that you have also been out-run her prudence, and carried her within reach of the law. There is much to explain in this letter, which I pray to be explained before I judge and jury. But what is that other letter which you hold in your hand?"

"I had forgotten it," answered Mildred, sighing; "although, before I recognized Grace Clifford's hand, it seemed of urgent moment. It is from Rupert, and is one of the many he writes. You may read it also, if you please. There is nothing to be warned of now, and, alas! nothing to be told that will move you."

"But this is very strange," said Mrs. Carey. "Look you, the postmark is the same with that borne by that letter from your aunt. Why, this comes from Cliffe Hall, likewise!"

Certainly, at top of the page were scribbled those words of date, and the postmark was the same as in Mrs. Clifford's communication. The rest of its contents were as follows:

"DEAR MILDRED—I have not childless woman, my heart bleeds for you. I know what I would hitherto, and I have failed. Nevertheless, let me at least prove to you my sympathy. Mrs. Clifford's letter will presently ask you to come hither, relying on your love. Disregard it. Milly, indeed, is here, safe and well. You will, doubtless, suspect a trap, as I do. Nevertheless, I pledge my honor, it is for herself that Grace Clifford has set it. Come hither, and you will find your child when watches now over your child will then watch over you also. I have warned you in vain; but, as you have bitterly learned, not without there having been need of warning. I beseech you, put faith in me, and, for the sake of my dear child's sake, I could have saved your husband's life, I would have done so, as God is my judge; nor in this do I boast, since the murderer Stevens (for he was such) would have done as much, as I by could to have saved his worthless self. That man was Gideon Carr; the worst danger now is from one who menace you and yours in the person of Grace Clifford. Rely upon three fingers—Grace, Clement Carr, and the Author. They are all here, but I am here also. Come, then, without fear, and you will find your child.—RUPERT."

With downcast head, and hands clasped as if in prayer, Mrs. Hepburn listened patiently, as penitent before a priest, only at the word "murderer" a shiver seized her limbs as sickles the poplar when its leaves turn pale before the bitter East. When all was read, she took the letter from Mrs. Carey's hand and kissed it.

"I have faith in this man," quoth she, "who has taken holy upon him vows and for fulfilment."

"What! and yet you have never seen him, nor can even guess who he is?" cried the lieutenant's wife.

"Yes," said Mildred, firmly. "Is not that the very definition of true faith? This is no pretense or stratagem, I am sure. It never could have entered Grace's heart, with all its cunning, to snare me thus. There is no approach to that for any good, not even its seeming."

"But how strange, Mildred, that you can make no guess at who this friend may be; for kindness, not like that warmth which comes from silver to mount the tube, unconscious of what sort of fuel it is, whether from sun or fire, sets the heart at once inquiring from whence the genial glow proceeds that has so moved it. Friend recognizes friend, for instance, no matter what disguise he does his loving service. All love is one, dear Mildred, to the humblest. Have you, then, left none at home to whom you can accuse of honest fealty?"

"No one more than another, dear Marion," answered Mrs. Hepburn, thoughtfully. "They were all respectful to me—nay, even kind; but they could not forget, I think, that I was this woman's niece. They liked the Clifford race, their natural lords—and especially their late master, Ralph—but not the interloping Carrs. No; I cannot fix upon a single face in which so much of pity as this letter breathes has ever shown itself."

"Then I would not go to Cliffe, dear Mildred," exclaimed Mrs. Carey. "Remain here; or, still better, come to me. Do not trust to the revenge. I want my child, my Milly. If she would but say, 'Mamma, come and well,' I would promise never to molest her more."

"So would not I, then," cried the lieutenant's wife, with flashing cheeks. "What! forgive the wretch who set a man to slay my husband? No; had she twenty lives, she would need to look to her child. And if, in truth, she sat above the law, then without the law would I exact the penalty. I have no child, 'tis true, nor, as I hope, may I ever have a child, if, having borne it, it should make me thus forgetful of my husband's wrongs—pardon me, Mildred; I have in some unbalanced, but a tutored living—I know that it is to be forlorn like that. Or, perhaps, like thee, I should sit down content with any show of comfort that the destroyer might permit me to retain, and almost thankful that so much was left."

For a minute or so, over Mildred's face passed traces of some painful inward struggle, but presently it grew calm, and even smiling. "I love you for your kindness, Marion, quite as much as for your charity. Some day, perhaps, you—how you will know how much I thank you for it; how my heart yearned toward yours. Perhaps, again, after this day and night, I shall never see you more; then God will thank you for me, and far better. May it be long, indeed, ere sorrow do shadow your dwelling, and may loss like mine be never known to your true heart. Nay, do not weep, dear Marion; it is over your part, not mine, to play the comforter; and that you have done so, and that you still do, repays human love with love divine. May He suffice us, in Heaven, if not here, to meet again."

"But what do you, Mildred?" murmured Mrs. Carey, through her tears. "Whither are you going?"

"I start to-morrow morning, Marion, for Cliffe Hall."

CHAPTER XVII.—THE SLEEPING CASTLE.

THERE are few things that try the tender human heart so cruelly as the refusing a benevolence from which Death, or even Absence, has taken away the power to bless. Home: for however dear the external aspects of nature may be to us—and to some they are very dear—it is the associations which it possesses with our loves and friendships which, after all, forms their most sacred charm. The wood may wave as gravely, the fountain flow as brightly, and the lake reflect peaceful sky as faithfully as of yore, but there is something missing to the inward eye, which mars their beauty and renders completely forlorn what had stripped the trees of every leaf, and robbed the stream of its song, and the mere of its silver flood. Nature seems cruel then:

"Ye banks and brae o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!"

is a thought that stabbed many a breast before Burns set it to words expressed in

"Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
That wanton through the flowery thorn!
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return."

Never—never. And yet the sun shines as in the days when it was wont to gladden us, nor has the treasury of knowledge in which it is set a star.

"From end to end," writes another poet, very truly, "from the Arabian Ploughman, but equally susceptible of this divine regret—" from end to end of all the landscapes underneath, I find no place that does not breathe some gracious memory over my friend." But while he was with us, what had we to do with memories? All is changed to us, although the scene remains the same—lovely as ever, and ready to enchant new eyes; the heartless beauty even upon us, who have found out her falsehood. Art nature is not false for being fair. It is we

who are altered, and not she. It is spring with her again, as it was with us once—ah, me, how long ago! —for she renews her youth-time yearly. The summer odors are as sweet now as then, and borne by the same bright clear airs, which drive the self-same seas of meadow-grass, although their shores may shift a little (as those of ocean do) from copse to cornfield. The cradles of fresh moss, with their coverlets of wild-flowers, invite us as of old—only we are no longer children. The shadows flicker and pass athwart the face of the pool, and fade away into light (like a good man's death), exactly as they were wont to do; but in the faithful depths we see a wan, worn face, and the white head, where once the smile was mirrored and the crown of flowers. The garden, to our eyes, has become a wilderness, nay, a very place of tombs, beneath each of which is buried a dead joy.

Thus was it with Mildred Clifford, as her long, lonely journey northward drew to its close, and through the windows of the post-chaise she began to discern the well-remembered scenes amid which her love had ripened for him who was no longer with her. She had traveled all night, and at early dawn Ribble had shot up before her fair and green, with its great wall of limestone looking in the distance like a mural crown; Ribble, within which her troth had been first plighted. Then for many an hour her way lay through a land of rocks and streams, where every stone might have borne Raymond's name, and every runlet babbled it, so instinct was it with his memory. The spring-time seemed to mock her with its joy. It was nearly mid-day when the wheels began to rattle over the uneven village street that led to the Hall gates. The last time they had done so it was when she fled with her lover on the very eve of her threatened marriage with Rupert. Strange to say, she felt less terror in thus returning alone to brave the malice of her aunt and the anger of him she had so slighted, than upon that occasion. She had then feared for Raymond, and listened for the clanging hoofs of the pursuer with a sinking heart; but now against him Grace Clifford had done her worst, which was so bad that even she was glutted with it · while was not Mildred there to be her child's protector—preserver from she knew not what, fellow-guardian with she knew not whom—and did it not behoove her above all things *not* to fear?

The post-chaise had drawn many a familiar face of child and woman to the doors of the hamlet, but the park itself, seen over the sunk fence, appeared unusually destitute of life for such an hour: no keeper with his gun, no laborer with ax in hand about the plantations, no blue-aproned bearer of vegetables from the kitchen-garden, no message-boy loitering on the path that led to the village—no external sign of life, in short, such as is ordinarily visible about a great country household, was there. The porter at the lodge, too, could not easily be roused; and while she waited, through the gilded iron gates the long avenue showed strangely desolate. As the cottage-door opened, she drew back mechanically, for she knew the man would start to recognize the face of runaway "Miss Mildred as was;" but she could hear his well-known voice in expostulation with the post-boy.

"You know, my man, it's no use your bringing anybody here at this time," quoth Giles the porter. "Why can't you let a poor devil, who scarcely remembers what a night's rest is like, take a little sleep?"

"It is a lady, and I did not like to tell her," replied the other, in a tone so low that Mildred could scarcely catch the words.

"Nay," grinned Giles, "but that only makes it worse. The Master will have no such folk within his doors."

"Ay, but she comes to visit Mistress Clifford."

In a moment the gates were thrown back, and through her vail Mildred could see the porter drawn up in that most uncomfortable of the attitudes of respect, and shading his eyes with his hand, as though the glory of the exalted personage to whom he was doing honor was almost too great to look upon.

The deer, that had been wont to keep at a considerable distance from the avenue, were now feeding close beside it, and cantered nimbly off as the chaise rattled by; while the rooks, more easily moved than of yore, rose in a single cloud from the swinging branches, and like a household roused by night-alarm, inquired of one another hoarsely what was wrong; whereupon, some answered "Thieves!" and some cried "Fire!" and others (who seemed half asleep) murmured "Both! Both!" As the visitor drew nearer to the house itself, the peacock on the terrace began to scream; but Mildred remarked to herself how strange it was that, save the deep bay of the blood-hounds, not a note came from the deep distant kennel where the foxhounds lay, and from whence such a tumult had been wont of old to issue in the daytime at the echo of hoofs from the courtyard. No sound of human tongue was heard, no cheerful noises such as the morning brings to every dwelling: no human face came to the blinded windows of the upper floors, and those beside the door were shuttered close.

"Is there death here?" asked Mildred of the post-boy, letting down the glass with a trembling hand, and thinking with agony of a small white face, growing pointed and thin, and cold little hands, which she had not been in time even to put crosswise over the sinless breast. "Speak, man, and tell me the whole truth."

"Well, ma'am," returned the young fellow, mitigating the Craven dialect for her benefit as well as he was able, "it's what I can't insense you about in a crack, but I'll not lee to ye. The Master, you see, he's odd, and will have nothing done in the daytime. All the folks here gets up at eve and goes to bed in the morning. It is mackly that they're all asleep, and will give me time to tell the tale before they answer the bell. Some folks hes lile brains, and some's an outshut; and Mistress Clifford, she has brains for hersel as well as for Squire Rupert."

"But he must be stark-staring mad," exclaimed Mildred, involuntarily, "thus habitually to turn night into day."

"You've about hit the sticklebutt, ma'am; but 'mad's' a hard word and a bad one (here he looked cautiously around him), to speak of hereabouts. Besides we can't be fresh when there's so much gear going. It would not be wise in the mistress to lock him up like the rest of 'em. Better have a bairn with a mucky faace than wesh its noas off."

"Then this poor gentleman is only suffered to be at large to serve the purposes of another?"

"Nay, ma'am," returned the post-boy, apprehensively, "I know nothing mysel—I only tell what I have been told; and if the great folk here should come to learn it, they would tak encouth at poor Toby Drayson."

"But what a dreadful hypocrisy, what an acted lie must all things here——"

"Tush, ma'am, dinna flite," interrupted the other; "if leeing were choking, thear'd be hard gasping everywhere. And again, I say, speak not o' what I told ye. Ye braad o' me, I see, and have an honest, kindly heart, or I should never ha' spoken. But what name shall I say? for here is somebody coming at last."

"Mrs. Raymond Clifford."

"Saints and soldiers! What are ye braad o' *them?* Then I wish I'd never spoken. But folk ses out when ther i' drink; and indeed, indeed ma'am, I made too free with the liquor this cold morning."

"Do not fear," returned Mildred, smiling. "I am not of their race, although of their name; nor am I and Mrs. Clifford such friends, although we are relatives."

"Then, for any sake," returned the man confidentially, "let us shog back again to Lancaster, while yet we may. Wae worth ye, if ye stay here, and be an unfriend of the mistress. Come; for your kind face, and the trouble in it, I will take ye back, and risk all—ay, though there's an ill-looking devil on the bridge yonder—I wonder where *he* sprung from?—loitering there for no good, and as much as to say: 'What we have stolen, that we keep.' Say the word, and I'll ride him down like muck. Let him take care of his taahs."

"Thank you much," returned Mildred, gratefully; "but I have come hither of my own will, and am not afraid to stay here." Nevertheless, as she looked back in the direction indicated by her new friend, and beheld the gaunt form of the man Cator standing upon the narrow way, as though indeed to forbid her egress, she felt that she had need of all her courage.

The next moment the door was opened by Mrs. Clifford.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A WEEK'S REPRIEVE.

"You have come at last, niece; I have waited for you long," said the Lady of Cliffe, letting fall her ice-cold syllables one by one, like drops from a petrifying spring. "If I do not take your hand, it is not because I am not glad to see you."

Resolute, severe, unbending as ever was Grace Clifford, in voice and gesture; but her fair features had suffered change. The brow was no longer smooth, and the lithe form had lost its rounded grace. Trouble, and what is worse than trouble, the anxiety of guilt—the dread solicitude of one who drives a chariot on a city wall, unfenced on either side, and dares not for his life look right or left, but always to his plunging steeds—had worn at last her wondrous youth away. Moreover, she seemed to take no pains to keep it; her attire was loose, and her fine hair unbraided, although it was plain she had not been roused from her bed, as other inhabitants of the Hall had been by this time. And indeed Grace Clifford, it was said, now never slept. Perhaps, had Ralph been alive, she would have contrived to retain her marvelous beauty, but now, as though aware it was of little use to her, she neglected it, unwomanly in that as in all else. A look of scorn, which had sat upon her when she first appeared, faded away as she gazed in Mildred's face and marked its calm resolve. Twice had her niece essayed to speak, and twice had failed, but it was easy to observe that her inability did not proceed from fear. Even Tobias Drayson, who was himself by no means free from apprehensions, could see that, as, after lifting the luggage into the hall, he threw into his farewell scrape at the door a more genuine sympathy than could have been expressed from all the bows that Lord Chesterfield ever made in his life.

"Stay one moment," cried Mildred to this friend of three hours' standing, who was about to leave her in the keeping of her mortal foe. "There may have been some mistake here, after all. Mrs. Clifford, where is my child?"

"She is in Lucy Cator's charge—a servant new to you, I think, but very faithful. Must you nee is see her now?"

"Here, and at once!" returned Mildred, resolutely. I will not stir, except to leave this house, unless I see her—unless I hold her in my hands."

The hideous thought that had already pierced the mother's breast was again at work; she dreaded lest this fiendish woman, keeping her promise to the ear, might presently give to her orphaned arms her Milly—dead.

"Your child is safe and well enough," returned Mrs. Clifford, with a sneer; "this bell will bring her in three minutes. There!" She rang it. "But do not look so haggard, niece, for be sure I did not ask you to Cliffe Hall to play the mourner."

The cruel shaft sped not home; the mother had no ears save for the sounds she hungered for—the echo of a tiny footfall and the babble of a baby tongue. Tobias, too, with head aside, awaited them with not a little interest; and presently they came.

"Run, then—run to mamma," cried a woman's voice, not unkindly, and then was heard the pompous stagger of an infant's feet, and the crow that bespeaks pedestrian confidence; and like an arrow from the bow, forth darted Mildred, and caught her child up as it strained, like hound in leash, to meet her from its nurse's hand, and hugged it to her breast, and kissed and fondled it, and rocked it to and fro, with murmurous, inarticulate joy.

No sooner had the first gush of grateful happiness passed away, than her eye glanced toward the door. It was closed; Tobias was standing by it no longer, and there was a dull sound of wheels.

"It will be better both for you, niece, and for your child," said Mrs. Clifford, in her sibilant voice, "not to think any more of what I read in your mind just now. You have foiled me once, it is true, but once with *me* is enough."

Mildred trembled.

"You fear," continued Mrs. Clifford, triumphantly, but speaking still so low that not a sound reached the nurse's ear; "you fear, and you are wise. You dare not risk so great a stake as that (she pointed to the infant, clutching in blind love it's mother's cheek) upon a losing game. Mind, I would not have you marry Nephew Rupert."

"*Marry* him!" That was all Mildred said; but had she cried, "Thou murderess, with hands yet dripping from my husband's blood, how darest thou speak to me of marriage?" she could not have expressed more hate and loathing than did her shrinking form, that seemed to fear pollution from the woman's touch, and poison from the very air she breathed in common with her. "*Marry* him!"

"No, niece; that is no longer necessary. But see you speak him fair, and promise what he asks for. There is no harm in humoring a madman. Thanks to *you*, Rupert has never been himself since when you broke your faith with him and me, and fled—as did your false mother before you—from kith and kin, to link yourself with their sworn enemy. I cannot quench the anger of my eyes the while I speak of it, but I have forgiven you this, and Rupert has forgotten it. He deems that every morrow is his marriage morn; and, therefore, that the night may pass the quicker with him than if, on a sleepless pillow, he lay longing for his gipsy bride, he turns it into day—hunts, shoots and fishes by moonlight, or by torchlight if there be no moon, and makes the name of the Mad Clifford a wonder and a jest the country through. And he *is* mad, too; so mad, niece, that if I did but tell him, 'That is Mildred's child, she that is widow of thy brother,' he would pluck her from thy arms, and dash her brains out on yonder courtyard stones; and yet the law would hold him harmless. But the law stirs not of itself; and if I have his name set to a certain parchment, written out and ready for his signing more than two years back, and which he would have signed upon the very day on which he called you his—you ungrateful girl—I say that even now, should he but sign it, there being no greedy heirs to wrangle with me and dispute my rights, the thing would hold, and all this goodly heritage, on which I have fixed my eyes these many years, and have yearned after as you—weak fool—have yearned after that babe these ten days, shall henceforth be mine—mine—mine!"

Grace Clifford clasped her hands as though she were invoking a blessing from High Heaven upon her sinful soul—so rapt in greed, that for a moment she forgot the very presence of her niece. Then suddenly she swooped upon her with: "Thou darest not thwart me, Mildred; thou darest not come between me and such a prize! If loss of all thou lovest—who has already lost so much, and canst afford to lose so ill—has terror for thee, play me not false again! When wilt thou see Rupert?"

"Alas, Aunt Grace, I fear ——"

"When—*when*, I say?" exclaimed the pitiless woman, not stormfully, as the winds beat and the rains fall, but fiercely, as the hailstones rattle and hiss. "To-day, to-morrow? A week hence, if you will have it so; but when once named, see you depart not from the time. I will not brook postponement for an hour."

"Then I will see him *now*," quoth Mildred, resolutely. "Here, at once. I am ready. Let him come."

"Fool, would you have him rend you limb from limb, you and the child as well? You know not what you ask. No, nor yet to-morrow. Those sunken cheeks must be plumped out, those eyes harbor no tears, those mournful garments be exchanged for others befitting one on the threshold of her bridal. A week hence it shall be. You hear me, girl? I do not mince my words; but do you heed, I will not take your silence for consent. Speak--speak, I say. What! you are contumacious? Lucy, take her child."

As the woman stepped forward to obey her mistress, Mildred cried, with passion: "I hear, I heed. I will do all you ask if I have still my child; without her, nothing. Rupert and you may rend me limb from limb, as you have said, but I will not be parted from my child!"

"Good," returned Grace. "For a week, then, you shall have her to yourself, and after that, if the parchment be but signed, shall take her whither you will; if *not*, then you will not be much together, you and she. Do you understand me, Mildred?"

"Yes, we shall be parted like my husband and myself," returned Mildred, hoarsely. "Let me go hence to my chamber. I cannot bear to look upon your wicked face."

"You are no flatterer, niece; but that does not affect me. My presence shall not vex you longer now, nor any more, unless your own conduct calls for it. Lucy, show Mrs. Raymond Clifford to her room, and see you never leave her night or day, as I have already charged you. Remember, a week hence, and you meet Rupert Clifford as his betrothed wife. Have I your word, Niece Mildred?"

"You have, Aunt Grace," answered Mildred, resolutely.

For is not "a week hence" a precious boon to be rejected by no human soul in present peril, and least of all by a woman?—a very eternity of comfort, a space wherein a score of unlooked-for buds of hope have time to spring up, any one of which may blossom into the flower Safety?

A FREEDMAN'S WEDDING.

The richest affair of the season came off at the office of Judge Starr. In order to give the reader a full insight into the case, it is necessary to start at the Mayor's Court, in which the case of an unhappy pair of old darkies was brought up for adjudication. It appeared that the venerable old couple had been living together as man and wife, but she said, "widout circumference of law." They brought a voluminous string of charges against each other, and taxed the Mayor's patience beyond endurance. The Court being unable to make head or tail of the affair, turned the case over to the Freedman's Bureau. They shot out for "de Buro," and the trial was at once taken up. After hearing all the facts in the case, that tribunal decided that they should be lawfully married forthwith, and placing them under guard, sent the bride and groom to the office of Judge Starr, for that functionary to carry out the sentence of the Bureau. When they got to the Esquire's office, the guard simply stated to Judge Starr:

"Here's a couple for you to marry."

"All right!" replied the humorous justice; and the guard, not having an invitation to the wedding, retired.

"Just step in the back room," said the justice, "and I'll splice you in grammatical style and apple-pie order."

The couple followed him to the room in the rear of the front office, and after explaining the duties and obligations, he requested them to join hands.

Bride—"I isn't gwine to do it; I doesn't want to hab nuffin to do wid dat nigger."

Groom—"I isn't 'ticlar about marryin' wid de gal. I never lubbed de wench."

This protest opened the Esquire's eyes like "two full moons in the harvest." He asked what was the meaning of it, and just then a representative from the Bureau stepped in, and informed the justice that they were ordered by the Freedman's Court to be married, and he came up to see the sentence executed.

With this understanding, Judge Starr told the happy couple to join hands, which they did after much persuasion, and the following scene ensued:

Justice—"You take this man to be your wedded husband, to love, honor, obey, etc.?"

Bride—"No, I doesn't; I wouldn't hab a four-acre lot of such trash."

Freedman's Bureau—"Yes, we do, Squire. We take him. Go on with the ceremony."

Justice—"And do you take this woman to be your wedded wife, to love, cherish, etc.?"

Groom—"I tole you dat I isn't 'ticlar. I isn't hankerin' arter de crow. I can lib widout de ole gal."

Freedman's Bureau—"Certainly, we do take her—of course we do--suits us to a single allspice. Hurry up the cakes."

Justice—"Then I pronounce you all man and wife, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls."

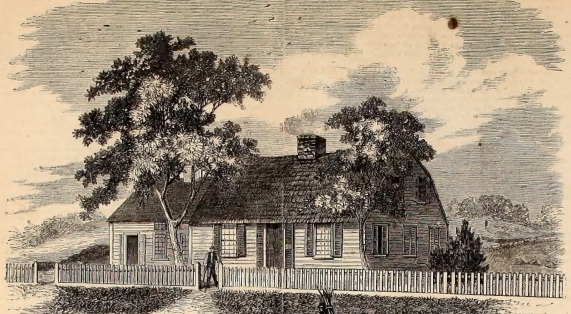
Mussels as an Article of Diet.—This is one of the most important molluscs which the sea produces, even the oyster being scarcely of more value to the nation; for it is largely used for food, being palatable, mostly nourishing, and sold at a cheap rate. Its chief use, however, is for bait, its attractive properties being well known to all those who have had practical experience of sea-fishing. No one need be in want of a bait so long as he can find a mussel; and even when the lug-worm is employed, the mussel is often added to tempt the fish more powerfully. The cod-fishers depend almost entirely on this mollusc for success in their labors, and for their service alone the mussel is bred by millions in preserves, technically named "gardens." The details of this animal and its economy are extremely interesting. Generally, the mussel is a wholesome and nutritious article of diet. I have made many an extemporized luncheon on this mollusc, opening one shell by means of another, just as one walnut is cracked with another. It is equally good when stewed, fried, scolloped, or otherwise cooked; but it has one drawback—at distant intervals a batch of mussels turn out to be deleterious, and produce most unpleasant symptoms in the consumers. They are attacked with a singular variety of symptoms; they have nettle-rash breaking out all over the body with astonishing rapidity; they become giddy, are seized with a kind of fit, and then fall insensible. Sometimes they are partly paralyzed, and sometimes they are seized with asthma. In many cases the symptoms have become so aggravated that the sufferer has been unable to bear up against them, and has died. And the most remarkable part of the business is, that no one knows the cause of these symptoms, no one knows how to detect the poison-bearing mussels, and no one precisely knows how to give relief from the suffering which this mysterious poison inflicts. The popular idea—and it is certainly a specious one—is, that the deleterious mussels are those which have been scraped off the copper bottoms of ships, and have been sold by the laborers in the docks. But as there are many instances where this remarkable disorder has proceeded from mussels that were undoubtedly taken from rocks or out of "gardens," this theory falls to the ground.

The Maoris of New Zealand.—The race is melting away; and if there were no more war, and the Europeans were to leave the country to-morrow, the extinction of the Maori, in an exceedingly brief period is as certain as anything human can be. A very few figures will show this. In 1842, according to the best estimates which could be made, the authority of missionaries and other long residents in the country, their number was 114,000. In 1850 a well-informed Wesleyan missionary estimated them at 70,000. In 1858 a government census, generally supposed to be in excess, returned them at 55,970. The war and natural causes have, by this time, probably reduced them to 45,000. Carry on the calculation, and it is evident that the certain extinction of the race, except a few individuals, is a thing which many of us may live to witness. The one great cause of this has been, and is, their utter disregard of all those social and sanitary conditions which are essential to the continuing vitality of the human race. The result is, the constitution of the Maori is absolutely decayed, and they do not produce children to replace the current generation of adults.

Old Paterson, whom Scott saw reviving the inscriptions on the tombs of the Covenanters, went to America, and became the grandfather of a Paterson, whose widow married the Marquis of Wellesley. The sisters of that Mrs. Paterson married the Duke of Leeds and Lord Stafford. The direct blood of Old Mortality went in another and as remarkable a direction. His granddaughter, Miss Paterson, was the first wife of Jerome Bonaparte. The marriage was never "legally" annulled, and a son who sprung from it, the great-grandson of Old Mortality, is now on the staff of his cousin, the Emperor of the French.

Flight of Birds.—A correspondent, writing on the subject of the speed of birds, says that, as the result of numerous observations on this interesting topic, he has not the slightest hesitation in saying that the peregrine falcon is capable of attaining a speed of from 150 to 160 miles an hour; that the flight of the wood-pigeon is from 90 to 130 or 140 miles an hour; that the rock-dove is capable of accomplishing still more; and that the flight of the swift is as rapid as that of the wood-pigeon.

A Dinner from a Countess's Hair.—Horace Walpole relates that when the beautiful Countess of Suffolk married Mr. Howard, they were both so poor, that they went to Hanover, before Queen Anne's death, to pay court to the future royal family. Having a party to dinner, and being disappointed of a remittance, the countess was forced to sell her hair to furnish the entertainment. Long wigs were then in fashion, and her hair being very long, fine, and fair, produced her twenty pounds.



THE BOWEN HOUSE, COVENTRY, RHODE ISLAND.

THE BOWEN HOUSE IN RHODE ISLAND.

In the town of Coventry, Rhode Island, about two miles from Summit Station, on the Providence, Hartford and Fishkill Railroad, and about twenty-five from the city of Providence, stands the old Bowen House, the scene of our present sketch. It was built by Israel Bowen, some years before the opening of the Revolution. Like the farm-houses of colonial days, it is a small, unpretending structure of a story and a half, with but four rooms on the first floor, and the usual huge stone chimney occupying a prominent position in the building.

In the year 1774 old Mr. Bowen had a remarkable dream, which left a deep impression on his mind. He dreamed that he saw a large army marching up the lane past his house, and that the soldiers made a halt on his own land. Their leader was a man of noble and commanding carriage, and his manner left a pleasing impression on the dreamer's mind. Israel related this to his family the following morning, with much seriousness, and he afterward frequently referred to the circumstance, and often expressed the belief that it was the forerunner of some event, as intelligence of the opening incidents of the war, one after another, reached his quiet rural home. In the course of the following year, after the British had taken possession of Boston, the old man died, and his house and farm passed into the hands of his son Nathan.

On the 17th of March, 1776, the British evacuated Boston, and the army and munitions of war were transferred to the ships and transports in the harbor, and the vessels soon dropped down to Nantasket Roads. Gen. Washington at once, by letter, informed Gov. Cooke, of Rhode Island, of the movements of the British troops, and that it was his belief that their next attempt would be "against New York or some other southern colony." He then adds: "However, I should think (though I do not believe they have any design against Rhode Island) that it would be advisable to keep a strict look-out, and submit it to you whether it may not be proper, against the time you apprehend they might arrive, to call in a number of the militia, and have them posted in proper places. I do not mean to direct the measure, but only mention it for your consideration."

This intelligence aroused Gov. Cooke's apprehensions, and he at once responded in great concern at the exposed position of the colony, begging the Commander-in-Chief, if he saw fit to order any of the troops in the vicinity of Boston to the more southern colonies, that he would direct their march to Rhode Island, by the sea-shore, that they might be at hand in case of an invasion.

About the first of April, Gen. Washington ordered Greene and Sullivan to march toward Providence with their commands, where he himself arrived on the evening of the 5th. Gens. Greene and Sullivan probably reached the city on the previous day, and they were followed by a detachment of Gen. Spencer's brigade (Col. Parsons's regiment) on the 6th. The remainder of the brigade, without doubt, arrived on the next day. As there seemed to be no special call for the troops to tarry in Rhode Island, they were ordered to proceed immediately for New London, by way of Norwich and New London. The Commander-in-Chief tarried for one day, and a grand entertainment was given in his honor at Hacker's Hall; but he departed on the morning of the 7th, accompanied by Adjutant-General Gates and several other officers, and must have rejoined some portion of the army at Coventry. History, however, is silent as to the details of this march; but one tradition reveals some pleasant incidents connected with it. Mr. Bowen's descendants declare that the troops did, in the course of this march, move down the lane (referred to in the dream of Israel) past the Bowen House, and bivouacked in one of Nathan's fields. It is also asserted that they stopped there an entire day. During this time, Washington's headquarters were in Nathan's house, and the room which he occupied as his bed-chamber is still regarded as an almost sacred apartment. In fact, it has ever since been preserved as the "spare chamber," and the antique bed now occupies the same position in the apartment that it did when the great man then rested his head upon its humble pillow. A few rods from the residence of Nathan stood the farm-house of Jebabod Bowen, a brother of Israel. Jebabod's little son, Joseph, then between three and four years of age, accompanied his father to the camp. It was a strange sight to the child. He expressed great fear of the soldiers, as he viewed their rough features and heavy muskets, and timidly clung to his parent; but the General, with much tenderness, took him in his arms, and spoke very pleasantly to him, assuring the little fellow that the soldiers would not harm such boys as he. He also invited Joseph to dine with him, and not only invited him, but compelled him to take a seat at the table, and treated him with so much attention, that he completely won the boy's confidence, who, eventually, lost all fear of the troops. He even left his home alone, and wandered to the quarters of the good man, as well as to the borders of the camp; and he afterward related how the General raised his chamber-window, and gave orders to the man, at the same time repeating the commands to his mother. Joseph also described a big-whiskered fellow, who paced to and fro at the entrance to the camp, and who asked him if he folks did not raise tobacco; and the child fastened his story by begging his mother to allow him to carry out a parcel of the article, which was at that time stowed away in the barn. His request being granted, away he ran with his arms full of crude tobacco, to present to the soldiers.

It was with a feeling of regret that Joseph saw the General mount his horse and ride away. As the army resumed its march, the boy perched himself on the garden-fence and eagerly watched the receding ranks till the last glittering bayonet was lost in the distance.

Although M. Bowen lived to the ripe old age of seventy-eight, he never forgot the visit nor the attentions of Gen. Washington, and all the incidents of the arrival and bivouac of the troops were ever fresh in his memory. He always referred to their circumstances with enthusiastic pride. What a volume it speaks in the praise of the Father of his Country that, amid the corroding cares and anxieties that, in this point of the history of the Revolution, must have been pressing upon his mind, he could consecrated to show such marked attentions to a child! How consistent that true greatness is often manifested in little acts, is verified in this tradition. It is another exhibition of that innate nobleness of heart which led Washington, amid the honors of an entire populace, to pause and bless the infant Irving.

On the 6th of April, as already intimated, Col. Parsons's regiment, being part of Gen. Spencer's brigade, passed through Providence, en route for New York. As the Commander-in-Chief and suite did not leave the city until the following morning, it is probable that he overtook Col. Parsons at Coventry, or fell in with the remainder of Gen. Spencer's brigade, which was following close on Parsons's heels. In view of these facts, our tradition does no violence to history; and when we take into consideration the fact that Washington did not reach New York until the 13th of April, there is no doubt that a little halt was made at Coventry, it being the Sabbath.

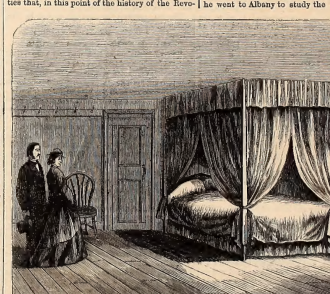
An addition has since been built upon the Bowen House, and it has been otherwise improved; but the chamber which Gen. Washington occupied has never been subjected to any alterations. The bedstead, however, on which the General slept, has been removed, it having been bequeathed to a daughter of Nathan, while the house was willed to one of his sons. But another bed of antique pattern was set up in the same corner of the room, and care has always been taken to preserve the same order in the arrangement of the other furniture as was observed in the days of the Revolution. The daughter, long since married, now resides with her husband on the farm adjoining the Bowen estate, where the old bedstead is preserved with a reverence coequal with that cherished for the name of Washington, and is shown to visitors with pleasure. A Boston antiquarian recently made a liberal offer for its purchase; but the family have set a value upon it that is not estimated by dollars and cents, and will by no means consent to its removal.

The only relics of the army which have been preserved are a large tin-box and a cartridge-box. The former was carried at the hind end of the army wagon, and was used for a feeding-trough; the latter, tradition says, belonged to one of the colored soldiers, and it is quite probable that Sambo received a whipping for losing it.

Joseph Bowen was never called to be a soldier, but he was always greatly interested in the militia affairs of his town. He was early commissioned colonel, and for years held that position at the general musters with a great deal of pride. His youngest son, Caleb T. Bowen, however, was among the first to enlist in the War for the Preservation of the Union, and served until the dawn of peace. He was severely wounded at Antietam, and was afterward taken prisoner, and endured many hardships in the rebel prison-pens; but he retired from the service, breveted colonel for meritorious conduct.



F. X. GARNEAU, THE HISTORIAN OF CANADA.



THE ROOM IN WHICH WASHINGTON SLEPT, AT THE BOWEN HOUSE, APRIL 6, 1776.

F. X. GARNEAU.

On this page we give the portrait of the late Mr. Garneau, the distinguished historian, who died at Quebec, C. E., on the 5th of February last.

His early career was not particularly remarkable, though it was characterized by the conscientiousness and strict integrity that shone conspicuously throughout his whole life. He was eminently fitted for the task of historian. He was a lover of labor, pains-taking to excess, and possessed a mind remarkable for its inquiring turn, together with a breadth and liberality of views rarely to be found.

It was in 1840 that Mr. Garneau, after having contributed several light poetical effusions to the literature of Canada, began in earnest his great work. The three years he had spent in England, France and Italy, had afforded him unparalleled facilities, by searching the public archives—in Paris especially—to collect materials, new and reliable, for the history of the colony. Later on, he went to Albany to study the contents of the valuable state papers which had been compiled in the French archives. His work embraces a complete history of Canada, from its first settlement down to the present time, and has been universally recognized as a standard authority.

On the 5th of February last, the *élite* of Quebec, without distinction of race or religion, followed the remains of F. X. Garneau to the new Belmont Cemetery, where a national subscription will shortly mark, by an appropriate mausoleum, the last abode of a great, good citizen, and an able writer.



SEAL OF THE SOCIETY

For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Few organizations have accomplished more in a quiet way than this society. The gentlemen connected with it are active, earnest, and fearless, and, without any parade, have effectually put in operation all the provisions of the laws they were appointed to enforce. We are no longer shocked by witnessing the barbarous scenes that for years disgraced our city, and were more suited to the latitude and civilization of Dahomey than our own.

If men will act worse than brutes, they cannot do so with impunity, and the prompt arrest of a few offenders has wonderfully diminished the number of offenses. All thanks to the kind feelings and active exertions of the members of the society. On page 268 we give a *fac-simile* of the seal adopted by the society, and impressed on all its official proceedings. The emblems indicate the object the society has in view and the character of the work it is doing.

A HINDOO FAKIR.

THIS is one of the so-called holy men of India. According to the belief of the Hindoos, these are the very holiest characters, who cannot do anything wrong, and are therefore worshiped by the people. They spend their time traveling from city to city, and in the guise of sanctity really do great harm wherever they go. They carry a bag, in which they place the money and food collected from their deluded admirers. They are really great knaves, and would not be tolerated in any country where superstition did not sway the multitudes.

As their influence and existence depend upon keeping the masses in ignorance, the Fakirs have been found the most bitter opponents to the progress of civilization and Christianity. Our illustration shows the fantastic dress and appearance of one of these impostors, and it is difficult for us



A HINDOO FAKIR.

to conceive how such repulsive barbarians can secure the regard and confidence which are so universally accorded to them. Modern intelligence and enlightenment are gradually forcing their way even into India, and in a few years these Fakirs will lose their power, and be remembered among the relics of the past.

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN TWO SNAKES.

THE display of anger in animals, in their native state, is often terrible and majestic. There are many of them that never meet without a battle, resulting in the death of one or both of the combatants. The following description of a fight between two snakes, witnessed by a gentleman in Virginia, illustrates very forcibly the terrible fierceness of animal passion:

He was sitting one day in a secluded spot, when his attention was engaged by a strange sort of rustling noise at some paces distant, and looking round, he beheld two snakes of considerable length, the one pursuing the other with great celerity through a hemp stubble-field. The aggressor was of the black kind, six feet long; the fugitive was a water-snake, nearly of equal dimensions.

They soon met, and in the fury of their first encounter, appeared in an instant firmly twisted together, and whilst their united tails beat the ground, they tried with open jaws to lacerate each other. Their heads were compressed to a very small size; their eyes flashed fire; and after this conflict had lasted about five minutes, the second found means to disengage itself from the first, and hurried toward a ditch. Its antagonist instantly assumed a new posture, and half creeping, half erect, with a majestic mien, overtook and attacked the other again, which placed itself in a similar attitude, and prepared to resist.

The scene was uncommon and beautiful, for, thus opposed, they fought with their jaws, biting each other with two utmost rage; but notwithstanding this appearance of mutual courage and fury, the water-snake still seemed desirous of retreating toward the ditch, its natural element. This was no sooner perceived by the keen-eyed black one, than, twisting its tail twice round a stalk of hemp, and seizing its adversary by the throat, not by means of its jaws, but by twisting its own neck twice round that of the water-snake, he pulled it back from the ditch.



A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN TWO SNAKES.

To prevent a defeat, the latter took hold likewise of a stalk on the bank, and by the acquisition of that point of resistance, became a match for his fierce antagonist. Strange was this to behold; two great snakes strongly adhering to the ground, mutually fastened together by means of the convolutions which lashed them to each other, and stretched at their full length, they pulled, but pulled in vain; and, in the moments of greatest exertion, that part of their bodies which was entwined seemed extremely small, while the rest appeared inflated, and now and then covered with strong undulations, rapidly following each other. Their eyes appeared on fire, and ready to start out of their heads.

At one time the conflict seemed decided; the water-snake bent itself into great folds, and by that operation rendered the other more than commonly outstretched; the next minute the new struggles of the black one gained an unexpected superiority; it acquired two great folds likewise, which necessarily extended the body of its adversary, in proportion as it had contracted its own. These efforts were alternate, victory seemed doubtful, inclined sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other; until at last the stalk to which the black snake was fastened suddenly gave way, and in consequence of this accident, they both plunged into the ditch.

The water did not extinguish their vindictive rage, and they soon reappeared on the surface, twisted together, as in their first onset; but the black snake seemed to retain its wonted superiority, for its head was exactly fixed above that of the other, which it incessantly pressed down under the water, until it stifled and sunk. The victor no sooner perceived its enemy incapable of further resistance, than abandoning it to the current, it returned to the shore and disappeared.

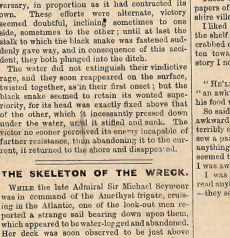
THE SKELETON OF THE WRECK.

WHILE the late Admiral Sir Michael Seymour was in command of the Amethyst frigate, cruising in the Atlantic, one of the look-out men reported a strange sail bearing down upon them, which appeared to be water-logged and abandoned. Her deck was soon observed to be just above water, while her lower mast alone was standing. Not a soul could be seen aboard, but there was a cub-house on deck, which had the appearance of having been recently patched with old canvas and tarpaulins, as if to afford shelter to some forlorn remnant of the crew.

It blew at this time a strong gale, but Sir Michael ordered the ship to be put about, and dispatched a boat, with instructions to board the wreck, and ascertain whether there was any being still surviving whom the help of his fellow-men might save from death. The boat rowed toward the drifting vessel, and while struggling with the difficulty of getting through a high running sea, close alongside, the crew shouting all the time as loud as they could, an object, resembling in appearance a bundle of clothes, was observed to roll out of the cub-house against the lee shrouds of the mast. With the end of a boat-hook they managed to get hold of it, and had hauled it into the boat, when it proved to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, and so wasted away as scarcely to be felt within the ample clothes which had once fitted it in a state of life and strength.

The boat's crew hastened back to the Amethyst with this remnant of mortality, and so small was it in bulk that a lad was able, with his own hands to lift it into the ship. When placed on deck, it showed for the first time, to the astonishment of the crew, traces of remaining life. It tried to move, and the next moment muttered, in a hollow tone, "There is another man."

The moment Sir Michael heard these words he ordered the boat to push off again for the wreck. The sea having now become smoother, they succeeded this time in boarding it, and, on looking into the cub-house they found two other human bodies, wasted, like the one they had saved, to the very bones, but without the least spark of life remaining. They were sitting in a shrunken posture, the head of one resting on a tin pot, in which there was about a gill of water, and the hand of the other reaching to the deck, as it to regain a scrap of food which had dropped from his nerveless grasp. The unfortunate men had lived on their scanty store until they had not strength enough left to lift the last morsel to their mouths, and had remained for many days in this condition; and the boat's crew, having completed their melancholy task, returned on board, where they found the attention of the ship's company engrossed by the efforts made to preserve the survivor. Sir Michael committed him to the special charge of the surgeons, who spared no means which humanity could suggest to achieve the object of creating anew, as it were, a fellow-creature whom gaunt famine had stripped of almost every energy. For three weeks he scarcely left his patient, giving him nourishment with his own hand, and at the end of three weeks more the "Skeleton of the Wreck" was seen walking on the decks of the Amethyst, and, to the surprise of all who recollected that he had been lifted into the ship by a cabin-boy, presented the figure of a man nearly six feet high.



THE SKELETON OF THE WRECK.

A Sunday a Century Ago.

AN old brown leather-covered book, the leaves yellow, the writing scarcely legible from time and decay, evidently an old, neglected MS. To the fire, or to my private shelf? Which?

These were my reflections, as I looked over the papers of my late uncle, the rector of a Somersetshire village.

I liked the look of the book, and decided for the shelf; and I had my reward, for I found in the crabbed characters a simple story, evidently written toward the close of the writer's life. This story I now transcribe into a more modern style.

"HE'LL be fit for nothing," said my father; "an awkward booby who holds his awl and cuts his food with his left hand."

So said my father, and so, alas! I felt. I was awkward. I was fifteen; thick-set, strong, but terribly clumsy. I could not make a collar, nor sew a pair of blinkers, nor stuff a saddle, nor do anything that I ought to be able to do. My fingers seemed to have no mechanical feeling in them. I was awkward, and I knew it, and all knew it.

I was good-tempered, could write fairly, and read anything; but I was awkward with my hands — they seemed to have wills of their own; and yet I could dance as easily and lightly as any of my neighbors' sons.

"I don't know what he's fit for," said my father to the rector of the parish. "I've set him to carpentering, and he cuts his finger nearly off with an ax; then he went to the smith, and burns his hands till he was laid up for a month. It's all of no use; he spoils me more good leather in a week than his earnings pay for in a month. Why cannot he, like other Christians, use his hands as the good God meant him to? There! Look at him now, cutting that back strap for the squire with his left hand!"

I heard him; the knife slipped, and the long strip of leather was divided in a moment, and utterly spoiled.

"There now! look at that. A piece out of the very middle of the skin, and his finger gashed into the bargain."

The rector endeavored to soothe my father's anger, while I bandaged my finger.

"You'd better let him come up for that vase, Mr. Walters; I should like a case to fit it, for it's very fragile, as all that old Italian glass is; and line it with the softest leather, please."

And so I went with the rector to bring back the vase, taking two chamois leathers to bring it in.

We reached the house, and I waited in the passage while he went to fetch it. He came back with a large vase, tenderly wrapped in the leathers. Alas! At that moment there came from the room, against the door of which I was standing, the sound of a voice singing—a voice that thrilled me through—a voice I hear now as I write these lines—so clear, so sweet, so pure; it was as if an angel had revealed itself to me.

I trembled, and forgot the precious burden in my hands; it dropped to the ground and was shattered to pieces.

How shall I describe the rector's rage? I fear he said something for which he would have blushed in his calmer moments, and she came out.

She who had the angel voice—his niece—came out, and I saw her. I forgot the disaster, and stood speechlessly gazing at her face.

"You awkward scoundrel! Look at your work. Thirty pounds! Fifty pounds! An invaluable treasure gone irreparably in a moment. Why don't you speak? Why did you drop it?"

"Drop it?" I said, waking up. "Drop what?" And then it flashed upon me again, and I stammered out, "She sang!"

"And if she did sing, was there any occasion to drop my beautiful vase, you doubly stupid blockhead? There, go out of the house—do, before you do any further mischief, and tell your father to horsewhip you for a stupid dolt."

I said nothing, did nothing, but only looked at her face, and went shambling away, a changed and altered being. There was a world where horse-collars and horse-shoes, demons and mortices, right hands or left, entered not. That world I had seen; I had breathed its air and heard its voices.

My father heard of my misfortune, and laid the strap across my shoulders without hesitation, for in my young days boys were boys till eighteen or nineteen years old. I bore it patiently, uncomplainingly.

"What is he fit for?" every one would ask, and no one could answer, not even myself.

I wandered about the rectory in the summer evenings, and heard her sing; I tried hard to get

the old gardener to let me help him carry the watering-pots, and when I succeeded, felt, as I entered the rector's garden, that I was entering a paradise. Oh, happy months, when, after the horrible labors of the weary day, I used to follow the old gardener, and hear her sing. My old, withered heart beats fuller and freer when the memory comes back to me now.

Alas! alas! my awkwardness again banished me. She met me one evening in the garden, as I was coming along the path, with my cans full of water, and spoke to me, and said:

"You're the boy that broke the vase, aren't you?"

I did not, could not reply; my strength forsook me. I dropped my cans on the ground, where they upset and flooded away in a moment some seeds, on which the rector set most especial store.

"How awkward, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "And how angry uncle will be."

I turned and fled, and from that time the rectory gate was closed against me.

I led a miserable, unhappy life for the next three years; I had only one consolation during the whole of that weary time—I saw her at church and heard her sing there. I could hear nothing else when she sang, clear and distinct, above the confused, nasal sounds that came from the voices of others—hers alone pure, sweet and good. It was a blessed time. I would not miss a Sunday's service in church for all that might offer. Three good miles every Sunday, there and back, did I heavily plod to hear her, and feel well rewarded. I shared her joys and heaviness. I knew when she was happy, when oppressed; as a mother knows the tones of her child's voice, to the minutest shade of difference, so I could tell when her heart was light and when sad.

One Sunday she sang as I had never yet heard her; not loudly, but so tenderly, so lovingly; I knew the change had come—she loved; it thrilled in her voice; and at the evening service he was there. I saw him. A soldier, I knew by his bearing, with cruel, hard, gray eyes. As she sang, I knew it. I detected a tremble and gratitude in the notes. I felt she was to suffer, as I had suffered. Not that I sang; I had no voice. A harsh, guttural sound was all I could give utterance to. I could whistle like a bird, and often and often have I lain for hours in the shade of a tree and joined the concerts of the woods.

One day I was whistling, as was my wont, as I went through the street, when I was tapped on the shoulder by an old man, the cobbler of the next parish. I knew him from his coming to my father for leather occasionally.

"Sam, where did you learn that?"

"Learn what?"

"That tune."

"At church."

"You've a good ear, Sam."

"I've nothing else good, but I can whistle anything."

"Can you whistle me the Morning Hymn?"

I did so.

"Good—very good. Know anything of music, Sam?"

"Nothing."

"Like to?"

"I'd give all I had in the world to be able to play anything. My soul's full of music. I can't sing a note, but I could play anything if I were taught."

"So you shall, Sam, my boy. Come home with me. Carry these skins, and you shall begin at once."

I went home with him, and found that he was one of the players in the choir of his parish, his instrument being the violoncello. I took my first lesson, and from that time commenced a new life. Evening after evening, and sometimes during the day, I wandered over to his little shop, and while he sat—stitch, stitch—at the boots and shoes, I played over and over again all the music I could get from the church.

"You've a beautiful fingering, Sam, my boy—beautiful; and though it does look a little awkward to see you bowing away with your left, it makes no difference to you. You ought to be a fine player, Sam."

I was enthusiastic, but I was poor. I wanted an instrument of my own, but I had no money, and I earned none—I could earn none. My parents thought, and perhaps rightly, that if they found me food and clothing I was well provided for; and so for some twelve months I used the old cobbler's instrument, improving daily. It was strange that the limbs and fingers, so rigid and stiff for every other impulse, should, under the influence of sound, move with such precision, ease and exactness.

"Sam, my boy," said the cobbler, one day, "you shall have an instrument, and your father shall buy it for you, or the whole parish shall cry shame upon him."

"But he don't know a word of this," I said.

"Never mind, Sam, my boy, he shall be glad to know of it;" and he told me his plans.

At certain times it was customary for the choirs of neighboring churches to help each other, and it was arranged that the choir of our parish should play and sing on the next Sunday morning at his parish church, and that he and his choir should come over to our parish for the evening service.

"And you, Sam," said he, "shall take my place in your own church; and, please God, you do as well there as you've done here, it will be the proudest day I shall know, Sam, my boy, and your father and mother will say so, too."

How I practiced, morning, noon and night, for the great day; how the old man darkly hinted at a prodigy that was to be forthcoming at the festival; and then the day itself, with its events—all is as vivid before me as if it were but yesterday.

The evening came; and there, in the dimly-lit gallery, I sat waiting, with my master beside me.

"Sam, my boy," said my master, "it's a great risk; it's getting very full. There's the squire and my lady just come in. Keep your eyes on your book and feel what you're playing, and think you're in the little shop; I've brought a bit of leather to help you," and he put a piece of that black leather that has a peculiar acid scent in front of me. The scent of it revived me; the memory of the many hours I had spent there came back to me at once, and I felt as calm as if I were indeed there.

She came at last, and service began. Oh! that night! Shall I ever forget its pleasures?—the wondering looks of the friends and neighbors who came and found in me, the despised, awkward, left-handed saddler's apprentice, the prodigy of which they had heard rumors. Oh, it was glorious! The first few strokes of my bow gave me confidence, and I did well, and knew it, through the hymn, through the chants, and on to the anthem before the sermon. That was to be the gem of the evening; it was Handel's then new anthem: "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

It began—harsh, inharmonious, out of tune—I know not why or how; but as it progressed, a spell seemed upon all but her and myself; one by one the instruments ceased and were silent; one by one the voices died away and were lost, and she and I alone, bound together and driven on by an irresistible impulse, went through the anthem; one soul, one spirit seemed to animate both. The whole congregation listened breathless as to an angel; and she, self-absorbed, and like one in a trance, sang, filling me with a delicious sense of peace and exultation, the like of which I have never known since.

It came to an end at last, and with the last triumphant note I fell forward on the desk in a swoon.

When I recovered I found myself at home in my own room, with the rector, the doctor and my parents there, and heard the doctor say:

"I told you he would, my dear madam; I knew he would."

"Thank God!" murmured my mother. "My dear boy, how we have feared for you."

What a difference! I was courted and made much of. "Genius!" and "Very clever!" and "Delightful talent!" such were the expressions I now heard, instead of "Stupid!" "Awkward!" and "Unfit for anything!"

My father bought a fine instrument; and I was the hero of the village for months.

It was some days after that Sunday that I ventured to ask about the rector's niece.

"My dear boy," said my mother, "the like was never heard. We saw you there, and wondered what you were doing; but as soon as we saw you with the bow, we knew you must be the person there'd been so much talk about; and then, when the anthem came, and we all left off singing and they all left off playing, and only you and Miss Cecelia kept on, we were all in tears. I saw even the rector crying; and, poor girl, she seemed as if in a dream, and so did you; it was dreadful for me to see you with your eyes fixed on her, watching her so eagerly. And then to look at her, staring up at the stained glass window as if she could see through it, miles and miles away into the sky. Oh, I'm sure, the like never was; and then, when you fell down, I screamed, and your father ran up and carried you down and brought you home in Farmer Slade's four-wheeler."

After this I had an invitation to go up to the rectory, and there, in the long winter evenings, we used to sit; and while I played, she sang. Oh, those happy times! when she loved me, but only as a dear friend; and I loved her as I never had loved before or could love again. I do not know the kind of love I had for her. I was but a little older than she was, but I felt as a father might feel to his daughter; a sweet tenderness and love that made me pitiful to her. I knew she loved a man unworthy of her, and I think, at times, she felt this herself, and knew I felt it.

I was perfectly free of the rector's house at last, and we used to find in our music a means of converse that our tongues could never have known. Ah, me—those days! Gone! Alas! they are gone.

She left us at last, and in a few years her motherless child came back in her place, and as I again sit in the old rectory parlor, years and years after my first visit, with her daughter beside me singing—but, alas! not with her mother's voice—all the old memories flood back upon me, and I feel a grateful, calm joy in the openly-shown respect and affection of the daughter of her whom I loved so silently, so tenderly, and so long.

I sit in the old seat in the church now and play; and, once in the year, the old anthem; but the voice is gone that filled the edifice as with a glory that day. I feel, as the sounds swell out, and the strings vibrate under my withered fingers, I am but waiting to be near her under the old yew tree outside, and it may be, nearer to her still in the longed-for future.

SARDINES.—The lovers of the "little fishes *biled in ile*" should know that the fish which furnishes them with such a delicious repast belongs to the herring family. The popular name was given to it by Cuvier, who was the first to assign it to a distinct place in the finny tribe. He called it *sardinia*, from which it is known as the sardine. Sardines are caught principally along the coasts of Brittany and, to a less extent, in Portugal. The fisheries employ a large number of men and women. The fishing vessels—of eight or ten tuns each, and carrying a crew of from six to ten—go out two or three leagues from the land, and watch for shoals of fish. When they see them, they spread their gill-nets for them, and scatter on the water the bait that has been prepared, and which consists of the eggs and flesh of fish, especially of cod and mackerel, and sometimes of salted fish. Large quantities of sardines are taken in this way. Some are salted on board and others are carried on shore, and either sold fresh or prepared for shipment. For the latter purpose, they are salted and packed away in tin cans, with melted butter and olive oil, which is poured upon them in almost a boiling state. The cans are sealed up to prevent the air reaching the fish, and are then ready for shipment.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

"PRAY, sir," said a judge angrily to a blunt old Quaker, from whom no direct answer could be obtained, "do you know what we sit here for?"

"Yes, verily, I do," said the Quaker; "three of you for four dollars each day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousand a year."

DEFENDING HIS HONOR.—A merchant signed a temperance pledge, but his friends seeing no improvement in his habits of life, remonstrated, as in duty bound. He defended his honor, and to wipe off all stain, produced the document which he had signed, and showed that it was invalid, as it was without a government stamp.

WHAT is the difference between a belle and a burglar? One wears false locks, and the other false keys.

WHY is a church singing-book like a school-house? Because it is full of little hims.

"YOU'RE a wit and a scholar," said Tom to Dick.

"I can't say the same thing," said Dick, "about you."

"You might," said Tom, "were you reckless as I am, and as careless of saying the thing that is true."

A CHURCH in Baltimore has its motto upon the outer walls, "To the poor the gospel is preached." One morning these words were found painted under it, "Not here, though."

FOOTE has left his verdict against medical mysteries, in his whimsical definition of a physician, whom he describes as "a grave, formal animal, who picks our pockets by talking unintelligible stuff in a sick man's chamber, till nature cures or medicines kill him." Howbeit, blessing and honor, say we, be upon the head of the *true* physician, of whatever creed, for his is ever a work of mercy and love. As Lamb says: "There is healing in the very creak of his shoes, as he comes up the stair." There be those, however, in every community, who, in circulating their quack nostrums, care little whether they make the well sick, or the sick sicker.

"Do you eat well?" asked one of our modern pill-venders, who was in the process of manufacturing a patient.

"Yes, very well."

"Do you *sleep* well?"

"Yes."

"Eh?—you *do*, eh? That's not exactly the thing for one in your condition! I'll do away all *that* for you. Take four of these every morning, and four after dinner. You'll soon see a change!"

WHY is a book-keeper like a hen?—Because he has got to scratch for a living.

A FASHIONABLE party is now called a "daughtercultural show."

LIKE cures like. Sulphur comes from Vesuvius; therefore it is good for eruptions.

THE last dressing for the hair is the "Stephens's Pomade." It is a Head Scenter.

A CHAP being asked to explain the paradox of how it was possible for so lazy a man to attain so much education, answered:

"I didn't—attain—I just heard—here—and—there—and was too lazy to forget."

A GENTLEMAN was always complaining to his father-in-law of his wife's temper. At last, papa-in-law becoming weary of these endless grumblings, and being a bit of a wag, replied:

"Well, my dear fellow, if I hear of her tormenting you any more I shall disinherit her."

The husband never again complained.

"JOHN, I am going to church, and if it should rain, I wish you to come with the umbrella for me; however, you need not come unless it should rain downright."

The gentleman went. It did rain; but John had gone to the other end of the town to see Mary. His master came back with drenched garments, and a look of implacable anger.

"John," said he, "why didn't you bring the umbrella?"

"Because, sir," replied John, "it rained *slanting*."

A PRUDENT and well-disposed member of the Society of Friends once gave the following friendly advice:

"John," said he, "I hear thou art going to be married."

"Yes," replied John, "I am."

"Well," replied the man of drab, "I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife, I was worth fifty dollars, and she was worth sixty-two; and, whenever any difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown up the odd dollars."

A GOOD story is told of Bouvart, a celebrated French physician. On entering one morning the chamber of a Marquis, whom he had attended through a very dangerous illness, he was accosted by his noble patient in the following terms:

"Good day to you, Mr. Bouvart; I feel quite in spirits; I think my fever has left me."

"I am sure it has," replied Bouvart, drily. "The very first expression your lordship used, convinced me of it."

"Pray explain yourself."

"Nothing is easier. In the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your *dearest friend*; as you began to get better, I was your *good Bouvart*; and now I am *Mr*. Bouvart. Depend upon it, you are quite recovered."

YOU cannot preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.

CAMELS, angry cats, and cross wives always have their backs up.

A BACHELOR geologist is acquainted with all rocks except "rock the cradle."

ARTISTS may not be guilty of direct falsehoods, but they generally give things a color.

"MATCHLESS misery" has been defined to be having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

WHAT musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it?—Fiddle D.D.

WATER isn't a fashionable beverage for drinking your friend's health; but it's a capital one for drinking your own.

UNSOCIAL old Snarl says that love is a combination of diseases—an affection of the heart and an inflammation of the brain.

A MAN who marries a frivolous, showy woman fancies he has hung a trinket round his neck, but he soon finds it a millstone.

REFLECTION BY AN IRISH LOVER.—It's a great pleasure to be alone, especially when you have your sweetheart with you.

MRS. DOWDY says that one of her boys don't know nothing, and the other does. The question is, which knows the most?

"OH, she was a jewel of a wife!" said Pat, mourning over the loss of his better half; "she always struck me with the soft end of the mop!"

"HAVE you no shame, sir?"

"No, neither of us have any; you, because you have no sense of shame; and I, because I never do anything to be ashamed of."

"HAVE you decided whether to make your son a soldier or a lawyer?"

"No; but I w[ill] as soon as I can settle in my own mind whether it is best for him to live upon the blood and misery or upon the vices and follies of his species."

IN a recent case of assault, the defendant pleaded guilty.

"I think I must be guilty," said he, "because the plaintiff and I were the only persons in the room; and the first thing I knew was that I was standing up, and he was doubled over the table. You'd better call it guilty."

THE following epitaph conveys a back-handed compliment (unconsciously, no doubt) to the unfortunate deceased lord and master: "Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged eighty years. She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the confident hope of a better life."

THE first question asked about a stranger when he enters a room varies according to the country in which he happens to be. In France, it is, "Is he received at Court?" In England, "How much has he a year?" In Holland, "Is he solvent?" and in Germany, "Is he of gentle blood?"

AT THE CONFESSIONAL.

THERE is something amusing and gratifying in witnessing the utter discomfiture of our late enemies and revilers in Europe. Men and periodicals, who, for years, only spoke of the United States as a thing of the past, and its system of government as an exploded fallacy and unsuccessful experiment—who sneered at the prowess and deplored the prostration and bankruptcy of the country, have now notably altered their tone, and are fain to confess that they were short-sighted, ignorant, prejudiced and utterly wrong in all their vaticinations and conclusions. The latest penitent at the confessional is the London *Morning Post*, one of our bitterest defamers and opponents. It pleads, as a sort of excuse for its errors of judgment, that, at the outset, the war "appeared to be one of those tremendous convulsions which come once in an age to herald a new order of things"—just as if it had not, in fact, not only heralded but brought about a new order of things. By what other designation can we characterize the emancipation of four millions of men and eternizing a nation? The *Post* continues:

"That we did not estimate correctly either the resources or the tenacity of the great Western people and their noble representative, Abraham Lincoln—the representative of their energy, their simple firmness, their downright courage—is now very plain to us all. *We were mistaken. We have learnt what the Americans knew before, but of which we were previously ignorant—that we were both unacquainted with the character of the American institutions and the Americans themselves.* This is our offense plainly stated. It is one of which the rest of the civilized world is as guilty as ourselves. * * * Historical precedent led us to presuppose that the Union must fall to pieces; and, probably, the shrewdest divination was exercised by those Germans of small means and large faith who invested their savings in American securities at a time when 'greenbacks' were looked on doubtingly; for these Germans trusted to their instinct, and instinct was the only thing to rely upon at that period. * * * The hereditary animosity toward the mother country which Americans supposed to exist among themselves has really no existence. The idea of it sprang from a consciousness of strength and a spirit of rivalry, and, perhaps, some recollection of old wrongs. But that recollection, at any rate, should be put aside, now that they have had experience of the trials of government; *nor can the rivalry endure after the display of their strength, which created admiration and amazement as a thing unexampled in the world's history.*"

A MONSTER ENTERPRISE.

AWAY up in the Sierra Nevada mountains, so high that water and air lose their respective gravity, and sticks of wood refuse to float on its surface, is a beautiful sheet of water, called Lake Tahoe, by 1,500 feet the highest body of water on earth ever navigated by a steamboat. Surrounded by mighty peaks, whose summits are clothed in mantles of eternal snow, while they look down on valleys where eternal summer reigns, this lovely lake seems beyond the reach of civilization, and consequently doomed to solitude forever.

But science has already seized upon it as a fit subject for another of her triumphs, and a daring engineer, one Colonel A. H. Von Schmidt, has determined to turn its vast volume of water to a practical use. He has incorporated a company with a vast capital, and will actually commence the work at once of tunneling the mountains to draw its pure waters to the California side. The waters are to be turned into the channel of a stream and carried to the hills which skirt the valley of the Sacramento, thence through the canal among the Placer mines, down the level of the Capital City; thence across the valley toward the coast range, and ultimately to San Francisco. This enterprise would, if carried out, supply a dozen interior towns with delicious water of a purity unknown elsewhere, provide the miners with water to carry on their work during the dry season, irrigate thousands of acres of now unproductive land, making it to blossom as the rose, and lastly, supply for all time to come the teeming millions who will inhabit San Francisco.

It will be a life-time to carry out the plan in all its details, but Von Schmidt, who engineered to completion the Spring Valley Water Works, by which San Francisco is supplied with water from a distance of forty miles, is confident of its feasibility. The route by which the water would reach San Francisco is nearly two hundred miles long, but nevertheless Von Schmidt is thoroughly in earnest, and as we said, proposes to commence work immediately. To any man who has scaled the dizzy heights of the Sierra, and seen the tremendous obstacles to be overcome, the project looks like the freak of a disordered imagination; but the child may be already born who will live to see it a fact accomplished. *Quien sabe?*

AN ENCAMPMENT IN THE LYBIAN DESERT.—By night the desert is more romantic than by day, but at the same time more dangerous. As the power of sight is now limited, the circle of safety is contracted to the most immediate neighborhood, and both during the march and in the encampment every one tries to keep as close as possible to his fellows. By day the caravan consists of but one long chain; by night this is broken up into six or eight smaller ones, which, marching close together, form a compact square, of which the outmost lines are occupied by the stoutest and boldest. By moonlight the shadows of the camels, as they stalk along, produce a curious and impressive effect. During the dark, starless night everything is full of horror, and to go one step distant from the side of the caravan is equivalent to leaving the home circle to plunge into a desolate solitude. In the halt by day each one occupies whichever place may please him best. At night, on the contrary, a compact camp is formed under the direction of the *Kervan bashi*. The bales of goods are heaped up in the middle; around them lie the men; while without, a wall of defense, the camels are laid, tightly packed together, in a circle. I say laid, for these wonderful animals squat down at the word of command, remain the whole night motionless in their place, and, like children, do not get up the next morning until they are told to do so. They are placed with their heads pointing outward and their tails inward, for they perceive the presence of an enemy from afar, and give the alarm by a dull rattle in the throat, so that even in their hours of repose they do duty as sentinels. Those who sleep within the *rayon* find themselves in immediate contact with these beasts, and, as is well known, they have not the pleasantest smell. It often

happens that the saline fodder and water which these animals feed upon produce palpable consequences for such as sleep in their immediate neighborhood. I myself often wake up with such f-ecess. But no one takes any notice of such things, for who could be angry with those animals, who, although ugly in appearance, are so patient, so temperate, so good-tempered and so useful!

CHINESE JUGGLING.—While walking on the bank of the river near the junction with the Grand Canal, I saw some clever Jugglers, a very common case of age as they are to be met with in every city and serpent manner. He commenced by sticking a piece of common wood, which he broke in two. He presented the pieces for examination, and found it to be an ordinary shop-boiled bamboo. Having done this, he put on his head a wicker basket, between his lips, and stacked them slowly into his mouth, and to all appearance, swallowed them. He then walked round the circle with his mouth open, and allowed people to look into it; but nothing was to be seen of the needles. He then took a crystal ball, about the size of a walnut, and placed it between his teeth, drew it into his mouth, and to all appearance swallowed it. He opened his mouth, and it was not visible. He then made an effort as if bringing it up from his throat, and ejected it from his mouth, repeating this performance several times. He next took a long piece of thread, passed it up one nostril, and brought the end out of his mouth, moving it backward and forward up the two ends—he one nostril and the his nose fell, the other out of his mouth. He then pulled the string out altogether, introduced it again into his mouth by swallowing it in, and seemed to swallow the whole piece of string. He again swallowed the crystal ball, ejected it, and immediately afterward drew the thread out of his mouth with all the secrecy of acting upon it. This is really a very clever trick, showing wonderful powers of moving things over a long distance—the more so, as he was talking the whole time. A great amount of skill is exhibited, and no small degree of quick must be run in performing the trick, as the needles have not room for a lengthened concealment, where the needles that had been introduced into the throat are really thrusted, passed down and became impacted in the back part of the throat, and caused death the 4th day afterwards.

Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood and purge out the humors, pimples, boils and sores which are merely symptoms of the poisonous within.

Barnum's New American Museum.

Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets.

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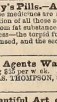
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BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

675 Broadway, New York.

Directions for Measuring the Foot.

First. Place the foot upon a piece of paper and trace the outline of same with a pencil, which will give the length and spread of the foot, as shown in figure A.

Second. Take the following measurements in inches and fractions with tape measure, as shown in figure B, viz:

1st—The Ball of the foot.
2d—The Low Instep.
3d—The High Instep.
4th—The Heel.
5th—The Calf.

Fig. A.

Fig. B.

REMOVAL.

BROADWAY RUBBER EMPORIUM.

SHIFFER & CO.,

Have removed from their old store to No. 711 BROADWAY,

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The Most Economical Collar Ever Invented.

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Go ragged, forlorn,
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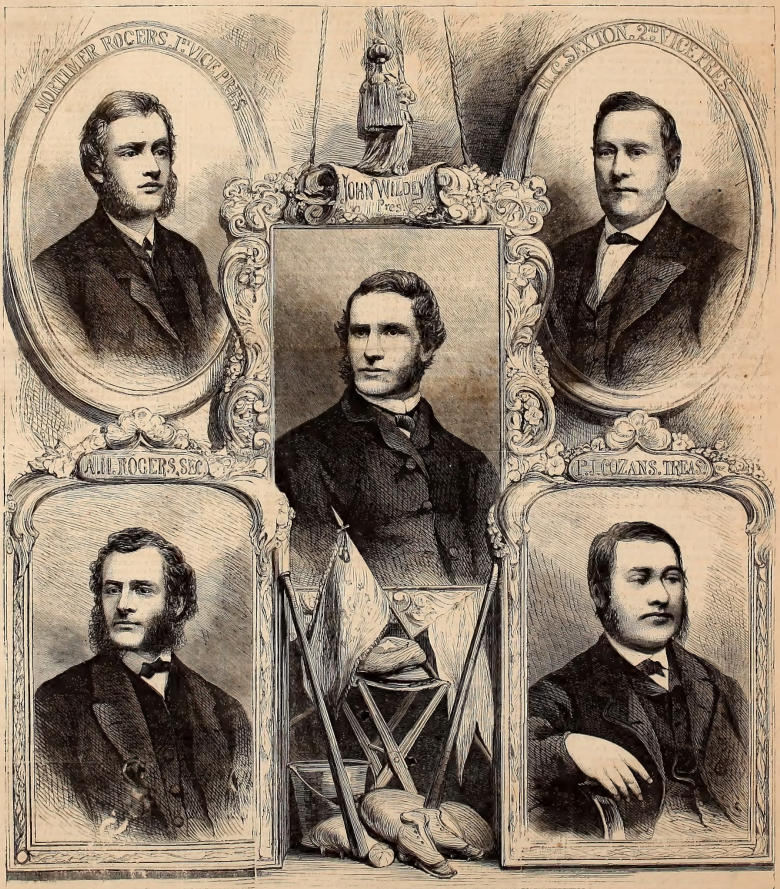
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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No. 564—Vol. XXII.] NEW YORK, JULY 21, 1866. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00



THE OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BASE BALL PLAYERS.—SEE PAGE 275.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 21, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

Authors are requested to designate their manuscripts distinctly, and in communicating with us, to retain the original title.

Latest Phase of the Mexican Question.

AFTER many and sometimes bloody encounters with imperial troops in Mexico, made up of French, Austrians, Belgians and renegades, the legitimate forces of the Republic have gained a decisive victory, which must have a very important bearing on the course of events and the fate of the country.

On the 16th of June, the imperial commander started a train of merchandise from Matamoras for Monterey, valued at $2,000,000, escorted by 2,000 men, with fourteen pieces of artillery. It was attacked between Camargo and Meir by the liberal forces under Gen. Escobedo, the escort defeated with the loss of 500 men killed and wounded, 800 prisoners, and all the artillery. The train was taken entire. The imperialist commander, Gen. Olivera, was wounded, and only escaped capture by a precipitate flight. In all respects the victory of the Republicans seems to have been complete and emphatic.

One of the most significant features of the fight was the defection of two detachments of native infantry and cavalry, previously in the imperial service, and who came over bodily to Escobedo—thus proving that Maximilian cannot rely on any but his European stipendiaries, without whom he cannot remain a day in the country.

This victory, besides seriously weakening the imperial forces in North-Eastern Mexico and on the Rio Grande, will inspirit the Republican army, which has now obtained a much needed supply of military material. We are not surprised, therefore, to hear, as we do, that the imperialist commander seriously contemplates the evacuation of Matamoras and the North-Eastern Mexican States. Indeed, they are no longer tenable. The whole available imperial force on the Rio Grande is said to be 400 men in Matamoras and 150 in Bagdad—a force utterly incapable of holding its position. Should the imperialists abandon this region, they will never return, and the Republicans will have a secure base from which to push their operations toward the capital.

Simultaneously with the intelligence given above, comes the news of the entire evacuation of the State of Chihuahua by the French, who are concentrating toward the city of Mexico, preliminary to the final evacuation of the country. It cannot be long, therefore, before the authority of the Republic will be completely and permanently asserted over the northern half of Mexico.

This is the beginning of the end, for the correspondence just published, between the French Minister of Foreign Affairs and the imperial authorities, gives no hope of any further aid of men or money from France. The principal hitch is the hitch financial. January 14th, M. Drouyn de L'huys informs M. Dano that "the advances we have more than once made cannot be renewed, and the Emperor will ask no new sacrifices from France." On the 15th he reverts to the matter with still more emphasis, and reproaches Maximilian that not only had he been unable to furnish the resources to keep up the French army in Mexico, as it was stipulated he should do in the Miromar Convention, but that he had even called on France to pay the expenses of the home adminstration. "Our budget," continues the French minister, "does not give us the means of supplying this deficit. Mexico being unable to pay for the troops we are keeping upon its territory, it will be impossible for us to maintain them there. As to asking from our country new supplies to this end, I have already explained to you our views on that subject. As I told you, public opinion has pronounced, with an authority from which there is no appeal, that the limit of sacrifices has been reached."

In other words, no more money can be given, nor any more men. Those already in the country are to be withdrawn. So much for France. As for Austria, she has stopped the sending out of men, on the expostulation of the United States, with which she cannot afford to quarrel. The mock empire is, therefore, without any permanent or effective support, and is doomed to a speedy and ignominious downfall. Its only hope is in the insane and wicked quarrels, already beginning, of the republican leaders.

Love of Morbid Excitement.

WHOEVER was the author of the saying, "Let me write the songs for the people, and I care not who makes the laws," he has commonly received the credit of having been a profound observer. But we are not informed whether the songs were to have followed the popular taste, or to have led it; whether they were to create a feeling, or to express one already formed; in short, whether the songs were to be causes or effects. Probably it would have been found in practice that such method of instruction only reflected the lights it borrowed, or concentrated, as it were, in one focus the scattered rays of popular sentiments, which might otherwise have been dispersed and lost. It will hardly be disputed that between songs for the people and their amusements, the latter are, in these modern times, the best indications of popular tendencies, and would be preferred by supreme authority, could such be supposed to exist, as the more powerful means of influencing the public mind.

Even in such a case, the question still arises, Shall the prevailing tastes of the day be followed, or the attempt be made to guide them? And practically it would be found that if the fashion of the day be to keep amusement and improvement apart, the attempt to force their combination would be to make both so tedious and dull, that "a beggarly account of empty boxes" would be the only result. "Sacred dramas" become a contradiction in terms. Hannah Moore and Garrick are each very well in their way; apart, they are admirable, but the combination is nauseous.

We are thus free to consider popular amusements, as they stand, by themselves, and without relation to any ulterior aims. It is not difficult to classify the attractions that nightly draw our citizens in crowds from their homes, but at present we are concerned only with the class that may be called the spectacular combined with the emotional. Now, we ask ourselves what is the source of the attraction in the perilous exploits of the whole genus of acrobats? It can scarcely be maintained that the frightful danger to which the performers expose themselves is not a very large ingredient in the excitement—pleasurable, we suppose, it must be called, for how otherwise would it be sought after?—which their feats produce. Were it known that, in his loftiest flights, the performer was so secured by cords that a fall became physically impossible, the public interest would no doubt be chilled. Who would care to see a tight-rope performance only a few inches above the ground, or be awed into breathless silence by a leap in mid-air, if he knew that no danger attended a miscalculation of eye or hand? We all know the story of the Englishman who followed the lion-tamer through Europe, and attended every exhibition, in the full expectation that some time or other the lion would bite off the man's head, and how, one night, made nervous by knowing he was so followed, the unfortunate man tickled the lion's palate, and the involuntary closing of the ponderous jaws decapitated him like a guillotine. We are not told what amount of gratification the Englishman received by witnessing the catastrophe he had waited for, but when we know the more a man risks his life, the larger the crowds are that gather to see him, we cannot help thinking they would be immensely increased if it were certain an accident would take place and some daring vaulter would perish miserably.

So universal, however, has been the fondness of such exhibitions in all ages, that it may be worth while to examine the origin of a feeling so widely spread. We trace in the gladiatorial combats of ancient Rome, in the Spanish bull-fights, and in the modern gymnastics, the existence of a human element as essential to the attractions of the shows. We are not informed how the combats of beasts in the Roman amphitheatre "paid," but excepting as a novelty, we can imagine they did not "draw," while the combats and deaths of the gladiators never ceased to attract. In the bull-fight, the *chulos* and *picadores* have their means of escape, and their scratches and bruises only excite merriment; but it is when the *matador* advances, unattended, into the ring, to encounter the animal tormented to the highest pitch of rage, that the excitement of the spectators rises to the extremest point with the knowledge that the man must either kill or be killed. Wherein lies the difference in principle between the interest excited by exhibitions such as these, and that excited by our modern substitutes for such games? It is true, we do not ask for any sacrifice of life, but we have shown that the possibility of a catastrophe, the dreadful risk run by the performers, is just as essential an element in the modern circus as in the ancient games. It may moderate our censures of the barbarism of the pagans when we see how nearly our own passions resemble theirs.

This love of strong excitements in exhibition finds its analogy in strong excitements in literature and art. In their effects on the mind, sensation novels may be classed with sensation performers. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the class of mind that craves excitement in the sensation novel is similar to that which seeks recreation at the New Bowery or Jones's Wood, but the public performance has the added advantages of scenery, music, and a crowd. We may regret that there are so many people who find amusement in strong mental excitements, but we shall cease to wonder at it when we consider that the fierce struggle for existence that goes on constantly in large cities requires an equally strong alterative in its hours of unbending. It is not given to every one to complement his days of labor by nights of study, and to condemn the popular appreciation of such exhibitions as we have described is merely another way of setting forth the evils of civilization, which yet has its compensating good.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR, the well-known traveler and author, has gone on a trip to the great Central Rocky Mountain region of the continent, and will visit and describe Colorado, Idaho, and the other growing Territories of the Far West. Mr. Taylor will correspond with the *Tribune* and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, supplying us with pen and pencil sketches of what is most striking in the line of his travel, whether in the way of scenery, incident, adventure, or manners and customs. The first of his letters, dated from Kansas, has already appeared in the *Tribune*. Among other things, he mentions the rapidity with which trees are spontaneously covering the bare plains of the West, now that the Indian practice of burning over the ground annually is stopped:

"Here I first witnessed a phenomenon of which I had often heard—the spontaneous production of forests from prairie land. Hundreds of acres, which the cultivated fields beyond had protected against the annual inundation of fire, were completely covered with young oak and hickory trees, from four to six feet in height. In twenty years more these thickets will be forests. Thus, two charges made against Kansas seemed to be disproved at once—drought and waste of lumber, the former being exceptional, and the latter only a temporary circumstance."

THE news of the Fenian invasion of Canada has reached England, where the prompt and effective intervention of the President is highly appreciated and praised. The London *Times* says: "It would be impossible to exaggerate the good faith, the friendliness, the sincerity and the regard for mutual obligations which have prompted these energetic and decisive measures. The American Government has acted in a manner which even exceeds anything that could reasonably have been expected from the most friendly nation."

THE Liberal or Republican element in Europe seems to be strangely overlooked by the ruling powers of Europe now at war. This element, although silent, is not indifferent, and may not be long inactive. The Hungarians bide their time, and it may not be long before they may be joined by the enthusiastic Italian volunteers under Garibaldi. These may land under the protection of the Italian navy, which is more than a match for that of Austria. Meantime, Kossuth appears on the scene. He has addressed the following letter to his former followers: "A great number of my fellow-countrymen from different parts of Italy have asked me what they ought to do under the present circumstances, and it being impossible for me to reply personally to all, I declare by these presents, that, in my opinion, all those of my fellow-countrymen employed in military service or any other duty would do well to remain where they are, and await patiently the course of events. Those, on the contrary, who have no occupation, who are fit for military service and have a wish to enter it, will do well to enlist in the Hungarian legion. They may, besides, be all convinced that if affairs become developed so as to offer a field of action to their patriotic zeal, due notice shall be given to them."

THE law of primogeniture, that principal bulwark of the British aristocratic system, is now attacked in the British Parliament. The vote on a proposition for its abolition, lately taken, showed 281 for its retention and 84 against it—about three to one. But we know reforms, like revolutions, never go backward. The wedge has entered; in due time it will be driven home.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE uncertainties of legislation, and the easy manner in which some petty justice may checkmate the enactments of the law-making authority of our commonwealth, have been signally and unhappily manifested during the week. The Excise Board attempted to restrain the sale of liquor within certain bounds that they deemed salutary, and which the better portion of our citizens cordially approved, and for a short period their efforts were successful. But, presto! a certain city official, in the plenitude of his wisdom, discovered that the Legislature made a huge blunder—that the excise law was unconstitutional—and therefore granted an injunction, restraining the Board from any interference whatever with the highly respectable and becoming business of furnishing lager and other beverages.

This matter of granting injunctions is a curious one: When some local or personal interest is seriously affected by statute, the aggrieved party applies at once for *an injunction*. No sooner is it asked than obtained, and then all the courts must act upon its validity; and in the end injunction triumphs.

The Board of Health has been badgered by this same *monstrum horrendum*. The cholera had reached our shores; many nuisances existed that would nourish and aggravate the disease; the Board properly ordered their removal; but just here the *injunction* intervened, defeated the purpose and suspended the prudent operations of the Board, and left the city at the mercy of the pestilence whenever it may break out seriously.

Now this is a legal curiosity peculiar to New York, and one that we would commend to Mr. Barnum. We are sorry its application is so restricted. If it would only lower our rents, diminish our grocery bills, and give us the necessaries of life at something like reasonable prices; if it would prevent the over-crowding of our street cars, and suppress a hundred nuisances that are almost intolerable, we would hail the injunction with joy. But such does not appear to be its province. All we know of it is, that it has restored an order of things we had deprecated, and proved that the dictum of one man is paramount to the enactments of our Legislature and the expressed desires of the wisest and best of our citizens.

The anniversary of our national independence was celebrated with such hearty enthusiasm as has not been witnessed for several years. If patriotism is manifested by burning powder and making a noise, then New Yorkers are beyond a peradventure pre-eminently patriotic. But under all this outside display there was a deep and earnest feeling, such as only freemen could cherish, and a large appreciaton of the privileges and benefits accruing to us in consequence of the great event in the world's history the day commemorated.

Of course there was a general suspension of business, and the multitudes sought enjoyment in a thousand ways. Young America, with his supply of fire-crackers and other combustibles, kept up such a din as comported with his ideas of liberty. Excursion boats, plying hither and thither, were crowded with those of more quiet propensities, who gladly escaped from the tumult of the city, and found relaxation and enjoyment on the water, and at the various places of resort in the vicinity. The various public gardens were thronged during the day, and the theatres and places of amusement, by extra performances, afforded their quota of entertainment to all who preferred a heated saloon to the free open air. There was something suited to every taste, and though the whole city was on a *rampage*, and everybody strove to assert his independence by doing as he pleased, the police had little to do besides making their ordinary rounds, and there was a wonderful degree of quiet, amid the general disquiet, and of order despite disorder. The early part of the day was beautiful; a shower in the afternoon interfered somewhat with the festivities of the occasion and postponed the usual display of fireworks till the next night. The ninetieth anniversary of our independence has shown that we are not insensible to our privileges, and that no lapse of time will deaden in the hearts of the American people those emotions of patriotism that animated their forefathers, and secured the glorious heritage they now possess.

The summer days, so pleasant to dream of and read about, bring with them the oppressive heat of which we so loudly complain, and many discomforts, but as yet we have not suffered greatly, and there is no more than the ordinary amount of sickness. The cholera threatens us, and occasionally claims a victim; proper care on our part will disarm the dreaded pestilence of its horrors and power.

During the week the theatres have not brought out any novelties. The Ravels at Niblo's, and the Buislay family at the New Bowery, in their peculiar feats, have perhaps been the chief attraction. With concerts in the open air, and music in the Central Park, the relish for other entertainments is somewhat diminished.

Mr. Stephen Massett has been giving his pleasant, piquant, and peculiar entertainments at several provincial towns, and has really triumphed over the thermometer, by drawing crowded houses with the mercury over the nineties. H. C. Watson's poem, "So my Lady Rides in her Carriage," as recited by Mr. Massett, is one of the gems of his entertainments.

The Buislay Brothers are still creating considerable excitement among all those who love the horrible and daring. The ascent of the Spiral Mountain is one of the most splendidly terrible feats we have seen. We had not the nerve to follow the *artiste* in his apparent insane wish to be dashed to atoms, but a friend who was born without nerves and insensible to fear, informed us it was a triumph. In a short time Manager Corbyn removes to Niblo's, where the Buislay Family will perform for a brief season, and give the fashionable world an opportunity of witnessing their extraordinary entertainments.

OIL.

WE frequently read of manufacturing establishments being set on fire and consumed by the heating of some portion of the machinery. A journal is not properly oiled, or entirely neglected, and the increased friction produces an effect similar to that of a blast furnance. Proper attention to a matter apparently so trivial would save an immense amount of property, and avoid many of those business derangements that arise from such slight causes, entailing privation and suffering both serious and wide-spread. The machinery needed *oil*, nothing more; it was properly constructed and properly adjusted, but it did not work smoothly, and the friction proved its destruction. And there are many parts of the machinery of our social system that in like manner require lubricating to insure harmony and happiness; for, just as in the large factory the neglect of a single pivot caused the destruction of the whole structure, so in everyday life and intercourse there are minor matters, often disparaged or entirely overlooked, that give rise to half the disquietude and wretchedness that afflict the world. The fact is, society needs *oil*; it has its rough points, that require daily lubrication—its friction, that impairs the smooth and regular movement of the whole mass, and imposes upon each individual more than his due share of annoyance and burden. The unhappiness in the world does not arise so much from any defect in the constitution of things as from our own shortcomings, and these shortcomings unfortunately affect others as well as ourselves. A gentle word, a generous act, a manly attention to the wants of others, cost but little, yet how wondrously they charm the pathways of life; they are the oil that keeps the complicated machinery of human society in good working order, and without which it creaks and jars in the most discordant manner. Nor shall we lack opportunity of contributing our part to the common weal, of furnishing the oil that will make time and events glide on smoothly. The family is the basis of all society, and just as individual households are virtuous, refined, intelligent, considerate, will the community possess these characteristics. The stream cannot rise above the fountain; the mass of mankind cannot greatly surpass the average excellence of each component part; and yet there are many men who, in public, would scorn to make such exhibitions of themselves as they constantly display in their own homes. They reserve all their amenities for strangers; they are polite and gentlemanly abroad, morose and selfish under their own roof; they would be deemed most self-denying and considerate among their chance associates; their families may starve for sympathy and attention. Now it is just here that the lubricating process is a necessity; here is friction that, neglected, will endanger the very foundations of our whole social system—yet a friction that is most overlooked and disregarded. Why should I be less polite in the company of my wife and children, and less thoughtful for their enjoyment, than I am with those whom I meet from time to time, and who have no especial claim upon me? Why should I carry the anxiety and worry of business to my fireside, and by my moroseness and taciturnity embitter the only hours in which I can find relief from the burdens I bear, and chill and damp the only affections that can lighten a heavy heart? Because they are mine, shall I immolate them upon the altar of indifference and selfishness? I would be worse than brute to act thus, but is not such a too common experience? Do not thousands of hearts ache because they are crushed by those who should cherish them, and are not thousands of homes worse than desolate because of the want of those common attentions and courtesies we would deny to none but those we profess to love? It is against this domestic friction we would lift the voice of warning; it is at home we should apply the oil of gentleness, thoughtful regard, and generous appreciation of the efforts of our loved ones to be to us all we would desire, and to do for us all that would make living a perpetual joy.

Domestic infelicities have become proverbial, but in

the majority of instances they grow out of those little failings, those slight frictions hardly perceptible at first, that we might readily avoid, and that, neglected, soon destroy our peace. And so to all the relations of life and intercourse of society, we will find occasions for either increasing or diminishing this friction, that may become dangerous. Some people seem to take pride in individualizing themselves; they possess marked peculiarities, and are anxious to let all the world know it; if by chance you trespass upon their comfort or convenience, they will bristle up like a porcupine; they select the choice seats on cars and boats (it is usually asks them a question, they reply with a gruffness they regard dignified, but which is simply churlish and inbred; they are really nuisances, which we tolerate because we have to, but which we shun when we can in passing them. Now, we meet such characters daily, two courses are before us. We may oil the connections upon which they have thrown sand, and continue the smooth and proper working of our social machinery, or we may add to the disagreement their existence causes, and thus increase the difficulties we would remove. We shall accomplish the first of these, by overlooking what annoys us, refraining politeness for politeness, and manifesting a gentle, considerate bearing under any and every provocation; we shall achieve the second by meeting meanness with meanness, selfishness with selfishness, returning harsh words for harsh words—and increasing all our real characters, and coming down to a level we despise. But this hardly pays; we will find oil more convenient and less costly. There is nothing promises better as an investment, and its returns will always be certain. "Love your enemies, forgive and do good;" you can laugh at Wall street; its bulls and bears cannot affect the value of your stock, which is always above par, and which never depreciates below.

You go to a hotel, and all the waiters hurry and bluster, and many of the appointments unsuited to your tastes. You fret and scold, but in vain; you may lose your temper and gain your point, but you will have a little oil to this rusty, dry machinery, and in an instant all will work charmingly; your wants will be anticipated, your comfort enhanced manyfold. As a matter of strict principle, you may object to this practice from a question of expediency and economical convenience, it will command your approval. Besides, the practice involves no sense view of life which we have, they are and ignores the obstructions, and it is this view with which we are all most concerned. Try the same experiment in your family circle; manifest as agreeable as possible to all the inmates of the house; throw off your reserve, and be the agreeable and considerate gentleman that you would in a stranger's house, and see what a princely income of happiness you will enjoy.

Use oil liberally, constantly; smooth the asperities, destroy the friction, that now drives you very from what should be the dearest spot on earth, a loving and loved home. In your business, by the way, through all the intercourse with society, do not forget the value of oil, giving that attention to little things that will bring out the full importance of great ones, and presenting upon the grand principle of living wisely, that, while you secure your own well-being, you will promote the happiness of all others with whom you come in contact.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—At the celebration on the Fourth at Philadelphia, Major-Gen. Meade was presented by the Union League of that city with a gold medal. The medal is composed of the finest gold, and weighs one pound and a half. On the obverse side is a figure representing head of the hero of Gettysburg. Surrounding the head, in inscribed, "To Major-General George G. Meade." Beneath, Gen. Meade, by the Union League of Philadelphia, as a token of the gratitude of his countrymen." On the reverse side is an elaborate artistic design, surrounded with the motto: "The victor of Gettysburg and the defender of our State, the faithful soldier of our country."

—St. Louis papers of the 13th ult., report the recovery of $21,000 which was stolen from the car of the United States Express Company a short time since. The principal robber was arrested on suspicion and led to confess the whole affair, and to disclose the place of deposit of the money, which was found under a brush heap, about four miles from the scene of the theft.

—We have reports of an unusual number of severe storms and tornadoes. Not long since a tornado passed over Oil Springs, Canada West. A house was recently erected, was blown to the ground. Much damage was done to orchards and oil works. During the tornado a boiler burst, killing one man and severely injuring another. The storm also passed over Detroit, doing a great amount of damage. The force of the storm here up and down for the route.

—New Orleans papers record the sale of the residence of Mr. Margaret Brown, at that city. It is the most expensive dwelling in the city of New Orleans, having cost $50,000 in gold, before the war. It sold for $45,000 currency.

—George Peabody, it is said, has Yale College next on the list of testamentaries. He is to commence next spring the erection of a building for a geographical cabinet, with such accommodations as a museum, laboratory and philosophical lecture room.

—The English *Mechanic* details the passage of the falls and rapids of the Columbia River by the steamer Shoshone, it being the first time a craft of any sort of size was ever performed. No accident happened to the venturesome party, who risked life and limb to add to the exploration.

—The various organizations of the Odd Fellows in Cincinnati have united in the enterprise of purchasing a lot of ground whereon they propose to erect a building that shall equal in grandeur of architecture and size any public building in the United States.

—Rev. Isaac Augustus B. Street, of New Haven, left handsome donations to Yale College in his will. He gave to the Yale corporation the Rev. Mr. Street's law furniture, &c., all complete, the proceeds of its sale to go for the completion of the Hall of Fine Arts. The buildings were likewise given to the same corporation, to be sold and the money to be invested.

—Some burglars, who entered a drug store at Nashville, Tenn., to commit robbery, partook of a bottle of acid, which fell on the foot of one, burning it to the bone, and making it impossible for him to leave the store. He cowardly compassions deserted him, and he was discovered in the morning by the police and sent to jail.

—The prospects for a famine in the Western States are poor. The Cincinnati *Gazette* says that in Indiana the wheat is good, but the corn is wonderfully backward. Thousands of bushels of potatoes have been planted and are doing well. Oats—a fair crop. In Illinois the spring, is excellent; corn, splendid; fruit, an average crop, and farmers are in fine spirits. There is no danger of a scarcity if the weather continues favorable. The hay prospect is fair.

—The Roman Catholic clergy of the diocese of Boston have just subscribed $75,000 toward the erection of the new cathedral in Boston. It is expected that four years will be required to complete the structure.

—A select committee of the Ohio Senate, appointed to take counsel with the board in regard to preparing measures for the completion of the railroad, have reported a progress complete of the State, in its session. An interesting report is expected at the next session.

—The Hibernia Fire Company of Philadelphia propose to visit the International Exhibition in Paris in 1867 and take with them their engine and 1,500 feet of hose. The excursionists will number seventy-five men, and the estimated cost of the trip is $700.

—Extensive beds of peat exist in Wisconsin, and business men of Milwaukie are beginning to make an article of commerce of it. A New York firm has manufactures fifty tons of dry peat per day. The peat is ground fine, pressed into bricks, and dried in the sun.

—Statistics of 609 Congregational Churches at the West show that more than one-fourth of the whole number of male members served in the Union army during the late rebellion, including ministers and lay ministers. About one in six of those in the service lost his life.

—A suit recently came up in the San Francisco courts, concerning the question of the boundaries in that city where coin and bond property consisted the only property. The Supreme Court has just rendered a decision, which was concurred in by the conductor, Sigrist, to the effect that the companies must take the greenbacks at par.

Foreign.—In 1864-65 the numerical strength of the British army was 220,000 men, exclusive of those that were: Volunteers, 16,866; re-engaged men (after discharge), originally enlisted for 21 years, 1,240; re-engaged, before liberation, 105,684; making a total of 124,977, there remaining for service in the regular ranks—about thirty-four per cent. of the whole army. Of these, 3,000 were for corporal punishments in the French army during the same year. Charged with crime, 1,000; acquitted, 1,000; convicted, 1,000; convicted, light-acquitted, 1,007.

—In the diary of the Japanese mission who visited England in 1862, it is noted that at Dover they were required to pay "a piece of Spanish dollar" evidently intended for "hip, hip, hurrah!" and the writer adds, "The Englishman is not close, but he has a very peculiar laudatory expression."

—A correspondent has this story: "The Abbé Paradis, 63 years of age, principal chaplain at Rixfere, was walking in the Rue Vandamme, in the quarter where he lives, accosted by a gentleman, who asked him the hour. He replied, 'Five minutes past midnight.' 'Good much obliged, I am ready—sustain me!' And before this letter could be finished he received a ball in his left breast, fell backward, and fell to the pavement dead."

—At the recent dinner of the Royal Geographical Society in London, Sir Roderick Murchison made his bow to the ladies present in the following manner: "I have ventured to call them the 'better half' of the society, but I am not for 'hip, hip, hurrah!' and the writer adds, "The Englishman is not close, but he has a very peculiar laudatory expression."

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—There is a rumor here, purporting to come from Paris, by way of Vienna, that the Emperor Napoleon has asked for more money, threatening to abdicate if it was not forthcoming. It is said that Napoleon Napoleon had sent word to Mexico, to his General there, to let him alone, and then his wife and child would be sent to see who they would have next.

—It appears from a report of the military department of Switzerland, just published, that the Swiss army amounts to 170,000 men, and is divided as follows: 2,929 engineer corps; 17,393 artillery corps; 4,314 cavalry; 145,364 infantry; and 1,000 sharp-shooters.

—Last year 186,620 mariners, 747,870 hirths, and 491,360 deaths were recorded in England.

—Another case of bigamy, of a singular case lately came before the French tribunals. A young girl of about 18 years of age was married against the will of her mother and sister, for the sole purpose of drinking champagne at the wedding feast, champagne the opulent physicians, and proved to be attached by the young girl to the champagne. The physicians, in the extreme youth inside the physicians to hope that her stay be soon terminated.

—The Paris papers record the most fantastic suicide of a man who is supposed to have been an Englishman. He had taken a room at a hotel where he there arrived at the Hotel de Fleurge, at Lille, an exceedingly gentlemanly appearance, and about forty of age, carrying a cane of coal. He addressed himself to the waiter, and asked for a bottle of champagne. He with a strong English accent, that he intended to spend the evening in his room. He then inquired for his name, that he might insert it in his register of the hotel. Having done so, and seen that all was quiet, he was unnecessary, for he meant to depart early next morning. He then asked for a glass of fresh water, after which he retired to his chamber. Next day, at the usual hour, the waiter, according to custom, brought to think of his guest of the former evening, and to ask what he would have for breakfast. He knocked at the door, but no reply. He knocked again, but no sound was heard in the chamber. After knocking for some time, he opened the door, and was horrified to see the gentleman stretched dead upon the floor, and sitting at a table, his elbow leaning on the table, and his head on his hand. Supposing him ill, he called for medical aid, but on approaching him, he found that he was quite dead, and that from a blood corpse. A pistol was lying beside him, and on the table was a carpet-bag, which contained a change of linen, and only twenty four in it. Death was caused by a pistol-shot wound in the left temple. On the table in the room were the ashes of several papers he had burnt, and on the table there was a letter, in which the deceased was lying: "I beg the proprietor of this hotel to accept the following sum for the annoyance he is causing him, and I beg him to have me decently buried, even if, as I suppose, I die a felon, by committing my last wishes, he will earn my deep gratitude." He also left a letter addressed to the authorities, in which he desired to be buried in his clothes, and that no funeral—P. W. I wish to be carrying on the corpse, as I have no money to pay with me." Nine hundred francs in gold and ten napoleons in silver were found upon the deceased. He also a silver hunting-watch, marked with the makers' names, Squire & Lander, N. Y., round his neck was a massive gold chain, attached to it a beautiful locket, containing a photograph of an old gentleman very like the deceased, and also one of a young lady, about twenty years of age. He had no other details at his disposal, but the massive gold rings on his fingers. One of them had engraved on it the following characters: "F. W. to C. W." The other was having surrounded with a garland of ribbon, and on the top of the ribbon was a small red heart. He was about five feet nine inches in height, of a blonde complexion, with moustache, beard, and hair carefully cut. He was dressed in black clothes, agreeably to his request, put in a tin box and put in the cellar with him.

THE GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND.

THE most terrible conflagration that ever occurred in New England took place in Portland on the night of the 4th inst., and lasted from about one o'clock in the afternoon, and spread with fearful and terrific rapidity.

The fire swept clean through the city, destroying everything in its track so completely that the lines of the streets can hardly be traced, and a space of one and a half miles long by a quarter of a mile wide appears like a forest of chimneys, with fragments of walls attached to them.

The wind was blowing a gale from the south, and a tremendous sheet of flame swept along before it, devouring everything in its passage, and the utmost exertions of the firemen, aided by a steamer and hand engines from several other places, could only succeed in preventing the flames reaching a new district.

Many buildings, perhaps fifty, were blown up to check the flames; but the inhabitants could scarcely do anything to save their effects in the upper part of the city, saving such goods as they could carry, though the lower part of the city was employed with excellent effect in moving goods.

The Custom-House being fire-proof, escaped, though greatly damaged, but all the records in the upper story are probably destroyed.

The splendid new Post-office country building on Congress street, which was nearly fire-proof, was considered safe, and in it were stored the furniture by the neighboring residents, and then it was swept away with all its contents.

Half the city is destroyed, and that half includes nearly all the business portion, excepting the heavy wholesale houses in Commercial street.

It is estimated that about 2,000 buildings are burned, and property destroyed to the amount of $10,000,000, with about one-half insured.

Thousands of persons are houseless and destitute, and are encamping in the streets and open lots and other places for their relief. All the banks and newspaper offices, but the city were destroyed, and the scene of desolation has rarely been witnessed. We give in the illustration a view of the city and the burnt district.

RECEPTION OF THE BATTLE-FLAGS OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE Fourth was a memorable day in Philadelphia, for there the Keystone State received back from the hands of her victorious sons the flags that for four years bore proudly in the carnage of battle, and carried in triumph over a hundred victorious fields of conflict. From Gettysburg to Canton, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, the loyal sons of Pennsylvania carried, and brought back in triumph, the flags presented to them by the loyal women of the old Keystone.

It was an occasion of rare historic interest, and no more fitting place to carry into effect the grand ceremonials could have been chosen than the shadow of Independence Hall.

At nine o'clock, the procession was formed, under the direction of Major-General Hancock, and was composed of the remnants of the various regiments that had carried the flags, and at ten o'clock the procession started on the line of march through the designated streets to Independence Square. Every window and standing place along the route was occupied with interested spectators, who greeted the veterans and their tattered colors with cheers, waving of handkerchiefs, and many distinguished officers in the line was the brave General Meade, who, just three years before, had driven the invader from the Pennsylvania, and saved that very city through which he now rode so joyously. Arriving at Independence Square, the procession of the day began. First there was music by the band; then an address by the Chairman of the General Committee. After an appropriate prayer by the Chaplain of the "Keystone Zouave Banner," General Meade presented the colors to Governor Curtin, to be placed in the archives of the state, a trophies of the valor and patriotism of her sons. We have not room for the eloquent presentation address of General Meade and the admirable reply of Governor Curtin.

Such a pageant has ever been witnessed in our country. It was one calculated to inspire the heart, and to awaken the noblest and purest of patriotic emotions. There was no tardiness or movement on the part of those leaving charge of the processes. Promptly at ten o'clock the line was formed, and moved off under thanks to the gallant Hancock.

The procession was two hundreds and thousands of people gathered along the route, and was in great contrast to the manner in which our civilian parades are usually conducted. The enthusiasm of the occasion was spontaneous and whole-souled, and the cheers that greeted the veterans, the flags, and the speech of Governor Curtin, showed plainly the esteem in which they are held by a grateful community. Taken altogether, April 4, 1866, will be a day long remembered by the present generation.

In our illustration we have a view of the scene in the Square at the time of presentation. Our Artist is under special obligations to Major-Gen. Meade, and Maj. Gen. Evans, of the Committee of Arrangements, likewise to Mr. King, for courtesies and facilities in making his sketches. The position in which the decorations are arranged reflects great credit on the gentlemen to whom they were entrusted.

THE OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BASE BALL PLAYERS.

THE present number of our paper introduces to the notice of the world a series of illustrations of base ball notabilities which in future will be a specialty of the INTERMARKEN NEWS.

The game of base ball has unquestionably become an institution of the country, and one specially to be encouraged in the progress of every recurring close of the community, not only for the fact of its being a healthful and manly exercise, but because it promotes out-door sports, but one that recommends itself as a most valuable auxiliary to the important object all have in view, of improving the physique of our youths and of supplying a healthful exciting out-door pastime which is wanted to take the place in this country that cricket does in England—in short, of a game for the million—a national game.

From a game to occupy a leisure hour or two of a summer afternoon, base ball has become a recreation and an exercise which has monopolized the attention of the out-door sporting classes of our citizens for days to an extent which has led to its becoming quite a fever throughout the length and breadth of the land, the out-door sports-loving classes of our citizens and pleasures, from the school-boy of twelve to the literateur and divine, for there is no more valuable physical exercise for those of sedentary habits or occupations than the self-same base ball, and there is no game which more completely calls into play every muscle as a favorite pastime by the most fastidious members of the community, as most devoted advocates and exemplar of strict religious habits. But without further comment on its moral or physical attributes, we will proceed briefly to describe the characters which are so admirably delineated in this week's paper.

The group embraces portraits of the officers of the National Association of Base Ball Players, elected at the last convention. These consist of Mr. John Wildey, President, and well-known to the citizens of New York as our efficient coroner. He is a member of the "Mutual" B. B. Club of this city; has always taken a lively interest in the game, and contributed largely to the improvement of the fraternity.

Mr. Mortimer Matthews, first Vice President, represents the Lowell (Mass.) Club, though a resident of this city. He is known to the base ball players here as Chairman B. B. matters, but owing to an accident, is now prevented from taking an active part in the game. His reputation as a skillful player is national, and in a number of matched games he has always displayed signal skill, and generalship in the position in which he was placed.

Mr. M. C. Sexton, the representative of the Empire Club, of St. Louis, one of the largest clubs of the South-west, is the second Vice-President.

The Empire Club has furnished several experts, and is recognized as the champion club of the West, and will doubtless retain the position a while, until the laurels are wrested from it by greater skill.

Mr. A. H. Rogers is the Corresponding Secretary and a representative from the Resolute Club of Brooklyn, New York. Mr. Rogers is held in high estimation as a gentleman and efficient officer, and assumes the laborious duties of his position in a manner highly satisfactory to the Association.

The "Resolute" is one of the leading clubs of Brooklyn, and contains many brothers of the skill in friendly contests with prominent clubs throughout the country. Mr. Rogers was unanimously re-elected to the office which he has held for the last two years.

Mr. F. J. Conaes is the Treasurer of the Association, and a representative from the Eagle Club of this city. Mr. Conaes was also re-elected, which is the best evidence of the estimation in which he is held, and a worthy tribute to his faithfulness.

The Eagle is one of our oldest clubs, and ranked among the first of the B. B. organizations. In its matches with other clubs, the games have been conducted in the most gentlemanly manner which has rendered ball-playing so popular, and given it a national character. Mr. Conaes's knowledge of Base Ball matters and interest in the sport, together with his gentlemanly deportment toward all with whom he is officially brought in contact, makes him a high position in the estimation of the B. B. Fraternity.

We intend to continue our series of portraits of the leading B. B. players of clubs outside of the National Association weekly.

In our next number we will give the portrait of Mr. Daniel Sanford, Catcher of the Central City B. B. Club, Syracuse, N. Y.

NO PASSES.

THE attempt of certain railroad companies to obtain passes free occasioned some very ludicrous incidents. The following paper corroborates the following manner: The suspension of one of the established features of our railroad system:

"Recently the passes issued by railroad companies, and which have been heretofore given generally to all who asked for them, have been withheld, and the result has been a great dearth of travel at once set in. There has evidently been a great deal of unjustifiable use of the printed passes, and the railroad companies have been the victims. Now, the passes will be given only to those who have a real need for them, and who will have very city through which he now rode so joyously. Arriving at Independence Square, the procession of the day began. First there was music by the band; then an address by the Chairman of the General Committee. After an appropriate prayer by the Chaplain of the "Keystone Zouave Banner," General Meade presented the colors to Governor Curtin, to be placed in the archives of the state, a trophies of the valor and patriotism of her sons. We have not room for the eloquent presentation address of General Meade and the admirable reply of Governor Curtin.

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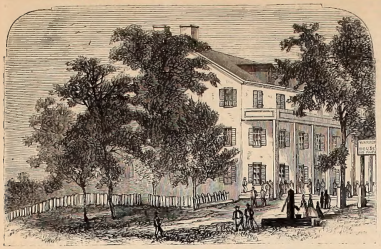
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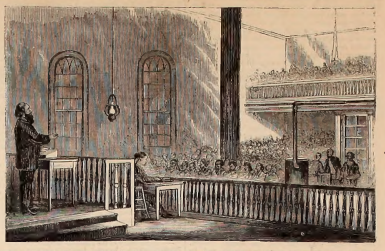
"THE SERENA."

"I behold in the perspective a vision. I see a railway track. It is straight-set. The long line of track, fading into the misty distance, is broken and wavy, suggestive of gradual hillocks and undulations. Now, a train engine comes slowly into view, laboriously dragging its heavy burden after it. Now, it is lost to the vision of the beholder. Now, it is seen, a speck of crooked bold and a whoopy whistle greets my ear, and the train comes rushing on. Now, it is lost to the vision, and only voice of the conductor still exclaiming, 'No Passes!'

The New Jersey Editorial Convention at Belvidere, N. J., and Excursion to the Delaware Water Gap.—From Sketches by David B Gulick.



THE PLACE OF RENDEZVOUS—THE WARREN HOUSE, BELVIDERE, NEW JERSEY.



THE ASSEMBLY AT THE COURT HOUSE, BELVIDERE—MR. HENRY MORFORD RECITES HIS "THREE DAYS IN SCOTLAND."

THE NEW JERSEY EDITORIAL CONVENTION.

On the 28th ult. the New Jersey Editorial Convention met at Belvidere, and went on an excursion to the Delaware Water Gap. Of the pleasure connected with the occasion, our special correspondent gives a graphic account, and we insert his letter in full. Our illustration shows the place of meeting, a view of the convention, a scene at the Court House, and some points of interest around the Water Gap:

"The events of the past three days have been crowded together with such rapidity, as to leave me almost in a state of bewilderment. I will attempt briefly to condense them in the order in which they occurred. So to begin: Having received instruction to accompany the excursion, I made such preparations as my limited time would permit, and on Thursday, the 28th ult., at twelve o'clock noon, I took my departure from New York city by the Central Railroad of New Jersey for the rendezvous, Belvidere. The rain, which had been falling since Wednesday evening, had cooled the intensely heated atmosphere, laid the dust, and rendered the traveling endurable. We sped along through the country at an average rate, through thriving towns and villages, 'fertile fields and meadows green,' until we approached near Clinton, when we were startled from our ease by the signal from the engineer to 'Put on the brakes!' The signal being repeated in quick succession three or four times, added to the excitement; heads popped out of the windows; affrighted passengers started from their seats; some rushed for the doors; some one shouted 'Train a-comin'!' some one else shouted 'Oh, Lord!' and confusion generally reigned within. I must confess I felt considerably startled on looking out and discovering that we were approaching a train of cars but a short distance in advance of us. The brakeman worked vigorously, applying all his strength to the wheel, and at last, the momentum being overcome, we halted a few rods in the rear of an immense coal-train, which had been detained, owing to the breakage of a coupler.

"A delay of a few moments to repair the damage, and we started on again, and arrived safely at Easton, Pa., about four o'clock, P.M. Here we were obliged to remain until the departure of the Belvidere-Delaware train at seven, P.M., from Phillipsburg, just across the Delaware river. We occupied our time in a visit to the Lafyette College and grounds, and a general survey of the town and its picturesque surroundings, with which we were much pleased.

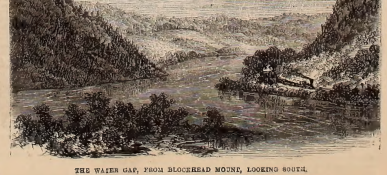
"At seven o'clock P.M. we resumed our journey along the banks of the Delaware river, and as completely absorbed were we with the diversified views, the resplendent sunset, the quiet, flowing river, a pair of blue eyes, two rosy cheeks, and such a delicious pair of lips—at least, they looked so—that we arrived at Belvidere before it seemed possible we could have traveled fifteen miles. At Belvidere, the Warren House was our first object of search, whither all were to repair—according to circular—to report to Mr. John F. Babcock, the Secretary of the New Jersey Editorial Association, who would assign all such as had complied with the suggestion published in the circular issued to the invited guests, viz., 'to signify their acceptance, and thereby promote their convenience in obtaining quarters at the hotel,' to their respective rooms. We, i.e., the body of delegates, soon arrived at the Warren House; and such as had notified the secretary were, without delay, assigned to rooms. Quite a number, who had neglected to notify of their coming, were, consequently, obliged to undergo some little delay until accommodations could be found among the residents of the town. As might be expected, these people blamed every one else but themselves. The infallible Babcock never rested until he had secured accommodations for all. Great was the tumult at the Warren House on Thursday night, on the arrival of nearly two hundred fatigued and hungry travelers. The parlor was full, the hall-way was full, the dining-room was full, the rooms up-stairs were full, and the shop was full. The citizens reported the town was full; and I have no doubt they thought so, for it was not until long after their accustomed hour for retiring that the tumult of



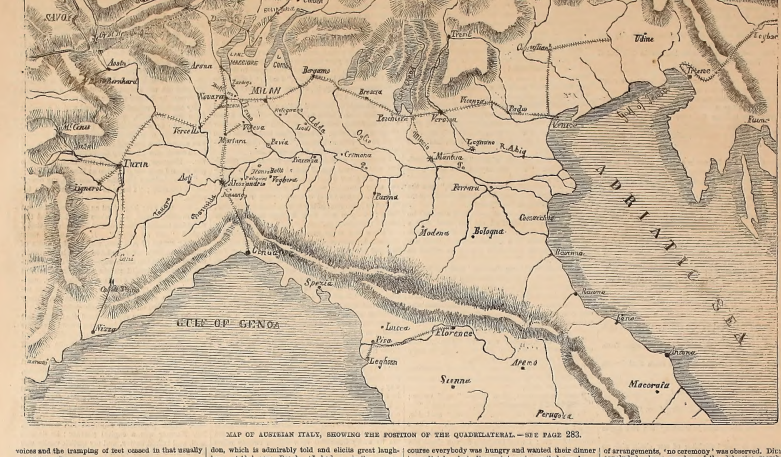
DELEGATES AND REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PRESS OF NEW JERSEY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JESSE A. GRAVES, ESQ., DELAWARE WATER GAP.



MOUNTS LAMMANY, BLOCKHEAD AND MANISE, FROM THE KITTATINNY HOUSE, DELAWARE WATER GAP.



THE WATER GAP, FROM BLOCKHEAD MOUNT, LOOKING SOUTH.



MAP OF AUSTRIAN ITALY, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE QUADRILATERAL.—SEE PAGE 283.

voices and the tramping of feet ceased in that usually quiet little village.

"Supper was partaken of 'without ceremony;' after which as many besides the delegates as chose repaired to the Court-House, where a meeting was held for the transaction of the business of the association, at the conclusion of which the announcement of the programme for the next day was made, as follows: Breakfast at the Warren House, at eight o'clock; at nine o'clock, a meeting of the delegates and friends, together with the citizens of Belvidere, at the Court-House, when Mr. Henry Morford, editor of the New York *Atlas*, would entertain them with a reading of his 'Three Days in Scotland.' At half-past eleven the delegates were to assemble at the railroad depot, and start on the excursion to the Water Gap, there to spend the day, according to their inclinations, until half-past six, when all would return to Belvidere, and at half-past nine P.M. engage in the festivities of the editorial dinner; and at twenty minutes past six A.M. on Saturday start on their homeward journey. Such was the general outline of the proceedings and announcement, which having been concluded, we repaired to our various lodgings, and sought the wooings of the drowsy god.

"Early, in fact very early, on Friday, A.M., we were astir, and after a general survey and making a few notes of Belvidere, which—and in this instance especially—is appropriately named Beautiful View, we accepted the generous invitation of our host, Mr. Craine, to participate in a drive through the suburbs' which lasted some two hours, and afforded us great pleasure, besides giving us a splendid appetite for our matutinal meal, which, I beg to assure you, was entered into with gusto.

"Breakfast over, we repaired to the Court-House as per programme, where we found the delegates and citizens of Belvidere crowding into the hall, which was soon filled, when Mr. Morford read his interesting sketch, entitled 'Three Days in Scotland;' this proved a very pleasant as well as instructive feature. The speaker was frequently interrupted by genuine and well-deserved applause on finishing some well-rounded or rhetorical passage, while the lighter or humorous portions elicited hearty laughter.

"It was found necessary, though, to omit a considerable portion of the reading, owing to the lateness of the hour, and as many had some preparation to make previous to starting for the Water Gap, we adjourned to meet at the depot at half-past eleven o'clock to continue our journey. In the interim of our adjournment at the Warren House we were entertained in a manner not set down in the programme.

"Among our guests was Banvard—you know him—he of the panorama celebrity — the artist, traveler, linguist, humorist, and how many other ists I will not stop to enumerate. Well, he and a few other genial spirits had taken possession of the veranda of the Warren House, and were holding forth in high fashion, to the great delight of the assembled multitude.

"You know how he tells a story; with what enthusiasm he enters into it; how minutely he gives every little detail, and how admirably he mimics. Well, it would have done your very soul good to have heard the various narrations of that half hour.

"First, Banvard tells one of his thrilling but laughable escapes from the Bedouins; this reminds Morford of an adventure in London, which is admirably told and elicits great laughter. 'Ah,' says Beach, 'I had a similar occurrence while in Paris,' and then we have his story, to which, after we have had another good laugh, Towny replies, in a rather gruff voice—for mind you, Towny doesn't feel first-rate this A.M., having been one of the unfortunates who didn't respond to the secretary's invitation, and was obliged to sleep on a soft board, and consequently rested poorly, or as he said, 'he didn't rest at all.' 'You got out of that well, but I had a more singular adventure than that.' So he commences by saying, 'We were in latitude so and so,' when the announcement was heard: 'Passengers for the Water Gap—train leaves in ten minutes,' which immediately caused a stampede for the depot. While waiting here, the lovely creasure with the 'ler' whisking blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and delicious lips, suddenly appeared upon the scene; the emotions of the previous evening were only intensified by her presence. It will I sought a friend for an introduction. Know me I must. 'Where there's a will there's a way' is an old axiom, and I determined to find the way. But while I was revolving this in my mind, the train arrived. We were soon on board, on our way to the celebrated Water Gap, where, after the usual delays attendant upon change of cars at one station, and stoppage of fifteen minutes for lunch at a second station, we finally arrived about two o'clock.

"Here we were met by the representatives of the Southern New Jersey press, the Philadelphia guests, and many others of the Pennsylvania rural press; the ladies proceeded in carriages by the mountain road to the Kittatinny House, while the gentlemen made the ascent by a private mountain-path; at length all were assembled, and then such a chatter and clatter! Of course everybody was hungry and wanted their dinner immediately, but disappointment awaited us here owing in a great measure to the fact that our company had, by the addition of the morning arrivals, increased to about double the number originally anticipated. A delay was necessary in order to make provisions for so many hungry tourists.

"It was soon announced, however, that dinner would be ready in half an hour, the interim being filled up by speech-making by various persons and a general sight-seeing by the entire company. Away we went scrambling up the mountain, some one way, some another. The time to remain being short, we were determined to make the most of it. Directly, we came to a broad plateau, from which, extending far away to the north, we feasted our eyes on one of the loveliest of views, the beautiful Delaware River placidly rolling toward us far away beneath us, on either side of which, on hill and mountain-side, the rich fields of grain were gently waving their golden crests. Far away in the dim distance, seeming almost like a summer cloud in the soft atmosphere of the noonday, could be distinguished the Pocono Mountains. Beneath us, far down the mountain-side, seeming almost like fiery serpents, came long trains of cars, laden with coals, creeping, though swiftly, and occasionly hidden in part, sometimes wholly from view, in the deep foliage, and at length winding off through a curve until lost entirely from view.

"It seemed like a fairy vision, and we had but fairly begun to realize its beauties and grandeur, when was heard the gong for dinner. Then came another scramble, of short duration, though, and we arrived in ample time to enjoy the substantial dinner provided by the Broadbends of 'Kittatinny' renown. I beg to assure you we did ample justice to it, too. As per programme of arrangements, 'no ceremony' was observed. Dinner concluded, a large number of the delegates, members of the New Jersey press, by the kindness of Mr. Jesse Greven, photographer, repaired to his gallery on the mountain-side, and were photographed in a group. The picture is a most genuine and faithful one in every respect, and our friends will have in their possession points of interest, and I would here say that there seem to be almost innumerable. The Messrs. Broadhead kindly furnished us with a list of the most celebrated views, seventeen of which lie within a distance of from three hundred yards to three miles from the Kittatinny House, and are reached by mountain-paths on foot. Beside these are fifteen different drives, ranging from two to twelve miles, and over which the scenery is constantly and rapidly changing. We were all accompanied with the varied beauties of this romantic spot, and it was with reluctance we at length retraced our steps, admonished by the fact that at half-past six P.M. we were to return to Belvidere.

"We bade adieu to our host, and were once more on the road. The evening was delightful, and as we passed through the various windings of the Gap—now around the Bloodhead Mountain—then Mount Tammany came in full view, and we finally passed through the great gorge between the Jersey Mountain and Mount Minsi, into the beautiful valley southward. From the platforms of the cars, and proceeding from the windows, could be seen innumerable beads taking a last fond look at the gorgeous old hills as they lay there in their solemn grandeur.

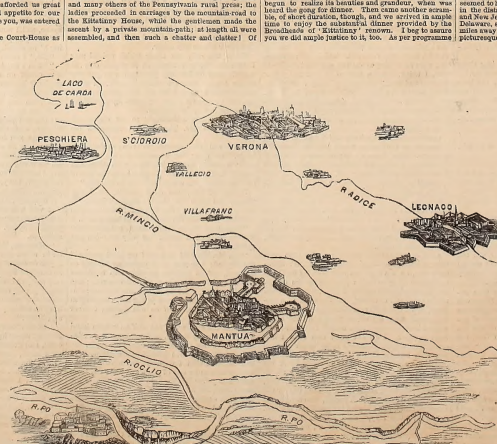
"The train flew swiftly on until we arrived at Manunka Chunk junction, where, from high up on the hill-side, we took our final leave of the Water Gap. The sun was just setting, and the richly tinted purple, crimson and gold-streaked clouds paused, or so seemed to hang reluctantly over the scene—while far off in the distance lay the mountains of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and rolling between them the historic valley of the Delaware, slowly wending its tortuous way for miles away through the lonely valley, studded with its picturesque cottages and farm-houses, from whose smoke from the chimneys of which, seen here and there lazily ascending from behind little clusters of dark-green trees, gave us a panoramic picture of such rare and exquisite merit as to defy description.

"Banvard was in ecstasies. His tongue could express but few utterances to his thoughts. Morford, though, declared 'he had been better at sea,' to which Banvard replies by saying: 'Well, he should see what you saw at sea, that we came here to see, and not to sail.' This little pun was just being deciphered, when we heard the train slacken speed, and further contemplation of the subject was rudely interrupted.

"We arrived at Belvidere and were received (though not officially by a large delegation of the citizens, who escorted us to the Warren House, where we immediately commenced the necessary preparation for the Editorial Dinner which was to conclude our festivities. At about nine o'clock the company were fully assembled, and entered at once upon the duties before them.

"The bountiful dinner which had been prepared in Crane's best style, was duly enjoyed; then came the feast of reason and flow of soul. The ceremonies were presided over by Mr. Wurts, of Paterson, the Vice-President, owing to the absence, occasioned by illness, of Mr. Hood, the President, and after the usual amount of speeches and singing, at about twelve P.M., we adjourned.

"A few hours' sleep and we were again astir in Belvidere, after which we started for home. At twenty minutes past six, on Saturday, we bade adieu to Belvidere, and in company with several choice spirits, among whom was the dear creature with the blue eyes, who, by the way, I am now privileged to call my friend, we started on our journey home, via Trenton and Philadelphia, at which city we made short visits to the Mint and Independence Hall, and from which we took our departure on the Camden and Amboy road, arriving here on Saturday evening, delighted with our trip to the Water Gap."



PLAN OF THE QUADRILATERAL OF FORTRESSES IN AUSTRIAN ITALY.

TIME.

There are lovers ever ranging, there are converts ever changing,
There are quarrels aye estranging that make empires shake and nod;
And for ever craftily sorrow shrouds the day and blights the morrow,
And no change to that we borrow in this hated breath of God.

There are fates on favor hinging, there are counsels ever cringing,
There are moths for ever singing in the candle-light of gold
There are knaves for ever raiding, there are hucksters ever trading
And a thrill of following wherein love is bought and sold.

There is hate and there is slander, there is pomp and there is pander—
Blood-fevers that meander through the swollen veins of life;
There are lives ever clicking, there is cant and spittle-logging,
And a thrill of fellow-kicking in the grinning of the strife.

There 's a pride of fame and faces, there is pride of rank and races,
And the pride that most debases us—the demon-pride of might;
When this earth is rent and crumbled, and our prides have blanched and stumbled,
He will only ball the bumbled as the victors of the fight.

There are men in silks and ermine, there are men in rags and vermin,
And the difference how determine, save from silks and rags alone,
Until we are all weighing in the scale that knows no slying—
Knows no unfurnished swaying—when God's knowing shall be known?

There are women ever shrinking from the woman that is sinking—
From the sister that is drinking the red abyss of shame,
And link to link beliuking of our chain with no harsh clinking,
Stealin the tamper of our thinking, till our souls are God's in name.

Yet for ever from our doing is the primal good of cunning,
That it rings a dreadful ruing and the back unto the wood;
And though sins are ever seeding, there are hearts for ever bleeding,
And for ever in our needing do we bend and pray to God.

So for ever we are coping, and for ever we are groping,
But for ever we are hoping in this wilderness of crime;
And our trust for aye will linger—Woe is but God's purest finger
Raised before this young infringer—naughty, cradled baby—Time.

HOW HE DID HIS DUTY.

My father was dying—my dear father, who had never spoken a harsh word to me, or given me an unkind look. I stood by his bedside that gloomy afternoon, waiting as impatiently as my poor father was, for the arrival of Edgar Thorold, the dearest friend of his youth. When the doctor a week before, had pronounced his recovery impossible, he had said:

"I will send for Edgar Thorold. To him alone can I entrust my little flower, when I am gone."

The vesper bell of the afternoon, and my long course of night watches, combined to render me drowsy, and in spite of my anxiety I fell asleep. I was roused by the opening of the chamber-door, and by the voice of my dear old nurse sobbing, in a whisper:

"Miss Jessica."

The sound roused my father as well as myself, and he cried out, eagerly:

"What is it, nurse?"

"Oh, sir, I thought you were asleep, and did not want to disturb you," she replied; "but Mr. Thorold is come and has asked for Miss Jessica, so that she might tell you of his arrival when you awoke."

"Go, Nelly, and bring him to me at once, dear," urged my father, and down-stairs I went.

My heart was beating, and I hesitated a moment before I opened the door of the room where my future guardian was. He, however, did not perceive my entrance, and as he stood gazing thoughtfully on the ground, I had an opportunity of noticing him, while unobserved myself.

How shall I describe him as he at the time impressed me, a girl of seventeen? His figure was the tallest I had ever seen, and was magnificent in its massive proportions; the carriage of the head and chest was haughty; the face was not handsome—it was perhaps too stern for that, but the noble brow and dark eyes were far more impressive than any mere regularity of feature. The short mustache on the upper lip, and the thick curly hair were still black, although the owner had numbered nearly eight-and-thirty years. To finish my imperfect description, there was an air of command about the whole face and figure, which would have rendered Edgar Thorold noticeable even in an assemblage of kings.

A movement which I made in closing the door roused him from his reverie, and I, ashamed of being caught staring thus rudely, exclaimed hurriedly:

"Oh, Mr. Thorold, I am so glad you are come!

My poor father is very anxious to see you. Will you please come to him at once?"

He advanced toward me, and laying his hand kindly on my head, and with a smile that lightened up his own face, making me wonder how I ever could have thought him stern-looking:

"So you are my little friend Nelly!" said he; "why, I was silly enough to half expect to see the little toddling thing who used to greet me with chubby outstretched hands, and affectionate kisses, years long ago. Ah, well, Time's flight has transformed me into a gloomy, elderly man, and you into a grown woman. But I am keeping you waiting; Miss Grant; I am quite ready to accompany you to him whom you wish to go."

Somehow, the "Miss Grant" pushed on my ear; it did not seem right that this stately man, my father's oldest friend should address me thus ceremoniously.

"Call me Nelly, still, please," said I, on a sudden impulse. "You are my father's friend, and will, I hope, be mine."

"With God's help, my child, I will," was the earnest reply; and, somehow, from that moment I never felt afraid of Mr. Thorold.

As soon as we entered my father's room, he rose in bed, and stretched out his hand with a glad cry of welcome. Edgar Thorold was by the side of his couch in a moment, and I could see that his piercing eyes were dim as he looked on his sick friend.

"Jessy, Jessy, my darling," said my father. I quitted the room, heartbroken to behold that my only remaining parent was so soon to be taken from me, but still with a feeling of comfort that the guardian to whom I was to be committed was one so apparently well able and willing to protect and befriend me.

* * *

All was over, and I was an orphan. I was stunned at first by the blow, and was beginning to take to the full sense of my great loss.

It was the day of the funeral, and my unnatural calmness had at last given way, and I was shaken by a storm of sobs.

"Don't, pray don't, Miss Helena," said nurse; "you'll be ill if you cry like this. Pray, don't."

"Leave her alone, Mrs. Wathina," said Mr. Thorold, who had entered unperceived. "Tears do not kill, and they will relieve the child's heart. Come with me; I want to speak to you about the packing up, and your young lady will be better left to herself."

There was no gainsaying Mr. Thorold's will—it was absolute; but as nurse followed him from the room she muttered, "Disagreeable, I call it."

All the remainder of the day she was inveighing against Mr. Thorold's hardness of heart and want of sympathy. Yet that night, when I retired to rest, my guardian said, gently, "Try to remember, Nelly, that your father is not beneath the turf, but in a land where there is no more weeping, where all tears shall be wiped away, and where all things will become pure;" and for his sake, my child, rejoice—then you will not grieve so much on your own account. Good night, little one."

Was he, after all, so very unsympathizing? I certainly did not think so; and as I felt that, for his sake, I should labor to be cheerful for our future residence in the house of my guardian.

At last we arrived and were domesticated in the old Virginia mansion.

Time softens the grief of the most afflicted.

I was no exception to the general rule. I still thought daily and almost hourly of my dear dead father; but by the time I had been a month in my new home, I began to think of him without the bitter tears I at first shed. I had the consolation that he was "not lost, but gone before."

From me, he will be reverently spoken of; I was not unhappy; indeed it would have been strange if I had been, for its master treated me with a courtesy and kindness that was more than one usually so cold, stern and reserved. The very servants, too, were all willing to do my slightest wish—at first, I think, from a sort of respect for the young orphan, and afterward from real liking. Even the children there made friends with me, for Pluto, Mr. Thorold's dog, was ragged that he could not with pleasure when I appeared: and Snap, the little smooth-coated terrier, never showed his vicious little teeth at me.

I had explored every nook and corner of the old house except the library, which was Mr. Thorold's sanctum. Now, I was a true daughter of Eve in the fact that, of all places, the library was the very one which I wished to see. Books were a spoils and indulged as I had been all my life, scarcely had sufficient hardihood to enter that room without an invitation. One day, however, I found the library door, it stood invitingly open, and the apartment was unoccupied. In I walked, like a second Lady Godiva, but no horrible fate befell me for my boldness in my entry. I only beheld a handsomely furnished, well-stocked library.

After examining the books around me for some time, I glanced upward, and on a shelf, far above my reach, I saw a copy of a work which I had been reading to my poor father a few days before his death. To drag the library ladder of light, polished wood to the shelf, and commence the task of ascertainment, and I was soon comfortably perched on the top round, with my elbow resting on the shelf, while I looked through the book, and at last taken from its place. I do not know how long I had stood thus, but after a time a noise below startled me, and I looked down, and saw Mr. Thorold. Surprised, alarmed, and a little ashamed of my very undignified position, I made a hasty movement, which caused me to lose my slight foothold, and I should have fallen to the ground but for the outstretched arms of Mr. Thorold, who caught me as I was falling, and placed me gently on my feet.

"Well, little lady," said he, smiling, "you looked like a bird perched up there; but unfortunately the wings were absent.

"I think, Mr. Thorold, I felt more like a culprit than a bird in wrong-doing," I replied. "I know I ought not to have entered this room without permission; but poor papa gave me the freedom of his library, and, in fact, used to direct my studies himself for two hours every morning, so you must forgive my intrusion, please, and set it down to the force of habit."

"I do hope, Nelly," said my guardian, "you will enter every room in this house as freely as if it belonged to your father; and as to your studies, if I can supply your father's place, and render you any assistance, I shall be only too happy to do so."

"Oh, that will be delightful," I said; "I will come to-morrow morning, if you are not otherwise engaged, May I?"

Mr. Thorold acquiesced to the arrangement, and from that time I went to the library for two hours every morning, and never did girl have a kinder or more able tutor. Things that had before been dark to my comprehension, became clear as daylight when Mr. Thorold explained them.

I generally reached the room before my guardian, and amused myself until his arrival by decorating his writing-table with flowers, which I gathered in my early morning walk. In acknowledgment of this, Mr. Thorold said one day: "My room used to be the favorite resort of the house, before you came, Nelly; but you and your flowers make it quite bright and pleasant."

On the very same morning that he made this remark, I encouraged, perhaps, by it, said to him, "as I put away my books after my studies: "You always tell me, Mr. Thorold, that after sitting at my books I ought to have a gallop; now, do you know, I think it would do you just as much good as it does me. Please order your horse and ride with me. "Besides," I added, "it is such dull riding out with no one but old James with me."

"Poor little one!" he replied, as he gently stroked my hair; "of course it is dull." Then he added, in another voice, "I suppose I must not be less gallant than old Squire Doubletone in 'Rob Roy.' He, you know, said that 'there was but one woman at the Hall, and he would not have her die for want of having her own way.' So, let you should pine, Nelly, you must have your own way; and if you like to ride with me, child, I will be ready to accompany you when you come down."

Thus it came about that Mr. Thorold acted as esquire to me every day, and every pleasure he made them to me. He took me to all the social festivities in the neighborhood, and introduced me to every beautiful view within twenty miles round.

And so my time passed pleasantly away. Walking, studying, riding, and (a very little) working, made the days glide by as if on wings. And in the evenings, when the shades were falling, I used to go into the "long" drawing-room, and play over my favorite sonatas, till nurse would come in and say she did not like my music little parlor, saying that "I should get quite low-spirited if I sat any longer playing that queer music in that great dull room."

One evening I had just finished playing one of the sweetest and saddest of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," when I heard something like a sigh in the room. I started, and looked round, and saw my guardian walking quietly from the door, as if he had been there for hours. I took no notice of this; and often afterward, in the shadowy twilight, used to see him at the other end of the long apartment; but as he appeared to wish to remain unobserved, I never spoke to him, and I daresay he thought I was ignorant of his presence.

Among the few families with whom I became acquainted, was that of the Masons. The two young ladies of the house—Constance and Clarissa—were pleasant, intelligent girls, and I liked them thoroughly. Months sped on. The spring had come and gone, and summer was once again gladdening the earth. I had been in Virginia a year, and in that year I had grown and grown so to love my new home, that I almost felt as if I had never known any other.

There was one thing which pained me; I fancied—oh, how I prayed it might only be fancy!—that of late my guardian was growing colder and more stern. The slight chill which I descried myself to sleep when this thought came over me, and I always finished by scolding myself for indulging in such fancies.

It wanted but a fortnight to my eighteenth birthday, and Mr. Thorold had reminded me of it.

"You will be eighteen in two weeks' time, Nelly," he said, "and you must celebrate the event worthily, so you had better go down and consult Mrs. Mason and the girls as to the sort of entertainment you would like on the occasion."

I thanked him, and off I started, for I was young, and liked the idea of a grand birth-day celebration. I consulted the Misses Mason, and told the girls what Mr. Thorold had kindly said.

"How good of him!" said Mary; but Constance was silent. I asked her why she did not speak.

"Mr. Thorold is out of my good graces!" she replied; "he was very severe on Clarissa's calumnies, and he told her he wished to introduce me to society, because I was all very nice; but then he added, 'for of course the difference in our ages prevents us from being any company to each other.' Just as if he was getting tired of you, Helena?"

I could not answer. I felt as if an unseen hand was grasping my throat, and choking me. Constance, however, did not wait long for a reply.

"As soon as he was gone," she continued, "I told him that I thought you were very nice, and tired of him as he was of you; and she said, 'You must not judge Mr. Thorold harshly; he is too much absorbed in memories of the past to care about the society of young girls; and doubtless he will be glad to be relieved from the responsibility of Helena's guardianship.' Still, I don't like him for it."

Somehow the communication of Constance had totally destroyed my enjoyment in thinking of my birthday, but I forced myself to join in the discussion, and it was finally decided that a ball was to be the entertainment, and that Mrs. Mason was to make out the list of guests to be invited, subject, of course, to the approval of my guardian.

I was glad to get away from the Masons, and when I reached home I shut myself in my bedroom, and gave myself up to a good fit of crying.

"So," thought I, "my guardian wants to be rid of me! He need not fear; I will not be a burden on him longer than I can help."

In pursuance of this feeling I behaved as coldly as I well could, and I only wonder that Mr. Thorold noticed it at all; but he did not, or at all events he did not appear to do so.

My birthday morning came, and with it a packet from Mr. Thorold, which, when it opened it, proved to be a necklet and pair of bracelets of large pearls, with diamond clasps. The present was superb, but I would rather should not have had it, so sorely was I hurt by that Constance had told me. However, I expressed my thanks for the gift when I met my guardian at breakfast.

"I am glad you like the ornaments, my dear," he said, kindly; "I hope to see you in them tonight."

Nurse was very important as she bustled about my dressing-table, and when she had put the finishing touches, she declared her opinion that I looked "like an angel." If any angels wear floating robes of soft lace, with tiny bouquets of blush rose-buds—if they have wings, which are ornamented in the same way—if they deck themselves with beautiful pearls on their arms and throats—and if they ever gaze with large, wondering, brown eyes at their own images, as reflected in a mirror of glass, then, perhaps, I may have resembled one, but not otherwise.

I am afraid I was discontented that night, but I know I was grateful. I could have embraced my slight girlish figure for one of more queenly dignity, and my fair, delicate skin, for one of more glowing brilliancy.

I cannot describe that first ball, for I am almost ashamed to confess that, in spite of all drawbacks, I thoroughly enjoyed it, and felt a heedlessness delight at the gay scene. I had partners without end, and, I am sad and indifferent, but among the very best, handsomest, and most admired, was Reginald Harmer, the eldest son of Ralph Harmer, whose estate adjoined Mr. Thorold's. Mr. Harmer was a capital partner; he danced well, and talked better, and my girlish vanity was not a little tickled by the fact that the handsomest man in the room would evidently rather dance with me than with any other lady.

After that, Mr. Harmer was a constant attendant, and society smiled significantly when it saw each gentleman's stately head bent down to catch every word addressed to it. But I was glad, for my guardian grew colder day by day. One morning nurse came to me and said:

"Mr. Thorold sends his compliments, and will you step down to the library as soon as you have breakfasted."

I hastened over my toilet, and drank my coffee in a scalding state, wondering, meantime, what my guardian could want with me so early. When I had finished my hasty breakfast, I betook myself to Mr. Thorold's sanctum. In my hurry I forgot to knock at the side door entrance, and as I my guardian standing by the open window, with such a strange expression on his face—a look of weary sadness—that I was overpowered, and hardly to me to sce. I hastened forward, but in doing so I encountered a footstool and roused Mr. Thorold from his reverie. He turned round, and came toward me.

His indignation has chased the roses from your cheeks, Nelly," said he, with a grave smile; "but I have something to tell you which I think will bring them back again."

He took my hand, and placed me in a seat as he spoke, and I wondered what he had to say to me.

"I have received what has been here this morning?" he asked, when I was seated.

"No," I replied.

"I have come to tell you," said he. "Mr. Harmer called on me to say that his uncle—his mother's brother—has sent for him on rather important business, and that he has left home at present from here for about a month. He, however, could not go without telling you how dear you are to him, and asking you to be his wife. He will wait any time you wish, if you will but accept his suit. Now, I have not seen, he came to me, to tell me how he was situated, and to beg me to plead his proposal before you, which I now do. He told me that he had already waited till his return, but he could not bear to think that meantime some other one might win your love. He was obliged to employ no one but himself, for, as he told me, he had a most delicate affair to settle."

"Of course, Nelly," he continued, "it is a matter in which you must consult your own heart, for you do not love Reginald Harmer, you shall not be troubled about him again; but if you do, I can only say you could not choose a worthier, more manly young man, and no one would be more positive in in every way more suitable. If you accept him, I have no doubt you will be happy. What do you say, Nelly?"

A burst of tears was my only reply. Mr. Thorold soothed me as he might have soothed an excited child, and begged me to be calm and to speak. As I sat there, sobbing, it passed through my mind that Reginald Harmer very well, but I certainly did not love him. Then I remembered that somehow, I know not why, I never should love anybody, so I might as well say "Yes," at once, and thus end the matter. I therefore sobbed myself quiet, and then said:

"I—I—like Mr. Harmer very much, but—"

"But what, my dear?" asked Mr. Thorold, as I stopped.

I never expected this," I replied.

"This, however, has come, and what will your reply be?" said my guardian, gently. "Will you

except the office? Because, if so, I have Mr. Harmer's town address; and if you write, I will enclose the letter in one from me. We have no right to keep the young man in suspense."

"I will write and accept Mr. Harmer's offer this evening," replied, in a choking voice; "just now I could not hold a pen. It will surely be time enough if the letter goes by to-morrow morning's post?"

"Quite time enough, my dear little Nelly," said Mr. Thorold; "and now I think you had better lie down awhile, for you look sadly upset by this surprise. God bless you, my child!" he said, opening the door for me to pass out.

I rushed to my room, locked the door, and, throwing myself on the bed, gave way to a passionate fit of weeping, which so exhausted me that I fell asleep. When I awoke it was evening, and the sky, which had been bright in the afternoon, was now lowering and overcast; the weather was as gloomy as my feelings. I rose, bathed my eyes, and went into my pretty sitting-room, to endeavor to write my letter to Mr. Harmer. I found there there, wondering at my laziness in going to bed after having once risen.

"You look quite ill, Miss Helena," she said, kindly; "going to bails don't suit you, let me get you a cup of tea; perhaps it will set you to rights."

I took the tea, but did not feel at all set "to rights" by it; and when I had finished the meal, I still felt quite unequal to the task of writing the letter, so I took up my hat, and told some of them I should have a stroll in the grounds. She offered no objection, so I went.

I wandered aimlessly about, feeling hopelessly wretched, without knowing why. In this frame of mind I passed through the gate into a pleasant lane. I strolled on nearly half a mile, when I was roused from my gloomy meditations by a sound which I should have recognized anywhere—the clatter of the hoofs of Mr. Thorold's thoroughbred mare. But there was something strange in the mad rapidity with which they came forward me, and, as I was wondering at this, the mare passed me at flying speed, her bostrils distended, her eyes like balls of fire, and—riderless!

My heart gave a wild leap, and I should have shrieked, but that my tongue seemed too parched to move. Great Heaven! what has happened? Was he dead? If so, I cared not to live; and in that moment of bitter agony I learnt the secret of my own heart—that one hair of Ralph Thorold's head was worth more to me than all the world besides. I had but one idea—that of finding him; so, as soon as I could move, I hurried on as fast as I could run. I know not how far I had gone before I saw a dark object on the side of the road. I turned sick at the thought of what it might be, and then hurried to the spot. It was Mr. Thorold, his face white and senseless, his noble head lying in the dust, and his majestic form still and apparently lifeless. I knelt down by his side—I raised his head—I pillowed it on my bosom—I rained warm tears on his brow. "He shall not die—my love, my noble love! But he did not stir.

"Oh, merciful Father!" I cried, in my agony; "if he is dead, take me, too. I cannot live without him; he is all the world to me!" and the hot tears rushed from my eyes.

As if the warm drops upon his face roused him, there was a faint quiver of the eyelids, and, with the horrible fear of his death removed from me, began to dread lest he should see how great that fear had been. He removed my face to a respectful distance; and, as his dark eyes opened and gazed at me inquiringly, I said, in as quiet a tone as I could command my voice,

"I think you have been thrown from your horse, Mr. Thorold. I hope you are not seriously hurt. Can you speak? can my help? or shall I run to the nearest cottage for assistance?"

"I certainly have been thrown," was the reply. "But I think I was only stunned for the time by the blow on my head."

As he spoke he rose to his feet, and I saw that, though white and trembling, he had sustained no serious injury. Overcome by the happy revulsion of feeling, I burst into tears, as I exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven!"

"Before I can thank Heaven for preserving a life, which had not an hour ago seemed worth a less to me, I must ask you something, Nelly," said my guardian. "When I was lying there I was aroused by passing words that made me think I was either mad or in Heaven. Did you speak those words, Nelly, or was I really dreaming?"

The blood rushed to my cheeks, and I hid my face in my hands, forgetting that I thereby revealed the truth as plainly as I could have done by words. At all events, Mr. Thorold needed no words to tell him, for in a moment I was gathered in his strong arms, my head upon his bosom, and he was kissing the tears from my eyes.

"Look up, my own, my darling," he whispered. "Let me read the truth in those sweet eyes. Oh, Nelly, how I have worshiped you for many months, till I grew frightened at the strength of my love! How hopeless I was; for how dared I dream that my young love would ever think of caring for an elderly, gloomy man like me? Then, Nelly, you almost mad I was when I had to be the bearer of another's message of love, and had, in honor, to urge his suit! I think I must have been blind with misery to-night not to have seen through it, but, thank Heaven!—which has given me back not only life, but something to live for—I am spared to know at last what happiness means."

I scarcely know how we reached home. I know, however, that the next morning Mr. Thorold showed very little traces of his accident of the previous evening, but that he joined me in the library, and helped me to compose a kind letter, declining the honor proposed by Mr. Harmer.

"My darling," said Mr. Thorold, tenderly, as soon as the letter was finished, "I will take you down to the Masons' now; so tell nurse to pack a few things, and let James bring them to you, for I am going to send you there for a time."

"Oh, why?" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"Because, my pet, I am going to New York," he replied; "and while I am in town I shall order a wedding *trousseau* for a certain young lady of my acquaintance, so that her marriage may be celebrated as soon as I return. Are you willing, love?"

I was willing, and he knew it; so we went down together to the Masons' to break the important news, and the surprise of Mrs. Mason, especially of Constance, may be imagined, but, as novelists say, cannot be described.

The wedding took place before a month was out, and I have never since known a grief or the shadow of one. In fact, if unfailing love and devoted tenderness, even to watchful care, and manly, chivalrous protection, may be allowed as evidence, then truly has Edgar Thorold, my noble guardian, thoroughly done his duty.

LOVE.

(VERSES OF THE 16TH CENTURY.)

WHAT is love, that idle the world
Talks so much about it?
What is love, that neither you
Nor I can doe without it?
What is love, that it should be
As changefulle as the weather?
Is it joy? or is it paine?
Or is it both together?

Love's a tyrant and a slave,
A tormente and a treasure;
Havinge it we knowe no peace,
Wantinge it, no pleasure.
Wouldst we absume it if we coulde?
In sooth, I almost doubt it!
Faith! I'd rather have the pangs
Than live my life without it!

THE DOUBLE RUSE;

OR,

THE CAPTAIN'S CORRESPONDENT.

BY COUSIN MAUDE.

"And these are your real sentiments, Captain?"

"Certainly, Jim. Why should they not be?"

"I don't know; only it seems so strange that you should really contemplate marrying that little girl whom you have never seen."

"But I have corresponded with her now two years, and I know her to be truthful, and a girl of good sense, good education, and, as you will allow, by her picture, she is beautiful, and—"

"Oh, nonsense, Jack! I don't want to hear of the virtues and accomplishments of this paragon of yours. I presume, quite likely, she is some woman well skilled in the art of husband-catching."

"Woman! she's only a girl of nineteen!"

"Well, I don't doubt but she has made you believe that; but wait until you see her, and then, if you don't want her, in order to keep her heart whole, I'll marry her myself."

"I shall want her; you need not build any hopes upon that. But, Jim, do you know that I am really anxious to find out whether she would love me as I appear, as I had never written her?"

"Are you really anxious to know, Captain? If so, just let me have your picture to take with me. If we do hook go; let me personate Captain Ellis, and you, Lieutenant Wharton, and see which she will fancy most."

"But, Jim, she has my picture, you know, and we don't look much alike, even if you are my cousin."

"Bah! Jack; you are afraid to trust yourself; you are afraid I will win the pretty darling away from you."

"I am not afraid of losing Allie, bless her heart! and I will agree to this change of character, providing only one thing. If you learn her to love you, you shall marry her. I will not have her trifled with."

"Why, Jack, I believe you do love her!"

"Never mind that. Here is this letter to Allie; see if it will do."

The persons we have introduced to the reader are named, respectively, Captain Jack Ellis and Lieutenant Jim Wharton. They were cousins, and were now passed by the army blue. Both tall and well-proportioned, black hair and eyes, mustache and "imperial," and both so much alike as to be enough to have been brothers. They were cousins; and firmer or more intimate friends could not be imagined.

Two years before my story opens, the regiment was quartered at Lagrange, Texas, and camp life becoming dull, among the boys, it was frequently the case, advertised for correspondents. Lieutenant Wharton was one; Captain Ellis was another. Each thought it a good joke when lieutenant received a dainty epistle, signed "Allie Wilde," Captain Ellis begged for the privilege of answering it; which was granted, Wharton looking in wild-eyed wonder to see his stoical friend so interested in the answer of the white paper-and-dainty chirography. Since that time, no matter under what circumstances no was placed—how ill, how much of a bore, how unfavorable for business—a letter from Allie was hailed with the greatest delight, and answered with as little delay as possible; Jim, at first, laughed at him a little, but finally ceased, and said nothing.

He had asked and been granted the privilege of paying her a visit, "when the war ended;" and now that it was ended, and the angel of peace spread her broad wings over the nation, purified and redeemed from its sins, he thought seriously of redeeming his promise before commencing the practice of his profession, as a civil man of a lawyer.

Jim had studied and commenced the practice of medicine before leaving Rochelle, Ill., and had not yet settled back into the old place. But in what had formerly been his office, they were discussing the question of Jack's visit to Hildelide, Mich.

The passage in the letter referring to Jack's visit, and which we have said he requested Jim to read, was in these words:

"I am coming to see you, Miss Allie, if I may; I would like to know my cousin, Lieutenant Wharton, of whom I have so often written you. May I, and will you provide some lady fair to entertain him?"

Jim passed the letter back to him, and said, laughingly:

"Well, Jack, that will do nicely; and if I fall in love with Allie, you may have the other girl."

"No, you don't, young man! I am not afraid. Allie will not love you while she must not!"

"Well," said Jim, rising, "let's talk of something else; you are too serious and sensible. It is five, and you must go home with me to dinner."

So, arm in arm, the two friends sauntered down the street, leaving in the post-office on their way where they deposited Allie's letter.

In a few days came the answer. Allie and her cousin, Minnie Weston, would be happy to entertain the gentlemen, and should expect them immediately. So, with as little delay as possible, the "boys" left for the "north march," as they styled it; and a bright October night found them comfortably seated on the piazza of the Hildelide House, enjoying their favorite weed. Jack had already dispatched a note to Allie, informing her of their arrival, and intention to call at eight.

So he and now the boy bearing the note and see Allie for ourselves, without the aid of Jack Ellis's partial eyes. In the parlor, on the piano-stool, lily trifling with his keys, and talking to Minnie, who stands near, sits Allie. They are both fair and petite, with soft brown, flowing curls of golden hue, and eyes the color of the June sky; but in Allie's eyes there is a tenderer light, a deeper soul. She seems not to be saying on the negative side of some question; and the sparkle in her eye, and the rich bloom on her cheek, betoken some excitement. She is just saying to her cousin:

"Oh, Minnie, I cannot! It would be so wrong!"

"But you would like to know, would you not, whether he would have loved you, if he had not read you through your letters?"

"Oh, yes; I should like to know!"

"Well, then, don't be so bashful. Let me assume your place, and you entertain Lieutenant Wharton. Allie!" I mean the captain with his whiskers."

At this moment they were startled by a peal of bell; and the next, a servant entered with a note, which Allie, to whom it was handed, took and opened nervously, and, as soon as the servant left the room, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Minnie, they've come! and are going to dine at eight!"

"Then we must go immediately and make some addition to our toilet," said Minnie, consulting a little gold repeater in her belt; "it is now half-past seven."

Away they girls flitted, and in half an hour were ready to receive their guests. They came up the walk, looking provokingly handsome in the moonlight, and the girls, who were secretly on the lookout, saw them first.

"Which is Captain Ellis?" asked Minnie.

"I don't know; they look so much alike, I cannot tell. Wait, and we will soon see!"

And then, ere the gentlemen were announced, the ladies had glided to their seats and taken up books, seemingly absorbed in their contents although no gentlemen had come five or six hundred miles for a glimpse of their fair faces, and were seeking a resting-place at the door.

As the servant announced, "Captain Ellis and Lieutenant Wharton, Miss Allie," Minnie arose, as Allie could prevent her, and, turning to Jim, said:

"Captain Ellis?"

Jim bowed and introduced—

"My cousin, Lieutenant Wharton, Miss Wilde!"

Minnie, in her turn, presented—

"My cousin, Captain Ellis, gentlemen," and so the double ruse was accomplished.

We will not further intervene. When the boys reached their hotel, Jim exclaimed:

"Jack, your Allie has done for me! She is perfectly charming! I shall always vote for leaving her. I love her already. Why don't you speak, man?" he added, after a pause, during which Jack sat with his head in his hands, and said nothing. Thus abjured, he raised his head.

"Jim, I wish I had not consented to this arrangement. Do you know that I am more than half in love with Minnie? To-night, as I sat by her, I could have kissed her, and only refrained from the fear that she would tell Allie!"

"Pshaw! man, why need you be so squeamish? I think I can console Allie if you should like Minnie better. So you have had a fair chance to fall in love with Minnie? To-night, as I sat by Allie, I could have kissed her, and only refrained from the fear that she would tell Minnie!"

"Then, seeing Allie's grave looks, she threw herself on the floor at her feet, and said:

"Now, Allie, please don't put on such a look. I assure you I won't marry the captain, even if he should propose!"

"Oh, Minnie, I am so sorry!" said Allie, penitently.

"What! sorry I won't marry him? Well, then, I will! I'll do anything, if you will only put off that woe-begone expression."

"You will?" Then confess to Captain Ellis that you are Minnie Weston, and let me once more be Allie Wilde."

"Oh, no, Allie! Can't do *that*. The sport is just commenced. It is such fun to see Lieutenant Wharton looking—as we say he thought he'd have to 'cousin' me one of these days; then, to see his eyes wander back to you, as if he thought—Ah, how provoking in him!"

The blood rushed to Allie's cheek at this sudden question, and she answered, flatteringly:

"Indeed, Minnie, he is very agreeable."

"Oh, you sentimental little thing! Confess, now, that you like him better than the captain," cried Minnie, mischievously.

"I am afraid I do," answered Allie, sorrowfully; "and it is wrong, for I have led the captain to expect differently. Do, Minnie, tell him who you are."

"Why, he *knows* who I am," answered Minnie, laughing. "I am Miss Allie Wilde, at your service, Monsieur. Allie, do you suppose I am going to give this up, now? No, my dear, you must keep to the character you have assumed; and it strikes me that we had better put our bodies there also, for we must be fresh and sweet for that ride to-morrow. *Au revoir, ma chere* Minnie." And the little mischief bowed herself out of the room.

The ride was followed by parties, dinners, long rambles, and evening calls, and *tete-a-tetes*; but after the first proposition neither Allie nor Jack proposed to their respective "cousins" that they should be made acquainted with the other's society, and asked for no other companion. Occasionally a qualm of conscience would visit one or the other, but it was more of, and they gave themselves up to the delirium of loving.

Such was the time allotted for the visit were away. The last evening they were spending with Allie, Jim and Minnie had gone for a promenade by moonlight in the grounds about the house. Allie, at the piano, was playing one of Mendelssohn's airs. Jack had wandered away, and at last seated himself by her side, and broke out impatiently:

"Minnie, please stop that music, and listen to me." She looked up in amazement, and he continued: "I have come here; I have something I wish to tell you."

Then, as she obeyed him, he drew her down to his side and encircled her with his arm, while he said:

"May I, Minnie?—may I tell you how much I love you, and how wrongly I have acted?"

"Wait one moment, Mr. Wharton," said Allie, drawing away from him; "I have a confession to make to you, which I am resolved, for I assure you it was not my fault. It was my cousin's proposition. I am not Minnie Weston. I am Allie Wilde. Minnie is the lady to whom you are engaged, and she resembles me in the introduction; and—"

"Not a word more, darling! I thought I saw the soul in your face that I had often seen in my Allie's letters."

"How! Did you read my letters?"

"I did, indeed, and had the best right in the world to do so, darling. I have been playing a ruse. I am Captain Jack Ellis!"

"But Minnie?" said Allie, imagining that Jim and Minnie are imprisoned in the dark moonlight somewhere," answered Jack. "Ah, here they come, now."

Allie, with his accustomed assumption of carelessness, walked up to the sofa, with Minnie on his arm.

"Congratulate me, Captain Ellis," he said, laughingly; "Miss Minnie Weston has promised to be my wife, and you have every right to wish Allie Wilde as much good fortune. Ah, you look sheepishly happy. I say, Minnie," he continued, turning to his companion, "we have been at our ruse; and so out of our double rude comes a double wedding at last."

The next morning the boys left town; and last Christmas there was a merry double wedding at the house on College Hill, and the boys bore their Hildelide brides away to their home in Texas. And that's what came of the *double ruse*; and so vanished the captain's correspondent. And so, reader, ends our story, and the sunshine, trailing golden splendors across the Western sky, and shining in gladness on their happy homes, we leave you good e'en, and like happiness, dear reader.

In the examination of an Irish case for assault and battery, counsel, in cross-examining the witness, asked him what they had had at the first place they went to. The answer was:

"Four glasses of sod."

"Four what?"

"Two glasses of wine?"

"Then what?"

"One glass of brandy."

"And then?"

"A flight, of course."

DANDY with a huge beard offered himself to a young lady, who refused him, on the ground that she would never marry such a beast. Whereupon the would never marry such a beast. Whereupon the dandy went home and had his whiskers cleaned, and then removed the beard. So she declined him the second time on the ground that he was now more barefaced than before.

TIM question. Does getting drunk ever advance one's happiness? would seem to be put to rest by the Irishman who went courting when drunk, and was asked what pleasure he found in whisky.

"Oh, Nelly, it's a frate satisfy, to see two of your swate purty faces instead of one!"

A WOMEN man, when told that he was about to die, said he was "Glad of it; he was tired of getting his shoes and stockings on and off." And this is about what his wife reckoned to at about 70.



THE PENNSYLVANIA VETERANS TRANSFERRING THEIR REGIMENTAL COLORS TO THE STATE AUTHORITIES, AT PHILADELPHIA, ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 4TH.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.—SEE PAGE 275.



THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION AT THE CITY OF PORTLAND, MAINE, JULY 4TH AND 5TH.—SEE PAGE 275.

NEVER DESPAIR.

"DESPAIR of nothing!" Tis a noble, wise,
And philosophic hope: counsel'd to rise
To issue from a Solon's lips, and such
As might not e'en the sapiency belie
Of Israel's gifted king.

How poor is he
Who fits high worth ignores! 'Tis drear to mark
A being gifted with undying powers
Yielding each cherished hope, such lofty aim
To difficulty: at sight of ills
No greater than his fellows have o'ercome,
Dishonoring the name he wears from sires
By weakly fainting where he might command!

Fale shrinking brother! wherefore thus neglect
The opportunity so richly thine
Of shoving the proud front of manliness?
What, what are troubles, but forces meant
To challenge thy sublimest faculties,
To bind thy powers of body and of mind
In firmer union for thy lasting weal,
And to exalt thee o'er the throng inane,
Who, 'midst a superfluity of good,
Exhibit life in piteous barrenness?
Shall dull despondency, shall cowering fear,
Pervert their glorious end and tendency?

Oh! never despair! In those priceless words
Are light and life, and love, light and life for thee,
If, while antagonists beset thy path,
Thou make them thy unfailing battle-cry!
Oh! walk thou with it, lofty-minded soul!
To sterner, bolder, healthier impulses;
And, girding to the task each latent power,
Which, as a Man, thou hast, mighty for good,

Hurl back the sullen, scowling fiend, Despair,
To seek shades more congenial: Up! look heart,
And learn to blush for thy unhallowed mood!
The path to honor's noblest laurels lies
Where ardent hopes defy the sturdy fight,
Where barriers frown that must be overthrown!
None, none may win those laurels unopposed.
Shame not thy manhood by the weak belief
That nothing thou hast lost may be redeemed,
Nothing that seems beyond thy reach attained.
Success is prone to smile upon the brave.
Who wills to do, and dare, and suffer aught,
In purpose fixed, in spirit undismayed,
Shall gain the good he's set his heart upon,
Or perish as a hero—at his work!
And he who struggles hopefully for aught
Of which his inward monitor approves,
Or whether he be smitten in the fray,
Or carve his way to the inviting goal,
Shall find within himself a sure reward.

The world presents no nobler spectacle
Than that of one unfriended and forlorn—
Not seeking or expecting outward aid—
Attacking with indomitable will
Each foe that doth his progress intercept,
Or: Laving, all unhelped, a passage forced,
His spurn back from the danger, Energy,
And, trampling down each yielding obstacle,
Gains, with a hero a pride, the long-sought goal.
Yea, whether this or that be, he hath made good
His right undoubted to be called "A Man."

The Spectre of Cliffe:

OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.—A GENTLE JAILER.

LUCY CATON, the woman who was appointed to be Mildred's attendant, and also her jailer, was one of those persons who are always middle-aged. Like the wicked dwarf in the fairy-tales (although she was by no means a dwarf), she looked as though she had been born into the world very gray and wrinkled, and yet with a beady bright-ness about her eyes that seemed to promise an eternal youth. If it was impossible to imagine her a child, it was equally hard to picture her bowed down and wrinkled with age. Like the horse we buy at fourteen, and work for six years, and boast (and believe our boast) that he is young and as strong as ever, she had looked capable of doing domestic service for several generations yet to come; the most prudent mother would have hired her to preside over the nursery of young children, with no fear that she would soon (alas! alas! for the poor human, who has no paddock to take her ease in, and has even the kindest friends to be happy release, when past work) become "unequal to the situation." She had been only recently taken into Sir Ralph's service, but she came of a stock upon whom that lady could rely. Her brother Joseph had been year by year establishing himself in the good graces of the Lady of Cliffe, and since Gideon's death he had grown to be something more than a servant. She could count upon him to execute projects, from the consequences of which Clement shrank in fear, and although he was much vexated at the latter, where, indeed, her brother could scarcely be indu-duced to stay without him, she had retained him at Cliffe Castle by the force of her own reasons.

Much of this Mildred guessed, and on that account, as well as from the odious relation of domestic spy in which she stood to herself, was inclined to regard her new acquaintance with great disfavor. But there was one thing which much mitigated this feeling—Milly was fond of Lucy. With that strange waywardness that belongs to infancy, and which might at times almost lead a mother to imagine that her own child was a changeling, no sooner had the three arrived in the large chamber allotted to their use, than Milly stretched her little arms to her new nurse. Lucy stood with her hands by her side, not offering to take her from her sharp protector, and still the child struggled toward her, as though it would have said: "Now, let me go to her; now, do; for though I am well aware you are my mother, and the person to cling to in the presence of an ogress, such as she who has (I am delighted to see) just taken herself off, yet I do owe this singular-looking female an apology for my ap-parent desertion of her. Now, she sides her civil she has been to me while you have been away. I really must go to her." A flash of wounded pride immediately succeeded to gentle cheek; but she stepped forward, and gave her child to Lucy, saying:

"You have been very kind to her, I see; may God reward you for it."

For an instant the whole face of the gray woman was lit up with pleasure, as suddenly as a gleam which one turns the wrong way before one turns it out—then, as quickly, became as hard and wrinkled as a winter's road.

"Mrs. Clifford bade me treat the child with every care, and I shall do so, madam, coldly. "That was to be one of my chief duties."

"And what is expected of you else," inquired Mildred, her pride renewed with this reply, "besides this hired care?"

"I am to wait upon yourself, ma'am, returned the other, her face relaxing into a smile as she laughed and gurgled at her kisses, like the rich wine escaping from the flask, and babbling of the vintage that whereof it was the pride a score of years ago.

"That I waiting' means waiting, does it not? —means playing the spy upon me night and day?"

"Not hard words! Mrs. Clifford said, ma'am," replied the other, quietly. She spoke with a humility that disarmed her interlocutor. It could not have been the result of fear, because she should behave with such respect and gentleness. Besides, what could she know of the wrongs that had been done her? Mildred answered her: No! It was manifestly unfair to treat this woman, who was only doing her duty—and that with delicacy and kindness—as one responsible for the actions of her mistress.

"You are right, Lucy, and I am wrong," said Mildred. "I will not blame you for anything. If you know how cruelly I and mine have been treated, you would make allowance for me, I am sure."

Lucy bowed her head, but without speaking.

"I want, however, to know exactly the position in which I stand," she said to her new domestic companion. But am I to be also kept an indoor prisoner?"

"You may walk about the park, wherever you please, madam—that is, if I am with you; but not upon the other side of it, or into any part of it."

"Your orders are precise enough," said Mildred, bitterly. "Now, tell me—I have a foolish fancy for seeing Bibble Cave to-morrow—do they pre-clude it?"

"No, madam, they do not."

It was with Mildred as much as this answer came her face was turned away from her whom she addressed, for at those words her features changed from shrinking gloom to a flush of joy and of exultation. Nor was it at once that she could trust herself to yoke her rapturous thought with sober words.

"Lucy, I do not know if you have ever loved and lost, as I have done; but if so, when I tell you in that cave all the first vivifying influences of my fear from lips that now are dumb, you will understand the prayer I am about to make to you to permit it; I purchase your silence with a bribe of my own sex and friendless, you will indulge me in what is at present a harmless whim. I wish to see Bibble Cave *alone*. To me and to my child, that place is hallowed; you would not surely break in upon your sister at the altar-steps, and mar her prayers?"

The woman's face melted at this appeal like snow before the sun, then froze again as quickly as before.

"There is no outlet to the cave, save one," con-tinued Mildred; "and from that you can watch. I will exit your duty by remaining at the entrance; you will have us both secure."

Lucy shook her head. "Let us talk of something else, madam, if we must needs talk; but you cannot but be weary with your long night's travel, here is refreshment, and here is your child. Let me lie down upon your bed and sleep, as all at Cliffe are sleeping now."

"Not until you have promised what I ask," pleaded Mildred, passionately. "It is a small favor, perhaps, to you, but to me—to me—oh! you cannot guess what value I set upon it! Come, promise me, and I shall sleep in peace."

"No, madam, I cannot," said Lucy, gravely: "your very earnestness forbids me to say 'yes.' You will not be safe without my presence. From Bibble Cave there is no retreat besides the one of which you speak."

So finished was Mildred with her recent joy, so full did she grasp the woman's meaning, that with-standing her grave tone, for the heart, when hopeful, is as disinclined as childhood, self to contemplate the dreadful void of death. "What outlet, Lucy?" then when she did not answer: "Do you think that I would dream of death, and so escape?—having just found my child, would leave her motherless once more? Or drown her also? Assuredly her innocent soul would flee to heaven, while my own would suffer separation from her—incessant pang of hell—for ever? Do you think that, Lucy?"

"I did think so, dear madam; but I do not now. I see that I may promise what you ask with safety. Now, pray, eat a little, and then to bed."

"I cannot eat, good Lucy; I am too happy. This child is precious food to me, and also satisfies my soul with rest; but I will lay me down, that you may sleep. What does she call you, for I do not know this room?"

"The nearest is the one by which we entered, opening upon the little gallery that runs by Mrs. Clifford's chamber; and the upon the stairs that leads to the Clock Tower and the Western Postern."

"But is not that a third door beside your bed-head?"

"Yes, madam, and locked on the inside, as all the others are. It leads like the first."

"But not immediately?" said Mildred, with up-braiding. "Lucy, you have a room between."

"There is a bedroom, madam."

"And is it occupied? Who sleeps there?"

"My brother, William Caton."

In her new-found child, in the seeming kindness of her attendant, and in the budding of a secret hope that was based upon the answer, Mildred had almost forgotten that she was a prisoner; but at the hated name of that unscrupulous servant of Sir Carne, she arose, as once, as from a baseless dream, to the full consciousness of her unprotected state, and of the danger that in it were threatening her. "Give me the keys, and let me put them beneath my pillow, woman!" she cried, harshly. Then, dominated refusing to smoke, she lay down outside the bed-clothes, clutching her child to her bosom, while her sleepless eyes wandered from door to door.

Hour after hour went by in perfect silence, save for the singing of the birds, which had not as yet embraced silence, and for the inverted hubbub of Cliffe Hall, ere Lucy's deep-drawn breathing convinced Mildred that her jailer was asleep. Milly had long been overcome by the sweetest slumber. If she could only rise without awakening either, and reach the postern by one of her precious charges, while yet no human creature was astir!—once in the village, she would be safe enough, or what seemed safe by comparison with such a neighbor as that woman's brother. The postern had no lock, she knew, but only bar and chain, which she could unfasten. Softly she drew with key in hand, and keeping her eyes fixed upon Lucy, opened the second door without noise, then lifting up the sleeping child, set forth as silent as a ghost, and flitted down the stair.

Not five minutes had elapsed ere she returned, and, pale and trembling as before, stole into bed again, with beating heart. In her hand she held a slip of paper, which she had found, newly scratched-out, as she was still wet—upon the postern:

"In your life, do not open this door. You will escape, swele lady, but not by such means. I am watching over you. Having had faith in me thus far, it will reward you. YOUR WELL-WISHER AS BEFORE.

"Destroy this lest it cost me mine."

This Mildred read and re-read until every word was hers; then tore the paper into a thousand fragments, and placed it in her bosom. Like a charm, it stilled its throbbings; and presently the slumber, deep, drew down her eyelids with its viewless hand, and smoothed the care from offher troubled face.

CHAPTER XXX.—A BROKEN NIGHT.

NOT until the weary fall asleep and wake again after an interval of repose are they aware how fully conscious of the extremity of their past fatigue. Ere they give way to sleep, it seems to them that they are weary, but not exhausted; but when something arouses them after a few hours, then they know, by harsh evidence, how near their overtaxed limit strength have been to collapse. The muscles are stiff, the limbs powerless, the eyelids heavy as lead, the brain torpid, and only the pain and difficulty quickened to thought. Our whole being piteously, and yet drowsily, de-mands to be left alone in that autochamber alike of death and Life—Nature's "little longer." A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more waking of a heavenly kind. When, under such circumstances, some importunate sound compels our reluctant attention, we are long before we can have it to the end. Then, and before we wake, it sometimes suggests dreams in which we seem to live a lifetime. Thus Mildred Clifford, dead to every sense save that of hearing, was roused in her arms, lay, dreamless as the dead, for hours, and then began to know that she was a prisoner in an enchanted castle, and that Love lay by wicked and malignant Grace, assisted by certain evil demons

Gideon Carr, to wit, and Clement and William Caton; but it was the last friends outside, and, in particular, Lieutenant Carey (always in complete armor and visored as to the face steed), who was the gauged (by himself) without the walls, and passing his time very agreeably, as it seemed, in sum-moning the castle to surrender. Unsupped, to surrender to his clemency. Nor was the garrison backward in the trumpeting business (without which, indeed, the art of romance, and especially warfare, is not), with neat finish and admirable execution. Your Mildred's prescient spirit signed to the strangers in the Bailey's bill to slaughter and trumpets, but still the brazen clamor continued until it fairly woke her. It was deep night, but through the open window she looked down on the court-yard, flushed a lurid glare.

"Fire!" was her next thought that dragged her by the strong arm of terror from the bed, and made her put aside the blind with hasty fingers, remembered by the flame. A strange sight met her gaze. The space was thronged with men and horses, shown by the light of flaming pine-torches. In the midst of the throng the clang of spurs and hoofs, filled the dark air with a weird, unnatural din; and, while she looked, the hounds came trot-ting from their kennel, and the crack of whips broke forth, and then, again, the sharp, short summons of the horn.

"Do not be alarmed, dear madam," cried Lucy, from her bed; "the Master is only setting forth to hunt. I suppose it seems strange enough to you, though we at Cliffe are getting quite used to turning night into day."

Strange, yes, strange indeed; for though the sight

and sounds were in themselves not unfamiliar to Mildred, she scarcely recognized them under the changed circumstances. It almost seemed as though these persons were engaged in some un-hallowed rite, some impious attempt to turn God's gift of darkness from its proper use and pur-pose. In such a parody of the blessed morn, appeared something sacrilegious; so ill did the borrowed light depict the dawn; so diametrical the noises that strove in vain to wake the sleep-ing world. Of course she dumb that should have been alive with Nature's waking sounds, though what sounds were made, she echoed like one misunderstanding; so that the sympathy-stirrer of the scene itself were ceaseless, although islanded in a boundless silence; and though the torches flared and blazed, and every leaf and tree from the stone, a mighty belt of darkness encompassed all.

"And is this scene enacted every night?" asked Mildred, half to herself.

"Yes, madam, every night, far into spring, and long after the dawn of day. Sir Ralph is devoted to hunt. At first, the novelty of the thing attracted many folk; but now the Master hunts alone, save for his own people. Wet or dry is all the same to him, and even for frost he cares not. I am told that it is a generous sight to see his reckless riding—he that was once such a bookworm, and averse to all outdoor sports, until——"

"Alas! not until he has?" interrupted Mildred, pitifully, "who mounts the black horse—it is Raymond's own Black Diamond—at the Hall steps? Why, he moves like an old man; like a poor soul him into the saddle. How worn and thin he looks, and how deadly pale!"

"Ay, madam, and so he always looks, except, they say, when he is at the full gallop, ahead of all the field, and thinks himself alone; then some that have been near him say he cries out words of things, threats against this and that man, and even against his mistress—or breaks into mad songs; while ever his face becomes more to look exactly like what his great-great-grandsire, Guy, was—and his ancestor whose picture hangs in the gallery—him, you know, as leaped into Hell Gates; and, what seems stranger still, he takes a pleas-ure in black colors, and plays on a harp which had heaven knows whither. Three nights ago, he made Black Diamond take the stone wall into Poor Robin Hollow, where never man or horse dared go before, and galloped in and out among the chasms until William seized his bridle, and led him out by force."

"I thank your brother for that deed," cried Mildred, fervently, "if for naught else. All are moving off, and I will not see him. Milly, if he not there now, to see his master does not come to harm?"

"He serves Mrs. Clifford, madam, not Mr. Rupert, unless by her command, and perhaps she has ordered it, in her mercies."

"I forgot," returned Mildred, coldly. Is it her pleasure that we arise now like the rest of the household, or wait for morning?"

"You will please yourself, madam; but the child has always kept its usual hours since it has been in my charge, and if you do not find the loneliness—for the days are very long and lone here—"

"By no means," interrupted Mildred, bitterly; "the faces are few indeed at Cliffe whose absence I shall mourn. Nay, do not cry, my darling, my sweet Milly. I am not to be had again, all yet once more to forget our sorrows."

"The child is hungry, madam," observed Lucy, in the same deprecating tone which she had so often used before; "I have food for her in the cupboard, and please let me see and give it here." Not waiting for an answer, she got up, and striking a light—for the last glimmer of the torches of the revelers had burnt had to flare—passed away

—set milk and bread upon the table. "Will you not take something yourself, dear madam?" en-treated she, anxiously. "I have meal and wine here which are not poisoned. For your child's sake, you should not starve yourself."

"Are you afraid for me or for?" replied Mildred, searchingly. "If not a friend, I beseech you do not mock me with this lip-service. Stay—now tell me! Have you heard from—from——" she stayed and scanned her face—"are you my Well-wisher?"

Not a feature changed, not a ray of intelligence gave token that Mildred's words were spoken in the simplest sense she answered: "Yes, madam, indeed I am. What should not be so? Then suddenly perceiving the key, which Mildred in her agitation had left in the door leading to the gallery, she added with fervorous joy: "I must be praised that you are here alive! You have opened yonder door. It may be you are a sleep-walker, and have had the key; but, madam, the means of what you do. Be sure you never venture forth in daylight without me by your side. At earliest dawn, they and the blood-hound Satan—Red Rufus —who is so terrible to strangers."

"But I did not meet a blood-hound when I came hither."

"No, madam," answered Lucy, with hesitation, and hanging down her head; "it was loosed after-ward, and is always so to be; I heard my mis-tress say so."

"Then she is a prison, indeed, from which it is death to attempt to flee!" exclaimed Mildred, vehe-mently. "Has this lady whom you serve, then, the right to pronounce such a sentence?"

"Your Aunt Grace charged me, remember, not to leave you, madam, night or day, and with me you are secure. Let us talk no more about it now, for I myself took her to Rufus, and the huge hound licked her baby-hand in love, which having done, he is her friend forever."

"Thanks for that, Lucy," quoth Mildred, shud-dering still at the peril to which she had so nearly exposed herself. "I will not strive to free myself again. I will trust to God alone, and such help as He may send me; and I will trust in you, Lucy although you promise nothing, for I do think you wish me well."

Then Mildred ate a little, and presently dis-

rebel, and once more laid her weary head upon the pillow, and slept so soundly, that she never heard the Night Hunt coming home across the echoing bridge, nor woke again till it was broad bright day.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

How unchanging are fair Nature's features! Time, which destroys all our poor beauty, does but heighten hers; while even the torch of War, which lays the homestead waste, and kindles into ruin all that Man has built, or form, or planted, leaves her scarcely scathed, and swift to repair damage, covering the bloodiest grave with green. Crime, and Wrong, and Woe affect her nothing. She supplies this life's stage with matchless scenes, let the actors play what they will, and smiles upon the direst tragedies as on the peacefullest domestic dramas. Never did spring morning dawn more brightly, or scatter into a more glorious day, than that which on the morrow bade in vain the inmates of Cliffe Hall rise from their shameful sleep, and smote Grace Clifford's pillowed but unrestful face with unaccustomed blushes. Eden itself, be sure, was not less fair after the Fall, than when it pleased the innocent eyes of our first parents; and Hilda towered as nobly in the sun, and flashed its hundred streams as bright and purely as though no curse, nor Cain, had ever vexed the house of Clifford.

"How will you love old Ribble, madam!" said Lucy Catar, as Mildred's eyes devoured the glorious hill as the three crossed the park.

"Ay, that I do," replied she, with eager passion; then added, less warmly, "look how the cloudberry dyes its very crown, as though the sunset lingered there? How beautiful it is!"

"Yes, madam, but very cruel. Its boggy fells have smothered poor folk before now—and others have spent weary years in jail for hunting on its slopes the wild red deer, before the Cliffords built them in."

"Do you remember that, Lucy?"

"Ay, that I do, madam; and when the tenants hereabouts—of whom my father once was one, before the evil days came on us—were all called "firestary," and sworn to clamish and destroy the vert and venison. It was an old-world place in those days, with old-world customs, such as you have never heard of. We were very simple folk. There was not such a thing as a timepiece in all Cliffe, save that in the Clock Tower of the Hall, and the young master's hunting-watch, which struck the hours. Poor Mr. Cyril, how well I mind his showing me that toy! As for glasses to tell the weather,—Yo mountain was the only glass we had.

If Ribble's head do wear a hood,
Be sure the day will not be good;

that was all we knew about the weather."

"But if the Cators are Cliffe people, how is it that they came to serve the Carrs?"

"Well," returned Lucy, hesitatingly, "they thought, I suppose, to better themselves. Besides, we didn't occupy the place long. It had been used, so, and for poor people it was not so pleasant to live hereabouts. Too many talk of law, but in those days what the Clifford said or did, nay, what his steward or bailiff even chose to say; if a man lied on either side he was sure to find out the park, some forester would take him by the collar, and beat him like a dog. Look there, my tender gentleman before me, listening to the beck—some wandering artist, I suppose, by his portfolio. Well, in the times I speak of—— But here Ralfe comes. Then no fear, madam, he always runs to us thus to bid "Good morning."

"Take the child," cried Mildred. "There *is* fear, I say. The dog is angry—furious."

"By Heaven, and so he is," exclaimed Lucy. "He is tracking some one, but not us. Alas, it is that wretched man. He will tear his own soul." Then, raising her voice to its full pitch, she cried: "Fie—for shame—peace and hide."

The person addressed was too far off to catch her words, although the sound attracted him. But he looked up and saw the dog, whose manifest errand it was not difficult to understand. With nose to ground, the mighty creature came on at headlong speed, now swerving this way, now the other, as the careless footsteps of the man had loitered devious, but never stopping for one instant.

"Flee, for your life!" screamed the two women with one voice; and the man turned and fled, but not up-stream. A little wading in the water, and then one of the numerous hollows in the waver-worn rock would have concealed him safely, at all events, until Lucy could have come up and called the beast; but instead of that, he climbed the eastern bank, and made for the boundary-wall of the deer-park. Up to that time, a hoarse deep bay had ever and anon broken like a knell upon the women's ears; but the instant the man's head showed himself, the dog was dumb, and ran straight as arrow from the bow.

A terrible cry escaped from Mildred's lips, and she covered her eyes with her hand.

"The man runs very fast," said Lucy, comfortingly: "it is possible that he may be able to reach the wall first, and that Rufus cannot leap it."

"But if he does!" moaned Mildred.

"Then Heaven have mercy on the poor doomed wretch!" answered Lucy, fervently. "He is not one of the Cliffe people—a stranger seeking the cave, perhaps without a guide—and the brute will—But he nears the wall. With what strength and speed the fear of death has winged him! He climbs it, and the dog springs after him, but falls and falls; and now he springs again. Alas, he has dragged himself to the very summit, and—— Oh my God!"

"What, what? I dare not look, Lucy. I charge you, tell me what has happened."

"A miracle!" cried Lucy, joyfully. "A moment ago, and I should have replied, "A murder." But the dog comes back again; he has not known the man, although *I* know him not, who, as I thought, knew everybody hereabouts. See, he comes this way, panting like a puppy-dog at a joyful, because he has found a friend, and one, too, who has authority to bid him come and go. I should not have deemed that any man was William, and the poor Master himself, could have had such power over Rufus."

With red tongue lolling low, wide jaws, and chest all flecked with foam, the huge beast thundered up: but his eyes were no longer flaming as at each link of the chain cast behind as before with brutish hate and lust of combat. But panting and lolling, he stood, and when he gave him Mildred's hand to kiss, in token of fealty.

"Now you are friends," quoth she; "you need never feed him more.—But who was that old acquaintance, Rufus, you have just parted from? I protest that I am somewhat curious to know him."

—But if—for you look very pale, madam—this scene has been too much for you, let us go home, and postpone your visit to the cave, which, indeed, you now may not find solitary. I cannot think what could have brought the man hither, unless he met us; for he is as safe as an unlocked as locked."

"Thank you, good Lucy, but I mean to as I have purposed," returned Mildred, resolutely; "I feel better now."

Nevertheless, she henceforth moved with trembling, and scarce could hold her little one, as she stooped to pluck the wild-flowers by the way—the early ones, at any rate, for the sun was now come to her as though it were not scentless), and the white sorrel, striped with blue; or strive to gather the golden saxifrage (which grows not here as to rob the butterfly's wings of their rich bloom), and babbled of all the glory of the spring in her unknown tongue. Anon, as she grew more used to herself, the snow-white bird-cherry dropped like a bridal garland; while in front, nature had spread a carpet of forget-me-not.

"How fitly these grow here!" said Mildred, with swimming eyes. "Will you wait for us here, Lucy, and gather them? Rufus, too, is taking rest from the heap which always lay within the antechamber—will lead me for two hours and more."

"I will wait, madam," returned the other. "I will trust your word not to rob yourself of God's good gift of life; you have too much of it, I know not, lady—how much of happiness it even yet may have in store for you."

Mildred's head drooped as she answered: "That is true, good Lucy; and you will never repent this day, I think."

She stooped down, for she was taller than the other, and kissed her cheek, which was like a shrivelled apple, that had, however, retained its ruddy hue. Then, having let the dog scent her hand and steel, she took her way with her astonished pair into the heart of Ribble, with expectation higher and higher at each step that she took that was the first to explore its hidden glories; for her was true tragedy of Earth or Fairyland that could compare with that she will now leave her in the cathedral chamber—thence from the darkness, with a joyful cry, to emerge into the light of sunshine—her Raymond, loved as only those are loved who have been lost, mourned as the unreturning dead alone are mourned, but found, and hers once more.

CHAPTER XXXII.—HIDDEN IN THE CAVE.

When Gideon Carr had looked down upon his victim from the Beacon Cliff, he saw that, as he thought, within a few seconds of death; and then, like a bloodhound, he had elsewhere an instant, he no longer beheld him clinging to the bare white wall, he naturally imagined that he had fallen down upon the rocks below, which would have been the case with nineteen out of twenty in strait like that of Raymond Clifford's; but years of wrestling with the wild fell-side had seen use, had made his sinews lithe and strong as steel; and running (where no horse could follow) at the top of his speed, he came to the hill-fox, had made his limbs as supple as any bird-catcher's, who gains his bread at peril of his neck; and being therefore, as it were, born a fearless rock, to cheer his hounds upon the otter, had given him an eye to see as his wits, on the slender rope, appears to totter, and to fall from the giddy crowd below him. And though as brave as any that drive breath, Raymond Clifford was not of the mortal foe. a touch with whose walking-stick or finger-tip must needs have been his instant death-blow.

He was by no means so exhausted, or at least so near to exhaustion, as he seemed; and, taking advantage of Gideon's momentary glance aside, he slid down along this almost perpendicular track as slowly as fast and headlong he had seemed to arrest the force of gravity. At last—that is, after such a second of time as might count against a year of ordinary life—he felt that he had stopped himself. Above him hung the frowning brow of the precipice, under which his sideways course had brought him, so that he was quite hidden from his enemy's sight. He had just possessed himself of that fact, when, from the depths below, came up the innumerable flocks of sea-fowl, as though to resent his intrusion into their almost aerial dominions. The touch of a passing wing would have set him falling, like another Lucifer, through space: their hideous and unctuous cries, as they flew, would have deafened, stunned the solid earth, shook his very soul within him, and closing his eyes, he waited for the moment, as though for the stroke of doom. Upon the sloping ledge on which he lay, never before had any creature bigger than a bird found footing; a few more inches, and it terminated, as Raymond found out afterward, without a rim, a crack, or nodosity—smooth, as though a carpenter's plane had levelled it. If he had known it then, even his iron nerves might have given way, or proved unequal to the task that lay before him. But he had but to hasten on, to climb up the slope to which he clung with foot and finger, he steadily turned them to the cliff alone, notwithstanding that there seemed once devil within him that prompted him to glance into the unfathomable deep, and so to perish. Then he perceived upon his left hand, and so close that he could touch it had he dared to move, a ledge broad enough, and long enough to contain his body, and which seemed to widen with its depth. To the *mens sana*, reasoning in its arm-chair, or, indeed, to the most experienced the adventurer of level ground, his getting into this hole would have seemed merely the exchange of a speedy death for one somewhat certain, although more lingering; but to Alva, stretched on that ledge of death, it appeared (so comparative is the estimate of life and death) the haven of security—a consummation scarcely to be hoped for, so intense was his desire to attain it. Yes, that five-foot orifice in the precipitous sandstone wall of white seemed to him like the gate of heaven.

Slowly as a small creeps, writhing as a worm crawls, and trailing his whole body along the ground, as one in pain, Raymond dragged himself into the golden sand, which, from its warm and muscle failed together, and he lay for a little like one dead—to all appearance as though he had fallen from the precipice, a fragment of the rock upon that pebbly beach. When consciousness returned, he found himself in an excavation of considerable size, the roof of which was sufficiently high to permit him to stand upright. From this dark recess the broad blue sky showed bright, and, as he gazed, the sea seemed to shine more joyously than Raymond had ever seen them; the very waves, across which had not as yet by any means subsided, had now a note of gratulation for his ear, and thankfully he throbbing brow refreshed with the cool breeze, they softly fanned, which had whispered to him but a few minutes back of Death. Then, with the sense of present safety, arose that of future peril. How was it possible that he should ever escape from such a prison? It was most unusual, he well knew, for any cave to have more than one issue—more than the rocks and inlets; and even if they did so, how was he to draw attention to himself in such a strange and unfrequented place of durance?

Moreover, if even he should make people aware of his being in such a predicament, by what means could he obtain food? Long before they could dig down to him through the solid rock he would have perished of hunger. He came, to his astonishment, or so to himself attempting to escape by the same road, his brain reeled at the very thought of it, and he shrank back into the cave. But the extent of the peril to which he had been so lately exposed, and, having seen it, his whole being revolted at the idea of encountering it over a second time in the like manner. What he had heard of the wondrous agility of the bird-catchers in these parts of the country was true, but as he well knew how the rock above him overhung his place of refuge, and felt, with a sinking of his whole heart, that not even those human spiders by was impossible.

Gideon, however, most occupied Raymond's thoughts, and racked him with fears lest he should to attract the attention of his fellow-creatures, and for his own sake, that Mildred and her child might be warned in time of the treacherous design of Gideon Carr. To foresee misfortune and to avert it—there, and to be powerless to avert it—there is no anguish bites like that. It is the very nightmare of reality—a curse that falls like shame upon the brave heart. Even now, How should he let her know her danger? Should he pencil it out a score of times upon the backs of the letters which happened to have with him, and trust them, like the Sibyl's leaves, to the winds, in hopes that one at least might flutter to their feet? Alas! the wind was now blowing from off-shore, and forebode even that promiseless project. Or should he enclose a letter in a bottle, and cast it into the sea, and pace to the beach below, on the chance of its attracting the attention of some passer-by? where neither pleasure nor business brought a human creature from one month's end to another! Sick at heart with his helplessness, in a place of such rich scenes, Raymond turned wearily away from the mocking sunshine, and sought the gloom of the interior of the cave.

As he did so, it struck him, for the first time, how strange it was that there were no sea-birds, nor any traces of them, in a place so much suited, adapted for their purposes than the precarious ledges all about him, which were swarming with eggs and callow young. What could have kept out such tenants from so convenient an abode? No accumulation of dust and kind could harbor in such a position, while eyrie of hawk or harbor in certainly was not. His third footstep struck against something soft, which he carried with some difficulty, though without resistance, to the light, when this riddle in natural history received its solution.

The reason why the guillemots avoided the cave was, because it was the occasional resort of man, or, at all events, bore tokens of his presence. What Raymond had dragged forth was a large bundle, neatly packed in sail-cloth, and containing a large quantity of foreign ince. Half-a-dozen similar packages were arranged in a semi-circle, at the back of the cavern, along with two or three bales of rich and handsome shawls. These costly articles were not very useful to Raymond in his present situation, except that, combining, they formed a by no means despicable bed. Their chief value to him lay in the fact that they needs must have a mortal owner, and, probably, some mechanical means of communicating with his property. It would have been a speculation of considerable importance to Raymond, had his own interests been alone at stake, as to when this communication took place, with respect to his bodily safety; but the needs and cries are at times much necessities of life as Brussels lace and Cashmere shawls, and his anxiety was not for his wife and child swallowed up all other cares. Again and again was he grave accustomed to the semi-darkness of his retreat, he minutely examined the walls and roof in search of some means of egress, by which he could make his way to the nearest Cottage, first to protect his dear ones, and then to bring help to himself, and was sold with. Disappointing, too, how far beneath the surface the cave was excavated, and how solid the rock. To observation any opening needs must be, made at the back of the Beacon Down, he was satisfied that nothing of the sort existed. Secrecy was evidently the main consideration with those who stored their goods in such a place as that in which Raymond now found himself; nor had he any doubt that he was in a hiding-place of smugglers, as they called themselves, persons in authority, among whom the law and the whole part of the community stigmatized as smugglers. It was the knowledge of this that made his Sunday friends were part-owners of these very goods, which, indeed, they had no right to belong to any one individual. This, however (as it seemed to Raymond at the moment), was a matter of secondary consequence. Shawls and lace might belong to the smugglers of the law or not; all that concerned him was, that they were clear of to be the owners might send to fetch them—although by what means he could not say so much as guess—the dreadful morrow, on which hung the fate of Mildred and her child.

But the curtain of night descended slowly upon the cavern, and the hours of which Raymond wore on without a sound, save the monotonous murmuring of the sea and the shrill scream of the herring-gull and kittiwake.

THE QUADRILATERAL.

As the attention of the world is now turned to Europe, about to be convulsed with the direst shock of contending armies, and especially to that part of it which is Italian dominion, we give a sketch of this interesting spot, together with the position of the noted fortresses which guard it.

In a late number we endeavored to explain the reasons why the statesman and people of Italy look to add the province of Venetia to the Italian kingdom, and why Austria, now in possession of that province, should desire to retain it. We have now to refer to the great obstacle lying in the way of any power which may attempt to wrest Venice from Austria by force of arms, and to the military requirement to be usually known as "The Quadrilateral."

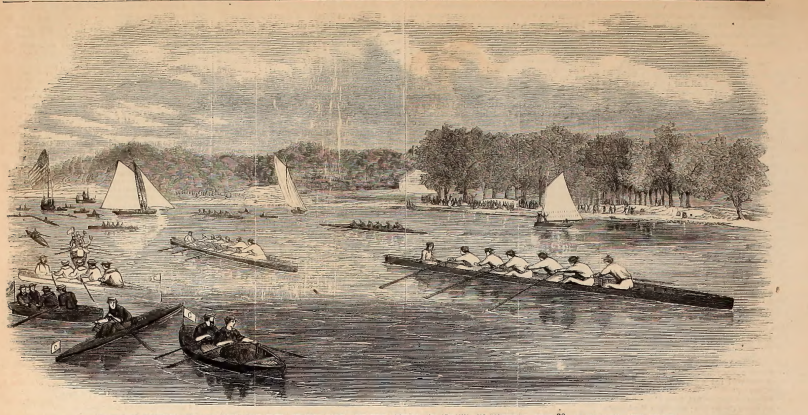
The Quadrilateral is properly applied to any figure possessing *four sides*, and, consequently, four angles or corners. In this case it has reference to a figure of four sides, formed by the fortresses of Peschiera, of Venice, and which form the corners of a rough quadrilateral figure, as it were, the boundaries of which are Peschiera, Verona and Legnago; and these mutual positions in relation to each other will be understood by reference to the map, as soon as one reference to the accompanying neat.

Up to the year 1859, the fortress of Peschiera hardly was ceded to Piedmont, and it became a permanent fortress of the kingdom of Italy, the empire, on the one hand, and of Piedmont—or, as we should say, of Italy—on the other. The Adige, rising in the Alpine mountains are the natural boundaries of states, and in the Quadrilateral, the Adige flows from the lake of Mincio, which will be seen marked upon our map. The fortress of Peschiera, at the Lake of Garda source of the Po, the latter the greatest of Italian rivers. At the above-mentioned lake of Garda, which is the largest of the lakes, is the fortified town of Peschiera, and twenty-two miles to the southward, as it covers the left bank of Mantua, round which the Mincio forms a lake, and which is the second fortress of the line.

The line of the Mincio between Peschiera and Mantua is the weakest part of the Quadrilateral. The second line is bounded by Verona on the north and Legnago on the south, the distance between these towns is 25 miles, the distance of twenty-three miles. On the south the river Adige flows from the Austrian territory from the north of the Italian kingdom.

Verona, the most important element in the strength of the Quadrilateral, as their passage alone would prevent a hostile army advancing to the line of the Mincio in force. But the great strength of the position is, of course, to be found in the fortresses, and to be powerful forces which mutually support each other. They are so far apart that the attacking army in attempting to lay separate sieges would have to be undertaken, if the position was properly defended, by a force which, at the same time, so near together, that, if one were attacked, the garrison could forward from the other troops for its assistance. Again, no enemy could attempt to advance on Venice, or to threaten the line of the Adige, unless he were in force sufficiently numbered the Quadrilateral; for such a movement would be a flank movement, and would be in the teeth of the troops which would be against the most elementary principles of warfare. Peschiera, Verona and Legnago are the fortresses of the Quadrilateral are, therefore, not only strong of themselves, but they are also a strong defense for the Austrian empire; and this is why Austria desires to retain the Quadrilateral, and why the position of Italy would then have been pursued to the completion of the Austrian line of fortresses, and would have placed her own dominions, while its sister province, Lombardy, was free.

Large sums have been expended by Austria upon the works of the four fortresses, and every thing that art can suggest for their care has been taken to strengthen them in every possible way. Verona is the largest town in the Quadrilateral, and the garrison is capable of accommodating twenty thousand men. Peschiera and Legnago are of less interest from their size than the Quadrilateral. The population of the former is about three thousand, and of the latter, six thousand.



BOAT RACE BETWEEN THE ATALANTA BOAT CLUB, OF NEW YORK, AND THE MUTUAL, OF ALBANY, ON SATURDAY, JUNE 30, AT HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

BOAT RACE OFF HOBOKEN.

THE advocates of physical culture must be highly gratified with the many evidences that their views are so generally received with favor and their principles so constantly put in practice. There is now no lack of opportunity for the development of skill, agility and muscular powers, and we are rapidly making out-door sports our most popular entertainment.

Men of all classes are turning their attention in this direction, and the various clubs that make athletic exercises a speciality are composed of some of our best citizens.

This fact insures their respectability and renders their public exhibitions both popular and attractive. On this page we give a sketch of a spirited rowing match between the Atalanta Club of this city and the Mutual, of Albany or the supremacy in the art of sculling, and as a test of skill in handling the oar, which took place on the Hudson river, opposite Hoboken, on the 30th of June. The Atalanta is composed of amateurs, and is regarded as the most proficient club in this vicinity.

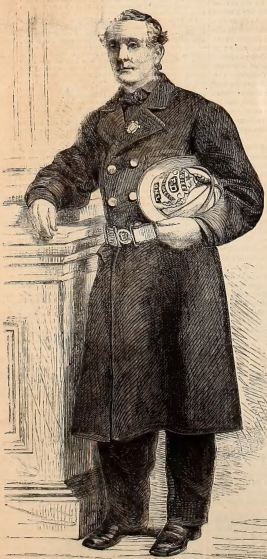
The Atalanta Club provided a commodious barge for the accommodation of their numerous friends, also a band, whose sweet strains added greatly to the attractions of the occasion.

On both sides of the river the banks and piers were lined with crowds of anxious spectators, eager to watch the contest, while the course was dotted with numbers of small craft of every description. Several clubs of the city likewise were present, and the Columbia had their splendid six-oar shell in position, as if awaiting a challenge to test their prowess.

The two competing boats were six-oar outriggers, manned by picked crews from each club. The race commenced shortly after five o'clock, the Mutuals having slightly the start, and going off with a short, quick stroke, while the Atalantas took a longer, steady pull, which in the end proved successful. A slight breeze prevailed, and as the boats dashed along amid the cheers and salutations from the spectators on the river and shores, the scene became most exciting.

The stake-boat at the upper terminus of the race-course was stationed off Forty-fourth street, on the Hoboken side, the entire distance being three miles, going and returning. A signal gun announced the rounding of the stake-boat, which was accomplished by the Atalanta about two boats' length in advance of her opponent.

This advantage was continued on the return, and the Atalanta came in five lengths ahead, having performed the quickest time on record for amateur clubs —three miles in eighteen minutes and forty-three seconds. Fifteen seconds later the Ivanhoe rounded, and received, together with the winning boat, the deserved applause of all who witnessed the really exciting and successful trial of amateur skill and muscle. They then returned to New York, all parties well satisfied with the result. In the evening the members of the Mutual were entertained by the Atlantas with a dinner, which was given in their honor at the Park Hotel, Hoboken.



DAVID M. LYLE, ESQ., CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.

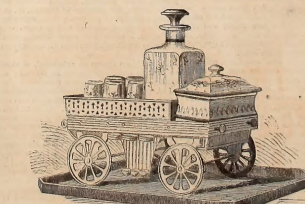


COFFEE URN PRESENTED TO JEFF. DAVIS, BY HIS FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

COFFEE URN AND TENDER PRESENTED TO JEFF. DAVIS.

WHILE the Confederacy gave promise of some thing like permanence, the friends of its President, in France, presented to him a unique and costly coffee urn, an illustration of which we give in this paper. It is composed of china, and is made in the form of a locomotive engine and tender. The wheels are heavily gilt, and appear like solid metal. In front of the engine is the inscription, "Confederate States of America," surrounding the different flags, and the motto: "*Aide-toi, Dieu t'aidera.*" A lamp is placed beneath, to heat the water, which passes through the smoke-stack, containing the coffee, and, after being filtered, is drawn off in the usual manner. The engineer is represented by a small figure holding a bell. The entire urn is most beautifully finished, and adorned in the highest style of modern art. The *tender* is also made of china, and contains a decanter, with glasses and sugar-bowl. Beneath the bowl is a music-box, and under the decanter a receptacle for cigars. The various parts of the tender are gilt, to correspond with the urn.

Previous to the evacuation of Richmond, many articles in the Presidential mansion, that could not readily be packed and carried away, were disposed of at auction, and among them was this beautiful urn. It attracted the attention of a gentleman of taste, who became its purchaser, and, some time afterward, presented it to President Johnson, in whose library it now stands, as an ornament and not an article of use. As a beautiful work of skill it will always be admired, while its peculiar history invests it with a special interest.



TENDER TO THE COFFEE URN PRESENTED TO JEFF. DAVIS.

THE DOG CHUM.

THIS dog belongs to a Mr. Dodnell, Baysworth, England. Every morning he takes the bell off

the stand by the kitchen door, and carrying the thong of leather to which it is hung in his mouth, calls up the workmen, by ringing it at their bed-room doors. He possesses a great variety of amusing and useful accomplishments. Put the most dainty and tempting morsel under Chum's nose, and say, as he looks at it, the word, "Mine!" and he will guard it, but neither eat it himself nor allow any one to touch it but his master or the one who put it in his charge; but if the word, "Yours" is uttered, then Chum instantly shows that he understands the morsel belongs to him.

Chum is very playful, and has a habit of jumping up and taking off his master's or the apprentices' caps in sport, but he knows both when to begin and when to end his sport; not before and not after as he allowed does he thus frolic. He can be both merry and wise, a combination that many so-called rational creatures often fail to attain. Chum is so accustomed to see the family assemble to the reading of the Scriptures, that at the opening of the Bible he knows his place, under a chair in the corner, and there he stays, perfectly still, during family worship. But his greatest merit, perhaps, consists in his being a messenger. His master has another house and shop a little distance up the street. Chum goes all the messages between the two shops. He carries a basket in his mouth—a little one when it is only a letter or a small parcel that he has to take; a large basket when he takes packages or the dinner of the young person who serves in the upper shop. If his master or mistress, on sending him, says, "Make haste back!" he understands and obeys the order. They know at the other shop that he must not stay, for he shows signs of impatience and haste in depositing his burden.

Chum's education has been conducted on the principle of love. The little treat and the word of encouragement, combined with patience and firmness, have trained him, and as no harshness has ever developed his angry feelings, he is full of affection. Children especially he delights in. On the Sunday and Infant-School festivals Chum is looked for with the greatest interest, and he enters into all the sports, giving and receiving pleasure as merrily as any one. It certainly would not be safe for any one to attempt to take Chum's basket or parcel away from him when he is going his messages. He can growl and show a terrible array of white teeth, and eyes that are in a moment like two flames. So, while in trust, he is not meddled with, to the injury of the property he carries. But he knows that he must not show ill-temper, and of this an evidence was lately given.

He had been very active, both at his messages and in carrying things in the house, and was lying down comfortably before the fire, at his master's feet. His mistress passed him, and the skirt of her dress touched his face; he lifted up his head impatiently, and gave a low growl, something like a sharp threat. "Oh, Chum, you unkind dog, to behave so to me!" said his mistress. Chum reared himself instantly, and looked around the room as if confused. "Bad dog!" said his master, gravely. Then, sitting on his haunches, Chum raised one of his fore-paws and rested it on his master's knee, while he dropped his head and care nearly to the ground. If ever contrition was expressed by a dumb creature, Chum showed it then, while his paw on his master's knee was like a hand uplifted to ask pardon. I thought I had seen all the changes of feeling that an intelligent child might experience, who had done wrong for first shame, then sorrow, then entreaty. Of course Chum was forgiven, and then, having thoroughly fondled his master and mistress, he stretched himself comfortably, and slept—as wise and honest a dog as any in England.



STREET BEGGAR IN CARACAS, VENEZUELA.



THE DOG CHUM ARousing THE WORKMEN.

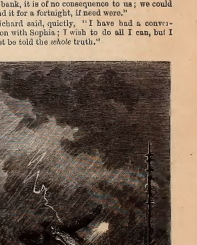
STREET BEGGARS IN CARACAS.

While street-begging is often a great nuisance in many of our cities, it is not so thoroughly systematized and connected with so many peculiar adjuncts as in some other parts of the world. Here it is exotic, rather than indigenous; our fast notions do not encourage mendicancy, and when every one, rightly disposed, can find something to do, beggars have few opportunities of success. A beggar mounted would be an impossibility in the United States, but in South America such a spectacle is quite common.

Our illustration shows one of these peripatetic philosophers in Caracas. When we remember that a horse or a mule may be had for the catching, our surprise at the apparent indolence and impudence of the alms-seeker will give way to amusement at his ludicrous appearance. He, however, piles his calling assiduously, and spends his days as happily as many whose circumstances are more in accordance with proper views of civilization and refinement.

SINGULAR DEATH BY LIGHTNING.

The number of persons who fall victims to the fearful thunderbolt is comparatively very small, and we have less to fear from the sublime contests of the elements than from many apparently insignificant forces. Since the introduction of the telegraph, some singular occurrences have proved the terrible power of an agent, that, generally so obedient to man, sometimes becomes his master and enemy. Such an incident is shown in our illustration, and took place recently in Illinois. A Mr. Whitton, a railroad engineer, making one of his accustomed trips, had occasion to stop his train, in consequence of the telegraph line being thrown down by a storm. He was in the act of lifting the wire from the track, when a flash of lightning struck the line at that point, tearing it into small pieces, and instantly killing Mr. Whitton. The men who saw the accident state that they observed a ball of fire, as large as a man's fist, issue from Whitton's breast. He was buried on the spot where he was killed. The operator states that this was the most terrific storm of lightning he ever witnessed.



SINGULAR DEATH BY LIGHTNING.

DAVID M. LYLE,
Chief Engineer Philadelphia Fire Department.

Mr. Lyle was born in Philadelphia in the year 1818. After arriving at proper age he was apprenticed to the trade of house-painting, at which he worked until 1861. He then received from the Collector of the Port of Philadelphia an appointment in the Custom House, where he remained for about four years, when he retired, and now devotes his whole attention to the duties of Chief Engineer of the Fire Department.

In the year 1838, he became a member of the Fairmount Fire Company, and so continues until the present time. He was an engineer (or director) of that company for about nineteen consecutive years, and also a member of the "Investigating Committee" for about the same period. He has represented his company as a "Delegate to the Fire Association" for the past seventeen years, and still holds that position.

He was also an Assistant Engineer of the Fire Department for two years, and has held the present position of Chief Engineer for three consecutive terms, making in the aggregate eight years.

In his own company (the Fairmount), he has held all minor and important positions since his election as a member thereof, being, as above stated, for the space of twenty-eight years.

In 1846 he was placed upon the Honorary (or Exempt) roll of the Fairmount, and has also been elected a life member of many of the companies throughout the United States.

During the rebellion, the Philadelphia Fire Department took charge of the removal of all sick and wounded soldiers and sailors arriving in the city. These numbered about 180,000. The department placed this duty under Mr. Lyle's superintendence, and during the entire time it was faithfully performed both by the Department and its Chief. In all the relations of life Mr. Lyle commands the respect of his fellow-citizens, and the admiration of those officials with whom he is brought in contact.

The Run on the Bank.

In the town of A——, one hundred and fifty miles from New York, Mr. Sydney was the banker, as his father and his grandfather had been before him—all of them honorable men. His daughter was engaged to Richard Winton, the highest merchant of the place, but though twenty years older than Miss Sydney, her father made it a condition of his consent that Mr. Winton should realize thirty-five thousand dollars in addition to the fifteen thousand dollars he gave her as a marriage portion, so as to make up fifty thousand dollars to be secured in the marriage settlement.

Of this sum Mr. Winton had already paid in thirty-three thousand dollars to Mr. Sydney's bank, and after a round of visits to various agents, from whom he had received sums due to him very nearly amounting to the remaining two thousand dollars, he rode up one afternoon to Mr. Sydney's counting-house, to pay it into his account.

It was market-day in the country town, and the thoroughfare appeared to be unusually crowded. As he dismounted from his horse a gossiping acquaintance accosted his arm.

"Have you heard the news? They are gone stark, staring mad in New York. Some of the stock-jobbers whom they call bears (that is, fellows who seek to stamp down the prices of everything) are driving down all before them. Sydney's cashier has taken advantage of the disturbance to bolt, with all the cash he could lay hands on. There is a run on the bank, and it is thought impossible that Sydney can stand."

Richard Winton winced his informant a hasty good-morning, and hurried away to Mr. Sydney's private house. He saw his betrothed. She bothered to meet him, and gave her hand. It was cold and clammy in his clasp.

"Tell me, Sophie, the simple facts. How much is gone, and how far may I rely on the statements I shall hear at the bank? You know how earnestly I wish to support your father, but I must not sacrifice you. Only let me know the truth, for I cannot act in uncertainty."

"You must be governed by your own judgment Richard. The reports are exaggerated grossly; but more than enough is true. My brother William is gone to New York to fetch supplies. If he return with them in time for banking hours to-morrow, *and if you do not draw out*, all is safe. Otherwise, the doors must close, and my poor father—you know his feelings—he is frantic already at the disgrace of having the bank run upon; what would he be, then, if it stopped?"

"Is William certain to get the supplies?"

"We hope—we believe so; but go and judge for yourself. Do not save us at your own expense!"

"My love, the question is *how* to save you—whether by seeking to prop up the bank, or by snatching from the scramble the means of providing home and comfort for you and yours afterward." He kissed her forehead with solemnity and affection, then hastened from the room to communicate with her father.

It was with some difficulty that he gained admission to the private room of the bank, where Mr. Sydney was evidently embarrassed how to receive him.

"Let me speak with you in private for a moment," said Richard.

"Surely, surely, my dear sir;" and, as he led the way, "this senseless panic is indeed an annoying business—but a mere annoyance. As for the bank, it is of no consequence to us; we could stand it for a fortnight, if need were."

Richard said, quietly, "I have had a conversation with Sophie; I wish to do all I can, but I must be told the *whole* truth."

his master with a note. He glanced over the writing, and threw it to Richard in a rage.

"Look at that from Jones Wimperly, the greedy shark! So he must come, too—he that I have helped times after times with hundreds upon hundreds, when his bond was worth no more than his word. He, forsooth, must regret to have 'a particular occasion for his uncle's legacy now in my hands!' I tell you what, Richard Winton, make your election, and don't spend your cool reason upon a frantic man. Do you desire to draw out the whole or any part of your property intrusted to me? It lies between you and this Wimperley. Both demands cannot be met; and if one must be preferred, I would rather it were yours. Speak, I say, sir."

"And *I* say, speak, sir," replied Richard, in a voice of calm authority. "Answer me two questions rationally, and then I *will* tell you my decision. What reason have you to suppose that your New York bankers will send you the required remittances back by William?"

"My reason for supposing that they will is, that he carried with him ample securities to justify them in doing so without risk."

"And you solemnly assure me that if he does so return with the supply of cash you have asked for, you can hold on?"

"Mr. Winton, forgive my emotion. I care little about lessening my private property or even my children's; but I pledge myself you shall suffer no ultimate loss. On the faith of an honest, though most wretched man, you shall not—all I want is time."

"Then send Wimperley his money; and let us both go together into the cash office and pay away with both hands to all applicants. Just send a messenger up with one line that I am writing to Sophia, and fill me out a bumper of that Madeira; then to our desks."

The news spread rapidly that Mr. Richard Winton, after he had been closeted with Mr. Sydney, and had examined into his affairs, had satisfied himself that all was safe, and was helping the bank to his uttermost. This tended powerfully to allay the public panic, which was, in truth, one of unreasoning distrust. The doors of the bank were kept open an hour beyond the usual time, in the full confidence that the night mail would bring William and ample supplies for the demands of the morrow. Alas! the mail arrived, but no William nor any tidings—no parcel, no letter.

Mr. Sydney relapsed into all the agonies of irritation and despair. It was only by threatening to withdraw his promise of the afternoon that Richard Winton persuaded him to take an opiate and go to bed. Then Richard Winton proceeded to take measures for the morrow. His mind rose to the occasion which the weaker mind sank under. Had the request for temporary assistance, coupled with the offer of securities, been addressed in the first instance to the leading men in the neighborhood, the money might have been raised at once, and much painful anxiety been spared. But Mr. Sydney's selfish pride could not brook such a request to men whom he was in the habit of meeting on more than equal terms. He would rather apply to strangers at a distance, and so he sent his son to New York.

When he rose from his bed the next morning, after the strange, unhealthy slumber caused by the sleeping draught, he seemed scarcely conscious even when awake. He signed his name and looked and spoke more like a moving automaton than a living man. The demands upon the bank gradually grew less both in the number and amount, but still they did not cease altogether, and still William Sydney returned not. The alarm as to what could cause this delay was becoming utterly intolerable, and Richard Winton was in the act of proposing to Mr. Sydney that he himself should hurry off to New York and see what had become of William, when a sudden trampling sound was heard at a distance. As it grew nearer, loud huzzas and the noise of carriage-wheels filled all in the bank with excitement. Rushing to the door, they saw a carriage draw up, which the crowd was greeting with hearty shouts. Opening the door from the inside, and without waiting for the steps to be let down, the first person who sprung out was William Sydney, looking like one risen from the dead. The next who got out of the carriage was a stranger, with pistols in his hands, but looking calm and self-possessed. The third, for whom help was needed, as he was heavily ironed, was the delinquent cashier. The remaining and heaviest part of the contents of the carriage were two strong iron-bound bullion chests.

"Am I in time?" asked William Sydney, in a sepulchral voice.

"You are in time?" answered Richard Winton, "but what in the name of heaven detained you?"

"At the moment I was starting back with the supplies, I got a clue to the whereabouts of that wretched runaway. He was on shipboard, and if not caught at once, must have escaped. I got a search-warrant, and accompanied by this officer, I tracked him out and brought him off, with most of his booty, too. We have come along like fury since we secured him—neither eating, drinking, sleeping, nor scarcely speaking—and now I should like to go to bed till Christmas. Take care of Mr. Higson"—(that was the police-officer)—"he has done his duty like a man. That's all I have to say."

THE *Scientific American* says: "The unpleasant odor produced by perspiration is frequently the source of vexation to persons who are subject to it. Nothing is simpler than to remove this odor much more effectually than by the application of such onguents and perfumes as are in use. It is only necessary to procure some of the compound spirits of ammonia and place about two tablespoonfuls in a basin of water. Washing the face, hands and arms with this, leaves the skin as clean, sweet and fresh as one could wish. The wash is perfectly harmless and very cheap. It is commended on the authority of an experienced physician.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

WITH MUCH RHYME AND MORE REASON.

BY C. D. GARDETTE.

You Bards may sing of "jocund spring;"
Of "dewy mead," and "tuneful choir;"
Or hymn the praise of "summer days:"
My muse strikes quite a different lyre.

A fig "for meads besprent with beads
Of dew!" You'll find, when you are old, sirs,
As I, that naught, forsooth, is brought
From such damp rambles, save a cold, sirs.

Talk as you please of "murmuring bees:"
Their honey always makes me sick, sirs!
And why not sing about their sting?
Perhaps you never felt its prick, sirs?

Then there's the hospitable (!) wasp
(Whose house, if you approach, you'll mourn it;
Although 'tis o'er your very door!)
And his sharp relative, the hornet!

Recline at ease beneath the trees;
Draw forth your novel, and attack its
Absorbing plot—by Jove! the spot
Is on a nest of "yellow jackets!"

Climb o'er a stile—intent the while
On some sweet sylvan meditation,
And—hark! a roar!—and straight before
You charges down some bull of Bashan!

From woods and brakes crawl sudden snakes:
Burrs clutch you: in your flesh thorns rankle:
You tread on toads; and in the roads
The choking dust is over ankle.

But "star-lit eve brings soft reprieve."
Oh! does it? Faith, a different tale you
'll tell, when, as you light your gas,
A myriad insect foes assail you!

Musquitoes, gnats, claw-winged bats,
Huge beetles, floundering, buzzing, turning,
In eyes, mouth, hair; and all the air
Foul with the smell of bugdom burning!

Nay, when you've fled at length to bed,
Of "balmy sleep" you're far from certain;
For, ten to one, some long-bill'd dun
Sneaks under your musquito curtain!

Besides, the heat—but why repeat
The endless trials of the season!
I simply wrote to make a note,
With much of rhyme, yet more of reason!

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

Zoological Garden in New York—Capital $2,000,000—A Free Museum.

THE want of an extensive Zoological Garden in America has long been felt. Several efforts to establish one have been made from time to time, and a few years since the New York Legislature granted a charter and allotted a space in Central Park for that purpose; but the gentlemen who had the subject in hand were inexperienced in this line of business, and they found, upon investigation, that the great expense attending the purchase and maintenance of a complete collection of living animals, placed in a well-arranged Zoological Garden, always far exceeds the receipts. Hence, while as in France and Italy, these institutions are the property of their respective Governments, and are kept up at a large annual outlay, similar establishments in London, Amsterdam, Vienna, etc., are owned and supported by associations of wealthy gentlemen, who contribute large sums annually from their private funds, in addition to all moneys received from visitors. These considerations have hitherto deterred responsible parties from embarking in such a hazardous and expensive enterprise.

Some years since Mr. Barnum visited all of these institutions abroad, and investigated all the details of their management, original cost and daily expenses, and finding that none of them were self-supporting, he announced his intention, at a future day, to establish a Zoological Garden in connection with a Museum, believing that a constant succession of novelties which he could introduce into the latter department would attract such multitudes of visitors as would make the whole a source of pecuniary profit, especially as he proposed duplicating his living animals, and would thus be enabled, during eight months in a year, to dispatch a Menagerie through the country, as he had already done, at a profit.

The burning of the American Museum in July last afforded a good opportunity for Mr. Barnum to inaugurate his long cherished enterprise. His increasing years, although as yet he is but fifty-five, and more particularly the wealth accumulated by his successful career as a caterer for public amusement, caused him for a moment to pause and weigh the advantages of a life of ease and retirement. Professional bias, and probably a degree of pride in founding an establishment which would reflect honor on a career which had been so creditably pursued for nearly a third of a century, soon, however, led him to determine a course of action. Before the bricks of his burning Museum were cold, he sold his land lease of the premises for $200,000 cash, and forthwith started a new Museum farther up Broadway. His adaptation to the business, coupled with a lavish outlay, and his extensive and valuable business connections, at home and abroad, enabled him to collect a larger number of interesting curiosities than it would seem possible to get together in so short a space of time. But from the beginning of his new enterprise, Mr. Barnum's whole study has been how best to arrange a permanent and ever-increasing Zoological Garden in connection with his Museum. The public will be glad to learn that this he has at last satisfactorily and successfully accomplished.

A combination has been formed by uniting Barnum's Museum and the famous Van Amburgh's Menagerie, which is owned and managed by experienced showmen of wealth, and which at present consists of two immense traveling zoological collections, containing specimens of nearly every living bird and animal that has ever been exhibited. A charter for an association, with a capital of two millions of dollars, has been obtained from the Connecticut Legislature, and thirty acres of land have been purchased in the vicinity of Bridgeport, Connecticut, on which are being erected suitable buildings and glass edifices for breeding and acclimating rare animals, birds, &c., and for training some of them for public performances. The present stockholders of this colossal association are all men of great practical experience as public caterers, and all personally engaged in conducting the public exhibitions. In fact, it is determined that no position in connection with this establishment, involving responsibility or sound judgment, shall be filled by any person who is not a man of experience in the business and of good habits, this being considered the best plan to secure efficacy in every department. This combination is to be known as the "Barnum and Van Amburgh Museum and Menagerie Company," and these two establishments will form the *nucleii* about which is to be reared the most comprehensive place of amusement and instruction which has ever existed on this continent.

At a future day an entire square or more, higher up town, will be required for this mammoth show. Until such an establishment is reared, a new building, of forty by two hundred feet, adjoining the present Museum, has been secured. In the immense series of halls now open, and to be immediately erected, almost every rare and curious thing, from all parts of the globe, will be gathered. Living animals from every region and clime will be confined in cages proper for their exhibition; and besides all these, a feature in public amusement never attempted by any one but by Mr. Barnum, will be introduced, in the shape of whales, sea-cows, walrus, seals and the many wonderful creatures of the deep, plashing in their native element, and swimming about in gigantic aquariums. Preserved specimens in every branch of natural history, and scientific curiosities of every description, will be provided, and will not only yield pleasure to the merely curious, but will also render substantial gratification to the student. Relics of "ye olden time," to remind us of the times, manners and customs of our ancestors, and curious things to give us an idea of the habits and methods of life of foreign nations and savage tribes, will also be collected, and cannot fail to be interesting as well to the pleasure-seeker as to the antiquary and philanthropist.

Living human phenomena, giants, dwarfs, Albinos, specimens of Indian tribes, etc., will, as of yore, ring the endless changes which always insure something new and interesting at each visit to the Museum, even if it is made every week day in the year.

Equestrian and acrobatic entertainments, pantomimes, spectacle, panoramic, scenic and optical novelties, a gallery of paintings, music and the moral drama, will be important features in the new institution, while occasional dog-shows, bird-shows and poultry-shows, will vary the attractions to please all tastes. We are glad to add that the proprietors will keep the prices down to those hitherto charged for admission to the Museum.

A noble feature in the establishment, and one which Mr. Barnum prides himself upon as of vast and growing service to this and future generations, is, that an interesting portion of this immense concern is to be thrown open to the public, to be enjoyed, under proper restrictions for the preservation of order, like the Louvre, in Paris, the British Museum, in London, and some other Governmental Museums abroad, free of any charge for admission. Many gifts of curiosities from American citizens and others abroad have been received, and it is probable that, when this feature is generally known, many more will be found to gravitate toward the great collection, so that ere long we may find, among hosts of lesser curiosities presented, contributions of paintings, sculpture, armor, and other valuable donations, which may even rival the famous "Elgin Marbles" in interest. All these are to be properly labeled and catalogued, with the names of donors, and collected into a free department, which is to be maintained by the Company, at their own expense, and by the profits arising from the other departments. Contributions to this department have been commended by many gentlemen of distinction; and it is believed that not only ambassadors, consuls and commercial agents, as well as American ladies and gentlemen traveling abroad, will gladly send some interesting contributions to this free National Museum, but that foreigners and their Governmental Museums will furnish some memento, so that Kings, Queens, and, perhaps, the Pope, will be in some manner represented among the articles of interest therein deposited for public gratification. The Museum was the only place of amusement which the Prince of Wales visited in America, and it is not unlikely that his Royal Highness will take pleasure in sending a tangible evidence of his remembrance of that visit.

It is quite possible that, in the course of years, the whole collection of animal curiosities will be thrown open free, and kept up at the expense of this Company.

Mr. Barnum sails for Europe on the 18th of July, to secure curiosities and to confer with agents, who have been at work for months in procuring the *materiel* for this enterprise, some of whom have already traversed large portions of Africa and Asia in search of rare animals and other novelties.

Among his latest purchases is the entire collection of the late Gordon Cumming, the great lion-slayer, consisting of the heads, horns, tusks, skins, etc., of African animals slain by this intrepid hunter, and made historic by his reckless daring and unerring rifle. This enormous collection was bought at a public sale in London, at a cost to the Museum of four thousand pounds.

THE MIRACLE OF BRACCIANO.

WHENEVER ancient Rome was in peril, and the patricians wished to arouse the masses to the full sense of the impending danger, a miracle was wont to occur. An ox spoke, or wondrous apparitions appeared, or mysterious clangor broke the silence of night, and an awe fell upon the commonalty highly conducive to obedience or self-sacrifice. The priests, who have preserved so many of the traditions of the Old World, who never, for example, to this day forget that Rome is the only historic centre of a sovereignty based on a universal instead of a national idea; the one spot whose relation with Warsaw or New York is imaginatively as complete as with Florence, seem to have retained this weapon of statecraft also. They have just performed a miracle, and an exceedingly effective one, which has awed the lower populace of Rome, and stirred up Voltairian Frenchmen to careful investigation—a double effect, which enables us to see for once clearly how ecclesiastical miracles are got up.

A brigand of a peculiarly atrocious character, known to have been guilty of repeated murders and horrible acts of cruelty, fell recently into the hands of the Papal authorities. Although very unwilling to inflict capital punishment, the authorities thought this man's crimes too great for endurance, and he was sentenced to decapitation at Bracciano, a little town about twenty-six miles from Rome. The guillotine was erected, and on the 23d of May the criminal was led to it and bound down in the regular way, between two upright slides, in which the heavy knife runs. The instrument was set in motion and the knife began to descend, when the sides suddenly slipped together into the form of a V, so as to prevent the descent of the knife on the throat, which lay protected by the converging beams. The machine was so disarranged that hours must elapse before it was again in working order, and the crowd, at once superstitious and hostile to the law, clamored for a reprieve. The Pope, on hearing of the occurrence, of course accepted it as a Providence, and ordered the wretched man to be set free, a mercy received by the brigand with the sneering comment, "Oh, these confounded priests are going to make a miracle!" Immediately after Rome was inundated with a printed report of the occurrence, which is now before us, and which attributes the entire series of incidents to the personal interposition of the Blessed Virgin. This narrative is not the work of an ecclesiastical sensation-monger, but is hawked publicly about Rome, where nothing, not even a card of invitation, can be printed without the previous imprimatur of the Grand Inquisitor, and its circulation has been openly promoted by the officials.

The document contains the account which the powers who preside in Rome wish to disseminate amongst the population, and actually circulate by means that, according to the law of Rome, are obtainable only through their agency and by their favor. Upon this head there is not the possibility of raising a doubt. The shape and language of the publication are equally characteristic and unambiguous. It forms a broadside, with a coarse woodcut of the Virgin at the top. We there read how the criminal received the announcement of the fatal hour in meditative silence, his sole ejaculatio having been a sentimental regret that his executio should contaminate the virgin purity of the month of May, consecrated to the service of the Madonna. On leaving the prison, we are told that, as he passed an image of the Virgin, the culprit instinctively looked up to it with fervor, saying, in a half-suppressed tone, "Ah, were I not really to die thus, I know that it is to the Madonna that I should owe this grace!" And now comes the culminating moment of the hour. Having "mounted the scaffold and recommended himself to God for the last time, he laid his head beneath the horrible knife; with a firm hand did the executioner loosen the edged blade, which came down swiftly, when, on touching the victim's neck, it stopped without injuring the same, one voice alone being heard in the awful silence, the voice of the sufferer, who, alive and unhurt, was addressing himself to the Mother of God with the words, "*Evvive Maria!*" It will be observed that here we have a circumstantial narrative of all the details of the supernatural incident, for the sharp-edged knife is spoken of as having actually come down upon the neck af the condemned, and there to have lain on it with the gentleness of an innocuous feather ruff, through the merciful intervention of an all-powerful Virgin Mary, who had been touched by the criminal's sentimental reverence for her particular self. It is as complete and striking a piece of supernatural effect as can be conceived, and we are not astonished to be informed that the imagination of the devout and the brigand classes has been specially inflamed by the incident, and thrown into an exceptional transport of excitement. In fact, the composition has been a successful piece of authorship, and has had a decided run in Rome, where the brigands and assassins now being enrolled, almost publicly, by the ex-King of Naples, are naturally rejoiced at so unmistakable an intervention of the divine power on their behalf. If they may commit crime, yet be saved from its consequences, enlistment pays, and enlistments, consequently, are increasing rapidly.

The success of the scheme would have been complete, but for one untoward incident. It happens that Bracciano lies within the territory still occupied by French troops, and General Montebello did not altogether approve either the miracle, the Virgin Mary not being a properly authorized State official, or the excitement it had caused in Rome. He availed himself of his military authority to order the matter to be investigated by secular persons; and we have reason to know that the result was a report that the man's life had been saved by the slipping together of the vertical beams—an occurrence absolutely impossible unless the affair had been previously arranged with the executioner. Of course that report will not reach the Romans, or probably the Pope; the latter of whom will continue to regard the affair as a merciful accident, and the former as a proof positive either that the Virgin favors the cause of the ex-King, or—which is more probable—that devotion to her will excuse even Bourbon brigands from the consequences of their crime. It is not often that the genesis of an ecclesiastical miracle can be so clearly traced, or that the priests venture to invent so little. In this instance they have adhered to facts with commendable closeness, the single falsity being that the intervention of the Virgin is substituted for that of the executioner and those whom he obeyed. It is quite possible, even, that the brigand, though he did not believe in the miracle, did put up the prayers to the Madonna, with which a Southern Italian prefaces every act, good and bad, almost, as it were by instinct, and as readily among crowds as when alone.

ALBERT N'YANZA.

THIS is the name given to a great lake in the interior of Africa, which is one of the reservoirs feeding the Nile. Mr. Barker, a traveler, who visited it in 1864, gives the following account of his first view of its waters:

"The sun had not risen when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who, having been promised a double handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment. The day broke beautifully clear, and having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay, far beneath, the grand expanse of water—a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noon-day sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about seven thousand feet above its level. It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment; here was the reward for all our labor—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! Long before I reached this spot, I had arranged to give three cheers with all our men, in English style, in honor of the discovery; but now that I looked down upon the great inland sea lying nestled in the very heart of Africa, and thought how vainly mankind had sought these sources throughout so many ages, and reflected that I had been the humble instrument permitted to unravel this portion of the great mystery when so many greater than I had failed, I felt too serious to vent my feelings in vain cheers for victory, and I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end. I was about 1,500 feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters—upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt, and brought fertility where all was a wilderness—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind; that source of bounty and of blessings to millions of human beings; and as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honor it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen and deplored by every Englishman, I called this great lake 'the Albert N'yanza.' The Victoria and the Albert lakes are the two sources of the Nile. * * * The beach was perfectly clean sand, upon which the waves rolled like those of the sea, throwing up weeds precisely as seaweed may be seen upon the English shore. It was a grand sight to look upon this vast reservoir of the mighty Nile, and to watch the heavy swell tumbling upon the beach, while far to the south-west, the eye searched as vainly for a bound as though upon the Atlantic. It was with extreme emotion that I enjoyed this glorious scene."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THERE is an editor out West, who, when he is short of matter, sends out his paper with one side or page entirely blank, merely drawing his subscribers' attention to the fact by a note—"This space will be very useful for the children to write upon."

MR. COPLEY, the celebrated portrait-painter, and father of the late Lord Lyndhurst, once met a lady in the street, who said to him:

'Ah, Mr. Copley, I have just seen your likeness, and I kissed it because it was so much like you."

"And did it kiss you in return?" he asked.

"Why, no," was the reply.

"Then," said Copley, "it was not like me."

MOTHER—"Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charlie."

George—"What is 'honorably,' mother?"

"It means that you must give him the largest piece."

George—"Then, mother, I'd rather Charlie should cut it."

"WHY is the letter *d* like a ring?" said a young lady to her accepted one day.

The gentleman, like the generality of his sex in such a situation, was as dull as a hammer.

"Because," added the lady, with a *very* modest look at the picture at the other end of the room—"because *we* can't be *wed* without it.

A GENTLEMAN advertises for a horse, "for a lady of dark color, a good trotter, and of stylish action! The horse must be young, and have a long tail about fifteen hands high!"

"YOUR house is on fire, sir," said a stranger, rushing into the parlor of a sober citizen.

"Well, sir," was the answer of the latter, "to what cause am I indebted for the extraordinary interest which you take in the affairs of my house?"

A FRENCH writer, in describing the trading powers of the yankee Yankee, said "If Ie was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next morning and go around selling soops to the inhabitants."

"WHAT is the reason that men never kiss each other, while the ladies waste a world of kisses on the feminine face?" said a foolish poet to a lively girl the other day. The young lady answered:

"Because the men have something better to kiss, and the women haven't." The gent saw it immediately.

A STUMPSTRO fellow, bragging of the wounds he had rec ved in his face and in battle, remarked, knowing him to be a coward, told him he had not take hend the next time he ran away how he had a back.

WHY is a thief your only true philosopher? Because he regards everything from an abstract point of view as opposed to all notions of property. He is open to conviction.

WE don't believe, though we see it in print, that there is a man in Vermont who feeds his geese on iron filings, and gathers steel pens from their wings.

THE Scientists tell us there is no such thing as fate in nature as a black flower. We suppose they never heard of the "coal black Rose."

A LADY excused her extreme love for diamonds and other precious stones by saying, "They are the only things which never fade on earth."

AN old lady, being asked to subscribe for a newspaper, declined, on the ground that, when she wanted one, she manufactured it.

A LADY was asked to join one of the Divisions of the Daughters of Temperance. She replied, "This is unnecessary; as it is my intention to become one soon in the course of a few weeks."

A "WARM SPELL" in New Mexico consists of two crackers dipped in pepper-sauce. Simple, but not calculated to become popular.

THE following definition of the rights of woman is given in a Vermont paper: "To love her lord with all her heart, and her baby as herself—and to make good bread."

A CONFIRMED toper was bothered how to honor his birthday. A brilliant idea struck him—he kept sober.

A DRUNKARD, upon hearing that the earth was round, said that accounted for his rolling about so much.

EPIDEMIC sent with a brace of ducks to a patient. By an M. D.:

"I've dispatched, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter, To say you Mate mission — be very quiet to-day;
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore I've sent her a couple of Quacks."

Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood the purer and the stronger, pimples, boils and sore s which are merely emblems of the rottenness within.

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Works of Nature.—In a state of health the intestinal canal may be compared to a river, whose waters flow over the adjoining land, through the channels nature or art has made for their passage; but when, as long as it runs on smoothly, the channels are kept pure and healthy; if the course of the river is stopped, then the water in the canals is no longer pure, but soon becomes stagnant. There is but one law of circulation in nature. When there is a superabundance of unwonted fluid in the intestinal tubes, and costiveness takes place, it flows back into the blood vessels, and infiltrates itself into the circulation. To establish the free course of the river, we must remove the obstructions which stop its free course, and those of its tributary streams. With the body follow the same natural principles—remove the obstructions—the same law works with BRANDRETH'S PILLS, which never injure, but are always effectual for the perfect cleansing of the system from feulness or disease. Remember, never suffer a drop of blood to be taken from you. Evacuate the humors as often and as long as they are deranged, or as long as you are sick.

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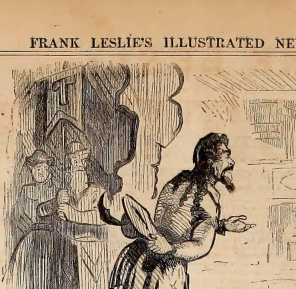
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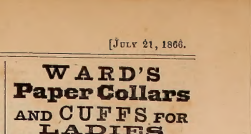
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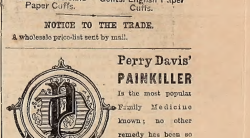
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No. 565—VOL. XXII.] NEW YORK, JULY 28, 1866. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

What We May Sell to Belligerents.

WHEN two-thirds of what is called the civilized world is in war, or on the eve of war, questions of international duties and national rights obtain, naturally, special prominence, particularly when, as in our own case, we have had them forced on us in an unprecedented manner through the course of a long and bloody war. We know pretty well what most contemporary nations regard as international obligations, and what they claim to be national rights—rights belonging to themselves. It is important to us, in view of existing and impending exterior disturbances and complications, to understand what our rights and privileges are. The interests of a very large part of our citizens are, and may be, involved in an instant determination of what they may do and may not do, as between the many belligerents now engaged in war.

We are a ship-building, cannon-casting, arms-manufacturing and powder-making, as well as a cotton and gold and grain-producing people. We have the best and most abundant timber of any people in the world for constructing ships, and the most skillful mechanics for using them. We have, exceptionally, the best iron of any country for certain kinds of guns, which, in other respects than in the quality of their iron, are believed, at home and abroad, to be superior to any in the world. Our small arms are claimed to have a corresponding superiority. For these reasons they will be sought for by nations engaged in war, precisely as our pork and beef and flour will be sought for to supply armies in the field with rations.

Now, what are our rights of traffic in these articles? Are there any restrictions imposed by our laws? Have any been established by our courts, or grown, through common consent and practice, into rules for our guidance? And if we have any rights, ought they to be set aside, or can they be set aside by Executive interference?

Answers to these questions, as we have said, are important just now, and especially in view of the extraordinary, unwarranted, and oppressive delay of the United States officials in deciding the case of the Meteor, seized six months ago, and still held, without privilege of bond, to await the tardy action of an octogenarian judge.

We will venture to say there are in our ports at this hour more than a hundred agents of foreign governments (some of which are belligerents, others not), awaiting, with the money in their pockets which is to enrich American industry, the decision in the case of the Meteor. The seizure of that vessel, and the astounding pretensions of the officers of the government engaged in her prosecution, have unsettled the notions of the public as to their rights, and palsied for the time a branch of traffic against which there is no law, which is right in morals, and the legality and propriety of which have been uniformly sustained by the ablest lawyers, astutest statesmen, and highest judicial tribunals of the land.

We know not, nor do we much care, what will be the decision, in the case of the Meteor, of a petty court and a fossilized judge, for no one supposes an adverse determination by such an authority would stand the test of the inevitable appeal to the vigorous and masculine intellects of the superior courts.

But, we repeat, we cannot permit an important branch of business, for which the present ought to be eminently the season of prosperity, to languish because of doubts or



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THE DESTITUTE CITIZENS OF PORTLAND ENCAMPED ON MUNJOY'S HILL.—SEE PAGE 295.

uncertainties as to our rights, in the matter of traffic in ships and arms.

If not known, it should be known, that the traffic in ships and arms, and all conceivable kinds of munitions of war, is legally, by prescription, and by the highest judicial decisions of the land, absolutely *free*. We may sell freely to each and every belligerent all the things above enumerated, and the authorities of the United States have no right of interference. They can only interfere at their peril, and may be mulcted, as was the collector of New York in Madison's time, in $100,000, for interfering with a vessel worth but $30,000.

An eminent jurist of Boston, Mr. George Bemis (whose writings on international law, *apropos* of questions which arose during the late war, have given him a wide and well-founded reputation), has done good service in epitomizing what are the rights of our people in matters of the kind under notice, and in enforcing and illustrating what is the American law and has been the American practice.

What this question of what should constitute American neutrality came up under Washington's Administration, in 1793, Jefferson, Randolph, and Hamilton were members of the Cabinet. On the distinct issue set forth in these words: "The United States being a shipbuilding nation, may they sell ships, *prepared for war*, to both parties?" the opinion of Jefferson (Secretary of State) was, that "they may sell such ships in their own ports or carry them for sale to the dominions of both parties;" but the decision of the Cabinet was, that they might carry them to the dominions of both parties for sale. It must be observed, however, that the question referred to ships "prepared for war," armed, provisioned and (probably) manned—in short, to fully equipped war vessels.

On the 15th of May, of the same year, Jefferson wrote officially:

> "Our citizens have always been free to make, vend and export arms; it is the constant occasion for the livelihood of some of them. To suppress their callings—the only means, perhaps, of their subsistence—because a war exists in foreign and distant countries, in which we have no concern, could have but few effects. It would be hard in principle and impossible in practice."

Three months later, Hamilton, in his "Instructions to Collectors," wrote:

> "The purchase within and exporting from the United States by way of merchandise (understood thus in the original), articles commonly called contraband, being generally the warlike instruments and military stores, with which all the parties at war, and is not to be interfered with."

In 1794, a year later, Congress passed the first Neutrality law, under which a case came up of a ship charged with its violation. This case was decided in August, 1794, by the Supreme Court of the United States, which declared that:

> *"It is not a violation of the neutrality laws of the United States to sell to a foreigner (even to a home agent), a vessel built in this country, though suited to be a privateer and having some equipments calculated for war, but frequently used by merchant ships."*

Twenty-two years later (in 1816), Spain made great complaint to the Government about the depredations committed on her commerce by vessels built in the United States. These complaints Mr. Madison, then President, referred to Mr. Rush, Attorney-General of the United States, who reported:

> "I am aware of no law of the United States that can prevent a merchant or shipowner selling his vessel and cargo (should the latter even consist of warlike stores), to a citizen or inhabitant of Buenos Ayres or of any part of South America; nor will it, do I think, make any difference whether such sale be made directly, in a port of the United States, with immediate transfer of the possession thereupon; or under a contract entered into here with delivery to take place in a port of South America."

Following upon this opinion of the Attorney-General, President Madison called the attention of Congress to the state of our statutes upon the subject, and recommended more stringent precautions against permitting vessels, *already prepared for war*, going out of American ports, without first giving bonds not to engage in hostilities or cruise against friendly powers.

Acting upon the President's recommendation, the Committee of Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives, of which Mr. Forsyth (afterward Secretary of State) was chairman, on the 14th of January, 1817, reported a bill with the following title:

> "A bill to prevent citizens of the United States from selling vessels of war to the citizens or subjects of any foreign power, and more effectually to prevent the arming and equipping vessels of war in the ports of the United States, intended to be used against nations in amity with the United States."

By the first section, "If any citizen of the United States . . . shall fit out *and arm* . . . any private ship or vessel of war, to sell the said vessel or contract for the sale of said vessel, to be delivered in the United States or elsewhere to the purchaser, with intent . . . to commit or commit hostilities upon the subjects . . . of any prince or state with whom the United States are at peace, such person shall be punished" with fine and imprisonment, etc.

Congress, however, refused to pass this provision, showing a determination not to interfere with the traffic in vessels, whether equipped for war or otherwise, and left our shipowners free to carry on their ordinary traffic in ships as a branch of legitimate industry.

In the same sense and to the same purport was the decision of the Supreme Court in 1822. Judge Story, speaking for the whole court, in the case of the Santissima Trinidad, said;

> "There is nothing in our laws, or in the law of nations, that forbids our citizens from sending armed vessels, as well as munitions of war, to foreign ports for sale. It is a commercial adventure which no nation is bound to prohibit, and which only exposes the persons engaged in it to the penalty of confiscation."

A later decision in 1832, "The United States *vs.* Quincy," affirms this decision in almost the same words. During the Crimean war our ships were largely employed by the different operation of transporting troops, etc., and in answer to some complaints on the subject, President Pierce said:

> "The laws of the United States do not forbid their citizens to sell to either of the belligerent powers articles contraband of war, or to transport soldiers or munitions of war, or to build, equip, and arm vessels for that purpose; although in so doing the property exposes his property to some of the hazards of war, his acts do not involve any violation of the sovereignty, nor of themselves implicate the Government. Thus, during the progress of the present war in Europe, our citizens have, without national responsibility therefore, sold gunpowder and arms to both belligerents, freighted the destination of those articles, Our merchantmen have been, and still are, largely employed by both the great Britain and France, in transporting troops, provisions and munitions of war, for the principals and for military operations, and in bringing home the sick and wounded soldiers. Our mercantile and our passenger marine is not interdicted either by the international or by our municipal law, and therefore does not compromise our neutral relations with Russia."

This chronological summary shows what has been the principle and practice of the country from its foundation, and establishes that Americans have a free right of traffic in ships and in all articles of munitions of war, except to To enlist men, organize expeditions, and plan campaigns within our borders is in violation of our neutrality laws. Articles "contraband of war" are also liable to be seized by belligerents *in transitu*, libeled, and, if the libel be sustained, be confiscated. But there is no authority whatever to prevent Americans from sending out of the country anything that either belligerent may desire or have the ability to pay for. Any attempt at interference by the Government or its officers against the exercise of this right, would be a usurpation and an outrage on the well-established rights of the people.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 28, 1866.

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Injunctions.

Ir is a sad thing for a country when the laws are made in the interest of one class alone, and are used as the engines of oppression; when, in addition to the double, treble, less, they become their scourge. But it is still sadder when in a free country, the perversion of the laws comes from those whose duty it is to administer justice. Justly, the sense of injustice is heightened by the feeling of our having been betrayed. It is not the laws, or the agents who execute them, who wrought the injury; it has come from those on whom we relied to carry them into effect, and our disappointment is in proportion to the love of duty we had found in them.

Pride in our judiciary is one of the notions we derive from our English ancestry, and it was eminently natural that, in the struggle between the court and the people, between a feudal aristocracy and the classes gradually freeing themselves from its benumbing influences, between power and weakness, between wealth and poverty, there stood a power arrayed with attributes superior to those of mail-clad knight or feudal lord, before which all were equal, and whose edicts none could evade. The judges, whose high office it was to give force and vitality to the law, could not be deemed or suspected when they placed beyond the reach of corruption, suspicion of which has, we believe, never soiled their ermine. So far as human institutions could distinguished the Bench, it was not to be expected that our own country whose judiciary system was to a great extent molded after that of England, would allow itself to be far excelled.

We have no need to repeat here the names of the illustrious men who have done honor to the judiciary of our State, and whose achievements were no less the glory of their country than of their age. They are familiar and dear to every American mind.

It was an evil day for us all when the heat and fury of politics touched, and in touching, defiled the chaste majesty of justice. And that day is not so long since, but most of us can recollect the way in which the profanation was effected. "Rotation in office" and "universal suffrage" were the two ideas which at that time were pressed upon the public. The former was only the corollary to the war-cry of "To the victors belong the spoils," while the latter, though by no means new in principle, had been subject to certain limitations, of which we shall have more to say presently. When it was to proposed to apply these principles to the judiciary of the State, men stood aghast, not alone at the boldness of the measure, but at the fatal consequences that were apparent. And there is no more notable instance of political empiricism on record than the argument (if so it may be called) of the prime-mover, advocate of the great change, which amounted to this—"Let us try the experiment; if it does not succeed, we can easily return to the old system"—as if government were something so new, it could only be done by guess-work—as if the problem of man's selfishness had never before been wrestled with, as if it had to be made the subject of an experiment, of the results of which, as was foreseen by every one but the rigorous advocate of "trying," "following," we are all now so heartily ashamed.

There cannot be a doubt that it is to the degradation of the judicial office that we owe the recent extraordinary applications of the power of injunction. To our non-legal readers we may explain that this is a power granted by the law of the State to judges, to be exercised only in extreme cases, where, if no relief to life or property of one party is imminent, by reason of the acts of the second, or when, during the litigation, the parties are active in a legal decision as to the rights of the two parties, the acts of one might cause irreparable injury to the other. We have no space to illustrate, by cases, the application of this law, but our readers will observe that one essential element in it is, that the injury threatened, and which it is sought by injunction to prevent, shall be *irreparable*; that is, it must be of such a nature that, should a decision of the court, before which the case is subsequently tried, be to the effect that the damage must be repaired, it will be found actually impossible to repair it, or make due atonement. If the apprehended damage be slight, or even, if heavy, of a kind for which money can make amends, and satisfaction in some form or other be rendered, and neither life nor health be endangered, a judge has no right to issue an injunction. Another noteworthy point is, that the issuing of an injunction is absolutely at the discretion of the judge, and that, too, on hearing only one side; it may be set aside by a judge of concurrent jurisdiction after hearing both sides, or by a judge of a superior court on the appeal of the party against whom issued, and a partisan and therefore corrupt injunction, though in force only a few hours, produces a great part of its intended effect. Every could be of man devise a better system for the corruption of judges than the one now in vogue in this State and city? By corruption we do not mean the gross and indecent way of paying a certain sum of money into an "itching palm," but holding out, by way of inducement to render decisions which is bias toward the interest of the electors, the promise of their votes when he shall present himself for re-election. Thus—to our shame be it said—it is a common talk of Judge X being elected in the liquor interest, Judge Y in the contract interest, and so on; and Judge X, while on the bench, naturally leans to those interests which are identified with his past, and he fervently hopes will be with his coming election. It is his part to deserve the confidence of his friends. They elected him once, and can do so again. They have become to him a constituency, of which he is the representative. They are his clients, and he their advocate. What a farce, to call such a man a judge, or to expect him to refuse an injunction, or anything else, when the interests of his friends are at stake.

The more pompous and high-sounding the reasons for granting an injunction, the better of course. To say that your friends' groceries will be ruined if the organ-grinder in a very worthy man, a contractor, a friend of yours, and who accidentally has great influence in your ward, will find himself a much poorer, and therefore a less influential man at the next election, if certain recent laws are enforced, would be too shameless a reason to assign. The lawyer, however, is not content with the unconstitutionality of the laws licensing or restraining the friends and electors of the judges. This word not only sounds well, but carries us at once into the realm of fiction which proves irresistibly attractive to some minds. It also gives occasion to ventilate a large quantity of clap-trap—useful to refer to at the next election—and we need hardly say that Hackett's and Cardoza's law is in the inverse ratio of their fluency.

We have said that the law leaves the granting or refusing an injunction to the discretion of the judge. This pre-supposes that so extraordinary a power will only be exerted in cases where its use is obviously demanded to defeat some grievous wrong, and one would think that if such a case existed, its urgency would be equally apparent to all. Yet we find, in the late Excise injunction cases, that some judges granted the process, while others refused it. This cannot be ascribed to the "uncertainty of the law," which warns people from becoming entangled in it. It is rather the inglorious certainty that in some cases the law is administered without fear or favor and in other cases it is not.

What is the remedy for all this? The power of issuing injunctions cannot be taken away without opening the door to most palpable evils, present and future; and it only remains to change the characters of the men to whom this power is entrusted. It may be a humiliating confession to have to make in this our municipality, the system of universal suffrage is a failure. But when one department after another has been reformed, by taking it away from an influence that was found so debasing, it is hard to defend the once popular doctrine. If we have excluded it from any share in the government of the Police, the Fire Department, of Fire, of Excise, of the Central Park, why should we allow, in the highest functions of government, the Judiciary, the administration of the laws—an element which we have excluded from the comparatively inferior offices because it was corrupt and brought forth nothing but evil? The election of judges was professedly only an experiment. It has been tried and has failed, as all acknowledge but those who profit by it. Our Judges of Common Pleas will not, however, have been elected in vain, if their late unwarrantable assumptions of power for party purposes lead to the crushing out of pretentious, together with the system which raised them to the seats they have disgraced.

"LL.D."

Excellence, proficiency, skill, or signal ability in any department of science or literature, or in the profession, is the reward when the man who achieves them to an appropriate *honorarium* and reward. A soldier finds promotion and honorable returns for bravery and martial achievement. The first step in this his reward in the recognition accorded to him through titles conferred by bodies competent to judge of his merit. The second is that of the lawyer. The good and beneficent man finds recognition in the gratitude of men, in monuments and testimonials, in ovations and other means of public respect.

All recognition should be appropriate, or it becomes ridiculous. If Dr. Cheever and Dr. Bellows were to be dubbed Major Generals, or even Brigadiers, in acknowledgment of their ability as divines and the excellence of their sermons, the world would be apt to convulse with laughter. The same would be said had a thing happen lately quite as absurd, and quite as revolting to the "fitness of things."

The Yale College man Mr. George Peabody acquired by industry, enterprise and close economy, a fortune in London, which he has dedicated with rare good sense and judgment to charitable, educational and other public purposes. This has given him a consideration greater and more to be desired than would attach to mere wealth. It has opened to him a social relationship and public recognition which hoarded wealth could never give. It has brought him a rare compliment from royalty in England, and in this country a welcome, such as should attend on worthy deeds. In fact, his reward has been and is appropriate and ample. It would be an unmeaning, and not insulting and contemptible, flunky and snobbish act on the part of Mr. Welles to recommend him as Rear Admiral, as it would be on the part of Mr. Stanton to recommend him to the Senate for a Brevet Brigadiership! And yet Georgetown College has committed precisely this folly—insulting to Mr. Peabody, and bringing itself into ridicule—by dubbing him LL.D! Some one suggests it should be "L. S. D!"

We believe Yale College "made a fool of itself" by conferring "LL.D." on Andrew Jackson. Such stupidities, however, are generally and happily confined to the class of "learned institutions" known as "one-horse."

One of the inevitable results of the war between Austria and Prussia will be the absorption and extinction of four or five minor States, and the horde of little principalities, duchies, electorates, and the rest of the political and geographical nonsense, by means of which Germany was subdivided, and which have inundated Europe with "serene highnesses," and titled drones and adventurers. The sooner they disappear, the have to take to teaching dancing or music, or to some other useful or apparently useful avocation, the better. A little wood-chopping or market-gardening would do them good. Prussia has done "a good job" in dispossessing a dozen or so of this contemptible crowd. Not one of their "serene highnesses," however, died at his post, or even fought a single engagement. The King of Hanover was besought by his butchers to remain and accept the Prussian reform, but refused resolutely, and went, leaving his Queen to do the best she could with the Prussians. Smaller people scuttled after him, "Adjutant-General Dubrichwitz, head of the war party, forgetting to buckle on his sword." In Hesse the Elector tried to take away the national treasure, but the theft was prevented by the people, and in Saxony the King made no attempt whatever at resistance. The general aspect of the people seems to be tranquil. They are not delighted, for

the Prussian hand is known to be heavy, but they are not irritated, and either obey the recruiting officers or fly from them. The royal arms have been taken down in Saxony, to be replaced by the Prussian, without tumult, the Hanoverians are disgusted with their Court, and the Hessians, of course, prefer any Governor to the Elector. Count Von Bismarck has at least cleared Europe of these dynasties, which after six hundred years of sway leave not a subject willing to die on their behalf. They have not all been at all times irretrievably bad. Europe owes much both to Saxony and Hesse, for they protected the burly monk who first broke the charm of a Universal Church. Two of the dynasties have done much for art; one has been a refuge in days of oppression for German literature; all save Hesse have done something to make an essentially sensuous people believe the mind greater than the body, to keep alive in a military race the healthy faith that learning is nobler than military skill. But they have all resisted the development of a free national life; all have helped to dwarf the minds they have so assiduously refined; all have resisted the natural development of a race which probably contains within it the largest possibilities of original and noble life. All have striven with their utmost energies to keep up the evil faith that heaven has committed the guidance of mankind to the members of a limited caste, now so interwoven as to be almost a single family, which, possessing for a thousand years a monopoly of the highest form of action, has in that time failed to produce one benefactor to mankind. In the long stream of European history not one of this caste has ever received by popular acclaim the epithet "Good;" but one lives in history under the title of the "Wise." So intensely has the evil effect of the Princelings' influence been felt, that for fifty years no subject of theirs has risen high enough in the mental world to think out a political reform without making their extinction the inevitable datum of his dream. And now they are gone, gone without a blow on their own soil for the independence of which they were so proud, and though the real battle has yet to be fought, we still, reading by the light of history, believe they can never return.

LIBERIA is essentially an American colony. Its statistics have therefore a special interest to our people. The whole population of the colony is estimated at 74,000, of whom 14,000 are ranked as civilized. The whole number of votes polled at the last election was 1,220. The value of the exports last year was $500,000; of imports, $420,000. The export of sugar was 350,000 pounds; of coffee, 18,000 pounds; of palm oil, 750,000. Eighty persons are engaged in the cultivation of sugar. There are seventy missionaries in the country, and there are five religious denominations of Christians—Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopal and Congregational.

A SENSIBLE project is on foot to remodel the City Hall Park. It is proposed to build the new Post-Office at its lower extremity, and make it a monumental structure worthy of the metropolis of America. It should be of marble, with a central covered court, in which the mail-bags may be loaded and unloaded, with no obstruction to the surrounding streets, and with entire security. The trees should be removed from the remainder of the park, the dusty basin, absurdly called a fountain, abolished, Beekman and the other cross streets carried through, and the whole space paved. In the centre of this should be raised a fountain (with real water), something like that in the centre of the *Place du Concorde* in Paris, with, perhaps emblematic statues or groups, properly disposed in other parts of the area. As for the brick-dust statue of Washington ("Rest perturbed spirit!"), let it be prayerfully consigned to the obscurest corner of some remote stone-yard, or set up on the extremest point of Sandy Hook to frighten off the cholera.

THE latest news from Europe confirms the views we have elsewhere expressed, as to the result of the war on the minor German States. This will aid the extinction of a knot of dynasties of which Europe and the world is heartily sick, and which ought to have perished in 1815, and whose single useful function of providing consorts for Europe will not be wholly stopped by their expulsion from power.

THE general physical deterioration of the race in France has been the subject of much comment and speculation. The matter came up recently in the French Legislature on the question of a new military conscription law. M. Glais-Bizoin pronounced the existing law essentially vicious, and the term of service (seven years) entirely too long. He complained that young men were drafted into the army at precisely the age when men are most disposed to marry, and that at the end of their term of service they have generally contracted habits and ideas repugnant to the married state, or else married after having been broken down by age, dissipation or exposure, or all combined, giving parentage to puny and diseased families. He attributed the small percentage of increase in the population of France, and its alleged deterioration physically, to these causes. "It must be attributed," he said, "to the system which carried off a million of men, condemned to celibacy, and those the most healthy and vigorous in the country. What was the remedy for such a state of things? He thought it was to be found in an adoption of the system practiced by two neighboring countries—Prussia and Switzerland—namely, a service of two years, or three at most." To this may be added some interesting statistics relative to the city of Paris. Population, according to the last general census, (1861,) 1,696,141. In 1864 the births were 53,835, of which 27,231 were males, and 26,604 females; of the total number of children born, 38,967 were legitimate, and 14,868 illegitimate. The number of deaths was 44,913.

THE real success of Prussia, thus far, in the war with Austria, is not so much military as political. Austria may prevail in arms, but nothing can undo the effect of the great political revelation that has been made in Europe. Wherever the Prussians go in North Germany, they go really as friends and not as enemies. They have shown that it is true that the Courts, and not the people of North Germany, are against them; and they have shown that these Courts have no hold over their subjects, have won neither popular respect nor affection, and that the whole structure of those petty Kingdoms and Principalities is rotten. It was no great matter that the Hanoverian fortress of Stade, garrisoned by less than three hundred men, surrendered without a fight to an overwhelming force of Prussians. But it is a great matter that when the garrison marched out they immediately fraternized with the Prussians, and that both conquerors and conquered immediately melted their heroic souls in the beloved beer of their common Fatherland. The population of Hanover went out a mile or two to meet "the enemy," and escorted them in the most affable manner to a central position beneath the windows of the palace, where the Queen had been left by the great descendant of the Guelphs to examine leisurely this easy extinction of the dynasty.

BOOK NOTICES.

PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.—This is the title of a book tastefully published by Carleton, from the pen of Dr. J. J. Craven, who was physician in Fortress Monroe, and, consequently, of the State prisoner, from May 25, 1865, to December of the same year. It consists of descriptions of Mr. Davis's treatment, modes of life, and ailments; and reproductions, with ejaculatory and generally highly appreciatory remarks of Mr. Davis's conversations, speculations, observations, and fancies. If Mr. Davis has failed to convince mankind at large of his greatness, he certainly has not failed to impress his whilom physician with the conviction that he is a statesman, philosopher and sage. Henceforth the name of Craven will be named only in connection with those of Boswell and Montholon.

Barring the flunkeyism that makes Dr. Craven believe that the ordinary common-places, and simplest platitudes of Mr. Davis are something quite out of the way, original and valuable, the book is readable enough. It is not uninteresting to know how prisoners charged with great crimes behave themselves when in confinement. The Sunday papers know this, and give their readers highly-colored accounts of the prison life of Bill Sykes and his compeers. These, however, seldom take the shape and proportions of books, but sometimes reach the dignity of a pamphlet—especially when Sykes has been ushered into Paradise through the gateway of the gallows.

Mr. Davis's disquisitions on matters and things will not astonish the world, as they seem to have done this doctor, to whom, nevertheless, we are obliged for preserving the arch-rebel's account of the ant-lion, which is decidedly the best thing in the book:

"Finding my curiosity excited, Mr. Davis then described the ant-lion with much minuteness and pleasant humor, saying it was next to the bee as an interesting study in natural history. It is about the size of a small, elongated pea, three legs on each side, a forceps proportionably immense arming its head, and between these nippers a sharp stiletto, which can be drawn in or thrown out at pleasure. It is found all along the Southern coast, and would seem to have a difficult problem in supporting life. It is painfully slow of movement, always walking backward, and dragging its heavy forceps on the ground behind it; while the ants, on which it chiefly preys, are extremely active. Nature, however, has compensated by subtlety what the ant-lion lacks in spring. It digs a funnel-shaped hole in the fine sand of the Southern coast, circular at the top, of an inch diameter and an inch in depth. At the bottom it secretes itself in the sand, only its forceps protruding. These pitfalls are located about an inch or so from the stems of shrubs or tufts of grass—the ants flocking to these latter, because finding in them a species of grass-louse called the ant-cow, which the ant milks by suction as its favorite food, the cows not resisting lest worse befall them, and not appearing injured by the process.

"While the ants are thus hastening to their food, some one of them will approach the brink of the ant-lion's pitfall, and instantly the fine sand of the edge gives way, precipitating the unwary traveler to the bottom. Here he is seized by the forceps and firmly held, while the stiletto is driven through his body. His juices are soon sucked dry by the secreted monster of the cave, and then with one jerk of the forceps the carcass is flung up and out two or three inches beyond the edge of the funnel—a distance as much as if a man were thrown one hundred and fifty times his length. Should the ant, when first tumbling, escape the grasp of the forceps, and seek to clamber out of the trap, the ant-lion foils the attempt by jerking little jets of sand on the body and across the path of his flying victim, who is soon stunned, bewildered, and, losing his grasp on the slippery sides, falls back, a helpless prey to his destroyer.

"Mr. Davis, when on the coast of Georgia, many years ago, had often spent hours in watching them, and their whole performance could be witnessed by placing one in a cigar-box, half filled with fine sand, and dropping in some sugar or a dead locust to attract the ants. The ant-lion would not be in the box half a day before commencing to earn his livelihood by digging out his trap. So great was the habit of subtlety in this insect, that, when moving from place to place, it always burrowed along, just a little beneath the surface of the sand; and he had heard, if compelled to cross a stone, log, or other obstruction, that it seized a chip or leaf with its forceps, thereby covering its body, as it slowly and painfully toiled backward. This, however, he could not verify from personal observation."

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.—WILLIAM DAVIDGE: American News Co.—The mere fact that so sagacious a firm as the American News Company has published the volume is *prima facie* evidence there is something in it. It is not as novel and entertaining as the reputation of the writer as a comedian would lead us to expect, but it is a very readable, pleasant volume. The style is somewhat crude, but Mr. Davidge is an inexperienced author, and will improve in time. He writes, however, very directly, and if he would not think quite so much of his literary wit it would vastly improve him. One of the chief merits of the book is that it lets us into some of the "behind the scenes" secrets, which all like to read of. The book is freely embellished.

HUMANITY TO HORSES.—GOODENOUGH HORSE SHOE CO.—This is an interesting pamphlet, showing the defects in the common mode of shoeing horses, and describing a patent shoe that obviates them. No animal deserves better of man than the horse, and he is too frequently given over to some ignorant boors, who has no more idea of the delicate structure of the animal's foot, which he cuts and hammers as if it were a block of wood, than he has of a sculpture or painting. We hail with pleasure any movement that will direct proper attention to this neglected subject, and cordially approve of the views held forth in this publication.

TOWN GOSSIP.

WE do not know that the fervid patriotism and the burning powder of the Fourth had any effect upon the atmosphere, but certain it is that shortly afterward we endured such a scorching as seldom falls to our lot, and began to fear that the earth had gone off at a tangent, and was hurling us in a direction that would enable us to determine the long-disputed theories about the composition of the sun. There was a rush for the country, and its fields and groves; everybody who could get away from the streets, that seemed avenues of fire, hastened off; while others gained a little respite by crossing the ferries and taking a short trip on the excursion boats.

The effect of such extremes of temperature on the public health are disastrous. Many fell victims to sun stroke, and many others were so overcome and prostrated that weeks will not restore them to their accustomed vigor. Strange to say, none of our Judges tried the force of an injunction upon this palpable invasion of personal comfort and general well-being! We respectfully submit that here was a case in which no one would question the propriety of using that lately-invented legal guillotine, and that would never be referred to the Court of Appeals.

The great question now discussed in social circles is, Where to spend the summer? The sea-shore, the springs, the mountains, all present their varied attractions, and woo the wearied denizens of the metropolis with different appeals. A sojourn at any of them would contribute to health and comfort, and yet the getting away is attended with no small degree of vexation. There is the preparation for the journey, the refurnishing of wardrobes, and the hundred nameless little things requiring attention, in order that the trip may realize all that it promises; there are the weeks of anticipation, and all the anxieties preceding *the season*—these make a labor of recreation, and stifle enjoyment.

In fact, we believe the great object of recreation is sacrificed by the absurd determination to carry the excitement and style of the city to our summer resorts. There should be a time when we could entirely cut loose from everything that taxes our energies and burdens our thoughts; but if we make the short respite gained from business and labor a constant round of fashionable dissipation, we might as well remain at home. If we would substantially recuperate our wearied energies, a sojourn in the country, among the woods and fields, and amid the rustic simplicity of agricultural life, would prove far preferable to a season at Saratoga or Newport. And sensible people are beginning to appreciate this fact, and in casting about for a summer abode, to select some quiet farmhouse, where, for a time, they can lay aside all conventionalities, and in place of the frivolities of the watering-places, draw inspiration from the simplicity of nature, and drink in health and vigor from her unfailing fountains.

Especially does such a course commend itself to those of moderate means, who, in those times of tariffs and taxes, find it necessary to practice a rigid economy to live within their resources.

There are daily cases of cholera in the city, but the sanitary precautions that have been taken prevent anything like an epidemic form of the scourge, and preclude a panic among the people. The fact is, there are many diseases constantly prevalent that are far more fatal than cholera, but we have become so accustomed to those that we hardly give them a thought. During the four days of excessive heat last week, there were seventy deaths from sun-stroke in this city and in Brooklyn, an immensely large mortality, yet every one feels that by prudence he may escape danger from this cause, and therefore there is no alarm. Consumption claims its scores of victims each week, raging with equal power in summer and winter alike, and we accept its existence as a matter of course. And so we shall find that the best preventive of cholera, if we are correct and careful in our habits, is that equable condition of mind that does not yield to groundless fears, and meets exigencies when they arise.

There are some places that soon gain their growth and maturity. Like a young Miss at boarding-school, they are *finished* after a very summary process, and their importance becomes of little account. Not such is New York. Here, the march of improvement is ever onward, and as business and wealth increase, they require a constantly new condition of things. Hence there is an unceasing tearing down and building up. Structures that a few years ago were considered massive and elegant, are now unsuited to the times, and must give place to others more ample and ornate.

The old landmarks are fast disappearing and a new city is springing up on every side. And it is a rather singular fact that the churches are the first objects of this iconoclasm. Whether or not there is an irrepressible conflict between the enterprise of business and the requirements of religion, we shall not undertake to determine; but certain it is, that Christianity, as an organized power, has abandoned the lower half of our city and allowed its temples to become the seat of the money-changers.

Of our Central Park we are justly proud; it is "a thing of beauty," accessible to every one; it is country garnished and beautified in the midst of the toiling, sweltering city. Here one can breathe freely; and then, to all the attractions of scenery, shade, rambles, etc., the Commissioners have provided music and its enchantments on certain days each week, giving to the million such an entertainment as they could not find elsewhere.

Aquatic sports, ball-playing, the turf, and other outdoor diversions, are the most attractive amusements at present, and in consequence, the theatres are less liberally patronized.

The Ravels completed a very successful engagement at Niblo's last week, and give place to a short season of the opera.

The Buislay Family, notwithstanding the state of the thermometer, have continued to thrill the multitude with their wonderful feats at the New Bowery. Those fond of trying the peculiar experiment of making the hair "stand on end," should by all means see the Buislays, who apparently set at defiance all the accepted laws of natural philosophy and ignore gravitation entirely.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The return of the number of immigrants that arrived at Quebec from the 1st of May to the 15th of June, 1866, shows that the total for this period was 17,255, against 6,930 for the corresponding period of 1865, showing an increase this year of 10,315. Of the total, nearly 11,000 were Norwegian, mostly bound for the Western States. British immigrants form but an insignificant proportion of the whole.

—— The decease of Prof. Mussey, one of the most learned, scientific and practical surgeons in New-England, is widely lamented. He was connected with Dartmouth College, at Hanover, N. H., from 1814 to 1838, subsequently removed to Cincinnati, and gave up practice about ten years since. One of his sons, Dr. W. H. Mussey, was United States Medical Inspector during the war, and another is Brevet Brigadier-General R. D. Mussey, who was at one time Private Secretary to President Johnson. Prof. Mussey left directions for a post-mortem examination of his own body.

—— Mr. James Shea, a rich old bachelor of St. Louis, died recently, leaving the bequest of $100,000 to the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity, in that city, in which institution, when poor and friendless, he had received medical care and nursing.

—— At the public celebration of the Fourth at New Orleans, Mayor Monroe, in introducing the reader of the Declaration of Independence, took occasion to say that he differed from one expression of opinion in that document, to the effect that all men were created equal. The nigger could not be considered the equal of the white man; and as the writer of the Declaration, Mr. Jefferson, was a slaveholder, it stood to reason that he never could have meant to include the nigger in that assertion.

—— Timothy Nelson, an old negro, formerly a servant in the Washington family, died at Suffolk, Va., recently. He was ninety-four years old. He helped to cut a canal leading from the western margin of the Dismal Swamp to Drummond's Lake, an enterprise projected by Gen. Washington.

—— On the 11th of August next, the old folks of St. Louis propose to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the first grant of land covering the site of that city. It is proposed to form an Historical Society, and to secure an authentic history of the city from its first settlement.

—— The Charleston *Courier* gives an account of the decoration of the graves of the rebel dead at Greenville, S. C. It says over a thousand persons participated in the exercises. The order of procession embraced eleven young ladies clad in white, and representing the several Confederate States. Most of the stores of the village were closed, and the bells of the churches were tolled.

—— The steamer Goldfinch has just arrived at St. Louis from the mountains. She says new diggings are being discovered and considerable gold is being secured, but reports large numbers of young men out of work, many offering their services at $40 per month, hardly enough to pay their board. Every boat that arrives from that quarter brings down a perfect museum of living animals, bears, wolves, goats, prairie dogs, buffaloes and eagles, owls, cranes and other zoological and ornithological specimens.

—— Major John Tyler, a son of Ex-President Tyler, delivered the annual address last week at Commencement exercises of William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, Va. His subject was "Virginia and the Destinies of the American people under the providences of God," and after showing how much greater Virginia has been than New England, he declared that we are now entering upon a new era, and that empire is the solution of history.

—— A few days ago three Catholic priests and two students were drowned in Annapolis Bay. They had started out on a boating excursion, when one of the party, Father Classens, accidentally fell overboard, and in attempting to rescue him, the boat was capsized. Only two of the party were saved.

—— The city government of Portland is taking steps to effect a number of improvements in the way of changing the streets and laying a park in the burnt district.

—— Seventeen families, numbering eighty persons, lately passed through Cottonwood, Kansas, eastward bound. They were fugitives from the Mormon paradise, and among them was Dr. H. Bates, a prominent Mormon, for some years clerk of the Twelve Apostles, and one of Brigham Young's Secretaries.

—— Geo. A. Mitchell, of Turner, Maine, the inventor of the copper tips for children's shoes, and his son, six years of age, were drowned near their residence lately. The father was endeavoring to save the life of his son who had got beyond his depth.

—— The intense heat a few days since proved fatal to large numbers in this city and Brooklyn, as will be seen by the annexed record. The following exhibits the number of cases of sun-stroke, thus far reported, for this city and Brooklyn:

	New York.	*Brooklyn.*
Friday, July 6	2	1
Saturday, July 7	14	5
Sunday, July 8	43	6
Monday, July 10	10	7
Total	61	13

Making a grand total of seventy-four cases in both places.

—— The first vessel of the codfish fleet arrived at San Francisco on the 7th inst. from the Ochotsk Sea, with 31,000 fish.

—— Judge Howell, of New Orleans, has issued a proclamation calling together the Louisiana State Convention of 1864. It was this convention which declared the State free, and elected Hahn Senator and Wells Governor, under the influence of federal occupation.

—— Mr. Peabody arrived in Montreal last Saturday in a special car provided for him by Ex-Governor John Gregory Smith, of Vermont. On arriving at the Bonaventura station he was met by several distinguished gentlemen and Canadian officials, and soon after drove to his quarters at St. Lawrence Hall. An elaborate and formal demonstration was intended, but he declined it. On Sunday he attended Church at the English cathedral, and declined as far as he could seeing any visitors. He goes to the Saguenay River to enjoy salmon fishing for a few days.

Foreign.—The last census taken at St. Petersburgh, Russia, shows that the population amounts to 539,122, of whom 313,483 are men, 225,679 women.

—— A feeling prevails in Paris and London to the effect that the war, so far as Italy was concerned, is almost ended; but the Florence dispatches state, their people are determined to conquer.

—— The London *Times* indicates very plainly that Austria could now afford to treat for the cession of Venetia to Italy, and thus detach her from the alliance with Prussia. The writer calls indirectly on Napoleon as a peacemaker to "bend" Italy to this course.

—— *Le Nord*, of Brussels, expresses the semi-official opinion that the Czar of Russia inclines toward Napoleon's plan of a powerful armed neutrality, regrets the non-assemblage of the Paris Congress, and awaits eventualities.

—— An English agricultural journal publishes a ludicrous calculation, founded on the theory that there are one rat and ten mice per acre in England. The vermin thus amount to 91,116,000, which would consume 182,232 bushels of corn daily, or 4,116,167 quarters and four bushels in the half year, namely, one hundred and eighty-two days and a half; and this would supply 5,831,424 people with a two-pound loaf each daily for six months, or 2,915,712 people daily with a two-pound loaf each the year round.

—— At a newspaper office in Sydney, Australia, is a tablet informing visitors that the editor cannot be spoken to unless paid for his time. Persons desiring an audience are invited to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting-room—one hour costing ten shillings; half an hour, six shillings; fifteen minutes, three shillings, and so on.

—— Eight hours' work, eight hours' play, eight hour's sleep, and eight shillings a day, is the motto of an association of workmen in Lancashire, England.

—— There are in the whole of Europe 1,480 theatres. Of these there are 337 in France, 168 in Spain, 159 in England, 152 in Austria, 112 in Germany, 76 in Prussia, 44 in Russia, 34 in Belgium, 23 in Holland, 20 in Switzerland, 10 in Sweden, 8 in Norway, 16 in Portugal, 10 in Denmark, 4 in Greece, 4 in Turkey, 3 in Roumania and 1 in Servia. In Italy there is one theatre for every 75,000 of the inhabitants.

—— Everybody (says a Paris correspondent) knows conscripts, when examined by a council of revision, are stark naked. A short time since, Viscount Maller, Sub Prefect of Valenciennes, was President of the Council of Revision. A number of young conscripts had been examined, when, to the surprise of everybody, a man, fifty years old, with an immense beard and gray head, came stalking, perfectly naked, into the room. The gen-d'arme, whose business it was to introduce the conscript, had become so tired seeing naked people, he really saw no more, so listless were his eyes, and had let this old fellow in unconsciously. The Sub-Prefect exclaimed, angrily enough: "What is the meaning of this joke? What does that man want?" The peasant replied: "Why, you see here, Mr. Sub-Prefect, I've got something to say to you—something important. I have tried every way to get at you, but never could. I was told you were going to preside at the Council of Revision here to-day, and as I wanted to see you, I put on the proper costume, and here I am, Mr. Sub-Prefect, and what I want is—I want you to diminish my taxes!"



BRIGHAM YOUNG, CHIEF OF THE MORMONS.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

MORMONISM is a great anomaly in American history. Opposed to our institutions, repugnant to our sense of decency, at variance with all our notions of virtue and propriety, derided and persecuted, it has grown and flourished, and become a formidable power in the land, which we find more expedient to tolerate than to overthrow.

When Joe Smith was killed, in 1844, it was generally supposed that the "Saints," whose principles and practice were anything but saintly, would never again effect an organization, and that their whole system, like some foul cancer, had been eradicated from the body politic; but the mantle of Smith fell upon an able and worthy successor, who had the genius to devise and the will to execute great things. That successor was Brigham Young, whose portrait we give on this page. Whatever we may think of his character and principles, he certainly possesses all the elements of a great leader, and he has succeeded in giving to his system an influence and prominence worthy of a better cause. Shrewd, imperious, unscrupulous, he is just the man for the place, and probably no one else could have formed from the same material such a massive and homogeneous structure. Salt Lake City, which has grown up under his direction and supervision, is one of the wonders of modern times, and it has become such under the imperious sway of the great Mormon autocrat.

The desert has been changed into a garden, immense wealth and resources have been created; and while exalting the power of the church, this master spirit has not neglected those material and less spiritual matters that constitute the elements of influence in the world. While requiring of his followers and subjects industry and simplicity in living, he himself is not insensible to the advantages of luxury and style, and his aim has been to impress the minds of the Saints with the notion of his own greatness and power, and the necessity of implicit obedience to his commands.

This fact is exhibited in the character of the public buildings and improvements, which are massive and imposing from their size, but destitute of architectural beauty and proportion. Zion House, his own residence, and the Theatre, are shown in our illustration. In our Eastern cities they would be rude, uncouth, intolerable; in Salt Lake City they are monuments of labor and energy expended under unfavorable circumstances, and triumphing over almost insuperable obstacles. They are the expression of the peculiar civilization of the region which, trampling upon the better instincts of our nature, cannot aspire to the refinement in art that springs from virtue and intelligence. The crowning work of Brigham's ambition will be the grand Temple which he is now erecting, and of which we give two views in our illustration. The grand feature of this structure is its size; it suggests nothing of skill and taste and progress; it is simply a massive pile of materials, that may excite curiosity, but can never inspire devotion.

The building is in the form of an ellipse, with an extreme length of 200 feet, and width of 100; extreme height of roof, 75 feet; height of ceiling, 68 feet. The immense roof-frame rests upon 44 cut stone piers, about 12 feet apart and 30 feet in height, which gives 48 feet of spring to the arch. The 44 bents, or principal rafters forming the arch are composed of six thicknesses 2½ inch plank, framed like lattice-work, strongly pinned and bolted, and tied by 10 horizontal cross timbers on the outside, upon which the small rafters for the sheeting will be laid, and 15 similar cross timbers inside, to which the ceiling joists will be nailed. The 15 half bents, resting upon the 15 piers in curve at each end, join diagonally upon the apex of the arch of the two outside parallel bents.

The stand will be in the west end; the floor to be level for a distance of sixty or seventy feet in front of the stand, thence gradually rising to the east end, where the seats will be eight feet above the level. It is estimated that the house will seat about ten thousand persons. For freedom of ingress and egress—a very material consideration where large audiences are concerned—ample provision has been made in the folding-door appointments of the entire space, between the nine piers in line on either side. A cornice eight feet deep will surmount the stone work.

In the majestic, towering, self-supporting roof of this building, there will be consumed nearly one hundred thousand feet of lumber. When finished, it will present the appearance of a ponderous half globe, with sides slightly compressed; and though of the plain, rather than the grotesque order of architecture, from its vast proportions and striking originality of design, will make its impression upon the beholder, and stand as an imperishable monument of magnificent zeal and unparalleled unity on the part of an infatuated people.

For nearly twenty years Brigham Young has been the great Apostle of Mormonism. He has made the system what it is, and he will long be remembered as an evidence of what can be accomplished by an unbounded confidence in one's own resources, and an unswerving devotion to a simple end, together with a bold determination never to be discouraged by opposition, or yield to any obstacle. Young is now far past the prime of life, being about sixty-five years old, and must soon find his vigor impaired by the increasing weight of years and the cares incident to his position. Whether a system he has done so much to advance and establish will long survive him is a matter of doubt; but that it must soon yield to the common sentiment of our civilization few will deny. If it do not fall with its own weight, it will certainly be driven away before an enlightened and healthy public sense of propriety and right.

OUR BASE BALL ILLUSTRATIONS.

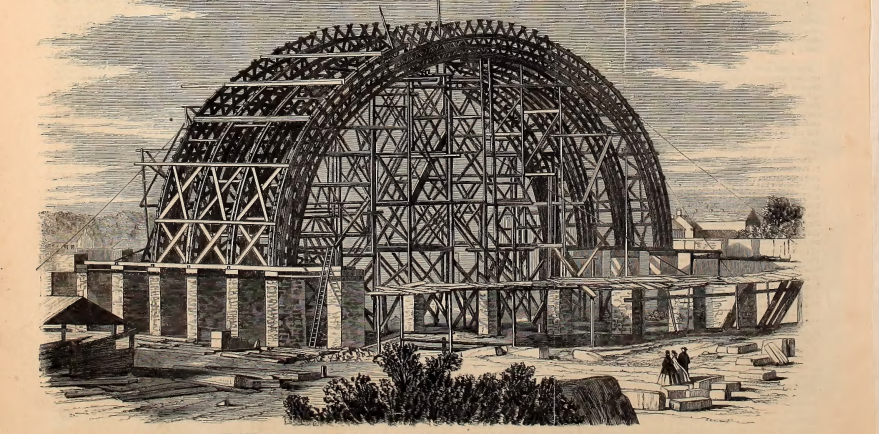
We this week commence the series of portrait illustrations of notable players in the fraternity, the first one given being that of Mr. David Sanford, of the Central City Base Ball Club of Syracuse, N. Y. We shall give these portrait pictures in the order in which we receive them, the Central City Club being the first one to reply to our circular which was sent round to every Association Club in the country. If any Clubs have not received one, we hereby notify them that we shall be happy to hear from them in relation to the history of their organization, and the name and special qualifications—moral as well as physical—of the gentleman whom they consider the best general player in their Club.



DAVID SANFORD, "CATCHER," CENTRAL CITY B. B. CLUB, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

Previous to the visit of the celebrated Excelsior Club to the Western part of New York State in 1860, base ball was a game comparatively unknown. But the masterly displays of the beauties of the game afforded by the Excelsior nine during their tour, created quite a *furore* for it among the young men of the State from Albany to Buffalo, and among the clubs that began to enter into the spirit of the exercise, was the Syracuse Club, which was first organized in 1858. When the war of the rebellion broke out in 1861, and the mimic conflicts of the ball-field were changed to those of the blood and carnage of the battle-fields of grim "visaged war," the Syracuse Club, like others of the fraternity, laid by the bats and balls and took up the musket and bullets, and until 1865 the club lay dormant. In that year, however, it was reorganized, and at the last Convention of the National Association, entered the Convention as the Central City Club of Syracuse, N. Y., and is now one of the flourishing organizations of the Western portion of our State. So much for the club. Now for its best general player, Mr. David Sanford, the catcher of the first nine of the club.

Mr. Sanford is a young man under twenty years of age, of medium height, compact build, and possessed of considerable muscular power. He is agile in his movements and naturally graceful, and plays the game from the first inning to the last, win or lose, as earnestly and attentively to the interests and good name of his club as if his whole heart was in the contest. With accurate eye for measuring distances, he watches



THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE MORMON TEMPLE, NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT SALT LAKE CITY.

he movement of the ball from the start, and batting it readily with either hand on the fly, or sharp from the ground, throws it accurately to the point where it is required. Being specially qualified to fill the position of catcher, to that he is generally assigned; but he can play a base beautifully, and he is valuable in the field. His accurate throwing to bases from the catcher's position is a feature of his play, his precision being up to the mark of that of George Wright, of the Gotham Club of this city, who stands unsurpassed in this respect. As a batsman he is a powerful hitter, and makes good average scores. Noteworthy as are his physical qualifications, however, we have specially to speak in praiseworthy terms of his moral attributes. Well educated, with ample means for all reasonable wants, and attentive to his business, as an ardent admirer of the game he devotes all his spare time to the manly exercise, it being his chief recreation while in season. Modest and unassuming, and a young man of strict integrity of character, he has won hosts of friends, as much by his gentlemanly deportment as by his skillful play. No one will be more surprised than himself on seeing this notice and the accompanying vignette. In conclusion, we append a few extracts from some of the Western New York papers commenting upon his play in matches which have taken place within the past year. In one of these games he went through the match without allowing a ball to pass him on which a base was made.

From the Geneva Palladium.—"The playing of Sanford was excellent—it was sure out for an opponent to attempt the run from first to second base, so direct went the ball, and Charley Barney there was as sure to take it. No less than five were thus put out."

Utica Watch.—"Sanford, as usual, made everything count, adding to his reputation as being one of the very best of ball players."

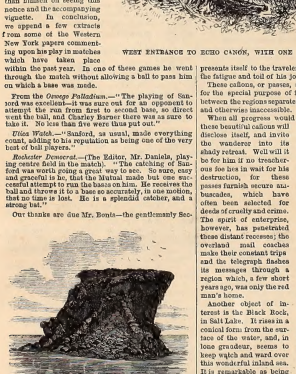
Rochester Democrat.—(The Editor, Mr. Daniels, playing centre field in the match). "The catching of Sanford was worth going a great way to see. So sure, easy and graceful is he, that the Mutual made but one successful attempt to run the bases on him. He receives the ball and throws it to a base so accurately, in one motion, that no time is lost. He is a splendid catcher, and a strong bat."

Our thanks are due Mr. Bonts—the gentlemanly Secretary of the Central City Club—for the prompt response to our circular.

Next week the portrait of Mr. Adam North, of the Empire Club, St. Louis, Mo., will be given, as the second of our series.



WEST ENTRANCE TO ECHO CANON, WITH ONE OF THE OVERLAND STAGE AND TELEGRAPH STATIONS, FORTY MILES EAST OF SALT LAKE CITY.



BLACK ROCK, IN GREAT SALT LAKE, UTAH TERRITORY.

ECHO CANON.

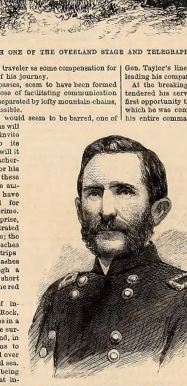
Our view of this famous pass, on the great route to the Western portions of the national domain, will convey some idea of the wonderful scenery that presents itself to the traveler as some compensation for the fatigue and toil of his journey.

These cañons, or passes, seem to have been formed for the special purpose of facilitating communication between the regions separated by lofty mountain-chains, and otherwise inaccessible.

When all progress would seem to be barred, one of these beautiful cañons will discloss itself, and invite the wanderer into its shady retreat. Well will it be for him if no treacherous foe lies in wait for his destruction, for these passes furnish secure ambuscades, which have often been selected for deeds of cruelty and crime. The spirit of enterprise, however, has penetrated these distant recesses; the overland mail coaches make their constant trips and the telegraph flashes its messages through a region which, a few short years ago, was only the red man's home.

Another object of interest is the Black Rock, in Salt Lake. It rises in a conical form from the surface of the water, and, in lone grandeur, seems to keep watch and ward over this wonderful inland sea. It is remarkable as being the only object that interrupts the wide expanse, as you look from the Mormon capitol.

To the tourist and artist this entire region presents grand attractions. Nature is revealed in all her moods, and he must be insensible who does not recognize and enjoy her charms, so lavishly displayed.



BRIG.-GEN. P. E. CONNOR, COMMANDING DISTRICT OF UTAH.

GEN. P. E. CONNOR.

BRIG.-GEN. P. E. CONNOR was born in Ireland, in 1820, and came to the United States with his parents at a very early age.

At the breaking out of the Mexican war he was living in Texas, and immediately tendered his services to his adopted country on the call for volunteers, being with the celebrated Captain Walker, of that State, the first volunteer officer mustered into service. He served on Gen. Taylor's line, and was severely wounded, while leading his company, at the battle of Buena Vista.

At the breaking out of the late rebellion he again tendered his services, on behalf of his country, the first opportunity that offered, and raised a regiment, of which he was commissioned Colonel, expecting, as did his entire command, to be called into active service East; but it was decided otherwise, and in the summer of 1862 he marched a column into Utah, where, with the exception of a shorter interval, he has since been stationed in command of the district.

In the winter of 1862-3 he undertook a campaign against the hostile Indians, who then infested all the lines of travel through the Territory, and at the battle of Bear River, fought on the 29th of January, 1863, he, with the troops under his command, gained a signal victory over the savages, completely breaking their power for mischief, and compelling them to sue humbly for a peace, which they still faithfully keep.

With his career in Utah against the power of Brigham Young the world is tolerably familiar, and it is sufficient to say that the policy he has inaugurated and persistently pushed forward, of developing the mines and encouraging "Gentile" immigration, is fast undermining the strongholds of polygamy, and will yet cause them to topple to their fall. While compelling the respect of his Mormon adversaries, he is probably by them the most warmly hated man in the world. Neither by threats or cajolery have they found it possible to swerve him from his duty to his country.

Gen. Connor is one of the many examples which our country affords of what great energy, joined with marked ability, may accomplish under the inspiration of institutions which second and encourage the attempts of the young and ambitious aspirants. Without wealth or political influence, but solely by his own unaided efforts, he has raised himself to a position of honor and affluence, to which his services and energy have richly entitled him.

SPIDERS.

In order to test what a spider could do in the way of eating, we arose about daybreak one morning to supply his fine web with a fly. At first, however, the spider did not come from his retreat, so we prepared among the leaves, and there discovered that an earwig had been caught, and was now being feasted on. The spider left the earwig, rolled up the fly, and at once returned to his "first course." This was at half-past five A. M., in September. At seven A. M., the earwig had been demolished; and the spider, after resting a little while, and probably enjoying a nap, came down for the fly, which he had polished by nine A. M. A little after nine we supplied him with a daddy-long-legs, which was eaten by noon. At one o'clock a blow-fly was greedily seized, and with an appetite apparently no worse for his previous indigestion, he commenced on the blow-fly. During the day and toward the evening, a great many small green flies, or what are popularly termed midges, had been caught in the web, of these we counted 178, all dead, and fast prisoners in the spider's net. Soon after dark, provided with a lantern, we went to examine whether the spider was suffering at all from indigestion, or in any other way from his previous meals; instead, however, of being thus affected, he was employed in rolling up together the various little green midges, which he then took to his retreat, and ate; this process he repeated, carrying up the lots in little detachments, until the whole were thus eaten, for the web and its contents were bundled up together. A slight rent of about an hour was followed by the most industrious webmaking process, and before daybreak, another web was ready to be used in the same way.

Taking the relative size of the spider and of the creatures it ate, and applying this to a man, it would be somewhat as follows: At daybreak, a small slingshot was eaten; at seven A. M., a lunch of nine A. M., a young cannibeagal; at one o'clock, a sheep; and during the night, 150 lbs. of ham, we believe, would be a very moderate allowance for man during the twenty-four; and although we find that the spider's appetite and digestion, we can readily comprehend how he might span five miles of web without killing himself, provided he possessed the necessary machinery.

AROMATIC TREES.—A very common tree in the Ilhas de Mata, is the Breu branco, which secretes from the inner bark a white resin, resembling camphor



THE MORMON TEMPLE AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

in smell and appearance. The fruit is a small black berry, and the whole tree—fruit, leaf and stem—has the same aromatic fragrance. By loosening the bark and allowing the resin to flow freely, I collected a large quantity, and found it of great service in preserving my insect collections from the attacks of ants and mites. Another tree, much rarer than the Breu branco, viz., the Umiri (*Sumirium floribundum*), growing in the same localities, distils in a similar way an oil of a most recherché fragrance. The yield, however, is very small. The native women esteem it highly as a scent. To obtain a supply of the precious liquid, large strips of bark are loosened, and pieces of cane left in each, and forcibly by visiting the tree day and pressing the oil from the bottom, a small pint, containing about an ounce, may be filled in the course of a month.



THE MORMON THEATRE.



"ZION", HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

TO MY WIFE AT THE SEASIDE.

Alone, in my own quiet office,
I sit and I smoke my cigar,
And I think of the "guid" wife who loves me,
But who has departed so far:
I think of her, lovely and noble,
And hopeful, and fearless, and true,
And I think of the blessing God gave me,
My own darling Fannie, in you.

The clock that you gave me, my dearest,
Points nigh to the "small hours'" chime,
And I sit in the arm-chair you gave me
On a long ago Christmas time;
And the smoke curls up from the ashes,
Fantastic in colors so blue,
As my heart is exhaling devotion,
My dearest, my sweetest, for you.

Ah, me! 'tis a pleasure unspoken
To *feel* that, wherever you be,
A heart that is true and unbroken
Is beating its life-throbs for me.
We know not our blessings when present,
And count them but paltry and few;
So while you were with me I knew not
How deep my affection for you.

And the children—how are they, I wonder,
As they sit by the side of the sea,
And hear both its murmurs and thunder?—
Oh, teach them remembrance of me.
And, darling, at morn, when the breezes
Blow freshly o'er waters so blue,
Let thy spirit be wafted toward me,
As my heart will be yearning for you.

The girl, with her wonderful sweetness,
The boy, with his calm, earnest eyes,
Oh, these are the jewels I cherish,
The blessings most highly I prize;
And their mother, who loves them so dearly,
So steadfast, and honest, and true—
God bless them, and keep them forever,
My children, my darling, and you.

"THAT'S ME;"

OR,

THE JEALOUS HUSBAND CURED.

"Where there is no love, there can be no jealousy," is a common saying, but how is it where love really exists? Is there not often good reason for becoming jealous? So old John Damon thought.

Perhaps John would feel insulted if any person should address him with the prefix of *old*, for he called himself a *young* man. True, his hair was white, but his form was that of an athlete. True, he had toiled in his own counting-house for thirty years of married life, but he often declared himself younger than he was the day he led his Matilda to the altar.

Now his fair spouse was ten years younger than her lord, and was a remarkably well-preserved specimen of forty. Indeed, she was quite handsome, and John appeared fully to appreciate her charms. He evidently became more fond of his wife each day, and up to the moment that their ages reached, respectively, forty and fifty, not a cloud of jealousy had ever darkened their sky. The husband had always been a paragon of devotion, and never was absent from his "lovey," even for a single evening, save on one occasion; and at the time referred to, he was compelled to make a voyage to the East Indies, in connection with his business, and for two years Mrs. Damon was left inconsolable.

But at the end of that time, John returned, rushed to "the bosom of his family," and recorded an oath that nothing, save a matter of life and death, should ever tear him from his home-joys again.

We made the remark, "the bosom of his family." John's family simply consisted of himself and wife, and a young niece of sixteen summers. Clara was an orphan, and had been adopted by the Damons, they being childless, a fact which they appeared much to regret. Clara was of a romantic turn of mind—even a little wild—but innocent and truly good, confiding and generous. She was almost idolized by her aunt, but her uncle, although he felt a sincere affection for her, declared that she, like all other young girls, wanted watching, and the idea of her having a beau before she was twenty years of age was thoroughly ridiculous. It should never be allowed so long as he was the master of his own house, and she its inmate.

John resided a few miles in the country, where beaux to Clara's liking were not as plentiful as in the metropolis. And so the master of the Damon mansion had been spared the necessity of kicking any one into the street on his niece's account.

One summer evening, just after the sun had sunk to rest, and the moon had arisen, throwing its soft and uncertain light among the huge trees by which the mansion was surrounded, John was walking in his garden. It was an unusual thing for him to be alone, but it so happened on this occasion. Suddenly he paused. Something had attracted his attention; something like the figure of a man. This figure was partially concealed by a large rose-bush which grew near the library window. John crept cautiously forward. He listened.

"If he is so suspicious, you must conceal my visits. I truly love you, and cannot live without you."

These words were spoken by the strange visitor. But he had scarcely finished the sentence, when he caught sight of John's crouching figure, and be started off in an instant, and was lost to view.

"Mysterious!" thought John. "Can't be that he was speaking to the servant. The young man was too genteel in appearance, and Biddy has no business in the library. Must have been Clara. And yet I saw a light at her window and herself standing by it, only an instant since. Good gracious! If it should be—Pshaw, John! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Suspect Mrs. D., when she's been a paragon of patience and virtue for thirty years? Perish the thought."

John was about to turn away and enter his house, when he saw an arm partially extended from the window, the hand grasping a handkerchief, which it was waving to some object in the distance. A thought occurred to him. He clutched at the cambric, and secured it. But the arm was withdrawn in an instant. John sprang forward in order to get a sight of the person within the library, but the lamp on the centre-table was extinguished, and he only caught a glimpse of a female form.

He hastened to the hall door and entered. He threw open the door leading into the library, and from the rays of the hall lamp, he saw a female. He started back as a look revealed the fact that it was Mrs. D. Jealousy entered his heart in an instant. But he conquered his emotion, and entering the apartment, asked:

"Matilda, my lovey, how does it happen that you are in the dark?"

"Can it ever be dark where you are, Damon?" asked the wife.

"She calls me Damon without the prefix *dear* or the affix *lovey*," thought John, "and her voice trembles, too." But he asked again:

"Why did you extinguish the library lamp?"

"*I* didn't do it. It must have been the wind."

"There isn't wind enough to move the down on a goose," thought John, as he proceeded to relight the lamp. This done, he glanced at the handkerchief. He gave a convulsive start, and then began a search on one corner of the linen. The initials "M. D." were upon it.

John gave a yell which would have done honor to a Sioux warrior, and then commenced pacing up and down the apartment in the most frantic manner. This he continued for some time, much to the apparent astonishment of Mrs. D. At length, however, he approached his wife, and holding forth the cambric, he exclaimed:

"Your handkerchief, madam."

"Thank you, Damon. Where did you find it, dear?"

"In the garden, madam."

"I presume the wind blew it out of the window, for I left it on the book-case a few moments since."

Damon began to pace up and down the room again.

"What is the matter, Damon? Why are you acting so strangely?"

"Acting! That's it, madam. Fire and furies, death and the devil, madam! It's enough to make a man act."

"To what do you refer?"

"Othello, madam. You've seen Othello played, havn't you?"

"Yes. He became jealous of his wife without cause, and killed her."

"Did he—without cause? Well, I'm jealous, and am going to play the Moor without cause."

"But I hope you won't murder your wife."

"Don't know, madam. When I get excited, I don't know what I might do."

"Well, if you really are going to act, I suppose you will remain in the city late in the evening. Of course you will take me with you."

"She wants to be left behind when I am gone," thought John. "I'll pretend to go. Good plan to catch the lover."

That night Damon made an effort to be cheerful. The next afternoon, he announced it as his intention to visit the city, stating that he should probably not return until late in the evening. Then he took his departure, after having coldly saluted Mrs. D., ordered Clara to her own room, and given his watch-dog a kick which sent him howling to his kennel.

That evening about eight o'clock Mrs. Damon entered the library, and took her seat upon a sofa near the window. Once or twice she heard a slight sound which momentarily attracted her attention. Then she was startled by the figure of a young man, who leaped from behind the sofa on which she was seated, and made his way rapidly for the open window. Her surprise was too great for a moment, to cry out, even if she had felt inclined to do so. But she half suspected the real cause of the intruder's presence.

Scarcely had the young man reached the window, when the furious barking of the dog outside told him of danger in passing that way. He therefore returned, deeming it much more safe to face the mistress of that mansion than the animal.

"Do you usually enter and depart from people's dwellings by the windows, young gentleman?" asked Mrs. Damon.

"I usually do, so far as *your* dwelling is concerned!" replied the young man, in a good-natured tone.

"Usually!" echoed Mrs. Damon. "Then you have been here before?"

"Several times, madam."

"Well, sir, as yet I have never missed anything of value."

"But, madam, after a few more visits, you may do so."

"Then you are a robber?"

"I don't know as I can be called a robber in the common acceptation of the term. But as I have been robbed by an inmate of this house, I think I have a right to retaliate."

"And pray, sir, of what have you been robbed here?"

"My *heart*, madam."

"Indeed! And who has stolen away the heart of so *handsome* a young gentleman as yourself?"

"She is quizzing or complimenting me," thought the young man. "She calls me handsome. I'll be even with her." He, therefore, threw himself first into a theatrical attitude, and then upon his knees, exclaiming, in an extravagant manner;

"You, dear lady, *you* have my heart; and since you give me the assurance that I possess your own, let me suggest an instant flight from—"

"Thunder and Mars! I've caught you, have I?" cried Damon, as he burst open the door, and entered at that instant, almost bursting with rage He had just been in time to hear the last sentence of the young man, and to witness his position. Approaching the stranger, he exclaimed:

"So, sir, you propose an elopement with Mrs. D., do you?"

"Certainly I do," replied the young man, bursting into a merry laugh.

"And you, madam," continued Damon, turning to his wife, "may—*shall* leave my house in an hour. As for this upstart, I'll settle with him, just as soon as I can get my pistols."

Saying which, he again blustered from the room.

"You see that your folly is likely to create trouble," exclaimed Mrs. Damon, after her husband had left the apartment. "Now you will be kind enough to explain?"

"Certainly, madam. I thought you were making sport of me, when you called me handsome, and my words and acts were simply intended as a joke."

"But why did you visit the house at all?"

"I will tell you now, frankly. I became acquainted with Miss Clara nearly a year since. I called upon her once or twice at that time. I was then compelled to be absent for a time. Two weeks ago I returned to the city. I have visited Clara three times. The reason I did not come openly was, she informed me that her uncle would not permit it."

"You were here last night?"

"Yes, madam."

"And you saw Clara to-night?"

"I saw Clara standing at her own window, and spoke with her an instant. I had just entered this library through this window, when I saw you. I hid behind the sofa. But a moment after I saw Clara through the side door. She motioned me to leap out of the window. I felt satisfied that if I attempted to remain concealed, you would discover me. Indeed, knowing that your husband was in the city, or at least supposing so, I came to the conclusion to see you, declare my love for your niece, and pray you to use your influence with her fiery uncle in my behalf. I attempted to escape by the window. I thought if I could do so, and then enter by the door like a gentleman, it would appear much better. But you discovered me, and my situation was so extremely ridiculous, that I thought I might as well turn the whole affair into a joke, having been informed by Clara that you were a lover of fun."

"Well, you see the result of your *fun*. My husband finds you on your knees to me, declaring your passion, and proposing flight. He, of course, has a right to be jealous; and, no doubt, as soon as he returns, will shoot you. Will you call that a joke?"

"But I can explain to him."

"He may not believe you."

"Let me marry Clara, and then he will."

"Really, young man, you are not overstocked with modesty."

"Perhaps not, madam. I have always had to make my own way through the world, and as the markets have usually stood, I never found that article at par."

"I doubt whether you ever invested in it. But pray tell me, since you propose an alliance with my niece, who and what are you?"

"I *believe* my name is Edward Lamar. I was born in the East Indies, twenty years since. I have no recollection of my father, and my mother died while I was quite young. I received some kindness, however, at the hands of a gentleman, was placed at school for a short time, but my patron died, and I was left alone. I sailed for the New World. The war then raging opened a field to me. I connected myself with the navy, and now wear an anchor in its service."

"That is much in your favor. But what of your father?"

"I have heard but little of him."

"You were born in the Indies twenty years ago, you say? My husband was there about that time. Perhaps he knew your father?"

"Possibly. And all I know of him myself I will freely tell you."

"Proceed."

"I have been informed that my father was an American, and that, something over twenty years ago, he took passage from New York for the Indies. Among the passengers, there was a young and beautiful lady. During the tedium of a long voyage, my father and this young woman became much attached to each other."

"Very natural—quite natural."

"Yes, madam, so natural, that I am that gentleman's natural son."

"Indeed! And after this confession, do you still presume to press your claim for Clara's hand?"

"I certainly do, madam; and as the fault was none of mine, I certainly shall expect that a sensible lady like yourself will not raise it as an objection. Besides, I am sure that my father was respectable, for a likeness I have in my possession, of himself, has a noble appearance. Of course he don't look now, if he is still living, as he did twenty years since, when this picture was taken. Look at it, madam," continued the young man, presenting the painting.

Oh, no, I don't wish to look upon his face. He must be a horrible monster."

"But you say your husband was in India about that time. He may be able to throw some light upon my birth. I beg of you to look at the picture."

Mrs. Damon took the painting, glanced at it, and gave utterance to a half-suppressed shriek. But she quickly recovered herself, and said to the young man:

"Edward Lamar, I hear my husband coming; be kind enough to step into the next apartment; I will call you presently."

Edward obeyed. Scarcely had he left the library by one door, when John Damon entered by another. His eyes glared, he was pale, and his short, white hair stood erect. He expected to find his wife in tears, but she stood proudly erect to receive him. And she asked:

"Damon, have you come to order me from the house?"

"I have come for an explanation, madam."

"You shall have it—get me a chair."

The husband was somewhat astonished at the cool manner of his wife, but he did as she commanded him, and then took a seat himself.

"Proceed," he said.

"You will first proceed to question me, and I will answer."

"Very well. Did you not stand or sit by that window last evening, and hold converse with a young man whom I saw in this apartment a few moments since?"

"I did not."

"Did you not afterward signal the same person with your handkerchief?"

"I did not."

"Such proceedings I witnessed between that young man and *some* female. Who could the latter person have been?"

"No doubt, Clara."

"Humph! Perhaps you will deny that I found a young man upon his knees to you in this apartment, a short time since, and that I heard him speak of an elopement with you?"

"I will not deny this."

"You can't."

"Then you are really jealous?"

"I should think so."

"And you will drive me from your house?"

"Unless you make satisfactory explanations."

"I will do so. Listen to me, Damon. For thirty years I have been your wife; you never suspected me until last night?"

"Never."

"And have you never given me reason to suspect you?"

"That's a matter to be settled hereafter. Speak of yourself, madam."

"I will. Twenty-two years ago you sailed for India, leaving me behind."

"My absence was unavoidable, and I could not take you with me."

"I was left alone for two years, Damon?"

"With all your little comforts around you, Mrs. D."

"I was young?"

"Just eighteen when I sailed."

"You had often told me that I was beautiful?"

"What is coming now?"

"I was surrounded by flatterers?"

"I believe I'm going to faint," groaned Damon.

"No wonder, then, that I should ——"

"Hold, madam! don't speak the damning word until I get my breath."

Damon sprung to his feet, strode up and down the room, tore his hair, and beat upon his breast. But after a time he became more calm, and exclaimed:

"Go on, madam; speak, if you can bring your tongue to utter your own shame."

"It is with shame I speak it—the result of your absence was——"

"Was what, madam?" almost shrieked the frantic man.

"The result was, *that young man* you saw kneeling at my feet."

Damon was for a time speechless. He gasped like a person strangling, clutched his throat, and after the most desperate effort, cried:

"Where is his father? Show him to me. I'll tear him limb from limb!"

"He deserves it," coolly replied Mrs. D. "But here is the villain's portrait; take it; it will assist you in finding the fellow."

Damon seized the painting, and clutched it with a madman's gripe, as if the ivory was sensible of pain. He paced up and down the room with rapid strides, declaring that the instant he set his eyes upon the father he would annihilate him. But at length he paused near the light, and glanced at the painting. He started back—his anger appeared to vanish in an instant, and surprise take its place. The words which escaped him as he gazed upon the painting were simply:

"*That's me!*"

It was Damon's own portrait. But for all this, he found forgiveness; and Edward and Clara will, no doubt, be married in time. Damon has promised to take no more voyages to India without Matilda.

Fun at Home.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home. Don't shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour's merriment round the lamp and firelight of home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

Judge H———, of Northwestern Illinois, tells the following story of his early practice: "Soon after I commenced the practice of law I was engaged in trying a small matter of accounts before a justice of the peace, another young lawyer being employed on the other side. There was not much to be said, it is true; and about the time we got through with the testimony I noticed the justice figuring on a piece of paper and writing in the docket. As soon as the last witness was through I got up to argue my side of the case. The court, who was of a thirsty temperament, got up, and as he left the bench said, coolly: 'Young men, you can go on with your arguments; I will be in pretty soon. The judgment is $50!' We didn't proceed."

THE MOTHER TO HER SLEEPING BABE.

Sleep, baby, sleep: thy soft blue eyes,
Whose beaming looks I fondly prize,
Are closing now in sweet repose,
Unscared by pain or earthly woes.
Yes, sleep in peace: thy mother's breast
Pillows thy rest.

Sleep, baby, sleep: nay, do not start;
'Tis but thy mother's beating heart
Whose pulses throb against thy cheek,
Full of the love she need not speak.
Sleep, and dream on; thy mother's arm
Shields thee from harm.

Ah, dost thou smile? Are angels near,
Whispering sweet music in thine ear?
Bright ministers from God above,
Watching the children of his love?
Sleep safely now; their wings are spread
Around thy head.

Sweetly, my babe, thou sleepest now,
With parted lips and placid brow;
Not yet has pain or anxious care
Printed harsh lines of sorrow there.
Sleep, sleep in peace; thy mother's ear
Is list'ning near.

Omnipotent of earth and heaven,
By whom all earthly joys are given,
Thou only to a mother's heart
Can this undying love impart.
I thank Thee still for every bliss—
But most for this.

A Maori Love Tale.

The following narrative is a true one. It happened, not many years ago, in the most beautiful part of New Zealand, the Bay of Islands, so aptly named, and so well known as a regular resort of the American sperm whale fisheries for fruits, vegetables and supplies, in the end of the summer season, from the month of February to May.

The Bay of Islands, so named from the many beautiful little islets which bestud its blue, translucent waters, runs many miles inland, indenting the woody slopes with deep sheltered bays, where ships can ride in safety, untouched by any storm, as they idly rock on their smooth, glassy surface.

Scattered up and down these bays, and on its many islets, dwell one of the most powerful as well as most numerous of the Maori tribes, called the Ngapuhi. This tribe is perhaps the most warlike of all the native race, not excepting the powerful inland tribe of the Waikatos, their natural, hereditary and most bitter foes. Between these two great tribes perpetual warfare has ever existed, and many and varied the raids the one has made on the other, with alternate success and defeat on either side; and many are the Taurekas, or slaves, captured in those excursions, to be found in both tribes. Formerly but small mercy was shown to any so captured, especially if they happened to be old, weak, or children; mercilessly they were butchered, and then cooked. Only the strong, and those likely to be useful, escaped this fate, to be doomed to one of longer continuance, but perhaps scarcely less merciful than a swift and speedy death, for their after-life was to be one of perpetual slavery: not theirs alone, for their misfortune descended to their children, and their children's children after them. Henceforth their strength, their substance, the fruits of their toil, the offspring of their bodies, were all alike the property of their captor; they held their very life merely on sufferance, and existed only as long as it pleased the caprice or suited the interests of those who owned them.

Though originally of the same blood and kin, descended from the same great ancestor, Maori—owning one common father, speaking the same tongue, nurtured on the same soil, they became a distinct and marked race; they had, with rare exceptions, no voice in the affairs of the tribes, no influence in the counsels of the people—looked upon as so many tools to manufacture food and minister to the pleasures and wants, the whims and caprices of their lords and masters. In a word, they were Taurekas, or slaves—Taureka, a name most offensive of any to a free-born native New Zealander.

Well, nigh forty years ago, when the ships of the white men began to touch regularly at Kororarika, (the native name of the Bay of Islands) and exchanged muskets, and balls, and powder, for potatoes, and kunieras, and yams, the Ngapuhi, newly armed with the white man's thunder and lightning, more destructive in its effects than that of Jove of old, resolved to pay their old enemies, the Waikatos, a by no means friendly visit. War canoes were fitted out, skins newly tatooed and painted, feathers donned, and in all the other rude panoply of Maori warfare, they started on their expedition, part of them overland, by long and forced marches, and the remainder over the ofttimes boisterous seas, in large double-tree hewn canoes.

At length they all met at the agreed-upon rendezvous, and came suddenly on their unexpected foe. It matters not to the interest of my tale to tell of the onslaught upon so many comparatively defenseless victims. All in vain the Waikatos fought, undaunted by the new and fearful weapons of their invaders. Spears and clubs proved of small avail against the afar-off death-dealing powder and bullets. Many a brave foe bit the dust; many a young warrior sought and found in death his first and last laurels—alas! not of victory, but next best to triumph, a death on the field, fighting bravely for hearths and homes. Many a poor woman and helpless child fell victims to the ruthless fury of their unsparing destroyers. Many bodies were roasted and eaten. And many more, the strength of the unfortunate tribe, followed sadly and submissively their captors home.

The vengeance of the Ngapuhis being amply satisfied, their horrid cannibal propensity more than gratified, with booty and spoils of war in the shape of spears and clubs, stores of food and many captors, they betook themselves once more to their canoes, and paddled and sailed their seaward voyage home, where, after a few days' prosperous journey, they safely arrived.

Among the many captives taken, was a young girl, spared by the old chief, Kaiteke, her captor, on account of her birth as a rangatira *nui's* (great chief's) daughter, and her promise of great future beauty. Her name was Ataahua, (the form of beauty.)

To his whare or hut he took her, and confided her to the care of his chief wife, thinking her too young to excite jealousy among his numerous wives, and hoping, for the present at least, Waitua, his oldest one, would look upon her and treat her as a daughter. He was not deceived. Waitua's heart, savage though she was, warmed to the poor bereft orphan, and she took her under her protection and fostering care. The years passed, and the captive girl, in that fair, genial clime, quickly ripened into a dark-eyed, beautiful woman.

Another eye, however, besides the old man's, had noted her fast-growing charms, another heart was stricken with a warmer, stronger feeling than even that of the hot but old and passionate chief. That eye and that heart belonged to the old man's first-born and only son, Re-whare-wa, the only child of Waitua, his first wife, and Waitua herself favored her son, as a mother always will. Despite her strong suspicion, or perhaps, rather, owing to it, that her husband intended the damsel for himself, she gave her son every opportunity she could and dared, to see Ata, as she was generally called.

And Ata was not slow to mark the difference between the young, active, well-formed Re-whare-wa, and the old gray-headed, though still strong-willed and powerful Kaiteke. Naturally, she, too, favored the youth, and all the more, perhaps, that their meetings had to be secret ones, and at rare and distant intervals.

Many other eyes and many other hearts were alike smitten by Ata's dark eyes and blushing charms. All the young men of the tribe cast longing eyes toward her, but well knowing the superior claims of their head-chief and his son, could only look on afar off, and long in vain for fruit far beyond their reach.

Whether the old chief knew, or, "knowing, seemed not to know," with all a savage's innate secretiveness of word and thought, his son's too evident partiality for Ata, I cannot say; he neither by word or sign manifested any such knowledge. On the contrary, he seemed to make no objection to their intercourse whenever, which happened but seldom, he found them together. And so time passed, and the girl and boy loved each other with all the passion and warmth of youth's first love. At length the old man's health began to fail, and the time of his departure hence seemed to be drawing nigh.

One fine summer's day he asked his brother to give him his gun, ready loaded, as he would like to fire one more shot before he went forth to the land of spirits. His brother gave it him, and then the old man desired his wives to be sent for, as he wished to bid them all good-by, and Ata among the rest. As soon as the girl appeared with the other women, the old wretch deliberately raised the gun, and taking aim at her, fired. Uttering a loud shriek, the women rushed round her, expecting every moment to see her drop on the ground in the agonies of death. To their great surprise, she remained standing, quiet, and apparently unhurt. The gun had not been loaded with ball, for the chief's brother had guessed his intention, and thus frustrated it.

Then the old man wailed out his rage and indignation. "I am growing old and my authority is departing from me; the strength of my arm is failing, the sight of mine eyes is fast dimming, and my young men regard not my words. My own brother, the son of my mother, heeds me not. I go forth to the land of spirits unaccompanied, and the wife I had chosen to share with me the journey does not accompany me."

And then, as if rage and baffled intentions had put, for the time, fresh strength into his limbs, he started up, and throwing around him his flaxen mat, peremptorily ordered Ata to follow him. His "houi," or stone club, the symbol of his chieftainship, hung from his right wrist. Ata, folding closely around her her solitary robe of birds' skins, followed, trembling, his footsteps. None of the others dared to interfere, but silently watched the pair, as Kaiteke led the way to the edge of a high rocky precipice overlooking the sea, and on the top of which his kainga was built. As soon as they reached the overhanging ledge of the rock, Kaiteke ordered Ata to take her stand before him, and then pushed her off. With a loud, unearthly scream, the poor girl disappeared, and the other women, setting up a loud tangi, rushed down to the seaside to find her mangled body lying on the stones below. On reaching the beach, to their great delight they found it was high-tide, and saw the head of the girl out of the water, some distance from shore, and herself striking bravely and boldly out for a small island in the distance, and on which Kaiteke's brother lived.

This island they saw the girl safely reach and wade up out of the water to Hoani's hut, enter it, and there remain. Old Kaiteke saw none of it, satisfied that the girl was now his own, if not in this world, in the one to which he thought he had sent her. He stood a few moments longer on the rock, and then returned to his whare, or hut. Here, seating himself on the ground, he sang his parting song, which is still preserved among his tribe:

"I am falling, quickly falling, to the regions down below,
I have sent my love before me, I haste to follow now;
The shadows and the darkness have passed from off my soul,
The glory and the brightness before my vision roll;
I see the land of spirits, and she, the fairest of them all
Is calling, loudly calling—I hasten to her call.
My bitterest foes have fallen—they stand on yonder shore,
Awaiting now my coming—their lord and master evermore.
Farewell to ye, my people—a long and last farewell;
My deeds I leave behind me, for other tongues to tell."

Once more he rushed out to the rock, and casting himself off it, was dashed to pieces on the broken boulders below.

But not yet had Re-whare-wa gained his love. Hoani, his uncle, refused to give up the girl. He, too, had become enamored of her, and resolved, now he had her in his possession, to keep her. The poor girl, twice rescued from a fearful death, sat disconsolate, and pined for Waitua, who was to her as her mother, and her well-loved Re-whare-wa.

Very jealously Hoani guarded her and watched her; but love is even quicker and stronger than jealousy itself, and one morning the girl was missing. Hoani had that day, unfortunately for him, received a bottle of rum from a whaling ship, and not able to withstand the temptation, had drunk himself into a state of unconsciousness. In the silence of the night the girl once more swam across the channel, undaunted by the dark night, rough sea, or prowling shark, and favored by fortune, reached Tepuna, Re-whare-wa's village, in safety. The next morning, Hoani, taking with him some twenty or thirty of his young men, started to bring her back. They arrived at Tepuna, to find both the lovers were gone, whither none knew, or if knowing, would not tell. Shortly afterward Waitua disappeared, and for years naught more was heard of any of the three.

Hoani had been dead some time, and the loves of Ata and Re-whare-wa were fast being forgotten, when one day a young chief of the Ngapuhi, having lost his way in the forest, whilst pigeon-shooting, after wandering about two days and one night, came upon a smal clearing in the heart of the forest, on the banks of a small fresh-water stream. Approaching it, he saw two whares (huts); entering one, he found a very old, white-haired woman, nursing an infant, and two or three older children playing about inside the hut. Asking her name, he found it was Waitua, the mother of Re-whare-wa, and that here they had found shelter and a home. He staid until Re-whare-wa's and Ata's return from the forest, and next morning started back again, accompanied by Re-whare-wa, to his tribe.

Ahuareka, their grandchild, is at this present day the reigning beauty of the tribe of the Ngapuhis.

INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT FIRE AT PORTLAND.

No one who has not witnessed the ruins of a great fire like that of Portland, can form any conception of the fearful dreariness and desolation it produces. It is a sad reflection that a simple spark of fire, dropped by the carelessness of a child, and caught up by the winds of heaven, should, in a single night, annihilate the labors of thousands of industrious and energetic men, working for twenty years in rearing pleasant homes and haunts of restless activity.

But fire does its work with terrible thoroughness, and what a few days ago was a beautiful, active, throbbing city, is now a desolate waste, a scarred, and scorched, and blackened monument of ruin.

The city was particularly cheerful, both by its location and by the character of its street architecture and ornaments. It occupies a peninsula which may be roughly described as a crescent-shaped valley lying between two hills. The rising ground to the south and west was the newest Portland, being mainly covered by handsome private houses, many of them of brown stone, almost all of them large, and either surrounded by pleasant gardens, or situated in streets beautifully overarched by avenues of the beautiful New England elm, that most graceful and noble of our American trees.

Below this western quarter stretches the valley above spoken of, which may be said to be divided longitudinally into two sections, the southern of which comprises the heavy wharfage and commercial business section of the city; while the northern, so far as occupied, is occupied by streets in which the lighter retail stores, the "shopping establishments" of the city, were established, together with the finest public buildings, such as the City Hall, the Custom House, the principal churches, the Natural History Society buildings, the Portland Athenæum, and the fashionable hotels. Here, too, were situated the lawyers' offices and the banks, and through this section, this northernmost and easternmost section of the middle or valley district, it was that the ocean of flame was swept before a violent gale, literally abolishing almost everything in its path.

The fire broke out in a boat-builder's shop, situated on the extreme western edge of the valley, or middle district. When it had been raging for less than an hour, and the citizens hoped to confine its fury to a limited space near the water-side, shingles and sparks from the burning buildings were carried by the violent southwest wind a mile across the whole intervening space, and falling upon some four or five frame houses which stood on the heights to the north of the city, set fire to and consumed them. Twelve hours afterward these ruins marked the extreme actual limit of a conflagration which had devoured all that stood between them and the spot from which the flames had first burst forth! It was as if the demon had hurled a fiery arrow over the devoted city to set himself a mark at which he should aim.

The fire originated in the carelessness of a little boy, who threw a lighted fire-cracker into a coopers' shop. From this shop the flames were communicated to a vast sugar-house adjoining, and carried by the wind from spot to spot, until the whole city seemed an ocean of surging billows of fire and smoke.

No. 1 in our double-page illustration, designates the point where the conflagration began, and shows a portion of the charred walls of the sugar house still standing.

All efforts to arrest the destruction proved unavailing. It swept across the doomed city with irresistible fury, devouring everything in its course, until for want of material its force was spent. There was but one trifling exception, the McAllister House, marked No. — in the illustration, was embowered in a dense and beautiful grove of trees, which did present a sufficient barrier to arrest the flames in that direction, while the barren hills opposite the house stood a wall of protection, because there was nothing on them to burn.

Great exigencies and dangers bring to view the best and worst phases of human nature. There are fiends and harpies who will take advantage even of the calamities of life, and while the great mass of the citizens were fighting the mad elements, and striving to secure life and property, these wretches prowled about, plundering wherever they had an opportunity. And since the fire, hordes of villains have flocked to the smitten city, in the hops of securing spoils amid the general confusion. In consequence of this invasion, it became necessary to station guards at various points, and a company of United States regulars and another of marines were, detailed for this purpose.

On our front page there is a picture showing the National Bank placed under the protection of these troops; also, a view of the encampment of the destitute citizens whose homes were destroyed. The tents were furnished by order of the Secretary of War. As an illustration of the spirit of enterprise actuating the people of Portland, and a proof that they do not yield to despair, number 3 shows an enterprising tradesman resuming business among the ruins of his former store. And a similar determination is expressed by all the sufferers; so that, though crippled for a time, they will soon begin the work of restoring what the fire has destroyed, and in a few years a new Portland will arise from the ashes and wreck of the former city, more beautiful and attractive than the one destroyed. A deep sympathy has been manifested throughout the country for the sufferers by this calamity, and from all our principal cities contributions have been forwarded for the relief of the destitute.

Our Artist has grouped together a series of views, showing some of the most prominent scenes connected with this calamitous visitation, which give a clearer idea of the state of things than any description. To these illustrations we refer our readers rather than to a detailed account.

A FACETIOUS ALDERMAN.

The estimation in which our "City Fathers" are generally held is not very complimentary to those functionaries. They are believed to have a decided liking for creature comforts; to shape their legislation by the amount of gratuities that, in some incomprehensive manner, find a way to their pockets; to be swayed by personal interests more than by a regard for the public welfare; in short, to be a body of respectable outlaws, who use their official position as a means of preying upon society generally. Such, however is not the character of the Board in Newark, N. J. That city is highly favored. Its aldermen are models. They are learned, they are elegant, they are witty. They relieve the tedious routine of formal business by brilliant disquisitions on art and kindred matters, while frequent sallies of humor prove that they have maintained a conscious void of offense, and are always disposed to look on the bright side of life.

A few days ago a petition was presented to the Board, complaining of a steam whistle on a certain manufactory, and the whistles of the railroad engines, as nuisances. The petition was referred to a select committee, the chairman of which moved the following interesting and amusing report:

The Committee to whom was referred the petition of persons in Green street, respecting the steam whistle on Gould's manufacturing establishment on R. R. Avenue, together with the amendment, referring to the whistles on the engines belonging to the N. J. R. R. Co., and other unearthly noises in the neighborhood of the depot at Market street, would respectfully report:

Firstly—Whistles are of ancient origin, and have existed from time immemorial; and even before the inventions of man, thousands of little songsters have wasted the sweetness of their whistles on the desert air, and fierce winds have whistled their wild music through the grand old forests. The shepherd's pipe, of which poets have so often sung, is nothing but a whistle, and the notes of the organ, from the shrill tenor to the deepest bass, are only sounds of whistles. The twanging of the harp, the jarring of cymbals, rumbling of big drums, sound harsh in comparison with the soft, captivating notes of the whistle.

Secondly—The uses of whistles and whistling have never been, and perhaps never will be told. What is more attractive to a boy than the noise of a penny whistle, and how many pleasures are experienced from whistling! The cow-boy on his way home whistles a simple air, and whistling after getting out of the woods is of use. By whistling, the lover invites his sweetheart to meet him by moonlight alone, the huntsman calls his dog, and the boatswain pipes all hands; in fact, there are times when nearly every one by turns seems to get in a *pucker*.

Thirdly—A whistle is not always of advantage. Look, for instance, how much it costs to wet our whistles, and then, what a task it is for a creditor to whistle for his pay. The wise Franklin also gives examples of many who pay too dear for their whistles.

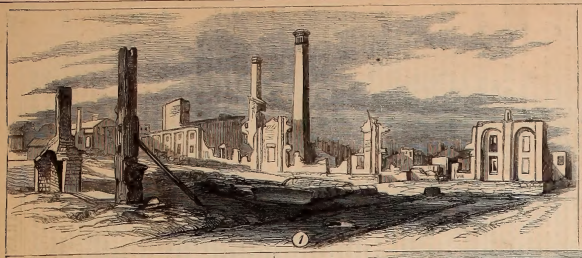
Fourthly—Steam whistles, and especially the one on Gould's factory, are of modern invention. They are principally used to call the workmen to labor, to signify the close of labor, and to sound a note of alarm in case of fire. The one on Gould's factory is a rare specimen of art, and worthy of preservation. The precise nature of its sounds have not been as yet properly determined. It was made by one of our skillful mechanics, and this kind of whistle, with further improvements, is designed for a variety of uses. The inventor proposes to make a much larger one, and on a different key, to be placed in the bell-tower, not only to give the alarm in case of fire, but also to call those workmen who live in the extreme part of the city at the proper time to their labor. It will likewise be used instead of fog-bells on the coast, to warn vessels in thick weather, and one is to be placed at Sandy Hook to keep off the cholera. The engine whistles of the New Jersey Railroad are pleasant and entertaining, especially to highly cultivated musical minds. Those belonging to the engines that meet on the canal bridge at the foot of Market street excel in the lofty character of their tones. Your committee, not possessing musical ears, cannot appreciate the music as well as the engineers. Sometimes this music exerts a deleterious effect upon the nervous systems of elderly persons, and your committee have observed vibrating motions of the adjacent windows. The airs played upon these whistles are supposed to be foreign and require a considerable time to finish one tune, during which there is a general cessation of business, and your committee have learned that there is less feminine talk in that vicinity in this interval, and on this account they ought to be encouraged as a sanitary measure.

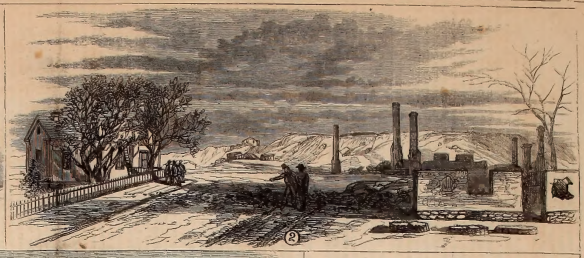
Fifthly—Your committee do not think it advisable for the city authorities to interfere with ordinary whistling, because this is the simplest mode of learning a tune, and it is also necessary in case a man should lose his dog. The big whistles, your committee think, should be changed to steam calliopes, to play the air of "Whistle and I'll come to you my Lad," or

"Blow ye windy mornings, blow ye winds, heighho!
Blow ye windy mornings, blow, blow, blow!"

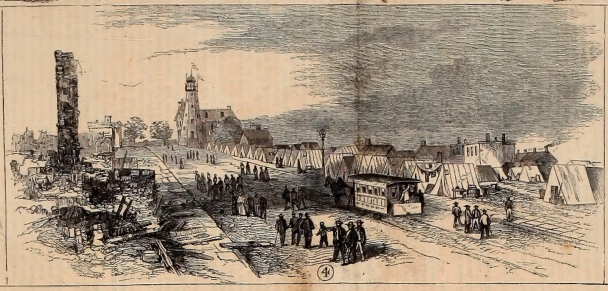
All of which is respectfully submitted.

We believe such men can be trusted, and we wish our own "Fathers" would give a little play to gentle feelings, and let *contracts* and *schemes* for depleting the treasury occupy less of their time. We commend the example of the Newark Board to their serious attention.

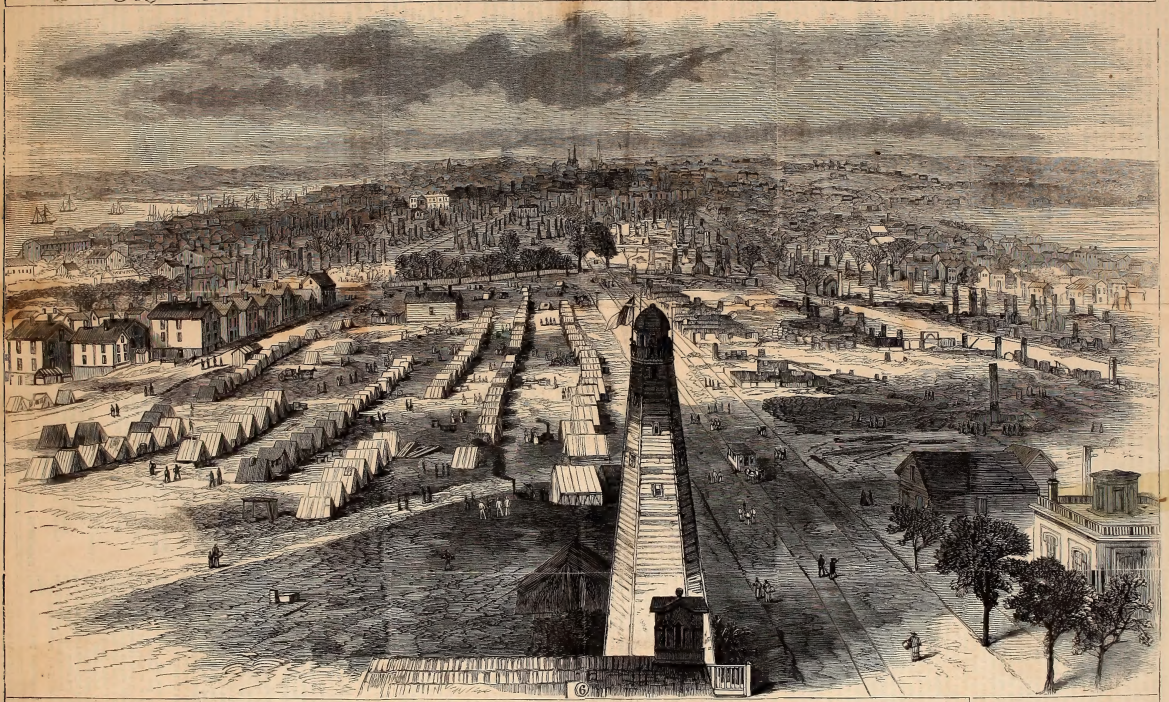


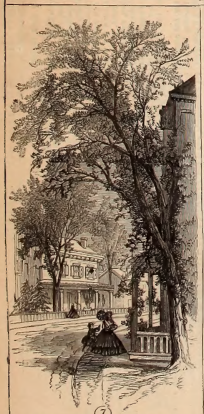


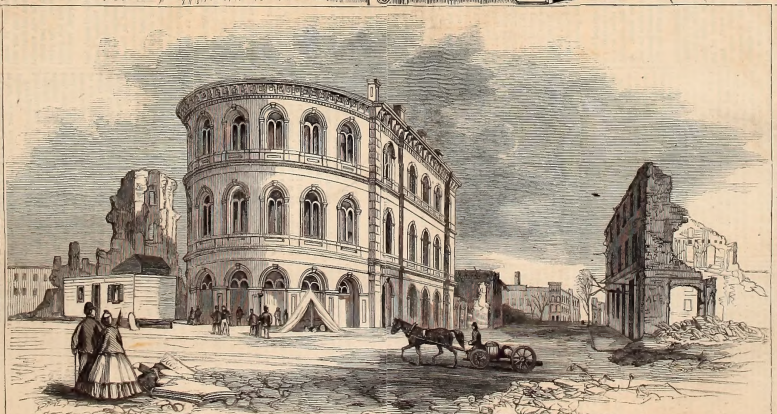


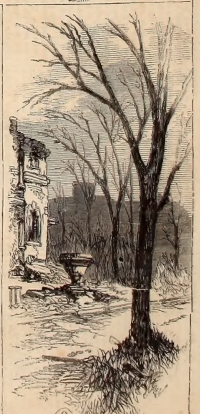






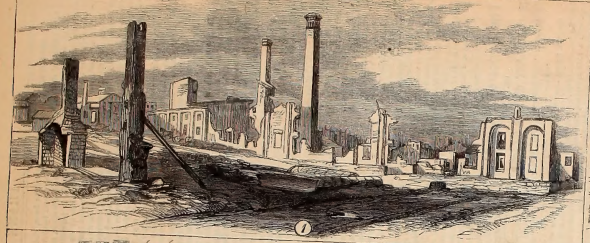




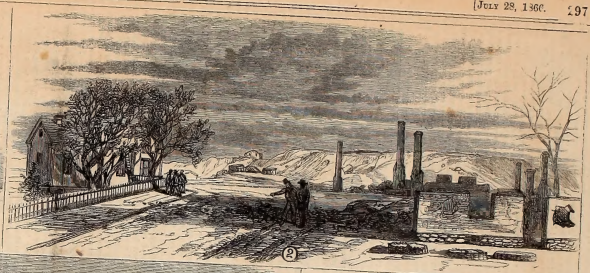


1. The site of the Boot Shop, where the fire commenced, and the ruins of Brown's Sugar House. 2. McAllister's house, on Washington and Oxford streets, where the fire was finally checked. 3. A characteristic example of Yankee energy, "Resumption of business at the old stand" the morning after the fire. 4. Encampment of the destitute sufferers on Congress street, Munjoy's Hill. 5. A sketch from life among the ruins, "The Pride of the Family." 6. General view of Portland city and the burned district, from the Observatory on Munjoy's Hill. 7. Street scene in Portland previous to the great fire. 8. The U. S. Custom House and Post Office building, and ruins of the city building in the background. 9. The ruined mansion and the charred elms on Congress street.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT FIRE AT PORTLAND, MAINE, JULY 4TH AND 5TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL, AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY BALL, CASE & CO. OF BOSTON.—SEE PAGE 295.



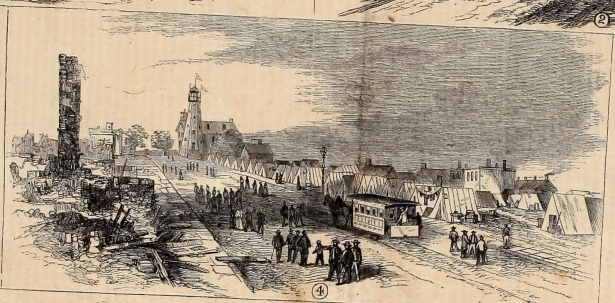
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2



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4



5



ISADORE.

Like a billow of sheen,
Of the aureal mouth
Of the river that floods the day—
Like a sheaf of the sheen
Of the sun of the south,
Bound in a single ray—
Shines the sheaf of thy yellow hair,
Bound in a fillet of gold—
Shines the sheaf of thy radiant hair,
Bound in an aureal fold.

When we whisper alone,
And the gates of the sun
The satin-slipper'd shadows shut and bar,
Then each tremulous soul
Seems to giddily roll
To the top of delight,
And to dizzily loll,
Half afraid of the height,
Like a pallid and pendulous star,
As it giddily rolls from its lair;
Like a timid and tremulous star,
As it dizzily lolls on the air.

When red is all the west,
And pallid stars arise,
And satin shadows half eclipse
Thy violet vernal eyes,
With youth's full-bodied zest,
And drunken with thy sighs,
On thine odorous, vermeil lips—
Ripe and red as granadilla—
All my longing lolls and rests,
And I drift—drift—on the Scylla
Of those marmorean breasts.

Like the lullaby light
Of the Cross of the South,
That purfles with pearl the purple of night,
Is the sibyllic spell
Of those violet eyes,
That hushes the passion that pants in me:
And the voice from the shell
Of thine odorous mouth
Comes like the sound of a star-soothed sea—
Like the sound of a pure and passionless sea.

The Spectre of Cliffe;

OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE SAUCY SALL.

With the first dawn of morning, Raymond swept the sea with a little spy-glass, which he had put into his pocket the previous day for the use of Mr. Stevens; there was one stately vessel visible that had just started upon the broad highway of the Atlantic for the Western World; but the instrument which told him that much, by showing him the streaming stars and stripes, could bring the ship no nearer, save to his vision! The wind had partially lulled which had hurried the clouds in flocks athwart the moon all night, and the huge three-master made but little way; it was agony to the captive to watch her lessening hull, her masts dwindling inch by inch to a mere stich of canvas, then sinking altogether out of sight; and yet he well knew that though he had caught sight of her from the first, she could not have come within distance, by a mile, for any signal of his to be discerned, far less attended to.

A few hours later, but still very early in the morning, the Preventive boat from Marmouth passed on its way to Lucky Bay; but it, too, gave the outlying rocks and reefs so wide a berth, that all his signs and cries were unavailing. He had made bold to strip one of the precious bales of its sailcloth covering, to flutter flag-wise at the mouth of the cave; but at the distance which the cutter kept, it could have shown no larger than an albatross's wing. Moreover, unlike one placed upon the Down, or even on the beach, he was in a position where no mortal would think of looking for a human creature, or of taking any sign as made by man. Foot by foot, the cutter slowly drew away, for the wind was not in her favor, and tacked and tacked, though never near the shore, till presently the headland cut her off.

Neither food nor drink had Raymond taken for twelve hours, yet the fever of his blood ran high; and like a wild beast in his lair, he paced his narrow prison, feeling desire for nothing save to be free. The day drew on, and with it drew the fatal time when Gideon was to put his murderous design into execution. The tide was almost at its lowest, which was the only period at which the Mermaid Cavern could be reached, and which Raymond himself had bidden his wife remember, appointing as it were with his own breath the hour of her doom.

He was about to lose the beloved partner of his life, the wife of his youth, still beautiful as a bride, the mother of his innocent child—nay, and that helpless child herself as well—at the hands of one already a murderer in intent, and whom neither beauty nor helplessness would move a hair's-breadth from his cruel purpose. Thoughts like these would have been enough to drive some men mad in a like position, or to tempt them to end such mental agony by one leap forth into the viewless air; but not so Raymond. If he could not save, he might still live to be avenged. Sooner or later, surely he would escape from his living grave; then, wifeless, childless, he would track the wretch who had made him desolate—ay, though the pursuit should lead him half round the world; and then, face to face, the victim risen from the tomb to confront his murderer—then, for a few brief minutes, he would taste of that nearest approach to joy which would then be left to him—revenge! Foot to foot, hand to hand—and, better, without a weapon, for so the thing would last the longer—how he would woo that ruffian to the combat, and bear him backward with tardy but relentless force, and squeeze the life out of his lying throat by slow degrees! He should come twice to life again, and die three times: once for himself, in payment for the time when Gideon mocked him in the very jaws of seeming death; and once—the husband's breath came quick and short the while he thought upon it—once for Mildred; and once again for the child; and then his dark soul should wing its way to hell. Raymond Clifford's veins swelled into knots, and his fingers dug into the flesh of his clinched hands the while he thought upon his great revenge. He had never been so near the fate of his race before, as when he brooded over that grim picture; the curse of the Cliffords almost came upon him. But as though he had felt that it was nigh, and knew that if it fell he would be powerless for the work of retribution, he beat it back as it were by force, and compelled his mind into other channels. He made it count the puffins as they stood in single file upon the ledges beneath, and mark how often the green-eyed haggard cormorant dived within the hour, and how long remained before he emerged from under water with draggled wing.

Toward noon, something occurred, however, which of itself demanded his attention. The little revenue-cutter once more rounded the point upon its return voyage to Marmouth. He forgot at the moment the arrangement which had been made by Lieutenant Carey for the transportation of Stevens to Mermaid Bay, and it was with a great cry of fury that through his glass he discerned the form, although not the features of his enemy. The boat this time seemed coming in quite close to shore, so near that his signals could not fail to be observed, and Raymond's heart had begun to beat with hope as well as passion, when suddenly her course was turned to seaward, and she made for the outlying pillar of chalk which was called the Dutchman. This change of tack at first originated in a natural disinclination on the part of Gideon Carr to approach the scene of his yesterday's crime, where the tide might by chance have left some ghastly evidence of it, or even the white cliff presented some damning stain; but as he continued to scan the spot through the boatswain's glass, he caught sight of Raymond's signal, which for the moment struck icy terror to his soul, and produced the change which we have already described to have occurred in him; and finding the boatswain importunate for the possession of the glass, he purposely dropped it into the sea, although, even through *it*, it is doubtful whether any other eye but his own could have perceived that which had so moved him. Nay, after a little thought, Gideon almost convinced himself that what he imagined he had beheld was merely the effect of morbid fancy; and as the cutter drew further and further from the land, so his wicked conscience grew less disturbed.

Then came the incident of Walter Dickson's craft being seen running close in-shore toward Sandby, and at once all his fears returned. If, by any miracle, Raymond Clifford was really yet alive, and what he had seen had indeed been a signal of his supposed victim, intended as a demand for help, those on board the smuggling vessel could not fail presently to see it; hence Mr. Stevens's passionate attempt to induce the crew of the revenue-cutter to arrest Dickson's course. We know that that appeal was futile, and how the cutter kept on her way, and carried Gideon Carr to his righteous doom in Mermaid Bay; but Raymond only knew that so far, at least, the murderer's plans had been successful, and that probably within that very hour both wife and child would perish through his cursed guile, choked by the pitiless tide. No mental torture could have been contrived by tyrant of old more poignant than that he was doomed to feel when he beheld in the far distance the cutter with its hateful burden at last standing in for the land. Scarcely, however, had he done so, when what should come swirling round the eastern promontory, through a passage, thought to be somewhat dangerous, between the mainland and a cluster of out-lying fragments of it called "the Stark," but the lugger of Mr. Walter Dickson, so close to the cliffs that one who stood upon the Beacon Down might have almost tossed a biscuit on to her slanting deck. On she came, noiseless and swift as a white phantom, steered by Mr. Dickson himself, who, with half-shut eyes, lay dreamily in the stern-sheets, as though his slender craft were in no more danger than if she were coasting upon Ullswater.

"They're allus out upon some fool's errand or other," observed young Richard Brock, who, with two others, made up the crew of the lugger, in continuation of some remarks called forth by their meeting with the revenue boat. "If they had been off Mermaid Bay three nights ago, instead of now, they might ha' done a good stroke o' business."

"They would not have got it cheap, whatever they got," answered his father, from the bow-thwarts, removing his pipe from his mouth, in order to give due emphasis to an imprecation. "Fifteen hundred pound worth of shawls and laces—— Where the devil are you steering us to, Walter? *Port*, man, *port*, or we shall be on *Gull's Castle!*" And, indeed, so near to the out-lying chalk-rock of that name did the lugger pass, that as the old seaman gave his warning, he also kicked off his shoes in readiness for a swim.

"Look, mate, look!" cried Walter Dickson, scarcely conscious of the danger they had so narrowly escaped; "there's somebody in the *Martin's Nest*."

The sensation which this exclamation produced upon the crew of the lugger was most extraordinary; they did not indeed start from their seats, as landsmen would have done, but each uttered a hasty ejaculation of wrath and wonder, as his looks followed the direction of the steersman's eyes to where Raymond could be plainly seen fluttering his signal, and gesticulating with the utmost vehemence. He was calling to them, too, at the top of his voice, and adjuring them to return at once to Mermaid Bay, and save his wife and child; but the distance was too great, and the wind too violent, to suffer them to catch a word he said, although they guessed by his motions that he was endeavoring to make himself heard.

"Who is it?" cried old Will Brock, savagely. "What cursed fool can have risked going there in daylight, and without leave or license, too, from those who have the best right to give it?"

"It ain't one of our folks at all," answered his son, shading his eyes with his hand, as he scanned the shining cliff; "it's Mr. Raymond Hepburn, of the Cottage."

"The worse for him," muttered the old man, furiously. "Is there not a gun in the boat? Pass it here, boy. I am going to shoot a razor-bill—that is all."

"No, no; none of that," interposed Dickson; "we should only make bad worse by anything of that sort.

"Fifteen hundred pound worth of shawls and laces," exclaimed the other, with passion; "the best run I ever made in my life; and all that you and I and the rest of us have in the world! Are you going to risk all that, Walter Dickson, for a friend of them blasted blue jackets? Give me the gun, I say."

"No, Will; you shall not do murder—nor even attempt it, for that fowling-piece would not carry half the distance. 'Tis clear that this man has not been seen by anybody as yet, or he would not be playing such frantic tricks yonder, in order to let us know he was there. How he ever got into the *Martin's Nest*, I know not; but he is evidently alone. We have only him to deal with in the matter, and if we can keep him quiet——"

"There is only one way that makes all safe," interrupted the old man, gloomily. "Why, he will get half that's there for merely saying it *is* there."

"Nay, nay; Mr. Hepburn is a gentleman, and his wife has been good to my old woman," answered Dickson, warmly; "and you have been my mate, Will, for these thirty years, and one of whom I should be sorry to have to say: 'That man was hanged for murder.' I have as large a stake in yonder goods as any man here, and should be equally loth to lose it; but there is blood enough on that Beacon Cliff already."

"Only a coast-guardsman," muttered one of the crew who had not yet spoken.

"Very true, Elliot," returned Dickson, quietly; "although, let me tell you, it does not become one of your stock to talk like that. In the heat of a fight, one may chance to get blood upon one's hands, and hardly know how it came there. But pushing folks over precipices—ay, you may frown and swear, too, for all I care—or shooting them in cold blood, while they're asking us for help, like this one—such things are not to my taste, nor do I believe that good can come of them."

"Then what do you propose to do, Master Clear-conscience?" inquired Brock, sullenly. "Is Lieutenant Carey and his friend, this Mr. Hepburn, to go shares together in our property?"

A hoarse murmur of rage and dissatisfaction came from the throats of the two sailors, who had themselves no little interest in the proceeds of the late "run," and whom this reference to the intimacy between the commander of the coast-guard and the present subject of conversation excited to fury.

"I will go bail that no one here suffers any loss," replied Walter Dickson, resolutely. "The *Saucy Sall* is worth something, and I have a little money at bank, which, in case of the worst, shall be at your service. There—does that suit you, mates?"

All reluctantly allowed that under these circumstances, so far as they were concerned, they had certainly no further right to complain, but, at the same time, they avowed their disinclination to accept so generous an offer.

"No, no," said Brock, with a gleam of kindly feeling in his hard gray eyes; "we ain't a-going to cut our cable from you, old fellow. We're in a heavy sea; but if we pull together with a will, we may perhaps keep our shirt-collars dry yet."

"That's well said, mate," answered Dickson, cheerily. "Now, my plan is this: to get one of our people to visit the *Martin's Nest* this very night. If I was as lissom as I used to be—"

"*I* will go," interrupted young Richard Brock, sententiously. "There will be moon enough for that."

"You're a good fellow," replied Dickson, with much heartiness; "and your father is proud of you, for all that he looks like a cormorant who has just dropped a fish. You shall visit the poor gentleman, my lad, and explain matters. It will be hard upon him as well as upon us, we may be sure; but you must make him see the necessity of being a prisoner for some time to come at least, and more than that, of his remaining quiet, so that nobody but ourselves may know where he is. If the *Martin's Nest* was discovered, even without its golden eggs, it would be a heavy blow to the Good Cause."

"Ay, that it would," murmured the crew as with one voice, but no longer with peevish sullenness; for their confidence in Walter Dickson was great; and now that a little time had been allowed for reflection, even old Will Brock confessed to himself that his friend's counsel had been wiser than his own, as well as more humane.

Throughout the period of this conversation, the lugger had been making short tacks in front of the Beacon Cliff, since it would have been dangerous to bring her up in such an anchorage; as for landing, it was not to be thought of at that place; nor if it could have been done, would it have availed for any intercourse between the crew and Raymond, so great was even yet the force of the wind and the distance between the beach and his place of captivity. *He* could indeed have communicated with them (through the medium, as already suggested, of something written and enclosed in the cover of his hunting-watch), but, of course, they had no cause to suspect the urgent necessity of the case, and were unwilling to risk the peril of a disembarkation, from which, as it seemed to them, no good could possibly come. In a few minutes more, the unhappy man, whose hopes for the rescue of his wife and child had been lately so flattered, had the misery to read their fate (as he had every reason to fear) in a few ill-spelled words, printed with chalk upon a board, and held over the side of the lugger:

"Be Pashent: Help will come to nite. But *on your life* do not show yourself again, or make any more signals."

Then, in spite of his reiterated attempts by voice and gesture to reverse this fatal sentence, the head of the *Saucy Sall* was turned toward Sandby; and in a few more minutes the sea was once more sailless, and Raymond watching the cruel foam come crawling in, and listening to the long-drawn hiss of the rising tide with a heart robbed of its last hope.

CHAPTER XXIV.—HOW THE MARTIN'S NEST WAS DISCOVERED.

Once more the pale Moon rose upon Raymond Clifford in his captivity, and this time it looked down upon him pitifully, with scarce an intervening cloud; tipped with her rays, each tiny wavelet (for the wind had dropped) broke into silver smiles; the sapphire sea, like one great jewel, sparkled icily from marge to marge. But the captive had no eye for its beauty; it would have been the same to him had inky darkness overspread the scene. Whatever canvas Nature might have displayed, he would only have seen upon it the picture of a little home, emptied of all its happiness by one remorseless hand. His mind was solely usurped by utter wretchedness: the sense of desolation reigned supreme; even Revenge stirred not now within him. His long fast had doubtless combined with his late anxieties thus to prostrate him; but one who had seen Raymond thirty-six hours before, as he stood upon Beacon Down, radiant with health and vigor, would scarcely have recognized him, as with woe-begone face and lack-lustre eye he sat within his solitary prison. It was nearly midnight, but he felt no desire for sleep; and yet so occupied were his thoughts, that he could hardly be said to be a waking, conscious man. As he saw nothing, so he heard nothing of what was passing around him. It was only when a huge object suddenly darkened the mouth of the cave, and then retired, leaving it light again, that he became conscious that he was not alone—that there was a human being swinging to and fro in front of the *Martin's Nest*, now touching the threshold with his feet, and now leaping out again into space, so as to gain a greater impetus, and thereby penetrate still further upon his return.

"Can you not shorten matters, sir," cried the human spider, "by catching hold of me presently?"

The voice of his fellow-creature acted upon Raymond like a restorative; he leaped up from his costly couch of shawls and laces in time to seize his visitor at the very next swing of the pendulum, and retain him in his grasp.

"Hold tight, sir," cried Richard Brock, for he it was who presented himself under these very peculiar circumstances. "You have no idea (however anxious you may be to leave the *Martin's Nest*) how a body wants to get out of it which has entered after *this* fashion. But what's the matter with you, sir, besides hunger and want of room?"

"Can you tell me any news of my wife?" gasped Raymond. "Tell me the worst at once, man; is she alive or dead?"

"Lor bless you, sir, alive and well—why not? I saw her this very evening."

"God be praised!" cried Raymond, fervently, wringing the man's hand who had brought him such blessed tidings. "And is my child safe, too?"

Richard hesitated a little.

"What! has that devil Stevens drowned my child?"

"No, no, sir. Don't call names. The man you speak of is drowned hisself, poor wretch—held by a stone-crab in the Mermaid Cavern until the tide came up and— Well, that's a strange thing to be thanking heaven for, unless, maybe, you are thinking that the chap was a coast-guardsman, which, it seems, he was not, after all."

"He was a murderer in thought if not in deed," returned Raymond, sternly, "as I will tell you."

"All in good time, sir," observed the young man, cheerily; "but first you take this bread and meat, and let the brandy in that flask fetch up a little color into your cheek. You must be main hungry, so use your teeth and rest your tongue, while I take the eggs here out of the *Martin's Nest*." With these words, the young man began fastening two of the bales to the rope of three-inch cow-hide which had brought him, a hundred feet of which at least, besides what he had himself required for his descent, were in the hands of his friends upon the Down above. "Now, do not fear but I shall return for the rest," cried he; "and when I have cleared all these goods, I will still come back and keep you company."

"But why not take me with you instead of the bales?" inquired Raymond, with whom good news and a few morsels of food had already worked wonders, and who felt quite equal to any peril or exertion, the object of which should be to set him on *terra firma*.

"I will tell you that presently, and everything else it concerns you to know, Mr. Hepburn; but duty first, say I (unless it's revenue duty), and pleasure afterward; so here goes."

With that the young man stepped into the air with his burden, as calmly as a tide-waiter would step from deck to quay, and keeping himself off the rock with his nimble feet, was rapidly hauled up to the summit of the Down above. Then again descending, and being caught by Raymond as before, he took away more bales, and so on till the cave was bare.

"You do not think I will desert you, Mr. Hepburn?" said the young man, frankly, as he

started with his last freight, and Raymond was watching his movements with wistful eyes.

"No, Richard, I do not. I can easily understand why I am not to see how those bundles of—"

"Gulls' feathers," interrupted the young man, smiling: "we cliff-fowlers make our living by collecting them, you know."

True to his promise, Richard Brock once more descended, bringing with him this time some rugs and blankets, as well as a further supply of provisions. At sight of these, Raymond looked by no means grateful.

"What!" cried he, "am I to stay in this place another night?"

"Ay, sir, and another and another, I fear, although no longer than I can help, I promise you. If I had been the sole owner of what was here just now, you should be free at once, for I know that I could trust to your honor, and besides, I owe your good lady a kind turn for what she did to my Phœbe in her sickness. But there are others who are deeply concerned in the matter—it's the best run we have had this many a year, and everything must be got well away before we risk letting you out. Even then—I'm speaking what others say, sir, and not my own thoughts—even then, you would do us a mort of mischief by telling about the *Martin's Nest*. It is the best place for stowage along the coast; and all the better for the little mischance as happened to poor Price down yonder. The blue jackets think the place uncanny, and shirk their night-watches upon the beacon in consequence. There's Walter Dickson up there now, holding on to this rope as quietly as though he was not sitting on the beat of a coast-guardsman; though, indeed, if one should come, he has his answer ready: If one likes to go bird-fowling by night instead of by day, what's that to the custom-house? They will never trust themselves at a rope's end to see what I'm about—of that I'm certain. And, by-the-by, Mr. Hepburn, how in the name of the devil—for is he not called The Prince of the Powers of the Air in Holy Writ?—did you yourself chance to come here?"

"I climbed down by yonder ledge," quoth Raymond, coolly.

"What! without a rope?" exclaimed the other, with a perceptible shudder: "that is not humanly possible!"

"Yet by that means, and no other, did I come hither, Richard, although not of my own free will, as you shall hear." Then Raymond narrated all the circumstances (so far as consisted with his assumed name of Hepburn) which had brought him into his present inconvenient plight. To the details of the attempted murder, his companion listened with not a little excitement and indignation; but in the description of the means by which the *Martin's Nest* had at last been reachad, his interest was manifested even still more keenly.

"You are the king of us all, sir!" exclaimed the cliff-fowler, enthusiastically, when the tale was told. "There is not a man in Sandby who could have got here from the cliff-top as you did; no, nor ever was one, I believe, even when Walter Dickson was young. He it was, sir, who first discovered this place, and that in a very curious manner—one which I should have thought could scarcely have been equaled for strangeness, if I had not heard your story."

"And how was that?" inquired Raymond; not that he much cared to know, but because he began to feel a great repugnance in being left alone, and desired to retain his present companion with him as long as possible.

"Well, sir, it was when Dickson was quite a boy, about sixteen or so, and when Sandby was not so full of folk as it is now: there were scarcely any cliff-fowlers then, for there was a better trade than bird-nesting to take to, and all hands were wanted for it, so that the gulls had an easy life of it to what they have now, and were only plagued by the boys. Dickson and my father were playmates at that time, as they're workmates now, and have been so these thirty years and more; always together, shrimpin' and fishin', risking their necks about the cliffs with letting one another down by a bit of rope such as nobody but madcaps like them would have trusted themselves to. One day, while knocking about in a coble, which, I believe, had been pronounced unseaworthy by the rightful owner—in the Beacon Bay here—Dickson spies out this dark hole.

"'What a lot of gulls' nests there ought to be in there!' says he.

"'What a lot there *are!*' cries my father, whom I have heard tell this story about a hundred and forty times. 'What a lot there are, for I can see 'em!'

"'I wish we could get at 'em,' continues Dickson.

"'What's the good o' wishing?' answers my father. 'Don't you see how the cliff hangs over? You might as well wish to get at the moon.

"'No, mate," returns Dickson, gravely, 'because you ain't got nowhere *above* the moon where you can stick a stake in with a rope tied round it, and lower yourself down hand over hand; let alone any stand-point such as yonder Down, where a chap could depend upon—like you, Brock—might stand and hold the rope, and shift it properly.

"'You ain't a-goin' to try that, mate,' says my father, firmly, 'nor anything so foolhardy?'

"'No, I'm not a-goin' to try it; I'm a-goin' *to do* it,' returned Walter Dickson. 'Why, think what must be in that ere hole, mate, in which never a fowler has yet put his fingers, I'll be bound; what feathers and skins, and oil and eggs! Why, I doubt whether even that last run, which your father (that's *my* grandfather, Mr. Hepburn) is never tired of talking about, will ha' brought more grist to the mill. Only, not a word about it to any soul, mind. They'd make us promise not to try it; or, perhaps, it 'ud put it into somebody else's head to do the very same thing before us.'

"'You needn't be a bit afraid of that last, boy,' answers my father, grimly enough; 'and as for the first, I'm not one to blab and spoil sport; and if you're fixed upon it, why, I'm your man for anything. Only, you'll never use this rotten old cord for such a place as yon, where you'll have to swing right under——'

"'No,' replies Dickson, interrupting him sharp; 'I'm not a fool, although you chose, just now, to call me one.'

"'I said "fool-hardy,'" replied my father, positively, 'and I say it again.'

"'Well, we'll see what you say to-morrow, when you haul me up from yonder hole—under the eave of the Down though it be, and for all the world like a *martin's nest*—with my pockets full of fulmars. As for the rope, Lucy Prichard (and here my father says Dickson blushed, for Lucy was the young girl as he was courting then, and whom he afterward married) will lend me that fine one which was her mother's only marriage-portion, and has never been any good to her, because she has no son. Lucy has often begged me, if I must needs go fowling, to use that rope, and so I'll do it to-morrow, and to some purpose; and as for the stake, if you do not choose to hold me, lad, I will borrow an iron bar of the blacksmith; so you may please yourself.'

"But when the morrow came, and found Walter Dickson on the Beacon Down, William Brock was there likewise; and when the other, who was too proud to ask his help, since it was not offered, had thrust the bar into the earth, and fixed the rope, then, says my father:

"'And do you suppose as I'm goin' to let you risk your neck alone, mate? No, man, no. You and I are agoin' to see this ere *Martin's Nest* together; and if we miss it, why, even then we shall not be parted.'

"Then Walter and he shook hands, for they was very fond of one another as boys, as they are now, although they has their tiffs. 'Just as you like,' says he; 'the rope is strong enough for ten such as we, and the bar won't break.'

"Then, instead of tying the hide round their bodies—as I and all sensible cliff-fowlers do—these mad boys lowered themselves slowly down, merely holding it in their hands; and work enough they had, when they got opposite this place, to swing themselves into it, as you may guess, when there was nobody within it to help them in as you helped me. Moreover, my father says that the birds flew out upon them in hundreds—just as in the big print we've got stuck up at home of the opening of the doors of the Ark—and beat them with their wings, not that the poor timorous creatures showed any fight, but by reason of their excessive numbers. At last the two boys swung themselves sufficiently far within to obtain foothold, and my father instantly began to lay his hands on all with life that had not yet flown away.

"'Quick, quick!' exclaimed he; and Dickson, seeing how much he needed help, and what great spoil there was ran toward him eagerly.

"The next instant both cried out together.

"'The rope!' 'The rope!'

"But the recollection of it came too late! My father had forgotten it at first, and now in his excitement Walter also let it go. So there it swung, now near, now far, but already too far to be reached, and coming with every swing less and less near. At last it hung quite still, about five feet or so beyond the entrance; and it will give you some notion of the extraordinary feat that you, sir, have accomplished in arriving here, that neither of the boys, though cliff-fowlers born, dared venture out upon yonder sloping ledge, and so approach the rope by your own road. If they had done so, however, it would even then have been beyond their reach.

"They were as completely trapped as any guillemot they had ever caught in spring. It might be days, as they well knew, before anybody discovered the bar upon the Down above, and if that happened, he who found it would probably draw up the rope, and finding nothing, would conceive that he who had left it there must needs have fallen into the sea. It was quite impossible to make their voices heard upon the cliff-top, and the *Martin's Nest* was unknown to all except themselves. Their only hope, like yours, lay in attracting the notice of some one on shipboard; but they had no large sail-cloth, such as you found here—nothing except their own clothes, which could not be seen save at a very little distance.

"The two boys looked at one another ruefully enough, each thinking of his home and friends, but Walter of his Lucy also, and of how she would reproach herself for having been the innocent means of his destruction, through lending him that fatal rope.

"Dickson was the first to speak.

"'Robert,' said he, 'we are in a bad plight here, and if matters are to be mended, we must mend them ourselves. It is no use waiting here to be starved to death, or to be so weakened by hunger that we can do nothing that requires strength and courage. One of us must jump out at that rope, and take our chance of catching hold of it.'

"My father says he never felt his blood run so cold in all his life as when he heard these words. But nevertheless he clearly saw the necessity of what the other proposed.

"'I am ready, Walter,' says he, simply; 'and I think I am the lissomer of the two, and had better try first.'

"'Not so,' says Dickson,; 'I brought you into this peril, and I must get you out of it. If I miss it, then it will be time enough for you to take *your* chance; and God send you better fortune!'

"'Thank *you*, mate, replies my father, sturdily; 'but I'd rather die like a brave man, than survive you upon such terms as those. We'll jump together, if you please; but you won't jump before me, that's certain.'

"'As for jumping together,' says Walter Dickson, very vexed, 'that would only be another name for falling together; but since I know what a cruel obstinate chap you are, I'll consent to draw lots. Now, look you, here are two feathers, a black and a white; now I put my hands behind me, and if you guess which feather I hold in my right hand, then you shall jump first; if *not*——'

"'No, no," interrupted my father, sharply; 'I won't trust you, Walter; your heart is too kind to be honest in a matter like this. I myself will throw the feathers into the air, and whichever passes the ledge first shall decide the question; if the black one falls the quicker, *I* jump—if the white one, you.'

"'So be it, Will, if you will have it so,' returned Dickson.

"The air was very calm and still that day, and the feathers were a long time descending from the height to which my father threw them. The two boys watched them with straining eyes, now poise, now quiver, now slowly sink, now caught in little eddies, until at last they reached the ledge, the white one first.

"'I am glad of that,' said Dickson, quietly; 'for otherwise I should have jumped from where I stand, and it is better to have a run. Look here, Robert; I don't want to blubber about such things now, when all depends upon a clear sight, but if I—if I miss the rope, and you get home again all right, as I trust you will, you'll give my love to mother, and father, and Lucy, and tell them—— But there, that's enough. God bless you, mate, if we don't happen to meet again just yet. Stand clear there. One—two—three!'

"As he said these words, he leapt out at the rope with a great spring, and my father hid his face; nor did he look up again, nor know what was happening—being in a sort of swoon-like—until he felt Walter Dickson fastening the hide about his waist, and bidding him cheer up and fill his pockets. And that's the true story of how the *Martin's Nest* was first found out."

"And he that was the brave boy you speak of—Walter Dickson—is now awaiting you upon the Down, above us, is he?"

"The very man, sir, and as brave as ever, only a good deal stiffer in the joints. Nevertheless, he would have visited you here himself, if nobody else could have been got to do it; for Mrs. Hepburn has been very good to his old woman—she that was Lucy Prichard once, and who owns this rope, which is the same I have been talking of all this time—as she was to my poor Phœbe in the fever."

"Then, being both so brave and grateful," pleaded Raymond, "will you not trust to my honor not to betray the secret of the *Martin's Nest?*"

"Ay, that we would, sir, if the matter concerned us only. But we have passed our word to keep you prisoner here till the goods removed this night have been disposed of, and that will take some time."

"At least you will let my poor wife know that I am safe; or else, when I do not return to-morrow, she is sure to think I have come to grievous harm."

"Well, sir," answered the young man, frankly, "we will do our best, Dickson and I; but no woman has ever yet been let into this secret, any more than if it was the Freemason's. I dare not trust to Phœbe. However, you may depend upon us two, sir. Do not fret, and I shall be with you again to-morrow night at furthest."

"And you will have seen my wife and child?" said Raymond.

"I hope so," answered the young man, evasively; for he knew that Milly had been carried away, although he thought it better not to harrow the father's heart by such sad news, while thus compelled to inaction and captivity. But he kept his promise, and so worked upon his father, with the help of Dickson, that the old man at last gave permission that Mrs. Hepburn should be informed, under a strict oath of secrecy, that her husband was alive and in safe hands. It was this glad news which Walter Dickson came to impart that evening when he found Mrs. Carey at Pampas Cottage, and the revelation of which sent Mildred back, as we have seen, from the bedside of his 'old woman' with such a lightened heart. Upon the other hand, through their prisoner, the free-traders became cognizant of the villainy of the man called Stevens, and exhibited it, with reference to the burial of his body, in the manner described. Still, they were much averse to set Raymond free, fearing that the secret must needs ooze out if they did so, and jealous of his intimacy with the people at Lucky Bay. Mildred and her husband, however, were permitted to correspond by letter—subject to a Sir James Graham's inspection of the correspondence—and it was with Raymond's full consent that Mrs. Hepburn undertook the expedition to Cliffe Hall in search of her lost Milly. The smugglers, too, were not displeased at an opportunity of giving the captive his liberty, which also insured his absence from the neighborhood; so a few hours after Mildred's departure, his faithful friend and visitor, young Richard Brock, swung himself as usual into Raymond's (by this time tolerably furnished) lodgings, with the long-wished-for information that the rope was ready to carry double.

So Raymond had followed his wife post-haste, to Cliffe, and now met her, as they had agreed upon, in the heart of Ribble, for the first time since Gideon Carr had striven so hard to part them for ever.

CHAPTER XXXV.—MET TO PART.

"But what is it you propose to do at Cliffe, love?" asked Mildred of her husband, when he had finished narrating his strange experiences of the last few days, and had received her own in turn. "Why should we not at once depart, now that we have our Milly safe and well? I cannot bear a second separation from you, Ray—indeed, indeed, I cannot—and yet I feel that that is what you have in your mind."

"We will not be separated, dearest," answered Raymond, smoothing her dark tresses with his loving hand. "I will be near you to watch over you; you will meet me here every day. But I have a duty to perform in my father's house, which I have too long neglected; I must protect the helpless, and I must punish the guilty."

Very stern and grave was Raymond's voice as he spoke these words, and Mildred trembled to hear it, because she knew what iron resolve that tone expressed. Her husband, so simple, so generous, so open, was about to match himself against the wily Grace.

"Yes," continued he, "I have been selfishly content with my own lot too long. I have suffered my father's son, my only brother, to remain in wicked hands—flattered by false hopes, terrified by false fears—and have never lifted finger to set him free from a captivity worse than that from which I have myself but now escaped. True, I have not wronged him; but when I look upon you, my own, my love, I feel pity for him who coveted such a priceless treasure in vain."

"Raymond," answered Mildred, hastily, "you do not know how sadly Rupert is changed."

"Yes, dear, I know it. The Curse has fallen—alas! poor Rue, poor Rue!" Raymond turned away his face, and was silent for a little, ere he resumed. "I must act *for* him, therefore, and not *with* him, as I had hoped to do. For some base purpose of her own, this woman, who would imprison him at the Dene without a scruple, seeks to make him appear sane. In a few days I can collect evidence hereabouts to prove him otherwise. Then he will be removed from her and hers, and put in some fit place, and receive careful attendance, from which may come—who knows?—Improvement, cure."

Mildred shook her head.

"At all events," continued her husband, "he shall remain no more with one who only uses him for her own ends. With her, too—a murderess in intention—I have my own account to settle. This letter, in her own handwriting—'*When you have made sure of R,*' writes she—was found on the dead body of her brother. I will tell her this to her false face: 'That were it not she was once my father's wife——'"

"No, no," cried Mildred, passionately; "defy her not, dear husband; let her be. You will fall into her toils yourself."

"I must take my chance of that, wife," answered Raymond, cheerfully; "but since you fear this woman thus, Mildred, I will remove you at once from out of her reach. With the Careys, you and the child will be safe alike from force or fraud; and when my work here is finished——"

"No, Raymond," cried Mildred, firmly. "If we are to be parted from you, I should feel safer here, in the very hold of our enemy, than in any place where, as before, she might suddenly swoop down upon us. The expectation of the peril would be worse than the peril itself. With thee without, and our unknown friend, whoever that may be, within, I shall not feel unprotected; besides, for a week, at least, I am safe, for until then I shall not have served this woman's turn."

"Moreover," answered Raymond, "within a week I shall have obtained all that I need in the way of information, as well, I hope, as struck a blow at this evil woman, who is even now, as I have cause to suspect, bringing her base designs to some completion. Nay, do not tremble, my sweet love. How strange it is that you, who are so brave against all else, should be such a coward with respect to Grace Clifford!"

"I do not fear, dear Raymond—indeed, indeed I do not for myself, no, nor yet for Milly; while she is in my arms, at least, she seems to be safe, and knowing that I have her to guard, I meet my aunt as the sheep-dog meets the wolf—but it is for *thee*, Raymond, for thee I tremble."

"You doubt that I have wits to cope with cunning Grace," returned Raymond, smiling. "Well, that is true, enough. Still, there is something of advantage in an honest cause, and something, too, in this—that the woman deems me dead. She that plays tricks with shrouds, and acts the sacrilegious part of a lost spirit, may yet not be without her own superstitions, Mildred."

"Then why be seen?" urged Mildred. "If you trust for anything to Grace's ignorance—and, oh, beware how you build on *that* foundation—why show yourself, and run the risk of being recognized? Would Aunt Grace easily credit that it is your *ghost* which haunts the place, or would it not rather put her on her guard to sift the truth of the story of your death?"

"You are wise and prudent, dear Mildred; but you do not remember that I left Cliffe a smooth-faced boy, having scarcely used a razor till I married; while, since I have been imprisoned under Beacon Down, I have become bearded like the pard. Moreover, in the daytime, no one is stirring now about the park, whether from the Hall or the village; and when evening comes I retire to the *Spotted Cow*, beyond the turnpike, where, in return for looking over the contents of my portfolio, the guidman and his wife entertain me with the country gossip, and all the history of the poor mad squire. They would as soon think of finding a likeness for me to the cow upon their signboard as to Raymond Clifford."

"Why, the very dog, Rufus, knew you; and I knew you, Raymond"——

"Yes, the dog and you," interrupted her husband, smiling upon her, fondly, "for love and instinct are equally lynx-eyed; but, trust me, no one else shall recognize me. And now, dearest, for the present, we must part, lest this attendant of yours become impatient, or even grow suspicious. You see that it is I that am the prudent one. Every day at this same time I shall be within this chamber, having always *Finis Hall* to take to if any ferret shall invade the burrow. If you do not come, I shall conclude you cannot. In the meantime, do not fear. Within the week, or in less time, I hope to discover enough to put a spoke in Madame Clifford's wheel that shall mar the smoothness of its running."

With dire forebodings, which, however, she did not express, Mildred held up her child to meet its father's kiss; then turned toward him her own obedient cheek, unstained by tear, and made him a loving farewell. Darker and darker grew his form with every footstep that she took with torch in hand, and once she could not forbear from running back and kissing him once more; but at last she tore herself away, and hurried forth to Lucy.

"I am afraid I have been very selfish, and made you wait very long," said Mildred, sweetly.

"It did not seem so, madam, I assure you," replied her attendant. "It is my duty to await your pleasure; and, besides, my brother, here, has kept me company."

William Cator, who was standing a little behind his sister, leaning upon a gun, regarded his mistress's truant niece with no very friendly eyes.

"I am afraid I frightened you, miss—that is, madam," said he, gruffly.

"Yes," returned Mildred, with a steady voice, "I am always frightened at firearms. Please to carry it carefully as we go back."

"I ain't agoing back, ma'am," replied the other, with an unpleasant grin. "There's nothing to do at the Hall, and I can't sleep in the sunlight, like the other folks; so I'm out for a day's pleasure."

"What is your brother going to shoot?" asked Mildred, with a beating heart, of Lucy, as they recrossed the park.

"Oh, nothing as I knows of, madam: he is no sportsman. He was waiting for you to leave the cave, because he wants to go in there himself to fire the gun off, and try the effect of the echoes. I wonder whether we shall hear them?"

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

THERE are treasures richer than gold or pearls, and there are sentiments so pure and deep, that sometimes they control our whole nature and disclose its true dignity. The incident shown in our illustration of the power of music, which we take from an exchange, is one of those touching revelations of feeling, inspired by song, that prove what susceptibilities often lie hidden beneath an unpromising exterior, requiring only the fitting opportunity for their proper development.

Leaning idly over a fence a few days since, we noticed a little four-year-old "bird of creation" amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were around him. At length a beautiful bob-o-link perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple tree which extended to within a few yards of the spot where the urchin sat, and maintained his position apparently unconsciousness of the close proximity to one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after steadily regarding him for a minute or two, obeying the instincts of his baser nature, he picked up a stone lying at his feet and was preparing himself for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, the Bob was within an ace of damage, when lo! his throat swelled, and forth came nature's joy. "A link—a link—a-i-n-k, bob-o-link, bob-o-link! a-n-o-wet! I know it—I know it! a-link! don't throw it! throw it, throw it," etc., etc.; and he didn't. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position and the despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the songster through and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him and inquired—"Why didn't you stone him, my boy? you might have killed him and carried him home."

The poor little fellow looked up doubtingly, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression of half shame and half sorrow, he replied: "*Couldn't, cause he sung so.*"

Who will say our nature is wholly depraved, after that; or even that music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast? Melody awakened humanity, and humanity—mercy! The bird was saved, and, God was glorified by the deed. Dear little boys, don't stone the birds.



THE POWER OF MUSIC.

BURNING OF A COOLIE SHI

WE cannot conceive of any sound more appalling than the cry of fire on a crowded ship in mid-ocean. The mad element, at any time so frightful, is now invested with ten-fold terror, from the utter hopelessness of rescue, and the certainty of death either from the flames or the water. It is hardly a matter of surprise that in such circumstances reason is paralyzed and passion becomes furious, that the worst, as well as the noblest traits of humanity, are brought into action, and utter despair induces utter madness.

The following account of the destruction of a coolie ship will convey some faint conception of the horrors of a fire at sea:

The Italian ship Napoleon Canevero, which sailed from Macao on March 8, had a crew of forty men, 663 Chinese coolie emigrants and 8,000 boxes of fire-crackers. Soon after sailing an attempt was made by some of the coolies to poison the ship's officers, and the ringleaders were punished by flogging. It appeared that 200 had joined in a conspiracy to destroy the officers and capture the ship, and efforts were made to keep them in subordination, but they failed. On the 9th of March a rush was made by the coolies to get possession of the vessel, but they were fired upon by the officers and crew, and about thirty of them shot, but yet they refused to surrender, declaring they would either capture the vessel or die. They made another rush to obtain possession of the deck, when the crew fired down the hatches upon them. The account of the proceedings immediately subsequent is thus given by Alexander Francis Faw, master of the ship:

"A cry of fire was raised and smoke seen to issue from several parts of the vessel aft. The fire-engine was at once got ready for work, but whilst some of the deck lights were being lifted for the purpose of putting down the hose in the between-decks, where the fire was, one of the coolies severed the wrist of the seaman engaged in handing them the hose, with a cutlass obtained from one of the guards, the consequence of which was that the man, in less than twenty minutes, died from loss of blood. To all appearance the object of the coolies in setting fire to the ship was for the purpose of getting the crew below, they thinking the fire a more serious affair than the revolt, and that the crew in all probability would at once go below and endeavor to prevent the fire making any further progress in the vessel; but in this they were disappointed. A second time they were asked to surrender, and they again replied they would not. The fire rapidly increasing, the captain ordered bread and water to be placed in the boats, and the latter got ready for immediate use.

"The cook, assisted by the steward, placed in the gig, which was hanging on the starboard side to the ship's davits, two barrels of bread and a small keg containing about six gallons. The cook got into the boat, and while the steward was lowering it down, the tackle rope parted, the boat was capsized and the cook drowned. The captain now ordered a long boat to be lowered, and while in the act of lowering it, the tackle rope of this also parted, and the boat was swamped. A third boat was lowered in safety, which was immediately filled with some of the crew, and put off from the ship's side. The ship now being fore and aft one mass of flames, the remainder of the crew left on board, which consisted of the captain, first mate, European doctor, interpreter, supercargo, storekeeper, chief steward and one sailor, were compelled to throw themselves overboard, and swim toward one of the swamped boats. The captain, mate, supercargo and sailor alone reached the boat, the others having perished in the attempt.

"After being in the water twenty minutes or more, still holding on to the swamped boat and calling to the crew in the other boat for assistance, they came at length to our rescue, and we got into the boat which now contained thirty-one men, the remainder of the crew, nine in number, having perished. The weather at this time being calm, an attempt was made to bail the water out of the long-boat, which was swamped, and having succeeded in doing so, fifteen men were placed in it. Having only six oars, two were given to the smallest boat, and the latter was towed by the large one—still keeping within a mile of the burning ship; at nine P. M. the mizzen-mast fell, and at ten P. M. the vessel blew up, the fire having reached that part of the hold in which the 8,000 boxes of Chinese fire-crackers were stowed."

Of course every soul on board perished. The crew on board the boats was rescued by the Hamburg bark Maders, bound to Saigon, China.

THE ADROIT THIEF.

THE skill and shrewdness exhibited by rogues in obtaining the property of others are sometimes almost marvelous, and it is always a matter of regret that their abilities are not devoted to more laudable ends. The following incident, related by a resident of India, illustrates the adroitness with which peculations are carried on in that country: "I once had a remarkably quiet and docile elephant, which one day came home loaded with branches of trees for provender, followed by a number of villagers, complaining that the *driver* had stolen a kid from them, and that it was then on the elephant under the branches of the trees. The *driver* took an opportunity of decamping into the village and hiding himself. I ordered the elephant to be unloaded, and was surprised to see that he would not allow any person to come near him, when at all other times he was perfectly tractable and obedient. Combining all the circumstances, I was convinced that the *driver* was guilty, and to get rid of the noise, I recompensed the people for the loss of the kid. As soon as they were gone, the elephant allowed himself to be unloaded, and the kid was found under the branches as described by the people. I learned from my interpreter that similar complaints had been made to him before, and that the rascal of a *driver* had made it a practice to drive the elephant into the midst of a herd of goats, and had taught the animal to pick up any of the kids he was directed; he had also accustomed him to steal pumpkins, and other vegetables that grew against the inside of the fences, like beans, which could be reached only by an elephant.

THE ASS AND THE CARROTS.

THE intelligence displayed by animals often approximates so nearly to reason, that it is not very difficult to believe they may have the power of forming logical conclusions. The advocates of the development theory can certainly adduce many facts that strongly favor their views. The donkey is not generally considered a very knowing brute, but the following incident exhibits a degree of shrewdness, and a skill in adapting means to ends, that ought to redeem this despised quadruped from the contempt with which he is usually regarded.

An ass was lodged at night in a small shed, which opened into a yard; adjoining this, but separated from it by a wall and a door, fastened by two bolts and an ordinary latch, was the kitchen garden. One morning the master was very much surprised to find the garden-door unbolted, and the lettuces, and all the rest of the garden-walks and beds plainly showed who had been the trespasser. Still the master could scarcely imagine that the ass had withdrawn the bolts, and let himself in; but one night he watched him from the window of a room overlooking the yard and garden, and there he distinctly saw Master Donkey, reared on his hind legs, unfastening the upper bolt with the nose or mouth. He then withdrew the lower one also, lifted the latch, and walked in. Presently he returned with a fine head of carrots, which he placed on his shed, and then went back to latch the door, after which he leisurely munched his aptly acquired booty. Before a stop was put to his proceedings his master gave several of his neighbors an opportunity of witnessing them. It was noticed that he never would begin operations till the light had been extinguished from the bedroom window.

MARRIAGES IN THE FLEET PRISON

THE condition of public morals in England is a subject of sad sorry, even with our own standard, was exceedingly gross and disgraceful. Abuses of every character were tolerated, and there was a complete absence of that delicacy and delicate regard for purity and refinement that is the distinguishing mark of modern society.

Among the singular customs of our forefathers, arising, in a great measure, from their indifference to decorum, one of the most remarkable was matrimony, although, we would rather say, to say, but the fitest word would be "performed" by the parsons in the Fleet Prison. These clerical functionaries were disreputable, dissolute men, mostly prisoners for debt, who, to the great injury of public morals, degraded the dignity of their holy profession by marrying in the precincts of the Fleet Prison, at a minute's notice, any persons who might present themselves for that purpose. No questions were asked, no stipulations made, except as to the amount of the fee for the service, or the quantity of wine to be drunk on the occasion. It not unfrequently happened, indeed, that the clergyman, the clerk, the bridegroom and the bride were drunk at the very time the ceremony was performed. These disgraceful members of the sacred calling had their "pipers," or "touters," who, if they caught sight of a man and woman walking together along the streets of the neighborhood, pestered them as the few clothesmen in the present day tease the passers-by with solicitations, not easily to be shaken off, as to whether they wanted a clergyman to marry them.

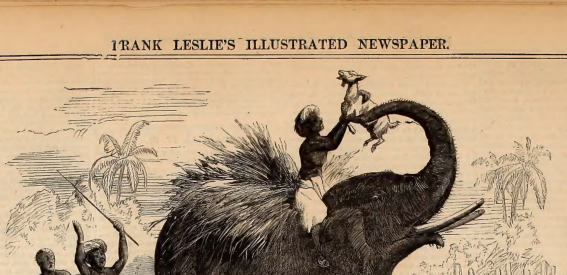
With such facilities for marriage, and such unprincipled ministers, it may easily be imagined that iniquitous schemes of all sorts were perpetrated under the name of "Fleet Weddings." The parsons were ready, for a bribe, to make false entries in their registers, to ante-date weddings, to give fictitious certificates, and to marry persons who would declare only the initials of their names. Thus, if a spinster or a widow, in debt, desired to cheat her creditors by pretending to have been married before the debt was contracted, she had only to present herself at one of the marriage-houses in the Fleet, and, upon payment of a small additional fee to the clergyman, a



BURNING OF A SHIP AND SIX HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO COOLIE EMIGRANTS.

man could instantly be found on the spot to act as bridegroom for a few shillings, and the worthless chaplain could find a blank place in his register for any year desired, so that there was no difficulty in making the necessary record. They would also, for a consideration, obliterate any given entry. The sham bridegrooms, under different names, were married over and over again, with the full knowledge of the clerical practitioners. In fact, all manner of people presented themselves for marriage at the unholy dens in the Fleet taverns: runaway sons and daughters of peers, Irish adventurers and foolish rich widows, demons and decayed beauties, soldiers and servant-girls, boys in their teens and old women of seventy, men and women living already wives and husbands, young heiresses conveyed thither by force, and compelled, *in terrorem*, to be brides, and common laborers and female paupers, dragged by parish-officers to the profane altar, stained by relics of drunken orgies, and reeking with the fumes of liquor and tobacco!

Such was London in the early part of the last century. It is an evidence of progress and virtue that such a state of things would be impossible now, and that corruption cannot so openly fester and pollute. Our illustration shows one of these unhallowed performances in the old Fleet Prison, within the walls of which so much of agony and wretchedness has been experienced.



THE ADROIT THIEF.

THE STING OF A SCORPION.

Episode o an Adventure in Tartary.

ON my way between Balkh and Kerki, I spent several days in the house of a renowned Turkoman sheikh, who, besides his spiritual influence, exer-



THE ASS AND THE CARROTS.

cised also a worldly superiority over the tribe amongst whom he resided. I should have plenty to do if I set myself to relate all the roguery and hypocritical bearings of this Mohammedan saint, especially in connecting bartering with blessing, and business with so-called religion. But at present I wish to speak only of a danger which befell me when in his company, and from which I escaped by a special mercy of the Almighty.

In one of those bright moonlight nights of August I sat up a little longer than usual in the society of some young Turkomans, who found extreme pleasure in my reading of some heroic ballads and their national songs. Toward midnight, however, everybody retired, or rather separated from the rest, which was merely lying down in the open air. I fell asleep near an old wall, entirely forgetting the warnings so often given to me by the nomads not to dwell in the neighborhood of old decaying edifices, or near a heap of rubbish. But, alas! I suppose men accustomed to civilized life feel always a secret inclination toward buildings. A wall, even if in ruin, reminded me of comfort and of settled life, and I may be excused if I listened rather to the voice of my heart than to the counsels of my companions.

Sleep, as usual with me, closed my eyes as soon as I laid me down. I dreamt of the wars and the warriors illustrated in the poetry I had been reading to the Turkomans. I would rather have had my senses beguiled by remembrance of "sweet home;" but we cannot command the nature of our dreams.

It was about midnight when I felt a terrible and acute pain in my right foot near the great toe—a pain as awful as if somebody had plunged a poisoned needle in that spot. I awoke with a cold piercing cry. I grasped my foot, and, although yet unconscious of what had befallen me, I imported, with heart-rending exclamations the help of my slumbering neighbors. They awoke, but before they could come to my assistance, the pain, increasing in violence, began to spread upward to the head like the flow of a fiery stream. While the right side from top to toe ached in an indescribably awful way, the left remained entirely untouched.

In this desperate state it was a gray-haired Turkoman who approached me first, and saying: "Ah, Hodjim" (my guest), "you are stung by a scorpion," he seized the leg, bound it round the ankle as tight as he could, then, pressing his lips on the spot where the pain originated, he sucked with such a force that I really felt the power of his breath along the whole aching side. In the meantime I was surrounded by the rest of the company, and the old Turkoman, who became probably tired by his exertions, was soon relieved by a second and a third. The sucking, although renewed with fresh vigor, did little or nothing to relieve my agony. Finally, an old Mollah came to apply his holy breath in the shape of blessings. Tapping for some minutes with his fingers on the badly wounded limb, he uttered curses and imprecations on the evil spirit who came in the shape of a scorpion to torture the true believer. He encouraged me with the promise that as soon as the Muezzin should call for the morning prayer, the evil spirit would disappear, being by nothing more frightened than by the words of that holy admonition.

I remained then in a state the picture of which I could scarcely give to the reader. The excitement pain bereft me of all reason. The cutting, stinging, and burning now pierced through the whole half of my body; but the head, and particularly the right eye, was the most affected. I screamed constantly as loud as I could, but my lamentations and my deep sighs did not prevent the company falling again to sleep. It was undoubtedly the most desperate moment, not only of my journey, but of my whole life. Whilst I thought the poison would kill me here in this strange and distant country, I glanced often to the heavens, not to look for the morning star as the signal of release from my tortures, according to the prediction of the pious Mollah, but to contemplate those shining bright orbs as if I would bid them farewell, and intrust to them my last address to my friends in the much-beloved West. In the paroxysm of my sufferings I renounced all hope, and flung my head violently to the ground, as if in order to deaden the intensity of my pangs. I am well ashamed now of my puerilanimous conduct, and I might justly be rebuked of it; but there is scarcely any pain or anguish which could approach that most terrible agony caused by the sting of scorpions—animals which were much dreaded even in the ancient times, and of whose deadly poison I had seen a miserable victim expire some days before. It was a poor Hadji, who, during his prayers, on touching the ground with his forehead, was stung on his eyelid: and there being no possibility of checking the spreading of the poison, he died in the most frightful way.

I lay there in an almost exhausted state. The dawn was yet half an hour distant, when I felt by degrees the fire changing into cold. I thought it was the morning breeze which made me shiver; but no, it was the crisis which had come. Every moment which brought me nearer to the blessed daylight diminished my aches, and —is it not wonderful to relate?—I felt them disappear exactly in the same way in which they came. First of all it was the head which began to clear; the mitigation augmented by short intervals in every limb downward to the foot; and when the first rays of the morning twilight struck my eyes I felt almost entirely recovered. I was in a state of half-intoxication, and my senses being weakened by the pain. In calling back to my memory the dreary midnight hour, I began to shudder, when the deep stentorian voice of the Muezzin saying, "There is no God besides Allah," sounded in the distance. The prophecy of the Mollah was fulfilled; but the reader will understand that it was not the holy admonition, but rather the sucking of the Turkomans, that saved me. The wild sons of the desert know the usual term of the sufferings caused by the bite of this venomous animal, and instead of using a commonplace expression of so many hours, the wise Mollah gave the time of the morning prayer as the time of my recovery.

Two hours after sunrise, although weak, I was able to walk about; and how great was my astonishment when, looking at the spot where I had been wounded, I saw but a small, scarcely noticeable point, like the puncture of a very fine needle.

THE WILD HORSE

IT was on the occasion of my second journey across the American desert that we found ourselves one morning, in the month of October, 1846, among a chain of steep and barren mountains, amid which flowed a stream like a chain of silver. It was full of fish, and the banks were of turf, enameled with flowers. In the distance, on the brow of the mountain which overlooked the valley, were trees whose foliage was fresh and bright, whose boles were covered with emerald moss, and on which the eye rested with pleasure, for they contrasted with the monotony of the vast solitudes which we had traversed, after quitting the marshy banks of the Mississippi.

In the distance, we perceived a troop of wild horses browsing peacefully near a herd of about twenty bisons, some of whom were lying in a thicket of cotton plants, whilst the others mounted guard. The chief of the red-skins assembled all the best hunters of his tribe, and held a council with them. He was determined to carry out that grand manœuvre which is known in the United States and among the emigrants of the Far West as the "Wild Horses' Ring." This style of sporting requires a large number of able horsemen, who, spreading themselves about, formed a circle of about a mile and a half in circumference.

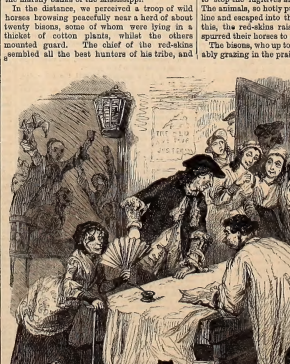
Absolute silence is necessary, for wild horses are easily frightened, and their instinct is so acute that the slightest breeze will carry to their nostrils the scent of their enemies, the red-skins of the desert. As soon as the circle was formed, four hunters, mounted on splendid horses, started in the direction of the herd. Immediately, every animal started off in the opposite direction; but, as soon as they attempted to pass over the boundaries of the circle, the nearest hunter dashed onward to meet them, and frightened them back again.

Nothing is grander than to see these horses at full gallop, rushing in every direction, and whinnying with such clearness and suddenness that the echoes have scarcely time to take up the burden without hearing it repeated. The Pawnees, who entertained me, attached the baggage horses to stakes, so as to keep them from running away, and to prevent them from being misled by bad example. Fifty red-skins, with the chief of the tribe at the head, crept along the border of the wood which lined the hill to the left, leading their horses after them. A similar number of men went to the right, on the other side of the stream; whilst a third party, making an immense circuit, lay in ambush on a parallel line near the lower end of the valley, with a view to a junction of the two wings, so as to inclose the herd of wild horses in the centre. The different manœuvre was executed with extraordinary facility, and the third line was just about to unite itself with the two others, when the herd gave symptoms of alarm. The neighings of the horses became more frequent; they breathed heavily, and looked anxiously around. Presently they broke out into a trot, behind a clump of cotton bushes, which hid them from from our sight.

The chief of the Pawnees happened to retreat to the spot where the scene which I narrate took place, and he advanced slowly to the animals, in order to drive them back, when the three whites who accompanied me broke out of the cover and advanced toward the horses.

This clumsy movement upset all the plans of the red-skins. Immediately they perceived the men, the wild horses dashed off into the valley, pursued by the three whites, who were shouting like men possessed. It was in vain for the Pawnees, who formed the middle line, to attempt to stop the fugitives and make them turn back. The animals, so hotly pursued, broke through the line and escaped into the open plain. On seeing this, the red-skins raised their war-whoop, and spurred their horses to a gallop.

The bisons, who up to this time had been peacefully grazing in the prairie, seemed now to hold a



MARRIAGE IN THE FLEET PRISON, LONDON, ENGLAND.

consultation together, and looking with an air of astonishment at the human avalanche which came pouring toward them, they took flight at a rapid pace, galloping toward a marsh which was at the foot of the valley. As for the horses, they fled along the narrow defile through the mountains, and disappeared pell-mell in a cloud of dust. The three whites and about fifty Pawnees were on the heels of the wild horses, but none of them could use the *lasso* with any success. I must here confess my own incompetence as a horseman, and I admit that I was one of the laggards, although I was mounted on a capital mare, with an Indian saddle as comfortable and easy as an arm-chair. My feet were securely bound to the large Mexican stirrups, so that I was quite secure from falling.

Among the animals in the herd I had remarked a magnificent stallion, as black as a raven's wing, and I pursued him in company with two young Pawnees who acted as attendants upon the chief of the tribe. As we mounted the defile the stallion slipped and fell, and, in a moment, the two red-skins leapt from their horses and seized the creature by his mane and nostrils. The stallion struggled vigorously, beating the earth with his fore feet and plowing it up behind with his hoofs; but, in spite of all his efforts, my two companions succeeded in passing the lasso around his neck and in fixing him by the right fore foot to a leathern thong which was attached to the left hind foot.

Whilst the other Indian hunters and the three whites pursued the remainder of the herd, I returned to camp with the black stallion and his two conquerors, who had attached a second rope to the lasso, and so held the brute between them at a sufficient distance to prevent him from injuring them by his kicking. Directly he went toward one side, they tugged him toward the other, and by this means, when arrived at the camp, if not vanquished, he was fairly tired out.

The Pawnees brought back four colts and a mare. Two of the former were bays, and the two others white; the mare was as black as jet. Next morning, the six animals seemed to understand perfectly the necessity of submission, and had become as docile as others who had lived for years in the camp of the Pawnees.

The capture of a wild horse is a feat which is esteemed above all others among the red-skins of every tribe. The animals who live in freedom on those vast plains are of different shapes and colors, and it is not difficult to distinguish their origin. Some of them resemble the English breeds, and these are probably the descendants of horses which escaped from the English colonies before the Declaration of Independence. The smaller and more sinewy horses are doubtless descended from the Andalusian breed, which were brought thither by Cortez and the Spanish colonists after the Mississippi and the neighboring territories were taken possession of by Hernandes de Soto.

On the evening after this grand hunt we were sitting around our fires, with which we had cooked our supper. Two blankets were spread upon the ground, and an enormous bowl of maple-wood was before us filled with a stew composed of wild turkeys and slices of peccary hams. Several haunches of wild venison, roasted upon wooden spits, were browning before the fire, which sputtered and smoked with the grease which dropped into it. We had neither plates nor forks, and every one helped himself with the aid of his knife, cutting slices from the venison, which he seasoned from a little bowl filled with a mixture of salt and pepper.

Here I must offer a compliment to the Pawnee cook. The stew and roasts, seasoned by the air of the prairie, seemed to me superior to anything I had ever tasted at Delmonico's. Our only drink was coffee boiled in a caldron, sweetened with brown sugar, and served in tin cups. When night came on, the camp wore a picturesque appearance. Scattered fires sparkled in the forest, and around them you could see groups of Indians, some seated, others lying at full length and wrapped up in their blankets. For my part, I took a pleasure in listening to the tales of the Pawnees who surrounded me—tales which beguiled the monotony of the scene. The Indians have plenty of legends, and their superstitious veneration for the beauties of Nature surpasses all that the ingenuity of a European can invent. One of them assured us that the hunters sometimes found thunder-bolts in the prairies, and that they made the best points for arrows and lances. A warrior furnished with those is invincible, but he is all the more subject to the danger of electricity. If a storm comes on during a fight, he may be reduced to powder. This, however, is but a fable.

I heard a great many anecdotes about a certain black horse that frequented the prairies of Arkansas for a number of years, defying every attempt of the hunters to catch him. The fame of him was known afar. He was thought to be impossible of capture, and his feet were lighter than the gazelle, and the mane which fell upon his graceful crest, was as black as ebony. One of the Pawnees told us that one evening, before the moon was up, he approached very near to the enchanted horse, and threw his lasso. The noble brute seemed to resign himself at first, and galloped by the side of his captor; but suddenly perceiving the camp fires, he shied off vigorously, disentangled himself from the lasso, and rushed full into the obscurity of the night.

The horses captured by the Pawnees are the objects of especial attention. It may interest the reader to know something of the means employed by the red-skins to conquer these noble animals. In the first place, they set upon the horse's back a construction composed of two pieces of wood, lightly attached to each other, so as to give it its first idea of servitude. The haughty independence of the animal is then immediately manifested, but after an unequal struggle, in which the Indian aids, the poor horse, feeling resistance to be useless, lies down and confesses himself to be vanquished. An actor, hoping to represent the despair of a monarch, could not render the position more dramatically.

The second lesson consists in making the animal get up by the pressure of the bridle. At first the horse refuses to obey; then he lies down at full length; but presently, on the reiterated pressure of the bridle and the sting of the whip, he springs neighing to his feet and places his head between his two fore legs. Then he is entirely vanquished, and after making him submit for two or three days to these humiliations of slavery, he is set free among the horses who submit themselves to the rein or saddle. I could not help admiring the splendid animals thus trained by the Pawnees, and whose life is changed from freedom to a miserable slavery. Instead of ranging the boundless pastures at their will, wandering from prairie to prairie, and from mountain to plain, browsing upon every kind of flower and grass, and quenching their thirst at every brook, they are condemned to a perpetual servitude, to the humiliation of bridle and bit.

Is there not a strange similarity between this transition and the lot of some of the human race? One day a monarch, the next a prisoner. So one day the noble is monarch of the prairies, and the next, he is harnessed to a dung-cart.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF VIRTUE.

It is a trite saying, that virtue is its own reward, and doubtless under certain conditions this statement is true. There is unquestionably a satisfaction in the consciousness of well-doing, in the supremacy of good over evil, in the victory gained over wild passions and wayward propensities, that more than compensates for any self-denial imposed or any meretricious allurements neglected by one who has achieved such an end; but the melancholy fact still remains, that in the highest sense the great mass of men are not virtuous, and that many others, whose outward conduct is blameless, are secretly guilty of glaring departures from rectitude. Now this condition of things must arise either from some unconquerable propensity toward wrong-doing, from a want of power in virtue to control the mind and conduct, or from mistaken notions of its nature and requirements.

The last of these formulas we deem by far the more probable. It is our mistake as to the nature and province of virtue that disappoints us as to its influence and leads us to impugn human nature and mourn over its obliquity.

We strip virtue of all her adornments and pleasantries, hold her up to the world a stark, repulsive skeleton, and ask that she shall be revered as a goddess, and when the beholders do not fall down and worship the miserable phantom, we declaim against the corruption of the times and the rampant wickedness of man. Virtue is not a bare abstraction, something that only the judgment can comprehend and the reason approve, but a living, breathing reality, radiant with love and sympathy, entering right into the heart and feelings, and reigning a queen over the affections. Verily her ways are ways of pleasantness, but we force her into rigid, artificial grooves, when all her attractions disappear, and wonder that she has so little power.

We take a child full of animal spirit, frank, trusting and loving, and teach him that to be good and virtuous he must repress all those feelings that are the very crowning charm of his being. We may succeed in molding and developing him into our own distorted pattern, just as trees may be pruned into fantastic shapes, but the result of our unnatural efforts in each instance will prove about equally satisfactory; we shall have neither a noble, virtuous man, nor a vigorous, beautiful tree. And this is the radical defect with most schemes of social and moral reform. Men, full of zeal, but void of wisdom, set up a caricature, and because the world laughs and despises, they say, What a naughty world!

But we proposed to treat of the æsthetics of virtue. The fact is, virtue, as generally held up to men, has no æsthetics, and it is of this great lack we complain. Vice is clothed in purple and fine linen, vice appeals to every sense, vice builds gorgeous temples, vice provides for almost every craving of our nature; is it strange, then, that virtue, losing sight of all these things, and decrying every innocent source of enjoyment, should itself be discarded as too rigid in its nature and too exacting in its requirements? Contrast the appliances virtue affords for reforming men with those vice provides for enslaving them, and wonder no longer that virtue has so little power.

We passed by a seaman's Bethel the other day, moored to a filthy pier, devoid of taste and beauty, dilapidated, uninviting; it did not surprise us that the attendance there on Sundays was very meager; in fact, it is a marvel that any one should be willing to enter such a gloomy prison-like place at all. And so of our chapels and association rooms the same things may be said. They are magnificent failures, just because they are indescribably barren and unattractive. Reformers generally act on the assumption that our moral nature is all we possess, and they have addressed this nature as if it were fully trained and developed. You might as well expect to teach a savage how to read by giving him lessons in algebra; he would soon turn from you in disgust or despair. Men must come down from their stilts and put themselves in accord with the emotional nature of the world, if they would have the world improve, and just as they enter into the sympathies of those around them will they exert a salutary and lasting influence. Restore to virtue her insignia and her prerogatives, strip off the cerements with which she has been bound, let her stand forth in her native radiance and exercise her proper sway, and the world shall do her homage and bow in submission at her feet.

Of course there are some who are so constituted or circumstanced, as to appreciate the force and applicability of bare abstract truth, but men generally are reached through the medium of their senses and emotions, and from losing sight of this fact, many noble and praiseworthy efforts for the general good have proved wonderfully barren of palpable results. And especially is this true of what right-thinking men regard as of vital importance, pertaining to the future equally with the present. We are invariably asked to accept as true what we cannot understand, what has no practical bearing upon our daily life, what blunts and stifles all the voluntary exercises of our nature; and because we are faithless and skeptical, and turn away from dry dogmas to living facts, we are denounced and consigned to perdition. There is need and opportunity for reform in all these things. Beginning in the family and extending to the school, the rostrum and the church, we would have truth so presented, and virtue so inculcated, that they might appeal to our receptive powers, and stand before us in all their native excellence.

We shall train our children best by working on their feelings rather than on their intellect; we shall reform society, not by denouncing its follies and faults, but by bringing into exercise those common emotions that, properly directed, will have no relish for follies and faults. When the great Teacher instructed the multitudes, his doctrines were not abstract formulas, but living gems of thought and feeling, set in the beauties of the fields and flowers, and thus appealing to every one's experience and coming home to every one's heart. If our teachers and reformers would keep this fact in view, and act upon it—if they would take men as they are, and treat them as mortals and not as machines, disappointment and failure would less frequently attend their honest but ill-advised efforts. And when one does break away from the beaten track, how he is suspected and abused; but the world moves, and we have hope that the days of this ignorance will soon come to an end, and an era of better things be vouchsafed to us.

SPAIN AS IT IS.

The attempt of Spain, after a little trumpery success in Africa, to lift itself into the rank of a first-rate nation by raids and conquests in America, has abjectly failed. Utterly foiled in San Domingo, she has been beaten and humiliated in Chile and Peru. The last mail brings us news of both popular and military risings within her borders. She is bankrupt. For many years her securities have been running lower and lower. Nobody will buy them. Few care to inherit them. She is without voice in the affairs of Europe, and is now the only civilized nation of the world upholding slavery. She merits the opprobrium of mankind. She is not, however, utterly hopeless. In the first place, her legislation recognizes the liberty of religious opinions, but does not recognize the liberty of religious worship. The distinction is a pitiful one for these days, but still it represents the abolition of an enormous amount of tyranny and annoyance. Secondly, the territorial power of the priesthood, once so great, has ceased to exist; monasteries are a thing of the past, and in their place we find only a few scattered mission-houses, while the whole number of ecclesiastics has been diminished by many thousands. Thirdly, although it might be imagined that the sacrifice of so large a portion of its worldly advantages might have been repaid to the Spanish clergy by an increase of spiritual influence, this has certainly not been the case, and every traveler knows that neither they nor their office are respected by large sections of the community. In Malaga and Cadiz, in Seville and Cordova, through all south-eastern Spain we behold the old religion sinking into contempt. The priests candidly confess that they have lost their hold over the middle class; or, to use their own peculiar diction, they say: "If it were not for the poor, there would be no worship of God in the land." Sometimes when a sermon of an exceptionally startling kind wakes up the slumbering consciences of the masses, the ancient fanaticism flares up again in a ghastly way; but it is a mere momentary revival, and things soon return to their accustomed course.

Probably the form of Romanism which prevails in Spain is lower, and retains less of the real spirit of Christianity, than that which exists in any other Catholic country. Over the lower classes it still has very considerable hold, but rather as a superstition than as a religion. On the other hand, the creed of the bulk of the men among the educated classes is pure indifferentism, and probably in their hearts the majority of those who are opposed to religious toleration oppose it in order that they may not have the trouble of settling what attitude they are to take up toward the religion of the State. At present they are Catholics as a matter of course, just as they are Spaniards. If they could be anything else, they would be ashamed to profess belief in a system which they utterly despise. This state of things need surprise nobody; it is the natural result of the forcible suppression of free thought, and is seen in a less degree even in those countries—pagan and other—where public opinion, and not penal legislation, is the supporter of the existing creeds. We cannot expect this miserable hypocrisy, injurious alike to morality, to literature and to statesmanship, soon to pass away; but a beginning is made. Any one who knows Spain could mention the names of Spaniards who are as enlightened in these great matters and as earnest as the best; and just as surely as the opinions of Luther and Melancthon would, through the Enzinas family and many others, have taken root in Spain and converted a large minority of the nation, if the persecutions of Philip II. and his successors had not made it absolutely impossible, so one or other of the forms of Christianity which, under various names and with differences more or less marked, but not of vital importance, are becoming the creed of most thinking men in the countries of Europe generally recognized as progressive, will most certainly, before the end of this century, have great influence in rapidly reviving Spain.

SONG BIRDS OF JAMAICA.

In such a region of vegetable luxuriance we might expect animal life to display its wonders and varieties of being, and here the numerous tribes of gay-plumaged and vocal birds, the brilliant and sometimes huge reptiles, and the innumerable moths and flies, and leaping and bounding things, add the charm of animated and sensuous existence to wilds which, however beautiful, were otherwise but tame and unattractive. In the lonely dells of the forest, where the crystal brook brawls among the pebbles, the kildee plover wheels in swift flight around the traveler's head; in the rushy shallows the snowy gaulin is seen watching for its aquatic prey, and from the underwood hard by, the soft cooing of the peadoves comes mournfully, yet soothingly, to the ear, while now and then the plump bird alights on the sward to pick the fallen fruit of the pimento-trees, or to look upon the observer with its full, liquid, gentle eyes. In the same spots may be heard the note of the pretty Jamaica sparrow, repeating—"tichicro! chi-chi-tichicro," from his grassy cover; and where the orange groves and pimento trees fringe the way to the negro village the wild canary hops and twitters—an imported stranger, who has lost in song what he has gained in color.

Numerous pigeons and partridges are common in these woods, and the green tody or robin redbreast of the colonists is particularly abundant, and though with brighter coloring than our own robin, with much the same fearless habit—sitting on the road-side bush, and almost brushing the face of the traveler as he passes.

Among the mountains of the Bluefields ridge there are few birds, but such as are found are of a peculiar interest. The jabbering crow gives utterance to strange articulations, as, from the topmost branch of the highest tree, he calls to his fellows, or sails on laboring wing from one tree to another. This is the region, too, of the *solitaire*, a mysterious recluse, who just before day-break ravishes the ear of the wanderer with his flute-like tones, which fall like the measured notes of a psalm. One, and another, and another, take up the strain, till the mellow tones come from all parts of the surrounding woods, startling the ear when not accustomed to it and charming it when it is. The lovely humming-bird, too, is a frequenter of these regions, and flits and hovers about the flowering trees all day long, sipping with its long bill the honey from their blossoms, and peeping fearlessly under the broad hat of the wanderer, almost startling him with their matchless beauty of metallic plumage, changing into innumerable shades of lustre with the fitful motions of the bee-like bird. At night, every part of the island is vocal with the varied song of the mocking-bird, the nightingale of the tropics. Under the blue sky and the silver moonlight—which in Jamaica surpasses in their beauty the brightest imagining of northern poets—the soft cadences of the breeze sweeping over the grassy sward, or rustling through the embowered woods is delightfully varied with the notes of this prince of songsters, who, taking his seat on the highest twig of an orange tree, pours forth rich and solemn gushes of melody, as earnestly as if his soul were in his song. A rival from a neighboring tree commences a similar strain, and now the two birds exert all their powers in rivalry, until the blue midnight rings with bursts, and swells, and tender cadences, as if the stars themselves were singing.

AN INCIDENT OFF CAPE HORN.

At seven o'clock in the morning, it being our watch below, we were aroused from a sound sleep by the cry of "All hands ahoy! a man overboard!" This unwonted cry sent a thrill through the heart of every one, and hurrying on deck, we found the vessel hove flat aback, with all her studding-sails set—for the boy who was at the helm left it to throw something overboard, and the carpenter, who was an old sailor, knowing that the wind was light, put the helm down and hove her aback. The watch on deck were lowering away the quarter-boat, and I got on deck just in time to heave myself into her as she was leaving the side; but it was not until out upon the wide Pacific, in our little boat, that I knew whom we had lost. It was George Ballmer, a young sailor who was prized by the officers as an active and willing seaman, and by the crew as a lively, hearty fellow, and a good shipmate. He was going aloft to fit a strap round the main-topmast-head, for ringtail halyards, and had the strap and block, a coil of halyards and a marline-spike, about his neck. He fell from the starboard shrouds, and not knowing how to swim, and being very heavily dressed, with all those things round his neck, he probably sank immediately. We pulled astern, in the direction in which he fell, and though we knew there was no hope of saving him, yet no one wished to speak of returning, and we rowed about for nearly an hour, without the hope of doing anything, but unwilling to acknowledge to ourselves that we must give him up. At length we turned the boat's head, and made toward the vessel. Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. A man dies on shore; his body remains with his friends, and "the mourners go about the streets;" but when a man falls overboard at sea and is lost, there is suddenness in the event, and a difficulty in realizing it, which give to it an air of awful mystery. A man dies on shore—you follow his body to the grave, and a stone marks the spot. You are often prepared for the event. There is always something which helps you to realize it when it happens, and to recall it when it has passed. A man is shot down by your side in battle, and the mangled body remains an object and a real evidence; but at sea, the man is near you—at your side—you hear his voice, and in an instant he is gone, and nothing but a vacancy shows his loss. Then, too, at sea—to use a homely but expressive phrase—you miss a man so much.

A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark, upon the wide, wide sea, and for months and months see no forms and hear no voices but their own, and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn. It is like losing a limb. There are no new faces or new scenes to fill up the gap. There is always an empty berth in the forecastle, and one man wanting when the small night-watch is mustered. There is one less to take the wheel, and one less to lay out with you upon the yard. You miss his form, and the sound of his voice, for habit has made them almost necessary to you, and each of your senses feels the loss. All these things make such a death peculiarly solemn, and the effect of it remains upon the crew for some time.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A man, seeing an undertaker carrying a very small coffin, exclaimed, in the utmost surprise, "Is it possible that that coffin can be intended for any living creature?"

The easiest way to get a living (says a vagabond poet), is to sit on a gate and wait for good luck. In case good luck don't come along, you are no worse off than you were before.

A reporter, in describing a meeting of a total abstinence society, said that "they had a most harmonious and profitable session, and retired from the hall full of the *best of spirits*."

The following words, if spelt backward and forward, are the same, "name no one man."

The ladies of Cincinnati and the vicinage are very confiding. One of them, named "Diana," writes to the *Commercial*, urging the rebuilding of the Opera House, where "mothers, wives and sisters can at least fancy their absent ones are spending their evenings."

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILWAY CAR.

Monster—"I'm afraid I'm sitting on your crinoline, ma'am."

Affable Young Lady—"Oh, never mind sir, it's of no consequence: you can't hurt it."

Monster—"No, ma'am, it's not that; but the confounded thing hurts me!"

"File right!" said an officer to his company. "Bedad," said an Irishman, who stood near sharpening his saw, "it's me own property, and I'll be after doin' as I plaze wid it."

When lovely women, Lump of Folly,
 Would show the world her vainest trait;
Would treat herself as child her dolly,
 And warns each man of sense away,
The surest method she'll discover
 To prompt a wink from every eye,
Degrade a spouse, disgust a lover,
 And spoil a scalp-skin is—to dye.

We are told to hope and trust; but what is a poor fellow to do when he can no longer get any credit?

Why an Apothecary Sells Cod-Liver Oil.—To replenish his *coughers* (coffers).

Misery loves company, and so does a marriageable young lady.

What prevents the running river running away? Why, it's *tide up*.

You can tell how *wide* a man's reputation is, but you can't tell how *long*.

Foot Notes.—Dance Music.

Our Bed-rooms.—Singular Statements in Relation to Cholera.—Dr. T. S. Bell, an old and eminent physician of Louisville, a man of vast acquirements and wide observation and experience, said the other day at a meeting of the Louisville College of Physicians and Surgeons: "The cause of cholera has never risen to any great height perpendicularly, except when it was forced up. Naturally it cannot seriously affect the second story of any good residence. Heights have always been, when properly guarded, secure refuge from cholera. Elevated buildings or high walls have been perfectly exempt, while conterminous places were ravaged. Moscow has been repeatedly invaded in the quarters along the low banks of the Moskwa, but there has never been a case of the disease in the elevated Kremlin. The monasteries with high walls in Italy, France and Spain have, with great uniformity, escaped the disease. The cause of cholera acts alone at night, and upon sleeping persons. No amount of exposure in the worst localities of the disease imperils the wakeful moving individual. I have seen hundreds of instances of this fact, without one aberration from the statement of the proposition. I have myself spent many a night in these localities during the ravages of the epidemic, and never felt that I was in any peril while I kept awake, and the best security for that is to keep in motion." So this distinguished practitioner intimates that attention to our sleeping apartments is quite as important as the other precautionary steps which are more frequently urged in the newspapers. Look where you sleep, for it seems that the epidemic is most dangerous when it steals on one "like a thief in the night."

THE FROZEN MAMMOTH.—At the last meeting of the Academy of Science, a letter was received from M. de Baer, of St. Petersburg, in reference to the mammoth, still covered with its skin and hair, which had been discovered in the frozen soil of Arctic Siberia. This discovery had been made in 1858 by a Samoyede, in the environs of Tas Bay, the eastern branch of the Gulf of Obi. The news only reached St. Petersburg toward the end of 1865; but as the bodies of large animals will keep a long while in those regions, if they are not completely uncovered, and as this mammoth was still inclosed in the frozen soil, the Academy of St. Petersburg has, with the aid of the Russian Government, sent M. Schmidt, an excellent paleontologist, to examine the animal and its position in the locality. It is hoped M. Schmidt will arrive before the decomposition is further advanced, and that a correct notion may be obtained of the outer appearance of the animal, and also, from the contents of the stomach, of its natural food. The pre-historical figure of the mammoth rests on a tradition of very, found in a cavern of Perigord by M. Lartet, and taken almost entirely from it.

Martin Luther once thought he saw the devil in his chamber, and threw an inkstand at his head. Had they had in those days AYER'S PILLS to exercise all the devils that come from indigestion of stomach, his laughable fright would not have become a matter of history.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 566—VOL. XXII.] NEW YORK, AUGUST 4, 1866. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. $2 WEEKS $1 00

The European Complication.

EVENTS have already shown that nothing can be more uncertain and unsafe than speculations on the course of affairs in Europe. Already complications have occurred which the principal actors in the field could scarcely have anticipated. It could not have been supposed possible, by the most experienced and skilful in political divination, that within a month after the "mobilization" of the Prussian army the whole of Venetia, with its world-famed fortresses, would be, not in the hands of either of the combatants, enemies of Austria, but in possession of that unselfish apostle of peace, Louis Napoleon, and that a Bonaparte, and not the Hapsburg, would be warning off Italy from the territory she coveted, and for the purpose of obtaining which she drew the sword!

She may obtain it still; but it will be at the expense of the island of Sardinia, and at the cost of submission to French plans as regards the Pope and the Pontifical States. In other words, France is already aggrandized by the war in which she ostentatiously took no part, and Italy is defrauded of the acquisition which the battle of Sadowa assured to her, through her alliance with Prussia. By this action of France she is prevented from efficient co-operation with her ally. She had no way of striking Austria except through Venetia, where she is confronted by French instead of Austrian troops, while the latter are left free to reinforce the beaten army of Benedek in Bohemia, and enable the Hapsburgs to make another and final attempt, with superior numbers, to stop, if not turn back, the victorious Prussians.

Practically, therefore, France occupies the position of ally of Austria. Practically, she deprives Prussia of the aid of 300,000 Italian soldiers. In occupying this attitude, Louis Napoleon flatters himself that he is, as he may be indeed, "arbiter of the situation." He may think, by thus confining the war to Prussia and Austria, and enabling the latter to concentrate all her forces against a single foe,



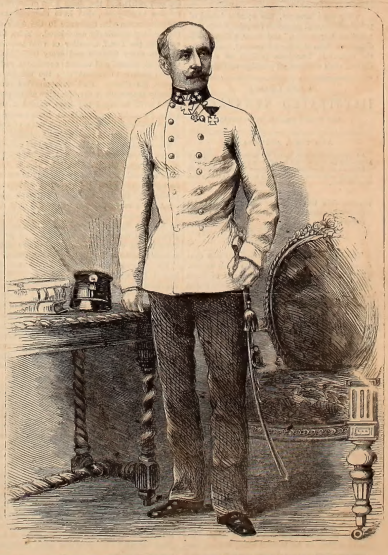
COUNT BISMARCK, PRIME MINISTER OF PRUSSIA.—SEE PAGE 307.



THE ARCHDUKE ALBERT, SUCCESSOR OF GEN. BENEDEK TO THE COMMAND OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.



PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES, COMMANDER OF THE RIGHT WING OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAFF, BERLIN.



MARSHAL BENEDEK, LATE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AUGERER, VIENNA.

he may be able to force Prussia to yield a speedy assent to that new repartition of Europe shadowed forth in his recent letter, as the only business that could engage the attention of the lately proposed European Conference.

Successful in this, he would gain Sardinia, obtain full scope for his policy as regards the Pope, and push his frontiers to the Rhine, without firing a gun, and through characteristic unscrupulousness, bad faith and chicane. It is true, he would thus create bitter enemies of Italy and Prussia, not less than of Austria, whose animosity would be none the less against him because his intervention saved her from the depths of humiliation, if not from extinction.

But the mind, equally crafty and unscrupulous with his own, that has brought about the present condition of affairs, without deference to the Tuileries, and perhaps in spite of it, is not to be so easily controlled as Louis Napoleon may imagine. The ultimate plans of Bismarck may not harmonize with the schemes of the adventurer of Boulogne, and the successes he has already obtained, which for scope and brilliancy stand without parallel in the history of European politics, may enable him, as they thus far entitle him, to set aside and disregard the wishes and purposes of France. His armies may, and flushed with victory, united and strong, it is not improbable they will, bear down the army of the Kaiser, although augmented by the forces which Louis Napoleon has set free in Italy. Or, Austria, always facile to yield when her dynasty is in danger, may be brought to purchase peace and safety from Bismarck, on the basis of an alliance, one condition of which shall be open, and if need be, forcible opposition to each and every scheme of French aggrandizement.

It is probable that Bismarck never contemplated the resolution of Austria to cede Venice, and thus checkmate his ally of Italy. Certain it is, Austria never contemplated defeat so crushing as she sustained in the north; and it seems impossible that she should have made the cession except as an extreme expedient to escape the consequences of that defeat. The humiliating deed may have all the results hoped for; and it may be that Bismarck will feel himself obliged to acknowledge his plans thwarted by this sudden move on the political board. In this case, unless he seeks to unite both Austria and Italy with him against France, affairs will probably go through the phases of armistice, negotiation, a general conference, a revision of the map of Europe, and the complete and formal abrogation of the treaties of 1815.

In any case, however, the squalid brood of principalities and nurseries for princelings and "Serene Highnesses," and other riff-raff, will disappear from Northern Germany, and Prussia appear in European politics as a great nation, with well-earned prestige and glory.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

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Radicalism.

The late war developed an entirely new condition of political organization and tactics. The questions that had arisen out of mere economical and sectional policies, were found at the outbreak of actual hostilities to be of insignificant consequence, compared with the momentous issues of national existence and governmental perpetuity. All shades of opinion and all differences of views soon settled down upon two points—viz., cordial sympathy and co-operation with the Government in its efforts to prevent disintegration, and disapproval of those efforts or undisguised opposition to them. And as the value of our institutions became more generally appreciated, and the consequences of anarchy more clearly seen, everything that had a favorable bearing upon the success of the authorities, even if somewhat irregular, and in a manner antagonistic to the letter of established law and recognized modes of procedure, was not only approved, but hailed with delight. Whoever bent his energies to the achievement of success was loyal, whoever raised any obstacle to that success was disloyal, and loyalty covered a multitude of political sins.

The nation was to be saved, and men were not disposed to be fastidious about the manner in which their salvation was effected. They were willing to be termed ultra, radical, anything, so that the good cause should not suffer, and the superiority of free institutions and a republican form of government should be manifest to the whole world. Now that the struggle is over, and the object for which we entered into it gained, we are menaced by a new danger. The patriotism that shone so brilliantly on the battle-field, and was so pure in the forum, is not equal to the tests and exigencies that have been presented by returning peace, and we are now in danger of losing all the practical results of the war through the impracticable measures a certain class of men are striving to force upon us. Not content with the wonderful change in our public policy, in all our modes of thought, in the condition of a large class of our population—brought about by the progress of events—these men, aptly known as Radicals, and ambitious to be immortalized as reformers, would imperil our best interests, and break up the very foundations of our political structure, for the sake of carrying out their own impracticable notions and perpetuating their own lease of power.

More than a year has elapsed since the close of the war, and nothing has been done toward a cordial, permanent union of the States, at one time in arms with each other. In fact, we hazard nothing in asserting that the feelings of the different portions of the country, are more embittered now, than they were while the conflict was raging, simply because radicalism has been mistaken for patriotism, and a zeal for partisan measures and personal preferences, confounded with devotion to the general good and the true interests of the country at large. And as the majority in Congress have raised up a barrier between themselves and the Administration, thus forcing the people at large to choose whether they will sustain a manly, prudent and dignified exercise of power and a frank, sincere announcement of policy, or follow the wild aberrations of those representatives who have not given any very gratifying evidence that they are either safe counselors or prudent leaders, they need not be surprised if the clear common-sense and practical thinking of the masses, will very soon decide that the straight forward, conciliatory course of the President is, after all, the safest one, and therefore endorse and sustain a policy that promises well, in preference to legislation that must result in increased alienation and distrust.

Nor is it alone in reference to any plan of reconstruction, or any question of what encouragement shall be given to loyal sentiment in the seceded States, that radicalism has become so odious, and proved itself unfriendly as an element of legislation. All the economical measures that have been brought before Congress, have been treated with the same illiberal spirit and the same want of comprehensive intelligence, that have characterized the enactments with reference to the state of the country, politically considered. Take, for example, the Tariff, a matter of vital importance to every interest and every individual; see what absurd and ruinous provisions radicalism strove to ingraft into the bill as it passed the House. Had each member been directly concerned in the operation of the proposed tariff, he could not have framed a law more generally repugnant to business-men, and reprobated by the advocates both of free trade and protection with more unanimity.

The complications of specific and *ad valorem* duties on the same article, and the imposition of a tax, upon many things, even greater than their original cost, with the attempt to enrich certain monopolists by granting additional protection, furnish abundant evidence that what we term radicalism would not only destroy all hopes of political unity, but involve us also in financial ruin. And this danger arises from the well-known tendency to go to extremes in every direction, when we allow ourselves to become ultra in any one thing.

Mr. Stevens, for instance, has a morbid hatred for what he deems disloyalty. With the best intentions, he would demand such guarantees for the future, and such a clear record of the past, from the members of the Southern States who have asked admission into Congress, as would assure him that not only would they never engage in secession again, but that they never had in any way countenanced that wicked movement. Now, as this is an obvious impossibility, Mr. Stevens's suspicions are all aroused, and he resolves, as the only safe course, to refuse seats indiscriminately to every Southern member, whether he is now loyal or not. And a similar course is pursued with reference to every question that comes up for consideration. It is not allowed to rest on its own merits; if it square with some preconceived notions, it is right; if it fail thus to coincide, it is wrong, and must be opposed and rejected.

The fruits of radicalism are neither pleasant nor desirable. We are fast losing confidence in the propriety of measures that thus far have been barren of good, and unless we can have some practical, tangible token that the present majority in our National Legislature really and earnestly seek the public welfare, we will take good care that they shall not again disappoint our expectations.

We want men in Congress who can rise above all personal and partisan considerations in treating great public measures; men whose patriotism will not yield to their feelings, and who will be just and true, heeding the interests of the country at large, and not those of any faction. And we care not by what party lines those men are distinguished; we care not whether there are parties at all or not, for true loyalty is now the only test of worth, and he only is loyal who can devote himself to the true interests of the country, irrespective of any other consideration. Radicalism has served its purpose, and by revealing its dangerous tendencies, will arouse more fully a healthful public sentiment, and lead us to regard measures, more than men.

Great is the consternation of the faithful of the Church of England in Great Britain. They have signally disobeyed, on many occasions, that apostolic injunction to settle all differences among themselves, and not go to law before unbelievers. They have, from time to time, brought all sorts of matters before the secular judges, from the concerns of Bishop Colenso with regard to matters of faith, down to the ritualistic observances of the last new "Anglican" church with regard to the fashion and color of vestments and altar-cloths. The latest form, in which non-observance of rubrical directions was supposed to be about to involve consequences which might necessitate the intervention of the law-making powers, was, however, one of immediate and very practical importance. Imagine the consternation that spread through the breasts of all the clergy who heard the visitation charge of the Archdeacon of Bristol, when they learned that many of the marriages which they, in the course of their ministrations, had solemnized, were legally void. The Archdeacon said that it was certainly illegal to publish the banns of marriage *after* the second lesson in the morning service; that every marriage following such banns was void; and, moreover, that every clergyman celebrating such a marriage thereby rendered himself liable to transportation for fourteen years! If this indeed were the case, what a shocking state of things would be prevalent in England at this moment—in what a perilous condition would be a very large number of clergymen, with a Damocles's sword of penal servitude hanging over them! What confusion might have been introduced into families by the uncertainty as to the nature of the marriage of the heads of the circle! What a wonderful assistance might have been afforded to the operations of the Divorce Court if it had been discovered that some of the ill-assorted couples had been joined by a ceremony performed after banns published at an illegal period of the service! The Archdeacon endeavored to soothe the apprehensions of his hearers, and all others "whom it might concern," by stating that he had no doubt an act would be passed to indemnify all clergymen who had erred in this respect, and to recognize the validity of marriage solemnized after banns published in this irregular manner. It is difficult to conceive of a whole people getting themselves in "a state of mind" over a matter like this. But it is one of precisely the necessary inconsequence to engage the average English mind. When a British Ministry resigns, and a "political crisis" is brought about on an issue as between *tweedledum* and *tweedledee*, we can imagine the consternation of half the matrons of the United Kingdom, in a state of ritualistic uncertainty as to whether they are real wives or only mistresses of their lords. Five minutes more or less in the time of publishing the banns (the banns being always published, however,) is gravely held to invalidate the act to which, after all, it is merely a conventional and technical, and by no means a rational preliminary. And this is claimed to be the nineteenth century!

Nebraska is no longer a Territory. At an election in June she adopted a State Constitution, and her Legislature has elected Major-Gen. John M. Thayer and F. W. Tipton to represent her in the United States Senate. Nebraska was organized as a Territory in 1854, by the celebrated Kansas-Nebraska Act. Kansas passed through a protracted and fierce war, and her struggles and destiny shook the very foundations of the Government. With her admission as a State she began to enjoy a reasonable degree of quiet, but during the rebellion the old spirit broke out, and her territory was the scene of constant outrages, culminating in the dreadful massacre of Lawrence by the demon Quantrell. Nebraska all this time was in perfect peace, slowly but surely acquiring population and wealth, and now she adds a star to our splendid galaxy.

Special Correspondents are a necessity of modern warfare; and General Benedek, who at first refused to have any such attendants, and then proposed an exception in favor of Mr. W. H. Russell, has had to withdraw his prohibition. Mr. Charles Boner accompanies the Austrian army as Correspondent of the London *Daily News*. Other names have already been given as representing the rest of the English and Continental Press.

In Paris the strictest *surveillance* is now exercised over the Press, and anything like the propagation of false or doubtful rumors on political subjects is immediately repressed and punished. The *Moniteur* alone, it would seem, can be entirely trusted on such matters. It has, in truth, enough on its hands, for, besides official news at home and abroad, we find a recent notice in its columns of the authorization given by the Prefect for the sale of horse-flesh as an article of food. The places where this new culinary article is to be sold will be given out in due time. Meanwhile, restaurants and other eating-houses are authorized to serve it, but never without indicating its origin and nature. The measure is too recent to enable one to judge how it will be received by the public.

Any American young lady about to marry a Frenchman should be careful to ascertain the legal formalities necessary to render such marriage valid in France. These are as follows: The consent of the father and mother of the bride and bridegroom until the age of twenty-five; after that age they must give three notices, at a month's interval between each, to their respective parents; these notices are called *sommations respectueuses*. Should either of the parents be dead, they must produce a certificate to that effect. Finally, certificates of their birth must also be shown. The marriage must either be registered in the office of the French Consul, or within six months in one of the *mairies* of France. Several American ladies have already been the victims of the French law in this respect, and have learnt to their cost that, although they were married women in the United States, they were not so in Fran

TOWN GOSSIP.

The absorbing topic of both thought and conversation for the last week, has been the heat. Sometimes there are croakers who incessantly complain of the weather, and take a delight in making themselves uncomfortable by grumbling; but for the past few days the temperature has been so intensely tropical, so overpowering, that any one would be fully excused for complaining to the full extent of his ability.

Our school-books used to describe matter as possessed of the properties of permeability, fluidity, etc., abstract propositions to which assent was given without question, but we have now had a palpable demonstration of their truth, and can understand, from unhappy experience, what they mean. What degree of temperature is necessary to convert those aggregations of flesh and blood we call men into vapor, is not recorded in the books, but we were fearfully near a settlement of the question by involuntary and unwilling experiment. Within us, around us, above us, everything was hot, everything seemed to be on fire. The sun was no longer the regal dispenser of light and comfort, but an immense furnace sending forth agony and destruction; the air was a sirocco, to breathe which was suffering; night brought no respite, for day and night alike were seasons of torture. It seemed as if nature were to be changed into its original portions and the elements to melt with fervent heat, as if a woe had fallen upon humanity, and the earth, hurled from its course, were describing a new orbit, involving a new constitution of things. But we never know how much we can endure until we are tried, and the tests of the last few days furnish conclusive evidence that our powers are of no mean order, and disprove the frequent assertion that physically we are a degenerated race. Of course there has been a universal hegira to the country, in the hope that a change of location would afford a more endurable temperature. It is doubtful if crowded rooms and dusty roads and sunny walks are greatly preferable to the comforts of home, but then, one loses *caste* who does not leave town in summer, so let it be taken for granted that every one who got away from the city escaped all the discomforts of our *heated term*.

Speaking of the country, suggests the fact that much of our comfort depends upon the route we take, and our mode of conveyance. Northern tourists will do well to remember that a trip up the river to Albany, by the steamers of the the People's Line, will meet all the conditions of ease, elegance, speed, and comfort which the traveler can desire. The boats are spacious and sumptuous in all their appointments, the officers polite and gentlemanly, the scenery of the river unsurpassed; but why reiterate what everybody knows, and what hundreds of people happily experience, every night of the season? And yet, one who has not taken a trip on the St John or the Richmond, and enjoyed the courtesies of their officers and the comforts which those floating palaces afford, knows very little of the real pleasures of steamboat traveling. You spend the day in your business, get on the boat, after your work is done, find a sumptuous supper awaiting you, and a handsomely furnished room inviting you to repose, and awaken in the morning one hundred and fifty miles from your starting point, astonished that you have thus been advanced on your way, not only without any annoyance and discomfort, but with positive satisfaction and delight.

The mortuary reports of large cities furnish some singular facts, to prove that their increase of population is wholly derived from outside sources. If New York could be surrounded by an impassable wall, it would not be a great many years before its inhabitants would become extinct. It is shown, by accurate statistics, that more than half the children born here die under five years of age, and of the remaining half, a large proportion never reach maturity. Without accessions from abroad, therefore, our population would be depleted in a few generations. Proper attention to the laws of health and the conditions of being would prevent this fearful destruction; but such attention cannot be enforced, for vice and crime, and consequent wretchedness and suffering, always centre in large towns, and flourish most in crowded places, that afford the best opportunities for their indulgence.

One of the daily papers has an interesting article on pickpockets, showing how they live, the mode of their operations, and the adroitness with which they pursue their nefarious calling. Though well-known by the police, they are seldom arrested, simply because it is impossible to prove their guilt; and yet they crowd our public conveyances, mingle in all our large assemblies, and support themselves from our hard earnings. Their business is thoroughly systematized, and their skill is so great that the most careful and watchful sometimes become their victims. Generally operating with confederates, the real aggressor is rarely detected, for he is shrewd enough to carry no proof of guilt with him. Purses and watches are the principal articles of plunder; the contents of the first can readily be used and rarely identified, and the second are disposed of to receivers who know how to derive a value from them. Our only security against these clever rogues is to carry nothing that will tempt their cupidity or furnish an opportunity for the exercise of their ingenuity.

All things have their compensations. The excessive heat has brought an immense amount of patronage to the soda-water fountains, and the dealers in that mixture have hardly been able to supply the demand for their cooling beverage. As a substitute for stimulating drinks, soda-water is a valuable reformer, and as Americans will not drink water, by all means let them have the soda.

The war in Europe occupies a considerable share of attention, and furnishes an opportunity to the "dailies" for the occasional issue of an *extra*; but aside from our interest in the progress of nations toward freedom, we really care very little for these contests of tottering dynasties and would-be sovereigns. The sooner the whole race of them becomes extinguished, the better it will be for the world, and if they choose to hasten their own destruction, few will mourn over their fate.

Notwithstanding the intense heat, the cholera makes little or no progress, and the few cases occurring are attended so promptly and carefully, that the disease is kept thoroughly in check. Medical skill can now con-

trol most diseases, and proper personal habits are a pretty effectual safeguard against those disorders that often prove so fatal.

A well-known London physician, Dr. Walter Tyrrell, now a resident here, and who possesses the historical interest of being a lineal descendant of the accidental regicide who killed William Rufus, has just published a pamphlet explaining his system of curing epilepsy, by the use of strychnine. Medical men speak very highly of the ability displayed in this little work, the importance of which commends itself to the suffering.

In the way of amusements, the week has revealed nothing new or striking. With the thermometer at 100°, people have enough to do in trying to exist, without aggravating their sorrows by rushing into a crowd. The theatres have presented pantomime, acrobatics and Irish character as their attractions, but neither the wonderful feats of the Buislays, nor the mirth of Bryant, have been sufficient to draw full houses.

Mr. Theodore Thomas's Orchestral Concerts at Terrace Garden have been especially well patronized. There one can gratify his æsthetic feelings and his natural appetites at the same time, and in pure air and under shady trees, can listen to the grand strains of stirring music, and partake of such refreshments as his tastes may crave.

NEW BOOKS.

THE SILVER SUNBEAM; a Theoretical and Practical Text-Book of Photography. By J. TOWLER, M.D.,

DRY PLATE PHOTOGRAPHY; OR, THE TANNIN PROCESS. By PROFESSOR J. TOWLER.

AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHIC ALMANAC, 1866. Edited by PROFESSOR TOWLER.

HUMPHREY'S JOURNAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY. Edited by JOHN TOWLER, M. D., (Monthly).

These are the titles of a series of works on Photography, published by Joseph H. Ladd, 600 Broadway. They are all well-known to professional photographers, but happily the beautiful art to which they constitute the key, and in which they give the amplest theoretical and practical explanations and instructions, is not limited to the professional practitioner. The student, the traveler, the man of taste, and the man of leisure, find aid and pleasing occupation in this "gentle art." Such will be glad to know where to obtain the instruction and guidance which they require. They will find everything needful in the "Silver Sunbeam," which is a complete *vade mecum* of Photography.

Professor Towler's "Manual, on Dry Plate Photography," is exhaustive, and all that the learner can ask for in acquiring a knowledge of that useful process; while the "Photographic Almanac" and the "Monthly Journal" promptly embody every new and useful addition to the stock of Photographic knowledge.

TRODDEN DOWN. By MRS. NEWBY. F. A. Brady, New York.

Mrs. Newby is favorably known to the public by her previous novels of "Kate Kennedy," "Common Sense," "Wondrous Strange," etc., etc. These are all written in a pleasant style, and the plots are generally attractive. "Trodden Down," is an improvement on her previous writings. The character of Marion Lowleigh is well drawn and sustained.

THE ORGANISTS' PORTFOLIO.

This is a collection of voluntaries from the works of ancient and modern composers, designed for the organ, but likewise well adapted for performance upon any reed instrument. The selections are varied and judicious, and will supply a long existing want. Oliver Ditson & Co. are the publishers.

YOUNG AMERICA.

IN a country like ours, embracing so many diverse and heterogeneous elements, physical and social, it would be vain to look for a uniform and established order of either thought or action. We call ourselves a free people, without any very definite conception of what freedom is, except that every one may act as he pleases, and fret under necessary restraint; we have little reverence for antiquity, and little reverence for anything but our own will; we are radical in politics, heterodox in religion, loose and extravagant in economy, but active and aggressive in enterprise, marvelous in growth, and inexhaustible in resources. We possess a power of adapting ourselves to circumstances that is nowhere else excelled, and accomplish at a single stride what other nations have required centuries to effect. Of course we present many assailable points, many peculiarities, that sometimes expose us to ridicule; and since we reach our conclusions almost intuitively, disregarding ordinary processes, we are often misjudged, and always regarded with suspicion.

There is one phase of our society, marked by many good traits, and many salient points, that frequently brings us into discredit with those older forms of social life in which everything is done by rule and compass, and everything moves in grooves worn and deepened by long usage. This phase is expressed by the term Young America, the synonym, with many people, for all that is pert, obtrusive, and unreverential, and yet the exponent of enterprise, self-confidence, and success.

It is often charged that there are no youth among us that our children become men and women instantaneously, the schoolboy leaving his books to plunge at once into the whirl of business, and the little girl abandoning her dolls to act the part of the young lady, or assume the responsibilities of the matron. Doubtless this charge is too well founded, and the condition of things on which it is based involves very serious considerations. There is a precocious activity among our people that encourages, and in a large degree warrants, the early assumption of positions usually allotted to those of mature years, while we have no established precedents, and no pride of family and ancestral renown, to confine any one within bounds which he has either the ability or inclination to pass. Hence we often find children in years occupying posts that in other countries are filled only by men of large experience, and we encourage a spirit of independence that brooks no control, and refuses to acknowledge a superior.

It is this spirit of independence, pervading all classes and arraying itself against legitimate authority, that has connected with the term Young America something of opprobrium; and the fault lies not so much with those who are obnoxious to the reproach, as with those who have the care and training of our children.

The difficulty begins in the home circle, and radiates thence through all the various departments of our social system.

Parents do not spend the time and care upon their children necessary to inculcate right views of the proper relationship existing between them, and to impress a salutary respect in the feelings of their children for those of more advanced age.

Nor is obedience to parental authority required as strictly as it should be; in a majority of cases it is not required at all, and the consequence is, we rarely meet with a respectful, deferential, well-behaved child.

If children are allowed to act as they please at home, they invariably assume the same privilege at school and in society, and the neglect of parents in their especial sphere will prevent any substantial co-operation with teachers and guardians in enforcing discipline and forming character. We do not counsel severity and puritanical rigidity in training the young; but we respectfully submit that these defects in home education of which we speak are a prolific source of the lawlessness and social corruption that are so rampant throughout the land.

We do not want to train up a generation of moral acrobats, who shall astound us with their contempt of the ordinary rules of propriety and their fantastic pranks; we do not wish to dwarf and pervert the natural impulses and exuberant feelings of our children, but to give them such a direction and control as shall result in sound principles, proper views, and useful activities.

Irreverence at home is apt to degenerate into impudence abroad, and the failure to insist upon a due submission in the family, may result, and often does result, in a defiance of all authority, when the home circle is abandoned. Out of inattention to these facts have arisen those *fast* propensities that are leading so many to moral shipwreck and social ruin.

Young people, left to themselves, and made responsible to no one for their conduct, proud of acting on their own responsibility, and permitted to choose their companions and occupy their time as they please, very naturally imitate the worst rather than the best examples around them, and outvie their associates in extravagance and more objectionable ways. And this evil is constantly on the increase, each generation departing more widely from the simplicity of manners and purity of thought that are the crowning charm of the young. With the opportunities and facilities within the reach of every one in the land, with our schools, and literature, and press, our youth should be models of propriety, virtue, and intelligence, and doubtless as our national character becomes more crystalized, and the elements of our social system more homogeneous, they will be such.

Young America will then have a new signification; will be the representative of all that is manly, generous, noble, and improving; will struggle for the supremacy in good deeds, in enterprise, progress, and true elevation; will prove how great a boon freedom is, and show that a nation can govern itself, because each individual of that nation respects the supremacy of proper authority in all the relations of life.

VIENNA AND THE GERMAN QUESTION.

VIENNA, the capital of the Austrian Empire, has been the scene of some of the most important events in the history of modern Europe. It was occupied by Napoleon in 1805 and 1809; it was chosen as the seat of Congress in 1814 and 1815; and there a conference took place, in 1855, to consider the proposals of peace with Russia. In appearance, the city is in no way remarkable either for grandeur or beauty; its form is neither compact nor regular, while its straggling suburbs are surrounded by a wall twelve miles in circumference. The ramparts afford a fashionable lounge, commanding a good view of the city and adjacent country—a city more heterogeneous, perhaps, than any other metropolis in Europe—while the country is an extensive plain, well watered, and occasionally inundated, by the Wein and the Alster.

Vienna has already been made familiar with the exigencies of war. It was besieged by the Turks in 1689, and only saved by the bravery of Sobieski of Poland, the hero whose soldiers were accustomed to boast, that if the sky fell they would bear it up on the points of their lances. Sobieski, in relieving Vienna, saved the empire, and the Emperor, Leopold, received him with open arms. In 1741, Vienna, though pressed by the Bavarians on the west, and the French and Prussians on the north, was still preserved, and under Maria Theresa—the Austrian Semiramis—became the focus of literature and art, gallantry and fashion. During the Napoleon occupation, it sustained very little injury, the French invaders being far more considerate than were its own people in 1848. In that year of revolution Vienna suffered severely in a bombardment from the Imperial troops, and was at length compelled to surrender. From that period to the present, the attention of Europe has frequently been drawn toward Vienna, in consequence of the many political events of general importance with which Austria has been connected.

For months past Vienna has been a centre of interest, while the question had yet to be decided for peace or war. Fresh in the recollection of most persons is the attitude assumed by Austria in regard to Schleswig-Holstein. Since 1851 the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein had been placed in close connection with Denmark. They had been associated with Denmark for a long period, and by the treaty of Vienna the rights of the King of Denmark were fully recognized in the German Confederation. There was a declaration of independence in 1848, but order was restored, and affairs went on quietly, until Austria and Prussia became the self-elected champions of the duchies, and Prussia, after a short and sanguinary struggle, wrested this portion of territory from Denmark. Before the Danish war broke out, Austria and Prussia issued circular notes to the powers of Europe, averring that Denmark alone was bent on disturbing the general tranquility by restraining the duchies from joining the German Confederation; and that the interests of peace could only be preserved by taking possession of the disputed provinces. This was, however, plainly an act of war. As such it was regarded by the Danes, who fought bravely, but, of course, unsuccessfully, against the colossal power of Prussia.

The dismemberment of Denmark did not, however, result in the realization of the promised millennium. Austria and Prussia were immediately at issue as to what was to become of the provinces. The allies became bitter foes. Prussia, ever anxious to extend her boundaries, proposed to absorb Holstein; Austria, jealously watching the growth of her neighbor, refused to accede. It was openly stated that Count Bismarck would buy Holstein of Austria—a temptation, doubtless, to an impoverished exchequer, but the Imperial policy could listen to no such pecuniary arrangement. It was hoped that the men of the pen might settle the differences of these great German powers, without rendering altogether useless our maps of Europe; but the Congress project entirely failed.

Austria, great as her power is, is still opposed to a formidable foe, when she enters the lists with Prussia. Notwithstanding her internal embarrassments, Prussia is in a better position than she was fifteen years ago, while Austria is in a far worse. Austria, with her arrogant Magyars, her intractable Czecks, her schism of Sclave nationalities, and her sullenly rebellious Venetians, is in danger on every hand. The Italians, in alliance with the Prussians, are resolved on sweeping the white coats from the province of Venetia.

Both combatants are watched with no ordinary interest; the names of the statesmen and generals on both sides are as "household words;" the old theatre of European warfare seems to revive its stock pieces: places already memorable in history for many a long siege and bloody fight, become the centres of contemporary interest. So history repeats herself!

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—There are seventeen manufactories of paper collars in New England, and each girl employed makes about 1,000 of them daily.

—— The Agricultural Department has received information showing that the crops throughout the country are in a better condition than had been anticipated, as the weather during the spring was very unfavorable. The present appearance of the corn crop is promising, and the oat crop throughout the whole country is unsurpassed. All cereals promise a large yield, and it is expected that the crops will be unusually heavy.

—— The result of the City Surveyor's investigation shows that a district of 327 acres was burned over in the late conflagration at Portland.

—— A Richmond paper grows indignant at having seen on a Sunday a large number of colored ladies and gentlemen riding in all the style that the livery stables could furnish, and especially at having seen white drivers upon the box and the negroes upon the cushions behind—a strange reversal of former situations.

—— General Sterling Price lately excused himself from fighting with the Mexican patriots on the ground that if the Liberals caught him they would send him either to the infernal regions or the United States, and he would as soon go to one place as to the other. It is to be hoped that he will not be sent to the other.

—— It is stated on Chinese authority that the Chinese population in California numbers 58,300 persons, one-fourth of whom are employed upon the Pacific Railroad improvements.

—— The Auburn (Cal.) *Stars and Stripes* has a request from "Captain Tom," of the Placer tribe of Indians, to make the paper tell every man and every woman that his beloved wife Manda is "heap dead." "She was a little sick two week, heap sick one week, and made dead after dinner on Monday." The sorrowing widower says she was "heap good woman."

—— One of the American Government agents seriously informs the Commissioners of Customs that Canadian smugglers have laid pipes across the St. Lawrence River, and are engaged in pumping whisky into the United States.

—— A native of Western Africa, who visited this country, when asked what he would call ice, said: "Him be water fast asleep;" and when asked what he would call the railroad car in which he was riding, said: "Him be a thunder mill."

—— The reports that the conference with the Indians gathered at Fort Laramie had proved a failure, and that they had returned to their homes in a hostile attitude, proves untrue. The President has received a notification that satisfactory treaties have been concluded with the Upper Plattes, Sioux, and Cheyennes.

—— The Court of Common Pleas at Indianapolis, in a case made up by the National Bankers' Association of Indiana, has decided that the stock of National Banks of that State are not liable to tax for State or municipal purposes, under the present State law, not from any defect of power, but from defective State legislation.

—— Council Bluffs having been fixed upon as the terminus of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, is elated with its prospects. With one continuous line of railroad to Chicago on the east, a distance of over 500 miles; the Council Bluffs and St. Joseph Railroad on the south; the Union Pacific on the west, with a prospect of two more roads leading from the Mississippi, it anticipates being the great railroad centre of Iowa.

—— In San Francisco the police have discovered a gang of thieves, the oldest of whom is not over sixteen or seventeen years of age, with a regular organization, who have constructed caverns underneath side walks in unfrequented localities, in which they burrow, and from which they construct tunnels to adjacent stores, conveying their stolen goods thence to the upper air.

—— There are in the United States about 900 railroad corporations that operate steam power roads; the joint length of the steam power roads in the United States is about 32,000 miles, and their joint cost is about $1,280,000,000, equal to an average of $40,000 for each mile.

—— There are in the whole of Europe 1,480 theatres. Of these there are 337 in France; 168 in Spain; 159 in England; 152 in Austria; 115 in Germany; 76 in Prussia; 44 in Russia; 34 in Belgium; 23 in Holland; 20 in Switzerland; 10 in Sweden; 8 in Norway; 16 in Portugal; 10 in Denmark; 4 in Greece; 4 in Turkey; 3 in Roumania, and 1 in Servia. In Italy there is one theatre for every 75,000 of the inhabitants.

—— Since May 15th, emigrant trains have gone west from Kearney City at the rate of eighty wagons and one hundred and sixty people (men, women and children) per day. This computation is exclusive of freighters' trains, which exceed the emigrant trains in number of wagons, but not in people. It would be within bounds to say that one hundred and fifty wagons pass West daily during the season.

—— Steamers from Galveston bring accounts of a terrible three days' gale at Indianola, beginning on the 13th and ending in a terrible hurricane on the 15th instant. Four vessels were totally wrecked; of two of them there was not a vestige left. The steamer Potomac, which was on the bar at Galveston, had disappeared. It is supposed that she foundered at her anchorage, and that all who were on board in charge of her were lost. Her passengers had previously been landed. No such storm had occurred on that coast within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

—— A correspondent of the Detroit *Post* writes of the battle-fields of Forts Henry and Donelson, to which he has just paid a visit. He says the few dead of Fort Henry are buried just without the fort. At Donelson the chief battle took place on the ridges of land three-quarters of a mile from the fort. The graves of our soldiers are scattered over these ridges of land for three or four miles about. When the National Cemetery is established at this point, it is estimated that it will contain about one thousand headstones.

—— The police in Charleston, S. C., have succeeded in ferreting out and arresting a number of colored men charged with being implicated in the murder of B. S. Rhett, Esq. The parties have been committed for trial, and one of them confessed that he committed the murder with the assistance of another, who instigated it.

—— George Peabody proposes to deposit with the Peabody Institute, at Danvers, Queen Victoria's portrait and autograph letter and Earl Russell's letter. He will also deposit a gold box, presented to him by one of the London associations. Mr. Peabody also intends to endow the branch library at Danvers with an additional forty thousand dollars.

Foreign.—The following has been published as the programme of the amusements that will take place at Orduna, in Spain, on the occasion of the festival of Our Lady of Antigua: "7th instant—Solemn afternoon service in the sanctuary. At night, dancing and illuminations in the square. 8th instant—Solemn Mass in the sanctuary, and a sermon will be preached by Mr. Gregory Montes, Presbytery of Madrid. In the afternoon four Navarre cows will be baited, three of them to death, by the company of M. Richina, the bull-fighter. There will be a young bull also for the amateurs to kill. In the evening, fire-works, illuminations and dancing in the square. 9th instant—The same festivities as the preceding day. This day the farmers of Arrastaria, near Orduna, will commend to the Virgin their coming crops. The Presbytery, Felix Herran, will preach. A bull-fight will follow. After the bull-fight there will be a romp under the trees by the banks of the Nervion. At night, crackers and skyrockets. 10th instant—Two Navarre cows will be baited and killed, and several young bulls will be run for the amusement of the amateurs. Fireworks at night."

—— A trial has just been made at Florence of a cuirass in aluminium, which is as light as an ordinary waistcoat, nearly as flexible, and capable of turning a musket-ball fired at the distance of thirty-eight paces, and of resisting a bayonet thrust from the heaviest hand. Each cuirass costs only twenty-five francs. Two regiments are, it is said, to be immediately provided with them.

—— The six countries with the greatest amount of live stock, are the following: Russia (returns of 1859–63), cattle, 25,444,000; sheep, 45,130,800; pigs, 10,097,000. United States (1860), cattle, 16,911,475; sheep, 23,317,756; pigs, 32,555,267. France (1862), cattle, 14,197,360; sheep, 30,381,592; pigs, 5,246,403. Austria (1863), cattle, 14,257,116; sheep, 16,961,236; pigs, 8,151,608. United Kingdom (1865–6), 8,316,960—viz: 3,286,308 cows and 5,030,652 other cattle; sheep, 25,795,708; pigs, 3,802,399. Prussia (1862), cattle, 5,634,500; sheep, 17,428,017; pigs, 2,709,709.

—— The Sandwich Island treasury has a large surplus, the chief cause being the high price realized for sugar, the leading staple.

—— The *Jardin d'Acclimatation* in Paris has recently been enriched by a species of guinea-hen from Australia, called the Weelat by the natives. It bears a strong resemblance to the vulture, and procures the hatching of its egg by what may be called artificial heat in a curious way. In the beginning of spring it collects all the vegetable refuse it can get into a heap, or the site of which it generally selects the shady side of a hill. Round this heap it lays its eggs, each five or six inches from its neighbor, with the big end turned upward; it then buries them under the refuse three feet deep, and lets the heat generated by the putrefaction of the vegetable matter hatch them. It has never been ascertained how the little ones get out of their strange prison, but when they do they are ready fledged and able to fly.

—— The Duke of Hamilton, according to English papers, is a reckless person. He lately bought a cow for which he paid $12,500, and at the last Derby he "laid" £180,000 ($900,000) to £5,000 against Hermit—but this latter was subsequently canceled. Still later he struck a man in a night-brawl, and was therefore "wanted" by the police, but went off to Paris to see the race for the *grand prix*, and so escaped arrest.

—— A curious press trial has just taken place at Berlin. On the occasion of the baptism of Prince Frederick Charles's son, then five weeks old, the *Kreuz Zeitung* published an article relating the part which each personage took in the solemnity. In reply, the *Bourse Gazette* spoke more especially of "the conduct of baby," demanding if it had been equal to the occasion so ably described by the other journal? The *Gazette* was in consequence seized; the tribunal admitted the plea of the Public Minister against the liberal newspaper for "an insult committed against a member of the royal family." The defendant demanded that doctors should be summoned to attend and decide if an infant of five weeks old, although a prince, could be considered as a personage, and as having pursued any "conduct." The tribunal finally pronounced an acquittal, though blaming the defendant for his disregard of propriety.

COUNT BISMARCK.

OUR first page contains the portraits of some of the men who at the present time hold the most prominent positions among the belligerent powers of Europe, and whose career will, consequently, be watched with especial interest. Names and reputations, however, cannot withstand the progress of events, and as in our own recent struggle many who at the outset promised much, soon sunk into insignificance because they were unequal to the occasion, so in these foreign complications success must be the test of merit, and he who fails must give place to others who can win. Count Bismarck, the Minister of Prussia, has had a large experience in diplomatic life, and possesses those talents and traits that enable a man to meet emergencies boldly, and push forward toward the accomplishment of his ends, irrespective of difficulty and antagonism. Determined and unscrupulous, he is well fitted to meet the various exigencies that will arise, and, thoroughly devoted to the interests of Prussia, while his enmity to Austria is undisguised, he will spare no efforts to make the issue of the war advantageous to his own country.

Prince Frederick Charles, the commander of the right wing of the Prussian army, is a young man whose success in the late battles have given him a prominence he did not before possess. He is a good soldier, self-possessed, courageous, and well deserves the post of honor and responsibility he has been called to occupy.

The Archduke Albert, upon whom the hopes of the Austrians now rest, has yet to make his mark and justify the expectations formed of him. As the commander of an immense and well-appointed army, he will have an opportunity of distinguishing himself, and establishing his reputation.

Marshal Benedek, late commander-in-chief of the Austrian army, is a proof that nothing succeeds like success. He has raised himself by force of character and talent from an humble and obscure origin to a post of honor and influence; but all this availed him not, and he has been compelled to give place to another, though so deserving himself.

Monarchies, as well as republics, can be ungrateful. With this brief notice of these high functionaries, we dismiss them for the present, feeling that the contest in which they are engaged is only the struggle of a wild ambition, that will retard the progress of liberty and burden the people, who should be the source of all power.

VIEWS IN CENTRAL PARK.

OUR population has not inaptly been divided into two classes, viz., those who leave town during the summer for recreation and pleasure, and those who remain at home to toil and worry with business and necessity. The latter class, however, are not wholly destitute of compensation for their enforced sojourn in the sweltering city, since, with a very trifling expenditure of time and money, they can transport themselves to quiet, shady retreats, and revel amid the gorgeous displays of Nature's beauty that tempt them on every side.

The Central Park is an especial point of attraction, and the daily resort of the multitudes who, leaving the dusty burning streets, find in its walks and shades an opportunity for relaxation and enjoyment. Every Saturday afternoon a fine band discourses sweet music, furnishing a treat to the assembled crowds of the richest character. Rich and poor alike have access to this entertainment; the devotee of fashion is no more welcome than the son of toil or the child of poverty; it is the people's heritage, and the people indiscriminately find something to improve their tastes and elevate their feelings.

The Grand Terrace is another feature of the Park worthy of attention. The view from its steps is especially beautiful, while its architectural merit is of no mean pretension, and indicates the liberal spirit that has provided such sources of gratification for our citizens. But no description can do justice to the Park; to be properly appreciated it must be seen, and as every year adds to its attractive features, New Yorkers are justly proud of this monument of their liberality and taste.

HUMAN SKIN TANNED.—In Herodotus allusion is made to the flaying of Sisamnes, father of Otanes, by order of Cambyses. The skin was stretched on the judgment-seat, and the son, who by special appointment succeeded the father, was ordered to remember on what he was sitting. In my younger days I recollect being told that a soldier named Steptoe was executed at Reading (between sixty or seventy years since) for murder. The body was dissected, the skin tanned, and gloves made of it as a relic; several persons having taken a deep interest in the fate of the malefactor, who was said to be a great penitent, as well as a great sinner, and who sang some hymn of his own composing, to the "Dead March in Saul," as he stood under the gallows-beam. The late Mr. Muskett, the bookseller of Norwich, had a portion of tanned skin of one Johnson, executed at that place for murder some fifty years ago, with which he had bound a copy of Johnson's "Dictionary," now in the possession of one of his brothers.

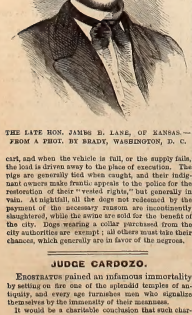
THERE is a glare about worldly success which is apt to dazzle men's eyes. When we see a man rising in the world, a foolishly high opinion is formed of his merits. It is said, "What a wonderful man this must be to rise so rapidly!" forgetting that dust and straw and feathers, things with neither weight nor value in them, rise the soonest and the easiest. It is not always the good and great man who rises rapidly into wealth and notice.



ENFORCING THE DOG LAWS IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

DOG-CATCHING IN RICHMOND.

NEW YORK is not the only city in which the liberty of dogs and other quadrupeds is restrained by public enactment. In fact, the canines are very generally distrusted and exposed to a summary and merciless conscription and an ignominious fate. In Richmond the business of catching the unlucky animals has some peculiarities, which are shown in the illustration on this page. Negroes, provided with strong ropenets, make the rounds of the streets, accompanied by a cart for the reception of the captives, catching every truant pig and cur they can find. Sometimes the chase is quite animated, affording great amusement to the passers-by, and presenting many ludicrous scenes. As soon as a *capture* is made, the victim is put in the cart, and when the vehicle is full, or the supply fails, the load is driven away to the place of execution. The pigs are generally tied when caught, and their indignant owners make frantic appeals to the police for the restoration of their "vested rights," but generally in vain. At nightfall, all the dogs not released by the payment of the necessary ransom are incontinently slaughtered, while the swine are sold for the benefit of the city. Dogs wearing a collar purchased from the city authorities are exempt; all others must take their chances, which generally are in favor of the negroes.



THE LATE HON. JAMES B. LANE, OF KANSAS.—FROM A PHOT. BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

JUDGE CARDOZO.

EROSTRATUS gained an infamous immortality by setting on fire one of the splendid temples of antiquity, and every age furnishes men who signalize themselves by the immensity of their meanness.

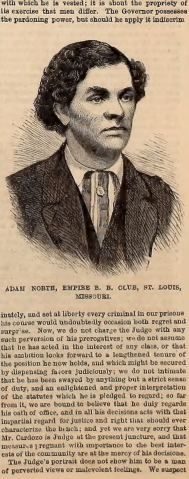
It would be a charitable conclusion that such characters were subject to mental aberrations, and, therefore, were not responsible for their conduct, as it certainly would be creditable to humanity to establish such a conclusion. We would gladly predicate such a fact with reference to many of the officials of our city, whose career furnishes a striking parallel to that of Erostratus; but we fear facts would not warrant such a mode of accounting for their idiosyncrasies.

Of late, Judge Cardozo has become somewhat prominent for his hostility to the Excise law, and the immunity he has furnished to those who wished to violate its provisions. Having declared the law itself unconstitutional, he threw the shield of an injunction over every one who might, by any possibility, become amenable to its penalty. With the motives of Judge Cardozo we have nothing to do, nor will we question his sincerity and integrity, and though some of his opinions may appear extra judicial, we will assume that he is a paragon of personal and official excellence.

There are many, however, not yet convinced that it was the Judge's province to make a law wholly inoperative when his own decision in reference to it could be only temporary and partial, and might be reversed by a higher court. It is true he has not exceeded the power with which he is vested; it is about the propriety of its exercise that men differ. The Governor possesses the pardoning power, but should he apply it indiscrim



JUDGE ALBERT CARDOZO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY B. A. LEWIS.

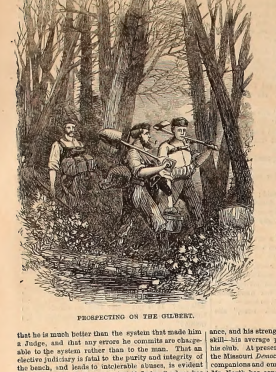


ADAM NORTH, EMPIRE B. B. CLUB, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

inately, and set at liberty every criminal in our prisons his course would undoubtedly occasion both regret and surprise. Now, we do not charge the Judge with any such perversion of his prerogatives; we do not assume that he has acted in the interest of any class, or that his ambition looks forward to a lengthened tenure of the position he now holds, and which might be secured by dispensing favors judiciously; we do not intimate that he has been swayed by anything but a strict sense of duty, and an enlightened and proper interpretation of the statutes which he is pledged to regard; so far from it, we are bound to believe that he duly regards his oath of office, and in all his decisions acts with that impartial regard for justice and right that should ever characterize the bench; and yet we are very sorry that Mr. Cardozo is Judge at the present juncture, and that measures pregnant with importance to the best interests of the community are at the mercy of his decisions.

The Judge's portrait does not show him to be a man of perverted views or malevolent feelings. We suspect

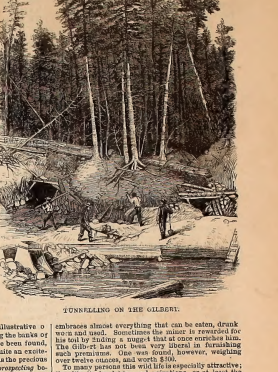
GOLD MINING ON THE GILBERT RIVER, CANADA.—From Photographs by Smeaton, of Quebec.



PROSPECTING ON THE GILBERT.



CLAIM NO. 5.



TUNNELLING ON THE GILBERT.

that he is much better than the system that made him a Judge, and that any errors he commits are chargeable to the system rather than to the man. That an elective judiciary is fatal to the purity and integrity of the bench, and leads to intolerable abuses, is evident from the nature of the case; but if Judge Cardozo has demonstrated the fact so fully and clearly that the most obtuse cannot fail to discover it, and by his attitude toward a particular enactment has shown the abuses to which the present system is liable, and thus contributed toward its entire abrogation, we shall thank him for his injunctions, and rejoice that it fell to his lot to contend with the Excise Board.

OUR BASE BALL ILLUSTRATIONS.

We present to our base ball readers in this week's issue, the third of our series of illustrations, and the second of the portraits of leading players of the country, the subject of our present sketch being Mr. Adam North, of the Empire Base Ball Club of St. Louis, Mo.

The *furore* for base ball which existed in the Middle States in 1860 to such an extent, reached as far West as St. Louis, and in that year it led to the organization of the Empire Club of that city—then, as now, the champion club of the Western States. The war, however, affected the Empire Club, as it did all base ball clubs, and for four years, play was, in a measure, suspended. In 1865, however, the activity and emulation which marked the action of the Empire Club in 1860 were resumed, and by several finely-contested games with leading organizations of sister States and cities, the Empires fully established their claim to the title of the Champion Club of the West, and it will, doubtless, be some time ere the laurels will be wrested from them; for this season they open play stronger and seem more enthusiastic than ever before.

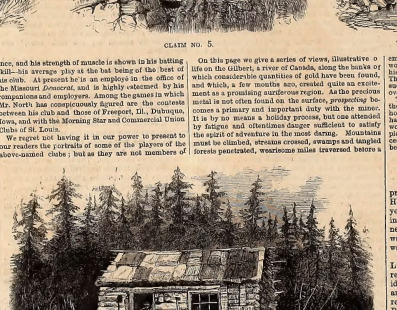
In accordance with our request, we have to acknowledge a prompt reply to our circular from Mr. H. C. Sexton of the Empire Club, the first Vice-President of the National Association, who has sent us the name of Mr. Adam North, the first baseman of the Empire Club of St. Louis.

Mr. North is of the typographical frat-rnity, and as such, as a matter of course, is "a gentleman and a scholar," and, moreover, a first-class ball-player. His strong points of play are his accuracy in throwing and his certainty in holding a ball, these two physical attributes making his services exceedingly useful in other positions besides the one he has made his specialty—viz., the first base of the nine. To these desirable qualifications he adds calmness and steadiness of play, and presence of mind and evenness of temper in exciting and critical positions of the game.

Mr. North is about twenty-two years of age, possesses a manly physique, and considerable power of endurance, and his strength of muscle is shown in his batting skill—his average play at the bat being of the best of his club. At present he is an employe in the office of the Missouri *Democrat*, and is highly esteemed by his companions and employers. Among the games in which Mr. North has conspicuously figured are the contests between his club and those of Freeport, Ill., Dubuque, Iowa, and with the Morning Star and Commercial Union Clubs of St. Louis.

We regret not having it in our power to present to our readers the portraits of some of the players of the above-named clubs; but as they are not members of the Association, we are obliged to confine ourselves to such clubs as are.

In next week's issue we will give the portrait of Mr. Archibald McLure Bush, of the Knickerbocker B. B. Club, Albany, N. Y.



BAILEY'S STORE ON THE GILBERT.

On this page we give a series of views, illustrative o life on the Gilbert, a river of Canada, along the banks or which considerable quantities of gold have been found, and which, a few months ago, created quite an excitement as a promising auriferous region. As the precious metal is not often found on the surface, *prospecting* becomes a primary and important duty with the miner. It is by no means a holiday process, but one attended by fatigue and oftentimes danger sufficient to satisfy the spirit of adventure in the most daring. Mountains must be climbed, streams crossed, swamps and tangled forests penetrated, wearisome miles traversed before a suitable locality is found where operations can be carried on successfully. Then a claim is marked off, and the fortune-hunter begins the work of digging and washing, separating the small particles of pure metal from the sand and earth with which they are mixed. The process of washing has been described so frequently, that we refer our readers to the illustrations, without entering into details.

Men cannot live on gold, however much its possession may be desired; breakfast and dinner are necessities in the mines, as much as elsewhere, but the style differs somewhat from accepted forms. Dinner at the Gilbert diggings is evidently primitive, though doubtless substantial and satisfactory.

Hard work and out-door life give a relish to even the plainest fare which the epicure never enjoys, and the simple rations of the mine furnish a repast more grateful than the richest viands would be in the saloons of fashion. The skill of Soyer, or Blot, is not needed to tempt the appetite that has been sharpened by pure air and healthful exercis . Gold-diggers being human, do not cease to have human wants, hence the necessity of the store, where supplies of various kinds can be procured. Here, also, is one of the institutions of the mining districts, and an indispensable adjunct of mining life. Where lacks in its external attractions it supplements by the excellence and variety of its stock, which embraces almost everything that can be eaten, drunk worn and used. Sometimes the miner is rewarded for his toil by finding a nugget that at once enriches him. Gilb-rt has not been very liberal in furnishing such prominces. One was found, however, weighing over twelve ounces, and worth $100.

To many persons this wild life is especially attractive; they like the hardships and privations, or at least the hope of gaining fortune reconciles them to what perhaps they would not choose for its own sake. The world owes much to such adventurers; they are the pioneers in its progress, and whether they fall or succeed in their own purposes, society at large reaps the benefit of their exertions.

SCENES ON THE RIVER GILBERT, CANADA.

CALIFORNIA and Australia are the grand sources of supply for the precious metal, but there are other regions that furnish sufficient quantities to render labor profitable and keep up the excitement that always attends the search for gold. Ordinary mining is common-place and monotonous. A certain amount of labor produces certain and definite results; to wield the pick and the drill requires patient effort rather than skill, and the miner plods on from day to day, in the same unvarying routine.

Gold-digging is an entirely different matter, and involves difficulties and adventures that demand the highest degree of prudence, intelligence and endurance upon the part of the hardy adventurer who seeks his fortune among the hidden treasures of the earth.



GOLD WASHING WITH LONG TOM.



GOLD NUGGET.



DINNER AT THE GILBERT GOLD MINES.

JAMES H. LANE.

Few men have had a more c ckered life, or proved more erratic than the subjec of this sketch. He was a native of Indiana, but for a number of years had resided in Kansas. He commenced public life in 1845, as a member of the Legislature. The next year, upon the breaking out of the Mexican war, he entered the army, but his military career was by no means a brilliant one.

During the year 1849 Lane filled the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Indiana, and in 1852 represented a district of that State in Congress, identifying himself with the Democratic party, and taking an active part in the canvass which resulted in the election of Mr. Pierce to the Presidency. At the end of his term he removed to Kansas and became very active in the quarrels with which the early settlers of that territory were engaged. His political views at this time were completely changed; he acted with those who were known as Abolitionists, and used his utmost exertions for the organization of Kansas as a free State. After various vicissitudes he was elected to the United States Senate in 1861, by the Kansas Legislature, after the new State had been admitted into the Union.

At the commencement of the rebellion, Lane was at Washington, and was soon appointed a brigadier-general, but manifesting little aptitude for military affairs, he soon returned to his place in the Senate. His great forte was stump-speaking, and among the hardy pioneers of the West he possessed a large influence. He was earnest and energetic, but lacked stability of purpose. His death was a melancholy one, being caused by his own hands. For some time he had been considerably broken down, and on the 1st ult. shot himself through the head, either in a fit of mental derangement or of desperation at the loss of influence among those from whom he expected support. He was fifty-two years of age.

THE WORLD'S LOTTERY.

"TAKE hence the world," cried Jove, from upper Heaven;
"Take it, ye sons of earth, yours shall it be;
I give it you for tillage, toil and leaven,
Yet share it with each other brotherly."

Then hastened every strong two-handed being,
Both young and old, to take what pleased his mood;
The husbandman swift to the meadows fleeing,
While the gay youth went sporting through the wood.

Their portions chosen; when they had departed
Drew nigh the poet, lost in poe'e care,
And sought a home in tears, and broken-hearted,
For greedy men had seized everywhere.

"Woe me!" he cried; "shall I alone of others
Forgotten be—I, thy most obedient son?"
Thus raised he loud his plaint against his brothers,
And abject knelt before the Thunderer's throne.

"If thou wilt linger by the wayside musing,"
Returned the god, "then lay it not to me.
Where were thou when each one his part was choosing?"
The poet said, "I was adoring thee.

"Mine eyes were fastened on thy glorious vision,
Mine ears to Heaven's harmonies were chained;
By thee enchanted from the world's division,
I lingered musing when the prize was gained."

"What shall I do?" cried Jove, his bosom swelling;
Nor land nor forest banding, naught is mine;
Will there in Heaven make with me thy dwelling?
If thou wilt only come, it shall be thine."

The Gambler's Last Stake:

A TALE OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY BIENVENU.

On the corner of Esplanade and Royal streets, in the city of New Orleans, is a large three-story marble building. To the stranger it would appear an elegant private residence. Its high stoop, elegantly carved iron pillars, magnificent damask curtains peeping out from behind glass windows, all would betoken to the uninitiated that the proprietor of the building was one of the many Creole millionaires of the city. Still, if the stranger will glance at the glass window over the door, he will perceive a small, odd inscription for a private residence. In colored letters, set surrounded by a wreath of flowers, are the words,

"LA BELLE ENFLAMME."

The above inscription was well-known to many, and none who knew the meaning had failed to visit the interior of the house. In fact, "No. 102 Esplanade street" was nothing less than a gambling-house. Not a common one either, where everybody could enter and stake money. It was, in fact, a private resort for the aristocratic and wealthy gamblers of the Crescent City. To obtain admission, it was necessary that the party desiring it should be introduced to the proprietor by one of the known *habitues* of the house, who would be able, not only to vouch for his position in society, but to be responsible for his gambling-debts. In consequence of the last desideratum, the frequenters were chary of introducing any but those whose standing and wealth were beyond suspicion, and, consequently, the circle of gamblers was always small and select—if there can be any selections about gamblers.

In my remarks I have referred to men; but it must not be understood that the male sex were the only frequenters of the house. I grieve to say many ladies were to be seen there nightly—ladies of wealth and refinement. But what their passion for play made them forgetful of their womanly origin long, they were not so fascinated as to be indifferent to what the world might say if it knew of their lamentable failing. They entered there by a private door by the aid of a talismanic words, and were invariably dressed in a suit of masqueade clothing. This disguise effectually revealed the gentlemen from recognizing them, and as their masks were never taken off, it is likely that many husbands set against their wives, without dreaming of their presence.

It was on a cold evening, in the month of January, 1851, that this story commenced. The Convention which passed the Ordinance of Secession having adjourned from Baton Rouge to New Orleans, the city was crowded with strangers. Dozens of wealthy planters had come to the city to witness the proceedings of the Convention, and of their number the majority was composed of Creoles, or natives of France and Spanish descent. As these were, with few exceptions, men accustomed to gambling, "No. 102 Esplanade" had received a large accession to its number of visitors. Introductions were frequent; large sums of money were lost in the house and the proprietor, a tall and fine-looking Frenchman, was highly delighted at the harvest he was reaping.

On the evening in question, two young men issued from the St. Louis Hotel, and calling a cab, ordered the driver to take them to No. 102. One of the youths was about twenty-six years of age, with dark, curly hair, black eyes, and thick, flowing mustache and imperial. His companion was about the same age, but with light hair, blue eyes, and a face as smooth and effeminate as a woman's. Nevertheless, they were both what is called handsome men, and their attire indicated that the wearers were of the highest class in wealth and position.

While driving to Esplanade street, they conversed for a while:

"*Mon Dieu*, Julius," said the dark-haired one, speaking in French, "who can that young lady be? For the past three weeks I have met her at Gautier's (the name of the proprietor of No. 102), and cannot yet discover who she is. We have spoken to each other; I have made love to her, and asked her to tell me her name, but it is no use. *Sacre bleu!* but it is hard. Of course she is a lady, and she assures me she is not married. If it was not unorganized, " he added, "I would tear off her mask to-night."

"Bah!" said Julius, quietly puffing his cigarette. "If you take my advice, Henri, you will leave her alone. She may be wealthy; but I do not believe she is much of a lady. It does very well for a married lady to visit a gambling-house in disguise, but when a young girl does so—bah! I do not trust her."

"You are jealous," returned D'Hurbal. "She does not go alone. There is an old woman who is always with her. She has certainly got a beautiful foot," he went on, enthusiastically, "and her hands are as little as a child's. If you had paid as much attention to her, *mon ami*, you would be in love with her, as I am."

"You had better think of recovering your losses," replied his companion, "instead of thinking about love. You have been losing heavily for several nights."

"*Mon Dieu!* but you are right," said D'Hurbal. "I have lost over fifteen thousand dollars this week. But I have five thousand more with me, and I intend to stake heavily to-night. There is no telling but the luck may change."

Just as his companion, whose name was Jules O'Somont, could reply, the cab stopped in front of the house, and on alighting, the cabman was discovered, after being paid.

Ascending the steps, Jules rung the bell three times, and the door opened. At that time the Code of Louisiana did not prohibit gambling-houses, the bill for that purpose not being passed for some months after. Such being the case, the utmost caution had to be observed, so as to prevent the police from obtaining admission.

"*Alerte!*" exclaimed the young men together, in a low tone of voice.

The usher, who was masked, bowed and stepped aside, at the same time throwing the door open. Scarcely giving him a glance, the young men entered, and walked up a long and narrow passage, dimly lighted by a single jet of gas. As they reached the end they opened a door to the left, after walking a few feet, stopped before a door, in front of which was another masked usher. A second countersign was given, and the door being opened, a narrow staircase was revealed, lighted by a small oil-lamp suspended in the passage. Up they walked, and as they reached the top a third masked usher confronted them. Again the countersign was given, the door opened, and the young men's carved sliding-door revealed. Jules gave this three peculiar taps, and, as if by mechanical means, the door noiselessly slid into the wall, and a brilliant flood of light poured through the opening. As the visitors entered, the door again slid to its wall and effectually shut out the world.

The apartment into which Jules O'Somont and Henri D'Hurbal had entered was a spacious hall of about thirty feet square. It was brilliantly supposed of eight large mirrors, from the centre of which were suspended two magnificent chandeliers of some thirty burners. The light of these being reflected in the glass, made the ceiling a magnificent representation of fairy scenes. Four long and elegant marble tables were standing on each side of the room, and in front of these was a crowd of gentlemen and ladies, all masked and extravagantly attired. Numerous chairs were scattered in various parts of the apartment, and several waiters were passing to and fro in adjoining rooms with liquors and refreshments for the guests. Everything appeared to be of the costliest order, and the rules of the house were evidently strictly observed.

"I'll be with you in a moment," whispered D'Hurbal to Jules, after they had strolled around the room for a few seconds.

"Ah, I see you have engaged a disguise of mademoiselle, I suppose?" said his friend.

His companion made no reply, but pushing his way through the crowd, moved over to one of the gaming-tables, over which was inscribed "No. 2." As he reached it, he slightly touched the shoulder of a female dressed in a pierrot's suit of white.

She turned round quickly, and a cry of pleasure broke from her lips as she saw who it was. Being unable to see features even slightly recognizable, but as she faced D'Hurbal, the light fell upon a head covered with rich brown hair, from the tresses of which hung a number of golden curls.

"Ah, monsieur!" she said, holding out a small and elegantly shaped hand, which was covered with jewels, "you are late—I thought you would not be here."

"I told you I remain away, mademoiselle!" he replied, pressing the dainty fingers. "Will mademoiselle take a walk into the sitting-room?" he continued.

"Certainly, monsieur," she replied.

Taking his arm, they elbowed their way through the crowd, and entered a small and furnished sitting-room, where a few ladies and gentlemen were engaged in conversation, flirtation or intrigue. To one corner of the room he led her, and they seated themselves upon an elegant *tête-à-tête*.

"So you could not remain away from here, monsieur?" she said, as he sat beside her.

"Ah, mademoiselle, how could I while you were here?"

"But you know nothing about me, monsieur," she returned. "You tell me every night that you love me, and yet you know not my name."

"What matters it, mademoiselle?" he replied. "How do you know if I am beautiful? How can you judge through my mask?"

"Your voice is enough for me to know that you must be charming," he answered. "But will not mademoiselle put an end to this incognito? Will she not, after my assurance of my love, deign to let me see her face and hear her name?"

"No, monsieur, I cannot do so now," she returned. "You must wait until the proper time shall come. If you love me, as you say, it will make no difference."

"Does mademoiselle think that I do not mean it, when I say I love *her?*" he asked, in a tone rendered tremulous from his passion.

"How can I tell, monsieur," she replied. "You have only known me for two weeks, and it seems about too soon for you to really love. How do I know this is not a mere fancy, which will wear off when you go back to Terrebonne?"

"You judge me wrongly," he answered, passionately. "I love you, mademoiselle. I love you now, and I always will love you. If you bade me risk a man, I would do so—so much is my love for you. And if I should be called a rival, I should not live in the same world with him. He would have to die, or I would have to die."

"Would monsieur go so far?" she asked; and then, after a moment's thought, she went on: "Well, monsieur, I will make a rival very hard to call for you; suppose he was a great duelist, would you venture to fight him?"

"Mademoiselle," he returned, proudly, "Henri d'Hurbal fears no man."

They remained silent for a few seconds, and then she continued her search.

"I must not detain you," she said; "Monsieur has been very right, and must desire to regain his losses. Let us go to the play-room."

"I will not play at all if you say so," he remarked, with the utmost gallantry.

"Oh, no," she answered, with a silvery laugh; "I will not say so. Come with me and I will tell you which table to play at. I will give you luck."

So saying, she extended her hand, which he took, and followed her into the gambling-room. She walked direct to table No. 2, and having taken a glance at the players, released her hand from that of her companion, and turned to him—

"Monsieur will play his luck here," she whispered.

Walking up to the table, the young man looked at the players. The game was confined to about three gentlemen, whose heavy betting had driven the smaller fry from that of them, a young, and dissipated-looking man, was the principal winner, and had before him a large pile of bank-notes and gold. Pulling out a large roll of notes from his pocket, D'Hurbal drew out five one-hundred dollar bills, and threw them on the table.

"On the red, croupier," he said.

The winning player bet on black, and the croupier drew the cards. The black won. D'Hurbal's five hundred dollars were raked down to the red, and again he lost. Stake after stake thus went, and, according to the rules of the game, he could not bet with the black while another did. As the five thousand dollars he had brought with him were now gone, and he spoke to Jules, who was now by his side.

"How much money have you?" he asked.

"About four thousand dollars," was the reply.

"Lend it to me until to-morrow."

The young man handed him the money, and D'Hurbal went to the croupier, and deposited a stake of five hundred dollars on the table. His opponents were now reduced to a single man, who had won nearly all the money, and was watching the game with the keen intent of gamblers. The dispated-looking young man was still the winner, and it was to his opponent's red he now addressed. As D'Hurbal laid down his stake, he deposited an equal amount. The croupier looked on with intense peace. The cards were dealt, and he coolly scuid accrue to the bank from the game. He turned over the cards, and again the black won. Another and another stake was lost by D'Hurbal in succession.

"Monsieur is in great luck to-night," he said, as he laid down another five hundred dollars upon the table.

The young man gave no reply, but ran his fingers through his hair in a singularly nervous manner.

The remaining five stakes were played, and each time it was lost. Although a very extravagant gambler, the loss of nine thousand dollars was a serious one for a single night. However, with the usual imperturbability of his class, the loser said nothing, but rising from the table, moved off. He was about to cross the room, the masked lady, whom we have seen him with, by his side.

"You have lost heavily again," she said. "But why do you see a playing? Go back; luck will change to your favor directly."

"I am sorry, mademoiselle, that I cannot take your advice," he answered. "I have staked the last dollar I brought with me and what I borrowed from my friend."

"Stake this," she said, handing him an elegant gold watch. "Take it—I suppose you may," she went on, in a slightly imperious tone; "monsieur will stake that ring against five thousand dollars, and not a coat."

"But, mademoiselle——" he continued.

"Will monsieur do as I ask him?" she said, stamping her little foot upon the floor. "I want you to stake that ring against the man who has won your money."

If mademoiselle orders, I obey," replied D'Hurbal.

He returned to the table just as the winner was about to rise.

"If monsieur will give me a chance, I will play against him for once more," said D'Hurbal. "I will stake this ring against five thousand dollars, and if monsieur wins, I will redeem it in the morning." And he threw the ring.

"That is an unusual stake, monsieur," commenced the young man. But, as his eye caught the ring, he ceased speaking, and gazed at it in astonishment.

"Will monsieur inform me how he obtained that ring?" he at length said.

"I do not see that you have the right to ask the question," returned D'Hurbal. "You will, therefore, excuse my not satisfying your request."

At this sudden controversy the bystanders had all turned their attention from the table to the speakers. While D'Hurbal was perfectly calm, the face of his companion was almost livid from excitement.

"I have the right to ask you the question," said the young man, whose name was Mausion. "And I repeat, monsieur, I would like you to inform me where you obtained that ring?"

"And I shall not do so," rejoined D'Hurbal, emphatically.

"I shall then be much obliged for monsieur's address," said Mausion.

"Which I shall not give, either," replied D'Hurbal, with the same firmness. "I do not see that monsieur has any cause to desire a duel."

"Will this be cause enough, monsieur?" asked Mausion, tearing off his glove and striking D'Hurbal with it in the face.

"No man ever did that to Henri D'Hurbal with impunity," he answered, as he dashed to the crimson hue at the outrage. "Monsieur will be pleased to give his address to my friend Jules D'Somont."

And leaving his friend to take Mausion's address, he left the table, and looked for the cause of the difficulty. But his search was unsuccessful; she had vanished.

On the way home, Jules told D'Hurbal that he had a most formidable antagonist to deal with. Marcel Mausion was the most noted duelist in New Orleans, and had never failed to defeat his adversary, in the many encounters that had taken place between him and others. He had killed eight in four years, and but few persons would now offend him.

"*Mon Dieu!* what can I do?" said D'Hurbal, in despair. "I have no chance unless I can make it be kills me? Is it not better that he should do so than that I should have quietly submitted to his insult?"

"Certainly," returned D'Somont. "As a gentleman of spirit and honor, you are bound to obtain satisfaction. And, if you can, kill him, for he deserves to die. But tell me how you came by that ring," he added. "I was much surprised when you staked it at cut, for I had never seen you with it before."

D'Hurbal, in a few words, told how he had obtained it.

"Did she tell you to stake it against Mausion's life?" asked Jules.

"Yes."

"Then, my dear friend, she wanted to get up a duel," rejoined his companion. "And I will bet she is some girl that he has jilted, and who is using you to avenge the affront. That is the meaning of the whole matter."

"I should be sorry to think so," said D'Hurbal.

"But," he continued, shrugging his shoulders, "it can make no difference now. He has insulted me, and I must fight. *Sacre bleu!* none of the D'Hurbals ever were cowards."

The conversation here ceased, and they walked the balance of the way in silence.

On the following morning, D'Somont proceeded to the residence of Mausion, where his card was received by his brother Gustave, who was to be his second. The words the young man requested him with the object of his visit. D'Hurbal deemed either a public apology that night, in the gambling-house, or requested that Mausion would name a day for a hostile meeting between them.

"My brother never apologizes," replied Gustave, gravely.

"Then monsieur will be kind enough to name the day for a meeting," said Jules.

"This evening, at four o'clock, at the Metraire Ridge, monsieur," he answered.

"And the weapons?" said Jules.

"The small-sword," he answered. "But," he added, "if monsieur prefers to fight with pistols, he can be accommodated."

"Any description of weapon suits Monsieur D'Hurbal," replied Jules, stiffly.

"Very well, then it will be the small-sword," said Gustave.

"We will be there at the appointed hour," said D'Somont, rising to leave. "I will bid you good-day, wishing Monsieur Gustave Mausion good-day."

"Good-day to you, monsieur," answered the other, bowing.

The "Metraire Ridge" is situated just on the outskirts of New Orleans, and is one of the most beautiful spots of ground in the vicinity of the city. Unfortunately, it bears a very bad reputation, being considered as the dueling-ground of the Crescent City. Perhaps more than one hundred duels have been fought there, and many noble men have there yielded up their lives for a point of honor.

To this beautiful spot repaired the principals and their seconds at the hour named in the evening. A surgeon, with a carriage, was in attendance, to aid them in the event of either being wounded, though, of course, it was almost certain to be when small-swords were used. The place of meeting was in a small grove, of just sufficient extent to enable the combatants to maneuver according. A thick shrubbery surrounded them on three sides, but on the fourth, nothing but the tiny branches remained, which, however, formed a thick and almost impenetrable screen between the grove and the open country of the ground.

The Creole of Louisiana is, in manners and habits, as much the Frenchman as the native of Paris. Therefore, the principals reached the ground, which was simultaneously, they bowed to each other politely, though distantly. The weather being fine, overcoats were thrown aside, and the adversaries waited the action of their seconds.

Going to the carriage, Gustave Mausion took out two swords, of the same length, which he handed to Jules D'Somont.

"Monsieur will make a selection," he said, with frigid politeness.

Either one was a satisfactory, was the reply of D'Somont, as he took one of the weapons.

Handing the swords to D'Hurbal and Mausion,

the seconds moved to one side, and the duelists advanced toward each other.

Just as they were about to commence, Maussion dropped the point of his sword.

"Monsieur D'Hurbal must understand," said he, "that this is no child's duel. A slight scratch on the body, or the loss of a sword, must not be considered a sufficient satisfaction to either party —unless," he added, "it is preferable to him."

"I quite agree with you, monsieur," was the cool reply. And as he spoke, he threw himself on guard, and was followed by his antagonist.

For some minutes nothing but the quick clashing of the weapons was heard. D'Hurbal had been pressed by Clermont to retain his cockcane at all hazards, and, if possible, imitate Maussion, by keeping entirely on the defensive. He was an expert swordsman, it was true, but the devilish skill of his adversary was too formidable not to demand the utmost coolness and agility. He, therefore, confined his movements to parrying the thrusts of Maussion, refusing to avail himself of the apparent advantages which the duelist frequently gave him.

For about half an hour they continued fencing with extraordinary skill, when they dropped the points of their weapons, as if by accord.

"Monsieur displays considerable skill in the defense," said Maussion, satirically.

"I may be as formidable in the attack," was the answer.

"Ah! Monsieur Maussion," suddenly exclaimed a shrill, mocking voice from the rear of the leafless shrubbery, "I see you have met your match." And as the voice spoke, a figure, masked and dressed in the disguise of a page, pushed its way through the thicket, and appeared on the outside of the circle of spectators caused both to start. In the voice, D'Hurbal instantly recognized his unknown observer, and her presence appeared to have a remarkable effect upon the hitherto collected Maussion.

"This is not girl up, monsieur," he said, angrily; and D'Hurbal scarcely had time to address himself upon his guard before he was again vigorously attacked.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the disguised lady. "Monsieur Maussion has lost his temper," and the grave again rang with her sharp, mocking laugh.

If the lady had calculated upon exasperating Maussion, she must have been delighted with the result of her efforts. He lost the entire control of his temper, and continued pressing his adversary with the desperation of a madman. Presently he made a thrust, which the other skillfully parried, and before he could recover himself, the sword of D'Hurbal had passed through his body.

"Sure!" he muttered, as he fell to the ground. The surgeon came up and knelt by his side. After examining the wound, he shook his head significantly.

"I can do nothing for him," he said. "He is bleeding internally."

At these words the disguised lady walked to the side of the dying man.

"Marcel Maussion!" she exclaimed in the same bitter tone of mockery—"Marcel Maussion, look up at me. Do you not know me?"

As the dying man op ned his eyes and looked up, she threw the mask off, and revealed a singularly beautiful face, which was lit up by a pair of large black eyes, flashing with mingled hate and exultation.

"Louise!" muttered Maussion, feebly.

"Yes, Louise Ducatel," she answered; "the one whom you once gained, and then slighted. Did I not tell you that I should be revenged for the affront? I gave that ring to Monsieur D'Hurbal, and he urged him to stake it against you, for I knew that when you saw it there would be a duel. I took it to your lodging, your intended bride, for the purpose of being revenged."

"Take her away," muttered Maussion.

"Maitre-cocher had better retire," said D'Osmont, who had recognized in her the daughter of a very wealthy citizen.

"I shall," she answered, firmly. "And I do not suppose that monsieur will use violence to a woman. I came here to see him die; and if he had killed Monsieur D'Hurbal, I should have shot him myself;" and to prove that she was in earnest, she drew a small silver-mounted revolver from her pocket.

"Take her away!" repeated the dying man.

But any attempts would have been useless, for she was determined not to leave. Kneeling by his side, she placed a hand upon his wound, and again spoke:

"Mademoiselle Despard will have to find another lover, Marcel Maussion," she said, in the same tone of raillery. "But I very much fear will not see you the betrothed of another. Not You will be dead; but it was my fate to love you to madness, and to see you desert me for her. I told you three months ago that my love was turned to hate, and I swore that you should see my hand with your blood. See here! I promised see how I keep my word, and obtain my revenge!"

And with fearful calmness, she placed her tiny white hand upon the wound, and then raising it to his face, displayed a palm covered with gore!

"Ha, ha, ha!" she laughed, rising to her feet and shaking her hand, until the blood dropped on upon his face. "Marcel Maussion, die with my last words ringing in your ear. I hate you—I hate you, and I have lived to be avenged!"

"Louise! Wretch!" he exclaimed, raising himself up an effort; then falling backward, heavily, he muttered another invective, and expired.

"Mademoiselle, I hope you are satisfied," said Gustave, who had been quietly standing near by, and witnessing the scene.

"Yes," she replied, giving him a look of contempt, "Monsieur Gustave Maussion must know Louise Ducatel too well to doubt it."

As she spoke, she moved off, and was about to leave the spot, when D'Hurbal quickly followed her.

"I must request mademoiselle to receive her ring," he said, holding out the jewel. "She has forgotten that I still possess it."

"The ring is not mine," she answered; "but I insist upon monsieur's keeping it. I cannot suppose," she added, "that your sentiments are the same to-day as they were last night, after what has transpired."

"I am not right, mademoiselle," returned D'Hurbal, coldly. "I confess to have been much disappointed; I expected too much."

"You are right," she said; "but consider, monsieur, what I have endured. I loved him better than my life, and when he described me to Monsieur Maussion [pointing], I hated him. Since then I have had but one object in view, which has been attained this day. But I must not detain monsieur, she went on, "as I shall never meet again, for I will retire into a convent to-morrow. Retain, therefore, this ring, as a remembrance of me and of the result of your last stake."

As she spoke, she seized his hand with the one which was stained with blood, put her ring for an instant, and then vanished through the thicket.

It was Jules D'Osmont who told me the particulars of the foregoing tale, one night during the war. We were sitting in front of our tents, smoking—he, his interminable cigarette, and I, my darling pipe. When he had concluded, I asked him a couple of questions.

"Did you never hear of the particulars of the case between Louise and Marcel?" I asked.

"No," he answered; "she went into a convent next morning, and her relations were always silent on the subject. Poor girl, she was a fool. Maussion had seduced her, but nobody ever believed it."

"And what has become of D'Hurbal?" I again questioned.

"He is on General Monton's staff, on the west coast of Africa, I believe," he replied. "He soon got over his love for her. But, my dear friend, I can tell you one thing: if ever you meet with Mlle. D'Hurbal, look upon the left finger of her right hand; you will then see the ring that was given to him by Louise for a Last Stake.

The Scout's Adventure.

BY E. S. ELLIS.

SOMETHING over a century ago a settlement was formed on what was then termed the New Hampshire grants. The locality chancing to be equally distant from the settlements of Canada, it rapidly increased until it numbered over fifty souls.

All was going prosperously, and the settlers were happy, quiet and cheerful, when, one bitter cold night, in the dead of winter, a horde of Canadian Indians poured down like a whirlwind upon the little settlement, and, with a single exception, massacred every being of them. It was not long before word was brought to the effect that the demons marched away to their northern forests, leaving the burning settlement and mangled corpses behind them.

The man who had escaped their full fury was Gershow Bechtel, a strong, agile hunter, who, possessing more consciousness than the rest, had a brood of life in the bodies of his wife and five children. He himself was sadly wounded, but not dangerously, and although until next day many of his enemies were in sight, he staggered to his feet, and after almost perishing by the cold, succeeded in reaching the nearest neighboring settlement. Here he was put to bed, where he remained several weeks, and during that time the first intelligence came to the citizens of the massacre, and gathered and buried the bodies.

Gershow Bechtel lay in bed, and his thoughts reverted to his wife and little ones, all victims to the merciless tomahawk, that he took upon himself the solemn vow that he would devote the remainder of his life to revenge.

The first thing done, after fully regaining his strength, was to retire to a spot in the woods, about a dozen miles distant, where he erected a cabin, and proceeded to excavate a subterranean hall, now fitted up in a most singular and seemingly incredible history. It cannot be denied that Bechtel had a most powerful motive for revenge, and with fearful faithfulness did he carry out his vow.

Until the breaking out of the old French war he never desisted from his work. His intrepidity was wonderful, and his sagacity in the pursuit of the red-skinned object of his hate, almost fatal. It scarcely possible to imagine with what eager avidity he would hunt an Indian; for days he would hang to the trail and follow for the first favorable moment, and then inflict the fatal blow with silence and certainty. Like the wolf, who follows its prey for long days, he would appear when the red-skins, wept in slumber, and no thought of danger was in their minds, and vanish, and wherever Bechtel was, there it was sure they suffered.

Matters progressed in this manner for several years, during which time Bechtel had slaughtered enough Indians to revenge the entire settlement which had fallen; but his thirst never abated. Each victim seemed to confirm his terrible passion, and more relentlessly than ever did he wage his crusade against them.

Finally, the French war broke out, and Bechtel offered his services to Sir William Johnson, then Colonial Superintendent of Indian Affairs. They were gladly accepted, and he was employed upon the most delicate and dangerous missions. His success in all of these made him invaluable to Johnson, who frequently employed him upon errands that he would have entrusted to no other living man.

It is our purpose in this sketch to record merely one of the feats, which will illustrate his shrewdness and skill.

It became necessary to send a spy into the enemy's lines, and as usual, Sir William Johnson selected Bechtel and a particular friend of his own, whose brains were to be used only after entering the lines. Bechtel was to attend to the safety of the two; while the other, an ist ingest young officer, was to devote his full mind and energy to acquiring all the information possible when the opportunity presented itself.

So soon as the part of each had been explained and fully com rehended, Sir William produced two Indian scouts, who were donned at once by the spies. With his own hand the famous "superintendent" painted the faces of the two, until they were exactly face-mates of genuine Indians.

By this time night had set in, and Sir William, admonishing strict silence, led the way to one of the gates of Schenectady, which was opened by the sentinel, and they made all haste to the high bank which hung over the strait in front of the fort. A skiff was in waiting awaited them, into which the two spies immediately placed themselves.

"Good luck go with you," whispered Sir William; "and remember," he added, addressing himself particularly to Bechtel, "not to fire a gun."

"Not if we are in danger?" inquired the hunter, who, it was apparent, was eager for the chance of making additions to his list of victims.

"Not unless your own safety imperatively demands it. Do not forfeit you fame by using a gun under any other circumstances."

"Then I hope our safety will demand it," muttered Bechtel, as, taking the paddle in his hand, he sent the light boat silently and rapidly in the direction of the enemy.

The night was the perfection of inky darkness; earth, air, sky, everything was a mass of utter blackness, excepting the stars, which twinkled above the tops of the owl. Not a breath of wind pustled the foliage of the trees, nor did the long paddle in the hands of the spy make a noise that could have been heard a rod distant.

"Sh!" suddenly admonished Bechtel, so low that it just reached the ears of his companion, who became sensible at the same time, merely from the cessation of motion, that the rowing had ceased.

The boat coasted down in the bank, and then peered over the edge. Suddenly the sound of dipping paddles fell upon it, and a few moments later half a dozen lights twinkled through the obscurity, apparently a great distance. Bechtel raised his gun noiselessly to his shoulder, and held it pointed for a moment, when, recollecting the injunction of Sir William, he lowered it again, with a sigh of regret.

"What was that?" inquired the companion of Bechtel.

"Injius; and, if I ain't mightily mistook, they are going a spying, just the same as we are."

"With the boats?"

"Twas only the fire of the pipes, which looked like as many candles in the darkness. How I wish I could have shot 'em. I'll bet a dollar that the forbid of Sir William!"

"Why, they looked a mile away to me."

"Sartain, sartain, it looks. I could have broke all their pipes as easy as pull the trigger."

The paddles soon resumed with the same skill and silence as before. At the rapid rate which they were pursuing, this brought them to a point about opposite the distant fires. Bechtel saw, when, turning a sharp angle, Bechtel suddenly ceased rowing, and covered down in the bottom of the boat.

There was no need to inquire the cause for this action; for, in the distance, along shore, a great number of lights could be seen flashing and flickering in the obscurity, and making the wall of darkness still more profound. These lights proved to belong to a party of Indians on the shore of lake, which, here and there reflected its rays.

"We've found 'em at last," muttered Bechtel in a suppressed voice. "Ain't it a purty sight, mister?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," replied his companion, who saw nothing specially to admire in the view.

"Shall we go among them, mister, I want to ask you one thing."

"Let's hear it."

"Will you obey my orders?"

"If I like them."

"Like them or not, I must be captain for the while."

"I have no objection, I am sure, to benefit by your superior knowledge and experience."

"Can you talk Injin?"

"No."

"Then, that's bad; your edjycation isn't finished, mister. Howsumever, you can keep silence, can't you?"

"I think so."

"Well, do that, then; for if you open that mouth of yours, one word will be enough to lose us our scalp-knot. Keep a-holding on all-fours without making a speck of noise?"

"Yes."

"Hangnation! I don't see what Sir William sent you with me for, I could have done better myself. But you having you here, why we might as well go to work at once. I can't stop to tell you anything more, for we haven't the time to spare. What you have to do is to keep close to me, and DO AS I DO. Can you keep your mustache?"

"A very interesting part to play."

"Play! You'll find there's mighty little play, I can tell you. Remember what I told you."

The injunctions were obeyed. Bechtel proceeded toward the lights, which seemed further away in the darkness than they really were, handling his paddle with such consummate skill that not the slightest sound was made. In this manner they rapidly approached the encampment, until they could hear the tones of voices talking, and a perfect Babel of discord.

Bechtel paused and listened.

"It's the tarnal Ottawas, for I know 'em, and have cause to. They are low, lyckon. They are a drunken frolic, as they always are just afore going into battle. Hear 'em sing their songs. I can do a little of that, I reckon, so let's be among them right away. Remember what I said, to make no noise and stick close to me."

Plying his paddle with the same matchless skill, he made the land at some little distance away, in order that he might avoid the sentinels, who could be heard hallooing and challenging each other constantly. The canoe was then drawn up into the bushes that skirted the water.

"Now, leave everything behind except yourself," whispered Bechtel, carefully taking up his rifle to protect it from the dews and damps of the night.

"Must we leave our guns behind?"

"That's the orders of Sir William, and mighty hard ones I reckon, too. You'll find 'em the best, for I wouldn't like to risk my getting a rifle charged with powder."

"But suppose we get into danger?"

"We're in danger now."

On their hands and knees the two proceeded some distance, when Bechtel whispered:

"Here they are?" he spoke in a barely audible whisper.

"Where?" asked the other.

"Look in front of you."

Following the directions, his friend saw a group of five or six Indians seated around a fire, their countenances rendered frightfully hideous by the debauch in which they were engaged. They sat in a circle around, swaying back and forth, passing the canteen from one to the other, and singing and howling—the monsters and maniacs in which they had been engaged, and threatenings of what they intended to do on the morrow.

"Wait a moment," whispered Bechtel to his companion, as he crept stealthily toward the group. Reaching the nearest one quite, and drawing his knife, he stabbed him to the heart.

Instantly he motioned one who seemed to be the chief.

Bechtel replied in a few Indian words which his friend did not comprehend; and, rising from the ground, confidently appeared in the midst of the group. A few words were hastily interchanged, when the scout introduced his companion as "Big Knives," when the captain's thus they sank almost exhausted.

"The brother does not speak," said Bechtel.

"Is he dumb?" inquired the chief.

"No; but he has sworn not to speak his mouth until he has slain a Long-Knife."

"Good!" ejaculated the chief. "He is welcome."

"I don't remember the young warrior," said the chief, after another pull at the canteen, his natural caution struggling to the surface, in spite of his present condition. "Is he a brave?"

"He is; he was stolen by the Iroquois many long years ago, but has lately escaped."

"How did he escape?"

"He killed three warriors when they were asleep by the fire, and ran away."

"Only three warriors! I heard the chief, growing in his drunken stupor.

After a few moments, he suddenly aroused himself from this, and, grasping his tomahawk and starting fiercely up, sprang toward him and held the weapon over his head, as if about to strike. Bechtel showed not the least fear, but placidly awaited the blow.

"Good!" said the Ottawa again; "we are satisfied [the chief] never saw a braver stuff than a Saub, but look him in the face. You are our brother; you shall go with us to battle with the Long-Knives to-morrow."

"We are, then, in time," said Bechtel. "Does the chief desire to spare us the red-coats on to-morrow?"

"He does."

"Has he men enough to fight them?"

"Good! Count the braves of the trees, and you may count our warriors," said the chief, waving his arm in the direction mentioned.

Gradually and skilfully Bechtel extracted all the information he could from the numbers of the French, Indians, and *courier de bois*, which composed the army, the time when they proposed to begin the battle, the manner they were to take, and their plan of attack.

So soon as the examination of the chief was concluded, all the Indians, excepting himself, were found to be asleep, or lying in a drunken stupor to the ground, in a state of drunken stupefaction. Our two friends, who had also feigned slumber, and kept did not open their eyes until certain of not being discovered. They were about rousing to their feet, when Bechtel suddenly dropped to the earth, and his comrade imitated him, without exchanging a word, to await the reason for it.

"Shortly after footsteps were heard, and, as they approached, two officers were discovered. They halted by the fire, and one spoke French, in which tongue:

"The braves are all asleep; our spies have returned, and it is time to wake them."

"Not yet," returned the other. "Another hour's sleep will do a great deal toward sobering them. Let them rest."

They passed on, and when their footsteps were no longer audible, Bechtel arose to his feet, motioning to his comrade to be still. Passing around the group in the most noiseless manner, he removed from each of their guns, and then emptied their powder-horns into the nearest one. Returning to the tomahawk of the chief, he stood over him up for the tomahawk, with an expression of hatred that him a moment, with an expression of hatred that words cannot express.

There was an intense debate between his strong desire for revenge and their safety, when they hesitated, and started down the river.

"The morning breeze is rising," said Bechtel; "we have no time to spare."

After passing some distance in silence, Bechtel turned to his companion:

"It's confounded lucky for us that the boat we left behind the Injins last returned. It's getting light mighty fast. I'm only sorry for one thing."

"What is that?"

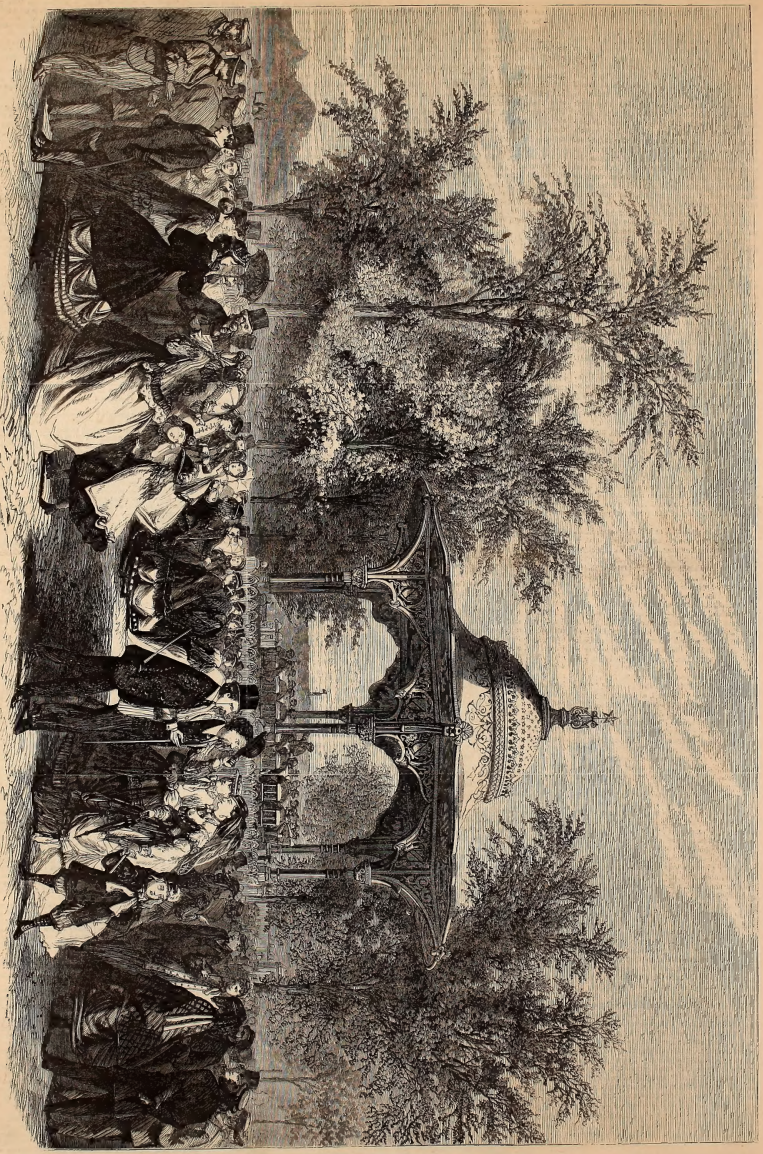
"That I let the drunken Ottawas alone. If I had only known it, my own boys would have rolled upon them one head; but Sir William is mighty particular."

"You will be in. You would have been overtaken and killed."

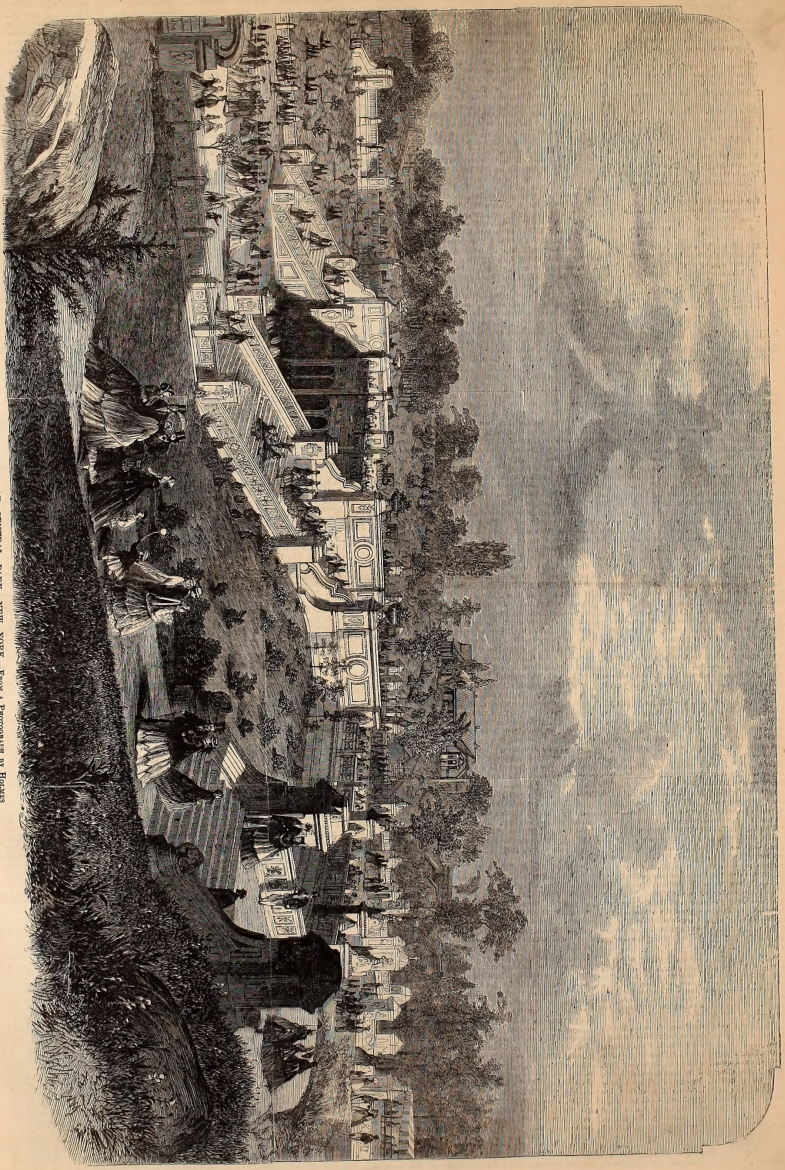
"Perhaps so. I must be a mighty poor critter if I can't dodge half-a-dozen red-skins."

Several hours of hasty rowing brought them at length within sight of Ticonderoga, just as it was beginning to grow light. As they struck the foot of the high bluff from which they started, the sun was just coming up in the east.

Without a moment's pause, they proceeded to the quarters of Sir William Johnson, who was awaiting their return with the greatest anxiety. It is scarcely necessary to say that he received with more information than he had a reason to expect.



THE MUSIC STAND AT CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK—SATURDAY AFTERNOON, 5 O'CLOCK.—See Page 307.



THE GRAND TERRACE AT CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.—From a Photograph by Hoaxes

TO A LADY.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

DEATH's silent whispers touched the trees,
And over every leaf and bough
Steal those mysterious sympathies,
Like sadness o'er a youthful brow.

The winds sigh sadly, and the waves
Beat haggardly on rock and sand,
While sunshine falls upon the graves
Which sanctify this war-worn land.

But neither nation's gloom, nor yet
That mournful time—the year's decay—
Can on the gentle-hearted set
The seal of a departed day.

Within yourself, oh, lady dear,
Lives that pure light, which ever shines,
Like to those diamonds, pure and clear,
That nestle in Golconda's mines.

For virtue is a thing apart
From all the world; it lives within
The dim recesses of the heart,
And trembles at the touch of sin.

And yet, amid the battle's roar,
Through plague and tempest, fire and sword,
On every sea, on every shore,
It lives and walks—IT IS THE LORD!

The Spectre of Cliffe;

OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—RUPERT'S MAGIC MIRROR.

THE week which Grace Clifford had meted to her niece as the interval of rest before her day of trial, and that which Raymond had also assigned as the period necessary for the completion of his own designs, had slowly worn away. Every day Mildred had been comforted by meeting with her husband, yet every day cast down by finding him so bent on punishing his wily step-mother. As though, in executing the sacred task of an avenger, he felt removed from human ills, he seemed to see no dangers in his path, no matter how obvious they might be; and when they were pointed out, made light of them. True, he said, Cator *had* suddenly come upon him in the cave. What then? The man had scarcely ever seen him in his life; was it likely he should identify a wandering artist, who had let his torch burn out in his enthusiastic admiration of the Cathedral Chamber, with dead Raymond Clifford?"

"But he must have known that you and I were here together," urged Mildred, anxiously.

"Yes; but I assured him that, worn out by a long ramble over Ribble, I had been asleep for hours on this yielding sand. The fellow was quite satisfied, I do assure you, love."

Mildred was far from being satisfied; but there was something of impatience in her husband's tone she had never observed before, which cautioned her not to dispute the matter. She had that faculty of knowing where contradiction is hopeless and argument worse than injudicious, which, in a woman, is so rare. This submission to her husband's opinion begat in time (as it will always do if, oh, wives of England, you would only try it) a certain confidence in it.

Matters went on upon the fifth night at Cliffe, and stagnated upon the fifth day, precisely the same as they had done at first; Lucy continued to be respectful and even kind, and Mrs. Clifford, according to promise, kept herself so completely out of her niece's sight, that Mildred lost that sense of insecurity which had taken such complete possession of her upon her arrival, and even began to think that nothing, after all, might happen worse than had already taken place, until the hour of her release came round. She had taken one of the old books from the library, and contrived by its help to pass a weary hour or two. It was a tale written in imitation of those of the "Round Table," about errant knights and captive ladies, and perhaps she found some application in it to her own case, which lent an interest it would not have otherwise possessed. At all events, it so far won her attention as to make her put a slip of paper in the volume over-night to mark her place, and on the morrow, after breakfast, she turned to it with some curiosity to see how Sir Eglamour or Sir Bedevire acquitted himself under certain circumstances. As she opened the book, she perceived that the paper which she had left therein was no longer blank, but scrawled over by the nameless friend, whose handwriting was now become so familiar to her:

"The hour which you dread draws nigh, but do not fear it. Rupert Clifford awaits you in the rose-garden, but I shall be there, too. It is better to go forth at once and meet him, than that your aunt should send you forth. You must get the paper signed according to her wish. Leave your child within doors, and do not refer to your marriage, if you love your life."

Like some condemned wretch who, having striven since his sentence to forget his inexorable doom, is suddenly reminded of it when there is not an hour left that he can call his own, so Mildred shivered and sank down in hopeless terror. Why had she lingered in that dreadful house, when escape had so often presented itself? Why cherished the foolish notion that what Grace Clifford had once designed would not be carried out? Why have promised, no matter in what straits, to play this evil and false part with Raymond's brother? Her husband, indeed, had not said "Nay," but only because he thought to have by this time rendered such an interview unnecessary. Nay, the week was not yet out; it was the morrow which her pitiless aunt had appointed for this dreadful interview. Why, therefore, should she meet Rupert now? Who knew what help or change the next day and night might bring forth? But yet her unknown "Well-wisher," whom she had no cause to doubt, advised her to see her brother-in-law at once. And was it not well thus to anticipate the commands of Mrs Clifford at a time when, for all Grace knew, Milly was still clasped in her mother's arms?

The windows of the library looked upon the terrace only; but opening one of them, and putting out her head, she could catch sight of the rose-garden—or rather, for it was a sunk square, of any person who chanced to be walking in it. Yes, Rupert Clifford was there, in the hunting-costume he had worn the previous night, walking rapidly to and fro, and cutting at the leafless plants with his whip-lash. He had evidently not been to bed at all. His face, even at that distance, showed as though he had not known rest for weeks; and always, as his hasty steps brought him to the end of his restricted walk, he looked up anxiously toward a window, which she felt was that which had wont to be her own. He was evidently keeping an appointment, as he thought, with some one who had not yet come. Then it came into her mind that he had made some such appointment with herself, in that very place, the day previous to her elopement with his brother. Mildred hurried back to her own chamber, and muttering something of having left her book behind her, put the child into Lucy's arms, and then returned alone. She well knew that without Milly she would never be suspected by her attendant of any attempt to leave the castle.

Rupert was still there, but walking faster and faster, like some poor pent-up animal in its narrow cage. Mildred dared not look again, lest her resolution should give way, but hurried to the western postern and let herself out. With a firm step, though with a beating heart, she walked along the terrace toward Rupert, but he did not hear her. She would not have used that way had she dwelt in her old room, and therefore he did not look for her in that direction. She had time to observe him thoroughly, as he crossed and recrossed the little square. The last time she had beheld him, he had but lately recovered from a long and dangerous illness, but he had then been healthful and well-looking by contrast with his present appearance. His cheeks had fallen in, and were ghastly pale; his thin, fair moustache, all unkempt and straggling, hung like hoar-frost upon his lip; his hair was white as snow. There was nothing about him of youth or beauty left. But his eyes burned like living coals—so fiercely, that Mildred involuntarily stopped as she caught sight of their strange fire. At that moment he turned and saw her. With a joyful cry, he took the few stone steps that led up from the rose-garden at a single bound, and stood beside her on the terrace.

"At last, at last!" he cried triumphantly. "Ah, heaven, how I have wearied for you!" He seized her hand; then, as if controlling himself by a strong effort, raised it respectfully to his lips. "You are not yet mine," said he; "I kissed you the other day, and you were angry. That makes me sad, as it pains you, my dearest, to see *me* wrathful. I was wroth just now because you did not come. I thought they kept you from me—She, or They; and that turns my blood to flame. Your own aunt, too, your own mother's sister, else—— But there, I am not angry now. I am so happy, Mildred, that all seems like spring."

"It *is* spring, Rupert."

"Ay, true, spring with *us*, dearest, and with all fond lovers, although to the world, who are neither wooed nor wooers, it is still winter. Is it to-day or to-morrow that we two marry? See, I have gathered you a posy. Sweets to the sweet, they say. Now, give me one rose back again, that I may put it in my button-hole; or, since it has no blossom, into my bosom. That is where the true roses bud and bloom. But I do not like those black clothes, my darling. Why do you wear them?" Such a chill crept over Mildred at these words as numbed her brain; until that moment the thought of her being in widow's weeds had never struck her. Fortunately, Rupert answered for her. "It is not fit," he said, "to mourn the dead so long. My father was an old man, too, and old men must expect death; it is the young who shrink from the grim mower. Your aunt Grace, poor thing, is likely to die early."

"Indeed, Rupert. Why so?"

"Well, that is between you and me and the terrace wall here. Or stay; come here into the yew-tree arbor. I will then tell you some news; I will forecast the future. We shall be one to-day or to-morrow; and man and wife should have no secrets. And by-the-by, talking of that, I dreamed last night—of all the dreadful dreams—that *you* were married, and to whom, think you? To whom?"

They had crossed the rose-garden, and stood in the huge arbor, enclosed in thick and close walls of yew. The madman held her at arm's-length, and griped her hard, but not in anger; he gazed upon her shrinking face with a good-natured smile, as one who asks a riddle.

"I knew you would never guess," cried he at last; "for who would ever think of Raymond? And yet I dreamed that you were Raymond's wife, not mine; and when I woke—now, listen, for this is what I have brought you here for—I saw my own brother's face—— What's that?"

In an instant, the grave and solemn look with which he had spoken the last few words was replaced by one of keen suspicion; then, again, by one of mocking mirth.

"Ha, ha, my friend; what! you are listening, are you?" Like a boy that plays at hide-and-seek, he ran out of the arbor, and searched it round and round. "Did you not hear a twig snap, Mildred?" inquired he.

"No, Rupert."

But in the brief space that he had been absent she had heard something else—a whisper from she knew not whom, and coming from she knew not whence, which said:

"Fear not; you are not alone. Hide your wedding-ring."

"You heard nothing, Mildred? Good. Your ears are trustworthy, whereas *I* hear so many things—voices in the night-air, and at all times our wedding-bells. They give me the headache, dearest; yet, if I heard them not, I should have heartache. 'Married to-morrow, married to-morrow, married to-morrow,' is what they are always saying. But why not 'To-day?'—why not *to-day*, I say?"

He snatched her little wrist, and squeezed it in his trembling fingers, as in a vice. But for the unseen presence of her unknown friend, her power of speech would have frozen as before. As it was, she whispered, huskily:

"Because we agreed upon to-morrow."

"That's well; for you never deceived me, Mildred, as one did. That is why your Aunt Grace will never be long-lived."

"Why so, Rupert, since she is a young woman still?"

"Well, to most persons—to *all*, in fact, *but* you—I should say, that's my secret. There was once a secret kept from me by all the world, and now I have one of my own. You have heard of second-sight. That is nothing to the faculty which I possess. I can count one, two, three," (he checked the numbers slowly off upon his fingers, but never taking his eyes off hers), "four for certain, and perhaps five living folks; and I foretell that those persons will all die early, and two of them young. I have seen these faces, still, and pale, and cold. Now, where do you think I have seen their faces? Come now, guess. It's a brave riddle. Not in the fire, though there are men's faces there, but those are dead already; not in the air, though there are faces there, too, but those are devils. Let me whisper in your ear, for I hear creakings—on my *razor-blade*. I thought it would astonish you. That has been my magic crystal, my patent foreshadowing looking-glass, for many a day; I bought it with my first money long ago, before I wanted it for shaving. You see I don't shave *now*, because they have taken away my razors, *as they think*, and with them the most gladsome sight that memory or sunbeam have got to show me—the faces of the men I want to kill. They are not all *men*. Look you—for I always carry it about with me—here is a woman's face. Do you know it?"

"Yes, I know it, Rupert; but you would not hurt me?"

She gazed upon the blade, whereon was mirrored a beautiful face, indeed—her own—but white with terror, and the lips parted with the beginning of a prayer.

"Hurt *you*, my Mildred? Nay, I love you so, that while you speak and breathe upon the steel, her hateful features fade away. But now—see!—they come again; the hard blue eyes—the silken mesh of hair in which she trapped my father—the lips that whisper lies—the lily neck that I will squeeze some day. She is blotted out by quite a mist of blood, and then comes Clement—the fat-faced shrinking fool. How that man fears me, Mildred! I will kill him, too, yet not too quickly, but as the cat plays with the mouse. Here's that devil Cator; now, I fear *him*. He has chains about him, whips and locks; he shut up Uncle Cyril, the only sane man in our family, and then murdered him. Now, for murderers, the law says 'Death.'"

"The law, Rupert; but *you* are not the law," pleaded Mildred, earnestly. "Yours are wicked thoughts. If you, indeed, feel tempted to do these people hurt, give *me* the razor."

"To-morrow, not to-day. Before I marry, I must wipe out old scores. My fear is that, having once begun, there will be no end; for No. 4 (I always call him that, but he *may* be No. 5) is certain as the rest. You see him, don't you?"

"No, Rupert; I do not wish to look upon that thing again."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the madman, softly. "Look at me, then. Here is No. 4. I am short-lived, like the rest. That is why you are wearing widow's weeds already. I thought it was for Raymond. There, I've pained you now. I thought so only in my dream. I dreamed that Raymond married you, and so it happened that this very morning whose face should come out on my magic crystal but poor Raymond's! But it was dimmer than the rest, and therefore I have my doubts."

"Would you kill your own brother, Rupert, and ruin your immortal soul?" asked Mildred, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking at him with such solemn, earnest eyes, that Rupert's drooped their lids.

"Well, as to that," returned he, stripping the rose-branch, still in Mildred's hand, of its few leafless twigs; "Grace Clifford—who is the devil, you know—has promised me that, if I sign a certain parchment, all will be well with me, and safer than any priest could make it."

"Sign it, Rupert."

"You say so?" exclaimed the madman, eagerly. "Then, that is enough, otherwise, because she has plagued me with her 'Sign, sign,' ever since—well, since yesterday; but there's something wrong there—I would never have done it. I will settle that at once; and would it not be rare to sign it with—— But that's secret. Have you any other commands, my love, my bride?"

"Yes, Rupert. For my sake, I pray you to do no harm to Mrs. Clifford, nor to any other of those you spoke of. Now, promise me, as you are a gentleman."

"Ay, there's the rub; some people can make promises and break them, which I never can. Well—I will promise you to sign with ink, not blood, and to let Mrs. Clifford and the fat-faced fool and Cator live—until to-morrow. Give me your arm. No, not a day longer. Hush! the peacock listens yonder; he has a thousand eyes to see with, and what he hears he tells."

CHAPTER XXXVII.—MILDRED'S FLIGHT.

AFTER parting, she scarce knew how, with Rupert at the western postern, Mildred flew to her own chamber, with a mind divided between thankfulness and terror. She was deeply grateful that the dread interview—so infinitely worse than anything she had been prepared for—had come to any end not immediately tragical; while she trembled for the consequences which it foreshadowed. It was clearly her duty to warn her enemy, Grace, of the imminent peril that threatened her, as well as Clement Carr and Cator, at the hands of this unhappy madman. But her own Raymond, although his danger did not seem to be so instant, was to be warned also. What, if after setting her aunt upon her guard, Mrs. Clifford—having obtained in the meantime what she wanted from her unhappy step-son—should put at once into effect whatever design she might entertain against herself and child; or even but make them, for the future, her close prisoners, so that she could not communicate with her husband at all! To be cut off from that comfort *now* seemed, indeed, a thing unbearable. To run the risk, however small, of such another meeting with Rupert, was something too terrible to be thought of. She wondered at herself for having sustained, even with the help of her unknown and unseen ally, so frightful a trial, with sufficient external composure to deceive the cunning madman—if, indeed, she had deceived him. Might he not even now be committing those very crimes he had spoken of as though they were decrees of fate which he had been appointed to execute! Upon consideration, however, she felt as much conviction as the nature of the case permitted of, that Rupert would keep his promise, and for that day at least restrain his murderous instincts. Once persuaded of this, her resolve was fixed to escape from the walls of Cliffe—from the mad love of Rupert, and the cruel hate of her aunt Grace—at once and for ever.

Her husband himself had appointed the morrow for the maturing of his plans and her own departure; and now, after what had happened, he would certainly not permit her to remain another night under that hateful roof. She would meet him as usual in Ribble Cave that day, but not to part. They would take Lucy with them—such a confidence had grown up between her and her attendant, almost, as it seemed, in spite of the latter's self—if she feared the wrath of the mistress of Cliffe, and was willing to change service; but whether Lucy proved to be a consenting party or not, Mildred was resolutely determined to flee. Let her attendant be ever so kind to Milly, and friendly to the interests of herself and child, and let her unknown friend be ever so watchful over their safety, Cliffe was no longer a place for them. With the necessity for flight, there came into her mind, as the morning drew slowly on, all sorts of possible impediments and obstructions to it. Contrary to custom, Rupert was up and about that day, might not—nay, if he pressed the immediate signature of this parchment, was not Grace herself quite certain to be stirring likewise? As for the ruffian Cator, he seemed to need rest neither by night nor day, for his grim face was always to be seen where least expected; a cunning look, too, sat on his harsh features, which she did not like. Had Raymond really hoodwinked him so easily as he imagined? If not, then indeed did her husband stand in deadly peril.

Again and again, as the sun lingered on the dial in the courtyard, did she accuse herself (though never her husband, who was the one in fault) of insensate folly in remaining at Cliffe, when so many chances of escape had offered themselves. In vain she strove to reassure herself by recalling the arguments Raymond was wont to use at Sandby long ago with the same object: the power of the law, the certainty of detection, which must needs deter so acute a woman as her aunt from the commission of actual crime; the ridiculous notion of kidnappings, murders, private imprisonments, and all the stage situations of romance taking place at all in this nineteenth century. This last consideration, so generally popular with persons in commonplace and easy circumstances (who, by-the-by, read in the *Times* at breakfast every morning of their lives, some case or other much more tremendous and astounding than any so-called "sensational" novelist would venture to put into fiction), was not so comforting to Mildred as it doubtless would have been, had not her personal experience so flatly contradicted it. We have it upon good authority that the human hand is not the better fitted for a brasier, notwithstanding that the mind may be engaged in contemplating the lofty Caucasus; and if all these weighty reasons for entertaining a sense of confidence and security had failed her at Sandby—before the attempted designs of Gideon Carr and the abduction of Milly—it was not likely that they should give her comfort *now*.

When a message suddenly came for Lucy that her mistress wished to see her immediately, and Mildred was left alone, she caught up her child in her arms, and prepared for instant flight. This surely was the time, before some order should arrive from her aunt for her more strict keeping, to cross the solitary park; but even as she hurried on little Milly's outdoor garments, she heard Cator enter his own room, the window of which she knew commanded the very door at which she must make her exit. Moreover, even if she reached the cave, Raymond would not be there for yet some hours, and her pursuers would be sure to seek for her there before he came; or, if not so, to come upon himself, when recognition would be all but inevitable. She had hardly time to undo her hasty work, and conceal the evidences of her intention, when Lucy returned with a countenance even graver than usual.

"What are my aunt's commands? Tell me the worst! Am I to be a prisoner even more than I am?" cried Mildred, forgetting all her caution in her anxiety.

"No, madam. It is for myself I grieve, and not for you. My mistress is dissatisfied, it seems, with my attendance on you. I am to serve you no more—or, at all events, not as before."

"Is some one else, then—some jailer—to take your place?" asked Mildred, hanging with eagerness upon the other's answer.

"Not that I know of, madam. But I am no longer to accompany you in your walks, Since Rufus knows you now, Mrs. Clifford says it is no longer necessary; but I am afraid she has some other reason."

Mildred's heart bounded within her, and then as suddenly it seemed to stop and die.

"But the child? When I go out, may I take my Milly with me?"

"Yes, madam; I was particularly to say that you were not to be parted from the child."

Mildred took Lucy by the hand.

"Do not grieve," she said; "though I leave you for a little, I shall not forget you. God bless you, Lucy; you have been very kind to the friendless and the fatherless. I am sure she wishes us well; is it not so, Milly?"

As the child, for answer, put up its little mouth for its whilom nurse to kiss, the tears rolled down the woman's cheeks; then, as if not daring to trust herself to speak, she withdrew into a distant corner of the room, and took up some needle-work.

"I will not press you with questions that may embarrass you, Lucy, or to which it is inconsistent with your duty to reply; but tell me: Where is Mr. Rupert?"

"He is with Mrs. Clifford, madam."

"Alone?" asked Mildred, with apprehension.

"No, madam. Mr. Carr is with them."

"And your brother—I heard him in his room a while ago—where is he now?"

"I left word with him to join my mistress."

"Do you know what their meeting is about, and may you tell me if it concerns myself and Milly?"

"I think"—the woman stopped and hesitated—"I believe not, madam. There was something to be signed by the Master. But I was to tell you, madam—at least I was to let you know—that Mr. Rupert would not be about again to-day; and that Mr. Clement and my brother were both bound for Lancaster."

"Why, that almost looks, Lucy, as though my aunt would say: 'The coast is clear, niece; you may now depart from Cliffe, if you have a mind.'"

"Yes, madam."

"You answer as though you still thought some evil was intended; but I have reason to think that Mrs. Clifford has obtained all she wants, and would willingly be rid of me. I have had a meeting with Mr. Rupert this morning."

"With Mr. Rupert?" exclaimed the woman, leaping to her feet. "Great Heaven! you have never done that? It would have been safer for you to have met Rufus, ere you and he were friends."

"I know it, Lucy. He is mad—and more—he is bent on murder. Let your mistress and her friends beware of him, for he loves them not."

"They will look to that," returned Lucy, more quietly, "they are all used to mad folks."

Something in the woman's tone, as well as words, jarred on Mildred's ear, as had often been the case during the first few days of their acquaintance, but not of late. Its effect now, as always, was to reduce Mildred to silence. Presently Lucy left the room, and when she returned, they scarcely interchanged a remark until their mid-day meal; after which Mildred quietly began to prepare for going out. When she and the child were ready, and about to leave, Mildred said: "Good-by, Lucy," with a smile, which the other easily comprehended.

"You forgive your jailer, then?" returned the woman, gravely. "For a captive on the day she leaves her prison, that is much to say."

Mildred changed color.

"Nay, madam, do not deny, for I know better than *you* that you will not return. May I kiss the child, please?"

Once more the woman's tears stood out upon her harsh and furrowed cheek like drops of turpentine upon the fir-bark. Then, with a parting hand-shake, Mildred departed; along the echoing corridor, down the muffled stair, and so through the great hall into the empty courtyard. There, looking up at the window of the room she had just quitted, she saw Lucy watching them with her still weeping face pressed to the pane. Mildred paused upon the bridge that spanned the sleeping waters of the moat to wave her handkerchief in farewell; then she turned, and took her way across the solitary park.

Surely she was free now; yet, what a weight seemed to oppress her heart and brain! Did her Aunt Grace indeed intend that she should make her escape? or was this fancied freedom but like that of some poor prisoned bird, forgetful of the string that tethers it, who flies a little way from its tormentor, only to be checked at his cruel pleasure, and be put back in the cage? If Lucy knew her simple plan, how much more would Grace Clifford be cognizant of it. Still, here she was on her way to utmost Ribble, and not a creature in sight to stay her! In a few minutes she would find herself in the presence of her natural protector, friend and lover; clasped to her husband's heart, she would fear nothing. With hands too eager for their task, she lit a torch, and took the oft-trodden way, unmindful of its unsullied glories—though virgin white as ever glistened the pendent crystals; and the fantastic forms that rose to meet them, rough with ten thousand ripples, showed like new drifted snow. Now on the pebble rang her hurrying feet—now the bare rock gave sullen token of their passage—now the silver sand received their noiseless impress; then, with bent head, whose wealth of hair covered her precious charge as with a silken mantle from the tricklings of the roof, she threaded the narrow tunnel, at the end of which Raymond had always met her with a cry of welcome, coming from out the darkness of that vast cathedral-chamber like r This time he met her not. Her torch flashed full upon two human countenances, than either of which she would rather in that solitary place have faced a wolf's. The one displayed the cruel features of her uncle, Clement Carr, and the other the grim and repulsive lineaments of William Cator.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE AND ITS PLANS.

As soon as Rupert Clifford had parted from Mildred, he sent word to his step-mother that he wished to see her upon a matter of the last importance, in what he was pleased to term his business-room. Like many another dignified by the same name, or even that more ambitious one, "the study," this chamber gave no evidence of its title in its contents. Formerly, a few of the more faded family pictures, for which even the great gallery had no room, had adorned the walls; but the present inmate had caused them to be exchanged for the portraits of such of his ancestors upon whom, in later life, the supposed ancestral curse had fallen, or who, in other words, had distinguished themselves in eccentricity. Of Guy Clifford, a full length had been taken, when advanced in life, attired in his favorite hunting-dress of gray; and but that Rupert's coat was a red one, the picture in its frame might have almost passed for a reflection of the living man; so like, as Lucy had said, had the young master of Cliffe in these late years grown to his strange forefather; unshorn was *his* long white hair, unkempt *his* straggling mustache, and upon *his* worn cadaverous face dissipation had set the same sad marks which physical and mental illness had imprinted upon the face of his descendant. Rupert's great-uncle, Roderic, too, was there, who had lived and died his own master as well as Master of Cliffe, but who had yet been mad enough to think he would come to life again to inherit house and land; the features, not unlike those of Ralph Clifford's, but less firm, and not without a touch of cunning. Uncle Cyril's well remembered face was the last of that long line, with lips that beamed forth kindness and good-will, as they had ever done on him whom they now looked upon (for he had loved his brother's boys), but with a certain glitter of the eye which boded evil to the man that crossed him. But there was one picture to which Rupert's glance had been directed from the moment he entered the room, and which he was contemplating now, with head aside, while he awaited Mrs. Clifford's coming—the handsomest face of all, so beautiful and waxen delicate that it might have belonged to some fair girl, save for the silken fringe upon the lip.

"How *could* she have played him false?" murmured Rupert, his chin sunk on his hand. "With one such as he to love her—and very kind he was, they say, when he was pleased—why did she not then please him? Why ruffle that broad brow? Why mar that loving smile? And he too—why for that fair Jezebel so strangely like" —— He heard the rustle of a dress at the open door, but he did not stir a hairbreadth—"so very, very like her portrait."

"You sent for me, Rupert, did you not?" said Mrs. Clifford, laying her finger-tips upon his arm.

"Yes, mother—I call you mother because Hamlet did—but *why* I sent for you, that has escaped me altogether. Perhaps it was to ask your opinion about Bertram here? Now, what do you think of him?"

"Well, he was a foolish, headstrong boy, enamored of a woman false as she was fair."

"How very, very like my father?" observed Rupert.

"Yes, a little like," returned Mrs. Clifford, carelessly: "they were both dark and very handsome in their youth."

"But this one was never old."

"No; he died young."

"Ay, and shut up, poor fellow," remarked Rupert, pitifully.

"The better for him, step-son, otherwise he would have been hung. Do you not know that for jealousy of that same wanton he slew his brother Gervaise?"

"Ay." Rupert faced suddenly round, and asked with fierce impatience: "But why did he not kill *her* instead? Those cruel eyes of blue, why did he not shut them close? Those lying lips, why did he not make them dumb? Those serpent locks, why did he not take them, as I might yours this instant, and wind them about her snowy neck until she choked.

Grace Clifford's face was ashen pale; but her eyes did not quail, nor her voice tremble, as she answered, sternly:

"Ask her yourself, Rupert; you have seen her once, and will perhaps see her again."

"True, true," stammered the other; "let us not talk of that; I could not bear to see her; it would drive me—— I am sure I could not bear it. The last time—I marked it in the almanac here—was the very day of my poor father's death. I wonder whether she appears before all deaths. One, two, three, four—— What are you staring at, mother? Do you not know that I am here to sign the almanac—the thing that you have plagued me to do a thousand times. How does one sign an almanac? Let me write down Cancer for my name, because he was the brave crab that nipped your brother Gideon, and kept him tight till the tide came up, for which I hold him in everlasting honor."

"Do you mean that you are ready to sign the parchment, which you have hitherto refused to do until you are married to Mildred?"

"Just so; it is only to-day instead of to-morrow; why not?"

Grace Clifford strove in vain to quench the gleam of triumph that stole over her white face, and made her cold eyes glitter with eager greed; but she made answer, carelessly:

"As you please, Rue; but we must have witnesses, or the deed would only be waste paper. Shall we send for my brother Clement and William Cator?"

"Ay, do," said Rupert, slowly. "Give me the deed—you keep it somewhere here, I know—and I will read it while you fetch these men. One should read what one signs."

From a locked drawer, in a cedar cabinet, Mrs. Clifford drew forth a parchment, neatly folded, and placed it in his hands. It was Rupert's own will, whereby, in case his brother died before him without issue, all the lands of Cliffe were devised to his step-mother solely.

She pointed to the place where, presently, he was to sign, and where the names of her brother and Cator were to be attached.

"But where do *you* sign?" asked he.

"I do not sign at all," said she.

"But that will not do," cried Rupert; "your name must be set down."

"It *is* set down," replied she, impatiently. "There, there, and there again—have you no eyes? I will go ring for Lucy, and she will bring the other two."

"One—two—three—four," observed the madman, slowly; "Grace, Clement, Cator, and I. This is to do all our wills in one, then. No. 5 is in it also; but then he never stole my love away as Gervaise served poor Bertram; that was only an evil dream. Time has not fled, as the whispering fiends would persuade me. All between is but one long—long night. This, surely, is my own sweet marriage-eve."

He took the parchment to the almanac, and compared it with a date marked with a white cross.

"Yes, 'tis the self-same day. To-morrow I wed my Mildred. To-morrow, one goes to the bridal, and three to the bier. Ay, here they come. Now, see me sign, my honest witnesses. Clement the fool, put thy name below here; Cator, the knave, write thine beneath it; and as for Grace, the foul fiend with the fair face, as Raymond used to call her—Grace is everywhere, like sin. You do not smile, mother. That is hard, since I have done all this to please you. Now, I go to my bed—— By the by," he added, stopping at the door, and looking at her very fixedly, "to-morrow, being Mildred's husband, I shall be your nephew; will that make any difference in one's calculations? One—two—three—four. No; it all comes out as it should do. But I'll ask my father, nevertheless."

"What does he mean by that?" asked Clement, uneasily, and not before the echoes of Rupert's heavy footfall, so unlike a young man's tread, had died away down the oaken stair.

"There is no meaning left in him," replied Mrs. Clifford, contemptuously. "I suppose he refers to some ramble on the roof-top which he intends to take to-night, in hopes to meet with poor Ralph's spirit, which forsook him there. I often hear him on the leads above my chamber."

"Hear him! Hear who?" asked Clement, with apprehension.

"Why, Rupert, of course. Do you think that dead men walk?"

"I have heard," returned Clement, seriously, "that spirits will sometimes re-enact the self-same scene which was fatal to them or to those dear to them in this life, and in the self-same place."

"Then you have heard lies, brother, which it is not worth while to repeat. Leave such idle tales to folk like yonder madman. We that have wits must use them to better purpose. Now, look you, Clement and Cator, this Rupert Clifford is growing something worse than intractable; he is getting to be dangerous."

"He has been fit for the Dene this long time," grunted Cator.

"I know *that*," returned Mrs. Clifford, sharply; "and what is worse, everybody about him knows the same. This deed he has just signed would be quite worthless, but for the date, which sets it two years back."

"But is not that for—for—forgery?" stammered Clement.

"No, fool; or if it is, what then? Which of us three would witness against the other? Not I, nor Cator—of that, at least, I am sure; I wish I could say the same of my own kin."

She spoke with such contempt and bitterness, that Clement seemed to shrink within himself, and cower like a shelterless beast in a storm.

"Forgery!" repeated she. "Why, if I could not have got this man to sign, do you think that I would not have written 'Rupert Clifford' here with my own hand, as like to his as I could make it? Have I gone so far upon my road—and yours—to halt for this or that? Have I done my part, taken my share of risk—ay, and more than my share—that you should stare because I say I would have done this thing? Do you deem that if this madman's wild caprice had not chanced to be thus favorable, or if this Mildred should have failed to make him so to-morrow, that I would have sat down submissive, like a perplexed maiden before her embroidery frame, whereon the pattern has been woven amiss? Do you think that Cliffe and all you see, brother, from yonder window, and thrice as much again, and gold in bank, and coal in Durham mines—read, read! 'tis here!—is all this to be got by me, and shared by you, without suspicion, peril—ay, perchance, and even risk of your own worthless neck? What! think you to make me your cat's-paw—*me*!—and never let your fingers feel the fire, but only itch for what I keep myself, after all's done?"

"I am sure, sister," said Clement, doggedly, "I have always wished you well."

"Wished!" hissed Grace. "I wonder that you do not tell me I have ever had your prayers! What have you *done?*—but that you will have some difficulty in answering—come, what are you prepared to do?"

Mr. Clement Carr looked ruefully at his own signature, scarce dry upon the lying deed, as though he would have said: "That's not a little risk to run, according to my prudent notions;" but his lips murmured something about his being ready to do anything that was required of him for the common good.

"That's well answered, brother. There is but one thing and an easy thing—which you can do; and it must be done at once."

"What is it?" asked Clement, huskily. "I won't have anything to do with Rupert?"

"Of course not, because, as I have said, he has grown dangerous," returned Mrs. Clifford, scornfully. "No, let Rupert be *my* charge. You will find him quiet and subdued enough to-morrow, thanks to a certain treatment invented by myself, and quite unknown to you wise folks, who make lunatics their study. But with respect to *your* task, brother—you have read this deed?"

"I have, Grace. Rupert leaves all to you without reserve, in case of Raymond's death, and Raymond is dead already."

"Yes; but not without issue."

A cold dew suffused the fat face of Clement at these words.

"True," continued his sister, "the land is entailed to male heirs only, and perchance the will might hold; of this I am not sure. But if this child lives—she being Rupert's near and only relative—we should have "Fraud," or, at the best, "Injustice," heaped upon us in her name by all. Suspicion would be aroused, Investigation instituted, and all that may follow is written in your tell-tale face, brother."

For the third time in that short space Clement Carr passed his handkerchief over his clammy forehead.

"Let Cator do it," he stammered.

"Do what?" asked Mrs. Clifford. "You have not heard what there is to do. And besides, Cator has done enough to show himself faithful, risked enough, done all but gained enough. Now, it is your turn."

"I will not commit a——"

"Hush, fool!" cried Grace, holding up a warning finger; "that is not required of you; but you will be what you have been already to-day—a witness. We must make these things sure. I will take no man's word. Gideon's word I did take, but I will take no other's; no, Cator, not even yours."

"Then this is my job, is it, mistress, and Mr. Clement is to look on?" observed the serving-man, sullenly.

For once, Grace Clifford winced. Her heart was hard as the nether millstone, and she had never felt the sentiment of shame. She could have borne with equanimity the loathing of the entire human family, if only they were made to fear her; but something even in her nature shrank from this brutal candor. She could contemplate the frightful crime she had in view with resolution; she was actually about to speak of the details of its execution; and yet, when her tool and minister, who, compared to her, was innocence itself, growled forth: "This is my job, is it?" her very blood seemed to curdle. To order lamb (for the sake of the mint-sauce) is one thing, but to hear the butcher begin to talk about *his* part of the business is another matter, and intolerable to a delicate stomach.

"Pray, be silent, Cator—it is your business to listen and to act—if action seems to be absolutely necessary. Perhaps your own acute intelligence, assisted by that of your master here, may devise some less unpleasant means of making this document something better than waste-paper; but a method more safe, more absolutely without peril to ourselves, I do not think that you will hit upon. For listen. Ever since this disobedient girl has been held prisoner here, she has taken it into her head to visit Ribble Cave. Lucy tells me that she does so through some foolish sentiment connected with that—connected with her late husband. It was in that place, it seems, that the minx first drew him on to declare his passion, and laid the foundation of that plot whereby, for a time indeed, she thwarted us, but for which she has suffered since, and is now about to pay the penalty to the uttermost. And does not this jade deserve it? Did I not send for her hither, the orphan of one who did me deadly wrong, and place her higher than she could have ever looked for in her most ambitious dreams? and would I not have given her a position which any lady in the land might have been proud to hold—let alone a girl like her, with nothing but her gipsy face for fortune—and for return, did she not betray me, cross me, and almost—but not quite, not quite, my soft-toned niece—defeat me!"

She spoke with vehemence, and yet as though she held converse with herself alone, making apology for what she was about to do by calling to mind her wrongs: then suddenly flashing her falcon eyes upon her hearers, she added, with cruel distinctness:

"Therefore it seems to me it is most fit that Ribble Cave should be the place of her just punishment, as it was the first scene of her wicked disobedience. However, she daily goes to this cave—she and her child—attended up to this time by Lucy; but to-day, Lucy will not go with them. Now, what so likely, what so a most certain, as that this foolish girl, half maddened by her recent loss, and feeding on this foolish fantasy day after day, should end her woes by plunging with her babe in Ribble stream?"

She paused, while Clement turned his white weak face toward Cator, which, as if reflecting something of the serving-man's grim strength of purpose, gradually grew firm. He smiled a sickly smile, and murmured:

"Good! The thing looks likely, William; does it not?"

"I always said Miss Grace, as was, was a clever woman," growled Cator, admiringly.

"I do not speak thus of my own thought alone," continued Mrs. Clifford. "The extreme likelihood of the girl's committing suicide struck Lucy herself; but for her telling me that she did not think the cave was safe for my niece to visit, perhaps I should never have hit upon this plan. And look you, Clement, she may do it yet. For my part, like all others who hear the news, I shall conclude she did it; and if you and Cator should have reason to think otherwise, I pray you keep it to yourselves." Seeing the serving-man was about to speak, she held up her hand for silence. "I want to hear nothing—nothing. I have no time for talking. Do not suppose that it is you alone who have to act. This parchment being signed—and made by you effectual—I have to do what has been postponed too long already. There has been already much unpleasant rumor concerning Rupert; moreover, I am told that during these last few days there have been inquiries made, and even some attempt at collecting evidence respecting the young master's state of mind. This is dangerous, and the more so since I cannot guess the quarter from which the danger comes. But *now* they shall have evidence enough. They shall no more complain that Rupert Clifford is suffered to take his own mad way. The country bumpkins shall no longer stare at his wild doings. That shall be set right this very night."

"What! would you harm him, too, mistress?" inquired Cator, apprehensively. "Don't you think that *three* such—ahem—sudden removals within the twelve hours would be a little suspicious?"

"Harm him?" rejoined Mrs. Clifford, contemptuously. "Why should I harm the man? But since he has become impracticable, and can be of no more use to us, it is high time he should be sent to the Dene. We know he will be taken care of by the good folks who have bought the place off our hands. Only he must be made a little riper for it. But that's my business; do you see about your own. What you have to do must be done to-day. It is time that you should both set forth for Ribble, but not together—nor must either of you be seen going in that direction. You will have to make a long round before you meet. And be sure you light no torch, but wait in the Cathedral Chamber for—for what fate may send you. Remember, Clement, this is the last blow we have to strike, and there is none to ward it; and without it, all we have done and periled has been but labor and risk in vain."



VIEW OF BOWLING ALLEY BUILT ON THE TRUNK OF ONE OF THE MAMMOTH TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

BOWLING ALLEY ON THE TRUNK OF A TREE.

AMONG the many wonders of California, the mammoth trees occupy a prominent place. Nowhere else in the world are such gigantic specimens of vegetable life to be found, and nowhere else, we would hope, could the vandal hand of man raise itself for their destruction. Towering to the height of from two hundred to over three hundred feet, with a diameter of from twelve to thirty feet, they should be allowed to remain in their solemn grandeur, and only time should pronounce their doom. They are a cone-bearing evergreen, and are found in different parts of the State. In Calaveras County, about ninety miles from Stockton, there is a grove of these trees, a hundred in number, within an area of fifty acres, twenty of which exceed twenty-five feet in diameter at the base. A few years ago one of the largest of these trees was ruthlessly cut down, and on its prostrate trunk a bowling alley has been built, which is shown in our illustration, together with a specimen of the cone and foliage of these giants of the forest. This tree employed five men for twenty-two days in felling it, not by chopping it down, but by boring it off with pump augers.

After the stem was fairly severed from the trunk, the uprightness of the tree and the breadth of its base sustained it in its position, and to throw it over, wedges were inserted and driven in, until the noble monarch was forced to tremble and then to fall, after bearing the "battles and breezes" of many centuries. It was a sacrilegious act, for which there is neither palliation nor excuse.

THE FATHER OF THE FOREST.

MR. JAMES M. HUTCHINGS, whose name will be familiar to our California readers, if not to a great many here, has just published, in London, a neat interesting book, entitled, "Scenes and Wonders in California," from which we extract this account of a gigantic tree, which has received the name of "The Father of the Forest."

After describing one called "The Mother of the Forest," which is 84 feet in circumference at the base, and at 70 feet from the base 49 feet 6 inches, he goes on:

"A short distance from the above lies the prostrate and majestic body of the 'Father of the Forest,' the largest tree of the entire group, half buried in the soil. Its true measurem in circumference, at the roots, 110 feet. It is 200 feet to the first branch; the whole of which is hollow, and through which a person can walk erect. By the trees that were broken off when this tree bowed its proud head, in its fall, it is estimated that, when standing, it could not be less than 435 feet in height; 300 feet from the roots, and where it was broken off by striking against another large tree, it is 18 feet in diameter. Around this tree stand the graceful, yet giant trunks of numerous other trees, which form a family circle, and make this the most imposing scene in the whole grove. From its immense size, and the number of trees near, doubtless originated the name. Near its base is a never-failing spring of cold and delicious water.

"Let us not linger here too long, but pass on to the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'Husband' pair of trees that are leaning, with apparent affection, against each other. Both of these are of the same size, and measure in circumference, at the base, about 60 feet, and in height are about 53 feet.

"A short distance further is 'The Burnt Tree,' which is prostrate, and hollow from numerous burnings—in which a person can ride on horseback for 60 feet. The estimated height of this tree, when standing, was 330 feet, and its circumference 97 feet. It now measures across the roots 39 feet 6 inches."

After these Mr. Hutchings goes on to describe a score or two more of this family, but none equaling this "Father." In fact, it is timber enough to build a navy, or wood enough to supply the Metropolitan Hotel with fire for a century.

A CAFFRE HUT.

THERE are some delectable regions where the absence of dingy tenements and extortionate rents renders the solution of the problem "How shall we live?" quite easy and simple, where the tax-gatherer is a myth, and the imperious demands of modern society unknown. There may, however, be conditions connected with these exemptions none of our readers would care to obey, so we present to them a phase of life more curious than attractive.

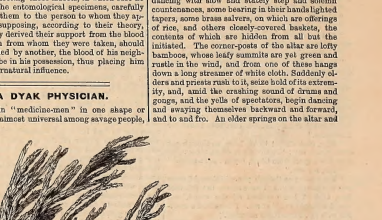
In Caffre-land the huts, which have the form of a hemisphere, are from eighteen to twenty feet in diameter, and from six to seven feet high; they are generally built by the women, poles being first stuck into the earth, from which flexible boughs are arched over the top. This bower-shaped wattle-work is thatched with straw, and plastered over with clay or cow-dung. A small aperture is left for the door, which is formed of basket-work, and usually screened by a rustic sort of portal. The fireplace is formed in the centre, and the only outlet for the smoke is the doorway; to this may be attributed in a great measure the circumstance of the inmates of these rude dwellings being so frequently afflicted with weak or sore eyes. The floor is usually composed of the earth of ant-hills, which, by long exposure to the heat of the sun, has become dry and hardened, being thus well adapted for the purpose, and producing a smooth and even surface.

A few mats to sit and sleep on, a small one to hold the food when dressed, a few coarse earthen pots of native manufacture for cooking, a basket of peculiar workmanship, so closely woven as to be capable of containing liquor, and a bundle of assagais or spears, constitute the furniture of a Caffre hut. In that of a wealthy Caffre, there is usually a milk sack made of bullock's hide, so closely sewn together as to prevent leakage, and capable of containing several gallons; but the poorer classes are content to keep their milk in calabashes. The food of these people varies with the seasons; their principal support is milk and a coarse description of unleavened bread made from a kind of millet called Caffre corn, roughly ground between two stones. Meat is only eaten on great occasions, such as marriages and other festivals, or when they are obliged to kill an ox for the support of their wives while engaged in the duties of cultivating the land and suckling an infant; or at the time when karrosses are required for the use of the family, which seldom happens more than once a year, and among the poor class not so frequently. They never eat salt, to which they have a decided aversion. The milk is poured into a thirteen sack, as before described, which being placed in the sun, soon curdles; a mess of this, with a little Caffre corn, either boiled or roasted, is in their estimation a most delicious banquet. They preserve their corn in holes dug for the purpose, in the centre of their cattle kraal, covering it with manure, which, being trodden down and well hardened, generally protects it from the wet, and where they consider it as being more safe from the attacks of marauders. Should it prove occasionally rather musty, it is considered by no means unpalatable, but on the contrary possesses a flavor agreeable to their taste.

Except an occasional plunge in the river, they never wash themselves; so the ordinary condition of their bodies may be very well imagined. On a fine day their karrosses are opened out in the sun, and such specimens of insect life as show themselves meet speedy destruction. It often happens that one Caffre performs for another the kind office of collecting these insects, in which case he preserves the entomological specimens, carefully delivering them to the person to whom they appertained, supposing, according to their theory, that as they derived their support from the blood of the man from whom they were taken, should they be killed by another, the blood of his neighbor would be in his possession, thus placing him under supernatural influence.

A DYAK PHYSICIAN.

BELIEF in "medicine-men" in one shape or another is almost universal among savage people, appearance like a miniature human being. This is supposed to be thrust into a hole in the top of the patient's head, invisible to all but the learned men. He has thus recovered the man's soul, or, as it may be called, the principle of life that was departing from him.



THE CONE AND FOLIAGE OF THE MAMMOTH TREES, CALIFORNIA.

At the third and last harvest the "soul of the rice" is secured. The way of obtaining it varies in different tribes. Sometimes it is performed by day, sometimes by night, and the process is this: The priest, fixing his eyes on some object visible only to him, takes in one hand a bundle of charms, and in the other a second bundle, composed of pigs' and bears' and dogs' tusks and teeth, and large opaque-colored beads; a little gold dust is also necessary in this ceremony, during which he calls aloud for a white cloth, into it is brought and spread before him, he waves his charms toward the invisible object in the air, and then shakes it over the white cloth, into which there fall a few grains of rice, which Tapa, in reward to their offerings and invocations, sends down to them. This is the soul, and it is immediately wrapped up with great care and laid among the offerings around the altar.

In some tribes it is a far more exciting spectacle, especially when done at night. A large shed is erected outside the village, and lighted by huge fires inside and out, which cast a ruddy glow over the dense mass of palms surrounding the houses, while gongs and drums are crashing around a high and spacious altar near the shed, where a number of gayly-dressed men and women are dancing with slow and stately step and solemn countenances, some bearing in their hands lighted tapers, some brass salvers, on which are offerings of rice, and others bamboo vessels filled with rice, the contents of which are hidden from all but the initiated. The corner-posts of the altar are lofty bamboos, whose leafy summits are yet green and rustle in the wind, and from one of these hangs down a long streamer of white cloth. Suddenly elders and priests rush to it, seize hold of its extremity, and, amid the crashing sound of drums and gongs, and the yells of spectators, begin dancing and swaying themselves backward and forward, and to and fro. An elder springs on the altar and

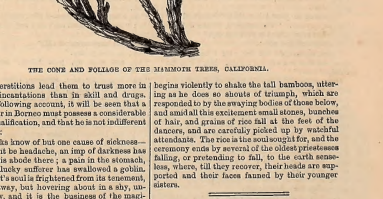


whose superstitions lead them to trust more in rites and incantations than in skill and drugs. From the following account, it will be seen that a practitioner in Borneo must possess a considerable range of qualification, and that he is not indifferent to his fees:

The Dyaks know of but one cause of sickness—Satan. If it be headache, an imp of darkness has taken up his abode there; a pain in the stomach, and the unlucky sufferer has swallowed a goblin. The patient's soul is frightened from its tenement, not quite away, but hovering about in a shy, uncertain way, and it is the business of the magicians who are called in to entice the soul to enter the man's body again.

At this ceremony four or five priestesses attend, the interdict lasts four days, and one pig and one fowl are killed. Outside the door of the family apartment in which the incantation is held are gathered together, in a winnowing basket, an offering of fowls, yams and pork; fowl and pig's blood in a cup, boiled rice, and sirih-leaf and areca nuts; these are for the various spirits. On the first day of the incantation, two priestesses pretend to fight with each other with drawn swords, which they wave and slash about in so furious a manner as at once to put to flight the trembling ghost. After this display of valor, chanting begins, accompanied by the music of a small gong and drum, the latter beaten by the priest; this ceremony lasts through a day and a night.

Toward midnight the "doctor" proceeds to get the soul of the patient. Carefully wrapping up a small cup in a white cloth, he places it amidst the offerings before mentioned; then, with a torch in one hand and a circlet of beads and tinkling hawk-bells in the other, he stalks about, shaking his charms. After a little while he orders one of the admiring spectators to look in the cup previously wrapped up in the white cloth, and sure enough there the soul always is, in the form of a bunch of hair to vulgar eyes, but to the initiated in shape and



begins violently to shake the tall bamboos, utterring as he does so shouts of triumph, which are responded to by the swaying bodies of those below, and amid all this excitement small stones, bunches of hair, and grains of rice fall at the feet of the dancers, and are carefully picked up by watchful attendants. The rice is the soul enough for, and the ceremony ends by several of the oldest priestesses falling, or pretending to fall, to the earth senseless, when, till they recover, their heads are supported and their faces fanned by their younger sisters.

THE FIREMAN'S DOG.

THE humble faculties of animals are often so well exercised as to put to shame the negligence of those who are gifted with immortal powers, and the many instances of sagacity they have displayed suggest important lessons. A fire company in one of our large cities once possessed a dog called "Bob," that in many respects was remarkable. When the fire-bell rang the alarm, Bob started up promptly and ran before the engine, barking, to clear the way, and was most useful in preventing obstructions and stimulating the men by his energy. For years he attended every fire, and so efficient was the aid he afforded, that the firemen had a collar made for him with an inscription expressive of his faithfulness. On one occasion a fire broke out in a chemical laboratory filled with explosive materials. Undeterred by the noise and smoke, Bob rushed in, and finding that every person had escaped, came away, bringing a poor cat in his mouth, and saving it from a cruel death.

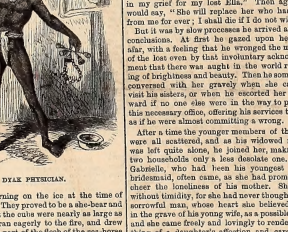
THE AFFECTION OF THE POLAR BEAR FOR ITS YOUNG.

THE affection between the parent and young of the Polar bear is so great that they will sooner die



INTERIOR OF A CAFFRE HUT.

than desert each other in distress. While an English frigate, which went out some years ago to make discoveries toward the North Pole, was locked in the ice, early one morning the man at the mast-head gave notice that three bears were making their way very fast over the frozen ocean, and were directing their course toward the ship. They had, no doubt, been invited by the scent of some blubber of a sea-horse that the crew had killed a few days before, which had been set on



A DYAK PHYSICIAN.

fire, and was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs, but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out of the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse that remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously. The crew from the ship threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse, which they had still remaining, upon the ice. These the old bear fetched away singly, laid every lump before her cubs as she brought it, and, dividing it, gave to each a share, reserving but a small portion to herself. As she was fetching away the last piece, the sailors leveled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and, in her retreat, they wounded the dam, but not mortally. The affectionate concern expressed by the poor beast in the last moments of her expiring young was most touching. Though she was herself dreadfully wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it before them; but, when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, then upon the other, and endeavored to raise them up; all this while it was pitiful to hear her moan. When she found that she could not stir them, she went off, and, when she had got to some distance, looked back, and moaned; and, that not awaiting to entice them away, she returned, and, smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time, as before, and, having crawled a few paces, looked behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and, with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round them, pawing them, and moaning. Finding, at last, that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head toward the ship, and uttered a growl of despair, which was answered by a volley of musket-balls, and she fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

WAITING.

Gabrielle Lee was a young and beautiful girl when the shadow of her long waiting fell upon her. Had she been older, plainer, less prepossessing, she doubtless might have escaped the dreary fate into which she was then led.

Edward Gray had married in his early youth one as beautiful, gay and bright as Gabrielle, and he had known a terrible sorrow. Scarcely a year was he the happy husband of this lovely young creature, and then she faded from his sight. For a time the young widower was inconsolable. "Never was sorrow like my sorrow," was on his lips by night and by day.

Full of this morbid wretchedness, he obstinately refused for a long time to admit of consolation. But that which the sympathy of his friends failed to accomplish was effected by one fleeting expression of pensive thought shading a bright young face.

He had seen Gabrielle Lee many times. He had known her from the time she was a merry little child, sporting the hours away with his younger brothers and sisters. He had assented to common opinion, and the repeated remark of his wife, who loved all beauty passionately, that "she had become a most lovely girl." But this was merely the external recognition of an indifferent fact, not the powerful attraction of an appreciative heart such as now led him to re-echo feelingly the oft-repeated sentiment.

By-and-by he said to himself, "She is as good as she is beautiful; she will sympathize with me in my grief for my lost Ella." Then again he would say, "She will replace her who has gone from me for ever; I shall die if I do not win her."

But it was by slow processes he arrived at these conclusions. At first he gazed upon her from afar, with a feeling that he wronged the memory of the lost even by that involuntary acknowledgment that there was aught in the world remaining of brightness and beauty. Then he sometimes conversed with her gravely when she came to visit his sisters, or when he escorted her homeward if no one else were in the way to perform this necessary office, offering his services timidly, as if he were almost committing a wrong.

After a time the younger members of the flock were all scattered, and as his widowed mother was left quite alone, he joined her, making the two households only a less desolate one. Then Gabrielle, who had been his youngest sister's bridesmaid, often came, as she had promised, to cheer the loneliness of his mother. She came without timidity, for she had never thought of the sorrowful man, whose heart she believed buried in the grave of his young wife, as a possible suitor, and she came freely and lovingly to render something of a daughter's affection and care to the lonely mother whose brood had all flown away and left the home-nest desolate. She did not think of it, but never had she appeared more interesting—

A creature not too good
For human nature's daily food,

in the perfection of her womanly lovableness, winning and attractive beyond expression to this lonely heart-weary man.

By degrees, meeting her thus in an unobstructed intercourse, and constantly made aware of her best qualities of mind and heart, and her genuine sympathy and tender pity for his sorrows, he came to love her, and desire her for his own, even as he once had Ella, and perhaps even more fervently.

So one day he astonished, almost grieved her, by an avowal of his love. For so reverent was this young girl of the sacredness of sorrow she had never known, that at first she appeared unaffected by human passions and emotions. Custom, however, changed her whole feeling. Joy succeeded pain, as gratitude did surprise. Admiration and pity readily gave way to tenderer emotions, and but little time elapsed before Edward Gray knew that his love was fully returned, accompanied by the delicate flattery of the acknowledgment of his superiority in every unconscious word and act. From that time forth the shadows of her fate lay thick around her.

With acknowledged love came the question of marriage. Gabrielle's timidity pleaded for delay, but Edward's impatience would not grant the boon. Preparations were therefore made, and it was intended that the marriage should take place in the course of a few months. There was no voice against it, but joyful approval by every one, for not one of Edward's friends but had regretted the morbid grief which he had indulged, and which seemed to shut him out almost altogether from the enjoyments, the duties, and the ambitions of life. But the moribundness which had grown upon him was not quite overcome even by the cheering influence of his new love.

It was at this period that his mother, in her age and feebleness, experienced a sudden decay of her mental faculties. The first evidence of this was the inexplicable change in her feelings toward Gabrielle, whom she had hitherto loved and welcomed as a daughter.

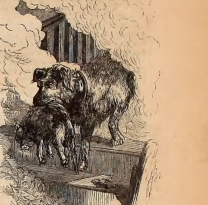
More than once she had assured Edward that his marriage with Gabrielle had her entire approval, and that she was prepared to welcome her as a beloved daughter. To the trembling girl she had given the same assurance, and the kiss wherewith she sealed it was as a mother's.

But suddenly she took a dislike to Gabrielle that soon amounted to positive hatred. Entreaties or reasoning could not shake it; it was violent and uncontrolled; so much so, that if even safe from personal injury, Gabrielle was by no means safe from the sharp abuse of words. Vain were all their endeavors to palliate this harsh fact. Edward was bound by every tie of honor as well as of filial love to remain with his mother till her death should free him from the charge voluntarily undertaken. She was not so changed in other points as to be deemed by any one insane. There was a general fearlessness of all her mental manifestations and emotions, with which this one rabid hate stood out in strong and terrible contrast.

There seemed no alternative but to wait until the perturbed spirit gained its release before the marriage took place. For evidently Gabrielle could not, however willing, share the charge of his parent with her betrothed husband, while at the same time neither her high principles, nor his sense of right and duty, would allow him to delegate it to other hands. And so commenced the long and dreary years of waiting.

Year after year the same routine went on. Edward's days were given to business and to his cheerless home, his evenings to Gabrielle. At home she waited for him at nightfall, and through rain, or under the shine of stars, or the radiance of the moon, he took his way thitherward, with a punctuality that only love could have made an unvarying habit. And the years, with their quiet routine that marked no startling event, were yet not without the wondrous miracle of change which goes on forever.

To Edward they brought mature manhood, then gray hairs, fullness of form, and the rubicund face, which often signify that the fullness of one's years has been reached, and that their decline has hardly commenced. A more settled gravity, an added stateliness, pervaded his demeanor. The impatience of youth was no longer his, but disappointment had severed the sweetness of his temper, and embittered his judgment of his kind. He had suffered much, and even his best joy had been tinged with the dark shade of sorrow. He bore this trial less patiently than any other. He was happy in Gabrielle's love; but, manlike, he wanted her in his home, to be the daily, hourly com-



THE FIREMAN'S DOG "BOB."

pensation for his former griefs, the sharer of his present, and the soother of his past cares, which memory so often brought before him.

He did not see how the years, with their silent fingers, had changed Gabrielle—how they had robbed her of her bloom, and the light and joyous brightness which had been one great element of her beauty. To him she was perennially lovely, this angel of his life. For him she could never grow old, nor fade. The image of the lovely young girl who had first pitied, then loved him, was never to be erased from his heart. Well for Gabrielle that to him she was still charming, for in other eyes all in her exterior that made her attractive had long passed away.

The peachen bloom of her cheek, and the rosy sweetness of her mouth, the tender brightness of her eye, the soft whiteness of her brow, her abundant glossy locks, and the exquisite contour of her figure—where were they?

Edward did not miss them; but others did. They saw that the cheek was ashen and hollow; that lines of pain were drawn around her mouth; that her eyes were dim as if with unshed tears; her brow sallow and wrinkled; her hair thin, with many a bright line threading its darkness; and her form stooping as beneath the burden of her sorrows, and its roundness displaced by an angular attenuation.

While this dreary waiting went on, her young companions, one by one, deserted her. The young



THE AFFECTION OF THE POLAR BEAR FOR ITS YOUNG.

girls she had played with were now bustling matrons, mothers of boisterous boys, and girls fast growing up to fill the places they once occupied. Her ancient beaux were now grave and anxious men of business, plodding on in humdrum fashion, or weighed down with care, or the demands of an exorbitant ambition.

She stood alone—neither matron nor girl. The elders had their own cares and hopes for thought and interest; the young almost despised the old woman, whom they sneeringly named "old maid," as if it were an epithet of opprobrium that trenched not on actual wrong-doing.

Hers was, indeed, an anomalous position. Her father's home still sheltered her, but the bustling wife of a brother was now its actual mistress; she and her little brood filling the wide chambers, and often impatient of her as an inmate who had overstaid her welcome.

But that she could never be unwelcome to her parents, who had been the joy and comfort of their declining years, she had indeed, been most unhappy under the new reign which had superseded that of her girlhood; and sometimes her longing for the safe shelter of a husband's heart and home became almost greater than she could bear. But through all these years there was no waning of her steadfast love.

Edward saw little of this. To him she uttered neither complaint nor longing. Only once, during an illness of her mother, and when grief had made her father's feebleness more apparent, she had said, with the weary sigh that had become habitual to her when alone, but was always repressed in Edward's presence:

"When my parents die I shall be homeless."

Edward was struck with the depression and weariness of her tone, and for the first time in all these years the thought rushed across his mind that he had done her an injustice as well as himself, and that she, too, had suffered, but more patiently than he had done.

He clasped her to his heart, and soothed her with tenderest words and caresses, till she grew calm and happy; and not till he was alone beneath the stars, walking homeward, did he let his own sorrows rise uppermost.

"She has a home, at any rate, while her parents live," he said to himself, "and that is more than I have had all these years. My mother grows feeble; perhaps, as she notices so little, I might bring Gabrielle home now, and make the old place cheerful."

And then he went on thinking of the lonely hearth beside which he would sit to-night, and wondering when it would brighten for him. And meanwhile Gabrielle had retired to her watch beside her mother's sick bed, with a warmth at her heart not often felt there. For the tender words, and the loving caresses of that night had been unfrequent of late, as Edward, like an old-time husband, forgot that even the truest love needs constantly-renewed assurances.

This long and patient love had its reward at last, after many weary years; but its freshness and its beauty had long departed. It bloomed upon the long desolate hearth, but—like an autumn blossom—if gorgeous in tint, destitute of the fragrance of the flowers of spring.

A GOOD THING.

A popular clergyman of this city (says a Rochester paper) has lately ceased to be a housekeeper, rented his residence, and gone elsewhere. The party who succeeded to the occupancy has been greatly annoyed by the daily calls of those who came for assistance in a variety of forms. He has at length resorted to a novel expedient which has served, perhaps, a double purpose; viz.: first, to relieve him from bores; second, to let the beggars see themselves as others see them. And we may add that he has given the public an insight into what a popular clergyman has to endure. He posted upon his front door a card, upon which the following was written in a hand as plain as the talk itself. The copy which we produce was obtained without the knowledge of the writer thereof:

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!

Dr. —— does not live here. He has moved away from where he lives now, and will not occupy this house again till May 15th, 1867.

In consequence of this, the present incumbent has decided to suspend the *free list*. No books, maps, pictures, stationery, or receipts of any kind wanted. No history of the rebellion, whether written by Greeley or Jeff Davis. Have no desire to put my name in any subscription book, in order that it may be used for *influence*. Have no *old clothes*, except those I am now wearing, and the customs of modern society are unfortunately such that I cannot dispense with them. Have no cold pieces, for we cannot possibly get money enough to purchase at one time more than we can eat at one meal; consequently, proprietors of boarding-houses will have to look elsewhere for supplies. This house will not be kept as a hotel, and warm meals at all hours will not be furnished. Have not a spear of hay in the barn, or a single oat, and have not taken care of horses since I drove on the canal, which means that we have no room for horses, or donkeys either.

Have no vacant rooms or beds to spare for agents, *colporteurs*, traveling ministers, missionaries, teachers, elders, beggars, sponges, leeches, professional bores, seedy students, soldiers, sailors, negroes, freedmen's aid society agents, rebels or abolitionists, even though ministers in neighboring towns and cities have *told* them to *be sure and call here.*

No money to spare for any of the above individuals, or enterprises which they represent, even though it be for the laudable object of furnishing unborn African children with red flannel night-caps and fine-tooth combs.

In short, the *minister* does not live here now; and "old things have passed away, and all are become new."

Disintegrating Vegetable and Animal Substances.—The high price of rags, and even their sea city, is a great inconvenience and drawback to the manufacture of paper. The price of cotton having also so greatly increased, renders it important to have means for treating certain plants which, like the green weed or genista (genet), produce good filaments for manufacturing paper. Almost all textile plants employed alone only produce transparent paper, which is not suitable for ordinary use. The green weed, on the contrary, is not only suitable for making very good paper and perfect card, but also some sorts of fabrics. With this view, M. François Cabasson, of Paris, has invented an apparatus for disintegrating, as perfectly as may be, and in a very short space of time, the different materials capable of producing paper, and especially the green weed, a portion of the filaments of which are capable of producing fabrics, and the remainder paper.

COURAGE OF A GAME HEN.

The self-reliance of game fowl, and the dauntless valor exhibited by a game hen in defense of her brood, are so vividly described by the well-known poultry judge, Mr. Edward Hewitt, in the last number of the "Poultry Book," that we feel sure our subscribers will have as much pleasure in reading as we have in reproducing the description:

"Not a doubt presents itself to my own mind that, viewed exclusively for their actual merits, unencumbered by the caprice of poultry fashion or individual prejudice, game fowls are undoubtedly the most strikingly beautiful of any among the very numerous varieties of domestic poultry. Among any of the truly bred fowls of this variety, the superiority of gait and general contour strikes the eye of parties even the most indifferent and uninterested; and from this cause I have almost universally noticed that the avenues appropriated to the game at our poultry shows are those most commonly thronged by visitors. This fully proves how much a good display in these classes tends to the pecuniary success of such meetings. In situations where a free, unlimited range can be tolerated, there is not a doubt that game fowls will take care of themselves and their progeny more successfully than any other kind of poultry. Accidents of any kind where these advantages exist very rarely occur; as of all poultry, none are more vigilant in avoiding dangers, nor, again, so capable of repelling aggression; and many are the instances that recall themselves to my memory of cases in which powerful adversaries have found a retreat suddenly forced upon them; or, if persisting in their attacks, have at length been laid prostrate and powerless in the field despite of the superior strength that was relied on for insuring a very different issue. I will simply refer to such an incident where prowess alone carried the day, and also where the odds were vastly in favor of the assailant.

"It was not a casual occurrence, but premeditated by a couple of friends of mine, not only as a test of the dauntless valor of a game hen, but to teach a useful and admonitory lesson to an intruder, whose fondness for chickens had added a somewhat extravagant item to the losses of a notorious poultry amateur, and that, too, among chickens of high merit and considerable pecuniary value.

"It seems a large cat had for many weeks been making daily incursions, and had succeeded in not only taking a chicken at every visit, but had likewise very seriously maltreated the old hens on three different occasions. They were Cochins, and had become so alarmed at the frequent repetitions of these inroads as to scarcely make any attempt at protection for their chickens; and consequently the cat had increased in audacity daily. It was under these depressing circumstances that a brother amateur volunteered 'a certain cure,' if he were allowed unrestrained liberty as to the means adopted; a proviso most cheerfully permitted. Having cooped up all the chickens, and parent birds also, of the fowls that usually had sole possession of the yard, he produced a most beautiful game hen and chickens, the latter not more than three or four days old; the hen being armed with a pair of steel spurs, somewhat shorter than those used in the cock-pit, but well suited for the purpose intended; and being naturally a spurred hen, they were easily and firmly attached. The lot being placed at freedom in the yard, the hen, from all around being strange, was necessarily restless, and the chickens equally noisy.

"Grimalkin, with stealthy pace, was soon seen crouching along a wall about nine feet high; the hen unfortunately at this moment had flown into the body of a covered cart, that prevented any possibility of her seeing the threatened danger. A spring from the top of the wall—or rather gliding down it some few feet, and then darting, as it were, from it midway—placed puss in possession of the nearest chicken, and all the spectators thought certainly that one youngster was irretrievably forfeited to the experiment; but the idea was erroneous; with a shriek the hen flew headlong at the enemy of her brood. Puss seemed but little concerned at her fury, as the impunity with which she had faced other hens seemed rather to inspire her with confidence, almost amounting to imperturbability.

"Perceiving the coming attack, the cat loosed the chicken from her mouth, but instantaneously placed one foot upon it, and with hair erect looked defiantly; while a few deeply-drawn breathings at the window told how anxiously the lookers-on speculated as to the event. The Cochins—poor, heavy, domesticated dames—had always proved slow in their motions, and their efforts were easily avoided. Not so now; a blow the eye could scarcely follow, and a scream most dissimilar to the noise from anything feline, gave evidence the contest was not so very unequal as it appeared to be. Two or three other blows, in the most rapid succession possible, made retreat evidently the only way that remained to the cat of making the best of an unlucky speculation; still, with an obduracy most remarkable, she once more seized the chicken with her mouth and sprang with it upon the wall. Nevertheless, bravery carried the day—the hen proved close to her heels, and another double rap brought both antagonists headlong back again to the ground. The cat then loosed the chicken, bolted to another less exposed outlet, and the hen quickly commenced her muster-roll, which embraced the whole of her progeny, and none were injured, the hen herself escaping literally without a scratch; although her artificial heps were besmeared with gore—as was the scene of this extraordinary encounter. Some half year afterward I heard on inquiry that a longing, lingering look was frequently still indulged in by the aggressor, but always from afar—and the promise of the owner of the game hen has been fulfilled: the cure was a certain one.

CHINESE JUGGLING.

While walking on the banks of the river this afternoon, near the junction with the Grand Canal, I saw some clever juggling. A boy, about fourteen years of age, performed the needle trick in an exceedingly expert manner. He commenced by sticking a dozen of common sewing needles upon the end of a piece of wood, and showed them to the lookers-on. I examined one of them, and found it to be an ordinary sharp-pointed needle. Having done this, he placed them, one after another, between his lips, and sucked them slowly into his mouth, and, to all appearance, swallowed them. He then walked round the circle with his mouth open, and allowed the people to look into it; but nothing was to be seen of the needles. He then took a crystal ball, about the size of a walnut, and, placing it between his teeth, drew it into his mouth, and, to all appearance, swallowed it, as he opened his mouth and it was not visible. He then made an effort, as if bringing it up from his stomach, and ejected it from his mouth, repeating this performance several times. He next took a long piece of thread, passed it up one nostril, and brought the end out by his mouth, moving it backward and forward by the two ends, the one hanging out of his nostril, the other out of his mouth; he then pulled the string out altogether, introduced it again into his nostril by snuffing it in, and seemed to swallow the whole piece of string. He again swallowed the glass ball, ejected it, and immediately afterward drew the thread out of his mouth with all the needles strung upon it. This is really a very clever trick, showing wonderful powers of stowing things away in the mouth—the more so, as he was talking the whole time. A great amount of skill is exhibited, and no small degree of risk must be run in performing this trick, as Mr. Lockhart mentions a case that occurred at Shanghai, where the needles that had been introduced into the mouth, ready threaded, slipped down, and became impacted in the back part of the throat, and caused death the fifth day afterward.

THE SCENERY OF ICELAND.

The fiords, which, bursting through the rocky barrier that guards the coast, run far up into the interior, constitute a most characteristic feature of Icelandic scenery. They have all a great similarity of form, so that the description of the general features of one may serve equally for that of all the others. Having, probably, been at first rents or chasms produced by the general upheaving of the island, their length is very often disproportioned to their breadth; some of them being scarcely two miles wide, yet extending twenty-five or even thirty, into the country, and continued still further by narrow vales, down which the mountain rivers find their way to the sea. Lofty ridges, running out into the ocean, and ending in precipitous headlands, separate them from each other. In the neighborhood of the Rode and Beru Fiords these assume their most magnificent appearance, attaining an elevation of nearly 4,000 feet, though their average height on other parts of the coast is only about the half of that now specified. So sudden is the rise of these mountains, that it is no uncommon thing to find precipices 1,000 feet high, from the top of which a stone may be cast into the sea. The fiords are thus shut in on both sides by perpendicular walls of rock towering up to a tremendous height, whose summits are clothed with eternal snows, or vailed in dark clouds.

All around seems dead, no trace of life is visible. Man and all that he produces vanish amidst the mightier works of nature. Woods and the higher classes of the vegetable creation are entirely wanting, and the naked rocks are too steep for even the hardy birch or stunted willow to fix their roots. No sound is heard save the billows dashing on the craggy shore, no motion seen but the cataract rushing down the rugged cliffs. Such is the general appearance of these fiords, and the repulsive aspect they present; yet there does the Icelander choose his dwelling, unappalled by the rocks which threaten every moment to crush him by their fall. The island is nowhere thickly peopled, but these firths and their connected valleys are more so than any other portion. Here grassy meadows are found in the immediate vicinity of the sea; and here, therefore, the natives can employ in conjunction both those sources of gain which alone the severe climate leaves open to them. On their shores are the finest pastures for the cattle, whilst their waters are a favorite retreat of the cod, the most esteemed of the fish caught on the coast.

LIONS AND THEIR VOICE.

Lions appear to attack game by seizing the flank near the hind leg, or the throat below the jaw—points which instinct seems quickly to teach dogs of all kinds to assail, when in pursuit of the larger animals.

Dr. Livingstone, while bearing witness to the enormous strength of the lion, truly wonderful when compared with his size, remarked, however, that all the feats of strength, such as carrying off cattle, that have come under his observation, had been performed by dragging or trailing the carcass along the ground.

The tales of lions never devouring game save when killed by themselves are unfounded. We have seen a family of lions (they often hunt in families) in the Transvaal territory, quarreling like a pack of hungry hounds over the putrid carcass of a horse, which had died of paardsikté (pleuroneumonia) a few days previously, while the plains around were teeming with those countless herds of migrating game (antelopes and quaggas), of the numbers of which it is so difficult to convey an idea to the fireside traveler.

A point where imagination has wrought wonders is in the matter of the lion's voice. This fancy has been also demolished by Dr. Livingstone. "To talk of the majestic voice of the lion," he writes, "is merely so much majestic twaddle. I have never found any one who could fairly distinguish between the roar of the lion and that of the ostrich, although the former appears to proceed more from the chest. To this day," he adds, "I am unable to distinguish one from the other, except by knowing that the former roars by night, and the latter by day only."

Jules Gerard is, however, more enthusiastic in his appreciation of the vocal powers of his favorites. He remarks that the sound of a lion's voice, a league off, appears to an inexperienced observer as if close at hand; and that he has frequently tracked lions at a distance of three leagues (nine miles), by the sound of their voices; he also testifies to a certain musical grandeur in the sound.

A NOVEL ART UNION.

The great Chicago scheme for the disposal of the Crosby Opera House, has at last fairly been brought before the public. Its mammoth proportions, we may presume, rendered its earlier movements difficult, but now that it is fairly in motion, its pace to a completion of the gigantic speculation embodied in it will be more than rapid. For it is a gigantic speculation, even in these days of speculative enterprise, to raise a sum of money of more than one million of dollars in about three months. The inducements offered are, however, enormous. The shares are simply $5 each, yet each share entitles the holder at the very instant he purchases it to an engraving of its full value, or that of the several shares he may purchase. The choice of the engravings which have been purchased by the Crosby Opera House Art Association is very large, the "Mercy's Dream," by Huntington, and a splendid chromograph from Cropsey's great Autumnal picture being among the engravings on the books of the society. Next come the premiums, which are secured by the reputation of the prominent citizens of Chicago, who have consented to form the nucleus of the Managing Committee. These consist of three hundred paintings, including, amongst others, Bierstadt's great painting, entitled "The Yo Semite Valley," valued at $20,000; Cropsey's great work, entitled "An American Autumn," valued at $6,000; Schussele's great national painting of the American Authors, entitled "Washington Irving and His Friends," valued at $5,000; Hart's charming and celebrated painting of American scenery, entitled "Woods in Autumn," valued at $5,000; Constant Meyer's celebrated painting, entitled "Recognition," valued at $5,000; Beard's great Western landscape, entitled "Deer on the Prairie," valued at $4,000, and Gignoux's magnificent landscape, entitled "Alpine Scenery," valued at $3,000, to be followed by Crosby's Opera House in the city of Chicago, reared at a cost of $600,000, and producing from its stores, offices and studios, (not including the Opera House with its complete properties), a rental of $30,000. If this be not a mammoth speculation, we confess we know not what is, and guaranteed as it is by the names of the most prominently important and respectable of Mr. Crosby's fellow-citizens, we feel no hesitation in predicting for it a thorough and most speedy success.

Relics of a Pigmy Race in Tennessee.—Gen. Milroy (says the Nashville *Press*), who has been spending much time in Smith County, in attending to some mining and oil operations, says that while at Watertown a few days since, he saw some remarkable graves, which had been disclosed by the washing of a small creek in its passage through a low bottom. The graves were about eighteen inches in length, and were formed by an excavation about fifteen inches beneath the surface, in which were placed four undressed slabs of rock, one in the bottom of the pit, one on each side and one on top. Human skeletons, some with nearly an entire skull, and many with well-defined bones, were found in them. The teeth were very diminutive, but evidently those of an adult. Earthen crocks were found also with skeletons. Gen. Milroy could find nothing respecting these liliputian graves in conversation with the oldest inhabitant of the vicinity except that there were a large number of similar graves, perhaps thousands, near Statesville, in the same county, and also a like burial-ground at the mouth of Stone's River, near this city. They were examined about thirty-two years ago, and excited a good deal of comment. These diminutive human skeletons seem to have belonged to an extinct pigmy race. Gen. Milroy has deposited some of the bones in the State Library.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

Somebody, describing the absurd appearance of a man dancing the polka, says: "He looks as though he had a hole in his pocket, and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trowsers."

People perform the greater part of the voyage of life before taking in their ballast; hence so many shipwrecks.

"No man can do anything against his will," said a metaphysician.

"Faith," said Pat, "I had a brother went to prison against his will; faith, he did."

A partisan paper says: "It is a mistake that the (opposite) party plays upon a harp of a thousand strings. The *organ* of that party is a *lyre*."

A man being asked the cause of his father's death, answered that, "While he was addressing a large outdoor assemblage of people, who were listening to his remarks with the deepest interest, a portion of the platform on which he was standing gave way beneath him, whereby he was precipitated several feet with such violence as to break his neck."

Love is as necessary to a woman's heart as a fashionable bonnet to her head. Indeed, we think, rather more so; for nothing less than a large measure of love will content her; whereas the recent fashion has shown that she can be satisfied with a very little bonnet.

What kind of money is everywhere legally tender?—Matri-mony.

Why are the arrows of Cupid like a man in an ague-fit?—Because they are all in a *quiver*.

"I can't find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow, in company.

"Nor I," replied an industrious miller; "I am obliged to *work* for it."

The last case of indolence is related in one of our exchanges. It is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy that in writing his name, he simply used the letter J, and then punched a hole through the paper.

A man had a sign up—"Cheap ladies' shoes for sale here?" He found that not a woman entered his shop. No wonder; the ladies don't like to be called cheap—they want to be called *dear*.

Why are jokes like nuts? Because the dryer they are the better they crack.

Why is a piece of sterile ground like a certain toilet article? Because it's bare soil (bear's oil).

Why is a dairy-maid naturally the happiest of women? Because she always has her own *whey*.

"There, John, that's twice you have come home and forgotten that lard?"

"Really, mother, it was so greasy that it slipped my mind."

What is it that has two buildings, two trees, two animals, and two fish? The human body—viz., two temples, two palms, two calves, and two soles.

Dr. Clarke was a man of genuine piety, but much opposed to the noisy zeal that seeketh "to be known of men." A young divine, who was much given to enthusiastic cant, one day said to him:

"Do you suppose you have any real religion?"

"None to speak of," was the excellent reply.

A Physician, in speaking of the frail constitions of women of the present day, remarked that we ought to take great care of our grandmothers, for we should never get any more.

"Ma," said young Hopeful at the breakfast table, "if a man is *Mister*, is not a woman *Mystery*?"

"Can you do all sorts of casting here?" said a solemn-looking chap at the iron works the other day.

"Yes," said Frank, preparing to take his order; "all sorts."

"Well, then," returned the solemn inquirer, "I would like to have you cast a shadow."

He was cast out.

Sleepy or not Sleepy. — "I declare, mother," said a pretty little girl, in a pettish little way, "'tis too bad, mother! You always send me to bed when I am not sleepy, and you always make me get up when I am sleepy."

The Uncertain Quantity. — "I always think," said a reverend guest, "that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm after a good dinner."

"Oh, no, sir," replied his host, "it is the *uncertain* quantity that does the mischief."

Bone Fever.—A Central America correspondent gives an expressive idea of the delights of the bone fever, which prevails in that latitude, when he says that often, when first attacked, did he lie in his berth, "and revel in luxurious recollections of the happy days when he was only sea-sick!")

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No. 12058	"	25,000
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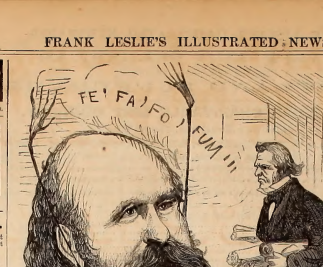
The Subscription Books will close on SATURDAY, the 22d of September, 1866, and on the 1st of October following the award of premiums will be publicly made at the Opera House, under the sole direction of a Committee representing the shareholders of all sections of the country, and in a manner to insure entire satisfaction to all interested.

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TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE, WASHINGTON, June 27, 1866.

Whereas E. A. Hall and others, as "Managing Directors of the Grand National Concert," to be held in Washington, D. C., on the 2d of August next, have made due application to L. Clephane, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Collection Dist. for the Dist. of Columbia, for permission to hold a lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise, and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of said lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise will be devoted to charitable uses, permission is hereby granted to the said "Managing Directors" to hold such lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise, free from all charge, whether from tax or license, in respect to such lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise. E. A. HOLLINS, Commissioner.

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WILLIAM S. MORSE, Secretary, Lock Box 37, Washington, D. C.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 567—VOL. XXII.] NEW YORK, AUGUST 11, 1866. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 15 WEEKS $1 00.

Modification of our Neutrality Laws.

Report of Gen. Banks.

GEN. BANKS, from the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, has presented an elaborate report on our neutrality laws, ending with a recommendation for their revision. The report goes into a history of their enactment, showing that they were, to a great extent, imposed on us by other nations, at a time when our weakness did not permit us to disregard outside pressure, and when our fathers were cautious almost to cowardice, and prudent almost to pusillanimity. Our first neutrality act of 1794 was forced on us by England, and made more restrictive in 1797 by the same influence, against the popular sentiment, which would have found expression in an overthrow of the Administration under whose auspices it was passed, had not the intemperance of Genet provoked a reaction against France, and induced the people to acquiesce in the policy of the Government.

In the contest between Spain and her colonies, it was found that the neutrality enactments, which had proved satisfactory to England, were not sufficiently stringent to meet the demands of Spain; and on her requisitions, persistently, and, in some cases, offensively urged, the Government consented to further modifications of the laws of neutrality. Congress, however, refused to go to the extent required by the Administration, as we had occasion to show in our issue of July 28th, but, nevertheless, revised the then existing laws and enacted those now in force, and which it is proposed to modify, to meet our altered circumstances, and more particularly to conform with those of other nations.

As the laws stand, they are exceptionally severe. No other nation has neutrality laws nearly as stringent; and as all laws of this character ought to be reciprocal, ours should be changed to meet the mean of general foreign legislation on the subject. We are not called on to bind ourselves with fetters, when the hands of others are loosely held with wisps of straw. If we had any lofty, chivalric notions of setting an example of abnegation and magnanimity in this matter, the experience of foreign, and especially British, neutrality during the late war, ought to have cured us of them. To set metes and bounds around ourselves, which other nations refuse to accept as rules of conduct, is to invite insult and injury. International law is the growth of reciprocal action, and as all obligations of neutrality are in their nature international, the municipal laws regarding them should not go beyond the general consent and practice of nations. The sublime injunction, "Do unto others as thou wouldst have others do unto thee," implies that the consciences of others are open to the appeals of kindness, and to an appreciation of good actions, impelling to reciprocity. But nations, like Great Britain, have no consciences, and little, if any, moral sense. To present to them a high and worthy example would be an idle exertion.

"Return good for evil" is an excellent injunction, in the loftiest spirit of Christianity, and there are people possibly that might be induced to "turn the other cheek," until by unhappy experience they found it smitten. Then, we suspect, any further experiments of the kind would be deferred until humanity had undergone a process of sublimation of which we see no evidence in practice.

We have done unto others, in our advanced neutrality laws, what no others have done unto us. We have returned good for evil, in that we have saved Canada to the British Crown, while our decimated commerce and unsettled demands for reparations of the damages inflicted by the Alabama attest our patience under wrong, and pusillanimity under insult. We have even gone so far as to stretch our exceptionally stringent neutrality laws beyond all just interpretation and precedent in favor of Spain, as in the case of the Meteor.

But, in common phrase, "does it pay?" Is the consciousness of being better than our neighbors in our international conduct an adequate compensation for prohibiting a traffic like that in ships, for instance, which can only be technically wrong—not morally so, but simply because it may be in opposition to laws which nobody else observes, and which we enacted under pressure, when we were young and weak?

The report of Gen. Banks answers in the negative. It recommends that we should fully reciprocate the policy and conduct of other nations, and make our laws conform with the average mass of legislation on the subject of neutrality. But all neutrality laws are, in their nature, concessions in favor of belligerents, whose rights, powers and pretensions, it is for the interests of peace and humanity to have limited, rather than extended. Upon this point the report is dignified and impressive:

"The American statute is not demanded by international or natural law. According to these systems neutrality is impartiality. A State, in virtue of its sovereignty has an inherent and inalienable right to engage in war with whomsoever it wishes, and the neutrality implies, on one part, impartiality on the other, inviolability. The State cannot inflict, and is not bound to suffer, injury. It is a temporary condition, incident to the situation, and not necessarily permanent. An attempt to impose upon a people permanent neutrality, especially if that word is interpreted to mean, as in our legislation, it does, an estrangement, alienation, and isolation of the State from other nations, is opposed to the true principles of public neutrality and law. To make such a system permanent is impracticable. It can be justified only by a regard to the temporary condition of States by which it is enacted. The highest interests of civilization demand that the liberties and rights of neutrals should be extended, and the privileges and powers of States at war diminished. Upon the recognition of this principle depends the progress of nations, the independence of States, the liberties of the people. To restrict the rights of neutrals and enlarge the power of belligerents is to reject the teachings of Christianity and the improvements of civilization, and to return to the doctrine of barbaric nations and practices of barbaric people.

"In reviewing the statutes of 1818, we cannot escape the conclusion that it is founded upon an opposite and unsound philosophy; that it disregards the inalienable rights of the people of all nations; that it was imposed upon the country by considerations affecting exclusively the political interests of other nations; that it criminally



THE RECENT HEATED TERM IN NEW YORK CITY—REMOVAL OF PERSONS OVERCOME BY THE HEAT TO THE CITY HOSPITAL, BROADWAY.—SEE PAGE 324.

restrains the rights of nations at peace for the benefit of those at war; that it was intended to perpetuate the supremacy of the few on the seas, in which supremacy belongs to another age, and is not or use nor to us.

"It was in deference to the conditions then imposed that American Legislators thought it expedient to divest the country of rights enjoyed by others inalienable to the development of the strength of republican institutions and the American States, and to inflict upon the people the irreparable injury of depriving them of privileges necessary to their private prosperity and the preservation of the liberties of their race. It is inscribed that Ireland have been decapitated and torn permanently to suppress as crimes, on the part of our Citizens, intercourse with nations not punished as crimes elsewhere, for the benefit of nations inimical, if not hostile, to us, and opposed States struggling for independence and liberty, in emulation of our own example.

"No, these concessions to the peace of the world were made for the time for which they were enacted. It was an opportune and patriotic policy. The preservation of that republic was the first duty of our fathers, as it is now ours. It is destined, if sustained, to be the model of ruling nations, the light divine of liberty, the friendship of ruling nations, the last hope of the independence of struggling people of the earth.

"To the wise counsels of the people of our fathers we address. But if the time has come for which they waited and work, or whenever it shall come, in which the right of the country can be asserted, the interests protected without departure from the established policy of our Government, which we endorse without hesitation, nor to which any others without reserve, but in the conviction that the opportunity should not be lost. And we therefore recommend, as incident to the duty and the day, a thorough revision of the statutes affecting the rights of neutrals and citizens under Government, and the enactment of such laws as will limit its prohibitions and restrictions to those imposed by the laws of nations, the stipulations of treaties, the reciprocal legislation of other Governments, the freedom of commerce, the rights of peace or States, the interests of civilization, which have grown to be regarded at war, and strengthen and extend the rights of those at peace."

As regards the pretense that the repeal be modification would be a neutrality law might be interpreted as an abandonment of our reclamations on Great Britain, the report says:

"It may be said that this modification of our statutes of hostility will invite Great Britain to claim damages under upon her for the destruction of our merchant vessels during the late civil war. There is no ground for this apprehension. The modification proposed affects only our future action, and can have no effect upon claims with existing rights. The discharge of our duty as a neutral Great Britain from responsibility to the Government, cannot, under any pretense existing, constitute a claim in favor of American ships destroyed by British vessels, in violation of our laws as well as our treaties with the Foreign Settlement Act of 1819, enacted, we believe, upon the suggestion of Mr. Rush. Our only point is touched upon the fact that, hence on drop of blood was shed in the unnecessary upon land, or the engagement except the affair of Fort Sumter, when not an effective force was landed or landed upon the sea, and recognized the rebels as belligerents upon the sea, and which, according to the rights from their ports, and depots upon and destroy our consuerors, and appropriated to herself for the purpose of the vast spoliations.

"We complain that, while our Government conferred the status of 1793 and 1797 upon the insurgents of Great Britain, our enemy, against the French, our friends, and in 1818 recognized the new laws at the solicitation of Spain, backed against the South American Republics, their application of the Foreign Enlistment law of 1819, which was enforced in our favor, but, in spite of its provisions, British ships, in defiance of such arrangements and British decrees, were allowed to depart from and refit at British ports in every part of the world, and, the American merchant flag disappeared from the seas. It cannot be expected that we shall again maintain a policy that will destroys cherished American interests, operates only in favor of enemies and against friends. Great Britain cannot absolve herself from her obligations upon the present false and unfounded pretenses such unequal and unprofitable relations with her Government.

"The modification we specially have is recommended in the spirit of peace, and with no desire to disturb existing friendly relations with other nations. We prefer to approach the subject without delay. To the narrowest clear ground on which the conflict may be avoided. We have no interest in the aspect of the question. They look now, as heretofore, to universal industry for prosperity and power. We have no advantages, territorial or otherwise, incident to the possession of mere position and force, that will compel us to look for the real basis of industrial spirit which is the stimulant of national activity and the source of every thing material to the happiness and the welfare of the human subsistence. There is no outward advantage that will not add to us in the time. Our commerce may be impaired, but the nation never. Violence, imperial, monarchical, may destroy the foundations of present and prospective advantage. We need desire to avoid the perils that have been lead to the present discontent and modern—the policy which substitutes might for right, and wrests to power men who are intelligent, if not hostile, to the interests of masses of men.

"But, while we prefer peace to war, and find our advantage in maintaining peace as against war, it is no longer from necessity. If we are compelled to choose between the sacrifice of our rights and an appeal to the arbitrament of war, there can be no doubt about the decision. We can no longer stand bail for the peace of the world. We have made proof for other nations long enough. When the maintenance of national honor is identified in the affections of people essential to the independence of states and the progress of civilization, we cannot fail to be more marked out for us by duty and destiny."

Altogether the report of Gen. Banks is able and exhaustive, broad in principle, and practical in recommendation. It may be read with equal profit and satisfaction by every American.

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Prussia.

In the interests of humanity and of civilization, it is a gratification to know that North Germany is become—has become—a great and united Power. It is immaterial whether it be called Prussia, or by any other name. We know that the instincts of Prussia have always been in the right direction, however thwarted by bad rulers. We know it is a country where education is better diffused than in any country our own. Its people, as a whole, are better fed and better clothed than those of any other European country. Science, art, and literature have been grandly developed within its borders. Its men of learning—a Humboldt, a Ritter, a Lepsius, and a thousand others, before whose unassuming learning and research the pretensions of French and Austrian students have paled into insignificance. Weak rulers and wicked ones it has had, and may have again; but, in spite of them, Prussia has always been great, and sometimes grand. She will now be greater and grander, and all right-thinking men will be rejoiced in her development.

Her augmented prominence in Europe will be the best guarantee for peace, if only as a check to intermeddling, conceited Powers.

As regards France: Concede that Bismarck is all his enemies assert; that he is selfish, unscrupulous, and with malignant, ulterior designs. It is enough for us to know that he has created a great nation. Napoleon, however, will throw its weight into the scale of human improvement. It is immaterial whether the party Napoleon, who has just overthrown, become dancing-masters or die. One thing is certain—the "King" of Hanover will point a cannon on his stilettos no more, or the "King" of Saxony will not dance a jig to the tune of Cassel take their wives, or the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg order them the stick, or Nassau, Darmstadt, or Baden, or Hesse-Cassel, or Oldenburg threaten them with Russia, or Wallack seize them for an army without a name, a use, or a career. Prussia has swept them away, and with them a race more worthless than a halter that they may have free breath—doubtless to exalt Hohenzollerns, but still that halter is swept away. Prussia has, in her parliament, eight millions of thoughtful and energetic men, so lacrated that their knowledge is a proverb, yet so martial that they at this moment are in the field. It is not impossible that English *bourgeoisie* pronounce them vulgar, yet so reverential that English writers incline to call them slavish, commence a free national life. We say free, for it will be found. If it was difficult to keep down the love for constitutionalism among Prussians, when their King was struggling to overthrow it, how much more shall a Russian wife, what will it be when all that is liberal in Hanover, and Saxony, and the Hesse-Cassel, and the Duchies, and Nassau, and the Free Cities, and Thuringia, be added to the opposition, while all that is conservative is disaffected, when liberals are as anxious as the King that the laws shall be kept, and the time when the "influences" round that King are liberal instead of Russian? The Germans have won their unity in spite of thirty Kings: they will win their freedom in spite of one King's Minister, though he has eaten the thirty Kings up.

The New Neutrality Law.

We have elsewhere given a summary of the able Report of Gen. Banks, as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House, on the matter of the repeal or modification of the Neutrality Laws. This report was accompanied by a bill repealing the existing laws, and enacting others, in conformity with the conclusions of the report, which, after a little discussion, passed the House of Representatives by a *unanimous vote!*

There was no direct opposition to the bill, but Mr. Raymond, of New-York, characterized himself by endeavoring to postpone action and refer the matter to a joint committee to report at the present session—in short, by the usual devices which men resort to when they kill off a measure which it is not prudent openly to oppose. In his remarks, Mr. Raymond made a betrayal which, in announcing assertion that he "knew of no exigency that required any change in the neutrality laws," and that in the face of the decision of an authorized tribunal (as the city which goes far beyond the letter and scope of even the existing offensive laws, in the case of the Alabama. There is a vessel in construction, not carrying a single pound of contraband of war (which she had a *right* to carry), and cleared regularly for a neutral port. On complaint of the British Minister to the Secretary of State, she is seized, brought into court, and under pretense that she is or may be designed for Chilian service, is held in heavy bonds, and her case kept pending for six months, while a somnolent judge cogitates, and is then condemned by a decree which gives no reasons for its sentence, but which reasons are presumed us at some time when the infirmities of age shall permit the dispenser of the laws to illuminate the world with a flicker of his expiring legal taper!

Here is a flagrant case of wrong to an enterprising American firm, and a case of wrong also (although not to the same extent as that for Chile), to a friendly power, which justly commands our sympathies, and which is struggling to maintain interests and principles which are equally ours. A decision is reached, rightly or wrongly, under the laws sought to be repealed, which amounts to precisely this: "that our ship-builders cannot sell an unarmed vessel to any friendly power, or to anybody who may have the intent to sell her to such power, even when she is in the jurisdiction of the United States!" This monstrous doctrine, enunciated under color of existing laws, would inflict a severe blow on a large and useful branch of American enterprise and industry, in the interest of our enemies and the enemies of human progress.

Mr. Raymond, it would seem, never heard of this decision, albeit reported in the columns of his own paper, or he would not tell the world that, failing to defeat or postpone the bill, Mr. Raymond "dodged the vote." Such a betrayal of trust by a public Congressional carpet between the worthy representative's seat and the door!

The remarks of Gen. Banks to another member who advocated postponement, and a "reference to the best legal talent of the country," was apt and to the point:

"Sir, we have recourse to the best legal talent for the surrendering of our rights. What we want now is the best talent for maintaining them. I would rather go to the hearts of the people than to the lawyers of professional, political, or commercial corporations."

The bill reported by Gen. Banks, and adopted unanimously by the House, re-enacts the former provisions against organizing armed expeditions, fitting men, and fitting out, arming and manning ships to operate against friendly nations; but Sec. 10 is as follows:

"SEC. 10. *And be it further enacted*, That nothing in this act shall be construed to prohibit citizens of the United States from selling vessels, ships, or steamers built within the jurisdiction of the United States, or munitions of war, the growth or product of the same, to inhabitants of other countries, the Governments and war with the United States, provided that the operation of the section of this act shall not extend to any citizen of the United States with respect to any citizen of countries thereof, or to any vessel which she is engaged in war, or otherwise the maintenance of friendly relations with any foreign nation may, in his judgment require it."

Sanguinary Battles.

"The great battle of Custozza," between the Austrians and Italians, in which the appearances were two hundred thousand men were engaged, was a very insignificant affair, judging from the losses of the victorious party, of which we have now the official statement. The total Italian loss was 651 killed, 2,909 wounded, and 2,054 prisoners—5,614 in all. This does not indicate any severe fighting. The "terrible fighting" at Sadowa will probably be found to have been much less severe than has been indicated from the thoroughly descriptive letters of the newspaper correspondence. Neither battle shows anything like the vigor, determination, and deadly fierceness which characterized most of the conflicts of our great civil war. The affair like that of Custozza, during the later years of the war would have been regarded as a mere skirmish.

Since the above was put in type, we have received the "estimated losses" of the Austrians and Prussians in the "terrible battle" of Sadowa. These losses, "it will be remembered, are always in excess of official returns, and these put the Austrian loss in killed and wounded at 30,000, and the killed alone of the Prussians at 5,000. There were not less than four hundred thousand men engaged. In some of our great battles the average losses on both sides ranged from four to five, while in the "sanguinary struggle of Sadowa, which is second only to Waterloo," we find the losses only about one in thirty.

The figures given by the combatants are any indication of courage, tenacity, or skill in fighting, Europe has still another lesson to learn from America.

THE true scope and power and real utility of wood engraving have rarely been understood by the professors of the art, who have too often chosen rather to imitate or reproduce the effects of other kinds of engraving than to bring out the special and admirable capacities of engraving on wood. This principle is vigorously reproduced by the London *Athenæum*, in a criticism on a book, "Descriptive Catalogue of the Works of Thomas and John Bewick." Speaking of the reprints of some of the cuts;

"Nothing could have been more delightful than, for example, the mountain view taken from the poems of Goldsmith, or the delicate touches of the drawing, so very different in feeling and style from the laborious but unsuccessful attempts of which our recent engravers of light and draughtsmen have aimed, not to cultivate the peculiar beauties of their own art and its natural effects, but to imitate—when success is as little to be desired as it is possible—the qualities of engraving on steel and other copper-plate engraving. In all the works of Bewick and his pupils, and in the best cuts of Linton for Jones's Owen, the amount of thought and knowledge that could be expressed was only limited by the skill in the production of "line-lining" and stripping, such as are employed by John Bewick. Nothing, too, enormous sums are wasted on such blocks as the 'Illustrated New Testament' of two years since, where the critical appeared capable enough to spite bares on the box, but had neglected to provide the gifts of drawing, with even knowledge accuracy, much less to obtain sufficient power of effect with the stylus of wood to compensate for engraving form. The boldness of the Bewick manner, on the other hand, is the result of great vessels of audacity, and less of contempt for nature, but of a conscious power of expressing much with little labor, and of leaving to the skill of those—the result or knight her deeper than the eye can see. The cuts of Bewick are all of low real form, yet who may find cause to dissatisfy in the difference between the two styles that referred to, for example, the little cut of 'Brain,' done for a private book-plate, and reprinted here; which in two inches and three-quarters wide by two inches in extreme height. It represents a piece of wrecked Gothic architecture, with college gown-ing about it. Not only have we here the most happy effect of chiaroscuro, in which was no small part of the interest of Bewick's work, but with which no doubt to be only as a Venetian painter would have done, but the most extraordinary management of the engraving line; however, are produced with such solid and firm lines, that thousands of good impressions might be taken from the block without any appeal for its wear to the extreme tenuity of its workmanship. So wonderful an amount of modulate and character has this little design, which, however, is only one among many thousands, that like foliage of the rare, distinguish ideas that of the ground-cast—the chestnuts which pour through the vista of the central rock—the feathery palms and the wide-trodden herbage in the front—leaf and stalk, bud and flower, are all seen. The sun, also, is the perfect picture of the landscape, in some places greatly weathered—see the broken tower where the wind has been driving in others less so—near the bases of the pillars of the crossing the broken arches of the wall which are built with pebbles—are on the left by the side of the pointed arch—the ivy and the grass, and the mossy and ragis which have not been harshly and swiftly distinguished. Yet, we say, the whole is but a line in the whole which a wood engraver of the modern craft could not split in three."

THE Queen of England has lately committed some slim of omission and commission in British eyes. Among the latter is the marrying off of the Princess Helena to "Prince Christian de Augustenburg"—an adventurer of purest ray, besides being a near relative of Darmouth, Gotha, German principlings (now, happily, about being "wiped out") have polygamous tendencies, as everybody knows. Such a marriage is unlikely to turn the ordinary and regular way, and filling up the world with a worthless, but, nevertheless, legitimate spawn, they must needs go into such a "mésalliance" marriages (i. e. marriages "over the left") and start a new suffering world a bastard brood besides. Among these principalities of fecund tendencies is the husband of the Princess Helena. He is not only married, but married already and has a family (including a girl without a leg, and also as his wife), but is a bastard himself, his mother having fixed on him a hundred wife-insistence of his father. This is the first time bigamy has been winked at by the present Royal Family of England, and public opinion is greatly outraged at it. The Queen is pronounced mad, and the hope of an abdication audibly expressed.

A FAR more startling proposition than that of laying a telegraphic wire from Europe to America is the proposal to run a submarine tube tunnel from England to France. This has been talked of for years, but has hardly been regarded seriously until the present period. Plans are being made near Dover, Calais, and Boulogne; in which the peculiar geological nature of the strata which would have to be pierced, will render not only to tunnel from both ends, but to sink shafts in the intermediate chalk, in order to get up the excavated materials. Should the tunnel ever be completed, it will furnish an unbroken line of rail from London to Paris. The actual work seems less difficult as it might appear at first sight. The chalk and soft limestone rocks which constitute the strata of the Straits, dip far down on either face of the waters, and extend into the interior of France. The character of these rocks will form the unexpended material for the entire formation of the tunnel, whilst it is imagined that they will be impervious to water and resisting to oppose an effectual barrier to the encroachments of the sea.

THE London *Saturday Review*, speaking of the result of the recent battles in Bohemia, observes:

"The Austrians have been beaten in the Bohemian mountains, but they were not as brave as the Prussians or as well disciplined. Their artillery was inferior, and their guns which enabled the Prussians to fire six or seven times in a minute. Their cavalry was not well mounted, just as the bravest savages with bows and arrows are overmatched by the weakest soldiers who have the use of gunpowder. In 1859 they could make no head against the French, who had not the needle cannon invented since then. Be grass without their old-fashioned guns before able to fire a second time. Their men are followed in front of an enemy that loads his musket in a new fashion at the breech. That the Prussians have overcome them through the superiority of their weapon, and from seeing the fact that the Austrians, who are by no means capricious their infantry, when charged by Austrian cavalry, are able to form in square, and to receive the calmly shot down the helpless riders as they came on, and when they were broken, to rally the stickers before the intended onset could be made."

A "SOUTHERN NOVEL" has been published in London—"The Heroine of the Confederacy," the heroine being Miss Jeff Davis, of Orleans, and the following passage will show the lofty style in which the heroines of the Confederacy conversed during the progress of the war. Jeff ruled in Richmond, The heroine, in response to some political news, inquires:

"Why think you so? Is there ought in the elements which betrodes a storm? Is the political heaven in a murky state? Is the political horizon of our country forge the thunderbolts of battle?"

She is also strong in ethnology. As to "nigger":

"By ancient as well as modern writers we are told of their jet skin, morely and physically. They worship naught save negroids, and, if we ask how deities were made by men of science, they are, in themselves, only a higher order of negroes."

THE commotions in Europe have extended, as a serious manner, to Spain. On the 28th of June a regiment of artillery, aided by some cavalry, in all 2,000 men, left the barrack of St. Gil, killed their colonels, a major, and some of the staff, and marched, amid the sympathy of the people, on the Plaza Mayor. Marshal Serrano, however, met them at the head of a strong force, killed 200, shot 170 for mutiny, cleared the streets at a loss of about 1,000 lives, and threw the remaining soldiers into prison. "Order reigns in Madrid," but it appears certain that the movement was planned by a Progressist party, and it had ramifications in the provinces—one regiment breaking out at Ocaña, and then retreating into France—and that the dissatisfaction in the army spreads very far. For the present, however, the Marshal is master of the situation, and is asking the Cortes for nearly dictatorial power, which he will probably obtain.

LORD STANLEY, who takes the post of Foreign Secretary in the new English Cabinet, is a young man of forty-seven years. He has been regarded as a Liberal-Conservative, and it was, at one time,

thought he would thoroughly identify himself with the Liberal party. He is not a man of strong opinions or prejudices, and it is believed his administration of the foreign affairs of the country will be even and judicious, and free from that meddlesome, hectoring spirit which characterized it under the inspirations of Lord Palmerston. A London newspaper says of him and his probable temper toward the United States:

"No other member of the new Cabinet would have been equally acceptable, as Foreign Minister, to the Government of Washington. Notwithstanding his birth and his political associations, no Englishman or American would suspect Lord Stanley of a theoretical objection to republics. If he distrusts democracy, his objections are, probably, founded on a doubt whether universal suffrage conduces to frugal expenditure or to habitual preference of peace. During the civil war he carefully abstained from any expression of preference, although he judiciously anticipated the success of the stronger combatant. There is, perhaps, something American in his habit of thought and in the structure of his mind, although the likeness must be traced in the republic of Franklin rather than in the democratic empire of more recent times. Without attempting to vie with Mr. Seward in the voluminous display of controversial rhetoric, Lord Stanley will, probably, have little temptation to offend against American sensitiveness. Politicians in the States are not ignorant that, until a late period, Lord Stanley was a favorite of Mr. Bright's, who justly appreciated his perfect exemption from ordinary aristocratic prejudices. The cultivation of a good understanding with the United States is so important an object, that the relations of the Foreign Secretary with the Government of Washington are, in some degree, a test of his fitness for his office."

TOWN GOSSIP.

The sirocco that swept over our city for nearly a week, stifling the very fountains of life, and, like some dread avenger, striking down its victims on every side, has been followed by gentle breezes and such a desirable fall of the mercury as has restored our equanimity, and relieved us of the fear of being broiled alive and served up as dainty fare to some invisible cannibals who seemed to be controlling the powers of the air and sporting with us unhappy mortals in anticipation of their dainty meal. Of course the city is deserted; for who would remain in such a fiery caldron when it was possible to get away?—i. e. the fashionable, the people of leisure and wealth have made their annual hegira. The streets present a less gorgeous array of beauty and style, and on every side there are the tokens of a cessation in many of the activities of the metropolis. But let no one suppose that we are about to follow the example of the traditional hero of colonial times, and indulge a long period of quiet unconsciousness. We can't afford such a luxury in these stirring days, and few of us can obtain any respite in our toil, any relief in the unceasing struggle of life; and, while some favored ones may pursue their pleasures at the noted summer resorts, the great mass of our population are compelled to remain at home, and meet discomfort, heat, disease and pestilence, as they can. Perhaps there is no more suggestive or interesting study than the proceedings of our Common Council, who, certainly, are not afflicted with that frequent legislative malady—how not to do it. They are, emphatically, men of action, and many tax-payers are inconsiderate enough to hint that they are entirely too industrious, and even to complain, that so much is undertaken and accomplished. Then, too, our Councilmen are liberal; money is of no account in their estimation, except to be spent, so they are resolved to do all in their power toward accomplishing this very obvious and laudable purpose. The fact that the funds they disburse so freely are not their own, rather increases their satisfaction in the process, just as condiments add to the enjoyment of a good dinner. Nor are they unwilling that their liberality should have frequent and abundant illustration. Some one, the other day, was the owner of rooms that could be occupied conveniently for the sessions of one of our courts. The annual rental of these rooms should not have been more than three or four thousand dollars, but the Council, in the exercise of that comprehensive generosity for which they are notorious, secured the lease of these rooms, for ten years, at the annual outlay of twenty-one thousand dollars. Assuredly, Councilmen are not ungrateful to their favorites, however constituent tax-payers may view their conduct. Another person manufactures a patent gas-burner which costs about a dime. To encourage home-productions and industry, the Council made a contract with this party to supply 25,000 of the street lamps with his burners, at the trifling sum of a dollar each. So the money goes; but money is made to be spent, and why should the authorities of a great city like New York be niggardly and mean in their disbursements? Why, when they have the opportunity, should they not prove themselves examples of that public spirited enterprise that does not count cost too closely, or stand abashed at mere trifles?

Let it not be hinted that these officials derive any personal advantage from such operations, and though many of them grow rich with unaccountable rapidity, it would be a grave reflection on their integrity to suppose that they have their price, and shape their legislation in accordance with the amount of gratuities offered them. How far their conduct may confirm the serious doubts many over-cautious people entertain of the capacity of the city to govern itself, and how rapidly it may precipitate the interference of the State Legislature with all our municipal affairs, time must determine. As already intimated, the subject presents an interesting study, and is richly suggestive.

The bibulous propensity and capacity of our citizens are astonishing; and it would seem as if the chief end of man here is to drink. To say nothing of the thousands of bar-rooms and gardens that are continually thronged, one watching the soda-fountains, found at almost every corner, and the eager crowds that surround them, would inevitably conclude that the present is a thirsty generation.

The chief political topic at the present time is the approaching Philadelphia Convention, about which the daily papers are in a great muddle. If the proceedings of that assembly are not more lucid and direct than the vaticinations of the aforesaid papers, the country will be the gainer should it be postponed indefinitely.

Notwithstanding heated terms and burning suns, out-door sports are prosecuted with unflagging avidity, and continually growing in favor. Base-ball matches occur daily, affording interest and recreation to thousands who can spare a few hours for such diversion, and cultivating a love for healthful, manly exercise, that will be productive of the best results.

Yachting, rowing, etc., receive a proper share of attention.

Some of the theatres are closed, making preparations for the fall and winter; those that are open confine themselves to such light presentations as are suited to the season.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

In a large city there are always many influences unfavorable to the general health, and productive of a high rate of mortality. The miscellaneous character of the population; the crowding of large numbers into confined tenement houses and ill-ventilated apartments; the ignorance and disregard of the most obvious laws of health; the vicious habits and gross untidiness of many classes of people—all combine to invite and foster disease and shorten the ordinary period of life. That sanitary science can do much to mitigate and avoid the evils arising from such causes is clearly established by indubitable facts, and it has been fully demonstrated that a city may be made comparatively as healthy as the rural districts. If it is not so, the reason must be found in some extraneous and controllable cause, rather than an inevitable necessity; and the question very naturally arises, how far may the authorities properly interfere with the social habits and daily pursuits of the people, to conserve the public health, without an unjust and officious invasion upon individual rights and private convenience? It is obviously the duty of society to protect itself and the interests of all its members in the aggregate, and the admission of this plain principle would seemingly justify the adoption of any measures by which that end could be gained, and allow a very wide latitude in the answer to the inquiry proposed.

Recognizing these facts, and fearing the approach of cholera, which had fearfully ravaged several European towns, the last Legislature organized a Board of Health for this city, composed of gentlemen of the highest standing and competency, to whom the whole sanitary control of the city should be intrusted. Acting in conjunction and harmony with the police, and clothed with a most arbitrary power, this Board commenced operations vigorously, and gave promise of great efficiency.

Many unsuspected seeds of disease were discovered and destroyed, many odious nuisances were abated, and the conviction became very general that, should the pestilence come, it would find but little pabulum, and be shorn of its terrors and power. One would suppose that common philanthropy would bid God-speed to such an organization, and in every possible way facilitate its operations; and yet we blush to state, that, so far from this being the case, the Board has been arrested in its good work and seriously restricted in the exercise of its prerogatives. It became necessary to jostle certain private interests that were prejudicial to the general good; these interests clamored for non-interference, and facile judges were readily found to throw around them the shield of an injunction, and restrain the Board in their laudable and successful efforts. Doubtless much has been done, and much is still done, to carry out the objects for which the Commission was established, but there remains this serious consideration: that when great exigencies arise, there is neither power nor opportunity to meet them. The reports of last week show a mortality in this city alone of nearly fourteen hundred, and in Brooklyn, of about five hundred, a death-rate of about one in seventy of our population. And this in the absence of any epidemic. Such a mortality continued for a few weeks would decimate us. Suppose a ship should arrive in our harbor with cholera raging among its passengers, what can the Board do? Simply nothing, but let the disease spend its force among the doomed company, who would not be allowed to land, and who could not escape the dreaded pestilence. We venture to say that such inhumanity would not disgrace the barbarians of Dahomey, and yet through looseness of our present system of judicial appointments, just such inhumanity has been practiced by the authorities of our enlightened metropolis, who found themselves impotent to avert the burning disgrace. The inference from this state of things is very direct and very damaging.

The Board of Health has not proved unfaithful—has not been a failure—but it has found opposition where it had a right to expect co-operation, and has revealed the thorough rottenness of our elective judiciary system, and the potency of partisan and political considerations over all regard for our character as citizens and our reputation as an enlightened Christian people. So long as we permit our elections to be controlled as they are at present, so long will suffering, disease, and death riot and revel among us, and every public interest be made subservient to individual ambition and private gain; and so long as judges loan themselves as the tools of faction, our present evils will continue and become more odious.

A radical change in the whole administration of our municipal affairs is indispensable, and if we are found incompetent to govern ourselves, we cannot complain if the right of self-government should be taken from us. Our social, moral, economical, and sanitary interests are of far more importance than the elevation of individuals or parties to place and power, and these interests we must not sacrifice. Our city should be the healthiest in the land; it is now the most unhealthy; and though, in spite of this drawback, we increase in numbers and prosperity, yet the public health is a matter of the first importance to every right-minded citizen. We have attempted to show how it is imperiled, and how it may be conserved, and to point out the necessity of such legislation as will not leave us at the mercy of the selfish and the designing.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The first annual fair of the Association of the Tobacco Trade of Cincinnati was held last week. Large quantities of tobacco from Kentucky, Ohio, and Virginia were entered. Thirty prizes of silver-ware, worth from $25 to $200 each were awarded. The first-class premium tobacco, a lot of 570 pounds, sold at $9 05 per pound.

—— A Western reporter wails bitterly over a superabundence of picnics, and, having a headache on the morning of July 5, says: "They are variegated fooleries; they are sultry stupidities; they are elaborate funeral processions, marching, with melancholy step, between rows of pies, and cakes, and ice-cream!"

—— Galveston and Houston, Texas, have increased in population very rapidly since the war. The former city had, before the war, a population of about 5,000; now, according to a recent enumeration, it is nearly 20,000. Houston, a small city of between 5,000 and 6,000 inhabitants, now numbers upward of 16,000.

—— The bronze statue of Washington, removed from the Institute at Lexington, Va., during the war, has been returned, and will be reinaugurated on the 10th of September. Ex-Governor Letcher will deliver an address.

—— The Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago are to open a boarding-house for young girls who have no homes of their own, and have appealed to the Chicago ladies for assistance in furnishing the establishment.

—— The first man in the first class at the Annapolis Naval School is S. N. Kane, of Rhode Island; the first in the second class is B. F. Tilley; and the second in the third class is R. C. Derby, both from little Rhody.

—— A California paper mentions a drove of over 200 turkeys *en route* for San Francisco which had been over a hundred miles, and averaged ten pounds each, and was contracted for "on foot" at twenty-three cents a pound.

—— A soldier, who lost both hands in the war, was furnished with a hand-organ, and, with his son, a young lad, has traveled a year or two in the vicinity of Boston, with remarkable success, having already accumulated $15,000, the generous contributions of the charitable.

—— The largest mass of copper that ever left the mines of Lake Superior has just reached Cleveland, Ohio. It is from the Cliff mines, and weighs 16,130lbs. It is estimated that it contains at least ninety per cent. of pure copper.

—— The chains and ironwork of the Charlotte and Columbia Railroad bridge, over the Catawba river, South Carolina, are made from the muskets, bayonets, shell, etc., picked up on Virginia battle-fields, and which were stored in the rebel armory in Charlotte when the building was burnt, at the time of the evacuation. The iron was bought by Messrs. Joseph R. Anderson & Co., of the Tredegar Iron Works, as scrap iron, and by them worked up into cables, etc., to fill an order for this bridge.

—— The Florida *Times* says a general order, issued by Gen. Seymour, commanding at Pensacola, virtually establishes martial law over five counties of the State, in consequence of the civil authorities having failed to prevent crimes from being committed upon the persons of loyal citizens and soldiers.

—— The Boston Public Library contains 123,000 volumes. Its largest contributors are Joshua Bates, of London, who gave $100,000 worth of books, and Theodore Parker, who left 11,000 books, and 3,000 pamphlets. In 1865, nearly 195,000 books were lent, or an average of 703 per day. The greatest number given out in a single day was 1,464. The superintendent reports a constantly improving character in the circulation, and that it is tending strongly to the more substantial and useful class of books.

—— The silver vase which was presented to Daniel Webster by the citizens of Boston in 1835, as "The Defender of the Constitution," has been purchased from his heirs by a band of thirty-nine subscribers, and deposited in the Boston Public Library.

—— A man living at a village near Mobile, a few nights ago attempted to frighten some girls by wrapping a white cloth around his body and personating a ghost. All ran but one, who pulled out a revolver and deliberately fired six barrels into the head and body. At the first shot the ghost fell, but she continued firing. She then went home and related the circumstances, and parties returning to the spot found life extinct, two balls having penetrated the forehead, and the other four the region of the heart. The sympathy of the people favored the girl, and she has not been arrested.

—— The Lafayette (Ia.) *Courier* says an estimable lady, a witness in court the other day, testified that she was sixteen years of age, had been twice married, and was the mother of two children.

Foreign.—The population of the eight principal cities in the kingdom of Italy, at the beginning of this year is thus stated in a recent official document: Naples, 447,065; Turin, 204,715; Milan, 196,109; Palermo, 194,463; Genoa, 137,986; Florence, 114,363; Bologna, 109,395; Messina, 103,324.

—— The number of matriculations in the academical year at Cambridge University, England, has been 510. This is the largest number on record. In 1864-5 and 1863-4, the numbers were 530 and 519 respectively. A sudden increase took place in 1863; the number in 1862-3 having been 448, which was about the average for the last twenty years. The largest number of admissions, until the last two years, was 487 in 1845 (the time of the Tractarian controversies at Oxford); and the lowest was 382, in 1858.

—— The French *savant*, M. Dufour, has been making a very curious calculation, with the view of showing that the bulk of our globe undergoes annual increase from the deposit of meteoric dust, amounting, as he states, to two cubic metres a year. According to this hypothesis, the earth increases annually the 114 400,400th part of its weight.

—— The *Journal du Havre* contains the following extract from the report of Captain Tessa, commander of the French ship Le Coq, just arrived from the coast of Africa: "A large sea serpent pursued me for two days. This creature must have been sixty metres in length. Thanks to a storm, it disappeared, and was not seen again." The report itself is published in full in the same paper, and there can be no doubt as to its genuineness.

—— A dispatch from Rome states that the Pope, after having delivered the hats of the new cardinals in a public consistory, held on the 25th ultimo a secret one, in which was read the report of the eighteen martyrs of Gorcum and of the blessed Frances of the Five Wounds. The document received the approbation of all the cardinals, and the Pope announced that the canonization of the said personages would take place in 1867.

—— The cobblers of Nantes recently struck because the name of their patron saint, Crispin, was not inscribed on the *Almanack Nantais*. The almanac has been corrected to their satisfaction, and the cobblers are delighted at having stuck to their saint like wax.

—— Professor G. Stevens, of Copenhagen, is engaged on a detailed account of the "Old Northern Runic Inscriptions belonging to the Iron Age of Denmark." His book will be illustrated by *fac-similes* and alphabets. The number of stone implements alone, preserved in public and private collections in Denmark, has been estimated at 40,000.

—— The Italian Government has given orders for the manufacture of cuirasses of aluminium for their cavalry regiments. A series of experiments, made under various conditions, demonstrate that a cuirass of this metal, while possessing the great advantage of being as light as a coat, cannot be pierced by a musket-ball at the distance of forty paces, nor by the thrust of a bayonet. It has also been ascertained that cuirasses of this description can be manufactured for as low a sum as 25 francs.

—— The London *News* thus characterizes Lord Carnarvon, just named Colonial Secretary in the new British Cabinet: "His Lordship is one of those meek young noblemen who indulge in a mild flirtation with statistics, and who play at politics as their sisters play at croquet. He has some pretty little "views"—weak and washy water-color sketches of prison discipline, education and other "social subjects." He is fond of giving lectures, which are very much applauded at the time of their delivery, but he is indiscreet enough to publish them afterward, and they are of a kind which is wearisome to the soul of man. Thin tapioca thickened with treacle is probably innocuous, but it is scarcely nourishing. Lord Carnarvon is a sort of patrician pump running with milk and water. He has that kind of amiable insipid garrulity which is sometimes not disagreeable in a pretty girl, but which needs particularly rosy lips and exceedingly bright eyes to give it any charm. He would be invaluable as a male secretary to a Dorcas society; he shines with a soft and moony luster at quarter sessions and at kettle-drums; but in the heat, and crowd, and stress of practical politics, where bearded men are struggling for mastery, we should imagine that his neck-tie is likely to get out of order, and that some heavy, plebeian heels will tread rather roughly on his delicately-varnished boots."

THE MODES OF OBTAINING WATER IN THE FORMER TIMES.

A plentiful supply of good, pure water, is indispensable to health and comfort, and one of the necessary conditions of life. All living creatures need it, and nature, in her bounty, has provided liberally for their wants. Her springs, and fountains, and streams, gush forth on every side; her dews and gentle showers diffuse health and joy, strengthening what is weak and reviving what languishes. And, with a few exceptions, this bounty is wide-spread and universal, making the whole world a pleasant dwelling-place, and inviting man to every region and every clime.

Our artificial modes of life, and our aggregation into towns and cities, sometimes interfere with the generous provisions of nature, and throw us upon our own resources to obtain what the hills and valleys so generously furnish. Such is the case in New York and all our large towns at the present time, which depend for their daily consumption of water almost wholly upon artificial supplies. Such, however, was not the case when the good Knickerbockers of the olden time smoked their pipes, enjoyed their festive gatherings, and indulged their fond visions of successful trade and increasing wealth. Then, Manhattan Island abounded in fine springs and ponds, some of which, from the excellency and purity of their waters, became places of fashionable resort, and had connected with them many tender romances of Colonial life.

In the early days of our history, when the city, compared with its present proportions, was a mere hamlet, there was no difficulty in meeting the wants of the population.

In the times of good Wouter Van Twiller and the worthy Dutch Governors, rural simplicity marked the habits of the people. Young men and maidens mingled together without that regard to conventionalities which now renders intercourse so formal, and many a tender secret was softly whispered in willing ears while the old oaken bucket was performing its faithful service. The old patriarchs first met their wives at the well, drawing water; why should it be deemed strange, if, in later days, around the cooling spring and in the quiet evening shade, Cupid should throw his dart and wound some gentle bosom, all unconscious of the pain? There was a charm in the simple habits of those early days our modern conveniences have completely broken. Many a life intimacy commenced at the well, and the little attentions shown to the gentler sex often resulted in more tender and enduring bonds.

Our double-page illustration shows the ordinary means of supplying this city with water before the construction of the Croton aqueduct. At first the springs and ponds to which allusion has been made, furnished a sufficiency of the cooling fluid for all the wants of the people. Fig. 3 in the picture represents a portion of the city containing the famous Collect Pond, which, during the last century, was noted for the sweetness and purity of its waters. Its location was in what is now Centre and adjacent streets, east of Broadway. It was surrounded with hills, supplied by springs, filled with fish, and for many years constituted the pride and boast of the ancient burghers. As population increased encroachments were made upon it, and becoming the receptacle of filth and offal, it was filled up about the beginning of the present century. Fig. 2 represents a beautiful spring, afterward known as the "Tea Water Pump," situated near the present junction of Chatham and Roosevelt streets, which a hundred years ago was one of the celebrities of New York.

Shortly before the Revolution, this spring and its vicinity was made into a fashionable place of resort, at which to procure beverages adulterated with pure water. A pump was erected over the famous spring, grounds were laid out around it, and the "Tea Water Pump Garden" held forth its attractions under the most seductive influences. But its ancient glories have long since departed, and it is now almost a thing of tradition. Running from this spring was a brook, over which the road crossed, by a bridge of historical interest. At that time the summer amusements consisted in holding turtle feasts at several points along the East River. Several gentlemen and ladies would meet and dine together, drink tea in the afternoon, fish and amuse themselves till evening, and then return home in chaises, a gentleman and lady in each chaise. When crossing this little bridge it was customary for the gentleman to salute his companion, from which circumstance it was called "Kissing Bridge."

Figs. 5, 6, and 7 give a view of the wells and pumps found in various parts of the city, upon which the people depended for their drinking-water, and around which they enjoyed many a good gossip. At first the sweep and windlass were used for drawing the water, affording the young gallants of the time fine opportunities for extending courtesy and assistance to the fair maidens who came for their daily supply of water. And tradition declares that the young people were not slow to avail themselves of such advantages, and that an inordinate quantity of water was found necessary for household purposes. Perhaps the pleasant way of obtaining it had something to do with the consumption.

Fig. 8 gives a view of Knapp's Tea Well, situated at the present intersection of Greenwich and 6th Avenues. This region was open country, but the water of this well was so pure and sweet as to be in great demand for the tea-parties of the time; and as the well-to-do citizens took their daily ride, it was their custom to stop at this well and procure a glass of the refreshing liquid. With the growth of the city the various springs became filled up or worthless; and the wells, especially in the lower part of the town, were by no means palatable. Hence the practice arose of carting spring-water about the streets and selling it at a certain price per pail. For several years this was a thriving business, but "Othello's occupation's gone," and the many gay scenes connected with the former times are now only reminiscences.

As early as 1770 public attention was directed to some feasible method of obtaining an ample supply of good water from a distance. One plan was to erect reservoirs and fill them from the Collect Pond. Another, to lay pipes to some river in Westchester county and obtain a supply there. The occurrence of the Revolution suspended all these plans, and nothing practical was attempted until 1799, when the Manhattan Bank obtained a charter from the Legislature for furnishing the city with good water. They sunk wells and erected reservoirs over them, which were filled by pumping. One of these reservoirs stood in Chambers street, near the present City Hall, and was surmounted by a figure of Neptune and a weather-vane. Another was at the corner of Centre and Reade streets, a representation of which is shown in Fig. 1, together with the Washington Institute, which stood near it. From these reservoirs mains were laid through all the principal streets, to which the houses were connected by pipes, as at present. But neither the quantity nor quality of the water furnished in this manner was suitable to the wants of the city. The infiltrations from the streets rendered the wells exceedingly impure, and the only good water was that supplied by the carts. As the charter obtained by the Manhattan Company was perpetual, its provisions required them to furnish water whenever it should be demanded.

Accordingly, the reservoir in Centre street is still in existence and full of water. The building in which it stands is shown in Fig. 11, surmounted by the old statue of Neptune and the weather-vane, which stood on the Chambers street reservoir. Fig. 12 shows the arched foundation of the reservoir, built of strong mason-work. In Fig. 15 are seen the lower sections, also composed of masonry, together with portions of the machinery used in pumping. The upper portions, Figs. 13 and 14, are made of iron. The structure is some forty feet in diameter, very massive, and well fitted for the use to which it was appropriated. Probably few of our citizens are aware of the existence of this relic and the conditions connected with it, which conditions are not enforced, though the supply of water is continued.

Thus New York was supplied with water until within a little more than twenty years, and, as we recur to those early days and the various scenes connected with them, the simplicity of former habits and the many joyous occasions to which they gave rise, we almost regret that tea-wells, and pumps, and water-carriers, and festive maidens, archly carrying their buckets, are matters of history, and no longer a part of our realization.

Professor Agassiz has received a large and important collection of the fishes inhabiting the Paraguay region, made by the Emperor of Brazil while carrying on war against that country. In an autograph note to the professor, accompanying the present, the Emperor says: "I have given instructions that the fishes I collected shall be sent to you, for it was with this thought that I collected them. It is a slight homage that I pay to science, and I shall be most happy if, by placing the fishes in your hands, you will make better known the rich nature of my country."



THE 47TH BATTALION OF THE 49TH REGIMENT OF THE LINE, UNDER PRINCE HUMBERT, FORMED IN SQUARE, RESISTING A CHARGE OF AUSTRIAN CAVALRY.

RESISTING A CHARGE OF THE AUSTRIAN CAVALRY.

THE scene depicted in our illustration of a cavalry charge, represents one of those acts of bravery which are the result of a kind of inspiration, rather than of scientific training. In the recent battles in Italy, in which the Austrians were victorious, their success was owing to the force of numbers, more than any other cause. The Italians fought like good soldiers, but they were not prepared to maintain their ground against the heavy battalions of their foes, though they distinguished themselves by many acts of daring, of which this resistance to a cavalry charge was a signal one, entitling those who made it to the highest distinction as brave and fearless soldiers. A cause sustained by such men, sooner or later, must prevail; and the days of foreign rule in Italy are already numbered.

THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD RAM TAUREAU.

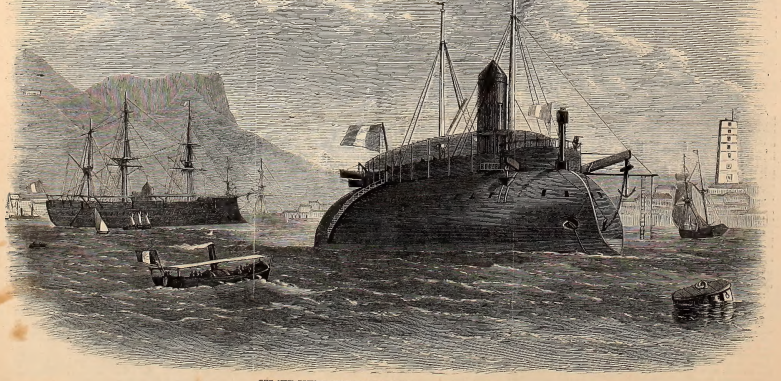
THE superiority of iron-plated vessels for war purposes over the best wooden ones was fully established in our recent struggle, and their introduction as a means both of offense and defense has become general. Their efficiency depends mainly upon two things, viz., impregnability and power of throwing heavy metal. The monitor principle, adopted in the construction of many of our national ships, so obviously commends itself as efficient and desirable, that it is applied, with some modifications, to the best vessels of other nations.

The engraving on this page gives a view of the Taureau, a new French iron-clad ram, recently completed, and now lying at anchor in the harbor of Toulon.

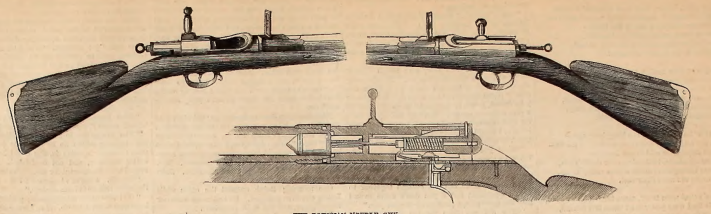
The Taureau is an odd-looking ship, resembling a whale in the shape of the upper part of its hull, with a swelling convexity above the water. The prow is made of bronze, weighs eleven tuns, and projects forty feet beneath the water. The ship carries but one gun, mounted in the turret at the bow. This turret descends to the keel, and is designed to furnish a stronghold for the crew during an engagement. The sides of the hull are iron-clad only for three feet above the water-line, amidships and abaft, but the bow and turret are protected by armor five inches thick. The vessel has two engines, each of two hundred and fifty horse power, and is one hundred and ninety-seven feet long by about forty-eight feet wide. The Taureau has been constructed in the best manner, and is expected to prove a formidable antagonist; and, acting both as a battery and a ram, possesses a double advantage.

THE EFFECTS OF THE HEAT.

THE ordeal through which we passed a few days ago was a fearful one to those exposed to the direct rays of the sun, and a trying one to every person. People engaged at work and walking the streets were stricken down without a moment's warning, as if by an invisible foe, and carried to their homes or the hospital in a state of insensibility from which many never recovered. The mortality was alarming; and had cholera or any pestilence proved as fatal, we would have felt that we were all standing in the vestibule of death. All, too, were alike exposed, and no place was wholly safe. It might be in the street, it might be in our homes and places of business, that the dread influence overpowered one. Those who survived will never forget the heated term, the burning, stifling, deadly days, through which existence was almost a miracle.



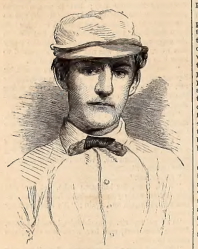
THE NEW FRENCH IRONCLAD RAM TAUREAU, IN TOULON HARBOR.



THE PRUSSIAN NEEDLE GUN.

THE PRUSSIAN NEEDLE GUN.

THE Prussian "needle gun," which was used with such disastrous effect in the battle of Sadowa, was originally invented in 1836, although many improvements have since been made in it. The credit of the invention belongs to Mr. Dreyse, the manufacturer of arms at Sömmerda; but in some respects the weapon is similar to and an improvement upon the breach-loading musket of Norway. It is simply a breech-loading rifle, and has a calibre of six-tenths of an inch, with four grooves having a twist of five-sevenths in the length of the barrel. The breadth of these is about a quarter of an inch, and the depth three hundredths of an inch. There is an unrifled chamber for a bed or the cartridge, of a diameter slightly larger than the calibre of the barrel, and enlarging a very little at the rear to admit the cartridge after repeated discharges. Where the chamber unites with the grooves there is a gradual slope, to facilitate the passage of the ball and prevent too sudden a compression. The barrel is screwed into a cylinder, which holds together the mechanism of the piece.



ARCHIBALD M'CLURE BUSH, KNICKERBOCKER B. B. CLUB, ALBANY, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 327.

The cartridge is made of stiff card-board, the ball-powder and explosive composition being contained in the same cylinder. Its great peculiarity is that the detonating powder is placed immediately in rear of base of the ball, and between it and the powder. The advantage of this is, that, when the powder is ignited, that portion next the ball, in which combustion is first perfected, exerts its full force upon the projectile, the powder in rear also exerting its influence, as it becomes almost instantaneously ignited. Under the present system, in which that part of the powder next to the breach of the gun is first ignited, a portion of the powder is frequently expelled from the gun with the ball in a condition of only partial combustion, the explosive force of the powder first consumed being adequate to expel the ball and the powder in its front before the whole charge has time to become entirely ignited.

Thus in the "needle gun" all the powder is consumed and applied to the best effect, and so as to obtain its fullest force at the same instant and in the same direction. The "needle gun" is a breech-loader; and when the trigger is pulled a stout "needle" or wire is thrust through the base of the cartridge, parallel with its axis, into the detonating charge, causing its explosion and the ignition of the cartridge. In accuracy the "needle gun" cannot be surpassed, and its effective range is said to be about 1,500 yards.

The advantages of the arm, besides the great one of celerity of fire, are, the simplicity of the mechanism, which can be taken apart without a screw-driver or other implement; the safety and ease with which it may be cleaned; the convenience of loading in a limited space or on horseback; the certain and uniform filling of the grooves; the reduced charge consequent upon the entire consumption of the powder; and the chance of the ramrod. The chief objection brought against it has been, that, firing so rapidly, the soldier would be apt to forget to aim, and so waste more ammunition than in the old weapons.

BURNING OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, CINCINNATI.

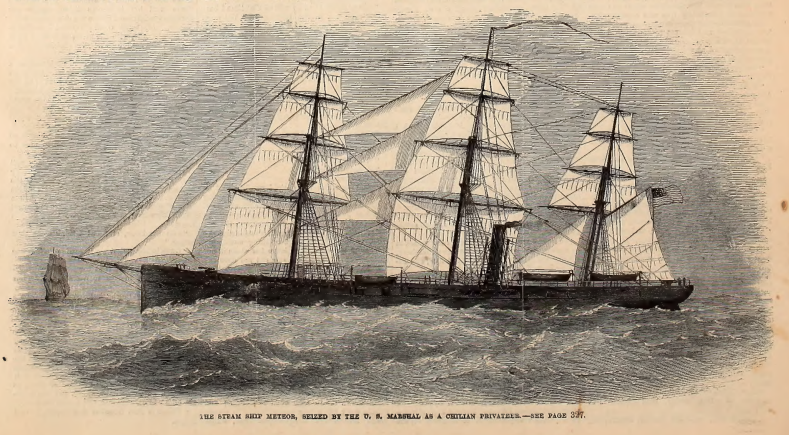
THERE seems to be a fatality attending the opera-houses in this country, as, sooner or later, they fall a prey to the devouring element.

On the 12th ult., a fire broke out in the Academy of Music, Cincinnati, and, in a short time, the building was totally destroyed. It was occupied at the time by a band of minstrels, and the audience had just left, when the fire was discovered, thus preventing a fearful loss of life. Whether or not the destruction of so many public buildings is the result of incendiarism, we are not prepared to state; but there are grave suspicions that there is a method in these repeated conflagrations, and that they are not the result of accident.



BURNING OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, CINCINNATI, JULY 12.—FROM A PHOT. BY J. W. WINDER.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S CHOWDER.—Four tablespoonfuls of onions, fried with pork; one quart of boiled potatoes, well mashed; one and a half pounds of sea-biscuit; one teaspoon ful of thyme, mixed with one of summer savory; half bottle of mushroom catsup; one bottle of port or claret; half nutmeg, grated; a few cloves, mace and allspice; six pounds of fish, sea bass or cod, cut in slices; twenty-five oysters; a little black pepper, and a few slices of lemon. The whole put in a pot and covered with an inch of water, boiled for an hour and gently stirred.



THE STEAM SHIP METEOR, SEIZED BY THE U. S. MARSHAL AS A CHILIAN PRIVATEER.—SEE PAGE 327.

FADED FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL hopes, that have withered to dust,
Bright beams of sunshine that turned into rust,
Dreams that died out in the light—
Silvery tones, sweeping over the past,
Thrilled for the moment to being at last,
Come to me fondly to-night!

Lights of dear smiles, turned to ashes so cold,
Frozen on lips long since crumbled to mold,
Words once forgotten, arise!
Dim with the dust of the years rolled away,
Ringlets of hair, that will never turn gray,
Voices of bright sparkling eyes.

Hearts that I loved in the long, long ago—
Ere the cold world had thus mocked at me so—
Are they ever cold in my breast—
Phantom bands, beckoning over death's sea,
Gleam through the mists of the valley to me,
Luring me unto their rest.

Hearts that were truer, more tender, more kind,
Souls that were purer than these left behind,
Spirits more spotlessly white;
Only a step for the clearing of hands,
Only a few of these fast flowing sands
Are there between us to-night!

Only a step for the lost to appear,
Nearer to us than they ever were here;
Waiting, I stand by the gate—
Only a few of these poor earthly days,
While life's wreck runs in a thin golden haze,
Only a few—I can wait!

Dr. Ralph's Awakening.

DR. RALPH GIBSON sat in his office up town, examining, with the most careful attention, a new pictorial publication just imported from Paris. Two years of his life had he passed there in most profound and laborious study. The student forbidden of the keen monde seldom enticed him from his books or lectures; and hospital life, with its varied forms of disease, from infancy to old age; the post-mortem room, with its delicate Parisian apparatus for the nice examination of proper defunct anatomy; an occasional visit to Mabille; these were his only haunts and dances the way the hours with flying feet, engrossed all his time. Everything was reviewed from a professional standpoint, and the result was a much more intimate and scientific medical knowledge than young M.D.'s are apt to possess. So it was with a guess that he devoured this new work, and not with a very good grace that he said "Come in!" to a gentle knock on his office door.

"Mrs. Gibson sent me to tell you, sir, that the dinner-bell has already rung twice; and as they have company, she would be very thankful if you would come *immediately*."

"Who are our guests, Miss Randall?"

"I really don't know, sir; I have seen only one, and that is your sister Julia's friend, Mrs. Goodhue."

"Tell mother I'll be there in a minute," and he tossed his book on to the table petulantly, and followed his governess to the dining-room.

She had just reached the door, and was on the point of entering, when, seeing the doctor so near, she turned away, and slowly ascended the stairs.

"Don't you dine with us to-day, Miss Randall?"

"I take dinner with the children, sir."

Dr. Gibson hadn't much time to reflect just then, but the thought passed through his mind that there was tones in the young lady's voice and a quivering of the lip, notwithstanding the quiet, reserved manner with which she replied to his questions.

"My son, the doctor—Mrs. Cantrell, Mr. Cantrell, Miss Morrie, Mrs. Goodhue, whom you have met before," introducing him with evident pride.

He acknowledged their salutations gracefully, for, abstracted and devoted to his profession as he was, there was nothing of the boor about him, though his lady mother considered him shockingly indifferent in social conversation.

"We have been waiting for you some little time, Ralph. Didn't you hear the bell?"

"Upon my honor, mother, I never heard a sound. And now let's proceed to business."

He performed his part of the carving operation with a skill and dexterity which caused the funny little Mr. Can'rell to exclaim:

"Dead to that sort of business, sir? No one but a professional could take apart an animal so scientifically as that!"

"Oh, hear you, uncle?" exclaimed Miss Morrie, in disgust.

Dr. Ralph laughed good-naturedly, and replied:

"Yes, sir; it doesn't take a physician long to find the joints."

"Oh, Ralph, why will you"—exclaimed Julia—"forever put in a mind of something so horrible; you have taken my appetite quite away."

"A little fast will probably be beneficial, Jul."

Ralph bestowed the young, fascinating widow, Mrs. Goodhue, was assigned his sister Julia's place by his side, and wondered at the arrangement, and a little glimpse of the truth caused a quaint, comical smile to play round the corners of his mouth. He treated his right-hand neighbor very politely, but with no show of deference, and withdrew himself to his office, under pleas of a professional engagement, immediately after dinner. He lighted his cigar, and the fumes of the fragrant havana seemed about chasing away in a cloud of smoke any little shade of annoyance or irritation, when, lo! another knock at the door, and this time not a little, timid rap, as if fearful of intruding, but a bold, imperious rap —rap—rap, which waited for no summons to enter.

"Now, Ralph Gibson, I think you are the most impolite, unfeeling brother, that anybody was ever——"

"Cursed with," said her brother, interrupting her. "Speak your mind, sis; don't be fearful of wounding my feelings."

"No! I, indeed!" replied Julia, with a disdainful toss of her haughty head. "You have none to wound. But, now, Lizzie Goodhue has come, after repeated invitations, to spend a month with me, and I should not suppose you would commence the very first day by *insulting* her."

"What rather fast talk, sis; Ralph Gibson never insulted a woman in his life." He withdrew his cigar, and began to stare at her in his own eye. "If you desire me to be even civil with you or your friend, it will be necessary for you to pursue a very different course. You are well aware that my time is *precious*, and when I have a moment's leisure, I would infinitely prefer reading, or a good cigar, to any woman's society, Julia, dear."

"Don't you think you are something to our visitors in the character of host? Can you not exert yourself a little for their entertainment. This evening we are to have some music and a dance, and you can get enough together to form a quadrille; and if you have come in and play the agreeable, I shall never forgive you."

"Why did not Miss Randall dine with us, Julia?"

"What! when we have company, Ralph Gibson? Are you crazy? I will do such a thing when we are alone; but the idea o' placing one's governess on an equality with one's friends! What is the reason that you never can understand the most trifling conventionalities, which are so important, if we would keep our position in the first society."

"The most solid in existence, I trust. I was about to use a stronger phrase, and one which might have shocked your aristocratic sensibilities. But all the trouble about rank and position makes me feel like swearing."

"Well, you said *that*. Will you come into the parlor this evening, Ralph?"

"If I am not called away to a patient, and have no desire to do so, I may give you a call. So, good-by, Jul; I'm off."

Ralph Gibson was the only son, the *first-born*, and decidedly the favorite of his family. He was about thirty, uncommonly good-looking, but possessing no *penchant* for anything in the world but his profession, gymnastic exercises of the class, and caring for nothing but actual merit. Julia was twenty-two or three, and exactly his opposite in everything but beauty. She had the same sparkling black eyes and raven hair, Ralph's mingle in rings all about his temples; the same full lips and dazzling teeth, but her complexion was certainly unlike. Julia had a curl to her lip and a haughty toss of the head which denoted an arrogant and undisciplined spirit.

Ralph's frank, noble face, and unconstrained, cordial manner, gained him many friends, even among all classes. There were two other children, Annie, twelve, and Bertha, fourteen, of whom Miss Randall had the charge. Their governess had been dead some years. Julia was the exact counterpart of her mother in disposition, and they controlled together every member of the household.

Ten hour passed, and no Ralph; Mr. and Mrs. Cantrell and niece were to leave in the evening, and although Mrs. Gibson was elaborately earning for her son's absence on account of professional engagements, she secretly lamented him in his office, for the door was locked, and a strong smell of cigar-smoke pervaded the little entrance.

About ten o'clock Dr. Ralph made his appearance, but did not attempt to offer any excuse or apology. Mrs. Goodhue had just finished an exquisitely elaborate piece of music, which she had considered very fine, and, at Ralph's request, sang it again. He applauded it warmly, and in five minutes after commenced an animated political conversation with Mr. Cantrell, and never bestowed another glance on the bewitching widow. Really Ralph Gibson was a most strange creature. Mrs. Goodhue, with her artless, winning manner, and elegant toilet—the little classic head, with its wealth of auburn curls—the graceful form, and delicate complexion, and rosebud mouth, were all that man could ask. Julia recalled him to his senses.

"Ralph, I have been telling Lizzie how fond you are of the reform."

Of course there was nothing for him to do but invite the widow to waltz.

"But who will play for us, Julia? You can't be a prize in time to waltz to-night."

"I don't play any redowas. If I did, I think I could keep time. I will call Miss Randall."

In a moment more the governess appeared in mourning, came quietly in, and seated herself at the piano, and commenced playing a brilliant redowa, while Dr. Ralph's arms encircled the widow's waist, and her golden head almost reclined on his breast. He was the first to stop, under pretence of being dizzy. Julia arose hastily from the piano and prepared to leave the room.

"That is a very pretty air, Miss Randall," said Dr. Ralph. "Won't you favor us with something else?"

She bowed around as if to read the expression on each face, to see if approval were written there, but she evidently saw anything *but* that, and exclaimed to herself, left the room.

"Very elegant young lady, that," said Mr. Cantrell, appreciatingly.

"She is our governess, sir," replied Mrs. Gibson, with an emphasis which was unmistakable.

"Can't help that, Mrs. Gibson; she is extremely good-looking. Don't you think so, doctor?"

"She has *magnificent* eyes and *teeth*. I never noticed her so particularly before," replied Ralph.

I wonder why it is that men generally ignore all social distinctions. I don't believe a man would ever have an idea that wealth or birth was at all essential to admission into the *first* society. They may make a distinction as to merit, education, personal attractions, etc., etc., but dollars and cents never; and my word for it, when you hear a gentleman bringing forward any objection to a person's acquaintance or intimacy on the grounds of pecuniary incompatibility, you may make up your mind that his mother was deficient in good sense and discrimination, or else he possesses a vain, shallow-brained wife, who, wishing to forget her own plebeian origin, makes her husband's money a stepping-stone to all preferment. Dr. Ralph had no prejudices of this sort. His mother and sister had tried in vain to instil into his head and heart some of their aristocratic ideas, but it was a moral impossibility to drag Ralph down to their level. It would not be done. God had created him above all such petty considerations.

Miss Randall's duties were legion; yet she never complained. Each morning one of the servants swept Dr. Ralph's office, but he was so particular about "her" dusting it, and "her" keys, that some one else was obliged to do the dusting and regulating. This work fell to Miss Randall. Mrs. Gibson had not the patience or inclination. Julia was too indolent.

One morning Ralph entered the office while Miss Randall was engaged. He did not never see him there before, and was quite surprised.

"Miss Randall," said he, "I am astonished to see you here, doing menial work. By whose orders do you do this?"

"I heard your mother say, sir," said Lottie, ceasing her work and looking him calmly in the face, "that you were very particular in regard to your property and books, and that you found a great deal of fault with the servants' carelessness, so I *offered* my service, thinking I might be able to discriminate between articles of rubbish and articles of virtu; but I assure you I find myself sadly puzzled occasionally."

Ralph laughed heartily, lighted his cigar, laid himself back in his comfortable office chair, lifted his feet to the table, and very leisurely surveyed the graceful, queenly figure putting things to rights in such a demure, poetical manner. Miss Randall dusted each book and pamphlet, and then said:

"Will you be kind enough to remove your feet, Dr. Gibson, as you please?"

"Certainly, certainly," and he pushed himself away from the table.

Then Lottie scrubbed her little feather-duster around the pictures and furniture—stopping in front of his chair.

"It is a very unfortunate, doctor, that you came in before I had finished my task; but as I dislike extremely to have my work uncompleted, you will oblige me by taking it from me, and another time I remove the dust from this."

Dr. Ralph laughed again as he was bid.

I wonder, Miss Randall, if there is a place where we are delivered from the annoyances of dust and dirt?"

"Probably, sir; but are dust and dirt your greatest earthly troubles?"

"Not by a decided sight, Miss Randall." Dr. Ralph didn't always think twice before he spoke once, not even in ladies' society. "But why do you ask such a question, may I inquire?"

"Because I thought they appeared so very infinitesimal to me in comparison, that if you had the greater grievances to bear, that you must be an unusually happy man, and I think it is always best to pray to be delivered from the greater evil first."

"That's the way you reason, is it?" Well, then, Miss Randall, I will be very confident, and you shall join with me in supplicating Dr. Ralph's speedy release from the thraldom of frivolous, de grading occupations." He looked at him a moment, as if undecided what to do—for she could hardly believe that he intended anything personal by the remark, when he relieved her by inquiring very abruptly:

"How long have you been with us, Miss Randall?"

"Three months, doctor."

"Three months! and yet in all that time I have never seen you but drawing-room but once. Why do you remain here, when there are other families with whom you could be infinitely happier—boasting no control?"

"I am well aware of that, doctor, but my reasons for remaining are two these: Your mother pays me an excellent salary, considerably larger than I could hope to obtain elsewhere; and as I have two little sisters to support, the pecuniary benefit is worth a great deal more to me than any amount of appreciation or society."

"What is the matter with your mother?" asked Dr. Ralph, abruptly.

"Consumption, sir, I am afraid."

"Has she a cough?"

"No, sir."

"Where does she live?"

"Twenty-fifth street."

"What number?"

Lottie gave him the desired number, and he drew out his memorandum-book and made a very professional entry, without any remark whatever.

He had taken a peculiar desire to procure a first-class physician for her mother, but she had never been able to do so, and it was the greatest grief of her life that her failing weeks after week, and she obliged to leave her alone in her feebleness; so, although she did not dare ask Dr. Ralph any question, yet she felt that he would benefit her, if anybody could. Julia and Mrs. Goodhue were planning for a large party. Ralph had promised to escort the widow! It was a bore; but common courtesy demanded a little attention to Mrs. Goodhue's friend, so he had resolved to be very gracious, and at dinner bantered them in regard to their toilets, and assured them that unless they were "got up" (that was one of Ralph's pet phrases) in the most *recherche* style, nothing would ever induce him to take them out again. They did not engage their hair-dresser in time, and the consequence was that Lottie's good taste and nimble fingers were called into requisition. Never before had the widow's golden locks shown off to such good advantage; and when a gentleman bringing two white camellia buds around her finely-shaped head, which made her style of beauty more regal than ever, Ralph was sent for to criticise.

Mrs. Goodhue, with her eyes turned modestly away, arrayed in her pearl-colored silk with its frills of real lace, and sparkling diamonds with their heavy jet settings, was indeed a beautiful picture, and to most men an irresistible one. Miss Randall stood in the background, surveying her handiwork with evident appreciation.

Ralph looked them over, flattered Mrs. Goodhue until the little lady was entirely overcome, and then asked:

"But, Jul, who fixed your top-knots?"

"Miss Randall, Ralph, and hasn't she done herself credit?" exclaimed Julia, enthusiastically.

"She has given to you both, ladies, a finish and elegance, which no hair-dresser could have done; but my opinion is, she could have found better business, and not half tried. Have you copied that manuscript for me, Miss Randall?"

"No, sir. I haven't had time; but I will go to the office and do it immediately."

"Oh! it is of no consequence; perhaps I shall have time when I return. If any one comes for me in a hurry, please tell them where I can be found," and so they rolled off to the fashionable party.

Lottie proceeded to the office to do the copying. She had an errand to accomplish within a little for the doctor, when he had been very busy, and this article was to be published as soon as possible, so she had to hurry home and send to the task; but it was quite voluminous, and a great many of the medical phrases were not written legibly, and she was obliged to consult a dictionary frequently, and twelve o'clock came before she was aware. I think Lottie must have been very tired that night, for she had spent an unusually tiresome day; but it was a great pleasure to her copying for Doctor Ralph, and so she forgot her fatigue and hurried on. He had been called for two or three times, but she did not hear him, and would come home when the party was over, and she was not a little surprised to hear him coming in about half-past twelve.

"Miss Randall, I shall never forgive myself for having asked you to do this tedious copying for me. I felt all the evening that you were tiring yourself to death over it. Now go to bed immediately," said he, in a tone of authority.

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure," replied Lottie, meekly; "I am just finished. It is pretty late and tired, I think," noticing his pale face.

"I have just come from the death-bed of a patient, one of the terrible grief of the family has entirely unmanned me. What is your *first* name, Miss Randall?"

"Lottie, sir."

"Well, then, for kindness sake, let me call you Lottie when we are alone. Lottie—I'll be repeated over again and again; "it's a very pretty name."

"I am going, sir. Good-night," said Lottie, feeling sure that, now her work was done, she ought to retire.

"Oh, not just a few moments. I can't see why we may not be friends, Lottie. I like you ever so much—and that's more than I can say of anybody else in the house. I had tried decently hard to love my mother and sisters as the Bible directs of course, I have some obedience for them; but sometimes it really seems to me that I can not be my mother's son. There is not a particle of similarity in our tastes or habits."

Lottie did not know what reply to make to this tirade, so she merely stood looking sympathy, with her head bent to hear what he said.

"Lottie, I saw your mother to-day."

"Oh! did you, Doctor Ralph?" and the rich blood mounted to her temples, as she arose to the lounge where the doctor had thrown himself.

"What do you think of her, doctor?"

"She has a little bronchial difficulty, but her lungs are as sound as a dollar. Your father's death and her loneliness have affected her nervous system, but I assure you she has no dread disease. She must go out every day, have cheerful society, and, with the medicine I shall leave her, will not recognize your own mother in a month or two."

"Oh, doctor Ralph! you have no idea what a weight you have taken from my heart. I shall go about my duties with a renewed zeal," and she thanked him from the depths of her grateful soul.

"But, doctor, you are going back to the party for the young ladies—won't you?" as she saw him drawing on his coat for Doctor Ralph would remove his coat and substitute a dressing-gown, or change his boots for slippers, did he feel so inclined. It was a matter of course ladies were to wait on him.

"Yes, Lottie, I shall go for them, if they wait long enough—but not to-night. They already have two escorts, and I excused myself for the night, not knowing how long my services might need me. Why, Lottie, Mrs. Goodhue had a train of admirers as long as from here to Central Park. How long is she going to stay, do you know?"

"I do not know, sir; but I think some time longer."

"I was in hopes that my term of probation was short."

"I don't strike me that you have made yourself much of a martyr to her society, Doctor Ralph?"

"Well, no, not much; but it really would be a relief if she would go home."

"Oh, sir, I heard a good-night once more;" and Dr. Ralph was alone.

Lottie kept awake till most daylight. The sorrowful intelligence of her mother's condition, and the little words of appreciation and kindness, had given a warmer coloring to her life, and the mournful expression fled from the eyes, and she was almost gay. Julia was angry with her brother for allowing even sickness or death to keep him away from the widow, and her good-morning was quite formal, and almost insolent.

"Where is Mrs. Goodhue this morning?" said Ralph.

"I wonder that you condescend to notice her absence. She is quite sick; and I have no doubt very much hurt at your assertion last evening."

"Now, Julia, that is too ridiculous. Why, a poor fellow could hardly get within gunshot—her admirers were so numerous; and the idea of her caring three cuts of the amateur should well-drawn."

"Oh! that's very fine talk, but you know as well as I do that Lizzie Guthrie does not regard you as she does the gentlemen who surrounded her last evening. Of course she is aware that all they care about is her *money*, and you we all know are above the influence of such petty considerations."

"Has it got as far as that, Julia, and that on any one else dare take it for granted that I intend any more than common civility to that silly, mawkish pamby doll? Why, if her diamonds could be numbered with the hairs of her red head, and she was as beautiful as an houri, I should still detest her. She is a fool, Jul, and that's whatis the matter."

Mrs. Gibson entered the room in time to hear Ralph's last remark.

"Why, Ralph, you are entirely mistaken in her character. She is very amiable, and would make any man a *splendid* wife; then just think of her prospects. Two magnificent houses on Fifth avenue—and it is valued at——"

"I don't care a—fig," interrupted Ralph, petulantly, "if she owns real estate in Heaven. She will make me detest every woman that was ever created. They are all a deceitful, treacherous set, and how—present company excepted, of course," added he, with an ironical laugh, as he saw his mother and sister apply to use their handkerchiefs. "You don't suppose I would suspect either of you of double dealing, do you? of course I know you too well—and as for Julia, let me enjoy my bachelor life, and I'll be the best son and brother the world ever produced."

Dr. Ralph preceded to the office. There were several patients already waiting for him; and just as he had dismissed the last one, and was about stepping into his gig, he was sent for in a great hurry by his mother, to come immediately to Mrs. Goodhue, who was just recovering from a swoon.

He hurried to the invalid's room, drew a chair to the side of the bed, where the pretty widow reclined, looking as bewitching as embroidery, and frills of immaculate purity, and golden hair floating around her shoulders, could make her. She was indeed very pale, and Ralph instantly saw that it was no stratagem, but a *bona fide* swoon. He took the little delicate hand in his own—examined the pulse.

"Are you in the *habit* of fainting, Mrs. Goodhue?"

"No, sir," very faintly.

"How long was she unconscious, Julia?"

"Oh, fifteen minutes, I should think."

Now, Dr. Ralph was too much the physician to hesitate about asking all necessary questions, and an intimate acquaintance with the disease will rarely overcome all false modesty (if he ever had any), which was much good for, as he very professionally inquired into the minutiæ.

Mrs. Goodhue closed her eyes, and seemed about to faint again.

"Oh, dear!" said she, "I have such a pain here," pressing her hand on her left side over the heart.

Ralph saw the color going from her lips, and placed his hand under the dimity, and immediately discovered the cause.

"Hand me a pair of scissors, Julia."

In a second more the corset-lacing was cut, and the widow revived.

She had come from the party, and feeling very tired, had not unlaced her corsets, and this was the result.

Dr. Ralph drew on his gloves.

"I think you will have no more trouble, Mrs. Goodhue. Good morning."

The little widow burst into tears of rage and mortification.

"Don't care anything about it," said Julia, soothingly. "It is Ralph's way. He is a regular bear."

Mrs. Goodhue did not make her appearance in the dining-room for a day or two.

Ralph visited her after her occasionally, but was not again sent for.

"How's your patient, sis? By-love, that corset lace made a case like a champion cork, when it cut it. I hope, Jul, you are not foolen enouch to compress your waist like that. It may be a slow kind of suicide, but it is, nevertheless, suicide."

"You shocked Lizzie *terribly*, Ralph; she says she shall never be able to look you in the face again as long as she lives."

"So much the better, Jul; that arrangement will suit me as well as any."

"It is no use, mother; we might as well relinquish all hope of civilizing Ralph. If he wasn't so handsome, I shouldn't feel so badly about it; but he will never marry. He is too devoted to his old skeletons for that."

Lottie spent a good deal of her time with the two young ladies, who rapidly improved under her excellent instruction. She occasionally did some visiting for Dr. Ralph, but for some reason seemed to avoid all conversation with him. With all his indifference to ladies' society, Lottie's manner seemed to pique him; and one morning, just as she had burst through her tasks, and was about to leave the office, he entered, and placing himself against the door, acted abruptly:

"What is the reason, Miss Lottie, that you manage so cleverly to keep away from me? Don't you remember I told you the other night that I very much desired to be a friend to you?"

"Well, are you not, *Dr. Ralph?* I think you have shown yourself very friendly," replied Lottie, in her cool, self-possessed way.

"Well, then, why not give a poor fellow a chance to speak a word to you, now and then?"

"For this simple reason: that, however agreeable it might be to me to have a pleasant conversation with a *friend* occasionally—and Lottie accented the word friend quite forcibly—my position here does not warrant it. Y ours are well aware as myself of your mother's prejudices, and I could never be induced to take advantage of your kindness, to make trouble for you in your own family."

"Very fine sentiments, no doubt; but you can't scare up any difficulty for me that I haven't already had, so that can be no excuse."

"Perhaps, Dr. Ralph, it might compromise my own position, and bring down upon me again your mother for my attention (as I have before informed you), it may be as well for myself to conform, as far as practicable, to her ideas and wishes."

"*Well, I swear!* Miss Lottie, excuse me if you and I—the only ones in the house who could bitch teams and enjoy ourselves once in a while—have got to be kept apart by some ridiculous pretense ideas of my aristocratic mother and sister, I think it is about time we left this world and went to Jerusalem."

Lottie laughed heartily; she couldn't help it; and, taking advantage of the temporary fit of abstraction, quietly left the office.

Dr. Ralph sat for some time smoking and thinking. Memory was busy. He reviewed his past life, its future prospects, and for the first time looked his future in the face.

"Upon my word, it does look dubious," said he to himself. "It is unpleasant to think there is scarcely no prospect of its mending. Why can't I have a home of my own? Why, I never even thought of that before. I'm blessed if the idea don't pose me. But if a fellow has an establishment of his own, he's got to have a wife, a housekeeper, or there will be the same impropriety in making friends with the governess. What a fool I am! Why don't I marry and win a governess? so Lottie will be left behind, after all, and I shall be as well off to remain where I am; and then, as for an establishment, the lady by stirrup him, he jumped to his feet and exclaimed:

"I'll ask her to be my *wife!* and then we can at least understand each other. Why the deuce haven't I thought of that before?"

He kept his own counsel, was very attentive to Julia and the widow, and began to look forward again that the result might be as they desired. He called on Lottie's mother the next day after his self-communings, and opened the ball by informing her that he was about to offer his undivided hand and heart.

"But have you spoken to Lottie?" she asked, in surprise.

"No, and it, no; is *that* the way you do it? It's new business to me, Mrs. Randall."

She expressed her approval, and referred him to her daughter.

"What has got into Ralph—he has changed so much for the last few days? He seems solemnly vain to death, and I can't understand it. I don't believe, mother, he is at last actually smitten with Lizzie."

A day or two after, while at dinner, Mrs. Gibson asked Lottie if she were engaged for the afternoon, as Ralph left word that he would like her to do some writing for him.

"Is the doctor in the office, Mrs. Gibson?"

"No, but he said you would find the manuscript in the library drawer."

Lottie tripped along to the office with a light heart. She dearly loved to be of service to Dr. Ralph; why she couldn't explain to herself, unless it was that he had been so kind to her mother. She looked in the drawer, as directed, and found nothing there; so she took a seat in the standing in a state of indecision, when Dr. Ralph entered.

"What are you looking for, Lottie? Sit down here a moment. I have something to say to you."

"Yes, and I have something to say to you, Dr. Ralph Gibson! and for every one in this style again, I will never visit your office under any pretext whatever." Lottie spoke decided, but there was a tremor agitated light in her large dark eyes, although she tried to veil it under a sternness she was very far from feeling.

"I asked mother to send you, because, if you were found here, there could be nothing said to cause you trouble."

"And you really have no manuscript to copy ?"

"No, not a line."

"Well, then, good afternoon. I have duties of my own to perform."

"Come here, Lottie. I have heard of a situation where, I think, you will be very much happier than here."

Lottie walked toward him, and looked at him seriously.

"You will be treated with the consideration your goodness and intelligence demand, you will be perfectly independent and unrestricted, and you can have everything exactly your own way."

"But where is it, Dr. Ralph?" and the tears flowed in Lottie's eyes. "Will my pupils be young ladies?"

"No, dear; you will have only one for the present, and she is a very good, overgrown boy."

"But, Dr. Ralph, I am confident I shall not like it half so well as here. Now I am *sure* of one friend."

"And who is that, Lottie?"

"Why, who but yourself, doctor? You know I have no other."

"Ah, that's the *stick*; is it, Lottie? Delightful to hear you say so! Well, then, my boy" (the old familiarity of being taken under your supervision for life is—Ralph Gibson! a sorry scoundrel, is it true, and his *establishment* is one that he desires you to select and furnish according to your own taste, with the proviso that your mother has the best room in the house.

Lottie had not taken her eye off his face while he was speaking, but moved toward the door. He quickly drew her back.

"Will you accept the situation, Lottie?"

"Your mother, Dr. Ralph ?"

"Suppose I hadn't any mother, would you take me then?"

"I think I would," said Lottie, softly.

"All right, then," said the practical doctor. "Won't we have some high old talks when we have a house of our own, boy, Lottie?"

A week or two after, Lottie gave up her situation, very much to Mrs. Gibson's regret, and Ralph Ertel with the wilder wonderment.

One morning, as Mrs. Gibson, Julia and Mrs. Goodhue (who had already prolonged her stay some two months), were sitting, were seated in the parlor, Ralph entered, and, after exchanging a few commonplace remarks, said:

"Jul, there is one particular friend of mine to be married this afternoon, at three o'clock, at Trinity, and if you would all like to see a pretty girl affair, you had better ride down."

And they went.

What do you think were their sensations when they beheld Dr. Ralph and his radiant bride walk up the aisle, and take their places at the altar? Disappointment is no name for it.

They reached their carriage before the ceremony commenced, and have never forgiven them.

Mrs. Goodhue is still husband-hunting.

OUR BASE BALL ILLUSTRATIONS.

We have received several communications lately in reply to our circular, among which are two from Baltimore. As it is a matter of interest to our respondent, who presents a candidate for our list of players in the person of Mr. George Stanton, a worthy gentleman of Baltimore, and a most liberal patron of the game, and an old ball-player. But there are two considerations which will prevent his name in our list; one being that he is not an active player now, and the other, that he is not a member of a club in the National Association. Baltimore will have to go unrepresented at the National convention, as there is not a Base Ball more club in the Monumental.

The other communication presents the name of a player who is a member of a club of undoubted merit, whose occupation, character, and social standing are such as a decided credit to the game. Our only objection to notice all first-class ball players, but, at the same time, they must be those of good character and of high social standing, that is, gentlemen in all that constitutes the true definition of the term. They may be engaged in any honorable occupation, and yet be men of worth and estimable character. But we do not listen to the sketches of those whose only recommendation is their ability to play, to enter in the game. In future, too, we shall require the signature of the president and secretary of the club whose player is sent in for our portrait gallery.

The subject of our illustration this week is Mr. Arthur Allison, a member of the Veteran Knickerbocker Club of Albany—a club, by the way, distinguished for being among the first to practically exemplify the beauties and merits of the fly game, they playing no other when our "big bats" in town here practiced the puerile bound game.

"Archie Bush," as he is familiarly called by his club companions, is a favorite as he is a skilful, for the youngest player of the Knickerbocker Nine, he has been a player of the game since its revival, and which he still follows, he, of course, meets with sympathy and applause from the spectators, some his favorites do receive. Though young, not being of age yet, he has seen service as a soldier boy, and remained in the field during the whole three years' war. He, too, until the lamented death of that noble officer. Though a general favorite, he is rather to the back or in the field, his position is that of catcher, a feature of his play being a quick judgment in taking foul balls, he being a second Bechtoreg in this respect. He is general withal, an accurate thrower, and allows but few found nothing here, so he took a seat. His base hit skill at the bat has been proved by many a prize won by the club he plays for. In fact, whether as regards his skill as a player—achieved by practice since he could first handle a ball—or his social worth, "Archie Bush" is a favorite, and a credit to the locality of which he is the general favorite, and we present his countenance to our readers as a worthy representative of the esteemed member of the Albany section of the fraternity.

The next match in our series will be that of Mr. G. A. Flagg, Catcher, of the Cambridge B. B. Club, Cambridge, Mass.

THE CLIPPER STEAMER METEOR,

Seized by the United States Government.

As this splendid clipper, one of the highest achievements of modern skill, since her seizure on suspicion of being designed for the service of Chile, and as her consummation by the Government of that country was prevented by the timely arrival of a revenue cutter, has led to the repeal of those laws by a unanimous vote of the House of Representatives, we present a complete picture of her model in full sail. She is on the port tack, and looks the saucy craft she is, and has been pronounced by those who know how beauties among the world over for their beauty and speed.

The Meteor was built by a combination of wealthy and patriotic men, of Philadelphia and Boston, for the purpose of running between the Alabama and other Anglo-rebel pirates; but the close of the war prevented her departure on that service, and she was finished, fitted, and sold to other builders, who employ her for a time in the merchant service, for which she is admirably suited by her war.

She was tried by the Government, and confessedly made the best time, under steam alone, ever attained by a propeller, between the ports of Sandy Hook.

Eventually she was fitted for a voyage to Panama, and, being considered a fast vessel, was detained at the instance of the Spanish Government, on suspicion of having been purchased by that Government.

She was built at Portsmouth, N. H., of selected seasoned white oak, is diagonally cross-braced with iron, and fastened in the first style of workmanship. Her length over all is 284 feet; breadth of beam, 34 feet 6 inches; depth, 24 feet; and register, 1,461 tons, old measurement. It is estimated that she can sow 1,600 tons measurement goods, in addition to ten days' coal for constant steaming.

Her engines were built on the Clyde, and are considered a most handy pattern of machinery. They are of great power, with cylinders of 69½ inches diameter and 3 feet stroke of pistons, supplied with four tubular boilers, having between 7 and 8,000 feet of fire surface. Her propeller is 12 feet in diameter, with 22 feet pitch, and her screw-gear, section, when in good trim, is under 600 feet.

What disposition the owners of the Meteor intend to make of her when released, as she ultimately must be, we are not informed; but common sense would dictate that our own Government, to end the controversy, ought to buy her, and make her a model vessel to build others by.

COMMODORE TRUXTON.

THOMAS TRUXTON, one of the early glories of the American navy, was born on Long Island, February 15, 1755. During the Revolution he made his appearance as lieutenant, and subsequently as captain of a privateer, in which he made many captures of the British.

In 1794 he entered the United States Navy as captain, and was appointed to the frigate Constellation, thirty-nine guns.

When war was declared against France he sailed to the West Indies, and off Nevis, on the 9th of February, 1800, engaged the French L'Insurgente, forty guns and four hundred and nine men, commanded by Captain Barreaut, after a fight of one hour and a quarter. The French frigate was nearly cut up, having twenty-nine killed and forty wounded.

On the 1st of February in the following year, while off Guadaloupe, he fell in with the Vengeance, another French frigate, supposed to be mounting forty-four guns and carrying a crew of three hundred men. She, however, attacked her with spirit, and after killing fifty and wounding one hundred and twenty of her people, struck the flag of the French, when his adjutant went by the board, and his prize escaped. Truxton was presented with a gold medal for his achievement with a gold medal.

In 1801 he was appointed to the President, forty-four, and was employed on the Guadaloupe station, having a considerable squadron under his orders.

In 1802, however, he resigned, having during his seven years' service in the navy won a name never to be forgotten.

He continued to his skilled several important civil offices.

He died in Philadelphia, May 8th, 1822. His tomb is shown in our illustration, and will continue to be an object of interest to all who remember the deeds of the brave men who contributed so largely toward our national greatness.

PEARL FISHERIES IN THE PERSIAN GULF.

THE richest banks are those of the Islands of Bahrein. Pearls are found at all depths from a little below high water-mark down to three, seven, twelve, seventeen and eighteen fathoms. It is probable that there are beds at a much greater depth; for instance, at the Island of Kharg, on the north side and inside the inlets of the Muzeddeem promontory, these beds must have a depth of twenty-two or twenty-five fathoms.

It is said on the authority of the traders of the gulf pounds on the depth of the water—the greater the depth the finer the pearl. The oyster-beds are said to be known by covering the more or less perfect superiority of the pearl. The best oyster-beds are said to be those which have a muddy bottom, and covering the coral in clear water. A few stars of mud or earthy substance with the pearl are considered to be no detriment to its value, but if the beds having this defect are liable to exhaustion. It is said that there are beds in the Persian Gulf which the exhaustion of the pearl-beds on the coast of Scinde and Cutch, which were at one time very productive, have gradually fished from the earliest haste to perfect, coldness, and become so exhausted that for the last several years have given a more than usually abundant supply.

The notion that the Arabs feed their oysters with pearls is ridiculous. They have no means to do so even. No one whatever is taken of the oysters, which are left entirely to nature. Small, or slightly attach themselves by the hinge to the bottom of the sea, and are so like the rocks among the trees from their beds in groups below high water. The pearl-fishing is regulated with a view to keeping in April, to the end of the last summer months of September, when the fishing fleet is ordered from five thousand fishing-boats along the entire coast, each manned by about twenty persons, to the number of above number of boats, some fifteen hundred may belong to Bahrein. A few of these hundred may belong entirely the fruits of their own labors, but the great majority are in the hands of big men of pearl merchants, whether Hindoo or other, who reside in the towns of Bahrein, and who supply the wants in advance of the divers during the non-diving season, and when the season comes on, the boats are supplied with so many days' rates, rice and other provisions, and start away for the pearl-grounds, and return all or earliest complete. Hundreds of boats may be seen anchored at a time on the banks.

As a rule, the diving may be in water of from four to seven fathoms in depth. Fifteen fathoms of water is considered extremely prejudicial to longevity, and occasionally divers are lost in deeper water. Each boat has two divers and rope-holders, and the former diving, while the latter pull up the boat and by turns the boat dives up. Each diver has a coverage for the purpose, and a bag-net, which he fills with the oysters he pluckers, has a rope attached to his girdle, and a stone or other weight to sink him. He then descends to the bottom, remains, and on reaching the bottom, he collects his oysters and puts them in the bag-net, which he attaches to the rope, and he gives the stone weight, and he is hauled up by the rope-holders. The stone weight is attached to a second rope, by which it is sent down after the diver. The diver then ascends, and the boat is ready for another descent.

The great bulk of the best pearls is sent to the Bombay market, and the finest of the finished pearls of the prices were given for good pearls. A large number of pearls are consumed in Persia, Egypt, and Turkey, but they market prefers the pearl or yellowish tint and pearls of Bombay, and the finest of the finished pearls of the white pearl. The small seed pearls go principally to Bagdad also.

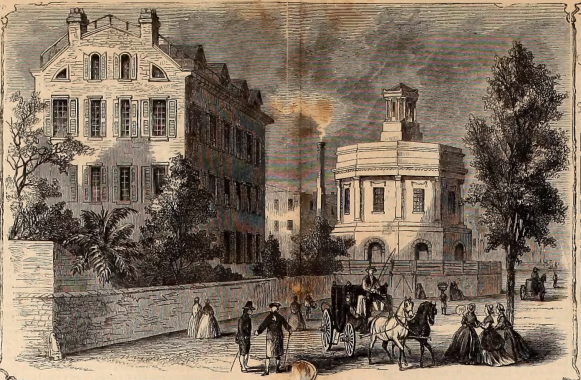
MAGNIFYING GLASSES.—The first convex magnifying glass known to have been made was ground by an oculist's stage in the ruins of Herculaneum. The first application of the same principle in modern times was been in the thirteenth century for spectacles. Early in the sixteenth century a lens appears to have been used that distant objects seen through the spectacles in the hands of Galileo, when inventing the telescope, and Newton brought nearer. He did not apply practically to the microscope, however, which was left for Leeuwenhoek. In a record of the state-General of the Netherlands, dated 1673, Leeuwenhoek is described as a "skilful maker of lenses one inch broth, reflections for government and for the use of physicians, and especially for anatomical lenses, and the authorities ordered the date of 1674, but on the conditions that they should be seen." Lenses with three glasses were advanced by Huyghens, in 1656, and by Hooke, in 1665, and compound lenses by Divini, at the time of our own Bonaventure, in 1700 and following years.

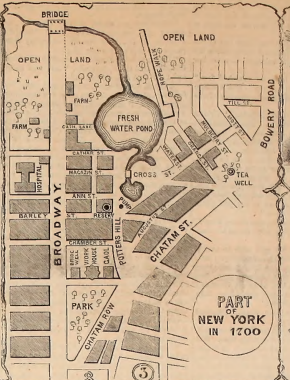
LAW is like prussic acid—a dangerous remedy, and the smallest dose is generally sufficient.

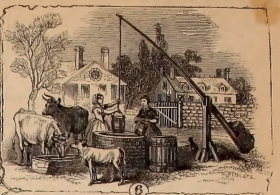












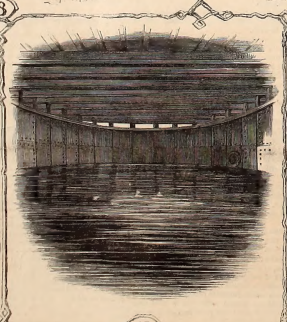


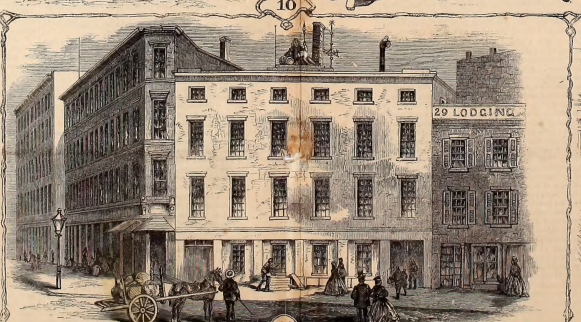












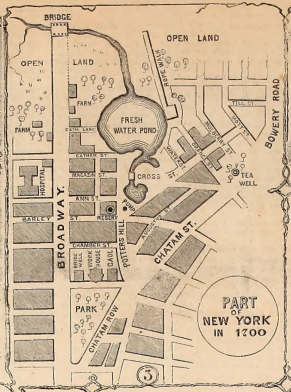


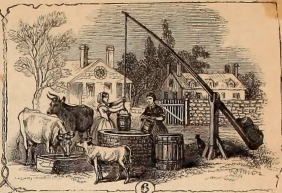


1. The first reservoir erected in New York, corner of Centre street and Reade. 2. Tea Water well, at the corner of Mulberry and Chatham. 3. Water map of New York, 1700. 4. Draw well. 5. Fresh water pump. 6. Balance-pole well. 7. Rope-roller pump. 8. Knapp's old Tea Water pump, formerly at the corner of Greenwich and Sixth Avenue, once a fashionable resort. 9. Selling Tea Water in the street. 10. Principal fresh water pump, New York. 11. Present appearance of the reservoir corner of Reade and Centre. 12. Vaults underneath the reservoir, corner of Reade and Centre. 13. Water basin of the reservoir, corner of Reade and Centre. 14. Outside view of the water basin, corner of Reade and Centre. 15. Outside view of a part of the stone foundation, corner of Reade and Centre.

HOW NEW YORK WAS SUPPLIED WITH WATER PREVIOUS TO THE INTRODUCTION OF THE CROTON.—SEE PAGE 323.





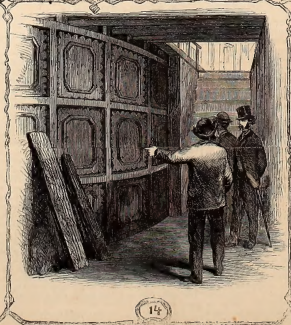














ller pump. 8. Knapp's old Tea Water pump, formerly at the corner of Greenwich and Sixth Avenues, once a fashionable resort. 9. Rolling Tea Water in the street. 10. Principal fresh water pump, New York. 11. Present appearance of the Centre Street. Outside view of the water basin, corner of Reade and Centre. 14. Outside view of a part of the stone foundation, corner of Reade and Centre.

TO THE INTRODUCTION OF THE CROTON.—See Page 1323.

TALKING WITH THE SOUTH-WIND.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

Oh! spirit of the South-wind,
Whence comest thou to-night?
From groves where herons sleepeth,
Beneath the moon's pale light?
Go, whisper by the hearth-stone,
When good-night words are said,
Some failing one the loved ones,
Who sleep among the dead.

Go, tell the wife who sitteth
Beside the cottage door,
The husband whom she misseth,
Will kiss her cheek no more.
Just when the conflict ended,
He fell across the slain,
And though she lost a loved one,
Her loss was Freedom's gain.

Go, tell the mother, weeping
Beside a lonely hearth,
And lingering o'er the footsteps
Of one no more of earth—
Go tell her that no braver
Or truer hero died,
When raged the battle's tempest,
Than he, her poor heart's pride.

Go, tell the father, thinking
In lonesomeness and tears,
Of one, his best beloved,
The darling of his years;
Go tell him he buried
No more the battle's din,
But that the gates of Heaven
Have let his darling in.

Go, tell the maiden, waiting
Beside the trysting-place,
And longing for the brightness
Of a returned face,
That God's white smile is lying
Above his fallen head,
That where his young life ended
He sleeps among the dead.

Go, tell the merry children,
Unused to care or pain,
The one they knew as father
Will never come again.
Go, tell them that he perished
In some lone prison cell,
Because his heart was loyal,
And loved his country well.

Go to each shadowed hearth-stone,
Where stands a vacant chair,
And count the tears that falleth
Of those that gather there,
And tell them that their loved ones,
Who, 'neath a southern sky,
Are resting from the conflict,
Were not afraid to die.

The freedom, grand and lasting,
To which their deeds gave birth,
Has made our land the noblest
And proudest one of earth.
The love they gave their country
Were given up to God:
The graves where heroes sleepeth,
Are tracks where Freedom trod.

The Spectre of Cliffe:

OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.—FRIEND AND FOE.

WHEN those two evil countenances met Mildred's terrified gaze at the entrance of the Cathedral Chamber, she mechanically started back.

"No, no, mice," cried Clement, mockingly, and interposing his fat carcass so as to shut out the "you have had many pleasant hours in this place by yourself—why should you be so anxious to leave it, now that your own good company is

"By yourself?" he said, thought Mildred; then this man did not know of her husband's having met her there almost certainly, if he did not know *that*, of his being in existence. Was it possible that Raymond had died at their approach, as he had once before, into Pixie Hall? If so not, he must be late, and would presently follow her into the cave. In either case, there was hope of help, which held her sinking heart.

"What would you with me, Uncle Clement?"

"Ay, it's *Uncle Clement*, now, is it?" returned he, with a sneer. "The last and only time we met, it was *Mr. Carr*, forsooth, and your lullaby did your best to put me to sleep. But one can forget these things, Mrs. Raymond Clifford."

"If I was distant to you, sir, it was not my own will, but my aunt's—your sister's orders. You know that those must be obeyed."

"I do, niece Mildred. We are here to-day to obey them; are we not, Cator?"

Even now, with only a poor shrinking woman and her child to deal with, this man liked to assert himself. He had a right; even now, on the very threshold of his hideous crime, he drew some shabby comfort from laying it at another's door. His tone and manner froze Mildred's blood within her. Rather than appeal to this base wretch, silent her own kith and kin, she turned to his grim briefing.

"You, at least," she cried, in piteous accents, "I have never, even involuntarily, wronged. I did not come into this world your enemy, born of a hated stock, and yet your own. Although you may be rough and rude, you are still a man and—— I know not what harm may be intended me, and this poor innocent child; but you will not, surely you will not lend your strength to this unnatural wretch against such foes as we are. Spit us—pity this little one, if only you have at home—and if not, then pity me, for the sake of your own mother."

Not a word came from the stern lips of the serving-man, but he withdrew himself within the gloom a little, as though ashamed to meet her pleading eyes.

"You dare not look upon my wretched face," she cried, "so much of divine pity dwells in you. Oh, let your better nature move you a little further, and——"

"Silence!" cried Clement, fiercely. "This is no time for pity and whining. You should have thought of some such bar as this, when in this very place you laid your hands for Raymond Clifford, and thwarted me and Grace. You have well said that what she orders must be done. She orders that I shall never more look upon the that cursed child—but for whom no such fate need have awaited you, and here you see how your punishment again and again rises from your perversity; I say we are here to see you never more return from Pibble Cave."

"God of heaven! would you murder us, then?" exclaimed Mildred, hugging her babe to her fastbeating heart.

"No, niece; not so. We only wish to assure ourselves that yonder stream has taken you both from a world of trouble. As I have said, I am sorry for this necessity, which, however, you have brought upon yourself; but, after all, drowning is an easy death, and matters might have been worse—might they not, Cator?"

"Matters might have been worse," returned his grim associate, haughtily.

What little chance was left for Mildred now lay, she was well aware, alone in gaining time. Her ears, while they drank in these words of cruelty, were straining for the echo of a footfall in the tunnel, for a splash in the sullen stream below her; but the heard nothing save the monotonous "drip, drip" from the limestone roof, and the stealthy flow of the dark tide.

"Why do you speak equal to your servant, sir," cried she, "for sympathy in your premeditated crime, and yet forbid me to strive to move your heart a little—a very little—from its cruel purpose? My child and I—if you only spare our lives—will never more plague you, while our Aunt Grace: we will leave this place, and take another name, and be as dead. I promise—I swear it."

"So you promised, so you swore, mice, to marry Rupert Clifford," interposed Clement, gravely, "to please your beauty, and you will attempt to melt with it you crystal statue, as to move Cator, honest fellow from his duty."

Mildred looked her very last upon the stalagmite thus indicated, and shuddered to see how like it looked to the thing which it had been. Her mother and child already perished in that very spot; was it possible that she and Milly would be also there alone? Among the dead who were hidden from the light of heaven, was it also hidden from its Lord? She prayed with dumb wiles long and earnestly, but without any sense that right speedily. It was now long past the usual time of tryst with Raymond, and of human aid Mildred had ceased to depend.

"Come," resumed Clement, impatiently, "let us have done with this. If, as you endeavor to persuade me, you would lay no claim on your child's account to Cliffe, or aught belonging to it, were you suffered to live on, would not things would turn be to such a life? Why wish for mere existence, without a single possession that makes it dear? You are widowed, and your child fatherless, I know years of wretchedness, and, like enough, of shame, would there be in store for your little one, when best-wife Grace, and all the rest of her less rebil reasons; and you—I tell you, you must die, whether or no; so, why not save us the

"What!" interrupted Mildred, passionately, "would you slay my soul as well as my body? Would you drive me to unnatural crime, in order to flatter yourself that you did not do it with your hands? No—villain, butcher! if you will murder me, you shall do it in cold blood. help. If I die, it shall be murder, and no suicide; and my child—ay, spare the child, for your mother's sake broke forth. "Drown *me*, if it must be so. I would rather that thou didst it, than to feel the fingers of that fell monster put her child in cause, prese down my head beneath you dark cold stream. But save my child; if thou art born of woman, have pity on my child!"

"Take hold of her, Cator. Damn her, how she screams—these echoes make as though it were fifty women! Take hold of her, and put her down, since she wishes it, and leave the child to me."

"To save?" cried Mildred, clinging to this straw. "Will you, indeed, save my child? Oh, do not mock me on the verge of death, but promise me this! Swear to me, by the God in heaven, shall live unharmed. God will protect her, though, alas, alas, he seems to have forsaken me! No one will harm my innocent child for it. Good Clement, do you promise?"

"Ay, ay," returned Clement, gruffly—"give me the girl."

"Give her not to him!" cried out a terrible voice, as the gloomy figure leaped down and seemed to tremble. "Let not his murderous fingers touch her innocent head! Oh, liar, damned for ever! Oh, false to the last hour—and mine—has come at last."

Not a footstep had fallen upon the cavern floor; not an arm had parted the watery path from Pixie Hall; and it seemed to Mildred as though Heaven's own thunder had spoken. Indeed, such power and fury were in the sound, that it did not appear like human speech, and not until William Cator gave one stride from out of the gloom, and seized her uncle by the throat, did she recognize her ally in the servant-man. As for Clement Carr, his surprise was greater than her own—so stupendous that it even overwhelmed for a moment his naturally acute perception of personal danger.

"What *are* you about, man? What do you mean? Are you mad or——Oh!" Here the vestpipe of Mr. Carr became too rigidly compressed to admit of further gurgling.

"Cease to bring the name of Mrs. Raymond Clifford," said Cator, hoarsely, "that this fellow and I may look at one another."

Mildred stood, breathless, silently, and threw the full glare of the pine-branch upon the two struggling figures, if struggling they could be called where there was no resistance from standing, and, at the same time, prevented from falling, by the strong, firm grasp of the other. Clement's face, compressed, livid, with the eyes dilated, from which, as it seemed, the wicked cunning had scarce had time to escape and give place to abject fear, was a ghastly sight enough, but that of Cator was far worse. Always grim and forbidding, the countenance of the self-appointed man as disturbed by mental passion as was that of his master by physical violence; an unextinguishable hate flamed up from every feature.

"He is not dead, mistress," said he, in answer to Mildred's terrified glance, and relaxing his grasp a little, "it is hard to let go of such a throat as his, but I should have been loth to kill him that way; he has got to bear something first, before, amd I——" He seized the torch and dashed it into Clement's face, so that it singed his hair and eyebrows. "There, that revives him wonderfully!" said, indeed, under that novel application of the burned feathers' system, Mr. Carr began to show signs of animation. After a prolonged fit of sneezing, he proceeded once more to articulate his opinion that his serving-man was either mad or a knave.

"You see he can't believe it, mistress," cried Cator, triumphantly. "He can't believe that, after so long a servitude to him and his, one could remain an honest man." Then, pointing to his late master with a finger that quivered with passion, he continued: "Even such are Rupert's brother—the twin-Cain—how do I hate thee! Dost thou think, because I delay to smite thee, or because I loose the hold just for a moment, to hope for thy base life? There is no hope, no loophole for escape the size of a needle's eye! Clement Carr, thou art come here to die."

"You would not murder me, honest Cator—me, who have been your master for ten years—and for no more?"

"Hark to him, mistress!" laughed the other, scornfully. "Listen to his whining prayer! He is a knave of murder—he that came hither to do a double murder—as though it were a crime! 'My master for ten years, and for no reason,' say you? Why, is not that a reason good enough, if there were no other? To live for ten long years the minister of your wickedness—the instrument of villainies unspeakable done upon friendless creatures, chained and starved——"

"That was Lady Doug," broke in the abject wretch; "you know I always said that he was too hard."

"Yes, and strove to make him harder. I say nothing for *him*. Sooner or later he would have met his doom at these same hands (as thou art going to do), for his cruelty to his child, impatient of his crimes, cut short his course; but he, at least, was open in his wickedness, and spoke his death. I, do. But thou—thou fox, without the fox's courage, thou hypocrite, who with canting words and Why dost thou shudder so, thou that hast just been saying what an easy death it is to drown? Why dost thou not, like a cowardly dealer, calling on the God in whom thou hast no faith, and thinking to move me with thy lying words—me, a sinner, who has had what, as easy to move from his fixed purpose as yonder crystal statue is to be melted by the breath?"

"Why should you kill me? Why should you do me hurt?" cried Clement, fawningly, and almost grovelling at his foeman's feet.

"Because——" and the two other, sternly, and gazing upright before him with grave eyes, like one who recalls up the past.

"Because, sir, I—He has got a knife," cried Mildred, suddenly, and not too soon.

Clement had drawn a long weapon from some hidden pocket, and struck with it at his enemy with all his force. But, warned by Mildred's voice, the latter had partially turned, and the keen instrument Clement's wrist was hanging loose and useless, and the shining blade whirled through the air with a harmless flash, and fell into the dark pellucid Clement Carr uttered one yell of pain and baffled fury, then sank forth shriek on shriek of despair, terror, and agony, which, lifting up the neck to the brink of the dark river. Detestable, curses and the vilest oaths that the world could flow from his breathless, and almost a corpse, to the very brink, whence they could see the tide glided by as black as night, and as noiseless as the waves in a vaulted sepulchre. Why coward, my friend of the knife? My plotter against mother and child of your own kin—my coward, all the same?

"Because my wrist is broken, and you have got two hands to my one," cried Clement, vindictively.

Cator looked down upon his fallen lord, then sternly answered: "Cunning to the end; false to thy latest breath. Why should I scruple that ever offered itself to me? My treacherous life seemed to thee too base and mean, if it did but gain thine end? Nevertheless, I will be fair even to thee. See, I will use my left hand—only my left—to match with thine. Thou will be a little longer drowning, that is all. You don't-work made me lusty, else I did not mean to slay thee quite so soon."

"Do not slay him," broke in Mildred, earnestly, and not for the first time by many; but her appeals had been disregarded hitherto by her strange ally, and, perhaps, unheard in his heat and passion.

"Then, since you wish it, mistress, he shall live almost a quarter of an hour—and listen to the tale I mean to tell him, from the first, before I send him hence to join his brother Gideon in the pit of Tophet."

CHAPTER XL.—CATOR'S RECOMPENSE.

"My story is not short," began the servingman; "and lest this posture, with my fingers twisted in your mouth should weary you, my master, you shall lie down on the sand. Now, with your nose your coast, so as to feel you safe, and ready to squeeze your life out, like a worm's, should you show sign of movement, you shall hear me out. Two score of years ago, and more than that, my mother—Heaven rest her soul!—was coming across this hill with her sheep with a great burden. We had been wealthy once, or what seemed so to yeomen folks like us, but we had gradually grown poor. The house had let the natural head; and though our mother did all she could, and more than her strength warranted, to keep want from us, it was coming with near food. She was returning from market, and having sold what she took, was bringing back some household matters of which we stood in need. A good mother and a brave one; and if there be anything of goodness or courage left in me, this villain's overvant for these ten years past, I owe it to her."

As the man said these words, he doffed his cap, and over his rugged face a look of loving reverence crept, like sunshine on a weather-beaten wall.

It was spring-time then, as now—not such a spring as comes to Sandby, mistress, but what we northern folks are used to, rain, and sleet, and cold, and in the mountains, and on the moors dark as night, and more misleading. Our mother lost her way, and, wandering from what little track there was, plunged into a bog, and was all instantly, or morass, not dangerous to strong and active persons in the daytime, but to her, fatigued and overcome, and knowing where she was, most perilous. There, almost exhausted with vain efforts to escape, Ralph Clifford, now among the saints in Heaven, found her. He was a cripple in his youth, was ever roaming over the Fells alone, although no sportsman, and he knew them so well as any shepherd. Not only did he rescue my poor mother, but, finding her half-dead, bore her in his own strong arms to our very cottage door. When we had gathered from her own lips what the Master of Cliffe had done for her and us—and never shall I forget the loving care with which he brought her in and bade us tend her well, for that he knew himself what it was to lose a mother—she called Ralph her son and Love by her blessed and bade us swear, so long as her memory should be fresh and dear to us (as it is this day, God knows), to serve her darling, should ever he or she, or issues of our power. We did not need the oath to make us theirs; but they were rich, and in no want, at that time, of such help as we could render them. Years rolled on, and I dare say the squire forgot his good deed as well as those whom it had so bountiful; but I did not forget, although my lot had laid our mother in the grave. But a time came, when out of the cruse of the Cliffes' wealth an evil upon them even more than it—the Curse.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Raymond, and not for this alone. I know that I have seemed discourteous and unmannerly to you, mistress—of late, as you shall hear; I have been so for your own sake and the sake of that dear little one, whose grandsire saved my mother's life; but when I saw you first, the niece of that fiendish wretch who tempted me to sin, and of that reptile whom I have here beneath my foot, I gave you neither reverence nor respect: an evil seed, I thought, could not bring forth any but evil. You do not know, nor will I vex you by a recital of them, how hateful were the deeds of your kith and kin. I had loved my master, though dimly, though what I heard fell far short of the hideous truth; and when Squire Cyril was taken to the Jews, I volunteered to accompany him as his body-servant. There I did what I could for him, poor fellow, and for the rest of the wretched household in that loathsome place; but to all seeming I was as bad, or worse, as its master, Gideon, or as Lady Doug. But I only begin to wriggle, my friend, do you? I thought this would be bitter news.

"Yes, I played the fiend to please the devil; and I did please him; won the confidence of both and I did please him; won the confidence of both and Lady Doug, and Gideon, and even of their wily sister Grace. Yes, Mr. Clement, Miss Grace, as was, is double-dyed in her own woman, but my time came some her cunning. I need not tell you how you starved and tortured Cyril, and how at last Gideon got to (as we now know, or can guess) how he was by his brutal treatment. Before that time, I had been an unwilling witness to the ruin of Grace, and saw her sink lower in her toils the good, loud Master in his old age and gloom. This I could not prevent, nor even warn her of, for without risk of a discovery which would destroy my usefulness; and I perceived that I should be wasted yet to a greater purpose. Gideon, whom never shall the Dene receive within its cursed walls, although your sister counts upon it with such sureness. I could tell you how once that I was also fated to be—thank Heaven!—the guardian of Raymond's wife and of his child—the last of all the Cliffords, and the heiress of their accumulated wealth; but that thwarted it she was resolved to marry Gideon, I need not say what an unexpected obstacle occurred in your own marriage with Mr. Raymond. Her fury, when she found her niece had fled with him she hated most of all the Cliffords, was something worth beholding; and when I saw it, then, for the first time, I began to like you, mistress, as I never thought to like a Carr. Then I resolved to shield you also—being Raymond's wife and child—from your vengeful wrath, should a need arise. When, after finding out where you had hid your

selves, your husband's death was plotted by his stepmother and her two brothers—of whom this wretch alone survives to pay the forfeit—I was privy to their plans. It was I who accompanied Gideon Carr, under his assumed name of Stevens, to Westportown as his servant, and strove to put you on your guard—in vain. I was and am that Well-wisher, from or on you heard so often, without ever guessing, up to this last hour, who that friend might be. I was out, indeed, in time to save your husband's life—the bridegroom of two years—the father of you helpless child—your only friend on earth'—

Here Clement made some motion with the sand.

"What, villain, doth that please thee? Dared then ten times that, that art so near to the open gates of hell? Before thou goest there, I have a message for thee for thy brother's ear—*Raymond Clifford is not dead!*

An inarticulate cry, like that of a wild beast in pain, broke from the lips of the prostrate man.

"It is true!" cried he. "He fell fifty fathoms sheer upon the sea-beach, and tosses now beneath the depths of ocean."

"Thou liest! Silence, devil! He did not fall. He is alive, and at Cliffe. This very hour he stands face to face with thy vile sister, and she, too, a murder fiend. But we all thought him dead, as then dost; and I took the child away and brought her hither, to keep under my eye and Lowry, lest he should slay her, too. But that God's vengeance overtook him in the very act, he would have drowned her and his mother likewise, even as he will now drown thee. Answer me not, or I will beat thy teeth in with my heel. The pent-up rage of half a quarter of years longs to be loose. There, let that quiet thee!"

"Spare him! for God's sake, spare him!" cried Mildred, passionately, as Cator's iron-bound boot crashed in the wretch's mouth and ground him in the sand.

"Yes, mistress, I will spare him—but only for the devil's sake, who is going to have his company —for five minutes longer. Where were we, Mr. Clement, when you were so indiscreet as to interrupt? Ah, I remember; I brought the child to Cliffe, as Isaac Rudge, since I was there known, and when Grace sent for you, I likewise wrote to bid you come, for I knew that I could manage her and Clement was laid-aside. Night and day I have watched over you and your little one ever since you set foot in Cliffe. When you came thither, I thought that I alone was left to guard you; but on the second day I recognized your husband in his artist's dress. Yes, Clement; the man Grace had of so carelessly as he knew not back in her deadly foe, and by this time she feels it. I was close by when Rufus knew his master, and thereby knew who he was. My eye was in my hand that morning, mistress, you remember, that was to be the boat if it had not chanced to mislike you. When you had left this cave I entered it, and made myself known to your husband, telling him how my service was altered, and Grace have suspected something amiss. The cloak of guild I have worn these many years has become so natural, that you could never guess me aught but the knave I looked; but Lucy—it was hard for her, whose heart is kind and true, to pretend hardness when it yearned toward the babe and you. In case you did not get poor Mr. Rupert to sign the paper, Grace might have struck some sudden blow in wrath, such as I could not ward; therefore, I brought about your interview with him at day-break, in the time appointed. The signing of that deed with its forged date has brought this woman within our power, to punish or to insult as we choose to—eye—"

"I will witness against her," interrupted Clement, eagerly, though with speech half-choked with sand and sea-brine, still. "She was always a self-seeker—Grace. I will do my duty, I will indeed, good Cator, though she is my sister."

The servant's withdrew his foot in hesitancy, as though the very contact of his heel with such a loathsome wretch had been pollution; and Mr. Cary, feeling his courage more in play, continued to improve the occasion.

"My testimony will be really most important, if you will not give in. I have been bitter against Grace so long. She has never behaved to me as a sister should be in sure; nor would she ever listen to my advice. These plots of yours," I have said again and again—you will do me justice, Lucy—are wicked and very discreditable."

"No, master—are fraught with too much danger. That was the line you always took. Do you think to deceive me, of all men? No. Those who know you not may, indeed, perhaps credit your damned hypocrisy; but they shall never have the power. Out of the talons of the bird you, reptile-like, might haply manage to wriggle, but out of my clutch thou shalt never creep. If there be enough in thine evil heart of that which to frame one prayer, though, methinks, I might wrest rope out of this sand as easily, make it frame it. I would I could say: 'God forgive thee!' but I cannot."

"Will God forgive *thee*, Cator, who thus takest the law into thy vicious hands?" said Mildred, solemnly.

"I will take my risk of that, mistress. I have seen too much of wrong and woe worked in this world, to trust to law for righting it. Leave me to deal with this fellow; it is not a case for woman's eyes. Art thou ready, wretch? It is thy time for drowning, Carr."

With a great effort, Clement Carr managed to seize Mildred's garment by the hem, and to that clung, in spite of Cator's efforts to unloose his hold.

"Then must I use my other hand!" quoth the service-man, grimly. "Tar down then shalt."

"Oh! Mildred, good niece Mildred, my own sister's child, will you see me slain before your eyes?"

"Cator," cried Mildred, passionately, "forbear, forbear! For my sake, for whom you have been so much, I pray you spare him."

"I can not, mistress. I dare not let slip this precious tyne, for which I have been longing through years of basest servitude, as Jacob longed for Rachel. This is my sole reward."

"He has been paid, niece Mildred," gasped the wretched Clement—"paid well and punctually—while during these late months——"

"Yes, I have been paid," broke in the other, fiercely, "but every farthing and shilling of it lies unspent, untouched, as though it were the price of blood. You dreamed it was, when you came with their gold to aid the murderer Gideon against my own husband, mistress. Will you say prayers him now?"

"Yes, yes," cried Mildred, earnestly, "and, for my husband's sake—for his child's sake, whose innocent hands will else be stained red for ever by this direful deed! The records of her house are stained enough already with blood and violence. Oh, forgive you, for her sake, the last of that illstarred race to which you owe much loving fealty, to spare this wretched man."

"Mistress," rejoined Cator, sternly, and still keeping his grips of Clement's throat, "are I entered this place to-day, with two base villains bound upon sweeping purposes, one from his foul path, as he had already swept your husband's, I would withdraw myself never again? should his vile body comes between the sunlight and the earth, nor wind of heaven be polluted by breathing it. So fling overboard I, yea in sorely and than that black stream, fleeting, no man knows whither, into the darksome hollows of the sands."

"Save me, niece Mildred—save me!" broke in the shrinking wretch. "I am your own mother's brother!"

"Moreover," continued Cator, "I made oath this morning, while this oily slave was composing your deeds, that never more should Gideon Clifford's eye rest on the would-be murderer of his child and wife, save in Heaven's heaven, if——"

"They never shall rest on me," pleaded Clement, passionately; "I will leave Cliffe, England, Europe forever. They never shall rest on me, upon my sacred soul!"

"Upon your *what*?"

"Then, look you, Cator," continued the abject wretch, "if you don't believe my solemn—nay, pray have patience with me. If Raymond Clifford took upon me, I give you leave to slay me on the spot, shoot me, cut me off by swiftest poison."

"Then give me leave—and *poison*! I tell thee, Clement Carr, if I do not drown thee now, and ever again I even so much as *hear* of thee, that straightway will I seek out thy foul haunt, and the hound shall tear and eat thy living limbs. And it come upon thee suddenly, alone or in the tumult of the streets, I care not, so that it come, that instant will I clutch thee by the throat, and in sight of God, I will look into thine eyes light on thee again, if mine ear hear thee, it were better for thee to have been drowned in child."

Upon his knees, half dead with pain and fear, Clement Carr dragged himself away, like a wounded animal, out of the range of the daylight.

"Mistress," continued Cator, in changed and quiet tones, "you have robbed me of half the recompense for which I have toiled these ten years. Let us now to Cliffe, where I trust the other half at least awaits me."

CHAPTER XLI.—THE LAST OBSTACLE REMOVED.

CHILL night had fallen upon Cliffe Hall, and while a few servants still remained about the house, the untimely sport, and hound and hunter stood with pricking ears, and listened for the horn in vain, in fear and wonder. Ever since noon, Grace had caused it to be said, and come over his wild and wayward brain; and evidently a change for the better. Still there was danger in it. The lull might grow to long and settled calm, or it might end in storm. Let all about him be kept still. Thus it happened that Mrs. Gibbs, as though the hours of darkness were its accustomed season, kept watch and ward, while Clifford herself set the example by retiring early, and in her own bedchamber the lamp was quenched. She had suffered much during the day, and was in no quire how their mission had ended, and had studiously avoided that portion of the house which Mildred and Cator had made their purpose—as to felt no sting of conscience for the deed which she had ordered to be done that afternoon, but it banished for the moment all other purposes save its firm as ever, but not her mind. She had been wont to look as calmly on her past with all its sins as on the future before the commission of them; and the means which it was necessary to employ for the accomplishment, apologetics in spite of herself to overcome them. But now she shrank from retrospection, and, indeed, from thought of all kind whatever. Her mind, which before had been so wicked, who have wickedness upon hand, are so far fortunate; it is when they have gained all their ends finally and that their work is complishment begins. Grace Clifford, nothwithstanding that she had stepped her soul in guilt, had as yet reaped nothing. Wealth, indeed, she had in large, she had labored in vain. Her heart was weary of deeds and crime. She longed, almost as the penitent, for peace, for the hour when there should be no further need for lies, dissimulating such continuous cure in act and speech, and for violent deeds, from which anxious risk was so inseparable.

"But one more crime," thought she—as though one launched upon a *glissade* in the Alps, and bound for a *crevasse*, should say: But one more slide—" and then my path is plain and level to the end. While this hair-brained fellow dwells here I can never feel the mistress of Cliffe Hall. Why should I wait until his madness is full-blown? What sanity he has but shows itself in sly suspicion, which itself is dangerous to me, or else in open hate." It was strange that she should accuse herself for what she was about to do, since she had done such far worse deeds than that which she now contemplated upon the road to her yet unreached goal; but such was the case. Perhaps it was that Rupert had been his father's favorite at first; and even the less decisive approach to remorse which she had ever experienced had touched her with respect to her treatment of Ralph Clifford, the man who had wronged her, if after a somewhat dating fashion. In her scheme against Raymond, she had strengthened herself by means about her heart by nature to mind his disobedience to the old man's wishes, as she chose to consider him, and to withhold from and extorted from him about Rupert's marriage. Raymond had robbed his brother of the bride which his father, as well as she herself, had destined for him; Raymond, too, had so little reverence for the things the old man had held sacred, that it would not have been seen him ruin at Cliffe. But Rupert, by no jesuitry of even her subtle brain could she justify her present purpose against him. He was in no way something positively abhorrent in it, inasmuch as it had for its object the very catastrophe the fear of which had embittered Ralph's whole life. In order to overthrow his son's already shaken intellect, she was about to employ the most terrible cruel weapon by which she done to death, although inadvertently, his father.

She knew that none but Raymond, and probably Mildred, had been aware of her having played the part of the Fair Lady of Cliffe. Rupert himself must have had no suspicion of it; and although he had of late become such a dare-devil in some respects, he still, she knew, retained the superstitious awe with which connected him, when he did not hunt, to pass many hours of the night upon the roof of Cliffe Hall, in order, as he had told her, to get a good breath, to consult his father's spirit, which roamed about the spot where he had died. Of this she was convinced. That very day he had announced his intention of so doing, and ever since nightfall Grace had been waiting for him, attired in her old disguise. Crouching in an angle of the central tower, in her dark and shapeless dress, with her long hair about her face, her shoulders and her head a shroud, or what appeared to be so, she looked indeed, in the sickly light of that crescent moon, a specter. Such was the reason of her bravest and most sane. Tarrying so long alone, in the very spot where Ralph had perished at her hands, at early dawn, she had driven a dagger through his heart, had tried even her nerves, and her fears had been worn and haggard with that fearful watch. The night-wind, too, from off the wastes of Bibble Fell, blew full upon her, and chilled her blood, and made it seem as cold, but with many a strange and stealthy sound; putting shrill voices into the gargoyles' mouths, that seemed to mock her with human dumb; using the water-pipes as speaking-trumpets through which to tell the household where the mistress was; and carrying the leaves of withered leaves of autumn along the leaden roof, like some great company of ghosts without a burial-place in consecrated earth, who had come to Cliffe Hall in his every ferry, only to be denied the wished-for passage.

At last she heard a door open and then shut, and in the haste and violence of the action, recognized Rupert's step. It was not, however, quick or slowly or with care. To think, to speak, except by impatient, unconnected snatches, has long been difficult to him, as the last few months have become hurried. For a moment he stands irresolute, and throws a hasty glance in the direction of the tower in which his grandmother stands hid; then falls to pacing rapidly to and fro along the eastward leads. These are fringed by a low parapet and broken by stone piers, and anon, he pauses, and looks down upon the rose-garden, which lies, although at a great depth, just below the terrace on either side of it spreads the stately terrace, and below, the sloping lawn, ringed by the moat, here shining like shoy with the moonbeams, there lustreless as a pall beneath the overshadowing bank. Beyond, the wooded park, the village and church, Cliffe itself southward with the rich and teeming lowlands, and on the north, creeps half-way up the base of the Pennine Fell. Over against Clifford's eye, though bright and even piercing, nature has neither charm nor awe; and yet there is special attention in them too. It is never for child-gazing on his fingers One, Two, Three and Four, and at the fourth he seems to measure the distance from where he stands to the rose-garden below. "There I fell before her," he says; "down you stone stairs, which ever since have seemed like cataracts. Grace let her be laid where she was, as the brier hung forth the rose. There was our trysting-place, and there—yes, there—I was murdered, and by her, when all is over. After life's sinful fever, men sleep well, 'tis said. I hope so, for I have need of a long rest, and shall rest well as in that spot hallowed by the most sacred recollections. What is the chapel to me, or I to the chapel? Let Guy and Bertram, Lucy Gibbs and Cyril, guard the edge of sanctity. They like it—it smells in my nose like dead man's bones. Give me the odor of roses-roses——"

"Rupert Clifford!"

The youth man turned, and beheld the boding phantom of his house standing close beside him. With a cry of terror, he threw up his arms, stepped swiftly backward, and in an instant had toppled over the low parapet; but, even as he fell, that instinct which, unlike our fair-weather friend, Reason, remains with us till death, made him catch at the stone coping, where, with both hands, he hung. Grace slowly thrust her cold white face above the balustrade, and then withdrewit hastily, terrified to see him so near, striving with feet and fingers, whom she had thought by that time to be three days below and many still strife; yet not hastily, but that his upturned gaze met hers and recognized her wicked eyes.

"One, one," cried he, and, with a frantic effort such as a sane man could scarcely have put forth, drew himself upward to the parapet itself, and clutched it with nerveless grip. Upon his holding fast the arms of another life than his depended. If once he reached the top, not all the subtlety of woman could save her from prompt death in five minutes. She knew it well; she read it in the hungry looks which, even at that moment peril, craved for vengeance, rather than for safety; she heard it in the deadly menace of his "One, one, two," reiterated with frightful hate and vengeance, and yet as though it were her knell of doom. Grace had never meant to take his life, but only to rob him of that little store of reason left remained to him. His failing backward was an unforeseen mischance; but now that it was a question of life or death for her, she was by no means irresolute. She threw herself at once upon his clutching fingers, and, with the force and fury of a wild-cat, strove to unloose their hold.

"Friend, liar, whom now I know, but you shall pay for this!" shrieked Rupert, breathless with fury, as he beat as much as with his entire strugglies. "I will spoil one face of this Fair Lady as you are known to have spoiled his."

"Not so," hissed Grace, as, one by one, she tore his bleeding fingers from their hold.

"Then I will, strong woman that I, laughed Rupert, harshly; "then I go to the rose-bud a day sooner, that is all." Yet, with a madman's cunning, even as he spoke, he contrived with his clutch of the stone for her own flesh. "You see I have your hand now, Mrs. Grace. Since we are about to part, you must let me kiss it."

But, with a cry of terror lest he should bite it through, Grace snatched it from his now feeble grasp, and let it fall, and sank over upon the parapet-walk which he had so often paced that very day, and lay there senseless.

"He sought his doom," murmured Grace, huskily, as she once more peered over the balustrade. "He has met his death more himself and, perhaps, it is better so. How strange that he should have met the self-same fate as——"

Here she suddenly paused, and turned inclined, with her hand upon her heart, to still its rapid throbbings. Up the private stairs close by, which led from the lady's grandmother's room to the roof, there was a hurrying step, whose every footfall struck her with unimaginable terror. Grace knew the step of a foe to whose another woman proved fatal of her lover. It was a swift and vigorous stride, such as she well knew had belonged but to one man in Cliffe Hall—and he was Dead!

THE DIET OF WORMS.—Many persons are not aware of the fact that the earthworm really does live upon earth. It is a common and very popular works on zoology that the worm picks out portions of earth to eat, and devours them, just as we do a piece of cake; the earthworm lives upon earth. It must not be supposed that it assimilates the mineral constituents of the earth in the same way as ordinary animals digest the decomposing animal and vegetable matter which they consume. The amount of earth in the stone time the swallowing of earth is an assistance to the worm as it improves in the process of digestion large quantities of material are thereby removed from the mouth and carried into the hinder portions of the intestine little masses of digested earth on the surface is thus caused, by the action of which the worm effects such wonderful changes on the surface of the ground, and which are known as worm-casts. The worm, with its fresh and fertile soil where formerly was a barren waste. The organs in which the earthworm resolves the earth is somewhat curious; its pharynx is extremely muscular, and is capable of being turned inside out; tunic, which acts within like the piston of an air-pump, and thus it draws into the mouth as much as is sucked in and passed on by the action of the muscular coat of the gullet and stomach behind. It is no doubt that worms do an immense deal of good by turning up the soil, and so to their habits of life of plants and shrubs, as is sometimes said of them, why, it is a mistake. They could not do it, if they would, as they have no teeth; they are quite satisfied with the earth as it is, and thoroughly nauseed, but with all the better. It is this last fact which brings them round the mouth, and the fact of their swallowing earth that they come to bite them; whereas they really come after the decomposing animal matter.

A TURKISH STORY.—A young man going a journey, left a number of bonbons in his drawer. When he came back, the old man desired having had some of the bonbons with him, and he was put before the Khadee.

"Did you, young man, when you delivered this money?"

"I have seen it."

"Take my seal and somewhat that tree," said the Khadee, "and bring me a fig from it." It was out time, and the tree will obey when you show it my seal."

The young man went in search. After he had been gone some time the Khadee said to the old man:

"He is long. Do you think he has got I core yet?"

"No," said the old man; "it is a distant distance. He has not got there yet."

"Then, by the great Khadee, old man," cried the Khadee, "where that tree is?"

The young man returned, and said the tree would not come.

"He has been here, young man, and given his evidence. The money is thine."

THE OLDEN TIME.—Professor Silliman, in his diary, speaks of a visit he made to Stratford in 1775. It was rather an contrast with the Saratoga of our times. He says: "We mount on our incessant day and rode seven or eight miles through the pine forest, with its delightful fragrance, and arrived at a place where they said there were some natural springs. There was not even a village, but only two or three log-houses standing among the pine trees. The people were civil, and provided hay for our horses, and for ourselves some bread and milk. Here we began to see a serious wine. Nature was unsubdued, and stepping cautiously from log to log, we soon arrived at a spring which they called the 'Congress Spring,' which tasted as it does now."

THE WITCHES' CALDRON.

THERE is scarcely a production of any country that cannot likewise be found in California, which teems with everything pertaining to earth, air, and water, and many of whose exhaustless treasures have not yet been unveiled. The largest trees, the most stupendous waterfalls, the highest mountains, the richest mines, the most beautiful valleys—all these do not complete the catalogue of wonders in this wonderful State. In the Petoluma region there is a cañon containing a number of geysers and remarkable springs. One of these, the Witches' Caldron, is shown in our illustration. The caldron is a hole sunk in the precipitous side of the mountain, and is of unknown depth. It is filled to the brim with something like burnt cork and water, the principal ingredient being black sulphur. This liquid blackness is in constant motion, bubbling and surging from side to side, and throwing up its boiling spray to the height of three or four feet.

ALABASTER LIME-KILN.

SOME thirty miles from Sacramento, there is a beautiful cave, called the Alabaster Cave, which is a point of great interest to visitors. Near its entrance there stands a lime-kiln, where a large portion of the lime used in San Francisco is manufactured. A night view of this kiln, in full blast, is an imposing sight. The red-hot doors at the base, with the light flashing on the faces of the men, as they stir the fire, with the flames escaping from the top, added to the deep ravine, darkened by tall overhanging trees, while high above, the moon throws her silvery light on every surrounding object—these make up a picture it is impossible to describe.

NIGHT SCENE ON THE SAN JOAQUIN RIVER.

THE San Joaquin river is divided into three branches, known respectively, as the West, Middle, and East Channels; the latter being not only the main stream, but the one used by steamboats in going to and from Stockton.



ALABASTER LIME-KILN BY MOONLIGHT, NEAR SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.

An apparently interminable sea of grass and reeds extends nearly one hundred and fifty miles south, up the valley of the San Joaquin, and when this is on fire, as not unfrequently the case during the fall and early winter months, the broad sheet of licking and leaping flame, and the vast volumes of smoke that rise, and eddy, and surge hither and thither, present a scene of fearful grandeur at night that is suggestive of some earthly pandemonium.

The illustration on this page gives a view of such a scene resembling very closely the fires on the great Western prairies.

THE FRIGHTENED TIGER.

THE brute creation manifests as many striking peculiarities of character, departing from all fixed rules and setting aside all established principles, as we find among men. The boldest sometimes give way to causeless fears, and the most timid display unflinching courage.

In following anecdote of a tiger, an animal not noted for delicacy of feeling, is illustrative of this fact:

"But what annoyed him far more than our poking him up with a stick, or tantalizing him with shins of beef or legs or mutton, was introducing a mouse into his cage. No fine lady ever exhibited more terror at the sight of a spider than this magnificent royal tiger betrayed on seeing a mouse. Our mischievous plan was to tie the little animal by a string to the end of a long pole, and thrust it close to the tiger's nose. The moment he saw it, he leaped to the opposite side; and when the mouse was made to run near him, he jammed himself into a corner, and stood trembling and roaring in such an ecstasy of fear, that we were always obliged to desist in pity to the poor brute. Sometimes we taunted on his passing over the spot where the unconscious little mouse ran backward and forward. For a long time, however, we could not get him to move; till at length, I believe by the help of a squib, we obliged him to start; but instead of pacing leisurely across his den, or of making a detour to avoid the object of his alarm, he generally took a kind of flying leap, so high as nearly to bring his back in contact with the roof of his cage."



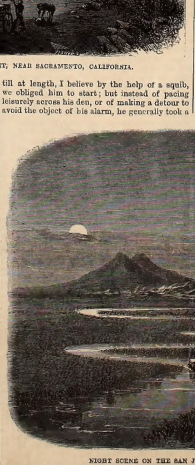
THE WITCHES' CALDRON, CALIFORNIA.

A WELL-TRAINED DOG.

A CORRESPONDENT at Lasalle, Ill., sends us the following description of a sagacious dog owned in that place: "The dog is a thoroughbred setter, of a beautiful brown color, and a first-class hunter. She will bring meat, milk, or any article you desire, if furnished with a proper vessel for carrying it. She goes to the post-office and gets the letters and papers. Should her master, either by accident or design, drop anything, and inform the dog of the fact, by a word or two, she will immediately return and obtain it. While out hunting, her owner frequently sends her home for a supply of powder, caps, and shot, which she will bring to him, even if he is five or six miles from home. In fact, she manifests almost a human intelligence, and has been trained to perform a great variety of feats. On one occasion, her master made a wager that she would obtain a sum of money from the bank without the knowledge of the officers, and in a short time the knowing brute succeeded in carrying off five hundred dollars. But she is useful as well as amusing. While duck-shooting one day, her owner accidentally fell into deep water, and being unable to swim, would soon have drowned; but the faithful animal plunged in after him, and by her timely assistance saved his life."

SCENE NEAR THE CATARACTS OF THE ROVUMA.

THE Rovuma is a river in Eastern Africa, unknown to geography until explored and described by recent travelers. The illustration presents a very common scene in that country, where women are made the slaves of men, and perform all the drudgery. Fish, constituting an important article of their food, these natives become very expert in catching them, and with their rude nets are able to procure a supply sufficient for their wants. A great quantity of excellent honey is also collected along the river, by bark hives being placed for the bees on the high trees on both banks. Large pots of it, very good and clear, are offered in exchange for a very little cloth, an article greatly prized by the natives.



NIGHT SCENE ON THE SAN JOAQUIN RIVER, CALIFORNIA.

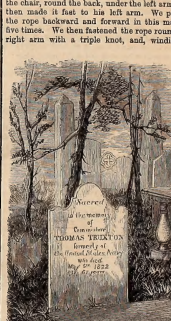
JUGGLERY IN INDIA.

THE Indian juggler, as is well known, is very expert in his art. He can climb up a pole, keep up a number of balls at a time, draw ribbon from his mouth, eat fire, or swallow a sword, with an adroitness quite equal to that of his brother artist of the West.

Some of the performances are still more wonderful to the European eye. A half-naked juggler, with his arms and shoulders bare, takes in his hand the fresh twig of a tree, and, running his fingers along it, strips off the leaves. To the astonishment of the spectator, a number of live scorpions fall with the leaves to the ground! There is no doubt about it. There they are, struggling on the floor. How did they come there? Who can tell? The juggler waves his arms in the air, gathers the scorpions up in his hand, and they disappear in the same mysterious way they came.

The Indian juggler attempts still greater feats than these. He actually contrives to *sit on the air*, at a distance of three or four feet from the ground, without any visible support whatever. There is a mystery about it which our European inquisitiveness has scarcely yet been able to fathom.

The rope-tying trick, so well exposed in this country, is also known in India. The following account of it, as performed by an Indian juggler, lately appeared in a Madras journal: "A native sat in a strong blackwood arm-chair. We fastened a rope to his right arm, passed it under the arm of the chair, round the back, under the left arm, and then made it fast to his left arm. We passed the rope backward and forward in this manner five times. We then fastened the rope round the right arm with a triple knot, and, winding it



COMMODORE TEXTON'S GRAVE.—FROM A PHOT. BY ELLNEY.—SEE PAGE 327.

round the ropes passing behind the chair about twenty times, made a triple knot at the left arm. We then carried on the rope to the wrists, and made them fast by crossing, recrossing and knotting it. The thumbs were then tied together, and the rope carried back to the wrist and knotted. Afterward we tied his legs together, above the ankles, crossing and recrossing the rope in a complicated manner. We next bound his big toes together, and carried back the rope to the tie on his legs. We had used nineteen yards of rope—quite enough, we thought, to make him secure. The man could not move his hands either to his arms or his legs, so as to touch an end of the rope, and, if he could have done so, they were tied so tightly, as, in our judgment, to prevent him from using them. When he thought the tie was weak, he asked that it might be strengthened; gave us perfect liberty to tie him as we liked, and, at his request, we continued binding him after he appeared to us to be quite secure. More than twenty minutes elapsed before we had finished binding him. I afterward put a paper round the rope where it crossed between his legs, and where the last knot was tied, and sealed it with sealing-wax and a stamp.

"We left him at the west side of my study, seated in the blackwood arm-chair before mentioned, he promising that when we returned he would be sitting in a teak arm-chair on the east side, with the ropes arranged exactly as we had left them. In five minutes he summoned us, and we found the paper and seal undamaged, and every knot and portion of the rope as we had arranged them—only he was seated in the teak arm-chair. I wished to see if he could unfasten himself, and left him to do so. In four and a half minutes he recalled us. We found the rope stretched out over the floor, and the man unbound and erect before us. We could have re-

mained in the room by allowing him to cover himself with a sheet during the performance of the trick."

Another character which the Indian juggler assumes is that of the snake charmer. He goes about with a covered basket on his head, containing one of three cobras. This snake has the reputation of being very venomous. It certainly looks mischievous, but beautiful, too, with its arched neck and hooded crest.

When about to exhibit his art, the snake charmer sets his basket on the ground, and begins to play softly on the flute. After playing for some time, he kneels down, lifts the lid, and blows upon the snakes. He then stops back a few paces and begins to play gain. After a little, the snakes, one after another, raise their heads and look about them, with their arched necks and forked tongues looking very dangerous. The snake charmer continues to play on the flute, with which the snakes appear charmed and delighted. They stand erect, waving their heads backward and forward, keeping time to the music, and darting forward their forked tongues to strike if any one goes near them. Sometimes you may see half a dozen of them all standing at once, with their heads and necks raised a foot or so from the ground, and waving backward and forward to the sound of the music. When the music ceases, they lie down as if exhausted by the effort.

The snake charmer seems to have the snakes completely under his control. When they dart forward, as if to strike, he whisks the end of his scarf at them and quiets them instantly. If he wishes to catch one of them, he seizes it by the tail with one hand, and moves the other quickly along the body to its neck, where he holds it fast. The creature is completely in his power, and though it opens its jaws and thrusts out its tongue, it can do no harm.

The snake charmer sometimes plies his vocation in another fashion. He goes from door to door,



A SAGACIOUS DOG, THE PROPERTY OF JACOB GEIGER, LASALLE, ILLINOIS.

seeking employment, and offering his services to catch any snakes that may be lurking in holes in the house or garden. The means he employs for this purpose are very simple. He merely plays on a flute. After playing for some time, the snakes come from their holes, attracted by the music.

Certain it is that snakes frequently appear on these occasions, which the snake charmer allures from their retreat. But whether they were there before, or were put there by the snake charmer himself, is a question involved in some obscurity. The general opinion seems to be that they are put there for a purpose, after undergoing a certain training, and having their poison extracted.

Elephant Shooting.

I had been three months in Ceylon, lodged in the Mansion House. I was reclining one morning in my bed, contemplating that splendid sea into which the Ganges pours its waters, when a friend of mine—a nephew or pupil, I am not quite sure which, of Sir Robert Peel—came into my room.

"What good wind brings you here this morning, Sir William?" I asked.

"You are a sportsman! Will you join us tomorrow in an elephant hunt?"

"An elephant hunt! How long would it last?"

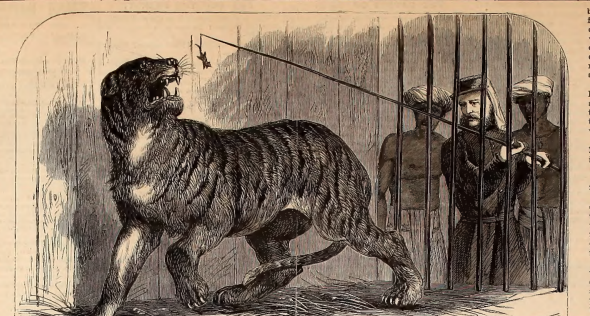
"Seven or eight days. Have you any arms?"

"Oh, yes; I have my rifle."

"That won't do. You must have three double-barreled rifles, or I won't answer for your life."

"But, my dear friend, what shall I do with such an arsenal?"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about that; the attendants will see to your arms. I will provide what is necessary for you."



A TIGER FRIGHTENED AT A MOUSE.

The sun, I must tell you, is awfully punctual in Ceylon. It always gets up at six, and goes to bed at six, the whole year round. It comes and goes out like a flash of lightning. I was ready and mounted whilst it was still dark. At Sir William's I found four or five of the party already assembled; others were to join us on the way. Our route lay along the banks of a splendid river, wide as the Seine at Rouen. The road was shaded with the most varied and magnificent vegetation. Crossing a bridge, we were joined by four more sportsmen. We were thus eleven in all, and as each had three or four attendants, the whole party amounted to some fifty persons.

One attendant walked at the head of each horse, another in the rear. The first was to hold the horse, the latter to keep off the flies. They did not use the fan for themselves—the natives are never hot.

Our first station was a temple of Buddha—a very holy spot, as it contained one of the tusks of the sacred elephant. This relic is so much more precious, as the Ceylonese elephants have no tusks. The tooth of the same animal was buried ten leagues deep in the ground beneath a neighboring cupola, which exactly resembled half an egg.

The farther off we left the town, the less populated was the country; at the same time, living things became more numerous. Every now and then gigantic lizards were seen by the roadside, lifting up their flat heads or fore-feet, and pushing forth a tongue six inches in length. Snakes were also seen gliding in the grass.

On the same afternoon we arrived at Potsaye, where we dined and slept, starting early next morning on the road to Newra-Ellia. The road had now become so narrow through plantations, that only one horseman could proceed at a time, and beyond the plantations we came to a jungle interspersed with rocks. There we first met with monkeys. I shot one, and never did I regret a thing more. I have killed two or three adversaries in duels, but I never felt what I did in contemplating the agony of that caricature of a man called the monkey.

Shortly afterward we arrived at a coffee plantation, in the centre of which was a habitation. Sir William clapped his hands, and an attendant made his appearance.

"Whose house is this?" inquired Sir William.

"Sir Andrew's," was the reply.

"Is he at home?"

In answer to the announcement that the host was absent, Sir William contented himself with ordering a repast for fifty, and we took up our quarters there till the Wednesday. In this we hospitality is practiced in Ceylon.

The next day we breakfasted at Newra-Ellia, and ascending another high jungle, reached Elephant's Plain the same evening. Unluckily a storm came on, and we had to take refuge in a wayside hut, with nothing but a few biscuits for supper.

This time Count Horace regretted he had not kept the monkey. It was young, and might have been tender. Jupiter Tonans kept walking about all night at about twenty feet distance over their heads, and no one got even a wink of sleep.

Next morning it was resolved to commence sport in earnest. It was no longer a matter of amusement: it was a question of absolute necessity. The dogs were let loose, the attendants dispersed over the jungle, and the gunners followed close upon their tracks.

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed ere the dogs gave tongue, but without stirring from the spot. Whatever it was it did not leave its lair.

I hastened to the spot where the dogs were congregated, making fearful noise.

"Take care," shouted Sir William. "It is a tiger!"

I must acknowledge that the information nailed me to the spot. I had often heard tigers talked about, and always in the most unfavorable manner. But I heard at the same time my companions advancing on all sides, and cutting their way through the jungle with their hunting-knives. I knew that I was nearest to the animal, and did not like being superseded. A heavy perspiration bedewed my forehead, so I repeated the words of Henry IV.:

"Ah, carcass, you tremble! Well, I will give you something to tremble for."

So saying, I rushed forward, and in a step or two stood face to face with the wild beast. The tiger made a movement, as if to receive me after his own fashion. Luckily two great dogs held it back, one by the throat, the other by the ear; three or four more dogs had hold of it behind. Others kept barking at the distance of a few paces.

The head of the animal, drawn on one side by the dogs [all sought to turn toward me, as if instinct told its owner that the greatest danger lay in that quarter. The tiger's yellow eyes shone with the lustre of carbuncles, and a furious foam bathed its open mouth, exposing in the rear two rows of formidable-looking white and sharp teeth. I began by fixing the animal. I knew that so long as a man has the courage to meet the eyes, be is of a lion, tiger, or panther, he influences it. But let the look waver, and he is lost.

The voices of my companions were getting nearer and nearer. There was no time for hesitation, unless I chose to be lost. So taking my hunting-knife in hand, I went straight up to the tiger, without ever quitting his eye, and then with the tranquility which characterizes me when I have once made up my mind, I plunged my knife up to the hilt immediately behind the shoulder-blade.

The animal made such a violent plunge that it drew the weapon out of my hand.

I leaped aside.

Once more the tiger made an effort to bound, but the dogs still held fast. It then rolled over, and in a moment was covered with the dogs, who at this signal of its agony simultaneously rushed in on all sides.

At this crisis Sir William came up. Lashing away at what appeared to be a perfect of dogs' tails, he soon cleared a way to the tiger.

"Whose is the knife?" he exclaimed, dragging it forth from the wound.

"Mine," I answered.

"Bravo, for a beginning."

"Excuse the faults of the author," I ventured to remark, as I wiped my knife with my pocket handkerchief and replaced it in its scabbard.

All this was done with a simplicity which earned for me the unanimous praises of all present. Hungry as we were, we could not eat a tiger, so barely five minutes had elapsed after its death when we were once more in the jungle. Another five minutes, and the dogs gave tongue again; but this time the noise moved away rapidly.

"A stag, gentlemen," exclaimed Sir William; "our dogs have found us a breakfast. Get ready the jacks and the gridirons; there will be enough for everybody."

Suddenly the noise ceased.

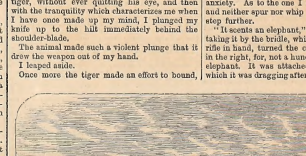
"Good," continued Sir William; "the animal is run down. Ah! they are splendid dogs, my dear Horace; I believe they would fetch up a hippopotamus from the bottom of the Ganges. Let us to the beast, gentlemen—to the game."

This time Sir William arrived first, and when we got up he was wiping his hunting-knife. A gigantic stag lay at his feet, breathing its last. Sportsmen and attendants alike shouted with joy. There was truly, as he said, enough for everybody. The attendants set to work at once, digging holes, lighting fires and extemporizing spits of ironwood. These were placed on poles, stuck crosswise in the ground, one on each end. Notwithstanding their indifference to heat, they had to be changed every five minutes. As to the offal, it was put into another hole and covered with live embers, and these, again, with dry wood.

In less than one hour we were at work, and wine, rice and biscuits made the complement of one of the most delicious meals I ever partook of.

Our repast finished, we mounted our horses and took the direction of Bintenul. It is between Bintenul and Badula that most elephants are met with. At less than a mile distance from where we had lunched the road makes a bend. At this turning our horses began to exhibit symptoms of anxiety. As to the one I rode, it got obstinate, and neither spur nor whip could get it to take a step further.

"It scents an elephant," said my horse-keeper, taking it by the bridle, while I jumped down, and, rifle in hand, turned the corner. My keeper was in the right, for, not a hundred paces off, I saw an elephant. It was attached to a great iron roller, which it was dragging after it, in order to level the



SCENE NEAR THE CATARACTS OF THE BOUOMA, AFRICA.

rood. At a little distance, there was another, with its keeper, employed in piling stones for a parapet. It is needless to say that, although such mistakes have occurred, roadster elephants and mason elephants were not considered to be legitimate game, so we continued our way to Bintenud.

Arrived at Bintenud, we had to leave our horses and to cut our way through the jungle. This was in pursuit of elephants whose traces had been discovered by the natives some few days previously. Progress was laborious—for there were nearly two leagues of jungle to cut one's way through. At length we arrived, almost breathless, at a small round space, about twice as large as the Corn Hall in Paris, which had only been created for the elephants. Everything was trodden down by the bulky weight of the animals, who had made litter of the trunks of trees.

There were two or three gallis in the jungle, herd, separated into two bands, had gone off in different directions.

We stopped short—we had arrived.

Sir William, who was more familiar with elephant-hunting than any of us, imparted his final instructions. These directions were more particularly addressed to some as novices in the art.

Behmod is not with a population in my ears which told me very plainly that my blood was not in its ordinary condition.

I must acknowledge that I had been terrified on contemplating the evidence of destruction around me, and I could not help seeing myself with a mass, more or less, of those footsteps to bend the grass, which raises itself up again when he has passed—should one such a attack monsters that erush forever under their feet and tread down trees never to rise again.

Sir William had made a six or seven hundred elephants. He had kept a record up to five hundred beyond that he had given up enumerating his victims. He was the first to rush with his companions when, having fired at a young one, the mother had rushed at him before he could get another rifle from a native attendant, and had thrown him up in its trunk, only throwing him away to resist the accumulated aid that had come up. He had been in such peril as I was upraised to two before he could take a full breath.

Well, Sir William's instructions were, that we were not to aim at elephants with tusks,* they are kings; not at white elephants—they are holy. Nor were we to shoot young elephants, as the mother would charge the party. As to shooting the remainder, there was only one unreasonable point, and that was in the centre of the forehead, where there is a depression in the skull about the diameter of a man's hat. If fairly hit, the animal would fall at once; if not, it would single out its assailant from a hundred, and charge him. The point was, then, to await the animal till it was within a few feet, then step lightly on one side, and give it another ball in the ear. According to Sir William, this was the most common-place proceeding imaginable. I unwarrantably solved to surprise my companions by doing some feat that went beyond the instructions.

It was then, I say, in my mind, for the attendants were shouting out that the elephants were coming on. Suddenly, as I looked up, there appeared to be the sound of a hurricane, and we felt the earth quake under our feet.

About twenty elephants were coming along one of the tunnels. "Only three, a male, a female, and a young one," Sir William shouted out in English. "I have kept them for you and your friends. All I ask is, that I shall have these three."

Then calling to my attendants to come along with the spare rifles, I rushed before the elephants: I could have sought shelter behind a tree, but I did not. I was proud of myself of such ball, and took up my place in the middle of the path. As to my attendants, they changed color like cameleons. Then, with a loud yell, they gradually began—only one seemed resolute.

"Let those who are frightened go away," I said; and I told the more courageous one to take a rifle in each hand and to stand by me. The others disappeared in the jungle.

I had my eyes fixed on the colossuses; they appeared to be real mastodons. When they were not more than fifty paces from me, I took aim at the young one; it was trotting along between its mammy and its dad.

I pulled the trigger, and she just staggered as if drunk, and then fell like a heavy, inert mass. The mother uttered a fearful cry—a parent's cry —at once grievous and threatening, and then stopped to lift up her offspring.

The father rushed at me at once.

When he was within paces of me, I planted a ball in his forehead.

Carried away by his impetuosity, he went on beyond me. I had stepped on one side, and, while doing so, had got another rifle. The colossus attempted to turn round upon me, but he could not so, he stumbled. Soon his hind-legs followed the example of his fore-limbs; then, uttering a deep moan that rolled off into a sigh, he fell dead.

At this cry of agony, the female, abandoning her young one, turned toward me.

It occurred to me to take advantage of her having her head in front, as she came down upon me. I waited till the animal was only two paces off, then, jumping a little on one side, I placed my rifle close to her ear, and fired off both barrels at once.

Half the beast's head went in by the same hole as the discharge. Powder, balls and paper showed the way.

"Well!" I exclaimed, "let everyone do as much —three elephants in four shots. O'est joli!"

And, taking my seat on the young one, which was about the size of a horse, I took out my timbor-box and lighted a cigar.

* Sir James Emerson Tennant says: "Not one elephant in a hundred is found with tusks in Ceylon, and the few that possess these are exclusively males. Nearly all, however, have done stand a procesus, which are solid bones about ten or twelve inches in length, and one or two in diameter.

THE CAUSES OF RAIN.

THE sun, the great reservoir of rain, seems placed in the system of nature to be the grand medium between the land and water. Books inform us that the atmosphere is a compound of oxygen and nitrogen gas; but, in fact, an atmosphere consisting simply of these is not to be found in our system. So much greater is the affinity of air for water than the attractions of the particles of water for each other, that all over the world, even at the ice by, where water perpetually hastens from the liquid to the solid form, the air is drawing moisture into itself, lising as it were the surface of the water, and filling itself with vapor. Sir David Brewster has called this capacity of air when in motion to dissolve moisture, when at Zestoys its most common form, and compels it to become, like itself, a light elastic gas.

Suppose the sun by its influence to go on over the ocean, the surface of the two expanses will touch each other, and the air above the water will become charged with vapor. This moisture will gradually diffuse itself through the layer of air next above it, and so on till it has permeated the entire body of air, the owest stratum drawing up fresh moisture from the deep as fast as it is delivered to the former load. This, however, would of itself be a very slow process; it would be many days before the whole vast mass of salt is allowed to dissolve at the bottom of a vessel containing water; supposing the mixture to remain still, a long time elapsed before a portion of the compound solidification, but let it be stirred—that is, let the saturated solution of water be removed from contact with the salt and the less saline portion be substituted, and the process will be rapidly perfected. The rapid diffusion of vapor through the atmosphere is provided for by winds which remove the moist air from the aqueous surface, and bring in dry air in succession to receive its charge. From a square mile of water, for a hundred miles to windward, dry air evaporates. The extent of watery vapor envelopes our earth, at any moment, is a large quantity, and is the result of many and subtle rules. Notwithstanding the great extent of this moisture, it is attenuated form. If the air were suddenly condensed to liquid water and deposited on the earth, it would cover the whole globe to a depth of from four to five inches. It is estimated that the atmosphere contains at any moment a layer of moisture of water five times in every year.

The quantity of moisture which a given measure of air will hold is solution, depends on the degree of its temperature. The higher the temperature, the less the pulse, in consequence of the extreme cold, the air is held—that is, its power of solution is suspended, or on but very little water has been absorbed; hence the wind which, coming from the north, is generally very dry. Under the line, and throughout the tropics, evaporation goes on with extraordinary speed. When the water is warmer than the air, the vapor does not rise, but simply mixes with the atmosphere. On the contrary, the air is the warmer, the vapor rises, until, under certain circumstances, it becomes condensed, and appears as a cloud. It is for this reason that clouds are so frequently seen in the morning and evening, and almost always generally announces the approach of rain. Should the air be suddenly saturated with vapor that is, should its temperature produced by a very small elevation or depression, be reduced to the point of saturation, rain will be the instant result.

We have seen that the quantity of vapor in the atmosphere is subject to a rather close law, when the air is temperature. But it must be remembered that, at any moment, the quantity of vapor in the air is a very small consideration; it was like the number eight to represent the weight of a ton, or the figure seven to represent the may be represented by the number five. Hence the influence of temperature is very great. Suppose it to soon that, whatever the temperature of the air which contains it, it never increases in weight, but always has given body of air be taken to be four, and its capacity which shall raise the temperature to eight, or double, will increase the weight of moisture which it can hold, or almost four-fold. We have then, on the one hand, a mixture of air and water, every part of which is augmented by temperature, and on the other hand a tendency for every part of the mass of its gravity, to take the highest place in air, as oil does in water; the latter tendency is the stronger one, but the first second tendency to its consideration. What will distinct the balance in favor of the tendency to rise? or, in other words, what is the immediate cause of rain?

Any cause which may be supposed to interfere causes that a body of vapor shall be in a certain place to be carried upwards by the current of air, to take or cover supplying the same by evaporation, might be supposed to cause rain. Thus, if a body of air, as opposite, to meet a body of vapor, be chilled, an act was what we determine to be the point of saturation, it will deposit a portion of its vapor. If a body of saturated with moisture, may deprive it of its power to sound it to ascend. A cloud may have for hundreds of miles without meeting any object capable of changing it into rain; but suppose it to meet a mountain, it must rise at will hold, and to meet a colder cloud, as full of moisture; then the two temperatures—the cloud at first will fall. If the capacity of a cloud to hold vapor were increased in the least without heat, its low part of the warmer cloud would be the gain of the colder; and when, as it often happens, the two clouds are of the former, a little loss of heat causes a great loss of moisture, which, condensed into rain, falls. Suppose again that our warm cloud, instead of meeting another cloud, should be carried against the cold surface of a mountain, a like effect would be produced; the cloud would appear rough the cone, and be rapidly turned into water. The former of these instances illustrates the heavy rain in cloudy level countries, and the latter that of mountainous districts. In the case of thunderstorms, another cause is present to promote the through mixture of air; the clouds are generally oppositely saturated with moisture, and with the opposite electrical conditions. The fall of rain is then accounted for by the fact that the power of such clouds is to require a force of 36,000 pounds to produce a spark.

As much nitrate of soda as can be held between the thumb and fingers will produce the cold power of 50 degrees of fahrenheit.

It is stated that soap manufactured from coal oil will remove all kinds of stains and dirt.

Heat rarifies air to such an extent that it can be made to occupy 5,550 times the space it did before.

The explosive force of coarse-cushioned gunpowder is six and a half times to the square inch.

The greatest artificial cold ever produced is ninety-one degrees Fahrenheit.

During the conversion of ice into water, 140 degrees of heat are absorbed.

The mean annual depth of rain that falls at the equator is ninety-six inches.

Heat is generally converted into steam, increases in bulk 16,000 times.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHY is a man in search of the philosopher's stone like Pepin? Because he is a seeking what don't exist.

WHY is the rinderpest like a mouse? Because the cat'll catch it.

WHY ought the stars to be the best astronomers? Because they have studied the heavens for ages.

WHEN Eve told Adam to chastise his son, what five scriptural names did she use? "Adam," "Seth, Eve," "Cain, Abel."

WHY is love like a Scotch plaid? It is all stuff and often crossed.

WHY is an author the most peculiar of all animals? Because his tail (tale) comes out of his head.

WHAS Eve high or low church? Adam thought she was Anglo-Saxon.

WHAT is the cheaper, a bride or bridegroom? The bride; she is always given away, the bridegroom generally has to be sold.

WHY does the railway clerk cut a hole in your ticket? To let you pass through.

HOW should a lover come to the door? With a little ring, but not without a peg.

WHEN were there only two vowels? In the days of no-a (Noah), before u and i (you and I) were born.

WHY should underwriters realize large fortunes during the cattle plague? Because whilst Regina reigns there will be no first (cows).

WHY is a French franc of no value compared with an English one? Because it is worth-less.

Two friends meeting, one remarked: "I have just met a man who told me I looked exactly like you."

"Tell me who it was, that I may knock him down," replied the other.

"Don't trouble yourself," said he, "I did that myself at once."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES sent two poetical letters to the "post-office" of an Episcopal fair at Hartford. In answer to the first he received:

"Fair lady whose'er thou art,
Turn this way with softness and sweet care,
And—hush, oh, hush thy beating heart—
You're the very girl to whom I write!"

On turning the "poor leaf" there was found a one dollar bill with some verses, beginning:

"Fair lady, I have turned the page,
If this is not a truthful letter:
This is the very first bank note I've sent,
And naught (o) can make thee love it better (10)."

WHEN General Gregory went to Texas he visited a lawyer's office, and asked him for a copy of the laws of Texas. The lawyer opened a drawer, took out a large and handsome bowie-knife and gave it to the General.

THE late Walter Savage Lander left the subjoined bloe as his own epitaph:

I strove with none, for none were worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and next my fellow man,
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks and I am ready to depart.

A WESTERN paper strikes the names of two subscribers from its list, because they were recently "tied up" to the gallows. The crime complained to be severe, because he did not know their present address.

ON a child being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, he honestly replied: "Papa, hadn't I better be mended?"

A BACHELOR arithmetician says a girl is sum when she comes of age, an addition.

WHY is it impossible for Head Centre Stephens to gain the ear of the Queen? Obviously, because he does not know the Fenian Brick.

THE largest room in the world—"The room for improvement."

A WIFE being enjoined to try the effect of kindness on her husband, and being told that it would be "killing him with kindness," to explain what that tried "a-bill" were, and it didn't do at all, she said she was rather afraid about the efficacy of "coals."

"DR. CHAVELET," says a writer, "is certain what sense there is just now in the term "railroad securities," seeing there is no security on any of the railroads.

A RAILWAY accident lately occurred, caused by the driver of a train having taken a wrong turn during several hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman passenger why it was the train was so gravely replied: "Madam, it was occasioned by what is often followed by wisdom—the consequence—the sudden breaking of a tender attachment."

"DEAR LAURA, when we were courting, you were very fond of me, but now you've no such love." "I'm paying your bills, you seem to get dearer and dearer."

"I SAY, Pat, what are you about—sweeping out your room?"

"No," answered Pat, "I'm sweeping out the dirt."

How like is this picture; you'd think that it breathes;
Such life in the colouring reveal caught spirit
It wants but a tongue. "Alas!" said the spouse,
"That want is its principal merit."

KELLY & Co.'s GIFT ENTERPRISE. — The first to embark in the Gift Enterprise business in this city was the house of A. E. Kelly & Co., located at 105 Randolph street. Who does not remember their advertisements, which, for more or less years ago, where many purchased books and other articles, and were so lucky as to draw the prize purchased a watch which entitled them to valuable gifts in jewelry or other goods. Thousands of our citizens were thus fortunate, and received the value of their purchase. Messrs. Kelly & Co. always perform all they promise; that they are a responsible, reliable business house only and on the square. Their Gift Concert which they now advertise, the drawing of which is to take place on the 2d of September, will be one of the most successful of the series of Gift Concerts that have taken place in this city.

1. The gifts to be distributed are all that they are represented to be.

2. All the prizes will positively be distributed to those only selling the lucky tickets after the drawing.

3. There is such a very large number of prizes that every one's chances are decidedly in favor of drawing something.

4. The citizens of Chicago, who know A. A. Kelly & Co., have confidence in their honor and integrity, and are largely investing in their Enterprise.

These are some of the reasons why we feel safe in commending Kelly & Co.'s Gift Concert to the public. Let the people come up and buy the tickets still remaining unsold. The firm will positively take place on the day advertised. Money may be sent by mail for tickets, and will be promptly responded to.—*Chicago Journal.*

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERT,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Home Fund,

AT

Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C.,

POSTPONED,

Until THURSDAY EVENING, October 11th, 1866.

A CARD.—A large number of the Tickets remaining Unsold, it will be necessary to POSTPONE THE DRAWING until THURSDAY, the 11th of October, 1866, at which time it will positively take place.

The many swindling schemes that have been presented to the public during the last few months somewhat changed our sales, until we were able to satisfy the people beyond a doubt or security that this enterprise was genuine, and solely for charitable purposes. The Directors have assumed the duty of every Ticket, and have allotted sufficient time to guarantee the sales without any further postponement.

Postmasters, Rostmasters, etc., are requested to act as agents, and liberal terms will be supplied on application; but no commission will be allowed.

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MAJOR A. A. HALL, President Soldiers' and Sailors' Union, Washington, D. C., LAFAYETTE, Major H. ALBERGER, WM. S. MORSE.

Take AYER'S PILLS for all the purposes of a purgative, as for Constipation, Indigestion, Headache and Liver Complaint. By universal accord, they are the best of all purgatives for family use.

Barnum's New American Museum.

Broadway, corner of Ann street. Spring and Primeval Cool! Cool! Cool! A delightfully cool atmosphere! Forty thousand square feet devoted to Mr. De Lion's splendid Ice-cracker FANTOMIME. MR. G. L. FOX, MISS KATE FOSTER, MR. C. E. FOX, and the whole of the well and efficient grand Pantomime Company, assume full and supreme possession of the stage, and, in the opening of it, in the new and gorgeous Comic Pantomime, RACE AND RUIN; OR, JUST UP THE HILL. Splendid Transformations, Laughable Tricks, and Mirth-Provoking Scenes. Also, the great Drama of the Mysteries of Curiosities, Wonders of Nature and Art. The CAROLINA TWINS, unsurpassably young and fair in movement; Master Alley Farrow, Infant Drummer; a Mammoth Fat Child, weighing 600 old, weighing 1000; Three Dwarfs; Giantesses; Circassian Girl; Two Syrian Beauties; 300 Living Australian Birds; Rare Specimens of Native Birds; the African Vulture; the Aquatium; Prize ORANG OUTANG (Monster); OUR BEAUTIFUL LIVING MONKEYS, largest collection in America; living Three-headed Bull; a Fawn; living Lamb; a lady stricken; Commotus, Learned Seal, Happy Family of Rabbits, and 100,000 Curiosities.

Admission, 50 cents, children under ten, 25 cents.

Dr Something New.—In

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Cough.—Cut Cough, Hinds County, Miss.: "I have used ALCOCK & CO.—Gentlemen: Please send me another six dozen of your Porous Plasters. They are in great demand. Have used them in Whooping-Cough. They did like a charm. I could have sold two dozen this week if I had had them. I am now out of your plasters in this village, yours respectfully, JOHN I. WILLIAMS, P. M."

ASTAMA CURED.—Sir. Wm. May, of 948 Spring street, Troy, writes, Jan. 5, 1866: "I have been afflicted with asthma for upward of ten years, receiving no benefit from the skill of medical men. I was induced to try one of ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I said I had tried so many other plasters without any benefit, and supposed they were all the same. My friend gave me one of Alcock's, and urged me to use it. I did so, and have now worn another for two months, and find myself better than I have been for years." Agency, Brandreth House, New York. Sold by Druggists.

JUST PUBLISHED. — FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN, for September, contains the Illustrated History of the Month. The great cartoon is a masterpiece of Humor, showing the Great Case of European Distraction. The Illustrations are satirical outs of Mr. Britannia and Looey Nap—the Old Peddler Woman and the Chieftain—the Inconvenience of Getting on the Shide—How Our Artists Sketch; or, the New Patent Human Ice-Box—What Mr. Dunnohow Saw on His Spree, in a series of the nightmarest Drawing to Young Ladies who Display their Calves — And nearly fifty other splendid illustrations, full of fun, philosophy, and satire.

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300 per cent. Profit for Agents.—Three

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Holloway's Pills.—Choi-ra or griping of the bowels is sometimes not all the pain but not dan-ger it. Morphine stops the access in artificial sleep, without rebelling the trou-ble. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS not only procure the same results without the baneful effects, but so entirely extirpate the elements of the disease as to promote a speedy cure without danger of relapse.

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No. 11,227	"	10,000
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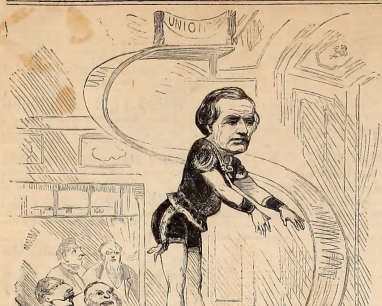
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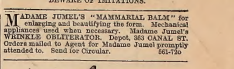
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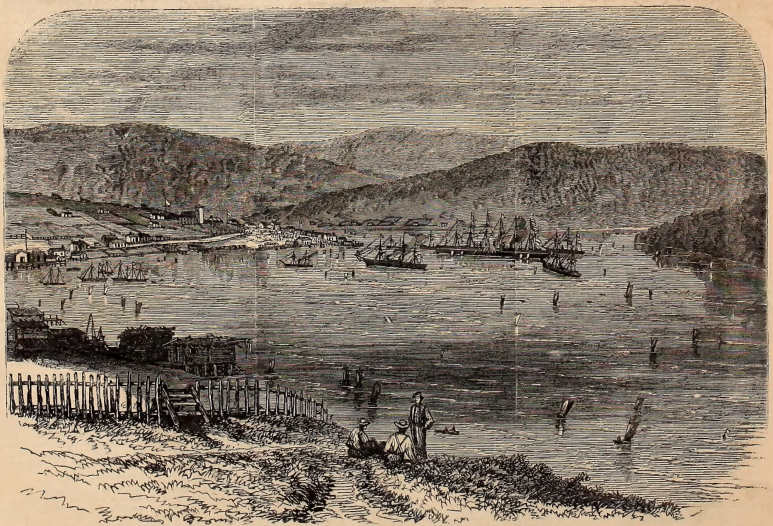
No. 568—Vol. XXII.] NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1866. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00

Napoleon Fuit?

THE news from Europe, late and oracular through the cable, stale but detailed by steamer, is collectively to the effect that Prussia has "conquered a peace" almost under the walls of the Austrian capital. Her demands—which, if we are correctly informed of their purport were not extravagant, under the circumstances—have been fully acceded to, and her adjustment made, regardless alike of Paris and St. Petersburg. The principal point of the arrangement, which has all the elements of definitiveness and permanence, is the exclusion of Austria from Germany and Germanic affairs—the extinction of the last vestige of the "Holy Roman Empire." Henceforth Prussia is Germany, and Germany Prussia; for, if *all* the petty principalities which disgraced Northern Europe do not disappear to-day, they will do so to-morrow. The genius of Bismarck, the instincts of the Prussian people, and the concurrence of the populations of the petty States, have created a great nation—full of intelligence and life, and conscious of its strength and resources. From the States, great and small, which make up or will make up the new, we were about to say the *first*, power of Europe, we have drawn a large and by far the most valuable part of our emigrants. It may be that the new order of things will check the tide of Teutonic blood to our shores; but we shall be consoled with the consciousness that it has finally asserted its political as well as intellectual pre-eminence in Europe.



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THE TOWN OF HEART'S CONTENT, TRINITY BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND, THE TERMINUS OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE ON THE WESTERN CONTINENT, LOOKING UP THE HARBOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 340.

Considering the existing state of European affairs, not the least satisfactory reflection is the dis-illusion (to borrow a Callicism) that it affords as regards that most egregious impostor, Louis Napoleon. The true calibre of this shallow pretender and most fortunate political gambler will one day come to be fully understood—we were about to say exposed. A concurrence of circumstances, and most important amongst them, the abdication by England of her legitimate influence in Europe, under the lead of that political *Jeanne*, Palmerston, enabled the adventurer of Boulogne and Strasburgh to take a leading part in Continental affairs, which he appeared to control, while he in fact drifted with them. Once he had real power in his grasp; and had he been Bismarck, instead of a much more insignificant person, morally and mentally, he would not have stopped to belie his words and take half a loaf at Villafranca.

How far Louis Napoleon favored the existing European complication is to be measured by precisely the extent of the advantages which he hoped to reap from it. But there is a greater than he, "whose shoe latchets he is not worthy to unloose," who has set aside, it may be with diplomatic formality, but not less peremptorily, all his pretensions, and unhesitatingly thwarted his plans. When he accepted the "cession" of Venetia, and undertook to exercise his "good offices" with Prussia, he forgot that he is hated by Italy, and that he inspired no awe in Berlin. Italy had to respect the territory which Austria had ceded to France, and Prussia firmly refused to halt her victorious legions, in order to permit him to shape out new boundaries for France as an equivalent for territory which she might win on her road to Vienna!

We some weeks ago suggested, when the French Emperor so ostentatiously took up the rôle of arbiter, that the Prussian premier, instead of waiting for French indications, would himself make peace on his own terms with his humiliated foe, and while prescribing and exalting German prestige, correspondingly humiliate French pretensions. Substantially this result has been achieved. Prussia and Italy have changed the map of Europe. Louis Napoleon has not. Italy will get Venetia, not through the French Emperor, but as the legitimate fruit of her alliance with Prussia, and will she be called upon to give up compensating territory to the confederate of Austria. Prussia will create a new German federation, of which she will be the head, while greatly exalting Germanic prestige, correspondingly humiliate French pretensions. Substantially this result has been achieved. Prussia and Italy have changed the map of Europe. Louis Napoleon has not. Italy will get Venetia, not through the French Emperor, but as the legitimate fruit of her alliance with Prussia, and will she be called upon to give up compensating territory to the confederate of Austria. Prussia will create a new German federation, of which she will be the head, while greatly exalting sufficient strength to make her the foremost power of Europe proper, and that without the recollections of humility" necessarily shadowed out in the Napoleonic letter, and which meant the surrender of the Rhenish provinces to France. The politician has been beaten at his own game; if he gets the Rhine for a boundary, he will have to fight for it, and he will hesitate long before he pits his his army against the legions that crumpled up Benedek and his army like an empty eggshell, in its iron grasp.

Prussia, having an equal population with France, at the new levy, is more than a match for the "nephew of his uncle," and can put a permanent check on all Gallic territorial ambitions. So much the better. We look to a great Prussian, Protestant Power as the salvation of Europe. She will be the standard-bearer in a career of progress that is to put to shame past centuries of misrule, ignorance and superstition. The panic-ising of the Napoleonic wind-bag will be a secondary but satisfactory incident in her rise to a position to which nothing in a paltry spirit of localism and a malignant Austrian influence has hitherto prevented her from attaining.

Louis Napoleon is no longer the arbiter of Europe. Italy has escaped from his humiliating influence, and with Prussia for an ally—and she can afford to be an unselfish one—may defy the power and sneer at the craft of the false friend who gave with one hand and clinched with the other, and the measure of whose friendship was the spoil he might gain by pretending it.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 17, 1866.

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Authors are requested to designate their manuscripts distinctly, and in communicating with us, to retain the original title.

NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

English Reform Agitation.—Atlantic Telegraph.

THE word Reform has been so long associated with English politics, that we are apt to give a broader meaning to it than the people themselves do whom it most interests. The world is a capitalistic one, and the spirit of progress and improvement of every kind; but in the restricted sense in which it is used by our cousins, it applies chiefly to the enlargement of the right of voting for members of Parliament. That it has not become a political catchword among us, is partly because we have long since advanced beyond the state of pupilage which the agitation of such a question assumes to exist among large masses of the people, and perhaps, also, because of late years the tendencies of our political changes have been more radical than the word Reform conventionally means. We tear down, we abolish, we reconstruct, but Parliamentary Reform does not suit our ardent temperaments. It therefore seems strange to us, educated as we are in the belief that it is the inherent right of every man to have a voice in the rule of the land of the commonwealth, in other words, in the right of manhood suffrage, that a strong political agitation should exist on the question whether fifteen or twenty dollars, more or less, of yearly rental, should entitle a man to vote; that while we are still in the flush and heat of the conflict as to whether two millions of white people, of another race than ours, and other habits of thought should have unrestricted rights of suffrage, the Mother Country should be upset, and the direction of the course of her empire be, if not changed, at least "shunted to another line," on the apparently trivial question of adding fifty dollars of annual rental, or thirty-five dollars of assessed value, should confer the right of suffrage.

But our wonder will be lessened when we consider that such a question as this naturally follows the doctrine on which the political creatures of Great Britain are founded, that property alone has the right of parliamentary representation. For, if property, then how much or little must a man have? You must draw a line somewhere. In the Reform Bill of 1832, the line was drawn at 50 dollars in towns, and 250 dollars in the counties. The late Ministry proposed to lower the qualification of those paying 35 dollars rental to the towns and 100 dollars in the counties. Agreed, said their opponents, only instead of rental, you shall make it the assessed value. This was the Ministry, and being beaten on the division of the House, they resigned. This may seem a small matter, but on such a basis is invested in it. The theory is, that property is enough, several sort of view, is the exponent of a certain measure of intelligence. But as education advances and the average of intelligence of the people is improved, it is obvious that a lower standard of property will represent the same average intelligence which a higher standard did a few years ago. Hence when the first Reform Bill was carried. It is also obvious that the classes paying thirty-five dollars will increase more rapidly than those in numbers than those paying fifty dollars, so that while the proposed Reform Bill of the late Ministry increased very extensively the number of voters, the general degree of the intelligence of those voting remained about the same.

This matter of rental is what strikes us American readers as so peculiar and unsatisfactory. So accustomed are we to the system of boarding, tenement-houses, and other contrivances for making one roof cover several families, that we can form no idea of the difficulty there is in small houses which radiate from the heart of the large towns in England, rising from thirty to two hundred dollars a year, and forming suburbs of immense extent. The influence of the home-life on families, which this segregation produces on the social system, is one which it is beside our purpose to dwell upon, but the slightest reflection will show that it must be immense, and we must take this into consideration when we look at the Bill by the institutions of England as compared with our own.

The statistics which have been gathered to show the exact status of voters under a rental of seven pound, or (thirty-five dollar) rental would enranchise, possess the highest degree of interest, and at some future time we hope to lay them before our readers. They are of such a nature that it is impossible to see how any Ministry can stand that refuses to bring in a Bill to lower the franchise, and we look for a reasonable doubt that the Derby Ministry will, in due time, propose a measure quite as liberal as that of their predecessors which would be no new thing for a Tory Administration to do. That public meetings should be held to express the popular feeling on the subject, is what we are too much accustomed to in this country, to feel any surprise about in another, having kindred institutions; and as to the threatened riots in London, they appear either to have referred to the place where the meetings were to have been held, than to the meetings themselves. It is as if the Central Park Commissioners had prohibited the Loyal League Club from holding a monster meeting in the Central Park; and as the citizens of London cherish the conservation of the grassy slopes of Hyde Park quite as dearly as our citizens do those of the Central Park, the Government, who are the conservators of the London parks, have very properly prevented a demonstration that would have acted under similar circumstances.

That the gradual lowering of the elective franchise in Great Britain is due to the example of this country, no less than to the increased intelligence of the people themselves, there seems no good ground to doubt. To us is due the demonstration of how safely the masses may be trusted with political power; and that, though sometimes mistaken, sometimes warped by passion or prejudice, and sometimes led astray by demagogues, the common sense of the people quickly resorts its power, to the preservation and progress of those who deceived it. But we do not see how, practically, the political influence of the one country on the other is to be increased by the Atlantic cable having accomplished a full share of its influence, at five dollars a word, must be of a very vague kind. There is quite enough in this Cyrogenic of the telegraphic union of England and America to challenge the highest admiration, and to excite the most sluggish imagination, without claiming for it a power of political influence which it cannot in the nature possess. By means of it we feel at once ten days younger, for to that extent time has been annihilated. We have no distinct record of how common people felt when the change was made in Europe from the old style to the new style; but we do know that one objection to that change was that it would twelve days, was that the days of the living generation were shortened so much. "Time brings about its revenges," and if our forefathers fancied they lost some time, we can have the satisfaction of knowing we have made it up. Seriously, however, there are many respects in which this cable may prove to be an additional bond of union between the two countries. The importance of knowing daily and hourly what is passing in the markets of the world cannot be exaggerated in value. Speculation may be checked, but the steady flow of trade cannot be diminished. The interchanges of commodities will, in fact, be more steady, loss will be avoided, although large profits may be more rare. The analogy of the trade between California and the Eastern States will show how the increase of telegraphic communication with Europe and the East Indies will affect the interests of our merchants and underwriters. It now takes to convey a letter from New York to San Francisco is much longer than from the former place to London, while the telegraphic distance is practically the same, and the time will be the same when the number of letters between California and New York is diminished, but, on the contrary, it is increased by the greater and more rapid, but less reliable, means of communication. When telegrams are charged the enormous price of five dollars in gold per word, only the most urgent will be transmitted, and that in the briefest and most condensed form, requiring letters by mail to corroborate and explain. When the cumbrous heavy losses which have been incurred in previous attempts to lay the cable, we are sure no one will grudge to the company any amount of remuneration that the public may run and the outlay they have made; but the proposed tariff of charges is so high that business is killed by it. We have before us the London Secretary of State hints at what he would have done in the way of patronage had the cable of 1858 been successful, and certainly we wish the Anglo-American Telegraph Company no more profitable task than that of transmitting Mr. Seward's dispatches at the rate of one pound sterling a word. We suppose that such a message was begun might even effect the market value of the shares. On the 3d inst. we are informed that the cable is working perfectly, at the rate of twenty-five words a minute, and that one thousand one hundred and thirteen dollars in gold were received on that day. Now at the rate of five dollars for a word, this would show that twenty-two minutes was all the time the wire was used, whereas one would have supposed that day and night would scarcely have been long enough to transmit the messages crowding for precedence. We trust to see a revision of this tariff at an early day, and certainly as soon as another cable is completed. The more valuable that this means of intercourse is, the greater ought to be the facility of access to it; and after the first flush of triumphant success is over, we hope the directors will take a correct view of the duties of their employés. We are not told whether messages may be transmitted on a Sunday. On this point a curious question might arise, for, supposing no delay in transmission, Sunday here is Saturday in Calcutta, and thus the enforcement of such a rule would be to exclude Saturday, Sunday and Monday from telegraph operations, working Eastward and Westward.

The Adjournment of Congress.

AFTER a session of eight months, Congress adjourned on the 28th ult., and the members returned to their homes and their constituents, leaving their record before the country for approval or rejection. Whatever verdict may be pronounced upon it, the people will possess very little to complain of in the patriot and the statesman. The people's representatives have not been very fortunate in attaining their fitness for the position in which the common suffrage placed them, and in evincing that comprehensive, impartial regard for the general welfare which we have a right to expect of our national delegates. It is true they have done well for themselves, in nearly doubling their salaries, but we look in vain among their enactments for any measures that seem to meet the great exigencies of the day, and prove that the manifest desires of the people were either comprehended or duly regarded. The paramount question demanding the attention and legislation of Congress was, undoubtedly, the full restoration of the whole Union to harmony and fraternity, and for participants in the rebellion were either to be punished for their political sins, or pardoned in full and admitted to the privileges they had sacrificed. While the infliction of penalty indiscriminately might have been technically just, it would have been obviously impolitic, and was never contemplated as a feature of a forgive-and-forget policy, that, sooner or later, we were to have an undivided Union and a proper adjustment of all the temporarily discovered parts. Some wise, generous, paramount policy, was therefore requisite to accomplish this end, and it devolved upon Congress to devise and announce such a policy. This has not been done. There was a reconstruction committee appointed, but it accomplished nothing but alienating the affections and embittering the feelings of those it was intended to conciliate. Certain conditions were proposed and again abandoned. Partisan rancor was excited, and partisan interests arose to override every consideration not that was not in accordance with the narrow, bigoted views of the politician. The war had settled finally and for ever the vexed and disgraceful question of slavery, and all subsidiary matters would rapidly and readily adjust themselves to the new condition of things, if left to their natural tendencies. But it is urged that there is no true loyalty at the South, and that the admission of the seceded States would imperil all that the country has gained by its struggle and sacrifice. Under certain interpretations, this statement is true, and the fear will founded; but we must remember that Southern people to cringe at our feet as cravens, and to discard, at our dictation, the spirit and sentiments they have entertained for generations. We must not expect that their feelings toward their former slaves will be very different from what they always were, simply because those slaves have been made freedmen. In a word, we must not expect that the temper and disposition and the long-cherished feelings of a race, will be wholly transformed, because their outward circumstances are altered. This is not in human nature. But so far as future duties and relations are concerned—so far as a willingness to be good citizens and promote the interests of the country at large are concerned—so far as a readiness to accept the issues of the contest is concerned—we believe the South is loyal, and that their loyalty should be recognized and rewarded. And because Congress has not made this recognition, but has demanded impracticable and impossible terms, we charge that body with having failed to meet a just and reasonable expectation. It is evident that further postponement will not add to the quality of loyalty, but reconstruction on the present anomalous condition of the rejected States will lead to anarchy, instead of harmony and peace, while the interests of the whole country are injured by the uncertainty connected with the political situation.

If, therefore, the South is ever again to be represented in the national councils, the sooner that representation is granted the sooner a proper temper will be manifested and an unmistakable loyalty cultivated throughout its whole extent. Industry, enterprise, self-interest, will prove more potent as means of reconstruction than Congressional resolutions; men who are trusted usually strive to become worthy of the confidence reposed in them. Denunciation and abuse have been tried and have failed, and though our shibboleth cannot be pronounced sufficiently by our brothers brethren, that should not be a reason for treating them as foes.

WE commence this week "Madeline's Marriage," an interesting story, written expressly for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER by a popular American author, and which will be completed in six numbers. The story will be followed by an original Romance of the very highest and most absorbing interest.

THE composition of the city of New York, in respect of the nationality of its citizens, offers a curious study; but the interest of the statistics is further excited by the relations which the respective foreign and native elements sustain to the statistics of crime and disease—these inquiries leading directly to sanitary considerations, as connected with locality and modes of life. We shall not attempt to follow out the general subject,

which would fill a volume, but confine ourself to a view of the activities of our metropolitan people. Taking the American, Irish and German races in the city of New York, they stand, or did in 1860, as follows:

Whole population of New York city.	813,669
American born,	465,449
Foreign born,	348,714
Irish,	203,740
German,	119,784

About 13,000 are of unknown nativity and about 63,000 are French, Spanish, Italian, African, besides English, Scotch and Welsh. We have some people from every portion of the globe. Very nearly one-half the population is foreign born. If we extend this inquiry, we find that the great body of foreign emigrants go into the cities and towns, notwithstanding they may have come from farms and rural districts. The propensity of the Irish to stay in towns is quite remarkable. The census report says that 94 per cent. of the Irish male emigrants over 15 years of age, and 92 per cent. of those under 15, were farmers, farm laborers, plowmen, grooms, etc. How, where are they in this country? When we come to consider the causes of disease in New York, we must recollect that we have 200,000 Irish here, most of whom came from the rural districts at home, and thus we have not only the fact that they are crowded into dirty tenement houses and close streets, but that they come from the country, and are more sensitive than city people to the poison of city air. It is a misfortune that, if we may receive so many of the ignorant, impoverished people of Europe, more of them do not go to the country, where their ignorance and their vices would be less dangerous, because not massed up in dangerous and inflammable bodies. Some of the Germans go to the country than the Irish. The German is thrifty and likes to be independent. It is a pity we cannot say as much of the Irish. The census of town and rural districts of the State of New York we have the following remarkable table:

Cities.	Rest of the State.
American born, . . . 721,749	1,160,236
Foreign born, . . . 690,049	408,721
Ratio of natives to foreigners in cities, 53 to 46.	
Ratio of natives to foreigners in rural districts, 89 to 16.	

If we were to mingle politics with statistics, these facts would furnish wholesome food for reflection. The country has reason to thank God that there are not more people in the cities. The districts[1] to counteract the ignorance and corruption of the cities are in the ratio of 89 to 16. When these are called "Conservative," it is certainly complimentary to be classed as a "Radical."

[1] The districts are the rural districts.

THE devices practiced by swindlers in this and other cities, are as numerous as various and original. One of the most apparently easy and successful forms of fraud consists in collecting the names of persons throughout the country, and forwarding to each a circular of lottery tickets. In the course of two or three weeks the recipient, who, in nine cases out of ten, has paid no attention to the circular, is informed by letter that one of the tickets he has received has drawn a prize valued at $165, or some other considerable sum. The ticket of the prize is informed that he is entitled to send on $5 to pay for the lucky ticket, and that, upon his remitting the money, and stating what manner he has prize he desires it will be at once forwarded to him. This but very often succeeds in catching the victim, although the letter announcing the drawing of the prize never states in what the said prize consists. The ticket-holder congratulates himself on his good luck, thinks perhaps he has drawn $165 in good, a splendid watch, or it may be, a piano or something of that sort. Accordingly he sends on the necessary $5, and then waits anxiously for his prize. In two or three days he receives a large envelope, marked "valued at $165," and upon opening this finds himself the lucky possessor of a certificate for 165 shares of stock in the "Overflowing Spring Petroleum Prize Company," each share valued at $1. Unfortunately the officers of the concern, whose names are duly appended, forget to state where their wells are located, where their oil is now being prospected, and what is the selling price of their stock. Of course there is no such company, and the stock is not worth the paper on which the shares are. These affairs are simple swindles, out of which two or three sharpers in New York realize, over their expenses for stamps, printing, &c., nearly $4 75 from each victim.

A RELIC has been received at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, which is supposed to have an important bearing on the question of the antiquity of man on the continent. It is a piece of matting wrought of cane by the hand of man, which was found on a stratum of rock under that in which were found, about the same spot, the fossil remains of an elephant of the remote period. The matting was found on Petit Anse Island, near Vermilion Bay, on the coast of Louisiana. The extent of the island is about five thousand acres, covered with a salt dome fifteen to twenty feet deep. At this depth, in any part of the trust, may be found a stratum of hard, pure rock salt, of great depth, and practically of inexhaustible quality. It is this, within three feet of which it was found, that preserved the matting referred to. This salt, of which a large mass is deposited in the Smithsonian Institution, is almost chemically pure, very strong and quite as hard as sandstone. Mention is historically made of its discovery by the early explorers of the Gulf coast, but without knowledge of the fact, the rebels made the discovery, and drew thence for a time considerable supplies of salt.

THE late "war correspondent" of a Boston paper, Mr. C. C. Coffin ("Carleton"), happened to pick up, in the streets of Richmond, sundry papers among the rest lying about the deserted rebel capital after its evacuation, which proved to be the correspondence between the Davis government and its agents about the famous cotton loan, which has brought (and how justly!) so many British sympathizers with the rebellion to abject grief. How Slidell, and Spence, and the editors of the *London Times* "worked the oracle," and D'Erlanger, and others, pocketed commissions, is officially recorded in the correspondence. It is too long to copy, but the record will prove a plump plum in the pudding of history. We have seen the letter of Slidell to Judah P. Benjamin; letter to Memminger, the rebel Secretary of the Treasury, about our excellent friend, Master Louis Napoleon. On the 31st of March, 1863, D'Erlanger wrote:

"The Emperor himself, through the medium of his cousin, Count Walewski, has given me his decision [of the rebel loan]; a proof with what interest the question has been received by all friends of the South!"

THE New York correspondent of the London *Spectator* hits off very fairly that extraordinary person known as Artemus Ward, who, instead of professing to be naturalized, and to have become Americans in fact and feeling, who, nevertheless, have an ever-increasing grievance against the country which are not Americas, and in which the true American takes no interest, or to which he may be opposed. Artemus Ward, however, says:

"Here are men whose 'American citizenship,' as it is called, is just as complete as ours, whose families have been established here for years, who have erected, built up this nation, and framed the society—a poor thing enough, but our own—and yet these men to-day who came here solely to get dollars where before they had pounds, not only stand at once in the full proportions of the hard-won power that we have inherited and created, but are, in fact, the masters of the situation, and are the men who, by their clamorous claims, say what they assumed so easily, and what at least now they will have, the advantages which we have acquired for their country, and to the detriment of ours which we have created for ourselves and children. Mr. Roberts—an 'American citizen,' mind you, as much as Chief Justice Chase—has a mansion in Fifth avenue, and sits in the shoulder-strap, would be an appropriate defender of the rights of the cold commanding officers of the armies.

"The New England *Prest* says that last week some men fishing for porgies off Seguin, with nets, captured a porpoise which was 75 feet long. It is judged that he weighed more than 1,500 pounds. Some twelve or fifteen men were employed for two hours in dispatching with an Arizona turde on board.

—The Washington Central Rail Road Company have established at the freight depot in Detroit a bathing house, with a handful of antiquated servants in charge. The bathing house is for the accommodation of the employés of the company, and the object of the liberal arrival the place is inherently patronize, as it is the only opportunity they have of cleansing themselves after they leave New York City.

—Several papers in Illinois and Indiana give notice that a new counterfeit is in circulation of the steamer and ponds of their many occupants. Thousands of fair men are engaged in the manufacture of the color, some ebon and others up recently gaining for breath. The cause is unknown.

—The degree of D.D. has not been conferred by Harvard College since 1861, when it conferred none that year. But fourteen made up for both by creating them LL.D.'s last year.

—The Boston public garden is to have a wrought iron railing to inclose the grounds. The bars are to be pairs say that the design is very light and graceful. The Mill Dam bridge will be the bridge which is pleasing from every point of view.

—Mr. Bancroft Davis, son of his father's horse, near Berkeley Springs, Va., trying to repair the damage of the late war. He has not accepted the foreign mission offered him by his distinguished father.

—The Union Pacific railroad, according to a dispatch from Omaha, has reached a point 247 miles of one hundred and sixty-three miles. Fort Kearney, via Julesburg, and will be reached, it is said, by September 1.

—A general movement is making to complete the National Washington Monument, and contributions are about to be solicited.

—Rev. Jeremiah Day, D. D., ex-President of Yale College, died recently at Cheshire, Conn., July 3, 1866. He has attended seventy Yale Commencements.

—The Neu-Orleans *Price Current* has just completed the cotton crop of 1866.

At the close of the war there was due to the Government from planters in the rebel States about $300,000 of ante-war balances. Of this about $150,000 has been collected, and the rest is in suits. Similar suits have been instituted for the recovery of about $1,000,000 which have been paid over each before to the Confederate authorities.

—The members of Governor Burnside's staff who served with him in the war have presented him with with a massive silver bowl, eighteen inches high and twenty-four inches around the top. It is massive and and elaborately ornamented with personal and patriotic devices, and is supported on an entirely private and informal manner.

—The Secretary of the Interior has received from a gentleman in New Jersey samples of paper manufactured from the fibre of cotton which grows in great abundance upon all tolerable flats. The paper is very fine and of a fair quality, and the fibre can be manufactured for twenty per cent. less than any variety now in use.

Foreign—A new mince plant, the eighty-seventh of the group between Mars and Jupiter, was discovered at the Paris Observatory, on the 1st, by Mr. R. Luther, the government astronomer at the Royal Observatory at Bilk, near Dusseldorf. It is the fourth which Mr. Sylvia to his new planet.

—The reply of Prussia's account of the battle of Königsgrätz, as furnished to the Queen, shows that his Majesty's generals have a good war correspondent. His description of the conduct of his two sons on the field is much to their credit.

—The Prussian Cabinet, flushed with its prowess, attributes the success of the Prussian arms in the late six for peace to causes other than disinterested friendship for Germany. It is quite right.

—It is said that if Italy obtain Venetia and Rome, England will cede Malta.

—Paris is the rapid development of the American iron-clad navy, with the accounts received in London from New York and Boston, has caused the Paris *Constitutionnel* much attention in official circles. Sir Morton Peto, in the House of Commons, proposes a rather poor organization of our naval force if used for ocean or foreign war purposes.

—Three French war frigates have been ordered, at Cherbourg, to land their guns and sail for Mexico to commence the retirement of the French army.

—Statistics recently published show that 30,000,000 bottles of champagne are annually produced in France, and are thus apportioned: Arnos, 100,000; Spain and Portugal, 200,000; Italy, 400,000; Belgium, 500,000; Holland, 300,000; Germany, 1,200,000; Russia, 2,000,000; France, 5,000,000; England, 6,000,000; India, 8,000,000; North America, 10,000,000. This calculation leaves 1,300,000 bottles unaccounted for, and since none but the luminous of inferior wines switch are foisted on the unwary at variable champagne.

—The *Journal de Havre* gives the following statistics of the population of the principal cities of Europe, as now place on a war footing:

	Men.
France,	800,000
Prussia,	450,000
Italy,	1,200,000
Russia,	1,200,000
Austria,	375,000
Turkey,	64,116
Holland,	75,000
Sweden and Norway,	135,000
England (including 150,000 volunteers)	250,000
Denmark,	41,400
Saxony,	31,000
Germanic Confederation,	607,351
Spain,	80,000
Egypt, Mexico-Wallachia, Montenegro and Servia, together,	152,000
Belgium,	128,291
Switzerland,	93,639
Roman States,	12,000

—It does not appear from any give a total of 5,604,293 officers, sub-officers, and soldiers. In taking account of the sick and wounded, there still remains a balance of 4,000,000 of armed and able-bodied men.

—Queen Victoria, one of the heroes recently pulled down near Notre Dame, Paris, the following inscription was found: "Let many bloody wars pass from the year 1439, and we six hundred years old when they look on from the tomb."

—The total number of emigrants into the Ottoman Empire, during the last six years, including Circassians, Bosnians, Cretans and other Turks, amounts to 1,600,000 of souls. Of these, about 675,000 embarked in the last three years, and 365,000 in the four years previous.

—An antiquarian given us the following statement with regard to a royal cemetery. He says that in the small island of Iona, one of the Hebrides, Scotland, sixty-one kings lie buried; forty-eight were Scotch, eight Norwegian, four Irish, and one French."

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

RETURNING from a visit to New Orleans, we were fortunate enough to secure a passage in a steamer with one of the passengers. Among the latter one especially interested us. She was the widow of a wealthy planter, who had returned to the city to look to her father's home. Her devotion to the child was very touching, and the eyes of her old black nurse beamed with delight, as she brought her mistress "out to love that boy too much, or the Lord would take him away from her."

We passed through the canal at Louisville, and stopped for a few minutes at the wharf. Some were wishing to see the city, while others on the guard at the back of the boat, where by a sudden effort the child sprang from the arms of the nurse, overboard. She swept toward the falls, and disappeared immediately. The confusion which ensued almost drowned the utterance of the mother, who was in the front part of the boat quite unconscious of the accident, and was preparing for the landing. Rising hastily, she handed him a tiny spoon and a full bowl. "Here, nurse, is the medicine. Turning to a she had torn off the clothes that was eagerly watching his countenance, he pointed first to the spoon and then to the night which was fast coming on, and gone under.

In an instant the bottle dropped from the mother's hand, and she was prostrated. For a short time the excitement was intense, and some persons, with praiseworthy daring, dove into the water, while others, procured a small boat and started off in search of the child. The latter succeeded in making his way with something in his mouth. Bravely he struggled with the waves—the precious burden was safe—a cry of joy rent the air—shouts from one breast gave a response—and the boat was soon by the side of the swimmer. Gently they drew the child from the deep and the child.

Giving a glance of safety herself that the child was really living, the young mother rushed forward, and shaking beside him, threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears. Not many could view the sight unmoved, as she caressed the restored babe and sharply head, she looked up to the owner and said:

"Sir, I thank you, I thank you! I am rich, take all I have, everything, but give me my child's preserver!"

The gentleman, modest, and pitying the lady's heart, said:

"I am very glad he has been of service to you; but nothing could induce me to part with him."

KAFIR CLOTHING.

BEFORE the introduction of Christianity, and even now to a great extent, the clothing of the Kafir of South Africa consists of a bunch of strips cut from the skin of a goat, sheep, ox, or goat, fastened together so as to make a small apron. His ornaments are necklaces made of the teeth or claws of the lion or the leopard, bracelets and anklets of the coils of iron and other plants, which serve him for medicine when he is sick. His hair is never shaved or combed. They all have fine foreheads; but while some shave their heads, others keep the hair short like a young man's beard, which they sometimes brush it out rather up, and let it fall in long, thick, bushy ringlets, all round. At certain seasons they grease it round a little on top of their head, adding tiers to it, till it looks like a sausage. They stick all sorts of things in their hair, from hen's feathers to wood spoons.

For grand occasions, or in full dress, a Kafir wears a head-dress of long strings made of goat's hair and girdles of beads. He is extremely fond of ornaments, and never sees anything in a navy button-maker. He hardly ever moves from his hut without something in his hand, such as a stick, bow or assagais, or spears, and a knobbed club in his hands. Thus armed he will never without a great deal of ease some of them leaving at the point a large thorn which he carries in his hand.

The Kafir women are very fond of ornaments, and they are often seen wearing it like a very short petticoat, made of goat skin cuts have intricate figures on or a narrow piece of blue calico. They sometimes wear necklaces of glass beads or blue calico. Many of the children are left entirely naked up to about their twelfth year.

In their savage state they have no sense of shame, and in the early days they lived before Adam's fall, when they have learned what a holy life is, and what a sinful life is, they acquire, and when they compare this with their own vicious, wicked habits, those who are acquainted with them, and lead a Christian life no longer go unclothed.

The Kafir girls are allowed to come into my town without wearing a shirt, on the penalty of being sent to prison, but beyond the British territory, in Zululand, there is no such law. Near a Mission Station, however, the heathen Kafirs, the men principally, will come to beg for a garment, and will wear it on Sundays when they attend church, but the moment they get out of it one of the bright spots of a missionary's experience when a Kafir wears his coat for a week, or even a month that something better will follow. On one occasion when a Kafir was going to church, I overheard some of the young girls who had only a piece of blue calico round their loins, and were proceeding to put them on, she called to them and told them that it was a shame for them to put on any such thing, and they were quite ashamed of themselves.

At Gibraltar, there was a great scarcity of water. An Irish officer said, "It is very well for the people on this side of the rock to do with water; if we only can see tea in the morning, and punch at night, it was all the be with us."



KNIGHTSTOWN, VALENTIA, IRELAND, THE TERMINUS OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

THE great event of the age is the successful laying of the ocean telegraph, by which two continents are brought into instant communication and bound together by a multitude of ties. Whether regarded as a triumph of scientific skill, as a monument of enterprise and faith in human capability, or as evidence of persevering determination to overcome the most discouraging obstacles, this event will ever hold a prominent place in the world's history, and exercise an important influence over the world's progress.

In view of the absorbing interest of this successful undertaking, we devote a considerable portion of our paper, this week, to the illustration of various points and features, connected with the great ocean cable.

The first successful submarine telegraph was laid between England and France, a distance of twenty-four miles, in 1850, since which time a number of lines have been laid and satisfactorily operated. No one then dreamed of an Atlantic Cable, and in the development of electrical science then existing, such a dream would have proved wholly illusory. Experiments, however, soon demonstrated the fact, that, under certain conditions, currents of electricity could be sent through submerged wires for any distance, and also showed how certain scientific difficulties attending their transmission could be obviated or removed. These facts established, the way for an ocean telegraph was fairly open, and all required was the genius to plan, and the energy and capital to execute. These were happily found, and through the efforts of Mr. Field, who had devoted a large share of attention to the subject, a company was formed in 1854 for the purpose of connecting the Old and New World, with an ocean telegraph. In 1858 the cable was stretched across the Atlantic from Ireland to Newfoundland; messages were transmitted, and for a few days everything promised success, when, from some unknown cause, the wire ceased to convey signals, and the project proved a failure. But the possibility and feasibility of the scheme were now demonstrated. Only its details required attention, and it was confidently believed that science and skill could overcome the difficulties in the way of success, and that the actual working of such a line was only a question of time.

It is needless to say how unhappily the expedition of last year failed, and to this day it is not known whether the injury to the cable's insulation was caused by accident or wanton mischief. The commercial loss upon these failures has been great, but even out of the evil has come some good, for in the interim the science of making, testing and laying cables has so much improved, that an undetected fault in an insulated wire has now become literally impossible, while so much are the instruments for signaling improved, that not only can a slight fault be disregarded, if necessary, but it is even easy to work through a submarine wire with a foot of its copper conductor stripped and bare to the water. This latter result, astonishing as it may appear, was actually achieved for some days with the whole Atlantic Cable on board the Great Eastern. Out of a length of more than 1,700 miles, a coil was taken from its centre, the copper conductor stripped clean of its insulation for a foot in length, and in this condition lowered over the vessel's side till it rested on the ground. Yet, through this the clearest signals were sent.

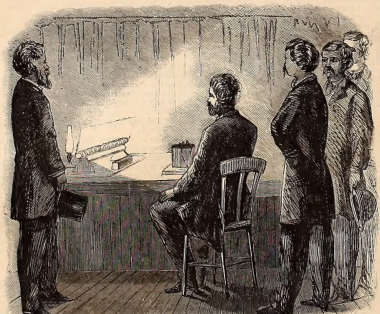
The faith of the gentlemen connected with this wonderful enterprise in its ultimate triumph never for a moment wavered; if they met with disaster and disappointment, they were only more careful in making preparations for a new effort. On the completion of the entire cable, as above given, it was coiled and placed on the Great Eastern, a connection was made with the shore end, at Valentia, on July 13th, and the steamer at once started on her westward voyage, reaching Heart's Content, Newfoundland, on the 27th, making an average speed of about five miles per hour.



THE STEAMSHIP GREAT EASTERN OFF SHEERNESS, ENGLAND, RECEIVING THE ATLANTIC CABLE ON BOARD FROM THE HULK.



HER MAJESTY'S STEAMER THE MARGARETTA SAY NS'N, SOUNDING THE HARBOR AND PLACING BUOYS IN TRINITY BAY, FOR THE SAFE GUIDANCE OF THE GREAT EASTERN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JOSEPH BECKER.



RECEIVING MESSAGES IN THE TEST ROOM ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.

During the whole voyage, constant communication was kept up with the shore end of the cable, and no intermission of signals was experienced, while daily news from Europe was posted up outside the telegraph office on board the Great Eastern. Immediately on the arrival of the steamer at Heart's Content, Mr. Field announced the success of the undertaking to the directors of the company in this city, and shortly afterward sent a congratulatory message to President Johnson.

Heart's Content, the American terminus of the cable, is a little fishing hamlet, hitherto unknown, but destined to become a place of importance, as one of the main points in the history of the age.

The bay on which it is situated is a very safe and capacious one, and on its shores was selected. On our first page we give a sketch of the town and harbor.

The eastern terminus of the cable is at Knightstown, Ireland, a few miles distant from the point previously chosen for the shore end. Like Heart's Content, it has no intrinsic importance, but will hereafter become famous.

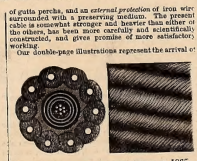
On the 7th of July the end of the Irish shore cable was landed from the vessel selected for that purpose, and early the next morning the laying was successfully completed, and the end buried in ninety-four fathoms of water, the position indicated by a buoy, at a distance of twenty-seven miles from land. At this point the Great Eastern effected a connection with the portion of the cable already laid, and proceeded on her voyage. On page 340 we give a view of Knightstown, and also of the reception of the cable on board the Great Eastern.

That there might be no delay when the telegraph fleet should arrive at its destination, a steamer was dispatched to make soundings and station buoys in the harbor on this side. This every precaution was taken to insure success and facilitate the operations of the enterprise.

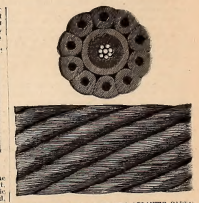
As already stated, tests were continually applied while the ship was paying out the cable, and no success in communication kept up with the office on the other side. The fact that there was no interruption of these signals augured well for the success that Mr. Field achieved, and was a great encouragement both to him and his associates, who watched the progress of their great undertaking with the most intense anxiety. On page three is a view of the testing-room on the Great Eastern, and a diagram of the three cables that have been laid. These are all similar in their construction, each consisting of a conductor composed of a copper strand or seven wires (six laid around one), an insulator of gutta percha, and an *external protection* of iron wire surrounded with a preserving medium. The present cable is somewhat stronger and heavier than either of the others, has been more carefully and scientifically constructed, and gives promise of more satisfactory working.

Our double-page illustrations represent the arrival of the Great Eastern at Trinity Bay and the carrying the shore end of the cable to the station at Heart's Content.

Thus the grand conception of establishing telegraphic communication across the ocean has been realized, and, as if in token of the benefits the world will derive from it, the first intelligence conveyed was of peace between the two leading Powers of Europe.



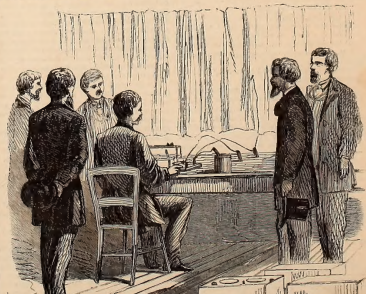
FULL SIZE DIAGRAM OF THE CABLE OF 1865.



FULL SIZE DIAGRAM OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE JUST LAID.



FULL SIZE DIAGRAM OF THE CABLE OF 1858.



THE TEST ROOM ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN—SENDING A MESSAGE THROUGH THE CABLE A 1,600 MILES IN TWO MINUTES.

THE FUNERAL OF JOY MORROW.

The sorement of sorrow,
The shroud of despair,
Encircle Joy Morrow,
The bride of Adair,
The radiant Morrow
Who smiled on Adair.

"No sobbing will wake her,
Her spirit has fled,"
That damp undertaker,
Old mouldy Time, said,
That grim undertaker
Who measured the dead.

And grimly he fashioned
A coffin of lead,
A bosom impassioned
With utterless dread,
A coffin so fashioned
Of ponderous lead.

Curse Sin, the grave-digger,
Worked on with a grin,
As he made the hole bigger
To lay her within;
To feed with her figure
The foster within.

And Thoughts, the bier-bearers,
Attended, they say,
The mocking crape-wearers,
To bear her away,
The scoffing bier-bearers,
To tear her away.

The bells' muffled sobbing
Came fitfully slow,
The sad-hearted sobbing,
The heart-tolling woe,
The mad-hearted throbbing,
The corporal throe!

The parson belated
Came late from the town,
The lover he hated
His book and his gown,
And, unconsecrated,
Joy Morrow went down.

Madeline's Marriage, OR THE STEPDAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.—SHRINKERS.

MRS. DONIVON'S voice sounded keen and bare, like an abstraction of a voice which has been stripped of every condition but that of pure communication.

"Madeline has lost her situation, Mr. Donivon," she said to her husband. She never gave the doctor his professional title.

That gentleman was opening a letter, tearing a thin strip of the side of the envelope, in a prim, methodical manner.

"Indeed!" he said, in his dry, hard way; "how is that?"

She explains the circumstances; will you read her letter?"

Mrs. Donivon extended the sheet in her hand. Spite of her self-control, a defiant sharpness cut through her every tone, and that flash came into her eyes which comes only of a deadly antagonism.

Her husband did not answer her immediately. That was his way of punishing and humbling her. He knew her pride and his own power; he knew what the communication she was making was costing her, and, being a sluggish-blooded tyrant in his way, he liked his small bites of revenge.

He let her stand, therefore, and went on reading the letter he had opened. He was a sallow, dyspeptic, uncertain-looking man. It was hard to understand how he could hold any power over the dark, handsome, impassive woman who waited before him with that habitual protest in her eyes, and that fierce, suppressed discontent about her mouth which showed that she was domineered over.

While she waited, an expression of satisfaction spread over his features. Evidently the contents of his letter were pleasing. He read it twice, and then, but rather as though to gratify himself that her, he imparted the news it brought.

"Mr. St. Hellens is coming," he said.

"Is he?" said Mrs. Donivon, indifferently.

"That was a politic stroke, Emily. I must give you credit for that. It will be everything to us to have the old man's favor. Cecil and cash, too," continued the doctor, not noticing his wife's coldness.

"Both of which we stand in need of," said the lady, with sarcasm.

"Yes, that's true. I confess I was beginning to fear the *matter-over* would be a failure, after all."

"A success with us would be an inconsistency."

Dr. Donivon did not like the reflection. A man with a genius for failure is sensitive, naturally; and this man, restless, peevish, arbitrary and unsuccessful, was the tragic fear of the woman who looked so mercilessly through his shams, and upon whose contemptuous independence he held but one check, was no exception. He winced; then he retaliated:

"What were you saying of Madeline?" he asked, suddenly.

Her face grew a trifle paler.

"There is the letter," and she watched him anxiously while he read.

But she was scared, therefore, not surprised, when he added:

"Well, what do you suppose she will do now?"

"S o can do nothing at present but come here."

"You can discharge Lucy while she stays," he reflected.

Mrs. Donivon's face grew rigid and white.

"That will be impossible if Mr. St. Hellens is coming. He is used to servants, and——"

"He will bring his own."

There was a moment's pause, during which Dr. Donivon referred again—the letter, and his wife made another effort to suppress the hatred and indignation in her heart.

"Do you mean," she asked, at last, "that Madeline can only come here for a few days or weeks in the capacity of a servant?"

"I hope, Mrs. Donivon, that we are to have no further trouble on Madeline's account. I supposed, a year ago, that you understood me to mean, I would not support her."

He spoke stiffly, standing on his mean dignity, using his power pompously, as an offset to the grinding necessities which necessity exacted from him toward every one but his wife.

"I do not ask you to support her. I would not accept her support from you; but I claim some rights here—not your bounty. I am your wife, but because I exact all my strength of body and mind in behalf of you and your business, and I tell you frankly that Madeline, in her present helpless ness, shall come here, or I shall go away. I have taken care of both her and myself before, and I can do it again."

Dr. Donivon never ventured beyond the limits to which his wife drew him, once. He enjoyed his tyranny over this handsome, high-spirited woman who had married, too well to imperil it. He needed her also, and he made some few concessions to this necessity. Their marriage had been a strategic mistake. Mrs. Donivon, a widow, poor and handsome, with one child, found, as she thought, in Dr. Donivon, a man who would give her position and comfort; and he, with one of those impulses into which shallow and selfish men are sometimes betrayed, had fallen in love with her fascination. A few months only sufficed to undeceive both. Mrs. Donivon believed to-day that she was born to misfortune, which was synonymous with poverty. Her first husband had been a spendthrift: her widowhood had been a struggle barely for bread, her present position was a severer strife, for hardly more. She had grown bitter and sarcastic. Of her original talents little but a suave policy and a keen will was left. The first she made subservient to the last, the last to herself. Way down at the very bottom of her soul, however, she retained an affection and a dream, and Madeline Orme was the object. She turned to the window after her husband's reply, and let a tide of emotion and remembrance blot out the present. She thought of her early marriage and her blight, of her widowhood and destitution, and how her golden-haired baby had cried with the cold, as she sat at the embroidery which supported them. Then, of Eustis Donivon; of the elder who had so coolly queered her repugnance to become his wife; of the long, drizzling November morning, and the cheap, comfortless boarding-house where he left, to marry him. She had not taken Madeline to the church, and she had cried for being left. Mrs. Donivon remembered the afternoon when the room looking out into the wet court; the ragged little urchin on the bed, the faded carpet, the unlit fire, and the little, artificial face at which she had tied on her bonnet for going out to a dance, a fashionable church—to be married. She had taken Madeline up in her arms at hearing her child said:

"Mamma will be back soon, darling. She'll take Lina away from here, when she comes, to a nice, bright home."

"And will you love me just the same, mamma?" Madeline had asked, gravely.

The mother's head had burst into tears.

"Madeline," she had said, impetuously, "remember—always remember—that I am doing this for you alone."

"My poor baby, how little it has profited you!" came to her lips involuntarily, as a sequence to these memories.

She turned with a start at the sound of her voice, but Dr. Donivon had left the room.

She had been startled in every way—so she mused. Her child had had, it was true, a year for five years, with the cheapest schooling, the poorest clothes, the scantiest food, grudgingly given; while the mother had had to bestow her handsome person, by stealth, for as little as her husband loved her, he would not have her wronged.

They had never known absolute poverty: only a constant, tantalizing insecurity, of wearing efforts to make ends meet, of harrassing bills and miggardly economies. A year previous, Dr. Donivon, more restless and scheming, had determined upon opening a fashionable establishment in Riverville. He had taken a large house, had had it refurnished, had sprinkling, sponging, planning and all that, and in the exacting anxiety for the success of his investment, had decided that he would not be burdened with his step-daughter any longer.

He got six fifteen then—it was as well for her to start in life. She had been themselves, according to the doctor's code, for a living, and must learn to marry. An opening for the first was accessible, an opportunity for the latter not. In a little Western town she was offered a desperate chance of a home, and there she had remained for a year, when some unexpected difficulty had duly and rather indifferently explained in the letter, thrown her upon a home.

Mrs. Donivon had her lips set very tight and firm together, as she turned from the window and opened the secretary.

"You are to come to me, Madeline, directly," she wrote. "Then we will see what can be done for the future."

After she had sealed her letter she walked the room.

It was a neat room, even rather handsome in its appointments, for it was the reception room, and Dr. Donivon always studied effects in his experiments. Consequently the house was well furnished: bright, exact carpets, precise window-shades, polished furniture, all the rooms open and on show, and Mrs. Donivon, tall, scrupulous, well-dressed, on show with them. There was no privacy in the house; the unpleasant patients seemed making perpetual inspections, flitting through the passages, mounting the stairs and loitering observantly, though unconsciously, everywhere, as people with nothing to do will.

Mrs. Donivon's hands were hot, her veins swollen; some of them would be passing presently and gossiping about her. Besides she had no leisure; she must put off her emotions till night. She looked at her watch mechanically; it was five o'clock, of a bright, delightful summer afternoon, and at that hour she should open Annabe sugar and tea, cut the cake, and see that Lucy had set the table properly; and then make her customary call upon the patients assembled in the parlor, previous to supper. Mrs. Donivon was system itself, and her management was faultless. In her sick heart, too, she had a sort of pride in the precision and perfection of her housekeeping.

"Here I am," she thought, passing the mirror, and involuntarily observed herself in it. Her appearance was admirable; the black-and-white checked silk fitted and hung most gracefully; her dark hair, arranged with the the utmost taste, was ornamented with a white lava comb, and a lace collar framed her linen collar. From her belt to the bows on her slippers, her dress, her figure, was faultlessly well-arranged, and the fact occurred to her. Her life long she carried. *Her* dress? her house? The extension-table might as well say, "My damask cloth!" She was part and parcel of Dr. Donivon's establishment—that was all.

She turned, and threw torn off her gow-gaws and dressed her darling in them, if it had been in her power.

She tried to shake off her bitter thoughts in action. She went to the kitchen and store-room, gave her orders with quiet decision, and then back to the parlor. Here she was very evidently welcome to the ennuied invalids, who lounged about with unread books and scraps of fancy work in their hands.

A young man who sat by a window, looking at a photograph album, rose and provided a seat for her. He was a newcomer, and such had always a special claim upon Mrs. Donivon's courtesy; so, as he remained standing beside her, after relinquishing his chair, she began the formula:

"You are somewhat better to-day, Mr. Hylder?"

"Yes, indeed, ma'am. I almost think this pure air would restore me to health. Quiet artist, or rather, on a counter-consolant principle. My throat and lungs have been abused by inhalation of gases from chemicals so long, that they demanded a respite.

Mrs. Donivon came to the Cure rather for relaxation than treatment. Her husband began with lank curls and a copy of "Lalla Rookh." Mrs. Donivon smiled mechanically, to indicate that she understood.

"I presume Miss Catty will claim the credit of his improvement," she said to the affected little schoolmistress who sat near the ringlets and had insinuated the relationship she bore Mr. Hylder.

Miss Catty sought to blush, but was unsuccessful.

"You're a chemist, sir?" said Mrs. Donivan, interrogating; somehow this young man attracted her.

"No, ma'am—a photographer."

"You were constantly engaged, then, when I came in—looking at our photographs, were you not, sir?"

"I was very agreeably engaged, but my study of the collection began and ended with one face."

Miss Catty simpered.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Donivon.

"I would like to ask you who the original is. May I get at it in the album?"

"Certainly."

Mr. Hylder was square-built, sandy-haired, large-limbed, florid, awkward, and yet far from being unprepossessing. His blue eyes were honest and frank, his face Napoleonic; his voice had the right kind of ring. He rang out from a clear conscience. Such people interested while they pained Mrs. Donivon.

Two or three times she stopped the young man during his transit, but he made his way back beside her, opened the album, and past Miss Catty, and handed Mrs. Donivon a vignette of a young girl.

"It is rather like you, ma'am, only I think no one unaccustomed to look sharply at faces would detect it."

"Only that this is my daughter," she said, a little startled.

"Ah, surely. Not at all like the doctor, either," he mused, looking over the picture. "Remarkably pretty, I should say, ma'am."

"I see; and Miss—the young lady—she does not live near you, I presume?"

"Miss Orme, no—that is, she is not here now; but I am expecting her——"

"You are? By-the-way now—I beg pardon—but I hope she'll come. I'd really like to take her with me."

"What's that, Robert?" asked little Miss Catty, breaking in on the conversation, with a deeply injured air, and laying her hand on the young artist's arm.

Mrs. Donivon extricated herself from the explanation to escape from it, and joined the group. A vague presentiment filled her mind all evening, circling, as all her thoughts did, around her daughter.

The misfortune, as it certainly seemed, of Madeline losing her situation, might be destined to defeat. There were two or three young men among the patients—and Madeline was really pretty. Perhaps—but, then, was she to have no better fate—no higher fortune? The wife of some plodding, coarse-grained fellow—goodhearted, maybe, smart, kind, like this Hylder—well enough for some other mother's child—but not for dainty darling! Mrs. Donivon had always vaguely believed that her own defeated life was to be avenged in her child. Her fate was a blank, but of Madeline's future she could make a stately picture. Above this undercurrent of speculation, however, her gracious courtesies flowed on smoothly.

"The doctor tells me we are to have a new patient next week," remarked Mrs. Eames to her. "Yes; a rich widower," interposed Miss Knapp.

"Quite a pleasant addition," said the first.

"I should think it would be interesting," commented Mrs. Donivon, with her bland, unbetraying smile.

"Oh, yes; of course. But Southerners are always pleasant."

"He is a Southerner?" asked Miss Knapp.

"Talking of Mr. St. Velleus, ladies?" questioned Dr. Donivon, coming up, and growing gracious at his entrance. "He's a Southerner, from New Orleans. Rich as Croesus, ladies. You will all see your caps for him, or we'll have some unpleasant feminine scrapes springing up in our harmonious circle."

Mrs. Donivon could not suppress her look of contempt at this pleasantry. Miss Knapp bridled.

"Any one would think your young ladies were all very anxious to get married, doctor. Some of us, I suppose, have seen rich men before Mr. St. Velleus."

"Yes, I have no doubt; and had proposals from them, too," said Mrs. Eames, maliciously.

"Well, ladies, we'll have to see how long a life-lease our patients will hold before we dispose of him. I expect he's in pretty feeble health, from what he writes."

Mrs. Eames looked significantly at Miss Knapp, and the bell rang for supper.

CHAPTER II.—CINDERELLA AND HER GODMOTHER.

The same group which occupied the parlor of the Riverville Water Cure were assembled on the piazza, at the close of the same evening.

A carriage had just stopped at the gate, and a dozen pair of eyes were so engrossed with this central object that a complete silence reigned.

Dr. Donivon stood in the proper attitude for expectation. Miss Knapp, while disguised her actual interest with indifference. Miss Catty forgot Mr. Hylder, and Mrs. Eames her crocheting.

Meantime, the entire genteel party alighted from the back. A mulatto, first; a portly, well-looking man, attired like a gentleman; a child, then, or a woman—a beauty—so hamadryad dressed in a gay, beautiful hat, with a long, white plume, a cherry, flame-shade delaine dress, bare hands and a lace shawl, and a parasol—and a mulatto at the carriage-door and peered inside, and, turning, caught sight of Dr. Donivon, fled up the walk, and was clasped in her arms with a startled cry.

"Madeline!"

"Mamma!" a gentleman, so little, and old, and queer, wrapped, this summer evening, in a dark trimmed with fur, and carrying in his hands, which trembled with weakness, a small, silver-bound ebony box, which he did not relinquish to the servant-man, even in descending the carriage-steps, though the action was certainly an effort.

Dr. Donivon retained his self-possession.

"Mr. St. Hellens," he said, "you are very welcome to Riverville."

Without extending either hand, the old gentleman returned his greeting, politely, but stiffly.

"You are fatigued, and—somewhat unwell, my dear sir," he continued, with unction. "But you must not think me unmindful of you, sir, in this charming seclusion," and Dr. Donivon motioned to assist the mulatto in supporting his master as he walked up the walk with Mr. St. Hellens, in a sharp, quick way, deprecated his help, and eyed him with the habitual suspicion out of his bright, restless eyes.

"And your luggage, sir?" continued the doctor, officiously.

"We have come without, and came near not coming at all," said the new patient, with a little, nervous laugh and an upset and smash-up on the train yesterday."

"And the excitement has jarred my master considerably," added the mulatto, with a certain jealousy, as he helped the invalid up the steps.

Mrs. Donivon had carried Madeline into the house, and was returning to her explanations.

Oh, mamma, it was so funny! We were rolling and tumbling down the bank, and some of them were hurt and others actually hurt, and it was quite frightful. You see Mr. St. Hellens and Simon——"

"Who is Simon, dear?"

"Why, that's the black man, mamma."

"Well?"

"Mr. St. Hellens was right before me in the car, and we were all pitched out together, and, when I found I was not hurt, I jumped up and ran to the old gentleman—for I knew he was injured at first—and helped him into a comfortable position; and don't you think, when I found out my bonnet and shawl were lost, he actually thanked me as soon as we got to the city;" and the girl exhibited her self-possession to her mother, in a childish, delighted way. "And then we were examined, and found we were both coming here—that was so funny!"

"And your trunk lost, Lina?"

"Yes, indeed; my luggage went into the river, I cried, and wanted to stay and look for my things, and Mr. St. Hellens said no matter—better come right on home, for you'd be worried about me. You see, I told him about you, and then I had to explain that you were dead, and I was on the way, and that I had a stepfather, and only six dollars left after my fare was paid."

"Oh, Madeline!"

"Why, mamma, was it any harm? And then, don't you think he gave me these?" and she exhibited six gold eagles, "and he said they were——"

"But my dear child!—what have you done? You cannot keep this money," said Mrs. Donivon in distress.

"Dear mamma, I'll tell you just how it is. Mr. St. Hellens has only a daughter, and he can't find her; and so nothing makes him so angry as to give any little present—he called it a little present—

cent—to any young girl near her age, for he feels as if he was doing something for her—for the daughter."

"But, my child, do you know so little of the world? It was very wrong to take money from a stranger."

"He is a dear old gentleman, anyway," said Madoline, abashed. "And I told him I'd a great deal rather not take it, and that I did not believe you'd let me; and he said he'd explain it all to you."

Mrs. Donivon smiled in spite of herself. She had led her daughter into the little attic chamber prepared for her, and, taking off the child's hat, she looked yearningly into her fair, earnest face.

"I thought you would come back to me a woman, after a year's contact with the world," she said.

"So I am, indeed, mamma. You would see how womanly I am."

"Did you speak to Mr. Donivon, dear?" the mother asked, suddenly pausing in stroking the rich, gold brown hair.

"No, I didn't. I looked at him, and couldn't."

"But, my child, you have come to his house—to ask his charity, while you stay. Don't you know that, darling?—don't you know how powerless I am here? For almost said you shouldn't come; and, if you offend him, he may send you away in an hour. What could you do, then, Madoline? See how intolerable you are, dear."

The girl's face clouded with a hard, worn look that dimmed its beauty. Her lip quivered.

"Don't I do dy'ffully right?" she said, in a sob.

Her mother drew her to her, and held her in her arms without speaking. For a few minutes they sat thus, with tears streaming down both their faces.

"Forgive me, mamma," Madeline said, softly. "I was very cruel to grieve you."

"You could never have done now, dear, and we will go down to tea," the mother answered, cheerfully.

Mr. St. Hellens had likewise been taken to his room, the handsomest the house afforded. He seemed very much exhausted, and they were obliged to lay him on the bed like a child.

"Your stairs are very steep, doctor," he gasped. "They have tired me quite out. I must have a little stimulant—just a little—to give me a trifle of strength."

"Let me prescribe some cold applications and complete rest, Mr. St. Hellens," said the doctor.

"I employ no alcoholic stimulants in my method."

"Well—I—that's nonsense, sir, we'll begin but to-night—— That's not the one, is it, Simon? Oh, yes, I see—just a spoonful."

The man poured liquor with careful accuracy into a small silver cup, belonging to a case, which, curiously enough, had been preserved amid the debris of the steamer accident. In a few minutes after Mr. St. Hellens had swallowed the liquor a faint flush came to his hollow cheeks, and he reached one hand toward the servant, who stood respectfully at the bedside.

"His is gone, Simon?"

"Yes, sir."

With a slight, nervous shiver he arose from the bed, took the ebony casket which he had placed beside him, and carried it to a cupboard fitted into a niche in the wall, which, with its secure fastenings, had been constructed after directions he had intimated to Dr. Donivon, in making his application for admission to the Water Cure.

Simon laid the case there, and attaching the key to a guard, placed it around his master's neck, who then crept back to bed.

"Ah, Simon, if that had been lost with the rest, it would have been a sorry thing. Poor little Isa —poor little child! Do you think we shall ever find her, Simon? Do you think Cyril is doing all he can?"

"I think so, sir."

"He knows it's to his interest; I was careful to make it to his interest to find her;@ If she's never found, I'll leave it to the church—do you hear?" said the invalid, in a helpless, appealing way.

"That is the way your will reads, sir."

"But if any one should alter my death—strange that that shouldn't have occurred to me—wouldn't it be well to make provision for that, think you, Simon?"

"We've been looking for her these fifteen years, sir, and if she is found soon, I should say all's never be. If you put such a clause in your will, it would be apt to tempt pretenders."

The man gave his advice craftily, reading his master's face, and stamping his words in the weaker mind like a print in wax.

"The little Isa looks like mother," continued the invalid, fretfully; "not in looks, you know, for Isa, Simon, looked like her mother—wasn't that so?"

"Yes, sir, she had black eyes and hair."

A dreamy, chiroyant expression crossed Mr. St. Hellens' face. He seemed to lapse into thoughts of the past, and by-and-by fell into a heavy sleep.

The valet, with his soft, noiseless step and flexible face, moved about the room, modulating the light, giving some changes in the furniture, pervading the whole place, as it were, with a subtle influence, forming a strange contrast to the pale little gentleman asleep upon the bed, with his refined, sickly, fretful face, and withered, shrunken frame; and making one think, somehow, of the Genii.

* * * * * * *

Robert Hylder had a keen, artistic instinct under his rather uncouth exterior, and having turned with the rest, to look at Madoline come, as she followed her mother to the table, he could not get his eyes from her face. There was no impertinence, hardly even the personality of admiration in his gaze; he looked with the same delighting study into the living, as he had at the photographs of it, which had attracted him. Yet the face was one somewhere to be really found—not one of those rare faces that promise something better than the freshness of sixteen, in compensation for the loss of the first bloom. The eyes were large and velvety, of a violet gray, shy and troubled in their expression; the complexion pale, the form thin, and hardly graceful. The hair only was very beautiful; riotous in its length and thickness, brown in the shadow, and auburn in the sun; twisted back hard and tight at the neck its own weight loosened its coils, and showed their surpassing richness; for the rest, the girl's whole appearance was unattractive. Bright, childish impulses flashed over the surface and sank, and the face grew cloudy and still, and the child disappeared, and the woman, with unconscious interest.

Her ladies saw that Miss Orme was dowdy that her clothes were half cotton; that she was an intruder and a dependant, and they took their cue. A slight, well-dressed and well-fed, she approached Dr. Donivon, who had taken his place at the table, and held out her hand. The doctor took the hint and passing the dried beef; he nodded and frowned:

"Better sit there by Mrs. Donivon," was his greeting.

They had all looked mercilessly at her, as she walked the length of the table, to have her appearance met with such a reception; and such a girl of coarser figure would have been ready to die of excessive shame, but Madoline passed over the ordeal unconscious. She threw her head back, a very little, a gleam of her mother's triumph crossed her face, as she acknowledged her outstretched hand, she said, quite clearly:

"Yes, sir, I am going back there. I came to ask leave to stay with you."

Dr. Donivon had no resort; he took the girl's hand a moment in his finger-tips, and let it fall.

The laughter sitting near, smiled, and Mr. Hylder scowled.

CHAPTER III.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

A NUMBER of days elapsed before Mr. St. Hellens had sufficiently recovered from his fatigue to be seen by visitors. His appearance in the threshold became a sort of contested territory.

Early on the morning following his arrival, there was a tremendous sitting next, smiled, and Mr. Hylder scowled.

Madoline made no replies; her tears were dried, and the sunshine seemed to have turned her face among the verbenas to hide its agitation.

Dr. Donivon brushed a spider gingerly off his sleeve, and smiled. He did not like the audience for his little meannesses.

As he steps died away down the gravel walk a sharp, quick step came from Madoline's dressing her garden-trowel, she sprang into a thicket of lilac bushes, and throwing herself on the ground, she cried bitterly.

Mr. Hylder had heard enough of the conversation to be interrupted, not to have to ask what was the matter. His great honest heart throbbed with indignation.

"I wouldn't care a bit, Miss Madeline," he said, following her.

"But I can't help caring," she sobbed. "It wasn't my fault, either, that I lost the baleful did they get it? I know I don't want them because I didn't know enough, and I couldn't help that."

"Of course you couldn't. But it was a great shame; I'm sure you knew more than any of them."

"Oh, no—oh, dear—I didn't. Oh, if I had anywhere in the whole great world to go!—oh, how sad and lonely I am! What shall I do!"

Mr. Hylder was greatly distressed and wholly at a loss. He had conceived such a respectful admiration for the beautiful girlhood in this forlorn child, that it withheld him from offering her advice. And, as any rate, what advice had he to offer her?

He plunged his two great hands into his hair, resting his elbows on his knees as he sat on the grass in the midst of the lilacs, while the girl exhausted her wild indignation in tears.

"I'm afraid you haven't a friend, Miss Madeline?" he said, with hesitation, after a pause.

"To get—another—place, she answered, choking with sobs, and pushing back her hair.

This was tangible at least. Mr. Hylder was eminently practical. He knitted his brows, and said, "Well, you have a place, in Boston vacant, in a certain seminary which he had visited just before coming to Riverville, having left there a number of photographs of the graduates," as he expressed it. He remembered —he was one of those in whose memories circumstances are apt to be grouped like tableaux—that there had been a great deal to do on the last day over a teacher in the "primary," who was not to come back until autumn. A young girl she was, Mr. Hylder gathered, that she was going to be married; for, though not inquisitive, as I have said, he was naturally acquisitive of simple facts, always gathering up and storing them away, whether they were needed—why, he could never have told—it was his way.

This situation, he reflected, might not yet be filled, and the matter could be sure might obtain it. Mighty is the potential mood. The girl brightened with hope as she heard Mr. Hylder's proposition to write immediately to the principal in her behalf.

She thought she could keep a place better if some one besides her grandfather obtained it for her. And her courage rose at the prospect of emancipation from him.

"You are so good," she said to her new friend.

But the young man's shy reverence refrained as she grew calm. With a kind of deference, he did language to what she might say, and honored an invis ble crown she wore.

They both had risen, and Madeline was drying her eyes on her apron.

"I wish I might ask you to do me a little favor," he said, with confusion.

It seemed so absurd that it should be in her power to do any one a favor, that she smiled.

"Why, what can I do for you, Mr. Hylder?" she asked, wonderingly.

"I would like so much to take your picture."

That that should be a favor seemed to her more absurd still. She laughed outright.

"Why, of course you may!" she exclaimed. A little, bird-like voice, chirping through the shrubbery, in a rather high key, was heard just then.

"Well, I do declare! I thought you had gone to the village all this while, *Robert*," pronouncing his name in French, and Miss Catty came nibbing indelight. "Ah, gardening!" Miss Catty darted a little malignant look at his earnest face, and Madeline blushed, and so made an enemy.

"I've washed you much, Robert, dear——"

"Yes, Catty, in half an hour. I'm just going to write a letter and post it," and Mr. Hylder walked away.

"Why, who are you going to write to, to-day, mon ami?"

"Only a business letter, Catty.

Just then came Mrs. Donivon.

"Daughter, I want you now."

"Yes, mamma."

LADIES' FALSE HAIR.

AS THE centre of all fashion, hair collected all over Europe to go to Paris, to give it a character, precisely as the days when men drank Madeira, and that was almost to drink, that wine was not considered the perfect drink till it had been a voyage to India and back. From Paris, the hair—manufactured and unmanufactured—is prepared and imported, sorted in lengths and as it comes from the head, clean and dirty, burnished and unburnished, and in all sorts of Europe, say, to all parts of the new and of the old world.

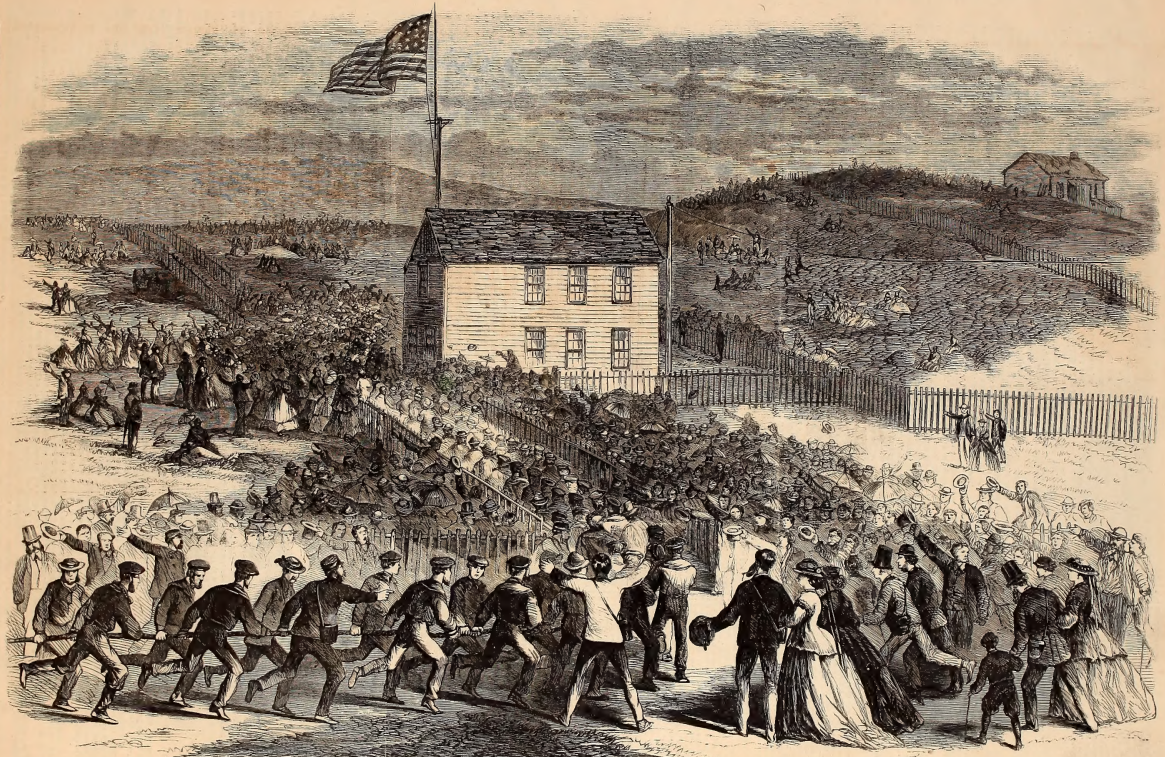
There is one most unpleasant feature connected with this business, which calls for strictest attention. This is the operation of the hair thieves. Even in the greatest day it has happened several ever and then that a good crop of hair has been laid in wait for, and shorn from the trembling victim, who has not only too glad to get free with the loss of her hair. Surprisingly enough, these ruffians never attempted in past times to plunder the hair of a corpse laid out on the state of the law, apart from the robbery of the hair. Perhaps this unlikeness of corpse part from actual wearers enabled them, during the hair-selling panic, to continue their business without any impunity. Now, there have been about forty years back, when this crime in Brittany was carried on a pace so did the same crime in London.

A certain physician thought fit to treat the panic with vast contempt. At first sight this would appear inexcusable, when it is remembered that this magazine, in these instances small local mayors, are, as a rule, considered to be the most timid of all people. Perhaps a solution of the difficulty may be found in the supposition that these men were nevertheless by themselves actual thefts, on the principle that there are too many valuable articles advertised in the crime columns of the *Times* as lost, not to suggest the idea that the advertisers are in a secret of a vast to their people who always ready to advance money on any security—not to mention the fact that a certain Mr. Hyam, with many a French girl, wanting to sell her hair, and yet too proud to do it openly, at the difficult dignity by their characters, by only purchasing in public. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the hair-pulling might be willing to take "something off" as a compensation for secrecy, while in every case there are always ruffians who will sacrifice the honor of that, rank to the pleasure of their own adventures.

Singularly enough, some months back a very extraordinary case was brought before the public notice, in culprit being a well-known physician. In this case the ruffian was a man of both their fancies. He had a quarrel with his colleagues, a little of insanity, and as he was a respectable man, he had the means of carrying on his speculations successfully. But by the time he had his obtained an immense number of beautiful locks. Then he obtained apprentices. His boys were sent to her came into his possession as the result of juries. Upon the premises of this extraordinary man, a cabinet was found in his house, on the shelves and in the drawers of which were the hair of a thousands maidens who had contributed to the spoils. And it at once that this discovery being, as the real perpetrations taken to bring the ruffian to that trial which he was to undergo condemnation. But matters which has to exert the power of both position and money to prevent him from being brought to trial, and further he assist in punishing the fiend. The climax of this extraordinary case was reached when the jury, in their verdict "were so exact that every murder recovered her short locks.

HIPPOGRAPHIES will now have an opportunity of indulging in their equine fashion. The French Government has officially authorized the sale of horseflesh for human use, whether for food or handsome, subject, however, to severe regulations. And the Paris papers contain long descriptions of the Israelites' shops are about to be opened in that city, which, by relieving the streets of horseflesh, will announce a horsefleshy bonjour, it is to be trusted.

CHINESE BRIDAL COSTUME.—Some two or three days before the marriage the wedding is held over is sent by the family of the bride to the future party, consisting of a roll of silk, a fan, a pair of shoes, a dower, and the number of baskets, boxes, and packages is in proportion to the goodness—sometimes the remarkable. The articles are carried in procession by the bridegroom's friends, and are generally displayed in order, with as much parade and show as the amount of furniture will permit of. Not unfrequently, when the parties are near neighbors, the procession of porters or bearers is a long one, during the shortest route from the residence of the bride to the residence of the groom, and is sometimes accompanied by a band of music, for the purpose of exhibiting the furniture. In the case of the rich, it is often a large amount of superior household furniture, as wardrobes, tables, chairs, bedsteads, mirrors, a clock, one exterior of which is silk or satin, and various and showy yet extensive articles, are first carried in procession through the streets. The number of persons employed in transporting these things sometimes amounts to one hundred or even more. Those who can afford them have some of the articles bound around or fastened to the carrying poles with pieces of red silk, or red crape, or red cotton cloth. The procession entered a street by the smallest most especially commonly, and everything connected with it, and the bridegroom's house by the largest, or, if there is quite as much vanity and display about it as in western lands.



THE CREWS OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE FLEET CONVEYING THE SHORE END OF THE CABLE TO THE STATION AT HEART'S CONTENT, TRINITY BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND, ON FRIDAY, JULY 27.—SEE PAGE 340.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT EASTERN AND THE CABLE FLEET IN TRINITY BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND WITH THE ATLANTIC CABLE, ON THE MORNING OF THE 27th JULY.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JOSEPH BECKER.

AMALIA.

THE grace of womanhood enveloped her
As does the robe of royalty a queen.
Her feet walked over hearts; but with a tread
So light, it only crushed affection upward
Into eyes, that, looking on her, smiled: while
All should say her a tender air, which,
Like sweet incense, melted in its fire
Each thought of harshness born in coldest breast.
Soft thrones-like trifled through her talking voice,
And when she sang, it was as though a choir
Of angels keyed the notes, and one freed soul
Dissolved its essence to prolong the strain.
God! how I loved her! o'er the rustling sound
Of her light step, o'er carpets mossy-thick,
Made for a queen, I've run mad-hasting to my cheek
And burn there like a flame! The faintest touch
Of her white fingers fluttering in mine
Woke in my soul a thousand blissful dreams.
That made it drunk, as opium does the brain.
I saw in them the lotus of the Nile,
Damascus roses, and the waving palms
Beneath the purple flush of the Orient skies;
Arabian spices wafted their perfume,
And fanned my cheek with winds that swept o'er flowers;
Clad with the radiance of the starry night,
The hours fled past on wings, that, passion-plumed,
Returned again, still bringing new delights.

Often and often must my eyes have told
The lover's story: "I love you" was still;
So wildly did I worship, that I feared
To break the silence, lest a jarring sound
Should rend the charm which, in a magic spell,
Enwrapped the world, and us.

At length I saw
A change grow on the face which made my heaven—
Not palpable, but like the shade that creeps
Athwart the earth when clouds sail o'er the sun.
This shadow first, and then a haughty glance;
A cold disdainful smile, and each word,
Each act and tone; alas! I deemed her wroth,
For false, or she who never had loved; and so
I left her, thinking I could thus forget

Years passed before her eyes again met mine;
And then a dark-faced stranger clasped her hand
And fondly called her—" Wife!"—Sweet Christ, forgive
The deadly hate which, in that moment, changed
My being—hate for Amalia's husband!

I hear them yet—the words—the answering blow—
I see my rival, prone and bleeding, lie
Dead at my feet!—Then see, as in a dream,
A face, with horror blanched, droop over him
And mingle kiss his lips, beseeching God
To pardon some great sin—the dead speak not;
And I—Christ!—I went mad!

My hair was white
When next my eyes took note of God's fair world!
And then I found that memory had fled me
Even as I loved her—too late, I knew! for crime
And madness lay between—she died.

Each day I lie for hours where tufts of rank, cool grass
Grow on a grave; and gazing at the shaft
Of gleaming marble, white above my head,
Reading the name, and telling o'er my sins
As pilgrims do their beads; and round each one
With sighs; then read again—"AMALIA!"

The Spectre of Cliffe:

OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XLII.—RUPERT'S LEGACY.

WHEN fear does come upon the constitutionally bold, it is overwhelming indeed. The timid fleeth from the shadow of the coming peril, whereas the other stands his ground until the substance comes upon him, and it is too late for flight. Wesa a brave woman at all times, but the mind was in complete chaos in one unused to war, which breaks and scatters at the first onset, and rallies again without much effort, having been beaten. In her infancy, the measles are lightly caught and easily got rid of; but when they do seize upon the adult, they cast in their proportion to the rarity. Through life Grace Clifford had been almost void of fear; not so much from natural courage as from the possession of a large amount of self-esteem, personal aggrandisement—which had left no room for it. When the mind is completely fixed upon one object, it is callous to influences which, more otherwise grievously affect it; but when these rise beyond a certain limit, it is none the stronger for having inferior ignored them.

Except in the case of Raymond, when he stood by the couch of his dying father, she had witnessed his murderous with such vengeful eyes, we have never seen Grace Clifford tremble, save with rage; and the events of the night, which would appear as they did utter two whole years of anxiety and self-repression, had made themselves felt within her, nevertheless. The violent death of her hated step-son had been eagerly desired, and the news of its accomplishment greedily welcomed; the destruction of his wife and child had been coolly planned and executed (as she thought) without costing her a pang of remorse. When she looked down, but a few moments back, on Rupert's lifeless body, as it lay in the moonlight, with a broad streak of evil athwart the white shirt-front, she had involuntarily uttered a sigh of relief, as one might do whose toilsome task is over at last, and who has only to reap the reward. All these terrible occurrences, in short, had been shocks which she had survived, but by no means with unimpaired powers of resistance; and, like a bridge which has bravely borne some tremendous feat of its strength, her mind stood firm, but vastly weakened by the ordeal. Her physical powers, too, had been severely tried. Appetite had long deserted her, and the snatches of sleep which were still vouchsafed to her scarce brought any rest or dreams that were not disturbing. Let us not dis-please by day. She had suffered more than she would care to confess, and those watching her late loved watch upon the roof-top; nothing but the reflection that what was about to be demanded of her by the world around would require her best would require of her failing strength—after which should surely succeed unbroken repose and ease—had kept her up so long. Even the sudden fate of her only fellow-creature who had ever loved her had so miserably perished, and she waiting there to accomplish the mutual end as believed, and see, had gone through with it all, and more; for was not Rupert's blood upon her hands? And now, when mind and body—the exhausted body—felt a dread removal of that last obstacle, and craving for the repose which had been promised them—lo, the step of that dead man upon the turret-stair.

The words she had answered so contemptuously when spoken that morning by Clement, and which had intruded upon her more than once that night, again moved her lips to reiterate them. She have heard that spirits will sometimes re-enact the self-same scene which was fatal to them, or to those dear to them in the flesh, on the very same place." Was she to see her husband once more stagger and fall yonder! and was his dead son indeed coming up to succor him? Was he about to cast again upon her that look of hatred and execration which had never faded from her memory! As though to reveal the answer to her, the face of the moon shone forth for a moment free from the lowering clouds, and her straining eyeballs beheld the full form of her son Raymond, in and on the threshold Raymond Clifford, standing as he had left it, before outstretched, and pointing to herself, while she heard his voice, thundering like the Trump of Doom:

"Thou hast slain my father!"

At that dread sight and sentence reason forsook her seat in the wretched woman's brain, and she lied up the stairs, wild, shrieking with maniac mirth. Her features, still distorted with agony, evoked by her late struggle, and crowned with streaked hair, "as though fire—if I can so term a son's blood, but not to evoke his pity. Everything was what had happened at a glance, but it moved him scarce at all in comparison with that which he did not see.

"Rue, Rue!" cried he. "Where art thou, Rupert? Answer, for God's sake!"

The echoing walls that stood about the sky-light returned, "Rue, Rue!" The hearse-like wooth replied in the same. Then a sound was heard in the night that dwelt in Bibble Fell gave dimly back, "Rue, Rue!" The startled owl, taking its noiseless flight from that solitary spot, rose by seemed to give like reply.

"Rupert, good Rupert!—Rue is I, your brother Raymond!"

"Look in the garden—look in the rose-garden!" cried a mocking tongue; and two fair hands were clapped together in mirth, and a voice of silvery ring forth, which, to the ear that has once heard it, makes all music after sound for ever.

Sick at heart, Raymond hurried to that part of the battlements which he knew commanded the spot in question, and looked over. As he did so, a prostrate figure upon the gravel-walk beneath raised itself with difficulty upon one arm, and looked up with a face blanched with agony, as for the first time after years of absence, and after what separates brother from brother far more than years, was more than broadest seas—suspicion, injustice, wrong.

"Ray."

"Rue."

Little indeed to say; but when heart speaks to heart, there is no need of words! Each loving personality knew the other's voice, and, as it long revived, enmity forgotten, kinship and old affection brought to mind, he could have been contented to die together.

"I come, I come!" cried Raymond, passionately; and he dashed down the turret-stair, while the poor gibbering wretch, who had wrought his deadly foe, besought him in vain to tarry and hear him. Not for a moment would she had wrought so cunningly for Rupert's self.

From the rose-garden, along the broad moonlit terrace, now crowded with the Master of Cliffe into the house, which would still be for a little time. There was a fire in the library, where Clifford, invalided, was sitting, and he reclined sleeping child and Lucy (for she and not dared to retire rest that night), and so they laid him there. A surgeon, brought by Raymond for the double purpose, was at the Hall, and did what could be done for the dying. It was a question of an hour more or less of life, he said; if the patient had been previously insane, that was not the case now; the shock which had given him his death-blow had restored him as it appeared, to right reason. Clifford remembered well, when Rupert had been brought to him on the night of his father's death, what a change for the worse had been worked in his mental ailment, which began to develop itself anew only as he grew strong. She tended him as of yore, although in circumstances far different; and as she sponged away from his broad brow, so cruelly marred, the blood that still welled slowly forth from his life-springs, his blue eyes swimming in painless tears seemed to beg of her forgiveness.

"I think," said Raymond, tenderly, "that my dear brother wishes to say something to you, Mildred, alone."

A look of affectionate gratitude rose over the face of the dying man.

"I go, my Ray," murmured he; "we have been apart too long: stay you with her. We three—and yes, her child."

Then the rest withdrew save William Cotor, who, shaking his head in token of resolution, not to interrupt, but, at the same time, not to leave his master, took his old station noiselessly upon the doorstep, like a dog on watch. Except the low moan of the wind upon the terrace-walk without, there was not a sound to be heard; and the only light came from the wood-fire, which shot up and awoke by fits—now shining full upon some battered old escalade or lance-head with its tattered and moth-eaten pennant, now flickering upon the heraldic panes, and calling into light the weird Italian form of lord or lady now sinking into semi-darkness, more suggestive of those unearthly surroundings still.

"I am dying, Ray," began the Master of Cliffe, calmly, "and can see nothing clearly with my outward eyes; but the inward sight, which has been so long denied me, is very clear. It seems to me, brother, that I see myself for the first time. Selfish—hard—I have been all my grave palace, and holding up one white, transparent finger, "I know it—self-seeking, self-indulgent, from the first. From the very first. This was the mischief, and no other, which I drew in with my mother's milk. My father had it before me, and his before his, and all were the same reader, whether they lived mad or sane. The motto of our house, writ in that forbidden scroll there, is nothing to the purpose; it should be but—Self—Self. From the cradle I was taught how great a thing it was to be the Master of Cliffe—one of you dull, stern folks, by whose hands, I think, no act of good was ever planted—so great, that hardly could one grow to such a height. I was taught to scorn all men, and had interposed an obstacle. We were so high and strong, we Clifords, because we had called a church of God our own, and never left it for a few consecutive years in the vast sum of Time—we were so prosperous, I say, that out of jealousy, or, perhaps, from the counsel of heaven had fallen upon us a special burden. This I was given to bear by kinships, but not directly; I gathered it from hints and from looks, placed together with scraps of vulgar rumor heard without the walls, which told the story which my father's gloom corroborated. Then, I suppose, I put it by myself for one moment suffering my thoughts to stray from him whom I was about to—me, Rupert Clifford

"I grew from worse to worse until the prophecy was fulfilled itself. I think, if Mildred here had loved me, I might have been—if I can say it—myself. I myself had helped to bring upon myself—might have been delayed—delayed, kind, generous woman, not driven away. But I drove her away, and she died, to death, dear brother, my say so much—I should have only loved her through myself. Sooner or later I should have fallen upon the very threshold of the grave, the habit rules! And yet, for once, though I deal with 'I' and 'me,' it is not for my own sake. Dear brother and sweet sister, since God has willed it so, think not I take advantage of my neighborhood to death, as some have done, to cheat you, or to pack your memories with recipes I have not made myself, of how to die right—myself, who have written these lips, indeed, even if you deserved it—you, than whom I know no worldly sort upon this earth. For yourselves, you know how to die—kind, simple, unmeddling wise; but for that little one—and others, if heaven should send them—bearing this name of Clifford, I have not left a single word. Mildred, you will give them this bane of 'Self—Self—Self'—the only forerunner or doom which, in truth, haunts Cliffe Hall—the only curse that clings to this unhappy house.

He paused for breath, with pained and laboring chest, which throbbed, beating by his side, in silence wept, and Raymond, holding the cold hand in his, and chafing it in vain, dropped man's rare tears. Lucy, meanwhile, more calm, came a grass from nigh the door,

"What is that?" asked Rupert, hastily.

"It is I," said Cotor, rising, and approaching the couch, with downcast looks.

"Away, thou villain!" ejaculated the dying man. "Oh, and we have survived Raymond!" he added, as Lucy meant us well, both he and his sister Lucy."

"Ay, and Raymond survived Rupert, passionately, and covering his eyes with his hand.

"It is only natural, sir," sighed the poor sex servant, "that I should have known by the company we keep; and I have kept the secret. Heaven bless you, master, though you love me not. When we have gone, you will be left alone with her."

With that he moved away, cut to his faithful heart.

"Dear Rupert," whispered Mildred, "she loved you deeply, although him definitely; bired himself to baccat masters to help your Uncle Geoffrey all he could."

"Away!" still murmured the feeble voice, quivering with rage as much as with its feebleness.

"Then no man wrong, dear Rue, at such a time as this," said Raymond, gravely. "He did his best, indeed he did, however it may seem, for you, and for me, Rue."

The voice was silent, but the lips still moved the name "Away, away!"

"Rue, I have loved you and day to guard my child and me," urged Mildred, piteously.

"Did he guard thee?" cried Rupert, with sudden energy, and all his old look. Cotor, I know not whether you be a true man or no, but give me your hand; and if I do not grasp it, it is my last of strength forsaken. I thank you; and if I have anything to forgive you, I forgive it."

Cotor carried the thin fingers to his lips, and kissed them like one who touches sacramental bread, then reverently withdrew.

"Where is that man's mistress?" inquired Rupert, when the serving-man had left the room. "I will forgive her too. Is she not Mildred's aunt?"

"She is out of the reach of forgiveness and punishment also," returned Raymond, solemnly.

"Is she dead, then?"

"No, Rue, worse than that. A terrible retribution has overtaken her; her mind has left her."

"Alas, poor wretch! You well say, brother, it here a shudder shook the wasted limbs, "that is worse than death."

"You have not told us, Rue—and we must know," said Raymond, hastening to interpose—"how came you in this plight? Did the unhappy woman—Mildred suggests—"

"No, Raymond; I fell backward of myself."

"Thank God!" cried Mildred, fervently; and from the depths of Raymond's heart arose a great sigh of relief. Then over Rupert's lived and wasted face there stole a smile which made it almost young again.

"Remember, brother, for the sake of all who follow you, the warning which I receive—the only legacy poor Rupert has to leave. Self—self—self! that is the Clifford's Curse. And if your children ask to know its history, then tell them mine."

CHAPTER XLIII.—EVER AFTERWARD.

THE seed which Rupert sowed with his last breath in that good ground, his brother Raymond's heart, took full effect. From the moment that he began to be a man, a new system was built whatever his influences extended. Over all the lands of Cliffe there was now a master indeed —not merely a slugging and supine dreamer of his family greatness, or creating for himself imaginary rights, but a true and real, because strong for him and his. He was not feared, as all his race had been before him; nor was he merely honored, as his father—he was revered and honored, loved. Time never hung heavy on his hands. Generation after generation of minerals, of rule by Clifford, or of labor and skill, found him quite enough to do on fell and field, in farm and forest. The spreading park was no longer a shut paradise to all save some half-dozen human creatures. The Hall, as soon as the long days of mourning were accomplished, was set in order as it had never been before, and kept so for guests. The county families welcomed with open arms and hearts the once-so-much-repentant prodigal of their own house—a Clifford that was neither Abandoned nor a Recluse. He was as good a landlord as the best of them; but he had learned to live not only for his own pleasures. I do not say that in all this Raymond Clifford was seconded by his wife, for the word would be untrue to the wrong; not that she took the lead in anything wherein it become a woman to follow or not to meddle, but that she had a further part to act than he, and played it to perfection.

Ever ready to start with, one of an upstart race, despised wherever known, as she had known in those parts, and no mere town-bred folks can be despised, she understood that to the machinations of Grace Clifford—a hopeless, dangerous lunatic for life, but well and carefully tended in a private asylum—was due that to which she owed her poor Rupert—it was understood, I say, that Mildred's aunt and uncles had worked great evil to her family—that she had starved her child, and in itself almost unpardonable, even if such had not been the case, for eagles, said the country code of moral obligation, should mate with eagles, and not choose their mates out of the nests of sparrows. Therefore, as soon as household misnamed something of the, and remembering withal the last lady of Cliffe had been, at first submitted to her name rule with an ill grace, Mildred had been used to be misjudged when friendless, and now she had her husband's love to strengthen her, her children to be her living eyes of all, and ti they saw her aright, she was content to do her duty, and waive recompense from others. But at same all had to be done, and she gained her first all over to her own side, by bribes that none with a heart could withstand—a present for Lucy—Humility, Good-will and a Desire to Please, that would not be denied, but was speedily beaten, and by her cause to walk smiles and tinkling bauble. Through all her trials, she was the crown of Christian charity undaunted; not only that whose hears, without reproach, gave comfort to the floor, although the path betwixt the Hall was well worn now by many an almoner's feet, and her own purse was always at the disaffair to the sick or sick folks as was the dower in their window—but that which forgives Peace, and Trust, and Love, and from whose genial light strive discord and oppression, as the nightshade shuns the sun. "Sister Mildred," said Rupert, "under all my coldness of manner, I have felt for you, and your jealous of her, with all the strength of his stubborn nature. "Forgive me!" "Ought I to say reciprocate those who are merely my foes." And she was right; for to all but the veriest cowards it is hard indeed to hate when none return the hate in kind, Peace and Good-will always remain the conquerors.

I am sure that Raymond and his wife, thus carefull of their conduct to their kind, did not forget their friends. Mildred's cousin, Owen at Sandby, had soon no need to smuggle for the remainder of his days, although to did it to the last, from love and hatred of the Cliffords. Richard Barnard's uncle, (which was to have been such a long engagement, because he had no boat of his own, poor fellow,) had an easier time of it. The faithful servants, for the Clifords' sake, had borne so long his burden of customely and disgrace, reaped as great reward as he could be permanded to accept, in holding the same fields and farm his fathers held; there he worked and prospered, but a solitary and self-nigh friendless man, for the new times at Cliffe were not to his taste; the Master and his wife understood, he thought, too well, at last to dispute what they gained in more love and honor; moreover, Cotor, like his new mistress, had old antipathies and mistrusts to contend against, which,

to one of his unpliant spirit, were insuperable. A his own special desire, Lucy remained at the Hall (a great domestic power, and, especially in all things pertaining to the nursery), for he was unwilling that she should suffer through his misfortune, and felt fully equal to bearing his own burden, the carrying of which, indeed, it must be confessed, was not entirely displeasing to his sombre nature. From time to time, however, he kept in play the fountain of kindly feeling, which lay too deep within him for ordinary occasions to evoke, by coming to see the Master, who received him always with the most cordial greeting, and to dandle Miss Milly, until that young lady grew too big for such attentions. She was not at all repulsed by his grim and forbidding features (as had been the case with Mr. Stevens of evil memory), but caressed him with a child's unerring instinct for what is really estimable, as though he had been the Apollo Belvidere.

Another countenance, not remarkable for personal beauty, was always welcome to Milly, as honey and the honeycomb, which latter it so greatly resembled. "Lor, godpapa," she would exclaim, alluding to the ravages of small-pox, "what a funny face you've got."

"Yes, my dear," would the good lieutenant make answer, enjoying the child's naive remark, while it chilled its parents' veins; "it's *very expressively carved*, is it not, Milly?"

But godmamma was even a greater favorite yet. The Careys had, of course, been informed of all that had taken place at Cliffe, and of so much of Raymond's strange imprisonment as did not hazard discovery of the Martin's Nest. But at first, and indeed for many months, no invitation was issued from the Hall, even to friends so dear as they. When it did arrive at Lucky Bay, couched in the most affectionate terms that Raymond and Mildred could jointly pen, it could not be immediately accepted, for a reason as satisfactory as valid. Another stranger, very much smaller than Mr. Stevens, was expected shortly at the coast-guard station, whom not even the sanguine lieutenant could suspect of being an Admiralty official. Of this promised joy, Mr. Carey wrote to Raymond jocosely, as men write to men, and yet with rapturous welcome of this coming child of his old age; while his wife wrote to Mildred in a very different strain, reminding her of certain talk they two had held together when left alone at Pampas Cottage. "I then referred ungratefully enough to that prematurely autumnal life of mine, crowned though it was with love and plenty; and now kind heaven, rewarding, as its manner is, ingratitude with an unlooked-for blessing, vouchsafes me springtide. In a few weeks I hope to be a mother." So when the Careys paid their visit to the Hall at last, they brought with them an infant son, who bore the name of his father's friend and host. The next year they came again, and every year, and more than once the Cliffords returned their visit, but not to Lucky Bay. Somehow or other, the lieutenant's merits did get acknowledged at last; and although he never got a ship, which would have separated him from his darling child, out of whose sight the affectionate old fellow could scarcely bear to be, he got promotion, and increase of income, such as enabled him to meet his growing charges, and even to put by for little Ray.

"I know how it all comes," whispered Mrs. Carey, with eyes that swam in tears, to her beloved friend, as true in prosperity as in her days of bitter trial; I know who jogs the elbows of these gentlemen in office. We might have waited long enough for this, but for your husband's influence."

"But not one word!" cried Mildred, sealing her quivering lips with a dainty finger. "If you owe him any thanks, he is best paid by Silence. Let the lieutenant credit these people with it all; it is always good to think well of those we serve. To hear a sailor praise the sea-powers that be, is rare indeed—and 'By the Lord Harry, too!'—— No, not one word, dear Marion, if you love us.

So Time drew on, touching with mellow and tender tints the natures of Raymond and of Mildred, but leaving the core of youth untouched. As though to make up for the stormy springtime, the summer of their lives was well-nigh cloudless. Perhaps in the wife's secret heart there may have lurked a desire for a son, whose life should have borne witness against evil tradition, and rescued his family name from superstitious slur. But this was not to be. What could be done to chase away the shadows from Cliffe Hall, however, was done, and that effectually. It was so given to hospitality, that the very idea of an apparition, the origin of which could not be clearly traced to supper, would have been scouted. At Christmas-time, in particular, there really was no accommodation for a ghost; the rooms were full. Many a glorious game of "Hide and Seek" had Milly and Ray Carey, with a host of happy romping boys and misses in the once shunned secret chambers of the Hall, while the echoes of their childish laughter filled the gloomy corridors; often, on the walls of the long gallery, the frowning Cliffords were made unwilling witnesses of "Hunt the Hare" and "Blind Man's Buff." The most favorite place to hide in was, I think, that very chamber within the chimney of the Blue Room, where Grace Clifford had concealed herself (for it had an entrance from without), and caused her brother Clement to pass so uncomfortable a night.

As Milly grew up, there were, of course, festivities of another kind, of which her old playmate was no less constantly a partaker—"Ray" still to her, although to the world, especially the Admiralty (who kept their eye upon him, by the Lord Harry, as they had done upon his father), he was Lieutenant Raymond Carey, R. N., a very rising young officer indeed, who had been mentioned in dispatches. At last a day arrived when playmate and lover led up—like leaf and flower to fruit—to Husband. There were many, of course, to call the match unequal; some even to say that after all there must be something wrong in the Clifford blood which led them to ally themselves so strangely. But since Miss Mildred had decided thus for herself; and since the marriage in question had been the most cherished wish of her parents' heart for years; and since the scruples of the bridegroom's father (who was, however, proud and obstinate against it, much beyond what had been looked for) were finally overcome—perhaps, after all, the alliance was not so monstrous and deplorable. At all events, it took place; and none even of those, I have understood, who had spoken against it with the greatest reprobation, declined to accept the invitations that were issued for the ball.

If any gloom still clung to the family mansion of the Cliffords, the last shade of it must have been expelled upon that occasion. It was observed by one old county fogy (who made a reputation out of the remark for the evening) that night had not been so turned into day since Rupert Clifford's time; and it was certainly a most brilliant and joyous affair. The ancient lieutenant and his still comely wife, in spite of the "scheming" with which they were credited by the great folk who had marriageable sons, won all hearts.

Ere the bride had departed that morning, she had embraced them both with an affection scarcely less than that she exhibited for her own beloved parents.

"Look here, godpapa," said she, pointing to the bridal vail, which was indeed a miracle of beauty, and worthy of the fair face it covered. "This is a present, sent—from whence do you think? Now guess. No, not aloud: I must whisper it in your ear. It came last night, from some old friends of papa and mamma—at Sandby."

"At Sandby," cried the old gentleman, throwing up his hands in horror. "Your parents, my dear, kept very bad company in those parts." He took the delicate fabric between his finger and thumb, and ruefully delivered himself of this opinion: "Smuggled! by the Lord Harry, smuggled!"

THE END.

The Love Philter.

The Count de Foix, although the nominal vassal of the King of France, exercised all the authority of a sovereign in his own domains. Indeed, the feudal system rendered every baron as absolute a tyrant over his retainers and tenants as the most powerful and arrogant monarch.

Without education or industrial pursuits, the nobles of the olden time were simply irresponsible brutes; the exceptions being the few whose inherent goodness was so strong as almost to carry them out of the pale of humanity. Holding everything with the strong hand, their only lesson was war—the gods of feudal idolatry were valor and strength. The only softening elements were superstition and sensuality, whose representatives were the priests and the ladies. The first appealed to their fear of the future, the other to their love of present pleasures. Purgatory and passion, terror and beauty, both ruling through the baser part of our nature, were all that kept humanity from becoming demonized. The Roman church, despite its errors, was the ark which received civilization at the flood of the Dark Ages. That this is a true picture every student of history will admit. Chivalry, which was only a little magnanimity and sentiment gilding a reign of murder and devotion to the fair sex, was merely the tinsel glitter on a corrupt idol, rendered the world one whitened sepulchre, which will ever be a marvel to all who believe in the dignity of human nature.

Among the brightest ornaments of this feudal darkness was the famous Gaston, Count de Foix, one of the most powerful, wealthy and warlike barons of his age.

But, despite his military renown, wealth and power, there was a skeleton in the count's house. He had married, some twenty years before, Agnes, the daughter of the King of Navarre, whose dower was to be paid upon her father's death. The latter had happened three years ago; but the young King Charles the Bad, who succeeded to his patrimony, refused to fulfill the condition. This had caused great dissension between the count and countess, a very beautiful and imperious woman, whose love for her husband was very much tempered by her own family pride and self-respect.

Their only child was Gaston, now in his nineteenth year, and who was the pride of both his parents.

The dissension between his father and mother was a very heavy grief to the young and chivalric Gaston, who tried in every way to heal the breach between them. Some three years before the commencement of our story, the countess had persuaded her husband to allow her to pay a visit to her brother, trusting that her personal entreaties would determine him to pay over the dower. But her efforts were unavailing, and she had lingered month after month, unwilling to return with her mission unfulfilled. Her continued stay had very much increased the count's bitterness, until at last he had forbidden Gaston to mention his mother's name in his presence.

This harsh command caused Gaston the profoundest sorrow, since it implied that he would never see his dear mother again. Despite the count's imperious manners and overbearing behavior, he was tenderly attached to his son. His family pride was touched when he looked upon his elegant form, hands and face, and courtly manners, while his courage and truthfulness were no less conspicuous than his physical advantages.

Gaston returned his father's love with all the earnestness of his nature, and yielded him the most implicit obedience.

Toward his uncle he felt the indignation of a young and generous nature, who traced to his avarice the estrangement of his parents.

The countess had been absent nearly three years from her husband's court, when the count resolved to send an embassy to his brother-in-law demanding the dower, and, also, a special messenger to his wife, charging her to return forthwith to her home and allegiance; in default of which he would apply to the Pope for a release from his marriage vows.

This news having reached the king, he resolved to counteract the count's plan. He, therefore, anticipated the embassy, by sending a confidential agent to the Count de Foix. This was Castellar—one of his squires—a middle-aged man, of great plausibility and accomplishments.

He brought letters from the countess full of duty and affection to her husband, and conveying the gratifying intelligence that she had at last brought her brother to listen to her entreaties, and that she hoped, in the course of a short time, to return, bringing the dower with her.

Castellar brought also a special letter to young Gaston, from his mother, charging him to give him his confidence, as he had great influence with her brother, the King of Navarre; and, adding that it was owing chiefly to his advocacy that she hoped to bring the affair to a satisfactory result.

The unhappy estrangement of his parents, both of whom he so tenderly loved, was the great subject of conversation.

One day, when they had been hunting in a neighboring forest, Gaston and Castellar sat to rest themselves in the shade.

"I fear me much," observed Castellar, "that the breach is too wide between your noble mother and the count, to be lightly leapt over. With all his magnanimity, the count is a man who will not lightly overlook your noble mother's absence from his court, of which she was so great an ornament!"

Gaston looked upon the grassy weed at his feet, and was silent.

Castellar resumed the conversation.

"I am grieved to inform you that your noble mother is so fully persuaded of this, that she commissioned me to tell you that without she depended upon supernatural skill she would never regain her position in your father's heart. But before I make you the confidant of her plan, I must demand your knightly word of secrecy, for your father has no faith in magic, and the efficacy of the spell would be broken if aught save our three selves were to know it."

"God knows," said Gaston, "that I would give my life to restore my dear mother to her rightful place in my father's heart; and I therefore pledge you my knightly honor to carry out my mother's wishes."

"What I am about to tell you, noble Gaston, is not a fallacy, nor an experiment. It is no idle dream, but a certainty, and has never been known to fail."

"What is it?" eagerly inquired the youth.

"A Love Philter," responded Castellar.

"But does my mother know of this?"

"She does."

"And approves of it?"

"She gave me the powder herself, and these directions for your guidance. You must know that whoever administers it has merely to breathe the name of the one he wishes the other to love; and the mere taste is sufficient to compel him or her to conceive a deep and lasting affection for the person in whose behalf it is given. The husband restores to his wife, however long estranged, the heart she has lost. You have, therefore, merely to take an opportunity to sprinkle some of this powder on your father's meat at the banquet today, and, as you do it, mentally pronounce your mother's name. Within six hours a growing desire will arise in your father's heart to see your mother again, and their reconciliation will be complete."

The soul of Gaston was so guileless and noble that nothing but his wish to see his parents united again could have tempted him to practice even so harmless a deception as this; and his mother's letter, commending Castellar, greatly disposed him to place implicit confidence in his assertion that his mother had entrusted the powder to him.

That night the Count de Foix held a great festival in his Castle of Orthes. He had been hunting all the day, and his banquets were invariably served in regal state. Seated near him was Castellar, for the count was very anxious to impress the envoy of his brother-in-law with a fitting idea of his splendor, and it must be confessed that there seldom lived a more hospitable baron than the haughty Gaston de Foix, Count of Bearn. He had now reached his fifty-second year, but was still full of health and vigor. When he was not engaged in war, he spent much of his time in the chase, a pastime to which he was so passionately addicted, that Froissart mentions the fact of his having no less than sixteen hundred dogs. Indeed, he never was seen without several splendid hounds, and these remained about his chair during his meals; ever and anon he would throw a morsel to one dog and then to another, looking with considerable interest at their eager eyes as they watched his every action.

It was not without much trepidation that Gaston, as he carried his father's plate to him, sprinkled the food upon it with the powder. One of the count's retainers, who had been struck with Gaston's behavior, observed this singular proceeding, and just as Gaston had presented it to the count, and was returning to bring him his goblet of Burgundy, he went behind the count's chair, and whispered a few words in his ear.

"Ha! is it so? I will test it!"

Taking a piece of the meat, on which the love philter had been sprinkled, from the plate, he cried:

"Here, Marco!"

As he said this he threw it to the dog, who devoured it with avidity. The next minute the faithful animal rolled on the ground, howled, and with protruded tongue, writhed in terrible agony. Death soon put an end to its sufferings.

"Traitor and poisoner!" cried the count, springing to his feet.

"But for the interposition of some of the count's old retainers, he would have stabbed Gaston to the heart.

"Drag the parricide to a dungeon!" exclaimed his father.

The banquet broke up in disorder, and that very night Castellar disappeared from the Castle of Orthes.

* * * * *

The rage of the count at his son's attempt was intense. He at once concluded that it was a conspiracy between his wife and son to destroy him, that the latter might succeed to the goodly inheritance of Bearn. With all the arrogance that belongs to such characters, he openly declared that the plot had been formed by his brother-in-law, Charles the Bad of Navarre; proposed by him to the countess, who had appealed to Gaston's ambition to execute the atrocious scheme. This also explained the mission of Castellar, which, he affirmed, he had like a true knight accepted as a token of the king's sincere desire to do justice. It was terrible for any one, even his confessor, to approach the count for the two succeeding days to that of the banquet. So profoundly overcome was he that he gave up his daily hunt. In vain his dogs howled around his castle. In his own apartment he moved like an imprisoned eagle. At last he restored his serenity of mind by a resolve highly characteristic of that barbarous age. He would declare war against his treacherous brother-in-law, invade his dominions, and perish himself or destroy the cowardly assassin.

For this purpose he resolved to ascertain from his guilty son the full particulars of the conspiracy, that he might spread it throughout the land, to confound his wicked wife and her brother. When his confessor came to him, the count said:

"Father Francis, was there ever perfidy so black as that which that faithless kinsman and his sister have shown toward me?"

"The wickedness of the human heart is great," was the churchman's reply.

"Reverend father, I do not choose to allow such special wickedness as that evinced by this attempt to poison me, to be slurred over in any general censure of the human heart. I can make some excuse for sudden rage, but this deliberate plotting leaves no life safe. The laws of God and man justify me in exacting vengeance, and that I will take into my own hands; for I will carry fire and sword into the very palace of the miscreant of Navarre. He shall find," continued the count, "that to wound my pride, by keeping the countess from my court, and then to tempt my only child, the heir to the noble name of De Foix, to be a parricide—the commission of which fearful atrocity he was only saved by the special interposition of my guardian saint—are offenses only to be washed out with blood. The King of Navarre and the Count de Foix cannot both tread the same earth."

"My son," interposed his confessor, "have you examined into the matter?—you should have questioned your son. It is against all probability that a young knight so well trained, and who has hitherto been so exemplary as a son, should attempt your life."

"It would seem so," said the count, bitterly. "But who would have believed that a lady so highly esteemed as my countess was, so courteous, and who was treated every whit like a queen, should, at the instigation of a miserable villain like her brother, absent herself from her husband and son for years on the wretched pretext that she did not like to come without her dower. By the Holy Cross, I would have fetched it at the head of my gallant men-at-arms long ago, had she not staid my hand by her treacherous excuses and lying representations that her brother was becoming more inclined to do me justice; and to dispatch his minion, Castellar, to entice my own son—the heir to these broad domains, the last of a noble line—to corrupt him so far as to poison me!"

The count clinched his hand, and smote the table with a force which showed the intensity of his feelings.

"I would counsel you, sir count, to hear your son—peradventure he knew not of the deadly nature of the powder. Certes, most noble count, prudence as well as justice demands that your son be heard in his own defense."

"What defense can a murderer, caught in the act, make? Did not old Hubert see him sprinkle it over the meat? Did he utter a word when he saw that his villainy was discovered? My poor Marco, too! and to think if it had not been for Hubert's sharp eyes, I should myself have died that dog's death! By St. Quenton, I will have full vengeance for this wrong!"

"I tell you again, sir count," returned the friar "that you will bitterly rue your obstinacy in refusing to see your son. As your spiritual adviser, I urge you to what, in your calmer moments, you will acknowledge is due to your son, the last of an illustrious race."

"It shall be so!" cried the count.

Sending for his steward, he made some inquiries concerning Gaston.

"My lord count," replied the man, "he remains on his pallet with his face to the wall, and obstinately refuses all nourishment."

"By all the saints, I'll make him take his food! Away! bring me some food, and a flask of wine—I will convey it to him!"

When the refreshments were brought, the count, accompanied by the confessor and his seneschal, descended to the dungeon where he had ordered his son to be confined.

"God's mercy!" said the count, with a shudder, "this is but a sorry place for the young heir of De Foix to rest in!"

Observing his son still remained on the pallet, with his back to the wall, the count cried:

"Here! arouse thee, Gaston; here's food for thee, and without poison in it. Come, Gaston, I wish thee to take it, for I want to speak to thee about this matter, and see how much thou knowest of thy guilty kinsman's plan!"

But no answer came. The confessor, who began to have his misgivings, now bent over the slumberer; he put his hand to Gaston's wrist, then felt his heart, and then, in a low, deep, whisper, he said:

"My lord count, your unhappy son is beyond a human tribunal—he's dead!"

"'Tis false!" cried the count. "He could not—dare not die without confessing his crime, and without my forgiveness."

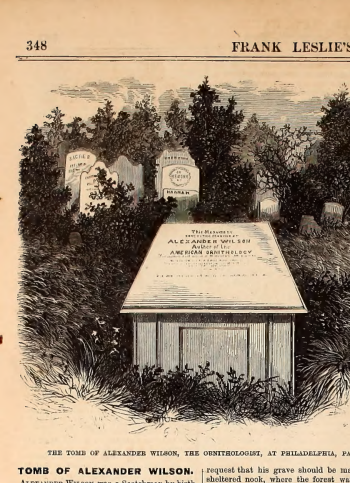
But a terrible fear fell upon the count, and, as though slowly gathering up his resolution, he was about approaching to where his son lay, when the confessor said;

"My lord count, here is a paper which he has put by his side."

The count eagerly took it, and holding it to the lamp which the seneschal carried in his hand, he read:

"Honored Sire and Sovereign—I was told by Castellar that the powder which I sprinkled on your food was a famous love philter, and that when you had tasted it, all your former love for my mother would return; and that you would send me with a gallant cavalcade to bring her home again. By the knightly honor of a Gaston de Foix, I swear this to be the truth. Do me justice when I am dead!"

The count gave one groan, and throwing himself on the dead body of his son, he remained for hours a prey to the most terrible anguish. When the obsequies were performed, he led an army against his wicked brother-in-law, who fled to the Court of Charles VI. Castellar confessed before he was executed that the countess and Gaston were innocent of all participation in the crime. The count thereupon took the countess back to Orthes, but the joy of both their hearts had departed.



THE TOMB OF ALEXANDER WILSON, THE OSNITHOLOGIST, AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TOMB OF ALEXANDER WILSON.

ALEXANDER WILSON was a Scotchman by birth. The first years of his residence in this country were devoted to school-keeping in Pennsylvania. An early acquaintance with the venerable William Bartram, Professor of Botany in the University of Pennsylvania, kindled within him a love of science, and after he had commenced his ornithological inquiries, he pursued them for the remaining short period of his life with an enthusiasm, perseverance and self-devotion which have rarely been equaled. His "American Ornithology," executed under every possible disadvantage, and with encouragement so slender as hardly to keep him from the heavy pressure of want, is a monument to his name that will never decay.

But when it is considered that Wilson taught himself, almost unassisted, the arts of drawing and engraving; that he made his way in the science with very little aid from books or teachers; that he entered a path in which he could find no companions; none to stimulate his ardor by a similarity of pursuit or communion of feeling; none to remove his doubts, guide his inquiries, or to be deeply interested in his success. When these things are considered, the labors of Wilson must claim a praise which is due to a few only of the solitary efforts of talent and enterprise. In the strictest sense of the term, Wilson was a man of genius; his perceptions were quick, his impressions vivid; a bright glow of feeling breaks through his compositions.

The cold repulses from the many from whom he solicited subscriptions he bore with equanimity, unabashed by disappointment, unsubdued by toil and privation. The acquisition of a new bird, or of new facts illustrating the habitudes of those already known, was a fountain of joy in his gloomiest moments; it poured the waters of oblivion over the past, and gave him new energy in his onward course. His last and almost daily request that his grave should be made in some sheltered nook, where the forest warbler could pour forth its sweetest notes, was but too soon granted. On the 23d day of August, 1813, he died in Philadelphia, at the age of forty-seven. His remains are deposited in the Old Swedes' Church burying-ground. Our illustration gives a view of his grave as it appears at the present time.

JOHN RANDOLPH'S ROOM IN COLLEGE.

JOHN RANDOLPH was a celebrity, because he prided himself on being peculiar, and led many to mistake his eccentricity for genius. He was not destitute of talent, but he is remembered more for his cynical manners and indifference to the feelings and opinions of those among whom he was thrown, than for any elements of greatness he possessed. Still, an interest attaches to what he did and said, and on this page we present a view of the room he occupied while prosecuting his college career. It is plain and unpretending, and, aside from the fact that Randolph for a time used it, would be passed by without particular notice.

THE TWO FOXES.

THE following story of disappointed hopes and redress of a supposed insult, seems more characteristic of the "birds of creation" than of dumb brutes, though the fox is notorious for his cunning and varied pranks:

A keeper was one day in the fields, near a stream where several geese were swimming. Presently he observed one disappear under the water with a sudden jerk. While he looked for her to rise again, he saw a fox emerge from the water and trot off to the woods, with the unfortunate goose in his mouth. He chanced to go in a direction where it was easy for him to watch his movements. He carried his burden to a recess under an overhanging rock. Here he scratched away a mass of dry leaves, scooped a hole, hid his treasure within, and covered it up very carefully. Then off he went to the stream again, entered some distance behind the flock of geese, and floated noiselessly along, with merely the tip of his nose visible above the surface. But this time he was not so successful in his manœuvres. The geese, by some accident, took the alarm, and flew away with loud cackling. The fox, finding himself defeated, walked off in a different direction, opposite to the place where his victim was buried. The man went to the hole, uncovered it, put the goose in his basket, replaced the leaves carefully, and stood patiently at a distance to watch further proceedings. The sly thief was seen returning with another fox that he had invited to dine with him. They trotted along right merrily, swinging their tails, snuffing the air, and smacking their lips, in anticipation of a rich repast. When they arrived under the rock, Reynard eagerly scratched away the leaves; but, lo, his dinner had disappeared! He looked at his companion, and plainly saw by his countenance that he more than doubted whether any goose was ever there, as pretended. He evidently considered his friend's hospitality a sham, and himself insulted. His contemptuous expression more than the mortified fox could bear. Though conscious of generous intentions, he felt that all assurances to that effect would be regarded as lies. Appearances were certainly very much against him, for his tail slunk between his legs, and he held his head down, looking sideways, with a smoking glance at his disappointed companion. Indignant at what he supposed to be an attempt to get up a character for generosity under false pretenses, the offended guest seized his host an t cuffed him most unmercifully. Poor Reynard bore the infliction with the utmost patience, and sneaked off, as if conscious that he had received no more than might naturally be expected under the circumstances."

MEXICAN PRIESTS.

It is well known that Mexico was subjugated by the Spaniards under the pretext of Christianizing the natives, by making them members of the Catholic Church, and that ever since no form of religion but the Catholic has been tolerated in that country. The priests and monks affect a great deal of sanctity, adopt peculiarities of dress and exert an immense influence over the people, though their character and conduct are often at variance with their pretensions.

Our picture gives a view of the appearance of two of these monks as they go about the streets. Their long gowns and peculiar hats are somewhat picturesque; but as they are generally indolent and vicious, we cannot entertain a very high respect for them.

INCONSOLABLE.

THE attachment of the dog and his fidelity have grown into a proverb. He gives a preference to human society, following his master everywhere, and, like man, he is spread over every zone and climate. It is by means of the keenness of this attachment that he accustoms himself to every change and circumstance, and allows himself to be trained to every purpose, as watch-dog, as guardian, for the chase, for draft, and on the St. Bernard he is the zealous assistant of the monks in rescuing the benighted and snow-covered traveler. His fidelity and affection are unshaken even under the cruelest treatment of blows and starvation, and the death of his master hardly severs the bond of attachment, of which many affecting anecdotes are on record. In the parish of St. Olave, in Tooley street, London, the churchyard is detached from the church, and surrounded with high buildings, so as to be wholly inaccessible but by one large close gate. A poor tailor of this parish, dying, left a small cur-dog inconsolable for his loss. The little animal would not leave his dead master, even for food; and whatever he ate was obliged to be put in the same room with the coffin. When the body was removed for burial, this faithful attendant followed his master's remains. After the funeral he was hunted out of the churchyard by the sexton. The next day he again found the animal, which had made its way by some unaccountable means into the enclosure, and had dug himself a bed on the grave of his master. Once more he was hunted out; and again he was found in the same situation on the following day. The minister of the parish, hearing of the circumstance, had him caught, taken home and fed, and used every endeavor to win the animal's affections; but they were inseparably wedded to his late master, and he took the first opportunity to escape, and regain his lonely situation. With true benevolence, the worthy clergyman permitted him to follow the bent of his inclinations; but to soften the rigor of his fate, he caused a wooden shed to be built on the grave, which was replenished once a day with food and water. Two years did this pattern of fidelity pass in this manner, till death put an end to his griefs.

A BRAZILIAN PORTER.

THE negro porters in Brazil and other countries of South America have the strangest power of carrying things on their heads—no matter how heavy, no matter how light. A traveler thus describes some every-day scenes among these people: "I once saw six of these porters take up a grand piano, and carry it off on their heads without touching it with their hands, grinning with



G. A. FLAGG, CAMBRIDGE B. B. CLUB, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

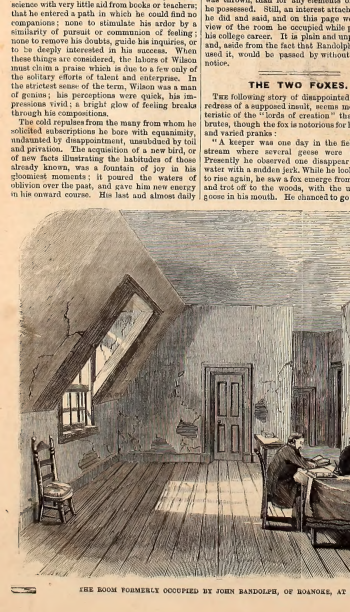
their enormous mouths as they went along, and looking as jolly as if it were nothing at all. Another time I saw three negresses, one with an orange on her head, another with an umbrella closed, and the third with a little bottle; and they went strutting along with their hands in front, looking as erect and dignified as possible, the things never thinking of tumbling off. Another time I saw a negro with five casks bound together, all on his head. These he was forced to hold with his hands, but one can imagine what sort of stuff his skull must have been made of." The slaves in the Southern States were accustomed to carry things in the same manner, and it was surprising with what dexterity they would convey a bucket of water, a tray of delicacies, or a trunk, moving along apparently unconscious of their burden.

OUR BASE BALL ILLUSTRATIONS.

In reply to several queries as to the clubs and players we exclude from our base ball columns, we have again to state that none but Association Clubs can be noticed. But for this rule we should have welcomed the contribution from the Etna Club of Jersey City, a first-class organization of young Jerseymen.

The subject of our illustration this week is Mr. G. A. Flagg, of the Harvard College Club of Cambridge, who was justly selected by that club as their representative man; but in sending us his name, they forgot to accompany the same with sufficient particulars to make our sketch of him as interesting as we should have desired, and we are, therefore, constrained to confine our remarks to his physical qualifications, and to such an account of his *personel* as the visit of the club to New York in June last afforded us an opportunity of observing.

The Harvard Club, composed of students of Harvard College, was first organized in October, 1864, and since that time have played nearly twenty matches, a majority of which they have won. Up to their last contest with the Lowell Club, of Boston, they were the champion club of the State of Massachusetts. During their visit to New York, Brooklyn and Newark, in June, they most favorably impressed the fraternity here with their skillful exhibitions on the field, and by their quiet, gentlemanly deportment, and manly play generally, they won hosts of admirers, and most creditably sustained the excellent reputation of the fraternity of New England. Had the selection of their best player been left to a committee of the clubs they played with during their visit, there is little doubt that Mr. Flagg would have received the palm of superiority. His quiet unassuming



THE ROOM FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE, AT WILLIAM AND MARY'S COLLEGE, VIRGINIA.



DISAPPOINTED EXPECTATIONS.

manner, his thorough Yankee pluck, his excellent play in his position, and the fact that he led the averages of his club in the series of games, and made the most difficult fly catches, alone would have won him the premium.

If there is one attribute of a first-class ball-player more than another, which merits and receives the approbation of the reputable class of the fraternity, it is that quiet, gentlemanly style of play which characterizes such players as Flagg, of the Harvards, Fisler, of the Athletics, and, in fact, a dozen others whom we could name. Next to those thoroughly good-humored chaps like Woods, of the Eckfords, commend us to the quiet and modest, but plucky and enduring players like Flagg, who, even under the most exciting circumstances, never forget themselves, and who are always to be relied on in critical positions in a closely contested game. Skill in the physical excellencies of the game is worthy of admiration, but to excel in these moral attributes is to achieve a reputation any man might be proud to attain, for it ranks with the highest honor that society can confer on him. It has marked a Grant and a Farragut, and characterized a Franklin, and we are happy to say has been made a feature of the American character, especially of those of eminence hailing from New England.

Next week we shall give the portrait of Mr. C. C. Cammerford, of the Waterbury (Connecticut) Base Ball Club.

A CALL TO DINNER.

THE hog is usually deemed an obstinate, stupid animal, incapable of being trained, and destitute of any commendable traits, but the following incident, related by a traveler on the Western lakes, shows that the common estimation of the porker is a mistaken one:

"As we approached a farm on the American side of St. Claire river, belonging to the captain of our steamer, a curious fact fell under my observation. The pigs belonging to a farm came squealing down to the waterside, a thing which, the persons at the farm assured me, they never did when other steamers passed. The captain explained this singular recognition on the part of the pigs by stating that the swill of his steamer was always reserved for them; and that, on reaching the landing-place, it was immediately put on shore to feed them. The animals having been accustomed to this valuable importation during the whole summer months, had learned to distinguish the peculiar sound which the steam made in rushing through the pipe of the steamer, and as they could do this at the distance of half a mile, they, immediately upon hearing it, hastened down to the river, whilst the noise made by the other steamers was disregarded. This is a curious instance of the possibility of sharpening the faculties of the lower animals by an appeal to their appetites, and a conclusive proof that the readiest way to make all swinish animals reasonable, is to provide plenty of swill for them."

An Eastern Juggler.

WHILE traveling through India, between Surat and Nagpore, my body-servant one day informed me that a great juggler and snake-charmer wished to have the honor of showing me something of his wonderful skill.



MEXICAN PRIESTS.

"What can he do?" I asked.

"Almost everything that is marvelous, I've been told," was the answer received.

"Admit him."

My servant withdrew, and returned with a small, withered old man, about whom I saw nothing very remarkable, except his eyes, which were small, black and piercing, and seemed to have lightning imprisoned in them. I do not know that the man could see in the dark, like a cat; but there was at times that peculiar fiery appearance of the balls which is so often observable in night-prowling animals. He wore a white vest, Turkish trowsers, a sort of crimson petticoat worked with strange devices, a turban of many colors, and red morocco shoes, pointed and turned up at the toes. His arms and neck were bare, and with the exception of a couple of heavy gold rings in his ears, he displayed no extraneous ornaments. His age I judged to be rising of sixty, and his short mustache was almost white. He made a low salaam, and then appeared to wait to be addressed.

"Your name?" said I, in Hindostanee.

"Pramjar, your excellency."

"I am told you wish to show me some wonders?"

"If your excellency wills."

"Well, what can you do?"

He suddenly produced—from where I did not see and cannot tell—a large ball of twine, which he appeared to toss into my lap, keeping hold of one end, so that it unrolled the whole distance between him and me, at least ten feet, saying, as he did so:

"Will your excellency please examine what you see?"

Now, I honestly ever that I *saw* that ball of twine when he threw it as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life—saw it come toward me, saw it unroll, and apparently drop into my lap, so that I brought my knees quickly together to catch it—and yet, when I put my hand down to take it and looked down for it, it was not there—*nothing was there*—and at the same instant I perceived the juggler balancing it on the end of his finger.

"Pshaw!" said I; "you deceive me by making me believe you threw it toward me."

"Does your excellency think I have it?" he asked: and before I could answer, I saw, in place of the ball, a large, beautiful rose, which he was balancing by the stem, and yet he had not altered his position and scarcely stirred a finger.

I began to be astonished.

While yet I looked, I saw in his right hand a large cup, and in his left a rose. He stepped forward a few feet, laid the rose down on the ground, and placed the cup over it.

Here, it will be observed, there was no machinery to assist him—no table, with its false top, concealed apartments, and confederate, perhaps, to effect the change, as we see similar tricks performed in a place fitted up by the magician for the purpose—but only my own quarters, in the full, bright light of day, with myself sharply watching him within five feet, and my attendants grouped around almost as near. Having covered the rose with the cup, as I would be willing to make oath—for I saw the rose distinctly, as the hollow vessel, held by the top, went slowly down over it—the conjurer resumed his former place, and said:

"Will your excellency be kind enough to lift the cup and see what is under it?"

Of course I would have wagered a heavy sum that the rose was still there for one thing, because, expecting some trick, I had kept my eye on it to the last moment, and was certain there was no possibility of its being removed after the hand had let go of the cup at the top. I complied with his request, stepped forward, and raised the cup; but instantly dropped it, and bounded back with a cry of terror—for there, instead of the red rose, was one of the little, green, deadly serpents of India, coiled up and ready for a spring, with its small, glittering eyes fixed intently on mine. Snakes of any kind are my horror; and this one not only horrified me, but all my attendants, who, with cries of alarm, enlarged the circle very rapidly, for they knew its bite to be fatal.

"No more such tricks as these, conjurer!" said I, sternly.

"It is perfectly harmless, your excellency," grinned the old man, walking up to it, lifting it up by the neck, putting its head into his mouth, and allowing it to run down his throat.



INCONSOLABLE.

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I shuddered, and half-believed the juggler possessed of a devil, if not a devil himself.

He next produced a tube that looked like brass, about two feet long and half an inch in diameter, and next the ball of twine again.

Where these things came from, or went to, I could not tell. They seemed to be in his hands when he wanted them, but I never observed his hands passing near his dress, either when they appeared or disappeared. When I looked for the cup that I had lifted from the snake, it was gone, and yet neither myself nor any of my attendants had seen this wonderful man pick it up! It was indeed jugglery, if not magic, of the most unquestionable kind!

Through the brass tube the conjurer now passed one end of the twine, which he put between his teeth; he then placed the tube between his lips, threw back his head, and held it perpendicularly, with the ball of twine on the upper end. Then suddenly this ball began to turn, and turn rapidly, and gradually grew smaller, till it entirely disappeared, as if the twine had been run off on a reel. What turned it, or where it went to, no one could see. The juggler then set the tube the other end up, and a new ball began to form on the top, but apparently ribbon, of half an inch in width and of different colors. These rolled up, as if on a bobbin, till it formed a wheel of two or three inches in diameter, when the performer seemed to toss ribbon and tube over his shoulder, and that was the last I saw of either.

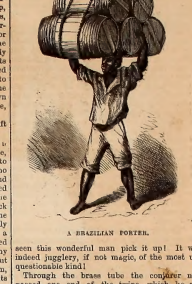
He next reproduced what appeared to be the swine cup I had lifted from the snake, showed something that looked like an egg, advanced the same as before, and placed the latter on the ground and the former over it, and again requested me to raise it, which I declined to do, fearing I should see another serpent, or something equally horrifying.

"Will any one lift the cup?" he said, turning to the others.

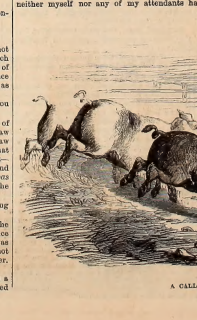
No one volunteered to do so, but all rather drew back.

At this he took up the cup himself and appeared to throw it into the air, and there sat in its place a beautiful dove, which flew up and alighted on his shoulder. He took it in his hand, muttered over some unintelligible words, seemed to cram it into his mouth, and that was the last I saw of that also.

He performed some other tricks similar to these, and concluded with the mysterious bag. This bag—which somehow came into his hands, as did all the other things he used, in a manner unknown to myself—was from two to three feet long and about a foot wide. It looked as if it had been used to hold some kind of flour, and I certainly saw something like the dust of flour fly from it when he turned it inside out and beat it across his hands. He turned it back again, and tied up the mouth of it with a string, muttering a low incantation all the time. This done, he threw it on the ground, and stamped on it, treading it all out flat with his feet. He then stepped back a few paces, and requested us all to fix our eyes on it. We did so: and after a lapse of thirty seconds we saw it begin to swell up like a bladder when being expanded with wind. It continued to swell till every part became distended, and it appeared as round and as solid as if filled with sand. Its solidity, however, was only apparent; for when the juggler went up and placed his foot on it, it yielded to the pressure, but immediately sprung back or rounded out as soon as that was removed. He then jumped on it with both feet, and flattened it all out as at first. He then went away again; and the bag, being left to itself, as before, again began to rise or inflate, but this time as if some



A BRAZILIAN PORTER.



A CALL TO DINNER.

animal like a cat were inside of it. In fact, I could see where there appeared to be legs; and then, to my utter amazement, I may almost say horror, *it began to move toward me, as if signalling by the unknown something in it!*

I do not think I am a coward—my worst enemy has never accused me of being one, at least—but I confess that on this occasion my nerves would not let me remain passive as I retreated from the advancing mystery, and informed the natives that I had seen enough to satisfy me of his wonderful occult powers. At this he seemed pleased, walked up to the bag and trod it down again, pieced it up and beat it with his right hand across his left, caused it to unaccountably disappear from my sight, and then made his concluding salaam.

How these wonders were performed—by what art, power, or influence—I do not and never expect to know. I have conversed with many persons who have seen, or claim to have seen, many strange things, but never before any one capable of conviction that I considered at all satisfactory. I simply relate what I saw, but scarcely expect any one to credit my statement, well knowing that I myself would not have received such marvels as facts on the testimony of the most reliable friend I have in the world.

"If your excellency will, I shall now have the honor of showing you how I charm wild serpents," said the sorcerer.

I had heard something of this singular power, and was desirous of seeing it displayed, more especially myself and attendants all repaired to an open field, at no great distance, where, after some search, Pungee discovered a hole, into which he said he dashed not there was a snake.

"But I cannot see him forth," he proceed to say, "I must be assured that some show of sufficient courage will stand ready to cut him down when I give the signal, or otherwise he, being so severe to be a colora capella, my life may be sacrificed."

"I will myself undertake that business," said I, drawing my sword.

The man hesitated, evidently fearing to insult me by a touch, and yet not eager to risk his life on the chance of my being able to overcome my timidity I had already made. I thought I read all this in the man's face, and I said, very positively:

"Now I will try it! I will cut off the head, ever you bring up this time, be it snake or devil!"

"My life is at your excellency's mercy," bowed the man, with a slight air of humility, "if you give the signal. When I raise my hand above my head, may the snake be still, sure and deadly!"

He then gave his whole attention to the hole before him. Putting an instrument not unlike a small flageolet to his lips, he began to play a shrill, monotonous, disagreeable sort of a tune, keeping his eyes riveted upon the hole in the ground; and I, with my sword in a convenient attitude, though I should have been prepared for anything, I saw the ugly head of the hooded snake, like a monstrous viper, slowly and cautiously out all deadly reptiles, come slowly forth, with its spectacled eyes fixed steadily upon the strange musicians, who began to dance forward slowly, a step at a time, the snake following him.

When, at length, in this manner, he had drawn the hideous creature some ten or fifteen feet from its hole, he suddenly squatted down and began to play more loudly and shrilly. At this the serpent raised itself on its tail, as about to make its deadly spring, and actually commenced a dancing motion, in time with the music, which was continued for about a minute, when the sorcerer gave me the signal to strike. Quardly and stealthily I advanced to within reach for the head, and then struck, cutting the reptile in two, and sending the head flying to some distance. I never took life with better satisfaction.

Whatever deception there might have been about the juggler's tricks, there was certainly none about the snake, for I have in my possession the body of the same. The man a couple of gold mohurs, and he went away perfectly satisfied, wishing my excellency prosperity and long life. I was perfectly satisfied, too, and would not have missed seeing what I did that day for ten times the amount paid.

THE LAST GIBBET.

I LIVED, in my young days, in the quaint, old, out-of-the-way town of Cloyne, under the very shadow of one of those wonderful round towers whose history, use and date have proved such a puzzle to antiquarians.

A few miles from Cloyne is the magnificent harbor of Cork. Its entrance from the sea is through a deep channel some two miles in length, and about a mile or less in breadth. This entrance is guarded on each side by high steep shores. The defense of the entrance is placed on the two opposite each other, and rise abruptly from the the basin of the harbor made, consisting of two forts occupying the summit of two high walls of rock, the water's edge. These forts are called Camden and Carlisle, and were formerly used as barracks for officers and artillery; latterly they have been employed for a less honorable purpose, and are now penal settlements for our convicts.

It is with the latter of these forts my tale is connected; and, as I may observe, *en passant*, that I have often found strangers, and even some of my Cork friends, unable to tell which was which. Some say that Camden was on the right, and Carlisle on the left; others say that Camden was on the left and Carlisle on the right. Of course both were true; for you change sides according as you sailed in or sailed out the harbor. But whether in or out was the puzzle. I could not teach some of them the difference until I found out an easy rule for refreshing their memories. There are no public conveyances of any kind at Camden, whereas near Carlisle there are abundance of horses and cars to convey passengers to Cloyne and other parts of the country. So that Carlisle is the "car" side. None of those to whom I told this rule ever forgot the fact.

In the year 1800 some soldiers were quartered at Carlisle. About two miles from the fort there is a small hamlet called Ballinrostig. A peddler and his wife lived at that place, and carried on some little business there, trading chiefly with the soldiers. In those days communication with Cork was difficult. Carlisle then could not be so easily distinguished from Camden, as there were neither cars nor steamers. It was a long sail to the city, and a longer one round by the road. So that the journey of the peddler's wife to Cork were—

"Like angels' visits, few and far between."

The peddler and his wife were both old, and used to go to Cork as seldom as possible—only when their little stock was exhausted and they had sufficiency of money to purchase a fresh one.

One day the old man was at the fort, and mentioned to his wife his intention of going very soon to Cork to buy new goods. She was about three of the soldiers left the fort, apparently for the purpose of taking a walk in the fields. One of them had in his hand a remarkable-looking walking-stick. They bent their steps to the peddler's dwelling, but it was deserted—empty. Having scanned the door, they told the old man him with them for a drink. He went with them. The peddler had his money in a purse which he carried in his pocket, and which the soldiers fell on him for the purpose of seizing it. But he was too much for his wife, who caught it; but when she saw that they were resolved on the violence of these men, with the ready wit of a woman, she threw the purse on the top of a heap of turf which was close by, and, pretending to join in the struggle, commenced searching for the purse, but the turf, being loosely packed, tumbled about the dwelling. At last she found the purse, and, with a cry of fury at their disappointment, they then fell on the poor old defenseless couple, and soon left them dead. The murderers then commenced their search for other purse or stick. With heavy hearts and guilty consciences, they took the same way homeward to Carlisle Fort, with what hope of escape or punishment I cannot tell.

The next day the murders were discovered; and on raising the body of the peddler, under it the corpse the stick was found. The stick was recognized as belonging to one of the soldiers of the fort; inquiry was made, and the officer's servant admitted that he had lent it the evening before to one of the three men. The men were arrested, tried, found guilty, and confessed that they had murdered the old man and his wife. They were hanged near the scene of the murder, at the Cross of Ballinrostig, and their bodies were conveyed to Carlisle Fort, where they were buried, and remained hanging in chains on the top of one of the ramparts for many years.

I have been frequently at the spot, and have sat upon a turfy bank enjoying the lovely scene around me on all sides round me; the magnificent harbor of Cork, studded with its numerous Queenstown rising from the water, terrace above terrace; the winding its way toward the sea—the far distant mountains of Kerry, Glengariff, and Tipperary; the "kindly Galtees," and the lesser "Knockmeldown"—a panorama of nature in its richest beauty—wood, rock, mountain, and ocean—all proclaiming the power, wisdom and goodness of the great Creator. Though lovely the scene, yet a feeling of oppression, a sense of sadness occasionally creeps over me when looking at those lonely grassy mounds that mark the spot the dishonored and unmarked graves of the unhappy murderers who were discovered by the winds, and who have left no trace on the soil of Ireland whose remains were exposed upon a gibbet.

I have met with those of the present day who well remember seeing their bleached and rattling bones swinging, and in the dreadful iron cage in which they were suspended. Such is my story of "The Last Gibbet."

In a local paper, the *Cork Constitution*, I read the following paragraph, published in August, 1862:

"A discovery of three human skeletons was made on Saturday by the workmen employed on the Government works at Carlisle Fort. They were engaged in excavating a portion of the ground upon a large iron frame, which, upon examination, was found to contain the skeleton of a human being. Close by the iron frames were also found, each having a skeleton within it. The bodies were enclosed by the framework, which consisted of iron hoops. From inquiries made, it appears that they are the skeletons of Irish soldiers who, in the year 1800, were hung and gibbeted near Carlisle Fort for the murder of a man and his wife at a place called Ballinrostig. The remains have been given Christian burial. The bodies of Cook and Stacey remained hanging, it is said, for eleven years, and that of Kelly for seven. The unfortunate man had to undergo the ordeal of suspension twice; for on the first occasion, before life had left him, the rope broke, and he fell; but another having been got, he suffered the full penalty of the law. It is believed by some persons that the framework in which the bodies were found was iron hoops, which had been bound round them for the purpose of keeping them together when on the gibbet, as otherwise the bones, separating from each other, they could remain up for the length of time that these bodies were suspended."

ANIMAL DEFENSES.

NOWHERE more than among birds are the various gifts and endowments which Nature has so liberally bestowed for support and protection, more curious and effective. The weak are frequently enabled to elude the pursuit of the strong by a mere rapid flight or by strategem. Some are screened from their enemies by an arrangement of color hardly sustainable in the places which they most frequent and where they find their food in greatest plenty. Thus the sea-duck is scarcely to be distinguished from the tree on which it feeds; or the bittern, in the soft, mossy springs of water which it frequents. Some are indebted to the brilliancy of their colors as the means of alluring their prey—of this the humming-bird is a remarkable instance. This beautiful bird has been observed in some sequestered place near the flowers which display the richest colors of the rainbow to the full rays of the sun, and fluttering with expanded wings by the smooth surface of the water; the fish, attracted by the brilliant colors and splendor of the objects, are detained, whilst the wily bird darts down upon them, and, seizing its unsuspecting victim, bears the same advantage from the simplicity of their exterior appearance. The common wren will serve for an example. He stands by the edge of a piece of water, sometimes for hours together, with as much resemblance to a block of wood, waiting patiently the approach of some fish, which he never fails to secure, and which he instantly conveys to his long neck. He then reassumes his former position, and, with the same success, repeats the act with the greatest facility and skill.

The power of flight is also of their great attributes, whereby the weak may refuse and their strength. The symmetry and elegance of their forms are not only conducive to their safety, but of great importance in reference to their habits and mode of living. Instead of the short, thick neck, broad shoulders, deep chest, the broad shoulders and sinewy limbs of quadrupeds, we have the long neck, the long and slender beak, the gently swelling shoulder, the expansive wings, the tapering body, and the short legs which the nature laid wisely and rapidity of motion the couch the yielding air requires. The bones of birds are hollow, and the air finds its way into the bones and feathers hollowed into cells, which may be inflated at pleasure, and which assist by respiration in the pleasure of the animal. This latter provision is most wonderful, and is found to be surprising to the extent to what the condition of a balloon filled with lighter gas gives the animal, and by which it is enabled to rise and carry to rise of itself without effort on the wing—a most wonderful provision, by which long structures a gramnivorous and most appropriate aërostatic machine. The proper-ties of the wings are also very various in birds in diverse manners, and, of courses, favorable for flight. The skeleton, which is the frame-work on which the body is built up for beauth, was found by the French Academicians to weigh only twenty-four ounces, while the entire bird weighed nearly twenty-five pounds. With such a framework of body the action of the wings is easy and effective.

THE ORICINAL NICARACUANS.

THE Nicaraguans are supposed to have been a people of Mexican origin, driven southward by a great deluge. Their traditions and mode of writing were similar to that of Mexico; their religion differed slightly; their customs were more simple; they had a rough form of social polity; and their dominion was on one respect unique. A young Nicaraguan beauty would have no lovers; but after a long and forbidding her that it would be well to marry and settle, she would receive the visits of a suitor and a kind hear to where he lived. When he had appointed the time when she should have, she would call her lovers together, and tell them she wished to marry, and that one of them as her husband; that she did not possess a house; but that she desired that they would provide her one on the land which her father had given her. So the prudent damsel set her husband to enter into details as to the kind of house she wished to have built, such as the size, etc. The lover decided that the house would be built by such a day, giving them a week or a fortnight, as the case might be. No one she would give the chance of furnishing the wood-work, the lime, the thatch, the stone, the cotton for the hammock, the water, to another, to provide the cordage; to another, to gather the canes for the walls; to another, to prepare the dried fish to stock the house; to another, to get the maize; and so on, to another, to collect the money. The work was usually put in hand with the utmost expedition, and by the time the lover had completed all that she had asked for. At last the house was ready, the provisions collected, the money got in it, and the hearts of the overworked competitors beat rapidly as the fortunate lover was informed that the house at last was built in the new house. When supper was concluded, the lover, rising, said made a short but gracious speech. She first thanked them all heartily for the kind manner in which they had helped her, and then said that she wished it was in her power to make so many wives as there were guests, so as to suit all parties. In those past they had seen what a loving husband she would make, and how happy the man was going to be married, and to be long to one alone—"And now, my friends," she said, whereupon, she took the chosen one by the hand. Her choice having been declared, the dancing commenced, and was kept up with great spirit and hilarity, and concluded the feast by dancing and drinking to the success of each of the newly married pairs. The recited matters, after that day, could never hope to be disturbed by the husband, who, in his turn, was expected to be present with meekness; but sometimes one or two of these husbands, tired of quarreling with their wives, committed suicide, and were found next morning hanging on a tree in the neighborhood of the palace of love built partly by their hands.

THE BIBLE.

THE following, showing the size, manner, and authorship of the various translations of the sacred volume into English, will interest most readers. Such of our readers as may be cut out and pasted in some copy of the Bible. Indeed, it might be embodied in the margin of all the editions of the sacred hereafter:

Date. A.D. Translation.
766.—Aldhelm, Saxon Psalms.
721.—Egbert's Saxon Gospels.
734.—Bede's St. John's Gospels.
1000.—Anglo-Saxon Version of Psalms.
1140.—Rolle's (or Hampole's) Psalms.
1290.—Scottish Version.
1526.—Tyndale's Jonah.
1526.—Tyndale's New Testament.
1532.—Coverdale's Bible.
1535.—Coverdale's Jonah, Psalms, Songs of Moses.
1538.—Cranmer's Great Bible.
1539.—Taverner's Bible.
1557.—Geneva (c.e., *i. Rogers's*) Bible.
1560.—Whittingham's Bible.
1561.—Bishop's Bible.
1582.—Rheims New Testament, Roman Catholic translation.
1600.—Douay Bible, Roman Catholic translation.
1611.—King James's version.

In speaking of the different translations of the Bible, such expressions are frequently used as would leave those unacquainted with the fact to suppose that they formed so many independent works; but these is, in fact, only one version of the Protestant English Bible in print, altered and improved by different hands, and which has received the subsequent amendments of many learned men; yet, from the first to the last, there is only one authorized or standard version. Let us now compare the earliest to the latest, and he will find a discrepancy indeed or rather such a similarity of expression as cannot be accidental.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHAT bar is that which often opens but never shuts?—A rib-ward.

WHY is a retired oculist like an inland revenue officer?—Because he is an ex-eyeman.

A LITERARY man on retiring into private life said his occupation was gone because he had no silliest itself into notice!

AN Irishman having been told that the price of bread had fallen, exclaimed, "This is the first time I ever heard of the price of bread falling!"

HEARING a physician remark that a small blow will break a nose, a rustic exclaimed, "Well, I suppose, then, that a big blow will just nose a great many times, and I've never broke it."

BY the ancient laws of Hungary a man convicted of bigamy was compelled to live with both wives in the same house. As a consequence, the crime was extremely rare in that country.

A LAWYER on his death-bed willed all his property to his needy relation, giving as a reason for doing so, that he wished that his property should be "dead rich, who pilfered him.

"DEAR me, how fluidly he talks!" said Mrs. Partington, recently, at a temperance meeting. "I am always reproved when he makes his speech, for his eloquence warms in every cactridge of my body."

A YOUNG and beautiful, but poor widow, was about to marry an old and wilowy. Her friends wished to know what she wanted to marry him for? She replied, "Because I love him for the grounds of his estate, (or, generally,) on which he wales, and the very house in which he lives." Such is the power of love! There is none of your school-gal romance in that.

"I DECLARE, Mr. Goldthumb, you have read everything."

"Why, ma'am, after working thirty years as a trunkmaker, I've had to read up to my chance if I'm to stand a fair show in the literature of my country."

"Pupils should be seen and not heard," shouldn't talk. Their mouths will do well enough as banks of deposit, but not of issue.

IT is said that doctors can mitigate the pain of sickness; certainly a good many of them make dying a very long job.

THE ladies sometimes get up bonnets of diminished size, but never of diminished cost.

A MUSICIAN by trade does not always speak quite so simply as a chanteuse. The latter lives upon air, the former upon fare. And, by the way, a musician should enjoy good health, for he has a change of air whenever he moves.

THE Press, the Pulpit, and the Petticoats—the three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads information; the second spreads morals, and the last spread considerably.

A CONFERENCE.—A little more than you have.

"YOU mean to bring up that ere one to be pretty starry at a bargain," said a fellow to a woman who was speaking of her darling child all her might to a little possibility.

"Why?" asked the fond mother.

"Because you're bowling, *by low* baby, *by low* baby, in his ears all the time."

AT Acapulco (Mexico), the pretty peasantgirls have a curious custom during the carnival. A solemn mass of shells principally on the days when steamers arrive from Panama, and the mails are opened.

"HE gives you present, sonor," and then they retire with a low courtesy. Returning, however, in a few moments, they say, sweetly:

"You give me present, sonor, of quarter dollar?" and they get the money.

"OUT of sight, out of mind." We don't see it, we don't think of the other day, and it hasn't been out of our mind since.

A PERSECUTED WATCHMAN.—A man was arrested in Boston for disturbing the peace by simply keeping watch and guard of another man's property.

AT Springfield, Mass., a lady sent the following telegram to a friend: "Spruce oil tasteless, the evergreen of society."

THE man who lends an umbrella is a real philanthropist, because he is the very soul of practice.

A horse is a bee-hive like a decayed potato? Because a bee hive is a bee-holder, a beholder is a spectator (a spocked later), a spocked later is a decayed potato.

A PERSON asked an Irishman why he wore his stockings upon the outside.

"Because," said he, "there's a hole on the other side."

A FRENCH officer, quarreling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's vice of fighting on either side for money. "Sir," said we Frenchmen," said he, "fight for honor."

"Yes," replied the Swiss; "every one fights for what he most wants."

TAKE AYER'S PILLS for all the purposes of a purgative, for Constipation, Indigestion, Headache and Liver Complaint. By universal accord, they are the best all-purpose pill known.

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Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets.
Cool! Cool! Cool! Refreshing! Delightful! Atmosphere!
Fourth week and continued success. Over 2,000 splendid living curiosities! PANTOMIME, C. G. FOX, MISS KATE PENNOYER, MR. C. R. FOX, and the Talented Juvenile Troupe, introducing the Comic Mirth-Inspiring incidents. To be seen at all hours, Myriads of Curiosities from all Portions of Nature and Art. The CAROLINA TWINS, unexcelled; largest yet graceful in movement. Prince Leon, Wonderful Midget. Hannover's Mammoth Fat Child, three years old, weighs 350lb; Giantess, 800 pounds; Horsewoman; Elephant; Sea Lion; Egyptians; 300 Living Australian Birds; 3,000 Specimens of Nature's Wonders; the Arctan Vulture; the Adjutant; Living ORANG-OUTANG from Borneo; ONE HUNDRED LIVING MONKEYS, largest collection in America; living Three-Horned Bull; a Fawn; living Sea Cow; Cockatoos; Chimpanzee, Learned Seal. Happy Family Grand Aquaria, 10,000 Curiosities.
Admission, 50 cents, children under ten, 15 cents.

The Way to Make from One Dollar to One Dollar and Fifty Cents in an evening, with or without capital, you will be sent by one mercantile agency. Address A. WOLCOTT, Cleveland, O.

FELLOW'S ORIGINAL

WORM LOZENGES.

We can with confidence point to FELLOW'S WORM LOZENGES as the most perfect remedy for those troublesome pests, Intestinal Worms.

After years of careful experiment, success has crowned our efforts, and we now offer to the world a confection without a single fault, being safe, convenient, effectual and pleasant. No injurious result can occur, let them be used in whatever quantity. Not a particle of calomel enters into composition. They may be used without further preparation, and at any time. Children will eagerly devour all you give them, and ask for more. They never fail in expelling Worms from their dwelling-place, and they will always strengthen the weak and emaciated, even when he is not afflicted with Worms.

Price 25 cents per box; five for $1. A liberal discount to the trade.

In New Brunswick (British Province), where these Lozenges were first introduced, and their great value as a Worm specific discovered, there has been over one hundred gross a year used. Hereafter they will be manufactured at the New England Botanic Depot, Boston, Mass., under the supervision of the Proprietor.

566-78 GEO. W. SWETT, M.D.

Holloway's Pills.—Chol-ra or griping of the bowels.—Loudonum may lull the pain but not destroy it. Morphine stupefies the senses in artificial sleep, without refreshing the invalid. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS not only procure the same results without the baneful effects, but so entirely correct the causes of the disease as to promote a speedy cure without danger of relapse.



BEAUTY.—Introduced, Catalog, Price, and Sallon CURLS produced by the use of Professor DE BREUX'S FRENCH LIE CHEVEUX. One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets or flowing massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair, but, on the contrary, by being used as a pomade, it promotes its growth. Sold by all druggists, and postpaid, $1. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address BEDER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists, 293 River Street, Troy, N. Y., sole Agents for the United States.

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"ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS *render and arrange* every ingredient *for the most humane from quarter and to the skin and general circulation—thus,* in many cases, *positively recuperating the* damage.

"JAMES LULL, M. D."

"There is nothing equal in the way of a plaster, to the POROUS PLASTER of Mr. Alcock. Everything is pleasant about them. They are the plaster for the age, and a fit type or our present advancement in science and art."—Rev. Henry Crough, Kidney Affection, Rheumatism and local deep-seated pains, they afford permanent relief.

"J. F. JOHNSON, M. D., on Topical Remedies."

"From a personal knowledge of these plasters, we can state that they are decidedly preferable to any other in use. Wherever relief is to be obtained by the use of a plaster, we should recommend them.

"A. LOCKE, M. D., Editor New York *Mentor*."

Agency, Reinhardt House, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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537 Pearl street, New York.

JUST PUBLISHED. — FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN, for September, contains the Illustrated History of the Month. The great cartoon is a masterpiece of Humor; showing the Great Case of Baron Sanstroke. In addition, there are satirical cuts of Mrs. Britannia and Loney Nap—the Old Peddler Woman and the Chiffonier—the Inconveniences of 100 in the Shade—How Our Artists Sketch; or, the New Patent Human Ice-Box—What Mr. Dunnobow Saw on His Spree, in a series of six nightmares—Warning to Young Ladies who Display their Calves—And nearly fifty other splendid illustrations, full of fun, philosophy, and satire.

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Irving Hall, New York,

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150,000 Tickets and 150,000 Gifts, being one to each Purchaser of a Ticket.

The Gifts will be distributed by a Committee chosen by holders of the Tickets, in the most liberal manner as the Ticket holders may decide. ☞ SPECIAL NOTICE.—The net proceeds will be devoted to the relief of the Portland Sufferers, and distributed by the Mayor of Portland.

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No. 17718	drew	$100,000
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No. 20199	"	10,000
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Full Plan and Details of the Drawing.

The Subscription Books will be closed on the 25d of September, and will be placed in the hands of the following gentlemen, who have kindly consented to act as the Chicago members of the Committee to conduct the award of Premiums on the 1st of October following:

WM. F. COLBAUGH, President Union Nat. Bank.
AMOS T. HALL, Treasurer C. B. & Q. R. R.
E. G. HALL, Hall, Kinsbark & Co.
CLINTON BRIDGE, Ewing, Briggs & Co.
J. C. DORE, President of the Board of Trade.

JAS. H. BOWEN, President Third National Bank.
JAMES G. FAGAN, Superintendent American Ex.
FRANCIS A. HOFFMAN, Ex-Lieut. Governor.
J. T. MUNN, Munn & Scott Elevator.
J. A. ELLIS, President Second National Bank.

These gentlemen, together with such others from different parts of the country as they may add to their number for the purpose of fairly representing the shareholders at large, will have the SOLE MANAGEMENT OF THE AWARD IN ALL ITS DETAILS. The plan of the award agreed on is the following: Two hundred and ten thousand numbers, representing the certificates issued, will be placed in one wheel, and three hundred and two tickets inscribed with the names of the premiums (as will the Opera House, three hundred paintings, and the bust of Lincoln), will be placed in another. From these wheels a number and a premium will be drawn simultaneously, the number drawn in each wheel making the premium drawn such.

The premiums will be ready for delivery immediately upon the result of the award being known; and the person by whom the FIRST PREMIUM is drawn will receive a CERTIFICATE IN FEE OF AN UNINCUMBERED TITLE TO THE CROSBY OPERA HOUSE. Information relative to the title and legal arrangements will be furnished on application at the real estate office of Messrs. Rees & Agnew, Chicago.

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NOTICE.—In ordering Certificates, please name Express destined. Send Drafts, Post Office Money Orders, on Greenbacks, with address of Town, County and State carefully written, as every Certificate is fully registered.

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Capital Prize, $80,000!

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WILL POSITIVELY BE GIVEN AT

Wabash Avenue Rink, Chicago, Ill.,

AUGUST 23, 1866.

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NO POSTPONEMENT.

250,000 Valuable Prizes, Valued at $500,000, will be Presented to Ticket-Holders, including $100,000 in Greenbacks.

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This is the greatest inducement ever offered to the people of the United States.

Every other Ticket Draws a Prize.

1 Gift in Greenbacks	$20,000		40 Gift Prizes, $500 each	$20,000
1 " "	10,000		50 " Melodeons, $150 each	7,500
1 " "	5,000		100 " Bibles, $20 each	2,000
1 " "	4,000		200 " Gold Watches, $100 each	20,000
1 " "	3,000		200 " " 100 each	20,000
1 " "	2,000		300 " Silver Watches, $50 each	15,000
20 " "	$1,000 each	20,000	300 " " 40 each	12,000
20 " "	500 each	10,000	500 " Set Plated Teaspoons, $3 each	3,000
20 " "	100 each	2,000	1,000 " Call Bells, $3 each	3,000
20 " "	50 each	1,000	1,000 " Hand Fruit Knives, $2 each	2,000
800 " "	10 each	8,000	2,000 " Gold Pens, in Boxes, $4 each	8,000
1,000 " "	8 each	8,000	2,000 " Photographic Albums, $5 each	10,000
1 " Residence in Chicago		5,000	2,000 " Gold Pen-Holders, $5 each	10,000
10 " Lots in Chicago, $100 each		1,000	220,241 Gifts, worth	338,943

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The Drawing will take place after the Concert, where 20,000 persons can witness it. A Committee will be selected by the audience to take charge of the drawing. All tickets and Certificates will be supplied with a correct list of the drawing as soon as published.

Tickets for sale at the principal News Agencies, Hotels, and Bookstores, and at our Office, 108 Randolph Street. Price of Tickets, ONE DOLLAR EACH; sent by mail on receipt of price and three cent stamp for return postage. Great Inducements are offered to Agents, who are wanted everywhere. We Write for our terms at once. Send reference with application.

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Every Other Ticket Draws a Prize.

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Read What the Chicago Press Say!

NORTH AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT.—Among the first Gift Enterprises ever commenced in Chicago, was that of Messrs. A. A. Kelley & Co., which has been perpetual for more than three years past, and has given the most perfect satisfaction—if we are to judge by the extensive patronage accorded it. They are the proprietors of the "North American Prize Concert," now so extensively advertised in the leading papers, and endorsed by some of the best business firms in this country. From what we know of Mr. Kelley, we are positive that he will, "in the fullness of his heart," do what is fairly and honorably with all who shall send him their orders—he is liberal-hearted and numerous, and will, without doubt, be scrupulously awarded to holders of lucky tickets. Every alternate ticket will draw a prize. Call at the store, or at their office, No. 108 Randolph street, Chicago.—*Chicago Times.*

KELLEY & CO.'S GIFT ENTERPRISE.—The first to embark in the Gift Enterprise business in Chicago was the firm of A. A. Kelley & Co., located at 103 Randolph street. Who does not remember their store, which opened two or three years ago, where many purchased books and other articles, and were so lucky as to find with their purchase tickets to the Gift Concert, which entitled them to valuable gifts in jewelry or other articles? Thousands of our citizens became customers, and these have the best of evidences that Messrs. Kelley & Co. always perform all they promise; that their patronage is reputable men, and do business honorably and on the square. Their Gift Concert, which is now open for exercise, the drawing of which is to take place on the 23d of August, promises to be one of the most popular Gift Concerts that has ever been given in Chicago. The gifts to be distributed are all money; they are represented to be. All the prizes will positively be distributed to those holding the lucky tickets after the Drawing. Success to such a worthy house, and we recommend to our readers who may desire to purchase in favor of drawing *something*. 4. The citizens of Chicago, who know A. A. Kelley & Co., have confidence in their honor and integrity, and are largely investing in their Enterprise. These are some of the reasons why we feel safe in commending Kelley & Co.'s Gift Concert to the public. Let the people come up and buy the tickets still remaining unsold. The drawing will positively take place on the day advertised. Money may be sent by mail for tickets, and will be promptly responded to.—*Chicago Journal.*

All Communications should be addressed to

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FOR THE

BENEFIT OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' ORPHAN HOME FUND,

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300,000 Tickets, at $1 each. 75,000 Presents, valued at $250,000, consisting of fine Residences, Lots, Pianos, Diamonds, Gold and Silver Watches, &c.

A CARD.—A large number of the Tickets remaining Unsold, it will be necessary to POSTPONE THE DRAWING until THURSDAY, the 11th of October, 1866, at which time it will positively occur.

The many swindling Concerns that have sprung up in this country during the last few months somewhat delayed our sales, until we were able to satisfy the people throughout the country that this enterprise was genuine, and that the Drawing would positively take place at the time advertised. At the same time we have allotted sufficient time to guarantee the sales without any further postponement.

Postmasters, Agents, Druggists, &c., are requested to act as Agents, and will be supplied upon application; but no commission will be allowed.

MANAGING DIRECTORS: Major H. A. HALL, President Soldiers' and Sailors' Union. Col. CHARLES CAPEHART, Major M. H. ALBERGER, WILLIAM S. MORSE.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE, WASHINGTON, June 27, 1866.

Whereas H. A. Hall and others, as "Managing Directors" of the "Grand National Concert," to be held in Washington, D. C., on the 4th of August next, have applied to me, as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, for the Collector of Internal Revenue for the Collection District of the District of Columbia, for permission to hold a lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise, for the benefit of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Home Fund; and whereas said lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise will be devoted to charitable uses, permission is hereby granted to such "Managing Directors" to hold such lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise, free from all charge, whether from tax or license duty. E. A. ROLLINS, Commissioner.

All orders must be addressed, with stamps enclosed, to

WILLIAM S. MORSE, Secretary, Lock Box 37, Washington, D. C.

WE REFER, BY PERMISSION, TO

Major-General Winfield S. Hancock, U. S. A.; General Robt. C. Schenck, M. C., Ohio; General Halbert E. Paine, M. C., Wis.; General John H. Ketchum, M. C., N. Y.; General James G. Blunt, Kan.; General N. G. Bedrick, Iowa; General D. C. McCallum, D. C.; General O. V. Dayton, N. Y.; Hon. Thos. W. Ferry, M. C., Mich.; Hon. Geo. Lawrence, M. C., Penn.; D. C. Forney, Esq., D. C.; Major J. E. Doughty, N. Y.; Hon. Richard Wallach, Major of Washington, D. C.; Hon. Henry C. Deming, M. C., Conn.; Hon. Elon C. Ingersoll, M. C., Ill.; Hon. Samuel J. Randall, M. C., Penn.; Hon. T. G. Berger, M. C., N. Y.; Hon. Henry Wilson, U. S. S.; Hon. Ira Harris, U. S. S.; Hon. B. F. Wade, U. S. S.; Hon. Edmd. Wilson, Washington, D. C.; Hon. William D. Kelley, M. C., Penn.; Hon. A. H. Ladin, M. C., N. Y.; Hon. Leonard Myers, M. C., Penn.; Hon. William A. Newell, M. C., N. J.; Hon. George W. Julian, M. C., Ind.; Hon. Benj. F. Wilson, M. C., Penn.; Hon. J. B. Grinnell, M. C., Iowa; Major G. M. Van Buren, N. Y.; General S. B. Hayes, M. C., Ohio; Hon. S. T. Holmes, M. C., N. Y.; Hon. S. B. Latham, M. C., West Va.; Hon. James A. Garfield, M. C., Ohio; Bonner Hall, D. C.

Tickets Sold by G. M. VAN BUREN & CO., 254 Broadway, New York.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 569—Vol. XXII.] NEW YORK, AUGUST 25, 1866. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 15 Weeks $1 00.

Cholera Cradles.

The history of the cholera shows that it has had its origin in those great Hindoo and Mussulman festivals which bring together great bodies of enthusiasts and devotees, from all parts of the Moslem and Hindoo world, at stated intervals, in places having no facilities for accommodating the concurrent crowds with shelter or supplying them with food. As many as 700,000 pilgrims sometimes meet in Mecca, living in the most abject manner and on the scantiest food, and esteeming death, in the sacred city and within sight of the Kabbah, as insuring immortality and all the delights promised to the faithful. Without medicine, ignorant of all sanitary laws except those which the founders of their religion incorporated in their religious creed—fanatical optimists in the widest sense, it is not surprising that disease should be generated and propagated among them to the widest possible limit.

It is a significant fact that the greatest curses of mankind have originated in religious fanaticism. When we speak of curses, we mean war, pestilence, and enforced ignorance.

Our great cholera epidemic of 1832 had its origin in India, in a great concurrence of pilgrims at some spot sacred to Juggenath on the Ganges.

The second, of 1848, originated in a great Mahometan religious gathering in Tantah, in Egypt.

According to the report of the French Commission appointed to investigate the cause of the present visitation of the cholera, it appears that it originated with



FREEDMEN'S BUREAU BUILDING, RICHMOND, VA.



GLIMPSES AT THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU, RICHMOND, VA.—"SILENCE IN DE COTE."—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 357.

the pilgrims returning from the celebration of the festival of Kourban-Bairam, the feast of sacrifices at Mecca. The number of individuals of all ages and both sexes assembled from the various Mahometan countries to go through the consecrated ceremonies was estimated at 700,000, and the number of sheep and camels slaughtered, the offal of which was abandoned upon the ground, exceeded a million.

"The pilgrims came to this festival," says a writer in a recent number of the *Medical Times and Gazette*, "badly clothed, badly fed, many exhausted, and all fanatically ecstatic—to them death had no terrors, and this common result was the future. To die was to enter Paradise the earlier, the transition from life to death a mere dream, the prevention of death a curse rather than a blessing, and pain even an ecstacy. In many a year that vast multitude has never assembled without being subjected to the ravages of some disease. How could such a calamity be avoided? The history comes together unprepared for all the exigencies and necessities of life. They have no encampment, no sufficiency of food or water, no latrine, no drain, or, in a word, no way of keeping their dead. Into such a host as this cast a speck of disease-producing matter that will reproduce disease, and the passively wet mass becomes one mass becomes actively poisonous. Unfortunately, too, it is a movable pest, for of the hundreds of thousands attacked, few after all reach the goal they long for. By the time the final hope, the majority remain tied to the earth, and these, when the great celebration is over, tragging their plague honeycomb unmodified, *west Hejk*, before whom common mortals must uncover, carry with them the germs of disease, and disseminate it wherever they go."

We are sorry from the above to find cholera engendered, and it seems not improbable that, even if the present inoculation dies out, we may have a new infection next year, or later. We infer this from the fact that we have official information that the latest Mecca pilgrimage has developed the pestilence anew. The following information has been received from the United States Consul at Port Mahon, dated June 30, 1866. It is directed to the Secretary of State, and says:

"I have the honor to inform the Department that information has been received here that the mortality among the pilgrims at Mecca, from cholera, is very great this season than the last. The information says that at Medina there had died 15,000 persons on Saturday last. It is reported that the infection has spread to Alexandria, Egypt. It is also information that the disease has as yet reappeared in Spain. The quarantine regulations, acting upon the supposition that the disease is contagious, have instituted a rigid quarantine against the Turkish and Egyptian vessels from the ports of the United States and British ports, because of the lingering cases in the Medway, Bermuda, to quarantine here. There is now at quarantine the British Bark Lucinda, and the American Bark Ida Clarendon, owned in and direct from New York, and Master of Malaga. Both vessels sail daily. The English outnumber all other nations, the vessels being about five to one of any other nation."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 25, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

All letters are requested to designate the Department distinctly, and in communicating with us, to retain the original bill.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are imposters.

Financial Soundness of the Country.

WHEN in December, 1864, Mr. Fessenden, then Secretary of the Treasury, made his estimate for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1866, he calculated the receipts from customs, for the year, at $70,000,000, and the receipts from other sources (excepting under the Internal Revenue Law), at $25,000,000, making a total of $95,000,000.

The accounts for the year have now been made up, and we find these estimates greatly exceeded by the returns. The customs have yielded $170,000,000 in gold, and "other sources" a total of $50,000,000, respectively, nearly four times as much as Mr. Fessenden's estimates. So much for the unanticipated strength, wealth and elasticity of the United States! Disappointed, too, in their fond anticipations of her own children, how must she bring shame on the hostile prophecies of her enemies!

We have thus far only spoken of two of the sources of the income of the country. Beyond these, and gigantic by comparison, is the Internal Revenue—the product of our domestic taxation. From this source (apart from State and municipal taxes), the Treasury has received, for the year ending July 1st, $368,000,000. The income of the United States, therefore, for the year, has been, in round numbers, $550,000,000!

This is in excess of the interest on the public debt and expenses of Government not far from $200,000,000, which will be appropriated to the liquidation of the national debt. At this rate, the heaviest debt ever owed by any nation will be paid off within ten years.

The exports from the United States for the year ending July 1st, were $457,000,00. The imports for the same period, $301,000,000. Balance in favor of the United States, $186,500,000.

The exports of gold from the United States to foreign countries, for the year, has been $57,729,000.

The receipts of gold, on consignment (as distinguished from purchases), from private (private hands) from California, for the year, $25,000,000.

To more healthful or satisfactory exhibits of the finances of a nation can be desired.

No nation on earth has been taxed so heavily, or has paid so cheerfully. The national life and integrity are above all price. They are determined, on the field of battle and through the price of blood, that the nation should live; they have equally determined, in the fields of peace and through the power of their self-imposed burdens, that the decision reached through blood and battle shall be sustained.

But, it is asked by those who would, at any hazard, prophesy ill of the great Republic: "How will the European complexion affect you?" In the disruption of a continent, can you hope to escape the storms that rage around?

To this we have only to respond, in the language of the London *Times*. After reviewing the financial crisis of England, and noticing the fall of Bavarian stocks from 96 to 80, and Frankfort from 95 to 79, etc., it concludes by saying:

"American securities still attract regular investors, as capitalists regard them as out of the vortex of speculative excitement."

Comment on this is unnecessary. Nor can it be disguised from themselves, by the most bigoted of Englishmen, that it was the opportune supply of $40,000,000 in gold from the United States that saved the Bank of England and the whole banking interest of Great Britain from complete disaster during the late financial crisis.

AMONG the numerous applications of photography, none is more interesting or more useful than those which relate to the aid it lends to astronomy. When Arago detailed to the French Academy of Sciences the process of Daguerre, he pointed out the importance which it might have of astronomy. His prediction has been completely fulfilled, and astronomers have largely availed themselves of the resources which it has placed in their hands. But none have been so successful in this direction as Mr. L. M. Rutherford. He has devised a mechanism by which he ensures that they bear being enlarged to a diameter of five feet, and which he found to exact, when submitted to micrometrical examination, that they furnish correct data for the measurement of the situation of the stars. They serve also as a foundation for a lunar map, six feet in diameter. Photography has enabled us to determine the relative altitudes and depths of mountain ranges and ravines with which the surface of the moon is corrugated. Nor have the labors of the photographer been confined to the production of mere pictures of several of the planets also have been obtained.

THE Empress of France has done much to mitigate or abate the senseless fear of the cholera, which, as much as anything else, tends to induce the disease. It is well-known that nothing is more efficient to contribute to the spread of this terrible scourge than the panic which often and so rapidly spreads among the emotion people. Not even here does the fear of the number of those who actually die are killed by fear rather than by positively being in circumstances which lead to the disease. Thus, it is said, it is to use all possible means to mitigate the terror but too universally felt! The visits of the Empress to the cholera wards of the hospitals, and this year at Amiens, are to be admired, not only for the kindness of heart which prompted them, as for being a practical way in which the fears of the people may be allayed. If the Empress were afraid or among the patients, to stay by them, to touch them, to give them, of comfort to them, it might be possible that she would herself be a victim. Indeed, from the fact proves nothing, it is yet a remarkable coincidence that, whereas before the visit of the Empress the number of cholera patients in Amiens amounted to eighty-six in a day, on the day after she had been there it fell to sixty-seven, and the following day to forty-seven. It is also prominent a part as the Empress has done on these occasions, we think that she has not women generally an example of courage, and of calm good sense, which cannot be without beneficial results.

WE not long ago quoted an extract from Lady Emily Eden's letters, in which she sneered like a passage from the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." We quote another paragraph:

"Runjeet Singh's tomb is the majestic private stud. I suppose fifty horses were led past us. The first had on its saw-cut trappings, necklaces strung on its neck and between its ears, and a large saddle two enormous emeralds, nearly two inches square, carved all over, and set in gold frames, like little looking-glasses. The cropper was all emeralds, and there were stud-spaces of gold put on something like martingale. Henry Singh said the whole was valued at thirty-five or less (three hundred and seventy thousand pounds sterling). All those trappings are for nobody knows the worth of these enormous stones; they are not worn, and are never sold. They are simply stirred in diamonds and turquoises, another in pearls, and there was one with trappings of coral and pearl that was very pretty. Their saddle-cloths are stones woven into them. It reduces European magnificence to a very low mark. We were told that there was a large amphitheatre of elephants, belonging to our own people, on to the State, and thousands of Runjeet's followers, all dressed in yellow or red satin, with quantities of gold lace. Horse troopers all had silver trousers, and all or them sparkling with jewels. It was altogether a splendid sight."

In the midst of all this magnificence comes one of the sharp contrasts so marked in Oriental life. "Budget is at 10, Dr. Low is out, and then is the room:" "A little glass closet, in a corner of his palace, with a common cot to lie on; no other furniture whatever, and hardly room for any."

FOR the benefit of our city readers, and such as live in towns where street cars implies a ride of six cents, under the plea that it is authorized by the Internal Revenue Law, for the benefit of such, we have to say that by the 1st of August, the amendment of that law went into effect, in terms as follows:

"And whenever the addition to any fare shall amount only to the fraction of one cent, any person or company liable for the tax may collect one half per centum may add to such fare one cent in lieu of such fraction; and any person or company may sell and issue, at any convenient public, tickets in packages of twenty, and multiples of twenty, at the price of which only an amount equal to the revenue tax shall be added."

The Fifth Avenue and other car companies must sell twenty tickets for 1020 cents or 102 cents, or a fraction over five cents each—and at "convenient points."

THE statistics of the decline of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands are so positively frightful, that we believe almost unparalled in modern history. In 1823, three years after the arrival of the American missionaries, the population of the islands was estimated at from 130,000 to 150,000 souls, while twenty-five years later, in 1848, there were not more than 84,000 inhabitants. The census of 1853 gave the total population at but 73,137, of whom 2,487 were foreigners, while the enumeration of 1860 showed a population of but 69,800, including 67,084 natives and 2,716, foreigners. Thus there was a decrease of 3,337 individuals, or nearly five per cent., in the course of seven years. When it decreases the meaning of these figures is, that the rate of decrease is much faster than appears, as the excess of males over females amounting at the census of 1860 to not less than 6,136. It seems not long since that the Queen, then the consort of Hawaian race will follow the Dodo, and be extinguished within the term of our own generation. The remaining individuals, are nearly all victims of regeneration by means of police and hard work. But what on earth can ever induce a people to live in a country where "Kaw pig, having for area of an ordinary dressing-room, will keep a family in luxury for a week?" Even a sub-editor would go on strike under these conditions. The natives seem inclined to look upon the degradation of the Hawaiian race with the same sort of stolid resignation of the race, but it appears very doubtful whether this is not rather a consequence than a cause.

AMONG the possible, if not probable results of the Fenian raid, will be the extinction of the old "sick man" Turkey, who has only been kept alive through the jealousies of other powers. England and France, Russia, and Austria, Russia, and England paid for her—that is to say, gave her money to spend in immoral extravagance, while France got the glory of the war. England knew very well with whom she had to deal, and bound the Ottoman Empire to her by the Anglo-Constantinian policy. But it turns out that Turkey is insolvent, the coupons of the consolidated debt have not been paid, and it is said that bonds which the government had pledged itself not to issue till 1867, have already been secretly sold. The consequence is that we hear but its every day completely, no one will lend it anything, and it must, if its expenditure goes on, speedily come to a crash. It is plain that Russia as well that the inevitable break-up of this empire should be preceded by no hostile policy. Englishmen never like a defaulting State, and it is as well that the final arrangements should not be impeded by an ignorant prejudice. Russia's interest is now to supply a massive in Europe. At the same time the break-up will probably not be too rapid for safety. For once her own affairs the Sultan's people go on as they did before they began raising loans—spend when they have money, and when it runs out they borrow.

INSTEAD of a tunnel between England and France, it is now proposed to establish an ocean ferry, worked by steam vessels of immense size, constructed to carry across the channel not merely passengers and their baggage, but railway trains in which they are brought from London or Paris. The passengers start from their cars in specially constructed at Dover and Calais, and will, like the Great Eastern steamship, convey them in a state of perfect physical immunity from the discomforts of a sea passage. The details have, it is stated, already been worked out in the design of the vessels, and they will insure to the passengers protection from weather and from all delays and inconvenience of transhipment. The scheme is one which could be completed and brought into operation in less than two years, and which would cost, it is said, seven and a half sterling. "Few will deny," says a writer in the *Times*, "that this appears the more practical proposal, and the most likely to benefit the present generation. The tunnel could not be completed in less than twenty years, or at less cost than £20,000,000, to say nothing of the possibility that after years of labor and enormous expense it might turn out to be impracticable and a failure."

THE condition of things in Vienna, after the great battle of Sadowa, is thus depicted in a private letter, dated from that capital, July 6th:

"This city was for four-and-twenty hours in a state of stupor; people could with difficulty realize that the battle had been three days of the place, and that the road to the capital was entirely open to their triumphant army. Yesterday I saw the Emperor pass, pale and shrinking into the corner of his carriage. The Empress overwhelmed with grief; she went to the hospitals. That is the first occupation of every one since the cannon ceased to thunder. At three o'clock in the evening, when the last telegram arrived, it seemed as if the entire city had received the same electric shock. Then, with reflection, a reaction set in, and nothing else was discussed but the means to avert, or to continue the war against Prussia. 'Let us abandon Venetia to Italy,' was the cry of the people, 'and let us join the southern army to the help of that of the north!' A Council was held, in the presence of Napoleon's envoy, and 'Long live Italy with Venice!' Men are at work night and day fortifying Vienna, and the Danube Canal, where the roads meet by which the Prussians will arrive. The enemy's army does not seem to follow up its triumph and a demoralized population make but a feeble resistance. The Austrian army is composed of men's minds. This morning the removal was commenced of the Imperial Treasure, and the Northern Railway of all the stock, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. Last night the Archives were packed for a time. The Prussians are going to occupy Moravia, which they will retain as a pledge. Perhaps they will also Brunn, an open town; and Olmutz, where the Emperor Ferdinand resided, and which vigorously defended Prince Windischgratz's manœuvring in that corner. A new army will be formed in Hungary, and the Archduke Albert will probably place himself at the head of it. These people who comes and offer themselves, some as Italians, others as Germans, are ridiculous. They are Kind. To whom will this new army be confided? To the conqueror, of course! It is said, even now, that the Emperor, who is perhaps the best tactician in the army, has refused the command of the armies at the Ministry of War. There is a proposal to eliminate a Hungarian corps, which is said to number 40,000. In the afternoon, the venerable King of Saxony arrived at the Northern station, where the Emperor received him in the imperial family awaited him. The two sovereigns were in a carriage with four horses abreast. Late events appear to have greatly aged King John."

"GOING to the bad," or going to Baden-Baden, which many people seem to think is about the same thing, is the fate that has at last overtaken, for the Grand Duchy of Baden has sided with Austria in the European war, and is, consequently, "going to the bad" as well as Austria. A correspondent, examined of Europe, undertook lately to go Baden, knowing it to be "a dreadfully expensive place," but he found that his number straight nor broad. He says, with well-feigned tears:

"Now you approach the station, and are absolutely obliged to carry your own bag. Not a carriage is to be seen, but instead of it a number of rough-looking porters and a fierce-looking policeman; the three together demand exorbitant fees for the service through them. The streets are lonely, and when you arrive at the hotel, instead of a crowd of waiters and a bustling bar, the landlord himself unders you to them, a power of attorney, and requests you to inquire for your self. Then comes the very grand occasion. The shops are still there, but very grand occasion. The shops are still there, but very few people are in the streets, the spirits of the rooms—and the gambling devolution; and the Kursaal—are deserted. Here and there a solitary waiter is lounging about, and a few more are miserable in the roulette-room playing for thalers; the croupiers are sitting in their places, looking as if they rush to the adjoing cafe to support human nature; but, alas! they have to wait a long time before they get one waiter, or, at the most, two, positively asleep in a corner of the room, and the rest of the gambling tables are full of last year's fashions, and the Lichtenthal Allee, which is usually so gay, is now a perfect wilderness which lies it remain unoccupied, and all this because the Grand Duke of Baden has chosen to side since this year to chronicle—the miscontenting of the Continent, the public opinion of Europe, the whole world—the cause, the order and discipline which Prussia has introduced into the affairs of the Germanic land of war, which is at present slowly but surely working out its own ruin."

"The war has certainly produced many and divers evils, but it has also produced one good—namely in the incunation it has brought upon an otherwise prosperous people; and we hereby declare ourselves to be the Louse-monde files and takes refuge in the Soden mountains, and for a time Germany wears a mourning shroud."

TOWN COSSIP.

OUR heated term has been followed by the most delightful weather, and the usual social exclusiveness of August has given place to breezes borrowed from Newport and Saratoga, already in full enchantment. Our old hides his jaded face behind cooling sheets of cloud, and gentle showers drop down upon us as if in commiseration of our sufferings. Hardly a day of enchantment such a season of delight, and rarely does nature so clothe herself in smiles and brighten the world with such generous cheer.

One would think, from reading the daily accounts of the ad the summer resorts, that the city was the very location of any source of pleasure, and that all the beauty, fashion and intelligence of the world must have gone on a holiday excursion, leaving behind them only a population of the very dregs of guilt, and to this fable the shenories are scarcely inured, the streets are no less crowded, and no outward sign bekoens any diminution of the population.

A cent is an insignificant title, and a fraction of a cent a still more insignificant one, but the corporations of our especially since we have become accustomed to count dollars by millions and hundreds and thousands of millions, and by the fractions of a cent by the tens on the occasion of no small degree of public imitation, and not to very considerable difficulties. Our people have been in the habit of charging seven-eighths of a cent for a single ride, which has subjected the public to the injustice, as they submit to many abuses, if not cheerfully, still without murmuring. Now, a recent law changes the value of the fare to the more practical pieces at the exact legal rate, but they evade the enactment by charging their tickets at only two for practically inaccessible points, exacting from every passenger who has failed to provide himself with the proper fractional currency the extra amount which we indignantly refuse to pay it are subjected to gross insignities and annoyances. Surely it is time that individual is stifling, but the aggregate gain to all the roads from the shortcomings amounts to several thousand dollars per month—a sum they are very unwilling to lose; while the patient community, feeling that the difference is too small to be worth legally unwilling to submit to further extortion, and, with law and the Corporations combined, have no practical redress to be recalcitrant. Weather the monopoly or the individuals will gain the day is still a matter of doubt.

The even banner of our may has been slightly disturbed by the arrival in our city of a real Queen, one who has worn a crown and swayed a sceptre, and received the cheerful homage of willing subjects. Of course in a land where all claim to be sovereigns and none to pay to any master, royalty is somewhat at a discount, but the good lady has been greeted very cordially. The municipal authorities have improved the opportunity to make a public demonstration of welcome, and Mr. Chilton, from the State Department at Washington, and Mayor Hall, have both done honor to the guest. Then her Majesty, and assure her of the very flattering attentions bestowed

which she is held at the Capital. Probably the Queen is more honored by the attention of the gentlemanly representative from the Government than the representatives by the nations upon which he has been sent; but it is, nevertheless, a becoming recognition of Queen Emma's personal worth, and of the claim of her country from our record, that she alone is cordially welcomed to our shores. She is the widow of the late Kamehameha IV., of the Sandwich Islands, and went to England about a year since, partly to visit the country, and partly to excite an interest in the commercial affairs of her dominions. She is represented as an amiable, interesting person, of considerable public character, and is not out of place for us to afford her both gratification and attention.

There are some things we would not relish, removed from their accustomed places. The attendance to have our bread brought fresh to our doors every morning, and to be regularly supplied with our daily newspaper, are two we would not care to have eloquence dealt out to by the latter, or the pleasant greeting of each fresh morning's loaf, in parcels like packages of tobacco, or the perplexity of a puzzle, however, seem to be the chief attractions of American life. The sweetness and length of the strains by the amount of perspiration it excites, a little more entrapped than his fellows, has rounded his organ on a cart, and with an undisciplined spasmodic power, executes the streets retailing sweet sounds, and looking with contempt upon the more pretentious of his less melodious imitators. Verily a locomotive organ is a new device, and a convincing evidence that the world moves.

Speaking of enterprise suggests the fact that one of the daily papers, in the exercise of a wise liberality and business tact, issued on Saturday morning with a column of special dispatches by the Atlantic telegraph. As all the news papers are practically the same intelligence, the unlimited have been pushing themselves to the wonderful extent of the daily consumption. This, however, is one of the mysteries of journalism, which has come in the line of almost all of its ordinary publishers. By-the-way, the great cable is proving somewhat of a single-new-story diary of its progress. We still have to depend upon the st-amers for important and reliable news. The dispatches are much more accustomed to the new beat, and somewhat relieved from carrying unenlightened news, and we are not surprised that the latter itself as a good-natured, trustworthy cable messenger, which it deserves to be, and which it deserves in public favor.

The cholera has not yet appeared, but creates no panic, though the mortality is considerably in excess of last year at this time, and larger than at any time during the season. As we have passed by the period when such afflictions are the most fatal, and as there is a decided abatement of the malady, we have reasonable hope that the present year will not prove a severe scourge, and that the wise sanitary measures will effectually check the ravages.

Of the theatres little can be said. The summer is not their proper season, and, as in many other things, has merit in its emptiness as gauged very much by the size of the audience. No novelties have been introduced during the week, and no new performance has been retained for a considerable period. Preparations for the season are, however, quite active, and we are promised some fine entertainments.

PHYSICAL EXERCISES FOR FEMALES.

THE tendency of the modern mind to the appreciation of robust health, and of the active exercises which are so favorable to it, is shown in nothing more clearly than in the new fashion which has become of a novel, in order to be interesting, and not be of the commonplace, every dress must have a train, must be able to ride, and row, and walk, and play croquet, and perhaps cricket, with the most active of her fellows, or she is out of the mode entirely does not prevent her from being a highly sentimental and otherwise personal creature. Ladies, now, indeed, in three anything "masculine" or "strong-minded," according to modern notions, is a woman's dress subject to a process of physical as well as mental education.

Now that every one has gone into the country or to the seaside, or to journey to foreign lands, it is perhaps a little superfluous to allude what physical exercises there are which are open to and practised by women, especially by those who have left their schools. In this connection we wish to bear in mind that active exercise appears to us one desideratum, and an element in the physical welfare of the single out-door employments as gardening, or looking after domestic matters, some more under the description of light work than of actual recreation.

Of course, almost the first thing that suggests itself as an amusement when the season purse is dropped, is some which appears to exercise unbounded fascination over all who once indulge in it. We have, indeed, heard it highly spoken of by more spectators, who "don't see nothing in it," but a consideration of the hours spent in its practice would appear to be the conclusion that there must be an occult satisfaction arising from its practice, and the conclusion it seems to us have but one good point—namely, that it keeps the players in the open air. It is a game very graceful and exercise, and leads to much stooping and lounging about, which cannot, we imagine, be always advantageous. Of the game of croquet having acquired a certain amount of "society," and affording opportunities for flirtation, it is not now the occasion to speak.

People (and their name is Legion) who are now at the seaside, are enamored of bathing. Bathing, as it is practised at our coast resorts, is, no doubt, a delightful recreation; but to it swimming could be added, and delight would be increased, and the possible use and advantage much extended. Though swimming is an art so easy of acquisition, and so useful in practice, it is a surprising how few possess it. Women who can swim may be able to go out beyond their depth, and cannot must only swim their handle in despair of being able to bring it. Not long ago a lady member of the British Humane Society had awarded one of its medals to a young man, for saving the life of another, which he was endangered while they were bathing. It would be well if medals were awarded as a matter of course for all of their physical education. It may be said that the means of teaching are also very cheap, because people are not always on the seaside. But there are rivers, and lakes, and ponds, which are open for the purposes of bathing and swimming; and in most large towns there are swimming baths which might be employed. In some of the London baths a certain day is specially appropriated to the women. In the country it is there made clear that women would use the bath in greater numbers were the bathing day, we do not say certain days, but would be so difficulty in ensuring a similar appropriation.

Boating is another exercise which is pleasing and not favor among women as a physical recreation, and ought one to be among the most popular. It is not very objectionable by skill on the part of women as on that of men, and, if the amusement be limited to a walk, it cannot be aimed at. Whether ladies will ever condescend to compete in rowing matches is a question of the dim future. Perhaps the highest excellence is only attained through competition; but for all that, we are not prepared to speculate about the matter at present. When rowing becomes more general, it will be time enough to consider it.

The question of competition suggests the recreation of archery, which is so much in vogue among large sections of society. Archery has some of the advantages of croquet in bringing people together, and in its practice it gives a good deal of active exercise, and requires great skill and exactness. Its drawbacks are that it requires somewhat expensive appliances and a considerable space of ground, which is not always at command.

For young girls of from twelve or thirteen to seventeen or eighteen we have heard a modified species of rounders recommended. We have heard of a large girls' school where cricket matches are regularly played, and entered into with a spirit which speaks to us the hoped that they are more amenable to discipline than the boys who play the game. We believe it to be possible to so involving too much strain on the bodily powers of girls, as to endanger health, but we should indeed in active sports, taking, if possible, a second place to the boys. We are not saying them to set up muscle, but we do not see why they should not be allowed to run, and jump, and throw without any deterioration of the delicacy which is the charm of girls.

There remain to be noticed two of the physical exercises which are common to both sexes—riding and walking. These may be dismissed in a few words. The former is a luxury which few can know to whom it is attainable it needs no recommendation. The latter is for many reasons the most valuable exercise, and practised by many as a species of rather melancholy duty. The pedestrian tour, with knapsack and stick, is a delightful recreation, a little more enterprising than his fellows, has rounded his organ on a cart, and with an undisciplined spasmodic power, executes the streets retailing sweet sounds, and looking with contempt upon the more pretentious of his less melodious imitators. Verily a locomotive organ is a new device, and a convincing evidence that the world moves.

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PHYSICAL EXERCISES FOR FEMALES.

THE tendency of the modern mind to the appreciation of robust health, and of the active exercises which are so favorable to it, is shown in nothing more clearly than in the new fashion which has become of a novel, in order to be interesting, and not be of the commonplace, every dress must have a train, must be able to ride, and row, and walk, and play croquet, and perhaps cricket, with the most active of her fellows, or she is out of the mode entirely does not prevent her from being a highly sentimental and otherwise personal creature. Ladies, now, indeed, in three anything "masculine" or "strong-minded," according to modern notions, is a woman's dress subject to a process of physical as well as mental education.

Now that every one has gone into the country or to the seaside, or to journey to foreign lands, it is perhaps a little superfluous to allude what physical exercises there are which are open to and practised by women, especially by those who have left their schools. In this connection we wish to bear in mind that active exercise appears to us one desideratum, and an element in the physical welfare of the single out-door employments as gardening, or looking after domestic matters, some more under the description of light work than of actual recreation.

Of course, almost the first thing that suggests itself as an amusement when the season purse is dropped, is some which appears to exercise unbounded fascination over all who once indulge in it. We have, indeed, heard it highly spoken of by more spectators, who "don't see nothing in it," but a consideration of the hours spent in its practice would appear to be the conclusion that there must be an occult satisfaction arising from its practice, and the conclusion it seems to us have but one good point—namely, that it keeps the players in the open air. It is a game very graceful and exercise, and leads to much stooping and lounging about, which cannot, we imagine, be always advantageous. Of the game of croquet having acquired a certain amount of "society," and affording opportunities for flirtation, it is not now the occasion to speak.

People (and their name is Legion) who are now at the seaside, are enamored of bathing. Bathing, as it is practised at our coast resorts, is, no doubt, a delightful recreation; but to it swimming could be added, and delight would be increased, and the possible use and advantage much extended. Though swimming is an art so easy of acquisition, and so useful in practice, it is a surprising how few possess it. Women who can swim may be able to go out beyond their depth, and cannot must only swim their handle in despair of being able to bring. In not long ago a lady member of the British Humane Society had awarded one of its medals to a young man, for saving the life of another, which he was endangered while they were bathing. It would be well if medals were awarded as a matter of course for all of their physical education. It may be said that the means of teaching are also very cheap, because people are not always on the seaside. But there are rivers, and lakes, and ponds, which are open for the purposes of bathing and swimming; and in most large towns there are swimming baths which might be employed. In some of the London baths a certain day is specially appropriated to the women. In the country it is there made clear that women would use the bath in greater numbers were the bathing day, we do not say certain days, but would be so difficulty in ensuring a similar appropriation.

Boating is another exercise which is pleasing and favor among women as a physical recreation, and ought one to be among the most popular. It is not very objectionable by skill on the part of women as on that of men, and, if the amusement be limited to a walk, it cannot be aimed at. Whether ladies will ever condescend to compete in rowing matches is a question of the dim future. Perhaps the highest excellence is only attained through competition; but for all that, we are not prepared to speculate about the matter at present. When rowing becomes more general, it will be time enough to consider it.

The question of competition suggests the recreation of archery, which is so much in vogue among large sections of society. Archery has some of the advantages of croquet in bringing people together, and in its practice it gives a good deal of active exercise, and requires great skill and exactness. Its drawbacks are that it requires somewhat expensive appliances and a considerable space of ground, which is not always at command.

For young girls of from twelve or thirteen to seventeen or eighteen we have heard a modified species of rounders recommended. We have heard of a large girls' school where cricket matches are regularly played, and entered into with a spirit which speaks to us the hoped that they are more amenable to discipline than the boys who play the game. We believe it to be possible to so involving too much strain on the bodily powers of girls, as to endanger health, but we should indeed in active sports, taking, if possible, a second place to the boys. We are not saying them to set up muscle, but we do not see why they should not be allowed to run, and jump, and throw without any deterioration of the delicacy which is the charm of girls.

There remain to be noticed two of the physical exercises which are common to both sexes—riding and walking. These may be dismissed in a few words. The former is a luxury which few can know to whom it is attainable it needs no recommendation. The latter is for many reasons the most valuable exercise, and practised by many as a species of rather melancholy duty. The pedestrian tour, with knapsack and stick, is a delightful recreation, a little more enterprising than his fellows, has rounded his organ on a cart, and with an undisciplined spasmodic power, executes the streets retailing sweet sounds, and looking with contempt upon the more pretentious of his less melodious imitators. Verily a locomotive organ is a new device, and a convincing evidence that the world moves.

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The cholera has not yet appeared, but creates no panic, though the mortality is considerably in excess of last year at this time, and larger than at any time during the season. As we have passed by the period when such afflictions are the most fatal, and as there is a decided abatement of the malady, we have reasonable hope that the present year will not prove a severe scourge, and that the wise sanitary measures will effectually check the ravages.

Of the theatres little can be said. The summer is not their proper season, and, as in many other things, has merit in its emptiness as gauged very much by the size of the audience. No novelties have been introduced during the week, and no new performance has been retained for a considerable period. Preparations for the season are, however, quite active, and we are promised some fine entertainments.

THE BOUNTY BILL.

THE following is the bill to equalize the bounties of officers and soldiers who served in the late war against the rebellion, as it finally passed both Houses of Congress:

SEC. 1.—*Be it enacted, &c.*, That to each and every officer and soldier who served in the army of the United States after the 19th day of April, 1861, for a period of not less than two years, and who was honorably discharged from the service, and has been honorably discharged, and who has not received the bounty provided by law, and who shall hereafter receive a bounty or grant of land, or both, from the United States under existing laws, or who shall hereafter be entitled to receive a bounty or grant of land, or both, from the United States under existing laws, or who shall hereafter be entitled to less than two years who has been honorably discharged on account of wounds received in the line of duty, and the widow, minor children, or parents, in the order named, of any such soldier who died in the service of the United States, or of diseases or wounds contracted while in the service of the United States and in the line of duty, shall be paid the additional bounty provided by this act, and the widow of any such soldier who has forfeited, sold, assigned, transferred, loaned, or pledged any right he may have to such bounty or any control in the bounty provided by this or any other act of Congress, shall not be entitled to receive the additional bounty whatever; and when application for the bounty provided by this act shall be made it shall be required, under the pains and penalties of perjury, to be stated in the affidavit of the claimant that he has not bartered, sold, assigned, transferred, pledged, or loaned the right to the bounty provided by this act, or any control in the bounty provided by this act, and such bounty shall be ascertained by the Paymaster-General from the muster-out rolls on file in his office, except upon receipt of the claimant's discharge papers, countersigned by the Secretary of War, or by such person as he may designate.

SEC. 2.—*And be it further enacted*, That in the payment of additional bounty herein provided for, it shall be the duty of the Paymaster-General to pay such rules and regulations as may be prescribed by the Secretary of War, and to pay the bounty to the party to each and every soldier who makes application therefor, and is entitled to receive the bounty under this act.

SEC. 3.—*And be it further enacted*, That in the receipt, acceptance, settlement, and payment of claims for said additional bounty due the widows or heirs of deceased soldiers, the provisions of section 5 of this act may shall be governed by restrictions prescribed for the payment of arrears of pay and bounties, and that the payments shall be made in like manner under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Secretary of the Treasury has appointed Mr. Thomas Corwin Mendenhall, of Ohio, superintending statistician in the States and Territories west of the Mississippi River, with his office at St. Louis. He will count by steamer on the 11th inst. The appointment is a temporary one.

—A morning paper is slightly worried over the fact that Andrew Johnson is President. It has a great inclination to be worn by Gen. Grant. There was a good deal of talk about it in 1865, but it is nearly forgotten nothing to do with this matter. The one-hundredth section of the Act of Congress of April 30, 1790, says "the President of the United States shall have power to remove from office at his pleasure all officers for whose authority, we presume that President Johnson will prefer to be called Andrew Johnson, and not Johnson. We see no reason why he may not choose to adopt.

—Many of the newspapers now published by negroes south of Mason's and Dixon's line—namely: *Colored Citizen*, Atlanta; *Colored Tribune*, New Orleans; *Nationalist*, at Mobile; *Legal Gazette*, at Charleston; and *Freedman*, at Memphis.

—Rev. B. H. Gardiner, a Methodist Missionary to the Freedmen, has been appointed Assistant Commissioner by men in Georgetown, Kentucky, lately, for preaching to the negroes.

—The statement of the public debt, dated the 1st of August, shows that the total debt is $2,770,418,668, against $2,757,689,571 on the 1st of July. The increase in amount of the debt over and above the cash in the Treasury during the month of July was $12,729,097. But in the total debt is shown by the statement since the 1st of August has been reduced to $2,691,524,189.

—The Raleigh (N. C.) *Standard* assures American Israelites that the recent action of the Legislature relating to qualification, has been framed so that two Jews may be elected to the Senate, and four to the House; holds that since 1861 Jews have held office under it.

—The Boston *Post* says that the Yale crew sailed lately, according to the milliner's dicta, should have been "Yale keys" to a man. Of course, it is a matter of condition. Now, to be excruciating, the front must be "Yale keys" to a man, the sailing "Yale keys," the act of arranging the tuft in the shape of several little rolls "Yale keys" to a man, and so forth.

—The Fair of the New England and Vermont Agricultural Society, which opened on the Fair Grounds of the Windham County Park Association at Brattleboro, Vt., on Tuesday last, will close on Friday next. Grounds are pleasantly located, on the bank of the Connecticut river, and are ample for the purposes of the exhibition. Premiums amounting to over six thousand dollars will be offered in the various departments. Arrangements have been made with nearly all the New England railroads for the transportation of stock and articles free, and conveyance of passengers attending the fair at low rates. Among the orators announced are Henry Clark, Poultney, Vt.; David Goodale, Brattleboro, Vt.; and Daniel Needham, Worcester, Mass.

—Beaufort, S. C., which was formerly an aristocratic winter resort of the Southerners, has become completely Yankeefied with New Englanders. The Mayor of the city is a Massachusetter, and every business, landowner, and storekeeper hails from the same section.

—The whole amount received by the Mayor of Portland for the relief of the sufferers by the fire, up to and including Saturday last, was $37,419 39.

—Carpenters at Portland, Me., receive $2.50 a day. Those employed at work for them receive $1.50 a day, and will be for some time to come.

—Mrs. E. Wright, of Cincinnati, in spite of difficulties unknown in the ordinary practice of photography, has succeeded in producing a series of stereoscopic pictures views of the Mammoth Cave, as vivid and clear as if they were seen personally. The series of views will probably embrace two views of Gothic Chapel, the avenue behind the Giant's Coffin, the view over the Amphitheatre Hall, the Deserted Chamber, and several others. Light is admitted through ruined battlements.

—P. T. Barnum and others are preparing to start a large mechanical garden in Detroit, in connection with the Michigan State Fair, part of which show will be free to the public every day, and another section, to be under restriction by means of a species of rather melancholy duty. The pedestrian tour, with knapsack and stick, is a delightful recreation, a little more enterprising than his fellows, has rounded his organ on a cart, and with an undisciplined spasmodic power, executes the streets retailing sweet sounds, and looking with contempt upon the more pretentious of his less melodious imitators. Verily a locomotive organ is a new device, and a convincing evidence that the world moves.

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THE WORCESTER REGATTA.

THE Annual College Regatta at Worcester, Mass., came off successfully on the 17th ult., and attracted unusual attention, not only among the collegians, but also among rowing men throughout New England.

As Yale and Harvard were the contestants, there was, of course, a general exodus from the "ancient halls" of those two institutions. Other colls. were not represented, and, indeed, all classes of people were out in force. Ladies—some flying the blue ribbon of Yale, others decked with the red colors of Harvard—were in full attendance, and added much to the gayety of the occasion. The day's performances consisted of a base-ball match between Harvard and William's College, in the morning, and the citizens' regatta, followed by the college regatta, in the afternoon. A base-ball match had been played in the afternoon previous, between the Freshmen of Yale and the same class in Harvard. Harvard lost both the ball-matches. In the Freshmen match the score stood: Yale, 29; Harvard, 24. In the match with William's the record is given: William's, 39; Harvard, 35. After the ball-playing was over, and the crowd had given its attention, the scene became anxious to proceed to the lake, which is distant about a mile from the city. The procession of the rowing people thither were ample. Special trains were run for the occasion, and the majority took to the road. The walk from the stopping-place to the lake is short but picturesque.

The regatta-course is about two-and-a-half miles from Worcester, and is four to like long and about half a mile in width. The shores are well wooded, and present a pleasant scene, and gently undulating fields lend a charm to the peculiar beauty. It was a shining place for the display of boats, and of boating. In training, which thousands came to witness, while the friends of each party party fanned the excited feeling favorite, and two red designated the kindly interest manifested in the result of the contest.

The first race on the programme was a single scull race between the rotted champion, Joshua Ward, and a young man from Portland, named Gilman Hanscom. Considerable interest focused on this occasion by winning an easy victory, accomplishing the two miles in three minutes and fifteen seconds.

The second race was a four-oared race, for a distance of three miles, for which four boats entered.

This race was won by the boat Pocahontas Queen, in nineteen minutes and forty-one seconds. But the great race of the day was the two college races, the Scientific and the University.

Up to this time the interest of the sporting fraternity was centered in the small bets of ten, twenty and fifty dollars, and the enthusiasm of the multitude had been aroused to a considerable pitch. But the excitation became close. When the Scientifics came on, however, the sympathetic enthusiasm excited by the spectacle of the appearance of the whole institution on the shore of the lake and on the crowded bridge which crosses it. This prevented any loud demonstration, and their senses comparative insignificant. But when Yale and Harvard appeared about rent the air, the pandemonium in white handkerchiefs to the gallant youths whose claims to consideration were to be decided by their oars, and longing to wipe away the stain of defeat and to vindicate the skill of her rowing representatives. Yale, on the contrary, had refused to discipline from its high standard of last year; her crew has had no regular trainer. This year the professor of gymnastics was absent, occasionally with them, to be sure, but seldom, and with nothing like that view of perfecting the muscular capacities of this nature, demands to be observed. Her bottom has save evidence of good muscular development. The whiteness of their arms and face offered a not a favorable contrast to the bronzed color and defined sinews, as well as the keen watchful and vivid appearance of Harvard. She, the vanquished in the past two years' regattas, had been looking for the victory which was to be her triumph. The officers of the college regatta were, on the part of Harvard, Mr. E. Agassiz, son of the late Prof. Agassiz, of Cambridge; and Dodge, of Cambridge; on the part of Yale, Mr. W. Bacon, of New York; Mr. Wm. Walker, of Providence, and Mr. Hopkins, of the upper stake was Mr. J. N. Ellison, of Providence.

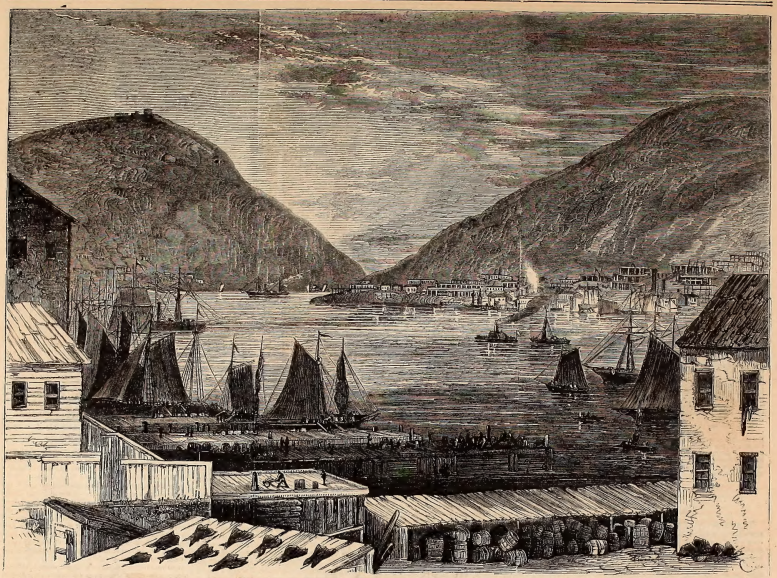
The prestige of Yale assured her many friends, whose confidence in their favorite horse would admit of her renown. But the result proved their expectations vain; for Harvard came in victorious. It is engraved in red, winning the race in eighteen minutes and fifty-three seconds, the knights of the blue ribbon joining in the applause, and the cheering for success of the University race, on which the championship depended.

Best and last, and most exciting of all, came the trial of skill between the University crews. Yale this time had the inside track, and, after considerable difficulty in getting the crews properly in the line, the signals give the signal, and Yale got the start. Both boats skimmed lightly over the surface of the lake, scarcely sweep of the oarsmen. Harvard slowly gained with her quick, strong stroke upon Yale, yet long and steady and handsome but effective impulses. As before, however, the Harvard style was in the ascendant. Though the harvest of success appeared to fall, and the multitudinous assembly on the shores moved restlessly to and fro, the cheering was not so much a result of interest in the issue, and they held on with unflinching purpose. At the buoy or turning point, Harvard was about one length ahead, and as they came, Harvard increasing the distance between her and her rival. Her crew arrived in the judge's boat only a comfortable length ahead, after an absence of eighteen minutes forty-three and a quarter seconds. Yale came in nineteen minutes and forty-one and a half seconds last year the college Regatta was; Yale, eighteen forty-two and a half (18:42½) Harvard, eighteen forty-three (18:43). The regatta at the time the last regatta took place, the referee differed in the length of time it was agreed that the result of this year should decide the record question, and it is considered that the Yale victory in the former match was accidental, or a second better than last year's. But Harvard is satisfied, and holds the garden of roses.

Notwithstanding the heavy rain which fell during the entire race, the interest and enthusiasm of the spectators continued without abatement. It was a very time for millinery and swindles, but the fair ones who had come provided themselves with their parasols, or bore as fair, and persistently remained in their places, though drenched and bedraggled. The procession of the crew of the University race, the great feature of the regatta. At the conclusion of the races the members of both colleges were invited to the Lincoln House, and quite a festive time, keeping it up till a late hour, and spiting the rain to the spite of the poets.

"No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet."

A POPULAR FALLACY.—That out-door exercise before breakfast is healthful. It is never so; and, under the ordinary circumstances of things, is injurious to persons of poor health; although the very vigorous may practise it with impunity. In winter the body is really chilled through and through, unless the stomach has been fortified with a good warm breakfast; and in warm weather, miasmatic and malarious gases and emanations speedily act upon the empty and weak stomach in a way to vitiate the circulation. Bowel fever and ague, diarrhœa and dysentery, are the results of this fallacy. Eat a hearty breakfast before leaving the house, and exercise in the open air will then be a source of health and pleasure.



THE HARBOR OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. BECKER.

THE HARBOR OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

On this page we give a fine view of the harbor of St. John's, a town of very considerable importance to the fishing interests. The harbor is spacious, and sheltered on all sides by high hills protecting it from the fierce storms of the Atlantic, so that there is always a safe and commodious anchorage. The place is quite strongly fortified; in fact, its position is a defense, and it needed but little expenditure to render it secure from any ordinary assault.

The town lies along the north side of the port, consisting mainly of one street. There are a few handsome and well-built edifices, but most of the houses are of wood, and, in consequence, the place has frequently suffered severely from extensive fires. The population of St. John's is about 26,000.

THE CHECK REIN.

Our ignorance often betrays us into the perpetration of injustice and cruelty, against which all our better feelings revolt, and we are sometimes unconsciously guilty of acts about which, if we reflected, we would be heartily ashamed. The horse is a universal favorite—we admire him, we are proud of him, we value him very highly, and yet abuse him incontinently. True, we do not violate the law against cruelty to animals, we do not stone and beat our pet, but in a mistaken kindness we subject him to many hardships and burdens wholly unnecessary, and confine and trammel all his natural movements most unmercifully. The harness we use is so constructed as to interfere with the easy, natural and graceful gait the animal would voluntarily assume, and is frequently the cause of accident and danger. We cover his eyes so that he cannot see distinctly, we curb and fasten his head so that it is impossible for him to go forward, except as if he were on stilts.

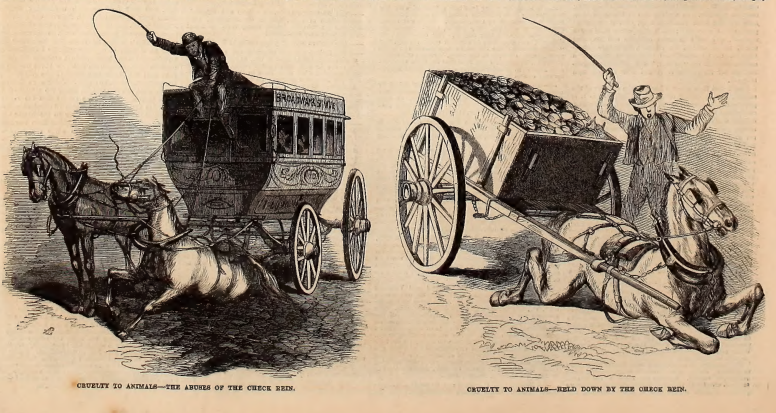
On this page we give two illustrations of the cruelty of this device, showing how the horse is tortured unnecessarily and imperiled by this worse than useless appendage. If he stumbles in consequence of being blindfolded, he must inevitably fall, because, denied the use of his head, he has no power to recover his step. It is time we understood more fully the character and wants of the noblest of our animal servants; we have no excuse for our ignorance, and we ought not foolishly to abuse and torture so useful and docile a friend as the generous, patient horse.

OUR BASE BALL ILLUSTRATIONS.

In another column will be found the portrait of Mr. C. C. Commerford, of the Waterbury Club, of Waterbury, Connecticut, being No. 8 of our series of Base Ball portraits. Mr. Commerford is well-known to the New York ball-players of the old school as the noted short stop of the original Gotham nine, and afterward, as one of the first nine players of the Eagle Club in its palmy days. Of late years, however, he has been a resident of Waterbury, Conn., and he had not been a citizen of the pretty little Yankee town long before he became instrumental in organizing a base ball club, of which, of course, he was the master-spirit and the leading player, by right of skill as well as experience. Under such leadership the club flourished from the start, and the Waterbury Club now ranks as high as any organization of the kind in the State.

Of one thing the club has a special right to be proud, and that is, its beautifully located and exceedingly picturesque ground. Standing on the grounds of the Waterbury Club in such position as to take in the whole landscape at a glance, a view is presented unequaled in its beauty by any ground in the country. On the left winds the Naugatuck through its charming valley, inclosed by grand old hills, not only adorned with the original woods, but embellished with the shrubbery and gardens of the wealthy citizens of the town, whose handsome residences are located on the hills, that of Mr. A. B. Wilson, of sewing machine notoriety, being prominent in the picture. The scene presented to view on the occasion of the grand match between the Union and the Waterbury Clubs, on the 27th of July last, was one ever to be remembered by all who witnessed it. Some three or four hundred ladies added beauty to the prospect on the occasion.

Mr. Commerford's forte as a ball-player is his play at short field, in which position he excels. Quick and active in his movements, and graceful withal, and play-



CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—THE ABUSES OF THE CHECK REIN.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—HELD DOWN BY THE CHECK REIN.

ng with judgment at all times, be is at once the strong point of the nine, and a good model for his less-experienced companions. In batting skill, too, he ranks high, his grounders being a feature of his play at the bat. Though short stop is his regular part, Charley can be very effective in other positions, he being also very efficient in governing his nine, a position few can occupy as creditably. Skillful as he is as a player, his moral traits of character merit the highest commendation, for Charley is quite the *beau-ideal* of a gentlemanly ball-player, his good humor making him the choice spirit of his club, this very desirable characteristic of a gentlemanly player being far too rare in the community.

With such energetic leaders as Charley Commerford to manage the affairs of a club, and to give tone and character to its members, our national game would soon be seen flourishing throughout every town and village in the Union to an extent not even dreamt of yet. It is to such as he, however, that the fraternity must look for the permanent establishment of the game on a thoroughly reputable footing; and to his exertions, ably seconded as they have been, is the Waverley Club indebted for its popularity and high reputation as a fine playing club, and one of the most hospitable party of ball-players in the National Association.



C. C. CUMMERFORD, WATERBURY B. B. CLUB, WATERBURY, CONN.

In our next, we shall give the portrait of Mr. James Macauley, of the Susquehanna Base Ball Club, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

A FOGGY MORNING ON THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

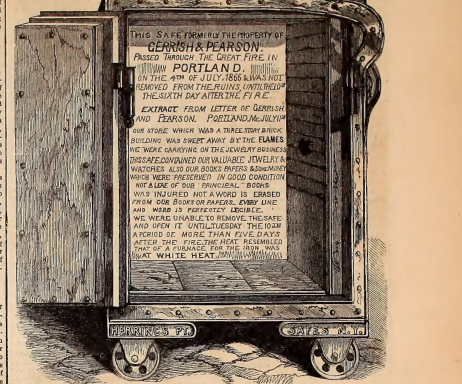
THE perils of the sea are the greatest near the shores, and when a good ship has nearly completed her voyage, she is often in the most imminent danger. The Banks of Newfoundland are always the dread of mariners; they are near a rocky coast, they abound in dense, impenetrable fogs, and their unexpected currents drive the vessel far out of its proper course. The hardy fishermen alone feel at ease, and pursue their work amid fogs and currents unconcerned. They also furnish pilots to the various steamers whose captains are unwilling to assume the responsibility of going over this dangerous part of their route.

We give on this page a view of a very common scene, a fleet of fishermen, the steamer awaiting her pilot, and the fog driving along in dense foreboding masses, forming, altogether, a wild and grand spectacle, yet one that must be seen to be duly appreciated. The boom of the signal gun, and the tolling of the bell as the vessel proceeds slowly and cautiously, heighten the gloom; and a feeling of relief is always experienced when the Banks are safely passed.

HERRING'S SAFES.

AS IT is impossible, or at least impracticable, to construct buildings absolutely fire-proof, it is a matter of the first importance to devise some means of preserving books, papers and other valuables, in the event of a disastrous conflagration. The intense heat of an immense fire, like that at Portland, sweeps away stone and iron walls as if they were mere wooden frames, and it matters not how well-built a city may be, it is at all times liable to destruction from the devouring element. The merchant who would protect his valuables must not trust to his building; it may crumble and fall—but a good safe will secure what stone walls and fire defenses fail to guard.

On this page we give a picture of one of Herring's safes, which was taken from the ruins in Portland. Its appearance shows plainly the effect of the ordeal to which it was subjected, but its contents were uninjured, and though at one time it was at nearly a white heat, yet so perfectly was it made, that it resisted the power of the fiery furnace, and proved what it professed to be —a safe. There were several of these safes in that fire, and in every instance they stood the test, preserving their contents perfectly. No better evidence of their excellence could be given; they are a convincing proof of the skill and perfection obtained in their manufacture.



ONE OF HERRING'S SAFES, RESCUED FROM THE GREAT FIRE AT PORTLAND, ME.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

THE necessity of making some provision for the protection and direction of those who were suddenly elevated from slavery to freedom, became obvious as soon as the difficulties connected with the new condition of things presented themselves. The freedmen needed security from injustice on the part of their former masters, many of whom were not disposed to recognize the claims of their old servants, and likewise security from many of their own race, whose ideas of right and wrong were not very clearly defined. Hence the origin of the Freedmen's Bureau, which was designed for the mutual benefit of both the white and colored population, and which, on the whole, has proved an institution of great benefit, notwithstanding the incompetency and unfaithfulness of many of its agents. It is impossible in any large organization to find men who will always be dutiful, prudent, just and honorable, but the shortcomings of a few individuals are no argument against the propriety and necessity of the organization. The concurrent testimony of all parties and classes is conclusive in favor of the Bureau, and on the whole, its operations have been beneficial and its influence salutary.

On the first page we give a view of the Freedmen's Bureau building in Richmond. During the war it was the headquarters of the Provost Marshal. The Episcopal church which Jeff. Davis attended is seen in the distance, while in front appears the familiar market-wagon. The building is plain and unpretending, and was erected by Gen. Winder for a military office.

We also give a sketch of the court while in session, representing a scene of constant occurrence. The Court consists of three Judges, two clerks and a crier, and was established in October of last year. The person sitting at a table is a colored man, who draws up petitions and transacts other business for the Freedmen, though they may employ lawyers, if they choose. The Richmond attorneys generally practice in this court, which holds its sessions every other day, and tries all cases in equity.

MARKET SCENE AT NORFOLK.

SOME of our wants are artificial, arising from our culture and habits; some are natural, being a part of our constitution, but all clamor loudly for supplies, and to meet that is the great task of life. There is one especially importunate and unwearied, which we cannot deny for a single day, and which impress upon us our heaviest burdens. This is our want of food. Whatever else we do, or leave undone, we must eat, and be our fare coarse or dainty, rich or plain, we cannot forego the demands of appetite, subject to its clamors, Be still. To supply this great demand of humanity is the end and aim of a great share of all our industries. Agriculture, commerce, trade, are largely occupied in furnishing the world with something to eat. The market is, therefore, one of the prominent features of every town, upon which, more than anything else, depends social comfort, and even existence itself; and the scenes at the market are oftentimes exceedingly striking and picturesque. There is the accumulation of fish, flesh and fowl—the contributions of the heavens above and the waters under the earth; there is the array of things beautiful to behold and tempting to the taste; there are the original characters, who so well know how to set off the good points of their stock, and persuade a purchaser whether you will or not; there's the crowd, the jargon, the cunningling of cashe, and ages, and sexes, in one sage, anxious, surging mass, that make going market such a feature in our daily experience.

Our illustration of a scene at the Norfolk market has some features peculiar to the latitude of the sunny South, and which will readily suggest themselves. There are no better marketers than the sable race, who monopolize the great share of the business in Southern towns. They know how to praise their own wares, and at the same time to flatter an indifferent visitor into a prompt investment of any stray dimes he may happen to possess, while there is nothing you need they will not obtain for you or provide.

And withal, they are so cheerful and shrewd, as to be almost irresistible. A visit to the market gives one an insight to human nature he will hardly obtain as readily at any other place, and whether it be made for business or pleasure, will well repay the time it consumes.

Two Quaker girls were ironing on the same table. One asked the other which side she would take, the right or left. She answered promptly, "It will be right for me to take the left, and then it will be left for you to take the right."



A FOGGY MORNING ON THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.—THE STEAMER TAKING A PILOT ON BOARD.

MEMORY.

BY MRS. HALE SOUTO.

Save me that song: I am weary of battle,
Weary of toiling the treacherous steep,
Weary of mirage-lights, luring me onward,
Weary of harvest I never can reap.
Sing! it is years upon years since I heard it,
When I was calling life's garlands and leaves,
Ere the cold mountain-tops gleamed in the distance.
Sing! ah, what pictures its memory weaves!

I will forget, as I listen, the dangers
And the rough places since then I have passed,
Linking a daisy-chain with my man's fingers—
Sing but the melody—song to us all.
Trying to think I have only grown larger,
That I am still the same boy in my heart,
Back to the golden memories wandered in distance.
Down boyhood's hopes, and old wounds and their smart.

Loosing the rear of the world and its rattle,
Schemes and inventions, losses and gains,
Watching the light on the meadow, and blindes
Here I sit, weaving a child's daisy-chain!
Feeling a calm stealing over me gently—
O God, what quiet single in closet and strife!
Hear the brook's murmur, that swells to a river:
So I rushed on to the ocean of life.

How it comes back, the old mood, as I listen!
There's a flaw in the diamond, a blight at the heart;
Then I was purer—the gem has been tarnished,
And all my long life I shall feel but the smart.
The meadows are green, I am knee-high in clover;
Ha, butterfly! flashing your wings in the sun,
Catch you—I hold you, you flutterer rover!
What's this?—a sad tear! The sweet song is done.

The Circle of Light.

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE, for some years, dwelt in a house which stands on the corner of two streets in a certain city.

It is not a fashionable neighborhood, though a populous and busy one, and the two streets that form the angle referred to are seldom solitary during the hours of traffic and toil.

My rooms are on the first floor, and have windows looking upon both thoroughfares, and directly upon the corner there stands a gas-lamp.

When this lamp is lit it projects its yellow rays in a large circle of light, illuminating a segment both of causeway and sidewalk, and as I sit at one or the other of my windows, I can plainly discern the style of the equipages, the color of the horses, and the general appearance of their drivers, and, occasionally, even catch a glimpse of the features of those who sit within. Then, at times, while the forms and faces of the foot-passengers are perfectly clear to me.

Being a quiet, dreaming kind of man, and very sedentary in my habits, I often spend whole evenings—sometimes, indeed, the greater part of the night—sitting at my window, and gazing absently at the figures that pass and re-pass out of the shadows into the circle of light, and again out of light into those shadows, like the fantastic images of the magic lantern. And I am prone, now and then, to speculate vaguely, and, as it were, involuntarily, upon the possible individualities of some of these passing figures; to fancy their occupations, their purposes, their hopes and fears, their schemes and purposes, their good deeds and good thoughts, and their evil deeds and evil thoughts, until I have come to have a sort of belief in my clairvoyant powers, and to feel a dim kind of confidence in my capability of reading the hearts of these lives, which I see so nothing save a form and face coming suddenly out of the darkness and as suddenly vanishing into it again. Whether I ever have touched the margin of the actual in this midnight sailing over the sea of imagination, however, heaven only knows.

Like enough I may have done so, now and then, however; for, after all, am I not a man? and are these not my fellows? and are not the secret springs of being, and doing, and suffering —but enough of such speculations. I am not writing a psychological essay, but simply a sketch —a story, if you like—of persons and things visible and audible. Let me to my theme, then, without further vagaries.

CHAPTER II.

One evening—it was a windy, rainy, comfortless evening in February—I sat by my east window, smoking my meditative pipe, filled and lighted and smoked, and ever and anon glancing at the gas-lamp, that seemed to glare angrily at me in return from the other eye, and I grew out of some sort of wink, now and then, through the driving rain.

Thus looking, at a certain moment I became aware of a figure standing under, and leaning against the iron post of the lamp.

It should state that it was about nine o'clock, and that there was no light save that of the candle in my window, for it being my favorite hour without other illumination than the circle of light outside).

The face of the figure was turned from me—partially toward the street—but it was evidently a woman. She held an umbrella over her, but it gave little protection against the shirt, sharp storm, and she found, besides, great difficulty in maintaining it against the rough, sudden matches of the blast, which, every now and then, wrenched and twisted it in her grasp, till she was fain to clutch it with both hands, and to set herself more firmly against the gust.

Was she young? Was she beautiful? I could not tell, though her figure seemed lithe and slender, and her hands—delicate as they were glanced whitely at moments in the gas-light—were delicate and shapely. One thing appeared certain: she was waiting for some one. What a night, thought I, and what a spot, for a delicate woman to choose for a rendezvous! Surely it must be a stern necessity that brings her here at such an hour in such a storm!

And instantly, as was my wont, my brain took hold of the mystery, and wrought it out like Arabian Prince did the winged steed, and went dreaming into the fairest regions of imaginative adventure to discover the solution of the riddle.

But my fanciful flight, the chimera of which it is useless to record here, was suddenly cut short, and my Pegasus brought back to earth, by the dull rattle of wheels over the sodden causeway, and in another moment a carriage drove up to the curb, a few feet from the lamp.

Out of this vehicle leapt another figure—that of a man—hastily seized the stranger of the woman, who had quickly advanced to his side, he closed it, and handed her rapidly into the carriage. Then springing in after her, the door was shut with a bang, and the vehicle rattled dully away.

During the brief space wherein the male figure had rested within the circle of light—scarcely a dozen seconds—I had been able to observe but this: that he was tall, slender, and wore a short military cloak, or rather, cape; and that he had on the little finger of his left hand a ring, with a green jewel—to all appearance an emerald—set within it.

In fact, as I saw nothing save a dark beard and mustache, trimmed in the martial style, for he wore a broad-rimmed felt hat, and the rim was pulled downward in such a manner as to cast a deep shadow over his more characteristic features.

For the next three hours I was once more careering on my hippogriff through the realms of romance, lawless and wild like a mountain eyrey. I retired to rest, the last impression on my mind being, that I had witnessed the clandestine flight of a pair of lovers, to whom elaborate parents, of stern guardians, or inexorable law, forbade the blissful bonds.

CHAPTER III.

How LONG I had been asleep I did not know when a violent ringing at the bell awoke me. I sat up, and waited, to ascertain if any of the household lodgers were astir, but all was still.

Klang, ki-lang, ki-lang, lang, lang, ki-lang, ling, ling!

No one stirred.

Ki-lang, ki-lang, lang-lang-gling—snap!

The bell-wire being now evidently broken, I started up, and flung on my indispensable garments, went out and opened the door.

"You sleep soundly here. I thought you must be a bit deaf, or drunk!" said a boy, in a tone of mixed agitation and anger.

"What the devil do you want at such a time?" I suddenly replied, for, at that instant, the man—it was a man—stepped quickly back from the door, and I saw him doorway into the circle of light radiating from the street gas-lamp—and I recognized the figure in the military cloak, and the left hand "holding" the green jewel on his finger. I also now perceived a carriage drawn up by the curb, just outside the circle of light.

"Come and help me," said the man, rapidly, catching me by the arm; "a lady fainted away in the carriage. I saw you, and have not neglected to state, by the way, that there was a tin-plate on my window, announcing the unimportant fact that you were being 'furnished rooms' probably because no one else had ever seemed to think it worth noticing before)"—and lucky I did! Come, we'll carry her into your office—only a swoon, I hope."

By this time we were at the carriage-door, and the stranger had, with my assistance, lifted out his unconscious occupant, at the same time making a sign to the boy, who had remained silently on his seat, muffled up to the eyes in a huge india-rubber overcoat, for it was still raining furiously.

We bore the patient (almost my first patient) into my sitting-room, and laid her upon a lounge. I was hastily lit the gas and stirred the fire.

Her face, which was deadly pale, I had, of course, no recollection of having ever seen; but her form, shape, her dress, especially her hair, her slender, white hands, I knew her to be the woman who had waited under the iron lamp-post, at the time that evening. Also, that she was in company with the same man who came for her and then had returned to the same carriage. So the identification was simple.

I gently took her left hand, and put my finger on her pulse.

"Well!" said the man, anxiously, "how long before she will recover her senses, doctor?"

"Doctor!" I replied, "I am no professionals, or a little—ah! I will go up and wake Mrs. Jones, the landlady; she probably——"

"No, don't!" interrupted the stranger. "There's no need of rousing any one. Just write a prescription, and I'll get it from the druggist in the next block but one. I noticed a night-light in his shop as we passed just now. I shall not be gone ten minutes."

"As for that," said I, "the lady will probably come to herself in a quarter of an hour or so, through a little sal-volatile——"

"Exactly," exclaimed the man, quickly, "so give me the prescription, and let me get it at once."

I hastily scrawled a prescription, and he at hastily seized it, and vanished. In an instant I heard the carriage drive rapidly off.

During all this time—it was not over five or six minutes—the stranger had not taken off his heavily slouched hat, nor unclosed his cloak, so that my glimpses of his features still remained vague and unsatisfactory, the dark and luxuriant beard and mustache being very prominent in my mental photograph of his countenance.

While I waited his return I took the opportunity of looking more particularly at my patient, (I like to call her my patient—pray pardon this little vanity). To do this more easily, I raised her head and took off her bonnet, or rather hat, the article of her attire being one of those semi-masculine things so much in vogue of late years, and flung it on the floor, together with her shoulder-cape.

She was a charming blonde, with bright, golden, almost flaxen hair, soft, wavy, and curling naturally all round her head, and did not look over sixteen or seventeen. Her figure was delicate, but rounded and lovely. Her dress, very plain, evidently of fine material, and fashionably cut and fitted.

I began gently tapping her hands and applying my smelling-salts to her, till the more powerful stimulants should arrive.

Ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes passed, and still the fair stranger and stranger did not return.

At length her pulse gave a few spasmodic bounds, and fell to beating with gradually augmented force, a faint color rose like the blush of dawn in her cheeks, she sighed heavily several times, opened her eyes, closed them, opened them again, and, looking wildly upon me—

"Has he gone?" she asked, in a faint voice.

"Yes, he has only the prescription," I replied, soothingly; "he will be back in a few moments."

"Who—who do you mean? Who are you? Where am I?"

She raised herself on her arm, and asked these questions rapidly, but as one awakening from a dream.

"I mean your—your friend—the gentleman who brought you here in a carriage—to my office. You are safe, perfectly safe. You are quite right now, and he will soon return. Drink this glass of cold water, with just a touch of brandy in it, and you will soon feel strong again."

She sat up, took the glass, sipped a mouthful, then drank it off at a draught.

"He has gone, you say, for a prescription—in the carriage?"

"Yes, in the carriage; not long ago; he had to wake the apothecary, you know——"

"He will never come back," said she, slowly, and with an expression of calm assurance.

"Eh? You don't mean—good God!—you don't mean that he has gone off and left you here, in my office, at this time of night, or rather morning, for it's after four o'clock; and—and—is he—your—husband?"

She shivered at the word; but answered, quietly:

"He is my brother."

I was more mystified than ever. Why, in the name of heaven, should a young woman's brother elope with her in a lamp-post at nine in the evening, in a heavy storm, then bring her back in a swoon, and desert her in a medical man's office at four o'clock in the morning?

Under these extraordinary circumstances, I decided to walk Mrs. Jones, and place this forlorn damsel under the motherly care and excellent lady's protection and scrutiny. And the young person eagerly seconding my suggestion to that effect, we immediately proceeded to execute it, and, in a few minutes, after a short dialogue through the key-hole, Mrs. Jones was aroused, partially, and mollified by my patient. Upon which I returned to my apartments, and once more retired to bed, but not to sleep. My brain had become rampant during the hour, and during the three hours that elapsed before the "get-up bell" rang, I rode a race against Fancy, that beat Sirrah Puck, the celebrated time all hollow.

CHAPTER IV.

At breakfast, Mrs. Jones (a widow, by-the-way, with one child, a daughter, of about the same age, I should think, as that of my patient), was unusually communicative and silent.

The forlorn damsel had departed. Mrs. J. had been forced to let her go, alone and on foot, at her own imperative request. She told me all in confidence, after breakfast; for at the table, when I was there, she was all the mysterious affair, she had an imperative sign to be silent, as soon as it was fairly day.

And what did she say? How did she explain the—the mystery?" I asked, anxiously.

"She said nothing, explained nothing," replied Mrs. Jones, solemnly. "I accept that you would hear from her. She did nothing but weep, poor child."

I should hear from her, eh? I suppose she meant that she would send me a fee for my services! I do not desire any fee. D—n the fee! And then Mrs. Jones, but a few seconds more anxious to know—I suspect a dark drama lies beyond the circle of light in which I first saw that girl last evening; but——

Here we were interrupted by the servant, who brought me a letter.

"It is from her—from my patient!" I exclaimed, tearing it open.

"Is—is she hurt?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Of course."

I closed and locked the door (we were in my own sitting-room) and read the letter. A sad-bill fell out of it. I did not even stoop to pick it up. But Mrs. Jones did.

"It is a fifty dollar bill," said she, laying it upon the table.

I read the letter aloud without noticing her exclamation, or its cause. It, the letter, was as follows:

"Sir,—I thank you gratefully for your kind offices. As we shall never meet again—we *three* —neither you, nor he, nor I, in this world—and lest you might otherwise be tempted to make inquiries or investigations which could lead to nothing but further suffering and shame, I resolve to confide to your honor the truth of the terrible circumstances which culminated at your office last evening. When you have read this, you will wonder how I could have written it so calmly. I wonder at it myself. But there is a kind of coldness about my heart and brain that I cannot account for. I feel as though I were writing and thinking in my sleep. But no matter; I tell you a terrible tale, briefly, and rely upon your honor to keep it locked forever in your breast."

I looked at Mrs. Jones; she returned my look with a half-melancholy smile. I read on:

"I am eighteen years of age; my family was once wealthy and influential; I am not a native or resident of this city.

"When the story we began, I was betrothed to a young man whom I ardently loved, and by whom I was as deeply loved in return. Our parents were not specially opposed to the match, with one exception—my only brother, a man of bitter passions, feelings, and sanguinary temper. My lover and he were political enemies. When the war broke out, they became foes in the field. My brother bade me renounce my love or my lover. I refused indignantly; my heart was with him, and through him, with the cause he served." (Which cause this was I shall ask, for many reasons, as a reveal to my readers, and I have, therefore, some what modified the letter of my patient in this particular.—C. D. O.) "My brother swore a private oath me. I laughed. He brought one of his fellow-soldiers to court me; I scorned him.

"My brother was fearfully incensed, and threatened horrible vengeance upon me as a traitress and the shame of my family. One of my father has long been dead, and my mother was a hopeless invalid, so that I was to a great degree at my brother's mercy. He kept me prisoner for several days, whenever he had the chance, for more than a year, he suddenly altered his demeanor. He wrote to me kindly and contrite. He begged me to forgive and forget his violence. He even promised to 'have an eye' upon my lover's career as far as he could consistently do it, and from time to time he gave me news of his whereabouts, his promotion, his recovery from a slight wound, as he and through deserters or prisoners.

"At length he came home on furlough, wounded himself. His wounds were very slight, but than his gloomy nature warranted; but there was a look in his eye that I could not understand.

"'You shall see your Herbert again,' said he; 'I owe you this atonement. I will find means to bring him to you, if only to renew your mutual vows. I have found a way to communicate with him when I return to the front.'

"'But, Edward,' asked I, hesitatingly, 'what means—why have you changed your—your mind so?'

"He was silent a moment; then his brow grew dark, and—

"'The man I chose for you has proved a villain!' said he, quickly. 'Let us speak no more of it. I have changed—is not that enough?' and he laughed.

"He returned to the army, and continued to write me hopefully. A month ago my mother was ordered to this city to seek celebrated professional advice. Of course I accompanied her. The two opposing armies, in one of which my brother and in the other my betrothed served, were gradually advancing each upon the other. They were but a hundred miles from here. A week since, I received a hurried letter from my brother, saying:

"'I have changed him; we have made a plan. In three days at furthest, you shall hear from me again—if I live. We go into battle at dawn.'

"Yesterday a second letter reached me. This was from my brother also, and was as follows:

"'To-night you shall see your beloved Herbert. To procure you this bless, I make myself almost a deserter, for I have had to become almost a traitor, for I bring with me in secret an enemy. But this is nothing. As I come stong, I dare not deceive for long. Be ready to meet me at nine in the street. The corner of ——— and ——— streets is, I recollect, a quiet one after nightfall, and not very far from your abode. Meet me there, at nine o'clock! I will come in a carriage, at every hazard. Be punctual, and silent as *death!*—as death, mind!'

"The word death was repeated, and underscored, as I copy it. I was on the appointed spot in advance of the hour, and I saw no one but—Herbert.

"My brother continued to speak from time to time, as we rode on; but I hardly understood, or even listened to him. Now, however, I remember the horrible—but no matter.

"We continued to ride on for more than an hour. We left the city, passed beyond the suburbs, entered, out into the dreary, dark, sodden country.

"How much further, Edward?' I whispered.

"'Not much further,' he said, in a strange tone. He

"I thought his voice sounded hoarse, and that it trembled. I looked up at my escort. My brother handed me out. As he stepped forward with the wet soil, I locked about me, and saw that we were at the end of a lane, which seemed a churchyard. There was a large black mass that appeared to be the church, some distance to the right, and a smaller one, somewhat nearer the gate, on the left.

"'Oh, Edward! where are we?' I murmured, recoiling.

"'Come on; will you keep Herbert waiting in this damp place?' said he, hoarsely, drawing my arm through his, and moving quickly to the gate.

"We entered the churchyard, and passed between the graves toward the small building on the left. When we reached it, my brother took a small lantern from his pocket, lit it, and flung its circle of light on the front of the building. I then saw that it was a sort of rude hut of unpainted boards, doubtless used to contain the tools and implements of the sexton. The door had evi-

firmly been left unfastened, for my brother pushed it open, and throwing the light of his lantern on the ground, bade me enter. I did so, and walking a few feet forward, with my hands stretched out, halted till he should raise the light, at the same time crying, in a low voice, 'Herbert! dearest Herbert! where are you?'

"At that moment my brother exclaimed—'Oh! behold your dearest Herbert!' and suddenly flashing the lantern upward and forward, my eager gaze, following the bright circle of light, encountered the pallid face and ghastly, glassy form of my beloved, rigid and ghastly in death!

"One single instant I saw this, as though it had been a flash of lightness in a lightning-flash, and then a rushing, roaring sound was in my ears, my heart gave a convulsive leap—and I knew or more!

"Three times I regained my consciousness, but to lose it the moment after, during my struggles from that awful scene. When I finally recovered my senses, I lay upon the lounge in your office, and when you told me the pretext of my brother's departure, I knew he would not return. He had fulfilled his dark threat; he had sated his infernal vengeance; and he had gone as he came!

"And though he thinks it not, in this world we shall never meet again.

"This, sir, is the terrible truth, in all its naked hideousness. Farewell!"

There was no name signed to this strange and fearful epistle. I looked at Mrs. Jones. She was very pale, and two rivulets of tears were slowly coursing down her cheeks. She dashed them fiercely off:

"What a fiend!" cried she. "Oh, what a demon! I can't credit it!"

I looked at the bank-bill. There was not a word of it in the letter.

"It is meant as a bribe," I muttered. And quick as thought I seized it and cast it in the fire. It was an act of folly; but the impulse was instantaneous, irresistible.

Mrs. Jones shook her head sadly.

"Oh, men, men, men!" exclaimed she, bitterly, and so left the room.

CHAPTER V.

I HATE never read, nor heard of my patient, since that day.

But more than a year subsequently, in a military hospital, "the opium-chief of which was a dear friend of mine, an "interesting case" was shown me. It was that of an officer who had received a wound (the part of which it is not necessary to detail here), causing intense suffering, and a sure but lingering death.

He lay on his side, moaning terribly. His face was nearly hidden by his left arm, but I saw that he had a dark, luxuriant beard and mustache, and on the little finger of his left hand glittered a ring with a green jewel—evidently an emerald—set within it. His hair I seen shut, I was told, while under the influence of opium, or, more correctly, as a spy, three weeks previously.

That night he died.

I have sat by my window many a night since that case was recorded, and the yellow eye of the gas-lamp has glared at me, through storm and calm, over and over again. But never from its circle of light—no, nor even from the darkening of my ideal hippogriff—has there come to me such a world beyond of life as the story of that sister's love and that brother's hatred!

And I earnestly pray there never may! Amen!

Indian Adventure in Ohio.

In the year 1792, on the banks of the Rockhocking, a few miles above the Junction with the Ohio, stood a small stockade, then one of the frontier posts of the North-west. Its inmates had been assailed by repeated attacks of Indians but, protected by their works, and actuated by the hardy courage of their class, they had uniformly repulsed their assailants, and frequently with considerable loss.

Sometime in the month of October, intelligence reached the post of a person that the savages were preparing an expedition against the settlement in great force. A council was immediately held, and scouts were sent out with instructions to ascertain, if possible, the number of the enemy, and the probable point of attack. Two of these, named Blandel and White, ascended the river as far as the picturesque promontory now known as Mount Pleasant, a high eminence which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country.

Here the two scouts took their station, and were so busy in discovering the objects of their search. The smoke of an encampment rising through the trees betrayed the presence of their foes, at a distance much better adapted to scrutiny than to securing the safety of the watchers. Creeping back on the fresh accounts of the warriors; and every new arrival was greeted with prolonged and exultant yells. Such sounds were well calculated to appall those to whom they were unfamiliar; but to our gallant scouts they served, like martial music, to string the nerves and stir the spirits. From early youth they had lived on the frontier. It was not likely, therefore, that they would be circumvented by their foes, or, without a desperate struggle, fall victims to the scalping-knife.

On several occasions small parties left the encampment and ascended the hill, at which times the scouts would hide in a cleft of the rocks, or creep among the branches of some fallen tree, till the danger was past. For food they depended on the supply in their knapsacks; for they dared not kindle a fire, and the report of one of their rifles would have precipitated upon them the entire band of savages. They had recently rained, and a pool of water among the rocks served them for their drink. In a few days, however, this disappeared: and the alternative was presented of finding a new supply or abandoning their undertaking.

McClelland volunteered to make the attempt. Carrying his trusty rifle in his hand, and with two cutlasses strung across his shoulders, he cautiously descended to the verge of the prairie, and keeping within the thickets of bushes which skirted the stream, directed his course to the river, on the bank of which he had the good fortune to find a little spring of water. Here he secures it, filled his canteens and returned in safety.

The success of this enterprise determined the two friends to make a daily visit to the water hole, and the task of procuring it was to be performed alternately. The next day, when White had filled the canteens, he saw a few Indians wending the limpid element as it gurgled from the earth. While thus employed, a sound of light footsteps fell upon his ear, and, looking up, he saw a couple of squaws (Indian women) within a few feet of him, the elder of whom immediately uttered one of those far-reaching whoops peculiar to her race.

White at once comprehended the peril of his situation. A general alarm would reach the camp, and he and his companion must inevitably perish. Self-preservation prompted the infliction of a merciless death upon the two squaws—a proceeding to which, in all probability, he felt but little repugnance from any scruples of border humanity. The purpose was no sooner formed than acted upon. He sprang on his victims with the strength and activity of a panther, and hardly pausing to inflict a single blow, plunged into the river. Without difficulty he succeeded in thrusting the head of the elder beneath the water, and holding her there with supreme resolution; but the younger made a stouter resistance, and during the struggle, to his great horror, he found him in his own language, though in words scarcely articulate. He quickly released his hold, when she informed him, in a manner never before, she had been made a prisoner by the Indians, who had brutally murdered her mother and two children before her eyes.

During the narrative White let go his grasp upon the squaw, whose body floated where it was most likely soon to be discovered; and then, after directing the girl to follow him, with wonted speed and energy he pushed for the hill. They had scarcely gone two hundred yards, when shouts of alarm were heard about a quarter of a mile below. Some warriors, on their way to the spring, probably reached the spot as the body of the drowned squaw floated past. White and the girl pursued their course up the hill, where McClelland had remained no indifferent spectator of the commotion so suddenly excited. The sounds of alarm reached his ears, and, in every direction, and a number of them, before the fugitives could reach the summit, had commenced the second hue-and-cry—the yell of fiends. With caution, and keeping constantly under cover, they descended the hill on the side that was remote from the camp, and, by making a circuit, reached every place of escape cut off.

Nothing was left the two pioneers but to sell their lives as dearly as possible. This they resolved to do, directing the girl to lose no time in making her way back to the Indians, whom she knew how to avoid, and to convincing that she had just escaped from capture.

"No!" she exclaimed; "death with my own people is a thousand times preferable to a longer life of captivity!"

Further remonstrance was useless, and the scouts silently awaited the approach of the savages in vigorous resistance. The only perceptible access to the hill was by a narrow causeway or "backbone" of rock, which, from its steepness, rendered a direct assault impossible. Here, though, for the most part, under shelter of rocks and trees. But in making their way to the top, they were also obliged to incur a moment's exposure, and two inches of his dusky form was a target sufficient for the unerring rifle of White.

For several hours the outnumbering foe was held in check; but a new and hitherto unknown danger now threatened the devoted scouts. Their crafty enemies were preparing to assail them in flank—a movement which might be successfully executed by means of a detached portion of rock which lay adjacent to one of the sides of the causeway. The brave men saw it was his only chance, and resolved to take it. Coolly raising his rifle, and aiming with the precision of a man who knew that his own no less than his adversary's life hung on the result, he drew the trigger. The hammer fell; but instead of striking fire, the flint, through some inherent defect, was crushed to fragments!

McClelland now perceived a savage mount pain the rock before he could adjust another flint, he set about the task with composure, resolved that his antagonist should derive no benefit from his remissness. Glancing from his work to the place of the warrior's concealment, he saw the stalwart savage, with every muscle nerved, prepared to take the leap. With the agility of a deer he gave a bound; but instead of reaching the rock, his progress was midway arrested through the rock, his mysterious conversion of his limbs and body, and fell heavily down upon the rock, a distance of fifty feet. He had evidently received a death shot from some unknown hand; and a terrible shout from below announced the loss of a favorite warrior.

A few moments sufficed to prove that the advantage so unexpectedly gained would be of short duration, for already another Indian was seen approaching the cover recently occupied by his comrade. Again the stitock in front was resumed with increased fury, so as to engage the attention and detention of both the scouts. With this diversion in his favor, the second warrior prepared to take his leap unmolested by the pioneers. With the spring of a tiger, the fierce and wary savage darted upon the rock; but not the same unseen hand had intercepted his career; and turning a complete somersault in the air, his body rolled down the declivity, a mangled mass of corruption.

This last mysterious sacrifice struck dismay to the hearts of the assailants, who, it being now evident that they were under some order of attack—a respite which came seasonably to the scouts, wearied, as they were, by the protracted and unequal conflict.

It was now that the absence of the girl was first discovered; and the pioneers, supposing that she had taken the opportunity to her former captors, or had been killed in the fight. But they were soon relieved from their fears by the appearance of the object of their conjectures was soon emerging from the cover of a rock, carrying a rifle in her hand. In this act of courage, she, and each warrior fall some fifty yards in advance of the main body; and crouching in the undergrowth, the girl was soon discovered, and secured the bundle and ammunition. Her practiced eye had not failed to notice the danger in which they were placed by the position of the rock; and here was the mysterious hand by which the two warriors had fallen. The girl was the favored and most bloodthirsty of the Shawnees, and it was he who had, ten years previously, murdered and scalped her parents and children.

The night was dark and cloudy, a circumstance which enabled the scouts, under the skilful guidance of the girl, to elude their enemies and withdraw from their perilous situation.

After a toilsome march of three days, the party reached the stockade in safety. Their escape deterred the Indians from their contemplated attack, the surprise they had planned being thereby rendered impracticable.

MR. RUSKIN ON WAR, WOMEN, AND BIBLES.

The following passage is from Mr. Ruskin's lecture on "The Queen of the Air" in "Crown of Wild Olive." The lecture was addressed to the Royal Architectural Museum, from the quaint passage was specially addressed to the ladies: "You may wonder, perhaps, that I have spoken at this night in a manner that was, for me, if it might be, I for one would fain join in the cadence of hammer-strokes that should beat down every habitation, and build up what cannot be is not the fault of us men. It is your fault. Wholly you have the power—command, or by your persuasion, can any contest take place among us. And the real, final reason for all the poverty, misery, and shame of human life, is simply in the single fact that women, whatever good, honourable, virtuous, feminine nature they have, do not use it in the affairs of nations. Not one woman in a million knows, or cares to know, anything about the causes for which men slay one another. Your praying is useless, and your church-going mere mockery of God. You have not faith enough in Him to pray for this. Let every lady in the upper classes of this country declare that she will not visit or treat war process, she will wear black—a mute's black—till it is ended, and war will cease as much as cruelties like prize-fights; I tell you again, no war would be a week's talk, if women refused to look at it. And now shrieking with one voice—you and your clergymen together—'Good God, this is cruel!' Your Bibles lying ab hand. If you chose to obey your Bibles, you will have no more war. Not one of you, I believe, does or never fulfill a single downright precept of the book that you suppose you obey. You don't sell all you have and give to the poor; you don't take no thought for the morrow; you don't resist the letters of them. The Bible tells you to relieve the fatherless and widow, but it tells you to leave pity on the poor—and you crush them under your poisonous luxuries. The Bible tells you to do judgment and justice—and you do not know, nor care to know, what is done to the poor in the next street to you. But learn so much of God's truth as that He means to do what He promises when He tells you to be just, and teach your sons that their bravery is but a boy's bravery, and their strength but a weakness, unless they are indeed just men, and perfect in the fear of God; and then, and then only, no more war, unless it be indeed such as is willed by him of whom, though the voice of Deity, it is written, 'In righteousness He doth judge, and make war.'"

LENGTH OF GEOLOGICAL PERIODS.—All the data of geology are against the antiquity of which we are beginning to form but a dim idea. Take, for instance, chalk, almost entirely composed of animalcule shells of England. The coniete entirety of shells and fragments of shells which go to the formation of a single inch of chalk have been produced by the destruction of many square miles of animal life. But many of the shells now existing have been former at the expense of the chalk which is being washed away by the waves of England have been produced by the destruction of chalk. Thus, again, is a very slow process. It has been estimated that a cliff five hundred feet high will be worn away at the rate of one inch in a century. This may seem a low rate, but we must bear in mind that along any line of coast there are, comparatively, few points which are suffering at one time, and that, even on these, when a fall of cliff has taken place, the fragments serve as a protection to the coast until they have been gradually worn away. Mr. Alfred R. Wallace tells us that, in the two miles in breadth, and on these data it has been calculated that the entire mass of the chalk must have required more than 190,000,000 of years.

SUPERNATURAL PREMONITION.

BY AN EMINENT.

I WAS running a night-express train, and had stands of ten carriages, and all were well loaded. I was behind time, and was very anxious to make a certain point, and therefore I was some very exc ting, putting the engine to the utmost speed to which she was capable. It was on a section of the road usually considered the best running ground on the line, and was endeavoring to make the most of it, when a certain unaccountable trouble-e. A sensation seemed to tell me that to go ahead was dangerous, and that I must pull up instantly.

I looked back at my train, and it was all right; I strained my eyes ahead, but could see nothing and could see no signal of danger, and there I could see five miles in the daytime. I listened to the workings of my engine, and she was right, looked at the gauges, and she was right. So, as you may suppose, I tried to laugh myself out of my unaccountable fancy. I could not. Still, like Banquo's ghost, it would not down at my bidding, but grew stronger and stronger hold upon me. I thought of the ridicule I would have heaped upon me if I did stop; but it was all of no avail. The conviction—for by that time it had ripened into a conviction—that I must stop grew stronger and I shut off, and blew the whistle for the breaks accordingly.

I came to a dead halt, got off, and went ahead a little way. I looked, but my hand in my hand, and saw, at about sixty feet, when I was what convinced me premonitions are sometimes believable. I dropped the lantern from my nerveless grasp, and sat down on the track, utterly unable to stand; for there right before me the thought of which had never entered my mind, as it had never been supposed since I had left the roof, and was known to be spiked, but which now was open to load-gun of the enemy.

This switch led into a stone quarry, from whence the stone had been taken for the new bridge, and the switch was left there in case stone should be needed at any time. The switch was always locked, but was never spiked. Yet here it was wide open; and had I not been warned, I should have run into it, and at the end of the track, only ten rods off, was a heavy engine and tender, lying at the vale of to-by-dye miles per hour, would have swept the switch clear of the track, and have caused a fast high. The consequences, had I done so, can neither be imagined nor described; the wonder is, by no possibility, be otherwise than fatally horrid.

Now, I had received no signal whatever from a source that I know not and cannot divine. It is a mystery to me—a mystery which I am willing to solve, but which, however, although I dare not attempt to explain it, nor say whence it came.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

THE grayhound runs by eyesight only, and this we conclude as a fact. The carriage-horse has no two hundred and fifty miles homeward by eyesight—sometimes, indeed, with the reins on his back and marched; but this is only our conjecture. The fierce dragon-fly, with twelve thousand lenses in his eye, darts at his prey, and dashes with the rapidity of a flying sword, and so rapidly darts back, notwithstanding in the air his wings are moving the action at the rate of sixty, and instantaneously calculating the distance of the object. Can the human head imagine the power of the exact conformation of the eye does this consist? No one can answer.

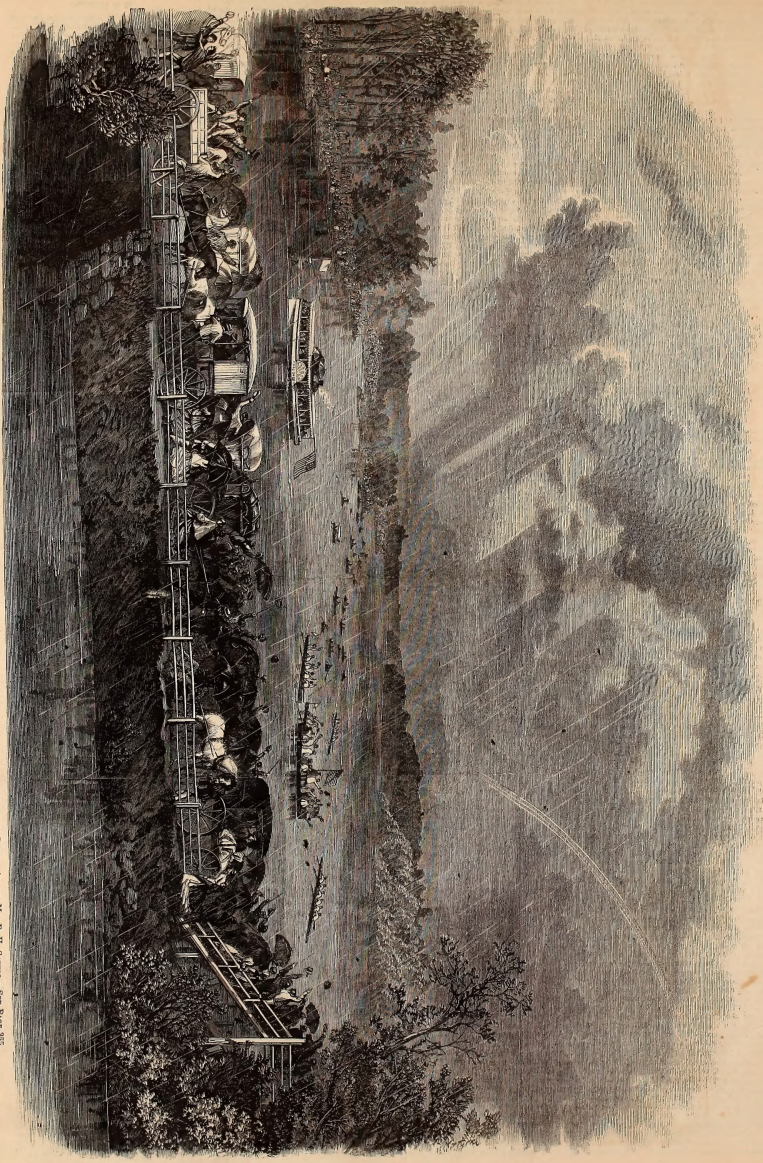
The ant can ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun, the minutest interval between them, yet no human being can distinguish upon the minutest gnats a leg or a wing, long and delicate as these are. Suddenly, amidst your admiration of this machines dance, a peculiar gnat detaches itself from the throng, independent nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and returns to its place with the rapidity of lightning. What possessed the little wretch to do this? Did he receive a blow on the nose from the back of a gnat?

A carriage comes suddenly upon a flock of geese, on a road—a common occurrence—and they rise from their throne. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a goose's leg broken by the wheels and hoofs, nor do we remember they conserve to find and waddle safely off. Geese are, indeed, very wary and cautious, but very fearless, equal to any emergency.

Why does the dog, in his discomfort, when he exceeds his tone and goes to drink, stop several times on his way to the water, and then drink with great rapidity? No one knows. How is it that the species of ant, which is taken in a hive by other ants to be their slaves, should be the black, or negro ant? No one knows.

Why does the dog, when he is permitted to run free and easy bedisnes which results from it, are by no means inconsiderable, holds never to have any more accurate notion of a gun's range, and while scrupulously careful to keep clear of the muzzle, take care to this caution, though the most obvious resource would be to fly right across the line of sight and so avoid all risk of the shoot to do. And they sometimes appear to make even an ostentatious display of their fleetness, their activity and cleverness in antagonism to that of man, for the benefit of the latter. We lately read a newspaper, by a naturalist of Brazil, of an expedition he made to one of the islands in the mouth of the great river, Amazon, and other of the magnificent gravitational birds, which are found in those forests. His desire was to be absolutely baffled, however, by a wretched little sand-piper that perched on the muzzle of his gun, and by its cries and shrieks drew accurate all the birds within hearing. Not a single shot could he get at, and the sand-piper continued to perform the part of sentinel to admirable purpose, preventing the approach of the rower to the game, and yet managing to keep out of the range of his gun.

BLACK RAIN.—The black rain showers, which are now so well known in Scotland, and about which the attention of a part of the philosophers are in the way of speaking with no great r astonishment, are now one of the facts of the day. Showers of black, dead, blackening materials exposed to it that they speak of as black rain have been a showery season at last recognized in England. Between the beginning of June and the end of July, black showers have, it has been no fewer than eight authenticated black showers in Scotland, and seven or three of these in and the calamitye surrounding district. Two or them were of unusual violence, and one of them was a shower of which measured eight to ten inches in diameter, and was one which was spread equally over the first four, including the Carluke shower, and the eighth, which was the most extensive of all, including Glasgow and the immediate there with those of Ayr. But now, in the last week of July, and the first week of August, the black rain has fallen in new ground, and, in the Scottish showers, it has been observed that the black rain has fallen in showers of unusual violence. It she did not think that she was so distinguished. On the 31st of July, in the county (1866), at 4 h. 30 m. and at 4 h. 30 m. the town of Birmingham and surrounding country was visited by a shower of black rain, which was followed with black clouds, producing darkness and rain. Another shower took place a few minutes were spent, not gas had to be lighted at some of the counting-houses, and many in all places of business. Mr. Dent, writing for information, got inquiries institute, and the result is found to be that a drop quantity of black rain, similar to the Scottish, fell, and blackened linen-water in hands, and clothes on grass, not only in Birmingham itself, but at other places many miles distant, manufactured by soot and smoke, and even windward of that town. So far as known, however, no word as to the nature of the deposit has been found, although, judging from what has taken place in Scotland, a probability exists that some matter has been in a state of carrying, emitting fuscolenes, whether it be heard or or not.



THE CITIZENS AND COLLEGE REGATTA ON LAKE QUINSIGAMOND, WORCESTER, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 27TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. H. SCHELL.—SEE PAGE 365.



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—MARKET SCENE AT NORFOLK, VA.—From a Sketch by Jas. E. Taylor.—See page 357.

THE CLOVE.

SINCE you have asked, I needs must tell the history
Of how I gained you pearly little glove:
A'nd it is the key to no soft mystery—
Nor page of tourney in the lists of love.

'Twas thus I found it: Through the city's bustle
I wandered one old still autumn eve, alone;
A tall, slight form brushed by me with silken rustle,
And passed into a carriage, and was gone.

One glance I had; in that I caught the gleaming
Of violet eyes, o'er which the rippling tress
Glanced gold—a face like those we see in dreaming,
As perfect in its shadowy loveliness.

And so she passed, a glorious light about her,
Clothed, like a summer dawn, in silver gray,
And left the crowded street as dark without her
As winter skies whose moon has passed away.

This little casuistet, which her hand was clasping,
Fell from her as she reached the carriage-door,
And floated down, as flutters from the aspen
Some trembling leaflet whose brief day is o'er.

And I—I found it on the pavement lying,
Pale as the marble Venus-missing hand,
Or some small wreath of foam which, dying, flying,
Leaves in a furrow of the moistened sand.

She was so like some queen of the ideal—
With that bright brow, those soft eyes' shadowy gleam—
I felt would keep the pledge to prove her real,
To mark her difference from an airy dream.

And though her glove has unto me been donor
Of much sweet thought, yet I can think it well
That she should have so little of its owner
As I of her from whose fair hand it fell.

Why should I drag her from her high position,
Her whole above this work-day world's long reach?
Hardly a fact, not wholly yet a vision,
She joins for me the better parts of each.

Madeline's Marriage;

OR,

THE STEPDAUGHTER.

CHAPTER IV.—OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE.

A POSITIONY passed away. Every morning Madeline placed fresh flowers for her benefactor, whom she had not yet seen since his arrival, for as day after day passed without indications to Dr. Donivon that he should be appointed relief of his wife's daughter's support, he had obliged her to take the place of the servant, in setting tables and washing dishes, really that he might have his petty revenge, ostensibly, as he said to his wife, because it was against his principles to have any thing to do but actively public persons, his little clawlike hands concealed by the cambric frills on his wristbands, his scrupulous linen fastened by studs of single, brilliant diamonds, looking, as the ladies remarked, "rather delicate, but by no means old, and very gentlemanly," and attended by Simon as by a shadow, joined the convalescent circle.

Several days more had ashed after the little girl, and wondered if she had forgotten him. Mrs. Donivon told Madeline of this, and of how indignant he had been when she had endeavored to restore the money which her daughter had accepted from him.

"It was for Isa's sake. I wish I might do more for her," he mused, "so that perhaps some one else might find Isa in turn."

"You have lost a daughter, sir?" inquired Mrs. Donivon, with sympathy.

Mr. St. Hellens bowed.

"My life has been a long retribution, madam," he answered, indefinitely.

Simon, standing behind the chair, moved uneasily, and caught his master's eye.

Mrs. Donivon's quick perceptions recognized some mystery in her sort of spell the mulatto exercised. Not discomposed, she said:

"If does not, probably, differ from most lives in that, sir."

There was no response. She added, with a sort of desperation:

"You grieve for a daughter, but is not my fate harder—to have my daughter before my eyes, with my duty so bound that I can do nothing for her happiness?"

Mr. St. Hellens looked up quickly.

"Why do you never come to see me?" he asked. "I liked her happy, pretty face."

The "pretty, happy face" at that very moment looked into the parlor through a crack in the door, thinking her mother alone, as indeed she was but for Mr. St. Hellens and the servant. But catching sight of these, she drew back.

Mr. St. Hellens had recognized her.

"Little girl," he cried, imperatively, "why don't you come and see me?"

Madeline put the tip of her little nose to the door.

"I'm not fit," she said.

Mr. St. Hellens laughed.

"Come in here—let me see you," he said. She obeyed him, shyly.

"I'm worse Cinderella than ever, sir." On the care she had called him, playfully, the "fairy Godmother," and herself Cinderella, which had pleased him.

"Well, come here. You've never been to ask how I was since we got here."

"I always ask, sir," she answered, reproachfully.

"Who—who do you ask? Why don't you ask me?"

"I ask Simon. It's so early, I don't dare come in."

"What's so early? What are you talking about?"

"Flowers! Did you bring me flowers?" He turned inquiringly to Simon.

"Miss Orme has brought you some flowers, sir, but you know you cannot bear the perfume. I thought it would hurt her to refuse them, I set them in the adjoining room," and the man looked meekly into his master's eyes.

Mr. St. Helens face flushed angrily. He passed his hand across his forehead, as though he was endeavoring to recollect. The flush was succeeded by a pallor, his eyes dropped. It seemed that his intellect, somehow impaired, made a feeble effort to assume its old habits.

"Yes—yes," he continued, slowly, "but I'm sorry I didn't know it. You must come and bring me—no not any flowers, but come and—let me see—you must come and read to me every day. Will you?"

"Yes, indeed, sir."

Her face, so ready to cloud and so quick to brighten, flushed at this unexpected encouragement.

That Mr. St. Hellens should have noticed her gave her value, this, a new, quick importance in the household. The doctor was ready enough to have his profitable patient humored; and Madeline was only too happy to betake herself to a spot where, for an hour at least, she was free from persecutions.

"You need very nicely," said Mr. St. Hellens, interrupting her, one morning. She had been so absorbed in the book she was reading to him, that she started at his voice, and colored.

"I'm so glad," she answered, innocently.

Mr. St. Hellens was awakened in deep confidence that that day Madeline was not a footstool beside him. He had listened dreamily to her voice, as though its tone, rather than the matter of the book, interested him.

"Why so?" he inquired.

"I don't know. Hardly any one ever tells me that I do anything right, and when they do happen to, it makes me happy, that's all."

"I forget, child, with my own little irritation. "Why, child, ain't you always happy?"

She looked at him wonderingly. His petulance frightened her a little.

"Oh, yes, sir," she said, apologetically, "I shall be, when I get away from here, you know."

"Away!" he answered, some fresh irritation fact occurred to him. "You are going away, aren't you, Madeline? Is it soon?"

"I don't know, sir. I pray for every day, but it hasn't come yet," and her lips quivered.

"You will be sorry to go, will you?"

"Oh, yes, sir, very glad."

"Have you spent all the money yet—the little fortune?"

"No, indeed. I am saving it."

"What do you save it for?"

"To pay you back, sir. And I want to get a new cloak and dress when I go to the seminary; that is if they take me there."

"Humph!" he said, "you get spend it. You shall have some more, then."

"I don't want any more, sir." She spoke very resolutely. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes fixed on the covers of her book, which she was crimping nervously with her fingers.

"Tut, tut," said Mr. St. Hellens, impatiently. "you've shut yourself up here with a sick old man every bright day for a fortnight: and don't you suppose he is going to do something in return?"

"I shall not take anything, Mr. St. Hellens," flushed Madeline, with passion. And then catching the gentleman's eye on him, she hastily, she burst into violent tears, sobbing brokenly:

"I don't—don't—like—to—to—to make me unhappy. After you've been so good and spoken so kindly to me——"

"Don't—don't—well," he said, soothingly, loosing his hands to stroke her hair. "Why—why, child, I didn't mean to hurt you."

"I know you didn't," she said, trying to keep down the sobs—"but I don't want you to feel as if I was a servant."

"Poor, silly, little child!" he returned, caressing her, as she dropped her head upon his knee. "Why, Madeline, I feel as if you might be my daughter! Simon belongs to me, and I like little friend. You don't know how I shall miss you if you go away. You're thinking what I should ask of you for a keepsake, when you leave me."

"I haven't got anything in the world that would be worth giving you," she said, quite sad and practical.

As she spoke, Simon entered the room. Whatever was his errand, he had rarely shook off an expression of dejection in his presence.

If Simon was surprised to find Miss Orme and his master both agitated, and at the clinging attitude of the one and the protecting air of the other, no one would have guessed it.

"Miss Orme," he said, "Mr. Hylder told me to say that he would like to see you when you were at liberty."

"Oh, Simon, has he got a letter for me?" she asked eagerly, springing up, radiant with expectation.

"It appeared to be something about a picture, miss, he answered, looking at her wanly, without altering the even respect of his tone. "The appears has come, and two or three of the ladies are waiting."

"Oh, is that all?" said Madeline, slowly leaving the room.

Simon passed through the main chamber into his own apartment, which communicated with it. Some sudden kind of resolution glittered across his face as he found himself alone.

"I must be his mischief done," he whispered, hoarsely, "unless I act promptly. The beads and alms are not enough for him, forsooth! A sick old man, with only a little time remaining for repentance, and he must have her for the sight of a pretty face. Weak idiot! will he pollute even these late garments of redemption with the stain of passion? What does he want more of earth?" The mulatto's lips parted across his teeth, and as they did so a sharp gleam flashed in his eyes. He worked his fingers nervously, some inarticulate words rattled in his throat, and his whole frame shook with the violence of the struggle which this spasm of emotion passed. He saturated a sponge in an aromatic vinegar and bathed his heated temples, and, when enough time having subsided as sufficiently as they had risen, he returned to his master's room.

Mr. St. Hellens sat where Madeline had left him, propped in his cushioned chair, and gazing with dreamy eyes through the open window upon the sun-decked lawn and the maple branches swaying idly in the summer wind.

"It is a bright day, Simon," he said to his servant.

"Yes, sir, the youth of the year is gay, like the youth of man," said Simon, in a tone of rebuke, and with an expression of familiarity and equality and of culture and education which he seldom betrayed, before others.

Mr. St. Hellens appeared to muse.

"The youth of man is a dreary time: ach, Simon?" he said, when he seemed to have reached the end of his train of thought.

"That is according to nature, sir," Simon answered, looking sharply into his face.

Mr. St. Hellens sighed.

"Some high temper, some living or other ought not be amiss at any time of life, Simon," he said, pleadingly.

The man did not wait for his master to express himself more clearly.

"The laws of life are of compensation," he said, with sententious truth. "A man who blinded yourself with pleasure because you could not admit a shadow of pain to tone it. You had your gratifications all at once, Mass Hens; you must have your due proportionals in the same way.

"Well, Simon, life is very lonely," he said, piteously.

The man's features worked again.

"What would you do?" he asked, sternly, "to take your thoughts from your salvation? What would you barter for the peace of your soul?"

"No, no, Simon," he remonstrated; "I don't mean that. I will give what I have to them, you know; but I think if I had—if I could find Isa, or some dear friend, I could be to stay with me, you know, and read to me, as this little girl here, and—and cheer me up, why, it seems to me, I should be better, and—and recover at all for it."

The mulatto's features were stamped with alarm. The passionate whispers he had treated to himself, took their true significance. He scrutinized his master's face. "We must get away from here," he said, with determination.

Through the silence that ensued he busied his active brain with plans for their removal from Riverside. It was not many years since Mr. St. Hellens had opposed any obstacle to his plans or suggestions, but he remembered too well the comfortably luxurious character to trust around it. He beheld with dismay that a new element was at work in the mind which had so long been plant to be his own, and he approached it with a caution worthy of his craft.

"It is a week, sir, since we have seen Father Ambrose," he said, breaking the pause at length.

"You are so well to-day that, if you can spare me, I will walk over to see him this afternoon."

Mr. St. Hellens started at the sound of his servant's voice from his reverie. His face wore a happy, tranquil expression, which vanished as he listened to the words.

"Of course, of course," he said, impatiently, in reply.

"I can't sit for my picture this morning," Madeline had said, in reply to Mr. Hylder, when, after waiting like Mr. St. Hellens, she found the young man, who had erected an awning and improvised a gallery out of doors, and who, at that moment, was employed in arranging Miss Caity's posture for her picture.

"Well, you must come this afternoon, then. I think it will be necessary to-day; and, if it is, I'm going to try and get a view of the house, so I shall have time enough."

Glancing upward, Madeline saw Mr. St. Hellens at his window, apparently interested in watching the proceedings. As she passed Mr. Hylder, she asked, in a low voice:

"Have you not heard anything for you?"

"Not yet, but I shall have this afternoon."

"What did she say to you, Robert?" asked Miss Caity, impatiently.

"Nothing of the least consequence, Caity. Turn your head a little more to the left." He threw back under over the camera and took out his watch. It is said to relate that the picture he presented depicted Miss Caity's most unamiable expression.

Shortly after the hour this afternoon, Madeline saw Mr. Hylder coming up the avenue with an open letter in his hand; and, stealing away from the dining-room, where she and Simon were taking the britannia, she followed him into his little gallery, where he stood, with a somewhat troubled expression on his frank face.

"Has it come, Mr. Hylder?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Madeline——" and he hesitated.

"And they will not have me?" She spoke huskily, growing very white.

"No matter now, Miss Madeline," began the young man. "Folks mustn't always expect to succeed the first time, and——"

"Oh, Mr. Hylder, what shall I do?—what shall I do?" she moaned.

"You don't, now please don't feel so bad, Miss Madeline—now just hear this: the young lady that had the place—I told you about her, you know—well, you see, she accepted it in a hurried, and somehow it's fallen through, and she's got to go back there to teaching. Now you see that's a great deal worse than your case, for which awkward consolation the young man approached Madeline, who stood in a listless, despairing way against the tent-pole, looking bewilderedly at her disappointment.

"But what shall I tell him? what shall I do next? I can't stay here," she sobbed.

She buried her face in her little hands, so troubled and inconsolable that Robert felt great sympathetic heart yearned over her to its very depths. He could not leave her, so tried and thought. He would find his life, and strength, and labor to lift the cloud from the saintly little face which he had shrined as an epitome of beauty in his breast. For an instant a wild dream of love for the little maiden before him stirred his whole heart. He wanted to take her in his strong arms, and shield her for ever; to work for her; to live, to watch over, and to worship her.

Trembling at his own audacity he drew her hands from her white face and stole one arm around her. She started from him, her eyes with frightened eyes into his, which were radiant with tenderness; and with a sudden comprehension, she spoke all trembling, and a little, moaning cry, she fled from him.

"I——"

"An artful, good-for-nothing mink!" Miss Caity's voice was shrill with excitement, as she confronted her sister that afternoon.

Dr. Donivon laid his hand heavily on Madeline's arm as she hurried through the hall; her mother, with Miss Caity, looked on, from a window in the passage. Several of the patients sitting about enjoyed the novelty of the scene.

"I will have you to know that I am engaged, and she knows it," pursued Miss Caity; "and she's done nothing but follow him around with her little, contemptible, cunning ways ever since she came; and now there's got to be an end to it: either she goes, or I go, and I'll be hanged if I go."

Madeline quivered with pain and passion at the unmerited abuse. She tried to free herself, but Dr. Donivon kept his hold upon her. She turned her imploring eyes upon her mother, who only looked upon him, and trying again to loose her arm, said to him, suppressing her voice, "Let me go."

"Not yet, sir," he answered. "Not yet," he sneered. "In a hurry, too. Just as quick as you can pack yourself out of this house."

"I will be glad to pack," she said, in a kind of despairing stupor.

"Well, out then—out with you," and he drew her hand toward the hall-door, as if he would push her into the street.

"Oh, mother!" she cried in affright.

In the shadow of his servant, Mr. St. Hellens had come below that afternoon, on the arrival of the letter which Madeline and his unopened letters in his hand, had witnessed the scene. He sallow, sunken cheeks flamed with anger, and stepping forward he struck violently than he had done for many a day before, he half-raised his cane at the doctor.

"Monster! coward!" he cried out. "By my faith, what are you about? Here, give me the girl—I am her protector."

Madeline sprang forward him in her helplessness.

"Oh, Mr. St. Hellens!" she cried.

"Come here, my dear. We'll see! A pretty piece of business, I do declare. Come, my child, to my room. We'll see about this! Come, Simon," he said to Mr. Donivon.

"Will you give her to me? I ask for her," he continued, impetuously, as his chamber-door closed upon them.

Even then Mrs. Donivon's controlling policy did not desert her. Some instinct assured her that the instant was a crisis, in which she should not interfere.

"Mr. St. Hellens," she answered, with emotion, "what can I say? I am so grateful to you for your child hardly belongs to me. I have had to force her upon me by my own hands, and she holds it, independent of her unhappy mother."

"Madeline"—he looked affectionately into the girl's frightened face—"will you stay with me, dear, and let me always take care of you?"

She made him no answer. All these trials were endured by the sweet woman—her self-respect, indignance. A month ago, she would have abandoned herself to him with the confidence of a child. Now——

She put her hands into his.

"I will, sir, and will get my work to do," she whispered, with a proud face. "You will not think me ungrateful, will you, Mr. St. Hellens?"—oh! I owe so much to you! But I am a woman. I have promised mamma that I would not be weak and childish, and, don't you know, I would rather work. I could not bear to——" and she paused in embarrassment.

"That is a foolish feeling, child, and yet," gazing into her fair, young face, "I honor you for it. But, Madeline," and a perplexed, pleading look came into his eyes, and he smiled with a sort

of fond indulgence upon the girl. "I want you with me, little one. Do you know that somehow I have made me very happy? that I cannot bear to give you up?" It was striking her hair, with his pale hands. His eyes were pensive and wistful, as in his morning's reverie, and his voice coaxing, like that of a child.

A confused consciousness dawned in the girl's mind. Mr. St. Hellens's words were like a silver sand dangling down into the abyss which seemed between him—a slender chance of succor. hemmed her in—a slender chance of succor. With him? Where else? Not with the house, in an outcast way. Here as the home had been, it was still a shelter—its boundaries a protection. But alone in the great, wide world!—her fright at the picture of it to her face and blanched it still the plainer for the hectic flush that followed it and more. She caught her benefactor's hands and covered her wet face with them.

"Will you let me work for you, Mr. St. Hellens?" she sobbed. "I was proud of my skill this morning: now I would be glad to be your servant."

Mr. St. Hellens again loosed his hands and closed them across her young head, with its bowed shining hair. He hesitated, seeming to protect his desire to utter words which trembled on his lips.

"I am an old man, little Madeline," he began after awhile, "and I might ask you to come with me as a daughter, but I have a strange, weak feeling that it would be sacrilege to offer such a child any other than the one who has far, far more than any common claim upon me. And yet there has been a time—" his pained, wistful look I want you with me—" his pained, wistful look into the blank, earnest face, that met his for the first time, as his look dimly revealed his meaning, with a faltering expression.

"I think we need each other, little one," he continued, in a wistful tone; and drawing her partly toward him, he added, very simply and quickly:

"Will you marry me, Madeline?"

Perhaps Madeline Orme had thought, as girls will, of some such words being some time said to her. If so, the picture she had made of them was not like this. It seemed to her that there was a violent wrench at her heart, a spasm of nervous palpitation, a choking denial of the request.

And then—— It is hard to say what followed; a sense of incapacity for resistance, of weakness, a glance of dumb appeal at her mother; but Mrs. Donivon's encouraging look of relief and contempt; Donivon's encouraging with breathless interest; her sinister wife struggling with this chance for her consummated ambition, and she could only retort her daughter's look with eyes whose expression sealed them to discouragement.

"You are too good, Mr. St. Hellens," Madeline murmured, in a vague tone.

"It is you, child, who are good to me," he answered, taking her words for acceptance, and pressing his lips lightly to her forehead, and suddenly relinquishing her.

Madeline sat down at Mr. St. Hellens's feet, as she did when reading aloud for him.

"Mrs. Donivon," he said, in a tremulous, agitated way, "I will do right by her."

An hour or two elapsed before Simon's return from his visit to the priest. There was a look of satisfaction on his face as he came to be opened the door of his master's room, but it faded to a dull glare at a glance at the faces which met him.

"It has passed the help of words," he thought and bowing respectfully to the ladies, proceeded to busy himself in silence about the room.

Suddenly Mr. St. Hellens's unopened letters caught his eye.

"You have not looked at your letters yet, Master Henri," he observed.

"True—true, you may read to me, Simon," answered the invalid; "or, no, I will look at them myself."

He glanced over two or three hastily. But as he perused the contents of that last opened, his face glowed with excitement, his eyes seemed glued to the words, and his hands fairly clutched the paper.

"Simon," he gasped, rather than said, and stretching the letter toward the man, he fell back fainting in his chair.

That evening after Madeline was in bed, her mother went to her room. Mrs. Donivon somehow felt little of the exultation which a short time before she would have undoubtedly known such a brilliant prospect as seemed to await her daughter. She was rather pale and agitated as she sat down by the bedside. It had all come about so strangely and suddenly.

"It seems, dear, that you will have to be married directly," she said, in a hushed tone."

How little marriage meant to Madeline Orme that hour!

"If that has happened, mamma?" she asked, quietly.

"One of those letters Mr. St. Hellens received was from his son—his adopted son, you know—and it seems he has got some trace of the daughter Mr. St. Hellens lost. They were young men together, you know, Madeline?" asked Mrs. Donivon, thoughtfully.

"No, ma'am."

"And it is necessary for him to return directly to New Orleans, inasmuch as he has all the evidences with identifying marks, and that he has them, he told me, in that ebony box which he is always so careful of."

"I wonder what she is like, mamma?" wondering, with a childlike curiosity, from the point.

Mrs. Donivon caressed her child tenderly, without replying.

"Mr. St. Hellens says that you must get a traveling suit, and leave everything else until you reach New Orleans. He has been talking to me about his property. He is very liberal, dear. He will settle a hundred thousand dollars on you as soon as he gets home. He has settled the same on this adopted son he speaks of. The remainder of his fortune goes to his daughter, or, as his will stands at present, to the church; he is a humanist, it seems; but he will alter it directly if this prove to be she."

"Wasn't it odd that she should be lost, mamma?" answered Madeline, in the same tone.

"Curious old, rich families sometimes have strange doings among themselves," replied Mrs. Donivon.

CHAPTER V.—BRIDAL BELLS.

MADELINE ORME'S wedding-day broke gloomy and gray. It was still early in September, but the summer was ended.

Miss Carlyle had departed from the Water Cure on the morning following the *emeute*, after a brief interview with Robert Hylder, who still remained. He would have wanted a favorable answer, but he might, before he went, take a good photograph of the house, which was really quite an imposing mansion, having been built originally for the summer residence of some wealthy family, who, poor trial, had not found Saratoga fashionable.

On the day following his singular and sudden betrothal, Mr. St. Hellens had been unable to leave his room. Excitement seemed to have left his mind and mind. He was drowsy and prostrated body and mind. He was drowsy and depressed. At Madeline's voice or touch he seemed, smiled kindly and with satisfaction at her presence, but further than that he observed very little.

Madeline exhibited a genuine distress at his situation, but Simon assured her that his master was liable to such attacks after excitement; that his nervous system had been shattered by painful scenes which he had gone through, and that there was no danger at present. The girl trusted to the man's judgment during these few days. A dim appreciation of her position seemed to have sealed her lips against complaint, and left room to be admitted of hope or fear. Perhaps during the moments which she had had in which to reflect upon the change that had come, there had been some vague revolt of instinct against this marriage. If so, she was too ignorant of the world to examine its nature, and she accepted the protection which Mr. St. Hellens offered her with grateful tranquility, as she had done the kind attentions of her marriage morning, listening with half comprehension to her mother's talk.

"You will have quite a complete independence, Madeline, if you are only judicious," said Mrs. Donivon, thoughtfully.

"Yes, I suppose so, mamma," was the calm reply; and so she went to her dusting.

It seemed as though a great effort of will alone prevented Mr. St. Hellens from lapsing, even that morning, into the lethargy which had ensued upon the excitement consequent upon the reception of the letter whose perusal had followed his offer of marriage. He complained of a deadly numbness, a sort of paralysis of muscle and brain, against which he strove in vain.

When Madeline went to his room, when the carriage which was to convey him to the depot waited at the door, she found him in a trembling, half-fainting condition, while Simon was making hasty preparations for his departure. He seemed nervous, hurried way, as was quite unusual to him. He motioned to Madeline to leave the room in a way that was almost imperious.

A half hour later, however, Mr. St. Hellens joined her in the parlor, at least partially restored, but retaining a dreary and bewildered look.

"Let us wait till to-morrow, Mr. St. Hellens," entreated Madeline; "you are not well enough to start upon this journey."

"No, no, child, we'll not wait," he said. "I shall be better and stronger for the day for traveling: but it is the dizzy numbness which creeps over me. It seems—it seems," and he pressed his hands to his head, "as if the fever, with its strange all sensation and capacity, came on again. Pray for me, child. Come, Simon, Simon! Simon!" he called, sharply, to the man, who had not yet descended.

A minute after he appeared, carrying portmanteau and shawls, in a way as though they had been snatched up carelessly. Mr. St. Hellens's sense of order was keen.

"I know how you have those things," he said, petulantly.

"I was very much worried, sir," answered the man.

The atmosphere of the little chapel was still heavy from incense even as they entered it, although the hour was early, so, seeing the doors open, had dropped in, sat in a kind of nervous quiet in the seats next the chancel, their outlines dim in the cloudy shadows. Just where Mr. St. Hellens and Madeline stood a pool of purple light, which, streaming through the colored panes, had caught their stain, settled heavily. The still, white face of the marble Madonna looked from out the shadowy niche above the faces strangely pale, as white and still; upon that of the groom, with its pale, delicate features and compact form.

Owing to the fact that Madeline was not a Catholic, the ceremony was simple and brief. The charges and questions were spoken, answered, bowed, blessings given, and the wedding was over. There were no congratulations. Before turning from the altar, Mr. St. Hellens said, in a low, impressive way, to the officiating priest, who had sometimes visited him since his arrival in the village, taking his bride by the hand as he spoke:

"Mrs. Henri St. Hellens, father."

Madeline looked up with a childish start and a pale smile. The priest declined his head gravely.

After they walked down the aisle, Mr. St. Hellens again pressed his hand to his head.

"I am so faint," he whispered.

In the porch he took Simon's arm. His face was so ashy pale that the bride hardly repressed a cry at the sight of it in the daylight.

All day in the cane he lay upon blankets piled on a seat, sleeping heavily. Madeline, sitting near, watched him with perplexed alarm. Sometimes, in a strange, stony composure, she gazed upon him, and then her eyes would close—she seemed to elude them as they sped along—the yellow and crimson forests, the crisp blue ripples of the stream, the white flecks of the September sky, which came and went, came and went, hour by hour, all day long, before her.

She had so much to realize, and she realized nothing. A little after dark they reached their first stopping-place. Mr. St. Hellens roused for a moment. He was very, very tired, he said. Simon almost lifted him to the carriage, and from it to the hotel. Before their supper was served he was obliged to retire.

Long after, late into the night, Madeline sat by the window in a room adjoining her husband's, listening to Simon, as he moved about to the invalid's occasional calls, uttered in a feeble, fretful, petted vexation, and to the strange position, to forces her new career.

When she looked at Mr. St. Hellens in the morning he hardly roused to notice her. Lying upon the bed, oppressed and drowsy, with his fine, delicate features pallid, his hair dishevelled, his sharpened features, and emaciated frame, he seemed as if under a blighting spell. He grew old, inexpressibly old, in her surprise. He appeared to wither and shrivel through each instant of his strange sleep, till his bride, catching her breath from time to time, began to fear him—to feel that she was mated to the victim of an evil incantation or malady. It was no mental disease that possessed him, she thought, but some weird influence, which sapped his strength and veiled his wits. Once she had shuddered. She recalled she saw the thin, filmy web weaving about him, excluding him from all the world but herself. Then she saw it no more. She felt a morbid loathing creeping over her.

Day after day they traveled on, without change of Mr. St. Hellens's condition. Simon naturally assumed the direction of their movements, and Madeline yielded without comment.

But the long journey down the river was inexpressibly tranquilizing. It even appeared as a transition from one existence to another. Shifting through the scenery, so change, the tide was as a fate which admits of no return. The irreclaimable past lost itself entirely in the present. The hard trials of her young life faded from recollection. The shock that had followed her marriage softened. She sat with her head on the boat's railing, smiling out of the chill autumn air into a southerly summer, the shore still vivid with green and gay with flowers, the calm, warm sky, the sun, starring the amber air, the dull plash of the waters making a monotony of music. She was far from being unhappy, and she abandoned herself with ease to the present.

CHAPTER VI.—CYRIL.

MR. ST. HELLENS'S family residence was two or three miles from the city. A large, rambling house, surrounded by extensive grounds, with a low front, down the family pride.

For generations of St. Hellenses had come and gone in the house, and for that reason had been by one; lovers had loitered in the parks, fountains leaped in the sunshine, and stately dames and children had been known in those by-gone days when some hapless St. Hellens had chanced the homestead. Under the spell of this strange sickness, who was bringing his girl-wife to her house, was the last of the race on his side, and had adopted one of false blood; the daughter he had sought for had a blotted birth; the wife he had married was a step-mother; the heir of his wide inheritance was an abstraction; and he, blighted and helpless, a dependent upon once of his own servants.

On the day when the household had been notified, the travelers were expected, Mr. St. Hellens's adopted son was awaiting them at his wife. No intimation of the master's condition had been received, and so some little attempt had been made to render the grim, old house cheerful for the reception. A suite of apartments, constituting a wing, were in good order. Mr. St. Hellens had furnished them after his father's death, and had occupied them exclusively for a good many years. They communicated by a dark, narrow passage with the house, where the best set of rooms was faded and tarnished in the disused grandeur of state.

In these there had been little change since the days when the windows and building huge fires to dissipate the gathered dampness, in being supposed that Mr. St. Hellens's health required the change. They, indeed, constituted a house in miniature, with library and bath and boudoir. On the afternoon lights had been ordered in the new wing, where the fire burned cheerfully, a delicious tone; vases of roses garnished the stands and shelves, and saturated the air with their perfume, the warmth of the fire increased it from their hearts.

Here Cyril St. Hellens waited for his father and his father's wife.

There are lives which seem to attract and appropriate the treasures of other lives, and which seem constructed for the fruition of hopes and dreams and longings cast into their unconsciousness, as the gold and silver ornaments were cast by the Egyptians into the molten metal which was to form the Panama cathedral bell.

Cyril St. Hellens's was such a life. He was decorated with decorations.

He stood before the hearth as the afternoon waned, gazing fixedly, fully into the heart of the fire. He was superbly handsome. Tall, muscular, heroic in his mold, with clear, brilliant eyes, a skin tinted with all the self-assured gorgeous of twenty-five in his mien. He was vain—too vain to show his vanity. Standing there, he looked like a "picture to be proud of my reach;" and, if you looked a little deeper; "Nor anything worth the effort of reaching."

One of the servants came to the door.

"The carriage is coming, Massa Cyril."

He glanced through the little dark passage into the mahogany, and found the great doors ready opened, a crowd of domestics waiting with their welcome, while the carriage was being driven the avenue; and he saw that Uncle slowly up the flight and black on the box. Daniels's face looked heavy and black on the box.

He hastened down the steps as it stopped; Simon was slowly unfastening the door, Mr. St. Hellens lay, in his unnoticed lethargy, propped with pillows in one corner, and Madeline, suddenly stricken with a cruel sense of embarrassment and intrusion, shrank back beside him.

Cousin Henri has one of his attacks," Simon explained, and Cyril seemed to understand; "and Mrs. St. Hellens is considerably fatigued, so Simon explained.

"Mrs. St. Hellens, you are very welcome to Desire," said Cyril, with a low bow, as Simon prepared to lead the invalid into the house. "You will take him, I suppose, to his own apartments, Simon?"

"Yes, Massa. How do you do, mamma?"

The mulatto received the salutations of the servants as his master's proper due, and passed together to a different grade, to possess a different position. Cyril St. Hellens deferred to and the others came obsequiously.

"Your rooms, dear chambers prepared, Aunt Chloe?" he asked, moving along through the hall, and ascending his unoccupied staircase. "Mrs. St. Hellens will need the oak-room for the present."

Cyril offered the new mistress of Villa Desir his hand to assist her from the carriage, with polite indifference. He had, in fact, bestowed very little consideration upon the subject of his father's marriage. His own fortune, his own ict in life, were his chief concern. The existence of a Henri St. Hellens was a matter of annoyance unconcern to him. He confessed, however, to a start of surprise at the extreme youth of the bride, to a sense of slight, indifferent embarrassment in her new position; to an evident indefinite scorn for her probable motives in the marriage, to a sort of cursing presentation to the servants, he escorted her to the house, and into the state drawing-room, where he left her with a peculiar glance like the fire, and evasion himself upon the plea of going to his father.

Madeline had not spoken; she dared not speak. She looked around the dilapidated room, moldy, and damp and grim as it was, at the servants waiting for the word of command, and wondered what right she had there at all. She shivered with excitement; she would gladly have gone to her mother's room, but she had not the courage. And if she should go—he could not help her. Her one friend in the world was powerless to help her—to defend her title, to account for her presence. Her servants, lingering and fearing to intrude upon her, seemed like Cyril's style a mockery. The great round tears rolled down her cheeks, and not attempting to take off her bonnet or gloves, she sat without moving where she had been placed.

By-and-by Cyril came back. He did not find that it was in his place to be kind to Mrs. St. Hellens, so he sat down with gravity on the opposite side of the fire till supper was announced.

"I regret that you should find the rooms so cheerless," he said then; "we had supposed, not knowing Mr. St. Hellens's plans, that a long would give you enough room until the remainder of the house should be refurnished."

"Is Mr. St. Hellens worse?" Mrs. St. Hellens to the ving?"

There was something so plaintive and childish in her voice, that the young man looked at her with surprise. "Because I would like to go and see him."

To find herself at her journey's end so singularly left out of her husband's protection; to find his helpless state unchanged, and all preparings so far in his continuance, herself unprovided for from him; her position so questionable; her self-dependence unrelieved by the presence of a single person; Madeline could not but look to the young man before her for advice or support, as a severe strain upon the self-control of a girl of seventeen, who had been, practically, the future full of stumblingblocks. What she had said to her mother on her wedding morning, in reference to this significance, she hoped she should do right."

In her dreary room, whose oaken panels seemed made to prey upon and admit the ghosts of buried St. Hellenses to her company, she reflected that night upon her reception.

She thought that Mr. St. Hellens's son might have been a trifle more cordial and kind. Then, with even her limited knowledge of the world, she reasoned that he might not like his father's marriage, and thus accounted for his coldness.

She thought of the quiet of servants who had helped and waited on her simplicity, and smiled at having allowed their scrutiny to embarrass her. With the preparation which she had received, she also called facts, and their review helped her. Pride, too, helped her. She justified and believed in her husband, and she became composed.

There are some natures in which antagonism breeds submission, but those in which it is given birth to defiance are the safer, on the whole.

A NOVEL WAGER.—An amusing story is going the rounds of the Paris clubs. It appears that a short time ago a wager as heavy bet that he would be arrested by the police without committing any offense or doing any act to warrant their suspicions. The bet having been taken by a member of the Imperial Club, he at once proceeded to the office of police in Paris, dressed in a battered hat, a ragged blouse, and boots all in holes, and, addressing the chief, asked to speak with him confidentially. He, however, paid no attention to the gentleman's request, but ordered a sergeant de ville to be served, sending, at the same time, a telegram to the commissary of police, where he stated who he was, and requesting the latter to send a sergeant to the gentleman with whom he was about to prove his identity. A similar story was made the last, by some time ago, of a Rue aux Fèves boil at Vienna. Mr. Mackenzie's son-in-law, who, in order to make his arrest quite sure, took the bank notes out of his boots.

"I am all heart," said a military officer to his comrade.

"Then you're not part pluck," said the latter, coldly.

THE ARTILLERY-MAN

And the Elephant.

THE remarkable intelligence of the domesticated elephant has been exemplified so frequently as to become proverbial. If he possessed the power of speech, he would be almost more than human; as it is, he often puts to shame the higher pretension of his lordly masters.

Our illustration represents a corroborative fact. A battering train, going to a siege of a town in India, had to cross the sandy bed of a river, that resembled other rivers of the East, which have, during the summer season, but a small stream of water running through them, though their beds are mostly of considerable breadth, very heavy for draught, and abounding in quicksands. An artillery-man who was seated on the tumbril of one of the guns, by some accident fell off in such a situation, that in a minute or two the hind wheel must have gone over him.

The elephant, which was stationed behind the gun, perceiving the danger, instantly, without any warning from its keepers, lifted up the wheel with its trunk, and kept it suspended till the carriage had passed clear of him.



THE ARTILLERYMAN AND THE ELEPHANT.

THE GRAVE OF COL. ELLSWORTH.

COL. ELLSWORTH was one of those brave young men who gave themselves promptly and heartily to their country when it called for help. Just at the beginning of the war he was shot at Alexandria, while attempting to replace the national colors over a hotel in that place.

His remains were buried at Mechanicsville, on the banks of the Hudson, a few miles from Troy. Our picture gives a representation of his resting-place. It is situated on a gentle rise of ground, apart from all other graves, in the south-eastern part of the rural cemetery, in the outskirts of the pretty village of his youth, Mechanicsville, about twelve miles north from Troy, N. Y., and on the western bank of the Hudson.

At his head, the only mark of respect his countrymen have thus far seen fit to erect, is a flagstaff, upon which, for about a year after his death, was accustomed to be raised and lowered, at sunrise and sunset, that flag he loved so dearly. But now the plain board fence and staff alone are the solitary tokens of remembrance of one who was mourned in every patriotic Northern family as an only son. It is a solemn reproach to his country that one who so devoted his whole interest and life to its service should now be so neglected and apparently forgotten.



THE GRAVE OF COL. ELLSWORTH, AT MECHANICSVILLE, N. Y.

CROSSING A RIVER.

YANKEE ingenuity, highly as it is commended, would hardly devise more convenient appliances than the natives of Asia adopt for their comfort and convenience. The picture of crossing a river represents a very common spectacle in that country—the huge and powerful elephant being tamed and made the gentle servant, willing to do his master's bidding, even if he convert himself into a ferry-boat. The elephant is a good swimmer, and one might have a much more objectionable conveyance. The novelty of the thing might warrant its introduction here; as a paying enterprise it would doubtless prove successful, however it might comport with our notions of enlightened progress.



CROSSING A RIVER IN INDIA.

A MEXICAN HAT MERCHANT.

IT does not require a very large capital to carry on business in Mexico. There a man can carry his whole stock in trade on his head, and instead of waiting quietly and anxiously for customers to come and make purchases, he adopts the commonest method of taking his goods to the customer. Our illustration represents an every-day specimen of a Mexican trader, who is not ashamed to wear his own hats, and thus recommend their excellence.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT RATS.

THERE are many interesting and sometimes very funny instances of cats suckling and bringing up the offspring of animals altogether different from their own species. A gentleman told us some time ago, when paying a visit to a friend of his, he noticed a cat and two kittens, which were having a good time in his room.

"Keep quiet for a moment," said his friend, "and you shall be witness to a very curious spectacle presently."

The two friends quietly took a seat and did not stir. After a few minutes a low noise, not unlike the rustling of a creeping animal, was heard from behind the stove, and presently a saucy rat made its appearance; at first it looked round about the room with great caution, and then without much hesitation made its way toward the old cat, which was quietly reposing on a cushion, the kittens resting by her side. Nay, even more, the rat forthwith began to suckle the old cat as if it were a member of the family. The cat did not even stir, as if so extraordinary a proceeding were a matter of course, though the kittens seemed to be somewhat startled by the boldness of the rat.

The owner of the cat, who had always been fond of a practical joke, had succeeded in smuggling the rat into the cat-family on the day the kittens were born; the experiment turned out to be a perfect success. One of our artists has thought the touching scene described to be an object worthy of his pencil.

In a similar manner puppies, rabbits, young hares, squirrels, and the like, are known to have been suckled and brought up by cats; it is a spectacle particularly amusing to see the old cat promenading in company with her step-children, and participating in their droll and youthful sports. It is also a scene, funny beyond description, to observe how the half-grown squirrel is hurrying up a tree and petulantly jumping from branch to branch, whilst the wiser mother is startled out of her wits by the boldness of her little offspring, and visibly at a loss to guess who taught the saucy creature how to climb up trees.

The cat has been supposed, without any good reason, to be nothing but cruelty embodied and wanton thirst of blood endowed with four legs; this is unjust. Nature has gifted that much-abused animal with the tender heart and kind feelings of a mother; in this respect it is second to none of the rest of animals, four-legged as well as two-legged.

BESIEGED BY A BORELE.

HUNTING in South Africa is no holiday pastime, affording a temporary diversion, but is attended with a degree of excitement and danger, demanding, on the part of the sportsman, the highest quality of cool courage and determined bravery. The following adventure with a borelé, or rhinoceros, points out the nature of the perils to which the hunter is often exposed:

On one occasion a horse belonging to a party of sportsmen escaped, and, in pursuing it, one of the party, named Arend, encountered a borelé.

Pulling up his horse, or rather trying to do so, for the animal was restive in the presence of such danger, he fired.

The shot produced a result that was neither expected nor desired.

With a roar like the bellowing of an angry bull, the monster turned and charged straight toward the horseman.

Arend was obliged to seek safety in flight, while the borelé pursued in a manner that told of its being wounded, but not incapacitated from seeking revenge.



A MEXICAN HAT SELLER.

At the commencement of the chase there was but a very short distance between pursuer and pursued; and, in place of turning entirely out of the track and allowing the monster to pass by him—which he should have done, knowing the defect of vision natural to the rhinoceros—the young hunter carried on in a stright line, all the while employed in reloading his rifle.

His mistake did not arise from any want of knowledge or presence of mind, but rather from carelessness and an unworthy estimation of the abilities of the borelé to overtake him.

He had long been a successful hunter, and success too often begets that self-confidence which leads to many a mischance that the more cautious sportsman will avoid.

Suddenly found his flight arrested by the thick scrub of thorny bushes, known in South Africa as the "wait-a-bits," and the horse he was riding did wait a bit, and so long that the borelé was soon close upon his heels.

There was now neither time nor room to turn either to the right or to the left.

The rifle was at length loaded. There would have been but little chance of killing the rhinoceros by a single shot, especially with such uncertain aim as would have been taken from the back of a frightened horse.

Arend, therefore, threw himself from the saddle. He had a two-fold purpose in doing so.

His aim would be more correct; there was a chance of the borelé keeping on after the horse, and leaving him an undisturbed spectator of the field.

The field of view embraced by the eyes of a rhinoceros is not large, but, unfortunately for the hunter, as the frightened horse fled from his side, it was he himself that came within the limited circle of the borelé's vision.

Hastily raising the rifle to his shoulder, he fired at the advancing enemy, and then fled to ward a clump of trees that chanced to be near by

He could hear the heavy tread of the rhinoceros as it followed close upon his heels. It seemed to shake the earth.

Closer and closer he heard it, so near that he dared not look around.

He fancied he could feel the breath of the monster blowing upon his back!

His only chance was to make a sudden deviation from his course, and leave the borelé to pass on in its impetuous charge.

This he did, turning sharply to the right, when he saw that he had just escaped being elevated upon the creature's horn.

This manœuvre enabled him to gain some distance as he started off in the new direction; but it was not long maintained, for the borelé was again in hot pursuit, without any show of fatigue, while the tremendous exertions he had himself been making rendered him incapable of continuing his flight much longer.

He had just sufficient strength left to avoid an immediate encounter by taking one more turn; when fortunately he saw before him the trunk of a large baobab tree lying prostrate along the ground. It had been blown down by some awful storm, and by resting upon its roots at one end, and its shivered branches at the other, so as to leave a space of about two feet between its trunk and the ground.

Suddenly throwing himself down, Arend glided under the tree, just in time to escape the long horn whose point had again come in close proximity with his back.

The hunter had now time to recover his breath, and, to some extent, his confidence. He saw that the fallen tree would protect him. Even should the rhinoceros come round to the other side, he would only have to roll back again to place himself beyond the reach of his terrible horn.

The space below was ample enough to enable him to pass through, but too small for the body of the borelé.

By creeping back and forward he could always place himself in safety.

And this was just what he had to do, for the enraged monster, on seeing him on the other side, immediately ran round the roots and renewed the attack.



A CAT NURSING A BAT.

This course of action was several times repeated before the young hunter was allowed much time for reflection. He was in hopes that the brute would get tired of the useless charges it was making, and either go away itself or give him the opportunity.

In this hope he was doomed to disappointment. The animal, exasperated with the wounds it had received, appeared implacable, and for more than an hour it kept running around the tree, in vain attempts to get at him.

As he had very little trouble in avoiding these, there was plenty of opportunity for reflection, and he passed the time in devising some plan to settle the misunderstanding between the borelé and himself.

The first he thought of was to make use of his rifle. The weapon was within his reach, where he had dropped it when diving under the tree, but, when about to reload it, he discovered that the ramrod was missing!

So sudden had been the charge of the borelé, at the time the rifle was last loaded, that the ramrod had not been returned to its proper place, but left behind upon the plain. This was an unlucky circumstance, and for a time the young hunter could not think of anything better than to keep turning from side to side to avoid the presence of the besieger.

The borelé at last seemed to show signs of exhaustion, or, at all events, began to perceive the unprofitable nature of the tactics it had been pursuing.

But the spirit of revenge was not in the least weakened within it, for it made no move toward taking its departure from the spot.

On the contrary, it lay down by the baobab, in a position to command a view on both sides of the huge trunk, evidently determined to stay there and await the chance of getting within reach of its victim.

Thus silently beleaguered, the young hunter set about considering in what manner he might accomplish the raising of the siege.

The sun went down, the moon ascended above the tops of the surrounding trees, yet the borelé seemed no less inspired by the spirit of revenge than on first receiving the injuries it was wishing to resent.

For many hours the young hunter waited patiently for it to move away in search of food or any other object except that of revenge, but in this hope he was disappointed. The pain inflicted by the shots would not allow either hunger or thirst to interfere with the desire for retaliation, and it continued to maintain a watch so vigilant that Arend dared not leave his retreat for an instant.

Whenever he made a movement, the enemy did the same.

It was a long time before he could think of any plan that would give him a chance of getting away. The at length occurred to him.

Although unable to reload the rifle with a bullet, the thought came into his mind that the borelé might be blinded by a heavy charge of powder, or so confused by it as to give him an opportunity of stealing away.

This seemed an excellent plan, yet so simple, that Arend was somewhat surprised that he had not thought of it before.

Without difficulty he succeeded in pouring a double quantity of powder into the barrel; and, in order to keep it there until he had an opportunity for a close shot, some dry grass was forced into the muzzle.

The chance soon offered, and taking a deliberate aim at one of the borelé's eyes with the muzzle of the gun not more than two feet from its head, he pulled the trigger.

With a loud moss of mingled rage and agony, the rhinoceros rushed toward him, and frantically but vainly exerted all its strength in an endeavor to overturn the baobab.

"One more shot at the other eye," thought Arend "and I shall be free."

He immediately proceeded to pour another dose of powder into the rifle, but, while thus engaged, a new danger suddenly presented itself.

The dry grass protected from the gun had ignited and set fire to the dead leaves that were strewed plentifully over the ground.

In an instant these were ablaze, the flame spreading rapidly on all sides and moving toward him.

The trunk of the baobab could no longer afford protection. In another minute it would be enveloped in the red fire, and to stay by its side would be to perish in the flames. There was no alternative but to get to his feet and run for his life.

Not a moment was to be lost, and, slipping from under the tree, he started off at the top of his speed.

The chances were in his favor for escaping unobserved by the rhinoceros; but fortune seemed decidedly against him.

Before getting twenty paces from the tree, he saw that he was pursued. Guided either by one eye or its keen sense of hearing, the monster was following him at a pace so rapid that, if long enough continued, it must certainly overtake him.

Once more the young hunter began to feel something like despair. Death seemed hard upon his heels. A few seconds more and he might be impaled on that terrible horn. But for that instinctive love of life which all feel, he might have surrendered himself to fate, and, urged by this, he kept on.

He was upon the eve of falling to the earth through sheer exhaustion, when his ears were saluted by the deep-toned bay of a hound, and,



BESIEGED BY A BORELÉ.

close after it a voice exclaiming, "Look out, baas Willem, somebody comes yonder!"

Two seconds more and Arend was safe from further pursuit. The hound was dancing round the borelé's head, by his loud, angry yelps diverting its attention from everything but himself.

Two seconds more and Groot Willem and Hendrick came riding up, and less than half a minute after the monster, having received a shot from the heavy roer, slowly settled down in his tracks—a dead rhinoceros.

THE TUG OF WAR;

Or, an Encounter between a Tiger and an Alligator.

The tiger in India makes sad havoc among the herds of cattle, often carrying off the choicest and best to satisfy his rapacity and hunger. The owners, however, frequently revenge themselves on the marauder, by gathering certain poisonous berries, pounding them to powder, and rubbing them on the carcase of a bullock that the tiger has killed, but not entirely eaten. As he returns at dark and renews his feast, he soon finds his blood in a fever, and his mouth parched with intense thirst; and, hastening to the nearest stream, laps the water greedily, and in a few minutes is stretched on the bank, dead, so subtle and speedy is the effect of the poison.

An English captain was once in ambush, by the side of a river, when he saw a poisoned tiger come down to drink and die; but it singularly happened there were awaiting his approach two other potent agents of death—the captain's rifle and the jaws of a monstrous alligator. Rushing toward the river, the tiger plunged in and commenced lapping the water with greedy avidity, as if to allay the burning fire raging within from the effects of the poison. He then came out and commenced rolling on the ground and biting savagely at the bushes. A second time he took to the water, and made as though he meant to swim across, and the captain, to end the agony of the poor brute, was about to pull the trigger, when an alligator rose suddenly and snapped at the tiger with his terrible jaws. Instantly the brute forgot his sufferings, and fell on the alligator teeth and nail. Teeth and nails, however, made little impression on the mail coat of the amphibious monster, who did his best to haul the tiger down to his slimy bed, and, to prevent it, the latter fought and beat the water with his broad fore-arms till hills of foam partially hid the combatants from the sportsman's view.



THE TUG OF WAR.

Now they sank, now they rose again, the hooked teeth of the alligator never losing their grip, and the white foam taking a deeper tinge each moment. The struggles of the forest prowler grew fainter and fainter; and, drowned, poisoned, and mauled by the terrible teeth, he was about to succumb. But the alligator was not destined to have his own way. Just as he stretched his ugly body out of the water, the better to take a pull long and strong, a bullet from the captain's rifle smote his exposed side and turned him belly upward, dead as a herring. A ball from the second barrel mercifully ended the tiger's existence.

More Sinned Against than Sinning.

"Yes. He's fine-looking enough, and talented enough, but such a flirt! I wish some one would surprise and carry off that guarded heart of his, and then laugh at his discomfiture. It would pay him off nicely for his trifling."

"Suppose you try the experiment, Annie. You are practiced enough in the art of captivation, if report is right! I wonder at your censure of flirts."

"What reports? You cannot think me a flirt?"

"Oh! I only referred in jest to something I heard to the effect that you had jilted Frank Marvyn, and that it was too bad for you to flirt so."

"Oh, dear! I suppose because Frank Marvyn chose to force his presence upon me till I got tired of the sight of him, and encouraged Phil Dalande in sheer self-defense, it is something dreadful!"

"But could you not have given him to understand that his case was hopeless at the first?"

"To be sure; I might have turned to the gentleman and said, 'My dear Mr. Marvyn, I have a very kind disposition, and as I am a very charming person, and you may fall deeply in love with me, I wish to warn you to avoid my fascinating society, for I consider myself too much your superior to return your regard, if you do!'"

"It is not necessary to say anything, Annie," laughed her cousin. "Your manner should have repelled him."

"As if he could understand manner! Ugh! His oh-do-have-pity-upon-me-face is before me now."

"And this Phil Dalande—I suppose he is in a state of suspense by this time?"

"Oh, no; we understand each other perfectly.

He has too much sense to care for such a butterfly as I am. I suppose my intimacy with him strengthens the idea that I am a coquette, but what of that? When people are talking about me, they are not indulging their amiability over any one else."

"And how about George Sylvester?" pursued the other.

"How you do tease me, cos! One might as well be shut up in a cloister till marriageable age, and then brought out into market-place to the highest bidder, as to live in this enlightened age and feel obliged to accept the first one who offers. If we have not the privilege of choosing, we certainly ought to have the privilege of knowing those we accept. I was too much blame there, for I really wanted to like the man, but he showed such a jealous, exacting nature, that I was convinced he could never make me happy. His intellect and person are superior, and I have no doubt he would make nicely with some gentle, yielding creature; but I could not endure to see him look and act as if every word and glance belonged to him—even before he had asked the right to monopolize me. I'm sure I'm no coquette."

"Perhaps Thorne can find as many excuses for his conduct."

"Oh, no; he has the right to choose, you know; and after he has paid attention to one for awhile, off he goes after another, and I'm sure it is not because I refuse him."

"Take care, Annie! There is a lurking admiration in those words, spite of your condemnation. I am afraid if you act on my suggestion, that you will lose your heart instead of gaining his."

"Never fear, cos. Indeed, now I think I shall, if only to show you I am not so easily conquered." And with this resolution away went Annie.

Let us now take a peep at the subject of this discussion. He stood in a comfortable arm-chair, with his dressing-gown falling over a graceful form, and his hair thrown carelessly back from a white, expansive forehead, he seemed really such a very bad specimen of manhood. He has one habit, though, which, to say the least, is rather careless, that of thinking aloud. Listen:

"What a simpleton I was, though, to offer my precious self to her! I might have known that Cupid and vanity had not blinded me, what her answer would have been. I suppose by this time I have got her name on the back of a fan; but what is one to do? I'll not marry those I don't like; and if these I do like won't marry me, I'm not to blame. I must own that I like Annie, and that Emily Arne's affections! They give her credit for more heart and me less taste than she or I possess. If they only love soon, they'll make a fool of myself by proposing, how she laughed at my 'boyish fancy,' as she called it, 'in thinking myself in love with a woman quite twice as old as' him myself—time' in which to form four more as serious attachments as this'—and hear her assurance—when I, deeply indignant at her intimation of fickleness—that I did really care as much for her as I thought, I would have proposed, and would compares his wife with any of the women he ought to have married?' And then, when I assured her that time could not alter her affections, to hear her still incredulous tones as she said, 'She had not suspected this; and to end an interview that was becoming painful, she would state that she was already engaged.' And then to crown all, to see the ridiculous haste with which I left; I think they would transfer their pity, if they could. I'll not tell them! It's better to be known as a lady-killer than as a rejected one. I don't like to do so, but that others do is evident, though they do moralize to the contrary. Hugh-ho! I must do something to keep off the blues. I have it! I'll go ask that little witch, Annie Clarke, to have a drive with me! And it wouldn't be a bad idea to have a little flirtation there. It will divert my mind from Emily, and there'll be no love lost, for Annie is a coquette, if ever there was one."

On that afternoon "cos" entered Annie's room, crying:

"Annie, there is an opportunity for you; read this," handing her a note.

"Sure enough!" cried Annie, dancing round the room, with mischief sparkling in her eyes. "I wonder what he brought this about? I believe the fates are working it!"

No doubt of it, Annie," was the reply, as she assisted in adjusting the appearance of the pouting Annie as attractive as possible, and soon the gay pair were on their way for a ride.

Their road lay through a delightfully-shaded retreat, and as they talked of its quiet beauties their thoughts unconsciously took a deeper tone, and once the young man sighed, upon which he looked up quickly to see if his mischief-loving companion had overheard, and was ready to rally him upon it.

As he looked, they were passing a more open space, and the twilight just then cast some shadowing through the trees, and danced fitfully among Annie's golden-brown curls; and his questioning glance turned into one of admiration. She raised her eyes, and as she saw his expression, blushed, while she said:

"That was, of course, a pitying sigh for the weakness of those who indulge in sentiment, judging from your words a few minutes since."

"Please make allowance for many things I say, Annie."

"Of course, I shall," was the meaning rejoinder. "Everybody knows that Hal Thorne says and does unaccountable things."

He understood her.

"Do they? I am aware of it, and that 'everybody' is prejudiced."

"But they agree that they are done in a graceful manner."

"Now, Annie, I suppose you think my vanity is quite healed by that timely flattery?"

"To be sure! Like a skilful physician, I understood your case, and applied a medicine, which I hope you have taken, like a dutiful boy."

"Certainly. And in return I shall insist on your not protesting against 'open flattery,' as you set us the example."

"Oh, I'll agree not to protest against it; but bear in mind that that is not receiving it; and if not received, what good will it do to offer it?"

"I shall have the satisfaction of wishing to do a benevolent act, of course."

"Deeply thankful I am averse to flattery, after all, or you would not intimate that it was agreeable to me—don't go, now. Ah, I can read a disappearing, 'Annie,' for beautiful eyes with a roguish glance to his face.

"Never trust the eye, Annie. It can be schooled to flatter as well as words can."

"Can it? How can you to learn this, pray?"

"By practice, of course. Admire my frankness in admitting it."

"Oh, yes. I am ready to admire good qualities in any one."

"Thank you. We ought to be very good friends —having so many sentiments in common, if we have not the same opinions."

"Or the sensible. But here we are at home."

They parted, with the mutual wish expressed to meet again.

"I wonder," thought he, as he drove away, "why Annie blushed so? Was the spirit of coquetry working under that modest and retiring exterior? That blush and that glance into my eyes would lead one to think so. What glorious eyes she has! I wish I had those instead of the brave him.

"Well," thought Annie, "a favorable beginning, really! I wonder if he has decided upon a conquest or poor me in addition to the rest, that he discovered so evident a desire to cultivate my acquaintance. He has commenced sighing rather early, though, I think. However, he will be ready, or I'm not Annie Clark. A splendid flirtation."

He was mated, as will be seen.

But Annie and Hal had a splendid flirtation;" and for once people did not object. The gentlemen said:

"They were a well-matched pair"—wondered which would win in the "Game of Hearts" they were evidently playing with such zest, and all were thing that Annie Clark was appropriated by Thorne, as there was less danger of their being bewitched by her bright beauty. And so they each decided that Miss Annie was welcome to him. "They did not care to listen to his tender speeches, for his looks were so full of love that Girls' would not find pleasantly to either party," all of which comments, though they do remind us slightly of Hal's own thoughts, must be set down to poor human nature.

But Annie did not know how hard it was to refuse the unconscious homage of thought and feeling, and still be heart-free. All unconsciously to herself she would sigh in his presence, and if she caught herself sighing he was wise to appeared—sincere and noble—she would condemn herself for "silly sentimentality," as she called it.

"Rather mortifying, though," she would say, "to think how poorly I succeed. Here have I, who have been considered a coquette, failing to win all other admirers for this most worthy object, and am no nearer accomplishing it than at first, for aught I know, or can see. I wonder what I succeeded or not? Of course look and manner are under perfect control; and how should I know that he was not thinking words and not looks meant for effect? I have a good will to give up the idea after all, and be myself. Hal Thorne, Mrs. Grundy, and all, they say would decide wisely as usual that I was not to blame for his non-attendance. I wish I had thought of that before!"

She was saved the necessity of dropping him by his appearance on an evening shortly after.

"I have come to bid you 'Good by,'" he said; "I start in the early train to-morrow for New York. I have offered to take the management of a friend's affairs, and shall be gone some months, for I could not go without seeing you once more."

A sudden flush dyed her face as he spoke, leaving it very pale: but he did not see it, as her face was from the light. Her voice was quite calm, though low, as she replied:

"But is not this a sudden resolution? I shall miss you very much. But," assuming a light tone, "as it can't be helped, there's no use in being sad about it, is there? We shall see each other again, sometime; meanwhile, you will find some one more worthy, and I rose high hopes that I should be my attendant beau till you come back, and then we can renew our little flirtation, can't we? Indeed, it is not a very bad thing to have a real bond of change," she said, looking up with a bewitching smile.

His lips were compressed for a moment, and a pale, stern expression rested there; and then, in a light, gay tone, he said:

"To be sure—that is, if your changing fancy shall not have selected some one else ere that time."

"Do you think it possible for me to prefer another? You are modest."

"I am!" It was about what I possessed that desirable virtue. But I must away. Good-by, Annie."

"Good-by."

He held her hand a moment, looked searchingly in her face, and was gone. She did not observe the look, for all her powers were concentrated on control—in trying to seem what she was not; for the sharp pang of pain that nearly stopped the beating of her heart, at his first words—forced an unhappy truth upon her consciousness; and, as the door closed upon him, she abandoned herself to bitter thought.

"It was well for my pride," said Thorne to himself, as he walked away, "that her manner warned me not to commit myself. It has ended just as I feared. I did hope to prove that there was a little womanly feeling under that light exterior; but they are all equally heartless, and I—I am astonished at my own changeableness! That I did love the other sincerely, my feelings assured me; yet now Annie has entire possession of my senses! Oh, Annie, why have you no heart?"

The coldness of the air aroused him to the fact that he was giveless; and remembering that he had left them at Mrs. Clark's, he retraced his steps.

"I shall see her once more," he murmured; "but can I trust myself? I must. I cannot deny me that."

He re-entered the house with the freedom of old acquaintanceship, and, as he entered the parlor, heard a low, passionate voice, saying:

"And it has come to this! But he does not know it! I am sure he could suspect nothing! Annie, I love you, spite of all! What shall I do? what shall I do?"

And he saw Annie, with her head bent upon her hands, leaning forward down through her fingers.

"Come to me, darling, and let me comfort you," replied a tender voice, and Hal Thorne, bending over her, drew her bowed form within his arms.

She burst from him, and stood up with flashing eye.

"How dare you," she cried, "come here and steal away my secret from me? You learn my weakness, and dare to pity me!"

"Hear me, Annie," he said, gently detaining her, and drawing her again to him. "I have loved you long; but your manner taught me to guard my feelings. I came here this evening, received a note all cut, and in your nature. I had not much hope, and your manner chilled me. I went away, resolved never to see you again—and I am thankful for the accident which called me back. I had a wrong impression of you, as you doubtless had of me; but if you will trust your happiness in my keeping, I will strive to undo that impression. Will you, Annie? and am I forgiven?"

"You."

DON'T JUDGE FROM APPEARANCES.

"HALLOA, Limpy, the cars will start in a minute; hurry up, or we shall leave you behind."

The speaker was standing on a station at one of our Western railroads. The baggage-master was busy with checks. The men were hurrying to and fro with chests and heavy carpet-bags and trunks. Boys, women and children were rushing for the cars, and hastily securing seats, while the locomotive emitted its shrill whistle.

A man carelessly dressed was standing on the platform, as the call for "All aboard" was heard around him, and seemingly paid little attention to what was passing. He was easy to see that he was lame. At a hasty glance he might have been supposed that he was a cripple or neither wealth nor influence. The conductor gave him a contemptuous look, and swearing him familiarly on the shoulder, called out:

"Halloa, Limpy, better get aboard, or the cars will leave you behind."

"Time enough, I reckon," replied the individual, and he took out a large silver watch, and looked.

The last trunk was tumbled into the baggage-car, the last carpet-bag was thrown in. "Get on, Limpy," said he, as he passed the lame, carelessly-dressed man. The lame man made no reply.

The bell on the train was slowly moving away the lame man stepped on to the platform of the last car, and with much quickness and ease. The train had run only a few miles when the conductor appeared at the door of the car where our friend was sitting. Pausing along, he came to where the stranger whom he had seen at the station.

"Hand out your money here."

"I don't pay," replied the lame man, very quietly.

"Don't pay?"

"No, sir."

"Well see about that: I shall put you off at the next station, and you shall be seized like white man on the rack over the head of car-friend.

"You will not be so rough, young man," returned the stranger.

The conductor examined the carpet-bag for a moment, and finding that he could do no more than, passed on to collect the fare from the other passengers. As he stopped at a seat where two young men were sitting, he heard the conversation just mentioned locked up at the conductor, and one remarked:

"Do you know whom you were speaking to just now?"

"No, sir."

"That was Peter Warburton, the President of the road."

"Are you sure of that?" replied the conductor, trying to conceal his agitation.

"I know him well."

The color rose a little in the young man's face, but he said nothing, and passed on through the train, and collecting his fare as usual.

The conductor's face expression set quietly in his seat; none of those near him could unravel the expression of his face, but he was very quiet for the next succession of the scene. And he—of what thoughts he? He had been rudely treated by a man who unkindly sneered at his infirmity perhaps which had come through no fault of his. He could overlook that, but the fact that he—he—he'd the directors the simple truth, and the young man was put off the train in a place at once. Should he do it? Should he not?

Could he put why should he error? He knew what he was about. He knew that he was only doing his duty, and the questions he now held. When a little man, with a large head and a very powerful countenance, with many a rebuff. He had outlived those days of hardship and trouble, and had come to be one of the strongest roughnesses or hurts? Those who sat near him noticed a change in his face.

Presently the conductor came back. With a steady energy he walked up to Mr. Warburton's seat, and took his books from his pocket, the bank-bills, the tickets and the cash, and then he said, and laid them in Mr. Warburton's hand.

"Here, sir, place, sir," he said.

The President looked over the accounts for a moment, and nothing was said. Then he arose, and said:

"Sit down, sir; I would like to talk with you."

Then the conductor sat down, the President turned to him a face in which was no angry feeling, and spoke to him in an undertone:

"My young friend, I have no revengeful feelings to gratify in this matter; but you have been very impudent. Your manner, had it been thus to a stranger, would have been injurious to the interests of the company. I might tell them of this; but I will not. By doing so I should injure you out of your situation, and you might find it difficult to get another. But in future remember that no person is to be insulted in the cars, no matter what his appearance may be. Every person should be treated with civility. Take up your books, sir, and I shall not go out of what has passed. If you change your course, nothing that has happened shall injure you. Your situation is continued. Good morning, sir."

The train of cars swept on, as many a train has done before; but within it a human heart beat gratefully, and the purport of the lesson ran somewhat thus: Don't judge from appearances.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A FEMALE school-teacher, in her advertisement, stated that she was "complete mistress of her own house." If that is the case, she needn't consider old bachelor, "she can't ask too much for her services."

"HAVE you any lumbrikum for insects?" inquired a very modest young lady at a shopkeeper.

"Any what?"

"Any lumbrum bonnets."

"Any—you don't mean leghorn?"

The young lady was relieved by the proper nomenclature.

THE DIFFERENCE.

If fellows break into a house,
And steal the valuables they find,
And get off safely with the swag,
They're called "burglarious cracksmen."
If bankers do the self-same thing,
Which is larger scale,
And they get safely all the swag,
The said the bankers fail.

O'CONNELL, in addressing a jury, having exhausted every ordinary epithet of abuse, stopped for a word, and then added, "this scoundrelous ruffian." When afterward asked by his friends the meaning of this word, he answered he did not know, but said "he thought it sounded well."

"BUT, as I said before, we have proved to the satisfaction that cows have no tails. Is not that fallacy, there it is, and there will it remain forever; and all the logic in the world, my learned friend, can never efface it—can never wash it out. No, gentlemen; he may plant himself on the extreme verge of the planet Saturn, and plant the other on Arcturus, and seize the Pleiades by the tail with the other wing; but he cannot wash out that town line—never, never!"

As William drew his Susan near,
He whispered to his bride,
"Though queer it sounds, I love, my dear,
Your very dowdy ride."

AS a Scotch schoolmaster was employed one day in the delightful task of teaching a sharp urchin to cipher on the slate, the precocious pupil put the following question to his instructor: Wasna' da' a' the lasses gang till their day's outfield wi' them?"

"CHILDREN," said a considerate matron to her progeny, "you can have anything you want, but you must not want anything you can't have."

SOME people sprinkle their husbands with sweet words as they would sprinkle flowers on their pockets; just as people usually sprinkle the floor before sweeping.

THE more ill a man's luck is, the less likely it is to die.

THE cheapest of lawyers—keeping one's own counsel.

TRANSPORTED for life—the man who marries happily.

AN eloquent speaker is like a river—greatest when deepest.

WANTED to know—whether the volume of sound has yet been found.

ALL diseases spend, to us solemnly and alone—except the dinner-bell.

SHOOKING knowledge—personal acquaintance with a garrulous battery.

AN arch young lady should be an archer, for she can bend her bows as she pleases.

LARGE men are less quarrelsome than little ones. They can't afford to be touchy.

A PUBLIC speaker, like a hunting-dog, should give careful attention to his points.

FRENTICES says that every sea is full of life. He should have excepted the Dead Sea.

IT does not follow that Rome was built in a day because Romans are built so.

AN author, if an inveterate smoker, is expected to a combine-dog—puffing himself to death, and being puffed to death at last.

A COUNTRY paper speaks of a man who "died without the aid of a physician." Such instances of self-help are very rare.

ONE of the safest pieces of housing a dumbwaiter in an outhouse in motion, because it is furnished with a sideboard.

"DO you think me guilty of falsehood?" asked Mr. Knott of a gentleman he was addressing. "Sir, I would not like to say a word."

"AND ye have taken the tee-total pledge, have ye?" said somebody to an Irishman.

"Indade I have, an' shut me mouth on it either."

"And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?"

So he did; but many men is not Timothy, and there's nothing like a little water for many men.

AN old bachelor says that every woman is in the wrong until she cries—and then she is in the right instead.

LOVE, the toothache, smoke, a cough, and a light boot are things which cannot possibly be kept secret very long.

A YANKEE doctor recently got up a cure for hard cases. It consisted of an hour's hard labor, well worked in.

"WHAT is the matter of a man "being in advance of his age," but who ever heard of a woman being in advance of her age?

A LOVE-SICK young gentleman, who has taken very much of late to writing sonnets, has just hung himself in one of his own lines.

A MAN lately inquiring for letters at a country post-office, was told there was none, upon which he said, "Is there no newspaper directed to me in this place?"

IF a man is detected in an attempt to take a pint pot, is it to be proceeded against as an act of felony, or simply regarded as a strong desire for carrying out a measure?

A DANDY, wishing to be very accurate, said on rising on a balcony:

"You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?"

"Yes; jump in—jump in!"

"WOULD-BE gentleman, the other day, called at a post-office, and displayed his ignorance of natural history by asking for "pigeon-holes by letter, by requesting to be supplied with a stamped *ostrich!*"

INDIANS SPEARING STURGEON IN OREGON.

THE spearman stands in the bow of his boat, armed with a most formidable spear. The handle, from seventy to eighty feet long, is made of white pine wood; fitted on the spear-butt is a barbed point, in shape very much like a shuttlecock, supporting each feather represented by a piece of bone, thickly barbed, and very sharp at the end. This is so contrived that it will be easily detached from the long handle by a sharp, downward jerk. To this barbed contrivance a long line is made fast, which is carefully coiled away, close to the spearman, like the harpoon in a whale-boat.

The four canoes, alike equipped, are paddled into the centre of the stream, and side by side drift slowly down with the current, each spearman carefully looking down the bottom with his spear, constant practice having taught the crafty savages to know a sturgeon's back when the spear comes in contact with it. The spearhead touches the drowsy fish; a sharp plunge, and the prehistoric animal, the ancient pouna-fish, armor and cartilage, deep into the leather-like muscles. A skilful jerk from a long handle frees the barbed end, which remains inextricably fixed in the fish; the handle is thrown aside, the line seized, and the struggle begins. The first impulse is to resist this objectionable intrusion, so the angry sturgeon comes to the top to whirl it in the air, but is quickly secretly hauled by a second spear and crushed by a tomahawk. He is towed ashore, never seeing a flight, and the real excitement commences.

With might and main the bowman piles the paddles and the spearman pays out the line, which is passed through the water; the slightest tangle, the least hitch, and, to the poor, it becomes fatal, as sheer twine paddle serves fin. Twist and turn as the sturgeon may, all the canoes are with him. He flings himself out of the water, dashes through it, under it, and skims along the surface, all in a vain, he cannot shake off your; canoes follow all his efforts to escape, as a cat follows a mouse, knowingly the sturgeon grows weak, and tired, obstinately floating on the surface. The arrows known he is not vanquished, but will improve a chance for revenge; so he sputters up the line, and gathers quietly on him, to get another spear in. It is down and down viciously dives the sturgeon. But pain and weariness begin to tell, the struggles are weaker and weaker as the orbs slowly show, until the mighty armor-plated monarch of the river yields himself a captive to the dusky native in his frail canoe.

When you are depressed by the gaunticidal feeling of a diseased system, which needs to be cleansed and stimulated into healthful action, take a dose or two of AYER'S PILLS, and see how quick you will be restored for a smiling.

Barnum's New American Museum.

Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets. Could you Guess? A delightful resort, everywhere! Words weak and continued Success of Mr. G. L. FOX'S Great Pantomime, HARLEQUIN HUMPTY DUMPTY, MISS LILY FRANCOTTE, MR. G. L. FOX, and the full and efficient grand Pantomime Company, assisted by the unrivalled and unknown array of Novelties, at 2—Evening at 8, in the new and gorgeous Comic Pantomime, JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL, with Splendid Transformations, Lamplable Tricks, and Mirth-Inducing Absurdities. To be seen at Barnum's Museum of Curiosities, Wonders of Nature and Art. The CAROLINE TWINS, inseparably joined together in life's movement; Master Alley Turner, Infant Drummer; a Mammoth Child, three years old, weighing 300 lbs.; the Three Dwarfs; Giselowers; Circassian Girl; Two Nightgales; the Living Australian Bushman; Specimens of Nature Bodies; the African Vulture; the Alligator; living ORANG OUTANG from Borneo; the Two Monster LIVING MONKEYS, largest collection in America; Drag Dressed Bull; a Fawn; Living Serpents; Cosmorama, Learned Seal, Happy Family Wreath Queen, 100,000 Curiosities.

Admission, 30 cents, children under ten, 15 cents.

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS

may walk through infected districts without fear. "The life of the flesh is in the blood." To secure health we must USE BRANDRETH'S PILLS, because we cannot be sick but there unhealthy accumulation in the bowels or the blood, which Brandreth's Pills remove; this method is Nature's own nature, and is safe. Look at the TRUE OF TIME. See B. Brandreth in white letters in th Government stamp. Sold by all Druggists.

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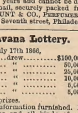
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 570—Vol. XXII.] NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1866. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00

A Rebel Victory.

An election for certain State and county officers has just taken place in Kentucky, and has resulted in the election of out-and-out rebels for every important position. In some cases, where the candidates were accused of not having been thoroughgoing traitors and active participants in the rebellion, they were obliged to bring evidence to show that the charge of sympathizing with the Union in its peril was groundless. The candidate for Judge in Daviess county pronounced the charge that he had been false to the rebel cause as "malicious, mean, and false." And he produced and published certificates from prominent rebels to prove that he had been a persistent and consistent traitor. He was, of course, elected.

The "victory" in Kentucky is claimed to be a "Democratic triumph," and the Democracy, or any other party, is welcome to any glory that may result from the humiliation of the Union cause. The notorious Vallandigham was one of the speakers on the successful side; and we are told that during his speech at Louisville he made references to McClellan, Buell, Lee, Johnston, Grant, and Sherman as being names that belonged to the nation in common. At the mention of the names of Lee and Johnston one wild and prolonged yell echoed through the house for at least five minutes, but at the mention of Grant and Sherman one universal strain of hisses rang out sharp and clear for the same length of time.

Well may the Louisville *Journal* deplore, in shame and sorrow, the disgraceful result in Kentucky. It says truly:

"Kentucky, and the



THE GREAT NATIONAL UNION CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA—THE SCENE ON GIRARD AVENUE, ADJOINING THE WIGWAM.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.—SEE PAGE 375.



HON. JAMES R. DOOLITTLE, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL UNION CONVENTION.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY & CO.



MAJOR-GEN. JOHN A. DIX, TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL UNION CONVENTION.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY & CO.

Southern people, and the Republic, will bitterly rue and deeply curse the unnatural and deplorable work of Monday. This Secession victory, with its concommitants and Memphis and New Orleans antecedents, will, in all human probability, lead to a train of events that will establish negro suffrage throughout the whole Southern States within two years and a half, or three years at furthest."

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl street, New York. Authors are requested to designate their manuscripts distinctly, and in communicating with us, to retain the original title.

Notice—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

The New Orleans Outrage.

For three weeks the country has stood aghast in view of the bloody doings of the 30th of July in New Orleans. An event of so terrible import as that which then took place cannot be passed over in silence in these columns. If we have abstained from comment or criticism, it has been from a desire to avoid any hasty or unjust conclusion as to the origin and purpose of the so-called riot, and above all, to be sure on whom its fearful responsibility must rest.

We have now before us the numerous, conflicting, partial and frequently exaggerated accounts of the affair that have found their way into print, and have faithfully and impartially analyzed them, educing what we believe to be the simple truth in the premises.

In the first place it must be understood that Louisiana is what is called in the somewhat vague political language of the day a "reconstructed" State. In other words, she has been assumed on all hands to have a regularly organized State Government, existing, vital and recognized, taking its origin in a Convention held in 1864, and which adopted a State constitution prohibitng slavery, etc., etc. That Convention was elected and held while some portions of the State were either under rebel control or influence, and its members were mainly, if not wholly, from the districts protected by the Union armies. There is no pretense that it represented the *whole* State, any more than that Gov. Pierpont was elected by the people of the whole of Virginia, or represents as Governor a majority of them. The Convention grew, as did Pierpont's Governorship, out of the exigencies of the times, when affairs were in an anomalous state, and was therefore somewhat anomalous in character. Not more so, however, than the State Government of Tennessee, which President Johnson assisted to organize. In times of war and commotion, it always happens that many things are done and accepted as final, which, at other times, would be deemed irregular and revolutionary, as, for instance, the erection of the State of West Virginia.

The Convention, from some or many motives, and among these probably the consciousness that it did not represent the *whole* State, and that its final action should not be taken until the whole State was represented in its body, instead of adjourning *sine die*, after forming a Constitution, adjourned to meet at the call of its presiding officer. The Convention also anticipated that, with the suppression of the rebellion, the General Government would impose some conditions to the rehabilitation of the States, which would require additional modifications of the Constitution. Rightly or wrongly, they considered it their duty to retain their hold on the work of their hands, with a view to its perfection, in consonance with anticipated changes of circumstances.

The legality or propriety of this reservation of its powers by the Convention, is a question on which men may honestly differ, and which would, probably, in due course, have come up for decision before the competent judicial tribunal. At any rate, the anticipations of the Convention were realized; Congress passed certain amendments of the Constitution, and made their acceptance a condition precedent to the admission of the representatives of the late rebel States in their body. The Convention was consequently called on to reassemble, and the Governor of the State, the legality of whose election has not been called in question, in order that the *whole* State might be represented in that body when it met, issued his warrant for the election of delegates in the districts not previously represented.

The Convention was to meet on the 30th of July.

Now what was the posture of affairs in New Orleans at that date? The city was as essentially in the hands of the rebels as at the date of its capture by Gen. Butler, with the exception that there was a small United States force stationed in its vicinity, and whose presence alone made the lives of Union men at all safe. The same blatant, blustering Mayor Munroe, who was Mayor at the time of the capture of the city, and whose offensive conduct after that event resulted in his close confinement in Fort Jackson, was again Mayor, by the votes of returned rebels. One of the most obnoxious of the generals in the Southern army was Sheriff; and the police was made up of men who had graduated in the rebel army.

These men, sustained by the whole rebel rabble of the city and State, resolved that the Convention should not meet, and the Mayor issued a proclamation against it, and undertaking to denounce it as "unlawful," proposed to "disperse" it, and to "hold its members accountable to existing municipal laws!" The astounding impudence of this Mayor is unparalleled even in the extraordinary history of rebel pretension! Who constituted him judge of a body elected lawfully, and to which not less than sixty members were to be added, under writs of election issued by the acknowledged Governor of the State? Not alone this, but the unrepentant and still insolent traitor, with the smell of the casemates of Fort Jackson still in his garments, and his heart full of the black blood of rebel hate, proposed not only to "disperse," but punish the body of men who framed the very constitution under which he lived and his State had an organized existence!

The purpose of the Mayor, however, was stayed by significant words addressed to him by Gen. Baird, commanding the Military Department of Louisiana, as follows:

"If these persons assemble, as you say is intended, it will be, I presume, in virtue of the universally conceded right of all loyal citizens to meet peaceably and discuss freely questions concerning their civil Governments, a right which is not restricted by the fact that the movement proposed might terminate in a change of existing institutions.

"If the assemblage in question has the legal right to remodel the State Government, it should be protected in so doing; if it has not, then its labors must be looked upon simply as a harmless pleasantry, to which no one ought to object. As to your conception of the duty imposed by your oath of office, I regret to differ from you entirely. I cannot understand how the Mayor of a city can undertake to decide so important and delicate a question as the legal authority upon which a Convention claiming to represent the people of an entire State bases its action.

"This, doubtless, will, in due time, be properly decided upon by the legal branch of the United States Government. At all events, the Governor of the State would seem to be more directly called upon to take the initiative in a step of this kind if it was proper and necessary."

Mr. Mayor Munroe understood well enough that this cool and carefully-worded response meant that he must neither "disperse the Convention, or hold its members accountable" to any interpretation of laws of his own; and it appears probable that after this the Convention would have met and peaceably transacted its business, on the legality of which, had it been called in question, the competent tribunals would have duly decided.

But, unfortunately, sadly for the country, there were in Washington, enjoying an easy access to the Presidential ear, a group of traitors as unrepentant, rancorous and unscrupulous as Munroe himself. One of them, named King, editor of the traitorous New Orleans *Times*, and another named Rozier, seem to have been active accomplices in Washington of the Mayor in New Orleans. What their representations to the President were, may be inferred from their dispatches, which will appear further on. They appear to have fully prepared him for a dispatch forwarded on the 27th by Lieutenant-Governor Voorhies, who telegraphed the President that in his belief "the agents of the law [*Munroe & Co.!*] would be prevented [*by the military*, see *extracts from Gen. Baird's letter*] from arresting members of this illegal assemblage unless *definitive instructions were received from Washington.*"

The answer to this dispatch was characterized by the traitorous *Times* as "prompt, clear and emphatic," and was as follows:

"Washington, July 28, 1866.

"Albert Voorhies, *Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana:*

"The military will be expected to sustain, and not interfere with the proceedings of the courts. A dispatch on the subject of the Convention was sent to Governor Wells this morning.

"Andrew Johnson."

The dispatch to Gov. Wells here referred to, and the reply to it were, as follows:

"Washington, July 28, 1866.

"*To His Excellency* Governor Wells:

"I have been advised that you have issued a proclamation convening the Convention elected in 1864. Please inform me under and by what authority this has been done, and by what authority this Convention can assume to represent the whole people of the State of Louisiana. Andrew Johnson."

"State of Louisiana,
"Executive Department, New Orleans,
"July 28, 1866.

"*To His Excellency* Andrew Johnson, *President of the United States:*

"Your telegram is received. I have not issued any order convening the Convention of 1864. The Convention was reconvened by the president of that body, by virtue of a resolution authorizing him to do so, and in that event for him to call on the proper officers of the State to issue writs of election for delegates in unrepresented parishes. My proclamation was issued in response to that call. As soon as vacancies can be ascertained they will be filled, and then the whole State will be represented in the Convention.

"J. Madison Wells, Governor."

Great was the elation of Mayor Munroe and his ruffian allies, as they proclaimed exultantly through the streets that "the President was with them," and that now the Convention should not meet. The Mayor at once proceeded to organize and arm his confederates under the name of "special police," and a contract was made by his tool, "the chief of police," with a firm formerly holding a contract with Jeff. Davis, to supply *him* with arms, to furnish the populace with pistols. Everything was made ready to commit the very deed of horror which was enacted on the 30th.

But there were still to get out of the way not only Gen. Baird but Gov. Wells, the acknowledged, lawful Governor of the State, (and so recognized by the President), and to whom *alone* belonged the right of "dispersing" any "unlawful assembly" seeking to overthrow or usurp the powers of the State. It was as imperative to set him aside as it was to bind and fetter Gen. Baird "by definitive instructions from Washington." How was this to be done?

It could be done only by one power, and by that only through the most startling assumptions. In the name of "the Law and the Constitution," and with an emphatic denunciation of "usurpation," the President of the United States suspended the functions of the lawful Governor of Louisiana, and conferred them on the Attorney-General of the State—a man holding his position under authority derived primarily from the very Convention which a petty Mayor undertook to pronounce "unlawful."

The dispatch of the President was as follows:

"Washington, July 30, 1866.

"*To* Andrew S. Herron, *Attorney-General of Louisiana:*

"You will call on Gen. Sheridan, or whoever may be in command, for sufficient force to sustain the civil authorities in suppressing all illegal or unlawful assemblies who usurp or assume to exercise any power or authority without first having obtained the consent of the people of the State. The people must be first consulted in changing the organized laws of the State. Usurpation will not be tolerated. The law and the Constitution must be sustained, and thereby peace and order. Andrew Johnson."

The delight with which the knowledge that this dispatch had been sent was received by the treasonable accomplices of Mayor Munroe may be inferred from the exultant telegrams sent by them to New Orleans:

"Washington, July 30—9.30 p.m.

"J. Ad. Rozier and myself had an interview with the President, according to appointment, at eight this evening. He read my dispatches from your city, and I found that he was fully informed in regard to the riot in New Orleans.

"An Executive order is now being made out, addressed to Attorney-General Herron, investing him with authority to put down all disturbances of the public peace, arrest all persons assuming to set up a new government, and to call upon the military, if necessary, to insure the execution of his orders. This is positive and entirely reliable. W. H. C. King."

"Washington, July 30, 1866.

"Judge J. N. Lee:

"Just called on the President with King, editor of the *Times*. The President will send a dispatch to the Attorney-General to put down all disturbances of the public peace, suppress any assemblage of persons getting up any pretended government, and call on the military authorities for aid.

"All right and bright. Publish this in *Times*.

"J. Ad. Rozier."

The conspirators took new courage under these cheering assurances, and perfected their half-abandoned plans. The Attorney-General, instead of calling on Gen. Baird to send into the city a force sufficient to prevent disturbance, as he was authorized to do by the President, lent himself to the schemes of the Mayor. To give the rioters ample time to accomplish their work without interruption, he falsely represented to Gen. Baird that the Convention would not meet until late in the afternoon—well knowing that the meditated murderous work would, meantime, be over.

The Convention met according to call, only to be wantonly assaulted, dispersed, and its members murdered, amid cheers for Jeff. Davis, and furtive displays of the rebel flag. The vengeance of the mob, organized and armed by the Mayor, was not limited to the white men comprising the Convention, but expanded into a general raid on the negroes, who were hunted and killed as if they were wolves, under every circumstance of atrocity. We refrain from copying all the horrible details, as given by witnesses, and limit ourselves to a few extracts from the New Orleans correspondence of the *Times* of this city, against which paper, in its new affiliations, no charge of partisan exaggeration can be made. It says:

"The affair commenced at 12:45, and, lasting three hours, ended at 3:45. It did not end until every negro and white man in the institute where the Convention met had been either killed or wounded and captured, with the exception of three or four whites. As there were over one hundred men of both classes in the building, and about fifty wounded outside, the total casualties will amount to one hundred and twenty-five, of whom fifty were killed or have since died from their wounds.

* * * * * *

"On Common, Baronne, Dryades, St. Charles, Rampart and Carondolet streets, freedmen were murdered by the police and the mob in cold blood. Standing in the door of the telegraph on Carondelet street, I saw about two hundred men chasing one negro along the sidewalk. Six policemen were nearest to him, and in advance of his pursuers. They emptied their revolvers into his back; and finally another one, when he was near enough to his victim to lay his hand on his shoulder, shot him in the head, and he fell dead in an alley. Another freedman, trying to escape from the institute, was climbing over a fence, when I saw him fall from a policeman's shot. As he struck the ground, at least a dozen police and rioters surrounded him and fired their pistols into his head and breast, at the same time pounding him with clubs and canes. The blood flowed from wounds in his scalp, covering his entire face; but they continued their brutal assault until he breathed his last, although he several times raised his feeble and wounded arms to gesticulate for the mercy his tongue could not ask for. I saw a white man draw a stiletto and strike it into the heart of a dying negro on Common street. The blood spurted out in great red jets, staining the murderer's clothing, face and hands. He got up and displayed the gory marks, as though they were proud emblems of a praiseworthy deed. These and other incidents which I saw, suffice to show you how the freedmen were treated in a majority of cases.

* * * * * *

"The police impressed the baggage-wagons of an express firm in this city to carry off the dead. One load, consisting of eight or ten bodies, had two living men at the bottom. They were wounded, and perhaps would have died; but they had life enough left in them to struggle for air. An eye-witness, whose name I can furnish, says that a policeman mounted the cart, and shoving his revolver down between the bodies on the top, killed the poor fellows, with one shot for each. The fiendish thirst for blood which seemed to possess some of the rioters was too brutal for even the imagination of a savage. Their eyes gleamed with it, and rolled in their sockets; their tongues protruded from their mouths, parched and shriveled, almost, and their voices grew husky from demoniac yells. I have no doubt but that some of the policemen and rioting whites were wounded by members of their own party, as some of them seemed possessed with a desire to shoot at human beings regardless of caste, color or sex. No females were hurt, that I know of. Houses were pillaged, but the outrages were mostly confined to the immediate vicinage of the institute. One man in a livery stable deliberately took up a rifle and killed a negro who ran through the door looking for a place of refuge.

"It is impossible to give you any more details than I have without going beyond the limits of my desire to furnish only authoritative statements. I saw with my own eyes almost everything that I have described, and have responsible witnesses for all the rest. I have not accepted any rumors; but as I was fortunately 'on the spot,' I am able to give you the facts."

The estimate made by this correspondent of the killed and wounded falls far below the truth. About one hundred were killed, and upward of two hundred wounded.

We have only to add the following extract from a private letter of a resident in New Orleans, who served with distinction in the rebel army during the war:

"The substance of my knowledge of the riot is that it was a premeditated affair, on the part of Munroe and his associates, to murder colored people, which they succeeded in doing to the number of one hundred killed and two hundred wounded."

Altogether the New Orleans outrage was only a repetition of the affair at Memphis, in which forty-six negroes and two whites were killed, seventy-five wounded, and four churches, twelve school-houses and one hundred cabins burned.

Reflecting, Christian people in the South should see to it that affairs like those of New Orleans and Memphis be not repeated; and that malignants like Munroe never again be entrusted with power. And above all, it behooves those in authority, from the President downward, to see to it that no act or language of theirs shall be used or abused to foment or give color to crimes unparalleled in atrocity by the blackest acts of the French Revolution.

Canada.

It is no new thing for persons who disclaim desires which the world persists in attributing to them, to be told that "the grapes are sour." Energetic protests of indifference are regarded as a species of hypocrisy, and it is as hard to prove your disinterestedness as it is in logic to prove a negative. The position is worse when your antagonists have some show of reason on their side; when, for example, the object which, they insist, is the secret but unavowed desire of your heart, has, on a superficial view, some great advantages in itself, but is placed beyond your reach by some obstacles not easy to overcome. In that case, the very earnestness of the disclaimer is but another proof, not of the absence of such aspirations, but of the intensity of the desire to conceal them. Your moderation may be praised, but it is at the expense of your sincerity.

Under such circumstances, the only appeal from words which are discredited, is to a consistent course of conduct, of which the intent and meaning cannot be doubted; and this is, we conceive, at the present moment, very much the position of the United States toward Canada. Our detractors persist in crying aloud that we, as a nation, are bent on territorial aggrandizement, and our absorption of the great West is pointed out as a proof of an omniverous appetite. They argue, that if Idaho, Utah, and the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, are of value to us, so much the more should we prize a fertile territory lying on our northern frontier, through which runs the great river that is the natural outlet to our North-Western States.

As evidence of our intolerance of neighbors who are not of our own political family, the old story of Texas is trumped up; while as to our restlessness and desire to meddle with the affairs of other people who chance to live near us, we are gravely told that Lopez and other filibusters only represented national cravings which it was the policy of the Government to disown, at least for a time. If we answer that such arguments are inconclusive, because the analogies on which they are based are incomplete, and that such assumptions as to national character and tendencies are not warranted, being only founded on the acts of a few lawless individuals, such as always hang on the outskirts of all large societies, we are still met with an airy sort of assertion that all this may be very true, but that it is very well known to the world that, in spite of the assumed indifference of the United States, they have an intense longing for the acquisition of Canada. We should feel inclined to protest against such accusations, if it were worth while; but, as we said before, there are certain circumstances in which protests are of no use, and this is one of them. Yet, if it were possible, we should like to convince our half-brothers on the other side

of the lakes that, if the people of the United States have any feelings at all about Canada, they are certainly not those of covetousness of her territory. We have that kind of regard for them, that we should like to be able to restore to them their usual tranquility, which the Fenian disturbances interfered with so sadly.

Having been hastily, and we must say, rather cruelly roused from their normal state of inactivity, we are afraid our semi-somnolent neighbors magnify into an enemy every phenomenon they observe in our social or political world. We should like to be able to lull their fears, and to demonstrate to them the fact that little that goes on in the United States has any reference, either immediate or contingent, to the narrow strip of cultivated land skirting the northern sides of our lakes. It might scarcely be kind to the Canadians to desire a full return of their lethargic habits, but while they are aroused, they may pardon us for wishing they would be more observant than heretofore of what the rest of the world is doing. There are interests superior to theirs, which occupy the attention of mankind.

As a nation, we have almost reached that desirable point when the praise or blame of others ceases to affect us. So long as we know we are right, we can see with indifference our manners and actions derided, and our motives misunderstood, confident that in the not far-distant future full justice will be done to us. Our enemies had persistently accused us of a restlessnsss, or what phrenologists call, acquisitiveness, which made us very unpleasant, if not dangerous neighbors. They would not understand the difference between our fencing in the unappropriated lands of the West, and seizing territory and population together, as is now the fashion in Europe. Perhaps we shall be better understood a few years hence. If the late war has taught us our strength, it has also shown our magnanimity. Surely, in face of the proceedings in Europe, the taunt against us of removing "our neighbors' landmarks," must lose its sting. If Canada had been of the slightest value to us, we had received provocation enough to have seized it; or if we had not disdained to employ the arts taught to the world by the nephew of his uncle, there was room enough in the late disturbed condition of the province to have done toward it what France did to Savoy and Nice, and probably with no greater subsequent trouble. But we do not want Canada, and the sooner the Canadians know and appreciate the fact, the better it will be for them. Within our own possessions we have room for carving out many more States, so rich in mineral and agricultural wealth, that Canada is a desert compared to them. Emigration will not flow to a country sealed up by ice for six months in the year—it flows toward us, and thrives in the genial homes we can offer. What do we want with the fringe of the Arctic zone, while the riches and comforts of the Temperate zone are at our command?

And even supposing that, for other reasons, the possession of Canada were a geographical necessity for us, we do not want the Canadians also. In some respects, it is rather a misfortune than otherwise that we speak a common language. There is, therefore, no tone of speech or shade of expression such as they habitually use to convey their assumed superiority over us which our ears are not quick to catch. If we do not resent the silly airs these provincials give themselves, it is because we regard them with the indulgence granted by a metropolis to cousins from a cathedral city, or society to the sons of bishops. Their affectations are looked upon as the misfortunes of their birth and breeding, and it is hoped that time and the cessation of the benighting influence they were born under will work their cure. But we do not want political affiliation with populations all of whose prejudices are opposed to ours, and whose manners and social habits are totally dissimilar to our own. Perhaps in these respects they may be our superiors. We are not going to dispute the point—it is a matter of too great unconcern; all we know is, that radical differences exist, and we will not be annoyed by too close an intercourse with people who give themselves airs. If the Canadians should choose to leave their hyperborean abodes and emigrate to some of our fertile Territories, their deserted lands—except in some favored spots in the Upper Province—would lapse into primitive barbarism, or be frequented only by the sportsman or tourist; and the only inducement the United States could have to assume supremacy of the region, would be to guard the mouth of the St. Lawrence on the north, in the same manner and with the same design as the Mississippi is guarded on the south.

Let our Canadian friends, then, resign themselves to their unhappy fate. They cannot enter into our society. They can scarcely agree among themselves. They are barely tolerated by the mother country, to whom they are a nuisance and an expense. They are the Switzerland of this continent—not worth dividing, and not worth quarreling about, and they preserve their independence simply on condition of their good behavior. The theory of gravitation, applied to politics, assumes that the larger bodies attract and absorb the smaller; but if metaphors may be used as arguments, it must be remembered that centripetal motion is opposed by the centrifugal, and that while large bodies, in their revolutions, attract other and lighter bodies to themselves, they, at the same time, repel those lying on the edge, as it were, of their orbits. The United States cannot fail to influence all the nationalities surrounding it. While some are drawn in and absorbed, others may be repelled, and it is those most distant by associations and education who will suffer this latter unhappy fate. The moral of this the Canadians may lay to their hearts.

IN "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary at the Confederate Capital," just published by Lippincott & Co., we have some curious glimpses of men and things in the "burst up" Confederacy. The War Clerk deplores the loss of some of his papers, and says: "Among them are some of the veto messages of President Tyler, and many letters from him, Gov. Wise, etc. With the latter I had a correspondence in 1856, showing that this blow would probably have been struck then, if Fremont had been elected." Jones, it should be explained, was organ-grinder to Tyler when that worthy Johnsonized from the Whig party. At the opening of '65 the difficulty of finding recruits caused Davis to turn his attention to the proposal for black soldiers. "The proposition," runs the diary, Jan. 1, 1865, "to organize an army of negroes gains friends, because the owners of the slaves are no longer willing to fight themselves; at least, they are not as 'eager for the fray' as they were in 1861; and the armies must be replenished, or else the slaves will certainly be lost." For months before the date of this last entry the mean whites had imitated the superior classes in shirking their military obligations, and, in some cases, recruits were actually brought *in chains* to Gen. Lee. On the 10th of April, 1864, the writer says: "To-day I saw two conscripts from Western Virginia conducted to the cars (going to Lee's army) *in chains*. It made a chill shoot through my breast."

THE spirit of Union is breaking down all party and sectional lines in Northern and even Southern Germany. The late Minister of State, Baron Von Roggenbach, has written to Bismarck: "I can have no hesitation in offering you my services, provided the work—the unity of Germany—is carried out with a high hand." The invitation by the Emperor of Austria to Napoleon to intervene in a German quarrel is considered a treachery, and in Bavaria, Baden, and Wurtemburg, the middle class now declares that Prussia is the only honestly German Power. This feeling is also perceptible, we are told, in Vienna, where men by no means too Liberal declare that they have been taxed and oppressed for fifty years only to ask the grace of the Frenchman at last. "Adhesions" from the South are constantly reaching Berlin, and even the Viennese at last realize that they are to be turned out of Germany, and writhe under the prospect of Slavonic ascendancy.

THE whole number of pedestrian visitors to the Central Park for the year 1865, was 3,219,000; the number of equestrians, 98,300; of carriages, 1,425,000.

"THERE is no Abraham Lincoln now!" was Mr. Vallandigham's exultant exclamation, when stumping Kentucky on behalf of the rebel ticket, recently elected. And the red-handed mob which he addressed shouted a gleeful response.

TOWN GOSSIP.

SIRIUS is a very benignant deity this year, commiserating our poor mortality and withholding the usual rigors of his reign. He has thrown aside his fiery apparal and put on robes of a subdued cast, whereat we, who have been accustomed to class the dog-days among the *dies iræ* of one's experience, takes courage, and as we find the summer gently passing away, feel that one's lot is by no means an unenviable one. Such charming summer weather as has been vouchsafed to us during this month of August is a rarity worthy of especial remark, and city and country alike rejoice in its invigorating salubrity.

The police of our city have made a general and successful raid upon the pickpockets and other gentry, who live by their wits, and disregard most scrupulously the eighth precept of the decalogue, conferring upon them the distinguished honor of soliciting their photographs, as memorials of a past acquaintanceship, and showing them many other attentions which honest men never receive. Whether or not such efforts will expose all the rogues with whom our city is burdened, is questionable, since there are certain official persons that are proof against the prying eyes of the most astute policeman, and, as tax-payers know to their cost, certain methods of manipulating contracts and jobs for the benefit of interested parties, not quite in accordance with the requirements of honesty. But then this is a fast age, and one of its most prominent features is the propensity to accumulate rapidly, and regard ends, rather than the means by which those ends are obtained.

London is now, practically, nearer New York than Albany was twenty years ago, and our morning papers greet us with dispatches from England and the Continent, dated on the preceding evening. Thus far the great cable is a grand success, and even cavilers are silent, and doubtless convinced. The great problem of science has been solved—henceforward the whole world is to be brought into constant and instant communication. There may be temporary interruptions, but the gravest difficulties have been overcome, and hereafter only trivial details are to be taken into account. When Solomon had completed his investigations and recorded his experience, he complacently declared "there is nothing new under the sun;" but if the Jewish King were living in the nineteenth century, he most likely would modify his opinions, or at least express them less confidently. Things never dreamed of in his philosophy are now current facts, and a wealth of knowledge, compared with which his attainments were poverty, is the common heritage. Without disparaging the wise man, it is, perhaps, not too much to say that, in all that relates to physical law and fact, and the application of natural forces to human wants, the present age is incomparably superior to any preceding one, and the masses are now wiser than the most favored ones in former times.

The old egotism, "*Aut Cæsar aut nullus*," is especially applicable to the American people in all their political movements, which invariably are inaugurated in Conventions. Probably these gatherings are the legitimate successors of the grand pow-wows the red men were accustomed to hold before engaging in any important enterprise; at all events, it is convention or nothing with our politicians, and, whether they wish to nominate a President or select a borough constable, they must meet in grand conclave, with all the paraphernalia of speeches, resolutions, etc., that constitute the staple of such gatherings. Thus it is that, during the last week, Philadelphia has been the grand rallying-point of patriotic delegates from all parts of the land, who have promised themselves and their constituents that a Convention would be the great panacea for national disorders, would encourage the President, by endorsing and sustaining his policy, and harmonize and unify the feelings that sectional discords and jealousies had disturbed and embittered. Some anticipated a stormy session, and some a riot, but such forebodings of evil have, happily, been disappointed. The Convention met, did its work and adjourned, with no more disorder than inevitably attends any large gathering, and its record is now before the country, either to shape the policy of the future, or else to show how futile are all schemes that do not accord with the popular will and enlist the popular sympathy.

The watering-places have been less crowded this season than they usually are, but their attractions have not been diminished; and all diversions that occupy the attention of such resorts have been regularly presented. The Continental Hotel, at Long Branch, so well-known to the frequenters of that favorite retreat, gave a fine entertainment a week ago, which was largely attended and well managed, the hotel band furnishing the music; and on Friday last a grand ball came off at the same hotel, which was the crowning effort of the season, and gave unbounded satisfaction to the devotees of Terpsichore and the guests and patrons of the establishment.

In the way of amusements in the city there is little of which to make note. Bryant still reigns at Wallack's; the "Ice Witch" attracts the the patrons of the Olympic; the Hanlon Brothers are exhibiting their feats at Wood's; but active preparations are making for the fall campaign, and very soon we shall have presentations worthy the name.

Mr. Draper, who some time since gave a very pleasant season of English opera, intends next week to repeat his effort, and, with a new troupe, to present some of the pieces that before gave so much satisfaction.

Great preparations are being made by Mr. Grau at the new French Theatre, for the reception of the great *tragedienne*, Madame Adelaide Ristori, who is expected in this country about the middle of September. The sensation created throughout the country by the mere mention of the distinguished *artiste's* name, is universal.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE "NATIONAL UNION CONVENTION."

The Convention held in Philadelphia, August 14–16, adopted the subjoined "Platform":

The National Union Convention, now assembled in the City of Philadelphia, composed of delegates from every State and Territory in the Union, admonished by the solemn lessons which, for the last five years, it has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the universe to give to the American people; profoundly grateful for the return of peace, desirous, as are a large majority of their countrymen, in all sincerity, to forget and forgive the past revering the Constitution as it comes to us from our ancestors, regarding the Union, in its restoration, as more sacred than ever, looking with deep anxiety into the future as of instant and continuing trial, here issues and proclaims the following declaration of principles and purposes on which they have with perfect unanimity agreed:

1st. We hail with gratitude to Almighty God the end of war and the return of peace to an afflicted and beloved land.

2d. The war just closed has maintained the authority of the Constitution with all the powers which it confers, and all the restrictions which it imposes upon the General Government unabridged and unaltered, and it has preserved the Union with the equal rights, dignity and authority of the States perfect and unimpaired.

3d. Representation in the Congress of the United States and in the Electoral College is a right recognized by the Constitution as abiding in every State, and as a duty imposed upon its people, fundamental in its nature and essential to the existence of our republican institutions, and neither Congress nor the General Government has any authority or power to deny this right to any, or withhold its enjoyment under the Constitution from the people thereof.

4th. We call upon the people of the United States to elect to Congress as members thereof none but men who admit this fundamental right of representation, and who will receive to seats their loyal representatives from every State in allegiance to the United States, subject to the constitutional right of each House to judge of the election returns and qualifications of its own members.

5th. The Constitution of the United States and the laws made in pursuance thereof are the supreme law of the land, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. All the powers not conferred by the Constitution upon the General Government now prohibited by it to the States are reserved to the States or the people thereof, and among the rights thus reserved to the States is the right to prescribe qualifications for the elective franchise therein, which right Congress cannot interfere with. No State or convention of States has the right to withdraw from the Union, or to exclude, through their actions in Congress or otherwise, any State or States from the Union. The union of these States is pepetual.

6th. Such amendments to the Constitution of the United States may be made by the people thereof as they may deem expedient, but only in the mode pointed out by its resolution, and in proposing such amendments, whether by Congress or a Convention, and in ratifying the same, all the States of the Union have an equal and an indefeasible right to a voice and a vote thereon.

7th. Slavery is abolished and forever prohibited, and there is neither desire nor purpose on the part of the Southern States that it should ever be re-established upon the soil or within the jurisdiction of the United States, and the enfranchised slaves in all the States of the Union should receive, in common with all their inhabitants, equal protection in every right of person and property.

8th. While we regard as utterly invalid, and never to be assumed or made of binding force, any obligation incurred or undertaken in making war against the United States, we hold the debt of the nation to be sacred and inviolable, and we proclaim our purpose in discharging this, as in performing all other national obligations, to maintain unimpaired and unimpeached the honor and the faith of the Republic.

9th. It is the duty of the National Government to recognize the services of the Federal soldiers and sailors in the contest just closed by meeting promptly and fully all their just and rightful claims for the services they have rendered the nation, and by extending to those of them who have survived, and to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen, the most generous and considerate care.

10th. In Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, who in his great office has proved steadfast in his devotion to the Constitution, the laws, and interests of his country, unmoved by persecutions and undeserved reproach, having faith immeasurably in the people and in the principles of the Government, we recognize a Chief Magistrate worthy of the nation and equal to the great crisis upon which his lot is cast, and we tender to him, in the discharge of his high and responsible duties, our profound respect, and assurance of our cordial and sincere support.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—On the 1st instant the city poundkeeper had been at work for about six weeks and had drowned 3,600 dogs—one hundred a day. The largest proportion of the business was done in the beginning of the dog season. The pound was opened on the 18th of June.

—— The most extraordinary instance of patience on record in modern times is that of an Illinois judge, who listened for two days while a couple of wordy attorneys were contending about the construction of an act of the Legislature, and then ended the discussion by quietly remarking: "Gentlemen, the law is repealed."

—— The exports of petroleum from this country to Europe are rapidly increasing. The following statement shows the comparative exports to foreign countries in 1865 and 1866, up to the 3d instant:

	1865. Gallons.	1866. Gallons.
From New York, - - -	5,281,937	16,088,288
From Philadelphia, - -	1,621,777	12,043,214
From Baltimore, - - -	348,925	1,182,648
From Boston, - - -	463,453	869,997
Total, - - - -	7,716,092	30,184,142

It will be seen that in 1866 the exports are four times as large as during the preceding year.

—— The Treasury Department is overrun with applications for bounty under the late provision of Congress, but nothing can be done with these claims for several months, except to file them. The carrying out of the act demands an elaborate preparation, and soldiers can gain nothing by crowding the business. In fact, the Department has not even issued a form of application, and it is probable that most of the claims already presented will be returned to the parties for revision.

—— While some workmen were repairing the dam just above the Genesee Falls, at Rochester, on Tuesday last, a temporary dam, constructed to aid the main work, gave way. One man was swept over the "Middle Falls" and drowned. Another was wedged in between the head gates and the *debris* of the dam, and it was over an hour before he was extricated from his perilous position. Another man was swept under the head gates into the race, and came near drowning. One man who was swept over the dam caught hold of a timber on the edge of the Falls and was saved.

—— The Denver *News* announces that a new daily line of stage coaches is to be put on the Smoky Hill route immediately. The road is now being stocked, and the coaches will commence running about the 1st of September.

—— Favorable accounts have been received from the western portion of the country with regard to the disposition which is manifested in connection with a fair representation of its industrial and producing facilities at the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

—— The granite arch at Plymouth, over the place where the Pilgrims first landed, which is to be twenty-five feet high when finished, has stopped at twelve feet, the funds being exhausted.

—— In Central Georgia thousands of freedmen are agitating the question of immediate emigration to Liberia. This spirit was said to be rife among them at their late demonstration in Macon.

—— Several young men who left Springfield, Mass., in April last, for Montana, have returned, impressed with the idea that that golden Territory is not all their fancy painted it. They visited eleven different mines, lost a round sum by the trip, and finally concluded that home was the best place for them.

—— Walter Brown, of Portland, Maine, has accepted Joshua Ward's challenge to a single scull race for $2,000 or $3,000 a side, with the provision that the contest take place at Portland or New York, and not at Newburg, N. Y., as Ward proposed.

—— The excellent prospects of the cranberry crops throughout South Jersey, the present year, are so encouraging that double the number of acres will be placed under cultivation next year. The company which was recently formed for that purpose express themselves well satisfied with the fact that the soil in South Jersey is admirably calculated for producing abundant crops of these valuable berries.

—— The Chicago papers, now that the cholera has fairly made its appearance in that city, assert that the disease has prevailed there ever since the early part of June, but that the physicians, to avoid creating a panic, have called it by a milder name. The condition of the river, which has become a stagnant bayou at that point, is assigned as a principal cause of the violent outbreak of the pestilence.

—— There is a party of thirteen theological students from Andover, camped out on the beach at Rain Island, Sippican Harbor, Marion, Mass. They have five A tents, blankets and commissary stores, a sailboat at their disposal, and an accomplished skipper, who acts in the capacities of cook, fisherman and pilot. They say they are enjoying themselves better than people at the fashionable watering-places.

—— Mr. Charles T. Willard, a well-known photographer of Philadelphia, met with a sudden death on Friday. He was passing along Fifth street, in that city, when he accidentally fell into a deep cellar, recently excavated. Mr. Willard was the inventor of ciphers for telegraphing, which were used in the army during the war.

Foreign.—Letters recently received from Australia announce the arrival at Melbourne of one hundred thousand salmon, sea and brown trout ova, forty per cent. of which were hatching in the breeding ponds of the river Plenty in Tasmania. It is also stated that at least two thousand salmon fry, varying in length from nine inches to twelve inches, had left the fresh water and gone to sea, and that four hundred brown trout, about twelve inches long, the produce of the ova shipped in January, 1865, are thriving in ponds.

—— France possesses 61 regular theatrical companies; England, 37; Austria, 34; Prussia, 32; Italy, 24; and Russia, 15. The towns which have the most theatres are Paris, which has 40; London, 26; Naples and Milan, 13 each; Rome, Brussels and Turin, 10; Berlin, Vienna and Florence, 9 (this comprises the concert-rooms of Vienna); Madrid, Venice and Genoa, 8; Seville, 4; Lisbon, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Bologna and Verona, 5. There are in Europe 1,480 theatres, although there are only 298 distinct companies. Out of these 4 only belong to Greece, 4 to Turkey, 3 to Roumania and 1 to Servia.

—— Ten years ago there were but eight Lutheran ministers in Paris, and only four Lutheran churches. Now the number of ministers is twenty-one, and they have under their charge fourteen churches and chapels. Vast numbers of German laborers have been attracted to Paris within a few years, and the whole population has been rapidly increasing. The French Government, at its own expense, has recently erected a fine church for the Lutherans, and has legally transferred it to their use.

—— The silver plate belonging to the royal family of Saxony, which has been sent to Prague, weighs thirty tuns, and the crown jewels ten tuns. Most of the contents of the "Grüne Gewölbe" has been sent to Munich.

—— It is officially stated that the total number of ejectments in Ireland for the last six years was 3,129 in the superior courts, giving an average of 521 a year. In the county and borough courts the aggregate numbers were: for non-payment, 22,910; and for over holding, 11,125; the yearly average being 5,672. There were 95 replevins, against 6,198 annual ejectments, or one in 95.

—— It is said that Prince Christian, who has just married Helena, Victoria's daughter, has induced the royal family to withdraw the prohibitions against smoking in Windsor Castle, and that the Queen has directed the architect of Balmoral to build a smoking-room in the royal residence in the Highlands.

—— A Calcutta letter says the misery and ruin caused by the stoppage of Agra and Masterman's Bank in England promises to be greater than in 1830 and 1832, when the six great houses of Calcutta failed for £15,000,000, and paid only twenty-five per cent.



MR. SETH GREEN'S TROUT PONDS, ON SPAWN CREEK, NEAR MUMFORD, MONROE CO., N. Y.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. B. BARKER, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ARTIFICIAL PROPACATION OF TROUT.

THE fact is now fully established that we can raise fish as readily as we raise cattle and sheep, and that a little outlay of care and attention will provide us abundantly with this delicious kind of food. In France, for some years, the propagation of different varieties of the finny tribe has been attended with marked success, proving, conclusively, that ponds and rivers, properly stocked with spawn, would soon teem with millions of young fish, which, if protected, would rapidly attain growth and perfection. And as the demand for the nutriment of the water as an article of food is constantly increasing, the profitable character of this branch of industry especially commends it to attention. Hitherto we have had little need in this country to

SPAWN AND YOUNG TROUT.

to such means for gaining our supplies; our numerous rivers and lakes teem with life, affording us an easy variety and abundance of their treasures, while every little stream tempts the angler and rewards his effort.

There is one variety of fish, however, so delicious as food, and so much sought after as game by the sportsman, that it has entirely disappeared from many of our streams, and would soon become extinct. This is the brook-trout, the delight of every disciple of Izaak Walton, and the gem of the spicure. To the artificial culture of this beautiful and delicious fish attention has been particularly turned, and with the most flattering results. It has been found entirely practicable to stock our streams, under certain conditions, with an ever-increasing supply, and henceforward the raising of fish will become an important element of industry. Streams in which the fish already exist may thus be bountifully stocked, or they may be introduced into waters where they never before were found, since the spawn can be carried safely from place to place, any required distance; and any person who chooses to construct a pond may thus fill it with fish in a very short time.

Our illustrations on this page show some of the features of piesciculture as practiced by Mr. Seth Green, of Mumford, N. Y., whose skill must now give him a national reputation, and whose ponds are the most extensive in the country.

The most prolific trout stream within our knowledge is the Caledonia Spring. For fifty years it has been the resort of the angler; day and night the sportsman pursues his finny game along its banks, and yet the supply seems rather to increase than diminish. This celebrated trout brook rises from the rocks in the village of Caledonia, Livingston county, New York. Its whole length is but one mile, when it unites with Allen's Creek, one of the tributaries of the Genesee, in the village of Mumford. The stream falls about fifty feet, from the springs to its junction with Allen's Creek. The country is thickly settled, and one of the richest and best farming towns in the State. The surface of the land is quite level, with banks but little above the surface of the water.

The bottom of the stream is covered with small white shells and gravel. The water is clear, pure, and perfectly transparent, so that any object can be seen for three or four rods very distinctly. It is tinctured with lime and sulphur. Its temperature at the spring is forty-eight degrees the whole year round, but down the stream three-quarters of a mile it rises in the hottest days i summer, to fifty-eight degrees by night, but is down in the morning to fifty-two. In winter it settles sometimes to forty-three, but generally keeps up to forty-five or forty-six. The temperature of the water in Allen's Creek is very even the year round, but very cold in summer and quite warm in winter, never freezing the very coldest weather. The water through the whole length of the creek, as well as every stone, stick, weed and blade of grass, is alive and literally covered with numerous insects and larvæ of flies summer and winter, so that the trout, however numerous they are, easily obtain all the food they want all times of the year. Mr. Green has purchased this stream, and constructed his ponds upon it.

HATCHING TROUGHS.

The pond containing the largest fish and principal spawners was first constructed. A strong volume of water passes through it from the main stream, the quantity received and discharged being so regulated that there is no danger of overflowing. It enters under a wheel, which is so exactly fitted to the place that not the smallest fish can escape, and maintains a regular motion. This pond is seventy-five feet long, twelve feet wide, and four or five feet deep. Mr. Green's custom is ever the lower end of this pond, which affords shade and a hiding-place for the trout when they choose to retire from view. There are from eight to ten thousand fish in this pond, and water enough for fifty times the number. A great deal of feed passes to them from the stream, but they are fed every day with fresh meat, chopped fine, and it is exciting to see the vast multitude dart to the surface as they see the coveted particles descending.

Fig. 1 represents a single egg as it leaves the female trout; it is almost a clear white, with the exception of a small dark spot in the centre. Fig. 2 shows a small dark line across the egg—the embryo fish. Fig. 3 shows the young fry after it has broken its scales. Fig. 4 shows the fish at a more advanced stage, the sac being much smaller, having been nearly absorbed; and Fig. 5 represents the fish after the entire disappearance (by absorption) of the sac. At this stage it begins to feed, and grows very rapidly under favorable circumstances—that is, in pure spring water of the right temperature, and with plenty of food. The latter is the first thing sought for by the young fish, and the habit or instinct thus early developed strengthens and remains until extinguished with life.

The reader can judge of the rapid growth of trout by comparing Fig. 6 with the cut representing a two-year-

WHEEL BY WHICH THE SUPPLY OF WATER IS REGULATED, AND THE FISH PREVENTED FROM ESCAPING

old on this page. The trout produces from two hundred to two thousand spawn, each according to their size and age. After obtaining the spawn, it is placed in the hatching-troughs, which are covered by a suitable house, to screen the young trout from the glare of the sun, and protect them from storms of hail, that might in a moment destroy thousands of them, and from a heavy fall of rain, that would wash them from the troughs where they are kept several weeks after hatching.

Mr. Green's troughs are three in number: The water is brought from the main stream through bored logs and received into a tank (A), six feet long, two feet eight inches wide, and a foot and a half deep, entering at B, from whence it passes through six strainers (c c c c c).

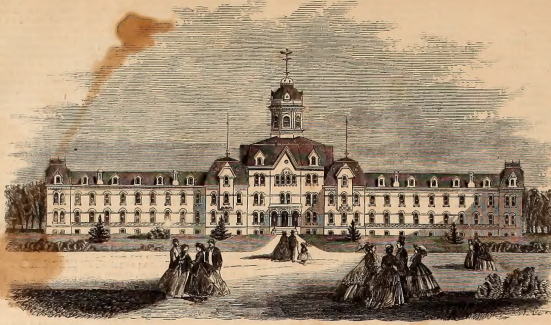
At D it passes into the trough E, running entirely across the end of the house, and from thence by small gates (which are regulated at pleasure to increase or diminish the flow of water) it passes into the several hatching-troughs (F F F). These troughs are subdivided, or rather, two are placed together, and between them are passages (H H) for conveniently distributing the spawn, inspecting the operation of hatching, and feeding the young fish. It will be observed that the troughs are partitioned into small squares. By this arrangement the force of the current is checked at each bar, and the trout are prevented from huddling in a mass and becoming suffocated.



A TWO-YEAR OLD TROUT—FULL SIZE.

The space (*f*) on one side is a platform, having a sluice and the various conveniences for feeding, etc. At one end (*f*) is a pond eighteen feet square, with about two feet depth of water. If by any means trout escape from the troughs, they cannot get beyond this pond, and the room is ample for keeping millions until they are two or three inches long. From this pond the water passes at K into the main stream.

The hatching-house and troughs, though both expensive, are complete in arrangement, and are fulfilling the highest anticipations of their persevering and enterprising proprietor. The bottoms of the troughs are covered with small clean gravel, over which the water passes by gentle flow. Thus prepared, they are ready for the reception of the impregnated spawn, which are spread evenly over the gravel by a dexterous movement of the water—the spawn not being touched or allowed to come in contact with anything but the water and gravel. Impregnated spawn sink to the bottom, even in water running with considerable force, and will remain stationary, if undisturbed, until the young fish begin their efforts for a release from confinement. In from fifteen to twenty days after the spawn are deposited, the young fish (Fig. 2) is discernible with the naked eye.



THE GERMAN HOSPITAL ON SEVENTY-SEVENTH STREET, BETWEEN LEXINGTON AND FOURTH AVENUES, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 375.

The spawn can be transported from the eighth to the fifteenth day after impregnation, in glass bottles filled with water, by express to any part of the country, with safety, and will nearly all hatch if distributed thinly over well-prepared gravel beds in the stream near the spring, where the current is gentle and the temperature remains from forty to forty-six degrees through the winter, and will nearly all take care of themselves after hatching through the spring and summer, and grow to from three to five inches in length by fall. This is the easiest and cheapest way to stock all streams and ponds where the temperature and water will permit. But where they will not, then they must be stocked with trout.

An outlay of from five to five hundred dollars, in spawn and preparing the stream and gravel beds, according to the amount any one may feel disposed to invest, will produce a corresponding show in the early spring of young trout. Some of these young trout will spawn in the fall, and all the fall following, and with proper care will in a few years fully stock the stream or pond, and will pay the owner and angler for all the expense and trouble, in the very exciting sport of taking them on the fly, as well as a delicious meal daily.

The advantage of artificial fish-culture over the natural process, when properly pursued, is most striking. Under the most favorable circumstances to be expected, it is estimated that only about five to ten per cent. of spawn come to maturity in creeks. They are fed upon by other fish; washed from spawning-beds by floods; covered up with sediment; "gobbled up"—in settled localities—by ducks and geese, and in various other ways destroyed. Besides all this, the few trout which do mature in the natural way are killed out of season in spite of laws designed to protect them; driven from their former homes by the poison from tanneries, and filth from other manufacturing establishments, while the mud and fluid washings cover the gravel beds where only trout will spawn. Those who would raise fish, and especially trout, must provide them with pure spring water, and ponds protected as carefully as they would protect their orchards from worms, or their flocks from wolves.

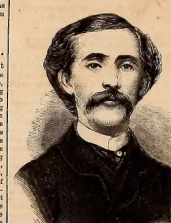


MR. JAMES MAXWELL, OF THE SUSQUEHANNA B. B. CLUB, WILKESBARRE, PA.

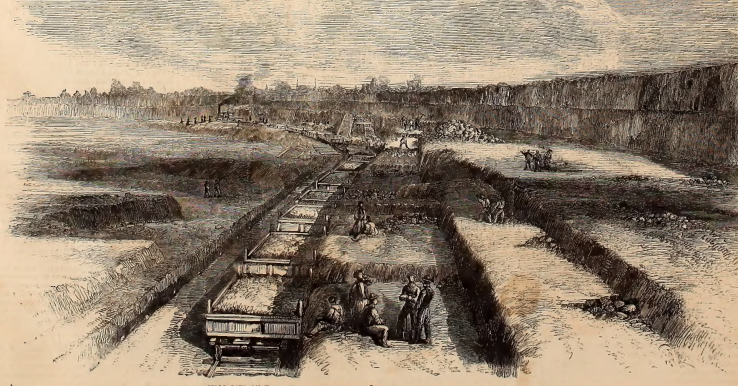
OUR BASE-BALL ILLUSTRATIONS.

NUMBER six of our portraits of prominent base-ball players is that of Mr. James Maxwell, the noted catcher of the Susquehanna Club of Wilkesbarre, Pa., one of the recent accessions to the clubs belonging to the National Association. The Susquehanna Club was organized in July, 1865, by about twenty young men of Wilkesbarre; the majority of whom were practically ignorant of base-ball as improved by the National Association, the game of their school-boy days being the only one they were familiar with. It was not long, however, before they acquired the requisite skill, by practice, to place them on an equal footing with other clubs of the State outside of Philadelphia, several interesting encounters with the Wyoming Club, the Luzerne Club, Unions, of Kingston, Pawnee, of Plymouth, and lastly, their grand match with the celebrated Athletics, rapidly educating them up to the point aimed at, they coming out of their contest with the champions of Philadelphia with a better average score than any other provincial organization of the State.

Mr. Maxwell, the subject of our sketch, is now the catcher of the Susquehanna Club. He is a young man of twenty-four years of age, to whom a sugar-bunnery of invigorating outdoor exercise has imparted great activity and endurance. In 1862 he enlisted in the 143d Regiment P. V., from Luzerne County, and served three years with the regiment, being fortunate enough to escape with life and limb from the dangers of many a stirring scene of strife and carnage in the South. On his return home he became an active member of the Susquehanna Club, and is now its representative player. Although an excellent general player, he more particularly excels in catching, rarely failing to hold every ball passing the batsman. His fearlessness of swiftly batted or thrown balls also specially qualifies him to play a base, and in any position in the field he is a valuable man. Being an accurate and strong thrower, and a sure catch, he can take an out-field position most creditably, and as regards endurance and pluck, he has few equals, his war experience having given him a thorough training in this respect. In fact, no question whether any of the "crack" metropolitan organizations have a player who surpasses him in hi physical qualifications, however their experience may give them an advantage. Socially, "Jimmy" is a favorite with all, and is held in high estimation by his club. We shall give in our next the portrait of Mr. E. G. Seldon, of the Chester Club, Norwich, Conn.



MR. P. J. CULLINAN.—SEE PAGE 375.



MARL PITS ON THE RANCOCAS RIVER, NEAR MOUNT HOLLY, NEW JERSEY.—SEE PAGE 375.

QUESTIONS OF DOUBT.

Is a secret still a secret
If 'tis told to two?
Is a secret still a secret
When revealed to you?
Every mortal has his failings—
So at least they say—
If of one's faults you are aware,
Why need you tell them, pray?

If a gossip meet a gossip
Stopping for a chat,
If a gossip meet a gossip,
What to you is that?
Every gossip has her budget—
Tales both old and new—
Each one sure of her sole source,
No matter tales or true.

If a lady meet a lady
Coming down the square,
If a lady lose a lady
Need you stand and stare?
Every corner you are turning
Need you pause to see
Just how each pretty girl is dressed,
Or wonder who she be?

If a dandy meet a dandy
Regard out spruce and trim,
If a dandy meet a dandy
Need you gaze and grin?
Every *fop-spot* for the tailors
Must show the style aloud,
Need you look as if to ask
Does "Mother know you're out?"

If a traveler meet a traveler
On our great railway,
If a traveler crowd a traveler,
Which shall get up, pray?
Every learning has its problem
Tell me why should we
Make all unhappy round our path,
When all might happy be?

A LIVING TOMB.

THE day was drawing to a close. The sky was ablaze with the yellow glow of the setting sun, whose lingering rays rested upon the precipitous side of the hills which clustered around the Hudson where it enters the Highlands. The recent storm had left the hills half merged in the glistening water, producing a golden-green shimmering, dreamy tint upon the placid surface.

Floating on the tide, scarcely a ripple marking the slight progress we made before the moderate breath of wind, three young men sat in a sharp-prowed little sailboat.

Its owner, Harry King, sat in the stern, steering; Charlie Thorpe, a friend, who had never before visited the section, and myself, were merely introducing to the beautiful natural scenery, we perceived upon the head of the bowsprit, while I sat in the centre of the boat.

Although a long residence in the vicinity had rendered Harry King somewhat unsusceptible to the grandeur of the scene, it was not in my nature to gaze down the long perspective without sentiments of admiration and awe.

Here were the giant hills clad in radiant green, towering up on either side, bold, rugged, sharply outlined against the summer sky, across which floated a few fleecy, crimson-edged clouds, seemingly scarcely elevated above the mountain-tops. Solemn and above, the river was hemmed in by the everlasting rocks, and, from its surface, no eye could determine the moment when over these lofty heights would come the furious tempests which are so common in this region.

Utterly absorbed to the influence of the moment, without a thought of the material world, scarcely realizing its existence in the presence of the grand rocks and the thoughts it engendered, we "took no note of time."

A few river craft were lying at anchor or becalmed, and were only unrecognizably with the tide down the resplendent aisle between the guardians of the beautiful stream.

The air was still, and the mere shadow of a breeze—it seemed no more—scarcely rippled the sheeny surface. A steamer, waving its forward pennant, gracefully glided into view, evidently born of the cold mountains to the south, so abrupt and so well-concealed was the river's course. For a moment we gazed at her "through glass," and like a thing of life, curving gently and with a graceful sweep into the watery circle, and then speeding on up the long stretch with a rapidity and fountain of many-colored drops wreathing her sharp bow.

"Isn't that beautiful?" exclaimed Harry, as she cut her swift way through the gleaming water between the white sails of the becalmed river craft.

"Beautiful! that doesn't express half of it. It is grand!—sublime!—it is unequaled!"

An exclamation of alarm at that moment broke from Harry's lips. We followed his gaze, and saw a spectacle which made us tremble for our safety.

Right up over our heads, having swept over the mountains unnoticed by me, was a huge, ragged-edged cloud, black as night, whirled hither and thither by great masses of furious wind, which, it was apparent, was raging in upper space. The tree-tops on the mountain-side already felt its force, and we saw them tremble and bow low before its fierce onset. Clouds of dust, interspersed with leaves, rose, in wide circles, and up until swallowed by the distance. In the as yet quiet water, the wild commotion in upper air was plainly sketched, but we had no time to observe the grandeur of the rising storm. It menaced us with dangers more powerful in their influences than its own sublime features.

"Down with that sail!" shouted Harry, after his first glance upward.

We dashed at the lines which held it, but, in our inexperience, rendered the lowering of the sail more difficult, if not impossible.

"Hurry! hurry! for God's sake be quick!" said he again, as he braced himself for the shock, but still keeping his hands upon the halliard-ropes, to bring her up after the first concussion.

We pulled and strained at the tightly-knotted ropes, but found it impossible, in our nervous excitement, to loosen them. And while we labored and cursed our unskillfulness in vain, we could see the tempest sweeping down the mountain-side, carrying destruction in its path, uprooting and dashing the trees about, and more decidedly the trees which had grown there in the sunny soil.

"Take the rudder!" shouted Harry, just a moment before the storm reached us.

I sprung and it, Harry, who understood the management of the boat, leaped from his seat and darted toward the little mast. Before he could reach it the howling wind struck our disproportionate sail.

I heard a sharp crack, a terrible rushing, as if a sea long dammed up and at last released by a narrow opening, a tearing sound from the broad sail, a shrill scream from Thorpe, and saw myriad of brilliant spirits dancing for a brief next instant was floundering in the water, but half conscious, having received a blow from some object in the fierce blast which swept over, my suffocating sensation at my lungs oppressed me, and a fierce ringing and throbbing in my head almost crazed me.

All around was dark. The faint wash of the waves came to my ears as from a great distance convinced me that I was in the water, and not far below the surface. I was a good swimmer, but nothing horrible position it seemed useless to attempt it.

I had consciousness sufficient left to know that, under ordinary circumstances, I would rise to the surface by the mere buoyancy of my body. I knew I was not in the land of spirits, for I had retained a slight knowledge of all that had occurred from the moment the storm burst upon us; and a sharp, grading pain in my side admonished me that I had not escaped injury.

I recollected at that moment of having heard that between the upper timbers of the boat and the bottom of an overturned boat there was to be found a space in which the air was collected, to the advantage of the diver, and vainly tried to avail myself of the knowledge.

During this time, though it could not have been more than a few seconds, I felt a tightening pain in my lungs was increasing, and my brain throbbed frightfully, as if it would burst from its confinement. My head swam, and I sank almost unconsciously, and I suffered excruciating agony, but my mental powers were preternaturally active.

The common assertion that "I saw every action of my life pass in review," to express the vivid distinctness with which the least actions of my life—actions which I had forgotten years before—were arrayed for a brief moment before my mental vision.

I struggled to reach the gunwale of the boat, but I was so entangled in the rigging that it would have been impossible to clear myself and bring out before nature would give up the struggle.

Already I began to see strange visions, and friends from the lower world, darting hither and thither through the water, staring at me with great goggle eyes, that wore a frightful, wild look, as if they only awaited my succumbing to procure me. Death, or a breath, was not so powerful as might be supposed; but the struggle so horrible, of being devoured by these submarine anthropophagi, that I made a last effort to regain exhausted frame, and gave me a momentary acquisition of power to escape such a fearful horror.

I lay on my back with my feet toward the stern of the boat, my head resting on one of the seats—between the seats and the bottom of the boat—my lower limbs entangled in the snake-like rigging.

I placed my elbows upon the seat under my head and raised the upper part of my body to-ward the bottom of the boat. With the strength I had left I struggled and I sank again.

My blood throbbed vehemently in every pulse—made me sick of life-torment, exquisite relief—the desire from its forced confinement, and I receiving all the torture of its struggles. A thousand fiery serpents seemed writhing in my brain, producing a dull sensation—a benumbed semblance of pain. I felt sick and faint, gradually losing strength and all disposition to struggle for life. But the horrible forms, invested with a phosphorescent glare, that surrounded me, and crowded near with each succeeding pulse-beat, as if they were fearful lest the breath would leave the body before they could devour it.

That was the impression I had then, and it roused me to action. I toiled desperately to raise my head—placed face to the upper part of the water and the hard planking, but my arms gave way repeatedly despite my frantic struggles. At length, when I had revived myself for a last effort, the boat lurched heavily, and that threw my face up into the open space where was collected the blessed air. Then one heavenly moment—just one hurried, gasping breath; but never was ambrosia so sweet; never before did mortal realize the transcendent bliss of the gods—and the water waved back over me. My strength revived, and I struggled to breathe, but found a stifling atmosphere; but my arms had become weak, and before my lips could open to take in the precious draught, they withered under me, and I sank down among the horrible water-fiends that crowded still closer around, with a glare of devilish fire in their eyes as they surveyed their prospective prey.

How more than a minute could have elapsed, since my first immersion, but no one can answer me. In my mind I had turned over almost countless plans for escape, but each one was abandoned as soon as thought of. My limbs were so entangled in the rigging that I had at once given up all hope of releasing them in time to drag under the boat and rise on the outside, and when my waning strength warned me that to do it at this moment would be but to drop into the cavernous jaws that impatiently gaped to receive me.

My heart throbbed fearfully, and the blood rushed and seethed along the turgid veins as if to burst them asunder. My limbs and body seemed to be gradually swelling to prodigious dimensions, and I wondered, even while despairingly struggling, how such a small vessel could contain a corpse of such proportions.

I was on the point of succumbing to the stupor which was rapidly stealing over me. The agony of my throbbing head grew less, and dull. The boat expanded until it covered and shrouded a world. I felt as dismal fluid. The little ray of light which streamed down into the dark water was obscured, and I began to sink; very slowly at first, but as the latter was a mere, clammy substance which refused to receive me; then the speed increased, and I seemed to be fal ing through space, with a dull consciousness that, when the motion ceased, I would be in the spirit-land. Then my senses were wrapped in a delicious stupor, and the water sounded above me like the notes of a grand symphony, in which the waterfiends took part, murmuring their weird notes soothingly, and blending one with their gibbering, mesmeric eyes.

But the spell was broken. There was a scrambling noise on the outside of the boat, and a moment afterward a voice. Though the tones were unmistakable, I knew that it was Harry who spoke. His voice was in strange contrast with the supernatural strains, and I jarred unpleasantly in the scene around. As I was not yet ready to a sense of my peril, the sweet music died into a hoarse murmur from the gaping throats of the fiends from, as I thought, their prey escaping at the moment they were assured of its possession.

The love of life, which had been growing weaker every moment, suddenly grew strong, and I made a cause fresh strength and a return of the terrible struggle. I made a frantic effort, placed my hands upon the seat, and, after a desperate struggle, during which I cleared away a portion of the tangled rigging from my feet, I succeeded in reaching once more the life-giving air. I had kept my mouth firmly closed during all those moments of mental and physical agony; my teeth were set together with a power sufficient to have crushed them to atoms, and my lips were locked until the blood, denied its course, had been forced back from the white lines. But when my face reached the cool air, they opened with a spring, and took in the precious element, and the blood returned in still more furiously through my exhausted frame, and I redoubled the torture; and it drove away the phantom-like fiends, though they still hovered around and under the boat, thoughtfully paddling their dark wings, and speculating upon the length of time during which I could exist upon the modicum of air.

I heard a scream, I heard Harry's voice, but though it sounded loud and harsh, his words were barely distinguishable.

"Are you dying? he is gone!" said he. "I would have given my life to have saved his!"

"He must be under the boat," said Thorpe. "He is a good swimmer; and under circumstances so tangled in the rigging, we would have seen him before now."

I lay down below the surface as my strength gave way; but the few inspirations I had been able to make had so revived me that I was not long suffocating. I recollected that pressure of mind was always recommended to persons in peril, and as the danger appeared to grow less formidable with my clearity, I did not despair of regaining sufficient strength to inform them of my position; therefore I remained as still as much as possible, but making what exertion I could to free my limbs from the encircling ropes.

I succeeded in releasing my right foot, and next my burning, whirling brain would conjure fearful images of death in this horrible form, and then in that, and I would start up to shriek, but to have it strangled ere it left my tongue. Then the water-fiends drew near, and leered at me with their eyes, and I shuddered with fear, and painfully raised my throbbing head into the external air, and drank—oh, how eagerly!—the precious air, until, exhausted, I dropped below the surface.

They hovered on the upturned boat, and the little ray of light streamed down through the shimmering water like an angel's finger-tip, diffusing a halo around it, not only on the coming water, but around my heart, with a gleam of hopefulness.

I examined it closely for some time, unable to account for it, but at length remembered that a plug had been fitted into the bottom of the boat, and concluded that Harry had used the replenishment of my small stock of air.

The water beat against the boat with a muffled sound, uninterrupting, regular as the strokes of a clock, and even rhythmical to my preternaturally acute senses.

If I could only get my feet clear, they would drop, and I could inhale without difficulty," I thought, as each surge of the boat threw me under. But the more I struggled the more securely seemed the knots to be tied about them, and for a time I relinquished the attempt as too exhausting. Only at intervals, when the feeling of suffocation became unendurable, did I exert my strength to raise my face.

The open space between the boat and the water did not exceed six inches, but it was sufficient, with a constant change, to keep me supported life it had been possible to keep my face in it.

Death consciously suggested itself, but I was so occupied with the plans that I had not time to think even of eternity. I still retained life, and therefore I retained strength as the feverish heat of my blood was tempered by aeration, and became a more hopeful of-rescue.

While under the raving draught after an unusually long immersion, I heard Harry shouting. He uttered a cry of disappointment, and the boat gave a sudden lurch, and was sent rapidly through the water, while many voices joined in a cry that seemed like a distant echo.

"They are rescued," I thought, "and I will be left here to perish."

Maddened by this thought, I kicked the planking, and struggled frantically to be heard; but my tongue refused utterance, and I was soon consoled to discover

"O God! deliver me from this doom," I groaned inwardly, as the water-fiends again crowded around me, and I felt my agony, kicking their shriveled lips in anticipation.

The water around me grew darker. A spark shot across my eyes; then another and another, until the black space under and around me was filled by them; some were bitter yellow, others blue, others burning with the speed of thought, crossing and recrossing in the dark expanse, writing in letters of fire my eyes ached following their brilliant course. Sharp, gleaming eyes in the midst of these whirling sparks gazed at me, and I thought I could read my fate in them:

"Melancholy accident; boat capsized; one man drowned; sense of two persons from the overturned boat."

The boat bore, a clasping for the burial, a little gathering in a pleasant room looking out upon the river, where now were seated my mother and sister, unconscious of the deadly peril; their grief at the loss of the only son and the eldest relative; a winding procession following to the grave, and the interment of one whose life, every day, scarce thought of death. I heard the earth and pebbles fall with a hollow sound upon the coffin lid, and a general swelling of sorrow from those of those loved ones whom I claimed as my own; and the washing of the water formed an appropriate requiem.

All this I saw pictured in the glaring eyes of my enemies, and I marveled me to desperation. My arms received tenfold strength, and my head grew clear in an instant, and the sparkling water-fiends vanished, leaving the sunlit and black, except where the blessed ray streamed down through the little orifice, a visitant from the upper world.

"What would I not give were I but on the other side of this shell which encircles me!"

The thought weighed heavily a number of pounds so far as my reaching it was concerned.

I beat the thin planks furiously with my water-logged hands, and waited my reward. It came, for which, in that narrow space, sounded like the muffled thunder. But no response was elicited. I was forced to the conclusion that I had been unheard.

Death was still. The voices had ceased, and I was deprived of companionship. Why? I read this those whom I had cherished, now exert themselves to save me? Why had I received from the most thoughtful friendship; but now, when I most needed it, no hand, of all those I had thought would serve me, was even extended to draw me from my perilous situation.

"Ah, friendship! what art thou?"

A dark, impenetrable shadow—a necessity but when the sky is clear and fortune smiles. Left alone—left to die! To mark the feeble quiverings of a heart that would have its last drop of blood wrung from it ere fate harsh could come to them. Left to die! Left to wait and watch the grim array that was already advancing to devour me. Left here alone, with not one friend to cheer the last hour of life! Left to die and be forgotten! And while help was yet near. They must know I am here! Why don't they look? cast but one glance upon the water! Why don't they see and, with a few fathoms little to them that another life hangs in the balance.

Is there no hope?"

In the glittering eyes around me I read the response:

"None!"

"But I will not die! So young, with such bright prospects—such usefulness in the world! Surely, Providence never intended that I should die in such horrible manner. Oh, no! I cannot believe it! Friends are not yet a fiction! Here? Is it in the feeble body? No! It scarce contains sufficient strength to lift the swollen face up to the air above! Ha! is it by means of that I called my friends?' No! They have deserted me when I most needed their assistance. Is it to come from the outside world? Ha! ha! What does it know of me and my danger? What would it care, if I did? I must perish!" and from the murmuring water-fiends came the dismal echo:

"Perish!"

"Ah, but a moment of agony if I so will it. I have but to cease all effort and sink into unconsciousness—but before I succumb I must once more breathe the pure air, farewell, earth! Farewell, mother! Farewell, sister! Farewell—To what besides have it to bid farewell? Surely, not to the professed friends who deserted me? No!"

Thus I raved.

The regular beat of the waves soothed me, and the little orifice in the boat was tinted with beautiful colors—a blending of the rainbow-hues, soft and mellow, widening from the little opening and circling down through the dark waters, imparting to it a portion of their own beautiful coloring. The

waves were transformed into musical cadences that glided into my ears, now soft and plaintive, as if grieving for me, and an intermingling of voices that thrilled and yet lulled me to rest.

The pain of my head subsided so perceptibly, so gently, that it seemed as if it were a tangible body releasing its grasp. Then the notes grew loud and discordant, swelling into a grand crescendo, until the whole earth appeared filled with the harsh clangor, the decreasing pain shot up anew, and the choked blood careered with terrible velocity through the swollen veins. But with the pain came returning consciousness and a love of life, which prompted me to make one more effort to save myself.

It was apparent that the boat was in motion, but whither I could not conjecture. It might be that the steamer we had seen just before the catastrophe had taken the boat in tow. If so, salvation was impossible, for already the water seethed up in the little air-chamber, and threatened to cut off even that scanty source of life. Animated by the thought, I struggled wildly, furiously, and, oh, thank God! I succeeded in clearing my feet from the entangled lines, and, as they slowly sank, my head rose until I could press my lips to the orifice; and, oh, how sweet were the long, continuous draughts!

"I may be saved yet!" was the thought that sent a thrill of hope through my system. It was not difficult to keep my mouth pressed to the air-hole, and not much strength was required to preserve my hold upon the rack in the bottom of the boat.

My feet dangled in the water below, at times coming in contact with the streaming cordage, and once they struck against the mast, which I discovered had been broken off short, within a yard of its foot.

The speed of the boat increased. The waters murmured hoarsely on the outside, and the spray sometimes entered; but this was nothing compared with my former situation. That the boat would soon reach the shore I was convinced by the fact that the tide ran at a right angle with our course.

Voices occasionally reached me, and I was strongly tempted to raise my feeble voice in reply but I resisted the temptation, and reserved my strength until it would be of service.

The boat jarred, and some one stood up on it. I placed my lips to the opening, and uttered a cry, which, though uttered with all my power, was so quavering and plaintive that I could scarcely believe it my own.

"Halloo! who is that?" cried Harry.

"Who is what?" replied some one.

"Somebody spoke, and it was Champ's voice."

Again I uttered my quavering call, and this time Harry discovered my situation.

"My God!" said he; "Champ, is that you?"

"It is," I replied, faintly.

"How did you—— But this is no time for asking questions. Back water, men! he is under the boat!" Then to me:

"Can't you drop under the boat and rise on the outside?"

"I am too weak."

"Heavens! what is to be done? I'll come down for you."

"No," said I, "I am almost helpless. How far are we from the shore?"

"Only a few yards."

"Stop in about four feet of water."

"All right. Keep up your spirits; we'll soon have you ashore." Then to himself:

"My God! that's horrible! Only to think of it!"

A rude jar almost tore my grip from the grating.

"Carefully, boys," said Harry. Then to me, doubtingly, as if he expected no answer:

"Did you feel that?"

"For God's sake don't jar the boat so again."

"Look out there, men! You'll be into that rock again."

"No fear, sir; we'll be ashore in a minute."

"We are almost in, Champ."

"Pull slowly," said I. "I'll drop my feet when I can touch."

"Here we are. Back water, men! There, that will do? Can you touch, Champ?"

"Yes."

My feet, swinging under the boat, floated against a rock, but my limbs were so utterly powerless that they bent under me with the first addition of weight. At that moment a hand clutched my foot, and a human form rose up by my side. I loosened my stiffened fingers from the grating, fell into Harry's arms, and the next moment gazed upon the outer world in all its gorgeous splendor.

The storm had passed by, and the hills were resplendently beautiful in their emerald bright verdure. A single beam of warm, yellow sunlight crowned the dark green summit of the opposite mountain, and brought into view one tree, which, though blasted and withered, still stood up among the contrasted vegetation to meet the gladsome light. Like that tree, bruised and withered, I leaned on the shoulder of my friend, under the light of heaven, surrounded by living forms, warm hearts and kind hands.

OILING A VENTRILOQUIST.—Many amusing stories are told of the manner in which ventriloquists have imposed upon the ignorant and unsuspecting, but the following incident proves that, sometimes, the tables may be turned and the joker himself made the object of sport. A physician says that he was going down the Mississippi, some months since, on a steamer whose engine was upon the deck, and he sauntered in that vicinity to see the working of the machinery. Near by stood a man apparently bent on the same object. In a few moments a squeaking noise was heard on the opposite side of the engine. Seizing the oil-can—a very large one, by the way—the engineer sought out the dry spot, and, to prevent further noise of the same kind, liberally applied the contents of his can to every joint. All went on well for awhile, when the squeaking was heard in another direction. The oiling process was repeated and quiet restored; but as the engineer was coming quietly around toward the spot occupied by the doctor and the stranger, he heard another squeak. This time he detected the true cause of the difficulty. The stranger was a ventriloquist. Walking directly up behind him, he seized the astonished joker by the back of the neck, and emptied the contents of the can down his spine. "There!" said he, "I don't believe that engine will squeak again."

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

SOME time since, the Executive Committee of the National Union Club at Washington issued a call for a Convention of Union men of all parties, to be held at Philadelphia, on the 14th of August. The call met with a prompt response, and district conventions were held in all the States, to appoint delegates to attend the grand rally. For the first time in several years representatives from all the States and Territories have now met in council, with the object of harmonizing discordant elements, and promoting good feeling and a speedy restoration of the Union.

The Convention was organized with Major-General John A. Dix as temporary chairman, and the appointment of the necessary committees. Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, was chosen president, and one delegate from each State and Territory appointed vice-president. The proceedings of the Convention were characterized with unusual harmony, very few speeches being made, and a sense of the grave responsibilities of the occasion prompting the members to act rather than to talk. The building in which the sessions were held, familiarly known as the "Wigwam," was not completed, and, in consequence, a considerable degree of discomfort was experienced. We give a view of the exterior of the Wigwam, according to the architect's plan. It is about one hundred feet in width and one hundred and sixty feet deep. The roof of the central portion is fifty feet above the floor, while that of the sides is forty feet. The main front of the building is finished with an imposing entrance, and large windows for light and air. On entering, there is a main floor one hundred and thirty feet long by seventy feet wide, on which planed board seats are placed for the delegates, with a platform at the further end for the officers and for the representatives of the press. Rising on either side are sixteen tiers of standing-places, which will accommodate four thousand or five thousand persons, who will have to stand. Over the main entrance, and facing the President, there is a stand for a band of music. Under the amphitheatrical stands for reporters are committee-rooms, telegraph offices, bar-rooms, etc. The interior is decorated with flags and a portrait of Andrew Johnson, while from the platform rises an arch with thirty-six sections, each section being the armorial insignia of a State, with Pennsylvania as a keystone. The roof is made water-tight with patent felting.

An interesting incident occurred at the opening of the Convention, the delegates from Massachusetts and South Carolina entering the building arm-in-arm, causing the highest degree of excitement and enthusiasm. Outside the Wigwam, the crowds of carriages and pedestrians, and the booths for refreshments, presented a busy, changing scene, only repeating, however, the accompaniments of all large gatherings. We have devoted a considerable portion of our pages this week to illustrate the prominent features of this Convention, which, in many respects, is the most important ever held in our country.

THE GERMAN HOSPITAL.

THE want of a German Hospital in this city has long been felt, and the idea of erecting one frequently entertained. The first practical effort toward carrying out this idea, was made by the directors of the German Society, who appointed a special committee to accumulate a hospital fund by soliciting contributions, arranging concerts, and establishing aid societies. In 1862 a charter was obtained from the Legislature, and a Board of Trustees organized. A suitable site has been obtained, and the contract made for the erection of one pavilion, the corner-stone of which was laid on the 13th ult.

Our German population manifested their interest in this movement by turning out in immense crowds, and making liberal contributions for the work.

This hospital is to be built upon the ground inclosed by Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh streets and Lexington and Fourth avenues.

The present project is to build two pavilions, an administrative building, also a building for a laundry, engine and boiler-room.

Each pavilion is to be 167 feet long, and 52 feet wide at the ends, and 30 feet wide in the centre which forms the wards.

The administrative building is to be 60 by 80 feet, and the laundry building is to be 42 by 60 feet.

The pavilions are to have a cellar, basement, first and second stories and attic. The principal wards in the first and second stories are 106 feet long, 27 feet wide, and 16 feet high. They will accommodate thirty-two patients each, allowing 1,431 cubic feet to each patient.

At one end of the pavilions adjoining the wards, are the physicians' and nurses' rooms, convalescent and dining-halls, pantry, scullery, linen-room, hoist-way, dumb-waiters, and a stairway 6 feet wide, with a platform of half the height of the story.

At the opposite end of the pavilions are to be the water-closets, baths, lavatories, separated from the wards by a lobby.

The wards are to be heated by hot air, the air being heated by coils of steam-pipes arranged in chambers in the cellar. The cold air is to be conducted to these chambers from a large air-shaft outside of the building, receiving its supply some thirty feet above the surface of the ground.

The basement is to be devoted to accident and ophthalmic wards, examining and store-rooms, closets, etc. The attic is to be appropriated to private wards, attendants' rooms, also tank and ventilating chambers. Each pavilion is to have a surgical operating ward.

The administrative building is to contain, in the basement, the principal kitchen, apothecary's room and laboratory, servants' dining-hall and store-rooms.

In the first story will be the Superintendent's offices, his private apartments, public reception-rooms, library, etc. In the second story is to be a chapel, private wards and bedrooms. The upper story is to contain the operating theatre and servants' bedrooms.

The buildings are to be built of hollow brick walls, with stone trimmings to doors and windows. The walls and ceilings in the wards are to be painted with oil, the floors will be laid with Georgia pine or oak, and waxed; the floors of bath and water-closet rooms are to be tiled. The buildings are to be connected by corridors which will be inclosed in the basement, and to be an open colonnade in first story with a balustrade on the roof so as to afford communication in the basement, first and second stories, between all the buildings. In the basement of the corridor will be a tram-way or track, like a railroad, for trucks to convey food, clothing and fuel, from one building to another, where it can be conveyed to all the stories by means of lifts or dumb-waiters.

The dead-house will be a separate building on the ground fronting Lexington avenue. It will contain a dead-chamber, an examination and watchman's room; also an observation ward, for contagious or doubtful diseases.

P. J. CULLINAN.

THIS gentleman, whose portrait we publish this week, was recently the happy instrument of saving the lives of four young ladies, who had ventured into water beyond a proper depth. Such acts of courage and daring are worthy of record, and one who risks his life to save others deserves the regard of his race.

The following account of the transaction, which occurred on the 3d of August, appeared in the daily papers:

"On Friday afternoon last, about four o'clock, as a bevy of young girls, whose parents are among the guests at Thompson's hotel, at the Nevesink Highlands, were bathing in Shrewsbury river, near the steamboat landing, half a dozen of them got into the deep water, and four of them would probably have been drowned but for the timely assistance of a brave deliverer. With the alarm given this deliverer promptly appeared, in the person of a young gentleman of New York, Mr. P. J. Cullinan, who, without waiting even to take his watch from his pocket, plunged into the river, bringing up first one of the young ladies, and then one in each hand, who were lifted into boats brought to the rescue; but the fourth of the girls thus saved had gone to the bottom, and was secured by Mr. Cullinan only by diving and bringing her up by main strength. When brought to the shore she was completely insensible. She was a daughter of Gen. Hendrickson, a soldier of the Union army, in the late war, who bears something more in his person of the evidences of his services to his country than Gen. Santa Anna. The names of the girls are Miss Isabella Adams, of New Orleans; Miss Ella Van Wie, of New Jersey; and Miss Emma Birkbeck of New York. Another of the party, Miss Henrietta Wallis, daughter of Dr. Geo. B. Wallis, of this city, being able to swim a little, not only saved herself, but a companion, Miss Mary Dodge, of New York, by pulling her ashore, and was instrumental in saving the others by instantly running for relief.

NEW JERSEY MARL PITS.

THE advantages of marl as a fertilizer have been greatly overlooked in this country until within a very recent period. With our immense territory of rich soil in the new States, we had little care to improve lands worn out with long cultivation, and so neglected the means of maintaining the fertility of our farms, although they were often quite available. Of late years it has been found more advantageous to make lands adjacent to market as productive as possible, and immense sums have been expended for the various appliances which subserve that end. Among these, marl occupies a prominent place. It is found in almost inexhaustible quantities in many parts of the country, and can be profitably applied to almost any soil. The lower portions of New Jersey contain immense quantities of marl, and our illustration shows the manner of digging and sending it from the pits. It is easily cut out, and is thrown directly into the cars, which stand on convenient tracks, by which it is taken wherever it is needed. By its use lands that were quite barren have been made to produce liberally, rewarding amply the labor and money expended upon them.

BIERSTADT'S ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE London *Saturday Review* has the following appreciative notice of our countryman's picture, exhibiting in London:

"Mr. Albert Bierstadt's large picture of 'The Rocky Mountains,' exhibited separately in the Haymarket, is remarkable for its reliance on a kind of interest which the general chorus of critics has hitherto persistently declared to be insufficient for artistic purposes. The received theory is, that without human interest the materials of natural landscape have no artistic availableness, and that no natural scenery, however beautiful, can affect us in a work of art, unless subtly connected in our minds with associations of history or tradition. Mr. Bierstadt is too true a lover of nature to feel bound by any such narrow theory as this, and his picture is the illustration of a scene which is absolutely devoid of all historic association whatever, and which, so far from being familiar to the eyes of tourists, had remained unvisited by white men until an exploring party, of which the artist was himself a member, discovered it in the year 1858.

"It is true that an Indian encampment is introduced in the foreground of the picture, but the strongest advocate of 'human interest' can scarcely maintain that the wretched existence of these savages confers any reflected glory of man's achievement on these towering crests beyond. We may even go further, and argue that the introduction of the Indian camp gives to the natural landscape an importance yet more overwhelming than if no human life were visible in its august presence. Here is a magnificent mountain-chain, a great series of natural fortresses, which all the power of the human race cannot remove, and which quietly stands in its place, armed with avalanche and glacier, and fortified with walls of solid rock ten thousand yards thick. Before this majestic strength of nature, here so inconvenient to westward-marching man, and so unconquerable by him, even all the armies of the North would be as insignificant as an army of ants before Stonehenge; but the artist has not given us men in their force, but men in their decrepitude, the remnant of an ill-used and suffering people, seeking respite and safety in the wilderness. And yet it is an interesting picture—in many respects, the most interesting landscape of the year. To some spectators, as certainly to ourselves, these summits may be not the less sublime that nobody has yet lunched upon them, and these valleys not the less beautiful because no large hotels have as yet been built in them for the accommodation of tourists.

"We can well believe that in the very loneliness and remoteness of this magnificent scenery Mr. Bierstadt has found a kind of fascination. He was the first artist who ever witnessed these glories, and his picture is the announcement of a discovery. This merit, such as it is, the work shares with many sketches which travelers bring home with them; but in this instance novelty of material is combined with unusual care and skill in artistic arrangement. This picture is not a piece of mere copyism of nature, but a work of thoughtful and elaborate art. It is evidently not accurate in the topographic sense; the painter has freely used materials combined, it is probable, from many memoranda; this we know at once from the absence of all stiffness and awkwardness in the composition. But notwithstanding this full use of artistic liberty, we receive no doubt a more complete impression of the character of the scenery than any piece of simple topography, however conscientious, would have conveyed to us. It is late summer and evening, an hour before sunset; the slanting sunshine lights vividly a sweet natural pasture, with groups of magnificent trees; this pasture slopes gradually to the margin of an exquisitely beautiful little lake, bounded by rocky precipices to the right and in front of us. Over these pours a white waterfall, and, beyond the waterfall, the eye climbs range behind range of rocky eminences, till it finds itself in the region of glaciers, and on the heights of eternal snow. These Rocky Mountains, it appears, are not less magnificent than our European Alps, and Landor Peak, the central object in this picture, might fairly bear comparison with the Jungfrau or Monte Rosa. Mr. Bierstadt has been so anxious to preserve the large relations of his picture as a whole, that his mountain-drawing suffers a little by some want of detail and sharpness. There used to be a theory among our younger English painters that detail proved industry, and the absence of it sloth; but we know too well how easy it is to sacrifice days and weeks over the relations of a few tones where there is no detail whatever, to accuse Mr. Bierstadt of indolence.

"These Rocky Mountains are not minutely drawn, and, so far as form is concerned, there is even a lack of delicacy; but the extreme care with which the tones are everywhere studied deserves our warmest thanks, and we are the more bound to give expression to them that such care meets usually little other reward than the internal one of a satisfied artistic conscience. The same praise is due to the admirable gradations of light. Although the effect is a brilliant one, involving broad shadows on the foreground and middle distance, with strong contrasting lights, we suffer, nevertheless, from no sense of abruptness, and the luminous appearance of the whole picture is due far more to subtle passages of tenderly-increasing brightness than to the force of its most striking points."

BRIDE-CATCHING.

LET us take a Turanian example of bride-racing. The ceremony, which is performed on horseback, is as follows:

A girl is first mounted, who rides off at full speed. Her lover pursues: if he overtakes her, she becomes his wife. * * * * But it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued. In this case she will not suffer him to overtake her. We were assured that no instance occurs of a Kalmuck girl being thus caught unless she has a partiality to the pursuer. If she dislikes him she rides, to use the language of English sportsmen, "neck or naught," until she has completely effected her escape, or until her pursuer's horse becomes exhausted, leaving her at liberty to return and to be afterward chased by some more favored lover. That is, the chase, where it leads to marriage, as it commonly does, is a mere form, the woman meaning to be caught. As it is always preceded by a contract, fixing the bride's price and consenting to the marriage, it is, undoubtedly, merely a symbolical ceremony, in which the idea is that of "the unprotected female" trying to escape from her would-be captor. The chance of escape which it offers to a reluctant bride is an accident of a ceremony, the origin of which cannot possibly be referred to a desire to consult the bride's inclinations. Vambéry says that this "marriage ceremonial," no doubt with modifications from case to case, is in use among all the nomads of Central Asia. He describes it in the case of the Turkomans. The young maiden, attired in bridal costume, mounts a high-bred courser, taking on her lap the carcass of a lamb or goat. She sets off at full gallop, followed by the bridegroom and other young men of the party, also on horseback. She has always to strive, by adroit turns, etc., to avoid her pursuers, that no one of them approach near enough to snatch from her the burden in her lap. The chase ends, I suppose, in her being caught. "The game" is called Kökûri.

But all wild tribes have not troops of horses, like the hordes of Central Asia. When the Australian, who gets his wives by the ancient methods *de facto*, chases a loubra, it is on foot. Should he ever reduce the race to a symbol, the symbol will certainly represent a foot-race. And this is the form of bride-racing among the natives of Singapore, who also, being accustomed to boating, have an aquatic variety of the form. They hold great jubilees, at the fruit season, near the groves of the tribe, which often lie together, and during these jubilees their marriages take place.

"The marriage ceremony," says Mr. Cameron, "is a simple one, and the new acquaintance of the morning is often the bride of the evening. On the part of the suitor it is more a matter of arrangement with the parents than of courtship with the daughter; but there is a form generally observed which reminds one strongly of the old tale of Hippomenes and Atalanta. If the tribe is on the bank of a lake or stream, the damsel is given a canoe and a double-bladed paddle, and allowed a start of some distance; the suitor, similarly equipped, starts off in chase. If he succeeds in overtaking her, she becomes his wife; if not, the match is broken off.

It is seldom that objection is offered at the last moment, and the race is generally a short one. The maiden's arms are strong, but her heart is soft and her nature warm, and she soon becomes a willing captive. If the marriage takes place where no stream is near, a round circle of a certain size is formed, the damsel is stripped of all but a waistband, and given half the circle's start in advance; and if she succeeds in running three times round before her suitor comes up with her, she is entitled to remain a virgin; if not, she must consent to the bonds of matrimony. As in the other case, but few outstrip their lovers." This is the Kalmuck case over again. We find the form both as bride-racing and as bride-catching in various quarters in the islands of the Pacific.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.—At some of the railway stations it is customary to have a fixed charge for a good substantial meal. On one occasion I was very much amused by the manœuvers of a green Yankee who was unacquainted with the rules, and evidently aimed at sustaining nature as economically as possible. After a careful scrutiny of the viands, and sundry hesitating movements, he at length decided to treat himself to a bun and a glass of water; and as he munched and drank, I could detect a self-sufficient expression in his glance at the gormandizers, which seemed to imply, "Yes, it's all very pleasant now, but wait till the reckoning comes." The twenty minutes allowed for dinner had almost elapsed when our abstemious philosopher marched boldly up to a beautiful young woman who presided at the counter, and held forth two cents, saying in a bantering tone:

"I've had a bun and a glass of water, tew, but I calkilate you don't charge for that."

"Fifty cents, if you please, sir," was the young lady's calm reply.

"Fifty cents for a bun and glass of water! Do you see any green in this child's eye?"

"Fifty cents for dinner, sir. We have one stated price, as you can see by the printed notices, and eat whatever you like."

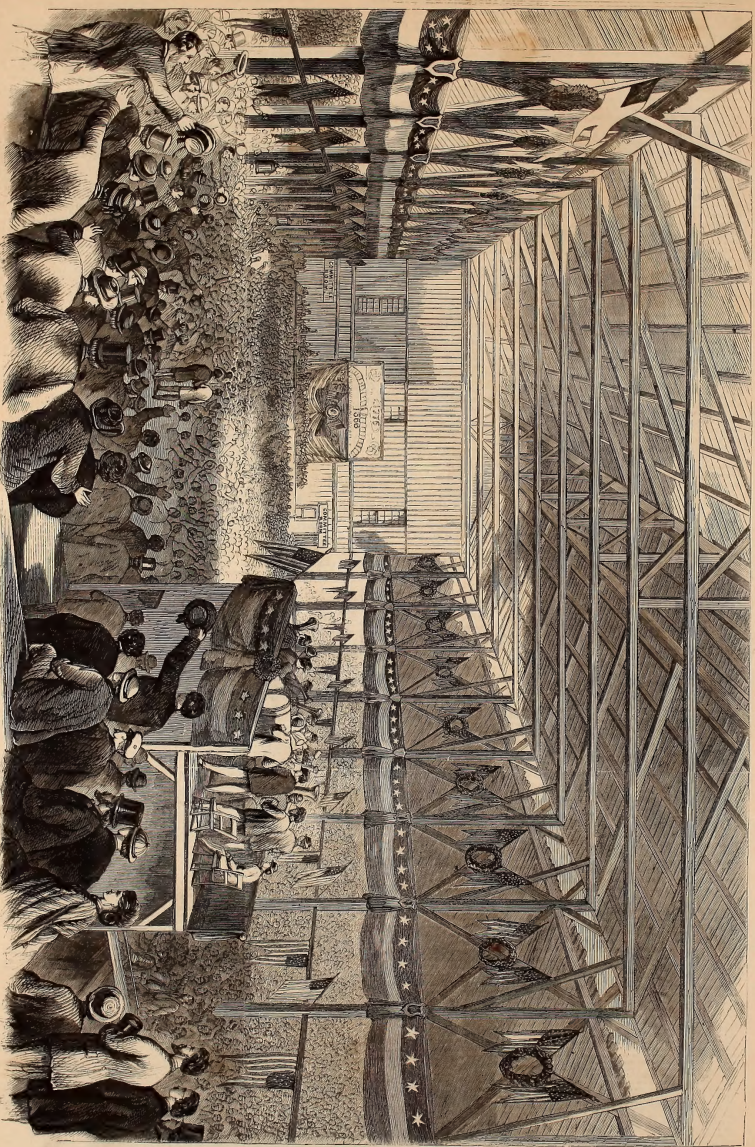
The Americans have a keen enjoyment of a practical joke; and the spectacle of the 'cute Yankee, who had so cleverly over-reached himself, tickled the bystanders exceedingly as they crowded round to gaze on the individual who had been so "severely sold." But "this child" was not so easily discomfited. He glanced at the clock. Perhaps there was still time to retrieve his false position.

"Fifty cents, and eat whatever you like—eh?"

"That's so."

Paying his fifty cents, without another word, the Yankee sprang upon the eatables like a famished wolf. With one hand he secured a plate of ham, with the other a dish of custards. While his greedy eyes roved over distant dainties, he darted at every dish within his reach, heaping his plate with the most heterogeneous comestibles, and swallowing indiscriminately the contents of savory and fruit pies, preserves, pickles, vegetables, &c. Judging from his voracity, his object seemed to be, not to eat fifty cents' worth, but to empty every dish on the table. Luckily, perhaps, for him, at this critical moment the signal for starting was given, and the Yankee, casting a glance of despair at the table, started up with red face and protruding eyes, and with a "hunk" of bread and cheese in his hand, made his way to the train, where he subsided, after the fashion of a gorged boa-constrictor.

METALLIC DUST.—Travelers along the sea-shore of New Zealand have to wear vails to protect their faces and eyes from a fine metallic sand, which rises with every puff of wind. This sand proves upon analysis to be the purest ore of iron known. Its composition is peroxyd of iron, 88·45; oxyd of titanium with silica, 11·43; loss, 12. Experiments show that the ore yields in the furnace 75 per cent. of the best iron; or, by cementation, an excellent quality of steel. The smelting was done in a little furnace, 17 inches diameter by 10 inches deep. A tun of fuel (coke) made a tun of metal titaniferous, which, added in the proportion of five per cent. to ordinary steel, transforms it to first quality.



THE INTERIOR OF THE WIGWAM—SCENE AT THE OPENING OF THE CONVENTION—THE DELEGATES FROM MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH CAROLINA ENTERING ARM-IN-ARM.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. B. SCHELL.—SEE PAGE 375.



THE EXTERIOR OF THE GREAT WIGWAM, GIRARD AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, IN WHICH THE NATIONAL UNION CONVENTION HELD THEIR DELIBERATIONS ON TUESDAY 14TH, WEDNESDAY 15TH, AND THURSDAY 16TH, OF AUGUST.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.

I NEVER WILL GROW OLD.

Oh! no, I never will grow old,
Though years on years roll by,
And silver o'er my dark brown hair,
And dim my laughing eye!

They shall not shrivel up my soul,
Nor dim the glance of love
My heart casts on this world of ours,
And lifts to that above!

Now, with a passion for those haunts
Where wild free nature reigns,
With life's full leaping through my heart,
And reveling through my veins,

'Tis hard to think the time must come
When I can seek no more,
With step bold as a mountain child's,
Deep dell and rocky shore;

No longer on my swift young steed,
Bound o'er the hills as now,
And meet half-way the winds that toss
The locks from my brow!

Yet still my spirit may go forth
Where fearless fancy leads,
May take at will as glorious rides,
On wild, invisible steeds!

Ye tell me as a mourning dream
Shall pass away, ere long,
My humble, yet most passionate
Adoring love of song.

No, no! life's ills may throng my way,
And pride may bend the knee,
And Hope's bright banner lure the dust—
The Muse shall deathless be!

Madeline's Marriage; OR, THE STEPDAUGHTER.

CHAPTER VII.—FAMILY SECRETS.

MAYFIELDS found Cyril awaiting her in the dining-room the next morning. The sunshine gave her assurance. She was as calm and as grave as he. He caught himself stealing stolen glances at the quiet face with its pure colorless complexion and setting of heavy braids, at the graceless, plain form, and the sly, proud way in which the young mistress of the Villa Dessa did the honors of the breakfast-table.

"I dare say, Mrs. St. Hellens?" he inquired, maliciously assuming that impressive courtesy of address of the world which is so embarrassing to its unsophisticated victim.

Madeline was just noticing the absurd contortions which the two little plain face was reflected in, as every phase and upon every angle of the chased volutes of the massive silver service behind which she sat. The ingenuity and perfectly unclassic unsung, and for all her dignity, she was awkward and uncomfortable; but as she opened her lips and said, "Oh, yes, thank you," all the grotesque little images opened their lips also, with such ludicrous effect that she smiled broadly and, in her smile, gave her companion and critic a clue to the rarest charm of her face, and in a listless, amateur way he wished he could make her smile so again.

"Will you think me officious if I offer to introduce you to your new home?" he ashed, presently.

"I should like it to have you," she said soberly.

So when they had pushed their chairs back he rose, saying with a bow, "I am at your service," and Madeline followed him, in and out the dark, high-ceiled chambers, with their patterned windows, uncurtained except by the fog without, with their carved, massive high-post bedsteads, solid, cumbersome sideboards and escritoires, and mirror which had been brought from France before the Revolution—all the paraphernalia accumulated during a century, and seen dimly through the dis coating of cobwebs and mold. "I'd no idea that the old house was in such a ruinous state," Cyril said, as he shut slumber, as the doors they closed after them rang out dreary echoes. "You will have plenty to occupy you in getting established here;" and he turned to Madeline, who followed, stepping quietly, and holding her hands folded in a sort of reverential way before her.

"Mr. St. Hellens told mamma that he intended furnishing the house as soon as he got here," she said, simply.

"If my father's health had been better he would, of course, have relieved you of the responsibilities which will fall upon you now," her guide replied, with significance.

The drawing-room had its bookcase—the key lost, the volumes long unread; its spinnet, untouched for many years which had not been used for many a year; ottomans bordered with faded wreaths; all the memorials of life and interest which outlived their time and are inexpressibly touching.

The two who stood silently in the dingy room—handsome, fresh-hearted, young—seemed out of place, like shameless usurpers come to trouble the past. The rooms belonged rather to the silent portraits of dark eyed women and men from the walls, with dreamy reproach—to the ancestral St. Hellenses, who kept watch from the canvas that had outlasted the clay. Madeline shivered—something of this sort coming into her mind; and Cyril, his own spirits somehow clogged, hurried her away.

It was pleasanter out of doors. The tall magnolia trees were still glistening and green, and the sward smooth as velvet. There was a hedge of roses, all abloom; some of the blossoms as white and pure as the cluster that one of the pictured lady's in the parlor held in her jeweled hand; others, creamy and perfect as wax, dyed gorgeous with Syrian crimson, with damask, and red, and every one fresh and dewy. Madeline broke off branch after branch, with avaricious extravagance. All at once, pausing with a pained look, she said:

"Can you tell me why Mr. St. Hellens does not like roses?"

Cyril looked surprised.

"Does he not?"

"No," said Madeline, going back to those days which were really so near, in the past, and which yet seemed so very far away: "I took him some roses when I first knew him, and Simon said he could not bear the perfume."

"Simon?"

"Yes."

"Strange!" said Cyril St. Hellens.

Something about his expression gave Madeline courage to ask a question, or rather to define a thought, which had come to her time and again through the days of the journey—a troubling thought which refused to be put off.

"I don't understand"—she hesitated, and looked into Cyril's face, hoping he would comprehend her meaning, but his eyes were dropped, and he waited—"about—Simon," she added, with a sort of graphic determination.

"He has been with my father a great many years," was the reply.

"Yes—I know," but her tone was unsatisfied. There was a brief pause.

"Shall we rest a few moments while you arrange your cousin?"

She followed him to a rustic bench near, and they sat down.

"I don't know that I care for them," she said, indifferently. "I was thinking I would take them to Mr. St. Hellens, and then I remembered."

She began plucking off the petals and scattering them around, with her eyes fastened upon them. Cyril studied her, but there was not a line in her face that offered a clue to her history or her character.

"I really don't believe she is ambitious," he mused. "What in the world has tempted her?"

"You are very young to have married, Mrs. St. Hellens," he ventured.

"I am sixteen."

He smiled.

"And my father is forty-seven."

"I thought he was older than that," she said, with unconscious frankness.

"I think he looks older. He has had so much poor health—and so many keen disappointments."

She looked up with interest.

"Has he told you nothing of his life?" seeing that he had touched the right chord.

"Nothing."

"He has a daughter, you know," trying to rouse her curiosity.

"Yes."

"And yet you are his first wife." Cyril spoke abruptly.

Madeline's large eyes grew grave with surprise.

"I do not think," continued Cyril, "that I shall have much confidence in telling you something of his history."

She was silent, neither inviting nor declining.

"I think it is fair you should be told."

"I should like to." Her voice was earnest; in a manner shocked.

"Mr. St. Hellens and my mother—were once engaged," he began, with some little hesitation. "They were about of an age, twenty or twenty-one, I think. The engagement was brought about by the parents of both. They had never met until just prior to the time proposed for their marriage. Is my mother's name familiar to you in connection with Mr. St. Hellens?"

"No," said Madeline, hastily; pray, do not tell me anything which is disagreeable to you."

"There is nothing disagreeable," he answered, mechanically, laughing. "Mr. St. Hellens was—what he is. Mr. St. Hellens met a relative—a distant relative of hers—a Mexican by birth, whose name was Isa Carstarphen. Miss Carstarphen was very beautiful—very different from my mother—a lawless, untamed child the family considered her, for she had lived there. She was brought home to the parlor, and still took her meals with her governess in the nursery. But stopping, as he was in the habit of doing, at the house of a friend, there was a Badeau—he met Miss Carstarphord—rather clandestinely, I think—and won her heart, Mr. St. Hellens says in his life, violently in love. His engagement with my mother meantime continued, and the preparations for the marriage progressed, while he and Miss Carstarphord were continually, and secretly meeting, and his whole heart was given to the former circumstance. Just before, he has often told me how little he justified it to himself. He seemed, he says, so wound in the toils of his former circumstances that, for a finger was free, and accident at last detected and extricated him. It was only a week previous to the wedding."

"But you do not mean that he—that he had—"

"I do not understand what you mean."

"You said he—never—married any one?" She was attempted to say, in explanation of her meaning.

"You shall hear. A week before my mother and he were to have been married, she and her father went quite by accident to a room which was rarely occupied, except by the ladies of the family while at home, and which was not dusk; and opening the door suddenly, they saw, by the firelight, Mr. St. Hellens with Miss Carstarphord, passionately clasped in each other's arms. My grandfather's anger was excessive at this outrage against his hospitality and honor, and as he attempted to visit it upon Miss Carstarphord, Mr. St. Hellens immediately and fully explained. His marriage with my mother was, of course, rendered impracticable—he begged permission to marry Miss Carstarphord. My grandfather would not listen to his entreaties; he was exasperated beyond measure, he ordered Mr. St. Hellens from the house, and the following day started with Miss Carstarphord for Baton Rouge, where he placed her in a convent. Mr. St. Hellens used every means to propitiate him, to obtain pardon, and permission to marry the woman he loved. His own parents, however, were deeply as severe as my mother's, and he found himself perfectly powerless in his separation from Miss Carstarphord. He learned finally, in some difficulty, at last, that she was in a *Mission Religieuse*, of the Order of the Sacred Heart, despite her determination to be loved her. It was not until some months after they had been parted that he obtained the information of the whereabouts of the convent—Simon, head porter, in fact, of the convent—Simon——"

"Simon!" Madeline repeated the name with a start, which to her very heart.

"Yes; he occupied rather an authoritative and confidential position, having charge of many of the outside arrangements of the *religieuses*, and being in high favor, and completely trusted by the Mother Superior, owing to some peculiar circumstances of his life——"

"Peculiar circumstances?" interrupted Madeline."

"Yes; his history was rather a strange one; and the mystery is how Mr. St. Hellens ever won him over, for he was fanatical in his devotion to the church. However, he succeeded in corrupting him—as they called it—until he agreed to enable him to meet Miss Carstarphord for one last time, for they had wrought upon her imaginative, excitable temperament until they had persuaded her to take the veil, as she was undergoing by this time the ordeal of preparation. It was the night previous to the ceremony that the interview was accomplished. That night the novice is obliged to spend alone, in the chapel, in prayer. They were at some distance from the dormitories, and at midnight Mr. St. Hellens was admitted, by Simon's agency, for a final interview, to the earth, which is the church. It was a moonlight night. He advanced cautiously through the corridors, opened the door of the chapel, and found Miss Carstarphord prostrate before the altar, upon the floor. He spoke, touched her. She did not answer. He raised her in his arms and kissed her kitheen, and so were and was that he would have hardly recognized her. He believed that her fears and vigils had killed her; and in the madness of the moment the sacrilege was forgotten—for the St. Hellenses have all strong passions—and it was, therefore, truly a sacrilege—and he carried her with him from the convent. Next morning, secreted in his room, she awoke to consciousness. Her repentance was possible to them, a return was not. The novice was missed, Simon implicated, and Mr. St. Hellens fled. There was no alternative but flight, and accordingly the three were smuggled on board a vessel bound for France. No legal marriage, owing to their joint religious views, was possible. They, therefore, secreted themselves in a quiet hamlet, and lived absorbed and contented lives. Some years passed, when Mr. St. Hellens's parents and my mother's were dead, and my mother married. Mr. St. Hellens's property remained still unannounced, and established themselves in the seclusion of Villa Desir. It was from that long retirements which your husband occupies were fitted up."

Cyril St. Hellens paused and looked at his companion. Mr. St. Hellens sat as him with some startled eyes, her face perfectly blanched, her nerveless fingers dropped heavily in her lapful of wilting roses.

"Why, what is the matter?" he exclaimed. "Does my story frighten you, Mrs. St. Hellens?"

"Why, no. It is not—trying to shake off her nervousness."

"But what is the matter, then?" and he looked at her with actual anxiety. "What are you thinking of, that you look so scared?"

"Why—I—nothing," she answered, faintly, glancing around her with a sort of bewilderment.

"You are tired, perhaps? Shall I finish some other time? It is getting late—almost dinner-time, too. I will tell you the rest to-night. I shall have to make the most of my time, for I must leave Dorset soon."

"Well," she acquiesced, rising as if something oppressed her. On their way to the house they met Simon.

"Mr. St. Hellens would receive them," he said. It did not at the moment occur to Madeline as strange that the man should thus assume the control of his master's time—the privilege of ushering or not ushering in his son and his wife.

In his strange, helpless lethargy—his brain clouded, his body weak—he seemed to have given up all power, and in this faint present—to have lapsed into the vivid past.

Madeline, still more keenly, experienced a sense of the peculiar circumstances. What right had she to meddle with the ashes of the consuming passion which had withered the life of the man by the bed-side, and destroyed her? What right to assume the place, to ask for the regard, whose memory was so sacredly to another? She was but better left to the care of the one being who linked him with what he had lost? She followed the outside as if in a dream.

Mr. St. Hellens's apartments were bright and cheerful—but to Madeline they were crowded with ghosts. The rooms were small, but quite parted in their way. Of the suite, one door was closed—always closed, Madeline found afterward.

CHAPTER VIII.—A NEW CAREER.

THERE was little with Mr. St. Hellens was, of course, a mere ceremony. He lay in his dead, unfevvish sleep, still growing older and older, more and more frail—the mask which covered his perceptions an i obscured his mind steadily more impenetrable. He had not recognized Cyril an instant. Sometimes wandering for a moment, he talked of Madeline, seeming to reproach himself.

"You have sent for Dr. James, I suppose?" Cyril said to Simon.

"Yes, sir, last evening. He was here an hour since."

Cyril exhibited no surprise; it was customary that Simon should act unquestioned.

But Madeline, when they were alone in the drawing-room, late that afternoon, said, rather hesitatingly:

"I should have liked to have heard the doctor's opinion of Mr. St. Hellens."

"I have fallen into the way of trusting everything to Simon, because my father gave him unlimited confidence. Simon is free, you know; he is well educated, and really possesses talent. Sometimes I used to feel that my father gave up to him rather too implicitly, but I believe his interest and that of the St. Hellenses are one. Simon has no family, no relations; he is a strict Catholic; in that, I think, my father's great regard for him lay."

Madeline did not pursue the subject.

She and Cyril sat in the twilight, on either side the fire. They were thinking of one another—strangers. A girl's head with its weight of hair rested upon her hand. The uncertain light left her at times in a deep shadow, and then threw her attitude and expression; the molding of the broad, white brow, the little quiver of the crimson lips, the very tint of the drooping lashes.

"This will be rather a dull life for you, I fear, Mrs. St. Hellens," said Cyril, after a silence.

"You think so because you, yourself, find it dull?" she asked, with an arch smile.

"I," he said, candidly. "I should find it very dull."

"How do you live, Mr. St. Hellens—in the world—has it no society, you know?" She asked the question so innocently that it amused him.

"You do not know much of society, I expect?" he said.

"No."

"It will be easier for me to show you than to tell you. Now, what is your idea of it—of a party, for instance?"

"Yes—I don't know. Music and dancing and gay dresses, and all that. I have never thought much about it."

"I will return from Baltimore I shall bring some of my friends—some of the friends of the family, to visit you. In the meantime you will have a chance to get these dingy old rooms refurbished."

"Are you going to Baltimore?"

"Yes—I am delayed, waiting for my father's arrival. It is on account of his Carstarphord that I go, you know. There is some faint chance finding her at the convent, though, I expect."

"Isa Carstarphord!" exclaimed Madeline, "Mr. St. Hellens's——"

"His daughter. The mother has been dead ten years. Dead to Mr. St. Hellens for fifteen."

"Ah, yes!"

"We believe that she, too, has been detained in a *Mission Religieuse*."

"Fifteen years, did you say?" asked Madeline, abstractedly.

"Yes—Mrs. St. Hellens, almost as long as you have been in the world, I should."

"How did it happen?" she asked, as if pursuing a separate train of thought.

"Simply enough, I remember, I left my story unfinished this morning. There is not much more. Mr. St. Hellens went to the convent to claim his return found her gone, with no trace left. It was supposed that her confessor—who visited her that day—had induced her, as a work of expiation, to return to a conventual life. It had been remarked that she was greatly devoted to him, and that she spent a great deal in religious exercises for some months. This ultimately proved true, although Mr. St. Hellens could never learn for her until the death took place, some five years after her flight. Then he donated a handsome sum to the *Mission* in which she died."

"And the child?"

"They had three children. But one of them lived, and she was abducted a few weeks after the mother's flight. Mr. St. Hellens has sought for her unsuccessfully. If she can be found, she is his sole heir—otherwise his estates go to the church."

"Mr. St. Hellens," said Madeline, earnestly, we must find her."

"What troubles me now," said the young man, "is, that if found, she is unprovided for. My father made no will for years, and is incapable regarding her discovery during his lifetime as a certainty. You know he could not alter it in his present condition."

"But," said Madeline, in an incomprehensible tone—"but Mr. St. Hellens——"

Cyril looked into her face narrowly.

"We hope so," he said, formally.

"And you," said Madeline, with embarrassment—"until he does, his—daughter—that is, I would give her half of what Mr. St. Hellens has given me. Simon," and she looked rather anxiously and appealingly at Cyril, "she has a much better right to it."

"Certainly—it is not ambitious," Cyril concluded to himself, without offering the opinion which his companion evidently expected.

* * *

The excitement, the novelty was over; the strain, the suspense, and the surprises had had come in such quick succession to Madeline St. Hellens were at an end.

Naturally and unusually widowed, transplanted from one lonely and uncared-for condition to another, which in every way differed from all her past experience, the childish little mistress of the grim old house, the girl-wife of its helpless and unconscious owner wandered wearily from room to room, each one drearier than the last, and all inexpressibly more cheerless than they had seemed as she first saw them, when at least the presence of a companion kept in abeyance the personality of their gloom. From the wing she was practically banished; and when there, the ghostly occupants, with their chill, invisible touches, and the shadows

forms which her fancy conjured, oppressed her more than even the watchful pictures and weird reflections that looked from the moldy mirrors.

She fled out of doors. The spicy air of October, with the rustle and hush of its falling leaves and dropping nuts, and long, purple-misted calms, were very gracious to her. But the storms began soon—days of fine, driving rain, and of clouds which never lifted as she watched them, and nights when the loose windows rattled, and the branches of the old trees swung with wails and moans against the casements.

She made no effort to direct her surroundings of their gloomy way. When silent supper had been served, the servants went off to their quarters; the heavy oaken door which opened into the passage leading to the wing was closed, and no sign or sound of companionship came to the half-scared girl as she sat in the great drawing-room alone, watching the two candles, in the tall, solid silver branches, burn slowly away, till ten o'clock came, and Hebe, a warm little yellow girl, opened the door to see if "Miss Madline would like to go to bed?" upon which they went quietly up-stairs to the oak room, with its panels ever ready to open, the great ruffled pillows and suffocating curtains of the bed, through which she saw dimly by the firelight the weird, wicked eyes of the Marmalite face, and the grim, lion-like claws of the carvings upon the furniture, and, watching them, fell asleep. It was one of those epochs, wasted for work for hands or hearts in which character crystalizes unaware.

A month had gone; Cyril had not returned. Nothing had happened. Then one evening, when the candles had been begun to burn away, she was startled by Simon entering the room. She had never liked Simon. She seemed still to possess that instinct which dogs and children have, and what had been at first an indefinite dislike was settling into a positive dread. His resolved, uncompromising expression, and quiet, cold respect, made her shudder.

He begged her pardon in his calm, undersgrade way, as he came in, petrifying her into dignity he had a few words to say to her.

She looked at him inquiringly.

"I have just received a letter from Mr. Cyril, Mrs. St. Hellens."

"Ah!"

It interested her to hear anything.

"He is not to return until Christmas."

"No?"

"That, however, is not the point. I see that you shrink from the trouble, which some one must take, of entering these rooms from time to time. Mr. Cyril hopes to find you comfortable on his return. If you desire, I will undertake what I presume my master would have delegated to me, had his health remained unimpaired."

Madeline sighed.

"If Miss Carstarphord returns with Mr. Cyril," and Simon's eye flashed keenly a moment into her face, "it seems *proper* that she should find a suitable home."

"Yes, very well; Madeline answered, in a relieved way. "Did the letter mention any one coming?"

"It is madam," and the crafty eyes met hers again, and dropped instantly, and Simon retired.

The next month was busy enough at the Villa Dodo—for a promise par excellence—and when once launched upon the work of change, Madeline engrossed herself delightedly with its details. She had no taste for, or dreamy, or Christmas-boxes—those things that sap enthusiasm as it accumulates—and she mingled a childish pleasure with a maternal one in sorting and arranging. Her eyes grew bright, and a faint pink came into her pale cheeks. The autocrity, which was forced by species upon her, helped her to assert her position with herself.

Christmas week Cyril returned. He was never accustomed to stop at Desir. He had his rooms in the city. He rode out, however, soon after his arrival.

It was late in the winter afternoon. The sun had sunk in a sea of orange, that faded into the frosty grey of twilight sky, as Madeline was summoned alm coming up the avenue. It gave her just a little thrill of excitement and pleasure that some one was coming. She glanced around the rooms, and wondered if he would like the change?

Cyril was used to handsome rooms; the Verrelis, and Scarsdales, and the Antonos had richer curtains and softer carpets. He would not be apt to notice them. But Madeline had made the drawing-room of Desir unique. Against the wall hung glistening festoons of holly, brightened with berries, and other festoons to meet them of mistletoe, heavy with opals and pearls, making a splendor of Christmas jewels for the yule-time. Madeline's bright taste and little shrewd hands crept out toward the glow and warmth of the festival. She had made mottoes of the scriptural text and, in red wreaths and devices of the same berry corner, twisting the running pine around the glittering candelabras and the frame of the pictured lady, who, surveyed her summer roses and bright and eager she drew Cyril into the room like an expectant child, and then, frightened at her freedom, waited for him to speak. He looked at her first, she was so like some dainty dancer. Her small, graceful head, full frizzled, nevertheless, seemed always drooping with its heavy coils of hair; the exquisite cutting of her features, and the strange purity of her skin heightened by the semblance. He was not used to her sort of beauty.

"The rooms were pretty—yes, very pretty," but he did not seem to be thinking of them.

"I have not found her, Mrs. St. Hellens," he said, in a troubled way.

Madeline had longed to know. She had coveted the coming of the girl with her strange title. Her life was lonesome; she sighed:

"I am very sorry."

"Do you think my father will understand—is there any change?"

"Not say."

"I must see him."

"I will go with you. I have been waiting for you, and have not seen him to-day."

Emerging through the dark, narrow passages, they were dazzled by a soft, clear light. Some faint sense, lingering upon the air, and a rapt strain of a Christmas melody came toward them. They started, looking at each other, seeming to shrink back on the threshold of an enchantment.

"It is some of Simon's witchery," said Cyril, advancing with a light laugh, and they entered Mr. St. Hellen's room.

The invalid's eyes were unclosed, with a dreamy, half-pleased expression upon his lips sweet, and this faint emanation of vitality seemed to hover over his shrunken frame, like the poise of a spirit about to depart.

Opposite the bed was erected an altar. It was draped in satin, heavily embroidered, dimmed, shadowy, with age, but sumptuous, rich and soft by the light of the wax candles, which burned upon it, before a picture of Our Lady—a fair and dazzling picture, with a face of ineffable beauty, and under its crown of light. A silver standard before the Madonna, between vases of flowers, thrilling in odor and vivid of tint, and among them blasted the jewels of a woman's trinkets, the brilliants of a necklace, the relics of a brooch, making a core of glitter in the surrounding shadows of the heavily festooned room; while a faint perfume of incense crept through the closed door of the sealed chamber, where some priested spirit of deepest organ chords struggled in a passion of rare power.

Madeline held her breath. The tempting, secluded luxuries of a Romish religion lured her around her. She realized what had been in the woman's heart who had stolen away from love and home, fascinated by the mystery and the intoxication of infinite mystery—who had given up all this dim, fading earthly, for an everlasting spiritual.

Cyril was speaking to his father. He spoke her name;

"You know, sir, who I mean—your Isa."

The sick man did not understand him. He had lapsed from his actual Christmas Eve to one of a quarter of a century ago, and Cyril, presuming at last to leave him to his scattered memories.

He and Madeline retired to the parlor.

"Simon has extinguished me," she said, with childish disappointment that her decoration did not compare with those of her mysterious altar.

He looked around gravely, with a kind of pity for the little thing, an idea of soothing her disappointment, as one does that of a child.

"You must go with me to the cathedral tomorrow, Mrs. St. Hellens; and, by-the-way, I got tickets for the opera Thursday night, presuming you would go. It is the first night of the season."

Madeline's eyes met those of the young man openly, with a steady candor.

"Is that right, Mr. St. Hellens?" she asked.

"You mean ?——"

Her face crimsoned.

"You know I told you I knew so little of the world; and I would not——"

"I understand you," he said, with an unaccustomed thrill of admiration and respect; "and I believe"—and he smiled reassuringly"—that I could be as safe in your companionship as you are, if you had graduated under Mrs. Grundy, and, above all, as jealous of Mrs. Remi St. Hellens's impressions about the world as she herself."

She looked satisfied.

"There is one thing," he continued, with a direct, embarrassed logic, "that I will speak of, Mrs. St. Hellens, since you have made me a sort of court of appeal."

Madeline looked at him anxiously. Somehow she was always prepared for the old fault-finding, which had hurt her so.

"I think"—he paused—"you will not mind what I say?"

"Oh, no," wonderingly.

"Well, then, would you not rather call me by my first name?"

She stared.

"You know——"

Her face flushed again to her temples.

"Yes, of course. I am Cyril to Isa"; and she, for once, was less embarrassed than he.

"Now," he added, "I must say good night."

"Won't you stay with us?" in a little, beseeching way.

He was engaged that evening—a Christmas Eve at the Verrelis—and yet he hesitated for a minute. It was Christmas eve. It did seem hard to leave the little creature alone that night. But the coming evening—one of them on each side of the fire! His father's wife was pretty and innocent, but she was not all of his pilgrimage. He turned her some little gift as a surprise for Christmas morning and take her to the cathedral to hear the mass, and then he could go. Madeline was disappointed for some one, for he didn't really see how she lived in such a vacuum. But as to staying to tea with her—

"It is really impossible to-night," he said; and she sympathized with his regret, and, instead of watching him wistfully out of the door, she went back to the company of the tall candles.

SACREDNESS OF TEARS.—There is a sacredness in tears. They are not a mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and unspeakable love. They never, wanting any argument to prove that man is fallen, and that he is mortal. They are the only sign of sorrow that is not human, which can never decay; sanctified, when the fountains of feeling are purified, when the tears are gushing forth as crystal streams. Or, speak not harshly to the stricken one weeping in silence. Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps. It spies not woman's tears—they are wept make her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are pointed tokens; but still more I love to see a person shed tears in private. It shows more tenderness of heart. If I should be the object of such tenderness, I would be too much swept over my grave, I could never die in peace.

THE CONTRAST

BY MRS. T. DAVIS.

Joy, joy for the beautiful birds
Who build with singing their nests,
And joy for the children, whose pleasant words
Flow out from their innocent breasts;
But, alas! for the heart that is old,
Ere time with a shadow hath cast,
Whose hope is vanished, whose love is cold,
Whose pleasures are all with the past.

Oh well for the lambs in the grass,
That play in the sunshine all day,
And well for the mother, whose bright hours pass
In singing her baby to sleep;
But, alas! for the woman, who ne'er
Hath cradled a babe on her breast—
Who never hath felt of a mother the fear
And hope and delicious unrest.

From Ancona to Rome.

We had been traveling for a good many months through Germany, and had just crossed over from Trieste (that modern Babel, where you hear every language that is spoken under the sun) to Ancona, the nearest port to Rome. From the sea, Ancona looks beautiful enough, for it is possessing, in Trajan's triumphal arch, one of the most perfect relics of antiquity; but a very few minutes on shore are quite sufficient to prove that you are a long way indeed from honest, clean Germany. It makes one almost ill, even now, to think of the dirt, and the discomfort, and the smells, and the cheating we encountered there.

To avoid spending the night in Ancona, we lost no time in starting for Loretto, the first halting stage on our journey toward Rome. We were charged enormously for it, but it broke down three times on the outskirts of the town, and an hour or two was wasted in patching up the broken springs. Whenever we came to a hill (and the road for the first day almost nothing but hills) our posthones set up a shout—the first time to be considered drum. The shout, however, meant no harm, but was intended merely as a signal to any one who might be plowing near, and as the signal was duly understood. A couple of oxen or cows (as was the case in one instance) were taken out of the plow and harnessed as leaders to our team, their equipage consisted at such times of a very rheumatic carriage and four still more rheumatic horses—horses and carriage as long distance as one can well be. A pair of conductor and a soldier occupied the box, the former intended as our defense against the postillions, the latter to protect the bandits while the co-driver, good in hand, walked leisurely by the side, pricking the poor, patient beasts every now and then by of direction. And yet, after all, this is the bright side of the picture; for there are no bright sides to Italy; just as the end of our day's journey, we reached the bottom of the hill, on which stands Loretto, and full half the town must have come out to meet us, men, women, and children—all intent on begging. They rushed out of their ambush with frantic gesticulations and shouting in the same tone, and almost in the same words, always ending, "For love of Maria Madonna!" Some tried flattery: "Great Englishman!" "Great French General!" "A halfpenny!" Others attempted to work on our compassion: "*Fame, fame!* I have fourteen brothers and sisters, all orphans, and starving! *Date mi qualche cosa!*" The district of Loretto, which records can describe her dirty an Italian beggar is—squeezed up close, in hopes of squeezing something out of us through sheer pressure. We were told that the steepness of the hill let us at their mercy, for the horses could not possibly go faster than a walking pace. At length, to our very great relief, we found refuge in the dreary, dirty hotel, at the top.

Except Rome itself, there is no spot in all Italy so sacred as Loretto. No one need be told the reason, for the Santa Casa, or Holy House, has been looked on as a holy shrine by nearly half the very building in which the Virgin lived at Nazareth, in which the angel Gabriel appeared to her, and where the Holy Child passed His early life; and its claims are sanctioned by all the authority of the Roman Church: yet at Nazareth there is not a trace of the house, there is a rival Santa Casa, making equal claim to be genuine. The tradition is of comparatively modern date, for it is not believed to have left Nazareth than the thirteenth century, and it is first (Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," p. 346) found in detail in a bull of Leo X., bearing date of A.D. 1518.

The story itself, and the evidence on which it rests, are among the most marvelous of European legends. In the Apostles Creed in the catechism of the Santa Cas stands. We subjoin the English version of it, as authorized by authority, which we purchased on the spot:

"THE MIRACULOUS ORIGIN AND TRANSLATION OF THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF LORETTO.

"The Church of Loretto was a chamber of the house of the B. V. nigh Hierusalem in the city of Nazareth, in which she was born and bred and salused by the angel and therein conceived and brought up her sonne Jesus to the age of twelve years. This chamber after the accession of our Saviour was by the apostles consecrated into a church in honor of our B. Lady, and S. Luke made a picture in her likeness, extant, because it be scene at this very day. It was frequented with great devotion by the people of the country where it stood, whilst they were Catolicks, but when leaving the faith of Christ they followed the sect of Mahomet, the angels took it and carryinge it into Sclavonia, placed it by a towne called Fiumeo, where not being had in due reverence, they againe transported it over sea, to a wood in the territory of Recanati, belonging to a noble woman called Loreta, from whom it took the name of our B. Lady of Loreto, and thence againe they carried it by reason of the many robberies committed, to a mountain of two brothers in the said territory and from thence finally, in respect of their disagreement about the gifts and offerings, to the common highway not far distant, where it now remains without foundation, famous for many signes, graces, and miracles, whereat the inhabitants of Recanati who often came to see it, much wondering, environed it with a strong and thick wall, yet could no man tell whence it came originally." (Vide Bull of A.C.C.XV. Leo X.) appeared in sleep to a holy devout man, to whom she revealed it, and he obtained the same of the archbishop of this province. She determining forthwith to try the truth of one vision, resolved to chooses XVI. men of credit, who to that effect should go together to the city of Nazareth, as they did, carrying with them the treasure of the church, and comparing there with the foundations yet remane, they found them wholy agreable, and in a wall thereby ingraven that it had stood there and had left the place, which done, they presently returning back, published the promises to be true, and from that time forwards it hath been certainly knowne that this church was the chamber of the B. V. to which Christians begun then, and have ever since had, great devotion, for that in it daily she hath donne and doth many sad many miracles, one Friar Paul de Silva an armit of great sanctity who lived in a cottage next unto this church, whither daily he went to matins, said that for ten years' space, on the VIII. of September and twenty hours before day he saw that descend from heaven upon it which he said was the B. Virgin who there shewed her-self on the feast of the nativity. The confirmation of which two vertuous men of the said city of Recanati divers times saw and heard the same, and Gregorio was Governor of the forenamed church, as followeth the one cald Paul Renaldini avouched that his grandmother Antonella Gualtier saw what time she brought it over sea, and in the presence of the forementioned wood, and had often visited it there, the which Antonella was very lame, in like manner affirmed, that his grandfather being C.XX. yeares cold had also much frequented it in the same place, and for a further proof, that it had been there, reported that his grandfather's grandfather had a house upon the place, wherein he dwelt, and that in his time it was carryed by the same space from the to the mountaine of the two brothers where they placed it as aforesaid, to the honour of the ever glorious Virgin."

Loretto consists almost entirely of one long street, very very parsdise of beggars—tenanted by numberless small convents and convents painted candles: indeed, we began to doubt whether anything else was to be purchased in the town. At the end of this long street stands the vast cathedral, massive as a fortress, and flanked by the huge palace of the governor. In the recesses of its nave stands the Santa Casa. On the outside it is cased with marbles, magnificently carved; but within, it is but the appearance of a poor cottage (its size in thirty-seven feet by sixteen), and its walls are of bare brick unplastered. It is entered by a door at the upper end, and we, if we recollect right, standing a little back, in the famous statue of "Our Lady of Loretto," carved (so tradition says), by no less an artist than the evangelist St. Luke himself. It is of wood, and very black, apparently with age. Once it was covered with pearls, and even still is richly ornamented. The altar is placed a yard or two in front of the wall, and in front of the chimney of the Casa; and a passage is made all behind it, by which access is obtained to the fireplace. The fire-place itself is a bit of faith-stool, or *prie-dieu*; and to our astonishment every pilgrim seemed to think his devotions incomplete if he did not kneel and attered a short prayer, looking up the chimney.

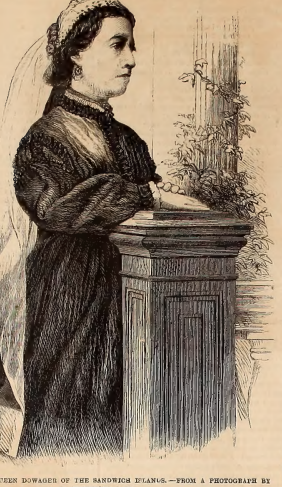
A hundred and twenty masses are daily said within the walls of the Holy House, too, mass is continually being recited, and it is considered a special honor to be allowed to officiate there. Round the outside of the shrine are numerous votive gifts (the wealth of many of which were there) troops of pilgrims—old and young, rich and poor, wholly progressing on their knees, a well-worn track in the marble containing the route. A noble bronze door closes the Casa, and this door is a presentment figure of our Saviour. Strange to say, unless our eyes altogether deceived us, the figure was also fairly worn away by the kisses of the faithful, or of the faithless.

But it was time to be leaving Loretto, for many hours and many days' journey must necessarily lie between us and our journey's end. Slowly then we left the Adriatic sea and inland day found. We passed along the vale of Cittumna, still famous, as in the day, for its white oxen. Socrate say a little to our left, not just then, unfortunately, having its head white with snow; and then we crossed the Apennines—with perfect safety and distance, while the few remains of Veii we passed close by. Then came a turn to the road, and we caught our first sight of Rome. There it lay, miles off, across the Campagna, with little white with which we could make out except one great glorious dome, towering high above everything else.

The approach to Rome is impressive from its very solitude. We saw no human being for miles and miles, except occasional shepherds with mantles worn in long, drowsy fashion, and taking care of a few ragged sheep, and followed by lean, fierce-eyed dogs. We spent that night of solitude we passed two or three of the same sort, keeping watch by turns through the dead quiet of a common.

At length we came to the Tiber, and saw its yellow waters rushing between its high boundary banks, and we crossed by the Milvian bridge. Then came the first love from the top of the golden candlestick which had been taken from the temple at Jerusalem was thrown into the stream by Maxentius when retreating before Constantine. The story seems to rest on a better basis of probability than most traditions of the kind; and any government but that of the Pope would surely have had its truth put to the test before now.

Another quarter of an hour and we were past the English church (there are no rums on this side of the city), and were within the walls, and in another instant found ourselves detained at one of the most prominent symptoms of modern civilization —the custom-house.



HER MAJESTY EMMA, QUEEN DOWAGER OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. D. FREDRICKS & CO.



NASMYTH AND THE CANDLESTICKS.

THE SWILL AND GARBAGE GATHERERS.

It is a common remark, that some people can live on what others waste; and its truthfulness is constantly exemplified in every large city. A fastidious taste rejects what necessity eagerly clutches, and so everything has its use, and even the refuse from one's tables and kitchens possesses sufficient value to be carefully collected and taken away for future use. This is the occupation of the swill-gatherer, a specimen of whom is shown in the accompanying illustration. The picture is a common, if not an attractive one, and as a type of our society, and one of the institutions of our city, possesses sufficient interest to be formally presented to the public. For through the alchemy of our republicanism, we shall shortly see some of these despised and humble scavengers fitted to become sovereigns, invested with the franchise of citizens, and in all probability converted into Aldermen and similar dignitaries. We must not despise small things, and we should not despise the material out of which shall hereafter be formed voters and office-holders, and magnates of every degree.

These swill-gatherers are invariably foreigners—Irish and German, usually—who, with their carts drawn by dogs or goats, or both, perambulate the streets, and carry off the garbage that is deposited each morning in the boxes or gutters. Nothing comes amiss to them: the refuse of the kitchen, scraps of every kind, pieces of coal, rags, old paper; they find a use for all, and pursue their calling as industriously as if they were occupying a far more exalted sphere. When their cart is full, or they have completed their round, they repair to their home—an humble shanty generally, on the outskirts of the city—and there assort their miscellaneous load.

The swill is fed to pigs and goats, of which they always keep a sufficient number to consume their daily collection; the coal is put aside for fuel, and the rags, paper, scraps of iron, etc., are put by themselves, and in due time sold to the regular dealers in such articles. From the various products thus obtained, these people manage to eke out a livelihood, and sometimes to accumulate the means of bettering their condition. They are industrious and frugal, and perform an important service in removing what would soon become an intolerable nuisance. Their place in society is an humble one, but they have their uses; they fill a niche in the grand structure, and in their faithful perseverance are well worthy of imitation.



THE SWILL AND GARBAGE GATHERERS OF NEW YORK CITY.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS IN A NEW GRANADIAN RIVER.

BUENAVENTURA, a small seaport of New Granada, just to the southward of Panama, is at the mouth of the Dagua, a little stream dignified with the name of river, but in reality nothing but a mountain-torrent, but rendered important as being the only means of communication with a rich and comparatively thickly populated country.

Down this torrent, in small canoes, all the products of the country are sent, and European goods in return sent back. The dexterity which these canoe-men evince, and the labor they perform, are really wonderful; for though the mountain-stream has two heavy falls and a series of rapids, only wide enough for a small canoe, yet up and down this unpromising and seemingly impracticable stream hundreds of tuns of freight and many passengers are borne. But one passenger can be accommodated in each canoe, and he must always remain in a reclining position. The descent is frightful; but one loses all fear in admiration of the dexterity of the negro canoe-men, who stand, one at the stern with ready paddle, to steer the light bark in either direction, while the bow-man, with his long pole poised in air, stands with eye intent upon the boiling rapid as the canoe whirls like lightning down the current, ready at any instant to ward her off a dangerous rock.

The ascent is accomplished by boatmen wading often neck-deep, the one ahead and the other astern shoving their light craft against the stream. Often in flying through a rapid the water will boil over the gunwales, when the canoe-man, without a moment relaxing his vigilance, using his foot for a scoop, will, with a wonderful *sauce*, bail the bout of a considerable amount of water.

QUEEN EMMA.

In a country where every man is a sovereign royalty is regarded with very little favor, and royal visitors are received with more of curiosity than interest. Where there is no assumption of superiority, and no disposition to claim the prerogatives of courtly authority on the part of those visitors we receive them cordially and accord to them the respect due to their rank; and so we have extended to the royal lady from the Sandwich Islands, now our guest, such a welcome as is due to herself as a woman and to the position she has occupied as the representative of power among a people toward whom all our sympathies turn. Queen Emma is the widow of the late Kamehameha IV., is about thirty years of age, and taking no active part in the affairs of State, devotes herself wholly to the instruction and improvement of her people. Her visit to England was mainly with a view to raise funds for missionary purposes, and she succeeded in obtaining about fifty thousand dollars. Her personal virtues and earnest devotion to the welfare of her race render her an object of special regard, and we accord to the woman what, perhaps, we would deny to the queen.

Our portrait will give our readers an idea of her personal appearance.

NASMYTH AND THE CANDLESTICKS.

THE inventor of the steam-hammer—that marvelous application of steam-power which has played so important a part in our mechanical and engineering enterprises—has recently related some anecdotes of his early labors, which are in the highest degree instructive and interesting. Mr. Nasmyth, who was the son of Alexander Nasmyth, the Scottish landscape painter, owed his original fondness for mechanical experiments to his father, who, when not engaged in painting, delighted to amuse himself with lathe-turning, or making mechanical models; but his chief good fortune was in having for a school companion the son of a small iron founder. In company with this lad, James Nasmyth, when only twelve years old, delighted to spend his half-holidays in the little foundry at Edinburgh; and here, by intently watching the workmen at their labors, he quickly learnt to turn out a number of ingenious articles in wood, brass, iron and steel. In working the latter material, he tells us that at the early age of eleven or twelve he had already acquired

considerable proficiency. At fifteen he made his first essay at constructing a miniature steam-engine. It had a cylinder of only one inch and three-quarters diameter, but it was really a working steam-engine, and performed useful service in grinding up the oil colors which the elder Nasmyth used in his painting. Subsequently he made other such working models for sale, and with the proceeds was enabled to pay the price of tickets of admission to the lectures on Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, delivered in the University of Edinburgh.

It was not until 1834, and when twenty-six years of age, that Mr. Nasmyth was enabled to start in business for himself in an humble way in Manchester—the city which has now so good reason to be proud of his name. All his engineering tools for commencing business were constructed by himself in Edinburgh, where his father was too poor to give him much assistance. It is related that on one occasion, being altogether without the means of obtaining material for making a brass wheel for a planing machine, he cast his eye upon a glistening row of antique candlesticks made of this metal, which stood in orderly arrangement upon the mantelpiece of the kitchen in his father's house.



KANDYAN CHIEFS.

They were of good metal, and were just the thing for his purpose; but to him at melting them down was to propose a sort of sacrilege, for Alexander Nasmyth had had, as he said, "many a crack" with the pool Burns while these family candlesticks had stood upon the table. At the mother's request, however, the sacrifice was consented to; the candlesticks were carried off at once to the little workshop, and recast into the wheel of the planing machine, which was recently still to be seen in one of the workshops of Mr. Nasmyth, in Manchester.

AN INGENIOUS PONY.

EVERY fresh instance of the wonderful sagacity of animals must be interesting to those who make natural history their study. Numerous as are the extraordinary cases of instinct remarked by many persons, yet every new instance, as it comes home to one, seems stronger than before, till at length the boundary line between reason and instinct becomes very narrow and ill-defined. The following account of the sagacity of a Norwegian pony is a forcible illustration of the power of adapting means to ends which animals frequently display:

During the last summer, autumn and winter, while their masters were abroad, this pony, in company with another, brought at the same time from Norway, had a holiday at grass. They not only enjoyed perfect rest from work, but very soon perfect liberty; inasmuch as no common or uncommon fastening, no devices of the groom availed. They could unfasten, undo, or untie every gate, and ranged at will wherever their inclination led them. For some time they were the companions of a foal last year, which, being a great beauty, was treated to two feeds of corn every day, a luxury denied to the ponies; but one of them, not understanding the meaning of such partiality, and having been brought up with somewhat of republican opinions, always contrived to get through the door of the shed which divided her from the foal's dinner, and to share the oats with him. Various were the contrivances of the groom to baffle the pony's ingenuity, but they all signally failed. If he tied the door with a stout rope, the pony knew how to pick out the knot with her teeth; if he fastened it with a chain and staple and wooden peg, no sooner was his back turned than the peg was drawn and the gate undone. At length, tired of being so often beaten, the man barred the entrance to the shed with a heavy rail. This was a sore trial to the poor pony; and the man looked on from a little distance with a complacent smile, and rubbed his hands with glee at the victory he had at last achieved, as he saw the pony make fruitless efforts to lift the heavy rail with her neck. Her strength was unequal to this, and she seemed at once to give it up in despair, for she turned round and trotted off to her companion. But what was the astonishment of the groom to see her return to the rail with help. She had persuaded her friend, the other Norwegian pony, to come to her aid. They both together put their necks under the rail, and now what one could not accomplish the combined strength of the two achieved—the rail was thrown down, and the way to the corn cleared!

I do not know what means at length succeeded in baffling the pony; but when no longer able to come to the door, she managed to take down the shutter of the shed and feast her eyes at any rate upon the corn.

On a subsequent occasion, when these two Norwegian ponies were confined in a yard, they so repeatedly unfastened the gate (whatever might be the new device of the groom to render it secure) and made their escape, that nothing would avail but to nail it up with some stout nails, when all other means had been tried and failed.

KANDYAN CHIEFS.

SAVAGES of all nations and countries resemble one another in their disposition to wear uncouth ornaments and disfigure their persons. Their idea of greatness is in becoming repulsive; they wish to be feared rather than loved, and generally they are hideous enough to frighten anything possessed of sensibility.



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS OF THE DAGUA, NEW GRANADA.

Our engraving represents some Ceylonese chiefs, who evidently belong to a low type of humanity. They are types of the past, however, as Western customs have changed the former order of things, and modern civilization has dissipated an effete barbarism.

A HAWAIIAN IDOL.

FIFTY years ago the people of the Sandwich Islands worshiped such senseless monstrosities as the specimen presented in another column. To-day a prominent personage of those same islands is receiving the hospitality and attention of our authorities and the respect of our citizens. The contrast is a striking one, but we will not pursue its lessons. The idol above-mentioned was taken from one of the houses where such images were kept, and brought to Boston, some years ago. It is of stone, and upward of six feet high, and altogether a revolting object.

ONLY HUMAN.

"WELL, if Charley thinks I am perfect, I am sorry, that is all; for he will find himself sadly mistaken," said Carrie ARMSTRONG.

"That is just what I told him, Carrie," said her cousin Ethel. "Though you have as few faults as most of us, you are not a divinity by any means; and, can you believe it, he was quite offended at my frankness, and said I was wanting in true affection and regard for his promised wife; that I was hypocritical in professing so much where it did not exist, when it was only for his happiness and yours that I spoke as I did."

"I shall try to make Charles happy, and I believe I shall, in a measure, succeed," replied Carrie; "but you know, Ethel, what a hasty temper I have; I am afraid I shall not control it any better with him than I have with my own friends at home. The first exercise of it will, I suppose, make the divinity step down from her pedestal. Charles is foolish in that respect."

"That he is, Carrie," broke in her brother. "By the time he has seen the flash and sparkle of those dark eyes, the curl of that pretty lip, the toss of that dainty head, and the torrent of words that can sometimes come out from between those pearly teeth, the faultless angel will begin to assume a form of clay. I have often hoped you would show out before him a little; but you never have."

A merry peal of laughter rang out upon the afternoon air, and the crimson ran up a little higher in the cheeks of the beautiful bride-elect at the playful jest of her brother, which was, after all, not wholly a jest, for those who knew Carrie best, and loved her most, were not unaware of the passionate gusts of temper that would sometimes sweep over her sunny mind, leaving it for the moment dark and unlovely.

There was perhaps a fault somewhere in her early training—for Carrie was the eldest—and a whole troop of uncles and aunts, besides her parents and grandparents, had felt themselves authorized to assist in molding her young mind; and what with plenty of petting and but little correction, she had grown to womanhood without being wholly able to control the whirlwind of temper that sometimes led astray her better judgment and really good nature.



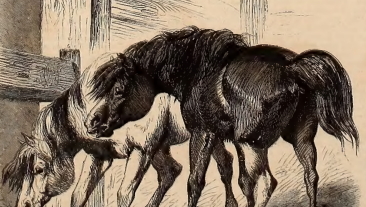
GREAT IDOL AT THE MISSIONARY HOUSE, HAWAII.

From her earliest remembrance she had heard her parents repeat the wonders of her childhood, conspicuous among which were her mad freaks of willfulness, when in childish rage she would throw herself upon the floor, or hide in some cheerless, out-of-the-way place till her temper had expended itself; and she often wished, as she grew older, that instead of fostering this disposition, there had always been a faithful application of Solomon's remedy.

But Carrie was a lovely girl, for all that, and a general favorite, and the two bridesmaids who sat upon either side of her, their fingers busy in setting the last stitches in an elegant morning-robe, that was to compose a part of the bridal trousseau, loved her with true sisterly affection, and were almost as deeply blinded to her faults as the prospective bridegroom himself. And William, her brother, who walked up and down in the shadows of the creepers that covered the veranda lattice, and gave vent to the half-satirical, half-complimentary words, prided himself in his beautiful sister, whose life outnumbered his but two years, and hers had barely reached its twenty-second year; and there was a feeling of regret, not unmingled with envy, that another had come between himself in the affections over which he had so long reigned supreme.

All the long summer afternoon the three fair girls had plied their needles in the pleasant drawing-room, and as the breeze which had been blowing freshly from the south had died out, they gathered up their work and came out upon the balcony, to await the arrival of the three gentlemen who were coming to tea, and to complete the arrangements for the wedding, that was to take place the next Tuesday.

Carrie's father was not a wealthy man, neither was her future and Carrie, with com-



THE PONY'S INGENUITY.

mendable economy, was always busy, and her fingers fashioned the beautiful garments with light, happy smiles, and merry snatches of song breaking over her ruby lips, and with many a bright plan for the new home that was in store for her. And it was an allusion to these pleasant anticipations that called up the remarks with which our story opens.

Carrie Carlin sat in the departing sunlight and chatted gravely or gayly, as the case might be, and William went in and sat down in the parlor, and Mrs. Carlin and Charles Bartlett lingered still upon the garden seat, a little way from the house, so screened by the leafy shrubs that he could catch only a word or so of it, but as near that the merry voices came drifting down to his half-listening ears. A bright crimson spot burned in Mrs. Carlin's cheek, and a look of regret and anger mingled with the puzzled expression upon her face. Then Carrie came with her gay laughter, the girls came out upon the balcony, and finding he was rather early, he sat down on the garden chair, to wait the arrival of his friends. Of course he had heard all they said, and the sting they gave made him forget for the moment they were not intended for his ears, and so he had not a right to be listening to the conversation.

"I wonder if it is possible that I have been so deceived in Carrie, after all, as they say?" he muttered to himself; and then as a quick step sounded down the walk, and a light figure brushed a dress of white muslin against the stalk of pet geranium, and a happy voice warbled the lines of his favorite song as she came leaning over the gate to meet him, he knew, for him, he arose and walked down to the other end of the garden, with the quick impulse to escape from the thoughts that his lips did not move, "No, no; Carrie is all my fond imagination has pictured her. I will not believe that she is deceiving me. I thought he did, but there was a shadow upon his face that evening, a rankling memory in his breast; and he watched her so narrowly that she took the look amiss.

It was strange the young man should have fancied the woman of the world to be more beautiful, but it seemed he had, for he supposed her an exception to all else—perfect, where every one beside was imperfect. It was well he hated everything else the awakening might have been too sudden. He had been married two months before it came, and then it was the fairest guard upon his heart, a seal upon her lips. She remembered what her cousin Ethel had said, and she dreaded to undertake the woman's part, for she still considered every kind attention as before their marriage, and lavished upon her many endearing words that are never to be used again. Everything was new and beautiful about her home. Her father had insisted that it should be his gift to them, and it seemed as if Carrie, without being too ungenerous and unamiable, could not find any excuse for the exercise of that temper, which she so often called the bane of her life, the gloomy nightshade that hung about her, poisoning where all else would have been bright and fair.

She had cried, also, in expecting too much from her husband, though she had never acknowledged it even to herself; and there were faults in him that startled, almost shocked her. Even now with these rationally, let alone considering, the cloven foot, which she had been hiding from her, so suddenly peep out. She had known before but a small part of their intercourse had not been so familiar as to bring out the faults in each, but one morning after Charles had gone to his office of business, she found his watch-key under, his dressing-table covered with various et ceteras, which he had not thought of returning to their proper place in desk or mantel, and the papers she had carefully tied together and placed in their several compartments upon the floor, where he had left them after searching for a missing bill, his dressing-gown pocket was empty, and the cologne she should only wear upon extraordinary occasions, now filled with innumerable wrinkles, which required nearly a whole hat and gave with a great deal of vehemence, to remove. Perhaps it was good employment, though rather destructive to the temper, for her temper subsided by the time it was restored to its wardrobe, and she went singing about her morning work, as though nothing had happened to ruffle the serenity of her married life.

Charles was extremely careless at home, but he thought that no great failure. He had a neat, graceful form, and was called a well-dressed man; indeed, he was not conscious of the amount of labor it had caused his mother and his wife to enable him to deserve that appellation.

But what he was conscious, and that Ethel Carrie's patience extremely. She was sure, whatever she attempted to do, to find herself deficient in something, and to remember to remember her husband's promise to bring it several days before, and she was often called upon to "run down" and walk out to obtain the necessary article. The first part of her walk was usually rapid, to keep pace with the considerable state of anger she felt at in this her temper gradually subsided, and Charles never knew it had been aroused. And, after all, she would think that they were trifling things, and she felt that she had reason for great thankfulness in others; and so has many another young wife whom husband is good-nightliness and careless, when all over our land pure, loving hearts are grieved, miserable, inconstant, disregarded, unprincipled men.

Carrie had been Mrs. Kimball two months. It had been a long time to her, for her husband had brought home a party of friends to dinner, and she was anxious that Charles should not be alone in his good opinion of her housewifery; and as the work depended upon her busy hands, the task had been a little too hard, and left a slight shadow of discomfort upon her mind as well as body. Carrie was at home; and as the autumn evening was chilly, a fire was kindled in the sitting-room grate, and the husband had drawn the table near the fire, and was employed in writing, while Carrie sat opposite, toying with some light netting. She asked her husband some question that chanced to come into her mind, and he replied his pen upon the edge of the inkstand while he replied. In doing this, he bent forward, and overturned the contents of the inkstand upon the table. A few great drops of ink fell upon the carpet before Carrie could place her hand before it and stop the rapid progress toward the edge of the table.

"Oh, you careless creature!" she exclaimed. "Ethel predicted that the next time I left you alone to have anything decent about this house!" and she hastily tore the evening paper in two, and applied it to the ink-stain. There was a frown upon her face, a passionate flash in her eye; her manner was determined, and she evidently meant to remove the stain, whether the task occasioned by his carelessness seem very formidable. "I should think you had been taught enough times I have taken your pen out of the inkstand, or requested you to do so," she continued; "but I hope you are satisfied, now you have spoilt this table."

"Keep on; say all you have to say," returned her husband. "I will do my writing at the office in future."

As there was not the slightest trace of ink now upon anything, and Carrie's slender fingers, as she was tossing and turning the inky paper, as they fell dependent upon removing the stain, Charles's words were very overburdened with guilt or penitence; so he removed the offending pen and inkstand from the table, returned to his writing without another word; indeed, as Carrie thought, just as if nothing had happened; yet she could not help but see that his pen moved very fast upon the blank paper before him. She did not resume her work, but sat before the fire, tapping her foot impatiently. There was flowing her anger gradually wearing itself into a feeling of shame, regret, and repentance, for having at the impulse of her heart thrown in the face of a creature she had so long overcome, or rather concealed, for it was but a concealment, after all, while. She could see in the partially shaded face of her husband a change—whether of anger, astonishment, or sorrow, she could not tell; perhaps it was the three combined; so, after waiting a little time, gathering courage and inclination, she arose, crept to his chair, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, she whispered:

"Forgive, me, Charley; I am sorry I spoke so hastily."

The face to which the husband raised his eyes was pale, with heartfelt sorrow, and he replied, only a little coldly:

"Nothing to forgive, Carrie. I am a careless fellow, I know."

As Carrie could not truthfully gainsay the remark, there fell a silence between them, and she thought it was because he thought her cross, and had not escaped her. But could she have pulled aside the veil from her husband's heart, she would have found that his thoughts of her were also hateful.

Carrie was watchful and prayerful after this, and was quite in earnest about overcoming her temper, but the growth of more than twenty years, from childhood, too, by nature, could not be torn up in a day.

Charles saw the flash of those beautiful eyes, the pout of those small lips, and the hasty, passionate movements, many times, when there were no words spoken; and then there would be sharp, thoughtless words, and then a cold, stern look, harsh recriminations sometimes upon his, though not always, for he was not hasty like her, though his displeasure was as deep as hers. Then, when it did once get the better of him, he was sullen and disagreeable for a long time, during which Carrie's spirit became vexed and pleased by fifteen times.

They were going to a concert one evening, and Carrie had prepared tea earlier than usual, dressed herself with unusual taste, and taking a book, sat quietly down to wait for Charles, not interested in it at first, but soon her eyes began to wander more and more frequently toward the pretty bronze clock that stood upon the mantel, as she saw the hour for the opening of the concert was drawing near, and still her husband did not appear.

She became alarmed at his long absence, and then recalled how he had looked upon her with uneasiness. It was half an hour beyond the time, when her husband came in a little hurriedly, but as if he had expected to find her ready.

"Well, you are a nice man, that's what you are!" exclaimed Carrie, in a sweep of fifty frowns. "How much does your rent amount to?"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the husband, in surprise.

"Oh, forgive me, darling! I never once thought of it," said he, and his voice expressed the regret which he really felt.

"No, I'll warrant you did not," said Carrie. "You never do think of anything I particularly want. I never did see such a forgetful man. I wonder you ever get on in business at all. Last week I sent you down town to get out in the rain to get some articles which I wanted for a troop of your friends, and which I had told you repeatedly I was going to need, and you, after you had such a quarrel over that, you would have remembered it for a while. But it is just as well. Come on to your tea."

Carrie threw open the folding-door, and seated herself in her accustomed place at table, with an angry flush all over her face.

"You may take your tea alone," said Charles, "unless you can be more amiable."

Mr. Kimball closed the door with a jar that was neither very harsh nor very soft. He sat down before the cheerful fire, folded his arms, and fixed his eyes moodily upon the flame that went dancing up the chimney, sending out at the same time a cheering, refreshing warmth. There was a feeling of oppressive gloom upon his spirits; it seemed to him that thought was wholly unequal to the task.

His wife sat still in her place at the tea-table. She had not expected, in spirited, though she had poured out her tea and helped herself to the cake; but by that time her resentment had begun to give place to other emotions, and her appetite was gone; so she, too, sat still, but she was thinking—thinking how strange it was she could be so unhappy when they better; thinking how unhappy she had made herself, and her husband, too, and by-and-by she rose up softly and stole to his side. Her husband expected her. He knew about how long it took for her to transfer to another room a book from the table and appeared absorbed in its contents. In truth, his temper was just getting to its height.

Carrie once reached the scene of her wrath with a burst of tears, but she did not do so to-night. Her face was very calm and more thoughtful than sad. She drew a chair in front of her husband, and quietly took the book from his hands.

"You expect me to say I am sorry now, Charley," she said, "that I have been so such thing, though I am; but you and I have made a sad mistake in marrying each other."

Mr. Kimball started up in surprise. Had Carrie then ceased to love him, and learned so soon to regret that she was her husband? The very thought startled him.

"Carrie, Carrie," said he, "has it come to this so soon? Have we made this error and must live in it, as if afraid he was to lose her. "I ought to have made you a better husband," he added.

"Don't interrupt me, please," said she, "but minutes was in our expecting too much of each other. You once said to your cousin Ethel that you had yet to learn of your fault in your affianced bride, and Ethel remonstrated with you to no purpose. I was then, as I am now, blinded to my faults; and though I have tried (Heaven only knows how hard) to curb my willful temper, I have failed often, and I am not truly sorry, and very miserable. You, dear husband, must be aware that you have faults, though they are not half so many as mine. I am not advising sometimes to see you so careless, and you do not know how many unnecessary steps you cause me, Charley. This is a trifling one, but it is one of many. Forgive the little errands, though you are always kind to bring me a new book or piece of music, or something that you think will please me. Now we must help each other. You must help me to be more careful and attend to little trials more easily, and I, in turn, will help you to overcome whatever I see amiss in you. Shall we make a new bargain?"

She said, giving her bright eyes to his face with a bewitching grace.

"Yes, my dear little wife, we will," he replied. "I believe we can help each other: at least I know you can help me if you will only bear with my infirmities a little. I am soo how wrong we have been in expecting perfection in each other, forgiving all the while we are only human, and that so long as we live in this world we shall have sins and imperfections to overcome."

After this the reader, if he will, may imagine perfect harmony in this household; but it is doubtful if it was wholly so. There will be occasional jars and discomfort notes in the sweetest melody sometimes, but it is well if we can do to restore the lost harmony is not to expect more of others than we are ready or willing to give or do ourselves.

There is as much difference in the natural dispositions of persons as in their faces, and we cannot think of modifying or changing by our own: for what we possess in a large degree in another may be wholly wanting; and, while the faults of others may appear to us magnitude in our eyes, we may commit some which, in their sight, are far greater. Thus should we, at all times, be willing to overcome with our friends upon the plan of common humanity.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

A YOUNG man recently ran away from the galaxy at Cincinnati. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country, and escaped from all fear of pursuit. He arrived before a cottage, in an open field, and stopped to beg something to eat and rest a refuge, while he reposed a little. But he found himself in the midst of the greatest distress. Four little children are trembling in the corner, their mother was weeping at the bedside, and the father walking the floor in agony. The galley-slave asked what was the matter, and was told that the mother had left in the morning to be turned out of doors because they could not pay the rent.

"You see me driven to despair," said the father; "we have not a farthing, we have not food or shelter, and I without means to provide any for them."

The unfortunate man then told his story in tragedy, and then said:

"Will you go the means. I have but just escaped from the galleys. Whoever secures and takes back an escaped convict receives a reward of fifty francs. How much does your rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body. I will follow you at a distance, where they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

The father followed the astonished fugitive, and my children should starve a dozen times before I would do so to you."

The generous young man trembled, and declared at last that he would not be taken alive. He said he would not consent to take him.

The father, with his mother, father yielded, and, taking his prey over by the arm, led him on to the city and to the police station. The prisoner had a little knife which he had kept concealed, and he cut off a piece from a rough young fellow; but the prey was overcome then. The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But, after he was gone, the father found a private interview with the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected that he not only raised fifty francs more to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the Minister of Justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release.

The minister examined into the affair, and, finding that it was correct, sent the proper offices which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that man already pardoned and had entered his release. Is not the whole incident beautiful?

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A COUNTRY dentist advertises that he "spares no pains" to render his operations satisfactory.

THE people live uncommonly long in Vermont. There are two men there so old that they have quite forgotten who they are, and there is nobody alive who can remember it for them.

THE reason why so few literary men are bred to their profession, is because the profession is very much overdone.

A CONSCIENTIOUS lady excuses her extreme love for romances and other precious stuff by saying: "They are the only bright things on earth which never fade."

"PARTY TIES."—White choakers.

THE HEIGHT OF PATIENCE.—A deaf man waiting an hour for his wife to get in a rage.

BENEVOLENCE.—A very benevolent old lady has taken the idea into her head of knitting a pair of socks for a fisherman.

TURTLE SOUP.—English tavern-keepers simply give notice by public advertisement of the intention to "dress turtle every turtle" on such a day; but the Yankee, more atrociously, writes in chalk upon the door-post, "Soup to-morrow." And places that man on parade before his hotel; thus making him a party to his own advertisement, and dividing the attention of all the laws of nations, to advertise his own execution.

AT a recent public meeting, an eloquent advocate of copyright made the following remarks:

"Mr. President, I rise to get up, and am not backward to do so when the cause is a righteous one; for it is not seen for education, I should be as ignorant as you are, Mr. President."

THERE is a story that one, day, a woman went to Brigham Young for counsel touching some alleged impropriety on the part of the husband. The wife, like a true politician, assumed to know her; but when it became necessary to recite her wrongs, she could not said:

"Let me see, sister, I forget your name." "Why I am your wife, Brigham," the indignant lady replied.

"Are you? Did I marry you?"

"No, you married father, President," who referred to an account-book in the desk, and then said:

"Why, I believe you are right. I know your face was familiar."

DELICIOUSLY, BUT FORCIBLY PUT.

Fresh.—"Now, Miss Mary, that I may like it, I have picked up from under the table!"

Miss Mary.—"Oh, Mr. Fresh."

Fresh.—"Your dog! What a little beauty! Isn't he pretty! Is he affectionate? Loving as well loving my dog? Yes? I thought so! The blind and passionate affection of the dog, and the delightful little gentleman is becoming positively frantic, I give you my word of honor!"

"I SAY, milkman, you give your cows too much salt."

"Why?" "How do you know how much I give them?"

"Judge from the appearance of the milk you bring us with it." "Because the cows drink the water they drink too much water; that makes their milk thin, you know."

WHEN is a sick man a contradiction? When he is a bad patient.

A SWEET but unrefined young woman should be sent to a sugar refinery.

WHEN does a farmer act with great rudeness toward his guests? When he pulls their ears.

NEARLY all our silver, judging from the difficulty of holding it in one's grasp, must be *quicksilver*.

A man is never out of adversity as long as, though, his snow-storms, their *drifts* are not always seen.

THOUGH men boast of holding the reins, the women generally tell them which way they must drive.

AN Irish lover remarked that it is a great mistake to suppose especially when a woman "revealed" is wit.

A MAN sets up a carriage at the suggestion of his vanity, generally sets it down at the suggestion of his creditors.

"THAT horse has a tremendous long hit," said a friend to Theodore Hook.

"Yes," said he, "and a pit too long."

WHY should potatoes grow better than other vegetables? Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

"DON'T you think, husband, that you are apt to believe everything you hear?"

"No, indeed, my dear, I believe you talk."

HE who travels through life in the hope of finding the shoes of another, mostly goes on in bodies strand.

WE rather think that the most reluctant slave in existence is ever saw, was a poor fellow who had his fingers in one.

A PRETTY woman's soul sometimes sits and looks out through a bright eye like a parsing out of a sunny window.

THE best guide a housemaid to have more lives than a cat?—Because every morning she returns to one.

WHY are good husbands like dough?—Because women need them.

DEACON BROWN lately took occasion to admonish a brother named Job for swearing. He listened attentively to his words, seemed to appreciate the force of them, and when he had concluded, replied as follows:

"The fact is, deacon, that I may swear a great deal, and you may pray a great deal, but neither of us mean anything by it."

The deacon alludes to Job as an instance of total depravity.

"WHY, man," said a bothering counsel to a sailor, whom he wished to seem to know the distinction between thick and long.

"Why, I'll tell you, sir.

"Explain it, then?"

"Why, sir, a long ship heads—but you can only long-headed, no how," said Jack."

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.—Gunpowder and gun-cotton are old affairs, and nitro-glycerin seems to cap the climax of danger, but there are worse combinations than these. Take a little of the latter, to which we diagnosis call attention now is to be known as nitro-mannite, or saccharine, a mixture of sugar, somewhat in blasting operations. We first encountered the name "mannite" so often before that it seemed as familiar as that of the now nearly obsolete tale, camphine. Science has discovered the most powerful new deadly explosive substance in the form of sugar. Gunpowder owes its force to the equal to about two pounds of gunpowder, or two and half pounds of nitro-glycerin. A spoonful of water coming in contact with two pounds of nitro-mannite would produce an explosive equal to that which would follow the ignition of five thousand pounds of gunpowder, or two and a half pounds of nitro-glycerin. From these facts it might be supposed that nitro-mannite is not the safest of all chemical compounds to handle.

A SKETCH OF THE JAMAICA PARLIAMENT.

DELIBERATIVE assemblies are not always marked by a due regard to propriety, and the excitement of debate, or of something more potent, seems to produce similar results the world over. A late traveler through Jamaica thus records his experience among that lawless race of colored men, which reminds us of scenes that are sometimes witnessed in our own Congress:

The House of Assembly and the Chamber of the Legislative Council are both situated in the same square with the Government House, in Spanish Town. They are yellow buildings, erected at considerable expense, and not without some pretense. But nevertheless, they are ugly—ugly from their color, ugly from the heat, and ugly from a hideousness which seems natural to them and to the place.

The house itself, in which the forty-seven members sat, is considerably smaller than not badly adapted for its purposes. The Speaker sits at one end all in full fig, with a clerk at the table before opposite to him; and two-thirds down the room, a low bar, about four feet high, runs across it. As far as it is the public are always admitted; and when any subject of special interest is under discussion, twelve or fifteen persons may be seen there successively, or at once, in a side-room opening from the house, into which members take their friends. Indeed, it is, I believe, generally open to any one wearing a decent coat. There is the Delmonico of the establishment, in which between the sessions take such refreshment as the warmth of the debate may render necessary. Their tastes seemed to me to be simple, and to inclide themselves mainly to rum and water.

I was throwing away my cigar as I entered the precincts of the house. "Oh, you can smoke, sah; my friend to me;" only, when you stand at the doorway, don't let the Speaker's eye taken the light; but it won't much matter." So I walked in and stood at the side door, smoking my cigar indeed, but conscious that I was descending my pride.

I saw five or six colored gentlemen in the house, and two negroes—sitting in the house as members, as well as the two latter men were concerned, I could not but be gratified to see them in the fair enjoyment of the objects of the institution. Had they not by efforts of their own made themselves greatly superior to others of their race, they would not have been there. I say this, fearing that it may be thought that I begrudge a black man such a position. I begrudge the blue ribbon, nothing that they can honestly lay hands on; but I think that we shall benefit neither them nor ourselves by at, tempting with a false philanthropy to make them equal to be other than they are.

The subject under debate was a railway bill. The railway system is not very extended in the island; but there is a railway and a bill for prolonging it. Indeed, the house, I believe, had on some previous occasion decided that it should be prolonged, and the present fight was as to some particular detail. What had detail was I did not learn, but the business that was performed was a continual series of motions for adjournment, carried on by a various minority at times.

It was clear that the conquered majority of—say thirty—were very angry. For some reason, apparently probably to the fairies of the house, these thirty were unreasonably anxious that some special point carried and put out of the way that night, but the three were insensible. Over and over again was the question put, and over again with a motion for adjournment.

And then the Speaker, a well-known artist, and made a calm, deliberate little oration. The words he spoke were, I am sure, very good words, and I wish that I could say that they were very wise. He offered to the house a few platitudes on the general benefit of railways, which he then applied to any railway under the sun, saying that egos and fowls would be taken to market; and that he sat down. On his behalf I must declare that there were no other words of such wisdom spoken that night. But the ball lasted only for three minutes.

After a while two members coming to the door declared that it was becoming unbearable, and carried me away to a public house in a place in close by; and one, "and if the row becomes hot we shall hear it. It is possible to stay there with an odd glass, and with the certainty of missing one's object after all." As I have no liking for mob law, I went away and played whist.

But soon a storm of voices reached our ears round the card-table. "They are hard at it now," and one honorable member, "Oh, by Jove, 'tis so-and-So," by reseruch." The yell might have been heard at Kingston, and no doubt was.

"Will they pitch into one another?" I asked, thinking of members of whom I had read of in another country.

"They don't often do that," said my friend. "They trust to their tongues, and they are good enough."

The beginning was very much true as I found when down my cards and rushed back to the Assembly. When I entered the house the question of the noise was being made by one gentleman, who was walking round and round the house, apparently in a hard voice which he would retain the very moment the Speaker was seated in the chair—for at that time the house was in committee.

"Shameful, abominable, scandalous, rascally!" shouted the angry gentleman, over and over again, as he paced round and round the chamber. "Sir, come and have a drink of rum and water."

In the speaker's window-place sage had brought him to the door at which I was standing, and these last words were addressed to me. "Come and have a drink of rum and water," and he seized me with a hospitable violence by the arm. I did not dare to deny such a kindly offer, and I drank the rum and water. Then I returned to my cards.

DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS.—Our readers will perceive by the advertisement in the advertise. ment of the Opening Fair and Distribution of Premiums, to commence in this city, 24th September next, under the management of J. R. Hawley & Co., old and popular Cincinnati merchants, who have too much reputation at stake, by so nothing of the deserved character of the project, to let it be any other than a straightforward, upright and business-like transaction. Those who patronize the Distribution of Premiums may rely upon having fairly dealt with. The advertisement explains the matter in detail.—*Cincinnati Weekly Times.*

WHAT a man should be alphabetically: Affectionate, Bold, Candid, Daring, Enterprising, Faithful, Generous, Honest, Intelligible, Just, Kind, Loving, Moral, Noble, Obliging, Polite, Quick, Religious, Social, Truthful, Upright, Valiant, Watchful, Xemplary, Y-ns and Zealous.

When you are depressed by the gaunt, by casualty and enfeebled by ague, which needs to be cleansed and stimulated into healthy action, take a dose or two of AYER'S PILLS, and see how quick you can be restored for a shining.

Economy!! Sensible!!!

Hereafter I will have my medicines put up in Stockton's Patent Groundnut bottles. Why? Because I can get a bottle already prepared, at a trifling expense over a plain bottle, and thereby have a graduate measure at hand. Sold by druggists everywhere.

569-74 HAGERTY BROTHERS, Agents, N. Y.

Barnum's New American Museum.

Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets.

Coolest place of enjoyment in the city. The old Museum enrolled in attraction by the new and present Temple of Amusement. The latest accession of curiosities, purchased at an enormous expense, is the entire collection of the late Dime Museum, Philadelphia. Among the curiosities in the Museum are the Fiji Mermaid, the Sea Serpentpoint, Rhinoceroses, Elephants, Giraffes, Lions, Leopards, and other African animals, numbering over 3,000 specimens, stuffed by this intrepid hunter during 12 years' hard labor, and not to be found in any museum in the world. A new and spacious saloon is added, to which to exhibit these curiosities without extra charge. To perpetuate the memory of heroes, Miller's National Statue Portrait Gallery, containing Historical Portraits of all the celebrated Union Generals, has been opened. In the magnificent Lecture Room another change! another change! Another week of novelty! Variety! Variety! Variety! Performances by Mr. G. L. Fox, Miss Kate Pomeroy, Mr. C. K. Fox, the musical prodigy, Master Lavigne, and numerous other characters! Every afternoon at 2; evening at 8. The great Comic Pantomime, entitled THE GOLDEN AXE. Wonderful Tricks, Mysterious Transformations, and Magnificent Scenic Effects. Also, the Laughable Farce, &c. Gen. Grant, Jun., Master Alice Turner, Infant Prodigy, to coincide with the Ballet Pantomime of the RED RIDING HOOD, full of Mirth and Merriment. New Acts and Attractions will be added to the Bill every week. Admission to all parts, 25 cents. Children under 10 years, 15 cents. Doors open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission, 10 cents, children under ten, 5 cents.

Holloway's Pills.—Cholera or griping of the bowels—Indigestion—Dysentery—Diarrhœa—Colic—Morphine stoops the senses in artificial sleep, without refreshing the inviald. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS not only restore the natural secretions of the stomach, but have no entirely extinguish the elements of the disease as to promote a speedy cure without danger of relapse.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

LAME BACK.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29, 1858.

T. ALLCOCK & Co.—Gentlemen: I lately suffered severely from a weakness in my back. Having heard your plasters recommended, I procured one, and found it procured one, and the result was all I could desire. A single plaster cured me in a week. Yours respectfully,

J. G. BRIDGES, Proprietor of the Bridges Line.

CURE OF CRICK IN THE BACK AND LUMBAGO.

LYONS, New York, July 4, 1859.

MESSRS. ALLCOCK & CO.: Please send me a dollar's worth of your plasters. I have used a part of one which is my back, which has troubled me for some time, and my wife and father is going to try them for difficulty about his heart.

L. H. SHERWOOD.

Dr. Green, No. 83 Broadway, New York, informs us that he has used the Poor Man's Friend in cases of young woman suffering very severely from lumbago, and that she called to get two more for a friend, and then stated how the two she had purchased on Monday had relieved her immediately after putting them on, and that she was going back at a most distress ing pain in her back and loins.

Sold by all Druggists.

FELLOW'S ORIGINAL

WORM LOZENGES.

We can with confidence point to FELLOW'S WORM LOZENGES as the most speedy remedy for these troublesome pests, Intestinal Worms.

After years of careful experiment, success has crowned our efforts, and we can offer the world a confection without a single fault, being safe, convenient, effectual and agreeable. No injurious result can occur, let them be used in whatever quantity, for no portion of evil enters their composition. They may be used without restriction as to quantity, for the most delicate will easily devour all you give them, and ask for more. They never fail in expelling Worms from their dwellings, and they never fail to destroy every one detected and ennicated, even when he is not afflicted with worms.

Price 25 cents per box; five for $1. A liberal discount to the trade.

In New Brunswick (Bricks' Province), where these Lozenges were first introduced, and their great value as a Worm Specific discovered, there has been over one million sold in a year and a half. Hereafter they will be manufactured at No. 24 New Street, Newark, New Jersey, under the supervision of the Proprietor,

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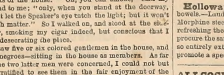
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AN UNKNOWN SUICIDE.

An unknown man shot himself in New Haven, July 30th, of whom the following description has been sent us by the police of that city, together with his portrait, which is shown on this page.

He was supposed to have been a German, about thirty years of age, five feet eight inches in height, broad-shouldered and well formed, with dark brown hair and whiskers. He was dressed in light gray-mixed pants and vest, linen shirt, blue sack-coat, and round-topped soft hat. From documents of paper found near the body, it is supposed his initials were J. H. B. Any person recognizing this description, will confer a favor by communicating with George M. Wilcox, Chief of Police New Haven, Conn.



AN UNKNOWN SUICIDE IN NEW HAVEN, CONN. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PECK BROS.

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Whereas H. A. Hall and others, as "Managing Directors" of the "Grand National Concert," to be held in Washington, D. C., on the 3d of August last, have made application to Lr. Lr. Chipman, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Collection District of the District of Columbia, for permission to hold a lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise, and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of said lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise will be devoted to charitable uses, permission is hereby granted to such "Managing Directors" to hold such lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise, free from all charge, whether from tax or license, in respect to such lottery, raffle or gift enterprise.

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No. 571—Vol. XXII.] NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 8, 1866. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00.

Maximilian, Exit.

The so-called Mexican Empire totters to its fall. The Empress has gone to France to try the effect of a woman's entreaties and tears on the Napoleonic heart, and extract another subsidy from his sympathies. She will represent what, indeed, is obvious to everybody, that unless Napoleon opens his purse-strings once more, her husband will be obliged to leave Mexico long before the time fixed for the final withdrawal of the French troops. She will represent, further, that his departure may be so precipitated, that France will have no time to arrange the terms of the indemnity which is to be left as a charge on the Mexican treasury, furnishing a pretext for future annoyances and interventions. How far these representations may be successful remains to be seen. It may be that Napoleon will feel that he cannot afford to have the year signalized by the failure of his plans both in the New World and the Old. Two rapidly succeeding blows to his *prestige* may be more than he can bear philosophically, and he may think the postponement of the catastrophe in Mexico to another year worth another hundred million of francs. If so, the flight of Maximilian may be delayed, but rendered none the less certain.

In Mexico itself the opposition of the people to the Empire and the French is taking a more decided and active form; and were it not for the insane quarrels and intrigues among the Mexican leaders, the intervention would be brought to a speedy and bloody close. As it is, Juarez, the only Mexican chief who has exhibited constancy, courage, and good sense, has managed to gain some substantial advantages. The capture of Matamoras, followed as we now hear by that of Monterey and Tampico, clears the north of Mexico of invaders, who in the south never gained any firm foothold.

These captures are perhaps of more importance from their indirect than their direct results, inasmuch as they have elicited from the American Government a threat to Maximilian; and a threat to him is a note of encouragement to the Mexicans. With unaccountable stupidity, the so-called Emperor, after finding himself unable to hold Matamoras and other important points, proceeded to declare them in a state of blockade, or, rather, to close them to foreign and coasting trade, and to subject goods entering the country from them to confiscation.

This revival of pretensions, long ago repudiated by maritime nations, rustled the cobwebs of the State Department, and stirred the dust on the piles of unread "Diplomatic Correspondence" in that cave of optimism. It called out a Proclamation from the President, countersigned by the Secretary of State, whose name has too seldom appeared in such satisfactory connection, setting forth and proclaiming "that the decree of Maximilian, by declaring a belligerent blockade, unsupported by competent military or naval force," violated the laws of nations and the rights of the United States under treaties with Mexico; and that, in consequence, it would "be held null and void" and "disallowed." The publication of this proclamation was simultaneous with the departure of a squadron for the Rio Grande.

Of course the Austrian adventurer "asserting himself to be Emperor of Mexico," will either abrogate his decree or abstain from enforcing it, and Matamoras will be open as a depot for the accumulation of such material, warlike or otherwise, as the Republican Government of Mexico may have the ability to purchase. We anticipate no collision between the United States and the "Imperial" authorities, but the latter must lose much in prestige, influence and power by the issue of this proclamation. It is worth a victory in the field to the Liberals, besides affording them some substantial facilities.

General Lew. Wallace, an officer who served with distinction in the Union army during the war, it is said, has reached Matamoras, and is ready to throw his heavy sword into the scale of Mexican politics. The sympathies of the general in favor of the Liberal cause have been often expressed, and are well known. A call from him for recruits to the Mexican army would be responded to by thousands who would never dream of putting themselves under the command of a Mexican officer. If long adversity has taught the Mexicans anything, it must be the importance of banishing from their hearts the jealousy and suspicion of foreigners which have prevented emigration and the development of their country. Should General Wallace espouse their cause in the field, they must give him the confidence and support which his generosity deserves, and to which his abilities and experience entitle him. With him as Generalissimo of the Republican forces, no one doubts that Maximilian and his mercenaries, French, Austrians, Belgians and traitors, would all be expelled the country long before the time fixed by the French Emperor for the departure of the second installment of his legions. We should rejoice to see Americans accomplish, as individuals, what their Government should have long ago done for them and in their name—that is, the expulsion of the French from Mexico by force of arms.



"EXPECTATION."—FROM A PAINTING BY KREYSCHMER, BERLIN.—SEE PAGE 389.

The Confederation of the Andes.

The tendency of States whose populations are affiliated, but which have been kept apart by dynastic and other influences to come together and consolidate, as a means of securing strength, respect, and the growth of a high and manly spirit among the people, is shown in Italy and Germany, and is manifesting itself among the isolated and weak republics of this continent. The alliance between Peru, Chile, Ecuador and Bolivia, was formed for the primary purpose of resisting Spanish insolence and aggression; but it is not impossible, and it ought to be easy, to modify and make

it permanent. In fact, the question of uniting the four republics is now freely and favorably discussed in the several States. It is proposed to call the consolidated State, "THE CONFEDERATION OF THE ANDES," with its capital in Lima. The approximate population of the confederation would be as follows:

Peru	3,500,000 inhabitants.
Chile	1,500,000 "
Bolivia	500,000 "
Ecuador	1,000,000 "
Total	6,500,000 "

The total present revenues of these States are collectively about $30,000,000, of which it is proposed to set aside one-fifth for general common expenditures. Peru is proposed to divide into two States—Northern Peru, with its Seat of Government in Trunillo, and Southern Peru, with its Capital in Arequipa. The territory now in controversy between the several republics to be regarded as federal property.

There are two difficulties in the way of the realization of this scheme: the first is, that Peru would be loth to give up her rich returns from the guano islands, the handling of which and consequent personal enrichment of those in power, is the pivot of Peruvian politics; and second, the general spirit of localism that hostilizes departments, districts, cities, and even villages. It is only necessary for Arequipa to lose a position in order to range with the opposition of Lima, or vice versa. In the wretched little State of Nicaragua, for instance, it is not enough that Leon and Granada should be indelibly antagonism, but little tumble-down places like Rivas and Legoria must have blood feuds.

Hitherto the principle of repulsion, rather than that of attraction, has been most active among the Hispano-American States, and it will be fortunate, indeed, if the outcome of Peru and Spain shall turn them the necessity, to say nothing of the policy of Union. We have fought a terrible war to maintain and perpetuate it, and Germany is now fighting bloodily to achieve it. Our sister republics should take heed, and not wait to be driven to accept or adopt what is obviously politic, useful and essential to safety and greatness.

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The Delirium of Speech.

Few statesmen, however well trained and collected, ever undertook to speak to a popular assemblage on matters personal to themselves, who were not betrayed into saying something which they would afterward like to recall, and which their friends would like to retract for them. A crowd—especially a sympathizing one—music, cheers, torches, are all stimulating and dangerous accessories, rousing the orator often to eloquence, but oftener to extravagance. We have a recent and unpleasant example of this (unfortunate) habit in the delirium of speech of the President to the delegation that waited on him from the late Philadelphia Convention. In that speech he said (and we quote verbatim from the report):

> If I wielded authority, or if I wished to perpetuate my own power, how easy it would have been to hold some would that would have placed in my hands by the measure called the President's Bureau Bill. Knowing its evil consequences, I vetoed it, and thereby placed in my hands a power which would make the power of any single dictator, I will not say or any millions of appropriations, but the power of the kingdom of heaven. I had the right to control both my savings and dependents in my own name, and to use this with the Civil Rights Bill, and as an auxiliary (laughter), in connection with all the other agencies of the Government, I could have produced myself dictator. (Cries of, That's true, and applause.) But for my President, I would have trampled my pride and my ambition have been to occupy that position which I now fill, and power has made me feel (laughter). (Great cheering.) It is upon that I have always refused, and upon that I rely now. I would rather the people will not disappoint you.) And I repeat that neither the Executive power of Congress, or of any individual, calumniating process can drive me from my purpose. I acknowledge no power on earth to control my action except my God, the author of my existence, and the people of the United States. (Prolonged and enthusiastic cheering.) For the one, I try to obey all His commands to best I can consistent with my own humanity; for the other, in a political and representative sense, my high business is the people. I have never respected and obeyed by me. (Loud cheers.)

Conceding that Congress was and is as hostile to the President as he imagines it to be, the fact that it entrusted him with great and extraordinary powers shows that it had faith in his confidence in his integrity and his fidelity to the Constitution and the laws. It shows that however widely the American people may differ, they have faith in the common patriotism of the country, and in the patriotism of the man for whose blood traitors howled all the way from Washington to Nashville. That confidence, thus expressed, makes the suggestion that it might be abused by the recipient all the more reprehensible and odious.

When the President claims credit for not abusing the power conferred on him by a hostile Congress, and for not making himself a traitor and usurper, he lays himself open to criticism and censure. It is a gross and impudent assumption on the part of Mr. Johnson that he could, by the use or abuse of his power, and position, make himself "dictator" in a country made up of thirty-six millions of free and intelligent people, all of whom have votes and many of whom are orators. As one of the people—as he boasted himself to be, in his unsurrad speech, as Vice-President, with words—Mr. Johnson must well know that a "dictatorship" in the United States, at any time or under any circumstances, is a thing so utterly absurd and impossible—so far from suggestion by anybody would justify a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*. Spoilsmen may fawn and placemen may flatter, and there may be the school of time-servers of the man in power; but there is a wide interval between slaviskness and treason. The army and navy may look to the behest of the constitutional Commander-in-Chief within the limits of the Constitution and the Law; but no President, no Congress, no party could use the force for delirious impulse of speech. They were simple place-hunters and sycophants, who would applaud Davis, Solouque, or Santa Ana, if "thrift might follow fawning."

"Speech is silver—silence, golden," and the President of the United States gains neither in dignity, weight or worth by making a speech in which impulse overpowers intellect, and extravagance is substituted for energy. There are things which belong to the office of Cæsar's wife, are not amenable to discussion, and to which the very silliness is offensive. A "dictatorship" in the United States is one of these, and becomes an insane offensive when it falls from the lips of a President.

The Metrical System.

CONGRESS, just before its adjournment, adopted a measure which, if generally adopted, it is to be hoped will be warmly seconded by the people—namely, the legalization of the metrical or decimal system in weights and measures, to conform with the existing system of denominations in values of coin. The act of Congress does not require the adoption of the French or metrical system, but authorizes it, and leaves its substitution for the present illogical and inconvenient system to the good sense and convenience of the public.

The present system is based upon no principle. It is empirical and traditionary, confused and uncertain. Every child has trouble to master it, and the most intelligent adult makes use of it, except that they may use in business. The English foot is a measure founded on the average length of the human foot, and so with the inch, the hand and all the rest. Barleycorns make an inch, these barleycorns being supposed to be healthy grains taken from the middle of the ear. The rod of weight is on the same manner a grain of wheat. Different kinds of weight, troy weight and avoirdupois weight add to the difficulty of mastering these accidental standards. In which system of weights and measures is unknown in other countries, and is not easily understood in our own. It is the only system which has our official action; and the French system, the universal system, should replace it. The metric system was proposed at Paris in 1790, and the idea was to construct an arc of the meridian, and subdivide it till a new unit was reached. This work was done; and though the measurement is said to have been incorrect to some hundreds of yards, the result is sufficient for all practical purposes. The metre—which is the universal unit—is one ten-millionth part of the distance from the equator to the poles, or 39.37 inches in length. The application of the decimal scale to this standard results in a system of engineering of simplicity and clearness. It is now used in all business transactions in France, and has been adopted by most of the European countries.

The labor and time-economizing Yankee feels a sort of contempt for his landlord in Liverpool, when he sees him footing up the rent of a property by the complicated rule of 4, dividing the amount of the first column by twelve, and the second by twenty. What consistency, then, is there in the patience with which, after chasing off the number of rods between a hundred separate pairs of field-stakes, he divides the sum of all the measurements by three hundred and twenty to get the total perimeter of his tract in miles? How can he rest contented with a system under which the odd ounces on the tail end of fifty different invoices of butter must be footed up and divided by sixteen before he knows how many pounds he has—even the poor attempt at something like decimal ease and compactness breaking down entirely under the pressure of that arithmetical bull by which a hundred weight becomes a hundred and twelve weight, and twenty hundred is made to mean twenty-two hundred and forty?

Why should a man continue to be fuddled in barrels whose capacity for gallons he must arrive at by multiplying them into thirty-one and a half, or his beer in receptacles similarly named but requiring another multiplier of thirty-six for the same reduction; when his wife's dresses are measured by yards, eighths, and quarters of a yard, while—on her fingers at home; when the pipe that brings his Croton runs sixteen ounces, and the silver mug from which his infant child takes that Croton, twelve ounces to the pound; when, in fine, every thing about him, save the money in his pocket, must be put through a course of arithmetical gymnastics, involving all the four fundamental processes, if it ever becomes desirable to get an ultimate expression of its quantity? Can it be aware that there is no need of all this bother; that his unwieldy fractional dozens, ponderous multipliers, and several successive processes demanded by an irrational law; that the whole chapter of denominate tables is based upon ratios purely arbitrary, or such as, possessing convenience in a rude and unphilosophic antiquity, have lost all claim to it in an age when mathematical precision not only lies in reach of the humblest schoolboy, but is a *sine qua non* in every hourly process of practical life?

In the system now authorized, and which State laws should require to be taught in all our public schools, the unit of measure is the *metre*, which, as we have said, is the ten-millionth of the geographic quadrant, or the forty-millionth of the earth's whole circumference measured through the poles. The decimal ratios and denominations based upon this standard are tabulated thus:

1 myriametre,	10,000 décimètres,
10 kilomètres,	1,000,000 centimetres,
100 hectometres,	10,000,000 millim'rs.
1,000 décamètres,	

1 Kilogramme,	10,000 décigramme,
10 hectogramme,	1,000,000 centigramme,
100 décagramme,	1,000,000 milligramme.

All the other tables of weights and measures, it will be seen, are readily reconstructed on these two bases.

In order to facilitate comparison, we print the following table, which shows the relation between the proposed metrical or decimal system, and that now in use, as regards Length, Surface, Capacity, Solidity and Weight:

		ENGLISH VALUE.	
Length.			
Millimètres (1000th of a m)		0·03937 inches.	
Centimètres (100th of a m)		0·39371 "	
Décimètre (10th of a metre)		3·93708 "	
Metre (unit of length)		39·3708 "	or 3·2809 feet.
Décamètre (10 metres)		32·808 feet.	10·9363 yards.
Hectometre (100 metres)		109·363 yards.	328·08 feet.
Kilomètre (1000 metres)		1093·63 yds or 0·6213 miles	
Myriamètre (10,000 metres)		10936·32 "	6·2136 "
Surface.			
Centiare	1 00th of an are	1·1960 square yards.	
Are	square décamètre and unit of surface	119·6033 "	or 0·0247 acres
Decare (10 ares)		1196·033 "	0·2471 "
Hectare (100 ares)		11960·33 "	2·4705 "
Capacity.			
Millitre	1000th of a litre or cubic centimetre	0·06100 cubic inches	
Centilitre (10 of a litre)		0·61027 "	
Décilitre (10th of a litre)		6·1270 "	
Litre	cubic decimetre and unit of capy	61·07025 "	or 1·7608 pints
Décalitre (10 litres)		610·2705 "	2·2010 gallons
Hectolitre (100 litres)		6·10351 cub ft 22·0097 "	
Kilolitre	1000 litres or cubic metre	35·31658 "	220·0097 "
Myrialitre (10,000 litres)		353·1658 "	2200·0967 "
Solids.			
Décistère (10th of a stère)		3·5317 cubic feet.	
Stere (cubic metre)		35·2146 "	
Decastère (10 stères)		353·1658 "	
Weight.			
Milligramme	1000th of a gramme	0·0154 grains.	
Centigramme	100th of a gramme	0·1544 "	
Décigramme	10th of a gramme	1·5440 "	
Gramme (unit of weight)		15·44 "	
Décagramme (10 grammes)		154·4 "	
Hectogramme (100 grammes)		1544 grs	3·2167 oz. troy,
Kilogramme (1000 ")		15440 grs	2·2046 oz. avoird
Myriagramme (10,000 ")		22·1 oz. t·oy, 2·2017 lbs	
		22·057 "	

Divorce.

In no respect, perhaps, is the difference between the usage of the Mohammedans and of the Roman Catholic Church more marked than on the subject of divorce. Among the former, a formula of a few words, uttered by the man, dissolves the marriage-tie; the sentence may be spoken hastily or in anger, but once spoken, it is irrevocable. In the latter, marriage is a sacrament; no process of any human court can impair its force, and only by a special dispensation of the head of the church can it be dissolved. If a member of the church should avail himself of the civil law of the country he resides in to break a tie which has become odious, the civil remedy is of course as open to him as to all others; but the church does not recognize any dissolu n of the religious bond, and so long as connection with it continues, possesses means, well-known to all, to enforce obedience to its laws. Between these two extremes of laxity and rigor, the Protestants have sought a middle course, and it remains to be seen how far, in avoiding Scylla, they have escaped Charybdis.

One result of the Reformation was to remove from the marriage-tie the sanctity which attaches to a sacrament. It ought, logically, to have followed from this, that the civil obligation alone should have been recognized by the adherents of that religious movement, and in the case of the Protestant Episcopalians from the Spanish Church such practice did no doubt prevail. The trammels, however, in which the mind of Christendom had been bound for so many centuries were none so easily torn away. After a short interval, the new religious teachers, while abjuring the doctrines of Rome, continued her practices, and thus it came to pass that marriage, among all classes of Protestants, was invested with a religious sanctity but little, if any, inferior in force to that of the elder church, whose yoke they had left.

The next awakening of the public mind was not religious, whatever else it may have been. The problem of the true relations of government to the governed engaged the attention of earnest men, and the fundamental truth was established that it was not a proper function of government to insist upon religious sanctions to relations which as to government were of a civil nature. So far as public morals were concerned, marriage was declared to be a matter of simple contract between individuals. If to this contract the parties interested chose to add religious sanction, they were free to do so; but the blessing of the church added in no wise to the binding character of the act itself. Naturally, to a vast majority of people the religious ceremony was the all-in-all of marriage. It was hallowed by tradition. To an even so momentous, involving so deeply the welfare and happiness throughout their lives of two human beings, it would be strange indeed if the most exalted associations and the most impressive ceremonies were not invoked to hold all the parties and chiefly that religion can afford. Most especially the mind of woman would be affected by such considerations as these, since marriage to her is in general the beginning of a new life, while to man it is but a phase—an incident of his career. But vows, however solemn, emotions, however deep, or blessings at the altar, however hallowed, are not the essence of marriage. To the priest succeeds the pronoic Registrar, and without the religious or the preceding ceremony he become an empty pageant. The sanctions of religion are optional; it is the record, duly signed, which is essential.

Our readers will, we trust, perceive why we have dwelt at such length upon the religious, as distinguished from the secular element. The former is responsible for a number of evils, it is in its nature indissoluble, being under the direct sanction of Him who liveth and changeth not; it is by a social contract, the same power that bound can unloose.

It was in the United States, where religious freedom has attained its highest development, that the separation of the religious from the civil element of marriage first took place, and where divorce, the logical sequence and counterpart of civil marriages, has become an "institution." It would be a long journey, though beside our purpose here, and possibly one which could never be fairly answered, how far the difference between the laws of divorce in the different States arose. Why in one State the courts can grant a divorce for one cause, and one only, while in another, any one of half a dozen may suffice? Why, in the New York, for instance, infidelity alone, should be the only legal ground of divorce; while in some of the western States the most vague charges as desertion, or ill-usage, or intemperance, are admitted as good grounds for dissolving the marriage-tie? Have the emigrants from the Eastern States, who peopled those Western wilds, attained to higher views of human rights and duties than we who have remained on the sea-board? Or is facility for divorce a necessary adjunct to a state of society where matters are yet in a chaotic and unsettled form, and where it is not well that rigid rules of any kind should control the actions of free men? Or is there some subtle climatic influence at work, which leavens society as it advances toward the heart of the continent, and prompts it to throw off the restraints with which the other States bind themselves? What will be the laws of divorce in the States which must shortly border on the

polygamous Territory of Utah? For the right of unlimited marriage is near akin to that of easy divorce—one, in fact, is the complement of the other; and a society which has adopted the one is not far from the stage of morality which welcomes the other.

And again, as to the results. Is it possible to draw any fair conclusion as to the respective morality of the communities among which stringent or lax divorce laws prevail, and what influence on social life and manners such laws have? We fear that these points, though of absorbing interest to the moralist and to an investigator of national character, cannot for the present be satisfactorily determined. Statistics do not help us, for these deal only with figures and facts; and though morals may, in one sense of the word, be called facts, they are of that vague and shadowy kind that elude the perceptions of the census collectors.

But there is one view of the laws of divorce in the different States now forming our nationality which has lately come before the public with disagreeable prominence, and which shows a state of affairs calling loudly for remedy. Each State, as we have said, has its own laws on the subject, varying as to causes for which divorces may be granted. With the facilities of intercourse now existing between all the States, the freest or least stringent code is practically the measure of all the others. For in cases where the laws—for instance, in this State—do not afford the remedy sought for, it is very easy for both the parties to remove to Indiana, and, after a short residence, obtain the relief denied them here. But the abuse is, that one party will remove clandestinely, and without the knowledge of the other obtain a divorce. Unscrupulous lawyers find easy means of getting over the required "notice" to the respondent; and where, as in Ohio, divorces are to marriages in the proportion of one to twenty-six, there must be a plentiful crop of lawyers to do this foul work. A recent case is reported where a man, obtaining a divorce from his wife without her knowledge, during a short absence on her part, repented of what he had done, and cohabited with his wife after her return, and the children born subsequently were declared illegitimate!

But worse cases than this have lately come to light in our own courts. With the laudable intent of screening from the public eye details of domestic infelicities—perhaps we ought rather to say crimes—the custom has lately prevailed of sending divorce cases to referees, who were ordered by the courts to take evidence in private, and report the results to the judge. The abuses of this system have been something frightful to contemplate. With referees subject to undue influences—in plain words, to bribes—husbands and wives have been separated, without the one knowing that proceedings had been begun against the other; children have been bastardized, and honest women reduced to the condition of mistresses. We pretend to be scandalized by the revelations of the English Divorce Courts (and they are shocking enough); but there is this to be said, that the parties bringing the suits knew well before they came into court what disgraceful exposures would be made of their domestic lives. Better, infinitely better, would it be for the cause of morality that private vices should be unveiled in public than that the attempt at concealment should work the monstrous injustice we have lately seen.

We are told, and it is perhaps true, that recent public events tend toward the weakening of State rights and strengthening those of the Federal power. As the Union is now by general consent, if not by actual law, declared to be "one and indivisible," we should see without regret the laws of one State which operate against the morality of the others subjected to one general law for the whole. The day cannot be far distant when Congress will pass a general Bankruptcy Law; and it is not a mere sentiment, but a profound sense of the injustice and inequality of the present State laws, that leads us to desire that, in matters affecting the domestic happiness of thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen, there should be equal laws and a common court of appeal.

According to the British Emigration Tables it appears that since 1814 there have left the United Kingdom 5,901,510 emigrants, of whom 3,597,780, or nearly 61 per cent., emigrated to the United States. During 1865 the emigration amounted to 209,801, of whom 17,211 went to British North America and 147,268 to the United States. Of the emigrants who have for the last forty years quitted Great Britain, not less than three-fourths have come to this continent. After weighing this statement, we shall hear without surprise that the amount of money remitted by settlers in North America to their friends in Great Britain, between the years 1848 and 1865, both inclusive, reaches the enormous aggregate of $69,882,685. In order to estimate how far larger is the contribution made by settlers in North America than by those elsewhere, we may mention that in 1865 $2,776,880 were sent from the United States, and $101,315 from Australia. The assimilative force exercised by the North American continent on the inhabitants of Great Britain, as compared with that manifested by Australia, is in the ratio of about 27½ to 1. We cannot abstain from calling attention to another striking fact. More than two millions and a half of dollars were sent in 1865 as the means of enabling residents of England, Scotland and Ireland to emigrate to the United States. There have been several years, indeed, and notably 1852 and 1853, when the remittances from the New World to the Old, made solely with this object, exceeded five million dollars, and in 1854 they reached the enormous total of eight million dollars. When it is remembered that the returns on this point are necessarily imperfect, and may be presumed to fall very far short of the actual amount sent, we have some data for estimating the social and pecuniary elements of attraction which are actively at work in drawing off the surplus population of Great Britain and transferring it to the valley of the Mississippi or the Far West.

General Alfred L. Lee, an officer of cavalry under Banks and Sheridan, was in New Orleans during the late massacre, and an eye-witness of some of its atrocities. He states:

"My rooms happened to be about a square from the scene of slaughter, and I could see very much of it. Captain Loup, a captain of the 1st New Orleans infantry, who had just been mustered out, was standing one block from me. He was approached by two policemen; one placed his pistol at his back and shot him down, and the other stabbed him in the side, securing his immediate death. There was a noble man who represented the radical sentiment of the city, Dr. Dostie. He was not a member of the convention, but he was in the hall. He attempted to escape. When about half a block from the Capitol building he was struck with a brick and knocked down. Policemen were standing near, but, instead of arresting the assaulter, they stepped up to Dr. Dostie, and deliberately fired into the body of the defenseless man. A citizen standing by drew his sword from his cane and thrust it into his body. Still the doctor was not dead, and was dragged by the police through the crowd and placed in a common dirt-cart. I saw this myself. One policeman sat on his body and one sat near his head. The poor man attempted to raise his head, and I saw the policeman raise his revolver and striking him on the face mash his nose flat. That noble man died. I stood on my balcony and looked on that crowd of four hundred policemen, maddened with liquor and drunk with fury, assisted by firemen and Thugs, aided by two or three hundred citizens, on this field-day of slaughter. I saw passing an innocent black man, with a market-basket on his arm. He was met by a knot of policemen. They said, 'You are from the hall, are you?' He said, 'No.' They said, 'Yes, you are.' He started to run. Two policemen ran after him, and as many as a dozen bullets were shot into his body before he fell. A citizen then stamped with his heel on his face, and he was beaten to death with clubs."

TOWN GOSSIP.

The necessity of attention to little things has been most forcibly and sadly illustrated within a few days by familiar occurrences. A large fire in Broadway was caused by carelessly throwing a common match upon a floor saturated with oil and alcohol. In an instant the flames burst forth, and a large amount of property was wantonly destroyed. The fearful conflagration in Jersey City originated in a similar manner. A lamp was recklessly taken into the hold of a vessel freighted with petroleum—the escaping gas was ignited, producing a terrific explosion and one of the largest fires that has occurred in this vicinity for years. Why thoughtless boors are allowed thus to trifle with their own lives and the lives and property of the community at large is a marvel, hardly compatible with the most liberal interpretation of the do-as-you-please theory of republican institutions.

By the way, this theory is a favorite one with certain railroad companies, who are laying claim to all our streets and thoroughfares, and covering our goodly city with a complete net-work of iron. Private rights and conveniences, and protests and indignation are of no account with these magnates, who, armed with legislative grants, obtained, the "Lobby" alone knows how, play such pranks before our eyes as, in any other but this corrupt age, would consign them to infamy. Not even an injunction can arrest their despotism, and very soon New York will be known as the grid-iron city, rather than by any other cognomen.

We are indebted to our Western friends for a neat and desirable improvement in the method of paving our streets, which we are just introducing, and of which the most flattering accounts are given. It is the Nicholson pavement, composed of blocks of wood, which are rendered indestructible by being saturated with coal-tar, and laid down lengthwise, having interstices filled with gravel and asphaltum. The Society that pities animals will certainly rejoice in this change, which will spare many a poor horse the necessity of propulsion on his back, instead of on the members nature intended for such a purpose.

Some of our policemen have lately come to grief by affiliating themselves with the rogues they were appointed to watch and detect. While this fact is a sad commentary on the weakness and fallibility of human nature, it does not in the least disparage the admirable system which has maintained in our city so much of order and security, nor prove that the Metropolitan Police are not incomparably superior to any previous organization for public guardianship. It shows that unworthy men may sometimes attain positions of trust; but the summary measures adopted in this instance is a convincing evidence that such men cannot retain their places.

Out-door sports are still one of the prominent features of metropolitan life; and it is a matter of congratulation that these invigorating exercises are so well managed and kept so free from all that is improper and objectionable, that they meet with increasing favor and have become a permanent institution of American society. We are making progress in the right direction, but must go still farther, and provide suitable, healthful, open air exercise for our daughters, so that the term American female shall not be the synonym of the debility, lassitude and physical worthlessness that now characterize so many of "creation's last and best" in our country. A vigorous, healthful, properly developed lady is now a *rara avis* in our society, in city and country alike; and unless we have a speedy revolution in our social and domestic habits, some future Agassiz will discourse in learned cadences over the fossils of the sex once so lovely and prized, but of which no living specimens can be found.

The cholera still lingers among us, but it is so restricted by sanitary measures that its existence is hardly noticed. There is no doubt that the disease can be controlled; that it has its laws, which may be fully understood, and is not the blind demon our superstitious fears have supposed, subject to no restraint, and devouring in defiance of all prudence and care on the part of its victims. We can fight and subdue it, just as we fight fire or any other foe; and it is only our ignorance that makes us afraid.

The watering-places are still in the full tide of prosperity; but the premonitory signs of autumn winds and frosts will soon put an end to the season.

Messrs. Stephan & Co. have made a move in the right direction, by opening a splendid establishment at 688 Broadway, where gentlemen can find entertainment without coming in contact with the disgusting nuisances abounding in all the so-called saloons with which our noble thoroughfare is disgraced. "Le Pavillon" has already become the resort of a class of society distinguished by its respectability. The proprietors are to be congratulated upon their initiative, as well as upon the success already accomplished.

The temperate weather has drawn many of our fashionables to town, among whom is our dramatic critic. He has been airing himself at the theatres, and has picked up various little items of news: among them, that the Winter Garden and Wallack's Theatre have seceded from the Associated Managers, and, consequently, their advertisements will appear in the New York *Herald*—which now and then assumes the character of a facetious paper, as when it makes Charlemagne and Richelieu hob-nob together in the thirty years' war, and Julius Cæsar and Nebuchadnezzer go to grass together. Its last joke was a compliment to the American people, when it gravely stated that the indispensable requisites to give vitality to an illustrated paper were "sickening puritanism, distorted history, out-of-place radicalism, bigotry and offensive caricatures." As these are the very things we avoid, we follow the advice on the rule of contrary, like the man who told the boys where the parish pump was, and that they ought to take the constable there and put him under it, but on no account to pump on him! Among other *on dits*, is that Gotthold, the young and handsome tragedian, who made so promising an appearance at the Winter Garden some months ago, is engaged to appear in a new play, by an author who is well-known to the press of this city, but who has never before adventured before the public as a dramatist. "Not to put too fine a point upon it," we mean the author of "Beautiful Snow." The play is called "The Charlatan." A gentleman—friend, of course, of the author's—who fell asleep while the author was reading it to a select circle, speaks of it in the highest terms, and Gotthold is equally pleased with it. As we know the author to be a man of great ability, we shall certainly go to see it and record its success. Talking of new plays, reminds us that John Brougham has made a hit with his; its only fault being that it is founded on that everlasting epidemic, the Irish drama, which is really in literature what the rinderpest is among cows, the trichinæ among pigs, and the cholera and courtship among men. But we must not forget to add that Brougham's new play is not of the whisky and shillaleh order, but is the work of a man of genius, and the most brilliant dramatist and eccentric commedian of the age. He is what our friend Pierce Pungent says—a living bottle of champagne on a couple of handsome legs, frisking about the stage so charmingly, that really, when he is on it, nobody cares to look at anything else, not even himself in a glass. *Apropos* of charming things, Madeline Henriques has returned from Europe, and is about commencing her campaign against that fabulous piece of gutta percha, the hearts of men.

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

Whereas, a war is existing in the republic of Mexico, aggravated by foreign military intervention; and whereas the United States, in accordance with their settled habits and policy, are a neutral power in regard to the war which thus afflicts the republic of Mexico; and whereas it has become known that one of the belligerents in the said war, namely, the Prince Maximilian, who asserts himself to be Emperor in Mexico, has issued a decree in regard to the port of Matamoras and other Mexican ports which are in the occupation and possession of another of the said belligerents, namely, the United States of Mexico, which decree is in the following words:

"The port of Matamoras and all those of the northern frontier which has withdrawn from their obedience to the Government are closed to foreign and coasting traffic during such time as the law of the empire shall not be therein reinstated.

"Article 2. Merchandise proceeding from said ports on arriving at any other where the excise of the empire is collected, shall pay the duties on importation, introduction and consumption, and, on satisfactory proof of contravention, shall be irremissibly confiscated. Our Minister of the Treasury is charged with the punctual execution of this decree.

"Given at Mexico, the 9th day of July, 1866."

And whereas the decree thus recited, by declaring a belligerent blockade unsupported by competent military or naval force, is in violation of the neutral rights of the United States, as defined by the law of nations, as well as of the treaties existing between the United States of America and the aforesaid United States of Mexico:

Now, therefore, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim and declare that the aforesaid decree is held and will be held by the United States to be absolutely null and void as against the Government and citizens of the United States, and that any attempt which shall be made to enforce the same against the Government or citizens of the United States will be disallowed.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, the 17th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1866, and of the Independence of the United States of America the ninety-first. ANDREW JOHNSON.

By the President:

William H. Seward, Secretary of State.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—At Niagara Falls, a few days ago, the horses attached to a carriage, containing a party of three gentlemen, jumped from the roadway down an embankment, twelve feet high, into the river, just above the road leading to Goat Island. It required the utmost exertions of the driver and party, none of whom were injured, to save the team from being swept over the Falls.

—— Point Lookout, at the mouth of the Potomac river, has been sold to General Bayard, of New York, for $67,500. The sale embraces all the improvements belonging to the late owners, and 240 acres of land adjacent. It is expected that the Point will be refitted up by the proprietor as a first-class watering-place in time for the next season.

—— The Louisville *Courier* says: "An intelligent gentleman, a resident of Georgia, furnishes us the information, which, we must confess, surprises us much, that there are at this time in process of erection in that State seventy-two mills for the manufacture of cotten and woolen goods, some of them for calicoes."

—— A project is on foot among business men in Boston to unite for the reception of a cable dispatch daily in that city, and thus do away with the present dependence upon New York city.

—— The first bale of new cotton, of the crop of 1866, was sold in Mobile, August 15, at auction. It was classed good middling, and was knocked down at 35½ cents.

—— The Fire Department of Boston proposes to send to the Paris exhibition a complete miniature illustration of the fire and alarm apparatus used in that city.

—— The Selma (Ala.) *Messenger* says: "We hear of factories springing up all over the country. At Camden, Wilcox county, a wealthy company have taken the initiatory steps to erect a large building and fill it with the most approved machinery. At Carrollton, Miss., a factory is now in operation, which in a short time will employ 180 spindles. In Marengo county they are making arrangements to manufacture on a large scale. At Cuba Station, Sumter county, a factory is shortly to be in operation."

—— Stock-raising is becoming an important feature in Texas. Some sections are said to be overrun with cattle, nearly wild, belonging to any one who has the facilities for catching and branding them. This laxity of ownership, however, is fast being superceded by the arrivals of large numbers of emigrants, who are settling in those sections. The favor with which the prepared South American beef has been received in Europe has suggested the practicability of similar enterprises in Texas.

—— The work of rebuilding the structure of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, which was destroyed by fire, is slowly progressing. The large towers on the north have been rebuilt with fire-proof floors to assure the safety of all the documents beyond contingency. The large tower to the southward, which was very badly damaged, will soon be rebuilt. The roofing of the main building, two hundred feet long and sixty-five feet wide, will be of wrought iron covered in with slating, with rolled iron parlines, on a novel plan.

—— The monument directed by the Pennsylvania Legislature to be erected to the memory of the celebrated Seneca Chief, Cornplanter, is finished. It stands on the Indian Reservation, fifteen miles above Warren, on the banks of the Alleghany. There are now living three of Cornplanter's children. When the monument is dedicated, the Indians on the Reservation will be present in aboriginal costume.

—— The St. Paul (Minn.) *Press* says that measures are now under way to establish a newspaper printed in the Swedish language, for the use of the Scandinavians in the North-western States. The whole number of Norwegians and Swedes in the upper Mississippi Valley, in the States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Illinois, is estimated at two hundred thousand, of which forty thousand are in Minnesota.

—— The Beet Sugar Manufacturing Company at Chatsworth, Ill., have six hundred acres of beets growing this year. They estimate the crop at ten tuns to the acre, which would yield fully one million pounds of sugar. The machinery of the Company was all brought from Germany.

—— The San Francisco *Bulletin* says blast furnaces are about to be erected in Oregon by the Oregon Iron Company. The works are to be located on the Walamet River, eight miles above Portland. Iron, timber and water-power are plenty there. They will be the first blast furnaces in operation on the Pacific coast.

—— Recent discoveries of stream tin in Idaho, Arizona, and other sections of the Union, induce the belief that the New World may yet compete with the Old in the supply of this mineral.

—— Parkersburg, West Virginia, has now a population of 8,000 to 10,000—considerable improvement in the last five years. Its trade during the past year has been over two and a half millions; manufactures, one and a half millions, and the petroleum shipped amounted to two million dollars.

—— The Congressional act allowing Portland to import building material free of duty for one year, is worth $200,000 to the city. The Portland Sugar-House Company, which lost a million dollars by the fire, has petitioned for exemption from taxation for five years.

—— The New Orleans *Crescent* of August 7, says: "The first bale of this year's crop of cotton, so far as we are informed, was received here yesterday by Mr. E. W. Burbank. It was raised in Jefferson parish by J. M. Taylor & Son, and is classed as 'good middling.' It seems to be of fine staple, and we hope the crop of the State may all turn out as well."

Foreign.—An interesting experiment has been made on Mont Cenis, in presence of the Minister of Public Works, in France, who accompanied the chief director and several engineers. The part of the railroad already completed, which ascends by a winding inclined plane, was traveled over by a train composed of several carriages, at a speed of about eleven miles an hour ascending, and fifteen descending. The highest gradient was eight and a half per cent., and several curves were at an angle of only forty degrees. The works on the Italian side are to be finished by the end of next October, so that it is expected that, by next November, Italy and France will be united by an unbroken line of iron.

—— Recently an eruption of an artesian well took place in a garden adjoining the church of St. Agnes, in Venice. The walls of the church were cracked in all directions. The substance vomited consisted of black ashes and a suffocating gas, the expansion of which is supposed to have caused the outbreak. The water which was thrown up reached as high as the top of the church.

—— The body of a native Australian, which was found in a state of petrifaction, has been sent to England. This singular specimen was found in one of the limestone caverns which abound in the plains of Musquito, in the south of Australia. The body was discovered in the natural position of a sleeping person.

—— Advices from Paraguay and the River Plate war to 10th of July are received. There had been a general failure of the allied forces in their operations against the Paraguayans, and the latter had surrounded their army in a swamp near Humaita, on the Paraguay River. The stock of the allied army was dying out rapidly, and Lopez, the commander of the Paraguayan army, was confident and energetic in his efforts to deal a final blow to the war.

—— A Florence journal relates that, after the battle of Custozza, a surgeon of the Italian army discovered among the wounded a young corporal of Bersaglieri still alive, notwithstanding three severe injuries in the neck, left arm, and right leg. When about to dress those wounds, the surgeon perceived that the sufferer was a young woman, who then declared her name to be Herminia Manelli, and her age twenty. Just before the opening of the campaign her brother, who was a corporal of Bersaglieri, had fallen ill, and returned home to his family until his recovery. The sister, whose parents had previously had some difficulty in preventing from joining the Garibaldians, took advantage of that circumstance, and, cutting short her hair, dressed herself in her brother's uniform and joined his regiment, her resemblance to him enabling her to pass unnoticed. Four hours later her regiment was engaged, and she was wounded on the field of battle. After the discovery of her sex by the surgeon, she was taken to Florence, where she died a few days after.

—— *Apropos* of the approaching marriage of the Princess Dagmar of Denmark with the heir-apparent of the Russian throne, the Paris correspondent of the *Star* relates the following story of the princess's last interview with the late Cesarewitch: "The young princess had been summoned at his express wish, and arrived, accompanied by the Queen, her mother, and the Prince Royal of Denmark. * * * She was at once led to the dying Cesarewitch, and she knelt by his side, sobbing bitterly. He had been senseless, but in the white kneeling figure he suddenly recognized his *fiancée*, drew her toward him, and murmuring some words, inaudible save to her, kissed her forehead. Then, as one might read of in a novel, he took the princess's hand, and, without again speaking, placed it in that of his brother Alexander, which action was at once interpreted by the family as signifying his wish that his brother should bestow on her the throne his own death would deprive her of. From that moment Princess Dagmar did not quit the death-chamber till the grand-duke had breathed his last. She closed his eyes and imprinted a parting kiss on his forehead, and thenceforth the imperial family considered her as one of themselves."

—— The Austrian Emperor, out of gratitude to the Emperor Napoleon III. for his good offices during the war, has offered to give up to France the remains of the Duke of Reichstadt, son of the first Napoleon and Maria Louisa, styled Napoleon II. by the French nation. This is exceedingly flattering to French vanity and the feelings of the Napoleonic dynasty; and the remains of the young prince, who only lived to complete his twenty-first year, are, it is said, to be transported with great pomp to the Church of the Invalides, and there find a resting-place on French soil, near the magnificent mausoleum of Napoleon I.

—— It is proposed in France to institute a decoration which should be given exclusively to women for acts of courage, devotedness, or charity. This order should be called the Eugénie.

—— The proprietor of *Lloyd's Newspaper*, in London, has just imported 270 tuns of Esparto grass from Algeria for the manufacture of paper. The cost of this kind of paper is one-half that of the linen fabric.



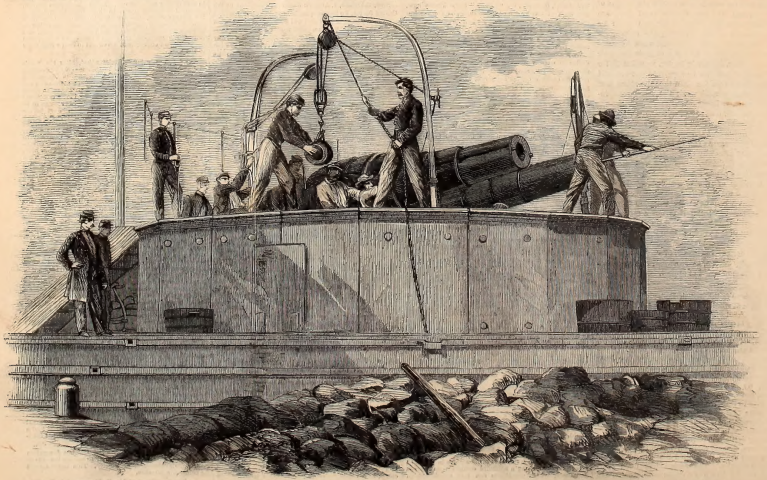
BACON'S CASTLE, SURREY, VA.—SEE PAGE 391

A DAY AT THE FISHING BANKS.

A SIMPLE shepherd, reclining under the cool shade of a wide-spreading tree, playing his flute and watching his flock, was one of the prettiest pictures of unalloyed pleasure a great artist of olden times could draw, and one that has ever been greatly admired. And in fact, it was a truthful and attractive one. But tastes differ, customs change, the world moves, and men of the present day are not content with any one source of pleasure, or any one class of amusements. Ingenuity is constantly on the stretch to devise something novel, something taking, something that will prove an attraction to the masses and a success to the projectors. Here, in New York, there are manifold ways of seeking pleasure and finding enjoyment; such, teh, as shall be at once innocent, healthful and invigorating. To say nothing of the out-door sports that claim so large a share of attention, there are fine excursions in every possible direction to the numerous points of interest in proximity to the metropolis. Perhaps none of these combine so much of pleasure, health and exercise as a trip to the Fishing Banks, of which we give an illustration this week.

These Banks are off Long Branch, so well known as a summer resort, and about thirty miles from the city. They are accessible every day by steamers, which leave in the morning, touching at several landing points, and after allowing their passengers to spend the day on the water, return them to the city at a suitable hour in the afternoon.

So much for the place and the means of reaching it, which is not the whole story. If you are a man of family, you will wish your wife and children to accompany you, and your plans must be formed beforehand: a good lunch prepared—for sea air is wonderfully pro-

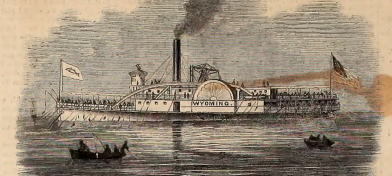


THE DEFENCES OF CALLAO—THE TOWER OF JUNIN.—SEE PAGE 391

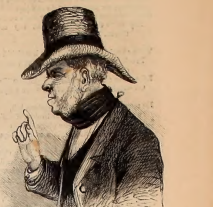
A DAY AT THE FISHING BANKS OFF LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY.



THE FIRST FISH.



THE STEAMER WYOMING ON THE BANKS.



THE PARTY WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT.

vorative of appetite; your hooks and lines put in proper order—for of course you would not go to the Fishing Banks if you could not fish; your cigar-case will need to be filled, and if you don't heed the Excise Law, another case will not be omitted. These things will occupy your thoughts and time before starting, and with the expectation and glee depicted on every countenance, you will be convinced that an excursion is a matter of no small consequence. If you are not a Benedict, you will, of course, have some friends whom you wish to accompany you for the purpose of adding zest to the day; so as either case the necessary preparations are about the same. Well, the morning arrives and you repair to the wharf nearest you at which the steamer touches. Of course you have determined to go in the Wyoming, Captain Holton, and you will suppose nothing is necessary but quietly to step aboard, plant yourself and friends in convenient seats, and await the events of the day. You were never more mistaken. At the wharf you will find an excited crowd of agents and runners trying to induce you to take the opposition boat, which lies alongside the Wyoming with steam up, music playing, banners streaming, etc. One will tell you the boat which he represents always has the best luck. Another will respond, "If you go on that boat and it sinks, there are not enough to row you safely away." And you will be pushed in this direction, and pulled in that, until you resolutely station yourself beyond the reach of these gyrations gentry, whose attentions are far more earnest than agreeable.

At length the lines are cast off, and the staunch Wyoming, with a full complement of excursionists, starts down the Bay, and you have a fine sail of two hours or more before you, amid scenery unsurpassed in quiet beauty and real attractiveness. Some of the crowd, however, have little taste for scenery, or at least more relish for the poetry of motion, as expressed in the merry dance, than for the poetry written on the hills, and caves, and islands, that which you rapidly glide. The deck is cleared, the music strikes up, and in waltz and quadrille the time swiftly flies, the gay revelers giving themselves up to the pastime of the hour with unreserved zest and glee. The tenpin quadrille is one of the features of these sports, of a somewhat novel character. A circle is formed, with one person inside, who, in the rapid change of partners, must succeed in securing one for himself, or stand and await his chance until he is fortunate enough to steal a march upon some one of the circle less watchful than himself. It resembles the well-known game called "Copenhagen," so popular in some parts of the country.

Thus the time passes until the Banks are reached and the boat is anchored, when every one applies himself or herself to the sport of the day. The bait is ready, the lines are thrown into the water, and every device adopted to lure the finny denizens of the deep and make them a coveted prize.

The man who catches the first fish is the hero of the day, and is often so proud of his achievement as if he had conquered a kingdom. Sometimes a premium is offered for success, and it is a study to watch the eager manner in which the sportsmen address themselves to the work.

The ladies also are not backward in trying their skill in this exciting sport, and some of them have no reason to be ashamed of their dexterity in handling the lines and capturing the coveted prey. Sometimes, instead of a fish, you will draw up a mass of tangled seaweed, but the laugh with which your prize is greeted reconciles you to the momentary disappointment. Good humor pervades the crowd, who are always in a mood to joke at slight mishaps and appreciate success; and success of some kind you will have, for the fish are just silly enough to catch at the tempting bait you offer them, and you can hardly fail to show some trophies of your exertion and skill. Occasionally the programme is varied by the intervention of Neptune claiming his accustomed tribute from all who for the first time invade his domain; but with a steady hand and clear conscience you may escape such experience, or, if you do not, it will be short-lived and soon forgotten.

You will have some strange characters on the steamer. There is the person who knows all about it—who can tell you how many fish you will catch, and what kind will take the bait—who has caught fish, and watched fish, and talked of fish, until persuaded that beyond what he possesses, there is no knowledge of fish to be attained. He will bore you and button-hole you until you will wish he would become a fish himself, and dive away in his appropriate element. But, then, such novelties are the charm of the excursion; and, as you have devoted the day to pleasure, you may as well meet it in every possible form.

By the time you have filled your basket and dispatched your dinner—which you can obtain at any hour on the Wyoming—the hour for returning will have arrived, and you will speed your way back to the city. If inclined to "trip the light fantastic toe," the opportunity will not be wanting; if, satisfied with the exploits of the day, you are disposed to recline upon your laurels and give yourself up to dreamy contemplation and fight your battles over again, no one will interfere with you, privileges; but, in any case, you will conclude that, under Captain Holton's charge and out in old ocean's bracing breezes, you had more real pleasure than most days bring to your lot, and that a trip to the Fishing Banks is an event of which you will always retain the most agreeable recollections.



SCENE ON BOARD THE STEAMER.



THE TEN-PIN QUADRILLE ON THE UPPER DECK.



THE RUNNERS OF THE OPPOSITION BOAT.



WHAT IS CAUGHT AT THE FISHING BANKS.



CHAS. SMITH, ATLANTIC B. B. CLUB, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 381.

EXPECTATION.

The engraving on our front page presents an admirable picture of rural domestic life, and is one of those home scenes to which we always recur with increased satisfaction. The restless impatience of the dog to seize the imprisoned prey; the eager, interested earnestness of the boy, finding his amusement in the display of animal instinct, are all so true to life, that one can readily imagine he is viewing an actual scene, and not its mere representation. The truthfulness of the picture is its great charm, and the experience of many will verify what the artist has so happily grouped together in one expressive representation.

THE boundaries of the province of Venetia are well-known, but not very generally the extent which it occupies on the map of Europe. It contains 27,491 square kilometres (3,670,939 acres), and has 2,490,968 inhabitants.

ON A HUMMING-BIRD KILLED IN A STORM.

Thrice cruel death! thus to discharge his dart
At thee, my bright one, in the joyous hour!
Snatch'd from the idols of thy little heart;
Thy mate the sunbeam, and thy couch the flower.

Thus exquisite is death, those burnish'd dyes
Proclaim how gorgeous once you skimmed the air,
Like some rich bloom new-fallen from the skies,
On wandering ringlet of the sun's bright hair.

No more shall revel your luxurious bill,
In cups, with which your broider'd pinion vies;
No more for you shall the magnolia fill
Her chalice at the fountain of the skies.

No more a gleaming radiance will you cast
From orange-bud or jasmine's cluster'd stem;
No more, when flushed with the divine repast,
You'll glance thro' ether like a wingéd gem.

The king of fairies, when he went to war,
Might plume his helmet from thy pictured vest.
Pet of a goddess in some distant star,
Why did you roam a truant from her breast?

Each night, they say, her pearly weepings fell;
And, doting o'er thee in thy blooming grove,
She filled with star-dew every velvet bell,
To feast, at morn, the fondling of her love.

Avice and Her Lover.

England was "Merrie England" still, and bluff King Hal lived in the odor of Masses, horse-racing, bowling, and love-making; encouraged by royal example, the country was not slow in taking up all manner of sport, and great sums were spent on horses, especially in importing such as were likely to improve the home stock. Goodly estates changed hands with as great facility as in these present days, and although long before that corporate body known as the "Jockey Club" sat in judgment upon "turf" laws, the settling-day was rigidly observed, and debts of honor paid either by money or blood. Yorkshire took the lead in those days, and the great race-meeting held in the Forest of Galtres, on the eastern side of the city of York, had just terminated; the favorite had been distanced, and the owner of the favorite, Percy Topham, of Sledmere, had a heavy reckoning to pay. No one wondered at the dark frown that had settled down upon his handsome face; though many did marvel at his reckless challenge to run his mare Lady Ann against Dick Skelton's Courtier, for the then enormous wager of three hundred pounds.

"Thou'it never win, Percy," said Squire Thornton, kindly; "back out of it, there's a good lad. The old hall won't be thine when all thy debts are paid to-day. Dick's an honest fellow, and cares more for a kind look from thy sister Avice's bright eyes, than for all the race-winning in England; make a match there an you like, Percy, and I'll wish thee well on it."

Percy's face flushed, and a rough oath rolled out through his clenched teeth.

"Avice can make or mar her own wedding, squire; Dick's taken my hand on the wager, and so it must abide. We of Sledmere never back out of anything; the mare's a good one, and will pull through for the honor of the old place."

And he turned away, evidently bent upon avoiding further advice or condolence, walking off in the direction of the city, whither the crowd was now bending its way likewise. He had spoken, as he thought, lightly; but, God help him! his heart was heavy as lead. Squire Thornton had said no more than the truth, and bitter and unpalatable as that truth was, Percy knew he must "grin and abide it;" the day's ill-luck had been but the finishing-stroke to a long train of what he was pleased to call misfortunes, but which his neighbors gave a harsher name to. True, the hall would not go; it had gone, though only to his sister Avice, long ago. He must pay his debts, or give as good to-morrow, even if the last penny went. And then? ay, what then? He was young, healthy, and the world was wide. Soldiering was no bad trade, and those days you got a better price for your blood than now; the king liked a jolly roystering blade, though he might not have a groat in his pocket. He had been down in luck, it is true, but fortune is capricious; luck might—nay, must, if he could only hold on long enough—change, and meanwhile he'd the match with Dick Skelton to win.

There is something peculiarly elastic and hopeful about the nature of a thorough-paced turf-man. So it was that, having mentally faced his ill-luck, and, so to speak, taken the bull by the horns, Mr. Topham mounted his horse to take his twenty miles of home road with a clear brow and a happy conviction that somehow or other, he didn't know or care how, he'd fall on his legs and tide over the ugly state of affairs.

He had not gone above a mile of his way when Dick Skelton came up with him, and presently opened his heart anent his affection for Avice. Now Avice was Percy's sole remaining relative; she had been with him since childhood; he never, indeed, remembered a time that Avice was not his comforter, counselor, and helper; so you may believe he had no desire to see his home broken up, and the light carried away to brighten another. Nevertheless, he could have no objection to plead, he was only a brother, and it was in the course of nature that she should make another home for herself; so with a sickly heart Percy promised to speak for his friend, and they parted by the great gate, Dick having a couple of miles yet to ride.

Sledmere Hall was a rambling, patched-up building; one end was in ruins, and to this had been tacked a quarter big enough to barrack a troop; not more than half the habitable portion was really inhabited. In one corner of the least ruined portion of the old part, where a great lumber-chamber existed, Percy had permitted an eccentric beggar man, by the name of Essex, to take up his dwelling. This man had established a curious reputation in the country round, being looked upon as half fool, half wizard, and wholly mysterious. The poor folks feared and consulted him, the rich ones humored and, unwilling to risk his displeasure, fed him bountifully when he demanded the same. Essex was a big, burly, broad-shouldered fellow, carrying his professed age (which he affirmed to be seventy) with a marvelously hearty and hale figure; he wore a long white beard and mustachios to match, and usually had on a broad-brimmed slouched hat, so that, save a pair of keen eyes flashing out below thick, protruding eyebrows, little or no distinctive feature in his face was visible. As Percy rode to the hall door upon the evening of the ill-starred race at York, the beggar was striding up the avenue with a well-filled wallet slung over his broad shoulder; Percy glanced at him in passing, but whether from want of thought, or that feeling of irritation which sometimes comes over one when, vexed and sick at heart with life's disappointments, we see some one else taking the ills of their lot easily, and in a Mark Tapley-like spirit "looking happy," I cannot say; anyhow, he passed the man without giving him "good-night," which omission was retaliated by a clinched fist being lifted menacingly, and as ugly a scowl as you'd wish to see.

"Ay, you may hold your head high, my fine young sir," muttered Essex, his eyes following the horseman; "but you'll look low enough soon. You've eyes enough and words enough to spare, sometimes; fewer of both, and it had been better for you. You'll think so yourself before long. You've had a bitter pill to swallow to-day, but there's a worse coming."

"What art mutterin' and mumblin' about, auld man?" cried a voice at his elbow, and a woodman, who had turned into the avenue from a by-path, joined him.

"Saying my *paternoster*, friend, as I walked," was the reply. "Asking the saints to bless thy young master and give him better luck with his horses."

"Has he been unlucky, then?"

"Ay, the mare gave in."

The woodman's answer was a curse, for, like most servants, he went with his master in winning or losing, and the "mare" had been the boast of every man and stripling on the Sledmere estate. Nothing more was spoken between the two, and the woodman, looking askance at Essex, as one is apt to do at the bearer of ill tidings, took the first occasion to turn down another path; then, taking to his heels, set off across the park toward the stables, there to learn the true report of the day's work.

Meanwhile Percy had reached the hall, told his story of defeat, and sought his sister.

"What fortune, dear?" was Avice's first question.

"The worst. I've played my last card, I fear, darling. Nay, do not grow pale and turn thy sweet face away. It's all the comfort I've left me; and that scurvy fellow, Dick Skelton, wants to rob me of thee, too. What, think you, has been the burden of his cry all the way home? Ay, you know, do you? But you won't have him," added Percy, oblivious of his promise.

"No, Percy, he'll never be thy brother."

Hearing her decided voice, and knowing well that Dick's chance was gone, Percy relented, and went on:

"Yet he's a good fellow, and loves thee right honestly. Thou wert kind to him once, Avice, and there is none thou likest better."

He looked and started, for her eyes fell, and a painful flush came over her fair face, giving his assertion a very visible denial. There was one she liked better—the tell-tale blood showed so much; and Percy, jealous for his friend, would have mercilessly probed the wound, had not Avice, with the instinct of self-preservation, hastily effected a *divertissement*.

"The ghost was here last night, brother. They tell me the very horses in the stable neighed with terror, and the maids are going about with blanched cheeks—no one daring to move alone. The grooms shut themselves up in the kitchen, and would not budge an inch for love or money."

"A set of cowardly rascals! And you?"

"Oh! I was frightened too, I own; but I could not save laugh at the consternation, and the ghost or goblin, or whatever it was, was mighty civil to me; for, after the household were at their wits' end, and I had gone back to my chamber, strains of heavenly music filled my ears until I fell asleep and forgot my fears."

"This must be seen to, Avice. Strange suspicions have been tormenting me of late. May there not be something else than spiritual at work—some devilish plot? Ghosts do not work so systematically as this of ours appeareth to do; and music, too! Ghosts play not such, that ever I heard. We'll have it ferreted out, sister. I am just in the humor for such a piece of work now."

"Nay, wait, Percy, at all events, until the wedding-mask of our cousin is over. My nerves are unstrung as it is, and, if you and I are to play our parts fitly, I'll have need of all my impudence."

"All thy impudence!" laughed her brother. "Faith, I'd wager my last groat thy impudence would never save a fly's life. Hadst not to wear a bit of black silk over that blushing face of thine, there would have been small hope of there being much acting: and, yet, canst tell me how modest women grow pert and shameless when they have a mask over their faces? If thou wert anything but the pure angel I know thee to be, I'd say it was woman's heart, and that when they could hide the shame of their purer faces, their tongues could wag fast enough."

"Nay, nay, Percy, you do not mean it; you know better than to believe such. I'll not deny there are bad among us, and methinks that when once a woman passes the rubicon of virtue the devil himself takes possession of her; but there is no lack of good, too—honest, faithful——"

"Rose Raby, to wit," interrupted Percy, bitterly.

In an instant Avice's arms were round her brother's neck.

"She was driven to it, Percy, poor child! You, a strong man, able to hold your own, should pity her. Nay, I mean it. She was weak—that was her nature, I'll not say nay to that, and I think I'd have done differently; for, if love be such as they say it is, I'd die rather than give up my right to keep faith where I loved. We don't hang our hearts for every gallant to pluck at, nor do we cast them down unsought; but, once taken captive, sure it is only maiden modesty to be steadfast to the death."

Her brother listened to this rhapsody with a changing countenance. For an instant a smile sprung up, then that died away, and a bitter sneer curled his lip under the long, silken mustache as he answered:

"You argue like one with experience, Mistress Avice. 'Tis a pity Rose had not borrowed somewhat of thee. I met her master (for I'll call him naught else, so never frown at me)—I met her master, I say, on the course, and heard him bragging of what he had done at Newmarket, and how the king trusted him before all men to buy a horse or choose a wench; and then he vowed all women had their price. My blood was up, boiling like molten lead; and, had it not been that Dick dragged me away, there would have been a sinner less in the land by this, and fair Mistress Rose might have had another chance in the market."

"Thanks be to God and Mr. Skelton!" said Avice, fervently, clasping her little hands. "You are too hot, Percy."

"Nay, sweetheart, I am cold enough now; feel how my hand shakes. But let's to supper. To-night I must eat, drink and be merry; to-morrow I'll pay my debts, and sit on thy hearth—a pauper."

When Avice sought her bedroom that night she had no inclination for sleep. She was uneasy about her brother. His flushed face and trembling limbs warned of more than mental suffering. She had heard from him the story of his losses, too. Then, again, this love proposal of Dick Skelton's. Dick was her brother's largest creditor, and one word from her would cancel all debts. She had but to say the little word "yes," and Dick, who had the finest property in the North Riding, would turn over all she held of the old place, and forgive her brother's debts. Avice was thinking, as she could not but think, of all this; thinking, too, that had the same emergency risen a month before, there would have been no difficulty, but that Dick Shelton would have won a willing bride. Only a month ago—four short weeks, and all this was changed! Four weeks ago Avice would have married Dick, simply because she knew him well, respected him well, and cared for no one, except her brother, better. Four weeks ago Avice had only known one love, and the little heart now, thrilling and sinking with its own weight and happiness, lay quiet and unfelt. Four weeks ago, during a long ramble, and while resting under an old hawthorn tree,, a stranger had passed her; a pair of dark-blue eyes had looked into hers, and up sprang the heart to life. Day after day she had thought of the eyes, night after night they had haunted her in sleep, until, some fortnight after, they had met hers again, and since then scarce a day passed but at some point or other of her walks the mysterious stranger had suddenly sprung up, bowed and passed on. So it came about that Avice talked of "truth unto death," and sat in the bay-window of her bed-chamber, gazing out into the moon-lit park.

A very sweet and English view was that seen out of the bay-window; first, a deep moat, carpeted over with water-lilies, whose bright flowers starred the dark surface of the water, and, fringing the moat, a thick under-wood of many kinds of shrubs; beyond, a wide expanse of park-land, dotted with great oak and elm trees. Above all this sailed the moon, to-night at the full, looking down with a clear, watchful eye upon the sleep of nature; not a leaf moved, and an intense silence reigned everywhere—so intense that Avice fell into a half-dreamy state, and, sitting with her eyes fixed upon an opening in the copse where the moonbeams made a silvery path of light, let her thoughts weave such fairy-like romances as they listed.

But suddenly the listless look vanished, her cheeks flushed, and, leaning forward, she gazed with eager eyes upon a tall, dark figure, which, standing full in the centre of the path, seemed framed in that mysterious silver light. For a few seconds the man stood with his face toward the house; then he walked up to the verge of the moat and bent over, gazing down into the deep water. Avice's heart beat fast and her cheeks paled. What could he mean?—why did he bend over the water?—and almost a shriek broke from her white lips as, suddenly letting himself down over the ledge, she saw him seize a branch, and so swing down to the water-edge, until he could grasp one of the golden-chaliced lilies, with which prize he was soon standing safe on the green bank again; and Avice, pale enough now, was watching, wondering and perplexed, for she had long ago recognized the figure, as what woman ever does fail to recognize the man that she loves?

The very violence of her emotion had driven the blood back to her heart, which beat and thrilled, and ached in a manner perplexing to poor Avice, who, ready as she was to venture her opinion and tell her mind as to love and its exigencies, as is the manner with many young women, was, as yet, happily ignorant of its caprices, and wondered sorely why she grew so faint and tenderly melancholy, though all the time conscious that she was perfectly happy.

Avice went to bed at last, but not, you may be sure, until the lily-gatherer had long ago disappeared, and the moon, traveling on her way, had left the path in shadow.

Bright dreams were Avice's that night; and through them all came a vague consciousness that there was some presence near her; that eyes were watching her, and lips breathing near her; once she thought they touched hers, and starting up with a cry, she saw only the pale dim day-dawn stealing into the room, and turning upon her side, the girl fell into a deep dreamless rest, from which she did not awake until the sun was streaming into the room, and coming straight through the middle panes of the bay-window, fell upon her bed, where, upon the crimson quilted coverlet, white and glistening, lay a water-lily.

One might well judge that such an adventure would alarm Avice, and yet it scarcely may be said to have done so. In those days there was a much stronger belief in the supernatural; and living as Avice had done in a notoriously haunted and spirit-ridden house, it is scarcely to be wondered at that she suddenly became possessed with the notion that this mysterious wanderer and the haunting spirit were one and the same, and that by some strange freak the spirit loved her. It would be hard to say whether Avice was pleased or frightened when her mind first conceived, and then instantly accepted, this wild notion; it was very awful, of course, to have a lover of ethereal nature, and not mortal flesh and blood as she herself was; she had read, too, of the Evil One taking human shape to deceive young maidens; but this could not be a demon! oh, no, Avice was sure of that. Those blue eyes that stirred her heart even now, and that sad, quiet face—there was no taint of evil there; rather must he be some heavenly spirit who, for some cause or other, was doomed to remain a season on earth.

When Avice began to let her mind wander away into such wild regions as these, there was no limit to the visionary world she soon made around her; and it was perhaps fortunate that, going down to prepare the morning meal for her brother, she found he had been seized with an ague, and obliged to send to the nearest town for a doctor.

A long anxious day followed; Avice had her hands full; Percy was very ill, and by no means an easy patient to deal with; for he had to be kept in bed almost by main force, insisting upon getting up and riding over to Middleham to meet the attorney who was to settle his racing losses. As day waned, the fever left him, and then he became bent upon a new excitement; he and Avice were to attend the mask at their cousin's wedding, which was to come off that night, and being unable to go himself, which sorely against his will he at last admitted, he insisted upon Avice carrying out her part, which was none other than the Queen of Cœur de Lion, which great monarch Percy himself had been prepared to personate. In vain Avice pleaded against his will; he was inflexible; and at last, dreading the effect of continued altercation in his present state, she consented.

CHAPTER II.

The wedding ceremony was over; the tables were filled with guests, those who were to form the maskers' company remained but a short time at the feast, soon retiring to the rooms prepared for them, and from whence there shortly issued a medley of mummers of every country, class and order.

Observed of all observers was one, a tall, richly-dressed Crusader, who, speedily making his way up to Avice's side, whispered:

"Accept my homage, peerless queen; it is my duty as my most heartfelt pleasure to guard you from all annoyance."

Avice bowed, and, willing to keep up the jest, held out her hand that he might touch the tips of her fingers; but she drew back angrily, and with a haughty motion of her tall figure, as the warrior, seizing her hand, kissed it passionately.

"Manners have not been taught thee in the East, fair sir," said an angry voice, and a second Crusader stood by Avice's side.

"True knights went to the East to fight, not to learn the soft manners of a Court; methinks our fair and dauntless queen knows too well what stern stuff a soldier's heart must be made of to take offense at homage, even if more warmly offered than the manner of English life permits."

"Faith, your tongue is glib enough, Sir Knight, and if the queen takes a friend's counsel, she'll banish thee her presence;" saying which, the speaker brought his mask near Avice's pretty ear, and whispered:

"Let me guard thee, Avice; thy brother told thee my heart's desire."

Avice drew back; she could not misunderstand Dick Skelton, and she dare not encourage him by accepting his service, much as at that moment she longed to do so, and escape from the notice the altercation was attracting.

"Nay," she said, her voice faltering, and her neck showing the blushes her mask hid on her cheeks; "'tis unfair. I'll banish no true knight my presence without fair reason, but I'll equally choose none unknown. Your title, Sir Knight."

"Knight of the Lily, your majesty," and dropping upon one knee, the Crusader flung open his cloak, and showed a water-lily resting upon his breast, while up into Avice's face looked the blue eyes that had been "her heart's undoing."

Things were at a critical pass. Avice, confused and startled, was trying to form an answer, when a general rush was made to another apartment, and a cry of "the wizard" was raised. Avice made no attempt to stand against the current, but suffering herself to be borne onward, soon found that she had shaken off at least one of her knights, and that only Dick Skelton stood by her side. Nor was Dick slow to take advantage of his luck; and right warmly did he plead his cause, heedless of the many expostulations Avice made, or the amused looks that were cast upon them, until, fairly beside herself with vexation and shame, Avice forced her way through the crowd, and walking boldly up to the Knight of the Lily, said:

"I call upon you to accept your office, sir, and

charge you to remain by my side for the rest of the evening."

Her overwrought feelings gave way, and a low, gurgling sob followed her brave speech.

Gently and instantly the stranger knight led her through the crowd, now too eager about the conjuring tricks of the wonderful Eastern wizard to notice aught else, until he took her into an empty withdrawing room.

"I will leave you," he whispered, "but first tell me you are not angry. I have tried to leave you, but fate was too strong for me. Great danger threatens you and yours, and I have power to avert it; but this power has been given me only on one condition. I cannot tell you to-night, but to-morrow night, if you will meet me in the room occupied by Essex, I will. You do not doubt me, Avice? You must not. Your brother's honor, nay, life itself, depends upon your trusting me. Say you will come, and I'll leave you now."

Avice did believe him; what less could she do? Even had he not possessed such a mysterious power over her heart, was there not enough in the idea of danger to her brother to warrant the step, unmaidenly though it might seem to many? So Avice promised, and with a long pressure of the fingers, and a caution to her to stay quiet for a time, the knight left her.

The maskers saw no more of the queen that night; but Dick Skelton did: for hunting about, he spied her making her escape, and, in spite of remonstrance, walked home by her side, silent perforce, and biting his tongue out for very bitterness and jealousy: one thing only giving him satisfaction, namely, that he had at least kept the Knight of the Lily away, and seen Avice safely under the home roof.

Next day Dick, who had all the dogged perseverance of an English nature, rode over to Sledmere, and told his tale to Percy Topham, who, being wearied of bed, and doubly wearied of his own thoughts and the pricking of conscience that had been going on while he lay perforce on his back, listened with rising anger, and sent for Avice, who, however, refused to appear; and at last Dick for very shame's sake had to go home and leave his hopes behind him.

The day was a long and tedious one for each. Percy was irritated by the morning's talk; Avice worried both by reason of Dick Skelton's persecution and her brother's championship of the suit, to say nothing of the coming appointment she had promised to keep that night. So the weary hours went by, until night came, and with it a sudden storm of thunder, wind and rain; so that when the trysting-hour drew on, the old house rocked and groaned in the arms of the wind.

Wrapping herself in a long black cloak, Avice made her way to the ruined portion of the house, stepping carefully along the dark corridor, and standing irresolute at the door which led to the beggar's room. She had not to wait long; the door opened, and Essex stood there, holding a bright lamp, and dressed in leathern doublet and scarlet hose.

"Punctual to a minute, sweetheart," he said, reaching out his hand to assist her up the ruined steps; but Avice drew back, bidding him mend his speech, and remember who he spoke to. At which he laughed, and bade her choose her own way.

Directly Avice was in the chamber, Essex extinguished the light, and she heard his footsteps descending a flight of stone stairs close at hand; then came a gust of cold air, next a voice she recognized as that of the stranger whispered:

"Fear nothing, I am here to protect you."

A handkerchief was then thrown over her face, she was lifted in a pair of strong arms, and carried down what appeared an interminable flight of stairs; on and on, through cold passages, until at last she was set down and the handkerchief taken from her face.

The room was furnished, brightly lighted, and altogether had a look of comfort and habitation, though the stone roof showed that it was a vault; and here Avice was left, there being no sign of the arms in which she had been carried so far.

CHAPTER III.

Next morning there was consternation in the hall; Avice's chamber was untenanted, her bed unslept in. Percy was at his wits' end, and summoned every one on the place, man, woman and child, questioning each and all, but without eliciting anything that could serve as a clue to the mystery.

In the midst of which, Essex sent a request that he might be heard; and accordingly Percy, too impatient to await the man's coming, himself sought him out. The beggar-man was in his own apartment.

"You want to know what has become of your sister, Percy Topham?" he said. "I can tell you, but I must be paid for it."

Percy, for answer, sprang at the man's throat.

"Price!" he cried; "yes, thou shalt have this price—the price of a halter—thou cowardly dog. Not content with frightening our souls out of our bodies—for I've suspected long thou wert at the bottom of these devil's tricks that have made us the talk of the country side—thou must needs carry off an innocent girl. Thou hound, hanging's too good for thee!"

"Hands off, master, or two will play at that game; hands off, I say! I've better right to the hall and its belongings than thou hast. Thy grandfather cheated mine out of these lands, and drove out my father a beggar. I swore I'd have my revenge, and so I will."

With a sudden wrench he shook Percy off, whose hands, weakened by fever, made small odds against the strength of his gigantic opponent, who, rearing his tall figure, was about to speak, when a report like the loudest thunder shook the room, and brought down a cloud of dust from the crumbling walls.

Essex uttered a yell like that of a demon, and pushing some of the ld furniture aside, dragged up a trap-door, and darted down a stone staircase, followed by Percy and some of the more courageous of the servants. On they went, through dark passages and vaulted rooms, until a gust of cold air and the white light of daylight suddenly shone down upon them, and at the same moment a woman's voice was heard; and Avice, pale as death, with dilated eyes, and hair hanging disheveled over her shoulders, stood upon the brink of what seemed a living grave.

Frantic, and beside himself with horror, the beggar threw himself upon the confused mass of masonry, dragging stone after stone away, shrieking for help, and calling upon them to save his son from a living tomb.

But no one seemed to heed him. Percy, faint and terror-stricken at the sight of his sister, had clambered up and was trying to force her away; but the girl only shrieked and struggled, pointing to the ruin, and wringing her hands. The paroxysm that had taken possession of Essex seemed to pass away; he staid himself suddenly in his fruitless task, and looking round upon the men, said:

"You think me mad, sirs, but I am not. My only son is buried behind that heap of ruin; have none of you bowels, that you stand there open-mouthed while he is dying?"

"Now you speak fairly," cried one of the men; "we'll do our best;" and accordingly to work they went, with pickax, spade and shovel, showing such a hearty will that ere many minutes were over they had opened a pathway and showed the mouth of a dark vault, along which came pouring a sulphurous stream of smoke and steam, and down which, utterly careless of any danger, Essex rushed. There was an intense silence at the mouth of the gulf, broken only by the hard sobbing breathing of Avice, who was crouching down, gazing into the passage.

At last a faint and distant shout came upon their ears; then another and another, and Percy, bidding one of the men not let Avice escape, ran down the passage.

Another minute or two of intense suspense, then footsteps, and then Essex and Percy carrying between them a death-like body.

Avice saw it first, and the shriek that broke from her lips seemed to bring back the power of life to the dying man.

"Save her! save her!" he moaned, and clasped the girl's hand, as she hung over him, calling him by every fond name she could invent; then turning:

"Percy, save him!" she cried; "he has not hurt me; he would have saved you; it was all an accident; take him to the house; he is dying, perhaps;" and then she began speaking with her words of love again, walking along holding his hand until they laid him on her brother's bed, and began to dress his wounds.

Percy sought for Essex, but he was gone, no one knew whither; and many days passed before the mystery could be explained; and the explanation came from the lips of the man so miraculously rescued.

Essex had been no beggar in reality, but the descendant of the family who had once possessed the hall, and who, believing his ancestors had been defrauded of their inheritance, had taken a vow of vengeance; and coming down to put it into execution in the most feasible way he could, fell in with a party of coiners, who had already established themselves among the vaults of the old house. He and his son joined these men, and while the father was plotting the ruin of Percy, the son saw and loved Avice, and determined to save them; bribed his father to let him obtain an interview with Avice, with the intention —so his father thought—of forcing her to be his wife, but in reality to save her brother.

The end we have seen—an explosion in the works used by the coiners disclosed the plot, and proved the death of the men engaged in the work. Essex was never heard of again. His son recovered, but only by dint of Avice's constant care; and as she sat by the bay-window in his sick-room day after day, singing softly, and cheering away the long hours, I do not think that she ever regretted that her mysterious lover had turned out to be only like other men.

People wondered at Avice marrying the beggar's son, but Dick Skelton, like a noble fellow as he was, came to her aid, and held it that Essex was a right good gentleman, who had only played the beggar for a time; and when the "Knight of the Lily," as we may still call him, was able to rise from his bed and go up to the court, Dick was at his hand to tell his story, and stand his rival's sponsor for his old sweetheart's sake.

BACON'S CASTLE.

The subject of this sketch is an old picturesque and historically interesting building, now a country-seat in Surrey County, Virginia, situated about seven miles south of the James' River, and fifty miles east from Petersburg. It is said to have been fortified as a stronghold by Nathaniel Bacon and his followers during their struggle with the Colonial Government in 1676, which was called Bacon's Rebellion. The occasion of the outbreak was this, viz.: a hostile tribe of Indians were making attacks upon the colony with all the accompaniments of savage warfare. The means adopted by the Governor to repel them were feeble and inefficient, and the people everywhere petitioned him to allow them to arm themselves and march against their enemies in sufficient force to put down all resistance and clear the country at once of the marauding hordes. Their request was peremptorily denied by the haughty Governor, and in consequence Bacon assembled and equipped a body of men, and putting himself at their head, marched boldly against the savages, whom he completely routed.

For this patriotic act he and his followers were denounced by the Governor in a formal proclamation as rebels; but the people, sustaining their leader, resisted his arrest, and succeeded for a time in regaining their lost privileges. At this juncture, Bacon died quite suddenly, and his party was soon subdued, and the Governor restored to power, in the exercise of which he caused twenty-two of the so-called insurgents to be executed.

There are several superstitions connected with this building, and stories are rife of its being haunted, and of strange sounds and footsteps being heard in its spacious halls at night. It is not probable, however, that much credence can be attached to such vagaries.

TURRET BATTERY AT CALLAO, PERU.

The science of defense in war, like that of attack, has undergone great advances within the past few years. The application of iron in facing batteries was one of the innovations introduced successfully in Charleston harbor, at the very outset of the war, and the principle there exemplified (in placing iron plating at an angle to the horizon), was subsequently adopted in the construction of the Merrimac, and has probably received its highest development in the monster Dunderberg.

The turret system was, however, first essayed on the water, in the immortal Monitor, and has obtained its development in the Puritan, the Dictator, the Monadnock and Miantonomoh. The application of this system has often been suggested for land works and defenses of harbors, and it is only wonderful that steps have not been taken to put it in practice.

The nearest approximation to the idea of Monitor turrets on land, was made in a hurried and imperfect, yet, as the event proved, a very efficient manner, in Callao, Peru, previous to the late unsuccessful attack of the Spaniards on that port. The suggestion and execution were made by Mr. Ernest Malinouski, a Polish engineer resident in Peru, and who deservedly enjoyed the confidence of Señor Galvez, the late efficient Peruvian War Minister. To these gentlemen, jointly—the energy, determination and sincere purpose of the one, and the intelligence, skill and perseverance of the other (working with inadequate materials and unskilled mechanics)—we say to Galvez and Malinouski Callao owes its safety, and Peru the glory of having defeated the formidable forces of Spain.

The principal reliances of the Peruvians were on some Blakely and other heavy but complicated English guns. As the shore at Callao is sandy and loose, it was impossible to construct batteries at all adequate to mount heavy guns; Malinouski conceived the idea of adopting iron turrets in which to mount and work them. The work had to be done on the moment, and was, consequently, rude, and the guns had to be fired *en barbette*. But their complicated and all too delicate machinery was adequately protected, as the result proved. None of the guns were dismounted by the heavy fire of the Spaniards. Two were dismounted from the ignorance or unskillfulness of the gunners, and one turret was silenced by the carelessness of the men in dropping a percussion 300-pound shell, which exploded with deadly effect, killing Señor Galvez.

The engraving shows the battery of Junin, which was most efficient in driving off the Spaniards.

CHATTANOOGA FROM LOOK-OUT MOUNTAIN.

The places where the great battles of the rebellion were fought will ever retain a historic interest, and few of them will be associated with more that is heroic than Chattanooga. Around this point, as a common centre, both armies revolved, victory perching upon the banner of each alternately. It will be long before the engagement on Look-out Mountain, or "Battle of the Clouds," as it was called, will be forgotten; and Chattanooga bore so important a part, as the base of supplies for Sherman's army, before he began his memorable march to the sea, that it is now immortalized.

Aside from incidents of the war, no locality possesses more to interest the tourist. Our sketch represents a view from the summit of the mountain, which is 1,600 feet high, and commands a view of one of the finest prospects on the continent. From this point no less than seven States can be seen; while the town, nestled in the valley below, and the river, winding gracefully around, present a scene of imposing grandeur. Previous to the war, this was a favorite resort of travelers from all parts of the Union; and in future it, doubtless, will attract multitudes desirous of witnessing the scene of some of the most heroic deeds the great conflict inspired.

THE GREAT FIRE IN JERSEY CITY.

On the morning of the 19th August Jersey City was visited with one of the most disastrous conflagrations that has occurred in this vicinity for many years. An immense amount of property was destroyed and at least three persons perished in the flames. The first intimation of the disaster was an explosion so loud as to be heard for some miles, followed immediately by the ascent, a hundred feet or more, of a column of livid flame, accompanied by a dense body of smoke, which was rapidly carried by the wind across the river, until it enveloped the whole city, as with a pall, and completely obscured the sunlight. The fire originated on board a schooner lying at the bulkhead of a pier adjacent to two immense wharves, upon which were stored thousands of barrels of oil and an immense quantity of tobacco, grain, and other merchandise. The schooner had some five hundred barrels of crude oil on board, with which she was about to leave port. It is stated that one of the hands on board, who, it appears, has miraculously escaped to tell the tale, descended into the hold where the oil was stored for a blacking-brush, which he wished to use on deck. Unable to find it in the dark, he struck a match, which, after using, it is presumed he threw from him, still burning. He says in a general way that he saw his danger and escaped, from which it may be inferred that the lighted match came in contact with some of the fluid which had leaked from the casks, igniting it. He had but time to shout a warning to those near him and escape himself, when a terrific explosion took place, which tore open the decks of the schooner, as if they were things of parchment, and flung high into the air and abroad over acres of the surrounding wharves a torrent of flaming oil and the burning staves of hundreds of the oil barrels. On all sides there was abundant material for feeding the surging flames. Loaded vessels that could not be towed to a place of safety quickly fell a prey to the devouring demon. A long train of cars laden with the inflammable oil formed in a few minutes a line of fire, which quickly communicated to the pier beneath, rendering all effort to stay the progress of the destructive element wholly abortive.

In fact, the heat was so intense that it was impossible to bring the engines within working distance of the fire, and men gazed in sad despair on what they were powerless to stay.

When the flames had supreme control of the vessels, the buildings and the cars, the scene was one of terrific grandeur. Acres of flame leaped up into huge clouds of inky smoke, which rolled away toward the northeast. Men and women rushed to the place in crowds, frightened from their dwellings by the repeated explosions, and by the volumes of flame which followed each, threatening to consume the city if unchecked in their career. Efforts were made by the Police and others to approach the wharves, that they might save life in danger, but the burning shed shut out all possibility of this.

During the whole day the fire raged with unceasing fury, and only subsided when its work of ruin was complete.

The scene presented at night was simply one of blackened ruins, charred piles, twisted and bent iron, and the piles of consuming rubbish always to be found at large fires. The schooner, the primary cause of the disaster, still sent forth columns of flame, and smoke of inky blackness, proceeding from her lower tier of oil casks. Occasionally bright and heavy sheets of flame were puffed upward as the fire reached some new deposit of oil, but no danger was to be apprehended therefrom, for the vicinity, for blocks adjoining, was nothing but smouldering ruins. Two steam engines were retained on the ground all night, and their streams were directed upon the hulk of the schooner, which was burned to the waters edge.

A number of vessels, fully loaded, were lying at the wharves, just ready to sail. These, with their cargoes, were entirely consumed. The entire loss is estimated at two millions of dollars, and but for a favorable change in the wind would have proved much greater.

Such was the intense heat of the flames that, with the exception of a few charred timbers forming part of the gaunt skeletons of the wharves, everything consumable was eaten up by the fire. Unlike the *debris* of an ordinary fire, there are no piles of half-burned timber or indications left of the form of the immense buildings which so lately stood thereon. Over two acres are covered with ashes, and lying symmetrically upon these, the hoops of the ten thousand barrels as they fell, each one twisted like the figure eight, half calcined, and covered as if with a reddish rust. The iron rails of the track which led down to the wharf are twisted from the sleepers, half-burned beneath them. Further on the wheels and axles and springs of the forty cars lie in a long line of shapeless ruin, but with not a particle of wood near them, nor anything but the impalpable gray powder which once was wood, and which now rises in a cloud with the slightest puff of wind.

OUR BASE BALL ILLUSTRATIONS.

The subject of our illustration this week is Mr. Charles J. Smith, of the Atlantic Club of Brooklyn, the champion club of the United States. The history of this noted base-ball organization would make an interesting volume without doubt, for the club has grown with the game, last season witnessing the Atlantic nine without compeers as practical exemplars of the attractive features of our national sport, while the game never before reached so near perfection. The championship in base-ball, it may be as well to state, is a title awarded by custom alone, there being nothing of the kind recognized by the National Association, and we trust there never will be, for undoubtedly the result of such official recognition would be the extension of the pernicious influences which now surround the contests for the coveted laurels. The Atlantics were the first club to assume the title, or rather allow it to be thrust upon them, their unvaried success, season after season, from 1857 up to 1862, and afterward during 1864 and 1865, leading to their being tacitly acknowledged as the champion club of the country. But, as we before remarked, this topic would afford interesting matter for a volume, and as we are limited in space to less than a column, we must recur to the subject of our sketch, viz: the representative man of the champion nine of the Atlantic Club.

"Charley Smith," as he is familiarly called, is, in many respects, a model ball-player, for there is not a position in the game he cannot ably fill; but he is especially "at home" on the third base, and as a player in this important position he stands unrivaled. A swift and accurate thrower, full of pluck in facing the "hottest" kind of balls, a sure and safe hitter, thoroughly posted in the points of the game, earnest and vigorous in his movements from the first to the last innings of the game, and, though always on the *qui vive* to avail himself of every legitimate advantage in a close contest, still always playing on the "square," scorning to to take an illiberal or unfair advantage, Charley has won for himself an enviable reputation as the finest general player in the United States, and we think him fully entitled to the honor. As a cricketer, too, he would take high rank, being next to the lamented Creighton in his capacity, as far as physical qualifications are concerned, for excelling in that game, practice being all he requires to entitle him to a high position in an American eleven. It is scarcely necessary, however, to further describe his characteristics, for the ball-player who has not seen him play must have had very limited opportunities of witnessing the finest contests known in the history of base-ball. Before we close, however, by way of illustration of his manly style of play, we will mention one little incident occurring in an exciting game at Bedford, on the old Atlantic grounds, some years ago, the contestants in which were his club and the Mutuals. It was getting dark, and the "point" of play was to delay the game, so as to throw the decision back to the close of the previous innings, when the victory would have been necessarily awarded to the Atlantics. Both parties had lost sight of fair play, in the excitement of the contest, and were resorting to a style of tactics not now in vogue except among the "roughs" of the fraternity—of which there are but few. Two hands were out, and no effort was being made to put the third hand of the Mutuals out, as thereby the victory must have gone to the Mutuals; seeing how openly this thing was being done, Smith, thinking more of the credit of his club than the mere victory, and not being influenced by the betting fraternity, went up and touched the Mutual player, who was walking home between second and third bases, thereby ending the game. A manly act like this redounds more to the credit of a man than the most brilliant act of fielding, and to a club more than a dozen victories.

Acting on Instructions.—As a proof of Austrian unpopularity in Venetia, it is related that a ballet-dancer at Venice, while dancing at the theatre there, had a bouquet thrown her, tied with a ribbon in the Italian colors. She immediately kissed the ribbon, which created tremendous enthusiasm amongst the audience. After the performance she was called to the police office, and sharply reprimanded for this act of patriotism. She excused herself by saying that in kissing the bouquet she had only followed the universal custom on such occasions; but the authorities would not accept this excuse, and told her that another time she should not kiss the bouquet, but tread it under foot. The following evening another bouquet was thrown, and the dancer, in compliance with her instructions, trod it under foot, again amid frantic applause. The ribbon round the bouquet was, however, this time not red, green and white ribbon, but black and yellow—the colors of Austria.



CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—SEE PAGE 391.

GREAT CONFLAGRATION AT JERSEY CITY, ON SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 26TH.—THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PETROLEUM DOCKS ADJOINING THE PENNSYLVANIA DEPOT, TOGETHER WITH A NUMBER OF VESSELS.—SEE PAGE 391.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow, yes, to-morrow. Arch deceiver.
Upon the present, cold and unillumed,
Unlured by thee, I stand, an unbeliever,
Whose faiths thy treacheries have all entombed.

Did I not woo thee, ere the hour of passion
Had rent to naught the gossamer of love,
With hopes so pure as angels may, in fashion
Themselves to deeds unmentionable above,
To-morrow?

To-morrow, yes, to-morrow. Vain and shallow,
I followed thee when fame was all thy bait,
And gain thy first, best promises at last;
But ever on my path a nameless terror,
And ever in my ears a demon's laugh,
Evoke the consciousness of damning error—
I know thou art Creation's Epitaphy,
To-morrow.

To-morrow, yes, to-morrow. When high heaven
Is shriveled up like some gold-lettered scroll,
The city, no longer pulsed with earth's gross leaven,
Is dead,
Shall fall like rags unheld; and stark, the soul,
Upon the brink of fast-receding matter,
Where tempus reel, and dimmless mountains nod,
Shall view perforce the awful hands which shatter,
Behold, at last, in Lucifer or God,
To-morrow.

Madeline's Marriage;

OR,

THE STEPDAUGHTER.

CHAPTER IX.—DISCOVERIES.

MADELINE'S napkin fell very heavy, as she took it up at the breakfast-table the following morning, and out of its folds fell a pair of Etruscan bands, linked together by a slender chain, which Cyril had pocketed his "Merrie Christmas."

By-and-by, as she sat turning them on her pretty wrists, in a pleased, idle way, the door came, and laughed at her thanks, and took her off to church, and afterward dined with her.

This was pleasant, but something Cyril made her feel deficient. When the people she taught for told her she didn't know enough to keep that situation, she hadn't cared. But it was different now. And there was absolutely nothing she could talk of, neither books, nor society, nor travel, even gossip. She took compliments in earnest—which is unpardonable; and she was conscious and embarrassed by her ignorance, which was uncomfortable.

Feeling this, and half resenting it because of it, she took care to make herself as pretty as possible for the opera, with a feminine spirit of opera, which takes refuge in personal charms, and forgives all slights but the slight of beauty.

It was, perhaps, Madame Violette's taste, rather than her own, which selected the rose-colored popin, trimmed with *pointe*, the white cloak and the lace bonnet with a face brimming of May-flowers—just one spray; but it was enough.

Cyril brought her a bouquet of japonicas—all white, for his own credit. He was a little startled to find her so pretty.

Lotte Verrell, a gorgeous, tropical-tinted girl, who was as much in love with Cyril as it was proper for a lady to be with any man but her own, Hellens was ravishing—like a Parisian toy—and drove out next morning to Desir to see her, and insisted on having her company for the New Year's Day.

These holidays were an epoch. Madeline hadn't the least confidence in herself, which made her instantly rate rather absurd; nevertheless she was sure, and people admired her, which watched Cyril. One night, after the *dansante*, when some of the gentlemen were rather familiarly attentive, and Mrs. Arthur, who was authority in female beauty, expressed a somewhat pointed admiration, she fancied Cyril looked grave. She said nothing; but the next morning, when he had ridden out for a few moments, and was sitting with her, a tube ball-dress, an imported affair, happened to be brought in from Madame Violette's.

"I shall not take it," she said, quickly, as the Frenchwoman shook the skirt, the delicated, clouded thing concealable.

"It is certainly pretty," Cyril said, after the woman had gone. "Didn't it cost you?"

"Yes," she hesitated; "but——"

"What?" he asked.

"I am not going to any more parties at present."

She fancied he looked relieved.

"But why not?"

She glanced up, shyly.

"I fancy," she said, "that I should like to study some, and take my time up that way."

"Going to turn blue-stocking, eh?" with a careless air.

She was the least bit disappointed that he took no more interest. But it did not change her determination.

Miss Verrell, seized with some slight compunctions lest she had admitted a rival into the field, took special pains to bind up a governess for her "dear, naughty friend, who would not come to her grand birthday ball."

To the lady who came as *dame comique* Madeline said:

"Of course, I shall never know much about music now, but it will amuse me, you know, to hear occasions."

"Certainly. Madame has a sweet voice; she shall sing."

"And I don't suppose I shall ever go to Europe, but I might as well learn a little German and French."

After this the days passed quietly enough. She sat, as usual, for an hour with her husband. This became a habit, though it was very rarely he requested her. After that were her lessons, her drive when it was fine, a few visits, and a cultivated and sensible companion for the long evenings. Twice a week Cyril came out to tea. Incessantly he felt her improvement.

"For what purpose are you studying so attractive?" he asked, with a kind of abrupt displeasure, one day.

It hurt her. She turned away from him without replying.

By-and-by he followed her.

"Forgive me for that?" he said, penitently.

"It was nothing," she answered, a little proudly. "You will forget it while I am gone?"

"Gone!"

"Yes. I am no good here. I am going abroad."

"This is sudden."

"Yes."

"Is there anything—any trouble?" she faltered, "between Lotte Verrell and you?"

"What an absurd idea, Mrs. St. Hellens," he answered, with annoyance.

"Forgive me!"

"Now we are even," he laughed; "we have asked one another's pardon."

"Yes——"

"Only that I am a wretch to offend you; and you are always—an angel."

His face was troubled and excited.

"What is wrong, Cyril? Tell me, won't you?" and she laid her hand on his arm.

He looked down in her face a moment, and shuddered at her touch. Then he strode a few times up and down the floor.

"I expect to get off to-morrow," he said, in a husky voice, stopping near her, "and I'll say good-by to-night."

She looked at him in wonder. Taking the hand he stretched out, she took it and cold as ice.

It was all over so rapidly, that he left her where he had wrung her hand at parting, paralyzed with surprise.

The next morning his servant brought her a little note and a package, containing an exquisite bracelet. Inside the note he bade her another good-by—and he got off at noon. He wanted a Madonna of Dore which she had, in exchange for that Aphrodite he wanted. That was all.

The months slipped along uncertainly after that. She spent them in reading, sketching, with a heaven of violets in the grass, and a *songstery* of bird-songs in the forest, coloring the Villa Dore like a dream, with a bower-rose with its clusters and deepening through the delicious hours to the still perfection of a Southern June. "Did here as Cyril would have done," she said; *at Paris, Mrs. St. Hellens. You must not speak of romance at Desir*," with no other word or sign.

She twisted the note in her fingers, sitting under the oaks, on the very bench where she had heard the story of the Dore Madonna, and wondered for the hundredth time what had sent Cyril away so suddenly.

Lotte Verrell and the Antones were off for the Adirondacks before the month ended. Lotte affected Mrs. St. Hellens since Cyril's departure; she was quite earnest in her prayer *pour elle* that should not be left behind. The heat, she said, would be unendurable a few weeks thence.

Madeline listened dreamily.

"I be sure," she said, "I shall rather thrive in it. I have a passion for sun and vegetating and expanding since the warm weather came."

"*Mon ame!* you are a perfect prude! What could Cyril have to content your absence make to your husband?"

"None whatever."

"And yet you will not go?"

"No."

"What shall I bring you from New York?"

"Oh, nothing."

"I can't understand you at all, my love. Good-by."

* * *

As Madeline had said, she rather throve and expanded through the summer days. Her mind settled into an evenness which demanded very little exertion. One day repeated another, and in her calm, she accepted the fact, delicious and sensuous of existence which belongs of right to a young and beautiful woman. Her physique was at its best state, which, under any circumstances, develops late. It needed the languor and repose, the influence and impressing of Indian which only the season brought, and she appropriated that subtle stimulant of lush and feculent growths, which is genius in some systems, but in hers—

Her tastes lapsed into indulgent indolence. The noon siesta and the perfumed bath became necessities. She wore the airiest fabrics, coolest muslin and filmy organdies, with daintiest of linens and laces; the finest, thinnest stockings, with a suspicion of a scallop for her feet, and her heavy hair in cool, compact braids. Her form rounded enchantingly; a soft glow suffused her skin; she added an inch or so to her height, her severe contour of her features softened a shade; an expressive and brilliant languor deepened the beauty of her large eyes. The cool, quiet house assimilated itself with her moods. Draperies of rosy lace clouded the couches and the beds, and hung with meticulous lightness before the doors and windows. Through the day, till toward sunset, the sudden sea-breeze blew them apart and plotted through the rooms.

Sometimes she went off with her *gouvernante* for a long ride to the sea-shore, and Uncle Dan followed them in their rambles by the moonlight along the beach, the salt wind damping their dresses as the tide and the surf boomed in. She read and dreamed, and succeeded to her inheritance of womanhood.

In the autumn Mrs. Donivon came to Desir on a visit. The Verrells and the others returned with the frost.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said Antone, bowing to Madeline, as she came to meet her mother, "what a change has happened to Mrs. St. Hellens—she is positively dazzling!"

"Is she not?" there had been no changes. The year had been like the year of a dream.

The master of Desir, so weirdly old and fragile, slept on, under the spell, and Simon, like an ambassador of the evil genii who had enchanted him, kept his vigilant watch.

Mrs. Donivon's proud face glittered with exultation at Madeline's position and surroundings.

"My darling," she said, "why did you never write me of all this luxury and elegance which you control?"

"Didn't I, mamma?" she answered, indifferently.

"You have everything, Madeline, which heart could desire. I could not have asked more for you. And you are so prudent, too, my child. Few girls could have borne themselves as you have in this position. I am very proud of you."

She raised her eyelids slowly, not understanding wholly what her mother meant.

"Mr. Hyder was at Briarville for a fortnight in August," continued Mrs. Donivon. "He has improved, you will be glad to hear, of late. Madeline, do you know that he was sincerely in love with you?"

Madeline smiled, but in a weary, vague sort of way.

"And," added Mrs. Donivon, "if things had not come about as they did, it would not have been——"

"Oh, mamma, pray do not talk of it!"

"I was never told on anything of Mr. St. Hellens's adopted son, my dear. What sort of a person is he?" the mother inquired, changing the subject.

"Why, a very nice person, mamma," said the daughter, a little restlessly.

"Is he staid, or dissipated, or how, dear?"

"Why, not at all, mamma," was the indefinite, unsatisfactory answer as Mrs. St. Hellens moved away, and terminated the conversation.

After the holidays Mrs. Donivon went home. In the early spring she spent much the Christmas mail and the altar and the dumb importunity of the sick man's eyes repeated themselves. No more letters came from Cyril, and the same. It was three years since the Christmas Eve when Madeline had first hung the wells of Desir with holly, and Cyril had kissed her for the first time. And now her bedroom was a-blaze with lights. The toilet-table was heaped with a glittering confusion; over the bed lay a velvet dress. In a *fauteuil*, before the cozy mirror, Madeline sat in her white *peignoir*, with her hair loosened in a powder-cue with the silver chain, while Hebe, on her knees, was losing her mistress's delicate satin boots.

"I am not going to wear it, see if Miss Lotte's christmas tree myself," said the girl, in a semi-aside.

"Hebe," said Mrs. St. Hellens, "can you keep a secret?"

"Laws, yes, Mis' Madline, you might know——"

"You're sure, Hebe?" impressively.

"Just as sure as I be that you've gwine to look like a picture in that yer dress, Mis'."

Madeline smiled.

"Well, then, Hebe, you shall see a Christmas tree to-morrow. I have one loaded with presents for every one."

"Oh, Mis' Madline!"

"And what do you suppose yours will be?"

"Couldn't tell for the life of me, Mis'," said the girl, with sparkling eyes, "'thout it might be—be white——"

"You're very good at guessing, Hebe; it's a wedding-dress and veil," and the mistress of Desir looked with a wondering, half-longing curiosity into the radiant face, shy and sparkling with a sort of happiness which was all a mystery to her.

CHAPTER X.—BEEPS.

MRS VERRELL had made her customary Christmas visit to Desir, and come more brilliant than usual, this year, and the rooms were thronged when Mrs. St. Hellens entered. Her black velvet, cut into the neck and sleeves, became her admirably. At the last moment she had taken off the pearls, which had been bought by her mother's indolence, and sent to the gemstones for a jeweled star for her hair. Her neck and arms were bare—dazzling and perfect. She had grown accustomed to the admiration of society, and moved in it with easy indifference. Polite, attentive, seldom self-assertive, she was conscious, never betrayed into looking happy or excited, her manner was wondered at by one sex and applauded by the other.

Lotte Verrell was there, and was dancing dancing with Antone. The band began a redowa.

"Just one round," he begged.

She laid her bouquet on the pier, and they whirled away.

"Very handsome, isn't she?" said a gentleman, watching her.

She was certainly graceful. Her pure skin never flushed like that of the other dancers. Her hair was always smooth. In the old way, under the weight of her gold-threaded hair—dancing, as though she was reckoned, for the moment, from marble, and would go back to her trance when the music ceased.

"To think of her being tied to that old dotard!" responded him to whom the observation was addressed.

"An discreet, too, as if she was fifty."

"Yes. I've watched her these three years—have never seen a look which could be called imprudent. I believe she has no feeling—no emotional capacity, as they say."

Or else she broke her heart before she married St. Hellens."

A stranger near the two listened indifferently—till he heard the name:

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," bowing and approaching them; "but is Mrs. Henri St. Hellens here? I haven't seen her."

That is her, sir," one of the talkers said, stiffly. "The one in blue."

"Ah!"—the intruder's breath came hard—"Yes, yes; thank you."

He fell back with the crowd. The hem of the velvet just brushed him as the dancers glided past, a faint odor from a japonica floated about him. He folded his arms, dropped his head, standing in the shadow, and watched her.

The redowa ended. She left Antone, and a few moments after waltzed with somebody else. Then a few turns up and down the floor with another, and she was leaving the suite. He extricated himself from the crowded corner, and followed. She had taken her seat in a small room. There were two or three persons directly in front of the divan, and before he could make his way between them she had raised her eyes and recognized Cyril St. Hellens.

A look shot over her face—a rare look—and faded.

She smiled with simple, pleased welcome, and held her hand out quietly.

"I am not very surprised!" she said, with such composure, that one might have thought it no surprise at all.

"I am so," he explained, seeming to make an effort to clear his brows of their hirsute. "I came in town about ten, and as that was too late to go to Desir, I went to the club last night at near the news, and there met Gordon, who insisted on bringing me here."

"You have a visit to Desir?"

"No—no one but you."

"Well, you all have time for the rest now. I am about going."

"So only?"

She could be invariably my hour."

The group had fallen back a little in some surprise at the meeting. Cyril had taken his seat upon the divan.

"My father?" he asked, lowering his tone.

"We see no change."

"I suppose not. Simon, you know, has written semi-monthly."

"Yes."

"It seems as if I had been away an eternity."

"It is nearly three years."

"True. How well you remember."

"It is all I have to do."

"You mingle some redowas with remembrance, in speaking interrogatively, with a kind of grim sarcasm.

"I have followed your advice."

"Which was not my advice?"

"You have learned your catechism in Paris, it seems." There was the stiliest hauteur—like the dignity of a high goddess—in her manner.

"Pardon me. I believe I was catechising you. I am so anxious to hear all about you."

"I have nothing to withhold," she smiled, rising.

"Shall I not accompany you home?"

"Oh, no. Good-night. Lotte disposes with formalities on account of my having no escort, so I go—just as I do to the dressing-room."

She bowed, inclusively, to those around her, and was gone before Cyril St. Hellens had half realized the meeting—the manner, the change, the consequences.

The next morning he was early at Desir. Madeline was down in a really repressed dress upright to show how greatly she had improved. Her former cheek beauty was refined to a variableness, a mobility and control, which first dazzled by its perfection, and afterward infatuated by its delicate and changeful charm.

She was not over-talkative, but the fine, sympathetic discrimination she exhibited, excited comment. Cyril thought that she was the most consummate creation—a woman of the world, whose heart is fresh—kept like a lily encrinkle in its marble moist.

"You are rather changed," she said to Cyril as they sat, that Christmas morning, in the room where he had once dreaded a tête-à-tête with his father's wife.

"Am I?" Mrs. St. Hellens"—with an affectation of gayety—"you fairly stunned me last night."

"I have you not become enough of a Parisian to refrain from telling a lady that she is growing old?" with the slightest arch of her brows.

"Am I so impressive. You are an apparition of your former self!"

"You extricate yourself admirably," she answered.

"I shall not bandy compliments with you," said Cyril, serious.

"You would much rather you would not," with significance.

There was something about her that chilled him. The glister was all frost-work. And yet he lingered—talking of idle things, travel—what not.

He loosed his mind contriving protests and arguments for leaving her society. She must hear him—must, must. Then, suddenly, he saw Madeline with him—she took too little exercise. He would come out again in the evening with a novel she had spoken of.

But the morning subsequent to "Semiramide" Miss Verrell drove to Desir.

"You were really charming last night," she said. "I never saw you with color."

A suspicion of scorn crossed Madeline's face and subsided. Miss Lotte was so intimate, she might take liberties.

"How do you think Cyril St. Hellens is looking?" she asked next.

"Very well," indifferently.

"*Mon amie,*" said Miss Verrell, in a confidential way, "I want you to contradict an *on dit.*"

"I am not much interested by *on dits.*"

"But they say," narrowing her eyes in a false way, to watch the better, "that somebody went abroad, three years ago, because he was in love"—drawling the words—"with Mrs. St. Hellens."

The narrow eyes saw a scarlet spot in one of Madeline's cheeks, no more, and that but a minute.

"I heard," she answered, carelessly, "that it was because somebody was in love with Miss Verrell that he tore himself away."

"You knew better," sharply.

"Did I?" with languid surprise at the other's excitement.

"Yes—or you may know now. There was nothing——"

"It doesn't interest me particularly to know it."

"You are so *bizarre!*" Miss Verrell coughed, choking back her half-betrayal. "But what a day stay I am making! and that reminds me of my errand. I met St. Hellens as I was coming out, which put all this nonsense into my head, and told him I was going to bring you in town with me to spend the afternoon; whereupon he agreed to come to dinner. Now you needn't refuse——"

"I must to-day."

"Pshaw! You're offended at what I've said."

"I am not."

"Ah, do come? I shall never forgive you."

"Oh, my will."

"And what excuse can I give him?"

"Him! Mrs. St. Hellens's lips writhed. "The same I've given you—if any."

"That's none at all."

"Very well."

"You are so provoking. Well, I don't care!" with a little satirical laugh. "I shall have Cyril to myself. I believe I'll renew our flirtation. I think he is great—vastly improved since he and the young lady departed.

As he finished, the shaft had struck home. She put her hands to her throat, as if the joy of bright velvet about it was choking her, and her heart beat so hard that she thought she should suffocate. The blood, which she had kept back with a mighty effort, blazed in her cheeks, and she covered as though to escape some threatening degradation.

She went to the piano—her voice was gone; the sewing she picked up slipped from her fingers and slid to the floor. She could do nothing the live-long day but think and suffer.

In the early twilight she sat in her old seat before the fire, with her hands shut nervously in her lap, thinking still—trying to keep down the tumult, enough to realize clearly what was before her. When the door opened presently, she expected it was Miss Lansdlee coming her footfall evening, and a little shiver of disgust at the cost of companionship—scrutiny—went over her. The person who entered did not advance, getting accustomed, it might be, to the shadowy corners. Mrs. St. Hellens straightened herself and turned.

"Cyril!" she exclaimed, in a tone of impressive way, in the manner of a threat one utters in a flight, 'what are you doing here?' and then, trying to steady her hoarse voice, "I thought you were to dine with Miss Verrell!" keeping her eyes on him as she half turned in her chair, as though in terror.

"So I have," he said, grimly glancing around. "Are you alone, Mrs. St. Hellens?" dwelling unconsciously, unpleasantly, upon her name, and closing the door and keeping his hand on the knob.

"As you see;" she sank back in the chair, speaking a little haughtily.

"Forgive me." His voice was unstrung. He walked forward, slowly.

"For what?" half withholding the question as she asked it.

"For being the dupe of a mischievous woman, and for acting like a fool," he answered, recklessly.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"In this case I should think you had to make peace with yourself—not me," she retorted, with constraint.

"You know nothing about it?"

"No—I do not."

He leaned against the mantel, and looked steadily into her face, which was raised, utterly controlled, to his. He said:

"You refused to dine with Miss Verrell, knowing that I was going there to meet you——" and stopped.

"Yes," she assented, icily.

There was a break in the bitterness of his tone.

"And she put it into my head that you took the opportunity to entertain some one whom you did not wish me to meet here."

He hurried through with the explanation, snatching his breath.

The firelight flared into Madeline's face; it was very white—deadly white—like hoar frost, in its composure.

"By what right d Miss Verrell insinuate that I do *anything* I am ashamed of?" she asked, so calmly that she received him; and then, breaking down, with a hysterical choking in her throat, and speaking in a higher key, lobbing and unfolding her hands, excitedly: "Go to her this minute! Tell her I will not endure such things from either of you! Go to her! Ask her what she means!"

"I was my fault," Cyril began—"mine alone. I told you," speaking penitently, "that I had acted like a fool. I don't know how I dare mistrust you. I was so disappointed not to meet you." He stooped toward her. "Why was it that you did not come?" he asked, in a coaxing, deprecatory tone.

"Because I would not," she answered, excited and displeased.

"I would to heaven I had never come home!" he muttered.

"I would you had not."

The words broke impetuously from her lips. In an instant she would have been only too glad to recall them.

"Madeline!" His voice was very solemn—very low.

He had never called her that before. It was unpardonable that he should. She shivered.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Has this contemptible gossip troubled you so?" in a tone of tender, protecting pity.

She shook with a nervous chill. She clinched the arms of the great chair with her little hands, crying, wildly, to stir:

"Way, Madeline!" he said, wonderingly, his voice not free from a thrill of delight and exultation, "you do not care for what they say——"

"I do—I do! Such talk disheartens me——"

"Heavens, Madeline! what a word you use!" He looked at her with a wild passion leaping into his eyes. "Take the word back, *child!*" into his voice, "for, after a minute, "for I tell you that the talk is truth."

"Hush!" she cried, the monosyllable shivering upon her lips into a faint shriek.

"It is too late," he answered, in a rapid, reckless tone; "it is too late! I love you, and you know it——"

A dumb cry of anguish and protest parted Mrs. St. Hellens's lips. She covered her white face with her hands, covering, shrinking, before him.

"We have gone too far now not to understand each other," triumphing, in his man's fashion, at what himself had recognized, and was sure was her own doings to destiny. "It was because I loved you that I left you," he went on, passionately. "I tried—I tried to forget you—and when my desire to see you became unsupportable, I came back, and at his figure together, grimly, drawing himself up to his height, looking down with a sort of savage delight at the thought that the words were easily pronouncing himself, in his way, that he had forborne to say them sooner; or to say more of them now.

She was powerless to command his silence.

"Speak, you dear one?" she asked, in a hoarse tone of despair.

He was silent, standing aloof, his eyes glued to her face. The blood, which had curdled an instant in his veins, flowed again in the pulses.

"You must never, never think—such things again," she said, in a slow, hopeless way.

She sunk feebly into his heart. Her strength and decision ruined with herself.

"Cyril"—turning her blanched face to his, and meeting his eyes—"you must go away from here."

He started. Through it all he had been brave enough to refrain from wrenching from her any avowal of her love, which he knew had been much, he thought. *He had forborne,* he had shielded by this sacrifice to their position; but she—she yielded readily!

"Madeline!" he cried, in a piercing tone—"oh, Madeline!" holding his hands out toward her, in a pitiful, pleading way—"do not put away from him, with an involuntary gesture of fear.

No.

"Tell me," he said, fiercely, "did you guess this before I went away?"

No, no," shaking herself before him, trying to forbid him.

"Then, Madeline," he cried, exultingly, "if I could conceal my love from you, do you not think I could conceal it from the world?"

"That is not it," she answered, very low.

His heart fired—a step nearer—he caught her hands! She did not struggle, as he expected, but drew them hard, and held them passively in his. With the shadows settling around her, and facing him, thrilling, commanding him, her voice came, trembling, passionately sweet, she said, increasingly:

"Go, Cyril, if you love me."

For a bewildered, mentally instant, interrogated with her impelled assurance, he looked at her, not comprehending the power she was exercising over him. Then, with a sudden cry, he scarcely a moment his hold on her wrists loosened—her hands dropped heavily to his gown. Then the dark and the silence thickened; the shadows swayed. The parlor door was softly opened. A step clanged through the hall. It blows the steps, the hall, the earth.

Madeline St. Hellens stretched her arms, wildly, undefendedly forward, and fell in a swoon upon the floor.

Mud Volcanoes.

It is not a pleasant idea—that of a sluggish torrent of descending dirty water, or thin paste, issuing from a crack in the earth, and gradually building up a conical hill of mud of a dirty black color, about all over a yard high, and too slimy to give foothold while moist. There is in it none of the dignity of danger, none of the grandeur that belongs to a sudden outburst of fire, suddenly panied by the roaring of subterranean artillery, with a current of white-hot lava threatening to destroy a town in some instances. But the mud volcano is decidedly tame and repulsive compared to a volcano of the ordinary kind.

And yet a real honest eruption of a mud volcano, and the result seen in a large district where such phenomena have been frequent, and have lasted a long while, is an event worth recording, and not without a good deal of interest of its own. Such eruptive instances we have in our own country, are in the Apennines, not far from Parma, but on a much little known and less visited. Others, on rather a larger scale, are to be seen in Sicily. But all these are very small in their results; and to know what real volcanoes really are, and what they can do, it is necessary to cross Europe sternly, and visit the eastern extremity of the Black Sea. There is nothing nearer than that which will give any satisfactory notion of the state of the case. In the wild steppes of the Crimea, and in the much wilder Asian or daila of the river Kuban, as it brings down with it from the Caucasus the mud of a large district, and deposits it in the Straits of Kertch, between the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof, we shall find lofty cones also of mud, but of mud not placed where we see it by the stream. In this part of the world we may learn the history of such phenomena, and how it is that nature has produced some of her most curious outlines.

I was fortunate enough a few months ago to see a very fine opening of one of these old freaks of nature. I was in Russia toward the close of January, just at the time when, some five hundred miles off, deep snow-drifts and groanings were heard, which claimed the good people of the Grecian Archipelago, and were the precursors of the eruption. I was added two or three new pronouncitories to the little island of Nes Kaimeni, in the Gulf of Santorin.

The eruption took place in a small plain near Catania. At first a column of boiling, dirty water, with a little mud in it, almost without noise, accompanied by a strong smell of carburetted hydrogen. Before long, several more jets made their appearance, and in the course of a week, though the gush was still considerable from the original spring, the force of the eruption had wasted itself in a multitude of small fountains, lazily puffing and bubbling all over the plain. It was in this state when I saw it. The ground was white with a thick incrustation of the heavy exudations to walk over, cracked in every direction, and covered with pools of dirty water of all sizes, on which a thin film of naphtha was floating. There was here no cone of mud formed. The foundation only was laid, and in the course of the dirty water continues to pour out, there is no doubt that a goodly superstructure may present itself.

Where one of these jets was interesting and curious in this scene. A spring of cool clear water is common enough; a gush of hot mineral water, loaded with salts, is not a rare one; but unfamiliar; but a spring of mud, unsavory enough in idea, as well as unsightly in nature, welling up from the soil of the dry days before there had been vegetable growth, poisoning the ground and now the foundation of a mud heap that might grow into a mountain, is not a thing to be seen and passed by without notice.

Let me place the reader now on the extreme verge of European land, in the very narrow passage sometimes called the Cimmerian Bosphorus, sometimes the Straits of Kertch. To the right are many low banks and spits of land, numerous straggling inlets, and a muddy expanse stretching away, and not unfrequently a mere bog. But here also are conical hillocks and hills, and ranges of ugly clay hills that strike the observer as different from any that he has seen before. These hills and ranges of hills are piled up, but not by the hand of man. He sees before him the peninsula of Taman, the ancient Asiatic Cimmeria, on the side of the Kuban, and on it are mud volcanoes, which are on a large scale as to astonish any one who has not had previous experience of the Peninsula.

One of the most remarkable of these occupies a prominent position beside the old fort of Phanagoria. It is perfectly detached and nearly perfect cone, some two hundred and fifty feet high, with a crater which is about one hundred and fifty feet in distance. No subterranean fires are now indicated by smoke or flame. On the 27th of February, 1794, a Russian traveler, Pallas by name, witness an eruption from this hill, and has described the succession of events with considerable care.

A whistling sound was first heard, and this was succeeded by a violent blast of wind, which lasted for a few minutes, and was followed by a noise resembling thunder proceeded from the bowels of the earth. A thick, black smoke next rose high into the air, and was followed by a column of flame fifty feet high and thirty feet in circumference. This continued for eight hours and a half, and then, from a fissure which opened in the side, there poured forth with extreme violence, some lumps of hardened mud being cast out more than half a mile from the place of issue. It was during this summer was far advanced that it was possible to visit the scene of these phenomena.

In the spring of last year, seventy-one years after the eruption, I visited this cone and crater. The cone was not remarkable in its dimensions, so little that it was difficult to make the Russian postmaster give the right instructions to his *employé* who was to take me to reach the spot. He thought it showing marks of very recent but very gentle eruptions of dirty mud. There was nothing to prevent up my ascent, for the cone is little more than a good of muddy water. The height was about two hundred feet, and the ascent was not difficult. There was but little to see and less to talk about. The view, however, from the summit, over the flat delta, broken by groups of hills of singular form on each side of the straits, was not without interest. The hills were dull, dingy, little cultivated anywhere, and with little vegetation to appear; but they suggested their history, which is not unconnected with great movements that have wonderfully affected the face of the country in these parts of the world.

We next drove toward the village of Altiakoura, of which it would be difficult to say much, as it is a collection of Tartar hovels, about equally adapted for the shelter of the equine and human races. Mustangs, the former, perhaps, deserving and enjoying the greater consideration.

Scores of mud volcanoes were there, but the description of one will be sufficient, for they are all exactly alike. Out of a small orifice at the top of a cone there oozed a slimy, pasty substance, sufficiently fluid to run over the edge and down the side of the cone, but not fluid enough to reach the bottom. Numerous little rills of the mud were thus like so many pieces of dirty brown ribbon hanging over the edge of the crater, part of the way down its slopes. It is to the communal additions thus made that the cone is entirely due, and thus it is not difficult to understand how little attractive the result is likely to be. So soon as the cone becomes so high that the column of mud is equal in weight to the force that presses from below tending to bring it to the surface, so soon of course the flow ceases; or if, as sometimes happens, the flow is so slow and the mud so thick as to choke the passage, the same result takes place; but as there seems to be a continual pressure on some subterranean store of mud—some vast Aegean heap that can never be exhausted—no eruption has a very short closed in one place than another is opened close by. Thus, temple there are seldom many vents discharging at once, there is always the same number of small craters in active or dry and wet slime, extending itself slowly in all directions, perpetually buried under its own weight, and perpetually rising again with its filthy mantle of sulphurous clay.

On the Asiatic side of the straits there is something of the same kind in but it is a dozen miles localities, but on a somewhat smaller scale. There, too, we find, among the heaps and pools of mud, small springs of naphtha, sufficient in quantity to be the object of serious research. The naphtha and mud volcanoes are naturally related, for the naphtha often floats on the top of the mud as it issues from the vent, and is almost always got from the deep clay within a few yards of the place where the mud issues. The naphtha taints the mud and produces an odor which may be detected at some distance. In some places it actually oozes out in sufficient quantity to form pools, and it is then collected in Natal, on the west shore of the Caspian, and in islands on the same side of that inland sea, where there are numerous mud volcanoes in a somewhat active. The naphtha flows in quantities so large that it has been collected, and has been used as a commercial for burning in lamps. There are now Russian companies established for the sale of it for this purpose.

Between the mud volcanoes of the orifice dairy kind Nercek, and the waters of the Caspian, there is a strip of country in which springs which are to be found sulphurous emanations, and petroleum springs and jets issuing from the pluvated hydrogen gas.

The waters of some of the waters much more highly charged with foreign ingredients than those of the Caspian proper. Those which run off from Kerch that has an especial reputation. It is said that Tchokrak, a name not capricious, but perhaps significant, is not anything nasty than the water, more filthy than the mud that settles below it, and every spring of the country around than the scenery around it, no traveler would desire to drink. Within a small lake, within a mile in circumference, separated only by a bank of gravel from the Straits of Kertch, and by a few hundreds of the Sea of Azof, like those of the Black Sea, are remarkable, especially at the latter end. Out of a thousand parts of Black Sea water, only eighteen parts of solid matter, or solid salts in solution, whereas more than those solids both in the Mediterranean parts, of the Mediterranean, consist of salts. Of the waters of the Lake of Tchokrak, however, one hundred and forty parts out of a thousand consist of other evaporation, and much the largest proportion, about one half, consists of common salt, or chloride of sodium. In some of the lake and Sea of Azof, separated by a few yards of gravel, the proportions nine times as much solid matter in solution as the other.

The water of the lake is clear by the solids retained in the water. Lake Tchokrak has a muddy bottom, and that of the Sea of Azof adjoining. But whereas the large body of water in the Sea of Azof is a clean inlet of one ordinary kind, and on sand and pebbles and shells, the Lake Tchokrak reposes on a mass of black tenacious filth, such as we have described as surrounding it.

It is so foul that if the finger stirs it up the skin is stained with a dirty black. The thickness it has never been ascertained, but in the middle it is probably forty feet at any rate. It is loaded with sulphur and bitumen, it is black with iron, it is rich in fish, and in organic matter, and it is probably the pool of one the craters of eruption of the mud volcanoes. It would seem to realize the notion of Acheron and a product of the realization.

The Lake Tchokrak a small curative establishment. It is a kind of watery, muddy, semi-fluid bottom and a kitchen, a few cells, each large enough to hold a bed and a small and one chair, a shed with a few tubs, and a large cauldron to warm water. Above these there is also a long corridor open to the lake, but sheltered by a wooden roof from the sun. It is divided into two parts by a partition, separating the ladies' from the gentlemen's apartments. There are rooms enabling the bather to traverse the long slope of slippery mud between the mud-house and the water, and this is very necessary, as there is no footing, and without wet the mud could not be walked over without falling. Such is the accommodation offered to the ordinary bather.

The bather in the mud could, officeious, for the water is not only salt, but is very rich in sodium and bromine. But it is the mud that those who resort to this lake chiefly look to. The mud is black, sticky, and has the appearance of very efficacious. The bath is a box of rough deal, of the shape and size of a coffin. This box is filled with thick hot mud, so nearly dry that the weight of the body does not sink very slightly into it. The patient lies upon it, and an attendant covers him up with a load of fresh mud, which is firmly compacted around him, so that he is not exposed but the face. All this is done in the open air in a broad sun. A small penal tenor is arranged to shade the face, and the patient is left to enjoy himself. He is thus buried alive and prepared for a period varying from half an hour to an hour and a half. The mud consists of stiffish mud, redolent of rotten eggs, in a closely fitting case of rough deal boards. The mud is covered over with half a dozen other victims, ranged side by side in the same way. As awaits his care—and surely he deserves it.

The mud is dug up, and the baked crust of mud is broken, he is found floating. He is then removed to warm bath, and it is said that he comes out clean. At any rate he is hungry. He has been stewed in his own juice, whatever they may be, and between the moistening nerves he enabled to do justice to the food provided. The mud is supposed to be of great efficacy in certain rheumatism, and in certain forms of the body, almost as if it had been intended to take a cast—not in plaster of Paris. The mud requires to be removed, and is replaced with a fresh supply the next day.

Such are some of the results of mud volcanoes —results not less extraordinary than the phenomena themselves. Perhaps the strength of the mud may be necessary to counteract the evil effect of the outrageous trade to which the human constitution is liable, owing to the singular habits of the people who live in the part of the world where the Lake of Tchokrak and its mud are not practically inaccessible.

THE DOG AND GORILLA.

A SAILOR who had once cast away, and found refuge on an island of the African coast, relates the following incident in his Crusoe life:

Moving with far more celerity than at any time since my residence on the island—thanks to the fortunate discovery of shoes in the sailor's chest—I was not long ere my steps were directed to the mouth of a gully by which I had left the more fertile and pleasant part of the island. My dog kept gamboling around me, with all the delight usually manifested by this creature when visiting new places. Every now and then, however, it would dash off at headlong speed, disappear, and, returning after a long absence, would come up at me with an air of quiet satisfaction, the explanation of which did not occur to me at first. An examination, however, of its mouth presently elucidated the mystery.

It was red with blood.

It had found some small kind of wild beast.

At once the idea flashed across my mind that I might train the powerful animal to hunt game for me, as well as itself. How this plan was carried out will be seen in its proper place.

We had reached the gully and advanced some small distance up its narrow depths, when Tiger halted, spread out his forefeet, sniffed the air, and then gave a low, prolonged howl. Something which instinct told him was an enemy had clearly passed this way. How my gun was clutched with convulsive energy, as I gazed anxiously around, I need not tell. But nothing then meeting my gaze, I again advanced.

I had not proceeded above twenty yards when Tiger gave another low, savage howl, and without paying the slightest attention to my repeated calls, burst away at a rapid pace. Following him up as quick as I could, my eyes fell upon a scene which both disheartened and terrified me.

A huge, hairy-looking man, as I at first thought, but in reality a fearful monkey, was busily engaged in destroying the last few remains of that home which had cost me so much labor and pains to erect. So great was the activity which was ludicrous in its intensity, it was taking down poles, stakes and thatch piecemeal, examining each one thing with avidity, and then casting it disdainfully from its paws.

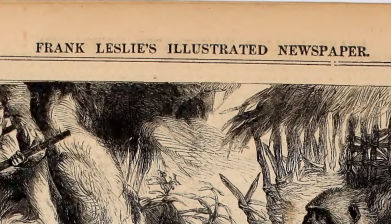
Suddenly it turned. It heard the dog. A more hideous monster it is scarcely possible to conceive. My readings had told me of the size, force and ugliness of monkeys, but never did my imagination realize anything like this. Its face, though having, as I thought, something human about it, was pushed out into a snout like a dog-fox, and wickedly arms were waved furiously aloft, and then it flew at the dog.

I fired.

Never since the creation of the world, doubtless, had the sudden explosion of a gun been heard on that spot of earth. The effect was wondrous. Reverberating echoes came pealing back from the rocks; birds of every hue and shape, from the gaudy cockatoo to the blue wood-pigeon, and the ocean bird that shrieks, not cries, rose, uttering each their peculiar shrill, piercing, or more pleasant notes; strange jabberings from amid the trees sounded alarmingly, while even from a distance came faint noises, as if the whole island had been shaken to its centre.

But the fierce animal, which I was sure I had hit, stood still, silent, amazed, as if changed into a statue. Then it clapped its two hands upon its breast, as if searching for the wound so mysteriously inflicted, after which it gave a howl, such as sent the terrified dog back several yards in my direction.

But only for a moment. The native courage of its splendid race came to the rescue, and as I, after loading, was running up, it flew savagely at the monkey, and a desperate conflict ensued. The wounded animal, which was young, as I afterward found, and not at all full grown, fought with his hands, or rather paws, tearing at the dog's throat, and inflicting fearful scratches. Being now very near, my gun was again loaded, and this time with even more success, for uttering once more its cry, which, though hoarse and loud, was not wholly unhuman, it tore itself away, clambered with great labor a tree close at hand, and disappeared in the rich and profuse foliage.



THE OLD DOG AND YOUNG GORILLA.

CAPTURING THIEVES IN CHINA.

THE Chinese have a very summary method of dealing with violators of law and rogues generally. Punishment of offenses with them is pretty certain, and fearfully severe, whether just or not. A traveler among the Chinese relates an incident he witnessed on one occasion, illustrating the danger of disregarding the rights of property. During the progress of a large fire, some thieves entered a building for the purpose of plundering, amid the general confusion. They were observed by the police, who, instead of following and arresting them, very quietly fastened the door upon them, so that they could not escape, and left them to perish in the burning ruins. There was no trial, no conviction, but being caught in the perpetration of a crime, they were left to suffer the punishment they had dared to brave. Such a disposition of criminals would prove a strong incentive to honesty, or at least a check against improper conduct.



HOW THIEVES ARE CAPTURED IN CHINA.

HULL OF THE ARCTIC.

THE Arctic was the vessel in which Dr. Kane voyaged while searching for Sir John Franklin. After that memorable trip, it was used as a lighship, off Frying-Pan Shoals, its size and strength adapting it for such a purpose. When the war began, it was taken to Wilmington, N. C., and occupied as a receiving ship; but shortly afterward, with other vessels, was sunk in the Cape Fear River, to obstruct the channel and prevent the escape of our guuboats. It has lately been raised, and now floats on the river an object of curiosity, on account of the noble service it has performed.

AN AFRICAN FIDDLE.

SAVAGE nations, however rude, are usually fond of music, and though their instruments are simple, they subserve their purpose and afford a high degree of gratification.

The accompanying illustration represents a fiddle, quite common among the tribes of the interior visited by Dr. Livingstone. It would hardly find a place in a modern orchestra, but played by the natives, gives a melodious though monotonous sound.

ATTACKED BY SHARKS.

SOME years since a whale-ship was wrecked in the Pacific, all of whose crew perished except four, who made their escape on a raft. They floated about for some time in safety, when a new peril threatened them with instant destruction.

As they were gazing listlessly over the water they saw a pilot-fish approaching their frail structure, followed by two immense sharks. Almost in a moment the foremost of the two sharks was seen to lash the water with its broad, forked tail, and then, coming on with a rush, it struck the raft with such force as nearly to capsize it. The other shark shot forward in a similar manner; but, glancing a little to one side, caught in its huge mouth the end of one of the raft spars, grinding off a large piece of it as if it had been cork. This it swallowed almost instantaneously, and then, turning once more in the water, appeared intent upon renewing the attack. The sailors stood ready to receive the second charge. It was made on the instant. The shark, coming on with the velocity of an arrow, sprang clear above the surface, projecting its hideous jaws over the edge of the raft. One of the sailors, throwing his arm around the mast in order to steady himself, with an ax struck outward and downward with all his might. The blow fell right upon the snout of the shark, cleaving the flesh to the depth of several inches, and laying it open to the bone.

A companion succeeded in keeping off the other antagonist. Striking out wildly with a handspike, he thrust the end of the implement between the jaws of the monster, just as it raised its head over the raft, with its mouth wide open. The shark, seizing the handspike in its treble row of teeth, drew it out of the man's hands, and then, rushing through the water, was seen grinding the timber into small fragments and swallowing them with avidity. The one that had received the blow of the ax shortly appeared floating on the water, perfectly dead, and the other gave up the contest, leaving the raft and its occupants unmolested.

THE AMBUSCADE.

THE fox has always been proverbial for cunning, especially in eluding its pursuers and effecting its safety. The following incident shows, however, that the too eager pursuit of a selfish end may result in discomfiture. Poor Reynard, being in wait for the rabbit, was himself so closely watched as to become a victim, in fact, fairly caught in his own snare. A sportsman fond of seeking game early in the morning, relates the circumstance shown in the illustration:

Just after it was daylight I saw a large fox coming quietly along the edge of the plantation in which I was hid. Presently he

THE AMBUSCADE.

concealed; he looked with great care over the turf wall into the field, and seemed for a long very much to get hold of some rabbits that were feeding in it, but apparently he had not had no chance of catching one by dint of running. After considering a short time he seemed to have formed his plans, and having watched the different gaps in the wall by which the rabbits might be supposed to go in and out, he fixed upon the one that seemed the most frequented, and laid himself close down to it in an attitude like a cat watching a mouse-hole. Cunning as he was, he was too intent on his own business to be aware that I was within twenty yards of him with a loaded rifle, and able to watch every movement he made. I was much surprised at his fellow so completely outwitted, and kept my rifle ready to shoot him if he found me out and attempted to escape. In the meantime I watched all his proceedings. He first, with great silence and care, scraped a small hollow in the ground, between the wall and the gap, as a kind of screen. Every now and then, however, he stopped to listen, and sometimes to take a most cautious peep into the field. When he had done this he laid himself down in a convenient posture for springing upon his prey, and remained perfectly motionless, with the exception of an occasional reconnoitre of the feeding rabbits. When the sun began to rise they came one by one from the field to the plantation, three had already come in without passing by his ambush. One of them came within twenty yards of him, but he made no movement beyond crouching still more flatly to the ground. Presently two came directly toward him; though he did not venture to look up, I saw by an involuntary motion of his ears that those quick organs had already warned him of their approach. The two rabbits came through the gap together, and the fox, springing with the quickness of lightning, caught one and killed her immediately. But the other, full in sight, and was carrying it off like a retriever, when my rifle-ball stopped his course by passing through his back-bone, and I went up and dispatched him.

IMPORTANT EVIDENCE.

A Country Lawyer's Story.

ONE bright morning in the month of May, our usually quiet village (in the State of Pennsylvania) was thrown into a state of wild excitement by the intelligence that Laura Downing had been murdered. Her lifeless body had been found upon the bank of the large pond, with a bullet-hole through the head. The ball had entered between the eyes, and had passed entirely through the brain; and the empty pistol was found by her side.

It may be asked, Who was Laura Downing?

She was a orphan, and had been generally believed by all who knew her. Her father—a poor, hard-working man—had been dead a number of years; and during the past five or six years, Laura had worked as she could find opportunity to support an invalid mother; but only a few months before the time of which I write that mother had died, and Laura had lived all alone in the little cot which had been her home since she was borne, a period, according to the parish register, of nineteen years.

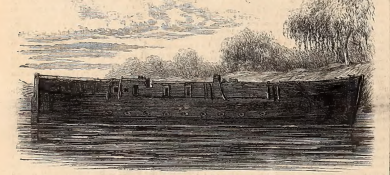
The coroner came, and summoned a jury, and called such witnesses as he could find; and after due examination and deliberation, a verdict was rendered to the effect that Laura Downing had come to her death by means of a bullet discharged from a pistol; and they believed that said pistol had been in the hands of Oliver Cartwright at the time it was thus fatally discharged.

Oliver Cartwright was arrested; and when the case came before the grand jury, they found a true bill against him—a bill accusing him of the murder of Laura Downing—and he was committed to the county jail for trial.

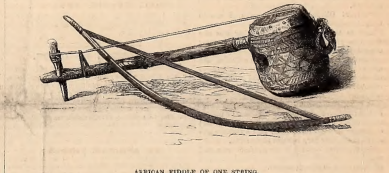
And who was Oliver Cartwright?



THE AMBUSCADE.



HULL OF DR. KANE'S SHIP, THE ARCTIC.



AFRICAN FIDDLE OF ONE STRING.



ATTACKED BY SHARKS.

He was a young man, of four-and-twenty years of age, who had been born and brought up in the village, and who had sustained a fair reputation for honesty and sobriety; though he had never been regarded as a very bright or promising youth. His parents had both been intemperate; but they had been dead some years, and Oliver had been at work at the blacksmith's trade, and had lived with the man for whom he worked. Between young Cartwright and Laura there had not only been a strong intimacy, but there had evidently been at one time an engagement of marriage. This engagement, as appeared in evidence before the coroner, had been broken off by the girl during the previous winter, and since that time Oliver had been morose and dejected. A young man named Daniel Severance, who had come into the village to assist in erecting a new paper mill, had been very attentive to Laura, and the general impression was that she had left the old love for the new one.

Oliver Cartwright had the privilege of selecting his own counsel, and he sent for me. I was sorry that he did so; for I had heard so much of the evidence against him that I not only believed him guilty of the crime, but I could conceive of no possible line of defense. Still, I could not refuse to go to him in his season of trouble.

I found him in weak and wailing as a suffering child. He seemed entirely broken down; and the tursnkey told me that he wept more than half the time. As I sat down by his side, he seemed to read every thought that was passing within me; for, after having looked into my face a few moments, he caught one of my hands in his own, and cried out, in eager tones:

"Oh, sir, I have not suffered this in memory of any crime; for, as true as heaven, I never did harm to Laura! I would die for her now; and I suffer because I have lost her! Oh, save me if you can!—not from death—no, no! for I would rather die than live—but save me from this horrible suspicion! I did not kill her—I did not harm her! I never so much as touched a hair of her head with cruel thought!"

"Who could have killed her?" I asked. "You do not think she killed herself?"

"No," he replied, quickly, his eyes flashing, and his fingers tearing into the bosom of his shirt. "I think Daniel Severance killed her. I left her by the pond—left her alive and well—and presently afterward I saw that bad man come out from the bushes, and she took his arm, and they walked away by the edge of the water."

Cartwright's words and manner had a powerful effect upon me. Under ordinary circumstances, I should have said that he was speaking the truth; but there was much strong evidence to be disposed of before I could see my way clear to believe him now. I could not help sympathizing with him; and I was willing to believe that if he had done the deed, it must have been under a state of mind which would give good grounds for setting up a defense of insanity. But when I spoke to him of this he was pained beyond measure, and refused to listen to the proposition for a moment.

I then proceeded to detail to him the circumstances which would be brought up in evidence.

"First," said I, "it will be sworn to by several reliable witnesses, that you have, at various times, been heard to threaten Laura Downing with dire personal injury, if you saw her again in the company of Daniel Severance."

"That is true," replied the prisoner; but I only did it to frighten her, and I meant to frighten her for her good; for I did not believe that Daniel Severance was an honest man."

"It will be also sworn to that you once exhibited to Miss Downing a pistol, at the same time telling her that you had bought it on purpose to shoot her with."

Cartwright did not deny it; but he said that he never meant her harm—he only meant to frighten her away from a bad man.

"It will furthermore be given in evidence," I continued, "that on the evening of Miss Downing's death you followed her out to the pond, where you again threatened her."

"Yes," he replied; "I knew she was going to meet Daniel Severance."

"You were seen to have a pistol in your hand on that occasion, and you were heard to take an oath that you would shoot her if she did not return with you. Mr. Nichol's boy, who was driving home his cows, was close by when you made the fearful threat."

And even this the prisoner did not deny. He only said that he was still trying to frighten Laura into obedience to his wishes.

"But," said I, "the pistol which was found by the dead girl's side has been recognized as your own."

"That may be," replied Cartwright; "for when I found that Laura spurned me, and would not listen, I sank upon my knees and prayed to her. I dropped my pistol upon the bank at that time, and I know that I did not pick it up again. She turned and left me upon my knees, and there I remained until I saw Severance join her; they disappeared together, and then, broken-hearted and forlorn, I crawled home, and people thought, because they found me in such torturing agony, that there was blood upon my hands. But, before heaven, my hands are clean! Daniel Severance must have found my pistol, and it was he that killed Laura."

Such was the substance of all that I could gain from my client, and I must say that I really thought him insane; and I tried hard to get him to acknowledge the deed, and allow me to set up the plea of insanity, but he would consent to no such thing. The solemnity of his assurance, and the unmistakable love which he still held for the dead girl, staggered my belief in his guilt exceedingly. There was no variation in his manner of speech at all—nothing in which I could detect the slightest outward sign of falsehood.

Finally, I called in two physicians, and they both agreed that they would willingly testify under oath that they did not consider him of sound mind; and in their presence I urged him once more to confess to the killing, and I would save him, at least, from the extreme penalty of the law.

"Oh, heaven!" he cried, with tears streaming down his cheeks, "if I thought there was one drop of that dear girl's blood upon my hands, I would kill myself in a moment! I never did her harm—never!"

When we went out of the cell, both the physicians expressed their opinion that the young man was insane; and I determined, let come what would, that I would base the defense upon that plea. The idea of defending him against the murder was not to be thought of. The evidence was too strong. In fact, there did not seem to be a link in the chain wanting.

At first I had based some hopes upon the fact that Daniel Severance had not been seen since the evening of the girl's death; but his absence was easily accounted for. He had finished the work he had come to do; he had been paid in full for his labor; and he had gone out to the pond to meet Laura Downing for the last time on that evening, as he was to take the early train on the following morning. Even Oliver Cartwright admitted that he had so understood it. And there could be nothing strange or suspicious in the fact that we could learn nothing of Severance's present whereabouts, because his employers only knew that he belonged to some part of Virginia, and they knew he was going in that direction to assist in putting up a four-mill; but as far as the whereabouts of the said mill was concerned, they had never thought to inquire of him. I might make some handle of the absence of this man; but I could place no dependence upon it, because the men who owned the paper-mill would give such testimony as would satisfy the jury that no suspicion could be legitimately attached to it.

The day of the trial at length came, and, as might be supposed, the court was crowded. The prisoner, pale and wan, and wearing an expression of deepest sorrow, stood and heard the indictment read, and when he was asked to answer to it, he replied, in a voice that thrilled every one with its deep intensity of feeling:

"Before heaven, I am not guilty!"

The trial commenced, and the evidence for the prosecution was given as I have already explained, only, it possible, it was more positive and crushing than I had anticipated. In short, the chain that connected the prisoner with the killing of the girl was so strong and so intact in all its parts, that I could not hope to break it.

I opened the defense by proving that my client had always been a quiet, inoffensive, industrious person; and that there was no possible circumstance in his life, previous to that under consideration, that could lead any one to suppose him capable of committing a great crime. I made allusion to the absence of Daniel Severance, and urged that the said absence took from the chain

of evidence a most important link, because I had every reason to believe that he was the last person seen with Laura Downing while she was alive.

After this I came upon the mainstay of my defense. I called upon the two physicians who had visited and examined my client during his imprisonment; and they unhesitatingly pronounced the prisoner of unsound mind.

The prosecution brought in no testimony to rebut the evidence touching the prisoner's insanity, though the district attorney made a decided onslaught upon it in his closing speech; but that did not help in consistency to attack the fact that Daniel Severance had been the last man seen with Laura Downing while she was alive. A Mr. Angeon, a responsible mechanic, belonging to the place, testified that just at dark, on the evening of the murder, he saw Severance on the road, in question, some three miles distant from the village, and that he spoke with him on that occasion. He (Angeon) was on horseback, and was then on his way home; and as he passed near the pond, some fifteen minutes since having left Severance at the station, he saw Laura Downing standing upon the shore.

This piece of evidence introduced a new element, and I was not slow to urge that Laura Downing might have killed herself; and if I could only have found a single witness who could have testified to the return of my client to his home before dusk on that fatal evening, I might have made a startling point here; but I had no such witness, and I was forced to base my hopes on the plea of insanity.

The judge was very fair in his charge. The jury went out, and I felt sure that they would return a verdict against my client, but I did not think they would bring him in guilty of murder. And yet I was not satisfied with the result of my effort. As I cast my eyes upon the prisoner I was deeply moved by the expression of pain which had rested upon his fair, pale face. It was not the mere pain of fear, but it was one which rested upon the prisoner she started toward him. He was quicker than his foe, and as he raised forward over the iron rod she threw her arms about his neck.

"Oliver! Oliver! Thank heaven, I am in time!"

And as these words burst from her lips she would have fallen to the floor had not the officer caught her in his arms.

Oliver Cartwright did not utter a syllable, for he stood for a moment gazing upon the pale form that rested within the arms of the warder, and then sank down, mute and senseless.

"It is Laura Downing!"

Some one said so; and as the name was caught by the multitude there followed a scene of excitement which I will not attempt to describe. But order was at length restored, and no officer was sent to bring the jury back to their seats.

By this time I had taken the girl in charge, and with the assistance of my medical friends she was soon restored to consciousness.

Laura Downing herself certainly stood before me—the same Laura Downing who, according to the best belief of all present, save herself, and according to the solemn verdict of an intelligent coroner's jury, had been dead several weeks when she had not come alone. Two men had come with her, one of whom was immediately recognized by our physicians as Dr. Charles Crawford, a reputable superintendent of the insane asylum at Crawfordville.

As soon as Laura discovered that I was the prisoner's friend and counsel, she asked that she might be ushered to go and speak to Oliver. I led her to the spot; she sat down by his side, and whispered something in his ear. He seemed to be trying to control himself, but it was of no use; he reeled his head upon her bosom, and cried like a child.

* * *

Laura Downing's story, when she finally obeyed the call of the court, was this:

On the day previous to Oliver Cartwright had followed her down to the pond, she had planned to go with Daniel Severance. She said she knew that Oliver never meant to do her any harm; and that when he threw his pistol away, and sank upon his knees before her, she came gently up to her will and wicked scheme; but the temptation prevailed, and she tore herself away from one whom she loved so long. She met Daniel Severance, and on their way to the the railway station they met a young woman who resembled herself so strikingly that her companion declared that he should take them for twin sisters.

"This female," continued Laura, "not only resembled me in person, but, by a singular coincidence, she had on a dress of the same pattern as my own. Severance spoke to her; but instead of answering him, she threw up her hands with a wild scream, and ran from us toward the pond."

Laura then went on to say that she was taken on to New York with Daniel Severance, where she had found him to be a villain. He did not mean to make her his wife as he had promised, and she fled from him.

She stopped here, and turned toward Oliver. Then she swept her gaze over the multitude, and, with her hands clasped upon her bosom, she said in a tone that carried conviction to every honorable mind:

"I had been guilty of nugh—guilty of trifling and of denial—but, as I hope for heaven here after, I have been guilty of nothing that true repentance may not wash away!"

she closed again to Oliver Cartwright, and this time she rested upon his bosom, and he murmured thanks to heaven as he clasped his arm about her.

At this point Dr. Crawford came forward and said he thought he could clear up the mystery as soon as the clothing came for which he had sent.

Meanwhile, the jury were instructed anew by the judge, and their verdict was very quickly rendered.

Ere long a man came in with the clothes which had been taken from the dead body that had been found by the pond; and when Dr. Crawford had examined the linen, he recognized it as having been the property of a patient of his.

"She was a young girl," he said, "and very intelligent; but her mind had been turned by religious excitement, and when she heard the second advent of our Saviour had come while she slept, and that the elect had all been taken up into heaven, leaving her behind. In this frame of mind she sought to take her own life, and to prevent that catastrophe, I was to effect a cure, if possible, she was sent to our asylum. She had been there only two weeks when she managed to escape. We searched for her day and year; and to-day before yesterday, as I was on my way to the station, a young lady met me in train. At first I supposed I had found my patient, and I had been engaged in conversation with her some minutes before I discovered my mistake. Then I had satisfied myself that I had been mistaken, I told Miss Downing of the circumstance; and when I left the train I saw that she left it also. Another girl of whom I had been in search, she told me of the girl she had seen some weeks before in her native place. She was on the road to meet her, and, under the circumstances, I felt it my duty to accompany her. I was very anxious and uneasy, and when she explained to me that she had seen an account of her own death in a newspaper, and that Oliver Cartwright had been accused of her murder, I suspected the truth."

And his suspicions had not led him far astray. The poor, crazed girl had ordered found the pistol which Oliver had thrown away, and had shot herself, thus accomplishing the cherished purpose of the insane mind which had controlled her. The disfiguring of the face, caused by the wound between the eyes, and burning of the clothes by the powder, had deceived Laura's nearest friends from discovering the mistake.

And so ended the trial.

As for Oliver Cartwright, no one has pretended to question his sanity since; and to-day he is one of the most respected men in the city of his residence and I dare to say that she was Julia Downing has been to him a most faithful and affectionate wife. I may be excused here for speaking of their peaceful and happy home, and surely I ought to be able to judge.

A BALLOON ROMANCE.

For some years after the invention of balloons by the brothers Montgolfier, aerostatic ascensions formed an inexhaustible feature in the plans for the management of the fetes of the proprietors of establishments situated in Cremorn, the celebrated pleasure, whose entusiasm for ballooning led him continually to devise novel exhibitions of this kind. The last of the scenes on a grand scale attempted on this way was attended by circumstance so curious that it was deemed worthy of a full description. It was on the day of the coronation of the Emperor Napoleon, who had placed at the disposal of Garnerin a sum of ten thousand francs with which to construct and erecting a balloon of colossal dimensions, to be inflated with gas, but which should ascend with fire-works in the car. Accordingly, on the 15th of December the balloon was completed, and the car was filled with fire-works, and accordingly, at fireworks came to his aid, the balloon commenced its flight, and rose majestically amid the cheers of the spectators. Three thousand colored lamps illuminated the globe, and the ascension, accompanied by unusual pomp, and the immense structure rose majestically from the entrance of the grounds, and was hailed with shouts and the ceremony of the coronation had that day taken place, and many above its course to witness it. Suddenly it appeared, amidst the applause of the Parisian populace, that the balloon was on fire, and that the car, which would finally alight was a subject of speculation with those who saw the burning; but it was soon evident to later that intelligence was received of its strange descent.

It was then learnt that a little before daybreak, after the ignition of the fire-works in the car, Garnerin had perceived a small luminous object shining in the heavens, above the region of the clouds and the vapors. At first scarcely visible, it increased ray-lily, and finally a large illuminated globe appeared to be moving rapidly over the seven-hilled city. It remained some time as if stationary, then a slight wind appeared to have it, moved away and disappeared in the direction of the north. Then was the proclamation of the coronation. The unfortunate Pope had been carried off to Paris to submit to the ceremony, and the ascension was considered by the people as a favorable omen. The balloon, which bore the news of the ceremony, had been seen by many persons, and it was believed to be the work of Garnerin, and actually crossed the city of Rome at the moment when fire works were.

The superstitious might well read in this strange event the hand of God omens, and the balloon, like other facts, scarcely less singular, marked the coincidence of the two events. Garnerin, in the meantime, continued its way, but soon descended to earth, and in a distance more than seven miles from Rome, in the waters of the Lake Bracciano. The people hastened to leave the house, and found in the car a paper with the inscription which told its history. Thus Garnerin's balloon became the principal feature in the fete of the distant capitals, announced at Rome the occasion of the coronation of Napoleon, and was hailed as a good omen and while Napoleon was preparing to place upon his head the crown of iron, and to receive the homage of the Emperor, such facts might have been considered as the work of Providence, and the strange and fatal chance which rendered the whole affair far from pleasant. The balloon was found on the shore of the lake, on ground in the Campagna Romana, the cords of the car entangled among the trees, and the car itself in the water. Garnerin escaped. Two accounts disappeared as if its course must terminate in the lake, and that it was evidently filled it soon, and was soon burned, leaving nothing behind but a portion of the ropes and the car, which, while it was burning, was seen to fall and sailed, to an angle of the monument. This scene was witnessed by the Pope from the window of Rome.

WHAT IS OUR LOCAL GOVERNMENT SO BAD?

We profess to value free institutions, and to maintain their principles in both our local and State governments. In both the people are supposed to elect their public servants by a perfectly free expression of their preferences at the polls. Generally speaking, our system of government by the people works well. Our national and State elections usually secure satisfactory results on good laws and honest and wise servants in both nation and State are, in the main, well governed. But in this city we fail. Its government is recklessly extravagant, incompetent and corrupt, and for the last thirty years it has been steadily growing worse and worse. What is the reason? Why this unsatisfactory? Cannot cities be governed on democratic and republican principles as well as States or nations? Undoubtedly they can; and it is because we have departed from government by the people, and substituted government by an oligarchy of political managers, that all our troubles and miseries have arisen. For many years the people have had little or no voice or influence in the election of municipal officers, or in the laws by which we are governed. A few political managers control the whole thing. They name and the others, nominate the candidates, control the ballot-box, and while they keep up the forms of elections year after year, the results are made as certain as if they alone appointed the various officers. The many millions of taxes annually handled by these men, in immense appropriations, disposed, and the vast body of employés dependent upon them, are all under the influence of their purposes, so that the government once in their hands, it is very difficult for the people to get it away from them. They claim to act for the party and the triumph of its principles, and thus carry with them the ignorant masses, who are governed by the name of the party, and with the aid of roughs at the ballot-box, and spurious votes, they carry the day, and the real hangmen who carry every election in spite of the feeble opposition of the honest people can be known only by the result in charter election. In the matter of things, a government like this, in the course of years, must result grievously. Left unrestrained by the wisest acts of political trickery, it must lead to the enormous arm post to the people in the tax-payers and honest citizens generally quietly submit. Why? Because they are ignorant of the wrongs of others, and like the horse-leech of the Scriptures—insatiable, and unsatisfying in their appetite for money—the managers and hangers on of the public. Extortions and burglaries which they hardly dare to practice on their own neighbors, they commit with impunity on the public treasury. And so long as the people will bear it, these men will venture upon bolder acts. The more dangerous because they trust themselves. Ten years ago our Common Council would not have dared to vote away the Central Park for twenty years, in an exorbitant contract for gas, nor would they have voted themselves a salary of one hundred and $5,000, at $18,000 a year, for ten years, and this, too, while the people were groaning under the load of the very war taxes wrung are applied to. But now they openly, unblushingly commit these outrages, knowing that they are capable of any enormity which the people will submit to.

Such daring corruptions must find a limit somewhere and before long, or the end will be a vast ruin. The tendency of such deeds is to drive our tax-payers to desperate resistance, and to drive the more peaceful, industrial reform, such as the Citizens' Association is carrying out in this city, to make unavailing. The most earnest and prompt co-operation of all good citizens, is now long will the people submit to the gross and open outrages at present in the public city depleted and the people are left to contend with the most unscrupulous and corrupt set of men that the world ever saw.

THE PRUSSIAN PEOPLE.

We have had several occasions of expressing our opinion that the Prussian soldier ranks first of all in the first power in Europe. The sterling character of the people, their morality, intelligence, industry, industry and thrift, to say nothing of their freedom from superstition and intolerance, point them out, in the interest of civilization, as the people who ought to lead in Europe, instead of the fickle, shallow, mediocre, and revolutionary French, who have been allowed as being made up of the peacock, the goat, and the sheep, combined. The valor of the first, the impetuousness of the second, and the blood-thirstiness of the third. A recent traveler tells us something about the Germans people, and their habits and modes of life which, at the moment, is especially interesting. The cabins between which the people are put are not characterized, as they too often are in other countries, by squeezes and misery crowding on one side, and envy and servility on the other. It is about the only country in Europe where the landlord and peasant live together in perfect unity. Instead of immense castles, and vast estate, several peasants and also cottages, all freeholders, surround the residence of the landed proprietor from a large estate into a village of peasants as you travel across the country, and the small owner can see and talk with the farmer of his order and more intelligent neighbor, and will do so, when the superior keeps aloof and thinks he would lose his dignity if he remain in stubborn adherence to the habits of his class. These peasants have no hard holding, lives on it, and lives with his workpeople; and if he cannot lord his two estates, he puts a relative or factor to live on the one, and he lives on the former cultivates, letting being comparatively rare:

"Let us have an immense estate and villas. They average perhaps one hundred inhabitants. The houses are built with their backs to the north, with much left room, and the front to the south. Each has a door in the middle, behind it, one the hall, a bench, and about the room the number of which is in proportion to the household occupied, if not painted. You will see somewhere a large, well-whitewashed room, with a number of beds, a looking food; on the wall a clock; and often other articles which would be in the way in a dwelling. Of cow, one or two pigs for killing in autumn, a goose, and a few fowls. Besides this, the peasant receives a certain quantity of clothing in October, and half-dozen to a dozen hens farmed out, and the chickens belong to the peasant. In the fields are potatoes, turnips, carrots, and greens enough for the cattle and consumption. Corn and grain are, during the summer, sent to grass, whilst pigs and hens are fed at home on potatoes, waste and sour ground corn, the pigs being fattened on peas toward autumn-time. The geese get fat on the grass in the fields, and the cattle in the meadows by the feeding. For the wants of the winter, there is a plot of grass grown for hay, and a field for potatoes, and a plot for flax, as also a plot for meadow hay for the cattle. Every peasant has enough to do, and is worked. For living, wood and turf are used. The latter is found on almost all estates, or if the former is wanting, it must be brought from the next forest. All carting of these things is done by the landlord's wagons.

"The laborer is bound to work all the year round for the landlord; his wife or, if she is unable to work, a female servant a large number of days in the year. They receive wages, settled monthly, under deduction of a certain number of days for rent of cottage, for which the tenants enumerated above. As for grain, the man get a bushel a week of what they farm, and the rest in wages. The second man has to do much less, high prices; they are, however, more than they were, and wages have risen in proportion to the rise in rent. Work may be considered to last from sunrise to sunset throughout the year, with a number of intervals. In winter—with one or two hours' rest for dinner. But the laborer has also to do about three hundred days on the field, when it is not worth the landlord's while to go to sleep and use the hands. He has to help to cut down his own garden, potatoes, flax, hay, and hemp. The latter is manufactured into linen and tow. The men smoke the room quite true, but you hardly ever find drunkenness, or any such vice. I calculate that the fines, thirty or fifty years ago always full of drunkenness, gradually became deserted by them, and were only used periodically by the young people for dancing and altering travelling publicans will become a meeting-place; many vanished altogether.

"The children go to school from their sixth year, and continue till their fourteenth year, in winter from eight to twelve and one to four, in summer from six to eight, with fourteen days' vacancy in harvest time, and a few days at Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide—during which time they are taught to read, write, and cipher, and to learn by heart Bible stories and, besides, they have writing and arithmetic to do. The schoolmaster is appointed by the Government and, besides bringing a respectable amount of information there to the children, has to give their examinations in religion. No communes can appoint a schoolmaster unless he is no longer interfering, except by an adroit inspection of the examinations by the Government, without traveling all over the country. The laborers pay but little for the education of their children, and in many cases one child to school or half-a-dozen. The chief support of the schools is derived from the fines, and in most cases there is land attached to schools as well as to the parsonages. Besides the ordinary school, every schoolmaster is but ill-requited in many cases, although he has to be a musician to enable to play the organ. The schoolmaster has the children, boys and girls, on Sundays, and has to teach them singing, reading, arithmetic, grammar, geography; some drawing, and mathematics, and sometimes Latin. Besides the religious doctrine, besides Bible history and catechism."

Such a system as this will go up to the support, or landlord's house, where twenty people will be living, whereas, as they reach twenty-five or threescore, they will be found in the cottages of the adjacent one. The laborer is well cared for, and rarely leaves the estate. His wife is treated exactly like the small tenholder. "A Prussian laborer is a property of his master, and will not proceed before him in the dust, but stand up with his hat in his hand, and he will pay him hearty respect, will do his duty cheerfully, and will be faithful to him in every way. He is not treated three after mutual explanation and without rancor."

Such a system as this cannot seems to be the universal education, which enables the humblest laborer to understand one another, the absence of any habit of drinking, and the existence of a number of a under which land can be sold like a watch; and land, though rarely divided, is frequently bought. It is not to be wondered at, then, the wife gets it; if she is dead, the son who bids most has it; but the system is for the father to come to an understanding with the children, and to leave the estate to the son who needs it most, burdened with such charges as seem to him and his family fair and equitable.

ANECDOTE OF BISMARCK.

In his youth the Count was a gay student, very popular with his associates on account of his good humor. The old men of Gottingen still remember that Otto Bismarck, as a boy, was fond of practical jokes. The story of Bismarck's bootmaker has become a part of the traditions of the university. It is thus related:

Young Bismarck having been sent to a savoy, where he was to dance with the prettiest girls in Gottingen, had ordered a pair of patent-leather boots the previous day. The boots were not sent home, and Bismarck became uneasy.

"I will not have your boots," said his comrades.

"But I will have them," answered the future Minister.

On the eve of the great day Bismarck entered the shop and asked for his boots.

"Impossible, my dear gentleman, "I am in despair but I have so many orders to be built to-morrow—"

"All that is it," said the student. Very well—he shall see."

He went out, but at the end of half an hour returned, and in the most serious manner in the world, as German students are accustomed to keep at the expense of their tailors.

"Monsieur," said Bismarck, "you see these dogs before me?"

"Very well! I swear they will tear you into five hundred thousand pieces if you do not let me have by to-morrow morning my boots."

He went out—but from hour to hour before the bootmaker's shop and cry out in lugubrious tones:

"Help! help! help! Monsieur Bismarck's boots!"

The bootmaker had not the night to finish the articles required of him by this singular adventure. At five in the morning he arose, and said to his wife with a sigh:

"I can go! We must sleep."

All of a sudden, in the middle of the night, he hears a frightful howling. Bismarck, with his dogs, was before Bismarck, crying in the street:

"Help! help! help! My dogs are going to eat me!"

The whole of the student had his patent-leather boots, and danced like a madman.

The Count's mysterious disappearance and unscrupulous audacity in carrying his point appear in the character of the student of Gottingen and the statesman of Berlin.

SELF-DRAWN.—Cervantes, the author of Don Quixote, thus drew his own portrait in pen and ink: "A man of mature age here, with a grave visage, chestnut hair, smooth open forehead, lively eyes, a well-proportioned nose, though curved, and white beard, that, twenty years ago, was golden; large moustaches, a small mouth, teeth not much to speak of, for he has but six, and those in bad order, ill-conditioned, no two of them corresponding to each other; a figure between the two extremes of size, neither tall nor short; complexion, rather fair than dark; somewhat stooped in shoulders, and not very light-heeled—this, I say, is the author of 'Galatea,'" 'Don Quixote de la Mancha,' &c. . . . commonly called Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. He was for many years a soldier, and for five years and a half a slave in Algiers, where he learned to love courage as the highest virtue. He had fought by a musket-shot in the battle of Lepanto, and lost the use of his left hand. He was a poet, and a writer, having received in the most memorable and unfortunate battle of the most memorable and unfortunate age, and was a poet of the sword, fighting under the victorious banners of the son of Charles V., of blessed memory.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

"OH, Mr. Grubbles!" exclaimed a young mother, "shouldn't you l'ke to have a family of rosy children about your knee?"
"No, ma'am," said the disagreeable old bachelor. "I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my pocket."

STOPPING at a village inn, there came a thunder-storm, and Captain Hall, surprised that a new country should have reached a perfection in those meteorologic manufactures, said to a bystander:
"Why, you have very heavy thunder here."
"Well, yes," replied the man, "we *du*, considering the number of inhabitants."

WHAT is the difference between a honey-comb and a honeymoon? A honeycomb consists of a numb r of small "cells," and a honeymoon consists of one great "sell."

A YOUNG widow was asked why she was going to get married so soon after the death of her first husband.
"Oh, la!" said she, "I do it to prevent fretting myself to death on account of dear Tom."

THE man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse.

A HAUNTED house is a tenement of any number of ordinary stories, to which is added an extraordinary one, in the form of a Ghost Story.

A PHYSICIAN ordered one of his patients to drink Seidlitz waters. The man made up a wry face at the suggestion. "It is only the first glass that is unpleasant," said the doctor.
"Very well, then," answered the sick man, "I'll only drink the second."

"JIM, why is it that a musician's strains are always heard so much less distinctly when he plays alone, than when in a band?"
"Why, I didn't know that it was so. Suppose it must be because he plays *so-lo*."

"I WISH to procure the Biography of Pollock," said a student to a bookseller. "Can you inform me where I can obtain it?"
"I cannot, sir; but I dare say you will find it in the Course of Time."

A MILKMAN sometimes resembles the whale that swallowed Jonah, for he takes a great prophet (profit) out of the water.

ARTISTS have adopted different emblems of charity. We wonder none of them ever thought of a piece of India-rubber, which gives more than any other substance.

"Now, THEN, my hearties," said a gallant captain, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder is gone, then run! I'm a little lame, and I'll start now."

A LAD applied to the captain of a vessel for a berth. The captain, wishing to intimidate him, handed him a piece of rope, and said:
"If you want to make a good sailor, you must make three ends to the rope."
"I can do it," he readily replied; "here is one, and here is another—that makes two. Now, here's the third," and he threw it overboard.

AN elderly Pennsylvania woman, with her daughter, looking at the marble statue of Girard, in the college building, the other day, startled the bystanders by exclaiming: "La! Sally, how white he was!"

A GENTLEMAN having built a large house, was at a loss what to do with the rubbish. His steward advised him to have a pit dug large enough to contain it.
"And what," said the gentleman, smiling, "shall I do with the earth which I dig up from it?"
To which the steward, with great gravity, replied:
"Have the pit large enough to hold all."

AN Irishman was asked what was his religious belief.
"Is it me belafe ye'd be askin' about?" said he. "It's the same as the widdy Brady. I owe her twelve shillings, and she belaves I'll never pay her; and faith, that's my belafe, too."

"THE ORGAN MANUAL."—As no church is properly furnished that has not an organ, it becomes a matter of importance to know something of that instrument, where it can be purchased to the best advantage, how it can be kept in order, and what are its capabilities. All this information is contained in a neat little book published by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, and furnished at the small price of seventy-five cents. It is a complete *vade mecum*, and should be in the hands of every organist who wishes to have a thorough knowledge of his duties and is willing to adorn his profession.

"THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER; OR, THE DAYS WE LIVE IN;" by Mrs. Gore; F. A. Brady, New York, publisher. This is another of Mr. Brady's excellent reprints. Mrs. Gore is a writer always lively, and frequently exciting. No one gives us a better insight into the world of conventionality than the brilliant authoress of "The Dean's Daughter."

THE SCULPTOR'S FIRST LOVE.—In the story of Canova's earliest love—if a juvenile and vague aspiration may be so termed—there was something of a romantic and melancholy interest, which seems long to have shaded, with perceptible coloring, his future musings. While pursuing his studies in Farsetti Palace, on first arriving at Venice, he one day beheld a female, somewhat older than himself and very beautiful, enter the gallery, accompanied by a friend or attendant, who, daily departing, soon after returned again before the hour of closing, leaving the former to pursue her studies, which chiefly consisted in drawing from antique heads. Chance first placed the youthful pair near each other; and some secret excellence, hitherto undiscovered, subsequently determined him constantly to select as models such subjects as brought him nearest the fair artist. The time thus rolled away, and the youth found his bosom thus penetrated with new, delicious, but undefinable sensations. He knew not why he wished to be near her, or why he delighted to gaze on her mild and lovely countenance—so pale, delicate, yet so full of feeling—nor could he tell why the furtive glance was so often directed to her sylph-like form and graceful movements; but he felt that with such a being he should be for ever happy, although incapable of defining his ideas of that happiness. One day the object of his silent adoration was absent—another and another passed; still she did not appear. Antonio was inconsolable; but he shrank from inquiry, for he feared that every one already possessed the secret of his thoughts. Many days elapsed in this uncertainty, during which he was indefatigable in study. At length the attendant again appeared—alone, and habited in deep mourning. The heart of the youth failed at the sight; but summoning courage as she passed, in departing with a portfolio, he ventured to inquire for her friend. "La Signora Julia," replied she, bursting into tears, "is dead!" No more was asked, and nothing more was said. Who Julia was, Canova never knew; but her name, her image, long remained on his memory.

SHUTTING UP THE ROYAL MATRIMONIAL MARKET.—The war in Europe is likely to produce a scarcity of candidates for royal marriages, and this class of personages will suffer greatly. Where are the kings, the queens, the princes, and the princesses of the rest of Europe to find a sufficiency of eligible candidates for their hands as wives and husbands? Already the supply is barely equal to the demand, and with the new-fangled notions about our common flesh and blood, as applied both to princesses and workingmen, it is hard to imagine what will be the consequences of a large diminution in the number of German royalties. At the present time there are hardly any sovereignties in Europe in which a German prince or princess is not either King or Queen's father-in-law or mother-in-law, or married to the heir-apparent, or the heir-presumptive, to the crown. It has hitherto, indeed, been the mission of Germany to supply Europe with theology, classical dictionaries, and royal wives, and what is to happen when a dozen more thrones are abolished it is difficult to see. When the various Coburgs, who judiciously keep up a couple of religions in the various branches of their family, so as to be available both for Catholic and Protestant emergencies, have ceased to be themselves royal, the embarrassment will be really serious.

EDUCATION OF THE FINGERS.—Through the fingers half the education of a woman ought to be made. Her delicate and excitable brain refuses to lend itself to any very long-continued or strenuous mental exertion. By brief flashes she receives her ideas: by her quick perception and lively instincts she arrives at truths, to the laborious pursuit of which she is rarely equal. She cannot, like her more robust and less spirited companion, devote the whole of her working hours with impunity to mental toil. The too delicate machinery breaks or hardens under the continuous effort; and if she do not contrive to change her nature and become a regular pedant in petticoats, her nerves and spirits are generally seriously impaired by efforts as little in accordance with her temperament. Let her, therefore, provide herself with abundance of employment for her subtle and pliant fingers, and she will find that, while drawing, or painting, or embroidering, or knitting, or sewing, her spirits will compose, her nerves will settle, her thoughts will arrange themselves, and her intellect will strengthen.

A GOVERNMENT inquiry into the statistics of insane persons throughout France yields the following results: Out of 84,321 persons suffering from insanity, in 358 cases it was due to overwrought brain: 2,549, to domestic troubles; 951, loss of fortune; 803, loss of a dear relative or friend; 620, disappointed ambition; 120, remorse; 223, anger; 31, joy; 836, love; 477, jealousy; 368, pride; 123, political events; 82, sudden change from an active to an inactive life; 116, solitude; 139, solitary confinement; 78, home sickness; 1,095, religion; and 1,028, miscellaneous unstated causes. Of the above number of insane, 53,600 were in private houses. The expense to the State of those in public establishments was a little over eight million francs.

The Commercial Agency,
37 Park Row & 145 Nassau St.,
McKillop, Sprague & Co.,

THIS establishment has now been in active operation for nearly *twenty-five years*. It has its Associate Offices or Agents in every City and Town in the United States and the British Provinces, as well as in the chief cities of the Old World, and has a very large and growing patronage from Bankers and Merchants.

The reputation of the Agency for *care* and *reliability* has become firmly established; and the best evidence which can be given of its value to commercial men is found in their continued and increasing support.

From the records is furnished a detailed statement of the condition of every merchant, with his antecedents and business history. By this an opinion can be formed of the extent to which credit may be safely granted. In connection with this a

Commercial Agency Register

is published annually, which has become the *Standard Reference Book* for dispensers of credit. It contains a classified list of merchants and traders throughout the country, with numerals after each name, indicating the relative commercial standing of each. This work is one of immense magnitude—the last issue containing nearly 300,000 names—and is the result of a great amount of labor.

The publishers have spared neither *labor* or *expense*, and have consequently produced a work of *unequaled fullness and accuracy*. The following are some of the

Opinions of the Press:

[*From the Daily Tribune, New York.*]

THE Commercial Agency Register for 1866, by McKillop & Sprague, has made its appearance, as usual, at the beginning of the year, and is a work of greater magnitude than that of last year. It contains one thousand two hundred pages, double columns, so that the number of firms named must largely exceed two hundred thousand. According to the index, there are over ten thousand cities, towns and villages named in it. These figures show that the compiling alone of such a work involves much labor. The fact that the book meets such rapid sale shows that not only has there been great labor, but great care, given to the compiling, and that confidence is felt in its general *accuracy*.

[*From the Evening Post, New York.*]

"The Commercial Agency Register for 1866," published by McKillop & Sprague, of this city, is an entirely new work, each name having been carefully revised. The catalogue contains two hundred and fifty thousand names of bankers, merchants, manufacturers, &c., and the heavy labor of compilation and verification has been performed with diligence and accuracy, making the work a valuable reference for business men. Among the entries we find William Shakspeare publishing a newspaper at Kalamazoo, John Wesley selling flour in Philadelphia, Henry Kirke White selling stationery, and Daniel Webster keeping a liquor shop.

[*From the Daily Times, New York.*]

MCKILLOP & SPRAGUE'S COMMERCIAL AGENCY REGISTER.—McKillop & Sprague's Commercial Agency Register for 1866 has made its appearance, and in point of completeness and accuracy it surpasses any previous edition. It is, substantially, a classified index to the records kept at the office of the publishers, and its comprehensiveness, as well as the labor involved in its preparation, is best indicated by the fact that it reports the standing of over two hundred thousand firms, distributed through ten thousand cities, towns and villages. This edition is nearly twice as large as the last, which is satisfactory proof that merchants generally are learning to appreciate the necessity of such an index to the standing and responsibility of those who may become their customers.

Barnum's New American Museum.

Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets.

Coolest place of enjoyment in the city. The old Museum excelled in attraction by the new and present Temple of Amusement. The latest accession of curiosities, purchased at an enormous expense, is the entire collection of the late Gordon Cumming, the great Lion Slayer, consisting of the Heads, Horns, Tusks, Skins, etc., of the Hippopotomi, Rhinoceroses, Elephants, Giraffes, Lions, Leopards and other African animals, numbering over 3,000 specimens, slain by this intrepid hunter during 15 years' hunting in Africa, and made historic by his reckless daring. A new and spacious Saloon is added, in which to exhibit these great Curiosities without extra charge. To perpetuate the memory of heroes, Miller's National Bronze Portrait Gallery, containing Bronze Portraits of all the celebrated Union Generals, has been opened. In the magnificent Lecture Room, another change! another change! Another week of novelty! Variety! variety! variety! Two new Pantomines. Mr. G. L. Fox, Miss Kate Pennoyer, Mr. C. K. Fox, the Grand Pantomine Company in new characters! new characters! Every afternoon at 2; evening at 8. The great Comic Pantomime, entitled THE GOLDEN AXE. Wonderful Tricks, Mysterious Transformations, and Gorgeous Scenic Effects. Dance by the Liliputian Wonder, Gen. Grant, Jun. Master Allie Turner, Infant Drummer. To conclude with the Ballet Pantomime of the FRISKY COBBLER, full of Mirth and Merriment. New Accession of Curiosities. To be seen at all hours, a Mammoth Fat Child, 3 years old, weighs 196 lbs.; 3 Dwarfs, Glassblowers, Circassian Girl, Living Birds of Rarest Plumage; African Crowned Cranes, Black Swans, the African Vulture, the Adjutant; 100 Living Monkeys. Just arrived, the greatest assortment of Monster Snakes ever seen in America; 125 Portraits of N. A. Indian Chiefs. Cosmoramas, Learned Seal, Happy Family, Grand Aquaria, Wax Figures, Geological, Conchological and Numismatic Collections, Historical Relics, 100,000 other Curiosities.

Admission, 30 cents, children under ten, 15 cents.

DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS.—Our readers will permit us to draw their attention to the advertisement of the Opening Fair and Distribution of Premiums, to commence in this city, 24th September next, under the management of J. R. Hawley & Co., old and popular Cincinnati merchants, who have too much reputation at stake, to say nothing of the deserved character of the project, to let it be any other than a straightforward, upright and business-like transaction. Those who patronize this Distribution of Premiums may rely upon being fairly dealt with. The advertisement explains the matter in detail.—*Cincinnati Weekly Times.*

Health, the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss, is found in AYER'S MEDICINES, after a fruitless search among other remedies. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Holloway's Pills.—Cholera or griping of the bowels.—Laudanum may lull the pain but not destroy it. Morphine steeps the senses in artificial sleep, without refreshing the invalid. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS not only procure the same results without the baneful effects, but so entirely extinguish the elements of the disease as to promote a speedy cure without danger of relapse.

Important Qualities—Brandreth's PILLS so stimulate all the interior powers of the system that every poison or impurity is forced from the blood into the bowels, and thus passes off. Recent cases of sickness will often be cured by the effect of 6 or 8 of Brandreth's Pills, which, when the operation is full and complete, leave the blood as free from poisonous and unhealthy matter as that of a new-born babe. In colds, inflammatory diseases, and even in cholera, their use restores to health sooner than all other remedies, because they take from the blood and bowels those matters upon which pains, cramps and aches depend for continuance.

Captain Isaac Smith, of Sing Sing, says thirty of Brandreth's Pills, taken according to directions, cured him of a very severe bronchial affection after other means had failed, and he wishes his numerous friends to know the fact.

Brandreth's Pills, Principal Office, Brandreth House, New York. Sold also by all Druggists. See my name on Government stamp, without which the Pills are spurious. B. BRANDRETH.

The Book of Wonders tells how to make CIDER without apples or any other fruit. It also contains the Hunter's Secret, how to catch Fish and all kinds of Game; how to make all kinds of Liquors; all kinds of Onguents and Curling Fluids; Gambling Exposed; Ventriloquism Made Easy; Information of Importance to Ladies; how to gain the Love of any one, &c., &c., &c. Sent, securely sealed, for 25 cents. Address O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau street, New York.
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Containing Directions and Information respecting the Purchase of an Organ, and the Rectifying of Ciphering and other Simple Casualties without the assistance of a Builder; also, a Brief History of the Organ, and an Account of its Construction. By Rev. Henry D. Nicholson, M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, England. With an Appendix, containing Remarks on the Use of the Reed Organ. Price 75 cents. Sent post-paid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

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How to Write Letters Correctly, 15 cents. How to Woo and Win, 15 cents. Bridal Etiquette, 15 cents, W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y. 558-70

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No. 15718	"		50,000
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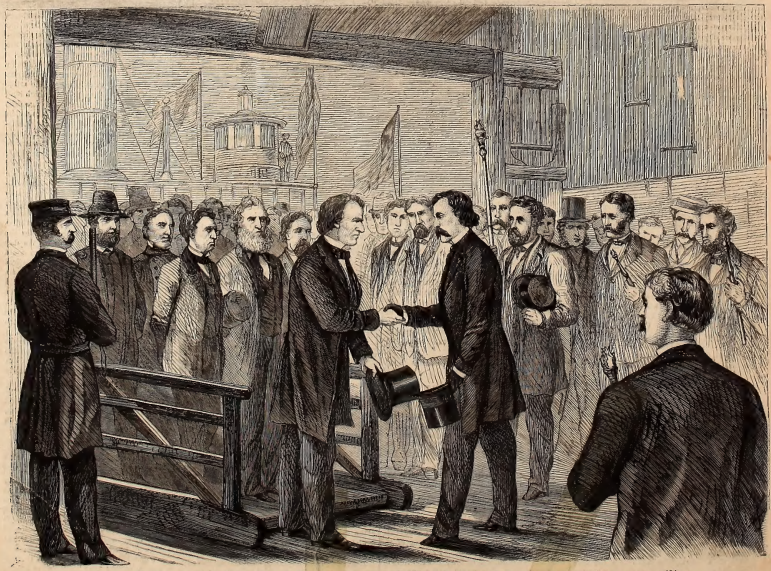
Our Police.

It has been our duty as journalists from time to time to draw the attention of our readers to the working of our present police system. That there were serious defects in the administration was evident, otherwise there could not have sprung up in the public mind that distrust in it which has become a matter of general notoriety. If there is one of our institutions more than another which the public wishes to confide in, and which all their interests predispose them, in spite of evidence to the contrary, to believe to be beyond reproach, it is that to which we entrust the protection of our persons and property. Still, with all these advantages in their favor, to which may be added a well-founded belief in the honesty of their intentions, the Commissioners have failed to confirm the public confidence in their efficiency which is willingly accorded to their personal integrity.

Some recent events have brought both branches of the department into disagreeable prominence, and, to judge from the results, the equanimity of the Commissioners must have been sadly disturbed. It was not, however, in the nature of things that matters should continue in the state they were without some explosion taking place. It was impossible, in the detective part of the force, for instance, that the compromises



THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY, UNDER ESCORT OF THE CITIZENS' COMMITTEE OF NEW YORK, PASSING ON BOARD THE FERRYBOAT COLDEN, AT JERSEY CITY, TO EMBARK FOR NEW YORK CITY, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29TH.



HIS HONOR MAYOR HOFFMAN RECEIVING PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND PARTY AT PIER NO. 1, NORTH RIVER, NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 29TH.—SEE PAGE 404

of felonies, which were notoriously offered and accepted, (witness the advertisements in the daily journals, as well as the private experiences of those who had lost any property by thieves or burglars,) should be carried on without the complicity of some members of the force with these illegal proceedings coming to light in some way or other. At last the plans laid to detect the detectives have met with some measure of success, and, as the matter is now before the courts, we are content to leave this branch of our subject, hoping the rogues may catch their deserts.

But as life is more valuable than property, and injury to our persons is more to be dreaded than the abstraction of our valuables, we cannot allow the wrongs done to the entire community by the other branch of the police to pass without remarks. And we are fortunately not without a theme to serve as a thread of our discourse; for the Police Commissioners, stung, as it appears, by the remarks of one of our contemporaries as to their incapacity or supineness, have placed into print in their own defence. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse*—he who excuses, accuses himself—could not be better exemplified. Those gentlemen enter a general denial of the charges against them, they court investigation, they defy criticism, but it shall not be our fault if they hereafter complain that the specific charges is brought against their administration. The complaint, then, of the public, which we do but echo, is of unnecessary and unwarranted brutality by the police, in the use of the pistols and clubs with which they are armed for their own protection. Without being aware of the law on the subject, the common sense of the public teaches them that any unnecessary violence in making an arrest is an outrage, on the personal rights of the officer, and no less than an injury and injustice to society itself. They revolt at the not infrequent sight of two stalwart fellows leading a prisoner, with his head streaming with blood drawn by the use of their heavy clubs, when it is evident that no effectual resistance could have been made against the prisoner by either of the police, if properly applied. We shudder when we read of a boy of fourteen years of age felled to the ground by the club of a policeman (as happened within the past week), and dying a few hours afterward; and again, of a policeman in Brooklyn, who averred that he would have killed his pistol at a stump, if he had known, etc., etc. One has only to read the daily papers to observe how the ordinary phrases of the reporters reflect the estimate of this class of Persuasive use of the locust," "application of the club brought the offender to reason," are the mild terms in which the daily chronicle dispenses the old maxim that the police are usually spoken of. But the Commissioners object to public notoriety as forming any ground for an attack on the police force. They say they are ready to examine the complaint of any citizen against an officer for violation of his duty, and to deal out strict justice if any charge is established. Granted. The willingness of these gentlemen to oblige the public is remarkable. Do they really suppose that any respectable citizen is going to look a broken head in trying to take the numbers of the officers who are exceeding their duties, or to take the chance of arrest on the charge of interfering with them, when any such action against their violence is all that is intended? We can only judge of what takes place at the Police Headquarters by the reports of the daily papers, and we are sure that no person of respectability, from a mere sense of public duty, would choose to expose himself to the risk and pleasantries of the Commissioners, whose chief efforts seem to be to screen their officers and browbeat the witnesses against them.

The Commissioners, in their letter, take credit to themselves for investigating, of their own accord, any misconduct that comes under their notice, whether any complaint be made or not. We will be excused if we ask for some evidence on this point, because the evidence is in their own possession, and they can produce it if they see fit. We do not underrate the difficulties they must have had in weeding the force of unworthy members who have crept into it, and do not ask how many have been dismissed because they were thieves, or drunkards, or incapables, but the public would like to know how many have been dismissed for cruelty to prisoners and brutal use of their clubs.

We have used the word illegal as applied to unnecessary violence by the police, and we do so advisedly. The police are entrusted with clubs and pistols for their own defence when attacked, and in certain cases of resistance to the arrest of offenders, and it is only to the latter class that our remarks can apply. To maltreat an unresisting prisoner, or to use more force than is necessary for his arrest, with an offense which the law will take cognizance of, whatever the Police Commissioners may do. For instance, to shoot a man charged with misdemeanor should be try to escape by the use of his heels, is homicide, and for such crime an officer should be put on trial. We will not affirm that this is the case as regards felonies, but it certainly does not accord with general notions of public safety that when a policeman cannot run fast enough to catch a pickpocket, he can be permitted to "bring him to" by a pistol-shot. Again, as to arrests; any arrest and detention of an innocent person subjects the officer arresting him to an action for false imprisonment, and if any malice can be shown, a jury will give exemplary damages, and we should not expect to see such a lesson taught to some members of the force.

We are afraid the Commissioners of Police, from the long use of unquestioned power, and the public, on the other hand, from having been accustomed during the war to arbitrary arrests, have, in some measure, lost sight of their respective rights and duties. The Commissioners act as if the police were their servants, and not the servants of the public, and display in their behalf the zeal of the one relation, instead of the impartiality of the other. The public is apt to forget that personal liberties are the dearest inheritance of the citizen in free country, and that while the smallest invasion of these imperils all their other rights. The Courts are open to protect the meanest and lowliest of their members from any assumptions of unlawful power, from whatever quarter it may come.

It is not our province to point out to our Commissioners how the discipline of the force they command may be improved. They would decidedly object to depriving their men of their clubs and pistols, and to retain them in the exceptional cases of night-work in dangerous neighborhoods and the arrests of known desperate characters. But we may point out to them that the police force of London carry only truncheons, and no one complains of their inefficiency. We must make a distinction in skillfully using truncheons, each man carries a pair of handcuffs, and the dexterity with which, by a twist of the wrist, a man of comparatively small physical strength will capture and reduce to helplessness an opponent much his superior, is a feat which must be seen to be understood. We have heard that the adroit use of these implements is part of the daily drill of the men; and as to the results, our readers will agree with us that it is less offensive to the eye to see a man led away along quietly, because incapable of resistance, than to see an unhappy wretch dragged or driven by two or three of the police, bleeding at every concussion of his head.

After all, the appeal of the Commissioners to the public is only after the verdict of the Boards whatever. Official depreciation has only one style and one language. After long silence, which only those who do not know the official mind would take for the dignity of conscious innocence, it breaks out sometimes into scolding, sometimes into reproaches. But its tone is always the same. It demands that its critics shall produce facts—it is a very Gradgrind for facts. Public impressions it scoffs at, public notoriety it ignores as the vehicle of calumny, and when in its turn it is asked to produce the record of facts of which it is the sole depository, in a fit of offended virtue it replies into silence.

Our readers will do us the justice to believe that these comments upon the actions of the city authorities are not made willingly. From the high character of the senior of the present system of police we have been its strenuous supporters, because, if not the best system possible, it has evinced the best will to carry out a system of reform which we have long considered necessary. The Commissioners say that if they have not proved themselves efficient, others should take their places. We do not agree with them. Their duties are of a character requiring long experience, and an aptness which is independent of education, and though they may still have much to learn, and, among other things, to guard themselves against the insidious influence which the exercise of almost arbitrary power has upon the purest of minds, we should be very sorry to see them yield their places to others who would have to learn the same lessons they have learned, and, perhaps, with less advantage to the public good.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

We present to our patrons and readers this week a splendid portrait of the late Stephen A. Douglas, to whose memory a monument is to be erected, the corner-stone of which was laid by President Johnson on the 6th inst.

In our next paper we will give a series of sketches, illustrating the grand event, from the portfolio of our special Artist, Mr. F. H. Schell, who accompanied the Presidential Party.

Literature of the Gallows.

DEATH, the most solemn of all events, is doubly solemn when the day and hour of its arrival is foreknown. A kind Providence has so ordered the affairs of men that the time of departure from this world is the one great mystery of the passage through it. What effect an infallible knowledge of the moment when both our lives and actions are to cease would have upon them, must be a matter of pure conjecture, for it is doubtful if, even in the case where a man's life is forfeited to the laws of his country, the unhappy wretch does not, to the last, cling to a hope of pardon or reprieve. A study of the various phases through which the human mind passes, or it is supposed might pass, when in full view of the gloomy portals through which it must, at a fixed time, inevitably go, is one which has proved irresistibly attractive to French genius; yet had the subject never before been drawn that way, Victor Hugo might have been anticipated, and the world have never seen *Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné*.

Whether such an analysis of the thoughts and feelings of a criminal condemned to a shameful death would suit the taste of American readers, is, in the absence of actual experiment, a problem of no easy solution. We know that of the externals—if we may so express it—the sufferer, the condemned, how he looked, what he ate, and what he said, we have enough and to spare whenever an execution takes place. If the supply at all indicates the existence of a corresponding demand, there must be a large class of readers for whom this sort of literature has a strange fascination. It would appear, from what, in the estimation of this class, the excellence of the narrative is in proportion to its minuteness. No matter how grotesque and incongruous the incidental may be, the more that can be lugged in, the higher will the picture be valued. Like the Chinese tailor who inserted the patches of the old coat in the new one, and the new one in the old making, the modern artist must drag in all the accessories, regardless of fitness, propriety, dignity or consistency.

We are indebted to the minute fidelity of a Western reporter for the latest illustration of our remarks. We could almost have forgiven the writer an account of the execution of Samuel Covert, at Cincinnati, his intensely prosaic description, if by any happy inspiration he could throw some light upon the inner and mental state of the unhappy wretch, who seems to have been entertained with a kind of grand reception, including the usual handshaking, by the sheriff, before he died. The writer in "Tristram Shandy," in his remarks on Garrick's acting, was not more stupidly literal. "Was the voice," asked the critic, "was the sound suspended likewise? Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm? Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?" "I looked at Garrick," replied my lord.' 'Excellent observer!" We are told, indeed, but that is all, that Covert exhibited "a wonderful composure and a subdued and resigned condition of mind," but this is offset by his being "apparently stunned" (how partially will presently appear) when the faithful historian was admitted to his private view.

We suspect there must be some mistake in the next part of this tragedy turned into a farce, for "Sam" showed no familiarity on being asked if he was "ready to be offered up"—the blasphemy of the expression can only be pardoned on the score of the ignorance of the utterer as to the meaning of his own words—replied "he was ready—he was quite prepared to die." Yet not quite ready, for, with a wonderful balance of mind, he told that, to complete his toilet, "the sheriff brought him a pair of neat cloth gaiters, No. 8 in size. He appeared pleased with them, when asked whether they were large enough, said that they pinched a little, but that he was so much pleased with them, he did not want them exchanged, as they were larger with them. Their duties are of a character requiring long experience, and an aptness which is independent of education, and though they may still have much to learn, and, among other things, to guard themselves against the insidious influence which the exercise of almost arbitrary power has upon the purest of minds, we should be very sorry to see them yield their places to others who would have to learn the same lessons they have learned, and, perhaps, with less advantage to the public good.

The scene in Covert's cell on that fatal morning could only have been redeemed from being ludicrous by the solemnity with which the actors in it—as the brink of eternity. There were present, besides "our reporter" and other officials who lounged in to look at what was going on, the judge who presided at the trial, who came also to shake hands, and who finally asked the criminal to forgive him the part he had taken in sending him hanged, which of course the prisoner, being in his new boots and a peculiar frame of mind, willingly did. We don't quite understand why the judge asked him "what he would think if the Governor commuted his sentence," unless he had come to torment him before he died. Perhaps it may be a species of facetiousness, the exact meaning of which we do not know. It seems very shocking to us; but evidently the victim of the joke was quite equal to the occasion, for "if he was would rather be hanged," an assertion which, as he died finally with a lie on his lips, we need not much trouble ourselves to inquire into the truth of.

Of course we are treated to the usual amount of the tears shed all round, and the forgiveness of everybody by everybody else, and the parting prayer of the clergyman, which, for coolauduacity of blasphemy, we have seldom heard surpassed, considering that the man died without any expression of contrition for his crime or repentance for his sins; but it may possibly be explained that this latter phase of his mental condition did not fall within the province of a sanction reporter, and the lack of mention of it is no proof it did not exist.

We must leave it to the professors of dogmatic theology to decide, if they can, the length of time necessary to prepare a man for death. All they or we can know from Scripture is the instance of the thief on the cross, in which our Divine Master pardoned the sins of a lifetime, repented of in the short interval between crucifixion and death. But be so short a shrift as this with our modern criminals, would be to lose a fine opportunity for scenic display in the jail, and it must, on no account, be allowed. The agonies which these miserable men endure, and which they cannot describe, became ingurant of the words in which to convey their sensations, we can never know. But when crushed with the nameless terror that is before them, it is no wonder they seek any refuge from the thoughts that haunt them, and find in what are called "the consolations of religion" a refuge, at least for a time, from their pursuers.

But why the prisoner condemned to death should suffer also the dreary torture of a long anticipation of his fate we are unable to understand. The cant phrases by which the public is informed that the clergy (and all denominations agree in this) have done their duty, and prepared their victim to meet the Judge, are the same in all cases. It would be strange indeed if minds macerated, as it were, by long watchings, and bodies enfeebled by the want of exercise and fresh air, did not yield to the efforts bestowed upon them, and come at last to have some faith in the promises of eternal happiness held out to them, on the sole condition that they will believe the doctrine preached to them. It is seldom, indeed, that the clergy do not profess their belief that the criminal has, under their ghostly manipulations, experienced a change of heart, and will be rewarded with eternal happiness for his shameful life and death. Even when this desirable frame of mind has not been attained, instances are on record where ministers of religion have said that the time for death must be postponed, because the repentance of the sinner was not completed, but there were symptoms that a change was at hand, which a sure spiritual result secured on very shortly. Let it not be supposed, however, that we would allow no interval of time between sentence and execution, or that the connection between extreme haste and excessive delay, and we, unfortunately, seem to have hit the extreme, which, while it tortures the unhappier the mind, would also to turn the scenes around the scaffold into a hideous melodrama, where the ludicrous mixes with the horrible, and laughter alternates with prayer.

In the accounts we have of the last events in the life of Samuel Covert, we are not spared one item of the usual prescription, and the artist even of the most strokes of his own, which lend a charm of novelty to the usual dreadful scene. Thus we learn that the chair in which the prisoner sat on the scaffold was "rush-bottomed," and that "he used it as a rocking-chair, while he nodded to his acquaintances in the crowd, with much more than common effect," which our readers will no doubt be gladly relieved to peruse. If death could be made more bitter, surely it must be so by the addition of a description of a mockery like this to gratify the morbid curiosity of those who like to look at a man about to die. Carry the system a little further, and we will have a regular offer to premium to prison authorities for the privilege of exhibiting criminals on the day before they are hanged; and if the public could be shown by the way, following up his process of conversion, the great moral drama, where amusement is united with instruction, would be complete. Seriously, however, we protest against this abuse of the chair of punishment. Its chief design is to warn others against the fate of the victim of his own excesses, and the sordid hope of its impressiveness in proportion as it is turned into a machine to advertise the incoherent gibberings of a poor wretch on the point of death, or the sentimentalism of those whose sole duty is to see him decently hanged.

We may add that what completes the farcical character of the report we have commented on, is the fact that, with all its dreary windiness, it was dispatched as a "special telegram" to one of our enterprising leading dailies.

The New Orleans Massacre.

THE late revelations concerning the so-called riot in New Orleans on the 30th of July, fully justify all that has been said in condemnation of that most fiendish butchery. It was the premeditated act of a rebel organization, with the infamous Mayor of New Orleans at its head. We have now the characterization of the affair by General Sheridan, against whom no charge of partisanship or favoritism can lie. We give below the letter of instruction relating to it, and an extract from his report of August

6th, and leave our readers to pronounce their verdict on the evidence:

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 1.

U. S. GRANT—*General:* You are doubtless aware of the serious riot which occurred in this city on the 30th. A political body, styling itself the Convention of 1864, met on the 30th for, as it is alleged, the purpose of remodeling the present Constitution of the State. The leaders were political agitators and revolutionary men, and the action of the Convention was liable to produce breaches of the public peace. I had made up my mind to arrest the head men, if the proceedings of the Convention were calculated to disturb the tranquillity of the Department but I had no cause for action until they committed the overt act. *In the meantime, official duty called me to Texas, and the Mayor of the city, during my absence, suppressed the Convention by the use of the police force, and in so doing attacked the members of the Convention and a party of two hundred negroes, and with firearms, clubs and knives, in a manner so unnecessary and atrocious as to compel me to say that it was murder.* About forty whites and blacks were *thus* killed, and about one hundred and sixty wounded. Everything is now quiet, but I deem it best to maintain a military supremacy in the city for a few days, until the affair is fully investigated. I believe the sentiment of the general community is great regret at this unnecessary cruelty, and that the police could have made any arrest they saw fit without sacrificing lives. P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General Commanding.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 2, 1866.

U. S. GRANT, *General, Washington, D. C.:*

The more information I obtain of the affair of the 30th in this city, the more revolting it becomes. It was no riot. It was an absolute massacre by the police, which was not excelled in murderous cruelty by that of Fort Pillow. It was a murder which the Mayor and police of the city perpetrated without the shadow of a necessity.

Furthermore, I believe it was premeditated, and every indication points to this. I recommend the removal of this bad man. I believe it would be hailed with the sincerest gratification by two-thirds of the population of the city. There has been a feeling of insecurity on the part of people here on account of this man, which is now so much increased that the surety of life and property does not rest with the civil authority but with the military. P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General Commanding.

[*Extract.*]

"If the matter is permitted to pass over without a thorough and determined prosecution of those engaged in it, we may look for frequent scenes of the same kind, not only here but in other places.

"No steps have as yet been taken by the civil authorities to arrest citizens who were engaged in this massacre or policemen who perpetrated such cruelties. The members of the Convention have been indicted by the grand jury, and many of them arrested and held to bail. As to whether the civil authorities can mete out ample justice to the guilty parties on both sides, I must say it is my opinion unequivocally they cannot. Judge Abell, whose course I have closely watched for many a year, I now consider one of the most dangerous men that we have here to the peace and quiet of the city."

The part of the first letter printed in italics was suppressed in Washington by the President.

A CURIOUS book has just been published at Paris, in which, under the title "Manifeste du Magnétisme du Globe et de l'Humanité," the author, Capt. Bruck, endeavors to prove that the destiny of the human race is influenced by the earth's magnetism. In like manner as the zodiacal light, shooting stars and other natural phenomena are referable to an effect of magnetism, so are great events in the history of nations and of individuals. For, example, the 9th of November is the day of least magnetic circulation, and of least physical and moral energy, while the 22d of June is the day of most circulation and most energy. The 18th Brumaire (November 9) was a memorable day in the life of the First Consul—the 22d of June saw the finish of the Empire. Then, again, it is to magnetism that several great moral movements are due—Teutonism in Prussia, Anglicanism in England, Galicanism in France and Catholicism in the Papal States. Moral philosophers will, perhaps, be amused at this mode of treating their special subject—whether science will be benefited thereby is another question. Capt. Bruck states that he is prepared for clamor and to be treated as a dreamer.

IN the last number of the French *Comptes Rendus*, M. d'Archiac is stated to have laid before the Academy of Sciences a round pebble, coated with a greenish macaceous schist, and possessing a fine grain, which was discovered by M. Garrigou, in the lower grotto at Massat-Arriège, in the midst of a vast quantity of human remains and flint implements, of the age of the fossil reindeer. On the smooth surface of this fragment, which is eighteen centimètres long and ten broad, is the profile of a bear in the act of walking, extremely well executed. The authenticity of this curious stone is stated to be unquestionable.

THE fact that our national debt was reduced more than *one hundred and twenty-four millions of dollars* during the year which closed on the 1st of July is believed to be without a parallel in the annals of nations just emerged from a tremendous, desolating war. There is nothing like it in history. If we could go on at this rate, we should pay off the last dime of our debt within the next twenty years.

WE do not see how the President will get on with his new friends and supporters, especially as regards the question of negro suffrage. It is not many months ago that he declared himself in favor of it in a qualified form. In his letter to Gov. Sharkey, dated Aug. 15th, only a year ago, he said: "If you could extend the elective franchise to all persons of color who could read the Constitution of the United States in English and write their names, and to all persons of color who own real estate valued at not less than $250, and pay taxes thereon, you would completely disarm the adversary, and set an example for other States to follow." But his present associates will hear of nothing of the sort. The Richmond *Examiner*—late Davis, now Johnson—says of precisely this proposition: "We shall allow under no pretense the entering of a wedge that may rive us from root to topmost branch." The question is, will the rebels give in or the President? The party should be unanimous.

THE report of the British Commission on the so-called insurrection in Jamaica has been published. It appears from the report that there were four hundred and thirty-nine persons killed and one thousand houses burned under the operation of a "reckless" interpretation of martial law. How many were flogged it is hard to tell, but there were a large number—certainly not less than six hundred. Of these, some were women, and the fact is established that wire was twisted into the "cats" used. The evidence, though it justified the sentences in some cases, did not (says the report), in others, and in some cases men were executed upon mere affidavits. And while the promptitude and judicious action of Governor Eyre in suppressing the insurrection are mentioned as praiseworty, the punishments are declared to be excessive, the punishments of death unnecessarily frequent, the floggings reckless, and at Bath positively barbarous, and the burning of one thousand houses wanton and cruel.

THE Methodists have a foothold in France ten times stronger than they had in America a hundred years ago. The Rev. J. P. Cook, Secretary of the French Conference, which has just held its annual meeting at Anduse, thirty-five miles north of Nismes, gives the statistics of the conference:

"We have within the bounds of our conference 184 chapels and preaching places, 28 pastors, 91 local preachers, 16 colporteurs and day teachers, 1,858 members and probationers (increase 41), 7 day-schools, 41 Sunday-schools, with 222 teachers and 1,951 scholars, and nearly 10,000 hearers.

[*From a Correspondent.*]

WEST POINT AND ITS PEOPLE.

WEST POINT, all the world knows, or ought to know, is classic ground—clustered all over with historic associations, and, on the part of one or two generations, with associations more tender than classical. Old, solemn Fort Putnam may be the representative and visible emblem of the first; recollections of the Lovers' Walk and a curling lock of hair—from a head now gray, perhaps—of the latter.

We know, through veritable Greek mythology, how Venus was married to Vulcan, and how she eloped, or something of that sort, with Mars, whereupon there was a rumpus and some scandal in Olympus and circumjacent regions. Well, the old gods are dead, but Mars lives, albeit with beardless lips, in white pantaloons and gray coat—altogether a detestable toggery. And eke doth Venus, in clouds of tarletan and renewed youth. Olympus has been rolled out—*aplastado*, as the Spanish would say—and is now called West Point; the nineteenth century Mars is born of Plutus and Politics; and Venus, no longer the daughter of the foam, springs from a parentage hardly more substantial. She lives on beefsteak, and is none the worse for it; would dance all night were it not that young Mars must go to bed at "taps," and is not above accepting furtive attentions from civilians from that hour to the next morning's parade.

To keep up the classical similes, however, in the absence of Lempriere, would cost too much of an effort to one who has happily forgotten the greater part of the rubbish taught to callow youth; so we leave Olympus and the gods, and come down to things both real and interesting.

In August the students at West Point indulge in the luxury of camp-life. They "go into camp," not exactly after the fashion of real soldiers, in broken, damp and swampy grounds, but on a green and level lawn, where a raised floor of planks protects them from too close contact with our great mother. The fun and failures of foraging are to them unknown, and excepting for the severities of routine, they would lead a life of elegant leisure. Camp-life, with our future brave defenders, is, in brief, little else than a protracted picnic, with the drawback of drill. But August brings with it extraordinary delights as well as special duties. Among these are "hops"—not the pungent products of creeping vines—and which, under the name of "'ops," furnish the base of Britain, but frequent, if not nightly, gatherings in the halls of the Academy, where, amid the flare of gas, and responsive to strains of music, the cadet does *devoir* to dame and daughter, and puts to practical test his proficiency in saltatory skill acquired under the care of the dancing-master of the post. We can conceive that it must be a great thing to "do the German," with the thrilling consciousness of clasping a small and smooth hand, and a lithe and undulating waist, instead of encountering the rough grasp and enfolding the rigid zone of a fellow cadet.

The August of 1866 will be a red-letter month in the annals of West Point at least for a full decade. Its "hops," in the language of the lisping Sophonisba, were "perfectly lovely;" and the culmination of the season, in the Academy ball of the 28th—a day sacred to the affair as is the Fourth of July to St. Jonathan—was the crest of the topmost wave of youthful enjoyment. The grave and gay, the sportive and severe, joined in its innocent relaxations with real zest; and the absence of supper and champagne, with the inevitable break-up at one in the morning, made rational people sigh that society at large is not subject to the wholesome discipline of West Point. What superb dresses might be saved from ruin, how many heads from aching, and what subsequent listless days avoided, if only grown-up youth would profit by the lessons taught to the young cadet, and regulate their social recreations accordingly!

The influence of the Academy is altogether wholesome throughout the whole picturesque region known as "The Point." Early hours, moderate recreation, and a style of living, generous without being profuse, make "The Point" a favorite resort of the Sensibles — why not Sensibles if there be Miserables? — and bring thither a style and tone which we look for in vain in any other of the resorts called "Fashionable." We are not prepared to say how far the good taste of the superintendent of the Point, *outside* of the Academy grounds, has contributed to this happy condition of things, but certain it is that the grand hotel which bears the respected name of Cozzens—descending like a princely title—has established a fame and a standard unequaled by that of any similar establishment in America. Oh, it may be said with truth, its walls never shelter the "fast man" or his mate. The gambler and the horse-racer (twin-brothers) find neither associates or victims among the visitors at the Point. The devil, it is said, hates holy water. Not more, however, than the depraved and vulgar contact with the virtuous and the refined. Hence has grown up among the mountains and highlands of the Hudson a society resort at once select and sociable, and here, we repeat, among all the resorts known to fashion and leisure, is the spot, *par excellence*, where intellect, position and wealth find harmonious contact, and summer its highest and most refined enjoyments.

TOWN GOSSIP.

A FEW days ago a no less distinguished personage than a Queen visited our city, and was received with such marks of respect as were due to her sex generally, and her own character individually. We could afford to show her attentions, for none would question their motive, and then, too, she was a very modest, well-behaved and excellent lady, so that, without injustice to our gallantry, we could not avoid extending to her our courtesies. During the past week we have had a visit from the President, an event that does not often occur, and of which our people were determined to make the most they could. For several days little was talked of or thought of but the reception of the Chief Magistrate. He came—he saw—he conquered; *i. e.* he absorbed attention—he suspended business—he compelled a mighty city to render to himself and his office their tribute of welcome and respect. The crowds were gratified to get a view of the first man in the nation, and the President was doubtless pleased to witness the enthusiasm of the people. If the public demonstrations were any evidence of our preference for a republican over a monarchical form of government, then that preference was most emphatically expressed. True, it was *our* President and not somebody else's Queen we were honoring, and the captious might put down the difference to the score of selfishness, but it is doubtful if any sovereign on earth could call forth such honest, sincere homage as we were proud to extend to the highest representative of power in our own country. Great events soon reach their climax and pass into history, and the President, with the heroes who accompanied him, after tarrying but a night with us, took their departure, and the city subsided into its accustomed ways.

These ways at present are unusually quiet, and the item-mongers find difficulty in making up their budget. In fact, New York seems on its good behavior, and, giant as it is, its immense pulse throbs with less irregularity and excitement than that of many a rural village.

Wall street is confessedly the synonym of financial shrewdness, experience and security, and yet within its precincts occur the most gigantic swindles and the boldest robberies that ever startle our astonishment. Only a few days ago, in business hours, a box containing over three hundred thousand dollars in cash and securities was deliberately taken from the vault of a bank, without the knowledge of the officers of the institution, who were engaged with their duties while the theft was perpetrated. The police have succeeded in driving away the pickpockets, but the higher order of rogues seem still to enjoy an immunity which they are using very much to their own advantage.

The fall trade is opening quite actively, as any one passing along our business streets and encountering the numerous boxes and bales that obstruct the walks can testify. It would be an interesting task to follow some of these packages to their final destination, to see their contents temptingly displayed in the windows of the retail dealer, hundreds or thousands of miles distant, to watch the play of emotion on the countenances of the eager purchasers of the *latest styles*, and their satisfaction in being assured that they had obtained the *modes* of the metropolis (for there is no hamlet, however remote that does not pride itself on being in the fashion); to go still farther, even to the homes and privacy of the final possessors of these coveted articles, and learn how much comfort they afforded, how much pride and envy they aroused, how to some they came as a boon richly prized, and to others were the sources of unhappy and embittered feeling. But the business of our merchants is to sell goods, and not to moralize over them when no longer in their hands; and the prospect of large sales during the season are very flattering.

Though the cholera still lingers in our city, its victims are so few, and its power so restricted, that but for the official reports we would not be aware of its presence. Science has vindicated its right to be the arbiter of epidemic diseases, and its ability to check and restrain them within such bounds as it may set. In fact, nearly all disease and suffering are the penalty for our disregard and violation of the simplest laws of our being; and did we properly understand and obey those laws, we might bid defiance to sickness.

The New Jersey railroads have been proverbial for their successful assay in the how-not-to-do-it policy, where the convenience and comfort of passengers were concerned, and likewise for a proclivity to make mincemeat of any unfortunates who are compelled to use them. It is said that the friends of the President in Philadelphia, fully aware of these facts, secured a policy of insurance for him before they allowed him to commit himself to the tender mercies of these monopolists. Fortunately he made the journey in safety. There is one marked exception to this general rule of the railway management of our gallant sister State, viz., the N. J. Central, a link in that grand chain of communication with the West, and with its associate line, the Lackawana, one of the best constructed and best managed roads in the country. Their ferry-boats are the finest in our harbor, their cars are neat, comfortable and even sumptuous, and all the appointments of the road such as to render it a favorite with travelers. *Verbum sat.*

The theatres are all about ready to begin active operations for the fall and winter. The influx of merchants and strangers has greatly increased the audiences at all the places of amusement, and the light pieces, suited for hot weather, are felt to be out of place now, and are giving way to more substantial presentations.

The pieces that have been running at Wallack's, the Winter Garden and Olympic for several weeks, were brought to an end with the close of the summer month. The Hanlon Brothers also closed a quite successful engagement at Wood's last week, which is to be refitted for the approaching season. The Broadway opened again last week, and received its full share of patronage.

Gordon Cumming's splendid Museum collection of the heads and horns, skins and bones of the monsters captured by him in the wild deserts of Southern Africa, are at Barnum's Museum, where select and appreciative audiences have daily paid their visits to the wonderful collection of that most extraordinary hunter of all times. Did we not have before us the most irrefragible proofs of his powers as a sportsman, in the spoils which constitute this exhibition, we might almost doubt the power of any man to accomplish what this modern Nimrod has achieved. Nothing short of a visit to the Museum can give one any idea of either its magnitude or interest.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Several burglars recently entered a room in the Gaines House, at Dubuque, Iowa, where four young ladies were sleeping, administered chloroform to them, and were on the point of robbing them, when one of them began to return to consciousness. One of the burglars drew a pistol and held it to her head, but by this time one of the other young ladies had awakened from her stupor and made an outcry. At this the villains fled, taking nothing valuable with them.

—— A railroad bridge is about to be constructed across the Ohio River at Louisville, Ky., at a cost of about $1,500,000, which will be a great advantage to the inhabitants of that region. It is computed that in the single item of freight between Louisville and New York the gain to shippers will be fully thirty-three per cent. The bridge will be without a draw, and so elevated that boats of any class can easily pass under it when the river is at its highest stage.

—— The widow of Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, formerly a Miss Cutts, and now remarried to Major Williams, an officer of the Federal Army, will be present at the dedication of the monument to be erected in Chicago to the memory of her first consort.

—— An interesting suit is pending in Richmond, Va., growing out of the alleged purchase, before the war, of twenty-three hundred hogsheads of tobacco for the Messrs. Rothschild. About two thousand hogsheads of the tobacco were burned on the fall of Richmond, and the rest was stored. Colonel Loomis claims the tobacco as abandoned property, but an injunction has been issued at the suit of the Rothschilds restraining him from removing it.

—— Two guerrillas were arrested in Southern Kentucky a few days ago while plying their vocation by robbing a house where an old and infirm couple resided alone. A party of young men, who were out hunting, heard a scream issuing from the house, and, entering, secured the ruffians, after a desperate fight, during which one guerrilla was shot four times and seriously wounded.

—— Major Gee, whose long trial before a military commission in Raleigh, N. C., recently ended in his acquittal, has returned to his home in Quincy, Fla., and has resumed the practice of medicine—his old profession. His trial cost the Government nearly a quarter of a million of dollars. He formerly commanded the rebel prison at Salisbury, N. C.

—— The Government has refused the request of Governor Marshall, of Minnesota, that Fort Snelling might be turned over to the State authorities for an asylum for indigent and disabled soldiers. The fort will be used as a storehouse for supplies for the forts in that district.

—— The Secretary of War has decided that the pay of the privates and non-commissioned officers of the regular and volunteer force shall be at the rates paid since May 1, 1864, until further legislation by Congress.

—— The foundations of the New York State Institution for the Blind, at Batavia, are being pushed rapidly forward, and the corner-stone of the institution is to be laid, with appropriate ceremonies, on the 6th of September.

—— The population of Toledo, Ohio, has been ascertained by a recent census to be 24,401. Last year's census made it 19,509.

—— Only 150 of the once famous Toucaway tribe of Indians now remain, and they are in Houston, Texas, subsisting on the charity of the Government.

—— A gentleman on his annual tour to the White Mountains, a year ago, discovered rocks containing gold near Lisbon, N. H. A company of Hartford and Springfield merchants was formed, which purchased the property in which the ore was found. The stock, worth a year ago $5 a share, now sells for $5,000. Some of the quartz yields $867 of gold per tun, and $159 of silver.

—— An immense brickyard, 800 feet long, and about 400 wide, is about to be established at Chicago, Illinois. It will contain machines for the manufacture of 200,000 brick a day. A canal 2,000 feet long, 200 wide and 20 deep, will connect the yard with the south branch of the river. The earth thrown up in making the excavation will be used in the manufacture of bricks.

—— A band of desperadoes attacked and routed a negro camp meeting at Shiply's Woods, near Baltimore, last week. The negroes, it seems, were holding a camp-meeting under the auspices of white Methodist ministers, a white camp-meeting being in progress at the same time. During the day suspicious-looking young men were seen about the grounds, and at night the attack was made by firing among the negroes while they were at their devotions. The blacks resisted and the fight became general, the darkness of course increasing the confusion. The fight finally ended by the negroes, at the advice of the white preachers, seeking safety in flight. The tents, bundles and trunks belonging to them were then piled together and burned by the white assailants. One white man was killed, and several negroes severely wounded.

—— One day last week the steamer Lord Elgin, on the trip from Ogdensburg to Montreal, narrowly escaped from being wrecked in one of the fearful rapids of the St. Lawrence. Just as she entered Cedar Rapids, the chain which turns the rudder broke, leaving the steamer to plunge without control through the most dangerous parts of the Rapids. Twice she struck the rocks, but, fortunately, instead of being dashed to pieces, the collision threw the boat into the current, and she passed through in safety.

—— Government has appropriated seventy-five thousand dollars for deepening and maintaining a channel across the bar of the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi, and this important work will be commenced as soon as satisfactory proposals are received. It is designed to harrow and drag the channel until a passage of a uniform depth of eighteen feet and width of two hundred feet shall be opened from deep water in the river to deep water in the gulf.

Foreign.—A Prussian drummer having damaged the skin of his drum, was ordered by his commanding officer, on arrival at a small place in Bohemia, to *requiriren* (the newly-coined German word for forcibly demanding anything required by the army) sufficient parchment to repair the broken instrument. After some difficulty the soldier learnt the residence of an old Jewish scribe, who undertook the drawing up of contracts, etc., in the city. On proceeding thither, the soldier found the old man in the very act of writing on a piece of parchment words in the Hebrew character. "I require that piece of vellum," said the drummer, and it was immediately given up to him. He was on the point of leaving the beggarly apartment without further delay, when his inquisitiveness was roused by seeing the curiously-written, half-finished sentence on the parchment, and he asked the old man what was the meaning of the phrase. The old Jew answered without a moment's hesitation, that the words signified "Rise up, O Eternal God, and disperse the foe!" and added that it was a prayer for the success of the Austrian arms. "Never mind, that don't matter," said the drummer, after a moment's consideration "we *requiriren* the prayer for the arms of Prussia."

—— The art of photography has been brought to very great perfection. Recently at an exhibition of the London Photographic Society, some cabinet pictures were shown, giving views of the various stages of a recent eruption of Mount Ætna. They were taken so near the crater that it is said the camera had to be more than once hastily removed, to escape the flow of burning lava. There were also exhibited some photographic views of the volcanic islands which have recently arisen in the Grecian Archipelago.

—— As a proof of the powers of endurance exhibited by the Prussian soldiers, it is stated that the army under the command of General Herwarth, consisting of about sixty thousand men, performed the distance between Dresden and Vienna, which, as the crow flies, is four hundred miles, in twenty-two days. Had they not been obliged to make a circuitous route, and, besides, been delayed by two battles and numerous engagements on the way, they might have arrived even in a shorter space of time.

—— A very entertaining book, by Elihu Burret, has been published in London. It is called "My Walk to Land's End." He footed his way from John O'Groat's to Land's End with a knapsack and staff. In Devonshire he visited the celebrated place of Lady Rolle, who has in her splendid park no less than three thousand varieties of trees and shrubs. Among them are two hundred different varieties of the pine, three hundred kinds of willow, and nearly two hundred of the oak. There is an artificial lake deep enough to float the Great Eastern, whose surface is covered by aquatic birds of every form and plumage. There is a wonderful Swiss cottage in the grounds, which is made of the trunks, branches and leaf stems of hundreds of various trees. The floor is a rare piece of mosaic. It looks like ivory; yet it is really paved with the knee-bones of sheep, with the half-joints uppermost! They are fitted together so compactly that four hundred of them only make a square foot. The floor is so broad that it required seventy-six thousand sheep-shanks to pave it with these fluted joints of "ovine ivory."

DEAN RICHMOND.

Few men have occupied a more prominent place in the political and financial circles of the Empire State for several years past than the late Dean Richmond, and his death will be felt as a public loss.

Commencing life with no extraneous advantages, by force of character and untiring industry he worked his way up to both influence and fortune. A native of Vermont, he came at an early age to Syracuse, N.Y., and while still a youth engaged in the manufacture of salt with marked success. While thus engaged he also embarked in other enterprises, by which he increased his means and enlarged his business.

About a quarter of a century ago he removed to Buffalo, where he soon became a leading operator in the produce of the West. His high character for intelligence, forecast and sagacity, and his unswerving fidelity to his engagements of every description, secured him consignments from the most substantial dealers in all the great lake towns. He took an active part in pushing forward the several railway enterprises that tended to the prosperity of Buffalo, and when the companies which owned the road, comprising the line between Albany and the lakes, were consolidated, he was unanimously chosen Vice-President of the new corporation. On the retirement of Mr. Corning, he was placed at the head of the New York Central, a place which he continued to fill until he died.

Mr. Richmond's political career has been no less marked and characteristic than his business experience. Possessing all the elements of a leader, his ambition prompted him to control parties rather than to seek their gifts; and while declining offices himself, it was his pride to place in power the man of his choice. His influence thus became personal, depending upon the adroit management of individuals in all parts of the State, whom he readily made the instruments of achieving his aims. He was a Democrat all his life, and no politician had a higher reputation as a manager. In 1856 he was appointed Chairman of the Central Committee, which position he held till his death. He took an active part in the recent Philadelphia Convention, and in him the party will lose an ardent, able and devoted leader. After an illness of about a week, he died in this city, on the morning of the 28th of August, in the sixty-third year of his age.

In personal appearance, Mr. Richmond was stout and burly, with a form of great power, which rendered him decidedly noticeable.



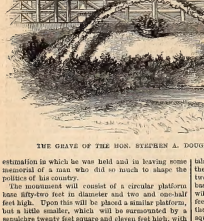
THE LATE DEAN RICHMOND.

THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

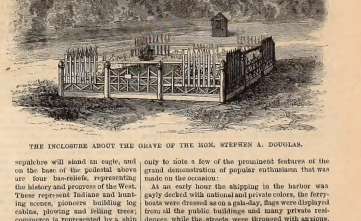
On this page is shown a picture of the monument to commemorate the public and political services of the late Stephen A. Douglas, the corner stone of which was laid with imposing ceremonies by President Johnson, on the 6th instant. We also present a view of the grave of the great statesman and the enclosure by which it is surrounded. While the fame of Douglas needs no such token to perpetuate it, there is still a marked propriety in giving public expression to the estimation in which he was held and in leaving some memorial of a man who did so much to shape the politics of his country.

The monument will consist of a circular platform base fifty-two feet in diameter and two and one-half feet high. Upon this will be placed a similar platform, but a little smaller, which will be surrounded by a sepulchre twenty feet square and eleven feet high, with walls five feet in thickness. It will contain a chamber ten feet square. In this chamber will be placed the sarcophagus, containing the remains of the great statesman. The sarcophagus will be visible through a bronze door six and a half-feet high and three feet wide. The sepulchre will be ornamented with projecting pedestals from the corners. Surrounding the sepulchre will be a pedestal twenty-one feet in height, having a base fifteen feet square. On this will be erected a column forty-three feet in length, six feet square at the base, and three and a half-feet square at the top. The column will be terminated by a capital feet high, which forms the base for the colossal statue of Douglas. Surrounding the sepulchre will be placed four sealed symbolical figures, life-size, sculptured in light marble. One of these figures will represent Illinois holding in her hand a medallion likeness of Douglas. By her side will be a sheaf of wheat and the State arms. The remaining figures will represent America with a shield, History reclining on a table, and Fame with the symbolic wreath and trumpet. Over the entrance to the sepulchre will stand an eagle, and on the base of the pedestal above are four bas-reliefs, representing the history and progress of the West. These represent Indians and hunting scenes, pioneers building log cabins, plowing and felling trees; commerce is represented by a ship and packages of goods, and the sciences are represented by a locomotive, a railroad and a telegraph. still another device represents education, a group of children, the State Capitol building, a church in the distance, etc. The statue will represent the great patriot and statesman as standing by the Constitution on one side, and by the Union on the other, which is indicated by the Roman *fasces*.

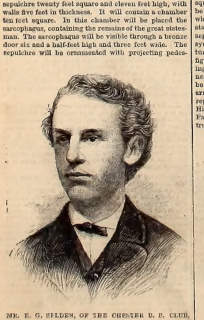
The first section of the monument is about half completed, and the tomb nearly finished. At each corner of Douglas's grave will be erected a pillar about thirty feet high. These will be joined by four arches which will be draped and decorated with flowers Around the bases of the pillars flags will be arranged. In front of the grave will be placed York's marble bust of Douglas, together with a model of the monument.



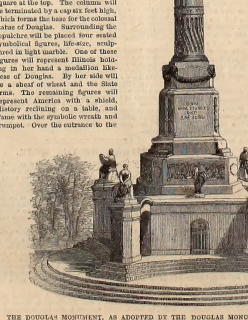
THE GRAVE OF THE HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, AT CHICAGO, ILL.



THE INCLOSURE ABOUT THE GRAVE OF THE HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.



MR. E. G. SELDEN, OF THE CHESTER B. P. CLUB, NORWICH, CONN.



THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT, AS ADOPTED BY THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.—DESIGNED BY LEONARD W. VOLK, ESQ., OF CHICAGO.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

THE Rev. John Pierpont was born April 6, 1785, in Litchfield, Connecticut. His education was completed in 1804 at Yale College, and in 1805 he became a tutor in the family of Colonel William Alston, of North Carolina. In 1809 he returned to Connecticut, where he studied law, and settled at Newburyport, Mass. He did not succeed as a lawyer, and his mercantile enterprises in Baltimore and Boston were also unfortunate. In 1816 he published "Airs of Palestine," one of his first poems, and subsequently studied in the Harvard Theological School. In 1819 he was ordained minister of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church in Boston. In 1835-6 he visited Europe, and published in 1840 an edition of his poems. His persistence in speaking in favor of the temperance reform caused trouble with his congregation, which resulted in a seven years' controversy, when he resigned. In 1855 he accepted the charge of the Unitarian Church in Troy, New York, where he remained four years, and then took charge of the First Congregational Church in Medford, Mass., where he continued to reside till the beginning of the war. Of late Mr. Pierpont—probably unfitted by age for the active duties of a clergyman—was obliged to accept a clerkship in the Treasury Department, and holding that position, died.

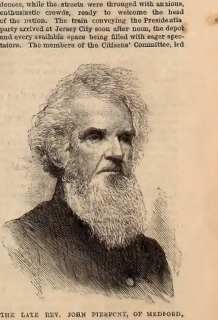
Mr. Pierpont was distinguished for the zeal with which he entered into various schemes of reform, and for his active labors in behalf of temperance, the amelioration of prison discipline, etc. He possessed poetical genius of no mean order, and it as a poet he will chiefly be remembered. Many of his poems—inspired by special occasions—are particularly excellent; and his religious poetry has rarely been surpassed in strength and simplicity.

RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE welcome extended to President Johnson when he visited our city, on his way to Chicago, was worthy the great metropolis of the nation and the high character of the guest. It is not often that our chief magistrate can release himself from the cares of state and mingle with the people, and when he does find occasion to go before the masses, it is highly becoming that a proper recognition of his official character and of the confidence reposed in him should be properly manifested.

The enthusiasm with which the President and his party were greeted by the citizens of New York evince the fact that there is no disposition to disregard the claims which the rulers of a free people must always have to the respect and esteem of those by whom they have been placed in positions of trust. We have space only to note a few of the prominent features of the grand demonstration of popular enthusiasm that was made on the occasion.

At an early hour the shipping in the harbor was gayly decked with national and private colors, the ferry-boats were dressed as on a gala-day, flags were displayed from all the public buildings and many private residences, while the streets were thronged with anxious, enthusiastic crowds, ready to welcome the head of the nation. The train conveying the Presidential party arrived at Jersey City soon after noon, the depot and every available space being filled with eager spectators. The members of the Citizens' Committee, led



THE LATE REV. JOHN PIERPONT, OF MEDFORD, MASS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

THE CHOLERA AND FEVER NESTS OF NEW YORK CITY.

by Mr. A. T. Stewart, received the Presidential party as they alighted from the car, and at once proceeded on board the ferry-boat, when the distinguished guests were addressed by Mr. Stewart in a few words of welcome, to which the President briefly replied. The boat then crossed the river to the Battery, amid loud salutes from the vessels and forts in the harbor. Upon landing the President was greeted by Mayor Hoffman, and accompanied by him to a carriage that stood in waiting.

Secretary Seward and Mr. Stewart occupied this carriage with the President and Mayor. The next one contained Secretary Welles and Postmaster-General Randall, followed by another with General Grant and Admiral Farragut, these led the procession, which took up its line of march to the City Hall, the crowd cheering, waving handkerchiefs and expressing their gratification in the most enthusiastic manner, especially when the heroes of the army and navy were recognized. Upon arriving at the City Hall, the Mayor conducted the President to the Governor's Room, and there welcomed him to the hospitalities of the day in a pertinent address, which was properly acknowledged. A few minutes were spent in congratulations and introductions, and the line of march was resumed up Broadway. Upon leaving the Park, amid the cheers of the multitude, the President received the salute of the military, who were out in large numbers and made a fine display, adding greatly to the pageantry of the day. Upon reaching Delmonico's, which was the end of the route, the President, with Generals Grant and Meade and Admiral Farragut and the Secretaries, appeared on the balcony and received the various regiments that paraded on the occasion. The party then retired to the parlors assigned to them, and the crowd slowly dispersed. In the evening the President and party were entertained at a grand banquet, which was succeeded by a serenade. In the course of the evening the President and Mr. Seward made speeches considerably at length, but General Grant, though clamorously called for, could not be induced to break over his accustomed reticence.

The next morning the party started at an early hour for Albany, taking a steamer chartered for the occasion and left the city amid demonstrations similar to those by which they were greeted on the preceding day.

Owing to admirable police arrangements there was but little confusion, and among the many gala-days enjoyed by our city, the reception of President Johnson will occupy a conspicuous place.



GRANITES ON EIGHTH AVENUE.



BRY MOTION PLACE, GOERCK STREET.

THE CHOLERA AND FEVER NESTS OF NEW YORK.

ONE of the great evils of social life in a large city is the crowding of large masses of the population into narrow streets, and reeking alleys, and close, ill-ventilated tenement-houses. With few or no conveniences, and in constant contact with the degraded and untidy, there is a gradual giving way of the unaccustomed sense of propriety and decency, until existence is narrowed down to the bare demands of inevitable necessity. Aside from the moral aspects of this condition, its sanitary features and consequences are most deplorable. It is in such quarters malignant diseases and epidemics originate, and fatten, and acquire a virulence that often converts them into a dread pestilence. It is in such localities the cholera has been rioting during the present season—and in them it has found its victims; and though the prudent measures of the Board of Health have confined the plague to such bounds, they have not been able to prevent its entrance. And there is everything in such localities to invite disease: squalid poverty, a poisonous atmosphere, unfurnished almost deadly by the careless habits of the people, a degree of filth too disgusting for description, as irregularity of habits that would make almost any sound man sick, added to which, frequently, there is a destitution of food and comforts, that in itself would prove a cause of disease. The only wonder is, that life under such circumstances is at all possible.

On this page we give a view of some of the worst quarters of our city, appropriately termed *Fever nests*. There are many others equally bad, and as yet neither money has been able to remove the evil. Like lovers like, and in seeking a level, there are certain classes of humanity that inevitably sink down to such depths. We may wonder why they even fall back into such circumstances, but cannot entirely heal.



THE DRY HYDRANT, BAXTER STREET.

OUR BASE BALL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE subject of our illustration of this week is Mr. E. G. Sabine, of the Chester Club, of Norwich, Conn. The national game is comparatively but of recent introduction into Connecticut, and yet, within two years, the number of clubs have increased from about a dozen or so to over *one hundred and forty*, of which there are nine located in Norwich, the Chester Club being the principal organization in that beautiful city. This club was named in honor of Captain Frank Chester, one of the brave volunteers from Norwich, who is an ardent admirer of the game. Though a young club in years, they have already obtained a prominent position, and now rank on an equal footing with the Charter Oak Club, the champion club of Connecticut, with whom they have played twice, each party winning a game. Every player in the Chester nine is worthy of notice, each filling his position with marked ability, but among them all Mr. Sabine, the pitcher of the nine and the President of the club, ranks the highest. His style of pitching is the medium-paced delivery, he imparting considerable of a bias to the ball, this style now being considered the most effective in vogue against all but the best of batsmen. A feature of his fielding is his accurate throwing to bases. He is, moreover, a sure catch, a fine base runner and an excellent batsman; but, in addition to his many physical qualifications, he is especially worthy of commendation as his social character as a young man of high moral worth and an educated, Christian gentleman. He has been the presiding officer of the club ever since its organization, to hold in high esteem by all who know him. Such men do honor to the game, alike by their fine play and moral worth. Our next portrait will be that of W. F. Williams, National B. B. Club, Washington, D. C.

WHY are the collectors of the cartoons the most praiseworthy men we have? Because they never neglect to attend to their duties.

A MISSIONARY'S STORY.

MISSIONARIES, among much that is mere cant and twaddle, have often a good, useful, or amusing thing to tell us. It comes sometimes in the form of an incident, adventure or description of quaint ways and customs. A Mr. Bancroft, who was Missionary in Rarotonga, tells us the following story about the effect of his instructions on the mind of the natives of that classical "field of labor."

"Under the belief that the alphabet and the primary syllables were, as already intimated, a series of cabalistic sounds and signs peculiar to Christianity, many of the natives were wont to congregate together in the vestry of the day and chant over the lessons they had learnt at school, just as they had been wont to chant their heathen songs. Some even imagined them to be *forms of prayer*, to be repeated in times of danger. An aged couple who resided near the mission-house, were greatly alarmed by the evening visit of a cat belonging to the native teacher. The cat's peculiar mew drew their attention to the door of their dwelling, and, being pitch dark, they were deterred as two bails of fire. The wife began to remonstrate with her husband for having anything to do with the new regiment, and contrary to her wishes, he had attended the daily instructions. 'See,' said she, 'what your conduct has brought upon us? Here is this monster come from the teacher to visit us. Alas! we shall be destroyed!' Poor pussy, hearing the sound of muffled conversation, became frightened, too, and began to send forth some of her most terrific cries 'Oh, Tiaki!' exclaimed the wife, 'say the prayers you have learned.' Both immediately dropped on their knees, and Tiaki began most earnestly to cry, 'Ba, ba, ba, ba; bi, bi; bo, bo.' The cat flew home in terror at such unwonted supplications, leaving the aged couple very grateful for their deliverance, and profoundly impressed with the efficacy of the new cabalistic sounds."

RIGHT TO A CRACK.—An English gentleman, wanting a dessert-service of porcelain made after a particular pattern, sent over to China specimen dish, ordering that it should be exactly copied for the whole service. It unfortunately happened that in the dish so sent over, the Chinese manufacturer discovered a crack; the consequence was that the entire service sent over to the party ordering it had a crack in each article, carefully copied from the original.

THE FISHERS.

Two fishers were down by the white sea-shore,
Mending their nets on a merry May morn;
Some of the meshes were they, and some—
Were torn to the meshes at one birth born.
And as they toil'd, and their nets grew strong,
One look'd straight in the eyes of the other—
"Let us live in love our whole life long,
For this was the last sweet word of our mother."

A maiden came down to the white sea-shore,
With length of hair, and shy of feet,
And pass'd by the rocks where the nets hung o'er,
And together the fishers sprang up to their feet;
And their face flush'd with a mixed light,
As she smiled on the one, but frown'd on the other;
And their breath came quick, and their teeth were set,
And a hate grew in a stern death-hold—
Oh! 'tis sad to forget the last words of our mother!

Ellice Browne's Mission.

EARLY Browny stood at her school-room window. The—of one in purple and fine linen, and between them and the trees which hid the river white-sailed craft slipped by every few moments, like great unicorn-born butterflies. Beside one which she glanced were dun and dreary. On some were sacks of corn-stalks arranged in orderly rows; some were dry and brown, with little patches of snow, which had yielded neither to the sun nor rain, lying here and there. Still others were some banded with fitful gleams of the afternoon's sunshine and green with the promise of future harvests, while nothing of all these carried were many farm-houses, from which the smoke curled in blue peacefulness. Looking nearer, her brow fell upon a landscape spreaded to be a huge lake, but which was, in reality, the meadows submerged for acres, for the tide was unusually high, and there had been much rain. Dotting the water still were the clustered houses of the town, and, at intervals, some tall, ancient mansion, which, from upon an elevation, looked down upon its imprecending neighbors. Toward the west stretched the bay, over its broad turbidness, as the white-edged waves rolled and broke upon its surface.

Ellice was slight, with a pale face, of which the eyes—gray, sweet, clear—were the chief beauty. Her mouth, in repose, indicated strong points of character; when she smiled, the expression was wonderfully sweet—almost, in other words, whose smile, one might implicitly trust. As for the rest of her face, one would scarcely notice it, unless it was to admire the wealth of hair off her temples, thus revealing its breadth. She always wore her hair thus, in close coils and curled at will around her neck. And yet, having looked at her and found nothing either striking or brilliant, you would, on a chance to see—turn again and study that pale face, until, fascinated, you grew into the belief that it was beautiful. There was something about it, however, that indicated constant self-struggle. Her great, questioning eyes, and lips that often broke into a quivering mobility, told of a mind, too young for speech, which had, while it slept, been separated from its mother, and, awaking, looks from face to face of the surrounding strangers, it haply it may find something which it can recognize and claim. For Ellice was always of a nervous temperament, mostly gray, relieved by a knot of gay ribbon, and by delicate ruffles at wrists and throat.

She was fifteen years old—a shade taller than usual. Her duties had been more trying than ordinary. One of the teachers in the grammar department was ill, and she sent, in the morning, that her shoes fitted Ellice, and she had, consequently, slipped into them. The children on this, her first day, had watched her proficiency and forbearance to their utmost limit. All through the day there had been whispering in remote school-corners; several little snow-balls had been improvised by means of white paper torn to small bits and moistened with the lips; and pencils and knives were exhibited under her very eyes, and she had found it necessary to interrupt two or three little mutterings, busily engaged in counting these treasures upon their book-heels. During study-hour, while absorbed in solving a complicated example for one of the elder classes, Miss Jones had been seized with a building mania, and, assisted by all the rest, who quietly passed book after book, she constructed a "house of Jones." Just as the summit was proudly attained, and Sam was preparing to rest on his laurels, Miss Jones looked up. Confusion followed; Sam started, knocked the tower with his elbow, and down came books as remains of little Johnny Bloomfield's unsophisticate attempt to draw a headkerchief from the depths of his trowsers' pocket, turned said receptacle inside out, and a top, three or four marbles, a shot enough to have dispatched a covey of partridges, pencils and fishlines, and a chunk of gingerbread joined the wreck of the town. Taking advantage of the voice, Tom Ely, always on the alert for a method, announced that the contents of one of the boys upon the second bench was filled with peanuts, and that it was within easy reach of his foot, suddenly crushed its contents, to the dismay of its owner and Ellice, while the girls tittered and the boys laughed aloud. It needed but a few words, in clear, decisive tones, from Ellice, to produce order, and, with slight interruptions, all progressed finely until the close of the school.

And Ellice, as she looked from the window, had been thinking. She did not like teaching children. Once, while a student, she had been elected by her classmates to take charge of their recitations in geometry and metaphysics during their professor's absence, and she had delighted in it. Her intellect had led her away into regions unknown to her own. She liked an interchange of opinions—liked the attrition of mind with mind; but these children—they had rule during rule during rule; attentive during recitations, caring little for study —should she ever like instructing them—ever be content? Was she doing right to censure her class, as she had done for a year, detesting her task, glad when the day was over? But what else could she do? She must do something, and she had found that a position in a seminary was the easy thing to obtain. Besides, she could not leave her father. Burning thoughts hissed through her brain sometimes, tingled to her very finger-tips. Should she leave—and starve? Dare go beseeching, and try housekeeping for some needy advertiser? She shook her head; it would not better the case. And, then, her father would miss her, and sweet, baby-faced, inefficient, Lene; and the crippled boy, Douglas, what would he do? Marry? She recalled, in another second, her former acquaintances, walking, with entangled feet, in the meshes society had woven for them. They either had not seen its snares or had been willing dupes. Blind ignorance—fatal submission! Should she not speak, point out danger, plead for self-reliance, for truth? But were there no bright traits? Assuredly, yes! And she brought to mind several that came in which she had recalled a smile, and perspiration as possible earth. For ten's sake, she remembered, the Lord would not have destroyed Sodom.

The quick blood heaved into her face, her lips burned, her aching eyes were strangely lighted. She turned from the window.

"Foolish speculations! Foolish fits with indication! How could I, with my feeble powers, where God hath placed me? Will not my obligation cease if I fulfill the hour's task faithfully? Why—yes—"

She stopped as she uttered the word, and taking up a *Legendre*, busied herself with a proposition. Why? She had found it a very good study, ardent soul must inevitably hate it; for perils may be borne, deeds accomplished, but men and women scarcely ever. Even a stone of duty will never break the strongholds of iniquity, nor cause to spring from the reaking soil of impurity sweet flowers than shall waft to the summer of truth and peace.

She stood standing at her window, Dr. Elliot, driving up the *Agenoire*, busied herself with a proposition. Why? She had found it a very good study, ardent soul must inevitably hate it; for perils may be borne, deeds accomplished, but men and women scarcely ever. Even a stone of duty will never break the strongholds of iniquity, nor cause to spring from the reaking soil of impurity sweet flowers than shall waft to the summer of truth and peace.

She stood standing at her window, Dr. Elliot, driving through the street upon which the building faced, noticed her.

Dr. Elliot, patient of political economy, of philosophy, or theology," he questioned, "in that girl trying to solve now? I must prescribe for her, or I shall have a brother of mine upon my hands, and Ellice can ill be spared. I'll just drive to the Widow Cameron's and learn the effect of those large, comfortable-looking house overlooking the town and bay. He had studied medicine at first more with the intention of qualifying himself for an influence for good it might be in his hands, commenced practice, not for the purpose of becoming famous and talked about, but because that he was ameliorating evil and lightening that burden of disease, that, incurred through sin, all, in a greater or less degree, must share. He was deservedly popular, yet his popularity did not interfere with two other practitioners, who found it necessary to sneer at his old-time methods. Dr. Browne since the beginning of his misfortunes, the failure and long illness of his brother-in-law, and Ellice, unconsciously to herself, was to him an interesting psychological study.

Years to her past, Ellice's uncle, a doctor soon appeared in the school-house, and walked quietly to the class-room door.

"Ellice!"

She sprang to her feet, a frightened look upon her face.

"Papa wores?" she exclaimed, anxiously.

"No; but you will be if you are not careful. What are you doing?" taking, as he spoke, a seat at the desk next her.

She handed him her *Legendre*. He coolly tossed it to the other end of the room. A little fear came into her eyes; she moved as though to rise.

"Stay here, Ellice," he said, touching her arm gently. "What is the matter? Are you not well?"

"Yes, I am well."

"Tired?"

"Yes," she cried, the veins which laced her forehead swelling into blue ridges, "I am tired-tired in soul and body!"

"Of what?" his voice softening.

"Of study!"

Her eager eyes searched his a moment, then dropped with a low while, heavy like. He might help her, she thought.

"Yes."

"Of myself—of everybody—everything!"

"Ellice, look at me."

She obeyed. His calm, blue, Saxon eyes looked steadily into hers; gradually, slowly, the soul behind them must be clean, she thought.

"How long is it since you have been out to walk?"

"Three weeks; but papa has been unusually fitful—and—"

"And to-day," he continued, "instead of going into the fresh air, you have been dreaming; fighting that old fight with duty; trying to think yourself free of those chains that will drop off themselves when the right time comes—and then as a sedative to your overwrought nerves, puzzling your brain with *Legendre*. Come! put on your bonnet and shawl, and take a ride with me into the country. How long since you have seen Port Schuyler, or breathed the salt sea air?"

Ellice hesitated a moment.

"There, don't look so resolute! It's but little after three, and, if necessary, Lene, for once, can prove support."

There was a bit of authority in his voice, which awoke a corresponding amount of rebellion in Ellice's heart, but allaying her common sense to take the reins, she quietly obeyed him.

"Ellice!"

"Well."

"Don't open that *Legendre* until I give you permission, will you?"

"Why?"

"Can you not trust me?"

She looked into his face, and smiled.

"Now," said he, as he closed the door, "for the first step in my prescription. If your eyes don't lose their weary look, and your face its care-lines, I shall call you an ingrate."

Ellice, in a few minutes, and Ellice, upon her return, found Douglass at the window watching for her, her father quiet, and Lene busy making the tea. The doctor declined all invitations to remain.

"I shall punish you again, if you are so naughty," he said, as he left her. Ellice laughed. She had found his pills silver-coated.

"And how has my little lamester been to-day?" she asked, as she lifted Douglass into her lap before taking off her shawl.

"Oh, very, very much. An' Lene's as good—told me stories, and—"

"Sung to you!" repeated Ellice.

"Yes," answered Lene, as she says—let me whisper it, sis—she says the trees taught her. Isn't it funny? But you tell me about your ride."

"Yes, I will, but papa vants his supper, and she is hungry, too. But before Douglass is tucked up in bed I'll tell you all I know about it." She put him down gently.

"Lene, I said in your lap when you eat your supper, after you've fed papa?" he plead.

"A cuddling lamester, that vants consoling. Fie, fie!—that she kissed his thin face.

"Will you, sis?"

"Yes, indeed—but, such a big, such an immense baby! Have you ever heard of such a thing?"

"Sis does, most every night," he laughed.

Two years previous, Mr. Browne had been brought in a nearly dead state, from the foundering sea of disaster had swept over him, to his utter ruin—ruin in the full sense of the term, for the shock, with its long train of evils, had left him paralyzed. Ellice, although little more than a child, was obliged to stand him, and support, in a measure, the family. American girls—some of them—know what such a school of training is. Ellice, with a mother dead, and a father helpless, suddenly into womanhood's care and earnestness. Their fashionable house was sold, and they had gone into the old-time home of Ellice's mother's wood, this had been one of its noted farm-houses. Quaint in construction, quiet, it was fraught with the old-time associations, with the sad recollections of her life, and Ellice loved it. She had, besides, a small income, but it was insufficient for the many needs of all, and she had applied successfully for a vacant position in the village school.

Mr. Browne's monomania took a singular turn. He imagined himself a glass bottle. He would sing, in a low, sweet tone, the old nursery ballad, with terrified alike by fire and cold, not being able to get the philosophic principle quite straight in his mind, and would sit for hours endeavoring to shape him into convulsions. Lene's heedless hands were a terror to him, and only by Ellice would he allow her to touch him. She had had been an aid for her, but love strengthening her hands and sharpening her heart, enabled her to perform her duty nobly.

Life—says Emerson—is a series of surprises, and we would not have it otherwise, is a part of Ellice's experience—and when Ellice found one day, upon her return from school, that her father's eyes were dull, his head in his body cold, as always so for a short time, more surprised than grieved. She could not believe that it was death, until the doctor came and declared it; but that hope was unavailing.

But her dead was buried. Not until the grave closed upon him did she realize what her father had been to her, and how much she had loved him. Lene was then but an infant, and Ellice had slipped from her sight, upon some tide outgoing from time to eternity, but as she remembered him—strong, powerful, loving—though years gone, when the family had been unbroken and prosperity had smiled upon them.

A rose upon a tombstone may say stirring or remarkable event. Sometimes Ellice felt her burden heavier than she could bear—sometimes her words seemed to be those of God. Lene's nervous temperament tried her continually at home. Douglass, the little cripple, was a source of anxiety, no heat was too intense, no cold too piercing. In summer, the house was filled with plants and flowers which she loved to train and arrange; in winter, she frequently returned from these expeditions laden with pine boughs and cones; these, after drying, she used in vases and kitchen fire-place, and curling upon the rug, watched the cleft tongues of flame as they lapped branch and tassel and cone, and, with her head upon her hands, musing with unbounded yet silent delight. She seemed to Ellice like some creature scarcely her soul. It was of no use to talk to her, so Ellice finally concluded to let her "gang her ain gait."

There was much that was lovable about Lene—and Ellice awaited the awakening which she felt assured would come. As for Douglass, Ellice felt —as he grew each day paler and weaker—her heart clinging to him more closely. His eyes were preternaturally bright, sometimes the glow of crimson would color his cheeks, but, pale or flushed, there was always that look of suffering which made Ellice, when she heard it, stop and listen if he happened to be in another room, she made some excuse to go to him, and then taking him upon her lap, talked of the buds and blossoms of the coming spring, and felt great throbs of pain, when his eyes, seeking hers, seemed to ask the question—which his lips could not utter—"What if I should die just as the violets are born?"

The holidays came in sprang, and about this time an incident occurred which gave the director, the aim to her future. The town boasted its musical society, and it had now agreed that a concert should be given at the Hall for the benefit of certain benevolent institutions located at the place. The managers were determined that this concert should be as artistic as possible. Several soloists were to be made from the members of the "Messrs," a number of old ballads and a Christmas carol were to be sung. No pains had been spared in regard to detail and rehearsals.

It was the last but one rehearsal evening. Ellice was there. She possessed a superb contralto voice, and had prominent parts assigned her. All proceeded harmoniously, and the sweet sound of the singers' voices reached the ear and heart of a passer-by, who paused and hesitated, crouching in the snow of the roadside.

A short time before, she had left her little sister, sick and begging for food, in her comfortless garret. She walked hurriedly into the town, planning the face of all she met. She had never begged, but the cold scorn of these passing faces made the words choke in her throat. Despairing and disheartened, she was just turning from a corner bakery, when a number of boys congregated there jeered at her and commenced to pelt her with snow-balls. Some one gathered her up in a wheel more closely about her, turned upon them with a terrible oath, and then rushed—half crazed—up the nearest alley, which chanced to be one of the darkest, and threw herself at length upon the snow, raving and cursing, and clutching at the white-cold snow.

The harmony of those sweet voices reached her. She buried her face, a moment, in her hands, and tears of sorrow and remorse burned through the clinched fingers. She arose, finally, and walked slowly toward the church, paused at the steps, and crawled, as if fascinated, to the door.

"Maybe I can earn something in there. Aggie is starving—poor—starving!" she muttered to herself, as though to gain courage. Hesitating a moment longer, she pushed the door open quietly, and, unobserved, took a seat.

Some commotion was soon noticeable.

"Where is Miss Sherman—she's not in any one or two ballads?" inquired the head manager, Mr. Wood.

"Ill, I believe," replied Annie Kirkeland, the leading soprano.

Mr. Wood's countenance fell.

"Always something! I would give twenty dollars rather than miss those ballads."

"Oh! if I could but earn it. I could buy wood, and Aggie should have some coffee and a doll for her Christmas—ah! but we'd have pleasant times. I'd get a tree from the woods, and we'd have it in the house, and six stockings should be filled with candies and toys," said Mag Lee, to her child-like gathering of hopes that no music had dimmed—long, long ago, since ever a wild dream had held her soul in its passionate arms, staining it with sin, and leaving it scathed and scarred. "Oh, if I could!" and leaving her corner, she walked to the middle of the room.

"Mr. Wood! I can sing, will you let me try?"

They all turned, mute for a moment, with astonishment. Then an unspeakable horror, which no language can express, of anger and pantomime, fell upon them. They soon, however, recovered the use of their tongues, and various objurgations greeted her.

Mag—"Cursing Mag," the boys called her—threw them into a chorus of delight.

"I spoke to you, Mr. Wood. Will you try me?"

"Yes, you may sing, Mag!"

Those words had never heard her at all, or heard her voice only in coarse voice and low song, stood spell-bound. For a moment her voice quivered with emotion, and a song for which she had her years before, "The Sands of Dee"—but its liquid softness, its deep pathos thrilled them. They scarcely gave them time to recover from their amazement, before she slid into a sparkling Christmas ballad, to those who listened were in that they had never heard "Comin' thro' the Rye" sung before! Then she rendered with exquisite tenderness the old song of "Auld Lang Syne."

Mr. Wood came down and stood near her.

"Well?" she said, her voice trembling with anxiety.

"I am afraid—" he began.

"No, Mr. Wood," Mag interrupted, "you said you would give twenty dollars to have those ballads sung. I will sing them for five. I have a few things at home," she continued, looking down at her ragged shawl; "I would not disgrace you; I will sing behind a screen"—she grew excited—"or—or—anywhere! so can earn some, and I want—I want"—her voice sank lower—"I want to earn an honest dollar. My little sister cried for bread when I left her. That is why I sang. Can't you employ me?"

"An honest dollar!" he repeated, with a sort of interrogation in his voice that galled her to the quick. It was part of her punishment; though her heart bled, she would bear it for Aggie's sake.

The singers called Mr. Wood back.

"We will not ask it, if she don't," they said.

"She needs help," replied he.

"Mr. Wood," exclaimed Ellice, "I will sing!"

"But we will not," retorted the others, with angry voice.

Mr. Wood, frightened at such a prospect, returned to the waiting girl.

"I shall be compelled to say no—they are all angry at your assistance."

She turned away without a word, but with a look of utter wretchedness, and walked slowly

sought the door, crawled down-stairs again, out into the bitter cold. Beneath the glittering sky, so semi-more desolate, more desperate than here, slipped down into the black gulfs of despair."

Ellice had caught her glances as she left, and grew sick at heart. Like a barbed arrow, that same look penetrated Mr. Wood's soul, and he followed her. It was an easy thing to overtake her, for she was completely unnerved.

In the bitterness of a crushed spirit she understood the hate-sentiment that met her at the very first step of a new life.

"Mag!" called Mr. Wood in a softened tone. She stopped and faced him.

"Here, will you take this," offering five dollars.

"I would have given it to you there—but——"

"Pa!" She gazed, startled, stung and outraged, "you did not dare. Take it! no—a thousand times, no. I try to do right—and you are afraid to touch me from evil—and you dare not lend a helping hand in the face of the world. Mr. Wood, you have a daughter. Have you? My father loved me once. Some time—may God forbid it—but some time she may be like me. You would rather follow her to the grave? If I go home, and find Aggie dying for lack of bread, I shall wish——"

"Don, Mag—don't," said he, fearful of a terrible curse. "I would help you if I could—but" "I can't stand here and talk any longer. Woe! you take it." And he held the note toward her.

A bitter laugh was the only rejoinder. Crushing back the scorn and sorrow that choked her, and angered into her usual energy, Mag bounded past him into the darkness.

She reached Aggie. Well, she must beg. She neared a house where the lights were still twinkling, and with strong resolution passed up the snowy path and rang the bell.

"Will you give me bread?" she asked.

The servant, by way of reply, slammed the door in her face, with a fierce livid with passion, and turned to go off the piazza. She servant soon opened the door again—fearful probably of some revenge, for her dull wits comprehended that this applicant was a person not to be trifled with —and threw a loaf of bread out. Not until she had returned did Mag seize it, hide it under her shawl, and then run as fast as possible toward her home.

When Mr. Wood returned, the bubbub had scarcely subsided. Ellice had gone home. Gone home to depend upon "the rarity of Christian charity"—gone to weary her brain in the effort to solve those problems which society—poor and saintly, with no one to shield, no crimes to answer for—dare, not probe, lest, touching pitch, it should be soiled. Dares not probe, I say; sometimes it gathers a few wretched into Magdalen asylums, but the root of the wrong is not thereby reached.

Mr. Wood succeeded at last in quelling the tumult, but much oil was poured upon the troubled waters before this desirable result was attained. It was a difficult task. His conscience was all at ease. He might at least have bought something of Mag, or have gone home with her and ascertained what the trouble was. But some one might have sent him on to Ellice with her—and his reputation was of a vast deal of consequence. A dying child, a soul bound with the sacredest of repentance, were as nothing to that. Nevertheless Mag's bitter laugh haunted him.

While no rose-flush incarnadined the gray of the next morning, Ellice was busy. The fire was kindled; his saucy rays dancing after startled shadows, hiding among the quaint rafters, then singing lustily, pass stretched at length upon the warm hearth-rug. Ellice engaged in preparing breakfast, made a pleasant picture. Early though it was, a cold, pinched face had been pressed against the window, wild eyes conned with wonder ing look this ruddy picture. A knock startled Ellice.

"Come in!" she ventured to say.

Pass, aware of a little trepidation in the voice of her mistress, left her sunny corner, and, pressing her fingers, hot, watched as well the opening door.

"It's you, is it, Maggie? Don't be afraid. Come in!"

"No—no, don't call me Maggie! My name is Mag—Granny—Mag, you know," and the hunkiness in her voice changed to rancorous sharpness as she uttered the abhorred name. "I thought I'd come to you. I studied them all, but Ellice and I hate"—her hands clinched—"hate them all. All but you," she added in a softer tone.

Ellice looked at her. The right, eager expression which the night previous had deepened her blue eyes into pansy tints was gone; the sad appealing that cut closest under her long lashes was gone; they were dull with tearless grief. That evening, in her misery—sweet as sunshine—so clear as flute-notes—wrapped all in its weird melody, Ellice had thought her beautiful. The beauty had worn out of it. Sharp and hard, defiant and reckless, it told its tale. Thinking this, she moved toward her and attempted to take her hand. Mag drew back—

"Ain't you afraid?"

Ellice did not notice.

"What is it, Maggie?—what troubles you? Sit down here by the fire, and tell me about it. Maybe I can help you."

She noticed a twitching of the girl's lips as she called her "Maggie." There was something pure left in her heart—some chord that vibrated to the sound of that name; and she meant to touch it, meant to let the light fall upon that one white, clean spot.

The girl moved toward the fire—covering her face with her poor rag of a shawl.

"Aggie—Aggie is dead. My poor little sister—my wee darling—my pretty, pure Aggie!" she wailed, rocking to and fro. "And whose fault was it?" she continued, her voice growing harder with every word. "Six months ago, I went to Mrs. Wood and asked for work; I would have done anything—

She spurned me as though I had been a leper. I cried others—and met nothing but rebuffs. My father had given me a fairy education; I had never been taught to work; but I knew that they had an superintendent at the factory, and I asked him to take me on. The girls sneered, and he turned me off. You saw and heard last night. Then I begged—begged—and the word came hissing hot with shame and passion from her lips—'and it was thrown to me, as though I had been a cur. God save me! I have starved for it all the time."

Ellice sat down beside her, and took the girl's cold hand between her own—

"But you saw her, and spoke to her before she left."

"No. I rushed home with—with—my bread. There was no light in the room but the moon's; and she was still that I thought in sleep. It was so cold that I thought I wouldn't wake her until I had moistened some bread. Before I could kindle a spark of fire, I knelt down to take her, and then I think I must have fainted and fallen to the floor. I took her in my arms and tried to warm her with kisses. I would have cursed, but I couldn't, for Aggie's cold face was pressed to my bosom, and the words froze on my lips. The wretch—no kin. Frozen and starved. May God requite them. I wish I could curse them as I have begged."

Ellice laid a cool hand on the girl's burning temples.

"Mag, Mag. Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

"My punishment is greater than I can bear. Poor little Aggie—to be all alone!"

The voice was strident, but her eyelids quivered. Ellice left her, went to Douglass and found her sleeping soundly. Without consulting such little articles as she supposed necessary, bundled up every stick for under he reach, and roused Maggie home. When she returned, she found Margaret calm, and insisted upon her drinking a cup of coffee and eating a piece of toast; then leaving Lena in charge, they started. What need to depict the utter poverty, and cold, and cheerlessness that filled Ellice from the first glance? A story so often that you are sick of it, and yet repetition never makes the tragedy of want, and neglect, and wretchedness, less terrible.

Little Agnes Lee was buried. Ellice did in the same way she would have done for a child had Douglass died. After all was over, she said:

"I need assistance, Margaret: Lena is so inexperienced, and Douglass requires constant watching—will you not make your home with me?"

And the wretched one, who would have died for Ellice, could not say nay, and followed her. Of course the denizens of Beechwood were aghast. Such an unheard-of thing! Lost the goodwill that some of her old friends looked coldly, some utterly ignored her existence, and some took it upon themselves to abuse her. A few, a very few, unsatisfied look which her eyes had held so long, forgot their prejudices, grew kinder, were cleaning, and she began to see a plain path before her.

And Margaret? Did she step suddenly from the region of the Shadow of Death into marvelous light and brightness? I trow not. But day by day the hard lines disappeared from her face, the blank, despairing expression fled from her eyes, leaving the olden pansy-gleams, and her face became beautiful with the beauty of faith—a row which chastens and purifies, and her character lovely with the loveliness of sin regretted and repented.

A short time previous to Dr. Elliot's departure for Europe, Ellice held a long consultation with him. The result was that she soon resigned her position in school, and going down every day to the factory, visited sewing-women in their homes, made herself the confidant of factory girls, and her very soul was appalled at the revelations which, like Saturday, were poured into her ears, who, in the endeavor to keep body and soul together by a shining bit of steel, grew mad and hardened into base souls for their own wretched. Men, too, she found—no, not men, God never made such—brutes she found, who took young girls to work from their homes and could tire apart, repeating the process day after day, until the finished work? What do you work for? Starvation in their ears, sent the hot blood in indignant throbs to their cheeks, and they fled. Fled! Where else could they go? Where was it best to receive? Curses probably—jeers certainly. Sorry food and stelter then. Starvation! And what matter? Who are the keepers of these wretches? The river! You shudder. But there is a Lethe worse than that, into which thousands plunge, and the time has come when it must be dried.

And Ellice Browne became the advocate of woman. She pictured the wrongs, and made a proclamation to which she was subjected, plead for a recognition of her work, a recognition of her capabilities as a member of the human brotherhood. Throughout the length and breadth of the land her voice rang. Sometimes her words were sharper than two-edged swords, but she knew that the festering wounds of society the filthy rags with which it sought to hide its uncleanliness, and heal them thoroughly.

But for all this paid she not a price? You know better than that—and several women whose she most needed friendship; scorn when most she needed sympathy, were her meed in many cases. Yet there were exceptions. And of the thousands who listened to her, there were many whom she was never to know, but in whose hearts the seed sown broadcast fell and bore fruit an hundredfold.

Balmy odors from garden-beds bordered with blue-eyed flax, the odor of sage and thyme, of roses and petunias, sifted through the pulsing air, nd were languidly inhaled by a pale sufferer. Occasionally across his face fell the shadows of darting swallows; occasionally, too, a snow-white or purple-crested dove, perching upon the window-sill, uttered soft, cooing notes; these and the humble-bee's droning hum were the only sounds that thrilled the drowsy air. An elderly lady, whose calm gray eyes seemed full of traces of peace, sat by the window, knitting. Yet the knitting often fell in her lap, and very often she turned her gaze from the distant, blue-draped hills, to the form opposite her. The afternoon was sultry, and the sufferer struggled toward the land, but died almost as they reached the shore. And not the less did not seem to oppress Clarence Hall—he appeared in unconsciousness of it; his lips were drawn as though in actual pain, and there was intense suffering hidden in the eyes, over which the lids drooped heavily. Once his mother caught their expression—for the marbled face was always shielding eyes that could tell a seething, misty world—and springing, as he glanced toward the hills, while his lips curled and quivered. Upon Mrs. Hall's knitting fell tears, warm and fast; yet she did not go to him, nor speak.

"Mother," at length said the young man, "did you see Dr. Beardman to-day.

"Yes, my son."

"My fears are all confirmed. I shall never be able to walk again. And earth is full of pleasant places—so full," he murmured, the dreamy look veiling his face again with deep melancholy, "that it was a hard fate, unjust.

Dr. Elliot's illness had been of tedious duration. Upon his return from Europe his mother gave a party, as a welcome tothim. Just at evening he went to the depot for a basket of champagne which had been forgotten, and lifted it into the carriage. He felt a twitching pain in his back, but gave it slight attention. The excitement of the evening drove his thoughts from himself, but the next morning, when he attempted to rise, he found it impossible. Weary days that lengthened into weeks and months followed—for his spine was seriously affected.

He was still very weak, though almost well. He was lying in the parlor in one of his lower limbs again. Thinks the doctor had communicated to him that very disease.

It is a fossal thing for one full of generous impulses, high-educated, living to do good for its own sake, to find himself the object of peculiar sympathies evolved when brought into contact with any thing of suffering, to be thus afflicted. He had used almost every negative term for self-struggling's very bitterness of soul.

Mrs. Hall looked from her son toward the open country. Her eyes darted hither and thither in very abandon of joy; still the doves came and went, and the breeze—still from the hearts of the doves rolled up intense fragrance; still the hills ir draped in blue; still the breath of the sea fathomed out on the shore. As she looked, her lips moved—

"Whosthe Lord loveth——"

He interrupted, added Clarence, who had interpreted her moving lips.

After moment he asked:

"Is Ellice Browne here you heard?"

Petesjal sha she returned last night. Dogtass has an very ill, and required so much privacy for her, at they sent her a telegram as soon as possible.

"Yes, suppose so. I believe I shall miss that boy almt as much as she will. It would seem as though the Lord might have taken me—useless and helpless—from my mother."

He sathhe with a sad smile, more pitiful than tears wild have been. The impossibility of attending the office had been his greatest trial. Again Grence Elliot glanced toward the hills. A look countenable longing came over his face for a moment—a longing which died at last into one of cold termination—cold, because born of stern duty.

"Mofir, will you bring me a pencil and paper? I think san write."

Mrs. Hall moved quietly to his writing-desk and pened the desired articles. Then she arrangthe pillows so that he could be supported, and leaning back, he wrote, and drew the curtain that the light might not disturb him. He thand her with a gentle, quiet smile, otherwise hisbrowand mouth frozen to an eternal calm, so whi so chisled, so set were they. His fingers toyed th the paper, with the pencil, as though unconsid of what he held; then, as Mrs. Elliot slippedfrom the room, realization rent the calm, the unconsciousness, as the sun rends the icefields frose in winter.

Nevefore had Clarence Elliot found expression—never before had he been analyzed to fulfill his destination; every effort sent the blood surging tuitously through his veins—a fever, succeeded a chill, that left him in a state of languor. Gdrops of moisture stood on his forehead. Very, y weak was he at that moment—a child in helplessness. At last he sighed wearily, with the wo" Come!" on a slip of paper.

"Mother, will you call her?" he murmured, relapsi into troubled thought.

Later the afternoon a slight rap was heard at the do The doctor said, "Come in!" but his hearbrobbed as wildly as a girl's as Ellice Browntered. She stepped quietly toward him, a gentle nestling in her gray eyes. He could not spk for a moment; then he said:

"I see I could not go to you. How is Douglass?"

"He well," replied Ellice, calmly.

"Eyes—I know. And you have not wept?"

"I did not."

"Dems to me that I could weep forever."

He underood him. She did not reply, but lifted wet hair off his temples, and her touch calm him.

"Ydu know why I sent for you?"

"I; how should I? That you wanted me was enou."

Ellice bed her hand him, then thrust her off.

"I want to release you, Ellice," he breathed hard, "I have no right to detain my young life to mine. I am utterly crippled. I shall never walk again; I must be carried like a baby whithersoever I go. What kind of a husband will I make for you? No, no—it must not be——"

"Clarence," interrupted Ellice, "I never loved you because—because you could walk; I love you now the less because you cannot. My life would be poor and mean without you," she continued, passionately. "I will not give you up."

"Then you are willing to go through the streets beside a husband who must lay down in the arms of one'hired to perform the duty? Think well—yourself a subject of pity, because bound to such a one; you, the admired object of mutual curiosity."

He watched her with jealous eagerness as he spoke, but there was no wavering in her eyes.

"Clarence," said Ellice, as she threw her arms around him, and touched her cool lips to his fevered ones, while a merry twinkle coquetted in her gray eyes, "now you needn't torment yourself one moment longer, or imagine that I ever intend to give you up, because," she continued, laughingly, "you are mine, and I mean to retain all the personal and portable property I can lay my hands upon."

"I meant to write it—meant to say that this must be the end—but I was too miserably weak. I could not do it; then I thought I could tell you, and so sent for you. I had fully determined that you should not—on earth—not even yourself—could change my resolution; but you see——"

"I've taken advantage of your weakness, and I mean to keep it."

Dr. Elliot laughed, his blue eyes sparkled; he would not have thought it possible that he could have been so calm, so satisfied. He thought he would be willing to die there always could her hand remain in his, but to think that he would be quite impossible to go through life without her, reflected, and owned, in his secret soul, that he was a happy man. Ellice thought so also and had been the occasion of much distress. They talked a long time, and when Ellice, having left Mrs. Ellice, and found that worthy dame in the garden picking raspberries, stood a few moments chatting with her, and then returned.

Shortly after they were married. Ellice has never regretted her decision, and Dr. Elliot has never ceased to be glad that she did not take him at his word.

Ellice still lectures wherever duty calls her. She still pleads for woman—pleads a nobler, higher life for her—pleads, and will not cease until her mission is accomplished.

* * * * *

I have written this story with a purpose. Readers of fashion, speculating tradesmen, thousands of dollars upon charity balls—giving alms with one hand, and grasping a paltry compensation of pleasure with the other; young girls, radiant in beauty, decked in exquisite fabrics, and adorned with priceless gems; mothers, training your children for fashionable dissipation, their marriage or in the hypocrisies and frivolities of society, I have written this story that you may make it your own unto the weak, the despised, the suffering, and by so doing, your own souls shall be made white, your hands stained with no blood. And in you shall be made manifest His infinite love and tenderness.

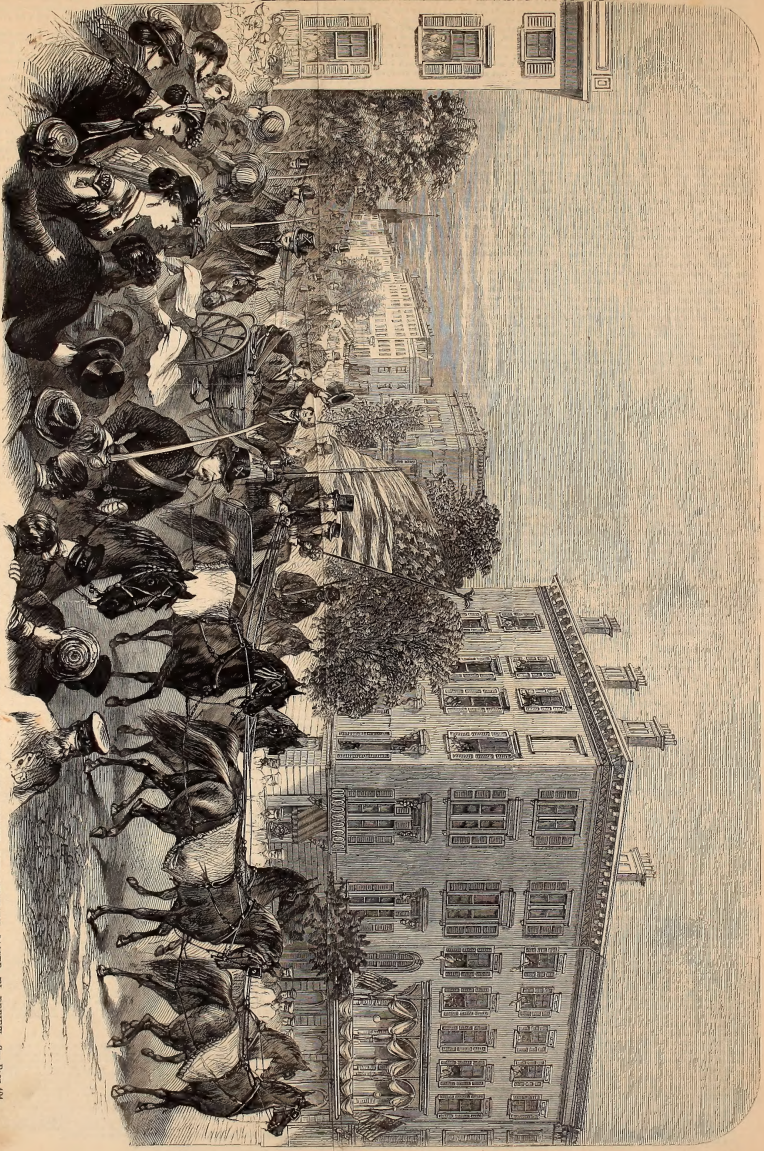
PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

The Prussia every man is a soldier. The very boys at school are constantly drilled in military exercise, and learn their military exercise as they travel through the country. Immediately after the service they enter on the regular army, they are drafted into the Landwehr—troops liable to be called upon at any emergency, but not, as in regular service, to active service. Those in the Landwehr, scattered all over the country, engaged in every imaginable occupation, have their names and arms with which to recruit the gaps in her victorious army. Then there is also a force only of cavalry of more than the Landwehr Cuirassiers; not a finer body of soldiers than the infantry of the guard. The brasses are guarded from every dimness, and give a grand effect in a military spectacle. They wear shakos, red epaulettes, and white, greasy trousers which tell tanning, and white cartridge belts. Their arms are heavy cavalry sabres and pistols. Their horses are fine, large horses look well, and are plainly caparisoned. The infantry all have blue uniforms. The men carry needle-guns, and are of the finest bearded race. Among the unmanageable offices have a knapsack, like the men, but lighter, of brown leather. The landwehr regiments have no brass bands, their music consisting only of fifes and drums. The artillery have bands. The guns are each drawn by six horses, and both carriages and horses are very large. The sanitary corps also wear helmets, and in the field have a distinguishing armlet. Other regiments have their carriages, including themselves the number of which is not known. The train is a large body of men, and is in good military order, as their figures. The majority are men over thirty. The officers are gentlemanly in their behavior and manner, and hitherto been courteous and good.

We sometimes hear the Prussians described as cirtsersoldiers; it would be far better to describe them as soldier-citizens. The agreement in dress and equipment is a vast difference in all essential points between the armies of Austria and Prussia. In Austria the army is distinct from the people, and pains have always been taken to keep it on the line of demarcation between the soldier and civilian; in Prussia the soldiers are the people. Other armies, which have already effected such terrible execution among the Austrians, were not known to the Prussians. The Minie rifle quarry is in Austria might, if she had possessed them, have averted issacus. Now it is all too late.

DRESS AND MEANT.—Girard, the famous French painter of early years, was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lonjulais, then of the council of Napoleon. The young painter was shabbily attired, and his reception was extremely cold; but Lonjulais discovered in him such striking proofs of talent, good sense, and sensibility, that on Girard's rising to take leave, he rose, too, and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking that Girard could not avoid an expression of surprise.

"My young friend," said Lonjulais, "we require an unknown person according to his dress—we take leave of him according to his merit."



THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT AND SUITE AT DELMONICO'S, CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, WHERE THE MILITARY PASSED IN REVIEW.—See Page 404.



THE LATE SENATOR STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, OF ILLINOIS.

GIVEN AWAY WITH NO. 572 OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.



SCENE AT THE GOVERNORS ROOM, CITY HALL, N. Y., HIS HONOR MAYOR HOFFMAN WELCOMING THE PRESIDENT TO THE HOSPITALITIES OF THE CITY, AND PRESENTING THE SERIES OF RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE COMMON COUNCIL.

TWO CHARACTERS.

Are there! for this, too, life's toil is over;
His words are all said out, his deeds are done:
For this man, too, there comes a rest, however
Unquiet passed his time beneath the sun.

You said what seemed you best: your life's poor fountain
Just bubbled, whilst his scared or shuddered flowed;
You child him as a tired boy chides a mountain;
You frowned on him, and thought God too much frowns,

His worst thought was so great, your best so little.
Your best and worst not yours, his all his own:
You ran the world's safe way; he dared to thwart it;
You stood with thousands by you, he alone.

Wherefore, when God shall judge the world,
take it
He will not meet this man by rule and line,
Who felt no common thirst, nor feared to slake it
From that which flowed within him, the Divine.

Or think you God loves our tame leveled acres
More than the proud head of some heaven-kissed hill;
Man's straight-dug ditch more than his own free river
That wanders, He regarding, where it will?

Enough—high words shake no jot or tittle
Of what, while man still lasts, shall still be true:
Heaven's great one must be slandered by Earth's little,
And God makes no ado.

Madeline's Marriage;

OR,

THE STEPDAUGHTER.

CHAP. XI.—THE RACK.

MISS VERRELL said to some guests who called on her during the evening of the day when Cyril St. Helens dined with her, and afterward appeared so inexpressibly at Ease, that if St. Helliers had not gone abroad for the love of his father's wife, it was quite evident that he had come back for that.

"And the *Jeune modèle?*" inquired the guest.

"The qualification does not apply."

"Pray, I forget. Have I nothing changeable about Miss Verrell, she affects the *statuesque* —doesn't she?"

"Don't ask me," exclaimed *la belle* Lotte, in a venomous voice, with a languid gesture. "I've never understood her. She has played the prude for three years, spending her mornings dead to the dutiful to the old imbecile she married for his money, and her evenings talking metaphysics with an old saint. Now, I suppose——" The young lady paused demurely.

"Well, what now?"

"Oh! still waters, you know. I've always noticed that where these quiet people are gossiped-about——"

"There's something in it, eh?"

"*Je ne sais,*" with a significant shrug.

"And you think she's been in love with him all this while! Quite heroic in him to take himself out of the way."

"The heroic is his style."

"Do you think they correspond?"

"No," —pausing with some embarrassment. "I know they did not."

"Yes."

"Well, about he money? She'll be disappointed about that, won't she?"

He settled ten thousand dollars upon her before they were married. She has not understood making some changes in his will—but you know he's been in this queer state since the very hour his connection with Madeline ended, of course, if he never recovers, she'll get no more."

"Very strange about him, isn't it?" said Miss Verrell's friend, looking shrewdly into her face.

"Very," dropping her eyelids.

"Does Dr. Jarvis attend him?"

"He has been a few times, I believe; but the presence of any stranger seems to excite Mr. St. Helens and he is almost insane, raving and going on——"

"It is quiet, generally?"

"Yes, perfectly—*so they say.*"

"Have you ever spoken to Dr. Jarvis? he is your physician—isn't he?"

"Pah! not often. He said he felt that Henri St. Helens's old friends owed him a duty."

"And the doctor said——"

"Though it would pain me to speak of them, I would pay any attention to his suggestions."

"Strange, now—isn't it? It wouldn't seem so strange, if you were not so handsome. On the contrary, as far as the property is concerned——"

Miss Verrell dropped her brilliant eyes into her companion's with a look of unutterable contrition—a meaning which a young lady could not possibly put into words.

"But what a horrible thought! You do not—?"

"*Je ne sais,*" moving off, with another shrug.

* * * *

Madeline had gone during that same evening to her husband's room. It was very seldom that she went there at that hour, but it seemed that night that nothing else would help her to the end she sought. She had struggled back to life and recollection alone; writhing with self-accusations and with unmerited remorse, she had paced the floor, burying herself, with will, sobbing excitement in the depths of the *fauteuil*, from which she had listened to those words, trying passionately to forget their sweetness, to blot from her heart and her imagery of bliss they had left there. Crushing the sting all the while deeper and deeper into her consciousness with the idea that she was removing it for ever, she had gone to her husband. She sat down beside him, taking his little withered hand in her own—firm and rosy; and gazing into his pale, unconscious face with a pitying tenderness. Remembering the kind little gentleman who had given her the gold pieces, who had stroked and kissed as she cried to him that summer morning, who had defended and protected and married her, out of very pity for her helplessness—remembering a faint, fading smile what she had been, and what she was—even exaggerating her improvement for sheer gratitude, as she watched the little sick hand she held.

"You are not well, to-night, Mrs. St. Helens?" Simon said, watching her face in his wary way.

"Yes—quite well," turning from him.

"Shall you sit with Mr. Henri for a half hour or so, madam?"

"Yes."

"I will return in that time," leaving her, with a salutation.

It was a relief to Madeline to have him go. She sat down on the bedside, smoothing the sick man's thin hair with a little, pathetic smile on her face as he unclosed his eyes and seemed to know her. With the purest, fondest impulse of gratitude she had, in her self-upbraiding even to tenderifying what she owed him, she pressed her lips to his forehead.

"Never mind," she murmured, passionately, as though to strengthen and assure herself.

"Why, Miss Sedlow——" Mr. St. Helens's eyes looked dreamily into those of his young wife.

"Yes, sir—it is Madeline," she answered, in a cheerful voice.

"Why it seems—it seems," he said, making some effort, "as if I had not seen you in a great while before."

"I come every day, sir," she said, "to see you."

"Yes—yes," he answered, thoughtfully; while the girl kept on, soothing him with her little caressing manner.

"You are a good child, Madeline."

The hot tears sprang to her eyes.

"Oh, no," she cried; "but I shall try," and the tears rained down her face.

He did not appear to notice the agitation. He said:

"Tell Cyril——" and then paused.

He was perfectly rational, she knew. Her poor heart fluttered wildly at the thought, but she composed herself and bent still closer to listen, for his voice was very faint.

"That I should be better," he went on, collectedly, "that no one should know about her birth."

"Yes, sir, I will tell him."

"You will not forget?"

"Oh, no sir!"

"You tell Cyril?" Mr. St. Hellens looked at her suspiciously, with the curious instinct of mental disorder which detects something withheld—feeling for something in that instant for which others would call sincere. This was horrible! It seemed to Madeline that in the great strain which she put upon that instant for control, that some of the fine springs of youth and impulse withered—died in her heart, within herself, the whirr of the recoil with which these links gave way—in that " misty mid-region" where they could not sense. It is hard to tell how she contrived to say:

"Oh, yes, sir. Cyril was here to-night."

The thought of suspicion, of fear, were—disappeared from Mr. St. Hellens's face. He was wandering again.

"Do you think that the young man ever took the view?" he asked. He was rational enough to perceive that she did not understand him.

"To the opening of the will, sir, he said," he explained, in his old tone of impatience.

"Oh, yes, I remember—Mr. Hylder" —he replied. And you think he would not like one of those views, sir?' she asked, idly, little thinking to hear them, at that moment, how should she think?

"You see"—her husband went on, his voice, calling a habit to his aid, "I don't know that it not matter about her birth;" he threw, as he spoke, the same suspicious look around the room as he had cast in Madeline's face.

"Simon is not here," she said, with understanding but he might need him. But the sick man's look of relief did not change from his face. With a kind of inspiration she seized upon the thought and, through that, evidently, that idea which he intended was accomplished—that the provision which would so soon have been legally accomplished—transferring the estate to Cyril—the Jesuit's Order of X—— to the lost daughter and his love, were now fulfilled. Madeline annulled his volition and dimmed his mind—had really been elected, and Madeline was alarmed at the responsibility thus cast upon her. She knew not whether to risk exciting him by telling him the truth, now that he was in a condition to comprehend it, or to pass by the opportunity which might enable him to achieve the dearest desire of his heart, lest harm should come to his health.

Still grasping the hand she held, she looked wistfully into his face, as if for advice.

"Mr. St. Helens," she said, on a sudden impulse, "your will was never changed? You have left Ida nothing?"

He looked wildly into her face a moment, and snatching his hand from her, pressed it to his head.

"I—I—will—attend to it," he stammered, with a frantic effort to raise himself from the bed.

Madeline was greatly alarmed. She sought to soothe him and soothe him.

"It will bring you everything," she exclaimed; "you are weak—you must be still," and she tried to detain him, letting the weight of her hands fall on his shoulders.

He threw her off, angrily, with sudden strength, half raised himself from the bed, and with a sharp, choking cry, a fierce, electric contortion, fell back rigid and paralyzed.

"I have murdered him!"

Madeline was terrified at her own work. She shrieked, and in a moment Simon had reached the room.

He went quietly to work, while Madeline watched him with powerless anxiety. Unlocking the liquor-case, he poured a portion into the cup and forced it between his master's lips, lifted him into an easy position, till shortly, while they watched, the stagnant blood colored his lips faintly, and life returned.

"He has suffered a partial paralysis," said Simon, quietly, "but I trust, with care, successful, Mrs. St. Hellens, as a nurse," with a respectful smile, which might have seen a sneer.

Madeline left her husband's chamber and went to her own room. Late into the night she was still awake, and thinking. And most troublous of all her thoughts was, that she was charged with a message to Cyril. Why had the necessity of their future meeting been imposed upon her? She would not, however, so glad—oh, yes, so very glad—to have been spared the torture of seeing him again!

Poor little heart, which didn't yet know that the torture would go on all the same, with presence or absence!

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CHAP. XII.—THE REVISION.

SEVERAL weeks passed in a lingering, weary way to Madeline St. Hellens. She woke every morning with a feverish start and asked herself, "Ah, me! what is it?" Consciousness regained the sense of oppression. A sudden, frightened stare around the room assured her it was empty, and yet she could never turn that she was watched by motions—voices—breathings.

Cyril had obeyed her. She had not heard from or seen him since that eventful night.

She said to herself that he was very good to spare her the pain of another interview—that it was very noble in him not to come, and yet—and yet?——

The recollection of the message with which her husband had entrusted her, worried her. As far as she knew there was no occasion for its immediate delivery, and yet it was a thing to be over with, and thought if she could see Cyril but long enough to repeat it, she would feel easier. Just long enough to say it, once more—Ida, not for the world, more!

She was ignorant whether Simon had communicated to him the news of his father's paralysis, or no. She presumed that he had. For aught she knew, Simon might have visited the invalid daily. At all events, through Simon, Dr. Jarves, some one, it was probable he kept himself informed of Mr. St. Helens's condition.

She dwelt upon the subject till she grew nervous and wan; and then wondered what ailed her.

Every day at 12 she went down to Lotte Verrell's with a vague hope of—she scarcely knew what! It was the hope of hearing some mention made of Cyril, of learning indirectly of his movies, she was disappointed. The honeyed spirit under the sugar-coat distilled itself over every imaginable topic but the one which hung so heavily on Madeline's heart.

The season of Lent, or Passion-Lent, terminating the winter's gayeties. Mrs. St. Hellens was seen then every morning at church, looking "as happy as the day is long" people said, "as though she had been dissipating instead of moping at Dear ever since Christmas." Through her veil she searched the faces of the congregation. There was Gordon, Antone, plenty whom she knew—for piety was the fashion for forty days—never Cyril. She knew that he would Madeline here than to think of herself that she looked for him—but she always looked for him, and was disappointed.

At Mi-Carême there was momentary relaxation of devotional austerity, and somebody or other made a masquerade ball. Madeline hardly knew why she did not decline the invitation which came for her. She was in that condition when a word or encouragement in the monotonous has weight; when the mind, like a vine that has been beaten and tangled by the storm, clings gratefully to Love's support, be it ever so; and when the Lasselles assured her that she should certainly go, that it was time she was out of mourning, wretchedly, and certainly needed some change to brighten her, she agreed indifferently.

Since the night her husband had had the paralytic shock she had gone more frequently and informally to his room than ever before. Beside him, she reviewed her past, and recognized its pure and unselfish feelings which his stricken state, without features and powerless frame evoked to her heart's sorrow as a baptismal benediction to the tumultuous throngs of memory. She watched him with a tender slumber of unconscious painful interest; she felt that she had incurred a species of responsibility—as though she were not into the chance of bearing witness to some other legacy of rational words which the man to whom she owed so much might bequeath. And in her mournful condition she yielded meant to her old suspicions of Simon, and lingered around, as though in a helpless, undefined way, to watch him.

Quite late, therefore, on the afternoon preceding the soiree, she left her husband's room and went for a short walk about the grounds, previous to dressing for the evening.

Her thoughts troubled her. She felt that her condition was unnatural; that the collisions of duty and instinct, and the harsh subordination of the last to the first, were shattering her health and defrauding her of her beauty. She was young without youth. She had missed the worth of loving in the sweetness of loving; she was to be together useless, aimless, hopeless in the world.

It trembled her to think so, though she could not help it. She had no one to reproach; nothing to find fault with. On the contrary, her life had been made strangely easy to her, and whatever reaction of spirits she experienced, her sense of utter, unbounded gratitude to her husband never swerved. As she loitered along, her thoughts went back to the sick room, recalling every little detail—the invalid's worn, gray face, his sharp-cened features, the appointments of the chamber, the closed door communicating with it; all the luxurious appliances of wealth for ease and pleasure; the glasses in the frosted silver frames, the deep *fauteuils*, the cut-glass bottles of rare aromas, and then the unassuming way, going back to the lines in Mr. St. Hellens's face.

Madeline had never seen death, but suddenly as she walked on among the shadows, thinking, it occurred to her that her husband would die! and the thought, for some reason, she had never considered this fact before. Having accepted his invalidism with her marriage, she had never inquired whether one would endure beyond the other, regarding, in her calculations concerning life, both as permanent.

Now the conclusion came with a shock: He would die—and *she would be free!*

Involuntarily she pressed her hands to her ears as if to shut out some evil monition, with a stunning, overwhelming sense of guilt, a frightful self-condemnation!

Mechanically, with burning cheeks, she glanced around, as though to see there was no one there to recognize her secret, and as she did so, a voice, in a suppressed tone, said, softly :

"Madeline."

She was not with a start. She was just in the frame that believes in the supernatural and trembles at all, and turned to fly toward the house, when Cyril stepped across her path. His eyes were blood-shot—his cheeks sunken :

"Are you afraid of me?" he asked, with a mocking laugh.

"Oh, Cyril, why do 'you come here?" she gasped, feeling that he had read her thought in her heart, and feeling that his words and looks were taunts.

"Because I must see you!" he answered, grimly.

"You cannot. It is impossible." She forgot that she had watched for him—longed for him. The only object was to get out of the sphere of his influence—to save him from the knowledge of her thoughts.

"I must, Madeline, for a moment. Stop!" he commanded, as she tried to pass him.

"Not for an instant," she faltered. "I must not stay. I cannot listen."

"That is well! If you do not stop here, I will follow you to the house."

She put her hands out, warding him off, with a look of imploring earnestness in her eyes, such passionate beseeching in her pale face—which had changed so since he had seen it last—that Cyril paused, and she disappeared like a phantom through the misty evening and the shadowy trees.

* * * *

An hour or two later, Madeline sat before her mirror, with Rebo fastening a gilt butterfly in her hair, to match those which were sprinkled over the black lace dress.

Nothing but that faint blue veins in her temples showed the pain which had been there. Rebo flitted around her with a sober, anxious interest, which she did not notice. Her intense absorption in herself made the fashioning of the floating cloud color—the variableness of emotion, and left the chiseled outline, like an abstraction, or a creation without a soul.

The concert-room seemed small and hot. Some professional musicians were engaged, to assure success. Their overture were performed, then from "Soumambula," marches from Tannhauser, a Scotch ballad, thundering and crashing by turns, a sickening mingling of heliotrope and frangipani, and breaths and smiles, in the crowded room.

Mrs. St. Hellens, having got in, was trying to get out. Suddenly she stopped.

Cyril was standing, with a lady on his arm. He had not observed her; he was listening to his companion, with his face lit with a very peculiarly beautiful smile.

The lady was young; glittering with a wild, redhanded beauty. Eyes, that threw a diamond-like flash; hair, full, fuschia-colored lips, and a stain like a pomegranate's petal on her cheeks. She was very young, in some respects, but was seasoned fabrics; large, voluptuous in her make, using her round, bare arm showily, as she moved her fingers in her fan. A dark, regal creature, altogether, the kind of woman who sways the Caesars and the Anthonys. Cyril was laughing, a low, musical laugh that she could not hear through herself; her lips parted an instant over a dazzle of little white teeth, and then she went on talking.

Madeline's unconscious things, it was easy to see, from her manner.

Madeline saw it, and faint as she watched them. But it was no longer the heat and perfumes of the room that she minded. She fell back into the nearest recess, keeping her eyes fixed on Cyril and the lady. Unlike the others who were standing, she did not drop his arm, and her breeding was curiously uncertain, for she was never still, no matter how softly the music played.

"Who in the world has St. Helens brought here?" a loud voice said one in a party crushing by, and carrying whole flights of butterflies from Madeline's dress with them, as she tried to keep her place.

"Some new love, I expect," was the reply.

"He was driving with her, after his new team, this morning."

"Possible! Quite an Indian queen, isn't she?" and the talkers squeezed themselves out of sight and hearing.

The loud throbbings of Madeline's heart died wholly, she thought, with her shame and her anguish, yet she kept her consciousness.

Guilty, miserable creature that she was, she had dared to—love him! to remember the words she had never the right to hear, to feed upon the precious poisons of remembrance, and to think the wicked thought which had come that night, because the man had trifled with her a moment—had yielded to an effusion of admiration of her beauty, and had presumed to utter it.

She might have known; she had heard all they said of him before he returned from abroad—that he was an epicure in beauty an empiric in conquests; tha he had laid siege to the heart of every woman he met who was beautiful enough to tempt him, and immolated his scores of victims to his insatiate vanity.

She had heard all this, and had not resisted him. Oh, shame! And worse than all was the recollection of his appearance in the garden that evening. He had come, no doubt, to let her understand that her ridiculous prohibition of his presence was a mockery; that *she* was nothing to him; that their mutual relation in no way forbade his frequenting his father's house. And she? She had shown him that she dare not meet him. No betrayal, however, of these whirling thoughts disturbed her fixed expression. Acquaintances went and came, the muscians played on, some one took her to supper, one and another dropped away, the crowd lessened, the air grew less stifling, and Mrs. St. Hellens stood near the piano with Mr. Antone, when she saw Cyril approaching her. He was laughing and talking still with his Indian queen; he had not left her through the whole evening. Across the crowd once he had bowed to Madeline, no more.

Just then, however, meeting some stray friend, he introduced him to his companion, and pursued his way alone.

"Mrs. St. Hellens," he said, in an emotionless tone, "I wish to speak to you a moment."

To deny him, then, there, was impossible. Besides—but she could not talk to him till she had more strength. He was merciless.

She bowed in apology to Antone, and stepped a little apart.

"I am very anxious," said Cyril, excitedly, "to explain—to introduce you——"

Ugh! She shuddered. No, no! What was he thinking of? To exhibit her shame and torture there? She broke in upon his words, recklessly:

"I have been very impatient to see you. Your father, before his attack, was perfectly rational, and entrusted me with a message to you about Miss Carstarpherd."

Cyril started.

"He said," Madeline went on, rapidly, "that it would be his wish that the circumstances of her birth should be concealed." Her low, inflexible voice never varied. "Good night!" she added, and moved away.

"A moment—a word!" said Cyril, following her, in an agitated way. "Heavens! Do not go—I must see you." She stood on the threshold of the dressing-room. "I tell you it is necessary."

"You must wait," gasping as she tried to smile, but he did not notice it.

"I shall come to you, then, to-morrow," he muttered between his teeth.

She inclined her head slightly. What was there to keep him away if he chose to come? She cared for nothing but to get away from him to-night.

TIME ENOUGH.

"Good morning, Sykes! Like myself, I suppose you are putting the good old saying into practice, and making your hay while the sun shines?"

"Oh, yes, all in good time, neighbor Harvey; there's no hurry for some days yet," replied Sykes.

"Well, I don't agree with you there, for we have had a long spell of fine weather, and we can't expect it to last much longer. I am drawing home the last of my hay to-day, and as well as I can judge by the appearance of the sky, it will not be ricked much too soon."

"You are always fidgety and restless," said Sykes, laughing; "you'll see that my hay will be quite as good as yours, though I don't worry myself about it as you do. There's time enough and to spare, before the weather changes."

"I hope it may prove so, Sykes, but I have my doubts, and it would be a pity you should lose such a fine crop as the meadow down by the burnside promises to give you, by delaying until the rain comes. When business has to be transacted, I like to do it, and then 'tis done. I wish you would do the same."

"What a croaker you are, Harvey! There's no fear of my losing the crop. I shall begin to draw it home to-morrow."

"If I don't mistake," said Harvey, "it is scarcely dry enough to bring home; for, as I passed the field yesterday evening, I remarked that what was cut looked too green for stacking, and one-third of the meadow was even then uncut."

"Then what would you have me do? If, as you say, the weather is likely to change, would you have me leave it out to be destroyed?" said Sykes, testily, "for I must do one thing or the other."

"There is no occasion for you to be cross," answered Harvey, "but I will say it is a pity you do not make a practice of managing your business in better time. With so good a farm, and a houseful of strong young lads and lasses, you ought to be one of the richest farmers in the country."

Sykes's sunburnt face took a still deeper tint, for he felt the truth of Harvey's observation, and knew that to his own ruinous habit of procrastination he might attribute the discomfort of his home, and the difficulties that lately appeared to gather round him.

He had succeeded his father in the possession of a large, and, with good management, a lucrative farm, but unfortunately for himself and those connected with him, he did *not* inherit the valuable qualities of energy and forethought by which his father had worked himself up from a common laborer to one of the most comfortable farmers in the neighborhood.

He married a pretty gentle girl to whom he had been attached for some time, and who looked upon him as the type of perfection. Better far had it been for him had he chosen one of those women whose matter-of-fact common sense would have given a spur to his supineness. And she, that gentle, yielding girl, would have been a treasure to an energetic, hard-working man, who, by his own example of manly labor, would have corrected the indolence and timidity of her character. But such was not to be. Too soon she fell into the habit of "putting-off" the duties that devolve upon a wife and mistress of a family, following the example of him whom she considered could do no wrong. Who can tell where this system, once commenced, will end?

Besides his excellent farm, Sykes had inherited a considerable sum of ready money, so, for a short time, all went on (apparently) well.

But why?

Because the young couple lived on their principal, and took no thought for the morrow.

Yet the time came when there was no ready cash on which to fall back, though a young family brought additional expenses. Still the husband and wife felt no alarm for the future; they knew they had an excellent farm, and there was "time enough" to make it available for all their requirements.

But Sykes was always the latest in putting in and in sowing his crops, consequently his losses were serious, and the evil of procrastination spread like a fatal epidemic through his lovely young family, for the wife and mother, soft and weakly compliant, had no energy by which she might counteract the steady indolence of her husband's character. The children naturally followed the example of their parents, and the ill-regulated, disorderly home could only be equaled by the unneat, neglected state of the farm.

No business of house or farm was ever performed at the right time; the consequence was that nothing was well done, and as years passed, the once flourishing homestead became a by-word and a source of ridicule in the neighborhood. Farmer Sykes's corn was generally left uncut until it had shed its seed, his potatoes remained in the ground until after Christmas, and if any of his acquaintances remarked on the eccentricity of this system, his reply was ever, "No need of hurry; there's time enough."

However, latterly, Sykes began himself to see that if he would stop short of perfect ruin, more exertion and regularity must be observed, for he was in arrear with his rent, and there were various other debts, which, though small at first, and might have been easily paid off, yet, from being neglected, became of serious magnitude.

After his interview with Harvey, he went to the meadow of which they had been speaking, and saw that his friend's warning was not without reason, for, should the weather change, of which, as he gazed upon the threatening clouds he could not but acknowledge there was every likelihood, there would be no possibility of preserving the hay.

In an unwonted fit of energy he returned to his house, and calling lustily to his sons, bade them go at once to the meadow to mow the grass still standing and turn that already cut. "And you, too, girls," he said to the daughters, "go off to the field and stir yourselves."

The young people looked at him in amazement.

"Why, what's wrong now, father?" said John, who was diligently smoking his pipe and watching the clouds of fume produced by his efforts; "what's all the hurry about?"

"The hurry is, that we shall lose the crop if we don't look sharp, for we are very likely to have wet weather," replied his father.

"Oh, there's no fear of that; there's time enough and to spare," answered John.

"Time or no time, you just do as you're bid, every one of you. There, James, leave off teaching that dog your monkey tricks, and, John, put that pipe out of your mouth, and be off as fast as you can. Wife, why don't you make the girls get ready to assist, instead of standing there staring at me as if I were a wild animal?"

"Well, my dear," replied his wife, "you seem in such an unusual hurry, that it quite takes away my breath, and I suppose the girls don't know what to make of it—but they shall get ready directly."

But this was more easily promised than performed. Much time was lost before the implements for hay-making could be collected, for nothing was in its place, and there was no place for anything.

When the young people were fairly set to work they performed their task vigorously and good-humoredly, and as Sykes looked on their handsome faces, flushed with excitement and exercise, he regretted that he had not, like Harvey, brought up his children to industry and regular habits by setting them the example in his own person. How different might then have been his home and prospects to what they now were! But the seed of idleness and procastination had been sown by his own hand, and it bore fruit abundantly.

The hay was cut and drawn home in haste, for the weather did indeed change, and those who had not taken advantage of the many weeks of sunshine vainly regretted their neglect. A short time after Sykes had made up his haystack, he remarked one morning that there seemed a slight vapor issuing from it, and mentioned the circumstance to his sons, who accompanied him to the farm-yard, but did not see any cause for anxiety. "The hay would be all right," they said, "after a while; it was only the outside that had got damp, and there was time enough to see to it after the corn was cut, for it was over-ripe."

Too true! The corn was over-ripe, nor was the half of the crop saved. And still the debts went on increasing, the creditors becoming clamorous, and the indulgent landlord gave notice that Sykes must no longer depend upon his clemency, as he should insist on the arrears of rent being paid up, or ejectment would be served. All these clouds of adversity were unheeded by his two sons and daughters, and vainly did their father urge them to exertion, now at the eleventh hour he was awaking to the consciousness of the disastrous effects of his supineness. On all sides his remonstrances were met by his own favorite maxim, "Where's the hurry? there's time enough. All will come straight in the end, when we sell the hay and crops." But before the crops were ready for the market the prices had fallen, and the family were aroused one morning at six o'clock by a loud knocking at the door, and farmer Harvey's voice vehemently calling out to them to rise.

"Why, what's in the wind now, Harvey?" said Sykes, opening his window, and little pleased at being disturbed; "one would think the house was on fire, you are making such a fuss."

"Though the *house* is not on fire your *haystack* will be very soon, if you and your sons are not smart, for it is smoking away like a steam-engine," returned Harvey.

Sykes and the young men hastened to the farm-yard and found the stack as Harvey had described; the hay, from not being properly saved, was put up damp, which caused it to heat, and rendered it totally unfit for food or sale.

While they were still engaged in the farm-yard, William Sykes, the second eldest son, arrived on one of his unexpected visits to his family. While still a child, he had been adopted by a distant relative of his father's, who, having no children of his own, took a fancy to the lad, and succeeded in prevailing on the parents to part with him. The training he received from Mr. Jones was the reverse of that which was bringing destruction on his father and family. When duty or business was to be attended to, no excuses were allowed—no putting off until to-morrow what ought to be done to-day. Mr. Jones's watchword was, "Do it, and it will be done." And thus was William saved from a participation in the family fault.

It was more than a year since his last visit, during which he had endeavored to impress the necessity of business habits among the household. It grieved him to see the whole family such a prey to indolence; but his representations were useless, and the destruction and confusion to which he was now a witness did not surprise him—he had foreseen how his father's affairs must end.

William's errand home was principally to inform his family of his intended marriage with Mr. Jones's niece, and to request that one of his sisters would act as bridesmaid to the young girl.

"You are a lucky man," said his brother, "to win the prettiest and the richest girl in the country."

"And you may add," replied William, "the most amiable, and the best housekeeper."

"Why, John," exclaimed his father, "I thought you were looking after Letty Jones, and that she seemed to like you pretty well. How comes it that you have let William take her from you?"

John's countenance darkened, but William, placing his hand kindly on his shoulder, said, "John, we must not let a shadow come between the affection brothers should bear to each other; therefore, though it may pain you, I will tell you how this has come about. From the time I was a lad I always loved Letty, but I thought it was as I should love my sister, until the time you came to Mr. Jones's for a few weeks; and it was by seeing you were so taken with her, and that she seemed to be more pleased with you than me, that I found by the sorrow this gave me that my love for her was very different to that for a sister; so I determined to hide my own disappointment, and to look on her only as your future wife. But from all I could learn, you never asked her to be your wife, and both she and your uncle believed you had not serious thoughts about her."

"I had, I had!" exclaimed John, impetuously; "I fully intended to marry Letty, but I thought there was time enough to ask her."

"Time enough!" repeated William; "when more than two years passed without any decision on your part."

"That's one way of wooing a pretty girl," said Sykes, laughing, "but not the right way, I fancy."

"Well, father," said John, "have you not, from the time I can remember, always put off everything from day to day, from week to week, and told us all to take matters easy, for there was 'time enough'? and I only followed your precept and practice in not asking Letty, when, perhaps, she would have taken me. So *you* have no right to laugh at me, whoever else may. The loss is mine, and I may thank you for it;" and John was turning to leave the room, but William detained him.

"Do not go away, John, until I have quite convinced you that until I was certain that, under any circumstances, Letty would never be yours, I concealed from her, and, as I fancied, from every one else, the love that lay deep in my inmost heart. But Mr. Jones was not deceived by my attempt to appear indifferent, and a few months ago he suddenly taxed me with my affection for his niece, and asked me did I mean to follow the example of my brother and my family, by allowing happiness and prosperity to slip away from me, in supposing there was time enough, though time was gliding on? I could not deny my love; but said that I would never attempt to rival my own brother with Letty, nor try to withdraw from him the love which I believed she had given to him. 'You are mistaken altogether,' replied Mr. Jones. 'It is true Letty did once look favorably on John, and had he asked her in a reasonable time, she would have been his wife, with my full consent; but his delay in doing so gave me opportunity for reflection and minute inquiries, by which means I discovered the family failing of procrastination, which has become a proverb in the country; and most thankful was I that John's practice of the proverb gave me the opportunity of saving her from a life of anxiety and discomfort, which could not fail to be her fate if she had married one whose principles and habits were so opposed to those in which she had been fostered: to the maxim which I have all my life practiced, as far as circumstances would permit, '*Do it, and it will be done.*' My attention was lately drawn toward you by observing your restless unhappiness, and your stolen glances of love and sorrow at my Letty. With intention on my part, I also directed Letty's observation to the same fact, and I can give you the assurance that any preference for John, which might under cultivation have become strong, has died away, root and branch; and that were he now to offer himself and the three best farms in the country for her acceptance, he would be rejected. If you choose to adhere to the family adage, and fancy there will be 'time enough' for your wooing, you can do so, and lose as sweet a girl as ever the sun shone on. I say no more, but there she is,' and he pointed to the pretty shrubbery walk, into which she was at that moment disappearing. John, my heart was bursting with fond, repressed love—repressed from a sense of duty to you, but could I on such encouragement resist the desire to know if indeed her heart was free? Yet, believe me, had I in the interview to which I hastened discovered the slightest hope for you, that love, which had 'grown with my growth,' should have still lain silently in my heart. Such was not the case, dear John. A few minutes in that shady walk sufficed to assure me that my silent devotion had met a return, though she candidly confessed her first choice might have been different, had you spoken in time."

With a pale face, John extended his hand to William:

"I did love her," he said, "but I see you have acted honorably. I have only myself to blame; and I will learn to look on Letty as my sister before I see her again. God bless you both," and with hasty steps he left the room.

The marriage took place in due time, Mary Sykes acting as bridesmaid, and feeling much astonished at the regularity and comfort in which Mr. Jones's house was conducted, though there was no assistance in domestic matters but a young girl about fourteen, who acted under Letty's direction. Yet all went on with comfort and regularity; there was no putting off a duty from hour to hour, or day to day. On the least symptom of a desire for procrastination, Mr. Jones's firm tone or Letty's gentle voice would repeat their favorite maxim, "Do it, and it will be done." The contrast it presented to her own ill-regulated home was painful, but useful to her in after life, as she avoided those rocks on which her family was shipwrecked—for such was the result of their indolence. Kindly as their landlord was disposed toward them, he could give no further time for the long arrears of rent due, but took the farm into his own hands, giving Sykes and his wife a small cottage and a couple of acres rent free, and receiving the young men, John and James, as day-laborers, one of the girls being obliged to go to service.

After Mary's visit to her brother and his bride, she returned to her father's now very small cottage, bringing with her the experience of a few months, which her good feelings and good sense rendered invaluable to herself and her parents. And now, after eighteen months' residence in their new abode, where as farmer Sykes said, "they had retired to starve," there was more comfort than they had known while possessed of so much more valuable holdings. No doubt there were days when the preparation of a mid-day meal was a matter of trouble and perplexity to Mrs. Sykes.

"What shall we do, Mary?" she would say. "Your father now rises so early, and works so hard, that he ought to have something nourishing for his dinner, and there is nothing for him but a bit of cold meat left from yesterday."

"Do not be uneasy, mother," replied Mary; "you will see I will have so nice a dinner from that bit of meat, that father will say we are growing extravagant, and you, dear mother, will, I hope, be tempted to eat more heartily than usual."

"I don't see how all this is to be done," said Mrs. Sykes, "unless the days of miracles should return."

"Though those days may not return," answered Mary, "yet the days of good but economical cookery have commenced. Only watch me, mother, and you will see what a savory dish will spring up from this little bit of cold meat."

"Would you not like to add a slice from the three-legged stool?" replied her mother, half provoked at Mary's confidence in her culinary powers.

"Well, dear mother," said Mary, laughing, "I promise you that if I fail, I will try my powers on a joint of the 'article' you so strongly recommend; but in the meantime I must commence my preparations, or there will not be 'time enough.'"

"Oh, those dreadful words!" said her mother, shuddering. "Never, never speak them; they have been the pass-words to our ruin."

"No, dear mother," said Mary, putting her loving arms around her, "not our ruin, but their failure has led us to adopt and act on a better maxim, 'Do it, and it will be done.' And as I must put this maxim into practice, or father will go without his dinner, I shall now only wait to give you this one fond kiss before commencing my wonderful powers of transformation." And so taking the bone of a leg of mutton, with but very little meat on it, she chopped it in three pieces, put it in a saucepan with a quart of boiling water, added three large onions with three cloves stuck in them, some thinly-sliced carrots, and a teacupful of well-washed rice, a little salt and pepper; and all these things she stewed for three hours, then browning it with a little burnt sugar, stirred into the boiling soup. To her great delight, her mother partook heartily of it, and declared that the three-legged stool would certainly afford a future repast under Mary's treatment.

It is to be regretted that bad habits formed in childhood and youth are seldom altogether overcome, and thus in a degree it proved with John and James Sykes. They passed through life always struggling with deficient means, for they never acted at the right time. Too late did farmer Sykes see the sad effects of his own example in his sons, while the contrast that William's prosperity presented increased his self-reproach.

Mary never married, but remained with her parents, and was their comfort and solace to the last. On their death she resided with her sister, who had married one of Mr. Harvey's sons. She proved a treasure in their household by her cheerful temperament and practical good sense; and whenever she discovered a desire of procrastination in her young nephews and nieces, "Aunt Mary" was sure to have some little tale to relate, which would have the effect of exposing the ill consequences of acting on the too common expression, "Time enough."

REAPPEARANCE OF A DEAD WIFE.

It is not so very long since the belief in witches and ghosts and supernatural appearances was quite current in all classes of society, and legends founded on that belief still obtain a certain degree of assent. The illustration on this page is drawn from one of those old legends that date back to the superstitions of a past generation, and are now curious as showing how easily the wildest improbabilities were interwoven in the history of the times. A gentleman of Edinburgh, by some accident, dropped a heavy weight upon his wife's foot, crushing it so severely that mortification ensued, resulting in her death. When the pain subsided, and she supposed she was recovering, instead of dying, she said playfully to her husband, "I was thinking, while suffering so severely, that if I died I would, in my disembodied spirit, appear to you during the nights of your watchfulness, and if you allowed my body to be stolen from the grave, would scowl upon you just as owls used to do in the old houses."

Shortly after she died, and he, feeling that he was indirectly the cause of her death, reproached himself so severely that he could not rest. One morning, while lying in bed, his eyes sought the window, when it seemed as if some nebulous object had come between him and the drapery. Presently the face of his deceased wife was slowly evolved from the drapery, the features gradually becoming more distinct, until he held out his hand to touch it, when the vision slowly disappeared. At another time, when he had lain down upon the sofa just at twilight, the vision repeated itself in the distinct form and features of his wife, representing as nearly as possible her appearance when she had held the playful conversation with him. At this moment the servant brought in a light and the apparition was seen no more.

JAPANESE DRESS.

EVERYTHING relating to Japan possesses an interest, from the fact that, until very recently, that country allowed no intercourse with other regions of the world. Now that the barriers have been broken down, we find in the character and habits of the Japanese much that is novel and striking and worthy of attention. In their state of semi-civilization they have made creditable advances in certain arts, and, like the Chinese, are wonderfully ingenious and imitative. The distinctions of rank are sedulously maintained, and the contrast between the higher and lower orders of society marked by unmistakable lines. On this page we give the winter style of dress in town and country, which indicates the superiority in polish and refinement of the citizen over the rustic.

THE HONOR OF THE FLAG.

THE incident presented in the accompanying illustration brings to view one of those acts of true bravery nothing but a high patriotism can inspire. It is worthy the historic days of Italy's classic pride, and shows that her race of heroes is not yet extinct. While the iron-clad frigate Re d'Italia was sinking, two Austrian officers jumped into a boat and rowed toward the stern of the frigate, in order to seize the Italian flag which was flying there. But an Italian officer had hold of it, although he could see the ship was on the point of sinking, and, after firing a revolver at the Austrians sent down, preferring to perish with the vessel rather than deliver up the flag to the enemy.

THE PRE-ADAMITE CREATION.

SCIENTIFIC men have long disputed about the age of the world and the order of its various types of life; but recent researches and discoveries have fully established the fact that the Mosaic account refers only to the later periods of the earth's history, and that long before the creation of man our globe teemed with animated life. A race of monsters roamed about, finding their homes both in the water and on the land, and leaving only their immense, unwieldy skeletons as the evidence of their existence.

Compared with them the various species with which we are familiar are mere pigmies. Of their disposition and habits we know only what we can infer from their structure, but we know enough to invest them with an intense interest and render them subjects of devoted study. Our illustration gives a sketch of some of these animals, taken from specimens in the large Museums of Europe; and while they bear a resemblance to living forms, they are generally of a lower and less fully developed order than such as now constitute the brute creation.

A DESPERATE ALTERNATIVE.

MAN is not the only enemy against which the inhabitants of the sea must guard. In fact, the deep waters are the scene of a perpetual warfare, one tribe preying upon another and the strong devouring the weak. In the grand economy of nature, it seems necessary that provide for the sustentation of the various existence, and doubtless the provision is a wise one.

Our illustration shows how danger is avoided only by meeting a greater one, and that between the two, destruction is inevitable. Such dilemmas often occur in human experience, and as suggestive of these, the picture will possess an interest above commiseration for the fate of the poor fish.

A Fearful Ride.

PETER MULLIGAN was an Irish youth, tall, compactly built, agile, handsome and brave. The County Kildare claimed him as a native, and he claimed Kate Donnelly as his betrothed. "The course of true love never yet ran smooth," says the proverb, and they were to feel its truth.

Kate was the belle of the little community in which she and her betrothed resided. Many a youth spent sleepless nights on her account, and many a damsel wept over the inconstancy of a lover who deserted her to follow in the train of the comely belle.

Upon a wood-crowned hill, just without the village, stood the ancestral mansion of the Mitchell family, inhabited at that period by the last of his race. He was a gloomy man, who received few visitors, seldom left his retreat to honor the village by his presence, and was invariably passionate and haughty to all his retainers but one.

Mulligan was employed upon the farm as an under-gardener, and Kate was one of the house-servants.

Mitchell became enamored with his fair domestic, and took no pains to conceal his infatuation. His advances were received with ill-concealed repugnance, which only stimulated in him a greater desire to possess the object of his love.

It was not long before Mulligan was made aware of the position of affairs, but though he was in a manner compelled to endure the attentions of Mitchell to his betrothed, as may be imagined, they were no more disagreeable to her than to him.

A rupture at length occurred, which was succeeded by Mulligan's dismissal, shortly afterward followed by Kate's voluntary withdrawal from Mitchell's service. Her however, ignoring his station, was so violent in his demonstrations that he succeeded to her betrothed, who, nothing loth, only awaited an opportunity to vent his hatred upon the person of his wealthy rival.

The sympathies of the people were with Mulligan, but they were powerless to protect him from the law, to escape which he fled to America, and was soon followed by Kate.

Soon after this the old mansion was closed, the servants were dismissed, and Mitchell left the country—no one knew whither; but the old dames shook their heads and prophesied no good to Mulligan and his fair betrothed.

Upon his arrival in America he sought employment, but for a long time was unsuccessful. His stock of money was small, the price of living high, and he was bewildered by the presence of Kate, to whom, upon her arrival, he was married.

Time passed on; still no work. His money was almost exhausted, his wife was prostrated by sickness, and medical attendance was scarcely to be had at any price.

At this stage, when he was almost crazed by the gloomy aspect of affairs, and concern for her whom he had sworn to protect and cherish, Mitchell appeared; his unholy passion scarcely concealed—only held subservient by a morbid desire for revenge.

They met at an intelligence office whither Mulligan had gone seeking employment; and where Mitchell, conceiving this to be the most likely place, searched for him. Mitchell addressed some insulting language to his former gardener, who could ill brook harsh words from his most intimate friends, much less from one upon whom he looked as the cause of his and his wife's present suffering.

During the desperate fight which followed, Mitchell was severely injured, and his brain affected. He disappeared, and as Mulligan heard nothing further of him, after several months, during which brighter days dawned upon him, concluded that his revengeful enemy must have returned to Ireland.

Mitchell indeed returned, but only to superintend the sale of his estate, which being accomplished, his brain disappeared, never to return.

On the passage to, and after his arrival in, America, his wild appearance was noted and freely commented upon, but as he offered violence to no one, he was not molested. His hatred and madness concentrated upon one object, and that object was Kate's husband.

Years elapsed. He wandered up and down the country, hither and thither, but obtaining no clue to the whereabouts of his successful rival; and time, instead of abating his malady, only aggravated it by his continual brooding upon that one subject, and he was gradually becoming a confirmed monomaniac, though he had sufficient sense to preserve a rational exterior.

In the meantime Mulligan was moving through the world with what was considered a fair prospect for one of his class. He was a faithful, honest workman, and though unable to obtain permanent employment at his avocation, by dint of thrift and temperate habits he raised his increasing family with a degree of comfort above that of many of his fellow-workmen.

A heavily laden train ran out of a station on an Eastern railway. The night was dark, the rain fell rapidly, the wind was blowing fresh and gusty, the flickering lamps, seen through the falling rain, looked misty and angrily, as if chilled and frightened by the universal cheerlessness.

A few yards above the station the black mouth of a tunnel yawned to swallow the bright interior and the long, heavy train. For a moment the dark opening was visible, the glowing light shining on the dripping roof, revealing the circles and angles of the riven rock glaring back on the wet roofs of the carriages; then darkness and the hollow thunder of the train, mingled with the "swash" of the water, grew fainter, then ceased, and the train was gone, dashing through the darkness, guided by its fiery eye.

The engine-driver and stoker were snugly housed, and only at long intervals looked out into the yellow glare, with its inky background.

At the upper end of the tunnel stood a little cabin, occupied by the family of a track-tender, who had special charge of the tunnel.

As the time for the train drew nigh, Peter Mulligan—for the track-tender was no other than the husband of Kate—took his lights, walked through the tunnel, and everything was in order at one, and stationed himself in the centre, ready to signal "all right." The shrill "toot" of the whistle floated through the tunnel, and the ground trembled under the heavy, rolling mass.

He stood with his face toward the train, and did not notice behind him the form of a man, crouching low, stealing softly toward him, availing himself of the jutting rocks to partially conceal his movements. As the train approached, the light shone on something in his hand, which glittered and sparkled mutely as if it enjoyed the blinding glare. The thunder of the train filled the tunnel, wrapping itself around glistening, quivering rails, trembling among the ragged-edged rocks, agitating the stagnant water in the ditches at either side of the line, and endeavoring, seemingly, to lift the tons of earth and rock which arched over and confined it to the long tube.

Mulligan waved his white signal and stepped upon one side to await the passage of the train. He turned half around, and, before he saw the crouching form, the glitter of the weapon caught his eye. At the same instant the stranger bounded forward, seized him by the throat, and threw him heavily to the ground across the rails. The signal-light was wrenched from his hand and dashed upon the track, where it was shivered into a multitude of fragments.

Had the engine-driver or stoker been attending to their duty this must have been observed, for the reflector brought into full relief every feature of the tunnel, from the jagged sides to the square-headed bolts which secured the track to the ties, and it shone full upon the two men desperately struggling—one for freedom from the strangling grip upon his throat and to throw himself from the track upon which the train was approaching; the other, with his glittering weapon raised over the track-tender's head, and his large, wild eyes sparkling fearfully, to hold his antagonist down to the iron rail.

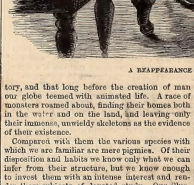
Mulligan's grew faint and his struggles weaker, but he still preserved consciousness sufficient to know that a horrible death was stalking toward him if he could not disengage himself or roll on one side. But, no! His assailant held him with the power of a madman, and it was equally impossible to do either.

The stranger bent down his frightfully pale face, and, in a sharp, piercing whisper, which Mulligan distinctly heard above the rattle and roar of the train, hissed in his ear:

"I have got you at last!"

Then the trackman knew who was his assailant, and recognized him despite his ghastly color and shrunken features.

The glittering weapon—a long, double-edged dirk—flashed as it descended, and cut a fearful



A REAPPEARANCE OF A DEAD WIFE.



JAPANESE WINTER DRESS IN THE COUNTRY.



JAPANESE WINTER DRESS IN TOWN.

gash in the shoulder of the trackman, who at that moment effected a slight change in his position. A moment more and the train was upon them.

Just as the iron-pointed guard swept down upon them, Mulligan succeeded in raising his head and shoulders, made a desperate grasp at the red, slippery bars, and with his antagonist, who still retained his hold, was shot up the inclined framework and caught by the clothing on an iron hook.

One arm was broken, and hung powerless, and a sharp pain in his side admonished him of other injuries. His brain whirled in unison with the swaying, onward motion of the engine, and it seemed as if the falling raindrops were transformed into millions of erratic coruscating stars.

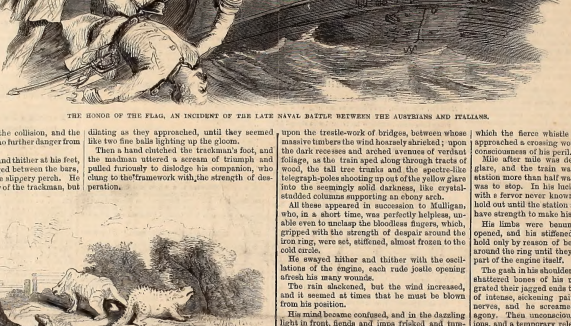
The would-be assassin had been stunned by the shock, but it required great exertion on the part of Mulligan to loosen the long fingers from his swollen throat. The dirk had been wrenched from his hand at the moment of the collision, and the wounded man apprehended no further danger from that source.

The maniac swung hither and thither at his feet, his arm and legs being wedged between the bars, preventing his rolling off the slippery perch. He was completely at the mercy of the trackman, but dilating as they approached, until they seemed like two fine balls lighting up the gloom.

Then a hand clutched the trackman's foot, and the madman uttered a scream of triumph and pulled furiously to dislodge his companion, who clung to the framework with the strength of desperation.



THE HONOR OF THE FLAG, AN INCIDENT OF THE LATE NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE AUSTRIANS AND ITALIANS.



THE PYRADAMITE CREATION.

Mulligan could not find it in his heart to act upon the evil suggestion to revenge himself by the death of the unconscious maniac.

They were under the flaming light, and in darkness. The rain dashed down in sheets; the fierce wind shrieked hoarsely around them, and, piercing their saturated clothing, chilled them to their very vitals. With great difficulty the trackman released his clothing from the hook, and laboriously dragged his sinking body up to the platform at the top of the inclined bars. Hanging by his uninjured hand to the slippery framework, sometimes nearly jerked from his position by the sidelong motion of the engine, and again thrown upon his wounded side with a force that made him scream for very agony.

The cold rain, beating down upon the maniac, soon restored him, and with the return to consciousness he renewed his efforts to dispatch his sorely wounded opponent.

Apparently he had not been seriously injured, and all his strength seemed to return with his senses. He climbed up the slippery framework toward Mulligan, who by this time was almost helpless. The eyes of the madman gleamed like diamond points through the darkness, and he screamed with horrid glee as he carefully made his way toward the wounded man.

His face drew near; Mulligan knew it by the approach of the sparkling eyes. With one hand he clutched the bars, and with the other reached forward to seize his victim.

The trackman's legs were uninjured and at liberty, and as he was compelled to hold on with his one whole hand, they constituted his only weapons of defense.

Nearer and nearer came the two diamond points, sparkling and disappearing, now here, now there, as the maniac swayed to and fro with the engine, upon the trestle-work of bridges, between whose massive timbers the wind hoarsely shrieked; upon the dark recesses and arched avenues of verdant foliage, as the train sped along through tracts of wood, the tall tree trunks and the spectre-like telegraph poles shooting up out of the yellow glare into the seemingly solid darkness, like crystal-studded columns supporting an ebony arch.

All these appeared in succession to Mulligan, who, in a short time, was perfectly helpless, unable even to unclasp the bloodless fingers, which, gripped with the strength of despair around the iron ring, were set, stiffened, almost frozen to the cold circle.

He swayed hither and thither with the oscillations of the engine, each rude jostle opening afresh his many wounds.

The rain slackened, but the wind increased, and it seemed at times that he must be blown from his position.

His mind became confused, and in the dazzling light in front, fiends and imps frisked and tumbled, and turned their hideous faces up at him, and pointed long, skinny fingers at his shivering form, laughing with horrid glee at his misery. Then they changed to white-robed angels, who looked pityingly upon him, but shook their heads, helpless to aid.

These passed away with the gloom, and he fought again the fearful contest with his maniac adversary. The wild laugh again sounded in his ears, the ghastly, sunken features were pressed close to his own, and he heard the sharp hissing, "I have got you at last!"

Then the maniac was multiplied into a thousand madmen, who crowded around him, thrusting their nervous fingers into his, and striving to tear off his desperate clutch upon the ring; then they plunged their white fingers into his ragged wounds, and held up before his eyes the thin joints dripping with his blood.

Then the shrieking maniacs were transformed into his wife and children, who floated above, in front and on either side, in the bright light, weeping and wringing their hands, and pointing to the line which separated the darkness from the light, and muttered words which he could not hear, but knew to be words of sorrow at their inability to succor him.

The maniac laughed wildly, and gibbered to himself as he strove. He worked his way up still higher, and redoubled his exertions, shouting, in the intervals of his unmeasuring language:

"I have got you at last!"

They were his last words. He had almost torn off the wounded man's grip, and in a moment more both would have rolled under the train. Mulligan collected his waning strength, drew back his fore, and dealt his assailant a powerful blow in the face with his heavy boot, which hurled him from his perch, and as he rolled under the wheels his dying scream rose thrillingly over the combined uproar of the howling wind, the splashing of the rain, and the rattle and crash of the flying train.

Mulligan was almost exhausted, but the chilling rain contributed, with the piercing wind, to keep alive his wandering senses and what little vitality yet remained. He managed to lie down on his unwounded side, and secured what to him was a tolerable degree of ease.

Here and there along the line dim lights gleamed for a moment, speaking of cheerful hearths and comfort, then shot by and were gone. At regular intervals the trackmen's signals shone upon him, but none appeared to notice the reclining form leading on the long train; and it sped on, none but God and himself aware of his perilous position.

The wind rose higher, and the rain beat still more mercilessly upon him. Other lights passed, the train dashed through a small station, then on into the night, the glaring eye casting its strong light upon the long lines of rail which sprang out of the darkness; upon the sides of rock-cuttings, where the great boulders threatened to precipitate themselves upon the flying carriages; down into the abysses, where the topmost branch of the tallest tree scarce reached the level of the rails; which the fierce whistle of the engine as they approached a crossing would arouse him to a dim consciousness of his peril.

Mile after mile was devoured by the insatiate glare, and the train was approaching a small station more than half way to the one at which it was to stop. In his lucid moments he prayed, with a fervor never known before, that he might hold out until the station should be reached, and have strength to make his peril known.

His limbs were benumbed, his eyes barely opened, and his stiffened fingers retained their hold only by reason of being bent and cramped around the ring until they might have been but a part of the engine itself.

The gash in his shoulder bled profusely, ana the shattered bones of his mutilated arm and side grated their jagged ends together, sending thrills of intense, sickening pain along his shrinking nerves, and he screamed under the goading agony. Then unconsciousness, the frightful vicissitudes, and a temporary release from physical suffering.

The train dashed around a sudden curve, and its long length swept by the station. The agent stood on the platform, and as he held up his lantern, the light fell full upon the wounded man. He obtained but a momentary glimpse—but it was enough to arouse him to instant action.

Before he could procure a red light, the train was out of sight around a curve. He sprang into the operator's room, and shook that official roughly out of his slumbers, but it required some little time to comprehend the agent's somewhat incoherent story. When he did comprehend it, he immediately forwarded to the next station a briefly worded telegram:

"A man on the cow-catcher—stop the train!"

The engine-driver and stoker sat in their little house and smoked their pipes, whiling away the time, never dreaming of their imperiled passenger. Just before arriving at the station to which the telegram had been sent, one of them looked out and saw the red light close at hand.

"Down brakes!" shrieked the whistle; and the train stopped.

The agent handed the brief dispatch to the engine-driver, and hastened to the front of the engine; but although blood was splashed upon



A DESPERATE ALTERNATIVE.

The scene changed. He was seated in his cabin, looking out of a window at the raindrops dashing upon the rusty track. A train rushed by, and he saw himself wounded, helpless, dying, strapped down to the gridiron framework in front of the engine—himself the Mazeppa of this tragedy. He ran out to stop the train, but his signal was wrested from his trembling hands, and the madmen seized him and hurled him after the receding train. He rose high in air, up till the earth looked small and round as an apple in the distance; then down, down, falling, flying through space into a chasm, upon the bottom of which rows of long spikes stood up to impale him; and he shrieked again as the cold, rusty iron plunged into his quivering flesh.

Then he recovered a moment, and his eyes wandered feverishly around until he relapsed into semi-insensibility and then the weird, supernatural visions of his half-crazed brain, from

which he could not awake.

the frame-work until its own red color was obscured by the deeper dye, no man was to be seen. A party was immediately forwarded, which followed the line back several miles, and found the apparently lifeless body of the track-tender in a bit of swampy ground along which the track ran.

He was carried to the station, medical aid was summoned, his gaping wounds were bound up, and the fractured bones set.

Under the attentive nursing of his wife he was eventually restored to something like his former vigor, but he never entirely recovered from the nervous prostration induced by his fearful ride.

The whole of the maniac's body was never found; but portions of it, strewn along the line for a long distance, were collected and given burial by the authorities.

A PHILADELPHIA ALDERMAN.

THERE is in the City of Brotherly Love a kind-hearted alderman, known to everybody for his geniality. Business with the alderman one day was dull. A rainy day tells as emptily to the exchequer of an alderman as it does to the keeper of a bonnet-shop. About four o'clock in the afternoon a couple bent upon connubialism entered the office and stated their desire. The alderman invited them to stand up, and, with a face whose gravity of expression would have reflected credit upon a bishop, began to deliver to them an address upon the general subject of matrimony. A number of people had dropped in about this time, and got the full benefit of it. They occasionally snorted out into a laugh.

The alderman was as immovable as Gibraltar. He began his discourse by a description of paradise, and conclusively showed that, if Eve hadn't strayed away from Adam into a distant part of the garden, he (the alderman), as well as all other people, would never have suffered from illicit pippins. The worthy alderman made a running survey upon the prominent married ladies named in the Scriptures, touched lightly upon the mother of the Grachi, Lady Blessington and Mrs. Stowe, and then switched off the track to the ladies of Africa who entertained Mungo Park, and the Esquimaux women who wean their infant progeny upon blubber tea.

He had spoken about twenty minutes, when the bridegroom, who was a German, interrupted.

"Dat ish fine, said he, pulling out a very greasy greenback of the denomination of five dollars, and handing it to the alderman; "but here ish all de money vot I pays. I tell you dish now."

The alderman crumpled the note in his pocket. The groom was apprehensive that for such an address a sum might be asked that would "size his pile." Some of the auditors stepped outside to laugh, the alderman's face was as immobile as the pippin upon which he had been descanting.

"After what you have heard," asked the alderman, solemnly, "are you willing to proceed?"

"Yes, yes; you shust hurry up," said the impatient groom.

"No levity, my friend," said the alderman; "this is a very solemn occasion. This is a civil contract, never to be abrogated or——"

The bride here interrupted, and rather loudly whispered to her swain that the quicker they got out the better. The groom evidently assented, for, just as the worthy alderman was about to continue his lecture, the stolid groom interposed with a remark that he wanted one of two things: either to be married within the next two minutes or a return of the wedding fee.

The day had been too dull for the return of any money whatever. The worthy alderman brought the ceremony to a close, adding:

"I therefore pronounce you man and wife, and may God have mercy on your souls!"

We came very near having two items on that occasion at the same time. A worthy citizen present, in order to muffle his laughter, stuffed his pocket-handkerchief in his mouth. While the alderman was pronouncing the benediction as above, he narrowly escaped swallowing it. The newly-married couple departed highly pleased. As the groom went out, he said in an under-tone to the blushing bride:

"Katrina, dat was a good speech; it was worth more as ten dollars."

HOW TO FRIGHTEN A LION.

I WAS out once lion-shooting in Kattiawar. In some parts of the district where it is tolerably open the sportsmen used to follow the game on horseback, ride up within range, and then dismount to get a shot, unless their beasts were steady enough to stand fire from their backs. After the shot they quickly remounted and galloped off; in fact, something in the manner that the African way of conducting the sport is described. On one occasion my friend had turned up a couple of full-grown lions, and was following them on the plain. He managed to get within range, and, as his horse would not stand quiet enough for him to fire from its back, jumped off, and threw the bridle over his arm; by some chance, however, omitting to slip his hand through it. Well, he got a fair shot, and hit one of the lions hard; but the noise startled the horse, and, as there was nothing to check it, away it galloped, leaving my friend standing. He fired his second barrel, and then had the horror of seeing the wounded lion come charging down toward him, all head, tail and legs, and roaring tremendously. His rifle was empty and useless, and, of course, there was no time to load.

His first impulse was naturally to bolt as hard as he could, and, accordingly, away he stumped for the nearest tree; but, before he could reach it, the roars came closer and closer behind him, and he felt that he had not the slightest chance of reaching the tree before being overtaken by the angry brute. Still he sped on with the instinct of self-preservation, but the lion was fast closing with him. What could he do? There was no time to be lost. In a few more bounds his head might be crushed in by the blow of a paw, or his mangled limbs be quivering in the animal's relentless jaws. It suddenly occurred to him to try and startle the beast by some unusual combination of form and sounds. His resolve was immediately taken and acted upon without delay. Stopping short suddenly in his race, with his back still toward the charging lion, now drawing very close, he ducked his head and body till he looked at it reversedly from between his legs, and in that position made some of the most hideous faces and gave utterance to some of his most appalling yells, and, at the same time, gesticulated wildly with his arms. This was a metamorphosis for which the savage beast was quite unprepared. Just before there had been a runaway man, legging it as hard as he could go in front, but now there was a fearful, shapeless creature, stationary and unyielding, and howling in the most awful way, quite beyond all lion experience. The brute was staggered, and hesitated in his headlong career; then pulled and looked; advanced a step and looked more closely; heard a frantic yell of extra power, the last despairing effort of the hunter; turned, and, with lowered tail, trotted off to join his companion, now disappearing in the distance. After a short space my friend arose, almost purple in the face from the violence of his exertions and the unpleasantly low position of his head, but much gratified, and chuckling greatly at the success of his ingenious *ruse*.

"Now, children," said a school inspector, "who loves all men?"

A little girl, not four years old, and evidently not posted in the catechism, answered quickly—"All women."

A CAR-OL.

SOMEBODY advocating "elevated tracks" has written a ditty to be sung in all the cars. The following stanzas are of such general application, that they will do for a concert to relieve the distress of other parties than travelers on the avenues of Gotham. The musical explosion should have directors to listen to—not to conduct it:

Packed like mackerel in kegs,
Cramped in body, arms and legs,
Treated like creation's dregs,
Through the streets we rumble.
Car conductors, with a push,
Man and maid together crush;
Hoops give way, and women blush,
Pickpockets assist the rush,
And fleece us in the jumble.

Fifty bipeds to a car!
Ranged like prisoners of war,
Or as the slaves in Cuba are,
Waiting for their buyers.
Up and down each eve and morn,
Are our "merchant princes" borne
O'er the tramways racked and torn,
In Greed's vehicles forlorn,
Foul as "Black Marias."

Faugh! how vile the inside smells
Of these body-crowded hells,
Airless as a dungeon's cells,
Dirty—past abiding.
When the cholera shall swoop
On our shores from Guadaloupe,
Won't the Demon raise a whoop,
And dash it among each group,
In our street cars riding.

"Rules" to passengers addressed,
With great suavity request,
They won't jump—but keep at rest—
When the van's in motion.
What do "cards" like these avail?
Stops the turnkey of the rail
At your call, his moving jail?
Does he heed your earnest hail?
Rarely, I've a notion.

A MERITED PUNISHMENT.

THE following incident recently occurred in Madison, Wisconsin, and illustrates the folly of a custom by far too common:

Some time since a Chicago individual who signed his name Frank L. Erskine, advertised for female correspondents. "Object, fun, friendship, or matrimony." A young gentleman of this city, who has considerable wit and leisure, answered the advertisement in the name of a myth which he named Olive Spencer. The advertiser took the bait, and the correspondence went along briskly—proceeding from friendly to amatory with astonishing rapidity. It at length got so far that he invited her (or him, we will say her so as to be understood) to visit Chicago, promising to "show her around." Coy but anxious was the tone of the response, suggesting an ugly but wealthy father, and a big brother, who kept watch of her movements, and would prevent her from going if possible, and would not let her have money. He offered to pay her expenses, or send on a railroad pass, and finally offered to come and take her to Chicago. To this she consented, and Wednesday was the day fixed for Erskine to be here on that errand. Telegrams and love notes followed each other in great rapidity, but delay interposed, and Erskine reached here on the afternoon train yesterday.

Sly notes passed between them in the afternoon, after his arrival, and an assignation was arranged, to take place on the bank of Third Lake. About nine o'clock, Erskine softly and nervously left the hotel, and at the trysting place met something in woman's clothes, the dim moonlight aiding the disguise. All the boys had been notified of the affair, and the first meeting was noticed by hundreds. They moved off, and were engaged in amorous dalliance, when an improvised police officer (a law student) interrupted their sweet responses by a mock arrest for an attempted abduction of the girl. (?)

The trembling culprit was escorted to the Court-House, which had been mysteriously lit up for the occasion and which was soon thronged with hundreds of fun-loving spectators. A double-headed court was speedily organized, consisting of a "star" printer and a rural gentleman. Counsel were assigned for the prosecution and defense, and the mock trial proceeded. The innocent advertiser for female correspondents never doubted the perfect good faith of the whole proceedings. His letters were read with running comments; the lawyers wrangled; the fun cannot be described—the jokes, repartees, grave nonsense and ludicrous solemnities of the scene. The audience was very demonstrative, convulsed with laughter at the running fire of jokes, applauded vociferously the affected zeal of the advocates and enjoyed it as they only could the most roaring farce. It cannot be reported nor described.

Finally the court and the crowd concluded to have the culprit's own statement. He told how he advertised, how the correspondence commenced, how innocent were his designs, how good his character and high his standing in Chicago. It was rich—too rich. Language cannot do justice to the subject. In his confession, he stated he was reporter for the Chicago *Tribune*, and editor of a monthly commercial journal. It also appeared that Erskine was not his true name, which was given, but we mercifully suppress it. After being badgered till the sweat poured from his pores, he was finally acquitted, with the warning not to do so again. He asked the privilege of addressing the crowd, which he did in oratorical style, and thanking the jury for their kindness. The victim never saw the joke, which is the most wonderful instance of human credulity on record.

This may seem to some like rough fun, and fun of a kind in which full matured men ought not to be engaged. But it was a lesson needed for one of the most prurient vices of the age. Advertising for female correspondents has been prolific of more immorality and unhappiness than almost all other causes combined. This man pursued it as a system, by his own confession. He supposed his correspondent here to be a young, romantic and innocent, but restless girl, unsatisfied at home, and fond of adventure. He came here proposing to take such a character to Chicago, to there introduce her, undoubtedly, to a career of profligacy and vice. He was well punished, for the law cannot reach this class of scoundrels. He left on the morning train, "a wiser and a sadder man."

BOHEMIA, the Austrian province conquered by the Prussian victories, has a population of 5,000,000, one-third of whom are Germans, and two-thirds Sclavonians of the Czechian race. The latter have recently distinguished themselves by vindicating the principle of national government even more eagerly than any of the other agitated and troublesome tribes of the empire. Though all their culture has been derived from Germany, and as late as thirty years ago there existed no Czechian literature to speak of, they have lately abolished all German schools in the country, and, with the reluctant consent of the Emperor, forced even the German section of their compatriots to give their children a Czechian education. Of late they have insisted upon the establishment of a purely Czechian Government, which shall be conducted by officials of their own race, and connected with the central authorities at Vienna with but slender ties. This demand being denied, their opposition assumed a more and more violent character, but little allayed by the present war.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

CIRCUMSTANCES alter cases. Red paint, which is a great improvement on the looks of old houses, is but an injury to the cheeks of young ladies.

"YOU have only yourself to please," said a married man to an old bachelor.

"True," replied he, "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it."

IF you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases—then kiss her. Sure cure, and no quack medicine.

A PERT little girl boasted to one of her little friends that "her father kept a carriage."

"Ah, but," was the triumphant reply, "*my* father drives an omnibus."

A FACETIOUS tradesman in New York, after having repeatedly announced that he was *selling off*, has now placarded his house with bills stating that he is *selling on!*

"NOW, PAPA, tell me what is humbug."

"It is," replied papa, "when mamma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt till reminded of it a dozen times."

ENAMORED Writing-Master to a Young Lady Pupil: "I can teach you nothing; your *hand* is already a very desirable one, and your I's (eyes) are the most beautiful I ever saw."

AN afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked him how he was.

"Well," said he, pathetically, "I think I feel the better for that little walk."

SOME men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.

LOVE is as necessary to a woman's heart as a fashionable bonnet to her head. Indeed, we think, rather more so; for nothing less than a large measure will content her; whereas the recent fashion has shown that she can be satisfied with a very little bonnet.

CONVERSATION IN THE BACKWOODS.—"Whose map do you use?"

"Mogg's."

"What is the land?"

"Bogs."

"The atmosphere?"

"Fogs."

"What do you live on?"

"Hogs."

"What is the house built of?"

"Logs."

"Any fish in the ponds?"

"Frogs."

MISERIES.—Writing an appointment to a lady and a disappointment to a tailor, and cross-directing them. Paying your rent punctually on quarter-day to your landlord, and being distrained on the next day by his landlord. Abusing a person whom you have never seen to a stranger, who quietly observes that he is the man.

A SCOTCHMAN asked an Irishman "Why were half-farthings coined in England?"

Pat's answer was: "To give Scotchmen an opportunity of subscribing to charitable institutions."

A MERCHANT being asked to define the meaning of experimental and natural philosophy, said he considered the first to be asking a man to discount a bill at a long date, and the second his refusing to do it.

What business ought Tom Thumb to go into? Grocer (*grow sir*).

When does a man sit down to a melancholy dessert? When he sits down to *wine* and *pine*.

ONE ought to have dates at one's fingers' ends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

"Is your horse gentle, Mr. Dabster?"

"Perfectly gentle, sir; the only fault he has got—if that be a fault—is a playful habit of extending his hinder hoofs now and then."

"By extending his hinder hoofs?—you don't mean kicking, I hope?"

"Some people call it kicking, Mr. Green; but it's only a slight reaction of the muscles—a disease rather than a vice."

"PA, can a person catch any thing if he don't run after it?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, how did you catch the cold you've got?"

"COME down this instant," said the boatswain to a mischievous son of Erin; "come down, I say, and I'll give you a dozen, you rascal."

"Troth, sir, an' I won't come down if you'd give me two dozen."

"MY friend," said a doctor to an Irish patient, "be composed; we must all die once."

"An' it's that vexes me," replied Pat; "if it wor mor than onc't, I'd be aisy in my mind."

A GENTLEMAN about to die, called his faithful servant, Sambo, to his bedside, and sighed out:

"Ah, I'm going a long journey!"

"Never mind, massa; him all the way down hill, an' you soon reach the end," replied Sambo, endeavoring to console him.

THE ART OF DUNNING.—The art of dunning is not reckoned among the fine or polite arts. Indeed there are no rules on the subject, as each cause may be tried by itself, the success of various expedients being very much "as you light upon chaps." At times a lucky accident brings the money out of a slow debtor, after the manner following:

One of our merchants, nervous and irritable, received a letter from a customer in the country, begging for more time. Turning to one of his counting clerks, he said:

"Write this man at once."

"Yes, sir. What shall I say?"

The merchant was pacing the office, and repeated the order:

"Write him at once."

"Certainly, sir. What do you wish me to say?"

The merchant was impatient, and broke out:

"Something or nothing, and that very quick."

The clerk waited for no further orders, but consulting his own judgment, wrote and dispatched the letter. By the return of mail came a letter from the delinquent customer enclosing the money in full of the account. The merchant's eyes glistened when he opened it; and hastening to the desk, he said to the clerk:

"What sort of a letter did you write to this man? Here is the money in full."

"I wrote just what you told me to, sir. The letter is copied in the letter-book."

The letter-book was consulted, and there stood, short and sweet, and right to the point:

"Dear Sir—Something or nothing; and that very quick. Yours, &c.,

"———."

And this letter brought the money when a more elaborate dun would have failed of the happy effect.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THE September number of this popular and interesting publication has appeared, and as usual, is full of just such things as delight and instruct the little folks. The *Children's Friend* has struck that happy medium where it is neither above nor below the comprehension of the class of readers for whom it was intended, a desideratum not often reached. Hereafter the *Children's Friend* will appear weekly, instead of monthly, under the title of the *Boy's and Girl's Illustrated Weekly*, with some new features, so that, while retaining the general tone and character of the present form, it will be rendered additionally attractive and valuable. The signal popularity of the *Children's Friend* is the best evidence of the need of such a periodical, and we congratulate its patrons on the treat they will enjoy when it comes to them in its new form, and with its weekly installment of good things.

DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS.—Our readers will permit us to draw their attention to the advertisement of the Opening Fair and Distribution of Premiums, to commence in this city, 24th September next, under the management of J. R. Hawley & Co., old and popular Cincinnati merchants, who have too much reputation at stake, to say nothing of the deserved character of the project, to let it be any other than a straightforward, upright and business-like transaction. Those who patronize this Distribution of Premiums may rely upon being fairly dealt with. The advertisement explains the matter in detail.—*Cincinnati Weekly Times.*

THE New York Piano Forte Company has become justly famous for the tone, brilliancy, and enduring qualities of their instruments, both square and grand. Nor is this to be wondered at, since the conductors are some of the most eminent mechanics in the profession. They have, consequently, introduced every new improvement in the manufacture of these indispensable household companions, so that their pianos are now among the best manufactured in this country.

MR. VICK, the famous Florist of Rochester, has sent us his Illustrated Annual Catalogue of Flower and Vegetable Seeds and Guide to the Flower Garden, for 1867. As it contains accurate description of the leading floral treasures of the world, with full directions for sowing seed, transplanting and after culture, it is a most useful little manual.

A Sure Remedy for Chills and Fever.
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Admission, 30 cents, children under ten, 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' & GIRLS' ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

On and after October 6th FRANK LESLIE'S CHILDREN'S FRIEND will be published *weekly*, in the form of a handsome paper of eight pages, of three columns each, under the title of BOYS' AND GIRLS' ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. The ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY will take a wider range than THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, and will be more adapted to the tastes and capacities of boys and girls than that publication; but it will nevertheless retain, as an important feature, a page for children of tender years, so that it will be a welcome visitor in every family, having something of interest for all its members. It will preserve the same pure and healthful tone that has characterized THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, and given it signal popularity. It will contain stories, travels, adventures, sketches of natural history and scenery, illustrations of manners and customs of all nations, biography, anecdotes, sports for the parlor and the field, arithmetical and geographical exercises, poetry, and whatever else may serve to instruct and entertain the young. Every number will have five or more fine illustrations, besides comic and minor engravings.

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This Cat logue and Guide is published for the benefit of my customers and friends, to whom it is sent out as rapidly as possible. To all others I charge ten cents per copy, which is not half the cost. Postage prepaid to all. All lovers of flowers who design to plant Bulbs this fall will find it for their interest to obtain the Catalogue. Address

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Have established has now been in active operation for nearly twenty-five years. It has its Associate Offices or Agencies in every City and Town in the United States and the British Provinces, as well as in the chief cities of the Old World, and has a very large and growing patronage from Bankers and Merchants.

The reputation of the Agency for care and reliability has become firmly established; and the best evidence which can be given of its value to commercial men is found in their continued and increasing support.

From the records is furnished a detailed statement of the condition of every merchant, with his antecedents and business history. By the aid contained in the books as to the extent to which credit may be safely granted. In connection with the

Commercial Agency Register

is published annually, which has become the *Standard Reference Book* for purposes of credit. It contains a classified list of merchants and traders throughout the country, with numerals after each name, giving the relative commercial standing of each. This work is one of immense magnitude—the last issue containing over 200,000 names—and is the result of a great amount of labor.

The publishers have spared neither labor or *expense*, and have consequently produced a work of *necessary fullness and accuracy.* The following are some of the

Opinions of the Press :

[From the *Daily Tribune, New York.*]

THE Commercial Agency Register for 1866, by McKillop & Sprague, has made its appearance, as usual, at the commencement of the year. It is a work of immense labor in the collection of its facts, and contains more than two hundred pages, double columns, so that the number of firms named must have exceeded two hundred thousand. According to the index, there are over ten thousand cities, towns and villages named in it. These figures show that the compiling alone of such a work involves much labor. It is the fact that the book is such a rapid sale shows that not only has there been great labor, but great care, given to the compiling, and that confidence is felt in its general accuracy.

[From the *Evening Post, New York.*]

"The Commercial Agency Register for 1866," published by McKillop & Sprague, of this city, is an entirely new work, each name having been compiled afresh. The catalogue contains two hundred and fifty thousand names of bankers, manufacturers, manufacturers, &c., and the heavy labor of compilation and verification has been performed with care and accuracy, making the book a valuable reference for business men. Among the entries we find that Shakspeare published a newspaper at Eldorado, John Wesley selling flour in Philadelphia, Henry Ward Wu retailing stationery, and Daniel Webster keeping a liquor shop.

[From the *Times, New York.*]

McKILLOP & SPRAGUE'S COMMERCIAL AGENCY REGISTER.—McKillop & Sprague's Commercial Agency Register for 1866 has made its appearance, and in point of completeness and accuracy it surpasses any previous edition. It is, substantially, a classified index to the records kept at the office of the publishers, and its completeness, as well as the labor involved in its preparation, is best indicated by the fact that it reports the standing of over two hundred thousand firms, distributed through ten thousand cities, towns and villages. This edition is nearly twice as large as the last, which is satisfactory proof that merchants generally are learning to appreciate the necessity of such an index to the standing and responsibility of those who may become their customers.

Holloway's Pills.—Cheerless or griping of the bowels.—Loudoun may lull the pain but not destroy it. Morphine sleeps the senses in artificial sleep, without refreshing the invalid. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS not only procure the easiest rest without these dangerous effects, but so entirely extinguish the elements of the disease as to promote a speedy cure without danger of relapse.

THE TRIUMPH OF WIT AND HUMOR.

JUST PUBLISHED, FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN, for October, containing his at everybody, and illustrative of the age. The large cartoons are admirable, being the Earth and Moon on a slight spree to celebrate the Cable—the Needle Gun and the Sewing Machine—also the adventures of Mr. Tuffin at Long Branch. Among the contents is the resignation of the proprietor of the *Herald* sparking an "indiscreet subordinate," *alias* Booby, &c. There is likewise a splendid illustration of how a modest young man was shocked at the revelation of a Tilting Hoop; besides numerous other humorous engravings by the first artists of the age, Newman, Fiske, Stephens, Mullen, Howard, Rosenberg, Davenport, Cresson, &c. The literary contents are equally striking. Among other novelties in the present number is the Life and Adventures of a Manager, in which the New York Managers are sketched to life; also several exciting Romances, Stories, Bon Mots, Sarcasms, and Marvelous Adventures. For Sale by all Newsdealers.

FRANK LESLIE,

537 Pearl street, N. Y.

Vineland Lands.

Large and thriving settlement, mild and healthful climate, 20 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Ten, twenty and fifty acre tracts at from $10 to $15 per acre, payable within twenty years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. Pamphlets sent free. Title perfect. Apply to JOHN LANDIS, Vineland, New Jersey. Letters answered. Papers giving real information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Landis Township, New Jersey.

From Report of Simon Robinson, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune:

"The Vineland Settlement combines rapid growth, to an almost best position and valuable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies."

FIRST PREMIUM.

IMPROVED

$5 SEWING MACHINE ! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND ECONOMY. Patented by Allen B. Wilson, *May 15, 1862; improvement patented June 9, 1863.* The celebrated FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, with CHANGED STRAIGHT; is noiseless in operation, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD OF ALL SIZES, with extraordinary rapidity, making 16 stitches to each revolution of the wheel. Will *Gather, Hem, Ruffle, Shirr, Tuck, Run up Breadths, &c.*; the strongest machine made. *Warranted* not to get out of order for THREE YEARS. It has taken the PREMIUMS at New York and other State Fairs over SIXTY. FULL AUTHORITY OF ALL the *principal Journals*, and of the Ladies who have used them. Sold by the FAMILY *Machine Patented*, and that has received a PREMIUM. New Jersey.

"This beautiful machine will make a pair of sewed pants per minute."—*Farmer's Friend.*

"It sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—*N. Y. Independent.*

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the work of a family."—*Evening Mail.*—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Circulars, with samples, sent to any part of the country per Express, packed in box with printed instructions so that every lady can operate without assistance. Agents wanted everywhere. Address all orders to

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,

No. 323 Broadway, New York.

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Beauty.—Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A charming, delicate and perfect natural color for the cheeks or lips; does not wash off or injure the skin! Produces a color like the fresh blush of health. Price $1 34 cents by mail, securely packed from observation.

HUNT & CO.,

135 South Seventh street, Philadelphia.

MICROSCOPES & GLASSES 50 cts.

THE FRENCH TUBULAR MICROSCOPE, Magnifying 1,000 times, in a pocket. Two for $1. Address QEO. D. WASHBURN & CO., Box 5,089, Boston.

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The Beautiful Art of Enameling the Skin! WHITE FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL; for whitening the neck, arms, hands and face, imparting a color that it sett, fair, smooth, and transparent. It quickly removes tan, freckles, sallowness, and will lighten the skin. Warranted. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Address HUNT & CO., Portsmouth, 135 South 7th st., Philadelphia. U

100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for 25 cents; 50 photographs of Rebel Officers for 25 cents; 50 photographs of Actors for 25 cents. Address 569-3t QEO. D. WASHBURN & CO., Boston, Mass.

"The Mammoth Informer."

GIVEN AWAY TO EVERYBODY. SEND STAMP FOR IT. How and Why, and Where to Invest from $5 upwards. How to Win and Win, 15 cents. Bridal Etiquette, 15 cents. W. C. WEMYSS, 577 Broadway, N. Y. 569-7p

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For the Army and Navy Hospitals, Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply and expeditiously. Price, without Press, Case of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 26 Ann street, New York.

U

The Howe Sewing Machine—Lock Stitch—For Families and Manufacturer.—They are simple, durable, and cheap. THE HOWE MACHINE COMPANY, 699 Broadway, N. Y. 572-26

$1,500 For Year, paid by Shaw and CLARK, Biddeford, Me., or Chicago, Ill. 572-26

$150 a Month! New Business for Agents. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me. 571-26

$28.50 For Day.—How Agents Can Realize It. Will clear the above sum in $37 60. Business New, Light, Honorable, Pleasant, and Permanent. Any one call or address for full particulars. A. D. BOWMAN & CO., No. 115 Nassau street, New York City. Copy and return this notice. 571-26

BOOK AGENTS TAKE NOTICE.

Send us your address for a Descriptive Circular of a NEW, COMPLETE, RELIABLE, AND IMPARTIAL

History of the Late Civil War,

which you can sell at $2 50. Splendidly Illustrated and Elegantly Bound. We have just the book to sell when wanted. He low price gives it an advantage over all others, and we offer liberal inducements to all who are active and energetic can make from $100 to $200 per month. Address

QUAKER CITY PUBLISHING HOUSE,

572-4ow No. 917 Sansom street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Allcock's Frozen Plasters.

Allentown, Penn., April 1, 1865.

Messrs. T. ALLCOCK & CO.:

Dear Sirs:—My daughter used one of your Porous Plasters. She had a very bad pain in her side, and it cured her in one week.

Yours truly,

JOHN V. N. HUNTER.

We refer to the

Forty Thousand Druggists

who sell our Plasters, as to their high sterling character.

ALLCOCK & CO., Agency, Brandreth House, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

BABY JUMPER.—A new invention, price $5. Coldwell's Patent reversed Silver Medal at New York State Fair. Also Baby Tumblers, Children's Carriages, Swings, Hobbies, Invalid Chairs, etc. Send for circular to

LEWIS F. TIBBALS, 478 Broadway, N. Y.

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To all wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement, mild and healthful climate, 20 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Ten, twenty and fifty acre tracts at from $10 to $15 per acre, payable within twenty years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. Pamphlets sent free. Title perfect. Apply to JOHN LANDIS, Vineland, New Jersey. Letters answered. Papers giving real information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Landis Township, New Jersey.

From Report of Simon Robinson, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune:

"The Vineland Settlement combines rapid growth, to an almost best position and valuable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies."

FELLOW'S ORIGINAL

WORM LOZENGES.

We can with confidence point to FELLOW'S WORM LOZENGES as the most perfect remedy for those troublesome pests, Intestinal Worms.

After years of careful experiment, success has crowned our efforts, and we now offer to the world a confection without a single fault, being safe, convenient, effectual and pleasant. No injurious result can occur, let them be used in whatever quantity. Not a particle of calomel, mercury or *Wormwood* will be got out of them for future reptiles. At any time. Children will eagerly devour all you give them, and ask for more. They never fail in expelling Worms from their dwelling-place, and they will always strengthen the weak and emaciated, even when he is not afflicted with worms.

Price 25 cents per box; five for $1. A liberal discount to the trade.

In New Brunswick (British Provinces), where these Lozenges were first introduced, and their great value is well known, a counterfeit has been made, but not one hundred grees a year used. Hereafter they will be manufactured at the New England Botanic Depot, Boston, Mass., under the superintendence of the Proprietor, 566-7ii GEO. W. SWETT, M.D.

The Tucker Manufacturing Company invite attention to their IRON BEDSTEADS, CHILD'S BEDS, CRIBS AND SWING CRADLES, of new and elegant designs, beautifully finished in *Bronze* and *Bronze and Gold*. These goods are made with great care, and are confidently superior to anything produced in the French or English markets.

They also call attention to their



TUCKER'S PATENT SPRING BED,

which is unsurpassed for *elasticity, simplicity, durability and cheapness*. Introduced ten years ago, it has steadily increased in favor, and to-day stands unrivaled, costing less than any Pallisse, or under-bed known. It possesses all the qualities of the most luxurious Spring Bed, and in *durability* it has no equal.

New Pamphlet and Illustrated Catalogue and Price list on application at

97 John Street, New York; or

116, 117 and 119 Court Street, Boston.

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The Book of Wonders tells how to make CIDER without apples or any other fruit. It also contains the Hunter's Secret, how to catch Fish and all kinds of Game by new and sure plan. Made of Liquors all kinds of Cigarettes and Curling Fluids; Gambling Exposed; Valuable Receipts; Every thing worth having of importance to Ladies; how to gain the Love of any one, sex, &c., &c. Everything sealed, for 25 cents. Address O. A. ROOKBACH, 123 Nassau street, New York. U

THE STANDARD

AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLE

AND

COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1863. For the best and most perfect Billiard Table manufactured. Balls, Cues, and every article relating to Billiards, for sale by PHELAN & COLLENDER,

Corner of Crosby and Spring Streets, N. Y.

KNOW THY DESTINY!

MADAME REMINGTON, the world-renowned Astrologist, Clairvoyant, Psychometrist, while in a state of mesmeric trance, will describe the future life of any person you are to marry, and by what means; the name of intended husband or wife, or the future business or profession you are best adapted for. Those contemplating marriage should not fail to consult this gifted woman, as her future success or evil of the applicant, with date of marriage, occupation, leading traits of character, &c. This is no humbug, as testimonials without number can attest. By stating place of birth, age, complexion, color of eyes and hair, and enclosing 50 cents, and stamped envelope addressed to yourself, you will receive the answer by return mail, together with desired information. Address in confidence, MADAME GERTRUDE REMINGTON, P. O. Box 297, West Troy, New York. 571-13

"How 'Tis Done," Whiskers in six weeks. Sent sealed. Secret worth millions. Youthful bloom, etc. 100 great secrets. Free for 25 cents. Address HUNTER & CO., Philadelphia. 566-4t

NEARLY READY.

Frank Leslie's ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC,

With Over Sixty Illustrations,

And full of useful information.

Sixty-Four Pages, Large Octavo. Price, 50 Cents.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Lady's Almanac,

With Over Seventy Illustrations.

Full of useful information and pleasant reading for the ladies.

Sixty-Four Pages, Large Octavo. Price, 50 Cents.

Frank Leslie's Comic Almanac

With Eighty Illustrations.

Thirty-Two Pages. Price, 15 Cents.

A VALUABLE MEDICINE.—Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, advertised in our columns, is a successful attempt to combine and apply the medicinal virtues of the White Pine Bark. It has been thoroughly tested by people in this city and vicinity, and the proprietor has testimonials to its value from persons well-known to our citizens. We recommend its trial in all those cases of disease to which it is adapted. It is for sale by all our druggists.—*Independent.*

The Great New England Remedy!

DR. J. W. POLAND'S

White Pine Compound

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of 11 years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well-known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

WHITE PINE COMPOUND CURES

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a Renovating Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys, Bladder, Gravel, and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good and tried medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines generally.

"Psychomancy."—How either sex may fascinate and gain the love, confidence, affection and esteem of those they choose, instantly. This simple mental acquirement all can possess, securing love, courtship, marriage, etc. Sent by mail, free, for 20 cents, together with a guide to the unmarried of both sexes—an extraordinary book. Address as above. One edition; over 100,000 copies already sold. Address

T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

DON'T BE FOOLISH.

You can make Six Dollars from Fifty Cents. Call and examine, as invention urgently needed by everybody. Or a sample will be mailed for 50 cents. Sold principally for $4, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York. 572tf

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

Contains the Lady's Guide to Beauty; Parlor Theatricals; the Parlor Magician; How to Make all kinds of Liquors without Stills; the Secret Remedies; How to make all kinds of Powders, Rouges, Salts, Curling Fluids, Hair Dyes, etc.; How to make Whiskers and Mustache grow; Fortune Teller. Price 25 cents.

Short-Hand Without a Master, by which the master of it can write down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches, Trials, etc., may be attained in a few hours. Fifty-two pages. Price, postpaid, 25 cents.

Joe Miller, Jr.—A Book crammed full of Jokes, Comical Stories, Witty Sayings, Funny Puns, Laughable Adventures, and Humorous Tricks. Price 25 cents.

Ventriloquism Made Easy, and the Second Sight Mystery, as practiced by ROBERT HELLER and others. Price, postpaid, 25 cents.

Either of the above will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.

O C. A. ROOKBACH, 123 Nassau St., N. Y.

Wanted—Agents—$120 to $250 per Month, Expenses Paid, to introduce the COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. Adapted to the wants of every family. It will hem, fell, stitch, bind, braid and embroider beautifully, and will do the whole range of work that can be done. We pay the above wages, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Call or address, H. M. REGISTER & CO., 63 Broadway, Room No. 2. All letters answered promptly, with circulars and terms. 569-7p

Royal Havana Lottery.

Official Drawing of July 17th 1866.

No. 17175	.....	$100,000
No. 15718	.....	50,000
No. 14315	.....	20,000
No. 20199	.....	10,000
No. 3	.....	5,000
No. 14720	.....	5,000

Being the capital prizes.

Prizes paid in gold. Information furnished. Highest rates paid for Doubloons and all kinds of Gold and Silver.

TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, 16 Wall st., N. Y.

52 Something New.—52

For Agents and Dealers to sell, 20 Novel and Useful Articles; profits large. Send stamp for circular.

U RICH & CO.,

tf 83 Nassau street, N. Y.

6,000 AGENTS wanted, to sell SIX new INVENTIONS, of great value to families; all pay good profits. Sent by mail for 25 cents; 40 pages, or 26 cts. and get 80 pages and a sample, gratis.

565-7t EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

NEW MAGAZINE!

On the 1st of July was issued the First Number of

FRANK LESLIE'S

PLEASANT HOURS,

PRICE 15 CENTS A NUMBER, OR $1 50 A YEAR.

A Beautifully Illustrated Journal for the Family Circle, Railroad Travelers, etc.

This publication, composed of Original Stories by well-known writers, interspersed with Interesting Narratives of Travel and Adventure in all parts of the world; Recent Discoveries in Science; Curious Facts in Natural History; Anecdotes, and a great variety of Instructive and Instructive Miscellaneous Reading, will constitute a new feature in periodical literature. Besides the numerous illustrations in the text, each number will contain Four Large and Beautiful Engravings on Tinted Paper.

No effort will be spared to make this Magazine the most attractive, as well as the cheapest of the kind in the United States.

The first number was commenced "RESCUED, THE RENEGADE; or, THE MISSIONER GIRL OF MEXICO," a Spanish-American Tale. By Harry Hazleton.

52 FRANK LESLIE'S PLEASANT HOURS will supersede and take the place of FRANK LESLIE'S NEW MONTHLY.

52 All subscriptions to be sent to

FRANK LESLIE,

537 Pearl Street, N. Y.

REMEMBER THE ORPHANS

OF OUR BRAVE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

Grand National Concert.

For the benefit of the
SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' NATIONAL ORPHANS' HOME FUND,
Under the auspices of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Union, Washington, D. C.,

AT GROVER'S TREATRE

On THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 2d, 1866.
POSTPONED UNTIL THURSDAY EVG., OCT. 11th, 1866.
SANCTIONED AND SPECIALLY LICENSED BY THE GOVERNMENT.
And guaranteed by a responsible Banking House.

READ THE CERTIFICATES:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
WASHINGTON, June, 27, 1866.

Whereas, H. A. Hall and others as "managing directors" of the "Grand National Concert" to be held in Washington, D. C., on the 2d of August next, have made due application to L. Clephane, Collector of Internal Revenue for the collection district of the District of Columbia, for permission to hold a lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise, and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of said lottery, raffle or gift enterprise will be devoted to charitable uses, permission is hereby granted to such "managing directors" to hold such lottery, raffle or gift enterprise free from all charge, whether from tax or license, in respect to such lottery, raffle or gift enterprise.

E. A. ROLLINS, Commissioner.

BANKING HOUSE OF DUNCAN, NAVARO & CO.,
No. 5 Bowling Green,
NEW YORK, August 27, 1866.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The managers of the "Grand National Concert," to be held at Washington, D. C., on the 11th October, 1866, for the benefit of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Home having satisfactorily convinced us that said enterprise is of an honorable, charitable and patriotic character, and having requested us to act as their Bankers in this city, we shall hold in our hands the proceeds of sale of all tickets sold in this city and Brooklyn, until after the drawing, as a guarantee that a drawing and distribution of the prizes will actually take place.

(Signed) DUNCAN NAVARO & CO., Bankers.

300,000 tickets will be sold at $1 each—75,000 presents awarded, valued at $250,000! $25,000 of the profits to be given to the Soldiers' and Sailors' National Orphan Home Fund. $2,500 to the Washington Male and Female Orphan Asylum, the balance, after deducting expenses, to be paid to the Treasurer of the Sailors' and Soldiers' Union of Washington, D. C.

ONE PRESENT TO EVERY FOUR TICKETS.
LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 3-story brick residence, H. st, bet. 6th and 7th	$15,000
1 3-story brick residence, 2d st., near E.	10,000
1 3-story " " 10th st., bet. M and N	8,000
1 2-story brick residence, 10th st., bet. M and N	5,000
1 2-story brick residence, 10th st., bet. M and N	5,000
2 fine city lots, on 7th st., north	4,000
1 splendid carriage, horses and harness complete	4,000
1 splendid diamond ring	2,000
1 set diamonds complete (pin, ear-rings, and rings)	1,000
1 grand piano (Steinway's)	1,500
1 solid silver tea set	1,000
10 grand pianos, $600 each	6,000
10 " " $500 each	5,000
100 gents' gold watches, $200 each	20,000
50 ladies' " $125 each	6,250
5 grand melodeons, $200 each	1,000
80 American case silver watches, $75 each	6,000
75 hunting " " $40 each	3,000
50 diamond rings, $100 to $200 each	7,500
25 diamond pins, $100 each	2,500
40 sewing machines, $100 each	4,000
20 " " $75 each	1,500
20 silver-plated tea sets, $75 each	1,500
50 silver castors, $25 each	1,250
5,000 clocks, albums, jewelry, &c., $5 to $10 each	27,000
10,000 tea and table spoons, &c., $2 to $5 each	25,000
10,000 gold pens, sleeve buttons, &c., $1 to $3 each	14,000
49,453 books, cutlery, engravings, &c., $1 to $10 each	59,000
Total	$250,000

The awards will be made after the Concert, on the stage of the theatre, where three thousand persons can witness it. A committee will be appointed by the audience to superintend the same,

Printed lists of awards will be published and supplied to agents and ticket-holders. Parties having tickets will retain them until after the awards are made, and if their number appears in the list, they will forward their tickets immediately, with full directions as to the shipping of goods or deeds for the property. Tickets for sale at all the principal Hotels, Book and Music Stores in the city, and at the Headquarters in the Mammoth Fair Building for the Benefit of the Soldiers' and Sailors' National Orphan Home Fund, corner of Seventh street and Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C.

The Directors appeal to the liberality of the people to give this enterprise their kind support, and thereby assist in relieving the wants of the orphans of our fallen comrades.

CARD.—A large number of tickets remaining unsold, it will be necessary to postpone the drawing until Thursday, the 11th of October, 1866, at which time it will positively occur.

The many swindling schemes that have been presented to the public during the past few months, somewhat delayed our sale, until we were able to satisfy the people throughout the country that this enterprise was genuine and solely for charitable purposes. The Directors are confident of the sale of every ticket, and have allotted sufficient time to guarantee the sale without any further postponement.

MANAGING DIRECTORS:

Major H. A. HALL, President Soldiers' and Sailors' Union; Colonel CHAS. E. CAPEHART, Major M. A. ALBERGER, WILLIAM S. MORSE.

Money should in all cases be sent by Post Office Order, Draft, Express, or Registered Letters.

In every case send the name and Post Office address, County and State of each separate subscriber, and enclose stamp. All orders for tickets must be addressed to WILLIAM S. MORSE, Washington; or to DUNCAN, NAVARO & CO., No. 5 Bowling Green, New York. Tickets for sale at No. 33 Fulton street, Brooklyn, and 63 Fulton street, New York. o

Stammering

Cured by Bates's Patent Appliances. For Descriptive Pamphlet, etc., address SIMPSON & CO., 277 West 23d street, New York. eowo

FLORENCE

Lock Stitch Reversible Feed
SEWING MACHINE.
The Best in the World for Family Use.
FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
565-75o 505 Broadway, New York.



EATING HUMBLE PIE.—[SCENE—CAFE DE L'EUROPE.]

IMPROVED

Stereopticon-Dissolving View

AND MAGIC LANTERN

Pictures and Apparatus.

Complete outfits and instructions furnished. For illustrated catalogue and information, address W. LANGENHEIM, Philadelphia, P. O. Box 1,579. 571-74o

MERCHANTS, BANKERS,

And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway. tfo

REMOVAL.

BROADWAY RUBBER EMPORIUM.

SHIFFER & CO.,

Have removed from their old store to No. 713 BROADWAY, Corner below New York Hotel. A large and complete assortment of VULCANITE JEWELRY, INDIA RUBBER and Fancy Goods.
o 713 BROADWAY.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

Capital Prize, $30,000!

WE HAVE THE PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE TO THE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES THAT

THE NORTH AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT

WILL POSITIVELY TAKE PLACE AT THE

Wabash Avenue Rink, Chicago, Ill.,

FRIDAY, SEPT. 28, 1866,

OR MONEY REFUNDED, ON WHICH TIME

Half a Million Dollars in Prizes, including $100,000 in Greenbacks, will be Presented to Ticket-Holders.

SPECIAL CARD.—We take pleasure in announcing that we have met with unparalleled success, in spite of the many swindling schemes that have been presented to the people by irresponsible parties. This last consideration has, however, operated to delay our sales and prevent our agents from properly reporting, until we were fully able to satisfy them that our enterprise is what it has been represented to be. In consequence, we are compelled to extend the time of drawing until the 28th of September, at which time the Illinois State Fair will be held, when it will positively occur.

Arrangements are now being made for the drawing. The checks, 500,000 in number, are nearly ready. The plan of drawing adopted is the following: Duplicate numbers from 1 to 500,000 are placed in a wheel; the first number drawn out takes the highest prize, the next the second highest prize, and so on until the whole 250,000 prizes are drawn; the whole drawing to be superintended by a committee appointed by the audience. The Wabash Avenue Rink has been engaged, as will be seen by the following:

CHICAGO, August 21, 1866.

This is to certify that Messrs. A. Kelley & Co. have this day leased the Wabash Avenue Rink for the evening of the 28th day of September, and paid for the same the sum of three hundred dollars ($300).

J. H. JOHNSON & CO.,
Lessees of the Rink.

We advise all parties wanting tickets to send for them at once, as the books will be closed on Friday evening, September 28, and the drawing will then commence. All orders for tickets will be promptly filled.

NO. OF TICKETS ISSUED, 500,000. PRICE $1 00.

THIS IS THE GREATEST INDUCEMENT EVER OFFERED TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Every Other Ticket Draws a Prize.

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1 " "	4,000	200 " Gold Watches, $150 each	30.000
1 " "	3,000	200 " " 100 each	20,000
1 " "	2,000	200 " Silver Watches, $65 each	13,000
20 " " $1,000 each	20,000	300 " " each	12,000
20 " " 500 each	10,000	1,000 " Set Plated. Spoons, $3 each	3,000
20 " " 100 each	2,000	1,000 " Call Bells, $3 each	3,000
20 " " 50 each	1,000	1,000 " Plated Fruit-Knives, $2 each	2,000
800 " " 10 each	8,000	2,000 " Gold Pens, in Boxes, $4 each	8,000
1,000 " " 5 each	5,000	2,000 " Photograph Albums, $5 each	10,000
1 " Residence in Chicago	5,000	2,000 " Gold Pen-Holders, $5 each	10,000
10 " Lots in Chicago, $500 each	5,000	238,043 Gifts, worth	238,043

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The drawing will take place after the Concert, where 20,000 persons can witness it. A committee will be appointed by the audience to take charge of the same.

All Agents and purchasers will be supplied with a correct list of the drawing as soon as published.

Tickets are for sale at the principal News Agencies, Hotels and Bookstores, and at our office, 105 Randolph street. Price of tickets, $1 each. Sent by mail on receipt of price and three cent stamp for return postage.

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10 do do do .. 9 00 | 33 do do do .. 28 25 | 50 do do do .. 43 50

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Every Other Ticket Draws a Prize.

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Tappin, McKellop & Co., Commercial Agency, Chicago; Lot C. Whitford, Wholesale Paper Dealer, Chicago; J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.; M. T. Quimby & Co., Wholesale Jewelers, Chicago; John E. Potter & Co,, Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.; James L. Harlem & Co., Impor'ers, New York; Van Valkenbergh & Co., Importers, New York; S. B. Cobb, Chicago; Crosby & Ainsworth, Publishers, Boston.

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2. All the prizes will positively be distributed to those holding the lucky tickets after the drawing.
3. There is such a very large number of prizes, that every one's chances are decidedly in favor of drawing something.
4. The citizens of Chicago who know A. A. Kelley & Co., have confidence in their honor and integrity, and are largely investing in their enterprise.

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